

"THE SAND PEBBLES" Script 1966

FADE IN

1 LONG SHOT OF 1925 BATTLESHIP OR CRUISER OFF CHINA COAST

Superimpose

CHINA 1926

RAVAGED FROM WITHIN BY CORRUPT RIVAL WARLORDS...  
OPPRESSED FROM WITHOUT BY THE ENSLAVING TREATIES  
FORCED UPON HER BY THE GREAT POWERS WHO HAVE BEATEN  
CHINA TO HER KNEES IN 1841, WHEN SHE HAD TRIED TO  
CLOSE HER DOORS FOREVER TO THE "FOREIGN DEVILS"...

A COUNTRY IN CHAOS, WANTING TO BECOME A NATION...  
THROUGH REVOLUTION

2 VIEW FROM ABOVE DECK - DAY

Bugle sounding formation for inspection. Men in whites  
hurrying out of hatches and scattering around the deck  
to form up. All very trim and brisk as orders are  
barked by Division Officers.

3 COMPARTMENT - DAY

Holman, a wry, well-built man of about 26. Just now,  
his face stiff, he is packing his sea bag, neatly and  
carefully. He glances up contemptuously at the military  
sounds coming from above: Bugles, barked commands --  
"Engineering division, fall in! -- "Dress right, dress right!"  
-- "Ready, front!" -- "Prepare for inspection!" Holman  
finishes packing his bag.

4 ON DECK

Bugle... Bos'un's Mate...whistle...

BOS'UN'S MATE

Secure from inspection!

The men break ranks.

5 BELOW DECKS - DAY

Holman, now fully dressed and carrying his sea bag over  
his shoulder, proceeds up ladders, against the stream  
of sailors coming down from formation. His expression  
is set. He doesn't look at them, and they pay no  
personal attention to him.

6 QUARTER-DECK - DAY

Holman salutes the OOD.

HOLMAN

Holman, Machinist Mate first class. (flatly)  
Transferring.

The OOD senses an undercurrent of hostility in Holman, chooses to ignore it. He takes the manila envelope containing Holman's orders, opens it, starts making entries in the log.

OOD

The San Pablo. What's that?

HOLMAN

Gunboat. Yangtse River Patrol.

OOD

Gonna be a river rat, huh?

Holman barely nods.

OOD

You know where to find her?

HOLMAN

Central China. I take a --(fishes for the word)--  
civilian steamer upriver.

The OOD hands the orders back to Holman.

OOD

You ask for this duty?

HOLMAN

I asked for it.

OOD

There's no liberty in Shanghai, so report for further transportation at once. (drily) Good luck, sailor.

Holman shoulders his sea bag, stops for a moment at the top of the gangway, salutes the OOD and the flag. The OOD returns both salutes, walks to the gangway and watches Holman go down.

DISSOLVE TO:

[2]

7 EXT. SHANGHAI HARBOR - FULL SHOT - DAY

Sampan are anchored side by side along the bund. A heavy traffic of pedestrians and rickshas moves past the godowns that line the waterfront. Peddlers hawk their wares, their voices high and shrill.

BOAT LANDING - DAY

Holman's boat is pulling in alongside the landing, Holman poised to throw his bag on the dock and jump. At the same time, a launch from one of the tourist ships is pulling across the landing.

HOLMAN'S PART OF THE LANDING - DAY

Holman throws his sea bag up and jumps to the landing. The boat hardly pauses. He waves to the departing coxswain in bare thanks. Tourists, civilians are disembarking from the launch. We see for the first time, SHIRLEY ECKERT and MR. JAMESON. Holman, standing apart, attracts attention. Shirley looks at him, and he looks at her, but with no significance. A SHORE PATROL petty officer comes up to Holman.

CPO

You got orders?

HOLMAN (indicating the envelope )

Yeah.

CPO

Check in on the double and keep off the streets. There's no liberty.

Holman nods, shoulders his bag and moves down the dock.

DISSOLVE TO:

10 OUT

A-10 EXT. SHANGHAI STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

A ricksha pulls to a stop in front of the Crow's Nest bar. Holman, a little drunk, climbs out, pays the coolie, heads for the door.

11 INT. THE CROW'S NEST - LATE AFTERNOON

This is a sailor's dive, run by an ex-sailor named BAXTER. A long bar, some tables, a stairway to a second floor.

Cont.

[3]

Cont.

At the moment it is deserted except for Baxter and a Chinese barboy, three girls at a table, and Baxter's Chinese "family," consisting of a Chinese woman and several youngsters. Holman comes in, goes to the bar, looks around expectantly.

HOLMAN

Where's Mitch?

BAXTER

He died a couple of months ago.

HOLMAN

What happened?

BAXTER

Just didn't wake up one morning.

HOLMAN

'At's too bad.

He looks over at the three girls.

BAXTER

I was a shipmate of his. Name's Baxter. Ex-Chief Signalman.  
I took over.

Holman looks down at the Chinese woman and youngsters.

HOLMAN

Everything?

BAXTER

Everything.

He smiles and shrugs,

HOLMAN (to barboy)

A U.B.

(to Baxter) He was all right.

BAXTER (nodding)

They start liberty again?

HOLMAN

No. I'm moving to a new ship. San Pablo.

The barboy places a bottle of beer in front of Holman,  
who takes a swig of it.

Cont.

[4]

Cont. 1

BAXTER

You can have my part of that. Them gunboats are nothing.

HOLMAN

They got engines on 'em?

BAXTER (blinking)

Sure.

HOLMAN

Then they ain't nothin'.

He looks again at the three girls.

HOLMAN

Still rent rooms here?

BAXTER (smiling)

I see you know the place. Yeah.

Holman signals to one of the girls, pantomiming his choice. She comes over, smiling. Baxter produces a bottle of whisky, indicates Holman's beer.

BAXTER

How about something to go with that? On me.

Holman nods, puts his arm around the girl's waist.

HOLMAN

You likee me?

GIRL (nodding vigorously)

Oh, much likee all salah man!

Holman looks at Baxter. His tone is agreeably self-mocking.

HOLMAN

The uniform gets 'em everytime.

Cont.

[5]

11 Cont. 2

Baxter has been pouring a shot of whisky. He pushes it toward Holman.

BAXTER

How long you been in China?

HOLMAN

Seven years.

BAXTER

You're hooked. You ain't fit for the States no more.

HOLMAN

I never was.

He downs the shot of whisky, cocks a wicked eyebrow at the girl. She giggles.

DISSOLVE TO:

12-13 OUT

14 EXT. PASSENGER STEAMER - DUSK

It is moving up the broad Yangtse River.

15 INT. PASSAGEWAY LEADING TO DINING SALON - DUSK

All very polished, brightwork. Holman is awkward, ill at ease in such surroundings. He pauses in the doorway to the salon, looks in.

16 INT. DINING SALON - NIGHT

Several tables, but only one is occupied. An air of elegance. Chinese waiting on table with impeccable manners. At the table are Jameson, Shirley, OUTSCOUT, a florid, middle-aged Englishman, and HAMILTON, a benevolent, 75-year-old American. The conversation is going on in loud tones which Holman can hear as the Chinese steward, in long gown, comes to Holman to usher him to the empty place at table, across from Shirley and next to Hamilton. Holman is reluctant, but during the following goes with the steward,

OUTSCOUT (during above)

You may hate the gunboats and what they represent all you want, Jameson. But you missionaries are tolerated because we have the gunboats.

Cont.

[6]

16 Cont.

Jameson, a man of about; 60. Strong, thoughtful, not a caricature of a soul-saving missionary.

JAMESON

I question that.

OUTSCOUT

The Chinese would run you out otherwise. They hate and despise you. Dare you know that?

JAMESON

I dare love them in return. I dare trust God rather than guns.

Holman approaches the table. Shirley recognizes him from the landing and smiles. This embarrasses Holman, but he sits as the steward holds the chair. During the following there is an undercurrent of glances between Shirley and Holman.

OUTSCOUT (not stopping for Holman)

But when there are anti-foreign riots, and mobs, how often have you fled to the gunboats for protection?

JAMESON

To my shame, twice. But never again.

Hamilton holds out his hand to Holman. He has been drinking wine and his manner is amiably expansive.

HAMILTON

My name's Hamilton.

HOLMAN

Holman.

He shakes hands reluctantly.

HAMILTON



This is Miss Eckert and Mr. Jameson. As you may have gathered, Mr. Jameson is a missionary. Miss Eckert, too -- (going on before Shirley can correct him) And this is Mr. Outscout. British. Where are you headed?

Cont.

[7]

16 Cont.1

Holman awkwardly helps himself to food that is being offered.

HOLMAN

The San Pablo — a gunboat.

HAMILTON (good naturedly)

If I were you, I'd jump overboard now while I still had the chance. Do you know anything about her?

HOLMAN

No.

He starts to eat.

OUTSCOUT

American gunboats in Central China are a painful local joke, Mr. Holman. And the most painful is San Pablo.

HOLMAN (his mouth full)

Yeah?

OUTSCOUT

I think it's something you chaps inherited from Spain after the Spanish-American War.

HOLMAN

I missed that one.

OUTSCOUT

They don't even let her on the Yangtse proper. Keep her up in

some small river. You must know her, Jameson. She operates up near Changsha.

Shirley has been trying to effect some relationship with Holman, the only one of her own age. She tries a smile during above, but he lowers his head, scoops into his food again.

JAMESON (bitterly)

Yes. We know her.

OUTSCOUT (to Holman)

Mr. Jameson dislikes gunboats.

Cont.

[8]

16 Cont.2

JAMESON

Whatever flag they fly — English, French, American — they are a symbol of what the great powers have done to this nation.

OUTSCOUT

Nation! Don't be ridiculous. It's a crazy quilt of bandits, warlords, mobs, rape, plunder and chaos.

JAMESON

China will be unable to put her house in order until you put away your enslaving unequal treaties. Foreigners put in charge of her taxes, customs, postal system. Foreigners enjoying immunity from her laws.

(to Shirley)

Would we tolerate a -- Frenchman who committed a crime in America, not to be tried in our courts?

OUTSCOUT

Do you know Chinese justice? Tortured confessions? Corruption? Have you seen the executioner of the warlords walk through the streets?

(mimicking)

"You."

(he cuts off a head)

"you."

He cuts off another head, then sees Holman looking at him with an open-mouthed grin. Outscout bristles.

OUTSCOUT

You think that's funny?

Cont.

[9]

16 Cont.3

HOLMAN

You do it kinda funny.

JAMESON (to Outscout)

Yes, I know those things happen. But they are trying. Responsible leaders are trying to put their house in order. From the south, the Nationalists..

OUTSCOUT (disgust)

Ah! Mobs -- that's all I see. Mobs that threaten us.

JAMESON

Yes. The Boston Tea Party was also a mob that threatened you.

OUTSCOUT

And, damn it, we did something about it!

JAMESON

And failed. Just as surely as you would fail here. Because the idea you are opposing is right — for this country to become a unified, orderly nation,

OUTSCOUT

This Nationalist Party you talk of -- riddled with Communists. Bolsheviks.

JAMESON

Possibly. Nothing comes pure. People use revolutions for their own ends, good and bad. There will be violent, selfish and ugly mobs. But there will also be purposeful, controlled demonstrations. My own students at China Light demonstrate. And I am proud of them.

OUTSCOUT

Aaah! Meet force with force. That's what I say.

Cont.

[10]

16 Cont.4

JAMESON

Exactly what the Communists within the Nationalist Party want. Provoke the great powers into a full scale war against China -- and then Russia comes to her rescue and ends up her master.

Hamilton takes another gulp of wine, turns to Shirley and Holman.

HAMILTON

Confusing, Isn't It? And painful. Things used to be much simpler — what was right and wrong. I don't suppose they'll ever be simple again. (raising his glass) I bequeath China and her agonies to you youngsters. With pity, and with the hope that perhaps you can understand what's going on. Can comprehend why so many people are going to have to die for -- the good -- the bad -- the innocent.

He drinks.

OUTSCOUT

Excuse me, sir. But you're talking rot.

HAMILTON

Conceivably.

OUTSCOUT

A firm hand, that's all that's needed,(to Holman)  
It's what you're doing here, you know.

Holman looks at Outscout. He is embarrassed, a bit angered by his ignorance.

Cont.

[11]

16 Cont.

HOLMAN

Look. I gotta job. The engines. All this other is looksee-pidgin.

OUTSCOUT

What?

HOLMAN

Just to make a show. Somethin' for the officers. I don't fool with it.

He gets up abruptly and leaves. Shirley watches him go.

DISSOLVE TO:

17 EXT. BOAT DECK OF STEAMER - DAY

There are half-awnings and palms, wicker chairs. Through a grilled door at the head of a ladder, we can see Chinese huddled on a lower deck. Children are at the grill. Holman is crouched down next to them, doing hand tricks for them. The children laugh. Holman looks up and sees Shirley come into the area. He stands up, embarrassed.

SHIRLEY

Don't stop.

Holman shrugs.

HOLMAN

I can't do no more. Just rabbits and butterflies.

He moves to the rail, looks at the river. Holman is uncomfortable with any woman like Shirley. She comes to the rail, staying a few feet from him.

SHIRLEY

Is this your first trip upriver?

HOLMAN

Yeah.

Cont.

[12]

17 Cont.

Silence.

SHIRLEY

Did you understand what they were talking about last night?

HOLMAN (shrugs)

Politics.

SHIRLEY

I'd like to know more. I'm not a missionary. I'm a teacher, and I should know more if I'm going to teach.

Holman is puzzled, but not disagreeably so.

HOLMAN

You gonna try teaching the slopeheads?

Shirley tries not to frown at his use of the name.

SHIRLEY

Yes. I taught back home in High School. (pause) Vermont. Where's your home?

HOLMAN

I was born in Wellco, Nevada. But home's whatever ship I'm on.

The loneliness of this registers with Shirley.

SHIRLEY

You're an engineer?

Holman nods.

SHIRLEY

I don't know the first thing about engines.

Cont.

[13]

17 Cont. 1

HOLMAN (nodding)

Some people don't.

SHIRLEY

I take it you not only know the first thing but also the last.

Holman can't help smiling in acknowledgement.

SHIRLEY

I would have thought the engine on a large ship would be more interesting than the engine on a gunboat.

Holman shakes his head.

HOLMAN

Too many guys tellin' you how to run it.

SHIRLEY

Oh.

HOLMAN

And on a small ship there's no military craa-- (quick switch)  
They leave you alone.

SHIRLEY

I had a brother in the Navy during the war. A lieutenant in the Reserve.

HOLMAN

Uh-huh.

SHIRLEY

How long have you been in the Navy?

HOLMAN

Eight years.

SHIRLEY

And out here?

HOLMAN

Seven.

Shirley reacts slightly.

Cont.

[14]

17 Cont.2

HOLMAN

Most China sailors don't go back. They pull twenty-thirty years then shack up with a Chinese girl and open a bar --

He blinks, snaps his mouth shut, looks toward the river.  
He's done it again.

SHIRLEY

I see. I -- eh -- (trying to disembarass him) I keep asking myself what I'm doing out here. I'm kind of frightened. I just wanted to get away. It may be romantic, but I wanted to be swept up by something. And one night Mr. Jameson came along and showed colored slides in the basement of the church. Slides of his mission, China Light.

HOLMAN

How long -- you sign for?

SHIRLEY

Seven years.



HOLMAN (nods )

Well -- them slopeheads, they could use some teaching. I hope you're good at it. If you're good at something they can't bust you down. Like me with the engines...

Shirley senses the small, diminished life he must be leading. Her voice has a touch of pity.

SHIRLEY

Yes...

HOLMAN

And the Reverend'll probably tell you this. Nice American girls don't go around talkin' to China sailors. It ain't your brother's Navy.

SHIRLEY

I'm sorry -- if I've embarrassed you.

Cont.

[15]

17 Cont. 3

Holman realizes he may have been too blunt.

HOLMAN

No.

SHIRLEY (pause)

Goodbye.

She turns and is gone. Holman watches her for a moment, then looks back at the river.

18 EXT. THE DOCK AT HANKOW - LATE DAY

DISSOLVE TO:

Holman, with his (thirty year) sea bag slung on his shoulder, is going down the gangplank to a dock swarming with coolies, piled with cargo. A few whites are meeting the steamer. Shirley is still on board. She watches Holman go down the

gangplank -- from the boat deck — and wonders if he will turn around and notice her. Holman has some vague feeling that he should look back and see if Shirley is there, but he is uncomfortable with the thought. He might not know what to do if she were. He hails a ricksha and piles in his gear.

19 EXT. BOAT DECK - LATE DAY

Shirley 1s joined by Jameson. Together they watch Holman.

SHIRLEY

I can't help feeling a kind of sadness about him.

JAMESON

Yes, but -- it would only be sad if he wanted something else. They don't. They reduce life to a very simple point, or no point at all. As long as they obey orders, the Navy takes care of them. It's a way of existence that appeals to a certain kind of man.

Shirley continues to look at Holman.

20 EXT. THE DOCK AT HANKOW - LATE DAY

Holman, seated in his ricksha, shifts his head ever so slightly towards the ship -- yet not really looking. Then he turns back, settles deeper in his seat as the ricksha disappears in the crowd.

DISSOLVE TO:

[16]

21 EXT. RIVER'S EDGE - NIGHT

This is far outside Hankow, a small river with high flood banks. A dilapidated taxi pulls up. Holman gets out, pays the driver and shoulders his sea bag.

He climbs a few steps to the top of the embankment, and at the head of a gangway leading down to a pontoon, he stops and gets his first look at The San Pablo, tied up to the other side of the pontoon.

22 EXT. THE SAN PABLO - NIGHT

She is somewhat of a shock — an ancient gunboat, top-heavy with added white superstructure, garish with awnings here and there, and even potted palms. There is a three-inch gun forward,

and two machine guns on the bridge. A huge, ungainly smokestack. It looks like a popgun ship in a child's bathtub.

23 EXT. TOP OF EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

Holman stands taking her in -- surprised, amused.

24 EXT. BRIDGE OF SAN PABLO - NIGHT

The commanding officer, LIEUTENANT COLLINS, has been getting a breath of air. He sees Holman at the top of the embankment.

25 EXT. P.O.V. SHOT OF HOLMAN ON EMBANKMENT - NIGHT

26 EXT. BRIDGE OF SAN PABLO - NIGHT

Collins watches Holman, sizing him up. Collins is in his thirties, serious, intense, handsome. A good officer, and a tough one.

27 EXT. PORCH OUTSIDE CHIEF PETTY OFFICERS' QUARTERS - NIGHT

CHIEF FRANKS, the Chief Bos'un's Mate -- more or less in charge of discipline aboard the ship and general shiphandling — and CHIEF WELLBECK, a Chief Quartermaster, are sitting in wicker chairs, smoking cigars. They see Holman and quietly size him up.

28 EXT. P.O.V. SHOT OF HOLMAN COMING DOWN THE EMBANKMENT GANGWAY - NIGHT

On the pontoon, Holman starts across towards the ship's gangway, when a coolie in undress whites comes scurrying down the gangplank to relieve Holman of his sea bag.

[17]

29 EXT. COLLINS ON BRIDGE - NIGHT

He follows Holman's progress up the gangplank.

30 EXT. P.O.V. - HOLMAN ON THE PONTOON - NIGHT

The coolie tries to take Holman's sea bag from him.

COOLIE

I takee.

HOLMAN

Nah, I got it.

COOLIE (shrilly)

I takee all gear salah man!

He claws at the sea bag.

HOLMAN (giving up)

Okay! Takee, takee!

The coolie scuttles up the gangplank and out of sight on the deck.  
Holman trudges after him.

31 EXT. GANGPLANK AND QUARTERDECK - SAN PABLO - NIGHT

When Holman reaches the top he throws a salute to the "colors" and to the Officer of the Deck who, he is surprised to see, is an enlisted man, FRENCH BOURGOYNE, a sailor of about 35, pleasant, wiry, open-faced, many tatoos. Holman indicates the bag-toting coolie who is disappearing down a hatchway.

HOLMAN

Guy likes to carry things.

FRENCHY

That's his rice bowl. You must be Holman.

HOLMAN

Yeah.

He hands over his manila envelope.

FRENCHY

We were wondering when you'd get here.

HOLMAN

I had a helluva time finding you.

Cont.

[18]

31 Cont.

He is looking the boat over — the coolie messengers in undress whites, the coolie bugler standing by. None of this tips him

off to the military nature of the ship. Frenchy puts the manila envelope in the log desk.

FRENCHY

We come down to civilization every two years for overhaul. Welcome aboard the Sand Pebble. That's what we call her. We're Sand Pebbles.

He holds out his hand. Holman takes it.

FRENCHY

Frenchy Bourgoyne. First Class water-tender.

HOLMAN

Holman. Jake.

FRENCHY

You're probably wore out. Fang'll show you your bunk.

He indicates one of the coolies.

HOLMAN

Take a look at the engine first?

FRENCHY

Sure. Our quarters are aft on this deck.

HOLMAN (pause)

You got an engineering officer?

FRENCHY

Just a Skipper and the Exec. You'll be the senior engineering rating.

Holman disappears through the hatch, smiling.

32 ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

The first shot from Holman's point of view. The engine room is divided into two levels, separated by gratings, so that when you stand on the gratings you can see through to a lower level. Our first view of the engine room must convey the reason for Holman's obsession with engines.

Cont.

[19]

32 Cont.

It is a small world of its own. Incredible cleanliness. Sparkling brass. Scrubbed white. Shining oil -- and the monster pistons and shafts and wells in the center. The endless lines of pipes and valves. It is usually the "black gang's" home. Holman approaches "his" engine with deliberate slowness, prolonging the pleasure. He views it first through the gratings, looking into the dark recesses of the upper level. Then he goes down the ladder, smiling warily. He stands on the lower steps of the ladder, taking it all in: The lights, the shadows, the mysteriously poetic effect. He descends the last step and moves around the engine. He touches a valve, checks for a familiar connection, looks under shafts, reaches into dark places. He may be puzzled for a moment at some strange linking, but his eyes quickly trace the lines. Then he nods, opens a valve, gets a result on a gauge, closes the valve again. Holman hears a scraping in the fireroom, moves to look in.

33 INT. BOILER AND FIREROOM - NIGHT

Holman looks into the room. One of the fire doors is open, revealing the red-hot coals. PO-HAN, a Chinese coolie, well-built, about the same age as Holman, is shoveling in coal from the bunkers on either side of the furnace. He sees Holman, stops, bows and smiles. Holman looks at him, puzzled.

PO-HAN (smiling)

All thing plopah. You makee look-see, mastah. Any side plopah.

Holman nods and returns to the engine room.

34 INT. ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Holman goes to the throttle — the heart of the engine -- rests his hand on it, looks again at the massive machinery, smiles with deep satisfaction.

HOLMAN

Hello, engine. I'm Jake Holman.

DISSOLVES TO:

[20]

35 EXT. SHOT OF TWO COOLIE BUGGLERS ON QUARTERDECK - DAY

36 INT. LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

The bugles are blowing reveille as we come in on this scene. Holman turns over, startled by the raucous sound, and sees the bunk room for the first time. He sleepily tries to take it all in. At the same time, the other petty officers -- half in bunks, half out, some dressing, or going and coming from the head -- are casting sidelong glances at the new member of their family. To Holman, the surroundings are almost incredible. Curtains at the window, the privacy of your own built-in bunk, a table set with real chairs. In one corner, CLIP-CLIP, a coolie, is shaving RESTORFF. Another coolie is starting to make the bunks which have been vacated, and WONG, the cook, is putting savory food on the table. The men are very proud of their home.

FRENCHY (on his own bunk)

How you like it?

Holman half-smiles, nods.

HOLMAN

Yeah.

As a "loner" he has a few misgivings about the clubhouse atmosphere, but he has to admit it's attractive, FARREN, a Bos'un's mate second class, with a bunk above Holman, has been leaning over, looking down at him,

FARREN

Better'n having some guy's can right in your face, like on the big ships.

Holman smiles again.

FRENCHY (doing the honors)

That's Farren, Bos'un's mate second class.(a nod) Shanahan -- ship's writer.

RED DOG

Red Dog Bite - 'em-in-the-Butt Shanahan.

He reaches to grab a nearby butt, but the man dodges him. Holman looks on this horseplay with tolerant amusement. The men don't quite know how to take him.

Cont.

[21]

36 Cont.

FRENCHY

And Jennings, Pharmacist's Mate. When you hit those pigs in the Joy Junks upriver, a pharmacist's mate is a man's best friend.

They start a good-natured cuffing and roughhousing of Jennings, with ad lib jibes: "Open wide" "Knock it off." HARRIS comes in from the head. He is an older man, tough looking.

FRENCHY

This is Harris, Electrician. He can swear in four different languages.

HARRIS (to Frenchy)

So don't get me started!

Holman exchanges a nod with Harris.

FRENCHY

What do you want for breakfast? Tell Wong — anything you want.

HOLMAN (pause)

Eggs?

FRENCHY

How many?

HOLMAN (pause)

A dozen?

FRENCHY

You got 'em. Over easy, or what?

HOLMAN

Over easy.

FRENCHY

And ham?

Holman nods, crosses to his locker. Wong bobs up and down delightedly.

FRENCHY



The Old Sand Pebble's not much to look at, but she's sure as hell a home and a feeder.

Holman has been getting his shaving gear out of his locker.

Cont.

[22]

36 Cont.1

FRENCHY

Clip-Clip here does all the shaving.

HOLMAN

I like to shave myself.

FRENCHY

It's his rice bowl.

Holman looks around at the other men. Their faces are serious. Is this an odd-ball lousing up the team?

HOLMAN

Don't want to break nobody's rice bowl.

He returns his shaving gear to the locker, crosses to Clip-Clip's chair which Restorff has just vacated, sits down. The men relax, nod reassuringly at each other as Clip-Clip starts to lather Holman's face.

DISSOLVE TO:

37 EXT. QUARTERDECK - DAY

Two coolie buglers are blowing Assembly.

38 EXT. FANTAIL - SAN PABLO - DAY

The crew comes boiling out of its quarters with the eagerness of a football team taking the field. Dressed in white shorts and jumpers, white short socks and black shoes. Holman is dressed in his usual whites. He moves along amused by the "rah-rah" manner of the others.

39 EXT. PONTOON - DAY

The embankment and pontoon are filled with curious Chinese watching the show.

40 EXT. FANTAIL - SAN PABLO - DAY

The crew is forming two ranks across the fantail. Sharp, alert. Holman falls in beside Frenchy at the end playing along with it.

CHIEF FRANKS

Fall in -- come on! On the double! Dress right -- dress!

The men do it all smartly.

Cont.

[23]

40 Cont.

CHIEF FRANKS

Ready -- front! Answer to muster!

Franks and Wellbeck proceed to call the roll, each at one side of the fantail. During this Lieutenant Collins makes his entrance with ENSIGN BORDELLES trailing him. Both are immaculate in whites, with white socks just below the knees, white shorts. Insignia and officers' caps. Bordelles is mid-twenties, very regulation. Meanwhile, the deck coolies in undress whites, are ranged along the other parts of the ship. Holman takes note of all this, Collins crosses the fantail, deliberate, "the Captain," mounts the grating just forward of the flagstaff at the stern the ship, and waits, hands clasped behind him, looking over the men, and this morning, particularly Holman, who also looks him over. Bordelles is on the main deck.

