

# THE REBEL SON

(Based on the Novel  
THE REBEL SON)

By

Guy Quigley

A FOUR PART MINI-SERIES

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## PART 1

MONTAGE: NASSAU BAHAMAS - 1978

Ext. BEACH FRONT VILLA - DAY

Seated on the verandah are PATRICK FALLON (65) Tanned, pleasant looking. His wife MARY (62) Sophisticated, Philadelphia socialite and son WILLIAM known as BILL (30s) Ivory handled cane by his side. Successful investment banker. Patrick is looking out at the calm sea addressing wife Mary and Bill.

PATRICK

Another hot day in paradise

MARY

And so it should be. To think that they had nine inches of snow up north. It's all snow shovels and back aches.

PATRICK

(laughing)

Thank God, I don't have to do that anymore. Let's hope Belton has plowed the road up to the house. Jake will charge up in that stupid Porche Carrara or whatever it's called and bury it as usual a hundred yards from the house.

Bill listening to the conversation is opposite Mary, his back to the sea.

BILL

Jake would do well to get a real job and stop living off the fat of the land. Your land.

Mary leans over and pats Bill on his good knee.

MARY

Oh come Bill, don't be so hard on the boy.

BILL

Boy, some boy. He's twenty eight years old and what's he ever done with his life.

PATRICK

Well he did do a three year stint in the army! And he survived Vietnam.

BILL

Only because he was drafted. And don't ignore the fact the he smoked so much pot and drank his way through college. And Dad if I remember correctly, if he didn't straighten out you were going to cut off of his trust account.

PATRICK

Come on Bill, he was only 22 years old when he went to war and fortunately he did not come back screwed up.

MARY

(interrupting)  
Or with some gook wife.

(A BEAT) Patrick looks at Mary with his usual disdain at her remark.

MARY (CONT'D)

(ignoring Patrick's obvious look)

Why don't you take him into your business?

BILL

(smiling)

Come now Mom, you know I tried a couple of times.

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

All he wanted to do was mess around with the girls in the office. I love him dearly, but does he ever need to grow up!

PATRICK

Some of the shit he does can be so aggravating, but some of the other maneuvers can only be construed as brilliant.

BILL

Remember after Vietnam, that crazy diamond mining in East Africa in 77. That was a stroke of luck as far as I'm concerned.

MARY

What do you mean luck?

PATRICK

Forget it Mary.

Bill is about to say something. Patrick holds his arm up in the air waving him off and continues.

PATRICK

Let's not bring up old news, the kid made a kill on the diamonds and that's it. Hell he has a crap load of stocks in some of the hottest companies. So what kind of a job do you want the boy to get?

BILL

Anything that will hit him between the eyes with some discipline.

MARY

Enough of this, we're supposed to be a good God fearing family. So let's not drum up any negativity, especially since Jacob isn't here to defend himself. (A BEAT) I'm going get Harry to make some lunch.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

I know you are flying back to New York this afternoon in that new plane of yours, don't know why you can't fly like normal people.

Mary gets up and leaves the verandah.

PATRICK

You know your mother gets a hard-on when you boys squabble about one another. Mind you Jake never does have anything much negative to say about you.

BILL

I'm sorry Dad, I guess it is my self pity. Jake always had it so good. He did everything that I would never do to you guys.

PATRICK

Like What?

BILL

Like sky diving, rock climbing, fast cars, fast girls. Smoking pot, drinking at high school and on into college. In the immortal line from The King And I, etc. etc. etc.

PATRICK

You were no Angel.

BILL

Literally, the fallen Angel.

PATRICK

Now I got it. The bad knee and the cane for support. Your supposed fall from grace when Amanda died on that slope. Your life isn't over boy. For God's sake move on. Nobody blames you and that includes her parents.

MARY (O.S.)

Salads on the table. Let's go gentlemen.

Utilizing his cane, Bill follows Patrick into the house.

Ext. AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Bill is at the controls of his 1973 BEEHCRAFT B55 BARON. The twin engine aircraft ascends into the sky. Patrick and Mary are parked with their open Jeep along the road. Bill tilts the port and starboard wings then continues to climb out heading north. They wave farewell.

CUT TO:

Mary looks at the over large diamond on her finger.

MARY

I don't know what Bill's talking about, this diamond that Jake got in Africa is really stunning.

PATRICK

Perhaps that's the problem, it's so frigging large. Probably stolen and spent a hell of a lot of time up some African's ass.

MARY

Oh my God.

FADE TO BLACK.

OPENING CREDITS.....

EXT. LANE - PENNSYLVANIA - MARCH - SNOWY

A Porsche Carrera is being towed by a snow plough along the plowed gravel road. Two men occupy the car. JAKE FALLON (28) 5'10". Rugged good looks, solid build, mousy colored hair, war scar under chin, calm demeanor) Beside him is BRIAN WILSON (28) 6'0" Philadelphia main liner. Skinny with a gaunt look. Mass of blond hair.

Jake and Brian are both wearing bomber jackets, gloves and knitted hats down over their ears and are smoking with the windows wide open.

BELTON, (60s) Caretaker is towing the Porche behind a tractor and much to Jake's disgust throwing up snow on the hood of his car.

JAKE

Thank God Belton was here with the or we'd be slushing our way for the next half mile.

Brian blows smoke out the window.

BRIAN

Are you nuts, if that Dude didn't come, we'd have smoked this car first, even if it meant ripping the ass out of it.

JAKE

Fuck you Brian.

BRIAN

It's not my fucking car.

INT - LIVING ROOM - FARMHOUSE - BUCKS COUNTY

Jake and Brian and sitting by the open fire swilling the Brandy in their glasses.

JAKE

Looking forward to the hunting trip?

BRIAN

Absolutely, unlike the Gooks, they cannot fire back.

JAKE

Concerned about Africa.

BRIAN

No way, tourists still go there and it's a long cry from the days in Nam.

Jake offer's Brian one of his father's Cuban cigars.

JAKE

I'm dying to get away.

Brian takes the cigar and extends a long lit match to Jake that he has retrieved from the side of the Inglenook fireplace.

BRIAN

Me too and it will be a buzz to get away from bitchy Bertha for awhile. Great cigar, your old man will be pissed.

JAKE

He's not supposed to have Habanas. So fuck it and by the way what gives with you and that broad Bertha.

BRIAN

My folks and her folks are old family friends. The perfect match as her folks have as much loot as mine. Need to ensure that money begets money. Need I say more.

JAKE

Let's go to Manhattan and celebrate.

BRIAN

Maybe we can pick up a couple of chicks.

JAKE

If not chicks there's always Roosters in the village.

BRIAN

Not funny, Fuck that gay shit. If the worst comes to the worst, we can always grab a couple of pros.

JAKE

You can take the soldier out of Saigon, but you can't take those Saigon whores out of the soldier. Bertha's gonna love that. Come on, we'll use the Rover.

They get up and leave the room, Brian drapes his arm over Jake's shoulder as they walk.

BRIAN

One mention to any broad in an effort to get laid that I am the real BRIAN from The Beach Boys and I'll really kick your ass this time.

(OS) Jake LAUGHS

INT - LUXURY APARTMENT MANHATTAN - BAHAMIAN HOME - SOLEBURY FARM

SPLIT SCREEN

Bill-left. Patrick and Mary-center. Jake-right.

BILL

You must be insane.

JAKE

Less insane than going to Nam.

PATRICK

That's different, you had to go.

MARY

Please Jake, I'm concerned.

JAKE

(laughing)

No need for concern Mom, The place still has tourists going out there. The Victoria falls is a serious tourist trap.

