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THE FLIGHT OF THE SCORPION

Written by
MADELEINE HUXTABLE

Preliminary edit by
JANE FINLAY

Inspired by a true story

based on the book by
MADELEINE HUXTABLE

DECEMBER 2009

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1 Sea Eagle Crescent

Seaford Rise SA 5160

Australia

Ph: (+61-8) 09 8386 3753

Mobile: 0411686483
Email: huxtable1@adam.com.au

GRAPHIC:
THURSDAY, 16 APRIL, 1942. SOMEWHERE IN THE INDIAN OCEAN

EXT. IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN - AFTERNOON

The sea is becalmed. Something can be seen on the horizon. Moving closer, a seemingly empty 9 metre (30 ft) wooden lifeboat floats. A closer look reveals twelve dirty, dishevelled men showing all the signs of being at sea for some time. No-one is moving. A flimsy sail flutters slightly and a frayed woman's garter hangs from the top of the mast. The only sound is an occasional creak from the boat.

GRAPHIC:
FORTY-FIVE DAYS EARLIER.
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28 1942. RAF/RAAF AIRFIELD, KALIDJATI JAVA.

EXT. KALIDJATI AIRFIELD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK 45 DAYS)

The makeshift airfield containing several squadrons of RAF and RAAF personnel is surrounded by thick green jungle. Planes and vehicles are under cover of trees.

Outside a row of tents there is a sign embedded in the ground which reads: '84 SQUADRON'. Airmen fill the tents in stretchers.

INT. BILL'S TENT - NIGHT

Half a dozen men sit in a haze of cigarette smoke around an upturned crate playing cards. As they play, they pass round a bottle of whisky each taking a swig. BILL COSGROVE (20s Australian tall, well built, goodlooking, a bit of a larrikin) slams his cards down in disgust. JACK LOVEGROVE (20s, brawny, short, hairy, not so goodlooking) laughs loudly.

JACK
It's your dare, Billy-boy. Now
you've gotta do it.

BILL
Only if you do it with me.

GEORGE SAYER (20s, short, skinny freckled redhead) takes the bottle of whisky and swigs.

GEORGE
Come on, Jack. I'm game if you
are.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE GROUP OF TENTS - NIGHT

Bill, Jack and George, all naked, race through the camp, arms flailing and yelling loudly. They come to the Commanding Officer's tent where a sign is stuck in the dirt with "Wing Commander John Jeudwine, 84 Squadron RAF" written on it. They pull out the stake and hold it high and run off, shouting...

BILL/JACK/GEORGE
 Jeudy's a bastard! Jeudy's a
 bastard!

Several men poke their heads out of their tents to see what's going on. Then, Wing Commander JOHN JEUDWINE (30s Englishman, battle-hardened, tall, lean) emerges. He recognises the retreating backsides.

EXT. KALIDJATI AIRFIELD - MORNING

The sun is intense. The thwack of machetes can be heard as airmen clear the undergrowth to improve the runways. Trucks drive back and forth as planes come in for a landing.

Jeudwine and Squadron Leader KEITH PASSMORE RAF (20s Englishman slender, well muscled) emerge from a tent. The offending sign has been put back in its place. They look over at three men on the makeshift parade ground and slowly walk towards them.

Bill, Jack and George stand in full kit on the makeshift parade ground. Sweat oozes from their faces.

A group of airmen pass by the three men. One of them, COLIN STREATFIELD (nickname - Stretty, 20s, an arrogant Englishman, broad, tall, dark-haired) has a problem with Jack and lets him know it. He whispers something to the group and they laugh loudly, looking over at Jack. Unable to retaliate, Jack spits his words out to Bill without moving his head.

JACK
 Jesus, I hate that bastard.

He groans.

JACK (CONT'D)
 My bloody head's thumpin'.

BILL
 You weren't complaining last
 night.

Jack turns his head slightly and looks daggers at Bill. A knowing smile forms on Bill's lips.

BILL (CONT'D)
No sense of humour, the Poms.

Jeudwine and Passmore reach the men. They salute.

JEUDWINE
At ease.

Jeudwine does a slow walk around the three men. He regards their misdemeanor as something of a joke but gives it the serious treatment.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)
Sergeants Cosgrove, Lovegrove and Sayer. Think you've had enough?

He gives Keith a sly grin behind their backs.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)
Look a bit under the weather to me. What do you think Squadron Leader?

Keith tries to keep a straight face.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)
Next time it'll mean loss of stripes. Understood?

BILL, JACK & GEORGE
Sir!

JEUDWINE
Dismissed.

The three men break ranks. The officers walk back towards Jeudwine's tent.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)
No sense of discipline, the Australians.

EXT. KALIDJATI AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Some miles distant from Kalidjati, Japanese aircraft fly above darkening clouds...

Airmen fill the tents in stretchers. The jungle is dark. The only noise is that of animals and insects. Men on watch are having a quiet smoke. The camp settles down for the night.

The Japanese aircraft near their target...

INT. BILL'S TENT - NIGHT

Bill's cigarette glows as he listens to the jungle noises. Suddenly he sits up and listens more intently. There is a faint droning gradually increasing in volume. Others have heard it and activity accelerates as they scramble.

EXT. KALIDJATI AIRFIELD - NIGHT

The Japanese planes attack. Some pilots, including Bill and George, hightail it to the hidden planes. They almost reaches their plane when a huge explosion rips it apart. The sounds of battle drown out voices except for screams of the wounded and dying.

Bill and George rush for the trenches along with dozens of others. Bill loses his footing, slips. Someone behind is shot pushing him forward and the three of them fall into the trench. The dead man lands on top of George, crushing the wind out of him.

An airman goes down as he runs towards the trench. Bill leaps out of the trench towards him.

GEORGE

Bill, you crazy bastard. You'll
cop one.

Bill runs low to the ground to the man. Blood oozes from the man's chest through his sweaty shirt.

AIRMAN

Leave me. I'm done for.

Bill lifts the man in a fireman's lift and hurries to the trench, dodging bullets as they ping the ground all around him. The men in the trench help them down. Bill whips off his shirt and clamps it against the dying man's chest.

The attack finally abates. Slowly, uninjured men appear from hiding places to a scene of total devastation, punctuated by the cries of the wounded.

Bill and George look at the man, then at each other. They both know he's dead.

EXT. KALIDJATI AIRFIELD - DAY

Distant gunfire booms and rumbles heralding the advancement of the Japanese army. Carnage is everywhere. All planes are disabled and the medical tent is crowded as medics try to help the wounded, bloody men.

Jeudwine oversees the mass funeral of the dead. Bill, George and Jack stand in line at the rear with other Australians. The ceremony ends and they break ranks.

JACK

What now?

BILL

The squadron's heading for Tjilitjap. There's s'posed to be a ship coming to pick us up.

JACK

Yeah, and we're s'posed to be home by Easter. Give ya four to one it doesn't happen. Any takers?

BILL

You know me, Jack.

JACK

Show me your money then.

BILL

George, lend me some money.

GEORGE

Who do I look like? Rockefeller?

GRAPHIC:

TJILITJAP BEACH, JAVA.

EXT. TJILITJAP BEACH - DAY

The men setup a makeshift camp. Bill, George and Jack work together erecting a tent.

JACK

Hey, Bill. Where's this bloody ship, then?

BILL

Don't ask me. Ask buggerlugs.

He nods towards Jeudwine's tent.

INT/EXT. JEUDWINE'S TENT - DAY

The tent is set up as a command post and Jeudwine is on the telephone to HQ. Keith stands, listening.

JEUDWINE

I understand sir. We'll do our best. Over and out.

He cradles the receiver into the pack and stares straight ahead for a moment. He has his back to Keith.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)

It's a funny thing.

KEITH

What is?

JEUDWINE

How a man can hate the job he's been given.

Keith waits.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)

There's not much going for us, I'm afraid. We've got no planes, not enough weapons and ammo, the Japs are advancing fast. And now...

Jeudwine turns and they look gravely at each other.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)

... there's no boat. We've got to find a way to get off this island or we're doomed.

Keith blows his whistle to assemble the men. Bill, George and Jack look over as Jeudwine emerges from the tent.

JACK

Oi, oi. Jeudy.

He stubs his spent cigarette with his boot and they move closer. Jeudwine stands on an upturned box to make his announcement, Keith beside him.

JEUDWINE

The evac ship's not coming, chaps. We're going to have to get ourselves off the island.

JACK (ASIDE TO BILL)

Yeah, right. Some of us can walk on water but what'll the others do?

JEUDWINE

Squadron Leader Passmore will organize a recon for available boats. The enemy will be here any day now so we need to move fast. Any questions?

He waits briefly. No-one speaks.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)
Right. Get cracking.

INT. JEUDWINE'S TENT - DAY

Jeudwine, Keith, Stretty and SID (20s Englishman, slight, blond hair, dark eyes) discuss their plans.

KEITH
The dock's a mess. Most of the boats are damaged but I did find a Dutch Corvette, a small launch and a couple of wooden life boats that are seaworthy.

JEUDWINE
Excellent. I'll go and see the Dutch Commander. We need permission to take the boats.

STRETTY
I've heard he's an arrogant bastard, Wing Commander.

JEUDWINE
I think I can cope, Stretty.

He winks.

