



THE NORTH WATER

PART THREE: "HOMO HOMINI LUPUS"

By

Andrew Haigh

Based on the novel by Ian McGuire

See-Saw Films Ltd
45 Folgate Street
London
E1 6GL
Tel: +44 (0) 203 301 6268

See-Saw Films Pty
2 Paddington Street
Sydney
NSW 2021
Tel: +61 (0) 29357 0733

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1 **EXT. MELVILLE BAY / VOLUNTEER - DAY** 1

The Volunteer is anchored. Huge glacier walls of ice rise up on the distant shore and the sea is thick and heavy with floes.

BROWNLEE is rowed from the Volunteer towards a whaling ship.

BROWNLEE
C'mon, boys. Faster!

The MEN up their pace.

CUT TO TITLE:

PART THREE: "HOMO HOMINI LUPUS"

2 **INT. THE HASTINGS, MORWOOD'S CABIN - DAY** 2

BROWNLEE and CAPTAIN MORWOOD drink brandy in a cabin very much like BROWNLEE's - although this has a larger window in which we can see the anchored Volunteer.

BROWNLEE (CONT'D) (O.O.V)
I hear if all goes well, you'll be next.

MORWOOD (O.O.V)
Is that right?

BROWNLEE
Aye. Baxter told me himself.

MORWOOD (O.O.V)
He thinks the whaling trade's finished. He wants to settle up and buy himself a modest manufactory.

BROWNLEE
I'd say these seas are still crammed full of fishes.

MORWOOD
If I was a gambling man, Baxter's one horse I'd put my money on. He doesn't fall at many fences, I'd say.

(CONTINUED)

BROWNLEE

He's a shrewd fucker I'll give you that.

MORWOOD

Are you ready?

BROWNLEE

When the time comes, I'll be ready.

MORWOOD

When is that time?

BROWNLEE

I'd say there's time enough to kill a few more whales first.

MORWOOD

The whales are small change in this game and we may not get too many decent chances to sink her nicely.

MORWOOD (CONT'D)

It's the way it looks that matters or the underwriters will start up their querying, and that's what none of us want. You least of all.

BROWNLEE

There's been enough ice this year. It'll not be hard.

BROWNLEE knocks back his brandy.

MORWOOD

Sooner is better than after. If we leave it too long, I risk getting trapped there myself. And then where would we be?

MORWOOD pours them another brandy from the canister.
BROWNLEE thinks this over.

BROWNLEE

I'll tell the crew to head north to Lancaster Sound.

(CONTINUED)

MORWOOD

Lancaster's good. No-one'll follow us up there this time of year.

BROWNLEE

We can search for a good spot to get her well-nipped.

MORWOOD

Find yourself a snug little lead between some hefty land ice and let the winds blow the floes back in on you.

BROWNLEE

Don't you worry about me. You just be there, when we need you.

MORWOOD

I'll be there. Do you have men to help?

BROWNLEE

Cavendish.

MORWOOD scoffs at the mention of his name.

BROWNLEE (CONT'D)

And I'm hoping not to need the help of Henry Drax.

MORWOOD

Does he know of the plan?

BROWNLEE

Baxter promised we can rely on him if we need to. I've a good mind to leave the carpenter where he is.

MORWOOD

Accidents do happen. And a man like him, ain't so likely to be missed.

BROWNLEE

Have you ever even hear of such a thing? A young girl I can... I can halfway understand, but a cabin boy? Evil times we live in. Fucking evil and unnatural.

(CONTINUED)

From BROWNLEE. He drowns his brandy.

EXT. VOLUNTEER DECK - DUSK

SUMNER, the cold penetrating every bone in his body, stares out to see. Suddenly he hears DRAX.

DRAX (O.O.V)

I say things are about to change.

DRAX puffs away on his pipe, a plume of smoke filling the air. He walks over to SUMNER and stands close alongside him, staring at him.

SUMNER

How do you mean?

DRAX

Just what I said. Things are about to change.