BORDELLES

Front and center!

The Chiefs go through their military routine of meeting, pivoting and approaching Bordelles, and halting.

BORDELLES

Report!

FRANKS

Deck and gunnery divisions all present or accounted for, sir.

WELLBECK

Engineering and other personnel all present or accounted for, sir.

Holman frowns at this display of formality. He is getting the picture.

41 ANGLE TOWARD EMBANKMENT AND PONTOONS - DAY

BORDELLES

Very well.

He performs an about-face, and saluting, reports to Collins.

BORDELLES

Ship's company all present or accounted for Captain.

COLLINS (returning the salute)

Very well.

Cont.

[24]

41 cont.

BORDELLES (turns)

Posts!

Hawthorn, the quartermaster, and a seaman and Fang, the buglers come out with the flag. The seaman holds the colors in a triangular fold, breast high.

HAYTHORN (saluting Collins)

The clock reads eight o'clock, Captain

COLLINS

Make it so.

Eight bells begin striking from the bridge. At the last bell Fang blows attention.

CHIEFS

Attention!

The Chiefs salute, as do Bordelles and Collins. The bugler blows "Colors". The Quartermaster hoists the flag and then salutes. The bugler blows "Carry on."

BORDELLES

Dismissed!

CHIEFS

Fall out!

The men relax and shuffle in groups. Franks blows the bos'un's pipe.

FRANKS

Now hear this! Fore and aft, all hands turn to. Commence ship's work.

42 EXT. COLLINS AND BORDELLES ON GRATING - DAY

COLLINS

Did you look at the new man's records, Mr. Bordelles?

BORDELLES

Yes, Captain.

COLLINS

What did you think?

Cont.

[25]

42 Cont.

BORDELLES

Seems to be a first-rate engineer, sir.

COLLINS

You take a good look at his service record?

BORDELLES

Yes, sir. Nothing but four-oh marks.

COLLINS

In everything but leadership. He's also had seven transfers in eight years.

They both look down at Holman, leave the gratings, head to the bridge.

EXT. FANTAIL - DAY

A coolie, SEW-SEW comes up to Holman and Frenchy. He carries a narrow board with a set of strings hanging from it. It has a big Chinese character in red at one end and smaller ones in black above each cord peg.

FRENCHY

This is Sew-Sew. He'll make your uniforms for you.

Sew-Sew starts to measure Holman. Each of the cords is used to measure a part of the body -- arm, leg, chest. Sew-Sew snips pieces of the cord if he finds them too long.

SEW-SEW

This befoh time belong P'tocki. Me tinkee you litee bit all same P'tocki.

HOLMAN (to Frenchy)

Who's P'tocki?

FRENCHY

The man you replaced. He died last winter in Changsha. Typhus. (to Sew-Sew) He'll need shorts.

HOLMAN

And dungarees.

Cont.

[26]

43 Cont.

SEW-SEW

Sam Pebble any man no wanchee too much dungle.

HOLMAN

This man wanchee plenty dunglee. You makee all same.  
(to Frenchy) I want to go below and check out the engine.  
Get to know the plant.

FRENCHY

Old Chien'll show you the works. He knows more about it than anyone.

Holman reacts sharply to this. The bugle blows. He looks toward the gratings.

FRANKS

All hands repel boarders, starboard! Repel boarders, starboard!

44 EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

The sailors all snap to it again. Holman looks to starboard incredulously and sees:

45 EXT. PONTOON AND EMBANKMENT - DAY

Nothing but grinning and laughing coolies, clapping their hands as they see the show starting.

46 EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

Holman turns to Frenchy.

HOLMAN (baffled)

Who we s'posed to repel?

Franks is coming down from the gratings.

FRANKS

On the double, Holman. You man the hose in the waist party.

Frenchy runs to his station. Holman moves along with Franks.

FRANKS

I'm Franks, Chief Bos'un's Mate.

Holman nods blankly. They move toward the quarterdeck.

47 EXT. QUARTERDECK - DAY

This is the part of the deck just aft of the bridge on the San Pablo. There is, therefore, contact between - the bridge and quarterdeck. The men are pulling up the gangplank under Farren's direction, and the gate is being closed -- all to the delight of the coolies on the pontoon. Franks helps Holman man the hose, then Holman points it over the side, feeling foolish as hell. He looks at the men kneeling along the rail with their guns: Restorff, Frenchy, Red Dog, WILSEY, VALDRON, and PERNA. Franks brandishes a cutlass in one hand, holds a pistol in the other.

FRANKS

Waist party manned and ready!

Holman shrinks back from the waving cutlass, looks at the others and sees that their faces are keen and tense, their eyes alertly scanning the embankment. Holman feels idiotic.

HOLMAN (to Frenchy)

You do this a lot?

FRENCHY

Every day but Sunday.

HOLMAN

What do you have Sunday? A weenie roast?

48 EXT. EMBANKMENT AND PONTOON - DAY

The Chinese are having a hell of a good time at the show.

49 EXT. LADDER TO BRIDGE FROM QUARTERDECK - DAY

Bordelles has a cutlass and pistol.

BORDELLES

Franks, why haven't you steam to the nozzle?

FRANKS

I can't drain it and warm it up on account of the slopeheads on the pontoon.

50 EXT. BRIDGE AND HEAD OF LADDER - DAY

COLLINS

This is not Seattle, Franks. When San Pablo holds a drill, it is always in Hunan Province deep inside China, and it is always in deadly earnest. Now bear a hand and get steam on that hose.

FRANKS

Aye, aye, Captain.  
(yells down skylight to engine room)  
Ski, cut in the root steam. Holman, aim the nozzle down the side.

He waves his cutlass at the Chinese on the pontoon. Once more Holman flinches.

FRANKS

Cheelah! Stand clear, you slopeheaded slobs!

51 EXT. PONTOON - DAY

The Chinese only laugh and mimic him good-naturedly.

52 EXT. QUARTERDECK AND PONTOON - DAY

The steam comes in fast, pushing a plug of hot water ahead of it. The hose jumps like a snake and almost gets away from Holman. Scalding water sprays over the coolies, and they pull away with yells of fear. Then the dry steam comes in a roaring and billowing cloud and hides the scrambling coolies. Someone laughs.

BORDELLES (on the ladder)

Silence during drills.

COLLINS (from bridge)

Secure from battle drill.

BORDELLES (sings it out)

Secure from battle drill!

The scene is still dense with steam. Holman looks around flabbergasted. What kind of an outfit is this?



DISSOLVE TO:

[29]

53 INT. UPPER LEVEL OF ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Holman at last is getting a chance to get to his engine. He has changed to dungarees, and is on his way down the first ladder. He stops as he reaches the gratings, looks through them, is astonished by what he sees.

54 INT. LOWER LEVEL OF ENGINE ROOM - DAY

His engine room is full of coolies. Eight, stripped to the waist and otherwise clothed in their loose-fitting black cotton trousers, are scrubbing, shining, and working on the engine.

55 INT. UPPER LEVEL ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Holman starts down the lower ladder, looking as he goes.

56 INT. LOWER LEVEL ENGINE ROOM - DAY

As Holman gets halfway down the lower ladder, CHIEN, the boss coolie comes up to him. Older, bony, with a cruel face. Chien wears a black jacket with cloth buttons to show his station. A few long hairs hang from his chin.

CHIEN (bowing)

Mastah?

The coolies pause momentarily and look back and forth between Holman and Chien. Holman nods at Chien, moves to the log bench. Chien follows him, as though to present himself for any questions, but Holman has none. Holman glances at the other coolies. Po-Han smiles as Holman's eye passes over him, but Holman gives no sign of recognition. When Chien sees he is not going to be consulted, he barks at the coolies, ordering them back to work, then retreats to watch Holman's every move. Holman gestures to Po-Han.

HOLMAN

You.

PO-HAN

Po-Han, mastah.

HOLMAN

You, Po-Han — my looksee bilge-side. Take up floh plate. You sabby?

PO-HAN

My sabby.

Chien comes over angrily.

Cont.

[30]

56 Cont.

CHIEN

Bilge pidgin no can do. Frenchy speakee me washee poht side.

HOLMAN

Who the hell are you?

CHIEN

Chien, Boss coolie.  
(indicating Po-Han) No can do bilge pidgin.

HOLMAN (seething)

My do bilge pidgin. Looksee pipe. Larn pidgin all pipe.  
You sabby? This ain't the Chinese navy.  
(to Po-Han) Take it up!

Holman indicates the floor plate beside the main pump, then looks back at Chien who is glaring angrily at him. Po-Han is delighted to be singled out by his "mastah" but is afraid of Chien. He shrugs at the boss coolie, lifts the floor plate, and Holman drops down into the bilges. The other coolies are amazed to see a sailor doing this. Chien snarls at the coolies to go on with their work.

57-63 INT. BILGES AMD ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Shots of Holman crawling under the floor plates, little dots of light coming through in some areas, more light coming through in others where the floor may be cut away for a pipe or a piece of equipment. Shots ANGLING up from bilges of

Chien, his face dark with anger, looking at Holman, who is following the lines with relish, getting happily dirty. He feels for what he can't see. Sometimes he taps a floor plate and Po-Han is right there to lift it and let the light flood in. He is smiling, trying to impress, but Holman barely reacts to him. In lighting and feeling, the experience must be seen in a sense poetic - a man with the thing he loves.

64 INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Chien, watching Holman, moves to a valve. Po-Han sees this, looks troubled, but is caught in fear. Chien turns the valve.

PO-HAN

Mastah!!

[31]

65 INT. BILGES - DAY

Holman looks up quickly, but too late. A slug of hot water hits him on the back of the legs. Hurt, he curses and — just in time — scrambles into another bilge pocket as steam roars and blasts through where he had been, making the area hot and choking.

66 INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Po-Han scurries around lifting floor plates to find Holman, finally succeeds.

HOLMAN

Turn off that damn steam! Turn it off!

The steam stops, the air clears. Holman is shaken and angry. He crawls out of the bilges, stands up, looks wildly around. The coolies are going up the ladder except for Po-Han who stands by. Holman runs along to where he can see them on the upper gratings.

HOLMAN

Get back here! Which one of you blew that glass?

The coolies continue up the ladder. Holman charges around the bottom of the ladder as STAWSKI, all in whites, comes down.

SKI

What the hell's wrong?

HOLMAN

That boss coolie's gonna get his head kicked in!

SKI

What?

HOLMAN

He blew the glass on me in the bilges!

He starts up the ladder. Stawski stops him.

SKI

Take it easy. We always blow the glass when the watch changes.  
He probably didn't know you were there.

HOLMAN

Listen - he knew! I'll scramble his brains!

Cont.

[32]

66 Cont.

SKI

We never go in the bilges. If you want Chien to respect you,  
stay out of 'em.

HOLMAN

I should worry about that slopehead respecting me?

SKI

You better. We couldn't get along without him!

HOLMAN

By God, I can get along without him!

Ski starts to make an entry in the log book. Holman looks at  
him angrily, then moves up the ladder.

DISSOLVE TO:

67 OUT

68 EXT. QUARTERDECK - DAY

Holman, now wearing whites, is talking to Frenchy.

HOLMAN

All I wanta know's who's working for who around here?

FRENCHY

It's a system they got. When you want something with a bilge coolie, you go through Chien. With a deck coolie, you go through Pappy Tung.

He points out PAPPY TUNG in undress whites, vigorously giving orders to some deck coolies who are scrubbing. Frenchy and Holman move on.

FRENCHY

The boss man of all the coolies is Lop Eye Shing.

He points out LOP EYE SHING talking to Bordelles on the upper boat deck. He is well dressed, carries a cane. Holman stares at Shing.

FRENCHY

He's kind of captain of the coolies. Like Collins is with the crew.

Holman looks back at Frenchy.

Cont.

[33]

68 Cont.

HOLMAN

How'd they ever get this going?

FRENCHY

Long time ago — 'fore I ever shipped on.  
(he moves to the railing)

The sampans used to gang around the slop-chutes, and the Chinese'd fight each other for the garbage.

69 EXT. ANGLE OF SAMPAN - AT SIDE OF SHIP WITH GARBAGE

FRENCHY

Well, that was no way, so finally the cook gave one sampan the contract, and the Chinese from that sampan would come aboard to collect it. Pretty soon they weren't only collecting it, they were scraping plates and washing 'em. And in a week every sailor mess-cook had a Chinese helper to do all the work. Next thing you knew they were sleeping in the galley passageways, and then they were with the ship for good — in all the departments. Of course, it ain't official.

HOLMAN

How they get paid?

FRENCHY

Squeeze. Little here, little there. Uncle Sam don't miss it.

70 EXT. QUARTER DECK - DAY

Frenchy starts toward a ladder aft that leads below decks.

FRENCHY

They live in the old crew's quarters.

He and Holman go down the ladder.

71 INT. BELOW DECKS - DAY

Frenchy leads Holman to the coolies' quarters. They look in.

[34]

72 INT. COOLIES' QUARTERS - DAY

A mess. But to the coolies, fine quarters. Chien is there. He looks at Holman blankly.

73 INT. BELOW DECKS - DAY

Holman returns the stare, looks at Frenchy.

HOLMAN

I think I'll bounce him around.

FRENCHY

Nah, don't do it. We never go in there. The Captain don't even inspect it.

HOLMAN (to Chien)

You like to come out?

Frenchy starts away.

FRENCHY

Come on. He's lost enough face for one day.  
(Holman joins him) If you ever do want to hit one of 'em, kick 'em, don't touch 'em with your hand. And don't get buddies with a coolie. That's another kind of trouble.

HOLMAN

So they do all the work.

FRENCHY

Yeah. That leaves us free for - (recalling the phrase) — our primary duty.

HOLMAN

Which is what?

FRENCHY

Fightin'.

HOLMAN

Who do we fight?

FRENCHY

Nobody. Probably never will. But, like the Captain says, we're ready.

Cont.

73 Cont.

HOLMAN (annoyed )

To do what?  
(points topside)  
Repel more boarders?

FRENCHY

Look, Jake, we got it good here —

HOLMAN

I didn't come all the way from the Fleet to have it good!  
I'm an engineer.

FRENCHY

Let Chien worry about the engine. He'll keep it in shape.  
He knows it inside out. Relax.

Frenchy starts up the ladder. A few seconds later Holman follows him, his face clouded, anxious.

DISSOLVE TO:

A-73 EXT. QUARTERDECK - SAN PABLO - NIGHT

Holman, in his whites, stands with his hands on his hips, listening as Crosley wearing a pistol, stands stiffly on the quarterdeck, reeling off the watch dope. A coolie messenger is visible behind them.

CROSLEY

...no other ships in port, weather clear, the senior officer aboard is Mr. Bordelles. That's the information up to the moment.

HOLMAN (bored)

Okay, I got it.

CROSLEY

You're supposed to salute me and say "I relieve you, sir."

Holman has a secret for him.

HOLMAN



Enlisted men don't salute each other.

CROSLEY

On this watch we're both Junior officers of the deck.

Cont.

[36]

A-73 Cont.

HOLMAN (pause) Give me the gun.

CROSLEY

That's how we do it here, Holman.

HOLMAN

I wouldn't salute you if you was sittin' in God's armchair.

Crosley looks at Holman coldly, then salutes him.

CROSLEY

I hereby turn the watch over to you, sir.

HOLMAN

Dandy.

Crosley angrily unbuckles his pistol belt, thrusts it at Holman, strides away along the deck. Holman slowly puts on the gun, sees the coolie watching him curiously, Holman nods emphatically at the coolie, who nods back, frightened.

DISSOLVE TO:

74 EXT. FANTAIL - DAY

Flag Day Ceremonies. Collins in his usual place on the raised gratings just forward of the billowing flag.

A perfect Flag Day picture in his whites and braid, with the flag and sky behind him.

COLLINS

Today we begin cruising to show the flag on Tungting Lake and the Hunan Rivers. I want all honors rendered smartly, Remember — this small ship represents the moral forces of

the United States of America.

The men are standing at parade rest, listening attentively. They respect their Captain. Holman, who instinctively resents any such emotionalizing, just listens. He is dressed like the others.

COLLINS

At home in America, when today reaches them, it will be Flag Day. For us who wear the uniform, every day is Flag Day. All Americans are morally bound to die for our flag if called upon to do so. Only we are legally bound. Only we live our lives in a day to day readiness for that sacrifice. We have sworn oaths — cut our ties.

Cont.

[36-A]

74 Cont.

The Chinese on the pontoon are watching. They seem to realize that something serious is going on.

75 SHOTS OF MEN

Showing pride in their oaths.

COLLIN'S VOICE (o.s.)

It is said there will be no more wars. We must pretend to believe that. But when war comes, it is we who will take the first shock, and buy time with our lives. It is we who keep the Faith...

76 FULL SHOT - FANTAIL

COLLINS

We serve the flag. The trade we all follow is the give and take of death. It is for that purpose that the people of America maintain us. Anyone of us who believes he has a job like any other, for which he draws a money wage, is a thief of the food he eats, and a trespasser in the bunk in which he lies down to sleep.

The men are stirred by this. Holman is deeply troubled. This is the sort of thing he detests - look-see pidgin, topside stuff.

COLLINS

Mr. Bordelles — make all preparations for getting under way,

76 INT. ENGINE ROOM - FULL SHOT - DAY

DISSOLVE TO:

This is the moment before the engine will come to life. There is an air of poised waiting. A sudden jangling comes from the Engine Order Telegraph.

76 CLOSE - THE ENGINE ORDER TELEGRAPH

The indicator moves to "Stand By." Holman shoves the handle all the way over and back to "Stand By."

[37]

C-76 MED. - THE ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Po-Han is moving along the engine, shutting the drains. Another coolie, watched by Chien, is pouring oil in the cups. Holman moves the throttle gently. The engine turns over once, twice - slowly. It stops. Another wait. Once more the E.O.T. jangles.

D-76 CLOSE - THE ENGINE ORDER TELEGRAPH

The indicator moves to "One third ahead." Holman moves the indicator over and back, then eases the throttle forward. The engine begins to turn over, its huge pistons lifting and falling with a slow, even rhythm. The ship shudders, starts to move.

E-76 MED. - THE ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Holman checks a gauge, makes a notation in the log book of time, speed, r.p.m's. More waiting. Once more the E.O.T. jangles.

F-76 CLOSE - THE ENGINE ORDER TELEGRAPH

The indicator moves to "Standard Speed." Holman shoves it forward, back to "Standard Speed."

G-76 MED. - THE ENGINE ROOM - DAY

The tempo of the pistons sharply increases. The ship is now fully under way. The tendency of Chien and the other coolies is to relax. But not Holman. He watches the engine, listening,

moves away from the throttle, touches the casing of the L.P. cylinder, testing for heat, seems satisfied, goes back to the throttle.

77 EXT. BOW OF SAN PABLO CUTTING THROUGH WATER - DAY

78 EXT. FULL SHOT OF THIS STRANGE MILITARY HOUSEBOAT WITH THE FLAG FLOATING OUT ASTERN - DAY

79 EXT. BRIDGE OF THE SAN PABLO - DAY

Collins and Bordelles. Also Franks, Bronson and Crosley, who are on machine guns, and the helmsman. They all breathe deeply, smile, glad to be under way.

80 EXT. SHOT OF SHIP MOVING AMONG JUNKS AND OTHER CRAFT - DAY

[37-A]

81 INT. LOWER LEVEL OF ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Holman is watching his engine in operation for the first time. There is not much speed up yet, so it is operating more or less smoothly. He watches it like a cat. We must share some of the feeling Holman gets from an engine in motion — glistening, rhythmic, powerful. Holman looks up, sees Chien watching him. Po-Han is trying to please them both. Holman is on the throttle, watching gauges. Now he bends, twists to look at something, steps back to the throttle. Frenchy, standing the watch with him, is amused at Holman's attentiveness. Suddenly there is a wheeze. Chien moves to check it, but Holman has beaten him there. He turns a valve, the wheeze stops. Chien glowers at Holman, who takes no notice. The wheeze was a bad sign. He returns to the throttle, frowning.

82 OUT

83 OUT

84 INT. SHOT DOWN INTO ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Suddenly the engine begins to thump heavily. Holman stares at it. Chien shows no impression. Holman moves from the throttle, listens, turns to Frenchy.

HOLMAN

This was just overhauled?

FRENCHY

Last month.

HOLMAN

She'll shake to pieces.

He grabs his jumper and heads up the ladder.

85 EXT. BRIDGE

Holman comes up the ladder to the bridge, pauses.  
Collins is the first to see him.

COLLINS

Yes, Holman.

HOLMAN

Cap'n, we gotta stop and work on the engine.

COLLINS

Holman, as long as we move and smoke boils out of our stack,  
we'll make the impression I want to make on the Chinese.

Cont.

[38]

85 Cont.

HOLMAN

Sir, she ain't gonna last. She'll give way.

COLLINS (challengingly)

She never has.

The sound of rifle shots. Personnel on the bridge instinctively  
duck. Collins and Bordelles bring glasses to their eyes.

COLLINS

All hands take cover. Clear the port side.

FRANKS

All hands take cover. Clear the port side.

There is great activity and spirit. Men scurrying for cover or for guns, but without fear. Almost like a game. Bronson and Crosley unlimber their guns. Restorff runs along the top of the boat deck with a rifle, hunting a target.

86 EXT. SHOT OF SHORELINE - DAY

Burst of smoke from rifle fire.

87 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Bronson zestfully lets go with a burst of fire. Holman ducks down, calls to Franks.

HOLMAN

What is it?

FRANKS

Get below. Bandits — local bandits. They never do anything but shoot holes in the stack.  
(he sings out to some sports lovers) Clear the port side!

Holman grimaces, looks helplessly at Collins, starts down the starboard ladder.

Cont.

[39]

87 Cont.

BRONSON (to Restorff)

Can you see anything?

RESTORFF

I think I got one.

88 EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

Holman joins others taking protection. Intermittent firing goes on. Holman regards the men's enthusiasm with amazement.

BORDELLES

Cease fire! Cease fire!

BRONSON

Just one more burst. Captain?

COLLINS

All right.

Bronson fires. The gunners yell back and forth at each other, claiming hits, joshing. Holman's attention is drawn away from the "cowboys and Indians" to the noise of the engines. Franks passes him.

HOLMAN

Who was bossing the work in Hankow?

FRANKS

Chien.

(Holman nods)

Look, you heard the Captain --

HOLMAN

Yeah. I hear the engine too.

They listen to the knocking and jerking. Holman starts below. Franks watches him, troubled. Is this one of those guys who likes to rock the boat?

DISSOLVE TO:

[40]

89-104 OUT

105 EXT. LONG SHOT - THE SAN PABLO - DAY

It is going through the water of a narrow river.

106 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

COLLINS (to Bordelles)

Ring up to full speed.

Bordelles rings full speed on the Annunciator.

107 INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

The thump is so loud it's making Holman wince. As always, the men are stripped to the waist with sweat towels around their necks.

HOLMAN (on the tube)

Sir, It won't take no more turns. We oughta cut to half speed.

Chien has now acknowledged the trouble, is moving about the engine, checking here and there.

HOLMAN (on the tube)

It's bad. She could carry away. She'll blow a head.

There is no answer. But in a moment there is a clatter on the ladder, and Bordelles appears. This scares the coolies.

HOLMAN

She'll flail a rod through the bottom and sink the ship.

BORDELLES

We've never had to stop before.

HOLMAN (Impatient)

Well, I'm just tellin' ya.

Bordelles looks around for Chien, as though to silently ask his opinion. He finds him.

Cont.

[41]

107 Cont.

HOLMAN (angry)

Sir!

BORDELLES

We're under orders to reach Changsha on the double.

HOLMAN

She ain't gonna make it!



(Bordelles starts up the ladder)  
Sir?

The thump in the engine increases. Holman desperately makes an adjustment, shouldering Chien aside to do so.

COLLINS' VOICE (on the tube)

Engine room?

HOLMAN

Engine room, aye.

COLLINS

How long will this take?

HOLMAN

Fifteen - twenty minutes, Cap'n.

COLLINS

Very well. Secure.

Holman exhales with relief. He has finally won a point.

FRENCHY

Chien, burn down your fires.  
Pretty soon makee stop.

Holman adjusts the throttle, turns valves. The noise eases off. The up and down movement of the huge pistons gradually slows.

DISSOLVE TO:

[42]

108 INT. PISTONS - DAY

Gradually slowing down.

109 INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

DISSOLVE TO:

The pistons now move in a sluggish, irregular way, as though by their own momentum. We concentrate on one, working up and down in a large pit. This is where th« work is to be done.

As the piston slows, Holman is suddenly aware that Lieutenant Collins is standing on the ladder, watching. Holman turns to Frenchy.

HOLMAN

If we can keep the shaft up 'til they get the crankin' gear set, that'll hold it.

We see the piston start its downward stroke, and Holman checks it with the throttle. It swings back and he checks it again.

HOLMAN

It'll take some jimmying. There's a lotta slack in the damn thing.

Meanwhile, Chien and the coolies have been adjusting the jacking gear, which is simply a device with cogs, that, when engaged, stops the piston from moving down. We watch the danger of the thing -- the huge arm swinging in short curves, and checked by the move of the throttle. There is some noise indicating the jacks are engaged, also the arc is smaller.

HOLMAN

Okay. The jacks are set.

He moves to the pit where the coolies are gathered. They are afraid to enter the pit. Chien shouts at them, gesticulating. They shrill back. Po-Han watches from the fireroom. Holman edges through them.

HOLMAN

I'll hold the wrench.

Chien strips off his jacket, jumps into the pit.

CHIEN

My takee lench! My takee lench!

Cont.

[43]

109 Cont.

The thin, bony old man climbs carefully down into the pit and engages the wrench. We watch the piston, apparently captured in its small arc. One coolie swings the sledge

and the work goes forward. Collins watches. His eyes flick to Holman occasionally. Holman can't help feeling admiration for Chien's courage. He is turning away from the pit to check something, when there is a high, dry squeal. Holman dashes to the throttle.

HOLMAN

Watch it!

Crank and piston come crashing down on Chien. Screams and confusion. The crank is checked by the throttle in the upsweep. It trembles there, top center. In the pit, Chien slides down out of sight. The coolies are running and screaming. One pries up a manhole cover. In the floor plate, tries to drag Chien out through it. Collins is right there.

HOLMAN (from throttle)

Don't! You'll rip hell out of him! Frenchy, hold this. Them damned jacks gave way. Hold it!

Frenchy takes the throttle and Holman rushes to the crank pit. Crank continues to teeter on top. Holman gets half into the pit and lifts Chien carefully. Collins leans over and takes Chien from Holman. Jennings, the pharmacist's mate, has arrived with a stretcher and blanket. Chien exchanges a blank look with Holman as the latter hands him up to Collins. Some of the blood from Chien's crushed chest rubs off on Holman. He is badly shaken. They watch as Jennings and Haythorn carry Chien up the ladder. Holman then climbs into the pit and takes the wrench. He yells up to the coolies for someone to take the sledge.

HOLMAN

Hammah! Hammah!

They are afraid. Po-Han, who has come out of the fireroom, picks up the sledge.

HOLMAN

Hammah! Hammah!

PO-HAN

Hammah! Hammah!

Cont.

[44]

109 Cont.I

He starts to connect. After a few blows, the job is done and Holman climbs out, hands shaking.