I/E. DUTCH COMMANDER'S TENT - LATE AFTERNOON

Jeudwine pulls up in a jeep. He strides towards the tent but is blocked by TWO DUTCH GUARDS with rifles.

JEUDWINE
Wing Commander John Jeudwine 84 Squadron. I wish to see your Commanding Officer.

DUTCH GUARD #1
State your business.

Jeudwine looks at the guards calmly.

JEUDWINE
I repeat, I am Wing Commander John Jeudwine 84 Squadron. Tell your Commander I wish to speak with him.

Jeudwine remains calm. The guards continue to block his entry.

DUTCH GUARD #1
The Commander's busy.

Jeudwine speaks loud and firm.

JEUDWINE
I demand that you tell him I'm
here.

DUTCH GUARD #2
(in Dutch) Must be deaf.

The guards laugh. Jeudwine pushes them aside and storms into the tent. The guards follow. CAPTAIN DE GRAFF sits behind a wooden trestle with paperwork spread out in front of him. Jeudwine snaps to attention and salutes.

JEUDWINE
Wing Commander John Jeudwine 84
Squadron, RAF.

De Graff ignores him. Jeudwine is somewhat taken aback but ploughs on regardless.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)
I respectfully request the use of
the Corvette vessel moored at the
docks.

Moments pass. De Graff raises his head.

DE GRAFF
Request denied.

JEUDWINE
It is needed to evacuate my men.

DE GRAFF
The Corvette is unseaworthy. The
radio is damaged.

JEUDWINE
We'll gladly take her off your
hands.

DE GRAFF
We plan to sink the vessel this
afternoon.

JEUDWINE
With all due respect, Captain, a
broken radio is not grounds to
scuttle a perfectly good boat.

DE GRAFF
Request denied.

Jeudwine reaches boiling point and tries to keep calm. A minute or two passes while the two men stare at each other. A sickly smile comes on De Graff's face.

DE GRAFF (CONT'D)
I'd like to help, Wing Commander,
but I have my orders.

JEUDWINE
Is that your final answer,
Captain?

De Graff looks back at his paperwork. Jeudwine salutes and spins round, his face contorted with anger. He strides out of the tent, jumps into the jeep and does a wheelie, spraying dirt inside the tent all over De Graff and his paperwork.

DE GRAFF
Ja, fokken Engels.

INT. JEUDWINE'S TENT - NIGHT

Keith, Stretty and Sid join Jeudwine inside his tent.

JEUDWINE
No go for the Corvette, I'm
afraid.

The men look at each other.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)
But I've decided to requisition
the launch and the lifeboats. Our
job is to keep our men alive.
Organise it Squadron Leader.

Keith and Stretty leave the tent.

STRETTY
Fucking Dutch.

EXT. TJILITJAP BEACH - MORNING

The sky is filled with clouds of thick black smoke from the fires on the foreshore. Two 9 metre wooden lifeboats and a launch sit in the water. The squadron (70 men) pile into the lifeboats which are attached to the launch with ropes. It tows them out of the harbour. The seas are choppy and the launch labours with the strain. Bill and George are together in one of the boats.

BILL
Not one of Jeudy's better
decisions.

GEORGE
Oohhh...I'm gonna spew...

He tries to swivel round so that he can be sick into the water and only half succeeds. Others too suffer from seasickness.

Then, one of the ropes unravels and breaks, setting one lifeboat adrift onto rocks and spilling its occupants into the sea. Those who can swim head for the launch dragging the non-swimmers with them. Willing hands reach out and haul them to safety. The launch and the remaining lifeboat head back to shore.

The men gather on the shore, some wet and still shaking from their close call.

JEUDWINE

We have a serious problem, men.

The men talk amongst themselves. He raises his hand for silence.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)

I'm going to suggest that we select a crew to sail to Australia and get help to rescue the rest of us. Does anyone have a better idea?

The men look at one another, nodding. The noise of discussion rises.

INT. JEUDWINE'S TENT - AFTERNOON

Jeudwine and the eleven men chosen for the trip meet to discuss a plan. They are: Stretty, Keith, and Sid (Englishmen), Bill, George, Jack, ATHOL, PHIL, ALF, MORT and PETER (Australians). Jack and Stretty give each other a contemptuous look then ignore each other.

Jeudwine's eyes narrow as he sees Bill, George and Jack. He shoots a questioning look at Keith who shrugs. Bill catches the CO's glance.

BILL (ASIDE TO GEORGE)

You reckon this'll be alright with ol' Jeudy in charge?

GEORGE

I'm up for it.

Keith sits at a table with a log book. Various equipment lies on the table including a nautical almanac and a chart of Java and Bali. Sid unfolds the map.

BILL

How long do you think it'll take, sir?

SID

The nearest port on the Australian coast is Roebourne, here. That's about 950 nautical miles. By my calculations it should take sixteen days.

He rolls up the map.

JEUDWINE

If anyone wants to back out now's the time. Otherwise give Keith your details and I'll see you on the beach tomorrow. We'll need to be ready to shove off at 1600 hours to catch the tide.

The men move towards Keith, talking among themselves.

I/E. TJILITJAP VILLAGE - MORNING

Bill and George drive a jeep up to a Dutch canteen in the village. They enter cautiously, their guns at the ready. Inside there are signs of a hurried departure. There are dirty glasses on the bar and full bottles of liquor on display.

GEORGE

Looks like you were right, Bill. We could've hit the jackpot.

Bill steps behind the bar and sees many tins of Pabst beer and bottles of spirits. He lets out a slow whistle.

BILL

You little beauty.

EXT. TJILITJAP BEACH - MORNING

Men are loading the boat with supplies. Jack and Phil load the water kegs but not to Stretty's satisfaction.

STRETTY

Set those water kegs down firmer in the centre and the beakers should be set alongside them.

Jack gives him a filthy look and moves the kegs into the centre.

STRETTY (CONT'D)

That's it. They won't move from there.

Jack turns his back on Stretty and rolls his eyes. Bill and George arrive. Bill throws back the tarpaulin.

BILL
Got room for this little lot?

The men peer into the jeep and cheer. They load the alcohol on board.

EXT. TJILITJAP BEACH - DAY

The men staying behind mill round the twelve who are ready to board the boat.

JEUDWINE
Well gentlemen, this is it. Stay as long as you can but if you have to take off, leave a sign of some sort on the beach.

Flying Officer KEBLE-WHITE, the officer-in-charge of those staying behind, steps forward.

KEBLE-WHITE
Sir.

He salutes.

KEBLE-WHITE (CONT'D)
The boys and I want you to take the Squadron shield with you...for good luck.

Jeudwine takes the shield and salutes. He reads aloud the inscription on its crest.

JEUDWINE
Scorpiones Pungent. A scorpion stings. A perfect name for our vessel - The Scorpion. What say you?

They cheer.

The crew board the boat. They have trouble manoeuvring in the swell at first but soon get the hang of it. Jack looks back to shore. A group of men stand round a fire on shore.

JACK
You'd think we're only going fishing. Not even a wave.

STRETTY
Don't look back. It's bad luck.

Jack shoots a dark look at Stretty.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - DAY

The sail is full of wind, sending the boat speeding across the water. Jeudwine gives a worried look at the skies.

JEUDWINE

It's monsoon time so we'd better get organized.

STRETTY

Best to stow everything that's not nailed down. Hope you can handle a bit of rough weather.

JACK (ASIDE TO ALF)

We'll be right with King-bloody-Streatfield in charge.

ALF

Stretty's not a bad bloke, Jack. You've got a real bee in your bonnet about him, haven't you?

Bill watches as Athol carefully rolls up an exercise book and stows it in one of the crates.

BILL

Plan on writing home?

Athol laughs.

ATHOL

No, I like to sketch.

The crew sorts out sleeping arrangements. Some take off their boots and socks and others around them groan and fan the smell away.

They organise sleeping arrangements. They have to fit around each other like a jigsaw puzzle. It's murder trying to get comfortable and the swearing is choice. Bill sleeps fitfully until his watch.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - NIGHT

Bill and Sid are on watch. They talk in lowered tones.

SID

Bloody quiet out here.

A moment or two passes. Bill takes a photo from his shirt pocket and studies it.

BILL

You married Sid?

ALF

No. You?

BILL

Yeah. Got a little kiddy, one year old. She's a corker.

Bill hands over the photo of his wife and child. It's a little worse for wear.

ALF

Must be nice knowing you've got someone waiting for you back home.

Sid hands it back. Bill strokes the photo before putting it back in his pocket.

BILL

So, what footy team you barrack for?

SID

Arsenal.

BILL

Ever seen Aussie rules? Now that's a real game of footy.

SID

Only in Australia, mate.

BILL

You wait. I'll take you to a game and we'll see what's what.

Alf gives him a look of disdain.

BILL (CONT'D)

But you'll have to barrack for the Richmond Tigers.

SID

You're joking, aren't you?

The conversation gets louder.

BILL

Aussie Rules out-class soccer any day of the week.

SID

There's no way...

Athol and Keith are disturbed from sleep.

ATHOL
 For Christ's sake, Sid, just
 agree so we can get some bloody
 sleep.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - MORNING

Phil tucks into his rations.

ALF
 How can anyone be that cheerful
 after last night?

