

Five Came Back

1939



1056

PLEASE RETURN
TO
RKO STORY
CENTER

FIVE CAME BACK

Screen Play

by

Jerry Cady

1 2222 2.11

Revisions by Dalton Trumbo

FINAL SCRIPT DATED MARCH 21, 1939

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FADE IN

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

- 1 FULL SHOT - establishing the airport. Into the scene drives a taxi. It comes to a stop in front of the airport entrance.
- 2 MED. SHOT - toward the cab as the cabby climbs out and opens the rear door. Out of the cab come JUDSON ELLIS and ALICE MELHORN. Judson is nice looking in an over-sensitive, over-graceful way. He is obviously a weakling, yet he is not a fool by any means and has a great deal of social charm. Alice Melhorn is a very beautiful, very smart girl with an open intelligent face. Her whole bearing suggests good breeding, good taste and good sense.

The cabby hands them two light airplane bags which Judson takes. Judson hands the cabby a bill. The cabby looks at it...

CABBY

I'll have to get some change.

JUDSON

You can keep the change -- on one condition.

The cabby looks at the bill, then looks back at Judson. There is a grin on his face.

CABBY

Anything short of murder, Mister.

(CONTINUED)

JUDSON

If anyone asks you about us, you have never seen us and you didn't bring us here. Is that clear?

CABBY

(seriously)
That ain't only clear, Mister.
It's the truth.

(raises his hand
to swear)
So help me.

JUDSON

(smiling)
Good.
(to Alice)
Come on, dear.

He picks up their bags and the two of them enter the airport. The cabby looks at them briefly, looks back at the bill in his hand with personal satisfaction, turns toward his cab.

WIPE

INT. AIR TERMINAL - NIGHT

3 FULL SHOT - Most of the characters we will introduce in the following pages are in the scene but we do not specifically point out any of them with our camera. There are perhaps twenty or twenty-five people in the airport. In the b.g. we see Judson and Alice going up to a large blackboard plane schedule.

4 CLOSE SHOT - Judson and Alice looking at the schedule. It reads:

SILVER QUEEN
Tepic City, Mexico, Panama City
Time of take-off.....9:30 P. M.

Off scene we hear a page boy calling.

PAGE BOY'S VOICE
(not too loud)
Miss Nolan. Miss Peggy Nolan.

(CONTINUED)

JUDSON

(to Alice)

In ten minutes we'll be out
of the whole mess.

ALICE

(a little tensely)

Yes.

The page boy enters the scene.

PAGE BOY

Are you Miss Nolan?

ALICE

No.

The page boy moves off. PAN WITH HIM as he goes.

PAGE BOY

(calling)

Miss Nolan. Miss Peggy Nolan.

The page boy carries a package.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Over here.

The page boy looks o.s. to:

5 MED. SHOT - Peggy Nolan. She is pretty despite the fact that her eyes are too large and her complexion too pale. She is smartly dressed with absolutely no flash -- but not for traveling -- for a cocktail bar perhaps. She has about her a look of weariness, of sadness and of complete disillusionment. As the page boy enters the scene walking toward her CLOSE in with him to:

6 MED. CLOSE SHOT - Peggy Nolan and the page boy.

PAGE BOY

Package for you, Miss Nolan.

PEGGY

(reaching into her purse
and giving him a tip)

(CONTINUED)

She accepts the package.

PAGE BOY

Thank you.

He moves out of the scene. Peggy unwraps the package and withdraws from it a magnificent orchid corsage which has a card attached. Her eyes do not light up at all at the sight of such a beautiful bon voyage gift. A little listlessly she opens the envelope containing the card.

INSERT THE CARD:

"Good luck -- and thanks a million for what you're doing.

J."

Off scene we hear the sound of a loud speaker. It is the announcing set for the airport.

LOUD SPEAKER

Flight Number Nine. The Silver Queen. Los Angeles to Panama via Tepic, Mexico. Leaving in five minutes.

Peggy listens, then looks back at the card. Slowly she tears it into little bits and drops it on the floor beside the bench on which she is sitting. She rises, picks up her luggage and the corsage. She leaves the box which contained it on the bench. With an air of complete disinterest she starts out of the scene.

7 MED. SHOT - toward the terminal exit which leads out to the canopied runway. The passengers for the Silver Queen are drifting out together with a few curious onlookers. We see Judson and Alice, Peggy and an elderly couple among them.

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

8 FULL SHOT - under the canopy which leads to the plane runway. There are perhaps twelve people assembled there or assembling.

9

CLOSE SHOT - a flower woman with a few bouquets she tries to sell.

FLOWER WOMAN

(as people pass)

Flowers for madam? Violets --
fresh gardenias -- ten cents.

Peggy enters the scene.

PEGGY

Perhaps you can sell this.

She hands her the orchid corsage. The flower woman's eyes light up.

FLOWER WOMAN

(still looking
at the corsage)

Oh, thank you very much, Madam.
It's so seldom I get to see --

She looks up and Peggy is gone. Off scene we hear the roar of an airplane motor.

10

MED. SHOT - the group as they look down the field.

11

CLOSE SHOT - Henry and Martha Spengler. Martha is a stout, self-possessed and habitually domineering woman, large and a little awesome. Henry is Casper Milquetcast with brains.

MARTHA

I do hope they haven't misplaced
our luggage.

HENRY

(soothingly)

Now, Martha, I'm sure the young
man knows his business well
enough to take care of everything.

MARTHA

~~Humph!~~ Didn't look to me like
~~he had a brain in his head.~~
Straighten your tie, Henry!

12

FULL SHOT - toward the field from the ANGLE of our characters. The great silver-winged twin-motored Silver Queen looms out of the blackness, her motors throbbing, her rudders working as she rolls up to position at the end of the canopied runway. Instantly a hand baggage truck manned by Abe, the steward of the Silver Queen, and an airport attache, rumbles out to the plane. The two men start to put the luggage on the plane. Out of the plane steps Joe Brooks, co-pilot. He is perhaps thirty, good-looking in a masculine way. He is the type who would not be above a casual flirtation. Sometimes it might not even be casual. He walks over to the canopy, swaggering pleasantly in his trim uniform. He is on the point of opening the gate which would permit the passengers to go out to the ship when the page boy of our previous scene enters, squeezing his way through the crowd, and approaches Joe.

PAGE BOY

Note from the superintendent's office.

JOE

Thanks.

He takes the note but before he opens it he casts a careless glance over his prospective passengers. His eyes rest for a moment on:

13

CLOSE SHOT - Alice Melhorn. She returns his gaze steadily.

14

CLOSE SHOT - Joe as he smiles in a slow, confiding way toward her. Then, with a careless flip of his finger he tears the note open and reads the message. His face sobers up, as if he were surprised at the contents of the message. He gives a low, involuntary whistle, pauses for a moment then wheels and, still studying the message, starts over toward the pilot's compartment of the Silver Queen.

15

MED. SHOT - the group under the canopy watching him go. Suddenly we get the o.s. sound of a racing auto motor, the squeal of tires against pavement and a nerve-racking howl of brakes. All of our characters look off slightly to the right to:

16

FULL SHOT - an enormous black sedan just coming to a stop in the airport driveway. A nondescript man -- not in a chauffeur's uniform - is driving. The back door opens and two men get out with a little boy about four or five years old. The child is a pretty, lovable little thing, smartly dressed, and apparently gently reared. One of the men, Michael Mulvaney, is a clean-cut, quietly dressed, and genuinely likeable looking man of about thirty. The other man, Pete, is a mugg - Allen Jenkin's type. He has two suitcases.

17

CLOSE SHOT - Mulvaney, Pete and Tommy. Mulvaney gets down on one knee, his arms around the little boy, and speaks to him affectionately.

MULVANEY

Now I want you to be a good boy,
and mind Uncle Pete, just as
you would me.

TOMMY

Do I have to go away and leave
you, daddy?

MULVANEY

I'll be with you in a day or
two and we'll get a boat and
go fishing and swimming and
everything. How will that be?

TOMMY

(dubiously)

Fine, -- I guess.

Mulvaney kisses the boy, and hugs him tight. Then he gets to his feet and speaks crisply to Pete.

MULVANEY

I'll join you in about a week.

PETE

(protesting)

Aw, gee, Mike, why don't you
just chuck everything and come
with us? You've squared all
your beefs -- they couldn't
lay a finger on you --

At a meaning glance from Mulvaney, Pete subsides.

(CONTINUED)

MULVANEY

I'm thinking of him.
 (indicates
 Tommy)

PETE

(nodding)
 Okay, okay. See you when you
 get to Panama City.

Mulvaney picks up Tommy and hugs him again, then sets
 him down.

MULVANEY

See you later, Tommy.

TOMMY

All right, daddy--don't be too
 long.

MULVANEY

(laughing)
 I won't.

He shakes hands with Pete, who is obviously under the
 stress of some emotion, despite his hardboiled exterior.
 Then Pete reaches down and takes Tommy's hand as a
 porter comes in and takes their suitcases. Pete and
 Tommy follow the porter toward the plane, CAMERA TRUCKING
 WITH them. As they approach the plane, Larry, the
 steward, stops them.

LARRY

(nodding toward
 car)

How did you get onto the field?

PETE

(truculently).
 We had a special pass---
 (waves tickets
 under Larry's
 nose)
 --and we got tickets on that
 thing--
 (indicates plane)
 --clear to the end of the line.

Having thus put Larry in his place, Pete glowers at him
 and resumes his walk toward the plane, holding Tommy by
 the hand.

18 CLOSE SHOT - of Mulvaney. As he watches his son vanish into the airport, his face becomes tender. A wistful expression creeps into his eyes -- as if he were watching his boy for the last time. Then he turns abruptly and gets into the car. It drives away.

19 MED. SHOT - under the canopy. As Pete and Tommy enter scene, Joe, the co-pilot whom we saw receive a note, and Bill Larnigan, the pilot, walk up to the canopy.

BILL

I'm sorry, folks. We'll be held up fifteen or twenty minutes. Orders from the Department of Labor.

MARTHA

(contemptuously)
Department of Labor indeed!
You'll have to get us a better reason than that, young man.

Bill looks over at her for a moment with an expression of acute distaste.

BILL

(deliberately)
We're taking on an anarchist.

There are expressions of surprise on the faces of all in the group.

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA

Anarchist!

BILL

(pouring it on)

Yes. He murdered some war
minister down south.

MARTHA

(gasping)

Murderer!

BILL

(still letting
her have it)They think he's crazy. What
do you think?

MARTHA

(breathless)

Why, I -- I don't know.

BILL

(to the waiting
group)There's nothing to worry about,
folks. He'll be in custody the
entire trip.(a little pause
while he looks
at them all

with a wry smile)

He may not be as crazy as we
think.

DISSOLVE

INT. OFFICE OF IMMIGRATION INSPECTOR IN CHARGE OF
EXTRADITION - NIGHT

20

MED. SHOT. It is a large room. At one end is a desk behind which is Inspector Yeates, a calm, middle-aged executive in uniform. He is leafing through a stack of legal documents, signing and stamping every other sheet. Three men stand before him, one of whom is making a speech. He is a Consul for a Central American country, Guzman -- tall, dark and well-dressed. On his left stands Robert Crimp--a large, heavily-muscled, bull-necked man with long dangling arms and the bent-kneed walk of a giant ape. He is always wearing a moronic grin, even when there's nothing to be amused about. On the Consul's right side is Castro de Vasquez, a Latin type of political zealot. He is sullen, smouldering, always on the verge of violent action, but always carefully repressed. A uniformed policeman stands in b.g. The Consul is talking.

(CONTINUED)

CONSUL

The government of my country
deeply regrets the trouble to
which you have been put,
Inspector Yeates--

Inspector Yeates holds out pen and pushes paper toward
Consul.

YEATES

No trouble at all.
(hands him pen)
Sign here,
(Consul does so)
You, too, Crimp.
(Crimp steps forward)

21 MED. SHOT - as Crimp bends over to sign the papers, his
coat swings open, showing that he is packing a small
gun in a flat case in his hip pocket. Vasquez' eyes
move, but not his face, as he spots the weapon.

22 MED. CLOSE SHOT (REVERSE ANGLE) - The Consul finishes
signing. The Inspector hands one set of papers to him
and puts the other set in the drawer.

YEATES

Well, here are your extradition
papers.

CONSUL

Once again, my thanks.
(takes out a
large envelope
and gives it to
Crimp along with
the extradition
papers)

Here are your tickets and expense
money. You will receive the
reward when you deliver him to
the proper authorities.

(CONTINUED)

VASQUEZ

(with a
faint smile)

All this is very useless, gentlemen.
(to Crimp)

I can promise you, you will never
deliver me to the -- proper
authorities.

CRIMP

With five thousand bucks waiting
for me when I hand you over?
Don't worry -- you'll get there
all right if I have to take you
in a little box.

YEATES

(to Guzman, but
indicating Crimp)

You're positive you don't want
us to send one of our boys
along? After all, this man is
only a private detective, even
though commissioned by your
government.

CONSUL

(with a
deprecating gesture)

I am certain Senor Crimp will
deliver the prisoner safely.

During this, Vasquez has been eyeing Crimp's hip pocket.
He suddenly snatches the gum and holds it on the men.

23 MED. FULL SHOT.

VASQUEZ

(quietly)

If you please, gentlemen --
don't move.

He backs toward the door. The Inspector speaks in a
soft, casual voice, as one might talk to a child.

YEATES

You haven't got a chance, Vasquez.
This is the seventh floor and between
you and the street there are at least
fifty officers -- all armed.

(CONTINUED)

INSERT CLOSEUP OF INSPECTOR'S FOOT, as he presses a button on the floor in the rhythm of an obvious signal:

BACK TO SCENE - including the door towards which Vasquez is backing.

VASQUEZ

(sarcastically)

Hanging is such an unpleasant death. Besides, a hanged man always dies alone. I much prefer dying in the company of decent citizens like you -- always provided I'm the last to die.

The door opens softly behind him and a uniformed immigration officer enters with his gun drawn.

VASQUEZ (cont'd)

So don't try to stop me!

The officer raises his gun and Crimp shouts at the same time.

CRIMP

Behind you, Vasquez.

Vasquez whirls and shoots just as Crimp lands on his back, smashing him to the floor. The Inspector, Consul and the officer gather around as Crimp yanks Vasquez to his feet. Inspector Yeates is very angry. The officer indignant.

24 MED. CLOSE SHOT.

YEATES

(furiously)

That warning of yours nearly cost Murphy his life. What's the matter with you, Crimp?

CONSUL

(with some regret)

In a moment, the officer would have shot him --

(indicates Vasquez)

-- and he would have caused no more trouble.



CRIMP

I said I'd deliver him alive
and I will. Nobody is going
to do me out of my reward.

YEATES

(coldly)
They're holding the plane for
you now.

CRIMP

(giving Vasquez
a little nudge)
Come on, you.

Vasquez starts for the door. Crimp turns to the Consul.

CRIMP (cont'd)

Your worries about this bird are
over. So long.

He turns and follows Vasquez, and the two of them start
out of the room as we

DISSOLVE

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

25 PAN SHOT - with a police car, as it rolls onto the
airport and stops near the plane. Crimp and Vasquez
are in the rear seat. Two uniformed immigration officers
are in the front seat.

26 MED. SHOT - Crimp and Vasquez get out, handcuffed
together. Crimp turns to the uniformed driver of the
car with a grin.

CRIMP

Much obliged.

The driver looks unpleasantly at Crimp, exchanges
meaning glances with the other officer in the car, then
puts the car in gear and it leaves. Vasquez enjoys
Crimp's annoyance at the rebuff, and grins silently.
Crimp, turning around to catch him grinning, yanks him
away in the direction of the plane.

EXT. PASSENGER GATE OPENING INTO RUNWAY TO PLANE - NIGHT

27

MED. CLOSE SHOT. Bill goes up to a plane dispatcher and begins checking over papers. Crimp and Vasquez come into shot and stand waiting for the gate to be opened. Crimp has thrown a top coat over their wrists to hide the cuffs which hold them together. A little behind and to one side stands Peggy Nolan. Peggy watches Vasquez as he tries to light a cigarette with only one free hand. He gets a pack out of his pocket, pulls a cigarette from it with his teeth, then tries to light a match. He can't manage it. He finally tries to strike it on the ground. When he bends to do this, Crimp yanks him roughly upright. Vasquez glares at him, then turns as Peggy takes a lighter from her purse and puts it to his cigarette. He inhales deeply.

VASQUEZ

(fervently)

Thank you, miss.

Peggy smiles at him sympathetically. Crimp looks her up and down and makes a heavy-handed attempt to strike up an acquaintanceship.

CRIMP

(tipping his hat)

Looks like we're taking the same plane, sister.

PEGGY

(cold and hard)

I don't talk to cops!

CRIMP

(smiling)

They been bothering you much lately?

Bill, who has been watching their unpleasantries, quickly interrupts him by stepping between Crimp and Peggy.

BILL

(metallic)

Let's see your tickets.

Peggy looks gratefully at Bill.

PEGGY

Much obliged.

(CONTINUED)

Bill looks at her without answering, then takes the tickets and hands them to plane dispatcher, and turns his back on Peggy who is obviously unaccustomed to such treatment.

28 MED. FULL SHOT. Coming towards the gate from the airport station is Judson Ellis, followed by a porter carrying some very light luggage. Martha, followed by Henry, followed by Abe trundling a barrow piled high with trunks, valises, hampers, hat boxes and parcels, heaves into view.

