

"ROMANCING THE STONE"

by

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"ROMANCING THE STONE"

FADE IN

INT. MOUNTAIN CABIN - DAY

1

A size 16-EE boot kicks through the door, ripping the old board from the wall.

ANGELINA

2

in lacy camisole, doeskin skirt, boots whirls from an old stove.

GROGAN

3

fills the doorway, a dark hulk against the dazzling light outside. He cocks his shotgun.

Flies BUZZ, hides hanging from the beams, something SIMMERS in the pot over the fire, TUMBLING RIVER WATERS are heard in the distance. All else is still. It is 1875.

A cigarette dangles from Grogan's lips.

GROGAN

What's it gonna be, Angelina?

ANGELINA

(voice over; after a
pause)

It seemed endless. I was sure
I had lost him at the river, in
the winter of 'Seventy-four.'

Shotgun aimed at her breast, he takes a step inside.

ANGELINA

4

Angelina surreptitiously slides a boot dagger from its sheath.

GROGAN

You can die two ways, angel.
Quick like the tongue of the
snake, or slower than the
molasses in January.

ANGELINA

(voice over)

When I told him it was October --

GROGAN

(moving toward her)

I'll kill ya if it was the goddamn
Fourth of July. Where is it?

His eyes dart about the room, lock onto the saddlebags on the bunk. He moves that way.

With one graceful movement, Angelina grabs the dagger's tip and flips it underhand. A silver flash streaks through the air and Grogan falls, back out the door, deader than yesterday.

Angelina throws on a doeskin poncho and snatches up the saddlebags.

ANGELINA

(voice over)

That was the end of Grogan, the man who killed my father, raped and murdered my sister, burned my ranch, shot my dog...

(exiting)

...And stole my Bible.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN - DAY

5

Stealing the shotgun off Grogan, Angelina cocks the weapon, and scans the area. Her horse is tethered near Grogan's.

ANGELINA

(voice over)

He had come alone. But if there was one law in the West...

(dashing for
her horse)

Bastards had brothers...

CUT TO:

EXT. BADLANDS - DAY

6

Angelina races up a gulch, suddenly reins in her horse.

ANGELINA

(voice over)

Who seemed to ride forever.

P.O.V. SHOT

7

Four bad-asses, THE BROTHERS, in matching ankle-length coats, thunder toward her on matching stallions. They simultaneously pull up short, squinting into the sun.

BACK TO SCENE

8

Angelina glances up over her shoulder.

P.O.V. SHOT

9

ON the ridge, a man on horseback silhouetted against the afternoon sun (his hat particularly familiar).

ANGELINA

(voice over)

But Jesse would stop them. He
promised me that.

X

On the word, Jesse comes thundering down the slope.

X

THE BAD ASSES

10

The bad-asses go for their guns.

JESSE

11

whips out a lever-action Winchester, pumping fire at a
dead gallop. As he races by:

X

ANGELINA

(voice over)

Jesse never broke a promise.

P.O.V. SHOT - THE BROTHERS

12

Four of Jesse's crack shots spin a revolver high in the
air, blow off a hat, snap a saddle cinch dumping the rider,
and explode the barrel of a rifle.

X

JESSE

13

chases after the Brothers, the unmounted bad-ass sprinting
after his steed, grabbing mane and jumping him bareback.

ANGELINA

(voice over)

My legs wrapped tighter around
my steed as I watched Jesse give
chase. He was a rider in the
whirlwind, roaring away into the
twees...

X

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - CLOSE ON TYPEWRITER PAGE - DAY

14

ANGELINA

(voice over)

...twees?

A self-correcting IBM Selectric backtracks, lifting the last
three letters off the page.

JOAN

(voice over)

Trees.

Surrounded by globes, books, maps tacked to bulletin boards, a stack of mail marked "Elaine," she pauses for a cup of coffee. A woman who has never developed any confidence in herself. She turns back to her work as the DOORBELL BUZZES: She hesitates, checks her calendar. No appointments. All very puzzling. Again the BELL BUZZES. X

INT. LIVING ROOM

16

Moving to the intercom, Joan passes her Exercycle, and the framed cover of her previous novels: "The Ravagers", "The Return of Angelina", etc.

Again the BUZZER sounds, twice, fast. Joan slows, pauses, finally depresses the speaker button.

JOAN

Hello?

ZOLO

(voice over; in a
thick accent)

Joan Charles?

JOAN

Yes?

Zolo coughs.

JOAN

Hello?...Hello?

Cont.

The continued SILENCE is unsettling, even eerie. Joan crosses to the street window, peers down.

JOAN'S P.O.V.

17

Three stories down, we CATCH A GLIMPSE of a LARGE MAN climbing into a taxi, an ominous figure in a dark overcoat and aviator shades.

But Joan's eyes see something else: A YOUNG COUPLE, obviously very much in love, walking arm in arm, bundled up against the cold New York winter.

ANGLE ON JOAN

18

The wistful look on her face tells us how much Joan wishes to be "arm in arm", and the rueful shake of her head indicates how little hope she has that that wish will come true.

Joan lets the curtain fall back. (Near her is a photograph of herself and her older sister, Elaine. Elaine standing in the f.g. big smile on her face, while Joan behind is almost cowering, afraid of the camera.)

Joan again peeks out the window, then, with renewed determination, she returns to her typewriter.

CLOSE ON TYPEWRITER PAGE

18-A

ANGELINA

(voice over)

...a rider in the whirlwind,
roaring away into the trees...

CUT TO:

EXT. BADLANDS - DUSK

18-B

Angelina and horse seem like one as they race off, Angelina looking back over her shoulder.

ANGELINA

(voice over)

And I knew then that Jesse would never disappoint me. He was the man I loved, the one man I could trust. And we would spend the rest of our lives...together.

CUT TO:

THE TYPEWRITER PAGE

-C

Again the machine backtracks. To underscore the word "together."

JOAN

18-D

leans back in her chair with a sigh.

JOAN

Right.

OUT 19

CUT TO:

Joan walks hurriedly, tries hailing a cab, but it goes right by her. Pausing, she notices up ahead some tough-looking punk types lingering around a lamp post. She decides to cross the street rather than go directly past them.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRENTANO'S BOOKSTORE - DAY

20-A

An Editor, RICHARD, attractive in an intellectual way, and a Junior Editor, CAROLYN, scan pedestrians. Behind them a big poster announces Joan's newest book, "Angelina's Savage Secret" -- with an added notice taped across it: "Joan Charles, Today." They see Joan climbing out of a cab a little up the street, rush to meet her.

RICHARD

Joan, come on, you're late --
people are waiting.

JOAN

Richard, please, I'm nervous
enough. I'm not going to have
to speak, am I?

RICHARD

You don't have to speak, it's a
simple book-signing session.
Besides, this crowd is interested
in Angelina, not in you.

JOAN

Crowd -- what crowd? You said
it was a simple book-signing
session.

RICHARD

For God's sake, Joan, it's ten
o'clock on a weekday morning,
how many people can there be?

And he practically shoves Joan through the bookstore door --
where at least eight billion HOUSEWIVES are waiting for
her.

Joan -- turns white.

CUT TO:

Littered after the book-signing session. A weary Joan can't seem to detach herself from the iron grip of the one and most fanatical housewife FAN who remains.

Cont.

FAN

You're my very favorite writer.
Angelina is my very favorite
character. Your books have
saved my life.

Their eyes hold, then the fan scurries off. Joan staring
after her incredulously. Richard is packing his briefcase
hurriedly.

RICHARD

I think you charmed them.

JOAN

By stammering and staring at my
toes?

RICHARD

People expect great writers to be
eccentric.

JOAN

If 'Savage Secret' is great writing,
the world's in a lot of trouble.

RICHARD

Half a million copies in advance
sales don't lie -- and you always
say that when you finish a new one
-- especially when it's late.

JOAN

Well, Richard, I think I'm running
out of steam. Maybe we could talk
about it at dinner tonight?

RICHARD

(guilt covers his face)

Joan, I'm sorry -- I forgot an
appointment I made and --

JOAN

No, sure, don't worry -- I don't mind.

RICHARD

Next week. For sure.

(latching his case)

Anyway, have a nice evening.

JOAN

Thanks, but I've made other plans.

Cont.

He leaves her in the rubble. Carolyn comes over to look for two clean cups in it.

CAROLYN

Why do you subject yourself to types like that? You could do so much better.

JOAN

Yeah -- in what other life?

She sighs, looking over the way the last fan left.

JOAN

A woman just said my books saved her life.

(shakes her head,
quite taken)

I never knew what I was getting into.

CAROLYN

Well, where else will men keep their word, women hold their own, and love burn through to the end? We all need our fantasies, right?

(hands Joan a cup)

And our vodka.

Joan doesn't smile at the joke. She looks grim.

CAROLYN

(serious now)

I know what bad timing this was. Your sister due in...

(an eerie pause)

Did they find her husband's body yet?

JOAN

No. Only the...once piece.

CAROLYN

(shakes her head)

My God...is she holding up?

JOAN

Elaine...she's always been the tough one in the family. Elaine always manages.

CUT TO:

SUDDENLY shutters slam down, blocking the view. Someone wearing designer jeans is in a big hurry across the room, grabbing up a suitcase -- stuff hanging out of it -- so much so that it falls open, and a photograph drops out -- the same photograph seen on Joan's wall; her and her smiling sister -- and as the photo is picked up -- PAN UP TO:

ELAINE, not smiling. Couldn't even begin to. Desperation etched on her face, big sunglasses hiding crying eyes, black scarf covering hair, thrusting the photo back in the case, on her way out.

CUT TO:

A FERRARI

22

backing out of a garage, and out the front gates of this Villa.

A few children out here play the Columbian equivalent of Jacks. A frail YOUNG BOY, 10, practices with a bola by the fountain across the way.

The Ferrari jerks to a stop. Elaine jumping out, leaving the door open, to hurry to close the Villa gates, stealing nervous glances over her shoulder. She rushes back to the Ferrari. Just as she gets one foot inside, the Boy slings his bola.

The bola wraps around her neck, one ball striking her head, knocking her unconscious. She falls sideways, into the car.

Racing over, the Boy shoves her across the seat, slides behind the wheel, and lays rubber as he takes off. The game of Jack's continues unabated. Just a normal day in the neighborhood.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OF CARTAGENA - DAY

23

Palms line the seashore, snowcapped Sierra Nevada the backdrop. The Ferrari careens around a corner, roars up the avenue toward the harbor.

Elaine slumped in the seat next to the young driver.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD FORT BATTLEMENTS - DAY

24

Over Ralph's shoulder we SEE the Ferrari making its approach. RALPH turns. A short New Yorker with a huge chip on his shoulder, the most put-upon person in every neighborhood in which he has ever lived. X

RALPH

The kid's here with the broad.

He's talking to his cousin IRA who, seemingly indifferent, is pitching chicken entrails over the wall, feeding large crocodiles basking in a bog swamp below where river, sea and Fort meet. A small freighter is moored nearby. The car pulls right up to it, scum-of-the-earth-crew-members waiting to meet it.

IRA
(fascinated by
the reptiles)

. Look at those snappers, will
ya?

Once a hustler in New York, Ira parlayed ego and a X
conniving sensibility into a moderate-sized operation in
Columbia. Ralph is Ira's henchman, and none too happy about
his status or the way he is treated.

Cont.

He rolls his eyes, comes over.

RALPH

Ira, I'm real nervous about this whole thing, I'm not kiddin'. It's nothin' but trouble, it's a piss-poor idea -- why can't we kiss off this Third World toilet.

X

IRA

Whoa! -- d'ya see that? Lookit, Ralph -- that ugly striped sonuvabitch down there -- y'see him?

He's exhausted his supply of entrails, now starts heading away, down toward the freighter, Ralph trailing.

RALPH

Let's eat this one, Ira, whaddaya say -- we'll take the loss on this one.

IRA

Geez, those crocs are nasty buggers, I tell ya.

CUT TO:

OUT 25

INT. STATEROOM

26

X

Plush, filled with Colombian treasures. Elaine, still groggy, is on a chair, circled by Ira. Ralph is cutting her valise to pieces, admiring some lingerie, fondling the jewelry, pocketing the money.

X

ELAINE

(terrified)

What're you looking for?...
Who are you?

RALPH

Customs officials. Hard to get outta this country, isn't it.

ELAINE

(to Ira)

...You killed my husband.

IRA

No I didn't, sweetheart, but I know who did and if you think a lotta bad shit's been comin' down on you lately, believe me you don't know what bad shit looks like.

Cont.

RALPH

(finished with his
search)

Nothin'. If he didn't send it to
the wife, where did he send it?

ELAINE

(tears)

My husband was just an antique
dealer --

IRA

The way you're used to livin'? He
was a smuggler, baby -- rest in
peace -- and I ran his stuff out for
him, tied up all his loose ends --
all except a certain document he
lucked upon for about five minutes
before someone chopped him into dog
food to get it. Now all you gotta
do -- is tell me where he mailed it
-- because the reason your beloved
Eduardo is dead is because he told
his killer where. Tell me where he
mailed it, Elaine -- so I can get
to it first, so no one else ends
up on a meathook, so you and whoever
you got left has a chance.

Elaine can hardly speak she's now so frightened -- and not
only for herself anymore.

ELAINE

...I know he mailed some things to
my sister.

CUT TO:

INT. JOAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

27

Joan sets her table for lunch while a romantic song plays
from her stereo. She sets her place sensitively, neatly,
artistically arranging the non-matching antique plates,
lace mats, etc. She sings along with the song. Finally,
everything nicely in place, she serves herself the meal --
a grilled cheese sandwich and yesterday's salad, plopped
right on the plate in the middle of the fine setting.

The PHONE RINGS, scaring her.

Cont.

JOAN
 (answering, turning
 down music)
 Hello?

INTERCUT:

INT. FREIGHTER STATEROOM - NIGHT

28

Ira hovers menacingly by Elaine. Ralph is off by himself, cheating at solitaire. Still uncomfortable with the situation.

ELAINE
 Joan? Joannie?

JOAN
 Elaine! Where are you?

ELAINE
 Joan, listen to me.

JOAN
 Elaine, what's the matter?

Elaine speaks in cool, measured tones.

ELAINE
 Joan, listen to me, please. I think
 an envelope was forwarded to you --
 with Eduardo's handwriting on it --
 a big envelope.

X

JOAN
 Yes -- I've got it right here.

X

ELAINE
 Open it, Joan. Is there a map in
 there?

X

Joan takes it out: old, two halves taped together, enclosed in a clear plastic, water-tight envelope.

JOAN
 Yes.
 (reading)
 It says, 'El...Corazón?'

ELAINE
 Now, Joan, you must bring it to me.
 You have to bring the map to
 Colombia.

Cont.

JOAN

X

Elaine, for God's sake -- what kind of trouble are you in?

ELAINE

X

There are some people here who want the map. Joannie, do you understand?

Joan is speechless.

