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# Allan Quatermain and the Lost City of Gold

By Gene Quintano

Giddy-up! We're almost home.

(laughs)

(screams)

All right. Tomatoes.

There you go. OK, boys.

Pull!

- (boys laugh)

- How's that?

Try some tomatoes.

Here we go. Ready?

Got 'em! Pretty good, huh? Thanks, guys.

(horse and cart approaches)

Uh-oh.

Man your battle stations, boys.

- (laughs)

- Whoa!

Welcome home.

- I got it! I got it!

- What did you get?

- Come on, I'll show you. Come on.

- Well, let's go then.

So what's the occasion?

Come on. Let me see. Let me see!

Come on, open it.

God, you're gonna love this.

Oh, I hope you like it.

- It's a suit.

- Right, a suit.

- You hate it, don't you?

- No, but I could learn to.

You could learn to like it too.

You can't dress like that in America.

Another good reason

not to go to America. Huh?

You're not suckering me

into that argument again.

I'm not getting married here and spending

my honeymoon swinging from vines

and checking the bed for snakes.

Those weren't the only things

I had planned.

(gasps)

Jesse.

- Come on out and show us.

- Not on your life.  
Which, by the way,  
this suit has put in serious jeopardy.  
- You look great.  
- I look ridiculous.  
I can't breathe. This thing is dangerous.  
Come on. Come on.  
Ask them how you look. They'll be honest.  
- OK, boys. How do I look?  
- (boys squeal)  
That's it. That clinches it.  
- Dumont!  
- (groans)  
- Dumont!  
- Agon.  
- They follow... Quatermain.  
- Don't try to talk.  
- I'm here. We'll take care of you.  
- (screams)  
Damn!  
- Get him in the house.  
- Quatermain!  
Quatermain, no!  
(rustling)  
(growls)  
(growls)  
(screams)  
Quatermain.  
Quatermain, are you hurt? Are?  
Your suit.  
I'm fine, thanks.  
(heavy breathing)  
Quatermain, is that you?  
I'm right here. Right here.  
Incredible, Q.  
I had to get out. Incredible.  
Gold.  
Streets of it.  
Swarma. He's...  
See Swarma. He...  
See Swarma.  
I wanna know if my brother is still alive.  
Robeson. He's...  
Robeson.

- Please, try!  
- Not our fault.  
Didn't know. Didn't know.  
Don't want to die.  
No! No!  
(whimpers)  
No!  
Come on. Just let him be now.  
He's asleep now.  
I'm sure after he gets some rest  
he'll be able to tell you about your brother.  
Those men he was muttering about -  
Hudson and Tremont. Who are they?  
Old friends. They thought about adventure  
first and the danger second.  
Always ready to go out  
at the drop of a legend.  
They left while we were  
at King Solomon's Mines.  
They were searching for a great lost city,  
a lost white race.  
My brother pestered me about it for years.  
It was a crazy idea and I told him.  
Too damn dangerous chasing after  
just another improbable African myth.  
- I guess he got tired of pestering me.  
- Do you think he found it?  
They found something,  
or something found them.  
You're the resident archaeologist.  
What do you make of this?  
It's gold.  
Possibly commemorative.  
The inscription here,  
it looks Phoenician, or a variation.  
Phoenician?  
I've never seen anything quite like it.  
Where'd you get it?  
It was in Dumont's things. And this knife.  
What do you think?  
Very strange.  
The sun symbol is definitely Egyptian.  
But the graphics are Phoenician.  
And the detail is very advanced.

It just doesn't make any sense.

The man who attacked me wore a band  
with this symbol on it.

They found something.

(footsteps)

(screams)

(screams)

Oh, the devil! The devil's been here!

One thing's for sure -

the fever didn't kill him.

Quatermain! Hey, Quatermain!

- Not today, trader.

- Some fine pots, Quatermain.

You can never have enough fine pots.

- I don't think so.

- Oh, please, Quatermain.

- Come on. Business can't be that bad.

- (screams)

Trader.

Trader, I'll, uh... I'll buy it. I'll buy the pot.

