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# Four Frightened People

By Bartlett Cormack

1

Mr. Corder, what was  
that they threw overboard?  
Another body.  
Look, we made our getaway just in time.  
Tell him to get us ashore.  
Ashore? Ashore.  
Corder! Corder!  
All right to take my hand away?  
Promise not to scream anymore?  
Okay.  
Oh, you knocked my glasses off.  
Sorry.  
Well, you bit my hand.  
Is this boatman all  
right? He'd better be.  
May I talk now? If you don't scream it.  
We're not out of the woods  
yet. Why did you kidnap me?  
Tonight, I saw a rat keel  
over like a drunken man...  
and die outside my stateroom door.  
Then, when Ainger, Mrs. Mardick and I...  
stumbled on them sewing  
those bodies up...  
I knew, bubonic plague.  
Plague?  
Those coolies on board were  
beginning to die like rats.  
It'd be only a question of time...  
before it hit us passengers...  
and then we'd be dumped  
overboard for sharks.  
When the boat stopped off...  
this village to load copra tonight...  
we decided to get down in  
one of these copra boats...  
and make the boatman put us ashore.  
Yes, but me, Mr. Corder,  
I... That's your fault.  
You don't imagine we  
wanted to take you, I hope.  
If you were at dinner  
like everyone else...

I was just out watching the stars.  
You were watching us when  
you screamed, weren't you?  
Well, I was afraid you'd miss the boat.  
We had to grab you to keep you quiet.  
If news of a plague had  
leaked out on board...  
there'd have been panic  
among those coolies...  
maybe even mutiny, massacre.  
That'd have been a whale of  
a story for me to write...  
for the world's  
breakfast table, at that.  
But is it right to leave all those  
people on board, perhaps to die?  
What earthly good would it do them...  
for us to stay and die with them?  
Well, then isn't it piracy to  
just seize a boat like this?  
You know who I am, don't you?  
Of course, silly.  
I read your articles in  
the paper every morning.  
Everybody knows who Stewart Corder is.  
Then I wouldn't worry about  
that piracy angle hitting us.  
Yes, but don't...  
Don't worry, child.  
We'll take care of you.  
How do you say  
"condensed milk" in Malay?  
Oh, no. Of course you wouldn't  
know English, would you?  
I've arranged everything.  
It doesn't seem so terrifying...  
once the first excitement  
has worn off, does it?  
I daresay it is a bit unconventional...  
from that poor girl's  
point of view, I mean.  
I'll just tell her that she  
can look on me as a chaperone.  
Girls like her chaperone themselves...

smack into the old maid's home.  
Is that... Well, isn't that splendid?  
Only he wants more money.  
Tell him to go to...  
You give him some of  
your money, Mr. Ainger.  
Of course.  
What for? That's a surprise.  
He says there's an Englishman in  
this village he can hire to guide us.  
That is good. Not all of it, Ainger.  
You haven't traveled the  
Far East much, have you?  
No. I'm in the laboratory end at home.  
Chemist. Rubber, you know.  
How interesting.  
No, it isn't, really.  
You just smell. Your clothes, I  
mean, of chemicals all the time.  
Say!  
Look.  
He's gone to get the  
Englishman and everything.  
Well, let's go. Yes.  
Oh.  
Rather pretty.  
Probably some religious ceremony...  
burning those houses.  
Come on, we'll have a look. Yes.  
Coming ashore like this  
reminds me of the time...  
I was torpedoed on  
my way to the war. Oh.  
I scooped the world  
on that little party.  
What is it, dear?  
She must have stepped on something.  
Something's there. I saw it move.  
There! You see? Keep quiet.  
It's a witch doctor.  
Keep back of me. I got my gun ready.  
No, no, Corder. Do  
you think you ought to?  
They're probably only fishermen.