29 FULL SHOT - TOWARD the plane. Bill Larnigan enters and goes up front to the cockpit. Abe and Joe stand on either side of the entrance and begin assisting the passengers in. The roar of the motor is very loud over the scene and I do not think we will need any conversation of the usual ad libs which are very dull. Instead, let us play it for the expressions of our characters and let the lines be hanged.

The business of our characters as they enter: Crimp pushes Vasquez up into the plane ahead of him, handling him as tenderly as if he were eggs. Joe grins in a very friendly way to Alice. Alice pays no attention to him but Joe receives in response a friendly grin of understanding from Judson. Peggy is completely listless. Martha boosts Henry in with one swoosh of her heavy hand, but before she herself enters she tests her weight on the entrance steps to the plane. Miff carries Tommy into the plane. Tommy is wide-eyed. Joe and Abe dispose of the assisting stepladder, enter and close the door behind them.

30 FULL SHOT. The ship taxis down field and starts to rise.

31 LONG SHOT. The ship rises, banks, making a circle and gaining altitude, then straightens out, disappearing into the clouds.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. COCKPIT OF PLANE - NIGHT

32

CLOSE TWO SHOT - Bill is at the controls, Joe working radio, wearing earphones.

JOE

(talking into radio)
Altitude three thousand feet,
visibility good, ceiling
unlimited. Give me weather at
Tepic. WXZZ to WNW0. Come in.

(listens then
signs off)

WXZZ back to WNW0. Okay, thanks.
WXZZ off.

(turns to Bill)

Tepic's all clear.

BILL

(laconic)

Swell.

JOE

What're you going to do when
we lay over in Panama City?

BILL

Sleep.

JOE

I'm figuring on a round of
gaiety.

BILL

With the passenger in seat five?

JOE

(grinning)

Right.

BILL

Isn't that her boss with her?

JOE

Sure. Young Ellis -- she says
his old man owns half of South
America -- rubber and tin.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

He might not like you chiseling
in on his secretary. They're
mighty friendly.

JOE

I suppose if you had a secretary
-- you'd give her a slap in the
teeth.

BILL

(ribbing him)

I saw them holding hands.

JOE

Well, maybe he's got business
worries.

Joe turns and looks through the glass partition that
separates cockpit from passenger's cabin.

BILL

Maybe.

JOE

I think I'll go aft and have a
sandwich.

He turns and goes.

INT. CABIN OF PLANE - NIGHT

33- MED. FULL SHOT - as Joe passes through. There is a
34 night light burning. All but one of the berths are
made up, and the passengers have retired -- all except
Crimp. His berth is still unmade, and he sits
indolently in the seat, apparently lost in pleasant
contemplation of what he is going to do with the reward.
Across the aisle from him, Vasquez is in bed, but the
curtains are not drawn. Vasquez is lying flat on his
back, staring at the ceiling of the plane, wrapped in
thoughts of his own. As Joe approaches the men, he
looks at Crimp, smiling.

JOE

Aren't you going to get any
sleep?

(CONTINUED)

CRIMP

(grinning,
indicating Vasquez)
Later, maybe. I just want to
be sure he doesn't try to go
for a walk.

JOE

At an altitude of three thousand
feet?

CRIMP

He might want to get it over in
a hurry, and he's worth five
thousand dollars to me.

Vasquez raises himself on his elbow, and smiles
cynically across at them.

VASQUEZ

Yes, Mr. Crimp. I'm very
expensive merchandise. And I
warn you -- you'd better not
relax your vigilance -- even for
a minute.

CRIMP

(angrily)
I'll stay awake all night!

This apparently is the reaction Vasquez wanted. He is
strictly pulling a rib. He has no intention whatever of
ending his life, but if he can force Crimp to spend a
sleepless night -- that's great. With a contented smile,
he sinks back into his berth. Joe, getting a wink from
him, smiles almost approvingly, and continues on his way
to the after compartment.

35 MED. SHOT. Crimp gets up restlessly and paces the aisle.
As he does so, he passes a curtain that is slightly open
and takes a quick look. A woman's arm yanks the curtain
together.

INT. PEGGY'S BERTH - NIGHT

36 CLOSE SHOT. Peggy, angry, fastens the curtain from
inside and turns back to a cheap magazine she is reading.

INT. CABIN OF PLANE - NIGHT

37-39

MED. SHOT. Martha Spengler, in an old fashioned bathrobe and wearing hair curlers, comes out of the rest room and starts for her bunk. As she passes Vasquez, she looks at him in awe, and he, astounded by her fearsome appearance, gives her an apprehensive take. Martha continues on her way to her berth.

INT. TOMMY'S BERTH - NIGHT

40

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Tommy, ready for bed with Pete hanging his clothes up in the hammock.

PETE

All right now, pile in.

TOMMY

We've got to say our prayers first.

PETE

(wide-eyed)

What do you mean -- we?

TOMMY

You say your prayers every night, don't you?

PETE

Why -- uh -- sure. Sure I do.

TOMMY

Shall we say your prayer or mine tonight?

PETE

I'm kind of sick of mine. Suppose we use yours.

TOMMY

All right. Kneel down.

Pete awkwardly gets to his knees. Tommy folds his hands in front of him, closing his eyes, and begins his prayer.

TOMMY (cont'd)

Now I lay me down to sleep --

PETE

(repeating)

Now I lay me down to sleep --

TOMMY

I pray the Lord my soul to keep --

(CONTINUED)

PETE

I pray the Lord my soul to keep -

TOMMY

If I should die before I wake -

PETE

If I should die before I wake *

TOMMY

I pray the Lord my soul to take.

PETE

I pray the Lord my soul to take.

TOMMY

Please take good care of my
Daddy and --

PETE

Please take good --

He breaks off and looks questioningly at Tommy.

TOMMY

(to Pete)

This is personal right here.
You don't have to do it unless
you want to.

PETE

I get it.

TOMMY

(resuming his
attitude of prayer)

Please take good care of my
Daddy and get us together again
as soon as you think you can.
Thank you. Amen.

Tommy rises and Pete does likewise.

PETE

Can we get a little shut eye now?

(CONTINUED)

TOMMY
(climbing into bed
and nodding)
Good night, Pete.

PETE
(looking down as
Tommy closes his
eyes)
Good night, kid.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

41 TWO SHOT - Bill is leaning back, flying the ship indolently by pure instinct. Peggy, a fetching negligee around her and carrying a paper water cup, approaches and leans against the door, obviously lonely.

PEGGY
(tentatively)
Nice night.

Bill, surprised by her voice, looks around, with no change of expression.

BILL
(returning to
his work)
Yeah.

PEGGY
We land at Tepic in the morning,
don't we?

BILL
That's what the timetable says.

PEGGY
(offering him a cup)
I thought maybe you'd like a
drink of water.

Bill looks at her sidewise and rejects the drink of water by instantly looking away again.

BILL
No thanks.

PEGGY

You don't talk much, do you?

BILL

(finally)

Lady, we hit some bumpy air
over the mountains. You'll
feel it less if you go to bed --
and go to sleep.

PEGGY

(nodding)

I get it.

(shrugs)

Well, good night.

Bill does not answer, and after a final look at him,
she philosophically drinks the water herself and starts
back to her own place.

INT. PLANE - STEWARD'S COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

42 Abe is shining shoes. Joe has a sandwich half eaten.
He holds a cup of coffee in his right hand and is munching
away contentedly. There is a box on the side of the
compartment near Abe which has a panel of seat numbers.
Both men turn and look at it when the buzzer sounds.

INSERT BOX -- a light shows at seat number five.

BACK TO SCENE: Abe stretches himself and starts to go.

LARRY

(annoyed)

Why don't they go to sleep?

JOE

(gets up - hiding
his eagerness)

I'll take the call for you, Abe.

LARRY

(surprised)

Oh, don't bother, Mr. Brooks.

JOE

No bother at all.

(CONTINUED)

42 (CONTINUED)

LARRY

(wisely)
 Oh, I get it. Five is that
 good-looking gal. Want to
 borrow my steward's hat?

Joe grins and exits.

INT. ALICE'S BERTH - NIGHT.

43

CLOSE SHOT. She is under the covers and sitting up with
 a book in her lap. She tugs at the slide of ventilator
 which is evidently stuck. A stream of air is pouring
 through it blowing her negligee and hair a little.
 There is a knock on the outside.

ALICE

Steward ---
 (leans forward and
 parts curtain)

There is Joe.

ALICE (cont'd)

Oh...

JOE

Is there something I can do?

ALICE

The ventilator is stuck -- but
 I rang for the steward.

JOE

(leaning over)
 I'm pinch-hitting for him.

He sits down on the bed, making himself at home and
 reaches across to ventilator.

44

CLOSE TWO SHOT.

ALICE

And I suppose the steward is
 flying the ship?

He grins and tugs at the ventilator.

45 (CONTINUED)

JOE

(leading)

You know, we stop over in Tepic,
Mexico, for three hours.

ALICE

(coldly)

They told me that when I bought
my ticket.

JOE

(ignoring her
sarcasm)

I'm pretty familiar with the
town.

ALICE

You seem to specialize in
getting familiar.

JOE

(giving ventilator
a jerk)

Sure. It's fun. You ought to
try it sometime.

Alice stares at him, trying to be angry, but Joe's grin
is so innocent and infectious that she can only change
the subject.

ALICE

Maybe we'd better leave that
ventilator until morning.

JOE

(tugging again)

Oh, no -- you might catch cold.
I've got an idea -- Lie back.

Alice is a little startled as he tucks the covers around
her, then pauses, thinking hard, unfolds the spare blanket
on the foot of the bed and puts it over her, tucking her
in carefully.

JOE (cont'd)

(very worried)

Are you warm enough?

(CONTINUED)

Alice

Yes -- thanks.

JOE
(still looks
worried)
Are you sure? It's a bad
draught.

ALICE
(sweetly)
Yes, thank you.

JOE
(still sweeter)
Well, then, good night.

ALICE
Good night.

He looks at her for a moment, then reaches over, snaps the ventilator shut without any trouble and turns away. She looks after him with an expression of surprised anger, then jerks the curtain shut.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. TEPIC AIRPORT - DAY

- 46 LONG SHOT - toward the sky. The "Silver Queen," gleaming in the morning sun, sweeps down toward the earth
- 47 MED. SHOT - toward the Mexican official in charge of the airport, and three or four Mexican workmen as they run out of the airport building on which is a sign reading:
 "Tepic, Mexico."
- 48 FULL SHOT - the plane as it lands,
- 49 MED. SHOT - as the plane taxis to a stop and the motors are shut off. The Mexican workmen place the landing stairs in place, and the door opens. Bill steps out and the Mexican official greets him affectionately.

OFFICIAL

Hi -- Senor Bill! Buenos dias,
 amigo!

BILL

(he likes the
 man)

Buenos, dias, Pedro. Como usta?

OFFICIAL

(beaming)
 Bueno, bueno, gracias.

He and Bill turn and start back toward the airport as the other passengers start to alight from the plane. First Henry and Martha, Martha looking about her prepared to disapprove of whatever she sees. She is not disappointed. She disapproves of Tepic. Henry, on the other hand, is delighted with the place, and beams affably about.

HENRY

By George, Martha! At last I
 can get a bowl of real Mexican
 chili----

MARTHA

(horrified)
 Chili? For breakfast? You'll
 have milk toast, as usual.

HENRY

(pleading)

But Martha--we're on a vacation---

MARTHA

Remember what the doctor said.

HENRY

(with a vast,
resigned sigh)

Yes, m'dear.

They pass out of scene as Vasquez and Crimp come out of the plane, handcuffed together. They are followed by Judson, Joe and Alice, then by Pete and Tommy.

50

TRUCKING SHOT - with Alice, Judson and Joe, as they walk toward the buildings.

JOE

(to both of them)

I hope you slept well?

JUDSON

Like a top.

ALICE

Like a log.

JOE

You weren't troubled by draughts?

Judson shakes his head in surprise and Alice hastens to get off the subject.

ALICE

How silly.

They reach the porch which runs around the airport building, and Judson looks at the building, unimpressed.

JUDSON

I hope the primitive atmosphere of this place doesn't extend to the food. Can we get breakfast?

(CONTINUED)

JOE

(amiably)
I was just going to suggest it.

ALICE

(stopping)
I don't think I care for any--
Mexican food is too hot for me.

JOE

This isn't Mexican, it's Chinese.

JUDSON

I hope the Chinese food here is
better than the Mexican food I
got in China.

They laugh as they continue walking around to the back
of the building where the outdoor eating place is
located. Joe continues chattering sociably.

JOE

Is this your first trip to South
America?

JUDSON

Yes. Er--some rather urgent
business, you see--

JOE

(to Judson)
You know, Mr. Ellis, if I had a
good-looking secretary like Miss
Melhorn here, I'd have trouble
keeping my mind on my business.

JUDSON

(after an exchange
of glances with
Alice)
I've always made it a rule never
to mix business with romance.

JOE

(pleased)
Then this is strictly a business
trip?

(CONTINUED)

ALICE
(pretending offense)
What did you think it was?

JUDSON
You mustn't embarrass Mr. Brooks,
Alice.

They have now reached the patio in the rear of the airport building. Tables with oriental ornaments are scattered about, and Ching, a black-pantalooned Chinese, is in charge. He comes forward grinning and bowing.

JOE
This is Ching--best Chinese
cook this side of San Francisco.
You let me order for you---

JUDSON
Fine, fine.

Joe seats Alice ceremoniously as Ching places some typewritten menus on the table.

EXT. CIGARETTE AND SOUVENIR STAND - DAY

51 MED. SHOT. Peggy walks into the scene. She starts to walk by the entrance when she looks inside, sees something which evidently interests her, pauses for a moment and then enters.

INT. CIGARETTE AND SOUVENIR STAND - DAY

52 FULL SHOT - as Peggy enters. A fat Mexican woman is behind the counter. On the counter we see a half-eaten sandwich and a glass of milk. Bill is aimlessly feeding nickels to a slot machine apparently without any interest in the project, as Peggy enters the scene.

PEGGY
Winning?

BILL
(looking at her
without surprise)

None.

PEGGY
You won't either.

BILL

Why?

PEGGY

That's one racket you can't
win at.

BILL

How do you know?

PEGGY

I used to know the man who
makes them.

BILL

Then you should know how to
beat them.

PEGGY

I do. Don't play 'em.
(after a pause
she speaks again
-- a little on
the make)

You speak Spanish. Could you
order my breakfast for me?"

BILL

I could -- but the waiter is
Chinese and he speaks English
-- and I've got work to do --
we take off in a few minutes.

He picks up his milk and sandwich and walks out. Peggy,
unused to such treatment, glares after him, then starts
out.

EXT. TEPIC AIRPORT - DAY

53

SHOT at patio. Most of the people from the plane are at
breakfast. At one table are Henry and Martha, eating
quietly and minding their own affairs. At another Vasquez
and Crimp glower at one another over their food. At a
third, Judson, Alice and Joe are just finishing, and
laughing at some joke. At another table, Pete and Tommy
are at swords' points -- Tommy won't drink his milk. Peggy
enters scene as Pete scowls disapprovingly at Tommy.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

What is your old man saying if he knows you are not drinking your milk? Don't you want to get big and strong like me?

TOMMY

(stubbornly)

I don't want any more.

Peggy comes up to the table and smiles down at Tommy.

PEGGY

If you drink your milk I'll tell you a nice story.

Pete instantly bristles. He knows Peggy's type and he is guarding Tommy like a human bloodhound. He looks up at Peggy, angrily.

PETE

Listen, you, I am taking care of the kid, and if I am needing any help, I am asking for it, see?

Peggy stares at him for a moment. Pete's opinion of her doesn't matter particularly, but it is a little embarrassing in the presence of others. She nods curtly.

PEGGY

(coldly)

Okay.

(smiling, to Tommy)

But drink your milk -- there's a good boy.

She walks to another table and sits down, Pete glowering after her. Then he looks back at Tommy and is astonished to see the child draining the last of the milk. Pete looks disgusted. Tommy sets the glass down and beams at Pete triumphantly.

TOMMY

There, how's that?

(CONTINUED)

PETE

(gloomily)

You drink it too fast -- do you want to get indigestion?

He glares furiously across at Peggy, then gets up and leads Tommy out of scene.

54 MED. SHOT - at the plane. Some Mexican workmen are loading two compressed air tanks into the plane. Bill comes up and looks at them curiously.

BILL

What are those?

One of the workmen answers, in pretty good English.

WORKMAN

For the oil company at Panama City. Air express.

BILL

(shrugs)

They must need it in a hurry. I could have a lot of fun on the express charges.

WORKMAN

(laughing)

Me, too.

Bill strolls away.

55 MED. SHOT - at airport building. Pete and Tommy have discovered a Mexican souvenir peddler who stands half asleep, leaning against the building, with his tray of souvenirs.

TOMMY

(excitedly)

Are you an Indian, mister?

The Mexican opens one eye, and replies in Spanish.

(CONTINUED)

MEXICAN

No sabe. He habla Espanol solamente.

PETE

(tough)

Yeah! Well me no habla Spanish and me no want to.

The Mexican replies with a burst of indignant Spanish which leaves Pete breathless. Then he glowers at the native, and takes Tommy's hand.

PETE (cont'd)

Come on. I don't know what that guy is saying, but I think you are too young to hear it.

He starts away with Tommy.

