

"THE AFRICAN QUEEN"

Screenplay by

James Agee, John Huston

and

Peter Viertel

Based on a novel by

C.S. Forester

SHOOTING DRAFT

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

LONG SHOT -- A CHAPEL

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

VOICES

(singing)

"Guide me O Thou Great Jehovah..."

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

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

"Pilgrim through this barren land..."

MEDIUM SHOT -- BROTHER:

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

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

CLOSER SHOT -- ROSE

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

She is pumping the pedals vigorously, spreading with her
knees the wings of wood which control the loudness, utilizing

various stops for expressiveness of special phrases, and rather desperately studying the open hymnal, just managing to play the right notes -- a very busy woman. She, too, is singing her best and loudest, an innocent, arid, reedy soprano; and she, too, is very attentive to the meanings of words:

"Hold me with Thy powerful hand."

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

ROSE -- AS BEFORE --

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

MISCELLANEOUS SHOTS --

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

FULL VIEW of congregation past Brother and Rose. They are all Negroes and nearly all are dressed in glaring white -- the women in garments like camisoles, the men in pants which reach about to their shins: splayed, bare feet. Some of the faces bear the marks of heavy savage ornaments which have been removed, or of tatooing and scarring rituals which have been outlived -- torn nostrils, lips and ear lobes, a neck curiously thin and weak from the enormously heavy metal bands which used to surround it. Some of the children are naked or near-naked. Nearly everybody dutifully shares open hymnals, but it is obvious that few, if any, can read. The singing of most of them is weirdly shy and inchoate -- a little like that of a neighborhood audience when a group "sing" is imposed upon them. But on certain high phrases a glad, rich, wet soprano lifts out large and happy, very child-like; and a big male voice bleats forth joyous, jazz-like improvements on the tune, a little off-key. There are very few men present.

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

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

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

We close on the old dame with the bone singing --

"...my journey through." o.s., on "...fiery, cloudy pillar", a queer SOUND, steadily louder: the absurdly flatulent, yammering syncopation of a rachitic steam motor. Eyes begin to wander from hymnals: CUT IN Brother frowning and singing harder trying to impose order; attention to the hymn begins to fall apart a little; FOLLOW the white, veering eyes to FRAME, through the open window.

LONG SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN

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

ON SECOND WHINNY,

CUT TO:

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- ON HIS BOAT

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

LONG SHOT -- INT. CHAPEL

Rose pulls out all the stops, spreads her knees, and pumps like mad in her effort to drown out the ENGINE SOUND. Brother sweats and sings even harder, scowling, shaking his head. The singing is fraying out half to hell; the congregation is a solid black wall of wandering eyes; a few pious converts frown or nudge at the less pious; a little group is coalescing toward the window.

The hymn, meanwhile, continues:

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

Rose's sense of artistic propriety is too much for her. To keep things going, she ought to play loud, but on the next line --

"When I tread the verge of Jordan..." she shuts down to the vox humana and the tremolo and maintains that through --

"Bid my anxious fears subside."

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

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

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

The less self-controlled of the flock are no longer singing, and are craning their necks and rolling their eyes, but with just enough Sunday-Schoolish discipline to stay in their places. The more pious, with effort, keep their eyes where they belong and SING all the harder. IN QUICK SHOTS, Brother and Rose redouble their efforts. There is a final long-drawn "Aaaa-men," and it is clear this is the closing hymn of the service. Brother closes his book and picks up his service-book; Rose shuts and locks the box-organ and puts the key (which is on two shoestrings) around her neck. Brother strides with decorous alacrity down the middle aisle. Immediately following him, the natives hurry from their benches.

SHOOTING PAST ALLNUTT -- THROUGH DOOR

on the cause of the hullabaloo -- a squabbling football scrimmage of virtually nude male heathens, battling for the cigar butt. In b.g., if permissible, a couple of equally nude women; a thin, pot-bellied little boy dashing happily toward the fight. Brother and the eager heads of white-clad Christians come into the SHOT, BACK TO CAMERA, watching. One of the heathen fights his way up from the heap with a yowl of supremacy, filed teeth in a great grin, prancing and holding high above them all the frantically busted cigar of vaudeville; others leap after it.

REVERSE ANGLE

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

ALLNUTT
(to Brother)

Hello, Reverend.

BROTHER

Mr. Allnutt.

ALLNUT

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

Brother clears his throat.

ALLNUT

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

Rose joins them at the door.

ROSE

(indifferently)

Good morning, Mr. Allnutt.

ALLNUT

Mornin', Miss.

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

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT, BROTHER AND ROSE

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

BROTHER

Ah, splendid, At last they've come.

ALLNUT

Huh?

BROTHER

My marrow seed.

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

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

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

BROTHER
'k you?

OLD WOMAN
All dat hell-fish!

Brother nods and smiles uneasily.

OLD WOMAN
De way yo' neck swell up.

BROTHER
(in dismissal)
Thank you, thank you.
(to Allnutt, without
enthusiasm)
You'll stop for tea, Mr. Allnutt.

ALLNUTT
Don't care if I do.

They start walking TOWARDS AND PAST CAMERA.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

Rose at dead center, Brother at her left, in profile, Allnutt at her right, opposite Brother, in profile. The room is so shaded against heat it is gloomy. The silence, gloom and heat are stifling. Rose is pouring the second of three cups of tea; she pours the third. Brother is deep in the news of a Mission paper. Allnutt sits oppressed by the silence, like a child on his good behavior. A long silence while Rose leisurely pours.

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

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

She doles them into his cup.

ROSE
And cream.

ALLNUT
Right.

Rose passes him his tea.

ROSE
Bread and butter?

ALLNUT
(taking some)
'oh obliged.

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

BROTHER
(reading)
'k you?

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

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

All of a sudden, out of the silence, there is a SOUND like a mandolin string being plucked. At first the sound is unidentifiable, though instantly all three glance sharply up, each at the other two, then away; in the next instant they recognize what it is and each glances sharply, incredulously, at the other two -- and then again, quickly away; then Brother and Rose glance with full recognition at

Allnutt, at the instant that he knows the belly-growl is his. At the moment of recognition, he glances down at his middle with a look of embarrassed reproach. He glances up quickly and slyly -- hopeful they've missed it -- to find the eyes of both still fixed on him. The instant their eyes meet they bounce apart like billiard balls, and fix on the first neutral object they happen to hit. Then Allnutt looks at them again: neither will look at him.

All three lift their cups at the same moment, for a covering, disembarassing drink of tea. Rose and Allnutt simultaneously recognize what they are doing (Brother is pretending to read, misses it, and goes ahead and drinks his), and both, at the same moment, lower their cups to saucers with an almost simultaneous clink. Both look away from each other. Brother clears his throat rather loudly and turns a page. Rose and Allnutt reach for their cups; Brother beats them to it. When Brother has again put down his cup, Rose -- the tail of her eye on Allnutt -- picks up her cup and drinks, her eyes carefully empty above the cup. Allnutt has his cup again on the way to his mouth when his insides give out with a growl so long-drawn and terrible that Rose first flinches, then makes a noise across it with her spoon, stirring her tea. Brother tightens up like a fist, his first reflex being that this loud one is a calculated piece of effrontery. Allnutt just endures it, with a look of suffering stoicism. When it is over there is a tense silence. Allnutt slowly, slyly looks up at Brother; he is stone. He looks to Rose; she is gazing far off into space. Allnutt is quite embarrassed, and knows they are. He does his best to relieve his own embarrassment and theirs.

ALLNUTT

(in a friendly, yet
detached tone)

Just listen to that stomick of mine.

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

ALLNUTT

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

A silence.

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

ROSE

(as soon as she can
manage it)

Do have another cup of tea, Mr.
Allnutt.

ALLNUT

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

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

ALLNUT

Scuse me.

Rose looks stone deaf. She hands him his cup.

ALLNUT

Much obliged, Miss.

He drinks some tea.

ALLNUT

Queer thing, ain't it.

(a silence)

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

ROSE

Bread and butter, Mr. Allnutt?

ALLNUT

Thanks, Miss.

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

BROTHER

Herbie Morton's a bishop.

ALLNUT

(thinking the remark
is addressed to him)

Huh?

ROSE

Who's that, dear?

Allnutt is pretty embarrassed to have said "huh."

BROTHER

Surely you remember Herbie Morton.

(Rose looks doubtful)

Blond, ruddy-complected chap, a bit
younger than me. He sang a solo at
the graduation exercises. "Holy,
Holy", I believe.

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

BROTHER
Well, he's a bishop now.

ROSE
Splendid.

BROTHER
I'd say Herbie was a bit younger than I -- four or five years.
(Rose pours more tea into his cup)
Surprising in a way. I mean -- well, there was nothing outstanding about him. He was no great shakes as a student and he didn't have any more than his share of the social graces.
(a pause; he drinks then eats bread and butter, but with rather less relish than before)
No doubt one does get ahead quicker at home than in a foreign field... And then, of course, he did marry well.

ROSE
Oh!

BROTHER
That manufacturer's widow. What was his name? Briggs -- Griggs -- Briggs -- yes, Alfred Briggs. Soap flakes, I think. Yes, Mrs. Alfred Briggs.
(pause)
Not to take anything away from Herbie.
(pause)
I am delighted for him.

ROSE
Of course.

BROTHER
It was "Holy, Holy."

ROSE
(pause)
Yes.

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

ALLNUT

(after quite a silence)
There ain't a thing I can do about
it.

A silence.

ROSE
More tea, Mr. Allnutt.

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

ROSE
(insincerely)
Don't hurry, Mr. Allnutt.

BROTHER
(sure he is safe)
Stay for dinner.

ALLNUT
(shaking his head)
Thanks all the same.

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

BROTHER
Mr. Allnutt brought the marrow seed
at last.

ROSE
Splendid.

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

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

BROTHER
Why not?

ALLNUT
Reckon the Germans'll hold it up.

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

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

BROTHER
No. Really? Where, Mr. Allnutt?

ALLNUT
Europe.

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

ALLNUT
Oh, Germany, England, the whole --

BROTHER AND ROSE
(electrified)
England!!

ALLNUT
Right.

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

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

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

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

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

A pause.

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

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

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

ALLNUT
None, I shouldn't think.

BROTHER
This is German territory.

ALLNUT
Why would they want to bother a poor
devil of a missionary and his maiden
sister? -- beggin' your pardons.

BROTHER
We are enemy aliens.

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

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

ALLNUT
No offence, Miss.

Another puzzled pause.

BROTHER
Really war.

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

He opens the door and goes through it.

REVERSE ANGLE SHOT -- GROUP

as Brother and Rose come through after him.

ALLNUT
Well, take care of yerselves.

(he goes down the steps)
See ya next month.

BROTHER
Goodbye. And thank you.

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

ROSE
Goodbye, Mr. Allnutt.

LONG SHOT -- PAST THEM

CAMERA watches them watch him as he shambles towards his boat. He soon lights a stogie; his relief in smoking and in being free of them is eloquent in his back. His boys jump to action; curious villagers make way for him; the engine is going by the time he gets there. The boat backs out and sets its course upstream; Allnutt turns and lifts a hand. Brother lifts a hand; Rose doesn't. The boat soon goes out of sight beyond trees.

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

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

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

ROSE
No, I suppose not.

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

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

As he speaks, CAMERA STARTS a coldly SLOW PAN, past the chapel, and square onto the jungle, so altering its position

behind Brother and Rose that they are held in -- l.s. (where before they were in r.s.).

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

An almost nude native explodes from the wall of jungle, running as fast as he can, bellowing breathlessly in Swahili and English. Until they hear his bellowing, Brother's and Rose's heads are still ANGLED AWAY from jungle -- not towards river still, but idle and unfocused. With the first sound of his voice, their heads turn sharply, with weary impatience, not alarm, towards the sound.

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

NATIVE

Mistah Sayuh! Mistah Sayuh!

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

favoring Brother.

NATIVE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Mistah! Oh Mistah Sayuh!

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

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

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

BROTHER'S VOICE

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

quiet but harsh)
Rose -- go indoors and stay there.

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

CLOSE SHOT -- THE OFFICER --

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

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

BROTHER
(boiling mad, the
innocent courage of
a lion)
What is the meaning of this outrage!

OFFICER --

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

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

CLOSER SHOT -- BROTHER

the crest of a wave of righteous fury mounting just before breaking; toppling forward; the terrifying face of a man almost ready to murder out of a sense of being right.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- THE FOUR OF THEM --

as close as the CAMERA can frame all four; as, simultaneously, Brother lunges forward at the officer, Rose lunges forward to prevent Brother; the officer steps neatly backward and sidewise, and his guardian steps forward briskly and, sharply but just hard enough to be effective, and with an ugly SOUND of impact, strikes Brother on the left joint of the jaw with his rifle butt. Brother goes heavily to the ground with a groaning gasp.

BROTHER
(rage, shock,
astonishment)
No!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SLOW FADE:

FADE IN:

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

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

There is no village now -- only the round scorched marks

where the huts stood; a sketch of debris.

At some distance from the bungalow, and in the middle of a lot of gaping space, Brother is hoeing in his vegetable garden. He is terribly small in the enormous barrenness and light. He hoes long enough to convey great loneliness and a kind of blind perseverance, then straightens and looks rather vaguely around him, mopping his face and bald head with a handkerchief. Then, with an abrupt look of purpose, he starts walking, letting the hoe fall where it happens to. He walks towards the bungalow, across the bare ground, not very fast or very steadily, but purposefully. The sunlight makes a near-halation on his bare, bald head. The walk takes him long enough to infer utter loneliness and the destruction of any human sense of time. He starts up the front steps.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE IN THE PARLOR

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

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

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

BROTHER

(sweat pouring from
him, teeth rattling)

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

SIDE ANGLE SHOT -- ROSE

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

ROSE

You must wear your hat!

BROTHER

(teeth chattering)

Time, this minute!

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

ROSE

You must lie down a bit. You're not
at all well.

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

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

BROTHER
Perhaps I should. I feel rather odd.

ROSE
I'll help you off with your things.

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

She opens his door for him; he starts through.

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

He shuts the door in her face.

For a moment she stands outside the door as if paralyzed.
Then she starts somewhere fast.

CLOSE UP -- THEIR FORLORNLY POPULATED BOOKSHELF.

Rose hurries into the SHOT and takes down a large obsolescent-
looking Home-Medical Compodium.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE (BACK TO CAMERA)

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

REVERSE ANGLE SHOT -- ROSE

inside Brother's bedroom, SHOOTING FROM LOW as she enters
and stands a moment transfixed by what she sees, her face
suddenly rigid and masklike with horror and pity.

CLOSE SHOT -- DOWN -- BROTHER (FROM ROSE'S VIEWPOINT)

He is piteous, absurd and ugly; sprawled out on the floor as ill-shaped as a wounded bat, with his nightshirt partly on, shrouding his head, and his trousers half off, trammeling knees which are grotesquely angled. Between lowered pants and hiked-up nightshirt, a sad, humiliating expanse of long white drawers in this furnace weather. His feet are fouled-up in his suspenders. The SHOT is to be both preposterous and shocking.

CLOSE UP SHOT -- ROSE

past Brother from floor.

