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Stanley and Livingstone

By Philip Dunne

I am sorry Gentlemen. I realize this places you in an awkward position. But I know these Comanche's. Particularly I know Chief Stand Alone. If he has made up his mind to fight, He is going to fight.

- That is all there to it.

-We are sent here to talk peace with the Indians. What are we to say to the president? I can't take responsibility, of permitting you to go any further into Indian country. Col! Our instructions from president clearly states that you will provide us with an army escort! An escort?

You see that ridge over there. The first one... Our entire force couldn't move a mile beyond that without a pitch battle. I don't think that you would be much use to the president without your scalps. Sentry reports amount of force in Indian form. Looks like an attack. They two in front. They look like white men. Those Indians were escorts! Hold your fire.

Howdy colonel!

- What's the meaning of this corporal? Meet colonel Grant!

- How do you do colonel? Who are you? My name is Stanley. I am a reporter for The New York Herald. Newspaperman? Didn't you know better that to take this... Civilian into Indian territory? I tried to talk him out of it. But he is so dead set on seeing the old chief...

- Chief San Tata?

- Yep!

You mean to say you saw chief san tata? I am sorry I cannot tell you that. Come on Jeff! We got to get the railroad

and telegraph our story back to New York
Just a moment Mr. Stanley!
This is field head quarters
for the United States army.
These two gentlemen are the
Presidents' peace commissioners.
You will oblige me by
answering their questions.
- Sorry colonel! I cant do that.
- You cant? Or you wont?
Well if you want to put it
that way colonel. I wont.
Suppose I place you under arrest.
Maybe that will change your mind.
You can't arrest me
colonel. I know my rights.
My paper sent me to get
a story and I got it.
All of this is the exclusive
property of our boss. James Bennet.
Presidents going to hear about this.
He will hear about, when everybody else
does. When he will read the New York Herald.
- Come on Jeff!
- Good day Colonel.
What's the matter? Roughness?
No, I take these to help
me mind my own business
Just a moment gentlemen. I have
listened to you with patience.
Now, apparently you don't
like the way I run my paper.
But it's my paper and that's
the way I intend to run it.
I intend to feature in the Herald first and
upto the minute news of sensational events.
And for your information senator,
I intend to go on telling the truth
About graft and
corruption in high places.
More prominent the rascal.
The bigger the news.
And furthermore gentlemen I
intend to continue making news

While my competitor sit around
waiting for it to happen.

Now suppose we get down to the
business that brought you here.
You came to buy me out. Didn't you?

Well that is more or less what
we planned to discuss with you.

And now if you would let us know
your lowest price of the herald.

One-cent daily and 5 cents
on Sundays. What is it Albert?

- Mr. Stanley is here Sir!

- Well, show him in.

Hello Stanley! That was a great story.

- Thanks!

Welcome back! Bennet is waiting
to pin a leather medal on you.

Hello, Mr. Stanley! -Well, how are you?

Say were those real Indians? -It's
the realest Indians that you ever saw.

Billy, I want you to meet Jeff Slogan. The
best Indian scout in whole Wyoming territory

Keep an eye on him for me but don't
believe everything that he tells you

As a matter of fact Billy, don't
believe anything that he tells you.

- Glad you are back Mr. Stanley!

-How are you?

Mr. Bennet's waiting for you.

Stanley! Glad to see you. Sit down.

Another delegation from Boss

Tweed still trying to buy me out.

How about letting me do a
series on the graft sometime

The job you did in Wyoming. Great story. Reaped
the town with it. Reaped the whole country.

You happen to have a man Sloke
still in your expense account.

He took care of me like a baby there.

I promised him a trip to New York.

If we came out with our hair

where it should be. It's on you.

All right! All right! I am glad that you are still alive.

- Me too!

- Have a cigar!

- Thanks!

Stanley! What do you know about Livingstone?

- Living. You mean the new bar tender at Joe's?

- No, no, Dr. Livingstone. The missionary, explorer

- Dr. Livingstone.

Like to read a good newspaper once

in a while. Like the London Globe.

Read that. Just came

over the Atlantic cable.

The London Globe's expedition

to Africa to find Dr. Livingstone.

Has just returned to Zanzibar, the African interior.

Mr. Garreth Tyce the leader of the expedition

And son of the publisher has

prostrated the tropical fever.

The expedition however reports that it has obtained

positive truth That Dr. Livingstone is dead.

Well that settles the old boy.

If I can prove that Tyce is

wrong about Dr. Livingstone..

I will make him a laughing

stock of every newspaper office.

- Now get ready... you are going to Africa.

- What?

I will have that old fool on toast.

- Oh now, wait a minute! Wait a minute.

While you are having that old on

toast what am I supposed to be doing?

- Finding Livingstone!

- Oh I see! Is that all?

You are not losing your nerve, are

you? -Now wait a minute Mr. Bennet...

I have got a little reputation

of my own. Where do I come off?

Suppose this old 'what's his

name' is alive and I prove it..

Where is your reader's

interest? Where is your story?

You don't suppose that I will be sending you all

the way to Africa, if there weren't any story?

For a whack at Tyce, you send me... you know it

- Oh, no, forget about Tyce, he is nothing to me.

- It's the story I am interested in.

- Well where is it?
How many people have ever
heard about Livingstone?
A great many more than you think.
Christians who believe in spreading
the Word of God, among the heathen.
Enemies of slavery, who know how a magnificent
fight he is making against the slave traders.
How many of those
people read The Herald?
In all the millions. The plain common
Everyday people, who derive excitement...
From reading the adventures of a heroic
figure in the dark places of the earth.
There is your reader interest, Mr. Stanley.
Dr. Livingstone is a great adventurer.
One of the greatest. Come
here. I will show you something.
The Dark Continent. Mystery,
heat, fever, cannibals
A vast jungle in which You
can loose half of America.
A land in which even the greatest
conquerors never dared to penetrate.
Alexander, Ceaser, The Pharos of Egypt.
None of them unchanged, untouched.
Since the dawn of history.
Somewhere, somewhere in there
a grand old man, a man of God
Who has given his life to
spreading his light in darkness.
There is your story! A real story.
But if you don't think so... Besides
it would be extremely dangerous.
So perhaps its just
better you forget about it.
Lets see. You said you wanted
to do a series on Boss Tweed...
Harper's Weekly has a young
artist named Thomas Nast.
Who has been doing some sensational cartoons
On the Tweed ring.. Better have a talk with him
Where was he heard of last?
- Who Tweed? - Livingstone.