WIPE

EXT. TEPIC AIRPORT - DAY

- 56 CLOSE SHOT. The Mexican official is ringing a large hand bell loudly and enthusiastically -- it is time for the plane to start.
- 57 MED. SHOT - at patio. The people from the plane start leaving their tables as the sound of the hand bell comes over the shot.
- 58 MED. CLOSE SHOT - of Alice, Judson and Joe. Judson tries to pick up the check for the meal but Joe outfumbles him and gets it.

JOE

Oh, no, this is on me.

He gives the grinning and bowing Ching some money, waves aside the change, and starts out, hurrying after Judson and Alice who precede him around the corner of the building -- headed for the front of the building where the landing field is located.

59-60 FULL SHOT. A dusty but fairly new touring car roars into the scene and stops in front of the airport building. Two young men get out.

61 TRUCKING SHOT - with Joe, Alice and Judson on the porch as they continue to walk toward the front of the building.

JOE

(amiably)

I envy you your first trip to South America -- there's a spot! Swaying palm trees -- tinkling guitars---

JUDSON

(unromantically)

And anteaters---

The two men from the dusty touring car barge into scene and stop them.

FIRST REPORTER

Mr. Ellis -- I'm the American Press man from Tampico.

SECOND REPORTER

(to Alice)

Are you Miss Melhorn?

The two reporters are brassy, determined and callous. Alice and Judson look at each other; the smiles have disappeared from their faces. Joe is surprised and interested.

FIRST REPORTER

We got a wire from New York that you were on this plane.

SECOND REPORTER

That's right. Your old man had plenty to say. Practically burst a blood-vessel saying it.

(to Alice)

Yours, too.

(CONTINUED)

JUDSON

(pretending
cheerfulness)

You may quote me as saying we
have nothing to say.

He tries to get away, but the reporters try to step in
front of him.

62 CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT. Alice and Judson, trying to avoid
the reporters who dog them all the way to the plane.

FIRST REPORTER

All we want to know is why you
eloped. The newspapers are
full of it anyhow and we want
to know your story.

They reach the plane and stop as Alice turns on the
reporters angrily.

ALICE

Why don't you leave us alone?
What we do is entirely our own
affair---

JUDSON

(stopping her)

We've got to talk some time,
Alice.

(to the reporters)

If I give you a statement will
you promise to print exactly
what I say?

BOTH REPORTERS

(together)

You bet we will.
Sure, Mr. Ellis.

JUDSON

All right.

(takes Alice's arm)

The reason we're being married is because we're in love. The reason our parents object is because they don't think we've got sense enough to know our own minds. That's the truth -- and that's the whole story. No mystery, no scandal, no nothing. Come on, Alice.

(they start
into plane)

The reporters fire one parting question.

FIRST REPORTER

Where are you being married?

JUDSON

(over his
shoulder)

In Panama City, tomorrow.

He and Alice disappear into the plane without looking back. The reporters turn and hurry out of scene and as they do, Joe comes unhappily into the scene and stands looking at the door into which they vanished. Bill comes in and stands silently, looking at him.

JOE

So she's his secretary!

BILL

(tersely)

So what?

JOE

(ignoring him)

And I bought their breakfast!

He and Bill enter the plane.

65 FULL SHOT - as the plane takes off, clears the trees
at the far end of the airport and begins to climb.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SKY - DAY

66 Transport plane flying along mountainous coast line.

DISSOLVE.

EXT. SKY - LATE AFTERNOON

67 Transport plane flying towards accumulation of heavy
storm clouds.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SKY - LATE AFTERNOON

68 Plane disappearing into black storm clouds.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

INT. COCKPIT OF PLANE - NIGHT

69

CLOSE SHOT - The storm is getting bad outside. Bill is at controls, Joe at radio. They are both very serious. Bill stares at his instrument panel because he is flying blind.

JOE

(working radio)

Tepic says to keep on going--
Panama is clear, but their
field is blind. He thinks we're
about in the middle of it.

(pauses)

Can we get above it?

BILL

We'll try. But I think it's
the same clear to the moon.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

70

A blinding flash of lightning shows the tiny ship for a second, its nose climbing.

INT. CABIN OF PLANE - NIGHT

71

MED. FULL SHOT. The ship is pitching and diving badly. The passengers, all but Tommy and the Professor, show various stages of fear. Tommy drops off to sleep in Pete's lap.

Over scene the radio is playing a gay waltz. It is suddenly interrupted by some violent static, which turns all the passengers rigid. Larry is at the radio manipulating it. Crimp suddenly jumps up.

CRIMP

(snarling)

Why don't you leave that radio
alone so we can get some music?

LARRY

We're going away from our station
so rapidly that you have to
adjust it all the time or you
don't get anything.

(CONTINUED)

CRIMP

Oh.

He sits down as suddenly as he arose. The music resumes. Vasquez smiles sardonically at Crimp's display of nerves.

72

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Henry and Martha in front of him and Crimp and Vasquez across the aisle from him. Henry has a pocket map and is studying it, contentedly. He is indulging his habit of speaking learnedly on whatever subject pops into his mind.

HENRY

Too bad we're not farther south---I could point out a most interesting territory--the home of the Jivaro tribe of head-hunters.

Crimp, who is increasingly nervous, glances at Henry balefully. Vasquez, seeing that Henry's chattering is annoying Crimp, eggs the professor on.

VASQUEZ

Yes, I've heard a great deal about them.

(with a glance
at Crimp)

When they kill an enemy, they cut off his head, as a trophy of war.

Henry, delighted to find someone to talk to, nods happily and launches into a discourse. Crimp is more and more nervous.

HENRY

Exactly. I must write a paper on the Jivaros some time. After obtaining the head of some enemy, they slit the skin from the crown to the back of the neck and remove the skull. They then fill the empty skin with hot sand or gravel, and sew it up--

(to Martha)

--as I believe I told you, my dear, this shrinks the head to the size of a large orange---

(CONTINUED)

This is too much for Crimp. He half raises in his seat and bellows at Henry.

CRIMP
Shut up!

HENRY
(determined to finish)
-- which, after several days --

CRIMP
(shouting)
I said, shut up!

Henry, reluctantly abandoning his impromptu lecture, looks over his spectacles at Crimp.

HENRY
My dear Mr. Crimp, you're an unusual fellow. Tell me, are you a simple maniac-depressive or a schizophrenic?

Crimp, with an effort, restrains himself from leaping upon Henry.

CRIMP
(with a gesture)
Ah-h-h-h!

Henry placidly begins to examine his map again. Vasquez looks at Crimp with a thin contemptuous smile.

VASQUEZ
Your nerves are going back on you, Mr. Crimp. Did it ever occur to you that you may not be able to deliver me to the proper authorities after all?

Before Crimp can answer, the ship rolls wildly and there is a terrific blast of thunder. Crimp takes out a pocket flask and drinks deeply.

MED. SHOT. Larry goes along aisle offering passengers gum. Some take it, others don't. He stops where Judson and Alice are sitting. They silently refuse the gum.

JUDSON

(tensely)
If ever I needed a drink, now is the time.

LARRY

You'll be better off without it, sir.

ALICE

(nervously)
It'll be over soon, won't it?

LARRY

(trying to be reassuring)
Yes, miss. These tropical storms go faster than they come. May I lower your berth?

ALICE

No, thank you.

MARTHA

(imperiously)
Lawrence! Please tell the driver to be very careful.

LARRY

Yes, ma'am.

CAMERA PULLS BACK and PANS WITH Larry as he approaches Pete and Tommy with tray. Pete accepts some gum. Tommy is sitting on Pete's lap, sound asleep. Pete is frowning and worried. Larry looks down at Tommy.

LARRY (cont'd)

It doesn't seem to bother him any.

PETE

(sighing heavily)
Naw. He sleeps like a child.

74

MED. SHOT. While Larry grins at this and moves down the aisle, the waltz music that is coming over the radio is interrupted for a news flash.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
American Press News Bulletin!
The end of a notorious career
took place in the gutter outside
the Winslow Hotel in San
Francisco today when Michael
Mulvaney was shot to death.

75

CLOSE SHOT. Pete is startled and listens intently.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
(continuing)
Mulvaney, one time big-shot mob
leader, was riddled by a dozen
bullets when he attempted to
shoot his way out of a trap set
for him by members of his former
gang who resented his attempt to
go straight --

PETE

(angrily)
Shut that thing off!

The mention of Mulvaney's name has partially aroused Tommy and he half sits up in Pete's lap. The orchestra resumes playing the waltz.

TOMMY

(sleepily)
Was someone talking about my
daddy?

76

MED. SHOT. The other passengers, especially Peggy and Henry, turn and look sympathetically at the child.

PETE

(sadly)
Haw. You are only having a bad
dream. Go back to sleep.

TOMMY

When am I going to see my daddy
again?

(CONTINUED)

PETE

(shaking his head)
That's hard to say, kid.

77 CLOSE SHOT - Martha, as she looks over to Pete with an inquiring look on her face, her forehead wrinkled in question.

78 CLOSE SHOT - Pete, as he nods faintly to her.

79 MED. SHOT - the other passengers, all of whom get the
81 significance of what has happened to Tommy. Peggy gets up, goes over to Tommy and extends her arms for him. Pete glares at her.

PEGGY

Please let me hold him. He needs a woman --

PETE

He needs a lady!

Peggy, about to answer angrily, looks around and sees the others looking at her. She shrugs and sits down. Martha, after a nod from Henry, gets up, goes to Pete and holds out her arms.

MARTHA

Let me take him. I used to have a little boy.

Pete smiles and lets her take Tommy. Martha sits down holding Tommy in her arms, and rocks back and forth in her seat, humming to the child. Henry looks at her wistfully, his eyes misty.

DISSOLVE

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

82

MED. CLOSE SHOT. Bill and Joe are staring at the instrument panel, and very obviously worried.

JOE

Can't we get above it?

(CONTINUED)

BILL

I'm as high as I can get her --
eleven thousand --

JOE

(working radio)
Can't raise Topis or Panama any
more. Too much static.

BILL

Try the beam.

JOE

Right.
(switches controls
of radio)
No, we've lost that, too.

The door opens and Larry enters.

LARRY

Want some hot coffee?

They both shake their heads "no".

JOE

How are the passengers?

LARRY

Not bad -- but that fellow in seat
nine is liquoring up pretty fast.

JOE

Get back there and watch him.
If he turns mean, call me.

LARRY

Yes, sir.
(goes)

BILL

Here comes the wet.

Suddenly sheets of rain start beating against the glass
in irregular, heavy gusts.

JOE

Any idea where we are?

BILL

(grimly)

A long way south of where we ought to be -- and that wind's probably carrying us inland.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

83 The ship is being badly buffeted by wind and rain. Jagged flashes of lightning all around it.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SHIP - NIGHT

84 CLOSE SHOT. The ship in heavy rain -- the figures of the passengers can be seen grotesquely contorted by the water on the windows.

DISSOLVE

INT. CABIN OF PLANE - NIGHT

85 MED. FULL SHOT. The passengers are holding tight to their seats to keep from being catapulted into the aisle. Tommy is now wide awake. The rain slaps against the windows almost as though the ship were under water. Crimp and Vasquez are in f.g. Crimp, who is rapidly losing what little control he has, tilts his flask.

CRIMP

I don't like this!

VASQUEZ

(laconically)

Unfortunately the elements don't seem to care what you like.

Crimp drinks again. Larry watches him apprehensively.

DISSOLVE

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

86 The ship, pitching and bucking, dimly seen against the black storm clouds. Suddenly two flares drop from it and go flaring toward the earth.

87 MED. CLOSE SHOT - descending flares, a blazing sulphuric light floating downward suspended from a small parachute.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

88 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Bill is working controls, trying to keep the ship on an even keel. The nose of the plane dips as one engine starts missing.

BILL

(matter-of-fact)

Trouble with the left engine.
I may have to set her down.
Turn the lights out and drop
another flare!

Joe starts to do this.

INT. CABIN OF PLANE - NIGHT

89 MED. SHOT. The ship is still bucking wildly. Suddenly the lights are turned off, and the terrain beneath them is lighted by the brilliance of a flare, dropped from beneath the plane.

PEGGY

(frightened)

What's the matter with the lights?

CRIMP

(excitedly)

What happened?

EXT. PLANE - NIGHT

90 FULL SHOT. The flare, dropped from the plane, casts a ghostly brilliance over the storm tossed jungle over which the ship is flying.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

91 MED. SHOT. The lights being off, it is now possible to see the blue flame which shoots out of the engines' exhausts. Crimp, seeing it, reacts in terror.

(CONTINUED)

CRIMP
Look at that! It'll set fire
to the plane!

LARRY
That's only the exhaust -- there's
no danger from that.

Unconvinced, Crimp looks apprehensively out of the window.

92 CLOSE SHOT - a large oxygen tank, in the cabin near the
plane door. The lunging of the ship is threatening to
smash it against the door.

92A MED. SHOT. The fears of the passengers are mounting,
and even Pete looks apprehensive.

PETE
(nervously)
This thing's worse than a roller
coaster -- why don't we turn
around and go back?

CRIMP
(emphatically)
That's what I say. Why risk
our lives just to give the
pilots a good record?

HENRY
(fairly calm)
I'm sure the pilots know much
more about it than we do.

CRIMP
(coldly)
Oh, you think so, do you? Well,
I know what I'm doing, too. I'm
going to turn this ship around.

He gets up and starts for the pilots' compartment.

92B CLOSE SHOT. The tank of oxygen. A lurch of the plane
bangs it against the door and the door almost breaks open.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

92C

MED. SHOT - in the cockpit, as Crimp flings the cockpit door open.

JOB

What do you want?

CRIMP

Maybe you guys are after a record but I'm not. Turn around and go back.

BILL

(fighting
the controls)

Please go and sit down.

The ship gives a violent lurch and its nose points obliquely upward. Crimp is thrown to the floor of the cockpit.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

92D

CLOSE SHOT - of the oxygen tank near the plane door. The plane, plunging again, smacks the tank against the door -- and this time the door gives way, tearing off one hinge. The tank skids out and falls into the darkness, and the door, smashed loose, is torn off by the wind and blows away.

92E

MED. SHOT. A new lurch of the ship throws Tommy to the floor. He slides back toward the open door. Peggy grabs for him but misses. Peggy screams as she sees Tommy slide toward it. Larry makes a dive for Tommy, just as the child is about to go through the door. He knocks Tommy to one side and Peggy grabs him -- but in doing this, Larry himself is thrown through the door and drops off into space, his mouth open in a silent, terrifying scream. Pete throws himself between Tommy and the door.

INT. COCKPIT - NIGHT

93

MED. SHOT - in the cockpit. Crimp, once again on his feet, has seen the tragedy just enacted in the cabin, and turns savagely to Bill.

CRIMP

(furiously)

Now will you go back?

(CONTINUED)

BILL
 (just as furiously)
 Shut up -- I've got my hands full.

Crimp, beside himself with rage, whips out a revolver.

CRIMP
 I said go back.

Joe, who has been trying to help with the controls, realizes Crimp is in a murderous mood. He flings himself out of his seat, tackling Crimp around the knees. The impact causes the revolver to discharge, the bullet smashing the cockpit radio.

INSERT SHATTERED RADIO SET

Vasquez comes in just as Joe socks Crimp. Crimp falls hitting his head on a metal brace. It knocks him out. Bill, concentrating on his controls, hasn't even turned around during the struggle. He yells at Joe.

BILL
 The left engine's dead. I've got to set her down!

Joe steps from the cockpit into cabin. Vasquez remains behind staring down at the unconscious figure of his guard, Crimp. The revolver is lying next to his body.* Vasquez looks at Bill's back, then quickly stoops and snatches revolver, pocketing it with an almost indifferent smile.

INT. CABIN OF PLANE - NIGHT

94 MED. SHOT. Bedlam has broken loose. Those passengers who aren't screaming are grasping the arms of their seats, rigid with fear.

JOE
 Everybody fasten safety belts.
 We're landing.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

95 The plane has its nose pointed toward earth and is falling fast. It straightens partially and banks gradually.

96-97

The ship is now descending gradually in a long glide. The landing gear is not lowered and the propellers have been stopped.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

- 98 FULL SHOT - tops of trees, lit by intermittent flashes of lightning. The plane comes into the scene low over the trees.
- 99 ANOTHER ANGLE - as the plane shears the tops of several of them, then dives.
- 100 MED. SHOT - as the plane crashes.
- 101 MED. FULL SHOT - in clearing. A flash of lightning shows the ship nose down in the brush.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

- 102 MED. SHOT: It is pitch dark: Voices can be heard: Tommy is crying.

PEGGY

(trying to
stop Tommy)
That's all right, darling.
We're safe.

PETE

Where is he at?

PEGGY

Over here.

JUDSON

Alice! Alice!

ALICE

I'm here, Jud.

MARTHA

Henry -- where are you? Henry!
Henry!

A flashlight goes on and we see Joe flashing it over the interior of the cabin. Bill is standing with him. The light beam picks out the various people, shaken and bruised, but no one seriously hurt. They cling to each other -- Jud to Alice, Tommy to Peggy. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

Henry is picking himself up from the floor and Pete is wedged tightly into a seat from which he is trying to loosen himself. Crimp is just regaining consciousness.

JOE

Is everyone all right?

HENRY

All except the steward. He's -- missing.

JUDSON

(in a flat tone)

Missing? He's dead.

ALICE

(almost hysterical)

What are we going to do?

BILL

(calmly)

Wait for morning....