A long beat.

DRAX (CONT'D)

Why do you care so much about this cabin boy?

His tone is oddly inquisitive as if genuinely he wants to understand the surgeon.

SUMNER

Because he was murdered.

DRAX

Oh I'd wager that's not it. I bet you've seen more than your share of butchery. Why does this one bother you so much?

SUMNER

I care because I do not wish to see an innocent man punished. Do you think it's fair that one man should suffer for another man's crime?

DRAX

I'm guessing then you think McKendrick's... not the culprit?

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER

D'you think he killed the boy?

DRAX

It isn't for me to say.

SUMNER

Isn't it?

DRAX

It's no concern of mine.

SUMNER

Well I'm not sure I agree with that.

DRAX breathes softly in, sensing SUMNER's fear under the bravado. He smiles before looking back out to sea. DRAX waits a beat, and then...

DRAX

I'd say a dead cabin boy is the least of our fucking problems. The very least, I'd say.

DRAX stares at SUMNER straight in the eyes. He walks off. SUMNER watches him go. DRAX disappears below deck.

CUT TO:

4

INT. SUMNER'S CABIN - NIGHT

4

A chair is lodged against the door handle. Ice thumps and grinds against the hull of the ship, and the sound echoes around the cabin where we find SUMNER on his bunk reading Homer.

But he cannot concentrate. He puts the book down and picks up his journal. He licks the pencil stub and starts to write.

SUMNER (V.O.)

I would like to forget. I would like to rest, as the others appear to rest, in the certainty of McKendrick's guilt.

5

INT. COMPANIONWAY / WARDROOM - NIGHT

5

SUMNER hears whispering voices as he creaks towards the wardroom but they stop as he enters. There he finds DRAX and CAVENDISH smoking pipes by the fire. They stare as he walks on through towards the hatch for the hold.

SUMNER (V.O.)

These two bodies should match --
Hannah and McKendrick -- they
should fit together like twin
pieces of a puzzle, but I cannot
make them whole.

6

INT. HOLD - NIGHT

6

SUMNER climbs down into the hold and strikes a match. He lights a candle to guide him through the murky darkness.

He walks past the stacks of blubber casks until he finds MCKENDRICK, his legs chained together but his hands free. There are fragments of biscuit on a tin plate, a cup of water, and a piss pot filled with dark urine.

As SUMNER approaches, MCKENDRICK shudders backwards as if anticipating an attack.

SUMNER

I'm not here to hurt you.

MCKENDRICK

Then what do you want?

SUMNER

How's your health? Do you require anything from me?

MCKENDRICK

I'm hale and hearty enough,
considering. I expect I'll live
until they choose to hang me.

SUMNER

If it comes to trial, you will
have a better chance to make your
case. Nothing is decided yet.

(CONTINUED)

MCKENDRICK

A man like myself finds few friends in an English court of law. I'm an honest fellow, but my life will not stand for too much peering into.

SUMNER

You're not the only one who feels that way, I'd say.

MCKENDRICK

We're all sinners, right enough, but some sins are punished harder than others. I int a murderer and never was one, but I'm many other things, and it's the other things they would wish to hang me for.

SUMNER

If you're not a murderer, then someone else on this ship is.

MCKENDRICK

Indeed, sir.

SUMNER

And if Drax is lying, as you claim he is, it is possible he either killed the boy himself or knows the man who did and is seeking to protect him.

MCKENDRICK

I'd thought of that all right, but what good will it do me to accuse another man if I have no witness of my own?

SUMNER takes a pewter flask from his pocket and passes it over to MCKENDRICK for a glug. He then takes it back and has a sip himself.

MCKENDRICK (CONT'D)

I'm running short on baccy. If you could spare a pinch, I'd be much obliged to you.

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER passes him his tobacco pouch. MCKENDRICK takes the pouch with his right hand, and jams his pipe between the middle two fingers on his left. With the pipe secured in this peculiar fashion, he fills the bowl and stamps it down with his right thumb.