HOLMAN (to Collins)

We can get underway.

COLLINS

The minute we secure in Changsha, report to me.

HOLMAN

Aye, aye, sir.

He watches, worried and confused, as Collins makes his way up the ladder.

DISSOLVE TO:

110 EXT. SAN PABLO - COMING INTO CHANGSHA - DAY

The active harbor with the sampans, the bund. And, beyond this, the city.

111 EXT. DECK - DAY

Holman comes out of the Engine Room, dirty and hot. He takes in the view of Changsha at a glance, and is heading for the crew's quarters, when two sailors come on the deck carrying a stretcher. Sailors look from it to Holman. He can't take his eyes from the stretcher. Bordelles and Lop Eye Shing arrive on the quarterdeck to go over the side with the body to the dock. Shing looks at Holman accusingly.

BORDELLES (to Holman)

Get cleaned up. The Captain's waiting for you.

Holman nods, watches the proceedings for another moment, heads for the crew's quarters.

A-II INT. LIVING QUARTERS - DAY

The men are getting into their whites, preparing to go ashore on liberty. They regard Holman with open hostility as he enters, goes to his bunk, starts to pull off his shoes.

Cont.

[45]

A-111 Cont.

They talk as if Holman were not present.

SKI

Harris, ain't you happy the engin's all fixed?

HARRIS

Yeah. I don't know how it got along like that for over twenty years.

SKI

Well, there's nothin' to worry about now. It's goin' like a Swiss watch.

FERNA (mockingly)

"Stop the boat. Captain. I hear a rattle. "

Holman has glanced from one man to another, then gone back to peeling off his socks. They realize he isn't going to be sucked in. Ski addresses him directly.

SKI

Runnin' the engine was Chien's job. What'd you have to stick your face in for?

HOLMAN (softly)

You go to hell. I run that engine.

HARRIS

Holman, we like our coolies here. They make life easy for us.

HOLMAN (pause)

What are you sayin'?

Holman's manner is deadly quiet.

HARRIS

I'm sayin' you oughta wise up. Join the club. Another thing like that happens, the coolies'll say you're a Jonah and start jumpin' ship. Then where we gonna be?

Holman looks silently from one face to another, then smiles with easy contempt, turns back to his bunk, starts peeling out of his dungarees.

DISSOLVE TO:

[46]

112 INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

Holman, in his whites, is standing at ease. Collins is seated at his table.

COLLINS

For the first time on this ship, a man has been killed.

Holman waits. He's sorry about that, but he's not going to take the fall for it.

COLLINS

I want to know why?

HOLMAN

You were watching. Captain. The keys in the jack that was holding the crank jarred out.

COLLINS

Why?

HOLMAN

Vibration.

COLLINS

And why the vibration?

HOLMAN

From the bearing knock. One of the keys been missing for a long time, I guess. The other was just being held on by rust.

COLLINS

Can you fix any personal responsibility for this?

Holman hesitates. He wants to do it right.

HOLMAN

For the jacking gear?

COLLINS (impatiently)

For the accident.

HOLMAN

Well, sir, if there hadn't been a knock in the L.P., there wouldn't have been vibration. Chien handled the overhaul. He should've fixed it.

Cont.

[47]

113 Cont.

COLLINS

Are you saying Chien killed himself?  
(Holman doesn't reply)  
He worked under supervision.

HOLMAN

Captain, that's not how it is around here. We lose face if we go bilge crawling or get grease on our hands. You can't supervise an engine job if you always gotta look military and stand a lot of topside watches.

Collins' anger flares, but he controls himself.

COLLINS

Lop Eye Shing, the number one coolie, says you killed Chien.

HOLMAN (dismissively)

Aaaah --

COLLINS

Through the engine. In some mysterious way. That may be superstition, but it's real to them. Your resentment of Chien was well known.

HOLMAN (firm)

Captain, let me tell you something. Maybe you didn't start it, but it's the system you got that killed him. If --

COLLINS

Holman!

(then more calmly)

You will immediately train one of the other coolies to take Chien's place, and then return to your military duties.

HOLMAN (pressing)

Captain, I'm the one you need on that engine. It's my job. I'll really give you something. Up to eighteen knots, no breakdowns. Get where you want to fast. I'm no good at this military thing, but when it comes to engines --

Cont.

[48]

112 Cont.I

COLLINS (cutting him off)

If you just wanted to work on engines, why did you join the Navy?

There is no answer.

COLLINS

The crew of this ship is designed just like the machinery that powers this ship. Captains before me designed San Pablo for a special job we have here in the backwaters of China. But men will not hold a shape like steel or brass. We have to refit ourselves into the design every day. That is the purpose of all that we do in San Pablo. And you cannot be excused to do what you would prefer to do — no matter how well you do it.

(pause)

Train a new coolie. That's all, Holman.

After a long, non-committal look at Collins, Holman turns and exits.

DISSOLVE TO:



113-114 OUT

115 INT. THE RED CANDLE HAPPINESS GARDEN - NIGHT

This is a dark, dreary, unearthly dive. A single, naked light bulb hangs from the ceiling. The place is thick with smoke. There is drunken singing, minor brawls are going on. Calls and catcalls across the room. Little Chinese girls are doing their job: flirting, egging men to buy drinks, being mauled and handled, giggling. White-coated Chinese "boys" bring the drinks. There is a conspicuous stairway to the second floor. Seated at a table in the corner is VICTOR SHU, the sinister looking owner. MAMMA CHUNK, in trousers and jacket.

Cont.

[49-50]

115 Cont.1

HOLMAN

Nah. He'll make me keep trying.

(pause)

Seven years I've been lookin' for that engine. Maybe he's right. Maybe I'm lookin' in the wrong place.

SKI (at another table)

Hey, Mamma Chunk. Where's the new stuff?

MAMMA CHUNK

You all time same Sampabble sailor? Whassamattah no likee all sama gel?

(moves to Frenchy)

Hey, Flenchy. Whassamattah no takee gel topside?

FRENCHY

Give me time.

MAMMA CHUNK

I think you too old man.

She laughs. Frenchy jumps up, hugs her to him, dancing around in a circle. She pushes him into his seat, backs away laughing.

MAMMA CHUNK

You belong new sailah. What name you?

Cont.

[51]

115 Cont.I

He has to smile at her.

HOLMAN

Holman.

MAMMA CHUNK

Have got one piecee new gel topside. Brand new. She just now make pitee.

(pantomimes makeup)

Suppose by-m-bye she come you table. Maskee?

Holman just smiles.

FRENCHY

Yeah, maskee, Mamma.

RESTORFF (yelling, o.s.)

Yeah, your eyes are bigger than your —

116 SHOT OF STAWSKI

He is going up the stairs with two girls. Everybody laughs.

CROSLEY

Don't hurt yourself!

At this moment, MAILY comes down the stairs. Stawski sees her first, starts to back down, leaving the other girls go. They protest, try to hang on, but he brushes them aside, backs down the stairs in front of Maily. A hush comes over the room.

Maily is startlingly unlike the other girls. Her hair is done in simple Western style, her clothes are Western. She is vastly exciting to the men. They watch, slightly in awe, as she stands near the light, still on the stairs. Ski doffs his hat in a mock gesture of gentlemanliness, holds out his hand. Smiling, Maily takes it. He starts up the stairs in a continuous flow of motion, trying to pirouette her, but she won't be turned.

Without a stop, he circles and starts to lead her to his table, firmly holding her hand.

Cont.

[52]

116 Cont.

SKI

Right over here, Loveyduck. Best table in the house. Clear the way, you slobs. Back to your pigs.

He slips his arm around her waist. Maily notices Frenchy and Holman at the other table. Frenchy is obviously smitten on sight. Holman looks at him, then at Maily, registering this. Ski seats her in a chair, pulls another up close to her.

SKI

Never mind those other goons. My name's Ski.  
(points at himself)  
Ski. Savvy? What name you?

MAILY(perfect English)

My name is Maily.

Everyone does a take at the flawless English and the lovely voice.

SKI (broadly)

Say that again?

MAILY

My name is Maily?

Other sailors have gathered around the table. Ski smiles, pulls his chair closer.

SKI

Well, hello, Maily.

RESTORFF

Hey, Ski. Remember I'm your buddy.

SKI

Shove off.  
(to Maily)  
What'll you drink?

CROSLEY

Hey, Ski. Pal?

SKI (grandly)

I'm sure you all have homes to go to. Why don't you —

Cont.

[53]

116 Cont.I

SKI (cont.) (makes a large gesture with his hand)  
-- vamoose!

The men move back a bit, but the two at Ski's table hold their ground.

SKI (in close, at work)

What'll you drink?

Maily wears a fixed and tense smile.

MAILY

I should warn you I get a commission on what I drink. All I drink is cold tea, but you'll pay for whisky --

Everyone looks around at her naive explanation. Frenchy is growing annoyed with Ski. Maily looks across to him and Holman. Frenchy smiles courage to her. Holman just looks back.

SKI

Boy! Catch two piecee whisky.  
(he lets his hands touch Maily's neck and shoulders)  
Relax.

Maily, tensely aware of what is going on, forces a bright smile.

MAILY

I keep books for Mr. Shu and act as hostess. I'm so pleased to

meet all of you.

SKI

Where'd you learn to speak English like that?

MAILY

My secret.

Holman looks around at the sailors, hovering just outside the ring of Maily's table, with their own girls, but paying more attention to Maily.

Cont.

[54]

116 Cont.2

MAILY

Where are you from?

SKI (his hands still working)

New Jersey.

MAILY

Oh, yes. Trenton.

SKI

Yeah. Trenton's in New Jersey.

MAILY

That's where Washington crossed the Delaware.

SKI

That was before my time.

MAILY (as the pawing gets worse)

As hostess, I'm supposed to divide my time among the tables. It's been very pleasant, but I must go now.

She tries to get up, but Ski holds her down with his hand

beneath the table.

SKI

Not 'til we take a little trip across the Delaware.

MAILY

I don't go upstairs. I'm only a hostess.

Ski really starts to maul her. She is terrified, trying to rise. She looks around for help. Most of the sailors seem to be enjoying the struggle. Ski's hand is at work under the table. Maily gasps and jerks.

MAILY

Please, Mr. Ski. Don't do that.

FRENCHY (sharply)

Ski! Let her alone!

SKI

You go to hell!

Cont.

[55]

116 Cont.3

Holman and Frenchy get up, move toward the table.

HOLMAN

She don't seem to like the work.

Maily watches them gratefully. Bronson appears with his Shore Patrol club, brassard, and web belt.

BRONSON

Knock it off, you two.  
(to Holman)

'Case you don't know it, this girl's got duties, just like sailors. 'Case you didn't know that either.

Ski has gone back to his mauling.

MAILY (struggling)

Please!

Frenchy and Holman start toward Ski.

HOLMAN

Let 'er go!

Bronson blocks them with his club.

BRONSON

Stand fast. That's an order. You don't go messing with another man's girl.

(then, with a smile)

'Til he's through with her.

Mamma Chunk, who with Victor Shu, has been watching the excitement with satisfaction,, feels it's time to put things straight. She bustles through, shrills at Ski.

MAMMA CHUNK

Wassamattah, you! You wanchee go topside her? Pay money.

Ski throws two Mex dollars on the table, grabs Maily, pulls her up. Mamma Chunk stops him.

MAMMA CHUNK

This gel first time. Must pay two hundred dollah?

SKI

Two?! -- (pause)

I 'll give you ten Mexican dollars.

Cont.

[56]

116 Cont.4

He throws this on the table.

MAMMA CHUNK

Two hundred dollah!

SKI

You think I'm an admiral?

MAMMA CHUNK

That be first time price.

SKI

Who says so?

MAMA CHUNK

Victor Shu.

She looks in Shu's direction. He stands calmly apart from it all.

SHU

Two hundred dollars.

SKI

Nobody's ever gonna have that much.

Shu smiles and shrugs. Ski snorts.

SKI

I'll be damned (belligerently)

Well, she's still drinking with me.

MAMMA CHUNK (herding Maily away)

She go oddah table now.

SKI

You ain't changing the house rules like that, dammit! Long as I buy her drinks, I keep her.

MAMMA CHUNK (rushing at him with force and rage)

Whassamattah! Whassamattah! You clazy?

Ski shrinks back before this wave of womanly anger. The other sailors laugh. Red Dog, in a broad imitation of Ski's pawing,



starts to grab butts right and left. Mamma Chunk collars another girl, shoves her at Ski, then takes

Cont.

[57]

116 Cont. 5

Maily to Frenchy's and Holman's table, seats her. Ski brushes the other girl off, drifts away, sulking.

Some sailors follow Maily to the new table. Mamma Chunk steps back to watch her work.

MAILY (to Frenchy)

What's your name?

FRENCH (smitten)

My name is Frenchy. This is Jake Holman.

MAILY

My name is Maily.

Holman nods. Frenchy rises an inch from his chair.

FRENCHY

How do you do?

The watching sailors cheer his gallantry. He sits down, embarrassed.

MAILY

Thank you for helping me.

Her look takes in both Frenchy and Holman.

FRENCHY

It was nothin'.

MAILY

Where are you from, Mr. Holman?

HOLMAN (after a minute)

Nevada.

MAILY

Yes. Reno.

Holman nods, smiles at her game.

FRENCHY

I'm from California.

MAILY

San Francisco. Los Angeles. (back to Holman)

Is Nevada nice?

Cont.

[58]

116 Cont. 6

HOLMAN

Not to everybody.

RESTORFF (outer ring)

I'm from New York.

MAILY

The Hudson River.

FARREN

Massachusetts.

RED DOG (mocking, in broad Boston accent)

Park your car for the garden party!

MAILY

Boston? Tea?

FARREN

You got it.

FRENCHY

Where are you from?

MAILY

My secret. Mr. Holman, will you tell me about Nevada.

HOLMAN (pause)

It's no place in the middle of nothin'.

FRENCHY

Where'd you learn to speak English like this?

MAILY (smiling)

My secret.

They all laugh at the repetition. During the laughter Holman gets up and starts away. Maily looks up as he rises, almost appealing. He gives her a smile and a shrug. There's nothing she can do for him. We see him drift off from Maily's angle, go to the shadows, start talking to some of the girls.

Cont.

[59]

116 Cont. 7

FRENCHY

Maily?

MAILY

Yes?

FRENCHY

Can I get you a drink?

MAILY

I should warn you --

FRENCHY

I know. (to boy) Two piecee whiskey. (low to Maily)  
Why two hundred dollars? I mean, is there somethin' special  
about two hundred dollars?

RESTORFF

Hey, speak up!

RED DOG

Louder! Louder!

Frenchy just smiles at them, goes back to Maily.

FRENCHY (low again)

Your secret -- I know. What happens when Shu gets his two  
hundred dollars?

MAILY

I go to Hankow, to Shanghai. I'm free.

Frenchy is smitten even more. Some vein of gallantry has  
been reached.

FRENCHY

I wish I had the two hundred. (she smiles at him) I mean --  
just to glve it to you.

MAILY

You would do that?

Frenchy hesitates. After all, he's human. Then he nods his  
head emphatically.

Cont.

[60]

116 Cont. 8

FRENCHY

Yeah. Look -- I'll get it.

He reaches in his pocket for money. Maily is touched.

FARREN

Time's up. Next table.

Red Dog comes over, escorts Maily away.

RED DOG

You gotta work fast around here, boy. My name is Red Dog and I don't come from no place, so I don't wanna talk geography.

Frenchy stands and counts his money, looks up, loud and eager.

FRENCHY

Who wants to shoot a little crap?

VARIOUS (hooting at him)

Oh, sure! Any day! You're not gettin' the two hundred from us, lover boy!

Frenchy persists, moving on to other tables.

FRENCHY

Blackjack? Seven-card-stud? You name it!

He passes Holman who has a girl on his arm. Holman smiles at him, moves up the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

117 INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Holman, dressed in dungarees, descends the ladder. He stops on the lower step to look over the assortment of coolies, one of whom he must train. They look at him blankly, except for Po-Han, who smiles. Holman studies them, weighing Frenchy's suggestion that he try to goof the job. He moves to a bench, fusses with the log, looks back at the coolies. Po-Han continues to smile with insistence. Holman addresses him with an overtone of sarcasm.

Cont.

[61]

117 Cont.

HOLMAN

You likee be boss man? Be all same Chien?

Po-Han's face darkens in confusion. Chien is dead. Lots of bad joss around here.

PO-HAN

Likee same who?

HOLMAN

Chien. Number one engine coolie.

PO-HAN

Him all die.

HOLMAN

Yeah, him all die. Too bad. Now my wanchee new boss.  
(waves at the plant)  
My teachee you. All pidgin.

Po-Han thinks Holman is complaining about the condition of the engine. He goes to a valve, looks for trouble.

PO-HAN

Engine side not plopah?

HOLMAN (lapsing)

Nah, the engine's okay if -- you gotta know how to run it right! (gesturing) Come 'ere!

He takes out a sketch he has made of the plant, lays it on the bench, indicates that Po-Han should look at it. He points to a place on the sketch.

HOLMAN

Valve. B'long same.  
(points) Valve.

He points to the actual valve in the plant.

PO-HAN

Wowel.

Holman looks at him, not getting it.

Cont.

[62]

117 Cont.1

PO-HAN

Wowel. (moves quickly to several valves, puts his hands on them, smiles)

Wowel.

HOLMAN

Yeah. Okay -- wowel. (points again at sketch) Main steam stop valve.

PO-HAH

May -- stim - stah -- wowel.

HOLMAN

Okay. Where?

Holman points to the sketch, then waves inquiringly at the plant.

HOLMAN

Same. B'long same.

Po-Han knits his forehead, starts looking among the valves, puts his hand on one, looks at Holman questioningly.

HOLMAN

Nah.

Po-Han is angry with himself.

PO-HAN

Nah! Not plopah wowel!

He looks some more. Holman, hopes fading, watches Po-Han wander off among the valves, lost. Finally Holman begins to fold up the sketch, staring at the bench. From o.s. Po-Han's voice is heard.

PO-HAN

May -- stim -- stah -- wowel.

Holman looks around.

PO-HAN

May -- stim -- stah — wowel?

Holman nods briefly. It took him long enough.

Cont.

[63]

117 Cont.2

PO-HAN (delighted)

May -- stim -- stah -- wowel!

HOLMAN

Yeah, that's the wowel -- but I don't know.

Po-Han comes over, his face alight with hope.

PO-HAN

You -- me -- can do, Jehk?

Holman smiles a little.

DISSOLVE TO:

[64]

118-138 MONTAGE

QUICK, RHYTHMIC SHOTS OF HOLMAN TURNING VALVES, PO-HAN RESPONDING — HOLMAN POINTING TO CHART -- PO-HAN JUMPING TO POINT IT OUT IN THE PLANT -- BUILDING TO....

139 INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Holman is stripped to the waist with a sweat towel around his neck. He is excited with teaching.

HOLMAN (at boiler)



Inside b'long steam. Live steam. Strong steam!

He acts this out -- strong. Then thumps the shell.

PO-HAN

Stim.

He acts out strong.

HOLMAN

It comes along here. Steam. Stim. Live stim -- to the feed pump throttle. It goes in live and comes out exhaust.

He follows the line along as he says this, pantomiming, checking with Po-Han for understanding. Po-Han is puzzled. He goes back and looks at the pipes as though they could explain themselves.

HOLMAN

Look, we'll try it different.

He starts to act it out.

HOLMAN

Live stim! Live stim!

He acts out live steam coming along the line, snorting and bulging his muscles, and to show that live steam performs work in the feed pump, he reaches in with both arms to the crosshead, and grunting heavily, pretends to lift the piston rod up and down. Then, to show the steam coming out of the exhaust valve, he wheezes and droops, lets his muscles go slack, staggers over to the condenser and folds his hands beside his head to show sleep. Po-Han is delighted with this dumb show. He duplicates the act, watching at every step for Holman's approval. Like a good teacher, Holman is involuntarily pushing him on, giving his body English at each change. He is pleased.

Cont.

[65]

139 Cont.

PO-HAN (at condenser)

Stim dead! Stim dead!

HOLMAN

Sabby? This side steam makee dead.

Holman slaps the condensor shell. He kneels and bleeds water from a cock on the air pump discharge.

HOLMAN

Before stim. Now water. Water b'long dead stim.

Po-Han kneels and lets water flow over his fingers. His eyes sparkle.

PO-HAN

Stim dead! Stim dead!

Holman reaches out with both hands, grabs Po-Han's shoulders.

HOLMAN

Yeah! You got it! Come on, we'll take five.

Po-Han beams. No white man has ever been this friendly to him. They go to the work bench. Holman pours each of them a mug of coffee from the pot. He mops his face, looks at Po-Han.

HOLMAN

Some day I'll show you 'bout the throttle.

He puts his hand on it. Po-Han frowns. This is a post of command. He is afraid of it.

HOLMAN

It's just gettin' used to it.

He manipulates the throttle.

HOLMAN

Go 'head. See.

Po-Han hesitates, finally dares to put his hand on it. Ski and Perna, both drunk, have appeared on the upper grating.

SKI

Who's your new throttleman, Homang?

Cont.

[66}

139 Cont.1

Po-Han steps away from the throttle as Ski and Perna come down.

HOLMAN

We're workin'. Haul outa here.

PERNA

Ask the new throttleman if you can have some coffee, Ski.  
Maybe he'll let you use h1s cup.

HOLMAN

Out!

SKI

Slant-eyed bastard --

He knocks the cup from Po-Han's hand, cuffs him across the mouth. Before Ski knows it is happening, Holman is on him. He cuts savagely down on Ski's neck with the heel of his hand, doubles him with a blow to the belly, rocks him back with another openhanded slash, then hacks him again from above. The blows come like lightning. Ski thuds to the deck, looks at Holman.

SKI

I'm gonna get up and kill you.

HOLMAN (to Perna)

Get the slob outa here 'fore I stick him in the fire-box.

Perna helps Ski to his feet.

SKI

You better start sleepin' light.

HOLMAN

Don't mean that, buddy. I'll slit your throat.

They help each other up the ladder, glancing angrily back.  
Po-Han looks at Holman, scared.

DISSOLVE TO;

140 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Holman is just leaving the bridge -- hurriedly. Collins and Bordelles can be seen behind him as he scrambles down the ladder. He trots along the deck, encounters Lop Eye Shing, the number one coolie.

Cont.

[67]

140 Cont.

HOLMAN  
(sarcastically)

Turns out you aren't runnin' the ship after all.

He moves on briskly. Shing watches him, puzzled, then looks up toward the bridge, sees Bordelles looking at him.

A-140 BRIDGE - DAY

Bordelles turns to Collins,

BORDELLES

Sir, do you think it's wise?  
Overruling Shing about the coolie?

COLLINS

That isn't exactly what I've done,  
Mr. Bordelles. It's the crew  
that wanted Po-Han off the ship.

BORDELLES

Yes, but Shing did the firing.  
He'll lose face if Holman makes  
them change their mind.

COLLINS

How much chance do you think there  
is of that?

B-140 INT. COOLIES QUARTERS - DAY

Po-Han is seated disconsolately on one of the bunks,  
assembling his few shabby belongings. Holman comes  
scrambling down the ladder, sticks his head in the door.

HOLMAN

Don't pack your bag. We're not dead yet.

He races back up the ladders. A look of wild hope appears  
on Po-Han's face.

141

OUT

142 INT CREW'S QUARTERS - DAY

The crew is sitting around eating, the usual chatter  
going on. Holman comes in. He obviously has a plan.  
He stands facing Ski.

Cont.

[68]

142 Cont.

HOLMAN

Ski -- I hit you.

SKI

The slopehead hit me. You jumped me so I didn't get a chance  
to kill 'em. Huh, Perna?

PERNA

Yeah.

HOLMAN

Y'ever seen him swing a sledge?

SKI

Huh?

HOLMAN

If he hit ya, he'd a'killed ya.  
You're lucky I broke it up.

SKI (incredulous)

The slopehead?

The crew smiles at the idea.

HOLMAN

Sorry I hadda get a little rough.

SKI

You ever seen a slopehead fight?

Ski gets up and does a broad imitation of the way a Chinese would fight -- running and flapping his arms. Everyone laughs. Holman shakes his head regretfully.

HOLMAN

Ski, this guy woulda put out your light.

SKI

Who says so?

Holman waits, then shrugs as if the idea just occurred to him.

HOLMAN

I got fifty bucks that says so.

There is flurry from the crew.

BRONSON

I'll take it.

Cont.

142 Cont.1

HOLMAN

You got it.

SHANAHAN (amid the clamor)

You got anymore?

ALL

Yeah - how much?

Let us in!

How much you got?

I'll take twenty.

Ski yells over them.

SKI

Wait a minute, wait a minute!

Who's gonna do the fightin' here?

(to Holman)

I don't go for it 'less you bet  
me a hundred bucks.

HOLMAN

You holding' a hundred?

SKI

Yeah, and I need two hundred to  
buy myself a very special present.

Frenchy looks at Holman horrified at the idea of Ski's  
getting the two hundred dollars. Holman looks at Frenchy,  
torn, but then nods at Ski.

HOLMAN

A hundred says he takes you.

SKI (howls with joy)

Maily -- here I come.

HARRIS

You got anymore, Homang?

All take up the cry and crowd around.

HOLMAN

I got another fifty, I'll cut it up  
but wait -- wait....

They quiet down a little.

HOLMAN

If Po-Han wins, he stays aboard  
That's gotta be in the deal.

Cont.

[70]

142 Cont.2

The others hesitate, look to Ski and Perna for any sign  
of opposition.

SKI (broadly)

Sure!

PERNA

What the hell!

HARRIS

He ain't gonna win anyhow!

ALL

Sure!

Win? Hah!

That's a deal.

They reach to cover the bets.

SKI

I'll bet you ten on the side the  
slopehead won't fight.

HOLMAN



He'll fight.

Frenchy has been watching intently, his anger growing. Now that the commotion dies down and Ski goes off shadow-boxing, Frenchy taps Holman sharply on the arm, gestures for them to go outside. They move toward the door.

143 EXT. DECK - DAY

Frenchy is baffled and angry.

FRENCHY

You know what I'm tryna do for Maily.

Holman looks at him, troubled.

HOLMAN

They're giving' the coolie a bad shake.

FRENCHY

So what? Now you'll be rid of him.  
Get your engine back.

HOLMAN

It's my fault he was canned.

Cont.

[71]

143 Cont.

FRENCHY

I don't get it. You lose your money and Ski's gonna get Maily on account of that slopehead?

HOLMAN {angry}

Whaddy call her?

FRENCHY

You shut up!

For a moment it seems that Frenchy might hit him.

FRENCHY (bitterly)

You know, I coulda had some of that dough, too, but I wouldn't bet against a buddy.

He goes back inside. Holman is deeply troubled.

DISSOLVE TO:

[72]

144 INT. RED CANDLE HAPPINESS GARDEN - NIGHT

Po-Han is now sitting stripped to the waist in one corner of an improvised ring under a naked light bulb. He is terrified. Holman is working over him. Ski sits confidently in the other corner. Franks is idle in the middle, about to act as referee. Maily and Frenchy are seated at a table in a dark corner. He is in utter misery.

MAILY

French, you mustn't worry.

FRENCHY

How the hell can you say that? Excuse me.

Maily looks toward Ski, who is already gloating over her.