PHIL
 I slept like a log.

ATHOL
 We know - a bloody noisy one.
 It's a wonder you didn't alert
 the Japanese fleet.

Jack lets out a string of foul language aimed at the rudder
 which has come adrift.

JACK
 Bloody thing. Must've got damaged
 in the tow Satd'y night. I reckon
 I can fix it though. Give us a
 hand, Phil.

Jeudwine makes an announcement.

JEUDWINE
 Listen up. Squadron Leader
 Passmore is now first lieutenant,
 Pilot Officer Turner is purser
 and Flying Officer Streatfield,
 navigator.

Jack looks at George and rolls his eyes.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)
 Have you calculated our daily
 rations, Mr Turner?

Sid announces the daily rations for the next sixteen days.

SID
 Yes sir. One tin of bully beef, a
 couple of biscuits, a spoonful of
 beans, some fish paste and about
 half a pint of water.

JACK
 Whacko!

STRETTY

Shut up and get on with what you're doing.

JACK

I don't need you to...

Phil nudges Jack. He shuts up.

SID

We've got paraffin oil, boxes of matches and a few medical supplies. Anyone want to be ship's doctor?

Nobody volunteers.

JEUDWINE

How about you Peter? You were pretty good back there patching up the wounded.

Peter looks surprised but shrugs.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)

Good man.

The top of Jack's feet are turning red with sunburn. Athol accidentally brushes up against them.

JACK

Bloody hell, Ath. Careful...

ATHOL

Stick 'em up your arse, why don'tcha.

PETER

We should get some shade rigged up. What've we got?

A ground sheet is rigged up as a shelter.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - AFTERNOON

Dark clouds build. A faint rumble of thunder is heard. The wind builds in intensity and stirs the sea to boiling point. The noise is incredible and although the crew can't hear the shouted orders, they get the message and lower the sail in preparation for the onslaught. Their faces fill with terror as a wall of water comes towards them. The sea attacks them from every direction and the boat slopes and tilts. It crashes down from the crest of a wave into a waiting trough and George's face shudders with the impact. He clings desperately to the boat as it rolls.

Thunder cracks and lightning flashes. Rain pelts down and stings their bare skin and fills the boat. Muscles strain as they hold on and try to bail at the same time. The container Bill is using is snatched out of his grasp by a sudden wash.

BILL

Shit!

STRETTY

Use your fucking boots, man.

Bill looks down at his bare feet. He hangs on desperately with one hand and ineffectually bails with the other. Jeudwine and Stretty man the tiller and the pain shows on their faces. The storm abates but the crew's frantic bailing has created its own momentum and they keep going.

JEUDWINE

Relax, men. I think it's over.

They slump in their seats, exhausted. George succumbs completely to sea-sickness. The rest of the crew have a beer.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)

A toast for our good luck. The King.

CREW

The King.

JEUDWINE

The Scorpion and all who sail in her.

CREW

The Scorpion.

JACK

To wives and bloody sweethearts...

CREW

...may they never meet.

The crew laugh.

BILL

This is what we should do on Saturday nights. It'll give us something to look forward to.

JACK

What? Spend the night bailing?

Everyone laughs and he raises his beer.

JACK (CONT'D)

Cheers.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - NEW DAY - MORNING

George stands on the bow to stretch his legs. Something catches his eye. He points out to sea. Through the swell a long, dark shape appears and disappears. A submarine surfaces about a mile astern and steers directly towards them.

GEORGE

Christ!

Panic rises and Jack and Phil rummage for the weapons on board.

JEUDWINE

Stay calm. It could be one of ours.

Sid tries to lighten the situation by grabbing a can of beer and tossing it to George.

SID

Here, take this. If it's American there won't be any grog on board.

He goes to toss another can when Jeudwine stops him with a hand on his arm. It's a Japanese sub. All activity stops.

On the submarine, the Commander, CAPTAIN KATSUO OHASHI, observes the Scorpion through his binoculars. TWO GUNNERS aim their weapons in the same direction.

(Dialogue in Japanese with English subtitles.)

CAPTAIN OHASHI

Their ship must have sunk.

GUNNER #1 (ASIDE TO GUNNER #2)

Just say the word.

GUNNER #2 (ASIDE TO GUNNER #1)

Good target practice.

Fingers slowly put pressure on triggers. Captain Ohashi looks again through the glasses. He lights a cigarette and slowly smokes it.

On board the Scorpion, the crew is set in stone. Athol is shaking and sweat runs down his cheeks. Others have beads of sweat on their upper lips and foreheads.

JACK
 (out of the corner of his mouth)
 Get it over with, you bastards.

Somebody shooshes him. Tension mounts...

The gunners on the submarine focus on the faces of some of the Scorpion's crew through their gun sights. They are itching to use the men as target practice.

(Dialogue in Japanese with English subtitles.)

CAPTAIN OHASHI
 The sea will claim them. Let's
 not waste ammunition.

He drops his binoculars onto his chest.

CAPTAIN OHASHI (CONT'D)
 Prepare to dive.

The two gunners exchange disappointed looks, lower their weapons and follow the captain. The submarine slowly circles the Scorpion and submerges.

The crew of the Scorpion sit motionless for a few moments and then burst into cheers.

ATHOL
 You little beauty!

Sid hands out cans of beer. Jack wipes the sweat from his brow.

JACK
 Thought we were goners.

He stands up and raises his fist in the direction of the submerged submarine.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Well, we're gunna make it, you
 slanty-eyed bastards,

JEUDWINE
 Just be thankful, Jack, that the
 commander didn't decide to let
 his men use us for target
 practice.

KEITH (ASIDE TO JEUDWINE)
 I hope you're right, sir. They
 could still blow us out of the
 water.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - AFTERNOON

Jeudwine, Keith and Sid are estimating location and strength of food and water supplies when they are interrupted by swearing from Phil and Jack. The rudder has broken again.

JACK
Bastard of a thing.

Jeudwine looks at them questioningly.

PHIL
We'll have it fixed in a jiffy,
sir.

Jeudwine nods and returns to his discussions.

STRETTY
We're only about fifty miles
south-east of Tjilatjap. Still a
way to go.

SID
There's enough food to last us
sixteen days, maybe twenty at a
stretch.

Athol sketches the submarine event in his exercise book. Most of the crew lies in the boat, listless. Someone spots a whale in the distance which provides a momentary distraction.

MORT
We need something to do.

BILL
(in a toffee voice)
Anyone for tennis?

JEUDWINE
I don't know about tennis, but
let's go swimming.

Jack's and Phil's heads jerk up from their repairs to the rudder. The others look at each other in disbelief. Mort sits upright.

MORT
You've gotta be jokin', sir.
There's sharks down there.

JEUDWINE
If we don't get our legs moving
we won't be able to walk by the
time we get to Australia.

JACK (ASIDE)

We won't be able to walk without legs, either.

JEUDWINE

I want you to swim round the boat in pairs while the others keep watch for sharks. Keith and I will go first.

Keith is incredulous but strips off anyway. He and Jeudwine dive overboard and do their swim. Phil can't swim and has to hang over the side treading water. Everyone has taken their turn except for Jack and George.

JACK

How 'bout a race?

STRETTY

Blind Freddy could beat you, Lovegrove.

Jack glares at Stretty.

JACK

Care to put yer money where yer mouth is?

GEORGE

I reckon I could beatcha, Jack. I won the school swimming carnival when I was 14.

BILL

I'll bet two fags on George.

The others hand their bets of cigarettes to Mort.

BILL (CONT'D)

You'd better win, old pal.

Jack and George drop into the water, one on either side of the boat.

JACK

Make sure you bastards keep a look out.

Bill, standing in the centre of the boat, holds a shirt in the air.

BILL

On your marks - GO.

He drops the shirt and Jack and George take off. They round the boat on the first lap. A shark fin breaks the surface. Bill sees it.

BILL (CONT'D)

Shark!

Hands drag George aboard. Jack keeps swimming, unaware. Alf grabs a rifle and fires. Jack hears it and sees the hands ready to haul him in. He just makes it into the boat as the shark knocks into the side. Jack is speechless.

STRETTY

That shut him up, the cocky prick.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - NEW DAY - DAY

Many of the crew have contracted ulcerated sores on their legs, arms and buttocks. Keith has a raging sty on one of his eyes. Jeudwine and Peter discuss treatment.

JEUDWINE

Have we got anything for the ulcers, Peter?

PETER

'Fraid not, sir.

Athol shoves an ulcerated leg under Peter's nose.

ATHOL

Look at this, Doc. Is it gunna drop off?

PETER

What difference will it make? You're legless most of the time.

Alf runs his hand round his jaw, feeling the stubble.

ALF

Don't s'pose you've got a razor in your kit, Pete. I'd give my right arm for a shave.

Peter shakes his head.

GEORGE

I don't know about you, but these sores on me arse are drivin' me barmy. I'm gunna put me bum in the sun for a bit.

George takes off his shorts and lies on his stomach, his backside pointing at the sun.

BILL
That's bloody lovely, I don't
think. You'll get bur-nt.

GEORGE
Too bad if I do. Ahhhhhhh, that
feels great.

ATHOL
Sounds like you're enjoying that.

GEORGE
I can feel it doing me good.

