

4700

R331

O U R A N G

Story by

FRED de GRESAC

* * *

Adaptation and Dialogue

by

WINNIFRED REEVE

and

ISADORE BERNSTEIN

**

April 16th, 1930

EJF

"OURANG"

Story by

FRED de GRASAC

~~text~~

Adaptation & Dialogue ~~of~~ Continuity

by

WINNIFRED REEVE AND ISADORE BERNSTEIN

NOTE:

(Exteriors are to be taken
in Borneo... except close-ups-
which will be matched in at
the studio.)

SEQUENCE "A"

FADE IN

On the vibrations of signal
drum. The monotonous sound grows
in volume as the scene lights
and we see a beautiful view
of the jungle. Through its
thick over-growth, a narrow
trail is revealed by streaks
from the sun.

At the far distance a
colossal, shambling figure
is seen coming toward
the foreground. The drum
beating is continuing,
As the figure advances it
becomes more monstrous
in size. We see the swinging arms
as it plucks at the
underbrush.

Nearer and nearer to
the camera advances the
animal and we see that
it is an immense creature.
Just as it comes forward it
raises its gigantic hands
above its head, opens its
mouth to the fullest
extent and seeming to
speak the word like a
roar or roll of thunder
comes

"OURANG!"

The sound dies out and
the scene begins to
LAP INTO THE MAIN TITLE,
superimposed upon the
background of another
jungle scene with a native
with padded hands touching
the skin of the huge drum which
has just been struck
by another native with
an ax handle.

(CONTINUED)

H700 A
R235
OURANG

Story by

FRED de GRASAC

Adaptation and Dialogue by:

WINNIFRED REEVE AND ISADORE BERNSTEIN

OURANG

SEQUENCE ONE

FADE IN

1 MED. CLOSE SHOT OF THE BORNEO JUNGLE

At first the scene is overcast almost as if by a heavy veil, so that we get the impression of denseness, a lowering heavy atmosphere.

We hear the low beating of native drums. The monotonous sound grows in volume as the scene lights and we see a beautiful view of the jungle. Through its thick overgrowth, a narrow trail is revealed by streaks from the sun.

At the far distance a colossal, shambling figure is seen coming toward the foreground. The drum beating is continuing. As the figure advances it becomes more monstrous in size. We see the swinging arms as it plucks at the underbrush.

Nearer and nearer to the camera advances the animal and we see that it is an immense creature. Just as it comes forward it raises its gigantic hands above its head, opens its mouth to the fullest extent and seeming to speak the word like a roar or roll of thunder comes

"OURANG!"

The sound dies out and the scene begins to LAP INTO THE MAIN TITLE, superimposed upon the background of another jungle scene with a group of natives squatting and tapping the drums with the palms of their hands.

CONTINUED

1 CONTINUED

This is followed by the credit titles on
the same background. Through it all is
heard the beating of the drums, a soothing,
monotonous, soft booming in perfect rhythm.

FADE OUT

1 FADE IN

MED. CLOSE SHOT

This is the native town of Tarakan in Borneo. This will be a perambulating shot down the village street. CAMERA SWINGING from group to group. All excitedly discussing the one absorbing topic - OURANG.

Establish the village showing the crowds about the stores, market place, shops, etc. SWING CAMERA to take the waterfront with its miscellaneous collection of native boats, Chinese junks, a sailboat or two.

On the shoreline, the galvanized iron sheds with pickles of rattan stacked in orderly condition ready for shipment.

Faintly throughout the panorama is heard native instruments, drums and the murmur of voices. CAMERA PICKS UP separate groups. The whole atmosphere is charged with a sudden excitement and animation. Evidently something unusual has happened in the village.

A group of young natives come from the left, they are jabbering together. Another native stops them to query what all the excitement is about.

NATIVE

Taba pegi miko lawan.

NATIVE
(Pointing back)

ORANG! tali soep singgan.

ANOTHER NATIVE

Mara gaya ORANG!

1st NATIVE
(Eyes rolling)

Gandoe pia toe.

NATIVE (Nodding)

Tuan Clark, Bebbek gada orang.

A number of children running excitedly by. Women with baskets on their heads, kids and dogs at their heels. All sorts (Continued)

1 (Continued)

and all types of natives passing.
They call to each other and question
the ones coming from the one direction.

BOY

Djada tapah OURANG!

Another boy speaks to a
fruit vendor squatting on
the ground.

BOY

Nabi jada Dojak OURANG.

The fish vendor calls to
the fruit vendor -

FISH VENDOR

Tah -

Fruit vendor begins hur-
riedly to stand up.

FRUIT VENDOR

Murra ugam heum OURANG!

The fish vendor apparently
repeats the gossip to others
and we see the men in the
market closing their stands
or carrying their produce on
their backs and hurrying along.
Nearly all the natives are
practically naked. Girls are
as excited as the men.

ONE GIRL

OURANG! Tarna dia hai?

SECOND GIRL

Tuan Clark.

The name apparently makes
a great impression.

2 MED. CLOSE SHOT

of a group of natives. We see
their faces, they are staring
wide-eyed and open-mouthed at some-
thing we have not yet seen, but we hear the
grumbling roar heard at the opening.

CAMERA NOW SHOOTS FROM BEHIND
the group and we see what they are looking
at. A huge bamboo cage. We do not see what
is in the cage. We get the jabber of the
awed natives and their motions are most
expressive.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED

The word OURANG is on every tongue. Women hold up their kids to look into the cage. The angry grumble of the outraged OURANG becoming more ferocious and menacing in tone continued.

Before we see the OURANG, a great arm is thrust through the bars. The natives are almost panic stricken.

3 CLOSE SHOT OF CAGE

Now we see the immense beast. It has come to the fore of the cage which is rocking as the OURANG, clutching at the bamboo bars, tries to tear them from their sockets, giving vent meanwhile to unearthly sounds. Unable to free himself, he thrusts forth his huge arms and vainly tries to reach those nearest to the cage.

4 PERAMBULATOR SHOT

Showing a general view of the street, and shooting in the direction of the cage at the waterfront which can be seen away in the distance, with a group of natives about it.

With his back to the camera, Clark walks past the camera, followed by Djali with a cocktail shaker in her hand. Djali is a little half-cast savage, exceptionally pretty with immense black eyes, velvety skin and a wonderful and live form. She wears a single piece of flowered cloth twisted about her. In spite of her comic employment, shaking a cocktail for Clark, Djali watches her master with utmost worship.

Djali is followed in turn by a native carrying lemons, another carrying bottles of ginger ale, another a bottle of gin in each hand, another with a cake of ice and the last one carries an ice shaver of which he seems especially proud. As they are strung out in an almost straight line, with Clark in the lead swaggering along, THE CAMERA FOLLOWS

CONTINUED

4 (CONTINUED)

And finally stops as it reaches
a group of natives playing queer
looking musical instruments.

5 MED. SHOT GROUP OF NATIVES

Performing on their instruments.
They almost stop playing and begin
to jabber excitedly at the approach
of the little procession which does
not come into this shot.

6 CLOSEUP ROAST MEAT VENDOR

Carrying his trade across shoulders.
Natives purchasing sticks of twisted
meat from him. The vendor retails
gossip as he sells.

VENDOR

Gagak bai hawa OURANG!

CUSTOMER

Biak.

He makes a big gesture to
indicate the size of the
OURANG, jabbering, etc. in
group.

7 MED. LONG SHOT SHOOTING TOWARD
WATERFRONT

Dogs running about the street
with naked children. Crowds
moving back and forth along the
building lines, bartering, gos-
siping, laughing.

Down the center of the street,
heading toward the cage of the
OURANG, comes Clark and his strange
cavalcade, their backs to camera.
Clark is weaving slightly and bows
like a king, but in a jocose way in
response to the respectful greetings
and salaams of the natives. Business
almost stops in the street as he
passes. It is evident that he is
regarded as a conquering hero.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED

NATE E (Salaaming)

Tuan Clark, hiluri mucha OURANG!

CLARK

Iya -- OURANG.

8 MED. SHOT

The crowd around the cage,
one of them turns and sees
Clark approaching. He exclaims
delightedly

NATIVE

Tuan Clark! Tuan Clark!

Everyone turns now as Clark
and his strange cavalcade walk
past the camera up to the
front of the cage. His ser-
vants walk very proudly and
they have been joi ned by an ad-
miring throng.

9 CLOSEUP OF CLARK

Djali close to his side. For
the first time we see Clark's
face. It has a two days' growth
of beard, his eyes are slightly
bleary from drinking, but there
is an almost lovable, good-humored,
semi-drunk smile on his face,
as he looks off at the natives.
With a good-natured gesture he
digs his hand into his pocket
pulls it out with a handful of
coin and throws it to the follow-
ing crowd, who immediately scramble
and fight for the coin.

10 MED. CLOSE SHOT TAKING IN THE
CROWD AND CLARK

It is evident that they are pro-
foundly impressed by him and they
make way for him with respect.

Clark looks about him mightily
well pleased with himself, then he
smiles down at Djali who raises big
luminous eyes of worship as she
holds the shaker ready.

CONTINUED

CLARK

Thata girl, Djali! Mix me a
stiff one, we're going to toast
our red-bearded friend.

DJALI

Icka, icka!

She turns to the ser-
vants

Biak, Biaki

A black hand squeeze a
lemon into the shaker; an-
other pours gingerale; an-
other pours gin, hand seen
shaving the ice held in the
two hands of another, then
handful of shaved ice placed
in the shaker. Djali, now very
importantly puts the cover on
and begins to shake. Her little
face cutely screwed up with the
effort.

Clark, meanwhile, has his two
hands on his hips and is planted
before the cage. Immense sat-
isfaction and almost exhilaration
is on his face as he stares at
the animal in the cage.

11 MED. LONG SHOT PARTY WITH BACKS
TO CAMERA

Djali is shaking vigorously while
Clark stares at the animal in
front of him, other blacks are
close about him.

12 MED. CLOSE SHOT OF CUSTOMS OFFICERS

This shows a corner of the docks
on the waterfront. The Customs
men are dressed differently than
the natives. (Description from
Garson)

They are looking off in direction
of Clark.

CONTINUED

1st OFFICER

Look at Clark, he has been celebrating for three days now.

2nd OFFICER

And why not! Think of going back to civilization with the only OURANG ever captured alive Lucky dog!

1st OFFICER

Lucky nothing. It was nerve in Jim's case. It took a damned lot of guts to capture that ugly beast.

2nd OFFICER

Well, that beast was so tangled up in the rattan anyone could have pulled him out.

1st OFFICER

Is that so! Tangle or no tangle, no one but Clark would have had the guts to handle him. Why, those OURANGS have the strength of a dozen like you and me.

13 CLOSE SHOT CLARK & DJALI

Djali is handing Clark the drink. With a beaming smile and a shake of his head as if to say "That's great" Clark takes it, and turns to the cage. He now addresses the OURANG holding up his glass

CLARK

Here's to you, you blithering old son-of-a-cook! When you and I reach London I'll be fifty thousand pounds richer, and you'll be amusing the British public in the circus I've sold you to. Here's lookin' at you.

As though the OURANG understood him, frenzied roars burst from him.

14 CLOSEUP OURANG IN CAGE

He is tearing at the bars,
bellowing and raving in his
vain efforts to be free.

CLARK

What's the matter, old buck?
Don't you like the idea of the
trip?
(He goes closer to cage)

15 CLOSEUP OF CLARK

He is gloating over his
capture. Filled with pride
and elation

CLARK

You blasted, big beauty you!
You're making me a rich man;
no more Borneo for me, thanks
to you. I'm going to the
Riviera -- Monte Carlo -- Paris --
London -- Vienna, by God, I'll
see the whole world! And as
for you, ho - -

He holds his glass toward
the OURANG. Unexpectedly
with a lightning movement,
the OURANG thrusts his arm
from the cage and knocks the
glass from his hand.

16 MED. CLOSE SHOT NATIVES

They are terrified, scattering
about, even Clark's servants
retreat before the enraged
frantic animal. Clark, however,
is not in the slightest appalled.
As the brute raves, Clark throws
back his head and roars with
Berserk glee.

17 CLOSEUP DJALI

She has taken the words of Clark
big. She looks at Clark, her
eyes becoming wide with apprehension
and pain.

Clark is still laughing and he
is looking at his captive, but
Djali is looking at him. She is
plucking his sleeve

DJALI

Tuan?

(He pays no attention to her)

Tuan?

CLARK

What is it, Djali? Another drink?

DJALI

Tuan, you no go way?

CLARK

Sure, I'm going away, Djali.

Djali takes this big.

DJALI

Me go with Tuan!

CLARK

No you don't. Where I'm going
there's only white women!

Djali takes this under the
chin, but she is not to be
rebuffed.

DJALI

Me go with Tuan. Me be little
dog to Tuan.

CLARK

No! I'll have my hands full
getting that big fellow aboard
the first ship that comes here.
I can't be bothered with you
around.

DJALI

But me be big help to Tuan. Me
help Tuan put OURANG on ship.

At that Clark looks at her
and is tickled at the idea
of her being of any help to
him with the OURANG. He is
good natured and his big hand
seizes a handful of her fuzzy
hair. He ruffles it playfully
as he would a dog's head and
then he gives her a good humored

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED

push in the face. Clark
turns back to his treasure.
Mechanically the downhearted
Djali mixes him another drink.
She puts it in his hand.

CLARK (To Ourang)

Hey you! Old cocky! Here's
to your fair face - and that's
a damned lie!

Drinks and dashes the glass
to the ground.

19 EXT. RESIDANT'S OFFICE

Comfortably reclining in a long tropical chair on a bambooed floored veranda, refreshments on a table at his side, smoking a long Dutch pipe, is a huge, fat individual. He is the picture of laziness. At his other side, on a table is a peashooter and a saucer containing beebe shot.

A couple of natives are fanning this individual with huge palm leaves. At his hand is a rubber stamp and pad. A large Dutch flag floats on a flagpole before the place signifying this is an official residence.

Several natives comes up the stoop and pass before this fatted individual and hold out tickets which he stamps with the least possible effort. No word is spoken. The natives shuffle past.

Enter a native courier or messenger. He stops in front of the table and with a serious, yet comic motion, imitating military effect he clicks his bare heels together and salutes the big man in the chair. The latter looks up questioningly.

MESSENGER

Sir, I have honor to have message for the high Tuan Residant.

FAT DUTCHMAN

Jaa.

He indicates door with a slight motion of his hand as if the effort enervated him. He replaces his pipe in his mouth, sinks back in his seat panting with the heat.

20 MED. SHOT

The messenger enters the house of the Resident. One of the natives has stopped fanning and head nodding begins to doze. Fat individual picks up the peashooter, puts a beebe shot into his mouth raises the blower and lets fly. Native jumps as the shot stings him and begins to work the fan like all the furies.

CONTINUED

21 INT. MED. SHOT RESIDENT'S OFFICE

This is a large, simply furnished official type of room. The sort quite common in tropical countries. A large picture of the Queen of Holland is prominently displayed on the wall. There are shuttered blinds through which the Resident can look without being seen and get a good view of the street, while large windows give upon the river.

The Resident is an impressive looking Dutchman, clean-cut and middle-aged. Though a heavily built man, he is far from having succumbed to the climate in the manner of the fat clerk or deputy on the veranda.

He is apparently nervous and worried about something and is looking out of the window as if expecting to see something on the river. He turns swiftly as the MESSENGER enters.

MESSENGER (Salaaming)

Excellency - - -

RESIDENT

Well, well, what is it?

MESSENGER

I have the honor to report that the Rajah Han Wong is now making last turn of river. Soon he will arrive at the dock.

The Resident hurries back to the window, looks out eagerly and picks up a pair of field glasses and begins to focus them.

22 EXT. RIVER EXTREME LONG SHOT

Sweeping down the river, and heading toward the public dock, comes a remarkably beautiful, long ceremonial canoe, or barge. It is propelled by about 30 pairs of oars. A handsomely decorated structure is in the center of the canoe, and on each end of that naked savages are bending over huge oars ~~to the beat of the music~~
~~of a huge bongo~~.

~~INT. SHOT RESIDENT'S OFFICE~~

22 CONTINUED

A native stands in the stern with a pair of cymbals in his hands. As he brings these together, the oarsmen move in perfect unison and as they do so, they chant some native song.

23 CLOSE UP OF THE OARSMEN

Their bodies and arms are moving in perfect time with each stroke and with each clap of the cymbal they move.

24 MED. CLOSE OF DOCK

As the boat pulls in. Groups of natives watch the arrival with awe. They stand back and form a reverential lane as

25 MED. SHOT

Eight natives comes out of the cabinlike structure on the barge, carrying on their shoulders a gorgeous palanquin. With immobile faces, eyes straight ahead they leave the boat, pass down the lane made by the natives.

Natives salaam and prostrate. It is evident they stand in awe of whatever high individual is being carried in the palanquin.

26 EXT. STREET NEAR TO CUSTOMS OFFICE

The two Customs Officers are looking off in direction of the barge.

1st OFFICER

That looks like Han Wong's barge.

2nd OFFICER

That's right, it is. Wonder what brings his almighty nibs to Tarakan?

1st OFFICER

Trouble you may be bound. That ugly customer never leaves the jungle unless he has some special mischief to brew.

27 MED. LONG SHOT THE PALANQUIN

It is being borne through the streets, followed by an awed and silent procession of natives. There is no drum beat or music, and as they pass along a silence follows in their wake. The effect of the advancing palanquin is of a totally different sort to the sensation and excitement that was evident when Clark appeared. There is nothing but the pat, pat, pat of the heels of the carriers as they tramp along.

THE CAMERA WILL FOLLOW THE PALANQUIN until it stops in front of the Resident's place. It is then set down. Servants rush to open the door or put aside the bamboo curtains and

28 CLOSEUP

The door of palanquin opens and out from it steps the great Sha Han Wong.

He is dressed in white silk flowing garments. He is tall with a narrow sinister face and is the embodiment of haughty, ruthless power. His narrow eyes look neither to the right nor to the left, but straight ahead. Nonetheless, one senses the fact that he sees everything about him. He moves with great dignity toward the entrance of the Resident's house.

29 MED. CLOSE SHOT ENTRANCE TO RESIDENCE

A native is having his tag stamped, while a couple of others are in line waiting. As Wong approaches they back hastily and fearfully. The fat Dutchman raises his eyes to see the cause of their action. In contrast to the attitude of the natives, the Dutchman is unperturbed.

WONG

Y our esteemed master expects a visit from the Sha Han Wong.

DUTCHMAN

Jas.

The fine look of superiority and exquisite disgust on Wong's face does not phase the Dutchman.

CONTINUED

29 CONTINUED

He puts his pipe back in his mouth and continues to smoke.

30 CLOSEUP OF RESIDENT'S HOUSE

The eight savages who have borne the palanquin stand now like bronze images on either side of the palanquin.

31 MED. SHOT INT. RESIDENT'S OFFICE

A native servant is opening the door and at sight of Wong he drops panicallly upon his knees and bumping his head on the floor up and down he backs. The Resident, like the fat Dutchman, shows no particular reverence for his guest.

RESIDENT (To native servant

That will do, Batoo, you may go.

The native, with rolling eyes, bobbing and bowing at every step backs out. The Resident and Han Wong face one another.

32 MED. CLOSE OF WONG & RESIDENT

Wong is bowing with great courtesy, but not in a servile way. The Resident stands rather stiffly and then motions Wong to a chair.

RESIDENT

How are you, Wong?

WONG

I trust your Excellency's health is of the best?

RESIDENT

Yes, I'm feeling fine, but a bit worried about some matters and that's why I sent for you. Have a seat won't you.

CONTINUED

Wong takes chair opposite desk
behind which the Resident is
now seated.

WONG

It is a matter of extreme
regret that your Excellency's
tranquility should be disturbed.

RESIDENT

I have plenty of troubles, and
all on account of the British
explorer, Donald Mayfield. You
remember him?

WONG

Mayfield?

RESIDENT

He is the scientist and explorer
who went into the jungle about
eighteen months ago.

WONG

Ah yes, the last white man to
honor the Borneo jungle.

The Resident frowns, he
leans across the table

RESIDENT

Wong - the Dutch government
points out that Mayfield is
the fourth white man who has
disappeared in your part of the
land.

WONG

He who mounts a tiger cannot
dismount.

RESIDENT (Chestily)

What do you mean by that?

WONG (Suavely)

A proverb of my country, sir.
It is as dangerous to enter
tabu lands as to dismount from
the back of a tiger.

The Resident jumps up and
paces the floor. He is
in an anxious frame of mind
and is leery of the wily
Wong.

CONTINUED

RESIDENT

The Dutch government does not officially recognize your land as tabu. Now, they are demanding a report on Mayfield.

Wong raises his eyebrows and faintly smiles.

RESIDENT

Look at this cable.

He hands the cable to Wong.