Tell them we're not going to hurt  
them, if they can behave themselves.  
What did you say?  
It's the cholera. What?  
They're burning the bodies  
in the houses of the dead.  
Why didn't that boatman tell us this?  
Come on, let's get clear.  
Mr. Montague. That is I, Tuan.  
The most white man of this place.  
Best English make.  
Best English make.  
You see? How do you do?  
Only I.  
What I can do to assist my white  
brothers and my lady brothers?  
We want a ride down the coast to  
Kintaling and catch a freighter there.  
I am sorry to give Tuan astonishment,  
but impossible to go down coast.  
Swamp of mangrove tree all the way.  
Must go through jungle.  
What? What?  
How long will it take?  
Three, four days.  
'Tis a matter of how excellently...  
the lady brothers can walk.  
Walk? Walk?  
Yes, but with our machines, Corder...  
these natives will make things so  
cheaply, we won't be able to compete.  
You cynics never see  
the donut for the hole.  
Well, still, that saves  
a lot of indigestion.  
And then after my third marriage...  
My husband was a  
government official here.  
His name was Alfred, too.  
It was really most  
embarrassing at times...  
if you know what I mean.  
Calling one Alfred at moments...  
and then realizing that it

wasn't Alfred, but Alfred.  
I was engaged once in high  
school, but nothing happened.  
Well, one is really too young then.  
Want a breather?  
It's not the heat,  
really, it's the humidity.  
Mr. Corder?  
What's the matter?  
Mr. Corder, please pick that  
orchid for me. Do you mind?  
I suppose it's all right to pick it.  
Thank you.  
I've never had an orchid  
before. They cost so much.  
I hope I'm not being too much trouble.  
Oh, nice.  
Just like the botanical gardens  
and the zoo at the same time.  
Anything wrong?  
No, no.  
Just a little snake.  
Here, you better put this on. This sun  
knives you whether you can see it or not.  
Give it to Judy, Mr. Corder, do.  
Oh, now, Mr. Corder, with  
all your experience...  
you must see that poor girl is  
simply starving for romance...  
and quite madly attracted by you.  
Do be nice to the poor little thing.  
I don't like poor little things.  
Oh, Judy!  
Come on. We've got to make  
Kintaling in time for the next boat.  
Mr. Corder, thank you  
for lending me your hat.  
That was thoughtful. I do  
appreciate... You're welcome.  
That's your good deed for today.  
Curious. No crocodiles.  
Quick. To stand still, if you please.  
Oh, come on, Montague, don't  
try to sell us any melodrama.

It's all so peaceful here,  
it's darn dull, if you ask me.  
Come on, let's get out of here!  
It's only a fallen coconut.  
Do you think it's dull?  
I think it's interesting.  
It's practically virgin country.  
Perhaps that's why Mr.  
Corder doesn't like it.  
Seladang.  
What?  
Seladang on trail, Tuan.  
Most necessary we go round.  
Look.  
Why, it's nothing but a cow.  
Oh, no, no. No, they're water buffalo.  
Used extensively in this country and  
China, Japan and the Philippines...  
as a beast of burden.  
No, no, mem ketchil. Beg pardon.  
This is very different relative.  
Please. Well...  
Well, a country's animals comes  
under the study of a country...  
and I've taught geography  
long enough to know...  
A geography teacher?  
Good heavens!  
Tuan, please.  
This highly efficient animal, seladang.  
Kill even tiger very dead in single fight.  
How do you spell it? Seladang.  
Let's see. On the 11th, we  
met the vicious seladang...  
water buffalo, to you folks.  
Many in herd. Must  
go round, otherwise...  
Nonsense! You're not afraid, are you?  
Natural. Seladang would kill me.  
Sometimes it's intelligent to be afraid.  
Come on!  
Quick!  
Montague, are you sure you're going  
to get us back to that trail all right?

Best English make, me, Tuan.  
Very soon now, I shall exhibit  
trail again. You'd better exhibit it.  
He certainly had.  
It's most important to our  
International Congress...  
that I should be in New York on time.  
The paper I'm going to read indicates  
18%% progress towards our objective.  
What objective?  
Fewer babies.  
Oh, Mr. Ainger, you said you  
simply had to be back to...  
Quiet man, isn't he?  
I simply must get back  
by the first of the month.  
The school board would just let  
me out, and I couldn't afford that.  
I borrowed the money from my uncle.  
I live with them to make this trip.  
Oh, nice.  
Judy? Yes?  
Now, we are two women  
and utterly alone here.  
And while I'm sure Mr. Corder and  
Mr. Ainger are both gentlemen...  
still, we must stick together  
and present a solid front.  
I don't understand.  
We'll have to camp, won't  
we, with these two men?  
Have you thought of the night?  
No. No, I couldn't.  
I wouldn't think of it.  
You're entirely too bold.  
It's insulting to me that you'd  
take such a thing for granted...  
and I object to it.  
Mr. Corder took it for granted that you'd sleep  
with the rest of us for your protection.  
I think I may say that neither of us  
has even thought of you as a woman.  
So, for heaven's sake, stop turning  
everything into a sex problem...