Athol undresses, and one by one the others expose their
ulcerated backsides to the sun. Only a few abstain.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - SUNSET

Every man who took part in the afternoon sunbathing is
suffering sunburn. There is much moaning and groaning. Bill
looks at George as if to say 'I told you so'. George
shrugs. The sea is glassily smooth and the air mild. The
sunset is glorious and Bill sings:

BILL (SINGS)
Red sails in the sunset, way out
on the sea, Oh, carry my loved
one home safely to me. She sailed
at the dawning, all day I've been
blue, Red sails in the sunset,
I'm trusting in you.
Swift wings you must borrow, make
straight for the shore, we marry
tomorrow and she goes sailing no
more. Red sails in the sunset,
way out on the sea, Oh, carry my
loved one home safely to me.

Homesickness hovers over the crew and there is complete
silence. They stare at the setting sun. Some have tears in
their eyes. Bill's hand covers the pocket containing the
photo.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - NEW DAY

Jack finds a wooden boat hook in the stern of the boat and
decides to make a wooden pin to replace the missing pintle
on the rudder. He is clumsy and the knife he is using slips
and nicks his thumb.

JACK
Shit!

He sucks at the blood and looks at the wound. He wraps it up in a piece of rag.

JACK (CONT'D)

Fair cop! How're we s'posed to get anywhere without proper tools? Tell me that.

STRETTY

All the tools in the world won't help you. Looks like you haven't got a clue.

JACK

D'ya wanna take over?

He tosses the piece of wood at Stretty, a little too hard.

STRETTY

I reckon I could, y'know. Anyone got a blindfold?

Stretty throws it back just as hard. Jack picks it up and raises it threatening to throw it again, but thinks better of it.

JACK

Listen, you pommy bludger...

MORT

Stick a sock in it you two.

Jack glares at Stretty. Jeudwine eyes the two men and makes a suggestion.

JEUDWINE

I used to be quite good at whittling when I was a boy. Let me have a go Jack.

Jack passes the piece of wood to Jeudwine who gets started. One or two men look sceptical.

MONTAGE:

Jeudwine perfects his artwork over the next few days.

The crew do mundane things to pass the time away.

Some try fishing using pieces of string and safety pins found in stores.

Supplies of cigarettes are low and they share one smoke between four.

Nights are restless and on some occasions we see Jeudwine working on the pintle.

The day comes when he puts the finishing touches to the wooden pin and holds it up for everyone to see. Jack takes it in his hands and turns it over and over.

JACK

That's bloody marvellous, sir.
 Couldn't have done better myself.

He passes it over to Phil who examines it.

PHIL

It's a bloody masterpiece.
 Someone has to take this little beauty downstairs and fix it to the tiller.

Jack turns to Jeudwine.

JACK

It would be a privilege, sir.

JEUDWINE

Are you sure?

Jack gives a nervous look at the sea remembering his close encounter with a shark.

JACK

I know where it goes. Tie the rope round me waist and I'll give it a couple of yanks when I need hauling up.

Phil ties the rope round Jack's waist and he slips over the side.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Jack holds his breath while fitting the wooden pintle into place. In the distance a shark is slowly meandering through the water.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - DAYBREAK

Time ticks away with no sign of Jack surfacing.

PHIL

D'ya reckon he's alright?

Jeudwine is worried. He looks at his watch.

JEUDWINE

Haul him up.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Below the surface the shark swims closer. Jack, unaware, finishes installing the pintle but now struggles for breath. He feels the tug on the rope and goes with it. He is hauled aboard as the shark surfaces a few metres away.

JACK

Thank Christ I didn't see him downstairs. I would've choked.

STRETTY (ASIDE TO ALF)

Pity.

Alf gives him a disapproving look. The crew congratulate Jeudwine as the pintle seems to have succeeded in fixing the rudder.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - LATE AFTERNOON

An albatross flies overhead and follows the boat. The crew watch its progress.

STRETTY

We're doomed.

MORT

What d'ya mean, glum-bum? It could mean land.

STRETTY

It's an albatross. They fly miles out to sea and ... they're bad luck.

JACK

A bloody bird expert now are ya?

STRETTY

Where'd it come from, tell me that? And why our boat? I'm telling you, it's a bad omen.

JEUDWINE

We'll have none of that.

Some of the men look visibly shaken by Stretty's comments. Others pretend to ignore him. The tension is broken when a shark is spotted and a couple of the crew use it for target practice. The bird disappears. The crew are relieved.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - AFTERNOON

Dark clouds congregate casting an ominous grey all round. Curtains of rain fall in the distance. The crew readies the ground sheets to feed water into the kegs but as the bad weather approaches the rain surrounds them and the Scorpion remains completely dry.

SID

What we need is a good wind to get us into some of that rain. I know...

He looks for and finds his sack and pulls out a handful of women's garters. Amid whistles and lewd comments, Keith explains:

KEITH

Sid's garters are legendary. God knows how he does it with his ugly dial but there's one for every girl. We always hung one in the cockpit of our plane as a good luck charm.

The sight of the girlie underwear gets the crew going. They watch Sid select a blue garter.

SID

Hoist the Barbara garter, Bill. She's a feisty young lassie from London.

GEORGE

Is that English for she's a good root?

SID

Crudely put, my friend, but in a word, yes. She'll bring us a good stiff breeze.

GEORGE

That's not all that'll be stiff if I keep lookin' at them garters, fair dinkum.

The crew protests as Sid stuffs the rest of the garters back into his bag. They want to know the stories behind the garters.

MORT

Aw, come one Sid. Tell us about that red one, the one with the lacy stuff on it.

SID
I knew a girl once, a very
attractive girl...

He stops, smiles and continues to stow his sack.

SOME CREW MEMBERS
Come one Sid. Don't be like that.

Bill hoists the garter to the halyard and within minutes
the wind picks up.

BILL
I'll be buggered. I've only just
sent it up.

The boat reaches the rain and they fill the beakers as fast
as they can before the sea swamps the boat. Then they have
to bail which saps their strength. They are utterly
exhausted.

STRETTY
We're all going to drown.

JACK
Oh, here we go ...

JEUDWINE
Keep bailing.

STRETTY
If we'd stayed on the island we
might have...

All respect for Stretty has left the crew.

ALF
Put a bloody sock in it. Or,
better still, get out one of
Sid's garters and cheer yourself
up.

JACK
Fair whack you bloody dill, don't
you think we all feel rotten?

JEUDWINE
I said keep bailing.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - NIGHT

The crew are downhearted. Their clothes are wet and the air
is cool. They shiver as they sit wrapped in damp blankets
and pass a cup of brandy around. Jeudwine moves over to
Stretty and hands him the squadron shield.

JEUDWINE

Take a good look, Mr Streatfield,
and remember why we're here.

Stretty stares at the shield. The crest blurs and the faces
of the men left behind on Java appear on its surface.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)

I want no more talk of doom and
gloom. Is that clear?

STRETTY

Sir.

JACK (ASIDE TO ALF)

That'll teach him to mouth off.

Jeudwine knows that everyone is listening.

JEUDWINE

And that goes for the rest of you
too.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - NEW DAY - MORNING

Laundry hangs from every possible point. Stretty sits,
staring at Jack, morosely. He leans over and whispers
something to Keith who looks surprised and glances across
at the Australians. Sid leans across to Keith.

SID

What's up?

KEITH

Stretty reckons the Aussies are
pinching food.

Sid's head swivels round to the Aussies. George spots the
three Englishmen looking at them.

GEORGE (TO BILL)

What's their problem?

Bill shrugs. George watches as Stretty whispers to Sid and
Keith.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

That bugger needs his head read.

BILL

Forget it.

Sid passes out morning rations. Stretty looks at his own
rations and then at Jack's.

STRETTY

He's got more than me.

Jack offers Stretty his rations.

JACK

Here, you wan' it? Take it, ya whinger.

Jack and Stretty stare at each other in defiance.

SID

Everyone's got the same. In fact you've all got a little less than usual.

With the threat of an argument looming between Jack and Stretty, the men don't pick up on Sid's comment about less food.

JACK

You're a pain in the bloody neck, Streatfield.

Stretty's anger erupts and he attempts to strike Jack with a closed fist but Mort grabs his arm from behind. Stretty struggles and his rations spill onto the deck. Jack sniggers and Stretty glares at him.

JEUDWINE

Settle down lads, and eat.

Jack smiles smugly as he watches Stretty pick up his rations and wipe the food clean before eating.

GEORGE

D'ya know what I think of when I'm eating this muck?

He puts food into his mouth and chews for a moment. Everybody waits expectantly.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Mum's Sunday roast. She'd truss up a nice leg of hoggett and cover it with dripping and throw it in the oven just after breakfast. By lunchtime the whole house would smell wonderful.

He sighs. A few of the crew stop eating and stare into the distance, imagining the roast dinner.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Then there'd be the roast spuds...

JACK

Enough George, we get it.

KEITH

What! No yorkshire pud?

GEORGE

Not in Australia, mate.

George licks his container clean. Jack and Stretty continue to glare at each other. Jeudwine has a quiet word with Keith.

JEUDWINE

Are there problems with supplies, Keith?

KEITH

Sir. If we don't hit land soon we're going to be in trouble. I've cut down rations.

