

INT. COLEMAN'S STATIONARY STORE, JUNE 1912 -- DAY
(FLASHBACK)

ERB sits proudly behind his desk while Coleman reads a letter from Metcalf.

COLEMAN

Wow, Eddie, just listen to what Metcalf has to say, and I quote: "If you will stop and realize how many thousands and thousands of stories an editor has to read, day in, day out, you will be impressed when we tell you that we read this yarn at one sitting and had the time of our young lives. It is the most exciting story we have seen in a blue moon, and about as original as they make 'em."

Coleman walks around the desk, slaps ERB on the back.

COLEMAN

(continuing)

Yee-haww! Eddie, you did it! And they're going to run the whole story in the October issue!

ERB

Yes, it's the first time they've ever done that. It's starting to happen, Coleman.

COLEMAN

I wonder if Metcalf had his tongue-in-cheek when he mentioned how original it is. After all, you stole your idea of the Dum-Dum from London's He-He.

ERB

I stole it fair and square,
Coleman, just like London
stole his ideas from Kipling.
As Texas Pete used to say,
"When yer on a roll, yer on
a roll." Why knock it?

COLEMAN

I see he's paying you seven
hundred bucks for it. Hell,
Eddie, you're already down
to working here three days a
week as it is. I can see
the handwriting on the wall.
I guess it's time to get
you a replacement.

ERB

Metcalf's suggested a sequel
for Princess. He wants me to
deal with ritualistic
religion on Barsoom.

COLEMAN

Be careful with that one,
Eddie. Religion and
evolution are at loggerheads.
If you're not careful, you
could hit an iceberg and sink
as fast as the Titanic.

ERB

I ain't afeared of nuthin'!

COLEMAN

That's enough quotes from
Texas Pete for one day, Eddie.
That old blackheart cost me a
lot of money.

ERB

He was the real thing though.
And don't worry about
icebergs, I've already got
the Tarzan sequel outlined.

ERB
 (continuing)
 I'm calling it, Monsieur
Tarzan.

COLEMAN
 Why the French name?

ERB
 You recall at the end of
Tarzan of the Apes that
 Tarzan had relinquished his
 birthright in Greystoke
 for the happiness of Jane
 Porter. He's having second
 thoughts about his decision,
 it weighs heavy on his mind,
 as a diversion he sails
 back to France on a
 transatlantic steamer,
 slipping into a bored life
 of too many absinths and
 cigarettes....

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRANSATLANTIC STEAMER S.S MAURETANIA - DAY

AERIAL VIEW of Atlantic Ocean, the S.S. Mauretania is under full steam sailing east. It has a blue stripe around its smokestacks, indicating it is the fastest transatlantic steamer in the world. It is ten stories high, equipped with electric lights, heat, telegraphic equipment, and new navigational devices.

Unlike other ships that run on piston technology, the Mauretania runs on steam turbine technology. The immigrants occupy the lower decks, second class occupies the decks above that, first class occupies the upper decks with the promenade, ballroom and club rooms.

ZOOM down to promenade where SEVERAL PEOPLE stroll the deck, A MAN, 50, AND WOMAN, 25, sit, read on deck chairs, they are dressed in regal fashion, the woman is tall, has long thick black hair, dark brooding eyes under heavy lashes, very large breasts, an hour-glass figure.

She wears a ring of exquisite craftsmanship on her right middle finger.

She stares in fascination at Tarzan, 22, he reads a newspaper, drinks absinth, smokes a cigarette, dresses as an English gentleman.

Everyone speaks in FRENCH, ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

WOMAN

Magnifique!

MAN

Eh? What is it that is magnifique?

The woman is embarrassed, caught off guard by speaking her thoughts, her face flushes.

WOMAN

Oh, nothing at all, my dear, I was but recalling with admiration those stupendous skyscrapers, as they call them, of New York.

She settles back into her chair, resumes reading a magazine. The man puts down his book, rises.

MAN

It is very tiresome, OLGA. I think I shall hunt up others who may be equally bored as me and see if we cannot find enough for a game of cards.

OLGA

(smiles)

You are not very gallant, my husband, but as I am equally bored I can forgive you. Go and play your tiresome old cards, then, if you will.

She watches her husband walk away, her eyes wander back to Tarzan.

OLGA
(continuing)
Magnifique!

Tarzan rises, walks away, Olga calls A STEWARD over to her chair.

OLGA
(continuing)
Who is that gentleman?

STEWARD 1
He is booked, madam, as
Monsieur Tarzan, of
Africa.

Her eyes open wide, her breasts heave in arousal.

Tarzan approaches the smoking room, sees TWO DARK SINISTER LOOKING MEN whispering next to the door. The bigger of the two is ruggedly handsome, has a beard, the shorter is clean-shaven, the bearded one glances over his shoulder, his eyes meet Tarzan's, he looks away guiltily.

Tarzan enters the smoking room.

INT. STEAMER SMOKING ROOM - DAY

The room is NEARLY FULL OF MEN smoking, drinking, playing cards. Tarzan takes a seat apart from the others, drinks absinth, smokes a cigarette, stares into a mirror on the wall reflecting the rest of the room.

His eyes rest on the reflection of a table where FOUR MEN play cards, one man rises, ANOTHER MAN takes his place, it is the short clean-shaven man. A steward passes Tarzan, he motions to him, the steward walks over.

TARZAN

Another absinth, please,
and, Steward, who is that
man with the regal appearance
sitting at the card table
behind me?

STEWARD 2

Sir, that would be the Count
Raoul de Coude; he's the
celebrity on board this
passage. He's high in the
official family of the
French Ministry of War.

Tarzan pays the Steward, he goes to get Tarzan's drink, in the mirror, Tarzan notices the larger bearded man enter the smoking room, the bearded man looks furtively all about, looks into the mirror, Tarzan looks away.

The bearded man walks to the card table, stands directly behind the Count. Stealthily, the man withdraws something from his jacket pocket, slowly, he reaches down, transfers the object in his hand into the Count's jacket pocket.

Tarzan watches the card game progress, soon the Count wins a considerable wager from the small clean-shaven man.

CLEAN-SHAVEN

Had I known that monsieur was
a professional card sharp I
had not been so ready to be
drawn into the game.

The Count's face turns white.

COUNT

What do you mean? Do you
know to whom you speak?

CLEAN-SHAVEN

I know that I speak, for the
last time, to one who cheats
at cards.

The Count leans across the table, SMACKS! the clean-shaven full in the mouth with the back of his hand. The others in the room intervene, hold the two apart.

ANOTHER PLAYER

There is some mistake, sir.
Why, this is Count de Coude
of France!

CLEAN-SHAVEN

If I am mistaken, I shall
gladly apologize; but before
I do so first let monsieur
le Count explain the extra
cards I saw him drop into
his side pocket.

The bearded man turns, sneaks from the room, Tarzan rises, bars the exit to him. The bearded man attempts to pass Tarzan, is blocked.

BEARDED

Pardon.

TARZAN

Wait.

BEARDED

But, why, monsieur? Permit
me to pass, monsieur.

TARZAN

Wait, I think there is a
matter in here that you
may doubtless be able
to explain.

The bearded man tries to push Tarzan to one side, Tarzan grabs him by the coat collar, twists him about, escorts him to the card table. Everyone in the room is gathered around the Count and his accuser.

COUNT

This fellow is crazy.
Gentlemen, I implore that
one of you search me.

ANOTHER PLAYER

This accusation is
ridiculous.

CLEAN-SHAVEN

You have but to slip your
hand in the Count's pocket
and you will see that the
accusation is quite serious.

Everyone hesitates to touch the Count.

CLEAN-SHAVEN

Come, I shall do it myself
if no other will.

He steps towards the Count.

COUNT

No, monsieur, I will submit
to a search only at the
hands of a gentleman.

TARZAN

It is unnecessary to search
the Count. The cards are in
his pocket. I myself saw
them placed there.

Everyone turns to look at Tarzan.

COUNT

It is a conspiracy! There
are no cards in my coat.

The Count runs his hand inside the pocket, freezes, turns
white, withdraws three cards in mute horrified surprise.

TARZAN

It is a conspiracy, monsieur.
Gentlemen, monsieur le Count
did not know that those
cards were in his pocket.

