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Tarzan and His Mate

By Edgar Rice Burroughs

I wouldn't trust myself in that jungle
if it was me, sir.

Well, I will.

We'll leave as soon as we can
after Arlington gets here.

- What time is it?

- 2:

What? Then I've got to go down
to meet the boat.

Mr. Arlington can have this room
when he arrives. I'll use the lean-to.

Righto.

Blimey.

I remember the last time

I was given those orders.

It was when Mr. Parker told me
to get that room ready for Miss Jane...
the day she arrived.

She stood right in front of that mirror,
putting cold cream on her face.

Right where you're standing now.

Beamish, I want you to get Saidi
to fix up a bath for Mr. Arlington.

Yes, sir.

- He'll want one as soon as he gets here.

- Righto.

Thank you.

- These are my private quarters.

- Sorry, we didn't mean to intrude.

There was nobody in the store,
so we came here.

If you want to buy anything,
Beamish will handle it.

Yes, indeed, we have some lovely things.

Mrs. Cutten was mad about them.

No, we just dropped in for a chat.

That's rather a large safari
you're organizing for a hunt.

I haven't time to talk about it now.

I've to meet the boat.

- Sorry.

- Later, perhaps.

Perhaps.

- Couple of nice lads.

- Yes, very.

Keep your eye on the store, Beamish,
while I'm away.

You can depend upon me, sir.

- Hiya, Mr. Holt!

- Hello, Edward.

Where's Mr. Arlington?

This is his luggage,

but I think he's in his cabin.

- Have some boys take it to the store.

- This minute, sir.

Thanks.

Say, boy, which one is Mr...

- Martin!

- Well, Harry, you old devil!

I thought you'd never get here.

- Easy.

- Softening up a bit?

Wait till I've been here a week, man.

Lip rouge.

Better go back in your room

and clean up a bit.

Just a minute. That's not my room.

This is my friend Mr. Holt.

- Madame Feronde, Harry.

- How do you do?

- Charmed, sir.

- Here it is!

- Monsieur, I found your bag.

- Thanks very much.

This is Madame Feronde's husband.

My friend Mr. Holt.

How do you do?

Any friend of Monsieur Arlington,

we are so pleased to meet.

My wife says she will never forget

the funny stories he's told her.

- Goodbye. Hope you have a nice trip.

- Thank you. Goodbye.

Goodbye, Mr. Feronde. Goodbye, Madame.

Au revoir.

- I'm having your things sent for.

- Good.

- Au revoir.

- Goodbye.

Charming fellow.

- How was the trip?

- It had its moments.

- Same old Arlington.

- What do you mean, old?

- Mr. Arlington, I presume.

- Yes.

- This is Henry Van Ness.

- This is my friend Tom Pierce.

How do you do?

Mr. Holt tells us

you're going after a leopard.

Yes, and some rhino, too.

A bit of hunting, anyway.

- Van Ness and I got some leopard lately.

- We'll drop in and talk about it sometime.

- If you don't mind.

- No, not at all.

Tomorrow night.

You're not leaving before then?

We'll still be here. Come along, Martin.

Who are they?

They got wind of what we're after,
and they wanted in with us.

Four white men might be better than two
on this trip.

You don't know those fellows, Martin.

If four of us start out and we found
the ivory, only two would get back...
and they wouldn't be us.

- That kind?

- Exactly.

- What'd you tell them?

- I played dumb.

Said that you were wealthy
and financing a hunting trip.

- Anyway, the wealthy part was true.

- Think so? I'm dead broke, Harry.

- So is the Bank of England.

- No, really. I'm stony.

I've staked my last penny
on this pipe dream of yours.

- It had better be good.
- You're not serious!
I am. I've lost everything.
It's left me with an obsession
to get it all back.
Anyhow, as long as I get it.
But when I do...
I'm going to sit on top of the pile
with a gun and watch it grow.
Never thought I'd be in the same boat
as you financially.
You had to go broke to get me there.
- Quite a place you have here.
- How do you do, sir?
- This is Beamish. He runs the store.
- How do you do?
- Welcome, Mr. Arlington.
- Thank you.
Come this way, sir.
I've fixed a nice bath for you.
I fancied you could use one.
Amazing foresight, Beamish.
I could use three baths.
Well, well!
- Fresh from the Folies Bergre?
- That's enough water.
A ceremonial dance.
Something to do with fertility.
- Personal or agricultural?
- Both, I think.
They'll be heading backcountry tomorrow.
Did you bring the dresses and things
that I wrote for?
Everything. And a few extras.
I suppose you thought I was crazy.
So your lady turned you down
for a sort of a wild man from Borneo?
It's a bit fantastic, isn't it?
A well-bred English girl
living in the treetops...
- with a glorified native ape-man.
- Tarzan's as white as we are.
She's Parker's daughter.
She stayed behind when he died up there.