BILL

It's no laughing matter Jake. I'll wager you know nothing about the place.

JAKE

(sarcastically)

And I'll bet you know every God-damn thing there is to know.

MARY

No need to take the Lord's name in vain.

PATRICK

Tell us Bill

BILL

About thirteen years ago, Rhodesia under Ian Smith, declared (UDI) which means a Unilateral Declaration of Independence, and broke away from the United Kingdom. The black Africans have been waging a terrorist war ever since.

PATRICK

Sounds like not the place to be.

JAKE

Dad, we're going hunting with a reputable big-game hunting outfit. They've assured us we are far removed from any aggravation.

JAKE (CONT'D)

For God's sake, they've got little kids going to school every day.

MARY

(annoyed)

Using the Lord's name again.

PATRICK

You're well over twenty one, so what the hell.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

To break it down for a moment, the country is the largest producer of maize in the sub-sahara area. They sell to Botswana, Mozambique and even feed their neighbor Zambia.

BILL

Hey dad, I didn't know you were so versed on the region.

PATRICK

When Jake said he and Brian were going, I made it my business. I guess a couple of Nam vets should be able to keep their heads down and their powder dry.

Mary looks at Patrick with surprise.

MARY

Then you don't mind?

PATRICK

How can I, he's a big boy. Why don't you go along Bill.

Mary swats her husband across the shoulder.

MARY

You go from concerned to encouraging both the boys go out to some remote part of the world. Bill's not going and that's that.

BILL

(sarcastically)

Well thank you for allowing me to respond for myself. And I'm definitely not going. I'm too busy to go galavanting in Africa.

JAKE

(animosity in voice)

Too scared Buddy.

MARY

Boys!

PATRICK

That's enough. You want the guy to go limping through the African bush with his cane?

JAKE

I'm Sorry Bill, you know I'm only kidding. Look I'll keep in touch, wherever there's a phone I'll call home. And Mom, I'll bring you home a Lion skin.

MARY

I'll have no smelly animal parts of any nature in any of our homes. Give it to Bill.

BILL

No thanks.

JAKE

Gotta go. Brian's expecting a call from me about our real estate business. We've a ways to go, so we'll talk long before we leave.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SOLEBURY FARM - DAY

Jake DIALS a number.

JAKE

Hi, your folks give you a crock of shit?

CUT TO:

BRIAN

Big time. It's like I'm ten years old. When Uncle Sam sent us out to hot, humid and shitty Vietnam, that was copacetic.

BACK TO:

JAKE

Because it had to be OK. Hell we're getting on in years. It's time our parents let go and realize that we're big boys (A BEAT) But fuck it, we don't want to cut off the cash flow. Anyway what was the outcome with your folks?

BACK TO:

BRIAN

You're right there Bro, cash first, hunting second. In any case I got a green light, so we're outta here.

Back TO:

JAKE

OK Man, time to celebrate. Let's go to New York and drive my brother Bill insane. We can shack at his pad, get him a piece of ass and make his mundane life worth living. Roll on July the big game hunters are a coming.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. CLEAR BLUE SKY - DAY

ARIEL view of Victoria Falls. Last week in August. Zambezi river is no longer in flood. PAN across the dry terrain to the VICTORIA FALLS hotel with its lush green watered lawns.

Several tourists around the pool being served drinks.

PAN to Jake and Brian, both sitting in deck chairs a cocktail in their hands. Jake is talking and Brian is eying the young female stretched out on a sun-bed.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Can you believe we're been in Africa over three weeks and only have ten days to go.

Brian turns his stare away from the female.

BRIAN

And what a three weeks it was. No Broads, but geeze that hunting was a blast.

JAKE

You can kiss the deer hunting in Pennsylvania good-bye after this kind of high intensity adrenaline rush.

BRIAN

Remember that fucking lion, I just clipped the side of his neck and  
.....

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK:

Jake and Brian are on the back of a Land Rover taking aim at the lion. It is Brian's shot, but he grazes the animal. The Lion CHARGES the Land Rover. The WHITE HUNTER (45) takes aim to protect his paying customers. Jake touches him on the shoulder and POINTS to himself. The white hunter nods his head, but keeps a steady bead on the CHARGING animal.

Jake SHOOTs and the shell EXPLODES between the animal's front legs. It is a Lioness. She HITS the ground head first and TUMBLES over herself coming to rest twenty yards ahead of them.

Suddenly from nowhere there are TWO LION CUBS, the size of Great Danes coming at them in FULL FLIGHT to protect their Mother. The white hunter BANGS the roof of the Land Rover and the AFRICAN driver takes off with gusto.

The cubs CHASE the vehicle for a short period, then return to their dead mother start to lick her and finally lie down beside her.

BACK TO PRESENT:

BRIAN

I thought he was going to jump onto the fuckin Land Rover, when you dropped him. Guess your time killing Gooks was more serious than mine.

JAKE

Her?

BRIAN

Her?

JAKE

He was a she. Unfortunately, we killed a Lioness.

BRIAN

A fucking lion is a fucking lion in my eyes.

Jake gets up from his chair

JAKE

Sun will be down soon. Free Sundowners at the tables of the Victoria Fall Casino Hotel, so let's go one last time.

Brian gets up to join him and having one last look at the female on the sun bed. She is busy stepping into the legs of a tracksuit.

BRIAN

So where the hell are we going tomorrow?

JAKE

Lake Kariba. Remember the Operation Noah when they flooded the area and made the largest man made lake in the world.

(A BEAT)He smiles.

God how my brother would be proud of my knowledge.

They walk away together

BRIAN

Oh yeah, the big game hunter gave us the pitch that if you haven't caught a Tiger fish, then you've never really fished.

JAKE

Guess he's in on the American Express Travelers Checks. Which reminds me, I'm just about out.

BRIAN

Me too. We'll be hitting the bank real soon.

INT. CASINO - LATER

Jake is sitting at the blackjack table a drink in his hand. Brian is shovelling coins into no less than three slot machines. Jake turns towards the glass door of the casino and sees an attractive colored woman. She has a group of little african children around her and is pointing through the doors into the gambling area. Jake can't take his eyes off her. He is brought back to reality by the gruff voice of a MAN (50s) beside him.

MAN

You playing or not?

JAKE

Hold on there Buddy.

MAN

In any case, you're playing like an asshole.

JAKE

(sarcastically)

Man oh man! This is the kind of talk that makes us Americans so popular around the world.

MAN

Screw off.

Jake PICKS up his chips and THROWS one to the croupier, then LEANS over to the man.

JAKE

I fold, otherwise I might fold your  
Cock right into your ass.

The man makes a gesture to stand up.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I wouldn't if I were you. I'm  
younger and faster and have killed  
or maimed more Gooks than you've  
had hot dinners. So sit fatso and  
enjoy your losses.

Jake gets up and crosses to where Brian is still  
pumping money into the machines.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Did you see the girl at the door.

BRIAN

Nope, too busy losing money

JAKE

She was gorgeous.

BRIAN

They're all gorgeous.

Jake walks over to the door and steps into the  
hallway. It is empty.

EXT. CLEAR SKY - LAKE KARIBA - DAY

Jake and Brian get out of a boat. Jake is tanned  
from the hot days on the lake. Brian is a bright  
red. In the Marina they have pictures taken with  
the TIGER FISH.

They shake hands with the AFRICAN BOAT DRIVER (35)  
A Skinny man with several missing teeth. The  
African's face is grinning from ear to ear as each  
of them hand him \$20.

