



Ross Barnett

Film Services

Feature Film

— §§§ **Victory** §§§ —

Screenplay by Ross Barnett

based on the novel by Joseph Conrad

DURATION: 1 hour 40 minutes

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The film is set in the Far East in the colonial days of late 19th Century.

White clouds hang in a perfect blue sky. The camera tilts slowly down from the sky to encompass a wide panorama of sea and the sensational cliffs of the Gulf of Tonkin, north of the South China Sea, near the port of Zhanjiang.

A Vietnamese love song plays as a steam ship, circa 1870, steams into view from behind one of the high cliffs in the far distance. Grey smoke billows from the funnel. The noise of the engine can't be heard.

CREDITS ROLL

Very faintly, the sound of a steam engine is heard in the distance. The sound increases as the ship slowly comes closer.

CUT TO

The ship is seen in detail now in the middle distance, the noise of the steam engine clearly audible.

FADE TO BLACK FADE IN

1. EXT. - DECK OF A STEAMSHIP AT SEA

Axel Heyst, a good-looking European man of about 40 wearing a slightly soiled white suit, white panama hat, cream shirt and dark blue tie, is seen at the bow of the ship. Looking ahead, he takes an silver cigar case from his pocket, extracts a cigar and lights it. The spectacular cliffs form a background.

Davidson as Narrator (V/0)

I've always liked Axel Heyst. For a while we became quite friendly. As master of a steamship, I supported, of course, his investment in the Tropical Belt Coal Company. There is, as every schoolboy should know, a close chemical relationship between coal and diamonds. This is a fact . . . and Heyst was ever pursuing "facts". That's what we used to call him, "Hard Facts Heyst".

CUT TO**2. INT. - WHEELHOUSE of the STEAMSHIP**

We see Davidson at the wheel of the steamer, an obese man almost bursting out of his captain's uniform, pipe in mouth.

Davidson as Narrator (V/0)

Whilst there is a relationship between coal and diamonds, Heyst's ambitions for the Tropical Belt Coal Company were not motivated purely by visions of wealth. Nothing greedy about Heyst. He loved the Far East and saw his business endeavours as a "great stride forward" for the region.

CUT TO**3. EXT. - DECK of the STEAMSHIP**

Heyst draws on his cigar. The camera pans towards the distant shoreline.

PAN TO

4. PANORAMA - TROPICAL SHORELINE

We see, in the distance, the lovely shoreline and islands of the Gulf of Tonkin.

Davidson as Narrator (V/0)

And no-one doubted for a moment Heyst's love of the islands. He often said "I am enchanted by the islands". That's another name we had for him, "The Enchanted Heyst".

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

5. EXT. DOCKSIDE, A BUSY PORT - DILI (EAST TIMOR)

Port of Dili in Timor. Local workers are winching goods from the steamer, which is docked against the wharf. People are coming and going up and down a number of gangplanks, assorted native porters and well-dressed Europeans.

Axel Heyst pushes his way through the crowd, occasionally raising his hat to a female acquaintance. Ahead of him, a local porter is pushing people out of the way and behind Heyst come two porters weighed down with suitcases and travelling bags.

CUT TO

6. EXT. STREET SCENE, DILI (East Timor)

We see Heyst walking through the crowds of a busy street. Walking towards him on the opposite side of the street is a badly dressed European, Morrison, walking with his head down and his hands in his pockets. Morrison wears a battered naval cap.

Heyst
(*shouting*)

Morrison! Hey, Morrison!

Morrison *lifts his head, startled.*

Over here!

Heyst *crosses over the street.*

Morrison
(*extending his hand and walking to meet Heyst*)

Good God, Heyst. What the devil are you doing in Dili?

Heyst
(*speaking simultaneously*)

What on earth brings you here?

The two friends laugh and Heyst puts his hand on Morrison's shoulder.

Heyst

What an unexpected pleasure. Can you spare the time to have have drink with me? The sun's too strong to talk in the street. Come on!

Heyst *leads the way into a nearby bar. Morrison follows despondently, hands in pockets.*

CUT TO

7. INT. STREET BAR, DILI

The bar is rather run down, dingy. The two men sit at a table by an open window. A waiter approaches.

Heyst
(to the **waiter**)

Two gin and tonics please.

*He leans over the table towards **Morrison**.*

Are you alright, Morrison? You really don't look well. You're in for a bout of fever, I fear.

Morrison

Fever! . . . give me fever, give me plague. They are diseases, one gets over them . . . but I am being murdered, Heyst. I am being murdered by the Portuguese. They intend to cut my throat the day after tomorrow!

***Heyst** is calm, well-groomed, relaxed, he leans back in his chair as the **waiter** brings the drinks. **Morrison** is haggard, dishevelled in unwashed clothes, with bloodshot eyes, his elbows on the table.*

Heyst
(raising an eyebrow)

I say! What on earth do you mean?

Morrison
(drinking his G & T in one gulp and calling for another)

It's a villainous plot, Heyst, villainous! That scoundrel Cousinho has been coveting my brig for years. Naturally, I'd never sell her, she's not only my livelihood, she's my life. Now he's hatched a damn plot with the chief of customs. They impounded the brig on some lame excuse and now they intend to sell her!

Heyst

The devil they do!

Morrison

They do! The sale, of course, will be a farce, there's no-one here to bid and Cousinho will get the ship for a song. Upon my word, I don't know why I'm burdening you with my problems, Heyst, but it *is* nice to talk to a fellow countryman.

Heyst

(embarrassed)

Could you tell me . . . I don't mean to pry, but possibly you could tell me the, er . . .

Morrison

The fine, you mean? More than I have to hand.

Heyst

And how much do they want, exactly?

Morrison

Five hundred guilders. And I have but one hundred and thirty.

Heyst

(astonished)

You mean you're short three hundred and seventy guilders?

Morrison

Three hundred and seventy guilders. One might as well say three thousand seven hundred guilders, it's all the same to me.

Heyst

But, my dear fellow, I would be happy to lend you the money!

Morrison

You have that amount to spare?

Heyst

Most definitely. Please allow me to help you.

Morrison
(brightening)

I say!

*(standing and moving to shake **Heyst's** hand)*

I say! . . .

Heyst
(remaining seated, embarrassed)

Trifle . . . delighted . . . happy to help!

Morrison
(still gripping his friend's hand)

I say . . . you're not joking are you, Heyst?

Heyst

Joking? What exactly do you mean?

Morrison

(returning to his seat)

Forgive me! I've been worried out of my wits for days. Your offer is almost too good to be true. Let's drink to friendship!

CUT TO

8. EXT. DOCKSIDE, DILI - THE SAILING SHIP 'CAPRICORN'

*We see the sailing ship in the middle distance as **Heyst** and **Morrison** make their way along the key, which is now comparatively deserted. Two Portuguese policemen guard the gangplank. **Morrison** is jubilant, almost dancing, as they approach his ship.*

CUT TO

9. EXT. DECK - THE SAILING SHIP 'CAPRICORN'

*The pair climb the gangplank onto the deck of the ship. **Heyst** pauses to look around as **Morrison** leads the way.*

Morrison

(ecstatic)

Come below! Let me show you around!

CUT TO

10. INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - 'CAPRICORN'

Heyst and **Morrison** are seated at a wooden table, a ship's (bell-bottom) port decanter between them with crystal glasses. **Morrison** has shaved and smartened himself up.

Morrison

I don't have the cash to repay you.

Heyst

It's really of no consequence

Morrison

(holding up his hand to interrupt)

Truth is, I'm a sailor, not a businessman. I find it very difficult to collect payment from my clients. I give too much credit. Look!

He goes to a desk and extracts a battered notebook.

Here it is. More than five thousand dollars owing . . . but it's no good, I'll never be able to squeeze them. They take me for a fool. I am a fool!

Heyst

No, no . . . perhaps some of your credit will be honoured.

Morrison

And now to be trapped by those Portuguese rascals! I shall never hear the end of it. We must keep it secret.

Heyst

(offering his friend a cigar and lighting one himself)

I quite agree. Most delicate matter. Nobody's business but our own.

Morrison

Quite! But if I can't give you money, then I must give you a share in the ship. A partnership, as it were?

Heyst

Good gracious no, not a formal partnership, I couldn't accept that. But I will accept your hospitality for a month or two. I should enjoy that, cruising the islands. I should enjoy that *very* much.

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

11. EXT. GARDEN - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL, SURABAYA

The camera pans around the beautifully manicured garden, including the pagoda, of the hotel before focusing on the veranda which is broad and furnished with exotic plants.

CUT TO

12. EXT. THE VERANDA - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

*Seven or eight expatriate (European) businessmen are seated on comfortable furniture, amongst them **Tesman**, the primary local trading agent, and **Schomberg**, proprietor of the hotel. Chinese waiters are serving a variety of drinks. There is a murmur of conversation.*

Tesman

Rumour has it, Heyst's trying to revive the coaling station idea.

European 1

Surely not?

European 2

You can't be serious.

Schomberg

And I can tell you more than that, gentlemen. He's living aboard Morrison's brig, young Morrison too kind and generous to kick him off.

European 1

What? Morrison can hardly afford to feed himself, let alone some free-loading passenger.

Schomberg

It might be that he's paying his passage, but I would be surprised. Sponging on Morrison's good nature, like everyone else, that's my guess.

Tesman

They bought enough supplies to last them several months. What's the name of that island Heyst was mining?

Schomberg

Samburan. A rat-hole of a place by all accounts. Or should I say, a spider's web set out to trap the innocent passer by. All I can say is, don't ever get mixed up with Heyst's ridiculous schemes. Don't get caught in his web - 'Heyst the Spider', that's what I call him!

FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN

13. EXT. THE HARBOUR, SURABAYA

Morrison's sailing ship, Capricorn, is at anchor in the harbour. A number of small boats are milling around. Stores are being hoisted aboard the ship.

CUT TO

14. EXT. DECK - THE SAILING SHIP 'CAPRICORN'

We see that the stores include sacks of flour and crates of live chickens. The crew supervise the loading as Morrison and Heyst stroll the deck. Morrison checks a clipboard in his hand.

Morrison

That's the last of it.

Heyst

(leaning against the deck railing)

How many ships in the harbour, would you say?

Morrison

Five big ships, obviously. Twenty or so smaller ships. Why do you ask?

Heyst

How many *sailing* ships?

Morrison

Well, none of the bigger ships, except for us, of course.

Heyst

You see, that's my point. The future lies in steam, and to make steam you need coal.

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

15. EXT. WHARF - SAMBURAN ISLAND

A huge, rusting sign painted in white lettering TROPICAL BELT COAL Co Ltd dominates the shoreline behind the wharf, which extends into the sea some thirty or forty metres. Railway rails run along the wharf and back along the track towards a group of low buildings. Vegetation has been allowed to encroach into the once pristine environment. Fertile jungle descends almost to the track along the shore. In crystal clear water the CAPRICORN is at anchor, close to the wharf.

CUT TO

16. EXT. HARBOUR TRACK - SAMBURAN ISLAND

Heyst and Morrison walk along the track deep in conversation, the brig CAPRICORN in the background. Supplies are being off-loaded from the ship onto railway carts under the supervision of **Wang**, Heyst's enigmatic Chinese servant.

Morrison

But you have done well, jolly well. *Damned* well, if you'll pardon my language.

Heyst

Not well enough. I've sunk all my own money into this mine here, and it's ground to a halt. The well has run dry, so to speak . . . almost. What I need most at this point in time, or I should say, what "we" need most, is capital investment. Money to develop other fuelling stations, apart from this one. That's the key.

Morrison

And you want me to go to London?

Heyst

London and Amsterdam. Talk to the shipping companies themselves, and of course the major trading houses. Show them that they would be investing in their own future.

Morrison

(doubtfully)

I can't sail the Capricorn to London!

Heyst

No, no . . . you'll put the Capricorn in dock, spell the crew and you yourself will take a commercial passage to London. All in all you'll need six months. Obviously I shall pay all your expenses plus a small allowance.

Morrison

I have people in Devon. I can stay with them. I must say I find the thought of going home somewhat daunting!

CUT TO

17. EXT. HEYST'S BUNGALOW - SAMBURAN ISLAND

Heyst and Morrison enter a large cleared area in front of the bungalow, which is well maintained in stark contrast to dilapidated buildings in the background. Flower beds ornament a wide front veranda accessed by steps. They ascend the steps and enter

CUT TO

18. INT. HEYST'S BUNGALOW

. . . . the front room of the bungalow, which is beautifully furnished. Opposite the front door, a large portrait of an elderly gentleman hangs in a gilt frame, on either side of which mahogany bookshelves occupy the entire wall.