and go to sleep.  
Mr. Ainger, you're a  
very disagreeable old man.  
Why, dear, he's not old.  
Come along, now. The sandman's calling.  
Being a geography teacher, Miss Jones...  
you ought to realize that  
this isn't Central Park.  
And if it'll make you feel any easier,  
I'll admit I have no designs on you.  
You just don't affect  
us he-men like that...  
so take it easy and join the club, huh?  
I didn't think you'd be horrid, too.  
Nice bed. Juloh-juloh leaf.  
It's rather public, isn't it?  
No. Banyan tree, elegant roof.  
Mr. Ainger?  
You didn't mention me in connection  
with our sleeping arrangements...  
but I suppose the assurances  
you gave Miss Jones...  
apply to me, too?  
Hmm?  
Mmm.  
Thank you.  
It...  
I'm coming.  
It's nothing.  
Isn't there any way out of this cage?  
You've been three days  
getting us back to that trail.  
Montague, are we lost?  
But Malaya is such a small place.  
Not as big as...  
Well, let me see. Iowa.  
But Iowa has better roads.  
Maybe if we just visualized  
it, and then could find north.  
Malay Peninsula is bounded  
on the north by Siam...  
on the south by the Strait of Singapore,  
on the east by the China Sea...  
on the west by the Strait of Malacca.

"Water, water everywhere  
And not a drop to drink."  
Do you have to be  
disagreeable, Mr. Ainger?  
Sorry. It's my stomach.  
Are you lost, Montague? Are you?  
I not familiar this  
part of jungle, Tuan.  
So, by Allah, perhaps we lost.  
Yes! See here! You can't do this to me!  
No. Not to the New York Globe.  
Oh, dry up!  
Now, now, boys.  
I've got out of worse jams than this.  
Get us out of this one, then.  
I've got to be back by the third.  
Well, I'm not happy  
revolving around here...  
with the information I've got for  
Washington burning me like a hot coal.  
Don't be discouraged.  
You'll get us out.  
You bet I'll get you out! Come on,  
Ainger. Women and children first.  
Come on, Montague.  
Mrs. Mardick.  
And tonight, I have some playing  
cards I use for solitaire...  
One club.  
Spade.  
This does make you forget the  
danger and everything, doesn't it?  
I'm so glad I thought of it.  
Oh!  
Just monkey.  
Your bid. Oh, I'm sorry.  
A club and a spade were  
bid. Yes, yes. Two clubs.  
I pass.  
I'll save you, Ainger.  
Two spades.  
I pass. Content.  
Very good. Play it.  
Oh, yes. That's splendid, partner.

Oh, Mr. Corder...  
there's something on your shirt...  
with a lot of legs.  
There's the lead.  
Aren't I an extraordinary  
dummy, Mr. Corder?  
Very.  
Why didn't you bid more? More?  
Montague, what kind of  
a bird is that thing?  
Brain fever bird, Tuan.  
To listen to this infidel too long is  
to become very unfortunate in the head.  
Rot.  
Everything's in the  
mind, don't you think?  
Fear, I mean.  
I just wanted to stretch.  
Have you gone to bed with another ace?  
Oh, I'm so sorry.  
My imagination just won't  
let me discard the jungle.  
It seems so full of things.  
All right, Cinderella,  
a heart was called for.  
Oh, dear, I'm sorry.  
This is quite picnicky, isn't it?  
Depending on how one looks at it.  
There's many a slip.  
That was well played, partner.  
This reminds me of the  
last bridge game I played...  
during the Chinese  
defense of Shihkiachwang.  
We correspondents had a game  
with some of the generals.  
It was 40 below zero outside.  
The Japs kept coming at them, until finally  
the Chinamen charged out with the bayonet.  
Gory business. Reminded  
me of Bunker Hill.  
Were you there, too?  
Well, I suppose the noise can't hurt us.  
Heaven knows, Alfred

