



**National Library  
of Canada**

**Bibliothèque nationale  
du Canada**

**Canadian Theses Service**

**Service des thèses canadiennes**

Ottawa, Canada  
K1A 0N4

## NOTICE

The quality of this microform is heavily dependent upon the quality of the original thesis submitted for microfilming. Every effort has been made to ensure the highest quality of reproduction possible.

If pages are missing, contact the university which granted the degree.

Some pages may have indistinct print especially if the original pages were typed with a poor typewriter ribbon or if the university sent us an inferior photocopy.

Reproduction in full or in part of this microform is governed by the Canadian Copyright Act, R.S.C. 1970, c. C-30, and subsequent amendments.

## AVIS

La qualité de cette microforme dépend grandement de la qualité de la thèse soumise au microfilmage. Nous avons tout fait pour assurer une qualité supérieure de reproduction.

S'il manque des pages, veuillez communiquer avec l'université qui a conféré le grade.

La qualité d'impression de certaines pages peut laisser à désirer, surtout si les pages originales ont été dactylographiées à l'aide d'un ruban usé ou si l'université nous a fait parvenir une photocopie de qualité inférieure.

La reproduction, même partielle, de cette microforme est soumise à la Loi canadienne sur le droit d'auteur, SRC 1970, c. C-30, et ses amendements subséquents.

**MOMBASA DAYS**  
**A Feature-length Film Script**

**Donna Lee Smith**

**A Thesis**  
**in**  
**The Department**  
**of**  
**English**

**Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements**  
**for the Degree of Masters of Arts at**  
**Concordia University**  
**Montreal, Quebec, Canada**

**June 1989**

**© Donna Lee Smith, 1989**



National Library  
of Canada

Bibliothèque nationale  
du Canada

Canadian Theses Service    Service des thèses canadiennes

Ottawa, Canada  
K1A 0N4

The author has granted an irrevocable non-exclusive licence allowing the National Library of Canada to reproduce, loan, distribute or sell copies of his/her thesis by any means and in any form or format, making this thesis available to interested persons.

The author retains ownership of the copyright in his/her thesis. Neither the thesis nor substantial extracts from it may be printed or otherwise reproduced without his/her permission.

L'auteur a accordé une licence irrévocable et non exclusive permettant à la Bibliothèque nationale du Canada de reproduire, prêter, distribuer ou vendre des copies de sa thèse de quelque manière et sous quelque forme que ce soit pour mettre des exemplaires de cette thèse à la disposition des personnes intéressées.

L'auteur conserve la propriété du droit d'auteur qui protège sa thèse. Ni la thèse ni des extraits substantiels de celle-ci ne doivent être imprimés ou autrement reproduits sans son autorisation.

ISBN 0-315-51331-4

Canada

## ABSTRACT

### MOMBASA DAYS: A Feature-Length Film Script

Donna Lee Smith

MOMBASA DAYS, a feature-length adventure film softened by romance, explores what happens to a young Canadian when pushed to his limits on the distant shores of East Africa. Seduced by the indolent life-style of tropical Mombasa, David longs to stay in Kenya. But David's best friend, Chris, a charismatic Brit whose parents have disinherited because he refused to return to London, longs also for adventure. Chris convinces David there is a fortune to be made salvaging the recent wreck of a tramp steamer stuck on the reef at the mouth of Mombasa harbour. Carrying a cargo of contraband wheat, she tried to manoeuvre her way over the treacherous reef at night. And there she sits, listing portside, glistening in the sun, luring the young men out to an adventure that will mark them forever.

With its exotic location and romantic adventure, MOMBASA DAYS brings to mind such films as OUT OF AFRICA and PASSAGE TO INDIA. Cinematographically, a naturalistic

style best takes advantage of East Africa's rich landscape and animal life.

Many films have influenced the style of MOMBASA DAYS, from the brilliant dialogue in THE KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN to the black humour in HAROLD AND MAUDE. But perhaps one of the strongest influences comes from Sir David Lean who so well captures his location on film. Have you ever noticed how thirsty you get watching LAWRENCE OF ARABIA?

## MOMBASA DAYS

### 1. EXT. MOMBASA/NAIROBI HIGHWAY -- SUNRISE

A panoramic view of a ribbon of paved highway stretching across a plain of ochre earth fills the screen. Only dry thornbushes and skinny, wind-swept trees break the monotony of a desolate landscape. A pair of BABOONS sits on the side of the edge of the pavement.

Alone on the highway, a late-model silver Mercedes speeds west. The sun rises abruptly in the east as we ZOOM IN on the car.

### 2. INT. MERCEDES -- SUNRISE

SAFIA, an exotic Masai in her mid-twenties, is at the wheel of the Mercedes. She is beautifully dressed in a beaded white gown with a matching purse beside her on the seat. Although stunning, in this scene SAFIA appears tired and her eyes are swollen as if from crying. She drives confidently, well above the speed limit.

Beside Safia in the passenger seat, leaning against the window, sits DAVID, a Canadian, 26. He has the average good looks of the boy next door, except in this scene he is wan and unshaved. His T-shirt is no longer white, his jeans are grubby and ripped at the knee. One of his hands is swollen and covered in angry red welts.

In the distance a herd of ZEBRAS, frightened by the approaching car, gallops away raising a cloud of ochre dust.

At the end of the titles, "EAST AFRICA, 1975" appears on the screen, and we pass a highway sign which reads: "NAIROBI 280 KMS".

NOTE: SCENES #3 TO #118 APPEAR AS FLASHBACKS.

3. EXT. MOMBASA BEACH -- AFTERNOON

The dazzling sand of Mombasa beach stretches down the coast for miles; coconut palms and equatorial flora hug the rise of land just beyond the high water mark. Across the bay lies the Island of Mombasa, with Old Fort Jesus dominating the view of fifteenth-century architecture and modern hotels.

At the mouth of the harbour, about a kilometre off shore, stands the recent wreck of a tramp steamer. Her hull, glistening in the sun, and stranded by the coral reef, lists portside. Her Turkish flag hangs limp in the dead calm of the afternoon heat.

The beach is deserted except for DAVID lying on his stomach watching a sand flea jump up and disappear behind a grain of sand. Tanned and healthy in his bathing suit, with camera equipment and snorkelling gear beside him on his towel, David intently digs his fingers into the sand searching for the flea. He does not notice CHRIS coming down the beach toward him.

CHRIS, a handsome upper-class Brit of 26, walks with long strides, swinging his snorkelling gear. His full beard and strawberry-blond hair shine in the sun, his blue eyes mischievous. He is a large, impressive man.

When CHRIS blocks out the sun, DAVID looks up, sees CHRIS's red-haired thighs, and rolls over.

DAVID

Hi!

CHRIS sits down comfortably on a corner of DAVID's towel and throws his snorkelling gear on top of David's.

CHRIS

Hello, old sod!

CHRIS shades his eyes and looks out at the tramp steamer.

CHRIS

Wow! Will you look at her!

DAVID

Kind a changes the landscape.

CHRIS

Take any pics?

(cont)

3. (cont)

DAVID  
No, waiting for ...

CHRIS interrupts David by slapping him on the back.

CHRIS  
(teasing)  
Life, my man! You're waiting  
for life.

DAVID  
No. The tide, I'm waiting for  
the tide. This is life.

CHRIS laughs.

CHRIS  
We should go out there.

DAVID  
Not me, man.

DAVID flings his arm over his eyes to shade them. CHRIS pulls a crushed pack of Kenya Golds from the waist of his bathing suit and offers DAVID a cigarette.

DAVID  
No thanks.

CHRIS takes a huge, African-sized marijuana joint from the pack, lights it, and shading his eyes looks across the shining water to where the steamer sits.

CHRIS  
Just look at her!

DAVID  
Yeah, I know. She's beautiful.

DAVID hands CHRIS the telephoto lens from his camera equipment.

CHRIS hands DAVID the joint. He drags heavily on it and coughs. CHRIS shakes his head in mock disgust.

CHRIS  
Ah, the delicate lungs of a  
tourist. We'll have to toughen  
you up.

(cont)



3.(cont)

DAVID  
(coughing)  
Not if I die first.

CHRIS laughs.

DAVID(cont)  
(sputtering)  
Got a coke on ya?

CHRIS checks the front of his bathing suit and they share a small laugh. CHRIS looks through the lens.

CHRIS  
We should go out there.

DAVID  
Yeah, sure. Tonight.

DAVID's eyes are watering from staring at the steamer and he wipes them.

DAVID(cont)  
Do you think they'll pull her off?

CHRIS  
Ain't got a clue, mate. Best we get out there before they do.

A POLICE LAUNCH races at full speed out of the harbour heading towards the steamer. CHRIS and DAVID watch as TWO POLICEMEN, barely discernible in the distance, moor the launch to the gangplank of the steamer.

CHRIS(cont)  
We'll have to go tonight. Before all her booty's snitched.

DAVID  
You're nuts, you know.

CHRIS laughs.

CHRIS  
That goes without saying.

CHRIS grabs his snorkelling gear and heaves himself off the towel. He side-steps the tide puddles until he gets

(cont)

3.(cont)

to the water's edge, then pulls on his gear and runs penguin-like into the ocean.

DAVID, lying on his towel, stifles a yawn. Way down the stretch of beach lopes a CAMEL, on its back sways a SOMALI in a billowing red caftan. DAVID shakes his head as if to rid himself of lethargy, picks up his snorkelling gear and, avoiding the sea cucumbers and sea urchins, heads for the water. Adjusting his mask and snorkel, he takes a deep breath and plunges into the waves.

4. EXT. MOMBASA BAY -- AFTERNOON

DAVID snorkels out over the reef to where CHPIS floats. Myriads of tropical fish can be seen just beneath the surface feeding on the fuschia coral.

CHRIS  
(nasally through  
his mask)  
She'd be easy to get to when the  
tide's in.

DAVID  
What?

CHRIS  
The steamer! She's beautiful  
and full of lovely treasures  
waiting for us to rescue.

DAVID  
Rescue?

CHRIS  
Salvage, old chap. We go out there  
tonight and have a high old time!.

DAVID  
(laughing)  
Yeah, right. You, me and those cops.

DAVID is about to dive when CHRIS catches him by the arm and points to a LION FISH half-hidden by kelp just under

(cont)

4.(cont)

the surface of the water. They watch the disarmingly delicate fish slowly swim away.

DAVID(cont)

Thanks. That was close.

CHRIS

Safia's petrified of....

CHRIS dives.

DAVID

Lion fish.

CHRIS grabs DAVID's leg. DAVID yells as CHRIS pulls him under the water.

5. INT. JACQUES'S OFFICE -- AFTERNOON

In this luxuriously appointed office, there is an impressive blend of African and European antiques. Out the windows palm trees sway and across the street PEACOCKS strut inside the wrought-iron gates of a mansion.

JACQUES, a Belgian, speaks with a slight accent. He is short, fiftyish, with pale thinning hair, his skin a fish-belly white. There is nothing noticeably effeminate about him although it is apparent that he is gay.

Wearing a pale yellow silk suit, JACQUES paces as he dictates a letter to his SECRETARY, a young black man dressed in the latest European fashion.

JACQUES

... and therefore you may expect the shipment to leave Mombasa by ...

The PHONE RINGS. The SECRETARY answers.

SECRETARY

(lispng)

Marcel, I told you to hold all ...

PAUSE.

(cont)

5. (cont)

SECRETARY(cont)  
Your call to Istanbul, Jacques.

JACQUES  
Muller here.... Good to hear your  
voice, Mikos, I....

PAUSE.

JACQUES(cont)  
Can't hear a damn thing....  
She's taking on water....  
No! No, she's not sinking.  
What? ... Damn! ... The wheat is  
fermenting, Mikos. There's gas  
in the hold! Three men dead! What?  
... I can't hear! Drowned? No!  
Asphyxiated! ... Damn.

JACQUES slams the phone down in frustration.

6. EXT. MOMBASA BEACH -- AFTERNOON

DAVID and CHRIS walk along the beach carrying their snorkelling gear. DAVID's towel and camera equipment are slung around his neck. Behind them the light on the tramp steamer is not as bright as in the previous scene. A dhow sails past heading for the harbour. DAVID is smoking a badly rolled African-sized joint.

DAVID  
Imagine trying to get into that  
harbour without a pilot. And at  
night. The captain must've been nuts.

DAVID passes the joint to CHRIS.

CHRIS  
Or crazy. Heard Jacques trying to  
get through to Istanbul this morning.  
Something about the cargo being illegal.  
Apparently the captain tried to  
smuggle in contraband wheat against  
the embargo. The hold's full of it.

(cont)

6.(cont)

DAVID

Guess that's why he drowned himself.  
Do you think they'll find him?

CHRIS

Who? The captain? Shark shit by now,  
I should think. Chances are he was afraid  
they'd shoot him back in Turkey anyway.

DAVID

Charming.

CHRIS

Now you know why I want to go out  
there.

DAVID

I do?

CHRIS

She must have something awfully  
interesting on her, wouldn't you  
say, old sport?

DAVID

Yeah, right. Like a million cops.

CHRIS, blowing perfect smoke rings, passes the joint to  
DAVID.

CHRIS

Exactly my point. What are those  
chaps so keen on finding?

DAVID

You really think I'm that curious?

CHRIS

Come now, my colonial bore. Anyone  
who comes to this fair land to take  
shots has to want to know what's on  
that ship.

DAVID

I'm not boring. I'm reasonable.

CHRIS

Just think of the pics you'll get.

(CONT)

(cont)

6.(cont)

CHRIS(cont)

Make great copy to send your rather insatiable editor.

DAVID makes "quotation marks" in the air with his fingers.

DAVID

Promising young photographer with brilliant future dies on dangerous assignment.

CHRIS throws his towel at David, who dodges and laughs.

CHRIS

Come on. What's there to be afraid of?

DISSOLVE

7. EXT. POOL/JACQUES'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

The pool, surrounded by Grecian columns holding up a roof for shade, is in the yard of Jacques's house which overlooks the Indian Ocean. A high stone wall encloses the luxurious grounds of flowers, blooming shrubs and trees, and rock gardens.

The house itself, a handsome two-story stone structure, with many windows facing the ocean, has its double living room doors open to late afternoon sun. Off of Jacques's bedroom on the second floor is a large balcony set with patio furniture.

The garage, to one side of the house, has a baby-blue Jaguar and a Land Rover parked in front of it. MBALI's quarters, square and white-washed, are attached to the back of the garage, somewhat obscured by a copse of mango trees.

To the other side stands a rather large guest house, built after the same fashion as the main house.

SAFIA languidly finishes her swim, steps out of the pool, and pats herself dry with exquisitely graceful movements. As she strides past the open doors of the living room on her way to the guest house, we catch a glimpse of the antiques and Persian rugs within.

8. EXT. JACQUES'S OFFICE BUILDING -- LATE AFTERNOON

JACQUES leaves his office building, an impressive Victorian structure reminiscent of the colonial days. On the door hangs a wreath of holly, the only indication of the approaching holiday. The street is teeming with activity. An African MAN runs past pulling a heavily laden cart. An African OLD MAN with a push-cart sells pots and pans to an African WOMAN and CHILD. A badly deformed CRIPPLE sits begging on the sidewalk outside the gates of the mansion where the PEACOCKS still strut.

A SIREN wails and the activity on the street comes to a halt as everyone scatters to the sidewalks. A cavalcade of POLICE on motorcycles roars down the street with a massive black Rolls Royce in its midst. We catch a glimpse of JOMO KENYATTA as the car speeds past. The lead motorcycle narrowly misses a SMALL CHILD running from the street but the cavalcade does not slow down.

In general, the men in this scene wear a piece of cloth wrapped around their waist; by pulling it through their legs from behind and tucking it into the waist in front, a bloomer effect is created. The women wear multi-coloured cloths, "kanghas", wrapped around themselves in a variety of ingenious ways.