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. JUNGLE - EARLY MORNING

103 LONG SHOT. A great sun, like some enormous, burnished copper coin, climbs slowly over the tops of the jungle palms and calabou trees with their fantastic, tasseled fronds. With the sun, there rises a steam-like mist, the distillation of yesterday's heavy rain. The jungle comes alive. Birds begin to call, some fluting prettily, others croaking harshly; a herd of scolding, chattering monkeys moves through the trees.

PAN OVER to the broken tops of several palm trees and then along the furrow ploughed through virgin brush by the transport ship on its crashing descent.

104 MED. FULL SHOT. The ship is lying in a clearing in the middle of broken brush and uprooted small trees, and surrounded by impenetrable jungle. CAMERA PANS to a little grassy slope toward which the nose of the ship is pointed. A fire has been made between some small rocks. Most of the contents of Larry's pantry have been carried out and stacked near the fire -- utensils, forks, knives, spoons, etc., and canned goods. Most of the group is busy near the fire, but Bill, Joe and Henry are at the plane, inspecting the damage.

105 MED. CLOSE SHOT - at plane, as Bill, standing on a fallen tree, inspects the engines.

JOE

(cheerfully)

We can't be far from the coast.
We can hike it in a day or two.

HENRY

Do you know how far off our course we are?

BILL

(after a pause)

Not exactly.

JOE

(heavy-handed cheerfulness)

It's easy to calculate. We know how fast we went and for how long. Simple arithmetic.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Simple arithmetic, eh? You also know, I suppose, how fast the wind was blowing and the degree of the curve the ship made inland?

JOE

(doing a bad job of being breezy)

Oh, we'll allow for that.

106 CLOSE SHOT. Henry looks at him sharply.

HENRY

Young man, you haven't the slightest notion where we are.

JOE

(looking at him hard, then gives in)

All right -- you tell us then.

HENRY

Probably on the eastern side of the Andes somewhere near the head waters of the Amazon.

BILL

(sharply)

How do you know?

HENRY

I'm a professor of botany among other things. I've recognized several types of vegetation which grow only in that locality. We're in a valley between two mountain ranges. We can't get out unless we fly out.

Bill says nothing. He returns to his inspection of the engine as Henry joins him on the fallen log.

HENRY (cont'd)

Honestly -- what chance is there to repair the ship?

(CONTINUED)

BILL
(again looking
at engines)

The left oil tank took a beating when we set down. I might be able to patch up these engines but it'd take at least two - maybe three weeks.

HENRY
How about the radio?

JOE
We can receive, but we can't send without another tube and we haven't got one.

BILL
And we've only got enough food for a week. Maybe two if we diet.

HENRY
(going toward
campfire)
Well, let's see what we can do about breakfast.

Joe and Henry start toward campfire. Bill climbs onto roof of cockpit and lifts cowl of left engine.

DISSOLVE

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE OF AIRCOAST, INC. - DAY

107 CLOSE SHOT - a large wall map of southwest U.S.A., Mexico, Central and South American countries. Across the top of the map is a large printed legend:

ROUTES
AMERICAN AIRCOAST LINES
"Latin America at
Your Doorstep"

The routes flown by Aircoast planes are shown by long lines of different colored neon tubing.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the main office of the manager of Aircoast, Inc.; a group of excited men are standing around map, one of whom is in the uniform of a navy aviation officer. Several of the others are dressed as commercial pilots. A portly, dignified executive, Mr. Thompson, the manager of the line, speaks.

(CONTINUED)

THOMPSON

The last radio message from Brooks was received four hours after they left Tepic.

(points to map)

According to the speed Brooks reported he should be down somewhere in this area. All our available planes are searching the route.

The man in military uniform speaks.

COLONEL STEVENS

We have one squadron of reconnaissance ships in the air now. We'll have two more by this afternoon.

THOMPSON

Thank you very much, Commander. The Coast Guard is also co-operating.

Colonel Stevens goes. Thompson turns to commercial pilots.

THOMPSON (cont'd)

We're borrowing some additional planes for you men from the Mexican government. You'll take a transport plane to Acapulco...

(he turns
back
to map)

Where the ships are waiting.

108 CLOSE SHOT. The map -- his hand pointing to ridge of mountains. CAMERA PANS OVER from where he is pointing to a valley hundreds of miles away and inland, the other side of the coastal range. Thompson's voice comes over shot.

THOMPSON'S VOICE

Concentrate your search to the north -- it is unlikely that they crossed the mountains into the valleys near the Amazon.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

109 LONG SHOT - jungle clearing from a HIGH ANGLE. The wrecked ship is half hidden in the brush. On the grassy slope in front is the campfire and we see small figures on the ground around it. Still further in front, a large white square, perhaps twenty feet by forty feet, can be seen with several figures working at its edges.

110 MED. SHOT. The white square consists of several dozen sheets stretched out on the ground and staked down as a signal for airplane searching parties. Joe and Bill are pulling the sheets taut and driving the stakes. Alice comes to Joe carrying an armful of linen.

ALICE

Here are the last two sheets --
and all the towels.

Joe and Bill take them and start spreading them out, edge to edge, making the white square still larger.

JOE

Thanks.

(to Bill)

They ought to be able to see
this if they fly anywhere near
here.

BILL

If....

Alice looks at him and he changes the subject.

BILL (cont'd)

We'll keep the fire going all
night, too.

They continue to work as Alice goes back toward
campfire.

111 MED. SHOT. Campfire, with Judson, Martha, Vasquez, Crimp, Miff, Tommy and Henry around it, eating. Everyone but Tommy, who is having the time of his young life, and Henry, who is making the best of things, is grumpy and under a nervous strain. Henry keeps the coffee pot and fire going briskly.

MARTHA

(reprovingly
to Bill)

Young man, you should have
picked a less forsaken spot to
land.

(looks around)

This place is probably crawling
with insects.

VASQUEZ

(stretching
happily in
the sun)

I think it's very pleasant
here.

MARTHA

(sniffing)

There's no accounting for
tastes.

VASQUEZ

You would find it a pleasant
spot, too -- if you were being
taken home -- to be hanged.

Martha gives him a take as Alice comes in and sits at
the fire.

TOMMY

Gee, I like picnics.
(to Peggy)

Did you like picnics when you
were a little girl?

PEGGY

(after a pause)

Yeah -- you bet.
(she smiles
at him)

Pete looks daggers at Peggy. He still disapproves of
her, vigorously. Henry gives the child a piece of
toast and jam and some milk from a can.

TOMMY

Thank you.
(laughs)

PETE

(suspiciously)
What's so funny?

TOMMY

I didn't have to wash this morning.

Pete frowns at him and takes away the bread and jam. Tommy looks at him indignantly.

PETE

(sternly)

If I am letting you eat without washin' --

(Pete suddenly

notices his

own hands, and

looks sheepish)

Well....okay. Just this once.

112 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Alice hands Joe a cup of coffee.

JOE

Thanks.

Crimp, who is sitting next to the provisions, reaches out and picks up the jam jar, ignoring the spoon. He pours half its contents on a slice of toast.

JOE (cont'd)

Go easy, there....

CRIMP

What do you mean? We're getting out of here by night, aren't we?

They all look anxiously at Joe for an answer.

JOE

We'll get out all right, but hardly by tonight.

Joe sits down quite calmly and takes a sip of his coffee.

JUDSON.

How are we going to get out?

(CONTINUED)

JOE

(tersely)
Fix the plane and fly out.

JUDSON

You'll never fly that plane
again.

MARTHA

(irascible)
I, for one, will not set foot
in that thing after you and
your friend have patched it up.
I'm going to wait until some
really efficient people come
for me!

Joe shakes his head in silent resignation. During the
above, Peggy has fixed a tray with coffee and gone out
of scene toward Bill and the plane.

113

MED. CLOSE SHOT. Bill is standing on the wing removing
the left propeller, the tip of which is slightly bent.
Peggy's voice comes over.

PEGGY'S VOICE

Hey, pilot....

114

CLOSE SHOT. Peggy is holding a tray.

PEGGY

You can't do all that work on
an empty stomach.

Bill looks at Peggy who smiles at him. He climbs down
to get the tray.

BILL

(without emotion)

Thanks.

(takes the coffee
and starts to
drink)

PEGGY

What's the chances of getting
out of here?

(CONTINUED)

BILL

Pretty slim.

He finishes the coffee, then, holding a sandwich in his teeth, climbs back up to continue his inspection of the motor.

PEGGY

I guess we're lucky to be alive.

BILL

Yeah....

PEGGY

Thanks to you.

BILL

Don't thank me, lady, and don't blame anyone. Abe's dead and we're cracked up and it can't be helped. Things just happen and nobody can stop 'em.

PEGGY

(sensing his
fatalism)

Yeah. I guess they do.

Bill looks at her, without change of expression, then pays her a grudging compliment.

BILL

You're the first girl I ever knew -- who could make good coffee.

PEGGY

The professor made it.

She leaves, and Bill, after a moment's surprise, returns to his work.

115 MED. SHOT - at campfire.

JUDSON

(to Joe)

Do you mean we may be stuck here for a month?

115 (CONTINUED)
Crimp, his face bruised from his fall in the plane,
speaks up.

CRIMP
We should've turned back, like
I wanted to.

Joe looks at them noncommittally.

JOE
Okay. But we're here, and
we've got a tough job ahead of
us -- that's to stay alive.

HENRY
(forcefully)
He's right -- and it will mean
work for us all. Everyone must
help.

116 MED. CLOSE SHOT.

JOE
Mrs. Spengler -- you'll be in
charge of the cooking department.

MARTHA
(indignantly)
I'll be nothing of the kind!
I'm not a servant!

Henry, to everyone's surprise, especially his wife's,
becomes stern.

HENRY
Martha, you heard what he said.
You're the cook.

MARTHA
(sharply)
Don't use that tone to me,
Henry, I ---

HENRY
(sternly)
You were a good cook when we
were married -- let's see if
you've forgotten.

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA

(protesting)

But, I....

HENRY

Don't argue -- cook!

She subsides like a football with a puncture and starts gathering the dishes, darting occasional glances at the man she married, whom, after thirty years, she can hardly recognize.

117

MRD. CLOSE SHOT. Bill walks into the scene, wiping his perspiring forehead on his sleeve, carrying a monkey-wrench.

BILL

We need enough wood to last all night. Ellis -- you take the axe -- Crimp, you and I will have to use our hands.

JUDSON

(cheerfully)

Through Amazonian jungles with old Jud Ellis, the fearless explorer.

Judson takes the axe, and tests its heft.

CRIMP

I'm a passenger. I don't have to work.

BILL

(contemptuously)

That's all right with me -- but those who don't work, don't eat.

Bill turns to Vasquez, who has stood up and is smiling.

BILL (cont'd)

Vasquez, you carry everything out of the plane we can use.

VASQUEZ

(starting to obey)

Very well.

CRIMP

Vasquez hesitates.

JOE
(very angry)
What's the idea?

CRIMP
He's my prisoner. He takes
orders from me. And you
oughta take orders from us.
We paid our fares.

ALICE
(turning on him
indignantly)
That's ridiculous -- He's doing
everything he possibly can for
us!

BILL
(coldly to Crimp)
Someone has to boss things if
we're going to try to get out
of here --
(looks around)
--any other objections to my
being in charge?

HENRY
(vigorously)
None whatever.
(to the others)
The pilot of a wrecked plane
has the same authority as the
captain of a wrecked ship.
That's the law.

All but Crimp chorus approval.

CRIMP
(sneering)
Yeah, maybe it is -- but how's
he gonna enforce it?

PETE
(grimly)
Oh, so it is mutiny, heh?

118 MED. SHOT - Pete starts belligerently to move toward Crimp and it looks like a fight. Vasquez, who has been following the argument with great interest, now steps forward.

VASQUEZ

(to Bill)

The officer in charge ought to have an emblem of authority.

He pulls out the revolver he picked up the night before, and hands it to Bill, who accepts it with a grateful nod. Pete, halting his contemplated mayhem of Crimp, looks peculiarly at Bill, then with a shrug, reaches inside his own coat and produces a wicked looking revolver.

PETE

You want my red, too?

BILL

(amused)

No, you'd better keep it.

(to Crimp)

And don't make us waste any bullets on you. We'll need 'em all --- for food.

DISSOLVE

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

119 MED. SHOT - at clearing. The group is around the campfire. Henry is peking at the fire to make it burn brighter, Peggy and Alice are clearing away the remnants of a scanty meal. Vasquez lies flat on his back, his hands beneath his head, looking at the stars. Crimp and Judson are playing blackjack with a deck of cards from the plane. Tommy is dozing in Martha's arms and the old dowager, sitting on the ground is rocking back and forth, crooning a wordless lullaby, gratifying her mother instinct. Pete looks at her approvingly.

PETE

You sure know how to put him to sleep. I suppose that kid of yours is grown up by now.

MARTHA

(after a pause)

My baby died -- when he was just this age.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

(at a loss
for words)
Aw -- gee. That's tough.

120 CLOSE SHOT. At the plane. Bill and Joe are inside. Bill comes to the door of the plane and shouts to the group at the camp fire.

BILL

(shouting)
Hey, everybody--come here.

121 FULL SHOT. Everyone in the camp gets up and starts toward the plane. Martha places Tommy in a nest of blankets on the ground and tucks him in before following the others.

INT. PLANE - NIGHT

122 MED. SHOT. As the members of the party climb in. Bill and Joe are sitting in front of the long wave radio in the cabin, Bill looking at his wrist watch. He looks up as the others come in and range themselves around.

BILL

It's nearly time for the ten o'clock news broadcast from San Francisco.

(grins at them)

Maybe we can find out what happened to us.

JUDSON

(impatiently)

Well, go ahead and tune in.

BILL

Not until they're on the air. We've got to save our batteries.

The others watch with varying degrees of patience and impatience as Bill keeps his eyes on his watch, then, finally switches on the radio and fiddles with the dial. For an instant there is nothing but static, then, faintly, the voice of an announcer comes through.

(CONTINUED)

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
 --leaving two men on base. In
 the last half of the ninth the
 Giants nicked two Dodger
 pitchers for six hits and---

The announcer's voice is drowned out by a burst of
 static.

PETE

(sadly)
 For the first time in my life,
 I do not care if the Gi'nts
 are winning a ball game.

The others gesture him to silence as Bill, working the
 controls, succeeds in getting the announcer back.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
 (after some static)
 --or any other demands on
 smaller European minorities.

After a pause, during which they all listen tensely, the
 radio announcer continues, putting into his voice that
 phoney note of sombre sympathy affected by radio
 announcers when giving forth tragic news.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE (cont'd)
 And from San Diego comes tragic
 news-- that Commander Wilson of
 the Naval Air Base has recalled
 two of the squadrons of
 reconnaissance planes which have
 been searching for the lost air
 liner, "Silver Queen", which
 vanished in a tropical storm
 with twelve people on board.

123

PAN SHOT. Over the faces of our people, as their
 expressions mirror their growing hopelessness, caused
 by the announcer's words. His voice continues to come
 over:

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
 However, in the belief that the
 "Silver Queen" was far off her
 course, one squadron of naval
 planes, and several private planes
 chartered by the air line, will
 continue the search which has
 been switched to the west coast of
 Panama. Little hope, however, is
 held that any trace of the
 missing air liner, and its cargo

of twelve human lives, will ever

MED. SHOT - of the group.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
In Washington today a rebellious
senate was faced with ---

Bill switches off the radio, and all members of the
party look at one another.

CRIMP
(bitterly)
Off our course is right.

HENRY
(thoughtfully)
So they're searching the west
coast of Panama.

JUDSON
(defeatedly)
They'll never find us.

BILL
(trying to sound
a note of
optimism)
Well, it doesn't matter. We'll
fly out on our own power in a
week or two.

JOE
(taking Bill's cue)
Think how surprised everyone
will be.

CRIMP
(morosely)
Think how surprised we'll be.

The others give him a dark look.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

125-
127

MED. CLOSE SHOT - at pool. Bill, Joe, Pete and Henry are approaching, Bill and Joe carrying empty canvas water buckets.

BILL

(to Pete)

I suppose you know how to use that gun of yours?

PETE

(scornfully)

Do I know how to use it!
Why, say --

BILL

Sure, sure.

(to Henry)

Your knowledge of botany ought to come in handy. Maybe you can figure out where the best grazing lands are, or something.

HENRY

I can try.

He and Pete start away, but Bill stops them, a hand on Henry's arm.

BILL

(nodding to indicate direction)

Try back that way first.

(Henry looks surprised)

It's as good as any, and that's the way we came in. You might find some trace of Larry.

JOE

That's right. He fell out not more than a mile or so back, and we only had a couple hundred feet altitude.

HENRY

But there isn't a chance ---

Bill, to cover his feelings, leans over and scoops up a bucket of water before answering.

BILL

(human and
ashamed
of it)

I know that. But he was a
good guy and -- I don't like
the idea of -- well ---

HENRY

(gently)

Of course, Bill. I
understand.

He and Pete start away, Bill and Joe looking after them.

BILL

(all business
again)

Let's get to work.

They start for the plane.

WIPE

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

128 MED. SHOT. This is another portion of the jungle, overgrown with thick underbrush and overshadowed by large, moss-hung trees and one or two palm trees. The air is filled with the sound of birds and insects, and several monkeys skip chattering from tree to tree. Pete and Henry are, not without difficulty, making their way through the tangle of grass and undergrowth. Suddenly Henry halts Pete with a warning gesture and points off scene.

