

"THE AFRICAN QUEEN"

Screenplay by

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and

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Based on a novel by

C.S. Forester

SHOOTING DRAFT

AND EXT. A NATIVE VILLAGE IN A CLEARING BETWEEN THE JUNGLE
THE RIVER. LATE MORNING

LONG SHOT -- A CHAPEL

SOUND Intense light and heat, a stifling silence. Then the
distinct, of a reedy organ, of two voices which make the words
beginning and of miscellaneous shy, muffled, dragging voices,
a hymn:

VOICES

(singing)

"Guide me O Thou Great Jehovah..."

CHAPEL INT. CHAPEL -- LONG SHOT -- THE LENGTH OF THE BLEAK
ROSE, PAST THE CONGREGATION, ON BROTHER, AT THE LECTERN, AND
AT THE ORGAN

his BROTHER, a missionary, faces CAMERA near center; ROSE,
singing. sister, is at side, her face averted. Everybody is

"Pilgrim through this barren land..."

MEDIUM SHOT -- BROTHER:

very middle-aged, rock-featured, bald, sweating painfully,
sings much in earnest. He is very watchful of his flock. He
the as loud as he can, rather nasally, and tries to drive
beating meaning of each word home as if it were a nail. He is
tempo: with his hand, and trying hard to whip up the dragging

"I am weak, but Thou art mighty..."

CLOSER SHOT -- ROSE

hot
early thirties, tight-featured and tight-haired, very
but sweating less than Brother.

her
utilizing
and
managing
is
meanings of
She is pumping the pedals vigorously, spreading with
knees the wings of wood which control the loudness,
various stops for expressiveness of special phrases,
rather desperately studying the open hymnal, just
to play the right notes -- a very busy woman. She, too,
singing her best and loudest, an innocent, arid, reedy
soprano; and she, too, is very attentive to the
words:

"Hold me with Thy powerful hand."

EXOTIC AND
BETWEEN
PLAYING, AS
SWIPES
INSERT -- HALF-WAY THROUGH THE FOREGOING LINE, AN
HORRIBLE CENTIPEDE-LIKE CREATURE SLITHERS INTO VIEW
TWO OF THE ORGAN KEYS. WITHOUT INTERRUPTING HER
METHODICALLY AS SHE WOULD PULL OUT A NEW STOP, ROSE
IT AWAY.

ROSE -- AS BEFORE --

bug
completes "Thy Powerful Hand"; o.s. Voices of singers.
Unperturbed, Rose finishes her casual disposal of the
and pulls out a new stop.

MISCELLANEOUS SHOTS --

for
Through rest of hymn, SHOOT and CUT against its lines
meaning, irony and pathos, roughly as follows:

are
--
which
the
have
have
FULL VIEW of congregation past Brother and Rose. They
all Negroes and nearly all are dressed in glaring white
the women in garments like camisoles, the men in pants
reach about to their shins: splayed, bare feet. Some of
faces bear the marks of heavy savage ornaments which
been removed, or of tatooing and scarring rituals which

neck
bands
naked or
hymnals,
singing of
like
imposed
wet
a
improvements
present.

been outlived -- torn nostrils, lips and ear lobes, a
curiously thin and weak from the enormously heavy metal
which used to surround it. Some of the children are
near-naked. Nearly everybody dutifully shares open
but it is obvious that few, if any, can read. The
most of them is weirdly shy and inchoate -- a little
that of a neighborhood audience when a group "sing" is
upon them. But on certain high phrases a glad, rich,
soprano lifts out large and happy, very child-like; and
a big male voice bleats forth joyous, jazz-like
on the tune, a little off-key. There are very few men

time
couple
phalanx of
sweet,
voice;
congregation
immensely
dab at
meaning:
her

We detail or bring into salience, bare feet slapping
and an anklet shimmying; a very earnest young married
with the wedding ring prominent and an impressive
children in tow; the owner of the happy soprano, a
contented, pre-moral face; the owner of the big male
the inevitable rather effeminate man in every
who loves religion because he loves Beauty. He is
pleased that he knows all the words (the others just
them): he sings them without any knowledge of their
they sound Hawaiian. Also, we SPOT a tremendously old,
wrinkled, bent-over woman, dressed in white like a good
Christian, but with a bone stuck through the septum of
nose. She croaks, toothless, bleary-eyed.

stanza,
flow,
through."

These things must be disposed of by late in the first
which continues:

"Open now the crystal fountain Whence the living waters
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar Lead me all my journey

pillar",

We close on the old dame with the bone singing --
"...my journey through." o.s., on "...fiery, cloudy
a queer SOUND, steadily louder: the absurdly flatulent,

begin
singing
begins
to

yammering syncopation of a rachitic steam motor. Eyes
to wander from hymnals: CUT IN Brother frowning and
harder trying to impose order; attention to the hymn
to fall apart a little; FOLLOW the white, veering eyes
FRAME, through the open window.

it,
bottomed --
of her
funnel

LONG SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN
whose WHISTLE lets out a steamy whinny, then REPEATS
with great self-satisfaction. She is squat, flat-
thirty feet long. A tattered awning roofs in six feet
stern. Amidships stand her boiler and engine. A stumpy
reaches up a little higher than the awning.

ON SECOND WHINNY,

CUT TO:

barefooted
shoulder
young
macaroni.
which
ALLNUTT,
in
his
the
o.s.,

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- ON HIS BOAT
He is in worn, rather befouled white clothes. He is
and his feet are cocked up and he is sitting on his
blades, smoking a bad cigar. He wears a ratty boater,
slantwise, against the sunlight. He is attended by two
Negroes so tall, thin and gracile they suggest black
One is proudly and busily puttering at the engine,
requires a lot of attention: the other is fanning
who is feeling just fine. Allnutt speaks to the fanner
Swahili. The young man without breaking the rhythm of
fanning, licks out one long, boneless arm and alters
lashed tiller; the Queen begins to swerve toward shore.
the hymn continues, all but drowned by motor noise.

LONG SHOT -- INT. CHAPEL
Rose pulls out all the stops, spreads her knees, and
pumps
like mad in her effort to drown out the ENGINE SOUND.
Brother
sweats and sings even harder, scowling, shaking his
head.

The singing is fraying out half to hell; the congregation is converts coalescing toward the window.

The hymn, meanwhile, continues:

wilderness, "Feed me with the heavenly manna in this barren Be my sword, my shield, my banner, be the Lord my righteousness."

To keep things going, she ought to play loud, but on the next line --

the "When I tread the verge of Jordan..." she shuts down to -

- vox humana and the tremolo and maintains that through -

"Bid my anxious fears subside."

front On this line, Allnutt appears and lounges against the door frame still drawing on his cigar. Rose lets everything rip fortissimo on the closing lines:

aware "Death of death, and hell's destruction land me safe on nodding Canaan's side."

packed By the time of "hell's destruction," Allnutt becomes casual apology to Brother, tosses it away onto the dirt, out of our sight. Instantly there is a hullabaloo o.s., all in gibberish, against which the closing words of the hymn compete stridently.

singing, The less self-controlled of the flock are no longer and are craning their necks and rolling their eyes, but with just enough Sunday-Schoolish discipline to stay in their places. The more pious, with effort, keep their eyes where they belong and SING all the harder. IN QUICK SHOTS, Brother and Rose redouble their efforts. There is a final long-drawn

the
service-
key
strides
Immediately
following him, the natives hurry from their benches.
SHOOTING PAST ALLNUTT -- THROUGH DOOR
on the cause of the hullabaloo -- a squabbling
football
the
equally
happily
clad
watching. One
yowl
cigar of

"Aaaa-men," and it is clear this is the closing hymn of
service. Brother closes his book and picks up his
book; Rose shuts and locks the box-organ and puts the
(which is on two shoestrings) around her neck. Brother
with decorous alacrity down the middle aisle.
following him, the natives hurry from their benches.
SHOOTING PAST ALLNUTT -- THROUGH DOOR
on the cause of the hullabaloo -- a squabbling
scrimmage of virtually nude male heathens, battling for
cigar butt. In b.g., if permissible, a couple of
nude women; a thin, pot-bellied little boy dashing
toward the fight. Brother and the eager heads of white-
Christians come into the SHOT, BACK TO CAMERA,
of the heathen fights his way up from the heap with a
of supremacy, filed teeth in a great grin, prancing and
holding high above them all the frantically busted
vaudeville; others leap after it.

REVERSE ANGLE

As
mingled

Allnutt, seeing the wrecked cigar, looks kind of bleak.
Brother comes out, he meets his annoyed eye with
reproach, apology and indifference.

ALLNUTT
(to Brother)
Hello, Reverend.

BROTHER
Mr. Allnutt.

ALLNUTT
Here's your mail. Sorry I'm late,
but one thing and another kept me in
Limbasi. You know how it is, Reverend.
(he winks)
Or maybe you don't.

Brother clears his throat.

ALLNUTT
They gave me a real going over when
I got to the mine. They called me
all the names they could think of --

in Belgian, but I don't mind so much
bein' cursed in a foreign language,
so I just took it with a smile. They
wouldn't fire me, I was sure of that.
There ain't nobody in Central Africa
but yours truly knows how to get up
a head of steam on The African Queen.
It may sound like bragging, Reverend,
but I'm mighty close to being in-di-
spensable. Seein's how them Belgians
is too damn cheap to buy 'er a new
engine.

Rose joins them at the door.

ROSE
(indifferently)
Good morning, Mr. Allnutt.

ALLNUTT
Mornin', Miss.

Her
Rose's prayer book is clamped under her sharp elbow.
walking is used to country, yet tight and spinsterish.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT, BROTHER AND ROSE

casualness and
speaks.
liberated
For a moment Allnutt looks at Rose with utter
indifference; his eyes leave her even before Brother
Brother is looking through the mail. Past them, the
Christians walk into the sunshine.

BROTHER
Ah, splendid, At last they've come.

ALLNUTT
Huh?

BROTHER
My marrow seed.

bone
Brother,
Behind these lines, the TINY OLD WOMAN with the nose-
makes herself prominent; she's waiting to speak to
almost plucking his sleeve.

BROTHER
(to Allnutt)
Yes.
(to Grandma)
Yes?

OLD WOMAN
(in snaggle-toothed,
adoring enthusiasm)
Oh Mistah Sayuh, I does like how you

preach!

BROTHER

'k you?

OLD WOMAN

All dat hell-fish!

Brother nods and smiles uneasily.

OLD WOMAN

De way yo' neck swell up.

BROTHER

(in dismissal)

Thank you, thank you.

(to Allnutt, without
enthusiasm)

You'll stop for tea, Mr. Allnutt.

ALLNUTT

Don't care if I do.

They start walking TOWARDS AND PAST CAMERA.

DISSOLVE TO:

ACROSS

INT. DINING ROOM. MED. SHOT -- RIGIDLY SYMMETRICAL,

DINING ROOM TABLE

Allnutt

Rose at dead center, Brother at her left, in profile,

so

at her right, opposite Brother, in profile. The room is

and

shaded against heat it is gloomy. The silence, gloom

cups

heat are stifling. Rose is pouring the second of three

news of

of tea; she pours the third. Brother is deep in the

like

a Mission paper. Allnutt sits oppressed by the silence,

a child on his good behavior. A long silence while Rose
leisurely pours.

ROSE

You take sugar, Mr. Allnutt, I seem
to remember.

ALLNUTT

That's right, Miss. Couple
o'spoonfuls.

She doles them into his cup.

ROSE

And cream.

ALLNUTT

Right.

Rose passes him his tea.

ROSE
Bread and butter?

ALLNUTT
(taking some)
'oh obliged.

again.
plants
his
He picks up his cup an inch to drink and puts it down
Nobody else is served yet. Rose fixes Brother's tea and
it beside him. She puts a slice of bread and butter on
plate.

BROTHER
(reading)
'k you?

bread-
pinkie,
without
blindly
licensed,
cup
clear
that
wetly
she
Rose finishes fixing her own tea, and helps herself to
and-butter. She lifts her cup, not quite crooking her
and sips. Allnutt still doesn't move; he is waiting for
Brother. Brother finishes and turns his page, and,
shifting his eyes, finds his tea with a blind hand and
drinks it and sets down the cup again. Allnutt,
takes a big bite of bread-and-butter and picks up his
and washes it down. By Rose's covered reaction, it is
that she has been taught never, never to do this, but
she expects no better of such as Allnutt. Allnutt sighs
and contentedly. This, too, is bad manners to Rose, but
takes it in her stride.

tea.
and
Rose
Allnutt
The
show
They go on soberly eating bread-and-butter and drinking
The only SOUNDS are those of china, sipping, chewing
swallowing. Nobody looks at anyone else. Brother and
are wholly, stiffly reposeful; they are used to this.
begins to get a little squirmy, like a child in church.
silence makes him visibly uneasy, but he tries not to
his uneasiness.

like a
sharply
instant
quickly
recognition at
is
his
up
find
eyes
the
looks
covering,
simultaneously
read,
the
Brother
and
When
her
again on
growl
then
tea.
that
Allnutt
When it

All of a sudden, out of the silence, there is a SOUND
mandolin string being plucked. At first the sound is
unidentifiable, though instantly all three glance
up, each at the other two, then away; in the next
they recognize what it is and each glances sharply,
incredulously, at the other two -- and then again,
away; then Brother and Rose glance with full
Allnutt, at the instant that he knows the belly-growl
his. At the moment of recognition, he glances down at
middle with a look of embarrassed reproach. He glances
quickly and slyly -- hopeful they've missed it -- to
the eyes of both still fixed on him. The instant their
meet they bounce apart like billiard balls, and fix on
first neutral object they happen to hit. Then Allnutt
at them again: neither will look at him.

All three lift their cups at the same moment, for a
disembarrassing drink of tea. Rose and Allnutt
recognize what they are doing (Brother is pretending to
misses it, and goes ahead and drinks his), and both, at
same moment, lower their cups to saucers with an almost
simultaneous clink. Both look away from each other.

Brother
clears his throat rather loudly and turns a page. Rose
Allnutt reach for their cups; Brother beats them to it.

Brother has again put down his cup, Rose -- the tail of
eye on Allnutt -- picks up her cup and drinks, her eyes
carefully empty above the cup. Allnutt has his cup
the way to his mouth when his insides give out with a
so long-drawn and terrible that Rose first flinches,
makes a noise across it with her spoon, stirring her
Brother tightens up like a fist, his first reflex being
this loud one is a calculated piece of effrontery.
just endures it, with a look of suffering stoicism.

looks
gazing
knows
embarrassment

is over there is a tense silence. Allnutt slowly, slyly
up at Brother; he is stone. He looks to Rose; she is
far off into space. Allnutt is quite embarrassed, and
they are. He does his best to relieve his own
and theirs.

ALLNUT
(in a friendly, yet
detached tone)
Just listen to that stomick of mine.

it
the
the

There is a silence. By their almost invisible reaction,
is clear that to just listen to that stomick of his, is
last thing they want to do. Allnutt is a bit chilled by
silence, but he tries again.

ALLNUT
Way it sounds, you'd think I'd got
an 'eye-ener inside me.

A silence.

friendly
looks

Rose looks at Allnutt; their eyes meet; he attempts a
smile. Her face goes stony with embarrassment and she
quickly away. So does he.

ROSE
(as soon as she can
manage it)
Do have another cup of tea, Mr.
Allnutt.

ALLNUT
Thanks, Miss, don't mind if I do.

growling;

He passes his cup, while she pours. There is a third
not so bad. Allnutt says nothing. Then, after a pause:

ALLNUT
Scuse me.

Rose looks stone deaf. She hands him his cup.

ALLNUT
Much obliged, Miss.

He drinks some tea.

ALLNUT
Queer thing, ain't it.
(a silence)

Wot I mean, wot d'you spose it is,
makes a man's stomick carry on like
that?

ROSE
Bread and butter, Mr. Allnutt?

ALLNUT
Thanks, Miss.

He takes some and eats. After a little chewing, his
jaws
intently; so
and
are
Brother
down
slow; he is expecting another growl and listens
does Rose; none comes, After a little, Allnutt relaxes
Rose relaxes at least to a state of armed truce. They
both munching methodically, eyes out of focus, when
takes a curiously official-mannered gulp of tea, sets
his cup, and breaks the silence.

BROTHER
Herbie Morton's a bishop.

ALLNUT
(thinking the remark
is addressed to him)
Huh?

ROSE
Who's that, dear?

Allnutt is pretty embarrassed to have said "huh."

BROTHER
Surely you remember Herbie Morton.
(Rose looks doubtful)
Blond, ruddy-complected chap, a bit
younger than me. He sang a solo at
the graduation exercises. "Holy,
Holy", I believe.

ROSE
(dubiously)
I think I remember. It was so long
ago.

BROTHER
Well, he's a bishop now.

ROSE
Splendid.

BROTHER
I'd say Herbie was a bit younger
than I -- four or five years.
(Rose pours more tea
into his cup)

Surprising in a way. I mean -- well, there was nothing outstanding about him. He was no great shakes as a student and he didn't have any more than his share of the social graces.

(a pause; he drinks then eats bread and butter, but with rather less relish than before)

No doubt one does get ahead quicker at home than in a foreign field... And then, of course, he did marry well.

ROSE

Oh!

BROTHER

That manufacturer's widow. What was his name? Briggs -- Griggs -- Briggs -- yes, Alfred Briggs. Soap flakes, I think. Yes, Mrs. Alfred Briggs.

(pause)

Not to take anything away from Herbie.

(pause)

I am delighted for him.

ROSE

Of course.

BROTHER

It was "Holy, Holy."

ROSE

(pause)

Yes.

Allnutt's

A silence. Brother isn't even looking at his paper. stomach talks gently. They all accept it stoically.

ALLNUT

(after quite a silence)

There ain't a thing I can do about it.

A silence.

ROSE

More tea, Mr. Allnutt.

ALLNUT

No, Miss, I reckon not. About time I shoved off, if I'm gonna get back to the mine by tomorra night.

ROSE

(insincerely)

Don't hurry, Mr. Allnutt.

BROTHER
(sure he is safe)
Stay for dinner.

ALLNUT
(shaking his head)
Thanks all the same.

chair
pushes
Brother pushes back his chair. Allnutt pushes back his
and gets up. Rose pats her lips with her handkerchief,
back her chair, and gets up.

BROTHER
Mr. Allnutt brought the marrow seed
at last.

ROSE
Splendid.

BROTHER
I must say, though, they were forever
getting here.

ALLNUT
Lucky they come through now, cause
it don't look like they'll be no
more mail for a while.

BROTHER
Why not?

ALLNUT
Reckon the Germans'll hold it up.

BROTHER
(irate -- we sense a
background of
unpleasant relations
with the Germans)
In heaven's name why?

ALLNUT
Cause it looks like there's a war
on.

BROTHER
No. Really? Where, Mr. Allnutt?

ALLNUT
Europe.

BROTHER
(with the patronizing
concern of one who
hears of another
Balkan brawl)
Indeed! Between whom?

ALLNUT

Oh, Germany, England, the whole --

BROTHER AND ROSE
(electrified)
England!!

ALLNUT
Right.

BROTHER
(pop-eyed)
You mm -- you really mean war?

ALLNUT
Wot they tell me. Germans claim the
British started it. British claim it
was the Germans. In any case, it's
war.

ROSE
(with great intensity)
But what's happened! What do you
know about it!

BROTHER
(like a whip)
Rose!
(she shuts up fast)
Exactly, Mr. Allnutt, what has
happened?

ALLNUT
Well, now, that's about all I can
remember. Oh yes -- France is in it,
too. She's with us, I fink. A lot 'o
them little countries are in it too --
Austria-Hungary, Spain, Belgium -- I
forget 'oo's with 'oom.

A pause.

BROTHER
(quiet desperation)
And that is all you can tell us?

ALLNUT
All I know. -- I'll try to pick up
some more, next trip to Limbasi.

BROTHER
I wonder to what extent we here shall
be affected.

ALLNUT
None, I shouldn't think.

BROTHER
This is German territory.

ALLNUT
Why would they want to bother a poor

devil of a missionary and his maiden
sister? -- beggin' your pardons.

BROTHER
We are enemy aliens.

ALLNUT
Wot's the difference -- in this God-
forsaken place?

ROSE
(bridling)
God has not forgotten this place,
Mr. Allnutt -- as my brother's
presence here bears witness.

ALLNUT
No offence, Miss.

Another puzzled pause.

BROTHER
Really war.

ALLNUT
Looks like it... Well, I better shove
off now. Many thanks for the tea.

He opens the door and goes through it.

REVERSE ANGLE SHOT -- GROUP

as Brother and Rose come through after him.

ALLNUT
Well, take care of yerselves.
(he goes down the
steps)
See ya next month.

BROTHER
Goodbye. And thank you.

ALLNUT
(at bottom of steps)
'Bye, Miss.

ROSE
Goodbye, Mr. Allnutt.

LONG SHOT -- PAST THEM

his
and in
jump to
is

CAMERA watches them watch him as he shambles towards
boat. He soon lights a stogie; his relief in smoking
being free of them is eloquent in his back. His boys
action; curious villagers make way for him; the engine

sets
Brother
sight

going by the time he gets there. The boat backs out and
its course upstream; Allnut turns and lifts a hand.
lifts a hand; Rose doesn't. The boat soon goes out of
beyond trees.

from the
talk

OVER the above, back-to-CAMERA, or quarter-profiled
rear as they idly watch his departure, Rose and Brother
quietly as follows:

ROSE
Shouldn't we perhaps call him back?
Get to Limbasi while we can?

BROTHER
(with unct ion, yet
with dignity)
The good shepherd does not forsake
his flock when wolves prowl.
(a pause)
Besides, I think Allnut is very
probably right... I can't imagine
any reason why the Germans should
trouble us.

ROSE
No, I suppose not.

exchange
Allnut,
after

By now, the boat is pulling out; Brother and Allnut
their not very friendly waves. Rose looks idly after
in Sunday boredom. Nothing is said for a few seconds
the boat vanishes; the SOUND of the engine dwindles.

BROTHER
(awed, and moved)
War. England. Just think!

position
(where

As he speaks, CAMERA STARTS a coldly SLOW PAN, past the
chapel, and square onto the jungle, so altering its
behind Brother and Rose that they are held in -- l.s.
before they were in r.s.).

(N.B.: BY MID-PAN the ENGINE SOUND dies.)

Swahili
and
towards

An almost nude native explodes from the wall of jungle,
running as fast as he can, bellowing breathlessly in
and English. Until they hear his bellowing, Brother's
Rose's heads are still ANGLED AWAY from jungle -- not

sound of
impatience,

river still, but idle and unfocused. With the first
his voice, their heads turn sharply, with weary
not alarm, towards the sound.

shouts
of
still
huts,

The native does not pause in the village, though he
vague things in Swahili as he runs, setting up a kind
helpless agitation among the villagers; in b.g. we see
more of them coming with lazy interest out of their
while the native tears towards the bungalow bellowing,
breathlessly.

NATIVE

Mistah Sayuh! Mistah Sayuh!

MEDIUM CLOSEUP -- ROSE AND BROTHER (FROM RUNNER'S
ANGLE)

favoring Brother.

NATIVE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Mistah! Oh Mistah Sayuh!

runner
their
courage --
such

The eyes of Brother and Rose abruptly lift beyond the
and come into focus as hard as hawks; almost instantly,
faces become terrible with recognition, despair, and
and, for the moment with uncertainty, still, whether
emotions are needed.

GERMAN

REVERSE SHOT -- (FROM THEIR ANGLE AND DISTANCE) --
TROOPS

the
their
officer
natives
with
about
natives.
men

emerge from the somber wall of the jungle, tiny against
wall, but looking very efficacious and professional in
tropical uniforms. Instantly they form ranks before an
who barks an order in German, just audible to us. The
are somewhat scared and awed, but mainly immobilized
scare, awe, and curiosity. Upon the order, the Germans
promptly break ranks and start swiftly and effectively
their business. One group starts rounding up the
Another starts collecting live-stock, usable food and
supplies. Another covers operations with rifles. Two

man light torches and start setting fire to straw huts. One stands by the officer.

BROTHER'S VOICE

(o.s.; as soon as it becomes clear what the Germans are up to, his voice is quiet but harsh)

Rose -- go indoors and stay there.

come o.s., the SOUND of their feet on the front steps. They swiftly into the SHOT BELOW the CAMERA and walk fast, Rose trailing, towards the officer. After only a few steps Brother begins to trot, ungainly; Rose, still more ungainly, in her narrow skirt, trots too.

CLOSE SHOT -- THE OFFICER --

face. a tired, rather heavy, neutral, thoroughly unmemorable He is not as tall as Brother, to whom he is giving the once-over. His look is neither brutal nor humane: just experienced. It seems to say, roughly and humorously: "Well, well, what have I got to deal with here?" His guardian soldier steps quickly to one side and forward; a nonentity with a gun.

LESS CLOSE SHOT -- BROTHER -- (ROSE IN B.G.)

BROTHER

(boiling mad, the innocent courage of a lion)

What is the meaning of this outrage!

OFFICER --

guard in centered, but a little less close than before; his extreme r.s.