ELAINE

You can't tell the police, you can't tell anyone. You have to come here, Joan. With the map. And everything will be all right.

JOAN

(crying now)

Elaine, please --

ELAINE

(following Ira's nod)

You have a room waiting at the Hotel Emporio in Cartagena. Write it down. Hotel Emporio. The front desk will have a telephone number for you to call. You have a passport, don't you.

JOAN

(scribbling)

But I've never used it -- Elaine, I can't do this -- I can't go to Colombia by myself --

Cont.

ELAINE

You know I wouldn't ask.
 You know I never have.
 (breaking finally)
 They'll cut me, Joan.
 They're gonna cut me.

HOLD ON Joan's face. Numb.

OUT - 29

CUT TO:

INT. JOAN'S FOYER - NIGHT

30

The deadbolt SOFTLY CLICKS OPEN; a gloved hand eases inside, FLICKS open a stiletto. A man stifles his cough.

ZOLO slips in the door. Colombian, dark overcoat, aviator shades. Zolo is 40-some years of bad news. Ruthless would apply. He steals down the dark hallway.

Zolo eases open the bedroom door; a streetlight reveals an empty bed. Zolo snaps on the light. Open drawers, closet, clothes gone. Joan Charles staring up from dust-jacket backs in a carton on the floor. He spots the phone pad, picks it up.

INSERT - PAD

31

It reads: CARTAGENA, doodling, Pan Am Flight #, and a departure time.

OUT 32

CUT TO:

RUNWAY - NIGHT

33

a 727 takes wing.

CUT TO:

INT. JET - NIGHT

34

Most passengers asleep. Not Joan. Small liqueur bottles and shredded cocktail napkins surround her. An air-sickness bag is open and ready. She picks nervously at peanuts as she studies the flight safety card, memorizing the exits.

CAPTAIN

(voice over)

Ladies and gentlemen, we've just been informed that Cartagena airport is temporarily closed -- we'll be making an alternate landing at Barranquilla. Complimentary ground transportation will be provided for passengers bound for Cartagena. We apologize for the inconvenience.

Joan has been wincing all the way through. Now a STEWARDESS makes her jump by leaning at her.

STEWARDESS

Feeling better? Can I get you another dramamine?

JOAN

No, no, thank you -- what about this airport --

STEWARDESS

It's really nothing to worry about -- it's just a two-hour bus ride.

Stewardess goes away, walking down the aisle -- past another passenger who is not asleep. Zolo, smoke from his cigarillo drifting up into the ray of his pin-point reading light. He watches Joan, further up the aisle on the opposite side.

Joan fumbles for something in her purse, pulling the map out to make room. And now it peaks her interest. She studies it.

...and Zolo lowers his shades.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS TERMINAL - NIGHT

35

Joan emerges from Customs into an inferno of noise and confusion. Caught in a cross-current of Indians carrying poultry, screaming babies, Joan is swept outside.

OUT 36

OUTSIDE CONCOURSE

37

Joan makes her anxious way, as best she can through the crowd.

Zolo, following, pauses by an armed soldier, flips out a badge.

The soldier stiffens, salutes. Zolo confiscates his pistol, continues after Joan.

Joan has arrived at a line of old buses, no idea which is the right one. She tries to question an approaching official.

JOAN

Excuse --

But he doesn't notice her. Now a LOADER grabs her suitcase to hand it up to a man who is ...

Cont.

JOAN

Wait a minute -- momento --
Cartagena?

LOADER

(too hurried to
listen)

Vamanos, vamanos.

JOAN

Is this the bus to Carta?

A new hand helps give the suitcase a push up. Zolo.

ZOLO

Si -- Cartagena.

CUT TO:

FURTHER DOWN CONCOURSE

38

A battered old Renault convertible bounces up on a curb.
Ralph jumps out, grabs an official.

RALPH

(scanning crowd too)

The flight from New York to
Cartagena -- the flight that was
diverted here -- has it arrived
already?

But now he spots Joan disappearing inside that bus. He glances
at the photo of her on the dust jacket of the hardback he
clutches in one hand -- the other hand letting go of the
airport official as Ralph now fights his way toward the bus.

OUT 39-
40

CUT TO:

INT. BUS

41

Joan finds herself a window seat, shoulder bag strapped against
her body. An INDIAN squeezes in beside her. She looks around,
disoriented and tired. Squawking chickens and children...and
happens to notice in the back...Zolo, calmly smoking.
Grinding into gear, the bus lurches forward, launching several
still-unseated passengers.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE

42

Only yards away from the departing bus, Ralph pivots, joins his way back to his Renault.

OUT 43

CUT TO:

A CROSSROADS

44

The bus downshifts and turns off the main road -- in a direction contrary to the arrow on the Cartagena road sign.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS

44-A

...But Joan is asleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROSSROADS

44-B

The little Renault arrives, pauses, makes the same turn as the bus.

CUT TO:

INT. RENAULT

45

Ralph chases up the road after the bus, immediately losing ground. He pushes his body in a rocking motion. The taillights ahead grow smaller, then vanish in the darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. COLOMBIA - DAWN

46

First light bids good morning to Colombia's spectacular mountains. At first glance it appears to be virgin wilderness, but we SEE distant headlights on a primitive road winding around the mountain.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - MORNING

47

Purse still clutched in her lap. Joan wakes up. The bus has stopped. Some passengers are getting off here. With a wide yawn she glances out the dusty window. The eyes go wider. She struggles with the window, finally slides it up, gets a clear view.

A vast PANORAMA of spectacular mountains, rain forest and jungle.

INT. BUS

49

Joan immediately nudges the Indian beside her, waking him up too.

JOAN

Excusa -- uh -- Cartagena?
(indicating
wilderness)
Donde esta?

INDIAN

Cartagena?

JOAN

Si, Cartagena.

He shrugs, doesn't understand what she wants -- and the bus jerks off again -- uphill.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD

50

The bus heads over the top of a grade and begins to pick up speed as it starts a descent.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS

51

Joan is with difficulty making her way up the aisle to the DRIVER, grabbing a pole to steady herself there.

JOAN

I'm sorry to bother you.

The Driver tries looking over his shoulder at her and concentrate on the tricky road at the same time.

DRIVER

Que?

JOAN

What time do we arrive in Cartagena?
Uh -- que hora --

A blind turn is coming up ahead.

DRIVER

Cartagena?

JOAN

Yes -- si -- am I on the right bus?

And they're going around it.

DRIVER

Cartagena no es --

But now he glances forward -- and holy shit!

OUT 52-
53

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROAD

54

A jeep is parked right there in the road and the bus can't help colliding straight into it -- screeching of brakes -- cascading of luggage from the top of the bus -- and CRASH!

CUT TO:

BIRDS

54-A

go flying from the center of the collision; fabulous multicolored birds all let loose from out of the churning dust.

One last bag from an overhead rack crashes to the floor where Joan now lies. Joan pulls herself up, peers out the front windshield, trying to see through the clearing dust.

OUT 56-
59

EXT. THE ROAD

60

Driver and passengers start shakily emerging. One look at the scene is enough to make the driver throw up his hands helplessly. Front of the bus caved in, tires flat, engine smoking. He and the Indians gather around the wrecked jeep. No owner in sight -- it's a write-off.

Suddenly BOOM! -- the radiator of the bus blows. Everybody turns back to that. Long-suffering, the Driver kicks the bus.

DRIVER

(in Spanish)

It's finished!

(turning back to
passengers)

We have to go back the way we've come!
There's nothing ahead -- isn't a town
for 200 miles -- there's nothing!

Joan, oblivious, just stands there in her New York outfit -- watching the other passengers start to trudge away, back the way the bus has come.

Before going, a couple of Indians still over at the jeep take bird cages that still have birds in them.

Joan follows the other passengers' action -- clearly this is the kind of occurrence they've dealt with before. She begins to take her suitcase off the bus.

ZOLO

You don't have to walk. Another bus
will come along.

She turns to see him standing next to her calmly smoking a cigarillo.

ZOLO

They know nothing. They are peasants.

JOAN

Another bus -- really?

ZOLO

Of course. There are schedules to be
maintained.

(sings softly)

Even in Colombia.

Cont.

The Driver and other passengers marching away now.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON JOAN

61

She sits down on her suitcase, holds her head in her hands.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON ZOLO

62

He calmly passes around, smoking.

CUT TO:

THE OTHER PASSENGERS

63

moving into the distance, heading around the bend in the road.

CUT TO:

THE BUS

64

Joan sitting there, Zolo standing there, the other passengers almost gone in the distance now.

Zolo glances that way -- sees the last Indian go around the bend, pulling a lingering child with her. Deathly quiet. The first quiet of the movie. Joan still sits with her head in her hands. Until she hears a cough -- and looks up. Zolo draws a gun -- the one he took from the airport soldier. She stands, starts backing off.

JOAN

What're you --

He advances, holding his unarmed hand.

ZOLO

The purse.

Then something beyond Zolo catches her eye -- and Zolo looks where she's looking.

A man, in silhouette, outlined against the morning sun (his hat particularly familiar) carrying a water bag, coming this way.

Zolo immediately shoots at him -- exploding the water bag -- and the stranger immediately unslings the Winchester 12-gauge pump he carries, and returns fire.

Cont.

Joan dives instinctively toward the bus, rolling under.

Zolo dives into the bus, firing at the stranger.

The stranger SEEN only from the back, moves with the grace of a dancer, pumps a shot at a window of the bus.

Inside, Zolo ducks, moving towards the back. Outside the stranger moves along, pumping off shots along the windows of the bus.

Joan cringes under it.

Glass flying all over the place as the shots smash through the window, Zolo runs the gauntlet along the aisle to the back, smashes his way out the back landing with a roll, Zolo runs like hell off into the trees, as a final blast sounds behind him.

Under the bus, the boots of her savior walk past her over to the wrecked jeep. After a moment he turns, the boots come walking back, Joan tenses -- the boots stop at her and JACK COLTON crouches into VIEW. She fumbles for her Spanish/American dictionary.

JOAN

Por favor...por favor...

He takes the dictionary from her. Looks at her.

JACK

...Where are my birds.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DOWNHILL SOMEWHERE

64-A

Zolo trips, swears, keeps going.

OUT

65-
66

CUT TO:

THE RENAULT

67

wheezing up the grade, passing the bus passengers making their descent. Ralph almost has a heart attack where further along, Zolo jumps into the road ahead, waving his arms. He flashes his badge at Ralph and gets into the car.

Cont.

Turning around, the passenger door flies open and shut, nearly ejecting Zolo as the Renault flies back down the grade, overtaking the Indians.

CUT TO:

INT. RENAULT

68

Riding with the law, Ralph is totally unnerved. He pulls his hat down further, steals glances at Zolo.

ZOLO
(in Spanish)
Don't I know you?

RALPH
(freaked)
No comprendo.

ZOLO
You are American.

RALPH
American! -- Pah!
(spitting noises)
I hate American. I spit on
American!

ZOLO
You must be French.

Ralph feels faint.

OUT 69-
70

CUT TO:

BACK AT THE BUS

71

Jack is rummaging around in the rubble of his wrecked jeep. He's spotted something, digs around a bit to pull it carefully out. It's a picture in a cracked frame -- of a boat. His DREAMBOAT. He lovingly removes the picture, folds it, crouches down to put the picture away in his backpack.

JOAN
Uh -- excuse me -- sorry.

He turns. She's standing before him, shoulder bag strapped to her, suitcase in hand. Three-piece Bergdorf suit, 2" heels, sunglasses. Being neat is her way of coping at the moment.

Cont.

JOAN

But do you know where I might
find a phone?

JACK

Lady, I have no idea.

JOAN

It's very important that I --

JACK

(salvaging what
he can)

Well, we all got our problems,
don't we?

JOAN

Is there a town near here? Will
another bus be along?

He takes her to the middle of the road, shows her one direction.
Wilderness, desolation. Shows her the other direction.
Wilderness, desolation. He looks at her.

JACK

And this is rush hour.

He looks up at the sky, storm clouds gathering. Hurries to
secure his backpack.

JOAN

I must get to a phone -- I'm
supposed to be in Cartagena.

JACK

Cartagena? -- You're hell and gone
from Cartagena, angel. Cartagena's
on the coast.

JOAN

But I was told this bus --

JACK

Who told you that?

JOAN

(thinking back)

The man who...

JACK

Pulled a gun on you? What else
did he tell ya?

Cont.

He starts walking -- uphill. The way the bus was going.

JOAN
Please -- I need your help.

JACK
Is that my new career.

JOAN
If you could just get me to a
tele --

JACK
Half a year's salary just flew
south for the winter, my jeep
would win first prize at a scrap
metal convention, and in five
minutes everything I got left in
the world is gonna be soaking
wet -- so lighten up, lady, I
haven't got the time.

Keeps going.

JOAN
You don't understand -- my sister
needs me. It's a matter of life
and death -- if I don't get to
her -- I'll pay you!

JACK
(stops dead in
his tracks)
How much.

X

JOAN
Fifty dollars.

He laughs, keeps going.

JOAN
I thought you just lost everything.

JACK
Not my sense of humor.

JOAN
Well, what d'you want -- I'll give
you a hundred dollars -- two hundred.

JACK
I'll do it for five.

JOAN
That's ridiculous. I'll give you
two-fifty.

JACK
(stops again, turns on her)
Lady, my minimum price for
taking stranded women to
telephones is four hundred dollars.

X

JOAN
Will you take three seventy-five
in traveler's checks?

JACK
American Express?

JOAN
Of course.

X

JACK
Deal.

CUT TO:

EXT. A LOCAL POLICE OUTPOST _ DAY

72

Sun-baked adobe buildings, jeeps, horse corrals. A real
dump. Policemen lounging around in the heat. SANTOS,
the jefe, is sitting outside his office, half-asleep --
until he spots the car coming.

The Renault pulls up. Santos lazily steps down hitching
his pants, to frighten the driver with his rank -- leaning
to do just that when, from the other side of the car --
Zolo emerges.

ZOLO
(in Spanish)
Assemble your men.

Santos immediately snaps to attention -- Santos screams
an order at his men and they all follow suit.

CUT TO:

INT. FREIGHTER STATEROOM

73

A portable ship-to-shore receiver is handed to Ira. He
and Elaine are lunching at a well-laid table. Elaine
picks at her food, glancing at the baby alligator by
Ira's plate.

INTERCUT:

INT. POLICE OUTPOST - BACK ROOM

74

With all the activity going on outside -- Zolo urgently

conversing with Santos, pointing a lot -- Ralph is along, pirating a phone call, backed against a wall papered with "Wanted" posters. Behind him, in a cell, a wild-eyed American, begs for help.

RALPH

Hiya, Mom? It's me -- Irving.

IRA

Ralph, you little twerp, where are you? X

RALPH

Calm down, Ma, will ya -- who says I never call.

IRA

Ralph, will you for Chrissake tell me the story.

The policia have left Ralph alone again now.