- Trader.

- (laughs)

What a wonderful fabric, eh, Quatermain?

Woven by the finest English craftsmen.

It fits like skin.

Not a nice trick, trader.

Where'd you get it?

From some Lamu tribesmen who,  
as you know, are most fond of beheading.

I fear the men who wore them  
were not so well-served by the shirts.

A costly oversight by the tailor.

Wait, Quatermain. You must buy  
the shirt. It will save your life.

Four of them, Quatermain,  
for five kilos of ham and four hides.

- Simply avoid the Lamu.

- I'll buy the shirt if I get some information.

- I'm looking for a man called Swarma.

- Ah, Swarma.

Knows all, sees all, tells all - for a price.

Perhaps he's in there

on such a hot and dusty day. (laughs)

(hums)

(knocking at door)

- I have no need of your goods.

- But you have need for my information.

Quatermain comes looking for you.

About a man who died, and a coin.

If you wish to know more...

One of my followers

has brought me this news.

What can I say? It's a small town.

Possibly you have more details.

A friend of Quatermain stumbled into  
his yard with tales of a lost city of gold.

He uttered your name before he died,  
killed in his bed.

- Quick.

- But my pay?

Yes, yes, here. Hurry, hurry, hurry.

Swarma.

Come in. Come in, sir.

Have you ever seen one of these before?

It is a coin.

Very good.

A coin of gold.

I told your brother of such a coin, sir.

It belonged to Reverend Mackenzie and  
has a history that we can only dream of.

- How did Mackenzie get it?

- Three years ago, sir,

a man fell in his doorway

with great fever and many itches.

He had such a coin,

and he spoke of a city far beyond

Lekanisera, lost in the mountains,

with streets and roofs of gold,

ruled by a lost white race.

Fever talk, perhaps.

- Then my friend had the same fever.

- He saw these streets of gold?

So he said. Did you tell my brother  
how to find this lost city?

I told him what I knew.

Find the wall of Jalpora.

Pay heed to its secrets.

Seek the Devil's Heart.

Watch for signs.

- Sounds like helpful travel tips.

- Will you too search for this city of gold?

I'll search for my family and friends.

This lost civilisation can keep its gold.

Kiba, catch.

Hi.

You had better hurry because we are not missing that boat and you haven't packed.

I know I haven't,

and there's a good reason.

I'm not going.

(laughter)

My brother still may be out there.

I've gotta look for him.

- But where? Where do you start?

- I found Swarma. He told me. Sort of.

Quatermain.

We have planned this trip for six months.

My parents have planned it. They've sent

invitations. We've arranged catering.

You're worrying about hors d'oeuvres?

Now, that's not fair.

Well, when do we think about us?

We're talking about my brother

and my best friends.

What am I?

Look, they've been gone so long...

and after what's happened here, it's...

- It's dangerous and it's crazy.

- And it's what I've gotta do.

Fine.

And going to America is what I have to do.

I just don't think I'm being unreasonable.

Do you think I'm being unreasonable?

Of course I'm not being unreasonable.

A relationship is give-and-take.

I feel like I'm doing all the giving.

You know what I mean, George?

What do you think, George?

I think I should drive, madam.

The rumours say, Mackenzie,

that we travel east past Lekanisera.

The ruins of Jalpora are supposed to lie

between here and the Tana river.  
That's just the problem, Quatermain.  
Too many rumours and not enough facts.  
Ah, hell, Dutchman. Half of Africa's been  
explored on rumour, hope and legend.  
Yes.  
And blood.  
Too many people going off into  
unexplored Africa and not coming back.  
I outfitted your brother's group last year.  
- The last I'll see of that equipment.  
- I wouldn't bet my lungs on that.  
I'm gonna put a party together,  
one way or the other, or I go alone.  
You'll do it, too, won't you?  
Not knowing where you're going,  
and getting lost as hell.  
All right, let's go see  
if we can buy you some help.  
Sure, we've been planning  
this trip for months.  
OK, so that's one against him.  
But after all, isn't his concern for his  
family and his friends part of his appeal?  
Oh, hell, George.  
He needs me. As a matter of fact  
he can't live without me.  
Whee!  
Yahoo!  
(Quatermain) How would you like to go  
on an expedition to East Africa?  
Yeah, East Africa. You'll love it.  
We leave tomorrow.  
Maybe next time.  
(Dutchman) I figure you can choose  
between the Wamusas, who'll rob you,  
Tumatas, who'll desert you,  
or the Mapaki, who'll eat you.  
With all this going for me,  
who needs to worry about getting lost?  
Ah, mighty chief.  
Slayer of elephants, eater-up of lions,  
clever one, watchful one,  
brave one, quick one,



