

Zulu Dawn

1. SCRIPT APPEARS ON BLACK SCREEN:

One hundred years ago the British Colony of Natal in Southern Africa was surrounded by a vast and independent Zulu Kingdom.

In 1879, a battle took place that was forever to alter the course of colonial history:

I SANDHLWANA

2 EXT. DAWN.

Four Zulu's are seen in silhouette herding cattle up a hill.

3. LONG SHOT - Two Zulu's are seen in silhouette high on a precipice.

4. Seven Zulu's are seen walking in silhouette against the sunrise.

5. The sun fills the screen as the sound of many running feet and Zulu drums are heard.

6. EXT. ZULU KRAAL. DAY.

A large regiment of Zulu warriors carrying shields and assegais (stabbing spears) are seen running into the Kraal whilst the sound of tribal singing, chanting and drum beating escalates.

7. Inside the camp a group of Zulu's are seen grappling with a bull as they struggle to bring the animal to the ground. They are watched by a vast circle of warriors all shouting encouragement.

8. An elaborate tribal dance ensues. It appears to be some sort of Fertility Rite. The females stand opposite the men in rows, chanting as they move in closer.

9. CETSHWAYO, the great Zulu King emerges into the throng. He is tall, beautifully fat, with a big intelligent face and superb dignity. He surveys his subjects with interest as they stand unanimous, thrusting their assegais into the air whilst shouting their allegiance.

10. EXT. HIGH COMMISSIONER'S RESIDENCE, PIETERMARITZBURG, NATAL. NIGHT.

BARTLE FRERE (V.0.)

Reading aloud the letter he has just written.

Cetshwayo '5 Zulu army to disband and the warriors permitted to return to their homes.

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11. SWITCH TO INTERIOR. FRERE is seated at his desk whilst LORD CHELMSFORD is seen in the background standing on the veranda.

BARTLE FRERE

He continues to read aloud:

Present military system to be abandoned. New regulations concerning the defence of the realm worked out.

CHELMSFORD enters the room, sits and studies two sheets of paper.

FRERE continues:

All who do not submit will be dealt with as enemies of the Crown. We will not permit the arbitrary killing and

FRERE pauses as he underlines a certain word:

and unjust oppression which the Zulu people have suffered from their own King Cetshwayo

Pausing, FRERE looks up as if to meet his comrade's gaze. CHELMSFORD, however, continues to read, turning the page.

BARTLE FRERE

You 'll see from the letter that this ultimatum is our decision alone. Her Majesty's government seems to prefer a negotiated settlement

12. CLOSE UP of CHELMSFORD's letter:

Her Majesty's government confidentially hope that by the exercise of prudence and by meeting of the Zulus in a spirit of forbearance and reasonable compromise it will be possible to avert the very serious evil of a war with Cetshwayo:

13. Return to BARTLE FRERE. As he melts some sealing wax over a silver burner:

BARTLE FRERE

(Referring to the letter he has just completed)

Does this do what we both know to be right Frederick?

CHELMSFORD

It does Sir Henry (He folds the papers neatly in half) excellently.

The pair exchange glances as BARTLE FRERE applies the wax to his letter.

14. CLOSE UP of stamped seal.

15. EXT. CHELMSFORD'S CAMP PIETERMARITZBURG. DAY
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Activity everywhere, the incessant movement of an army in the final stages of its formation. Huge ox-wagons are being hauled into the camp.

16. CHELMSFORD and CREALOCK are on horseback in full regalia as they ride into the centre of the Camp.

17. Squads of Basuto-infantry - tall, rangy bodies, naked except for a loincloth and neck ornaments - are being drilled by foul mouthed, bullying European NCO's.

18. LT. MELVILL, young, dapper, inspects the Martini Henry rifles of a company of REDCOATS who are lined up near the BASUTOS. A CSM (SOT. WILLIAMS) stalks behind MELVILL.

ONE REDCOAT, young, thin, gangling, turns his head slightly to peek at the Basutos, and the swift eye of SOT. WILLIAMS detects the disaffection. The young redcoat (PTE. WILLIAMS) turns, guilty at being caught out of the 'Attention' position. The CSM (SOT. WILLIAMS) leans forward until his face is one inch from that of his quavering prey.

SGT. WILLIAMS (Shouting)

You moved (With more restraint) You moved go and tell the NCO of that black shambles that you love 'im more than you love me (Shouting) NOW'

19. PTE. WILLIAMS blinks, swallows then runs over to the Basuto's NCO.

NCO (Addressing the Basutos)

You're not fit to be in the British army you different coloured articles.

STRAIGHTEN UP! You're like a load of bloody herd boys! (He suddenly becomes aware of PTE. WILLIAMS' presence).

PTE. WILLIAMS

I'm to tell you Corporal, that I love you more than my Colour
Sergeant

The Basuto's NCO walks up to PTE. WILLIAMS.

NCO
That's frightening... Get out of my bloody sight lad. And put
your rifle
over your head and double round this field (shouting) until you
drop
bloody dead. Now move, get on with it, at the double.

The Basutos, laughing, raise their shields into the air in
general amusement as
PRIVATE WILLIAMS runs past.

NCO
Shut up! Get back in the ranks you shower of animals.

20. CHELMSFORD, still on horseback, surveys the encampment. He
salutes to SOT.

WILLIAMS. CREALOCK, as always, is in attendance.

21.

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SGT. WILLIAMS
Facing the ranks:
Company Shoulder arms.... (LT. MELVILL joins SOT.
WILLIAMS) Present arms.

LT. MELVILL turns standing to attention, saluting as CHELMSFORD
passes.

22. Two BOERS ride into the camp, passing two SUTLERS wagons. We
see SOT.

WILLIAMS' dismissed COMPANY hurriedly crowding round one of the
SUTLER'S wagons, shouting for cigars and gin.

23. The two BOERS, one an elderly man, one a boy of sixteen,
have dismounted. SOT.

WILLIAMS strides over to them.

You passing through?

SGT. WILLIAMS

ELDERLY BOER
We 've come to fight the Zulu.

SGT. WILLIAMS
We aren't at war yet Referring to the boy: Bit young 'in' he?

ELDERLY BOER
He's my nephew... he can shoot, track and speak Zulu and fight
like
hell... he's got Assegai marks to prove it...

He gestures to the boy to show SOT. WILLIAMS. The YOUNG BOER pulls up his shin, showing an horrendous white scar across his stomach.

SOT. WILLIAMS stares in amazement. Coming to, commanding the attention of a BOY-PULLEN in the ranks:

You!

Sir. (Running over)

SGT. WILLIAMS
BOY-PULLEN

SGT. WILLIAMS

Take 'em to the orderly officer. (SOT. WILLIAMS departs).

BOY-PULLEN

(Standing to attention). Colour Sergeant Addressing the BOERS:
This way.

24. The BOERS follow as the PTE. Leads off

25. A TROOP OF SIKALI HORSE under the command of COL. DURNFORD ride

into the camp. He is a tall, thin-haired man with handsome sunburnt features, intelligent and sensitive eyes and an over-length moustache. He has only the use of

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one arm, his left arm being completely paralyzed and held immobile, tucked into a special pocket he has sewn into his tunic. COL. DURNFORD and SOT. MA3OR

KAMBULA (A powerful and intelligent African radiating authority.) pull up as the troop ride by.

26. With the SIKALI in the foreground, PTE. WILLIAMS is seen in the background, still running, his rifle above his head.

27. The same NCO seen previously addresses the BASUTOS:

NCO

Company.... 'Shun!
(The BASUTOS comply).
Move yourselves.

28. SIKALI are seen cantering as if a pre-ordained manoeuvre is about to commence.

29. DURNFORD and S.M. KAMBULA are surveying their troops.

S.M. KAMBULA
Shall I give the order Sir?

COL. DURNFORD
Alright, Sergeant

30. S.M. KAMBULA rides offscreen.

31. The SIKALI gather together. S.M. KAMBULA's voice is heard above the throng:

S.M. KAMBULA
Sikali Horse Forward!

32. The SIKALI ride full pelt, charging at the BASUTOS.

The troop continues almost into the first line of the BASUTOS, which consists of their European NCO's.

The European NCO's of the BASUTOS stare at the SIKALI troop as they wheel and once again come galloping at them.

33. COL. PULLEINE, LT. MELVILL & LT. COGHILL are seen outside the Officer's Mess amused at the commotion.

34. CLOSE UP. COL. DURNFORD laughing.

35. The NCO's edge away, unsure, prepared to take to their heels. The BASUTO infantry watch, admiring, clapping.
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The troop skilfully turns their horses, as if on a penny, inches from the BASUTO NCO's then ride away, whooping, in high spirits.

LORD CHELMSFORD & COL. CREALOCK, having watched this exhibition, ride forward to meet COL. DURNFORD.

CHELMSFORD
Splendid horsemanship Who are they?

DURNFORD
Sikali Horse, My Lord. Christians all I know each one by name.

CHELMSFORD
They come well recommended do they?
DURNFORD

My Lord, they rode for me at Bushman '5 Pass.

CHELMSFORD
Oh... indeed. Crealock, we should see that Colonel Dumford has an Officer for his hard riders. Perhaps a subaltern from the

Twenty Fourth.

DURNFORD

I thought it might be more effective to find someone who speaks Zulu.

CHELMSFORD & CREALOCK exchange glances.

CREALOCK

Yes. I see you've issued each of them with a Martini Henry Carbine.

Our quota for Native contingencies: one rifle to ten men and only five rounds per rifle.

CHELMSFORD

But will they make good use of them?

DURNEORD

They're as good marksmen as horsemen.

CHELMSFORD

There's no doubting their horsemanship Colonel Durnford.

CHELMSFORD & DURNFORD salute.

DURNFORD

Mr. Crealock.

CREALOCK nods.

DURNFORD exits offscreen.

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CHELMSFORD

We must think how to make best use of Colonel Durnford's African knowledge.

36. Through the smoke of the field kitchens enters the Honourable WILLIAM VEREKER, aristocratically aloof on a fine stallion, his servant following on an equally fine horse. He rides purposely towards COL. DURNFORD as if he has been seeking him.

VEREKER

Colonel Durnford... William Vereker. I hear you 've been seeking Officers?

DURNFORD

Good ones, yes, Mr Vereker. Gentlemen who can ride and shoot

DURNFORD waits for a reaction. VEREKER, cool, looks into DURNFORD's

face and takes out his rifle.

Cantering some distance away, VEREKER turns, spurs his horse

vigorously and,
on reaching DURNFORD, throws his rifle up into the air. He
fires one-handed
at the half carcass of a cow being hung up near the field
kitchens without veering
his galloping horse. The half carcass judders under the impact
of the heavy
bullet.

37. PTE. WILLIAMS has been jogging wretchedly on. On hearing the
bullet he throws
himself to the ground believing he has been shot. Two of the
kitchen hands help
him to his feet.

38. CLOSE UP of SOT. WILLIAMS.

SGT. WILLIAMS
Shouting across the field:
Private Williams. You've stopped.

39. PTE. WILLIAMS regains his composure and, once more lifting
his rifle above his
head, continues to jog. SGT. WILLIAMS looks on with smug
satisfaction.

40. As VEREKER approaches, DURNFORD commands the attention of
LT. RAW:

DURNFORD
Mr. Raw. Take Mr. Vereker to the Store and see he '5 issued the
necessary equipment And then show him to the Mess and explain
to him
how an Officer is expected to behave.

RAW salutes and leads VEREKER off left, as DURNFORD watches
their
departure.

41. INT. OFFICERS' MESS TENT. DAY
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CLOSE UP. A scorpion is being removed from a specimen jar with
a pair of
tweezers. It is lifted out of shot to be examined under a
magnifying glass revealing
LIEUTENANTS COGHILL & MELVILL seated at an impressive green
baize table.

There are African servants, white-jacketed. SERGEANT MURPHY, a
short, broad
humorous, coarse-faced man, supervises the servants.

CHELMSFORD sits alone at a corner table reading his newspaper.

Other Officers are seated around the main table drinking claret
and smoking the

obligatory cigars. COLONEL PULLEINE is writing a letter whilst
LT. HARFORD
sits with his tins around him classifying his specimens.

As SOT. MURPHY refills their glasses COGHILL & MELVILL gossip
covertly in
half whispers so that their voices don't carry to the table of
their commander.

MELVILL
Lighting COGHILL' 5 cigar:
Our good Colonel Dumford scored quite a coup with the Sikali
Horse.

COGHILL
Um. There are rumours that my Lord Chelmsford intends to make
Durnford Second in Command.

MELVILL
Well that's typical of Her Majesty's army. Appoint an engineer
to do a
soldier's work.

PULLEINE
He continues writing without looking up:
Now, now Mr. Melvill, less of your spleen.

COGHILL & MELVILL smile at one another before their attention
is drawn to
LT. RAW and VEREKER entering the Mess.

RAW
Addressing the Mess:
Stranger in the Mess. Gentlemen. (To CHELMSFORD) My LorJ

The officers and Vereker survey each other.