ROSE
(almost whispering)
Brother! Brother dear!

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

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

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

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

BROTHER
So cold and so foggy. My eyes are so
tired. Where is Rose? Rose, are you
down there in the shop? Rose, bring
me a cup of hot tea.

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

BROTHER
I try to study -- so hard. I haven't
had the start some have: 'Ebrew;
Greek -- no -- facility. If only
there were more time. Well, if I
can't pass the examinations, I can
volunteer. I can be a missionary.
Rose, too. Not comely among maidens,
but she can become a servant in the

house of the Lord. Yes, even for
such as she, God finds a goodly use.

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

BROTHER

(with calm, resolve,
acceptance)

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

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

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

(whispering; pleading)

Lord, I have tried so hard.

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

SLOW FADE:

FADE IN:

FULL SHOT -- MUDDY WATER -- MORNING

The screen is filled with a foamy, strongly sliding floor of
muddy water; a strong, serene freshness of water SOUND. The
SHOT is VERTICAL onto this water from perhaps three feet
above it. o.s., already loud, and loudening, the NOISE of
the engine of The African Queen.

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

THE AFRICAN QUEEN

large across the SHOT.

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

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

over SOUND of expiring engine and rattle of anchor chain,
reacting to his first sight of the vanished village. He looks
a little scared and very cautious; he has seen what was done

at the mine, and now even the smell of violence, or the echo of its impact, makes him very uneasy. He is even dirtier and more unshaven than when we first saw him and he looks extremely tired.

LONG SHOT -- THE VILLAGE

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

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT (SAME AS BEFORE)

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

As he reaches the top of the low bank, TRUCK with him, MEDIUM CLOSE, as he walks through a little of the burnt-out village. Past him, the scorched circular blotches where the huts were; burned and half-burned little pens and fences; ravaged gardens. He is still careful and uneasy. Unaware of it, he walks through this silence of devastation almost on tiptoe. Now he raises his eyes towards the intact bungalow o.s., and a new kind of carefulness comes into his eyes.

STOP the TRUCKING and PAN with him as he walks past and bring in the bungalow, looking cavernous, very still, and cryptic or menacing in the sunlight, as he walks the last few paces towards it. He hesitates a moment at the foot of the steps. It obviously occurs to him that he may find corpses, or nobody at all. He starts up the steps, still walking a little stealthily.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

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

ROSE

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

Come in, Mr. Allnutt.

Her voice startles him as much as it should ourselves. He peers again, forehead wrinkled like a monkey's. He can't see her. He shyly opens and comes through the door, mumbling something apologetic and subversal.

As he catches sight of her, SWING CAMERA to RIGHT, losing him, and PICK ROSE UP, MEDIUM CLOSE. She is past the angle of visibility from the screen door. She is in a wicker rocking chair, sitting quite primly, working with those rings on which embroidering is done. She glances up at him with eyes

like fused glass -- then quickly back to her needlework. It is clear by the over-precision of her motions, and their rigidity and tension, that she is under great strain, but this is to be keyed low and simple.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT (FROM HER ANGLE)

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE (SAME AS BEFORE)

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

ROSE
(quietly, as before)
Thank God you've come.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT (AS BEFORE)

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

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

ALLNUTT
Don't mind if I do.

He walks into:

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

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

ALLNUTT
So they got here afore I did, eh?

ROSE
Yes, they got here. Just after you left.

ALLNUTT
No!

She says nothing.

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

ROSE
(a quieter, remote
voice)

Burning villages.

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

Poor helpless natives!

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

(same dead voice)

Oh, trust them.

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

(quietly, always)

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

ALLNUT

The Reverend, eh?

(Rose nods)

Where's 'e now, Miss?

ROSE

(pause; quietly)

He's dead.

ALLNUT

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

(embarrassed; trying
to keep the ball

rolling)
What'd 'e die of, Miss?

ROSE
They killed him.

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

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

ALLNUT
'Ow d'you mean, Miss?

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

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

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

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

ALLNUT
Hey!

ROSE
I beg your pardon?

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

Rose nods.

ALLNUT
(getting up)
Got a shovel?

ROSE
Behind the bungalow.

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

ROSE
Clear out?

ALLNUT
Germans might come back any time.

ROSE
Why should they? They left nothing.

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

ROSE
Where will we go?

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

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

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

He starts for the front door.

ROSE
Thank you, Mr. Allnutt.

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

As he thinks it over, he begins to wonder, literal-mindedly,

whether she really would. He goes on out.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

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

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

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

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

ALLNUTT

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

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

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

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

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

ROSE

(really meaning it;
but very restrained
and prim)

It was very kind of you, Mr. Allnutt,
to think of the cross.

ALLNUTT

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

Rose walks down the steps and towards the river. Allnutt eagerly keeps pace. We SWING the CAMERA losing the grave, and passing and losing the chapel, and centering them getting

smaller along the bare ground in the hot sunlight, bringing in the river beyond them.

ALLNUTT'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Careful now, Miss. Watch your step.
That's right.

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

ROSE

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

Thank -- you?

Allnutt steps aboard.

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

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

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

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

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

ALLNUT

'Scuse me, Miss.

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

CAMERA IN on Rose, resettling her plumage, and on Allnutt at the tiller. The river bank starts to swing in square to the stern. Their eyes are past the CAMERA.

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

A pause.

ROSE

Mr. Allnutt.

ALLNUT

Yerss...?

ROSE

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

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

Then how do we get out, Mr. Allnutt?

ALLNUT

You got me, Miss.

(after a pause)

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

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

ALLNUT

(rattling on)

I spose there's goin' to be a fight.

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

(abruptly)

Mind takin' the tiller, Miss?

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

ALLNUT

Port a little, Miss.

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

ALLNUTT'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Pull it over this side, I mean. --
That's it! Steady!

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

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

Allnutt dashes into the bow again. Just as the trees (SHOOTING PAST ROSE and her interest in it) begin apparently to move forward again as the current overcomes the boat's way, he lets go the anchor with a rattling CRASH, and almost without a jerk the launch comes to a standstill.

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

Allnutt turns from his work at the anchor. He and Rose look about them and at each other, for a moment mysteriously bemused by the stillness and by the beauty of the place. The sudden quietness and the look of the place are richly romantic; the two people are quieted by it, but they are

wholly unaware of any such potentiality between them. They are just a couple of oddly assorted derelicts who hardly even know each other, and don't care for what little they know.

A pause.

ALLNUT

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

(he beams upon his surroundings)

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

He laughs at his joke and is disappointed when Rose does not join him.

ROSE

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

ALLNUT

'Ave you got any ideas?

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

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

Rose opens the map and starts studying it.

ALLNUT

(after a while)

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

ROSE

(blankly)

The Louisa? What's that?

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

What's that?

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

I see.

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

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

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

Why not?

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

He got down it. I remember.

ALLNUT

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

While he talks, Rose begins to look restive and vague, as well as discouraged. By the time he is through, she has stood up, CAMERA WITH HER; she hardly hears him. She strolls a little aimlessly PAST THE CAMERA, which SWINGS TO CENTER HER BACK as she walks forward. As if half in her sleep, she sidesteps the engine.

REVERSE ANGLE -- ROSE (SHOOTING FROM THE BOW) as Rose sidesteps. She walks toward CAMERA into MEDIUM CLOSE UP, eyes glazing with dreamlike concentration. She sees something

before and below her eye-level; stops, focusing on it.

CLOSE SHOT -- (FROM ROSE'S ANGLE) -- THE GELATINE CASES not marked or labeled as such.

ROSE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Mr. Allnutt --

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

ALLNUT

Yes, Miss.

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

ROSE

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

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

ALLNUT

That's blastin' gelatine, Miss.

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

ROSE

(head towards him,
away from CAMERA)

Isn't it dangerous?

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

(sharply, yet absently
as she turns into
CAMERA)

No. We may need it.

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

ROSE

(not looking up)

Mr. Allnutt --

ALLNUT

Yeah?

INSERT -- THE STEEL CYLINDERS IN BOTTOM OF BOAT

ROSE'S VOICE

(o.s.)

And what are these queer long round things?

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

ALLNUT

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

CLOSER SHOT -- ROSE

ROSE

(sharply, yet still more subconsciously and quietly than before)

I wouldn't do that.

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

ROSE

They look like -- like torpedoes.

"Torpedoes" is spoken over:

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

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

ROSE

(in the voice almost of a medium)

Mr. Allnutt --

She turns very slowly towards him.

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

ALLNUT

(a little bit smug)

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

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE -- (FROM ALLNUTT'S ANGLE) walking slowly and somewhat portentously towards him.

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

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

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

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

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

ROSE
Could you make a torpedo?

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

ROSE
Could you make a torpedo.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

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

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

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

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

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

ALLNUT

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

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

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

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

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

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

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

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

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

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

ALLNUTT
(tremendously amused;
gravely)
That might work.
(humoring her along,
and a little taken
in by his own fondness
for makeshift)
Them cylinders'd do right enough. I
could let the gas out of 'em and
fill 'em up with the gelignite. I

could fix up a detonator all right.
Revolver cartridge'd do.

(warming up to it, as
an impossible project)

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

ROSE

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

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

Oh, yes there is.

ALLNUT

Is what?

ROSE

Something to torpedo.

ALLNUT

An' what's that, Miss?

ROSE

The Louisa.

ALLNUT

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

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

ROSE

Spengler did.

ALLNUT

In a canoe, Miss!

Rose looks stubborn.

ROSE

If a German did it, we can, too.

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

How do you know? You've never tried.

ALLNUT

Never tried shootin' myself through the 'ead, neither.

(pause)

Trouble with you is, you just don't know nothin' about boats, or water.

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

ROSE

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

ALLNUT

I didn't say that.

ROSE

Well then --!

ALLNUT

(sighs deeply)

'Ave it your own way, Miss -- only don't blame me, that's all.

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

ROSE

Very well, let's get started.

ALLNUT

What! Now, Miss?

ROSE

(impatiently)

Yes, now. Come along.

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

We can go a long way in two hours.

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT AND ROSE

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

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

ALLNUTT

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

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

ALLNUTT

(continuing)

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

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

ALLNUTT

Know port from starboard, Miss?

ROSE

I've heard of them.

ALLNUTT

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

ROSE

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

ALLNUTT

Well, spose yer facin' the other way in the boat an' I say "to the left." You might think I meant to your left, see, an' move to starboard. It's the

boat ya gotta think of, see? So port's
always that side --

(gesturing)

-- an' starboard, that -- an'
foward's always up there an' aft is
where we are right now -- no matter
what way we're turned around or the
boat is headed.

ROSE

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

ALLNUT

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

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

ALLNUT

Okay, Miss, just straighten her out
again.

(using flat hands to
demonstrate)

Now looky here. Here's yer tiller.

(he extends his right
hand)

Here's yer rudder.

(he extends his left
hand, below and beyond
his right)

They're joined. Tiller sets the
rudder, rudder steers the boat.

(he slants both hands
rigidly to one side)

ROSE

(eagerly)

Oh, I see!

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

ALLNUT

Tiller, Miss!

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

ROSE

(blushing)

Sorry.

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

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

ALLNUT

You're catchin' on fine, Miss.

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

ALLNUT

Now a little to starboard, Miss.
Easy now.

(Rose does it right)

Fine. Now a little to port.

(Rose does it right)

ROSE

Is that all there is to it?

ALLNUT

Well, ya gotta know how to read the
river.

ROSE

Read?

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

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

ALLNUT

(uninterested)

Uh huh. Mostly ya can tell it by the
surface o' the water. Now ya see
that long thing out there like a "V"
kinda?

LONG SHOT -- ACROSS THE LINE

a long, quiet "V" on the water.

ALLNUTT'S VOICE

(o.s.)

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

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

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

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

LONG SHOT -- A DIFFERENT PART OF THE RIVER

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

ALLNUTT'S VOICE
(o.s.)
Now all that little choppin', them's shallas, Miss.

TWO SHOT -- ALLNUTT AND ROSE

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

LONG SHOT -- FORWARD ALONG THE BOAT

as she resets her course.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

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

ROSE
(pointing)
What's that queer flat place, Mr. Allnutt?

MEDIUM LONG SHOT -- ANOTHER PART OF THE RIVER

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

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

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

The BEAT of the engine alters a little.

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

The BEAT of the engine alters still more.

ROSE

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

ALLNUT

Naw. It chops the water so --

He rushes forward to the engine.

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE ENGINE -- ALLNUTT

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

WIDE SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN

ALLNUT

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

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

ROSE

(louder)

Oh. Of course.

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

(NOTE: From here on until indicated, no TWO SHOTS. Allnutt is amidship, in hot sunlight; Rose, at stern, in cool, breezy shadow of awning.)

ROSE

What was the matter, Mr. Allnutt?

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

What happens when the feed pump chokes?

He finishes fueling and sits down and dries his sweat.

ALLNUT

Whole boiler can blow up. Specially the shape she's in. This water's awful muddy. Rots the tubes, plugs 'em up with scale. 'Sides that, the pressure gauge is kinda on the blink. Can't count on it fer sure, but ya

can't forget it, neither. Bring 'er higher'n fifteen pound, the whole engine starts fallin' apart. An' much less'n that, she quits. Oh, come to think of it. Know why I got to keep the engine goin'?

ROSE

Why, so we can go, of course.

ALLNUT

That ain't wot I mean.

Rose looks blank, and interested.

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

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

ALLNUT

(nodding approvingly)

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

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

ALLNUT

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

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

ALLNUT

(proudly)

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

when she's a mind to.
(he looks over the
whole engine with
affection)
You got to know 'ow she's feelin',
Miss -- keep a step ahead of 'er.
Right now she's got 'er best foot
foward 'cause there's a stranger
aboard. But don't be took in, Miss.
Wait till you see 'er in a mean
streak.

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

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE BOILER AND ENGINE HEAD-ON

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. THE RIVER -- TWILIGHT

MEDIUM LONG SHOT -- THE PROW OF THE LAUNCH

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

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE FAÇADE OF THE ENGINE

with SPLASH and RATTLE of anchor and chain o.s., as Allnutt rushes into the SHOT and shuts off steam. The pencils of steam abruptly fade and drift.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

standing very attentively. PAST HIM, a wall of leaves shows that the boat, after a couple of inches of drift, stops gently. He still stands attentive, as if he were listening in the abrupt new silence. He is much more grimy and sweaty than before.

ALLNUTT

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

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

He goes to the locker beside Rose, produces two dirty enamel cups. Watching him, Rose frowns slightly. Then, from under

the bench he drags out a wooden case. From the case he brings out a bottle. He opens the bottle, proceeds to pour a liberal portion into one of the cups.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

watching with a kind of fascination.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

as he makes a movement with the bottle toward the second cup.

ALLNUTT
'Ave one, Miss?

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

ROSE
(horrified whisper)
What is it?

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

ROSE
(appalled)
No!

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

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

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

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

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

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

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

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

STILL CLOSER SHOT -- ROSE

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

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

He looks up again, a little more puzzled.

ALLNUTT
Somethin' the matter, Miss?

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

ROSE
(shortly)
No.