whose shot never misses.  
Grasp a hand and hold it  
to the death. Quatermain.  
That's me, all right.  
Am I a stranger now?  
Yah!  
(yells)  
Umslopogaas. And Groanmaker.  
Hey, that's OK. I get the idea.  
I'm glad to see you too.  
You're a long way from home, aren't you?  
I who am highborn, ay,  
of the blood of a great king - a chief.  
I am a wanderer. A man without a kraal,  
with nought save my axe.  
And you, Quatermain, why are you here?  
I'm trying to put together a party  
to go into East Africa,  
but everybody but me is too smart to go.  
They live and breathe fear. Not I.  
Let the blow come quickly  
and the blood run red.  
I travel with five Askari  
over whom I hold much influence.  
- You have your party.  
- Ah.  
Quatermain.  
Careful there.  
That one's got a bloodthirst.  
He also has five Askari  
over whom he holds much influence.  
Thank you.  
Well, well, well.  
Your image has haunted me, sir, and that  
of your brother and the friends you seek.  
I could not rest easy were I to let you  
embark on a journey of such peril alone,  
when it is I who possess  
the legend's secrets.  
- I guess that means you wanna come.  
- No, no, no.  
I don't want to come, but, sir,  
it is a journey through legend,  
shrouded in mystery, which I,

as your humble guide, will unravel.

Gee, and I thought it was just a trek  
into unexplored Africa.

(speaks Arabic)

- Sir, a mystic experience awaits us.

- (screaming)

- Oh, no, it can't be.

- Yes.

I recognise that scream.

(screams)

(shrieks)

Attack! Attack!

(screams)

Hey, good-lookin'.

Quatermain!

Did you make a wrong turn?

America's about 6,000 miles that way.

- I'm glad to see you, too, Quatermain.

- I'm glad, just surprised.

We can always go to America.

We can always get married.

- Yeah.

- Right now I should be with you.

I want you to come

but you said it's too dangerous.

- You can't get rid of me with a lecture.

- I don't want you to get hurt.

I'm not gonna sit around worrying if

I'm gonna be a widow before I'm a bride.

- Jesse.

- Please, you can't ask me to do that.

- Jesse.

- I won't listen. You see? I'm not listening.

The walls of Jalpora.

Nice work. For a while I thought

we'd end up in Cleveland.

Proof that only a fool questions

the wisdom of Swarna.

Proof that even a blind monkey

sometimes finds a banana.

Wait.

(Jesse shrieks)

The guardians of Jalpora.

- Rough neighbourhood.

- Yeah.  
(thunder)  
Perhaps I should wait here.  
Meditate on our journey.  
(thunder)  
It is the stirring of restless souls.  
What purpose do these walls serve?  
Religious, possibly?  
They don't belong here.  
These stones are 3,000 miles from home.  
- Gold.  
- Gold?  
A golden sun setting on a river.  
A fiery river.  
Did someone say "gold"?  
- Is there a river near here?  
- The Tana.  
Maybe we follow the river to a golden sun.  
Or to a golden city.  
I think we're starting  
to piss off somebody's god.  
(Jesse and Quatermain scream)  
- Oh, my God.  
- No!  
It's Hudson.  
(Jesse) This is it, isn't it?  
We're gonna die now.  
Please, the stone! Shove back the stone!  
Shove back the stone!  
Your legs! Your legs! Oh, God! Oh!  
Oh, God.  
You all right?  
The legend, of course, warned of this -  
the ground devouring intruders.  
The golden orb tempting the Fates.  
So it comes to pass.  
What's that?  
- An Eshowe.  
- War dress.  
Yeah.  
(speaks tribal language)  
(speaks tribal language)  
That doesn't sound too friendly.  
It was friendly all right. He wants you