Aside from the African workers on the street there are also INDIANS who in general appear more affluent than the Africans. We see several INDIAN WOMEN pass wearing gold embroidered saris. TWO INDIAN MEN drive past in a Rolls Royce.

As JACQUES walks down the street to his car, he stops to buy a newspaper from a STREET URCHIN.

9. EXT. FERRY -- AFTERNOON

JACQUES sits in his Mercedes (the same car as in Scenes 1 & 2) on the ferry which connects the Island of Mombasa to the mainland in the south. The distance is perhaps two kilometres; the slip to which the ferry heads is clearly visible.

The ferry is full to capacity with six vehicles on board. There could be another Mercedes or two driven by whites, and perhaps an open Jeep driven by a prosperous-looking young black.

(cont)

9.(cont)

BLACKS of all ages, MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN, some with bicycles, some with baskets on their heads, crowd the available standing room.

JACQUES, who has been reading his newspaper, looks up and scans the crowd of passengers. His gaze is arrested by EMMANUEL, a strikingly handsome youth of about 20, who is standing at the railing smoking with a group of FOUR YOUTHS. The FOUR YOUTHS notice JACQUES's attention and appear to alert EMMANUEL who returns JACQUES's stare with both pleading and invitation.

10. INT. SAFIA'S BEDROOM (JACQUES'S GUEST HOUSE) -- DUSK

In contrast to the antiques we glimpsed in Scene 7, through the open doors of the living room in Jacques's house, this bedroom is modern with a Jean Cocteau original hanging above the water bed.

CHRIS, lying naked on the bed, watches SAFIA who has changed into a black and white cotton jumpsuit. On a chair sits an open suitcase with some of Safia's clothes carelessly thrown in. SAFIA, angry with CHRIS, stomps around arguing with him as she tosses more clothing into the suitcase.

SAFIA

It's a stupid idea.

CHRIS

Come now, love, she's a beautiful....

SAFIA

She's an old scow full of stinking wheat. I really don't understand what you think she's carrying.

CHRIS

Diamonds! Gold!

SAFIA

Oh, for Christ's sa....

CHRIS

Listen, that captain didn't drown

(CONT)

(cont)



10.(cont)

CHRIS(cont)  
himself for nothing. She's got to have something on her and I'd like to know what!

SAFIA  
Why?

CHRIS  
Why not?

SAFIA angrily takes her passport from the top of the dresser and throws it into her purse.

SAFIA  
She's bound to be patrolled by the harbour police. Besides you've got no way of getting out to her.

CHRIS  
Relax, darling. You've got your feathers in a knot over nothing.

CHRIS gets up from the bed and puts his arms around SAFIA.

CHRIS(cont)  
It's just for fun.

SAFIA shrugs him off.

SAFIA  
Ha!

SAFIA grabs a suit from the closet and throws it into her suitcase.

CHRIS collapses into a chair.

CHRIS  
When's your flight to Zurich?

SAFIA  
Lausanne.

CHRIS  
Oh.

(cont)

10. (cont.)

SAFIA

14:50 tomorrow.

CHRIS

What is it this time? Simultaneous translation of English into American at another World Bank convention on how to save our planet?

SAFIA

(sighing)

French into Arabic. A psychiatrists' convention. You should come with me. I think you need your head read.

CHRIS

Oh, we are funny today. I'll give you a lift to Nairobi if you like.

SAFIA

Don't bother. Jacques asked me to take the Mercedes.

CHRIS raises an eyebrow, questioning this.

SAFIA(cont)

I'm to leave it at Zim's Garage. For a paint job. Baby blue.

CHRIS rolls his eyes. SAFIA laughs.

11. INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM (JACQUES'S GUEST HOUSE) -- DUSK

The bedroom is large and masculine; the type of furnishings one would expect to find in the days of the early colonial hunter. A zebra skin lies on the floor and a wild boar's head mounted on a wall. A mosquito net hangs down over the bed.

DAVID, showered and changed into a white T-shirt, jeans and sneakers, stands leaning against the bedroom window staring out at the ocean. His gaze follows a flock of birds feeding on some flying insects, but it is obvious from his brooding expression that his mind is elsewhere.

12. INT. SAFIA'S BEDROOM -- DUSK

SAFIA and CHRIS are embraced and undulating gently on the water bed.

SAFIA  
(kissing Chris)  
I hate you.

CHRIS  
Promise me....

SAFIA  
Anything. Almost.

CHRIS  
(biting her ear)  
Bitch. Promise me if I die, you'll  
hang yourself. I couldn't bear to  
have anyone else touch you.

SAFIA laughs uproariously.

SAFIA  
My God, but you're romantic.

CHRIS  
She laughs. I'm dead serious and  
she laughs.

SAFIA  
Promise me you won't go out to  
the steamer while I'm gone.

CHRIS  
I promise.

SAFIA  
Thank you. I love....

CHRIS  
I'll go tonight while you're  
still here!

SAFIA slaps his buttocks.

SAFIA  
There's no sense to you!

CHRIS raises himself onto his elbow and caresses her body  
(cont)

12. (cont)

as he gazes at her.

CHRIS  
Are you still feeling nauseous?

SAFIA  
Not now. Ask me again in the morning.

CHRIS puts his head on Safia's abdomen and SAFIA strokes his hair.

CHRIS  
Life is ridiculous. My life is  
ridiculous. My wife is a saint.

13. EXT. JACQUES'S HOUSE -- DUSK

As DAVID comes out of the Guest House, YUSEF, a handsome mixed breed of collie and shepherd, bounds around the corner of the house and greets DAVID excitedly. DAVID, with YUSEF jumping up at him, walks to the edge of the grounds to the stone fence and looks over the still water to the tramp steamer.

DAVID picks up a stick and throws it. YUSEF barks and runs after it. DAVID continues to stare out at the steamer. YUSEF, barking, drops the stick at David's feet.

14. INT. JACQUES'S DINING ROOM -- EVENING

DAVID, CHRIS (casually dressed), and SAFIA sit around a linen-covered table elegantly set with silver and crystal for the evening meal. The place at the head of the table is set but the chair is empty. Above the table hangs an antique chandelier.

Glass cases, the type one would expect to see only in a museum, crowd the room displaying a rich assortment of African artifacts. Various tribal masks adorn all the available wall space.

Out the open doors of the adjoining living room, we see a frangipangi tree, its flowers blooming against the

(cont)

14.(cont)

moon, full on the horizon. Fruit bats circle and squeal among the mango trees.

YUSEF enters through the open doors, trots over to DAVID and lays his head on David's lap.

SAFIA  
(shouts)  
Yusef! Outside!

YUSEF leaves with his tail between his legs.

SAFIA(cont)  
I hate dogs in the house.

DAVID tries to hide his annoyance with SAFIA.

DAVID  
He knows he's beautiful. Makes him impudent.

CHRIS  
Unlike someone else we know, right your royal highness?  
(to David)  
She makes me call her that when we're ... you know.

CHRIS implies that "you know" refers to when they make love.

SAFIA  
Liar.

DAVID  
(interested, thoughtful)  
What was it like? I mean ... being royalty.

CHRIS  
Oh, no! Don't get her going on about that.

SAFIA ignores CHRIS.

SAFIA  
My father was king. He would be appalled if he saw who his future son-in-law is. A mere upper-class....  
(cont)

14.(cont)

Chris throws a rolled up bit of bread at SAFIA who easily ducks it and LAUGHS.

SAFIA(cont)  
See what I mean?

DAVID LAUGHS.

SAFIA(cont)  
My father owned cattle. And when the end came, he sold his animals and sent us all to Oxford.

CHRIS  
Nothing to do with brains. She got her soome cume laude because of her looks.

SAFIA  
My brother is still at Oxford reading history.

DAVID  
If your father was chief, does that make you a princess?

CHRIS  
Oh god, don't encourage her.

SAFIA  
(indicating Chris)  
And him an upper-class twit.

CHRIS  
She thinks she's superior to me.

SAFIA  
I am. The Masai are. That will never change.

SAFIA, with her hair plaited and her skin oiled, shines in the flattering glow of the chandelier. DAVID catches himself staring at her. She ignores David's stare and, with impeccable manners, tastes the soup, then picks up a crystal bell from the centre of the table and rings it furiously.

CHRIS  
What's the trouble, love?

(cont)

14.(cont)

SAFIA  
(haughtily)  
The soup is cold.

CHRIS  
Maybe it's meant to be.

DAVID chuckles. SAFIA is not amused.

MBALI, in answer to the bell, shuffles indolently in from the kitchen door which is at one end of the dining room. He is squat and ugly with a red fez clinging precariously to his mat of black hair; an ancient jalaba falling to mid-calf, exposes elephant-hide bare feet. He stands framed in the doorway, sullenly staring at some obscure point on the floor.

SAFIA, indicating the soup, speaks angrily to MBALI in Swahili.

SAFIA  
Chakula hiki baridi.

MBALI's attitude is insolent and he swears not quite under his breath.

MBALI  
Fulani.

SAFIA chooses to ignore MBALI as he clatters the soup plates one on top of the other and heads out the door he came in.

CHRIS  
He deserves to be Hutu.

SAFIA snorts with laughter.

CHRIS(cont)  
You like it when I'm a snob,  
don't you my love?  
(to David)  
She's been giving me lessons.

DAVID laughs.

DAVID  
I didn't know Mbali was a Hutu.

(cont)

14. (cont)

CHRIS  
(laughing)  
Christ, man, don't let Safia hear  
you say that.

SAFIA arches her back ever so slightly.

SAFIA  
Did you really think Mbali was  
a Masai?

CHRIS  
Boy, are you in trouble.

DAVID  
(conceding)  
No, no, not me. I'd never think  
that.

CHRIS  
Safia hates Hutus. Don't you, my  
little jungle bunny?

DAVID  
I'm sorry, I think the only tribe  
I can recognize is the Masai ...

CHRIS  
(interrupting)  
Careful. Saf is terribly sensitive  
to any racial slur. She secretly  
thinks we all look the same too.

SAFIA  
Idiot.

CHRIS  
It's an old tribal feud that ...

DAVID  
I've read about it.

SAFIA  
Yes, of course, you have. As  
for Chris, he's simply being  
an ass because he is an ass.

CHRIS  
Has nothing to do with my going out  
to the steamer tonight, does it, my  
sweet bitch?  
(cont)



14.(cont)

SAFIA

Go if you want. I think you're crazy.

DAVID

(triumphant to Chris)

There you see!

CHRIS

What?

SAFIA

I'm sure Jacques would have a thing or two to say about you going out there.

CHRIS turns to look at Jacques's empty chair.

CHRIS

Where is our wayward host?

SAFIA

I hate eating without him here. Mbali is too surly for words.

DAVID

Too bad he's not here. I'd like to know what he'd think of us going out to the steamer.

CHRIS

He's late because they've decided to pull her off the reef tomorrow.

DAVID

You know that?

SAFIA

No, he doesn't.

CHRIS

How about David and I drive you to Nairobi tomorrow?

David

You're going to Nairobi?

SAFIA

Switzerland. For a conference.

(cont)

14. (cont)

CHRIS  
French into Arabic.

CHRIS reaches across the table and takes SAFIA's hand.

CHRIS(cont)  
When you return we'll paint  
Nairobi any colour you like.

SAFIA smiles at CHRIS.

SAFIA  
Do you have any idea why I love  
you?

CHRIS  
No, do you?

They laugh.

SAFIA  
How are your photo sessions coming  
along, David?

DAVID  
O.K. I mean ... quite well actually.  
I'd like to get up to Lamu soon. I  
hear it's ...

SAFIA  
Exquisite. You will love Lamu!

CHRIS  
Now there's an adventure. We could  
charter a plane, unless you fancy a  
long bus ride.

DAVID  
Get more pics on a bus.

CHRIS  
True. Quite true. And just think of  
the pics you will get tonight.

SAFIA  
After Lamu we could visit my family  
in Uganda. Maybe even Jacques would  
come with us. He hasn't seen my parents  
in ages.

(cont)

14.(cont)

CHRIS

Out there on a romantic tramp steamer.  
Her hull caught in a coral trap. Waiting  
to be rescued. Or at least have her  
cargo rescued. The moon full. The tide  
high. We'd be crazy not to go tonight.

SAFIA

You're crazy, anyway. But especially  
if you go out there.

MBALI enters with a shrivelled leg of lamb floating in  
mint jelly on a silver platter. He places it at the head  
of the table and turns to leave.

CHRIS

Mbali could get us a boat!

SAFIA groans.

DAVID

You think so?

CHRIS

Come on, Saf, ask him to get us  
a boat for tonight. David needs  
some photos, right ol' man?

DAVID

No ... ok ... yes, I do.

SAFIA

Do you have any idea how treacherous  
that reef is at night? How do you  
know there won't be harbour police  
crawling all over her?

CHRIS

Does that mean you'll ask him?

CHRIS gets up from the table, goes to SAFIA, and puts his  
head on her lap.

CHRIS

Ppppuullleeaasssssse!

SAFIA and DAVID laugh.

SAFIA

You're such an idiot. Maybe that's  
why I love you. (cont)

14. (cont)

CHRIS

Mbali!

MBALI, who was about to leave the dining room, stops in the doorway but stubbornly refuses to turn around.

CHRIS(cont)

Ask him!

SAFIA

Naomba kwako. Kwa sababu ninaogopa.

MBALI turns to stare at SAFIA, says nothing and disappears into the kitchen.

SAFIA(cont)

There, you happy, you mad fool?

CHRIS

Why can't they bloody well speak English?

SAFIA

Don't let anything happen to this impressively insensitive brute, will you, David?

CHRIS crawls into SAFIA's lap. She laughs.

SAFIA(cont)

I think I love him. But I could be wrong.

CHRIS playfully bites her arm.

CHRIS

Don't be silly. You're never wrong about anything.

15. INT. JACQUES'S LIVING ROOM -- DUSK

A luxurious, tawny lion hide lies over the back of the sofa and various animal skins -- zebra, antelope, giraffe -- cover the marble floor. Tribal spears and brass pots filled with exotic foliage stand in the corners. Near the open doors stands an ornately carved four-foot ivory tusk mounted in brass. On the wall hangs an unseemly large painting of naked  
(cont)

15. (cont)

boys with Jacques's face floating in the middle. Across the room near the marble fireplace is a telephone table and lamp.

As DAVID sets up a chess set of ancient ivory and amber African warriors on the glass coffee table, CHRIS unwraps a waxpaper package of grass cookies. He scrutinizes one of the greenish cookies under the light from the lamp near him at the end of the sofa. The ebony-based lamp has a shade fashioned from a camel bladder.

MBALI enters with coffee and cups on a silver tray and sets it down on the coffee table disturbing the chess set slightly, on purpose.

SAFIA

Asante sana.

MBALI glares at her and leaves.

CHRIS hands David a grass cookie. DAVID takes it and peer dubiously at it.

CHRIS

I made these especially for you.  
For your tourist lungs.

DAVID laughs.

CHRIS

It's a good batch.  
(to Safia)

Remember the time Mbali pigged out  
and ate three of these?

SAFIA shrugs.

DAVID

What happened?

CHRIS

Served him right. I'd left them  
in my jacket pocket.

SAFIA

I'm sure he steals from Jacques.

CHRIS

He hallucinated for hours.  
Wanted to sleep upstairs in  
Bwana Jacques's bed.

(cont)

15. (cont)

CHRIS  
Funniest goddamn thing! Said Mombasa  
trains were crawling all over him.

SAFIA  
Ugh!

DAVID  
You mean those black centipedes?

CHRIS  
The ones with orange feet.

DAVID  
Don't they bite?

SAFIA  
Yes.  
(laughing)  
It really wasn't funny.

