



# **Lake Of Dead Empires**

Written by  
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OVER BLACK

FUNDI V.O.  
YOU BIG DEVIL!  
YOU BIG KING!  
YOU KILL ALL MEN!  
LET US GO BY!

FADE TO:

EXT. NAVY DOCK - NIGHT

SUPER: ROYAL MARINE DEPOT, DEAL - KENT, ENGLAND. 11 NOVEMBER 1914.

COMMANDER SPICER-SIMSON (45) adorned in a Royal Navy dress uniform, struts proudly down the gangway of the torpedo gunboat "HMS NIGER", moored safely along-side other naval vessels in port. He stops and pivots on his heels.

SPICER  
(Eyes his ship)  
My second love, tonight--  
(waves hand)  
-- I introduce you to my first.

The CREWMEN watch from the ship as Spicer MUTTERS to himself.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
On-time.  
(opens pocket-watch)  
Let us hope my darling, Amy, is as well.

EXT. SHIP YARD PROMENADE - CONTINUOUS

The GUARDS posted at the gate provide an obligatory salute as Spicer walks by.

SPICER  
(Striding past)  
Carry on, Marines.

Spicer continues on past a sign that reads: "BARRACKS ROW 1-10". He walks past rows of gas lit houses. PEOPLE pass in the street, and he parades his epaulets for all to see.

EXT. PUB - NIGHT

Spicer's wife, AMY SPICER-SIMSON (30s), waits for her husband alone next to a candle in the window overlooking the harbor.

Spicer made sure to reserve a table overlooking HIS ship and HIS crew at the dock. He looks up at Amy through the restaurant window, checks his watch, waves and Enters.

Amy gazes down at Spicer from the window. She stands and points towards the HMS Niger docked just as Spicer Exits her view.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Spicer stops and CHATS with the BAR DENIZENS.

A faint RATTLE is observed in the restaurant. Across the harbor, the HMS Niger is violently hit by something unseen, and a large spike of water abruptly shoots out of the bow of the ship and into the air followed closely by flames.

A German submarine, designation U-12, targets and torpedoes the HMS NIGER. The boat lists terribly to one side, slowly sinking into the sea.

Amy, looking through the window, is now shouting inaudibly behind the glass.

Spicer, oblivious of the danger, starts HUMMING on the way up the stairs to meet his wife.

EXT. HARBOR - NIGHT

Numerous ships race towards the burning HMS Niger. Crewmen leap into the frigid water as the ship lists dangerously...

INT. PUB - NIGHT

Spicer is just about to reach the top of the stairs and pauses, seeing his wife CRY in the window.

Amy has her head buried in her hands, standing at the window SOBBING.

EXT. PUB - NIGHT

Spicer who grabs and hugs Amy tight, delaying his duties. He stares at his burning fleet through the window. An intense Yellow-orange from the flames bounce off his face.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. WHITEHALL - BRIEFING ROOM

SUPER: Whitehall, England. 21 April 1915.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE

First Lord Churchill, the Germans have launched the 'Gotzen'.

(beat)

The Gotzen, larger than any of our vessels on Lake Tanganyika, would give the Germans supremacy across its entire length.

(Clears throat)

Can you see where I am going with this?

On the map are several carved wooden props that resemble men and military formations like chess pieces.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE (CONT'D)

They could easily move troops and materials to their efforts on the German East African front. If,--

(beat)

-- They retain control of the lake.

FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY WINSTON CHURCHILL (40s) ashes his cigar, stands and shuffles into the light.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

The point.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE

Well, sir, we have an unusual proposal regarding Lake Tanganyika...

Admiral Gamble picks a file up from behind him and places it on the table in front of them. He opens the file revealing several documents behind a picture of JOHN LEE obscuring Spicer's picture behind it.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE (CONT'D)

(Shuffles papers)

Proposed by my guide on Safari who wandered into my office last week.

(Spreads out papers)

A man named John Lee.

WINSTON CHURCHILL

He was your hunting guide?

ADMIRAL GAMBLE

Yes, but-- The thing is though. It is actually quite good, but he is not a... Navy man.

WINSTON CHURCHILL  
 Ah, the point,--  
 (smiles)  
 -- At last.

Churchill raises an eyebrow as he picks up the file.

Spicer's PHOTO drops alone out of the folder and lands under the table.

FIRST SEALORD FISHER sits and looks occupied.

FIRST SEALORD FISHER  
 Winston and I cannot be bothered with this...  
 (beat)  
 Gallipoli is too important and we committed all of our best naval commanders to its success.

WINSTON CHURCHILL  
 Finally, Fisher--  
 (Puffs cigar)  
 We agree on something. The First Sealord is correct.  
 (Looks around)  
 So, Admiral Jackson, you take this one.

Churchill slaps Admiral Jackson hard on the shoulder as he rises to exit the room.

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON  
 So, if not John Lee, who do you have in mind to lead this Naval Africa Expedition?

ADMIRAL GAMBLE  
 Our only option seems to be...  
 Lieutenant Commander Spicer-Simson.

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON  
 Who is this, Spicer?

ADMIRAL GAMBLE  
 Simson, sir.

WINSTON CHURCHILL  
 What?

ADMIRAL GAMBLE  
 Spicer-Simson, sir. With a hyphen.

INT. WHITEHALL - "SPICER'S" OFFICE

A nameplate on the desk reads, "Spicer-Simson."

Spicer sits alone with a stack of papers. The office contains only two chairs a small desk and a picture of King George V (c. 1910) which hangs above him on the wall.

Spicer hears voices coming from the other side of the wall.

SPICER

Did I just... Hear my name?

He grabs his tea cup, and pours it into the waste-basket then presses the cup to his ear. The porcelain cup emits a scraping sound when slid against the wall.

SPICER (CONT'D)

They just said my name! I should be in there!

INT. WHITEHALL - BRIEFING ROOM

Churchill, Gamble, Jackson and Fischer sit on the other side of the wall and slowly turn towards the SCRAPING noise.

Admiral Jackson TAPS his desk with his fingers motions to Gamble, who stands and walks over to the wall. He smiles and then SLAPS the wall HARD.

INT. WHITEHALL - "SPICER'S" OFFICE

Spicer bounces off the wall, stunned. The tea cup slips out of his hand and breaks on the floor. He remains completely still hoping nobody notices.

LAUGHTER comes through the wall.

INT. WHITEHALL - BRIEFING ROOM

Gamble stands with his face inches away from the wall.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE

SPICER!

(glances backward)

Make yourself useful and--

INT. WHITEHALL - "SPICER'S" OFFICE

Spicer glances around the room, unaware anyone even knew he was there.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE (O.S.)  
 -- Roll that bloody map in here.

Spicer begins to pick up his mess, CLANGING bits of porcelain into the waste-basket.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Spicer!

INT. WHITEHALL - BRIEFING ROOM

WINSTON CHURCHILL  
 Perhaps, I WILL stay--

Churchill takes a puff on his cigar.

WINSTON CHURCHILL (CONT'D)  
 -- For the rest of the briefing.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE  
 Spicer-Si... it does not matter.  
 (Looks at JACKSON)  
 Lee proposes that two Light Attack  
 Motorboats be sailed to South  
 Africa--  
 (takes deep breath)  
 -- Then ported 2,500 miles overland  
 to the lake. Once in the lake the  
 two boats should stand a fighting  
 chance at overtaking the German  
 Steamers.  
 (beat)  
 Maybe.

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON  
 Maybe?

WINSTON CHURCHILL  
 What sort of Man is he? This  
 Spicer? What are his merits? Where  
 was he stationed before this? Has  
 he seen any action?

ADMIRAL GAMBLE  
 He is thoroughly unremarkable sir.

WINSTON CHURCHILL  
 Unremarkable, eh?  
 (eyes the Admiral)  
 We could use a few more of those.

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON  
 (chuckles)  
 So, if he goes missing then we will  
 not ruffle any feathers.  
 (MORE)

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON (CONT'D)  
 But if he manages this then we gain  
 control of a major supply line in  
 Africa.

(nods)  
 Win or lose, delightful.

WINSTON CHURCHILL  
 Perhaps this Circus could pull some  
 attention away from our plans in  
 North Africa.

FIRST SEALORD FISHER  
 Small victories.

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON  
 (To Admiral Gamble)  
 Make it so.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE  
 There is one other thing,  
 gentleman.

WINSTON CHURCHILL  
 Spit it out.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE  
 Well, he requests to name the  
 boats. Cat--

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON  
 And...

ADMIRAL GAMBLE  
 -- Dog, sir.

Admiral Sir Henry Jackson and Winston Churchill look  
 befuddled.

WINSTON CHURCHILL  
 Like the names of his--  
 (beat)  
 -- Cat and dog?

ADMIRAL GAMBLE  
 No, sir, one ship named 'Cat' and  
 the other named 'Dog.'

Admiral Jackson and Churchill look at Admiral Gamble and  
 respond in sync.

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON  
 Get out.

WINSTON CHURCHILL  
 Get out.



INT. WHITEHALL - HALLWAY

Spicer wrangles the large, awkward, six-foot-long metal and fabric map-of-the-world, down the hallway.

Admiral Gamble closes the Briefing room door and Enters the hallway with Spicer.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE

SPICER!

(waves him off)

Follow me.

SPICER

But... What about the map, Admiral?

ADMIRAL GAMBLE

It was for you, not them.

Spicer awkwardly ROLLS the massive map down the hallway.

SPICER

Oh. Yes of course, sir.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE

They know where bloody Africa is.

(beat)

Were you snooping again?

INT. "ADMIRAL GAMBLE'S" OFFICE

Admiral Gamble opens the door to his office and waves in Spicer after him.

SPICER

Not so much snooping as--

ADMIRAL GAMBLE

(interrupting)

Roll it over there, Lt. Commander.

(points)

Well, well, as luck would have it

(motioning to close the door)

I have accepted your application to lead the Naval Africa Expedition.

And, I am promoting you to Commander.

(beat)

Albeit, provisionally.

SPICER

Well that IS fantastic news, sir. I will not let you down. Admiral.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE  
 You have your orders then. This mission is top secret. Remember, loose lips sink ships!

SPICER  
 Oh, speaking of ships, did you consider the names Cat and Dog, sir?

Admiral Gamble shakes his head.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE  
 I'm going to talk and you are going to listen. Then,--

Gamble walks across the room to the map.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE (CONT'D)  
 -- I'm going to have you repeat it back to me. No mistakes, Now--  
 (motions to map)  
 Where are we? Whitehall.

SPICER  
 England.  
 (points)  
 Up there, sir.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE  
 Good, very good. And,--

Spicer beams from ear to ear.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE (CONT'D)  
 Where is Lake Tanganyika?

SPICER  
 Well... May I stand, Admiral?  
 (stands)  
 I believe it is right there in the middle, sir.

The map fills the screen as Spicer's finger traces the route from Whitehall to Cape Town to Lake Tanganyika.

FADE TO BLACK.

**SUPER: Lake of Dead Empires**

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. CARIBBEAN MEDICAL FACILITY - DAY

SUPER: British Virgin Islands. 1915

DR. HANSHELL walks out of a large canvas tent. Dripping of sweat, he takes the folded handkerchief from off his head and wrings it out over the tropical soil.

A Young Messenger comes running up to him with a letter.

YOUNG MESSENGER  
For you, sir.  
(Out of breath)  
Your Eyes Only.  
(Breathing heavy)  
From the admiralty.

DR. HANSHELL  
I see.

Dr. Hanschell stops wringing out the handkerchief and grabs the delicate postage which by now is completely dirty. He opens the note and folds it out into the air where it FLIES out of his hands and towards the cliff.

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
Good God.  
(To the boy)  
Would you mind? I'm terribly sorry.

The Young Messenger nods and runs after the letter grabbing it right before it goes over.

Dr. Hanschell meets him halfway and realizes that he doesn't want a repeat of what just happened, so he smirks at the boy.

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
(Looking at the boy)  
Go grab some water, son.  
(Pointing)  
Right over there.

YOUNG MESSENGER  
Thank you, sir.  
(salutes)  
Good day to you sir.

The Young Messenger runs off.

INT. MEDICAL TENT - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Hanschell pushes the tent flaps aside and steps in.

DR. HANSHELL  
Yes. Yes.  
(To himself)  
What have we got here? Africa?  
Porting Boats?

Dr. Hanschell stands over a dying PATIENT who looks straight at him. He looks down at the Patient.

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
(To Patient)  
Sorry. How are you?

Patient MOANS as the doctor walks on.

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
(Still reading aloud)  
5,000 miles?

Dr. Hanschell stops in front of another mosquito netted PATIENT #2, who is VOMITING.

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
Lake Tangan... Tanagani...

Dr. Hanschell tries to pronounce the word but is stopped short by the patient pronouncing it for him.

PATIENT  
(Wiping vomit from mouth)  
Tanganyika.

DR. HANSHELL  
Excellent. Thank you.  
(beat)  
Nurse, Give this man a portion of  
brandy.

NURSE  
I don't think that'll help sir.

DR. HANSHELL  
(Smiling and walking away)  
It might.

The Patient #2 beams at the Nurse and continues VOMITING in the background.

Dr. Hanschell walks into his office where a chair, a typewriter, a gas lamp and personal artifacts are tucked nicely in the corner. He lightly SPLASHES some alcohol on his hands then rinses them in rosewater.

While putting his smock on the protruding wooden pole on the tent, he turns and accidentally RIPS the paper in half.

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
(Looking at the two  
halves)  
Bollocks.

Doctor Hanschell takes both halves and holds them up to the candle light. The paper starts to IGNITE as the Doctor looks into the distance.

NURSE  
(Knocking and points  
through the opening)  
Sir... your papers are on fire.

Dr. Hanschell snaps out of his trance and puts the fire out.

DR. HANSHELL  
Thanks, Alice.

NURSE  
You okay?

DR. HANSHELL  
Could I get a brandy as well?

NURSE  
I don't think it'll help.

DR. HANSHELL  
(Looking up and smiling)  
It might.  
(Holding the two burnt  
halves of the orders)  
I'm off to Africa apparently.

Nurse comes back into the room with two cups.

NURSE  
(Toasting sarcastically)  
For king and country!

They look at each other, smile wryly and drink.

DR. HANSHELL  
(Remembering)  
And one for the man that helped me  
with...  
(Looking at the paper)  
Tangan. Tnaya...

PATIENT (O.S.)  
Tanganyika!

DR. HANSHELL  
(SNAPS his finger)  
Cheers, mate!

The Nurse leaves the room and we see Dr. Hanschell getting back up and shoving the orders in his pocket.

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
 (To himself)  
 Africa, eh?

He picks his smock back up and wraps it around his body. As he puts it on, he looks down slowly at the gleaming, bloody, leather smock.

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
 Sounds nice.

The Doctor walks out of the room and disappears into the mass of mosquito nets.

INT. "SPICER'S" HOME - NIGHT

Spicer comes home from work with a huge smile on his face.

AMY SIMSON sits next to a small fireplace.

SPICER  
 My Darling.

Spicer gave her a quick kiss.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
 I have some news.  
 (beat)  
 Let me go change and I will be  
 right down.

Amy smiles, nods and continues sewing. She is sewing a canvas colored skirt but we can't see the whole thing.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
 (Casually)  
 I got a promotion today...

Spicer changes into a calisthenics onesie. We see his entire body is covered by tattoos.

AMY  
 That's lovely, dear.

Spicer glistens as he applies imported oils onto himself while Amy sits, knitting.

SPICER  
 To Commander.

AMY  
 (Eagerly)  
 Commander!

A KNOCK at the door.

SPICER  
(Looking at himself)  
I will get it.

Spicer puts down the oils and walks to the front door.

Dr. Hanschell appears in the doorway.

DR. HANSHELL  
You left in such a hurry today you  
forgot your oak leaves.

Dr. Hanschell hands a small box containing gold oak leaves  
signifying Commander.

SPICER  
Thank you, Doctor.

Spicer smiles.

DR. HANSHELL  
Congratulations, Commander.  
(Holding up a bottle)  
This is from the latest batch...

Dr. Hanschell hands Spicer a plain bottle.

SPICER  
Fantastic. I will be seeing you at  
Twickenham Shipyard, 0800.

AMY (O.S.)  
And me!

DR. HANSHELL  
Aye, Aye Commander.  
(whispering)  
Could I also get a plus one for the  
live fire exercise tomorrow?

SPICER  
Amy rang all the wives earlier...

DR. HANSHELL  
(whispers)  
I would have...

SPICER  
(whispers)  
Preferred someone else...?

DR. HANSHELL  
I will see you and Amy tomorrow,  
Commander.

SPICER  
We will be there.

EXT. "SPICER'S" HOME - CONTINUOUS

DR. HANSHELL  
(muffled)  
Well, I am dead tired from the all  
the travel so--

Spicer closes the door, mid-sentence.

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
-- Oh, alright then. I will be on  
my way.

Dr. Hanschell checks the doorway to make sure it wasn't a  
mistake, then walks down the alley.

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
(walking away)  
What an odd fellow.

INT. "SPICER'S" HOME - CONTINUOUS

The small brown military style awards case is cupped in  
Spicer's hands as he walks into the living room.

Amy looks up adoringly.

AMY  
What's in the box, love? Was that  
Dr. Hanschell? I spoke to his wife  
earlier. I do adore them.

Spicer sets down the bottle and stares down at the gold  
leaves. He disrobes and opens the box.

SPICER  
These--  
(beat)  
What a thing of beauty.  
(beat)  
What did you say dear?

Amy delicately takes the oak leaves out of the box and pins  
them onto his naval-issued pith helmet.

AMY  
(stands back)  
Oh you look so handsome.

She looks at him naked and oily with only a Pith helmet on.  
She beckons him upstairs with her slow gait.



AMY (CONT'D)  
 How long are--  
     (stops herself from  
     crying)  
 -- You away?

SPICER  
 Post is for a year--  
     (avoids her eyes)  
 -- Darling.

AMY  
     (walks upstairs)  
 You will not forget me?

SPICER  
 I'd walk through fire to get back  
 to you my love.

Amy beckons him up the narrow stairs of their officers home  
 with a slender finger.

AMY  
 Make me believe it.

Spicer glances up from his love seat next to the fire.

SPICER  
 Do you not believe--

Gleaming, tattooed and horny he shuffles his feet beneath  
 him.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
     (spark of recognition)  
 Ah, yes--  
     (rising)  
 Your image is--  
     (points to eyes)  
 -- Forever imprinted on the back of  
 my eyelids.

Spicer walks over to Amy and delicately lifts her into his  
 arms. He walks up the stairs to their bedroom as Amy caresses  
 his tattooed body.

EXT. ENGLISH SHIPYARD - DAY

SUPER: Twickenham Shipyard, England. 08 JUNE 1915.

The ships names are only partially painted on the HMS Mimi  
 and HMS Toutou.

Dr. Hanschell turns to Spicer.

SPICER  
 I would like to introduce you to  
 the HMS Mimi and the HMS Toutou--  
 (beat)  
 French names.

