



Scripts.com

# Blood Alley

By Albert Sidney Fleischman

"A sampan loaded  
with bean-cake fertilizer...  
"will be waiting for you at Beggars Point.  
"Good luck, Capt. Wilder. Your friends."  
My friends. That's a laugh, hey, Baby?  
Escape, my aching fantail.  
They think I'm nuts because I talk to you.  
I'm not sap enough to fall for that.  
What have I got to lose? A lousy mattress.  
Come on in, comrades, and get warm.  
How am I doing, Black Pigeon?  
I'm on to your brainwashing tricks.  
You're not fooling this old China hand!  
No, sir. Not today, gentlemen!  
Hello, Amoy, you dog-eared old postcard.  
I've been looking at you for two years...  
but Hong Kong's my town, hey, Baby?  
Remember when they grabbed  
that rust bucket of a freighter of mine?  
I thought they were pirates,  
the way they swarmed over...  
till I saw their stinking tennis shoes.  
What smells, comrade?  
Your feet or the mattress?  
Both?  
Come here, lardhead.  
As long as I'm breaking out of here,  
I'm gonna let you in on a little secret.  
Every hour that you kept me  
in a bloodbath...  
putting my brain through a wringer...  
I was talking to Baby, here.  
Jokes, sex, anything.  
That's how I beat you jerks  
at your own game.  
And by the way, comrade,  
Baby is a beautiful doll.  
I could almost believe you'd been bribed.  
Say goodbye to comrade, Baby.  
Why, you dirty little...  
A Russian uniform.  
It's a gun. It's real!  
It's loaded!  
This may be a trick.

But if it is, somebody's gonna get hurt.  
Powder your nose, Baby.  
We're getting out of here.  
Where are you taking me?  
To the mainland?  
Who sent you?  
What's the matter?  
Don't you savvy Chinese, either?  
Well, there's one thing good about you.  
You don't wear  
those stinking tennis shoes.  
Don't let that ferryboat worry you.  
I think he'll do, hey, Baby?  
I've been watching  
that Queen Mary there...  
over to Amoy and back to the mainland...  
up and back and busted down.  
She'd bust a gut  
if she tried to make 6 knots.  
8 knots, Captain.  
- Say that again.  
- 8 knots, Captain.  
I ought to wrap that oar around your neck.  
- What's your name?  
- I am called Big Han.  
All right, Big Han, open up.  
Who sent you  
and where are you taking me?  
So that's it.  
Okay.  
- Is that where we're heading?  
- It is my village.  
- What is your village called?  
- Chiku Shan.  
Welcome to our humble village,  
eminent brother.  
We trust your journey  
has been without wayward incident.  
We are the elders.  
Mr. Sing, Mr. Han...  
and this unworthy  
who serves as headman...  
called Tao.  
Did I spell your name right, Capt. Wilder?

- What?  
- I wrote the note. I'm Cathy Grainger.  
Yes. I remember. Thank you.  
Come, there is food and a soft bed  
awaiting our illustrious guest.  
It's lovely here. You'll like it.  
- Am I staying long?  
- None of us are.  
- What's going on? What am I doing here?  
- You're one of God's footsteps.  
- What?  
- That's Mr. Tao's way to say "a miracle."  
A miracle?  
Me?  
You'll be staying here.  
- Who lives here?  
- I do.  
You must rest, eminent brother.  
Then we shall talk.  
All I need is a little time to clean up.  
- Shall I make a confession?  
- Why not?  
You're younger than I expected  
Capt. Wilder to be.  
I'm glad.  
Hang on to me, Baby.  
Nice room, you bet. You likey?  
- Me likey.  
- Doctor's clothes maybe fit.  
Her father's?  
Him called away.  
Before time, Chiku Shan sad.  
You come. Now everybody happy.  
That's just great.  
And Missy Cathy, she very happy, too.  
What's that supposed to be, Baby?  
The village taxi?  
"Missy Cathy, she very happy, too."  
Missy Cathy not bad, either.  
But don't let that worry you, Baby.  
So, you're one of God's footsteps,  
a miracle...  
who needs a decent shave.  
A miracle that talks to himself, hey, Baby?