Morrison

(surprised by the luxury)

I say! I say, old man. Capital!

Heyst

What will you drink?

Morrison

What have you got?

Heyst

I have virtually everything, unless my man Wang has consumed quantities of alcohol in my absence.

Morrison

Sherry?

Heyst

Sweet or dry?

Morrison

Dry, if it's not too much trouble.

Heyst opens a large mahogany cabinet, displaying a huge variety of bottles of every shape and size. He reaches to the back and grasps a bottle of dry sherry. Then, from glass fronted shelves above the cabinet, he finds two crystal sherry glasses.

Heyst

(handing a glass to his guest)

So you'll do it then?

Morrison

What?

Heyst

The European trip to raise capital.

Morrison

By jove, of course! . . . least I can do . . . happy
to be of help. Not as if there was any urgent business
to keep me here.

Heyst

Good show! I'll give you a letter for Tesman, he'll
give you enough money to tide you over and he'll also
arrange your passage to London. I'll also give you a
letter to my bankers in London, and letters of introduction
to people I know.

Morrison

Very well.

Heyst

How soon can you leave?

Morrison

How soon can you have the letters ready?

Heyst

(thinking)

Give me two days . . . three at the most.

Morrison

Capital! I shall tell the crew what's happening,
tie up some loose ends and return here in a week.
Then I shall board the first ship bound for London.

Heyst

(shaking his friend's hand)

Good man! You'll stay for dinner tonight, of course,
and leave in the morning?

Morrison

I rather thought I'd sail this afternoon . . . things to do.

Heyst

Nonsense, you'll stay for dinner. *(shouting)* Wang!

Wang

(standing in the room, startling both men by his presence)

Here, Twan.

Heyst

Ah, here you are. Have all the supplies been loaded
into the warehouse?

Wang

Yes, Twan.

Heyst

Excellent, good man. Kill a chicken, my friend
Mr Morrison will be joining me for dinner..
(to **Morrison**) Another glass of sherry?

Morrison

Well, since I'm not sailing . . .

Heyst

(pouring two glasses and handing one to **Morrison**)

To coal!

Morrison

To the Tropical Belt Coal Company!

FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN

19. EXT. WHARF - SAMBURAN ISLAND

*The next morning. **Morrison** stands on the deck of the CAPRICORN, which is making sail. He waves to **Heyst** standing on the wharf. The sails gather wind and the ship moves away towards open water.*

Davidson as Narrator (V/0)

And so Morrison set sail from Samburan, carrying with him the hopes and ambitions of Heyst and the Tropical Belt Coal Company. For my part, I thought the scheme had merit. So, too, did Tesman, who went so far as to express interest in investing capital into the project. So, too, did Her Majesty's Colonial Representative in Singapore, who guaranteed a government contract for

the refuelling of mail boats when the scheme was up and running. Months passed. And then disaster struck!

CUT TO

20. EXT. THE VERANDA - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

A group of expatriate businessmen including Davidson sit drinking in the afternoon shade as Tesman hurries across the lawn towards them.

Tesman
(out of breath)

I say, you chaps . . . news . . . terrible news . . .
Morrison . . . dead!

Davidson

Dead?

European 1

What?

Tesman
(joining them on the balcony)

Dead . . . as a dormouse I received the telegram myself. It seems he caught a chill in the English winter and succumbed to pneumonia, poor chap.

Schomberg
(coming from the interior wearing an apron)

What did I tell you, gentlemen? I told you not to get mixed up with that scoundrel Heyst.

Davidson

Oh, don't be ridiculous, Schomberg. How can you possibly hold Heyst responsible for a man's pneumonia?

Schomberg

And why was Morrison in England in the first place, Herr Captain? Answer me *that*!

Davidson

Damn bad luck, that's all. I suppose someone should break the news to Heyst.

Tesman

(taking a telegram from his pocket and handing it to Davidson)

The sooner the better. The telegram is addressed to him, from his lawyers.

Davidson

(reading)

Damn. Well, that's my run. I suppose I must be the bearer of bad tidings.

Schomberg

That's what comes of having anything to do with that fellow. He squeezes you dry, like a lemon. Then he sends you home to die. I told you so!

FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN

21. EXT. HARBOUR TRACK - SAMBURAN ISLAND

Heyst walks alone on the track beside the jungle. He walks to the jetty and stands looking out to sea. He takes the silver cigar case from his pocket, extracts a cigar and lights it.

Davidson as Narrator (V/0)

There was talk for a time that Heyst might pursue his business interests alone, that he himself might travel to Europe to seek the capital necessary to bring his dreams to fruition, but nothing came of it. He became something of a recluse, alone on his island with just his Chinese servant to keep him company. Occasionally, we would see him in Surabaya, or one of the other ports. I made it my business to call in regularly when passing, to make sure he had all he needed and that he was well. Whilst he was always happy to see me, he showed no sign of loneliness or discontent.

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

22. INT. RECEPTION - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

Heyst enters the reception area pursued by local porters carrying battered leather suitcases. He is seen booking in to the hotel, Mrs Schomberg behind the reception desk.

Davidson as Narrator (V/0)

Some time later, he asked me to drop him off in Surabaya, he had some business with Tesman, apparently. And that was when the drama started.

Mrs Schomberg

And how long do you plan to stay, Mr Heyst?

Heyst

I'm booked with Captain Davidson, to return home in three weeks.

Mrs Schomberg

Three weeks? Then I shall give you the large suite, over-looking the gardens.

Heyst

Thankyou, Mrs Schomberg.

CUT TO

23. INT. HEYST'S ROOM - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

*The room is bright and airy, with large (open) windows overlooking the gardens and, further out, the sea. Hotel porters deposit **Heyst's** luggage in the room and he tips them as they leave. **Heyst** explores his surroundings, then walks to the open window and looks out.*

Heyst

(looking through the window)

Oh no!

CUT TO

24. EXT. GARDEN AND PAGODA - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

Coloured flags and hanging lanterns adorn the approach to the pagoda, a large wooden summer house at the end of the gardens. On a prominent notice board, a poster advertises CONCERTS DAILY - THE FAMOUS ZANGIACOMO LADIES' ORCHESTRA - FRESH FROM VIENNA. A Chinese servant lights the hanging lanterns with a taper, whilst assorted ladies, wearing white muslin with a crimson sash across one shoulder, make their way in two's and three's towards the pagoda.

CUT TO**25. EXT. THE VERANDA - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL**

*Later the same evening. The usual group of expatriate (European) businessmen are seated at one end of the veranda. **Heyst** sits apart, the LONDON TIMES newspaper in his hands and a large pile of newspapers on the table beside him. e He smokes a cigar, drinks a gin and tonic. **Schomerg**, serving drinks to his cronies, eyes him maliciously. Distantly, the ZANGIACOMO LADIES' ORCHESTRA can be heard tuning up.*

Schomberg

Look at the man, giving himself airs! I don't know why he's come to stay in my house, this place isn't good enough for him. He sits at the far end of the veranda. planning some new swindle, no doubt.

Schomberg returns to the interior as the strands of a (somewhat out of tune) Viennese waltz are heard.

CUT TO

26. EXT. THE VERANDA - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

*Later in the evening, it is now quite dark, too dark for **Heyst** to read the paper. He is alone on the veranda. Sounds of applause and revelry come from the pagoda, where polkas liven up the evening.*

Heyst

(sighing - talking to himself)

Humph really this is too awful
I might as well.

(he signals to a Chinese waiter)

My bill, please.

He signs the chit brought by the waiter, stands, stretches and makes his way across the garden to the "concert hall".

CUT TO

27. INT. CONCERT HALL - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

*The room is about half full. On a low stage the ladies of the ZANGIACOMO LADIES' ORCHESTRA play enthusiastically, but not well. The ladies are overly made-up with mascara and rouge, and they sweat. **Zangiaco** with long black hair dressed in white "monkey jacket" and evening wear conducts. **Mrs Zangiaco** plays the piano. Most of the audience smoke, and Chinese waiters move between tables serving drinks.*

Audience

(The orchestra conclude a particularly energetic polka. Putting down their instruments, they begin to leave the stage and mingle with the audience, who are applauding the performance.)

More ! . . Bravo !

Zangiaco

(Acknowledging applause)

Thankyou, thankyou. You are too kind. With your permission, gentlemen, the ladies will take a short intermission to refresh themselves.

Heyst

(as other customers make room for the women to sit)

This is unbearable!

*All but a few of the "ladies" have left the stage. Mrs Zangiaco busily sorts sheet music and passes amongst the chairs collecting and dispensing the printed pages. One of the "ladies" (later identified as **Lena**) sits alone and exchanges words with Mrs Zangiaco.*

Heyst

(to himself)

Hello . . and who might you be? . . . a girl, by jove!

***Lena** is slim and attractive and, in contrast to her colleagues, quite young. She remains seated as Mrs Zangiaco argues with her. She stands, suddenly, rubbing her arm, then she descends from the stage into the audience. She stands in the aisle.*

Heyst

*(standing up and walking slowly towards **Lena**)*

Excuse me, but that horrible female has done something to you. She pinched your arm, didn't she? I'm sure she pinched you when she stood by your chair.

(Lena looks at him in astonishment, rubbing her arm, saying nothing)

I'm sure she pinched your arm most cruelly.

Lena

(in a sulky tone - she has a broad cockney accent)

An' wot if she did, it wouldn' be the firs' time. An wot are *you* gunna do abou' it, anyway?

Heyst

(taken aback by the girl's hostility, but with amusement)

Well, I . . . er . . . I don't know. I don't know what I'm going to do about it. Can I do anything? What would you have me do? Pray command me.

Lena

(laughing)

'Command you'? That's a new one. That's rich, that is. 'Oo are you, anyway?

Heyst

I'm staying in the hotel for a few days . . . just popped in.

Lena

You're nobody. Then don't interfere. It's not your business.

Heyst

Would you like me to leave you alone?

Lena
(softening)

I din' say that . . . (*pause*) . . . She pinched me 'cos I din' get down 'ere quick enough.

Heyst

That is monstrous! Well, you're down here now.
Let me buy you a drink.

Heyst leads the way to his vacant table towards the back of the room, where they sit in embarrassed silence. He beckons to a waiter.

Heyst

What would you like?

Lena
(without hesitation)

G an' T, easy on the gin.

Heyst

Two gin and tonics, please.

Lena

That's what they want, you know - for you to buy us drinks an 'at.

Heyst

I guessed as much, it can hardly be because of the . . . er . . .

Lena

Because of the music?

Heyst

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to imply

Lena

Yes, you did. The music's awful, even I know that!

Heyst

Do you sing as well as play the violin?

Lena

Never sung a note in me life. Never 'ad much cause to sing, really.

Heyst

That monstrous woman. Can't you defend yourself?

Lena

Not much I can do. They are too many for me.
I must go.

***Lena** stands and makes her way back to the stage as **Zangiaco** tinkles a triangle. The "ladies" resume their places and launch into a Brahms rhapsody. After the initial excruciating bars, **Heyst** drains his glass and leaves.*

CUT TO

28. EXT. THE VERANDA - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

It is morning. Heyst sits at his somewhat isolated table with a late breakfast and a newspaper. Some of the "ladies", including Lena, sit apart, now wearing tropical day wear. Schomberg flitters around the women, paying especial attention to Lena, at one point putting his arm around her shoulder. The women finish their breakfasts and standing up, walking past Heyst's table as they leave. Lena makes eye contact with Heyst, but says nothing. Heyst smiles at her.

CUT TO

29. INT. CONCERT HALL - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

Evening, and the ladies of the ZANGIACOMO LADIES' ORCHESTRA perform again. Heyst has eyes only for Lena, watching her as she frowns and bows her violin. At the interval she comes straight to his table.

Lena

You're 'ere again, then?

Heyst.

(with drinks on the table)

I'm here again!

Lena

What's this place called again?

Heyst

The city? Or the country?

Lena

Well, both really.

Heyst

The city is called Surabaya, and the country is Java.

Lena

They're all the same, these Chinese places. All full of Chinese people 'oo don't want to know you and English people who just want to well, you know. Like that 'orrible man 'oo owns this place. 'E puts 'is 'ands all over me.