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

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

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

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

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

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

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

ROSE
(able to speak now)
Ohhh! Yes!

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

ALLNUTT

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

ROSE
(also a little formally)
'k you?

ALLNUT
(a little bit caught
by her tea-party
manner; bashfully)
don't mention it.

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

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

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

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

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

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

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

ROSE
(holding out her cup)
If you please?

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

ROSE
Almost ten years.

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

ROSE
Manchester.

ALLNUT
Ever get 'omesick?

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

ROSE
Every day of my life.

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

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

They are eating the meat and crackers as they talk.

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

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

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

ROSE
Crocodiles? No.

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

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

ROSE
(spontaneous,
unconsidered)

I'd like one too.

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

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

ALLNUT

(getting up)

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

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

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

ROSE

Very well.

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

ALLNUT

(hesitant)

Well...

ROSE

(coolly)

Very well, Mr. Allnutt.

He walks towards the bow, sidestepping the engine. Bring up
SOUND of water a little.

REVERSE ANGLE -- ROSE

Rose looks after him, checking the six-inch width of the
funnel which will stand between them; not much concerned.
While she watches, she is undoing her dress at its cuffs and
at its high neck. She stands and takes it off over her head
with a voluminous motion. She starts to remove an undergarment
and hesitates, frowning a little; compresses her lips and,
clearly, decides not to remove the garment.

CLOSE SHOT -- THE FUNNEL

centered, in the lamplight. The water SOUND rises another
fraction; other SOUNDS fade a little.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE'S FEET IN THE WATER --

not more than shin-deep. (She is sitting on the gunwale.)
The water distorts and drives and sways them a little and
she is moving them gently.

CLOSE UP -- ROSE (HEAD AND SHOULDERS)

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

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

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

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

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE'S FACE -- (PAST HER HANDS)

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

VERTICAL INSERT -- SUITCASE

Over SOUNDS of her vigorous drying o.s., the insect- and moisture-proof tin suitcase or box in which Rose has packed all her worldly goods. It is open. By lantern light some of its contents are visible; a few garments and undergarments, neatly folded; her prayer- or service-book and her Bible; and a group photograph of Rose and Brother and their family, in which the intention is to anchor Rose deep in English puritanism. Perhaps eight seconds are allowed for a look at this photograph; then Rose's thin, cleansed hands lay in the dark dress in which she began this voyage; it is neatly folded; it covers not only the picture but also the religious books.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

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

ALLNUT

(o.s.)

Are you ready, Miss?

ROSE

Yes.

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

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

Where will you sleep?

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

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

The -- explosives?

He spreads the other rug.

ALLNUT

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

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

ROSE

(a little curtly)

All right.

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

All right.

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

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

and her comb in on top. She closes the box. HOLD on the closed box a moment.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE -- (ANOTHER ANGLE)

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

ALLNUTT'S VOICE

(o.s.)

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

ROSE

Quite ready.

The light on her face begins to dwindle.

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

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

ALLNUTT

(quietly, impersonally,
when the light is
very low)

'Night Miss.

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

in the lowered light.

ROSE

(as quietly and
impersonally)

Good night, Mr. Allnutt.

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

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

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

in a similar hovering SHOT, asleep in his nest of explosives-boxes. He is not snoring, but with each exhalation his lips

blow out lightly, with a small SOUND of "Puhhh" -- "Puhhh..."
In his sleep, comfortably, his fumbling hand scratches his
haunch. There is no sound of water.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

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

It is raining, quietly but firmly.

CLOSE SHOT -- VERTICAL -- OVER ALLNUTT

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

CLOSE SHOT -- VERTICAL -- ALLNUTT'S FEET

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT'S FACE

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

MEDIUM SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- FULL-LENGTH

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

MEDIUM SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- (PAST ROSE)

He comes in under the leaky awning and on into a

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

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

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

ROSE

Mr. Allnutt!

ALLNUTT

(turning, murmuring)

Sorry I woke you, Miss.

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

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

ALLNUTT
Blimey, Miss!

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

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

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

as he walks humbly out into the rain.

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

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

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

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

ROSE
(o.s.)
Mr. Allnutt.

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

ROSE
(calling loudly)
Mr. Allnutt!

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

He turns his head sadly towards her.

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

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

ALLNUTT
Thanks, Miss.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE -- (PAST ALLNUTT)

ROSE
Certainly, Mr. Allnutt.

VERTICAL TWO SHOT -- ALLNUTT AND ROSE

ALLNUTT
(after a pause)
Miss...

ROSE
Yes, Mr. Allnutt?

ALLNUTT
Sorry I give you such a turn.

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

ALLNUTT
Thanks, Miss. Night.

ROSE
Goodnight, Mr. Allnutt.

He turns away from her and tries to make himself comfortable. A quick drop-drip-dropping of water starts directly into his face. He miserably pulls his head out of the way and it drops loudly onto the boards beside him. Back to her, Allnutt huddles into the dry space, doing his best not to touch her, yet to stay dry.

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

FULL SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN

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

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

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

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

ROSE

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

ALLNUT

What smell?

ROSE

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

Allnutt sniffs at it, curiously.

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

It's like marigolds. Stale ones.

ALLNUT

(tries again)

Don't guess I ever smelt no marigolds.

ROSE

Well, they smell just like this.

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

They're very pretty, though. Marigolds.

ALLNUT

Are, eh?

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

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

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

ROSE

Mr. Allnutt.

ALLNUT

(all innocence)

Yes?

ROSE

What is that roaring sound?

ALLNUT

(licking his chops)

Oh, that? Rapids, Miss.

ROSE

Really? So soon?

ALLNUT

Just around the bend.

(pause)

Kind of dangerous.

(pause)

P'raps I better take over, Miss.

ROSE

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

ALLNUT

(gloating)

Well -- maybe that's a good idear at that, Miss.

(malicious)

Learn by doin', like they say.

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE RAPIDS

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

CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT

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

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

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

NOTE:

This SCENE is to last about thirty seconds. The rapids are to be rough enough to excite and to give a considerable sense of hazard, but they are mild compared to what will be seen later on. A fair amount of the SCENE is just racing through loud, ragged water, but there are to be perhaps three real hazards. They might, for instance, be: the two rocks the scene opens with; a buried rock, just spotted and avoided in the nick of time, scaring the daylights out of Allnutt and tightening Rose's face still more into this simulacrum of fear (he is comforted out of his own fears, seeing this face); and, caught between rocks, jutting into their only available channel, a large jagged tree-limb, bony-looking as antlers. There's no way out: Rose drives dead against it with an instinct for the angle which will bring against it the most powerful leverage: it hits hard and there is a tremendous NOISE of CRACKING and BREAKAGE. Within another couple of seconds they are in quieter water; within a couple more, the water is almost normal, the ROAR is fading. The boat has slowed down. The ENGINE SOUND is near normal balance; Rose distinctly relaxes, and sits down; Allnutt relaxes at his tinkering, and finishes it off with a bit of a flourish. (From the breaking of the branches, SHOOT FROM AMIDSHIPS, sternward, on Rose past Allnutt.)

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

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

as Allnutt seats himself a little too smugly on the sternbench

at right angle to Rose. He sizes her up for a couple of seconds, greatly relishing the moment.

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

ROSE
Enough? Of what, Mr. Allnutt?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Allnutt raises the match to light his cigarette. His eyes leave hers for the lighting. His eyes look bruised and sick;

his hands are shaking. He stands up, in quiet desperation, to beat it into her thick head.

ROSE
Tell me, Mr. Allnutt.

He looks up at her hopelessly.

ALLNUT
(just managing to
shape the sound)
Yes?

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

ALLNUT
(without spirit)
Not so bad, Miss, considerin'. But
that wasn't such bad water -- nothin'
compared to what's farther on.

ROSE
I can hardly wait!
(Allnutt looks as if
he could wait quite
a while. A pause)
Now that I've had a taste of it I
don't wonder you love boating!

He gives her one last flabbergasted, hopeless look, wheels abruptly and walks away -- CAMERA SWINGING, losing Rose -- and sits near the engine, turned away from her, looking crumpled and beaten. He is still shaking his head. o.s., blithely, Rose hums the opening bars of Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

Allnutt shifts a little as if to look at her; hasn't the heart to; shudders faintly; and stretches his shaking hands toward the furnace.

DISSOLVE TO:

DETAIL SHOT -- GIN BOTTLE (TWO-THIRDS FULL)

as Allnutt pulls out cork, with luscious SOUND.

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT (AT RIGHT ANGLES IN STERN SEATS)

SHOT slightly favors Allnutt. Late twilight; the boat is moored near a bank. Rose is taking a swallow of steaming tea; she lowers her cup. Allnutt's full mug of tea stands beside him on the bench, untouched.

Rose watches him with interest. Allnutt lifts the bottle to drink; he raises his eyes and meets hers; sullen and defiant. He puts the bottle in his mouth, cocks it up and drinks deep

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

Rose looks perplexed.

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

Genuine concern blends with her perplexity.

ROSE

(gently)

Is something the matter, Mr. Allnutt?

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

ROSE

(gently, again)

Tell me.

He looks at her with angry reproach. A pause.

ALLNUT

(already affected by
the gin; proud and
sullen)

Nothin'.

A pause. He raises the bottle; lowers it.

ALLNUT

Nothin' you'd understand.

He drinks.

ROSE

(after waiting him
out)

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

(pause)

What is it, Mr. Allnutt?

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

ALLNUT

(bitterly; after a

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

ROSE
What do you mean?

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

He needs a drink on this, but Rose interrupts.

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

ALLNUT
(feeling his oats and
his gin; mimicking
nastily)
What an absurd idea! What an absurd
idea! Lady, I may be a born fool,
but you got ten absurd idears to my
one, an' don't you forget it!
(pause. Speechless
with scorn and
resentment)
Huh!

He drinks. A pause.

ROSE
(with a glimmer of
tact)
Why don't you want to go, Mr. Allnutt?

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

ROSE
(quietly)
Why don't you want to go?

A pause.

ALLNUT
(sullenly)
Already come further'n I ever meant
to. Don't hardly even know the river,
this far down.
(bitterly and a little
incoherently)
Only come this far 'cause there you
was all by your lonesome, lost your
brother and all -- wot you get for

feelin' sorry for people.

ROSE
(quietly)
Why, Mr. Allnutt?

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

ROSE
Shona!

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

ROSE
But they can't do anything to us!

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

ROSE
Then we'll go by at night.

ALLNUT
Oh no, we won't!

ROSE
(with asperity)
Now why not?

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

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

ALLNUT
(a sudden realization.)

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

CLOSE UP -- ROSE

In the first phase of realization, her lower lip thrusts out like a shovel or like the lower lip of a baby within a stone's throw of crying, and her eyes look soft with dampness. Then she catches her lower lip between her teeth in her effort to restrain herself, and her eyes harden with self-discipline. Then she doesn't need the teeth any more. Her lips are tight and thin. Her whole face is edgy. Her eyes are hard with bitter resentment and with hatred. Slowly, without moving her head or altering her face, she lifts her tea into the SHOT and drinks, and lowers the cup out of the SHOT. Her face grows still harder and more immovable.

Against this, o.s., mostly in breathy, lonesome undertone, on one or two phrases loudly and assertively, Allnutt is singing, rottenly and inchoately, some part of the following:

ALLNUTT'S VOICE

(o.s.; singing)

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

SLOW FADE on Rose as first daylight begins to appear. FADE
IN

SLOW FADE:

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

He is prostrate beside the engine in early morning sunlight. Except that his eyes are closed, he looks as if he had been dead for about a day.

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

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

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

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

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

ROSE -- (FROM HIS VIEWPOINT)

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

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

His eyes are bloodshot and are swimming with tears induced by the light. He doesn't quite take in what he sees.

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

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

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

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

ALLNUT
(in a voice like a
crow)
Miss.

ROSE -- (FROM HIS VIEWPOINT)

She is emptying gin and pays him no attention.

ALLNUTT'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Miss?

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

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

ALLNUT

Have pity, Miss!

(pause; SOUND of "glug-
glug" o.s.)

Miss?

("glug-glug")

Oh, Miss, you don't know what you're
doin'... I'll perish without a hair
o' the dog.

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

ALLNUT

(continuing)

Ain't your property, Miss.

SOUND, o.s., of a new bottle being opened. CAMERA CREEPS CLOSER on Allnutt, whose eyes become those of a man in hell who knows, now, that his sentence is official, and permanent. With terrible effort, he lifts his head and shoulders.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE -- (NEUTRAL ANGLE) -- NORMAL EXPOSURE

She is emptying gin. She hears the SOUNDS of Allnutt's moving o.s. Her hard face hardens still more. She glances towards him, continuing to pour.

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

He is with great pain and effort getting himself to his knees and his arms onto the side bench. It may seem for a moment that he is going to try to come at Rose and make a struggle for it, but no: he now gets his knees to the bench and hangs his body far out over the gunwale and drinks ravenously of the muddy water. He overhangs so far that he is in clear danger of falling in.

ROSE -- (SAME ANGLE AS BEFORE) -- A LITTLE CLOSER

She is watching him. SOUNDS, o.s., of the gin emptying, and of his drinking. She is aware he may fall in and she doesn't care.

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

He finishes drinking and tremulously pulls himself back, and turns, and collapses into a sitting position on the bench.

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

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

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

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

ALLNUTT

Oh...!

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

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

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

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

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

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

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

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

She is sitting on a side-bench in the shade of the awning, calmly reading her Bible. She is in a clean white dress, exactly like the one she wore yesterday. Not a hair is out of place in her tight hair-do. Her bare feet are crossed

demurely at the ankles. She sits up straight. She looks very cool, considering the weather.

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

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

FORMAL SHOT -- THE ENGINE

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

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

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

Past the back of Allnutt's head on his close reflection in a small mirror, hung from a funnel-stay; past that, Rose.

Allnutt is shaving; Rose, in b.g., is reading. It is painful to take off as much beard as Allnutt has been carrying, and he is not a man who takes pain easily; but he does his best to keep his reactions private, and by now he is nearly through. He is whistling softly against his teeth, and frowning at his reflected work with the concentration of a surgeon. He knows, however, that he is visible to Rose, and unwisely keeps glancing towards her (she never looks up once); thanks to this, he lets the razor slip.

ALLNUTT

Ow... cut myself.

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

CLOSE UP -- ROSE

SOUND o.s., of Allnutt's entrance past the engine. She does

not glance up, but her eyelids flicker.

ALLNUTT -- (PAST ROSE)

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

ALLNUT
(after a pause;
scornfully)
Huh!

He walks in under the shade of the awning and into

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

As he sits down. After another silence, he decides on a new approach. He arranges his face to express high good humor.

ALLNUT
(brightly)
Well, Miss, 'ere we are, everything
ship-shape, like they say.