SUMNER

What's the trouble with your hand?

MCKENDRICK

It's only the thumb. Got crushed by a cock-eyed fellow with a lump hammer, a year or two back in Whitby, and haven't been able to move it since. Makes some difficulties for a man in my trade, but I've learned to make the adjustment.

SUMNER

Show me.

MCKENDRICK holds out his left hand -- the fingers are normal, but the joint of the thumb is badly misshapen, the thumb itself stiff and lifeless.

SUMNER (CONT'D)

So you can't grip with this hand at all?

MCKENDRICK

Only with the four fingers. It's lucky it was my left one.

SUMNER

Try to grip my wrist.

SUMNER rolls up his sleeve and holds out his bare arm which MCKENDRICK starts to squeeze.

SUMNER (CONT'D)

Squeeze as hard as you can.

MCKENDRICK

I'm squeezing.

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER

Is that the best you can do? Don't hold back.

MCKENDRICK

I ain't holding back. Man hit my thumb with a great fucking lump hammer. I have plenty of witnesses to *that* occurrence.

SUMNER

Why didn't you tell me about your injured hand, when I examined you before?

MCKENDRICK

You weren't asking after my hand.

SUMNER

If you can't grip any better than that, how could you have strangled the boy? You saw the bruises on his neck.

MCKENDRICK is suddenly wary, as if SUMNER's implications are too hopeful to be absorbed.

MCKENDRICK

I saw them right enough. A string of them.

SUMNER

And there were two large bruises on the front -- do you remember those? One almost on top of the other. Two thumbs pressing down on the gorge, one on top of the other like two smudges of ink.

SUMNER is getting carried away by his realisation, by the notion that he may be proven right. He lets out a hearty and encouraging laugh.

SUMNER

It looks like your fellow with the lump hammer may have saved your neck!

7

INT. BROWNLEE'S CABIN - NIGHT

7

An invigorated SUMNER stands in front of BROWNLEE. The captain is tired and irritated, with little desire to release MCKENDRICK.

BROWNLEE

A scrawny fuck like Hannah can be strangled with one hand easy enough, I'd say, thumb or no thumb.

SUMNER

Not with the bruises patterned as they were on Hannah's neck. The twin thumb marks were as clear as day.

BROWNLEE

I don't remember thumb marks. I remember a good many bruises, but there is no way on earth of knowing which particular fingers caused which particular marks.

SUMNER

Before the burial, I made sketches of his injuries.

BROWNLEE rubs his nose and scowls, deeply annoyed by his conscientiousness. SUMNER hands over his journal and opens it to the relevant pages.

SUMNER (CONT'D)

See? Two large oval bruises, one above the other, there and there.

BROWNLEE turns the pages of the sketchbook and winces, coming across a detailed rendering of the boy's injuries.

BROWNLEE

These pretty pictures prove bugger all -- McKendrick was seen making advances to the boy and those are solid facts of the matter. Anything else is guesswork and fancy.

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER

It is physically *impossible* for him to have committed this crime.

BROWNLEE

You are free to express that opinion to the magistrate as soon as we return to England. Perhaps he'll be more convinced by it than I am, but in the meantime, while we are sea and I'm the captain, McKendrick stays where he is.

SUMNER

And as soon as we land back in England, the real killer will leave the ship and disappear from sight.

BROWNLEE

Should I arrest the entire fucking crew on suspicion of murder? Is that what you recommend?

SUMNER

I am saying it can't be smart to have the *real* killer roaming this ship as we head north into fuck knows what.

BROWNLEE scratches his head, exasperated. SUMNER calms himself before speaking again.

SUMNER

If it's not McKendrick who killed the boy, it's most likely Drax. He's lying about the carpenter to save himself.

BROWNLEE

I would say you've been reading too many *penny dreadfuls*.

SUMNER

Is there a reason *why* you won't consider his guilt?