DR. HANSHELL  
 Meow and Bow-wow. Very Clever.

Spicer nods to his wife Amy, who is in attendance.

SPICER  
 Use the proper bolts!  
 (pointing)  
 Do not force it.

CHIEF GUNLAYER JAMES WATERHOUSE  
 Aye sir.  
 (confused)  
 But these are the ones that came  
 with the gun.

LT. Wainwright is nursing a hangover while stowing some  
 mooring lines on deck.

SPICER  
 (To LT. Wainwright)  
 Is this true Lieutenant Wainwright?

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
 Yes, it is true, I am afraid. Both  
 statements. Yes the bolts came with  
 the gun and no they do not fit. So  
 you are both right.

Spicer walks around to the rear of the vessel.

JOHN LAMONT  
 (To Cross)  
 You have to tighten it otherwise  
 the oil leaks out.

CROSS  
 I know all about engines.

JOHN LAMONT  
 (looks around and locks  
 eyes with Spicer)  
 Look lively.

CROSS looks up at Spicer now standing in front of him.

CROSS  
 Engines are perfect, sir.

SPICER  
Very well then, carry on!

JOHN LAMONT continues working on the engine. While Cross stands above him nodding approvingly.

Further down the dock is TYLER (40s, Aviator, Handsome) standing next to crates taking shots of Worcestershire Sauce.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
It is zero eight hundred hours  
Lieutenant Tyler...

TYLER (TO SPICER)  
Yes it is, dear boy...  
(Motioning to the bottle)  
Worcestershire sauce.

SPICER  
What is?

TYLER  
This--

Tyler takes a shot and offers one to Spicer, which he refuses.

SPICER  
(dismissive)  
Right.  
(to Crew)  
Form ranks on me!

The Crew forms an uneven line.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
Make ready the ships. Sea trials  
begin at eleven hundred hours.

EVERYONE EXCEPT TYLER  
Aye, aye sir!

Spicer stands on the deck with a monocular. He focuses on Amy, who is beaming at him from the second ship which is being used as a viewing platform.

SPICER  
Fire!

The shell hits the target, but both the gun and the gunner fly into the river, as the gun had not been properly bolted to the deck. A ball of smoke rises from a hole where the gun used to be.

Amy and the onlookers GASP and shield themselves as splinters of wood and bits of decking pepper the water.

EXT. DECK OF GRAF VON GOTZEN - DAY

SUPER: GRAF VON GOTZEN. Lake Tanganyika. 10 June 1915.

General Vorbeck (45, gruff, seasoned, German General) stands on deck overlooking the Tanganyika coastline.

Captain Zimmer and Lieutenant Job Odebrecht stand at his sides.

General Vorbeck takes his finger and drags it across the map to a line ending at his fingertips.

LT ODEBRECHT

General Vorbeck. That is the track  
being laid by the Belgians.

Lt. Odebrecht points with his finger to a position on the map.

VORBECK

British forces are planning to  
reinforce the Belgians. We have  
some information that tells us of a  
plan to bring ships across Africa.

CAPTAIN ZIMMER

(to Rosenthal)

Probably disinformation.  
Impossible. I am far more concerned  
with finding where the Belgian's  
might be assembling that massive  
steamship.--

(smug)

--We have the lake.

LT ODEBRECHT

Yes, sir. We do, sir.

VORBECK

(Harshly to Zimmer)

For now. I expect perfection from  
you Captain Zimmer.

(To Odebrecht)

Lieutenant. Keep the pressure on  
them...

LT ODEBRECHT

Yes... We keep shelling them sir,  
like clockwork.

(concerned)

What of the railway?

VORBECK

(dodging)

Follow every lead.

Vorbeck turns to leave.

LT ODEBRECHT  
Everything will be just the way you  
left it. Sir!

VORBECK  
(Turns around)  
I hope to see the Imperial Colors  
flying at every port. Don't  
disappoint me... Captain.  
(Looking ominously at  
Odebrecht)  
Lieutenant.

Vorbeck Exits.

LT Odebrecht and Zimmer EXHALE deeply.

INT. SHIP'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

SUPER: Atlantic Ocean. 16 June 1915. Day 1.

Spicer sits at the bar, back to the restaurant. Dr. Hanschell  
and Tubby have a quiet argument while they look upon Spicer  
in amusement.

A couple, MAN #1 and WOMAN #1 stand behind the opulent bar  
with martinis while the bartender stares off in the distance,  
content.

The couple walks out onto the deck and gaze up at the night  
sky.

MAN #1  
(Looking at the stars)  
Beautiful. The cold ocean currents  
surrounding the Canary Islands in  
combination with the trade winds,  
provide a unique stable climate  
with little atmospheric turbulence.

WOMAN #1  
Fascinating dear. How do you find  
the north star again?

MAN #1  
You see Ursa Major there? That one.  
(Grasping and pointing her  
hand to meet his eye)  
There!

WOMAN #1  
Yes, I see it.

MAN #1

Now follow the two stars at the end  
of the 'cup' to Ursa Minor's  
handle. That's the North Star.

SPICER

Actually, that's Vega.  
(Pointing to the wrong  
star)  
That's the North Star!

MAN #1

(Shaking head)  
Stars are in my line of work you  
know.

SPICER

Hmmm.  
(makes a fart sound)  
Are they?

Spicer, glaring, rests his head at an awkward angle on the  
glass window behind them. While taking another sip he SPILLS  
half his glass of booze on the deck. He looks down at the  
spill then, slowly back up at them.

MAN #1

So-- you will pardon me for  
disagreeing with you.

SPICER

Oh, indeed?  
(Chortling)  
I certainly would not know it from  
what you are telling us! I am a  
navigating officer!

Spicer doubles down on the mispronunciation of his title and  
Dr. Hanschell is seen putting his hands on his face in the  
background.

MAN #1

(With contempt)  
Part of Lee's Expedition, are we?

SPICER

(Shouting)  
This is not One man's expedition!  
It is the Naval Africa Expedition!

MAN #1

(Trying not to laugh)  
Cheers.

SPICER  
That is its official title.  
(motioning with thumbs)  
And I am in command!

The two had gone by now leaving just Spicer and Hanschell and Tubby.

Tubby walks over to the bar.

Hanschell walks up behind Spicer and places his hand on his back to stabilize him.

DR. HANSCHELL  
That...  
(Nodding to two guests)  
Was the Astronomer Royal of Cape Town?

SPICER  
Is that so? He would make a bad navigating officer!

DR. HANSCHELL  
Goodnight, sir.

Spicer stumbles to his quarters.

Men see him stumbling head the other way to avoid being talked to by a belligerent Spicer.

EXT. COAST OF AFRICA - DAY

SUPER: Rufiji River BASIN, Africa. 02 JULY 1915. DAY 17.

Rufiji River, Tanganyika's Indian Ocean coast, mangrove-laden river.

General Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck and LT JOB ROSENTHAL stand on the bow of the German "Königsberg", camouflaged with coconut palms.

Two shadowy ships glide through the thick mist towards the Königsberg.

The German (onshore) 47mm field guns accompanied by small arms from the banks, begin to FIRE.

A torpedo is also launched from an onshore torpedo tube which is prematurely detonated by a round from the British HMS Severn.

Both British ships, HMS Severn & HMS Mersey, reply with even heavier fire.

LT JOB ROSENTHAL  
Clear the ship for action!

The British ships begin their attack, pounding the Germans. Quite accurate as their fire is being directed by a spotter aircraft buzzing overhead.

Smoke settles and drifts across the water and there is a lull in the firing, then the British begin POUNDING the mangroves on shore with mortar rounds spewing sand into the air from the bank.

The Germans have on-shore torpedoes that they begin to arm and point towards the oncoming British ships. They launch the torpedo but it immediately detonates in the water.

A round from the Severn EXPLODE in a plume of muddy ocean water.

GERMAN SAILOR #1 tries to commit suicide and SHOOTs himself in the chest, but it takes a while for him to finally succumb to his wounds.

The other Germans fought back ferociously while all morning the shells slammed on them.

GERMAN SAILOR #1 can be heard GROANING in the background.

A shell hits the end of a German sailor's leg and splashes the sand with blood.

The Biplane flying overhead is hit by the inshore cannons and trails smoke down into the jungle.

INT. PLANE - LATER

We see two PILOTs struggling to get out of their belts. The Pilot finally gives up as the Co-pilot gets free and falls out over the water of the Rufiji.

German's SHOUTING.

LT JOB ROSENTHAL  
(Shouting)  
All hands abandon ship!

The FIRST OFFICER had been securing explosives to the deck to detonate and scuttle the craft.

Huge EXPLOSIONS are seen through the eyes of Lt Job Rosenthal who has already made it ashore.



EXT. COAST OF AFRICA - DAY

Lt Job Rosenthal and his men begin to strip the weapons off the Konigsberg, now resting on the river bottom with only portions accessible above the water line.

The group of German's, led by Lt Rosenthal, drags guns and supplies by a sign that reads, "TANGANYIKA - 700 MILES."

EXT. COAST OF AFRICA - LATER

SUPER: Cape Town. 02 JULY 1915.

PASSENGERS all disembarking and unloading from the boat carrying the Naval Africa Expedition. Spicer orders his men to disembark in full dress uniform and muster in formation at the bottom of the gangway.

Standing while in-information at the dock we hear a CLIP, CLAP, CLIP from the horse's hooves on the wooden planks although we can't see it yet.

SPICER  
(Shouting)  
SLOW-MARCH!  
LEFT, LEFT, LEFT,  
RIGHT, LEFT  
ABOUT-TURN!  
LEFT, LEFT, LEFT,  
RIGHT, LEFT  
PLATOON-HALT!  
RIGHT-TURN!

Platoon following all commands, now stand at attention facing Spicer.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
STAND AT-EASE!  
(loudly addressing)  
Officers of the Naval Africa  
Expedition, your quarters here in  
Cape Town are on Adderley Street.  
(To Tubby)  
Mr. Eastwood, please acquire  
cheaper lodgings in town for the  
ratings.

DR. HANSHELL  
(to Spicer)  
Where shall we stay?

SPICER  
It has been arranged.

Everyone in formation looks around.

DR. HANSHELL  
Arranged?

SPICER  
Yes. You and I are taking a  
handsome cab up to....  
(Holds out a sheet of  
paper)  
Mount Nelson. Sounds nice, right?

DR. HANSHELL  
(Looking at the men)  
Yep.

SPICER  
And...  
(motions toward the road)  
There it is.

EXT./INT. CAB - CONTINUOUS

A cab pulls up the dock and all of the men look at it with surprise and a hint of dismay.

DR. HANSHELL  
(Seeing the Astronomer, to  
Spicer)  
Umm, sir...

The Man #1 gets into the cab and Spicer sees nothing before whipping around to get in.

SPICER  
Remember men, this is no MAN'S  
Expedition... It is the Naval  
Africa Expedition!

SAILORS  
(To themselves)  
And you are in command...

Spicer turns around to see the unhappy face of Man #1 and his equally displeased wife sitting in the horse drawn carriage. He pushes some loose items out of the way and attempts to sit but his sword is still clipped to his belt.

Dr. Hanshell tries to unclip Spicer's sword for him.

Spicer turns to look at Man #1. His sword swings by all of their faces.

DR. HANSHELL  
 (To Man #1)  
 Good to see you again, sir. As well  
 you, mum. I trust the rest of your  
 voyage was...

Another sword hilt swings around.

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
 (Avoids the swinging hilt)  
 Restful.

Hanschell unclips Spicer's sword.

Spicer sits avoiding eye contact the entire way up the  
 mountain until an African servant opens the large gates of  
 Mount Nelson.

INT. TRAIN - DAY

SUPER: Elizabethville, Rhodesia. 26 JULY 1915. DAY 41.

"ELIZABETHVILLE" appears on a sign as we see Spicer through  
 the outside glass of the train. A plaid piece of clothing is  
 hanging on the rack in front of him obscuring our view  
 slightly. He slides the clothing out of the way.

SPICER  
 Too chilly in the dining car for  
 that.

Spicer is revealed to be dressed in suspenders over  
 undergarments.

A medal on the table in front of him reads:  
 "AFRICA GENERAL SERVICE MEDAL."

INT. TRAIN - DINING CAR - CONTINUOUS

Walking out to the dining car, Spicer proudly displays the  
 medal.

TAIT  
 Commander.  
 (Tipping his hat.)  
 Good night for a stroll?  
 (Looking at his chest)  
 New medal?  
 (Touching it)  
 That one is a beauty!

Spicer bats his hand away but considers this an honest  
 reaction and is flattered by the acknowledgment.

SPICER  
 (Flicking his wrist)  
 Carry on.

Sliding the dining car door open reveals his men just sitting around the dining car.

Crowded around the mini bar is Tyler taking shots of both Worcestershire and tequila.

Tubby is settled in the corner next to the ashtray reading "The Good Soldier" by Ford Maddox Ford.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

The landscape is dotted by tall red anthills; some as high as 40 feet. Most buildings are converted barns used for mining equipment, workshops, brothels, bars and hotels.

Dr. Hanschell stands in front of the men, who are in a muster formation, as he doles out information about possible diseases and prevention of them.

DR. HANSHELL  
 (Hands out fly whisks)  
 And we have an enemy far deadlier  
 than the Germans...

The MEN look at each other wondering what the hell could be worse than the Germans.

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
 I mean tropical diseases. Very  
 special precautions are necessary,  
 which I will explain to you in  
 detail.

(Holding up fly swatter)  
 Every man in the expedition, in  
 matters of health and hygiene, will  
 unquestioningly follow these  
 instructions. All drinking water  
 will be boiled.

GRUMBLES are heard from the men in the company.

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
 (Looking around nodding)  
 Fly whisks are being handed out  
 now. It will be the duty of every  
 man to whisk the damned tsetse  
 flies off his neighbor,  
 irrespective of rank.

EXT. "DR. HANSHELL'S" TENT - NIGHT

Dr. Hanschell's silhouette shows him huddled in his tent, squatting over a chamber pot.

DR. HANSHELL  
(to himself)  
Of course I am the first to...

Dr. Hanschell's tent is about a third of the size of Spicer's which is located right next to his.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

SUPER: 18 AUGUST 1915. DAY 64.

The MIMI traction trailer slips off the side of the mountain and lodges itself in between a tree at a 65-degree angle with the nose angle perpendicular to the side of the mountain.

The soil is bright because of the high concentration of Mica (a shiny rock-like substance) that reflects the light back into the faces of the Crewmen causing the equivalent of snow blindness.

LT. Wainwright is seen running up to Spicer in a huff.

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
Sir, both wagons report damage to the wheels, sir.

SPICER  
God-damn it! I told you! Where is that son-of-a-bitch Mullin?

Spicer walks over to each of the wagons and inspects the treads.

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
I estimate it will take a week to repair.

SPICER  
At least.

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
Right sir.

SPICER  
Get me Mullin. Get some more ox carts and teams while we fix this. I want to make up the extra time as soon as we can get underway.

LT. Wainwright talks to some workers, and they begin to reassemble the bridge, now stacking the logs in the stream in the same direction as the current, making a causeway more than a bridge.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
 It is like trying to walk on a  
 spring mattress!  
 (Looking at LT.  
 Wainwright)  
 You, sir, get an extra ration  
 tonight.  
 (To Workers)  
 Watch out for the carts! Looks like  
 they are beginning to buckle!  
 (Pointing)  
 And put a tarp over that wood. The  
 boilers cannot burn wet lumber.

MULLIN  
 Aye sir! I will see to it!

Moments later a young British Messenger boy runs up from the front and tugs on Spicer's jacket.

SPICER  
 (Looking down)  
 Son?

MESSENGER  
 (Out of breath)  
 Sir, they are here! Mail, sir.

Spicer grabs the top letter and drops the rest.

SPICER  
 My darling.

Just then the train steams and billows out of the top of the forest and enters a clearing while BLARING its horn.

Everyone in the company CHEERS.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
 About time.

Spicer reads the note and stops moving.

Everyone in the company CHEERS.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
 Baby? A baby?!  
 (grabs the messenger)  
 I'm going to have a baby!

Everyone in the company CHEERS.

MESSENGER

Sir?!

SPICER

Sorry.

(drops messenger)

Grab some water son.

(To Workers)

Get those traction motors off that train double quick.

(Smiling)

We have a date with some Germans.

Spicer lights a cigarette that is on the end of a long cigarette holder. The cigarette is revealed to have "COMMANDER G.B. Spicer, R.N." On the stems.

SPICER (CONT'D)

(looks up)

I will get back to you darling,--

(lights cigarette)

-- I swear it.

EXT. DECK OF GRAF VON GOTZEN - NIGHT

The hull of the GRAF VON GOTZEN is lit up and the name can clearly be seen from the dock.

Vorbeck is lit by the moon overlooking a tranquil Lake Tanganyika. Next to him under a gas lit canopy is Captain Zimmer, Lt. Odebrecht and Lt. Rosenthal.

CAPTAIN ZIMMER

Will you give us an anecdote sir?

Something before the war?

Vorbeck reminisces quietly about his previous battles.

VORBECK

I will give you one about my  
arrogance amidst the fog of war.  
You know, my men call me the Lion  
of Africa.

(Takes another drink)

A proud lion rules his kingdom.  
But you see, he is nothing without  
his pride.

General Vorbeck motions to LT Rosenthal, who bows his head, knowing the story General Vorbeck is about to tell.

VORBECK (CONT'D)

Just a month ago, this young cub,  
LT Rosenthal, and I were aboard the  
Konigsberg when we were caught by  
surprise in the dense swamps of the  
Rufiji Delta. I was sure the  
British were no threat to the  
mighty Konisberg--

(beat)

-- In my mind, we had supremacy in  
the Indian Ocean, and that morning,  
when the first shots rang out, I  
was instead dreaming of hiking  
through Bavaria once this war is  
won.

Vorbeck raises his glass.

VORBECK (CONT'D)

Pray you never become the lion...  
That loses his pride.

They all CHEER to the toast.

CAPTAIN ZIMMER

So, Lieutenant, seeing as how  
General Vorbeck holds you in such  
high regard, I see fit to give you  
command of the Kingani. She is the  
smallest gunship in our fleet, but  
with you at the helm, She may be  
the mightiest.

(Checks the crew's faces)

Your first mission is to find where  
the Belgians are constructing the  
Baron Dhanis. Our Holo-holo scouts  
heard rumors that she is an iron  
side steamship capable of rivaling  
my flagship.

(beat)

Once found, rejoin with the Hedwig,  
commanded by LT Odebrecht here, and  
destroy the Baron Dhanis before she  
floats.

(points)

I do not want anything to threaten  
our grasp on this lake.

LT Job Odebrecht and General Vorbeck nod, yes.

VORBECK

(toasting)

To lions and their cubs.

Everyone raises their glasses.



EVERYONE  
 (toasting)  
 To lions and their cubs!