MAILY

If Ski gets me, then -- he is supposed to.

FRENCHY

That big ape?

MAILY

It only means that I am being punished.

FRENCHY

For what?

MAILY (pause)

My secret.

FRENCHY

Now you quit that "My secret" stuff.  
Who'd want to punish you?

MAILY (pause)

God.

FRENCHY

Who?

MAILY

God.

FRENCHY

What'd you do to Him?

Cont.

[73]

144 Cont.

MAILY

I -- stole money. From American missionaries. They found me  
as a child and brought me up.

FRENCHY

Why'd you steal the money?

MAILY

To get away. They -- wanted me to be a missionary, too.

FRENCHY (full understanding)

Oh.

MAILY

I meant to go to Shanghai and earn enough to send it back to them,  
But I couldn't. So I came to Changsha and Mr. Shu advanced it.  
Now he must be paid. (pause) And so must God.

FRENCHY (incensed)

Maily, you're bughouse. What kind of religion did they teach you?  
(darts up) I'll make a deal with Shu to pay him off a little every month.

MAILY (stops him)

No. There comes a time in your life when God calls on you to pay the debt you owe him.

FRENCHY

God don't go around punishing people that way. He waits 'till all the cards are in.

A tin pan clangs.

145 INT. THE BOX "RING" AT RED CANDLE - NIGHT

A place has been cleared. The sailors crowd the ring, standing, and at tables. Chinese girls, bar boys, Mamma Chunk, Victor Shu. Franks stands in the center of the ring. Farren, with web belt, brassard and club, has the duty. It is noisy, smoky, dimly lighted. We move in on Holman and Po-Han.

[74]

145 Cont.

HOLMAN (to Po-Han)

You gotta hit him. Hurt him,  
He's big, but it's blubber.

PO-HAN (afraid)

Too much cold this side.  
(puts hand on heart)  
Suppose cold this side, any man  
no can fight.

HOLMAN

You before plenty time fight Chinese  
man, makee him black eye. How fashion  
no can fight Stawski?

PO-HAN

Ski no same.

HOLMAN

You wanchee come back ship, you fight.

Red Dog hits the pan aga1n.

HOLMAN

Work his gut. Hard. Keep your chin in.

Across the ring Ski gets up. Po-Han rises uncertainly. Franks motions the two men to the center. Ski, larger than Po-Han, but flabby, comes out clowning hands over his head, pawing the floor. Po-Han comes sidling out. Frenchy, at the table with Maily, looks and hides head in his hands. Franks addresses Po-Han.

FRANKS

No kickee, no scratchee. None of that stuff. You sabby?

PO-HAN (breathless)

My sabby.

FRANKS

Okay. Go to it.

The fight is on. Ski clowns, walks casually after Po-Han, who keeps backing up, religiously holding his chin in front of him as he has been told to, sticking his left straight out in front of h1m. Holman closes his eyes, looks over toward Frenchy who is glaring at him. Ski flicks a blow off Po-Han's face, then holds his chin out, Po-Han backs away.

Cont.

[75]

145 Cont.1

HOLMAN (wild)

Hit 'em!

SKI

Whassamattah? Whassamattah?

(to Holman)  
Your man all same not fight?

The sailors all laugh. Ski hits Po-Han again. He has to keep following him around.

SKI

Drop anchor, willya?

Po-Han stands etil. Ski comes up, flicks him one. Po-Han moves a bit away, looks at Holman.

SKI (mocking)

What do I do now, Ma?

More laughter from the sailors.

SKI

Come on, fight!

The crowd takes up the chants "Fight, fight, fight."  
Ski moves in to muss Po-Han up. Landing hard blows, then playing around with him, turning his back. Po-Han retaliates by flailing with open gloves, scoring an occasional hit. Ski imitates his way of fighting, only lands a few. Red Dog bangs the pan. Ski and Po-Han return to their corners. Ski is noticeably breathing harder. Holman vigorously sponges Po-Han, looks across toward Ski's corner.

HOLMAN

Now, listen. He's gettin' tired.

PO-HAN (hopefully)

You tinkee he tired hit me?

HOLMAN

No, but he's running out of steam. Stim. You gotta start swinging. Put you baack into it, Hammah! Hammah!

He makes a sledge-swinging gesture. Frenchy's head is on the table. Maily looks toward the ring. Ski waves at her.

Cont.

[76]

145 Cont.1

SKI

Pack your bags for a trip across the Delaware, baby.

The banging pan starts the second round.

146-166 MONTAGE OF FIGHT

Shots of Po-Han getting hit, blood flowing above eye, face puffing up. Also of Ski landing harder punches, but getting winded as he chases Po-Han around. Po-Ran is hurt, but still lively. Holman is making sledge-like gestures from Po-Han's corner.

HOLMAN

Hammah! Hammah! Hammah!

Po-Han blindly lets one go. It hits Ski in the mid-riff. The punch doesn't really hurt, but it's a surprise. The crowd cheers. Once more the pan bangs. Holman sponges off Po-Han.

HOLMAN

Hit him in the gut! Hammah! Hammah!

Perna is sponging Ski in the opposite corner.

PERNA

Finish him this round. You'll need your strength for the main event.

Ski grins, looks in Maily's direction. The pan bangs. The two fighters come out again, Ski now going for the kill. Puffing heavily he drives in, rights, lefts. Po-Han, now covered with blood, spits out a tooth, goes down, but scrambles to his feet before Franks can begin counting. The faces in the crowd are hungry for the kill, but there is also admiration for Po-Han at the punishment he is gamely taking. He totters in the corner near Holman. Ski calls out.

SKI

Get out you money, Homang! I'll want it in a minute!

Po-Han turns to Holman, shocked.

PO-HAN

Jehk -- I lose fight, you lose money?

Cont.

[77]

146-166 Cont.

HOLMAN

Forget it! Stay in there!

PO-HAN

You lose rice bowl?

HOLMAN

Look out!

Ski has grabbed Po-Han by the shoulder. He spins him around. Suddenly Po-Han takes fire. He lets one go almost from the floor to Ski's mid-section. Ski doubles. Po-Han moves in with a series of wild, unaimed blows at the midriff. Ski, winded, gasping for air, tries to backpedal. The crowd is stunned, but sees a real fight in the making. It watches in silence. Po-Han lands another solid blow. Ski goes to his hands and knees. Franks starts to count. Po-Han looks at Holman who has been fighting in his corner. Frenchy is on his feet, shocked by the turn of events. Ski gets up sluggishly at the count of six. Po-Han moves away as though to let him recover.

HOLMAN

No! Get in there! Hammah! Hammah!

FRENCHY

Hit him! Kill the bum!

The crowd yells "Get him, Ski!" "Take him!" Ski lunges a blow at Po-Han, hits him in the face. Po-Han stops, spits out a tooth, then sails into Ski like a cyclone.



After five blows, Ski crumples to the floor again on his hands and knees. Franks starts to count - a bit too slowly.

FRANKS

One -- two -- three --

Suddenly the blast of the recall is heard from the ship. Franks stops, his hand in mid-air. There is silence except for the insistent blast. A quick glance passes between Franks and the duty man, Farren.

FARREN

Back to the ship on the double. Emergency recall.

HOLMAN

Finish the count!

Cont.

[78]

146-166 Cont.

FRANKS

Back to the ship.

Frenchy has rushed into the ring.

FRENCHY

Come on -- finish it!

In the milling and confusion which follow in the dim light, tables are overturned, glasses and bottles smashed. Holman takes up the count, a bit too fast.

HOLMAN

...five -- six -- seven --

Perna comes forward to help Ski up. Frenchy blocks him.

FRENCHY

Don't touch him!

Mamma Chunk is racing around, screaming.

MAMMA CHUNK

Whassamattah? Whassamattah?

HOLMAN

...nine -- ten -- you're out!

Frenchy grabs Maily, exalted at the outcome and shakes her by the shoulders.

FRENCHY

What did I tell you? What did I tell you?

Holman is helping Po-Han on with his clothes. Po-Han speaks through swollen lips.

PO-HAN

I go back to ship?

HOLMAN

You're damned right you do.

Perna helps Ski toward the door. It is a dim-lit, drunken exodus -- barboys trying to oollect money, girls clinging to the departing sailors.

167 EXT. THE BUND - NIGHT

In the dim light -- a few torches and lights from the San Pablo -- the sailors can be seen staggering, slipping, fa11ing, making their way hurriedly to the ship, down onto the bund, up the gangway.

[79]

168 EXT. THE SHIP - NIGHT

While the recall blast oontinues, Collins is on the bridge, impatient, tense, watch1ng his crew return.

COLLINS

On the double! On the double there!

169 EXT. THE PONTOON AND GANGPLANK - NIGHT

Bordelles, who has been ashore himself, hurries up the gangplank. He is sober. He throws the appropriate salutes, then hurries up the ladder to the bridge. Meanwhile the men pile aboard, full of questions.

#### THE CREW

What the hell's going on?  
We shoving off?  
Who blew the whistle?  
Hey, Chief, what's it all about?

#### 170 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Collins sees Bordelles approaching.

#### COLLINS

Get up steam, and stand by to cast off lines and drift if we don't get steam up fast enough. We'll anchor out in the channel. Get the men sobered fast. We may have to repel boarders.

#### BORDELLES

Aye, Aye, Captain.

He salutes and leaves.

#### FRANKS (sings out)

Now hear th1s. Make all preparations for getting under way.

#### 171 EXT. GANGPLANK - NIGHT

Holman and Frenchy are coming aboard, helping Po-Han who is still groggy. They hear Franks, look up at the bridge, puzzled.

#### 172 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

He sees Holman.

#### COLLINS

Get steam up to the engine on the double.

[80]

#### 173-178 SERIES OP SHOTS OP PREPARATIONS

The men, mostly drunk, stagger to their stations. In the engine room they tumble down the stairs -- neither Holman nor Frenchy is drunk -- and start to work. The coolies, too, are coming aboard.

179 INT. ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Po-Han, bloody and puffed, starts toward the boiler room to pick up a shovel, stripping off his blouse as he goes. Holman stops him.

HOLMAN

Hey, no. (he jabs him, smiling)

You boss.

Po-Han stops for a moment, looks around at Perna and the other engineers down there, then shouts an order to the coolies. Holman smiles.

180 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Collins shouts to the men on the pontoons.

COLLINS

Keep sharp on those lines down there.

Franks jumps to the bridge, saluting.

FRANKS

All hands on board, Captain.

COLLINS

Very well.

Suddenly down the streets In the distance there is the sound of an approaching mob. Collins and the others hear it, look in that direction.

181 EXT. P.O.V. SHOT OF MOB IN DISTANCE ~ TORCHES IN NIGHT

COLLINS

Cast off lines.

BORDELLES

Cast off all lines.

182 EXT. PONTOON - NIGHT

Two sailors who have been holding the lines at the ready, loose them from the bite and cast them out. Men on deck drag them in. The sailors run for the gangplank as the noise of the approaching mob grows louder.

[81]

183 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Bordelles calls out as sailors hop on board.

BORDELLES

Take in gangway on the double.

Half-drunken sailors haul in the gangplank. Others, using barge poles, shove the gunboat away from the dock. It starts drifting clear.

184 THE BUND - NIGHT

The yelling mob of students and demonstrators streams onto the Bund.

185 BRIDGE - NIGHT

Collins looks at the widening strip of water with satisfaction.

186 P.O.V. SHOT OF CROWD FROM BRIDGE - NIGHT

Collins sees the crowd, only some yards off now, yelling "Murderers! Murderers!" and waving torches.

LONG SHOT OF SHIP DRIFTING AWAY FROM TORCHES -

DISSOLVE TO:

[82]

188 INT. COLLIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Some messages are on the table.

COLLINS

Last night on the Wahnsien, up the gorges of the Yangtse, two British warships fought it out with the local warlord.

Bordelles smells blood and smiles expectantly.

COLLINS

Two hundred Chinese were killed, and one-hundred-and-fifty British. The Bolsheviks are now saying that two thousand innocent Chinese were slaughtered. We're up against a new strategy of lies.

BORDELLES

I see.

Collins consults some papers.

COLLINS

The students of China are supporting the new leader, Chiang Kai Shek -- the Nationalist Party. He is leading an army north to wipe out the warlords.

BORDELLES

What are we to do?

COLLINS

We have new orders, not to fire back.

Bordelles looks at him, stunned.

COLLINS (repeats)

Not to fire back.

BORDELLES

I don't understand.

Collins again rifles through his papers.

Cont.

[83]

188 Cont.

COLLINS

Apparently we are being blamed for everything -- the foreign devils. It's an old trick to unify people by getting them to hate something or someone. Well, we're it. They all want to get rid of us. Chiang Kai Shek, peacefully. The Communists in the movement, by force. But we're supposed to grin and bear it. Because if we fire back, we give them new propaganda against us -- and we apparently play into the hands of the Communist element who want us to start a real war so that Russia will have to come to China's rescue and in that way take her over. (he looks at Bordelles, troubled)

Muster all hands on the fantail at first light.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

189 EXT. FANTAIL - DAWN

The men are standing in formation at parade rest. Collins is on the gratings.

COLLINS

It is an accident of history that we in the San Pablo are the first American armed unit to come face to face with this new thing. How we face it can make it our great honor, or our dishonor. I intend that it shall be our honor. It is our military honor to obey orders. Our government has decided for the present not to treat the fighting between Chiang Kai Shek and the other warlords as just another warlord squabble. We will treat it as an authentic civil war in which we must remain very carefully neutral.

(pause)

We may not use force to protect American property -- only American lives, and then only when it is not possible to protect them any other way.

Cont.

[84]

189 Cont.

COLLINS (Cont.)

(pause)

This will take great moral courage. We are trained to fight men, not lies. But I know we will acquit ourselves with honor.

The men have all reacted with some puzzlement. The only point they really understand is that they cannot fire back.

COLLINS

The United States Government has ordered the evacuation of Central China. We shall be making one last trip to Paoshan to rescue the missionaries at China Light.

This registers with Holman -- Shirley.

COLLINS

Make all preparations for getting underway.

DISSOLVE TO:

190-192 OUT

193 EXT. PAOSHAN - DAY

The San Pablo is pulling into the dock, getting ready to throw lines over, lower the gangplank. On the dock are huddled four missionaries with two little children. Guarding them are a few dozen ragtag warlord soldiers.

194 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Collins is busy bringing the ship alongside. There is the usual activity prior to docking. Holman comes topside, scans the faces on the dock.

195 EXT. DOCK AT PAOSHAN - DAY

We see the missionaries and soldiers. An officer calls out to the ship in Chinese.

196 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Collins sees that Shing, standing outside his quarters, is listening to the officer.

COLLINS

What's he say?

Cont.

[85]

196 Cont.

SHING



Genlah Pan speak ship go othah side chop-chop.

COLLINS (firmly)

When we're finished.

Shing yells back in Chinese to the officer. Collins looks at Bordelles.

197 EXT. SHIP AND DOCK - DAY

Ship is being secured to the pontoon. The gangplank is run over.

198 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Collins and Bordelles.

COLLINS

Those are the China Light people, but I don't see Jameson.  
(calls to dock)  
Where's Jameson?

199 EXT. DOCK - DAY

MISSIONARY (MARTIN)

He wouldn't come.

200 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Collins and Bordelles exchange a look of concern.

COLLINS

Take the motor pan to China Light and get him.

BORDELLES

Aye, aye, sir.

COLLINS

Shove off at once. Damned nonsense!

201 EXT. PONTOON - DAY

The Chinese officer is yelling something to Shing.

202 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Collins looks to Shing.

Cont.

[86]

202 Cont.

SHING

He speak you no sailah man come shohside.

Collins nods grimly.

203 EXT. PONTOON - GANGPLANK - QUARTERDECK

Missionaries start up the gangplank. Holman stands just off the quarterdeck, watching them come aboard, looking for Shirley.

204 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Collins turns to Franks.

COLLINS

Keep the fires up. We'll get under way as soon as they return from China Light.

DISSOLVE TO:

205 EXT. MOTOR PAN IN NARROW RIVER - AFTERNOON

Bordelles and Farren are in the stern, Holman and Frenchy at the bow. They are armed with rifles. Holman smiles at Frenchy who is gazing dreamily into space.

HOLMAN

Hey.  
(no answer)  
Hey.

He taps him. Frenchy snaps out of his reverie.

FRENCHY (alertly)

Yeah.

HOLMAN

Relax. There's nobody gonna buy her 'fore you get back.

FRENCHY (worried)

Changsha's got a few civilians loaded with dough. They get wind of Maily.....

HOLMAN

Take it easy.

Cont.

[87]

203 Cont.

Frenchy thinks for a moment, shakes his head.

FRENCHY

I must be slowing down. All my life I been paying my money and and going topside. Now I just want to give this girl a break. I don't get it.

HOLMAN

You ever seen those temples here, where you buy a bird in a little cage and then let it loose, just for the hell of it?

FRENCHY (pleased)

They do that?

HOLMAN

Yeah. Supposed to make you feel good.

FRENCHY (smiling)

Yeah. Maybe that's it.

HOLMAN

How much you got?

FRENCHY

Time we get back -- if someone else hasn't already --

HOLMAN

They won't. How much?

FRENCHY

About a hundred and fifty.

HOLMAN

I'll carry you for the rest.

FRENCHY (blankly)

What?

HOLMAN

The other fifty. I'll carry you.

Frenchy gulps gratefully.

Cont.

[88]

205 Cont.1

FRENCHY

Jake, no kiddin' -- I won't forget this.

HOLMAN

Gowan. It's Stawski's money.

FRENCHY

Okay, but listen --

HOLMAN (embarrassed)

Forget it.

FRENCHY

Okay.

He nods obediently, smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

206 EXT. CHINA LIGHT JETTY - AFTERNOON

DISSOLVE TO:

The motor pan pulls into the simple landing. They secure the pan, start up the path, leaving Farren behind.

207 EXT. P.O.V. SHOT OF CHINA LIGHT MISSION - AFTERNOON

Far up a hill we see a compound of walled structures.

DISSOLVE TO:

208 EXT. OUTSIDE THE MISSION - DAY

Bordelles, Holman and Frenchy move with some care. They approach the entrance to the wall -- a gate -- and enter.

209 EXT. ENTRANCE TO COMPOUND - AFTERNOON

As they enter they are aware of the spirit screen, which stands eight feet inside the main gate. It is roughly eight feet high, placed there to block the entrance of evil spirits, who can travel only in a straight line.

210 EXT. THE COMPOUND - DAY

Houses, trees, earth compound. Holman finds something very orderly and appealing about it. We get see it through his eyes as they move along. They pass a large shed which contains some partially uncrated machinery. A few vines have started to creep over it. Holman's curiosity is aroused. Suddenly, from around the corner of one of the buildings, commands can be heard being shouted in youthful Chinese voices. They stop, move ahead

Cont.

[89]

210 Cont.

cautiously around the corner. CHO-JEN, a handsome, intelligent young man of 18, is conducting a military drill with his young, eager, but unarmed militia. After a moment, Cho-Jen sees the sailors, calls a halt to the drill. Bordelles and his little group walk slowly and deliberately past Cho-Jen toward the main house.

Bordelles moves familiarly through the area. Cho-Jen watches the sailors closely. Then he leaves his "troops" and follows them.

211 EXT. PORCH AND ENTRANCE TO JAMESON'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Bordelles approaches the entrance and knocks. While waiting, he becomes aware that Cho-Jen is standing just out in the compound.

CHO-JEN

Mr. Jameson is in my custody.

Bordelles' eyes widen at this. Before he can reply, Shirley appears at the screen door.

SHIRLEY

Yes?

BORDELLES

Mr. Jameson, please.

Shirley sees Holman. Though the situation is serious, she smiles. He smiles back. Shirley has changed. Her hair is done simply, her dress is plain. She seems at home, at peace.

SHIRLEY

Come in.

She opens the door for Bordelles, who indicates that Holman and Frenchy are to wait on the porch. Bordelles enters the house, followed by Cho-Jen, whose face is tense. Shirley glances once more at Holman, smiles again, then follows the others into the shadows of the home.

212 EXT. PORCH - AFTERNOON

Frenchy has noted the smiling between Shirley and Holman.

FRENCHY

She gotta pretty quick boot outa you.

HOLMAN

Nah. I met her on the boat comin' up from Shanghai.

Cont.

[90]

212 Cont.

FRENCHY (ready for details)

Yeah?

HOLMAN

Just met her. Just met her.

Holman and Frenchy drift away from the door. Frenchy lounges. Holman continues to look at the boy troops, still standing stiffly at attention. Holman nods at them.

HOLMAN

They'd go great on the San Pablo, huh? Collins'd have 'em standing like that all day. (calls out)

At ease.

213 EXT. COMPOUND - MILITIA - AFTERNOON

They don't budge. Serious, intense, good young faces.

214 EXT. PORCH - AFTERNOON

Holman shrugs, turns to Frenchy, who has seated himself on a shady part of the porch.

HOLMAN

I think they're waiting to repel boarders.

Shirley comes out the door, carrying two glasses of water.

SHIRLEY

Hello.

HOLMAN

Hiya. Thanks.

He takes a glass of water. She offers one to Frenchy, who has gotten up uncertainly.

FRENCHY (taking it)

Thanks.

HOLMAN

Uh -- Frenchy Bourgoyne -- Miss --

SHIRLEY

Shirley. Shirley Eckert. How do you do?

FRENCHY

Pleased to meet you.

Cont.

[91]

214 Cont.

He retreats to his shady spot, sips the water. There is a moment of clumsy silence. Holman wants to talk with Shirley, doesn't know how to get going. He gestures at the boy soldiers.

HOLMAN

These kids stand like that much longer, they're gonna melt.

Shirley looks and smiles. She goes down the steps, followed by Holman, says something to the boys in Chinese. Then waves her hands as though scattering a flock of chickens.

215 EXT. COMPOUND - AFTERNOON

The kids at first hold attention. Then, rather doubtfully, one by one, they relax, smile, shuffle around in a group. They are still very much under the influence of a woman teacher. Holman laughs, turns back to Frenchy.

216 EXT. PORCH - AFTERNOON

HOLMAN

Hey, Frenchy. That's a new military command. Shoo!

Frenchy smiles from the porch, but makes no move to join them. Holman, still nervous, turns back to Shirley.



SHIRLEY (smiling)

Cho-Jen wouldn't like me doing that.

HOLMAN

The guy who was drilling 'em?

SHIRLEY

Yes. A student of mine. After two days of teaching him, I stopped asking why I'd come to China.

HOLMAN (nodding)

He really needed it, huh?

SHIRLEY

Oh, no, he's very bright. It's like teaching some kind of young Napoleon. He's the leader of the students in this district.

Cont.

[92]

216 Cont.

HOLMAN

Bolsheviks?

SHIRLEY

No. Chiang Kai Shek is his god. For all of them he's the hope.

HOLMAN

How come he's got the Reverend in custody?

SHIRLEY (proudly)

Mr. Jameson stood trial in a Chinese court here. He's under sentence of death.

Holman sees the pride -- can't reconcile it with what she has told him.

HOLMAN

You don't mind that?

SHIRLEY

It's just a technicality. Opium was found growing on a remote piece of mission property. He didn't know about it, but technically he was responsible.

HOLMAN

Why'd he go to a Chinese court? He didn't have to.

SHIRLEY (again, proudly)

He wanted to. He is now in Cho-Jen's custody and we're going to Changsha to appeal the sentence in a higher court. We're sure it'll be changed. Then we can come back to our work here.

HOLMAN

That's where we're going. Changsha.

SHIRLEY

We'd heard you were taking the missionaries clear down to Hankow.

HOLMAN (shaking his head)

Changsha.

Cont.

[93]

216 Cont.1

He looks at Shirley, trying to find a way to drive a casual wedge. She smiles unselfconsciously.

SHIRLEY

Maybe we'll see each other.

HOLMAN

Yeah.

He awkwardly tries to conceal his interest, gestures toward the shed with the uncrated engines.

HOLMAN

What's all the machinery?

SHIRLEY

A lot of things we don't understand. (smiling)  
I thought of you the minute I saw it.

She moves across the compound to the shed. Holman quickly follows her.

A-216 INT. SHED - DAY

They enter the shed. Holman looks at the partially unpacked, neglected engines with dismay.

HOLMAN

What's it for?

SHIRLEY (pointing)

That's to make beet sugar -- and that's for electric light.

HOLMAN

Why aren't you running 'em?

SHIRLEY

We don't know how. Some wealthy man from Utah sent them out.

Holman starts to circle the machinery -- much as he did when first entering the engine room on the San Pablo.

HOLMAN

There's a direction book. They always send directions.

Shirley starts to rummage in one of the empty crates.

SHIRLEY

I think Mr. Jameson has it.

Cont.

[94]

A-216 Cont.

HOLMAN

You gotta get this stuff goin'.

Shirley turns, sees Holman prowling the engines. She senses his dedication.

SHIRLEY

What would be our first step?

HOLMAN

Clean it up.

JAMESON'S VOICE (o.s.)

Miss Eckert?

Shirley hurries out of the shed, Holman behind her.

217 EXT. PORCH AND COMPOUND - AFTERNOON

Jameson, on the porch, sees Holman and Shirley emerge the shed. He clears his throat, determined to believe the best.

JAMESON

The San Pablo is going to Changsha. It will be quicker than going overland. Cho-Jen has agreed. We'll be leaving as soon as you can get ready.

Shirley looks quickly at Holman.

SHIRLEY

I'll go pack.

JAMESON

Don't pack too much. I'm sure we'll be returning.

He looks at Cho-Jen, who smiles, then stiffens. Cho-Jen suddenly sees his troops in disarray. He marches toward them.

218 EXT. COMPOUND - TROOPS - AFTERNOON

The "troops" are uneasy under Cho-Jen's stare.

219 EXT. PORCH - AFTERNOON

Cho-Jen bellows "Attention!" in Chinese.

220 EXT. COMPOUND - TROOPS

The kid militia comes to a guilty attention.

[95]

221 EXT. PORCH

Cho-Jen smiles with satisfaction, checks with Bordelles, who smiles approvingly. Holman watches as Shirley enters the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

222 OUT

223 EXT. MOTOR SAMPAN APPROACHING SAN PABLO - AFTERNOON

Bordelles, Jameson, Shirley, Holman, Cho-Jen, Frenchy, Farren. Shirley smiles pleasantly at Holman whenever he looks at her. Nothing provocative, just a nice smile. He nods, smiles back.

224 BRIDGE OF SAN PABLO - AFTERNOON

Collins views the approach of the missionaries with satisfaction, turns to Franks.

COLLINS

Make preparations for getting underway as soon as the passengers are aboard.

225 EXT. QUARTERDECK - AFTERNOON

Missionaries and Bordelles and company are coming aboard. Holman is taking off his web belt and Land Force Equipment. The missionaries are welcoming Shirley.

226 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

COLLINS

Mr. Bordelles, steam is up. Get under way as soon as the motor pan is secured.

The distant hum of an approaching mob is heard. Collins turns to look toward the shore.

227 EXT. BUND AND GATES - P.O.V. SHOT - AFTERNOON

In the distance, a small mob can be seen rushing out the gate and making for the ship. A small figure is running ahead of them.

228 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

COLLINS

Repel boarders! On the double!

Cont.

[96]

228 Cont.

FRANKS (sings it out)

Repel boarders!