makes noise enough at home.  
It's your play, dear.  
Oh, I must have dropped a card.  
Here it is.  
I guess I'm just not lucky.  
Oh, those mosquitoes.  
They don't bite me. Funny.  
No, it isn't.  
Maybe they don't like  
your disposition either.  
Cracking jokes? That's the...  
Judy, don't move.  
It's a snake.  
Cobra. Death in four minutes.  
Good work, Corder.  
Well, that's strike one on the jungle.  
Excuse me.  
Lucky I hit it.  
Lucky for me.  
You saved my life.  
This is Judith, Stewart.  
Judy, I mean.  
You called me Judy tonight, remember?  
When you were so brave and  
saved me from the cobra.  
Montague, you seen my shoes?  
No, Tuan.  
Mrs. Mardick.  
Yoo-hoo.  
Breakfast. Coming.  
Aren't men fussy about their food?  
Robinson Crusoe ate leaves.  
Stupid book.  
Come, dear. I'm hungry.  
Where are my...  
What the...  
Who did this?  
You should have had more sense than  
to stick your shoes in the fire to dry.  
Montague!  
Yes, Tuan.  
What nitwit put my shoes  
in that fire last night?  
I don't know. Maybe, perhaps monkeys.

Best English make. Like me.  
Don't wisecrack me, you clown!  
In addition to everything  
else, do I have to go barefoot?  
Who did this?  
Shoes don't walk away.  
Who burned up my shoes?  
I did it.  
Oh.  
But they were so wet. I  
was only trying to help.  
Why pick on me?  
If you're going to run  
around burning shoes...  
what's the matter with Ainger's shoes?  
Oh, my shoes aren't romantic  
enough, thank you very much.  
Please forgive me. I was  
afraid you'd catch pneumonia.  
So now, barefoot, I can get lockjaw.  
No, please, I didn't realize.  
Now listen.  
You've been enough of a  
nuisance on this party.  
The only way you can help is  
to keep quiet and stand still.  
You're not running this geography class.  
Now, now, Mr. Corder.  
You, too!  
I'll show you. I'll cut  
soles out of my shirtfront.  
Stewart Corder.  
So everything I do is wrong, is it?  
Well, that's not news to me.  
I've heard it all my life from  
the relatives who brought me up.  
I thought you'd be different.  
But you've all treated me so  
much like a poor relation...  
that I've wished all over  
again I'd never been born!  
Come, Miss Jones, I  
apologize... Oh, you keep quiet!  
Did I ask to be taken on this trip?

You shanghaied me.  
Well, now that I know what I've  
walked into, I'm walking out.  
Hey, you can't get through  
this jungle. I can't, can I?  
Well, let me tell you something.  
You've all made fun  
of my name being Jones.  
Well, my great-great-great-  
grandfather was John Paul Jones.  
He didn't write about  
wars, he fought them.  
Yeah! And the chemical he  
messed around with was gunpowder.  
What do you think of  
that, you landlubbers?  
Lend me that knife of yours.  
She'll be back as soon  
as she's had her cry.  
All wise men know these things are true.  
I know women.  
You were pretty rough  
on the child, at that.  
Well, did she burn my shoes up,  
or didn't she burn my shoes up?  
- Miss Jones!  
- Judy!  
Let's call again. We must find her.  
Let's all call together.  
All right, ready?  
Miss Jones! Judy!  
There she is.  
Stand still, or you'll get lost again.  
Go away! Get back, quick!  
That's a fine reception.  
Perhaps she's still cross.  
Be nice, Mr. Corder, and apologize.  
Apologize?  
Run! Go away! Go away!  
I told you, you couldn't get through  
this... There are savages all around here.  
Semang.  
Good heavens.  
Look out! Here they come!