Somewhere in Tanganyika district.

You will find Nast up at Harper's.

- How long will it take to get there and back?

-Harper's?

-Tanganyika!

- Maybe a year two or three

You think it will make a great story? I mean finding Livingstone.

The greatest story in the history of journalism. If you get it.

- I will go.

- The steamer sails from London on Saturday.

I have already reserved passage for you.

Draw 5000 dollars now and when it's gone

Draw another 5000, and when it's gone

draw another and another and another.

But find Livingstone.

- Suppose Tyce is right and Livingstone is dead?

Well then there is no story.

- I think there is.

I will bring him back on alcohol

for new museum on 14th street.

Might call it green, might call it blue

but doggone you just can't call it red.

- Howdy!

- Beg your pardon?

I just said howdy.

- Oh! How do you do!

- Is it always that color?

- What color?

- Well it ain't red!

- As a matter of fact it isn't.

I ain't seen you before.

When did you get on board?

I came about last night on Suez.

- You live in this part of the country?

Beg your pardon!

- I said, you live down in this part of country?

- No my home is in London.

-London! That's where those Englishmen come from. Ain't it?

-I am afraid so.

- Hello! There Stan!

Where have you been?

I want to introduce you to my young

friend Mr. Stanley. This is.. Mr.. Mr..
I didn't quite catch your name partner!
- It's Tyce. How do you do!
Did he said Tyce?
- Well I thought that he said
Jeff! If Mr. Tyce is who I think he is
Then I am going to raise your salary.
Mosey around at the back.
-Beautiful weather. Isn't it? - Yes!
It's delightful. - A little hot.
Is that the London Globe? Well..
Well.. Do you mind if I look at this?
- No of course not.
- Thank you.
I will be lost without my Globe!
- You read the Globe. Do you?
- Religiously!
- Quite a good paper don't you think?
- Finest in the world of its kind.
- But you are an American aren't you?
- Yes. Quite a large percentage of Americans read.
- Really! You don't say so.
I guess you don't remember me!
Stanley... Henry. M. Stanley.
Yes! We just met. I am the
publisher of The Globe you know.
- Really! Well you certainly should be proud of it.
- Thank you. Thank you..
- Why don't you sit down?
- Yes. Thanks. Thanks...
This expedition of yours
to find Dr. Livingstone
Few publishers would have had the courage
and the editorial shrewdness to attempt it.
Yes! We like to be progressive in life.
My son you know led the expedition.
He is desperately ill ever since. Poor lad!
I am on my way to Zanzibar to bring him home.
At least his illness wasn't in vain. Since he
solved The mystery of Dr. Livingdston's disappearance.
- Then your son did find him?
- Well... virtually. It won't incline to split hairs...
He didn't actually find the grave. But he did
Interview people who were present at his death.

You mean he took their word for it, that Dr. Livingstone is dead?

- Well yes. Why do you ask?

- Well. I was wondering if...

There were any more evidence of his death than that had already appeared in The Globe?

It's not our policy to withhold news from public. The Globe prints all the facts & nothing but the facts.

- Even when all of them are rumors.

- Rumors? What do you mean rumors?

Well I mean. The evidence like that will hardly hold in the court of law.

- Are you a lawyer?

- No.. no.. I am a newspaperman.

- A newspaperman!

- Yes, I am a reporter at New York Herald.

For Bennet! That sensational mongrel with his pushy Yankee ride?

Would you mind telling me Sir, what are you doing here on your way to Zanzibar?

Well no... Mr. Bennet has send me to try to find Dr. Livingstone.

Lord Tyce!... You forgot your paper.

- Got a matchstick?

- Yeah!

This isn't any different color from Mother Ocean. Made no difference for me then Nice and quiet now, but I get a feeling that I ain't going to enjoy this trip.

Jeff, I have a got a hunch better than any.

Globes story about Livingstone death is nothing but a trumped up lie from start to finish.

Some people just ain't got any respect for the truth.

Now son, if you will excuse me. I have got some business.

Missy! Missy!

Yes, what is it?

- Big ship... she come.

- Send the carriage to the dock immediately.

- Father! The boat is in.

- Splendid... splendid.

Darling do be a dear and change your clothes

and be brushed up before Lord Tyce gets here.

-Who my dear?

- Lord Tyce.

- We are expecting him, aren't we?

- Yes. And you must make a good appearance.

After all while the counselor is away. You are the representative of Her Majesty's govt.

Yes, yes my dear... To be sure

I am, I will wear my uniform

Father your uniform is

appropriate when you are in China.

But I have your other suit all washed

and ironed. That would be so much better.

- Yes. Yes. My dear. You are right. Quite right.

- All right now. Come along and please hurry.

The ship is already in. I have

send the coach for your father.

- Good

- Did you take your quinine?

Is that all you have to say to me. While

it is almost an hour since I have seen you?

-Did you take your quinine?

- No!

- Must you leave everything for me to think off? I was reading and the time slipped by.

Gareeth, do you think your father will

be able to have us transferred back home?

No question he has the influence..

but a tough old bird is the Governor.

Doesn't believe in doing any favors. He expects everybody to be aggressive & self-reliant as he is.

That's why I am in

such a constant trial.

- I am frightened to death of him already

- You needn't be.

He wont be able to resist

you. As if anyone could.

I beg your pardon! Is

this Mr. Kingsley's house?

I have some business with

him. Are you Mrs. Kingsley?

- Miss Kingsley.

- I am Stanley. I am a reporter at New York Herald

- I see. Mr. Stanley, Could you

possibly come tomorrow instead?