TARZAN

(continuing)

They were placed there
without his knowledge as
he sat at play. From where
I sat in that chair yonder
I saw the reflection of it
all in the mirror before me.
This person whom I just
intercepted in an attempt
to escape placed the cards
in the Count's pocket.

The Count stares carefully at the man in Tarzan's hands.

COUNT

Mon dieu, Nikolas! You!
(turns to accuser)
And you, monsieur, I did not
recognize you without your
beard. It quite disguises
you, Paulvitch. I see it
all now. It is quite clear,
gentlemen.

TARZAN

What shall we do with them,
monsieur? Turn them over to
the captain?

COUNT

No, my friend, it is a
personal matter, and I beg
that you will let it drop.
It is sufficient that I have
been exonerated from the
charge. The less we have to
do with such fellows, the
better. But, monsieur, how
can I thank you for the great
kindness you have done me?
Permit me to offer you my
card, and should the time
come, when I may serve you,
remember that I am yours to
command.

Tarzan take the card, releases Nikolas, who leaves with Paulvitch, stops at the door.

NIKOLAS

Monsieur will have ample opportunity to regret his interference in the affairs of others.

Tarzan bows to the Count, hands him his own card. The count reads it.

CLOSE on card: M. Jean C. Tarzan.

COUNT

Monsieur Tarzan may indeed wish that he had never befriended me. For I can assure him that he has won the enmity of two of the most unmitigated scoundrels in all Europe. Avoid them, monsieur, by all means.

TARZAN

I have more awe-inspiring enemies, my dear Count, yet I am still alive and unworried. I think that neither of these two will ever find the means to harm me.

COUNT

Let us hope not, monsieur. To say that Nikolas Rokoff is a devil is to place a wanton affront upon his satanic majesty.

INT. TARZAN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Tarzan enters his cabin, finds a note that has been pushed beneath his door.

CLOSE on note: M. TARZAN: Doubtless you did not realize the gravity of your offense, or you would not have done the thing you did today. I am willing to believe you acted in ignorance and without any intention to offend a stranger. For this reason I shall gladly permit you to offer an apology, otherwise - but I am sure that you will see the wisdom of adopting the course I suggest. Very respectfully, NIKOLAS ROKOFF.

Tarzan smiles, goes to bed.

INT. COUNT DE COUDE'S CABIN - NIGHT

The Count and his wife, Olga, chat before bed. Olga wears an elegant Chinese silk robe tied loosely about her waist, and nothing else, large amounts of her flesh are visible as she brushes her hair before a vanity. The Count sits on a divan, he has just bathed, wears only a robe, he has his head down, the Countess turns in her seat, exposes her right breast.

OLGA

Why so glum? What worries you, dear?

COUNT

Olga, Nikolas is on board. Did you know it?

OLGA

Nikolas! But it is impossible, Raoul. It cannot be. Nikolas is under house arrest in Germany.

COUNT

So I thought myself until he tried to persecute me with his friend, Paulvitch. If this were a French liner, I would have no problem settling the matter.

Olga rises, kneels down before the divan, opens the Count's robe, takes his penis, fellates him, looks up in his eyes.

OLGA

Oh, no, Raoul! Do not do that. Do not even threaten him.

He places his hands on the sides of her head, stares into her eyes, SIGHS, she licks the tip of his penis.

COUNT

Let it be as you wish, Olga. I cannot understand. He has forfeited all claim upon your love, loyalty, or respect. He is a menace to your life and honor, and mine. I trust you may never regret championing him.

(moans)

I can never refuse your requests, you have such an eloquent tongue.

OLGA

(vehemently)

I do not champion him, Raoul. I believe that I hate him as much as you do, but - oh, Raoul, blood is thicker than water.

COUNT

Only Monsieur Tarzan saved me from disgrace today because of him.

OLGA

(surprised)

Monsieur Tarzan?

COUNT

Yes, do you know him, Olga?

OLGA

I have seen him. A steward
pointed him out to me today.

COUNT

(suspiciously)

I did not know he was a
celebrity.

Olga blushes.

EXT. PROMENADE - DAY

Tarzan strolls on the promenade, smokes a cigarette, sees Rokoff, Paulvitch, and a woman in heated conversation ahead, the woman wears a veiled hat, her face obscured. Rokoff threatens, the woman pleads, they speak among themselves in RUSSIAN.

Tarzan approaches, Rokoff grabs the woman's wrist, twists it around, Tarzan notices a ring of exquisite craftsmanship on her right middle finger.

Tarzan intervenes, seizes Rokoff, grabs him by the shoulders, SWINGS him unmercifully around, he stares with malignant eyes at Tarzan.

ROKOFF

Sapristi! What do you mean?
Are you a fool that you thus
again insult Nikolas Rokoff?

TARZAN

Here is my answer.

Tarzan hurls him at the rail, BAM! he slumps against it.

ROKOFF

Name of a name! Pig, but
you shall die for this.

Rokoff springs to his feet, rushes Tarzan, tries to pull a revolver from his hip pocket. Olga shrinks back in terror.

OLGA

Nikolas! Do not - oh, do not do that. Quick, monsieur, fly, or he will surely kill you.

Tarzan does not fly, advances instead, Rokoff draws the revolver, raises it to Tarzan's breast, fires, CLICK! it hits an empty chamber.

Tarzan's hand shoots out like an angry python, a quick WRENCH, the revolver sails out over the rail far into the ocean, SPLASH. The men stand facing each other.

ROKOFF

Twice now has monsieur seen fit to interfere in matters which do not concern him. Twice he has taken it upon himself to humiliate Nikolas Rokoff. The first affair was overlooked, but this affair shall not be overlooked. You surely do not know who I am.

TARZAN

That you are a coward and a scoundrel, monsieur, is all that I care to know of you.

Tarzan continues with his stroll, not giving the men a second glance.

Tarzan arrives at his deck chair, sits, goes into a deep reverie, meditates again on his existential dilemma.

Tarzan comes out of his reverie, feels eyes upon him, he wheels about quickly on the chair, confronts Olga staring at him. She is tall, young and strikingly beautiful, there is something familiar about her.

Neither one drops or averts their eyes, her face turns red, she walks past him, raises her right hand to make sure her hair is in place. His eyes fix on the middle finger of her raised hand, to the ring of exquisite craftsmanship.

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - EVENING

Tarzan exchanges small talk with the second mate on deck, the second mate is called away, Tarzan looks out over the rail, watches the play of moonlight on the gently rolling waves.

He is half-hidden on the deck by a davit, Rokoff and Paulvitch pass in the dark, he overhears part of their conversation.

ROKOFF

And if she screams you may
choke her until --

Tarzan cannot hear the rest. He silently follows.

They pass by the smoking room, to the first class cabins on the promenade deck. Tarzan has to make do with less cover, he keeps low and out of sight.

Rokoff and Paulvitch approach a polished hardwood door, KNOCK, Tarzan slips into the shadow of a passageway not a dozen feet away.

OLGA (OFFSCREEN)

(RUSSIAN; ENGLISH SUBTITLES)

Who is it?

ROKOFF

It is I, Olga - Nikolas.
May I come in?

OLGA (OFFSCREEN)

Why do you not cease
persecuting me, Nikolas?
I have never harmed you.

ROKOFF

Come, come, Olga, I but ask
a half dozen words with you.
I shall not harm you, nor
shall I enter your cabin;
but I cannot shout out my
message through the door.

Tarzan cannot understand Russian, he strains to make sense of the conversation. There is a CLICK as the latch to the door is released. Tarzan comes out of hiding, sees Paulvitch flat against the metal panels next to the door, the door opens, Rokoff half enters, speaks in a low whisper, a woman in a short Chinese silk robe tied loosely around her waist stands in the doorway, it is too dark to see her face, Rokoff slips a hand inside her robe, fondles a breast.

OLGA (OFFSCREEN)

No, Nikolas, it is useless.
Threaten as you will, I
shall never accede to your
demands. Leave the room,
please; you have no right to
be here. You promised not
to enter.

Rokoff lowers his hand, unties the robe, Tarzan can make out large breasts, a dark curly bush, Rokoff rubs her between the legs, fingers her, she MOANS.

ROKOFF

Very well, Olga, I shall not
enter.

Rokoff pushes her back out of Tarzan's sight, nods to Paulvitch, he springs forward, Rokoff holds the door open for him, Paulvitch enters the room, Rokoff steps out of the doorway, the door SLAMS shut, muffled voices:

OLGA (OFFSCREEN)

I shall send for my husband!
He will show you no mercy.
Leave at once!