Collins looks at the bund again.

229 EXT. THE BUND - AFTERNOON

All is confusion -- the mob and warlord troops wildly chasing the small figure.

230 EXT. THE SHIP - AFTERNOON

Men run to their posts. The gangplank is being hauled in, guns manned. Holman is at his post with the hose.

231 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

COLLINS

Over their heads if they touch the pontoon. Shoot to kill if they cross it. (yelling) Wait the word. Wait the word!

Bordelles has his binoculars up.

232 EXT. BUND - P.O.V. SHOT - AFTERNOON

We can see that the mob is chasing Po-Han, and they are closing in. He tries to change course, dodge, but they have him.

233 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

BORDELLES

It's the bilge coolie, Captain. They're chasing him.

COLLINS

Hold fire!

FRANKS

Hold fire!

Collins looks across at Shing.

COLLINS

What was he doing ashore?

SHING (imperturbable)

I send.

Cont.

[97]

233 Cont.

Collins looks at Shing, realizes it was an act of vengeance against Po-Han, and indirectly against Collins himself.

234 EXT. THE BUND - AFTERNOON

Po-Han is stumbling. They are closing in.

235 EXT. SAN PABLO BOAT DECK - AFTERNOON

Shirley, Jameson and Cho-Jen are watching this. Shirley, frightened, looks at Cho-Jen.

SHIRLEY

Cho-Jen?

Cho-Jen is angry, resentful of the mob.

CHO-JEN

They are not ours.

He leans over the deck railing, yells futilely in Chinese at the unhearing mob.

236 EXT. MAIN DECK - AFTERNOON

Holman and the others are at their posts, trying to see what's happening. Frenchy calls to Franks on the bridge.

FRENCHY

What is it?

FRANKS

Po-Han.

Holman spins to look at Franks, then turns back toward the bund.

237 EXT. BUND - AFTERNOON

A stick is thrown. It tangles in Po-Han's legs. He stumbles, falls. Before he can get up, the mob is on him. They knock him around, start dragging him down the Bund towards the ship, as an example to the other coolies on board.

238 EXT. MAIN DECK - AFTERNOON

Holman sees this, starts to boil, looks toward the bridge.

239 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Collins hands Shing the hailing trumpet.

Cont.

[98]

239 Cont.

COLLINS

Offer ransom. Speak. I pay money. One hundred dollar.

Shing indicates with gestures and expression that it's no use. Collins forces the trumpet on him.

COLLINS



Speak!

Shing raises the trumpet, yells through it in Chinese.

240 EXT. BUND - AFTERNOON

Holman watches Shing yelling, then looks toward the Bund.

241 EXT. BUND - AFTERNOON

Soldiers with poles have centered around Po-Han and are doing something to him. One of them turns, yells back at Shing in Chinese.

242 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Shing listens, turns to Collins.

SHING

They dare ship to shoot.

COLLINS

Yeah. They'd like another incident. They'd like a war.  
Tell them two hundred dollars.

243 EXT. BUND - AFTERNOON

Soldier have lashed their poles into a tripod and are hoisting Po-Han with a rope, his hands bound behind him, so that the pressure of lifting him will break his shoulders.

244 EXT. MAIN DECK - AFTERNOON

Holman, in agony, shouts at the bridge.

HOLMAN

Four hundred!

245 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Collins registers this, looks back toward the Bund.

[99]

246 EXT. BUND - AFTERNOON

Po-Han screams as he is raised to top of tripod. Mob and warlord soldiers are massed around Po-Han, yelling and

waving knives. Warlord officer reaches up and rips Po-Han's shirt, exposing his chest. The officer begins the "Death of a Thousand Cuts" by making successive slashes across Po-han's chest. Po-Han screams in agony.

247 EXT. MAIN DECK - AFTERNOON

Holman grimly watches Po-Han's torture.

248 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Crosley has had enough and he aims Lewis gun at the mob.

CROSLEY (screaming)

You dirty bastards!

COLLINS

Stand clear of that gun!

CROSLEY

Cap'n, they're killing that coolie!

COLLINS

Stand clear!

Crosley slams the gun barrel down and backs away.

COLLINS

Bronson, take over!

249 EXT. MAIN DECK - AFTERNOON

Holman has been watching the scene on the bridge and steps back from his post.

FRANKS

Hold station, Holman.

A-250 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Collins watches the torture intently.

COLLINS

Five hundred!

Shing shouts through trumpet in Chinese.

B-250 EXT. MAIN DECK - AFTERNOON

Holman drops steam hose and rushes to the bridge. As Holman reaches the half-bridge he is met by Bordelles who blocks his path.

C-250 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

COLLINS

Offer one thousand dollars!

Shing shouts again in Chinese. Collins sees Holman standing below him.

COLLINS

Holman get back to your station!

D-250 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

HOLMAN

Do something!

E-250 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

COLLINS

Get below or I'll have you shot for a mutineer!

F-250 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

HOLMAN

Well, shoot something!

Cont.

[100]

251 EXT. BUND - AFTERNOON

Po-Han is obviously in great agony. He is crying out something toward the ship.

252 EXT. BOAT DECK - AFTERNOON

Shirley has to turn her face.

253 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Po-Han can be heard faintly wailing some words.

SHING

Po-Han, talkee somebody shoot him.

Holman in a sudden rush grabs the rifle away from Restorff and takes aim.

COLLINS

Holman!

But Collins is rooted to the deck.

254 EXT. BUND - AFTERNOON

A CLOSEUP of Po-Han, his head rolling in pain. His eyes beg for release.

255 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Holman, trying to get the aim. Just as Collins starts toward him, Holman fires.

256 EXT. BUND - AFTERNOON

Po-Han's head jerks, then sinks forward, lifeless.

257 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

No one speaks.

258 EXT. BOAT DECK - AFTERNOON

Shirley looks at Holman in shock and pity.

259 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Holman stands there, lifeless, holding the rifle. He suddenly becomes aware of the gun in his hands, throws it into the river. Then, unaware of anything or anybody,

Cont.

259 Cont.

he turns and moves slowly, trance-like, down the ladder. The sound of yelling from the Bund increases. The crowd is moving toward the ship. Collins' voice can be heard from the bridge.

COLLINS

Cast off all lines.

260 EXT. QUARTERDECK - AFTERNOON

Holman moves dazedly to the engine room hatch and passes through.

261 INT. UPPER GRATINGS - AFTERNOON

Holman looks down into the engine room. The coolies there don't know what has happened. He plunges down the ladder.

262 INT. FIREROOM - AFTERNOON

HOLMAN

Get out! Get out!

He rushes pass the engine and into the fireroom.

263 INT. FIREROOM - AFTERNOON

Two coolies are shoveling coal from the piles on the floor into the red hot fireboxes. They look up startled as Holman comes in.

HOLMAN

Get out!

They stand there for a moment. Holman grabs a shovel from the nearest coolie. The other lets his shovel clatter to the floor. They both scurry out in fright. Holman frantically shovels coal into the firebox, slams it shut. Then he shovels coal into the other one, slams it shut. Frenchy appears in the doorway.

FRENCHY

Jake --

HOLMAN (viciously)

Get out!

He is panting, exhausted. Frenchy hesitates, then leaves. Holman opens the first firebox, hurls coal into it. He leans over for the next shovelful, scoops it up, but doesn't hurl it. He stands bent over, panting, closes his eyes, then squeezes them shut. His face is contorted in pain. He lets the coal slip from the shovel, remains doubled over, gasping.

DISSOLVE TO:

[102]

263 EXT. SAN PABLO AT ANCHOR IN RIVER - NIGHT

DISSOLVE TO:

264 EXT. BOAT DECK JUST ABOVE - IN VICINITY OF FANTAIL - NIGHT

Holman, dirty, gaunt, his face stubbled, is leaning on the rail in the shadows. It is very late. He is looking out over the water. Pent up, still in a kind of shock, but beginning to feel and think about what happened. Haythorn, the duty messenger in whites, comes along the deck toward Holman, stops a healthy distance away. Nobody has spoken to him since the killing.

HAYTHORN

The Captain says he'd like to talk to you -- but it's not an order. Only if you want to.

Holman doesn't even look at Haythorn.

265 EXT. BRIDGE - SAN PABLO - NIGHT

Collins, looking down the deck, sees the white uniform of his messenger on the fantail.

266 EXT. P.O.V SHOT OF MESSENGER - NIGHT

Haythorn turns and comes back toward the bridge alone.

267 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Collins frowns with regret, turns away.

268 EXT. FANTAIL - NIGHT

Shirley comes to the boat deck rail above and behind

Holman. She looks down at him. He is aware of someone's being there. She starts to come down the ladder. Holman turns his head sharply, almost in warning. Then he sees who it is, hesitates, turns to look out over the water again. His loneliness is unbearable, but he doesn't know how to accept compassion. Shirley comes to the rail beside him, not to intrude, just to be there. Finally he looks at her. She nods gently. He looks away. Her voice is very quiet.

SHIRLEY

Who was he? The man on the dock?

HOLMAN (after a moment his voice thick)

A bilge coolie -- I trained.

Cont.

[103]

268 Cont.

SHIRLEY (gently, with appreciation)

So you became a teacher, too?

HOLMAN

Yeah.

SHIRLEY

That's good.

She sees his anguish, instinctively reaches out and touches his arm. It is a new experience for him -- pity and tenderness from a woman. He looks at her hand with a mixture of longing and fear. She removes it.

SHIRLEY (murmurs)

I'm sorry.

She tries to smile reassuringly. Holman looks away, then turns and shuffles down the deck. She watches him go, disappearing in the dark. At the corner of the superstructure, in the shadows, he stops and looks back at her. He has been reached. He moves out of sight.

DISSOLVE TO:

269 INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

Holman is standing in front of Collins.

COLLINS

If you had killed one of the other Chinese, there would have been a massacre. We would have had to open fire, and it might have been the war the Bolsheviks want. You realize that, don't you?

(Holman does not reply)

As it is, in killing the coolie -- though I can understand your feelings, I can't condone what you did. However, I choose to ignore it officially...

(then, not sharply)

On condition that you request a transfer.

HOLMAN (pause, just curious)

On accounta Po-Han?

Cont.

[104]

269 Cont.

COLLINS

You're opposed to the whole spirit aboard the San Pablo. You've disrupted the morale of the crew. You've been directly or indirectly involved in the only two deaths this ship has ever had. And the men consider you a Jonah.

(pause)

If you won't request a transfer to keep your record clean, I'll have to request it.

HOLMAN

All right, sir.

(pause)

You want me to keep running the engine?



COLLINS

Yes. It'll be some time before a replacement can get here. You aren't temperamentally suited for duty on a ship of this sort, Holman. But, back in the fleet, where personality isn't so involved --

BORDELLES (o.s.)

Captain.

Collins leaves his cabin and steps out on the bridge.

270 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

They are entering the harbor at Changsha.

271 EXT. HARBOR - CHANGSHA

The ship is being met and surrounded by sampans and wupans carry banners that read -- "GO HOME", "BEGONE FOREIGN DEVILS", "GUNBOATS GOODBYE." Angry students are yelling and gesticulating.

272 EXT. BRIDGE - SAN PUEBLO

Collins calls to Franks.

COLLINS

Hit those boats with the hose if they get too close.

Holman has come out of the Captain's ashes. He moves down the ladder.

[105]

273 EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

Holman is walking back along the deck, unmindful of the activity. He catches sight of Shirley and Cho-Jen up on the boat deck, hesitates, looks at her. She sees him and smiles. He wants to say something, to thank her for last night.

HOLMAN

You ever find what happened to them engine directions?

SHIRLEY

Mr. Jameson says he has them.

Holman nods, tries to think of something else. The commotion in the water increases. He turns toward it.

274 EXT. WUPAN - JUST OFF SAN PABLO - DAY

STUDENT (yelling)

The Boatman's Union has declared a strike on your ship.

275 EXT. BRIDGE - SAN PABLO

Collins and Bordelles exchange a battled glance.

COLLINS

When the missionaries go ashore, send an armed escort.

BORDELLES

With what orders, sirs?

Collins looks at him.

COLLINS

The same orders the ship has. Shoot only to defend American lives -- and then only if everything else fails.

276 EXT. WUPAN - DAY

STUDENT (yelling)

We demand that you permit us to take off the citizens of the Republic of China who you are holding against their will.

[106]

277 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Collins looks down at his fearful coolies. This is a matter of face. They are looking to him for protection.

278 EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

A shot of the coolies.

279 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

COLLINS (yelling)

You can go to hell. Hit them with the hose.

Water shoots out in the direction of the approaching wupans and sampans.

279 EXT. BOAT DECK - DAY

Shirley and Cho-Jen watch as the hose spurts toward the small boats. Cho-Jen frowns angrily at this high-handedness by the foreign military.

280 EXT. WUPANS - DAY

The wupans veer away, but the students continue to shout through the spray of water.

DISSOLVE TO:

281 EXT. NARROW CHINESE STREET - DAY

Bordelles is leading eight soldiers, among them Holman, Frenchy, Bronson and Stawski, rigged out for Landing Force with rifles, leggings, web belts. Between them, in a center file, are Shirley, Jameson and the other missionaries. The group is marching along briskly, sweeping people aside as they breast their way through stragglers and pedestrians. The missionaries are clearly embarrassed by the situation. The detail wheels into the entrance of the Mission Hostel and School.

282 EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

The detachment swings into the courtyard. Other missionaries, some Chinese, and children are watching. MAJOR LIN and a detachment of Chinese soldiers are midway through hauling down the American flag. For a moment all is frozen as Lin looks at Bordelles, who is shocked at what is happening. The flag is held at half-mast.

Cont.

[107]

282 Cont.

BORDELLES

Detail -- halt!

The men halt, staring at the half-lowered flag. Jameson, Shirley, and the others move away toward their waiting friends. INGRAM, one of the missionaries in the welcoming group, comes forward. His tone is conciliatory.

INGRAM

Mr. Bordelles, this is Major Lin, of the National Chinese Army.

LIN

What is your mission here, Mr. Bordelles?

BORDELLES (menacing)

I ask you that. This compound is American property.

LIN

It is Chinese soil. I have authority under Chinese law to commandeer a part of this place for battalion headquarters.

(he signals for the flag lowering to continue)

You have no right to be here under arms. I will have you and your men escorted back to your ship.

At the gate, the curious Chinese are crowding in to witness the showdown.

BORDELLES

Let me warn you, Mr. Lin. If your superior officers are not prepared to go to war against America, they will undoubtedly disavow your actions, and make amends.

(draws thumb across throat)

It has happened before.

LIN

All too often before. But we have had enough of that now. I will quote your own history to you, Mr. Bordelles. If you mean to have a war, let it begin here.

Cont.

282 Cont.1

INGRAM

Gentlemen, please. Mr. Bordelles, we are perfectly safe here with Major Lin.

The Chinese gearwheel flag goes up. Lin speaks a command in Chinese. His soldiers form up.

LIN

You may have your men sling arms, or you may have them lay down their arms. You may go under escort, or you may go under full arrest. That is all the choice I will give you -- and you must make it now.

Bordelles is frozen. He knows his orders -- the orders of the ship. Lin speaks an order in Chinese. A noncom repeats it. The Chinese soldiers fix bayonets. Bordelles hesitates.

BORDELLES (grimly)

Sling arms.

His men are stunned, but they slowly obey. Holman is not too concerned. Major Lin gives an order in Chinese and ten soldiers quickly take up positions surrounding the sailors. Lin looks to Bordelles for the next move. Bordelles is almost physically ill.

BORDELLES (with effort)

Attention. About face. Forward March.

They start out the gate with the Chinese escort. The sailors register dismay and sickness, except for Holman. His eyes seek out Shirley. She nods sympathetically. Bordelles' jaw is grinding, he is white with rage. The missionaries watch with some satisfaction.

283 EXT. STREETS - DAY

The American sailors, guns slung, are being escorted back to the ship by Major Lin's troops. As they move through the narrow streets, Chinese lean over the balconies and taunt them, laughing and throwing things. The Chinese sergeant repeatedly shouts at the people to stop it -- and some do, startled at his attitude. The sergeant swats one man who is about to fling some-

thing. Bordelles leads the detail, straight as a mast, his uniform turing slimy from things pitched at him.

[109]

284 EXT. BUND - DAY

On the Bund a crowd remains -- not as large as before, mostly youngsters. The old people watch, shocked and bewildered at this new order of things. The Chinese escort halts smartly. Bordelles and his men proceed into the waiting sampans without a word.

285 EXT. THE SHIP - DAY

Collins sees the sampan returning, the condition of his men. The other sailors on board see it too. Everyone is stunned.

286 EXT. SAMPANS - DAY

The boats come alongside. Bordelles hits the ladder first, comes aboard ready to burst.

287 EXT. THE SHIP - DAY

Bordelles salutes the colors and the OOD, and goes quickly up the ladder to the bridge.

288 EXT. THE BRIDGE - DAY

Collins is standing there, looking at the men. Bordelles salutes him, then crosses the bridge, goes into his own cabin, stripping off his tunic. Collins understands. He knows what is going on inside Bordelles' cabin. He waits.

289 INT. CREW'S QUARTERS - DAY

The men on the detail come in ripping off their jumpers and trousers, throwing them at the coolies.

BRONSON

Don't wash 'em. Burn 'em. Nobody can wash 'em clean enough for me to wear again.

CROSLEY

What the hell happened?

SKI

Shut up.

He leans against his locker, fighting mad. Holman calmly observes the fury, peels off his jumper, hands it to a coolie.

HOLMAN

Wash it.

Bronson reacts angrily to this defiance. He watches as Holman picks up a towel, moves toward the head.

[110]

290 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Collins is waiting for Bordelles to come out and report. Franks comes onto the bridge.

FRANKS

Will there still be liberty, sir?

COLLINS

I have no instructions to the contrary.

He continues to watch Bordelles' door.

FRANKS

They'll tear the town apart.

COLLINS

Restrict them to -- that place they usually go.

Franks raises his whistle and pipes the call.

DISSOLVE TO:

291 INT. RED CANDLE HAPPINESS GARDEN - NIGHT

The usual dim and dank atmosphere. Single light bulb, sailors, girls, bar boys, Mamma Chunk, Victor Shu. Frenchy enters, looking for Holman. He sees Maily at a table with some American businessmen, all of them pretty high. She seems somehow different, he can't

get her attention. Holman is seated along in a corner.  
Frenchy crosses to him.

HOLMAN (impatient)

What took you?

FRENCHY

Nobody'd rent me a room for Maily.

HOLMAN

You didn't get one?

FRENCHY

Finally. Cost me an arm and a leg.

(looks around)

What's going on?

The sailors present, all partly sloshed, seem to have a big interest in Frenchy. They sniff something. Holman gestures toward the table where Maily is seated with the businessmen.

Cont.

[111]

291 Cont.

She's been with them all night. I think they got her drinking.

FRENCHY

Didya tell her?

HOLMAN

No.

(looks around)

Give me the dough. I'll have Shu get her away.

Frenchy slips Holman the money. Holman leaves him, makes his way to the bar. There he casually gets a drink,



watching the activity all the time. He wanders to the edge of the bar where Victor Shu is sitting.

HOLMAN

I got the two hundred for Maily. But let's do it quiet. Pry her loose from those guys in a few minutes and bring her outside.

(Shu looks at him)

I got the two hundred.

Shu leaves the bar, goes to Maily's table. Holman and Frenchy watch this, exchange glances. Shu stands by the table for a moment. Suddenly VAN, one of the civilians speaks.

VAN

I'll pay two hundred and ten.

The whole place goes electric. Holman and Frenchy know they've been double-crossed. Both move quickly to the civilians' table, as do the other sailors.

SHU

How about it, sailor?

FRENCHY (menacing)

Look, we made a deal.

Van stands up.

VAN

But I said two-ten.

Stawski, who has the patrol, shoves his way through with his club.

Cont.

[112]

291 Cont.I

SKI

All right, all right. Break it up. Break it up, you guys.

VAN

You got no authority over me, sailor.

Frenchy stares desperately at Maily over the nose.  
Holman nudges him.

HOLMAN

Match it.

FRENCHY (to Shu)

I'll pay two-ten.

VAN

Two-twenty.

QUINN, a cigar-puffing civilian, gets to his feet.

QUINN

Auction -- auction! How about it, Mr. Shu?

SHU (pleased)

Why not?

FRENCHY (grabbing Shu)

Look, you don't own her --

Ski prods Frenchy with his club.

SKI

Keep your hands off.

The other sailors have gathered around in the dim light, drunk, excited by the auction. Shovins a table into place, Quinn jumps on top of it. Several hands hoist Maily onto the table beside him. She seems to be in shock, keeps her eyes closed.

QUINN

Hey day! Hey day! Just look at this merchandise. What am I bid for this piece of girl-flesh?

Frenchy looks at Holman, who nods.

Cont.

[113]

291 Cont.2

FRENCHY

Two-thirty.

VAN (ugly)

And forty.

QUINN

That only buys one leg, boys.

He passes his hands in the air near her, outlining her breasts and hips.

QUINN

Clean, fresh, brand new goods. Untouched by human hand.  
(he raises Maily's dress above her knees)  
Bid her up. Come on. Bid her up.

Holman nods to Frenchy.

FRENCHY

Two-fifty.

QUINN

Two-fifty. Two-fifty, I've got.

He raises the dress higher. Maily's hands are clenched behind her, head back, knees trembling. Victor Shu and Mama Chunk are enjoying the show. The other girls look on more or less bored or pleased that Maily is getting her comeuppance.

VAN

Two seventy-five.

Another roar.

QUINN

Two seventy-five.

He raises the skirt further. The crowd hoots and hollers;  
"More! More!"

QUINN

Who'll pay three hundred to see it all? Come on -- see it all!

Holman shoves some money at Frenchy.

FRENCHY

Three hundred! Three hundred! Leave her alone, damn you!

Cont.

[114]

291 Cont.3

QUINN

She ain't yours yet, buddy.

VAN

Three-twenty-five.

FRENCHY (quickly, moving in)

Three-fifty!

Quinn goes down on one knee, continues raising Maily's skirt in slow, teasing jiggles. The crowd howls. The dress is way up now.

BUSINESSMAN (above the roar)

Strip her! Strip her!

Others take up the chant. Maily, her face bloodless, sways. Quinn likes the idea. He stands up, puts his hand on her shoulder strap.

QUINN

How about it?

Frenchy and Holman are close in now.

FRENCHY

I said three-fifty. Three-fifty. Now that's it.

The chant continues: "Strip her! Strip her!"

QUINN

Van, say four hundred, and we strip her.

VAN (bellowing)

Four hundred!

Quinn rips savagely and the dress tears away from Maily's shoulder. Holman, next to Frenchy, tips the table over and Quinn and Maily start to fall. Holman catches Maily. A sailor bangs out the one light. Screams, yells, a full scale brannigan. In the darkness and din, Holman and Frenchy fight off the civilians. The other sailors pitch in. Dragging Maily, they manage to claw their way out the front door into the night.

292 EXT. NATIVE STREETS - NIGHT

The dim figures of Holman and Frenchy in white, and the less distinct figure of Maily, rushing through the lanes and alleys.

[115]

293 EXT. NATIVE STREET IN FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Frenchy pulls them to a stop, bangs on the door.

MAILY

Let me go back.

FRENCHY

No.

MAILY

Please!

HOLMAN

Come on. After all this?

An old lady opens the gate, sees Maily, puts her arm around her and helps her into the courtyard.

294 EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

As the old Lady helps Maily to a room, Frenchy and Holman catch their breath.

FRENCHY

If I ever get my hands on those guys --

HOLMAN

Forget it, you got enough trouble. What happens now?

FRENCHY

I'll go back tomorrow and give him the two hundred. That's all she owes.

The old lady comes around and indicates that Frenchy is to go in to Maily, Holman starts to move off.

HOLMAN

I'll see you.

FRENCHY

Stick around. I'm going with you.

Frenchy, embarrassed and bewildered at the idea of confronting Maily alone, moves past the old woman and into the room.

295 EXT. MAILY'S ROOM - NIGHT

A barren room illuminated by one candle. Maily is lying on a pukow in the corner. Frenchy approaches her awkwardly.

Cont.

[116]

293 Cont.

FRENCHY

You all right?

Maily nods "yes."

FRENCHY

I'm sorry as hell about --

She smiles sadly. It wasn't his fault. There are a few awkward moments.

FRENCHY

You'll be okay here. I'm gonna go tomorrow and pay Shu. Just what you owe him. Then I'll get you on a train to Shanghai.

Maily smiles gratefully but sadly at how easy he makes it sound. Frenchy is embarrassed.

FRENCHY

I gotta go now. Jake's waiting. But -- if I can't get you on a train right away, you can stay here -- I'll drop in...  
(he smiles gently)  
I apologize for all those guys -- they -- you all right?

Maily has broken into tears at his gentleness.

MAILY

Let me go away. Just let me go away.

FRENCHY (crouching)

No, listen. No. I want you to go to Shanghai like you want. But not just "away" -- like that.

MAILY

I'll do what you want. You bought me.

FRENCHY (with some vehemence)

No, listen. I didn't buy you. I'm gonna pay some money, but I'm not buying you. I don't want it to be that way between us.

Cont.

295 Cont.1

Maily looks at him, not understanding.

FRENCHY

I — I want it to be -- something else.

She looks at him, touched. He kisses her very gently on the cheek, stays there a moment.

FRENCHY

It's gotta be something.

They look at each other. He, infatuated. She touched by his kindness. Frenchy starts to rise.

FRENCHY

You'll be all right.

MAILY (clutches him)

Please -- please don't leave me.

He slides down to a sitting position next to her. She cradles her head partly in his lap, clinging to him. Frenchy is deeply stirred by this appeal, by being asked for protection. He quietly strokes her hair, looking into space at the wonder of it.

DISSOLVE TO:

[118]

296 OUT

297 EXT. SAMPAN ON WAY BACK TO SAN PABLO - NIGHT

Holman and Frenchy, each deep in his own thoughts.

FRENCHY

Jake?

HOLMAN

Yeah?

FRENCHY



I want to marry her.

HOLMAN

Hey, now, wait —

FRENCHY

I don't know what I've been doing all my life with them dumb pigs.

HOLMAN (annoyed)

Frenchy, you can't. There's a law you can't marry Chinese girls.

FRENCHY

One of them missionaries might marry us.

HOLMAN

They'd lose their license or something.

(pause)

Why don't you just move in with her?

FRENCHY

I don't want that.

Frenchy looks at the dark waters for a long moment. Holman looks at him with growing sympathy.

FRENCHY

Maybe we could get it done in Chinese.

(pause)

I just know I want to marry her.

Holman, half-sprawled against the gunwhale, looks at Frenchy, turned something over in his mind. He smiles faintly.

DISSOLVE TO:

[119]

298 EXT. THE UNION HOSTEL - DAY

Shirley and Cho-Jen can be seen talking on the porch of one of the compound buildings. Holman, in his whites,

stands out in the courtyard, pacing back and forth.  
Cho-Jen makes a helpless gesture. Shirley nods, Cho-Jen  
watches as she goes down to where Holman is waiting.

SHIRLEY

I'm sorry. He says it's impossible.

HOLMAN

'Cause Frenchy ain't Chinese?

SHIRLEY

No, because neither of them has a family.

HOLMAN

What's the difference?