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

ALLNUT
(continuing)
Great thing to 'ave a lyedy aboard,
with clean 'abits. Sets me a good
example. A man alone, 'e gets to
livin' like a bloomin' 'og.
(no answer)
Then, too, with me, it's always --
put things orf. Never do todye wot
ya can put orf till tomorrer.
(he chuckles and looks
at her, expecting
her to smile. Not a
glimmer from Rose)
But you: business afore pleasure,
every time. Do yer pers'nal laundry,
make yerself spic an' span, get all
the mendin' out o' the way, an' then,
an' hone-ly then, set down to a nice
quiet hour with the Good-Book.
(he watches for
something; she
registers nothing)
I tell you, it's a model for me,
like. An inspiration. I ain't got
that ole engine so clean in years;
inside an' out, Miss. Just look at
'er, Miss! She practically sparkles.

(Rose evidently does not hear him)
Myself, too. Guess you ain't never 'ad a look at me without whiskers an' all cleaned up, 'ave you, Miss?
(no look)
Freshens you up, too; if I only 'ad clean clothes, like you.
(huh-uh)
Now you: why you could be at 'igh tea.
(no recognition from Rose)
'Ow 'bout some tea, Miss, come to think of it? Don't you stir; I'll get it ready.

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

ALLNUT

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

EXTREME CLOSE UP -- ROSE

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

LONG SHOT -- FROM OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER

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

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

EXTREME CLOSE UP -- ROSE

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

The ECHO comes. Over it --

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT

A second, further echo comes, and dies.

ALLNUTT
(yelling)
Heyy!!

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

TWO SHOT -- FAVORING ALLNUTT (PAST ROSE)

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

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

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

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

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

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

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

ALLNUTT

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

ROSE

(remotely)

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

ALLNUT

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

(no answer)

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

(no answer)

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

(no answer)

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

(no answer)

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

A pause.

ROSE

So you think it was your nasty drunkenness I mind.

A foolish, helpless gesture from Allnutt.

ALLNUT

(bewildered)

Well -- wot else?

ROSE

You lied to me.

ALLNUT

(with earnest dignity)

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

ROSE

You promised we'd go down the river.

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

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

Of course.

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

ALLNUT

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

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

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

ROSE

You promised.

ALLNUT

(shouting)

Well, I'm takin' my promise back!

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

CLOSE UP -- ROSE

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

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT -- (DAWN)

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

She is readying the fire for tea.

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

After a little, Allnutt gives up. He creakily, painfully rises from his bed and gets up into:

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

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

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

ALLNUT
(a pitiful effort to
sound casual, and
dignified)
G'mornin', Miss.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT -- NEUTRAL ANGLE

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

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

She is stirring her tea and now she drinks some.

ALLNUTT -- CLOSE SHOT -- (NEUTRAL ANGLE)

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

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

Now she is eating bread and canned meat.

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

He stops shaking his head and just looks.

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

CLOSER SHOT -- ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

She meets his eyes, immediately, but says nothing.

ALLNUTT -- (FROM HER ANGLE)

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

He turns to the engine.

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

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

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

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

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

DISSOLVE TO:

SHOOTING FORWARD ALONG PORT SIDE OF BOAT -- (ABOUT NINE IN
THE MORNING)

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

STRAIGHT ACROSS THE BOAT -- ON ALLNUTT

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROSE
(shouting)
Which bank is Shona on?

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

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

ALLNUT
(o.s.)
Huh?

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

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

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

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

Her eyes strain curiously after him.

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

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

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

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

MEDIUM CLOSE UP SHOT -- ON ALLNUTT

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

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

The prow and river beyond him; he is stacking the boxes along the port bow. He has stuck a rug between them and the hull. Now he stacks the last box and covers it with a rug. He stands

and looks at the rug a moment, rather helplessly, then turns to CAMERA and into MEDIUM SHOT; his face is still more badly worried. He glances back towards Rose. He stoops and drags the heavy cylinders into the starboard bow, trimming ship. He walks back towards the engine, mopping his forehead.

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

She is watching him curiously.

ALLNUTT -- (FROM HER ANGLE)

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

ALLNUTT -- MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

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

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

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

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

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

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

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

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

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

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

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

ROSE
(shouting and pointing)

Mr. Allnutt!

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

LONG SHOT -- PAST ALLNUTT AND THE ENGINE

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

EXTREME CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT

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

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

She is near the bank. She straightens her course.

EXTREME CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT

He glances desperately toward the rubber hosing.

INSERT: RUBBER HOSING.

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

He glances desperately towards Shona. Shona is swinging wide into view. People are seen, including two men apparently in uniform. Allnutt glances desperately towards his knife.

INSERT: He closes the knife and slips it into his pocket.

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

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

REVERSE ANGLE -- MEDIUM CLOSE -- ALLNUTT

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

ROSE -- (FROM HIS ANGLE)

She nods, and crouches below the benches, her hand still high to steer.

INSERT: THE RUBBER HOSE.

as it bursts; a strong spume of water.

CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT

eyes to SOUND.

CLOSE UP -- ROSE

eyes to SOUND.

INSERT: The WATER GAUGE slowly drops.

ALLNUTT -- ANOTHER CLOSE UP

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

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

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

His desperate face as he works.

INSERT: The PRESSURE GAUGE, sinking.

INSERT: The WATER GAUGE, still lower.

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

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

MEDIUM SHOT -- ROSE

anxious and much interested, but no fear.

ALLNUT

(o.s.)

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

Rose looks uncomprehending.

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

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

ALLNUT

(over shoulder; bawling
desperately in the
silence)

Let 'er drift! All we can do!

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

She nods. She releases the tiller. o.s., the SOUND of a bullet; followed, seconds later, by the REPORT of a rifle. Rose looks towards Shona and towards Allnutt.

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

He is working. Water is still splattering.

ALLNUT
(over shoulder)
'Cross our bows, I reckon. Didn't
'it us any'ow.

He ducks still lower to his work.

LONG SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN

and its occupants, through field glasses, from high bank.
Even so, they are small, on the far side of the river.

1ST OFFICER
(o.s. in German)
But why didn't they put in?

2ND OFFICER
(o.s. in German)
Probably they're making for the lower
landing.

ACROSS THIS:

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT (NOT THROUGH GLASSES) -- LOWER LANDING

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

High in r.s., The African Queen.

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

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

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

1ST OFFICER
(in German)
Fire twice more across their bows.

2nd Officer raises rifle, with telescopic sight.

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

raked from stern to stem.

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

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

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

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

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

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE OFFICERS AND THE NATIVES

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

LONG SHOT -- THE BOAT

is opposite the lower landing, still at far shore.

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

OFFICERS AND MEN -- (AS BEFORE)

1st OFFICER She could anchor.

2nd Officer has no answer for that.

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

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

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

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

A TRUCKED FRIEZE OF MEDIUM CLOSE UPS

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

lousy shots.

A SHOT ALONG THEIR RAGGED LINE --

some prone, some standing.

CORPORAL
(with a sweeping
gesture)
Fire!

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

MEDIUM SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- (PAST ROSE)

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

ALLNUT
(crouching still lower
at his work)
They got us!

ROSE -- (FROM HIS ANGLE)

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

INSERT: Allnutt completes his taping.

ALLNUTT -- (FROM ROSE'S ANGLE)

stepping away.

ROSE
(o.s.)
Finished?

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

He puts on a lot of wood, and he gets the pump going, cautiously. There is a dangerous straining and CRACKLING SOUND from the boiler as the cold water rushes in. Across it, there is another BUZZING of bullets. Some speckle the water; some hit the heightening rock cliff above and past the boat; the reports arrive and ECHO.

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

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

ROSE -- (AS BEFORE)

She nods. She is watching anxiously, helplessly.

ALONG STARBOARD -- (SHOOTING FORWARD FROM HER ANGLE)

The fast current in which they drift, and the slow back-eddy, and their dividing line, are visible. SWING SHOT to CENTER along axis of boat and on Allnutt. o.s., there is the SOUND of a much faster bullet, and suddenly, causing Allnutt to leap like a stricken faun, the whole boat RINGS like a harp.

INSERT -- THE WIRE FUNNEL-STAY

on portside has parted, close above the gunwale. It hangs loose by the funnel.

ALLNUTT -- MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

noting and reacting. He turns to Rose, CAMERA SWINGING into TWO SHOT. She has noticed it too, but is not particularly frightened. o.s., there is a METALLIC SMACK. They glance up sharply.

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

high in the funnel.

DETAIL SHOT -- (FROM ROSE'S ANGLE) -- ANOTHER HOLE

on the far side of the funnel.

INSERT: WATER GAUGE, rising.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

checking gauges, working hard.

INSERT: PRESSURE GAUGE, rising.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

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

LONG SHOT -- THE BOAT (THROUGH TELESCOPIC SIGHT)

o.s., the rifle FIRES; the shot kicks.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

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

through.

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE OFFICERS AND MEN

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

1ST OFFICER

(in German)

Give it to me.

He takes the rifle and takes careful aim.

LONG SHOT -- THE BOAT -- (THROUGH THE TELESCOPIC SIGHT)

He is leading Allnutt just a trifle, and leisurely trying to perfect his aim. While he takes his time, the boat crosses the path of the full glare of the sun. He mutters some German expletive under his breath, and FIRES into blind glare.

DETAIL SHOT -- GELATINE BOXES

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

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- THE TWO OFFICERS

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

1ST OFFICER

(in German)

Fire at random.

CORPORAL

Everybody shoot.

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

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

ALLNUTT

(shouting as loud as
he can)

Man the tiller now -- we'll try.

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

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

dies.

SHOT PAST ALLNUTT -- AND THE PROW

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

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

There is terrific tension in his face, but he is much too busy to be frightened. Rose's face is a sharpening image of her face among the easier rapids. Now that they have come within close, high stone banks, the ROAR is prodigious.

Allnutt, below SCENE, is working on the engine.

THE CATARACT -- (FROM HIS ANGLE)

twice as near.

ALLNUTT -- (AS BEFORE)

The engine catches and rises, just AUDIBLE ABOVE the ROAR OF WATER.

CATARACT -- (FROM ALLNUTT'S ANGLE)

They swallow ten of the last twenty yards before the cataract.

CLOSE UP -- ROSE

standing, looking intensely ahead, hand firm on tiller.

THE BOAT -- (FROM ALLNUTT'S ANGLE)

as it enters upon the cataract.

CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT

as he drops onto his bench next the engine.

ALLNUTT

Our Father Who art in Heaven...

The African Queen bucks like a bronco. The air is full of spray and of the ROAR of rushing water. Allnutt serves the engine with panic in his soul. Out of the tail of his eye, he glimpses rocks flashing past.

CLOSE UP -- ROSE

She rides the mad tide like a Valkyrie, weaving a safe course through the clustering dangers.

There comes a place where the river widens and the sweep of the current takes The African Queen over to the opposite bank, as if she were no more than a chip of wood. Rose tugs at the tiller with all her strength. The bows come around.

It looks for a space as if the stern would be flung against the rocks. The boat just manages to hold her way.

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

FULL SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

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

CLOSE UP -- ROSE

She shakes her head and her lips form the words: "I can't hear."

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

gesticulating frantically. He moves forward into a CLOSE UP and shouts:

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

She nods, to show her understanding of their plight.

FULL SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN

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

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

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

as she throws her weight on the tiller

ROSE
(shouting)
Stop the engine!

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

as he obeys dazedly.

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN

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

ALLNUTT
Whew!!!

FULL SHOT -- ROSE

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

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

ROSE
How lovely!

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

ROSE
(continuing)
Lovely, isn't it.

ALLNUTT
(following her gaze)
It is at that.
(he laughs suddenly)
We sure pulled it off, didn't we,
Miss? Sucked the Germans in proper.
They were so surprised to see the
ole African Queen -- they didn't
think of shootin' at us till we were
almost past. They didn't believe
anybody'd try to get down these

gorges. Didn't believe nobody could.
Well, we showed 'em, didn't we?

(Rose nods)

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

ROSE

(coming out of her
reverie)

Here -- let me do that.

ALLNUT

(protesting)

Oh, no, Miss.

ROSE

Please let me.

ALLNUT

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

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

ROSE

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

MEDIUM SHOT -- ALLNUTT AND ROSE

as Allnutt gathers wood on the bank.

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

(hesitantly)

Did I -- do all right?

ALLNUT

(with deep feeling)

Better'n all right, Miss...

CLOSE UP -- ROSE

Her face flushes with pride.

PAN SHOT -- ALLNUTT

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

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

Let me.

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

ROSE

No, there's nothing there now.

She lets his foot go.

ALLNUT

Thank you, Miss.

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

ALLNUT

(a certain awe in his tone)

It is pretty at that.

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

ALLNUT

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

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

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

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

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

MEDIUM SHOT -- ROSE

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

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

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

Breakfast in bed.

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

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

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

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

ALLNUT
What's that?

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

ALLNUT
Charlie.

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

ALLNUT
Give us another kiss.

ROSE
(her arms around him,
kissing him)

Charlie! Charlie dear...

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

ROSE

(her eyes suddenly
wet)

This must be one of the loveliest
places in all Africa.

ALLNUT

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

(hastily, as though
he fears being
misunderstood)

Not that I ain't all for goin' on,
Y'unnerstand.

(she gives his hand a
squeeze)

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

ROSE

How much farther is the lake, Charlie?

ALLNUT

Oh -- 'bout two 'undred miles.

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

ROSE

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

FULL SHOT -- DECK OF BOAT

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

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

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

looking back at the loveliest place in the world.

MEDIUM SHOT -- AFT -- PAST THEM

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

ALLNUT

(in a broken voice)

Give us another kiss, old girl.

They kiss, as the boat is swept into motion.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN

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

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

ROSE

Stop, Charlie -- stop it!

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

ALLNUT

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

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

ALLNUT

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

ROSE

(soberly)

I guess not.

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

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

the first waves of the race.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

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

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

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

He throws her a swift, backward look.

CLOSE UP -- ROSE

scared, but game.

ROSE
(calls)
Goodbye, Charlie.

CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT

shouting an answer; his voice is lost in the UPROAR.

FULL SHOT (MOVING) -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN

as she rears up and hangs for a moment at the crest of the waterfall. Then she shoots forward and down, finally to crash in a tangle of currents below the waterfall. She shakes with the impact. Water flies back, high over the top of the funnel, then she surges on.

There is a TEARING SOUND beneath, followed by a horrid vibration which seems as if it will shake the boat to pieces.

CLOSE UP -- ROSE

ROSE
(screams)
Keep her going, Charlie!

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

opening the throttle. The devastating vibration increases.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

as she fights to keep the boat in mid-current, but something is wrong with the steering.

ROSE
(screams)
Charlie!

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

He points toward the bank where a big rock juts out into the

river.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

fighting the tiller. The boat swings around crabwise toward the rock, and it looks for a moment as though the stern will surely crash into it. Rose keeps the tiller hard over. Sure enough, The African Queen comes all the way about, her bows to the shore, grounded; but the maneuver is not completely successful. Instantly she heels and rolls. A mass of water comes boiling in over the gunwale. The boiler fire is extinguished and a wild flurry of steam pours out.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

Grabbing a painter, he leaps like an athlete into the whirling eddy, gets his shoulder under the bows and heaves.

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE BOAT

The bows slide off and the boat rights herself, wallowing, three-quarters full of water. Instantly the current pulls her downstream.