OFFICER

(calmly, in German)
Speak German, please; I speak no English.

CLOSER SHOT -- BROTHER

before the crest of a wave of righteous fury mounting just

man breaking; toppling forward; the terrifying face of a
almost ready to murder out of a sense of being right.
MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- THE FOUR OF THEM --
as close as the CAMERA can frame all four; as,
simultaneously, Brother lunges forward at the officer, Rose lunges
forward to prevent Brother; the officer steps neatly backward
and sidewise, and his guardian steps forward briskly and,
sharply but just hard enough to be effective, and with an ugly
SOUND of impact, strikes Brother on the left joint of the jaw
with his rifle butt. Brother goes heavily to the ground with
a groaning gasp.

BROTHER
(rage, shock,
astonishment)
No!

ROSE
(at same instant,
squatting beside
him, turning his
head; she is beside
herself)
Judkins!

turns CLOSE UP -- BROTHER -- (SHOOTING DOWN PAST ROSE) as she
his head.

BROTHER
(semi-conscious; his
jaw not broken but
bleeding and already
swelling)
No. No.

ROSE
(across his words)
Oh, Judkins. Brother dear. Come,
dear. Come, Brother.

his She helps him to his feet; past them, the officer and
business, guard walk briskly, aloofly away, and past the whole
normal as Brother and Rose get up and the CAMERA LIFTS to
destruction eye level with them, a much later stage of the
by of the village is visible in b.g. and is implied o.s.

Brother's eyes.

demented,
annihilation
of
quavers in
always
curiously

Brother's eyes, scorched-looking, appalled, all but
flick from horror to horror; he is watching the
of his life's work and, to his mind, the annihilation
Christian and potential Christian souls; his head
the negative gesture like that of a paretic; his mouth,
hard up to this moment, trembles now and looks
large and sensual.

BROTHER

No! No, Lord! O no! O no! Lord! No!
O no!

than
come out
watching
die,

Rose is in the SHOT with him; shorter and less favored
he is. Her eyes are constantly upon his face. Tears
of her eyes, but she is doing no vocal crying. She is
his heart break and, essentially, she is watching him
and knows it.

SLOW

FADE:

FADE IN:

LONG SHOT -- SAME AS THAT WHICH OPENS THE PICTURE --

the hottest part of the day -- most smashing sunlight
possible.

marks

There is no village now -- only the round scorched
where the huts stood; a sketch of debris.

of a

At some distance from the bungalow, and in the middle
lot of gaping space, Brother is hoeing in his vegetable
garden. He is terribly small in the enormous barrenness

and

light. He hoes long enough to convey great loneliness

and a

kind of blind perseverance, then straightens and looks

rather

vaguely around him, mopping his face and bald head with

a

handkerchief. Then, with an abrupt look of purpose, he

starts

walking, letting the hoe fall where it happens to. He

walks

towards the bungalow, across the bare ground, not very

fast

a
him
destruction of

or very steadily, but purposefully. The sunlight makes
near-halation on his bare, bald head. The walk takes
long enough to infer utter loneliness and the
any human sense of time. He starts up the front steps.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE IN THE PARLOR

mending
door,

She hears him coming up the steps o.s. She continues
his nightshirt. On SOUND of him coming through front
she glances up again and her face becomes curious, then
concerned.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- BROTHER -- (FROM HER VIEWPOINT)

best,
garden
and
of
head. He
focus.

as he advances into room. He is dressed in his Sunday
immaculate except for sweat-and-dust of immediate
work. His face is carefully shaven, but it has thinned
he is very pale. The wounded jaw is not bandaged and is
virtually healed; stubble around it. There is a streak
garden dust across the temple and up onto the bald
is looking hard at Rose, but his eyes can't keep in

BROTHER

(sweat pouring from
him, teeth rattling)

Why aren't you dressed, Rose? It's
time for Service.

SIDE ANGLE SHOT -- ROSE

him,
forehead.
fever.

gets up, deep concern on her face, comes quickly to
bringing both into SHOT, and lays a hand against his
Her reaction infers that Brother has a terribly high

ROSE

You must wear your hat!

BROTHER

(teeth chattering)

Time, this minute!

WITH

Rose starts to lead and support his obstinacy, CAMERA
THEM, towards his bedroom door.

ROSE

You must lie down a bit. You're not

at all well.

BROTHER
(resisting feebly but
coming along, shakily)
But it's time. It's time.

ROSE
You're not well enough. Lie down a
bit, dear.

BROTHER
Perhaps I should. I feel rather odd.

ROSE
I'll help you off with your things.

BROTHER
(in a suddenly normal
and shriveling voice;
quietly)
Rose.

She opens his door for him; he starts through.

BROTHER
(as he turns to shut
his door)
'k you?

He shuts the door in her face.

For a moment she stands outside the door as if
paralyzed.

Then she starts somewhere fast.

CLOSE UP -- THEIR FORLORNLY POPULATED BOOKSHELF.

Rose hurries into the SHOT and takes down a large
obsolescent-

looking Home-Medical Compodium.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

SHOOTING LOW across the bleak dining room table as she
hustles
the big book to it and opens it. She is standing. She
is
still in a painful rush through the index when o.s.
there is
the NOISE of a catastrophic fall.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE (BACK TO CAMERA)

at Brother's door. By reflex, she hesitates and raps
timidly.
Instantly realizing the idiocy of this, she bursts in.

REVERSE ANGLE SHOT -- ROSE

enters
face

floor as
on,
trammeling
pants
long
fouled-
preposterous

inside Brother's bedroom, SHOOTING FROM LOW as she
and stands a moment transfixed by what she sees, her
suddenly rigid and masklike with horror and pity.
CLOSE SHOT -- DOWN -- BROTHER (FROM ROSE'S VIEWPOINT)
He is piteous, absurd and ugly; sprawled out on the
ill-shaped as a wounded bat, with his nightshirt partly
shrouding his head, and his trousers half off,
knees which are grotesquely angled. Between lowered
and hiked-up nightshirt, a sad, humiliating expanse of
white drawers in this furnace weather. His feet are
up in his suspenders. The SHOT is to be both
and shocking.

CLOSE UP SHOT -- ROSE
past Brother from floor.

ROSE
(almost whispering)
Brother! Brother dear!

CLOSE UP,
gets
ruined,
him.

She rushes stooping towards him. CAMERA MOVES into
as she lifts his heavy head clearly into the SHOT and
it unveiled from the nightshirt. The big face looks
disgraced, dead, but a low mumbling sighing comes from
him.
He is far gone.

begins

She is about to try to lift him towards his bed when he
to walk; she waits and listens.

BROTHER
(eyes shut; a faint,
delirious voice)
Smite them, Lord! Smite the
Amalekites, hip and thigh!

ROSE
(whispering -- almost
by reflex)
Amen.
(with a long a)

BROTHER
So cold and so foggy. My eyes are so
tired. Where is Rose? Rose, are you

down there in the shop? Rose, bring me a cup of hot tea.

ROSE

I'm here with you, Brother dear. Right here beside you.

BROTHER

I try to study -- so hard. I haven't had the start some have: 'Ebrew; Greek -- no -- facility. If only there were more time. Well, if I can't pass the examinations, I can volunteer. I can be a missionary. Rose, too. Not comely among maidens, but she can become a servant in the house of the Lord. Yes, even for such as she, God finds a goodly use.

say
keeps
There is deep pain on Rose's face. She almost wants to something, but knows the senselessness of it. She just looking at him and listening.

BROTHER

(with calm, resolve, acceptance)

I'm going to put my books away, Rose. I'm not going to study any more. If I don't pass, it only means that God has other work for me. Thy will be done.

(in a different voice, secret, piteous, impassioned)

But, Lord, if it be Thy Will, O let me distinguish myself and give me a call here in England, right here at home, Lord. Mother will be so proud, Lord. Abash and put to shame all them that revile me and persecute me for Thy Name's sake.

(whispering; pleading)

Lord, I have tried so hard.

losing
He is silent; she is motionless. Slowly LIFT CAMERA, Brother, CENTERING ROSE IN CLOSE UP.

SLOW

FADE:

FADE IN:

FULL SHOT -- MUDDY WATER -- MORNING

floor of
The
The screen is filled with a foamy, strongly sliding muddy water; a strong, serene freshness of water SOUND.

feet
of
SHOT is VERTICAL onto this water from perhaps three
above it. o.s., already loud, and loudening, the NOISE
the engine of The African Queen.

as,
name.
LIFT CAMERA, picking up the launch unexpectedly close
slanting into broadside, she draws the letters of her

THE AFRICAN QUEEN

large across the SHOT.

briefly
CONTINUE LIFTING; as boat passes, we see Allnutt very
and see that he is alone.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

chain,
looks
done
echo
dirtier and
over SOUND of expiring engine and rattle of anchor
reacting to his first sight of the vanished village. He
a little scared and very cautious; he has seen what was
at the mine, and now even the smell of violence, or the
of its impact, makes him very uneasy. He is even
more unshaven than when we first saw him and he looks
extremely tired.

LONG SHOT -- THE VILLAGE

than the
sunlight.
what we see of it from his angle. Since he is lower
village, all we can see is a lot of abnormal, empty

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT (SAME AS BEFORE)

overside,
shore.
He is wary, but knows he must investigate. He goes
almost out of the SHOT, stepping across a stump to

SWING WITH HIM.

MEDIUM
village.
were;
he
tiptoe.
As he reaches the top of the low bank, TRUCK with him,
CLOSE, as he walks through a little of the burnt-out
Past him, the scorched circular blotches where the huts
burned and half-burned little pens and fences; ravaged
gardens. He is still careful and uneasy. Unaware of it,
walks through this silence of devastation almost on

o.s., and

Now he raises his eyes towards the intact bungalow
a new kind of carefulness comes into his eyes.

bring
cryptic
paces
steps.
nobody

STOP the TRUCKING and PAN with him as he walks past and
in the bungalow, looking cavernous, very still, and
or menacing in the sunlight, as he walks the last few
towards it. He hesitates a moment at the foot of the
It obviously occurs to him that he may find corpses, or
at all. He starts up the steps, still walking a little
stealthily.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

the
of
He
through
rather

through the screen door, from inside, as he comes up
quietly creaking steps, sensitive to the mood of a kind
desolation different from that of the village; uneasy.
crosses the porch very quietly, again hesitates, peers
the gray screen door into the dark interior, and raps
timidly.

ROSE

(o.s., a dry quiet
voice with the calm
of exhaustion in it)

Come in, Mr. Allnutt.

He
can't see
mumbling

Her voice startles him as much as it should ourselves.
peers again, forehead wrinkled like a monkey's. He
her. He shyly opens and comes through the door,
something apologetic and subversal.

losing
angle
rocking
on
eyes
needlework. It
their
but

As he catches sight of her, SWING CAMERA to RIGHT,
him, and PICK ROSE UP, MEDIUM CLOSE. She is past the
of visibility from the screen door. She is in a wicker
chair, sitting quite primly, working with those rings
which embroidering is done. She glances up at him with
like fused glass -- then quickly back to her
is clear by the over-precision of her motions, and
rigidity and tension, that she is under great strain,

this is to be keyed low and simple.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT (FROM HER ANGLE)

waits;
clean

He watches her; he knows enough to keep quiet; he becomes aware of his muddy feet and quietly tries to one against the calf and shin of the other leg.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE (SAME AS BEFORE)

control

She does a couple more stitches, obtains sufficient of herself, and lowers the needlework into her lap.

ROSE

(quietly, as before)

Thank God you've come.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT (AS BEFORE)

before.
and

Nobody has ever thanked God in connection with him His reaction is quiet, but clearly this is a surprising novel experience. He says nothing.

ROSE

(o.S.) Sit down, Mr. Allnutt.

ALLNUTT

Don't mind if I do.

He walks into:

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

little

He sits on the edge of a chair and jockeys it, shyly, a nearer her.

ALLNUTT

So they got here afore I did, eh?

ROSE

Yes, they got here. Just after you left.

ALLNUTT

No!

She says nothing.

ALLNUTT

Couldn't a been more wrong, could I?
Bout the Germans.

ROSE

(a quieter, remote
voice)

Burning villages.

ALLNUT

That's to keep the natives from
runnin' away. No place to come back
to. Been doin' it all over, they
told me up at Limbasi. The Germans
are gonna train 'em into an army and
try to take over the whole of Africa.

ROSE

Poor helpless natives!

ALLNUT

It was the same up at the mine when
I got back from Limbasi. A clean
sweep of everything. Just plain luck
I was on the river. They could
certainly use my launch and what's
in 'er, too. Blastin' gelatine, Miss.
Eight boxes of it. An' a lot of canned
grub. An' cylinders of oxygen an'
hydrogen for that weldin' job on the
crusher. Lots o' stuff.

ROSE

(same dead voice)

Oh, trust them.

ALLNUT

But as it 'appens, I got the stuff --
an' the launch. Only I've got no
crew, an' she ain't an easy boat to
run single-'anded. Cause them two
boys o' mine just skipped in the
night. Don't know if they were scared
o' me or the Germans.

ROSE

(quietly, always)

They are fiends out of hell... His
whole life's work smashed. Ruined.
In a few minutes.

ALLNUT

The Reverend, eh?

(Rose nods)

Where's 'e now, Miss?

ROSE

(pause; quietly)

He's dead.

ALLNUT

I say, that's too bad! Pretty rough
on you, Miss.

(embarrassed; trying
to keep the ball
rolling)

What'd 'e die of, Miss?

ROSE
They killed him.

ALLNUT
(really a little
surprised and shocked)
Well, now that's just awful! If
they'll up and shoot a Reverend, who
couldn't do 'em a bit a 'arm, there
ain't nobody safe.

ROSE
They didn't shoot him, Mr. Allnutt.
But they are accountable to God just
as surely as if they had.

ALLNUT
'Ow d'you mean, Miss?

ROSE
They broke his heart. He didn't take
care of himself. He didn't want to
live.

or
to
She is looking into his eyes as if daring him to doubt
disagree. He is timid, perceptive and kind enough not
argue with her. After a moment, he avoids her eyes.

ALLNUT
Well, Miss that's cert'nly too bad,
that's all I can say.
(both are quiet and
he is uneasy in the
silence. Making
conversation)
When'd 'e die, Miss?

ROSE
Early this morning.
(an odd gesture)
He's in there.

ALLNUT
Hey!

ROSE
I beg your pardon?

ALLNUT
'Scuse it, Miss.
(delicately)
Wot I mean to say is -- the climate
'n all -- quicker you get 'im under
ground the better, if you don't mind
me sayin' so.

Rose nods.

ALLNUT

(getting up)
Got a shovel?

ROSE
Behind the bungalow.

ALLNUT
Right. -- Tell ya wot. While I'm diggin' the grave, you get yer things together, Miss -- all the things ya want to take. Then we can clear out of 'ere.

ROSE
Clear out?

ALLNUT
Germans might come back any time.

ROSE
Why should they? They left nothing.

ALLNUT
Oh, they'll come back, all right. Lookin' for The African Queen. They'd dearly love to get their 'ooks on 'er. She's the only power boat on the river.

ROSE
Where will we go?

ALLNUT
I thought, Miss, 'ow we might find somewhere quiet behind an island. Then we could talk about what to do.

ROSE
(a pause; then with quick decision)
I'll get my things ready.

ALLNUT
Fine, Miss, I'll be quick's I can.

He starts for the front door.

ROSE
Thank you, Mr. Allnutt.

ALLNUT
You'd do the same for me, Miss.

As he thinks it over, he begins to wonder, literally-mindedly,
whether she really would. He goes on out.

DISSOLVE TO:

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT -- AT THE GRAVE

head
and

They stand on opposite sides of the new grave. At its
is an improvised cross, two pieces of wood carefully
securely wired together.

from a

Rose is reading the last lines of the burial service
Methodist or Presbyterian prayerbook.

shadings
conflict

She reads rather badly; (i.e., with the Protestant
of "expressiveness") yet between the language and the
between restraint and deep emotion in her voice, it is
moving. Allnutt, while she reads, is trying to pay
attention; he even says "Amen", and such, in a sheepish
of way. But his eyes keep sliding uneasily to the
the Germans really do worry him.

quite
polite
kind
jungle;

When she has finished, she stands very silent, for
than he can take. He tries reasonably hard, but finally
he
has to speak.

longer
he

ALLNUTT

Well, Miss, let's get outa here while
the gettin's good.

without
follows.

Rose, without looking at him or at the grave, and
speaking, walks away; he picks up his spade and

porch.

MEDIUM SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT at the edge of the
Rose pauses, looks over towards Brother's grave for the
time. Allnutt stands beside her, carrying her suitcase,
not
wanting to hurry her again, but wishing she'd get a
move on.

last
not
move on.

THEM,

MEDIUM LONG SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT -- (SHOOTING PAST
FROM THE INSIDE EDGE OF THE PORCH)

scarified
jungle

By the turn of her head, our eye is led across the
clearing. We see the stunted cross and the overwhelming
and, perhaps, a little of the chapel.

ROSE

(really meaning it;

but very restrained
and prim)
It was very kind of you, Mr. Allnutt,
to think of the cross.

ALLNUTT
Shucks. Just seemed like he oughta
have one, him a Reverend 'n all.

Allnutt
grave,
getting
bringing

Rose walks down the steps and towards the river.
eagerly keeps pace. We SWING the CAMERA losing the
and passing and losing the chapel, and centering them
smaller along the bare ground in the hot sunlight,
in the river beyond them.

ALLNUTT'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Careful now, Miss. Watch your step.
That's right.

(SHOOTING
pick
long
maidish.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT -- OF AFRICAN QUEEN AT ANCHOR
PAST BOW) and keeping the noisy SOUND of the water. We
up Rose and Allnutt as Allnutt helps her aboard. In her
and somewhat narrow skirt she is distinctly old-

ROSE
(with the upward
English inflection --
a little as if he
had passed her a
teacup)
Thank -- you?

rear
under
on her
hand),
afternoon,
fifty
glances
somewhat

Allnutt steps aboard.
MEDIUM SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT Rose sits down at the
of the boat and looks around her. Her feet are drawn
her and knees close together and hands lightly folded
knees (perhaps a lady's scrap of handkerchief in one
as prim, genteel and ladylike as if, on a holiday
she were about to be rowed across an artificial lake
yards wide. And that is more or less the way she
about her in her new surroundings -- politely and
restrainedly, as if a little critical of a parlor
humbler than her own.

be
very
against --
complete

(This SHOT, at the very beginning of her voyage, is to quite touching, delicate and ironical, and through her genteelism and total unconcern for what she is up an unawareness -- we begin already to sense her intrepidity.)

to

Allnutt pauses to light up a cigarette before getting work. He hangs the cigarette inside his upper lip. This cigarette, dead or alive, is a chronic fixture with

Allnutt.

himself
dumps
the
soon
the
then
his
forward
handling
for.
in
see

Allnutt kneels in the bottom of the boat and addresses to the engine. He hauls out a panful of hot ashes and dumps them overside with a sizzle and a splutter. He fills the furnace with fresh wood from a pile beside him, and soon smoke appears from the funnel, and we hear the ROAR of the draught. The engine begins to sigh and splutter, and then begins to leak gray pencils of steam. Allnutt peers at his gauges, thrusts in some more wood, and then leaps forward around the engine, displaying monkeyish agility in more tasks than he quite has the hands or the stamina for. With grunts and heaves of the small windlass, he hauls in the anchor, the sweat pouring from him in rivers. We see already that he is physically not a strong man.

pole,
to the

Allnutt thrusts mightily at the muddy bank with a long pole, snatches the pole on board again, and then rushes aft to the tiller.

ALLNUTT

'Scuse me, Miss.

but
over
bank.

He sweeps her aside unceremoniously (she is astonished quickly reassembles herself) and he puts the tiller just in time to save the boat from running into the bank.

Allnutt at

CAMERA IN on Rose, resettling her plumage, and on

the
the tiller. The river bank starts to swing in square to
stern. Their eyes are past the CAMERA.

Rose
MEDIUM SHOT -- (MOVING WITH BOAT) -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT
is deeply sad and very tired, but a very quiet kind of
exhilaration is already growing in her; and still more
clearly, her calm and tremendous, unreflecting
resoluteness
begins to show.

A pause.

ROSE
Mr. Allnutt.

ALLNUTT
Yerss...?

ROSE
What are the chances of our getting
out through Limbasi on the railway
to the Coast?

ALLNUTT
The railway was in German 'ands when
I was in Limbasi -- and by this time
Limbasi is too, I'll bet.

ROSE
Then how do we get out, Mr. Allnutt?

ALLNUTT
You got me, Miss.
(after a pause)
We've got 'eaps of grub 'ere, Miss,
so we're all right, far as that goes.
Two thousand cigarettes, two cases
of gin. We could find a good 'iding
place an' stay there for months if
we want to.

Rose's astonishment at this suggestion keeps her from
replying.

ALLNUTT
(rattling on)
I spose there's goin' to be a fight.
If our troops come from the sea,
they'll attack up the railway to
Limbasi, I spose. In that case, the
best thing we could do would be to
wait round down 'ere an' just go up
to Limbasi when the time came. -- On
the other 'and, they might come down
from British East, an' if they do
that we'd 'ave the Germans between
us and them all the time. Same if
they came from Rhodesia or Portuguese
East. We're in a bit of a fix,

whichever way y'look at it, Miss.
(abruptly)
Mind takin' the tiller, Miss?

holding
is
door
up
river is
were a

Allnutt stands up and Rose takes over the tiller,
the iron rod resolutely. Allnutt goes to his engine and
violently active once more. He pulls open the furnace
and thrusts in a few sticks of fuel; then he scrambles
into the bow and stands balanced on the cargo. The
studded with islands so that it appears as if there
dozen different channels.

ALLNUTT
Port a little, Miss.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE She is confused by the command.

ALLNUTT'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Pull it over this side, I mean. --
That's it! Steady!

tunnel
SHOT
green

MOVING SHOT -- THE LAUNCH The boat crawls up a narrow
of leaf and shade. (If color photography is used, the
would be startlingly juicy and green -- many shades of
reflected in rich brown water.)

the

Allnutt comes leaping back over the cargo and shuts off
engine; the propeller stops vibrating.

(SHOOTING

move
he
without

Allnutt dashes into the bow again. Just as the trees
PAST ROSE and her interest in it) begin apparently to
forward again as the current overcomes the boat's way,
lets go the anchor with a rattling CRASH, and almost
a jerk the launch comes to a standstill.

silence of
rush

A great silence seems to close in on them -- the
a tropical river at noon. The only SOUND is the subdued
and gargle of the water. The sober air is filled with a
strange light -- a green light.

look

Allnutt turns from his work at the anchor. He and Rose
about them and at each other, for a moment mysteriously

place. The
are
They
hardly
they

bemused by the stillness and by the beauty of the sudden quietness and the look of the place are richly romantic; the two people are quieted by it, but they wholly unaware of any such potentiality between them. They are just a couple of oddly assorted derelicts who even know each other, and don't care for what little they know.

A pause.

ALLNUT

So far so good. 'Ere we are safe an' sound, as you might say.

(he beams upon his surroundings)

Not too bad a spot, is it, Miss, to sit a war out in? All the comforts of 'ome, includin' runnin' water.

does not

He laughs at his joke and is disappointed when Rose join him.

ROSE

I'm afraid, Mr. Allnutt, that what you suggest is quite impossible.

ALLNUT

'Ave you got any ideas?

(he takes a map out of his pocket and hands it to her)

'Ere's a map, Miss. Show me the way out an' I'll take it.

Rose opens the map and starts studying it.

ALLNUT

(after a while)

One thing sure; our men won't come up from the Congo, not even if they want to. They'd 'ave to cross the lake, and nothin' won't cross the lake while The Louisa is there.

ROSE

(blankly)

The Louisa? What's that?

ALLNUT

It's an 'undred-ton German steamer, Miss, and she's the boss o' the lake 'cause she's got a six-pounder.

ROSE

What's that?

ALLNUT

A gun, Miss. The biggest gun in
Central Africa.

ROSE

I see.

ALLNUT

If it wasn't for The Louisa, there
wouldn't be nothin' to it. The Germans
couldn't last a month if our men
could get across the lake... But all
this doesn't get us any nearer 'ome,
does it, Miss? Believe me, if I could
think wot we could do...

ROSE

This river, the Ulanga, runs into
the lake, doesn't it?

ALLNUT

Well, Miss, it does; but if you was
thinkin' of goin' to the lake in
this launch -- well, you needn't
think about it any more. We can't
and that's certain.

ROSE

Why not?

ALLNUT

Rapids, Miss. Cataracts and gorges.
There's an 'undred miles of rapids
down there. Why, the river's even
got a different nyme where it comes
out on the lake to what it's called
up 'ere. It's the Bora down there.
No one knew they was the same river
until that chap Spengler --

ROSE

He got down it. I remember.

ALLNUT

Yes, Miss, in a dugout canoe. 'E 'ad
half a dozen Swahili paddlers. Map
makin', 'e was. In fact, that's 'is
map you're lookin' at. There's places
where this ole river goes shootin'
down there like out of a fire 'ose.
We couldn't never get this ole launch
through.