129 MED. LONG SHOT - from their angle we see a young pampas deer just full grown and only beginning to sprout horns. It has apparently scented them, and has stopped to sniff the breeze. It is standing in a grassy clearing.

130 CLOSE SHOT - Pete and Henry are excited at the sight of game.

PETE
(horse sotte
voce)
Lookit, professor -- a moose!

HENRY
(whisper)
He's got our scent -- but we
must get closer.

PETE
Naw, I can get him from here.

He raises his revolver, takes careful aim and fires.

131 MED. LONG SHOT. Simultaneous with the sound of the shot, the pampas deer whirls and streaks for cover.

HENRY
(disappointed)
You missed him.

Pete looks at the revolver, mystified, and shakes it near his ear like a man testing a broken watch.

PETE
Somethin' must be wrong with
this rod.

HENRY
(excited,
looking
off scene)
No -- you hit him -- he
dropped!

PETE
Oh, boy! Now we can eat!

They both start hurriedly off scene.

DISSOLVE OUT

132-
140

OMITTED

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

141

CLOSE SHOT - A rude checker board that has been marked out on the earth. Playing checkers are Pete and Henry. They are using acorns or leaves or what other prop is convenient instead of checkers. The professor makes a triple jump and lands in the King row.

PETE

(complainingly)

Hey, you move them too fast!
I seen guys lose a hand for
less than that.

HENRY

(stoically)

Crown me.

PETE

(grumblingly)

Oh, all right.

(crowns the
checker in
the King row)

How many favors does that make
it I owe you already?

HENRY

Four.

PETE

You want to double up on the
last game?

HENRY

(calmly)

No.

A look of frustration and fury passes over Pete's face.

142

MED. SHOT - Another portion of the camp fire. Peggy is sitting on the ground, fishing a pack of cigarettes from her blouse pocket. Bill enters scene. Peggy, getting the cigarette pack out, silently holds it up to him. Bill looks at her, accepts the cigarette which protrudes from the pack, and nods in curt gratitude. Peggy wads up the pack and throws it into the fire. It is empty. Bill looks at her curiously. He realizes she has given him her last cigarette. For the first time, something like sympathy for this social outcast reflects itself in his face. But he doesn't offend her by calling attention to her generosity. He merely lights the cigarette from an ember in the fire.

WIDER ANGLE - Judson comes into the scene from the direction of the plane. He carries a suitcase.

JUDSON

(affably)
It has always been my custom to provide against the minor inconveniences of travel.

He opens the suitcase, and it is filled with a dozen or more quart bottles of assorted liquor.

JUDSON (cont'd)

(waving)
Step up and name your poison.

Crimp steps forward eagerly, and Judson looks at him with contempt.

JUDSON (cont'd)

What's yours--cyanide?

Crimp scowls at him as Judson pulls the cork on a bottle.

BILL

(to Judson)
I'd go easy on that stuff.

JUDSON

(a bit petulantly)
Oh, look here---don't you think you're carrying this guardianship of yours a little too far?

Bill looks at him cryptically for an instant, but doesn't answer. Then he motions Joe aside with a jerk of his head, and Pete follows them as they step outside the circle of the fire.

CLOSE SHOT - Bill speaks softly to Joe and Pete.

BILL

Let them have a couple--it'll be good for their nerves. But we'd better lay off -- there may be animals around -- someone ought to stand guard.

(CONTINUED)

144 (CONTINUED)

PETE

(cheerfully)
How you're talkin' my language.
I am a guard stander of the old
school -- and the first thing I
learned was that bottles and
standin' guard have got nothing
in common.

Joe and Bill laugh a little, and look off scene.

145 WIDER ANGLE - as Judson begins pouring drinks.
WIPE

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

146 MED. CLOSE SHOT - at campfire. Most of the members of
the party are not in the shot. Bill and Pete sit by the
fire, Bill throwing in some small pieces of wood to keep
it burning. Pete yawns.

BILL

(to the group, off) " " "
You'd better turn in.

PETE

Aw, I am not sleepy. You go to
bed -- you got to work on the
plane tomorrow.

BILL

I'll call Joe at two o'clock
and he can relieve me. Go on,
hit the hay.

Pete, for all his willingness, is dead tired, so he gets
to his feet.

PETE

Well, okay, but if you are
needing me, holler.

BILL

All right, I will.

(CONTINUED)

Pete leaves and enters the plane. Bill lights a cigarette from a campfire ember. As he does so, Judson stumbles into the circle of firelight. Bill looks at him cryptically.

JUDSON

(drunkenly)

Just a protection against snake bites--never know when you'll step on a snake--

Bill takes the bottle from him.

BILL

Act your age, Ellis. Go on to bed.

Judson looks at him angrily, then shrugs.

JUDSON

Okay. Sorry. Forgot you're the boss. Mustn't argue with the boss.

He gets up, lurches to the opposite side of the fire and starts for the plane. He is so drunk he can hardly walk. Bill watches him, sympathetically.

147 CLOSE SHOT - at the plane, as Judson reaches it and, after one or two efforts, climbs inside.

INT. CABIN OF PLANE - NIGHT

147A MED. SHOT - Judson, in a drunkenly amiable mood, clambers into the plane. Other members of the party are asleep in their bunks. Because of the jungle heat, they have forgotten the conventions and the curtains of their bunks are not drawn. Judson goes to his berth and sits on the edge of it. Singing drunkenly, he starts removing his shirt.

JUDSON

(singing)

Oh, there once was a bull,
A magnificent bull,
In a pasture near old -- his --
Barcelona --

(CONTINUED)

His ribal boisterousness arouses the other members of the party.

CRIMP

(roughly)
Pipe down, you.

JUDSON

(affably)
You wanna drink?

CRIMP

No. Shut up.
(he rolls over)

Judson is having difficulty with his shirt. He can't seem to get it unbuttoned. He gets to his feet and staggers up and down the aisle, tugging at the buttons and talking to himself.

JUDSON

That's a dirty trick -- someb'dy
sewed buttonholes shut while I
wasn't looking ---

Peggy, feeling sorry for the guy, gets out of her berth and starts to unbutton his shirt, -- simply to shut him up.

PEGGY

(resignedly)
Here, let me help you.

Alice promptly pops out of her own berth.

ALICE

You needn't bother.

PEGGY

No bother. I've handled drunks
before

ALICE

(angrily)
No doubt.

(CONTINUED)

JUDSON

(thickly)

And furthermore, Alice is my
--fian -- his -- fi -- his --
I'm going to marry her.

Alice practically elbows Peggy aside, and starts unbuttoning Judson's shirt. Peggy, deciding not to get involved in an argument, turns and exits the plane.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - NIGHT

148

TWO SHOT - at the fire, as Peggy comes up to Bill. He is smoking a cigarette and looks up as she approaches.

PEGGY

(indicating cigarette)

Got another one of those?

BILL

One or two.

(hands her the
cigarette)

Take a drag.

She accepts the cigarette, sits down, takes a deep puff and hands it back. Throughout the scene, they hand the cigarette back and forth, cherishing every mouthful of smoke.

BILL (cont'd)

What's the matter -- can't you sleep?

PEGGY

(lightly)

Mr. Ellis is having too good a time in there.

BILL

Yes, he was doing all right.

PEGGY

(shrugs)

Can't blame him much.

(Bill looks at
her sharply)

He's been trying to be a good
guy. But he's scared to death.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

Are you afraid?

PEGGY

Sure. Aren't you?

BILL

I'd like it better if we were out of here.

(looks at her
quizzically)

You're a funny girl.

PEGGY

Why?

BILL

I don't know. If I were to guess I'd say you had a trouble or two in your time.

PEGGY

(inhaling deeply)

Plenty.

BILL

What kind?

PEGGY

Men.

BILL

Oh?

Peggy digs at the earth with her toe before answering. She is a pretty frank girl, and knows Bill has no illusions.

PEGGY

You don't think I was going to Panama to see the sights, do you?

BILL

(understanding and
quite sympathetic)

No, I didn't. Things get tough back home?

PEGGY

Not the way you mean. There was a politician thought he'd be elected a lot quicker if I took a little trip.

(CONTINUED)

Bill nods and she changes the subject, not to avoid telling about herself, but because obviously, to both of them, the matter is as simple as that, and there is nothing else to discuss.

PEGGY (cont'd)
You don't care much for women,
do you?

BILL
(shrugs)
They're all right.

PEGGY
Never met one that really hurt,
though -- is that it?

Bill stares at the fire, long and hard, before answering. When he does, he speaks softly, almost as if he is unconscious of Peggy's presence and is merely thinking aloud.

BILL
Yes, one of 'em did, once. I
married her.

Peggy looks her sympathy.

PEGGY
What'd she do -- take a run-out
powder?

BILL
(incredulously)
Her?
(as if it is
unthinkable)
No!

PEGGY
(softly)
What happened?

Peggy lets him go on talking. This is the secret hurt that Bill hugs close to his heart and never discusses, but once he has started on it, there is a tragic fascination to it and he can't stop.

BILL

We got married right after the war. There weren't any jobs, so I bought an old Jenny and went to barnstorming. I flew the ship, she was a wing walker. We played fairs, carnivals -- stuff like that. One time in Indiana she didn't feel so good. I wanted her to stay down, but she just laughed. So we went up. She went out onto the wing and fainted -- Well, we cracked up. I lived -- but she died.

Bill stops and stares into the fire, lost in the past. Peggy, deeply touched by his tragedy, sits silently for a moment.

PEGGY

(quietly)

I'm sorry.

BILL

Things happen and you can't stop 'em. You better get some shut eye.

Impulsively, she takes his hand, holds it for a moment between her own two hands, then gets up.

PEGGY

Good night.

BILL

Good night.

She starts for her blankets.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

149- MONTAGE - of pages from the log of the "Silver Queen."
149a The first page, written in neat, concise handwriting,
reads:

(a) "Fourth day. Left engine a mess.
Stuck here for some time. A
fine thing!

Brooks."

WIPE

(b) The next page reads:

"Ninth day. Too hot to sleep in
plane. Decided to build huts.

Brooks."

WIPE

(c) Another page reads:

"Fourteenth day. Tried engines.
No soap. Better luck next time.

Brooks."

WIPE

(d) Another page reads:

"Eighteenth day. Right engine
okay but left engine still
jammed. Can be fixed but will
take several more days. Hope
to get out next week. Oh nuts!

Brooks."

Intercut through the above are MONTAGE SHOTS of Bill working on the plane; of Joe, straightening the bent propellor tip by pounding it with a home made wooden mallet on a wooden block; the whole group jacking up the plane to lower the landing gear; Martha cooking; Vasquez and Henry building huts, and CLOSE SHOTS of the faces of Judson and Crimp showing the progress of their moral degeneration.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

150 LONG SHOT - the camp. The camp of the wrecked party now presents a much different appearance. Half a dozen rough but serviceable lean-to's have been built; the walls are of bamboo and the roofs are thatched with palm fronds. A fireplace of mud bricks has been constructed in the center of the group of huts. The airplane has not been moved. Members of the party are moving about in the SHOT. Their clothes, while much the worse for wear, have been preserved in a fair state of neatness. The men are all clean-shaven -- after all, they all had their shaving equipment with them, and everyone had at least one change of clothes in his luggage.

151

CLOSE TWO SHOT - Bill and Joe are working on the plane as Judson comes into scene. In contrast to Bill and Joe, who are at least clean-shaven, Judson is unkempt, unshaven and dirty looking. He is also half drunk. He stands with his hands on his hips looking up scornfully at them.

JUDSON

When are you going to get wise to yourselves? That thing won't ever fly again. We're licked.

JOE

Maybe you've got a better idea for getting out of here?

JUDSON

You bet I have. We should have started walking weeks ago.

BILL

Sure -- and we'd still be walking-- and as far from civilization as we are now. Our only chance is to fly out.

JUDSON

Fly out! You're a couple of fools.

Joe drops his work and makes a move to knock Judson down but Bill stops him with a word.

BILL

Cut it out, Joe.

Joe stops reluctantly, and Judson sneers at him.

(CONTINUED)

JUDSON

(mockingly)
Yes, mind the boss, Joe. Be
a good boy.

He ambles drunkenly away. Joe shakes his head and
picks up his work again.

JOE

What he needs ---

BILL

(busy at work)
Never mind him. His liquor's
nearly gone. Anyway, we'll be
out of here in a few days, if
we have any luck.

JOE

(more cheerfully)
Right.

They resume work.

152

MED. SHOT - at fireplace. Henry, Martha and Vasquez are
busy at work. Martha is washing dishes in a pan of hot
water. Henry is rinsing them in cold water. Vasquez has
just entered with an armful of wood. He places part of
it on the ground and puts several pieces in the fire.
All three people are serene and happy.

MARTHA

(very amiable)
Thank you, Mr. Vasquez.

VASQUEZ

(with a slight bow)
Madame.

HENRY

(humorously)
You know, Vasquez, I'm tempted
to be jealous of you.

Vasquez looks surprised.

HENRY (cont'd)

I've noticed we have fried
bananas quite frequently since
Mrs. Spengler discovered you
are partial to them.

(CONTINUED)

VASQUEZ

(thoughtfully)

Perhaps your wife is only
sorry for me.

MARTHA

(sensing what's
on his mind)

Not at all. You mustn't allow
yourself to think of that.

153 CLOSE SHOT - Henry, wiping a plate, looks thoughtfully
at Vasquez.

HENRY

We've grown to know one another
pretty well. I feel I can speak
freely to you, Vasquez. If you
had it to do over again, would
you do what you did?

VASQUEZ

(thoughtfully)

I don't know. My experiences
here have made me think.

(looks around)

Look at this camp. There are no
classes here. We have chosen a
leader in whom we all have
supreme confidence, and whom we
respect completely. We have
plenty to eat --

(smiles at Martha)

-- the best. We are well
sheltered. We are in good health.
By all theories of politics and
economy, ours is an ideal
community. And yet everyone here,
except myself, is living for the
day when all this will come to an
end -- that is how tightly modern
living has become wrapped up in
non-essentials -- Personally, I
should be happy to spend all my
life here. (cont'd)

(CONTINUED)

VASQUEZ (cont'd)

(smiles faintly)
So you see, even in the jungle,
I am anti-social.

HENRY

I doubt it. This experience
has changed nearly all of us.
Bill is more human. Alice has
grown stronger and Judson
weaker. I think our friend
Pete has developed a genuine
love for Tommy, and you,
Vasquez -- it changed you more
than any of us.

VASQUEZ

Possibly.

He looks keenly from Henry to Martha.

VASQUEZ (cont'd)

Although it seems to me I've
noticed some change in you
people too.

HENRY

(looking fondly
at Martha and
nodding)

You're right, Vasquez. Quite
a change.

VASQUEZ

(smiling)

One I'm sure will make you very
happy.

He exits, leaving them alone.

MARTHA

You know, Henry, you'll think
I'm a little bit crazy -- but
in a way I'm glad the plane
crashed.

HENRY

(affectionately)
Yes, I think I am too. We've
-- we've re-discovered each
other, haven't we?

(CONTINUED)

MARTHA
(thoughtfully)
Henry --

HENRY
(dutifully)
Yes?

MARTHA
(she washes dishes
in silence for a
moment)
Remember the cane the
graduating class gave you
back in 1927?

HENRY
(wistfully)
Perfectly.

MARTHA
When we get home -- you may
carry it.
(turns to him
impulsively)
And if I get a little too
difficult, I want you to use
it on me.

They laugh and embrace. As they do, Joe comes to the
fireplace for some wood, and looks at them surprised.

JOE
Hey, what is this, a romance?

HENRY
A second honeymoon!

JOE
Congratulations!

All three laugh as Joe picks up his wood and exits.
CAMERA TRUCKS WITH JOE as he starts walking to the plane.
He passes Crimp, who deposits a bucket of water on the
ground.

CRIMP
(sneering)
Any more orders?

JOE

(coldly)
Not right now.

He continues on, out of SHOT. Crimp stands looking after him, with intense dislike. Then he looks around, to see if anyone else is near. Satisfied, he turns and walks in the direction of one of the huts, CAMERA TRUCKING WITH HIM. At the entrance to the hut he hesitates for an instant, then goes inside.

154- MED. SHOT - near one of the huts. Crimp enters scene,
156 looks cautiously around and enters the hut.

INT. HUT - DAY

157 This is Judson's quarters. Judson's possessions are scattered haphazardly about. Crimp enters and after a hesitant look around, pulls a suitcase from beneath the bunk. The suitcase is locked. Crimp looks disgusted, then takes a knife from his pocket, slits the leather, and from inside the suitcase extracts a partially empty bottle of liquor. He sets it aside and fishes inside the case until he finds a full one. Then he replaces the half empty one, and is about to get to his feet when Judson enters the hut. Crimp turns, sees him, and glares at him, not at all afraid.

158 MED. SHOT - Judson, half drunk, flies into a rage at the sight of the bottle in Crimp's possession. He leaps toward Crimp, who brushes him easily aside and sends him sprawling with a shove. Crimp exits hut. Judson scrambles to his feet and rushes out after him.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

159 MED. SHOT. Crimp is halfway across the clearing when Judson, rushing out of the hut, sprints after him and leaps onto his back. The men go down in a fighting, kicking heap. As they get up, fighting, other members of the group drop their work and run toward them.