CAMERA PANS as Allnutt leaps up the face of the rock, clutching the painter. He gives it a turn around an angle of the rock and braces himself. His shoulder-joints crack as the rope tightens, but slowly the boat swings in to shore. Five seconds later, she is safe, and Allnutt is making painter after painter fast to the shore.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

standing on the bench in the stern, the water slopping at her feet. She manages a smile at Allnutt. She feels a little sick and faint now that it is all over.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

He sits down on a rock and grins back at her.

ALLNUTT

We nearly done it that time, didn't we, Rosie.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

as she sits on the gunwale. She doesn't wish to let her weakness be seen. She forces herself to be matter of fact.

ROSE

I wonder how much we've lost.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

ALLNUTT

Let's get this water out and see.

He swings himself aboard, splashes down to the waist and fishes about for the pails.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

as she tucks her skirt up into her underclothes as though she were a little girl at the seaside. CAMERA PANS with her to Allnutt. She takes a pail and the two of them go to bailing, and conversation ceases with the effort.

DISSOLVE TO:

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT -- (SHOOTING DOWN OVER ROSE'S SHOULDER)

He has gotten up a couple of floor boards in the waist, and is down on his knees inspecting the planking.

ALLNUTT

It's better than we coulda hoped for. We 'aven't lost nothin', far as I can see. 'Aven't damaged 'er skin worth mentionin'. I shoulda thought there'd been an 'ole in 'er somewheres, after wot she's been through.

ROSE

What was all that clattering just before we stopped?

ALLNUTT

We still got to find that out, old girl.

ROSE

How are we going to do that, dear?

ALLNUTT

I'll 'ave to go underneath and 'ave a look.

He is out of his shirt and trousers in a jiffy. His drawers are the old-fashioned kind reaching to the knee and tying up with a string behind. He picks up a rope and ties one end around his middle and gives the other end to Rose.

ALLNUTT

There ain't no other way. You stay 'andy with that rope -- case there's a fancy current down at the bottom... 'Ere goes!

And over the side he goes. His feet remain in view for a moment; then, kicking, they disappear.

UNDERWATER SHOT -- THE PROPELLER SHAFT OF THE LAUNCH

Allnutt swims into the picture, giving forth with bubbles.
He inspects the shaft.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

leaning far over the stern, trying to glimpse what is
happening beneath The African Queen. Presently, Allnutt's
head breaks the surface of the water.

ROSE
(hovering anxiously
over him)
Could you see anything, dear?

ALLNUT
Yes.

MEDIUM SHOT -- ALLNUTT AND ROSE

With her help, he climbs back aboard, sits down on the bench.
Rose sits beside him and waits for him to regain his breath.
She puts out her dry hand and clasps his wet one.

ALLNUT
(dully)
Shaft's bent to blazes like a
corkscrew, and there's a blade gone
off the prop.

ROSE
We'll have to mend it, then.

ALLNUT
Mend it!
(he laughs bitterly)
Not likely.

ROSE
Why is that, dear?
(he doesn't answer)
What shall we have to do before we
go on?

ALLNUT
I'll tell ya.
(savage despondency
in his tone)
I'll tell ya what we could do if we
was sittin' in the landin' slip at
Limbasi. We could pull this old tub
out an' take the shaft down an' 'aul
it over to the workshop where they'd
forge it straight again. An' then we
could write to the makers and get a
new prop. They might 'ave one in
stock 'cause this boat ain't over
thirty years old. An' while we was
waitin' we might clean 'er bottom

an' paint 'er. Then we could put in
the shaft an' the new prop an' launch
'er an' go on as if nothin' 'ad
'appened. -- But this ain't Limbasi,
an' so we can't.

ROSE

(after a pause)

Can't you get the shaft out without
pulling the boat on shore?

ALLNUT

I dunno. I might. Means workin'
underwater. Could do it perhaps.

ROSE

Well, if you were able to get the
shaft up on shore, could you
straighten it?

ALLNUT

Ain't got no hearth. Ain't got no
anvil. Ain't got no coal. Ain't got
nothin'. An' furthermore, I ain't no
blacksmith.

ROSE

(tapping her memory)

I saw a Masai native working once.
Using charcoal... on a big hollow
stone. He had a boy to fan the
charcoal.

ALLNUT

Yes, I've seen that, too! But I'd
use a bellows, myself -- make them
easy enough.

ROSE

Well, if you think that would be
better.

ALLNUT

(the engineer in him
taking over)

There's 'eaps an' 'eaps of driftwood
up on the bank.

ROSE

Why don't you try it?

ALLNUT

(suddenly shying)

No. It ain't no use, Rosie, old girl.
I was forgettin' that prop. There's
a blade gone.

ROSE

Can't we go on the blades that are left?

ALLNUT

There's a torque. Prop wouldn't be balanced. Wouldn't take five minutes for the shaft to be like a corkscrew again.

ROSE

We'll have to make another blade. There's lots of iron and stuff you could use.

ALLNUT

(ironically)

And tie it on, I suppose.

ROSE

(missing his irony)

Yes, if you think that will do. But wouldn't it be better to -- weld it? That's the right word, isn't it? Weld it on?

ALLNUT

You're a one, Rosie. Really you are.
(laughs)

ROSE

Isn't weld the right word, dear? You know what I mean even if it isn't, don't you?

ALLNUT

Oh, it's the right word, all right.

He laughs again. At first, Rose is afraid that his laugh is caused by desperation, but when she sees that it is not, she laughs with him.

Directly they are in each other's arms, kissing as two people might be expected to kiss on the second day of their honeymoon.

DISSOLVE TO:

UNDERWATER SHOT -- ALLNUTT

working on the shaft. Now and then he bangs his hammer on the hull of the boat. Apparently he and Rose have a system of signals. Just as he succeeds in loosening the bracket supporting the shaft, a whim of the river expresses itself in a fierce underwater swirl. Allnutt is turned upside down, but he holds onto the bracket like grim death.

ROSE -- IN THE STERN

pulling in on the rope. Allnutt comes to the surface, drops the bracket into the boat.

ALLNUT
(gasping)
Swallered about half the river that time.

ROSE
You were down there an awfully long time. I got scared.

ALLNUT
Shaft is ready to come out now. It'll be too heavy for me to swim up with. I'll 'ave to walk with it in to shore... Well, 'ere goes -- for the last time, I 'ope.

ROSE
Charlie.

ALLNUT
Huh?

ROSE
Let me help you.

ALLNUT
'Ow do you mean?

She begins to peel off her clothes.

ALLNUT
Wot d'you think you're goin' to do?

ROSE
Go down with you.

ALLNUT
An' get drownded? You don't know wot it's like, Rosie. Them currents is just fierce.
(he shakes his head)
Wot'll you be thinkin' of next!
(he takes two deep breaths)
Well, 'ere goes.
(After a third and deeper breath, he is gone.)

CLOSE SHOT -- UNDERWATER -- THE SHAFT

Allnutt swims into view, slides the shaft out through the bearings and begins to carry it toward shore. The current catches him. He loses his footing, regains it, only to fall again. The heavy shaft is too much for one man to handle.

He is struggling vainly with it when into the SCENE swims Rose. She takes one end of the shaft, Allnutt the other, and together they walk under water toward shore

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT -- MAKESHIFT FORGE -- NIGHT

Rose is working the bellows while Allnutt hammers patiently. Presently he lays aside the hammer and, using a taut string, judges the straightness of the shaft. Apparently he is pleased with his work, for he grins at Rose and nods briefly.

ALLNUTT

If my old dad 'ad put me to
blacksmithin' when I was a kid, I
don't think I should never 'ave come
to Africa. I might've --

(a faraway look comes
into his eyes; he is
thinking about Charing
Cross on a Saturday
night; finally he
shakes himself)

-- But then I shouldn't never 'ave
met you, Rosie old girl.

(he goes back to
hammering)

I wouldn't trade you for all the
fried fish shops in the world.

ROSE

(protesting this
accolade)

Oh, Charlie!

He slips a ring of wire over the end of the shaft and moves it up and down its length, testing the diameter.

ALLNUTT

(finally)

Well, I guess it's just about as
good as I can get it -- And it didn't
take so long a time, neither.

ROSE

Only a week.

ALLNUTT

The blade's a different proposition.
I'll 'ave to make it.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT: THE NEW PROPELLER BLADE (DAY SHOT)

held in place on stone anvil with a pair of pliers; it is

beginning to take shape under blows of Allnutt's hammer. The pliers carry it over the other two blades, which are its models, and turn it this way and that for purposes of comparison.

DISSOLVE TO:

UNDERWATER SHOT -- ALLNUTT AND ROSE

getting the shaft, with its new propeller, back into position.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT -- THE PROPELLER (UNDER WATER)

turning. SOUND of the engine, o.s. CAMERA TILTS UP. Allnutt is leaning over the stern, watching. In the b.g. stands Rose, with her hand on the throttle.

ALLNUTT

It turns right enough. But that don't prove nothin' much. Will it stand up under a full head of steam, that's the question. We'll get our answer out there -- and Lord 'elp us if it ain't the right one.

ROSE

Let's find out right now.

ALLNUTT

Why not?

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

Rose comes back and takes the tiller in hand. Allnutt casts off the moorings. As the bows come out into the current, he gently opens the throttle.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT

ALLNUTT

Goodbye, darling.

He bends over the engine.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

ROSE

Goodbye, darling.

Neither she nor Allnutt hears the other; neither is meant to; there is a high courage in them both.

FULL SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN

CAMERA PANS with boat as she surges out into the stream. She spins around as her bows come into the river, and Rose puts

the tiller across. Next moment she is flying down the stream once more.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXTERIOR -- THE RIVER -- LONG SHOT

In the foreground, a spray of jungle foliage in sharp and exotic contrast to the upland pines of the last sequence. The African Queen comes into view, and CAMERA PANS with her. A flock of ibis in the path of The African Queen rise on great snowy wings, only to settle again when she has passed.

CLOSE SHOT -- ALLNUTT AND ROSE

looking about them.

ALLNUT

Well, we done it, old girl. We got down the rapids all right. I didn't think it could be done. If it 'adn't been for you, sweetheart, we shouldn't be 'ere now. Don't you feel proud of yourself, dear?

ROSE

(indignantly)

No, of course not. Look at the way you made the engine go. Look how you mended the propeller. It wasn't me at all.

(with even greater emphasis)

I don't think there's another man alive who could have done it.

ALLNUT

(wryly)

I don't think anyone's likely to try.

LONG SHOT (MOVING) -- A TURN IN THE RIVER

Her waters widen and a dreary, marshy, amphibious world is revealed; tree trunks and little creeper-entangled islands take the place of the foaming rocks of the upper river.

MEDIUM SHOT -- ALLNUTT AND ROSE

ALLNUT

Looks like this old river got tired of all that runnin' an' jumpin' she did an' decided to lay down an' rest for a while... 'Ow about our doin' the same, Rosie -- seein' as 'ow the sun's goin' down.

Rose nods. She edges The African Queen in towards the shore. Allnutt gets his boat hook into the stump of a large tree which, still half alive, grows precariously on the edge of the water with half its roots exposed.

Rose goes to the boiler and starts making tea, while Allnutt gets a line around a root. There is hardly any current. The light is fading.

ALLNUT

It must be right 'bout 'ere the river
changes her nyme from Ulanga to Bora.

(he slaps at a mosquito)

Not that it matters. Nobody lives
between 'ere and the lake. Unless
you call monkeys people.

He slaps again. There is the high frequency SOUND of mosquitoes which fill the air.

ROSE

(slapping)

How much farther do you think it is
to the lake?

ALLNUT

Oh -- not so many miles, but --

He slaps his arms and legs, get up and stands and makes swift passes in the air, as though shadow-boxing.

ROSE

(slapping)

But what, Charlie?

ALLNUT

(a note of hysteria
in his voice)

I got a feelin' that before long
we'll wish we was shootin' the rapids
again... Ow!... Ow!

DISSOLVE:

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

It is nightfall and the mosquitoes have left their homes in the mud, under leaves, on stalks of reeds, to hunt flesh and blood. They close in on Rose and Allnutt; they bite through clothes -- they crawl under clothes; some of the smallest creep into nostrils and under eyelids. Rose and Allnutt are used to ordinary attacks, but this is beyond all experience. They slap ever more wildly; they begin to show panic.

ROSE

Oh!

ALLNUT
This is awful!

ROSE
(pulling at her dress)
I'm going in! I'm going to get under
the water!

ALLNUT
Yes! That's it!

But looking past Rose toward the river, he sees something
that makes him grab her wrist.

ALLNUT
No!

ROSE
But I'm being eaten alive!

ALLNUT
(pointing)
Look.

MEDIUM SHOT -- LARGE CROCODILE
on the bank.

ALLNUT
(o.s.)
What'd you say 'bout bein' eaten
alive?

And now we see that it is not one crocodile but several
submerged and partially submerged. Two slide into the water
from the bank.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

After their first start at the sight of the crocs, they go
back to fighting the cloud of mosquitoes that, hungry for
blood, fill the air with their WHINING.

ROSE
Get me out of here, Charlie! I'm
going mad!

MEDIUM SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

Allnutt runs to the engine, tries to start it.

ALLNUT
Ain't no steam. Can't start engine.

ROSE
(wails)
I can't stand it, Charlie!

ALLNUT

'Ere! Lay down! Get under the canvas there! I'll get us out into the channel.

She obeys. Allnutt casts off, and seizing a deckboard begins to paddle. The space between the launch and the bank slowly widens till at last they are in the channel. Rose peeps out from under the canvas.

ALLNUT

Right, Rosie. We got away from 'em. You can come out.

ROSE

(crawling out)
I'm ashamed, Charlie, acting like that -- but I couldn't help it. I was going mad.

ALLNUT

Me, too.

ROSE

You're so bitten!

Even in the faded light, his face and body show innumerable bumps.

ALLNUT

The bites themselves ain't so bad; it's 'avin' them all round you. I've 'eard of them sendin' buffaloes an' native cattle stark starin' mad -- an' they run an' run till they fall dead.

ROSE

(after a pause)
What are we going to do, Charlie?

ALLNUT

Now you're asking!

ROSE

Will they be like that wherever we tie up?

ALLNUT

Can't say.

ROSE

We can't just drift all night.

ALLNUT

If the river keeps straight an' deep an' slow, there ain't nothin' much can 'urt us -- I know! I'll let the

anchor out a ways. She'll stop us
before trouble gets too near.

He lets the anchor chain out, then sits on the bench. Rose
leans against him. He puts his arm around her.

ALLNUT

(after a long silence)

What a time, Rosie -- what a time!
We'll never lack for stories to tell
our grandchildren -- if we live to
'ave any.

The launch seems to be floating in space, solitary as any
one of the stars that are now beginning to shine and twinkle
overhead.

DISSOLVE:

EXT. DELTA -- DAWN

The river ends in a five-mile-wide pool, fringed all the way
round with reeds. These reeds extend as far as the eye can
see.

The boat comes down into the pool, nosing along the edge,
looking for an opening. Allnutt and Rose are talking as she
steers and he feeds the furnace.

ALLNUT

Look -- maybe that's a channel.
(it isn't)

No.