Keep back there!  
Excuse me.  
This portion of jungle  
belong to this riffraff.  
Well, explain to them who I am.  
Well, permission to pass  
will be granted, Tuan...  
in return for payment of one  
surprising big quantity of rice.  
Oh, well, that's all right. Tell them we'll  
send it to them when we get to Kintaling.  
Come on, let's go. But...  
this is highly embarrassing moment.  
Must leave one lady  
as surety for payment.  
Poor dear.  
But they're not cannibals, are they?  
No, mem ketchil.  
Well, then you won't have to  
worry on that count, anyway.  
They're not going to get away with this!  
Oh? What are you going to do about it?  
Ask Washington to send a battleship?  
Montague! Tell them my paper has...  
probably got an expedition  
out looking for me by now.  
It'll go hard with them if  
they... Oh, don't talk so much.  
Come on!  
Let them go, please.  
Tell them I'll go with  
them. Only let them go.  
Me? I?  
The rice payment, mem ketchil, must be  
made according to the weight of the lady.  
No. No, I'll go.  
Tell him to leave her and you'll  
bring him double my weight.  
Oh, nonsense, my dear.  
Wait till I get this story on the wire.  
Wars have started for less than this.  
Now, now, dear. Don't feel badly.  
After all, I am a little fat in spots.  
Oh, Mrs. Mardick. Oh, yes.

Yes, I am.  
You might mail this to my Alfred...  
if you have an opportunity.  
Goodbye. Goodbye, my dear.  
Oh, I'm so sorry.  
It's going to be very trying for  
poor Judy with me out of the way.  
So do remember you're both gentlemen.  
As long as you can, I mean.  
Au revoir.  
This is...  
Don't worry. We'll get you out of this.  
All right, Montague, let us loose.  
Humble apologies, Tuan...  
but necessary I agree not to  
release you till sun reaches there.  
What? Anything else?  
Yes, Tuan.  
If rice payment not paid  
in one moon, they kill lady.  
He's bluffing. No, Tuan.  
How long is one moon? A month.  
Oh, well, that's all right,  
then. Now that we know...  
the way to Kintaling,  
we'll make that easy.  
But pardon, Tuan. We  
do not know the way.  
You asked those natives, didn't you?  
White man, like I, must not  
appear ignorant before natives.  
Does that mean Mrs. Mardick  
will be... Then we're still lost?  
Can't you ever think of  
anyone but yourselves?  
I'll never stop thinking of  
you, getting us into this.  
If you hadn't had your little  
cry... Oh, shut up, Corder.  
Is that so?  
Who asked you? I'm  
telling you, you peacock!  
If you hadn't made her cry, we  
wouldn't have had to chase her.



My arm's coming off.  
You don't think I'm  
having any picnic, do you?  
The information I've got for Washington...  
Burning like a hot coal under your medals?  
I know.  
Ainger, I'm gonna make you  
eat that sarcasm of yours.  
Oh, stop it!  
You're like two little boys  
who've been kept in at recess.  
I'm disgusted with both of you.  
You're disgusted? Yes, I'm disgusted.  
Can't I have feelings as well as you?  
Well, I can.  
And from now on, I'm gonna let them out.  
If I've got to be lost, I'm going  
to be lost the way I want to be.  
And do all the things I've  
wanted to do before I die.  
She's hysterical. Now, now,  
girl, you're acting like...  
You've been acting as if  
you were in a radio station.  
And you, as if you were  
at some stomach specialist.  
You're a couple of sulky,  
irascible, egotistical...  
selfish men.  
Montague, cut them  
loose, and then follow me.  
But chief say not till sun  
reach... Did you hear me?  
Yes, mem ketchil, in most elegant speed.  
What's got into her?  
She's turned into a woman.  
It'll be worse now.  
Tuan, all wise men know  
these things are true.  
Or more than one wife...  
if you know what I mean.  
You know, the children...  
Now, just what would you say...  
the birthrate in this village...

might be?  
You see, that is my life's work.  
Hurry that chow, Montague.  
We got to get going.  
Where's Judy?  
Having bath, Tuan.  
Get her, will you, Ainger? I'm hungry.  
Get her yourself. I'm busy.  
Skip her, then.  
Still, someone ought to get her.  
You know what happened last time  
we ate without waiting for her.  
I'll go if you will. All right.  
Girls in every part of the world,  
and you can bet I miss them here.  
But I swear, this little  
old maid stops me, she...  
It isn't exactly  
sporting of us, like this.  
You think we ought  
to cough or something?  
Well...  
Go away! Scat!  
I'll get him!  
Go away!  
Well, don't just stand  
there! Get my clothes!  
You can't stay under  
there! You'll get pneumonia!  
Come out! I won't!  
Let me go!  
Let me go!  
Let me go! Stop!  
Let me go! Stop it, let me go!  
Shut up! You're beautiful.  
I'm sorry. Put me down!  
Go away.  
Sorry.  
I didn't want you to get pneumonia.  
Well...  
That's all there is.  
There isn't any more.  
Can I...  
Could I... I'd like your sash.