- I thought you were alone.  
- I'm never alone. I was talking to Baby.  
But don't let that frighten you.  
I'm so sane it hurts.  
Baby?  
Sure. She's up there, or there.  
She's always up there.  
She was the one trick I had up my sleeve,  
when I was a guest of the Commies...  
to keep me from beating my head  
against the wall.  
- You might introduce me.  
- Baby, meet Cathy.  
You have sailed this coast, Capt. Wilder?  
What's this all about?  
We require 300 miles of experience.  
The villagers put up the bribe money  
for your escape.  
I think we're entitled to find out  
what kind of skipper you are.  
I've knocked around these waters  
from Port Arthur to Singapore...  
in every kind of a ship,  
under half a dozen flags.  
- Does that answer your question?  
- Quite so.  
Could the illustrious captain  
take a ship to Hong Kong without maps?  
I never tried it without maps...  
but this coast is littered with wrecks  
that have tried it with them.  
Still, you have navigated  
these dangers many times.  
It could be done.  
Capt. Wilder,  
you may reject our unworthy plan...  
and travel your own way to freedom.  
In that event, we only request  
sealed lips beyond these village walls.  
One unguarded word  
and our 180 lives would be forfeited.  
Our people have chosen  
to leave Red China.  
Plus goats, ducks, pigs,

and a number of trained canaries.  
We can no longer live in honor...  
under the hawks and dogs  
who now sit in Peiping.  
For more than a year,  
we have planned every detail.  
It was one of God's footsteps  
that brought you to Amoy.  
Now we are ready.  
We ask you to guide us  
through Formosa Strait to freedom.  
- 300 miles down Blood Alley?  
- Quite so.  
You have no charts.  
What do you expect to use for a ship?  
There is but one in the harbor  
suitable for our plan.  
- The ferryboat.  
- The ferryboat?  
A lousy stern-wheeler?  
Why, that wouldn't last 10 minutes  
in Blood Alley.  
I've watched that relic for two years now.  
When it's not broken down,  
you couldn't get 6 knots out of her.  
Eight.  
With that added speed, you could  
probably get clear to the outer harbor...  
before the patrol boat  
climbed on your backs.  
We have other plans for the patrol boat.  
What plans have you for the gunboats  
in the harbor south of here?  
By voyaging only at night or in the fog,  
we expect to avoid the enemy.  
And I'm supposed to navigate at night,  
or in a fog, without charts?  
- Quite so.  
- Quite so.  
She's a flat-bottomed river boat...  
and probably draws  
about two feet of water.  
The Formosa Straits is no river.  
First time you hit whitecaps,

she'll break apart.  
It is a solid ship,  
built in your own illustrious country.  
Great.

Had the eminent brother  
not seen these objections...  
we would think him a fool.

Quite so.

You better give me time to think.  
As you wish.

Honorable Captain, I must warn you,  
one of our families is unreliable.

- Commie?

- Regrettably.

Today, the Fengs are in Changchow  
for a people's celebration.

Until their return,  
you have the freedom of our village walls.  
Freedom. Hear that, Baby?

Dandy.

- You think it's utterly mad, don't you?

- Strictly for the birds.

Look, you're caught up  
in this village fever...  
but the world outside  
isn't running your kind of a temperature.

A trip down Blood Alley in a ferryboat  
is no Sunday excursion.

Then maybe we'll go on a Monday,  
hey, Baby?

- Excuse me.

- That's all right.

This is my favorite spot.

No one comes up here anymore but me.

- Live here long?

- Seven years.

- You must like it.

- Sometimes I hate it.

Sometimes I think  
if I have to stay another day...

I'll turn to stone,  
like everything else in Chiku Shan.

If I don't, what then?

You wait for some other China skipper

to get washed ashore?  
I should think you'd be proud  
to do something for these people.  
There's 500 million of these people.  
I don't intend to play David  
to China's Goliath.  
- What are they doing with those stones?  
- That's one of our secrets, Capt. Wilder.  
Down Blood Alley in a ferryboat.  
Give it to me straight.  
There must be some better reason...  
why your three wise men  
chose the ferryboat.  
There is. Mr. Tao's nephew  
is the chief engineer.  
Keeping it in the family?  
Your father must be a big man.  
He is, here.  
The Reds intend to keep him here.  
- He's the only doctor along the river.  
- When is he getting back?  
I don't know. They flew him  
all the way down to Haifeng...  
to operate  
on some very important commissar.  
What does he think of this ferryboat trip?  
Dad's always wanted to be a ship's doctor.  
What's that waiting for?  
Somebody to build a road?  
Old Feng got rich in the Philippines.  
He brought it home with him.  
Commie?  
The Japs took the engine and tires  
years ago.  
It was too much trouble  
getting the body down...  
so they left it.  
Now he just sits in it...  
and his sons and grandsons  
and nephews keep it polished.  
It's gonna get mighty lonely here.  
- We're taking them with us.  
- You're what?  
They'd be held responsible.