She's hit you pretty hard, hasn't she?

I'm in love with her,

if that's what you mean.

- Where shall I put these things?

- Over by the table.

Go on over there. Put it down easy, now.

Come on, now.

I'm beginning to understand

why you wanted Paris gowns.

Charm her back to civilization?

It's foolish, maybe...

but I thought

if she saw some of the latest dresses...

got the feel of silk, scent of perfume...

Women are funny

about things like that, you know.

Might remind her.

She's been up there nearly a year now.

Look here, Harry...

I've got everything I have in this.

Did you drag me out to Africa

to go after ivory or a woman?

Ivory.

- But if I can get the girl...

- Well, if that's the way...

I don't mind helping you kidnap your lady
as long as we get the other first.

- I'll get it for you, sir. Just a moment.

- Thanks.

You know, if you have money,

women aren't hard to get.

No harm intended, sir.

How much ivory is there really up there?

More than the largest safari

can carry back.

Strange instinct

that leads elephants to one spot to die.

- Fortunate one for us, though.

- I'm not complaining...

if you're sure

you can find the burial ground again.

I made a map of it on the way back.

14-day trek, you say?

With luck,

to the foot of the Mutia Escarpment.

What's that?

The Mutia Escarpment, I mean.

It's a mountain barrier
that divides the Africa we know...
from a country that no white man has
ever seen and come back, except myself.
Natives hold it sacred.

- Taboo?

- Deadly.

It's the Juju of the Masai,
the Wakabaranda...

and all the tribes
from the east to the west coast.

We came across a Zulu warrior once
that had been killed by his tribe...
because he tried to climb it.

What about our safari? How will they feel?

They're mostly village boys.

They'll be frightened.

But I got one safari across.

- How many did you get back?

- Myself.

Promises to be
something more than a pleasure jaunt.

Yes, indeed.

Yes, Saidi.

Need safari boy, bwana. Make new pick.

What are you saying?

We have 50 first-class boys.

The chiefs have promised 200 more
runners once you drum out the call.

- Fifty boy "mu/u,"bwana.

- Gone?

All boy gone make safari
with Bwana Pierce and Bwana Van Ness.

- Pierce and Van Ness?

- What's the matter?

The map!

- Beamish!

- Coming, sir.

- They looked like slippery customers.

- That they were.

- Were Pierce and Van Ness in here again?

- Only for a moment, sir.
Saidi, send out the runners,
drum up the tribes. Get 300 boys.
- How long ago did they leave?
- Sun here, bwana. Three, four hours.
- How soon can we get started, Harry?
- With equipment, six hours.
They'll have 10 hours' start.
Let's go without safari.
We'd be outnumbered
and wouldn't have a chance.
Suppose we don't catch them.
What happens then?
I think I can find the barrier again.
But above that, Tarzan is our only hope.
- Come on, Saidi, keep them going.
- Yes, bwana.
- Saidi!
- Yes, bwana.
Give me a hand here. Here we go, boy.
Take him over here. Take that box.
Tell the boys to take a rest.
- What's the trouble?
- Bearers are done in.
I thought
we'd better give them a breather here.
Tell those boys to keep
the ammunition boxes out of the water.
Yes, bwana.
- How many men have we lost?
- Eight.
We figured 10 for the whole trek.
We didn't figure this pace.
Look at the condition they're in.
What is it?
They came across a white man's campfire
a few hundred yards ahead.
A white man's campfire?
Pierce and Van Ness.
- He says it's still warm.
- Still warm?
- Come on, let's have a look.
- All right. Go ahead.
- My gun.

- No.

If they're close, they'll hear us.

Easy, Martin.

How old do you think it is?

Take cover!

- Pierce and Van Ness?

- Couldn't be anyone else.

- Notice the delayed sound?

- About 500 yards off, I'd say.

- Shall we have it out?

- We'd better not.

The base of the Escarpment's clearer.

Rather meet them there.