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Dr. Hanschell sits under a tarp at a folding table, with an open medical chest beside him.

Spicer watches as the locals are lined up in front of the table in a queue.

Tyler takes a shot of Worcestershire Sauce.

TYLER  
 What is all this for doc?

DR. HANSHELL  
 All have various illnesses and  
 await medication. Most want to shit  
 though.

SPICER  
 Pardon me?

DR. HANSHELL  
 Yes. One white pill, one blue and a  
 glass of water. That will do.

TYLER  
 Nice.

We see a bunch of Holo-Holo trying to swallow the pills. We hear SHOUTS of relief in the background as the laxatives begin to take effect.

DR. HANSHELL  
 See. They are relieved.

TYLER  
 (Looking away)  
 Swell, dear boy. Just swell.

Peddlers throw open suitcases full of watches, clothes and children's toys with homemade patches. The men look away as the Holo-Holo are even discouraged by his wares.

SPICER  
 (motions to Peddlers)  
 Doc.

DR. HANSHELL  
 They set up around the camps trying  
 to make a shilling. Oh!--  
 (pats Spicer on back)  
 (MORE)

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
 -- I heard the news.  
 Congratulations are in order!

SPICER  
 (strained)  
 Thrilled, of course. Thrilled.

TYLER  
 Cheers boy!

DR. HANSHELL  
 Just keep your shiny head down and  
 avoid doing anything stupid.  
 (shrugs)  
 I could recommend a hospital but do  
 NOT ask advice on children.  
 (leans down to peddler)  
 Look,--  
 (picks up a stuffed doll)  
 -- A gift.

SPICER  
 Oh, Doctor. Thank you.  
 (beat)  
 CAPITOL!

PEDDLER  
 (lies)  
 Very nice. Quality piece.  
 (beat)  
 TEN for you.

Dr. Hanshell hands the peddler some coins.

VOICES SHOUT in the distance. Tree branches snap.

An Ox tramples into the camp and sends Tents and supplies  
 flying. It's hot breath kicks up loose dirt as it punches  
 through several locals' food carts.

Tyler tosses his Worcestershire sauce.

SPICER  
 (To Tyler)  
 Quickly now,-- my rifle!

Various members of the expedition gather to watch the  
 spectacle.

Spicer takes aim in a standing position about 15 yards away  
 and FIRES, hitting a bush behind the ox. He moves closer,  
 kneels, aims and fires again, hitting the ox in one of his  
 horns.

The oxen turns towards Spicer, lowers its horn and waves its  
 tail in the air. It squares its shoulders up with Spicer.

Spicer stands, unholsters his handgun, moves up to the ox and FIRES point-blank into its forehead.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
The thing about an ox is,--

The Ox SPRINGS back to life, lifts his head up and snorts. The crowd, startled, GASPS and steps back.

Spicer without flinching, SHOOTs the animal two more times.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
Once they bow their head, and try  
to turn,--  
(points to head)  
You have them.

The crowd erupts in CHEERS.

The Ox lies bloody on the dirt at Spicer's feet. Burn marks from the high caliber handgun stain the outer edges of the open pulsating gash.

Dr. Hanschell is covered in blood, the doll still in his outstretched hands. He shakes his head in shock.

DR. HANSHELL  
Let me be the first,--  
(strained)  
-- To congratulate you on the new  
baby.

SPICER  
Thank you, Doctor.

Spicer grabs the stuffed animal from the Doctor's hands, tucks it into his skirt and begins to walk away. He stops to address the crowd, huddled around the ox.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
Who is Hungry?

The Holo-Holo begin to chant.

HOLO-HOLO  
(chanting)  
Bwana Chifunga-Tumbo. Bwana  
Chifunga-Tumbo. Bwana Chifunga-  
Tumbo.

DR. HANSHELL  
'Bwana Chifunga-Tumbo.'  
(chuckles)  
Interesting.

TYLER  
What are they saying doc?

HOLO-HOLO  
(chanting)  
Bwana Chifunga-Tumbo.

DR. HANSHELL  
Bwana Chifunga-Tumbo means  
roughly... LORD BELLY CLOTH.

Dr. Hanschell sits, wiping the Ox blood off on nearby fauna.

SPICER  
What is that you say?  
(beat)  
Snake God. I thought Bwana  
Chifunga-Tumbo meant Snake God.  
(flexes bicep)  
Because of my tattoos.

DR. HANSHELL  
Sorry to disappoint you chap but it  
translates to Lord Belly Cloth.

SPICER  
-- So NOT Snake God.

DR. HANSHELL  
No, and sir, If I may be so bold--  
(beat)  
-- Why in god's name are you  
dressed like this?

SPICER  
My own design.  
(spins)  
Amy sews them up for me.  
(Taps his groin)  
Keeps everything fresh in the  
stifling heat.

Spicer stretches his calf muscles and Exits.

Dr. Hanschell leans over to Tyler.

DR. HANSHELL  
Lord. Belly. Cloth.

Tyler takes a shot of Worcestershire sauce.

TYLER  
Lord Belly Cloth. Sure,--  
(Chuckling)  
-- Oh that will stick.

EXT. LUALABA RIVER, CONGO - DAY

Convoy of Naval Africa Expedition passing a sign for "Sankisia, Congo" heading towards yet another railway station, loading train cars.

Train is seen pulling into 'Lualaba River Port, Bukama Station, Congo.' Coming up was a much larger boat idling. A man was standing on deck waving at the Crewmen. Josephine the Chimpanzee waves back.

SPICER

Hey!  
(To waving man)  
You, there!

CAPTAIN HOLMQUIST

Ahoy! I dare say you must be the Commander.

SPICER

At your service.

CAPTAIN HOLMQUIST

I was talking to the chimp!

Spicer doesn't like the joke. His men are LAUGHING, and the Congolese are inconsolable.

CAPTAIN HOLMQUIST (CONT'D)

The river ahead is too treacherous for the likes of this convoy. Commander, you will have to wait on the steamship Constantin de Burley to tow your vessels. I must warn you sir about her captain.

SPICER

What about the captain?

CAPTAIN HOLMQUIST

(Leaning in)  
He has gone a bit mad.

SPICER

Mad? What do you mean?

CAPTAIN HOLMQUIST

Well, sir.  
(Looking around)  
He is extraordinarily uncouth.

SPICER

Is that all?

CAPTAIN HOLMQUIST  
No sir.

SPICER  
Out with it.

CAPTAIN HOLMQUIST  
He's incommunicable.

SPICER  
Incommunicable?

CAPTAIN HOLMQUIST  
He cannot communicate.

SPICER  
Like he is touched in the head?

CAPTAIN HOLMQUIST  
No, well, not like that.

SPICER  
An ass, then.

CAPTAIN HOLMQUIST  
A combination of loneliness and  
drink have an intoxicating effect  
on lost souls. And,--  
(To himself)  
Trust me. If you are here, then...  
(Takes a swig)  
It is potent, alluring even.

Captain Holmquist SNIFFS air.

EXT. DECK OF MIMI - DAY

SUPER: 12 October 1915. Day 119.

A steamship towing a flat barge appears. A MUFFLED SONG is heard in the distance.

CAPTAIN BLAES (60s, Male, bushy beard, unkempt, stained blouse, arrogant, inspirational) swings from a crane arm and kicks a sailor off the back of the boat.

The song becomes clearer... Gilbert and Sullivan's 1878 classic, "H.M.S Pinafore".

CAPTAIN BLAES (SINGING)  
A British soul is a soaring Soul.  
As free as a mountain...

Captain Blaes trails off as he swings from the crane once more and kicks another unassuming sailor off the side.

CAPTAIN BLAES (CONT'D)  
BIRD!!!!

Spicer begins to pick up on the tune and begins to recite the next lines as a sort of peace offering.

Captain Blaes lands on the deck and looks around at the terrified Crewmen.

Everyone's ears prick up when they hear in the distance Spicer's off-key attempt to finish the chorus.

SPICER  
(Singing)  
His energetic wit, should be ready  
to resist...

CAPTAIN BLAES  
(To the mist)  
A dictatorial word!

SPICER  
His nose should pat...

CAPTAIN BLAES  
And his lips should curl...

The boats get closer and closer as if they were being towed in by foul voices.

Spicer is now on one knee on the bow of the ship SINGING into the mist and it clears just in time to reveal a disheveled Captain Blaes frolicking on the stern of the steam ship.

Captain Blaes tries to look captain-like and grabs the bundle of wiring hanging down from the crane, he gives it a tug to ensure it will hold his weight, then climbing over the ledge he falls straight down onto a large pile of wet rope.

Dr. Hanschell runs up onto the deck, past a bewildered Spicer, and much to his surprise was the only person to act on the captain's fall from nearly two stories.

CREWMEN  
(To another Boatswain)  
Dead?

A Crewmen ominously nods in the negative.

Dr. Hanschell arrives at Captain Blaes' side just as he bolts upright. Captain Blaes looks at Dr. Hanschell, proceeds to throw up on him and then punches him in the face.

CAPTAIN BLAES  
 (Laughing)  
 And FISTS BE EVER READY FOR A  
 KNOCKDOWN BLOW.  
 (Looking at Crewmen)  
 Go on then, clap.  
 (Reaching for a gun)  
 Where is my gun?

Captain Blaes motions with his hands to the Crewmen. The Crewmen CLAPS quietly in recognition then they point to the expedition behind the boat.

CAPTAIN BLAES (CONT'D)  
 (To himself)  
 Oh, damn. They are here.  
 (To Crewmen)  
 Why the fuck didn't you tell me  
 they were here?

SPICER  
 (To Captain Blaes)  
 If you didn't have such a damn good  
 singing voice, I would throw you  
 overboard for hitting a member of  
 my Crew and he is also my friend to  
 boot.

CAPTAIN BLAES  
 (Mocking)  
 Oh... that's your job...  
 (Hiccup)  
 ... Is it?  
 (Grabbing Dr. Hanschell's  
 chin)  
 He is fine. He is fine.

Captain Blaes pats Dr. Hanschell hard on the face then passes out and rolls over into a bundle of wet rope. He puts some of the rope over him as a blanket.

Captain Holmquist stands behind Dr. Hanschell and Spicer.

SPICER  
 He's gone mad.

CAPTAIN HOLMQUIST  
 I told you, sir.

SPICER  
 Stow it and help me get him up.

CAPTAIN HOLMQUIST  
 It's best not to move him.



SPICER  
 Not the captain, you idiot.  
 (Grabbing the doctors'  
 arm)  
 The doctor.

Captain Holmquist blushes and helps lift Dr. Hanschell to his feet.

DR. HANSHELL  
 Bloody hell. You fool.  
 (Spits out blood)  
 Cannot punch or sing.

SPICER  
 I thought he was alright.

Dr. Hanschell wrestles his arm away.

DR. HANSHELL  
 (Terse)  
 I'm fine.

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
 (To Spicer)  
 Where do you want it, Commander?  
 (To Crewmen)  
 Look lively! Check those cranes. It  
 appears they may have been...  
 mistreated.

Spicer nods approvingly and finds his way to Captain Blaes' cabin.

INT. "BLAES CABIN" STEAMBOAT

Spicer finds a knife protruding from the cabin door. He wedges it off and sees it still has dried bits of hair on it and coagulated blood from recent use.

EXT. STEAMBOAT - CONTINUOUS

Spicer puts the knife down and they both back out of the cabin. The Crew stares at them. All twelve of the men under Captain Blaes look to be entranced. Motionless.

SPICER  
 Let us get this over with, shall  
 we?

DR. HANSHELL  
 Mm-hmm.

SPICER  
(Pointing towards the  
Crewmen)  
You men. Help us secure the boats  
to the barge!

CREWMEN  
(All Together)  
Aye-aye sir!  
The men don't move.

SPICER  
Right.  
(Puzzled)  
What is your name, son?

Spicer leans over to touch the shoulder of a YOUNG SAILOR and the Sailor starts YELLING. Takes an American made Colt Revolver from his pocket and blows his brains out on deck.

The pistol drops to the ground and Spicer picks it up.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
It is the... Captains?

He holds the weapon up to the sun and the Crewmen, in unison, bow to Spicer.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
(To himself)  
Interesting.

Spicer FIRES the rest into the air. Each shot sends terror down the spines of the Crewmen, shivering with each bang.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
I am captain now. That man may say  
he is but that is not true...  
Now, is it?

CREWMEN  
(Standing)  
Aye. Aye sir.

CREWMEN (CONT'D)  
(Pointing to dead Sailor)  
His name was mud.

SPICER  
Back to the earth he returns.  
(Shouting)  
Look lively.  
(To the Crewmen, pointing  
to LT. Wainwright)  
LT.

(MORE)

SPICER (CONT'D)  
Wainwright, down there, needs help  
to get those boats safely and  
securely onto the barge.

CREWMEN  
Impossible, sir.

SPICER  
Why?

CREWMEN  
The crane has been broken for  
months. Well, ever since the  
captain made it into a swing, sir.

SPICER  
(To himself)  
Right.  
(To the Crewmen)  
We will do it the old-fashioned  
way.

Spicer shoves the gun into the front of his skirt. He takes  
off his shirt and tosses it onto Captain Blaes.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
(To Congolese)  
Grab some water and a 15-minute  
break on deck.

Spicer grabs a ream of rope and tosses it to the Mimi,  
motioning to them the necessary instructions. He then signals  
for the Congolese to come on board, tie up and get some  
water.

CONGOLESE  
(To themselves in  
Kiswahili)  
What is he saying?

SPICER  
(Noticing the confusion)  
Damn, damn.  
(To Tubby)  
Tubby! Front and center.

Josephine the Chimpanzee, imitating her owner Tubby, lay in  
the shade sweating.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
TUBS!

Josephine the Chimpanzee leans over and slaps Tubby's  
stomach. He rouses.

SPICER (CONT'D)

Tubby!

TUBBY EASTWOOD

Aye, sir!

SPICER

Tell them to grab some water and a bit of shade. The real work is about to begin.

TUBBY

(Speaking Kiswahili)

Grab some water and sit on the front deck under the awning.

CONGOLESE

(In Kiswahili, to Tubby)

What time should we be back?

TUBBY

(In Kiswahili)

Hold, please.

(In English, to Spicer)

What time should they be back, sir?

SPICER

(Occupied)

What?

TUBBY

Time. When are we starting back up?

SPICER

Oh right. 1500 hours.

TUBBY

Aye, Aye Sir.

(In Kiswahili, to  
Congolese)

1500 hours.

Tubby relays the instructions back to the Congolese who then pass Spicer one by one and touch his forearm where his snake tattoo is.

Spicer takes this as a good omen and even more proof that he is in fact the snake god.

The Congolese just wanted to say thank you and without knowing his language decided a pat on the back would be easiest to understand.

SPICER

Jolly good. Cheers.

Cheers Mate.

(MORE)

SPICER (CONT'D)  
 (Winking at Tyler)  
 You see, Tyler?  
 (Back to Congolese)  
 Cheers.

Tyler catches the wink, and we see him take a shot of Worcestershire in the background.

TYLER  
 (To himself)  
 Wanker.

The men spend the next 48 hours fashioning a log ramp to hoist each of the ships onto the barge before the day is out.

EXT. DECK OF CONSTANTINE DE BURLEY - DAY

SUPER: Lualaba river, Congo. 16 OCTOBER 1915. DAY 123.

Captain Blaes is roused by the SCRAPING of the Toutou being towed onto the barge deck, nearly hitting him in the process.

As all the men are busy loading and securing the boats onto the towed barge, Captain Blaes stands, composes himself, and heads towards the bridge.

The crew shrugs him off and continue to work on the ships.

Captain Blaes takes the helm and the boat starts moving. He dumps a canteen of water over his head.

Spicer notices the boat change course and hops over the railing of the ship and up the stairs just in time to see the captain shake water off himself, like a dog.

SPICER  
 Captain. Feeling better?

CAPTAIN BLAES  
 (Burping)  
 Quite. Just needed some sleep.  
 (Drinking something out of  
 a bottle)  
 Cheers.

Spicer looks at him disbelieving but not yet ready to take over the command of the ship. Captain Blaes looks down at the gun in the skirt. Then does a double take as he realizes he's wearing a skirt.

CAPTAIN BLAES (CONT'D)  
 Which team are you playing for?

SPICER  
(Confused)  
Excuse me?

CAPTAIN BLAES  
Why in God's name are you dressed  
like a woman?

Gathering around the cabin are some members of the Constantin de Burley Crewmen that are also wondering the same thing.

Pressing their ears to the door of the bridge.

SPICER  
Keep your eyes straight ahead, we  
are nearing a bend.

Captain Blaes whips the wheel hard right, heading straight into the riverbank. The Naval Africa Expedition members, who don't know to hang on, are thrown across the deck.

The Constantin de Burley Crewmen members hold tight to various railings and bulkheads.

Spicer barely catches himself.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
(To Crewmen)  
Hang on, men.

Spicer pulls the gun from his skirt. Captain Blaes sees this and responds blithely.

CAPTAIN BLAES  
I know what the hell I am doing. We  
run the bow aground so that the  
weight of the stern is carried by  
the current to the deepest part of  
the river therefore whipping around  
the bend harmlessly.

Spicer and the rest of the expedition lean in the safe direction, port side, as Captain Blaes and Crewmen both lean and steer, rather counterintuitively, into the peninsula.

SPICER  
(Motions over the  
Captain's hands)  
Maybe, a little to port. Port.  
(Pointing port side)  
That way.

CAPTAIN BLAES  
(Slaps his hand away)  
Get your girl hands away from my  
wheel.

The boat hits the shallow water and creeks but holds fast, much to the surprise of the Expedition. The rear whips around in the current and rights itself on the other side so that the Captain can safely turn around.

Spicer is stunned silent.

SPICER

I, I...

CAPTAIN BLAES

Keep your skirt on and grab some chow. You do not want to eat after dark or you'll go hungry.

SPICER

What?

CAPTAIN BLAES

The bugs will eat it before you even light a match.

(Ominously)

And it gets dark fast. Out here on the river. Real dark.

Tubby and Josephine both GULP.

Spicer shrugs and nods. He turns around and grabs Tubby by the shirt.

Tubby grabs Josephine and they walk to the back of the boat to watch the setting sun.

EXT. TUGBOAT DECK - NIGHT

A couple of the men try to light matches on the deck of the boat and quickly extinguish them when giant insects begin to devour their meager rations whenever candlelight is present.

During the night men can be heard GASPING.

EXT. TUGBOAT DECK - DAY

The Men awoke to the BUZZING sound that was being omitted from the beating wings of the 'Tsetse fly.

CAPTAIN BLAES

Everybody hold fast!

(Closes the doors to the bridge)

'Tsetse inbound!

The Expedition looks up in bewilderment as an enormous cloud of flies descend on them.

They bite through clothing and have to be swatted a couple of times. The Crewmen are beginning to lose control of the boats and they veer to the left.

SPICER  
Hold fast, men.  
(Pointing and shoving men)  
Everyone to the starboard side now!