INSERT CABLE

British government demand an immediate report with reference to Donald Mayfield. Lord Bleystone accompanied by the daughter of the explorer is now on his way to Borneo to institute thorough investigation and search. You are instructed to extend to him every possible aid in your power. You will be held strictly responsible for the safety of these British Nationals.

Wong puts down the cable and looks almost pityingly at the Resident.

WONG

Yours is a difficult task, my dear sir, I sympathize with you.

RESIDENT

I don't want your sympathy, I want your help.

WONG (Fanning himself)

I shall be always charmed to serve the official representative of the esteemed Dutch government.

RESIDENT

glo
And tell me what you know about Mayfield. He crossed into your lands, you must have seen him.

CONTINUED

WONG (With sardonic humor)

I believe he had the fanatic hope of finding the missing link.

RESIDENT

The fool! I warned him to keep away from the jungle, and above all to give a wide berth to anything like those OURANGK OUTANS.

Wong almost chuckles, then coughs. The Resident looks at him sharply.

WONG

He was like a mouse plotting against a cat.

RESIDENT

Nevertheless, we've got to find him. We've got to send some satisfactory report to the government. Have you made any search for Mayfield?

WONG

My dear sir, to use an English proverb, it is impossible to find a needle in a haystack.

RESIDENT (Sharply)

We've got to do something about it. These English people are due now, they're going in after Mayfield. If anything happens to them, you'll be called to account.

WONG

Sir, I can not prevent them from entering the jungle, nor can I accept responsibility for their disappearance should they fail to return.

RESIDENT

Come now, Wong, you know more than you care to tell us. What do you suggest?

CONTINUED

32 CONTINUED 4

WONG

I suggest that you inform your esteemed government that the Rajah Han Wong will extend to them all of the hospitality and protection in his power.

RESIDENT

I would prefer to assure my government that they will not only go into the jungle but that they will come out!

33 EXT. STREET LONG SHOT

Clark, with Djali and the natives, is coming from the cage toward the vendor of twisted meats.

34 MED. CLOSE SHOT OF VENDOR

He is surrounded with kids by a crowd of naked kids, enviously watching the fortunate ones buying the Borneo meat all-day sucker. Intermittently the vendor raises his voice in a loud chant crying his wares.

VENDOR

Bukken mazelen reinheid wrap dun!

LITTLE BOY (Begging)

Stuk tasten.

VENDOR

Sielo sielo sicklot!
(Drives boy back)

35 CLOSEUP CLARK & DJALI

Clark becomes aware of the kids and looks at them with good natured sympathy. Djali follows his gaze.

36 CLOSEUP OF THE KIDS

As Clark sees them.

37 MED. SHOT CLARK

With back to camera, followed by Djali and the natives, as he starts toward the kids and vendor seen in distance. As he reaches the vendor he stops.

38 CLOSEUP OF CLARK

He is digging into his pockets and comes up with a handful of coin.

CLARK (To vendor)

Teloe, teloe. laba djenket.

39 MED. CLOSE SHOT VENDOR & KIDS
AND CLARK

With back to camera. Clark is extending a handful of coin, the vendor grinning and bobbing his head, takes coin, tears off a handful of suckers. Clark distributes them among the kids who jabber and chatter with delight and start chewing and sucking.

KIDS

Deiden, Tuan Clark, deiden.

40 CLOSEUP CLARK

As he smiles at the kids, playfully ruffles a head or two, makes some response in native language, and then speaks to Djali.

CLARK

Guess that'll fill their little hungry bellies.

DJALI

Tuan, you be velly good man. Every peoples in Tarakan love my Tuan.

CONTINUED

40 CONTINUED

Clark inflates his chest humorously.

CLARK

That's good. Come on now, let's drink to it.

41 CLOSEUP DJALI'S FACE

It is a mask of consternation and regret.

42 MED. CLOSE SHOT OF NATIVES

The one with the gin bottle holds it up and reveals that it is empty; the one with the lemons there is only a dried up piece left; ditto the gingerale boy, the one carrying the ice etc. There is only a small shaving of ice left and the boy is holding the precious morsel shaded by a palm leave.

43 CLOSEUP DJALI AND CLARK

DJALI

We sorry, Tuan, is all drunken.

CLARK (Laughing)

That's all right, we'll go on over to the Resident's and get a drink there.

44 MED. LONG SHOT

Clark and his cavalcade backs to camera moving toward the Resident's.

45 EFFECT SHOT (One continuous

movement. We discover a native at the top of the foliage atop a palm tree gazing seaward. His eyes light up with excitement as he sees a yacht coming in.

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

SWING CAMERA AND GET LONG SHOT
OF YACHT.

SWING CAMERA BACK TO NATIVE AND
FOLLOW CONTINUOUSLY as native
shins down tree and dashes away.

46 INT. RESIDENT'S OFFICE MED. CLOSEUP

The Resident and Wong apparently
on good terms are indulging in
refreshing drinks. The Resident
is drinking whiskey and soda, Wong
has a glass of water.

Through the open window arises the
voice of Clark singing. Faintly
at first, but, as he draws closer
the voice becomes clearer.

The Resident jumps up goes to the
shuttered window, giving upon the
street, opens the slats and looks
out.

47 LONG SHOT

Shooting from behind the back of
the Resident through the shuttered
door or window.

Clark is seen coming up the street
with his extraordinary cavalcade
at his heels. ~~affnseus~~

CLARK'S VOICE (Offscene)

Oh, oh Tommy Tommy Atkins
You're a good one eart and and
You're a credit to your country
And to all you're native land - -

48 CLOSE SHOT RESIDENT

He is laughing as he turns
from shuttered window and makes
a motion of head as if to say
"Listen to him".

49 CLOSEUP WONG

His expression is strangely sinister,
he is intently listening to Clark's
voice.

50 MED. CLOSE RESIDENT & WONG

The Resident is still laughing.

RESIDENT

That's Jim Clark, he's drunk as
a lord.

Wong says nothing.

By the way, Wong, there one
white man went into your jungle
and came out safe and sound.

Still Wong makes no reply.
Offstage Clark's voice is
now heard very close at hand.
He is still singing in a
rollicking way.

CLARK'S VOICE

God bless you, Tommy Atkins.

This is sung right outside
the shuttered door
and as it swings open and
Clark staggers in, he booms
out

CLARK

Here's your country's love for
you.

51 CLOSEUP CLARK & DJALI

They have just come thru
the door and are moving
across the room toward the
Resident.

52 CLOSEUP OF DJALI

She is the first to see Wong,
and her reaction is terrific.
With a muffled cry of terror
she flees behind Clark. In
the scene that follows she
keeps behind Clark, her face
hidden in his coat.

CLARK (To Resident)

How are you old top? Lesh have
a lash drink together. Come
on lesh celebrate.

CONTINUED

Clark suddenly sees Wong.

CLARK

Well if it isn't old Slanteyes himself!

Wong's face is an impenetrable mask. Over his opened fan he bows with exquisite courtesy. Clark, half-drunk, staggers toward him, his progress impeded by Djali still clinging to his coat behind him.

CLARK

How are you, you old son-of-a---
(Bowing mockingly)
I mean your Shuperior Highness.

WONG

I believe you were up in my territory recently, Mr. Clark?

CLARK

You betcha sweet life I was!
Wash more - took away a little shouvenir with me.

WONG

Indeed! And what was this souvenir?

Clark bursts into laughter. It is an outrageous chortle full of triumphant joy.

CLARK

Hawlahaw-haw.

WONG

Why do you laugh?

CLARK

Cause the joke's on you. I beat you, you old devil! I've got one of your CURANGS safe in a cage. I'm taking it to London where there's fifty thousand pounds awaiting me for his delivery!

CONTINUED

Wong's eyes are like sinister slits, yet his voice is cool.

WONG

That is extremely interesting.
I congratulate you.

CLARK

And you told me that an CURANG couldn't be taken out.

WONG

Anurak
I told you an CURANG ~~could not~~ be taken out of this country.

CLARK

Is that so?

WONG

The CURANG belongs in the land over which I rule, which is tabu. The CURANGS are ~~my~~ my property and have been the property of my ancestors for hundreds of years.

CLARK

They're no different than any other wild animal in the jungle. I went through a couple of years of hell to get one and now, we're off to civilization! I'm only waiting for a boat to take us across.

Djali looks around the side of Clark. Her great black eyes are rolling in her head with real terror. A flicker of Wong's eyes reveals that he has seen her. Djali clings the tighter and more frantically to Clark.

CLARK

Hey, what's the matter with you, Djali?

He pulls her round in front. She crouches up and clings to his legs, her monkey still on her shoulder. She tries to hide her face from Wong.

CONTINUED

DJALI

Me. 'fraid - me 'fraid!

Wong looks serenely
above the girl's head. He
seems to speak into the
open air.

WONG

She has nothing to fear, she is
one of my subjects. Her father
will prepare a fitting welcome
for her return.

His words seem to terrify
rather than passify Djali.
She crawls around the side
of Clark and clings to one
of his legs, her face is up-
turned pleadingly to him.

CLARK

Don't be afraid Djali! You're
a missionary girl now and under
the protection of the Dutch
government. What shay we drink
to the Dutch government.

He pours drink into
glasses, lifts his own
with a beaming smile, the
Resident smiling, picks up
his glass also.

Wong stares straight ahead.

Djali is stealthily backing
from the room, she exits.

CLARK

Shay you! Come on! Drink to the
great Dutch government.

The conversation is inter-
rupted by the thundering
sound of a huge drum, it is
like the boom of a giant
cannon. Much surprised
Clark wheels around, glass in
hand, the Resident hurries to
the window, Wong does not move
but a curious smile spreads
over his face.

52A CLOSEUP A NATIVE

He is beating upon an
enormous drum.

53 CLOSEUP RESIDENT AT WINDOW

He turns with a smile and
speaks to Clark.

RESIDENT

Here's an answer to your prayer,
Clark.

54 MED. CLOSE CLARK & WONG

Clark moves toward window,
Wong watching him with a
peculiar glitter in his eyes.

55 MED. CLOSE CLARK & RESIDENT
AT WINDOW

Resident hands Clark the field
glasses.

RESIDENT

There's your boat. It's the
yacht of Lord Blystone, I've
been expecting it.

CLARK (Excitedly)

What! Lord Blystone's yacht?

He excitedly manipulates
the glasses.

RESIDENT

Yes, and the sooner you get that
OURANG aboard, the better
pleased I'll be.

CLARK (Excitedly)

Blystone -- an Englishman!
By jove, I'm in luck!

56 SWING CAMERA EXTREME LONG SHOT

Of the yacht anchoring or
anchored in the harbor.

SWING CAMERA BACK

57 MED. CLOSE CLARK & RESIDENT

Clark's face is alight with
excitement and joy.

RESIDENT

You know Blystone?

CLARK

Not personally, but he's one of
the biggest powers in England.
Owns a dozen papers, fabulously
wealthy. What's he doing here?

57 CONTINUED

RESIDENT

He is here to investigate the disappearance of the English scientist and explorer, Donald Mayfield.

58 CLOSEUP WONG

He is taking in this conversation with half-closed eyes and a sinister smile.

59 MED. SHOT BLEYSTONE'S YACHT

The Captain is superintending the final anchorage.

60

CLOSEUP LORD BLEYSTONE

Mr. Drama Mayfield
Owner of the yacht and Diana Mayfield.

They are seated in reclining chairs. Diana is eagerly watching the proceedings; Lord Bleystone is watching Diana. There is no mistaking his look of deep admiration and desire as he looks at the beautiful blonde girl.

Diana Mayfield has a lovely, radiant and intelligent face, but she evinces considerable anxiety. She is the type of girl that men go mad about.

Lord Bleystone is considerably older than Diana, slightly grey at the temples, very straight and tall and distinguished looking, and about him there is a savor of the power and wealth he represents.

DIANA

Oh Dal, I can hardly believe that we're actually here!

CONTINUED

BLEYSTONE

Yes, it's a far cry from London to Borneo, but - - I promised you we'd make it.

DIANA

I've dreamed of this moment - dreamed and thought of nothing else for months and months.

BLEYSTONE

I know, dear, I understand.

DIANA

I adore my father, and when those hideous newspaper dispatches said that he was lost in the Borneo bush, I nearly went out of my head.

BLEYSTONE

That's all in the past now.

DIANA

I don't know what in the world I would have done without you. How good you've been to me, Dal.

For reply, Bleystons bends nearer to her, looks into her eyes, takes her two hands.

BLEYSTONE

There's nothing in the world I would not do ~~with you,~~ for you, Diana.

Diana is a bit nervous at his close proximity, but she smiles even as she slightly sinks back.

DIANA

You've been wonderful!

BLEYSTONE (Low voice)

I've never wanted anything so much in my life, as I want you, Diana!

CONTINUED

DIANA

Yes dear, when father is found - -

BLYSTONE (With deep meaning)

When your father is found - - -
(He looks into her eyes)

DIANA (Nervously)

That was our bargain, Dal.

BLYSTONE (Tenderly)

You will never know how I have
longed for you during this trip - -
knowing you were so near - - -
yet - - - -

DIANA (Rushes Quickly)

I - - I know.

She rises quickly ~~now~~ and
starts toward the rail.

61 LONG SHOT FOREGROUND ACTION

Blystone and Diana BACKS TO
CAMERA, stroll toward the rail
and stop. Blystone, his atti-
tude very gallant and that of a
lover, is all attention and points
out the action on the shore.

Many natives have reached the
waterfront and are excitedly watch-
ing the yacht. In the distance the
cage can also be seen.

62 LONG SHOT REVERSE ANGLE

Natives near the water jabbering
and pointing at yacht seen in dis-
tance with figures of Diana and
Blystone at rail. British flag
flying from yacht.

63 INT. RESIDENT'S MED. CLOSE SHOT

Clark and the Resident are taking a drink. Wong looks on passively and with apparently dis-interest. Djali is no longer inside. Clark is about to exit, when he stops and faces Wong.

CLARK

Well, your Royal Nibs, you better go down and kiss your cousin fare-ye-well. I'll have him aboard that yacht before night falls!

WONG (Bowing courteously)

Thank you, Jeem Clark, I shall avail myself of your invitation.

Clark laughs, waves to the Resident, makes a mock bow to the Rajah Han Wong and exits.

64 EXT. RESIDENT'S MED. CLOSE

Djali, the monkey on her shoulder, is among the natives outside. She rushes up to Clark as Clark comes out smiling.

DJALI

Tuan Clark happy?

CLARK

You bet I am, Djali! You see that vessel off there - belongs to a countryman of mine. I'm going to put our big OURANG aboard! Going now to visit the owner.

Djali takes this big but does not utter a sound. She follows dejectedly behind Clark.

65 INT. RESIDENT'S ME CLOSEUP
WONG & RESIDENT

Wong is about to leave.

RESIDENT

Going?

WONG

I shall be back shortly, your Excellency. I'm about to avail myself of your friend's invitation to bid my cousin, the OURANG, farewell.

He speaks the last words with a peculiar smile. The Resident looks a bit troubled. As Wong exits Resident moves to window.

66 EXTREMELY LONG SHOT

Clark is getting into a small power boat. A number of the natives stand by watching. As boat pulls out natives start over toward cage of OURANG. Djali remains forlornly on the shore, then, dejectedly she follows the natives.

67 MED. CLOSEUP

Wong entering his palanquin. The natives raise it and start out.

LAP DISSOLVE TO

CLOSEUP
68 INT. OF PLANAQUIN / (Swinging)

Squatting on his knees in the palanquin is Wong. ^{Wing} Wong takes a small jade vial from his sleeve, uncorks it and very carefully dips the long nail of his small finger into it, puts the cork back, replaces the bottle in his pocket. This action is calm and deliberate. There is no expression whatsoever on Wong's face.

69 EXT. RIVER MED. CLOSEUP

Power boat containing Clark runs up alongside of staircase gangplank of yacht. Clark, BACK TO CAMERA starts clamboring out of the boat.

70 EXT. BOAT RAIL MED. CLOSE SHOT

Blystone and Diana are looking down. They see Clark coming up. He looks anything but attractive.

BLYSTONE

Hello, who have we here?

DIANA

What an awful looking creature!

BLYSTONE

over
There is a lot of these derelicts in this country, perhaps you'd better go inside, dear.

Diana with another glance at Clark, who has now come aboard, moves away.

71 MED. CLOSE OF CLARK

He throws a look about the deck and then advances unhesitatingly toward Blystone.

72 CLOSEUP BLYSTONE & CLARK

The contrast between the two men is striking. Clark has a two days' growth of beard, his shirt is open and his hair disheveled. He reeks of the odor of his three days' spree.

Blystone is immaculately groomed. His look is one of distaste, in fact, he is irritated by the intrusion of one he takes to be a white derelict.

CONTINUED

Clark has come aboard confident and assured. He is unprepared for this cold reception.

CLARK

Lord Blystone?

BLYSTONE (Very chilly)

Yes.

CLARK

My name's Clark. I'm an Englishman.

BLYSTONE (Indifferently)

Yes.

CLARK

Used to live in London. Been
away two years.

BLYSTONE

Oh yes - what can I do for you?

CLARK

I have a favor to ask of you --

A number of natives ~~were~~
hanging around, Djali among
them.

Planaquin is brought in by the natives. Djali slinking back as she see palanquin. The other natives move back respectfully.

During this scene and up to the time when Wong goes before the cage, we hear the frightful roars of the OURANG, and the shaking of the cage.

74 CLOSEUP PALANQUIN

Wong's slaves are opening the door and Han Wong steps out.

75 CLOSEUP OF THE OURANG

It is raving.

76 CLOSEUP OF WONG

As he reaches a position directly opposite the cage. There is a peculiar light in his eyes as he stares fixedly at the beast inside. The roaring of the OURANG slowly dies down. In the intense silence that ensues, a peculiar gutteral sound comes from Wong's throat. It is like a loud, hissing whisper, and yet is a word in an unknown tongue. The language - of the OURANG.

77 CLOSEUP OF OURANG

He is staring as if hypnotized at Wong and is quieting down.

78 MED. CLOSEUP WONG & OURANG

Wong holds out his hand toward the OURANG. The OURANG comes close to the bars and very tamely puts out his big hand.

The hand of the OURANG rests in that of Wong, palm up.

Wong lifts his other hand - the one with the long fingernail and slowly seems to run it across the palm of the OURANG.

79 MED. CLOSEUP THE NATIVES

They are staring with wide fascinated eyes at the miracle of the now subdued OURANG.

80 CLOSEUP DJALI

She is watching the scene
with wild, terrified eyes.

81 EXTREME CLOSEUP

Of the hands of the OURANG
and Wong.

Wong's long fingernail is
seen to slowly scratch clear
across the palm of the OURANG'S
hand.

82 MED. CLOSE SHOT

Wong has dropped the hand of
the OURANG and is making his
way to the waiting palanquin.

83 CLOSE SHOT PALANQUIN

It is being raised to the
shoulders of the bearers.
They exit.

84 ON BOARD YACHT MED. CLOSE SHOT
BLYSTONE AND CLARK

They are still both standing.
Clark shows extreme agitation.
Blystone is cool and collected,
apparently not concerning himself
deeply with Clark's problem.

CLARK (Strongly)

Lord Blystone - if you'll only
permit me to keep my OURANG
aboard your yacht - - -

BLYSTONE

It's impossible! I don't
propose to turn my yacht into
a menagerie.

CLARK

But if I may keep it aboard
till you sail, or until an-
other steamer comes in - look
here, I'll pay you any amount
you care to name.

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED

BLYSTONE (Irritated)

Money is no object to me! I have a guest aboard and I don't propose to have her annoyed by your repulsive brute.

CLARK

I'll keep him out of sight, under cover! I'll do anything - anything.

BLYSTONE

I've given you my answer - it is no! Your proposition is absurd, I won't even discuss it.

He turns about as if to bring the interview to a close. Clark goes nearer him.

CLARK

Think of this; I've been two years in ~~this hell~~ trying to get that CURANG. If I leave him in the village I'll never get him out of it alive.

BLYSTONE

That is entirely your concern, sir. I'm sorry but - - -

85 CLOSEUP DIANA

She has appeared at the head of the gangway and is hesitating a moment, apparently repulsed by Lord Blystone's uncouth visitor.

86 MED. CLOSE CLARK

CLARK

Look here! - -

BLYSTONE (Who has seen Diana)

I'm sorry - good day.

Clark is overpowered by disappointment and rage. He stands looking off toward where Blystone is moving in direction of Diana, then with a muttered curse he turns abruptly and makes for the ladder.

87 MED. CLOSE BLYSTONE & DIANA

They are standing by the railing looking down on a motor-boat, we hear the chug chug of the engine as it grows fainter and fainter. As it dies away Diana looks at Blystone.

DIANA

Who was your uncouth looking visitor?