RAW
To VEREKER: Announce yourself

VEREKER spots CHELMSFORD in the corner.

VEREKER
Good day Frederick.
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CHELMSFORD
Good day William. (Folding his newspaper, he stands to shake
hands).
Pleased you could join us.

The OFFICERS turn, a bit startled, to look at this newcomer who
is somehow on
first-name terms with the Lord General.

VEREKER
It was either that, or join the Zulu.

CHELMSFORD

(Removing his glasses).

Join the Zulu? Oh yes, you're right in the thick of it aren't you? Talked to your father before we sailed.. he said you 'd taken to farming near Zulu land.

Sent his regards.. Should I meet up with you.

VEREKER (Wryly)

That was nice of the old boy.

CHELMSFORD

I think you 'd better call out who you are.

VEREKER turns to address the Mess. CHELMSFORD sits.

VEREKER

William Vereker.

Sergeant Murphy.

RAW

MURPHY

Sir?

RAW

Bring drinks for the stranger. Allow me to introduce the Mess: Colonel Pulleine. Messers. Melvill, Coghill...

With the exception of PULLEINE & MAJOR RUSSELL the Officers stand as they are introduced.

COGHILL

Morning.

During the introductions, SOT. MURPHY selects a large, silver, chalice-like receptacle from a trophy table in another corner. He takes it to the head of the table.

RAW

Jackson, Milne, Major Russell4 Stevenson, .

IO

STEVENSON

How do you do?

RAW

Haiford. . and Haiford's best frienJ

HARFORD raises a glass jar containing one of his prized specimens in acknowledgement.

Meanwhile MURPHY has collected a bottle of claret from a tray brought by

another black servant. He pours the contents into the trophy.

RUSSELL

Don 't leave your gin around, Vereker, or Harford will have it full of preserved butteifties. A damned waste, if you ask me.

HARFORD chuckles as he replaces the lid on his jar.

VEREKER

Oh I doubt if I'll leave much of that around. There's quite a shortage where I've been.

COGHILL

Puffing on his cigar:

Theyfight with spears don 't they? I mean it doesn't seem quite fair against the Martini Henry.

MELVILL

You didn't really have to chose between your country and the Zulu did you?

VEREKER

Um. And a damn close thing it was too.

RAW

Taking the freshly filled trophy from MURPHY.
Ah, well done Murphy. (He presents it to VEREKER).

HARFORD

Stranger's Cup. (The Officers sit.) Down it in one and we where share your Mess bill for a week.

VEREKER

And {fI don't?

RAW

Then a bottle of good claret to each member of the Mess is charged to your account

MELVILL

if it's too much we can have the bill forwarded to your father... in the
11

House of Lords. Oh no offence meant, Vereker.

VEREKER

No offence taken, Melvill. (Taking the trophy from RAW).
To men who aren 't afraid to speak their minds.

RAW

Good luck, Sir

VEREKER begins to drink. Gradually, the officers join in with cheers of encouragement until the entire Mess is chanting "Down, down, down". They bang their fists on the table in time with the chants.

Gulping back the liquid, VEREKER stops as if he has accomplished his task. The Officers applaud. General ad. lib. "Well done". Etc.

VEREKER (Expressionless)

Not quite.

Turning the trophy upside-down, he pours a small amount of liquid onto the floor. Appearing slightly intoxicated, his lips stained red with the wine, he smiles:
The bottles of claret, are on me Gentlemen.

General calls of "Here, here".

RAW

Standing, he raises his glass to propose a toast:
The Regiment

OFFICERS

The Regiment

VEREKER

Still smiling, he wipes the remaining wine from the corners of his moustache.
The Regiment.

42.EXT. ZULUKRAAL. DAY

A tall, bald imposing Zulu named MANTSHONGA enters the camp. He makes his way through a large regiment of young Zulu braves and older INDUNAS (officers). They surround two young Zulu warriors who are tautly circling. Their shields are held at the defensive, their assegais poised for underhand thrust.

43. CLOSE SHOT - The two warriors fighting.

44. LONG SHOT - The vast crowd encircling the warriors.

45. The crowd cheers as CHIEF CETSHWAYO watches from his throne.

12

46. MANTSHONGA, spotting CETSHWAYO, walks purposefully towards him.

MANTSHONGA

I bring greetings from your friends, the British, and from the
Great Lord
ChelmsforJ

CETSHWAYO

Still watching the fighting Zulus;
And what do your Masters say?

MANTSHONGA

They are angry and send these demands. They say you rule in old
ways
that are wrong, that you kill your people without trial. The
Great White
Queen herself cannot kill her lowliest subject though she rules
forty
lands, each greater than all of ZululanaJ

BAYELE

Kill the Traitor, Father'

CETSHWAYO

Gesturing to his son to calm down:
I do kill, under the customs of the Zulu, and I shall not
depart from that
Do I go to the country of the white man and tell him to change
his laws and customs?

MANTSHONGA

The British say your armies grow larger and they demand that you
disband your Impis of War

CETSHWAYO

Tell the British I will not cross the river which divides our
lands. But
ask Lord Chelmsford if he would disarm his warriors in the face
of
such threats.

47. CLOSE UP. The two Zulus are now in ferocious combat.

48. SWITCH back to alternate CLOSE shots of CETSHWAYO &
MANTSHONGA

MANTSHONGA

I will ask him but his answer will be to start war against
your 30,000
warriors.

CETSHWAYO

My armies will defend this land

49. General uproar as one of the fighting Zulus falls to the
ground. Standing,
CETSHWAYO gives the signal to kill. The triumphant Zulu drives
his assegai into
the other's heart. A group of warriors converge upon the body

as MANTSHONGA
turns and EXITS.
13

50. EXT. GARDEN. DIOCESAN MANSION. DAY.

A garden party is in full swing. There are tables and chairs dotted about a spacious garden. Stringed music is playing and there is an air of English civility. There are ladies with parasols, children playing and Officers present.

51. FANNY COLENZO -25, her cheeks aflame, her manner excitable, is engaged in a sedate' game of cricket with some children and officers. She bats the ball some distance away near COL. DURNFORD.

FANNY
Anthony (Shouting)... Anthony

COL. DURNFORD, engaged in conversation with an Officer and a lady, turns on hearing his name. He spots the ball.

COL. DURNFORD (Handing his hat to the Officer)
Hold this.
Picking up the ball, he gives it to a little girl who has run to collect it.
(Smiling at FANNY) Well batted Well batteJ

FANNY curtsies in mock recognition. Her eyes flash to his and we sense their secret feeling for each other.

52. VEREKER & two other officers ride along the drive to the mansion. Dismounting VEREKER hands the reins of his horse to a well-dressed black groomsman and steps forward extending his hand in greeting to the black butler.

VEREKER
Joseph, how are all the Colenso girls?

JOSEPH
They are all in the garden, Sir And they will be glad to see you, I'm sure.

VEREKER walks down the slope of the lawn, past a young girl on a swing, her maid is in attendance. Removing his hat, he spots FANNY being bowled to by LT. MILNE. Creeping up behind her, VEREKER indicates to MILNE to bowl

high.

VEREKER (catching the ball MILNE has just bowled)
You tipped id Youtippedit! Out! Out!

FANNY
I did not (Turning) William. (Hugging him) You cheat, you.

VEREKER
Me cheat? Same old Fanny. (He kisses her on the cheek).
14

FANNY
With genuine affection: Welcome. Welcome back.

Taking his arm, FANNY & VEREKER walk across the lawn. VEREKER
throws the ball back to the cricketers.

53. DURNFORD, still engaged in conversation, turns smiling. His
smile fades as he
spots FANNY with VEREKER.

DURNFORD
Excuse me, Ladies. Leaving them, he makes towards FANNY &
VEREKER.

54. FANNY
Did you get your farm going?

Yes, I did.

Oh. How was it?

I've never been so happy.

VEREKER

FANNY

VEREKER

FANNY

Stopping, FANNY addresses him earnestly: I'm sorry you had to
leave.

55. DURNFORD approaches them.

DURNFORD

You 've met the... Honourable William Vereker, I believe.

FANNY

Yes Anthony, we were childhood friends.

DURNFORD

Your childhood friend shot a dead cow at the gallop the other
day.

(FANNY laughs). He wasn 't impressed.

56. SWITCH TO MANSION VERANDA.

CHELMSFORD watches the threesome as BARTLE FRERE approaches him, puffing on a cigar.

CHELMSFORD

There is a Mrs. Dumford, is there?

15

BARTLE FRERE

She exists.. .but er. . .nothing '5 been heard of her, the eight years Durnford's been in Africa.

CREALOCK

Although much is spoken of her now, My Lord.

These three walk along the veranda.

BARTLE FRERE

I, er, recommended him to you.. .because he knows Africa so well.

CREALOCK

Oh indeed. His ability to recruit native contingents is proving invaluable to His Lordship.

BARTLE FRERE

How do you rate him as a soldier?

CREALOCK

It is widely held that he has great courage and he's an excellent engineer

BARTLE FRERE

(Walking down the veranda steps). Shall we join the guests?

57. The DEWITT sisters, both in their whites, are seen playing a game of tennis. They are being watched by LTS. MELVILL & COGHILL (They are both seated). One of the ladies moves off court to fetch the ball that has gone out of play. She glances up at COGHILL.

COGHILL

Do you think she might be interested in someone?

MELVILL

Which one?

COGHILL

Well that one. The one who keeps looking at me.

MELVILL

It could be you flatter yourself Coghill. It's that odd eye.

LT. RAW approaches

RAW (Tongue-in-cheek)

They must have locked all the good ones up.

58. BARTLE FRERE, CHELMSFORD & CREALOCK have now joined a selection of the guests at some tables on the lawn for afternoon tea.

16

MRS. DEWITT

Ah, General. (She curtsies. CHELMSFORD acknowledges). Do you find our Border Country congenial, My Lord?

CHELMSFORD (Sitting)

The landscape, most congenial Ma'am but the Border, vulnerable.

MRS. PRETORIOUS (Also sitting)

Do you really think Cetshwayo will attack us?

DURNSFORD, VEREKER & FANNY have also joined the party.

CHELMSFORD

The intention of the Zulu Impis and their King concern me deeply,
Ma 'am.

FANNY

Cetshwayo has no intention of attacking Natal, Mrs. Pretorious. Unless he 's given no option. He has no quarrel with us. (She sits).

BARTLE FRERE (Sitting next to FANNY)

It's very rare to meet a young lady interested in tactical matters, Miss Colenso. Is it not, Sir Henry, most rare?

MR. PRETORIOUS

You are talking of a violent and murdering barbarian who commands an army of 30,000 warriors just across the river

FANNY

My father has known and lived with the Zulus for many years.

MR. PRETORIOUS

Cetshwayo massacred 20,000 of his own people to make himself King.

COLENZO

The English Tudor Kings did no less. Much later in our nation 's history, I might add, and the French much more recently.

CHELMSFORD

That may well be, Your Grace, but be that as it may, my duty is

clear

The defence of all this (indicating the surroundings) Natal

COLENZO

Yes, well, it's difficult to stand against that position. if
you speak only
of . (Leaning forward & looking him in the eye).. defence.

MR. PRETORIOUS

And what does our good Colonel Durnford think?

17

DURNFORD (Walking around the tables to join VEREKER)
if the people of Natal wish to feel safe, let them persuade
their husbands
and sons to volunteer We need both Officers and men.

CHELMSFORD

We do Colonel, good point.

COLENZO

I cannot be brought to believe that Cetshwayo wants a war with
Britain.

BARTLE FRERE

Every Zulu is raised to be a warrior Without a war there 'd be
no Zulu
nation.

MRS. DEWITT

Nobody is really safe, are they Your Excellency?

JOSEPH has appeared at BARTLE FRERE's side. He whispers
something into
his ear.

LADY FRERE

Mrs. Dewitt has four daughters, Henry, and Ifear she feels for
them all

59. VEREKER has wandered away from the tables. He is watching
MELVILL &
COGHILL chatting to the two DEWITT girls who were previously
playing
tennis.

VEREKER

Your daughters may indeed be in some danger Mrs. Dewitt, but
not at
the moment from the Zulus, Ifear

60. The parties' attention is drawn to the four on the lawn.

61. CLOSE UP of MRS. DEWITT as she laughs politely.

62. As the camera swings back to the four on the lawn we see
MANTSHONGA in
the background. The camera follows him ending in CLOSE UP as he
strides

forward to meet BARTLE FRERE. BARTLE FRERE looks grave as if he is already aware of the news he is about to hear.

63. SWITCH, LONG SHOT to where BARTLE FRERE, CHELMSFORD, CREALOCK & MANTSHONGA are now standing. BARTLE FRERE addresses the entire garden party.

BARTLE FRERE
Ladies and gentlemen, your attention, please.