The WHITE MAN in charge (40s) is an unshaven Afrikander with crooked yellow teeth. He leads the way to the Land Rover. They wave their good-byes to the African and his three little children.

WHITE MAN

You gave the Munt too much money Man. It bleddy spoils them for the rest of us.

JAKE

It was worth it to us, right Brian?

BRIAN

It's only twenty bucks.

WHITE MAN

Only! And from each of you. That bugger won't want to work now for a week. He'll find a beer-hall and piss it all away.

JAKE

Let's go, we don't want to miss the flight, or we'll be screwed catching our connection in Jo'burg.

They get in Land Rover without further words. The Land Rover moves away, the African continues waving. His children run after the vehicle.

EXT. KARIBA AIRPORT - CLEAR DAY - LATER

The flight is already boarded. Jake and Brian RUN across the tarmac to the steps of the Air Rhodesia Vickers Viscount. They CLIMB the steps and the stairway truck BACKS away and the door is closed.

INT. AIRCRAFT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Brian walk down the aisle looking at their boarding passes. They are not seated together. Brian finds his seat about eight rows from the front. Jake pats him on the shoulder and continues on down to the rear. He sees the attractive colored girl again.

Jake's seat is next to her. He smiles and sits down. She smiles back.

JAKE

Hi.

Sarah MALUMBO (24) 5'4". Stunning beauty, a product of mixed parents. Hair not totally black. Streaks of wavy auburn. Wearing a dowdy dress that looks like it came from the fifties. Buttons all the way up to her neck. She still sparkles.

SARAH

Hello.

Jake extends his hand to her.

JAKE

I'm Jacob Fallon.

SARAH

(shaking his hand)

Sarah Malumbo.

JAKE

I saw you at the Casino.

SARAH

I don't gamble.

JAKE VOICE)

(laughing)

I didn't say you were gambling. I saw you outside the door with a bunch of little kids.

SARAH

(smiling back)

They are from an orphanage in Bulawayo. The Sisters drove them in the Convent bus to see the Falls. How can a child be so close to one of God's wonders and never see it?

JAKE

You're absolutely right. Shame they are orphans.

SARAH

No shame in that. I am also an orphan. I was brought up by the Sisters in the Convent school.

JAKE

I'm sorry but then I guess that's why you speak English so well. Some of your words sound Irish.

SARAH

(smiling)

There are two nuns that are Irish at the Orphanage and one in Sinazongwe, so I suppose it must sound strange some of the time.

The FLIGHT ATTENDANTS are busy giving the usual survival ritual as the aircraft starts to MOVE.

LAKE KARIBA is visible in the distance THROUGH the window as the Viscount gathers SPEED down the runway and LIFTS off the ground.

JAKE

Where's Sinazongwe?

SARAH

Half way up Lake Kariba on the Zambian side. There's a small mission there, I have a job working as the Sister's cook. I came from there originally.

(A BEAT) (She tries to improve her image)

I am also studying Journalism through an American correspondence course.

Jake offers her a cigarette.

JAKE

A cook who can write with the face of an angel.

Sarah looks at the cigarette and NODS her head 'no'. She reclines the seat and stares up at the air vent.

SARAH

No thanks, the Sisters would disapprove.

Jake puffs for a time, then crushes the cigarette in the ashtray. He smiles at her and reclines his own seat. He half closes his eyes and looks over at her. She is facing him and has the same look of half closed eyes in his direction.

Ext. CLEARING ON - BUSH - AFTERNOON

TWENTY MEN men under the supervision of what looks like a superior OFFICER are in a clearing in the bush. They are (ZAPU) (freedom fighters to the black population, terrorists to the white population). They are all dressed in a mixed bag of battle fatigues some Russian, some Chinese.

One of the men has a SURFACE-TO-AIR MISSILE on his shoulder and is taking steady aim at the ASCENDING aircraft. (CU) of the VISCOUNT in the cross hairs of the launcher. The officer gives a signal to fire and the Guerrilla RELEASES the missile.

A VAPOR STREAM leaves a trail through the clear afternoon. The missile finds its mark. It is a direct HIT on the Viscount. The aircraft seems to STOP in mid air absorbing the impact, then BANKS and FALLS out of the sky, a bright RED FIREBALL following the decent.

The twenty men on the ground JUMP up and DOWN with glee.

EXT. CLEARING - BUSH - AFTERNOON

The viscount starts to BREAK up as it crashes through the dry MATIMA BUSH, parts of the FUSELAGE going in different directions. A couple of sections of the plane's fuselage seem to ROLL OVER like giant barrels SMASHING through the dry trees and BREAKING them as they go, until they come to a stop against thick bush. Other PARTS of the aircraft are in FLAMES. CRIES and SCREAMING from survivors trapped or dying fill the air.

## INT. AIRCRAFT - CONTINUOUS

Jake is still STRAPPED to his seat, Sarah's head on his shoulder. Jake LOOKS down at his thigh to see a piece of sharp plastic from one of the seats protruding out. He turns to Sarah who is opening her eyes. With the exception of a swollen cheekbone, she is unmarked. She grabs him around the neck for comfort, then sees his leg.

Jake unbuckles himself from the sideways position, then he unbuckles Sarah and helps her out of the wreckage.

## EXT. CLEARING - BUSH - AFTERNOON

Jake and Sarah stagger out of the wreckage, where some parts are burning. No words are spoken between them as they GAZE at the horror around them. All the passengers in the mid section of the plane are gone, others are DEAD and still STRAPPED to their seats. Jake looks FEVERISHLY around to find Brian. He has no idea where his of the aircraft section landed. They STAGGER away from the plane in case of more fire and see TEN other survivors, some are CHILDREN.

VOICES can be heard in the bush and is believed it to be rescuers. They spot a further EIGHT survivors, some with serious injuries stumbling through the bush. A MAN (40's) SHOUTS to the ten stunned passengers. One woman is on the ground holding an injured child.

Sarah climbs a sturdy tree and hears loud SHOUTING in NDEBELE. She jumps down and grabs Jake's arm, trying to pull him away from the carnage.

SHOUTING MAN

We've got to get out of here.

WOMEN WITH CHILD

Help is on the way, we've only left Kariba airport a little while ago.

## SHOUTING MAN

They are shouting in Ndebele.  
They're probably terrorists. This  
is no accident.

## SARAH

He's right. Rhodesian forces would  
not be shouting in Ndebele. Let's  
go Jacob Fallon.

Jake is limping with a stream of BLOOD coming  
from his thigh.

## JAKE

This plane was shot out of the sky,  
I've seen this shit in Nam. Gotta  
find Brian.

Jake limps away in search of his friend. Sarah has  
nowhere else to go and follows him putting his arm  
around her shoulder for support.

Sounds of GUNFIRE in the distance.

## EXT. CLEARING - BUSH - AFTERNOON

The wreckage area becomes alive with Guerrillas  
SHOOTING indiscriminately at everyone. Jake and  
Sarah limp away as fast as they can. The SHOUTING  
MAN musters eight survivors and manages to elude  
the guerrillas. He takes his group silently  
through the thick bush, heading back towards the  
airport and the town of Kariba.

## EXT. CLEARING - BUSH - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Sarah lie face down in SILENT. Jake is in  
pain of the plastic spike sticking out of his leg.  
Sarah puts her hand on the protrusion in an  
attempt to PULL it out.

Jake STOPS her. They hear the dying PAIN of the  
ten SURVIVORS The TERRORISTS/GUERRILLAS spare  
nobody including the children.