They'd all be killed.  
Now, wouldn't that  
be just too bad, hey, Baby?  
That means the little ones, too.  
Rocks, tides, screwball currents,  
300 miles of them, and fog.  
Not even a chart to go by.  
They don't know what they're asking for.  
One of God's footsteps.  
I wonder what that stretch of coast  
really looks like...  
rock by rock, mile by mile. Remember?  
But if you made it...  
if you made it,  
it'd be a sweet bit of grand larceny.  
A whole village scratched off the Red map  
and put down in Hong Kong.  
Wouldn't be bad, hey, Baby?  
Susu!  
Bring me a piece of paper that big!  
As big as a window, you understand?  
And something to write with.  
My getcha, you bet.  
Let's see, there's Half Tide Reef...  
off Swatow, isn't it?  
Pagoda Point. Think.  
You got to remember every landmark.  
There's Three Chimney Bluff.  
Plenty big piece, you bet.  
Plenty big, you bet. Scram!  
Oh, Baby.  
Amoy.  
Hong Kong.  
300 miles.  
Breakers Point. There's a lighthouse there,  
remember, Baby?  
Don't let's forget Brothers Islets.  
And what about Chilang Point Light?  
Where were the graveyard of ships?  
Were they at Honghai Bay?  
Were they, Baby?  
Yeah.  
Not bad for a start, hey, Baby?  
Susu!

Want you very number-one wash?  
Tell Mr. Tao, him catchy very number-one  
ferryboat captain.  
That won't be necessary. I already have.  
Capt. Wilder, wake up!  
- I'm awake.  
- The soldiers are in the lagoon.  
This house will be  
one of the first they search.  
Please hurry. Mr. Tao's waiting outside.  
You know what will happen  
if they find me?  
I know what they'll do to the village.  
Makes me a kind of a one-man plague,  
doesn't it?  
You will be safe  
among our honored ancestors.  
I'm to stay here?  
They await the proper time for burial,  
according to our customs.  
So, this has been prepared  
for just such an emergency.  
Would you kindly help me?  
I want you to know  
I appreciate this very much.  
Are you comfortable, Baby?  
Maybe we better talk about other things.  
That 300 miles.  
Goat Island. Thunderhead, remember?  
And Pedro Blanco. Where is Pedro...  
Baby! The chart!  
That chart has "escape" written all over it.  
- Next time we'll trust her, hey, Baby?  
- Capt. Wilder!  
Are you trying to kill us all?  
In my room.  
Mr. Tao told us  
to stay with the Han family.  
Comrades aren't always well-mannered.  
- Get back to the Hans. I'll be all right.  
- I'm staying.  
Don't be a fool just because I was.  
Shove off.  
Don't ever try ordering me around,

Capt. Wilder.  
And keep your hands to yourself!  
Get in bed.  
Under the mattress.  
This is quite a piece of real estate  
you sleep in.  
- Where's my chart?  
- I had Susu burn it in the kitchen.  
- You what?  
- There wasn't time to find a safe place.  
That's great.  
You were seen from the ferryboat  
last night.  
Heroes in tennis shoes.  
One of the deckhands remembered  
the smell of bean cake.  
Now they're trying to thrash answers  
out of Big Han.  
They'll never get to first base.  
- Your hero is coming back.  
- I'll handle it.  
Get out of here.  
Get out!  
I'm not very good at saying thank you.  
Then don't bother.  
You were certainly cool and efficient.  
It wasn't pretty, but it was silent.  
Why did you kill him?  
It seemed like a good idea.  
Do you think I'm the first woman  
ever touched by a soldier?  
He'll be missed.  
You may have ruined everything.  
Start making sense.  
I would have lived through  
the affair in the hall without you.  
Stop kidding me. You're glad I came along.  
With a little luck,  
they'll think he went over the hill.  
They'll grab that ferryboat tomorrow  
and be gone before they miss him.  
You better go  
before I start making a fool of myself.  
Over what?