I could possibly. But I would like to see him tonight.

- We are dining here.

- I envy you.

- We have guests here... excuse me.

- Oh! Here you are. Pls help me tie this tie.

- Father you promised you would wear white suit.

- Oh yes. Of course I am.

- Goodnight Miss Stanley. I am sorry if I have disturbed you.

Oh! There is someone at the door.

- How do you do!

- How do you do Sir!

This is Mr. Stanley. He has business with you but I told him that you are dining..

Oh of course of course. Delighted to have you Any friend of Eve is welcome.

By all means stay and dine with us. Happy to have you.

Well thank you! It's very kind of you.

If you wish to stay Mr. Stanley you are welcome. Did you remember to open the wine?

The wine? Oh! Yes, yes. I will see to it at once. You will make Mr. Stanley at home. Wont you!

Perhaps you better come in and meet the other guests.

And once we get out of this abominable climate just as soon as possible.

This is Mr. Stanley. Lord Tyce.

- Yes I already had the pleasure of meeting him.

- And Mr. Tyce.. Mr. Stanley.

- How do you do!

Lord Tyce and I had a very interesting chat on the boat coming down.

This is the gentleman who as good as insinuated that we are both liars.

Come father! What you told me the worst

Mr. Stanley thinks we are poor newspapermen.

So you intend to have a whack at it yourself?

- Certainly. Why not!

- I wish you luck.

- Thank you.

- I hope you don't have to be carried out.

- That's a stupid waste of time and money.
Why should we worry about Bennet
money? I have got nothing but a...
Well, well, well! Here we are.
I see you all know each other.
Mr. Tyce led the expedition to find Dr. Livingstone.
- Mr. Stanley is here for the same purpose.
Oh really! Bless my soul. Splendid.
Splendid. I knew the Doctor well, very well.
Great man! Of course you know
this was his house. He lived here.
He still lives here.... You know
so many things he brought back.
I am sure you all are starving.
We are dining in the garden.
Lord Tyce! You haven't eaten
anything. Can I get you something else?
Mr. Stanley, may I enquire, where the idea
originated of this wild goose chase in Africa?
It was Bennett's idea. I think
he got it from the London Globe.
I thought so. I knew it. Another
of his cheap Yankee tricks.
The man who finds Dr. Livingstone, will
be doing a great service to the world.
I am glad you said that Mr. Kingsley!
Because I need your help.
I would like to get a pass
to go to the island of Pimply
I understand while the councilor
is away You are the man giving one.
They say Pimply is unhealthy for white
men. - I will take my chances on that. -
- How about it Mr. Kingsley?
- What?
- The pass... to Pimply!
- Oh yes, yes yes. By all means.
- I shall be happy to provide you with a pass.
- May I remind you.
You forgive me for intruding
Mr. Kingsley. But it seems to me
That you are taking you on an
extremely grave responsibility.
Mr. Stanley is not a British subject... and

if anything unpleasant should happen to him
Mr. Bennet, his employer is quite capable of asking
embarrassing questions of the foreign office.
Thank you Lord Tyce. I
appreciate your concern.
I relieve you of all
responsibility Mr. Kingsley.
Well in that case their cant
be any possible objection.
- Father Mr. Stanley is a newcomer here. He
knows nothing about Pimply or its dangers.
If anything would happen to him
you would still be responsible.
Oh yes! You are right. I think it's a
matter for the councilor himself to decide...
- But Mr. Kingsley...
- No, no no my boy! Eve is right.
When the councilor returns I
will put in a good word for you.
Thank you Miss Kingsley. It was nice of you to
take in a poor fellow and treat him so gently.
My respects to your father and the
guests... I would just go out this way.
Thank you again for your help. A pass
would have meant a great deal to me.
Mr. Stanley!
I am sorry if I have ruined your plans.
- You have plans of your own Miss Kingsley.
I had to do it to please Lord Tyce.
It's desperately urgent. About my father.
What's your father has
got to do with this?
- I simply got to get him back to England.
- Why?
You have seen him. You have talked
with him. You know how he is.
I didn't see anything
unusual for a man of his age.
of his age? He is barely fifty.
Africa has done this to him.
It's killing him Just
as it killed my mother.
And the cruel pitiful thing about it
is. He still thinks he loves the place.

He doesn't want to leave it. It's in his blood.
Just as it was with Livingstone and all the rest.
That's what I meant when I said
Livingstone still lives here.
There is never a moment when his
shadow is not over this house.
I know what he has done. He is a humanitarian.
But everybody can't follow in his footsteps.
And look at father... it has only
made him sick... and made none happy.
I must get him away before its too late.
I am sorry. If I knew I wouldn't have butted
in. Don't worry about the pass. I will get along.

- Stan!

- Where have you been?

I was with everything
from Jackass to wagon train
But never had no such trouble
with Half of these Janzabarians...
All right, lets shove off

- Mr. Stanley.

- Wait a minute

- Are you completely out of your mind?

- Maybe, why?

You are going to Pimperley without a pass.

- That's where the slave buyers go. Isn't it?

Yes. But not white men. They hate the
white For trying to stop the slave trade.
And worst of all they
hate Dr. Livingstone.

If they were ever to find out
the information that you are after
What else did Lord
Tyce asked you to say.

I am sorry, I am sorry.

I didn't mean that.

You are not the kind to do anybody's dirty work. I
realize you are trying to help me and I appreciate.
But I guess you better save your advice for
somebody who has sense enough to take it.

I knew when you left me last night
that you are that kind of fool
Sure. I admit it.