And I'd like you to go away.  
Well, see you later.  
If you hadn't been so fussy  
about shaving every day...  
You've ruined the blade.  
No. That blade belonged to  
Mrs. Mardick's first Alfred.  
Big joke.  
I thought you'd quit shaving.  
Oh, a fellow oughtn't to  
just give in to nature.  
Let's remember that.  
I mean, this girl's becoming a  
problem, blossoming out like this.  
I've got the answer  
to that problem, fella.  
Sit here, princess.  
Napkin? Thank you.  
Why didn't you let me know those eyes  
were under those spectacles of yours?  
I didn't know I could  
see without glasses.  
They told me I had to wear  
them when I was little...  
and I just did.  
Pretty dress. Thank you.  
Here, Montague. With humble  
apologies, mem ketchil.  
'Tis not good for the man to  
drink the milk of the coconut.  
It cools romantic instinct.  
Here.  
Not me.  
I like that instinct.  
Here, fella, it won't hurt you.  
Excuse me.  
I'm not on a diet either.  
Why you... Stewart, it's no  
use crying over spilled milk.  
You've lived so long being  
beaten thin by things...  
that you shrivel up inside  
to protect yourself...  
and you forget that

anything outside exists.  
Then suddenly, you round a corner...  
Judy, are you listening? Yes.  
You round a corner...  
and break your glasses.  
And realize they've been blinding  
you instead of helping you to see.  
But here you feel, deep in you,  
and very small at first, a song...  
that you thought you'd never hear.  
It grows strong. Yes.  
And you grow strong with it... Yes.  
Until you sing,  
too, and the singing...  
All this is figurative, you understand?  
I can't sing a note, really.  
I'm married.  
Oh.  
What I had to be home in time  
for was my wedding anniversary.  
I was afraid not to be there.  
Afraid.  
Your turn at sentry duty.  
The more poetry, the less fish, huh?  
Yes.  
It was beautiful.  
I was just wondering, Stewart...  
what it is that's been making me sort  
of expand, be full of life and eagerness.  
"Lost rubber expert  
discovers God in jungle."  
Right. Oh, keep quiet, Stewart.  
Well, why doesn't he  
get back there on watch?  
Why is it, Stewart, that the  
same experiences that expand me...  
shrink you?  
Same laundry. Must be a  
difference in the materials.  
Oh, excuse me.  
The answer is, that out there...  
everybody and everything reminded  
me that I didn't amount to anything.  
So I shrank into myself, out of sight.

Me, too.

Whereas out there everything told

Stewart Corder how big he was.

Headlines, radios, his name in type.

Without that here, he shrinks.

You know, I don't know whether I

want to find my way back to all that.

Me, too.

Applesauce.

Oh, well. An apple a day...

Did you mean that, that you

don't want to find your way back?

A few minutes ago I did.

I never wanted to see Chicago again.

There! I got it!

You from Chicago? I didn't know.

A lot of things about me you don't know.

I know I can't think

of anything but you.

Are you in love with

me? I'm mad about you.

No, you're just... Just an animal, eh?

I thought on the boat I'd waited

all my life to be kissed by you.

That I'd like it.

Well, I don't.

Doesn't a night like this

make even you think of love?

No.

We've been days walking in this bamboo.

Won't it ever end?

Look! Look, a camp!

- Maybe people.

- Anyone there?

Hey! Hey!

Our camp!

- Go find something to eat.

- Yes.

Gonna stay. Won't go any further.

Gonna die. What a story.

Stop it!

Sorry.

That feels so good when you touch me.