CHRIS  
Yes it was. He's never snitched  
anything from me again.

DAVID  
Why does Jacques keep him?

SAFIA  
Habit more than anything. We  
can't fault Jacques. If he  
weren't so generous he  
wouldn't have any of us living  
here. Except me of course.

SAFIA pours coffee and hands David a cup.

DAVID  
Thanks. Do you spend much time  
with your parents?

SAFIA  
If there's a long spell between  
conferences I go. There's no  
airport near them. So usually I  
stay with Jacques.

CHRIS.  
Jacques's known Saf's parents since  
before the Mau Mau years.

(cont)

15.(cont)

SAFIA

Now that old Christopher has come from Oxford to keep me company, I like to spend as much time as possible in Uganda. So they can get used to him. He's so odd.

CHRIS

(laughing)

Very funny. After six years they know I'm no odder than you.

SAFIA

(to David)

Maybe you can keep him out of trouble while I'm gone. The last time I went to Europe, he went climbing palm trees.

CHRIS

Coconut palm wine. Puts hair on your chest.

SAFIA

Puts you in the hospital.

CHRIS

Only if you climb drunk.

SAFIA

And you never would.

CHRIS

Can't say that.

SAFIA

How long can you stay?

CHRIS

She really doesn't trust me. Have you renewed your visa yet?

DAVID is staring at the lamp and is slow to answer.

DAVID

Not yet.

CHRIS

Best get that done soon. Then

(CONT)

(cont)

15.(cont)

CHRIS(cont)  
you're set for another three  
months.

DAVID  
What is that lamp shade made from?

CHRIS  
Camel bladder.

DAVID  
It's breathing.

CHRIS  
Must be the cookies. You open.

DAVID pulls his attention away from the lamp, stares for  
a moment at the chess board, then opens with KBP -- KB3.

CHRIS(cont)  
A clever move, dear chap.

CHRIS opens with KP -- K3.

SAFIA  
Watch him, David, he cheats.

CHRIS  
Do not.

DAVID responds with KNP -- KN4.

DAVID  
Don't worry, I was chess champ  
at college.

CHRIS responds with Q--KR5.

CHRIS  
Checkmate!

DAVID  
What?!

SAFIA  
Told you.



16. INT. MBALI'S QUARTERS -- EVENING

MBALI'S room, with its white-washed walls and hard-packed dirt floor, is incongruously furnished with cast-offs from Jacques. There is a four-poster bed along one wall and, opposite it, lit by a hurricane lamp, an eating area with a charcoal stove on the floor next to a delicate but rickety antique table and chairs. The place is tidy despite the CHICKENS scratching in the dirt. The windows are small and open to the night; there is only one door.

MBALI'S WIFE, thin and worn in a plain, ill-fitting dress and bare feet, stands mute with her hands hanging by her side as MBALI takes a large scythe-shaped panga from under the bed.

MBALI'S WIFE seems about to say something but MBALI stops her with a glare. As he runs to the door with the panga, the CHICKENS SQUAWK underfoot.

17. INT. SAFIA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

DAVID, with a knapsack on his back and his camera equipment slung around his neck, stands in the doorway of the bedroom watching CHRIS get ready. CHRIS's knapsack, stuffed to the point of bursting, sits on the bed. CHRIS is very excited and does nothing to hide his exuberance.

CHRIS

I always love packing. My parents sent me packing when I was six. To boarding school. No wonder I love packing, I hated them.

CHRIS takes a T-shirt from a drawer, rolls it in a ball and puts it in the knapsack.

DAVID

Six! The Brits are so civilized.

CHRIS

Don't tell me you're one of those sentimental turds who likes his bloody family.

(cont)

17. (cont)

DAVID

Yup! The whole bloody lot. The dog. My mom, my sister. Even my fat old man.

CHRIS

You don't have a fat old man. You told me he was a mean, lean lumber jack.

DAVID

He is. But underneath he's really a fat old man.

CHRIS laughs then frantically searches the closet, chooses a pair of sneakers, turns them upsidedown, shakes them furiously, and puts them on.

CHRIS

Now, do you have everything you need? Got your camera gear? Yes, good. I'm not a light traveller. Never have been.

CHRIS glances at David's lightly packed knapsack.

DAVID looks at Chris's knapsack.

DAVID

I brought less than that when I when I came to Kenya.

CHRIS

Like hell.

DAVID

Honest.

SAFIA, with a silver flask in her hand, comes through the door and DAVID has to move for her to pass. He seems delighted yet disconcerted by her presence. She hugs CHRIS.

SAFIA

If you get yourself killed out there, we're through. You hear?

SAFIA sticks the flask in the side pocket of CHRIS's knapsack.

CHRIS shrugs the knapsack onto his back, grunting under the weight.

(cont)

17.(cont)

SAFIA  
Just how long are you going for?

CHRIS  
Boy Scouts and adventurers are  
always prepared.

SAFIA picks up a flashlight from the bed.

SAFIA  
And what's this?

CHRIS grabs the flashlight.

CHRIS  
Thank you, my sweet love.

CHRIS takes SAFIA passionately in his arms.

CHRIS(cont)  
I shall return full of wondrous  
tales to entertain your lonely  
nights and golden jewels to  
adorn your....

SAFIA  
Get out of here.

18. EXT. ROAD TO BEACH -- NIGHT

The moon hangs high overhead as DAVID and CHRIS, wearing their knapsacks, make their way with YUSEF down the sandy road to the beach. CHRIS saunters on ahead whistling a lively tune.

On the shoulder of the road DAVID notices some animal tracks and bends down to take a closer look.

DAVID  
Hey! Hey, Chris! What do you  
think these are?

a CHRIS whips his flashlight out of his knapsack, and in caricature of a mighty white hunter, marches fearlessly back to the tracks. He shines the light every where but on the tracks.

(cont)

18.(cont)

CHRIS

Tortoise, my fearless one.

YUSEF, who has been running through the underbrush at the side of the road BARKS. A massive MAMBA, about 15' long comes slithering out of the tall grass and crosses the road with YUSEF BARKING at its tail. CHRIS jumps back in fear.

DAVID

Yusef!

YUSEF BARKS again at the disappearing MAMBA and comes to David's side wagging his tail excitedly.

DAVID(cont)

Good dog.

CHRIS

Good dog! He just about got us killed.

DAVID

I take it you don't like snakes.

CHRIS

It's Freudian.

Suddenly a pair of headlights appear down the road. CHRIS grabs DAVID and pulls him into the underbrush as the car approaches. YUSEF bounds after them. The car, Jacques's Mercedes, whisks past and we catch a glimpse of JACQUES's face seen in the glow from the dashboard light.

DAVID and CHRIS step out onto the road and watch the tail lights disappear down the road in the direction of Jacques's house.

19. INT. SAFIA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

SAFIA emerges from the bathroom wearing a long white nightgown. She climbs into bed and turns out the light just as car headlights flash through the window. She snuggles down into the bed.

20. EXT. DRIVEWAY, JACQUES'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Jacques's Mercedes comes to a stop in front of the garage. There are no lights on anywhere in any of the buildings.

21. EXT. STONE STEPS TO BEACH -- NIGHT

Stone steps, almost overgrown with bushes, lead down to the ocean. The tide is high and pounds against the last steps sending up a spray. DAVID and CHRIS sit half-way down the steps leaning against their knapsacks. DAVID, with YUSEF resting contentedly at his feet, focuses his camera on the full moon and takes a shot.

In the distance the tramp steamer shimmers in the moonlight like some ethereal ghost.

CHRIS pulls a marijuana joint from his pack of Kenya Golds and lights it. The spray from a large wave forces them to move up a few steps. CHRIS hands DAVID the joint.

DAVID

Are you sure this is the right place?

CHRIS

Sure. No other steps like these around here.

DAVID pats Yusef.

CHRIS(cont)

That dog sure does like you.

DAVID

I know. He reminds of a dog I had when I was a kid. In the lumber camp.

CHRIS

We never had a dog. I was always at school and my parents, may they rot in hell, always travelled.

DAVID

What did you do on the holidays?

(cont)

221. (cont)

CHRIS

Oh, I was one of the lucky ones. I got to stay at school. Unless a friend's parents took pity on me. From the time I was six until I was fourteen, I never saw my father.

DAVID

Good grief.

CHRIS

Oh, it was normal. I saw my mother once, I think. She came to the school to tell me my grandfather had died.

DAVID

How awful.

CHRIS

Not really. I never knew the bastard.

DAVID

That's not what I meant.

CHRIS

I know!

DAVID

It's a wonder you turned out normal at all.

CHRIS

I didn't.

DAVID

For someone who had such a rotten childhood, you seem to have a pretty good relationship with Safia.

CHRIS

Hey! It wasn't rotten! You're just jealous of all that freedom I had.

DAVID

Yeah, right.

CHRIS

Besides, Safia's special, in case you hadn't noticed. She was sent away to school when she was quite young, too.

(cont)

21. (cont)

DAVID

To England.

CHRIS

We turned out alright. We're just not as quiet about our desperation as our parents were. (Beat) We're soul mates.

Suddenly YUSEF HOWLS. CHRIS and DAVID both jump to their feet. CHRIS tries to get his flashlight from his knapsack but fails to find it.

Out of the moonlight slips a small wooden fishing boat. Manning the oars is the LUO, an extraordinarily huge man, while MBALI crouches frightened in the bow.

The LUO deftly throws CHRIS a painter as the fishing boat tosses crazily on the tide. CHRIS misses the line, but DAVID manages to catch the rope before it falls into the water.

DAVID and CHRIS pull the craft closer to the steps and CHRIS clambers on board, stumbling against the gunwale. DAVID follows on board. YUSEF BARKS.

Mbali wears the jalaba we saw in Scene 14 and the Luo wears the traditional 'skirt' typical of the East African fishermen.

22. EXT. FISHING BOAT/ MOMBASA BAY NEAR SHORE -- NIGHT

The fishing boat tosses on the crashing waves.

DAVID

Jambo.

David's greeting is met with stony silence. DAVID and CHRIS sit squeezed together in the stern, facing the LUO. Just as the fishing boat pulls away from the steps YUSEF takes a flying leap and lands sprawled between DAVID and CHRIS. The LUO stops rowing immediately and MBALI stands up in the bow.

MBALI

Get that damn dog out of the boat!

(cont)

22.(cont)

CHRIS  
What!? You speak bloody English!?

YUSEF cowers at David's feet.

MBALI  
Get it out of the boat!

Because of MBALI standing in the bow, the boat rocks dangerously.

MBALI(cont)  
Go back!

The LUO begins to turn the boat around.

CHRIS  
They both speak bloody English!

DAVID  
Mbali, please sit down before the boat tips.

MBALI looks at David as if he has noticed him for the first time, and sits down.

CHRIS looks at Mbali as if he has never seen any one quite like him before. MBALI grins at Chris.

DAVID pats Yusef's head.

CHRIS  
Let's go.

The LUO turns to look at Mbali who nods his head. The LUO turns the fishing boat around and heads out towards the steamer.

CHRIS(cont)  
I don't bloody believe it.  
They both speak bloody English.

DISSOLVE



23. EXT. FISHING BOAT/MIDDLE OF MOMBASA BAY -- NIGHT

Out past the crashing shore waves where the ocean is smooth, the phosphorescence shines with every dip of the oars. The LUO rows the fishing boat effortlessly, his splayed feet braced against the bare hull.

CHRIS nudges DAVID and points to the handle of a knife which sticks out from the waist of the Luo's clothing. Mballi's panga lays beside him in the bow.

The LUO spits a long stream overboard. Beyond him CHRIS and DAVID see the steamer looming ever larger, her massive hull dwarfing the fishing boat.

DISSOLVE

24. EXT. FISHING BOAT/PORTSIDE OF STEAMER -- NIGHT

As the fishing boat draws nearer to the steamer, we see she is not a young ship, rust bleeds from her hawse pipe, raised blisters of paint flaw her trapped hull. Down her portside hangs the gangplank with its platform allowing easy access, but the portside of the steamer is angled towards the lights of Mombasa Harbour.

The ocean is once again rough as the waves crash against the reef. The LUO glistens with sweat as he pulls on the oars heading the fishing boat toward the gangplank.

CHRIS

Row to the other side. We'll  
be seen from here.

The LUO stops rowing for a moment and looks at Chris. He speaks with a thick Swahili accent.

LUO

Who see you, man?

CHRIS

The harbour police.

The LUO LAUGHS uproariously.

(cont)

24.(cont)

LUO  
No Kikuyu police man can  
see worth shit in the night!

DAVID  
I take it you are not Kikuyu.

LUO  
I am from the Luo and we have no  
truck with them damn Kikuyu.

MBALI raises his panga in the air.

MBALI  
Yee! Yee! And I Hutu and we truck  
with no body!

CHRIS laughs.

DAVID  
Let's keep it down. I think  
Chris is right. We should go  
to the other side. Away from the  
lights.

LUO  
Ho kay, Bwana.

DISSOLVE

25. EXT. FISHING BOAT/STARBOARD OF STEAMER -- NIGHT

As the fishing boat heads stealthily to the starboard side of the steamer, CHRIS takes off his knapsack and hauls out a grappling hook with a length of rope. He stands up, seriously jeopardizing stability, as the LUO guides the fishing boat closer to the steamer's hull. CHRIS swings the hook in a tight arc and throws it high. The LUO and MBALI are startled, DAVID clings to the gunwale. The hook clangs above their heads against the hull and falls back to the bottom of the fishing boat, barely missing the feet of the Luo.

LUO  
Mbolea! You try to kill me?!

(cont)

25. (cont)

YUSEF BARKS.

DAVID pats Yusef who calms down.

CHRIS  
(to David)

You try.

Before DAVID can respond, the LUO grabs the hook and rope from Chris. He throws, and the hook catches with a resounding clank on the railing high above their heads. Suddenly everything is quiet and for a moment they listen nervously.

DAVID

Are the police supposed to be deaf as well?

The LUO ignores David's remark and ties the end of the rope to the oar lock of the fishing boat. CHRIS puts on his knapsack.

A slight wind is noticeable and it whips the spray off the tops of the waves.

CHRIS

Keep a good eye out. If you hear anything untoward, knock on her with the oar. Bang. Bang. Right, Dave, me lad? And we'll come running.

MBALI and the LUO look at Chris and David blankly. CHRIS grabs the rope and begins to haul himself up the twenty feet or so of freeboard to the deck. The LUO crouches out of the way in the bow with MBALI.

DAVID pats Yusef on the head.

DAVID

Stay.

CHRIS(o.s.)  
(excited whisper)  
Come on, landlubber!

DAVID starts to pull himself up the rope. YUSEF WHIMPERS.

26. EXT. DECK -- NIGHT

The tramp steamer's grimy deck is grey and peeling, a lone davit stands on the deck aft, an open hatch gapes amidships. The lights of Mombasa twinkle on the shore.

DAVID climbs over the railing and stands still for a moment, wiping the sweat from his forehead. A breeze ruffles his hair as he focuses his camera and takes a photo of the beckoning lights of Mombasa. CHRIS noisily forages in the background near a pile of ropes.

CHRIS

Things have been gone through  
by the look of it.

DAVID

Find anything?

CHRIS

Anything of value's gone,  
I expect.

CHRIS heads for the bridge steps at the ship's stern.

27. EXT. STEPS TO BRIDGE -- NIGHT

The bridge of the wheelhouse rises high above the stern deck with open metal steps leading to it.

CHRIS

Come on!

DAVID follows and their steps ring out on the  
companionway.

DAVID

Shh!

CHRIS

Shh!

28. INT. WHEELHOUSE -- NIGHT

In the wheelhouse the helm has been ripped from its brass footing, the compass, clinometer, and radar scope are gone. The ship's telegraph and voice pipe are smashed.