It didn't mean it as a compliment

I guess I am just another kind.
But if anything happens to you.
Don't hold my father responsible.
See now... black beads for. Egg beads for
Uguha. But they are not worth anything in Ufifa.
And of course brass wire and cheap cloth
Mirrors are as good as gold or anything.
Well that's all. No. No. There
is something I wanted to tell you
A letter for Dr. Livingstone and
please give him my warmest regards.
That's true. I don't know where he
is now. Or even if he is still alive
Oh! And Eve said she wants to
see you. She is out in the garden
Speaking of howling savages. I remember
once up in the Dakota bad land back in 58.
58! Really I remember the year
well. Let me see now. Was it 59
No that's right 58... I was making a short
journey up in search of geological specimen
On the third day I began to hear war drum.
We were being pursued by large war parties.
Several tribes... their witch doctor
said that We were first class devils
I could hear them howling now. Whooo!
So you are really going? -Yes. Thanks
to you for getting me that pass.
- I wish I had never given it to you
- Why?
Because I don't want the credit
for what's going to happen to you
Nothings going to happen to me.
You don't realize what's ahead of you.
Do you want to come back like all the
others? Broken.. Old before the time.
Shattered by something far too
big for any of us to conquer.
Do you think you can fight
Africa alone? And win?
I guess I better make myself clear.
Conquering Africa alone or with
help doesn't interest me least.
I am no explorer and I am

certainly no missionary.

I am not crazy about the idea of spending
the next couple of years of my life
Scouring for an old missionary with a Bible
on one hand and a bag of beans on the other.
But if Livingstone alive I am going
to find him. That's my assignment.

I have got my reasons
to want to fulfill it.
It is nice to know that you
care of what happens to me.

- Wish me luck
- I do with all my heart.
- I wont forget that.
- Make way for her majesty's force marine
- Oh Garethth! That's wonderful
- Well how does it seem walking again?

It gives me an earnest
desire to sit down.

So you are really going eh! You
should have heard the Governor
When he learned that you
are about ready to start.
He thinks that you are trying to blast
the foundations of British Journalism.

- He would soon think of
blowing up West Ministers abbey.
Oh! You needn't explain it to me.
I am not a journalist and I have
already proved that I am not an explorer.

When I was in school in Switzerland I
climbed A matador to win a 5-pound bet.
Which gave my father the brilliant
idea that I was just the man
To scour the wilds of
Africa for Dr. Livingstone.

When are you leaving? -Tomorrow
morning from the mainland

- I wish you luck!
- I guess this is goodbye.

I will write to you.

Where you are going you will find
quite a scarcity of post offices.
Well all right. I will deliver the

letters personally when I come back.
Oh I see! Well if she isn't
here I suggest you try London.
All right I will. I hope that everything
turns out the way you wanted for your father.
And by that time there were only 10 of us
left. And 6 of those were so weak from fever
That they could hardly stand...
the tribes were closing in..
And when we camped that night
we were completely surrounded.
- Oh! Must you be going?
- Yes! We will be moving to mainland tonight.
Have you engaged all
the bearers you need?.
- The American Consulate at
Bargepole has taken care of that.
Mr. Kingsley, I wish I could tell you how
much I appreciate all you have done for me.
Not at all Sir! Not at all.
I wish I could go with you.
But they tell me that I am not quite up
to for the trip through the jungle now.
There is nothing to match
it son. nothing to match it.
Evenings in the camp. The
breeze cool of the plateau.
A tropical river gleaming like silver in moonlight.
and the feeling of life around you everywhere.
And more than anything else
the knowledge that you are
that you are thousands of miles
away from the civilization..
As close to nature as God made it.
Well goodbye Mr. Stanley and good luck.
- Goodbye to you Sir!
- Goodbye.
- Are we following his advice?
- Of course. He is an experienced explorer.
I know nothing about his exploring but He
sure is experienced in telling warpaths.
5 days out. Weather clear but
hot Easing march in the country.
We have been climbing steadily

ever since we left the coast
And the coolness of the night proves that we
have already reached considerable elevation.
Ahead lies the great plateau of Equatorial
Africa. A vast area of open country.
We are the first to enter if from
the point so far from the south.
We are carrying what in here in Africa What
amounts to a small fortune in trade goods.
We are hoping to conserve our food supplies
as much as possible by living of the country
Water is no the problem.
This morning we saw our first
game a small herd of antelope.
Although we have ran across no
dangerous animals during the day.
Their tracks are everywhere
And in the night we have heard the
lions hunting close to our camps.
setting up a great coughing but
apparently afraid of our fires.
Our guide tells us that they will
only attack men when starving.
So we have little to fear from
them in this land of plenty.
I would call this hunter's paradise. The
valleys are alive with antelope other game.
Including some new species that are
not yet been listed by the Naturalists.
Lately we have begun to see giraffes. Although
Mr. Slokan claims that are no such animal.
Kingsley was right when he said
that There was nothing to match it.
This is no empty wilderness
but swamping with life.
What old P.T.Barna will
give to these specimens.
This is the greatest show on Earth.
I am afraid Miss Kingsley was inclined
to exaggerate the dangers of the journey.
We have quite days and
peaceful nights in camp.
Way up on a high hill with a cliff
thousand feet down.. Tell them that.

Here was 500 Comanche's.

- Say.. You sure you are telling this exactly right?

- Yes Merci!

The 1000 Comanche's...

Coming closer, closer and closer...

How you say scalping in your lingo?

Now tell them that Injuns
were trying to get mine.

All the Comanche's skiddale
like billy blue here.

- What are they saying?

- They are saying you the biggest liar in Africa.

I had always thought of Africa in
terms of jungles and swarming heat

But this open mountainous country is
little different from our own great west.

Only the profusion of game. Only insects
occasional strange tropical growth
Reminds us that we are approaching
the heart of the Dark Continent.

Today we reached 'Chicago'

A well-populated region inhabited
by A thick chested bumptious tribe.

Who introduced us to the ancient African
custom of Honga... Honga means tribute.
beads cloth and wire. Grafts from the chief
of all caravans passing through his territory.

Apparently the spoiled system is well
established in Africa as in New York.

But the local boss treat
us as a friendly group

And willing to provide us with food and
guide for the next stage of our journey.

At just double the regular price.

Merci! He say that he know
where the white man is.

- Where?

- In village Mombassa, two moon march.

Tell the men to start
packing. Find out all he knows.

We have been making rapid
progress on the last two marches.

Gaining new strength and belief
that our search is nearing an end.