All right. You know the country
better than I do.

- We'll parallel their trail.

- Right.

No use in walking into an ambush.

All right, boys, come on.

Saidi, get them on their feet,
and we'll swing off a bit to the left.

Yes, bwana.

I don't like the sound of that chant.

I've hated it for days.

This is different.

They're frightened about something.

What's with them?

- What's the matter, Saidi?

- Mutia.

What?

It is the Mutia.

- It isn't any too soon to suit me.

- And a day ahead of schedule!

Juju, that's why they're frightened.

We can't lose time

just because they're afraid.

- Come on, Saidi, get them going!

- Yes, bwana.

Boys, get on your feet.

There's nothing to be frightened of.

- What's the matter with him?

- He afraid of Mutia.

- Not go, bwana.

- Get into line.

- Drop that spear and get into line!
- No!
Anybody else that doesn't want to go?
- Saidi, take the lead. I'll stay back here.
- Yes, bwana.
- Whip would have done just as well.
- Perhaps you're right.
He could have carried 150 pounds of ivory.
- What's the matter, Saidi?
- Van Ness safari boy, bwana.
Gaboni kill.
- Gaboni?
- Yes, bwana.
Gaboni all time arrow here.
Couldn't be Gabonis.
They wouldn't leave the body here.
- Why not?
- They're cannibals.
First make kill. Bye, embark, come back.
The wound looks pretty fresh.
They can't be far away.
The map.
Pierce must have it.
I wonder if he got...
Is this it?
The part we don't need.
If they'd made the Mutia,
no tribe would've followed them.
Sacred ground.
- What's that?
- Drum. Gaboni, bwana.
It's pretty close.
- We'd better make a run for it.
- Right.
Come on, Saidi, get them going!
- Make a stand?
- No, that's what Pierce and Van Ness did.
All right, come on!
Bwana, Mutia!
The Escarpment! Come on!
- Here they come.
- They'll never follow. The Mutia is sacred.
- He was on the Mutia!
- Lucky superstition for us.

We're out of range now.

What about a breather here?

We've got to make the top before dark.

Come on.

- Keep them going, Saidi.

- Yes, bwana.

- What's the trouble, Saidi?

- Too hard, bwana.

Let them stay where they are
and pass the loads to the man ahead.

Yes, bwana.

- I hope we've got the worst behind us.

- We have.

Saidi, send the men for cover!

That's Tarzan! He's calling them off.

Come along.

No use in starting a riot, Martin.

Kill one, and we'll have to kill all.

Am I glad to see you!

You got here just in time.

That's it, Harry. I told you I'd come back.

- Come back?

- How's Jane?

Man.

Yes, Tarzan. This is Martin, my friend.

Martin my friend.

You don't know how glad I am
to see you, old fellow.

Harry, Martin, my friend...

- Tarzan.

- That's right. But where is Jane?

Where is she? How is she?

How are you? Very well. Thank you.

- Has anything happened to her?

- Much man.

Yes, Tarzan, that's our safari. But...

There she is now.

Cheetah!

Cheetah baby.

Harry, I'm so glad you came.

Jane, I was so worried about you.

- When I saw Tarzan alone...

- You're not wounded?

- No.

- I was frightened.

- We came as fast as we could.

- You knew we were coming?

Tarzan heard there was a battle,
and I thought it must be you.

- He was coming to help you.

- Martin my friend.

Jane, this is Martin Arlington, my partner.

I thought you were a myth,
and I'm still not sure.

I think I can understand that.

I hope this means

I'm accepted in polite society.

- Yes, you're one of our set now.

- Did you think I was never coming back?

I knew you'd be back.

But, you know, it's been a year!

It's been a long year, too.

There were times

I thought we'd never make it.

- Tarzan will guide you the rest of the way.

- He will?

- I promised Harry.

- That's perfect.

Jane, I want to talk to you for hours.

But some of my men are hurt.

I should take care of them first.

- Is there any water here?

- Yes, there's a stream over there.

- He says he'll help you with your men.

- That's fine. Come along.

You know...

even if there wasn't any ivory,
I'd be glad I made the trek now.

You'll be much gladder

when you see how much ivory there is.

Well, I can't say

I don't care about a fortune.

You're hurt.

- It's nothing, a Gaboni arrow.

- They're poisonous.

- Careful, Tarzan, it's hot.

- Hot?

Yes, it's coffee.