Over you.  
Now, wait a minute.  
You're a nice kid...  
and so far, I've managed  
to keep my hands off of you.  
But don't press your luck,  
and don't kid yourself about me.  
I won't.  
I hate the Reds because they closed  
a lot of Chinese ports...  
where I have dames.  
Chinese, Eurasian, and White Russian.  
We ever get back to Hong Kong...  
you can step back up to your world,  
where you belong...  
and I'll get back down to mine.  
I can't believe  
that's all the Reds mean to you.  
Let's cat the anchor once and for all.  
Somebody pinned the bleeding heart  
of China on your sleeve...  
but they never got around to me.  
There's been some trouble.  
I had to kill a soldier.  
He's hidden in the kitchen.  
Such things are sometimes necessary.  
We better pirate that ferryboat  
and shove off.  
That will be impossible.  
The soldiers brought news there was  
boiler damage in the South River.  
Our ferryboat no longer runs.  
What you think you do?  
Keep closed. Understand?  
The Commie family's back?  
- You must stay in house now.  
- Any news on the ferry?  
Soon, maybe.  
- How about Cathy's old man?  
- Not come back yet.  
My thinky Captain sailorman  
need cutty hair.  
My cutty, all right?  
My thinky Captain sailing man want bathy.

- All right?  
- Can do.  
Captain sailorman have  
before time pretty wife?  
Married?  
Likey Missy Cathy?  
Missy Cathy, she likey Captain sailorman.  
My thinky so.  
- What you thinky about Missy Cathy?  
- I thinky you talky too muchy.  
You remind me of a barber in Baltimore.  
Missy Cathy get old now.  
Needing husband man.  
She makey pretty fine wife, you bet.  
You likey? My fixy.  
My fetchy Tao's pigeon man.  
Are you blind, Susu?  
Can't you see that it's you  
who's got the saily man's eye?  
- You crazy.  
- I'm crazy about you!  
I thinky hair all cutty.  
- Give me a kiss.  
- You crazy crazy. Full of ginger!  
Captain sailorman crazy, full of ginger.  
Bell go ding-dong, my come chop-chop.  
- Yeah?  
- Capt. Wilder, can I come in?  
I wouldn't recommend it.  
I'm full of ginger, and also in the bathtub.  
Mr. Tao's nephew has come home.  
He's here.  
- The chief engineer?  
- Yes.  
Send him in.  
American?  
Call me Tack.  
- Light your cigar and stay a while, Tack.  
- I bring these for you.  
- Been San Pedro, Captain?  
- Sure.  
That town for the birds. Wish I back there.  
I train, learn marine engineer in States.  
Light?

Who blew up our ferryboat?

Me.

Amoy paper, see? Today we on front page.

- What happened?

- Iron boiler no good. I blow.

- You what?

- Damage not bad.

Old wine sack in pilothouse

want more steam.

I give.

We never make Hong Kong

with old iron boiler.

I plenty good engineer. Know my stuff.

- Now repair yard give us new steel boiler.

- How long will it take?

Maybe five days.

You worried about comrade in kitchen?

I'll put today's paper in his pocket,

dump him far away on South River.

They figure he been in Amoy,

forget about us.

Good deal. That will take about five days.

We'll need a black gang.

All set.

Wine sack old skipper never know

what go on under his feet.

I train my cousins many months ago.

Great black gang.

- Oil.

- Oil no worry.

- She burn wood.

- Wood?

Yeah. Low-pressure steam. 50 pound.

Tell me more

about this ocean-going stove of yours.

- She plenty fine ship. Got strong bottom.

- Flat as a pancake.

Give it to me straight, chief.

- Has she got 300 miles left in her?

- Aye, Captain.

- She number-one ship.

- Yeah. She can do 8 knots.

Six.

Now all I need is a ship.

How much longer?

Thank you.

How long has it been, Baby?

And I haven't even made a pass at her.

Jail sure must have aged me.

Who am I trying to kid?

Look, Baby, you stay here...

but if you hear a bell go ding-dong,

you better come chop-chop.