CAPTAIN BLAES  
You heard the man!

Everyone runs to the right side of the ship while still beating the flies off themselves. A few men jump in the river and have to be fished out.

The horde of flies dissipates and is replaced by a mist over the lake. A town on the starboard side comes into view.

Spicer can tell this is bad news and thumbs the colt in his hand.

Captain Blaes looks at the gun then up at Spicer.

CAPTAIN BLAES (CONT'D)  
There is no need for that son. They  
are already dead.

SPICER  
(Looking out)  
What happened to them?

CAPTAIN BLAES  
Sleeping disease.

SPICER  
(In Disbelief)  
The whole town?

CAPTAIN BLAES  
What is a child going to do without  
a mother?  
(beat)  
The hyenas picked the bones dry.  
(beat)  
Circle of Life.

An 8-foot-high thicket has grown like a wall around the village.

They hear the sound of the FLIES again.

The men huddle in fear as they float past the ominous banks of the dead village.



SPICER  
 (Acknowledging the thought  
 in his head)  
 Put the boats in the water.

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
 Sir?

SPICER  
 You heard me. Put the boats in. We  
 will bring them about and pull the  
 steamer behind us.

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
 Brilliant, sir.

SPICER  
 It seems the water is deeper here.  
 (To Captain)  
 Right?

Captain Blaes shrugs ambiguously.

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
 Right...  
 (Swatting at bugs)  
 Off I go then.

LT. Wainwright breathes in two large GULPS of air and opens  
 the bridge door and runs out onto the deck.

The boats, Mimi and Toutou, are seen from above getting into  
 position in the front of the steam ship.

Spicer is standing at the edge of the Toutou.

SPICER  
 Let us depart from this...  
 (waves hand)  
 River Styx.  
 (Shouting)  
 Engage the engines.

The Boats start up. The tow-ropes are pulled tight, and they  
 move the steamer into the mist and out of the horde of tsetse  
 flies.

Rocks from Indigenous people are seen hurtling through the  
 air as they are flung randomly from shore.

One of the rocks hit a crewman on the head and he drops off  
 the side ominously sinking to the bottom of the river.

CAPTAIN BLAES  
 Rot in hell!

Captain Blaes fires his weapon three times in the air.

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
Everyone down!

A Hippopotamus emerges bumping the boat. It swallows the body and slips back into the misty water.

CAPTAIN BLAES  
(Shakes his head)  
Take care with the locals.  
(Holding up a finger)  
But, beware the hippo.  
(beat)  
Capsize those two little boats you  
got--  
(beat)  
-- Just raising their backs.

SPICER  
Everyone hear that?

TYLER  
What are the signs, dear boy?

CAPTAIN BLAES  
Ears, occasionally.  
(Tosses his head back and  
forth)  
Bubbles sometimes.

Captain Blaes shrugs.

CAPTAIN BLAES (CONT'D)  
Sometimes not.

TYLER  
(Cleans his monocle)  
Wonderful description, Dear Boy.

Tyler places the monocle on his eye, then takes a shot.

EXT. WATERS EDGE / UNFINISHED DOCK - DAY

SUPER: Lake Tanganyika, 20 October 1915. Day 127.

FUNDI, (30s, male, industrious, smart) a tall African native working on the Kingani as an engine stoker, covered in charcoal soot, SHOUTS from the deck of the Kingani towards Mount Kungwe, or colloquially, the spirit M'kungwe.

FUNDI  
YOU BIG DEVIL!  
YOU BIG KING!

German Lt Job Rosenthal looks on while the natives shout at the mountain and nods approvingly to LT JUNGE, first officer.

LT JOB ROSENTHAL

(to Junge)

He shouts to M'kungwe, the spirit  
in the mountain, Lieutenant Junge.  
If the stories are true... At its  
base lay the bodies of sheep,  
chickens... And humans.

FUNDI

(In Kiswahili)

YOU KILL ALL MEN!  
LET US GO BY!

JUNGE

And if we do not appease the  
spirit?

LT JOB ROSENTHAL

Our luck runs out...

A GERMAN SAILOR pushes a NATIVE WOMAN off of the boat.

LT JOB ROSENTHAL (CONT'D)

(To German Sailor)

I told you, men, she was an  
important scout!

The German Sailor looks at LT. Job Rosenthal, shrugging as if it were an accident.

JUNGE

(to German Sailor)

Get below and stay there.

(To Lt. Job Rosenthal)

Well, sir.

(Motioning to the water)

There is our sacrifice.

Woman lands in the water SCREAMING and gets her arms and legs torn off. Woman disappears into the water after a crocodile's death spin takes her head off.

EXT. RIVERBOAT - DAY

Spicer leans over the railing of the riverboat with his rope and stick apparatus he fashioned to monitor river currents.

Captain Blaes sees Spicer leaning over the railing and also, just ahead of Spicer bubbles that were forming. Captain Blaes taps on the glass of the bridge with his bottle of hooch to alert Spicer.

CAPTAIN BLAES  
(shouting)  
Hey Spicer, get back from the  
goddamn railing!

Captain Blaes then sees the ears and nostrils of a Hippo  
emerge from the bubbles.

CAPTAIN BLAES (CONT'D)  
(To himself)  
Moron- this one, shit.

Captain Blaes blasts through the door to the bridge, leaps  
over the railing towards the bow, landing just behind Spicer.

The Hippos mouth erupts out of the water.

Captain Blaes pulls Spicer from behind just before the Hippo  
clamps his jaws. Simultaneously, he draws the pistol from the  
waist of Spicer's skirt and fires in the direction of the  
hippo which is enough to scare it off.

Captain Blaes escorts Spicer by the bicep and tosses him into  
the cabin like a little boy.

CAPTAIN BLAES (CONT'D)  
You ain't got no sense boy!  
(beat)  
You are going to get every one of  
your men killed.  
(Pointing to ear)  
You hear me?

Spicer shrivels onto the cabin bed, embarrassed and scared.

SPICER  
(Looks up)  
Am I alive?

Spicer bowls over in tears.

Captain Blaes throws him a towel.

CAPTAIN BLAES  
I am the reason you are alive!

SPICER  
Thank you, Captain.

CAPTAIN BLAES  
From now on you will be acutely  
aware of your surroundings and  
behave like a Royal Naval  
Commander.

Captain Blaes takes the towel he threw and walks over to Spicer and wipes his face for him.

SPICER  
(pitifully)  
Thanks.

CAPTAIN BLAES  
On your feet sailor.

Captain Blaes takes Spicer's hand and lifts him onto his feet.

CAPTAIN BLAES (CONT'D)  
(Looks into his eyes)  
I've seen you on deck. You know  
your way around a ship.

CAPTAIN BLAES (CONT'D)  
Never let your guard down! Not in  
front of the men you are supposed  
to be leading.

SPICER  
Right, of course.  
(beat)  
I guess I lost my head. I am glad  
to have you set me straight.

CAPTAIN BLAES  
You do not get away that easily.  
(beat)  
You got the bridge--

Captain Blaes flicks his wrist to show Spicer the door.

CAPTAIN BLAES (CONT'D)  
-- CAPTAIN Spicer.

Spicer stands and nods.

SPICER  
I think I understand.

CAPTAIN BLAES  
I do not think you do.

INT. STEAMSHIP DECK - NIGHT

Spicer stares into the night.

SPICER  
(to LT. Wainwright)  
Extinguish that stogie. Ruins your  
night vision sailor.

Spicer points to his eye.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
You got any kids, Wainwright?

LT. Wainwright extinguishes his cigarette, and the darkness is slowly illuminated by the moon.

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
Yes, sir. Baby Girl. Katie-Anna.  
She's two this month.  
(beat)  
You are gonna have a baby. What are  
you hoping for?

The pale blue light casting shadows through the trees.

SPICER  
I hope for-- A baby girl I should  
think. That is ff you recommend it,  
of course?

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
I would, sir, I would--  
(shouting)  
-- ROCK OFF THE PORT BOW! HARD TO  
STARBOARD!

A rock appears out of the dark.

SPICER  
Copy! Hard to Starboard!  
(Shouting to the boiler  
room)  
Give me all you got! Full steam!  
(To the men)  
Everyone on the left side now!

Men roll out of their bunks and hit the deck. Jumping and careening to the designated side.

INT. STEAMSHIP ENGINE ROOM - NIGHT

Captain Blaes hops down to the engine room and sees a rolling bottle of mineral spirits roll down the hall and into the room. Ashes from the boiler leap out and crash onto the ground as the boat is heaved upward.

CAPTAIN BLAES  
(shouting)  
Everyone, abandon ship!

INT. STEAMSHIP DECK - NIGHT

Spicer hears Captain Blaes yelling and turns and runs towards the engine room. Sliding down the stairs he sees the captain lunge towards the barrel of spirits narrowly missing it.

Spicer sees this and runs towards him.

Captain Blaes looks back and smiles then the entire boat erupts in a huge cannonball.

The forest is silent as the ship burns in the turbulent water.

Spicer and LT. Wainwright crawl to the beach and collapse.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Spicer and LT. Wainwright wakes up on the beach with Josephine the Chimpanzee watching them. She smiles from the shade of an umbrella propped up in the soft sand.

Spicer rises to see that both boats have been disembarked successfully from the back of the steam engine.

Looking up, Spicer sees a short Holo-Holo Chief, an elderly woman, and Dr. Hanschell huddled around him.

DR. HANSHELL

Welcome back. Can you tell me your name and rank?

Spicer thinks for a moment.

SPICER

Spicer-Simson, Admiral.

DR. HANSHELL

Close enough.

Dr. Hanschell grabs Spicer's waiting hand and pulls him to his feet.

SPICER

Good to be back. Where is LT. Wainwright?

LT. WAINWRIGHT

(In the distance)

Over here!

(Running towards Spicer)

What a ride that was!

SPICER

Blaes?

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
He's dead. He is very, very dead.

SPICER  
The men?

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
Everyone's fine. But um...

LT. Wainwright looks up to Hanschell.

SPICER  
But what?

DR. HANSHELL  
Well, the remaining Holo Holo or at least what remains of his Crewmen would like to come with us.

SPICER  
With us?

DR. HANSHELL  
More specifically...  
(Clears throat)  
With you.

Spicer stands and the entire tribe kneels, astonished at this scene, smiles.

The Holo-Holo look at each other in bewilderment and, then shrug their shoulders and CHEER.

SPICER  
(To Himself)  
Well, that is a sight and no mistake.

TYLER  
(To Josephine)  
Between you and me...  
(Take a shot)  
I think we are fucked.

Josephine the Chimpanzee closes her eyes with her hands.

SPICER  
(To Men)  
Make ready the Mimi and Toutou.

Each Crewmen member knew their jobs and went to work straight away. Men secured the rigging of the steamboat so it would not clog the canal and then left the ship derelict; to be swallowed whole by the ravenous jungle.

Spicer is seen in the distant background.



Dr. Hanschell walks over to meet him.

DR. HANSHELL  
You alright Spice?

SPICER  
The captain. I couldn't save him. I  
saw him just before he died.

DR. HANSHELL  
(Looking at Spicer)  
What did he say to you?

SPICER  
Say... nothing...  
(sighing)  
He smiled

DR. HANSHELL  
Smiled, eh? I think he knew we were  
in good hands.

Spicer looks up and meets Dr. Hanschells' gaze.

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
Every crewman needs a captain. We  
were kind of hoping you'd be ours.  
Seeing as how you are alive and  
all.

SPICER  
Til death or victory. Right old  
friend?

Dr. Hanschell pats Spicer on the back.

Spicer lays the captain's hat and gun in the hole he dug and  
then buries them with a fistful of sand.

DR. HANSHELL  
(Holding a bladder of  
wine)  
Death or victory

Dr. Hanschell drinks the wine and passes the bladder to  
Spicer.

SPICER  
(Holding up the bladder)  
Death or victory. Cheers.

EXT. HMS TOUTOU - LATER

22 October 1915. Day 129.

The forest grew dark, the water placid and the air a bit more humid. Like a kettle set to boil on low heat.

The men were wary this time, more excitable now that the journey is nearing its goal.

The Holo Holo crowd onto smaller boats and were dragged along behind motorboats with some tow cables.

Spicer kept both eyes peeled, he knew they should be about to Kabalo, or at least the township outside which marked their destination.

SPICER  
Steady on.

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
Aye, sir.

Through the fog and forest appears huts, under the thick canopy, a semi functional small harbor and a waving Belgian  
COMMANDER STINGHLAMBER.

STINGHLAMBER  
(Waving)  
Ahoy!  
(Chortling)  
You must be Commander Spicer.

SPICER  
(Referring to himself)  
Mon Colonel.

STINGHLAMBER  
Huh?

SPICER  
Also, Spicer-Simson.

STINGHLAMBER  
Simson?

SPICER  
It's hyphenated. Spicer-Simson

STINGHLAMBER  
I am not sure which part I am more  
confused by.

Spicer looks around at his own men as if he was the sane one.

SPICER  
And you must be Commandant  
Stinghlamber, I presume?

STINGHLAMBER  
 At your service--  
 (beat)  
 --Sir?

Stinghlamber takes a good long look at this strange sight. Josephine the Chimpanzee was riding high on the shoulders of a short fat man, Tubby.

A monocled Tyler, takes a shot of Worcestershire sauce and then spits into the river.

The Holo Holo are being tugged behind the boats. They disembark, folding their canoes onto the beach. They quickly begin to make ready the larger ships... still to be forded over land again for a short while.

STINGHLAMBER (CONT'D)  
 You're lucky... Sir Spicer-Simson.

SPICER  
 Colonel.

STINGHLAMBER  
 Whatever.  
 (Waves his hand)  
 While you were on the river, we finished up the track...  
 (beat)  
 And we are now able to bring you, the Crewmen, and the boats to the mouth of the Lukuga river, relatively unseen.

SPICER  
 Yes. How is the harbor looking?  
 Mostly finished, I hope.

STINGHLAMBER  
 (Shaking head)  
 Negative.

Spicer hops off the craft and onto the shore. Looking back, he makes a couple of gestures with his hands and the Men get to work unloading the ships.

TUBBY  
 (To Stinghlamber)  
 How do you do, sir? The name's Tubby.

STINGHLAMBER  
 Nice to meet you, Tubby.

TUBBY

Tubby Eastwood sir, at your service.

STINGHLAMBER

And who is this majestic beast?  
(Pointing towards Josephine)  
Josephine points to herself.

STINGHLAMBER (CONT'D)

Yes, you.

TUBBY

My trusted companion here is called Josephine.

STINGHLAMBER

A fine name for a pretty lady.

Josephine the Chimpanzee feigns demure and wipes a hand across her brow.

TUBBY

She's charmed, I'm sure.

STINGHLAMBER

Right.  
(To Spicer)  
First things first. Grab your second in command Admiral or otherwise.  
(beat)  
And I'll give you a private tour of our little home here.

Spicer, wincing at the bad joke, and now feeling a bit more loose, motions to Lt. Wainwright, Tubby and Dr. Hanschell to follow him and the Belgian Commander Stinghlamber.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

01 November 1915. Day 139.

Spicer, Josephine the Chimpanzee, Tubby, Stinghlamber and Dr. Hanschell scales up the side of a mountain that overlooks the Lake.

The lake appears from behind the mountain, not pretty and immaculate like the pictures in National Geographic and paintings but gray, misty and silent. The lake looked like a placid, foreboding obelisk.

A German boat, Kingani patrols the waters below and Josephine lets out a squawk.

TUBBY EASTWOOD  
 (Pointing)  
 There! You see it?

Everyone follows Tubby's fingers to the ship that lays a couple leagues below.

TUBBY EASTWOOD (CONT'D)  
 Just there.

SPICER  
 Yes, I see it.

STINGHLAMBER  
 That is the Kingani of the Imperial  
 German Navy.

SPICER  
 (Stroking his Van Dyke  
 Beard)  
 I see, I see.

DR. HANSHELL  
 Uh, guys...  
 (Tugging on Spicer's  
 Skirt)  
 Gentlemen...  
 (Clears throat)  
 The gun is pointed this way.

Just as he said that a burst of smoke comes from the front of the ship followed by a loud CLAP!

STINGHLAMBER  
 Everyone down!

Josephine the Chimpanzee and Tubby were already running down the hill before the shot rang out.

Dr. Hanschell, Stinghlamber and Spicer hit the deck and the bullet lodged with a THUD! Into the side of the mountain kicking up a cloud of dust and debris.

DR. HANSHELL  
 That was close.

STINGHLAMBER  
 They have gotten pretty good.

SPICER  
 Maybe time for another lookout spot  
 (Nods)  
 I think this one is most certainly  
 dialed in.

After a while the dust settles and they all look over the edge again to see the tail end of the Kingani slip into the fog and disappear.

STINGHLAMBER  
Welcome to Lake Tanganyika.

A solid basalt colored, lake shaped basilisk lay before them shrouded in a pale mist.

INT. WHITEHALL BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: WHITEHALL. 05 November 1915. Day 143.

Churchill, ADM Jackson, and ADM Gamble sitting in the office.

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON  
It's a damn shame to lose you.  
Gallipoli was nasty business.

WINSTON CHURCHILL  
Nasty business indeed sir.

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON  
What are your plans?

WINSTON CHURCHILL  
I intend to reenlist. I was  
thinking. Infantry.

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON  
Are you mad?  
(beat)  
Have you lost the plot?

WINSTON CHURCHILL  
Only time will tell.

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON  
Give them hell.

WINSTON CHURCHILL  
I will.

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON  
I know you will.

Churchill leaves the room.

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON (CONT'D)  
(to ADM Gamble)  
The navy needs a win, Admiral  
Gamble.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE

As luck would have it, the Naval Africa Expedition might just be the answer to our prayers.

(beat)

Simson's circus has reached the shores of Lake Tanganyika with HMS Mimi and Toutou. With assistance from our Belgian friends, the expeditionary force has begun work on the garrison.

(beat)

Spicer reports that the boats should be ready to launch by Christmas.

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON

A spot of luck, indeed. Keep me posted.

EXT. MAKESHIFT DOCK - DAY

All the WORKERS, BRITISH, Holo Holo TRIBESMEN and WOMEN, and BELGIANS gathered around the water to listen to a tatted, glistening, Spicer, who was already mid speech.

SPICER

We are on the far side of the world. This is the Naval Africa Expedition. This beach...

(Kicks the dirt)

Is our home... This beach is England.

(Gesturing towards the dock)

I need the harbor operational before the week is out.

(Nodding towards the lake)

I do not want to be caught unaware.

Josephine the Chimpanzee squawks.

SPICER (CONT'D)

(Looks at Josephine)

We will be fighting in the mist.

The Men BREATHE heavily.

Spicer gestures with his fly swatter.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
 I need Lt. Wainwright and his  
 company to start with the pylon  
 driving on the west whilst my team  
 and the holo holo contingent dig  
 the east side out.  
 (Stroking his beard)  
 Then we shall give these Germans  
 what for.