A herd of hippopotami suddenly surface and scatter. Plunging
through water, mud and reeds just ahead of the boat. Behind
them is left a faint indication of a channel.

ROSE

What about there?
(pointing)
That looks like a way through.

ANOTHER ANGLE

showing a very doubtful passage into the reed bed.

ALLNUT

Could be.
(worried)

I dunno.

(pause)

Once we get in, an' these 'ere reeds
close up be'ind our stern -- we'd
never get back, you know, Rosie.

ROSE

We can't stay going round and round

out here.

ALLNUT

If anything goes wrong a few 'undred feet in there, we're 'eld in a trap, you know -- till we starve or go orf our 'eads. I dunno!

(loudly. decisively)

All right. Put 'er over.

Rose swings the tiller and the boat charges at the little opening in the reeds.

FULL SHOT -- REEDS

looking from outside. We see the boat nose into the opening. In front of her the reeds part. Others are pressed under water. But as soon as her full length is inside, the reeds she has parted or submerged close together again, or rise slowly from under water. As they close, they form an increasingly solid barrier behind her wide stern. Very soon The African Queen is completely hidden from us except for the top of her tall funnel, which moves more and more slowly as she goes on into the reed bed.

EXT. REED BED

seen from a few feet above. A view of the endless miles of papyrus reed. At one place we see the top of the funnel of The African Queen.

EXT. -- THE LAUNCH

the engine choking and gasping, shaking the launch. CAMERA PANS DOWN TO:

CLOSE -- BOW OF LAUNCH

pushing ineffectually against the knotted roots of the reeds, which have piled up under it. There is almost no water -- just the tangled roots and an inch of liquid mud.

MEDIUM SHOT -- ALLNUTT

shutting off steam. The corners of his mouth tighten. He is badly frightened. He tries to keep the fear out of his voice as he tells Rose; but we can see that Rose is desperately scared too.

ALLNUT

It's the propeller, I think. It won't work in this mud.

Allnutt looks down over stern. He gets up.

ALLNUT

Where's the boat-'ook?

ANOTHER ANGLE

Allnutt finding boat hook and moving forward.

ALLNUT

Maybe we can pull 'er along.

MEDIUM SHOT -- BOWS OF LAUNCH

Allnutt reaching forward with boat hook, hooking it into strong clumps of reeds, pulling desperately. The clumps resist; it seems as if the boat is about to move. Then the clumps give way.

MEDIUM SHOT -- ROSE

amidships, watching Allnutt.

ROSE

Here! Wait a minute!

She finds a long pole or plank, chooses a good spot and begins to push. After a couple of ineffectual attempts, Allnutt hooks an especially strong clump at the same time as Rose finds a solid spot against which to push.

The boat heaves and shakes, and, with a final heart-breaking effort on the part of Rose and Allnutt, it moves forward a couple of feet.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

gasping for breath, hope flickering up again.

ALLNUT

Come on -- again!

As they resume their efforts, CAMERA DRAWS BACK, RISING TO

FULL SHOT -- REED BED

from twenty feet above. We see the funnel of the launch inching slowly and painfully through the reeds.

DISSOLVE TO:

FULL SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN

in the reeds. Rose and Allnutt are poling with their boat hooks. Even through the masks of mud they are wearing, we can see that they are both terribly haggard and exhausted.

ALLNUT

We've come along under steam, and we paddled an' pushed 'an' pulled the ole boat along with the 'ook. Wot we ain't done yet is get out an' carry 'er. I spose that'll come next.

ROSE

Hard to breathe! -- the air is so
wet and heavy.

ALLNUT

Can't 'ardly tell water from land --
or for that matter, day from night.

ROSE

The whole thing is like a fever dream,
isn't it?

ALLNUT

All the channels we've lost -- an'
the twistin' we've done -- we may
come back out where we started -- if
we come out at all.

ROSE

We've always followed the current,
dear -- what little there is.

ALLNUT

That don't mean nothin' -- with this
river. This river's crazy. Crazy as
I am!

ROSE

(gently)

Charlie.

(she touches him)

We must try to keep hold of ourselves.

ALLNUT

Sorry, old girl.

Allnutt starts pushing all the more energetically on his
pole.

ALLNUT

Best thing to put the roses back in
our cheeks is to get out o' these
reeds.

Allnutt's exertions carry them into the shallows. The boat
touches bottom. Not all of their strivings with the boathooks
serve to move it an inch further.

ALLNUT

(finally)

What I said a while back about 'avin'
to carry the boat was meant for a
joke -- but as it turns out, I wasn't
jokin'.

Taking the painter, he goes over the side and starts pulling
like a draft animal. Slowly, ever so slowly, the boat begins

to move, until at last she is floating again.

Rose helps him back in. Suddenly she gives a cry of horrified surprise.

ALLNUT
What's the matter?

Rose can only point. As he sees what it is, Allnutt's face contorts with panic and disgust. He makes a kind of growl of horrified surprise, across which:

DETAIL SHOT -- ALLNUTT'S ARM, CHEST OR BELLY

A couple of leeches hang to him, visibly swelling with his blood.

QUICK PULL AWAY TO TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT -- Over his line; we see 20 or 30 leeches on him.

ALLNUT
Augh, the little beggars --
(a cracking voice)
Pull 'em off me, Rosie -- no, the
heads stay -- poison yer blood.

ROSE
(sudden remembrance)
Salt!

She rushes to get their tin box of it.

EXTREME CLOSE UP -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT
eyes on what she is doing below SCREEN.

DETAIL -- DAMP SALT

applied to a leech. It flinches, elongates, bunches and swells, and drops off.

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

She dabs salt on the last two or three, while he stands like a partly calmed, still shocked horse.

ALLNUT
Anythin' I hate in this world it's
leeches -- filthy devils.

He stands trembling quietly, the triangular bites still bleed freely. Rose dabs tenderly at one of the sinister little wounds.

DISSOLVE:

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT -- AT BOWS (SHOOTING FORWARD FROM STERN)

They hook the boat with great effort slowly along. The hull grazes something. They work still harder. There is a rumbling SCRAPE. Then, also, a sludgy GRINDING.

With the grinding, Allnutt moans as if in his sleep and tries desperately to reverse direction.

ALLNUT
(gasping)
Back! 'Old 'er back --

ROSE
(imitating him)
Mud?

ALLNUT
Yes.

There is too much momentum for them.

ALLNUT
(reversing his dragging)
Let's try an' get 'er over it, then.
Give 'er all you got, Rosie.

They strain enough to half kill them; the sludgy grinding intensifies.

ALLNUT
(gasping)
Good girl -- we're still makin'
'eadway -- All you got now --

Abruptly the boat comes to a dead stop.

DISSOLVE:

VERTICAL SHOT -- THE MOTIONLESS GUNWALE AND MANGROVES
and the just perceptibly moving slime on the water between.

ROSE AND ALLNUTT

They sit by each other, she holding his forehead; he is in a dry nausea of exhaustion.

ROSE
There, there, dear. There, there.
There, dear.

Able to speak, ashamed, he tries to joke.

ALLNUT
Fine specimen of a man I am, ain't
I!

ROSE

You're the bravest man that ever
lived.

He is silent, slowly and rather inanely shaking his head;
she watches him.

ROSE
(like a very old wife
to a very old husband)
Lie down, dear. Rest. Both of us.

He keeps on shaking his head.

ROSE
You just overdo, that's all. You
must take care of yourself! You're
not one bit well.

ALLNUT
Well! We're both of us half dead.

ROSE
(ignoring this)
Besides, it's high time we had our
supper. It'll be dark before long.

ALLNUT
You 'ave some. I ain't up to it yet.

ROSE
Or a nice steaming cup of tea.

ALLNUT
You fix yourself some.

ROSE
Not just yet, thank you.
(she gets up, taking
his hand)
Come now.
(she helps him weakly
up)
Lie-down.

CAMERA STAYS WITH THEM, MOVING INTO VERTICAL TWO SHOT --

Rose helps Allnutt to the floor, and nurse-like, puts bunched
rags under his head.

ROSE
There now. All comfy?

He tries to smile.

ALLNUT
You rest, too.

ROSE

Indeed I will.

(she lies down beside
him and smiles at
him)

That's all we need, a good long rest,
and we'll be on our way in a jiffy.
You'll see.

ALLNUT

(managing a smile)

Sure.

She turns her back to him because she can't meet his eyes.
Both lie with eyes wide open, obsessed.

ROSE

(after a pause)

Try to sleep, dear.

ALLNUT

(pause)

Sure. You too.

ROSE

Of course.

She reaches a hand behind her and pets him. He clearly has,
and resists, an impulse to take her hand.

She withdraws her hand. A pause.

ALLNUT

Rosie.

ROSE

(pause; with quiet
dread)

Yes, Charlie.

ALLNUT

You want to know the truth, don't
you?

ROSE

(pause; very quietly)

I know it.

His eyes show deep pain.

ROSE

We're finished.

ALLNUT

That's right.

ROSE

Even if we had all our strength we'd
never be able to get her off this

mud.

ALLNUT

Not a chance in this world.

They are silent a while; everything is in their eyes. As suddenly and swiftly as her weakness allows, she turns to him; their faces are close.

CAMERA DROPS NEARER.

She looks into his quiet eyes; her own eyes are fiery, not with tears but with passionate, incredulous despair; speechless, trying to speak; a sort of palsy.

ROSE

So useless!

He puts a hand along her cheek. Slowly he realizes, and enhances for us, her only concern with dying.

ALLNUT

They don't come no better'n you.

They lie still, looking at each other.

Within about 15 seconds, their faces profoundly alter; by changes of makeup, every couple of seconds, the motionless faces become years older, and take on a kind of worn majesty; and gradually lose consciousness; by the end of the seconds, the eyes are closed. The CAMERA meanwhile very slowly withdraws upward. In the last we can clearly see of their faces, they are quite possibly dead. As CAMERA RISES, we see them at full length, as prostrated and flattened as grasses pressed in a book; then, their static boat and the crawling water; the CAMERA RISES among the overhanging mangrove branches which obscure and trap them; and, as it rises, the SCREEN slowly darkens.

The CAMERA STOPS RISING. The dead silence is broken by an infinitesimal SOUND OF RUSTLING. By eye and ear, after a few seconds, it becomes recognizable as the stillest, slenderest kind of rain, splintering downward, very gradually increasing in volume and in richness of SOUND as the darkness deepens, to an immense, peaceful, steady, flooding downpour. The darkness pales into full daylight and the downpour continues, and through it we can dimly see the boat and the prostrate bodies, and after perhaps ten seconds of the new daylight (after maybe fifteen of darkness), the rain begins to abate and the CAMERA BEGINS VERY SLOWLY TO DESCEND.

It gets down through the branches. The bodies are motionless; so is the boat; but the slime on the water, though still slow, moves with a distinct new kind of energy.

THE CAMERA STOPS DESCENDING. A couple of seconds later, the boat stirs, just perceptibly; motionless again; then stirs again, more distinctly.

At height of PULL UP OF CAMERA and darkening, a quiet rich CRUMPLING OF THUNDER. (Throughout this short sequence all sounds, even those recorded at full blast, are held way down on the track -- as if heard in a dream or in imagination.)

Across MUTTERING OF THUNDER --

CUT TO:

SHOT -- SKY AND MOUNTAINS

Low in foreground, a sharp watershed peak; all foliage is fiercely ruffled, showing pale undersides: beyond, a tremendous valley, a dim streak of river through it; beyond that, magnificent peaks: but most of the SCREEN is sky, in which (sped up by SLOW CAMERA) prodigious black and white clouds bloom, explode and wrestle. Over all, a solemn, ominous light. A moment of absolute stillness; then first huge drops of splattering rain; then SCREEN is blinded and deafened with simultaneous THUNDER AND LIGHTNING, over which CAMERA TILTS DOWNWARD along the line of enormous columns of rain which take over SCREEN.

SHOOTING UPSTREAM, to breadth of a swollen river, in heavy rain:

PAN DOWNSTREAM, past Mission clearing.

Possible CUT IN: Mission bungalow screen door flapping and banging in wind; or porch rocking chairs' ghostlike cradling:

PAN ON DOWNSTREAM flooding water.

LONG SHOT across roaring river on Shona, PANNING DOWNSTREAM; one tiny figure struggles miserably through mud:

Possible CUT IN: the drowned German flag, clinging disconsolately to its pole.

END PAN on water at mouth of rapids; bring up ROAR From high and to one side: where the rapids enter the Basin: (greatly augmented water NOISE.)

PULL CAMERA DOWN and to right to VERTICAL SHOT over the Rose-Allnutt waterfall, much more water than before, plunging into pool; bringing up SOUND sharp.

TILT CAMERA UP to right, to center on where rapids leave the pool; the whole pool, dark and calm on first trip, is now boiling white. TILT A LITTLE FURTHER and CUT OFF SHORT.

The rock behind which they sheltered for the welding; it is so over-whelmed with water it is no longer visible; there could be no anchorage here now. QUICK PAN DOWNSTREAM.

Where the river enters the pre-Delta broadening: the water is markedly slowed, but there is much more movement than

when we were here before; TILT UPWARD across a solid floor of calmer, rain-marked water, lighter rain and THUNDER, overcast; SOUND of calm, steady rain on miles of water; the reeds where Rose and Allnutt entered: lighter rain; its SOUND among reeds; the water is distinctly higher on the reeds and broken reeds distinctly move on it; LIFT towards mangroves past reeds.

Mangroves and shadow; and the infinitesimal splintery whisperings of light rain. TILT CAMERA DOWNWARD and resume the vertical SHOT on which we faded from Rose and Allnutt, and SLOWLY BRING THE CAMERA TOWARDS THEM, through and beyond mangrove tanglings, to MEDIUM CLOSE. The boat shines with wetness and they are drabbed with it. Nothing moves except the slime-flecked water and that moves slowly, but with a new kind of energy. Neither Rose nor Allnutt is conscious.

At MEDIUM CLOSE, halt CAMERA. A couple of seconds after it stops, there is a first, scarcely discernible shifting motion of the boat. They are still unconscious. Bring up the SMALL SOUNDS OF RUNNING WATER a little; another little shifting of the boat; a little more distinct. They are still unconscious.

ROSE -- IN EXTREME CLOSE UP

She looks as if she had cried herself dry, and she looks as if she might quite possibly be dead.

ALLNUTT -- EXTREME CLOSE UP

His face is crumpled and distorted against one elbow; in his face, too, there is the look of incredible sadness and defeat; and he, too, could be dead.

(In both faces, also the epitome of utter weariness and of rest after weariness.)

DETAIL SHOT -- Allnutt's emaciated hand, motionless, caressing her shoulder, and involved in her hair.

ANOTHER -- Her own hands, motionless; they are folded -- quite unconsciously -- in her automatic gesture of prayer.

TILT CAMERA UPWARDS from this -- past gunwale, we see by quiet motion of mangrove roots, that the whole boat is cradling gently in the rain.

FROM BENEATH BOAT -- DETAIL SHOT -- past bottom of hull, dim daylight opens just discernibly as boat lifts from muck.

PAST PROW -- ON MANGROVES

Prow is just perceptibly rising.

