

AMAZON ADVENTURE

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EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY

1

Over black we hear a rainforest teeming with life. A symphony of birds and insects surrounds us in all directions. Then - our title appears:

AMAZON ADVENTURE

Based On A True Story

The words zoom towards us and we fly through the letters to reveal an enchanted rainforest full of exotic colours.

We WIND through lush, tangled flora. Suddenly, a leaf starts to walk - or rather, a perfectly blended green LEAF MANTIS. Nearby, some dead twigs contort, revealing a disguised BRAZIL STICK MANTIS.

FEMALE NARRATOR

In the rainforest, things are not always what they seem.

We see a KATYDID INSECT making its way through the wet leaves as camouflaged TURNIP TAILED GECKOS, barely visible, dart along a mossy rock, a LEAF MOTH closes its wings. We PUSH IN to what first looks like a dead tree trunk. As we move closer, it moves and makes a noise - CAWW! It's actually a POTOO bird, perfectly camouflaged as part of the tree trunk.

CUT TO:

1.1

EXT. AMAZON RIVER - NEARBY - CONTINUOUS

1.1

We FLY above the canopy of the great primeval forest that stretches forever. The river twists and turns into the distant horizon as a flock of EGRETS passes below the clouds.

FEMALE NARRATOR

The Amazon's greatest mysteries would one day be unraveled by a boy with a passion for nature.

CUT TO:

2

INT. HOSIERY FACTORY - DAY

2

Sweaty, dusty MEN use all 4 limbs to operate something that looks like a torture device, and sounds like a locomotive. It's a framework knitter. Hosiery is young Bates' future.

A CARD:

Leicester, England
1839

The MASTER of the factory walks through the space inspecting the work of the MEN and BOYS.

MASTER
C'mon son, hurry up. Everything
alright William?

WILLIAM
Fine, sir!

YOUNG BATES, 14, stands behind lads feeding yarn to men making stockings with hand-powered knitters. Small pieces of yarn litter the floor. Leaning on a broom, and despite the noise around him, Bates is engrossed in a book.

MASTER
Bates!

The master plucks Bates' book from his hand.

YOUNG BATES
Sir, it's about an explorer... He
discovered the skeleton of a...
(holding the broom above
his head to indicate its
height)
...*GIANT* sloth. It's extinct!

MASTER
(glancing at the cover of
the book)
Darwin? Never 'eard of 'im.

A bell RINGS. The Master pushes the book back at Bates and SHOUTS:

MASTER (CONT'D)
Dinner -- twenty minutes only!

Bates' face lights up. Young lads scurry about to leave the factory as quick as they can.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
At 13, I had to leave school to
apprentice in a stocking factory.

MASTER
 (to Bates)
 I mean it. Twenty minutes!

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 My mind was often elsewhere...

3

EXT. LEICESTER WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

3

REVEAL a crew of factory lads running alongside Bates, wearing knee-high stockings and boots. Bates is in the lead.

LAD #1
 Don't let Bates beat us!

LAD #2
 Never!

LAD #1
 But he's quick!

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 My joy was collecting beetles. I
 had hundreds of different species.

Under a nearby tree Bates turns and waves the lads towards him.

YOUNG BATES
 Hurry! Let's see what you got.

Bates has super-powers of observation and memory (think Sherlock Holmes), and is always on the alert for new specimens.

BATES' POV: In outstretched palms, in small, grass-lined open tins, we see several boys' catches as Bates quickly identifies them.

YOUNG BATES (CONT'D)
 (Pointing at a beetle)
 Got it!
 (and another)
Abax parallelepipedus - got it...
 Careful - it sprays acid!

The boy holding the beetle nods nervously.

YOUNG BATES (CONT'D)
 (and another)
 Got it...

The smallest, poorest BOY opens his dirty, cupped hands to reveal what is in his tin and offers it to Bates. From Bates' POV, we see the beetle inside this tin.

YOUNG BATES (CONT'D)
 (excited)
Curculio glandium -- need it! What a stunner! Let's go!

The LADS run off together into the distance as the chant:

LADS
 Beetle Bates, Beetle Bates, Beetle Bates!

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 My destiny was to make stockings like my father and grandfather -- good men. But my dream was to explore the wilds of nature.

CUT TO:

4 **EXT. SAMUEL STEVENS' NATURAL HISTORY AGENCY (LONDON) - DAY 4**

CLOSE ON a terrifying BEETLE labelled *Dynastes hercules*.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 A dream I wouldn't let go of.

A CARD:

**9 years later
 London, 1848**

As we PULL BACK, we see this is a shop window with a sign that reads:

**NATURAL HISTORY AGENCY
 Proprietor S. Stevens**

BATES, now a 23 year-old man walks down the street towards the shop with his bespectacled pal and fellow collector, ALFRED WALLACE, 25.

BATES
 Not much further, is it Wallace?

WALLACE
 It's just up here on the right. Let me check the note.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 With my brilliant friend, Alfred Wallace, we hoped to make a deal with Samuel Stevens. He supplied explorers and bought and sold exotic specimens.

As they reach the entrance to the shop Bates stops by the window, gazing at a gorgeous BLUE MORPHO butterfly (*Morpho deidamia*), entranced. He's still insatiably curious.

BATES
 What a beauty...

Bates suddenly notices the YOUNG BEAUTY next to him in an exquisite pink dress, BLUSHING. Bates smiles at her, pointing to the butterfly.

BATES (CONT'D)
 (awkwardly)
 I meant the uh...

WALLACE
 Bates - should we go in?

BATES
 Yes.

Bates politely excuses himself as he and Wallace enter the shop.

CUT TO:

5 INT. SAMUEL STEVENS' NATURAL HISTORY AGENCY - CONTINUOUS 5

We've entered a magical emporium filled with exotic specimens: bizarre fossils, skeletons, eggs, shells, stuffed birds and orchids; along with books, a microscope and biological slides, maps, preserving tools and collection and exploration equipment. SAMUEL STEVENS, 34, the proprietor and an expert collector himself notices Bates and Wallace, but returns his focus to two ARISTOCRATS conversing with him at the counter.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 Wallace and I longed to discover new species -- and wanted to resolve a great debate.

Bates pauses to examine a stuffed WHITE ARCTIC HARE mounted next to a EUROPEAN BROWN HARE.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

Everyone was taught that species were divinely created in their current form - that they never changed, and never would.

Bates approaches the bookcase where Wallace examines a murderer's row of exciting works (we don't see the names, but they are: "Vestiges" - and others by Lawrence, Lyell, Malthus, Knight, Linnaeus, Erasmus Darwin, Charles Darwin, Diderot, Lamarck and Buffon - plus "The Journal of the Linnean Society").

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

Yet a few brave thinkers disagreed.

Wallace is running his hand along the spines of the books.

WALLACE

Got 'em... got 'em...

(to Bates)

Lawrence - banned for saying species can change.

(selecting Diderot's book)

Ah, Diderot - he went to prison!

Wallace opens the book and delves in.

Bates approaches an open book, **THE PICTORIAL MUSEUM OF ANIMATED NATURE**, and picks it up noticing the stuffed MODERN SLOTH sitting on a counter-top next to it. Bates fixates on an illustration of an extinct GIANT SLOTH skeleton.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

Strange fossils of extinct animals - like the Giant Sloth - were being discovered, but we could only imagine how creatures from long ago might be connected to creatures alive today.