A loud CHEER came from behind the crowd and roared to the front. With the men now in good spirits bolstered by Spicer's singularly enigmatic speech they began to get to work.

Everyone starts to leave before being dismissed.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
 So...  
 (Noticing the people  
 leaving)  
 Quick's the word and--  
 (slower)  
 -- Sharp's the action.

Spicer looks around at the departing men.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
 (Quietly, raising his  
 brow.)  
 Dismissed.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

As the night approaches, the waxing hours of light flittered through the breaks in the trees.

SILENCE engulfs the camp.

A SHRIEK suddenly went out in the night.

Away towards the docks another SHRIEK is heard. And another.

The men spook and run almost on top of the water to escape the torso of a woman that bubbles to the surface and lies like a placid mannequin on top of the gray still water. Menacing the locals and causing all work to stop dead.

Spicer's tent is much larger, again, than anyone else and he has pitched a flag outside it that is emblazoned with the Vice Admiral's insignia that could be seen from the water.

Spicer wakes.



SPICER  
(Bolts upright)  
What the hell?

MUFFLED SCREAMS are now heard throughout the camp.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
(Putting on Skirt)  
What is the meaning of all of this?  
(To Tubby standing in the doorway)  
Tubby. Spill it.

TUBBY  
Well, sir. Well, you are going to  
have to take a look for yourself.

SPICER  
(Scoffs)  
If my men cannot form the words to  
let me know what has happened then  
it must be terrible indeed.

Spicer walks out of the tent past Tubby and a swaddled Josephine and steps up beside Stinghlamber.

STINGHLAMBER  
A body washed up from the depths,  
Sir Simson.

SPICER  
(Looking sternly)  
So?

STINGHLAMBER  
It has no head or arms.

SPICER  
Or legs I gather.

STINGHLAMBER  
Yes. Legless as well.

SPICER  
And...

STINGHLAMBER  
The men are together in thinking  
that this was a crocodile's meal  
and now they are unwilling to get  
back to work.

SPICER  
Surely, you jest.

STINGHLAMBER  
I jest not, sir Simson.

SPICER  
(Rolling his eyes)  
Enough of that.  
(Stroking beard)  
Let's see what we got then.

Spicer walks over to the edge of the water, carefully checking the surrounding area for movement or bubbles, then heads into the water unimpeded by fear.

Spicer grabs the body by the open neck and leg and tosses it up onto the beach at Stinghlamber's feet.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
This it?

STINGHLAMBER  
Yep. You found it.

Spicer SPITS into the water and walks up on the shore. The Holo-Holo take one step back in awe.

Josephine the Chimpanzee whips off her swaddling blanket and heads into Dr. Hanschell's tent.

DR. HANSHELL  
Perhaps setting up some netting around the area may dissuade the crocodiles from approaching and persuade everyone to continue working...  
(Looking around)  
Maybe?

Spicer nods, and walks back up to his tent.

SPICER  
(Looking back)  
LT. Wainwright. Make it so.

Spicer enters his tent.

Lt. Wainwright looks at the carcass at Stinghlamber's feet.

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
(To Stinghlamber)  
You got some nets?

Stinghlamber shakes his head in the negative.

STINGHLAMBER

We can get the Holo Holo to make  
some out of spare rope from the  
steamer you left back on the river.

LT. WAINWRIGHT

Oh, right.

(Nodding)

You are in danger of becoming a  
smart man, stinger...

Stinghlamber glowers approvingly at his new nickname, then  
disappears into the night.

INT. "DR. HANSHELLS" TENT - DAY

Two loud BANGS are heard and the tent sides are peppered with  
loose soil from a barrage of rounds shot from the deck gun of  
the Kingani.

Smoke seeps into the tent and Dr. Hanschell grabs a pair of  
thick black mosquito boots and puts them on as he brushes  
through the front of his tent into the mist.

Clad in boots and a nightie, Dr. Hanschell pads through the  
thick smoke with his hands.

Tribesmen run past and disappear, sporadically SHOUTING and  
flinging their arms in the air from frustration and fright.

An old SHAMAN appears in the mist covered in gray soot.  
Staring at Dr. Hanschell and then disappearing from view.

Dr. Hanschell reels from the sight as Spicer grabs him.

SPICER

Hanschell! We got wounded at the  
river's edge.

DR. HANSHELL

(Quietly)

How...

(Stammers)

Many?

Spicer can't hear the Doctor and looks to the mist.

SPICER

(To the mist)

RETURN FIRE!

STINGHLAMBER

What?

SPICER  
Shoot back!

As soon as Spicer yells three loud BANGS ring out from the shore gun battery of the camp and illuminate the mist in the distance. One after another all three shots miss as the boat slips back into the fog and disappears.

Everything becomes silent again.

The mist recedes and Dr. Hanschell runs down to the wounded men at the edge of the water.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
(To Himself)  
We have got to get this done Today!  
(Louder)  
This is the second time they have surprised me! There will not be a third.

Spicer looks around to see if anyone heard him.

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
(Looking at Tyler)  
There will be.  
(Mouthing the words)  
A third time.

LT. Wainwright mockingly motions the number three with his fingers to Tyler behind Spicer's back.

TYLER  
(Dusting his monocle)  
Yeah.  
(Quietly nodding)  
I know.

Spicer spins around to see Tyler wink and take a drink.

SPICER  
How are those nets coming along Tyler?

TYLER  
Wouldn't know, dear boy.

Tyler takes yet another shot, turns and walks away without saluting.

SPICER  
Bullocks.

At the edge of camp a young Messenger beats his feet against the earth, official leather satchel in his arms. He stops at Spicer.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
News of the world.

Tyler winks.

YOUNG MESSENGER  
(panting)  
Yes.  
(hands Spicer satchel)  
Sir.

SPICER  
Where's Omani?  
(waves hand)  
Never mind--

Spicer walks the Young messenger to his tent and hands him his canteen.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
Here, boy.

The young messenger takes a couple large swigs and departs.

Dr Hanschell's stuffed animal gift sits on his small table overlooking a topographical map of the surrounding area.

Spicer opens the leather satchel containing letters for the men, official documents. He tosses them onto his table, searching for a letter from his wife, Amy Simson.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
Bullshit--  
(tosses official document)  
Nope, Nope.  
(Flicks mail onto table)  
AH!

Spicer holds the envelope up in the air, presses it to his face and opens it.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
Beloved...  
(trials off)  
The doctors say--  
(he winces)  
What?! Pneumonia! But--  
(mouthing words)  
They say that it should pass but--  
the baby--  
(Lowers his hands)  
-- Is at risk. Please do not worry,  
Dr. Hanschell's wife visits  
frequently. Forever yours, Amy.

An EXPLOSION is heard in the distance. Spicer turns toward the noise but does not respond immediately.

SPICER (CONT'D)

My love.

(beat)

I should be there.

Spicer looks at the stuffed animal, and slides the note under its bottom.

EXT. "HOLO-HOLO" WATER WELL - DAY

Spicer runs out of his Tent and towards the explosions.

A young Holo-Holo WOMAN reaches down to scoop the water out of the well like she'd done a thousand times before.

An EXPLOSION can be heard through the camp.

The young Woman drops her bucket of water and clasps her hand around her ears.

Tubby and Josephine make their way to the front.

Baboons in the trees BARK orders to the men in boats.

SPICER

(Pointing up toward the baboons)

What the bloody hell are you listening to those bloody chimpanzee's for?

Josephine holds a hand over her face.

TUBBY

(correcting Spicer)

Baboons.

SPICER

Baboons--

(to Josephine)

Honest mistake, my sweet.

(to Stinghlamber)

Listen to me god-damn it!

(beat)

The Baboons do not know where the crocs are, you imbeciles!

Stinghlamber and the other men are on the dock watching this madness.

STINGHLAMBER  
 (in the distance)  
 Oh, like you know?

A Man is in the middle of the lake on a skinny boat paddled by a native. He preps a stick of dynamite and then puts it in a bottle and lowers it into the water. He flicks his wrist and murmurs in Swahili to make the man paddle out of the way.

A BANG is heard and the water bubbles up and out, full of fish and water, but no crocodiles.

The baboons in the tree start to point to another place and the man moves off to the next spot that the baboons point to.

BOOM! Another stick of dynamite goes off and another wave of fish and water splashes the men on the beach and the baboons LAUGH at the apparent stupidity of man.

EXT. DECK OF KINGANI - DAY

A German officer looks through a spyglass as this bizarre scene unfolds in front of him.

GERMAN OFFICER  
 (in German)  
 I believe--  
 (checks again)  
 -- They are fishing, sir.

Hidden by the mist the German officers take bets on the deck of the boat and LT Job Rosenthal walks over and takes the spy glass from the first officer.

LT JOB ROSENTHAL  
 (Looking through spyglass,  
 in German)  
 Fishing? Are they actually fishing  
 with dynamite?  
 (Chortling)  
 Can the English do anything  
 quietly?

Men on deck LAUGH and continue playing cards.

LT JOB ROSENTHAL (CONT'D)  
 (in German)  
 I've got an idea.

JUNGE  
 (in German)  
 What is your plan?

LT Job Rosenthal heads down to his cabin and appears relatively quickly with a can of grease and pitch fresh from sealing the leaks. He takes one hand and dips it in the pitch and wipes it on his chest.

JUNGE (CONT'D)  
 (In German)  
 I still have no idea what you...  
 (Trailing off)  
 Are you doing?

LT Job Rosenthal then puts the pitch on half his face.

LT JOB ROSENTHAL  
 (In German)  
 Camouflage!

LT Job Rosenthal smiles and then wipes the pitch on the first officer.

JUNGE  
 (In German)  
 Oh no...

LT Job Rosenthal nods, reluctantly.

EXT. DECK OF KINGANI - DAY

LT Job Rosenthal and Junge wade neck deep in the water as their ship gets smaller and smaller in the distance.

JUNGE  
 (In German)  
 Great idea.

LT JOB ROSENTHAL  
 (In German)  
 I know!

JUNGE  
 (In German)  
 Pardon me for seeming out of place,  
 but, sir, aren't they trying to  
 scare away the crocodiles with  
 dynamite?

LT JOB ROSENTHAL  
 (In German)  
 Well, they certainly aren't  
 fishing.

JUNGE  
 (In German)  
 My point exactly.  
 (MORE)



JUNGE (CONT'D)  
If there aren't any crocs over  
there... then they would be...

LT JOB ROSENTHAL  
Here?

JUNGE  
(In German)  
Where the meat is?  
(Nodding)  
Yes and where it is quiet.

LT Job Rosenthal paddles faster and passes the first officer.

They both make it to the beach and COUGH up some water from  
exhaustion.

LT JOB ROSENTHAL  
(in German)  
It took us too long to swim.

The pitch runs off their faces and the sun is going down  
behind the trees.

JUNGE  
We have to be back in an hour. I'm  
going to check out the camp and  
make my own way back here.

LT JOB ROSENTHAL  
You stay and wait for the boat. If  
I'm not back in 30 minutes. You are  
the Captain. You know what to do.

Lt Job Rosenthal creeps through the underbrush.

JUNGE  
(To himself, in German)  
Then why am I here?

Men in the distance can be seen running back and forth. They  
bring a large Tarp out and stretch it over the boats.

LT JOB ROSENTHAL  
(To himself, in German)  
So, they DID bring the boat's  
overland?

Rosenthal snaps a twig. A Tribesmen looks straight at him in  
the distance.

LT JOB ROSENTHAL, whose face is now visible because the pitch  
had run, is now in perfect view.

The Tribesman raises his hand to signal to the others waiting  
further away to stop.

LT Job Rosenthal looks out of the corner of his eye but remains still. Convinced he is still concealed. He waits.

The Tribesman, now on top of him, pokes him with the bayonet attached to the barrel of his rifle.

LT JOB ROSENTHAL (CONT'D)  
(In German)  
Don't shoot!

The Tribesman thought at first that this had been a Belgian or Englishman trying to shirk duties but once he heard the German accent he violently picked him up and threw him to the ground.

LT JOB ROSENTHAL (CONT'D)  
(louder, In German)  
Please! DON'T SHOOT!

The Tribesman then puts his hand around his throat and begins to suffocate him.

Spicer, now noticing the commotion see's the disturbance in the distance. Grabbing his weapon he runs into the woods towards the disturbance.

Spicer sees the Tribesman strangling LT. Job Rosenthal in the forest and tackles him off.

TRIBESMAN  
(In Kiswahili)  
They killed my family.  
(Gesticulating to Spicer)  
They killed my wife.  
(Spitting)  
My DAUGHTER, AMANI!

The Tribesman, about to stab Rosenthal, is stopped by Spicer.

SPICER  
(In Kiswahili)  
Killing him will not bring your family back.

Seeing the tattoos on the arms of Spicer reminded the Tribesman of whose company he is in, Master Belly Cloth's.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
(To Rosenthal)  
Good afternoon, love. Did you fancy a swim? You are a spy.

LT JOB ROSENTHAL  
(In German)  
Spare me! I am a low ranking officer and I am lost.  
(MORE)

LT JOB ROSENTHAL (CONT'D)  
 (shutting his eyes)  
 I have a wife and a baby girl.

SPICER  
 You shut your mouth with that  
 German hogwash.  
 (Punches Rosenthal, in  
 German)  
 You are a bloody spy and you are on  
 the first train to England.

Lt Job Rosenthal cringes at the sound of the word England.

Spicer picks him up by his collar and drags him into town.

The entire camp erupts in CHEERS.

TYLER  
 (Shouting)  
 WE GOT US A GERMAN!  
 (Taking shot)  
 WE GOT US A GERMAN!

The Tribes people begin to assemble in some great numbers  
 around Spicer who now stands over the prisoner with his colt  
 in one hand and the prisoner's cuff in another.

SPICER  
 (Points to the lake)  
 It is time to reclaim this lake!

CHEERS erupt in camp and the dock work began and lasted  
 through the night. By the next day, the dock work was  
 complete, and they could now start to bring the boats into  
 the water for sea trials.

Lt Job Rosenthal is seen disheveled and bound; being taken to  
 the back of the camp and put on a train bound for Britain.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

SUPER: 23 DECEMBER 1915. DAY 191.

The Mimi and Toutou are launched into the lake one at a time.  
 Doing so takes the strength of the entire camp. Both boats  
 maintain buoyancy to the surprise of all involved.

SPICER  
 (To the Mechanics)  
 An extra ration of drink for our  
 intrepid mechanics!

Both Cross and Lamont look out from inside the Mimi and  
 Toutou, respectively.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
LT. Wainwright. How are we looking?

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
(To Spicer)  
Quite good actually.  
(Nods into the boat)  
Both have small leaks here and there.  
(Spits)  
But they should be patched up by this evening.  
(To Cross and Lamont)  
We have Cross, and Lamont, to a lesser extent, to thank for this.

SPICER  
I will not soon forget it.

Chief Gunlayer Waterhouse (25, Male, smart, natural leader) is fiddling around with springs and coils and metal on land.

CHIEF GUNLAYER JAMES WATERHOUSE  
The weapons should be available for testing in the morning, sir.

SPICER  
(Nods)  
What is the hold up?

CHIEF GUNLAYER JAMES WATERHOUSE  
Boats have to be in the water first.  
(Laughs)  
And prove they would not sink before I mount our only deck guns to them.  
(Rolling his eyes)  
Otherwise...

SPICER  
Noted. I look forward to the live fire test in the morning. And, for the love of king and country, bolt them properly this time around.

In the dusk with everyone at work, Spicer permits an earnest smile. Amy, holding a baby, appears only to him. She nods and smiles at Spicer from across the water. He smiles back.

Dr. Hanshell catches a glimpse of Spicer nodding and smiling at the other side of the water. He makes a note.

EXT. HMS TOUTOU - DAY

Spicer readies his Flotilla. The boats were pitched and tested. A new gun is mounted onto the deck.

SPICER  
(On Toutou)  
FIRE!

The ships FIRE into the forest. All the Trees, save one, are leveled to the ground.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
Excellent Men! AND, the guns are  
still in one piece. Well done,  
Waterhouse...

Smoke fills the void left by trees and the dust settles leaving one tree hanging and within seconds it falls with a satisfying THUD.

Spicer's muscles bristle in the light of day.

CHEERS break out from the Crewmen and are ECHOED by those watching on the land.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
(Looking into the mist)  
God Damn right!

Spicer stands under the Vice Admiral's flag, taking in the blood-red morning light.

People wave as they pass him. Others bow. Some run.

The SIGNALMAN is by the opening to the docks.

Spicer passes him on the right and grabs the semaphore flags out of the Signalman's hand, who is stunned.

SIGNALMAN  
Have I done something wrong, sir?

SPICER  
I am a better seaman than you will  
ever be...  
(Snorts)  
Better than the lot of you!  
(Laughs and runs onto the  
HMS Mimi)  
Time for some...  
(Getting into position)  
Proper boat maneuvers!

The boats hadn't started yet so it took a while for them to get in position.

STINGHLAMBER  
Hey,-- snake god.

Spicer, adamant about his proper semaphore approach, stood motionless with the flags on the bow. He gave no more orders verbally.

Spicer takes the flags and does weird hand motions with them, trying to imitate the signals he's seen before.

STINGHLAMBER (CONT'D)  
They cannot understand what the  
bloody hell you are signaling!  
(Holds two rags up and  
starts mimicking Spicer)  
Oi! Ssssssssssnake God.  
(gestures with flags)  
Check me out.

Stinghlamber continues to mock him, whistling and gesturing.

The boats are doing circles. Halting. Going backwards. Spicer shows he is upset but never broken.

The people on the boat start to take off their clothes and twirl them around in response.

Spicer stops. Turns around and heads back inland. Without saying another word.

SIGNALMAN TASKER  
(to LT. Wainwright)  
I cannot understand one bloody  
semaphore.

CHIEF GUNLAYER JAMES WATERHOUSE  
(Shouting to towards the  
docks)  
Commander Spicer!!! Tasker says he  
cannot understand your  
instructions!!!  
(Slapping the deck wildly)  
Where are you going!  
(laughing)  
Please come back!

Spicer walks past a baboon.

Spicer then kicks dirt at the watching primate. The baboon simply stands and meets his gaze. Slow motion of the baboon, unblinking, Staring into his eyes.

Spicer, terrified, does an about-face and walks straight into his tent. He yells out to see the Signalman Tasker.

SPICER  
 (To Holo-holo aide)  
 Get me that damned Signalman in  
 here now!

Spicer throws the idol out of the tent.

Signalman Tasker comes in the tent flap.

SPICER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 What the hell was going on out  
 there?!  
 (Furious)  
 You made me look like a fool.

SIGNALMAN TASKER  
 Sir. That was not my intention sir.

SPICER  
 THEN EXPLAIN YOURSELF!

SIGNALMAN TASKER  
 Sir. Whatever semaphore code--  
 (beat)  
 -- Uh, dialect?  
 (Shaking head)  
 That you were attempting to send...

SPICER  
 What?