While he talks, Rose begins to look restive and vague,
as
stood
a
well as discouraged. By the time he is through, she has
up, CAMERA WITH HER; she hardly hears him. She strolls

CENTER HER little aimlessly PAST THE CAMERA, which SWINGS TO
BACK as she walks forward. As if half in her sleep, she
sidesteps the engine.

UP,
something REVERSE ANGLE -- ROSE (SHOOTING FROM THE BOW) as Rose
sidesteps. She walks toward CAMERA into MEDIUM CLOSE
eyes glazing with dreamlike concentration. She sees
before and below her eye-level; stops, focusing on it.
not CLOSE SHOT -- (FROM ROSE'S ANGLE) -- THE GELATINE CASES
marked or labeled as such.

ROSE'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Mr. Allnutt --

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

ALLNUTT
Yes, Miss.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE -- (FROM ALLNUTT'S ANGLE)

ROSE
What did you say is in these boxes
with the red lines on them?

lounging MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- (FROM ROSE'S ANGLE)
and lazy.

ALLNUTT
That's blastin' gelatine, Miss.

MEDIUM SHOT -- ALLNUTT AND ROSE (SHOOTING FROM BOW)

ROSE
(head towards him,
away from CAMERA)
Isn't it dangerous?

ALLNUTT
Bless you, no, Miss, that's safety
stuff, that is. It can get wet and
not do any 'arm. If you set fire to
it, it just burns. You can 'it it
wiv an 'ammer and it won't go off --
at least I don't fink it will. It
takes a detonator to set it off.
I'll put it over the side if it
worries you though.

ROSE
(sharply, yet absently
as she turns into
CAMERA)
No. We may need it.

very
eyes

Allnutt keeps watching her idly, a little amused and slightly contemptuous. She wanders away from the boxes, downcast in thought, and pauses again.

ROSE
(not looking up)
Mr. Allnutt --

ALLNUTT
Yeah?

INSERT -- THE STEEL CYLINDERS IN BOTTOM OF BOAT

ROSE'S VOICE
(o.s.)
And what are these queer long round things?

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE BOW -- (PAST ROSE -- ON ALLNUTT)

ALLNUTT
Them's the oxygen and hydrogen cylinders, Miss. Ain't no good to us, though. Next time I shift cargo, I'll dump 'em.

CLOSER SHOT -- ROSE

ROSE
(sharply, yet still more subconsciously and quietly than before)
I wouldn't do that.

She keeps looking down at them, musingly, "subconsciously," while CAMERA CREEPS CLOSER to her.

ROSE
They look like -- like torpedoes.

"Torpedoes" is spoken over:

looking
INSERT -- CYLINDERS -- a new and most deadly possible SHOT of the cylinders.

from
eyes.
STILL CLOSER SHOT -- ROSE Slowly she raises her eyes floor angle to normal; a wild light is dawning in her eyes.

ROSE
(in the voice almost of a medium)
Mr. Allnutt --

She turns very slowly towards him.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- (FROM ROSE'S ANGLE)

ALLNUT
(a little bit smug)
I'm still right here, Miss, and on a
thirty-foot boat there ain't much of
any place else I could be.

walking

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE -- (FROM ALLNUTT'S ANGLE)

slowly and somewhat portentously towards him.

ROSE
(full of the wild
light)
You're a machinist, aren't you? Wasn't
that your position at the mine?

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- (FROM ROSE'S ANGLE)

looking

CAMERA ADVANCING on him at Rose's pace, stopping,
down, during his last six or eight words.

ALLNUT
(comfortably)
Yeah, kind of fixer. Jack of all
trades and master o' none, like they
say.

disconcertingly

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE -- (FROM ALLNUTT'S ANGLE)
close.

ROSE
Could you make a torpedo?

ALLNUTT'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Come again, Miss?

ROSE
Could you make a torpedo.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

ALLNUT
You don't really know what you're
askin', Miss. It's this way, you
see. A torpedo is a very complicated
piece of machinery what with
gyroscopes an' compressed air chambers
an' vertical and horizontal rudders
an' compensating weights. Why, a
torpedo costs at least a thousand
pounds to make.

He relaxes; his manner is "The State Rests."

gunwale. SWING CAMERA to center Rose, still perched on the

ROSE
(after a short pause;
unperturbed)
But all those things, those gyroscopes
and things, they're only to make it
go, aren't they?

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- (NEUTRAL ANGLE)

ALLNUTT
Uh-huh. Go -- and hit what it's goin'
after.

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

ROSE
(at the height of her
inventiveness; the
words triumphant and
almost stumbling out)
Well! We've got The African Queen.

She stands up with these words, CAMERA RISING with her,
SHOOTING FROM A LITTLE BELOW; her eager eyes are
constantly
on Allnutt.

ROSE
If we put this -- this blasting stuff --
in the front of the boat here -- and
a -- what did you say -- deno --
detonator there, why that would be a
torpedo, wouldn't it?

amused,
CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT looking up at her, greatly
almost sardonically admiring her.

ROSE'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Those cylinders. They could stick
out over the end, with that gunpowder
stuff in them and the detonator in
the tips where the taps are.

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

ROSE
Then if we ran the boat against the
side of a ship, they'd -- well, they'd
go off, just like a torpedo.
(somewhat doubtfully,
in a return to her
submissive feminine
habit)
Wouldn't they?

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

ALLNUT

(tremendously amused;
gravely)

That might work.

(humoring her along,
and a little taken
in by his own fondness
for makeshift)

Them cylinders'd do right enough. I
could let the gas out of 'em and
fill 'em up with the gelignite. I
could fix up a detonator all right.
Revolver cartridge'd do.

(warming up to it, as
an impossible project)

Why, sure, we could cut 'oles in the
bows of the launch, and 'ave the
cylinders stickin' out through them,
so's to get the explosion near the
water. Might turn the trick. But
what would 'appen to us? It would
blow this ole launch and us and
everything all to Kingdom come.

ROSE

I wasn't thinking that we should be
in the launch. Couldn't we get
everything ready and have a -- what
do you call it -- a good head of
steam up and point the launch toward
the ship and then dive off before it
hit? Wouldn't that do?

ALLNUT

Might work, Miss. But what are we
talkin' about, anyway. There ain't
nothin' to torpedo. 'Cause The African
Queen's the only boat on the river.

ROSE

Oh, yes there is.

ALLNUT

Is what?

ROSE

Something to torpedo.

ALLNUT

An' what's that, Miss?

ROSE

The Louisa.

ALLNUT

(on mention of The
Louisa, a blank,
silent stare of mock
amazement. Then,
patiently)

Don't talk silly, Miss. You can't do that. Honest you can't. I told you before we can't get down the river.

ROSE
Spengler did.

ALLNUT
In a canoe, Miss!

Rose looks stubborn.

ROSE
If a German did it, we can, too.

ALLNUT
Not in no launch. We wouldn't 'ave a prayer.

ROSE
How do you know? You've never tried.

ALLNUT
Never tried shootin' myself through the 'ead, neither.
(pause)
Trouble with you is, you just don't know nothin' about boats, or water.

A pause. They look at each other, Rose much more fixedly and searchingly than Allnutt

ROSE
In other words, you are refusing to help your country in her hour of need, Mr. Allnutt?

ALLNUT
I didn't say that.

ROSE
Well then --!

ALLNUT
(sighs deeply)
'Ave it your own way, Miss -- only don't blame me, that's all.

Allnutt stands perplexed and inarticulate, his cigarette drooping from his upper lip. His wandering gaze strays from Rose's feet, up her white drill frock to her face; he starts slightly at her implacable expression.

ROSE
Very well, let's get started.

ALLNUT

What! Now, Miss?

ROSE
(impatiently)
Yes, now. Come along.

ALLNUT
There isn't two hours of daylight
left, Miss.

ROSE
We can go a long way in two hours.

windlass
after
channel,

Allnutt starts to speak; refrains; limps over to
and raises the anchor. Rose watches him. CAMERA PANS
The African Queen as Allnutt backs her out into the
then turns her nose downstream.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT AND ROSE

looking
they now
pencils
feeling
takes
begins

He is at the tiller -- back to CAMERA; Rose, standing
downstream. The Mission clearing on the bank, which
approach, is unobserved by both of them. Presently
of steam begin coming out of the engine. Allnutt,
that it requires his attention, signals to Rose, who
his place at the tiller. Allnutt goes to the engine and
to tinker.

CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT -- (ROSE IN B.G.)

ALLNUT
A lot o' the time I'm going to 'ave
more than enough to do, keepin' the
ole engine goin.' So you might as
well start learnin' to steer right
now.

hold

Rose nods. Her hand takes a firmer, more authoritative
on the tiller.

ALLNUT
(continuing)
She ain't no one-man boat, the Queen.
Not in the shape she's in.

very

Rose again shifts her hand a little; and she sits up
straight with her new sense of responsibility.

ALLNUT
Know port from starboard, Miss?

ROSE
I've heard of them.

ALLNUT
Well, that's port --
(gesturing)
-- an' that's starboard.

ROSE
Isn't that a bit -- well, silly? Why
not just say left and right?

ALLNUT
Well, spose yer facin' the other way
in the boat an' I say "to the left."
You might think I meant to your left,
see, an' move to starboard. It's the
boat ya gotta think of, see? So port's
always that side --
(gesturing)
-- an' starboard, that -- an'
forrard's always up there an' aft is
where we are right now -- no matter
what way we're turned around or the
boat is headed.

ROSE
Why yes, I see. It's really quite --
sensible, isn't it?

ALLNUT
Uh huh. Okay. Now go easy, Miss --
light on the tiller. Now steer her
just a little to starboard.

little
quietly
Rose puts the tiller to starboard; the launch swerves a
to port. She looks at Allnutt, bewildered. Allnutt is
amused.

ALLNUT
Okay, Miss, just straighten her out
again.
(using flat hands to
demonstrate)
Now looky here. Here's yer tiller.
(he extends his right
hand)
Here's yer rudder.
(he extends his left
hand, below and beyond
his right)
They're joined. Tiller sets the
rudder, rudder steers the boat.
(he slants both hands
rigidly to one side)

ROSE
(eagerly)

Oh, I see!

boat

Rose lifts her own hand from the tiller to show; the
yaws abruptly.

ALLNUT

Tiller, Miss!

Rose, startled, grabs the tiller and rights her course.

ROSE

(blushing)

Sorry.

ALLNUT

'S all right, just don't never do
that, 's all.

ROSE

Why, the water -- well -- pushes
against the rudder, where it turns,
and -- sort of drags the boat that
way. Turns it.

ALLNUT

You're catchin' on fine, Miss.

the

Rose looks as pleased as if she had personally invented
rudder.

ALLNUT

Now a little to starboard, Miss.
Easy now.

(Rose does it right)

Fine. Now a little to port.

(Rose does it right)

ROSE

Is that all there is to it?

ALLNUT

Well, ya gotta know how to read the
river.

ROSE

Read?

ALLNUT

Ya gotta know the water an' what's
under it, that ya gotta steer clear
of.

ROSE

Steer clear of. Why, that's where
that expression comes from.

ALLNUT

(uninterested)

Uh huh. Mostly ya can tell it by the

surface o' the water. Now ya see
that long thing out there like a "V"
kinda?

LONG SHOT -- ACROSS THE LINE

a long, quiet "V" on the water.

ALLNUTT'S VOICE

(o.s.)

That always means a snag. Limb
stickin' up from a dead tree; likes
o' that.

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

ALLNUTT

Stay off them "Vs," they're murder.

towards

Rose looks very seriously, almost reprimandingly,
the "V."

LONG SHOT -- A DIFFERENT PART OF THE RIVER

the

The higher light shows it is later in the morning. In
distance, past smooth water, a choppy patch.

ALLNUTT'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Now all that little choppin', them's
shallas, Miss.

TWO SHOT -- ALLNUTT AND ROSE

shifts

Rose's eyes move from the shallows to steering; she
course a little, and a long "V" trails past.

LONG SHOT -- FORWARD ALONG THE BOAT

as she resets her course.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

face

her eyes to starboard. Again the light is later. Rose's
is a shade more pleased and in bloom than before.

ROSE

(pointing)

What's that queer flat place, Mr.
Allnutt?

MEDIUM LONG SHOT -- ANOTHER PART OF THE RIVER

turbulence

at medium distance off starboard bow, an odd flat
in otherwise easy water.

ALLNUTT'S VOICE

(o.s.)

That's a rock. An' it ain't only a few inches under water. The Queen's got a shalla draft, an' that's where we're lucky. 'Cause anythin' ya can't read on the surface, we're safe to go right over it.

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT -- (HIGHER LIGHT)

The BEAT of the engine alters a little.

ALLNUT

Only thing to worry us is much of a breeze. I reckon you know why.

The BEAT of the engine alters still more.

ROSE

It makes us -- it -- pushes the boat around?

ALLNUT

Naw. It chops the water so --

He rushes forward to the engine.

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE ENGINE -- ALLNUTT

starts rapping the boiler's safety-valve smartly with a wrench. After a few socks, it blows off steam.

WIDE SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN

ALLNUT

(loud, over his shoulder, while steam blows off)

Chops it up so bad ya can't see no signs to warn ya.

ROSE

(louder)

Oh. Of course.

a
in
Allnutt
breezy

Allnutt is intently busy at the feed pump -- this time, brief operation. Rose watches him out; he does a little refueling. (Wood is piled high in the waist now, drying the sun.)

(NOTE: From here on until indicated, no TWO SHOTS.)

is amidship, in hot sunlight; Rose, at stern, in cool, shadow of awning.)

ROSE

What was the matter, Mr. Allnutt?

ALLNUT

Feed pump choked. An' one o' my boys
dropped sumpin in the safety valve;
can't count on it, ya gotta hit it.

ROSE

What happens when the feed pump
chokes?

He finishes fueling and sits down and dries his sweat.

ALLNUT

Whole boiler can blow up. Specially
the shape she's in. This water's
awful muddy. Rots the tubes, plugs
'em up with scale. 'Sides that, the
pressure gauge is kinda on the blink.
Can't count on it fer sure, but ya
can't forget it, neither. Bring 'er
higher'n fifteen pound, the whole
engine starts fallin' apart. An'
much less'n that, she quits. Oh,
come to think of it. Know why I got
to keep the engine goin'?

ROSE

Why, so we can go, of course.

ALLNUT

That ain't wot I mean.

Rose looks blank, and interested.

ALLNUT

'Cause if the engine dies ya ain't
got enough --

ROSE

Oh. The water doesn't push against
the rudder hard enough to --

ALLNUT

(nodding approvingly)

That's right. No steerage-way. An'
in bad water that's life or death.

as
Rose looks at him, for the first time aware that he is
important to navigation as she is.

ALLNUT

If you steer wrong we're goners; if
I let the engine die, we're goners,
too.

and
He adds another couple of pieces of wood. Rose nods,
takes on both a sense of dignity and a sense of
interdependence.

ALLNUT

(proudly)

Oh, she's fulla tricks, this ole engine. Even the fuelin'. Ya gotta fuel 'er light an' steady, keep the pressure right. An' that ain't so easy as it sounds, Miss. 'Cause wood makes an awful lotta ash an' chokes yer draft. Ya gotta plan it all very careful. Empty the ash pan, ya gotta figure 'ow it'll change yer draft. Ya got 'alf a dozen different kinds o' wood an' every one burns different. Got to figure on wot the heat o' the sun does to the boiler, different times o' day. An' that safety valve. An' the water pipes keep springin' leaks, an' the water gauge just works when she's a mind to.

(he looks over the whole engine with affection)

You got to know 'ow she's feelin', Miss -- keep a step ahead of 'er. Right now she's got 'er best foot forrard 'cause there's a stranger aboard. But don't be took in, Miss. Wait till you see 'er in a mean streak.

He puts on a little more fuel, and lights a cigarette.

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE BOILER AND ENGINE HEAD-ON

like

like an altar. Allnutt lounges in one side of the SHOT an acolyte, and quietly watches toward Rose, steering.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

sits

steering. There is something regal about the way she holding the tiller, as though it were a scepter.

FADE

OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. THE RIVER -- TWILIGHT

MEDIUM LONG SHOT -- THE PROW OF THE LAUNCH

and a anchor

as it noses upstream along a narrow channel. A swerve steadying; the prow advances into MEDIUM CLOSE UP; the starts to drop. Before it hits the water:

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE FAÇADE OF THE ENGINE

Allnutt
of
with SPLASH and RATTLE of anchor and chain o.s., as
rushes into the SHOT and shuts off steam. The pencils
steam abruptly fade and drift.
MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT
standing very attentively. PAST HIM, a wall of leaves
shows
that the boat, after a couple of inches of drift, stops
gently. He still stands attentive, as if he were
listening
in the abrupt new silence. He is much more grimy and
sweaty
than before.

ALLNUTT
It's 'ot work, ain't it, Miss? I
could do with a drink.

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT
He goes to the locker beside Rose, produces two dirty
enamel
under
brings
liberal
cups. Watching him, Rose frowns slightly. Then, from
the bench he drags out a wooden case. From the case he
out a bottle. He opens the bottle, proceeds to pour a
portion into one of the cups.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE
watching with a kind of fascination.
CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT
as he makes a movement with the bottle toward the
second
cup.

ALLNUTT
'Ave one, Miss?

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

ROSE
(horrified whisper)
What is it?

ALLNUTT'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Gin, Miss. And there's only river
water to drink it with.

ROSE
(appalled)
No!

MEDIUM CLOSE UP OF ALLNUTT -- (ROSE'S VIEWPOINT)

and, He dips the empty mug upside. He turns back straight with care, decants the water into the gin.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

fascination, and She is in conflict between her intensifying her sense of actually watching something forbidden and even outrageous. Impulses play through her, covertly suggested in her face, to protest, to appeal to his better nature, even to snatch the drink from him. And now a new shading enters her face. All she has seen up to now as mere preparation for sin: now she is witnessing Sin itself. Something related to fear begins to enter her face.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- (FROM ROSE'S ANGLE)

a He slaps casually at a mosquito, and lifts the mug for second swig.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

doubts eyes still more fixed, fascinated and full of wild and suppositions.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- (FROM ROSE'S ANGLE)

glances Allnutt lowers the mug. Happier now than before, he doubt at Rose in an impersonal way; looks away; looks back in interested. at her, mildly puzzled by what he sees, but not

STILL CLOSER SHOT -- ROSE

quiet as she watches him very sharp. She is puzzled by how him. and peaceable he is, but she knows better than to trust come. - She is waiting for the trouble she is sure is bound to o.s., Allnutt hiccups slightly. She tightens and withdraws a little more, then comes to a standstill.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT (FROM ROSE'S VIEWPOINT)

He looks up again, a little more puzzled.

ALLNUT
Somethin' the matter, Miss?

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

ROSE
(shortly)
No.

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

drink
Still a bit puzzled, he raises his mug and finishes his
off. Across this nice, long drink:

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

and
Rose's whole body and posture is as withdrawn, pinched
tense as her face.

ALLNUT
(setting down his cup)
Now, Miss, 'ow 'bout some tea?

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

realize
been
By the way she lets out a long, long-held breath, we
for the first time the extremity of tension she has
under.

all
tea.
PULL AWAY to INCLUDE ALLNUTT, as Rose relaxes all over,
but trembling, between relief and her ravenous need for

ROSE
(able to speak now)
Ohhh! Yes!

He
the
CAMERA PANS with Allnutt as he goes over to the boiler.
draws hot water into the two cups, then places them on
bench before her and makes tea.

ALLNUT
(stirring)
'Course it tastes a bit rusty, but
you can't 'ave everything.
(a little formally)
Sugar, Miss?

ROSE
(also a little formally)
'k you?

ALLNUT
(a little bit caught

by her tea-party
manner; bashfully)
don't mention it.

drink.
Allnutt brings out a lantern and lights it. They both

never
her
She takes a ladylike trial sip; then really guzzles as
before. Sweat starts out on her forehead and she shuts
eyes. Across her bringing down the cup:

ROSE
(in a tea-wet voice,
more relaxed and
female than at any
time before)
It's simply delicious!

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

ALLNUTT
(surprised, and
somewhat pleased)
Not 'alf bad, is it!

much
He tastes his again. Living to himself, he has not been
interested in taste and such.

sleeved
beside
that
the
her
Rose sets down her cup and, angling her sharp, long-
elbows high, extracts a long pin from her hat, lays it
her and lifts the big, dark hat from her head and lays
beside her too, and carefully thrusts the pin back into
hat and briefly tidies her tight hair. Then, picking up
cup again, she drains the last of her tea.

ROSE
(holding out her cup)
If you please?

ALLNUTT
Right.
(he starts the business
of making tea again)
'Ow long you been out 'ere, Miss?

ROSE
Almost ten years.

ALLNUTT
You're from the midlands, ain't you?

ROSE
Manchester.

ALLNUT
Ever get 'omesick?

the
He goes over and gets crackers and tinned meat out of
locker.

ROSE
Every day of my life.

ALLNUT
I'd give my eye teeth to be back on
a Saturday night, rubbin' elbows
like they say -- all the jostlin'
an' the noise an' the music -- ain't
nothin' can touch it for cheering a
chap up.

ROSE
It's always Sunday afternoons I think
of -- the peace and quiet.

They are eating the meat and crackers as they talk.

ALLNUT
I don't remember very much about the
Sundays. I was always sleeping it
off.

the
They finish eating. For a few seconds they listen to
quiet soliloquy of the water.

ALLNUT
(continuing)
Didn't see no crocodiles in this
arm, Miss, did you?

ROSE
Crocodiles? No.

ALLNUT
No shallas for 'em here. An' current's
too fast.
(he coughs, a little
self-consciously)
I could do with a bath, 'fore supper.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

ROSE
(spontaneous,
unconsidered)
I'd like one too.

She is a little surprised at herself, but not troubled.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

ALLNUT

(getting up)
I'll go up in the bows an' hang onto
the anchor chain. You just stay back
'ere an' do what you like to, Miss.
Then, if we don't look, it won't
matter.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

She is semi-aware of a change in herself, but still
irresistibly spontaneous.

ROSE
Very well.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- (PAST ROSE)

ALLNUTT
(hesitant)
Well...

ROSE
(coolly)
Very well, Mr. Allnutt.

Bring up
He walks towards the bow, sidestepping the engine.
SOUND of water a little.
REVERSE ANGLE -- ROSE
Rose looks after him, checking the six-inch width of
the
funnel which will stand between them; not much
concerned.
While she watches, she is undoing her dress at its
cuffs and
at its high neck. She stands and takes it off over her
head
with a voluminous motion. She starts to remove an
undergarment
and hesitates, frowning a little; compresses her lips
and,
clearly, decides not to remove the garment.
CLOSE SHOT -- THE FUNNEL
centered, in the lamplight. The water SOUND rises
another
fraction; other SOUNDS fade a little.
CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE'S FEET IN THE WATER --
not more than shin-deep. (She is sitting on the
gunwale.)
The water distorts and drives and sways them a little
and
she is moving them gently.

CLOSE UP -- ROSE (HEAD AND SHOULDERS)

enjoying Her head bent forward, she is watching and quietly
her feet in the water.

the There is a little NOISE o.s.; her eyes slip a little in
direction of the bow.

TAIL-OF-THE-EYE SHOT -- PAST ENGINE AND FUNNEL

A dim grayish-white shape lowers itself over the bow.

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

excited, eyes not too quickly forward. She is not shocked,
or self-conscious; just calmly interested. (o.s.,
prodigious KICKINGS and SPLASHINGS and WHOOSHINGS as Allnutt takes
his bath.) Slowly her head goes lower in the SHOT and her
head and shoulders begin to twist as she turns to cling to
the gunwale. Bring up WATER SOUND a little. As she lets her
body loose into the water, CAMERA SWINGS loose along it; it
is clear as she lengthens out and submerges that she is
wearing bloomers and camisole.

stretch. CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE'S FACE -- (PAST HER HANDS)
clinging to the low, stern gunwale, as her arms

face; There is a deep and delicate sensuous enjoyment in her
her body lifts out full length behind her, a dim and
water- addled blur. Then she pulls herself up towards the boat
as strongly as she can; her wet, strapped shoulders rise,
and one elbow clamps over the gunwale.

VERTICAL INSERT -- SUITCASE

and Over SOUNDS of her vigorous drying o.s., the insect-
moisture-proof tin suitcase or box in which Rose has
packed all her worldly goods. It is open. By lantern light
some of its contents are visible; a few garments and
undergarments,
Bible; neatly folded; her prayer- or service-book and her
family, and a group photograph of Rose and Brother and their

English
look at
in the
religious

in which the intention is to anchor Rose deep in puritanism. Perhaps eight seconds are allowed for a this photograph; then Rose's thin, cleansed hands lay dark dress in which she began this voyage; it is neatly folded; it covers not only the picture but also the books.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

she
dampened
looks
it is
than
the

Her head emerges from the white drill dress into which is shuffling herself; the head, with its slightly hair (which is still pinned up, but strands are loose) so refreshed and integrated in the lantern light that as if it were brand new. With somewhat freer motions she has made before, she pulls, straightens and pats dress, and buttons it at the bosom.