160 CLOSE SHOT - Judson and Crimp fighting. Judson, with a maniacal yell, hits Crimp a hard blow on the chin and sends him whirling to the ground again. Crimp draws his knife, opens it, and leaps to his feet. He jumps toward Judson, the knife raised to strike.

161

MED. SHOT. Joe dives at Crimp as Crimp lunges toward Judson. With a twist that almost breaks Crimp's wrist, Joe sends the knife flying and Bill promptly picks it up. Joe gives Crimp a wallop in the stomach and one on the chin and Crimp goes down. Judson promptly makes another dive at him, but Bill seizes Judson's arm and hurls him violently back.

BILL

(roughly)

That'll be all of this. And from now on, I don't want any more drinking.

JUDSON

(laughing, half hysterical)

Oh, you don't? Well -- you'll see! I'm tired of being bossed around. Who do you think you are, anyhow -- Simon Legree?

Bill gives him a disgusted look and leaves, followed by the others. Vasquez, as he passes the unconscious Crimp, throws the contents of a bucket of water over him.

162

TWO SHOT - Judson and Alice. She looks at him with pity.

ALICE

Jud, you've got to pull yourself together.

JUDSON

(contemptuously)

Pull myself together! Do you want everybody in this outfit to be a Pollyanna? We might as well face the --

(he stops, catches himself, tries to put his arm around her)

I'm sorry. If we ever get out of this, you'll see. I'll show you....

She gently disengages herself.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

(pityingly)
I understand, Jud.

She pats his arm encouragingly and leaves. Judson makes a pathetic effort to straighten himself out and look manly, but gives up, and walks unsteadily toward his hut.

EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - DAY

163 MED. CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT. Alice leaves the camp clearing and starts along the trail which leads to the river. She is near tears -- her growing realization that Judson, after all, is just a louse, is beginning to have its effect. She sits down on a log, stares straight ahead, trying to analyze Jud and herself.

164 MED. SHOT - Joe enters scene, sits down beside Alice, and looks at her sympathetically.

JOE

(gently)
That guy will be all right,
Alice. He's just a little
mixed up, that's all.

ALICE

(slowly)
No, he's not.

JOE

(encouragingly)
Any man might go a little
haywire in a situation like
this.

ALICE

Bill hasn't. Professor
Spengler hasn't, nor Mr.
Vasquez, -- nor you.

She looks at him appealingly.

164A CLOSEUP. Of Alice. In her eyes is a plea to Joe to make love to her, to end, by a moment of passion, the horrible nightmare of the existence they are leading, and may lead the rest of their lives. It is a silent plea, for Alice is too much of a lady to put it into words, just yet.

165

GLOSEUP of Joe. He recognizes the appeal in her eyes, and his own eyes respond, -- but if Alice is a lady, Joe is a gentleman. He reaches a decision not to make love.

166-173 TWO SHOT, Joe turns without a word and starts away.

ALICE

(quickly)
Joe -- don't go. What's the matter?

He turns and comes slowly back to her.

JOE
Nothing, Alice -- only I feel guilty, talking about a guy, to his girl.

His eyes beg her to understand his position, as he once more turns, and this time walks away, leaving her standing there, hopeless, helpless, miserable.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - NIGHT

174

MED. SHOT - The group is gathered around a rough bamboo table for the evening meal. Martha and Henry are preparing to serve it up. All members of the party are present except Crimp and Judson, and as Martha places food on the table, Judson enters scene. He is still half intoxicated, and slumps down morosely at one end of the table, putting his elbows on the table and running his fingers through his tousled hair.

HENRY

(serving food
to Bill)

We have some very good stew
tonight, Judson. You'll enjoy
it.

(CONTINUED)

JUDSON

(savagely)

I suppose you're going to start jabbering about savages again, the way you did on the plane.

TOMMY

(wide-eyed)

Oh, are there savages around here?

JUDSON

(bitterly)

Sure there are. Ask your uncle Henry. Very bad savages -- they get you and cut your head off --

PETE

(pointing menacingly with fork)

Listen, you -- if you are scaring the kid, I am giving you a poke alongside your jaw.

ALICE

Judson, for Heaven's sake, be quiet.

TOMMY

(insistent)

But are there savages around here, Uncle Henry?

HENRY

(placatingly)

We're just playing games, Tommy -- we're pretending there are savages -- like Splash Morgan in the jungle kingdom.

TOMMY

But if they catch Mr. Crimp will they cut his head off?

ALICE

Of course not, darling -- Now eat your dinner -- there's a good boy.

MARTHA

(apprehensively to Henry)

Henry -- you don't really think --

JUDSON

I'm not hungry.

BILL

(looking around)

Where's Crimp?

HENRY

He's probably ponting someplace.

(with a smile,
to Joe)

I don't imagine he feels like eating, either.

VASQUEZ

Crimp left camp shortly after the fight. He was in a bad humor.

HENRY

(alarmed)

He did?

VASQUEZ

Yes. Wouldn't it be unfortunate if -- something happened to Mr. Crimp?

HENRY

The man's a fool.

He turns to Bill who is standing guard nearer to the group than Joe.

HENRY (cont'd)

Do you think we ought to get up a searching party?

BILL

(soberly)

No. He'll be back -- if nothing's happened to him.

HENRY

(thoughtfully)

Yes. If nothing's happened to him...

(CONTINUED)

HENRY
(without conviction)
Nonsense, my dear, of course
not. We...er...we're much
too far north.

But his obvious uncertainty has cast an air of tension
over the meal. Judson, seeing he has fallen into
disfavor, gets up from the table and paces about
restlessly.

BILL
(suddenly)
We've got to get Crimp back
before night-fall tomorrow...

They all look at him curiously.

VASQUEZ
Why?

BILL
(quietly)
Because, if we have any luck,
we'll be out of here by then.

SLOW PAN SHOT around the group as they receive this
information. Vasquez's face is perfectly blank. Henry
and Martha look at each other. Suddenly Henry reaches
out and puts his hand over hers. They smile.

TOMMY
That means I'll get to see my
Daddy, doesn't it?

PETE
Sure.

Tommy is about to ask some more questions about his father
and Peggy, seeing this, quickly gets up and goes to him.

PEGGY
If you're all through eating,
I'll show you how to press
flowers in a book.

TOMMY
(pleased)
All right. May I, Uncle Pete?

(CONTINUED)

ALICE
(thoughtfully)
Yes...maybe.
(she gets up
suddenly)
I think I'll turn in.

As she walks away Judson looks at her in bewilderment.
TRUCK with Alice across the clearing to one of the huts.

Pete looks at Peggy gratefully, and his long resentment of her breaks.

PETE
Sure. You go along with your
Annt Peggy.

Peggy looks gratefully at Pete and leads Tommy away.

175-
176

MED. SHOT - the group, as Peggy and Tommy leave, Vasquez speaks generally.

VASQUEZ
So we're all going...home. To
most of us, it will mean
readjustment to normal living.
(to Alice)
To you, it will mean marriage,
and happiness.

177

CLOSE SHOT - Alice as she looks up at him.

ALICE
(gets up suddenly)
I think I'll turn in.

As she walks away Judson looks at her thoughtfully.
TRUCK WITH Alice across the clearing to one of the huts.

INT. HUT - NIGHT

178

MED. SHOT - Alice enters from outside. A torch burns on the wall. The hut is neat and well kept. Alice is obviously tired. She sits down on a berth from the plane, (two are in the hut) and starts to remove her shoes, CAMERA PULLING IN to a CLOSE SHOT. Alice removes her shoes, then her blouse, then her skirt. She is in her slip, and very fetching too. A shadow falls across the wall, and she looks around, suddenly.

CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see that Judson has entered the hut, and is standing just inside the door, looking at her. He is drunker than usual, and sways unsteadily on his feet.

JUDSON
(unsteadily)
I want to talk to you.

ALICE
Let's talk tomorrow ---

JUDSON
No, now.
(advances closer)
Bill's lying. That plane will
never fly.

ALICE
We'll know, tomorrow. For sure.

JUDSON
I know now.

179 CLOSE SHOT - of Judson, as he sways unsteadily, but speaks slowly, almost as if he were sober.

JUDSON
We'll be stuck here -- buried
alive, for a long time.

180 CLOSE SHOT - Alice. She realizes he is in a dangerous mood.

ALICE
If -- if we are, we'll just
have to make the best of it.

181 CLOSE SHOT - Judson. He nods, vigorously.

JUDSON
Exactly. That's what I want
to talk about.

182 TWO SHOT - Judson comes closer to her and takes her hands.

JUDSON
Alice, we were on our way to
be married. If we do get out
of here, we'll be married
tomorrow night, as soon as we
reach Panama City --
(stops her as she
tries to interrupt)
-- but suppose we don't get out?

He comes closer to her, and she looks at him contemptuously.

ALICE

(quietly)
You'd better leave or I'll
call for someone.

JUDSON

(trying to
seize her)

Alice ---

ALICE

No, Jud!

He again tries to seize her, but she slaps him. He steps back, and looks at her, bleakly.

JUDSON

(slowly)
All right. I'm glad to know
how you feel about it. That
makes things much easier for me.

He turns and leaves.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - NIGHT

- 182-A MED. SHOT. Vasquez is fixing the fire. Looking off scene, he reacts to something, then picks up an ember from the fire and exits scene.
- 183 MED. SHOT - Peggy is standing with her back against a tree, looking up at the moon and the tropic foliage. She has an unlighted cigarette butt in her mouth. Vasquez enters scene and silently offers her a light from the ember he carries. She accepts it, and smiles at him. He bows and exits as Judson appears in background of scene. Judson straightens his disreputable shirt, runs his hands through his hair to smooth it, and approaches her. She does not notice him until he speaks.

JUDSON

Nice moon tonight.

(CONTINUED)

PEGGY
(after a glance
at him)

Yes.

JUDSON
(gesturing around)
I think it's very pretty here.

(CONTINUED)

PEGGY

If a person had this scenery
and that prop moon back home,
he could open a beer garden.

JUDSON

That's not very romantic.

She gestures deprecatingly -- romance means nothing to
her.

JUDSON (cont'd)

You've had a pretty tough time
all your life, haven't you.

PEGGY

I've got along.

JUDSON

I'd like to say something.

PEGGY

Go ahead.

JUDSON

Promise me you won't misunderstand --

She turns to him, pityingly. Peggy is no blushing
virgin -- she knows her way around, and she knows what
is on his mind.

PEGGY

No, because I know what you're
going to say.

184 CLOSE SHOT - Peggy speaks very gently to him.

PEGGY

That we're going home tomorrow.
That you've got plenty of money,
and you would like to see me
occasionally.

185

CLOSE SHOT - Judson nods, puzzled that she caught on so
quickly.

JUDSON

Yes.

PEGGY

Thanks. I'm not sore -- I know how it is. But all my life I've been playing games, Judson, and I've never won. The next time, I'm going to play for keeps.

She turns to start away, but he seizes her hand.

JUDSON

No, don't go -- Peggy.

He tries to draw her into an embrace, but as he does so, Bill and Joe walk into the scene. Judson quickly draws away from Peggy and glares at them. Bill regards him coldly.

BILL

You'd better go to bed.

(as Judson
doesn't move)

I said, you'd better go to bed.

Judson looks ineffectually angry, then turns on his heel and walks away. As he does, Bill turns to Peggy.

BILL (cont'd)

He's been drinking again.
Don't mind him.

PEGGY

I don't.

JOE

(looking after Judson)

Poor guy.

PEGGY

(thoughtfully)

Poor Alice.

Joe nods, as Bill again speaks to her.

(CONTINUED)

BILL
You'd better get into the
feathers too. We're getting
out of here tomorrow.

PEGGY
(smiling)
We hope.

She exits scene, and Joe and Bill start walking toward
the plane.

187 TRUCKING SHOT - with Joe and Bill, as they walk toward
the plane.

BILL
(reflectively)
You know, Peggy's a great kid ---

He suddenly notices that Joe is looking at him with
affectionate amusement. Bill stops abruptly in
mid-speech, then concludes, lamely.

BILL (cont'd)
(awkwardly)
Well, she's all right.

JOE
(understandingly
gentle)
Who do you think you're kidding?

Bill looks at Joe, long and hard. He is unwilling to
admit, to Joe or even, possibly to himself, the extent
to which Peggy has got under his skin. But finally, the
ghost of a smile plays around his lips and he shrugs---
in half apologetic acknowledgement that Joe has divined
his secret. Then, very business like, he turns to the
plane, which they have now reached.

(CONTINUED)

BILL

Baby, if you'll just behave
yourself tomorrow---

Joe, who has been looking off scene, lays a hand on
Bill's arm.

JOE

Hey---look.

Bill turns and follows the direction of Joe's gaze.
Then they both start walking away, CAMERA TRUCKING WITH
them. They walk to a nearby pile of rocks, possibly ten
feet high, on top of which Henry is standing, in an
attitude of tense listening. They look up at him,
curiously.

JOE (cont'd)

What's the matter?

HENRY

(sharply)

Be quiet!

(he listens again,
then shrugs, and
looks down at them)

I thought I heard something.
It sounded like drums.

He climbs down from the rocks, as Bill listens, then
shakes his head.

BILL

No. Your nerves are on edge,
that's all.

HENRY

Yes--very likely.

Joe and Bill stroll away--but Henry stands there,
looking off into the darkness--trying to see, trying
to hear. He is a very worried man.

FADE OUT

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

188

MED. CLOSE SHOT - at plane. Joe and Bill are perched on a little platform of bamboo-poles built in front of the engines. They are covered with grease. The cowling over the left engine is up and they are bent under it. Bill straightens up first.

BILL

(wiping forehead)

That fixes the oil line, I think.

JOE

(straightens up;
worried)

Shall we -- try them?

BILL

Turn 'em over.

JOE

Right.

189

MED. SHOT. Joe climbs down the homemade ladder to the ground. Henry meets him at the foot of the ladder with a water bottle. Joe drinks deeply.

HENRY

How's it going?

JOE

If they don't start now, they never will.

HENRY

You're going to try them?

JOE

Yep.

He enters the plane, as Henry calls excitedly to the others who are in the background of the shot.

HENRY

Martha--Peggy--Alice--they're
going to try the engines!

(CONTINUED)

Everybody drops what they are doing and hurries over. Judson comes out of a shack to join them. Vasquez, who is chopping firewood, also hurries over.

190 MED. SHOT. Joe is inside the cockpit looking out at Bill. Bill signals by opening his hands wide and shouts:

BILL

Turn 'em over!

191 MED. SHOT - SHOOTING down towards ground. Alice, Jud, Peggy, Tommy, Martha, Henry and Vasquez stand rigidly, staring up at Bill. Their faces plainly show their great anxiety -- will the motors start?

192 MED. SHOT. As Joe presses self-starter, they have their answer. The motors sputter, cough, then go into a steady roar, their propellers whirring. But, suddenly, the left motor starts to miss and sputter.

193 MED. SHOT. Faces of group, staring apprehensively at balky center motor. Will it stop? ^{12:21 4.11}

194 MED. SHOT. The left motor. It is coughing and sputtering. Just as it seems as though it will conk out, Joe gives it gas and it begins to roar just as smooth as the other one.

195 MED. SHOT. The little group on the ground goes wild with joy. The excited people shout, kiss each other and dance joyously. The sounds they make can't be heard over the motors.

196 MED. FULL SHOT. Bill waves at Joe to cut the motors. Joe turns the switch. The motors idle to a smooth stop. Bill climbs down from his perch above motors and Joe jumps out of cockpit. Everybody hurries forward to congratulate them.

AD LIBS

(joyfully)

Great work!

When do we leave?

Swell job, Bill!

That's wonderful!

(CONTINUED)

Bill cuts in on their jubilation.

BILL
We'll have to clear a runway.
(waves at the
slope in front
of plane)
It's got to be as smooth as we
can make it.

HENRY
Let's get started--that's going
to be a job.

PETE
I wish we had a lawn mower.

TOMMY
(eagerly)
I want to help.

HENRY
(gives him
water bottle)
You can be water boy.

Tommy runs off happily.

197 MED. SHOT - toward Tommy as he goes over to the edge of
the clearing and looks cautiously to see that he isn't
observed and slips into the underbrush.

198 MED. SHOT - the group around the plane. All the
available tools are stacked near the plane. They hurry
over and take the shovel, axe, meat cleaver, etc. They
start working.

199 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Bill, Henry and Vasquez are working
close together, yanking out brush and throwing away
stones.

BILL
We'll just about make it before
night.

(CONTINUED)

VASQUEZ

(quietly)

What are you going to do about Crimp?

HENRY

He should have been back this morning, unless ---

200 TWO SHOT - Henry and Bill as they look at each other meaningly. We see very clearly that neither of them entertains any hope of finding Crimp alive.

BILL

We'll worry about that after a while. He'll be back all right.

201 MED. CLOSE SHOT. Alice, Peggy and Martha are working side by side, clearing away tall grass, small stones and other minor debris. Peggy is in an exuberant mood.

PEGGY

Believe me, the first place I'm heading for is a beauty parlor -- and I'm going to tell them to give me the works.

MARTHA

(determinedly)

And I'll go with you.
(as they look at her, surprised)

Well, why not? Henry and I are more in love now than we ever were in our lives and ---

She breaks off, and both she and Peggy look at Alice with sudden sympathy. Alice, realizes what they are thinking about the decision she must make about Judson. Unable to stand their sympathy, she starts to speak, changes her mind, and turns and walks away, carrying an armload of debris.