BLYSTONE

Oh, just a white man who has been living in the jungle.
(Changes subject abruptly)

When it cools down a bit, we'll go ashore and look up the Resident.

DIANA

We can't go ashore too soon for me.

He smiles down at her and offers his arm. She takes it, the two start strolling about the deck.

88 WATER'S EDGE MED. CLOSEUP

Clark's boat has come in. Djali is waiting at the water's edge. As Clark leaps out she rushes to him.

DJALI (Excitedly)

Tuan! Tuan! OURANG! OURANG!

CLARK

What is it?

DJALI

OURANGx He sick!

CLARK

Who's sick? What are you talking about?

The group of natives on beach are silently watching Clark.

DJALI

OURANG - sick!

Clark is stunned, bewildered. Soundly he leaps into startled life and we see him as he springs forward enroute to the cage.

89

89- FRONT OF CAGE MED. SHOT (EYEMO)

Clark comes into the scene on a breathless run. He literally hurls himself at the cage.

90 CLOSE SHOT OF THE OURANG

He is lying in a huddle heap on the floor.

91 CLOSEUP CLARK - EYEMO

He has rushed up to the cage and is staring in at the OURANG. A moment, and then he rushes around to the back of the cage, tears the bars that holds the door in place. Opens the door and leaps in.

EYEMO FOLLOWS

Clark drops down beside the OURANG, he begins to examine the animal. He raises an eyelid, looks at the glassy eye; he picks up one of the hands it is swollen.

92 CLOSEUP CLARK

His face is contorted like that of a madman. He realizes that the OURANG is dead. His fifty thousand pounds have slipped through his fingers like water through a sieve.

93 FRONT OF CAGE MED. CLOSE

An awed and silent group of natives watch Clark as he comes out of cage.

Djali runs to him. Djali starts to wail. Clark stops her with a motion of his hand.

CLARK (Hoarsely)

Who was here?

DJALI

The Sultan! He take hand of OURANG and then - he go.

She indicates the direction in which Han Wong's barge is moored.

94 LONG SHOT WONG'S BARGE AT DOCK

The palanquin is borne into the scene, it is set down and Wong steps out of it. He moves leisurely toward barge and goes aboard.

95 PERAMBULATOR SHOT

CLARK'S BACK TO CAMERA
Clark is rushing toward the dock. He is going along like a madman, sweeping everything out of his way as he passes through the throngs of natives. He reaches the dock and is about to rush aboard when his passage is stopped by the eight savage guards.

96 MED. CLOSE SHOT CLARK & GUARDS

Clark is in an overpowering rage, laboring under the intensest emotional excitement.

The savages block his passage, they look at him with impassive faces.

Clark looks at the savages, he realizes that he cannot pass them.

97 CLOSEUP CLARK

His jaw is set, his eyes are inflamed with rage. He shouts above the heads of the savages in the direction of the barge.

CLARK

You yellow scum of the earth! --
You filthy swine!

I know you're behind there! Do you hear me?

98 CLOSEUP CABIN ON BARGE

No one seen, but through the curtain floats the suave voice of Han Wong.

WONG'S VOICE

I am all ears, Jeem Clark.

99 CLOSEUP CLARK

CLARK

Then listen to this, I'm going back into your acursed land, and when I leave I'll have another one of your CURANGS with me!

WONG'S VOICE

You shall be accorded a charming reception by not one, but a score of my CURANGS!

99-a

100 MED. SHOT

CLARK BACK TO CAMERA
He is standing tensely, his fists clenched. The natives are going aboard.

We hear the crash of the cymbals and then the dip of the oars. The boat starts away. The natives raise their voices in a chant. The boat is disappearing around a turn. Clark strides away from the dock.

99-b

101 LONG SHOT

The barge is sailing. The native chant becomes fainter and fainter.

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE TWO

100 EXT. CLARK'S VERANDA MED. SHOT

As Clark enters scene, he throws his hat upon a bamboo table, turns and calls to his servant.

CLARK

Hey Napa - Napa.

A native boy appears and salaams. Djali enters scene behind Clark.

CLARK (To boy)

Todang tiega blonda - Biak.

The native salaams, turns about to obey when Djali rushes up.

101 MED. CLOSE DJALI AND CLARK

Though her glance is appealing as she looks at Clark, she makes a horrible face at the native.

DJALI

No - no! Me bring drink for Tuan.
Me serve Tuan.

Clark, who looks exhausted and haggard looks at her indulgently.

CLARK

All right, but hurry.

DJALI (Exaltedly)

Me make 'eem snappy.

She gives a push to the servant, and trots off importantly, the servant following her.

Clark sits down, takes out his tobacco pouch, fills his pipe and lights it. It is evident that he is suffering from the reaction of his recent terrible disappointment.

He pays no attention to Djali as she returns with a tray of refreshments and prepares his drink. He takes it from her absently.

CONTINUED

An atmosphere is of intense weariness and utter dejection hangs about Clark. This is in striking contrast to his exuberant mood when he had gone like a king down the street of Tarakan.

Djali squats on the floor beside him watching him with dog-like devotion. He pays absolutely no attention to her. After a moment she edges nearer to him.

DJALI

~~Tuan lonesome?~~ -

Clark makes no reply.

~~Tuan lonesome, Djali lone-~~
~~some too.~~

CLARK

What the devil makes you think I'm lonesome?

DJALI (Placing hand naively on heart)

Tell me inside,

DJALI

Me stay here with Tuan. I be Tuan's woman.

Clark shakes his head

Hebbe Tuan want only white woman?

CLARK

That's right.

DJALI

Me stay with Tuan till white woman come. When white woman come me go. When white woman go, me come back. Me be Tuan's woman then.

Clark laughs in spite of himself. Instantly Djali laughs also.

CLARK

Wouldn't that be great. You've got it all plotted out, haven't you?

DJALI

Now Tuan laugh, haw.

She stands up and deliberately tries to vamp him. Her little monkey still clings to her shoulder. Djali puts her hands on her svelte hip.

DJALI

Tuan you look on me. See! Me make very nize, beautiful, sweet womans. Look on me, Tuan.

She poses, turning around slowly for him to see all of her charms and moving her arms and limbs and breasts seductively - she is all sex, and Clark is after all human.

For a moment he looks at her with eyes of desire, and then abruptly he pulls himself together, rises and to her surprise exits into house, snapping the door between them.

102 EXT. CLARK'S VERANDA MED. SHOT

As Clark exits into house, Djali stunned for a moment, rises and patters across to the door. She tries to open it but finds it latched. She presses her face against the door.

DJALI

Tuan. Tuan, please you let Djali come ~~knowe~~ inside. ~~house~~

CLARK (Inside)

The devil

No, get away from there and stay away! Go to the devil with you!

DJALI

~~No, go devil,~~ Me stay with Tuan till sun go up and sun come down.

CLARK (Inside)

If you ^{don't} get away from there, I'll come on out and beat you within an inch of your life!

CONTINUED

DJALI (Undismayed)

Me like Tuan beat me. Haw, please
you beat Djali.

Djali removes a whip
handing from the wall. The
door opens and Clark, trying
his best to look fierce
stands threateningly in the
doorway. Djali hands him
the whip. In spite of him-
self, Clark laughs, then he
scowls.

CLARK

Djali, you're a bad little
savage.

DJALI

Me sorry. Me no be savage no
more.

CLARK

Do you want me to send you
back to Han Wong?

Djali is terrified at this
prospect.

DJALI

No - no! Me cut heart out if
Tuan send me back to Han Wong.

She makes a savage ges-
ture as if holding a
knife.

CLARK

Then get away from here!

Come now, off with you. Off.

Djali looks at him a
moment, sees that he is
in earnest and then, her
monkey on her shoulder she
moves off, around side of
house.

Clark exits into house.

103 CLOSEUP DJALI

As Clark exits she puts up a
cautious head and we see that
she has not gone far, but is
huddled up in a corner among
a mass of vines and tropic
growth. Her big black eyes
are rolling in her head as she
peers off toward where Clark has
disappeared.

104 INT. RESIDENT'S HOUSE MED. CLOSE NIGHT

Resident discovered with Lord Blystone and Diana. Diana is in a state of high nervousness and anxiety. Blystone, accustomed to have his way, is not to be put off by the Resident.

RESIDENT

I'm very sorry, Lord Blystone, but I don't see what more we can do. We did everything in our power to warn Mr. Mayfield from going into the jungle, but it was of no avail.

BLYSTONE

We intend to find him. If necessary, we are going into the jungle after him. I want you to arrange for guides and men to accompany us.

RESIDENT

Why that's impossible!

BLYSTONE

Nothing is impossible! Money will buy anything. We are prepared to spend any amount of money to accomplish our ends.

RESIDENT

This is not England, Lord Blystone,^{but} one spot on earth where money and influence mean nothing. I doubt if there is a native in Tarakan who would be willing to take the chance of entering the tabu lands.

Diana looks at Blystone and then at the Resident.

DIANA

But we must - we must find my father. We will never leave this country until we know what has become of him.

BLYSTONE (Soothingly)

Don't worry, dear, leave it to me. I told you I'd take care of this thing for you, and I will. And now sir,

(Turns to Resident)

Do I understand you to say that you refuse to help us - -

CONTINUED

RESIDENT

Your Lordship, I am prepared to do anything within my power, but I cannot force natives to go into the tabu land.

BLYSTONE

There must be someone in this country who can handle these natives? Do you mean to tell me that no one goes into the jungle?

RESIDENT

Several white men have tried it, they have never come back. I know of only one man who has made the trip successfully.

DIANA (Eagerly)

Yes - yes, and who is he?

RESIDENT

He is a man who knows the jungle. He has a few natives who stick by him and go anywhere he leads them.

Diana springs up in her enthusiasm.

DIANA

Oh Dal, here's the man we need!

BLYSTONE

Send for this man.

RESIDENT

Jim is not the sort of man you send for. I suggest you see him personally. It's just possible you may be able to persuade him to let you accompany his expedition. I understand he is going into the jungle again within a day or two.

DIANA

Oh Dal, this is wonderful! Let's go to him at once, where is he?

The Resident arises and points from the window.

CONTINUED

RESIDENT

Diana grasps Blystone's
arm excitedly

That's his house over there.

Miss Mayfield, I suggest that
you remain here.

DIANA

Why?

RESIDENT

He is a rough sort of fellow
and he's been drinking lately - -

BLYSTONE

The Resident is quite right. I'll
see this man and be right back
here.

Diana reluctantly remains.
She is a prey to restlessness
and anxiety and begins
to pace the floor as Blystone
exits.

105 INT. CLARK'S HOUSE MED. SHOT

The room is in considerable dis-
order. Clark and his houseboy
Napa, have been busily engaged
in packing and completing prep-
arations for the journey. Napa
is kneeling strapping up a bed-
roll, while Clark is seated on
a bundle oiling his gun.

The barking of Clark's dogs tells
them they have a visitor, and
Napa goes to the door.

Offscene Blystone's voice is
heard as he crosses the veranda
and comes up to the door.

BLYSTONE'S VOICE

Down! Down; you brute!

Napa opens the door.

106 CLOSEUP LORD BLYSTONE

As he comes in. He is flushed and choleric.

BLYSTONE

Will you call your confounded dog off?

He says this as he steps in. Napa goes out onto the veranda and we hear him call off to the dog.

107 CLOSEUP CLARK

At the sound of Blystone's voice he is startled, then his jaws set, his eyes gleam.

108 MED. CLOSE CLARK & BLYSTONE

Clark is standing up, his face is alive with hatred and bitterness. Lord Blystone is approaching Clark, but stops short suddenly as he recognizes in him the man he had turned away. He sees that the latter is antagonistic. Used however to commanding, he speaks in the only language he knows - that of money.

BLYSTONE

I understand that you know this native jungle.

CLARK

Well, what of it?

BLYSTONE

I'm prepared to engage you to take charge of an expedition going into the jungle to look for the lost explorer, Donald Mayfield.

Over Clark's face an amazed look of sardonic amusement breaks. Yet his face is also grim and alive with hatred.

BLYSTONE

Name your price-- -

CONTINUED

Clark throws back his head
and bursts into hoarse,
bitter laughter.

CLARK

Fifty thousand pounds!

BLYSTONE

What!

CLARK

Fifty thousand pounds, that's
the price I was to have been
paid for my OURANG.

BLYSTONE

But what has that to do - - -

CLARK

Everything! When I went to you
for help you turned me down
cold, now it's my turn, I'll see
you sunk before I put up a
finger to help you.

Blystone looks at him angrily.

BLYSTONE

This is a different proposition.
You wanted me to take a wild
animal aboard my yacht - I'm
asking you to help in the rescue
of one of your fellowmen.

All Clark's pentup bitterness
is finding a savage vent.

CLARK

I've given you my answer - it's
NO!

Those were your words to me,
do you remember?

In imitation of the manner
a Blystone, he turns from
him as if dismissing the
matter and adds shortly

Good night.

CONTINUED

108 CONTINUED 2

Burning up with wrath, Blystone stares at him a moment, starts to say something and then stops short. Clark deliberately ignoring him resumes his work on his gun.

Realizing he has lost, Blystone turns on his heel and exits.

FADE OUT

109 FADE IN GREAT BEAUTY SHOT

THE RIVER

The whole scene is pervaded by the marvelous moonlight which rests upon the water like quivering quicksilver.

Swaying eerily to the tide, its riding lights twinkling in the rigging, we see Blystone's yacht.

110 MED. CLOSE OF THE YACHT

Seated on chairs near to the railing are Blystone and Diana.

Neither of them speak. Diana is looking off in a somewhat sad silence.

Blystone is turned about in his chair so that he is looking directly at Diana.

We hear the lapping of the water against the sides of the vessel, the burr of thousands of flying fish playing in the moonlight.

In the distance the voice of a lone fisherman is heard singing a weird, haunting love song. The two listen in silence. As the voice of the singing fisherman dies down, Diana stirs restlessly. Blystone reaches across and takes her hand.

BLYSTONE

What a beautiful night!

DIANA (Muffled voice)

Yes - it is beautiful. But ---
(Her voice rises)

She stands up suddenly and moves to the rail.

CONTINUED

110 CONTINUED

She stands there looking off moodily. Blystone comes to her side, his attitude is all devotion.

OVER THE SCENE comes faintly the sound of native music, there is an incredible fascination about the entire scene.

DIANA (Pointing)

Look! Dallas - over there -- that is -- the JUNGLE!

111 MED. SHOT

This is in the direction of where Diana is pointing. A great sombre mass looms under a silver moonlighted sky. The silhouette of trees are shown like sentinels while the moon itself seems colossal. We hear the slapping of oars, and the wail of native singing.

With all its beauty, there is something mysterious, almost menacing about that unknown, dark land.

Diana's voice has become tremulous.

DIANA

Oh, to think my father is somewhere out there -- perhaps lost -- perhaps sick. Oh --

BLYSTONE

Now my dear, we'll have better news soon, I'm sure.

CONTINUED

DIANA

No - no, I feel that our only hope is in this man Clark.

BLYSTONE

Be reasonable, dear. You know I would not leave a stone unturned to rescue your father. But we can do nothing with this man Clark, he is impossible.

DIANA

*W*He knows the jungle, The Resident said he was the only white man in Borneo who did know it, and the natives trust him, he said, and will follow him. Oh - h, if I'd only gone with you - -

BLYSTONE

But, Diana dearest, you're cruel, I did everything possible to induce the man to go.

Diana turns and moves about restlessly on the deck, and then, as if taken with a sudden resolve she stops abruptly

DIANA

Dallas, I'm going ashore.

BLYSTONE

But you can't do that, dear. Why should you go ashore? You're far safer and more comfortable aboard the yacht.

DIANA

Safe! Comfortable! Do you think I want to be safe or comfortable when my father may be suffering - - he needs me. I must - I will go to him!

BLYSTONE

But my darling, you don't even know where he is.

DIANA

But this man Clark could find him for us. I'm going to him - I'm going to ask him to help us!

CONTINUED

111 CONTINUED 2

BLYSTONE (Startled)

You can't do that, Diana! That beggar is a regular savage. You saw him yourself this afternoon.

DIANA

I don't care what he is! I've handled savages in evening clothes in London, and I can handle him. I want a boat, Dallas. I insist upon going ashore!

BLYSTONE

Very well, dear, I'll take you to him if you insist.

DIANA

No, I want to see him alone! Alone, do you understand?

BLYSTONE

But - -

They move off along deck and exit out of scene.

112 EXT. CLARK'S HOUSE MED. SHOT

Light is streaming from the window and through the shuttered door, showing that Clark is still up. Djali is standing outside the door patiently looking in.

113 INTL CLARK'S HOUSE

Clark is still busy with Napa packing etc. There is a tapping on the door and frowning Clark goes to door and raises blind.

114 EXT. CLARK'S HOUSE

Djali has been tapping with her hand on his door.

115 CLOSEUP DJALI & CLARK

CLARK

What! Are you still here? Didn't I tell you to clear off?

DJALI

Tuan, you pack things maybe you go way?

CONTINUED

115 CONTINUED

CLARK (Roughly)

Yes, I'm going away.

DJALI

Where you go, Tuan?

CLARK

I'm going into the jungle.

DJALI

Me go with Tuan.

CLARK

You're crazy! I'm not taking any woman along with me. Clear off now, and don't let me catch you around here again.

He pulls the shade down.

116 EXT. CLARK'S HOUSE

Djali is still pressed up against the door. Suddenly we hear the loud baying of Clark's dogs. Djali turns around and is startled by what at first appears to be almost an apparition.

117 CLOSEUP DIANA

She is coming up the path and the moonlight gleams on her golden hair making it like an aureo about her.

Instantly Djali bangs with both hands upon the door.

DJALI (Calling)

Tuan, Tuan!

The shade is raised and Clark's angry face shows.

CLARK

I told you I'd beat you --

He opens the door.

DJALI (Pointing)

Tuan, ~~she~~ white woman -- she come!

The last is said with almost a wail. As Clark comes out onto the veranda Djali slips to one side. Diana comes up the steps toward Clark who in mute amazement stares at her a moment and then steps aside for her to pass into his house.

118 DJALI CLOSEUP

DJALI (To monkey)

White woman come.

119 INT. CLARK'S HOUSE MED.
CLOSEUP CLARK & DIANA

They are looking at each other. Clark sees an exquisitely lovely girl. Her wrap has slipped from her shoulders revealing her in a sparkling evening gown. Her white bare arms and neck are beautiful. Her hair is the color of honey. Her eyes are wells of witchery filled with a strange appeal. She is a perfect orchid.

Diana sees a huge uncouth looking man with a two days' growth of beard and the disheveled look of one who has been on a long bat. His rough shirt is open at the throat, he looks like a disreputable derelict.

In spite of his repulsive appearance he represents to Diana the one person in the world who can help her find her father. His attitude is anything but friendly. On the contrary he is evidently on guard.

DIANA

Mr. Clark?

Clark nods briefly.

May I speak to you?

With clumsy courtesy he offers her a chair. Diana does not take it, they both remain standing.

CLARK (Roughly)

Well, what can I do for you?

DIANA

I understand that you are going into the jungle.

CLARK (On guard)

Yes - - what of it?

DIANA

Take me with you! Take me with
you!

CLARK

What -t!

DIANA

I must go - I must! Don't you
see - - I am Diana Mayfield. I've
come all the way from England to
find my father!

CLARK

You couldn't possibly go into
the jungle! White women are
dynamite there.

DIANA

I beg you to listen to me - I
won't take but a moment of your
time. Please - please.

CLARK

Nothing you can say will make
any difference. You couldn't
stand the discomforts of the
journey - dangers - -

DIANA

I'm not afraid of dangers! I'm
not afraid of anything - I'll
go through any hardship, en-
dure any discomforts, if only
I can find my father!

Her breath catches in a
deep sob. Clark looks
away from her. He frowns
heavily.

DIANA

Mr. Clark, you're our one hope,
please don't turn us down,
please don't say no.

CLARK (Roughly)

I can't say anything else. I'm
going into the jungle on my
own affair, and I won't be
bothered with a woman along.

There is a pause, during
which Dianna looks at him.
She is summoning all her
resources to her aid. She
must win this man over at
all hazards.

CONTINUED

DIANA

Mr. Clark, I'll bare my very soul to you. I'll tell you things I've never told to anyone else in the world. Listen to me, won't you even look at me? -- please, please.

Reluctantly Clark looks at her, and against his will he is moved by her incredible loveliness.

DIANA

Do you know what my friends think of me? They think I'm a shallow, pleasure-loving girl, that I care for nothing but fun, and money, money, that I'm a gold-digger. Well, it's true. I've used every means in my power to get gifts and money from every man I met, but not for myself. I raised money to finance my father's expeditions. No one else believed in his theories but I, and now, now he's lost -- and I'm here. I came --

Clark

CLARK

With Lord Blystone?

DIANA

Yes, he brought me here.