ALLNUT

(o.s.)

Are you ready, Miss?

ROSE

Yes.

out
engine
rolled

She glances past her shoulder towards him as she wrings a damp undergarment, overside. Allnutt comes past the out of the shadows, into SHOT, carrying a couple of rugs.

ALLNUT

You better sleep 'ere under the awnin', Miss, 'case it rains. 'Ere's a coupla rugs. There ain't no fleas in 'em.

ROSE

Where will you sleep?

boat as

He unrolls a rug and spreads it on the bottom of the he talks.

ALLNUT

Forrard, Miss. I can fix up a sorta bed outa them cases.

ROSE

The -- explosives?

He spreads the other rug.

ALLNUT

Sure, Miss. Won't do 'em no 'arm.

The idea is queer to Rose, but everything is now.

ROSE

(a little curtly)

All right.

ALLNUT

Be sure you cover up good. Gets a bit chilly on the river, towards mornin'.

ROSE

All right.

couple
there
Allnutt returns into the bow. SWING and HOLD CAMERA a
of seconds on the shadows; he is vaguely visible and
are the SOUNDS of his arranging the gelatine cases.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

braids.
and
picture
hat
closed
finishing her hair into the second of two short, tight
She reaches into the tin box and under the dark dress
brings out the folded spare clothing. SOUND of the
rattling against the bottom. With one hand she puts her
and her comb in on top. She closes the box. HOLD on the
box a moment.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE -- (ANOTHER ANGLE)

arranges
from the
tired.
his
On one rug and beneath another, in her dress, Rose
the spare clothes as a pillow and settles her head;
instant it settles she is immensely but not unhappily
Over Allnutt's line, o.s., her eyes focus and follow
sentence, sleepily in the lantern light.

ALLNUTT'S VOICE

(o.s.)

I'll turn out the light if you're
ready, Miss.

ROSE

Quite ready.

The light on her face begins to dwindle.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- (FROM HER ANGLE)

Rose
at the lantern. He turns it down. He neither looks at
nor takes squeamish care not to.

ALLNUTT
(quietly, impersonally,
when the light is
very low)
'Night Miss.

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

in the lowered light.

ROSE
(as quietly and
impersonally)
Good night, Mr. Allnutt.

o.s., the SOUND of his blowing out the lantern;
darkness.

The darkness is almost total for a second; then there
is faint visibility. o.s., very subdued, the brief SOUNDS
of Allnutt's settling-down; then silence from him.

Deeply subdued, the SOUNDS of water slowly dwindle and
die entirely, and Rose's eyes are closed. Her mouth softens
a little and opens a little; in sleep her face is even
more deeply virginal than when she is awake. But now in her
sleep one hand moves up to her throat and slips inside her
dress,
next the skin.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

explosives-
lips
"Puhhh..."
his
in a similar hovering SHOT, asleep in his nest of
boxes. He is not snoring, but with each exhalation his
blow out lightly, with a small SOUND of "Puhhh" --
In his sleep, comfortably, his fumbling hand scratches
haunch. There is no sound of water.

FADE

OUT:

FADE IN:

CLOSE SHOT -- ACROSS TOP OF AWNING -- (NIGHT)

It is raining, quietly but firmly.

CLOSE SHOT -- VERTICAL -- OVER ALLNUTT

his
It is raining into his face. Not quite waking, he pulls
blanket over his face.

CLOSE SHOT -- VERTICAL -- ALLNUTT'S FEET

touched
as the pulled-up blanket exposes them to the quietly
increasing rain. They pull up under the blanket like a
snail into its shell.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT'S FACE

blanket.
He is peering disconsolately from under the torn
The rain is increasing. He glances aft.

MEDIUM SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- FULL-LENGTH

blanket;
The rain is bristling meanly all over the hunched
he gets up, wrapping it around him, and walks past
CAMERA.

MEDIUM SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- (PAST ROSE)

He comes in under the leaky awning and on into a

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

clearly
as he comes under the awning as quietly as he can,
trying not to wake up Rose. He lies down beside her,
CAMERA
TILTING and bringing ROSE IN CLOSE UP, and rising into
VERTICAL TWO SHOT above them.

CAREFUL AS
careful as
avoidance of
he
and
worst of
clutches
Rose is asleep. He is being just as discreet and
he can, but the margin of dryness is narrow; in
leakiness, and efforts to settle himself comfortably,
jostles her awake. She wakes up, facing him (his head
body are turned from her) and instantly assumes the
him. In profound shock and outrage, she sits up and
her rug about her -- though she is wearing a dress.

ROSE

Mr. Allnutt!

ALLNUTT

(turning, murmuring)

Sorry I woke you, Miss.

ROSE
(across his line; her
eyes cold blaze)
What are you doing here?

him. He He meets her eyes and understands what she thinks of
is very much astonished and embarrassed.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

ALLNUT
Blimey, Miss!

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

ROSE
(measuring her words,
with her really
terrifying quiet
anger)
Get out -- this instant!

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

He feels an explanation is hopeless and is beyond words
anyhow. He gets up out of the SHOT.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

cold settling down prostrate again. Her eyes follow him in
fury.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- (FROM HER VIEWPOINT)

as he walks humbly out into the rain.

A splendid outburst of THUNDER and LIGHTNING blinds and
deafens the SCREEN, and the rain really cuts loose.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

from the The thunderbolt makes her leap like a salmon; spray
rain gets at her face, even under the awning. Now she
understands and she is a bit embarrassed and sorry; her
changed eyes look at Allnutt.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- (FROM HER VIEWPOINT)

adjusting the He is sitting, hunched, in the open, patiently
blanket over his head. He is facing away from her.

ROSE
(o.s.)
Mr. Allnutt.

not Her voice is barely audible in smashing rain. He does hear.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

ROSE
(calling loudly)
Mr. Allnutt!

MEDIUM SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- (FROM HER VIEWPOINT)

He turns his head sadly towards her.

ROSE
(loud, o.s.)
You may come in out of the rain, Mr. Allnutt!

towards He looks unsure of himself, but gets up and comes her. He stumbles against an awning stanchion and gets a profusely cataract down his neck and comes along under the and leaky awning towards Rose, stooping, then lying down adjusting his bedding; he is whimpering gently.

ALLNUTT
Thanks, Miss.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE -- (PAST ALLNUTT)

ROSE
Certainly, Mr. Allnutt.

VERTICAL TWO SHOT -- ALLNUTT AND ROSE

ALLNUTT
(after a pause)
Miss...

ROSE
Yes, Mr. Allnutt?

ALLNUTT
Sorry I give you such a turn.

ROSE
That's quite all right, Mr. Allnutt.

ALLNUTT
Thanks, Miss. Night.

ROSE
Goodnight, Mr. Allnutt.

comfortable. He turns away from her and tries to make himself into his A quick drop-drip-dropping of water starts directly

drops
her,
face. He miserably pulls his head out of the way and it
loudly onto the boards beside him. Back to her, Allnutt
huddles into the dry space, doing his best not to touch
yet to stay dry.

already
watching
Splatterings
ugly
to
As CAMERA DESCENDS INTO CLOSE UP OF BOTH, he has
dropped off. Upon one elbow she hovers over him,
him, with a strange cool virginal tenderness.
of rain which have hit the bench above them, spray his
sleeping face. Gently but inhumanly, as if he were an
little doll, she draws a corner of her rug across him,
protect him.

FADE

OUT:

FADE IN:

bright
moving down the river. The water is almost painfully
in the midday sun.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

at the tiller. There is a new shading of pleasure and
confidence in her expression. She is almost smiling.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

heat of
he is
he
in the killing sunlight, and beside the devastating
fire and boiler (an extreme shimmering of heat waves);
half-drowned in sweat, yet his face is unconcerned as
oils the cylinders.

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

ROSE

What a frightfully strong smell,
isn't it! I suppose it's bound to be
at its worst in the middle of the
day.

ALLNUTT

What smell?

ROSE

The river. I never realized before
how very strongly it smells.

Allnutt sniffs at it, curiously.

ALLNUT

Hmm. So it does, now I notice it.
Guess I'm on the water so much, I
forget all about it.

ROSE

It's like marigolds. Stale ones.

ALLNUT

(tries again)
Don't guess I ever smelt no marigolds.

ROSE

Well, they smell just like this.

ALLNUT

Do, huh? Not a very good smell for a
flower.

ROSE

They're very pretty, though.
Marigolds.

ALLNUT

Are, eh?

ROARING

he

He puts on some more fuel. o.s., a NOISE of soft
begins. Allnutt's eyes hear it and look mean and happy;
starts aft.

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

ROAR

as he sits down, with cruel and secret pleasure, the
loudens.

ROSE

Mr. Allnutt.

ALLNUT

(all innocence)
Yes?

ROSE

What is that roaring sound?

ALLNUT

(licking his chops)
Oh, that? Rapids, Miss.

ROSE

Really? So soon?

ALLNUT

Just around the bend.
(pause)
Kind of dangerous.

(pause)
P'raps I better take over, Miss.

ROSE
You be ready to -- but I'd like to try it.

ALLNUTT
(gloating)
Well -- maybe that's a good idear at that, Miss.
(malicious)
Learn by doin', like they say.

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE RAPIDS

is
is
Shooting against the prow of The African Queen, which charging downstream quite rapidly. The NOISE of water joltingly louder.

CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT

shore.
leave
knowing
may
glance
face
Past him, wild water, rocks, a swiftly moving, ragged He is pretending to tinker with the engine, in order to Rose alone with her fear. He is a little scared, that Rose is a neophyte at steering and being a woman, get rattled -- but mainly he is feeling fine -- by God, this'll big rapids. He takes time off for a quick back at her (o.s.); turning back to his tinkering, his is even more satisfied.

ROSE -- MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- (FROM HIS ANGLE)

eyes are
to be
Her face is extraordinarily chiseled and tense; her hard as diamonds. We can easily suppose her expression one of cold terror, as Allnutt does.

NOTE:

are
sense
seen
through
real
the
This SCENE is to last about thirty seconds. The rapids to be rough enough to excite and to give a considerable of hazard, but they are mild compared to what will be later on. A fair amount of the SCENE is just racing loud, ragged water, but there are to be perhaps three hazards. They might, for instance, be: the two rocks

avoided in
and
of
face);
available
antlers.

most
tremendous
of
more, the
has
Rose
his
flourish.
AMIDSHIPS,

scene opens with; a buried rock, just spotted and
the nick of time, scaring the daylights out of Allnutt
tightening Rose's face still more into this simulacrum
fear (he is comforted out of his own fears, seeing this
and, caught between rocks, jutting into their only
channel, a large jagged tree-limb, bony-looking as
There's no way out: Rose drives dead against it with an
instinct for the angle which will bring against it the
powerful leverage: it hits hard and there is a
NOISE of CRACKING and BREAKAGE. Within another couple
seconds they are in quieter water; within a couple
water is almost normal, the ROAR is fading. The boat
slowed down. The ENGINE SOUND is near normal balance;
distinctly relaxes, and sits down; Allnutt relaxes at
tinkering, and finishes it off with a bit of a
(From the breaking of the branches, SHOOT FROM
sternward, on Rose past Allnutt.)

gauges,
with

While he stands, back to Rose, finishing his tinkering,
Allnutt looks happy as a clam and thoroughly smug.
Everything's the way he wants it, now. He checks his
o.s., and turns away, and strolls back towards Rose
something of a swagger.

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

sternbench

as Allnutt seats himself a little too smugly on the
at right angle to Rose. He sizes her up for a couple of
seconds, greatly relishing the moment.

ALLNUTT
(quietly gloating)
Well, Miss, had enough?

ROSE
Enough? Of what, Mr. Allnutt?

ALLNUTT
White water. Rapids. Now ya got a
taste of it, how d'ya like it? Huh?

ROSE
Very much indeed.

(Allnutt's eyes change;
his mouth falls open
a little)
I'd never dreamed that any -- any
mere -- er -- physical experience
could be so -- so stimulating.

He just keeps looking at her. He begins to need a
cigarette.
Without taking his eyes off her he gets one out. Rose
is quite unaware of what she is doing to Allnutt -- much
friendlier in her tone than ever before.

ROSE
(fishing up the mot
juste)
So -- exhilarating.

Allnutt puts the cigarette between his lips, and gets
out a match; he is still watching her; every moment, he is
more and more deeply aghast.

ROSE
I notice that near rocks, the water
seems to push away from the rock.
One must take that into account in
steering, mustn't one?

Allnutt scratches a match; it fails to light. He gets
another.

ROSE
You know, I've only known such --
excitement a few times before.

His look inquires of her. He gets a match lighted.

ROSE
A few times, in my dear Brother's
sermons, when the Spirit was really
upon him.

Allnutt raises the match to light his cigarette. His
eyes leave hers for the lighting. His eyes look bruised and
sick;
his hands are shaking. He stands up, in quiet
desperation,
to beat it into her thick head.

ROSE
Tell me, Mr. Allnutt.

He looks up at her hopelessly.

ALLNUTT
(just managing to
shape the sound)

Yes?

ROSE

I steered rather well for a beginner,
didn't I?

ALLNUTT

(without spirit)

Not so bad, Miss, considerin'. But
that wasn't such bad water -- nothin'
compared to what's farther on.

ROSE

I can hardly wait!

(Allnutt looks as if
he could wait quite
a while. A pause)

Now that I've had a taste of it I
don't wonder you love boating!

wheels
--
o.s.,
Thou

the
hands

He gives her one last flabbergasted, hopeless look,
abruptly and walks away -- CAMERA SWINGING, losing Rose
and sits near the engine, turned away from her, looking
crumpled and beaten. He is still shaking his head.
blithely, Rose hums the opening bars of Guide Me, O
Great Jehovah.
Allnutt shifts a little as if to look at her; hasn't
heart to; shudders faintly; and stretches his shaking
toward the furnace.

DISSOLVE TO:

DETAIL SHOT -- GIN BOTTLE (TWO-THIRDS FULL)
as Allnutt pulls out cork, with luscious SOUND.
TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT (AT RIGHT ANGLES IN STERN
SEATS)

is
steaming
stands

bottle to
defiant.
deep

SHOT slightly favors Allnutt. Late twilight; the boat
moored near a bank. Rose is taking a swallow of
tea; she lowers her cup. Allnutt's full mug of tea
beside him on the bench, untouched.
Rose watches him with interest. Allnutt lifts the
drink; he raises his eyes and meets hers; sullen and
He puts the bottle in his mouth, cocks it up and drinks

of neat gin; past the bottle, the hostility of his eyes increases.

Rose looks perplexed.

gasping

The rum gin burns him; he has a brief spasm of the shakes. He tries not to show this, and avoids her eyes. Genuine concern blends with her perplexity.

ROSE

(gently)

Is something the matter, Mr. Allnutt?

eyes

showily,

gin

though,

he

against

sweat

sweat

He meets her eyes again, sullen, a little bitter. His still on hers, he raises the bottle, cocks it up and drinks again -- looking at her past the bottle. The makes sweat start out on his forehead. He keeps on, taking a deep drink, watching her all the time. Finally brings the bottle down. His eyes go out of focus, his will. And against his will and pride, he wipes the off his forehead with the palm of his hand, and the from his hand onto his shirt.

ROSE

(gently, again)

Tell me.

He looks at her with angry reproach. A pause.

ALLNUT

(already affected by the gin; proud and sullen)

Nothin'.

A pause. He raises the bottle; lowers it.

ALLNUT

Nothin' you'd understand.

He drinks.

ROSE

(after waiting him out)

I want to understand. I just can't imagine what's the matter. It's been such a pleasant day.

(pause)

What is it, Mr. Allnutt?

and
makes

Allnutt looks at her bitterly. Suddenly he looks mad
stands up. Just as suddenly he sits down again. This
him sore at her.

ALLNUT

(bitterly; after a
pause)

All this fool talk about The Louisa.
Goin' down the river...

ROSE

What do you mean?

ALLNUT

I mean we ain't goin' to do nothin'
of the sort.

He needs a drink on this, but Rose interrupts.

ROSE

Why, of course we're going! What an
absurd idea!

ALLNUT

(feeling his oats and
his gin; mimicking
nastily)

What an absurd idea! What an absurd
idea! Lady, I may be a born fool,
but you got ten absurd idears to my
one, an' don't you forget it!

(pause. Speechless
with scorn and
resentment)

Huh!

He drinks. A pause.

ROSE

(with a glimmer of
tact)

Why don't you want to go, Mr. Allnutt?

ALLNUT

What do I want to blow up sumpin'
for? You tell me. Yeah. You tell me.
That's all!

ROSE

(quietly)

Why don't you want to go?

A pause.

ALLNUT

(sullenly)

Already come further'n I ever meant
to. Don't hardly even know the river,
this far down.

(bitterly and a little
incoherently)
Only come this far 'cause there you
was all by your lonesome, lost your
brother and all -- wot you get for
feelin' sorry for people.

ROSE
(quietly)
Why, Mr. Allnutt?

ALLNUT
This river. That's why. An' Shona.

ROSE
Shona!

ALLNUT
(mimicking her tone,
nastily)
Shona!
(pause)
If there's any place along the whole
river the Germans'll keep a lookout,
it'll be Shona. 'Cause that's where
the old road ferries over from the
South.

ROSE
But they can't do anything to us!

ALLNUT
Oh, they can't, eh? They got rifles,
maybe machine guns, maybe even
cannons, an' just one bullet in that
blastin' gelatine an', Miss, what's
left of us would be in bits and
pieces.

ROSE
Then we'll go by at night.

ALLNUT
Oh no, we won't!

ROSE
(with asperity)
Now why not?

ALLNUT
'Cause the rapids start just a little
ways below Shona, an' they ain't
nobody in his right mind 'ud tackle
'em even in daylight, let alone at
night.

ROSE
Then we'll go in daylight. We'll go
on the far side of the river from
Shona, just as fast as ever we can.

ALLNUT

(a sudden realization.

Boozily, sorely)

-- Say, who do you think you are,
all this we'll do this an' we'll do
that? 'Oose boat is this, any'ow?
'Oo asked you aboard? Huh? Huh? You
crazy, psalm-singin', skinny old
maid.

CLOSE UP -- ROSE

thrusts out
stone's
Then
effort to
discipline.
tight
with
moving
the
Her
undertone,
is
following:

In the first phase of realization, her lower lip
like a shovel or like the lower lip of a baby within a
throw of crying, and her eyes look soft with dampness.
she catches her lower lip between her teeth in her
restrain herself, and her eyes harden with self-
Then she doesn't need the teeth any more. Her lips are
and thin. Her whole face is edgy. Her eyes are hard
bitter resentment and with hatred. Slowly, without
her head or altering her face, she lifts her tea into
SHOT and drinks, and lowers the cup out of the SHOT.
Her
face grows still harder and more immovable.
Against this, o.s., mostly in breathy, lonesome
on one or two phrases loudly and assertively, Allnutt
singing, rottenly and inchoately, some part of the

ALLNUTT'S VOICE

(o.s.; singing)

Gimmy regards ter Leicester Square
Sweet Piccadilly an' Myefair, Remember
me to the folks darn there They'll
under-sta-and.

SLOW FADE on Rose as first daylight begins to appear.

FADE

IN

SLOW

FADE:

EXT. RIVER AND THE AFRICAN QUEEN -- MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -

-

ALLNUTT

He is prostrate beside the engine in early morning
sunlight.

been Except that his eyes are closed, he looks as if he had
dead for about a day.

and o.s., the HARSH SCRAPING of broken glass against wood
gurgling of the happy shouts of early birds; also the quiet
river water.

Then For a few seconds, these sounds don't even register.
Suddenly they reach into him and he winces profoundly. (NOTE:
works a and painfully exaggerate all SOUNDS.) His dry mouth
fast; little. His eyelids twitch. The eyes open -- and shut
light is painful to him.

being o.s., the SOUND of a small avalanche of broken glass
thrown overside and hitting the water.

and Rose's hand reaches down past the far side of his head
and picks up an empty bottle and an almost empty bottle,
that withdraws from SHOT. Allnutt registers vague awareness
someone is near, but doesn't open his eyes.

case o.s., again painfully exaggerated, the SOUND of the gin
Allnutt being DRAGGED along the deck. His eyes still shut,
tight suffers intense pain. He opens his eyes, squeezes them
gazes up shut (which hurts him badly), opens them again, and
past CAMERA in listless, uncomprehending horror.

ROSE -- (FROM HIS VIEWPOINT)

wearing She is in painfully bright, early sunlight, and she is
bench white. She has lifted the bottles and the case to the
CAMERA. beside her. She kneels on the bench, aloof to the
of She tosses the empty bottle astern. She is on the verge
second disposing of the gin in the nearly-empty bottle; on
her thought she sniffs at it with mistrustful curiosity;
and reaction indicates disgust with the smell, with Drink,
the with Allnutt. She turns the bottle upsidedown and lets

bottle contents pour overside into the river, and tosses the contemptuously astern.

ALLNUTT -- (SAME ANGLE AS BEFORE) -- A LITTLE CLOSER
His eyes are bloodshot and are swimming with tears induced by the light. He doesn't quite take in what he sees.

ALLNUT
(a whimpering moan,
pure misery; not for
what he sees)
Oh... Oh...!

Allnutt shuts his eyes. o.s., the GLUG-GLUG-GLUGGING of a full bottle. He looks again. He begins to comprehend and what he sees is, to him, terrible and almost unbelievable.

ALLNUT
(with deeper feeling
but quietly; reacting
now to what he sees)
Oh...!

o.s., the SOUND of another flung bottle hitting the water, and of another being opened. Allnutt, using all his strength, manages to lift his head from the floor. The effort is so exhausting and the pain so excruciating that he just lets it fall; the bang is even more agonizing. He licks his dry lips with his dry tongue and tries speaking.

ALLNUT
(in a voice like a
crow)
Miss.

ROSE -- (FROM HIS VIEWPOINT)
She is emptying gin and pays him no attention.

ALLNUTT'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Miss?

bottle She pays him no attention except to turn the inverted to absolute verticle.

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE) -- A LITTLE CLOSER

ALLNUT

Have pity, Miss!
(pause; SOUND of "glug-
glug" o.s.)
Miss?
("glug-glug")
Oh, Miss, you don't know what you're
doin'... I'll perish without a hair
o' the dog.

SOUND, o.s., of bottle hitting water.

ALLNUT
(continuing)
Ain't your property, Miss.

SOUND, o.s., of a new bottle being opened. CAMERA
CREEPS
hell
permanent.
CLOSER on Allnutt, whose eyes become those of a man in
who knows, now, that his sentence is official, and
With terrible effort, he lifts his head and shoulders.
MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE -- (NEUTRAL ANGLE) -- NORMAL
EXPOSURE
moving
towards
She is emptying gin. She hears the SOUNDS of Allnutt's
o.s. Her hard face hardens still more. She glances
him, continuing to pour.
MEDIUM SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- (FROM HER VIEWPOINT)
knees
moment
struggle
hangs
of
clear
He is with great pain and effort getting himself to his
and his arms onto the side bench. It may seem for a
that he is going to try to come at Rose and make a
for it, but no: he now gets his knees to the bench and
his body far out over the gunwale and drinks ravenously
the muddy water. He overhangs so far that he is in
danger of falling in.
ROSE -- (SAME ANGLE AS BEFORE) -- A LITTLE CLOSER
and
doesn't
She is watching him. SOUNDS, o.s., of the gin emptying,
of his drinking. She is aware he may fall in and she
care.
ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)
back, and
He finishes drinking and tremulously pulls himself

turns, and collapses into a sitting position on the bench.

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

She is opening another bottle and casually watching him, and as casually looking away. She is pitiless, vengeful, contemptuous, and disgusted.

ALLNUTT -- MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- (NEUTRAL ANGLE)

His head hangs between his knees; his hands hang ape-like beside his ankles. After a little he is able to lift his head. He props his temples between his hands and his elbows on his knees. He is so weak that one elbow slips, letting his head fall with a nasty jolt and a whimper of anguish. He sets himself more carefully solid and gazes ahead of him at the floor.

ALLNUT

Oh...!

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

She ignores him completely; she lays the flap back from some canned meat.

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

He gets out and fumblingly lights a cigarette; his hands are shaky. He takes a deep drag and it gives him a dreadful fit of coughing. He glances toward her piteously.

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

She is slicing bread; she ignores him. His coughing is loud, o.s.

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

Recovered from his spasms, he timidly tries a lighter drag. This time he can taste it. It tastes foul. He puts it out, carefully, for later use, takes one look at it, and disconsolately tosses it overside. He looks again towards Rose. He looks away again. He sighs deeply and buries his face in his hands.

singing

o.s., their SOUND abnormally sharp, the birds are like mad.

