

THE HINDENLUSIVALDEZBIGHORNTANICBERGSHAKUR

Nicholls/Vickers

EXT. DOCKS - DAY (B+W ARCHIVAL)

Cunard docks, circa 1915. FOGHORN, under.

NARRATOR (V/O)

January, 1915, the Southampton
docks. Little did these
passengers know they were stepping
off the gangplank into history, as
they boarded the maiden cruise
of... The
HindenLusiValdezBigHornTanicBerg
Shakur!

GRAPHIC: "HindenLusiValdezBigHornTanicBerg Shakur!"

ANIMATION: A SHIP floats through, on FIRE, EXPLODING from a
TORPEDO hit, hitting an ICEBERG, and leaking OIL, as INDIANS
shoot arrows on deck and a CAR drives by firing AUTOMATIC
WEAPONS.

EXT. DOCK - DAY (ARCHIVAL)

The GREAT SHIP sits at anchor.

NARRATOR (V/O)

How was it that on a boat
considered "unsinkable," thirteen
hundred people were drowned,
burned, smothered in oil, shot,
scalped and frozen to death before
it even left the dock?

INT. INTERVIEW SET (ED BURNS-STYLE)

An OLD MAN, dressed up for the camera, reflects in an armchair.

OLD MAN

I was six years old.

(beat)

Yesterday. I got a train, a
ducky...

A NURSE SLAPS him. He recovers his train of thought.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

I was 6 when my mother, brother,
two sisters and I boarded the
HindenLusiValdezBigHornTanicBerg
Shakur. She was the biggest thing
I'd ever seen.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

BOARDING PLANK, the letters of the ship's name going O.S. in both directions on the vast HULL behind it. Two YOUNG GIRLS walk up the gangplank hand-in-hand.

OLD MAN (O.S.)

It was such a nice day. Right
away I lost two of my sisters on
the boarding plank.

An ICEBERG tears through the boarding plank and takes plank and sisters with it.

INT. INTERVIEW SET

The Old Man feebly blows his nose then looks in his hanky.

OLD MAN

Oh, there's a big green one.
Kinda looks like enigmatic popster
Jarvis Cocker.

(seeing the looming Nurse)
After the boarding announcement...

EXT. SHIP'S DECK - DAY

INDIANS swarm over the deck of the ship, attacking staffers with trays of champagne glasses. An EXPLOSION rocks the FRAME.

OLD MAN (O.S.)

... the hydrogen in First Class
caught fire, blowing out the hull,
allowing the Indians aboard to
kill and scalp the kitchen staff.
Of course, we didn't know we were
carrying 50 million barrels of
oil, till the torpedo hit...

EXT. DOCKS - DAY (ARCHIVAL)

The flaming SHIP cracks in half. MASSIVE EXPLOSIONS.

OLD MAN (O.S.)
 I landed just off the coast of
 Cypress. My mother and sisters
 wasn't so lucky. They were forced
 to endure two hours of on-board
 entertainment before they died.
 Mostly table magic.

INT. INTERVIEW SET

The Old Man has his shirt off and is playing with his nipples.

OLD MAN
 Why'd she sink? The arrogance of
 the age, I suppose. There was so
 much they didn't tell us...

EXT. OCEAN - DAY (ARCHIVAL)

A LIFEBOAT full of survivors on choppy waves.

OLD MAN (V/O)
 All the lifeboat nails had been
 removed to make a flirtatious iron
 likeness of Randolph Scott for the
 Captain.

Bits of a Boat SINK.

EXT. ON DECK - DAY

The CAPTAIN stands next to a pudgy, poncy-looking STATUE made of
 nails. INDIANS mob him and the statue.

EXT. VARIOUS ARCHIVAL

The SHIP explodes, burns, falls apart, etc. An Indian attack.
 A gangster drive-by.

NARRATOR (V/O)
 The iceberg hit at 1:15, the
 Indians and torpedo at 1:43, and a
 limo with darkened windows and no
 plates sprayed the foredeck with
 .38-caliber hollow-point bullets
 at 1:52.

EXT. OCEAN (ARCHIVAL)

Bits of flaming ship at sea.

NARRATOR (V/O)

Heedless of these setbacks, the HindenLusiValdezBigHornTanicBerg Shakur confidently set sail for New York in 7 or 8 large flaming pieces. A reconstruction of events would later reveal the First Mate, normally charged with sounding the alarm, was busy filling out his declaration for U.S. Customs.

EXT. DECK - DAY

FLAMES, OFF. The FIRST MATE puzzles over his Customs Card.

FIRST MATE

Have I visited a farm in the last 2 weeks?

Flaming OIL and INDIANS engulf him. Bullets spray the companionway.

INT. INTERVIEW SET

The Old Man reminisces.

OLD MAN

My mother and sisters and I knew nothing of this in steerage. I radioed home and invited my Cub Scout troupe and 60 school chums to join us, mid-voyage.

EXT. MID-OCEAN - EVENING

An open boat bearing ADULTS and KIDDIES.

OLD MAN (V/O)

Of course there was no ship for their parents to drop them off on.

The parents throw the children overboard.

NARRATOR (V/O)

They were savagely ripped apart by the few sharks that hadn't been killed by falling lifeboats full of flaming hydrogen. Their piteous cries for help were drowned out by Indian war cries and Gangsta rap.

EXT. NEW YORK DOCKS (ARCHIVAL WITH FX)

A BRASS BAND plays. INSERT SHOT: A LEG is tossed up on the dock. INSERT: It's in a sock with an Ace of Spades stuck in it. The band STOPS playing.

NARRATOR (V/O)

Only one-sixth of a person, believed to be the leg of a table magician, reached New York alive.

INT. INTERVIEW SET

The Old Man has his pants on over his head.

OLD MAN

I was pulled from a shark's jaw in over 700 bits and painstakingly re-assembled using old family photographs and bits of luncheon meat. Mother wasn't so lucky; she'd gone down with the ship and the rest of the magician.

NURSE starts to wheel the Old Man away into SHADOW.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

It's the most horrible thing that ever happened to me, except for the time I was jumped on from 37 feet up by the fat harmonica player from Blues Traveler.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CUNARD DOCKS (ARCHIVAL)

The starting footage, again. PLAYOUT MUSIC.

NARRATOR (V/O)

But on that day in 1915 the great
ship was still whole, its
passengers young, its promise
infinite.

DISSOLVE TO NEXT SKETCH...