DAVID looks out the window at the harbour lights, and in the silence, the creaks and groans of the abandoned ship are apparent.

CHRIS lets out a low whistle, stuffs his hands into his front pockets and rocks back and forth on the balls of his feet. He adopts a Southern cowboy drawl.

CHRIS

Way I see it, pardner, this here ship was operatin' without no compass.

DAVID laughs and kicks at some broken glass on the deck.

DAVID

Reckon the crew did it?

DAVID turns a full circle looking around the wheelhouse.

DAVID(cont)

They even took the wheel?  
Where the hell's the wheel?

CHRIS

Well I'll be hogtied. I sure was a plannin' to rip off that wheel myself.

DAVID laughs.

CHRIS(cont)

Let's blow this one-horse town.

29. INT. BRIDGE -- NIGHT

DAVID follows CHRIS across the dark narrow passageway to the captain's quarters.

30. EXT. FISHING BOAT -- NIGHT

The LUO holds onto the grappling rope and, with the use of an oar, keeps the fishing boat from smashing into the steamer's hull. MBALI, still crouching in the bow and holding on for dear life as the small craft rides the waves of the tide, looks overhead at the gunwale of the steamer. YUSEF has curled up in the bottom of the boat; with his head on his paws, he keeps a watchful eye.

31. INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS -- NIGHT

Some papers are strewn on the deck of the spartanly appointed captain's quarters. The steel bunk, with nothing on it, not even a mattress, and the night table are built in. The moon shines an eerie light through the port hole.

DAVID eases his knapsack onto the bunk and digs out his flashlight as CHRIS slips out the door. DAVID examines his camera with the flashlight.

DAVID

When we go to Nairobi, I'll  
check out that new camera shop.  
This doesn't like salt air....

DAVID turns and realizes that Chris is not there. He is about to get up off the bed when a DOOR SLAMS from below decks. DAVID jumps up from the bed.

CHRIS(o.s.)

Bet you two shillings that's Mbali!

DAVID(yelling)

Don't yell. Don't you know how  
sound travels over water...?

CHRIS(o.s.)

Now he tells me.

The steamer suddenly lurches portside as she settles further into her bed of coral. DAVID loses his footing for a moment and sits back down on the bed.

CHRIS, sporting a seaman's cap, appears suddenly in the doorway and takes a great swig from his silver flask of rum.

(cont)

31.(cont)

CHRIS

Avast, me hearties! Bring me my  
brass-bound buggering box! These  
cabin boys tear too easily!

DAVID

Get out of here! Where'd you  
learn that one?

CHRIS

From me dear ol' mum, may God  
have mercy on her lecherous soul.

DAVID

Liar.

CHRIS offers the flask to David.

CHRIS

Want some?

Suddenly from below decks comes a sharp YELL followed by  
an eerie ULULATION. DAVID jumps from the bed and grasps  
Chris by the arm.

32. INT. SAFIA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

SAFIA screams and awakens suddenly from sleep as if from  
a nightmare. She sits up in bed trembling and turns the  
light on. There is sweat on her brow and the sheets lay  
in a twisted mass at the bottom of the bed.

33. INT. BRIDGE -- NIGHT

DAVID, pulling on his knapsack and slinging his camera  
around his neck, runs across the companionway to the  
wheelhouse.

The strange eerie not quite human sound increases in  
volume. YUSEF can be heard HOWLING.

34. INT. WHEELHOUSE -- NIGHT

DAVID looks out the window down onto the deck and across the bay to the harbour and the lights of Mombasa.

CHRIS (o.s.)  
Anything?

DAVID heads for the door.

DAVID  
No!

35. INT. BRIDGE -- NIGHT

CHRIS, struggling into his knapsack, runs into DAVID as he comes out of the wheelhouse. The ululation is at fever pitch and YUSEF HOWLS.

CHRIS  
Mbali!

36. EXT. BRIDGE STEPS -- NIGHT

DAVID and CHRIS run to the top of the bridge steps.

37. EXT. DECK -- NIGHT

MBALI runs from the open hatch amidships towards the grappling hook on the portside.

38. EXT. BRIDGE STEPS -- NIGHT

DAVID and CHRIS run down the steps to the deck.

CHRIS  
Stop! Stop, you mother!

DAVID  
Mbali! Wait!



39. EXT. DECK -- NIGHT

MBALI, still wailing, reaches the grappling hook, grabs the rope, and disappears over the side of the ship.

40. EXT. FISHING BOAT -- NIGHT

MBALI slithers down the rope, falling the last few feet into the fishing boat. As he desperately tries to cut through the rope YUSEF BARKS menacingly at him. MBALI turns toward Yusef with his knife raised high. The boat tips and YUSEF is plunged into the water. We hear a YELP and then no more.

DAVID(off screen)

Yusef! Yusef!

MBALI manages to grab onto the rope and save himself and the boat from overturning. DAVID and CHRIS appear at the railing high above Mbali's head. CHRIS throws down his knapsack onto the deck.

CHRIS

Mbali! Stop!

DAVID

Yusef! Mbali, where's Yusef!?

CHRIS begins to climb down the rope and is half-way down when MBALI succeeds in cutting the boat free.

CHRIS

Mbali! Stop, you mother!

Still wailing, MBALI frantically rows away towards shore. CHRIS, hanging onto the rope, shakes his fist at the quickly receding fishing boat.

CHRIS

Mbali!

a CHRIS slips a few feet down the rope, burning his hands little.

CHRIS

Ahhg!

(cont)

40. (cont)

DAVID

Are you O.K.? Can you see Yusef?

CHRIS begins to haul himself back up the rope to the railing.

CHRIS

No. Can't see a bloody thing.

41. EXT. DECK -- NIGHT

CHRIS, breathing heavily, topples over the railing onto the deck. He puts his hands under his armpits and crumples into a ball, moaning.

DAVID

How're your hands?

CHRIS throws his hands into the air.

CHRIS

Fine!

CHRIS jumps to his feet and grabs his knapsack.

DAVID

Very funny. What are we going to do now?

CHRIS

How does signalling the police for help strike you?

DAVID

It doesn't.

CHRIS

Good. Then may I suggest we cache our packs in the hold? And swim for it.

DAVID

Terrific.

CHRIS

Tsk. Tsk.

(cont)

41.(cont)

They head towards the open hatch amidships.

CHRIS(cont)

What do you think scared him?

DAVID

Do you think Yusef's o.k.?

CHRIS

Sure he is.

MBALI's wailing can no longer be heard above the creaks and groans of the ship. The wind has increased to a steady blow.

42. EXT. DECK/OPEN HATCH AMIDSHIPS -- NIGHT

DAVID and CHRIS drop their knapsacks to the deck when they reach the open hatch. CHRIS digs out his flashlight, they gather their sacks and CHRIS begins to descend down the hatch.

43. INT. LOWER DECK/LADDER -- NIGHT

As CHRIS, followed by DAVID, descends the ladder into the ship, he shines the flashlight around in the pitch black. RATS SQUEAK and scurry away.

Halfway down CHRIS stops suddenly and DAVID nearly hoofs him in the face.

CHRIS

Christ!

DAVID

Sorry, man.

CHRIS

Look over there!

DAVID follows the beam of the flashlight. Across the door-frame of the bulkhead lays the prostrate figure of the LUO, his scythe-shaped panga clutched in his lifeless hand.

(cont)

43. (cont)

DAVID

Oh, God!

CHRIS

Do you think Mbali did it?

Suddenly the steamer lurches portside as she settles further into the coral reef. DAVID and CHRIS struggle to keep their hold on the ladder but CHRIS loses his footing and the flashlight drops with a resounding crash which echoes through the empty ship.

44. EXT. DECK -- NIGHT

CHRIS runs to the starboard side of the ship where the grappling rope lets down. Pulling off his knapsack, he throws it overboard. DAVID stands dazed near the open hatch. CHRIS runs to him and drags him to the rope. He pulls off David's knapsack.

CHRIS

Dump it! Dump it!

CHRIS heaves DAVID's knapsack over the railing. He turns to David and shakes him by the arms.

CHRIS

We have to swim for it. Now!

DAVID

I've never seen a dead man before.  
Chris, have you ever seen a dead  
man before?

CHRIS

David! Snap out of it!

CHRIS climbs over the railing, ready to slide down the rope. DAVID continues to stand motionless, staring. CHRIS climbs back over the railing. He leads DAVID to the rope.

CHRIS

We have to swim. Now you go  
down the rope first.

DAVID

Do you think Yusef's o.k.?

(cont)

44.(cont)

DAVID puts one leg over the railing.

CHRIS

That's it. Down you go. If you feel you're going to fall, let go. Don't hang on. You'll get burned. Got it?

DAVID looks at him blankly.

CHRIS(cont)

Off you go then.

DAVID puts his other leg over the railing and stands there holding onto the rope.

DAVID

I've lost my camera.

CHRIS

We'll get you a new one.

DAVID smiles wanly and starts to climb down the rope.

DAVID

Something tells me I should've stayed home. Taken that desk job in northern Ontario.

45. EXT. STARBOARD OF STEAMER -- NIGHT

DAVID, with CHRIS following, slips hand-over-hand down the grappling rope, dropping the last few feet into the water. A fierce wind blows the tops of the waves into white caps. Several yards off starboard the waves break savagely over the reef.

CHRIS drops into the water next to DAVID.

CHRIS

All set then?

DAVID tries to nod but gets a wave in the face.

CHRIS(cont)

Stay with me!

(cont)

45.(cont)

CHRIS ploughs through the thick surf, and DAVID follows.

DISSOLVE

46. EXT. MOMBASA BAY/STARBOARD OF STEAMER -- NIGHT

DAVID and CHRIS have made little headway through the waves. The steamer still looms large behind them. As DAVID swims he picks out the Southern Cross low on the horizon.

47. EXT. DAVID'S PARENTS' HOME -- DUSK FLASHBACK

Outside a homey but well-maintained log cabin, its windows filled with candlelight, DAVID and his family decorate a fir tree for Christmas. His FATHER and MOTHER hang stars made out of suet and his SISTER drapes a string of peanuts in the shell on the branches.

DAVID, age 12, romps in the snow with a DOG similar to Yusef. He spots the Northern star and points to it.

48. EXT. MOMBASA BAY/REEF STARBOARD OF STEAMER -- NIGHT

CHRIS and DAVID swim side by side through the whitecaps. Suddenly CHRIS SCREAMS in pain. Stunned, DAVID sees CHRIS disappear beneath the water. DAVID swims to where Chris went under. CHRIS surfaces briefly and DAVID reaches out to grab him. CHRIS SCREAMS again in agony and sinks under the water before DAVID has a hold on him.

DAVID

Chris!

DAVID searches frantically for Chris but Chris has not surfaced again. DAVID dives and comes up CHOKING. He looks around desperately.

DAVID(cont)

Chris!

(cont)

48. (cont)

DAVID dives and as we watch the storm rage on the screen, it seems as if he will never surface again and that the two of them have drowned.

Suddenly DAVID surfaces GASPING FOR AIR. He pulls CHRIS to the surface by the back of his T-shirt. CHRIS is limp.

DAVID(cont)

Chris!

CHRIS does not respond. DAVID puts his arm tightly across Chris's chest, supporting his rolling head, and scissor-kicks towards the steamer.

DISSOLVE

49. EXT. MOMBASA BAY/PORTSIDE OF STEAMER -- NIGHT

DAVID, with CHRIS in tow, heads towards the portside of the steamer as the storm continues to rage around them. The full moon, obscured by racing clouds, offers little light.

A wave hits DAVID in the face. Gasping and choking, he momentarily loses his grip on Chris. CHRIS slips under the water for a few seconds while DAVID gets a better grip on him.

DISSOLVE

50. EXT. GANGWAY/PORTSIDE OF STEAMER -- NIGHT

It takes all of DAVID's remaining strength to haul CHRIS onto the gangplank of the steamer and lay him on his back. Shaking as much from fear as effort, DAVID kneels beside CHRIS and puts his ear to his chest. Chris's chest is not moving and DAVID begins to give CHRIS mouth-to-mouth artificial respiration.

DAVID blows into Chris's mouth and then turns his head to see if Chris's chest is rising. At this moment there  
(cont)

50.(cont)

is a break in the clouds and the moonlight is strong and clear. DAVID sees masses of slimy jellyfish tentacles clinging to Chris's legs and groin.

DAVID

Oh, God!

DAVID reaches out to pull some of the semi-transparent threads off Chris. He grabs a handful of them and SCREAMS in agony, a scream similar in intensity to Chris's.

CHRIS, moaning, begins to vomit. DAVID rolls CHRIS onto his side. CHRIS gasps for air. DAVID searches for and finds Chris's zipper, yanks it down. He grabs hold of Chris's jeans but there are stinging tentacles all over them.

DAVID(cont)

Arghh! Christ!

CHRIS MOANS. DAVID takes a deep breath, grits his teeth, grabs Chris's jeans and pulls them off revealing yards of angry reddish-brown welts zig-zagging across Chris's thighs and groin. DAVID throws the jeans into the ocean and shakes his hands in agony.

CHRIS, breathing heavily, tries to sit up. DAVID props him against the hull.

CHRIS

Now that was close.

DAVID

Don't talk. You're going to be o.k..

CHRIS

Are you quite sure, doc?

DAVID

We need help.

CHRIS looks at his legs.

CHRIS

What the bloody hell was it?

(cont)



50. (cont)

DAVID  
Looked like jellyfish  
tentacles.

CHRIS  
Good old Medusa stirred up  
by the storm. Jesus, she's  
a right hurtful bitch. Pour  
rum on them, will you?

DAVID  
Rum?

CHRIS  
In my back pocket. What did you  
do with my jeans.

DAVID looks towards the ocean.

CHRIS(cont)  
Oh, I see. Well, right you are  
then. Let's get the flashlight  
and we'll signal to shore.

DAVID  
The flashlight? You....

CHRIS  
Dropped the ruddy thing,  
didn't I?

DAVID  
Maybe it's still on.

DAVID gets to his feet.

DAVID(cont)  
You'll be o.k.?

CHRIS  
Right as rain, old chap.

DAVID grabs the railing of the gangway and shakes his  
hand from the pain. He runs up the gangway awkwardly  
without holding on. CHRIS collapses onto the gangplank  
and writhes in agony.

51. EXT. DECK -- NIGHT

DAVID runs to the open hatch amidships. He stops for a second before he enters, to gather courage as he watches the lights of Mombasa shining in the distance.

52. INT. LOWER DECK/LADDER -- NIGHT

As DAVID, using his arms for support rather than his hands, gropes his way down the ladder, he spots the flashlight. In its glow we see the dull glitter of the rats' eyes. DAVID descends the ladder and walks nervously towards the light, tripping slightly over something unseen. He reaches down and grasps hold of the flashlight.

At that moment the LUO grabs David's arm. DAVID YELLS. The flashlight drops. The LUO, hanging onto David with deadly strength, lets out a final DEATH RATTLE and dies with his huge hand still in a vise-like grip on David's arm. DAVID pries the Luo's fingers loose as the RATS move in closer. DAVID runs to the ladder and begins to climb as the flashlight fades and dies.

53. EXT. GANGWAY -- NIGHT

DAVID scrambles, half falling, down the gangway. He collapses beside CHRIS, totally out of breath. CHRIS, slumped against the hull, exhibits signs of shock. His breathing is shallow and rapid, and despite the cool night air, he is sweating profusely.

CHRIS

Water.

DAVID lays Chris's head in his lap.

DAVID

Soon. Help's coming soon.

.CHRIS's leg muscles contract in spasms. CHRIS MOANS.

CHRIS

Safia. Why didn't I stay  
in bed with my lovely Safia?

(cont)

53. (cont)

CHRIS hugs David's legs and cries.

DAVID strokes Chris's head.