INSIDE BATES' FERTILE MIND: As Bates looks up from the illustration, the Giant sloth from the book pops into the air like a thought bubble, then slowly moves over to be superimposed onto the stuffed modern sloth, MORPHING in stages until it has become the much smaller modern sloth, and fades away.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

Our quest was to find out whether species change.

Bates walks over to a HUGE MAP of Brazil, with a focus on the Amazon region.

Wallace joins Bates and they talk quietly but excitedly to each other about the Amazon river's many tributaries.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

From what we had learned, there was no better place to search for evidence than in the Amazon, so rich in species.

Simultaneous with the above action Stevens hands the aristocrats a book and rolled-up painting.

STEVENS

Thank you, gentlemen.

The aristocrats nod in appreciation and saunter out of the shop.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

But how to pay for it?

Bates, noticing that Stevens is now free steps over to introduce himself.

BATES

Mr. Stevens, sir. Henry Bates. From Leicester. And this is...

Bates turns to see that Wallace, who's socially awkward, is still staring at the map of Brazil. Bates gestures for him to come over.

STEVENS

I know.

BATES

So you read my letter?

Wallace approaches.

STEVENS

(testing their resolve)
Yes. Gentlemen, understand this. In the jungle, death comes easily - the diseases, jaguars, cannibals...

Unperturbed, Bates smiles and looks right at Stevens.

BATES

Anything to worry about?

Stevens slowly grins. This young man has pluck.

STEVENS

Right - let's get you started.

Stevens nods to his ASSISTANT, who begins to gather equipment: specimen store-boxes, glass jars, butterfly nets, a gun, manuals, maps.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

Samuel Stevens offered us 3 pence a bug, and a loan for the equipment we would need.

CUT TO:

5.1 **MOMENTS LATER**

5.1

Bates and Stephens are geared up and ready for their long journey. Stevens hands Bates the **PICTORIAL MUSEUM of ANIMATED NATURE**, now wrapped in protective red leather.

STEVENS

Carry on lads. The rest will follow.

Bates and Wallace turn to exit. Bates pats Wallace on the shoulder ("We did it - we're going!").

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

Finally, I'd freed myself from a life devoted to stockings.

STEVENS

(an aside to his assistant)
... Take out insurance on both.

CUT TO:

6 **EXT. OCEAN, BRAZILIAN COAST - DAY**

6

Rising above a spit of land, we see in the distance a ship in full sail. We pass high over the ship and see Bates and Wallace standing close together looking towards the horizon.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

After a month at sea, we arrived at the Brazilian coast, and made our way towards the world's largest river.

CUT TO:

6.1 **EXT. BRAZILIAN RAINFOREST - MONTHS LATER - DAY**

6.1

We are immersed in a montage of the stunning Amazon Rainforest - an EPIC AERIAL of the river twisting its way through the flooded forest toward the distant horizon. A WOOLLY MONKEY hops from branch to branch, TAMARIN MONKEYS play in the trees while another licks its fingers, a SLOTH listlessly swims through the water. Another sloth is slowly climbing a giant tree trunk. A TAPIR saunters away from the water and snorts. Bates, notebook in hand, and Wallace inspect a giant tree that soars above their heads. A FLOCK OF WHITE EGRETS take off into the sky, a SCARLET MACAW raises its wings in display. We see a piece of fluff behind a tree before we realize it's actually a WAX-TAILED PLANTHOPPER! An OWL EYE BUTTERFLY dries its wings, a PRAYING MANTIS cleans its eyes with its legs, nibbling the mucus. Floating through the Amazon River we see a strange-looking, bright orange COCK OF THE ROCK bird looking about inquisitively as a LONGWING BUTTERFLY flaps its wings.

CUT TO:

7 **EXT. BRAZILIAN RAINFOREST - MONTHS LATER - DAY**

7

Tangled vines dangle in the air in the deep forest. We TRACK under and come upon Bates and Wallace, delighted to be in this new exotic environment. With his leather satchel close by, Bates is writing quickly in a notebook as Wallace walks towards him. They're both bloody from bites, but enthralled.

WALLACE
Butterfly paradise!

Butterflies are flitting around the two of them.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
Only 60 different species in all of England, and I've caught twice that already.
(looking over at Bates tally of meticulous figures in his notebook)
You've caught hundreds more, haven't you?

BATES
Luck my friend - luck!

Gathering up his collecting gear, Bates grins. They walk off into the thick, humid jungle.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 Just to pay our expenses, we had to
 catch and catalogue dozens of
 specimens a day. Every day.

CUT TO:

8 **EXT. AMAZON RIVER TRIBUTARY - A FEW DAYS LATER - DAY** 8

In two canoes, Bates, Wallace, their native guides ALEXANDRO and another, hunting by the edge of the water. A gun lies beside Wallace, ready for action.

The canoes are laden with gear and specimens: fish, birds, and agouti. Bates and Wallace are now more attuned to the rigours of the Amazon. Bates is wearing denim pants, a lightweight shirt and a neck bandana. Wallace wears trousers and a light-coloured vest. Alexandro is giving Bates a lesson on how to use the blowpipe. Bates fires a dart that ZIPS right past us.

Wallace rises slowly from his canoe, trying to maintain his balance as he aims his rifle at a GREEN PARROT in a tree. Before he can shoot the parrot takes off from the tree and flies straight over their heads.

CUT TO:

9 **EXT. AMAZON RIVER TRIBUTARY - A FEW DAYS LATER - DAY** 9

A STRAITED HERON, perched on the edge of a GIANT WATER LILY lunges into the water and snags a small fish. SPECTACLED CAIMANS rush into the water.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 The Amazon teems with a constant
 uproar of life... and death.

UNDERWATER: a small GHOST SHRIMP hides amongst dead leaves, and suddenly, one of the dead 'leaves' opens its mouth and swallows the shrimp whole. The leaf is really a SOUTH AMERICAN LEAF FISH, a perfect mimic.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 Predators always close to their
 prey.

A YELLOW-BREASTED FLYCATCHER swoops through the air and perches on a branch to enjoy the FLY it caught.

CUT TO:

9.1 **EXT. AMAZON RAINFOREST - A FEW DAYS LATER - DAY** 9.1

Bates and Wallace lie on the jungle floor, inspecting something with a magnifying glass. It's a SUNDEW PLANT. An ANT lands on it and is trapped by the sticky nectar coming from its glandular hairs.

 OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 Even the tiny sundew plant is a
 hunter!

CUT TO:

10 **EXT. OLD VILLAGE HUT - MONTHS LATER - LATE AFTERNOON** 10

Rain is pouring down on a wooden, whitewashed hut with a palm-thatched roof as three locals scurry to get coverage from the downpour.

CUT TO:

10.1 **INT. OLD VILLAGE HUT - MONTHS LATER - CONTINUOUS** 10.1

We see various drying and dried specimens hanging on cords from the ceiling. We CRANE over Bates as he works at a desk jammed with an array of specimens: birds, insects (including stick insects), snake skins, palms, ferns and other plants, shells and a crab, and a variety of specimen store-boxes.