Judy, everything I've touched...

for weeks now, has seemed to be you.  
I can't say any more.  
Your wife. I know.  
What is it?  
I seem to have missed the train.  
What the...  
The rifle's gone!  
Monkey stole the rifle, but I got him.  
Monkey?  
Sakai, Tuan.  
- I didn't know it was a man.  
- Sakai little hill native.  
Can't see them. Nor hear them, Tuan.  
Sakai go any place squirrel can go.  
Cut throat of deer while it sleep.  
Come on, then.  
Get back of me, Judy.  
Ainger, get that rifle!  
Under tree, mem ketchil.  
Impossible go further now.  
Talk to them.  
Sakai not understand  
language. Very inferior native.  
They're going to just kill us, Montague?  
Oh, no, mem ketchil. Sakai  
never shoot white man.  
But we have kill one of them,  
so they keep us here to starve.  
Stewart, this will be a perfect time for  
that rescue expedition of yours to show.  
Maybe shipload of rice will  
satisfy their dead brother's spirit.  
I will deal with them.  
No, no, wait! No, Montague, thanks.  
No, they'd kill you. Oh, no,  
Sakai never shoot white man.  
Sakai afraid of white man's spirit.  
Sakai very ignorant native. I know,  
Montague, I know, but you see...  
you're so sunburned now, they might  
make a mistake and think you're...  
Yes, and you yourself said they  
were ignorant natives, so...  
Oh, no, Sakai know white man.

To indicate to natives,  
I go to them unarmed.  
Sakai...  
forever disgrace.  
They have killed...  
white man.  
Best English make.  
I'll go about that rifle.  
No, you don't!  
Stewart!  
Judy, get down!  
Arnold! Arnold!  
Stewart! Stewart!  
Pull out that thing.  
One quick jerk. Stewart!  
Let me lie down.  
He's fainted. Stewart! Stewart, water!  
Go and find some water!  
Arnold! Arnold, say something!  
Speak to me! Arnold! Oh, my darling!  
Thank God the arrow wasn't poisoned.  
You'll be all right.  
No...  
no poison could live  
in me now, Miss Jones.  
It was my soul that was killing me.  
It's singing now.  
They're still here, Arnold.  
They're all around us, those little men.  
No.  
Listen.  
The drums. They're  
going away. No, no, no.  
Thunder. Getting louder. Thunder?  
Means rain. Water tastes good.  
Thirsty. It's not raining, darling.  
"The rain it hath a gentle sound."  
"To him who's six feet underground."  
"Quality of mercy not strained."  
"Droppeth like gentle."  
"Rain, rain go away  
Arnold! "Come again another day"  
Arnold, don't give  
up! Oh, please, don't!

No! No, Arnold! Arnold,  
do you hear me? Yes.  
Tell me you love me.  
You never have told me.  
I love you!  
"To love and to cherish,  
in sickness, in health..."  
"forsaking all others  
till death do us..."  
"Love and cherish..."  
"sickness, health, forsaking all..."  
"Mem ketchil."  
"All wise men know  
these things are true."  
Arnold! Arnold!  
Stewart! Stewart, he's...  
Stewart?  
Stewart, did you find water?  
Yes. Well, hurry, cut us loose!  
Oh, I won't let him  
die! I won't let him...  
Try again, Henry.  
No, that was only fair, Henry,  
only fair. You must practice more.  
A backward child is a problem child.  
That's what comes from having  
babies every time one feels like it.  
A tournament. A tournament.  
What is Malay for "tournament"?  
Oh, the chief does?  
Why, of course.  
Tabik, children, tabik.  
Oh, pull yourself together, Franklin.  
Oh, thank you so much.  
Hello, Oscar!  
Oh, thank you so much. They're lovely!  
Did you want to see me?  
That does not settle it! Now listen.  
These women...  
What if they do love their husbands?  
They should not be permitted to  
make plain savages of themselves.  
Why...  
Why, you nasty old man!



The birthrate here is appalling!  
And if you think I'm going to  
leave before it's corrected...  
Kill me? You just try it.  
You're afraid of your wives,  
you lustful old cowards.  
There.  
Well, that's better.  
Then I'll go, because, in the future...  
they've promised that the size of  
their families will be up to you.  
I shall want an escort to Kintaling.  
And remember, I've opened a  
wedge of personal education here.  
You men won't be able to ride  
roughshod over your wives again.  
Come in, madam.  
How will you have it cut?  
Opera cloak, or skirt  
for walking on the avenue?  
Arnold?  
You're sure I can be everything to you?  
Take the place of everything  
you've left out there?  
There's nothing but you.  
And I see nothing, hear nothing,  
breathe nothing that isn't you.  
Let's go on, then.  
There's a place deep in the  
jungle I found while you were hurt.  
All right.  
When I finish this. No, now.  
Get my breakfast, woman!  
Here, you fix it down at the brook.  
A man doesn't know anything about  
the cut of a woman's skirt anyway.  
Forever? Forever.  
"To love and to cherish,  
in sickness and health."  
You did hear me then, didn't you?  
Don't waste your time.  
You'll never wear that skin.  
Why not? I found a way out.  
Valley, ocean, people!