UNDERWATER SHOT -- BENEATH THE KEEL

a real, gaping light now, visible in motion of boat and of water and of muck-flakes in water.

PAST PROW -- ON MANGROVES

The prow really moves forward now.

ANOTHER SHOT -- PAST PROW (UNDERWATER)

A new obstruction looms; a thick, dark root; prow (and CAMERA) come right up against it but hit it slowly, a little to one side, and the whole boat, with a hollow SCRAPING, glances along past.

ACROSS THE GLANCING

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT -- BOAT (FROM DOWNSTREAM)

silently floating towards CAMERA in rustling rain, pointing slantwise, beginning to straighten.

ABOARD -- (PAST ROSE AND ALLNUTT)

who are still unconscious; athwart the boat; the quiet movement past the mangroves.

THE ENGINE -- (SHOOTING FORWARD FROM STERN)

The engine approaches a low and dangerous-looking branch; it just clears

BOAT -- (SHOOTING PAST PROW)

The boat nears a splitting of waterways. Both look bad, but one looks far worse; prow nudges a mangrove mass and for a few seconds everything is at stalemate; then stern begins to swing forward.

BOAT STERN

as it begins to swing forward. It looks as if everything would jam; and with soft bumpings and subdued underwater scrapings and near-misses above water too, the boat does a slow, somnambulistic broken-field crawl during which the light becomes stronger and the rain less, and its SOUND less.

TWO SHOT -- ALLNUTT AND ROSE

The strengthened lights and shadows move on their faces and their closed eyes. Rose registers nothing. Allnutt's face and his slow, weak, negative hands both convey that he is dreaming something and doesn't believe it. His face goes inert again. There are fewer shadows now, brighter light, and there is a deep quiet scraping SOUND which makes him open his eyes. Still unable to believe what he sees, he turns his face up toward CAMERA.

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE MOVING, THINNING OVERHEAD TANGLE OF

MANGROVES -- (FROM HIS VIEWPOINT)

and the sun-touched last of the rain.

ALLNUT
(o.s., softly; an
almost incapable
voice)
Rose. Rosie.

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

He is half-up, hands on her, trying to stroke and pat her awake.

ALLNUT
Darling. Dear.

He takes her head gently between his hands and turns her face up to him.

ALLNUT
Look at us, Rosie! My God just look!
We're movin', dear! We're movin'!

She opens her eyes and looks up. All she sees at first is Allnutt's face, close to her. She looks at it with devotion and with terrible sadness.

ROSE
We did our best, dear.

He grabs her quite roughly into his arms and kisses her several times, rapidly and without passion.

ALLNUT
(talking through this)
No, look, Rosie, just look at us!
We're movin', don't you see? Movin',
that's what!

And with this, as we catch her first realization and reaction, we leave the last of the mangroves and are among the reeds, gliding slowly yet freely; with a RUSTLING of reeds against the boat reminiscent of the rustling of the finished rain, and the late afternoon sunlight moving through the reeds as though they were harpstrings, and casting an almost rustling of slender light and shadow across their faces. Her face becomes quietly transcendent. She gets with great difficulty to her feet (she is very weak; so is he) and, reaching over the gunwale, begins grabbing reeds and with what strength she has, tries to help them along. As soon as he realizes, he gets up weakly, too, and hurries and gets the pole, crying:

ALLNUT
Easy, Rosie dear! You just rest, old
girl. Easy now.

Meanwhile, with what strength he has, he is poling.

Past them and past prow, we see light beyond the high reeds which steadily, slowly part for the prow and sweep past the flanks of the boat.

ANOTHER ANGLE -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

Both continue working; their incredulous eyes are fixed past the prow. Behind them, reeds partly close back, dark mangroves recede. Their eyes intensify.

PAST PROW -- FROM THEIR VIEWPOINT

The last few feet of the reeds part and the boat drifts free and clear onto a horizonless floor of golden light (or if in black and white, a kind of unearthly silver); a low group of wooded islands in the distance.

TWO SHOT -- MEDIUM CLOSE -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

as they still drift, a soft breeze on them, looking around.

He sits down, obviously because he feels too weak to stand. Rose, still standing, looks towards him, waiting his authority to believe what she already knows. They speak quietly, as if someone were asleep.

ROSE

It -- really is?

He reaches out his hand to her.

ALLNUTT

Come on -- sit down, old girl. Yer tremblin' like a leaf.

But she gets down quietly onto her knees and bows her head. He looks at her a few moments, then a little uneasily and shyly, gets down onto his knees. She begins to cry very deeply and silently; we don't see her face. Allnutt puts his arm around her, and she hides her face against him and cries, audibly now but quietly, taking his free hand in her own.

ALLNUTT

(very quietly)

There, there, Rosie. There, old girl. We're all right now, dear. There, there.

ROSE

It's like Heaven.

By Allnutt's face, it is better than that, but he knows what she means.

ROSE

(in a queer voice)

God let us live.

ALLNUT
Musta been 'Im, all right -- 'tweren't
nothin' in our power.

A pause.

ROSE
(quiet, charged voice)
It wasn't for our sakes, either.

ALLNUT
(pause; carefully)
'Ow you mean, Rosie?

ROSE
He brought us here to do His work.

She gets to her feet and walks past CAMERA towards bow.

ROSE -- (PAST BOW) as she comes up, Allnutt following. She is looking all around, and past her we see only empty water and empty sky. She begins to look impatient.

ALLNUT
(quietly)
Rosie, this lake's an 'undred miles
long; forty wide, at the biggest. It
might be days afore she comes our
way.

ROSE
Then start the fire. We'll go find
her.

ALLNUT
No, Rosie, we won't 'ave to go out
of our way. She'll come to us.

ROSE
Come to us?

ALLNUT
Patrolin' the lake. She's bound to
come by, don't you never worry. An'
when she does, we want to be well
'id.

ROSE
Hmmm. Perhaps you're right.

ALLNUT
Sure I am. So let's just cruise about
a bit till we find a good 'idin'
place, an' then we'll lay in wait
fer 'er. Right?

ROSE

Right.

They go back towards engine.

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT as, Rose watching almost with reverence, Allnutt strikes a match and touches it to the carefully prepared wood.

THEY WATCH:

THE CURLING SMOKE -- (FROM THEIR VIEWPOINT) and catching flame and the SOUNDS -- an image almost of resurrection.

ROSE AND ALLNUTT -- (FROM FIRE'S ANGLE) their faces revitalizing, as light of flame works on them over increasing SOUND of fire; he gently shuts the furnace door, and adjusts the draft; the fire begins a really happy ROARING. Allnutt looks up and around across the water, clearly figuring where they might cruise around.

ALLNUTT

(murmuring)

Let's -- see. We might, uh --

His eyes sharpen into great intentness on something very distant.

All of a sudden he picks up a bailing pail, dips it full, and douses the fire.

TWO SHOT -- ROSE (PAST ALLNUTT) Rose looks at him amazed. He gestures silently with a jerk of his head. She walks towards CAMERA and looks.

LONG SHOT -- THE LAKE Almost invisibly small on the horizon, a small black smudge, a gleaming white speck, which sharpens like a fresh star as we look.

ALLNUTT'S VOICE

(o.s.)

That's The Louisa.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT He gets up on the gunwale.

ALLNUTT

Yes, that's The Louisa all right.

ROSE

Which way are they going?

ALLNUTT

They're comin' this way.

ROSE

(forcing herself to
be calm)

They mustn't see us here. Can we get

far enough among the reeds for them
not to see us?

ALLNUTT
Got to work fast.

Pulling and tugging with the boat hooks, they swing the launch
around and head her into the reeds.

ROSE
We'll have to cut some down. How
deep is the mud?

Knife in hand, Allnutt goes over the bows among the reeds.

WIDER SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT as he goes over the bows. He
sinks in the mud until the surface of the water is up to his
armpits. Floundering about, he cuts every reed within reach.
Then, pulling on the bow painter, he is able to work the
launch up into the cleared space.

ROSE
There's still a bit of her sticking
out.

She throws a desperate glance towards The Louisa, which is
making good time, and is less than half the former distance
away.

Allnutt splashes back among the reeds and goes on cutting
and hauling. Rose helps him to get back on board. He is in a
state of near collapse from his exertions. He lies on the
deck panting while Rose cranes her neck over the reeds.

LONG SHOT -- THE LOUISA

ROSE
(o.s.)
She's coming right toward us, Charlie!

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT Groaning, Allnutt staggers to
his knees, then to his feet. Together they watch the approach
of The Louisa.

LONG SHOT -- THE LOUISA white, spotless, beautiful. At her
stern floats the flag of the Imperial German Navy. On her
foredeck, we can pick out the six-pound gun which gives the
Germans command of the lake. We can see the figures of sailors
moving about on the deck.

Over the SOUND of her engines comes a smartly given order,
following which The Louisa alters her course by a point or
two.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT Allnutt groans again, this
time from relief.

ROSE

They're going a different way now.

ALLNUT

I thought they'd seen us.

LONG SHOT -- THE LOUISA heading toward some little islands in the middle of the lake.

ROSE AND ALLNUTT -- AS BEFORE

ALLNUT

They're makin' for them islands to anchor for the night. They'll go on in the mornin'. But don't you worry. They'll come 'ere again. You just see if they don't. You know 'ow Germans are; they lays down systems an' they sticks to 'em. Mondays they're at one place. Tuesdays somewheres else. Wednesdays p'raps they're 'ere. Same ole round, week after week. You know.

LONG SHOT -- THE LOUISA as the SOUND of her engines ceases.

ALLNUTT'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Look! Wot did I tell ya! She's droppin' 'er anchor.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

ROSE

(nods)

How long will it take to get the torpedoes ready?

ALLNUT

I can get the stuff into the tubes in no time, as you might say. Don't know 'bout the detonators. Gotta make them up, you see -- devise something. Then we got to cut 'oles in the bows. Might 'ave it all done in three days. Depends on them detonators.

Rose receives this information in silence. Her eyes remain on The Louisa, now lying at anchor.

ALLNUT

Rosie, old girl -- Rosie --

ROSE

(a faraway note in her voice)

Yes, dear.

ALLNUT

I know wot you're thinkin' 'bout doin'.

(he takes her hand
and presses it)

You're thinkin' 'bout takin' The African Queen out at night next time The Louisa comes 'ere, ain't you, old girl?

(Rose nods)

We ought to manage it.

DISSOLVE TO:

PAN SHOT -- ALLNUTT'S HAND as it takes one of the packages out of the box and carries it to one of the cylinders and places it inside. A wrench and the cylinder head are in view lying on the deck.

Allnutt's face comes into the SCREEN. He puts more packages into the cylinder.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Allnutt and Rose in TWO SHOT. Leaning over the side, Rose brings up handfuls of mud from the bottom and dumps it on the deck. Allnutt carries the sticky stuff to the cylinder and drops it in.

DISSOLVE TO:

INSERT: A DISC OF WOOD IN ALLNUTT'S HAND. Three holes have been punched through it. Allnutt's fingers fit cartridges into them. Then a second disc of the same diameter is placed over the first. The second disc has three nails in it. It is turned so that a nail point rests on the percussion cap of each cartridge.

ALLNUTT'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Ought to work all right.

He begins to screw the pair of discs together. CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing Rose and Allnutt intent upon his handiwork.

ALLNUT

Can't put them into the cylinders yet. They're a bit tricky. We can put 'em in when we're all ready to start.

ROSE

It will be dark then, of course. Will you be able to do it in the dark?

ALLNUT

Case of have to...
(he puts the detonators
away in the locker)

Better get the cylinders into place
now.

With Rose's help he drags and pushes one of the cylinders
forward.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT -- THE BOW The cylinders in position, projecting
like cannon through two holes on either side of the stem
just above the waterline. o.s., the SOUND of hammering.

The CAMERA RAISES and DOLLIES FORWARD TO: CLOSE SHOT --
ALLNUTT -- SHOOTING at him over Rose's shoulder. He is nailing
the cylinders solidly into position with battens torn from
provision cases. Finally, the work done to his satisfaction,
he tosses the hammer aside.

ALLNUT

Well, old girl -- I done it all now.
Everything. We're all ready.

It is a solemn moment. He shakes his head.

ALLNUT

(reminiscently)

You know I been thinkin'. There ain't
no need for us both to -- to do it.
Now I've 'ad time to study it, I can
plainly see it's a one-man job.

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

ROSE

You couldn't be more right, Charlie
dear.

ALLNUT

Glad you agree, Rosie. When the time
comes I'll put you ashore on the
south side of the lake and you wait
for me while I attend to The Louisa...

ROSE

(interrupting)

Certainly not! You're the one to be
put ashore.

ALLNUT

Me...?

ROSE

Of course, you. This whole thing was
my idea, wasn't it?... I'm the logical
one to carry it out.

ALLNUT

Why, Rose! I'm surprised! You're a

very sensible woman as a rule. Now we won't 'ave no more talk along those lines.

ROSE

I can manage this launch every bit as well as you, Charlie Allnutt, and you know it!

ALLNUT

Rosie, you're cracked!

ROSE

Didn't I steer going down the rapids?

ALLNUT

Oh, you steered well enough. But you don't know nothin' about the engine. Spose she broke down on you out there in the middle of the lake? Where would you be? But me, I'd leave the tiller and go and do a thing or two to the engine -- you know, spit on 'er or kick 'er in the belly -- an' she'd go right to work again. She knows 'oo 'er boss is, you bet, that ole engine does.

ROSE

(defeated)

All right, Charlie. I guess you have to be there.

ALLNUT

Well, now, that's more like it. I'll dive off a second or two before the crash and swim over to where you'll be waitin' on the north shore.

ROSE

Charlie...

ALLNUT

Yes.

ROSE

No need of our pretending.

ALLNUT

I don't know wot you're talkin' about.

ROSE

Oh, yes you do. There's got to be a hand on that tiller right up to the last.

Allnutt would like to protest; he opens his mouth to do so, but no words issue. He falls into a stricken silence.

ROSE
(continuing)
Don't you understand, dear? I wouldn't
care about going on to Nairobi --
without you.

Having no words, Allnutt can only nod.

ROSE
(continuing)
We'll do it together. It will be you
at the engine and me at the tiller,
as it has been from the start.

ALLNUT
(in a choked voice)
Right.

ROSE
When you come to think of it, we're
a very lucky couple, really.

ALLNUT
Aren't we just.

ROSE
Charlie.

ALLNUT
Yes, dear.

ROSE
Let's make The African Queen as clean
as we can. Let's scrub her decks and
polish her brass.

ALLNUT
(in quick agreement)
I've got a can o' paint for 'er mast.
She ought to look 'er best. 'Er very
best. Representin' as she does the
Royal Navy.

MEDIUM SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN Quite a transformation has
taken place in her appearance. Her decks are clean, her brass
polished. Rose is engaged in painting her stumpy mast. Her
old boiler shines like a mirror. In fact, Allnutt is using
it as such while he shaves.

ALLNUT
(between strokes of
the razor)
I wish I 'ad somethin' clean to put
on. It don't seem right for the ship's
captain to be without pants.

ROSE

Charlie...

ALLNUT
Yes, dear.

ROSE
I have a pair you can wear.