SIGNALMAN TASKER  
 Sir, it was gibberish.  
 (Coughs)  
 There were no instructions  
 (beat)  
 At all.  
 (Laughs)  
 A broken clock is right twice a day  
 but...  
 (Shaking his head)  
 Sir. You think you would have  
 accidentally communicated  
 something. You beat the odds.

SILENCE fills the tent.

SPICER  
 I am giving Chief Waterhouse orders  
 never to take you afloat again.  
 Dismissed.

Signalman Tasker walks out of the tent in astonishment and  
 Exits.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

SUPER: 26 DECEMBER 1915. DAY 194.

Both the Mimi and the Toutou, now fitted, and sea worthy sit silently at the mouth of the harbor.

The boats glisten in the sun like black teeth protruding from the mouth of the lake.

The men begin to equip themselves with only the gear they require. Some men apply camouflage of their own choosing.

Others can be seen on the shore being painted by the natives.

Spicer is one of the men on shore being painted head to toe in ancient glyphs and solid blue hand prints.

SPICER  
Our policy is to make the world  
Britain, Well boys--  
(beat)  
-- I would hate to disappoint them.  
(Looking around)  
STATIONS!--  
(beat)  
-- LOOK LIVELY!

The crew leave the safety of the banks in unison and board their respective vessels.

Waterhouse and Tait climb into the HMS Mimi, with Spicer close behind.

Flynn is manning the gun on the Toutou, with Mollison at the wheel, as LT Dudley climbs aboard.

A tarp is taken off both deck cannons simultaneously and the engines roar to life with a crackle.

Men are made busy by loading and stowing ammo and loose equipment.

Spicer takes the wheel of the ship and looks around smiling.

The boats GRIND into gear and begin to move forward.

Huge wakes from the ships rip the surface of the water from either side and splash the edges of the water up onto the beachhead and harbor.

The water touches the toes of a small gray chieftain and he points towards Mount Kungwe.

Waiting crocs are revealed beneath the surface on either side by the giant waves. Not where they had dynamited however...



Both boats cut huge swaths of water out of the way as we see them disappear into the mist.

The CHIEFTAIN appears at the edge of the water and SHOUTS to M'Kungwe.

CHIEFTAIN  
(In Kiswahili, shouting)  
YOU BIG DEVIL!  
You big king!  
You kill all men!  
Let us go by!

With the flick of a wrist the chieftain throws ash into the air.

EXT. DECK OF HMS MIMI - DAY

Forward progress grinds to a halt because neither boat could see far enough ahead to avoid collisions which could damage the newly deployed ships.

A ship-sized shadow sits in the mist.

The men squint and jump at any shadow, and become more nervous the more time they spend inside the fog.

SPICER  
Cross, take the helm.

Spicer transfers control of the bridge over to Cross.

CROSS  
(Switching places with  
Spicer)  
Aye, sir.

Spicer walks up to the bow of the ship. Resting his hand slowly on Waterhouse who is uneasily sweating and twitching from anxiety.

Tyler takes off his monocle and wipes the sweat from the front of it and fits it back in place.

Spicer leans out to smell the air when a loud THWACK rings through the mist.

SPICER  
(To everyone)  
Hold men! They cannot possibly see  
us.

Everyone waits with bated breath to see what the mist reveals.

The stern of the Kingani slowly comes into view.

EXT. DECK OF KINGANI - DAY

LT Junge, looking through field binoculars at the stern of the Kingani.

JUNGE  
(shouting to his men, in  
German)  
Die Engländer sind hier. FULL  
STEAM!

EXT. DECK OF MIMI - DAY

SPICER  
Close the gap!

Just then, the sky opened up and started to pour down icy rain. M'kungwe is upset.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
(looks up at the mountain)  
M'kungwe,  
(Nods towards Germans)  
I offer you a sacrifice

The men, by now practiced and hungry for action, let loose an intense barrage of fire onto the deck of the Kingani.

EXT. DECK OF KINGANI - DAY

Flakes of wood and splinters fill the air on the deck of the Kingani.

FUNDI, in the engine room, pours oil on the fire.

Kingani returns fire, missing the boats.

LT. Junge, on deck, yells orders to the men.

PENNE, Navigation Officer, runs up from below deck bringing rifles.

PENNE  
(to Junge)  
Brought up some rifles, sir.

JUNGE  
Get behind the iron gun shield  
(beat)  
You should be safe from their  
little British guns there!

PENNE  
What now sir?

JUNGE  
OPEN FIRE!

Penne and another seaman pop up from the safety of the gun shield and begin firing the rifles at the HMS Mimi as she motors towards them.

Junge, now standing with binoculars, looks at the oncoming ships.

EXT. DECK OF THE MIMI - DAY

Spicer, standing just behind Chief Waterhouse, who is manning the Mimi's gun, can see the German captain looking at him with binoculars.

A shell landed just off the bow lands and slashes the deck.

Tait pulls the boat away from the shell impact.

Bullets from German rifles whiz past the HMS Mimi.

TAIT  
(To Spicer)  
SIT DOWN!

SPICER  
(Cigarette holder in  
mouth)  
I can see better standing up!

Spicer begins to shout into Waterhouse's ear but because of the cigarette holder and the engines, was barely intelligible.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Range, 50 meters!

CHIEF GUNLAYER JAMES WATERHOUSE  
(Annoyed, looking over)  
What are you saying to me?

SPICER  
Range, 40 meters!

CHIEF GUNLAYER JAMES WATERHOUSE  
WHAT!?

SPICER  
Range, 35 meters?

CHIEF GUNLAYER JAMES WATERHOUSE  
 (shouting back)  
 I know the goddamn range, I can  
 see...

Waterhouse fires wildly into the air, missing the Kingani.

SPICER  
 (Annoyed)  
 CAN YOU!?

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Dr. Hanschell, Tubby, and Josephine the Chimpanzee watch the sea battle unfold.

HMS Mimi is seen dodging incoming rounds from the Kingani and steers out of the way to the stern of the Kingani.

DR. HANSHELL  
 (sipping tea)  
 Nice day for an outing.

TUBBY EASTWOOD  
 I dare say you are the right  
 doctor. What say you, Josephine?

Josephine, at first squawking and bouncing around the cliff side, suddenly becomes quiet and points towards Mt. M'Kungwe.

HMS Toutou is seen lining up a shot at the bow.

EXT. DECK OF THE KINGANI - DAY

Inside the engine room is crowded by men shoveling and pouring and stacking.

Fundi, controls the levers and furnace door.

GERMAN ENGINEER  
 Great job FUNDI! Keep it up.

German Engineer slaps Fundi on the back and runs up to the deck of the Kingani.

Junge, lowers the binoculars and just as the German Engineer gets to the top. Junge is BLOWN UP into tiny pieces by a shell from the Toutou that passed right through the iron gun shield.

The German Engineer cries out in anguish.

Junge's body, now split into pieces still clung together by sinew, half of his body fused onto the iron gun shield.

A shell passes overhead, into the Engine room skylight, without exploding, and then straight through the hull.

A splash is heard and the German Engineer looks over the side of the deck at Fundi swimming to safety.

Flames lick the deck and the ship begins to list.

The German Engineer looks up at the HMS MIMI coming at high speed on a collision course.

Spicer is seen on the bow of the ship in a skirt.

The German Engineer, grabbing his handkerchief, waves it vigorously at the oncoming ship.

EXT. DECK OF MIMI AND KINGANI - DAY

Spicer stands on the deck of HMS MIMI, muscles bristling, accidentally slips and falls.

SPICER  
Bollocks!

The German, seen waving the handkerchief, lets out a brief laugh.

The MIMI slams into the side of the boat.

The HMS Toutou docks along the opposite side and Flynn jumps aboard the Kingani.

Flynn steps up beside the German Engineer, and grabs him. Flynn spins him around and sees what the German Engineer was looking at.

The Half-fused, half-mangled bloody body of Junge that is now fused to the iron gun shield.

Flynn promptly FAINTS.

Unintentionally, the Kingani had sailed into the perfect position for men on both the Mimi or the Toutou to board.

Spicer takes his pistol in hand, slowly sets the hammer, and strolls to the bridge.

The air is thick and it's gone quiet again.

GROANS are heard all over.

An officer is in the engine room attempting to flee out of the same hole Fundi made his escape.

Spicer turns the corner surprising him.

Spicer motions to the German officer with his finger to come on deck and move to the rear.

The German Officer had managed to grab a loose piece of wood and SMACKS Spicer in the chest.

Spicer's gun FIRES and a bullet bounces around inside the engine room and finds a home in the leg of another GERMAN SAILOR, who doubles over in pain.

GERMAN SAILOR  
(in German)  
SHIT!

The German officer throws himself onto Spicer and the men have a fist fight that folds out onto the bow of the ship.

The mist VANISHES.

The British Crewmen have taken the remaining German Crewmen as prisoner's on the deck of the Kingani.

German and English Sailors start cheering.

Spicer and the German Sailor begin to circle each other and fight on the bow of the ship.

SPICER  
(In German)  
Come on you filthy...  
(Punches)  
Cabbage eating...

Spicer hits the German Officer with a right hook nearly sending him off the bow of the ship.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
Mother...  
(Punches)  
Fucker!

The German Officer spits blood onto the deck, wipes his mouth and stands.

GERMAN OFFICER  
(In German, standing)  
Get off my boat.

Spicer trips on a rope clip and hits the deck with a THUD.

The German Officer climbs on top of him and grabs his blouse with the left hand, then punches Spicer with his right hand.

SPICER  
(In German, standing)  
Nein...  
(MORE)

SPICER (CONT'D)  
 (Holds the Germans' hand  
 in midair)  
 My... Boat... Now!

Spicer KNEES him in the groin and FLIPS the German Officer around on his back.

Spicer then GRABS the German Officer's head with both hands and PLUNGES his fingers into the German's eye sockets. He pauses and scans the area for Amy. He shakes his head. She wasn't there.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
 (Shouting into the German  
 Officer's face)  
 You cannot kill... A god!

The distance from Spicer's mouth to the German Officer's face was mere inches. His saliva was dripping and a final POP was heard coming from the German Officer's eye sockets.

Blood splatters all over Spicer's face.

The German Officer's hands slowly beat and then STOP.

Everyone watching slowly stopped cheering as this was clearly more upsetting than anything they had imagined.

Spicer stands and points to Mount Kungwe.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
 YOU BIG DEVIL!  
 You big king!  
 You kill all men!  
 Let us go by!

SILENCE falls over the men.

The mist returns and ENVELOPS the three vessels.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
 Let us finish what we came here  
 for.  
 (To LT Arthur Dudley,  
 pointing)  
 Load those prisoners onto our  
 motorboats and take them ashore.

ARTHUR DUDLEY  
 Right away, Commander.  
 (to Mollison and Tait)  
 You two Scottish brutes, see that  
 these prisoners do not cause us any  
 trouble.

TAIT  
 (to the German Prisoners)  
 Get your asses moving!

Spicer can be seen through the mist gesturing.

SPICER  
 (To LT. Wainwright)  
 We need to get this ship patched  
 up, refitted and back onto the  
 water.

I have a feeling we will need it.

EXT. BELGIAN / ENGLISH PIER - NIGHT

The Kingani cuts through the mist in front of the Belgian /  
 English pier.

SPICER  
 (To the people on the  
 beach line)  
 Three cheers for Mimi and Toutou!  
 HIP HIP!

Everyone on the beach SHOUTS.

EVERYONE  
 (Shouting in unison)  
 Hooray!

SPICER  
 HIP HIP!

MEN ON BEACH  
 HOORAY!

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Men throw logs on the fires and the edge of the camp is  
 ROARING with activity and everyone in good spirits.

Spicer is busy inspecting the Kingani, he finds Cross, Tait  
 and Lamont in the engine room and Tyler lurking in the  
 stowage compartment.

CROSS  
 (To Spicer)  
 Commander.

SPICER  
 Cross. How is she looking?



CROSS

Not bad. She will make 4 knots  
easy.

(Nods)

Slow sure, but steady.

SPICER

That is better than I could have  
expected.

TAIT

(Looking down)

Sure be glad when this is over.

SPICER

(Looking around)

Where is your sense of adventure?

TAIT

(Soberly to Spicer)

I left it, sir. On the river.

SPICER

(to Tait)

You look shook up.

TAIT

A tad, sir. We all are--

SPICER

But...

TAIT

But, my enlistment was supposed to  
end tonight, same for the others.

EVERYONE

(In unison)

AYE!

Spicer looks each man in the eyes, uncorks his sheep's  
bladder of red wine and gives it to Tait to pass around.

TAIT

(Begrudgingly)

Thank you, sir.

Tait takes a big GULP and nearly pukes.

SPICER

Doctor's family vineyard.

TAIT

Worth every drop.

SPICER  
 Once the Hedwig is at the bottom of  
 the lake we ALL return heroes.  
 (Looks around)  
 Where is LT. Wainwright?

LT. Wainwright pops out of a crevice, covered in oil.

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
 (Gesturing to his body  
 covered in oil)  
 I would rather do this than go out  
 in that mist again. It takes a  
 while to fire these engines up we  
 better have extra deck hands and  
 then some.

The men are all standing in front of the Patched hole in the  
 engine room.

SPICER  
 As luck would have it. The German's  
 engine stoker, a Holo-Holo named  
 Fundi, escaped through that hole--  
 (Pointing to the patched  
 hole)  
 -- And has volunteered to take up  
 his old post. For a price of  
 course...  
 (beat)  
 I remember talking about your  
 daughter with you, Katie, right?

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
 Just before we crashed.  
 (nods)  
 You asked-- If I recommended having  
 a girl?

SPICER  
 I would very much like to know.

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
 I would recommend it, Commander.  
 Very much indeed.

The other men in the room smile and nod at the thought of  
 their loved ones.

SPICER  
 Good. Good.  
 (beat)  
 Trust me enough to get you back to  
 yours.  
 (reaches for his hand)  
 Alright, son?

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
(shakes his hand)  
Alright, sir.

Tyler takes a shot in the distance and nods at Spicer through the large steam valves.

SPICER  
(rubbing the pipes)  
I am christening her the HMS Fifi,  
my new flagship. It means Tweet-  
Tweet.

Everyone laughs as Spicer, who hops up the ladder and disappears onto the top deck.

EVERYONE  
(laughing)  
Tweet-Tweet!

EXT. CAMP - DAY

The steamship KINGANI is being renamed and freshly painted, HMS FIFI.

Spicer steps out of his tent in a towel and slippers.

Tattooed head to toe with beasts, birds, reptiles, flowers, and insects.

The servant pours hot water into a basin.

The TRIBE gathers to watch. They are covered with face masks, horns and feathers. Some are BEATING drums while others DANCE festively.

Spicer stands in the basin covered in bubbles and enjoying the music.

The SERVANT serves SPICER vermouth and then lights his cigarette.

In the distance we can see white spirals circle up from the water.

Spicer squints and nods his head walking away from the water basin naked and mid-rinse.

Doctor Hanschell walks up to a very naked Spicer.

DR. HANSHELL  
What in god's name is that?  
(pointing)  
(MORE)

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
 I never read about this region  
 having tornadoes or any other such  
 nonsense.

Spicer takes another toke from his pipe.

SPICER  
 (Exhaling smoke)  
 Mmm-hmmm. I have seen these before.  
 (Nodding)  
 Back when I was running goods along  
 the Yangtze River.  
 (Looks at the Doctor)  
 That is in China.

Dr. Hanschell nods, well aware of where the Yangtze was  
 located and was fairly certain Spicer was full of shit.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
 (Speaking nonsense  
 Chinese)  
 N'shuan Tso Tso's. They called  
 them.  
 (Taking another large  
 toke)  
 Meaning the air is full of little  
 devils.

DR. HANSHELL  
 (Nodding)  
 I think the literature or at the  
 very least the Holo-Holo would have  
 warned us about such things.

SPICER  
 Do they look like world travelers?

Dr. Hanschell Shrugs.

DR. HANSHELL  
 Can I get you a... Towel or  
 something for your...

SPICER  
 I air dry.

DR. HANSHELL  
 Hmmm. Of course.  
 (beat)  
 I will inquire about these  
 phenomena with the Holo-Holo lads.

Dr. Hanschell walks away.

SPICER  
 (Yelling after Dr.  
 Hanschell)  
 DOCTOR! LITTLE DEVILS THEY SAY!

Dr. Hanschell puts his hand up in sarcastic dismissal and walks towards a Tribesman.

Spicer stops just before his tent flaps, turns around to face the TRIBE and flexes his muscles in a gaudy display of hubris.

The Tribe CHEERS.

INT. "SPICER'S" TENT - DAY

The beginning of Sir Edward Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance March No.1" plays on a gramophone inside Spicer's tent as he readies himself. He grabs the stuffed animal Dr. Hanshell gave him and tucks into his skirt.

SPICER  
 And, Doudou-- For good luck.

Spicer takes the needle off the gramophone and steps back, eyeing the large wooden sound machine.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
 Curious.

Spicer places the needle back on the record and it picks up at 2:00 into "Pomp and Circumstance March No.1" during the "Graduation Ceremony" portion.

Spicer opens the flap to his tent.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
 (shouting)  
 Tubby! Doctor! I think I have found  
 a job worthy of your talents!

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Huge Termite mounds are seen dotted throughout the camp.

The engines on the boats ROAR to life. The larger steamship, now called HMS FIFI, sits just outside the dock.

Spicer hops up onto the FIFI's hull and inspects the deck weapon.

The Toutou is replaced by the overhauled HMS Fifi.

CHIEF GUNLAYER JAMES WATERHOUSE  
 Sir! She is tip-top and ready for  
 action.

SPICER  
 I love it when you say that.

Spicer tries to hop onto the Fifi's hull, but Tait moves the  
 boat forward, and Spicer lands in the water.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
 God-damn it.  
 (Splashing)  
 When you see me hopping...  
 (Grabs the side of the  
 boat and pulls himself  
 up)  
 Do not move the boat.

TAIT  
 Yes, sir.  
 (Timidly)  
 Sorry, sir.

A smaller boat loading a gramophone onto it's bow is seen at  
 the end of the docks. It is tied down to the ship with rope.  
 The sound bell has been enlarged.

TAIT (CONT'D)  
 Sir.  
 (nods to small boat)  
 What's that?

Tubby, Josephine and Dr. Hanshell lower themselves into the  
 small vessel.

SPICER  
 Tubby's first command.  
 (nods)  
 The HMS Distraction.

The boats sail in formation and one at a time disappear into  
 the mist.

EXT. DECK OF HEDWIG - DAY

Lt. Odebrecht is on the bridge with another German Officer at  
 the helm.

GERMAN SAILOR  
 (to Odebrecht)  
 Sir, I see steam rising from  
 Belgian vessels in the distance.

Lt Odebrecht lifts the field binoculars for a closer look.

LT ODEBRECHT

Not to worry, the Belgians always  
run from a fight. I have an idea,  
turn about, perhaps, we can draw  
them closer by pretending to  
retreat.