I don't think you'll like it, darling.

- Like it?

- You never drink anything hot?

- Never.

- Don't you miss it, Jane, things like this?

I must say, it is rather nice

to have a cup of coffee for a change.

Yes, Tarzan.

- Where is he going?

- To build a house.

- Build a house?

- It doesn't take Tarzan long.

We have a mansion in every glade.

You can't spend

the rest of your life camping out.

- Don't you ever want to come back?

- No, Harry.

Wouldn't it be nice to live

where there's a lot of other men around?

Just to remind the number one boy

that there's a number two?

And possibly a number three.

But on the other hand...

there are no other women here

to make a fool of my number one boy.

- Yes, I've noticed the scarcity of women.

- That's not very flattering to me.

Meeting you

is what made me conscious of it.

Like a hungry man

outside a restaurant window.

- Don't you miss the fun you used to have?

- I have fun.

Those June nights in England,

Murray's Club at Maidenhead.

- Moonlight on the Thames?

- Dance.

A glass of champagne...

sitting with real people

and listening to the music.

Real people. I wonder.

Well, at least the men are civilized.

- Does that make them any better?

- For women.

Men never get a proper sense of values
until they've been about a bit.

Look at Cheetah.

There's your civilization for you.

Come on, where's your vanity?

Wouldn't you like

to get all dressed up again?

Not that I have any complaints
on that score.

Why, I had this specially designed for me.

You haven't completely lost
your interest in clothes?

- What woman ever does?

- No smart one.

Good. Come along.

Why, Harry? What is it?

- Harry's got a surprise for you.

- Surprise?

You wait and see.

They're lovely!

- I'm glad you like them.

- Like them?

Harry, they're gorgeous!

- You are a darling!

- Give me a little credit.

I shopped all over Paris
to get them for you.

Look at this little thing.

It isn't much bigger
than a postage stamp, is it?

But it's smart.

You look like the Jane Parker
I used to know.

Makes me feel like her.

- Not much good for climbing trees.

- Not much.

These are rather sheer, I think.

Give them to me.

There's no jungle flower
with a perfume like this.

Eyebrow pencil, lipstick...

Indelible. Doesn't come off
when you're kissed.

I brought all the allurements.

For two bachelors, you seem to know a great deal about what women wear. I've done my share of shopping.

Lovely.

Well, now I'd better find a dress.

This one is the same color...

as the one you wore that night at the dance at Mrs. Cutten's.

How sweet of you to remember.

The effect seems to be to promise to show something... that's never quite shown.

- It's lined.

- They're like that now.

- They are?

- Yes, London's gone leg-conscious.

I'm glad you haven't.

I like you just as you are.

How styles have changed, haven't they?

I wouldn't have believed it possible in such a short time.

I probably wouldn't know how to wear this anyway.

- Try it on.

- Yes, we'll clear out of your boudoir.

A gramophone?

Are we going to have music?

These records are four months old, but they'll probably be new to you.

I'm going to try these on.

But I want you to understand...

- it's not going to make any difference.

- Difference?

- You want me to go back.

- You must go back.

- Why?

- You can't stay here.

Supposing anything happened to him.

You couldn't live.

- I don't think I'd want to.

- That's nonsense.

- Suppose he were to die.

- Why should he?

Anything can happen in this place.

Where would you be then?
Where would he be if I went back?
We'll let him come along, too.
Tarzan over there? Then he would die.
- Come on. You're holding up the show.
- Right.
Run along. I won't be a minute. Go on.
She's priceless.
A woman who's learned
the abandon of a savage...
yet she'd be at home in Mayfair.
- She's not interested in Mayfair.
- Nonsense.
She's weakening already, you lucky pup.
- I don't think so.
- You'll get her back.
This is raw nature, old man.
Survival of fittest.
Up here, the fittest means Tarzan,
and he wouldn't let her go.
If she wants to go how can he stop her?
Good heavens, Martin, he's...
He's not an animal.
- Please, bwana?
- Yes, Saidi.
Moko bad sick.
Needle bad.
All right. I'll give him a hypo.
Where is he, Saidi?
Get out of there! Come on!
- What was that?
- Safari boys, curious about the music.
I love it.
Need any help?
- Do you always help ladies to dress?
- When they're lovely enough.
Voil.
How's that?
Perfect. And I thought
improvement impossible.
You see? Woman's greatest weapon
is man's imagination.
Very becoming, too.
- Where's Harry?