PAULVITCH (OFFSCREEN)

The purser will fetch your
husband, madame, in fact, the
officer has already been
notified that you are enter-
taining a man other than your
husband behind the locked
door of your cabin.

OLGA (OFFSCREEN)

Bah! My husband will know!

PAULVITCH (OFFSCREEN)

Most assuredly your husband will know, but the purser will not; nor will the newspaper men who shall in some mysterious way hear of it on our landing. Nor will it detract from the interest they all will feel when they learn that the man whom madame entertained, whose penis you now hold in your hand, is a Russian servant - her brother's valet, to be quite exact.

There is a long pause, a woman's MOAN.

OLGA (OFFSCREEN)

Alexis Paulvitch, you are a coward, and when I whisper a certain name in your ear you will think better of your demands upon me and your threats against me, and then you will leave my cabin quickly, nor do I think that ever again will you, at least, annoy me.

A STARTLED OATH from Paulvitch, a woman's SCREAM, a CHOKING NOISE.

Tarzan leaps from his hiding place, Rokoff sees him, starts to run away, Tarzan seizes him by the collar, drags him back.

Tarzan throws his great shoulder against the door, CRASH, he SPLINTERS THE WOOD, Tarzan rushes inside holding Rokoff.

INT. COUNT DE COUDE'S CABIN - NIGHT

Paulvitch copulates Olga on a couch, her Chinese robe is ripped back over her shoulders, he strangles her neck with both his hands.

Olga GASPS, beats at his face with her fists, he GRUNTS, ejaculates inside her.

Paulvitch hears the door SPLINTER, lets go of her throat, pulls out, stands, fastens his fly, stares at Tarzan with disinterest.

Olga sits up, the robe is still pulled back over her shoulders, she rubs her throat, tries to catch her breath, makes no attempt to cover up, her large upturned breasts heave in desire, her large pink nipples bulge in arousal, her pose is wanton, her wet vagina fully exposed, a pink flower amidst a curly black forest.

Tarzan looks at her right hand, recognizes the ring, realizes Olga is the beautiful woman he saw on deck. They speak in FRENCH; ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

TARZAN

(to Rokoff)

What is the meaning of this?
Touch the button, please, we
will have one of the ship's
officers here - this affair
has gone on long enough.

OLGA

No, no - please do not do
that. I am sure there was
no real intention to harm me.
I angered this person, and
he lost control of himself,
that is all. I would not
care to have the matter go
further, please, monsieur.

TARZAN

You wish me to do nothing
then, in the matter?

OLGA

Nothing please.

TARZAN

You are content that these
two scoundrels should
continue persecuting you?

Olga struggles to answer, looks troubled, unhappy. A
sneer of triumph on Rokoff's lips.

TARZAN

(continuing)

Then, I shall act on my own
responsibility. To you,
Rokoff, and this includes
your accomplice, I may say
that from now on to the end
of the voyage I shall take
it upon myself to keep an
eye on you, and should
there chance to come to my
notice any act of either one
of you that might even
remotely annoy this young
woman you shall be called
to account for it directly
to me, nor shall the calling
or the accounting be
pleasant experiences for
either of you. Now
get out of here!

Tarzan thrusts the two men from the room, gives them each a
kick on the way out, he shuts the door. He looks at Olga.

TARZAN

(continuing)

And you, madame, will confer
a great favor upon me if you
will but let me know if
either of those two rascals
troubles you further.

Olga stands, lets the robe slip off her shoulders, walks naked to Tarzan, kneels, unbuttons his trousers, pulls out his penis, strokes it with her right hand, Tarzan watches the ring of exquisite craftsmanship move up and down with her hand, she licks the tip of his penis.

OLGA

Ah, monsieur, I hope that you will not suffer for the kind deed you attempted. You have made a very wicked and resourceful enemy, who will stop at nothing to satisfy his hatred. You must be very careful indeed, Monsieur -

TARZAN

Pardon me, madame, my name is Tarzan.

OLGA

Monsieur Tarzan, I shall never forget the debt I owe you.

She stands, drags him by his penis to the couch, pushes him onto it, climbs in his lap, impales herself on his penis, presses her breasts in his face, she copulates him with magic pelvic thrusts, she MOANS, has an orgasm, Tarzan GRUNTS, ejaculates.

TARZAN

Mon dieu! Where did you learn how to do that?

OLGA

The man who taught me that tried to shoot you today, monsieur. You must go now before my husband returns from playing cards.

Tarzan looks shocked.

She climbs off, gives his penis one last squeeze, puts it back inside his trousers, rebuttoned them. She pulls him to his feet, curtsies, offers her hand, Tarzan takes it, kisses it, bids her GOOD NIGHT.

EXT. PROMENADE - DAY

Tarzan walks to his deck chair at the same time Olga walks to hers from the opposite side. She greets him with a pleasant smile.

OLGA

I trust that monsieur has not judged me by the unfortunate occurrence last evening. I have suffered much on account of it - this is the first time I've ventured from my cabin since; I have been ashamed.

TARZAN

One does not judge the gazelle by the lions that attack it, especially when such a splendid feast follows.

They LAUGH.

TARZAN

(continuing)

I saw those two men work before - at cards in the smoking room. Men such as they must cleave only to the vile, hating all that is noblest and best.

OLGA

It is very kind of you to put it that way. I have already heard of the matter of the card game. My husband told me the entire story.

OLGA

(continuing)

He spoke especially of the strength and bravery of Monsieur Tarzan, to whom he feels he owes an immense debt of gratitude.

TARZAN

Your husband?

OLGA

Yes, I am the Countess de Coude.

TARZAN

I am already amply repaid, madame, in knowing that I have rendered a service to the wife of the Count de Coude.

OLGA

Alas, monsieur, I already am so greatly indebted to you that I may never hope to settle my own account. You see, monsieur, you hold my honor hostage in your hands.

TARZAN

Do not worry, it will be safe with me.

EXT. BALCONY OF LT. D'ARNOT'S APARTMENT, PARIS - DAY

Tarzan and LT. PAUL D'ARNOT, 30, a wealthy French aristocratic officer, sit on the large balcony of his luxurious apartments in Paris, they smoke cigarettes, sip an expensive cognac.

D'Arnot's suite is in the 16th Arrondissement, on the top floor of an apartment building on the Rue de l'Assomption; from the balcony, a breathtaking view: to the left, the Port de Passy, the entrance to the large forest park of the Bois de Boulogne; toward the center, the Arc de Triomphe; and at hard right, the Palais de Chaillot and the tallest man-made structure in the world, the Tour Eiffel.

The day is sunny and warm.

D'ARNOT

You must be mad, my friend,
to so lightly give up wealth,
position and the woman you
love on some notion that Jane
will be better off.

TARZAN

You do not know Jane very
well, she is of two minds
like all women. She is bound
to Clayton by a sense of duty.
She's from an old Southern
family in America, and
Southerners pride themselves
upon their loyalty.

D'ARNOT

But you had proof that you
were the real Lord Greystoke;
why tell them that Kala the
Ape was your true mother,
and not the Lady Clayton?

TARZAN

It may be hard for you to
believe me, but I loved Kala.
She was always kind to me
in her fierce and savage
way. She saved my life
and fought for me, with
the ferocity of real mother
love.

D'ARNOT

Very well, my friend. I owe
you my life.

(snaps fingers)

Say, they're having a Rossini
revival tonight at the opera.
Let us go and you can drown
your sorrows in some stirring
music.

TARZAN

That is another thing; I
see little difference
between the civilized
music of the opera and the
primitive beating of the
Dum-Dum. Your Paris is
more dangerous than my
savage jungles, Paul.

(waves toward view)

Jungle standards do not
countenance wanton
atrocities. There we
kill for food or self-
preservation, or in the
winning of mates and
protection of the young.
Always, you see, in
accordance with the
dictates of some great
natural law.

(wags finger)

But here! your civilized man
is more brutal than the
brutes. He kills wantonly,
and, worse than that, he
utilizes a noble sentiment,
the brotherhood of man, as
a lure to entice his
unwary victim to his doom.

D'ARNOT

As you say, my friend, but
I believe you will find
Rossini a marvelous
antidote to your malaise.