Heyst

Schomberg?

Lena

I s'pose so. 'im and Zangiaco, fick as fieves, them two.

Heyst

What's your name?

Lena

Wot? My real name?

Heyst

Yes, of course. Your real name.

Lena

Zangiaco calls me Alma, dunno why. My real name's Magdalena, Lena for short.

Heyst

And what brought you to this end of the earth,
young Magdalena?

Lena

My dad was a musician, believe it or not. A real one. In England. 'E played the violin somefin' lovely. Played small theatres all over. My mum was a chorus girl, bit of a party girl. She took off after I was born. Then I didn't have no mum, and dad was off playin' 'is violin most of the time, trying to make a quid here an' there. He started drinking, got blind drunk and fell into an orchestra pit one day. 'E's paralysed now. Can't play the violin no more.

Zangiaco

(tinkling his triangle)

Ladies!

Heyst

*(seizing **Lena**'s hand as she stands to leave)*

When can I see you? away from all these . . .
people . . .

Lena

(leaning close to his ear)

Meet me in the garden. After we finish.

Lena joins the orchestra on the stage. **Zangiaco** taps his baton and they strike up an awful noise. **Heyst** winces, then leaves the pagoda.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

30. EXT. THE GARDEN - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

Heyst stands in moonshadow, beside one of the lush trees in the garden. The night is full of noise, initially the sounds of the orchestra departing from the pagoda, then the sounds of cicadas and frogs as the people disappear into the hotel. He lights a cigar and waits. He sees **Lena** in the moonlight, she flits between the trees then stops. **Heyst** whistles softly and **Lena** runs to him. To his surprise and embarrassment she throws her arms around his neck and kisses him on the lips.

Lena

(whispering excitedly, out of breath)

I knew you'd come, I knew you wouldn't let me down, I knew from the moment you spoke to me I could trust you, you're the only . .

Heyst

(gently removing her arms from his neck)

Hush, hush. Calm yourself.

Lena

(renewing her embrace)

Hold me!

Heyst

(relenting, holding her close)

It will be alright.

Lena

I knew it would be alright when you first came up and spoke to me. I knew you could make things right it you wanted to. 'Command me' you said . . .

(she draws away, looking up into his eyes)

You did mean it, didn't you? You weren't just making fun of me?

Heyst

Of course I meant it. I'm not one to joke about these things.

Lena

I believe you. And I'll make you happy, I promise. I'll be twenty one soon and I can't be that bad looking, there's that many fellows pester me.What? What's the matter?

Heyst

(removing her arms again and standing back)

Someone's watching us. I caught sight of someone.

Lena

Is it that 'orrible man? 'E's getting to forward with me now. He keeps touching me. But now you care for me I can stand up to 'im. It's not easy for a girl to stand up for herself when there's nothing and nobody at her side. Are they still there?

Heyst

I don't know. I can't see anyone.

Lena

It's more likely to be the hotel woman, the landlord's wife. She's a sly one, she sees what's goin' on. That beast doesn't even try to hide it from 'er.

Heyst

Lena, look. There's a British consul here in Surabaya. Why don't you go and talk to him, ask him to help you?

Lena

And say what, exactly? Tell him some nasty old bag keeps pinching my arm?

Heyst

Well . . . he might be able to do *something*.

Lena

Why don't *you* do somefin'?

(she pauses for Heyst to respond, but he stays silent)

. . . . all hot air, was it? 'Ow can I 'elp you?' - 'Command me' . . .

Heyst

(after a pause)

All right, all right. I take your point. But I'm not rich enough to buy you out of your contract, or whatever arrangement you have with Zangiacomo. I would have to steal you.

Lena

How do you mean, 'steal me'?

Heyst

We could run away.

Lena

Oh yes! Yes!

Heyst

Sssssshh . . . quietly. It would be fatal if they suspect, no-one must see us together. If Mrs Schomberg were to tell her husband . . .

Lena

I told you, she won't open her mouth to him. She's scared of him. And she wouldn't give us away, anyway. She's not as silly as she looks.

Heyst

I'll need time to make some arrangements. Be patient, and above all, keep your distance from me.

Lena

All right.

Heyst

Be ready to leave at short notice. Off you go now.

Lena

(standing on tip-toe to kiss him)

I trust you!

CUT TO

31. INT. HEYST'S ROOM - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

The same night. Heyst throws himself into an armchair and puts his hand to his forehead. Then he puts his head in his hands, restlessly. Standing up, he sits at the dressing table.

Heyst

(looking at himself in the mirror)

What are you doing, old man? What exactly are you doing?

**FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN**

32. INT. LENA'S ROOM - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

Bright sunlight floods the room. It is morning. Lena sits on the side of the bed, filing her nails, her hair wrapped in a towel. She wears a bath robe. Suddenly, the door opens without warning and Schomberg enters furtively.

Lena

(clutching the robe around herself)

Ooh!

Schomberg

Sssh . . don't be alarmed, my angel. It's so difficult to catch you by yourself.

Lena

Get out!

Schomberg
(moving closer)

Hush, my love. We have so much to talk about,
we must make plans.

Lena
(moving away)

Plans? What plans?

Schomberg
(sitting on the bed)

Plans for the future, of course! You know how
much I admire you. You're not stupid, you must
realise what I have to offer.

Lena

I have *no* idea what you're talking about!

Schomberg

Why, marriage of course! I know you're surprised,
a man of my wealth and standing

Lena
(loudly, amazed)

Marriage?

Schomberg

(making a grab for the bath robe)

Sssssshhhh . . hush, my love. What you need is a man of substance, a man in the prime of life such as myself. And I what I need is . . .

Lena

(struggling to keep the robe around her)

You *have* a wife.

Schomberg

We'll soon get rid of the old bag. Hang her! I never cared for her. I shall tell her to go home to her people. She'll *have* to go, too, I'll see to that - *Eins, zwei*, march. Then we can sell this hotel and start afresh, you and me, me and you.

Lena

Give me time to think. Get *off* me!

Schomberg

(drooling at exposed flesh)

Time? Time, of course . . . too sudden . . . time to think.

Lena

Yes. Don't rush me. A girl needs to think about these things. Now go quickly, before you are seen.

Schomberg

Yes, of course! . . . Think about these things . . .
Yes, you're right, mustn't be seen . . . clever girl,
I knew you'd understand.

Lena

Go now. I'll give you my answer soon.

Schomberg

(trying to get inside the robe again)

Perhaps in the meantime I could

Lena

No! Go now, quickly!

Schomberg

(moving to the door)

Pure, innocent . . . I like that. Don't take too long
to decide, my love. I am a man of passion, and my
mind is set.

Lena

You shall have my answer soon . . . *(to herself)*
sooner than you think, you disgusting creature.

CUT TO

33. INT. TESMAN BROTHERS TRADING OFFICE

Heyst enters. *The office is a combination of warehouse, shop and office.*
Tesman sits at an imposing desk in a small office off to one side.

Heyst

(addressing a clerk)

Would Mr Tesman be free?

Tesman

(calling from his office)

Heyst! Come in man. I wasn't expecting you, did you forget something?

Heyst

No, no. Just that I need you to book me a passage back to Samburan.

Tesman

Really? But I thought you had arranged with Davidson . . .

Heyst

There's been a change of plan. How soon could you book me a berth?

Tesman

(rummaging through papers and finding a timetable)

Well now, let me see . . . the mail steamer, this Friday. It could drop you off on the way to Dili.

Heyst

That would be excellent. Can I leave you to make the arrangements?

Tesman

Of course, old boy. I shall debit your account for the fare. Won't be much, a matter of a few dollars. It's an early start, I'm afraid. You'll need to be at the harbour by 4am.

Heyst

4am Friday. That will suit admirably. Could you book for two people?

Tesman

Two people?

Heyst

Yes. I have a friend staying with me for a while.

Tesman

(extending his hand)

Consider it done.

Heyst

(shaking his hand)

Thankyou, Tesman. Goodbye for the time being.

Heyst

Goodbye, Heyst . . . *(to himself)* 'a friend to stay'?
What an extraordinary thing!

CUT TO

34. INT. RECEPTION - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

Zangiaco

(very angry, pursued by Mrs Z.)

Schomberg! . . . Schomberg!

Schomberg

(rushing from a back room, Mrs S in the background)

Mr Zangiaco, what on earth is the matter?

Zangiaco

Where is she? What have you done with her?

Schomberg

Explain yourself, Sir!

Zangiaco

Alma! Where have you hidden her?

Schomberg

(raising his voice)

Alma? Where is she?

Zangiaco

That is what I am asking *you*, Sir!

Schomberg

Well *you* should know where she is, Sir. She's *your* girl!

Mrs Zangiaco

She 'as gone missing, Mr Schomberg. She is not in 'er room and nowhere to be found.

Schomberg

Then we must find her!

Zangiaco

Do you mean to tell me, Schomberg, that you have no idea where she might be?

Schomberg

That is *precisely* what I am saying, Sir, and why you should think for one moment that I (*the penny drops*) Heyst! Where is Heyst?

Schomberg, Zangiaco and Mrs Z rush off, presumably in search of **Heyst**. In the background, **Mrs Schomberg** hums the strains of a Viennese waltz as she continues dusting.

CUT TO

35. EXT. THE VERANDA - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

Early evening. Half a dozen expatriates, regulars, sit smoking and drinking. Tesman holds their attention.

Tesman

(secretively, the others leaning forward)

. . . and by the time they reached my office, they were both frothing at the mouth and scarlet. They tell me the hotel servants climbed trees to watch the search at the hotel, and all those silly women were

shrieking and swooning. The two of them were shouting at each other so loudly

European 1

Quiet! Here he comes!

Schomberg

(collecting glasses on a tray)

Another round, gentlemen? *(There is a stunned silence and suppressed giggles)* . . . I'm sure you have *much* to talk about . . *(the suppressed laughter continues)* . . . although why people make a fuss over one silly little girl is beyond my understanding . . .

CUT TO

36. EXT. WHARF - SAMBURAN ISLAND

Early evening. Heyst and Lena stand on the wharf as the steamer recedes behind them. Heyst carries his battered leather suitcases, Lena carries one small rattan suitcase.

Heyst

Well. Here we are.

Lena

Here we are.

Heyst

(somewhat embarrassed)

We can leave the bags here. My man will come for them.

Lena

Your man?

Heyst

Yes, my servant. His name is Wang. He won't be far away. You must be exhausted. Come on up to the house, we'll have a rest and then tomorrow I'll show you round.

Lena

(calling to Heyst as he starts to walk up the wharf)

Axel!

Heyst

Yes? What is it?

Heyst walks back towards her and she runs to him, throwing her arms around him and kissing him passionately.

CUT TO

37. INT. RECEPTION - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

Davidson arrives at the hotel to collect Heyst for the return trip to Samburan. He is somewhat annoyed that there is no sign of his friend.

Davidson

(ringing the bell on the desk)

Hello! . . . Hello!

Mrs Schomberg
(appearing as if by magic)

Captain Davidson! What can I do for you?
Would you like a room?

Davidson

No thankyou, Mrs Schomberg, I'm here to collect
Heyst. He's booked to return with me to his island.

Mrs Schomberg
(looking alarmed)

Ah . . . yes, I see . . . It might be best to keep your
voice down, Captain Davidson. You see, Mr Heyst
changed his plans!

Davidson
(loudly)

Changed his plans?

Mrs Schomberg

Sssssshhh . . . Mr Heyst is gone, and the Zangiacomo
Ladies are gone.

Davidson

Ah yes, the Italian ladies.

Mrs Schomberg

There was one English girl. She did not go with
the others. She escaped. She . . . ran away.

Davidson

Ran away?

Mrs Schomberg

(looking around nervously)

With that friend of yours. They ran away together.

Davison

With Heyst? You can't be serious! He's not the man for it. To Samburan? My God, the poor girl

CUT TO

38. EXT. BEACH - SAMBURAN ISLAND

An idyllic sandy beach fringed with palm trees. In the middle distance, Lena and Heyst swim naked in the shallow water.

Davidson as Narrator (V/0)

And so they lived together, like Adam and Eve, on their island. All sorts of rumours flourished about the relationship, that Heyst had married the girl, that Heyst had eaten the girl. Nobody knew for certain what the situation was, and we were all curious. I was anxious to see for myself.

CUT TO

39. EXT. HEYST'S BUNGALOW - SAMBURAN ISLAND

Heyst rests his elbows on the veranda rail, surveying the view.