EXT. CLEARING - BUSH - CONTINUOUS

(POV) From their hidden spot, Jake and Sarah see the killing spree, the looting of the bodies and the remains of the burnt out wreckage. Sarah buries her face in his chest and WEEPS. They don't move a muscle as they watch the terrorists collect everything they can carry. Scattered Suitcases from the luggage compartment, women's purses, wallets, watches from wrists of the dead. Horrified, they see a terrorist CUT a piece off a woman's ears to retrieve the diamond studs. Sarah is VISIBLY shaken.

Then SILENCE as the terrorists move away into the bush following the eight surviving passengers.

EXT. BUSH - MOONLIT EVENING

Jake's face is grey with pain. Sarah CRADLES him next to a tree.

SARAH

We've got to pull this out.

JAKE

I didn't want you to touch it before as I knew it would ooze blood.

Sarah UNBUTTONS her dress to the waist and REMOVES the blouse she is wearing. Jake's eyes are fixed on her firm breasts in her bra. She SEES the eying and quickly PULLS her dress back up and buttons it. Sarah SHREDS the blouse in several pieces leaving two pieces in clumps. She selects a tree and pulls off some leaves and bark.

Jake watches intently as she starts to CHEW the leaves and spit out the green residue onto the bark. She then PLACES her hand on the protruding plastic. Jake PUTS his hand on hers.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Wait. We don't need a sound here.  
Give me that piece of that branch.

Sarah breaks a piece off the branch, HANDS it to Jake, who GRIPS it between his teeth.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Now.

Sarah sits astride his chest and with one SWIFT PULL removes the sharp piece of plastic. It is over six inches long. Jake's back ARCHES at the quick action, almost throwing her off like a bucking bronco. There is a BURST of blood. Sarah puts pressure on the wound with one of the rolled up pieces of her blouse. It soon becomes saturated. Sarah uses the second piece of cloth and then removes it quickly and places the bark with the green concoction over the wound.

She presses hard on the bark and returns the clump of cloth over the bark and binds the makeshift splint with the strips of blouse.

Jake sighs when she is finished and starts to SHIVER. For awhile she holds his head close to her breasts.

SARAH

You need help and as soon as possible. We have to make it to Kariba. Can you walk?

JAKE

I'm gonna have to, (A BEAT - He smiles at her) Unless you want to carry me. Thank you for doing what you did for me.

SARAH

(smiling back)

You're welcome. Put your arm around my shoulder and let's get out of here.

Sarah helps him up and they struggle away through the bush. Jake's leg OOZING blood with every step.

EXT. BUSH - BRIGHT FIRE

Voices HEARD again. BRIGHT FIRE in the distance. Jake and Sarah FALL to the ground and creep on all fours. Voices are LAUGHING and SHOUTING in NDEBELE.

PAN from POV - Jake and Sarah face down to Terrorists by camp fire. PAN to BRIAN HANGING naked (OPTIONAL) by his legs from a tree. Brian's ears have been cut off. He is BLEEDING from both sides of his head.

A naked female passenger is being HELD on the ground by a group of terrorists. The Officer has just finished raping her and beckons to others to take over from him. Two Terrorists jump onto the SCREAMING woman.

POV - Jake and Sarah have a clear view from the light of the roaring fire. The Officer ZIPS his pants staring in their direction. PAN to the crystal clear face of the Officer. He is an ugly brutish man with two large scars on each side of his face.

Jake STARTS to get up and Sarah GRABS him by the make shift bandage RIPPING it off. Sarah BURIES his head in her chest and GOUGES him hard with her finger on the open wound. Jake's MUFFLED voice against her chest goes unheard in the merrymaking by the fire. Sarah continues to GOUGE the wound and HOLDS her hand over Jake's Mouth. Jake PASSES OUT. Sarah tries to stop the bleeding once again, ripping, pieces of her dress and binding it tightly. She props herself against a tree looking in the opposite direction and continues to hold him tightly. She WEEPS silently at the SCREAMING and SHOUTING behind them. Sarah hears Brian's voice is SHOUTING in English.

BRIAN  
 (screaming)  
 How much more can she take you  
 fucking savages. You're killing  
 her.

CUT TO:

CU Sarah. The TEARS are streaming down her face.

CUT TO:

CU Brian hanging from the tree with the RAPE  
 before his eyes. The woman is BEATEN and bruised  
 and SCREAMING hysterically.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
 Please dear God in heaven, put an  
 end to this.

The ZAPU OFFICER (30s) Cold black eyes, scars on  
 each cheek more pronounced in CU, turns away from  
 the SCREAMING woman on the ground and grabs  
 Brian's blond hair now soaked with blood. He lifts  
 his head up to face him.

ZAPU OFFICER  
 You want an end, you want God, you  
 want Jesu. (JESUS) I will give you  
 all these things and in return we  
 want our freedom.

He puts his automatic to Brian's temple and pulls  
 the TRIGGER..... BANG.

ZAPU OFFICER (CONT'D)  
 Now see God has put an end to this.  
 I am God here. This is the land God  
 gave me.

CUT TO:

The SOUND of the gun makes Sarah turn around and  
 stare at the slaughter of Brian. She starts to  
 SHAKE.

BACK TO:

The GUNFIRE makes the two Terrorist rapists stop and STARE. They then start to LAUGH. The woman is oblivious to anything. Six more men line up to RAPE her.

ZAPU OFFICER (CONT'D)

That's enough. Hang her up to dry.  
Leave this souvenir for Mr. Ian  
Smith so he can see what he has  
done.

They STRING the woman up by the legs next to Brian. The ZAPU officer picks up Brian's ears from the earth and stuffs them between the woman's legs. The woman has no more will left and dangles like a rag doll from the limb. The officer walks over to the woman, puts the gun to her head and FIRES...BANG. He SHOUTS INAUDIBLE orders and a couple of men stay by the fire as it slowly starts to die. The rest disappear into the bush.

EXT. BUSH - CONTINUOUS

Sarah is ROCKING back and forth with Jake in her petite arms. She has her hand over Jake's mouth as he comes to. She is in SHOCK and continues to ROCK as if in a trance. Jake's tries to stop her, but cannot. He grabs her firmly and SHAKES her violently. Sarah points to the place where the deaths took place, still SWAYING back and forth. Jake SLOWLY sits up gingerly and looks from behind the tree. He turns back to her and SHAKES her back to reality.

JAKE)

(crying whisper)

They butchered my friend, why did  
you stop me?

Sarah stops shaking and WHISPERS into his face.

SARAH

Because they would have killed you  
too and raped me and I am the  
perfect target for their hatred.  
Half white, half black.

JAKE

Maybe I could have done something

SARAH

(scornfully)

You're a fool, a stupid fool.

Jake turns around again looking at the death scene.

PAN to ALBINO (40s) by the dying fire.

JAKE

(angrily)

See that, one of those two pricks is white so what the hell's he doing there?

SARAH

He's not white, he's an Albino. By and large Africans are wary of Albinos. He's possibly next in command to that brutal leader. The sight of an Albino keeps the others in line with ZAPU's way of terror.

Jake looks her in the face and says nothing as if waiting for the continuing explanation.

SARAH (CONT'D)

They're waiting to protect the bodies from wild animals. Hyenas, Jackals, maybe a Leopard or even an old Lion looking for a free meal. They want to make sure the Rhodesian forces find the bodies exactly as they want them too.

JAKE

(furiously)

I can take those two pigs.

SARAH

(sarcastically)

Sure you can, you can limp up there with a leg oozing blood and surprise them.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

And what if they are planning an ambush for the Rhodesian forces. You will possibly stumble into some ZAPU guerrillas lying waiting.