In only a few weeks I
should be back in Zanzibar.
I wondered whether Miss. Kingsley
will be surprised to see me.
I wish she was here.
I am sure the beauties of this vast country
will take away all her fears of Africa.
Thousands of flamingoes
flying off towards the sunset
An omen for our success. I find
myself thinking of her often.
At last the village. What
would Dr. Livingstone be like?
White man is in there.
I don't know what to say. What do you say
when you meet people in the middle of Africa?
Well you just say howdy
partner. How are things?
He is not white man. He is Alvano.
- Lets get out of here.
- You mean he is black white man.
No. He is a white black man.
Our disappointment at Mbashhi was apparently
the signal for our luck to turn against us.
Last night another man was carried off
by a lion and 2 more died of dysentery.
Our worst enemy.. When it
strikes the men drop like flies.
The vultures follow us expectantly.
Our men are beginning to desert.
Poor devils! I wondered whether
they will ever reach the coast alive.
We tramped on day after day. Week
after week.. from village to village.
Endlessly questioning. endlessly receiving
the same answer 'not know' 'not know'.
It is so long since we have
heard a single word of hope
That now even a false
rumor will be welcome.
I am beginning to get some conception
about the immensity of this country.
It is as if we have left New York
on foot, hoping to find Livingstone

Somewhere between
Chicago and New Orleans.
We haven't seen any human being
and savage life was all around us.
The fierce equatorial Sun
was always above our heads.
I apologize to Eve Kingsley
I thought she was wrong but she wasn't.
I wonder why she was
so anxious to help me.
Me a stranger who is never anything but
a nuisance to her. She tried to save me..
I wonder why.. Maybe because she knew that
White men don't belong in this country.
Livingstone must be crazy. If he is
alive and that I am beginning to doubt.
But I must never confess my doubt. I don't
want the men to know I am getting discouraged.
They call me "Buno Nwathare"
which means breaker of the path.
I will not betray
their confidence in me.
Today we saw our first human
beings in over 3 months.
- Slave caravan
- Them slaves?
You and Hasan stay with the men.
How do you do? Speak English? Hasan!
He says he is surprised that
there is White men in this country.
Ask him if he knows
the way to Tanganyika.
He says he just come from there. A
place they call Yum Yumbe. 4 moon nights.
He says the only best way to go there
is to go through the Yum Yumbe valley.
Ask him if he saw another white man?
He said he never seen before
white men in this country.
Give him my thanks
and go back to the men.
That's a funny lingo. I
never heard that before.
- War drums. What they are going to gain from us?

- Figure it out for yourself.

That slavers caravan
passed through this country.

- Maybe they are pow wow

- Maybe.

They are up there somewhere.

Lets take them on the far side.

Come on son.. Don't stand here in
the open. This isn't Injun fighting.

If we can only tell them
that we come in peace.

Look there must be millions of them.

Should anyone ever find this diary take it to
Mr. James Gordon Bennet of the New York Herald.

Tell him that the story is written in blood
of the men I am leading to their deaths.

and say to Miss. Kingsley that there is a
message in these pages for her alone to read.

I never should have left her. Now it is too
late When I know that I will never see her again.

I can't go back. While I can walk, I am going on
and I will not leave Africa without Livingstone.

Hasan! What's the matter with the men?

- They say they stay here.. Won't go no further.
Are they crazy?

- They say they stay here and will not die.

Say that if they stay here they
will die quicker there is fever here.

- Yes Master?

- Who are these men?

Native from Tanganyika. They are hunters.

- Tanganyika.. Tanganyika..

Yes Master. They want food, they are hungry
and the other white man always give them food.

- Other white man... when? Where?

- In Yugigi.

What's white mans name?

Doctor...

- Dr. Livingstone...

Give them food.. Give them whatever
they wanted if they guide me to Yugigi.

You stay here with sick ones until I send
for you or come back. I push on with few men.

- Tomorrow.

- Now.

Our guide say that this is
Tanganyika, this village Yugigi.
Livingstone's hiding place for
which we have searched so long.

It's hard to believe. I am afraid it is only a
feverish mirage, that will vanish before my eyes.

After all these months of disappointment,
can I dare believe that I have won?

The next few moments
will give me the answer.

Dr. Livingstone.. I presume.

- Yes.

Thank God doctor. I
have waited to see you.

I am thankful that I am here to welcome you Mr...

- Stanley..

You are not well Mr. Stanley Come in.

I have had fever

I have been traveling day and night
since I found out that you are here.

It's over a year since we left Zanzibar.
Sit down.

Then it isn't merely luck that you came.

No. No. I came to find you Doctor.

We have a guest for our
dinner. Set another place.

So long since I entertained that I...

Nothing short of a
banquet can do justice

This is an occasion. We will
have that patted pig for dinner.

You come from Zanzibar you say.

Now tell me Mr. Stanley, were you are sent
by The govt or The Royal Geographical society.

Neither I was sent by
the New York Herald.

- Newspaper? - You are
front-page news Doctor!

The whole world has been
wondering of what became of you.

There are dozen rumors about your death,
even that you have married a native princess.

We will settle all those rumors

When I take you back... and alive.
Then the only reason that you are sent
here is to get news for your paper.
That's right Doctor.
- How can I help you?
We want the exclusive right to publish all
your signed articles. Naturally we will pay you
When we are through building you up You
will be a sensation, a hero in 3 continents.
Of course you will make your own engagements.
Lectures, appearances. Whatever you like.
I am little ungrateful. You see that
I am neither lost and nor am I hiding..
If I had intended to go back I
should have done it a long time ago.
I have no intention of leaving
Africa until my work here is finished.
I know how you must feel after
Undergoing such hardships to discover
That the man you are sent to
rescue has no desire to be rescued.
But you see.. I have been disappointed too. I
thought that you have been sent out to help me.
No matter I mustn't quarrel with the
good fortune that brought you here.
For the blessings and the bounties
though have placed upon this table
Lord make me.. make
us.. truly grateful.
What are you doing there?
Come on.. What did you
take? Give it to me.
What has happened Mr. Stanley?
- I caught him going through my baggage.
- Did you strike him?
- Yes. Of course.
You shouldn't have
done that Mr. Stanley.
Mongo! You promised
you would stop stealing.
Mongo says, that he is sorry
and asks your pardon Mr. Stanley.
Forgive me for speaking to you so sharply
you should never strike these simple people.