INT. PARIS OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

Tarzan and D'Arnot sit in his balcony box; Tarzan closes his eyes and smiles to the Overture of William Tell, feels the rush of the hunt, it is music made for copulation; when it is over he turns to D'Arnot, they exchange a knowing smile.

Tarzan has a hard time concentrating on the rest of the opera, he has the strange sensation that eyes are upon him, his eyes gaze the audience, focus on a woman smiling at him from another box on the other side.

ZOOM on woman: it is the Countess.

At the next intermission, Tarzan crosses the outer corridor to her box, sits down beside her, she is alone, glad to see him, she makes no move to embrace him, many eyes are watching.

TARZAN

I think about you all of the time, Olga. It is such a pleasure to see you again. You look stunning in that gown.

OLGA

Thank you, Jean; I have so wished to see you. It has troubled me not a little to think that after the services you rendered to both my husband and myself no adequate explanation was ever made you of what must have seemed ingratitude on our part in not taking the necessary steps to prevent a repetition of the attacks upon us by those two men.

TARZAN

You wrong me. My thoughts of you have been only the most pleasant. Have they annoyed you further?

OLGA

They never cease. What I wish to tell you may be of aid to you in combating whatever dark scheme they may have in way of revenge.

TARZAN

What is the object of his persecution of you?

She waits for the music to begin, takes him into the alcove, places her hands in his.

OLGA

The Count is entrusted with many vital secrets of the Ministry of War. There is a matter now in his possession that would make the fame or fortune to any Russian who could divulge it to his government. Nikolas and Paulvitch are Russian spies and will stop at nothing to procure the information. The affair of the card game was for the purpose of blackmailing the knowledge they seek from my husband.

(pauses)

You thwarted that scheme. Then they concocted the plan that put my honor at stake. When Paulvitch entered my cabin, he explained it to me. If I would obtain the information he would go no further.

TARZAN

No further than what?

Olga hangs her head down, puts her hand on Tarzan's arm.

OLGA

He tore my robe over my shoulders and molested me with his hands. He forced me to take his manhood in my hand.

TARZAN

The fault was mine; I waited too long before breaking down the door. I didn't understand what was happening until I heard you scream.

OLGA

Rokoff was to notify the purser that I was entertaining a man in my cabin not my husband. The brute was to rape and strangle me so that I could not scream. He forced me to the couch, forced his penis inside me. I told him to stop, that I knew something about him that would send him to the gallows in Russia, and I whispered a name in his ear. He went mad, took me like a common trollop, not just strangling me to keep me quiet, but to murder me.

TARZAN

The brutes!

OLGA

They are worse than that, they are devils. Tell me that you will be on your guard constantly, for my sake, tell me you will. I should never forgive myself should you suffer for the kindness you did me.

TARZAN

I do not fear them. For your own safety, why do you not turn the scoundrels over to the authorities? They should make quick work of them.

OLGA

For three reasons. The first is what keeps the Count from doing that very thing. The others -

(looks into Tarzan's eyes)
are more personal. I have never told the - only Nikolas and I know it. I wonder...

TARZAN

And what do you wonder?

OLGA

I wonder why it is that I want to tell you the thing that I have not even dared telling my husband. I believe that you would understand. I believe that you would not judge me too harshly.

TARZAN

I fear that I should prove to be a poor judge, madame. If you had been guilty of murder, I would say that the victim should be grateful to have met such a sweet fate.

OLGA

Oh, dear no, it is not so terrible as that. You see the first reason is that Nikolas is my brother.

Tarzan is shocked, she blushes, looks down.

TARZAN

You learned the ways of the bordello from your brother? I can see why you would not want the Count to learn of that.

OLGA

That is the second reason. He was always a bad man; he violated me repeatedly when I was quite young. Finally, he disgraced our proud Russian family by creating a scandal while he was in the army, our father managed to rescue his career by getting him a position in the secret service.

TARZAN

After what he has done to you, you do not owe him any loyalty, madame.

OLGA

Thus we come to the third reason. I may owe him no loyalty as a brother, but I cannot so easily disavow the fear I hold him in because of a certain episode in my life. I might as well tell you all, for I see that it is in my heart to tell you sooner or later. I was educated in a convent. While there I met a man whom I supposed to be a gentleman.
(looks down)
I knew little or nothing about men and less about love.

OLGA

(continuing)

I got it in my foolish head that I loved this man, and at his urgent request I ran away with him. We were to be married. I was only with him for three hours on a a train, but it was all spent in the ways of love. In just three hours a reputation can be ruined forever.

(tears form in her eyes)

When we reached the destination where we were to be married, he was arrested at the train station. The man who wooed me was no gentleman at all, but a deserter from the army as well as a fugitive from civil justice. He had a police record in nearly every European country.

(pauses)

The matter was hushed up by the authorities. Not even my parents knew of it. But Nikolas met the man afterward and got the whole sordid story out of him. He extorted me with the information, held me as his secret sex slave until my father came to my rescue and introduced me to the Count. Now he threatens to tell the Count everything if I don't do just what he wishes me to do. The Count takes me for a honorable woman; I am afraid for his sanity if he were ever to discover the truth.

TARZAN

You were just a little girl.
Go to your husband tonight
and tell him the whole
story as you have told it
to me. Unless I am much
mistaken, he will laugh at
you for your fears and take
immediate steps to put your
brother in prison where he
belongs.

OLGA

I only wish that I dared.
But I am afraid I learned
only too early to fear men.
First my father, then
Nikolas, then the fathers
at the convent. I truly
love my husband. But nearly
all my friends fear their
husbands - why should I not
fear mine?

TARZAN

It does not seem right that
women should fear men. I
should hate to think that
any woman feared me.

OLGA

I do not think any woman
would ever fear you, my
friend. You must go now.

She takes his hand, gives it a squeeze, Tarzan walks back to
D'Arnot's box.

INT. LT. D'ARNOT'S APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Tarzan reads a book, drinks absinth, smokes a cigarette, the
telephone RINGS, a SERVANT answers, comes to Tarzan.

SERVANT

A telephone call for
Monsieur Tarzan. Will you
receive it?

TARZAN

Yes.

He goes to the phone, picks up the receiver, puts it to his
ear.

TARZAN

Monsieur Tarzan.

TELEPHONE VOICE (OFFSCREEN)

Ah, yes, monsieur, this is
Francois - in the service of
the Countess de Coude.
I have a message, an urgent
message from the Countess.
She asks that you hasten to
her at once - she is in
trouble, monsieur.

TARZAN

What kind of trouble?

VOICE OF FRANCOIS (OFFSCREEN)

Francois does not know.
Shall I tell madame that
monsieur will be here
shortly?

TARZAN

You may tell her.

INT. ROKOFF'S AND PAULVITCH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Paulvitch takes the handkerchief off the telephone receiver
that he used to disguise his voice. He smiles evilly at the
camera, hangs up the receiver, turns to Rokoff.

He speaks in RUSSIAN, ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

PAULVITCH

It will take him thirty minutes to get there. If you reach the German Minister's in fifteen, De Coude should arrive at his home in about forty-five minutes. That should be long enough enough for our love birds to be in a compromising position when he arrives home. Here is the note for De Coude. Hasten!

INT. THE GERMAN MINISTER'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Count de Coude attends a smoker at the German Minister's residence, the smoking room is FULL OF DIGNITARIES, NOBLES, AND OFFICERS OF ALL NATIONALITIES.

A servant brings the Count a note, he reads it.

CLOSE on note: MONSIEUR LE COUNT DE COUDE: One who wishes to save the honor of your name takes this means to warn you that the sanctity of your home is this minute in jeopardy. A certain man is now with your wife. If you go at once to the Countess' boudoir you will find them together.

The Count rises, apologizes to his host, leaves, his face is white, his hands tremble.

INT. THE COUNTESS' BOUDOIR - NIGHT

The telephone rings, A MAID answers; they speak in FRENCH; ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

ROKOFF (OFFSCREEN)

Let me talk with the Countess de Coude at once!

MAID

I am sorry, monsieur, but madame has retired.

ROKOFF (OFFSCREEN)

This is a very urgent message for the Countess' ears alone. Tell her that she must arise and slip something about her and come to the telephone. I shall call back in five minutes.