SHIRLEY

Cho-Jen says that in a Chinese wedding there have to be  
many ceremonies between the families. It's like the grafting  
together of two fruit trees.

HOLMAN (not getting it)

Yeah?

SHIRLEY

He says that without families Frenchy and Maily are like two  
loose twigs. You can't graft one to another.

Holman looks expressionlessly at Shirley.

HOLMAN

Now that's really somethin'.

Cont.

[120]

298 Cont.

SHIRLEY (smiling)

I know, but it's how they feel.

HOLMAN

Two loose twigs.

SHIRLEY

I'm sorry.

HOLMAN (pause)

Isn't there anybody like a Chinese Justice of the Peace  
who'll just say the words and take the two dollars?

SHIRLEY

I'm afraid not.

HOLMAN (pause)

Well... thanks.

SHIRLEY

How are things on the ship?

HOLMAN

I'm gonna be transferred.

SHIRLEY

Oh?

HOLMAN

Yeah.

SHIRLEY

When?

HOLMAN

Soon's they can get another guy up here from Hankow.  
Be a while yet.

SHIRLEY

Where will you be going?

HOLMAN

Back to the Fleet.

SHIRLEY

I wish they'd transfer you to China Light so you could get our machines working.

Cont.

[121]

298 Cont.l

HOLMAN (smiles)

You're goin' back?

SHIRLEY

We're almost sure. When the appeal is heard...

(suddenly)

Do you know Changsha well?

HOLMAN

A little.

SHIRLEY

Could you show me some of it?

HOLMAN (quick smile)

Sure.

DISSOLVE TO:

299 OUT

300 EXT. CHINESE TEMPLE - DAY

People coming in and out, Holman is buying a caged bird from a vendor on the steps.

HOLMAN

This is kind of nuts -- I was tellin' Frenchy. Guys catch these birds so you can buy one and set it free. Just for the hel -- fun of it.

(he hands the cage to Shirley)

Go ahead.

SHIRLEY

It's a lovely idea.

HOLMAN

Suppose to give you a kick.

Shirley opens the cage and the bird flies off into the sky.

SHIRLEY

It does. It's ridiculous, but it makes you feel marvelous.

Cont.

[122]

300 Cont.

She laughs as the liberated bird flies away. Holman watches it disappear into the sky, smiles quietly.

HOLMAN

Yeah, but I'll bet he don't like it up there. He'll be back by sundown.

Shirley looks at him.

DISSOLVE TO:

301 EXT. CLEARING IN A STREET - DAY

Young jugglers -- a center girl or youth — and two side jugglers, tossing sticks back and forth nimbly. As Holman and Shirley come up to watch them, one of the jugglers throws a stick to Holman. He laughs, surprised. They throw him another. He catches it and, under their urging, starts to juggle tentatively. They toss him another stick. He juggles frantically, but it's too much. All the sticks go clattering. Laughter all around. In the middle of it, Shirley and Holman look at each other. There is a moment between them.

DISSOLVE TO:

302 EXT. SAN PABLO - FANTAIL - DAY

The morning flag raising. Collins and Bordelles are bearing

down hard on the crew to keep up their military morale and spirit. Holman is barely going through the motions. There is nothing sullen or defiant in his manner. He simply is somewhere else. Franks barks at him.

FRANKS

Holman, dress it up! Dress it up!

Holman comes out of it, snaps to -- but perfunctorily.

DISSOLVE TO:

303 OUT

304 EXT. PARK - THE ELEPHANT - DAY

Holman is now in blue winter uniform. Shirley is dressed differently. Holman is tossing small stones up towards a stone elephant. Nearby, a Chinese child is doing the same thing. Holman keeps missing.

Cont.

[123]

304 Cont.

HOLMAN (disgusted)

Aaaaaah.  
(to Shirley)  
You try. Try to make it stay on his back.

SHIRLEY (trying)

What if I do?

HOLMAN

You get a wish.

SHIRLEY

Oh.  
(she giggles, tries again. Holman succeeds)  
You got it. You get a wish. What do you want?

HOLMAN (pause)

I don't know.

SHIRLEY

There must be something.

HOLMAN (a cracked grin)

I used to want an engine. Just for me.

SHIRLEY

But not anymore?

HOLMAN

Not like I used to.  
(quickly)  
You take the wish.

SHIRLEY

That's not fair.

HOLMAN

It's my wish. Go ahead.

SHIRLEY (smiling)

All right.  
(quickly)  
Oh —

Cont.

[124]

304 Cont.

SHIRLEY (Cont.)  
(she fumbles in her purse)  
Mr. Jameson said I could lend these to you.  
They're the booklets that came with our machinery.

Holman takes them, riffles through the pages.

HOLMAN

Yeah, this is it. I'll look 'em over.

He starts to do exactly that,

SHIRLEY (smiling)

Jake -- don't you want to know?

HOLMAN

Hm?

SHIRLEY

What I wished for?

HOLMAN (looking up)

Okay.

SHIRLEY

I wished that you'd tell me ---  
(backing off)  
-- how you first got interested in engines.

She nods at the booklets. Holman knows she was going to go a little farther, but then thought better of it. He nods, pleased.

HOLMAN

Okay.

SHIRLEY

When you feel like it.

He nods again, then goes back to looking at the booklets. Shirley smiles.

DISSOLVE TO:

[125]

305 EXT. BOAT ON LAKE IN PARK - DAY

Late fall. Holman, in blues, has been rowing Shirley, is now stopped, resting on the oars.

HOLMAN

...so I got kicked outa school.



SHIRLEY

For telling the truth?

HOLMAN

Well — it wasn't the truth. When you think about it. Kid brought a bottle of booze to the picnic and we all had a couple. That's when the fight started.

SHIRLEY

But you didn't bring the bottle.

Holman knows this is a minor point.

HOLMAN

Well — I wanted to hang one on him anyhow.

(pause)

So I went to the principal and asked to get back in. Another four months I was gonna graduate. He was one of those soft, smiley guys.

(pause)

I thought I was home. He said all I had to do was sign a paper saying I was sorry I brought the bottle.

SHIRLEY

But you didn't bring it.

HOLMAN (annoyed)

Well, anyway -- I signed it.

SHIRLEY

You shouldn't have.

Cont.

[126]

305 Cont.

HOLMAN (fuming)

You sure know the way, don't you? Now you know!

SHIRLEY (softly)

I'm sorry. I'm very sorry.

HOLMAN (with passion)

I never shoulda signed it! Okay!

(pause)

Next day I was still out. All Smiley said he said was he'd think it over if I signed the paper. I went at him over that desk like a bobcat.

(pause)

I got sent to the tank.

SHIRLEY

Jail?

HOLMAN

Jail.

(pause)

I gotta real sharp-shooter for a judge. Reform school, he said, or the service. Army, Navy.

SHIRLEY

Why did you pick the Navy?

HOLMAN

There ain't much water in Nevada. I thought it might be a change.

(quick smile)

That's how I wound up with the engines.

SHIRLEY

Wasn't there anyone to stand up for you with the judge?

HOLMAN

My mother. She didn't count for much around there.

(pause)

But a good dame.

Shirley looks at Holman with new understanding.

DISSOLVE TO:

[127]

B-305 EXT. SAN PABLO - DAY

The protecting wupans and sampans are circling the San Pablo, waving banners, the occupants occasionally jeering when one of the ship's coolies comes into sight.

C-305 EXT. QUARTERDECK - DAY

Bordelles and Lop Eye Shing are having a heated exchange, Franks stands nearby, listening. Shing points excitedly at the circling wupans, then makes a final statement. Bordelles hesitates, nods grimly, then speaks to Franks, who nods, starts down the ladder toward the crew's quarters.

D-305 INT. CREW'S QUARTERS - DAY

Holman is lying on his bunk, studying one of the booklets that Shirley gave him. A few of the other crewmen are present, playing cards, reading. Franks enters.

FRANKS

The coolies want a raise or they're gonna quit.

SKI

What the hell for?

FRANKS

Shing says they're gettin' scared of them agitators. We gotta chip in another buck a month. Startin' now.

A howl of consternation goes up from most of the others. Holman, barely concerned, takes a dollar from his pocket, holds it up while he continues perusing the booklet. Red Dog yells for quiet.

RED DOG

Simmer down! What's another buck? Shing's just keeping 'em in line.

He pulls out a dollar, gives it to Franks. The others reluctantly follow suit. Franks starts to collect it.

FRANKS

He don't need money to do that. They remember what happened to the bilge coolie.

(Holman is suddenly alert)

Shing's the one sent him ashore that day. I was on the bridge when he told Collins. It's how he got his face back.

Cont.

[128]

D-305

Franks takes the dollar from Holman, adds it to the others, starts out of the quarters. Holman stares after him, lowering the booklet.

306 OUT

307 INT. TEA SHOP IN THE PARK - DAY

It is cold, Holman is in his peajacket. Shirley wears a coat. They are by themselves.

SHIRLEY

I -- get so excited watching those kids learn. Back home most of us just went through the motions -- got by. Here, there's a sense of purpose. They want to do something.

HOLMAN (wry smile)

Yeah. Get rid of the U.S. Navy.

SHIRLEY

Well, wouldn't you feel the same if the Chinese had gunboats running up and down the Mississippi?

HOLMAN

I guess.

SHIRLEY (very serious, very young)

I hope some day all people can pledge allegiance to something beyond their country. To something that emphasizes, oh, not our differences, but the things we have in common. Like -- like what you found in Po-Han.

HOLMAN

Well -- he was different.

Cont.

[129]

307 Cont.

SHIRLEY

Jake, everyone's different. That's what makes them interesting. In a small way it's what we're doing at China Light. People live wonderfully together. It's only nations that can't get along. Like Frenchy and Maily. Why can't they get married? Who has a right to say "No."?

HOLMAN

Well -- they ain't the same color.

SHIRLEY

They don't seem to mind.

HOLMAN (shrugging)

I don't know.

SHIRLEY (suddenly intense)

Jake, you do know if you'll just give yourself a chance to. All your life people have been telling you what to do and how to think.

HOLMAN

Look, I told you. I'm in the Navy 'cause I was put there. I didn't go lookin' for it.

SHIRLEY

Then why don't you get out?

HOLMAN

And do what?  
(he rises)  
I gotta go back.

SHIRLEY

Jake --

HOLMAN

It's all right.

SHIRLEY

Don't be angry --

HOLMAN (angrily)

I'm not!

He leaves. She watches him go — worried and sad.

DISSOLVE TO:

[130]

308 INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Holman, still in his peajacket, is in the process of going through an old manuever, going to the engine in a search for self-assurance. He comes down the ladder, angry, troubled. He checks a few gauges, alters some valves, then leans against the work bench, disturbed and annoyed. A COOLIE comes in from the fire-room, all smiles. He wants to show off to Holman, to be taught. He goes to a valve.

COOLIE

Main stim wovel.

He turns, expecting approval. Holman just looks at him.

COOLIE

Main stim wovel?

Holman barely nods, not really watching. The coolie moves to another valve.

COOLIE

Plasah. Plasah.

He looks at Holman, who doesn't notice. He is lost in thought, staring into space.

DISSOLVE TO:

309 INT. SIMPLE MISSION CHAPEL - DAY

It is a tiny chapel. We begin with a CLOSEUP of Maily's and Frenchy's hands clasped together, then gradually DRAW BACK to reveal the dimly-lighted, shadowy interior of the chapel.

Frenchy looks strained and gaunt. They are part way through the self-conducted ceremony. Holman sits just behind them, a witness. Shirley sits a little to one side, watching Holman more than the bridal couple. All of them are in odd chairs, facing the small altar. Holman and Frenchy are in dress blues.

FRENCHY

We're mixing our lives together, Maily. We'll never be able to unmix then again, and we'll never want to.

Maily is touched by this, but frightened at its implications.

FRENCHY

I take you for what you are, and all that you are, and mix you with all of me. And I don't hold back nothing.

Cont.

[131]

309 Cont.

Shirley has to turn her face away.

FRENCHY

When you're cold and hungry, and afraid, so am I. I'm going to stay with you all I can, and take the best care of you I can -- and love you every minute until I die. Now you say it.

MAILY

I will always love you and honor and serve you, Frenchy, and stay as near to you as I can, and do everything I can for you, and live for you. And I won't have any life except our life together. I will just love you, Frenchy, all of me, just loving you forever.

Frenchy leans over and kisses her gently.

FRENCHY

Now we're married.  
(to Holman)  
You wanta put a hand on ours for luck?

Holman reaches over, puts a hand on theirs.

HOLMAN

I hope you have luck. I hope it goes smooth and easy for you.

The three stand. Frenchy puts his arm around Maily and they disappear into the shadows, leaving Shirley and Holman. He watches Maily and Frenchy leave, looks uncomfortably at Shirley.

SHIRLEY

They seem very much in love.

HOLMAN (pause)

Frenchy is. He's never been bit so hard in his life.

SHIRLEY

Not Maily?

HOLMAN

Yeah, but she knows. She ain't fooling herself.

Cont.

[132]

309 Cont.l

SHIRLEY

About what?

HOLMAN

She knows we gotta leave someday.

SHIRLEY

She could follow him.

HOLMAN

Where? Frenchy says there's somethin' called a block committee tryna kick 'em out of their room. Just keep runnin' from hole to hole...

He trails off.

SHIRLEY



Still — I envy them.

(pause)

Jake — I'm sorry what I said the other day --

Shirley has come up to him. Holman, whose disparaging attitude about Frenchy and Maily has been designed mainly to smother his own feelings about Shirley, suddenly takes her in his arms, kisses her.

HOLMAN

We never shoulda met.

SHIRLEY (softly)

Yes, we should.

HOLMAN

It's even less use than them. You go back to China Light and I go back to the Fleet...

(he shrugs, lowers his arms, forces a grin)

...I toldya not to talk to sailors.

SHIRLEY

Jake -- come back to China Light with us — now.

(Holman looks at her)

The court's agreed to let Mr. Jameson go back. You could come as a kind of engineering missionary. It'd be something new.

I wanted to ask you before -- it shouldn't be for personal reasons -- but...well Mr. Jameson said I might ask you.

Cont.

[133]

309 Cont.2

Holman is weighing it.

HOLMAN

They'd be lookin' for me. They look hard for deserters.

SHIRLEY

But — if they didn't know where to look —

(pause)

I just felt, knowing how you hate the military -- and the way

you taught Po-Han...

HOLMAN

The whole thing's nuts. I'm no missionary.

SHIRLEY

It's good up there, Jake. We -- you could have a good life.

HOLMAN (his mood black and angry)

Yeah -- yeah ....

Shirley watches sympathetically, knowing how torn he is.

SHIRLEY

I shouldn't have suggested it. I'm sorry.

HOLMAN (pause)

Get in line.

Without looking at her, he moves away through the shadows of the chapel, his head down. Shirley looks after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

310 OUT

311 EXT. PARK - DAY

It is a bleak day. Holman leans against a tree near the elephant, struggling with the idea. Suddenly the blast of the San Pablo's recall siren is heard.. Holman turns toward it, doesn't move. The blast oontinues. He wavers, then starts running toward the bund.

312 EXT. THE BUND - DAY

Sailors pile onto the bund, some of them drunk. A crowd is gathering. The sailors get into some minor skirmishes with the students, but make it to the waiting sampans.

[134]

313 EXT. BUND - DAY

While running for the sampans, Holman looks out toward the San Pablo. Her recall siren is still blasting.

314 EXT. P.O.V. OF SAN PABLO - DAY

Black smoke is pouring from her stack and spreading all over the harbor. An armada of wupans flying gearwheel flags lies just off her.

315 EXT. SAMPAN WITH SAILORS UNDERWAY - DAY

The sailors, Holman among them, are looking at the San Pablo and the commotion, which cannot be heard over the blast of the siren.

316 EXT. SAN PABLO - DAY

The smoke billows from the stack. A huge banner is strung across one wupan.

POISONERS OF CHINA GIVE UP OPIUM

317 EXT. SAMPAN - DAY

The sailors are trying to take it all in, looking from the ship to the wupans and sampans.

318 EXT. SAN PABLO - DAY

Closer now. The coolies can be seen jumping over the side of the ship, throwing or dragging their belongings into the water. Collins and Bordelles are on the bridge.

319 EXT. SAMPAN - DAY

A coolie who has jumped in and is trying to paddle comes near Holman's sampan. Farren reaches out to haul him in.

COLLINS (o.s.)

Let him go.

Farren and the others look up toward the ship.

320 EXT. SAN PABLO - DAY

Collins calls from the bridge.

COLLINS

Let him go. Let them all go.

321 EXT. SAMPAN - DAY

Farren lets the coolie loose. They are now maneuvering among the gearwheel sampans and wupans who are hauling in coolies, laughing, jeering, pointing at the black smoke.

322 EXT. SAN PABLO - DAY

The men are starting to come over the sides. Those aboard watch, angry and disgraced, as the coolies leave. The smoke continues to billow from the stack, blacking out the American Flag and soon the whole landscape. Holman comes aboard, turns to Franks.

HOLMAN

What the hell happened?

FRANKS

Shing planted opium on board and said it was ours. Collins told Ski to get rid of it, and the bonehead dumped it in the furnace.

He indicates the smoke.

FARREN

We can't run the ship without coolies.

FRANKS

We're gonna.  
(to Holman)  
Where's Frenchy?

HOLMAN

I'll cover for him.

Franks and Holman exchange a look.

PERNA

They can smell that from here to Shanghai.

They all look toward Collins on the bridge.

323 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Collins watches the jeering students in the wupans with a grim, set face. Bordelles looks at him.

BORDELLES

Shall we try to mask the smoke with rubber or something, Captain?

Cont.

[136]

323 Cont.

COLLINS

It's too late...

He looks up grimly and sees:

324 EXT. THE FLAG BEING BLACKENED BY SMOKE - DAY

DISSOLVE TO:

325 EXT. FANTAIL - DAY

Foggy, wintry day. Collins, in dress blues, is addressing the men who are lined up. Frenchy is present, looking lost.

COLLINS

The San Pablo is now in a state of siege here, and will be all winter. The water level is already too low for us to leave before Spring.

He is laying it to them flat and hard. Behind him we can see sampans and wupans virtually surrounding the ship -- a quiet ring of hate.

COLLINS

There will be no liberty.

(Frenchy reacts)

No fresh provisions, no contact with the shore except a guard mail trip to the consulate once a week. Each of you will get a chance to make this trip once.

Holman reacts -- it might be his chance to get away.

COLLINS

We will have to get along on what we have aboard us now. Food will be scarce and strictly rationed. Soap, razor blades, other things we've come to think of as essential.

He pauses before making his emotional appeal.

COLLINS

They have singled out San Pablo for destruction -- using their new weapons of propaganda and boycott. They expect in the end to haul down the flag in shame and disgrace.

Cont.

[137]

325 Cont.

COLLINS (Cont.)  
(hard, commanding)

But we will not let them do that.  
We will defend our flag with our  
life's blood when the time comes.  
Until then, we will defend it with  
the cheerful sacrifice of our ease  
and comfort!

(pause)

They watch us every minute! They  
will gloat over rust streaks down  
the side. They will point out to  
each other joyfully every sign of  
military slackness, every slovenly  
unshaven man. We must not give  
them the chance. They expect to  
destroy us. But it is only going  
to make us stronger!

There is a cheer -- but not from the crew. It is from  
the sampans. All heads look in that direction.

326 EXT. SAMPANS AND WUPANS - DAY

Jameson's junk is coming out of the mists and past the  
ring of sampans. Jameson, Shirley and Cho-Jen are  
dressed in winter Chinese clothing, padded trousers and  
jackets. The students in the sampans move toward the  
junk to cheer.

327 EXT. FANTAIL - DAY

COLLINS

That is all. Carry on!

FRANKS

Dismissed!

Collins and Bordelles make for the bridge. The men move to the rails to watch the passing junk.

A-327 CLOSE - HOLMAN

He looks toward the junk, sees Shirley, waves to her violently.

328 CLOSE - SHIRLEY

She sees Holman, waves back, her eyes sad.

A-328 CLOSE - HOLMAN

A look of decision settles on his face.

[138]

329 EXT. BRIDGE - SAN PABLO - DAY

Collins and Bordelles watch the junk moving away upriver.

COLLINS

The next "incident" they could just as well turn on him and kill him.

BORDELLES

At least he's off our necks.

COLLINS (shakes head "no")

Our primary mission is still to defend American lives -- even if they are damned fools.

He looks down at his crew.

330 EXT. P.O.V. SHOT OF CREW AT RAIL - DAY

They already look somewhat demoralized.

331 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

COLLINS

Pray for an early spring -- or  
permission to open fire.

332 EXT. RAIL - DAY

Holman and the crew looking at Jameson's junk. Some of  
the others drift away to get in where it is warm.  
Holman stays watching the junk disappear into the mists.

DISSOLVE TO:

A SERIES OF IMPRESSIONISTIC SHOTS OF THE SHIP AND CREW  
GOING TO HELL IN WORSENING WEATHER -- THE RING OF  
SAMPANS AND WUPANS SILENTLY KEEPING A DEATH WATCH THE  
FOLLOWING SCENES TO CONVEY THIS.

333 EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

Gray, cold, the men scrubbing decks -- aching, angry,  
Franks supervising.

334 INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Ski, Perna and Harris shoveling coal for the first time  
in years. Their hands are broken open, their faces taut.  
Holman relieves Ski, takes the shovel from him, easily  
passes the coal into the firebox.. The others look sullen  
at his smooth lack of effort.

DISSOLVE TO:

[139]

335 EXT. THE SAN PABLO - DAY

The silent ship on a soaking, rainy day -- ringed by the  
equally silent, watching wupans.

DISSOLVE TO:

336 INT. CREW'S QUARTERS - DAY

No longer the neat place it used to be. Some of the men  
are flaked out, unshaven, dirty. Frenchy is gaunt, lying



on his bunk, staring at the bulkhead. A few are playing cards at one end of the table. At the other end, Holman, looking conspicuously cleaner than the others, is writing a letter. The two engine booklets lie at his elbow. From time to time he underlines something in one of the booklets, then adds a line to the letter. Franks enters, carrying a large, open manila envelope.

FRANKS

Any outgoin' mail?

HOLMAN

Yeah. Wait a minute.

He quickly folds the letter and booklets, inserts them in the envelope, seals and quickly addresses it while Franks picks up a few letters from around the room, then takes Holman's, drops it along with the others into the manila envelope and goes out. Bronson, one of the card players, watches him leave.

BRONSON

I'm tellin' you guys something.  
When I get that guard mail duty,  
I ain't ever coming back.

Holman's eye-flicks toward Bronson.  
Frenchy, who has also come alert.

SKI

If I get a letter, you damn well  
bring it back, see?

RED DOG

Who'd write you? Geeze.

SKI

I got one last year.

Holman nods at Frenchy to follow him outside, picks up a heavy jacket. Frenchy slides down from his bunk as Holman goes out, grabs a jacket,

BRONSON

I'm goin' -- I'm just tellin' you.

[140]

A-336 EXT. DECK - DAY

Frenchy comes out, joins Holman at the rail. Holman gestures back toward the living quarters.

HOLMAN

You think he's just shootin' off his mouth?

FRENCHY

Prob'ly.

HOLMAN

Well, I ain't.

FRENCHY

(pause)

You gonna jump ship?

HOLMAN

First chance I get.

FRENCHY

Where'll you go?

HOLMAN

Upriver. The mission.

FRENCHY

They'll come after you.

Holman points toward the ring of sampans and wupans.

HOLMAN

Those gearwheels are winnin' this war. Couple of months from now there won't be a gunboat left here. Who's gonna come after me?

Frenchy nods slowly.

DISSOLVE TO:

337 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Another grim day, but of a different kind. Collins, in foul weather gear, is watching Farren take off in the sampan for Guard Mail duty. He watches the sullen men standing by, sees the looks they throw up to the bridge. Collins and Bordelles exchange a glance.

DISSOLVE TO:

338 EXT. SAN PABLO - NIGHT

It is snowing.

[141]

339 INT. CREW'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

The crew is sacked out. Muffled snoring can be heard. Dirty plates clutter the table. Holman, lying in his bed, looks clean shaven, still neat. There is a stir and Frenchy slips out of his bunk, dressed in dungarees and a sweater. He picks up his shoes, moves toward the door. Holman watches him, half-sits up. Frenchy hears the bunk creak, turns, looks back, sees Holman watching him. A long look passes between them, then Frenchy goes out. Holman lies back, troubled.

340 EXT. THE DECK - NIGHT

Frenchy looks around, scurries across the deck, slips into the water.

341 EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Collins, shielded by the chart house, watches Frenchy go over the side. He is sad, not angry -- understanding. He turns his back, walks in the other direction.

DISSOLVE TO:

342 INT. SQUALID RAMSHACKLE BUILDING - NIGHT

Frenchy, soaking wet and shivering, makes his way through the dark to the space he and Maily occupy.

343 INT. MAILY AND FRENCHY'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

Maily is huddled under the pukow, trying to keep warm. She jumps up and comes to Frenchy, love and anxiety in her eyes, starts to help him with his wet clothes, wrapping the pukow around him at the same time.

DISSOLVE TO:

344 INT. MAILY AND FRENCHY'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

Both of them are now lying under the pukow. Frenchy holding her, shaking with the cold. His eyes are closed, his face thin, stubbled. She watches him for a long time.

MAILY

Frenchy, you mustn't come here any more. You must stay on the ship.

Frenchy doesn't open his eyes, but shakes his head "No", and holds her more tightly.

MAILY

I will be all right.

Cont.

[142]

344 Cont.

Again, Frenchy shakes his head. Maily feels his forehead. He opens his eyes, looks at her.

FRENCHY

I'm always afraid when I come here, you'll be gone. They'll have chased you away someplace I can't find you.

MAILY

It would be better --

FRENCHY (vehemently)

No -- don't say that! --

MAILY

I can't help it. I sometimes wish I had never been found on the mountain -- that they had let me die as a baby.

Frenchy holds her to him.

FRENCHY

No...

MAILY

I'm nothing. I'm not Chinese. I'm not American -- and the child will be nothing.

With an effort, Frenchy puts his trembling arms around her.

FRENCHY

It'll be ours. Like you're mine. That's all we need.  
(then, after a long moment)  
I'm not going back to the ship.  
(she starts to cry)  
No. Jake's right. They won't find us. Little longer now, they won't even be here. I gotta stay with you.

His whole body is shaking with the cold as he tries weakly to hold her to him.

DISSOLVE TO:

[143]

345 - B-349 OUT

350 EXT. BRIDGE - SAN PABLO - DAY

It is late winter now, nearing spring. Collins and Bordelles are on the bridge. They are thin, undernourished, but still trimly turned out. They look at the surrounding sampans, then down at their ship.

351 EXT. THE SHIP - P.O.V. - DAY

It is a shambles. The crewmen on deck look surly, disheveled. Farther aft, two sailors get into a sudden scuffle, which Franks starts to break up.

A-351 INT. CREWS' QUARTERS - DAY

Holman, dressed to go ashore, is standing before his locker, covertly counting his money. At the sound of the ruckus topside, he looks up.

EXT. THE SHIP - DAY

Franks manages to calm the two quarreling sailors.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Collins looks away from the deck below.

COLLINS

I want you to start wearing side arms. Franks, too.

BORDELLES

Aye, aye, sir.