They respond in kind to the treatment they receive. They know enough brutality without white men teaching them more. Mongo is making excellent progress. His good behavior used to be a matter of days. Now he can go almost a whole month without backsliding.

I am sorry that you were inconvenienced. Goodnight Mr. Stanley. Splendid. Splendid.

Good morning Mr. Stanley.

- Good morning Doctor

- I hope our prayer didn't disturb you.

No. Oh no. I enjoyed it.

I have send escorts for the rest of your caravan.

- Thank you.

When you want your breakfast Just call Juma.

Well. Well. Well. What's this? -Susie..

-Yes master

- Susie.. Fetch medicine box.

lets have a look at it.

- Juma plenty of hot water.

- Yes master.

Where did you find a big thorn like that? The other side Susie.

- Would you mind lending a little moral support?

- Gladly.

Hombre here is a soldier but here he has got a thorn on his foot.

It's gone pretty deep. Even a soldier needs a little encouragement.

We will give all the support we got. What can I do to help?

I think it would be better if you hold his hands.

there is nothing to be afraid of. Mr. Stanley is our friend.

Hombre is not used to strangers. Are you Hombre?

You see in the language of his tribe stranger and enemy are the same words.

We ran out of carbolic two years ago. We have found that the bark of one of our native...

...The bark of one of our native trees has remarkable healing qualities. We haven't had one case of infection since we used it. Now then.. Lets see what we have got here. There all of it. Good boy Hombre. Good boy.. Nice and clean. Disinfectant! Hombre is in splendid physical condition. His father was a Manyewa cannibal. If Hombre hadn't come to live here his teeth would have been plowed by now. They are fine people the Maniyeea in many ways. Has strict sense of honor. Magnificent physical specimens. They have a great capacity of leadership. Some day Hombre will be a great leader. Teacher... Now keep the bandage on or you will get dirt on the wound. Very proud of Homber. He has real talent. What I have seen of Africa I say you got a job in your hand. It's the same in all countries. How do you suppose America looked to the first settlers Who saw it as unknown wilderness steaming with hostile savages. That's the trouble here in Africa. Susie.. Bring my map case.

- Yes master.

White men have seen Africa only through the eyes of ignorance. That means through the eyes of fear. You are a newspaperman Mr. Stanley. You know something of human nature. I may be in the mark up to learn something more.

- What keeps the white men away from Africa?

- Lot of things I guess.

- Fear.... Fear of the unknown. Fear of a blank space on the map. Fill in the blank space, drive away that fear Let me show you. This is the watershed for the whole continent. from here spring the great rivers

That find their way to the Atlantic,
the Indian Ocean and the Mediterranean.
solve the mystery of those
rivers the Congo and the rest
Above all solve the mystery of the source
of Nile which puzzled the geographers
Since the time of Ptolemy. and you drive
away the clouds of ignorance and fear.
Give the world... an
honest. Accurate Map of Africa.
It is no longer the Dark
Continent. Then others will come...
Not only the missionaries
Doctors, teachers, pioneers...
They will bring civilization
drive away the slave traders.
Spread word of brotherhood
of man in the continent.
Which never before in all its history has
heard one single syllable of kindness or hope.
Well I must say Dr. Livingstone you are
not exactly my idea of a missionary.
Mine is a much malign profession
It is possible you know to serve ones god
without entirely loosing one's human perspective.
Now if you will excuse me,
its time for Sunday school.
I have persuaded Dr. Livingstone to
take me with him on a visiting trip
around what he calls his parish.
This is undoubtedly the largest parish
In the world, including as it does
some Thousands of square miles.
The Doctor is remarkable...
Not only does he care about
For the souls and bodies of the
people of the villages where we stop
But he takes a keen interest in natural history.
Classifying the flora and fauna we come across.
Yesterday we found a new and beautiful
kind of bird whom we named Eve Kingsley.
After the daughter of
the Doctors old friend.
also we have made several

side trips and explorations

His eternal quest of filling
those blank spaces on the map.

There! Now we know for certain that the
Ujiji river runs into lake Tanganyika

- The lion is getting mighty inquisitive
- He won't come near as long the fire is burning.

Guess I go and make sure that
it is burning good and dry

- Are we moving out in the morning?
- Yes.

The rumors of an Arab slave raid around
the Unandu Territory. To the north.

- Doctor!

- It is just the current fever.

Jeff! Come on lie down a little.

Get some quinine Jeff, quick.

You have quinine?

- Yes! Yes!

My supply ran out a year ago.

You never told me you had fever.

I haven't had an attack
for some months now.

I suppose it's in the bones.

Well I know one thing Doctor. When I
am leaving Africa you are going with me.

No my son. If I left here
I shall never come back.

This is my life, my work. I
shall stay here until I die.

We are returning to Ujiji. Never in my
life have I known a man so uncomplaining.

Even though he has fever, he is
already planning his next expedition.

His next achievement. I thank God
I have been permitted to know him.

Weeks have passed quickly. Too quickly.

But all good things must come to an end.
Tomorrow Jeff and I are leaving

on our return journey to our coast
and all of Ujiji has turned up
for a farewell party on our honor.

If we are leaving in the dawn we better
be getting a shown eye. don't you think..

I have the letters for you
and one for Mr. Bennet as well.

Thank you Doctor.

You know Doctor, I was thinking
what a great story it would make
Doctor Livingstone discovers the source of
Nile. New York Herald expedition was with him.

You mean you will go to Lualabi with me?

- I would have if you had me.

I should be proud to have you.

You aren't planning to go
to Lualabu river.. Are you?

When can we start?

- In about six months.

- Six months!