- Sick native.

He'll be away for a few minutes, I hope.

Thank you.

Funny, isn't it?

You're the first woman

I ever had to coax into an evening gown.

I imagine that isn't your usual practice.

Well, everything

seems to go by opposites here.

- I believe I have this dance, Lady Jane.

- Oh, yes.

I really promised this dance

to the Duke of Riverbotham...

but as the old foggy isn't here,

we'll let him wait.

Thank you.

You know,

you're a fascinating little savage.

Forgive me, please. I forgot myself.

You're so lovely.

- I blame myself as much as you.

- Please don't.

We'll forget about it...

if you'll remember that there's only

one man that means anything to me.

And that's Tarzan.

- There's nothing in there. That's music.

- Music?

Music, like the natives make

on their tom-toms.

This is a little bit more civilized. Look.

That's right.

You'll be the talk of the town.

It's thrilling, isn't it?

Music still hath charms

to soothe the savage...

but I know a greater fascination.

Yes, the jungle does grow on one,

doesn't it?

Only very lately on me.

Don't forget, Martin,

there are dangers in the jungle, too.

Adds to the fascination.

These are clothes.

Women wear them
because they hope men will like them.
That's why I wore these, Tarzan.
I thought you'd like them.
- Like them?
- Those are stockings.
Like them.
Something provocative
about the feel of silk.
Always was.
Same curiosity
he had about the phonograph.
It's perfume.
I think Tarzan approves.
- No go.
- No, Tarzan.
- Harry, can't you and I have a dance?
- Most assuredly.
No go.
Harry, perhaps it is getting a little late.
I'm sorry.
You're a bad boy.
Good morning. I love you.
You never forget, do you, Tarzan?
- Never forget I love you.
- Love who?
- Love you.
- Love who?
Love Jane.
Love my...
My wife.
Go on now, lazybones.
Go on and get my fruit juice.
So you've been out shopping early?
Or did you spend the night at the club?
Now, you can't get around me like that.
Are you sure there isn't another woman?
Woman. Man.
That's the way it should be, Tarzan.
I love you. Happy.
And Harry wants to send you to London...
get you all dressed up
in tight shoes and an old high collar.
If you wanted to see a tree,

you'd have get a little watering can...

and sprinkle it to make it grow.

- Then you'd be unhappy.

- Unhappy?

That's a word, Tarzan, I hope you're never going to know the meaning of.

What?

- Swim.

- All right.

Just a minute.

Now, you mustn't grumble, dear.

Swim.

You don't know how lucky you are compared to other husbands.

The poor things have to wait hours every morning...

- for their wives to get dressed.

- Swim.

Darling, I have to put on clothes.

There are other people here and they'd think I was immodest.

I love you.

Good morning, early bird.

Did you get your worm this morning?

That's fine.

Cheetah certainly deserts us when we get near water, doesn't she?

Wait, Tarzan!

Darling, you're very...

Throw that down to me, Cheetah.

Give that to me.

Cheetah, that isn't funny.

Throw it down to me, Cheetah.

Can't you see I've got nothing on.

Give it to me.

That's a good monkey.

Darling, come here.

They're not bad ones, anyway.

- Jane, are you all right?

- Of course.

Why wouldn't I be?

Hello, Harry.

- What is it, Martin?

- Sure we're going right?

Tarzan said a perfectly straight line.
There must be an easier way.
This is like trying to shovel quicksand.
What's the use of a guide
if you don't follow him?
I might, if he'd quit yodeling
and help us out.
- Saidi, have we been going straight?
- Yes, bwana.
I'm going to try a detour.
Cut off to the left where it's not so thick.
Afraid we'll lose our direction.
Anything's better
than this continued hacking.
Come on, swing over, you blighters.
Martin my friend.
While there's clothes,
there's hope with a woman.
You're off the track.
We'll be hours cutting our way through
in a straight line.
Tarzan has taken care of that.
That's all right, Harry.
Tarzan's called the elephant
to clear a trail for you.
That's fine. Thanks.
Down, Cheetah.
Cheetah will let us know
if you have any trouble.
You should reach a clearing
when the sun is at the treetops.
About an hour.
That's an excellent idea.
Cheerio.
Going through the jungle is play for them.
Stop it!
They're just playing?
I wonder what they do for exercise.
No, Tarzan! Don't!
That's no way to treat a lady.
- Fun is fun, but...
- Fun.
Stop it!
Wait till I get my breath.