64. LONG SHOT of lawn. The guests move forward.

65. The camera closes in on the four on the veranda. With one arm behind his back, a cigar in his other hand, BARTLE FRERE continues:
18

BARTLE FRERE (Slowly and deliberately)
I think I should inform you that I am obliged to issue a state of war between Her Majesty's Government and the Zulu King, Cetshwayo

66. SWITCH to CLOSE UP of VEREKER & COLENSO. General background noises of dismay as BARTLE FRERE carries on.

67.
BARTLE FRERE
on his non compliance with the ultimatum made on him urging reformation...

68. CLOSE UP of FANNY & DURNFORD. He drops his head, averting her gaze.

69. CLOSE UP of BARTLE FRERE. He continues:

BARTLE FRERE
and redress for violations of British Sovereignty.

The guests applaud as CHELMSFORD & BARTLE FRERE shake hands.

70. CLOSE UP of FANNY & DURNFORD.

FANNY
why? Why do men think of nothing but killing? (She touches his disabled arm lovingly).

Tucking his hat under his arm, he looks into her eyes and kisses her hand.
Walking away, he replaces his hat and reaching the top of the veranda steps, turns. They exchange desperate, painful glances.

71. CLOSE UP of COLENSO

COLENSO (To himself)
This wonderful land we are privileged to share. (Removing his glasses.)

Dear God (hanging his head) there should be room for all of us.

72. EXT. CHELMSFORD'S CAMP. PIETERMARITZBURG. NIGHT

ASSORTED CLOSE SHOTS TO COVER THE MOVE TO RORKE'S DRIFT
- WAGON WHEELS CREAKING AS THEY TAKE THE FIRST STRAIN OF
MOVEMENT, OXEN HOOVES STARTING FORWARD ON RUTTED DIRT
SURFACES, WAGONEERS FLICKING WHIPS, PACKS GOING ONTO
BACKS OF SOLDIERS, BARE FEET OF NATIVE LEVIES, OFFICERS
MOUNTING, THEN SIMILAR DETAILS TO SHOW RHYTHMIC
FORWARD PROGRESS, MARCHING, ROLLING DARK SILHOUETTED
FORMS. TORCHES.

73. THREE OFFICERS stand watching:

19

OFFICER

There goes Number Two Company.

74. Q.S.M. BLOOMFIELD CUTS ACROSS SHOT he is studying a list
attached to a
clipboard. He is about to walk past a tent when he hears a call
of "I'll see yer"
coming from within. Suspecting gambling, he moves to
investigate.

75. Pulling back the tent flap reveals a group, including
BOY-PULLEN playing a game
of cards.

BLOOMFIELD

Do I believe what me eyes see? The whole bleedin' Army movin'
off to
meet the murderin' heathen and what goes on in 'ere? A game
ofBrag.
(Sterner) Brag?

BOY-PULLEN (Standing)

I'm sorry, Quartermaster

BLOOMFIELD

You'll be more sorrier still when the Zulu ask Lad.. "What 'ave
you got
to offer me not to slit your gut?" and you say (Pointing to the
cards in
BOY-PULLEN's hand) ah, the Knave of Hearts, Sir, the Knave of
Hearts.

The rest of the group chuckle.

Offering BOY-PULLEN a coin, BLOOMFIELD gives the order "Move!"

Taking the coin BOY-PULLEN leaves the tent.

76. SWITCH to BANDSTAND. A band is playing "Men Of Harlech".
CHELMSFORD & BARTLE FRERE move into CLOSE UP in foreground.

CHELMSFORD

For a savage as to a child, chastisement is sometimes a kindness.

BARTLE FRERE

Let us hope then, that this will be the final solution to the Zulu problem.

77. EXT. COLUMN ON THE MOVE. NIGHT

BOY-PULLEN moves against the traffic towards the back of the moving column. He passes squads of torchlighted marchers, artillery units, riders, wagons, until he comes to the SUTLER'S wagon.

78. THREE SOLDIERS ENTER SHOT and surreptitiously help themselves out of the back of the moving wagon. Noticing, BOY-PULLEN seizes his chance and grabbing a bottle out one of the soldier's hands, makes a dash for it.

SOLDIER

'Ere! Come back 'ere you thievin' little beggar~
20

79. MOVING SHOT. CHELMSFORD, on foot salutes an officer as DURNFORD approaches from behind on horseback.

DURNFORD (Calling)

My Lord. (CHELMSFORD turns.) I've prepared a list of ideas for you to see. (He removes a paper from his tunic).

CHELMSFORD

Excellent. Thank you. (He continues to walk away) Give them to Crealock, would you?

DURNFORD

My Lord. (CHELMSFORD turns again) This list was prepared for you. I don 't think another can understand its true value.

CHELMSFORD (Taking the list)

Thank you Colonel Durnford. (He exits as DURNFORD looks on).

80. CHELMSFORD joins his group of officers. He mounts his horse and then addresses them:

CHELMSFORD

Gentlemen, within ten days we shall cross the Buffalo River and British soldiers will then be in Zululand. Colonel Durnford will remain down river

81. CLOSE UP of DURNFORD. He looks agitated by this remark.

82. Undeterred, CHELMSFORD continues:

CHELMSFORD

where he will be responsible for the defence of the Natal border
Turning his horse and without looking at DURNFORD he leads his Party off

83. BLOOMFIELD is joined by BOY-PULLEN

BOY-PULLEN

Will you hear "Last Post", Sir?

BLOOMFIELD

I listened extra careful to your "Stand To" this mornin', Boy. It was perfect I couldn't 've done it better myself, not even when I was Bugler to The Duke Of Wellington.. .now tell me, where did you get that black eye?

BOY-PULLEN

From the Cook, Sir They saw me dip your shaving tin in the tea-water this morning, made their tea taste of Lifebuoy toilet soap, they said Handing him the bottle of gin he purloined earlier.
2t

BLOOMFIELD

So, you got it in the line of dooty.. (Taking a swig from the bottle & handing it back to BOY-PULLEN)... point taken.

BLOOMFIELD gets up onto a wagon as BOY-PULLEN gulps from the bottle.

BOY-PULLEN

Will we be fighting the Zulus soon, Quartermaster? (Joining BLOOMFIELD, he jumps up onto the front of the wagon).

BLOOMFIELD

Could be. (He shouts for the wagon to move out) Across the river into Zululand. (They share the bottle of gin). They might just be waiting there for us to show up... .them stabbing assegais pointing right at our bellies!....

BOY-PULLEN

You are afraid of the Zulus then, Quartermaster?

BLOOMFIELD

One Zulu is only one man.. ..and I'm afearred of no one man...
but the
Zulu, they come in the thousands.... like a black wave of
death.... in the
thousands.... and them assegais.... stabbing!

The BOY-PULLEN doesn't answer. He stares into the darkness,
contemplating
the prospect of the morning as described by BLOOMFIELD.

84. Back in the centre of the camp, VEREKER rides past the
bandstand to meet
DURNFORD.

DURNFORD
Your orders, Mr Vereker?

VEREKER
I'm to take the Sikali with the main column to the river

DURNFORD
Lord Chelmsford seems to want me to stay back with my Basutos.

VEREKER
I think Chelmsford wants a good man on the border Why he fears a
flanking attack and requires a steady Commander in reserve.

DURNFORD (Angrily)
The wrong side of the river! The wrong place! (DURNFORD glares
at
VEREKER, who realizes he has hit a raw nerve.) Does he wish me
to
fight the Zulu, or merely observe their natural habitat?

Sensing his cue to exit, VEREKER salutes and saying "Sir" turns
his horse to
join the Sikali who are leaving the camp.
22

85. DURNFORD walks his horse a few paces forward as he watches
the troop leave.

DURNFORD (With sincerity)
God go with you, Mr Vereker (He turns his horse about as the
band
music swells to its conclusion).

86. THE CAMP AT RORKE'S DRIFT. THE BORDER WITH ZULULAND. DAY.
TRAVELLING P.O.V.

THE THREAT OF THE BACKLIGHTED LANDSCAPE BEFORE THEM,
THE SUN GLARE MAKING CLARITY OF VISION DIFFICULT. CAMERA
PANS UP RIVER. THE MOUNTED INFANTRY CROSS TO THE FAR
BACK, THE UNION JACK HELD PROUDLY ALOFT.

87. RIVER BANK.
Two punts, carrying redcoated soldiers are being hauled across

the water by
rows of Basutos on the opposite bank.
As they unload, the soldiers immediately form into columns.

88. The first ox-wagon is driven out of the river, with much shouting and encouragement from the drover and watching soldiers. There is general activity everywhere.

89. LOW SHOT. The wheels of the wagons and the Basuto's feet are seen trudging through the slop of mud.

90. LONG SHOT OF CAMP. A column of Basutos is seen walking towards the camp. The white tents are dominant in the background.

91. SWITCH to CHELMSFORD, seen mounted on horseback. He surveys the proceedings through a pair of binoculars.

92. CAMERA PANS to discover VEREKER, on horseback, leading the troop of SIKALI HORSE across the river.

93. CAMERA PICKS UP a calm LT. RAW as he crosses amidst the multitude.

94. CLOSE UP of VEREKER. With gritted determination he spurs his horse onward up the bank.

95. SOT. WILLIAMS is seen seated upon a covered wagon about to enter the water.

PTE. WILLIAMS is on foot trying to instruct the animals.

PTE. WILLIAMS (Pushing one of the animals from the rear)
Come on ox.

SGT. WILLIAMS
Out! Not the ox's arse, you bloody idiot

(PTE. WILLIAMS returns to pushing the side of the wagon).
23

Get 'em in line!

(PTE. WILLIAMS loses his footing, slipping into the water. He is fully immersed).

PTE. WILLIAMS
Serg' ah, I'm drowning Sergeant.
(He stands and we see that the water only comes up to his knee).

SGT. WILLIAMS

Williams, what the bloody 'ell do you mean by 'aving the sante name as me?

PTE. WILLIAMS

Sorry Serg' (He struggles onward through the water).

96. COGHILL & MELVILL are seen crossing.

97. More oxen cross.

98. A column of redcoats carrying rifles are seen striding onward. The SIKALI HORSE ride past in the foreground.

99. WIDE ANGLE. Both sides of the river are seen. Redcoats climb the hill in the foreground. Everywhere seems more settled.

100. CAMERA again picks up the SIKALI HORSE. They ride across screen in CLOSE FOREGROUND to reveal a stationary VEREKER on horseback.

NORRIS-NEWMAN rides towards him. He has a red claret-and-port-drinker's face and is wearing civilian bush-clothes including a huge bush-hat.

NORRIS-NEWMAN

Do you think Cetshwayo will send a party to greet you, Mr Vereker?

VEREKER (Calmly stroking his horse)

Oh they're here alright. We just have to make sure they don't get back to announce us.

NORRIS-NEWMAN

You mean you've seen them?

Without answering, VEREKER turns his horse towards the hills. Breaking into a gallop, he shouts the command:

VEREKER

Forward Sikali!

NORRIS-NEWMAN watches through his binoculars, then turns his horse back towards the camp.

24

101. EXT. RIVERBANK OPPOSITE RORKE'S DRIFT. DAY

CLOSE UP of CHELMSFORD. We see the view through his binoculars. He is watching NORRIS-NEWMAN enter the camp.

CREALOCK approaches on horseback. They exchange salutes.

CHELMSFORD

What's that strange name the newspaper chap's called?

CREALOCK

Er, called Noggs, Sir Actual name is Norris-Newman. He presented credentials from "The Standard".

CHELMSFORD

Our runners bare his dispatches, do they not?

CREALOCK (Smiling)

Of course, Sir

They exchange knowing looks and turn their horses about towards camp.

102. EXT. SWITCH TO RIVER. CLOSE TO CAMP - RORKE'S DRIFT. DAY.

A long line of NATAL NATIVE COMPANY is transporting wooden boxes of ammunition on their shoulders across the river. V.O. of a brusque NCO is heard:

NCO

Come on lads, it's only a river! (The NCO is seen in CLOSE UP in the foreground).

103. LIEUTENANT COLONEL HAMILTON-BROWN, a rough kishman, and old campaigner joins in:

HAMILTON-BROWN

104.

105.

Come on you piss-arse lot, get these bastards across. It's only water
Come along you idle scum, let's 'ave yer
HAMILTON-BROWN rides away as we see a native fall into the water under his burden.

CHELMSFORD and his Company cross the river.

NATAL NATIVE COMPANY is seen again, still struggling across the river.

The NCO's VOICE is heard:

NCO

I'll 'ave your guts fer garters!
25

106. On the far bank CHELMSFORD and his Company are seen riding

to meet
NORRIS-NEWMAN.

CHELMSFORD
An historical moment, Gentlemen.

NORRIS-NEWMAN
Excuse me, My Lord. (Introducing himself) Norris-Newman, of "The Standard", My Lord.

CHELMSFORD
I saw you lead our Cavalry sir

NORRIS-NEWMAN
Indeed I did, My Lord. It was one of the first to cross.

CHELMSFORD
Were they in good heart as they entered enemy territory?

NORRIS-NEWMAN
They spurred onto high ground, My Lord, full of spirit and looking for the Zulu. Full of spirit they were, My Lord.