RALPH

As usual, cousin, you've got us in serious shit. The stupid dame got on the wrong bus, I'm stuck in some kinda spico military compound, they're mobilizing for Iwo Jima here --

IRA

Do they know who you are?

RALPH

Whaddaya think, I'm an announcer at Radio City? I'm keepin' a low profile.

And he crosses himself, raising his eyes to heaven -- and freezes. One of the "Wanted" posters is an actual unflattering likeness of his own dear self. Just out of reach. He keeps talking as in quiet panic he drags over a chair to climb onto to remove the poster.

RALPH

And the other little tidbit, Ira, is guess who else is here. X

IRA

Zolo... X

RALPH

Give this man a cigar -- you're goddamn right, Zolo -- not only are we kidnappers, I'm about to have a close encounter with a cattle prod! X

IRA

Has he got his boys with him? X

RALPH

Not yet -- he's makin' do with these local yo-yos.

IRA

Ralph, goddamn it, I don't care what you do, just get me that map -- just get it!

RALPH

Don't yell at me, Ira. I told ya this idea sucked from the word go!

He falls off the chair and Ira hangs up in equal anger glaring at an anxious Elaine.

IRA

Little sister took the wrong road and that third party I told you about...he's tagging along.

ELAINE

The man who killed my husband.

IRA

The butcher who killed your husband. A very powerful man -- with his own private army to back him up. Whether he calls himself Dr. Zolo, 'Minister of Antiquities,' or Colonel Zolo, Deputy-Commander of the Secret Police, he's still just a butcher -- and right now Joan Charles is New York sirloin.

(stabs Elaine's unfinished steak)

I sincerely hope that girl learns to get her ass in gear.

He tosses the steak through the porthole.

OUT 75-
76

P.O.V. SHOT

77

King Croc's enormous jaws catch the meat as he suns himself on a spit of sand in the first-welled bog.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY (RAIN)

78

C42 Joan's suitcase is dragging in mud. Up ahead Jack has paused, looking back at her struggling vainly after him.

Cont.

JACK
(calls over train)
Y'got any valuables in that suitcase?

JOAN
No -- well -- my things -- my
clothes.

JACK
Y'got a raincoat?

JOAN
No.

JACK
How 'bout a comfortable pair
of walking shoes?

JOAN
(swallowing rain
water)
No -- I -- They're all like this?

JACK
Uh-huh.
(sigh)
Okay.

He goes and offers a hand sweetly. She gladly accepts; gives him the suitcase. He promptly walks a couple of steps and flings it the hell away into the underbrush.

JACK
(walks on)
Now maybe we can make time together.

Joan is simply astounded. She starts to say something but -- WHOOSH! The ground gives way under her feet, she vanishes, a SCREAM roller-coastering out of her mouth.

Jack glances over the mountain, checks the earth beneath him.

P.O.V. SHOT

79

A crack zigzags around his feet.

BACK TO SCENE

80

JACK
Sonuva --
He vanishes too.

Like an amusement park ride, Joan flies downward, riding the landslide followed by Jack.

Joan careens on a curve, Jack behind her, wild, sledless racers.

CUT TO:

BOTTOM OF MOUNTAIN - RAIN

82

Joan crashes to a halt off the main slide. Jack tumbling on top of her.

JACK

Whoo!

(rolls off her)

This turned out to be one
helluva mornin'!

Joan is too stunned to speak.

JACK

You okay?

She doesn't even hear him. Her coat is in shreds, her skirt hanging on by a button, the rain washes through her hair, rinses down her suit.

JACK

I said, are you hurt?

Still she's stunned.

JACK

What'd the fall leave you
paralyzed from the neck up --
are you hurt!

JOAN

No! .

JACK

Good!

(grabs her hand)

Then what's your name.

JOAN

(another

handshaker for

her to contend with)

-- Joan Charles --

JACK

Joan Charles.

(big grin)

Welcome to Colombia.

CUT TO:

THE PHOTOGRAPH OF JACK'S DREAMBOAT - CLOSEUP

87

Now it resembles parchment, because -- PULLING BACK -- the storm has passed and Jack takes it off the rock where it's been drying. He folds it up secretively, takes his shirt off another rock.

Joan is somewhere by herself, crawling around. Jack notices, is concerned, it looks like she might be ill.

JACK
(going over)
What's the matter -- are
you sick?

JOAN
I lost my button.

JACK
What?

Cont.

JACK
(going over)
What's the matter -- are you
sick?

JOAN
I lost my button.

X

JACK
What.

JOAN
The button for my sleeve --
I dropped it.

X

Not only is the cuff hanging loose without the button but
so is the sleeve itself, torn slightly at the shoulder.
Jack goes over and rips the whole thing off.

X

JACK
Problem solved.

He follows that by striding over to where her shoes are
drying on a rock, pulling out his machete, taking one
of the shoes, and with a lightning swipe whacking off
half its heel. He does the same to its mate.

X

JOAN
(rising, horrified)
Those were Italian...

JACK
Now they're practical.

Joan stares at them, aghast, holding up her skirt. Now
he comes back at her, rips her skirt, intimately ties it,
sarong-style.

JOAN
Is nothing I own sacred to you?

JACK
Only your three hundred seventy-five
dollars.

He's starting away again. Joan gives him a real bad
look behind his back, then spots the button on the ground.
Just for the defiant heck of it she bends to pick it up and
the instant she does, BULLETS rip into the tree exactly
behind the space her head just filled.

X

Jack dives. Flying into Joan, he pushes them
behind a boulder. Jack peeks over its rim.

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P.O.V. SHOT

38

Six police and Santos are at the edge of the road. Another volley of SHOTS RING OUT.

BACK TO SCENE

39

JACK

(ducking)

Cops? What the hell do they want!
I haven't even done anything --
lately.

Jack goes for the binoculars in his pack.

Cont.

JACK
(something clicks)
It's you! He was tracking you!
Who the hell are you?

JOAN
(what else can she
say)
I'm a Romance novelist!

As the police still shoot at them:

X

JACK
What're these guys, from the
New York Review of Books?
(grabs her)
What're you doing here!

JOAN
I told you! My sister's life
depends on me!

JACK
Don't gimme that shit -- I
thought you were donating a
kidney or something!

The GUNS CEASE. Jack dares another peek through the
binoculars.

JACK
Damn...

Cont. .

JACK AND JOAN

86-D

JACK
(something clicks)
It's you! He was tracking you!
Who the hell are you?

JOAN
(what else can
she say)
I'm a Romance novelist.

X

JACK
(sick of this crap,
grabs her)
What're you doing here!

X

JOAN
I told you! My sister's life
depends on me!

X

JACK
Don't gimme that shit -- I
thought you were donating a
kidney or something!

The GUNS CEASE. Jack dares another peek through the
binoculars.

JACK
Damn...

The police are dropping ropes, rappelling down the mountain, packing rifles and machetes. Santos' cars left at the top race off along the road, one man in each.

BACK TO SCENE

91

JACK

If you could try on the shoes
now, it would be a big help.

She does so. Fast. Squeezing off a few rounds, Jack and Joan dash across a clearing into the jungle, bullets strafing the ground behind them.

CUT TO:

TREES

92

Charging through, branches slap at their faces, snag their clothes as Jack slings his rifle over his shoulder, and whips out his machete.

JOAN

(trying to
catch up)

Wait --

JACK

(getting the hell
out)

The deal's off, lady!

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING

93

Zolo, Santos and four of Santos' men, race across the clearing drawing machetes.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

94

Faces scratched, clothes pinned to the skin, sweat streaks their faces as Jack hacks through the tropic midday furnace. Behind them is the whistling RING of MACHETES.

JACK

Y'know what I like about you.

JOAN

What.

Cont.

JACK
Nothing! What'd you do, wake up
this morning and say today I'm
gonna ruin a man's life?

Joining the RINGING MACHETES, MEN'S VOICES, yelling back
and forth.

CUT TO:

JACK AND JOAN

94-A

running.

JOAN
I didn't park your jeep in the
middle of the road!

JACK
You were bad news, comin'
my way.

He glances back.

P.O.V. SHOT

95

Glints of silver flash through the density, slicing faster
and faster.

BACK TO SCENE

95-A

Jack sweats on.

JOAN
You know where you're going?

JACK
I dunno -- it's some kinda trail,
isn't it!

CUT TO:

ZOLO AND COMPANY

95-B

More machetes to make better time with -- coming on fast.

CUT TO:

JACK AND JOAN

96

Jack hacks through a thicket, comes to a sudden halt, like
a crossing guard, shoots his arm out to stop Joan. She peeks
over, eyes tripling in size.

P.O.V. SHOT - SUICIDE RIDGE

97

The land drops a sheer 70 feet to a wild river below.

BACK TO SCENE

98

Jack just turns to her.

JACK

Lady, you are a jinx.

JOAN

But there's a bridge.

There is gnarly growth on all sides, a few feet off, a rickety vine-covered bridge, rotten, broken boards its walkway.

JACK

(pulling out his
rifle)

That's not a bridge, that's
pre-Colombian art.

Now he's knelt behind a tree trunk, aiming his rifle at the thrashing thickets back the way they've gone.

JACK

I only wish I knew what I was
dying for.

Meanwhile behind him, Joan takes a first tentative step onto the bridge. The board GROANS, but holds.

JACK

(still aiming, shaking
his head)

Why don't we listen to our
mothers...

Boards behind Joan drop out. No way back, she can only keep on going -- terrified.

As the machete glints closer:

JACK

...Coulda been a cosmetic surgeon
by now. Five hundred thousand
a year -- up to my ears in tits
and ass.

X

Joan takes another nervous step.

JACK

(prepares to fire)
...Playmates comin' and goin'...

SNAP! The next board Joan steps on gives way -- Jack turns -- in panic, Joan grabs a vine. With a gasp, she is swung out over the gorge.

JACK'S P.O.V.

99

Joan spectacularly Tarzans it across the deep gorge, to safety on the far cliff, crashing through a wall of vegetation.

BACK TO SCENE

100

Mouth open, Jack moves to the bridge, grabs a vine. Pack on, he slings on the rifle, tests the vine. It feels solid. He steps back for the leap -- the vine falls, limp in his hands. He groans. The MACHETES NEAR. Jack grabs another vine, just takes the leap.

Jack flies over the abyss, but his vine's clearly too long. Jack bangs into a wall of rock below the cliff's lip.

Releasing the vine, Jack scrambles for hand-holds, toe-holds, his rifle slipping off. He looks down. Much later the rifle CLINKS on the rocks below.

JACK

(hoarsely)

Joan?...Joan!

CUT TO:

CLIFFSIDE

101

Knees scraped, hands burning, Joan is freaked out. Not knowing Jack has followed after her, she duels with the safety cap of a valium container as a hand rises over the cliff's edge, claws for ground a good distance behind her, behind the curtain of vegetation.

JACK

(o.s., rasped whisper)

Joan...

In another world, she is intent on the cap. Jack's other hand appears, his face, distorted with effort. He drags himself up over the rim. Joan turns as Jack breaks through the thickets, stalks toward her, grabs the container.

Valium!

JACK

(lobbing container
high and away)

I coulda been killed!

X

Cont.

101 Cont

A SHOT ZINGS the ground. Jack dives, Joan after him, into the jungle's cover.

CUT TO:

BACK ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GORGE

101-A

Zolo and Santos have come to the bridge, obviously no way across it now. Zolo might kill Santos just with his look.

SANTOS

X

(in Spanish)

We'll never catch them now.

ZOLO

X

(in Spanish)

I'll catch them.

OUT

102-

103-A

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWER RIVERBANK - DAY/NIGHT

104

Jack looks at the last moment of sun. Joan drags up, collapses. Jack throws down his stuff. She's tugging almost unconsciously at clots of mud in her matted hair. He tosses her a flashlight.

JACK

You can wash in the river. It's safe...I'll be upstream.

OUT

105

CUT TO:

In the eerie twilight, Joan removes her skirt. The river glimmers. Leaving blouse, panties, and shoes on, Joan enters the water cautiously at first, then finally lets it all go. She leans back, lets the river rinse her hair. At last, a moment's peace. Until she feels a presence, turns. Jack, crouching on the bank right behind her. She sinks lower in the river. X

JOAN

You said you'd be upstream.

JACK

In that water? You gotta be kiddin'.
I wouldn't bathe in that water if
you paid me. X

She doesn't think this is funny.

JOAN

Do you mind if I get out now. X

JACK

Tell me about your sister.

JOAN

(now imagining
all sorts of
things in the
water)

I don't think I'm alone in here. X

JACK

Tell me about her. X

JOAN

I did.

(a jungle noise
distracts her)

What more do you want! X

JACK

I'd like to know what I've gotten
into. X

JOAN

The deal you made was to get me
to a phone. That's as far as
it goes.

JACK

What kind of trouble's she in?

JOAN

...Her husband died. I've come to...
comfort her.

JACK
You expect me to believe that?

JOAN
It's the truth.

Jack stares hard, weighing the words.

JACK
Okay. We'll keep on.

He turns away. She can't wait to get out of the water.

JOAN
Don't turn around!

He stops, obeys. She gets out quickly -- and he turns around. She grabs up the clothes she left on the bank, walks stiffly to dress behind a tree too narrow for the purpose.

JOAN
How far is Cartagena?

While she dresses, Jack undresses, eyeing what he can see of her striptease.

JACK
Oh, two hundred fifty to three hundred miles.

JOAN
(moan)
We really are in the middle of nowhere.

JACK
That's right.

He lies back happily on the bedroll he's laid under a sheet of plastic stretched between two trees. The one bedroll -- that she peeks at anxiously.

JACK
This isn't about sex, it's about things that crawl in the night.

X

JOAN
Actually, I'm not really that tired. Strange, isn't it.

JACK
Yeah, real strange.

Cont.

She reattaches her skirt, having to bend beyond the thin tree to accomplish this. Emerging again, she continues to ponder X the sleeping arrangements. He moves over to make room for her. She pretends not to notice, looks around instead.

JOAN

I think I'll just, uh...

She positions herself awkwardly on a big rock, tucking her feet under her, perched off the ground.

JOAN

I'll be fine right here. This is comfortable.

Jack's seen beds of nails that looked more comfortable. He shrugs, turns over. He looks comfortable lying there, and she knows it as she stares at him, then looks around some more, shivering in the night air. A STRANGE SCREECH in the jungle makes her turn that way -- and WHAA! -- some horrible beetle drops on her from a branch above her! She jumps off the rock, shoots the hell into the little tent beside Jack.

After a moment, she calms down, feels better -- except for the way she's treated Jack.

JOAN

(starts to say it,
stops then goes ahead)
I know I haven't...been very helpful.

She hears the lightest snore.

OUT 107

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - BEDROLL TENT - NIGHT 108

Joan wakes with a start when Jack's arm falls over her breast. Jack rolls over, face cuddled to her neck. She navigates X a turn, eyes him.

He seems asleep. A TWIG SNAPS nearby. Joan glances o.s.

JOAN'S P.O.V. 109

Lights flicker and dance within the trees. The police are close.