in exchange for using his river.  
Can't we strike some other arrangement?  
I'm sure going to try.  
(speaks tribal language)  
(speak tribal language)  
Please, must you upset him?  
Umslopogaas can't understand  
why he prefers you to the tea kettle.  
(yells)  
(others yell)  
Oh, my God.  
- So, it was, I hope, a friendly parting?  
- He hopes we enjoyed our last sunset.  
- So what do we do now? Turn back?  
- Too late for that.  
We go as far as we can,  
then sleep in the canoe.  
The Eshowe are territorial.  
We just try to get out of their territory.  
(yells)  
(groans)  
Swarma, row. Jesse, reload.  
Try putting it in the water.  
Madam, I am a man of peace,  
a man of prayer.  
Good. Then pray you don't  
have to use this.  
Why?  
Oh, no! Please!  
Please!  
Do you think we passed them?  
(Quatermain) Not quite.  
(battle cry)  
(battle cry)  
(squeals)  
Oh, my God.  
Swarma! The dynamite!  
(yells)  
(tribesmen gasp)  
Oh!  
The dynamite! Quick!  
(tribesmen gasp)  
- (shouts) Duva! Duva!  
- What is it?

The spear didn't harm me  
so they think I'm a devil.  
- (tribesmen chant) Duva! Duva!  
- Come on.  
(tribesmen chant) Duva! Duva!  
- Do you think they've given up?  
- For now, anyway.  
Depends on how long  
they're scared of the devil.  
Look!  
Hold on!  
(Swarma) Oh, I have died.  
I have died.  
Why did I not heed the legends  
about this rotten trip?  
Have I entered into the shadows  
with this whimpering wretch?  
I hate to disappoint you guys,  
but I think we're still alive.  
(Jesse) And we've lost another Askari.  
(growling)  
(Jesse groans)  
(Jesse screams)  
(Swarma whimpers)  
(Jesse moans and sobs)  
- (Jesse) Feel the heat.  
- (Swarma) We enter the Devil's Heart.  
(Quatermain)  
Thanks for the words of encouragement.  
(Jesse) The water's hot too.  
Are we going into a volcano?  
(Quatermain) No, just the Devil's Heart.  
(sizzling)  
Quatermain, what are we gonna do?  
(rumbling)  
Back-paddle.  
To the right.  
Pull.  
On the right.  
(Askari screams)  
This could be it.  
Great.  
(screams)  
Sorry.

Where are we?

The river must have tossed us off  
into an antechamber. Where exactly?

- How are you?

- Oh, I don't know. Ouch.

(groans)

- Fine.

- Yeah?

- What do we do now?

- We're a little vague on that.

Swarma's run out of legend.

I found some markings here  
that might help.

They're eroded but these look  
like a native dialect  
and there's some French  
around the corner here. There.

And these.

- It's Phoenician.

- What does it say?

"Phoenicians speak of a golden temple."

(screams)

Jesse! Can you hear me?

Are you all right?

Of course I'm not all right!

I just got sucked down this damn hole.

She's all right.

Jesse, take this lantern, see where you are  
and tie the rope around your waist.

I know where I am.

Just get me out of here.

Gold! There's gold blocks down here.

Perhaps I should go down and help her.

Gold could be very heavy.

(Quatermain)

What's goin' on? Are you all right?

(screams)

- I'm coming down, honey.

- There's a bunch of dead people here!

- (Umslopogaas) Are you all right?

- Yeah, we're all right.

More than I can say for the rest of 'em.

It's a graveyard down here.

Oh, no.