- We can't start until the rainy season is over.

After all my son, the river has
been there for thousands of centuries
And it is not likely
to run away from us.

No.. But I am afraid if we are stalled
for 6 months by the time we get back
Bennet will have another
expedition looking for me.

But you can help if you want to.

You know what I am trying to do here.

When you write your story about how you
found me here, write mine too. Be my voice.

Tell them that I need assistants.

Tell them that I need medicine.

Supplies and even geographers if it is
possible. Tell them how much work is to be done.

- Will you do that?

- Of course Doctor.

This time I know that my
message will go through.

I have found myself grating in the farewell.

That sorrowful word. 'We are parting'.

I to civilization. He to his lone battle
against incredible danger and hardships

Weak as he his, he thinks
only of his duty and dream.

With nothing to sustain him
but his own high spirit and

His enduring faith in God. Who he believes
will bring all things right at last.

My guides will take you as far as Yumyum

From there you follow the watershed

keeping the mountain onto your left

Till you strike the main trade route.

You should reach Zanzibar in one fifth

of time that it took you to come in.

- I am counting on you my son.

- I will do my best sir. I promise you that.

I leave it with you. May

God bring you to safety.

- Good-bye. -

Good-bye Doctor.

Oh Doctor! I almost forgot. Would you give
this to Bongo, if you think he would like it.

I am sure he will be

most grateful. Thank You.

- Henry M. Stanley?

- Looks like there is someone to meet you son.

She must have got my cablegram

Are you Mr. Stanley?

- Yes.

- Cablegram for you.

- Thank you.

There she is. Come on.

Gentlemen I will give you my

story later. Here talk to Mr. Jeff.

Jeff! Look after the baggage.

Eve.. I beg your pardon

I mean Miss Kingsley.

I beg your pardon old

man. You mean Mrs. Tyce.

Congratulations! I knew you would do it.

- Thanks.

- What have you done about your luggage?

- Jeff's looking at it.

You get inside and talk

to Eve I will help him.

We are putting you up here you know.

- Well I am glad to see you back.

- I am glad to be back.

How stupid of me.. I forgot

to congratulate Garreth.

Well then congratulate me.

- I wish you all the happiness in the world.

- Are you going to be in England long?

- No. Just long enough to take care some business.

For Doctor Livingstone

- Oh you say that so casually.

Isn't it the most wonderful thing
that ever happened, finding him.

But Garreth and I were
sure that you wouldn't fail.

I had help. At times
when I nearly turned back.

Something, I can't
explain you what it was.

Something kept me going ahead. It was
an inspiration that never failed me.

You have changed. I was wondering what is
it about you, that reminded me of someone

Now I know who it is.

Its doctor Livingstone.

Doctor Livingstone?

- Yes.

You have that same look about you.

No I am afraid that you are
imagining things. I haven't changed.

I am still a reporter waiting
for his next assignment.

Let me handle this. There is nothing I enjoy
more than a whack at the seats of mighty.

- Sir Oliver! - Yes! Oh Yes!

Tyce.. - Forgive me for intruding Sir!

But I feel that this is
truly a historic moment.

Sir Oliver French, I have the great honor
to present the man who found Dr. Livingstone.

- Mr. Stanley I presume.

- Yes Sir! I am Stanley.

Mr. Stanley, this is Mr. Veil.

- How do you do sir!

Permit me to congratulate you upon
your incredible accomplishment.

Incredible perhaps, but
none the less accomplished.

If we seem a bit hesitant to accept Mr.

Stanley's story in face value, please don't...

- I know you want the proof. Mr. Stanley has it.

- Has he?

-Mr. Stanley!

- Lord Tyce!

Did I understand that my son to say that you have proof that you found Dr. Livingstone?

Yes Sir. I have the documents here.

Dr. Livingstone instructed me to give you these Sir.

- An imposing mass of evidence I must say.

- If it was compiled by Dr. Livingstone.

-Oh father, for heavens sake be reasonable.

- I be glad to accept the judgment of the society.

- Well nothing can be fairer than that.

Very well Mr. Stanley. I will appoint a committee to examine these documents And instruct them to make their reports at our next general meeting at Brighton.

-Thank you Sir.

- I am certain that the meeting will be Long remembered by all of us.

- I am certain it will.

and I have here one of the letters Dr. Livingstone have supposed to entrust to Mr. Stanley and here is a letter which I personally know was written by Dr. Livingstone some 15 yrs ago when he was in England. I have carefully compared and in all honesty I cannot conclude that they were written by the same hand.

Would you say Mr. Kringsten that they were written by two different hands?

Yes. I should say so.

But can't we assume that the trembling hand of an old man, wracked with fever would produce a different character of writing than composed by a man in his prime. as Dr. Livingstone was 15 years ago.

- That's an assumption Sir. Not proof.

And now gentlemen the maps which Mr. Stanley claims, were drawn by Dr. Livingstone have been examined by the expert Cartographer Mr. Fredric Holkham.

As to the other maps of this unexplored territory and of which to compare these Naturally I cannot accept them as correct.

Mr. Chairman!... - Mr. Kingsley!

- By the same reasoning

Mr. Holkham could not possibly have accepted the maps of Christopher Columbus.

Isn't it true Mr. Holkham that those maps could have been drawn as well or as poorly by a child who have never been 10 miles from London?

That's putting it rather strongly Lord Tyce.

Would you say that the rivers and mountains so generously indicated on those maps.

might not exist outside of

Mr. Stanley's imagination?

No I shouldn't care put myself in position saying they are purely pigment of Stanley's imagination.

But there is 1 point of fact, or of error that should certainly cause us to question these records.

Here is a river called the Lualava river indicated as flowing North

and being the true source of

Nile. And further gentlemen...

Indicated as being at an elevation of 2000 ft above sea level.... 2000 feet!

As we all know our eminent colleague Mr. Hantton measured the elevation of the Nile as 2169 ft.

Therefore it seems that if we are to believe these records

that we must also believe, that water could flow over 700 miles uphill.