(A BEAT)

No Jacob Fallon we've got to get out of here. By morning they will have blended into the locals or gone back to their safe haven in Zambia.

EXT. BUSH - CONTINUOUS

Dry sticks are BREAKING under foot. Jake PEERS around the tree. A Terrorist is coming straight towards them. Jake STAGGERS to his feet behind their secure tree. The man is LOADING his weapon as he eases forward. The Terrorist passes the tree. Jake JUMPS him from behind. With his hand over the terrorist's mouth, he swiftly TWISTS the man's head from side to side and BREAKS his neck in silence.

Sarah STARES at him in horror with her hand over her mouth. Jake takes the man's water bottle, the AK47 and a military issued knife.

JAKE

(scornfully)

They'll be looking for this piece of shit, so now we do have to get out of here.

Jake and Sarah move away silently into the bush. The night is still and in the far distance is the SOUND of the mating ROAR of a lion. Voices can be HEARD shouting in the far distance behind.

CUT TO:

Terrorists are standing over the body of the man Jake killed. They HUNT around looking for tracks. One man FINDS blood and holds his finger up to his Commander.

They FAN out and start to move after Jake and Sarah.

EXT. LAKE KARIBA - EVENING

Jake and Sarah are in sight of water. They press forward towards the same Marina where Brain and Jake went fishing. Jake and Sarah STAGGER up to a white washed square building with a tin roof. HEAVY BANGS on the door. Door is opened by a BLEARY EYED African. The boat driver from the fishing trip. Sarah speaks in English.

SARAH

We need help. ZAPU shot down a plane and they are hunting everyone.

He responds in his poor command of English, using some words in Fanaglo (Mixed language of various dialects) to replace the English ones he has forgotten or does not know.

AFRICAN

I know this Mlungu (WHITE MAN). He was fishing here this morning. Gave me makulu (BIG) mali (MONEY) for danke (THANKS).

SARAH

Mhlaumba wena helpa tina.  
(CAN YOU HELP US)

AFRICAN

Hamba fihla lapa lo skepe.. "Linda".

JAKE

What the hells's he saying?

SARAH

He said, Go hide there in the boat. Then He said, 'Wait'.

The African looks at Jake's bleeding leg and goes inside his house. He returns with boat keys, a bottle of peroxide, a blanket and a two bandages. He continues speaking half in English and half in Fanaglo.

## AFRICAN

Mina Bas (MY BOSS) bamba lo (KEEPS THIS) for the white fishermen. Go to that skepe (BOAT). If ZAPU come I not help you. You must go now. Baleka (RUN). (He runs out of English)

Mina Msebenzi kona lapa basopa lo mfazi na lo bantwana gamina. Mina tshela mina bas, wena tshontsha lo skepe.

## JAKE

What the hell did he say at the end?

## SARAH

He told us to run. His job now is to protect his wife and children. And he'll tell his boss you stole the boat.

## JAKE

I could give a shit. Anyway, how do you say thank you.

## SARAH

(sarcastically)

He understands thank you and most of the common English words.

## JAKE

Thank you so much. I will not forget this. But I need a broom.

CUT TO:

(CU) of African's face in the moonlight, he offers a wide almost toothless smile. He PUTS his hand inside the door and HANDS a broom to Jake.

Jake HOBBLER back on their tracks and into the bush as if heading in a new direction towards the tar road. Jake returns and starts to BRUSH away the blood on the dusty road down to the Marina. The African sees the pain and takes the broom. He GESTURES them away and he SWEEPS away any trail that leads from the bush.

He WAVES to Sarah and Jake as they turn towards the boats. The African returns to his house. We HEAR him closing his door and BOLTING it solid. He places wooden shutters on the two small windows of his abode.

INT. CABIN - BOAT - AFTER MIDNIGHT

Sarah PULLS the cushions off the seats and places them in a position of viewing advantage. Jake UNTIES the boat and wraps the rope around a mooring. He LIMPS back into the cabin with the rope in his hand and ties it to steering wheel.

Terrorists are HEARD in the distance. They stop at the top of the dusty road and turn around looking for tracks. They TURN away towards the tar road and there is SILENCE.

Sarah opens the bandages and the bottle of peroxide. She takes off his makeshift bandages and gazes at the ugly opening. She puts her mouth over his and KISSES him violently at the same time POURING the open bottle onto his wound. Jake FLINCHES and tries to scream, but she keeps the kiss firm and tight and he relaxes and starts to kiss her back.

Sarah withdraws in silence and bandages the wound with the clean materials. Jake looks at her curiously in their huddled position in the small cabin. Continuous SOUNDS of crickets and the water lapping gently against the boat.

Jake FLOPS his head back on one of the cushions biting his lip so there is not a whimper. He holds his leg to help the pain. Sarah starts to shiver and silently WEEPS to herself.

Jake puts his arm around her bringing her close and covers both of them with the blanket.

SARAH

(crying whisper)

When they realize that we didn't cross the tar road, they'll be back. Jacob Fallon this could be the morning that we die.

JAKE

(whispering back)

Not today, not with what we've been through. Total strangers meeting like this, there has to be a reason. How could God put something so beautiful like you in my life and take it away with no meaning?

SARAH

God can be unkind if he wants to, he's God. Why is God not here in this country stopping all the killing. Why is God not here now and why did he allow your friend and that poor woman to go through so much pain and then such ugly deaths?

JAKE

Like you've said He's God and only He knows the answers. You've been too long with those holy Sisters. You've gotta stop the thought of dying. It's a seriously bad Irish thing.

Sarah kisses him on the lips, this time a tender kiss. Jake responds immediately and realizes he is aroused. The kiss is broken by the SOUND of voices.

(POV) Jake and Sarah gingerly peer out to see three ZAPU terrorists BANGING on the door of the African's little home. No response. The Terrorists BATTER down the door and rush in. The African, his wife and his three little children are MARCHED out into the clear moonlight.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Can you drive a boat? There's no way am I going to let this family get butchered.

SARAH

I told you we were going to die today, so I am right.

(A BEAT)

And about boats, in Sinazongwe I have to know about boats.

Sarah takes her position at the wheel. Jake lets go of the rope tied to the steering wheel. He tries to start the engine which SPLURTS and dies. He tries again and the same thing happens.

The ZAPU Guerrillas turn immediately to the dock and burst into a RUN towards them.

Jake tries again and the Mercury FIRES into action. He smiles for a moment as he sees the African RUSH family into the bush. Jake picks up the AK47 and makes sure it is ready to fire.

JAKE

Come on you Mother-fuckers, come on. This one is for Brian and that poor abused woman and all the people you bastards blew up.

The AK47 DANCES in his hands as he starts to move from side to side at the three attacking terrorists. Sarah JERKS the boat away from the dock and OPENS up the throttle.

One of the terrorists falls headlong in the dust, the second taking cover behind a barrel. Jake FIRES continuously at the man SPRINTING towards the boat. He keeps FIRING as the man JUMPS, then FALLS, the top of his torso in the back of the boat riddled with bullets, his legs almost DANGLING in the water.

Jake turns his FIRE to the barrels hoping they are full of fuel. They are not. The terrorist holds his AK47 over his head and SWEEPS the dock.

Sarah hears the THUD and turns to see Jake HIT the deck, blood TRICKINGLY from the side of his head. Sarah steers the boat out of the sheltered bay and into open water. The boat SPEEDS out into the lake at full throttle. Sarah never looks back, her eyes searching the horizon for the lights of Siavonga on the Zambian side of the lake.