You're going to carry me from now on.
Now, that wasn't fair.
If you do that again,
I'll never speak to you anymore.
How much further is it?
I'm glad that's over.
Jane learn. Jane learn Tarzan.
Tarzan learn Jane.
Well, I must have graduated today.
Graduated.
They can make camp here.
And I want a nice house with a river view.
It's good to rest here.
Thank you, darling.
Now, lazy, get up. You've got work to do.
Go on and see what's happened
to the safari.
Good Cheetah.
Cheetah, look out!
I'm all right, dear, but Cheetah...
Good Cheetah.
Hello!
A rhino do that?
She got in front of it to save me.
She's gone, Little Cheetah.
And there's nothing you can do,
nor I, nor anybody.
There, there, Cheetah.
The hurt will die down.
It has to.
Otherwise none of us could stand life.
Come back!
Tarzan doesn't want you to go there.
I'm only shaken up.
But you, are you all right?
Very well, thank you.
Tarzan, no.
We have to get the safari started.
Come on.
Good morning.
We've been up for hours.
- Would you like some coffee?
- No, thank you.
Jane, tell me.

Could Tarzan really call more elephants?

- A whole herd?

- He won't believe me.

- Yes. Why?

- We can use them as a pack train.

Carry tons more ivory away.

Of course. Why, that's a grand idea!

I don't know why I didn't think of it.

Tarzan, we want you

to get more elephants.

No, dear. All the elephants. Every one.

Yes, dear. They need the elephants

to get the ivory, the tusks.

They load it on the elephants

and take it back with them.

- Back?

- Yes.

Mahowoni sleep.

That's why they're going

to the burial ground. To get the ivory.

It will make them rich.

It's no good to us just lying there.

Mahowoni sleep.

I promised them, Tarzan.

Mahowoni sleep.

What does he think

we wanted to go there for?

I hadn't thought.

You see, Tarzan has no objectives.

He just goes somewhere

because he wants to.

- And then my father's buried there.

- He went with us before.

- You didn't try to take away any ivory.

- Can't you persuade him?

I'll try, Harry.

Are you sure

you don't know the way yourself?

No, not without him.

Did he guide you before?

- No, we followed a dying elephant.

- A dying elephant?

Yes, I told you about that.

It's elephant's instinct.

If they feel death coming on,
they head for the burial grounds.
- Dying elephant.
- What did he say?
He'll take you back, but he won't go on.
But he's got to understand.
Every penny we've got in the world
is tied up in this.
Tarzan knows nothing about money.
That wouldn't mean anything to him.
What's the harm? They're all dead.
It's as though somebody asked you
to rob a graveyard back home.
But these are animals.
They're not humans. This is different.
Not to him. I know how you feel...
but I think I know how he feels, too.
You're going to let him stop you
from keeping your promise?
I had no right to promise for him.
Tarzan is the only law here:
The jungle's and mine.
Won't you let us guide you back?
I'm going on. I've got too much at stake.
- I'm sorry, Harry.
- But didn't he understand...
If I can't have one guide, I'll have another.
Martin, wait! Hold up!
Stop it! Don't, Tarzan!
Put him down.
- Bad Martin my friend.
- You just don't understand, darling.
Tarzan, wait.
- Harry, we're leaving.
- You won't come back with us?
I belong with him. Goodbye.
I'm here for ivory. What about you?
I'm with you.
- All right, Saidi. We'll follow its trail.
- Yes, bwana.
Where's she heading for now?
Straight through the waterfalls.
That's the way we went before.
- Through them?

- Yes.

All right, Saidi.

I was afraid she wouldn't last long enough to get here.

They always do somehow.

God, it's like a city paved with gold!

Let's pack out as soon as we can.

Next trip, we'll bring 1,000 men.

Let's get started.

There's something about this place that seems to get me.

- Elephants' ghosts?

- No.

Jane's father is buried over there.

- Saidi.

- Yes, bwana.

Load up the tusks. We'll pack right out.

Everyone carries ivory, even the spearmen, understand?

- No exceptions.

- Yes, bwana.

What are these boys doing with boxes?

Boys carry food. Eat, bwana.

Come on, boys.

What are you doing with that shield and spear, boy?

Everybody carries ivory.

We don't need any spearmen. Come on.

We'll be trampled to death.