Heyst

(to himself, deep in thought)

We shall see!

Lena

(sneaking up from behind, putting her arms around him)

What shall we see? . . . Were you thinking of me?

Heyst

I was wondering when you'd wake up.

Lena

I've been brushing my hair. And I'm glad you were thinking of me. If you were to stop thinking of me, it would be as if I didn't exist at all.

Wang

(materialising in the doorway)

I have made breakfast, Misser Heyst.

Heyst

Thankyou, Wang.

CUT TO

40. INT. HEYST'S BUNGALOW

*The large table in the front room is set with an immaculate white table cloth and crystal glasses. Tropical fruit juice, coffee, toast and fresh fruit are all in evidence. **Heyst** and **Lena** sit down and help themselves to coffee and juice. **Wang** returns with two steaming plates of bacon and eggs.*

Lena
(*eating*)

Does it ever rain here?

Heyst

There's a season when it rains every day.

Lena

I should like that. To hear the rain on the roof
and know that we are safe inside.

Heyst

You're not too lonely here?

Lena

Oh no! I like the fact that we're alone, with no-one
to judge us. I should hate to cause you . . . any
inconvenience . . . how I hated, *hated* that man.

Heyst

Zangiaco, you mean?

Lena

No, that horrible hotel man. He was worse than
the others. He was so . . . so determined. You
saved me.

Heyst

"Save" is too strong a word. I helped you. I like
to help people in trouble.

Lena
(after a pause)

I am not what they call a "good girl".

Heyst

Here you are neither good nor bad. Here there is no-one to judge you. Here you are the Princess of Samburan.

CUT TO

41. EXT. JUNGLE TRACK - SAMBURAN ISLAND

Heyst and Lena make their way along an overgrown path heading up the hill, away from the house. They pass through the jungle and down onto the deserted beach.

CUT TO

42. EXT. BEACH - SAMBURAN ISLAND

The pair swim naked, and then lie in the shade of palms to dry.

Heyst

Why are you looking so serious? Don't you like the sea?

Lena

It's too big. It makes me dizzy.

Heyst

Then we must *never* come here again!

Lena

Silly!

Heyst

What an impenetrable girl you are, Lena, with those big grey eyes. The windows of the soul, as some poet said.

Lena

The business partner of yours, the one who died. What did you say his name was?

Heyst

His name was Morrison.

Lena

Morrison. They said you tricked him, that you swindled him. They said you as good as murdered him.

Heyst

(sitting up, astonished)

Who? Who on earth would say such a thing?

Lena

The 'orrible hotel man, him and his cronies. I heard them talking. I didn't know, then, that they was talking about you.

Heyst

(alarmed)

You didn't believe them?

Lena

(dressing, wrapping a sarong around herself)

Like I say, I didn't believe or disbelieve. I didn't know who they was talking about. Now I know, and I believe you're a good man . . . I don't believe anything bad of you, how could I?

CUT TO

43. EXT. JUNGLE TRACK - SAMBURAN ISLAND

Heyst and Lena make their way home in the early evening. Wang is seen in the distance lighting the lanterns of the bungalow.

Heyst

Wang must have been looking out for us. We're late, he would be worried.

Lena

He's creepy. I don't like the way he suddenly appears.

Heyst

Yes. It's a talent he has, like a ghost.

CUT TO

44. INT. HEYST'S BUNGALOW

The couple enter to find the table immaculately set, white table cloth and crystal glasses and silver candle sticks lit.

Heyst

Wang!

Heyst

(Wang appears silently)

Ah, there you are. We will eat in twenty minutes, thankyou Wang. Will that be convenient?

Lena

(as Wang disappears)

Creepy!

CUT TO

45. INT. HEYST'S BUNGALOW

Later the same evening, by now quite dark. Heyst sits in smoking jacket, cigar and brandy to hand, reading a book. Night sounds, crickets, frogs. Lena sits wearing one of Heyst's dressing gowns.

Heyst

(reading)

Listen to this: "Of all the stratagems of life, love is the most cruel. The most subtle, too, for desire is the bed of dreams".

Lena

That's lovely . . . I think . . . is it lovely? Who wrote it?

Heyst

My father.

Lena

(looking up at the portrait on the wall)

Him? He wrote books? . . . You sit there as though you are unhappy.

Heyst

(smiling)

Unhappy? No, no, not at all, my love. Curious, just wondering what sort of man my father was.

Lena

Was he the sort of man who went around rescuing people?

Heyst

(laughing)

Precisely! That's exactly what I am asking myself!

Lena

Did he fall in love with people?

Heyst

I have absolutely no idea.

Lena

You should try to love me!

Heyst

Just because I don't said the words, that doesn't mean I do not love you.

Lena

(standing and kneeling at his feet)

I want you to love me for ever!

FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN

46. EXT. THE HARBOUR, SURABAYA

Schomberg *stands in his steam launch, ostentatiously marked SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATION - HOTEL SCHOMBERG. He pulls alongside a mail steamer recently arrived in Surabaya. Passengers are alighting into small boats.*

Schomberg

Schomberg's Hotel, ladies and gentlemen. Captain Schomberg, at your service. First class accommodation and nutrition . . . Schomberg's Hotel, ladies and gentlemen. Captain Schomberg at your service. First class accommodation and . . .

Jones

(descending a gangplank from the steamer)

Schomberg! The very man.

Schomberg

(helping Jones into the boat)

Welcome to Surabaya, Sir!

Jones

You *are* Mister Schomberg, are you not?

Schomberg

Captain Schomberg, at you service. And you might be . . . ?

Jones

Jones. I require accommodation in your hotel, you have been recommended to me. This is my . . . er . . . my secretary. He must have a room next to mine.

Ricardo

(climbing into the launch)

How do.

Schomberg

Recommended? That is very gratifying. Might I ask who . . . ?

Jones

No. Pedro, hurry up, for goodness sake!

Pedro

(passing luggage into the launch with difficulty)

Grunt . . .

Schomberg

Your luggage, Mr Jones? Leave it, they can send it on

Jones

No, thankyou Schomberg. I prefer to have my bags with me.

Schomberg

(surprised and annoyed)

Very well.

Pedro *struggles to load two large trunks, whilst **Ricardo** assists with the smaller pieces.*

Schomberg

(eyeing the increasing pile of luggage)

Might one ask how long . . . how long you plan to stay, Mr Jones?

Jones

That depends on a number of factors, Schomberg. We have no definite plans at this point in time.

Schomberg

I see. And the three of you will stay at the hotel?

Jones

No. Ricardo and myself. My servant will stay somewhere cheap, his wants are minimal. All he needs is a roof. Some grog shop where they can let him have a mat to sleep on?

Schomberg

That's a shame . . . I mean, that's easily arranged.

Jones

*(addressing **Pedro**)*

Well? Is that the lot?

Pedro

Grunt . . thenior.

Jones

y way of explanation to Schomberg)

My servant is from Columbia. Do you know Columbia?

Schomberg

No, I do not. Are we ready? . . . Hold fast, there.

Schomberg *makes steam and steers the launch away from the ship*

(shouting above the noise of the engine)

You have come from South America, then?

Jones

A long time ago. More recently we have been in Manila. We travel a great deal, you see.

Schomberg

I see.

CUT TO

47. INT. RECEPTION - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

Schomberg, Jones and Ricardo *enter through the front door. Jones looks around as Schomberg walks around behind the counter.*

Jones

Oh yes, *very* nice. This will suit us admirably.

Schomberg

producing a large book, pen and ink)

I need your names, gentlemen. For the register.

Jones

Jones.

Schomberg

Jones?

Jones

Jones.

Schomberg

And what would be your occupation, Mr . . . er . . .
Jones?

Jones

Put down 'tourist'.

Schomberg

(writing doubtfully)

J o n e s . . . t o u r i s t And you Sir?

Ricardo

Martin Ricardo. Secretary.

Schomberg

(writing)

R i c a r d o . . . s e c r e t a r y

Jones

Are there any women staying in the hotel?

Schomberg

What do you mean? Women?

Jones

I cannot abide women. Their company.

Schomberg

That's extraordinary. There's Mrs Schomberg, of course. But we have no female guests at the present time, no.

Jones

Mrs Schomberg?

Schomberg

My wife.

Jones

I see. I hope she knows how to keep her place. I cannot abide women near me. They give me the horrors.

Schomberg

There were women staying recently, but they have . . . er . . . gone.

Jones

(alarmed)

Gone? You're quite sure they are gone?

Schomberg

Oh yes. They have definitely gone.

CUT TO

48. EXT. THE VERANDA - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

*Evening. A group of about six regulars sit at a table with **Jones** and **Ricardo**. They play black jack, with **Jones** as banker. **Ricardo** keeps a 'book', writing down winnings and losses.*

European 1
(holding cards)

Another another damnation!

Jones
(as dealer)

Very bad luck. The bank stays, pay nineteen and over. *Again*, Mr Van Heusen, I see Lady Luck is with you this evening.

Ricardo
(writing)

Van Heusen thirteen dollars.

European 1
(standing and preparing to leave)

Enough for me, gentlemen. How much do I owe?

Ricardo

Let me see six dollars, Sir.

European 1

(taking coins from his pocket, handing them to Ricardo)

Six? I'll need better luck tomorrow, by Jove I will.

Jones

A new deal, gentlemen. Your attention please

CUT TO

49. INT. RECEPTION - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

Schomberg is peeping through the curtain, watching what is happening on the veranda. Mrs Schomberg is writing accounts, sorting small piles of coin.

Schomberg

(talking mainly to himself)

I don't like it, I don't like it at all. Gambling for money. They will get us all into trouble I must get rid of them, it won't do what's the meaning of it? . . . What's in their trunks? . . . yes, the trunks . . . What's in their trunks? . . . I say!

Mrs Schomberg looks towards her husband. He leaves the window and speaks to her quietly.

Schomberg

The trunks, do you see? . . You must go and see what they are carrying with them.

Mrs Schomberg

Me?

Schomberg

(banging the desk loudly so the coins rattle)

Sssshh! . . . sssshh! . . . quiet! Yes, *you* woman, who else would I be talking to?

Mrs Schomberg

But I have the staff wages to . . .

Schomberg

(extracting a master key from a key ring on his belt)

Get on, woman, whilst they are engrossed in their game . . . go . . . shoo . . . go now . . . *schnell*.

Mrs Schomberg *takes the key and stands up doubtfully, then she leaves.*
Schomberg *returns to his position at the window, peeping out.*

Schomberg

(talking to himself)

I know your game . . . knew it as soon as you opened your mouth . . . hang me if I ought not to send you packing this minute . . . yes, you and your trained ape . . . bad show . . . I don't mind a game of cards but . . . sharpers, rascals . . . tomorrow, first thing.

Mrs Schomberg

(returning fast and in a state of agitation)

Guns!

Schomberg

(shouting)

DAMN AND BLAST IT ! sssssssh! . . .
Quiet! What sort of guns?

Mrs Schomberg

How should I know what sort of guns? *Lots* of guns . . . and bullets.

Schomberg

Damn, damn, damn, damn, damn! I guessed as much. Did you leave the luggage undisturbed? They mustn't know you've been spying . . .

(Mrs Schomberg gives a blank look, saying nothing)

Yes, good . . . mustn't know . . . what to do? Finish your work, woman. I need to think. *(After some time)* I must get rid of them.

CUT TO

52. EXT. THE VERANDA - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

The following morning. Jones sits drinking coffee and reading the London Times. Schomberg approaches.

Schomberg

Mr Jones, if I could have a minute of your time, I need to speak to you.

Jones

Schomberg, my dear fellow, and I need to speak to *you*.

Schomberg

(taken by surprise)

You need to speak to *me*?

Jones

Yonder pavilion, is it in use?

Schomberg

Why that is my concert room, an auditorium,
so to speak.

Jones

But there are no concerts playing at the moment?

Schomberg

(hesitantly)

. . . . nooooo . . .

Jones

Exactly, so the room is not in use. I should like to
hold my card evenings there. Just a few friends,
friendly . . .

Schomberg

Ah, yes. About your card games, I regret that I
cannot allow the activity to continue, not in my hotel.
In fact, I was going to ask . . .

Jones

(putting down the paper and looking menacing)

You were going to ask what, exactly?

Schomberg

. . . . I was going to ask, that . . er . . that you vacate
your rooms . . . busy time of year . . . need the space.

Jones

Oh, no, no, no, Mr Schomberg . . .