Do you know what that means? Do you?  
Yes. Arnold. Yes.  
You'll lose him now to his wife!  
His wife! You hear?  
They'll shrink him  
down again! They won't.  
He's mine! I won't let them have him!  
You're not going to tell him, do you hear?  
You bet I'm going to tell him! You think  
I'll let you ruin a fine man like that?  
Arnold! I'll keep you quiet!  
Do you think I'm gonna give up  
the only thing I've ever had?  
Judy. Judy, there are people  
here! Wait till I show you!  
Look, I found it. We're saved!  
Marmalade!  
"Purveyors to His Majesty  
the King." God save the King!  
I found the way out. The  
ocean. I saw an airport!  
Come on. No! No, Arnold.  
Arnold, take me away. Run away with  
me. Away from being found, please!  
I'll be everything to you.  
You told me I was everything.  
But, Judy, we're saved. You  
just don't realize it yet.  
Laugh, girl, laugh!  
Arnold, come on.  
Hurry, Judy.  
I suppose if it weren't  
for the newspapers...  
I wouldn't even have  
known that this girl...  
this Jones girl, was with you.  
I suppose you just forgot to write.  
I always tell you, Grace, he'd forget  
his head if it wasn't attached onto him.  
Mother, this is my  
home I'm trying to save.  
You've led me to believe for eight  
years now that it was my home, too.  
I know just how you feel.

I spent years trying to convince  
myself that it's my home, too.  
Couldn't you have sent some  
greeting on our anniversary?  
A lock of what this Stewart  
Corder describes in the paper as...  
"Judy's ravishing hair" or something?  
From the jungle? I  
couldn't find a mailbox.  
I've tried to make  
you understand, Grace.  
None of us thought we'd  
ever come out alive.  
Try to think of our...  
That'll do to say.  
Think of you? It's me I'm thinking  
of. A laughingstock among my friends.  
And mine, too, Arnold!  
Because you took it into your head  
to dance off into some jungle...  
with this notoriety-seeking girl.  
Oh, I don't mean that you did anything.  
Knowing you as I do, you  
don't have to argue that.  
No, if anything of that sort happened,  
it was with this newspaper chap, not you.  
But no one else will believe it,  
and I shall be pointed out as...  
No, Arnold, I'm afraid you will  
have to give me grounds for divorce.  
I have.  
Arnold!  
It was ghastly.  
Screams of the tigers  
tore at your very being...  
fighting for mastery with gnawing  
hunger and suffocating thirst.  
On the sixth day, I found a  
stream for our fainting party.  
On the 11th, shot a murderous  
seladang, water buffalo, to you folks.  
But my ammunition was  
growing scarce. Excuse me.  
Would you mind getting another station?

Sure. Thank you.

I've heard Mr. Corder talk  
before. Great, isn't he?

I'm sure.

I had rather a fight on my hands...  
making the chief of that village  
see that his men and women...  
owed some consideration to the  
consequences of overpopulation...  
as well as consideration for each other.

And having lived for  
so long in such a...  
catch-as-catch-can fashion,  
if you know what I mean...  
they were extremely gloomy...

Excuse me, will you?

On the east by the China Sea and  
on the west by the Strait of Malacca.

Geography isn't just  
boundaries and statistics.

I'd like you to think of  
this country we're studying...  
romantically.

See Marco Polo, Spanish ships...  
the sweep of green jungles...  
the calls of birds...  
of...

You recite, Nathan.

The Federated Malay States  
have a total area of...

Of...

27,700 square miles...  
with a population of...

Of...

476,000.

Its chief exports are...  
tin and rubber.

But other exports are...  
copra...

timber...

rice...

canned pineapples...

tapioca...

palm oil and nuts.