54. INT. SAFIA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

SAFIA stands by the window looking out at the storm whipping through the trees. She is still wearing her long white nightgown and has thrown an embroidered shawl over her shoulders. Candles on her dresser and bedside table light the room.

SAFIA sees a movement in the garden and strains towards the window for a better look. YUSEF jumps up at the window bracing his front paws against the glass. SAFIA jumps back in surprise.

SAFIA

Yusef?

SAFIA opens the window and YUSEF bounds into the room. He is soaking wet and shakes himself vigorously sending out a shower of water.

SAFIA(cont)

Yusef!

YUSEF circles around her excitedly, BARKING.

55. EXT. GANGWAY -- NIGHT

DAVID sits slumped against the hull of the steamer with Chris's head in his lap. The tide has risen, the waves crash into their legs and torrential rain falls.

CHRIS's legs contract in a painful spasm and he passes out.

DAVID hugs CHRIS up close to his chest to keep him warm and to protect him from the rain.

(cont)

55.(cont)

DAVID  
(crying)  
It's going to be alright, Chris.  
Don't worry. It can't rain forever.  
Then I'll get help.

56. INT. MBALI'S QUARTERS -- NIGHT

The storm rages outside during this scene. A long roll of thunder drowns out the abusive shouts MBALI hurls at his docile WIFE as he throws a few articles of clothing into a cloth bag. In a sudden flash of lighting followed closely by a loud clap of thunder, the door bursts open.

As MBALI and his WIFE turn in fear to the door, there stands SAFIA, with YUSEF at her side, framed dramatically against the lit sky. Her long white nightgown, soaked from the rain, whips against her in the wind.

57. EXT. GANGWAY -- NIGHT

DAVID, with his back against the hull of the ship, still clutches Chris to his chest. The water now covers their legs.

58. EXT. MOMBASA BEACH -- DAY

FLASHBACK

On a brilliantly sunny day, CHRIS, DAVID, and SAFIA play monkey-in-the-middle on the beach. CHRIS walks on his hands trying to catch the ball with his feet which SAFIA and CHRIS throw back and forth.

The remains of lunch, a large picnic hamper, and a few bottles of wine, lay on a blanket under the shade of a baobab tree. David's camera equipment hangs from one of the branches. Snorkelling gear and towels lay down by the shore. This area of the beach, secluded and idyllic, offers full but distant view of the Port of Mombasa and the absence of the wrecked tramp steamer is obvious.

(cont)

58. (cont)

When CHRIS collapses onto the sand, SAFIA jumps on top of him, kissing him. DAVID laughs, then looks out at the ocean as CHRIS and SAFIA roll in the sand, kissing.

DAVID grabs his camera equipment and heads off down the beach.

59. EXT. GANGWAY -- SUNRISE

The storm has died down completely and the rising sun promises another blistering day. DAVID sits propped against the hull of the ship with CHRIS pulled tight against his chest. The tide is high, but the waves roll instead of crash.

The distant WAIL of a POLICE SIREN brings DAVID to his senses. He sits up with a start but maintains his hold on Chris.

60. EXT. STONE STEPS TO BEACH -- SUNRISE

SAFIA, in her long white nightgown, stands at the top of the steps looking through binoculars at the tramp steamer. YUSEF WHINES at her feet.

61. EXT. POLICE LAUNCH -- SUNRISE

The Police Launch, a twenty-foot runabout with a powerful inboard motor, heads out of the harbour with its siren blaring. Policeman #1, MGINGA steers while Policeman #2, MJITU scans the tramp steamer through binoculars.

The Policemen, dressed in drab, ill-fitting, khaki uniforms which do little to disguise their beer bellies, are large men with rugged faces. They both are greedy and dull; MJITU exhibits stupidity but MGINGA exhibits cunning.

62. EXT. GANGWAY -- SUNRISE

DAVID half stands holding Chris with one arm. He signals frantically with the other.

DAVID  
Over here! Help! Help!

DAVID shakes Chris by the shoulders.

DAVID(cont)  
Chris! We're saved! Chris!  
Wake up!

In the unkind morning light, Chris's wounds are extremely ugly. The reddish-brown welts have blistered, some of them bleed. CHRIS does not respond to David's urging and sags into David's arms.

DAVID, cradling Chris, laughs and cries as he wipes away his tears on the top of Chris's head.

DAVID(cont)  
Thank God! Oh, thank you.

63. EXT. MOMBASA BAY -- MORNING

The POLICE LAUNCH races towards the steamer and is no more than several hundred yards away from her.

64. EXT. STONE STEPS TO BEACH -- MORNING

As SAFIA watches the POLICE LAUNCH through her binoculars approach the steamer, several SHOTS are heard coming from the launch.

SAFIA  
No! No!

YUSEF HOWLS.

SAFIA runs down the steps until she stands on the last step with the water reaching up to her waist. She looks as if she is about to wade into the water and swim out to the ship.

(cont)

64. (cont)

SAFIA(cont)  
Wait! Ngoja! Ngoja!

YUSEF hesitates only a moment then leaps from the steps into the water and begins to swim in the direction of the ship.

SAFIA(cont)  
Yusef! Come back! Yusef.

YUSEF ignores Safia and continues to swim.

65. EXT. GANGWAY -- MORNING

DAVID, unsure of what is going on, stops waving and looks anxiously at the approaching Police Launch.

66. EXT. POLICE LAUNCH -- MORNING

The POLICE LAUNCH, as it approaches the steamer, cuts its engine and coasts closer to the gangplank. MJITU raises a bull horn.

MJITU  
Hapana, kijana!

67. EXT. GANGWAY -- MORNING

The POLICE LAUNCH eases up to the steamer and MJITU, a menacing revolver strapped to his side, jumps onto the gangplank. He makes fast while MGINGA trains his rifle at David's head. DAVID nervously raises one hand in the air while still gripping Chris with other.

DAVID  
Nisaindi. Please help us.  
Chris needs a hospita....

MGINGA  
Shut up before I slam your  
balls.

(cont)

67.(cont)

MJITU grabs David's hands.

DAVID

Hey! No!

DAVID pulls back his hands in agony. MJITU grabs David's hands again and looks at them, turning them over. Then he takes a closer look at Chris. MGINGA jumps onto the gangplank.

MGINGA

I see you clever boys have  
out-smarted yourselves by a  
long shot.

MJITU forces David's hands into handcuffs. The commotion causes CHRIS to slip under the water. DAVID reaches for him with his handcuffed hands, brings him to the surface, and hugs him to his chest. MJITU pokes roughly at Chris's welts.

DAVID

Leave him alone.

The pain brings CHRIS into consciousness.

CHRIS

(moaning)

Safia.

MJITU

What's that?

DAVID ignores the question.

MGINGA takes aim a few inches over David's head, trying to scare him. If possible, David's eyes widen even more.

DAVID

Hey!

MGINGA pulls the trigger but the rifle fails to fire.

MGINGA

Choo!

MGINGA takes aim again at David and pulls the trigger. The rifle fires. DAVID jumps back with fear, taking CHRIS with him. A blast of shotgun powder blackens the steamer's hull just above David's head. (cont)



67. (cont)

MJITU explodes in mirthless laughter. MGINGA looks at him as if he would like to shoot him next, and then he too explodes, his huge belly shaking over the top of his pants.

MGINGA, his rifle held high, heads up the gangway.

68. EXT. DECK -- MORNING

MGINGA surveys the deck as if trying to decide where to search first. A RAT scuttles among the ropes piled near the hatch. MGINGA shoots at where the rat disappeared, and misses. With his rifle at arms-length aimed at the bridge, he heads towards the open hatch amidships, pulling a small flashlight from his back pocket.

69. EXT. GANGWAY -- MORNING

DAVID holds CHRIS, who is moaning, against his chest. His eyes round with fear, he stares at the rifle MJITU trains on him. The launch, slammed by a wave into the hull of the steamer, causes MJITU to lose his concentration on David for a moment. This makes DAVID even more nervous of the rifle which now points directly at him as MJITU surveys the launch.

We hear a muffled YELL from MGINGA who is deep inside the ship.

DAVID  
(with resignation)  
Oh, Jesus. We didn't do it.

70. EXT. STONE STEPS TO BEACH -- MORNING

SAFIA lowers her binoculars and climbs the steps out of the water. With a backward glance at the steamer, she runs up the remaining steps.

71. EXT. GANGWAY -- MORNING

MGINGA runs down the gangway.

MGINGA  
Book them! Murder rap one!

MJITU  
What?

DAVID  
We didn't do it.

MGINGA stands on the bottom step, full of self importance.

MGINGA  
There's a Luo down there. Cold.

MGINGA throws a handful of wheat in David's face.

MGINGA(cont)  
Is this what you wanted?

DAVID tries to lunge at Mginga, but MGINGA waves his rifle and DAVID backs away.

MGINGA(cont)  
Make my day.

MJITU focuses his rifle squarely at David.

DAVID  
We found him like that.

MGINGA  
Tell it to your lawyer.

MJITU laughs.

MGINGA pulls CHRIS away from David by the front of his T-shirt.

MGINGA(cont)  
We got us a couple of big ones.  
And you ...  
(jabs a finger  
at David)  
shut up.

CHRIS GROANS as MGINGA throws him roughly over his  
(cont)

71. (cont)

shoulder. MGINGA climbs awkwardly onto the launch and dumps Chris between the seats at the stern of the launch.

MGINGA(cont)

Let's split.

MJITU motions to David with his rifle to get up. DAVID rises to his feet with his back braced against the hull of the steamer.

Suddenly the ship lurches portside as she settles again further into the reef. DAVID is thrown off balance into the water. He surfaces and struggles onto the gangplank which is now well under water.

MJITU

Msaada!

MJITU leaps onto the launch causing it to take on water.

MGINGA

Fool! The rope!

MJITU pulls a knife from under his shirt and begins to hack at the painter. MGINGA starts the engine but it sputters and dies.

DAVID

Hey! What about me?

As the steamer starts to shift again, DAVID unties the painter with his handcuffed hands. He jumps from the gangplank, landing sprawled on the gunwale of the launch, which takes on even more water and rolls onto the bottom, lying next to Chris. The engine bursts into life with MGINGA at the helm.

72. INT. SAFIA'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

SAFIA, changed into a casual dress, hurriedly shoves her feet into a pair of sandals. She grabs a purse from a chair and searches through the top drawer of her dresser, pulling out a wad of money which she crams into her purse.

73. INT. POLICE LAUNCH -- MORNING

With its SIREN SCREAMING, the launch heads towards the harbour. DAVID cries and wipes away his tears as he cradles Chris awkwardly.

MGINGA and MJITU, now no longer frightened of the steamer, appear very pleased with themselves. MGINGA steers the launch with a great show of bravado while MJITU keeps his rifle trained on David and Chris.

MGINGA picks up the launch radio.

MGINGA

Ten. Four. Can you read me?

The RADIO CRACKLES.

RADIO

That you, Mginga?

MGINGA

Got two murderers. And I'm bringing them in. Alive.

MGINGA hangs up the radio. MJITU looks at MGINGA and laughs.

74. INT. JACQUES'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Jacques's bedroom is opulently decorated in African antiques; its French doors open onto the terrace overlooking the ocean. Out in Mombasa Bay the steamer, gleaming in the morning sun, appears deceptively peaceful.

A mosquito net is draped carelessly over a rumpled king-size bed where JACQUES sleeps naked; his clothes from the previous day, the yellow silk suit, trails from the door to the bed.

SAFIA stands beside the bed and for a moment takes a long look at Jacques. In a desultory manner, she shakes his leg, already convinced that nothing will awaken him.

SAFIA

Jacques. Jacques!

(cont)

74.(cont)

SAFIA picks up Jacques' pants, shakes them and searches the pockets, then throws them down. She picks up his jacket, hears the keys jingle, and takes them from the pocket.

75. EXT. MOMBASA HARBOUR -- MORNING

The police launch approaches a slip in Mombasa Harbour; MJITU throws a painter to a third policeman, KIATU, waiting on the dock. In the distance is the approaching WAIL of a SIREN.

Along the harbour front a few scruffy ONLOOKERS head down the slip. Young men in dirty torn rags, they stand in a knot inadvertently blocking the slip. Behind them on shore stands a corrugated tin hut with "HARBOUR POLICE STATION" printed in rough black letters on its roof.

DAVID sits up in the stern of the launch for a better view of his surroundings. CHRIS lays unconscious across his lap.

76. EXT. JACQUES'S HOUSE/DRIVEWAY -- MORNING

SAFIA, in Jacques's Mercedes, waits impatiently in front of the closed gates of the grounds as a withered OLD MAN moves painfully slowly to open them. SAFIA HONKS but the OLD MAN neither jumps at the sound nor moves any faster. When the gates are barely open wide enough, SAFIA speeds out onto the road.

77. EXT. MOMBASA HARBOUR/DOCK -- MORNING

MJITU, crouching awkwardly on the dock, hastily makes the launch fast with the half-cut painter. The ONLOOKERS close in for a better view as the paddywagon, its SIREN SCREAMING, screeches to a halt at the end of the dock. The DRIVER, a man with a stature similar to MJITU, tumbles out of the van and waddles at a fast trot down the slip.

(cont)

77.(cont)

MGINGA

Move it!

MGINGA pulls CHRIS to his feet from the bottom of the launch and pivots him towards MJITU, who catches him as he falls and lugs him up onto the dock. The ONLOOKERS crowd around.

DAVID

We want to talk to our lawyer.

DAVID struggles to his feet, MGINGA turns his revolver on him and motions for him to get out of the launch.

78. EXT. FERRY SLIP -- MORNING

SAFIA, sitting in Jacques's Mercedes, waits impatiently at the ferry slip, the same as in Scene 12. A sign posts the hours of operation: 7AM TO 8:30 PM. Across the narrow channel, we can see the moored ferry.

A few early morning WORKERS, dressed in ragged pants and ripped undershirts, also wait. A few MARKET WOMEN, dressed in colourful kanghas patiently sit on the ground beside baskets of mangoes and bananas; chickens and goats are tethered to their ankles.

79. INT. PADDYWAGON -- MORNING

In the back of the paddywagon there is no bench; DAVID leans against the side with Chris's head resting in his handcuffed hands. The SIREN SCREAMS and the ride jolts them as DAVID tries to comfort CHRIS, who has regained consciousness and MOANS.

DAVID

We made it, Chris. We're safe now. Everything's gonna be alright. We're going to the hospital.

CHRIS

Safia.... Where's Safia?  
Where's the baby?

80. INT. MERCEDES -- MORNING

A FAT WOMAN knocks on the window of the Mercedes, startling SAFIA. She has a flat basket on her head filled with fat rolled leaves. She holds one out to SAFIA who ignores her. SAFIA glances at her watch which reads 6:15, and angrily honks the horn. The FAT WOMAN, CHICKENS and GOATS all jump.

81. EXT. MAMA NGENA ROAD -- MORNING

The paddywagon, its SIREN BLARING, careers down Mama Ngena Road, a wide tree-lined thoroughfare. Early morning MERCHANTS are busy setting up their displays of colourful wares including baskets, kanghas and carvings on the sidewalks. Most of the store-fronts are still locked with steel mesh gratings pulled across their windows.

The MERCHANTS stop their activity and stare at the paddywagon as it speeds past. A group of five or six ragged BOYS throw stones at it and run away down an alley.

82. INT. PADDYWAGON/HOSPITAL ENTRANCE -- MORNING

CHRIS and DAVID are thrown off balance as the paddywagon screeches to a halt and the SIREN STOPS. As DAVID struggles to get up, MGINGA yanks open the door, blinding DAVID with sunlight. MGINGA climbs into the paddywagon and drags CHRIS out by his armpits. Behind him appears a black ORDERLY pushing a stretcher. And beyond him stands a sign: MAMA NGENA HOSPITAL.