At separate tables, Bates and Wallace toil over their collections, with specimen trunks nearby (with a label, ready for shipping, marked: "Samuel Stevens, Natural History Agency, 24 Bloomsbury Street, Bedford Square, London W.C., England"). With intricate drawings of butterflies, butterfly specimens in open boxes, other insects, lizards, strange birds strewn about, and a small collection of reference books, Bates is at work, pen in hand. He quickly and deftly writes the words "*Phyllostoma rotundus*" in exquisite Linnean italics to identify the VAMPIRE BAT specimen lying dead on the table as ants crawl about.

 OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 With such a long rainy season,
 finding evidence that species
 change, would not be quick or easy.

A few SAUBA ANTS crawl over Bates' notebooks and we see some of his exquisite drawings (the 2-volume leather-bound book, **The PICTORIAL MUSEUM of ANIMATED NATURE** is ever-present) and he brushes the ants off with his hand.

We see Wallace at work at his table. A compass, sextant, arsenic, cork-topped glass jars full of sawdust and beetles, a few glass tubes, a wadding label punch and round tags, jars marked "SPIRITS", a thermometer, a hand lens and preserving tools lie on a table as Wallace preserves a toothy REDEYE PIRANHA. Beside Wallace is a wadding punch with an array of his distinctive circular tags around it; they are all blank but one where he has already written the words "*Serrasalmus rhombeus*, Para". Ants are crawling up his legs and he scratches some fresh bites - an ingenious solution.

We see that the bottoms of the table legs stand in wooden bowls of water to protect them. The bowls are filled with drowned ants, and live ants crawl over the dead ones to make their way upwards.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

But in amongst all these specimens,
a few patterns began to emerge.

WALLACE

(to Bates)

Some species seem to vary slightly
from one side of the river to the
other.

BATES

(nodding in agreement)

Yes... Most significant.

CUT TO:

11 **EXT. AMAZON RIVER TRIBUTARY - A FEW MONTHS LATER - DAY** 11

A sloth swims purposefully through the water.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

We had clues that species might
change, but no actual proof that
they do.

We cut to a wide aerial of a tributary with rushing water. As we rise up above the canopy a map of the Amazon River basin dissolves on screen.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

To increase our chances in the vast
Amazon, we decided to explore
different areas - Wallace headed
towards the far reaches of the
Upper region. And I stayed in the
lower.

The regions of the map highlight to indicate where Bates and Wallace explored before the maps dissolves away back to the wide untamed forest.

CUT TO:

(CONT'D)

12

EXT. BRAZILIAN RAINFOREST - 1850 - DAY

12

Near a waterfall we see Bates sitting by a tree, drawing. We see that Bates is rougher-looking now, more attuned to his environs. Bates slowly brings a ruler towards the tree to measure a BASIN TREEFROG - almost perfectly camouflaged with the bark.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

I came to realize that here, life
was a constant game of Hide and
Seek.

We see multiple astounding examples of camouflage - a mantis on a tree, an AMAZONIAN TOAD walking among leaves on the forest floor, a gecko on a fallen branch.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

I saw strange creatures that hide
in plain sight by looking like
something completely different.

CUT TO:

12.1

EXT. BRAZILIAN RAINFOREST - MONTHS LATER

12.1

Bates looks inquisitively down at the forest floor. Cut to his POV - a bunch of dead leaves. Then - one of them leaps off the ground and flies away, it's a LEAF BUTTERFLY!

BATES

A leaf... that flies!

Cut to CLOSE on a spot of bird feces on a leaf. Bates looks closely. Then - the 'feces' start to move, it's a BIRD-DROPPING MOTH!

BATES (CONT'D)

Bird droppings that walk!

Cut to a SLENDER AMAZON ANOLE LIZARD carefully camouflaged among vines on a tree.

Cut to Bates with a magnifying glass. He leans in towards his subject.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
And the players - ever more
complex.

A small BEE sits in front of a BRIGHT YELLOW FLOWER BUD.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
A flower bud, whose nectar attracts
a bee...

The flower bud starts to move and turns around to face the bee.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
-- is really a spider!

The flower has revealed itself to be a MIMIC CRAB SPIDER (*Epicadus heterogaster*). It entangles the bee, quickly disabling it.

BATES
(pondering)
So... with your disguise, you get
eaten less -- and you get to eat
more! A double advantage.

The spider devours the bee.

BATES (CONT'D)
Did you once belong to a family of
spiders that actually look like...
well... spiders?

CUT TO:

12.2 **EXT. BRAZILIAN RAINFOREST - DAYS LATER**

12.2

Bates trudges through the jungle, using his machete to make just enough room for him to pass through the thick foliage.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
The Amazon was full of surprises.

A BURITIRANA TREE covered in spikes looms in the forest. Then Bates stops dead in his tracks. Directly in front of him is a viper snake!

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
A deadly snake... was really just a
large caterpillar.

Bates carefully moves hanging leaves aside, revealing that the creature is not a snake, but rather a harmless, 4-inch VIPER MOTH CATERPILLAR with spots and markings on its head that perfectly mimic the head and eyes of a viper snake.

BATES
You fooled me.

The caterpillar transforms in front of Bate's eyes to look like a caterpillar once more.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
In the game of life, tricksters
have a better chance to survive.
How did these mimics ever come to
be?

CUT TO:

13

INT. SAMUEL STEVENS' AGENCY (LONDON) - 1849 - DAY

13

REVEAL Stevens next to an open, large shipping trunk. We CRANE over his head revealing everything that has been removed from the trunk: a satchel marked "Notes for Publication", a notebook, drawings, waterclours, and a separate stack of drawings, marked "Possible New Species"; the top drawing we see is of a unique, unnamed and colourful butterfly.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
Whenever I could, I shipped Stevens
thousands of specimens, including
duplicates for my private
collection.

Stevens READS a letter and we hear Bates' VOICE:

BATES' VOICE
I estimate several hundred species
new to science. Yours dearly.

We continue across to the open trunk, where there are two stacks of store-boxes of specimens; the top store-box on one side is marked "*Heliconius*" and the top store-box on the other side is open, full of beautiful, pinned butterflies. Stevens is gobsmacked: there are hundreds of specimens here!

STEVENS
 (breathless)
 My word, Bates.

CUT TO:

14 **EXT. RAINFOREST - MONTHS LATER - DAY**

14

BLACK VULTURES and crows ominously circle above the Amazon canopy. Collecting alone, Bates is sweating and looks fatigued, his clothes worn. He hobbles through the forest among some deadly-looking spiky trees.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 The Amazon was testing me to my
 limit. I was desperate for food,
 sick and feeling truly alone.

The Amazon is alive at every turn. A VARIETY OF MONKEYS jump from branch to branch (including Tamarin, Woolly and BROWN SPIDER monkeys). A small BLACK MARGAY CAT stands on a log and squeals. A caiman drifts through the water.

CUT TO:

15 **EXT. RAINFOREST - BATES' CAMP - MONTHS LATER - NIGHT**

15

We see a stalking SPOTTED JAGUAR hiding among some bushes across a stream. On the other side, Bates sits by a small cooking FIRE unaware of the threat before him. Bates' clothes are in tatters. He is feverish, jaundiced, and marked with black scabs. Never has he been so stricken.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 No money from Stevens had reached
 me in a year. Without it, I would
 have to leave.