She starts to say something else when he interrupts shortly

CLARK

I gave him my answer - it's NO!

DIANA

But oh, you won't say no to me, you can't, you wouldn't have the heart to.

Her voice breaks, she is almost on the verge of hysterics

DIANA

Oh, if you only knew, if you only understood. Days and weeks and months I've had but one thought -- day and night - day and night, my father - my father! You don't know what he means to me - how much I love him, why I've laughed and pretended to be the gayest of girls when all the time my heart was breaking, and I was haunted by the thought that father was in trouble, sick, alone - perhaps dead. Oh -

CONTINUED

119 CONTINUED 3

She covers her face with her hands and then puts them out before her in a blind, piteous way. She seems to sway as if about to fall.

Clark, half-unconsciously puts out his hand to catch her. She relaxes against him. For a moment she seems almost in his arms.

Some great emotional upheaval is taking place within the man as he looks down at the girl's beautiful face, his voice is husky.

CLARK (Roughly)

It's all right, Miss Mayfield, I'll take you with me.

As though electrically revived, Diana looks up at him studying his face while her own lights with joy. She can scarcely believe her good fortune.

DIANA

Oh I knew you would, I knew you would! Oh thank you, thank you so much!

Suddenly she seizes his hand, with a quick impulsive motion she brings it to her cheek. For a moment she holds it there while her great eyes look into his, then she breaks away and without looking back she runs swiftly to the door and exits.

120 CLOSEUP CLARK

He is standing stock still looking at his hand. Gradually his eyes lift and he looks into the mirror hanging on the wall. Half unconsciously his hand goes to his chin and he feels the two days' growth of beard.

121 EXT. CLARK'S HOUSE MED. C10 SEUP

Djali is standing on the veranda.
She is looking after the fast
disappearing figure of Diana.
Suddenly she crouches down and
begins to rock herself as she
moans and wails in a low, eerie
tone.

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE THREE

122 FADE IN ON A GREAT BEAUTY SHOT

Of sun rise in Borneo.

A golden haze seems to wrap the entire land, while streaks of red and gold and yellow make of the sky a sea of mother of pearl.

We hear the hum of the insects, the twitter of the birds, the chattering of monkeys, the call of the wild animals.

123 MED. CLOSE SHOT FRONT OF CLARK'S HOUSE FOREGROUND ACTION

BACK TO CAMERA, Clark is directing his natives. They are tying up packs, ammunition, tents, supplies etc. Clark is in clean hunting clothes.

124 MED. CLOSE SHOT BAMBOO RAFT

This is moored to the boat landing at the river's edge and is of the sort used for travel in the jungle. It has rough accommodations for shelter and eating.

Across the water a small boat is seen leaving the yacht heading for the shore and in the prow of the boat are Diana and Blystone.

125 MED. CLOSEUP CLARK & NATIVES

The natives have raised a sort of droning chant as they raise articles to their heads or shoulders.

126 MED. CLOSEUP DIANA & BLYSTONE

They are coming up from the boat landing toward Clark. A couple of the ship's men, loaded with baggage stand back setting the stuff down hard by the raft.

Diana is in boy's attire, soft silk shirt open at the throat etc.

Blystone is immaculately dressed in knickers, shining high boots, a slouch hat etc. He is very attentively escorting Diana, his hand under her elbow.

As they approach Clark they look off in his direction.

127 MED. CLOSEUP FROM DIANA'S ANGLE OF CLARK

He is clean shaven and in clean garments. He looks a totally different man.

128 MED. CLOSEUP CLARK, BLYSTONE AND DIANA

Diana, as she approaches, calls out cheerfully

DIANA

Good morning, Mr. Clark.

Clark looks/very gravely at Diana and Blystone.

CLARK (Civilly)

Good morning, Miss Mayfield.

Blystone, with a great air of cheer and friendliness and patronage, comes up closer to Clark.

BLYSTONE

What a ripping day for a start-off!

Clark looks him over from head to foot and there is a gleam of humor way back in his eyes, yet he speaks grimly

CLARK

Yes, a ripping day - for your picnic, Lord Blystone.

CONTINUED

128 CONTINUED

Diana looks from Clark to
Blystone.

DIANA (Anxiously)

I hope we're not late, Mr. Clark.

CLARK

Not at all. We've a few minutes
more till the natives get the
raft ready.

Clark now turns somewhat
abruptly from Diana and
Blystone and returns to
his work.

CLARK (To natives)

Hi liock natalen.

NATIVES

Aan - aan - Ii - -

129 CLOSEUP DIANA & BLYSTONE

They are watching Clark and
the natives.

DIANA (In low voice)

He doesn't seem the same man.

BLYSTONE

Max A shave makes a difference -
on the surface.

Diana turns her head from
him, there is a touch of
impatience in her motion.

130 MED. CLOSEUP AT RIVER'S EDGE

Natives are preparing the raft
of bamboo, making it ship-shape
shape etc. On one end of the
raft is a cabin-like structure
built of bamboo sticks and
covered with netting to keep
out all insects. The natives
are examining this to make sure
that the net is tight. Back
of the cabin there is a place
for the oarsmen.

In front of the raft is a sharp
prow which cuts through the
jungle tangle that hangs over the
river.

131 LONG SHOT FOREGROUND ACTION

Clark, Diana and Blystone in foreground BACKS TO CAMERA.
Clark is standing apart. A native comes up to report to Clark that they are ready to start.

HEAD NATIVE

Tanda luk!

CLARK

Raken, biak.

The native turns and shouts with a comical air of authority to the men

HEAD NATIVE

Duren ree manmetje.

The natives form in line, packs are raised to head, the head native goes importantly to the head of the line. He raises his voice in a chant the others take up the chorus and they chant as they move down toward the raft.

Clark gives a curt motion to Blystone and Diana to follow and tramps off toward raft.

132 MED. SHOT AT RAFT

Over the scene comes the musical chant of the natives, approaching with the packs and baggage. Their voices become clearer and clearer until the first native appears with pack on head, this he deposits upon the raft. One by one the others follow, setting down the supplies etc. Even before the natives have deposited their supplies and packs we see that the raft is fairly well loaded.

133 CLOSEUP CLARK, BLYSTONE & DIANA

They are going aboard, BACKS TO CAMERA.

134 EXTREME LONG SHOT

As the raft is pushed into the stream, a number of natives remaining on shore.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

Blystone
I wish
over

135 CLOSEUP MOVING RAFT

The chant of the natives is heard at the oars.

Plowing its way through the winding stream, the burning sunrays striking down upon the deck, the huge bamboo raft moves slowly up the river, overhung with dense jungle growth.

The extended bow, seven feet above the raft spreads the hanging rattan as it progresses on its way.

We get the impression of sultriness; of stifling heat.

The oars are propelled by eight husky natives at the stern, and as they move their naked bodies glisten in the sunlight in perfect rhythm to the stroke they chant.

At the prow of the boat stands Clark, his BACK TO THE CAMERA. He seems like an unmoving statue looking straight ahead.

Behind the netting are the figures of Diana and Blystone. They are seated and are being fanned, or are fanning themselves.

~~Let Blystone~~
~~Han 143~~

136 CLOSEUP DIANA & BLYSTONE
BEHIND THE NETTING

Already, the coarseness and discomfort of the place and the intense heat is telling on them. Blystone, prostrated in his camp chair, his immaculate clothes wet, the silk lining of his ~~hat~~ sun hat cracked and crushed, breathing heavily holds a large palm fan in his hand.

CONTINUED

136 CONTINUED

Diana, though feeling the heat and oppressive humidity, is nonetheless game. Moreover, she is looking off, her eyes intently fixed on the man in the prow of the boat whose back is toward her.

137 CLOSEUP CLARK

His face is immobile. His whole thought seems concentrated upon his task. There is about him a commanding strength, an element ~~of~~ of power. At crucile moments he snaps a short word of command to the natives.

138 INT. CABIN OF RAFT CLOSEUP
OF DIANA & BLYSTONE

Diana is still looking off toward Clark. There is a peculiar look in her eyes as she looks from Clark to the man stretched out in the chair beside her, and who has almost passed out with the heat.

A little contempt shows in her eyes and she sighs.

139 CLOSEUP ON FLOOR OF MOVING RAFT

From underneath a tarpaulin a little monkey creeps. It scampers over directly to Clark and leaps up to his arm.

140 MED. CLOSEUP CLARK

As he looks at the monkey. A look of startled surprise and recognition comes to his face. He turns about and looks off toward floor of raft. He tries to frown, but in spite of himself a smile spreads over his face as he sees:

141 CLOSEUP A LITTLE NAKED BRONZED
FOOT

It is protruding from beneath
the tarpaulin.

142 MED. CLOSEUP CLARK

He is cautiously bending down,
he makes a grab at the foot and
drags out DJALI.

He frowns down at her, but Djali
has lost her fear of him. She
looks up at him with child-like
guile.

CLARK

What in the dickens are you
doing here?

DJALI

Me go with Tuan.

CLARK

Do you know where I'm going?

Djali nods

I'm going into Han Wong's
country.

DJALI

Me know - me go with Tuan.

CLARK

I thought you were afraid to go
back there!

DJALI

Me no 'fraid if Tuan with Djali.

Clark makes a motion as
if to say "Well you're
beyond me - I give it up"
He ruffles Djali's head
with a playful motion, she
looks up at him adoringly.

142 INT. CABIN OF RAFT CLOSEUP

Diana is staring off toward
Clark. The expression on her
face is peculiar.

Blystone has pulled himself
slightly up and following
Diana's glance, he sees what
she sees, evidently he is
pleased, for he smiles.

CONTINUED

DIANA

Why, look it's - a girl!

BLYSTONE

Yes my dear. Clark's native
girl no doubt,

Diana slightly starts.

Blystone is now feeling
much better.

BLYSTONE

The custom of the country!

Diana's eyes flash. Then
her head drops. There is
something drooping and des-
pondent about her as she
listlessly sits back in her
seat.Blystone, however is not so
ready to drop the subject.
He touches her arm to draw
her attention again to Clark
and Djali.

BLYSTONE

Quite a pretty picture, eh?

143 CLOSEUP CLARK & DJALIClark is seated on a box
near the prow of the vessel.
He is smoking thoughtfully,
Djali is squatting at his
feet, her monkey on her
shoulder. She is looking
up at him adoringly.144 CLOSEUP BLYSTONE & DIANAThey are both looking off
toward Clark and Djali.BLYSTONE (With touch of
malice)The tropics play the deuce with
men of that type. They go
native and - - -

DIANA (With flash of anger)

Dallas, please don't cast any
reflections on Mr. Clark. After
all, we are under obligations
to him - aren't we?

CONTINUED

BLYSTONE (Angry)

I don't think we need take the fellow seriously.

He stands up. Blystone is piqued by Diana's defense of Clark, and it is with the intention of showing to her his importance as compared with Clark that with something of his customary air of authority he moves out of the cabin.

144A MED. CLOSE SHOT CLARK & DJALI

Blystone comes into the scene. As he addresses Clark, the latter's face stiffens and his eyes become steely.

BLYSTONE

Clark - we seem to be moving at a snail's pace. Can't you do something to speed up those rowers?

Clark takes the pipe from his mouth, his face is alive with anger and contempt.

CLARK

I'm in charge here. Get back under the netting where you belong.

Blystone stands for a moment with clenched fists almost as if ready to spring on Clark, but the latter has turned his shoulder from him and is paying no attention to him whatsoever.

With a muttered oath under his breath Blystone exits from scene.

145 MED. CLOSE OF THE RAFT

It is entering a zone through
thick over-hanging foliage.
Clark moves toward the stern
to direct the steersmen. As
he passes the cabin Diana arises.
Blystone frowns,

DIANA

Mr. Clark - - -

Clark curtly nods and his
glance flickers from Diana
to Blystone, he moves on.

146 CLOSEUP DIANA

She is terribly hurt. She
doesn't understand why Clark
appears to dislike her and is
almost ready to cry with pique.

LAP DISSOLVE TO

147 MOVING INSERT..CAMERA
ON TOP OF RIVER CABIN
SHOOTING STRAIGHT AHEAD.

Clark with back to camera,
is standing like a statue
in the prow of the raft as
the raft moves up the river and
through the jungle. It passes
crocodiles in the water, chat-
tering monkeys overhead and
birds of beautiful plummage.

147-z CLOSEUP CROCODILES IN WATER.

147-b MOVING INSERT OF GENERAL SCENE.

147-c CLOSEUP MOVING INSERT..SHOOTING UPWARD

of monkeys swinging overhead
and chattering down on the boat.

147-d MOVING INSERT PROGRESS OF RAFT

147-e CLOSEUP SOME BEAUTIFUL BIRD OR BIRDS.

147-f-MOVING INSERT OF SILENT FIGURE
OF CLARK

standing and watching as the
raft moves through the changing vistas
of wild exotic beauty along winding
tributary - ~~mm~~ picking up strange
sounds and unknown birds.

FADE OUT.

147 MOVING INSERT CAMERA ON TOP OF
RAFT CABIN

Shooting straight ahead.
Clark with BACK TO CAMERA is
standing like a statue in the
prow of the raft.

As the raft moves up the river
through the jungle it passes
water ~~huzz~~ buffalo, crocodiles,
animals drinking at the banks,
chattering monkeys swinging over-
head or following the progress
of the over-hanging trees. Beau-
tiful plummaged birds flying
across. The freak lightning of
the jungle as it penetrates thru
the thick foliage.

Through it all the silent figure
of the man Clark watching as the
raft moves through changing vistas
of wild exotic beauty along the
winding tributary, picking up
sounds of strange and unknown
beats and birds.

Properly photographed this can
be perfect three dimension,
possibly one of the most beautiful
scenes ever taken in a jungle.

*✓ Raft
Nature's Home*

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE FOUR

148 FADE IN A LONG BEAUTY SHOT
OF THE JUNGLE AND THE RIVER

It is late afternoon and the shadows are lengthening. The sun is sinking in the west, leaving behind it a weird red and purple glow which enfolds the land with a ghostly magic.

Utter silence prevails.

Then we hear the dipping of the oars and the chant of the natives.

From a turn in the river comes the raft. It halts opposite an opening amidst a thick tangle, a clearing evidently man-made as the underbrush and over-hanging rattan reveals the mark of the parang.

149 MED. CLOSE SHOT OF RAFT

Clark is standing in the midst of the natives who are lifting the packs, preparing to go ashore.

Several of them leap into the water from the raft and wade ashore.

They moor the raft.

Others, carrying loads of equipment on their heads, follow.

150 MED. CLOSE DIANA & BLYSTONE

They have come out of the cabin and are looking about them.

DIANA

Do we go ashore here?

She looks at the swampy water through which the carriers of the packs are wading and then at Blystone

BLYSTONE

Evidently.

DIANA

But how do we get across?
CONTINUED

150 CNTINUED

Blystone watches the natives
a moment and turns back to
Diana

BLYSTONE

Apparently this is the only
method of crossing. Shall I
carry you?

As he speaks, he sees
that Diana is looking di-
rectly off.

150A MED. CLOSE CLARK

Directing natives.

150B MED. CLOSE BLYSTONE & DIANA

Blystone is piqued at Diana's
abstraction and notes that she
is looking at Clark.

BLYSTONE

Diana - - I asked you if I'd
carry you across?

DIANA (Looking toward
Clark)

No - - no thank you.

Blystone frowns, he looks
at the girl a moment then
curtly turns on his heel
steps over the rail and off
the raft. Blystone wades
ashore.

151 MED. CLOSE RAFT

Diana is still standing un-
certaintly looking off toward
Clark. Clark is directing his
men.

Diana's attention is distracted
by Djali who is straddling the
railing of the raft, her monkey
on her shoulder. She looks about
her carelessly and then up at the
strands of hanging rattan swinging
above her head. Djali reaches up
and seizes several strands.

Diana has come to the railing and
is watching Djali.

152 CLOSE SHOT DJALI - AKELE

Hanging onto the strands of
rattan she gives herself a
start and gracefully swings
from the raft to the shore
her monkey on her shoulder.

153 MED. CLOSE DIANA & CLARK

Diana, seeing how Djali got
ashore, decides that she can
do the same and reaches for
the hanging strands of rattan.
As she catches hold of them
she turns and catches Clark looking
at her.

Clark realizes her purpose and
makes a quick move toward her.

Diana anxious to show Clark
that she is no weakling, poises for
a moment and swings.

At the same moment, Clark leaps
clear over the railing, just as
the rattan strand in Diana's hand
loosens, and she drops right
into his waiting arms. He carries
her ashore and puts her down.

154 OUT

155 CLOSEUP DJALI-

As she sees Diana in Clark's
arms. Her little savage soul
is convulsed with jealousy and
unavailing longing.

156 CLOSEUP BLYSTONE

As he sees Diana in Clark's arms,
he too, is torn with jealousy.

157 CLOSEUP DIANA & CLARK

For a moment he holds her, then
almost reluctantly he puts her
down on her feet. She looks up
at him their eyes meet. Their
faces are pale and a strange
light seems to be in both their
faces.

CONTINUED

DIANA

Thank you.

CLARK (Recovering himself)

Not at all.

He starts to walk away.
Diana looks after him
wistfully then suddenly
she sees something that
startles her. Unconsciously
she grasps Clark by the arm
and nervously, tensely points upward.

CONTINUED

157 CONTINUED

DIANA

Oh! What is that?

Clark follows her gaze,
smiles as he sees.

158 CLOSEUP TREE CLIMBING FISH

159 CLOSEUP CLARK & DIANA

CLARK (Smiling)

We call them funny-fish. They
are the tree climbing fish of
BORNEO.

DIANA

How interesting, they do look
funny don't they.

Clark looks about and finds
something else to show her.
He points.

CLARK

Look there!

Diana, all interest, looks
and sees:

160 CLOSEUP BIRD'S NEST UPSIDE DOWN

161 CLOSEUP CLARK & DIANA

DIANA

What is it?

CLARK

A bird's nest, even the birds
are different in Borneo. They
build their nests up-side-down.

DIANA

That's extraordinary, isn't it?

CLARK

Well everything's extraordinary
here. Darwin called this the
topsy-turvy land, and that's
what it is all right.

162 MED. CLOSE DIANA, CLARK & BLYSTONE

Blystone has come up beside Diana.
He is more than peeved at even this
little talk between Clark and Diana.

BLYSTONE

Well I'll be jolly well pleased
when we're out of all this!

As he speaks and Clark is re-called to his existance, Clark's face stiffens. He becomes once again the reticent, taciturn man in charge of the expedition. He moves toward where the natives are at work.

163 GENERAL VIEW OF THE ENCAMPMENT

The men are driving stakes, putting up the tent, some of them preparing fires, unpacking blankets and whatnot.

164 x CLOSEUP DIANA & BLYSTONE x

DIANA

164 EXT. JUNGLE

This is in another part of the jungle. A number of naked savages, (Han Wong's men) are slinking through the shadows. Slowly and carefully treading their way, presumably in the direction of the encampment. Some of these natives carry blow-pipes, others parangs, and any weapon which they use as protection as well as to cut their way through the tangled mass. Their fleeting figures are barely seen as the night is falling swiftly.

165 CLOSEUP OF TWO OF THE NATIVES

One is carrying a blow-pipe. They stop suddenly and appear to be listening. We hear a faint rustle in the bush.

166 CLOSEUP WILD PIG

167 MED. CLOSEUP NATIVES

One of them raises his blow-pipe, draws a deep breath and blows.

168 CLOSEUP WILD PIG

As the poisoned dart comes in and strikes him. He leaps up and falls dead.

169 CLOSEUP OF TWO NATIVES

They enter the scene, grunt with satisfaction, ~~piskxup~~ one of them picks up the animal and throws it across his shoulders.

170 TRAVELING SHOT

An OURANG is seen making his way from limb to limb of a tree. His eyes peering down all of the time. The figure of the OURANG is but faintly seen in the dusk of the jungle.

This is the first glimpse of an OURANG in his native haunts, and we do not want too huge an animal here.

171 MOST BEAUTIFUL SHOT OBTAINABLE

The great sun is sinking quickly as it does in Borneo. The tall cocoanut palms are silhouetted against the skyline. Night is falling in Borneo.

172 VIEW OF ENCAMPMENT

The flickering lights from the leaping flames of the campfires give it an eerie appearance.

IN FOREGROUND, silhouetted against the flames the natives squat at rest. They are eating their rice and dried fish.

Somewhat apart in the glow of the campfires and torches, the three white explorers and Djali sit around a collapsable table, partaking of the evening meal. A native boy attending them.

Four shelters or tents have been put up. The three smaller ones are for sleeping purposes and the larger one for the dining tent.

173 EFFECT SHOT JUNGLE

We pick up the eyes of Han Wong's natives. They seem to gleam and glint dangerously from behind every tree trunk and bush.