DAVID limps to the door, MGINGA slams it in his face, and DAVID bangs on it with his fists.

DAVID

Hey! Let me out! Help!

The paddywagon, its SIREN SCREAMING, takes off throwing DAVID to the floor. As he tries get up, the vehicle careers around a corner.

83. EXT. JAIL -- MORNING

The jail is a square of cinder-blocks, depressing and squalid. Built on a cleared area of rust-coloured dirt, it is surrounded by palm trees and dense vegetation. A few lean-tos of corrugated iron are the only other signs of civilization. A pack of squealing MONKEYS swings from the trees onto the corrugated tin roof of the jail.

MGINGA pulls DAVID, blinking in the sun, out of the paddy wagon.

84. INT. JAIL ANTEROOM -- MORNING

The cinder-block anteroom, dimly lit by a narrow barred window, is dominated by a high counter on which Policeman #4, MSITA, sleeps with his rifle beside him. Over a cluttered desk behind the counter hangs a portrait of Jomo Kenyatta.

MSITA wakes as MGINGA shoves DAVID, limping badly, through the door. MSITA, a huge dull-looking man, jumps down heavily from the counter, grabbing his rifle. A slow grin spreads across his face.

MGINGA  
(laughing)

I got a live one for you.

MSITA looks at MGINGA stupidly, still grinning.

MSITA  
He's mine?

MGINGA proudly hands DAVID over to MSITA.

DAVID  
I need a doctor.

MSITA  
I am a good doctor.

MGINGA laughs. MSITA looks at him again stupidly, and then LAUGHS also.

MGINGA  
Murderers don't get good doctors.

(cont)



84. (cont)

MSITA  
Murder...?

MGINGA  
Killed a fisherman on the wreck.

DAVID shakes his head in disbelief and, dazed and defeated, limps over to the counter. MGINGA tries to stop him by poking his revolver in his side, but DAVID shoves it away. He leans over the counter, obviously in pain.

MGINGA (cont)  
Don't damage him much. He's worth a fat raise to me.

MSITA roughly searches David's pockets.

MSITA  
Hapana shillingi!

DAVID is angered by the search but remains passive because of the pain.

85. INT. ROW OF CELLS -- MORNING

A bare bulb lights a gloomy row of three single cells. The first and last cells are over-crowded with seven or eight men each, while the middle cell is worse with at least eleven men. DAVID is shoved down the row to the middle cell by MSITA who cradles his rifle casually in the crook of his arm.

The PRISONERS are mainly Bantus and Luos from the coast, David is the only white. When MSITA puts the key in the lock the PRISONERS stir restlessly in their sleep.

86. INT. CELL -- MORNING

In the narrow cell a single cot with a thin filthy pallet lies against the bars along one side. Dug into the far corner of the dirt floor is a cess pool and high in the cinder-block wall, a slit of barred window. GECKOES cling immobile to the ceiling.

(cont)

86.(cont)

MSITA throws DAVID into the cell and slams the door shut. The PRISONERS awake in a frenzy RANTING and RAVING against MSITA who FIRES A SHOT into the ceiling just missing the light bulb.

MSITA  
Buibui pepo!

With his curse delivered, MSITA angrily leaves.

The shot momentarily silences the PRISONERS, they now turn as one body to face DAVID. Breathing heavily, DAVID leans against the bars of the cell door.

The commotion arouses an OLD MASAI from his sleep on the cot. His withered face and grey temple hair lend him an air of distinction. His slit ear-lobes hang down to his shoulders and a threadbare kanga is tucked around his emaciated waist. He sits up and squints at David. Then he smiles broadly, showing his teeth which are filed into points, and pats the cot beside him. DAVID limps towards the cot.

DISSOLVE

87. EXT. HARBOUR POLICE STATION -- MORNING

SAFIA, standing beside the Mercedes outside the Harbour Police Station, argues with MJITU.

SAFIA  
Which hospital?

MJITU shrugs.

MJITU  
Don't remember.

SAFIA takes a wad of shillings from her purse and stuffs it into Mjitu's hand.

MJITU(cont)  
Mama Ngena. Mama Ngena Hospital.

SAFIA gets into the Mercedes and drives off, leaving MJITU choking in a cloud of dust.

88. INT. CELL -- MORNING

DAVID, on the cot beside the OLD MASAI, sits rigidly not knowing what to expect next. The PRISONERS MURMUR softly among themselves and stare at David. One, a SIMPLETON, younger than the rest, sidles across the dirt floor on his haunches and squats as close as he can get to David. He leans against the cot and pats David's leg.

The OLD MASAI pats the SIMPLETON on the shoulder who then rests his head against David's leg.

89. EXT. HOSPITAL -- MORNING

SAFIA, driving the Mercedes, pulls up in front of the sign: MAMA NGENA HOSPITAL. She gets out and stands for a moment staring at a uniformed black GUARD pacing in front of the hospital doors.

90. INT. JACQUES'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

JACQUES wakes up slowly and sits on the side of the bed rubbing his head. He tries to speak but his tongue is thick.

JACQUES  
(hoarsely)  
Mbali. Mbali.

91. INT. CELL -- MORNING

The SIMPLETON still rests with his head against David's leg. His eyes are closed and he is falling asleep, masturbating. A BANTU goes to the hole in the corner and urinates, cockroaches about three inches long scurry out.

There is a constant MURMUR among the PRISONERS which increases when MSITA appears in front of the first cell with a rusted bucket of water which he shoves through the grate in the cell door. He then disappears down the hall. The PRISONERS grab the bucket greedily from each other before anyone has his fill. (cont)

91. (cont)

91.(cont)

The PRISONERS begin to chant:

PRISONERS  
Chakula! Chakula!

MSITU appears from down the hall and stops in front of the middle cell. He shoves a battered tin tray of food through the grate, then goes to the first cell, collects the bucket, and leaves.

The PRISONERS shovel handfuls of the greasy food into their mouths. When the OLD MASAI has the tray, he hands it to DAVID but the SIMPLETON grabs the tray, spilling what is left. The PRISONERS SHOUT at the SIMPLETON who cowers against David's leg.

PRISONERS  
Vivu! Mbwa!

DISSOLVE

92. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- MORNING

The hospital room, private and modern, holds a single bed, a night stand, and a chair. The window shade is drawn but the relentless tropical sun pours in around its edges.

CHRIS lies sedated on the bed under an oxygen tent, his breathing shallow and rapid, an IV drips into his arm. He is naked except for a light piece of gauze draped over his groin. Raised angry welts cover his legs, hands and lower arms.

SAFIA slips into the room, goes to the bed and kneels beside it on the floor. She gently strokes Chris's upper arm as she softly speaks to him.

SAFIA  
Chris! Can you hear me, darling?

She examines his body more closely.

SAFIA(cont)  
My God! What has happened? Chris!

(cont)

92.(cont)

With tears in her eyes she takes a cloth from a bowl of water on the night stand, wrings it out, and lovingly wipes a pool of perspiration from Chris's chest.

93. INT. CELL -- MORNING

DAVID is still sitting on the cot beside the OLD MASAI, with the SIMPLETON asleep at his feet. Exhausted and sweaty, DAVID wipes his forehead with the front of his T-shirt. The OLD MASAI notices the angry-looking red welts on David's hands and with his long delicate fingers questions David if indeed he was stung by a jellyfish. DAVID nods. The OLD MASAI makes a CLUCKING SOUND of sympathy deep in his throat.

94. EXT. SAVANNAH -- DAY

FLASHBACK

Standing proudly on the savannah is the OLD MASAI, his ear-lobes filled with ivory, his splendid body draped in skins and beads. He rests on a long spear, while beside him several WIVES, all with great amounts of silver jewellery, and a brood of CHILDREN work and play. A herd of sleek cattle grazes nearby on the lush grass.

95. INT. CELL -- MORNING

A CLUCKING SOUND from the OLD MASAI draws DAVID back into this scene where he still sits on the cot. He shakes his head as if to rid himself of the image in Scene 93, leans back against the bars of the cell, and stares listlessly at the geckoes on the ceiling.

96. INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- MORNING

SAFIA sits in the chair as close to the bed as possible. Chris's breathing is quite laboured. Suddenly CHRIS's body arches in a convulsion.

(cont)

96.(cont)

SAFIA  
Doctor! Doctor!

SAFIA almost straddles the bed trying to hold Chris's body down.

SAFIA(cont)  
Doctor!

DR.BENNETT flies into the room.

DR.BENNETT  
What are you doing? Get out of here!

SAFIA  
Help!

DR.BENNETT runs to the door, opens it.

DR.BENNETT  
(yelling)  
Guard! Guard!

SAFIA  
Help him! He's dying.

CHRIS's body becomes alarmingly limp.

DR.BENNETT  
He's under arrest. And so are you for sneaking in here.

DR.BENNETT lifts Chris's lifeless arm and takes his pulse.

The GUARD arrives.

DR.BENNETT(cont)  
Get her out of here.

The GUARD grabs Safia by the arm.

SAFIA  
Let go!

As SAFIA is being pulled from the room, CHRIS regains partial consciousness. In obvious pain he stretches out his hand toward Safia. Though he tries to speak, it is as if he is paralysed and his words are muffled.

(cont)

96.(cont)

CHRIS  
Safia! Safia!

The GUARD looks to Dr.Bennett who glares back. As the GUARD pulls Safia from the room, CHRIS convulses in another attack. DR.BENNETT, taking a syringe from his pocket, rushes to Chris.

SAFIA and the GUARD stand helpless in the doorway as DR.BENNETT jabs the needle into Chris and Chris's body goes limp.

SAFIA MOANS.

DR.BENNETT shakes his head as he tries to find Chris's pulse.

DISSOLVE

97. INT. CELL -- AFTERNOON

Through the barred slit of window comes the fading afternoon sun and through the same slit come the mosquitoes. DAVID, his back against the shared bars of the adjoining cell, dozes.

98. INT. LAND ROVER -- DAY

FLASHBACK

DAVID and SAFIA are sitting in a roofless Land Rover parked outside the Mombasa post office. SAFIA, half-turned in the driver's seat, faces DAVID who leans forward from the back seat to talk to her. SAFIA, eating from a bag of sweets, looks very 'African' in that she is wearing a kanga wrapped around her body with a matching kanga wrapped turban-style around her head.

As they talk, the hustle and bustle of Mombasa goes on around them. AFRICANS and INDIANS in traditional and western dress walk past going about their business. Some of the AFRICAN WOMEN have baskets on their heads and BABIES in slings on their hips or backs. Two INDIAN WOMEN in elaborately embroidered saris walk past arm in arm. A group of GERMAN TOURISTS, cameras and guide books in hand, files into the post office.

(cont)

98.(cont)

SAFIA  
Really? You can remember your  
third birthday?

DAVID nods and laughs, obviously enjoying Safia.

SAFIA(cont)  
I don't remember how old  
I was ... older than three, I  
should think ... the first  
time I went hunting.

DAVID  
And?

SAFIA  
And what?

DAVID  
What did you hunt?

SAFIA  
Oh, the usual. Hippo, crocodile.

DAVID  
You didn't!

SAFIA  
With grasshoppers for dessert.  
They are quite nice. Crunchy.  
Some people eat them with their  
legs on but I think that's disgusting.

DAVID  
Are you serious?

SAFIA  
No, I'm teasing. I've never eaten  
hippo. Masai aren't really meat  
eaters.

DAVID  
No croc steaks?

They laugh.

SAFIA  
We drink blood mixed with milk.

DAVID  
I know.

(cont)



98.(cont)

SAFIA  
You like it here, don't you.

DAVID  
I love it here. In some ways  
I feel more at home here than  
in Canada.

Before Safia is able to respond, CHRIS comes running out of the post office with a handful of mail, jumps into the Land Rover, and gives SAFIA a quick kiss.

SAFIA  
David doesn't believe I used  
to eat grasshoppers....

CHRIS  
About time we took him to Lake  
Victoria for some of your  
aunt's crocodile stew.

CHRIS and SAFIA laugh. DAVID does not know whether to join in or not.

99. INT. CELL -- DUSK

DAVID, dozing against the bars of the cell, wakes up suddenly, slapping his cheek where a mosquito bit him.

The PRISONERS are quiet but appear restless, and in the distance we hear the gentle rise and fall of the call to prayer from the mosques. Some of the PRISONERS kneel on the dirt floor to pray facing Mecca. DAVID, running his tongue over his cracked lips, rubs his buttocks and tucks his feet up underneath him.

Above the sound of the prayer call, comes the rhythmic beating of the village DRUMS. Some of the PRISONERS start to SING.

PRISONERS SING  
Ali, nenda Bwagamoyo kwa mjomba wako,  
Umwombe anipe mundo wake.  
Hamisi atakwenda pamoja nawe.

The song falls into a few words here and there because no one knows all the words.

(cont)

99.(cont)

The SIMPLETON begins to dance but he steps on the BANTU, who forces him to stop.

Surreptitiously a coconut full of palm wine is passed through the bars from the adjoining cell to the OLD MASAI who eagerly accepts it. DAVID stiffens as the OLD MASAI takes a long drink.

The PRISONERS look at David and LAUGH as a hand reaches through the bars behind him and pulls out a few of David's hairs. DAVID YELLS. Most of the PRISONERS LAUGH.

The OLD MASAI gets up, staggers a little, and motions to David to sit where he can lean against the cell's outside bars. The OLD MASAI takes another swig from the coconut and passes it to DAVID who is too afraid to refuse. He strains a mouthful through his teeth. As he gasps for air and clutches his stomach, some of the PRISONERS CLAP. The rest HOOT with laughter as DAVID spits out the flies.

DISSOLVE

100. INT. JACQUES'S LIVING ROOM -- DUSK

SAFIA, wiping away her tears, sits slumped against the back of the sofa. YUSEF lies sprawled on the sofa with his head in Safia's lap. SAFIA strokes his ears as she watches JACQUES pace back and forth in front of the telephone table. He stops and glares at the telephone.

SAFIA

Please, Jacques, you've done  
all one can.

JACQUES

If I'd come home....

SAFIA

Knowing Chris ... (sob) he  
would have gone anyway.

JACQUES

Why didn't you tell me you're  
pregnant?

(cont)

100. (cont)

SAFIA

I don't know. We just found out.  
We aren't ... weren't sure what  
to do.

JACQUES stops pacing in front of Safia and gently touches  
her shoulder.

JACQUES

I'm so sorry. Why doesn't he  
damn well ring?

SAFIA

He will. He's a very greedy  
customer.

JACQUES

I have enough friends who have more  
money than they deserve. Not that  
Mr. Woja deserves any of it.

SAFIA

Will he try to stop us in Nairobi?

JACQUES

No, for all his dishonesty, Mr. Woja  
is a man of his word. What time is  
the flight?

SAFIA

09:00.

JACQUES checks his watch.

The TELEPHONE RINGS.

JACQUES

Mueller here.

101. INT. NYALI BAR -- DUSK

The Nyali Bar, an expensive establishment, is redolent  
of the art deco era, with a smoked-glass bar, a band  
dais, and a pool of tropical fish amid lush flowers. A  
CROWD of young, elegant blacks and whites, and a few  
Indian sikhs, sit at tables fashioned out of brass port  
holes. SEVERAL COUPLES dance to the band music -- disco  
with a pronounced African beat. (cont)

101.(cont)

Mr.Woja stands at the bar surveying the women much as a horse owner would survey a string of mares. Mr.Woja is the District Commissioner, a handsome black man, about fifty, dressed in an impeccably tailored white suit. He smokes a black Russian cigarette and sips at his cognac while speaking to Jacques on a telephone that sits on the bar.

To avoid flipping back and forth from the Nyali Bar to Jacques's, the telephone conversation will remain in this scene.