CHELMSFORD
Tell what you see. Write it well, Sir, and make sure you get it right

NORRIS-NEWMAN
If I've got it right, My Lord, you lead an invasion into Zululand, for I see it all around me, but "why?" is the question my readers will ask.
"why?"

CHELMSFORD
Do not confuse yourself. Why? We must strike a heavy blow. This cannot be a war of manoeuvre.

NORRIS-NEWMAN
So attack is your defence. Well let's hope Cetshwayo will offer his Impis full destruction.

CHELMSFORD
My only fear is that the Zulu will avoid the engagement

He turns his horse about and his Company follow as
NORRIS-NEWMAN looks on in amazement.

107. CAMERA PANS to follow CHELMSFORD and his Company as they ride to the foot of the hills.

108. We see the view through CHELMSFORD's binoculars. He spots VEREKER

with the SIKALI HORSE.

26

109. NORRIS-NEWMAN has caught up with CHELMSFORD:

NORRIS-NEWMAN

I have it, My Lord, we attack for sport - or is it reputations?

CHELMSFORD (Lowering his binoculars)

Enough of your politicking, Noggs.

NORRIS-NEWMAN

I know your views on the usefulness of the Press, My Lord, but the Englishman back home wants to know what his Regiments are doing.

CHELMSFORD (Resuming his gaze through the binoculars)

Then I trust you will tell him exactly what you have observeJ

110. QM BLOOMFIELD pulls a drowned Basuto from the river onto the bank. He removes the man's ammunition belt.

LT. HARFORD approaches. He is on horseback.

BLOOMFIELD

Look at that waste. Five rounds ruined Mr HaiforJ Each round has to be accounted for.

LT. HARFORD (Referring to the BASUTO)

It's terrible. Quite dreadful Something must be done.

BLOOMFIELD (Standing)

If they'd been put back in their boxes (moving towards Harford). Boxes banded and screwed down proper like, as His Lordship ordered, nothing would have happened to them, Sir

LT. HARFORD

I'm talking about our drowned Natives, Quartermaster!

BLOOMFIELD

Natives is not on my invoices, Mr Haiford. . ammunition is, and 'as to be accounted for. and the brass cartridge cases returned.

111. In disgust, LT. HARFORD turns his horse about. He meets HAMILTON-BROWN at the top of the bank.

LT. HARFORD

Several of our Natives went under Shouldn 't we have a Rolicall Colonel?

HAMILTON-BROWN

Not practical, lad.. .we haven 't had time to make up the rolls

yet
Besides, I'm not sure how many we had before the crossing.

HAMILTON-BROWN canters away.
27

LT. HARFORD follows reluctantly, not enthralled by this show of callousness.

112. A Zulu recognisance party is seen atop the ridge. They view the scene below.

113. VEREKER and the SIKALI HORSE ascend the ridge.

114. The infantry - the Twenty Fourth Foot --fan out in sections, alert to possible attack, and make for the high ground.

115. CHELMSFORD's party rides by below.

116. One of the Zulu's fires a warning shot into the air.

117. VEREKER halts his company, as does CHELMSFORD.

118. The guilty Zulu's voice booms out from above:

why do you come to the land of the Zulu?

119. LT. MELVILL turns about in his saddle to address CHELMSFORD.

MELVILL
May I answer, Sir?

CHELMSFORD
By all means, Mr. Melvill.

MELVILL (Moving his horse forward a few paces, he bellows a reply)
We come here by the Orders of the Great Queen Victoria. Queen of all Africa.

There is a moment of silence:

VEREKER (Gives the order)
Forward!
120. MELVILL turns to face his Redcoats.

MELVILL
Company, advance!

121. Turning to a member of his party:

CHELMSFORD
Major, send the troops.

122. There is a steady advance up the hill. The Zulus turn, scrambling through the undergrowth.

28

123. The SIKALI approach. One of the Zulus turns and stands his ground. He thrusts his assegai at his foe dismounting the SIKALI from his horse. In a second the Zulu jumps astride the horse but his escape is prevented by an offending shot from another SIKALI.

124. More SIKALI advance. They bring down several more Zulus.

125. A group of four Zulus converge on one SIKALI. They pull him off his horse into a crop of rocks. One Zulu manages to mount the horse and rides away encouraged by the others.

VEREKER notices this. Slowly and deliberately he removes his rifle from his saddle, takes aim and then fires. The dead warrior falls to the ground.

126. A group of LANCERS track one ZULU. The lead LANCER approaches, guiding his horse expertly. He feints with the downstroke of his lance.

The ZULU lowers his shield.

The LANCER, on the ZULU now, uses the up-stroke to impale the ZULU to a tree.

NOGGS rides near the incident.

127. CHELMSFORD has surveyed the incident through his binoculars.

128.

MELVILL (to Noggs)

Well done, Sir.. did you see, that Noggs? He deceived him with the up and took him with the down.

NOGGS (Studying the deceased Zulu from his horse)
Well, well this one's a grandfather at least if he'd been a Zulu in his prime, I'd have given odds against your Lancer, Mr Melvill

129. CHELMSFORD returns his binoculars to their case.

CHELMSFORD

Welt, Gentlemen, first blood to us and a rousing good report in the newspapers to satisfy the politicians, eh?

130. EXT.CAMPATROCK'S DRIFT. DUSK.

Camp-fires are seen and the sound of neighing horses are heard as the CAMERA follows a small troop of horsemen and wagon cross the river. The CAMERA pans towards the sunset as the "Last Post" is heard.

131. EXT. CETSHWAYO'S KRAAL. FIRST DAWN
29

The ROYAL IMPIS squat as they listen to their King. Huge, powerful, glowering. He holds the royal trident spear in his hand as he strides before them.

CETSHWAYO

My warriors, our people are hungry. We must gather the crops that will feed us through the Winter But first we must defend our lands... from those who would steal the fruits of our labours. The British have broken their promise.. and crossed the Buffalo River into our home-lands. We must fight to survive.

A huge hissing sound comes from the multitudes. Assegais thrust to the sun red sky. CETSHWAYO points westward.

CETSHWAYO

We must kill!

ALL ZULUS

Usutu... Usutu... Usutu.. ("Kill")

132. Black outlines against the rising red sun, assegais and shields rattling, the Zulus hail their King, pledging loyalty to the death.

133. LONGSHOT. EARLYMORNING.

The full splendour of the mountain can be seen through the mist. The country, wide-rolling, is beautiful, but empty.

134. The camp is silent. ALL men's eyes are towards the mountain. CHELMSFORD, seated, views the sight through his telescope. CREALOCK & PULLEINE are close by.

MELVILL approaches on horse-back. He addresses PULLEINE:

MELVILL (Saluting)
We 're ready to move out, Colonel

PULLEINE (Addressing CHELMSFORD)
My Lord, we're prepared to move armour to er

CHELMSFORD
Your destination, Colonel?

PULLEINE
Um Isil'... (He has difficulty pronouncing the word)

CREALOCK (With exact pronunciation)
Isandhlwana. Four miles further than that tallest hill Follow
the
track and it will lead us to the slopes of the mountain.
30

PULLEINE (With quiet contemplation)
Isandhlwana. ..yes....

CHELMSFORD (Leaning away from his telescope)
Isandhlwana.

135. THE ARMY PREPARES TO MARCH JNLAND FROM THE RIVER.

136. CHELMSFORD'S army, with ox-wagons seven-abreast, comes to
life and
proceeds to lumber noisily toward the peak.

137. MELVILL'S company of REDCOATS, guarding the left flank of
the
wagons, marches, rifles at the ready. Platoons move tactically,
one section
of each platoon is always in a defensive position.

138. Tension everywhere. Drovers glance anxiously upwards. Empty
of visible
signs of the enemy, the hills are no less threatening.

139. MELVILL (on horseback) approaches the lead wagon driven by
BLOOMFIELD & BOY-PULLEN.

MELVILL
I want your wagons in an extended line, Quartermaster, but not
too
extended, or my Company can 'tprotect them. No more than fifty
feet
between each one.

BLOOMFIELD
Sir~

MELVILL returns to the flank

BLOOMFIELD (To BOY-PULLEN)

if they're too close together, the stupid things 'ii walk into each other and you can sit on your arse for a good four hours. Turning about on his seat he addresses the train under his command:

BLOOMFIELD

Come on lads, keep them wagons moving. No more than fifty feet Keep 'em moving. Keep 'em moving.

140. COGHILL, stationary, astride his horse watches the movement.

COGHILL (Addressing MELVILL)

There Melvill, there stretched out is my Lord Chelmsford '5 Army.

(Spurring his horse onward) What a wondeiful adventure we undertake. What a marvellous spree.

COGHILL & MELVILL break into a canter.

31

141. VARIOUS SHOTS OF THE INCESSANT MOVEMENT FORWARDS.

142. SHOUTS, COMMANDS, THE MOVE INTO ZULULAND has started with urgency.

143. EXT. ZULULAND EAST OF ISANDHLWANA. HOT SUNNY DAY.

FANNIN, a short, fat English settler, in his thirties, gross-featured, rides sleepily over sloping terrain. Behind him, on foot, several black African retainers follow desultorily. FANNIN snorts, sweats, appears generally fat and unhealthy. He halts his horse and removes a bottle from his saddle-bag. He takes a large swig from the remaining liquid and discards the bottle.

144. FANNIN reaches the top of an animal track at the top of a ridge. Looking down he spots several ZULUS herding a small group of cattle. The ZULUS shout calls of alarm.

145. Turning around to give orders to his retainers, FANNIN spots them scrambling down the slope away from the ZULUS.

146. As FANNIN returns to face front, he gapes as he notices that the valley is black with ZULU IMPIS. They are run-marching towards the west. No noise save the disciplined swish of thousands of feet in the dust.

147. FANNIN hesitates, realizes he's been spotted, quickly, cruelly jerks his horse's head round and spurs over the ridge into the next valley.

148. UHAMA calls out and MBILINI, BAYELE & another, with UHAMA, sprint up the ridge in pursuit of FANNIN. As they mount the crest, they see FANNIN belting down the far side in search of safety. UHAMA stops the other three momentarily from continuing the chase.

UHAMA

Follow the white Man, let him see you. He will lead you to the soldiers. Then, let the white Soldiers take you. When they think they have broken you tell them that the Impis are in the East

149. EXT. ZULULAND NEAR ISANDHLWANA. DAY.
The three Zulus set off in pursuit of FANNIN.

Riding desperately, FANNIN, his mouth open in fear and his shoulders heaving with effort, drives his tired horse over the rough country.

FANNIN peers about. Huge pistol in his hand, he spots MBILINI and fires.

MBILINI 'dies' dramatically, but when FANNIN rides on, MBILINI comes to life, grinning and joins the others to track FANNIN.
32

150. VEREKER and SIKALI appear beyond the next ridge. Spotting FANNIN, VEREKER gives the signal to advance.

151. FANNIN reaches VEREKER's party.

FANNIN

Zulu Zulu!

FANNIN droops in his saddle, too tired to talk. He manages to dismount.

VEREKER (Offering a drink from his hip-flask)
Here.

FANNIN

I'm ill.. dozens of Zulus followed me. I must have shot five, six, ten, I lost count. They just kept coming. Blood curdling swine.

152. VEREKER looks down the slope at the three Zulus who have now been apprehended by the SIKALI. FANNIN drinks again. His avid, greedy

behaviour does not enamour his rescuers.

VEREKER

Why did they attack you?

FANNIN

I discovered their Army, Your Honour a valley full of them and beyondt

VEREKER

Army? what Army?

FANNIN

Beyond them hills, Sir and coming this way.

VEREKER surveys the area. The terrain is empty.

153. A concealed Zulu scout watches stolidly at the distance reduced figures below.

ST

154. THE CAMP AT ISANDHLWANA. 21 JANUARY. 6.OOPM

CHELMSFORD's party ride into camp.

155. PULLEINE is seated at a table outside his tent. He is smoking and studying a document as SGT. MURPHY pours red wine into his tankard. VEREKER crosses in front of the table.

PULLEINE

Officer Vereker, er, would you mind me asking you to take a look at this map?

33

VEREKER (Returning to the table)

By all means, Colonel

PULLEINE

You see

156. The ELDERLY & YOUNG BOER seen earlier approach PULLEINE

ELDERLY FLOER

Your wagons, Colonel

PULLEINE

What about my wagons?

ELDERLY BOER

On an open slope like this, you must bring your wagons round and form them into a laager and do it immediately

157. CHELMSFORD and his lancers arrive at PULLEINE's tent.

CHELMSFORD

dismounts and addresses PULLEINE.

CHELMSFORD

I hear you have prisoners, Colonel, well done. (To Vereker) Good evening, William.

PULLEINE

Thank you, Sir

VEREKER

Good evening, Frederick. I think you should hear this. (To elderly Boer) You were saying your brother didn't laager his camp right?

ELDERLY BOER

They had seventy-three in their party. We found seventy-three skeletons six months later

CHELMSFORD (After a moment's reflection)

Boers require to laager with only a few wagons, we have many. An unassailable square of British firepower is a defence which can be

Imbrued in a moment

The BOERS start to move away.