Bates reads ALOUD from his BUSH SURVIVAL MANUAL.

BATES
 Symptoms of Yellow Fever: yellow
 skin, dizziness, bleeding from the
 nose and the mouth...
 (droll)
 Oh, fun.

Silence. Then a deep GROWL. The jaguar emerges from a nearby bush and advances towards Bates. Dizzy and trembling, Bates grabs his knife from its sheath. They stare at each other.

Unable to hold on any longer, Bates drops the knife and faints. The cat, having lost interest, slips away into the night.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
I wasn't the only one in trouble.

CUT TO:

16 **EXT. OPEN OCEAN - DAY**

16

Adrift in the dark swells, random debris floats: field notebooks, smashed specimen trunks and trays, barrels, spectacles, food-stuffs...

A CARD:

**Atlantic Ocean
1852**

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
Wallace fell ill and departed for London -- only to be shipwrecked.

UNDERWATER we see the debris slowly sink to the bottom of the ocean.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
Miraculously, he was rescued, but his precious specimens and field notes -- all lost. Dear Wallace was able to start collecting again - this time in the Far East - thanks to the insurance money from Stevens.

CUT TO:

17 **EXT. JETTY ALONG THE RIVER - MONTHS LATER - DAY**

17

Looking up from the water level, we see a jetty with cargo that has been unloaded. As people pass by carrying supplies along the jetty, we JOIN a sickly and bedraggled Bates standing by the jetty's edge, leaning on a small wooden box he has received, reading a letter from Stevens.

We hear Stevens' VOICE:

STEVENS' VOICE
There's great interest in your specimens - payment enclosed.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
We both relied on Stevens.

STEVENS' VOICE
One of your new species was named
in your honour - *Callithea batesii*.
Well done, Bates!

Bates takes the next page of the letter and gently strokes his fingers over it - a watercolour of a brightly coloured butterfly, now with the name: *Callithea batesii*.

CLOSE ON Bates as he tears up.

BATES
(a whisper)
I can stay.

CUT TO:

18 **EXT. AMAZON RAINFOREST WATERFALL - MONTHS LATER - DAY** 18

In front of a roaring waterfall we see TANDO (early 20's, fit, with long hair and a winning smile), standing on a rock, bow-fishing, using a six-foot long arrow, with a canoe pulled up beside him, laden with his catch. Bates emerges at the river bank and whistles to Tando.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
I was able to hire Tando, a native
guide...

Tando smiles and waves at Bates, who gestures for Tando to come to the shore.

CUT TO:

18.1 **EXT. CUBERTA (SMALL SAILING BOAT) - TAPAJOS RIVER - DAY** 18.1

Bates mans the tiller, the wind in his face. With his loose shirt, longer hair and stubble, he looks tougher - and freer. The youth has become a man.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
And could now sail the river to
find new species and new friends.

Bates now has a pet CAPUCHIN MONKEY, MISCHIEF, who sits on his shoulder. Bates tosses him a treat.

Then - Bates and Tando spot two colourful, fearsome-looking MUNDURUKU NATIVES on the river bank, gazing at them, with spears in hand. Ink tattoos darken and decorate the faces and bodies of these sentries, and bright feathers adorn their heads. Bates addresses Tando in his language:

BATES
 (in Tupi/Lingua geral)
 Awá taá aintá? ("Who are they?")
 (in English, anxious)
 ... Enemies?

Tando shakes his head. Bates is nervous now.

TANDO
 (answering in Portuguese)
 Não. ("No.")
 (smiling)
 Amigos. ("Friends.")
 (to the sentries)
 Hey!

Bates looks relieved. The sentries, recognizing Tando, smile and gesture in greeting.

CUT TO:

19

EXT. NATIVE VILLAGE - CHIEF'S OPEN HUT - DAY

19

Bates flips through his huge book: **THE PICTORIAL MUSEUM OF ANIMATED NATURE**, opening to the page with the giant sloth that transfixed him back in Stevens' Shop. The natives are only familiar with the much smaller sloth that lives in the Amazon. Surrounding him are the Chief, his two WIVES, his daughter YARA (who wears a blue beaded necklace and whose face tattoos accentuate her pretty smile), Tando and 6 or 7 CHILDREN as Bates shows them illustrations of animals they have never seen before. They're transfixed by tigers, giraffes, kangaroos, elephants and more.

An empty hammock hangs in the background as a WOMAN prepares food and nearby there are separate baskets of beans, sweet potatoes and bananas.

BATES
 (to a native girl in Portuguese)
 Pequeno? Or grande? ("Small? Or large?")

The girl smiles and nods.

BATES (CONT'D)
Grande? Ah, I see. Very good!

20 **EXT. NATIVE VILLAGE - A FEW DAYS LATER - NIGHT** 20

In a torch-lit festival, a group of NATIVES are chanting and dancing around a large bonfire, led by men playing pan flutes. Bates, totally engaged and sitting next to the Chief and Yara, plays a small drum, in rhythm to the dancing. Bates and Yara exchange smiles.

Two men play large horn-like instruments to make the sound of a jaguar, and behind them is a man whose body is painted with the spots of a jaguar. He sneaks up towards Bates and Yara and GROWLS. Bates laughs and claps. Then - an ENTOMOLOGIST in a straw hat swinging an insect net! The children LAUGH.

It's Tando, disguised as Bates, rigged with collecting gear. Tando studies Bates with a hand lens, Yara at his side.

 OLDER BATES (V.O.)
Even Tando was an impostor -
mimicking me!

Bates laughs, embarrassed but appreciating the good humour.

CUT TO:

21 **EXT. RAINFOREST - THE NEXT MORNING - SUNRISE** 21

The sun rises above the canopy as a flock of egrets fly past.

 OLDER BATES (V.O.)
After six years in the jungle, I
still did not understand how mimics
came to be, but I was determined
not to give up.

CUT TO:

21.1 **EXT. SHADY FOREST - DAY** 21.1

Laden with his collecting gear, Bates spots varieties from a large group of LONGWING butterflies.

 OLDER BATES (V.O.)
Then, a remarkable group of
butterflies would change my life.
They were known by their
distinctive shape - Longwings.

He pauses, amazed by their low, slow, steady flight, and their bright, conspicuous wings coloured white, crimson orange, black and yellow. They're striking amidst the forest gloom.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
Slow, steady flight and bright
colours should make this large
family an easy target.

Surrounded by the frolicking butterflies Bates is mesmerized and reaches out and catches a slow-flying Longwing IN HIS BARE HANDS!

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
But they weren't being eaten - why
not?

He speaks to the butterfly, amazed.

BATES
You're not playing "Hide and Seek",
you're playing "Come Catch Me!"
Over here! Birds, dragonflies, I'm
a tasty snack!

He lets the butterfly go.

Bates then approaches two butterflies resting side by side on a fallen log.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
Then, what I thought were two
identical Longwings, caught my eye.

CLOSE ON Bates, confused. As they open their wings, we see the resemblance is uncanny -- but he's just realized: one of them's a fake.

Bates' POV - CLOSE on the first butterfly, the model (*Ithomiini: Hypothyris eulcea*).

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
The first was standing on four
legs, as I expected.