GERMAN SAILOR

Turning about.

Lt Odebrecht looking more closely, notices one of the  
Steamers looks the same shape as the Kingani.

LT ODEBRECHT

That is Kingani... but flying  
British colors.

GERMAN SAILOR

Now we know what befell LT  
Rosenthal.

LT ODEBRECHT

Indeed.

(Shaking his head)

We have a shot at retribution then.

Lt Odebrecht steps out onto the deck.

LT JOB ROSENTHAL

(Shouting)

Clear the deck for action. Deck  
guns and rifles at the ready.

(to himself)

For Rosenthal.

The boat sails into the mist again.

EXT. DECK OF FIFI - DAY

The giant white swirling vortex that Spicer saw earlier can  
be seen again on the horizon. Furiously whipping around in  
giant swirls.

SPICER

Oh, no.

(Looking at the vortex)

Little Devils on the horizon.

TAIT

Them, sir? Harmless. A column of  
bugs the Doctor says.

SPICER

Is the doctor also an expert on  
waterspout varieties?

(MORE)

SPICER (CONT'D)  
Did he Captain a boat on the  
Yangtze River?

CHIEF GUNLAYER JAMES WATERHOUSE  
Well... I don't know.

SPICER  
Avoid them at all costs. They could  
capsize us and swallow us whole. I  
have seen it happen before--  
(Looks off into distance)  
-- In southern China.

TAIT  
Right, sir. Avoid at all costs. Got  
it, sir.

The boats form up and Spicer SHOUTS to the HMS Distraction  
(O.S.) from the deck of the Fifi.

SPICER  
Let us give them hell gentlemen!  
(to HMS Distraction)  
Start the music Doctor!

EXT. DECK OF THE HMS DISTRACTION - DAY

A Holo-Holo steers the small steam vessel and another shovels  
coal in the cramped boiler room.

Spicer's voice ECHOES through the mist.

SPICER (O.S.)  
Start the music Doctor!

Tubby, with Josephine in his arms, watches as the mist swirls  
around him.

TUBBY  
Fire the first volley when ready,  
Doctor.  
(reciting prayer)  
Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord  
is with thee, blessed art thou  
among women, and blessed is the  
fruit of thy womb.

Dr. Hanschell nods, and puts the record, "Sir Edward Elgar's  
Pomp and Circumstance March No.1", on the gramophone and sets  
the needle.

DR. HANSHELL  
(to himself)  
Why did I agree to this?



Dr. Hanshell notices "water spouts" in the distance, which are actually midges, mating in the millions, swirling around each other. He motions to Tubby and the Holo-Holo to pull their handkerchiefs over their mouths.

TUBBY  
(finishing prayer)  
Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for  
us sinners now and at the hour of  
our death.

Tubby pulls a smaller, custom handkerchief, over Josephine's mouth.

EXT. DECK OF FIFI - DAY

Sir Edward Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance March No.1" BLARES out of the mist.

CHIEF GUNLAYER JAMES WATERHOUSE  
(hearing Music)  
What the bloody hell?

Spicer's "water spouts" appear in the distance.

SPICER  
(points)  
Remember, avoid the N'shuan Tso  
Tso's!

Everyone in the company looks around at each other quizzically.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
The big white waterspouts!  
FORWARD!!!!

The assembled flotilla floated on the lake all morning. A haze on the lake created natural mirages and waterspouts could be seen getting closer.

A waterspout appears just in front of the Fifi.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
Hard to port!

Spicer bowls over covering his body with his hands. He looks up at the men.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
Get down! Everybody down!

The sailors look around at each other and start to put their handkerchiefs and mosquito netting around their faces and heads.

Spicer had not done this and was choking and coughing on thousands and thousands of flying midges. The Crewmen were prepared already because Dr. Hanschell had briefed them.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
What in the bloody hell?  
(Coughing)  
Is this? Bugs?

Tait SHOUTS out.

TAIT  
(To Spicer)  
It is quite alright! You can come out now. These are naturally occurring midges, or so the doctor says... That come to-

Spicer, now frantic, bats the fly's away.

SPICER  
I KNOW THAT!  
(Falling through the insects)  
Grab my shirt, Tait.  
(Coughing)  
Toss it.

Tait picks the shirt up and tosses it towards Spicer, but it misses him and lands in the water.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
God-damn it!

TAIT  
(At the Helm)  
Shall I turn around sir?

SPICER  
No for God's sake...  
(Coughing)  
NO!

EXT. DECK OF HEDWIG - DAY

Sir Edward Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance March No.1" BLARES out of the mist.

The Hedwig attempts to distance itself from the column of swirling insects.

LT ODEBRECHT  
(in German)  
Do you--  
(confused)  
(MORE)

LT ODEBRECHT (CONT'D)  
 -- Hear that?  
     (to Sailor 1)  
 All stop.

SAILOR 1  
     (in German)  
 But sir, the midges?

LT ODEBRECHT  
     (to Sailor 1, in German)  
 The order is given.

SAILOR 1  
     (in German)  
 Aye sir, all stop.

The Hedwig comes to a complete stop.

The midges flying around begin to subside, and millions of dead flies fill the boat.

LT ODEBRECHT  
     (in German)  
 Bring up my gramophone.

SAILOR 1  
     (in German)  
 Sir?

LT ODEBRECHT  
     (in German)  
 You heard me.  
     (looking through spyglass)  
 And, my Wagner.

EXT. DECK OF FIFI - DAY

Act 3 of "Die Walküre" by Richard Wagner ECHOES through the mist as some sort of *call* and *response*.

TAIT  
     (hearing Wagner)  
 No bloody way!

Spicer cups his hand and shouts in the direction of the HMS Distraction.

SPICER  
     (to HMS Distraction)  
 Kill the music Doctor!

EXT. DECK OF FIFI - DAY

Act 3 of "Die Walküre" by Richard Wagner ECHOES over the water.

The fish on the surface are roiling and feasting on the carcasses of the insects filling the boat.

Spicer, listening and puking over the side of the boat, spots Hedwig in the distance and shouts to the Crewmen.

SPICER  
GERMANS DEAD AHEAD!

ARTHUR DUDLEY  
I do not believe it.

Arthur Dudley, grabs the spyglass from Spicer's outstretched hands.

TAIT  
I see it!  
(beat)  
IT'S THE HEDWIG, SIR!

ARTHUR DUDLEY  
(To Spicer)  
Orders, sir.

Spicer holds up a finger, and wipes dead bugs from his mouth.

ARTHUR DUDLEY (CONT'D)  
Affirmative sir. One minute.

SPICER  
(Motions with hands)  
Just one second.

ARTHUR DUDLEY  
Confirmed, sir. One second.

SPICER  
ATTACK FORMATION!

The Mimi and the DIX-TONNE begin to advance on either side.

EXT. DECK OF THE HMS DISTRACTION - DAY

Dr. Hanshell, hearing Spicer, loads the next volley, Gilbert and Sullivan's "When I Was a Lad" from HMS PINAFORE. He holds the needle to start playing, and looks at Tubby.

Tubby holds his hand out to Dr. Hanshell and waits for the signal.

SPICER (O.S.)  
 (to HMS Distraction)  
 Doctor! The music if you please!

Tubby's hand cues Dr. Hanshell, setting the needle on the gramophone.

EXT. DECK OF HEDWIG - DAY

"When I Was a Lad" from HMS Pinafore, ECHOES off the water.

SAILOR 1  
 (in German)  
 Sir, we gave away our position!  
 Shall I stop the music?

Sailor 1 hovers around the gramophone playing Wagner.

LT ODEBRECHT  
 (in German)  
 Never stop Wagner!  
 (waves hand)  
 We outmatch them. Carry on.

The sailors stop for a second and listen to the music then begin to unwrap their 2 large six-pound forward guns and the Hotchkiss in the rear.

SAILOR 1  
 (pointing)  
 (in German)  
 I see them sir!

LT Odebrecht is at the aft of the Hedwig standing next to the Hotchkiss machine gun.

LT ODEBRECHT  
 (Looking into binoculars)  
 The British renamed it, 'Fifi'  
 (To Himself)  
 Tweet...  
 (confused)  
 ... Tweet?

EXT. DECK OF FIFI - DAY

The FIFI opened fire with the bow-mounted twelve-pound artillery gun but missed. The large recoil caused the Fifi to lose all momentum and stop dead in the water.

As Gilbert and Sullivan's "When I Was a Lad" from HMS PINAFORE plays in the background, Spicer mouths the words and bobs to the music.

EXT. DECK OF HEDWIG - DAY

Lt Odebrecht and the sailors on the Hedwig can be seen laughing at the misfires from the British Expeditionary Force.

LT ODEBRECHT  
 (To German Sailor on deck  
 gun)  
 It seems the new gun is too much  
 for the little steamer. She's  
 stopped dead.  
 (shouting to the engine  
 room)  
 Full steam-  
 (to himself)  
 We will gain some distance then  
 turn to face them.

EXT. DECK OF FIFI - DAY

Spicer watches as the men on the deck, with Lt. Odebrecht, laugh at the near miss. He puts down his binoculars.

SPICER  
 (Seeing their laughter)  
 They are laughing at you Dudley!  
 (beat)  
 FIRE! You want me to take over?

Dudley looks over his shoulder but doesn't engage with Spicer.

The Mimi closes the gap between themselves and the Hedwig, Outpacing the Fifi.

Spicer grabs the deck flags and begins to semaphore to LT. Wainwright.

LT. Wainwright looks at Spicer waving the flags. The message is gibberish.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
 (To himself)  
 Why is he not doing...? What... I  
 am... Signaling.

Lt Dudley looks at Spicer waving the flags.

ARTHUR DUDLEY  
 (Breaking silence)  
 You are not doing it right!

SPICER  
 Oh like you know!?

ARTHUR DUDLEY  
 I do know, sir!  
     (Pointing to himself)  
 I do!  
     (Louder)  
 I do!

SPICER  
 Get off the gun! You are relieved.

Arthur Dudley steps back from the gun. Spicer replaces him and begins to fire.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
     (Squinting his eyes)  
 Now it is my turn you Hun BASTARDS!

Spicer aims. FIRES. Misses.

CHIEF GUNLAYER JAMES WATERHOUSE  
     (To Spicer)  
 She is in easy range sir!

SPICER  
 I got this!

CHIEF GUNLAYER JAMES WATERHOUSE  
 Sir, your shots are going WAY over  
 there mark now!

The Mimi gets closer, and LT. Wainwright is shouting orders.

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
 Get over! Over to the right! THE  
 RIGHT! GET OVER TO THE RIGHT!

The boat makes a hard Starboard turn almost colliding with the Mimi and almost knocking LT. Wainwright over.

LT. WAINWRIGHT (CONT'D)  
     (Shouting)  
 Watch out boyo!

FLYNN  
     (nodding)  
 That is starboard, sir.

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
 Hard to starboard it is then!

The Mimi fires again and misses.

LT. Wainwright looks confused and orders them to double back.

LT. WAINWRIGHT (CONT'D)  
 Turn us around. The range is wrong.

Spicer watches as the Mimi gets closer.

SPICER  
(Shouting to LT.  
Wainwright)  
You are headed for a court-martial  
sailor!

Lt. Wainwright, looking confused, shouts back from the deck  
Mimi.

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
(shouting)  
Sir? The, um... range is wrong.

Spicer gesticulates with the flags.

SPICER  
I was signaling to you.  
(Waving flags)  
Follow my orders.

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
(Mocking his movements)  
No use signaling to me... sir. I  
cannot read your signals and we  
have no flags to signal back.

SPICER  
(subdued)  
Fall back into formation.

LT. WAINWRIGHT  
Yes sir.

The boats form up and start towards the Hedwig again.

SPICER  
(To Waterhouse)  
Get on the deck gun!

CHIEF GUNLAYER JAMES WATERHOUSE  
Aye, aye sir!

Waterhouse takes aim and scores a hit with the twelve-pound  
gun.

SPICER  
Yes, my boy. Now do it again.

Another shell from the Mimi rocked the Hedwig and immediately  
started to list.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
Direct hit darling!



Chief Gunlayer James Waterhouse tries to see what Spicer is doing then dismisses it, and gives him a thumbs up.

EXT. DECK OF THE HEDWIG - DAY

The HEDWIG started taking on water and men started to abandon ship.

LT ODEBRECHT  
(in German)  
All hands, abandon ship.

Odebrecht begins to set explosive charges on the ship. The "Ride of the Valkyries" from act 3 of Die Walküre by Richard Wagner plays in the background.

LT ODEBRECHT (CONT'D)  
(in German)  
All German lives should end with  
Die Walküre.  
(looks up to sky)  
Goodbye, Kaiser.  
(To Hedwig)  
And, my first Command...

Lt Odebrecht lovingly touches the deck of the ship with his hand and then IGNITES the Explosives.

EXT. DECK OF THE FIFI - DAY

A large explosion rocks the side of the ship and causes it to immediately start filling with water.

Sailors on the Hedwig jump overboard.

Mimi and Fifi get closer and start to pick up the survivors.

Lt. Odebrecht, alive, is fished out of the water and lifted on board the Mimi.

The "Ride of the Valkyries" from act 3 of Die Walküre by Richard Wagner plays on the phonograph then EXPLODES.

Spicer stands on the deck as the charges explode from the Hedwig then glances knowingly at Lt. Odebrecht. Tears well in his eyes as he listens to Gilbert and Sullivan.

Tubby, Josephine and Dr. Hanshell wave from the Deck of the HMS Distraction. "He is an Englishman" from HMS Pinafore BLARES from their gramophone.

Spicer appears victorious standing at the bow of the ship, now ringed in black smoke and flames.

He glances around at all the men in the boats. Spicer pulls the stuffed animal he had tucked in his skirt out and collapses onto the deck.

SPICER  
I am coming home, my darlings.  
(beat)  
I am coming home.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

The men feast around the campfire celebrating their victory.

Far above them in the distance fires from the torches of the Tribesmen scare rodents and animals that litter the jungle at night. The captured animals are then corralled into choke points and brought down to camp for prep.

Dr. Hanshell works on stitching a wound on Spicer's shoulder.

DR. HANSHELL  
Next time-  
(cuts thread)  
Avoid standing on the bow of the  
ship during combat- Yes?

A small Holo-Holo boy in a Belgian cap runs through the camp holding a leather satchel containing official orders.

Spicer motions with a flick of his wrist. The boy runs up to him and hands him the satchel.

SPICER  
Capitol. Thank you, my boy.  
(motions with hand)  
Grab some water.

Spicer opens the satchel and flips through some paper. He stops on one and reads, stroking his Van Dyke beard.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
Orders are to--

The men wait and look at each other in dismay.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
Oh what the bloody hell is this--  
No.

Spicer lowers the satchel and wrings it in his hands.

Dr. Hanshell, pauses gathering his medical supplies and looks up at Spicer.

DR. HANSHELL  
 So, my friend, you won the lake...  
 I assume-- Those are orders to  
 return?

Spicer throws the leather satchel into the fire.

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
 (serious)  
 Commander?

Spicer waves the Doctor away and walks into the night.

Dr. Hanshell eyes the satchel and attempts to grab it.

Fundi, standing nearby, shakes his head and reaches into the  
 fire, quickly and confidently, grabbing the satchel for Dr.  
 Hanshell.

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
 Cheers--

The doctor glances over Fundi, checking for wounds.

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
 -- That is a rather nasty cut, I  
 dare say.  
 (waves to bench)  
 Sit. Sit. You have earned some  
 western medicine.

Fundi waves his hand, No.

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
 No?

FUNDI  
 My people think I side with  
 foreigners. The threads you...

TUBBY  
 (knowing)  
 Stitches- not threads.

Fundi points to the satchel.

FUNDI  
 (annoyed)  
 I hope those are orders to return  
 to your island --

Fundi looks up to the fires lit by his tribe on the hills in  
 the background.

TAIT  
 (to the Doctor)  
 What does it say?

Tubby and Josephine nod, waiting for Dr. Hanshell to open the satchel.

DR. HANSHELL  
 (shakes head)  
 Nothing good.  
 (opens paper again)  
 This cannot be right-- Amy's sick.

TAIT  
 Who sir?

DR. HANSHELL  
 His wife-- Amy.  
 (folds paper)  
 Where's Spicer?

Fundi points to the docks where a glistening moonlit Spicer sits, nervously swaying back and forth.

FUNDI  
 (in Holo-Holo)  
 What is a shepherd without his flock? The same is true of Lord Belly Cloth.  
 (beat)  
 My people call me traitor because I work with the slavers-- With you.

Tubby translates quietly, in English, to the men as Fundi speaks Swahili.

FUNDI (CONT'D)  
 (looks around)  
 Trophies are made of our people, our animals, our trees, our rocks-- Now OUR herd is slowly dying.

The silence around the fire is deafening. The noise from the celebration has subsided and Tubby, Josephine, Tait, Tyler, Waterhouse, and Dr. Hanshell sit around the fire, staring up at Fundi.

FUNDI (CONT'D)  
 When the Germans came, I foolishly thought-- their herds must be dead. The gods gave them nothing and THAT is why they are here... The Belgians came and-- Why would they want our cattle, our people, our souls?

(MORE)

FUNDI (CONT'D)

I thought, if I can help speed them  
to the far shores-- They will take  
the cattle of our enemies and go...

(clicks his tongue)

Now I understand this word, GREED.  
The sickness of possession.

(points)

There is a place, not far from  
here, where you make our people  
march-- Our wives.

(trails off)

My son...

(beat chest)

I tracked them first to Dar es  
Salaam- then to the sea.

(looks away)

Stolen, chained and broken.

Tubby stops his translation and looks up at Fundi, a tinge of  
sympathy in his eyes.

FUNDI (CONT'D)

(in English)

Now YOU go back--

(raises hand)

-- To your DEAD EMPIRE.

Tait, Waterhouse, Tyler, and Stinghlamber appear unmoved.

TAIT

(shrugs)

Small price to pay to be civilized.

(sings)

Rule Britannia!

Tyler, Tait and Waterhouse start to sing 'Rule Britannia',  
content in their colonialist belief system.

TYLER AND STINGHLAMBER

(singing)

Britannia, rule the waves!

Fundi, insulted, walks away towards the beach.

CHIEF GUNLAYER JAMES WATERHOUSE

(singing)

Britons never, never, never--

Dr. Hanshell walks down to the docks.

EXT. DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

The waves break off-shore in moonlit peaks. A fire CRACKLES  
in the background and the silhouettes cast long shadows that  
dance in jubilation on the beach.

EVERYONE (O.S.)  
 (singing)  
 -- Never will be slaves!

Spicer rocks himself back and forth, and shakes his head, staring into the darkness.

A line of torches light up the side of the mountain and then, in near perfect synchronization, sweep across the face.

The jungle GROANS and HISSES with life.

Dr. Hanshell walks on the wood dock, alerting Spicer to his presence with his heavy steps.

SPICER  
 Tubs.