CHELMSFORD

You're leaving us Master Boer?

The ELDERLY BOER turns

ELDERLY BOER

I'm going to camp among the rocks over there.

34

The BOERS exit.

PULLEINE (Addressing Chelmsford)

My Lord, Mr Fannin, er (Picking up and referring to the map) claims to have seen the Zulu Impis, some few thousand or so, in this valley.

CLOSE UP of map location.

CHELMSFORD

Unlikely (Using his riding crop as a pointer) most unlikely. It would mean taking 24,000 men over mountain tops. This is not helpful. Have the prisoners brought to my camp.

158. EXT. BATTLEFIELD ISANDHLWANA. EVENING.

The three Zulu prisoners are tied to two wagons. A CORPORAL is administering a serious beating to BAYELE.

VEREKER approaches.

VEREKER (Indicating to cease the punishment)
Alright Corporal Anything?

CORPORAL
No sir, no.

VEREKER turns to the prisoner at the other wagon.

VEREKER
Be sensible man, tell us.

The prisoner maintains his silence as VEREKER walks away in dismay.

159. REDCOATS and NATAL NATIVE SOLDIERS, in their separate quarters, clean their rifles, carefully oiling the barrels and working. VEREKER passes RUSSELL busy oiling the elevating mechanisms on his rocket tubes.

RUSSELL (To Vereker)
Good evening. (Referring to the job in hand) Dirty work, eh?

VEREKER (In reply)
Very dirty. (To himself) Very dirty.

160. INT. CHELMSFORD'S TENT.

CHELMSFORD is seated. PULLEINE and CREALOCK stand behind him. FANNIN is standing to one side beside the desk. VEREKER converses with two of the prisoners in Zulu.
35

PULLEINE
What did they say?

VEREKER
Claim they're deserters from the main Impis in the East. Followed this way so they could give themselves up, go home.

PULLEINE
Do you believe that?

VEREKER
Oh their bodies are well oiled. They 're fed regularly, but it's unlikely they're the fugitives they say.

CHELMSFORD
Have them questioned further

VEREKER exits with the prisoners.

CHELMSFORD (Rising to address FANNIN at the desk)

They claim the Zulu Impis are East towards the Royal Kraal, and yet this fellow says they are further towards the North. (He picks up the map).

FANNIN

Wherever they are, Your Worship, there are sixty thousand or more

CHELMSFORD

They multiply, Mr Fannin. You do speak the Zulu tongue, do you?

FANNIN nods.

CHELMSFORD

And tomorrow I intend to find the Zulu Impis, Mr Fannin, and you will accompany me.

FANNIN

Er, I'm no soldier, Your Honour, and it 's further into Zululand.

CHELMSFORD

You will accompany me, Mr Fannin, or you will be arrested. (He gives PULLEINE a glance as an indication to dismiss FANNIN)

PULLEINE

This way, Mr Fannin.

CHELMSFORD

Crealock We have scouts out in the direction he claims he saw the Zulus?

36

CREALOCK

CHELMSFORD

Of course, Sir.
And?

CREALOCK

The only reports of enemy activity have come from the direction of the Royal Kraal, at Ulundi.

CHELMSFORD

Thank you.

CREALOCK exits as CHELMSFORD continues to study the map.

161. BOY-PULLEN stands on top of a wagon gazing at the sunset. BLOOMFIELD is checking stores. BOY-PULLEN clammers down and walks over to BLOOMFIELD.

BOY-PULLEN
Why don 't the Zulus attack?

BLOOMFIELD
Zulu may not wear shoes or trousers and the like but it don 't mean to say they got no brains. They'll watch us and wait and find our weaknesses.

Studying his clipboard, BLOOMFIELD crosses into foreground.

BOY-PULLEN
Have we weaknesses, Quartermaster?

BLOOMFIELD does not answer. He strides forward out of shot. BOY-PULLEN turns, places his bugle to his lips & plays "The Last Post".

162. EXT. ZULULAND EASTOFBUFFALO NIGHT.

The camp is quiet - but wakeful at the imminence of battle.

BLACKNESS.

163. PTE. WILLIAMS is on sentry-go. There are men seated around a camp fire,
PTE. STOREY sits on the back of a wagon, smoking. PTE. WILLIAMS stares into the black night. Insect noises, a horse neighs. He hears something more alarming. His eyes widen, his grip on his rifle tightens. He listens again.
He moves to the front of the wagon, convinced he has heard something.
Returning to the rear he addresses STOREY.

PTE. WILLIAMS
What was that, Storey?
37

STOREY (Leaning forward)
What? Piss off I never heard nothing. (After a moment's reflection)
I don 't think.

PTE. WILLIAMS
Well I did. Stand To. (He positions his rifle at the ready).

Tutting, STOREY throws his cigarette to the ground. He stands, reluctantly.
The others do not move.

PTE. WILLIAMS (In a forced whisper to the others)
Stand To!

Ignoring him, all but one remain seated. One other has lit a torch from the fire.

164. This PTE. proceeds to SGT. WILLIAMS' tent.

PTE.
Stand To, Colour Sergeant.

SGT. WILLIAMS (From within his tent)
Who gave the order?

Private Williams, Sir
PTE.

SGT. WILLIAMS (Emerging from his tent)
I've gotta see this.

165. SGT. WILLIAMS has reached the wagon. PTE. WILLIAMS is still aiming his rifle into the blackness.

SGT. WILLIAMS
Did you call 'Stand To', Private Williams?

PTE. WILLIAMS nods, still listening.

STOREY
I didn 't hear nothing, Serg'.

SGT. WILLIAMS looks at STOREY. His face shows complete contempt for PTE. WILLIAMS. Then he hears something also. It is the approaching sound of horses hooves.

SGT. WILLIAMS (With sudden urgency)
Well Stand To! damn you!

PTE. WILLIAMS takes out his bayonet and attempts to fix it.
SGT.
38

WILLIAMS lays a hand on his arm as if to replace the bayonet back in it's scabbard.

SGT. WILLIAMS
No. You've done well fer once. Don 't push yer luck!

PTE. WILLIAMS (He continues to attach his bayonet)

I heard 'em first
SGT. WILLIAMS (With sarcasm)
I'll get you a medal for modesty, Private Williams, would you like that?

PTE. WILLIAMS
You never would, Colour Sergeant A medal?

166. There are loud noises of advancing bodies coming directly towards them.
From the blackness:

DURNFORD (V.O.)
Colonel Durnford here.

SGT. WILLIAMS (To PTE. WILLIAMS)
Easy, lad.

As DURNFORD and his escort of fifty mounted BASUTOS approach,
SGT.
WILLIAMS salutes.

SGT. WILLIAMS
Just follow the track, Sir, you 'll come to Lord Chelmsford '5
Head Quarters.

DURNFORD (Spurring his horse onward)
Sergeant
SGT. WILLIAMS
Get down, lads.

The line of sentries relax, unfix their bayonets and most
proceed to return to
their sleeping bags.

PTE. WILLIAMS is deflated almost to the point of tears.

SGT. WILLIAMS
You done well Keep it up laJ Keep it up.

A smile reappears upon PTE. WILLIAMS face. He resumes his watch
with
renewed enthusiasm.

167. INT. CHELMSFORD'S TENT NIGHT.
39

CHELMSFORD is seated on his bed. DURNFORD stands before him
distressed, blinking at his commander's verbal assault.

CHELMSFORD
You intended to bring your reserves across the river?

DURNFORD
I have received intelligence from, sources of my own that the
Zulu
Impis are moving North of here and threaten your left.

CHELMSFORD
Intelligence? Sources of your own? Did it not occur to you they
may be native rumours? Rumours to draw you off- to leave the
whole of Natal open to a possible counter thrust

DURNFORD (After a beat)
Cetshwayo wants a head on battle. A decisive victory, so that
his
people can get on with the one battle that is life and death
for his

Nation - a delayed harvest

CHELMSFORD

Are you dictating the strategy of this war, Sir?

DURNFORD

I'm explaining my reasons.

CREALOCK enters the tent.

CHELMSFORD

Yes?

CREALOCK

A large party of Zulus have been sighted in the direction of the King's

Kraal

Getting up, CHELMSFORD moves over to look at the map on his desk.

168. CLOSE UP of map as CHELMSFORD picks up a pair of dividers and measures the distance between Isandhlwana and Ulundi.

169. CHELMSFORD turns to face the two men.

CHELMSFORD

Tomorrow we will continue our advance on Ulundi. Dumford, kindly return to your unit Bring them here immediately to support Pulleine. Mr Vereker will join you as ADC. Do you understand me clearly?

DURNFORD

And the threat of counter invasion no longer exists?

40

170.

171.

Colonel, if on another occasion you flout my direct orders I shall

reluctantly relieve you of your commanJ

DURNFORD exits in silence. CREALOCK walks over to the map.

CREALOCK

Perhaps he has thought to conquer Zululand on his own, My LorJ

CLOSE UP of CHELMSFORD as he nods in silent agreement.

THE CAMP AT ISANDHLWANA. 22N9 JANUARY. 7.00AM.

Reveille is heard. CHELMSFORD emerges from his tent with VEREKER.

CHELMSFORD

CHELMSFORD

I trust you to keep me well informed of Colonel Durnford and his men when they arrive William.

VEREKER
Certainly Frederick.

CHELMSFORD mounts his horse.

CHELMSFORD
Gentlemen, we move to find camp and engage the enemy, and my nose tells me that we may make early contact.

CHELMSFORD and his party move out. VEREKER looks on.

172. PULLEINE is stationary, astride his horse. MELVILL approaches on horseback.

PULLEINE
Mr Melvill, until the reinforcement arrives we will Stand To.

MELVILL
Sir (Riding off, he addresses a Bugler) You there. Sound "Fall In".

173. As CHELMSFORD'S COLUMN moves out, the camera pans away up to the hills to reveal a hidden Zulu Scout. The rear units are half-a-mile from the camp.

174. Below, the camp prepares for immediate battle activity everywhere. Redcoats line up, buckling on their packs and pouches.

175. PULLEINE, MELVILL & COGHILL, all on horseback, are engaged in conversation.
41

PULLEINE (To COGHILL)
Huge expanse to keep an eye on. (Referring to Nqutu Range) Would you mind riding over to Stuart Smith & asking him to bring his artillery about?

COGHILL
Sir (Riding off)

PULLEINE
Oh, Mr Melvill, kindly send a lookout Tell him to call out the instant he spies Colonel Durnford's Column coming to reinforce us.

MELVILL departs.

176. COGHILL arrives at STUART SMITH's area.

COGHILL
Stuart?

STUART SMITH
Yes.

COGHILL
How quickly can you move your artillery forward?

STUART SMITH
Well, my horses are feeding, as you may observe, Mr Coghill.
It'll
take a little while.

COGHILL
Well, fed or hungry, Pulleine wants them in position
immediately. (He
departs).

STUART SMITH
Right. (Addressing one of his men) Bombardier, to me please.

177. CLOSE UP of a concerned looking PULLEINE.

178. Various shots of CHELMSFORD'S COLUMN moving forward.

179. CLOSE in on CHELMSFORD as he rides to meet NOGGS (NORRIS-NEWMAN)

CHELMSFORD
What o'clock is it, Mr Noggs?

NORRIS-NEWMAN
Eleven o'clock, My LorJ
42

CHELMSFORD
Our friend Colonel Dumford will be should be at this minute
approaching Pulleine. I think we'll eat here. I want to scout
that
mountain top and be back with an appetite in one hour. (He turns
his horse about).

CREALOCK
Sir

180. DURNFORD'S ARRIVAL AT ISANDHLWANA.
22ND JANUARY. 1 1.00AM

DURNFORD'S COLUMN pounds down the slope into the camp. It is
welcomed with relief, tension everywhere relaxes and smiles are
seen. There
is calling and greeting between the forces.

181. AREA BETWEEN WAGONS.

BAYELE and the OTHER ZULU CAPTIVE held for questioning are tied up to wagons in an area somewhat screened from the camp. MBILINI is on the ground, his feet and hands are bound.

TWO SENTRIES guard them. MBILINI lies almost unconscious, tongue lolling, from the ropes that bind him. Evidence of the beating he has undergone is extensive.

The TWO REDCOAT SENTRIES run forward to see DURNFORD'S COLUMN arrive, momentarily leaving the captives.

BAYELE (To MBILINI with whisper)
My brother We must warn our King. I will call the white soldier back. Can you still move to help me?
MBILINI nods.

BAYELE (Shouting)
Guard. Guard!

The TWO SENTRIES turn. One addresses the other:

SENTRY
I'llfix 'im, Serg'

He starts to walk back to the wagons. BAYELE continues to shout.