Bates moves to the second butterfly, the mimic (*Riodinidae: Stalachtis calliope*). We see his POV again.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
The second, although it had the
same colour pattern, was standing
on six legs. It was from a
completely unrelated family.

(MORE)

OLDER BATES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 It was an impostor, copying the
 Longwing's look.

Bates gazes incredulously at the Longwing imposter.

BATES
 Why are you copying a defenseless
 creature? What's the advantage?

CUT TO:

22 **EXT. CUBERTA - ANCHORED - SUNSET**

22

Tando ties down the sails on the deck to prepare for
 nightfall.

A lantern shines inside the cabin...

CUT TO:

22.1 **INT. CUBERTA - CABIN WORKSHOP - NIGHT**

22.1

The night is hot. Bates is sweating profusely, his shirt open
 in the heat, and has turned his cabin into a sailing
 laboratory, with collecting gear, books, notebooks, drawings
 and specimens. Mischief watches curiously. Sitting by his
 specimen trunk, Bates removes a mimicking butterfly from a
 drying board, and pins it beside a Longwing on a new specimen
 board. A drawing he has done of both model and mimic
 butterflies lies next to the board.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 No matter how far I traveled, the
 pattern repeated: for every
 different type of Longwing, there
 was a matching mimic. Astonishing!

Bates inspects one of the mimics with a magnifying glass
 before pinning it back on the specimen board.

BATES
 (a whisper)
 It can't be a coincidence.

He bangs on the table as THUNDER roars outside.

BATES (CONT'D)
 Why? Why? Why?

Mischief, frightened by the sudden thunder takes cover under a blanket. Bates, frustrated, turns to the window to watch the rain start to pour.

CUT TO:

22.2 **EXT. RAINFOREST OUTSIDE CUBERTA - NIGHT** 22.2

Rain pours down on the river hard and fast over some ELEPHANT EAR PALMS. In the forest a stick mantis tries to take cover under some leaves and an AMAZON HORNED FROG hops off to find shelter. The forest is being inundated with rainwater.

CUT TO:

22.3 **INT. CUBERTA - CABIN WORKSHOP - HOURS LATER - NIGHT** 22.3

A full-on storm has come up. The wind is howling and the cuberta is being buffeted by the waves. Bates has clearly been up all night. He sighs deeply as he sits and gazes at his column of LONGWING MIMICS.

BATES

There must be an advantage to this imitation...

CUT TO:

23 **EXT. CUBERTA - MORNING** 23

It is dawn. A group of birds take off from a tree. Suddenly, a loud sound is heard in the distance, like the RUMBLE of an EARTHQUAKE, followed by what sounds like ARTILLERY FIRE. Across the river, we see a row of giant, 200-foot trees TUMBLING in a domino effect along the opposite bank, some of them FALLING into the water.

Then, the high bank across the river COLLAPSES with a mighty CRASH, bringing soil and trees into the river, creating spray, foam and large waves. Tando, on the deck, watches this phenomenon with alarm.

TANDO

Terra cahída!
(going to warn Bates
inside the cabin)
Bates! Bates!

Tando bangs on the top of the cabin.

CUT TO:

23.1 **INT. CUBERTA - CABIN WORKSHOP - CONTINUOUS** 23.1

Bates, who has fallen asleep after being up all night is startled awake by Tando's alarm.

TANDO (O.S.)
Come on! Terra cahída!

Bates groggily gets out of bed and runs out onto the deck.

CUT TO:

23.2 **EXT. CUBERTA - CONTINUOUS** 23.2

The boat continues to rock in the rough water and Tando is scurrying to pull up the anchor so they can get the boat to the near shore as an extraordinary, powerful wave approaches.

TANDO
(in both Lingua geral and
then English)
Yasú ana! ["Ja swāna"] C'mon!

Bates is about to help him when he realizes his SPECIMEN TRUNK is on the deck, unsecured. He throws his body over it as the wave SMASHES into the boat, which ROLLS at an extreme angle. As boxes and gear careen around the deck, Bates desperately clings onto the trunk and slides across the boat with it, CRASHING against the gunwale on the other side. The water breaks over them and the trunk, and swallows them all up.

CUT TO:

24 **EXT. SANDY RIVER BANK - LATER THAT DAY** 24

Some YELLOW-CROWNED AMAZON PARROTS disturb some seeding tree fruit which causes fluff to drift gracefully through the air. We CRANE DOWN to DISCOVER: the cuberta's on an angle, grounded at the edge of the beach -- damaged. Some fallen logs are washed up around the boat and on the shore.

Bates and Tando are on the beach, ragged and wounded. Reaching into a small sack he carries over his shoulder, Tando tends to Bates' bleeding abdomen while Mischief watches.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
River banks can collapse when the
water levels rise and fall so
extremely. But Tando's knowledge of
the Amazon saved me.

Tando applies a white, felt-like substance (isca) as a band-aid. Bates asks him what it is in Lingua geral ("Maã taá kwaá?"). Tando replies that it is a remedy made from ants ("Pusanga tasiwa suiwara").

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

He told me he used paste from ants
to stop the bleeding.

BATES

Our food, money -- gone.
(in Portuguese)
Nada.

Tando is silent and uses more paste on Bates' feet. Mischief finds a scrap of food amongst the rubble and swipes it for himself. Bates continues speaking to Tando, now in Lingua geral ("Xayururéu ne Swiss: Resu ne ruka Kiti." - "Please, you should go home").

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

I asked him to return to his
village.

Tando shakes his head, refusing to abandon Bates. Bates eyes his friend -- a moment between them.

CUT TO:

25

EXT. SANDY RIVER BANK - MOMENTS LATER

25

Tando gathers items from the water.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

Tando had become like a brother to
me.

Tando hands a specimens box to Bates who opens it and sighs as water pours out.

He lays dozens of specimen store-boxes and trays out in the sun to dry -- as Tando continues repairing the boat. The two are relieved to be alive and back at work.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

Despite our troubles, the boat
could be repaired, and we were
grateful to be alive.

CUT TO:

26

EXT. SANDY RIVER BANK - MOONLIGHT

26

Under the starry Southern sky, Bates STRUMS his cavaquinho (a small guitar), and SINGS a verse of a Brazilian folk song (in Portuguese):

BATES

*A lua esta sahindo, Mai, Mai! A lua
esta sahindo, Mai, Mai! As sete
estrellas estao chorando, Mai, Mai!
Por s'acharem desamparadas, Mai,
Mai!
Mai. Mai... Mai...*

(translation)

*The moon is rising, Mother, Mother!
The moon is rising, Mother, Mother!
The seven stars are weeping,
Mother, Mother! To find themselves
forsaken, Mother, mother!*

Seated nearby, under a lantern, looking at the strange creatures in Bates' book, **The PICTORIAL MUSEUM of ANIMATED NATURE**, Tando HUMS in harmony. A small, wrought iron pot with the remnants of a fish dinner is on the deck. The moon rises slowly above their heads.

CUT TO:

27

EXT. CUBERTA - DECK - EARLY MORNING

27

Asleep in a hammock, Bates is awoken by Mischief's cries. Bates peers across the beach towards the cuberta to see what the commotion is all about. He sees MICE scavenging the remains of his trays and open specimen store-boxes. Bates jumps to his feet and runs over to shoo them away.