- It's not your?  
- No, no. It's Tremont.  
We just have to keep hoping.  
This kind of death goes hand in hand  
with our kind of life.  
It's the price we pay  
for living a great adventure.  
OK.  
Pull her up.  
(rattling and hissing)  
(growling and roaring)  
(yells)  
(screams)  
(roaring)  
What's goin' on up there?  
(screams)  
(roars)  
(Jesse) Quatermain, come on! Come on.  
- (both scream)  
- Let's get outta here. Quick.  
(Swarma) You don't need to ask me twice.  
(Jesse) Maybe this tunnel goes under  
the lost city and keeps right on going.  
Or maybe it stops right here.  
Stand back.  
- There's no other choice.  
- Quatermain!  
- I don't wanna do this.  
- (Quatermain) Jump. You can make it.  
(squeals)  
Uh!  
(Jesse) Come on, Swarma.  
(yells)  
Never in my life have I been so tempted.  
- It's getting hot in here.  
- We must be near the volcanos.  
I hear breathing.  
- I don't hear anything.  
- (growling)  
Flatten yourselves against the wall.  
Take this.  
(growling)  
(roaring)  
(roaring)

- (Jesse) It feels like we're going uphill.  
- (Quatermain) Whole trip's felt that way.  
The air is cooler, fresher.  
(Quatermain) It's coming from up ahead.  
- (Swarma) Please, do not do that.  
- (Jesse) What?  
(Swarma) Brush against my face.  
You can bet your last turban  
it wasn't me, pal.  
Me neither. The breeze is getting stronger.  
Jesse, light one of the matches.  
(creature squeaks)  
(screams)  
(all scream)  
Well...  
Well done.  
Look! The Lost City of Gold! It exists!  
I've seen some amazing things in my life  
but never anything to compare with this.  
I sure hope Robeson's inside.  
Swarma's praying the natives are friendly.  
(Quatermain) Mackenzie was right  
about the legend of the lost city.  
I wonder if he was right  
about the lost race.  
(Jesse) Slow down, Quatermain.  
Wait for me.  
(Quatermain) Come on, Swarma.  
- (Jesse) This is incredible.  
- (Swarma) Just look at those doors.  
- (Umslopogaas) Prideful people.  
- And a little ostentatious.  
Look.  
The white race does exist.  
Each discovery gives truth to the legend.  
I amaze myself.  
Wait. They may not be as enthusiastic  
as we are. I'll go check it out.  
- With Swarma.  
- Me?  
But...  
(growling)  
A magnificent display of courage.  
I did not interfere because I did not wish



to intrude on such heroism.

Oh, no!

Look! Do you see what your stupid act of barbarism has done? We're dead for sure.

- (Jesse) Well, they seem friendly.

- (Quatermain) Yeah.

- They're so trusting and friendly.

- They haven't met Swarma yet.

For us?

Mm. Mm!

- Heavy.

- (man) Allan!

Allan!

Robeson.

- Hey, little brother!

- Hey!

- God!

- God!

I can't believe it. You're here. Dumont got through. What are you doing here?

We were in the neighbourhood.

I thought I'd drop by. What do you mean?

Excuse me. Hi.

I'm Jesse Huston, and this could have been our honeymoon.

- What?

- Umslopogaas, the great warrior.

Gold, you see. Gold everywhere.

And no weapons. You'd think with all the gold they'd be armed, but they're not.

It's wonderful just to see...

to... to see such peace.

Such tranquility does the soul of a holy man good.

- Swarma's our spiritual leader.

- The man is a useless hollow reed.

May I slay him?

Come.

(speaks ancient language)

I told you your Japanese would come in handy.

I told them you were my brother.

So, how are you? And Dumont, how's he?

I'm fine. He's dead. I'm glad you're OK.

(gong)

Except for that guy, you'll like it here.

- What's going on?

- That's Agon, the high priest.

(speaks ancient language)

He says you committed a sacrilege.

- We just got here.

- You killed a lion, the sacred beast.

Saved a child

from being eaten, you mean.

(speaks ancient language)

No. Go with them.

Boy, first impressions

sure can be deceiving.

Just when I was starting

to like these people.