- Dead men can't give orders.

- Yes, they can.

Tarzan, wait!

Tarzan, I've got to talk to them first.

You must wait.

- Wait?

- You must.

Won't you give up this idea?

You're my people.

I don't want to see you buried here with my father.

- Perhaps, after all, we are wrong.

- What?

The elephants are Tarzan's friends.

I realize we're violating something

he holds sacred.

That's generous of you.

- Tarzan will guide us back now, won't he?

- Yes.

They won't take the ivory.

They understand.

Yes, of course.

Perhaps we can stay here for tonight.

The boys are dog-tired...

- and there's no hurry now.

- Of course.

I suppose it's safe enough
with these elephants here...

but the boys will be uneasy.

Tarzan will send them back.

Tomorrow, when the sun is there,
we'll start back.

- Saidi, have the boys start a fire.

- Yes, bwana.

Lantern, Saidi. Thank you.

Her father's grave.

This was my father's.

I want you to wear it always.

Always.

Good morning. I love you.

Always.

Yes, darling, always.

Hurry back to me, Tarzan.

Back?

Not a trace. We've beaten every inch
of the riverbank for miles.

He can't be gone.

Jane, you must face facts.

They're cruel, but you must.

Why, he's fought a hundred crocodiles.

He didn't see it. I shouted.

He turned,

but there was nothing he could do.

- He might have got away.

- Jane, you've got to look after yourself.

- Did you find any...

- Sorry.

But there must be some traces.

Even if he were...

He said, "Always. "

Wait.

Take me away.

- You're dead-tired, aren't you, Jane?

- I'm all right.

We could make a litter

and have some of the boys carry you.

The walking helps.

You're very brave.

No. If I were, I should be back there.

With Tarzan's memory.

Answer me honestly, Jane.

Would you feel better

if we didn't take the ivory?

If we carried it back?

Martin, that's sweet of you...

but nothing matters anymore.

Supposing she had said, "Take it back. "

Strange about that croc.

I never would have believed that Tarzan

could have been caught off guard...

if you hadn't told me.

I thought you'd gone.

Well, she didn't desert you after all.

- In the jungle, fidelity goes to the living.

- Everywhere.

There, there, Cheetah. That's all right.

You can go with me.

What is it?

Better tie a rope on her

so she won't run off again.

What is it, Cheetah?

She's trying to tell me something.

Perhaps you should leave her here

in freedom.

They die in captivity.

Tarzan's alive.

What?

He's alive.

Tarzan's alive.

- I wish he were, but...

- But he is.

- She wants to take me to him.

- It's impossible.

- Do you believe this, Jane?
- I know it.
- Harry, I've got to go to him.
- Then we'll go with you.
Saidi, halt them.
Jane, you're chasing a shadow.
- He's alive, somewhere.
- We'll follow Cheetah.
Juju drums.
Where?
Behind and over there.
- Juju, bwana.
- What tribe?
New country, bwana. No tell.
All right. Get them started.
Straight ahead.
But Harry, we've got to
get through to Tarzan. That way.
It's blocked. We'll save ourselves first.
Cheetah can show us the way after.
Come back here, you!
Pick up that ivory. Pick it up.
- Ivory doesn't count now.
- I'm holding on.
If we could get to those rocks,
we could hold them off.
We might rush them.
The moment we raise a gun,
they'll be on us.
They've never seen a gun.
We can get past.
All right, we'll try it.
Saidi, tell the boys
to bring the ammunition boxes up.
Saidi, pass the word that when we fire,
everyone runs for the rocks.
Ready, Martin?
Now!
Get the ammunition box.
I wish we had that box of ammunition.
- Cover me.
- Wait a minute.
- You're a better shot than I am.
- Yes, I know.

I'm a faster runner, too.
Don't waste your ammunition.
We can't kill them all.
Cheetah, come back!
Deserting us?
No, she isn't. She's going to get Tarzan.
Go on, Cheetah!
She'll make it.
Cheetah, go on!
I know who they are.
Tarzan calls them
"the men that eat lions. "
Eat lions?
They roar to call the lions,
then they spear them.
This time they're going to let
the lions do the hunting.
They're staking Saidi out.
- Come back, you can't save him.
- Harry, come back!
Stand guard on the ledge.
I've always thought when you were
faced with death, nothing would matter.
What does?
You.
Always gone.
No, dear. Always is just beginning
for you and me.