BATES

Hey, hey!

Bates picks up the mice with his hands and tosses them aside. Too late. The boards are in TATTERS.

CLOSE ON Bates, distraught...

Then a curious expression fills his face. He looks down at the specimen store-box with butterflies labelled "Longwing Varieties (*Ithomia*)" and the store-box with butterflies labelled "Mimic Varieties (*Leptalis*)". Amazingly, while the mimics have been mostly eaten, the Longwings are untouched, save for little nibble marks.

BATES (CONT'D)
 (looking at the mimics)
 The mice ate you.
 (looking at the Longwing
 varieties)
 But they didn't eat any of you. Why
 not?

He unpins one of the Longwing varieties and gazes at it thoughtfully. Bates is struck by a powerful idea. He smells the Longwing. He gently squeezes it, and finally... nibbles at it.

BATES (CONT'D)
 Ew!!

He spits, disgusted.

BATES (CONT'D)
 (to Mischief)
 Putrid.

Bates pauses then GRINS excitedly as he holds up the Longwing.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 I realized that the Longwings were
 poisonous... so predators would not
 want to eat them.

CUT TO:

28

EXT. EDGE OF THE DARK FOREST - DAY

28

A yellow breasted flycatcher bird lifts off from its perch on a tree branch. It's on the prowl.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 I finally understood the mimic's
 advantage.

REVEAL Bates (with Mischief by his side) watching the flycatcher through a scope.

A longwing butterfly in the foreground, we see the flycatcher heading towards the butterfly, and at the last moment the bird swerves off to avoid it.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 Even though not poisonous, it looks
 just like the Longwing, and tricks
 the predator - "Eat me and get
 sick."

Bates puts down his scope and turns to Mischief.

BATES
Mischief - a hand for us, and a
hand for our impostor.

Mischief holds out a limp hand. Bates laughs. That's not what he meant. He shows his monkey how to clap. Mischief does.

BATES (CONT'D)
(to the butterfly)
Now, I won't tell your enemies! But
tell me -- were you once a
different looking butterfly?

The butterfly flutters off.

CUT TO:

29 **EXT. AMAZON RIVER - DAY**

29

We soar over the cuberta as it sails the river. Tando stands on the deck while Bates adjust some ropes at the helm.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
I was now certain the mimics had
changed over time, from first
looking like others in their
family, to eventually looking like
their poisonous Longwing friends.

30 **EXT. DECK OF ANCHORED CUBERTA - DAY**

30

Tando takes a small fish and swishes it on the surface of the water. From the dark water we see a strange, long-nosed, PINK RIVER DOLPHIN approaching the fish in Tando's hand.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
As the months turned to years, I
hoped to find the links in a
progression of change, from one
species to another.

Suddenly, the dolphin jumps out of the water, snatching the fish, and diving back under the surface. Bates watches from a hammock, smiling, before turning his attention back to a letter in his hand.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

Then, in a letter from Wallace, still on the other side of the world, I learned that the great scientist Charles Darwin, after 20 years of study, was planning to publish an explanation of how species came to be.

CUT TO:

30.1 **EXT. S STEVENS' NATURAL HISTORY AGENCY (LONDON) - DAY** 30.1

It is raining and we see two men walking down the street under black umbrellas. A woman selling flowers sits under a red umbrella and tries to make a sale to one of the men. This man is CHARLES DARWIN, 48, wearing his unique bowler hat, with greying side burns -- who refuses her offer and gazes at the window display, deep in thought.

CLOSE ON the WINDOW DISPLAY that has piqued Darwin's interest.

A specimen board has a Longwing (*Ithomia flora*) pinned beside its mimic (*Leptalis lysinoe*). Under the butterflies we see:

**DON'T BE FOOLED
THESE ARE DIFFERENT SPECIES! FROM DIFFERENT FAMILIES!
Collected by HENRY W. BATES in the AMAZON**

DARWIN

(whispering to himself,
his eyes darting from the
Ithomia to the *Leptalis*
and back)

How curious... Who is this Henry W.
Bates?

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

As it turned out, all of us were
still searching for evidence.

We hear Wallace's voice from the letter Bates is reading back in the Amazon:

WALLACE'S VOICE

My dear Bates, what Darwin needs is
proof.

CUT TO:

30.2 **EXT. DECK OF CUBERTA - DAY (CONTINUED)**

30.2

Bates continues reading the letter.

BATES
(reading aloud)
May we both live to realize it.

Bates lowers the letter, inspired.

BATES (CONT'D)
We will, Wallace, we will!

CUT TO:

31 **EXT. CUBERTA DECK - NIGHT**

31

We find Bates, who has set himself up on the deck at the edge of the workshop, to enjoy the night air while working by lantern light. He sits STRUMMING his guitar in a hypnotic rhythm. He looks lost as he intently scans a collection of three new specimen drying boards of varieties of Longwings.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
As my mind wandered, I observed an important clue. Out of hundreds of different coloured Longwing varieties, I became obsessed by those sharing similar colour combinations - black and red - and sometimes a bit of yellow.

As he strums, we see into Bates' imagination as two of these butterflies come alive, take off from the specimens box and fly towards us.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
Yet, I was sure that two of these butterflies were different species, because I observed that they did not mate with each other.

Then - a third butterfly takes off from another specimen box and flies in-between the other two.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
I was most excited when I spotted a single rare variety that seemed to fit roughly in-between them. The patterns were different but I saw black, red, yellow - my new favourite colours.

We see outlines of other butterflies fluttering about as Bates imagines a chain.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

Did this butterfly provide a link between two others - evidence that one species, in the distant past, had changed into an entirely new one? A species in flux? If so, then out there somewhere, must be other varieties that would fit into a chain. Could I find any of them?

All of the imagined butterflies flutter off and zip past camera.

CUT TO:

32

MONTAGE OF BATES' JOURNEY - 1858/1859

32

A SERIES OF SHOTS depict Bates collecting (with Tando's help and Mischief along for the adventure) varieties of Longwing *Heliconius* in diverse and difficult terrains: bailing out their canoe in the Amazon River.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

And so, we chased small butterflies across the immense Amazon.

A flock of egrets takes off from the water, a sloth reaches for a branch. Bates and Tando go to great lengths using a rope to climb the wet rocks of a flowing waterfall, explore an otherworldly ravine, and cross fallen logs over the pounding noise of rushing water below.

While searching for butterflies, they see other animals. A woolly monkey swinging between trees, a longwing butterfly taking off from its leafy perch while CLOUDLESS SULFUR BUTTERFLIES flutter on the beach. A GREEN IGUANA blinking slowly, a WHITE-FACED SAKI MONKEY jumping through the jungle with a prized fruit snack in its mouth. A ROYAL MOTH CATERPILLAR inches its way along a branch.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

But in two years, I couldn't find a single variety that seemed to fit. And my health continued to worsen.

CUT TO:

On a table is a small store-box, different from all others we have seen, with Bates' initials carved into the lid. This is a special box. A hand opens the box and reveals three butterflies - the same three we saw earlier.