The maid hurries to the bathroom, the Countess bathes in a marble tub, runs a sponge over her breasts, between her legs, the maid enters, gives the Countess the message, helps dry her off, the countess slips into a pearl white silk robe, waits by the phone desk.

JACQUES the servant escorts Tarzan to the Countess' boudoir, draws a heavy curtain aside for Tarzan to enter, leaves the room, draws the curtain shut.

The Countess sits at the telephone desk, her back to Tarzan, TAPS her fingers on the polished surface.

TARZAN

Olga, what is wrong?

Olga turns around, is startled, her robe is untied, her full breasts and curly bush exposed, she is unashamed.

OLGA

Jean! What are you doing here? Who admitted you? What does it mean?

The truth begins to dawn on Tarzan's face.

TARZAN

Then, you did not send for me, Olga?

OLGA

Send for you at this time of night? Mon Dieu! Jean, do you think that I am quite mad?

TARZAN

Francois telephoned me and told me to come at once; that you were in trouble and wanted me.

OLGA

Francois? Who in the world is Francois? There is no one by that name in my employ. Someone has played a joke on you, Jean.

Olga LAUGHS.

TARZAN

I fear that it may be a most sinister joke. Where is the Count?

OLGA

He's at the German ambassador's.

TARZAN

This is another move by your estimable brother. Tomorrow the Count will hear of it. He will question the servants. Everything will point to - to what Rokoff wishes the Count to think.

OLGA

The scoundrel!

Olga rises, walks to Tarzan, she trembles, is very frightened, puts her hands on Tarzan's shoulders.

OLGA

(whispers)

What shall we do, Jean? It is terrible. Tomorrow all Paris will read of it - he will see to that.

Tarzan takes Olga in his arms, he smothers her lips with hot French kisses, he kisses her breasts, sucks her nipples, she unbuttons his fly, pulls out his penis, she masturbates him, rubs the tip against her clitoris.

OLGA

(continuing; pants)

Oh, Jean, you are so big.
Love me, Jean, oh, love
me; put it in me, I am so
frightened, put it in me.

She inserts his penis inside her vagina, he moves slowly inside her, holds her tight, humps against her, faster, faster, she wraps an arm around his neck, moves on his penis, he GRUNTS, ejaculates, she MOANS, has an orgasm, the lovers breathe heavily, cling together in sweet embrace as they catch their breaths.

The Count enters the boudoir, sees them holding each other, is shocked, angry that his wife is in the arms of another, he attacks Tarzan with his walking stick.

Olga sees him coming, SHRIEKS IN HORROR, tears herself out of Tarzan's arms, the Count strikes Tarzan repeatedly over the head with his walking stick, WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

He strikes one time too many, Tarzan reverts to his ape man persona, SNARLS, springs for the Frenchman, tears the stick out of his hands, breaks it like a matchstick, SNAP! flings it across the room.

He grabs the Count around the neck, lifts him off his feet, chokes him, shakes him back and forth like a rag doll.

Olga tears at Tarzan's great hands, the Count goes limp.

OLGA

Mother of God! You are
killing him, you are
killing him! Oh, Jean,
you are killing my husband!

Tarzan hurls the body to the ground, puts one foot on the Count's chest, looks up at the ceiling, gives the HORRIBLE VICTORY CRY OF THE BULL APE.

Olga sinks to the floor next to her husband, prays.

Tarzan is confused, he looks all around, the room is a blur to him, slowly he comes to his senses, loses his erection, focuses on Olga.

TARZAN

(whispers)

Olga!

OLGA

Oh, Jean! See what you have done. He was my husband. I loved him and you have killed him.

Gently, Tarzan raises the Count in his arms, carries him to the couch, puts an ear to the man's breast.

TARZAN

Some brandy, Olga.

She brings a bottle, they force it between the Count's lips, he CHOKES on it, turns his head, GROANS.

TARZAN

(continuing)

He will not die. Thank God!

OLGA

Why did you do it, Jean?

TARZAN

He struck me and I went mad. I was raised in the African jungle by a tribe of Apes. Please, do not judge me too harshly.

OLGA

I do not judge you at all, Jean. The fault is mine. You must go now - he must not find you here when he regains consciousness.

OLGA

(continuing)

Remember, Jean, my love, you only held me because I was frightened. Nothing more occurred between us, do you understand me, my love?

TARZAN

Of course. We'll pray that he did not see my penis.

(smiles)

I would take another bath if I were you.

(more seriously)

Now, you must tell me where your brother lives.

INT. ROKOFF'S AND PAULVITCH'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Rokoff and Paulvitch sit in their room waiting for a newspaper journalist. They speak in RUSSIAN, ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

PAULVITCH

Soon the newspaper men will arrive to hear the first report of the scandal that will surely stir social Paris in the morning.

A KNOCK at the door.

ROKOFF

Ah, but these newspaper men are prompt. Enter, monsieur!

The door opens, Rokoff springs to his feet.

ROKOFF

(continuing)

Name of a name! What brings you here?

Tarzan enters the room. They speak in FRENCH, ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

TARZAN

Sit down!

Rokoff cowers back into his chair.

TARZAN

(continuing)

You know what has brought me here. It should be to kill you, but because you are Olga de Coude's brother I shall not do that - now. I shall give you a chance for your lives. Before I leave you two alive in this room, you will have done two things. The first will be to write a full confession of your connection with tonight's plot - and sign it.

(pauses)

The second will be to promise me upon pain of death that you will permit no word of this affair to get into the newspapers. If you do not do both, neither of you will be alive when I pass through that doorway. Do you understand? Make haste; there is ink before you, and paper and a pen.

Rokoff assumes a truculent air, with false bravado pretends not to show any fear at Tarzan's threats. Tarzan moves quickly, seizes Rokoff's throat in the steel grip of his massive right hand, Paulvitch makes a run for the door, Tarzan grabs him with his other hand, lifts him completely off the floor, hurls him senseless into a corner, CRASH!

Rokoff's face turns blackish, Tarzan releases his hold, shoves him back in his chair.

TARZAN

Now write! If it is
necessary to handle you
again I will not be so
lenient.

Rokoff picks up a pen, writes a confession.

TARZAN

(continuing)

See that you omit no detail,
and that you mention every
name.

Rokoff continues to scribble away, there is a KNOCK on the
door.

TARZAN

Enter!

A dapper young man enters the room.

DAPPER YOUNG MAN

I am from the Matin. I
understand that Monsieur
Rokoff has a story for me.

TARZAN

You are mistaken, monsieur.
(to Rokoff)
You have no story for
publication, have you, my
dear Nikolas?

Rokoff looks up from his confession with an ugly scowl.

ROKOFF

No, I have no story for
publication.

TARZAN

Nor ever, my dear Nikolas.

Tarzan gives Rokoff the Eye of the Tiger.

ROKOFF

Nor ever.

TARZAN

It is too bad that monsieur
has been troubled.

(turns to reporter)

I bid monsieur good-night.

Tarzan escorts the reporter from the room, closes the door
in his face.

An hour later, Rokoff finishes, Tarzan puts the bulky
confession into his pocket, stops at the door.

TARZAN

(continuing)

Were you, I should leave
France, for sooner or
later I shall find an
excuse to kill you that will
not in any way compromise
your sister.

EXT. THE FIELD OF HONOR, A ROAD NEAR ETAMPS - DAY

Tarzan and D'Arnot park alongside the road in his chauffeur
driven car.

D'ARNOT

You know the Count is a
splendid marksman. Why did
you insist on pistols?

TARZAN

I am going to expiate a
great wrong, Paul. A very
necessary feature of my
expiation is the marksman-
ship of the Count.

D'ARNOT

You mean that you hope to
be killed?

TARZAN

I cannot say that I hope to be, but you must admit that there is little reason to believe that I shall not be killed. Paris is no place for me. I will continue to stumble into more and more serious pitfalls. The man-made restrictions are irksome. I feel always that I am a prisoner. I cannot endure it, my friend. I think I shall, if I live, go back to my own jungle, and lead the life God intended that I should lead when he put me there.

They are the first to take the field of honor, the Count, his second, MONSIEUR FLAUBERT, and A PHYSICIAN are next.

The seconds examine the pistols, Tarzan lights a cigarette, the Count looks off at the horizon, he personifies coolness.

The seconds hand the pistols to the duelists, they face away from each other, back to back, their pistols hang by their sides.

D'ARNOT

The parties are allowed three shots each. You will take ten paces, at the signal, you shall turn and fire.