A HAND

110

A hand, Jack's, slides over Joan's mouth. Her eyes find his. He is wide awake. More THINGS CRACK in the dark. Jack quietly reaches for his machete.

A strong flashlight beam seeks its prey, moving toward the tent. It misses the foot of the bedroll by inches, Jack's head by a cross hair, moves on. Zolo coughs.

Jack finally exhales, takes his hand off her mouth, looks at her. She buries her head in his chest. He keeps listening to the night.

OUT 110-A-
116

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE

116-A X

Zolo keeps going with Santos and his men -- until Santos trips over something and falls to his knees at Zolo's feet.

SANTOS

(in Spanish,
exhausted)

It's hopeless -- we've lost them.

ZOLO

(in Spanish,
grabs radio)

Gimme that radio!

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE OUTPOST - NIGHT

116-B X

Santos and his men returning to their base with Zolo. They look tired and humiliated. But now they all start to look up -- something waiting for them ahead. Something more humiliating still.

Zolo's personal death squad. Lit by the glow of the oil drum fire they stand stoically around. Six of Colombia's elite forces. Hard, stone-eyed faces. In crisp uniform. Packing automatic weapons.

Zolo arrives with Santos and his bunch, whose mouths are all drooping. One of Zolo's soldiers steps forward, salutes, stiffly hands Zolo his own crack uniform, in its plastic dry-cleaning bag.

CUT TO:

Santos makes notes in a little book, one of his men making coffee on a potbellied stove. Zolo appears -- framed intensely in the doorway in his full regalia. He steps in, two of his soldiers behind him, takes the notebook from Santos, tosses it into the stove.

ZOLO

You will make no report.

SANTOS

(reaching
for it)

But I always --

Zolo grabs his wrist so he can't take his hand out of the stove, holding it in the fire. Santos' man raises his rifle, but faster than a blink Zolo's soldiers have automatic weapons pointed at him. Machismo meanwhile, has prevented Santos from crying out.

ZOLO

No report will be filed,
comprende?

SANTOS

Si, si, si, comprendo.

ZOLO

Gracias.

(lets go)

You see, this is a personal
matter, not official business.
You and your men will forget
this day.

SANTOS

Si, it is already forgotten.

He stares at his scorched hand, fighting back the pain. Zolo throws a brotherly arm around his shoulders.

ZOLO

This is fortunate -- since
I know where your children
sleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAWN

116-D X

The Renault is at roadside.

Ralph is asleep in the back, Joan's book spread out on his chest. Suddenly a ROAR OF JEEPS. Ralph wakes up violently, banging his head. He tumbles out of the car, hurting himself again. He crouches low as the jeeps roll by, terrified to see Zolo at the head of the column, sitting there like Patton, not to mention his awesome men.

When they're out of sight, Ralph hurries back into his car, starts it after the jeeps' dust.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE CLEARING - DAYBREAK

117

A zipper mark engraved on her cheek, Joan opens sleep-wracked eyes, blinking to focus. Jack's gone. Her purse is gone. She jumps up like a shot, panicked, all alone. Joan rushes through the jungle, turning around some trees -- and there he is -- perusing the map a short distance off, the contents of Joan's purse scattered about.

JOAN

(stomping over)

Put that down! Give me that!

You've no right --

Jack jerks it away, sidesteps her lunges.

JOAN

Give it to me, goddamn you --
give it --

JACK

What is it.

JOAN

It's mine!

JACK

(reading its title)

El Corazón?

JOAN

I don't know what it is!

Breaking down, Joan crumples to her knees, starts slowly gathering her things.

JOAN

Someone's kidnapped my sister.
If I deliver the map, then she
goes free. That's all I know.

JACK

Ransom. They're holding your
sister for ransom? For
El Corazón?

He hands the map back, she returns it to her purse. He
crouches down, helps her put things back.

JACK

...Why didn't you tell me that.

JOAN

...I didn't think I could trust
you.

X

JACK

I nearly died back there for your
sister. Anywhere back there.
Pick a place!

JOAN

I was told to tell NO ONE,
all right!

JACK

Fine! But if we're talking
ransom, what's with all the
cops?

JOAN

(shaking her head)

I only know I'm supposed to be
there already. The Hotel Emporio
in Cartagena...Maybe they've
killed her.

JACK

(stands)

Don't worry about that. As long
as you've got the map to
El Corazón, your sister's gonna
be just fine.

(helps her up)

You'll come through for her,
Joan Charles.

CONT.

JOAN
(looks at him)
Do you know what this
El Corazón is?

JACK
(turns away)
Haven't got a clue.

He goes back to gather his own gear, looks longingly once
more at the picture of his dreamboat.

OUT 118- X
120

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

121

Inching forward, Jack clears a path. Joan's hair is wilder
now, curling. She is edgy. Jack is getting fired up.

Cont.

JACK

Y'know, uh, that map you've got there -- it refers to Santa Maria Province.

JOAN

So.

JACK

So we're walkin' through it. Doesn't that twist of fate intrigue you?

JOAN

No.

JACK

Well, aren't you the least bit curious? You've got this old map. What do old maps lead to?

JOAN

I don't care.

JACK

Treasure, they lead to treasure. El Corazon -- that's Spanish for the heart. Your map leads to the heart...but the heart of what? Heart of hearts? Heart of stone? Heart of...gold?

JOAN

(can't believe this discussion)

You don't even know what it is.

X

JACK

Well, shit, it must be valuable -- we've got half of Colombia chasing after us.

X

JOAN

You're damn right it's valuable -- you said this map is my sister's life.

X

JACK

(hedging)

What I meant was...whatever's at the end of the map is your sister's life!

X

Get your hands off it. If you touch it, you'll have some trouble.

Cont.

JOAN

You couldn't care less about my sister. All you're after is a quick buck. Some birdnapper bumming his way through the jungle taking money from women in distress --

JACK

(turns on her)

Hold it right there. I'm out here bustin' my ass keepin' you alive so you can rescue this sister I never even met -- you didn't tell me jack-shit about cops or bullets or your raving tranquilizer addiction -- and y'know what really burns my ass? -- in all this time, you haven't even asked me my name!

She stands there, knows she's an ass.

JOAN

(soft)

...What is your name?

JACK

Jack Colton.

(turns to go)

And you'll get no apologies from me.

OUT

122-
123

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - LATE AFTERNOON (RAIN)

124

Clearing the path. Jack works like a maniac. He takes a final whack, drops.

JOAN

We're stopping?

With a long-suffering look, Jack hurls the machete, which embeds in the banana tree, near Joan.

JACK

Be my guest.

Challenged, Joan grasps the machete's handle. First attempts are clumsy, but then she gets the rhythm. Jack watches the graceful sway of her body. Then he hears a noise in the jungle, turns. She heard it too, stops in mid-machete swipe, turns.

JOAN

What is it?

JACK

(turns forward again)

Nothing.

She turns, completes her swipe --

CUT TO:

P.O.V. SHOT - A MAN'S HEAD

125

mostly de-fleshed.

BACK TO SCENE

126

Joan shrieks, jumps back, drops the machete. Jack flashes over, cautiously pulls aside foliage. He starts too -- instinctively grips her shoulder to comfort her.

X

P.O.V. SHOT

127

A skeleton protrudes from the cockpit of a crashed DC3 ensnarled in tangle. Another skeleton is strapped inside, still in aviator shades, shreds of an Aloha shirt.

BACK TO SCENE

128

Joan and Jack creep along the grown-over fuselage. Jack goes through a gaping hole into the fuselage. Joan doesn't.

X

JOAN

Is there anybody else?

JACK

(o.s.)

No -- it's a cargo plane.

CUT TO:

INT. FUSELAGE

129

Jack surveys the freight. Mysterious gauze-covered bales are stacked everywhere.

JACK

(as Joan cautiously enters)

Now this sure looks like a place to get away from it all.

X

Jack slips off his pack, exhausted. Joan perches on a bale, slides off her purse, eerily eyeing the cargo.

JOAN

What is all this?

JACK

All this? Five-to-life.

(checking his gear)

Where's the machete?

JOAN

(gesturing)

I dropped it out, ...

Cont.

JACK

You dropped it, you get it.
And while you're at it, see
if you can rustle up some
bananas.

When she exits, Jack spies her purse nearby, immediately
takes out the map.

CLOSE ON THE MAP

130

Several landmarks, one a drawing of Satan with pitchfork, X
at a crossroads. A Spanish phrase.

ANGLE ON JACK

131

Repeating phrase.

JACK

X

Tenedor del Diablo...
Devil's Fork...

Checking over his shoulder, he hears her coming back, like
a flash puts the map back in her purse, leans back against X
the bale, closes his eyes in an expression of utter
innocence. A shadow falls over him. He looks up.

HIS P.O.V.

132

Joan stands above him, machete poised over her head;
holding a bunch of bananas.

ANGLE ON JACK AND JOAN

133

Instantly, the blade falls, nearly skinning his ears, to
lop off the head of a snake. Beat. Jack swallows, glad
he's still got a neck to do it with. He gives Joan a X
rather amazed and unsure look.

Joan is surprised by her own boldness, perhaps even vaguely
proud. Still recovering, Jack picks up the snake. Throws X
Joan another look.

JACK

Snakeburgers...comin' up.

X

CUT TO:

EXT. DC3 - NIGHT

X
133-A

A soft rain falling, smoke rising, a warm glow of firelight, flickering through the fuselage windows.

CUT TO:

INT. FUSELAGE - NIGHT

134

CLOSEUP of skinned snakemeat on skewers, roasting over the fire. They exit shot as Jack places another grass brick atop the campfire where others are stacked like logs. The air is thick, layered with smoke. He is cooking the snake that Joan killed earlier.

JACK

Now that's what I call a campfire.

JOAN

A bit smoky, don't you think?

Jack takes a deep breath, holds it.

Cont.

JACK

Yup, that's how I like 'em,
that's how I like 'em.

He exhales, pops a snake chunk. Joan's actually a little high herself. She takes a bite of snake too.

JOAN

Boy, this is great.
(munching away)
Really good.

He's watching her reach for another piece. And as she knocks it back she looks at him. Having avoided meeting his eyes in quite this dead-on way the entire journey, he's rather off-put.

JOAN

I've always admired people like you.

X

JACK

Birdnappers?

X

JOAN

No, I mean, who do what you do.

X

JACK

Take money from women in distress?

X

Beat.

JOAN

I'm sorry I said those things.

JACK

(pause)

What is it you think I do?

X

JOAN

Lead a life of adventure,
probably of danger.

X

Cont.

JACK
 (privately pleased
 she would think so)
 You've got it. Let me tell you
 about the dangers of bird wrangling.
 Those cockatoos are a bitch.

JOAN
 Yes, but living off the land, don't
 have to answer to anyone, going down
 your own road -- You're one of the
 last of your kind.

JACK
 (eating it up)
 Yeah -- don't make 'em like me
 anymore.

Beat.

JOAN
 But what's the downside, Jack Colton?

X

JACK
 ...Can't think of a thing.

X

JOAN
 Gets kind of lonely, doesn't it.

X

She's got his number, and her insight leaves him silent. Their x
 eyes lock.

JACK
 (awkwardly)
 Guess I'd better throw another
 key on the fire.

X

JOAN
 (watching him)
 What were you before you came
 down here?

X

JACK
 What d'you think.

X

JOAN
 Ski bum.

X

Beat.

Jack tries to regain some composure.

X

JACK
 Ski instructor.

JOAN
 Somewhere out west.

JACK
Colorado. X

JOAN
What'd you do when the snow
melted? X

Another beat.

JACK
Sold real estate. X
(shakes his head)
Boy, you got a way of reducing
thirty-six years to the lowest
common denominator. X

Joan goes over, gives him a kiss on the cheek. X

JOAN
Jack Colton, thank you for everything. X
(about to go;
turns)
And the snake was delicious. X

Cont.

Joan turns and makes her bed among the bales of contraband.

Jack Colton watches Joan Charles in a brand new light.

CUT TO:

ROLLING HILLS - MORNING

135

Long clear of the jungle, Jack and Joan mount a rise, both seeming a little hazy from last night.

JACK

(stopping)

I hear bells.

JOAN

(moving past)

You'll hear more than that, keep rolling those kind of campfires.

JACK

No, no, listen.

She cocks an ear. On the wind, a FAINT SOUND, HUNDREDS OF TINKLING BELLS. They hurry over a small rise, see a small town snuggled in the hills above.

Cont.

JOAN
(hurrying down)
Look, Jack, civilization.

JACK
Maybe.

JOAN
Maybe, they'll have a phone!

JACK
Might.

JOAN
Or a car.

JACK
Could be.

JOAN
And breakfast!

JACK
Let's not get too carried away here.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILLSIDE CEMETERY - MORNING

136

Jack and Joan wind up through the graveyard. Near each headstone is a wooden cross, bells tied to it, tinkling in the breeze. Jack glances at a marker; it reads "Gringo." He speeds up.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH RIDGE

137

One of Zolo's elite holds the binoculars. He speaks some Spanish; the Driver starts the jeep.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE OF BELLS - MORNING

138

Clinging to a borderline existence, narrow dirt streets separate stucco buildings scarred by neglect. No cars, no phone booths. Only small CLUSTERS OF MEN lurking at doorways all up the street, a few horses.

Jack and Joan walk into town, up Main Street, Jack looking real leery. Joan clutches her purse tightly. She smiles at a MAN; his expression remains unchanged.

Cont.

JOAN
Friendly, aren't they.

JACK
Drug-runners. Just try to look
mean.

She tries.

JACK
And keep quiet.

They move up the street, and Jack, sensing something over his
shoulder, glances back -- sees ONE BAD HOMBRE trailing them.

CUT TO:

DEEPER INTO VILLAGE

138-A X

Jack looks over his shoulder again. Now there are TWO BAD
HOMBRES drifting after them.

A little further, he checks again. FOUR BAD HOMBRES.

CUT TO:

DEEPER INTO VILLAGE

138-B X

Jack glances over his shoulder. SIX BAD HOMBRES.

Now Joan stops, turns around as if she's known the Bad Hombres
have been there all along -- appeals loudly to them.

JOAN
We're just looking for a car!

Dead silence. Then the lead Bad Hombre steps forward menacingly.

BAD
Only one car in village.
(points a lean
finger)
Juan -- the bell maker...

Cont.

Jack and Joan look up the hill -- at the building being pointed out.

OUT 139

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH

140

Clay moulds for the casting of bronze church bells, cracked, decaying like the town, sprout in rows outside the church. Jack is more edgy than before, and for once he's trying to X keep up with Joan, the path a rough one.

JOAN
Will you calm down.

JACK
I've heard about this guy. He's bad.

JOAN
The bell maker?

JACK
Whatever you do, don't tell him
what we used for campfire fuel X
last night.

JOAN
Huh?

JACK
The plane we slept in -- I think
that's probably one of his lost
shipments.

JOAN
Y'mean he's a --

JACK
Just don't say it out loud. Just X
back off. I'll take care of this.