PEGGY

(sympathetically)

There's a girl who's got worries.

(CONTINUED)

201 (CONTINUED)

Joe passes by, carrying a small log. He grins at them and passes out of scene.

MARTHA
(looking after
Joe)

No reason she should have.

Peggy looks at her, nods understandingly, and they continue working.

WIPE

EXT. JUNGLE POOL - DAY

202 MED. SHOT. Little Tommy comes into clearing with his water bottle and stoops to fill it.

202a CLOSE SHOT - Tommy filling bottle. There is a movement in the brush beside him.

203 CLOSE SHOT - brush alongside pool. "A tiny baby monkey is looking at Tommy.

TOMMY
(grinning)
Hello....

The baby monkey doesn't move. Tommy takes a piece of fruit out of his pocket and offers it.

TOMMY (cont'd)
Want a bite?

The monkey reaches for it and with a sudden gesture grabs it and moves off, looking back. Tommy leaves his water bottle and follows him.

TOMMY (cont'd)
Don't go away. I won't hurt
you.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - NOON

204

MED. FULL SHOT - the runway. It is midday. Two-thirds of the brush and rocks have been cleared from the runway. They are all busy hacking brush.

MARTHA
(straightening
up and shouting)
Water boy! Water boy!

Peggy also looks up from her work.

PEGGY
(calling)
Tommy!

BILL
(also shouting)
Hey, we're thirsty!

There is no answer.

PEGGY
(a little
worried)
Has anybody seen him?

PETE
(stupidly)
Ain't he around?

BILL
Maybe he fell asleep somewhere.

PEGGY
(clearly alarmed)
Maybe he's run off into the jungle!

She breaks off and looks helplessly around the group.

PETE
(preparing
to leave)
I'm gonna find that kid!

(CONTINUED)

PEGGY

I'll look too!

BILL

(quietly)

Better take your gun.

(he turns to the
rest of them)

Everybody else keep on working.

He gives Pete an affectionate pat on the back. As Pete and Peggy set out,

WIPE

EXT. JUNGLE POOL - DAY

205 MED. SHOT. Pete and Peggy enter scene, and look around.

PETE

Tommy! Hey--Tommy-y-y!

Peggy picks up the water bottle where Tommy dropped it beside the pool.

PEGGY

(quietly)

Look, Pete!

PETE

(nervously)

Where?

PEGGY

(pointing
to ground)No. There are his footprints--
but there aren't any others--

Pete looks at the ground, motions to Peggy and they start away, trailing the footprints.

DISSOLVE OUT

DISSOLVE IN

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

206

MED. CLOSE SHOT. Pete and Peggy are moving warily along a jungle trail. Pete suddenly stops Peggy, and stands motionless, listening intently. Then he turns obliquely to the left.

PETE

Come on.

She follows him.

207

MED. FULL SHOT - at cliff. Pete and Peggy come out of the underbrush and stand at the edge of the cliff, and look off into the distance. Three distinct columns of smoke can be seen against the sky. They are cylindrical and evenly spaced--very evidently signal fires. Over the scene comes very faintly a distant drumming, almost like a heart beating. Pete and Peggy exchange looks. He starts climbing down the side of the cliff, followed by Peggy.

CAMERA MOVES with them as they descend from ledge to ledge. On each ledge, the drumming is a little louder. Finally they reach the base of the cliff and start along a jungle path at its base. They proceed with the utmost caution.

208

MED. CLOSE SHOT - a thick, vine-draped part of the jungle, full of shadows broken by splashes of light where the sun penetrates the thick canopy of leaves. Now the drums are very loud. Their thunder fills the green tunnel down which Pete and Peggy are moving. Pete and Peggy are now completely on guard, dodging from tree to tree and rock to rock on the alert for every strange sound. Suddenly they halt and stand tensely as the sound of breaking twigs and rustling underbrush comes over. Pete has his revolver ready for instant use.

for a moment, then as the noise in the underbrush is repeated, Tommy comes into sight. He is innocently happy and unaware of danger, and he is swinging a round object like a coconut that dangles from a thong. Pet and Peggy see him instantly and rush to him.

PETE

Tommy!

PEGGY

Oh, darling!

She gathers the boy into her arms.

PETE

(pretending
great wrath)

I oughta wham the daylights
outa you--you are scaring
everybody to death.

PEGGY

Where have you been, honey?

TOMMY

(pointing)

Back there. There were fires
too, only nobody was home.

They react. He laughs and shows them what he is carry

TOMMY (cont'd)

I found this doll.

For the first time, Pete and Peggy look at the object
his hand, and Peggy, with a little cry of horror, cove
her face with her hands. Pete recoils in horror, also

PETE

Drop that thing--drop it.

Puzzled, Tommy obeys.

INSERT

THE "DOLL" as Tommy drops it and it rolls
onto the ground. It is Crimp's smoked
and shrunken head, easily recognizable,
although the skin is like leather and
the jaws are set in a grin.

(CONTINUED)

209 (CONTINUED)

BACK TO SHOT. Peggy takes Tommy's hand and turns to Pete.

PEGGY
We've got to get back to the
camp--right away!

PETE
You're telling me?
(he holds up a
hand for silence)
Wait!

There are faint yells o.s.

PETE (cont'd)
They're comin' after him--

PEGGY
(desperate)
We'll never make it back to
the plane--

PETE
(grimly)
You take the kid back to camp--
I'm staying here --

PEGGY
Pete -- no--

PETE
Do like I tell you-- I'm
getting in their hair long
enough to let you get him
back to camp--

PEGGY
(frantic)
You'll be killed---

PETE
(pretended disdain)
Who, me? Listen, I'm in tougher
spots than this lots of times--
now go on -- scram!

(CONTINUED)

Tommy is beginning to whimper in fear, and Peggy, unwilling to leave Pete to almost certain death, hesitates but finally takes the boy in her arms, kisses Pete on the cheek, and leaves, too worked up to say goodbye. Pete looks after them wistfully.

210 CLOSEUP - of Pete, as he watches Peggy and the boy vanish into the underbrush. On his face is an odd expression -- one of wistfulness, certainty of approaching doom, and yet, almost of happiness. Then his expression becomes stern, and he turns to the work at hand.

211 MED. SHOT. Pete takes his place behind a huge rock, his gun ready, prepared to die to give Peggy and Tommy a chance to escape. The yells are a little louder.

212 MED. SHOT - jungle trail. Peggy and Tommy are running along the trail. She has let him down now, and he is running as fast as she is. Tears are streaming down Peggy's face.

213 MED. SHOT - at base of cliff. Pete, ^{"..."} from behind his rock, sees something o.s. He raises his revolver and shoots once.

WIPE

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

214 FULL SHOT. The runway in front of the transport plane is finished -- a long, smooth path outlined by the tangle of virgin brush on each side. Everybody is working at body of plane. They are stripping every removable object out of the interior of the ship and passing them through windows in order to lighten the ship as much as possible.

INT. CABIN OF PLANE - DAY

215 MED. SHOT. It has been almost entirely stripped -- all the bunks, seats and even the paneling has been removed. Bill is working with a cinch bar at a metal corner cabinet. Vasquez goes over to join him. SOUND of drums over the scene.

(CONTINUED)

VASQUEZ

I guess this is about as light
as we can get it.

BILL

Every ounce counts. We have
to climb fast if we're going
to clear the trees.

EXT. PLANE - DAY

216

MED. SHOT. Judson and Alice are holding the end of a
dismantled panel and are pulling it away from the plane
to dump it on the pile. Jud is light-hearted. Vasquez
and Bill lower the cabinet through the door. Vasquez
takes hold of it. Into scene hurries Peggy from the
jungle, leading Tommy by the hand. Bill in door sees
them over the heads of the others.

BILL

There's Peggy! She's got
Tommy --

The cabinet is allowed to fall to the ground as they all
turn.

JUDSON

(sharply, almost a
feminine scream)
Where's Pete?

217

MED. CLOSE SHOT. Peggy and Tommy run up to the group.
Martha throws her arms around Tommy.

MARTHA

Oh, Tommy -- thank heaven
you're all right.

HENRY

Where is he?

PEGGY

(bursting
into tears)
I don't know -- he stayed back
there---

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

Back there? Why? Has anything
happened to him?

PEGGY

Tommy found -- Crimp.

JUDSON

I knew he'd be all right.

PEGGY

He only found -- part of him.

The group reacts. Peggy's meaning is too horribly clear.

AD LIBS

Only part of him!
Poor devil!
How unfortunate! (Vasquez)
It's too horrible for words!

The SOUND of the drums comes faintly over the shot.

BILL

Listen to that!

HENRY

(pointing to
horizon)
And look! Smoke! Ceremonial
fires!

JUDSON

(frantically)
Everything's ready -- let's
go -- we'll all be killed.

BILL

(grimly)
We're not going without Pete--

Almost as if in answer, Pete's voice comes weakly over.

PETE'S VOICE

Hey -- hey --

They all look in the direction of the call.

218

WIDER ANGLE. Pete totters out of the jungle, takes half a dozen steps toward them, and falls on his face. The group runs toward him, Peggy holding Tommy back.

219

MED. CLOSE SHOT. The group reaches Pete. The shaft of a dart protrudes from his back, as he rolls partially onto his side. He looks up at them, agonized.

PETE

(hoarsely)

You guys -- better -- get going---

Henry reaches down quickly and pulls the dart from his back. He examines its point briefly.

HENRY

(sharply)

Martha! -- get me some salt!

MARTHA

But we haven't any!

HENRY

We've got to have some! 'It's the only antidote for the poison they use on these darts.

MARTHA

(starting off)

There might be a little crusted around the bottom of the can.

HENRY

Bring all you can find!

BILL

(tarsely, to
Henry and Joe)

Let's get him into the plane.

PETE

(dying)

Is Tommy all right?

JOE

(about to lift Pete)

Yes, he's safe.

(CONTINUED)

PETE

(very weak)
 Okay. I'm telling his old
 man -- I'm taking care of him.
 (he dies)

JOE

Pete! Pete!

Henry quickly examines Pete, and straightens up, soberly. In response to their unspoken queries he nods silently. Bill stares at Pete's body, too overcome to speak, then masters his emotions.

BILL

(tersely)
 Into the plane, everybody.

PEGGY

(coming in
 with Tommy)
 You can't leave him here --
 like this.

BILL

The lighter we are, the better^{""""}
 chance we have.

HENRY

(softly)
 He's right, Peggy.

The entire group starts for the plane, Tommy hanging back from Peggy's hand and crying.

TOMMY

Pete---Pete---

220

MED. FULL SHOT. Bill starts for cockpit, while Joe herds the rest into the plane, shutting the door behind them, as the motors begin to roar. Joe goes into the cockpit.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY

221 CLOS. SHOT. Bill is at the controls -- Joe sits next to him. Bill feeds the gas very carefully.

JOE

I hope she lifts.

BILL

They've got to be racing when I try it.

EXT. PLANE - DAY

222 SHOOTING UP on the two motors, roaring away, their propeller blades flashing.

INT. CABIN OF PLANE - DAY

223 MED. SHOT. The people are sitting on the floor in the stripped cabin, waiting with stiff, cold, silent anxiety.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY - (PROCESS)

224 CLOSE SHOT - Bill still feeding gas, Joe alert beside him.

BILL

Here we go!

He reaches for gear to start ship. As he slips it in with great care, the ship starts to vibrate and begins to move.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

225 MED. FULL SHOT - as the plane starts to creep down the runway. Faster and faster it goes, and its tail lifts, about to take off.

INT. COCKPIT - DAY - (PROCESS)

226

CLOSE SHOT - Bill is tenderly nursing the controls, and Joe grips the sides of the seat tensely, as Bill prepares to take off. But, just as Bill is about to pull the stick, there is a sudden loud "ping" from outside, and a stream of oil shoots out over the cowling of the left engine.

BILL

There goes an oil line!

JOE

You'll scorch a bearing---

Bill quickly cuts the engines, and the plane rolls to a stop.

227

MED. SHOT. All the passengers, led by Henry, come crowding through door in cockpit.

HENRY

What happened?

BILL

The oil line let go on the left engine.

HENRY

Can you fix it?

BILL

(grimly)
I can try.

HENRY

I hope there's enough time.

DISSOLVE

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - NIGHT

228

MED. FULL SHOT. The scene is lit by dozens of large flares and torches made of rushes. There is also a great bonfire. Bill and Joe are working on the left engine. Tommy is asleep near the fire. The others are gathered around the fire. Drums come over scene throughout the following scenes, very faintly at first,

JUDSON

(nervously)

Those drums sound closer.

HENRY

(trying to
be calm)As long as they keep dancing
we're all right. It's when
the drums stop that they'll
attack.

230

MED. SHOT -- Bill and Joe approach the group. Their
faces are tense and worried.

HENRY

Will the plane fly now?

BILL

Yes.

JUDSON

Well, why don't you hurry?
We've got to get out of here.
Those natives may attack at
any minute.

JOE

(impatiently)

Take it easy, Judson.

Bill addresses the group, earnestly.

BILL

Folks, I have some -- some bad
news.There is a little moment of silence while they look at
him wondering what could have happened now to their plans.

HENRY

(quietly)

Well...?

(CONTINUED)

BILL

(ignoring them)

For the past three and a half weeks, we've all been pulling together, fighting a battle of life and death, hoping that sooner or later we'd get out of this, and make it back home.

(he looks around)

Some of us have won -- the others have -- lost.

They all look at him in stunned silence. It is Henry who speaks first.

HENRY

(calmly)

You mean that you can't fix the left engine?

BILL

I can fix the left engine so it will hold long enough to get us in the air. In five -- maybe ten minutes -- the oil line will let go again. That means we'll have only one engine and we've got to climb over a 14,000 foot mountain range and one engine can't make it -- with a full load.

MARTHA

(as calm as her husband)

How many will it take?

BILL

Four of us -- and the kid.

Judson leaps to his feet, half hysterical.

JUDSON

No -- you've got to take us all! -- We've all worked -- we've all made sacrifices---

ALICE

(interrupting him; calmly)

Bill, you're certain? You're absolutely certain?

BILL

I tested these ships at the factory. I know exactly what they'll do.

(he shrugs)

Five of us get out. The others-- stay.

The drumming swells louder for a minute as if punctuating his speech. All look off scene, none of them daring to voice the fear that is in their hearts. Joe breaks the silence.

JOE

You'll only need one pilot. That's you, Bill. I'll stay.

ALICE

(instinctively)

Joe!

BILL

(to Joe)

You're as good a flier as I am. I'm staying here.

Peggy moves to Bill and stands beside him.

PEGGY

(with a careless shrug)

I'll stay too. I'm pretty fed up with things outside and --

(she glances at Bill)

-- I don't much care what happens.

There is a little silence. Judson surveys the group. His eyes are filled with excitement and fear.

JUDSON

(to Joe and Bill)

If you want to play hero that's perfectly all right with me.

But Alice and I want to live

-- and we're going to live --

(he is getting a

little wilder)

and the first man who tries to stop us --

(CONTINUED)

Alice, with a look of horror on her face, restrains him by putting her hand on his shoulder.

ALICE

(in a sick, disgusted
voice)

Judson!

Judson turns to her and all of his defiance suddenly oozes out of him. He resembles nothing so much as a sick, frightened man.

JUDSON

(starting to explain)

I --

Alice turns away from him.

JOE

There's one rule we could use--
women and children first.

PEGGY

(quickly)

Tommy, of course, will have to
go. But I think the women have
just as much right to a choice
as the men.

She looks at Judson, then at Joe.

ALICE

We might draw lots.

HENRY

No. Chance is always tricky
and very often cruel. The
wrong people may win. We've
got to be logical--some of us
have more reason to live than
others.

Vasquez, who has been following the argument silently,
now sidles up to Bill. The revolver is sticking out of
Bill's hip pocket, and Vasquez suddenly seizes it and
confronts them all.

(CONTINUED)

VASQUEZ

(apologetically,
to Bill

Excuse me, I'm afraid this is
necessary.

BILL

(evenly)

I don't think so. It hasn't
been decided whether you go
or stay.

VASQUEZ

Yes it has. I stay.

(as they look
surprised)

Some of you want to live,
others deserve to. The
question cannot be decided
emotionally. It must be
decided by cold, hard logic.

(smiles around)

And since I am to have my neck
cut by one kind of savage or
stretched by another, I have
nothing to gain either way. I
am the only one you can depend
on to decide things logically.

JUDSON

(excitedly)

You can't play God like this---
holding the power of life and
death over us---

(frantically, to
the others)

--are we going to let ourselves
be judged by a condemned
criminal?

VASQUEZ

I am not a criminal in our
little community here. For
the moment at least---

(indicates gun)

--I am the law. The supreme
law.

No answer from the others. They are obviously sympathetic
to Vasquez, even though they may not like the method he
is taking of deciding their fates. Henry, at length,
speaks up.

(CONTINUED)

UED

HENRY

(to all of them)
Legally, the question should be decided by Bill, or Joe-- because they'll face an official inquiry when the plane reaches civilization. By all sentiments of chivalry, the women and the child should go--taking only one man to fly the plane.

(to Vasquez)
But I think you have the right idea. We can't trust sentiment, and we can't confuse ourselves with what is legal. I am content to allow the decision to lie with Mr. Vasquez.

VASQUEZ

(with a slight bow)
Thank you, my friend.

(pleadingly, to the others)
Don't you see? You've all formed attachments--friendships -- I'm the only one who hasn't. I wish you all well.