Now REVEAL a man gazing at the butterflies. You may not recognize him. His face, neck, and hands have hundreds of DARKENED PUNCTURE MARKS from the bites of the PIUM (sandfly). Worse, he's sweating and coughing from a high FEVER. Bates is very ill. Mischief sits nearby, chewing on his dinner.

One by one Bates takes the three butterflies out and pins them onto a cloth on the table.

BATES

(Picking up the first butterfly and placing it on the far left of the cloth)

I found many of you.

(Picking up the second and placing it on the far right of the cloth)

Many of you.

(Picking up the third and placing it in the middle)

Hardly any of you.

(Pointing at the blank space in-between)

No others.

He gazes -- apprehensive -- at these few butterflies in his so-called 'Chain'. Bates has failed to show a 'chain of progression' in the wing patterns from one species to another.

BATES (CONT'D)

Have all the varieties in-between simply gone extinct? Not a remnant to be found?

Tando enters frame, partially blackened by his own puncture marks -- but without fever, handing Bates his dinner. He eyes Bates keenly, who has a look of concern on his face.

BATES (CONT'D)

I'm afraid there's not enough proof to convince Darwin -- or anyone.

TANDO

You're afraid? Of butterflies?

BATES
No, it's just...

Bates rises to his feet, struggling to support himself.

BATES (CONT'D)
Where I come from, many don't
believe that animals have changed
over time. If you believe that...
it's trouble. Revolução!

Tando looks surprised. He stares directly into Bates' eyes.

TANDO
Change never stops, my friend. Tell
your people to come. They will see.

Bates, not so sure, smiles at his friend, then suddenly,
overtaken by fever, collapses on the floor.

TANDO (CONT'D)
Bates!

Tando rushes to the aid of his fallen friend.

CUT TO:

34 **EXT. COTTAGE - TOWN OF PARA, BRAZIL, MARCH, 1859 - DAY** 34

We see a bustling jetty with a variety of people from
different walks of life - black, Indian and mixed race
workers, entrepreneurs, travellers and a priest.

A strange figure appears at the bottom of the cottage steps,
gripping a cane. It's Bates, dressed again as an ENGLISHMAN,
clutching his book, **The PICTORIAL MUSEUM of ANIMATED NATURE**.
Feverish, and yellow-skinned, he advances slowly -- the suit
he wore on arrival 11 years earlier, now hangs off him.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
Struck by my worst attack of
malaria, I was warned -- staying
would mean certain death.

Tando waits beside a small donkey-drawn carriage with Bates'
specimen trunks and suitcase. Bates smiles and approaches.
Tando looks amused by his friend's outfit.

TANDO
An Englishman again!

Bates shakes his head, and corrects him.

BATES
An impostor...

As a gift, Bates hands Tando his cherished book of animal illustrations. Moved, Tando holds this prize with one arm to his chest and reaches out with his other arm, pulling Bates into an embrace.

TANDO
Thanks, my friend.

Their embrace is broken by the sound of a steamship's throaty whistle as it approaches the jetty.

Bates places the last of his items on the carriage and with one last mournful look towards Tando, heads off toward the dock. Mischief climbs onto Tando's shoulder and they both watch him leave.

35 **EXT. STEAMSHIP ON THE RIVER - DECK - SUNSET LATER THAT DAY 35**

As the steamship heads towards the ocean, Bates looks wistfully at the forest on shore.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
I failed to complete my chain of butterflies. After 11 years in the Amazon, and with a heavy heart, I took my final view of the boundless forest and river I loved so much. My last link to Paradise, completely broken.

He's worse than sickly, he's heartbroken.

CUT TO:

36 **EXT. HOSIERY FACTORY - LEICESTER - 1860 - LATE AFTERNOON 36**

Exterior mill doorway. We see a SIGN:

BATES & SONS: HOSIERY

A CARD:

**Leicester, England
1860**

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 Although I had missed my family, I
 knew what awaited me...

CUT TO:

36.1 We CRANE over steam engines powering factory machines.

CUT TO:

36.2 A short row of several steam powered (belt-driven) looms that
 are weaving a cotton material.

CUT TO:

37 **INT. HOSIERY FACTORY - MOMENTS LATER**

37

A small, dark office where we find, dressed in a clerk's
 shirt and vest and wearing glasses full-time now, Bates - the
 supervisor. He is jaundiced from malaria, emaciated and
 depressed. Beside him is a LEDGER into which details of the
 mill's operation have been written in Bates' meticulous
 handwriting.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 My father asked me to join his
 growing business. What could I say?

A man enters Bate's office and hands him a report. Bates nods
 and places the report in a basket, turning his attention back
 to a book, enthralled. We glimpse its title on the spine: *ON
 THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES | DARWIN*

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 My days were brightened when I
 learned that Charles Darwin and
 Wallace had both arrived at the
 same grand explanation of how
 species change. Darwin's new book,
 On the Origin of Species, never
 left my side.

We MOVE IN on Bates' face, contemplating the profound meaning
 of what he has read.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 Now, I understood how all species
 change - even my viper caterpillar.

CUT TO:

Inside Bates' mind, looking down at the ledger, the words and numbers at the top of the page drop down, becoming caterpillars on a leafy plant. One has a few 'eyespot's'.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

Long ago, amongst a family of brothers and sisters, one was born with random spots. They could have appeared anywhere, but they happened to look a bit like snake eyes - and scared some attackers.

A bird swoops in, looking like it might snatch the spotted caterpillar, but darts away when it gets close. More birds swoop in, snatching the other caterpillars without spots.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

Those without spots, got eaten by predators more often. The survivors continued having offspring with spots that looked even more like snake eyes.

More generations of spotted caterpillars appear - each with successively more realistic-looking eyespots. The caterpillars with less realistic spots get eaten by the birds.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

Over thousands of generations, more changes gradually occurred... Until there was a new species of caterpillars that all had markings like a deadly snake. They're not aware of their new look - or the advantage they've gained.

We end on a caterpillar that looks exactly like the Viper Caterpillar Bates encountered in the Amazon years ago. We dissolve from animation into the real live-action caterpillar.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

Darwin called this force of change Natural Selection. Nature is always selecting, and favours the looks that give the best chance for survival.

BACK TO SCENE:

39 **EXT. HOSIERY FACTORY - CONTINUOUS** 39

Bates looks up from the book.

 OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 Species do come from other species.
 Genius.

CUT TO:

40 **EXT. STEAM TRAIN - LATE AFTERNOON** 40

A STEAM TRAIN is traveling across the English countryside.

 OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 I raced to see Stevens.

CUT TO:

40.1 **INT. STEAM TRAIN - LATE AFTERNOON** 40.1

As the train rattles along, Bates is reading a newspaper. Lying beside him, a small specimen box protrudes from his leather satchel with the initials "H.W.B."

 OLDER BATES (V.O.)
 I couldn't believe it. Darwin was
 being ridiculed. He gave us the
 greatest explanation for the
 development of life on Earth and
 even fellow scientists attacked
 him.

Bates looks up from his paper, gazing out the train window as the countryside flies by. Bates looks inflamed. The injustice BURNS into him.

 BATES
 (whispering)
 It's no wonder he kept his work
 secret for so long.

CUT TO:

40.2 **EXT. STEAM TRAIN - CONTINUOUS** 40.2

Looking down from above, the train chugs towards us, throwing up a giant steam cloud as it passes and the screen goes white.