Captain.

- Yes?

- Mr. Tao here.

Ten thousand regrets

that I must call at this hour.

My unworthy nephew

has just brought word...

the ferryboat will be ready for us

tomorrow night.

Couldn't have picked a better time.

- Beg your pardon?

- Nothing.

Nephew Tack brings also the Amoy paper.

The headlines concern our Dr. Grainger.

It is news we feared.

The commissar in Haifeng

died under Dr. Grainger's knife...

which, I regret, often swims in rice wine.

The People's Court stoned him

and put him to death as a murderer.

It is Miss Grainger who concerns us most.

You must realize, illustrious Captain...

that her secret worry has been

that we would depart Chiku Shan...

before her father's return.

It has so happened.

With my people, death is expected.

I do not pretend to understand

the mind of your people.

You will know best

how to prepare her for this unhappy news.

- You expect me to tell her?

- Quite so. You must find a way.

Good night, eminent brother.

Not tonight, Cathy.

With or without the bell in your hand.  
Hey, Baby?  
Our monks shave their heads, Captain.  
You must remember  
to keep the hood in place.  
Are monks allowed to scratch?  
I watched you broad-jumping down  
from the village. You must walk the part.  
If you itch but do not scratch,  
then perhaps you'll look like our monk.  
Don't you think  
you'd better change position?  
No, that's all right.  
Pardon me, Captain. The bad news.  
Have you found a moment  
to tell Miss Cathy?  
When's the right moment  
to tell somebody...  
there's been a sort of murder  
in their family?  
What are we towing?  
Our carpenters have made a smokestack...  
to look like the one that puffs sparks  
on a ferry.  
- What for?  
- Be patient.  
Here stands Dragon Point.  
For two years,  
we have secretly raised the bottom...  
stone by stone.  
Our smokestack will be made  
to sit on the stones...  
so that only the top rises above the water.  
Patience was made in China.  
Here is Shima,  
where we go aboard the ferry.  
When it travels to this spot,  
we will set off smoke bombs.  
And tomorrow, all Amoy will think...  
that the ferryboat burned and sank  
off Dragon's Point in the fog.  
Even the passengers will believe it.  
Once the smoke begins,  
we ourselves will encourage the panic.



"Abandon ship! Lifeboats!"

Take these gentlemen below  
and lock them up.

You better get below  
and see they just lock that captain up.

- Yes, sir.

- We may need him later.

Yes, sir.

- It's a fine day up here.

- Welcome aboard, Captain.

We're taking down the Red flag.

Send it below. We'll burn it.

Can do!

Many months they have waited,  
Captain, for this moment.

- I'm waiting for the moment we shove off.

- Tomorrow. It will come quickly.

Like 10,000 years...

and we still have  
that patrol boat to fool with.

It will fool itself, Captain.

When it comes looking for us,  
it must enter by the channel.

- The water elsewhere is thin as rice paper.

- You're gonna trap it in here.

Once it arrives, the channel will disappear.

So that's it.

Those sampans have been stoning up  
the mouth of the channel.

Putting teeth in a mouth, Captain.

You wouldn't mind if I blew the whistle,  
just a little toot-toot?

Toot away.

One of God's footsteps.

Where are you going?

Me? A little sleep.

Tomorrow I'm going to take charge...

Get yourself a work party  
and clean up this old scow.

From now on,  
consider yourself third mate.

Me? But I know nothing of big ships.

- In that case, you're first mate.

- Me?

Check the tanks and make sure  
we got plenty of fresh water aboard.  
And I want you to scrape this propaganda  
off the bulkheads.  
You think you can get your hands  
on some fresh paint?  
Yes, Captain.  
That jack staff is so grimy,  
I can't steer by it.  
I myself will paint it  
an excellent yellow, my captain.  
Bring back something to tell the time.  
Yes, Captain.  
The rudder's sluggish,  
the turnbuckles won't turn...  
the capstan's rusted,  
the decks are warped...  
she's stubby, and high in the water.  
God help us in a rough sea.  
But you know something, Baby?  
I kind of like her.  
So that's where  
this bustled old lady began.  
"Sacramento, 1885."  
Captain, look!  
What is it?  
Us, Captain. Our name, the Chiku Shan.  
Nail it up.  
How long will it take your elders  
to get moving?  
There's a fog bank out there,  
I'd like to get buried in it.  
Captain, look!  
Wonderful music.  
You'd better roll out our former captain  
and turn him loose.  
When he starts yakking,  
that patrol boat will come running.  
- Then we can uncork our surprise.  
- Yes, Captain.  
- What's our steam pressure?  
- My gauge, which is a liar, says 33 pounds.  
I want full speed down the river.  
I give it. Now I go back to sleep.