SENTRY
Shut that yellin' up, you 'ear me! (He reaches the wagons) Did you 'ear me? Shut up!
43

As he passes MBILINI on the ground, the warrior thrusts his trussed legs between the SENTRY'S legs. The SENTRY stumbles to the ground, his head near BAYELE'S feet. He immediately starts to rise but before he can, BAYELE has lifted his powerful foreleg waist high in stamping position and brings it down with a sickening crunch onto the SENTRY'S lower neck.

Now all is desperate speed. Under BAYELE'S directions, MBILINI stretches to the unconscious SENTRY and manages to take his bayonet with his bound feet.

182. INTERCUT WITH SHOTS OF DURNFORD'S ARRIVAL IN CAMP.

183. Cutting the ropes about his neck, MBILINI succeeds in rising to his feet, managing to get the bayonet blade to BAYELE'S bonds.

Between them the first ropes are cut.

As BAYELE'S hands are freed, the SENTRY on the ground starts to regain consciousness. Taking the bayonet from MBILINI, BAYELE thrusts the weapon into the SENTRY'S back killing him. He removes the bayonet from the SENTRY'S body and also takes a knife from the redcoat's scabbard which he hands to MBILINI. Together they free the third Zulu tied to the other wagon.

Making their escape, they edge beyond the wagons. Crouching low, they run up the slope and head for the North.

184. But all British eyes are to the East or on DURNFORD'S column. DURNFORD dismounts, takes in the encampment.

PULLEINE
Exceedingly pleased to greet you, Sir

DURNFORD
Colonel I see you're 'Standing To.' Perhaps the men could eat with their equipment unbuckled.

PULLEINE
Oh yes, of course. Excellent idea, good. Oh, Mr Melvill, order "Stand Down", will you?

MELVILL
Sir~ (He turns his horse about)

PULLEINE
Please. (Indicating that DURNFORD follow him)

PULLEINE & DURNFORD walk out of shot as MELVILL is seen in the background.

44

MELVILL
Sergeant Stand the men down would you.

185. 8 MWES EAST OF ISANDHLWANA. ROAD TO ULUNDI.
22ND JANUARY. 1145AM.

186. CLOSE UP of pencil drawing in progress. The artist is revealed as being CREALOCK. His composition is of a stationary wagon.

187. NOGGS observes. Glass of claret in hand, he makes his way

towards
CREALOCK.

NOGGS

Crealock, old fellah (Sitting beside him). I'm doing notes for my dispatch and I need to clear up a few military points. I don't want to bother His Lordship. Had it drummed into my thick skull that a good Commander never willingly splits his forces, especially in an enemy's country before knowing their dispositions.

CREALOCK has continued to sketch throughout Noggs' banter.

CREALOCK

Ah, Yes, if we were facing a European enemy armed with guns I think your point would hold, Noggs. Further, may I remind you I do not create the strategies you wish to comment on. I am only his Lordship's Secretary. (He gives NOGGS a smug smile).

NOGGS

With a slight chuckle he leans closer to CREALOCK. I wouldn't take overly comfort from that Crealock old fellah because if he sinks, then you sink with him.

NOGGS departs, as CREALOCK looks up for a moment and then continues with his drawing.

188. EXT. PULLEINE'S H.Q. TENT. ISANDHLWANA. DAY.

DURNFORD, VEREKER & PULLEINE are seated. They are dining together.

The occasion is incredibly civilised. The table is laid with a white linen cloth, silver cutlery, condiments and wine glasses containing claret.

DURNFORD (Toying with the wine in his glass)
So, you've been asked to look after me, Lieutenant?

VEREKER

Well I assure you, Sir, I have no desire to create difficulties.

45

DURNFORD

And I assure you, you do not. In fact I'd be obliged for your best advice. What have your scouts seen?

VEREKER

So far only their scouts. But we have had reports of a small Impi farther north, over there. (He turns to indicate the area to his left)

PULLEINE

His Lordship is of the certain opinion that it 's far too difficult an approach to be chosen by the Zulu command.

DURNFORD (Looking to the North)

Yes, welt Difficulty never deterred a Zulu commander.
(Returning his gaze to VEREKER) How many?

VEREKER

We don 't know.

DURNFORD (After a moment's reflection)

I think it would be wise to picket the hills. Just in case.

VEREKER rises and collecting his hat, exits to carry out DURNFORD' S

instruction. DURNFORD returns to his meal.

189. EXT. NQUTU PLATEAU DAY

MOVING SHOT. DURNFORD rides out alone.

190. VEREKER, S.M. KAMBULA, OFFICERS and a troop of SIKALI horse ride out of camp into the foreground.

191. CAMERA PANS the vast African countryside. VEREKER' S column is seen in the distance. CAMERA stops to reveal a ZULU SCOUT in the foreground. He is hidden by a tree. On spying the soldiers, he turns to two young ZULU BOYS behind him. He shouts instructions that they draw attention to themselves by moving their herd of cattle.

192. DURNFORD, now with KAMBULA, reaches the top of a rise. He stops and KAMBULA hands him a pair of binoculars. Surveying the land he spots VEREKER'S column. Handing the binoculars back to KAMBULA, he spurs his horse onward.

193. VEREKER'S COLUMN come over a rise to see the cattle being urged to the lip of the plateau.

RAW (Pointing to the cattle)

There's steak on the hoof Sir.

VEREKER (Pausing for a moment)

Sikal4 forward!

46

Kicking their horses and whooping, the soldiers give chase. The ZULUS try to flee but in vain. One soldier, TROOPER JAMES, aims his rifle at

one of the ZULUS and fires.
VEREKER, hearing the shot, rides towards TROOPER JAMES, but stops
when he gets to the ZULU BOY who is lying motionless on the ground.
Dismounting, VEREKER goes over to the body and looks down at the dead boy
with compassion.

194. TROOPER JAMES spurs to the lip, exultant, keen to kill. He reins his horse abruptly. Holding it still, he stares at the valley before him. Suddenly all energy leaves his body. He stares in disbelief. LT. RAW is beside him.

JAMES (Calling, his voice unbelieving)
Mr. Vereker! Mr. Vereker! Come and look at this, Sir!

VEREKER (Riding into shot he addresses JAMES)
You 've just managed to bring down a boy of twelve.

JAMES does not respond. He stares straight ahead. Following his gaze,
VEREKER spots what James has found before him.

195. EXT. WATERHOLE. VALLEY NEAR ISANDHLWANA. DAY.

The valley they overlook is filled with Zulus, Cetshwayo's main Impi.
Close-packed, sitting in silence, covering the whole of the valley floor
and perching on every inch of its rising sides, are twenty thousand warriors.

They have found the long sought main IMPI.

VEREKER (Utter disbelief)
My God, we 've found them.

196. EXT. NQUTUPLATEAU. DAY
SILENCE

VEREKER, RAW & JAMES stare down at the Zulu Impis.

197. EXT. VALLEYNEARISANDHLWANA. DAY.

The Zulus look up. BAYELE, who stands apart, looks first at his warriors,
then up to the English. He shouts the order to advance.
Chanting, the Zulus
rise and start to clamber up towards the plateau.

198. EXT. NQUTU PLATEAU. DAY

VEREKER (Still stunned, he addresses RAW)
Warn the camp. Tell ChelmsforJ Inform His Lordship we 've

found what he's looking for.
47

RAW (Turning his horse about)

Yes, Sir.

VEREKER orders his troop to line up facing the Zulu.

VEREKER
Sikali, forward!

The mass of Zulus have started to cover the North strip of the plateau.

VEREKER
Fire!

More and more Zulus mount the crest coming into formation. The troopers are amazed at the sheer weight of enemy number.

VEREKER'S troop fire volleys steadily, the Zulus now six hundred yards away. Some Zulus fall but the mass, getting into disciplined ranks, advance implacably towards them.

VEREKER gives the order to retreat.

VEREKER
Retire! Rerire!

VEREKER'S troop retreat as the ZULU follow.

199. INT. PULLEINE'S H.Q. TENT. ISANDHLWANA. DAY.

PULLEINE is seated at his desk. He is writing a letter. He looks up as he hears distant gunfire.

200. EXT. PULLEINE'S CAMP. ISANDHLWANA. DAY.

BLOOMFIELD walks through the kitchen area. He stops and looks to the hills as he too hears gunfire.

201. INT. TENT. ISANDHLWANA. DAY

BOY-PULLEN, STOREY and another are having a game of cards. BOY-PULLEN looks up, alert. He too has heard something. STOREY nudges him.

STOREY
Oy! Goon. What're doin'?

BOY-PULLEN dismisses his concern and continues with the game.

202. INT. MELVILL'S TENT. ISANDHLWANA. DAY.
48

MELVILL is seated, relaxed, his feet up on his desk. He is drinking from a tankard. Another officer lies reclined, smoking. On hearing gunshots, MELVILL jumps up, running outside the tent.

MELVILL
Don 't tell me the Zulu managed to get up there after alt

203. EXT. CAMP. ISANDHLWANA. DAY.

LT. RAW rides into shot.

RAW
Zulu!

204. MOVING SHOT. CAMERA follows RAW as he rides up to PULLEINE'S tent and dismounts.

RAW
They're here.

PULLEINE emerges from his tent.

RAW
I've sent to Lord Chelmsforct
PULLEINE

Bugler. Sound "The Alert".

BUGLER runs into foreground. CLOSE UP as he sounds "The Alert".

205. PTE. WILLIAMS is feeding the horses. On hearing the "The Alert" he jumps to attention running out of shot. After a beat he returns to collect his helmet which is positioned on top of one of posts.

206. BOY-PULLEN & STOREY emerge from their tent. There are troops scrambling everywhere. V.O. Fall in! At the double!

Heavy artillery moves into and out of shot.

207.

208.

209.
PULLEINE & MELVILL, both on horseback, watch the proceedings.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD. ISANDHLWANA. DAY.

SGT. WILLIAMS is rallying a Company of Redcoats.

SGT. WILLIAMS

Wheel 'em in! wheel 'em in! Wheel 'em in! Come on now. Tighten those ranks!

COGHILL, on horseback surveys the ranks from the rear.

49

210. A young BOY-SOLDIER walks in front of the redcoats. He carries an armful of markers. With him is STOREY.

SGT. WILLIAMS

Private Storey. Get those markers pegged out at the double.

STOREY

Serg'!

SGT. WILLIAMS

One every 'undred yards

STOREY (To Boy Soldier)

Come on boy, scamper.

SGT. WILLIAMS

and Bugler, make sure he pegs 'em in a straight line - towards the enemy!

211. RUSSELL & his men with a group of Natal natives run forward to position the rockets.

RUSSELL (Through clenched teeth as he works)

Hold them please God three minutes please hold them!

(With increasing urgency) Come on, come on, come on. Come on men!

212. STOREY is pacing out the markers on the battlefield. The

BOY SOLDIER follows him.

STOREY

Ninety two, ninety three, ninety four, ninety five, ninety six, ninety

seven, ninety eight, ninety nine (Coming to a standstill)

What's

next, boy?

BOY SOLDIER stands motionless. He stares towards the horizon.

STOREY

Oy. You useless little bastard. Come 'ere. Scamper.

BOY SOLDIER (Pointing behind Storey)

Look. Look!

STOREY turns to look.

213. Vast masses of Zulus appear over the horizon. They are chanting, menacing like a fast approaching swarm of bees.

214. Closer shots of the Zulus as they approach. Their assegais poised high above their heads at the ready.
50

215. CAMERA PANS to the tiny white tents of the camp in the distance. The small Company of Redcoats is seen before them and for the first time it is obvious just how outnumbered they are.

216. EXT. ZULULAND EAST OF ISANDHLWANA. DAY.

CHELMSFORD & CREALOCK admire the pleasant surroundings. They walk towards a canopied dining area. Servants have prepared a magnificent table. Silver dishes, polished beautifully and gleaming in the hot sun, are carried from a small field kitchen behind a screen.

CHELMSFORD
Splendid site, Crealock, splendid I want to establish Camp here immediately.

CREALOCK
Certainly, Sir

Standing around the table are several officers including HAMILTON-BROWN, HARFORD & MILNE. NOGGS is also present. As CHELMSFORD sits, so do the others.

HAMILTON-BROWN stands apart, drinking uneasily.

CHELMSFORD
After lunch, Brown, I want you to return to Isandhlwana and instruct Colonel Pulleine to join us here immediately.

HAMILTON-BROWN (Downing the contents of his glass)
If you 'll excuse me, My Lord.

CHELMSFORD
No appetite, Colonel? (He indicates to a nearby servant to refill his glass).

HAMILTON-BROWN
My men haven 't eaten since yesterday and there won 't be any supplies until I get them back to Isandhlwana.

CHELMSFORD

Well they can start off now and you can join them when you've eaten.

HAMILTON-BROWN

Kind of you, My Lord. But I don't think it would be proper for me to sit at your table while they're with their bellies stuck to their backbones.

EXITS.

51

HARFORD (Rising to leave)

Excuse me, Sir.

CHELMSFORD

Learn nothing from that Irishman, HafforJ behave.

HARFORD

Yes, Sir.

Except, how not to

General ad. lib. Smug laughter, banging of cutlery on table and cries of "Here, here".