DISSOLVE TO:

MEDIUM SHOT -- ROSE -- (MID-AFTERNOON)

awning,
dress,
out
crossed
very

She is sitting on a side-bench in the shade of the calmly reading her Bible. She is in a clean white exactly like the one she wore yesterday. Not a hair is out of place in her tight hair-do. Her bare feet are demurely at the ankles. She sits up straight. She looks cool, considering the weather.

left,
laundered
few
bench to
finished

PULL BACK, bringing in her day's work: up past her pinned to the edge of the awning, hang her newly-dress and undergarments, full of sunlight. There are a few ineradicable streaks of grease in the dress. On the her right, her sewing-basket and some evidently sewing chores.

treeroots

o.s., the steady GURGLING of river water among the of the bank; the nervous SCRAPING of a razor.

FORMAL SHOT -- THE ENGINE

o.s.)
in
strong

It looks much cleaner than ever before. (Same SOUNDS The CAMERA IS RISING as the SHOT OPENS. It soon brings Allnutt's head, past the engine, very hot-looking in sunlight. He is shaving.

splashed,
in
in a
and

SLOW PANNING DETAIL. A welter of wet footprints and soapy deck, Allnutt's clean bare heels glistening high in the SHOT as he stands shaving. CAMERA TILTS and brings in a drowned sliver of soap. Allnutt's filthy clothes, a wet arrestingly filthy towel.

Same SOUNDS o.s., razor-scraping a little UP.

in a
painful
and
best
of a
and
once);

Past the back of Allnutt's head on his close reflection
small mirror, hung from a funnel-stay; past that, Rose.
Allnutt is shaving; Rose, in b.g., is reading. It is
to take off as much beard as Allnutt has been carrying,
he is not a man who takes pain easily; but he does his
to keep his reactions private, and by now he is nearly
through. He is whistling softly against his teeth, and
frowning at his reflected work with the concentration
surgeon. He knows, however, that he is visible to Rose,
unwisely keeps glancing towards her (she never looks up
thanks to this, he lets the razor slip.

ALLNUT

Ow... cut myself.

notice.
He
patience
coiffure,
vain.
the
towards
above

He glances sharply at Rose to see if she has taken any
She does not glance up. Allnutt resents this bitterly.
finishes shaving, and strokes his smooth cheeks with
satisfaction. Rose turns a page. With a Rembrandt's
and concern, he perfects, with his comb, the ideal
with an artistic quiff along the forehead. His eyes go
He treats himself, in reflection, to his idea of what
Lord of Creation should look like. Then he glances
Rose, who keeps on reading. His look is aloof, miles
her.

CLOSE UP -- ROSE

does

SOUND o.s., of Allnutt's entrance past the engine. She
not glance up, but her eyelids flicker.

ALLNUTT -- (PAST ROSE)

the
contempt. He
gets

He walks a couple of steps towards her in the brilliant
sunlight, swaggering a little. Then he stands still,
Stag at Eve, looking at her with a certain high
is obviously challenging response and recognition. He
none.

ALLNUT

(after a pause;

scornfully)

Huh!

He walks in under the shade of the awning and into

MEDIUM CLOSE UP -- (CAMERA SWINGING PAST AND OPPOSITE
ROSE)

As he sits down. After another silence, he decides on a
new
humor.

ALLNUT

(brightly)

Well, Miss, 'ere we are, everything
ship-shape, like they say.

PULL AWAY to TWO SHOT of Rose and Allnutt, as he awaits
her
reaction. No answer.

ALLNUT

(continuing)

Great thing to 'ave a lyedy aboard,
with clean 'abits. Sets me a good
example. A man alone, 'e gets to
livin' like a bloomin' 'og.

(no answer)

Then, too, with me, it's always --
put things orf. Never do todye wot
ya can put orf till tomorrer.

(he chuckles and looks
at her, expecting
her to smile. Not a
glimmer from Rose)

But you: business afore pleasure,
every time. Do yer pers'nal laundry,
make yerself spic an' span, get all
the mendin' out o' the way, an' then,
an' hone-ly then, set down to a nice
quiet hour with the Good-Book.

(he watches for
something; she
registers nothing)

I tell you, it's a model for me,
like. An inspiration. I ain't got
that ole engine so clean in years;
inside an' out, Miss. Just look at
'er, Miss! She practically sparkles.

(Rose evidently does
not hear him)

Myself, too. Guess you ain't never
'ad a look at me without whiskers
an' all cleaned up, 'ave you, Miss?

(no look)

Freshens you up, too; if I only 'ad
clean clothes, like you.

(huh-uh)

Now you: why you could be at 'igh
tea.

(no recognition from
Rose)
'Ow 'bout some tea, Miss, come to
think of it? Don't you stir; I'll
get it ready.

silence,
Rose does not stir. Allnutt is running low. A little
now. He watches her read.

ALLNUTT
(continuing)
'Ow's the book, Miss?
(no answer)
Not that I ain't read it, some --
that is to say, me ole lyedy read me
stories out of it.
(no answer; pause)
'Ow 'bout readin' it out loud, eh,
Miss?
(silence)
I'd like to 'ave a little spiritual
comfort m'self.
(silence; he flares
up)
An' you call yerself a Christian!
(silence)
You 'ear me, Miss.
(silence)
Don't yer?
(silence; a bright
cruel idea. Louder,
leaning to her)
Don't yer?
(silence. Suddenly,
at the top of his
lungs)
HUH??

EXTREME CLOSE UP -- ROSE

it.
In spite of herself she flinches; but swiftly controls

LONG SHOT -- FROM OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER

a
two
A half mile of hot, empty water, then jungle, silent on
dream of heat. On the far side the tiny boat and the
infinitesimal passengers.

After two seconds, Allnutt's "HUH?" is heard.

EXTREME CLOSE UP -- ROSE

In her face are victory, cruelty, and tremendous secret
gratification: a Jocasta digesting her young.

The ECHO comes. Over it --

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT

A second, further echo comes, and dies.

ALLNUTT

(yelling)

Heyy!!

LOWERS to
follow
reading.

Watchful, listening, he walks out of SHOT; CAMERA
Rose, whose quiet, pitiless eyes -- wholly unamused --
him secretly. The ECHO returns to her; she resumes

him,
like a
bleats
sickens of
angles

TWO SHOT -- FAVORING ALLNUTT (PAST ROSE)

He wanders all over the boat, CAMERA ALWAYS CENTERING
always shifting past the statue-like reader. He barks
dog; he yowls like a tomcat; he roars like a lion; he
like a goat; he crows like a rooster. Finally he
it and walks back past her to his old seat at right
to her.

decorum,
imitation, and
primly,
and he
his
sweat;
about

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

as he sits. Clearly now he is going to try silent
in imitation of her. He crosses his ankles in
settles his hands in his lap, and even holds his head
watching her. But something itches him under the arm
scratches -- first covertly and insufficiently, then to
heart's content. His exertions have worked up quite a
the midges of late afternoon convene enthusiastically
his head. He looks bitterly towards Rose.

finishes
starts

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

There isn't a bug near her. Taking her time, she
the last page and, not hurrying, but without pause,
right in on Genesis.

CLOSEUP. He

SWING CAMERA, losing Rose, bringing Allnutt into
hates her and the Good Book.

few
Rose

PULL AWAY into TWO SHOT -- of Rose and Allnutt. After a
moments of silent, motionless tableau, Allnutt hating,
reading, he speaks.

ALLNUT

Feller takes a drop too much once in
a while. T's only yoomin nyture.

ROSE

(remotely)

Nature, Mr. Allnutt, is what we are
put into this world to rise above.

ALLNUT

Miss, I'm sorry. I 'pologize. There.
What more can a man do than say he's
sorry. Eh?

(no answer)

You done paid me back, Miss. Didn't
even leave me a drop.

(no answer)

Come on, Miss. 'Ave a 'eart, can't
ya? Fair's fair.

(no answer)

Miss, I don't care wot ya say, long
's you say somepin.

(no answer)

I'll be honest with ya, Miss: I just
can't stand no more of it. I ain't
used to it, that's all.

A pause.

ROSE

So you think it was your nasty
drunkenness I mind.

A foolish, helpless gesture from Allnutt.

ALLNUT

(bewildered)

Well -- wot else?

ROSE

You lied to me.

ALLNUT

(with earnest dignity)

Lied? Oh no, Miss. Lyin's one thing
I don't never do. Not unless there's
no way out.

ROSE

You promised we'd go down the river.

his

He is so honestly flabbergasted, this brings him up on
feet, goggling at her. When he can find words:

ALLNUT
Why, Miss! Is that wot it's all about?

ROSE
Of course.

He draws a deep breath and sits down closer to her than before. He begins quietly, with great patience and reasonableness.

ALLNUT
Now for the last time, Miss. Just try and listen, won't you? Try to understand.

(Rose looks at him coldly; her jaw is set)

It's sure death a dozen times over down this river. I 'ate to disappoint you, Miss. But don't blyme me. Blyme the river.

ROSE
You promised.

ALLNUT
(shouting)
Well, I'm takin' my promise back!

walks He gets up and strides away, CAMERA CENTERING HIM, and past the engine.

CLOSE UP -- ROSE

sure of She watches after him. She is not a hundred per cent victory; only ninety-five or so.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT -- (DAWN)

SOUNDS of He is asleep on his box of high explosives. o.s., breeze, early birds -- and of Rose's bustling, and of a strong and of leaves. Presently he stirs, groans and opens his eyes. After a moment he glances in her direction.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

She is readying the fire for tea.

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

painfully After a little, Allnutt gives up. He creakily,

rises from his bed and gets up into:

ENGINE

MEDIUM SHOT -- FROM OUTSIDE THE BOAT -- (ON LINE WITH
AMIDSHIPS)

engine,

He walks towards CAMERA into CLOSE UP and passes
CAMERA SWINGING INTO TWO SHOT of Rose and Allnutt.

crackling

Rose is thrusting a saucepan of water into the
furnace. Allnutt pauses shyly.

ALLNUTT

(a pitiful effort to
sound casual, and
dignified)

G'mornin', Miss.

and

Rose straightens up and doesn't even see him, and turns
walks away, CAMERA on her, losing Allnutt.

mug

She sits on the stern bench and gets out bread and one
and a can, and starts opening the can. He does not

exist.

and

After a few seconds, he walks into the SHOT, BACK-TO,
sits down on a right-angle bench, a few feet away from

her.

from

She continues opening the can. He lights a cigarette
the open tin; it is damp and swollen from the night
lights slowly, and tastes poorly, but he tries to make
the best of it.

air,

the

crackling

o.s., the SOUND of hot water joins that of the
fire. Rose gets up with a cloth for the hot handle and
walks up past Allnutt into CLOSE UP and OUT OF SHOT.

walks

the

SOUNDS, o.s., of her getting out the water and shutting
door. Allnutt's eyes follow her, wretchedly, wherever
she goes.

she

place,

She reenters the SHOT, BACK-TO, and returns to her
still ignoring Allnutt, and starts fixing tea for

herself.

CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT -- NEUTRAL ANGLE

He is watching her; the last of his staying-power is dissolving.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE -- (FROM HIS VIEWPOINT)

She is stirring her tea and now she drinks some.

ALLNUTT -- CLOSE SHOT -- (NEUTRAL ANGLE)

and

He is watching her and thorough despair is in his eyes, unconsciously his head begins to shake a little.

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

Now she is eating bread and canned meat.

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

He stops shaking his head and just looks.

ALLNUT
(quietly)
All right, Miss. You win.

CLOSER SHOT -- ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

She meets his eyes, immediately, but says nothing.

ALLNUTT -- (FROM HER ANGLE)

ALLNUT
(accepting utter defeat)
Down the river we go.

He turns to the engine.

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

ROSE
(quietly)
Have some breakfast, Mr. Allnutt.

tears.

He is so moved by this line that he is on the verge of

ROSE
Or, no. Get up steam. Breakfast can wait.

beaten

He reacts with the quiet hopelessness of a slave; one look at her, gets to his feet and walks towards CAMERA and engine, filling SCREEN.

DISSOLVE TO:

IN

SHOOTING FORWARD ALONG PORT SIDE OF BOAT -- (ABOUT NINE

THE MORNING)

of
l.s.
sunlight. A
the

The boat is going along at full speed. Boat fills most
r.s., a downstream vista of the river, and the bank,
The breeze is strong now; two-foot waves; clear
calmly exhilarating NOISE of water and, o.s., strong,
SOUND of the engine.

STRAIGHT ACROSS THE BOAT -- ON ALLNUTT

He is sitting on the starboard bench, back to the sun,
transferring canned meat to bread.

left

The floor of the SHOT is a high stack of firewood. The
wall of the SHOT is the engine.

ROSE
(o.s., calling
something not fully
distinguishable, as)
Which bank is Shona on?

ALLNUT
(shouting; leaning
his ear towards her)
'Ow's that?

ANGLE)

ROSE -- FROM SAME POSITION OF CAMERA -- (DIFFERENT

waves
much
about
Her

She is at the tiller but in spite of cross-bucking the
she now has the casualness of experience. Except for
more difficult steering, she doesn't have to think much
it now. Her hair is done up, but has blown part free.
dress is flecked with the dampness of blowing water.

ROSE
(shouting)
Which bank is Shona on?

ALLNUT
(loudly, o.s.)
Left. On a hill.

ROSE
(shouting)
Good. The sun will be in their eyes.

ALLNUT
(o.s.)
Huh?

ROSE
(louder, gesturing)
The sun. Will be in their eyes.

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

her.
engine
It is becoming more real to him now. He glances towards
He sets his breakfast aside, gets up, and goes past the
into the bow section.

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

Her eyes strain curiously after him.

MEDIUM SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- (IN THE BOW SECTION)

face
He walks in among the boxes of blasting gelatine, his
troubled, and looks down at them.

THE BOXES -- (FROM AN ANGLE OPPOSING THAT OF HIS EYES)

red
They are disposed irregularly in the sunlight; their
lines look sinister.

MEDIUM CLOSE UP SHOT -- ON ALLNUTT

lifts a
box.
as, with face still more troubled, he bends over and

REVERSE ANGLE -- ALLNUTT -- (SIDE TO CAMERA)

along
hull.
stands
turns
badly
drags
ship.
The prow and river beyond him; he is stacking the boxes
the port bow. He has stuck a rug between them and the
Now he stacks the last box and covers it with a rug. He
and looks at the rug a moment, rather helplessly, then
to CAMERA and into MEDIUM SHOT; his face is still more
worried. He glances back towards Rose. He stoops and
the heavy cylinders into the starboard bow, trimming

He walks back towards the engine, mopping his forehead.

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

She is watching him curiously.

ALLNUTT -- (FROM HER ANGLE)

looks
away. He goes towards his bench and breakfast.
as he comes past the engine, he meets her eye, and

ALLNUTT -- MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

resumes as he sits down. He glances towards his gauges and eating. But his appetite is not so good now.

ROSE
(o.s., not quite
distinguishably)
Don't worry, Mr. Allnutt.

ALLNUTT
If a bullet hits them boxes, there'll
be no time to worry.

still Taking his knife to use it eating, he suddenly goes
knife, and wary with a new idea. He glances secretly at the
and secretly towards the engine.

WATER INSERT: A PIECE OF ROTTED RUBBER HOSE, PART OF THE
LINE.

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

imitation His face gets still darker with guile. With a clumsy
the of concern for the engine, he gets up and walks out of
SHOT, the open knife in his hand filling the SCREEN.

TWO SHOT -- PAST ENGINE -- FAVORING ALLNUTT (CLOSE)

with ROSE STANDING IN BACKGROUND. As he pretends to tinker
hose and the engine below SHOT, his eyes flicker towards the
of the knife and think, obviously, of danger and of Rose,
whom he is painfully aware.

desperately It is clear by his eyes and face that he is trying
he to make up his mind to cut the hose; and delays because
him so dreads the consequences with Rose, who is watching
hands. with mild curiosity. The decision is taken out of his

bow. Past him, Rose looks with interest ahead, off the port

ROSE
(shouting and pointing)
Mr. Allnutt!

and
and
face, but

She shifts course sharp to starboard. Allnutt hears her
looks around and sees her pointing, and quickly turns
looks ahead and to port. Great fear comes into his
also some excitement unrelated to fear.

LONG SHOT -- PAST ALLNUTT AND THE ENGINE

disclosed.
flies.

As a curve opens, the walled hill-town of Shona is
Above one building of corrugated iron, a German flag

EXTREME CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT

indecisiveness
the

Besides the fear and excitement in his face,
reaches the point of agony. Past him, the right bank of
river approaches, moving more and more swiftly.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

She is near the bank. She straightens her course.

EXTREME CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT

He glances desperately toward the rubber hosing.

INSERT: RUBBER HOSING.

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

wide
apparently in
pocket.

He glances desperately towards Shona. Shona is swinging
into view. People are seen, including two men
uniform. Allnutt glances desperately towards his knife.
INSERT: He closes the knife and slips it into his

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

turns

His face is committed helplessly to catastrophe. He
his head to call to Rose.

REVERSE ANGLE -- MEDIUM CLOSE -- ALLNUTT

ALLNUTT
(over his shoulder,
as he crouches)
Keep as low as ya can, Miss.

ROSE -- (FROM HIS ANGLE)

still

She nods, and crouches below the benches, her hand

high to steer.

INSERT: THE RUBBER HOSE.

as it bursts; a strong spume of water.

CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT

eyes to SOUND.

CLOSE UP -- ROSE

eyes to SOUND.

INSERT: The WATER GAUGE slowly drops.

ALLNUTT -- ANOTHER CLOSE UP

rubber
as with frantic speed he gets tape and a piece of flat
out of his toolbox.

burst
INSERT: RUBBER HOSE, as Allnutt claps the rubber to the
hose and starts taping; water still escapes abundantly.

CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT -- (FROM ANGLE OF HOSE INSERT)

His desperate face as he works.

INSERT: The PRESSURE GAUGE, sinking.

INSERT: The WATER GAUGE, still lower.

o.s., the engine SOUND slows and fades to a lugubrious
CLANKING, then stops altogether.

rapids.
From here on, very quiet but in all shots on the boat,
steadily LOUDER, a faint RUMBLING ROAR, o.s., the

MEDIUM SHOT -- ROSE

anxious and much interested, but no fear.

ALLNUTT

(o.s.)

Just turn 'er loose, Miss. Let 'er
drift.

Rose looks uncomprehending.

MEDIUM SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- (FROM HER ANGLE)

more.
He is hard at work. There are no pencils of steam any

ALLNUTT

(over shoulder; bawling
desperately in the
silence)

Let 'er drift! All we can do!

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

She nods. She releases the tiller. o.s., the SOUND of a
rifle.

Rose looks towards Shona and towards Allnutt.

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

He is working. Water is still splattering.

ALLNUT

(over shoulder)

'Cross our bows, I reckon. Didn't
'it us any'ow.

He ducks still lower to his work.

LONG SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN

and its occupants, through field glasses, from high
bank.

Even so, they are small, on the far side of the river.

1ST OFFICER

(o.s. in German)

But why didn't they put in?

2ND OFFICER

(o.s. in German)

Probably they're making for the lower
landing.

ACROSS THIS:

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT (NOT THROUGH GLASSES) -- LOWER LANDING

Deep in l.s., the lower landing, which is small.

High in r.s., The African Queen.

MEDIUM SHOT -- 1ST AND 2ND OFFICERS AND SWAHILI TROOPS

German
on hard, bare ground, corrugated iron building, and
flag, and a portion of the town, in b.g.

is a
whites,
teeth
1st Officer is a moderately stupid German. 2nd Officer
moderately intelligent German. The Swahilis, in their
with their elderly Martini rifles, are all eyes and
and excitement -- and eagerness to use their weapons.

1ST OFFICER

(in German)
Fire twice more across their bows.

2nd Officer raises rifle, with telescopic sight.

SIGHT) LONG SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN -- (THROUGH CROSS-HAIRED

raked from stern to stem.

2ND OFFICER
(o.s. in German)
She is adrift.

1ST OFFICER
(o.s. in German)
Fire.

SHOT The shot moves ahead of the boat. A little kick in the
the as the rifle fires; SOUND o. s. The boat advances into
SHOT.

1ST OFFICER
(o.s. in German)
Again.

o. The shot again leads the boat safely. Some kick, SOUND
s., and advance of boat as before.

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE OFFICERS AND THE NATIVES

1ST OFFICER
(in German)
She's not turning.

LONG SHOT -- THE BOAT

is opposite the lower landing, still at far shore.

2ND OFFICER
(o.s. in German)
She can't. She is adrift.

OFFICERS AND MEN -- (AS BEFORE)

1st OFFICER She could anchor.

2nd Officer has no answer for that.

1ST OFFICER
(quietly, to Swahili
corporal, in Swahili)
Order your men to fire.

and The corporal clicks heels and salutes with enthusiasm,
about face, to his men.

CORPORAL
(happily and bossily,
in Swahili or in
Swahili-esque German)

Fire!

forward The boys are all eagerness and delight. They hurry
into:

A TRUCKED FRIEZE OF MEDIUM CLOSE UPS

others Some fall prone to fire as they have been trained;
stand; several squat where they take aim. It is clear
by their handling of their weapons that they are all
farcically lousy shots.

A SHOT ALONG THEIR RAGGED LINE --

some prone, some standing.

CORPORAL
(with a sweeping
gesture)

Fire!

angles. They fire a ragged volley, rifles at all sorts of

MEDIUM SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- (PAST ROSE)

faster, Allnutt is still hard at work. The boat is moving
the near the bank. There is a peculiar multiple NOISE in
SOUND air, like bees in a violent hurry, accompanied by the
of tearing paper.

ALLNUTT
(crouching still lower
at his work)

They got us!

ROSE -- (FROM HIS ANGLE)

REPORTS OF curious about the sound. Now comes the straggling
RIFLES; a volley echoing back from cliff to cliff.

INSERT: Allnutt completes his taping.

ALLNUTT -- (FROM ROSE'S ANGLE)

stepping away.

ROSE
(o.s.)

Finished?

ALLNUT

Yes -- if we can get up steam in time, an' the boiler'll stand that much cold water, an' the mend holds.

He puts on a lot of wood, and he gets the pump going, cautiously. There is a dangerous straining and

CRACKLING

SOUND from the boiler as the cold water rushes in.

Across

it, there is another BUZZING of bullets. Some speckle

the

water; some hit the heightening rock cliff above and

past

the boat; the reports arrive and ECHO.

ALLNUT

(continuing; he has been cringing and mute during the buzzing; he speaks across the reports)

If only we don't drift into the back eddy.

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

She nods. She is watching anxiously, helplessly.

ALONG STARBOARD -- (SHOOTING FORWARD FROM HER ANGLE)

back-eddy,

The fast current in which they drift, and the slow

CENTER

and their dividing line, are visible. SWING SHOT to

SOUND

along axis of boat and on Allnutt. o.s., there is the

to

of a much faster bullet, and suddenly, causing Allnutt

harp.

leap like a stricken faun, the whole boat RINGS like a

INSERT -- THE WIRE FUNNEL-STAY

hangs

on portside has parted, close above the gunwale. It

loose by the funnel.

ALLNUTT -- MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

into

noting and reacting. He turns to Rose, CAMERA SWINGING

particularly

TWO SHOT. She has noticed it too, but is not

glance up

frightened. o.s., there is a METALLIC SMACK. They

sharply.

DETAIL SHOT -- (FROM ALLNUTT'S ANGLE) -- A HOLE

high in the funnel.

DETAIL SHOT -- (FROM ROSE'S ANGLE) -- ANOTHER HOLE
on the far side of the funnel.

INSERT: WATER GAUGE, rising.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT
checking gauges, working hard.

INSERT: PRESSURE GAUGE, rising.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT
crouching. He adjusts pump to let more water in. The
straining
SOUNDS intensify. He opens the furnace door.

LONG SHOT -- THE BOAT (THROUGH TELESCOPIC SIGHT)
o.s., the rifle FIRES; the shot kicks.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE
door
as a bullet WHINES past overhead. o.s., the furnace
CLANKS SHUT and there is an increased SOUND of fire.
She
looks reprimandingly towards the bank. We can scarcely
see
the figures of the officers and men. The rifle REPORT
comes
through.

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE OFFICERS AND MEN
Officer,
The men are sheepish and downcast in b.g. The 1st
who fired, lowers his rifle. The 2nd Officer has field
shrugs.
glasses. They look at each other. The 1st Officer

1ST OFFICER
(in German)
Give it to me.

He takes the rifle and takes careful aim.

LONG SHOT -- THE BOAT -- (THROUGH THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT)
trying to
He is leading Allnutt just a trifle, and leisurely
crosses
perfect his aim. While he takes his time, the boat
German
the path of the full glare of the sun. He mutters some
expletive under his breath, and FIRES into blind glare.

DETAIL SHOT -- GELATINE BOXES

A corner of one of the gelatine boxes flies apart in splinters.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- THE TWO OFFICERS

glare,
as the 1st Officer lowers the rifle, his eye hurt by
he hands it back to the other.

1ST OFFICER

(in German)

Fire at random.

CORPORAL

Everybody shoot.

natives
Everybody happily starts shooting at random. The
love it.

ALLNUTT --
narrows,
FULL SHOT -- ALONG THE FULL LENGTH OF THE BOAT -- ON
PAST ROSE Ahead, the escarpment looms, the right bank
a deep shadow between them. The ROAR is by now almost
deafening.