Off to STARBOARD. BRIGHT LIGHTS and GUNFIRE. A Rhodesian gunboat, coming towards them FIRING.

SARAH

(to herself)

The Momparas (FOOLS) are firing at us. They must think we are ZAPU. Got to get into the water on the Zambian side.

Sarah does not stop as any moment they will be hit. With the speed and BUMPING of the boat the dead Terrorist falls off the back. ACTION is caught in the LIGHTS of the gunboat. It slows down and comes to a stop, the spotlight SEARCHING the water. They find the man and realize it is a ZAPU terrorist and HAUL him on board. The Gunboat then starts to give CHASE once again.

PAN towards the distant LIGHTS.

Dawn is fast approaching. The gunboat stops and turns around. They are in Zambian waters. Sarah slows the boat down to a standstill to examine Jake.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Jacob, Jacob Fallon are you all right.

Jake is semiconscious.

JAKE

Where am I?

SARAH

Close to Zambia. The dawn is breaking and it looks as if we're not going to die today.

JAKE

Who am I?

SARAH

(astonished)

Jacob Fallon.

JAKE

How did I get here?

Sarah sits down in the boat and cradles his head to her chest. Then puts her hand to her mouth and whispers.

SARAH

Oh my God.

EXT. TOWN OF SIAVONGA - MORNING

Sarah and Jake limp towards a small mission hospital. They enter the building and are greeted by an American Baptist Minister/Doctor.

INT. CLINIC - MORNING

DR. RAYMOND YOUNG (60s) Face cracked by the Zambezi Valley sun. Texas drawl.

Dr. Young takes Jake into his surgery and tends to the deep gash in his leg. He stitches it up, then examines the graze at the side of his head. He BECKONS Sarah into the room.

DR. YOUNG

I need information on this man. He has no idea who is? Does his elevator go all the way to the top? The only thing I can get out of him is that you are his only friend.

SARAH

Elevator to the top?

DR. YOUNG

I mean is he a nut-case! You know like the Africans say; Whya-why? (CRAZY)

SARAH

Of course not, he's not crazy.

DR. YOUNG

And are you his only friend?

SARAH

He was shot at and was hit in the side of the head and can't remember anything.

CU Jake's face with a bewildered look. He starts to get off the examination table.

DR. YOUNG

Hold on there Buddy, I'm not finished. That cut on you head needs a few stitches.

(A BEAT)

As a starting point, you're an American.

JAKE

Am I?

DR. YOUNG

Oh very much so, East Coast I would say. You've got no ID whatsoever. So are you in Zambia illegally. If so, that's a problem.

SARAH

A problem, a hell of a problem, you know he will be arrested and held at the President's pleasure and probably be accused of being a Rhodesian spy. How many times have you heard that story?

DR. YOUNG

I understand, but what can I do?

SARAH

We were never here. We've come across the lake from Kariba. ZAPU shot down an Air Rhodesian airplane. We survived as did some others and ZAPU could be hunting us.

DR. YOUNG

(astounded)

Shot down an aircraft. There's nothing on the BBC.

SARAH

Doctor, it is just after 6:00 am in the morning. By noon it will be all over the place. You know there are several protected ZAPU camps in the Zambezi valley. This man, Jacob Fallon in saving the both of us, killed at least three of them.

JAKE

(astounded)

I did.

SARAH

Oh, you sure did.

DR. YOUNG

My God, if you killed any of them they will be on the rampage looking for you or anyone who helps you. You've got to get out of here.

(A BEAT)

I cannot put my clinic at risk. You and I both know that the Zambian Army cannot control these crazy kooks. There are more terrorists or should I say guerillas in this country than the Zambian army.

SARAH

I can take the boat up the lake to Sinazongwe. Act like we are fishing.

Dr. Young WAVES his hand in the air interrupting her.

DR. YOUNG

Are you insane, over a 100 miles of water and nowhere to refuel. And where did you get the boat anyway?

SARAH

We stole it to get away. It is owned by a white man.

DR. YOUNG

This gets better by the second. Tell you what, I'll do a trade with you. I buy the boat from this mysterious Mr. Fallon in return for an old Land Rover I bought on a government auction. It runs and you can keep it or leave it at the mission clinic in Sinazongwe. How's that?

JAKE

We'll take it. Whatever's going on here I'm in shit's creek.

Jake bangs his hand against the side of his head as if trying to remember.

JAKE (CONT'D)

It would seem that it is time to get out of Dodge.

DR. YOUNG

You right there Partner, I'll draw up a Bill of Sale.

SARAH

(surprised)

Do you know Dr. Caldwell at the clinic at Sinazongwe?

Dr. Young is sitting at his desk writing the bill of sale.

DR. YOUNG  
(casually)  
Of course I do, we're part of the  
same mission.

SARAH  
He delivered me.

DR. YOUNG  
You are?

SARAH  
Sarah Malumbo.

DR. YOUNG  
(genuine surprise and  
interest)  
Ah, so your Sarah. That makes a  
difference.

SARAH  
What do you mean, you know me?

DR. YOUNG  
No my dear, I just knew that Willie  
delivered you.

(CU) Jake's face still has a bewildered and  
confused look.

The doctor gets up and hands Jake the piece of  
paper and pen. Jake doesn't read but simply signs.  
Sarah hands the boat keys to the doctor.

JAKE  
(sarcastically)  
I guess you'll have it repainted.

Dr. Young smiles and nods his head 'yes'. He  
beckons them to follow him out to the back of the  
clinic.

EXT. CLINIC - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Young gets into an old green Land Rover. It  
STARTS first time. He puts four five gallon tanks  
of gasoline in the back of the vehicle.

DR. YOUNG  
(to Sarah)  
Do you know the way?

SARAH  
Yes.

DR. YOUNG  
Then, you'll be all right. There's a road block by the Zambian army at Kafue bridge, but you turn off before there. Be careful at Mazabuka, the police love to hassle drivers and you have no IDs. I would suggest you rest up and go through there at night. And you young man, whoever you really are, that wound is deep and you have lost a lot of blood. Do not break the stitches and keep it clean. You're really out of action for some months, unless you want to re-infect the leg and possibly lose it. Don't forget you're in Africa.

JAKE  
Thank you for your help.

DR. YOUNG  
Thank Sarah, she's like your guardian angel.

JAKE  
You're not setting us up are you?

DR. YOUNG  
No sir. Your movements are safe with me.

Jake and Sarah shake hands with Dr. Young and climb into the Land Rover. Sarah is in the driving seat as the vehicle SLOWLY pulls out and onto the gravel road.

Dr. Young WAVES good-bye and returns into his clinic.

INT. CLINIC - MORNING

Dr. Young picks up the telephone and dials. The phone is answered.

DR. YOUNG

Hello Sam, this is Ray Young. Just though you should know Sarah was here with a white guy. Seems he has temporary or maybe permanent amnesia. They said they were in a plane crash at Kariba. Have you heard anything?

VOICE ON LINE (VO.)

I've heard nothing yet. But you and I both know the news in Zambia plays. Is she all right?

DR. YOUNG

She's fine. The guy with her was pretty beaten up. I gave them transport to take them to Sinazongwe.

VOICE ON LINE (VO.)

Thank you, we'll be in touch.

INT/EXT. LAND ROVER IN MOTION - MORNING

PAN to the faces of Jake and Sarah as the vehicle RACES along the road.

JAKE

Something's weird here.

SARAH

What?

JAKE

The Doctor, how come your name was instant recognition. You're a hot looking woman, that's for sure. However, I'll bet that if you were not Sarah, we would not have gotten such easy help.