OLDER BATES (VO)
 They said he didn't have enough
 evidence to prove anything. But
 maybe I did!

CUT TO:

41 INT. SAMUEL STEVENS' AGENCY (LONDON) - NIGHT

41

Stevens blows out a candle and the bell rings. He checks his pocket watch and closes his book. It is closing time and he's alone in the store at the counter when Bates enters, breathless, with his leather satchel in hand.

STEVENS
 Henry Bates!

BATES
 Samuel -- my personal duplicates!
 Where are they?

Stevens, who sports longish, grey hair now under a tasseled and colourfully embroidered artist's cap, looks delighted to see him -- but is surprised by Bates' sickly state.

STEVENS
 Eleven years. Look at you. You've
 gone a little... yellow.

Bates pauses, realizing his rudeness. He nods, and pats Samuel affectionately.

BATES
 And you, my friend -- a little
 grey.

Samuel smiles proudly. Bates speaks up, now urgent:

BATES (CONT'D)
 Now, I can't remember which
 shipment -- but I know there are
 some Longwing specimens from my
 early years.

Stevens picks up the candle holder on the desk and walks towards a part of the shop now used for storage.

STEVENS
 I kept them safe - just for you.

CUT TO:

They enter the back area of the shop, now crammed with various trunks, chests and crates stacked around the room, with customs stickers from different countries (some from Wallace in the Malay). Shelves hold rows of store-boxes and jars from various collections.

BATES

I need to go through them all.

Stevens moves to one corner of the room, with a half-dozen trunks and cases - the ones Bates sent back from the Amazon, filled with duplicates from his early collections, including the store-box that we saw Stevens receiving years earlier labelled "Longwings - *Heliconius*".

STEVENS

(waving towards Bates'
trunks and boxes)

Well, don't fret, there's only
20,000 specimens or so. Easy!

Bates places his leather satchel on a large table and removes from it his special store-box and opens it to reveal his Chain of Longwings with the same 3 pinned specimens.

Bates takes up a cloth and a piece of cork and lays them on the table. He removes the 3 specimens from the store-box and pins them onto the cloth.

CLOSE on Stevens, who shakes his head: same old Bates -- never give up.

STEVENS (CONT'D)

(wryly)

Ah, you're still trying to document
a species in flux?

BATES

(looking up at Stevens and
smiling)

Yes. I only need a few more.

(determined)

Mind you, the right few.

STEVENS

(hoping, but doubting the
odds of success)

Henry, it's never been done.

BATES

(nodding enthusiastically)

Such is the Amazon, Samuel.

(MORE)

BATES (CONT'D)

It's incredible -- no winters,
endless insects constantly
reproducing and changing.

(pausing and smiling)

The evidence just waiting to be
found.

Stevens places the candle on the desk.

STEVENS

(smiling and placing a
hand on Bates' shoulder)

Well, what are you waiting for?

Bates immediately focuses on his array of specimen trunks and crates. Samuel leaves him to it.

SERIES OF SHOTS (montage):

Working till dawn, Bates searches through his early collection of butterflies -- many pinned in specimen boxes, others in paper envelopes, all strewn across the table -- trying to complete his chain.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

I carefully searched my early notes
and collections for any Longwings -
looking for colour combinations,
mating patterns and other
characteristics that might fit.

He works quickly, examining his old notebooks with lists and drawings of his earliest collections.

He unpins likely candidates, and similarly coloured specimens are spread across the table. Amazingly, by the end of the night Bates completes his Chain of Longwings, now with 8 specimens.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

Finally, I had enough varieties to
prove that one species came from
another, the rough links in the
chain now held together - each had
changed over time and place, until
the first was different from the
last... a new species.

CUT TO:

43 **THE NEXT MORNING**

43

Bates is asleep with his head on the table. A fresh-faced Stevens arrives to see the Chain of Longwings lying in a row on the cloth in front of Bates, who awakens with the arrival of Stevens.

STEVENS
My word, Bates...

He gazes, astonished at what his friend has accomplished.

STEVENS (CONT'D)
Darwin needs to see this.

Bates smiles, exhausted and proud, yet ever humble.

CUT TO:

44 **EXT. DARWIN'S DOWN HOUSE - APRIL 1862 - DAY**

44

Bates gazes up at Darwin's home in awe, small suitcase in hand. He pauses to adjust his new cravat and country hat.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)
At Darwin's urging, my findings were published, and I was honoured with an invitation to his country home.

CUT TO:

44.1 **EXT. BACK YARD - DOWN HOUSE - DAY**

44.1

Charles Darwin, now 53, with a short and greying beard, and sporting his trademark hat, looks up from his chair where he has been reading a book, to find Bates standing in front of him as a HOUSEKEEPER, who has ushered Bates into the back yard, turns to leave. Darwin rises and breaks into a smile.

DARWIN
Henry, welcome to Down House.

The two men greet each other, shaking hands warmly. Darwin steps back, overcome at Bates' pre-maturely aged and emaciated state. He immediately grasps what Bates has been through.

DARWIN (CONT'D)
I see you have suffered greatly for your discoveries.

Bates is humbled by such praise, but his eyes sparkle.

BATES

There are many ways to suffer,
sir... and you have suffered more.

Darwin looks unexpectedly vulnerable.

DARWIN

(fighting his emotions)
We will always be judged... But
then, you have provided such
beautiful proof.

Bates is visibly moved. Seeing this, Darwin gently grasps his
shoulders, holding back from a full embrace.

OLDER BATES (V.O.)

Never did I imagine that my
childhood hero would become a
lifelong friend, to both me and
Wallace.

Darwin's two youngest children, HORACE (10) and LEONARD (12)
are chasing each other and their ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIEL,
"BOB", shouting gleefully and running towards Bates and
Darwin, laughing. Darwin gestures towards his wife and leads
Bates to her to introduce them. Darwin then leads Bates into
the garden, looking at rare plant specimens.

Again, we hear the VOICE of our Female Narrator.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Charles Darwin wrote that Bates'
findings brought us as close as we
could ever get to witnessing the
creation of a new species on this
Earth.

CUT TO:

45

EXT. RAINFOREST - DAY - FLASHBACK

45

A brilliant SCARLET MACAW flies past us at the edge of the
forest. Bates walks along the river's edge surrounded by
butterflies.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Bates discovered over 8,000 species
new to science. He was elected to
the Royal Society with the world's
most eminent scientists.

Bates watches as the butterflies fly up, high above the river
and into the sky.

We SLOWLY RISE, leaving Bates still entranced, and FOLLOW three BUTTERFLIES RISING to the rainforest canopy.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Henry Bates would never return to his beloved Amazon - yet his legacy lives on. 'Batesian mimicry' continues to amaze and inspire.

Finally, we escape the treetops - and SOAR over the Amazon in a breath-taking AERIAL.

DISSOLVE to the wing of a Longwing butterfly that fills the entire screen.

FEMALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Today, scientists have identified the specific genes that control the colour markings of the same butterflies that Bates studied, over 150 years ago.

Over the butterfly wing, these words:

"On these expanded membranes Nature writes, as on a tablet, the story of the modifications of species."

Henry Bates

Naturalist on the River Amazons, 1863

FADE TO BLACK.