They each take ten paces, D'Arnot gives the signal.

The Count wheels, Tarzan turns slowly, the Count fires, BANG! Tarzan takes a bullet in the side, barely flinches, does not raise his pistol.

The Count fires again, BANG! Tarzan takes a bullet in the shoulder, again barely flinches, never raises his pistol, puffs at his cigarette.

Tarzan's attitude unnerves the Count, he fires, BANG! the bullet WHIZZES by Tarzan's head, inches away.

They look at each other, Tarzan is disappointed, the Count is terrified.

COUNT

Mother of God! Monsieur,
shoot!

Tarzan walks to the Count, hands him his pistol.

TARZAN

There must have been
something wrong with
monsieur's pistol. Or
monsieur is unstrung.
Take mine, monsieur, and
try again.

COUNT

Mon dieu, Monsieur! Are
you mad?

TARZAN

No, my friend, but I
deserve to die. It is the
only way I can atone for
the wrong I have done to a
very good woman. Take my
pistol and do as I bid.

COUNT

It would be murder. But
what wrong did you do to
my wife? She swore to me
that -

TARZAN

I only held her in my arms
because she was frightened.
But that was enough to cast
a shadow upon her name,
and to ruin the happiness
of a man against whom I had
no enmity.

TARZAN

(continuing)

The fault was all mine, and I hoped to die for it this morning.

COUNT

You say the fault was all yours?

TARZAN

All mine, monsieur. Your wife is a very pure woman. She loves only you. The fault that you saw was all mine. The thing that brought me there was no fault of either the Countess or myself. Here is a paper signed by Rokoff that confesses to a conspiracy with Paulvitch against the Countess' honor.

The Count reads the confession.

COUNT

Mon dieu! How did you get this from Rokoff?

TARZAN

You do not really wish to know.

COUNT

You are a very brave and chivalrous gentleman; I am glad I did not kill you.

The physician treats Tarzan, he has only flesh wounds. They all drive back to Paris the best of friends.

INT. COUNT DE COUDE'S OFFICE, FRENCH MINISTRY OF WAR - DAY

The Count's office is opulent, in French ornamental style, Tarzan sits before his massive desk, waits for the Count to light his cigar.

COUNT

I think that I have found just the thing for you, Monsieur Tarzan. It is a position of much trust and responsibility, which also requires considerable physical courage and prowess. I cannot imagine a man better fitted than you, my dear Monsieur Tarzan, for this very position. It will necessitate travel, and later it may lead to a very much better post - possibly in the diplomatic service.

(pauses)

At first, for a short time only, you will be a special agent in the service of the Ministry of War. Come, I shall take you to the gentleman who will be your chief, General Rochere.

INT. D'ARNOT'S SITTING ROOM - DAY

TARZAN

General Rochere intimated that I may be leaving Paris as early as tomorrow on my secret mission.

D'ARNOT

That old fox is getting
you away from his hen.
But you don't seem to
care. It seems to delight
you to think that you are
to leave Paris, and that
we shall not see each
other for months. Tarzan,
you are most ungrateful
beast!

They LAUGH.

TARZAN

No, Paul, I am a little
child. I have a new toy,
and I am tickled to
death.

EXT. HOTEL GROSSAT, AUMALE, FRENCH ALGERIA - DAY

Tarzan, disguised as an American Safari hunter and traveler,
sits at breakfast in the hotel dining room, watches
clandestinely the suspected spy, LIEUTENANT GERNOIS, meet in
the connecting bar with A LARGE STRANGER.

Tarzan finishes his cup of coffee.

TARZAN

(to himself)

From his suspicious
behavior, Lt. Gernois is
panning out to be our
spy. That stranger is
likely his foreign contact.
There's something very
familiar about that man.
I'd better get a closer
look at him.

Gernois turns and meets Tarzan's eyes, Gernois says
something to the stranger, they walk away outside of
Tarzan's vision.

Tarzan rises, leaves money on the table, strolls into the bar, Gernois and the stranger are gone. He has lost them.

INT. CAFÉS MAURES, SIDI AISSA, FRENCH ALGERIA - NIGHT

Tarzan picks up the trail in Sidi Aissa, he is with his servant interpreter, ABDUL, 19, they enter a cafes maures, are confronted with a WILD DIN OF ARABIAN MUSIC, DRUMS AND PIPES, the night is in full swing, the place is PACKED WITH ARABS, they smoke, drink thick hot coffee, stare at Tarzan.

Tarzan and Abdul find a bench.

ABDUL

I am not hungry, master.
The feast Kadour ben Saden
prepared for us at dinner
was magnificent.

TARZAN

We are going hunting with
him tomorrow.

A good-looking OULED-NAIL, 18, dances in the center, she is very young, slim-figured, has long dark hair, strings of gold coins depend from her hair ornaments, she has almond eyes, wears gold and silver bracelets on her bare arms.

She has ripe young breasts, they bounce beneath her low cut white linen half-blouse, her jeweled belly is exposed, her colorful short skirt has high slits up the sides, reveals her charms when she shakes her hips, the curves of her buttocks, the flash of pubic hair, she is naked beneath.

She sees Tarzan, his European clothing, hopes for a big tip, she dances over, shakes her breasts in his face, presses his face into her cleavage, wiggles her breasts, she pulls back, throws a silken handkerchief on his shoulder, Tarzan tosses her a franc piece, she sticks it on her forehead, walks away, she is replaced in the center of the room by ANOTHER DANCER, the new girl ignores the infidel, concentrates on the young Arabs in the room.

Abdul watches the girl who danced for Tarzan walk to the far side of the room, she talks to TWO ARABIAN LOOKING MEN near a side door leading out upon an inner court, around the gallery of which are rooms occupied by the girls who dance in the café, it is an Arabian brothel.

One of the men nods in the direction of Tarzan and Abdul, the girl turns, shoots a furtive glance at Tarzan. The girl goes back on duty, the Arabs melt out the door into the darkness of the inner court.

The girl spends all her time on Tarzan, she plays finger cymbals with her hands, gyrates on his knee, he feels her bare vagina against his leg, she moves up his thigh, the ARABIAN MUSIC GETS LOUDER, she moves over the large bulge in his slacks, rubs her vagina against it, her skirt billows on Tarzan's lap, conceals her actions; soon, Tarzan GRUNTS, ejaculates in his pants, the crowd MURMERS, she dances away, comes back, shakes her breasts in his face, they pop out of her blouse, she slaps them across Tarzan's face, the crowd MURMURS louder.

The MUSIC stops, she takes a step back, bows, Tarzan has a large wet spot on his trousers, she tosses a silken handkerchief on his shoulder, he tosses her two franc pieces, as she sticks them to her forehead, she bends her head next to Tarzan's, whispers:

OULET-NAIL

(BROKEN FRENCH)

There are two without in the
court who would harm m'sieur.
At first I promised to lure
you to them, but you have
been kind, and I cannot
do it. Go quickly, before
they find that I have
failed them. I think that
they are very bad men.

TARZAN

I thank you for your
honesty. I assure you
we will be careful.

She walks out the door into the court, her breasts still exposed, all the men watch her, when they look back at Tarzan there is hatred in their eyes.

ABDUL

(BROKEN FRENCH)

They believe the Ouled-Nail
was defiled by an infidel.
You are not welcome here,
master.

A surly looking Arab enters the café from the street, stands by Tarzan, MAKES INSULTING COMMENTS ABOUT TARZAN IN ARABIC, Tarzan does not understand, Abdul translates.

ABDUL

(continuing)

This fellow is looking for trouble. He is not alone. In fact, in case of a disturbance, nearly every man here would be against you. The Ouled-Nail is the most popular dancer in the café; she has done herself great harm by the affection she lavished upon you. It would be better to leave quietly, master.

TARZAN

Ask the fellow what he wants?

ABDUL

He says that the "uncircumcised dog of a Christian" insulted the Ouled-Nail, who belongs to him. He means trouble, m'sieur.

TARZAN

Tell him that I did not insult his or any other Ouled-Nail, that I wish him to go away and leave me alone.

Abdul gives the message to the Arab, THE ARAB ANSWERS CONTEMPTUOUSLY.

ABDUL

He says that besides being a dog yourself that you are a son of one, and that your grandmother was a hyena. Incidentally, you are a liar.