JEUDWINE

Do what you have to, Keith. I trust your judgement.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - NIGHT

The crew have settled down for the night. Suddenly the quiet explodes as Stretty's voice splits the air.

STRETTY

Confess, you thieving bastard.

Heads and bodies move. Jack sits up, groggy from sleep.

STRETTY (CONT'D)

Pinching food and sharing it with your Aussie mates.

Jack, still not fully awake, stares at him, perplexed. Stretty gets to his feet, pointing at Jack.

STRETTY (CONT'D)

Don't deny it. I've been watching you for days.

Jack also stands up, slightly unsteady on his feet.

JACK

You're mad y'bugger, and your bloody attitude is giving us all the shits.

STRETTY

How's this for attitude?

Stretty throws a punch. They wrestle. Everyone is now awake and Jeudwine tries to intervene. Jack loses balance and falls overboard, hitting his head on the side of the boat.

JEUDWINE

Get some light starboard!

Stretty stands frozen, realisation of what he's done dawning on his face. The light doesn't shine far enough out onto the water.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)

Get a flare up.

KEITH

The Japs, sir.

JEUDWINE

We'll take our chances. Get it up.

Keith lights a flare. It lights up the sea for a short moment without results.

MORT

(to Stretty) If he dies, you're over the side.

JEUDWINE

That's enough.

Keith sends up another flare. The men strain their eyes but Jack is nowhere to be seen. Stretty is visibly shaken. The men near him give him dirty looks. He slumps down in his place and mutters softly to himself.

STRETTY

I'm sorry...I'm sorry...I'm sorry.

Bill hears something. He yells at the crew.

BILL

Listen!

The men fall silent. A broken cry is heard through the waves.

JACK (O/S)

Jesus (wept). (Isn't) someone (gunna save) me?

The crew cheer. Before anyone can stop him, Bill dives over the side towards the sound. He surfaces. He is weak and struggles to keep his head above the waves.

BILL
JACK!

JACK
OVER HERE!

Another flare erupts into the night and the two men see each other. Bill swims to Jack who is struggling to stay afloat.

BILL
I've gotcha mate. Hang on.

Bill manages to grab Jack's body as it goes limp, unconscious. He turns holding Jack lifesaver-style, ready to swim to the boat. He panics. Everywhere there is blackness.

BILL (CONT'D)
Christ! Where are they?

He spins around in the water pulling Jack with him. Through the waves he sees a tiny speck of light flicker. Then a voice rings out.

ATHOL (O/S)
Coo-ee.

Bill calls out in response and struggles towards the boat with Jack in tow. As soon as they are visible to the crew, Athol jumps overboard to assist them and many hands haul the three aboard. Peter bends over Jack and listens to his chest. Everyone talks at once. Peter's voice rises above the others.

PETER
He's breathing. Help me turn him over.

It's an awkward manoeuvre.

PETER (CONT'D)
Watch it. He's got a nasty gash on his head.

Peter does several compresses on Jack's back. He splutters as he regurgitates sea water and Peter helps him to sit up.

JACK
Wha' happened?

PETER
You fell overboard. Bill jumped in and saved you.

MORT

Why don't you tell him what really happened? Bloody Streatfield pushed you in, the bastard.

Stretty still sits shaking his head, softly repeating himself over and over.

STRETTY

I'm sorry...I'm sorry...

Peter wipes the gash on Jack's head.

PETER

You've probably got a mild concussion but I think you'll live.

Jack salutes Bill who is huddled next to Athol, both wrapped in blankets.

JACK

I owe you my bloody life. Thanks mate.

He stares across at Stretty for several seconds without a word. Then he leans towards him, extending a hand.

JACK (CONT'D)

No hard feelings, mate.

The crew can't believe it. They raise their voices in protest. Jeudwine yells above the rising voices.

JEUDWINE

We can't afford to fight amongst ourselves. Don't forget, there's men back there relying on us.

The voices reduce to a murmur. Jeudwine takes Stretty's shoulders in his hands and draws him close. He whispers something and they embrace. Stretty sobs loudly. The gesture sobers the crew.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - NEW DAY

The boat lies dead in the water. Phil pulls back the jagged lid of a sardine tin to see if there are any scraps inside. His hand slips and cuts the middle of his palm. It's only a small cut and he sucks at the blood and wipes it on his shorts as it continues to bleed.

The noise of the slapping sail is driving Athol crazy. He sits up and stares at the noise then tries to move into the shade, upsetting others as he goes.

But under the ground sheet the humidity is suffocating and he moves back. The others yell at him. He stands up and gives out an almighty scream in frustration.

Phil and Jack look up at Athol for a second and then ignore him. He slumps back in his place.

Mort, next to him, tenderly holds his jaw and moans to himself. He has toothache.

Jeudwine has a quiet word with Bill.

JEUDWINE

We're all going a little crazy
with this heat. Perhaps a game of
something might ease the boredom.
Know any?

BILL

I'll give it a go, sir.

Bill looks at the lethargic crew. He doesn't like his chances.

BILL (CONT'D)

Alright, you bastards. Make up
two teams. We're gunna play a
little game.

Bill winks at George and directs his next comment to Sid.

BILL (CONT'D)

Let's say, Richmond and Arsenel.

SID

No bloody way. What's wrong with
good ol' red and green?

Mort shakes his head and mumbles something.

BILL

What's up mate?

MORT

Bloody toothache.

BILL

Fair enough.

Phil doesn't want to play because of his sore hand. He uses the uneven teams as an excuse.

PHIL

I won't play and that'll make the
teams even.

They make up two teams of five: Red - Jeudwine, George, Athol, Sid and Bill. Green - Keith, Stretty, Alf, Jack and Peter.

BILL

(In an announcer's voice) We are here today in this wonderful tropical setting for the first game of the series. The weather is perfect, the skies are blue, the...

ALF

For Christ's sake, get on with it.

BILL

Keep your hair on. Orrright! Name as many film stars as you can starting with the letter 's'.

PETER

What's the prize?

BILL

An all expenses paid boat trip.

Everybody laughs and gets into the spirit.

ATHOL

I'll start for the Reds. Gloria Swanson.

KEITH

Norma Shearer.

SID

James Stewart.

And so on...

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - AFTERNOON

Listless crew. A heavy swell and no sign of wind.

BILL (TO GEORGE)

So much for Jeudy's bright idea.

Suddenly Jeudwine shouts at the top of his voice.

JEUDWINE

Bartholomew is a liar.

It scares the life out of the others and he smiles at the men's alarmed faces.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)
He's a liar, I say.

GEORGE (ASIDE TO BILL)
What's got into him?

JEUDWINE
I think there are grounds for an
action against him.

BILL (ASIDE TO GEORGE)
Dunno. Gone mad I suspect.

JEUDWINE
He's misleading school children.
Don't you agree, Keith?

Keith is caught off guard.

KEITH
Sir?

JEUDWINE
Where's your history, man?
Bartholomew, the famous map-
maker. His charts have been used
by shipping for a century.
Particularly regarding wind and
weather.

Keith shrugs. The other men look bemused. Jeudwine realises
his attempt at distraction hasn't worked and shifts tack.
He whispers to Bill.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)
I should leave the entertainment
to you, Bill. How about a song?

Bill starts them off in a sing-song.

BILL (SINGS)
Good night, sweetheart, till we
meet tomorrow. Good night,
sweetheart, sleep will banish
sorrow. Tears and parting may
make us forlorn, But with the
dawn, a new day is born. So I'll
say...

The crew join in.

...good night, sweetheart, though
I'm not beside you, Good night,
sweetheart, still my love will
guide you,
(MORE)

BILL (SINGS) (CONT'D)
 Dreams enfold you in each one
 I'll hold you.
 Good night, sweetheart, good
 night.

ALF
 I wish I could sing but I'm flat
 as a tack.

BILL
 Let's hear you.

ALF
 Shit no. Anyway, I don't know any
 songs.

PETER
 How about 'The way you look
 tonight'.

ALF
 No need to get personal.

PETER
 Not you, stupid. The song.

ATHOL
 It goes something like this:

Athol starts to sing, and some others join in to help him.

ATHOL (SINGS) (CONT'D)
 Someday, when I'm awfully low,
 when the world is cold, I will
 feel a glow just thinking of you,
 and the way you look tonight.

Applause.

SID
 I know a poem. I remember this
 one from school. I think Tennyson
 wrote it.

The crew groan. Sid ignores them.

SID (CONT'D)
 Here goes: 'Sunset and evening
 star, And one clear call for me,
 And may there be no moaning of
 the bar when I put out to sea.
 But such a tide as moving seems
 asleep, Too full for sound and
 foam...

He stops, trying to remember the next line. The crew wait expectantly.

SID (CONT'D)

When - da, de, da, de, da, de,
da, - damn. Turns again home.' I
can't remember any more.

Everyone jeers and hisses and pelts him with empty cans.

BILL

Did you hear the one about the
two Irishmen who get a pilot to
fly 'em to Canada to hunt moose?

JACK

This is more like it.

BILL

Well, they bag six and Paddy and
Mick start loading the plane for
the return trip. But the pilot
tells 'em they can only load
four. The two lads object: 'Last
year we shot six and the pilot
let us put 'em all on board and
he had the same plane as this.'
Well, the pilot gives in and all
six are loaded. However the
little plane can't handle the
load and it crashes in the middle
of nowhere. As Paddy climbs out
of the wreckage he says: 'Any
idea where we are?' And Mick
says: 'I think we're pretty close
to where we crashed last year.'