MR.WOJA

Yes, Jacques. How nice to hear your voice. What can I do for you?

JACQUES

As if you didn't know.

MR.WOJA

Now, now. Do we want to tax my patience? Or do we want a favour?

JACQUES

How much?

MR.WOJA

I like round numbers, don't you?

JACQUES

How much, Woja?

MR.WOJA

\$100,000.00

JACQUES

You have expensive habits for a District Commissioner, my dear Mr.Woja.

MR.WOJA

American.

JACQUES

I'm not sure....

(cont)

101.(cont)

MR.WOJA

I'm not sure our young friend would like to spend any more time in our prison.

JACQUES

A considerable sum, Woja, for releasing an innocent man.

MR.WOJA

Have the lovely Miss Safia meet me at the Castle by eleven. Good night, Jacques.

102. INT. JACQUES'S LIVING ROOM -- DUSK

JACQUES slams down the telephone. YUSEF jumps at the sound and BARKS. SAFIA quiets him.

JACQUES

It seems we have come to an arrangement.

103. INT. CELL -- NIGHT

The BANTU leans against the cell door toking heavily on a badly rolled joint of marijuana. He stares vacantly at David who lies curled in a fetal position on the end of the cot. The OLD MASAI sits on the edge of the cot clutching the now empty coconut in a drunken stupor.

The PRISONERS lay or sit in various cramped positions, dozing or staring off into space.

104. EXT. VILLAGE -- MID-DAY

FLASHBACK

The village consists of a dozen or so thatch-roofed mud huts built in close proximity to each other. The earth around the village, sandy and barren, yields not even a blade of grass. The sun beats down unmercifully and in the distance we see a road under construction. A giant  
(cont)

104. (cont)

bulldozer sits idle at the end of a completed section.

On the nearby rolling hills a young crop of maize struggles for life against the harsh sun. Parked on the edge of the village is the open Land Rover, disco MUSIC BLARING from its radio. Several NAKED CHILDREN scamper in and around the vehicle. Discovering the horn, they exhibit at first fear then great delight at its noise. A group of VILLAGERS waits patiently outside one of the huts.

DAVID, CHRIS, and SAFIA emerge from this hut followed by a FAMILY, many of whom carry a Polaroid snapshot which they wave in the air, showing it to the throng of curious VILLAGERS. The NAKED CHILDREN run to CHRIS and DAVID, and timidly touch their white skin.

SAFIA picks a young CHILD up in her arms who whispers into her ear. SAFIA LAUGHS.

SAFIA

She wants to know if your skin  
is black underneath.

DAVID and CHRIS LAUGH. DAVID, with his camera equipment over his shoulder, takes a light reading of SAFIA and the CHILD, then takes a shot of them with his Canon. DAVID next takes a reading of a YOUNG WOMAN with her BABY tucked in a sling on her back. She stands shyly while DAVID takes her photo with his Polaroid camera. The VILLAGERS strain to see the photo emerge from the camera. They CLAP with delight. DAVID gives the photo to the Young Woman.

Under a thatched lean-to MZEE, an old man, sits putting the finishing touches on a knife he has made. A carefully tended camel-chip fire burns with a small flame just outside the lean-to. Similar knives and a panga lay beside him on the ground. CHRIS squats down and examines one of the knives. DAVID takes a reading of Chris with his light meter.

CHRIS

This is a work of art! Safia,  
ask him how much he wants for  
this knife.

SAFIA

Ngapi shillingi, Mzee?

(cont)

104. (cont)

MZEE

Mia.

SAFIA

One hundred.

CHRIS LAUGHS.

CHRIS

Sold! Tell him I like his style.

DAVID takes aim with his camera and is about to shoot a picture of CHRIS and MZEE.

SAFIA

David, don't!

MZEE, with remarkable strength, pushes CHRIS aside and stands with a knife in his hands, glaring at DAVID who at that moment snaps his photo. The VILLAGERS gather around in awkward silence waiting for the picture to emerge.

DAVID

Pole! Pole! (pronounced 'polee')  
Safia, tell him I'm sorry!  
I didn't mean to offend him.

With a great deal of dignity, MZEE takes the photo and, without looking at it, places it reverently on the fire.

105. INT. CELL -- NIGHT

DAVID wakes with a start from his fretful sleep.

DAVID

Pole! Pole!

The BANTU, who still leans against the cell door smoking his joint, stares vacuously at David.

BANTU

Pole ... pole....

106. INT. JACQUES'S LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

JACQUES, who is dressed casually, shrugs into a light jacket as he speaks on the telephone. YUSEF lays curled asleep on the sofa.

JACQUES

So that's all of it.  
Leo will be at your place in  
about half an hour. I'll be  
there ... (checks his watch) soon.  
The last ferry leaves in ten  
minutes.

JACQUES hangs up and hurries to the front door.

JACQUES(cont)

Yusef!

YUSEF wakens and BARKS.

JACQUES(cont)

Come!

YUSEF bounds off the sofa and runs to Jacques.

JACQUES(cont)

Good boy, let's go.

The DOOR BELL RINGS, startling Jacques. YUSEF BARKS.

JACQUES opens the door to find EMMANUEL standing there. Jacques appears nonplussed, but only for a moment. He takes Emmanuel's arm and pulls him outside.

JACQUES(cont)

We're going into town.

YUSEF BARKS. EMMANUEL grabs Jacques arm in panic.

JACQUES(cont)

Yusef! Stay!

JACQUES closes the door, locking Yusef inside. As JACQUES and EMMANUEL head towards Jacques' silver Mercedes, we hear YUSEF BARK.

DISSOLVE



107. INT. CASTLE HOTEL LOUNGE -- NIGHT

The lounge, lush with exotic foliage, has a turn-of-the-century decadence about it. The CLIENTELE, a mixture of Africans, tourists and local Indians and whites, are elegantly dressed in evening attire. At one of several intimate tables over-looking the street, sits SAFIA, looking resplendent in the white beaded dress with matching purse, which we saw in Scene 2. Opposite her sits MR.WOJA, grinning like the Cheshire cat. An ice bucket with a bottle of champagne stands beside the table. Safia's glass has not been touched.

MR.WOJA

Drink, my lovely. It makes  
the waiting so much less  
tiresome.

SAFIA checks her watch.

MR.WOJA(cont)

And where is our dear Jacques?  
Perhaps he was waylaid by some  
entertaining young thing?

SAFIA regards Mr.Woja coolly.

SAFIA

What kind of monster fucked  
your mother when she had you?

MR.WOJA loses his composure only momentarily.

MR.WOJA

Such language from such a pretty  
mouth.

SAFIA

You'd take the money no matter  
what I say.

MR.WOJA

Jacques has another five minutes ...

MR.WOJA runs his hand slowly up Safia's arm.

MR.WOJA(cont)

... and then you are mine.

SAFIA

You flatter me.

(cont)

107.(cont)

MR.WOJA  
You'll earn every penny.

108. INT. FOYER OF MANSION -- NIGHT

JACQUES, with EMMANUEL close by his side, stands in the marbled foyer. Two of his friends, LEO and JOSEPH, aging homosexuals, each hand JACQUES a thick envelope. JACQUES hugs them warmly and stuffs the envelopes into his breast pocket.

JACQUES  
Thank you. You're good friends.

LEO  
Don't mention it.

JOSEPH  
I'm sorry about Chris.

JACQUES nods.

109. EXT. CASTLE HOTEL GROUNDS/ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

The Castle Hotel is set back from the road on sculptured lawns. A massive stone wall with a high wrought-iron gate and a guard house deter unwanted guests. JACQUES pulls up to the closed gate in his Mercedes with EMMANUEL beside him.

110. INT. CASTLE LOUNGE -- NIGHT

SAFIA regards MR.WOJA disdainfully as he strokes her hand.

MR.WOJA  
I do so hope he is late.

111. EXT. CASTLE HOTEL GROUNDS/ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

Suddenly from out of the shadow of the wall jump FOUR YOUTHS, the same youths who were on the ferry with EMMANUEL in Scene 9. They yank the car door open and pull JACQUES from the car. EMMANUEL scrambles after him.

The NIGHT WATCHMAN runs from the gate house.

NIGHT WATCHMAN

Hey! You there! Stop!

In the few seconds it takes the NIGHT WATCHMAN to open the gate, the FOUR YOUTHS and EMMANUEL attack JACQUES, who puts up a valiant fight. When he is grabbed by EMMANUEL, JACQUES picks him up and throws him against the stone wall where he slumps to the ground unconscious. The FOUR YOUTHS are nonplussed for a only a moment and JACQUES is soon overcome. They steal the envelope of money and run off into the dark leaving JACQUES lying on the ground beside the car.

The NIGHT WATCHMAN runs to JACQUES and kneels down beside him. He lifts JACQUES's head, and we see that JACQUES has a bloody nose.

NIGHT WATCHMAN(cont)

Did you get a good look at them,  
governor?

EMMANUEL GROANS.

DISSOLVE

112. INT. CASTLE HOTEL LOUNGE -- NIGHT

SAFIA glances at her watch and looks nervously towards the door of the lounge. MR.WOJA rises from the table and, taking SAFIA's hand in his, bends over it gracefully.

MR.WOJA

You are mine, my lovely.

SAFIA pulls her hand away and stands up. MR.WOJA takes her hand and firmly links it through his arm. They walk toward the door.

113. INT. CASTLE HOTEL LOBBY -- NIGHT

SAFIA stands at a distance from MR.WOJA as they wait for the elevator.

At the front desk there is a subdued but excited activity. The DESK CLERK speaks urgently into the telephone but we cannot hear what he is saying. A BELL BOY runs out the front door.

Several GUESTS, expensively dressed, sit in the lobby chairs sipping a drink, their luggage beside them.

SAFIA looks on impassively at this scene. The elevator door opens and she reluctantly enters with MR.WOJA. Just as the elevator door shuts, JACQUES is carried into the lobby by the BELL BOY and the NIGHT WATCHMAN.

114. INT. CASTLE HOTEL ELEVATOR -- NIGHT

SAFIA stands coolly erect watching the floor numbers light up as the elevator rises to the top floor. She has the look of a martyr resigned to her fate. MR.WOJA, for all his slimy sophistication, is in awe of her, her beauty and her poise.

115. INT. CASTLE HOTEL HALL -- NIGHT

MR.WOJA unlocks the hotel suite door as SAFIA looks down the hall, her eyes filled with hate and resignation. MR.WOJA enters the room and switches on the light. His arm reaches out around SAFIA's waist and pulls her into the room.

DISSOLVE

116. INT. CELL -- EARLY DAWN

MSITU appears down the hall and, brandishing his rifle, wakens the BANTU, asleep hard up against the door, blocking it. Pointing the rifle at David who was not asleep, he opens the door with difficulty and motions

(cont)

116.(cont)

DAVID to get out of the cell. DAVID backs away from the rifle, tries to stand but stumbles against the bars. MSITU pulls him from the cell and while he locks the door, DAVID turns to speak to the OLD MASAI.

DAVID  
Kwaheri. Thank you.

But the OLD MASAI, still clutching the empty coconut of palm wine, merely grins at David, dazed, showing his filed teeth.

117. INT. JAIL ANTEROOM -- EARLY DAWN

A bare bulb hanging from the ceiling shows up the starkness of the anteroom. At the desk, ZOTA, his police uniform immaculate, writes. His face is mean and his eyes, when he finally screws the lid on his pen with deliberate slowness and looks up at David, are vicious.

ZOTA  
You are lucky. You have rich friends.

ZOTA bounds from the chair, vaults the counter with ease and lands lightly on his toes in front of David. DAVID, who is sweating, jumps back in fear. ZOTA grips David's elbow hard, making DAVID wince.

ZOTA(cont)  
Somebody paid a king's ransom for you.

ZOTA grabs DAVID by the crotch, squeezes until DAVID loses his breath and doubles over in pain.

ZOTA(cont)  
I wonder why.

ZOTA propels DAVID toward the door.

118. EXT. JAIL -- EARLY DAWN

ZOTA shoves DAVID down the steps of the jail.

ZOTA

Go back to where you come from!

The last cinder-block step grazes DAVID's knee, cutting his jeans. In the early dawn light DAVID sees Jacques's Mercedes across the street, the driver hidden in shadow. He runs, limping, towards it.

119. EXT. MOMBASA/NAIROBI HIGHWAY -- DAWN

This Scene is a replay of the footage from Scene 1.

120. INT. MERCEDES -- DAWN

This Scene opens with a replay of the footage from Scene 2.

SAFIA

I wasn't with him in the end.

SAFIA, crying, wipes her nose along the back of her hand.

DAVID SIGHS audibly. He clears his throat as if to say something but his voice catches in a sob.

DAVID

What?

SAFIA

Bloody doctor. Called the guard.  
(Beat) For a moment I was going  
to see you sooner than I thought.

DAVID and SAFIA try to laugh.

SAFIA(cont)

But the guard let me go.

DAVID

(sarcastic)  
For only \$600,000.00.

(cont)

120.(cont)

SAFIA

No, no. He just let me go.

Ahead, on the side of the road, squats a SCULPTOR beside a makeshift table of deftly crafted ebony carvings. Some of the carvings stand three feet tall, most are of animals, and one is of a woman with a small child in a sling on her back.

DAVID stares at the SCULPTOR who impassively watches the Mercedes speed past.

SAFIA(cont)

That bloody bastard Woja. He had the whole thing set up.

121. INT. CASTLE HOTEL SUITE -- NIGHT

FLASHBACK

The room, opulent and tastefully decorated with flowers, is lit with soft light. SAFIA stands resplendent in her underclothes by the window, her dress and purse carefully placed on a chair near her. MR.WOJA, who cannot take his eyes off SAFIA, sits on the bed naked, speaking on the telephone.

MR.WOJA

That's right. He's to be released into the capable -- into the lovely hands of Miss Safia. Do you have that straight? ... Good.

MR.WOJA hangs up.

MR.WOJA(cont)

There, my lovely. Are you happy now? I have kept my part of the bargain.

SAFIA

I've been told you are a man of your word.

MR.WOJA rises from the bed and approaches SAFIA.

(cont)

121.(cont)

MR.WOJA

I assure you, you will not  
be disappointed.

As MR.WOJA lunges for her, SAFIA grabs a knife from her purse, the knife Chris bought from the Mzee in Scene 104. There is a brief struggle as MR.WOJA tries to wrestle the knife away from Safia but he stumbles against the table, loses his balance, and SAFIA plunges the knife into his abdomen. He clutches the knife, looks at SAFIA in disbelief and falls to the floor. SAFIA grabs her dress and purse and runs for the door.

122. INT. MERCEDES -- MORNING

The sun is a bloody ball behind them in the east, as DAVID and SAFIA speed along the highway. Suddenly SAFIA swerves the car to avoid hitting a dead ELEPHANT lying on the side of the road. It is young, not very big, and one of its tusks is missing. Several VULTURES flap up from its carcass.

SAFIA

Poachers.

DAVID covers his mouth and nose with his hand.

SAFIA(cont)

Dead a while.

DAVID

This Goddamn country.

SAFIA

It's not just Kenya. It's the whole continent. Sometimes I think Africa has the monopoly on death. (Beat) Chris shouldn't have died. Not like that.

There is a moment of silence.

DAVID

At least Jacques is ok.

SAFIA

He's tougher than he looks.

DISSOLVE



123. INT. CASTLE HOTEL LOBBY -- NIGHT FLASHBACK

JACQUES, naked from the waist up, has a broad bandage around his chest to support his fractured ribs. He sits in a comfortable lobby chair, favouring his injured side. He nose looks broken but has stopped bleeding. Beside him stands DR.BENNETT. The DESK CLERK goes about his business behind the desk, the excitement is over, it is late and the lobby is empty.

DR.BENNETT

Don't be a fool, Jacques. Let me drive you to the hospital.