The crowd sneers, LAUGHS, amused at the insults, other than Abdul, Tarzan has no friends in the café; a half smile forms on Tarzan's lips, he rises from his seat, a mighty fist shoots into the face of the scowling Arab, POW! the Arab staggers back, falls unconscious on the floor, THUD!

Instantly, a HALF-DOZEN PLAINSMEN rush into the café as if on cue, they wave wicked-looking swords and daggers, shout:

PLAINSMEN

Kill the unbeliever! Down with the dog of a Christian!

A NUMBER OF YOUNGER ARABS in the crowd join the assault on the unarmed ape-man, Tarzan and Abdul are pressed back toward the inner court door, Tarzan fells all who come within reach with tremendous blows, BAM! POW! Abdul holds off the flanks with his dagger, the press of the crowd makes it impossible for the attackers to utilize their weapons.

Tarzan grabs an attacker, wrenches the weapon out of his hand, holds him as a shield, backs slowly toward the door with Abdul to his rear, as soon as Abdul is in the courtyard, he stops in the doorway, picks up his Arab shield, hurls him as though from a catapult into the faces of his on-pressing fellows, CRASH!

EXT. CAFÉ COURTYARD - NIGHT

Around the galleries, the Ouled-Nails crouch at the top of the stairs which lead to their respective rooms, the only light in the courtyard comes from the flickering candles the girls stick in their own grease to the woodwork of their doorframes so that customers can best see their charms.

BANG! a revolver fires from the darkness beneath a stairway, two muffled figures spring out toward Tarzan and Abdul, they keep firing, BANG! BANG! the shots miss.

Tarzan leaps on the nearest attacker, wrenches the revolver from his hand, breaks his wrist, CRACK! knocks him to the ground, the other presses his revolver against Abdul's forehead, the gun misfires, CLICK, Abdul's dagger finds his vitals, SQUISH! the man falls dead, THUD!

The crowd enters the courtyard, the Oulet-Nails extinguish their candles at a signal from the Oulet-Nail that Tarzan copulated, Tarzan takes the sword from Abdul's victim, faces the crowd.

A light hand on his shoulder: it is the Oulet-Nail.

OULET-NAIL

Quick, m'sier; this way.
Follow me!

TARZAN

Come, Abdul, we can be no
worse off elsewhere than we
are here.

They follow the girl up a narrow stairway, they reach the top, HEAR THE CROWD searching for them below.

OULET-NAIL

Soon they will search here.
They must not find you, for,
though you fight with the
strength of many men, they
will kill you in the end.
Hasten; you can drop from
the farther window in my
room to the street beyond.
Before they discover that
you are no longer in the
court of the buildings you
will be safe inside your
hotel.

Several men start up their stairway, the man in the lead spots them, cries out:

ATTACKER

The son of a Christian dog
is at the top of these
stairs!

The crowd rushes the stairway, the man in the lead does not expect Tarzan to have a sword, Tarzan runs him through the chest, SQUISH! kicks him off his sword, he falls into the crowd pressing up the stairs, BAM! the crowd rolls back down the stairs like dominoes, the structure cannot stand the great weight, it CREAKS, CRACKS, the wood SPLINTERS, the stairs collapse beneath the Arabs, CRASH!

OULET-NAIL

Come! They will reach us
from another stairway through
the room next to mine. We
have not a moment to spare.

INT. OULET-NAIL'S ROOM - NIGHT

As they enter the room Abdul translates the VOICES he hears below.

ABDUL

They are sending men out onto
the street to cut off our
escape.

OULET-NAIL

We are lost now.

TARZAN

We?

OULET-NAIL

Yes, m'sieur, they will kill
me as well. Have I not aided
you? Am I not full of your
seed - the seed of an infidel
from an uncircumcised penis?

Tarzan crosses to the window overlooking the street, hears the NOISE of the crowd clambering up the next stairway.

He places a foot upon the sill, leans out; above him, in arm's reach is the low roof of the building. He motions for the girl, he puts a great arm around her, lifts her across his shoulder.

TARZAN

Abdul, wait here until I reach down for you from above. In the meantime shove everything in the room against that door - it may delay them long enough.

EXT. ROOF AND STREET OF CAFÉ - NIGHT

He steps out on the sill with the girl on his shoulders, he feels the wet slickness of her bare vagina against the back of his neck.

TARZAN

(continuing)

Hold tight!

He clambers up onto the roof with the ease and dexterity of an ape, he sets the girl down, leans out over the edge of the room, reaches down.

TARZAN

(continuing)

Abdul, give me your hand!

BATTERING at the door, it CRACKS, begins to give way to the crowd, it BREAKS, as the crowd rushes in, Tarzan lifts Abdul like a feather up out of the room to the roof above, at the same time, another crowd rushes out onto the street below.

OULET-NAIL

Pray to Allah that we were not seen.

ANGRY CURSING from the room below.

ABDUL

They are very angry at the
people in the street below
for allowing us to escape.

OULET-NAIL

Allah be praised.

They relax, squat on the roof. Those in the building soon
give up the search, return to the café below, a few remain
in the street below, smoking and talking.

TARZAN

I am very grateful that you
would sacrifice your life
for me, a total stranger.

OULET-NAIL

I liked you; your large
uncircumcised infidel penis
felt like a magic sword from
The Arabian Nights.

She hugs him.

OULET-NAIL

(continuing)

You are my Sinbad.

TARZAN

That about sums it up:
sin plus bad.

He French-kisses her.

TARZAN

What shall you do after
tonight? You cannot return
to the café. Can you even
remain with safety in
Sidi Aissa?

OULET-NAIL

Tomorrow it will be forgotten.
But I should be glad if it
might be that I never return
to this or another café. I
have not remained because
I wished to; I have been a
prisoner.

TARZAN

A prisoner!

OULET-NAIL

A slave would be the better
word. I was stolen in the
night from my father's douar
by a band of marauders.
They brought me here and sold
me to the Arab who keeps this
café. It has been two years
now since my sixteenth
birthday when I saw the last
of mine own people. They are
very far to the south. They
never come to Sidi Aissa.

TARZAN

If you would return to your
people, I can promise to see
you safely so far as
Bou Saada at least. There,
we can doubtless arrange
with the commandant to send
you the rest of the way.

OULET-NAIL

Oh, m'sieur, how can I ever
repay you. You cannot really
mean that you will do so much
for a poor Oulet-Nail.

TARZAN

You saved our lives. It is
the least I can do.

He kisses her, holds her tight.

OULET-NAIL

My father can reward you,
and he will, for is he not
a great sheik? He is Kadour
ben Saden.

TARZAN

Kadour ben Saden!

Abdul smiles.

TARZAN

(continuing)

Why, Kadour ben Saden is in
Sidi Aissa this very night.
He dined with me at my hotel
but a few hours since.

OULET-NAIL

My father in Sidi Aissa?
Allah be praised then, for
I am indeed saved.

ABDUL

Dinner with the sheik;
dessert with the daughter.
Allah moves in strange
ways.

They LAUGH quietly, hear VOICES below.

ABDUL

(continuing)

They have gone now. It is
you they want, m'sieur.
One of them said that the
stranger who had offered
money for your slaying lay
in the house of Akmed din
Soulef with a broken wrist.
It was he and another who
attacked us and fired upon
us when we came out of the
café. Why do they want
to kill you, m'sieur?

TARZAN

I do not know. Unless -

Tarzan dismisses the idea. The people in the street below finally go home. The café and courtyard are deserted. Tarzan lowers himself to the sill of the window, looks in, the room is empty.

He returns to the roof, lowers Abdul to the window sill, lowers the girl into Abdul's arms, Abdul jumps from the sill to the street, Tarzan climbs to the sill, takes the girl in his arms, leaps down onto the street like an a ape, the girl makes A LITTLE CRY OF ALARM as they land, he gives her a squeeze, puts her on her feet.

They have no trouble reaching Tarzan's hotel.

EXT. TARZAN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

They enter Tarzan's hotel room, he takes Abdul aside.

TARZAN

I would like to reunite the girl with her father as soon possible. Check the lesser native hostelries where it might be expected a desert sheik would find congenial association.

He looks at the girl, she sits on the bed, smiles, PATS the mattress.

TARZAN

(continuing)

And Abdul, make sure it takes at least an hour.