You can sleep in Hong Kong.  
What about fuel?  
There is wood cut for us in the village...  
but we burn a cord now, Captain.  
We cannot carry enough for the whole trip.  
Start packing it aboard. We're shoving off.  
Get this stuff moving now.  
Yes, Captain. Here's your Big Ben.  
We call him Gabriel.  
He better blow his horn before sunup,  
or he'll end up in a frying pan.  
- Have you seen Miss Grainger?  
- No, Captain.  
Baby, even the dead are going.  
What are you doing?  
Chiku Shan must have bright new eyes  
to guide us on our voyage.  
Get ready to shove off.  
When Miss Grainger comes aboard,  
put her things in my cabin.  
I have not seen her all morning.  
Yeah. Neither did I.  
Get down to the ferryboat.  
We no go.  
You're going.  
Grab what you can and clear out.  
Where's Cathy?  
She gone to watchtower.  
We wait here. Daddy coming home.  
That's what you think.  
You can't make me go.  
Get mad, good and mad.  
It will take the curse  
off of what I have to say.  
Your father isn't coming back.  
They killed him.  
I don't believe you.  
I've known it for a couple of days,  
but I didn't have the guts to tell you.  
- They wouldn't kill him. They need him.  
- That big commissar died.  
So they used your old man  
for some high-grade hate propaganda.  
Dragged him into a People's Court.

Everybody that could pick up a stone  
got in the act.  
I'm sorry.  
Had he been drinking?  
No.  
There's no point in standing here, is there?  
None at all.  
There's not much I care to pack.  
- Can I help you?  
- No, thank you.  
Kind of rugged, hey, Baby?  
I hope they know what they're up against.  
They're Chinese.  
Stand by.  
Let go of your stern line.  
Let go of your bowline.  
If you want a last look at home,  
you better take it now.  
I looked.  
We'll head into that fog bank.  
We'll hide there  
until the patrol boat comes.  
When it enters the channel,  
firecrackers will go off.  
That is our signal to bait the trap.  
You better get below  
and see that everything's set.  
Did you get Miss Grainger's baggage  
into my cabin?  
She told me to move it out again.  
I got a little job for you.  
Just move it back again.  
A little job, Captain?  
This is it! Get on your toes!  
Half ahead. The annunciator is jammed.  
Stop engine.  
Full astern!  
Paint a patrol boat on that stack.  
Full ahead!  
Welcome to Blood Alley, Baby.  
Gunboats!  
Half the bloody Red Navy's out there!  
Nothing to do but bluff it out.  
Listen. It stopped.

I hope they think the Amoy ferry  
lost itself in the fog.  
It may take a couple hours of red tape,  
but they'll get the word.  
Then one of those skippers  
will be out to do us in paint.  
On his smokestack.  
Secure down there.  
You're not going to get any sleep tonight,  
so you better grab it now.  
I beg your pardon.  
What have they done with the Fengs?  
Most lie in the big room,  
seasick with the others.  
Their grandfather we have locked up.  
He lies seasick, alone.  
I tell them what happens  
to their grandfather if they make trouble.  
You have not met the Fengs.  
I will introduce you, Captain.  
They will make no trouble, Captain.  
Anyway, they are seasick.  
I'll try and keep them that way.  
Why we stop?  
She wanty baby born in Hong Kong.  
You better go out on deck.  
A little air would do you some good.  
My stay here.  
- The place has possibilities.  
- It's your cabin.  
I know. Big Han carried all these bags,  
including us, in one trip.  
I just came in for a shave.  
- Would you like something to eat?  
- A T-bone steak.  
- That's the way I like my steak.  
- Medium rare?  
We'll be passing Honghai Bay  
in a few days, won't we, Captain?  
- Could be.  
- Haifeng's not far inland from the bay.  
- He's dead, Cathy.  
- I've got to make sure.  
Stop kidding yourself.