JACQUES grimaces in pain.

JACQUES

I tell you I'm fine.

DR.BENNETT

Suit yourself. That thief is getting better care.

JACQUES

How is he?

DR.BENNETT

You know him?

JACQUES LAUGHS.

JACQUES

No, of course not. Just curious how much damage I was still capable of doing.

DR.BENNETT

I'm not sure, but he may have a broken back.

JACQUES

Help me up.

DR.BENNETT

You're a tough old fool.

The elevator door opens and SAFIA, dressed, emerges looking quite shaken. When she sees JACQUES, she runs to him.

(cont)

123.(cont)

SAFIA  
What happened?

DR.BENNETT  
We meet yet again.

SAFIA  
You!

JACQUES  
Are you all right, child?

SAFIA  
Yes. Yes.

SAFIA takes JACQUES arm.

DR.BENNETT  
He should come to the hospital.

SAFIA looks at JACQUES who shakes his head.

SAFIA  
I'll take you home.

JACQUES  
My god-daughter, Safia. I'll  
be fine.

DR.BENNETT  
Get some rest. Call me if it gets  
worse.

DR.BENNETT regards SAFIA stonily.

DR.BENNETT(cont)  
I'll come to your house.

SAFIA ignores DR.BENNETT, directing her attention to  
JACQUES.

SAFIA  
Let's go.

SAFIA supports JACQUES as they head towards the door.

124. EXT. MAUNGU -- MORNING

A highway sign states that the upcoming collection of huts, off to one side of the road, is the village of MAUNGU. It is a haphazard assortment of lean-tos and shacks made from corrugated tin and cardboard. The village shows no sign of early morning life; a peaceful quiet presides. The immediate landscape is flat, ochre sand. Off in the distance we see the lush Tita foothills and far in the distance beyond that, Mount Kilimanjaro, its peak truncated by clouds.

SAFIA pulls off the highway and parks the Mercedes in front of a "duka", a small shop made out of Coca-cola signs. As the dust settles, the NIGHT GUARD, who was asleep beside the gas pump in front of the duka, wakes up. He has a wool scarf wrapped like a turban around his head and a full-length overcoat swamps his body. SAFIA gets out of the car, stretches, and silently hands the NIGHT GUARD some shillings for gas.

SAFIA

Chakula?

The NIGHT GUARD nods his head and points to the duka, and stares at DAVID, who looking very much the worse for wear with his grubby clothes, emerges stiffly from the car.

125. INT. DUKA -- MORNING

In the unlit duka brilliant shafts of light stream through the gaps between the Coca-cola signs. A GIRL of about fourteen and her naked BABY are asleep on a filthy bit of cloth spread on the dirt floor. She wakes up when SAFIA and DAVID enter. Wide-eyed and silent, she ties the baby to her hip with the bit of cloth.

SAFIA

Jambo. Iko ngeni chakula na chai?

The GIRL nods her head and speaks very softly.

GIRL

Ndiyo.

The GIRL, hardly able to take her eyes from either the exquisitely dressed Safia, or David who stands awkwardly in the middle of the duka, crouches by a charcoal burner  
(cont)

125. (cont)

which sits on the floor in a corner beside a table of packing-crates and chairs of upturned softdrink crates. The GIRL deftly coaxes the coals to life.

SAFIA exits the duka leaving the door open, flooding the place with light. Just outside the door she lifts her skirts and squats to urinate. DAVID, smiles, looks away and catches the shy intent stare of the Girl.

The GIRL pours brown water from a petrol can into a blackened tin and places it on the charcoal burner. From a battered pot, she dishes out some millet porridge onto tin plates and puts them on the packing-crates with spoons.

SAFIA enters and sits down on one of the packing-crate chairs. DAVID hesitantly sits beside her, and watches as she begins to eat the cold heap of unappetizing gruel.

SAFIA

The Luo ...

DAVID

The who?

SAFIA

The Luo, that man you found dead on the ship. He was a Luo.

DAVID

Oh.

SAFIA

From the coast.

DAVID

Yes. The fishing boat was his?

SAFIA

You didn't kill him.

DAVID

I know that!

SAFIA

He died when he fell. Hit his head.

(cont)

125.(cont)

DAVID

He didn't die immediately.

SAFIA

Poor chap.

The GIRL puts some tea leaves into the tin on the charcoal burner and pours in some powdered milk from a box.

At the open door three or four NAKED CHILDREN jockey for a better view of David. When he squeamishly picks a weevil out of his porridge and puts it on the edge of his bowl, the NAKED CHILDREN TITTER. DAVID glances at them and tries to smile but SAFIA ignores them.

SAFIA(cont)

Jacques says there was gas in the hold.

DAVID

Gas?

SAFIA

From the fermented wheat.

DAVID

Like in silos.

SAFIA

I guess so.

DAVID hesitantly tastes a mouthful of porridge and discovers he likes it.

DAVID

And Mbali?

SAFIA

That fu....

SAFIA catches herself and stops. She SIGHS.

SAFIA(cont)

If it weren't for his stupidity none of this would have happened. He's packed his bags and gone home. To Uganda. Kampala.

(cont)

125.(cont)

DAVID  
Good riddance. Why wasn't he  
killed by the gas, too?

SAFIA shrugs.

SAFIA  
I'm going to put a curse on  
his family.

DAVID, who has been devouring his food with great  
appetite, chokes on a mouthful. The GIRL places two cups  
of hot tea on the crate.

SAFIA  
He does not deserve  
to live.

DAVID looks at SAFIA with a mixture of awe and amazement.

DAVID  
Are you sure you're being fair?  
We asked Mbali to get the boat.

SAFIA stares at him for a moment in defiant silence.

They wash down their meal with gulps of the hot tea, as  
the GIRL retires to a corner where she squats staring at  
DAVID.

DAVID(cont)  
I owe Jacques....

The Girl's BABY begins to whimper softly. SAFIA looks  
over at them and a faint smile appears on her lips.

SAFIA  
We all owe Jacques.

SAFIA gets up from the table and crouches down beside the  
GIRL and her BABY. The GIRL smiles shyly. SAFIA takes the  
BABY in her arms and the whimpering stops.

SAFIA(cont)  
Mtoto mazuri. Look, David.  
Isn't this the most beautiful  
baby?

SAFIA's eyes fill with tears and she hands the BABY back  
to the GIRL. SAFIA pulls a wad of bills from her purse  
(cont)

125.(cont)

and stuffs them into the bit of rag wrapped around the BABY.

With tears streaming down her face SAFIA dashes from the duka.

126. EXT. MAUNGU/DUKA -- MORNING

Outside the duka the NIGHT GUARD is polishing the windshield of the Mercedes with his scarf. The three or four NAKED CHILDREN scamper around the car trying to touch it, but the NIGHT GUARD flicks the end of his scarf at them making them YELP.

SAFIA stands near the corner of the duka clutching her stomach and wiping her mouth, obviously suffering from a bout of morning sickness.

As DAVID approaches the car, the NIGHT GUARD holds out his hand for money. DAVID looks to SAFIA for help, she opens her purse and hands the GUARD some shillings. The NAKED CHILDREN clamour around him.

SAFIA, without saying a word, goes to the passenger side of the car and gets in. DAVID opens the driver's door.

127. INT. MERCEDES -- MORNING

DAVID drives cautiously, well below the speed limit, with both hands on the steering wheel, although favouring his injured one. Just ahead, close to the highway, he sees a family of GIRAFFE, the two adults feeding with their heads high in the trees, and a baby feeding from its mother. He starts to say something, then looks over at SAFIA who is leaning against the headrest with her eyes closed. He steals a glance at her stomach.

A secondary dirt road veers off to the left toward the Tita Hills with Mount Kilimanjaro majestic in the distance above them. SAFIA awakens and points to the road.

(cont)

127. (cont)

SAFIA

Stay on this road. Bear left at  
the next two forks.

SAFIA settles back against the seat and closes her eyes.  
DAVID grips the steering wheel as best he can and speeds  
up.

DISSOLVE

128. INT. MERCEDES -- MORNING

An AERIAL VIEW shows the Mercedes speeding along an  
isolated dirt track which climbs into the Tita Hills, the  
richly forested foothills of mount Kilimanjaro.

129. EXT. COFFEE PLANTATION -- MORNING

The Mercedes pulls up in front of an abandoned house, the  
main building of the coffee plantation. The out buildings  
sag with age but the house, overgrown with vegetation,  
still possesses splendour despite its caved-in roof. On  
the verandah running along the side of the house, sit  
rotten wicker table and chairs. Rows of coffee plants,  
long gone to seed, grow on the surrounding hills.

DAVID gets out of the car and looks around as if he has  
found himself in some sort of lost paradise. He goes to  
the passenger side of the car and helps SAFIA out. She  
appears limp and somewhat fragile compared to what we  
have seen in earlier scenes.

DAVID

Wow! It's beautiful.

SAFIA allows herself a small smile.

SAFIA

Jacques's coffee plantation.  
I spent a lot of time here as a  
child with my parents.

DAVID, supporting SAFIA, walks towards the house and up  
the stairs.

(cont)



129. (cont)

DAVID  
What happened?

SAFIA  
The Mau Mau. Jacques never sided  
with the Europeans. Of course  
everyone thought he was mad.

DAVID brushes dead vegetation from a wicker chair and  
SAFIA eases into it.

DAVID  
It must've been hard to leave all  
this.

SAFIA  
I doubt that he ever got over it.  
He sometimes comes back here. Just  
to look.

DAVID sits on the step at Safia's feet and gazes up at  
her.

DAVID  
Now what?

SAFIA  
We wait.

DISSOLVE

130. EXT. COFFEE PLANTATION -- LATE AFTERNOON

SAFIA still sits in the same wicker chair as in Scene  
128. It appears as if she has not moved. DAVID still sits  
on the step at her feet. He draws listlessly in the dirt  
with a stick.

We hear the distant sound of a car and both DAVID and  
SAFIA sit up with interest. A car pulls up in front of  
the house. LEO gets out of the driver's side and opens  
the back door. JOSEPH also gets out of the front of the  
car. DAVID looks up at SAFIA, not understanding what is  
going on. SAFIA rises stiffly and goes down the stairs  
to the car. There is no greeting among SAFIA, LEO and  
JOSEPH but it is obvious they all know each other well.  
SAFIA clutches LEO's arm before she looks in the back  
seat of the car. Grave concern marks their faces. DAVID  
comes to the car perplexed.

131. INT. CAR/COFFEE PLANTATION -- LATE AFTERNOON

JACQUES lies in the back seat of the car, in serious condition. He smiles warmly at SAFIA and semi-sits up.

SAFIA

Why? Why did you come, too?

JACQUES

To see you.

SAFIA kisses JACQUES's hand.

SAFIA

You old fool.

JACQUES

You won't be back.

SAFIA

So he's really dead?

JACQUES

No. The bastard lives. But he wants you badly.

JACQUES reaches into a large leather purse on the floor.

JACQUES

I have this for you.

JACQUES hands SAFIA her passport and a large wad of money. DAVID kneels in the front seat of the car facing Jacques. He takes JACQUES hand.

DAVID

Thank you. (Beat) I don't know what else to say.

JACQUES smiles.

JACQUES

Look after her. Not that she needs....

DAVID

I will.

JACQUES

And the baby....

(cont)

131. (cont)

SAFIA

I can take care of her, too.  
Enough. You should rest.

SAFIA leaves the car.

JACQUES

Get her to tell you about the  
time her father saved my life.

DAVID

From the Mau Mau?

JACQUES SIGHS heavily, nods, and looks around the  
plantation wistfully.

Through the car window, we can see LEO, JOSEPH and SAFIA  
unloading hampers of food, suitcases and gallons of  
petrol from the car and putting them into the trunk of  
the Mercedes.

DAVID(cont)

But you fought the incarceration  
of the Mau Mau. After they tried  
to kill you?

JACQUES

They had to try. All of us, we're  
squatters. Trespassers. We  
deserved to be run off.

JACQUES rubs his side, but tries to hide his pain.

DAVID

Safia!

SAFIA enters the back seat and gently forces JACQUES to  
lie down.

SAFIA

Don't die on me.

JACQUES laughs quite heartily.

JACQUES

Name him after me, you hear?

LEO and JOSEPH have finished transferring the luggage and  
now stand by the car anxious to be off. DAVID gets out  
of the car. LEO and JOSEPH get in.

(cont)

131.(cont)

LEO  
Safia, darling, we had best  
be going.

SAFIA  
Thank you for everything.

JOSEPH  
Write to us at the Brussels  
apartment.

SAFIA kisses JACQUES good-bye.

SAFIA  
I will.

SAFIA leaves the car and closes the door.

LEO starts the car. JACQUES sits up and speaks in a low  
sad voice out the window to SAFIA.

JACQUES  
Safia, I couldn't find Chris.

SAFIA looks shocked.

JACQUES(cont)  
I mean his body. It's disappeared.

SAFIA  
What have they done with him!?

JACQUES  
I don't know.

DAVID  
Is Woja behind this?

JACQUES  
Quite possibly.

JACQUES  
Chris needed to die that way.  
On an adventure. Just not so young.  
(to Safia)  
I'm sorry.

DAVID  
(emotionally)  
No he didn't. The last thing he  
(CONT)

(cont)

131.(cont)

DAVID(cont)  
said was I should've stayed in bed  
with Safia. (Beat) Why didn't I  
stay in bed with my lovely Safia?

DAVID fights back his tears. SAFIA's face clouds over and she kisses Jacques again. As the car pulls away, SAFIA rests her hand on David's arm.

DISSOLVE

132. EXT. DIRT ROAD/KENYA -- DUSK

As the sun sets in a fiery ball to the west, the Mercedes heads south towards Tanzania. The road is virtually just a track across the savannah. A lake glimmers in the fading light and a flock of STORKS takes to air as the car passes.

133. INT. MERCEDES -- DUSK

DAVID drives over the bumpy terrain, SAFIA hands him a sandwich and begins to eat one herself.

DAVID  
How far to the border?

SAFIA takes a map out of the glove compartment and studies it briefly.

SAFIA  
About an hour.

DAVID  
Should we stop for the night?

SAFIA  
Even once we're over the border, I won't feel safe. Not until I'm on a plane away from here.

DAVID  
How far from Dar es Salaam are we?

(cont)

133. (cont)

SAFIA

Hours. We'll head for Arusha. I have friends there with a plane.

DISSOLVE

134. EXT. DIRT ROAD/TANZANIA -- NIGHT

While SAFIA holds a flashlight DAVID pours petrol into the tank of the Mercedes. They are silent but we hear the voices of the African night: the fiendish laughter of a HYENA, the calls of nocturnal BIRDS. MOTHS, about the size of a man's hand, dart against the light in Safia's hand.

135. EXT. SAVANNAH/TANZANIA -- NIGHT

The Mercedes plows through lush savannah grass which overgrows a barely discernable track. Suddenly the car veers off the track and comes to a sudden stop.

136. INT. MERCEDES -- NIGHT

DAVID slumps over the wheel asleep. SAFIA gently wakes him.

137. EXT. MAIN ROAD/TANZANIA -- MORNING

The Mercedes speeds along a main road still heading south. In the distance we see an impressive homestead, a large house complete with airplane hanger.

138. INT. AIRPLANE -- MORNING

In a six-seater Cessna, SAFIA sits up front with the pilot, GUNTER. Bathed and changed, SAFIA looks sadly out the window.

DAVID sits directly behind her, also bathed and changed. He puts his hand on Safia's shoulder and pats her consolingly.

DAVID

Just when is baby Jacques due?

SAFIA smiles and pats David's hand. GUNTER smiles at SAFIA and DAVID.

SAFIA

June some time.

DAVID

Is he going to like Canadian winters?

SAFIA

Yes. She will.