Dr. Livingstone indicated the Lualava as possible and not the actual source of the Nile.

The word possible Mr. Stanley does not appear on the maps.

Dr. Livingstone said it was possible

That it is not the Nile but the Congo.

And as to that Mr. Stanley, even an elementary knowledge of Geography should tell you

That the Congo flows not North but West.

Mr. Chairman, assuming that anybody found

Anybody, is it not likely that Stanley
Did not discover Livingstone but
that Livingstone discovered Stanley.
It must be obvious to even
the most gullible of us
that Mr. Stanley has attempted
to make this honorable gathering
The victim of a colossal fraud.
You ought to know about
fraud you old Rhinosausarus.
It was my privilege to spend some
time with Mr. Stanley at Zanzibar.
where I gone to meet my son, who courageously
led, a bona-fide expedition to find Dr. Livingstone.
When I told Mr. Stanley that Dr. Livingstone
was dead, he refused to believe me.
Why I ask you. Why?
Because it wasn't true.
Wasn't it because that 'The London Globe'
had stolen a march on the 'New York Herald'.
or is it because Mr. Stanley had come 11,000
miles for a story and couldn't find one.
Gentlemen. Among unscrupulous publishers, the
method is as old as a newspaper business itself
If you can't find a story, you hide yourself
away with pen and paper and you make one.
I have before me a copy of 'New York
Herald'. With your kind indulgence
I will read a small portion of
an editorial appearing in it.
.. And I intend to continue making news while
my competitors sit around waiting it to happen.
That editorial gentlemen is signed by Mr. James
Gordon Bennet, publisher of the 'New York Herald'.
An employer of Mr. Henry. M. Stanley.
Do you have anything further to say Mr. Stanley?
Before this meeting votes on your report.
- Go on. Get up and give it to them.
- You must please.
Mr. Chairman. And I feel that I
should say Gentlemen of the jury
Since you have seen fit to
turn this hearing into a trial
I stand before you accused of

being a cheat a liar and a forger.
Unfortunately gentlemen,
when you question my integrity
You nullify at the same time the
discoveries of Dr. Livingstone.
And you condemn a great man to oblivion
A great man, whom this honorable gathering
seem determined to wipe out with a vote.
although today he is still roaming the
jungle and swamp, alone and fevering.
accomplishing more in every single day than you
and your combined lives will ever accomplish.
You arm chaired Geographers, who have never
explored anything deeper than a plump pudding
I realize that this hall
is charged with prejudice
And to raise my voice here is
to cry out in the wilderness.
But I would be violating a
sacred trust if I did not cry out.
Even though only the walls heard me.
The walls of a handful
of faithful friends.
Gentlemen, I do not like to think
that I am expecting too much when I ask
tolerance and fair play
from my fellow countrymen.
Yes. I was born in England. went to school here,
not Eton, Herald but workhouse of Children poppers
All I ever knew of England was the
poverty and the brutality of the workhouse.
I grew up with the lesson of
my youth burned into my soul
I ask nothing of other
men than that I gave them.
A year ago, in darkest Africa,
I met a man who restored my faith
In the England I had
learned to hate as a child.
And you gentlemen are destroying
the faith he built in me.
As you seem bent on destroying
every other great accomplishment
Of the greatest man I have ever

known. Dr. Livingstone is out there.
He is old and he is sick. and he needs your help
to carry on the great work he has undertaken.
the work that is indicated, however
inadequately upon those maps.
Reject those maps, withhold
your aid and you destroy him.
Reject those maps and you close
Africa for generations to come.
Reject those maps gentlemen and you
pelt faith with the greatest geographer
and one of the greatest
man of our times.
Gentlemen, the choice
is yours. Take your vote.
I am sure that Dr. Livingstone himself
would say... 'I live it with you'.
-Oh! That was glorious.
- Fine words Mr. Chairman
But still not one word of proof.
I move that this meeting to go on record
by putting Mr. Stanley's report to a vote.
Gentlemen, all those who are in favor of
accepting Mr. Stanley's report please rise.
All those who are opposed to accepting
Mr. Stanleys report, please rise.
Gentleman, the verdict is clear.
It is the sense of this meeting
that Mr. Stanley's claim be rejected.
The table entertains the motion adjourned.
- Sir John - Yes!
What is it? - A message
Well Stanley, guess you know now, how I feel
when people wont believe what I tell them.
Stanley.. Stanley.. They are
calling the meeting back to order.
- What happened?
- Something's happened. We better go back.
I have just received a communication from
London which I feel, is of utmost importance
I will read it to you without comment
It is from Lord Bill Hampton
and it is addressed to me
Sir, a message has just

been received from Zanzibar

The body of Doctor David Livingstone has been brought to the coast by native bearers. Doctor Livingstone died several months ago on a journey to Lualaba river.

That is not all gentlemen! The letter goes on, bearers also delivered to the British consulate of Zanzibar

A last message written by Dr. Livingstone in which the Doctor mentioned Mr. Henry. Stanley.

The following message contains

Dr. Livingstone's last request and is addressed to Mr. Stanley.

'Too weak to go on. Have asked my heart be buried here, together with my dreams'

My son, the torch has fallen from my hand. Come and relight it.

Mr. Chairman!... -

Lord Tyce - Mr. Chairman

I have the great honor to propose, the previous resolution be stricken from minutes of this meeting And that we accept Mr. Stanley's report.

And with our acceptance tender him our humble apologies, for our stupidity and bad manners.

In which I Mr. Stanley, have been The greatest offender.

From Bennett. The 3rd today. I don't seem able to convince him that I am not coming to New York.

I guess I will have to name a mountain something after him.

Well, I guess, I better get aboard.

I wont try to tell you how wonderful

It's been to be able to know you

You see I was right. I

wasn't imagining things.

You are going to follow in

Doctor Livingstone's footsteps.

No man alive could hope to follow his footsteps.

I can at least try to finish the work he started.

And I wont be alone when I reach the spot. Where the Lualaba meets the sea.

- Goodbye!

- Goodbye Henry! And God bless you.

The End