COLLINS

Stay clear of the men yourself.  
Let Franks handle them. As long  
as you don't see or hear anything,  
we don't have to take official  
notice of anything.

Cont.

[144-145]

352 Cont.

COLLINS (Cont.)  
(Bordelles nods)

It's a gamble, but we have no  
choice. I have authority on this  
ship only as long as I don't try  
to exercise it. Do you understand?

BORDELLES (a bit puzzled)

Yes, sir.

COLLINS

When the water rises, and we can get out of here and get to Shanghai, everything will be all right. For the time being, they're not responsible. And they have to be protected. So stay clear of them.

BORDELLES

Aye, aye, sir.

COLLINS

There has never been a mutiny on a United States ship of war, and I'm not going to give them the slightest chance on this one.  
(pause)

Tomorrow morning have Franks and Farren take the motor pan out into the channel and see what the depth is.

BORDELLES

Aye, aye, sir.

COLLINS

Put up some kind of chart on the quarterdeck and record the rising of the water. Whether it's rising or not, I want it to rise on that chart each time the boat goes out. The men need something to hope for.

BORDELLES

I understand, sir.

They look down at the quarterdeck.

353 EXT. QUARTERDECK - P.O.V. SHOT - DAY

Holman has come topside, is fastening on the web belt and brassard, He has the guard mail. He can barely

Cont.

[146]

353 Cont.

conceal his apprehension and excitement. After taking the manila envelope from Franks, he throws the various salutes, boards the motor pan.

354 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Collins and Bordelles watch Holman.

COLLINS

It's incredible. The most un-military man on the ship -- and the only one who's made an effort to keep up appearances...

Bordelles shrugs.

355 EXT. MOTOR PAN - DAY

Farren is operating the motor pan. Holman sits staring ahead. They move along the length of the boat. Bronson spits in the water as they pass. Holman ignores it, his mind racing. They head into the clear water, away from the ship. Holman looks back once.

356 EXT. SHOT OF SAN PABLO - P.O.V. - DAY

The sorry ship, rusted, filthy.

357 EXT. MOTOR PAN - DAY

Holman turns and looks toward shore as the pan makes its way through the silent, waiting sampans.

DISSOLVE TO:

358 EXT. MAILY AND FRENCHY'S BUILDING - DAY

Holman, no longer carrying the manila envelope, the web belt stuffed in his peajacket, slowly moves through a dingy courtyard in which people are huddled, sleeping. He finds a door and knocks. No answer. He knocks again, then pushes the door open.

359 INT. MAILY'S ROOM - DAY



Maily and Frenchy are huddled under the pukow in a dark corner. We can see only Maily's face as she looks up. Holman comes in, closes the door, crosses to the pukow, crouches down.

Cont.

[147]

359 Cont.

HOLMAN

(low)

Maily, I'm leaving the ship --  
for good. I thought maybe you  
and Frenchy might wanta --

Holman stops, frozen as Maily turns back the pukow,  
Frenchy is lying next to her, dead. Holman reaches out,  
hand trembling, touches his dead friend's stiffened face.

MAILY

I told him to go back to the  
ship -- to see a doctor. He was  
afraid they would lock him up.

HOLMAN

How long's he -- ?

MAILY

Last night.

She covers Frenchy again. A look of anger explodes on  
Holman's face.

HOLMAN

Why? What the hell'd he do?  
Nothing: You don't have to do  
nothin! They just -- getcha!

He stops, breathless.

MAILY

Jake -- go back to your ship.

HOLMAN

Naw! I'm through with that.

MAILY

You'll end up like me, a running dog ---

HOLMAN

No, sir! I gotta place now.  
China Light. They got things  
straightened out up there. They  
make sense. They got a power  
plant that needs workin', engines  
to fix -- stuff that adds up. Not  
just a lotta topside crap!

Maily looks at him for a moment.

Cont.

[148]

359 Cont.l

MAILY

That's where Shirley is?

HOLMAN

Yeah.  
(Pause)  
Maily, you come too. You don't  
have to be no runnin' dog.

MAILY

I can't.

Holman takes her by the shoulders.

HOLMAN

Frenchy'd want you to --

MAILY

No --

She clings to Frenchy's body.

HOLMAN

He's dead! That ain't Frenchy.  
(she sobs as he pulls her free)  
Listen -- listen. It's gonna be  
all different up there. Nobody  
aakin' whether you're Chinese or  
American or where's your father  
or anything'. It's just gonna be  
everybody -- all together! You  
got your kid to think about.  
Shirley says they grow vegetables  
and they gotta milk goat --

Outside there is a noise, and suddenly the door is kicked  
in. Standing there are four young hoodlums of the block  
committee. The leader moves toward Maily, yells in  
Chinese, gesturing toward Frenchy, that they have to get  
out. In answer and defiance, Maily throws back the pukow,  
revealing Frenchy's dead body. The youths look at it for  
a moment, then move toward Maily. Holman wades in and  
the brawl is on. They jump him. He slugs wildly, drops  
one, then manages to fight the others out into the hall.  
For a moment they ignore Maily.

360 INT. DARK HALLWAY - DAY

Holman slams at them, trying to get back to Maily, but  
they force him away along the hallway, kicking and slug-  
ging, down the staircase to a lower landing. He rallies,

Cont.

[149]

360 Cont.

partially fights his way back up the stairs, but rein-  
forcements arrive. Holman sees it's hopeless, races  
down the stairs, some of the gang at his heels.

361 EXT. RAMSHACKLE BUILDING - DAY

He is chased out of the building, hatless, sees new  
forces coming to meet him, turns, dashes up an alley.

362-366 EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

of Holman trying to get away, being cut off again and  
again, finally dashing onto the bund where Farren is

waiting in the motor pan.

367 EXT. MOTOR PAN - DAY

Farren starts shoving off, sees a few Chinese racing along the bund toward them.

Cont.

[150]

367 Cont.

FARREN

What the hell happened?

Holman shakes his head, too exhausted to answer. The pan pulls free of the bund, heads for open water.

DISSOLVE TO:

368 EXT. ARMADA OF WUPANS AND SAMPANS - DAY

A flotilla of wupans and sampans, flying the gearwheel flag and carrying militia, descends on the San Pablo.

369 EXT. SAN PABLO - MAIN DECK

Franks runs down the main deck, up the ladder to the bridge.

FRANKS

Captain! Mr. Bordelles!

Collins comes from his cabin, a pistol strapped around his waist. A moment later, similarly armed, Bordelles comes out of the chart room. They see the approaching boats.

COLLINS

Repel boarders:

370 EXT. THE ARMADA - P.O.V. - DAY

FRANKS (o.s.)

Repel Boarders: All hands to stations: Repel Boarders!

The leading sampan begins to unroll a huge banner. The first thing visible is the last word.

"HOLMAN"

371 EXT. BRIDGE - SAN PABLO - DAY

Collins, Bordelles and Franks are watching this.

372 EXT. SAMPAN WITH BANNER - DAY

More is unrolled. Now it reads:

"MURDERER HOLMAN"

373 EXT. BRIDGE - SAN PABLO - DAY

Collins turns to Franks.

Cont.

[151]

373 Cont.

COLLINS

Get Holman up here on the double.

Franks leaves.

374 EXT. SAMPAN WITH BANNER - DAY

Now the full banner.

"GIVE UP MURDERER HOLMAN"

375 EXT. QUARTERDECK - DAY

Holman comes on deck with Franks, sees the sampans, goes white. He follows Franks across the deck and up the ladder to the bridge. The men are watching him sullenly.

376 EXT. SAMPANS - DAY

Another banner has appeared.

"MURDERER HOLMAN TO PEOPLE'S JUSTICE"

377 EXT. BRIDGE -.DAY

Collins turns as Franks and Holman enter.

COLLINS

What's this all about?

HOLMAN

I don't know, air.

COLLINS

You were ashore yesterday. What happened?

HARRIS (o.s. shouting)

Jonah! He's a Jonah'.

BORDELLES

Silence!

378 EXT. MAIN DECK - P.O.V. SHOT - DAY

Sullen faces of the crew look up toward the bridge. It is impossible to tell who spoke.

379 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Holman nods uncertainly toward the sampans.

Cont.

[152]

379 Cont.

HOLMAN

I don't' know what they're talkin' about.

Collins looks at Holman, unconvinced.

A-379 EXT. SAMPAN WITH BANNER - DAY

A young student shouts toward the boat.

STUDENT

He is a murderer! He killed the

Chinese woman who was carrying  
his child:

B-379 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Collins sees the look of shock on Holman's face.

COLLINS

What is it? Speak up!

HOLMAN

They -- must mean Frenchy's girl,  
Maily. His wife.

COLLINS

What happened?

HOLMAN

I went to see 'em, after I left  
the consul's.

COLLINS

Against orders.

HOLMAN

Frenchy's dead. He got sick.  
He couldn't come back.  
(Collins is shocked into silence)  
Some guys came in and jumped me  
but I got away. They musta killed  
her. I didn't.

COLLINS

No, but they say you did and  
that's all that's important.  
How do they know your name?

HOLMAN

I lost my hat.

Cont.

B-379 Cont.

Collins looks out at the sampans.

COLLINS

Within two days this will be an international incident.

Holman is looking at the sampans and banners.

COLLINS

Don't worry. We won't give you over to them even if we have to fight our way out.  
(to Bordelles)  
Is the channel deep enough yet?

BORDELLES

I think we could make it.

HOLMAN

I don't want nobody havin' to fight for me.

COLLINS

You're not worth it personally -- even to the Chinese. You're only worth it as a symbol of your country.

Holman nods, goes to the ladder. He looks down at the bearded, mangy crew along the rail.

380 EXT. SHOT OF CREW - P.O.V. - DAY

The men look up at Holman with ominous resentment.

381 EXT. LADDER - DAY

Holman comes down the ladder, goes into the crew's quarters.

382 INT. CREW'S QUARTERS - DAY

Holman enters, looks around, troubled, helpless. A moment later, Harris and Ski come in the aft entrance,



followed by Bronson and Perna. Holman tenses.

HARRIS

We wanta talk to you.  
(Holman is silent)  
The scuttlebutt is they ain't  
gonna let us outa here until  
they get you.

Cont.

[154]

382 Cont.

SKI

And even if we did get out, long  
as you're aboard they won't give  
up. There's guns at Chenglin  
between here and Shanghai, blow  
us out of the water.

Holman watches them like a fighter.

HOLMAN

I never heard of no guns at Chenglin.

HARRIS

You oughta turn yourself in. Tell  
the Captain you'll go ashore and  
stand trial so's we can get outa here,

HOLMAN

What the hell for? I didn't kill her.

HARRIS

Then you'll get off.

The four men start moving in on him.

SKI

You been a Jonah since the day  
you came aboard --

HARRIS

Come on ---

He makes his move, but Holman beats him to the punch, then backhands Perna in the mouth, makes it to the entrance, Bronson and Ski behind him.

383 EXT. QUARTERDECK - DAY

Holman turns, knocks Bronson down, makes it to the engine room door, which he slams on Ski's hand.

384 INT. ENGINE ROOM GRATINGS - DAY

Holman throws a crowbar across the door to barricade it. He reaches for another piece of steel, gets down on one knee in the dark, waiting. A face, Bronson's, peers in through the open engine room skylight, trying to locate Holman. He can't, disappears.

DISSOLVE TO:

[155]

385 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Bronson, Ski and Harris come up the ladder and onto the bridge. Bronson holds a large piece of paper. Bordelles, who has been watching the sampans, turns to them.

BORDELLES

What do you want?

BRONSON

We gotta petition for the Captain.

Bordelles looks at the paper.

386 INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - AFTERNOON

Collins is listening behind the closed door.

BORDELLES' VOICE

I can keep this off the record  
if you men drop it right now.  
If you give this to the Captain,  
it would be open mutiny.

387 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

The men don't budge.

BRONSON

It's better him being handed  
over than all of us getting  
killed,

HARRIS

We'll fight to get the ship through,  
but not to save Holman.

BORDELLES

There are no guns at Chenglin.  
That's scuttlebutt. And if we  
have to fight, it'll be for all  
of us. Not just Holman.

SKI

As long as he's aboard we're on  
a marked ship.

BORDELLES

That's nonsense. Go back to your  
quarters.

BRONSON

If you and the Captain won't do it,  
we could just toss him over the side,  
let him swim for it.

Cont.

[156]

387 Cont.

Bordelles looks at them with contempt,

BORDELLES

Get below.

They stare at each other for a long moment, then saunter off, insolently. Bordelles moves toward the Captain's door. It is opened before he gets there.

388 INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - AFTERNOON

As Bordelles enters, Collins snatches the petition from his hand. Without looking at the paper, he crumples it, drops it into a large ashtray, sets fire to it. Bordelles senses a kind of frenzy in the man.

COLLINS

It never existed, you understand?  
This petition never existed. That was mutiny and I'm not going to be blackmailed by mutiny. They're sick men.

(pause)

But when San Pablo comes under attack and they're called to their guns to defend her, they'll be saved. That's all that can save them now.

Bordelles is disturbed by Collins' intensity.

BORDELLES

Aye, aye, sir.

COLLINS

Move Holman to the C.P.O. quarters and give him a pistol to defend himself. Tell him to stick close to Franks.

BORDELLES

He's barricaded in the engine room now.

FRANKB' VOICE (o.s.,urgent)

Captain! Mr. Bordelles!

Collins springs for the door with Bordelles following him on deck.

389 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Franks is pointing out into the water.

390 EXT. P.O.V. - SHOT OF SEVERAL WUPANS COMING THROUGH RING OF SAMPANS - AFTERNOON

391 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

FRANKS

Looks like gearwheel soldiers this time, Captain.

Collins has fire in his eyes -- this could be action.

COLLINS

Repel Boarders!

(to Franks)

Get Holman up to the bridge here.

FRANKS (sings it out)

Repel Boarders:

He starts down the ladder.

392 EXT. P.O.V. - SHOT OF TWO OR THREE WUPANS FILLED WITH MILITIA - AFTERNOON

The other boats cheer as the new wupans pass through. Given courage, they close in. Gearwheel banners and flags fly from the three new wupans.

393 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Collins looks at the men going to their stations.

394 EXT. MAIN DECK - AFTERNOON

The men move sluggishly to their stations.

395 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Franks is bringing Holman on the bridge. Bronson and Crosley take canvas from their guns with insolent slowness. Collins is burning underneath. He looks out toward the water.

396 EXT. WUPAN - AFTERNOON

A spokesman shouts from the bow of the wupan.

SPOKESMAN

Under just and equal law of nations,  
we demand you give up murderer  
Holman to Peoples' Justice.

[158]

397 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

COLLINS

Under the just law of nations,  
you people are pirates, I won't  
parley with you.

HARRIS' VOICE (o.s.)

We will. Come and get him.

Collins' head snaps in the direction of the voice.

398 EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

HARRIS

Come and get him.

All the men look up at the bridge.

HARRIS

Homang -- come down!

399 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

COLLINS

Silence on the main deck!

Bordelles moves to the head of the ladder, his pistol  
drawn. Collins looks at Holman, who stands numbed.

COLLINS

If you make any effort to give yourself up ---  
(turns to wupan)  
In the wupan, there. Shove off, or I'll fire into you.

400 EXT. WUPAN - DAY

It makes no effort to leave -- just sits there ominously.

401 EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

HARRIS

Homang, come down.

Others, except Farren, start to take up the cry. First one is brave enough to call out, then others take heart. Gradually it becomes a chant, Still, there is fear in it. The men's only strength is in their numbers.

402 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Collins listens, then turns with a wild and terrible anger.

Cont.

[159]

402 Cont.

COLLINS

Bronson, fire a burst into the water.

Bronson doesn't seem to hear. Holman listens to the men shouting his name. Collins roars over the chant.

COLLINS

Bronson, damn you, fire a burst!

BRONSON

Gun's jammed, sir.

He clacks the pan, pretending to clear a jam. Bordelles continues to guard the quarterdeck ladder.

403 EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

The crew takes courage and chants louder, "Homang, come downs!"

404 EXT. THE WUPAN - DAY

It sits there, waiting: watching the drama on the San Pablo.

405 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

COLLINS

Crosley, fire a burst!

CROSLEY

It's jammed, sir.

Collins, in a rage, shoves Bronson aside, takes the gun, bears it directly on the wupan. Holman watches, fascinated.

406 EXT. SHOT OF WUPAN THROUGH THE SIGHT OF THE MACHINE GUN - DAY

407 EXT. REVERSE SHOT OF COLLINS THROUGH THE SIGHT - DAY

For a moment he thinks: "Fire into their boat -- start it right now." The chant continues: "Homang, come down!"

408 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Collins at the last moment depresses the gun and fires a burst into the water near the wupan.

409 EXT. WUPAN - DAY

The wupan turns, starts to move away.

[160]

410 EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

The chant starts to die down. Collins' rage has stunned the men. They look up at the bridge with growing fear.

411 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Collins is still at the gun, empty-eyed staring out at the water. There is a possibility that with a simple turn, he could rake the main deck. But it is his state of shock which is most impressive.

412 EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

The men have stopped chanting entirely. They stand looking at Collins, still gripping the gun, as though frozen there.

413 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY -



Collins turns, trance-like, leaves the gun. His voice is flat.

COLLINS

Mr. Bordelles, make preparations for getting under way. Take her out of rifle range and anchor her.

Bordelles still isn't sure what is going through Collins' mind.

BORDELLES

Aye, aye, sir.

Collins goes into his cabin, closing the door very quietly. Holman looks from Bordelles and Franks who are staring at the door with apprehension.

BORDELLES (a whisper)

Captain.

The sound of a bolt being thrown.

BORDELLES

Make preparations for getting underway.

He removes his belt and pistol, hands them to Holman.

BORDELLES

Wear this. Come back up here as soon as we secure,

[161]

413 Cont.

Holman takes the pistol, straps it on, starts down the ladder. Franks looks at Bronson and Crosley, themselves feeling numb. They follow Holman down the ladder.

414 EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

The men stand there, watching Holman and the others descend the ladder. They are shocked at what they have done -- all sailors, deeply trained in the traditions of obedience. Nobody knows what is going to happen -- what is going on in the cabin.

415 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

FRANKS (pipes first, then)

All hands, make preparations for getting underway,

416 EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

The men just stand there looking up at the bridge. Holman has reached the main deck.

417 EXT. BRIDGE AND MAIN DECK - DAY

Nobody says anything. They make way for Holman. He doesn't move through them with bravado. He is simply going to do the job called for at the moment -- make the ship ready to get underway. All hands watch him disappear into the engine room hatch, then look at each other aimlessly for a moment.

418 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Franks is about to take advantage of the break. He raises his whistle to give another blast. Bordelles stops him with a gesture meaning "Give them time." Bordelles then turns from staring at the men.

419 EXT. MAIN DECK - DAY

From the engine room, through the skylight, the men can hear Holman shoveling coal from the floorplates, then banging the fire door closed. They are waiting for someone to make the first move. After a moment, Ski drifts away, not looking at anyone, starts down the engine room ladder.

420 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Bordelles and Franks are not watching. They pretend to be busy with some trivial tasks -- but all their attention is drawn toward what is happening on deck. They become aware that Bronson and Crosley have returned to the bridge, are putting canvas on the guns. Bordelles finally feels it is safe for him to look again. He turns.

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421 EXT. MAIN DECK FROM BRIDGE - DAY

The men are moving away in two's and three's, making

small passes at work in the process: coiling a line, checking a stay.

422 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Bordelles doesn't smile, but his face loses some of its tenseness. He goes to Collins' door.

BORDELLES (low)

Captain -- the men are turning to.

There is no answer. Bronson and Crosley watch the door with real apprehension. They look to Franks for some word -- get none. They look at Bordelles, as though to ask, "Is he going to be all right?" Bordelles simply gives them a stony stare, turns to Franks.

BORDELLES

Report when you're ready to get underway.

FRANKS

Aye, aye, sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

423 EXT. THE ANCHOR GOES DOWN - TWILIGHT

424 EXT. - SAN PABLO ANCHORED IN A QUIET AREA LONGER SHOT - TWILIGHT

It is peaceful, the city is left behind. Frogs, fish jumping. The whole nightmare of the day is almost unbelievable now.

425 EXT. THE BRIDGE - TWILIGHT

Bordelles and Franks are still standing a watch on the cabin. Holman is also present, wearing a side arm. No light has gone on in the cabin.

DISSOLVE TO:

426 INT. COLLINS' CABIN - NIGHT

It is dark. Only a faint glow is visible from the bridge. We can just make out the motionless figure of Collins seated at his table. After a moment, the CAMERA MOVES IN and reveals the flat, black automatic lying on the table between his hands.

[163]

427 CLOSEUP - COLLINS

He stares ahead, slowly looks down at the gun, his face expressionless. A long, silent, moment.

428 EXT. THE BRIDGE - NIGHT

Franks and Holman are still present. Bordelles comes up to Collins' door, a message in his hand.

BORDELLES

Captain -- there's an urgent message.

(no answer, he starts to read by a bridge light)

Nationalist troops have taken Nanking, They're killing American Treaty people. British and American ships have been shelling the city. The Marines are landing in Shanghai, (he waits, no response)

Treaty people are being directed to flee to the Coast for their lives. Plan Red will be put into effect upon confirmation from Washington.

429 INT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

Collins has been listening to Bordelles. His eyes are now bright, intense. He rises, walks away from the table, thinking. Then he returns, reaches for his pistol, puts it back in his holster, goes and opens the door to the bridge.

COLLINS

Mr. Bordelles, get Franks and -- (seeing Franks and Holman) Come into the cabin, all of you.

They follow Collins in. He closes the door.

430 INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Collins turns on a table lamp, ponders for a moment. Holman, Bordelles and Franks watch him in silence.

COLLINS

What happened this morning has not gone down on paper yet. It is not history unless it goes down on paper. What is going down on paper for the end of San Pablo is quite different!

Cont.

[164]

430 Cont.

The men would like to look at each other - but they don't.

COLLINS

Our radio communications are out of order.

Bordelles frowns, puzzled.

COLLINS (firmly )

They are out of order. We are, therefore, on our own. Not hampered by orders from above. At dawn we will get underway. We will proceed into the Lake. Then, instead of turning down river to Shanghai, we will cross the Lake and turn up the Chien River to China Light.

Bordellos and Franks are stunned. Holman can barely conceal his elation. Collins pays no notice.

COLLINS

Our objective will be to rescue the missionaries at China Light. After the slaughter at Nanking, they will be desperate for rescue. We will make one last savage thrust deep into China -- and if the San Pablo dies, she dies clean. It is my responsibility to the ship and to the men, too. They have been put through intolerable strain. They rate this last chance.

Collins has been pacing during this last. Franks and Bordellos exchange a disturbed look. Holman's expression remains eager -- this is it, this is it.

COLLINS

You will all stand alert when we make the turn North.

He swings around.

COLLINS

Intelligence reports indicate that the Chien River is blocked by a boom of junks linked with bamboo cable and defended by militia. We will break that boom and move on to rescue the people at China Lights

Cont.

[165]

430 Cont.l

Holman is nodding, "Yes." Franks and Bordelles are watching Collins' face -- it is set, fanatic, military.

DISSOLVE TO:

431 EXT. SAN PABLO IN THE LAKE - LONG SHOT - DAY

432 EXT. THE BRIDGE - DAY

Collins, Bordelles and Franks are all wearing pistols. Restorff, Bronson and Crosley are shaved, in whites. They try hopefully to catch Collins' eye from time to time. He doesn't look at them. Haythorn is at the wheel. Franks, exchanging a glance with Collins, raises an eyebrow. Bordelles steps back to the port wing, hand on holster.

FRANKS (to Haythorn)

Come left to zero three zero.

Haythorn automatically spins the wheel.

433 EXT. SHIP TURNING LEFT - LONG SHOT - DAY

434 INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Holman on the throttle senses the turn, checks his balance to verify it, smiles with satisfaction. Harris who has the station Frenchy used to occupy, looks around at the other crewmen who are present.

HARRIS

What's goin' on?

The others do not reply. Holman, still smiling, speaks without looking at Harris.

HOLMAN

We're changin' course.

435 OUT

436 EXT. THE BRIDGE - DAY

Bronson, Restorff and Crosley look at each other. The officers and Franks pretend not to notice them. Crosley tries to engage Bronson's attention to complain. Bronson, after one look, ignores him, goes about his work on the gun. Crosley gets Franks' eye.

CROSLEY (low)

Where the hell we goin'?

Cont.

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436 Cont.

COLLINS (coldly)

I'll tell you, Crosley. We are going up the Chien River to rescue the missionaries at China Light.

437 OUT

438 EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

COLLINS

We will have to break a boom of junks. We will probably have to board and take one of the junks with pistols and cutlasses. We may even have to make an assault on China Light.

Bronson and Restorff accept and even welcome this. But Crosley looks as if they were all crazy. They stare him down.

DISSOLVE TO:

439 OUT

A-439 EXT. THE RIVER - DAY

The San Pablo has left the lake, is now going upriver. Some sampans and a few junks are pulled in at the shore. Women, children and a few old men stare out at the gunboat as it makes its way past. There is fear in their eyes.

440 EXT. THE BRIDGE - DAY

Collins has his binoculars to his eyes, looking for the boom. The others on the bridge are very quiet. All in clean whites, smartly turned out.

441 OUT

442 EXT. PROW OF GUNBOAT - DAY

as it cuts through the water -- with urgency.

DISSOLVE TO:

443 EXT. SAN PABLO - STILL FARTHER UPRIVER - LATE AFTERNOON

444 EXT. BRIDGE - LATE AFTERNOON

Collins, looking through the binoculars, suddenly sees something.

[167]

445 EXT. SHOT THROUGH BINOCULARS - AFTERNOON

The string of junks is barely visible on the surface of the water.



446 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

COLLINS

All right -- there's the boom.

Bordelles puts his glasses to his eyes.

447 EXT. VIEW THROUGH GLASSES - AFTERNOON

The boom of junks has been swung stern to by the current. Twenty-two in all, one hundred feet apart. The cable connecting them goes through their bows.

448 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

COLLINS

Half speed.

Franks rings up half speed on the E.O.T.

449 INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

The half-speed signal. Holman adjusts the throttle. The men, hearing the bell, look around expectantly.

450 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Collins now has the long glass to his eye.

451 EXT. VIEW THROUGH THE GLASS - AFTERNOON

Closer view of the boom of junks.

452 EXT. BRIDGE

COLLINS

Get up the armor flaps. Call General Quarters.

FRANKS (sings it out)

All hands! Man your battle stations!

453 MAIN DECK - AFTERNOON

With spirit and speed the men hurry to their battle stations, put up armor flaps, otherwise prepare for action. Collins notes their attitude with satisfaction -- but does not reveal his feeling. The men still have

to win their way back into his good graces.

[168]

454 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Collins looks through the long glass.

455 EXT. BOOM - SHOT THROUGH GLASS - AFTERNOON

456 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

COLLINS

About a dozen junks -- a hundred feet apart. Cable from bow to bow. Current of the river has the junks riding stern to.

457 EXT. LARGE JUNK IN MIDDLE - SEEN THROUGH GLASS

This is the key junk. Men can be seen scurrying around the deck.

458 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

BORDELLES

Battle stations manned and ready, Captain.

COLLINS

Very well. Run up the battle flag.