ATHOL

You bloody dag Bill.

The crew break up with laughter. George and Athol have
tears running down their cheeks. Someone starts singing and
they all join in.

CREW (SINGS)

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all The
long and the short and the tall
Bless all the sergeants and W.O.
Ones, Bless all the corp'rals and
their blinking sons. For we're
saying good-bye to them all, as
back to the barracks we crawl.
You'll get no promotion this side
of the ocean. So cheer up my lads
Bless 'em all.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - NEW DAY

Jeudwine writes in his log book and sees the significance of the date. He speaks to the crew.

JEUDWINE
It's April the first.

Jack digs Phil in the ribs and accidentally touches his sore hand. Phil winces but Jack doesn't notice.

JACK
Watch ou-ut.

JEUDWINE
And before anyone dreams up any practical jokes about sighting land or ships, let me say this. The penalty will be loss of beer rations. Understood?

He looks straight at Jack. Jack pretends to be offended.

BILL
How 'bout we finish the games?
Let's make it a grand final.

JEUDWINE
Carry on.

BILL
(in an announcer's voice) This is the grand final. We'll have two rounds of twenty questions and a decider of geography. Is everybody ready? (in a normal voice) I'll start. I'm mineral.

No-one speaks.

BILL (CONT'D)
Stretty?

STRETTY
Not interested.

The rest of the crew give the impression that they too aren't interested.

BILL
Come one, you bastards.

KEITH
Maybe later.

Stretty snorts.

STRETTY

Maybe never.

Bill realises that he's not going to get anywhere. He nods towards Mort who is slumped against the side holding his swollen face, and speaks to George.

BILL

His tooth's givin' 'im curry,
poor bugger.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - NEW DAY

Bill wakes at first light and stares out to sea, all the time fingering the signet ring on his little finger. Tears fill his eyes.

EXT. SMALL TENEMENT FLAT IN MELBOURNE - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

This is Bill's home. Through the front window a woman is seen moving about.

INT. KITCHEN IN THE FLAT - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

Bill's wife, DOROTHY - 20s, slim, long auburn hair - is dressed in nightwear and is putting the finishing touches to a breakfast tray. There is a small box wrapped and tied with a ribbon. She picks up the tray and walks towards the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM IN FLAT - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

There is someone in the bed completely covered with blankets. Dorothy slips into the room carrying the breakfast tray and sets it down on the table beside the bed. She opens the curtains to let in the morning light. An RAF uniform is slung over a chair and other clothing is on the floor where it was dropped the previous evening. The body in the bed stirs. Dorothy softly peels back the blankets and Bill's face is exposed, his hair tousled and his eyes still sleepy. He grins at her and pulls her gently to him. They kiss.

BILL

Come back to bed.

DOROTHY

I have something for you.

Bill's eyes sweep her body.

BILL

I know...so come back to bed.

Dorothy laughs softly and takes the small box from the tray. He takes the box and kisses her again. He unwraps it. Inside is a gold signet ring. He slips it on to his little finger.

BILL (CONT'D)
Thankyou. I shall wear it always.
Now...come back to bed.

She slips out of her robe and crawls under the blankets. They embrace.

BILL (CONT'D)
I love you so much...

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - DAY (PRESENT)

Jeudwine is awake. A movement beside him catches his eye. He sees Bill who is clearly upset.

JEUDWINE
You alright?

Bill quickly uses his blanket to wipe away his tears.

BILL
Yes sir. Just thinking about my
wife.

He sits up.

JEUDWINE
What's her name?

BILL
Dorothy.

JEUDWINE
Let me tell you something Bill. I
joined the airforce when I was 18
years old and spent six years in
the ranks working my way up to
Wing Commander, and I loved it.
But nothing can compare to being
married to the woman you love.

BILL
I know, sir.

They fall silent for a moment. Jeudwine begins writing in his journal. He notices the date.

JEUDWINE
Good Lord! It's my birthday.

BILL
We should do something special.

They are distracted by a groan from Mort. His toothache is worse. Jeudwine moves over to Peter and they discuss options.

JEUDWINE
Mort's tooth has to come out. Do you think you could do it?

PETER
Crikey, sir. I s'pose I could try.

JEUDWINE
Any brandy left?

Peter nods.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)
Will you give it a go?

Peter nods again.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)
I'd better let the patient know.

He moves over to Mort.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)
We've got to do something about that tooth, old boy.

Mort sits and holds his jaw, looking terrified.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)
You can have as much brandy as it takes to dull the pain.

Mort tries to smile but he's in too much pain. The crew make room for Peter to examine Mort.

PETER
Let's have a look.

Mort groans.

PETER (CONT'D)
You don't want me taking the wrong one out.

Mort opens his mouth.

PETER (CONT'D)
 God, you poor bugger. Get started
 on the numbing process while I
 look through the toolbox.

Peter hands him the bottle of brandy.

JACK
 Top shelf anaesthetic. You'd
 better not be bloody faking.

Mort flashes him a filthy look.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Only jokin'.

Peter holds up pliers. Mort gulps down more brandy.

ATHOL
 Keep swiggin', mate.

Mort leans into Peter.

MORT
 Be gentle with me, nurse.

BILL
 Anything we can do?

PETER
 Yair, hold him down. One of you
 get behind and hold his head.

Four of the men hold Mort down while Peter moves towards
 him with the pliers. He panics and fights to sit up.

PETER (CONT'D)
 This is hopeless.

Jack pushes in front of Peter and lifts Mort's upper body
 up by his shirt front.

PETER (CONT'D)
 What the hell are you doing?

Jack punches Mort who drops, unconscious.

JACK
 Get on with it before he comes
 round.

While Peter struggles with the pliers to extract Mort's
 tooth, Phil is inspecting his sore hand. It is swollen and
 there is an ugly line of infection running up his arm. He
 winces as he rewinds the bandage.

Peter gazes at the fragments of tooth he has deposited in Jack's hand.

PETER

I hope I got it all, otherwise
he's going to be in trouble.

Mort regains consciousness.

MORT

Is it over?

Peter hands Mort the unfinished bottle of brandy and the tooth fragments.

PETER

Sure is. Here's your post-op pain
killer and here's your tooth, or
what's left of it. Put it under
your pillow for the fairies.

MORT

Jesus wept. I feel like I've been
in a front bar brawl.

JACK

My fault mate. You weren't bloody
cooperatin'. Shoulda done it
sooner and we'd've saved all that
bloody brandy.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - NIGHT

The crew toasts Jeudwine's birthday and sing a chorus of
"For he's a jolly good fellow".

JACK

Bet you never thought you'd spend
your birthday in the middle of
the ocean, sir.

JEUDWINE

How about a song Bill? Do you
know 'White Cliffs of Dover'?

BILL

Sure do. (SINGS) 'There'll be
blue birds over the white cliffs
of Dover tomorrow just you wait
and see.

The crew join in.

THE CREW (SINGS)
 There'll be love and laughter
 And peace ever after
 Tomorrow, when the world is free.

They applaud.

JEUDWINE
 That was mighty.

ATHOL
 I've just had a birthday. I'm the
 ripe old age of five and a half.
 I was born on 29 February 1920.

BILL
 My birthday's on Armistice Day.

ATHOL
 The eleventh of the eleventh,
 peace after World War 1.

JEUDWINE
 And here we are again.

The crew fall silent at the thought and begin to settle down to sleep.

ATHOL
 What's that bloody noise, Jack?

JACK
 It's my bloody guts, man. I'm
 starving!

Bill has a quiet word with Jeudwine.

BILL
 I said we'd do something special
 for your birthday, sir, but
 Mort's tooth wasn't quite what I
 had in mind.

JEUDWINE
 Knowing the damn thing is out is
 the best present I could have.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - NEW DAY - MORNING

The crew are slowly eating their rations, trying to make them last. Mort is feeling much better and shakes Peter's hand.

MORT
 Thanks, mate. You're a champion.

PETER
Glad I could help.

ATHOL
Did it rain last night?

JACK
No, mate. Why?

ATHOL
There's water everywhere here.

Athol investigates.

ATHOL (CONT'D)
Shit! The bloody beakers have
leaked.

Jack inspects the other beaker.

JACK
The tap's come loose. It's empty.

GEORGE
So's this one.

JEUDWINE
How on earth did this happen? Who
checked them last?

Alf looks guilty. Keith checks the water levels. Stretty
has a go at Alf.

STRETTY
You idiot! How long d'you think
we'll last without water?

ALF
I didn't bloody do it on purpose!

The two men glare at each other.

BILL (ASIDE TO GEORGE)
I'm happy to drink beer if we run
out.

KEITH
We've got about twenty-five
gallons left. We'll have to cut
our water rations.

JACK
Jesus wept!

Phil is in agony but still keeps the pain of his hand to
himself. Lightning explodes.

Suddenly a dazzling silver sphere of light about the size of a medicine ball (a lightning ball) hurtles towards the boat. The crew gasp in fear. Like a silent cartwheel firecracker the ball of bright light spins to a stop like a bizarre bird and rests on the stern for a few brief seconds and then vanishes.