Schomberg

Captain Schomberg.

Jones

The rooms suit us admirably. Only yesterday my secretary Mr Ricardo and I agreed that the current situation suits us very well. I assure you there will be no changes in that respect.

Schomberg

Now look here . . .

Jones

No, Mr Schomberg, do not raise your voice with me. You don't seem to understand with whom you are dealing. Here we are and here we stay. Oh, I dare say it might be *possible* for you to evict us, but you would be very badly hurt in the process. We can promise him that, can't we, Ricardo?

Ricardo

(approaching the table)

What's that?

Jones

Mr Schomberg was just suggesting that we might vacate our rooms.

Schomberg

Captain Schomberg.

Ricardo

Oh no, that would not do. We are very comfortable here.

Jones

I was just saying so.

Ricardo

Did you mention the question of the pavilion?

Jones

We were just discussing the arrangements, weren't we Schomberg?

Schomberg

I will need some time to consider the proposal.

Jones

Well, don't take too long. Whilst I am a patient man, I cannot speak for Mr Ricardo.

Ricardo

No, I am not renowned for my patience.

Jones

Quite. And think of the extra revenue, Schomberg, all those drinks.

Schomberg

Drinks? Oh, no no no. I could not possibly allow any of my staff . . .

Jones

My man, Pedro, will look after the drink orders, Schomberg. All you are required to do is give us the key to the pavilion, whilst you sit up here in the hotel, serving out drinks and gathering in money.

Schomberg

I see.

Jones

Good, then that's settled. Perhaps we could start tonight?

Schomberg

Tonight.

Jones

Excellent. Now perhaps you could fetch us a fresh jug of coffee . . .

FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN

53. INT. CONCERT HALL - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

*Night, the room lit by many candles. **Jones**, shuffling a pack of cards, sits at a large table which is covered in a green felt cloth. **Ricardo** sits beside him with a croupier's rake, a cash box and box of gambling chips. A dozen or so regular patrons from the hotel are present, six of them seated around the table opposite **Jones** with small piles of chips before them. In a haze of cigar smoke, **Pedro** leans over his master's shoulder, he holds an empty silver tray.*

Jones

*(speaking to **Pedro**)*

That is three gin and tonics, two brandies, four beers and one whisky and soda.

Pedro

(concentrating hard)

Grunt . . si, thenior.

Jones

Only six players at one time, thankyou, gentlemen. Chips or dollar coins are accepted, one dollar to play. *Faits vos jeux*, gentlemen, if you please.

Jones deals. *He is very slick, very professional. The game is blackjack. **Ricardo** gathers in the chips when appropriate. Spectators gather behind the players to watch.*

Jones

(dealing cards)

Bank has seventeen showing a three . . .
showing a five . .

European 1

No.

Jones

Showing a jack . . .

European 2

No.

Jones

Showing a seven . . .

European 3

(looking at his hidden card, thinking)

Yes . . . damnation!

Jones

Showing an ace . . . showing a total of six . . .

European 4

I have no choice! . . . bah, humbug!

European 5

I am very happy, thankyou Jones.

European 6

I shall split and I shall buy one card on each.

Jones

Showing six and one hidden . . jack and one hidden.

European 6
(thinking)

I shall buy another on each.

Jones

A man of spirit! . .

European 6

Enough.

Jones

. . . . and the bank, of course, stays passive, paying
eighteen and over.

*Laughter and applause from the spectators as **Ricardo** gathers in chips
and pays out to players **2, 5** and **6**.*

Jones

(gathering in the cards and preparing to deal)

*Faits vos jeux, gentlemen please. One dollar to
join the fun ah, here are the drinks.*

***Pedro** enters with the tray of drinks. The Europeans help themselves and
some light cigars. **Jones** deals.*

Jones

The bank shows thirteen . . a seven shown on the table.

European 1

No.

DISSOLVE TO

*Later the same evening. Some of the candles have gone out. Only five **Europeans** remain, somewhat dishevelled, ties undone. Cigar smoke fills the room. **Jones** and **Ricardo** remain immaculately dressed.*

Jones

(packing away the cards)

And that must conclude the evening's sport, gentlemen. I'm sure you must have wives waiting for you.

European 6

My wife won't be waiting for me if she discovers my losses!

Jones

*(quietly to **Ricardo**)*

How did we do?

Ricardo

(quietly)

About sixty dollars, give or take a few.

Jones

As much as that. Perhaps, tomorrow, we should lose a few?

Ricardo

(making a face)

I see no need.

CUT TO

54. INT. THE BILLIARD ROOM - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

Afternoon, sunlight streaming through the windows but the room kept dim. Schomberg enters, humming to himself, a tray full of clean glasses in his hands. He starts to place the glasses on a shelf when a noise startles him, and he turns to see Ricardo sitting in the dark at a corner table. Ricardo is expertly shuffling a pack cards.

Schomberg

Mister Ricardo! I didn't see you there.

Ricardo

Captain Schomberg.

Schomberg

Can I get you something? A beer, a glass of wine perhaps?

Ricardo

(ignoring the question)

You never play cards, Captain Schomberg?

Schomberg

Never. An occasional social game of whist, perhaps, but I never . . .

Ricardo

(completing the unfinished statement)

You never play seriously.

Schomberg

I never play seriously.

Ricardo

Come, take a card.

Schomberg

(walking towards the dark corner)

What is this? Some trickery?

Ricardo

(offering a fan of cards to Schomberg)

Don't be silly man. Take a card, any card
that's the king of hearts you've got there.

Schomberg

How the devil do you know that?

Ricardo

I know every card in the pack.

After a pause, Ricardo opens his fingers and lets the cards fall onto the table in front of him. Schomberg, still holding the king of hearts in his hand, sits down opposite him.

Schomberg

You're pretty good at this sort of thing.

Ricardo

Practice makes perfect.

Schomberg

You must be very fond of card games.

Ricardo
(with spirit)

Fond of card games? I love cards, Captain Schomberg. I love cards with a passion.

Schomberg

Was it always so?

Ricardo

Always, from my boyhood . . . at first, playing for tobacco as a ship's boy, and beating the older lags at their own game . . . sitting in the forecastle of a rolling ship, the oil lamp swaying above a sea chest and a pack of cards . . . I was bred to the sea from a boy, you know.

Schomberg

Indeed?

Ricardo

I did well at sea, too . . . worked up to be mate, mate of an eighty ton schooner . . . a soft job. Then I left the sea to follow him.

Schomberg

Mister Jones, you mean? Is he a sailor too?

Ricardo

'E's no more "Mister Jones" than you or I . . . is 'e a sailor? . . . that just shows your ignorance . . . 'e's a gentleman . . . you wouldn't understand that, being a foreigner, but an Englishman would understand.

Schomberg

(seeing an opportunity to learn more)

Do you like madeira, Mister Ricardo?

Ricardo

What, the place or the drink?

Schomberg

The drink of course.

Ricardo

I do.

Schomberg

Wait here.

Schomberg gets up and leaves the room. **Ricardo** gathers up the cards and flicks them through his fingers expertly. **Schomberg** returns with a ship's decanter full of madeira and two crystal glasses.

Schomberg

(sitting down and pouring two glasses)

I think you'll enjoy this. It's from my private cellar.
To your health, Sir.

Ricardo

Why thankyou, Captain Schomberg . . and to yours!

Schomberg

(after sipping his madeira)

You were telling me about Mister Jones . . .

Ricardo

And there's a tale to tell! Like I said, 'e's a gentleman. I'm an Englishman, I can tell a gentleman at sight. Knew it the first time I set eyes on 'im . . 'twas seven years ago, 'im and some of his friends, gentlemen all, hired the schooner . .

DISSOLVE TO

55. FLASHBACK - EXT. THE DECK - RICARDO'S SCHOONER

In sepia tones we see extracts from EITHER the 1919 version OR the 1930 version of the film showing Ricardo and Jones on the deck of the schooner, plotting:

Ricardo as Narrator (V/0)

We set sail from London, bound for Brazil. Like I said, these gentlemen, Mister Jones and his party, hired the ship, crew and all. They was treasure hunting . . yes, that's what they says . . treasure hunting. Two days out into the Atlantic and 'e comes up to me, quiet like. 'e'd been watching me, I knew. 'What do you think of our treasure hunting venture, Mister Mate?' says he. 'Why, 'tis not for me to think,' says I, 'tis my job just

to sail the ship.' 'e smiles and walks away, but there was a connection between us.

CUT TO

56. FLASHBACK - EXT. RICARDO'S SCHOONER AT ANCHOR

*Still in sepia tones we see the schooner drop anchor. A number of passengers climb down into a small boat which pulls away. **Ricardo** stands watching at the ship's rail and **Jones** approaches and leans on the rail beside him, all from 1919 or 1930 footage.*

Ricardo as Narrator (V/0)

We drop anchor in the Gulf of Mexico and all the gentlemen go ashore, all save Mister Jones, that is. 'im and me, we're left alone on the ship . . . 'e talks to me again. 'Let me tell you, Mister Mate, there's more treasure on this boat than we'll ever find in Brazil' . . 'I'm sure, Sir, I 'ave no idea what you're talking about', says I. 'Come with me,' says 'e.

CUT TO

57. FLASHBACK -INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - RICARDO'S SCHOONER

***Jones** leads **Ricardo** into the cabin and shows him a small chest, locked with a large padlock. They enter earnest (but unheard) discussion.*

Ricardo as Narrator (V/0)

'There's two hundred gold sovereigns in that chest,' 'e says, 'more than you will earn in many a sea voyage, Mister Mate.' I don't know what to say, so I says nothing. 'Split two ways, that's one hundred gold sovereigns each.' Then I catch his drift. 'You mean to steal the ship?' says I.

'No, I mean to steal the money,' says he. Then he says 'Are you with me?'

CUT TO

58. INT. THE BILLIARD ROOM - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

Schomberg is enthralled by the story, leaning forward in his chair. Ricardo gazes into the distance.

Schomberg

And so he persuaded you to join him?

Ricardo

(suddenly brought back to the present day)

Persuaded me to join him? I didn't need no persuading, I can tell you. All he has to do was beckon, and I would follow.

CUT TO

59. FLASHBACK - EXT. RICARDO'S SCHOONER UNDER SAIL.

Reverting to sepia tones, the schooner sails down the coastline.

Ricardo as Narrator (V/O)

So off we go, us treasure hunters, down the coast of South America until we reach Brazil.

CUT TO

60. FLASHBACK - EXT. THE DECK - RICARDO'S SCHOONER

Night time. Ricardo stands on the moonlit deck. Jones approaches wearing (in contrast to his gentleman's clothing) rough clothes and a cap.

Ricardo as Narrator (V/O)

'Are you ready then, Martin?' Mister Jones asks me as we lie at anchor close to shore. That was the first time 'e ever called me 'Martin'. 'Get the captain up on deck, use any excuse.'

Ricardo and the Captain stand at the rail studying something to which **Ricardo** is pointing. Behind their backs **Jones** carries the chest from the Captain's cabin.

CUT TO**61. FLASHBACK - EXT. SMALL BOAT**

Ricardo and Jones are seen making landfall in the ship's boat. They unload the chest and make off into the jungle.

Ricardo as Narrator (V/O)

I would have murdered that captain if it were needed . .

Schomberg (V/O - interjecting)

The devil you would!

Ricardo as Narrator (V/O)

I would! One hundred sovereigns is a lot of money. But there was no need, the captain returned to his cabin, meek as a lamb, and Mister Jones and I were away with the chest.

DISSOLVE TO

62. INT. THE BILLIARD ROOM - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

Schomberg *refills the glasses, the decanter now half empty.*

Schomberg

So it seems your Mister Jones is nothing but a common thief!

Ricardo

(like lightning producing a vicious dagger)

Don't you call 'im that! There's nothing common about Mister Jones!

Schomberg

(alarmed)

I'm sure I meant no disrespect!

Ricardo

Disrespect! As if a man such as Mister Jones would give a toss about your disrespect . . . such adventures, we have shared.

Schomberg

Bah! . . . you talk of your adventures, doing great things, and yet here you sit at cards for a few miserable dollars a day!

Ricardo

Yes, you're right. When the opportunity arises, we will move on.

Schomberg

And speaking of opportunity . . .

Ricardo

Yes?

Schomberg

I know a scheme which might interest you.

Ricardo

Well?