SARAH

It was also strange to me, but we're out of there and that's all I want.

JAKE

(smiling)

Are we lovers?

SARAH

We kissed on the boat.

JAKE

I remember the boat.

SARAH

Do you remember the kiss?

JAKE

No. Was it good?

SARAH

Well if you don't remember, it must have been bad.

JAKE

Look at you, I can't imagine that.

Sarah tuns her fingers through her hair attempting to make herself look more presentable.

SARAH

Imagine all you want, I don't have to, I know. In fact I kissed a man called Jacob Fallon. I don't know you.

JAKE

Do you want to know me as I am now?

SARAH

Not just now.

(CU) Jake offers her a wide smile. Then (POV) Rear of the vehicle DISAPPEARING down the road.

LATER:

Jake is asleep against the window. Sarah is concentrating on DRIVING on the tarred road behind a truck for cover. They pass the town of MAZABUKA.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLASHBACK:

INT. CONVENT - DAY

An eight year old Sarah is walking hand in hand with a NUN (40's) in the passageway of a convent. The Nun reaches the front door and OPENS it. A man ENTERS. PAN down to Sarah. We do not see the Man's face. (CU) Sarah looking up at the two adults. A WHITE hand PATS Sarah on the head and hands her a child's doll. Sarah SMILES. PAN to hand PASSING a check to the Nun. Man pats Sarah's head one more. TURNS and leaves. Nun closes the door and goes down on her haunches to face Sarah. She gives Sarah a HUG. PATS her lovingly on the bottom. Sarah RUNS away down the passageway.

BACK TO present:

INT/EXT. LAND ROVER IN MOTION - LATE MORNING

(CU) Road sign BATOKA,

Sarah turns left towards the ZAMBEZI VALLEY and SINAZONGWE. The Land Rover leaves the tarred road. The SOUND of the stones from the gravel CRASHING against the inside of the fenders awakens Jake. Jake looks at Sarah's glazed look. He touches her arm.

JAKE

Sarah, are you OK?

SARAH

My father was a white man.

JAKE

No surprise there.

SARAH

I'm sorry, I don't want to burden you with my past.

JAKE

Burden me, I insist.

SARAH

(mournfully)

When I was a little girl, a white man came to the orphanage. He gave me a doll, but never said a word. A Sister told me he was my father and he paid to keep me there. I only saw him once, he never came back. He must have been ashamed of me.

JAKE

What the hell do you mean by ashamed?

SARAH

Mr. Mysterious Jacob, the man with no memory, have you also forgotten you are in Africa?

JAKE

So what if I'm in Africa. What's the shame?

SARAH

Here when a white man and a black woman or visa versa enza tanda, it is scorned upon.

JAKE

Enza tanda?

SARAH

It means "Make love". The whites in Africa say Jiga-jiging and you foreigners say that awful 'Fuck' word.

JAKE

(shocked)

I prefer your enza tanda to the 'Fuck' word and anyway you're not all African, you're half and half.

SARAH

Being colored makes me more of a misfit.

Jake grabs her arm.

JAKE

Not in my eyes.

(A BEAT)

But I will say that we sure are a sorry sight you and I Sarah. I have no memory of who I am and you have no past as to who you are. Just a couple of sorry souls in the African wilderness. How many more miles to go?

SARAH

About nine miles. What a mess I have made, no good is going to come from any of this.

JAKE

No bad either. It was you who saved my life and that's the good. I'll take care of the bad.

SARAH

(sarcastically)

You're in no position to take care of anything. No identity, no memory, no way to prove you are not a Mercenary. Plus, you're in Zambia illegally and they would like to make an example of you. As I said no good can come from any of this  
(A BEAT)

Put on the radio.

Jake does not respond. He fumbles with the radio to find one of the few stations and turns it in.

A hit song BURSTS into life. It is "Fooled Around and Fell in Love" the 1976 hit by Elvin Bishop.

JAKE

How appropriate is that?

SARAH

What do you mean?

Jake doesn't answer. The Land Rover RACES along the gravel road, the pop song playing LOUDLY and the african bush WHIZZING by in opposite contrast.

EXT. SINAZONGWE - OFF ROAD - AFTERNOON

Sarah pulls the Rover off the road. Jake get out and seeks cover. Sarah drives towards the mission hospital and parks at the rear. She goes in the back door.

INT. CLINIC -AFTERNOON

Sarah is greeted by an African Nurse called BETTY (30s), wearing a white starched uniform.

BETTY

(surprised)

Sarah, you scared me and you look like you're gula maningi. (VERY SICK) Where have you been, the Sister and the Father have been asking the government for help.

SARAH

I escaped from freedom fighters at Kariba, they shot down the Flaimashim (AIRPLANE), but I got away.

BETTY

It was on the news. Oh sweet Jesu (JESUS), I thank him you are safe.

SARAH

Is Dr. Willie here?

BETTY

Yes, he's in his office. I'll tell him you're here.

SARAH

Don't bother, I'll surprise him.

INT. OFFICE - CLINIC - AFTERNOON

Sarah opens the door to see the surprised doctor look up from his work desk.

WILLIAM CALDWELL (60s) Carolinian. Rotund, little hair. Head had a red hue from years in the blazing sun with no hat. Warm friendly smile.

Dr. Caldwell gets up from his desk and walks around to greet Sarah. He kisses Sarah on the cheek then holds her hands as he speaks.

DR. WILLIAM CALDWELL

Sarah, our beloved Sarah, we thought we had lost you. Dr. Young called me and told me about your experience. Did that young man help you get back?

SARAH

Yes.

DR. WILLIAM CALDWELL

Is he a Rhodesian soldier, or worse a Mercenary?

SARAH

No and 'no', he's a countryman of yours, at least that's what the doctor at Siavonga believes. He cannot remember who he is.

DR. WILLIAM CALDWELL

Then he's in Zambia illegally. Do you want me to look at him?

SARAH

Yes, but later. I'd like him to get some rest, so I'm going to speak to Fr. Burke at the mission, see if he can put him up for awhile.

DR. WILLIAM CALDWELL

I'm glad you're not asking me. This is dangerous stuff. The priest may feel morally bound to do so, I'm simply a doctor, unlike Ray Young who is also a Baptist minister and might feel obliged. Not me!

SARAH

There's a Land Rover out the back. It was loaned or maybe sold to us by Dr. Young. He said we should give it to you. Maybe you can get it registered. In any case we cannot use it.

DR. WILLIAM CALDWELL

Ray called me and told me that you would be coming. I'll take care of it.

SARAH

Thank you. Now I've got to get back to Jacob and see Fr. Burke.

DR. WILLIAM CALDWELL

Right. Go go, we'll talk later.

Caldwell walks Sarah to the back door. (CU) of Caldwell as he watches her walk away. Sarah turns and WAVES. Caldwell WAVES back.

INT. OFFICE - CLINIC - CONTINUOUS

Caldwell enters his office and closes the door. He picks up the telephone and dials. The phone is answered.

DR. WILLIAM CALDWELL

Sam, this is Willie Caldwell.

VOICE ON LINE (VO.)  
Hello William.

DR. WILLIAM CALDWELL  
Ray told me he called you and I  
want you to know that Sarah is  
safely here. She said she was on  
that plane. The one on the news.

VOICE ON LINE (VO.)  
She is a survivor, always has been.  
What about the man?

DR. WILLIAM CALDWELL  
Haven't met him yet, but will in  
time. What do you want to do?

VOICE ON LINE (VO.)  
Nothing yet. If I give him to the  
Zambians, he may involve her with  
him. Keep a close watch on them and  
advise me of their every movements.