217. Solitary SIKALI HORSEMAN approaches Chelmsford's camp.

218. RETURN to dining table. The meal is now over. CHELMSFORD cuts the end off a cigar with a silver cigar-cutter. NOGGS is peeling an apple with a silver fruit knife.

CREALOCK walks into shot. He speaks in CHELMSFORD'S ear.

CREALOCK

A strange message from Vereker, My Lord. It would seem Pulleine has a battle on his hands. No details. No intelligence.

CREALOCK resumes his place at table as CHELMSFORD turns to the others.

CHELMSFORD

Mr. Milne. Kindly take your telescope to a high point Note the events at Isandhlwana.

MILNE

Sir. (He leaves).

CHELMSFORD also rises and leaves the table.

219. CLOSE-UP of CREALOCK, then NOGGS. They both share a sense of foreboding.

220. CHELMSFORD walks slowly and deliberately towards an empty wagon. He goes to the front and leaning against the front panel, lowers his head. He wants to be alone.

221. EXT. BATTLEFIELD. ISANDHLWANA. DAY.

SHOTS OF THE ZULU ARMY. They stand, chanting, beating their weapons against their shields, ready to attack.
52

222. CAMERA PANS BACK to reveal the vast enormity of the ZULU army in comparison to the small Company of Redcoats.

223. VARIOUS CLOSE-UPS of kneeling Redcoats, poised, rifles at the ready. Their faces reveal the terror of the reality before them.

224. There is a uniform, disciplined, victorious shout from the ZULU IMPI:

ZULU iMi'i
Usutu... . Usutu!

Only three hundred yards away, the Zulu Impi advance, vastly outnumbering their enemy ahead.

225. CLOSE-UP OF PTE. WILLIAMS. Extremely nervous, he looks to SGT. WILLIAMS for reassurance.

SGT. WILLIAMS removes a ceremonial sash from his inside pocket and places it defiantly over his tunic. He winks at PTE. WILLIAMS who returns to face the Zulu with renewed confidence.

226. DURNFORD leads his column onto the battlefield. Dismounting, the Company takes up it's positions and commences to fire a volley.

DURNFORD (Still on horseback)
Steady men. Steady. Steady now.
(Addressing one of his men) Sergeant

SGT.
Yes, Sir.

DURNFORD
Ride to Lord Chelmsford. Ride toward Ulundi. Tell him the battle he longs for has started and he needs to move here quickly. Quickly.

Yes, Colonel
SGT.

227. CAVAYE'S AND MOSTYN'S COMPANIES

The last echo of the "Stand To" is heard. RUSSELL'S men fire a rocket and then another. They sail erratically over the heads of the ZULU IMPI. The third, however, finds it's target and strikes at the centre of the advancing warriors.

228. STOREY and BOY SOLDIER run forward hurriedly trying to position their markers.

STOREY
All right, this 'll do. (Stopping, he hands BOY SOLDIER his rifle)
Here, grab that.
53

229. The Zulus are now uncomfortably close. BOY SOLDIER stands transfixed.

BOY SOLDIER
Master.

STOREY (Realizing the close proximity of the enemy)
Oh, bugger that. (He throws the markers to the ground and seizing BOY SOLDIER'S hand runs back towards their own lines).

230. Still fifty yards away, STOREY & BOY SOLDIER drop to the ground as their own Companies fire a series of volleys in their direction.

As the Zulus begin to drop, STOREY & BOY SOLDIER seize the opportunity and return to their feet, again running forward.

As another volley is fired, STOREY & BOY SOLDIER again drop to the ground.

STOREY
Somebody's not watching our bloody markers. (Getting to his feet)
Come on, Sunshine.

STOREY attempts to help BOY SOLDIER to his feet. The boy's body is limp, sprawled and bleeding. He has been shot in the head.

STOREY
Oh no. (Bitterly) Come all this bloody way to get shot by a

bullet
from Birmingham. (Shouting to his own lines) Shoot straight, you bastards!
STOREY takes the boy's hat and runs quickly forward as the ZULUS advance over the inert body.

231. The ZULU LEFT HORN is close at hand. RUSSELL works with his Bombardier and artillery men to set up the rockets, but they are losing the race with time.

RUSSELL
Fire one. Fire two.

RUSSELL, recognising the uselessness of his rockets at this point of the battle, draws his sword. He orders his bombardier and small troop of artillerymen to line up and face the Zulu. RUSSELL fights bravely, as do his troop. It is a few dozen men against hundreds. They are inundated by the ZULU tide, which is not checked. Several ZULU fall, but RUSSELL and his troop are simply overcome and vanish as the LEFT HORN continues on its way hence, threatening to cut Dumford's column off from the camp.

232. PULLEINE, on horseback, spots the onslaught through his binoculars from the camp. VEREKER rides to meet him.
54

PULLEINE
Reinforcement only. And ride to Stuart Smith. Let his guns cover Durnford for a fall back.

VEREKER
Yes Sir. (Shouting) Sikali, follow me.

233. VEREKER and his SIKALI troop leave the camp. PULLEINE watches before returning to his binoculars.

234. STUART SMITH commands the airning and firing of his seven and twelve pounders. VEREKER rides up from the background.

VEREKER
You give me some covering fire for Dumford on the right flank.

STUART SMITH
Sir. Whole section RIGHT'

One of the big guns is brought about to fire at the line to the

south which
attacks DURNFORD.

STUART SMITH
Fire!

235. CLOSE ON DURNFORD. He watches in appreciation as the
big shells start to land amongst his attackers causing havoc.

DURNFORD
Fire! (Recognising the hopelessness of the situation) Retreat!

236. The companies wheel about to race back to the relative
security of a nearby
donga.

There is sudden turmoil as a group of ZULUS hurtle over the
lower edge of
the donga. A fierce hand-to-hand, assegai against bayonet
battle ensues as
warrior after warrior rises from cover to come over the edge.
DURNFORD
rides to make sure that firing against the rear line of ZULUS
is maintained to
prevent it too from coming forward, to secure the temporary
breach.

237. SOLDIERS of CAVAYE'S COMPANY have withdrawn to the camp
periphery and now fire in line with MOSTYN'S COMPANY, volley
after
steady volley.

COGHILL and MELVILL shout orders to the ranks.

COGHILL
Choose your targets men. That's right Watch those markers.
55

MELVILL
Keep steady. You're the best shots of the Twenty-Fourth. You
bunch of heathens, do it

238. CAVAYE'S COMPANY LINES

SOT. WILLIAMS walks calmly behind the front line.

SGT. WILLtAMS
Present, Arms. Watch yer markers. Watch yer markers. Adjust yer
sights.

STOREY fires in the line. He searches through his pouches for
rounds.

STOREY
I'm running out of bleedin' ammunition. (Calling over his
shoulder)
Buglen'

BUGLER
What?

STOREY
More ammunition. Scamper!

BUGLER
I've bin twice already.

STOREY
You can go three times. It won 't do you any 'arm. Go on! Run both ways.

The BUGLER runs towards the ammunition wagon, two hundred yards to the rear. The line fire in volley, working the levers of their breech-loaders.

COGHILL (Steadying his horse along the line)
Keep shooting.

STOREY (To the soldier next to him)
Soft 'eaded buggers these. (Referring to the ammunition)
Flatten out
against the bone. Smash 'em out

STOREY'S MATE
But bullets run out.. and those bloody spears don 't

239. AMMUNITION WAGON.

BLOOMFIELD is labouring to open another tightly bound and screwed down ammunition box while BUGLERS wait in a queue, restive.

BLOOMFIELD has to stand over the box and exert great pressure on the screwdriver to force the oxidised screws out of their sockets.
56

BOY-PULLEN stands at the front of the queue. He is handing out one box of ammunition at a time to each soldier.

A NATAL NATIVE reaches the head of the queue. As BOY-PULLEN goes to hand him some ammunition, BLOOMFIELD looks up and strides forward.

BLOOMFIELD
Pullen! You will not issue ammunition from this wagon to any but authorised Companies. This lot can have their own. (He snatches the box back from the NATAL NATIVE).

The NATAL NATIVE doesn't understand English but he understands what BLOOMFIELD means. He voices his objection in Zulu.

BLOOMFIELD

Get to your own wagon.

The BUGLER sent by STOREY is waiting impatiently.

BUGLER (Running to the front of the queue)
'ow long we gotta wait, Quartermaster?

BLOOMFIELD

Get back in line, boy. Wait your turn.

BUGLER

But Sir

BLOOMFIELD

Move.

BLOOMFIELD returns to prizing open the boxes. BUGLER goes to return to the end of the queue but turns back to plead with BOY-PULLEN.

BUGLER

Pullen?

BOY-PULLEN

Look it am 't my fault. All the tops are screwed down.

REDCOAT AT FRONT OF QUEUE

Come on. I'm waiting.

BOY-PULLEN gives the REDCOAT one box and then hurriedly hands the other to STOREY'S BUGLER.

240. FRONTLINE.

SGT. WILLIAMS

Present, Arms.

57

STOREY is beginning to panic. The ammunition situation is now becoming desperate.

STOREY

Hurry up with that bloody amo

Increasing numbers are not firing. They glance back with impatience towards the ammunition wagons, spaced five hundred yards apart, where queues of BUGLERS and REDCOATS wait for rounds that are distributed too slowly.

241. EXT. ZULULAND. EAST OF ISANDHLWANA. DAY.

CHELMSFORD and his COLUMN move slowly and steadily from their Camp towards the West. MILNE approaches on horseback to meet them.

MILNE

My Lord, I watched the camp for twenty minutes. The haze obscures much. The tents have not been stuck. The only thing I could distinguish is the wagons have been moved on mass into the camp.

CHELMSFORD

Thank you Mr. Milne. Inform Colonel Crealock, would you?

MILNE

Sir.

242. CAMERA PANS away from CHELMSFORD'S COLUMN as we see an OFFICER'S POV through binoculars. Angle changes as we see a rider enter the camp and approach LT. HARFORD.

243. CHELMSFORD'S HQ.

CREALOCK steps into a wagon. He turns to address MILNE who stands outside.

CREALOCK

Thank you, Milne.

MILNE salutes.

HARFORD approaches urgently. He remains on horseback and talks to CREALOCK through the open side of the wagon.

HARFORD (Out of breath, agitated)

The camp is under attack from a large force of Zulu. Colonel Pulleine sends for help.

CREALOCK

Calm yourself Mr. Haiford. Where do you come by this intelligence?

58

HARFORD

Durnford's Cavaye himself rode from the camp.

CREALOCK

Very well, go on.

HARFORD

Colonel Harness has already turned with the artillery.

CREALOCK (The severity begins to register)

They have? I see. Ride after Lord Chelmsford and acquaint him with your intelligence.

HARFORD has started but turns his horse about as CREALOCK calls:

CREALOCK
Mn Haiford. . control your passions. A professional soldier must keep cool and thoughtful in times of stress.

HARFORD looks as if he is going to explode but controls his feelings and rides after CHELMSFORD.

244. EXT. BATTLEFIELD. ISANDHLWANA. DAY

VEREKER gallops hard as do his troop of BASUTO HORSEMEN. CAMERA TRACKS FORWARD, following them to the donga which DURNFORD'S COMPANIES are defending. Horses are in the donga. The troops are firing from the outer lip of the donga. VEREKER'S MEN provide the much needed backup.

DURNFORD
Good work, Mn Vereker.

DURNFORD spurs his horse forward. The situation is still desperate.

DURNFORD (Shouting to his troops)
Prepare to fall back.

Line after line of ZULUS run forward to join the assault.

DURNFORD
Move the horses!

CLOSE ON DURNFORD. He signals the next tactic as he rides across the donga. Commands are issued down the line. The men now disengage and run in the opposite direction from the ZULUS, leaping into the donga to find their horses and swinging onto saddles to scramble up the far side, galloping 400 yards close to the camp to form a new defence line.

59

"The Retreat" is sounded. There is hand-to-hand, bayonets, spears, hunting knives and ZULUS trying to assegai the horses.

245. A handful of REDCOATS await the ZULU as they clamber over the ridge. Realization of the vast Zulu numbers suddenly dawns as their NCO shouts in desperation:

NCO

Take the high ground

The REDCOATS are completely overwhelmed and are soon lost amidst the ZULU onslaught.

246. DURNFORD'S COMPANIES ride into camp. There are wounded lying everywhere.

DURNFORD

Speed up the ammunition flow, Vereker. I'll try to hold the road to Rorke '5 Drift.

VEREKER complies.

247. Like a huge tidal wave, the ZULUS plough their way through the lines of REDCOATS defending the outer perimeter of the camp.

DURNFORD (Addressing S.M. KAMBULA)

Sergeant, come with me.

DURNFORD and S.M. KAMBULA depart as ZULU mercilessly stab at the wounded already on the ground.