ALLNUTT

(shouting as loud as
he can)

Man the tiller now -- we'll try.

- the
She doesn't understand; she does nothing. He gestures -
manipulation of a tiller. Rose takes it.

three
and
deep,
and
The SINGING of the bullets is all but inaudible, but
hit the boat. Allnutt starts the engine. It stammers
gulps and dies. The boat swings with great speed into
cool shadow as he tries again. It stammers and catches,
dies.

SHOT PAST ALLNUTT -- AND THE PROW

within a
The water is terribly swift, but not yet stony; but
hundred yards ahead there is a terrific cataract.

EXTREME CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT -- (PAST HIM, ROSE)

too
image of
There is terrific tension in his face, but he is much
busy to be frightened. Rose's face is a sharpening

her face among the easier rapids. Now that they have
come within close, high stone banks, the ROAR is prodigious.
Allnutt, below SCENE, is working on the engine.
THE CATARACT -- (FROM HIS ANGLE)
twice as near.
ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)
The engine catches and rises, just AUDIBLE ABOVE the
ROAR OF WATER.
CATARACT -- (FROM ALLNUTT'S ANGLE)
They swallow ten of the last twenty yards before the
cataract.
CLOSE UP -- ROSE
standing, looking intently ahead, hand firm on tiller.
THE BOAT -- (FROM ALLNUTT'S ANGLE)
as it enters upon the cataract.
CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT
as he drops onto his bench next the engine.
ALLNUTT
Our Father Who art in Heaven...
The African Queen bucks like a bronco. The air is full
of spray and of the ROAR of rushing water. Allnutt serves
the engine with panic in his soul. Out of the tail of his
eye, he glimpses rocks flashing past.
CLOSE UP -- ROSE
She rides the mad tide like a Valkyrie, weaving a safe
course through the clustering dangers.
There comes a place where the river widens and the
sweep of the current takes The African Queen over to the
opposite bank, as if she were no more than a chip of wood. Rose
tugs at the tiller with all her strength. The bows come
around. It looks for a space as if the stern would be flung
against the rocks. The boat just manages to hold her way.

into
with
when the
out a
in

Then a backwash catches her, flinging her out again
midstream, so that Rose has to force the tiller across
lightning swiftness. Hardly are they straight again
banks close in upon them and Rose must instantly pick
fresh course, through the rocks that stud the surface
flurries of white foam.

FULL SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN

faces

plunging down a narrow ribbon of water between vertical
of rock.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

drowned

as he waves at the engine and shouts something that is
out by the ROAR of the waters.

CLOSE UP -- ROSE

can't

She shakes her head and her lips form the words: "I
hear."

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

CLOSE UP

gesticulating frantically. He moves forward into a
and shouts:

ALLNUTT
(shouting)
Need fuel! We got to get fuel!

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

She nods, to show her understanding of their plight.

FULL SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN

center, and
green
as
slope,
the

There is a natural dam ahead, only broken in the
there the water piles up and tumbles over in a vast
hump. The launch puts her nose and heaves up her stern
she hits the piled-up water; then she shoots down the
landing with a crash on the high green waves beneath
waterfall.

ROSE)

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN -- (SHOOTING PAST

the
being
Queen is
torrent
possible

Green water comes boiling over the port deck and into
boat. Allnutt must hold onto the engine to keep from
swept off his feet. It seems as though The African
doomed to put her nose deeper and deeper into the
until she will submerge entirely -- but at the last
moment she shakes herself loose and comes clear.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

as she throws her weight on the tiller

ROSE
(shouting)
Stop the engine!

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

as he obeys dazedly.

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN

momentum
water
natural
Allnutt

The maneuver was nicely calculated; the launch's
carries her through the edge of the eddy into the slack
under the lip of the dam. She comes up against this
pier with hardly a bump, and instantly a trembling
is fastening painters to rocks.

ALLNUTT
Whew!!!

FULL SHOT -- ROSE

knees,
stomach
satisfaction.

as she starts to rise, but finding herself weak in the
sits back momentarily. Despite an empty feeling in her
and a pounding heart, she wears a smile of

of the
on
shimmering
over
dancing
rather a

She looks around. They are moored in what must be one
loveliest corners of Africa. There are numerous shelves
the high banks bearing flowering plants which trail
wreaths down over the rocks. A beam of sunlight reaches
the edge of the gorge and turns its spray into a
shadow. The NOISE of the fall is not deafening, but

the pleasant musical accompaniment to the joyful SINGING of
river.

ROSE

How lovely!

her Allnut enters the SHOT from BEHIND CAMERA. She turns
hanging smile on briefly. then raises her eyes again to the
gardens above.

ROSE

(continuing)

Lovely, isn't it.

ALLNUT

(following her gaze)

It is at that.

(he laughs suddenly)

We sure pulled it off, didn't we,
Miss? Sucked the Germans in proper.
They were so surprised to see the
ole African Queen -- they didn't
think of shootin' at us till we were
almost past. They didn't believe
anybody'd try to get down these
gorges. Didn't believe nobody could.
Well, we showed 'em, didn't we?

(Rose nods)

Not that I'd like to do it every day
of the week. We took on enough water
to sink anything else that floats.
He reaches for the pump and goes to
work.

ROSE

(coming out of her
reverie)

Here -- let me do that.

ALLNUT

(protesting)

Oh, no, Miss.

ROSE

Please let me.

ALLNUT

All right -- but don't wear yourself
out... I'll pick up some wood.

while Rose applies herself to the pump. It takes her a little
so to get into the right rhythm, and when she does, even
small a thing as this brings a thrill of achievement.

ROSE

I hardly know what happened after

Shona. Everything's a jumble. I have no idea how far we've come or whether it's morning or afternoon or --

MEDIUM SHOT -- ALLNUTT AND ROSE

as Allnutt gathers wood on the bank.

ALLNUTT
I guess you were too busy, Miss, to pay attention to anything but what you were doing.

ROSE
(hesitantly)
Did I -- do all right?

ALLNUTT
(with deep feeling)
Better'n all right, Miss...

CLOSE UP -- ROSE

Her face flushes with pride.

PAN SHOT -- ALLNUTT

wood.
engine,
as he goes back onto the boat carrying an armload of
He is limping a little. He lets the wood fall by the
then sits down and begins to unlace his canvas shoe.

ALLNUTT
Picked up a thorn on the bank, I guess. Went right through the rubber sole.

ROSE
Let me.

slender,
place of
while
On her knees, she slips the shoe off; she takes his rather appealing foot into her hands. She finds the entry of the thorn and presses it with her finger-tips
Allnutt twitches and jumps with absurd ticklishness.

ROSE
No, there's nothing there now.

She lets his foot go.

ALLNUTT
Thank you, Miss.

while
He lingers on the bench, gazing up at the flowers,
Rose lingers on her knees at his feet.

ALLNUT
(a certain awe in his
tone)
It is pretty at that.

appealing,
wonderingly
pet
Rose looks up at his face. There is something
almost childlike about the little man as he looks
around. Her expression grows tender; she would like to
pet him. He looks down at her. She averts her eyes.

ALLNUT
It reminds me -- that waterfall does --
of --

his
put
in
Allnutt never tells what it reminds him of. He puts out
hand toward Rose. She catches it -- to hold it, not to
it away. Allnutt comes down to his knees and they are
each other's arms.

FADE

OUT:

FADE IN:

LONG SHOT -- AFRICAN QUEEN -- (EARLY MORNING)

Vapors
of
Presently
as a few slanting rays of the sun strike her funnel.
still cling to the surface of the river. Over the SOUND
the waterfall, comes the tuneful SINGING of a bird.
Rose's figure is revealed moving about.

MEDIUM SHOT -- ROSE

toward
the
she
to his
as she pours tea into two cups, and moves with them
the stern, CAMERA PANNING WITH HER as she crosses to
sleeping Allnutt. CAMERA MOVES into CLOSE TWO SHOT as
she kneels beside Allnutt and puts one tea-cup down close
outstretched hand.

ROSE
(softly)
Mr. Allnutt. I mean -- dear.

ALLNUT
(opening his eyes)
Well now -- blimey! This is more
like it.

Breakfast in bed.

ROSE
Two spoonfuls of sugar is right,
isn't it?

ALLNUT
(nods)
Fancy your building the fire and all --
while I slept.

a
puts
Rose regards him tenderly for a long moment; then, with
birdlike movement, she kisses him on the cheek. Allnutt
his arms around her.

ROSE
Dear -- there's something I simply
must know.

ALLNUT
What's that?

ROSE
(after a blushing
interval)
What's your first name?

ALLNUT
Charlie.

ROSE
(to herself like a
schoolgirl)
Charlie... Charlie... Charlie...

ALLNUT
Give us another kiss.

ROSE
(her arms around him,
kissing him)
Charlie! Charlie dear...

his
tea.
They hold each other for a while. Then she slips out of
arms, hands him his cup and they begin stirring their
Rose looks at the beauty all around them.

ROSE
(her eyes suddenly
wet)
This must be one of the loveliest
places in all Africa.

ALLNUT
I've been around a bit and I must
say I never seen no place to compare
with it in the whole world. Kinda

hate to leave it.
(hastily, as though
he fears being
misunderstood)
Not that I ain't all for goin' on,
Y'unnerstand.

(she gives his hand a
squeeze)

Do you spose that last big cataract
coulda been Ulanga Falls? As I
remember the map, it was just a little
way down from Shona. And if it was
Ulanga, there ain't no more big
cataracts between us an' the lake.

ROSE

How much farther is the lake, Charlie?

ALLNUT

Oh -- 'bout two 'undred miles.

manner and
They are quiet a moment. Abruptly, Rose gets final, and
energetic -- swallows the last of her tea in that
stands up, a touching blend of spinsterish edginess and
blossoming female softness.

ROSE

Well, I suppose it's time we were on
our way.

FULL SHOT -- DECK OF BOAT

forward
but
and
way.
Rose takes her place at the tiller and Allnut goes
in unquestioning obedience. He is boss of the family,
she is boss of the boat and the voyage. He casts off,
starts up the engine. Again The African Queen is under

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

with
Allnut
at the tiller. She looks back, drinking in the place
her eyes. She wants never to forget a single detail.
enters the SCENE -- puts his arm around her, and stands
looking back at the loveliest place in the world.

MEDIUM SHOT -- AFT -- PAST THEM

SOUND of
We see the waterfall and the flowers withdraw. The
the waterfall still dominates -- a SOUND of serene,
inexhaustible vitality like that of their bloodstream.

ALLNUT

(in a broken voice)
Give us another kiss, old girl.

They kiss, as the boat is swept into motion.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN

launch
swift-
the

The river is smooth, swift and fairly straight. The
passes some hippos bathing in the shallows. The deep,
running channel carries her to within a few yards of
great beasts.

hippos
which
it is
too,
his
laughter,
peals

Allnutt and Rose shout at them and wave their arms. The
squeal like pigs. Allnutt imitates the SOUND, a feat
Rose finds to be funny beyond words. She laughs until
painful and she has to hold her side. Allnutt laughs
between squeals, hugely delighted with the success of
imitation. Just as Rose is about able to control her
he squeals once again, which sends her off into fresh
of mirth.

ROSE

Stop, Charlie -- stop it!

again.
to
SOUND

Their laughter begins to die down, then starts up
Finally comes a moment of silence while they struggle
regain breath, and during that moment Allnutt hears a
which is not at all funny.

ALLNUTT

Rosie, listen... You 'ear wot I 'ear?

OVER the SOUND of the engine, comes a distant ROAR.

ALLNUTT

I guess that wasn't Ulanga Falls,
after all.

ROSE

(soberly)

I guess not.

wood in,

Allnutt applies himself to the boiler, putting more
adjusting the draft.

the
among
The speed of the river increases, as does the DIN of
approaching cataract. The African Queen begins to heave
the first waves of the race.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

the
staring forward as she braces herself once more to hold
tiller steady.

LONG SHOT -- THE RIVER AHEAD -- (FROM ROSE'S VIEW)

as the waterfall comes into view, Allnutt in f.g.

He throws her a swift, backward look.

CLOSE UP -- ROSE

scared, but game.

ROSE

(calls)

Goodbye, Charlie.

CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT

shouting an answer; his voice is lost in the UPROAR.

FULL SHOT (MOVING) -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN

the
crash
with
funnel,
as she rears up and hangs for a moment at the crest of
waterfall. Then she shoots forward and down, finally to
in a tangle of currents below the waterfall. She shakes
the impact. Water flies back, high over the top of the
then she surges on.

pieces.
There is a TEARING SOUND beneath, followed by a horrid
vibration which seems as if it will shake the boat to

CLOSE UP -- ROSE

ROSE

(screams)

Keep her going, Charlie!

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

increases.
opening the throttle. The devastating vibration

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

something
as she fights to keep the boat in mid-current, but

is wrong with the steering.

ROSE
(screams)
Charlie!

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

He points toward the bank where a big rock juts out
into the river.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

fighting the tiller. The boat swings around crabwise
toward the rock, and it looks for a moment as though the stern
will surely crash into it. Rose keeps the tiller hard over.
Sure enough, The African Queen comes all the way about, her
bows to the shore, grounded; but the maneuver is not
completely successful. Instantly she heels and rolls. A mass of
water comes boiling in over the gunwale. The boiler fire is
extinguished and a wild flurry of steam pours out.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

Grabbing a painter, he leaps like an athlete into the
whirling eddy, gets his shoulder under the bows and heaves.

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE BOAT

The bows slide off and the boat rights herself,
wallowing, three-quarters full of water. Instantly the current
pulls her downstream.

CAMERA PANS as Allnutt leaps up the face of the rock,
clutching the painter. He gives it a turn around an
angle of the rock and braces himself. His shoulder-joints crack
as the rope tightens, but slowly the boat swings in to
shore. Five seconds later, she is safe, and Allnutt is making
painter after painter fast to the shore.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

standing on the bench in the stern, the water slopping
at her feet. She manages a smile at Allnutt. She feels a
little sick and faint now that it is all over.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

He sits down on a rock and grins back at her.

ALLNUT

We nearly done it that time, didn't
we, Rosie.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

fact.
as she sits on the gunwale. She doesn't wish to let her
weakness be seen. She forces herself to be matter of

ROSE

I wonder how much we've lost.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

ALLNUT

Let's get this water out and see.

and
He swings himself aboard, splashes down to the waist
fishes about for the pails.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

though
her
as she tucks her skirt up into her underclothes as
she were a little girl at the seaside. CAMERA PANS with
to Allnutt. She takes a pail and the two of them go to
bailing, and conversation ceases with the effort.

DISSOLVE TO:

ROSE'S
MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- (SHOOTING DOWN OVER
SHOULDER)

and
He has gotten up a couple of floor boards in the waist,
is down on his knees inspecting the planking.

ALLNUT

It's better than we coulda hoped
for. We 'aven't lost nothin', far as
I can see. 'Aven't damaged 'er skin
worth mentionin'. I shoulda thought
there'd been an 'ole in 'er
somewheres, after wot she's been
through.

ROSE

What was all that clattering just
before we stopped?

ALLNUT

We still got to find that out, old girl.

ROSE

How are we going to do that, dear?

ALLNUT

I'll 'ave to go underneath and 'ave a look.

drawers
tying up
end

He is out of his shirt and trousers in a jiffy. His are the old-fashioned kind reaching to the knee and with a string behind. He picks up a rope and ties one around his middle and gives the other end to Rose.

ALLNUT

There ain't no other way. You stay 'andy with that rope -- case there's a fancy current down at the bottom... 'Ere goes!

a

And over the side he goes. His feet remain in view for moment; then, kicking, they disappear.

bubbles.

UNDERWATER SHOT -- THE PROPELLER SHAFT OF THE LAUNCH
Allnutt swims into the picture, giving forth with bubbles.
He inspects the shaft.

Allnutt's

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE
leaning far over the stern, trying to glimpse what is happening beneath The African Queen. Presently, Allnutt's head breaks the surface of the water.

ROSE

(hovering anxiously
over him)

Could you see anything, dear?

ALLNUT

Yes.

MEDIUM SHOT -- ALLNUTT AND ROSE

bench.
breath.

With her help, he climbs back aboard, sits down on the bench. Rose sits beside him and waits for him to regain his breath. She puts out her dry hand and clasps his wet one.

ALLNUT

(dully)

Shaft's bent to blazes like a corkscrew, and there's a blade gone

off the prop.

ROSE

We'll have to mend it, then.

ALLNUT

Mend it!

(he laughs bitterly)

Not likely.

ROSE

Why is that, dear?

(he doesn't answer)

What shall we have to do before we go on?

ALLNUT

I'll tell ya.

(savage despondency
in his tone)

I'll tell ya what we could do if we was sittin' in the landin' slip at Limbasi. We could pull this old tub out an' take the shaft down an' 'aul it over to the workshop where they'd forge it straight again. An' then we could write to the makers and get a new prop. They might 'ave one in stock 'cause this boat ain't over thirty years old. An' while we was waitin' we might clean 'er bottom an' paint 'er. Then we could put in the shaft an' the new prop an' launch 'er an' go on as if nothin' 'ad 'appened. -- But this ain't Limbasi, an' so we can't.

ROSE

(after a pause)

Can't you get the shaft out without pulling the boat on shore?

ALLNUT

I dunno. I might. Means workin' underwater. Could do it perhaps.

ROSE

Well, if you were able to get the shaft up on shore, could you straighten it?

ALLNUT

Ain't got no hearth. Ain't got no anvil. Ain't got no coal. Ain't got nothin'. An' furthermore, I ain't no blacksmith.

ROSE

(tapping her memory)

I saw a Masai native working once. Using charcoal... on a big hollow

stone. He had a boy to fan the charcoal.

ALLNUT

Yes, I've seen that, too! But I'd use a bellows, myself -- make them easy enough.

ROSE

Well, if you think that would be better.

ALLNUT

(the engineer in him taking over)

There's 'eaps an' 'eaps of driftwood up on the bank.

ROSE

Why don't you try it?

ALLNUT

(suddenly shying)

No. It ain't no use, Rosie, old girl. I was forgettin' that prop. There's a blade gone.

ROSE

Can't we go on the blades that are left?

ALLNUT

There's a torque. Prop wouldn't be balanced. Wouldn't take five minutes for the shaft to be like a corkscrew again.

ROSE

We'll have to make another blade. There's lots of iron and stuff you could use.

ALLNUT

(ironically)

And tie it on, I suppose.

ROSE

(missing his irony)

Yes, if you think that will do. But wouldn't it be better to -- weld it? That's the right word, isn't it? Weld it on?

ALLNUT

You're a one, Rosie. Really you are.
(laughs)

ROSE

Isn't weld the right word, dear? You know what I mean even if it isn't, don't you?

ALLNUT

Oh, it's the right word, all right.

laugh is
not, she

He laughs again. At first, Rose is afraid that his
caused by desperation, but when she sees that it is
laughs with him.

people

Directly they are in each other's arms, kissing as two
might be expected to kiss on the second day of their
honeymoon.

DISSOLVE TO:

UNDERWATER SHOT -- ALLNUTT

on
system
bracket
itself
down,

working on the shaft. Now and then he bangs his hammer
the hull of the boat. Apparently he and Rose have a
of signals. Just as he succeeds in loosening the
supporting the shaft, a whim of the river expresses
in a fierce underwater swirl. Allnutt is turned upside
but he holds onto the bracket like grim death.

ROSE -- IN THE STERN

drops

pulling in on the rope. Allnutt comes to the surface,
the bracket into the boat.

ALLNUT

(gasping)

Swallowed about half the river that
time.

ROSE

You were down there an awfully long
time. I got scared.

ALLNUT

Shaft is ready to come out now. It'll
be too heavy for me to swim up with.
I'll 'ave to walk with it in to
shore... Well, 'ere goes -- for the
last time, I 'ope.

ROSE

Charlie.

ALLNUT

Huh?

ROSE

Let me help you.

ALLNUT

'Ow do you mean?

She begins to peel off her clothes.

ALLNUT

Wot d'you think you're goin' to do?

ROSE

Go down with you.

ALLNUT

An' get drownded? You don't know wot it's like, Rosie. Them currents is just fierce.

(he shakes his head)

Wot'll you be thinkin' of next!

(he takes two deep breaths)

Well, 'ere goes.

(After a third and deeper breath, he is gone.)

CLOSE SHOT -- UNDERWATER -- THE SHAFT

the
current
fall
handle.

Allnutt swims into view, slides the shaft out through bearings and begins to carry it toward shore. The catches him. He loses his footing, regains it, only to again. The heavy shaft is too much for one man to

swims
other, and

He is struggling vainly with it when into the SCENE Rose. She takes one end of the shaft, Allnutt the together they walk under water toward shore

LAP

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT -- MAKESHIFT FORGE -- NIGHT

patiently.
string,
pleased

Rose is working the bellows while Allnutt hammers Presently he lays aside the hammer and, using a taut judges the straightness of the shaft. Apparently he is with his work, for he grins at Rose and nods briefly.

ALLNUT

If my old dad 'ad put me to blacksmithin' when I was a kid, I don't think I should never 'ave come to Africa. I might've --

(a faraway look comes into his eyes; he is thinking about Charing Cross on a Saturday night; finally he shakes himself)
-- But then I shouldn't never 'ave met you, Rosie old girl.
(he goes back to hammering)
I wouldn't trade you for all the fried fish shops in the world.

ROSE
(protesting this accolade)
Oh, Charlie!

moves He slips a ring of wire over the end of the shaft and it up and down its length, testing the diameter.

ALLNUT
(finally)
Well, I guess it's just about as good as I can get it -- And it didn't take so long a time, neither.

ROSE
Only a week.

ALLNUT
The blade's a different proposition.
I'll 'ave to make it.

DISSOLVE TO:

LAP

INSERT: THE NEW PROPELLER BLADE (DAY SHOT)
held in place on stone anvil with a pair of pliers; it is beginning to take shape under blows of Allnutt's hammer. The pliers carry it over the other two blades, which are its models, and turn it this way and that for purposes of comparison.

DISSOLVE TO:

UNDERWATER SHOT -- ALLNUTT AND ROSE
getting the shaft, with its new propeller, back into position.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT -- THE PROPELLER (UNDER WATER)

Allnutt
Rose,

turning. SOUND of the engine, o.s. CAMERA TILTS UP.
is leaning over the stern, watching. In the b.g. stands
with her hand on the throttle.

ALLNUTT

It turns right enough. But that don't
prove nothin' much. Will it stand up
under a full head of steam, that's
the question. We'll get our answer
out there -- and Lord 'elp us if it
ain't the right one.

ROSE

Let's find out right now.

ALLNUTT

Why not?

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

casts
current, he

Rose comes back and takes the tiller in hand. Allnutt
off the moorings. As the bows come out into the
gently opens the throttle.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

ALLNUTT

Goodbye, darling.

He bends over the engine.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

ROSE

Goodbye, darling.

meant

Neither she nor Allnutt hears the other; neither is
to; there is a high courage in them both.

FULL SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN

stream. She
puts
stream

CAMERA PANS with boat as she surges out into the
spins around as her bows come into the river, and Rose
the tiller across. Next moment she is flying down the
once more.

FADE

OUT:

FADE IN:

EXTERIOR -- THE RIVER -- LONG SHOT

and
sequence.
her.
on
passed.

In the foreground, a spray of jungle foliage in sharp
exotic contrast to the upland pines of the last
The African Queen comes into view, and CAMERA PANS with
A flock of ibis in the path of The African Queen rise
great snowy wings, only to settle again when she has

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT AND ROSE

looking about them.

ALLNUT

Well, we done it, old girl. We got
down the rapids all right. I didn't
think it could be done. If it 'adn't
been for you, sweetheart, we shouldn't
be 'ere now. Don't you feel proud of
yourself, dear?

ROSE

(indignantly)

No, of course not. Look at the way
you made the engine go. Look how you
mended the propeller. It wasn't me
at all.

(with even greater
emphasis)

I don't think there's another man
alive who could have done it.

ALLNUT

(wryly)

I don't think anyone's likely to
try.

LONG SHOT (MOVING) -- A TURN IN THE RIVER

is
islands
Her waters widen and a dreary, marshy, amphibious world
revealed; tree trunks and little creeper-entangled
take the place of the foaming rocks of the upper river.

MEDIUM SHOT -- ALLNUTT AND ROSE

ALLNUT

Looks like this old river got tired
of all that runnin' an' jumpin' she
did an' decided to lay down an' rest
for a while... 'Ow about our doin'
the same, Rosie -- seein' as 'ow the
sun's goin' down.

shore.
Rose nods. She edges The African Queen in towards the

tree
of
Allnutt
The

Allnutt gets his boat hook into the stump of a large
which, still half alive, grows precariously on the edge
the water with half its roots exposed.

Rose goes to the boiler and starts making tea, while
gets a line around a root. There is hardly any current.
light is fading.

ALLNUTT

It must be right 'bout 'ere the river
changes her nyme from Ulanga to Bora.
(he slaps at a mosquito)
Not that it matters. Nobody lives
between 'ere and the lake. Unless
you call monkeys people.