Schomberg

A wealthy businessman, a recluse, not two days' sail from here. He lives alone on an island with his treasure.

Ricardo

Treasure? What treasure might that be?

Schomberg

Nobody knows for sure, but the man is a rogue and a swindler. He steals money with promises of false returns. He was here two months ago, plotting and working his swindles. There must be money on that island of his.

Ricardo

An island? And he lives alone, you say.

Schomberg

Mostly alone. But he kidnapped a girl not two months back and stole her away. The poor creature had no choice . . .

Ricardo

A girl? You know this for a fact?

Schomberg

I know it for a fact. The girl stayed here, at this hotel, an attractive, accomplished young woman, but very unsure of herself . Heyst, the scoundrel of which I speak, seduced her.

Ricardo

Now that is interesting . . pretty, is she, this girl?

Schomberg

Some might find her so. Although she was nothing special in my eyes.

Ricardo

How much money does this man have hidden on the island?

Schomberg

As I said, no-one knows for sure.

Ricardo

An interesting tale. I shall tell my governor. If there is merit in your story, we may be interested.

Schomberg

Oh, there is merit in the story, have no fear of that!

Ricardo

One thing! No mention of the girl . . .

The door at the far end of the billiard room swings open and Mrs Schomberg enters. She stands looking at the two men.

CUT TO

63. EXT. THE VERANDA - SCHOMBERG'S HOTEL

Morning, Ricardo, Jones and Schomberg sit at a corner table, deep in conversation.

Jones

And you're sure this man Heyst has money?

Schomberg

There can be no doubt. He was here not four weeks ago on business, devising some new swindle I'll be bound.

Jones

And how do we get to this island where he lives?

Schomberg

I have a boat, a small ketch. Mr Ricardo is a sailor, he will get you there. It is but two days sail, due east.

Jones

I am tempted. I like an adventure.

Schomberg

A man alone, three against one? Hardly an adventure, Mister Jones, more of a gift horse.

Jones

And what's in it for you? Why are you so keen to see us go? . . . ah yes, of course. Our form of entertainment, I see now. Well, I shall give the matter some thought.

Schomberg

You won't be sorry, Mr Jones.

CUT TO

64. EXT. A BEACH - SURABAYA

*It is early morning, **Pedro** stands in the water holding onto a large sailing boat. **Ricardo** wades into the water and climbs aboard. **Jones** stands on the shore talking to **Schomberg**.*

Schomberg

You'll follow the coast, never far from land.
Mister Ricardo has the chart.

Jones

Two days sail, you say?

Schomberg

Two days, depending on the winds and the tides.
Three at most.

Jones turns and wades to the boat, he and **Pedro** climb aboard. The boat is packed with provisions and a large canvas bag.

Jones

Pedro, take the oars . . . we should be back within the fortnight, Schomberg. I hope, for your sake, that you are not sending us on a folly.

FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN

65. EXT. HEYST'S BUNGALOW - SAMBURAN ISLAND

Heyst lounges back in a reclining chair reading a book. **Lena** sits close by sewing the hem of a dress. She hums to herself. **Wang** materialises in the doorway - he is out of breath.

Lena

Hello, Wang.

Wang

Boat out there.

Heyst

What is it, Wang? What do you want?

Wang

Boat out there.

Heyst

Where? Is a boat adrift in the straights.

Wang

No. Lowing boat. People low.

Heyst

A Malay boat?

Wang

(shaking his head)

Not Malay boat. White men.

Heyst

Good grief! Do you hear that, darling? Wang says he's seen white men in a boat.

Lena

Where did you see the boat?

Wang

In the harbour, missie.

Heyst

As close as that? Well, we better go and see.

Lena stands as if to go with the men.

Heyst

Best if you wait here . . . just in case there's trouble.

66. EXT. WHARF - SAMBURAN ISLAND

Heyst strides along the wharf towards the jetty with **Wang** trotting beside him. They reach the jetty but no boat is there. **Ricardo** calls weakly and the boat is seen under the jetty, hard against the pylons.

Heyst

I don't see any boat, Wang. You're quite sure . . .

Ricardo

(unseen, under the jetty)

Ahoy there!

Heyst

(kneeling and peering over the side)

Good God!

Ricardo

Water! . . . Water, for God's sake!

In the boat, Jones and Pedro are exhausted (Pedro has done all the rowing). Ricardo is in slightly better shape, but all are sun-blistered and dying of thirst.

Heyst

Quickly, the fire hose . . . I hope the thing still works.

Wang

(bringing a canvas hose with heavy brass nozzle)

Here.

Heyst

Turn it on.

Wang

(running back to the valve on the wharf)

Lusty! No turning!

Heyst

(running to join him)

We need a crowbar. Run and fetch one. . . .

(Wang runs back to the jetty)

Soon . . we'll have water for you soon.

Ricardo

Thirst . . too weak . . can't climb up!

Heyst

Are you wounded?

Ricardo

No. Thirst, that's all.

*A gurgling noise comes from the nozzle and **Heyst** picks it up. A thin, rusty stream flows and he holds it over the boat. **Ricardo** struggles to get under*

*the stream, his mouth open, when suddenly **Pedro** launches himself under the stream, knocking **Ricardo** out of the way. Picking up the tiller-bar, **Ricardo** strikes **Pedro** over the head, causing him to sit down suddenly with blood running down his face.*

*Suddenly a blockage in the hose gives way and a force of water strikes **Ricardo** full in the face, knocking him over. **Jones** weakly drags himself under the flow and **Jones** and **Ricardo** both struggle to get under the jet, as **Pedro** sits stunned.*

Ricardo

(suddenly taking control of himself)

Forgive me, Sir! I quite forgot myself . . . under the circumstances . . . a gentleman like you . . . understand . . . let me help you . . . there . . .

*(looking up and addressing **Heyst**)*

Thirty hours with no wind, no water . . . some mix up with the fresh water bottles . . . salt, nothing but salt. Pedro here would have drunk it, but we threatened to shoot him.

Jones vacates the spot under the water and **Ricardo** drinks.

Ricardo

The breath of life flows with the water!

Heyst

What about your man there?

Ricardo

Pedro? Yes, I suppose he may drink now. Ole!
Pedro!

Heyst directs the flow onto **Pedro** who lifts his head and drinks, the blood flowing with the water.

Ricardo

I say, the boat's getting swamped. You'll sink us soon.

Heyst
(calling to **Wang**)

Enough! Turn it off, Wang!

Wang turns off the water and then stands protectively beside his master, crowbar in his hands.

Heyst

Are you strong enough to climb up?

Ricardo pulls the boat to the stairs leading up from the jetty and helps **Jones** to climb up, then he follows leaving **Pedro** in the boat.

Jones

I fear we don't present ourselves in a very favourable light!
Thankyou for the water . . most kind.

Heyst

You must be feeling very weak.

Jones

Yes, for the moment.

Heyst

Should I see to your man there? His head . . .

Jones

Pedro? Tough as an ox, and of similar intelligence.
He will manage.

Ricardo

(calling down to Pedro)

The bags, pass them up. And don't get blood on them!

Jones

Extraordinary luck, to find an inhabited island. Who
would have thought . . .

Heyst

Indeed, who would have thought it.

Jones

A small township, perhaps?

Heyst

No, the island is abandoned. I live here alone.

Jones

Alone? How extraordinary . . and even more
fortunate for us.

Heyst

More fortunate?

Jones

That anyone at all should live here . . . in our time of need.

Heyst

I see. Well, we have no shortage of houses, and we have food enough for visitors. Wang, run and open one of the houses . . . Are you well enough to walk?

(Jones is supported by Heyst and Ricardo. They make their way slowly along the wharf followed by Pedro loaded down with luggage)

Heyst

Leave the bags! My man will bring them later.

Ricardo

Best if he brings them with us. That is his purpose in life!

CUT TO

67. EXT. DESERTED BUNGALOW - SAMBURAN ISLAND

The windows and doors have been thrown open. Wang is shown busily sweeping the floor as Heyst leads Jones, Ricardo and last of all Pedro (with the bags) up the steps and into the bungalow.

Heyst

We weren't expecting guests I hope this will be sufficient for your needs.

CUT TO

68. INT. DESERTED BUNGALOW - SAMBURAN ISLAND

They enter. Jones throws himself onto a bed, supporting a threadbare mattress, in the corner whilst Ricardo throws open the cupboards and explores.

Ricardo

Capital! This could not be better . . . You are very kind, Mister . . . ? I say, we don't know your name!

Heyst

Heyst. My name is Heyst.

Ricardo

(extending his hand)

Yes, quite so. My name is Ricardo, Martin Ricardo, and I have the honour to act as secretary and companion to Mr Jones here.

Jones

(waving a languid wrist)

How de do.

Heyst

Mister Ricardo and Mister, er, Jones. There is but one bed, I shall arrange for my man Wang to bring two more.

Ricardo

One more will suffice. Pedro will sleep outside.

Heyst

Really? Very well. I shall see that he's made comfortable.

Pedro *enters with the bags and dumps them unceremoniously on the floor.*

Ricardo

Yes, well . . . don't go to any trouble.

Heyst

You must be starving! Bear with us whilst we attend to your comfort and then we shall provide food and drink.

Jones

Sleep . . . all I need is sleep.

Heyst

Of course, you must rest. I shall go and help Wang with your necessities.

Ricardo

(quietly to Jones as Heyst leaves)

Well now . . there's a queer start to the business.

CUT TO

69. INT. HEYST'S BUNGALOW - SAMBURAN ISLAND

Lena *is peeping out of the window, anxious for Heyst's return.*

Heyst

A very queer business, this.

Lena

Are they shipwrecked mariners?

Heyst

I have no idea, no idea at all. They said not one word about their circumstances, and I thought it impolite to ask.

Lena

How odd. No doubt all will be revealed in time.

Heyst

There are three of them, two gentlemen, of sorts, and a . . . well, a strange fellow, their servant.

Lena

Shall I go down to introduce myself?

Heyst

I think not, not yet. They are hardly in a decent state. Tomorrow, perhaps, or the day after.

Lena

(putting her arms around Heyst's neck)

Whatever you think best. How very rude of them, to disturb our day!

Heyst
(laughing)

Rude indeed! But seems they had no choice, 'twas either land or die.

Lena

Really?

Heyst

Near dead from thirst, they were.

Lena

Someone else you have saved!

Heyst
(pulling her arms down)

Hardly! No doubt they have a tale to tell. For now, I must see them settled for the night.

Lena

And will you see *me* settled for the night?

Heyst

All in good time! For now there is much to do.

CUT TO

70. INT. HEYST'S BEDROOM - SAMBURAN ISLAND

Later the same evening. It is dark. Heyst enters the bedroom and undresses in the moonlight, Lena is silent in the bed.

Heyst

(pulling aside the mosquito net and slipping under the sheet)

Are you still awake?

Lena

(taking the sexual initiative)

Of course! I've been waiting for you. How could I not be awake.

Heyst

Then I shall forget about our visitors. If I don't see them, they don't exist.

Lena

(laughing)

And what about me? If you don't see me, do I cease to exist?

Heyst

You will always exist, you'll always be close to my heart, whether I see you or not.

Lena

(climbing on top of him)

You say that now, but do you mean it?

Heyst

Yes!

Lena

Show me!

CUT TO

71. EXT. THE WHARF - SAMBURAN ISLAND

*A lantern shines in the window of the visitors' bungalow. Outside, moonlight lights the wharf and surrounding jungle. In the moonlight **Wang** can be seen standing quietly at the edge of the jungle - he is watching the house.*

CUT TO

72. INT. HEYST'S BUNGALOW - SAMBURAN ISLAND

*It is morning, the sun streaming into the living area. **Heyst's** is rummaging through the drawers of the large cabinet on the far side of the room. **Lena** enter wearing a sarong, drying her hair.*

Lena

What have you lost?

Heyst

Has Wang been in here this morning?

Lena

Only when we had breakfast.

Heyst

But we'd never know, of course, he moves so silently.

Lena

(moving closer)

What *is* the matter?

Heyst

My gun is missing.

Lena

Your *gun*!

Heyst

Yes, my revolver, and a box of cartridges. It can only be Wang, there's no-one else.

Lena

Why on earth do you have a gun?

Heyst

It was my father's. Now it's missing.

Lena

Perhaps that's a good thing?

Heyst

Perhaps. Perhaps not. I'd like to have it near.

Lena

I thought, perhaps, you'd lost some money.