We catch glimpses of one or two of the figures as they emerge from the trunk of an irrant tree and look in the direction of the camp. Their eyes are like points of light, like those of things of the wild, their bodies are in shadow.

174 MED. LONG SHOT OF THE OURANG

It is looking down through the jungle tangle.

175 MED. CLOSEUP AT DINING TABLE

Clark, tired from the strain, is relaxed. He is silently and absentmindedly eating his food, scarcely aware of the others. Half unconsciously his eyes wander toward the dense growth about them, and for a moment his mind reverts to the purpose of his presence in the jungle. He is thinking of the OURANG he has come after.

SHOOTING DOWN AS
OURANG SEES THEM

176 CLOSEUP DJALI

Her head is resting against Clark's knee. She has a little native instrument in her hand and in a soft, plaintive voice Djali sings. All the time her eyes are raised worshipfully to Clark's face.

177 CLOSEUP DIANA & BLYSTONE

Blystone nudges Diana and with an inclination of his head, he indicates Djali and Clark. Diana's eyes widen and a look of suffering comes into them.

Over the scene comes Djali's sweet voice.

BLYSTONE (Lowered voice)

Quite a pretty & idyl - what?

Diana rests her chin upon her hand, she looks off sadly.

178 MED. CLOSE SHOT OF ENCAMPMENT

Huge phosphorescent beetles are gleaming on all sides of them like tiny, twinkling stars. No sound is heard, save the soft whir of the little winged creatures who travel at night, for Djali is no longer singing, though she is still kneeling by the abstracted Clark.

CONTINUED

178A CLOSEUP DIANA AND BLYSTONE

Suddenly Diana speaks

DIANA

It's all so beautiful, and yet - somehow - ~~is~~ terrible.

BLYSTONE

It's like going back hundreds of years, stepping into a world just as it was in the beginning, feels like the atmosphere of a church - quiet - soothing - makes you want to talk in a whisper.

Diana steals a glance toward Clark.

DIANA

How awful it would be if we were here alone. One has a feeling there are hundreds of eyes watching us.

Blystone looks about him nervously.

179 MED. CLOSEUP THE GROUP

Suddenly a weird call is heard. It sounds almost human, but is unmistakably that of an animal. Diana leaps to her feet, terrified and instinctively her first motion is toward Clark. He turns about just as she grasps his sleeve. He puts his hand on hers and presses it reassuringly.

DIANA

Oh, what was that? What was that?

CLARK

It's the call of an OURANG.

For a moment he looks down at Diana and then suddenly almost roughly, he releases his arm from her grasp.

CONTINUED

179 CONTINUED

CLARK

It's the beast I'm going to
get before I leave the jungle!

180 MED. CLOSE OF NATIVES

They have all sprung to
their feet and are looking
in the direction from which
the OURANG'S cry has come,
they are evidently panic-
stricken.

The voice of Clark rings
out, and as he speaks they
return to their places on
the ground, though still
show their fear.

CLARK'S VOICE

Kilap tanak OURANG!

181 CLOSEUP BLEYSTONE

He is looking uneasily about
him. He senses a danger which
he cannot see. Suddenly he
shrinks back in very real
terror and with an incoherent
cry he points.

182 TRAVELING SHOT EFFECT LONG SHOT

Gleaming eyes peering from
the underbrush, from behind
trees, from above trees - the
whole jungle is teaming with lurking
danger. Camera slowly moves up to
an irrant tree whose grotesque
formation and exposed roots make it
appear like a living thing.

182-a EXTREME CLOSEUP IRRANTI TREE

and a pair of eyes gleaming. Camera draws back - then forward to another irranti tree of a different grotesque formation, and starts moving forward to it.

182-b CLOSEUP ANOTHER PAIR OF EYES

gleaming - eyes glaring down at the scene below. Let the audience think these are the eyes of the OURANG.

183 MED. SHOT OF GROUP

Bleystone cannot control his fear any longer. He looks about furtively.

183-a CLOSEUP OF THE ROOTS OF IRRANTI TREE

as the figure of a native twists and squirms from beneath the tangled roots - rises to his feet. Another native comes in to him. An order is given from one to the other in whispered gutturals, then one of the natives disappears in the darkness of the jungle, swiftly but softly.

183-b CLOSEUP BLEYSTONE

He is almost shaking with fear. He cannot control himself any longer, and he blurts out

BLEYSTONE

Good lord, what is that?

184 MED. LONG SHOT

of irridescent vapor comes out of nowhere. It slowly rises until it reaches the overhead tangled growth. It is weird, eerie, spirit-like, then the soft, slinking pad-pad is heard.

(CONTINUED)

184 CONTINUED

Followed by the appearance of a black panther seen in the glow of the campfires. He disappears into the under-brush. Almost immediately there is a crashing sound, and a water buffalo, who has been disturbed by the entrance of the panther, flees.

BLYSTONE (In voice of suppressed excitement)

Why, the place is alive with wild animals! It's not safe here.

185 MED. CLOSEUP GROUP

CLARK

There is nothing to fear. The animals are waiting for us to leave so they can clean up the refuge.

A boy comes in with coffee.

CLARK (Indicating Blystone's cup)

Dunkan com.

The boy fills Blystone's cup.

186 CLOSEUP BLYSTONE

With a trembling hand, he is raising the coffee to his lips, when a huge rhinoceros beetle drops directly into it. With a start he dashes the cup to the table in disgust. His appetite is utterly ruined.

187 CLOSEUP GROUP

Clark reaches across and picks up the beetle.

188 CLOSEUP BEETLE IN CLARK'S HAND

He is holding it out and showing it to the others.

CLARK

It's nothing but a rhinoceros beetle. The ~~most~~ ^{most} harmless of any jungle inhabitant.

CONTINUED

~~188~~ XXX CONTINUED

Maxby

189 CLOSEUP GROUP

The boy is handing another cup of coffee to Blystone, but he shakes his head. In the silvery light Diana is looking at Clark. His moody clean-cut profile, with its hard chin, and bold forehead ~~is~~ is turned from her.

Diana feels a certain tightening at her heart, for suddenly Clark's face seems to become quite tender. Following his glance she sees that he is looking at Djali and Djali is stretched out on the floor at his feet curled up asleep, her little monkey cuddled up against her.

190 MED. LONG SHOT OF NATIVE DYAAK VILLAGE

Built upon stilts.

191 MED. CLOSEUP

A colossal rhinoceros skin drum.

It is suspended between the trunks of two trees. Two hideous looking natives are standing by. One hits the drum a resounding crash with a long ax handle. Immediately the silence of the jungle is split with a vibrating boom boom. The other native, with soft monkey skin pads on his hands touches this drum intermittently, breaking the sound up almost into a Morse code.

THE WIRELESS OF THE JUNGLE IS AT WORK

192 MED. CLOSEUP OF GROUP AT
CAMP TABLE

The sound of the drum is coming over the scene.

Djali starts up to her feet all alert and excited. Clark too has become tense he understands the meaning of the drum.

Diana and Blystone are bewildered.

BLYSTONE

That sounds like thunder. Hope we're not in for a bally storm.

CLARK

It's not thunder, and there's no danger of rain. But I advise you to sleep with one eye open and a gun close at hand.

BLYSTONE

What? More animals?

CLARK (Half evasively)

Not animals this time. If I'm not mistaken Han Wong's people are conveying by their wireless system the news of our invasion.

193 MED. CLOSEUP OF ANOTHER
NATIVE VILLAGE

This is further up the jungle. A couple of natives are standing at a similar drum - they are listening.

Over the scene comes the boom boom of the first drum. As it dies out the two natives in turn repeat the signal, carrying the message still further,

194 LONG SHOT PALACE OF HAN WONG

This will contrast strangely with any of the locations we have thus far seen.

It is situated on a high elevation with the river entirely surrounding it. A picturesque bridge with only apparent connection with the jungle.

Around the place is an irregular wall, covered with jungle growth. This is broken by a cell-like door at which a native guard is standing. The rumble of the jungle wireless comes in over the scene.

LAP DISSOLVE

195 INT. LATTICED WINDOWED ROOM
IN HAN WONG'S PALACE

This room is occupied by a superior looking individual whom we later learn is Djali's father. He is apparently a high official and wears a quite splendid robe. He is listening to the rumble of the drums and reading the wireless message.

LAP DISSOLVE TO

196 INT. HAN WONG'S ROOM
OR AUDIENCE CHAMBER

This is richly furnished, a room of magnificence. Embroidered draperies of ancient Chinese design cover the walls. Heavy tapestries hide every doorway. Gorgeous Chinese rugs deaden every footstep.

Sitting cross-legged on a dias, smoking a Chinese pipe with beautiful jade and silver decoration, his face dimly lighted by the glow of the lamp, is a mysterious figure.

THE SULTAN HAN WONG - THE RUTHLESS POTENTATE OF THE JUNGLE.

His eyes are in space, his face expressionless, impassive, yet full of a subtle menace. No one else is in the room.

197 CLOSEUP HAN WONG

He is listening intently
to the rumble of the signal
drum. His beady eyes are
points of fire, sinister and
bright.

As the boom of the drum dies
down, his eyes narrow until
they half close. They then
shift slightly as he hears
the soft disturbance of some-
one entering.

198 MED. CLOSEUP HAN WONG

Djali's father, Soba Tjo
comes into the scene. He
kowtows deeply before Wong.

WONG

Interpret the message of the
drums, Soba Tjo.

SOBA TJO

Supreme Highness, the drums tell
of the coming of three white
strangers and one of our people -
a girl.

WONG

The girl is your daughter -
Djali.

There is a slight quiver
across the face of Soba
Tjo but he bows humbly.

Wong watches him craftily
and quietly continues

WONG

It is Our wish that your
daughter be accorded a fitting
welcome.

SOBA TJO

As your Highness commands.

WONG

Dispatch word to my people that
no harm is to befall the
expedition - they way is to be
made safe for them to reach
here.

Again Soba Tjo bows.

SOBA TJO

As your Highness commands.

CONTINUED

WONG (With sardonic smile)

We are especially solicitous
for the safety of the great
Tuan Jeem Clark.

Soba Tjo bows respect-
fully.

SOBA TJO

You have spoken Great Highness,
I am your servant and live
but to obey your least command.

Wong leans from his seat
and speaks slowly and with
intense significance.

WONG

You will prepare fully for the
return journey of our visitors ---

In the customary way.

An exchange of glances
between the two men. Each
understands the hidden
meaning in the words.

SOBA TJO

Your commands shall be carried
out. Our guests shall depart
after the custom of our country.

Wong sits back apparently
gloating over, and anti-
cipating what he is planning.

Soba Tjo looks at him with
a show of anxiety - he has
something on his mind.

SOBA TJO

Great Highness, your humble
servant begs permission to ask
a question.

WONG

It is permitted. Speak!

SOBA TJO

What is to be the fate of my
unworthy daughter? Is she to
accompany these outsiders upon
the return journey?

WONG (Graciously)

We extend to your daughter
clemency. She may remain here
among our people.

CONTINUED

SOBA TJO

Magnificent is the overwhelming generosity of the Superior Lord I serve.

Accept the humble thanks of a parent.

Wong's glance searches the face of the other.

WONG

Soba Tjo, in Tarakan it is said your daughter is the woman of Jeem Clark.

Soba Tjo winces at the words. Wong continues to speak

WONG

My friend, both you and I are accursed with white blood in our veins. This taint must not be passed down to our descendants.

SOBA TJO

Great is the wisdom of the Superior Sultan Han Wong.

He bows deeply.

Your command is sacred, the white taint shall not pass to our descendants.

WONG

Enough. Let my drums now speak to my people.

The audience is ended!

Soba Tjo sinks to his knees, touches the floor with his forehead three times, then rises and backs out of Wong's presence.

199 CLOSEUP HAN WONG

His eyes are narrowing until they become like pin points as he looks out blankly into space. Slowly he raises his ornamental pipe to his mouth.

200 MED. CLOSE SHOT OF THE
ENCAMPMENT

The natives are still squatting or sprawled out around their fire, monotonously droning or chanting songs.

The flare of the campfires cast fantastic shadows ~~near~~ from the jungle growth.

The group about the table have finished their meal and are sitting in silence, listening to the native chanting.

201 MED. CLOSEUP OF THE GROUP

Diana, chin on hand and elbow on table is looking at Clark.

Djali is filling his pipe. She places it in his mouth, strikes a match and lights it, then she crouches down on the ground at his knee, against which she leans her head.

Clark appears scarcely aware of her presence, but is looking out before him in moody abstraction.

Blystone is nervously smoking a long cigar. He casts a look about him and especially toward the dark background of the jungle.

BLYSTONE

Fear is a queer thing. I suppose the best of us are afraid of some things.

DIANA (Looking at Clark & Djali)

I am afraid of all sorts of things.

Blystone takes a couple of nervous puffs of his cigar. He looks back over his shoulder apprehensively.

BLYSTONE

I feel as if danger had been dogging us ever since we left the yacht - - stalking us - - hovering around - - ahead of us - -

The cigar drops from his mouth and he starts up trembling as he points off.

BLYSTONE

What is heaven's name is that now?

Of a ghostly, veil-like
luminous cloud.

It seems to be hanging in
mid-air forming against
the jungle background. So
light and impalapable is
it that it forms into myriad
shapes even looking as if it
had arms that reached out
with long ghostly fingers.

Finally it moves against a
great tree. The tree becomes
phosphorescent as the extra-
ordinary vision climbs up the
trunk and out over the limbs,
so that the tree stands out
as though illuminated against
the blackness of the jungle.

Blystone is running his fingers
wildly through his hair, he is
really terrified.

Diana, too, unconsciously shrinks
toward Clark.

Clark turns his head and speaks
over his shoulder

CLARK

That's nothing to be afraid of.
It's only a phosphorescent haze
formed by the heat and moisture.
You'll see it all through the
jungle.

Blystone sinks back into
his seat breathing with re-
lief, but so unnerved that
he is trembling. Clark
looks at him sharply

CLARK

Lord Blystone, I think you'd
better retire.

BLYSTONE

That's a capital idea. I'll turn
in now.

He stands up. Clark also
rises. He takes a small
bottle from his pocket,
removes a couple of tablets
and hands them to Blystone.

CLARK

Here's some quinine, you'll
feel better in the morning.

Blystone reaches out a
shaking hand and obediently
takes the pills and swallows
them. He casts a helpless
look about him and then tries
to assume an air of cheer.

CONTINUED

BLYSTONE

Where am I to sleep?

CLARK

That's your tent, the one at
the end.

BLYSTONE (Moving off)

Good night, everybody. Goodnight
Diana.

DIANA

Goodnight, Dallas.

Blystone exits into tent.
 Diana stands up and looks
 questioningly at Clark.
 Djali moves toward the
 native boys. She import-
 antly begins to bark out
 shrill orders to them,
 pointing to the debris about
 them, ordering them to clear
 up the mess etc.

DJALI

Rotan, lekas, lekas!

NATIVES

Saga, saga.

DIANA

And where am I to go, Mr. Clark?

CLARK

You and Djali occupy the
center tent.

Diana takes this big. She
 resents sharing a tent with
 a native girl.

DIANA

You don't expect me to sleep
 in the same tent with a native
 girl do you?

CLARK (Shortly)

Why not? This is not London,
 it's the jungle.

Diana's head goes up
 haughtily.

DIANA

I'd rather be alone, thank you.

CLARK (Curtly)

Djali shares the tent with you.

He is about to turn away when
Diana, with flashing eyes,
blurts angrily

DIANA

Why not take her with you? She's
your companion.

At that, Clark wheels com-
pletely around. He is
shaken with fury and speaks
in a voice of suppressed
rage

CLARK

So that's what you think, is it?

Diana has got herself in
deep now. She cannot re-
treat. All her pent-up
anguish of the last few
days seems to be finding
a vent.

DIANA

It's what anyone would think!
Why the girl never lets you
out of her sight -- she - she
worships you, and -- how
could a man resist her, she's
beautiful.

She pauses to catch a
deep breath. Clark is
watching her in concen-
trated rage and she
plunges in deeper.

DIANA

I've heard -- that white men
in countries like this - go -
native. It's the custom of the
country they say -- to take
a native girl and to live with
her.

CLARK (With bitter force)

Miss Mayfield, it's the custom
of any country, ~~before me~~
Borneo has not secured a corner
on the vice of the world!

His angry glance looks her
up and down.

DIANA

What do you mean?

CLARK

Take it straight then. What
about you and Lord Blystone?
You made this trip from London
on board his yacht alone with
him.

CONTINUED

203 CONTINUED 2

Diana stands as if he had literally struck her. She half puts out her hands and an angry sob escapes her.

Clark turns about sharply and calls

CLARK

Djali!

Djali comes running into the scene

DJALI

Yes, Tuan.

CLARK

Djali, you and Miss Mayfield will occupy the middle tent.

Djali throws a sidelong glance at Diana. Diana is standing stiffly, a prey to contending emotions. Djali looks from one to the other and then, her eyes rolling, without saying another word she runs to the center tent and exits.

Diana and Clark are left alone staring at one another. Two strong personalities, mad with longing for each other, yet believing they bitterly hate each other.

CLARK (Brusquely)

Miss Mayfield, I assure you it will be much safer for you to do as I say during this trip.

Diana glares back at him, tense with bitter emotions.

DIANA

Oh, you brute! You brute!

With a muffled cry she runs toward tent and exits.

204 CLOSEUP CLARK

He is looking after Diana. He feels a twin is terribly sorry, he wants to get down on his knees and beg her forgiveness.

Then his glance goes toward Blystone's tent, his jaw sets, he moves off toward the natives.

205 INT. DIANA'S TENT MED. CLOSE

There are two cots in the tent. Before one of them Djali is kneeling. She is stark naked, yet she is making the sign of the cross as she has been taught by the Catholic missionary. Her two hands are placed together and Djali is saying her prayers.

Into the scene comes Diana, burning up with ~~xxgm~~ wrath from her scene with Clark. At Diana's entrance, Djali stands up.

Diana, stares at her a moment and we can see that she is shocked and indignant at the other's nudity.

206 CLOSEUP DJALI

She has a strange look on her face, half-challenging, half-propitiating. She pops into bed and draws the sheet clear over her head, but we see presently her big black eyes as she watches the white girl.

207 CLOSEUP DIANA

She is disrobing for the night and getting into traveling pajamas.

208 CLOSEUP DJALI'S EYES

Watching her.

209 MED. CLOSEUP EXT. ENCAMPMENT

Clark is ordering the native boys to freshen the fire which must be kept going all night.

CLARK

Banan, aka.

BOYS

Saga, Tuan Clark.

They throw more fuel in front of the fire and Clark watches them. The natives now all begin to disperse save the one who is to stand guard. Clark exits to his tent.

LONG
210 MED. SHOT STOCKADE

This is in Han Wong's territory.

This should be shot dimly, the scene being lighted only by the moonlight and the figures seem like shadows or dim shapes.

Within the stockade can be seen groups of dark forms huddled together. Some of the groups are larger as if a whole family of forms were grouped together, others, perhaps, just a pair. The OURANGS are asleep.

Presently, there comes into the scene the flares of torches. They approach nearer and we see a couple of native guards bearing the torches. Following them BACK TO THE CAMERA is the tall lean form of Soba Tjo. He will be recognized by his long white garment and head-dress.

The natives hold the torches above a huddled group. This awakens the OURANGS and we hear a grumbling complaint, a roar or two, perhaps one or two of them spring up.

Soba Tjo looks them over carefully and then moves on. He is making a tour of inspection.

211 MED. LONG SHOT AT THE CAMP EFFECT SHOT

Except for the glare of the dying campfire and lantern-like rhinoceros beetles it is in total darkness.

A deadly heavy silence prevails, broken only by the slight crackling of the flames, and the soft tread of wild beasts, breaking twigs under foot. The whiz of the wings of a night prowling bird fly across the glow of the flames.

Overhead a canopy of interwoven tangle.

Long, grotesque shadows of the native guard pacing.

A long, deep, dead silence. Inky darkness.

CONTINUED

211 CONTINUED

Suddenly the stillness is broken by a woman's terrified scream.

212 MED. CLOSEUP OF THE CAMP

On all sides figures are appearing rushing into the scene. Pandemonium and panic has broken out.

Clark fully dressed, rushed from his tent.

CLARK (Shouting)

Sebam!

GUARD (Pointing to Diana's tent)

Luken!

Torches are now appearing and the place is lighted. Clark plunges toward Diana's tent.

213 INT. MED. CLOSE DIANA'S TENT

Diana is lying on her cot, her hand pressed to her breast. She is moaning. Clark rushes up to her. Her hand drops away from where it has been clutched. Clark tears open the breast of her pajama and reveals a big, dark object on Diana's breast.

214 CLOSEUP DIANA'S WHITE BREAST

On it a huge scorpion. Clark's hand grasps the scorpion.