Crosley goes into the chart house.

COLLINS

Standard Speed.

Franks rings up Standard Speed.

459 INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

The E.O.T. rings up standard speed. Holman adjusts the throttle. The others react. The word has spread now. They know what's in the offing.

460 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Crosley is running up the large battle flag to the top

of the mast. As it reaches the top, a sudden breeze catches it, and it streams out thrillingly. Collins looks at it, deeply moved.

461 EXT. MAIN DECK - AFTERNOON

Some of the men catch sight of the Battle Flag over them. They look at it stirred,

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462 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

COLLINS

Steer for the center junk.

BORDELLES

Steer for the center junk.

463 EXT. CENTER JUNK - SEEN THROUGH GLASS - AFTERNOON

464 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

COLLINS

Prepare to concentrate fire on the center junk.

BORDELLES

Prepare to concentrate fire on the center junk.

465 EXT. SHIP CLOSING ON THE BOOM - LONG SHOT - AFTERNOON

466 INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Holman is on the throttle, the others at their stations tense, waiting.

467 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

The two center armor flaps are still down for better visibility. Collins takes his station there alone. On either side, in armored embrasures, the men are at their machine guns. Collins looks below him.

468 EXT. MAIN GUN - P.O.V. - AFTERNOON

The three-pounder, manned by Red Dog and Coleman. Their faces are tense, eager.

469 EXT. THE BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

The boom of junks is about two thousand yards away.

BORDELLES

They're within range, sir.

COLLINS

They'll have to fire first.

Bordelles frowns, looks toward the junks.

470 EXT. SHOT FROM BRIDGE - ACROSS BOW TO LINE OF JUNKS - DAY

Through the open space in the armor plate, we can see the ship approaching the boom. Finally, at 1500 yards, the junks open up, pale winks of rifle fire.

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471 EXT. THE BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

At the sound and screech of ricocheting bullets, the men instinctively duck. Collins stands alone, motionless, the binoculars to his eyes.

472 EXT. THE JUNK - AFTERNOON

A billow of red-shot smoke erupts from the center junk.

473 EXT. VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

A cannonball falls short of the bow.

474 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

COLLINS (quietly)

Two thirds speed.

Franks rings it up.

475 INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

They get the signal. Holman adjusts the throttle. The tension grows. They can hear the rifle fire.

EXT. THE BRIDGE - DAY

Collins speaks with immense satisfaction.

COLLINS

Commence firing! Commence firing!

BORDELLES

Commence firings! Commence firing!

The machine guns open up at once, a racketing roar.

477 EXT. THE BOW GUN - AFTERNOON

The three-pounder barks sharply and recoils.

478 EXT. THE CENTER JUNK AS SEEN FROM SHIP - AFTERNOON

Smoke rises, and splinters fly from the center junk.

479 EXT. THE BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Collins at last allows himself a faint smile. He looks around at his men, deeply satisfied with their spirit.

480 EXT. BOW GUN - AFTERNOON

It fires a steady rhythm, the men springing to their work.

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481 EXT. THE CENTER JUNK - AFTERNOON

The junk responds with cannon shot and rifle fire. Black smoke blossoms redly from the other junks.

482 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Bullets scream into the bridge, pinging and thudding. Bronson and Crosley keep up their relentless firing.

483 EXT. THE WATER AROUND SAN PABLO - AFTERNOON

Cannon shot furrows the water.

484 EXT. THE SHIP DRAWING CLOSER TO THE BOOM - AFTERNOON

485 EXT. THE JUNK - AFTERNOON

It fires another salvo.

486 EXT. THE BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Collins is watching each round fired by his men, keenly alert to what is going on everywhere. Suddenly the ship shudders. Collins rushes to the other side of the bridge, looks aft.

487 INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Steam suddenly hisses forth, choking the men. The lights go out. Holman grapples through the steam, feeling his way to the root steam valve for the fire bilge pump. He closes it and the roaring stops. He runs to the generator. Harris is there. The firing can be heard.

HARRIS (shouting)

I'll get it!

FRANKS' VOICE (o.s.)

Fire, main deck aft! Fire, main deck aft!

Holman and Harris struggle even harder at their work.

488 EXT. MAIN DECK AFT - AFTERNOON

A stinkpot has shattered on the port side of the crew's compartment. Its gummy contents splash along the deck, biting fire into the wood.

489 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

The smoke is billowing. Collins takes the wheel.

Cont.

[172]

489 Cont.

COLLINS

Slow engines! Cease firing!

Bordelles, Franks and Haythorn scramble down the ladder to fight the fire, while Collins handles the wheel.

490 EXT. MAIN DECK AFT - AFTERNOON

The smoking fire. The crew manning hoses, laying to with axes. Franks rushes to the engine room skylight.

FRANKS

For God's sake, give us more pressure on the fire main!

491 INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Smoke is getting into the engine room, mingling with the steam. Holman leaves Harris, runs to the pump and starts it clanking.

492 EXT. MAIN DECK AFT - AFTERNOON

More water shoots from the hose. Men are still hacking away with axes. Bordelles and Franks are in the thick of it.

493 EXT. THE CENTER JUNK - AFTERNOON

The cannon and rifles continue to fire at the San Pablo.

494 EXT. LONG SHOT SHOWING SAN PABLO DRIFTING DOWNSTREAM AWAY FROM JUNKS - AFTERNOON

495 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Collins, on the wheel, notices the drift. Bronson comes onto the bridge, blackened and sweating.

BRONSON

Mr. Bordelles reports the fire's under control, Captain.

COLLINS

Very well. Take the helm. Hold the ship in mid-channel. We're drifting out of range.

He picks up the long glass to take another look at what damage they have inflicted on the center junk.

496 EXT. SHOT THROUGH LONG GLASS OF JUNK - AFTERNOON

The junk has been hard hit, splintered and smoking. But there is great elation aboard at their victory. Men stand at the rails, shouting and waving.

497 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Collins grimly puts down the long glass, heads for the main deck.

498 EXT. PORT SIDE AFT - AFTERNOON

The fire is in its last stages. Men continue hacking at the wooden superstructure, throwing pieces of it into the water. The men are black, weary, but pleased. They look to Collins for approval, assurance that all is right again. He smiles slightly.

BORDELLES

The fire's out, sir. Can we take a break before trying again.

COLLINS

We haven't time. There's not enough daylight left. Cutlasses and pistols. We're going to grapple and board the junk.

BORDELLES

Aye, aye, sir.

COLLINS

Keep two machine guns and the bow gun manned -- minimum crew in the engine spaces. Everyone else will board. I want Holman and Harris to stand by at the quarterdeck. The primary mission is to cut the cable.

BORDELLES

Aye, aye, sir.

Collins heads forward, stops at the engine room skylight and shouts down.

COLLINS

Full speed ahead. We're going to grapple and board.



499 INT. ENGINE ROOM - DAY

Holman looks up toward the skylight, still eager, but wondering about this new development.

HOLMAN

Aye, aye, sir.

He adjusts the throttle.

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500 EXT. LONG SHOT OF SAN PABLO CLOSING THE DISTANCE - DAY

501 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Collins watches the closing. On either side of him the machine guns are hammering -- Haythorn on one, Hoff on the other. There is heavy return fire from the junks.

502 EXT. LINE OF JUNKS - AFTERNOON

The pale winks of rifles, the black-rose bloomings from the cannon, like crackling thunder.

503 EXT. THE THREE POUNDER IN THE BOW - AFTERNOON

Bronson and Coleman are loading and firing as fast as possible.

504 EXT. THE BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

The two machine guns are ratcheting away, Haythorn and Hoff giving it their all.

505 EXT. QUARTERDECK - AFTERNOON

Holman waits with his axe in the midship passageway. Harris, with him, carries a cutlass and pistol. They stand waiting.

506 EXT. THE JUNK - AFTERNOON

The mast topples over.

507 EXT. MAIN DECK OF SAN PABLO - AFTERNOON

A wolfish cheer goes up.

508 EXT. SAN PABLO BATTLE FLAG STILL INTACT - AFTERNOON

509 EXT. LONG SHOT - SHOWING SAN PABLO VERY CLOSE NOW

510 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Collins is wound tight to snapping.

COLLINS

Half speed! Cease firings!  
Boarding party take arms!

511 EXT. MAIN DECK

The boarding party scrambles for pistols and cutlasses.

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512 EXT. BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Collins throws off his cap and tunic, reaches for a cutlass, draws his pistol. The two machine guns on the bridge continue firing.

513 EXT. SHOT OF SAN PABLO ALMOST ABREAST OF JUNK

Collins calls to Bordelles.

COLLINS

Take her now. Lay her alongside.

514 EXT. SHOT OF RUINED JUNK STERN

It is all smoke and splinters. The Chinese manning the side to repel are mostly youngsters, students in militia uniforms.

515 EXT. QUARTERDECK

Holman is close enough to the junk to see the Chinese faces. He is struck by their youth. Then he glances upwards, his face clouds.

516 EXT. THE JUNK - HOLMAN'S P.O.V.

Cho-Jen, armed with an ancient sabre, is urging the crew to stand firm and drive off the Americans. His actual words cannot be heard in the din.

517 EXT. QUARTERDECK

Holman looks away, wishing he had not seen Shirley's student.

518 EXT. BRIDGE

Collins brandishes his cutlass.

COLLINS

Awaaaaaay! Boarding party!

He leaps onto the junk, slashing and firing, as the sailors swarm over behind him.

519 EXT. THE JUNK - AFTERNOON

A wild melange of hand-to-hand fighting, cutlasses, pistols, the two ships lashed together.

A-519 CLOSER - THE JUNK

Holman, carrying the axe, leaps aboard with Harris at his side. Harris ruthlessly slashes and shoots to clear the way for Holman.

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B-519 EXT. THE BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Bordelies and Wellbeck watch the confused action from the bridge.

C-519 EXT. THE JUNK - AFTERNOON

Collins, in the lead, is clearing the way toward the cable, cutlass flashing, pistol exploding. The party reaches the foredeck and Holman dashes for the cable. There is screaming and gunfire all around him. Other crewmen are emptying cans of kerosene they have brought aboard the junk, setting fire to it. Panicky Chinese youths leap into the water to avoid the flames.

D-519 EXT. THE JUNE - CLOSER - THE CABLE

Holman reaches the cable, hacks at it with his axe. Collins and the others turn, forming a defensive wall in front of him, firing and slashing at the Chinese militia.

E-519 CLOSER - CHO-JEN

He sees that the way to the man with the axe is barred, begins a circling movement around to his rear.

#### F-519 MED. HOLMAN AND THE OTHERS

Holman continues to hack at the cable. In front of him, Collins is knocked down, almost run through with a spear. But Harris kills the man, is then himself fatally stabbed. Collins sees Harris die.

#### G-519 CLOSER - THE CABLE

Holman's axe bites into the stout strands of bamboo, cutting deeper and deeper.

#### H-519 EXT. THE JUNK - AFTERNOON

Holman continues to swing wildly. Collins sees the cable is only a few blows from being severed. He turns, yells above the din.

#### COLLINS

Return to the ship! Return to the ship!

Cho-Jen suddenly appears behind Holman, lashes down at him with his saber. The blow strikes Holman in the upper arm. He shouts in pain, turns, the axe slipping from his hand. For a moment, Holman and Cho-Jen recognize each other. Then Cho-Jen swings his blade aloft

Cont.

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H-519 Cont.

again. Holman lunges forward, slams into Cho-Jen, his momentum carrying them both over the side and into the water.

#### I-519 EXT. THE JUNK - WIDER ANGLE

The junk is on fire. Most of the Chinese have jumped overboard. The Sand Pebbles begin a rush back over the gunwhales of their own ship.

#### J-519 CLOSER - HOLMAN AND CHO-JEN

They struggle in the water, Cho-Jen striking out fever-

ishly at Holman with his sabre. Holman's one hand on Cho-Jen's throat, the other on the wrist of his sword arm. In desperation, he forces Cho-Jen's head below the water.

#### K-519 CLOSER - THE JUNK

Collins, cut and bleeding, has snatched up the axe, is swinging the last few blows at the cable. Only Franks, himself wounded, is left standing guard over him. Then, with a screech, the cable parts and the flaming junk lurches free. Collins and Franks dash for the side, and just as the water is showing between the two ships, jump and land sprawling on the deck of the San Pablo.

#### L-519 CLOSE - HOLMAN AND CHO-JEN

Only Cho-Jen's arm holding the sabre is visible above the water. The sabre drops from his hand, sinks below the surface. Holman loosens his grip -- the boy's arm slowly submerges. Holman, gasping, turns and swims for the San Pablo, is dragged aboard.

#### M-519 EXT. THE SAN PABLO - AFTERNOON

Firing continues from the other junks, but the broken boom opens like a huge gate, and the San Pablo steams triumphantly through in the twilight.

#### N-519 CLOSER - HOLMAN

He lies on the deck, exhausted. Then he sees the bodies of young Chinese floating in the water as they pass the junk. He sees the wounded on his own ship being tended to by Jennings. Then the dead -- Restorff, Harris. He looks up at the battle flag, troubled, baffled.

DISSOLVE TO:

[178]

#### 520 EXT. LONG SHOT - SHIP IN RIVER - NIGHT

#### A-520 EXT. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Bordelles moves toward the ladder to the bridge. Holman, his arm bandaged comes to him from out of the shadows,

HOLMAN

Mr. Bordelles?

BORDELLES

Yes, Holman?

HOLMAN

I wanta volunteer for the landing party.  
(pause)  
My arm's okay.

BORDELLES (puzzled)

Very well.

He turns, goes up the ladder, across the bridge and into the Captain's cabin. Holman watches him, then looks eagerly across the water. From time to time sniper-fire can be heard from the shore.

521 INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

The only light is a candle stuck in an ashtray. The ship is riding at anchor. Collins' hands are bandaged, his face cut.

COLLINS

They will try to repair the boom.  
We haven't the strength to break  
it a second time. If I am not  
back by full daylight, you must  
consider the primary mission has  
failed and sail without me.

BORDELLES (protesting)

Captain --

COLLINS

That is all! And that is an order!

He walks to the window, looks out at the darkness.

COLLINS

Whom do I have for a landing party?

Cont.

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521 Cont.

BORDELLES

All of them are pretty well cut up -- it's the best we could do. Farren will handle the boat -- and Bronson and Crosley. Holman will be your senior petty officer. It may interest you to know he volunteered.

Collins smiles, shakes his head.

COLLINS

That man's a riddle.  
(straps on his pistol)  
Remember your orders.

BORDELLES

Aye, aye, sir.

COLLINS

The men performed brilliantly.

BORDELLES

Yes, sir. Good luck, Captain.

It is not military, but he extends his hand. Collins looks at it for a second, then takes it quickly, and leaves the cabin.

DISSOLVE TO:

522-524 OUT

525 EXT. THE MOTOR SAMPAN ON THE RIVER - NIGHT

This is a small river. Farren is handling the boat, his leg bandaged and straight out in front of him. Holman sits beside him, holding a BAR. He is tense, excited. Crosley sits in the waist, trying to sleep, a heavy bandage about his midriff. Bronson, with one hand bandaged, is up front next to Collins, who looks like a ghost in his whites.

526 OUT

527 EXT. THE MOTOR SAMPAN - NIGHT

It heads for a dim shape -- the China Light jetty. Collins points to it. Farren nods, guides the boat toward it.

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528 EXT. MOTOR SAMPAN AND JETTY - NIGHT

Holman and Bronson dump ashore and moor the boat. Farren, his leg in a splint, stays where he is. Collins and Crosley get out. Collins removes his wristwatch, hands it to Farren.

COLLINS

If I am not back within two hours, return to the ship. Tell Mr. Bordelles the primary mission has failed.

FARREN (frowning)

Aye, aye, sir.

COLLINS

You have a gun?

Farren raises a rifle. Collins nods, heads in along a path. The others follow.

DISSOLVE TO:

529-530 OUT

531 EXT. THE GATE TO THE MISSION - NIGHT

The mission is a walled, pagoda-like structure. Men and women watch as the sailors pass, but there is no trouble. Collins cautiously leads his men through the gate. Directly in front of them is the Spirit Screen.

532 EXT. MISSION COURTYARD - NIGHT

Collins and the others enter slowly. They pass the dark shed housing the machinery. Holman strains his eyes to see inside. Nothing is visible. As they move across the



courtyard, they are stopped by a voice from the shadows of a porch ahead of them.

JAMESON

Lieutenant Collins, it will be better for all of us if you go away at once.

COLLINS

Jameson, you're to come with me.

Shirley appears on the porch behind Jameson. She sees Holman, reacts -- half-glad, half-frightened.

JAMESON

You broke through the boom?

Cont.

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532 Cont.

COLLINS

We did. You have five minutes to pack whatever you need.

JAMESON

Our militia of students went to fight you there. I was hoping to see them come back victorious, instead of you.

COLLINS

You've heard about Nanking?

JAMESON

Yes, but those events have no bearing here. You alone endanger us. I ask you to leave -- now.

COLLINS

My duty is to protect you.

JAMESON

No longer. We have declared ourselves stateless people. We have sent our names to Geneva.

COLLINS

That's impossible.

Jameson holds up a paper.

JAMESON

Read this.

Collins snatches it from him, steps inside the lighted doorway, scans it hurriedly. Shirley crosses the porch to Holman.

A-532 CLOSER - HOLMAN AND SHIRLEY

Behind them, Collins and Jameson are visible in the lighted doorway.

SHIRLEY

Jake --

JAKE

I tried to get back sooner, but I couldn't make it. Are you stayin'?

SHIRLEY

Yes. What happened at the boom?

Cont.

[182]

A-532 Cont.

Before he can answer, Jameson, behind them, speaks to Collins. Shirley and Holman turn, listen.

JAMESON

By that signed declaration we have temporarily renounced nationality

itself. Your uniform now gives you no authority over us, and no responsibility for us.

Collins finishes reading, looks up from the paper.

COLLINS

This is romantic nonsense!

JAMESON

We have convinced most of the people here that there is no connection between ourselves and the gunboats. Your presence only endangers us.

COLLINS

We're at war. They'll kill you.

JAMESON

They will not.

Collins gestures with the paper.

COLLINS

This is no protection, believe me. Perhaps once, but not now. Now it is shooting and killing. It's too late for such fine distinctions.

He thrusts the paper back at Jameson, who takes it.

JAMESON

It will protect us.

Collins stares at Jameson -- one fanatic facing another.

COLLINS

This afternoon my ship fought its way through down there at the boom. People were killed on both sides. You are not going to make that a futile and

meaningless battle.

JAMESON

We will not serve to give meaning to your heroics. Our lives have their own meaning. We have renounced nationality!

Cont.

[183]

A-532 Cont.I

COLLINS

You have been sentenced to death by their court.

JAMESON

I am free under the protection of one of their students, who is a leader here.

Holman alone reacts to this. Shirley does not see it.

COLLINS (driving)

They will not care who protects you now. Not after Nanking. And it will not be a Student Militia who comes for you now, but regular troops.  
(turning)

Miss Eckert, they will strip you and rape you, and then this whole valley will be destroyed when our country comes to avenge your deaths. Do you want that?

SHIRLEY

You don't know them.

JAMESON

What have you ever cared of Chinese women raped and butchered by the warlord troops you favor with your unequal treaties? In heaven's name,

leave us alone!

COLLINS (furious)

That's enough!

(turning)

Holman, help them get their things together!

Holman, holding his BAR, has edged a few steps back on the porch. The gun is not pointed at Collins, but it could be in an instant.

HOLMAN

No, sir.

COLLINS (softly)

That's an order.

HOLMAN

Captain, you better get back to the ship.

(Collins stares at him)

They're staying. So am I.

Collins looks at him blankly, then gestures toward Bronson and Crosley.

COLLINS

Place him under arrest.

Cont.

[184-184A]

A-532 Cont.3

Holman brings up his gun. He is not angry.

HOLMAN

Come on, now. Don't start anything,

COLLINS

Do you know what this is?

(Holman nods)

Desertion -- in the face of the enemy.

Holman glances quickly at Shirley, then back to Collins.

HOLMAN

Captain, I ain't got no more enemies. Shove off.

Collins stares at him, angry, confused. There is the sound of running feet. A Chinese boy enters the courtyard, calling for Jameson, who races to meet him.

533-539 OUT

540 EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

The boy has collapsed. Jameson kneels beside him, then turns in horror.

JAMESON

Shirley! He says Cho-Jen is dead!  
(to Collins)  
You killed him at the boom.

SHIRLEY

No!

JAMESON (to Collins)

And now they are coming for me.  
Because of you and your blind  
pride --  
(burst of anguished rage)  
Damn your flag! Damn all flags!  
It's too late in the world for  
flags!

There is a burst of fire from the direction of the Spirit Screen. They all duck for the porch, unlimbering guns at the same time -- except for Jameson. Bronson fires toward the spirit wall as Chinese come around the sides. Jameson moves toward them, waving the piece of paper.

Cont.

[185]

540 Cont.

JAMESON (in Chinese)

Wait! Listen to me! We are not --

COLLINS

Jameson!

The Chinese fire. Jameson is spun around by the force of the bullets. He falls dead, the paper fluttering from his hand. Now all the men but Holman have opened fire toward the Spirit Screen. Surprised, the Chinese rush back behind it, leaving a few wounded and dead behind. Crosley rushes out, fires a rattling volley from his BAR as the last shadow disappears behind the screen. Collins comes to Shirley, crouching.

COLLINS

Is there another way out of here?

SHIRLEY (weakly)

A hut by the back wall -- it has a door to the open fields.

She gestures uncertainly behind her. There is another burst of fire from the screen. Crosley, Bronson and Collins move out to answer. Holman stands motionless on the porch. He has yet to fire at the Chinese. He looks at Shirley, confused. Collins fires into the dark.

COLLINS

Watch the walls!

They are in an eerie trap, encircled by walls from which they can be fired upon, rooftops, shadows. Bloodcurdling yells are heard from the other side. Holman hesitates, looks once more at Shirley, then moves out to join the others in the courtyard. There is a sudden concentration of fire near them. They rush for protection against the Spirit Screen, watching either side of it. One of the Chinese bodies lying nearby makes a move to reach for a knife. Crosley hits the man with the butt of his rifle -- he slumps back to the ground. Silence for a moment.

COLLINS

Now listen. They think they have us trapped, but the girl knows

another way out.

He looks at Holman. To Collins, his "desertion" like all the other unpleasant occurrences on the San Pablo, has never happened.

Cont.

[186]

540 Cont.I

COLLINS

Holman, you're senior. Take charge and get all hands down to the boat as fast as you can. I'll stay for a bit and shoot and holler and make them think we're still here.

(to Bronson)

Give me your BAR.

(Bronson does, takes Collins' pistol)

When I think you've gotten clear, I'll follow.

The men protest with the looks.

COLLINS

Now get out. On the double.

Holman, take charge. You did well at the boom today. All of you.

Collins moves away from the Spirit Screen, starts to yell and shoot in various directions.

COLLINS (loud)

All right, you cover the screen --  
you other men take the wall!  
Fire at anything that moves!

Holman, Bronson and Crosley have started back toward the house, crouching low, letting loose a few shots as they go. They look back as they near the porch.

Collins, still firing, is hit by several bullets. He spins and falls. The men are stunned. They open up a barrage, silence the other guns, race back to Collins he is dead. Holman looks at Collins' face wondering. Then he glances back, sees Shirley standing near the porch, turns to Bronson and Crosley.



HOLMAN

Get her outa here.

BRONSON

Let's all get goin'.

HOLMAN

They'll catch us, we gotta slow  
'em up. Go on.

He fires a burst. So do the others.

CROSLEY

Jake, for God sake --

Cont.

[187]

540 Cont.2

HOLMAN

Take her! That's --  
(desperate)  
-- an order!

Crosley and Bronson start back across the courtyard toward Shirley, keeping low. Holman fires a burst. Crosley and Bronson have reached Shirley, are trying to make her leave.

SHIRLEY

Jake -- come on!

HOLMAN

Go ahead. I'll be along.

SHIRLEY

No!

She starts to rush toward him. Bronson and Croaley grab her.

HOLMAN

Go on! Take her!

Holman waves them away. Shirley is pulled, screaming and protesting, into the house and out of sight. Holman looks back once more. They are gone. There is sudden quiet all around. He listens, frightened.

HOLMAN (a yell)

How we doin', Crosley?  
(fires a burst at the wall)  
Wait the word, Bronson. Wait the  
word. Don't shoot 'til you see  
somethin'.

He fires again. There is firing from outside -- then silence. Holman looks at Collins' dead body nearby.

HOLMAN

Collins, you're being transferred!  
(fires another burst)  
I got no use for a man who don't  
know engines!

He sticks his head around one corner of the screen and fires, then runs and fires from the other side. More firing from outside cuts up the courtyard -- then quiet. Holman pulls the trigger once more, it clicks. He quickly starts to reload.

Cont.

[188]

540 Cont.3

HOLMAN

Okay -- we're pullin' out!  
Bronson, Crosley - hold your  
fire -- watch the walls.

He finishes loading, fires a burst.

A-540 EXT. FIELDS - NIGHT

We can see the figures of Shirley, Bronson and Crosley moving farther away toward the river.

B-540 EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Holman looks around in the darkness.

HOLMAN

Time to go, Holman? Whaddya say?

Go time?

(pause)

Ski, I don't think you're much of a fighter. You're big but you're slow. The coolie's gonna take you.

(another burst)

I got fifty that says so!

(wild yell)

Okay -- everybody out!

He covers a wide arc with a final blast. Suddenly he winces in pain, buckles against the wall. He looks down, hurt and angry, realizes one of the wounded Chinese has stabbed him in the back of the knee. Holman fires a burst into the man, drilling him to the ground. Silence. Holman can't stand except by leaning on the wall.

HOLMAN (softly)

You bastard.

He looks at the dead Chinese, then at Collins. The pain in his leg is intense.

HOLMAN (to Collins)

You wouldn't even know how to get up steam!

He fires a burst toward the walls.

Cont.

[189]

B-540 Cont.

HOLMAN

Frenchy? Match it! Go as far as you want -- all the way -- three hundred bucks!

(another burst)

Po-Han was worth five!

Holman is in angry tears now. He drags himself forward.

HOLMAN

Whatsa matter? I just wanted to  
work here. I had it. I was home.  
(screaming at the dark walls)  
Who are you? Who the hell are you?

He stumbles, crippled, out into the courtyard. A sudden burst of rifle fire spins him around, throws him to the ground. There are a few seconds of eerie silence in the moonlit courtyard as our view drifts over the crumpled, motionless bodies of the three men who came so far and for such varied reasons to share a common death: Collins, the man of war; Jameson, the man of peace; and Holman -- the man who sought for and finally found himself. As the CAMERA DRAWS BACK to include the full courtyard, a slowly welling scream of victory is heard from the walls. Then -- a STING of MUSIC which carries over:

C-540 EXT. RICE FIELDS AND MISSION - LONG SHOT - NIGHT

The mission is seen in the distance at the summit of the hill. Shirley, being forced along by Bronson and Crosley, comes out of the darkness, looks back once more at the mission, then continues on UNDER CAMERA with the two sailors. HOLD on the LONG SHOT of the mission as the music surges upward. Then SUPERIMPOSE:

THE END

Music to climax.

FADE OUT