(his face becomes determined)
So, whether you like it or not, I'm going to choose for you.

The others look around at one another. Bill, obviously wholly in accord with Vasquez' idea, but unwilling, for official reasons, to commit himself, finally shrugs.

BILL

Well, I guess that's that.
(to Vasquez)
But make your decision and make it quick. We'll be ready to take off in about ten minutes.

Vasquez nods.

JUDSON

Well -- what are you going to do? Which of us gets to go?

VASQUEZ

I'll think it over until the plane is ready to fly. It's a decision to



230-
232 (CLARIFIED)

HENRY

(quietly)
It takes a brave man to decide
life or death for nine people.

BILL

(tersely, to Joe)
Come on -- let's get to work.

He and Joe turn toward the plane.

1 2302 211



MED. SHOT. Martha takes Henry's arm and starts toward the campfire. The others look after the gallant old couple. Vasquez stands up.

VASQUEZ

If you'll excuse me, I'll think over my problem.

(he goes toward huts)

JUDSON

(very worried)

Alice---

CLOSE SHOT. - Judson and Alice. Jud is extremely nervous almost bordering on hysteria.

JUDSON

(frantically)

Alice--those drums--they're much closer. Vasquez will pick us -- won't he?

ALICE

I don't know.

JUDSON

(desperately)

We're the logical ones. We've got everything to live for -- we're young, we've plenty of money ---

ALICE

(coldly)

It's up to him, Jud---

She walks away from him.

MED. CLOSE SHOT. Martha and Henry seated at the fire.

MARTHA

(cheerfully)

Well, old boy---

HENRY

(smiling)

Well, old girl---

MARTHA

(tenderly)
The same moon was shining when
we got married.

HENRY

(laughing softly)
Oh, he was much bigger.

MARTHA

He was thirty-five years
younger, then. Maybe, like us,
he's grown a little tired.

Henry takes her hand and becomes very serious.

HENRY

Martha--Vasquez mustn't choose
us.

236

CLOSE SHOT - Martha as she looks at Henry. There is upon
her face an expression of infinite tenderness. For a
moment she doesn't speak. Then she nods.

MARTHA

(quietly)
I know, dear -- I know.

237

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Henry and Martha. They look at each
other, their eyes shining, both smiling tenderly.

HENRY

Martha, I'm very grateful to
you for our life together.

MARTHA

(very simply)
Thank you, Henry.

HENRY

I'll speak to Vasquez.
(he leaves)

EXT. HUT - NIGHT

238

MED. SHOT. Vasquez is sitting in front of his hut on a rough bench. He has his hands locked around his knees and is obviously in deep thought. Henry comes in and sits down beside him. Vasquez silently acknowledges his presence. They sit silently for a moment.

HENRY

(at length)
Vasquez, my wife and I have grown quite fond of you.

VASQUEZ

I can't allow that to influence my decision.

HENRY

Yes, you can. Mrs. Spengler and I have only a short time left, at best. The others have much to look forward to. Leave us behind. I'm asking it as a favor.

VASQUEZ

(sincerely)
If there were more men like you, Professor --
(he breaks off, thinks for a moment)
-- there would be less men like me.

HENRY

(rising)
Thank you.

He exits, Vasquez looking after him almost affectionately.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - NIGHT

239

MED. SHOT - at the campfire. Martha, Peggy, Tommy and Alice are there. Henry comes in, sits down by the fire, nods to Martha. She nods approvingly back at him. Alice looks off scene.

240

MED. SHOT - toward Bill and Joe, from Alice's angle. They are working on the airplane.

- 241 MED. CLOSE SHOT - group at campfire as Alice rises, pauses irresolutely, then walks off in the direction of the plane.
- 242 MED. SHOT - toward the plane. Bill is working in the cockpit and Joe is working on one of the engines. Alice looks up to him.
- 243 CLOSE SHOT - Alice and Joe. Joe continues his work.

ALICE
(a little tensely)
It won't be long now.

JOE
No.

ALICE
(as if facing some
desperate urgency
to speak quickly)
Joe, if things turned out so
that one of us were left here
and one of us went back --

Joe carefully places the wrench he has been working with on top of the motor, turns to Alice and without a word, embraces and kisses her. As they break:

JOE
(looking at her
almost
unbelievably)
Is that what you were going to say?

ALICE
(looking up at
him nodding)
Yes.

JOE
Funny. I was going to say the
same thing -- but the only way
I knew how was --

Alice puts her forefinger across his lips silencing him.
He kisses her once more.

INT. VASQUEZ HUT - NIGHT

MED. SHOT. Vasquez is stretched out on the bunk, smoking a cigarette butt. Judson enters stealthily, looking out of door to make sure no one noticed him. Judson goes to Vasquez and shakes him gently.

CLOSE SHOT. Vasquez opens his eyes. When he sees who it is, he smiles.

MED. SHOT - Vasquez and Judson.

JUDSON

I -- er -- want to talk to you.

Vasquez simply stares at him but says nothing. Judson continues desperately.

JUDSON (cont'd)

It's about -- your choice.
I'm a very rich man, you know.

Vasquez stares at him with cold contempt.

JUDSON (cont'd)

I could do you a lot of good.
If you and I went on that ship --
when we got back -- I'd hire the
best lawyers in the world to
save your life!

Vasquez slowly rises to his feet, still says nothing. Judson becomes more panic-stricken. He steps back a foot or two.

JUDSON (cont'd)

I -- I mean it, Vasquez! I
want to live -- and you want to
live -- I'll make you rich, man!
I'll save your life and give you
-- a million dollars! I --

Vasquez approaches two more steps and Judson falls back almost cringing before the scorn in the other's eyes.

JUDSON (cont'd)

I --

ez takes his cigarette between the thumb and second
 er of his right hand and flicks it at him. It strikes
 breast and glances off. Judson stands, the
 mation of terror, as he realizes that in approaching
 quex he has lost his last chance at life -- has, in
 ect, signed his own death warrant.

JUDSON (cont'd)

(completely
 shattered)

I -- I --

with a low cry of anguish he turns and half staggers,
 half runs out of the hut. CAMERA MOVES UP to a CLOSE
 SHOT of Vasquez and we HOLD on him as he smiles.

WIPE

CLEARING - NIGHT

CLOSE SHOT - near campfire. Tommy, still sound asleep,
 is lying on some blankets near the fire. Peggy is sitting
 beside him. She tucks the blankets more closely around
 his feet. She looks up as a shadow falls across the
 sleeping boy. CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see that Alice is
 returning to the fire. For a moment Peggy and Alice look
 at each other. Between them there is suddenly a complete
 understanding.

PEGGY

(softly,
 indicating Tommy)
 Will you watch him for a minute?

Alice nods.

PEGGY (cont'd)

Thanks.

She rises and exits in the direction of the plane.

248 MED. SHOT - toward the plane. Bill is still working in
 the cockpit and Joe has resumed his work on the engine.
 Peggy walks around to the cockpit.

CLOSE SHOT - Peggy and Bill. Bill turns, looks at her. Obviously both of them are hunting a way to open the conversation. Bill hits upon it first.

BILL

How's the kid?

PEGGY

Asleep.

(pauses, looks
off toward
the fire)

Funny how I -- how crazy I am
about that kid.

BILL

Chances are you'll be going
back with him.

PEGGY

No--Bill, if you stay - I'm
staying with you.

BILL

You really feel that way?

PEGGY

Yes.

BILL

(awkwardly)

So do I. The way you do about
me, and the way you do about
Tommy.

He reaches over and takes her hand. She kisses his
cheek.

BILL (cont'd)

So you see, if Vasquez says
you're to go--you go.

(he halts her
as she tries
to interrupt)

Someone has to take care of
Tommy. He hasn't got anyone,
now.

From his pocket, he takes a bank book, between the
pages of which is a folded piece of paper. He hands
them to her.

249 (CONTINUED)

BILL (cont'd)

I got a little dough saved up --
 enough to give you and the boy
 a start. I wrote a note --
 they'll let you have the money.

He closes her fingers around the bank book. Peggy
 stares at it for a moment, then, unable to bear it any
 longer, she throws her arms around him and clings to
 him quivering and sobbing.

PEGGY

Bill--Bill---

Bill puts both arms around her and holds her close.
 After a moment he kisses the top of her head, as she
 continues to sob violently.

WIPE

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - NIGHT

250 MED. SHOT - near campfire. Alice is taking care of
 Tommy. Henry and Martha seated together. Judson is
 squatted across from them, nervously tearing a twig
 into small bits. The sound of the drums which has been
 over the preceding scenes is now considerably louder.
 All the members of the party look up suddenly.

251 WIDER ANGLE - to reveal Bill, Peggy and Joe as they
 walk into the clearing.

252 MED. SHOT - the group. They all look tensely at Bill.

BILL

We're ready.

JUDSON

Why doesn't that fool Vasquez
 make up his mind?

HENRY

(quietly)
 I think the drums are getting
 a little louder.

(CONTINUED)

252 (CONTINUED)

They all listen for a moment then, suddenly, the drums stop. The absence of their throbbing volume seems to produce a sound in itself -- the terrifying sound of complete silence. For a moment they stare into space, fascinated by the change. Bill looks quietly at Henry.

BILL

That means -- ?

HENRY

(nodding)

They'll be attacking in a minute.

All of them jump at a sound off scene. It is the crackling of a bush or something caused by a moving living creature. They all look up to:

253 CLOSE SHOT - Vasquez who has appeared, unnoticed until this time.

254 MED. SHOT - the group.

BILL

(tensely)

Come on, Vasquez, let's have it.

They all stand, waiting his decision. Vasquez maddeningly takes his time.

VASQUEZ

I want you all to remember that I have tried to decide this honestly, fairly, without regard to personal feelings -- I assure you I have none. First I pick Bill.

(to Joe)

I think he's the one to fly the crippled ship.

Bill starts to object, but Joe stops him.

JOE

Take it easy -- what he says goes.

254 (CONTINUED)

VASQUEZ

(to Bill)
Tommy is second, of course.

Bill picks Tommy up in his arms, but doesn't leave Peggy's side.

VASQUEZ (cont'd)

Third, Alice Melhorn --

So far everyone is in agreement, although Alice shows by her expression that she is not satisfied. She moves close to Joe. Vasquez hesitates a moment before making his next choice. He is enjoying himself. He stares at Jud, who looks as though he may go insane with anxiety.

VASQUEZ (cont'd)

Fourth I have selected Joe Brooks.

JUDSON

(stricken)
What!

VASQUEZ

(smiling thinly
at Judson)
Oh I had a reason, I assure you.
(directly
to Judson)
The ethics of that decision are something you couldn't be able to understand, Mr. Ellis.

JUDSON

(wildly excited)
Listen here, you!

VASQUEZ

(calmly)
Let me finish. The fifth will be Miss Peggy. I have selected her because the child will need someone to care for him. That leaves Professor and Mrs. Spengler, Mr. Ellis and me to remain here.

(CONTINUED)

FINUED)

he glances off toward the columns of smoke.

VASQUEZ (cont'd)
Perhaps we can survive and
perhaps not.

JUDSON

(wildly)
But -- but what's the matter
with me!

VASQUEZ
You're not worth saving, Mr.
Ellis. Mr. and Mrs. Spengler
are remaining at their own
request. And as for me --
(smiles faintly)
-- there was certainly no
bravery involved in my decision.
(he looks off
once more at the
smoke then back
at the group)
I suggest those who are going
get on the plane. You haven't
much time.

255 CLOSE SHOT - Alice regarding him steadily.

256 CLOSE SHOT - Judson staring wildly from person to person.

257 MED. CLOSE SHOT - the group, favoring Alice.

ALICE

(simply)
I'm not going. Mr. and Mrs.
Spengler have earned their
right to keep on living.

JOE

(quickly)
I'll stay, too.

(CONTINUED)

HENRY

(with sudden
authority)You'll do nothing of the kind.
Martha and I -- Well --(with a little
nod to Alice)

During this speech we see Judson manœuvering toward Vasquez.

HENRY (cont'd)

(looking at Martha
proudly; his voice
becoming tender)It's rather nice you know...
to spend a quarter of a century
together...and to know that in
the end we won't be separated.

He starts to say something else, breaks off. Martha puts her arm around him.

MARTHA

That's right.

(to the others)

Go on children. Hurry.

258

ANOTHER ANGLE - Judson has manœuvered himself very close to Vasquez. Suddenly he leaps out toward the anarchist. Vasquez makes an attempt to draw his gun. Judson is armed with one of the large wrenches from the plane, or some other prop. As he starts to close in on Vasquez and strike, Joe leaps into the melee. Joe catches the full force of Judson's monkey wrench. He goes down like a sack of grain. Alice screams and runs to him. Vasquez and Judson close in on each other. Vasquez has pinned the arm which carries the monkey wrench but Judson has stymied Vasquez' gun arm. Suddenly there is the report of Vasquez' gun. Judson goes down on all fours.

259

CLOSE SHOT - Henry, Joe and Alice.

HENRY

(bending over Joe)

He'll be all right. It's
nothing serious.

Alice looks off accusingly toward Judson.

260

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Judson with Vasquez now standing above him and holding the gun on him.

261

CLOSE SHOT - Judson as he shakes his head like a prizefighter just returning to consciousness. Slowly and with difficulty he rises. He is clutching his left shoulder with his right hand so that we cannot see that he is wounded in the shoulder or the breast. He reels as he comes to his feet. On his face is an expression of deep shame and humiliation. A gun shot has sobered him. He stands for a moment, uncertainly facing the group. But when he speaks, he speaks to Alice.

JUDSON

(speaking with
difficulty)

I'm -- sorry, Alice. No good.
Sorry.

262

WIDER ANGLE - to include the group. Alice and Henry are still over Joe.

JUDSON

Get him on the plane.

Henry and Bill silently lift Joe and put him on the plane. Peggy follows with Tommy. The engines roar.

263

MED. SHOT - as Alice goes over to Judson. Vasquez is staring at Judson curiously, a strange look in his face. Judson seems to be having some difficulty to keep on his feet.

ALICE

(sincerely)

Thanks, Jud.

JUDSON

It's all right. It's all
right. Go on.

She kisses him on the cheek. Judson gazes at her with a curious admixture of regret, shame and love. Henry enters the scene.

HENRY

(to Alice)

264

MED. SHOT - Alice looks at him for a moment and then embraces him. Quickly she goes over to Vasquez. She kisses Vasquez. By the time she embraces Martha she is weeping into that stout-hearted old lady's bosom.

MARTHA

There, child. Skiddo!

Martha propels her to the plane. She climbs in and Henry slams the door shut.

265

MED. FULL SHOT - the plane taxis down the runway, rising heavily, then just clears the tops of the trees.

266

CLOSE SHOT - Martha and Henry standing together watching the plane.

MARTHA

That's just like having youngsters of our own, isn't it?

HENRY

(smiling at her tenderly)

Yes.

(looks off, sighs)

And what a family---five young people all going back.

267

CLOSE SHOT - Vasquez and Judson. Suddenly like a deflated balloon, Judson moans and collapses to the ground. Vasquez bends over him. Martha and Henry step into the scene. Vasquez looks from Judson to Henry.

VASQUEZ

He's dead. I don't see how he lived as long as he did. You see where the wound was.

HENRY

(nodding)

He wanted to die like a man. And he did.

Vasquez takes off his coat and puts it over Judson's face. Then he rises.

268

MED. CLOSE SHOT - the three survivors. Martha looks uncertainly from Judson to Vasquez. Then determines to make the best of their situation.

MARTHA

(bustling)

Well -- somebody's got to tidy up around here!

She starts off determinedly toward the fire.

269

CLOSE SHOT - Vasquez and Henry

HENRY

(quietly)

It'll be torture, you know -- if we're taken alive.

Vasquez nods.

270

CLOSE SHOT - Vasquez as he breaks his gun and looks into the gun chamber.

INSERT

THE GUN CHAMBER. We see very plainly there are only two shells in the gun.

VASQUEZ' VOICE

(over the scene)

Three shells, -- one apiece.

271

MED. CLOSE SHOT - Henry and Vasquez

HENRY

(softly)

When she's not looking.

Vasquez nods back. Henry goes over to Martha.

272

CLOSE SHOT - Henry and Martha. Martha is bending over fussing with the cooking utensils around the fire.

HENRY

(quietly)

Need any help, Martha?

Martha straightens up, turns to him, looks at him. Tears come into her eyes. For the first time she is completely overcome with emotion.

MARTHA

Henry you old -- darling!

She throws her arms around him. The frail little man is almost engulfed by her. But he pats her head as if she were a little child and he were comforting her.

HENRY

(quietly)

There -- there...

He moves just a little bit in such a way that we feel he is offering Martha for a clearer target to Vasquez.

273 CLOSE SHOT - Vasquez. He is holding the gun now. He looks off at them a little regretfully as if they have something that he never had. He hears a noise off to his left. He looks off sharply.

274 MED. SHOT - from Vasquez's ANGLE toward the bushes toward the left. He has been attracted by a quivering of the bushes. For just a moment we see the quivering bush.

275 CLOSE SHOT - Vasquez., He looks from the bush off to the direction of Henry and Martha. Slowly he raises his gun, takes a steady aim. At this moment the plane above has completed its circle and is roaring directly overhead.

276 FULL SHOT - the plane overhead sweeping away toward the north. Over the scene we hear two shots in rapid succession. We HOLD on the plane as it diminishes in size against the night sky.

FADE OUT

THE END