JACK (CONT'D)
What the hell was that?

STRETTY
It's another sign.

Jeudwine glowers at Stretty.

JEUDWINE
Probably some kind of electrical phenomena caused by lightning.

The crew prefer to accept Jeudwine's explanation.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - AFTERNOON

The sun beats down on the boat. A cup of water is passed as one by one the crew take a mouthful.

Athol, Sid and Jack sit on the edge of the boat with their bare bottoms over the side, their shorts down around their ankles. There is a chorus of farts. Athol is having no trouble whatsoever and a foul smell wafts through the air. Some of the others are constipated.

JACK
Jesus, Ath, a rat's crawled up yer arse and died.

ALF
Half his bloody luck. I wish I could go.

JEUDWINE
How long since you've been, Alf?

ALF
A while, sir.

JEUDWINE
If you haven't gone by tomorrow we might have to give you an enema.

ALF
(aside to Jack) What's a nennema?

JACK
Soapy water up yer arse, mate.

ALF
Bloody 'ell.

Jeudwine discusses treatment with Peter.

JEUDWINE
Do we have anything for
constipation?

PETER
I heard somewhere that soapy
water's s'posed to get things
moving but I'm not sure whether
you drink it or insert it.

Jeudwine smiles.

JEUDWINE
We'll try both if we have to.

Phil finally tells Peter about his hand which has started to swell up. He gets a bandage but there is nothing in medical supplies to ease the pain. Phil is putting on a brave face. Peter talks to Jeudwine.

PETER
I don't like the look of it, sir.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - NIGHT

It's Saturday night and the crew have the usual toasts. They are in good spirits despite the lack of food and water. Sid produces a bottle of something green that he has found in stores. He takes off the lid and smells the contents.

SID
Smells pretty good. Looks a bit
like that cocktail Creme de
Menthe.

He passes it on to George who takes a swig and licks his lips. He passes it on to Bill who takes a sip and clearly likes the taste. He passes it to Alf who passes the bottle on without drinking.

ALF
I'll give it a miss. Honestly you
two'd drink anything long as you
thought it was alcohol.

Mort takes the bottle from Alf, sticks out his little finger and takes a sip.

ATHOL
Well la-di-bloody-da. Any left?

GEORGE
See if there's any more, Sid.

Rummaging in the chest of stores, Sid finds the label from the bottle, spreads it on his knee and bursts into laughter.

SID
'Take two teaspoons at night. If cough persists see a doctor.'

George holds his stomach.

GEORGE
I feel crook.

Alf laughs heartily.

JEUDWINE
By the way, Alf. Used your bowels?

Alf's laughter stops abruptly.

ALF
Yes, sir.

He's lying and looks across at Jack who gives him a knowing grin.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - NIGHT

Stretty and Sid are on watch. Sid is slumped over the tiller, asleep. Stretty stands by the halyard mast, the end of his cigarette aglow. There is a loud moan from Phil. He is covered in perspiration and shivering. Someone shakes Peter awake and he moves to Phil's side.

PETER
Steady mate.

Phil is delirious. Peter attempts to take off the bandage but Phil thrashes about making it impossible. He settles him down and covers him with a blanket. A steady murmur takes over as the other men realise how ill Phil is. Gradually, sleep takes over.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - NEW DAY

There is no change in Phil's condition. The mood aboard the boat is sombre, the men are quiet. Mort, Bill and Athol talk quietly together.

MORT
Penny for 'em.

BILL
Just thinkin' how they made it
sound like one big holiday.

MORT
Who? Recruiting?

Bill nods. They pause a moment.

ATHOL
Why'd ya join the airforce?

MORT
My dad was in the last war, poor
bugger. He said to me: 'join the
airforce lad. Why walk when you
can fly?' You?

BILL
It had to be the airforce for me
'cos my brother joined the army.

They chuckle. Another pause.

MORT
I thought the Japs were just
little blokes with buck teeth and
big glasses who ate too much
bloody rice.

ATHOL
Well, they're certainly making
their mark, the bludgers.

MORT
Yair, look at Pearl Harbour.

Another pause.

BILL
It's gunna be tough gettin' back
into it.

Another pause.

BILL (CONT'D)
We'll be reassigned, won't we?

MORT
'Course. They won't give two
bloody hoots about this little
cruise.

Another pause. Bill takes out the photo from his shirt pocket and gazes at it.

BILL

Sometimes I wonder why I'm here
and then I think about me missus
and the kiddy.

MORT

I'd sell my bloody soul to be in
a room with the bloody jokers who
started all this.

The Scorpion sails swiftly across the water with the wind,
the Barbara garter flying high.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - DAWN

It's just before dawn - grey and a slight misty haze. Everyone is asleep including the men on watch. Phil's eyes spring open and he sits up. He looks totally in control. He carefully steps over sleeping bodies until he stands on the bow, his sore hand resting on his chest, the other holding the halyard rope. He stares out to sea, a determined look on his face.

At the same time, Bill is dreaming. In his dreamlike state he sees his wife at the end of the boat holding his baby daughter. He calls out her name.

BILL

Dot!

Phil's head snaps round towards the voice.

PHIL

It's alright. Go back to sleep.

Bill lies down again and closes his eyes.

A few minutes pass. Bill wakes and sits up. He looks over and sees that Phil is missing. He yells at everyone.

BILL

Wake up! Phil's gone overboard!

One by one the crew sit up.

BILL (CONT'D)

I saw him go over but I thought I
was dreaming. Bloody hell.

He scans the sea. Phil is nowhere to be seen.

JEUDWINE

Who was on watch, for Christ's sake?

Stretty and Athol look guilty.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)

We'll have to turn round and look for him.

Sid touches Jeudwine's arm.

KEITH

Sir, it'll be suicide.

The crew stare at Keith.

JEUDWINE

I don't care. Jack, turn this tub around NOW!

The boat sails in the other direction. Someone spots Phil's body. Bill and George dive over the side and swim to him. The others fire shots to keep the sharks at bay.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - LATE MORNING

Jack fiddles with the tiller handle that has come loose again. He looks over to Phil who is alive but sweating and shivering with fever. Jeudwine has a quiet word to Peter.

JEUDWINE

I want a 24-hour watch on Phil.

PETER

Maybe he can ride out the fever.

Bill sits watching Jack, slowly fuming. He airs his frustration.

BILL

Christ! You've been rooting around with that bloody thing ever since we started. Chuck it, for Christ's sake.

JACK

We won't get too bloody far without it.

BILL

At this rate we'll be stuck out here forever.

JACK

Will ya bloody shut...

Suddenly the boat tips to one side. The crew spill heavily onto each other. Someone grabs Phil and holds him steady. Mort and Alf fall into the water. They scramble in panic while Athol and George pull them back into the boat.

A whale rises from the sea right next to the boat.

PETER

Dear God!

The crew freezes. Jack goes for the rifle. He aims at the whale. Jeudwine grabs his arm. Jack shrugs off Jeudwine's hand.

JACK

We've gotta bloody do something.

JEUDWINE

One flick of its tail and we'll be history.

Jack lowers the rifle. Bill prays out loud.

BILL

Our Father who art in heaven,
hallowed be they name, Thy
kingdom come...

The others join in.

THE CREW

Thy will be done on earth as it
is in heaven. Give us this day
our daily bread and forgive us...

Their words peter out. The boat is in danger of being flattened by the whale. Bill starts up the prayer again.

BILL

...forgive us our trespasses as
we...

THE CREW

...forgive those who trespass
against us. And lead us not into
temptation but deliver us from
evil for thine is the king...

The prayer tapers off as they watch the whale swim towards another whale that has surfaced several hundred yards away.

MORT

Bloody 'ell!

BILL

...the power and the glory...

The crew stare at the retreating whale. Gradually a foul smell pervades the air. It's coming from Alf who is wet from his dip in the ocean.

MORT
Phwoar! Alf?

ALF
Sorry fellas. Blame the whale.

Alf is obviously no longer constipated.

MORT
You dirty bastard.

Empty cans are thrown at Alf, others call him disgusting names, but everyone sees the funny side. Alf takes off his shorts, rinses them through the sea water and hangs them on the halyard to dry. He wraps himself inside his blanket and sips his beer, a broad smile on his face. Peter tends to Phil who has woken in the confusion.

ALF
I wish I'd touched it, but at the time I was scared shitless.

There is general laughter.

MORT
They probably look like subs from the air. I wonder how many'll get wiped out in this fiasco.

Athol puts the finishing touches to a sketch of the whale incident. Stretty looks over his shoulder.

STRETTY
That's bloody marvellous. Hey
Stretty, take a look at this.

He holds up the drawing for the others to see.

STRETTY (CONT'D)
It's just like it happened. Look
at us, not a scared one among us.

The book is passed around the crew and they react as they see themselves in the various sketches. (Combined dialogue).

MORT
Jeez, Ath, you've captured us perfectly. There's me, and there's you, Bill. That's great.

BILL
Let's have a look.

He slowly opens his eyes and squints into the sun.

BILL (V/O) (CONT'D)
 ...or maybe we'd all be dead if
 we'd stayed, or worse prisoners
 of war.

An unfamiliar smell drifts over him. He sniffs, sits up and scans the sea. He sniffs again.