They round a corner, head for a ramshackle settlement -- sheds, house, unmended fences -- real cruddy. They walk to the front door, such as it is, a small peephatch its only improvement. Jack knocks. Hatch opens.

JACK
Buenos dias.

JUAN
Whaddayou want, Gringo?

JACK

Uh -- we heard you had a car. We'd like to rent it, or buy it -- we have to get to a town or something.

X

JUAN

What do you call this I'm livin' in, a pigsty?

X

JACK

No, no, no -- all I meant --

JUAN

Hit the road.

JACK

Look, all we --

JUAN

Hit the road.

JACK

We just --

A Colt Navy .45, six-shooter muzzle appears in the peephatch, cocks.

JUAN

Vaya con Dios, Gringo.

JACK

(backing off)

Okay -- be cool, be cool -- we're goin!

X

He glances at Joan -- she's looking back the way they've come.

JACK

Oh, Jesus...

The Bad Hombres, coming this way.

JACK

(scoffing)

Write us out of this one, Joan Charles.

JUAN

(from behind door)

Joan Charles. Joan Charles?

The door creeps open.

Cont.

JUAN

The Joan Charles?

Jack and Joan stare at JUAN. Thirtyish, Aloha shirt, shades, very, very casual, but no fool.

JUAN

You are Joan Charles, the novelist?

JOAN

Well, yes, I am.

JUAN

I read all your books; I love your books. Come in, come in.

(to a perplexed Jack)

The greatest novelist. Will you get the door, please.

Cont.

Suddenly Joan's the mover and Jack's the follower. He's not X thrilled, but as Juan ushers Joan inside Jack goes quickly after them, escaping the approaching hombres, dispersing them by slamming the door.

CUT TO:

INT. JUAN'S HOUSE

141

A real pad. Thick cushions, mood lighting, very westernized. Stereos, gadgetry, Remington paintings, sculpture, bookcases, lava lamps. Jack and Joan enter gaping.

JUAN

(to Jack)

Ever read 'The Return of Angelina?'
That woman, ch, she make me hungry.

JACK

(looking at Joan
in another new
light)

No I never...turned that page.

JUAN

Never?

(slipping it from
bookcase)

Here, read it, take it.

Jack glances at the cover art: a woman in a wanton pose, X Indian/Gypsy dress slipping off her shoulder. He flips it over, sees Joan's photograph as Juan points out his collection to Joan. Jack is stunned -- she wrote this book? She wrote all those others over there? She's someone -- and he thinks it's great.

JUAN

'The Ravagers,' 'Wicked, Loving
Kisses.' I'm waiting for
'Angelina's Savage Secret.' And
now you are here, in Colombia;
you want a drink? I got Jim Beams
here, Jack Daniel, anything you
drink. What do you want,
Joan Charles? Want to take a
jacuzzi, play some music?

He turns on some MUSIC.

JOAN

Actually, I'd like to make a phone
call.

Cont.

JUAN

No phones, no phones, I hate
phones. Have a drink, let's
hang out.

(at bar, proud)

Look, I got Southern Comfort,
I got Stolie, I got Michelob...

X

Joan sets her purse down on a table -- Jack eyes it.

JUAN

...I got a Heineken --

X

JACK

You got a Xerox machine?

X

Joan doesn't appreciate that at all, picks up her purse again.

JUAN

Yes -- but she's broken.

X

X

JOAN

Juan, where is there a phone?

X

JUAN

Many miles from here.

X

JOAN

Could you take us, in your car?

X

JUAN

Who told you I had a car?

X

JOAN

The men in the village.

X

JUAN

They said I had a car? They are
comedians. They meant my little
mule.

Jack, mid-gulp, shares a look with Joan.

OUT

142-

143

CUT TO:

At the end of the deserted street, Zolo's two special jeeps roll into town -- FOUR MEN have joined Zolo's death squad. All carry assault rifles.

The jeep stops at the Cantina, a SEÑORA sitting on the stoop. Zolo, and two men jump down. Zolo glances through the Cantina door. Empty.

ZOLO

(to Señora)

Gringos, Americanos?

The Señora shakes her head. Zolo yanks her to her feet, throws her inside the Cantina, follows. After a few moments of dead silence, he reemerges, closing his stilleto.

ZOLO

The Bell-Makers.

Unseen by Zolo, a small BOY darts out of the Cantina and runs off along the street toward Juan's. X

CUT TO:

EXT. JUAN'S HOUSE

145

Jeeps pulling up, Zolo and his men take positions, move toward Juan's compound.

BLAM! A vehicle blasts through a shed's rickety doors, nearly flattening Zolo and soldiers. A super-charged Bronco done up western style. "The Little Mule" emblazoned on its sides, does an incredible wheely up the street as soldiers scramble to their jeeps, shooting as they go.

CUT TO:

THE BRONCO

145-A

Blasting down the street, disappears around a corner. X

CUT TO:

AROUND THE CORNER

145-B

Straight ahead -- a big puddle with a pig nesting in it! X

INT. BRONCO

145-C

Juan, Jack, Joan cramped in front. Juan in racing gloves. X SCREEEEEECH! He's slamming the brakes. The Bronco skids to a halt just half an inch from the wall.

JACK

Do we have to stop just now?

JUAN
Can't splash mud on my little
mule -- I just washed it.

X

Starts reversing.

CUT TO:

ZOLO'S JEEPS

145-D

They're racing down the street, headed for the same corner. X

CUT TO:

AROUND THE CORNER

145-E

The Bronco coming back the way it came.

X

THE INTERSECTION

145-F

Everyone meets! A conflagration of dust and cars, the Bronco X
turning a circle one way, the jeeps the other way, a .30 cal.
jeep gunner swinging out on his gun, another jeep crashing
into a fence, Zolo screaming orders - the Bronco shooting past
the intersection, away down the clear street again.

CUT TO:

INT. BRONCO

145-G

Juan is in his element, pops in a cassette, turns to Joan, X
much to her and Jack's dismay.

JUAN
The music of Angelina!

CUT TO:

ZOLO'S JEEPS

145-H

Zolo getting them organized in the right direction again, the X
chase continuing.

INT. BRONCO

146

Roaring to the edge of town, Juan turns onto a dirt road as X
GUNFIRE BLASTS pass, jeeps on their tail.

JUAN
(calmly)
Look over there, see over there by
the point where the Bronco
was born.

Jack and Joan exchange a look as GUNFIRE CONTINUES.

JUAN

(pointing)

And see the third tree up that
ridge? My brother planted
that tree.

Cont.

JACK
(peering around Joan)
This guy's crazier than I am.

JUAN
Oh, gracias. Yeah, that's
Lupe's Ridge, and right now we
comin' to Lupe's Long Walk!

X

The Bronco is airborne, flying off a crest, Joan covering
her eyes.

OUT 147-
150

EXT. BRONCO 151

Slamming down into open terrain, it careens toward a thicket
of trees, suddenly veers off, back into the open.

CUT TO:

INT. BRONCO 152

JACK
(glancing o.s.)
That was cover! Those trees!

JUAN
(gesturing)
I wanted to show you this field.
Here, in eighteen fifty, my ancestors
fought the Paragucchis and won
the right to irrigate.

X

A BULLET ZINGS metal.

JACK
(unnerved)
That's great, Juan.

And ZOOM -- now the Bronco blasts into a cornfield,
thrashing along a row of stalks.

X

CUT TO:

ZOLO'S JEEP 152-A
flying over the crest.

CUT TO:

INT. BRONCO

152-B

Whipping through the field, Juan suddenly shoots an arm out the window, rips out a plant in passing. A 6-inch, juicy, ripe marijuana plant. X

JUAN

Bueno -- my crop is nearly ready.

Jack does a double-take, grabs the plant for closer inspection, X checks out the window again.

JACK

This is a cornfield!

JUAN

I'm glad you think so!

CUT TO:

EXT. BRONCO

152-C

As it rockets down the row -- marijuana growing on the inside, X below the level of the corn, all the way along.

CUT TO:

THE CHASING JEEPS

153

Coming through the field now too, Zolo and his men sniffing the air suspiciously. Doesn't smell like a cornfield ought to. X

CUT TO:

EXT. SLOPING HILL

153-A

The Bronco jumps out of the field, bombs up over the hill, X crashing down on the other side.

CUT TO:

ZOLO'S JEEP

153-B

Right behind.

CUT TO:

INT. BRONCO

153-C

Juan shakes his head.

JUAN

(checks rearview mirror)
This guy who's followin' you -- he is very persistent.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRONCO

153-D

C42 Flat out, the Bronco streaks across a broad, parched flat, X a rooster tail of dust spraying up behind it.

CUT TO:

INT. BRONCO

154

Dead ahead. A river.

JUAN

See that river?

JACK

The one without the bridge?

JUAN

Two hundred and forty-five
tributaries.

JOAN

What do you mean, 'the one
without the bridge?'

JUAN

It feeds right into the Amazon.

JACK

(repeating it for
her)

The one without the bridge!

The Bronco ACCELERATES, engine SCREAMING.

JUAN

This river is the main water
supply for many villages.

The Bronco quickly nears the riverbank.

JACK

Juan, where the hell ya going?!

X

Cont.

JUAN

To Lupe's escape. I use it many
times in the past.

He produces a small electronic box similar to a garage door
opener, points it straight ahead.

CUT TO:

RIVERBANK

155

Breaking out of shrubbery camouflage, a narrow steel ramp
rises out of the riverbank, giant hydraulic lifters grinding
it upwards.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRONCO

156

It speeds to the river, the ramp not yet visible.

INT. BRONCO

157

Joan clutching Jack's arm, both anticipating a crash, Juan
casually pointing o.s..

EXT. RIVERBANK

158

The ramp appears at the last moment; the Bronco roars up it,
across three-fourths of the river, leaps the remaining gap.

CUT TO:

INT. BRONCO

159

as they land, glancing back.

CUT TO:

A ZOLO JEEP

159-A

The determined DRIVER downshifts.

DRIVER

(in Spanish)

Hang on!

He floors the pedal.

CUT TO:

INT. BRONCO

159-B

Juan points his electronic gadget back over his shoulder,
presses its red button.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER

160

The end half of the ramp flips up like a lip, the first jeep on its way, banging into the metal wall.

P.O.V. SHOT

160-A

Four soldiers fly over the top of the lip, freefall to the water below.

CUT TO:

INT. BRONCO

161

JUAN

Yeah, Lupe was one time with
the Army Corps of Engineers.
Some kinda guy.

Joan laughs, relieved, exhilarated. She turns to Jack, gives him a big hug and a kiss. It's hard to tell who's the more thrilled.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER

162

Zolo's jeep screeches to a stop, Zolo standing in his seat.

P.O.V. SHOT

163

The vanishing rooster-tail of the Bronco.

ZOLO

164

looks at his men, disgusted once again.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - DUSK (OUTSKIRTS OF FIESTA TOWN)

165

Joan is still high from the chase. She can't wind down, balancing along the edge of the road, smelling a flower, feeling the wind on her face, leaning into it...

...And Jack. Just watches her. Then looks down at her book he's kept with him. Then over at her again. Torn clothes, rumpled, flowing hair, she's quite something.

JUAN

You're okay now -- you need a little
mule to use Lupe's escape -- that
river can't be crossed for two
hundred miles in either direction --
in fact, over that mountain the river
becomes wild -- muy peligroso!
Waterfalls, rapids -- Angelina
country, right, Joan?

X

JOAN

(teetering along edge)
Whatever happened to Lupe?

JUAN is revealed behind a tree on the other side of the Bronco, relieving himself. It's a dead tree, three upper limbs tine-like, in the shape of...Satan's Spear.

JUAN

Ai-yai-yai -- terrible disappointment to family.

And Jack glances over there, and Jesus! it hits him! Almost drops the book. That tree formation.

JOAN

I can imagine....

JUAN

He entered the priesthood.

He comes back up to them, zipping up. As Jack moves forward, just staring at the tree.

JUAN

I take over the business. Is for the best, I am not so reckless. He might have ended up hanging from Tenedor Del Diablo.
(thumbing back at tree)

Like used to happen to bandidos.

Jack quickly looks over at Joan -- now she's come over, looking at the tree.

JOAN

Tenedor Del Diablo?

X

Jack breaks out in a cold sweat but:

JOAN

Hmm.

X

And she turns away again. She didn't make the connection!

JUAN

I'm sorry I cannot take you all the way to Cartagena. Beyond this town I am a wanted man.

They're moving back to the car now.

X

JUAN

But in the morning there is always a bus -- it will take you.

Jack, last in, has one more parting look at the tree before following Joan's purse into the Bronco.

CUT 166-
167

EXT. THE BRONCO

167-A

SEEN through the pronged branches of the tree, zooming away toward the twinkling lights of Fiesta Town.

CUT TO:

INT. FREIGHTER STATEROOM

167-B

Ira is on the phone again. Elaine is in the b.g., sitting on a cot, handcuffed to a rail, anxiously waiting for the outcome of this call.

IRA

Ralph, of all the things you could say to me right now, 'I've lost her' is what's gonna get the most teeth broken in your mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. PHONE BOOTH (FIESTA TOWN)

167-C

Ralph here. The phone booth just outside the Hotel.

Cont.

RALPH

Lemme tell you something, Ira -- I don't like you. I've never liked you. I don't like the way you think, I don't like the way you dress, I don't like the way you comb your hair either side of that silver bullet head of yours. And one more thing, Ira...

He sees Jack and Joan step out of the ridiculous Bronco on the other side of the plaza.

RALPH

...you are the luckiest bastard that ever walked the face of the earth.

CUT TO:

INT. FREIGHTER STATEROOM

167-D

Elaine perks an ear.

IRA

She's there? She's right there? She probably wants to call me. Ask her if you can hold her handbag.

CUT TO:

INT. PHONE BOOTH

167-E

Ralph peeks over his shoulder. The Bronco zooms away.

RALPH

She's with some guy...How the hell do I know -- she likes guys, okay? So do you.

CUT TO:

INT. FREIGHTER STATEROOM

167-F

IRA

All right, just knock off the pathetic attempts at humor, Ralph and get me that map tonight! No more screw-ups, I don't care what you have to do, just get that map, y'hear me? Tell me you hear me, Ralph!

JOAN AND JACK

171

She's heading straight for the phone booth outside the hotel. But all she can do when she gets there is hang about anxiously, waiting for the person inside (with his back to her) to vacate. Jack snatches a glance at her purse before she looks back at him.

JOAN

(shaking her head)

I don't know what I'm going to do now -- if this bus isn't tomorrow morning.

JACK

It'll be all right. I told you.

She looks at him. They don't quite know what to say to each other.

JOAN

...I guess I owe you some money.

(starts digging
in purse)

Three seventy-five?

JACK
That was the contract, right?

X

JOAN
Oh, yeah.

X

She stares at the traveler's checks as if they're suddenly divorce papers. Clearly too nervous to sign them right now, her pen hovers indecisively.