I'm not going to Hong Kong.  
I'm leaving the ship at Honghai Bay.  
For what? To put flowers  
on a grave they didn't bother to dig?  
He might be in jail, or...  
Dead or alive, I'll find him.  
You've been bailing your old man  
out of trouble for years...  
but he doesn't need you anymore.  
- I'm asking you to put me ashore.  
- Nobody's leaving this ship.  
- Is that final?  
- Final.  
Watch me, Captain.  
I thought you were  
the bleeding-heart kid from Peiping.  
Now you want to run out on these people  
to pin down an obituary?  
And don't try to stop me.  
You're running this ship,  
but you're not running my life.  
We understand each other.  
Finally.  
Nobody leaves this ship.  
Fill this in with green stuff.  
Is old Feng still seasick?  
Hear him clear to the mainland.  
To us, it's a happy sound.  
- Trying to scare up a blanket.  
- Might as well sleep here.  
I'll sleep fine in the pilothouse.  
Still can't forgive me  
for those things I said...  
about leaving the ship, can you?  
Surprised you're still here.  
I tried walking on the water,  
but that takes practice.  
- Let's skip the morning charm.  
- Does he bite, Baby?  
There's no true charts aboard,  
the compass is on the fritz...  
and we're running out of fuel...  
but this ship is going to Hong Kong  
if I have to get out and push.

I haven't got time to worry about you.  
You can stop worrying. I'm staying aboard.  
I'll believe that  
when we get to Honghai Bay.  
Come on, Baby.  
- You better come down to the saloon.  
- Can't it wait?  
They think our food's been poisoned.  
Their bellies are empty, Captain,  
but none of them will touch it.  
The rice, the soup...  
They may have poisoned everything.  
Eat it, comrade.  
It'll make you big and strong.  
Or dead.  
If I may suggest, eminent brother...  
there is no poison  
but the poison they put in our minds.  
They make us fear our own food  
in order to starve and weaken us.  
Maybe.  
Stay out of this.  
He'll test it for us.  
Captain.  
Chief, you got garlic on your breath.  
What have you been eating?  
- Garlic.  
- How's our fuel?  
Not so good. Now my boiler gets thirsty.  
I just checked the tank.  
Pretty soon we got no more fresh water.  
Maybe it last till morning.  
All right.  
Tea, Captain?  
There's a party going on in the saloon.  
- I thought you might like some.  
- Tea?  
Hang on to this wheel.  
- I told you to put the chow under ration.  
- There's nothing to ration.  
A few handfuls of rice  
we saved for the children.  
Tomorrow, we'll roast two of the pigs.  
Tonight, we fill our bellies with tea.

Listen. She makes a song for you, Captain.  
I'll listen to it in Hong Kong.  
Starting right now,  
the tea is rationed, understand?  
We can't spare the water,  
or the wood you're putting in the stove.  
Get your cousins to break out  
some tubs and buckets.  
- Maybe we can catch some rain water.  
- Yes, Captain.  
And get that tea water  
off the stove and back into the tank.  
You hungry, Baby?  
You're gonna get a lot hungrier.  
Good morning, Gabe. Morning, Baby.  
And a good, good morning to you, Nursey.  
Will you take the wheel?  
- What's our course now?  
- Just steer thataway.  
Anybody tries to make soup out of him  
won't live to eat it.  
You ought to be in bed with that ankle.  
Didn't the cold water help any?  
Feels great.  
Bucket of Blood Alley will cure anything.  
I'll steer. You're going to stay off that foot.  
Try a course of 045. Joker compass.  
Way I figure,  
we're somewhere near Honghai Bay.  
I remember a graveyard of wrecks  
hung up on the point.  
If we can find them,  
we can strip them to feed our boilers.  
I watched you during the storm.  
Do you know how many hours  
you've been at the wheel?  
You can't steer  
with your back to the helm.  
You've fallen in love with the ship,  
haven't you?  
Last night, I found out...  
I've fallen in love with you.  
You got me mixed up with the storm.  
The weather's clearing...