He slaps again. There is the high frequency SOUND of
mosquitoes which fill the air.

ROSE

(slapping)
How much farther do you think it is
to the lake?

ALLNUTT

Oh -- not so many miles, but --

swift

He slaps his arms and legs, get up and stands and makes
passes in the air, as though shadow-boxing.

ROSE

(slapping)
But what, Charlie?

ALLNUTT

(a note of hysteria
in his voice)
I got a feelin' that before long
we'll wish we was shootin' the rapids
again... Ow!... Ow!

DISSOLVE:

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

homes in
flesh and
through
smallest
are

It is nightfall and the mosquitoes have left their
the mud, under leaves, on stalks of reeds, to hunt
blood. They close in on Rose and Allnutt; they bite
clothes -- they crawl under clothes; some of the
creep into nostrils and under eyelids. Rose and Allnutt
are

experience.

used to ordinary attacks, but this is beyond all
They slap ever more wildly; they begin to show panic.

ROSE

Oh!

ALLNUT

This is awful!

ROSE

(pulling at her dress)

I'm going in! I'm going to get under
the water!

ALLNUT

Yes! That's it!

something

But looking past Rose toward the river, he sees
that makes him grab her wrist.

ALLNUT

No!

ROSE

But I'm being eaten alive!

ALLNUT

(pointing)

Look.

MEDIUM SHOT -- LARGE CROCODILE

on the bank.

ALLNUT

(o.s.)

What'd you say 'bout bein' eaten
alive?

water

And now we see that it is not one crocodile but several
submerged and partially submerged. Two slide into the
from the bank.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

go

After their first start at the sight of the crocs, they

for

back to fighting the cloud of mosquitoes that, hungry
blood, fill the air with their WHINING.

ROSE

Get me out of here, Charlie! I'm
going mad!

MEDIUM SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

Allnutt runs to the engine, tries to start it.

ALLNUT

Ain't no steam. Can't start engine.

ROSE

(wails)

I can't stand it, Charlie!

ALLNUT

'Ere! Lay down! Get under the canvas there! I'll get us out into the channel.

begins
slowly
out

She obeys. Allnutt casts off, and seizing a deckboard to paddle. The space between the launch and the bank widens till at last they are in the channel. Rose peeps from under the canvas.

ALLNUT

Right, Rosie. We got away from 'em. You can come out.

ROSE

(crawling out)

I'm ashamed, Charlie, acting like that -- but I couldn't help it. I was going mad.

ALLNUT

Me, too.

ROSE

You're so bitten!

innumerable

Even in the faded light, his face and body show bumps.

ALLNUT

The bites themselves ain't so bad; it's 'avin' them all round you. I've 'eard of them sendin' buffaloes an' native cattle stark starin' mad -- an' they run an' run till they fall dead.

ROSE

(after a pause)

What are we going to do, Charlie?

ALLNUT

Now you're asking!

ROSE

Will they be like that wherever we tie up?

ALLNUT

Can't say.

ROSE

We can't just drift all night.

ALLNUT

If the river keeps straight an' deep
an' slow, there ain't nothin' much
can 'urt us -- I know! I'll let the
anchor out a ways. She'll stop us
before trouble gets too near.

Rose He lets the anchor chain out, then sits on the bench.
leans against him. He puts his arm around her.

ALLNUT

(after a long silence)

What a time, Rosie -- what a time!
We'll never lack for stories to tell
our grandchildren -- if we live to
'ave any.

any The launch seems to be floating in space, solitary as
twinkle one of the stars that are now beginning to shine and
overhead.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. DELTA -- DAWN

the way The river ends in a five-mile-wide pool, fringed all
can round with reeds. These reeds extend as far as the eye
see.

edge, The boat comes down into the pool, nosing along the
she looking for an opening. Allnutt and Rose are talking as
steers and he feeds the furnace.

ALLNUT

Look -- maybe that's a channel.
(it isn't)
No.

Plunging A herd of hippopotami suddenly surface and scatter.
Behind through water, mud and reeds just ahead of the boat.
them is left a faint indication of a channel.

ROSE

What about there?
(pointing)
That looks like a way through.

ANOTHER ANGLE

showing a very doubtful passage into the reed bed.

ALLNUT

Could be.

(worried)

I dunno.

(pause)

Once we get in, an' these 'ere reeds close up be'ind our stern -- we'd never get back, you know, Rosie.

ROSE

We can't stay going round and round out here.

ALLNUT

If anything goes wrong a few 'undred feet in there, we're 'eld in a trap, you know -- till we starve or go orf our 'eads. I dunno!

(loudly. decisively)

All right. Put 'er over.

little

Rose swings the tiller and the boat charges at the opening in the reeds.

FULL SHOT -- REEDS

opening.

looking from outside. We see the boat nose into the In front of her the reeds part. Others are pressed under water. But as soon as her full length is inside, the reeds rise she has parted or submerged close together again, or slowly from under water. As they close, they form an increasingly solid barrier behind her wide stern. Very soon for the top of her tall funnel, which moves more and more slowly as she goes on into the reed bed.

EXT. REED BED

of

seen from a few feet above. A view of the endless miles of papyrus reed. At one place we see the top of the funnel of The African Queen.

of

EXT. -- THE LAUNCH

the engine choking and gasping, shaking the launch.

CAMERA

PANS DOWN TO:

CLOSE -- BOW OF LAUNCH

reeds,
--
pushing ineffectually against the knotted roots of the
which have piled up under it. There is almost no water
just the tangled roots and an inch of liquid mud.

MEDIUM SHOT -- ALLNUTT

He is
voice
desperately
shutting off steam. The corners of his mouth tighten.
badly frightened. He tries to keep the fear out of his
as he tells Rose; but we can see that Rose is
scared too.

ALLNUTT

It's the propeller, I think. It won't
work in this mud.

Allnutt looks down over stern. He gets up.

ALLNUTT

Where's the boat-'ook?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Allnutt finding boat hook and moving forward.

ALLNUTT

Maybe we can pull 'er along.

MEDIUM SHOT -- BOWS OF LAUNCH

into
the
Allnutt reaching forward with boat hook, hooking it
strong clumps of reeds, pulling desperately. The clumps
resist; it seems as if the boat is about to move. Then
clumps give way.

MEDIUM SHOT -- ROSE

amidships, watching Allnutt.

ROSE

Here! Wait a minute!

begins
Allnutt
Rose
She finds a long pole or plank, chooses a good spot and
to push. After a couple of ineffectual attempts,
hooks an especially strong clump at the same time as
finds a solid spot against which to push.

breaking
forward a

The boat heaves and shakes, and, with a final heart-
effort on the part of Rose and Allnutt, it moves
couple of feet.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

gasping for breath, hope flickering up again.

ALLNUT

Come on -- again!

TO

As they resume their efforts, CAMERA DRAWS BACK, RISING

FULL SHOT -- REED BED

from twenty feet above. We see the funnel of the launch
inching slowly and painfully through the reeds.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN

boat

in the reeds. Rose and Allnutt are poling with their
hooks. Even through the masks of mud they are wearing,
we
can see that they are both terribly haggard and

exhausted.

ALLNUT

We've come along under steam, and we
paddled an' pushed 'an' pulled the
ole boat along with the 'ook. Wot we
ain't done yet is get out an' carry
'er. I spose that'll come next.

ROSE

Hard to breathe! -- the air is so
wet and heavy.

ALLNUT

Can't 'ardly tell water from land --
or for that matter, day from night.

ROSE

The whole thing is like a fever dream,
isn't it?

ALLNUT

All the channels we've lost -- an'
the twistin' we've done -- we may
come back out where we started -- if
we come out at all.

ROSE

We've always followed the current,
dear -- what little there is.

ALLNUT
That don't mean nothin' -- with this
river. This river's crazy. Crazy as
I am!

ROSE
(gently)
Charlie.
(she touches him)
We must try to keep hold of ourselves.

ALLNUT
Sorry, old girl.

his
Allnutt starts pushing all the more energetically on
pole.

ALLNUT
Best thing to put the roses back in
our cheeks is to get out o' these
reeds.

boat
boathooks
Allnutt's exertions carry them into the shallows. The
touches bottom. Not all of their strivings with the
serve to move it an inch further.

ALLNUT
(finally)
What I said a while back about 'avin'
to carry the boat was meant for a
joke -- but as it turns out, I wasn't
jokin'.

pulling
begins
Taking the painter, he goes over the side and starts
like a draft animal. Slowly, ever so slowly, the boat
to move, until at last she is floating again.

horrified
Rose helps him back in. Suddenly she gives a cry of
surprise.

ALLNUT
What's the matter?

face
growl of
Rose can only point. As he sees what it is, Allnutt's
contorts with panic and disgust. He makes a kind of
horrified surprise, across which:

DETAIL SHOT -- ALLNUTT'S ARM, CHEST OR BELLY

his
A couple of leeches hang to him, visibly swelling with
blood.

his

QUICK PULL AWAY TO TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT -- Over
line; we see 20 or 30 leeches on him.

ALLNUT
Augh, the little beggars --
(a cracking voice)
Pull 'em off me, Rosie -- no, the
heads stay -- poison yer blood.

ROSE
(sudden remembrance)
Salt!

She rushes to get their tin box of it.

EXTREME CLOSE UP -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT
eyes on what she is doing below SCREEN.

DETAIL -- DAMP SALT

applied to a leech. It flinches, elongates, bunches and
swells, and drops off.

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

like

She dabs salt on the last two or three, while he stands
a partly calmed, still shocked horse.

ALLNUT
Anythin' I hate in this world it's
leeches -- filthy devils.

bleed
little

He stands trembling quietly, the triangular bites still
freely. Rose dabs tenderly at one of the sinister
wounds.

DISSOLVE:

FORWARD

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT -- AT BOWS (SHOOTING
FROM STERN)

hull
rumbling

They hook the boat with great effort slowly along. The
grazes something. They work still harder. There is a
SCRAPE. Then, also, a sludgy GRINDING.

tries

With the grinding, Allnutt moans as if in his sleep and
desperately to reverse direction.

ALLNUT
(gasping)

Back! 'Old 'er back --

ROSE
(imitating him)
Mud?

ALLNUT
Yes.

There is too much momentum for them.

ALLNUT
(reversing his dragging)
Let's try an' get 'er over it, then.
Give 'er all you got, Rosie.

grinding
They strain enough to half kill them; the sludgy
intensifies.

ALLNUT
(gasping)
Good girl -- we're still makin'
'eadway -- All you got now --

Abruptly the boat comes to a dead stop.

DISSOLVE:

VERTICAL SHOT -- THE MOTIONLESS GUNWALE AND MANGROVES
and the just perceptibly moving slime on the water
between.

ROSE AND ALLNUTT
They sit by each other, she holding his forehead; he is
in a dry nausea of exhaustion.

ROSE
There, there, dear. There, there.
There, dear.

Able to speak, ashamed, he tries to joke.

ALLNUT
Fine specimen of a man I am, ain't
I!

ROSE
You're the bravest man that ever
lived.

head;
He is silent, slowly and rather inanely shaking his
she watches him.

ROSE
(like a very old wife

to a very old husband)
Lie down, dear. Rest. Both of us.

He keeps on shaking his head.

ROSE
You just overdo, that's all. You
must take care of yourself! You're
not one bit well.

ALLNUT
Well! We're both of us half dead.

ROSE
(ignoring this)
Besides, it's high time we had our
supper. It'll be dark before long.

ALLNUT
You 'ave some. I ain't up to it yet.

ROSE
Or a nice steaming cup of tea.

ALLNUT
You fix yourself some.

ROSE
Not just yet, thank you.
(she gets up, taking
his hand)
Come now.
(she helps him weakly
up)
Lie-down.

CAMERA STAYS WITH THEM, MOVING INTO VERTICAL TWO SHOT -

-
bunched
Rose helps Allnutt to the floor, and nurse-like, puts
rags under his head.

ROSE
There now. All comfy?

He tries to smile.

ALLNUT
You rest, too.

ROSE
Indeed I will.
(she lies down beside
him and smiles at
him)
That's all we need, a good long rest,
and we'll be on our way in a jiffy.
You'll see.

ALLNUT

(managing a smile)

Sure.

eyes. She turns her back to him because she can't meet his

Both lie with eyes wide open, obsessed.

ROSE

(after a pause)

Try to sleep, dear.

ALLNUT

(pause)

Sure. You too.

ROSE

Of course.

has, She reaches a hand behind her and pets him. He clearly
and resists, an impulse to take her hand.

She withdraws her hand. A pause.

ALLNUT

Rosie.

ROSE

(pause; with quiet
dread)

Yes, Charlie.

ALLNUT

You want to know the truth, don't
you?

ROSE

(pause; very quietly)

I know it.

His eyes show deep pain.

ROSE

We're finished.

ALLNUT

That's right.

ROSE

Even if we had all our strength we'd
never be able to get her off this
mud.

ALLNUT

Not a chance in this world.

As They are silent a while; everything is in their eyes.
to suddenly and swiftly as her weakness allows, she turns
him; their faces are close.

CAMERA DROPS NEARER.

not
She looks into his quiet eyes; her own eyes are fiery,
with tears but with passionate, incredulous despair;
speechless, trying to speak; a sort of palsy.

ROSE

So useless!

He puts a hand along her cheek. Slowly he realizes, and
enhances for us, her only concern with dying.

ALLNUT

They don't come no better'n you.

They lie still, looking at each other.

by
motionless
majesty;
seconds,
their
we see
grasses
crawling
the
Within about 15 seconds, their faces profoundly alter;
changes of makeup, every couple of seconds, the
faces become years older, and take on a kind of worn
and gradually lose consciousness; by the end of the
the eyes are closed. The CAMERA meanwhile very slowly
withdraws upward. In the last we can clearly see of
faces, they are quite possibly dead. As CAMERA RISES,
them at full length, as prostrated and flattened as
pressed in a book; then, their static boat and the
water; the CAMERA RISES among the overhanging mangrove
branches which obscure and trap them; and, as it rises,
SCREEN slowly darkens.

an
a few
slenderest
increasing
deepens,
continues,
prostrate
daylight
abate
The CAMERA STOPS RISING. The dead silence is broken by
infinitesimal SOUND OF RUSTLING. By eye and ear, after
seconds, it becomes recognizable as the stillest,
kind of rain, splintering downward, very gradually
in volume and in richness of SOUND as the darkness
to an immense, peaceful, steady, flooding downpour. The
darkness pales into full daylight and the downpour
and through it we can dimly see the boat and the
bodies, and after perhaps ten seconds of the new
(after maybe fifteen of darkness), the rain begins to
and the CAMERA BEGINS VERY SLOWLY TO DESCEND.

motionless;
still

It gets down through the branches. The bodies are
so is the boat; but the slime on the water, though
slow, moves with a distinct new kind of energy.

the
stirs

THE CAMERA STOPS DESCENDING. A couple of seconds later,
boat stirs, just perceptibly; motionless again; then
again, more distinctly.

rich
all
down
imagination.)

At height of PULL UP OF CAMERA and darkening, a quiet
CRUMPLING OF THUNDER. (Throughout this short sequence
sounds, even those recorded at full blast, are held way
on the track -- as if heard in a dream or in

Across MUTTERING OF THUNDER --

CUT TO:

SHOT -- SKY AND MOUNTAINS

is
beyond
in
white
ominous
drops
deafened
CAMERA
rain

Low in foreground, a sharp watershed peak; all foliage
fiercely ruffled, showing pale undersides: beyond, a
tremendous valley, a dim streak of river through it;
that, magnificent peaks: but most of the SCREEN is sky,
which (sped up by SLOW CAMERA) prodigious black and
clouds bloom, explode and wrestle. Over all, a solemn,
light. A moment of absolute stillness; then first huge
of splattering rain; then SCREEN is blinded and
with simultaneous THUNDER AND LIGHTNING, over which
TILTS DOWNWARD along the line of enormous columns of
which take over SCREEN.

heavy

SHOOTING UPSTREAM, to breadth of a swollen river, in
rain:

PAN DOWNSTREAM, past Mission clearing.

and
cradling:

Possible CUT IN: Mission bungalow screen door flapping
banging in wind; or porch rocking chairs' ghostlike

PAN ON DOWNSTREAM flooding water.

LONG SHOT across roaring river on Shona, PANNING
DOWNSTREAM;
one tiny figure struggles miserably through mud:
Possible CUT IN: the drowned German flag, clinging
disconsolately to its pole.

END PAN on water at mouth of rapids; bring up ROAR From
high
(greatly
and to one side: where the rapids enter the Basin:
augmented water NOISE.)

PULL CAMERA DOWN and to right to VERTICAL SHOT over the
Rose-
plunging
into pool; bringing up SOUND sharp.

TILT CAMERA UP to right, to center on where rapids
leave the
now
pool; the whole pool, dark and calm on first trip, is
boiling white. TILT A LITTLE FURTHER and CUT OFF SHORT.

The rock behind which they sheltered for the welding;
it is
there
so over-whelmed with water it is no longer visible;
could be no anchorage here now. QUICK PAN DOWNSTREAM.

Where the river enters the pre-Delta broadening: the
water
than
floor
is markedly slowed, but there is much more movement
when we were here before; TILT UPWARD across a solid
of calmer, rain-marked water, lighter rain and THUNDER,
overcast; SOUND of calm, steady rain on miles of water;
the
SOUND
reeds and
mangroves
reeds where Rose and Allnutt entered: lighter rain; its
among reeds; the water is distinctly higher on the
broken reeds distinctly move on it; LIFT towards
past reeds.

Mangroves and shadow; and the infinitesimal splintery
whisperings of light rain. TILT CAMERA DOWNWARD and
resume
the vertical SHOT on which we faded from Rose and
Allnutt,
beyond
with
except
and SLOWLY BRING THE CAMERA TOWARDS THEM, through and
mangrove tanglings, to MEDIUM CLOSE. The boat shines
wetness and they are drabbed with it. Nothing moves

a
conscious.
the slime-flecked water and that moves slowly, but with
new kind of energy. Neither Rose nor Allnutt is

it
motion
SMALL
shifting of
unconscious.
At MEDIUM CLOSE, halt CAMERA. A couple of seconds after
stops, there is a first, scarcely discernible shifting
of the boat. They are still unconscious. Bring up the
SOUNDS OF RUNNING WATER a little; another little
the boat; a little more distinct. They are still

looks as
ROSE -- IN EXTREME CLOSE UP
She looks as if she had cried herself dry, and she
if she might quite possibly be dead.

in his
defeat;
ALLNUTT -- EXTREME CLOSE UP
His face is crumpled and distorted against one elbow;
face, too, there is the look of incredible sadness and
and he, too, could be dead.

of
(In both faces, also the epitome of utter weariness and
rest after weariness.)

caressing
DETAIL SHOT -- Allnutt's emaciated hand, motionless,
her shoulder, and involved in her hair.

-
prayer.
ANOTHER -- Her own hands, motionless; they are folded -
quite unconsciously -- in her automatic gesture of

by
TILT CAMERA UPWARDS from this -- past gunwale, we see
quiet motion of mangrove roots, that the whole boat is
cradling gently in the rain.

hull, dim
muck.
FROM BENEATH BOAT -- DETAIL SHOT -- past bottom of
daylight opens just discernibly as boat lifts from

PAST PROW -- ON MANGROVES
Prow is just perceptibly rising.
UNDERWATER SHOT -- BENEATH THE KEEL
a real, gaping light now, visible in motion of boat and
of

water and of muck-flakes in water.

PAST PROW -- ON MANGROVES

The prow really moves forward now.

ANOTHER SHOT -- PAST PROW (UNDERWATER)

CAMERA)
one
glances

A new obstruction looms; a thick, dark root; prow (and
come right up against it but hit it slowly, a little to
side, and the whole boat, with a hollow SCRAPING,
along past.

ACROSS THE GLANCING

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT -- BOAT (FROM DOWNSTREAM)

pointing

silently floating towards CAMERA in rustling rain,
slantwise, beginning to straighten.

ABOARD -- (PAST ROSE AND ALLNUTT)

who are still unconscious; athwart the boat; the quiet
movement past the mangroves.

THE ENGINE -- (SHOOTING FORWARD FROM STERN)

branch; it

The engine approaches a low and dangerous-looking
just clears

BOAT -- (SHOOTING PAST PROW)

but
for a
begins to

The boat nears a splitting of waterways. Both look bad,
one looks far worse; prow nudges a mangrove mass and
few seconds everything is at stalemate; then stern
swing forward.

BOAT STERN

everything
underwater
does a
the
less.

as it begins to swing forward. It looks as if
would jam; and with soft bumpings and subdued
scrapings and near-misses above water too, the boat
slow, somnambulistic broken-field crawl during which
light becomes stronger and the rain less, and its SOUND

TWO SHOT -- ALLNUTT AND ROSE

and
face
is
goes
light,
him
turns

The strengthened lights and shadows move on their faces
their closed eyes. Rose registers nothing. Allnutt's
and his slow, weak, negative hands both convey that he
dreaming something and doesn't believe it. His face
inert again. There are fewer shadows now, brighter
and there is a deep quiet scraping SOUND which makes
open his eyes. Still unable to believe what he sees, he
his face up toward CAMERA.

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE MOVING, THINNING OVERHEAD TANGLE OF
MANGROVES -- (FROM HIS VIEWPOINT)

and the sun-touched last of the rain.

ALLNUTT
(o.s., softly; an
almost incapable
voice)
Rose. Rosie.

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

her

He is half-up, hands on her, trying to stroke and pat
awake.

ALLNUTT
Darling. Dear.

her

He takes her head gently between his hands and turns
face up to him.

ALLNUTT
Look at us, Rosie! My God just look!
We're movin', dear! We're movin'!

is
devotion

She opens her eyes and looks up. All she sees at first
Allnutt's face, close to her. She looks at it with
and with terrible sadness.

ROSE
We did our best, dear.

He grabs her quite roughly into his arms and kisses her
several times, rapidly and without passion.

ALLNUTT
(talking through this)
No, look, Rosie, just look at us!

We're movin', don't you see? Movin',
that's what!

reaction,
reeds,
against
rain,
reeds as
rustling
face
difficulty
over
strength
realizes,
crying:

And with this, as we catch her first realization and we leave the last of the mangroves and are among the gliding slowly yet freely; with a RUSTLING of reeds the boat reminiscent of the rustling of the finished and the late afternoon sunlight moving through the though they were harpstrings, and casting an almost of slender light and shadow across their faces. Her becomes quietly transcendent. She gets with great to her feet (she is very weak; so is he) and, reaching the gunwale, begins grabbing reeds and with what she has, tries to help them along. As soon as he he gets up weakly, too, and hurries and gets the pole,

ALLNUT

Easy, Rosie dear! You just rest, old
girl. Easy now.

reeds
the

Meanwhile, with what strength he has, he is poling. Past them and past prow, we see light beyond the high which steadily, slowly part for the prow and sweep past flanks of the boat.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

past
mangroves

Both continue working; their incredulous eyes are fixed the prow. Behind them, reeds partly close back, dark recede. Their eyes intensify.

PAST PROW -- FROM THEIR VIEWPOINT

free
if in
group of

The last few feet of the reeds part and the boat drifts and clear onto a horizonless floor of golden light (or black and white, a kind of unearthly silver); a low wooded islands in the distance.

TWO SHOT -- MEDIUM CLOSE -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

around.

as they still drift, a soft breeze on them, looking

stand.

He sits down, obviously because he feels too weak to

authority

Rose, still standing, looks towards him, waiting his

as if

to believe what she already knows. They speak quietly,

someone were asleep.

ROSE

It -- really is?

He reaches out his hand to her.

ALLNUT

Come on -- sit down, old girl. Yer
tremblin' like a leaf.

head.

But she gets down quietly onto her knees and bows her

and

He looks at her a few moments, then a little uneasily

deeply

shyly, gets down onto his knees. She begins to cry very

arm

and silently; we don't see her face. Allnutt puts his

cries,

around her, and she hides her face against him and

own.

audibly now but quietly, taking his free hand in her

ALLNUT

(very quietly)

There, there, Rosie. There, old girl.
We're all right now, dear. There,
there.

ROSE

It's like Heaven.

what

By Allnutt's face, it is better than that, but he knows

she means.

ROSE

(in a queer voice)

God let us live.

ALLNUT

Musta been 'Im, all right -- 'tweren't
nothin' in our power.

A pause.

ROSE

(quiet, charged voice)

It wasn't for our sakes, either.

ALLNUT

(pause; carefully)
'Ow you mean, Rosie?

ROSE
He brought us here to do His work.

She gets to her feet and walks past CAMERA towards bow.

She
water

ROSE -- (PAST BOW) as she comes up, Allnutt following.
is looking all around, and past her we see only empty
and empty sky. She begins to look impatient.

ALLNUT
(quietly)
Rosie, this lake's an 'undred miles
long; forty wide, at the biggest. It
might be days afore she comes our
way.

ROSE
Then start the fire. We'll go find
her.

ALLNUT
No, Rosie, we won't 'ave to go out
of our way. She'll come to us.

ROSE
Come to us?