X

JACK
Why don'tcha just make your call.
(holds back the checks).
I can wait for my autographs.

JOAN
Yeah -- yeah, okay.

JACK
I'll get you a room to clean up in.

Joan watches Jack going into the hotel, so she doesn't notice Ralph covertly shuffle out of the phone booth. When she looks there it's empty, so she goes to it.

OUT 172

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL - FRONT DESK

173

Jack taps the bell. The CLERK smiles indulgently.

JACK
Buenas tardes, señor. Tiene un cuarto
para una noche -- con baño?

Cont.

CLERK
(in perfect English)
I have nothing but vacancies.
(flips open register)
It's Fiesta. No one sleeps tonight...

Jack leans forward confidentially.

JACK
Ya got a Xerox machine in this town?

The Clerk points to one. In a corner. Jack stares at it for awhile.

JACK
Looks kinda small. Y'think it takes, like, uh --
(as if he's kidding, spreading hands)
-- map size?

OUT 174

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL

174-A

In the shadows, Ralph watches Joan, illuminated in the phone booth, wonders how he can get that damn purse. X

Jack comes back out of the Hotel, meets Joan just out of the booth, finishing signing his checks.

JOAN
(with a tear in her eye)
I spoke to Elaine -- she's all right. They'll wait for me to take the bus tomorrow.

JACK
Then slide, you're covered.

JOAN
I don't know. He sounded so secure, letting me stay here tonight...

JACK
Who.

Cont.

JOAN

The bastard who's got Elaine.
Before he let me talk to her
...he gloated -- he revelled
in it.

JACK

Sure -- you're bringing him
the map -- it's what he wants.

JOAN

Yes, but what about that psycho
cop who's after us -- I'm still
worried about him.

X

JACK

Nah, I figure he's some private
operator -- and we lost him.
You heard Juan -- you can't
cross that river for two hundred
miles in either direction!

X

He tucks a strand of hair behind her ear, and before he
can take his hand away, she takes hold of it.

JOAN

...at least let me buy you
dinner.

Pressing the checks warmly into his hand.

JACK

Yeah -- Okay -- sure.
You go on up, take a hot bath.
I'll go find us some clean rags.
 (checks room key,
 gives it to her)
We're in Number Seven.

Cont.

JOAN
 (following Jack
 into hotel)
We're in number seven?

JACK
 (backing off)
 I'm sorry Joan, I did my
 best, but it's Fiesta Night
 -- we barely got the last
 room.

JOAN
 (yeah, sure)
 ...Seven's my lucky number.

CUT TO:

ACROSS THE STREET

174-B

Ralph watches the Hotel...biding his time...waiting for X
 nightfall.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

175.

Steamy. Joan steps from the bath, relaxed, wet, and beautiful.
 She towel-dries her hair, wraps on another, peeks into the
 bedroom. Her eyes widen.

An exquisite gypsy/Indian dress is laid on the bed, similar
 to the Angelina cover art, new shoes near it. Touched, Joan
 holds the dress up to herself, returns to the bathroom
 mirror.

The steam is beginning to dissipate...the dress, the tangled
 hair...Joan's reflection is dreamlike.

Spellbound, Joan wipes a section of mirror, a smile playing
 at her mouth. She throws her head back with a soundless
 laugh of recognition.

CUT TO:

Back to the mirror. Jack pays the bill then turns full-face to set on a new Panama. Clean-shaven, newly-shorn, new shirt, white pants, the man is duded-out and looking terrific. He gives the Panama the slightest tilt.

OUT 177

CUT TO:

Joan descends the stairs. In the "Angelina" dress. Shiny soft hair. She's better than cover art. A little shy, a little self-conscious, but a dazzler.

Jack is enraptured.

As she is at the sight of him. She arrives at him. Nods her approval.

JACK

Joan Charles?

(offers her his arm)

May I have the honor?

She takes the arm. They float out.

OUT 179-
181

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

182

Dense foliage, candlelight, linen. Romance on fifteen dollars a day. Tourists, well-off locals. A COMBO serenades a PARTY of twelve. Eyes shining, Joan wields a glass of "Chicha," Jack on the same flight. A WAITER clears their dinner plates. Joan's book is left on the table between them.

JACK

No, I mean it, I'm impressed.
Nothin' to be embarrassed about.

JOAN

I'm not embarrassed. As a matter
of fact...I really like Angelina.

JACK

(looking straight)
at her)

So do I.

JOAN

You haven't even read my book.

JACK

That's right.

Joan watches the serenade. The men and women dressed in fine, old-style clothes, raising glasses of wine.

It's a tableau from an older tradition. More...artistic, easier. A better tradition.

Cont.

JOAN
(returning to her
book)

I suppose it's my way of living in
another age.

JACK
If you did, I'd miss you.

X

She laughs, embarrassed.

JOAN
And you just live for the moment.

X

JACK
What else is there? Especially
when you get moments like this.

X

JOAN
(raises her glass)
There's the future.

X

JACK
There's only now.

X

JOAN
C'mon, Jack -- I'll drink to the
moment if you drink to the future.

Cont.

He raises his glass, clinks it against hers. They drink, X
 looking at each other, the serenade their soundtrack. Then
 suddenly a HOT SALSA BAND STARTS UP outside, distracting
 them. Jack digs into his pocket. Calls over the music:

JACK

I got you a little something.

He drops a tangled fistful of trinkets and charms on the table.

JACK

What can I tell ya -- they
 all had sick mothers.

JOAN

You're a softer touch than
 I thought.

(picks out a heart
 locket from the
 tangle)

El Corazon?...I guess the heart
 is where you find it.

He takes her hand, standing.

JOAN

No, Jack -- I can't dance!

He's pulling her away from the table...where she left her purse,
 hanging down from her chair.

INT. UNDER THE TABLE

183

Under the table, a long corridor is walled by linen tablecloths.
 And now at the other end...Ralph.

As Ralph moves toward the purse, under-the-table adventures
 unfold: a wad of money passes from hand to hand; a woman
 rubs a man's thighs; a wad of gum is secured table-underside;
 shoes are kicked off (CAMERA WAIVERS); a hand slides a boot
 dagger halfway out, eases it back; a child's hand creeps down
 his leg and unleashes a cargo of vegetables at Ralph's face.

CUT TO:

Hundreds of couples dancing in the square, Jack taking a reluctant Joan into the midst of all the noise and movement.

INT. UNDER THE TABLE

185

Under the table, Ralph creeps toward the purse. The buckle of his shoe snags on a long dress hem; the fabric is pulled along with him.

Jack downshifts into Salsa rhythms; Joan is awlward. She tries a few moves, improves. Jack is bumping it, coaxing her along. A BAND MEMBER hands him a bottle; he chugs, hands it to Joan X as more people surge into the square chanting, clapping, all moving to the rhythm.

CUT TO:

INT. AT THE DINNER TABLE

186 X

Diners are spellbound, one man dribbling his wine, all staring o.s.

P.O.V. SHOT - A HEFTY SEÑORA

187

The elastic bodice of her dress inches lower little by little, the jersey-stretch fabric straining, being pulled down from under the table.

UNDER THE TABLE

188

Only inches from Joan's purse, Ralph's shoe buckle strains the hem. He reaches for the purse, making one more move.

AT THE TABLE

189

As a man gapes, a woman gasps, the Señora checks her bosom, the bodice about to go, sees the strained fabric pulled under the table. With horror, she yanks back her dress.

UNDER THE TABLE

190

A foot pulled from under him, Ralph crashes to his elbows, is dragged backwards.

THE HEFTY SEÑORA

191

The Señora reels in her dress, pulling Ralph's leg with it.

A leg in her lap, the Señora jumps up, upsetting the table, shrieks. A MAITRE D' hurries over, drags Ralph out.

Ralph, being forcefully ejected, gives the Maitre D' an underhanded punch to the stomach. The Maitre D' picks Ralph up by the seat of his pants, carries him out of a door into an alley, begins beating the living shit out of him.

CUT TO:

Jack and Joan dancing up a storm. Joan, is now really getting into it. As the hot music builds to a crescendo, fireworks, X as if on cue, are let off behind them.

Suddenly. A Cloudburst. Dancers, patrons, scatter with good-natured squeals. The plaza empties, but for Jack and X Joan still dancing, and the Salsa Band playing on.

After several beats, Jack pulls Joan to him. The Band plays, the rain beats down, and Jack kisses Joan long and hard, the kiss so hot it would steam clams.

OUT 193-
194

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

195

The Town Plaza is seen through the window, late, empty, one or two drunks staggering around. CAMERA MOVES TO BED. Hair matted to foreheads, a drop of sweat passes from brow to cheek, male to female, rolls down Joan's cheek. Jack is over her, the X room lit by candles. He's playing with her hand.

JACK

I met a reformed cannibal one time -- X
he told me the palm was the tastiest
part of the human body...But I like
to discover things for myself.

(moving down her body)

Smooth, sleek, graceful...just like
my lady.

JOAN

What lady?

JACK

'Course she's a bit faster than you
are, and sleeps more. She sleeps
six.

(a teasing smile)

You only sleep one.

Rather than tease her anymore, he reaches down to take the picture of his dreamboat from his pocket at the side of the bed. Shows it to her.

JACK

Someday...if I had the money.

CUT TO:

JOAN

(rolls onto him)

Jack, maybe this is someday. I
wanna do it -- let's go for
El Corazón.

JACK

(now unsure)

Uh --

JOAN

Listen, you said it -- if I just
waltz into Cartagena and hand
over the map, are they going to
let it go at that? I won't give
'em the satisfaction!

JACK

Yeah, but what about your sister
-- you thought it might be best
to just take care of her.

X

JOAN

It might be best if I had more
than just the map -- if I had
the treasure --

X

JACK

Ah, you don't know if it's
treasure or what.

Cont.

JOAN

I thought that's what all
old maps lead to

(she kisses him)

I want to see you on that boat.

JACK

It's a big province. I don't know --

JOAN

You damn well do -- that tree we
stopped at with Juan today -- it
was a Devil's Fork, my friend.

Pause. She's got him.

JACK

...Oh, yeah.

She nods, smiling, caresses him.

JOAN

I'm here for your moment. You
gonna be there for my future?

JACK

Well -- maybe you do have a shot
at making me an honest man.

As he rolls onto her again -- and while he keeps her occupied,
his free hand reaches down to his pack -- takes out the map --
puts it back in her purse -- then comes back up to caress her.
CAMERA MOVING BACK TO window as the bedsprings SQUEAK...

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK STREET OUTSIDE

197

Ralph, bandaged, stunned, staggers back to his Renault and falls into it.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN - DAWN

197-A

The streets are littered with bottles, wilted flowers, a party dress, a drunken body draped over a tree limb, sloth-like.

Zolo's jeep rolls into town. Zolo looks dejected, but not so much as to look weak to his men. X

SOLDIER

(in Spanish)

Respectfully, Sir, you did the best you could. X

ZOLO

(in Spanish)

I'm not finished yet. Send for the reserves. X

SOLDIER

(in Spanish)

But, Sir --

ZOLO

(in Spanish)

Send for them!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOTEL - DAWN

198

Zolo's jeep pulls up. Zolo and his men wearily drag themselves inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL CORRIDOR

199

His men entering rooms behind him, Zolo, maintaining his stiff upper lip, trucks up the hall to adjacent doors. He moves the key to unlock Number Seven -- almost inserts it -- rechecks the key number. He takes a sidestep, unlocks Number Six. X

Alone now, shutting the door behind him, Zolo loses his control, grabs a chair, flings it against a wall. Then he sits down heavily on the bed, his head in his hands. He tiredly takes off his gunbelt, pulls off his boots. A SQUEAKING OF BEDSPRINGS seeps through the paper walls. Zolo looks up. X

Zolo pounds on the wall. Jack RESPONDS IN SPANISH, MUFFLED, X through the wall. Again it is quiet. Zolo closes his eyes. Again the SQUEAKING STARTS. Zolo pounds the wall, hard, four times. Jack unleashes a LONG STREAM OF SPANISH INSULTS, ending with one word, in perfect English.

JACK

(o.s.)

Asshole!

Zolo goes red with rage, starts to respond but has to cough instead. He lifts up the chair to smash it against the wall -- but suddenly pauses with it in mid-air.

ZOLO

(o.s.)

Americano...

He drops the chair, quickly slides on his boots, pulls out his gun. X

CUT TO:

CORRIDOR

201

At Number Seven, Zolo raises his boot, kicks the old board open.

CUT TO:

HOTEL ROOM

202

The door bangs open, Zolo charging in. The bed is empty. He rushes to the small terrace.

CUT TO:

HOTEL TERRACE

203

Zolo sees Jack and Joan, still dressing, climb into the Renault, Jack throwing his pack in back.

OUT 204

END OF

EXT. PRIMITIVE COUNTRY ROAD

214

The Renault comes around the corner, passes a roadside shrine, skids to a stop.

CUT TO:

INT. RENAULT

215

JOAN

X

There it is -- the shrine.

Pointing to it on the map she holds. Jack looks at her.

JACK

X

Yeah, okay, but let's just think about this for one second --

(adjusting rearview mirror)

'cause I mean, goddamn it, this guy who's on our tail is good, this guy is impressing the hell outta me!

JOAN

X

But we're so close. And you know it's gonna be great, Jack. Whatever it is, it's gotta be great.

JACK

X

I know.

He puts the car in gear.

OUT 216

CUT TO:

A SOLDIER ON HORSEBACK

217

A hundred yards back up the road. Raises a walkie-talkie to his lips.

SOLDIER

(in Spanish)

They've turned into the road of the Virgin.

(smile)

They won't get far.

OUT 218

EXT. JUNGLE ROAD

219

It dead-ends at a wall of vegetation bordering a river. TUMBLING WATERS can be heard. Jack and Joan get out of the car.

AT.

Jack pulls out wires from under the dash.

JOAN

I'll never forget that cough.

JACK

Anything in the back?

JOAN

(looks)

Just a bunch of crap.

He's still fiddling with wires, all thumbs. Joan reaches over -- and turns the key left in the ignition.

OUT 206

CUT TO:

One of Zolo's men has rushed out to join him, raises his high-powered rifle over the railing, aiming at the departing Renault. But then Zolo pushes the barrel down. He has another idea. He lifts up a walkie-talkie, starts giving orders as he gazes after the car.

ZOLO

They're going east to meet you.
Stay with them, but don't show
yourself -- let them think they're
safe.

X

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD LEADING OUT OF TOWN - MORNING

207-A

The Renault bombs along.

CUT TO:

INT. RENAULT

207-B

Joan has the map out, playing with it, trying to figure it out.

JACK

Anything?

JOAN

I don't know -- look, there's some
stuff on the back too.

JACK

Does it mean anything?

JOAN

Maybe it's supposed to be folded...
(tries, but it
doesn't help)
No, I guess not.

X

JACK

Hell with it -- we'll take one
landmark at a time. Anyone after
us?

JOAN

(looks back)
No -- we must be okay.