(Umslopogaas yells)

Please, must you offend everyone?

(speaks ancient language)

Sorais.

Sorais. She and her sister Nyleptha

share the rule as queens.

(gong)

(guard speaks ancient language)

Nyleptha.

People love Nyleptha

but they're scared of Agon.

(both speak ancient language)

I am wary of people ruled by women

for, like women, they may quickly

change from friend to foe.

Careful.

I taught Nyleptha and Agon English.

Which one of you is going to die

for slaying our sacred beast?

Me?

But...

I am like the venerable Agon - a priest.

A man who respects the beliefs of others.

I admire the venerable...

By all that is holy,

someone has sought to mock me.

It was the savage.

Believe me. He hid these things

in my garments to make me the fool.  
You need no help from me to be the fool.  
And I will split your venerable head  
if you speak more of sacrifice.  
(beep)  
(screams)  
Hang on!  
(speaks ancient language)  
Get me outta here!  
(yells)  
(speaks ancient language)  
(Jesse whimpers)  
Allan!  
(speaks ancient language)  
That was a neat trick. He says  
you're some kind of god, or a devil.  
(speaks ancient language)  
- Are you gods or devils?  
- Neither, Your Majesty.  
We came to find my lost brother.  
Is he lost?  
Forgive our rude welcome.  
Agon is more interested in the power of  
gold than in the great spirit of our temple.  
You must be tired.  
You must rest and refresh.  
(speaks ancient language)  
Go with them. They will assist you.  
By the way, Q.  
- Nice shirt.  
- Careful, kid. You'll blow my cover.  
(screams and moans)  
(cackles)  
(Robeson) This was like paradise  
until Agon showed up.  
He was a slave trader from the north,  
selling arms to the Eshowe.  
- They brought him here.  
- From slave trader to high priest?  
- How?  
- By preying on the fears of the people.  
He's created a cult of lion gods,  
slavery, human sacrifice.  
And the gold?

Agon uses the Eshowe to smuggle it.

The smelter's underground.

- The punishment for going near is death.

- Robeson, why don't you leave with us?

I'm in love with the people here.

- And Nyleptha's an enemy?

- She fights them.

Aris Tima.

- That means welcome in our language.

- Thank you, Majesty.

Hello?

Hello?

What is going on here?

(Agon) You admire the gold statue?

Quite a piece of art. Very realistic.

Of course. You met him in the temple.

A victim of Quatermain's magic.

He was a good guard.

Now, a beautiful statue.

You mean all these statues?

They used to sculpt them by hand.

But good art takes so long.

I make more efficient use of resources.

- I admire efficiency.

- And you admire the gold.

Gold?

Pity how it turns men to fools.

Ah, but you're so wise.

Well, I am a humble man

but, yes, yes, I am wise.

You know the secrets

of Quatermain's powers.

Is he a god? Or a devil spirit?

Quatermain?

Why, he is no more a god than I...

I mean, I am more a god.

Greater powers.

Quatermain brings evil here.

Sorais is afraid that her sister

is too weak to stop it.

But if you teach us the secrets, we stop it.

Secrets for me...

gold for you.

Oh!

- How you doin'?

- You really like these people, don't you?

Look around, Q. These people have lived together in peace for centuries. Where can you find this in the modern world?

Cleveland?

There you go.

(speaks tribal language)

They developed their amazing way of life right here.

Oh, it's a lifetime's worth of study.

- Who's that?

- It's Nasta. He lives in the mountains with a small army to protect the city's only open border. Looks like he came to check out the competition.

(speaks tribal language)

You want to be his breakfast?

(laughs)

(all laugh)

(guards cheer)

How does somebody find out they can do that?

Uh-oh.

Looks like this could be your big opportunity.

- (speaks tribal language)

- Yeah?

- Nah.

- (speaks tribal language)

- No. Slight headache.

- (speaks tribal language)

(shouts in tribal language and laughs)

(shouts in tribal language)

(guards laugh)

(whistles)

(crowd murmurs)

Argh!

- Move everybody back.