Spicer lifts a hand, wiping a tear from his cheek.

Doctor Hanshell smiles and shakes his head.

DR. HANSHELL  
 They said you were-- Unremarkable.

Spicer doesn't move but his eyebrows raise in interest.

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
 To be quite frank Commander- your history in His Majesty Royal Navy made me think you were shooting far above your station.

Spicer bows his head in shame.

DR. HANSHELL (CONT'D)  
 But, I tell you Commander-- They were wrong. In fact I found you to be one of the most remarkable men I have ever known.

Dr. Hanshell places the leather satchel with his correspondence beside Spicer on the dock. He turns to leave.

SPICER  
 She is sick you know.

DR. HANSHELL  
 I know.

SPICER  
 They refused my request for transfer and, after Gallipoli--  
 (nodding)  
 -- They say our success is reason enough for us to stay.

Spicer grabs the satchel and rises.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
(shakes head)  
That bloated Belgian ass-- Murray,  
requests our assistance in another  
campaign.

Fundi stands on the beach behind them, shouting up at the  
mountain and his tribe.

FUNDI  
You big devil! You big King!

Spicer steps over to Dr. Hanshell.

SPICER  
We are all going to die here--

FUNDI  
You kill all men!

SPICER  
-- In this jungle.

Spicer walks past Dr. Hanshell down the long dock.

FUNDI  
Let us go by!

Dr. Hanshell watches as Spicer exchanges a nod with Fundi,  
who follows him into the Jungle.

INT. CAMP - NIGHT

Spicer and LIEUTENANT COLONEL MURRAY (30's, Belgian Naval  
officer, short and rude) sit across from each other at a card  
table.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL MURRAY  
You ever wear shirts?

Spicer seems rattled.

SPICER  
Quit changing the subject,-- bets  
to you.

Murray takes a drag of his Cigarillo, and runs his hand  
through his hair.

Spicer dances his pectorals back and forth, distracting  
Murray.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL MURRAY  
 Bloody stop that.  
 (pushes in his chips)  
 All in.

Spicer leans back in his chair, rings his hands and places his cards face down on the table.

SPICER  
 I call, Lieutenant--  
 (slow)  
 Colonel  
 (slower)  
 Murray.

Spicer flips his cards over revealing three queens and two Kings.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL MURRAY  
 Damn you Spicer.  
 (standing)  
 You...  
 (points)  
 I don't know how but,--

Spicer, now incensed, frowns, stands and open-hand slaps Murray in the mouth.

SPICER  
 Damn you sir,--  
 (pointing at Murray)  
 -- Just last week you said we were  
 fools,  
 (searching for words)  
 In front of my own men Murray, and  
 some of yours--  
 (snaps fingers)  
 We had enough!  
 (waves)  
 Fight your own bloody war with your  
 own bloody ships.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL MURRAY  
 Are you making policy at the end of  
 the world? You speak for the crown?

SPICER  
 Out here?  
 (beat)  
 I believe I DO.

Spicer looks over his shoulder at Tubby and Josephine. They nod and walk over to the table. Josephine begins to gather the money on the table then stops to look at Murray's Pocket watch.



LIEUTENANT COLONEL MURRAY  
 (to Josephine)  
 Drop that watch you,--  
 (pointing)  
 -- You wicked little monkey!

Josephine hops onto Spicer.

SPICER  
 (smiles)  
 Ah,--  
 (swaddles Josephine)  
 Josephine.  
 (To Murray)  
 Have you ever seen a CHIMP who  
 could tell time?  
 (sarcastic)  
 No, neither have I.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL MURRAY  
 God-damn it Spicer!

Spicer leans in close as Murray places his belt and rapier on his hips.

SPICER  
 My dear boy.  
 (leaning in)  
 If you do not say my correct bloody  
 name-- I will have to remove you  
 from my tent.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL MURRAY  
 They outmatch us two to one-

SPICER  
 (patting stomach)  
 Yes, I agree! Suicide.  
 (beat)  
 These men are war heroes about to  
 go home.

Murray dons his Naval cap and begins to walk out the door.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL MURRAY  
 You do understand you are in the  
 navy? We have a treaty.

Spicer sniffs the air, ignoring Murray.

SPICER  
 Damn you, sir. They have done their  
 bit for king and country.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL MURRAY  
 (glances around)  
 -- Without your flanking maneuver  
 to encircle him we will be...

SPICER  
 (mocking)  
 Oh, is that how it works?

Everyone in the room nods to each other, yes.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL MURRAY  
 Yes.  
 (frustrated)  
 That IS how it works.  
 (checks his chair)  
 Where are my--

Spicer holds both of the Colonel's gloves, tapping them  
 against his bare chest.

Murray takes a step, stretching out his hands.

SPICER  
 (serious)  
 You bet the lot--

Amy walks in slow-motion through the dark room.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL MURRAY  
 Give them to me.

SPICER  
 Your-- gloves...  
 (trails off)  
 Sir-

Spicer pushes Murray's face, and he falls out of Amy's path.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
 (stands)  
 My darling...

Spicer drops a letter that was tucked into his skirt. It  
 falls, heavy from sweat, onto the wood beams.

Dr. Hanschell and Tubby stand at the edge of the room,  
 mortified.

Murray turns and walks past Amy on his way out. He doesn't  
 notice her.

Spicer's face softens under the smokey light. He strokes his  
 Van Dyke beard.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
Tonight is on me boys. And--

Spicer pushes his winnings into the middle of the table.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
Take the morning off.  
(whispers)  
You have earned it.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
Oh yes,--  
(to Amy)  
Oh,  
(giggling)  
My darling Amy.

Spicer, naked and alone, clasps an invisible hand and walks into the night.

Dr. Hanshell and Tubby stare at the empty doorway.

DR. HANSHELL  
The letter--  
(picks up letter)  
-- From his wife.

TUBBY  
Amy.  
(beat)  
Oh no...

Dr. Hanshell shifts his weight.

DR. HANSHELL  
(shakes head)  
It has suddenly occurred to me I  
have some important--

Tubby breaks the silence.

TUBBY  
Damn you, Doctor.  
(stands)  
You must declare it...

DR. HANSHELL  
He's a fr--  
(fumbles the words)  
-- I can... not.

TUBBY  
For pity's sake man,--  
(desperate)  
Have him recalled.

SOFT GRUNTS of agreement come from the crew.

Josephine averts the Doctor's gaze as he Exits the room.

INT. "SPICER'S" TENT - DAY

Spicer rocks back and forth in a hammock with the chimpanzee in his lap. His hands play with the Josephine's fur.

Fundi stands at the doorway of the tent.

EXT. BISMARCKBURG - DAY

A young, Belgian messenger's bare feet slap against the stairs. An official leather satchel is held securely as he ascends.

EXT. "SPICER'S" TENT - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Hanschell and Tubby walk confidently to the entrance of Spicers Tent. Dr. Hanshell nods to Fundi, who doesn't move.

Fundi holds up his hand.

DR. HANSHELL  
Move aside-- Navy Business.

Fundi stands still, not acknowledging Dr. Hanshell at all.

TUBBY  
(loud)  
Josephine!

INT. "SPICER'S" TENT - CONTINUOUS

Josephine, hearing Tubby, hops off Spicers hammock and out of the tent.

SPICER  
Traitor.

EXT. "SPICER'S" TENT - CONTINUOUS

The young, Belgian messenger tugs on the back of the Doctor's shirt.

MESSENGER  
Urgent sir.

DR. HANSHELL  
 I can take that, cheers.  
 (points)  
 Water.

INT. "SPICER'S" TENT - DAY

Spicer peers over his hammock towards the tent entrance.

DR. HANSHELL (O.S.)  
 (Puts glasses on)  
 Orders--  
 (shouting)  
 -- Sir.

Spicer fingers the tent floor, drawing a penis in the dirt.

DR. HANSHELL (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 (loud)  
 We are to report back to Whitehall--  
 (beat)  
 -- Immediately.

A naked Spicer leaps up out of his hammock grabs a bottle of essential oils and slathers himself head to toe, tossing the bottle on the ground.

SPICER  
 (menacing)  
 You are going to have to catch me  
 first--

EXT. "SPICER'S" TENT - CONTINUOUS

Fundi instinctively moves out of the way as Spicer barrels out of the tent.

SPICER  
 -- I have been trained by the  
 jungle.  
 (waving his arms)  
 It speaks to me like a brother.

Spicer runs past Dr. Hanshell down the stairs, brushing past Tait, Tyler, Waterhouse, Tubby, Stinglamber and Josephine.

DR. HANSHELL  
 Grab the Commander, Gents-- Careful  
 with him now.

Tait erupts in LAUGHTER and run after Spicer.

TAIT  
 For the snake god!

Tait stops Dr. Hanschell on the stairs and shows him a large burlap sack.

TYLER  
Lord Belly Cloth!

CHIEF GUNLAYER JAMES WATERHOUSE  
Lord belly cloth indeed!

Tait slaps Dr. Hanschell on the back and runs to join the others.

DR. HANSCHELL  
Ah!

Spicer is heard in the distance as the men catch up to him.

Josephine, Tubby and Dr. Hanschell walks away down the stairs to the waiting boats.

SPICER  
NO, NO! Not the sack!

Spicer is caught by his Tyler and forced to the ground.

TAIT  
Careful of his fangs!

TYLER  
(Wrestling with Spicer  
Head)  
He's a biter!

SIGNALMAN TASKER  
(Holding Spicer's feet)  
Secure his head!

Tait, holds the sack open while the Tyler and Waterhouse throw Spicer into the sack.

Tyler takes a shot as Spicer is hoisted onto the HMS Mimi.

EXT. SHORELINE - CONTINUOUS

Fundi watches as Spicer is hoisted onto the ship.

FUNDI  
Bwana Chifunga-Tumbo

Fundi turns and disappears silently into the dense jungle.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. WHITEHALL - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: Debriefing. Whitehall, England. September 1916.

Admiral Gamble sits at a long ornate desk.

Sir Henry Jackson stands while he puts his tea together.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE  
What am I going to do with you  
Spicer?

Spicer sits in a chair, nervous, in front of Admiral Gamble.

SPICER  
I do not understand, Admiral.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE  
That much is fact.  
(nods)  
Your flotilla arrived late to the  
Battle of Bismarckburg,  
(Holds up a finger)  
It says here...

SMASH CUT TO:

FLASHBACK / MONTAGE - BATTLE OF BISMARCKBURG

SUPER: Bismarckburg, German East Africa. June 1916. Day 360.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE (O.S.)  
And I quote, "The Germans placed  
wooden cannon replicas in lieu of  
fortress defenses" And,--

EXT. BISMARCKBURG - DAY

German's feverishly carve and shape fresh wood. Rounded ends  
of the freshly carved wooden cannons are shoved into gun  
embankments.

FADE TO:

EXT. BISMARCKBURG - DAY

British soldiers are separating the dead bodies of British  
and Germans. The British are laid in individual graves and  
the Germans are thrown into a mass grave with lye sprinkled  
on top.

EXT. "SPICER'S" FLOTILLA - DAY

Spicer and crew sail the HMS Mimi, HMS Toutou, HMS Fifi, and HMS Vengeur into the fortress docks as a fog creeps over the lake.

EXT. BISMARCKBURG - DAY

Lieutenant Colonel Murray is tending to the wounded soldiers impatiently waiting for Spicer's small flotilla.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL MURRAY  
Where is that bloody Commander Spicer?

EXT. "SPICER'S" FLOTILLA - DAY

Spicer leads his crew into an old abandoned fortress.

EXT. BISMARCKBURG - DAY

Spicer climbs a staircase to a dim cannon escarpment. Wooden models, made to represent German cannons, line the gun holes. He moves the fake wooden cannon out of the way, looks through the gun-hole at his docked ships.

SPICER  
Damn peculiar-- Most surprising of all.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE (O.S.)  
Today I learned that all of this was  
published in this week's NEWSPAPER!

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WHITEHALL - DAY

Admiral Gamble throws the newspaper at Spicer. He holds one fat finger in front of Spicer's face.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE  
Do YOU make policy? Are you in  
charge of public relations for His  
Majesty's Navy?

SPICER  
I think I would be great at public  
relations actually.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE  
Quiet!  
(beat)  
What have we learned here?



SPICER  
I am not sure, sir.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE  
Me neither.

SPICER  
I did take Lake Tanganyika, Admiral.

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON  
And, you made a DAMNED FOOL out of  
the Royal Navy in the process!

(beat)  
Again,-- you did not do a GREAT  
job, or even a GOOD one at that.  
But,--

(beat)  
-- You did DO the job. Supplies are  
harder to get for the Krauts. That  
is something. A little--

SPICER  
(interrupting)  
I should say more than a LITTLE,  
sir-- About my next command.

ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON  
Do not interrupt me sailor!

ADMIRAL GAMBLE  
(to Spicer)  
Yes... About your next command.

Spicer spots the newspaper on the floor, the headline reads:  
"SPICER-SIMSON AND THE BATTLE OF LAKE TANGANYIKA."

SPICER  
-- I thought the front page would  
surely go to Lord Churchill.  
Interesting--

Spicer bends down to pick up the newspaper.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
-- My wife collects all of the  
newspaper clippings.

Admiral Gamble GRUMBLES and walks to the door.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
(opens door)  
After you, Admiral.

INT. WHITEHALL - HALLWAY - DAY

Admiral Gamble walks Spicer through the familiar hallway.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE  
The HMS...

Admiral Gamble stops in front of the door to Spicer's old office.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE (CONT'D)  
SPICER!  
(opens door)  
Your new post.

Spicer looks on in disbelief, then turns to the Admiral.

SPICER  
(Correcting him)  
-- Simson. But, this... is my old  
post sir.  
(Glances at Admiral)  
Excellent, sir. Thank you Admiral.

Spicer walks in and checks the Clock on the wall. He taps it.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE  
Somewhere you would rather be?

Spicer strokes his Van Dyke Beard.

EXT. WHITEHALL - DAY

Spicer walks out of the building and checks his pocket watch.

SPICER (O.S.)  
Have you ever met my wife, sir?

Spicer nods as he walks past the GUARDS who salute him.

SPICER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Well sir,--  
(finding the words)  
She is THE MOST beautiful creature  
you are ever likely to meet. Ever,  
sir. And,-- I have been all over  
the world, Sir.

ADMIRAL GAMBLE (O.S.)  
(dismissive)  
We should all be so lucky.

Spicer purchases flowers at a vendor. A newspaper headline catches his eye, it reads:

"CHURCHILL ENLISTS IN THE ARMY: IMMEDIATELY SENT TO WESTERN FRONT."

EXT. "SPICER'S" HOME - NIGHT

A nervous Spicer fixes his suit jacket and wipes his head. After stroking his beard he reaches for the door.

INT. "SPICER'S" HOME - NIGHT

Amy opens the door, revealing a baby girl in her arms.

SPICER  
Permission to come aboard.

Spicer, hiding behind a bouquet of flowers, lowers them and smiles. Amy's glowing face fills the screen. Baby Vivienne's facial features parrot those of Spicer's.

AMY  
Permission granted, sailor.

SPICER  
How are my girls?

Spicer takes the baby in his arms and smells her head.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
How lucky I am!

Spicer buries his face in Baby Vivienne's belly. She coos.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
(kisses Amy)  
My darling Amy.  
(kisses Vivienne)  
My Petite Doudou.

Amy play-slaps Spicer on the arm.

AMY  
Pay him no mind, Vivienne.

SPICER  
(holds Vivienne up)  
I love my big girl!

AMY  
And, she loves her daddy.

SPICER  
 (whispers in her ear)  
 I would walk through fire if it  
 meant I could have just one more  
 second with you.

Amy tears up and moves out of the doorway.

SPICER (CONT'D)  
 She has my hair.  
 (whispers)  
 My little Doudou.

AMY (O.S.)  
 I heard that!

Spicer closes the door.

EXT. "SPICER'S" HOME - NIGHT

A bay window frames the living room where Spicer, Amy and Vivienne sit in front of a cozy fireplace.

SPICER  
 (lifts Vivienne)  
 Have I got a story for you!

Dr. Hanschell's gift, a stuffed animal or *Doudou* in French, sits in the windowsill standing guard over two miniature wooden replicas of the HMS Mimi and HMS Toutou.

FADE IN:

TEXT ON SCREEN:  
 Spicer-Simson was later appointed as  
 Assistant Director of Naval Intelligence,  
 And served as a French translator at the  
 Versailles Peace Conference in 1919.

Awarded the Distinguished Service Order and Special  
 Promotion: Commander G. B. Spicer-Simson, R.N.

EXT. CARIBBEAN MEDICAL FACILITY - DAY

Dr. Hanshell hangs his hat up and is helped into a bloody smock by a Nurse.

FADE IN:

TEXT ON SCREEN:  
 Awarded the Distinguished Service Cross:  
 Surgeon H. McC. Hanschell, R.N.

Dr. Hanshell nods his head at the Brandy on his desk. The Nurse pours a shot for him and assists it into his mouth. They walk out together through the tent to the Patients.

EXT. "CHIMP EXHIBIT" CAPE TOWN ZOO - DAY

Josephine and Tubby console each other under a tree in a Chimpanzee exhibit at the Cape Town Zoo.

FADE IN:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Josephine lived the rest of her life in the Cape Town Zoo.

EXT. CAPE TOWN PUB - NIGHT

The Royal Naval Expedition Crew consoles Tubby.

Tyler taps Tubby on the shoulder, embracing him. They both take a shot of Worcestershire sauce.

Dudley, Flynn and Waterhouse tap their mugs together.

FADE IN:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Awarded the Distinguished Service Cross:

Arthur Dudley, R.N.V.R.,

Lieutenant A. E. LT. Wainwright, R.N.V.R.,

Lieutenant Arthur Flynn, R.N.

Wainwright struggles to maintain his composure. He smiles and winks. The pub begins to fill with the familiar faces from the Battle for Lake Tanganyika.

FADE IN:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Awarded the Distinguished Service Medal:

Actg. Chief Petty Officer W. Waterhouse, R.N.,

Petty Officer 1st Class D. J. Murphy, R.N.,

Petty Officer William Sims, R.N.,

Petty Officer Mechanic Chas. Ernest Cobb, R.N.A.S.

Petty Officer Mechanic Donald McLean Graham, R.N.A.S.

Engine Room Artificer 1st Class H. Berry, R.N.R.

Engine Room Artificer 1st Class J. S. Lamont, R.N.R.

Signalman George Sydney Tasker, R.N.V.R.,

Able Seaman Herbert Wm. Marsh, R.N.,

Able Seaman J. Brien, R.N.R.,

Seaman G. Behenna, R.N.R.

FADE TO:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

Forever known as "Simson's Circus", the expedition stopped Germany from easily moving troops and materials in and around German East Africa.

FADE TO:

TEXT ON SCREEN:

In Tanganyika, Spicer passes into legend among locals as the mystical "Bwana Chifunga-Tumbo" Or, *Lord Bellycloth*.

FADE OUT.