215 MED. CLOSEUP OF TENT

Clark has thrown the scorpion on the floor and is crushing it under his foot. Sitting up on her cot is Djali, bewilderedly rubbing her eyes. Clark gives one glance at Diana, she has apparently swooned.

CLARK

Djali get Babbek at once!
Bring the medicine kit --
ammonia! Boiling water!

Djali leaps out of bed,
picks up a kettle.

216 MED. CLOSE ENCAMPMENT

It is all excitement.

Blystone, in silken pajamas
has come out of his tent.
His knees are shaking and he
is terrified.

BLYSTONE

What has happened? What's the
matter now?

The natives don't understand him, but one of them
points to Diana's tent, and
with a startled exclamation,
Blystone hurries to it.

217 INT. DIANA'S TENT

Djali is rushing out just as
Blystone comes in, they
collide. Djali exits.

218 EXT. CAMP MED. SHOT

Djali comes into the scene
yelling "Babbek," and at
the same time rushing over
to the fire and setting the
kettle of water upon it.

DJALI

Babbek! Babbek!

The head guide, Babbek
hurried up and Djali conveys
Clark's order.

DJALI

Soelit, ammonia! Lekas, lekas,
lekas!

The head guide hurries off
to get medicine kit, while
Djali squats by the fire
impatiently waiting for the
water to boil.

219 INT. DIANA'S TENT

Blystone has rushed over to
Diana. Clark is bending above
her.

BLYSTONE

Diana! Good God, what is the
matter!

CLARK (putting out his arm
& pushing Blystone
back)

You're in the way. Get out
please.

CONTINUED

219 CONTINUED

BLYSTONE

I insist upon knowing what has happened to Miss Mayfield.

CLARK

She has been bitten by a scorpion!

Babbek enters with jungle medical kit, which Clark seizes and opens. He bends over Diana, couterizes the wound and administers the ammonia potassium.

Blystone, watches the scene in an intense anxiety, impotent to help.

220 CLOSEUP DIANA

Her beautiful body is beginning to relax.
Her eyelids flicker, the long lashes lift. Diana opens her eyes and stares wonderingly at

221 CLOSEUP CLARK

His whole soul is in his eyes as he looks down at the beautiful girl on the cot.

222 MED. CLOSE OF THE GROUP

A faint smile seems to come over Diana's face and a ~~xi~~ little sigh escapes her. Then we see that she has become conscious that she is exposed, and she makes a feeble motion to pull her garment over her.

Clark, with tender awkwardness draws the cover over her pants

Djali comes into the scene with a basin of nearly boiling water. Clark dips a cloth into it, wrings it out and applies the heated cloth to the wound. All the time, Diana's eyes rest on him with a curious light. With clumsy awkwardness, and at the same time tenderly, Clark is drawing the cloth over the exposed breast, when Blystone pushes his way in between.

CONTINUED

222 CONTINUED

Blystone feels that it is time for him to assert himself, now that Diana has regained consciousness. It is he who should be at her side.

He pushes his way up close to Diana and throws his arms around her.

BLYSTONE

Diana---my darling!

223 CLOSEUP OF CLARK'S FACE

He takes it big as Blystone addresses Diana in endearing terms.

224 CLOSE UP OF DIANA

Her expression is poignant.

225 MEDIUM CLOSE OF GROUP

Blystone's arms around Diana. He is all solicitation.

BLYSTONE

Let me beg you, darling, to abandon this foolhardy expedition. We have had enough of it. Let us go back--- Let us return to my yacht.

DIANA

No----No----

Blystone's shoulders sag. He is almost on the verge of hysteria.

Clark's face has become suddenly haggard, yet it seems to be full of a new resolution, he is looking at Diana both longing and element of renunciation.

CLARK

Miss Mayfield, I agree with Lord Blystone, I think you should return. I will put at your disposal the major number of my natives and adequate equipment for the return journey.

CONTINUED

222 CONTINUED 2

Diana half starts up. In her eyes is a very lovely light.

DIANA

No - - no - - not now!

There is a pause, and then Clark speaks brusquely.

CLARK

I believe, Lord Blystone, it would be best to leave Miss Mayfield alone. All she needs now is rest. The danger from the poisoning is over and she'll be all right in the morning.

Reluctantly Blystone rises and moves off toward exit.

CLARK (To Djali)

Djali, I'm leaving Miss Mayfield in your care.

As Clark and Blystone exit, Djali looks toward Diana.

223 CLOSEUP DJALI

There is a curious look in the savage girl's face, and her big, black eyes have a haunting expression. We do not know what is to be the fate of Diana at her hands.

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE FIVE

224 FADE IN

LONG SHOT A PART OF THE JUNGLE

(BACKS TO CAMERA)

In single file, headed by two natives, cutting and slashing their way with parangs, comes the expedition.

LAP DISSOLVE TO

225 MED. CLOSEUP (SHOOTING DOWN AT AN ANGLE)

In this angle we take in the full figures of the two natives in foreground.

Immediately behind them comes Djali.

Behind Djali we see the figures, but not the heads, of the three white people.

Djali is watching the two natives with interest.

Suddenly she stops, plucks something from her naked arm, throws it into the bush, looks back with a smile and turning starts to walk toward the whites.

226 MED. CLOSE CLARK, BLYSTONE & DIANA

Blystone is a changed man from the dapper and quite elegant London clubman, a millionaire, who had started upon the journey. The hard going has told on him. His face is drawn and pale. He is trembling and appears to be suffering from jungle fever.

Clark has a batik scarf around his throat, he is still clean shaven and looks rugged and well.

Walking bravely next to Clark comes Diana. Inspite of the sweltering heat she is moving along with great pluck, and although her eyes are

CONTINUED

sunken and seem tremendously large, they are full of a beautiful light. A light that betrays the fact that it is her courage and confidence in the man Clark that keeps her going.

Clark looks back at Diana and his light with admiration.

Djali walks into the scene still smiling, holding out her arm from which she has just plucked the leech, she speaks

DJALI

Me count thirty nine black worm already.

Blystone shudders. His voice shakes and his words are bitter

BLYSTONE

I've plucked at least a thousand of the black bliters from my body.

He looks at Clark, moves a step nearer to him, taps him on the arm

BLYSTONE

I'd pay a thousand pounds to get out of this beastly tangle!

Clark looks at him sternly but not unkindly. He says nothing. Diana, in spite of herself smiles as she turns and speaks

DIANA

It's too late now, Dallas. This is one place where your money cannot buy desire or power.

They are interrupted by a shout from the two natives in the lead, With the word that corresponds to (Eureka)

This is answers by cheers and whoops from the other natives.

227 SHOT OF EXPEDITION (SHOOTING FROM THE REAR)

The entire expedition in single file. The natives with packs on their heads and backs.

Away in the distance, at the head of the column can be seen a clearing just made by the two leaders.

The natives are chanting, presumably happy over the fact they are at last out of the tangle.

The expedition starts through the opening which leads into the clearing.

228 MED. SHOT CLEARING

BACKS TO CAMERA as the expedition led by the two native guides and followed by Djali and the whites pass the camera and enter the clearing through the opening.

A lot of birds, monkeys, and other small animals set up a screeching and chattering at the advent of the expedition.

The line continues until everyone has passed through the opening. A halt is called, the chant stops, the natives relieve themselves of their packs and everyone sits down to rest.

229 MED. CLOSEUP WHITES AND DJALI

Blystone has sunk wearily down upon a log, he is mopping his brow and wetting his lips with his tongue, he looks all in.

Diana stands bravely at Clark's side. Djali appears nonchalant. There is a subtle change in Clark's manner toward Diana. Something of gentleness and tenderness.

CLARK

Tired, Miss Mayfield?

DIANA (With a little sigh and yet smiling)

Just a bit, it'll be nice to rest.

CONTINUED

CLARK

There's a beautiful running stream
to the right of us. Wouldn't
you like - - -?

Diana immediately and de-
lightedly nods her head.
Clark turns to Djali

CLARK

Djali, take Miss Mayfield to the
stream, but keep close to the
shore.

(Points to the right of the
jungle)

Djali looks at him and then
at Diana. She nods.
We do not know what is going
on in Djali's mind.

DJALI

Me take white woman.

CLARK (To Diana)

We'll rest here until the sun
lowers and the jungle becomes
cooler. We're not very far
from our destination now. You'll
feel better after a plunge in
the stream.

Diana's eyes light with
appreciation. They meet
Clark's ~~eyes~~ glance and
then perhaps reluctantly
he looks away from her.

DIANA (Softly)

Thank you so much. Thank you so
much.

Diana and Djali walk out

230 CLOSEUP BLYSTONE & CLARK

Blystone still sitting on
the log and holding his head
and shivering in spite of the
heat.

Clark gives him a sharp look.

CLARK

What's the matter Blystone?
Feeling bad?

BLYSTONE (Sullenly)

Rotten. Can't understand why
I feel so shaky.

Clark searches in his
pocket for the little
glass bottle, shakes out
a couple of the white
tablets into his palm and
hands them to Blystone

CONTINUED

CLARK

Here, swallow these, you've got
a touch of fever.

Blystone takes them, he
looks at them suspiciously.
He then looks up at Clark
glaring.
Clark turns in the direction
of the natives and calls out

CLARK

Babek! Overig kambau GIN!

BABEK'S VOICE

Saga, Tuan Clark.

Clark turns back to Blystone

CLARK

I'll have some gin for you in
a moment.

Blystone is still looking
suspiciously at the pellets.

CLARK

Go on, take them, it's just
quinine.

BLYSTONE

How do I know it's just quinine?

Clark stares at him in
amazement, half frowning
half puzzled.
Into the scene a brown
native hand is thrust
holding a glass. ~~mixing~~
As Clark unscrews the top
of the flask and pours a
stiff drink into it speaks
brusquely

CLARK

Because I tell you it is.

He hands the gin to Bly-
stone and adds with a
commanding voice

Come on, swallow the confounded
things and chase some of this
down after them.

After hesitating a moment
Blystone takes the pellets
and swallows the gin after
them. He makes an awful
face then glares up at Clark,
his suspicions again mounting.
In his feverish condition he
is beginning to imagine all
kinds of things.

CONTINUED

BLYSTONE

I say, Clark, you don't think I believe that bally fairy tale of yours about this Oriental potentate and his mythical kingdom?

Blystone is working himself up into a state of bitter excitement. With Diana out of the way he is seizing the opportunity to unload what is on his mind.

Clark gives him a narrow look.

CLARK

It doesn't matter what you believe, Blystone.

Blystone takes this big, his hatred for Clark is shown

BLYSTONE

You weren't so keen to handle this trip at first, were you, eh?

CLARK (Curtly)

No.

BLYSTONE

But after you saw Miss Mayfield you changed your mind, eh?

Clark wheels around.

CLARK

Leave Miss Mayfield's name out of this discussion.

Blystone is by now almost hysterical. He is breathing hard and beside himself with a sort of impotent fury.

BLYSTONE

Why should I leave her name out? She my friend, not yours! Ho - ho - you thought she'd go alone with you I suppose. You'd have a white girl for a change -- a beautiful white girl -- to escort through the jungle -- a new sensation -- eh?

He stops short, for Clark makes a motion toward him. Blystone comes to his feet he is almost screaming now as he clenches one hand and smites it into the palm of the other, backing to the other side of the log.

231 EXTREME CLOSEUP BLYSTONE

His eyes are glassy, the eyes of a madman. He is yelling hysterically.

BLYSTONE

We're not going any further, do you hear me? Do you hear me? We're not going any further!

232 CLOSEUP CLARK

He is looking squarely at the man in front of him. He is choking down his fury and struggling to get ~~the~~ ~~the~~ command of his unruly temper, as he realizes that Blystone is unbalanced. He speaks in a suppressed voice

CLARK

I'd make you swallow those words if I thought you were rational. Now you listen to me. As soon as it cools down we're going forward. You can either try and find your way back or you can stop here with my natives until we return. I've promised Miss Mayfield to bring her to the Sultan Han Wong, the only person who can give her any information about her father, and I'm going to keep that promise.

233 CLOSEUP OF THE TWO

Blystone is almost on the verge of madness. Clark is holding himself under control.

BLYSTONE

So you think I'd let you go on alone with Diana, do you?

Clark looks at him sternly but does not answer. Blystone gulps he is almost ready to weep

BLYSTONE

No, you'll not find it so easy to get rid of me!

CLARK (Gravely)

Blystone, if I were you I'd not exert myself. Take things as they come, you're going to pieces.

CONTINUED

234 MED. LONG SHOT

Diana BACK TO CAMERA
and Djali.

They are at a shallow stream
of swiftly running water.
Diana wears a soft coolie
coat and native sandals. Her
other clothes are lying on the
ground at her feet.

Djali has only the sarlong
fastened about her waist. They
are in a secluded spot pro-
tected by the leaves of the
wild banana palms. They walk
to the edge of the water.

235 MED. SHOT

This is to be shot through the
banana leaves to avoid the
censors.

As Diana removes the coolie coat
and stands naked with BACK TO
CAMERA and Djali slips the sarlong
from her waist. They both step
into the cooling water.
Diana carries her coolie coat
and sandals in her hands above
her head. The sandals are
wrapped in the coolie coat. A
little squeal of delight from
Diana.

We can see the two girls through
the leaves, both splashing about
in the stream and we hear the
splashings.

DIANA'S VOICE

Oh, the water's lovely, Oooooo!
It feels good.

236 MED. CLOSEUP CLEARING

Blystone, head in hands,
is sitting on the log. Clark
is looking down at him gravely.
A native arrives with a folding
cot which he stretches out.
Clark turns to Blystone and says
in a quiet voice

CLARK

Lie down, Blystone. Rest while
you can.

Blystone looks up bleary-
eyed and miserable. He makes
a weary motion.

CONTINUED

236 CONTINUED

BLYSTONE

You win -- for the present.

He flops down on the cot. Clark strides away from him toward the natives.

237 MED. CLOSE THE RUNNING STREAM

Djali and Diana have come out of the water. Diana has her feet in the sandals and is putting on the coolie coat which clings to her body. Djali is replacing her sarong. Diana looks greatly refreshed. She looks down the stream and her eyes light up as she sees.

238 EXTREME LONG SHOT SPOT OF MARVELOUS BEAUTY

Luxurious growth of wild flowers, orchids and the flaming flower plant. It is an irresistible beauty spot.

239 CLOSEUP DIANA & DJALI

DIANA

I'm going over there where the flowers are.

DJALI

White lady no go. Mebbe danger.

Diana frowns. Her chin goes up a little. She is not to be ordered about by Djali, she'll put this native girl in her place and at the same time show her that a white woman has no fear.

DIANA

I didn't ask for any advice from you.

She turns and continues toward the spot.

Djali looks after her, she wants to follow but realizes that Diana had meant to snub her.

240 MED. SHOT SHOOTING TOWARD BEAUTY SPOT

As Diana splashes through the stream and reaches the spot. She looks around her well pleased with her discovery, but she feels lazy and stretches her arms. She walks over to a huge plant or banana tree and sinks down with her back against it, her eyes half closing sleepily.

241 MED. LONG SHOT OF CLEARING

Clark is seated on a folding camp stool, his thoughts evidently far away. Blystone on the cot is now tight asleep.

The natives are sprawled out on the ground, some of them sleeping soundly, others half awake.

We hear the soft drone of wings, the cries of birds, the chattering of monkeys. These are the sounds that alternately break the stillness of the jungle and even these sounds seems to die out gradually. It is the hour when the beasts of the jungle are overcome by the heat of the day.

242 MED. CLOSEUP AT STREAM

Djali is lying on the ground close to the water, her naked body exposed to the coolness of the stream as it washes over her. She is lying on her side half asleep. Her sarong on the bank beside her away from the reach ~~mixx~~ of the water.

243 CLOSEUP BEAUTY SPOT

Diana is lying by the trunk of the banana tree sound asleep. She seems to be nesting in a bower of beauty. Wild tropic flowers bloom all around her.

244 MED. LONG SHOT OF JUNGLE NEAR WATER

As from out of the jungle a herd of crocodiles appear, their heads shifting from right to left as they make toward the spot where Diana is asleep.

The river is between Diana and them.

The beasts finally strike the stream with a silent plunge. Soon the stream is literally alive with crocodiles. They all start across the stream toward where Diana lies asleep.

245 CLOSEUP DIANA

She is sound asleep, little recking of the slow advance of the huge crocodiles.

246 MOVING INSERT OF CROCODILES

They are heading across the stream.

247 MED. SHOT OF TICK-TICK BIRDS

They are flying about and above the crocodiles. One huge reptile opens its mouth, several birds alight on its lower jaw and begin to pick food from between the crocodile's teeth.

248 CLOSEUP DIANA ASLEEP

249 MED. LONG SHOT OF CROCODILES
HEADING TOWARD HER

250 CLOSEUP TWO HUGE CROCODILES

They are heading toward the sleeping Diana, their heads weaving from side to side, their jaws snap at one another viciously. They rise in the air standing almost erect and balancing on their tails start a furious battle, jawscrashing and crunching as they snap at one another, emitting a snort that sounds like a peal of thunder and also a horrible hissing sound.

251 CLOSEUP DIANA

The sounds of the battle have awokened her. For a moment she is too paralyzed with fright to do more than stare in front of her as she sees

252 CLOSEUP THE TWO BATTLING CROCODILES

253 CLOSEUP DIANA

Her body seems paralyzed, her eyes rove about and become wider with terror as she sees

254 MED. LONG SHOT

The grounds is literally covered with swarming ~~xx~~ reptiles, all heading toward Diana.

255 CLOSEUP TWO FIGHTING REPTILES

As they come closer and closer toward Diana.

256 CLOSEUP DIANA

As she regains the power of speech and lets out scream after scream which echo and re-echo in the jungle.

257 MED. SHOT OF THE CLEARING

As Clark hears the screams and leaping from his chair dashes toward the stream, pulling out his automatic as he runs.

The natives follow after him.

258 MED. CLOSEUP

As Clark reaches the stream he comes upon Djali who has also been awokened by the screams and is wrapping her sarong about her body.

CLARK

Where is Miss Mayfield?

Djali points. Clark dashes out of the scene across the stream toward Diana.

CONTINUED

258 CONTINUED

Shots from his gun are heard
as he disappears.

259 MOVING INSERT

CLARK'S BACK TO CAMERA as
he jumps through the stream
and through the mob of crocodiles
firing right and left clearing a
passage for himself as he heads
toward Diana.

260 MED. CLOSEUP TRUNK OF TREE

As Clark reaches Diana. He
picks her up in his arms, she
clings to him tightly.

261 AKELEY SHOT CLARK'S BACK
TO CAMERA

Clark with Diana in his arms.
He is leaping through the
scurrying crocodiles, dodging
their flaying tails, a blow
from which would sever his
legs. As he moves he fires
again and again, clearing a
path for himself. Finally he
reaches the water and starts
across it and lands on the shore
where Djali, several of the natives
and Blystone are waiting.

262 CLOSEUP SHORE

Diana in Clark's arms, her own
around his neck, she is clinging
to him as if she would never let
him go. Her cheek is pressed close
against his bare neck.

Clark is not insensible to the
warm close contact of this beauti-
ful girl whose practically naked
body is clothed only with the
coolie coat.

They seem to be alone in the world
together and unconsciously his arms
tighten about her as if to protect
her from all further harm.

~~REPEATED~~

263 CLOSEUP DJALI

She is looking at Clark and Diana with wide eyes in which are a world of savage tragedy.

264 CLOSEUP BLYSTONE

He is nearly beside himself with rage and despair as he sees Diana and Clark.

265 MED. SHOT CLARK'S BACK TO CAMERA

Clark pays no attention to anyone or anything, he is looking down at Diana. With her still in his arms he hastens toward the clearing followed by the natives and Blystone. Djali is left alone.

266 CLOSEUP DJALI

She looks like a wild young lost soul. For a moment her lips part and we see her white clenched teeth. She makes a savage gesture. It may mean anything to the audience - - - perhaps awake the thought of vengeance in her mind, then she seems to become listless and bending, she picks up Diana's garments and follows.

267 MED. CLOSEUP OF CLEARING

Clark enters with Diana, he places her gently upon the cot Blystone had occupied, he is kneeling beside her.

268 CLOSEUP DIANA AND CLARK

Diana reluctantly removes her arms from about Clark's neck. Her eyes never leave his face, they look hungrily into his own.

Clark is battling with temptation of the willing lips so close to his own and the un-mistakable longing in her eyes. He tears himself away from Diana, rises and turns as Blystone enters the scene. His voice is husky.

CONTINUED

CLARK

Will you see to it that she rests for a while.

He exits. Blystone bends over Diana. She looks at him blankly her heart is still with Clark. A look of intense pathos comes over her face and as Blystone murmurs endearingly, her eyes close as with utter weariness.

She is coming in with Diana's clothes, Clark comes up to her. He sees the clothes in her hands and his face becomes stern as he looks down at her condemningly. She raises beseeching eyes to him.