ALLNUT
Patrolin' the lake. She's bound to
come by, don't you never worry. An'
when she does, we want to be well
'id.

ROSE
Hmmm. Perhaps you're right.

ALLNUT
Sure I am. So let's just cruise about
a bit till we find a good 'idin'
place, an' then we'll lay in wait
fer 'er. Right?

ROSE
Right.

They go back towards engine.

with
the

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT as, Rose watching almost
reverence, Allnutt strikes a match and touches it to
carefully prepared wood.

THEY WATCH:

catching
resurrection.

THE CURLING SMOKE -- (FROM THEIR VIEWPOINT) and
flame and the SOUNDS -- an image almost of

increasing
adjusts
Allnutt
where

ROSE AND ALLNUTT -- (FROM FIRE'S ANGLE) their faces
revitalizing, as light of flame works on them over
SOUND of fire; he gently shuts the furnace door, and
the draft; the fire begins a really happy ROARING.
looks up and around across the water, clearly figuring
they might cruise around.

very

ALLNUTT
(murmuring)
Let's -- see. We might, uh --

His eyes sharpen into great intentness on something
distant.

full,

All of a sudden he picks up a bailing pail, dips it
and douses the fire.

amazed. He
towards

TWO SHOT -- ROSE (PAST ALLNUTT) Rose looks at him
gestures silently with a jerk of his head. She walks
CAMERA and looks.

horizon,
sharpen

LONG SHOT -- THE LAKE Almost invisibly small on the
a small black smudge, a gleaming white speck, which
like a fresh star as we look.

gunwale.

ALLNUTT'S VOICE
(o.s.)
That's The Louisa.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT He gets up on the
gunwale.

ALLNUTT
Yes, that's The Louisa all right.

ROSE
Which way are they going?

ALLNUTT
They're comin' this way.

ROSE
(forcing herself to
be calm)
They mustn't see us here. Can we get
far enough among the reeds for them

not to see us?

ALLNUT

Got to work fast.

launch Pulling and tugging with the boat hooks, they swing the
around and head her into the reeds.

ROSE

We'll have to cut some down. How
deep is the mud?

reeds. Knife in hand, Allnutt goes over the bows among the

bows. He WIDER SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT as he goes over the
sinks in the mud until the surface of the water is up
to his armpits. Floundering about, he cuts every reed within
reach. Then, pulling on the bow painter, he is able to work
the launch up into the cleared space.

ROSE

There's still a bit of her sticking
out.

is She throws a desperate glance towards The Louisa, which
distance making good time, and is less than half the former
away.

cutting Allnutt splashes back among the reeds and goes on
in a and hauling. Rose helps him to get back on board. He is
the state of near collapse from his exertions. He lies on
deck panting while Rose cranes her neck over the reeds.

LONG SHOT -- THE LOUISA

ROSE

(o.s.)

She's coming right toward us, Charlie!

staggers to CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT Groaning, Allnutt
approach his knees, then to his feet. Together they watch the
of The Louisa.

her LONG SHOT -- THE LOUISA white, spotless, beautiful. At
her stern floats the flag of the Imperial German Navy. On

the
sailors
foredeck, we can pick out the six-pound gun which gives
Germans command of the lake. We can see the figures of
moving about on the deck.

order,
or
Over the SOUND of her engines comes a smartly given
following which The Louisa alters her course by a point
two.

this
CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT Allnutt groans again,
time from relief.

ROSE
They're going a different way now.

ALLNUT
I thought they'd seen us.

islands
LONG SHOT -- THE LOUISA heading toward some little
in the middle of the lake.

ROSE AND ALLNUTT -- AS BEFORE

ALLNUT
They're makin' for them islands to
anchor for the night. They'll go on
in the mornin'. But don't you worry.
They'll come 'ere again. You just
see if they don't. You know 'ow
Germans are; they lays down systems
an' they sticks to 'em. Mondays
they're at one place. Tuesdays
somewheres else. Wednesdays p'raps
they're 'ere. Same ole round, week
after week. You know.

ceases.
LONG SHOT -- THE LOUISA as the SOUND of her engines

ALLNUTT'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Look! Wot did I tell ya! She's
droppin' 'er anchor.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

ROSE
(nods)
How long will it take to get the
torpedoes ready?

ALLNUT
I can get the stuff into the tubes
in no time, as you might say. Don't
know 'bout the detonators. Gotta
make them up, you see -- devise

something. Then we got to cut 'oles
in the bows. Might 'ave it all done
in three days. Depends on them
detonators.

remain
Rose receives this information in silence. Her eyes
on The Louisa, now lying at anchor.

ALLNUT
Rosie, old girl -- Rosie --

ROSE
(a faraway note in
her voice)
Yes, dear.

ALLNUT
I know wot you're thinkin' 'bout
doin'.
(he takes her hand
and presses it)
You're thinkin' 'bout takin' The
African Queen out at night next time
The Louisa comes 'ere, ain't you,
old girl?
(Rose nods)
We ought to manage it.

DISSOLVE TO:

packages
and
view
PAN SHOT -- ALLNUTT'S HAND as it takes one of the
out of the box and carries it to one of the cylinders
places it inside. A wrench and the cylinder head are in
lying on the deck.

packages
Allnutt's face comes into the SCREEN. He puts more
into the cylinder.

SHOT.
from
the
CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Allnutt and Rose in TWO
Leaning over the side, Rose brings up handfuls of mud
the bottom and dumps it on the deck. Allnutt carries
sticky stuff to the cylinder and drops it in.

DISSOLVE TO:

have
cartridges
placed
INSERT: A DISC OF WOOD IN ALLNUTT'S HAND. Three holes
been punched through it. Allnutt's fingers fit
into them. Then a second disc of the same diameter is

It is over the first. The second disc has three nails in it.
of turned so that a nail point rests on the percussion cap
each cartridge.

ALLNUTT'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Ought to work all right.

PULLS He begins to screw the pair of discs together. CAMERA
handiwork. BACK revealing Rose and Allnutt intent upon his

ALLNUTT

Can't put them into the cylinders
yet. They're a bit tricky. We can
put 'em in when we're all ready to
start.

ROSE

It will be dark then, of course.
Will you be able to do it in the
dark?

ALLNUTT

Case of have to...
(he puts the detonators
away in the locker)
Better get the cylinders into place
now.

cylinders With Rose's help he drags and pushes one of the
forward.

DISSOLVE TO:

projecting CLOSE SHOT -- THE BOW The cylinders in position,
stem like cannon through two holes on either side of the
just above the waterline. o.s., the SOUND of hammering.

nailing The CAMERA RAISES and DOLLIES FORWARD TO: CLOSE SHOT --
from ALLNUTT -- SHOOTING at him over Rose's shoulder. He is
satisfaction, the cylinders solidly into position with battens torn
provision cases. Finally, the work done to his
he tosses the hammer aside.

ALLNUTT

Well, old girl -- I done it all now.
Everything. We're all ready.

It is a solemn moment. He shakes his head.

ALLNUT

(reminiscently)

You know I been thinkin'. There ain't no need for us both to -- to do it. Now I've 'ad time to study it, I can plainly see it's a one-man job.

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

ROSE

You couldn't be more right, Charlie dear.

ALLNUT

Glad you agree, Rosie. When the time comes I'll put you ashore on the south side of the lake and you wait for me while I attend to The Louisa...

ROSE

(interrupting)

Certainly not! You're the one to be put ashore.

ALLNUT

Me...?

ROSE

Of course, you. This whole thing was my idea, wasn't it?... I'm the logical one to carry it out.

ALLNUT

Why, Rose! I'm surprised! You're a very sensible woman as a rule. Now we won't 'ave no more talk along those lines.

ROSE

I can manage this launch every bit as well as you, Charlie Allnutt, and you know it!

ALLNUT

Rosie, you're cracked!

ROSE

Didn't I steer going down the rapids?

ALLNUT

Oh, you steered well enough. But you don't know nothin' about the engine. Spose she broke down on you out there in the middle of the lake? Where would you be? But me, I'd leave the tiller and go and do a thing or two to the engine -- you know, spit on 'er or kick 'er in the belly -- an' she'd go right to work again. She knows 'oo 'er boss is, you bet, that ole engine does.

ROSE
(defeated)
All right, Charlie. I guess you have
to be there.

ALLNUT
Well, now, that's more like it. I'll
dive off a second or two before the
crash and swim over to where you'll
be waitin' on the north shore.

ROSE
Charlie...

ALLNUT
Yes.

ROSE
No need of our pretending.

ALLNUT
I don't know wot you're talkin' about.

ROSE
Oh, yes you do. There's got to be a
hand on that tiller right up to the
last.

so,
Allnutt would like to protest; he opens his mouth to do
but no words issue. He falls into a stricken silence.

ROSE
(continuing)
Don't you understand, dear? I wouldn't
care about going on to Nairobi --
without you.

Having no words, Allnutt can only nod.

ROSE
(continuing)
We'll do it together. It will be you
at the engine and me at the tiller,
as it has been from the start.

ALLNUT
(in a choked voice)
Right.

ROSE
When you come to think of it, we're
a very lucky couple, really.

ALLNUT
Aren't we just.

ROSE
Charlie.

ALLNUT

Yes, dear.

ROSE

Let's make The African Queen as clean as we can. Let's scrub her decks and polish her brass.

ALLNUT

(in quick agreement)

I've got a can o' paint for 'er mast. She ought to look 'er best. 'Er very best. Representin' as she does the Royal Navy.

has
brass
Her
using

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN Quite a transformation taken place in her appearance. Her decks are clean, her polished. Rose is engaged in painting her stumpy mast. Her old boiler shines like a mirror. In fact, Allnutt is using it as such while he shaves.

ALLNUT

(between strokes of the razor)

I wish I 'ad somethin' clean to put on. It don't seem right for the ship's captain to be without pants.

ROSE

Charlie...

ALLNUT

Yes, dear.

ROSE

I have a pair you can wear.

ALLNUT

You mean a pair o' yours?

ROSE

What's the difference?

ALLNUT

Well, you're the one'll have to look at me.

begins to
obvious
September

She gives them to him. Getting into them, Allnutt laughs. When he reveals himself to Rose, it is with embarrassment. He assumes a position rather like Morn's.

ROSE

Here. Put this on, too.

(she displays one of
her singlets)

ALLNUT
Ain't that goin' a bit too far?

ROSE
Don't be silly!

He takes it and puts it on. He looks intently at Rose,
expecting ridicule. Her eyes are not on him; they are
on the horizon.

LONG SHOT -- A PUFF OF SMOKE AND A WHITE DOT The
Louisa.

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT as she stares at the
horizon.
His eyes follow hers.

LONG SHOT -- THE LOUISA

DISSOLVE TO:

finish
its
with
down
pulls
casts
gauge.
toward

CLOSE SHOT -- A CYLINDER -- (NIGHT) as Allnutt's hands
fitting a detonator into its fore-end, tapping around
edges with a hammer. He is in the water. CAMERA PANS
him around the bow to the other cylinder. Rose passes
the second detonator. Allnutt puts it into place and
himself up over the side. He goes to the boiler which
casts a red glow on the surrounding deck, and inspects the
gauge. Steam is up. He looks across the waters of the lake
toward the little group of islands.

LONG SHOT -- THE LOUISA A bundle of faint lights in the
distance.

strikes
Allnutt
kiss;

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT as a sudden gust of wind
the surrounding reeds, causing them to bend and toss.
takes Rose in his arms. Clinging to one another, they
try to speak; fail -- then separate.

ALLNUT
Blowing up a bit. We better get
started. All right?

ROSE
All right.

and
moves
down,
propeller
into
bows,

He unfastens the side painter, then takes the boat hook
thrusts it against a clump of reeds. The African Queen
slowly out into the fairway. Allnutt lays the boat hook
feels for the throttle valve and opens it. The
begins its beat and the engine its muffled clanking.
FULL SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN coming out of the reeds
the lake.
TWO SHOT -- ALLNUTT AND ROSE Allnutt is staring at the
scowling.

ROSE
(observes his
expression with
anxiety)
Is something the matter, dear?

ALLNUTT
'Er bows are ridin' awful low for
this kind o' water. Them 'eavy
cylinders are what's doin' it.

her

A wave splashes over the bows into the boat, so that
decks swim in water.

ALLNUTT
Got to get 'er nose way up 'igh or
we'll be in trouble.

which

He begins shifting ballast into the stern of the boat,
is swaying and staggering about in haphazard fashion.

ROSE
We've been through worse.

ALLNUTT
Rivers is one thing -- open water
another. She ain't built for it. Not
when it's rough.

moment.

He goes to the engine, begins to tinker with it for a
CLOSE UP -- ROSE
steering. She is calm, resolute. Allnutt comes back
SHOT. His brows are working.

into

ALLNUTT
Rosie.

ROSE

Yes, Charlie.

ALLNUT

This 'ere storm is messing things up a bit. 'Er bows 'ave got to ride 'igh or we'll be swamped before we get 'alf way to The Louisa. On the other 'and, they've got to be low when we 'it 'er, so' the explosion will be down at 'er waterline.

ROSE

Can anything be done?

ALLNUT

(nodding)

Just before we 'it, I'll bring the ballast back forrard.

ROSE

Goodbye, darling.

ALLNUT

Goodbye, sweetheart darling...

A wave breaks over the side, drenching them both.

ALLNUT

Blimey!

FULL SHOT -- THE BOAT

whips
maniacal
sides.
flash
fired

It rolls extravagantly as a wind of incredible speed down on the lake and rouses the shallow waters to fury. A series of waves come crashing against the flat sides. Then suddenly the darkness is torn away by a dazzling flash of lightning which reveals the wild waters around them. Thunder follows with a loud BANG like a thousand cannon fired at once. Then comes the rain pouring down through the blackness in solid rivers.

lake
bows
a

The wind abates momentarily, but the surface of the lake still heaves. The boat begins to pound, raising her bows high out of the water and bringing them down again with a shattering CRASH.

to

Allnutt seizes a pail and begins to bail furiously, but to no purpose.

grip on

Now the wind strikes from a new quarter, laying its the torn surface of the lake and building it up into mountains.

hold on
her arm
moment,
wave,
Queen
we see

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE
numbed and stupefied, but struggling to maintain her the tiller. Suddenly Allnutt is at her side, putting through a life buoy. They totter and sway for a long then the stern of the launch is engulfed by a heavy and they are up to their waists in water. The African is swamped. Very slowly she capsizes. In the distance the lights of The Louisa, safe at anchor.

FADE

OUT:

FADE IN:

the
woman's
on
a
von
of

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN -- THE LOUISA

The CAPTAIN and FOUR of the SHIP'S OFFICERS constitute court in a proceeding against a small man dressed in bloomers and a ragged singlet. The latter stands, chin on his chest, gazing dully at the carpet.

The CAPTAIN is President of the court, of course. He is a corpulent man with whiskers, groomed in imitation of Triplitz. Behind him on the wall is a portrait in oils of the Kaiser. He keeps his eyes closed throughout the proceedings.

OFFICER, who
pale
Captain's
with a
are in
decorations.

To the Captain's right, stands the ship's FIRST is acting as prosecutor. He is clean-shaven, dark, with blue eyes; his manner is rigidly correct. To the left, sits the ship's SECOND OFFICER, who is serving as defense counsel. He is a sleepy, stupid looking man with a big scar on his cheek. All three members of the court are in snowy ducks with gold buttons, white gloves and decorations.

1ST OFFICER
(in broken English)

What is your nationality?

Allnutt does nothing to indicate he hears the question.

1ST OFFICER
French?... Belgian?... English?

ALLNUT
(thickly)
English.

1ST OFFICER
Your name?

ALLNUT
Charles Allnutt.

1ST OFFICER
What were you doing on the island?
(Allnutt remains
sullenly silent)

The punishment for not answering the court is hanging.

ALLNUT
All right. 'Ang me. 'Oo cares?

1ST OFFICER
What were you doing on the island?

ALLNUT
Nothing.

1ST OFFICER
How did you get there?

ALLNUT
Swam.

1ST OFFICER
Do you know that you are in an area
prohibited to all but members of the
forces of His Imperial Majesty, Kaiser
Wilhelm II?

ALLNUT
'Oo cares?

1ST OFFICER
What is your rank.

ALLNUT
'Ow's that?

1ST OFFICER
You are a soldier, are you not?

ALLNUT
(disgustedly)
Naaa!

1ST OFFICER
What are you then?

ALLNUT
I ain't nothin'.

1ST OFFICER
(in German)
The prisoner is obviously here to
spy on the movements of the Königin
Luise.

Second
completely at
The Captain, without opening his eyes, turns to the
Officer; nods to him to proceed. The latter is
a loss. He rises, stammers a few words in German.

2ND OFFICER
(in German)
No proof of criminal intent --

final
He stops, tongue-tied; then throws up his hands in a
gesture, sits heavily and starts wiping his face with a
handkerchief.

CAPTAIN
(to Allnut in English)
What were you doing here, if you
were not spying?
(Allnut doesn't answer)
The Court sentences you to death by
hanging.
(then in German to
the others)
Not from the yard arm, but when we
reach port.

crowded
comes
At this moment, there is a bustle outside the tiny
cabin. Then the door opens and a colored Petty Officer
in and salutes them.

PETTY OFFICER
(in Swahili)
We are about to pick up another one.
A woman.

The Captain rises and goes to the door.

LONG SHOT -- ROSE

FROM HIS VIEWPOINT

little
oarsmen
She is sitting on one of the small barren islands, a
way up from the beach; the dinghy manned by native
with a white officer, is already half way there.

CAPTAIN' VOICE
(o.s.)
She looks like she's white.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN -- AS BEFORE

CAPTAIN
(to Allnutt in English)
Was there a woman with you?

quickly
view. He
a
and
Allnutt drops his mask of sullen stupidity and turns
to the door, but the Captain's bulk is blocking his
tries to push him aside. The First Officer hits Allnutt
hard blow across the face. Allnutt runs to a porthole
looks out in time to see:

LONG SHOT -- ROSE FROM HIS POINT OF VIEW

She is struggling with the WHITE OFFICER who is trying
to
make her enter the boat.

CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT
frantic with excitement.

ALLNUTT
(calls, shouting)
Rosie! Rosie!

LONG SHOT -- ROSE

SHE STOPS STRUGGLING,

ROSE
(calling back)
Charlie!

INT. CABIN -- AS BEFORE

now
Second
The First Officer, who seems to enjoy hitting Allnutt,
delivers a second blow, this time knocking him down. He
remains standing over Allnutt while the Captain and
Officer resume their seats.

CAPTAIN
(to Allnutt)
Who is that woman?

ALLNUTT
(rising unsteadily)
I don't know.

CAPTAIN

But you just called her by name.

ALLNUT

I thought it was somebody else.

CAPTAIN

(in German)

Maybe I'll change my mind and hang
you from the yard arm after all.

followed by
at

o.s., the SOUND of approaching steps; then Rose,
the WHITE OFFICER, enters the cabin. She stands staring
Allnutt for a long time.

ROSE

Charlie dear!

ALLNUT

'Ello, Rosie.

CAPTAIN

Aha! You do know her!

ALLNUT

I calls all the girls Rosie.

is

The WHITE OFFICER swings into view a life buoy on which
printed "The African Queen".

WHITE OFFICER

(in German)

She had this with her.

CAPTAIN

(to Rose, in English)

Who are you?

ROSE

Miss Rose Sayer.

CAPTAIN

English?

ROSE

Of course.

CAPTAIN

What are you doing on the lake?

ALLNUT

I ain't told 'im nothin', Rosie.

1ST OFFICER

Silence!

CAPTAIN

Answer the question!

ROSE
We were boating.

CAPTAIN
Last night? In such weather?

ROSE
We were not responsible for the weather.

CAPTAIN
And why were you boating?

ROSE
That is our affair.

1ST OFFICER
As your fellow-prisoner has already learned, the penalty for not answering the court is death.

ROSE
(slow take)
You mean he --

She gets it. She goes swiftly close to Allnutt.

ROSE
Charlie! Are they telling me...

CAPTAIN
(in German)
Order!

The First Officer lays a restraining hand on her shoulder.

ROSE
(wheeling in fury and slapping him hard across the face)
Stop that!

He goes cold and smiles yellow.

ROSE
Are they, Charlie? The truth?

Allnutt looks back at her; his chin begins to tremble; with heroic effort he masters it. He nods.

CAPTAIN
Fraulein Sayer, you will come to order and answer the questions of this court.

Rose wheels and faces him; she is all cold fire.

ROSE
Ask your questions.

CAPTAIN

What were you doing on the lake?

ROSE

We came here to sink this ship, and --

ALLNUT

(in a loud voice)

Rosie!

ROSE

-- and we would have, too, except
for --

ALLNUT

Rosie!

ROSE

Let's at least have the fun of telling
them about it, Charlie.

ALLNUT

Don't you believe her, yer Honor.
She's touched with the fever.

ROSE

(impatient)

Oh stop it, Charlie, we've been
through all this.

(primly)

I'm not going to outlive you and
that's all there is to it.

CAPTAIN

(a bit amused and
skeptical)

Just how, Fraulein, did you propose
to sink -- the Königin Luise?

ROSE

We were going to ram you.

CAPTAIN

With how large a vessel?

ROSE

With torpedoes.

CAPTAIN AND 1ST OFFICER

(look at each other;
in unison)

Torpedoes!

2ND OFFICER

Torpedoes?

CAPTAIN AND 1ST OFFICER

(in unison; tossing
bones to a dog; in
German)

Torpedoes.

2ND OFFICER

(gaping)

Nein!

(foolish enough to believe Rose and Allnutt, he looks at them with awe)

1ST OFFICER

(interpreting, smooth and sardonic)

I think it is safe to assume, Miss Sayer, that the British Admiralty did not entrust you and this -- gentleman -- with the torpedoes. Will you be so good as to tell us precisely where and how you acquired them?

ROSE

Acquired? Mr. Allnutt made them.

glance: she
Officer,
tennis

First Officer and Captain exchange a significant is obviously nuts. (All through this, the Second who no spik English, is like a puzzled observer at a tennis match.)

1ST OFFICER

(a little like a warden in a loony house)

How very interesting.

ROSE

I don't think you even believe me. Tell him how you did it, Charlie. (Over Allnutt's lines, the officers exchange glances which mean: "He's loony, too".)

ALLNUT

(100% the engineer)

Well -- wot I did was take the 'eads off two cylinders of oxygen an' fill 'em up with 'igh explosive -- 'bout two 'undred weight. That was easy enough -- it was the detonators took some hingenooity. Know wot I used? Cartridges, an' nails, in blocks o' soft wood. A pretty job. Then I mounted the cylinders so they stuck through the bows of The African Queen, near the water line, so when we rammed you --

CAPTAIN

(half believing what
he can't believe)
Where is The African Queen?

ROSE
She sank in the storm.

CAPTAIN
How did you get onto the lake?

ROSE
We came down the Ulanga -- the Bora,
you call it down here.

Second
All three officers look at each other -- even the
Officer catches this -- and back at Rose.

CAPTAIN
(in English)

1ST OFFICER
(in English)

2ND OFFICER
(in German)
(together)
But that is impossible!

ROSE
Nevertheless!

CAPTAIN
Everybody knows the river is
unnavigable.

ROSE
(proudly)
We came down it, though -- didn't
we, Charlie? -- on The African Queen.

CLOSE SHOT -- THE DERELICT AFRICAN QUEEN

floating keel up. She is under water except for the two
cylinders which stick up like the antennae of a snail.

approaching.
CAMERA DOES LONG PULL BACK, to show The Louisa

EXT. DECK -- THE LOUISA

MEDIUM SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

crew
rope and
as they come out of the cabin surrounded by the ship's
officers. The company stops near the main mast where a
member has finished making a hangman's noose of one
is now tying a knot in another.

1ST OFFICER

(to Captain)
The man first.

ROSE
Please -- hang us together.

CAPTAIN
Very well.

He nods to the First Officer to proceed with the execution.
Allnutt and Rose exchange a look of satisfaction.

ALLNUTT
Rosie, I ain't gonna say goodbye again. It's gettin' to be an old story.

ROSE
Darling!

The next moment, the deck heaves upward. There is a rush of air and a frightful ROAR. Smoke and flying debris fill the SCREEN.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT -- THE WATER where those who were on deck are now struggling. There is something ludicrous about the Germans in their ducks with the gold buttons and decorations trying to keep above water.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

ALLNUTT
Wot 'appened?

ROSE
We did it, Charlie, we did it!

ALLNUTT
But 'ow?

Rose points to a piece of wreckage floating on the water in the near distance.

ALLNUTT
Well I'll be... Are you all right, Rosie?

ROSE
Never better. And you, dear?

ALLNUTT
Bit of all right.

ROSE
I'm all turned round, Charlie. Which
way is the south shore?

ALLNUT
The one we're swimming towards, old
girl.

CAMERA MOVES TOWARD the piece of wreckage, losing Rose
and
Allnutt, into CLOSE SHOT showing the printed words
"African
Queen" on the wreckage. When the name fills the SCREEN
--

OUT:

FADE

THE END