BILL (CONT'D)
 Can anyone smell that?

Jack answers but doesn't move.

JACK
 It wasn't me.

Bill nudges George who sits up. George sniffs.

GEORGE
 Yeah, I can. Smells like grass or
 is it eucalyptus?

Jack sniffs. Others stir and start sniffing.

JACK
 You're right! You're bloody
 right!

The crew are excited. George drags some seaweed floating on top of the water into the boat.

GEORGE
 We're getting close.

Peter waves away a fly from Phil's bandaged hand. A few men see the fly. They look at each other and the penny drops. They cheer and start making plans for landing.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - NIGHT

No-one can settle down and there's a slight murmur of discussion. Suddenly the Scorpion stops dead in the water. Keith lights the lantern. The prow of the boat is resting on a sandbar.

JACK
 It's land! We've bloody done it!

The crew are ecstatic. George and Jack jump up and down and prepare to be first over the side.

JEUDWINE

No! Wait! It's too risky. It could be just a freak sand bar.

JACK

It'll be right, sir.

He again prepares to go over the side.

JEUDWINE

I said no. We'll wait till daybreak.

Jack flops back into his place and the crew groan in frustration.

EXT. A SMALL ISLAND - DAYBREAK

At first light they see several small islands, but no mainland and no sign of life. One by one the men leave the boat, staggering like drunks and laughing as rubbery legs give way. They fall into the shallows.

STRETTY

This is Frazer Inlet, chaps.

JACK

How would you know?

He points to a sign further up the beach. Jack laughs good-naturedly.

JACK (CONT'D)

Smart arse.

MORT

I don't care if it's Barrow Island, Frazer Inlet or bloody Antarctica. It's land, sweet sweet land.

Peter and Mort carry Phil and lay him down on the sand. His fever has dropped somewhat but he is still in pain. The remaining food is distributed. They eat most of it. Jack flops onto the sand like a beached whale holding his belly. Jeudwine, Keith and Stretty bend over the map.

JEUDWINE

I'd say we've reached Dampier Archipelago between Onslow here...

He points on the map.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)

...and Roebourne here.

He looks up at expectant faces.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)
We're almost there.

The men cheer.

EXT. ON BOARD THE SCORPION - NEW DAY

The crew are back on board, sailing towards Roebourne. A Catalina flying boat flies overhead. The crew wave, flash tins and yell but fail to attract attention.

JACK
That's a Yankee plane so the Japs
haven't got into Australia yet.

Peter wipes Phil's face with a wet rag.

Peter
Hang on, mate. We're almost
there.

Phil gives Peter a weak smile.

The Catalina returns. A shirt is hoisted and everyone waves, whistles and yells. The plane acknowledges by dipping a wing.

It lands some distance ahead of the boat. Armed crew stand in the open hatch. An AMERICAN from the Catalina crew calls out.

AMERICAN
We'll shoot if you come any
closer. We want one of you to
strip naked and swim over.

JEUDWINE
I'll go.

He strips. He is emaciated but no-one notices.

SID
Swim fast, sir. These waters are
probably full of sharks.

JEUDWINE
Thanks Sid. Just what I wanted to
hear.

He dives overboard and swims to the Catalina. An American aims his weapon.

AMERICAN

Stay right there, pal. Identify yourself.

JEUDWINE

Wing Commander John Jeudwine, 84 Squadron, RAF.

He is breathless.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)

We're a rescue party from Java.

AMERICAN

You sound English, but how do we know you're who you say you are?

JEUDWINE

(angrily) I'm a Jap in disguise and I've sailed in this boat to infiltrate Australia. Haul me up, for Christ's sake.

AMERICAN

OK, OK. No need to get snippety.

The marine lowers his pistol and helps Jeudwine aboard. The cheers of the Scorpion's crew can be heard in the distance as Jeudwine's skinny backside disappears inside the plane. The crew row the boat to the Catalina. Jeudwine stands in the hatch dressed in borrowed clothing.

JEUDWINE

The Captain has offered to take Phil and me to the airbase. There's room for one more. Who will it be?

STRETTY

I was looking forward to sailing into Roebourne.

The rest of the men nod in agreement. Alf reluctantly accepts the lift.

EXT. ON A BEACH - LATE AFTERNOON

The Catalina has returned. The crew of the Scorpion stand on the shore and prepare to set the Scorpion adrift.

BILL

I'm sorry to see the old girl go. Pity the others aren't here to say goodbye.

Jeudwine and Alf appear in the hatch of the Catalina clean shaven, bathed and dressed in new uniforms.

JEUDWINE

There'll be no goodbyes without
us. Phil's in the base hospital
but he's here in spirit.

Stretty retrieves the Squadron Shield from the boat. He wipes it on his shorts and holds it close. Three of the crew shove the boat into the water. The men line the water's edge and watch *The Scorpion* move out.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)

You're all probably glad to see
the back of her and that's
perfectly natural but one day
you're going to feel very proud
of what you have achieved over
the past forty-seven days.

He shakes each man by the hand, speaking as he moves along the line.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)

You have survived the journey
from hell with flying colours -
that and more. I congratulate
you. Well done. I wouldn't
replace a single one of you. You
are a credit to yourselves and to
your squadron.

He returns to the centre of the group and faces the horizon.

JEUDWINE (CONT'D)

Attention!

The group stand at attention and salute the *Scorpion* as she bobs towards the horizon.

BILL (SINGS)

Should auld acquaintance be
forgot and never brought to
mind...

He struggles to go on, emotion catching in his throat. The crew take up the song.

CREW (SINGS)

Should auld acquaintance be
forgot, and auld lang syne. For
auld lang syne, my dear, for auld
lang syne. We'll take a cup of
kindness yet, for auld lang syne.

They stand in complete silence. The sun drops slowly into the sea, casting a rusty glow on their tired faces.

GRAPHIC:
PERTH HEADQUARTERS

INT. PERTH HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The men, refreshed and in new uniforms, congregate in a room.

BILL
Has anyone heard anything?

STRETTY
The Yanks reckon one of their
subs went into Java last night.

ATHOL
They'd've picked 'em up by now.

Jeudwine enters the room with a GROUP CAPTAIN. The crew stand to attention.

GROUP CAPTAIN
At ease, chaps. Bad news I'm
afraid.

EXT. TJILITJAP BEACH - NIGHT (FLASHBACK MARCH 8 1942)

Menacing Japanese soldiers are seen herding the remaining men of 84 Squadron into trucks. Sgt Kebble-White is bashed and bleeding and is being thrown into the crowd of men. The trucks drive away.

GROUP CAPTAIN (V.O.)
The US submarine Sturgeon sailed
into Java last night and found
the beach deserted. It has to be
assumed the rest of the Squadron
have been taken prisoner.

INT. PERTH HEADQUARTERS - DAY (PRESENT)

The men look at each other in disbelief. Alf's eyes brim with tears. There is a muttering of voices. The Group Captain raises his hand.

GROUP CAPTAIN
I wish to congratulate you all
even though I know the news is
not what you want to hear.
(MORE)

GROUP CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

You must take solace in the fact that you tried your best. You are a credit to the service. I salute you.

He puts on his cap, comes to attention and salutes. The crew snap to attention and return the salute. The Group Captain and Jeudwine head for the door. Jeudwine stops and turns to the men.

JEUDWINE

By the way, you might like to know that Phil's on the mend. He'll be at the base hospital for a few days.

The two men leave the room. A murmur turns into a loud chatter as the men talk about the news they have just been told. Bill turns and gazes out the window. Bill's face reflects in the window then segues into his face reflected in the train window of the following scene.

INT. ON BOARD A TRAIN - NIGHT

Bill and George are on a train bound for Melbourne. They sit either side of the window and stare into the night. Their faces are reflected. Slowly their reflections fade and the following images appear in the window.

Bill and George

GRAPHIC:

Sergeants George Sayer and Bill Cosgrove were reassigned to RAAF 30 Squadron in New Guinea six weeks later. George was killed in September 1942 and Bill lost his life a year later in August, 1943.

Jeudwine

GRAPHIC:

Wing Commander John Jeudwine was decorated and became Group Captain DSO, OBE, DFC. He was killed in 1945 while flying a Typhoon.

Stretty, Sid and Alf

GRAPHIC:

Flying Officer Colin Streatfield, Pilot Officer Sid Turner and Sergeant Alf Longmore all died of natural causes.

Keith

GRAPHIC:

Sergeant Keith Passmore was lost while travelling in an American Flying Fortress that ditched in the Irish Sea in 1954.

Mort and Phil

GRAPHIC:

Sergeants Mort MacDonald and Phil Corney died in 1958 and 1962 respectively, both of natural causes.

Jack

GRAPHIC:

Sergeant Jack Lovegrove spent his latter years searching for the wreck of the Scorpion but never found it. He passed away in 1994.

Peter

GRAPHIC:

Sergeant Peter Haynes resided in Perth until his death in 2002.

Athol

GRAPHIC:

Athol became a freelance commercial artist in Durban, South Africa. He died in his seventies.

Captain Katsuo Ohasi

GRAPHIC:

The magnanimous commander of the Japanese submarine and his entire crew perished after an attack by an American plane in the last fortnight of the war.

Montage of the crew of the Scorpion

GRAPHIC:

LEST WE FORGET