

**Greystoke:
The Legend of The Merch**

By

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EXT. Opening Scene: Utopian African setting, series of shots, waterhole off of a savannah, wildebeest grazing in the distance... animals, prey and predator, lapping water side by side adjacent to the edge of a jungle. Elephants braying, birds calling, classic Hollywood sounds of the jungle, colonial Africa of the 1930s.

Two western sorts, guy in a pith helmet, khakis and another in a suit with a briefcase enter the shot, the lawyer out of place, walking awkwardly and waving off insects... the pith helmet, EDDIE, is the guide and is British. They stop after exiting the jungle in a clearing and the suit sits on a rock, exasperated, wipes his face down with a handkerchief.

LAWYER

So where is this fellow,
Eddie? I think I've got
malaria.

EDDIE

He's an amazing chap. The
animals seem to tell him when
I've arrived. He'll be
swinging through any moment.

LAWYER

I hope so. These contracts
are wilting in the heat, old
boy. Can this chap even make
his mark?

EDDIE

No need... he's got a British
wife, you know. She runs the
treehouse and has power of
attorney. She's a good
sort... can bat with the best
of them, trust me. And he's
actually a British subject...
some sort of white God to the
locals. It'll be fine.

LAWYER

We'll need him to keep local
labor in check. And for the
land.

EDDIE

She negotiated European and

North American film rights in the spring and got a bloody estate in York. He got a mirror and a flashlight. The land will be no problem. Peanuts. The world can't seem to get enough of these wild men... women love him...men want to be him. If you can believe it, the comics people asked if we could make him and everyone 8 feet tall and a different bloody color altogether, blue or something, like you'd see on a scarf or shoes... and with a bloody pony tail or something that they use like this bloody big phallus that they penetrate every creature with ... even the women...crikey. Then, after reading something else by that looney, Freud, they asked us to put the whole bloody thing under water.. something about the womb. Strooth! I guess that'll be a future project... Blimey, a huge chunk of the women's market won't be able to resist that one. They'll be printing money day and night.

LAWYER

I hope you're right about her. London's breathing down my neck about the factory and a time table to clear the land.

EDDIE

Not to worry, old boy. Piece of cake. His picture will be on millions of lunch boxes before the year is out.

Leave the money talk to me. I say... your color's not too good, old man... take some quinine.

LAWYER

Yes... yes, I think I will.

We hear the TARZAN call in the distance. The guys perk up, the suit stands, a bit alarmed.

LAWYER

What in blazes was that? !

EDDIE

That's our boy, right on time. Told you. Break out some candy... he goes ape for it.

LAWYER

This is all a bit woolly. Won't they object to coal stacks and slag piles next to their water... it's rather beautiful.

EDDIE

Our girl will sort it. She's got a taste for the life now. Jungle boy will fall in line or he'll have to go back to his hand for companionship..if you get my meaning.

TARZAN swings in and dismounts expertly right in the middle of things. He stands and surveys everything, sniffs about, goes directly to the suit and stands abruptly.

TARZAN

You... white man. You have candy. Give now.

EDDIE

For God's sake, give it to him man.

LAWYER is startled, fumbles open his case and produces some rock candy, hands it over nervously. TARZAN tears it open and crunches off a big piece.

TARZAN

Tarzan teeth hurt... but must eat. It good.

JANE pulls up on a decked out, gold emblazoned golf cart in a sheer outfit and wide brim hat, glasses. She gets out in perfect style and walks over to EDDIE.

EDDIE

Jane, old girl. You look smashing. Jungle life treating you well ?

JANE has some Jersey Shore mannerisms and avarices, recently acquired but still very British, haughty.

JANE

Hello, Eddie. Once you get past the shit smell and being kept awake by a million wildebeests farting simultaneously throughout the night, it's not that bad. How's London?

EDDIE

London's happy, and eager to chat.

JANE

Good. I have a lot to talk about. Tarzan... get me some fruit ... there's a good boy.

TARZAN does a quick look over and immediately tears out of the scene to comply without question.

EDDIE

I say... You've got him
standing-to. Capital.

JANE

Yes.. well, communication is
not a problem in our
marriage.

EDDIE

About that. London's going to
want you to make it official.
Their flying out a minister
next week. Can't have
Britain's sweetheart living
in sin.