ALLNUT
You mean a pair o' yours?

ROSE
What's the difference?

ALLNUT
Well, you're the one'll have to look
at me.

She gives them to him. Getting into them, Allnutt begins to laugh. When he reveals himself to Rose, it is with obvious embarrassment. He assumes a position rather like September Morn's.

ROSE
Here. Put this on, too.
(she displays one of
her singlets)

ALLNUT
Ain't that goin' a bit too far?

ROSE
Don't be silly!

He takes it and puts it on. He looks intently at Rose, expecting ridicule. Her eyes are not on him; they are on the horizon.

LONG SHOT -- A PUFF OF SMOKE AND A WHITE DOT The Louisa.

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT as she stares at the horizon. His eyes follow hers.

LONG SHOT -- THE LOUISA

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT -- A CYLINDER -- (NIGHT) as Allnutt's hands finish fitting a detonator into its fore-end, tapping around its edges with a hammer. He is in the water. CAMERA PANS with him around the bow to the other cylinder. Rose passes down the second detonator. Allnutt puts it into place and pulls himself up over the side. He goes to the boiler which casts a red glow on the surrounding deck, and inspects the gauge. Steam is up. He looks across the waters of the lake toward the little group of islands.

LONG SHOT -- THE LOUISA A bundle of faint lights in the

distance.

TWO SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT as a sudden gust of wind strikes the surrounding reeds, causing them to bend and toss. Allnutt takes Rose in his arms. Clinging to one another, they kiss; try to speak; fail -- then separate.

ALLNUT

Blowing up a bit. We better get started. All right?

ROSE

All right.

He unfastens the side painter, then takes the boat hook and thrusts it against a clump of reeds. The African Queen moves slowly out into the fairway. Allnutt lays the boat hook down, feels for the throttle valve and opens it. The propeller begins its beat and the engine its muffled clanking.

FULL SHOT -- THE AFRICAN QUEEN coming out of the reeds into the lake.

TWO SHOT -- ALLNUTT AND ROSE Allnutt is staring at the bows, scowling.

ROSE

(observes his expression with anxiety)

Is something the matter, dear?

ALLNUT

'Er bows are ridin' awful low for this kind o' water. Them 'eavy cylinders are what's doin' it.

A wave splashes over the bows into the boat, so that her decks swim in water.

ALLNUT

Got to get 'er nose way up 'igh or we'll be in trouble.

He begins shifting ballast into the stern of the boat, which is swaying and staggering about in haphazard fashion.

ROSE

We've been through worse.

ALLNUT

Rivers is one thing -- open water another. She ain't built for it. Not when it's rough.

He goes to the engine, begins to tinker with it for a moment.

CLOSE UP -- ROSE

steering. She is calm, resolute. Allnutt comes back into SHOT. His brows are working.

ALLNUT

Rosie.

ROSE

Yes, Charlie.

ALLNUT

This 'ere storm is messing things up a bit. 'Er bows 'ave got to ride 'igh or we'll be swamped before we get 'alf way to The Louisa. On the other 'and, they've got to be low when we 'it 'er, so' the explosion will be down at 'er waterline.

ROSE

Can anything be done?

ALLNUT

(nodding)

Just before we 'it, I'll bring the ballast back forrard.

ROSE

Goodbye, darling.

ALLNUT

Goodbye, sweetheart darling...

A wave breaks over the side, drenching them both.

ALLNUT

Blimey!

FULL SHOT -- THE BOAT

It rolls extravagantly as a wind of incredible speed whips down on the lake and rouses the shallow waters to maniacal fury. A series of waves come crashing against the flat sides. Then suddenly the darkness is torn away by a dazzling flash of lightning which reveals the wild waters around them. Thunder follows with a loud BANG like a thousand cannon fired at once. Then comes the rain pouring down through the blackness in solid rivers.

The wind abates momentarily, but the surface of the lake still heaves. The boat begins to pound, raising her bows high out of the water and bringing them down again with a shattering CRASH.

Allnutt seizes a pail and begins to bail furiously, but to no purpose.

Now the wind strikes from a new quarter, laying its grip on

the torn surface of the lake and building it up into mountains.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE

numbed and stupefied, but struggling to maintain her hold on the tiller. Suddenly Allnutt is at her side, putting her arm through a life buoy. They totter and sway for a long moment, then the stern of the launch is engulfed by a heavy wave, and they are up to their waists in water. The African Queen is swamped. Very slowly she capsizes. In the distance we see the lights of The Louisa, safe at anchor.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN -- THE LOUISA

The CAPTAIN and FOUR of the SHIP'S OFFICERS constitute the court in a proceeding against a small man dressed in woman's bloomers and a ragged singlet. The latter stands, chin on his chest, gazing dully at the carpet.

The CAPTAIN is President of the court, of course. He is a corpulent man with whiskers, groomed in imitation of von Triplitz. Behind him on the wall is a portrait in oils of the Kaiser. He keeps his eyes closed throughout the proceedings.

To the Captain's right, stands the ship's FIRST OFFICER, who is acting as prosecutor. He is clean-shaven, dark, with pale blue eyes; his manner is rigidly correct. To the Captain's left, sits the ship's SECOND OFFICER, who is serving as defense counsel. He is a sleepy, stupid looking man with a big scar on his cheek. All three members of the court are in snowy ducks with gold buttons, white gloves and decorations.

1ST OFFICER
(in broken English)
What is your nationality?

Allnutt does nothing to indicate he hears the question.

1ST OFFICER
French?... Belgian?... English?

ALLNUT
(thickly)
English.

1ST OFFICER
Your name?

ALLNUT
Charles Allnutt.

1ST OFFICER

What were you doing on the island?
(Allnutt remains
sullenly silent)

The punishment for not answering the court is hanging.

ALLNUT
All right. 'Ang me. 'Oo cares?

1ST OFFICER
What were you doing on the island?

ALLNUT
Nothing.

1ST OFFICER
How did you get there?

ALLNUT
Swam.

1ST OFFICER
Do you know that you are in an area
prohibited to all but members of the
forces of His Imperial Majesty, Kaiser
Wilhelm II?

ALLNUT
'Oo cares?

1ST OFFICER
What is your rank.

ALLNUT
'Ow's that?

1ST OFFICER
You are a soldier, are you not?

ALLNUT
(disgustedly)
Naaa!

1ST OFFICER
What are you then?

ALLNUT
I ain't nothin'.

1ST OFFICER
(in German)
The prisoner is obviously here to
spy on the movements of the Königin
Luise.

The Captain, without opening his eyes, turns to the Second Officer; nods to him to proceed. The latter is completely at a loss. He rises, stammers a few words in German.

2ND OFFICER
(in German)
No proof of criminal intent --

He stops, tongue-tied; then throws up his hands in a final gesture, sits heavily and starts wiping his face with a handkerchief.

CAPTAIN
(to Allnutt in English)
What were you doing here, if you were not spying?
(Allnutt doesn't answer)
The Court sentences you to death by hanging.
(then in German to the others)
Not from the yard arm, but when we reach port.

At this moment, there is a bustle outside the tiny crowded cabin. Then the door opens and a colored Petty Officer comes in and salutes them.

PETTY OFFICER
(in Swahili)
We are about to pick up another one.
A woman.

The Captain rises and goes to the door.

LONG SHOT -- ROSE

FROM HIS VIEWPOINT

She is sitting on one of the small barren islands, a little way up from the beach; the dinghy manned by native oarsmen with a white officer, is already half way there.

CAPTAIN' VOICE
(o.s.)
She looks like she's white.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN -- AS BEFORE

CAPTAIN
(to Allnutt in English)
Was there a woman with you?

Allnutt drops his mask of sullen stupidity and turns quickly to the door, but the Captain's bulk is blocking his view. He tries to push him aside. The First Officer hits Allnutt a hard blow across the face. Allnutt runs to a porthole and looks out in time to see:

LONG SHOT -- ROSE FROM HIS POINT OF VIEW

She is struggling with the WHITE OFFICER who is trying to make her enter the boat.

CLOSE UP -- ALLNUTT

frantic with excitement.

ALLNUT
(calls, shouting)
Rosie! Rosie!

LONG SHOT -- ROSE

SHE STOPS STRUGGLING,

ROSE
(calling back)
Charlie!

INT. CABIN -- AS BEFORE

The First Officer, who seems to enjoy hitting Allnutt, now delivers a second blow, this time knocking him down. He remains standing over Allnutt while the Captain and Second Officer resume their seats.

CAPTAIN
(to Allnutt)
Who is that woman?

ALLNUT
(rising unsteadily)
I don't know.

CAPTAIN
But you just called her by name.

ALLNUT
I thought it was somebody else.

CAPTAIN
(in German)
Maybe I'll change my mind and hang
you from the yard arm after all.

o.s., the SOUND of approaching steps; then Rose, followed by the WHITE OFFICER, enters the cabin. She stands staring at Allnutt for a long time.

ROSE
Charlie dear!

ALLNUT
'Ello, Rosie.

CAPTAIN
Aha! You do know her!

ALLNUT

I calls all the girls Rosie.

The WHITE OFFICER swings into view a life buoy on which is printed "The African Queen".

WHITE OFFICER

(in German)

She had this with her.

CAPTAIN

(to Rose, in English)

Who are you?

ROSE

Miss Rose Sayer.

CAPTAIN

English?

ROSE

Of course.

CAPTAIN

What are you doing on the lake?

ALLNUT

I ain't told 'im nothin', Rosie.

1ST OFFICER

Silence!

CAPTAIN

Answer the question!

ROSE

We were boating.

CAPTAIN

Last night? In such weather?

ROSE

We were not responsible for the weather.

CAPTAIN

And why were you boating?

ROSE

That is our affair.

1ST OFFICER

As your fellow-prisoner has already learned, the penalty for not answering the court is death.

ROSE

(slow take)

You mean he --

She gets it. She goes swiftly close to Allnutt.

ROSE
Charlie! Are they telling me...

CAPTAIN
(in German)
Order!

The First Officer lays a restraining hand on her shoulder.

ROSE
(wheeling in fury and
slapping him hard
across the face)
Stop that!

He goes cold and smiles yellow.

ROSE
Are they, Charlie? The truth?

Allnutt looks back at her; his chin begins to tremble; with heroic effort he masters it. He nods.

CAPTAIN
Fraulein Sayer, you will come to
order and answer the questions of
this court.

Rose wheels and faces him; she is all cold fire.

ROSE
Ask your questions.

CAPTAIN
What were you doing on the lake?

ROSE
We came here to sink this ship, and --

ALLNUT
(in a loud voice)
Rosie!

ROSE
-- and we would have, too, except
for --

ALLNUT
Rosie!

ROSE
Let's at least have the fun of telling
them about it, Charlie.

ALLNUT

Don't you believe her, yer Honor.
She's touched with the fever.

ROSE

(impatient)

Oh stop it, Charlie, we've been
through all this.

(primly)

I'm not going to outlive you and
that's all there is to it.

CAPTAIN

(a bit amused and
skeptical)

Just how, Fraulein, did you propose
to sink -- the Königin Luise?

ROSE

We were going to ram you.

CAPTAIN

With how large a vessel?

ROSE

With torpedoes.

CAPTAIN AND 1ST OFFICER

(look at each other;
in unison)

Torpedoes!

2ND OFFICER

Torpedoes?

CAPTAIN AND 1ST OFFICER

(in unison; tossing
bones to a dog; in
German)

Torpedoes.

2ND OFFICER

(gaping)

Nein!

(foolish enough to
believe Rose and
Allnutt, he looks at
them with awe)

1ST OFFICER

(interpreting, smooth
and sardonic)

I think it is safe to assume, Miss
Sayer, that the British Admiralty
did not entrust you and this --
gentleman -- with the torpedoes.
Will you be so good as to tell us
precisely where and how you acquired

them?

ROSE

Acquired? Mr. Allnutt made them.

First Officer and Captain exchange a significant glance: she is obviously nuts. (All through this, the Second Officer, who no spik English, is like a puzzled observer at a tennis match.)

1ST OFFICER

(a little like a warden
in a loony house)

How very interesting.

ROSE

I don't think you even believe me.

Tell him how you did it, Charlie.

(Over Allnutt's lines,
the officers exchange
glances which mean:
"He's loony, too".)

ALLNUT

(100% the engineer)

Well -- wot I did was take the 'eads
off two cylinders of oxygen an' fill
'em up with 'igh explosive -- 'bout
two 'undred weight. That was easy
enough -- it was the detonators took
some hingenooity. Know wot I used?
Cartridges, an' nails, in blocks o'
soft wood. A pretty job. Then I
mounted the cylinders so they stuck
through the bows of The African Queen,
near the water line, so when we ramm'd
you --

CAPTAIN

(half believing what
he can't believe)

Where is The African Queen?

ROSE

She sank in the storm.

CAPTAIN

How did you get onto the lake?

ROSE

We came down the Ulanga -- the Bora,
you call it down here.

All three officers look at each other -- even the Second Officer catches this -- and back at Rose.

CAPTAIN

(in English)

1ST OFFICER
(in English)

2ND OFFICER
(in German)
(together)
But that is impossible!

ROSE
Nevertheless!

CAPTAIN
Everybody knows the river is
unnavigable.

ROSE
(proudly)
We came down it, though -- didn't
we, Charlie? -- on The African Queen.

CLOSE SHOT -- THE DERELICT AFRICAN QUEEN

floating keel up. She is under water except for the two
cylinders which stick up like the antennae of a snail.

CAMERA DOES LONG PULL BACK, to show The Louisa approaching.

EXT. DECK -- THE LOUISA

MEDIUM SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

as they come out of the cabin surrounded by the ship's
officers. The company stops near the main mast where a crew
member has finished making a hangman's noose of one rope and
is now tying a knot in another.

1ST OFFICER
(to Captain)
The man first.

ROSE
Please -- hang us together.

CAPTAIN
Very well.

He nods to the First Officer to proceed with the execution.
Allnut and Rose exchange a look of satisfaction.

ALLNUTT
Rosie, I ain't gonna say goodbye
again. It's gettin' to be an old
story.

ROSE
Darling!

The next moment, the deck heaves upward. There is a rush of air and a frightful ROAR. Smoke and flying debris fill the SCREEN.

MEDIUM LONG SHOT -- THE WATER

where those who were on deck are now struggling. There is something ludicrous about the Germans in their ducks with the gold buttons and decorations trying to keep above water.

CLOSE SHOT -- ROSE AND ALLNUTT

ALLNUTT

Wot 'appened?

ROSE

We did it, Charlie, we did it!

ALLNUTT

But 'ow?

Rose points to a piece of wreckage floating on the water in the near distance.

ALLNUTT

Well I'll be... Are you all right, Rosie?

ROSE

Never better. And you, dear?

ALLNUTT

Bit of all right.

ROSE

I'm all turned round, Charlie. Which way is the south shore?

ALLNUTT

The one we're swimming towards, old girl.

CAMERA MOVES TOWARD the piece of wreckage, losing Rose and Allnutt, into CLOSE SHOT showing the printed words "African Queen" on the wreckage. When the name fills the SCREEN --

FADE OUT:

THE END