- OK. (speaks in ancient language)

(speaks in tribal language)

Abracadabra.

Abracadabra.

Abracadabra.

Abracadabra.

Oop-boop-be-do.

Aloha, belladonna.

Oh, what a goose I am.

Shazam!

You have influence now.

If you wish to help us, it is the time.

I have told them you will destroy  
the altar of sacrifice.

Agon has placed it here  
and only a god can remove it.

This is what you get for showing off.

As you destroyed the stone bench,  
so can you destroy this.

Sure.

(quietly) Any ideas?

I'm fresh out of dynamite.

(crowd chants) Ta na reja.

Say "Ta na reja".

It means "No more sacrifice".

- Ta na reja!

- (all chant) Ta na reja!

(shouts in tribal language)

- There. Are you happy? This is no toy.

- (speaks tribal language)

- Magic. My magic.

- (speaks tribal language)

I cannot work with this man.

He is impossible.

He does not listen. He is stupid.

And he smells.

- I will explain this to Nasta.

- But...

Possibly enthusiasm for battle.

Much to be admired.

- (speaks tribal language)

- Much to be admired.

Much to be admired.

Much to be admired.

Please to warn him.

I'm overcome with anger.

He joins us in battle.

(speaks ancient language)  
He's worried about the devil's magic,  
but... I told him that you have stolen it.  
That you are a friend.  
(crowd gasps)  
(speaks tribal language and laughs)  
(speaks tribal language)  
(crowd chants)  
- We're their last and only hope.  
- We have to find a way to help them.  
- Where are the rest of the weapons?  
- You're looking at 'em.  
Brother, we better start thinkin'.  
Do you have any heavier metals?  
No, but we have gold.  
I am a man of peace, not a warrior,  
so if you will just pay me my gold,  
and provide me my bearers, I will be  
returning home to spread your teachings.  
Tell that to our warriors  
who wait for your guidance.  
(speaks tribal language)  
Should I not stay behind and  
guard against attack from the rear?  
(yells)  
Wow, with this much gold  
we can make plenty of weapons.  
We can hold the city for weeks.  
(chanting)  
OK, fellas, I know this stuff is heavy,  
but move out.  
(shouting in ancient language)  
(Quatermain) Quick! Come on! Come on!  
Half of you over there.  
The other half come with me.  
Up on the walls as quickly as you can.  
- My God, it's the Eshowe.  
- Now what do you want me to tell them?  
- Look confident or the people will crack.  
- Sure.  
As soon as my knees stop shaking.  
(battle cry)  
(Umslopogaas) I welcome you.  
I welcome you.

Who will first taste the sweet gift of steel?

(battle cry)

(command in ancient language)

(yells)

No, no, not yet.

OK, now!

Please, must you ruin that gold?

(shouts in ancient language)

Hyah! Hyah!

Hah!

(chants) Duva! Duva!

- Hah!

- Duva! Duva!

(Agon shouts orders)

- Duva! Duva!

- (shouts)

(thunder)

Robeson, get everyone off the walls  
and get them into the temple.

(shouts in ancient language)

- I'll hold these stairs against them.

- We're in your hands.

I, the slaughterer, the swift-footed...

I, Umslopogaas, holder of the axe...

the son of kings, the wolfman.

I challenge them.

I await them.

(yells)

(yells)

(yells)

Umslopogaas, the axe!

The axe!

The axe!

Don't worry.

He's got everything under control.

(thunder)

(shouts in tribal language)

(screams)

(shouts in ancient language)

(shouts in tribal language)

I've got a score to settle with you.

(speaks tribal language)

Ah! Ah!

(both scream)



Well, it looks like everything turned out just the way I planned.

Behind you! Agon!

(screams)

I was finally able to escape, sir.

Yes, I went through hell to get here.

Please. Water.

Water. Please.

Water, sir. Water.

Whoa!

(yells)

Not a nice thing to do to a holy man.

Only now do I feel the battle is over.

It's not a bad place to be a hero.

Yeah, but, uh... I've been thinking

it's time for something else.

Some other great adventure?