Heyst

Money? There's no money here, a few sovereigns about the place perhaps. My money is in Tesman's bank, or in London. Why would there be any money?

Lena

Well, whatever Wang has taken, you should make him give it back!

Heyst

No matter. It's not important.

CUT TO

73. INT. JONES'S BUNGALOW - SAMBURAN ISLAND

Jones sits up in bed wearing a singlet, looking unwell. Ricardo is up and dressed and Pedro, his head bandaged, brings in mugs of coffee.

Ricardo

Pedro has boiled some coffee for you, Sir. That Chinaman has provided every commodity, I must say. There's eggs and home-cured bacon when you're ready.

Jones

(wincing)

No food! Is there plain water?

Ricardo

Plain water, the juice of fresh mangos . . we have all we might need except milk, they keep no cow.

Jones

Plain water please.

Ricardo

Pedro! Fetch a glass of plain water for Mr Jones.
No, a carafe or a bottle of water and a glass.

Jones

I am not well. Have we seen the man this morning?

Ricardo

Heyst, you mean? I saw him early at his house, smoking.
But he hasn't called, no.

Jones

All to the good, I'm in no mood for visitors.

Ricardo

On which subject, Sir, we need to do some thinking.
To get our story straight.

Jones

You're always fussing, Martin!

Ricardo
(offended)

Fussing? . . . Fussing! . . . 'Pon my word, Sir,
we must 'ave some answers for 'im when 'e asks.

Jones

He seems very self-assured. I don't think he's
suspicious.

Ricardo

Not yet. But he will be, if we can't account for ourselves.

Jones

I must admit, I haven't given the matter any thought.

Ricardo

Perhaps I could put a hole through his brain, Sir? Or cut his throat, something quick and simple? No need for explanations then!

Jones

(looking pained)

You are too crude, Martin! But then, that is why I need you. And you have a point, he's all alone here.

Ricardo

(doubtfully)

Ah, alone . . . in a way . . . you could say he's all alone, yes.

Jones

The Chinaman is of no consequence.

Ricardo

The Chinaman . . . yes

Jones

(throwing himself back onto the pillow)

I need to rest. The sun has addled my brain. I shall think of something, meanwhile you say nothing, nothing at all.

Ricardo

Nothing at all, yes, that's right. I shall say you're resting and all will be revealed in time . . . *(with an evil laugh)* . . . as indeed it will be!

Jones

There's no hurry.

Ricardo

Unless 'e starts prancing. If 'e starts prancing we may be forced to act.

Jones

Martin, you're an ass. You think only of the gun or the knife. There's more to do here I think this adventure will be amusing. Now let me sleep.

CUT TO

74. EXT. THE WHARF

Ricardo *walks down the steps from the bungalow and takes a cigar case from his pocket. He pauses to light a cigar, and then strolls along the wharf.*

Ricardo

(talking to himself)

'More to do' 'e says! There's more to do alright . .
mustn't mention the girl . . surprise . . . ha! surprise
for that 'ypochrit, Heyst . . . why, there 'e is!

Heyst *is seen in the distance walking towards him.*

Heyst

Mister Richards? How are you this morning, are
you recovered?

Ricardo

Ricardo, Martin Ricardo. I am fully recovered, Sir,
thankyou for asking, but my companion remains indis-
posed. 'E's not as strong as wot I am.

Heyst

I'm sorry to hear it. Shall I go to him?

Ricardo

Best not, Sir, 'e is resting. Tomorrow perhaps?

Heyst

Of course. Do you have everything you need?

Ricardo

We do, Sir, thankyou.

Heyst

Send up to the house if you need anything more.
I don't suppose you've seen Wang this morning?

Ricardo

Wang?

Heyst

My man. He seems to have disappeared.

Ricardo

Not seen 'im, no Sir, but he's been here, no doubt.
Should I ask Pedro?

Heyst

(turning to walk away)

No matter, no. Well then, I shall see you tomorrow.

CUT TO

75. INT. HEYST'S BUNGALOW

Lena *is wearing a light summer dress.* **Heyst enters.**

Heyst

No sign of Wang.

Lena

No matter, he can't be far. You spoke to the . . .
men?

Heyst

To one of them, yes. The other is ill, the sun. I shall speak to them tomorrow, after they have rested.

Lena

Good, then we have the day to ourselves. Shall we go to the beach?

Heyst

(after some thought)

Why not! An excellent idea . . . Let me quickly change . . .

Heyst *changes into informal clothes and they are about to leave by the front door.*

Heyst

(hesitating)

One moment. I think it best, my love, if we keep your presence secret . . for the time being.

Lena

If you think it wise, Axel.

Heyst

I do for the time being . . we'll go the back way.

CUT TO

76. EXT. THE WHARF

Ricardo stands at the edge of the jungle, hidden and watching **Heyst's** bungalow. He sees **Heyst** and **Lena** walk from behind the bungalow towards the jungle track.

Ricardo

(speaking to himself)

By God, there she is! So the hotel man told the truth . . . a trim young thing, by the cut of her jib . . . I mean to have you, my darling . . . treasure or no treasure, I mean to have you.

FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN

77. EXT. JONES'S BUNGALOW

Dawn the following day. Free range chickens strut about the newcomers' bungalow, searching for scraps. A cockerel calls. Pedro, his head still bandaged, boils a kettle over an open fire.

CUT TO

78. INT. JONES'S BUNGALOW

Both Jones and Ricardo are dressed, sitting at a table.

Jones

When should we expect him?

Ricardo

Any time. You have the story straight?

Jones

I shall say merely that we left Surabaya in search of sport the current the wind . . .

Ricardo

Keep 'im busy, keep 'im entertained. Whilst you have 'im here, I'll suss out the place . . see what I can find. In fact, I'll leave now, and watch until 'e's 'ere.

Jones

(walking to a canvas bag and choosing a revolver)

Do you want insurance?

Ricardo

(sliding up a trouser leg to show an ankle sheath)

I have my knife.

Jones

Good. *Try* not to use it!

Ricardo

You know me, Sir . . a model of discretion.

Jones

I do know you, Martin - that's what worries me.

CUT TO

79. INT. HEYST'S BEDROOM

Heyst stands at the mirror, adjusting his cravat. **Lena** sits in front of him, brushing her hair in the mirror. She wears the sarong tied around her chest. A curtain hangs at the door of the room.

Heyst

Right, off I go. Best if you keep out of sight. I've no idea how long I shall be.

Lena

And *very* smart you look!

Heyst

(about to leave, hesitating)

Look . . . if anything should happen . . . if you're in any danger, run to the jungle and hide . . . then find Wang, he must be here somewhere.

Lena

You're frightening me!

Heyst

Perhaps I'm being silly . . . but you understand?

Lena

Of course . . . if I'm in any danger, I run to the jungle and hide.

Heyst

Yes, and find Wang . . . or wait for my return.

Heyst leaves. **Lena** remains sitting at the mirror, brushing her hair she is humming . . . she senses, rather than sees, a movement behind the curtain at the door. **Ricardo** enters noiselessly and **Lena** studies him in the mirror. Neither speak for some time.

Ricardo

Well now . . . what have we here?

Ricardo moves cautiously into the room and **Lena** stands to face him, her hands up to the sarong at her breasts. She says nothing.

Ricardo

(moving closer)

A very, very pretty morsel, I must say.

Ricardo

(closer still, and reaching for the sarong)

Let me see if the hull matches the rigging.

*Lightning fast, **Lena** kicks him hard in the groin with her bare foot. As he bends forward, she brings her fists down behind his neck, driving him to the floor, then she sits astride him and starts to strangle him. Choking, **Ricardo** seizes her wrists and slowly pulls her hands from his neck.*

Ricardo

*(on his back under **Lena**)*

Good grief ! Where did you learn them tricks?
You have fingers of steel, muscles like a boxer . .

Lena

And the heart of an ox. What brings you here?

Ricardo

Alright, alright. I mean you no harm. On the contrary, you will welcome my visit. I'll release your arms, but you must stay silent.

Lena

Must I, indeed . . . and who are you, to tell me what I must and must not do?

Ricardo

(releasing her wrists from his grip)

I hope to be your friend . . . you're a wild one, I can see that me too untamed get up now.

Lena

(climbing off him, adjusting the sarong)

You knew I was 'ere . . . you expected me to be 'ere.

Ricardo

I expected someone . . . someone female . . . I did not expect a princess.

Lena

(laughing suddenly)

That's what Axel calls me, the Princess of Samburan.

Ricardo

And he is right, by God! For all his foppish ways and his deceit, he's right about you.

Lena

So what are you after?

Ricardo

Why, for the treasure, of course!

Lena

Treasure! What treasure?

Ricardo

His money, his loot . . the profits from his piracy.

Lena

You are mad, you are insane . . . unless you've been deceived.

Ricardo

Then why are *you* here?

Lena

I'm here because I of course, I see your point. Schomberg put you up to this, didn't 'e?

Ricardo

What then?

Lena

The man's an imbecile and a fool. There is no treasure.

Ricardo

But there is you.

Lena

What do you mean by that?

Ricardo

There is you . . . a bright, spirited young thing like you hidden away from the world, from society . . . it ain't right . . . e's not the one for you I can take you away from 'ere. . . I can show you the world . . . London . . . Paris I have a bit set by, and there's what we can pick up 'ere

Lena

I tell you, there's nothing 'ere . . . no money, anyways.

Ricardo

That's what 'e's told you! 'E's a sly one, and no mistake. Sound 'im out, see what you can discover. You an' me, we'll make a good team.

Lena

So you want me to 'elp you?

Ricardo

Maybe . . maybe not . . that's for you to decide, but it would be to your advantage . . to your considerable advantage.

Lena

I need some time to think . . .

Ricardo

Don't take too long. Like I said, we can be friends.
You and I understand each other . . . born alike, bred
alike . . . we've both 'ad to make our way in the world.
So tell me, does 'e keep 'is money in the 'ouse?

Lena

I've told you. There is no money, nothing of value.

Ricardo

So that's what 'e's told you, is it? You needs must press
'im, my girl. Does your gentleman trust you?

Lena

Trust me? Why yes, you could say he trusts me.

Ricardo

Does 'e have a pistol? Is 'e a good shot?

Lena

Why, I . . . yes, he's an excellent shot.

Ricardo

(lifting his trouser leg to show the knife at his ankle)

I prefer the knife, meself. Quieter, more sure. I'm
good with the knife.

Lena

(seductively moving closer)

Don't kill 'im! Let me see what I can find out . . .
about the treasure, I mean.

Ricardo

(taking her in his arms)

Good girl! I knew you would see the sense in it.

Heyst is heard calling from outside. **Ricardo** and **Lena** spring apart and look towards the curtained doorway.

Heyst

(heard outside, calling)

Wang! Are you there?

Ricardo

Gawd, 'e's back already! I thought the gov'nor
would keep 'im longer.

Lena

(throwing the window wide open)

He mustn't see you . . quick! the window!

Ricardo

Yes . . too soon . . you're a smart one.

Heyst

(outside but nearer)

Wang? Mem Putih out of bed yet?

Lena

(pushing Ricardo towards the open window)

Quickly! Go!

Ricardo slips out of the window and **Lena** resumes her place at the dressing table, brushing her hair. **Heyst** pushes aside the curtain and enters the bedroom.

Heyst

Still brushing your hair!

Lena

(standing and running to him)

Thank God you're back!

Heyst

Why? Whatever is the matter?

Lena

It's . . . complicated. I'll tell you . . . can we have a drink?

CUT TO

80. INT. HEYST'S BUNGALOW

Heyst and Lena enter from the bedroom.

Heyst

Where the devil is Wang? . . . *(shouting)* Wang?

Heyst *passes through to the kitchen and is heard making drinks, whilst Lena paces to and fro, wondering what to do.*

Heyst

(returning with two glasses and a bowl of nuts on a tray)

Here you are.

Lena

Thankyou.

Heyst

Something's happened? You said you'd tell me.

Lena

Tell me first about your visit . . you didn't stay long.

Heyst

I stayed long enough. Only Jones was there, the other one was off somewhere . . he's very close, I'm no wiser now that I was before. The whole thing is very odd. He's invited me to play cards!

Lena

Cards?

Heyst

Cards, yes. It's what he does, apparently.

Lena

Axel, you must be careful.

Heyst

What do you mean?

Lena

The other man . . . he was here.

Heyst

WHAT! He was here? He saw you?

Lena

I couldn't get away, he took me by surprise.