CLARK

I told you to take care of Miss Mayfield. You knew it was dangerous for her to go out there.

DJALI (Humbly)

Me sorry, me sorry. Please, Tuan, do not be angry with Djali.

CLARK (Not looking at Djali)

Why she might have been killed!

DJALI (Sullenly)

She not your woman, she is woman to other English Tuan.

Clark wheels around and glares at her, Djali does not flinch. She is now almost in a mood of recklessness.

DJALI

You want this white woman for you?

Clark scowls and his jaw sets, he does not answer. Djali plucks his sleeve tries to force his eyes to meet her own.

DJALI

Tuan, Tuan, please tell Djali. You no like Djali? You like only - - white woman - - yes?

Clark makes no reply but turning he walks away from her. Djali looks after him she is a little monument of utter despair.

Diana is drinking then she
hands the cup to Blystone,
he is watching her feverishly,
torn with his feelings almost
hating her.

DIANA

It was horrible - - like a
nightmare!

She shuders and looks off
in direction of Clark.
Blystone's lips twitch and
he follows her intent gaze.
He studies her a moment and
then speaks bluffly

BLYSTONE

That fellow is in luck, every
opportunity to play the hero,
while I'm at a disadvantage.

He stops. Diana's eyes are
wide and full of pain.

BLYSTONE

I suppose you're always com-
paring me with Clark, but
that's unfair, he's in his
element, I'm not. You see me
now at my worst, Diana - -
rotten health, depressed -
well, you may as well know it
madly jealous of the hold this
Clark is getting over you! -

DIANA

Oh, don't - don't say anything
about him.

BLYSTONE (Vehemently)

But you made a promise to me,
don't forget that, Diana.

DIANA

No - - I'll not forget - - I'm
not likely to forget that.

She looks at him plead-
ingly.

I am grateful to you. But for
you I wouldn't be here now.

BLYSTONE

Just grateful Diana?

She moves her head slowly
uncertainly, she wishes she
could say something encour-
aging but she cannot lie

CONTINUED

BLYSTONE (Passionately)

Diana - if I thought I could make you care for me it would make all the difference in the world. You don't know how I've wanted you - - wanted you... - Diana.

He seizes her hand and presses it feverishly to his lips. Diana draws her hand gently away, their eyes meet. There is something in his expression that frightens her. He is really beside himself, both with the hardships of the trip and his fear of losing Diana.

BLYSTONE

Oh, my dear, let us give up this beastly adventure. Let us return to civilization where we belong.

He looks at her with intense pleading, but Diana's glance has gone toward Clark and this inflames Blystone.

BLYSTONE

It's that fellow Clark - curse him! You're mad about him. I see it - I see it! I've been watching you all these days, you hang upon his words, watch him as if he were a god!

Diana wrenches her hand free and looks back at him angrily

 271 CLOSEUP NEAR STREAM CLARK
AND DJALI

Clark, with clumsy sympathy, pats her naked shoulder. Djali's worshipful eyes fill with tears.

CLARK

Oh, come, Djali. You're a plucky little kid, I wish you understood.

DJALI

I understand, me go back my father - but always my spirit be with Tuan.

CLARK

I'll send you to the missionaries in Java

(Trying to speak jokingly)
They'll make a white woman of you, Djali!

271 CONTINUED

DJALI

Then I be Tuan's woman?

Clark shakes his head.

CLARK

No, no, Djali. You'll get a better fellow than I.

Djali gives him a long, sad look. In her face is mirrored all of the savage girl's longing and self renunciation.

DJALI

Me go back my father.

Djali moves away. Clark looks after her.

272 MED. LONG SHOT OF CIEARING

Blystone is still with Diana as Clark and Djali come from the river's edge. CLARK'S BACK TO CAMERA.

As they enter the clearing we see that something has excited the natives. They are all jabbering in whispers and pointing off. One of them probably Babbak runs up to Clark.

BABBAK

Tuan Clark, lekas, suedi Han Wong.

Clark looks off in direction indicated by Babbak.

273 MED. CLOSE OF A STRANGE CAVALCADE

It is entering through the original opening made by the natives.

Han Wong's natives are carrying four Oriental palanquins.

Marching with considerable dignity at the head of the cavalcade is Mr Soba Tjo.

274 CLOSEUP CLARK

He is astounded and puzzled, and also on guard.

275 CLOSEUP DJALI

She sees the approaching Soba Tjo. Her first reaction is one of fear not unmixed with natural feeling toward her father. She hurries out of the scene.

276 MED. CLOSEUP OF SOBA TJO

He bows with great respect as he approaches.

277 MED. CLOSEUP OF THE GROUP

They are all standing awaiting events. Diana is interested and a bit fearful.

Blystone is surprised and pleasantly impressed.

Clark is on guard.

Soba Tjo speaks in a high sing-song voice

SOBA TJO

Respected and honored sirs, my master, the great Sultan Han Wong, sends me before him to greet you, and to convey to you his compliments.

He now bows more deeply. The white people return his bow and Blystone is very much pleased and with something of his old manner of authority he steps to the fore

BLYSTONE

This is an unexpected pleasure, and in the name of my party I thank you.

Soba Tjo bows deeply.

SOBA TJO

May I ask who I have the very great honor of addressing?

BLYSTONE

I am Lord Blystone.

SOBA TJO

I am delighted in my master's name to greet a lord as well known as your honor.

CONTINUED

277 CONTINUED

During the foregoing, Clark
has been watching Soba Tjo
with suspicion.

Soba Tjo bows directly to
Clark

SOBA TJO

And this honorable gentleman?

CLARK

I'm Jim Clark, everyone in
Borneo knows me.

Again Soba Tjo bows.

SOBA TJO (Addressing
party)

My master, the eminent Sultan
Han Wong commands me to
extend to you a very cordial
invitation to become his
honored guests at his most
unworthy palace.

278 CLOSEUP DJALI

She has been watching the
scene from behind the trunk
of a tree, and as her father
speaks the last words, her
face registers fear and she
moves further out.

279 MED. CLOSEUP GROUP

CLARK (Roughly)

Tell your eminent master, that
we'll take advantage of his
invitation.

Blystone does not like
Clark's tone and moreover
he feels that he is the
head of the expedition.

BLYSTONE

Express our appreciation for
his kindness. We will be de-
lighted to accept his invi-
tation.

Djali comes into the scene.
She approaches inch by inch
nearer to her father.

Soba Tjo sees her but there
is not a flicker in his face,
even when Djali kneels humbly
at his feet.

DJALI (Looking up at her
father)

Father. (native word) ¹ sm

CONTINUED

SORAXTZO

DJALI

My father, the humble one returns to her people.

SOBA TJO (Looking straight ahead)

It is well.

Crouched at his feet, her face pressed against his robe, Djali nevertheless is watching with eyes of agony at her beloved Tuan Clark.

Soba Tjo bends and lifts her to her feet and with a motion that is quite gentle he leads her a little apart from the scene.

The white people

The white people are now grouped together.

Diana and Blystone are thrilled and excited.

Clark still maintains his guarded attitude.

BLYSTONE

Well Clark, it appears there is such a person as your Sultan, but he ~~is~~ probably not at all what you have inferred him to be.

CLARK

You have not yet met him.

BLYSTONE

Well, it was a jolly fine thing of him to receive us in this friendly manner. Things look very promising, don't you think so, Diana?

DIANA

Why yes.

The natives have drawn the palanquins nearer.

BLYSTONE

Why I believe they've even sent those native chairs for us! It'll be deuced good to be carried for a change.

CONTINUED

279 CONTINUED 2

A native comes into the scene
and indicating the palanquins
he speaks

NATIVE

Teika dunken.

CLARK

Saga.

280 MED. CLOSE OF PALANQUINS

Clark helps Diana into the
first chair which is immedi-
ately raised to the shoulders
of the natives.

Clark motions to Blystone and
the latter enters the second
chair.

Clark then turns to his natives
who seem uncertain what to do.

CLARK

Geluk mede delen.

The natives nod and we con-
vey by their actions that
they are to remain fm at
the camp and await the return
of the party.

Clark now enters the third
chair.

Djali's father waits until
all three chairs have been
raised. He then enters the
fourth chair and Djali humbly
follows him.

281 MED. LONG SHOT

Shooting at a height from an
angle. This will take in the
encampment and Clark's natives
in foreground. ~~mixxxk~~

Also the cavalcade as it enters
the jungle through the path.

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE SIX

282 FADE IN LONG SHOT OF HAN WONG'S PALACE

This should be a great, almost surprise shot, showing the magnificent palace towering above the dense jungle.

283 CAMERA PANORAMS OVER THE PALACE

Its terraces, its gardens, its pools and the Dyak village which seems to surround the palace.

The palace itself appears like a veritable fairy structure.

284 MED. CLOSE OF THE PALACE

We hear the sound of musical instruments, tiny cymbals, the twang of the poykias and Oriental guitars, the twinkling of wind bells.

Groups of natives are squatting on the ground, listening and swaying to the pleasing sounds of the music. Native guards patrol the grounds.

285 MED. CLOSE INT. A ROOM IN THE PALACE

Soba Tjo sits in a high-backed chair and, on a stool at his feet, sits Djali.

Djali has a new sarong and a new scarf. There are flowers in her hair which is prettily dressed and altogether she has apparently taken on something of the luxury of the palace.

The two are sitting in silence. Dhali's face is sad, and she looks out before her in painful abstraction. It is evident she is thinking of something that intensely moves her, for a tear wells up in her eyes and rolls down her dusky cheek.

CONTINUED

285 CONTINUED

Perhaps that tear falls upon the hand of her father. At all events he, with rough tenderness, jerks her face up by the chin and examines her face.

SOBA

286 MED. CLOSE SOBA TJO & DJALI

SOBA TJO

Why do you weep my child?

DJALI (Trying to smile)

It is for the joy of being with my father again.

SOBA TJO

No! You're thoughts are with this white stranger.

Dog of a dog! You shall be fittingly avenged my daughter.

DJALI

No! If harm befalls him I love, be assured it will fall on me also.

Her father stands up abruptly, takes her by the arm and draws her along toward the door.

SOBA TJO

Come, my child, we will visit our friends on whom we depend to assist us in the entertainment of our honored guests.

287 MED. CLOSE TROPICAL GARDENS

Djali and her father are walking along the outside wall. Above them, on top of the wall, is a sentinel lookout tower. Inside the tower, we see a native guard.

SOBA TJO (To guard)

Gehask!

A door quietly slides open in the wall. Soba Tjo and Djali enter.

288 CLOSEUP OF A HUGE STRUCTURE

It has heavy bars of ~~sh~~ bamboo. Behind these bars are two colossal OURANG OUTANS. They are awful in proportion and immensity, grotesquely like naked human beings, with pock marked faces and long red beards hanging down to their tremendous chests. Their arms and necks are thick, bespeaking a super-strength.

289 MED. CLOSE SOBA TJO & DJALI

They have come up before the bars of the cage. Djali plucks at her father's sleeve.

DJALI

Why are they caged, my father?

SOBA TJO

They are the leaders of our herd. ~~SUM OURANGS willxfalikow wheravvarxthex lead~~

He moves away from the cage. Djali casts a frightened look back at the two OURANGS who are now roaring and watching Djali with almost human desire. She follows behind her father.

290 PERAMBULATOR SHOT OF THE CORRALS

These cover a considerable space of ground and are set amid a growth of underbrush and trees. The place is entirely fenced with bamboo trunks that are as strong as iron.

Within the corrals, ~~mawingxax~~ huddled in groups by the bars and apparently listening to the music from the palace that comes over the scene, are a score or more of OURANGS. Their gleaming eyes are alight, they are mesmerized by the music. The moment it pauses or dies down, they become restless, and as it ceases they run up and down within the enclosure, their beady eyes darting here and there.

CONTINUED

Into the scene outside the fence line comes Soba Tjo followed by Djali. Soba Tjo goes down the line of fencing examining the brutes inside.

The music has ceased and the OURANGS are restlessly ranging up and down.

Soba Tjo claps his hands. A native comes running into the scene. Soba Tjo gives him an order.

SOBA TJO

Dun pesta, boom!

The native runs out of scene.

Now we will see what effect our drums have upon our friends.

DJALI

But why? What does it mean my father? Why are these OURANGS corraled?

Her father does not answer. A number of natives are coming in bearing peculiarly shaped drums. The instant they appear and the OURANGS see the drums they crouch up against the railing and the natives begin tapping upon the drums. Slowly at first then faster and louder.

We see the reaction on the OURANGS. As the sound grows louder they are whipping themselves into a frenzy, running and tearing up and down the place, roaring and shouting gutteral sounds, shaking and striking at the bamboo bars and tearing at one another in their endeavor to get out.

All the time, Soba Tjo is studying the affect of the drums upon the OURANGS, and apparently satisfied with the test he gives an order to the drummers.

SOBA TJO

Duegen!

They cease beating the drums, almost immediately the OURANGS quiet down.

Soba Tjo with Djali behind him exits.

291 MED. LONG SHOT PALATIAL
RECEPTION HALL

Of the palace of Han Wong.

This shot will take in the Javanese dancers and around the edge of the rich carpet upon which the dance is being executed are the musicians, playing their musical instruments in perfect rhythm to the posturing dancers.

~~akixars~~ Standing like bronze statues on either side of the long reception hall and flanking the great doors are native guards, carrying spears and whatever war-like implements are used.

At the far end of the hall, sitting on a luxurios dias is, THE SULTAN HAN WONG. He is surrounded by his guests. Diana, Clark and Blystone. They occupy places of honor on his right side. On his left, at a slight distance from Han Wong are a group of his savage counsellors, and notable among them is the tall spare form of Soba Tjo.

In another group are women of the Sultan's harem or women belonging to the officials and among these, perhaps, we will see Djali.

292 MED. CLOSE OF GROUP AT END OF HALL

This takes in Han Wong and the party of whites.

Blystone is looking almost his old self, he is both intrigued and delighted at the reception being accorded them.

Diana too, who is seated next to Han Wong, is diverted by the entertainment, but her mind is on her mission. She can scarcely wait to learn about her father.

The only one of the party unaffected by this display, and who has no illusions in regard to Han Wong, is Clark. He is standing, his arms crossed and he is watching Han Wong.

HAN WONG (With suave courtesy)

These are my Javanese dancers. They depict a dance story with true realism.

293 MED. CLOSE OF JAVANESE DANCERS

They are going through picturesque postures, but the dance is gradually mounting in savagery, until there is a menace in every motion.

294 MED. CLOSE GROUP AT END OF ROOM

Blystone is clapping and applauding.

BLYSTONE

Deucedly clever. How supple and remarkably graceful they are. What a hit they would make on the London variety stage.

DIANA

How fierce they seem. What does the dance story depict, your Highness?

HAN WONG (Significantly)

Vengeance!

Something about his look which, for a moment, holds her glance and then shifts to Clark, frightens Diana.

DIANA

Vengeance is a hideous theme for a dance.

HAN WONG

But see, it is ended. The vengeance has been accomplished.

He says this almost exultantly.

295 CLOSEUP JAVANESE DANCERS

This will show the diabolic glee of the victors and the anguished attitudes of torture of the vanquished.

296 MED. CLOSEUP GROUP

Blystone is clapping now, but uncertainly. Diana is shuddering. She turns suddenly toward Wong.

CONTINUED

DIANA

Now that the dance is over,
won't your Highness please give
me some word about my father.

WONG

In due time your patience shall
be rewarded.

DIANA

But how can I sit here, being
entertained, when I can think
of nothing but my father. Oh
won't you tell me something
about him?

WONG

What is it you desire to know?

DIANA

Did my father ever reach your
country? Was he here?

WONG

I had the honor of entertaining
your esteemed father, even as I
now entertain you.

Diana takes this big.

DIANA

Then what became of him? Where
is he? Oh, tell me!

Wong replies by a clap
of his hands and a servant
runs forward immediately.

WONG

Dersam gripen manelink.

The servant touches ~~him~~ the
ground with his head and
hastens to obey the order.
Wong brings his fine finger
tips together and smiles
instructably.

WONG

My servant will shortly return
bearing the legacy which your
esteemed father left to you.

DIANA (Faltering)

Legacy? Do you mean then --
that my father --

WONG

CONTINUED

WONG

Your father was a martyr, my dear lady. He gave up his life in pursuit of the interesting knowledge as to the human relationship to the family of the OURANG.

Diana is taking this big.
She realizes that her father
is dead.

Both Blystone and Clark are
looking at her sympathetically.

The servant comes back bearing
a portfolio. Han Wong takes
it and with a bow hands it to
Diana.

WONG

These are the scientific
findings and studies of your
most learned father.

Diana opens the portfolio,
and with a little breath-
less sob she cries

DIANA

Oh it is my father's writing - -
oh, oh - -
(she turns to Wong)
How did he die - - where - -
when?

WONG (With pretended
sympathy)

His demise occurred after leaving
my palace, where, as I have
said, I had the honor of
entertaining him.

DIANA

Yes - yes? Tell me about it.

WONG (Purring)

His end was a natural one, I
might say, a logical one. He
sacrificed his life for the
cause he served. He was killed
by the very beasts he had come
to study.

DIANA (Horrified)

You mean that my father was
killed by those horrible
OURANGS?

Wong's thin lips part in
a peculiar smile, his voice
is a purring, suave hiss.

CONTINUED

WONG

That appears to be the fate that befalls all whites who venture into tabu lands.

His words with a subtle meaning strike home. Even the credulous Blystone receives a shock, and casts a look about the place.

Diana's eyes widen with horror and her grief is too great for mere tears.

Clark breaks his silence savagely

CLARK

Why was not the Dutch Resident notified of Mr. Mayfield's death?

Han Wong's manner becomes even more suave, but beneath the surface his native savagery is fairly boiling.

WONG

Mayfield entered forbidden land. Have you not also in your country a No Trespass law?

CLARK

He was entitled to protection.

WONG

That was accorded him, so long as he was in my palace. No harm of any sort befell him through the act of any of my people. When he turned back into the jungle -- why my dear sir, consider the case. You have lived in Borneo and surely you know that the jungle has its own laws. They who rule the jungle keep out those they do not want.

His voice has grown as he speaks and his narrow eyes become enlarged and terrible. His face reveals his true character which is revolting and repellent, then gradually the eyes narrow again and the face takes on its impenetrable mask.
Diana starts up.

CONTINUED

DIANA

Oh, I can't stay here any longer. I have a terrible foreboding that something awful is about to happen!

Blystone gently takes her arm

BLYSTONE

I am afraid Miss Mayfield is a little upset. Your Honor. *Hughmes*

WONG

My palace is at your service.

D Diana and Blystone exit.
Clark stands up, arms folded, before Wong. The two look at each other.

WONG

Well, Jeem Clark, it seems you have kept your promise! You have come into my land as you boasted you would do. Now it is my turn -- to keep my promise!

CLARK

What's back of your mind? you blasted, snakey Oriental you? What hellish plans are you devising?

WONG (Purring)

My dear sir, you do me an injustice. I but prepared to fulfill my promise to you. Do you not recall that when you stated you would come into ~~in~~ my country and take away with you one of my - er - cousins, I assured you that you would be accorded a charming reception by not one, but a score of my OURANGS!

CLARK

Look here, Wong. I don't give a hang about your OURANGS now. I'll take mine when I'm ready! What I am going to demand of you now is a safe conduct back to civilization for Miss Mayfield and her party.

Wong taps his pipe upon the teakwood table, and looks out with pretended concern.

WONG

Your friends have been ill advised, Jeem Clark.

CONTINUED

WONG (Continued)

Why did you not warn them that white people who enter my domain never come out alive again?

CLARK

This time it is not going to be so easy for you, Wong. Not only the Dutch government but the British are watching this expedition. You'll be forced to give an account, if anything happens to members of this party.

WONG

My dear Jeem Clark, I am not so crude as to harm a single member of your party. You came into my land of your own volition you are at liberty to leave the same way you entered. The doors of my palace are wide open, come and go as you please.

He bows deeply in his chair.

I am but the humble servant of the great Dutch government.

CLARK (Brusquely)

Very well, we leave at sunset.

WONG

I will do all in my power to expedite your departure.

Soba Tjo enters scene and bows respectfully before Han Wong.

WONG

Our guests desire to leave at ox hour (Or some native term indicating a definite hour) Make all preparations to speed them on their way.

SONA TJO

Such preparations are already made, Your Magnificence.

He bows out.

Smiling, Wong turns back to Clark.

CONTINUED

296 CONTINUED 6

WONG

In the meanwhile Jeem Clark, pray accept the hospitality of my very humble palace until the hour for your departure.

Clark gives him a straight, hard look as if he wishes he could penetrate what is back of that inscrutable mask, and turning on his heels abruptly he exits

297 MED. CLOSE GROUP OF NATIVE HUTS

Soba Tjo comes into the scene followed by a number of natives. They enter one of the houses.