OUT

208-
213

JOAN
(staring at dead-end)
It can't be far. Can't be.

X

JACK
Landmarks don't stay the same,
that's all. Things grow on you.

X

JOAN
Jack...
(listening to
tumbling water)
You hear that?

JACK
Waterfall?

She folds the map again -- and this time properly. A picture
of a waterfall is created.

JACK
(looks at her)
Where's you get this thing --
outta MAD Magazine?

OUT 200-
223

CUT TO:

A MAGNIFICENT WATERFALL

224

Cascading down. Jack and Joan thrashing across a pool toward it.

OUT 225-
226

CUT TO:

INT. CAVE

227

Jack and Joan making their way along a dark tunnel, flashlights
shining the way.

JACK
(referring to map)
'Leche de Madre?'
Mother's Milk. The heart is
warmed by mother's milk...

They turn a corner.

JACK
(stops dead)
I'll be damned.

A naturally formed cavern. Rivulets, dripping water and lichen, shallow pools. Stalactites and stalagnites fill the cave like prehistoric teeth. The velvet moss, lime formations, give the cave an eerie wet beauty. And in this midst -- one stalagmite -- illuminated in a shaft of light -- dripping calcium deposits -- a pool of white liquid formed on the floor underneath it.

OUT 228

CUT TO:

JACK'S FOLD-OUT FIELD SHOVEL

229

Starting digging into the slime. Joan does what stirring she can with a stick. She pushes her hair back with a clean forearm, smiles happily at Jack.

JOAN

I can't believe I'm doing this.

JACK

What?

JOAN

Digging for treasure...with you.

He smiles back, just as pleased.

JOAN

Jack...you're the best time I ever had.

JACK

(that gets to him)

...Never been anybody's best time before.

X

Crack. The shovel hits something. Jack freezes. He drops the tool, digs in with his hands. Finds the solid object, tries to get a handhold comes up with it, almost loses it, but then gets a good grip in both hands -- holds it up.

JOAN

(stares at it;
thunderstruck)

Jack, look...a priceless statue.

JACK

Priceless, hell. It's a clay mould. My birdseed is worth more.

He starts to throw it away in the far reaches of the cavern, but Joan shoots her arm out to stop him.

X

JOAN

In my first book,
'Treasure of Lust', they hid the
treasure inside the statue.

Cont.

Jack grins, grabs back the statue, cracks it with the flashlight head. Streaks of light dart throughout the cavern, like green fireflies, as the statue shatters apart, leaving Jack holding a large HEART-SHAPED EMERALD. It shimmers an iridescent forest green. Joan grabs the other flashlight, shines it on. The glow intensifies.

JACK

(spellbound)

Jesus Christ...we could get in trouble for this.

A noise. They turn. Ralph is here. With a gun. Glaring. X

RALPH

A bunch of crap, huh! X

I'll tell ya what's a bunch of crap --

(has Joan's book)

This book is a bunch of crap!

(tosses Joan a

Pan Am flight bag)

Put the emerald in there,

Ms. Charles, I'm sick of lookin' at ya.

They look at him. Who is this little jerk who looks like he's spent the last week in a tumble-drier?

JACK

Who's he?

JOAN

I never saw him before.

RALPH

(stamps his foot)

I'M TALKIN' HERE!

JOAN

Sounds like he's from New York.

JACK

Is there anybody who isn't following you?

RALPH

I haven't seen New York in three years! X

Y' got that? Haven't tasted a blintz

since I was thirty-eight! Now I'm

finally gettin' outta this shit-hole

and you're my ticket to freedom -- so

gimme the bag, you know what I mean

where it is, and I'll be outta here

(hates this cave)

Before Batman comes home.

JACK
Who is this creep?

RALPH
I'm the creep? At least I'm honest
-- I'm stealin' this stone -- I'm not
tryin' to romance it out from under
her!

Jack starts to say something but:

RALPH
You people put me through hell!
Look at ya -- you're too clean!
(starts literally
mud-slinging)
Ya call this a book!
(starts jumping on
Joan's book)
I'm gonna kill you, I'm gonna kill
that asshole Ira, I'm gonna kill
anything that makes a move in the
next two seconds!

X

CUT TO:

OUT 230

WALL OF VEGETATION

231

All three appear up the rocky path. All dripping anew from the return through the waterfall and its pool. Ralph stops Jack, motions Joan into the Renault.

RALPH
Time I had a chauffeur.

JOAN
(upset about Jack)
Would you give us a moment --
to say good-bye?

X

RALPH
To the con man? What am I,
Miss Lonelyhearts? This ain't
the climax of one of your
potboilers -- get your butt
behind the wheel.

X

JOAN
It was my idea to go get the
stone.

X

Cont.

RALPH

X

Ha! Sure -- that's what the great
con artist always wants you to
think! He made you think you
needed it!

Giving Jack a questioning parting look, Joan climbs behind
the wheel. Ralph scoots around to the passenger side,
keeping Jack covered.

JACK

(reassuring her)

I'll see you again...

RALPH

In your dreams, buddy! See
how you like being stuck in
South America!

Cont.

Jack steps forward as the Renault speeds off up the road, raising a hand to Joan, while she looks at him growing smaller in the rearview mirror. He doesn't like South America one bit. Not anymore.

CUT TO:

INT. RENAULT

232

Smug as a bug, Ralph pats the Pan Am bag wedged in the console. Joan is tight-lipped. They streak through the trees, break the crest of the hill. Joan and Ralph's faces turn ashen, BRAKES SCREECHING.

P.O.V. SHOT

233

Zolo's sixteen jeeps compose an awesome roadblock at the roadside shrine.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD

234

Jack is kicking down the road, hearing a GROWING NOISE, DISTANT GUNSHOTS, looks up.

HIS P.O.V.

235

The Renault comes bombing around a bend, in reverse. A moment later, Zolo's jeeps bomb around the same bend, GUNS BLAZING. The Renault fishtails, nose headed toward Jack.

BACK TO SCENE

236

In a landscape of little cover, Jack turns on heel and flees.

Jack runs like a rabbit; the Renault bears down on Jack; Zolo and jeeps bear down on the Renault.

Looking back, Jack gauges the approaching disaster -- turns his eyes forward -- does a split-second FREEZE FRAME mid-stride.

HIS P.O.V.

237

Zolo's mounted POSSE of 12 HORSEMEN thunders toward him in the distance up ahead!

INT RENAULT

238

Joan and Ralph, also seeing the Posse, wide-eyed.

BACK TO SCENE

239

Jack stops dead-center of the road, west, east, caught in Posse and jeep CROSS-FIRE.

As the Renault bears down on Jack, Joan cranks the wheel to miss him, sending the car into a triple doughnut.

The passenger door flies open, and Ralph flies out, his dirt-slide landing parting him from his PanAm bag.

Jack sees it -- goes barrelling toward it. He scoops up the fumble, tucks it under his arm, takes off for the end zone -- which is Joan driving like hell, running after her, then alongside her, but she won't pull back.

JACK

Slow down!

JOAN

They'll catch us!

X

He jumps in Pony-Express style, gunfire cascading after him.

The Renault is now headed straight back toward Zolo and jeeps.

CUT TO:

P.O.V. SHOT

240

Zolo perplexed.

BACK TO SCENE

241

The Renault "U-ies", back toward the Posse.

Ralph picks himself up from the dust, sees the Renault, Zolo, jeeps in one direction, the Posse coming in the other.

Firing non-stop, the main contingents race straight for each other -- the point of intercept -- Ralph.

Ralph drops into the nuclear-bomb-defense-position generic to 1950's classrooms.

Cont.

241 Cont.

The Renault and following jeeps swerve to miss Ralph as the Posse races past. Through the dust we SEE Ralph is miraculously untrampled and still in a nuclear ball.

The Renault turns off the road and roars toward the wall of vegetation, jeeps in hot pursuit.

OUT 242

GUNFIRE AND ENGINES FADING 243

Ralph cautiously peeks over his arm.

Cont.

P.O.V. SHOT

244

Legs. Horse's legs.

RALPH

245

The Posse has Ralph surrounded. Closing his eyes, he reburies his head in his arms.

CUT TO:

THE JEEPS

245-A

racing after the Renault.

CUT TO:

INT. RENAULT

246

Holes have been blown through the windows.

JOAN
(looking back)
They're gaining!

JACK
(checking)
Fast.

P.O.V. SHOT

247

Up ahead the terrain is impassable, but for one break in the wall of vegetation.

BACK TO SCENE

248

JACK
(seeing it)
Joan, where are you going?!!

JOAN
Where am I going?!!

CUT TO:

WALL OF VEGETATION

249

The Renault blasts through the break in the vegetation, streaks down the embankment, straight into the river!

JOAN
(throws up her hands)
Lupe's escape!

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER

250

Water pours in immediately, partially submerging the vehicle. But simultaneously, the fierce current grabs it and drags it along.

CUT TO:

INT. RENAULT

251

Wild-eyed, Joan resumes steering, like it was doing some good. Laughing heartily, Jack picks up Ralph's bag, pats it like the treasure it holds.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE EMBANKMENT

252

Scrambling from their jeeps, Zolo and his men race to the river, some FIRING from the top of the embankment, others on the run.

The Renault is mercifully swept around a bend, out of eyeshot.

CUT TO:

INT. RENAULT

253

A GARGANTUAN ROAR FADES IN. Smiles wilting, Jack and Joan share a horrified look.

P.O.V. SHOT

254

The river disappears dead ahead, dropping clear out of sight.

BACK TO SCENE

255

Jack holds tight to the Pan Am bag.

JOAN

What're we gonna do!

JACK

JUMP!

CUT TO:

THE CATARACT

256

The Renault is rapidly pulled toward the falls, the river dropping a murderous plunge of thirty-some feet. The Renault is swept over, two figures dropping on either side of it, plummeting to the bottom, where it is guzzled up by a mountain of white water.

For a fatal amount of time, no one surfaces, Then Jack bobs up, just below the foot of the falls, is carried downstream. Fighting for shore, he gains the LEFT BANK, towing the Pan Am bag. Spitting out half the river, still catching his breath, he frantically scans the river for Joan.

HIS P.O.V.

258

Mountains of white water. Raging. Joan is nowhere.

BACK TO SCENE

259

Jack drops the Pan Am bag, some of the pleasure gone from the treasure. Slowly, a smile lights his face.

HIS P.O.V.

260

Twenty yards downriver, choking river water, Joan is crawling up on the bank, purse still strapped across her shoulder and under her arm.

JACK

(o.s.)

Hey!

Taking a deep breath, she revives a bit.

JACK

(o.s.)

Hey, Joan Charles!

She raises her head, looks upriver.

HER P.O.V.

261

Jack triumphantly holds up the Pan Am bag. ACROSS the river.

JACK

(yelling over)

What a comeback!

JOAN

(half-dead)

Yeah.

JACK

I thought you drowned, man!

JOAN

(rising)

I did!

JACK

You're okay, then!

JOAN
I'm great! I'm super!
(enraged)
ONLY YOU'RE ON THAT SIDE!

THE RIVER

262

Both acknowledge the raging current that separates them,
Joan pacing it a few steps.

JACK
There's no way across this sucker!

JOAN
You did this on purpose!

JACK
What're you talkin' about -- we
just went over a waterfall!

JOAN
Admit it! -- You planned it
all along -- I knew I couldn't
count on you!

JACK
(grinning broadly)
I love you!

JOAN
(pacing, paranoid)
I knew it. I just knew it.

JACK
What's the name of that hotel
in Cartagena?

JOAN
Hotel Emporio -- what d'you care!

JACK
You just keep walking toward the sunset,
you'll get there. It's muddy, but
you'll make it. I'll meet you there!

Joan walks downstream at a furious pace. Jack following.

JOAN
With El Corazón in your pocket!
What about my sister!

Cont.

262 Cont.

JACK

They don't have to know any
better -- you got the map!

JOAN

You got the stone!

Several RIFLE SHOTS rudely interrupt -- both dive for cover.

THEIR P.O.V.

263

The soldiers have reached the top of the falls. Issued commands
by Zolo, several have begun the difficult climb down (on Joan's
side) while others keep firing.

BACK TO SCENE

264

X

Jack has one final thing to yell across the river at Joan.

JACK

Trust me!

He blows her a kiss -- and ducks into the forest.

Joan holds cover a moment longer, glaring after him, then
darts away.

OUT

265-
273

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - HOTEL EMPORIO - DUSK

274

A pair of extremely muddy feet walk in -- as a digital clock X
changes to 6:00 P.M. -- and a CLERK looks up and winces as
Joan leans on the front desk, torn dress, wild hair, dazed,
even slightly punch-drunk. And covered in mud from the feet
up.

JOAN

I'm Joan Charles, I have a reservation,
I'd like the largest suite you have,
with the biggest possible bathtub,
send up a bottle of red wine, I'll be
ordering some dinner to go with it,
and let me know the minute a Jack Colton
checks in.

The Clerk doesn't blink.

OUT

275

CUT TO:

INT. FREIGHTER - ON THE HIGH SEAS

276

Ira on the phone. Elaine waiting anxiously near him.

IRA

So you made it finally. Got the map? Good. No -- you don't talk to her till I get it. Now look out your window -- you see the Fort across the bay? The Tower? You take a water taxi, right outside your hotel, you meet me there in an hour. All by yourself, okay?

He hangs up, looks at Elaine.

INT. SUITE

277

Joan turns away from the window, the Fort visible across the bay, and puts down the phone. Waiters wheel in trays of food and drink. She dials a new number.

JOAN

...Has a Jack Colton checked in?

Disappointed, she replaces the receiver, keeping her hand on it.

CUT TO:

OUT

278-
281

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

282

Joan steps from the elevator, nerves raw, a haunting, wild look to her. Oblivious to other guests' stares, she stops at the desk.

JOAN

Has Jack Colton checked in yet?

CLERK

(wearily)

In the last two minutes, no.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

283

Joan, being watched from a car window, emerges from the hotel into a coastal fog, looks around. She walks across to the wharf, and as she does --

-- a regular taxi pulls up to the hotel behind her. Jack gets out, goes inside.

CUT TO:

DOCK

283-A

Joan at the dock. Moving past the fishing boats, until she finds a water taxi.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL

283-B

Jack comes busting out of the hotel, runs across to the wharf --

-- only to see a water taxi speeding away toward the old fort.

CLICK! A gun cocks at his temple.

X

OUT

284-
286

CUT TO:

EXT. DECAYING FORT - NIGHT

287

Joan leaves the water taxi, vanishes across a small wooden bridge leading into the Fort.

CUT TO:

EXT. INNER COMPOUND - NIGHT

288

Shadows, ground mist, marshy pools of water. Joan steals past darkened doorways up stairs to tower level. Death hangs in the air. She crosses a swampy expanse, through pools of light cast by the moored freighter, passes a flagpole. No one is anywhere.

JOAN

Hello?...Anyone here?

Cont.