Heyst

Why, the . . . did her harm you?

Lena

No, no, not at all.

Heyst

I must speak to them at once!

Lena

NO! No. It's dangerous we must decide on what to do.

Heyst

(making for the door)

I'm not afraid.

Lena

WAIT! He has a knife, he means to harm you!

Heyst

Whatever for?

Lena

They think you have . . . hidden treasure.

Heyst

Treasure! What nonsense is this?

Lena

Nonsense it may be, but it's what they believe. It is why they've come here.

Heyst

Then the sooner I disabuse them of this stupidity, the better!

Lena

No wait! It's not so simple. If you act rashly they . . . I think they will have no hesitation in killing you.

Heyst

Good God!

Lena

We need to be calm. We need a plan.

Heyst

What do you suggest?

Lena

I don't know. But for the present, play along with them.

Heyst

If only Wang hadn't made off with my revolver!

Lena

Well, here we are, two against three. Perhaps if we were to hide in the jungle?

Heyst

And what would we eat? How long would we survive? No, we have to beat them at their own game. I'll accept the offer of a card game.

Lena

Let's search for Wang. At least it might be three against three.

Heyst

Yes! We might recover my revolver. We'll search the jungle!

CUT TO

81. INT. JONES'S BUNGALOW

Ricardo *returns from his visit to Heyst's bungalow.*

Jones

Well?

Ricardo

Nothing. I searched the house, there's nothing there.

Jones

Damnation. Not even a clue?

Ricardo

No clue, Sir. And you?

Jones

He keeps himself very close. It will be difficult to get the truth out of him. I wish you had been here with me, but no matter.

Ricardo

I 'aven't been wasting my time, Sir, I assure you of that. I have a notion that I will know all within a couple of days.

Jones

Really? How so?

Ricardo

Ah, yes . . . how so . . . by . . . er . . . by watching, by hobservation.

Jones

Nothing new in that. I've invited him for a game of cards, by the way. That will buy us some time.

Ricardo

Time . . . yes.

Jones

This thing, Martin, is not like our other adventures. I mean to play our Mister Heyst along, to have some fun with him. Then we will strike.

Ricardo

And suppose 'e starts prancing? We might need to strike early rather than late.

Jones

As soon as we know where he hides his money, Martin. As soon as we have what we came for.

CUT TO

82. EXT. WANG'S SHACK

Wang lives in a shack slightly removed from the main compound. Free-range pigs and chickens wander around the shack, and behind a primitive fence is a cultivated vegetable garden. Heyst and Lena approach the doorway.

Heyst

Wang! Are you there, man?

Lena

Wang! We need your help!

Heyst

(peering into the shack)

No sign. This isn't good, he could be anywhere.

Lena

But we can at least try to find him.

Heyst

Try, yes. He may choose to show himself. He's like a Willow-the-Wisp, the way he comes and goes.

They walk off towards the nearby jungle, calling.

CUT TO

83. INT. JONES'S BUNGALOW

Jones stands at the table, a grey canvas bag open before him and various firearms distributed across the table. He is cleaning and loading the guns. Ricardo enters, a towel around his shoulders.

Jones

Why, Martin, you have shaved!

Ricardo

Indeed I have, Sir. One needs must keep up appearances.

Jones

How very odd. I've loaded the pistols, I think we should be armed from now on. You never know . . .

Ricardo

I have my knife, Sir.

Jones

He's coming to play cards tomorrow. I want you here with me.

Ricardo

Is that necessary, Sir? I thought, perhaps, I would be more useful searching.

Jones

You've spent a morning searching and found nothing.

Ricardo

A meagre glimpse it was, Sir, a superficial exploration. With more time I could take a deeper look at things.

Jones

I would prefer you here with me. But no matter, Pedro can stay with me.

Ricardo

You're expecting trouble?

Jones

Who knows! Two days have passed, he must be suspicious by now.

Ricardo

If 'e starts prancing, then plug 'im Sir. Let's not waste time.

Jones

But then we'll never find the treasure. No, as I said, we must be patient, play him along.

CUT TO

84. INT. HEYST'S BEDROOM

Late evening. Heyst and Lena are in bed after their unsuccessful search for the servant and he revolver.

Lena

(naked, leaning on her elbow)

Are you very frightened about tomorrow?

Heyst

(on his back)

Frightened? Not for myself, no. It's you I'm frightened for.

Lena

You think it's my fault they are here?

Heyst

Good God, no . . . not your fault, not your fault by any means. But they could well harm you, that's what frightens me.

Lena

I'm from the streets of London. I can handle the likes of them.

Heyst

Possibly . . . possibly not . . . I'd rather not put it to the test.

Lena

(moving closer)

You do love me, don't you?

Heyst

More than anything in the world, You make my life complete.

Lena

Then that is all that matters.

FADE TO BLACK
FADE IN

85. INT. JONES'S BUNGALOW

The following morning. Heyst keeps his appointment with Jones. He enters the bungalow and finds Jones at the table, which is covered with a blanket. Jones handles a pack of cards, flicking them through his fingers.

Jones

What shall we play for?

Heyst

I have no intention of playing games, Mr Jones. I'm here to learn what you're up to.

Jones

(somewhat disconcerted)

Well now . . . straight to the point . . that's understandable. Cigar?

Heyst

(ignoring the offered cigar case)

So what is it that brings you here?

Jones

(lighting a cigar)

Why, you're a famous man, Mr Heyst. There's much talk of you and your coal company in Surabaya.

Heyst

Really? I find that very difficult to believe.

Jones

And to be perfectly frank, what brings me here is your wealth.

Heyst

My *wealth!* In that you've been sadly deceived, I assure you.

Jones

But of course, that is what you would say. I have reliable information, I assure you.

Heyst

Reliable information! Tittle tattle and gossip, Mr Jones. As I said, you've been severely misled.

Jones

Those at the hotel assure me otherwise.

Heyst

The hotel? Not Schomberg's Hotel!

Jones

The very same.

Heyst

Good God, the man's an imbecile. The only reason he would send you on a fool's errand is because of the girl!

Jones
(suddenly alert)

Girl! What girl?

Heyst

You know very well what girl.

Jones

I assure you I do not know.

Heyst

The girl that Schomberg lusted after. She is here.
She is the only treasure here.

CUT TO

86. INT. HEYST'S BUNGALOW

Ricardo *sneaks in to find Lena seated, waiting for him. She is wearing a revealing white dress.*

Ricardo

All's well, then?

Lena

All's well.

Ricardo

The Chinaman?

Lena

Vanished. Gone. Without trace.

Ricardo

(moving close to her)

Good, good . . . then we have some time to ourselves.
Stand up now, let me feel you.

Lena stands and gives herself to **Ricardo**, who slides a hand up under her dress and embraces her.

Lena

(pulling away)

Not yet, not yet . . . 'tis to soon.

Ricardo

Too soon, yes . . . forgive me . . . I was forgetting we have a lifetime before us. The money, has he said anything?

Lena

Nothing, though I pressed him. I'm certain there is nothing on the island.

Ricardo

Damnation! Then here's the plan. I'll stick them both, both the "gentlemen" . . . don't matter which I do first. Then we'll skim what we can from 'em, what they have on them and what they might have stashed away, obvious like. As I told you, I have a bit laid by and I know my gov'nor 'as some gold safe in Surabaya.

Lena

You mean to kill them both?

Ricardo

Aye, and the ape man. We'll have no need of 'im in Paris.

Lena

But surely, you and I could . . . isn't there another way?

Ricardo

No other way as I can see. We want no-one left to tell tails, do we?

Lena

I . . . I s'pose not . . . you'll use your knife? . . . can I see it?

Ricardo

You're a cool one! I tell you, girl, my passion's fairly up.

He pulls her to him roughly and tries to slide a hand under her dress.

Lena *resists.*

Lena

The knife, the knife . . . let me see . . . let me hold it.

CUT TO

87. INT. JONES'S BUNGALOW

Jones is angry.

Jones

(striking his fist on the table)

Damn them to hell . . . the girl with them.

Heyst

Richards. Where is he?

Jones

Ricardo. I see his plan.

Heyst

I must return to my bungalow at once.

Jones

(selecting a revolver and putting it in his belt)

I'm with you!

CUT TO

88. INT. HEYST'S BUNGALOW

Ricardo is on the point of raping Lena. He has unbuttoned his fly and is trying to lift her dress as she resists.

Lena

No, Martin, no! Now is not the time.

Ricardo

'Tis not the knife at my ankle you need to see,
my girl, 'tis the knife between my legs. You've
not been properly served for many a month, I'll
warrant.

Lena

Don't make me fight you again. Give me the knife,
I want to hold it.

Heyst is heard shouting from far away.

Heyst

(distant)

Lena! Lena!

Ricardo

Damn and blast the man! Back too soon . . .

Lena

(re-arranging her dishevelled dress)

Don't hurt him. The treasure, remember the money.

Ricardo

Damn his eyes, I'll split his liver now.

CUT TO

89. EXT. OUTSIDE - HEYST'S BUNGALOW

*The clearing in front of the bungalow. **Ricardo** bursts out from the door, his fly still undone. **Lena** runs out after him. **Heyst** is walking towards the bungalow, closely followed by **Jones** who now carries the revolver openly in his hand.*

Lena

Axel, be careful - he's got a knife!

Heyst stops, but **Jones** keeps on past him, staring at **Lena**.

Jones

A woman!

Ricardo

Gov'nor, I can explain . . I was about to tell you . . .

Jones

(his mind piecing together the puzzle)

Betrayed! . . . tossed aside - for a woman. You scum, Ricardo.

Ricardo

No, Gov'nor, no - you misunderstand. I was asking her about the money. No . . . no

Jones raises the pistol and takes aim at **Ricardo**, who turns and starts to run towards the jungle. **Jones** traverses his aim from **Ricardo** to **Lena** and fires. **Lena** is thrown backwards by the force of the bullet, a blood stain forming on her chest.

Heyst

Lena!

Heyst runs forward towards **Lena**, ignoring **Jones** who stands immobile.

*Suddenly a shot rings out and **Jones** cries out in pain, dropping the gun and clutching his left shoulder. Walking slowly, **Wang** emerges from the jungle, revolver in hand. He walks towards **Jones** and fires again, throwing **Jones** backwards with a bullet in the chest.*

*Hearing a noise, **Wang** turns to see **Ricardo** slip the knife from his ankle to his hand. **Ricardo** lunges at **Wang** who fires at point blank range, hitting **Ricardo** in the centre of the forehead. The camera pans to **Heyst**, who is cradling the wounded **Lena** in his arms.*

Heyst
(weeping)

Lena!

Lena
(faintly)

Did we win?

Heyst

We won. They're dead.

Lena

Oh good, that is good . . . Victory.

Lena dies in **Heyst's** arms

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

90. EXT. - THE WHARF - SAMBURAN ISLAND

*In the background, **Davidson's** steamship lies at anchor in the bay. **Davidson** climbs from a ship's boat up onto the wharf, pausing to look down and see the body of **Pedro** floating face down in the water.*

Davidson as Narrator (V/0)

And so it was all over by the time I arrived back on Samburan. I was too late. I set sail for the island, of course, the moment I heard news from the hotel-keeper's wife, that Jones and Ricardo were intent on mischief.

*Walking up the wharf, **Davidson** is met by **Heyst** who has come to meet him. They shake hands, and **Heyst** is seen in deep conversation, explaining what has transpired.*

Davidson as Narrator (V/0)

By the time I got there, they were dead - the two villains and their servant, and of course the girl. Heyst was well, though grieving. And Wang as secretive and enigmatic as always.

CUT TO

91. EXT. - JUNGLE CLEARING OVERLOOKING THE SEA

***Heyst** and **Davidson** stand beside a freshly dug grave, a panorama of the sea in the background. A rough cross is inscribed **Magdalena 1863 - 1883 - Victory**.*

Davidson as Narrator (V/0)

I agreed to bury the bodies at sea - there seemed little point in doing otherwise. Except the girl, of course. We buried her high on cliff, overlooking the sea.

Heyst

She said it made her feel free, the ocean.

Davidson

And you, Heyst? Surely the time has come for you to return to civilisation.

Heyst

Me? Why, I'll stay here, of course, this is my home.

Davidson

I wish you'd reconsider . . .

Heyst

And besides, Lena is here. I'll stay close to her.

_____ THE END _____

**FADE TO BLACK
CREDITS ROLL**