Abdul leaves, Tarzan turns to the girl, she stands, pulls off her blouse, her skirt, stands naked before him. He strips his clothes off, embraces her, she pushes him back onto the bed, gets on top, Tarzan cups her breasts, squeezes them, bulges the large brown nipples, sucks them, she inserts his penis.

OULET-NAIL

Take me, Sinbad; take me
with your magic sword.

They copulate on the bed, bathe together in the tub, smoke cigarettes, drink absinthe, she strokes his penis back to life with her feet.

OULET-NAIL

(continuing)

How strong m'sieur is, and
active. El adrea, the black
lion, himself is not more so.

They copulate, towel themselves dry, dress, she drinks absinthe with him on a couch. A KNOCK on the door, Abdul enters with the SHEIK, 50.

SHEIK

Monsieur has done me the
honor to -

His eyes fall upon the girl, she rises, with outstretched arms the Sheik crosses the room to greet her, tears stream down the cheeks of the old desert warrior.

SHEIK

(continuing)

My daughter! Allah is
merciful!

He embraces his daughter, turns to Tarzan.

SHEIK

(continuing)

All that is Kadour ben Saden's
is thine, my friend, even to
his life.

INT. BAR OF HOTEL DU PETITE SAHARA, BOU SADA - DAY

Tarzan and Abdul sit at the bar, Tarzan drinks absinthe, smokes a cigarette, Abdul drinks water. The hotel has two dining rooms, one for the use of the officers of the garrison, one for civilians, both of which can be seen from the bar.

Both dining rooms are FULL OF CUSTOMERS eating breakfast.

TARZAN

It was sad watching the Sheik
and his daughter depart for
his douar in the south. I
will miss the Oulet-Nail
greatly.

ABDUL

It was hard to tell who took
to you the more, the Sheik or
his daughter.

Tarzan glances into the officer's dining room, spies Lt.
Gernois at a table.

ABDUL

Look, m'sieur, it is the man
from the courtyard!

A man dressed as an Arab approaches Lt. Gernois's table, his
left hand in a sling, he bends, whispers something in Lt.
Gernois's ear, passes out of the building through another
door.

TARZAN

Abdul, follow that man.

Abdul leaves, returns an hour later, Tarzan is still at the
bar, still drinking, he is mildly intoxicated.

ABDUL

I have learned that the man
is actually a white man with
a black beard who likes to
dress as an Arab.

TARZAN

Rokoff! Just as I suspected.
Where is he hiding?

ABDUL

Come, I will show you.

EXT. THE STREETS AND ALLEYS OF BOU SAADA - DAY

Abdul leads Tarzan through a maze of streets and dark narrow stinking alleys, to a rickety stairway, at the top of the stairs, a closed door and a tiny glazed window high under the low eaves of a mud building.

Tarzan climbs the stairs, he can just reach the window sill, he pulls himself up slowly until his eyes top it, in a well-lit room he sees Gernois and Rokoff talk at a table.

INT. ROKOFF'S SECRET HIDING PLACE - DAY

GERNOIS

Rokoff, you are a devil!
You have hounded me until
I have lost the last shred
of my honor. If it were
not that that other devil's
spawn, Paulvitch, still
knew my secret, I should
kill you here tonight with
my bare hands.

ROKOFF

(laughs)

You would not do that, my
dear lieutenant. The moment
I am reported dead by
assassination, dear Alexis
will forward to the Minister
of War full proof of the
affair you so ardently
long to conceal. Further,
you will be charged with my
murder. Come, be sensible.
I am your best friend. Have
I not protected your honor
as if it were my own?

Gernois sneers, SPITS OUT AN OATH.

ROKOFF

(continuing)

Just one more little payment
and the papers I wish, and
you have my word of honor
that I shall never ask
another cent from you, or
further information.

GERNOIS

What you ask will take my
last cent, and the only
valuable military secret
I hold. You ought to be
paying me for the information,
instead of taking both it
and money, too.

ROKOFF

I am paying you by keeping
a still tongue in my head.
But let's have done. Will
you, or will you not? I
give you three minutes to
decide. If you are not
agreeable I shall send a note
to your commandant tonight
that will end in the
degradation that Dreyfus
suffered - the only
difference being that he
did not deserve it.

Gernois sits with bowed head, he rises, draws two pieces of
paper from his blouse.

GERNOIS

Here! I had them ready, for
I knew that there could be
but one outcome.

He gives them to Rokoff, his face lights up in cruel
gloating.

ROKOFF

You have done well, Gernois.
I shall not trouble you again -
unless you happen to
accumulate some more money or
information.

GERNOIS

You shall never again, you
dog! The next time I shall
kill you. I came near doing
it tonight. You had a close
call tonight, Rokoff; do not
tempt fate a second time.

Gernois rises to leave.

EXT. OUTSIDE DOOR OF ROKOFF'S HIDEOUT - DAY

Tarzan drops down from the sill, hides against the wall
where the door will open, Abdul hides beneath the stairs;
the door opens, conceals him from view, Gernois walks down
the stairs, Rokoff closes the door, Abdul follows Gernois,
Tarzan grabs the doorhandle, pulls it open, enters.

INT. ROKOFF'S HIDEOUT - DAY

Tarzan is upon Rokoff before he can react, he grabs him by
the throat, Rokoff's eyes are livid.

ROKOFF

(gasps)

You!

TARZAN

I!

ROKOFF

What do you want? Have you
come to kill me? You do not
dare. They would guillotine
you. You dare not kill me.

TARZAN

I dare kill you, Rokoff, for no one knows that you are here or that I am here, and Paulvitch would tell them that it was Gernois. But I do not care if they know that it was I who killed you. The pleasure of killing you would more than compensate for any punishment they might inflict upon me. You are the most despicable cur of a coward, Rokoff, I have ever heard of. You should be killed. I should love to kill you.

He squeezes his hand tighter around Rokoff's throat, lifts him off his feet, Rokoff struggles, kicks his feet, Tarzan SLAMS him down into a chair, releases his grip just as Rokoff is about to lose consciousness, he waits until Rokoff's COUGHING SPELL subsides.

TARZAN

I have given you a taste of the suffering of death. But I shall not kill - this time. I am sparing you solely for the sake of a very good woman whose great misfortune it was to have been born of the same woman who gave birth to you.

ROKOFF

That incestuous whore! Surely you are not serious, monsieur? She was the easy darling of every sailor on leave in St. Petersburg. Why do you think she always protects me? It is because I was her first lover. Are you getting the right idea now of your honorable woman?

ROKOFF

(continuing)

I thought you had a taste for
Outlet-Nails; how is it you
did not recognize one posing
as the Countess de Coude?

Tarzan's eyes burn with fury, he takes Rokoff by the throat.

TARZAN

What are you saying?

ROKOFF

Olga is a nymphomaniac.
Why do you think I introduced
her to the Count? I knew he
was an old man and would
desire a young girl to
satisfy his carnal desires.
Why else would he have
married such a woman with
a scandalous past?

(pauses; lets sink in)

Believe me, monsieur, he
was fully aware of her
whorish background; that is
why he sent you on this
fool's mission. He not only
got you away from his whore,
he believed you would kill
me also in the bargain. Was
it just a serendipitous
coincidence that I was
involved? Don't be a fool,
Monsieur Tarzan; the Count
has played you like a pawn.

TARZAN

That may be true, Rokoff,
but as you can see for
yourself, I did not kill
you. The pawn achieved
checkmate on its own.

He lets go of Rokoff's throat, walks to the table, picks up the two pieces of paper Gernois left there, one is a check made out to Rokoff, the other is a secret document full of salient facts and statistics, of great value to any enemy foreign government.

Rokoff GASPS in horror as Tarzan slips them into his pocket.

TARZAN

These will interest the
Chief of Staff.

Tarzan leaves Rokoff GROANING in his hideout. He makes his way back to the hotel. Abdul meets him outside.

ABDUL

Have you heard the news,
master?

TARZAN

I have received orders to
travel tomorrow for Algiers
and board the first steamer
for Cape Town. Is that what
you are talking about?

ABDUL

No, master. Lt. Gernois
shot himself as soon as
he returned to his quarters.
I was outside; I heard the
shot. He blew his brains
all over the wall; it was
a dreadful sight.

TARZAN

For once, he did the
honorable thing.

ON SCREEN: TO BE CONTINUED....

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF PART ONE