and once you get to Hong Kong,  
you'll wake up.  
And if we ever get there,  
I won't want you around.  
Keep that straight,  
and we'll get along just fine.  
You'll find somebody else...  
some Hong Kong taipan  
with a villa on The Peak...  
and money in the bank.  
May even introduce you to one myself.  
The course is 045.  
We can count the grains of rice,  
but only the children feed their hunger.  
This stuff will burn. Have it broken up  
and taken to the boiler room.  
The artist carved 10 years of his life  
into this scrap of wood.  
You would turn it to ashes?  
Hide it someplace.  
Don't get anxious down there.  
This is no canoe.  
I got to walk her in.  
Full astern.  
Stop engine!  
We'll have to pull her in by hand.  
- You got a carpenter on board?  
- Yes, Captain.  
Get him.  
We'll stay just long enough to refuel  
and look for some water.  
And something to eat?  
There may be villages around,  
but stay out of them.  
We'll eat in Hong Kong.  
How long it take you to put  
this Humpty Dumpty together again?  
Why? You in a hurry?  
Yeah. I'm running out of cigars.  
I'm running out of things, too.  
You'll be in Hong Kong tomorrow.  
Tell them to find some planks  
to fill in this wheel.  
Captain, look. We feast.

All 179 of us?  
Snap it up. We've got to clear out of here  
before the fog lifts.  
Cousin Lee's a craftsman.  
He cannot be hurried.  
First thing we better do  
is get rid of the Commies aboard.  
Round up the Feng family,  
and we'll put them ashore.  
- Be that many less bellies to feed.  
- It will be a pleasure, Captain.  
Captain, it is one of God's footsteps.  
It's cannibalism, that's what it is.  
One ship feeding on another.  
We'll be doing it next.  
Put this on the menu.  
We catch a few fish, too, eminent brother.  
Perhaps we can remain here the night  
and catch more.  
No. We're shoving off within the hour.  
My people worry  
about our illustrious captain.  
- He is in pain. He has had no rest.  
- I'm in the pink.  
Your China Sea pirates  
have been dragging their plunder in here...  
and stripping it for years.  
This graveyard gives me the willies.  
Cathy?  
Where's Cathy?  
- She's gone?  
- You bet.  
I told you to call me  
if she tried to leave ship.  
Why girly go Hong Kong? For you?  
You don't want she. You got plenty girlies.  
- When did she leave?  
- Long time now.  
Maybe she find Daddy.  
We stay here. Maybe she come back.  
Little idiot.  
Big idiot.  
Big idiot, huh, Baby? She said a mouthful.  
Wait a minute.

I got something to say to these people...  
but I don't know  
whether my Chinese is good enough.  
I don't know whether my English is.  
A couple of you Fengs understand English.  
Explain to the rest of them.  
You're all afraid,  
but these villagers are your friends.  
They proved it  
when they brought you along...  
instead of leaving you there  
to take the blame for their escape.  
And what do they get in return?  
They're going hungry...  
and cut down their chances  
of making it themselves.  
Your old China  
is as dead as your ancestors...  
and your new China...  
is as misguided as that pompous,  
miserable old elder of yours.  
It's being run by fear...  
fear that would make a man  
sacrifice his own son...  
in order to treacherously  
poison his friends.  
You got to make a decision.  
You can go along and follow your elder...  
or you're welcome aboard here  
with your friends.  
Make up your mind.  
What do we do?  
Get them aboard! Cut the lines!  
Full ahead!  
They can't come any closer.  
The water's too shallow.  
That's close enough.  
Captain, look!  
Full astern!  
- Get below and give her a hand.  
- Yes, sir!  
Stop engine!  
Full ahead!  
- I found out the truth. He's dead.

- Can't you see I'm busy? Welcome aboard.  
You needn't have arranged  
a 21-gun salute.  
- Where are you going?  
- Where I can do some good.  
Forget your steam gauge! Pour it on!  
Slow ahead.  
Stop engine and kill all smoke.  
Look at them, Baby.  
Let them make it. They gotta make it.  
The bleeding heart of China.  
You can pin one on my sleeve, Baby.  
Chief, full ahead.  
Let's get this grand old lady to Hong Kong.  
Old men and old ladies...  
young people and babies. Refugees.  
God bless them.  
Powder your nose, Baby.  
We're coming in to Hong Kong.  
Here. You take the wheel.  
Maybe you'd better help.  
I'm not quite sure I know where I'm going.  
I do. Goodbye, Baby.