DR. WILLIAM CALDWELL  
Okay.

VOICE ON LINE (VO.)  
How's the current funding at your  
mission hospital?

DR. WILLIAM CALDWELL  
As always, we could use some. We're  
always in a bind.

VOICE ON LINE (VO.)  
I'll see to it.

Caldwell hangs up and LOOKS at the telephone in  
his hands. Then he smiles and whispers under his  
breath.

DR. WILLIAM CALDWELL  
(whispering)  
Sure you will.

EXT. DOORSTEP - AFTERNOON

The door is opened by FATHER BURKE (40s) Veteran of the Biafra war. Tall. Dark graying hair. Tanned. He is wearing shorts, sandals and a tee shirt.

Fr. Burke's facial expression is almost astonishment as he gazes at Sarah and then at Jake

FR. BURKE

My good God, it's yourself. Come in, come in.

Sarah and Jake enter the little house and the Priest checks behind them. He closes the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Fr. Burke leads Sarah and Jake into his living room. He offers them a seat, then SHOUTS to his old cook

FR. BURKE

(shouting)

Shadrack. Make some tea and bring some of that cake that Sister Margaret made.

(A BEAT)

Tastes like a wet sponge, but it won't poison you. You're needed back in the kitchen girl. Shadrack has half poisoned me and any of these those old maidens that take up residence here, well, they're are no gourmet chefs.

SARAH

(giggling)

No way to talk about the holy Sisters Father. But I'm back and ready to do my job.

FR. BURKE

There's only Margaret here at the moment. Bridget is over in England on a retreat.

SHADRICK (60s) - Grey hair. Short with several teeth missing comes in and places the overlarge tray on the table in front of them. He leaves without a word spoken. Sarah starts to pour the tea, offering the first one to Fr. Burke and then Jake.

FR. BURKE (CONT'D)

So is it true?

SARAH

What is true.

FR. BURKE

Willie Wonka at the hospital factory over there whispered to me that you were on that plane that ZAPU shot down.

SARAH

You know?

FR. BURKE

We know about the plane, it's on the news. They say there were no survivors.

Sarah squeezes Jake's good leg. FR. Burke spots the tender movement.

SARAH

Jacob was also on the plane. He has no idea who is, but if it were not for him I would be dead. And don't believe all that you hear on the news. We saw several survivors run into the bush.

FR. BURKE

(to Jake)

Did they get away?

JAKE

I don't even remember the plane crash, or how we got to the mission hospital.

FR. BURKE

Maybe God was with them in their flight. Sure, didn't you get away yourselves?

SARAH

Father we have a problem. Jacob has no identity and he's in this country illegally. He has to remember before the authorities find out. Can you please help us?

Fr. Burke stares straight at Sarah.

FR. BURKE

Us?

SARAH

I mean him.

JAKE

She means me Father.

FR. BURKE

Are you a Catholic?

JAKE

Don't know, but I am today.

FR. BURKE

Sure you're not a mercenary?

JAKE

I don't know. I really don't know.

FR. BURKE

You're safe for the time being. I have a spare room off the belfry in the church. The six o'clock in the morning Angelus will keep you alert.

JAKE

Thank you so much.

FR. BURKE

Thank Sarah girl here. I've known her for the past eight years and tis a soft spot I've always had for her.

(A BEAT) He smiles at Sarah)  
Now girl off you go and see auld Sr. Margaret. Clean yourself up, I'll take care of the lad here. And a word of caution, tell the Merry Maiden to say nothing or it'll be around every parish in Zambia before you can bless yourself.

Sarah pats Jake softly on the side of his face as she gets up.

SARAH

Yes Father.

Sarah CLOSES the door behind her. The two men are facing each other. PAN to a side view.

FR. BURKE

Are you in pain.

JAKE

My leg hurts like a Son-of-a-bitch. I'm sorry, it's just that you don't look like a priest.

FR. BURKE

God knows, I've heard worse than that. And pray tell what's a priest supposed to look like.

JAKE

Well a Roman Collar for one thing.

FR. BURKE

In this heat?

JAKE

Point taken.

FR. BURKE

So Jacob?

JAKE

Fallon, according to Sarah.

FR. BURKE

Ah Sarah! And what have you been up to with our Sarah?

JAKE

Your Sarah?

FR. BURKE

Figure of speech.

JAKE

You call her your Sarah. The doctor at the mission hospital, in God knows where, suddenly wants to help when he hears her name and lo and behold the doctor right here in this God forsaken blip on the African map delivered her into this world! What the hell gives?

FR. BURKE

To use your vernacular, what the hell gives with you and Sarah. I saw all the touchy-feely stuff.

JAKE

We're not lovers. She said we kissed on the boat.

The Priest looks up to the ceiling waving his hands as if in contact with his creator.

FR. BURKE

Well now isn't this getting as muddy as a bog.

JAKE

You haven't answered my question.

FR. BURKE

Sure, it would be too much to comprehend in your current state. All will be revealed in good time.

(MORE)

FR. BURKE (CONT'D)

Come let's get you a hot bath and a change of clothing, a bit of Irish stew in your belly and I'll introduce you to the charms of the belfry.

JAKE

Got any cigarettes?

FR. BURKE

It's all I have in life.

Fr. Burke holds Jake's arm as they get up, helping him to the bathroom.

INT. BELFRY BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jake is lying on an uncomfortable horsehair mattress. He is smoking a cigarette. The only light is from a single low wattage bedside lamp on the cheap table beside the bed. The door CREAKS and SLOWLY opens.

Sarah TIP-TOES into the room wearing a long snow white cotton nightdress, buttoned right up to her neck. She takes a couple of steps into the room and places the flashlight in her hand on the equally cheap table by the door. She moves towards the bed and looks down at Jake. Jake immediately stomps the cigarette into the ashtray.

JAKE

(whispering)

Sarah, what are you doing here?

SARAH

(whispering back)

It's half past eleven and the sister is asleep. So is the Father and I needed to be with you.

JAKE

In the Land Rover, you said you didn't know me.

SARAH

I also said we kissed in the boat  
and you said you didn't remember  
and asked me was the kiss good.

JAKE

That was a stupid thing to say.

SARAH

You also said how you couldn't  
imagine it to be bad kissing me.  
Do you think I'm pretty Jacob?

JAKE

You're stunningly beautiful Sarah.

SARAH

Then look at me Jacob Fallon.

Sarah unfastens the buttons in a semi-haste all the way down to her waist. The nightgown falls off her shoulders and lands at her feet. She stands there naked and unashamed. (CU) of Jake sitting up in the bed. Eyes sparkling.

Jake opens the sheet and Sarah slips in beside him. (CU) of them facing each other. Jake's hand is gently caressing the side of her soft chocolate colored skin. Sarah reaches down in the bed and finds him. Jake sighs softly. Sarah sighs back.

SARAH (CONT'D)

My Jacob Fallon. Nobody knows who you are, so I'm claiming you for myself! You don't remember now, but will remember that we are joined in spirit. A spirit that includes our survival in the bush.

JAKE

Malumbo, you talk too much.

Jake attempts to kiss her, but she stops him.

SARAH

This may be all I'll ever get out of life, so love me Jacob, if only for the moment.

JAKE

For this moment, day, month, year  
and the rest of my life.

SARAH

(crying whisper)

I love you Jacob Fallon. I've got  
so much love, I don't know what to  
do with it. I will always.....

Jake cuts off her speech, covering her mouth with his. She immediately responds. He throws off the sheet and rolls over on top of her. She wraps her legs around his back.

END OF PART 1