248. SOT. WILLIAMS' MEN are under serious attack.

249. The ZULUS are among the NATAL NATIVES, stabbing, stabbing, stabbing.

250. The ZULU LOIN is sitting some three hundred yards from the battle, facing away from it. The ZULU LOIN, two IMPIS of seasoned warriors, start to run towards the gap through which the NATAL NATIVES, ZULUS and SMITH'S GUNS are streaming.

251. Both lines of REDCOATS are attacked from the back, and the lines try to fight enemy in front and behind.

SGT. WILLIAMS

Fire. Fire. Close ranks. Retreat!

SOT. WILLIAMS, pistol in hand, sees the danger to the guns.

SGT. WILLIAMS

Save those guns.

60

SOT. WILLIAMS grabs a passing ZULU by the throat. He throws him to the ground and beats him to death. Reaching the top of a ridge, he bayonets a ZULU scrambling up the ridge towards him. Withdrawing the

blade, he
turns just in time to bayonet another ZULU attacking from the
rear.

SGT. WILLIAMS (Shouting & looking around desperately)
Private Williams!

PTE. WILLIAMS (From just below the ridge)
Sgt. Williams!

SGT. WILLIAMS
Come 'ere. Get yourself up 'ere. (He grabs PTE. WILLIAMS' jacket
pulling him up onto the higher ground).

PTE. WILLIAMS (Struggling)
Sir.. .Ah!. . . Ah!

SGT. WILLIAMS
Comeon. Getup!

252. SMITH'S GUNS are driven away.

SGT. WILLIAMS (Helping PTE. WILLIAMS to his feet)
You 'll get a medal yet, Private Williams.

At this point SOT. WILLIAMS falls to his knees. He has been
assegaid
in the back. PTE. WILLIAMS thrusts his bayonet over SOT.
WILLIAMS
head, killing the offending ZULU. He turns and bayonets another
running
towards him.
SGT. WILLIAMS
Behind you, lad! Ah no... (He is struck again)

But it is too late. A single assegai penetrates PTE. WILLIAMS'
back.
Both Sergeant and Private die together.

253. CLOSE IN on BAYELE as he leads the ZULUS onward.

254. CAMERA FOLLOWS THREE SIKALI HORSEMEN as they gallop
towards BLOOMFIELD'S ammunition wagon. Another GROUP OF
REDCOATS surrounds the wagon. BLOOMFIELD and BOY-PULLEN
serve them with ammunition which is fired with discipline at a
rapid rate.

BLOOMFIELD
Wait your bloody turn. Wait your bloody turn and get in line.
(Handing a box to a young private) There you are, boy.

255. LONG SHOT of the ZULUS streaming across the plain.
61

256. Many of the REDCOATS have turned and are running for their
lives. The
battleground is awash with red tunics. As the CAMERA passes

over the
dead, one body suddenly leaps to his feet. It is PTE. STOREY.
He has
been playing 'dead'. Running, he makes for cover beneath a
wagon. He
searches beyond the mass of ZULUS for a target. He sees the
distant
INDUNAS, he aims carefully and fires.

STOREY, satisfied with the result, now kneels to the corpse of
a fallen man
beside him. He finds LT. CAVAYE dead. He bends to search him for
ammunition. STOREY finds one cartridge, spitting on it for
luck, he loads,
aims and fires.

A huge line of ZULUS run forward and engulf him.

257. CLOSE UP of STOREY'S torso beneath the wagon. An assegai
protrudes
from his chest.

258. SWEEPING SHOT. The ZULU LOIN is streaming into the camp
through the
gaps in the north and north-east corner. The end is near.

259. VEREKER and a trooper gallop towards BLOOMFIELD'S AMMUNITION
WAGON.

VEREKER (To BLOOMFIELD)
Over here. Quickly.

BLOOMFIELD hands VEREKER a whole case of ammunition which he
passes to the TROOPER beside him.

VEREKER
Quickly, Trooper.

260. VEREKER & TROOPER approach DURNFORD'S LINES with the
ammunition.

DURNFORD
Well done, Vereker. Now goodbye, lad.

The pair exchange glances.

DURNFORD
Go on.

After a beat, VEREKER turns his horse about and rides away.

DURNFORD
Sergeant

The Sergeant takes DURNFORD'S HORSE by the bit as DURNFORD
dismounts.

261. CLOSE UP of the ammunition case as the men frantically try to open it with their bayonets and rifle butts.

262. CLOSE UP of DURNFORD. He is firing his pistol.

263. CAMERA finds ELDER BOER in crowd as he is assaged in the back.

The fighting is hand-to-hand, with a few REDCOATS having rounds which they fire with discipline under the command of DURNFORD.

264. COGHILL and MELVILL command the squad of REDCOATS who form an approximate ring around PULLEINE'S tent. Some wagons have been pulled forward to form a partial barricade. PULLEINE stands in the centre. A BUGLER BOY holding the Regimental Colours is close by.

COGHILL & MELVILL ride up to PULLEINE.

PULLEINE

Well fought, Gentlemen. It's time to save the Colours. Get to Rorke '5 Drift. You must warn them. (To BUGLER BOY) The Colours.

PULLEINE takes the Colours from the BUGLER BOY and hands them to MELVILL.

PULLEINE

Carry them to safety Mr. Melvill

MELVILL

Sir.

COGHILL and MELVILL take the Colours, spur through the ZULUS and head to the gullies and ravines that lead to the river.

PULLEINE

watches, moves back into his tent.

265. CLOSE UP of DURNFORD. He looks over his shoulder and then back to the ZULU before him. He makes a decision and moves away from the front line.

DURNFORD (To S.M. KAMBULA)

Sergeant! Sergeant! Take my horse. Up you go.

S.M. KAMBULA is helped up into the saddle.

DURNFORD

Sergeant, you're to ride back to NataL When you see the Bishop tell him (He pauses momentarily) that is, tell his daughter, I was obliged to remain here with my infantry. Now go. God go with

you.
63

S.M. KAMBULA
I leave God Jesus with you.

He leaves as CAMERA closes in on DURNFORD'S face.

266. SMITH'S guns, at full gallop, sweep through the camp.

267. VARIOUS SHOTS of the battle. The battlefield is covered
with dead
ZULU and REDCOAT bodies.

268. BLOOMFIELD'S AMMUNITION WAGON.

Some of the ZULUS have picked up burning brands from the
cooking fires and
are setting the wagons on fire.

BLOOMFIELD & BOY-PULLEN jump down from their wagon, taking
some cases of ammunition with them.

Move it!

I'm trying.
BLOOMFIELD

BOY-PULLEN

They are only ten yards away when there is a massive explosion.
The wagon
has burst into flames and the ammunition continues to explode.

269. CLOSE UP of BLOOMFIELD. He is lying face down on the ground
in a
state of shock. He slowly turns his head and we see the bloody
corpse of
BOY-PULLEN. BLOOMFIELD'S face grimaces as he is stabbed in the
back
by an unseen assailant. His face falls into the dirt.

270. INT. PULLEINE'S H.Q. TENT. DAY.

PULLEINE is sitting inside his tent. He is writing a letter to
his wife. There is a
pistol on the table.

BAYELE enters the tent. PULLEINE immediately picks up his
pistol and
aims at BAYELE. There is a moment's hesitation from both.
PULLEINE
drops his pistol to one side inviting BAYELE to kill him.
BAYELE seizes
the moment and with one forward fatal thrust, stabs PULLEINE in
the heart.

PULLEINE slumps onto the desk as BAYELE leaves without remorse.

271. LONG PAN SHOT of MELVILL & COGHILL as they take the Colours out of the camp.

272. VEREKER is nearby as a ZULU leaps out, bringing MELVILL & his horse to the ground.

64

VEREKER shoots the ZULU.

MELVILL gets up, hands the Colours to COGHILL and gets back up onto his horse.

MELVILL (To COGHILL, indicating the Colours)
Give them to me. (COGHILL does so) Come on. Come on!

They spur onward, COGHILL using his t)istol as they do so.

273. MOVING SHOT. A gun carriage charges over the slope. As it does so, the rear gunner is shot and the gun itself becomes disengaged from the rest of the carriage tumbling down the slope.

274. GUN CARRIAGE IN FOREGROUND. VEREKER, COGHILL & MELVILL ride over this obstacle (SLOW MOTION) the Colours aloft.

275. EXT. BATTLEFIELD. ISANDHLWANA. DAY.

HIGH VIEW. DURNFORD'S South-East defence position. ZOOM forward to show the first refugees behind from the camp breaking out on the South, crossing into the ravine; their line of exit the same as the guns, defended by DURNFORD' S troops.

276. CLOSE UP of DURNFORD. He loads his pistol and turning full circle, realizes that he and his troops are surrounded. Jumping up onto an ammunition wagon, he starts to target the approaching ZULUS, now only ten yards away. He uses all six shots, throws his pistol to one side and picks up a discarded assegai from the wagon. As he frantically tries to batter a ZULU warrior, another ZULU aims a rifle straight at him.

There is a single shot. DURNFORD, claspig the shoulder of his disabled left arm, falls off the ammuntion wagon and tumbles down the ravine, landing at the bottom with a painful thud. Out of breath, he

struggles to sit
upright, his back against the muddy bank of the ravine.

A ZULU appears at the top of the ravine. Standing on top of the
ammunition
wagon, he throws his assegai down at the body below. It finds
it's target,
piercing DURNFORD in the chest. Short of breath, he makes a vain
attempt at removing the weapon but his efforts are futile. He
draws his last
breath and dies.

277. EXT. FUGITIVE'S RAVINE. DAY.

COGHILL, MELVILL & VEREKER desperately fighting to control their
horses scrambling down the hazardous rocky terrain - quarry to
the
pursuing relentless ZULUS behind them. REDCOATS on foot are
overtaken and dispatched with stabbing assegais.

278. EXT. RIVER BANK OPPOSITE RORKE'S DRIFT.
65

COGHILL, MELVILL & VEREKER urge their horses onward, galloping
into
the river.

Several ZULUS remain on the bank, shooting rifles and throwing
assegais
into the water.

One ZULU jumps into the water and attempts to swim after them.

VEREKER is the first to reach the opposite bank. The other two
have
become separated from their horses. VEREKER'S is close by.
Scrambling
up the bank, VEREKER turns to COGHILL & MELVILL who are still
in the
water.

VEREKER
For God's sake, hold them back! I'll get the horses.

COGHILL is the next to reach the bank. He turns back to MELVILL
who is
struggling in the water with the Colours.

COGHILL
It's alright It's alright.

He helps MELVILL up onto the bank as VEREKER mounts his horse.
VEREKER rides off in pursuit of the other two horses.

There is a single rifle shot, which brings VEREKER'S horse to
the ground.
In the background we see a vast number of ZULUS engulf COGHILL

&

MELVILL. MELVILL attempts to fight with his sword but he is overwhelmed.
There is an awful piercing scream and the two men disappear.

279. INTERCUT BETWEEN VEREKER & GROUP OF ZULUS.

VEREKER lies on the ground, his left leg trapped beneath the body of his horse. He sees the ZULUS take up the Colours as they run up to the high ground, revealing COGHILL & MELVILL' S dead bodies in the FOREGROUND.

VEREKER is breathing uneasily. He watches with amazement as the ZULUS hold the Colours aloft mockingly. Some ZULUS are wearing their purloined Redcoat uniforms, they whoop and wail exultantly.

VEREKER takes his time. He aims his rifle at the ZULU carrying the Colours.

The shot kills the ZULU and the Colours fall (SLOW MOTION) down, down into the river.

Relieved, VEREKER' S head falls to the sandy bank.

280. The Colours float into CLOSE UP.
66

281. EXT. PULLEINE'S CAMP. ISANDHLWANA. DUSK.

CHELMSFORD and his ESCORT ride into the camp. The air is full of smoke and the crackling of fire can still be heard. A dead soldier who has been tied to a post and disembowelled is CENTRE SCREEN.

The wind begins to howl as CAMERA follows CHELMSFORD into the centre of the camp. He dismounts. Very slowly he removes his helmet.

CLOSE UP of HARFORD. A solitary tear trickles down his cheek as he surveys the area with disbelief.

Stationary, CHELMSFORD looks around him. Then very slowly and deliberately he walks forward towards the CAMERA.

CAMERA PANS to reveal CREALOCK, still on horseback, in the background. He rides into focus.

CREALOCK

Excuse me, My LorJ There '5 something I must convey to you. 1

rode a little way along the track to Rorke '5 Drift. The sky
above
is red with fire (Pause). Your Orders, My Lord? Do we move to
the
Drift?

CHELMSFORD does not answer. He continues to walk forward,
expressionless.

TIGHT CLOSE UP. CHELMSFORD lowers his head, his eyes still
front.

282. CROSS FADE to blood red sunset. Script is superimposed:

The Battle of Isandhlwana was recorded in history as the worst
defeat ever inflicted on a
modern army by native troops.

In Parliament, upon the downfall of his government, British
Prime Minister, Benjamin
Disraeli, asked the question:

"Who are these Zulus, who are these remarkable people who
defeat our generals,
convert our bishops and who on this day have put an end to a
great dynasty?"

ZULU singing and chanting crescendos.

THE END