JANE

No problem. Just tell the
minister to have plenty of
candy on hand. Should make
the contracts easier for the
legal boys back home, what?

EDDIE

You're way ahead of us, Jane.
As usual. There's my girl.
We've got a proposition, take
things to the next level.

TARZAN runs back in with an exotic fruit and cows
to JANE, handing it over. JANE blows it off like
a spoiled brat.

JANE

You brought me one of those
this morning. Pay attention
darling.

TARZAN

Yes, Jane. Tarzan try again.

JANE

There's a good boy.

TARZAN tosses the fruit away and takes off again
out of shot.

JANE

What are we talking about here, Eddie? Endorsements?

LAWYER

He wouldn't have to speak, we just need his image.

He hands over a fat contract with a big seal visible. She takes it, begins reading it immediately like a pro.

JANE

You must be the lawyer. No speaking? Thank God. He's a nightmare. If he didn't have other talents, I'd be on a ship back to England in a minute.

LAWYER

But we've got to stay on message. You'll have put your skins back on occasionally or the nature lovers will come after us. A few lines about nature and the animals if people ask. We've prepared some talking points. Nature good... modern things bad... Savvy?

JANE

Yes, yes. Of course. What do you take me for Eddie?

She continues scanning document and locks in on a section, looks up at Eddie, devious smile.

JANE

A factory, eh? You're thinking big. Good idea hiding it in the bloody jungle near a cheap source of labor. And as far as the locals are concerned, you'll just need to bring enough candy. They do whatever he

says.... or he sick the lion
on them. You should see it...
"Simba! Simba! Ongowa!
Discussion over. It's bloody
hilarious.

EDDIE (to the suit)
Told you. She wears the loin
cloth. Not to worry.

JANE
We'll need a new place...away
from the factory and the
stink. Have you taken care of
that?

LAWYER
Absolutely. Alotted 1000
acres. A house as big as you
want and lots of servants,
home amenities.

JANE
Good. I have some people in
mind. You'll need to ship
them over.

She pulls out her own pen and starts marking up
the contract. The suit is anxious.

LAWYER
Everything all right, Jane?

JANE
Our participation is a bit
thin in spots. Really, Eddie.
Just 2 points on alcohol
sales. You know better than
to bring that to me. Did you
take a few for yourself? I'll
find out, you know.

EDDIE (clears his
throat)
I just the errand boy here,
sweetheart. Nothing personal.

JANE
I'm sure.

She finishes up writing and initialling, dots the final "i" with a jab on the paper and hands it back to the suit.

JANE

Take this back to the boys in Nairobi. Tell them if they want to sell cigarettes and shoe polish using my man's abs, they'll have to pay more. They don't think I know his worth. Or mine. You fellows don't seem to understand that we're the perverse ideal of every back-to-nature idiot on the continent desperate for a glimpse of life outside of their cubicles and bachelor flats. It'll be like selling water in the desert ... and they'll think they're actually helping the cause by buying our stinking junk. It's quite a racket you've got going here Eddie. Didn't your people use to peddle opium in the Far East? (sly smile)

EDDIE

Now, now, everything's good. And you promised not to bring that up in company.

JANE (parlor

blandness)

And, of course, you'll need more military once these poor fools start drinking your alcohol and getting out of hand, start revolting. And the church, I suppose, for the orphanages and lost souls. Good God. And just think, Eddie, once they finally do establish workers

rights and a minimum wage,
they'll start buying your
junk too. You've got them
comin' and goin'. Don't
judge me, Eddie. I've seen
how the deck is stacked,
thrown up my hands and am
just getting in early.

LAWYER

All taken care of, Jane. You
were right about her, Eddie.
Blimey.

JANE clicks her pen poignantly and puts in back
in her side pocket, sort of accentuating her next
words.

JANE

Well, I'm certainly not going
back to a cubicle or a cold
London flat in December,
that's for bloody sure. God,
I need a gin and tonic. Good
day, gentlemen.

She steps back gracefully and gets back on her
golf cart, waves a toodle loo, and zips out of
the shot.

LAWYER

Could have used her when we
were up against it with the
Zulus. Jesus Christ(!)

EDDIE

Would have been over sooner,
that's for bloody sure.
Anyway, back to Nairobi old
boy. (slaps LAWYER on the
back for encouragement)

They collect themselves, straighten up and head
back into the jungle and out of sight.

The End.