Soba Tjo's voice is heard inside haranguing and instruction the natives.

298 CLOSEUP DJALI

She suddenly appears around the side of the house and with her head pressed against the wall she listens. Max She becomes tense with apprehension and fear. She climbs up to a little jutting rod and peers through the lattice, so that she can see into the interior.

299 MED. SHOT SHOOTING OVER HER SHOULDER
THROUGH LATTICE INT. HUT

The natives are squatting around Soba Tjo. He is pointing to the drums and illustrating how they are to use them.

Djali jumps down and exits from scene.

300 MED. CLOSE OF BEAUTIFUL GARDEN

Clark, in deep thought, is walking up and down. He is in a state of great uneasiness. He is moving by a thick ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ luxurious clump of growth where beautiful blooms reach almost to his neck. Suddenly he stops and turns sharply about as from the clump of blooms comes Djali's voice

CONTINUED

DJALI'S VOICE

Tuan! It is Djali speak. Please no turn head! Please you bend head over blossom near you.

Clark does as he is bidden.
He inclines his head
toward the huge blossoms.

DJALI'S VOICE

No speak! If Djali wrong raise head, if Djali right look on flower! You leave when sun go down?

A moment's pause. Though startled Clark takes a huge flower in his hand and bends over it, as if to examine more closely.

DJALI'S VOICE

Very great danger! Please you not leave till hear cry of peacock three times. You understand and believe Djali? Then tear off flower.

Clark tears off the flower but does not speak.

DJALI'S VOICE

Goo'bye my Tuan Clark!
No forget, three times peacock gives call! Goo'bye Tuan Clark!
Please you remember Djali!

301 MED. CLOSE OF BAMBOO CAGE

In which the two leaders of the herd are kept.
Djali is moving and parading up and down before the bars behind which are the colossal brutes.
As she passes the OURANGS she lifts her two arms above her head to give them the full effect of her personal odor (female). Softly, caressingly she calls to them.

OURANGS

The effect on the ~~men~~ is electrical. They bound to the bars and try to shake them down. All the time, Djali is walking back and forth, deliberately tantalizing and tormenting them.

The OURANGS are nearly mad with desire. They are whipping themselves up into a frenzy. The *larger* figures of the two giants breathing heavily crushes to the bars and thrusts his muscular arms out in a vain effort to grasp Djali into an embrace.

CONTINUED

301 CONTINUED

His ~~xx~~ chest is heaving, his breath comes fast, his eyes are like balls of fire, his teeth gnaw at the bars of bamboo in passionate frenzy.

Djali keeps moving forward and backward slowly. The OURANGS move with her.

Djali unwinds the scarf about her neck and breast. She waves it seductively before the nostrils of the panting OURANGS, and then tosses it in through the bars. The OURANGS fall upon it.

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE SEVEN

302 FADE IN MED. LONG SHOT FRONT
OF STOCKADE

A group of natives are beating
the peculiarly shaped drums
we have seen before.

Inside the stockade the CURANGS
whipped to a frenzy by the beating
drums, are milling up and down
before the bars frantically roaring.

303 EXT. MED. CLOSEUP FRONT OF HAN
WONG'S PALACE

No one is about the place. An
utter stillness prevails, almost
it would seem as if the place were
deserted, save for the little
group of white people standing by
a grove of wild oleander.
Apparently they are awaiting some-
thing.

Their actions are nervous and
apprehensive, they do not know
what is before them. They are
holding tight to their courage.

Suddenly the silence is broken
by the drum beats. They come
over the scene like a rising roll
of thunder, growing in volume and
tempo. The effect of the drums
upon the white people is dis-
quieting, even Clark does not
know what to do.

Blystone can hardly contain himself.

BLYSTONE

What is that noise?

CLARK

Native drums.

BLYSTONE

What are they beating them
for?

CLARK

I don't know.

CONTINUED

BLYSTONE

But let us do something! What are we waiting for? Let's be off!

Clark shakes his head, his
is waiting for Djali's signal.
The sound of the drums
becomes faster and louder.

Diana nervously grasps Clark's
arm.

DIANA

Oh Mr. Clark, do let us get started! This place gives me the creeps.

Clark assuringly pats the
fingers on his arm.

CLARK

Not yet.

BLYSTONE (Blustering)

But why not, why not? What are we waiting for?

CLARK

I am waiting for a signal.

BLYSTONE

A signal! What signal, what do you mean?

Clark makes no reply.
Blystone becomes almost hysterical

BLYSTONE

This is no time to hesitate,
it's a matter of life and death - -

CLARK

Nevertheless, I am waiting for a signal, and I will not leave until I hear it!

From an obscure and secret entrance Djali steals forth and exits out of scene.

305 MED. CLOSEUP THE GROUP OF WHITES

Intense silence. They are awaiting some signal. Over the scene comes the rumpling boom of the drums.

CLARK

If I don't get the signal soon we'll start. I don't like the sound of those drums, we must reach our camp before dark.

BLYSTONE

That's what I say! Come on let's get started. Those drums are enough to drive anyone mad!

306 MED. CLOSEUP A FORKED PATH
IN JUNGLE

A stream of about ten feet wide cuts across this path.

Djali enters scene. She stands for a moment listening and then putting her hand to her mouth she gives forth distinctly three times, the call of a peacock.

307 MED. LONG SHOT FRONT OF WONG'S
PALACE FOREGROUND ACTION

The call of the peacock comes over the scene ~~pissin~~ piercingly and Clark immediately jumps into action.

CLARK

Come on, we're starting now.

Clark, with eyes alert and watchful starts, with Diana and Blystone following.
CAMERA FOLLOWS THEM OUT OF SIGHT.

308 INT. WONG'S PALACE CLOSEUP

Wong and Soba Tjo are in the audience chamber. Soba Tjo is looking out of the window. He turns and speaks to his master

SOBA TJO

Great Highness, our exalted guests have started upon their journey.

WONG

Give them time to reach the jungle, then release our -- cousins. continued

308 CONTINUED

His eyes almost close as though
he were rolling over his lips a
trem sweet morsel, and he licks
his lips.

WONG

It is a pity that I cannot be
present to personally enjoy
the beautiful spectacle.

He sighs with regret.

309 FORKED PATH IN JUNGLE MED.
CLOSE

Djali is waiting. Clark and
his party come into the scene.
They do not see Djali immediately.
She calls

DJALI

Tuan! Tuan!

Clark goes to her hurriedly.

Please you cross stream.
(She indicates)
Go very fast till you reach
raft!

CLARK

What about you, Djali? You're
coming with us?

DJALI

No, Tuan. Mebbe some day I see
you face bime-by - - mebbe.

CLARK (Much moved)

But Djali - -

DJALI

Please go, no wait. Go quick,
quick, quick!

She pushes him.

310 MED. SHOT FRONT OF STOCKADE

The drums are now being
beaten with excessive fury.
The OURANGS are in a frantic
state.

One of the natives lifts the
bars and jumps quickly out
of the way. Led by the two
giants, the OURANGS come out
of the stockade. The drums

CONTINUED

310 CONTINUED

are beating louder and faster.
The two leaders stops a second,
sniff the air then charge into
the direction taken by the whites.

Following them go the drummers,
beating furiously upon their
drums, they are screaming and
shouting and driving the OURANGS
on.

311 MED. CLOSEUP THE FORKED ROAD

The din of the drums is louder.

DJALI (Pushing Clark)

Go, go! Much fast! Much fast!

She almost forces Clark into
the stream.
He picks Diana up into his
arms and followed by Blystone
they enter the stream.

Djali looks after them a moment
and then she calls

DJALI

Goo'bye - - my Tuan Clark.

The drums are becoming
terrifically loud now.
Djali waits no longer, but
as soon as she sees that the
whites have crossed the stream,
she darts off into the jungle
on the near side of the stream.

Now above the beating of the
drums arises the frenzied and
maddened roars of the on-coming
OURANGS, mingled with the un-
earthly yells and screams of the
natives chasing them.

312 JUNGLE

Flash of the OURANGS being driven
by the native drummers.

313 JUNGLE

Flash of Djali. She is tearing
through the jungle.

314 FORKED PATH

The OURANGS burst into the path
and stop at the edge of the stream.
The native s in back of them drum
more furiously. The two huge leaders
sniff the air and turn in the direction
taken by Djali

315 JUNGLE

Djali flying through the jungle.

The crash of the OURANGS heard behind her.

316 JUNGLE

The OURANGS following the same path as Djali.

317 JUNGLE

Djali flies in, out of breath, stumbles, falls, looks back fearfully.

318 JUNGLE

The two leaders of the OURANGS following Djali's scent. They are ahead of the herd.

319 JUNGLE BACKS TO CAMERA

This is supposedly on the opposite side of the stream.

Clark, Diana and Blystone are fighting their way through the tangled growth.

320 JUNGLE CLOSEUP

Djali crouching in fear. She tries to get up. She cannot stand.

Over the scene comes the roar of the OURANGS, beating of the drums, the yells of the natives.

Djali crouches back. Her eyes open with horror as she sees

321 JUNGLE

The two leading OURANGS get a sight of Djali. The biggest of the two leaps forward, knocking the smaller one back. The smaller one tries to hit back, but goes down before the sweep of the others huge arm.

322 JUNGLE EXTREME CLOSEUP
OF DJALI

Her mouth is wide open. She is backing against the tree trunk in terror as a frightful scream escapes her.

The huge arms of the OURANG comes into the scene.
Djali is being drawn into a beastial embrace.

323 JUNGLE

Clark, Diana and Blystone BACKS TO CAMERA stop as over the scene comes Djali's cry.
Clark starts to turn.

CLARK

That sounds like Djali! Something must have happened. Wait here, don't leave this spot.

BLYSTONE (Hysterically)

You can't desert us here -- for a native girl!

Clark pays no attention to him. He exits. BACK TO CAMERA he returns over the path he has traversed.

324 JUNGLE NEAR MID STREAM MED. SHOT

Half a score of natives beating drums and dancing abmuk

Two spirits in fantastic costumes representing good and evil, dance in the circle to the beat of the drums.

325 JUNGLE

The OURANGS are coming back. They are more frenzied than ever.

326 JUNGLE AT STREAM

Clark comes into scene from jungle, hears the noises of the savages, hides and cautiously looks out. He sees

327 JUNGLE OPPOSITE SIDE OF STREAM

The OURANGS and the dancing savages. The savages start to drive the OURANGS across the stream.

The leader of the savages spies Clark and excitedly points.

Clark leaps out of his hiding places and disappears in the jungle.

The savages urge the URRNGS on they are off again, this time after Clark.

328 JUNGLE

Flash of Clark crashing through jungle.

329 JUNGLE

OURANGS crashing after Clark.

330 JUNGLE LONG SHOT

Diana and Blystone waiting for Clark. He dashes madly past the camera heading toward the two. As he reaches them he turns and fires several shots. The shots are followed by screams of wounded OURANGS.

331 JUNGLE CLOSEUP CLARK

As he reaches his companions.

CLARK (Gasp)

Quikki To the river! The
OURANGS are after us!

They turn and start out.

332 JUNGLE LONG SHOT

The three running away from the camera, disappearing in the tangle.

333 JUNGLE

Crashing, yelling, maddened OURANGS, tearing everything before them as they dash along

334 JUNGLE

The three tearing through
the jungle growth.

335 JUNGLE

Flash of maddened OURANGS.

336 CLEARING

The natives are waiting.

Clark and his companions run into the scene and making for the river. The natives dash after them. Hardly have they disappeared when all kinds of beasts come into the clearing. Rhinoceros, water buffalo, deer, wild hogs, leopards and every species of jungle beast crashes past the camera, even snakes and birds as we hear the frightful din of the oncoming OURANGS who suddenly burst on our view. They stop as they see the white man's equipment and literally tear it to pieces.

In the momentary quiet which follows while they are tearing things we hear a tremendous clap of thunder. The one thing that the OURANGS fear. They pause in their destruction and look about for avenues of protection. Again a peal of terrific thunder. The OURANGS let out a roar and are after their victims. Another peal of thunder.

337 JUNGLE

Diana stumbles and falls. Blystone, turning empties his revolver toward the on coming beasts; Clark does likewise. He then picks up Diana, throws her across his shoulder and hurries on.

Blystone now brings up the rear. Loading his revolver, he takes a couple more shots, thus permitting Clark to get a lead and hurries after him.

Almost on top of him come the horde of OURANGS. Peals of thunder drown their cries.

CONTINUED

There is a lull broken by a perfectly terrific crash of thunder which seems to shake the whole earth. This is immediately followed by a terrific downpour, a deluge of water seems to fall from the sky.

The OURANGS stop short in their flight. They scuttle to the shelter of the trees as sheets of water begin to turn the jungle into a stream. The one thing the OURANGS is upon them. A great thunderstorm.

Now it is pouring cats and dogs. The heavens are literally alive. Lightning zig-zags across while one crash of thunder follows another. The now terrified OURANGS huddle and shudder in their shelters.

338 MED. CLOSEUP RIVER'S EDGE

Rain pouring in torrents.

A group of Clark's natives are at the raft. We will recognize Babbek and some of them men who have been with the party.

Clark comes into the scene with Diana across his shoulder. He wades into the river and climbs aboard the raft, carrying Diana into the shelter. He comes out looks about for Blystone. He is about to leap back as he shouts

CLARK

Blystone! Where are you
Blystone?

Blystone comes into the scene. He is gloating over the fact that he has been able to kill some of the OURANGS and he feels quite cocky about this. Clark helps him aboard the raft. He signals for the oarsmen to start.

The boat swings into the stream,
the thunder and rain becomes
greater and we

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE EIGHT

339 FADE IN MED. CLOSE CLARK'S
HOME INT.

This is a night perambulator shot.

Clark is seated in a huge rattan chair, plunged in deep thought. He is a living picture of Rodin's statue, THE THINKER. He scarcely stirs, but his eyes mirror the thoughts of his mind - he is thinking of Diana. Recalling the scenes he has passed through with the beautiful girl.

There is a slight noise on the porch. He starts slightly and rising, walks to the door and opens it.

Diana stands in the doorway. For a moment the two of them look at each other, then without a word he stands aside and Diana comes into the room, and moving toward one of the great big chairs, she sinks into it without a word.

CLARK

Miss Mayfield, why have you come here?

DIANA

Because I wanted you to know the truth about me.

You believe me to be Lord Blystone's mistress, but that is not true.

Clark looks at her without speaking.

Clark looks at her searching, her eyes meet his bravely. He reads the truth in her face and it sends a warm glow to his heart.

CLARK (Huskily)

You did not need to tell me that - Diana.

¹
Diana reacts when he calls her by her name. Her eyes are glowing. She longs to tell Clark of her love. He remains standing looking down at her bravely with yearning and tenderness, yet holding himself in control.

CONTINUED

DIANA

I want to tell you everything.
I made a bargain with Dallas, I
promised to give myself to him,
if he would finance this trip
to find my father. Now the time
has come for me to pay the
debt.

A deep silence between them,
and then Diana stands up,
she half holds out her hands
in an appealing, longing
gesture.

DIANA

But don't you see - don't you
see, it is not Dallas I love -
it - -

With an inarticulate mur-
mur Clark takes her in his
arms. He looks down into
her face, his voice is
hoarse.

CLARK

Diana! Diana, you love me!
And I - I adore you!

Her arms are about his
neck, her lips are on his,
they cling in a close em-
brace. Then Diana, her two
hands on his shoulders ~~pushes~~
holds herself back from him
a moment and looks up at him
with wild appeal.

DIANA

The yacht sails in the morning!
I can't go with him - - not now,
not now! Oh, I can never leave
you now, I love you!

CLARK (In deep voice)

And I love you.

They go into an embrace
again. After a while
Clark

CLARK

Darling, we will go to Blystone
together. It is the square
thing to do.

Like a frightened child
she clings to him. He leads
her out of the house.

Blystone is having a whiskey
and soda. He is in yachting
clothes and has something
of his old poise. The captain
of his yacht is facing him.

CAPTAIN

Miss Mayfield went ashore about an hour ago, my lord. She hasn't yet got back.

BLYSTONE

Perhaps she will not return. However, whether she returns or not, we weight anchor at sunrise!

CAPTAIN

Very well, sir.

He touches his cap in sort of salute and exits.

341 EXT. DECK OF YACHT MED. CLOSE

A sailor is at the head of the companionway as Clark and Diana appear.

CLARK (To sailor)

Where can I find Lord Blystone?

SAI LOR

He is in his cabin, sir.

CLARK (To Diana)

I'll see him alone.

DIANA

I'll wait in my stateroom.

She moves off and Clark starts toward Lord Blystone's cabin.

342 INT. BLYSTONE'S CABIN MED. CLOSE

Blystone is finishing his whiskey and soda. A sailor knocks and enters.

SAILOR

Mr. Clark to see you , my lord.

BLYSTONE

Show him in, please.

SAILOR

Yes, my lord.

The sailor turns and Clark enters. Sailor exits. Blystone half rises and smiles, then sits again.

BLYSTONE

How are you Clark? What brings you here this time of day? You'll join me? CONTINUED

CLARK

No, thank you. I'd rather get over what I have to say as quickly as possible.

BLYSTONE

Have a seat then. You don't look so dangerous sitting as you do standing.

He raises his glass and says

Cheerio!

Clark sits. He looks Blystone squarely in the eye.

CLARK

Lord Blystone, I'm going to ask you to release Diana Mayfield from her promise to you!

BLYSTONE

Well, by jove, that's rather abrupt and straight from the shoulder.

The two men look at each other squarely for a moment. Blystone's glance is almost steely.

BLYSTONE

We're not in the jungle now Clark. This is my yacht and here I am master and give the orders.

He calmly lights a cigar after saying this. Clark rises quickly.

CLARK

Blystone raises his eyebrows.

Lord Blystone, I love Diana!

Clark's silence implies that that is his intention.

BLYSTONE

I have quite a fancy for her myself. I presume you have asked her to marry you?

He reaches across and rings for the Captain. In the interval that insues Clark stands stiffly while Blystone takes another drink. The captain enters.

Possibly it has never occurred to you, Clark, that it was my sincere intention to ask Diana Mayfield to become my wife. In fact, the idea was that she would be Lady Blystone when we left Borneo.

CONTINUED

BLYSTONE

Miss Mayfield is aboard?

CAPTAIN

I believe so, ~~sir~~ my lord.
 She is in her stateroom I
 understand.

BLYSTONE

Ask her to join us.

The Captain turns, but
 before he can leave the room
 Blystone stops him.

BLYSTONE

Oh, by the way, Captain Holland,

CAPTAIN

Yes, my lord.

BLYSTONE

You have the authority to
 perform marriage ceremonies,
 have you not?

CAPTAIN

I have, my lord.

BLYSTONE

Good. That simplifies matters.

The Captain exits.

 343 MED. CLOSE INT. DIANA'S
CABIN

In a state of nervous
 anxiety, Diana is seated.
 She is reading a note.

INSERT NOTE:

Dear Diana:

Will you do me the
 great honor of becoming
 my wife? I love you. I
 need say no more.

With all devotion,
 Dallas.

Diana looks at the note with
 eyes that are beginning to
 brim. There is a knock on
 the door and she calls

DIANA

Come in.

CONTINUED

343 CONTINUED

The door opens and a cabin boy appears in the doorway. DIANA

What is it?

CABIN BOY

Lord Blystone would like you to join him in his cabin, Miss Mayfield.

Without replying Diana rises and hurries past the boy.

344 MED. CLOSEUP BDYSTONE'S CABIN

The two men are silent. Blystone is toying with his now empty glass. Clark is watching him sombrely. There is a tap upon the door and Diana enters.

Diana looks from one to the other. Blystone stands up. With a peculiar smile he saunters to the other side of the table. With one hand he pats Clark on the back, with the other he picks up Diana's hand and, bending, kisses it. Slightly bowing he exits.

For a moment the two look at each other, they cannot believe for a moment that such overwhelming fortune would be their lot, and then almost simultaneously they move to each other, and go into an embrace.

345 MED. CLOSE OF THE DECK

The Captain is on deck and looks very much surprised as Blystone comes up to him.

BLYSTONE

By the way, Captain Holland, I want my things taken over to Clark's place.

CAPTAIN

Beg pardon, sir.

BLYSTONE

I said, have my things taken over to Clark's place.

CONTINUED

CAPTAIN

You mean you're going ashore?

BLYSTONE

Don't be a dunce, Holland, I'll jolly well have to stay ashore, to give the honeymooners a chance to cruise around a bit.

CAPTAIN

I beg pardon, sir - -

BLYSTONE (Smiling)

I mean, of course, after you have performed the marriage ceremony.

He moves off, leaving the stunned Captain staring after him.

CAPTAIN (Under breath)

That was a damned sporting thing to do!

FADE OUT

THE END