Not far off. WATER SWISHES a moment, a flapping sound. Joan freezes. All is quiet. She moves along a low stone wall, passes under a palm. A disembodied voice calls out:

IRA

(o.s.)

Stop right there!

She stops.

IRA

(o.s.)

Let me see the map.

JOAN

Where are you?

IRA

(o.s.)

Let me see the map.

JOAN

Let me see Elaine.

Elaine is thrust INTO VIEW, hands bound, held by someone unseen. Elaine hardly recognizes her sister.

ELAINE

Joan?

IRA

(o.s.)

Drop the map and back off.

Joan does. Ira steps from the shadows. A dark look passes between Ira and Joan as he walks toward the map.

IRA

If this isn't genuine, if you've pulled a fast one...

He picks up the map, examines it with a penlight. He doesn't look happy. Elaine shrivels. Putting the penlight in his mouth, Ira pulls out a jeweler's loupe, scrutinizes it even closer. After several moments, he glares at Joan.

IRA

(threatening)

Joan Charles...You and your sister --

(simply)

-- can go.

He laughs at his little joke as TWO LONGSHOREMEN, both carrying rifles, step into the light, one shoving Elaine forward.

ELAINE
(embraces her sister)
Joannie...

JOAN
It's okay, Elaine, we're going home.

With a parting glance at Ira, Joan starts to usher Elaine away. They take two steps; sudden MACHINE GUN FIRE shatters the night, a line of bullets exploding across Joan's path, inches from her toes.

ZOLO'S SOLDIERS

289

In an instant two of Zolo's elite soldiers jump and disarm the Longshoremen, another rams a gun muzzle to Ira's head.

Ira reaches for the sky.

JACK

290

Jack is pushed into the light, a gun at his back.

Three more elite soldiers emerge from the darkness, semi-surrounding the group. A look passes between Jack and Joan. A long moment elapses.

ZOLO

291

In the darkness, a lighter flares, illuminating Zolo's face. Lighting his cigarillo, Zolo saunters in, his stage set.

IRA
Zolo...

Leering at Joan, Zolo walks over to Ira. He holds out his hand. Ira painfully surrenders the map. Zolo stares at it, then flicks his Bic and sets it aflame. Ira gasps, horrified. Zolo drops the flaming map; Ira hopelessly stomps the flame.

ZOLO
That map is shit.

Ralph -- with a new black eye -- is shoved forward, to the X ground, by the last elite soldier.

ZOLO
They already have the stone.

Ira glares at Ralph.

IRA
I had it, Ira, in my hands --
The hands that're gonna break
every bone in your body!

Zolo throws him against a wall, then casually parades around, savoring the reins of power. Passing a rotting wooden gate in the low brick wall, Zolo glances over it, pauses. He tosses his cigarillo over the wall.

THE CROC

292

Jaws snap with lightning speed, snatching it midair. A few crocodiles move forward, the rare markings of King Croc first into the light.

ZOLO

293

smiles. He moves toward Joan. Elaine cowers, immediately stepping aside. Face to face, Zolo's eyes bore into Joan.

ZOLO

Where is it?

JOAN

I don't know!

ZOLO

Where is the stone?

JOAN

I don't -- we dug, there was nothing there!

ZOLO

(pointing to Ralph)

He saw it.

JOAN

He's a liar, he lies!

Zolo barks some Spanish, two soldiers drag Joan to the wall.

JACK

294

tenses; a soldier steps in closer.

JOAN

295

SEES over the wall, gasps.

THE CROCS

296

slither in the putrid swamp water.

gently takes Joan's hand, as if he were going to kiss it, raises it partway.

ZOLO

Crocodiles shed tears while they are eating their prey; you have heard of these tears, I am sure. But have you seen them?

In a flash, Zolo whips out his stiletto, and makes a lightning quick razor cut on Joan's hand.

JACK

(moving)

Stop!

A soldier jams an automatic rifle in his belly.

OUT 298-
299

A SOLDIER 300

holding Joan, Zolo forces her arm over the gate, with sadistic pleasure, slowly lowers it.

JOAN'S HAND 301

Blood trickles off Joan's finger, drips into the slimy water.

THE CROCS 302

start to move, smelling a meal, King Croc out front.

ZOLO 303

ZOLO

(to Joan)

You can forego this agony; simply tell me, where is El Corazón?
Where is the heart?

JACK

All right, all right, you want it
-- I'll tell you where it is.

Zolo eases off.

Cont.

JACK

It's, ah...there's a bar on the way into town -- Lupe's? Met a woman there, she took that stone with a straight flush. Damn, you should of seen it.

The lie was pitiful. Joan winces, and Zolo dismisses Jack with a grunt, turning back to Joan.

ZOLO

I hope he was a better lover than he is a liar.

A desperate look passes between Jack and Joan as Zolo again forces her hand over.

JACK

Okay, okay, lemme try again --

A soldier jams a gun butt into his groin; there is a peculiar CLINKISH SOUND. Everybody freezes.

Jack, doubled-over, straightens up again, all eyes on him. He looks a little weird. He starts doing strange contortions, shaking his leg, turning, twisting, trying to contain -- the bulge easing down his thigh.

No one knows what the hell he's doing. Ira and Ralph glance at each other. Zolo looks murderous. Crocodiles move closer to the gate, King Croc leading. Joan looks questioningly at Jack. And he gives up. He can't stop it.

JACK

The heart?
(all he can do
is smile)
It's where you find it.

The stone drops out from his pant leg, rolls onto his scruffy boot. Everyone looks at it -- except Joan who looks at Jack's face, wondering how long he would have waited.

JACK

(to Zolo)
You want it? Choke on it!

El Corazón arcs high in the air, in a slowed motion, sparkles of emerald light refracting off the stone.

Everyone stares skyward.

Cont.

In seemingly suspended flight, the stone reaches the arc's apex, hitting a palm frond. It drops from sight. After a moment, it rolls into view, down a frond onto another. It descends, sliding from leaf to leaf. An eternity passes. The stone rolls down the last frond, drops, directly into an outstretched hand.

The hand of Zolo. He looks over at Jack, smiles.

ZOLO

Thank you.

CRASH! In an explosion of scaly skin and razored teeth, King Croc lunges through the rotting gate, and tears away Zolo's hand, taking the emerald with it. Zolo screams, drops to his knees, drops the stiletto. Everyone is stunned -- then, Jack decks his guard, grabbing his machine gun, starts spraying a round -- everyone diving for cover.

OUT 304-
318

JOAN

319

snatches up Zolo's stiletto, and a lantern, yanks Elaine into a dark corridor.

OUT 320-
325

ZOLO

326

staggers behind an old stone wall, wrapping his bandana tightly around his stump. He leans back, pressing the arm up against his chest to stem the flow of blood. His lip trembles, but he's not about to succumb to this setback. His hatred is too great. One-handed, he lights a cigarillo, the energy of vengeance boiling up.

IRA

327

running the hell away.

RALPH

328

running the hell after him.

OUT 329-
332

JACK

333

squints o.s.

RECEIVED - ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE - 11/25/69
KING CROC

100
X
334

moving along a battlement wall.

JACK
Gotcha, you yellow-bellied
lizard!

He sprays the last rounds of the machine gun, tosses it
aside, and goes after the croc.

IRA'S MEN

335

On an upper level keeping Zolo's men at bay, firing rifles
at them.

JACK

336

bullets ricocheting around him, chases King Croc around a
battlement wall, the croc headed toward an empty cannon
portal.

DISTANT SIRENS FADE IN.

IRA'S MEN

336-A

exchange looks, maneuvering back to the wharf now, firing
as they go.

KING CROC

337

enters the cannon portal.

Jack dives.

Jack grabs the last bit of King Croc's powerful tail, holds
on for dear life.

IRA

338

grabs one of his retreating men.

IRA
Bring the boat around to the
other side of the tower.

As the man runs off, Ira turns -- to see Ralph diving at
him, tackling him around one ankle.

RALPH
I'm gonna kill ya, I'm gonna
kill ya!

Cont.

IRA
(struggling)
Ralph, we're family, we're a
team, you're hysterical!

Ralph rips off Ira's loafer, Ira runs away. Ralph whips the shoe at him, Ira keeps going.

RALPH
You're a dead man, Ira!
You're a dead man in an ugly
sharkskin suit!

He chases Ira into the night.

CUT TO:

JOAN 339

drags Elaine along a battlement. Joan spots Jack a good distance off, still hanging onto King Croc's tail. Zolo coughs o.s., Joan spins about.

ZOLO 340

is eight yards off, cigarillo dangling from his lips. Now with his remaining hand he removes a spur from his boot -- blades of razor sharpness click out from it.

ONE OF ZOLO'S MEN 340-A

Shot -- falls off the roof -- his machine gun skeetering X
along the dock to come to a stop near Jack.

ZOLO AND JOAN 340-B

Zolo advancing.

ZOLO
How will you die, Joan Charles?
Slow like the pace of the turtle
or fast like the shooting star...

Joan has to frown at that, even as she backs up, shielding Elaine, into a corner. Elaine is bug-eyed, clutching Joan's shoulder.

Zolo is a dark hulk, silhouetted against a diffused light. X
He slowly approaches.

Hand behind her back, Joan clicks open Zolo's own stiletto. X
He's advancing.

Cont.

She slings it. The stiletto flips end over end, off target as well. Zolo drops the spur, snatches the stiletto out of midair, by the handle. X

Joan gulps; Elaine faints.

Zolo advances with his stiletto.

JOAN

Jack!

JACK 341

Still battling with the tail, Jack glances o.s.

HIS P.O.V. 342

Zolo stalks Joan up on the battlement.

BACK TO SCENE 343

Jack sees the machine gun, just out of reach.

JOAN 344

backs off, avoiding a dangerous old grating in the floor that covers an alligator pit. X

Zolo makes a lunge; Joan shields herself with her purse. She gets in a few licks: a kick, a scratch, a gouge. Zolo sees red; he throws her back against the wall.

JOAN

Jack!

JACK 345

Struggling with King Croc, Jack tries to snag the machine gun with his toe, can't. He glances at Joan, the croc, the gun, torn with indecision. He finally lets go one hand, reaches for the gun, still can't get it. One of life's recurring battles: love or money. X

JOAN

(o.s.)

Jack!

JACK

Sonuvabitch!

Jack makes his decision. He lets go King Croc's tail. It BELLY-FLOPS to the water below as Jack grabs the gun, aims at Zolo. He fires. CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, empty.

Cont.

JACK
(throwing it away)
Sonuvabitch!

He runs back to the wall, starts climbing up to rescue X
Joan.

ZOLO

346

grabs Joan, inches the stiletto toward her face, Joan's X
hand on his wrist, holding it back. He forces her to the
ground. The nasty spur is almost within reach of her free
hand.

JACK

347

climbs as fast as he can, still too far away. X

JOAN AND ZOLO

348

Joan's hand around Zolo's wrist, the stiletto is deadlocked
seconds from her face, the cigarillo burning between his
lips. Zolo has one foot on her arm. She strains to reach X
the spur.

JACK

349

Climbing, climbing, climbing...

JOAN AND ZOLO

350

Still pinned, Joan's fingers remain an inch from the spur. X
Zolo presses in for the kill, puffing his cigarillo. He
coughs.

Thinking fast, Joan switches handholds on his wrist, grabs
the cigarillo from his lips, burns its ember into his hand.
The flesh sizzles. Zolo drops the stiletto, giving Joan
her chance. She smashes him in the face; he reels back to
his feet. And while he's still off-balance, she lunges
up, and with all her weight lands a punch to his jaw that
knocks him backwards over the grating. He whirls, crashing
through it face first, falling straight down into the pit --
where the crocs move in.

Jack came over the top in time to see that. He's walking
towards Joan now, gazing at her, knowing she is every inch
his equal. He nods several times in approval. Joan
finally smiles. Her own heroine.

JACK
Helluva right cross you got
there, lady.

They embrace.

Speeding up to the fort.

CUT TO:

BACK TO SCENE

352

Acknowledging the imminent police presence, Jack lets go of Joan, turns to Elaine.

X

JACK

X

You okay?

ELAINE

X

(still breathless)

Of course -- I've got my little --
I've got my big sister with me.

JACK

X

(shaking Elaine's hand)

Jack Colton, pleased to meet ya.
But don't ever come to South America
again.

He starts backing away now.

JACK

(to Joan)

Get to the American consulate.
Explain everything.

JOAN

Where are you going?

Cont.

JACK

They might just believe you. But
don't mention my name.

(police streaming
up stairs)

Cartagena cops and I go way back.

JOAN

You're leaving? You're leaving me!

JACK

(almost away)

You'll be alright, Joan Charles.

(starts into shadows)

You'll be just fine.

(disappearing smile)

You always were...

He vanishes in the darkness. But Joan can't believe it.

JOAN

Jack Colton...damn it.

OUT

353-

355

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

356

A cold blustery day. Snow on the ground. Kites fly up in the breezes, bicycles race by, people stroll. It's Central Park, and Joan winds up a path. There is a new spring in her walk, more assurance.

Emerging from the park, Joan moves up past the Museum of Natural History. TINKLING BELLS stop her. She slowly turns.

P.O.V.

357

A Puerto Rican vendor's display. Countless heart lockets -- crystal, gold, jade -- hanging from a bar -- interspersed with tiny bell-laden wind shimes.

With a nostalgic smile, Joan fingers the locket Jack gave her, continues walking.

Up ahead she sees some tough punks sitting along a bench, legs stretched out, harassing passersby. Joan pauses -- then keeps going the way she intended -- straight toward them.

Cont.

They immediately see her as a whistler's dream, start hawking at her. Head held high, she ignores them walks right past -- hair flowing proudly in the wind.

CUT TO:

EXT. HER STREET

358

She walks toward her building. Suddenly she hears a strange horn, not like any car horn she's ever heard. She looks at the road beside her -- and steps back with a gasp!

A boat is driving down her street. A big monster of a luxury dream boat. Actually, it's not driving. Closer inspection reveals it's being towed. And at the helm...is Jack Colton.

The boat stops alongside her. Jack tosses her a thick envelope.

JACK

Your half.

JOAN

(picks it up)

Half! -- Who said you could have half.

JACK

That's what equal partners take.

And he puts a foot up on the side of the boat to lean over and grin at her.

JOAN

(nodding)

I like the crocodile boots.

JACK

Yeah, that poor old yellow-striped guy developed fatal indigestion, died in my arms.

JOAN

Can't blame him. If I was going to die, that'd be the place I'd pick.

JACK

(looking around
New York)

How about you taking me on a tour for a change.

Cont.

JOAN

Okay.

He reaches down to pull her up to join him.

JACK

Then we'll come back here and you can pack.

JOAN

Pack?

JACK

Isn't it time we got out of the jungle?

Their arms go around each other, they embrace like the world was just beginning, and they lock themselves into a kiss that never ends as:

THE BOAT

358-A

Sails away into the sunset of Manhattan, flying Columbian colors, 'El Corazón' lettered on its keel.

OUT359-
360

FADE OUT

THE END