(CONTINUED)

BROWNLEE has little choice now but to go along with SUMNER and he sighs heavily.

SUMNER

Let me at least examine him as I did McKendrick. If he's the murderer, then it's not too late for the signs to still be apparent.

BROWNLEE

(giving up)

Very well. You are a dogged little fucker, I'll give you that. But if Drax objects to being poked and prodded, I am not inclined to press the issue.

(then)

Let's do this in his quarters.

8 **INT. DRAX'S CABIN - NIGHT**

8

This is the first time we have seen DRAX's cabin. It is sparse and kept clean but with three people inside, it is cramped and tight. DRAX drops his britches to the floor, and stands naked from the waist down before BROWNLEE and SUMNER.

DRAX

At your pleasure, Mr Sumner.

DRAX gives SUMNER a coquettish wink as SUMNER inspects him, breathing through his nose to avoid the pungent smell.

SUMNER

Can you pull back your foreskin?

DRAX

It's you that wants the thing pulled back.

SUMNER shakes his head and pulls DRAX's foreskin back himself. BROWNLEE looks away with a grimace. A long moment follows as DRAX stares at SUMNER waiting for his gaze to meet his. Finally, it does.

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER

You have the crabs.

DRAX

Aye, I usually do. But that isn't
a hanging offence now, is it?

BROWNLEE chuckles as SUMNER steps back.

SUMNER

No visible chancres or signs of
abrasion. Show me your hands.

DRAX holds them out. SUMNER takes them in his own hands
and gently turns them over. They are as rough as lumps of
pig iron.

SUMNER (CONT'D)

The cut on your hand has healed, I
see.

DRAX

Just a scratch.

SUMNER

And you have full use of all your
digits, I suppose.

DRAX

Of my what?

SUMNER

Fingers and thumbs.

DRAX

I do indeed.

SUMNER

Take off your peacoat and roll up
your sleeves.

DRAX

Do you doubt me, Mr Sumner?

DRAX tugs his arms out of the jacket and starts to
unbutton his shirtfront.

(CONTINUED)

DRAX

Do you doubt me when I tell you
what I saw by the deckhouse?

SUMNER

McKendrick denies it, you know he
does.

DRAX

But McKendrick is a sodomite, and
what is the word of a sodomite
worth in a court of law? Not much,
I'd say.

DRAX continues to undress -- his chest is dark-pelted,
broad, and stoutly muscled; his belly proudly bulbous.
Both of his arms are coated in a checker-worked swirl of
blue tattoos.

DRAX

If you believe the word of that
cunt McKendrick, then you must
fancy I'm a liar.

SUMNER

I don't know what you are.

DRAX

I'm an *honourable* man.

DRAX presses down gradually on that word as if 'honour'
is a complex notion that he is proud to have mastered.

DRAX

That's what I am. I do my duty,
and I have no cause to feel any
shame because of it.

BROWNLEE

What do you intend by that? We're
all honourable men here, or at
least honourable enough for the
requirements of our calling.

DRAX

I think the surgeon gets my drift.

(CONTINUED)

DRAX is fully naked now, thick-limbed and unashamed. His face is burned brown, his hands black from the toil. The rest of his skin is a pure pinkish white.

DRAX (CONT'D)

Him and me are old pals. I helped him find his way back to his cabin after the night in Lerwick. You likely won't remember, Mr Sumner, since you were fast asleep, but me and Cavendish had a good look before we left, just to make sure your *necessaries* was safe. Nothing disturbed or out of place.

SUMNER stares at DRAX -- instantly understanding that he has found the papers, discovered the ring. BROWNLEE looks at him curiously.

BROWNLEE

Do you know what the fuck he's talking about?

SUMNER shakes his head, breathing carefully, controlling his growing rage.

SUMNER

Do you doubt my knowledge or competency as a surgeon? I have served an apprenticeship and have certificates from the Queen's College of Belfast.

DRAX smiles at this, then laughs. He takes a step closer to SUMNER, close enough that his naked body is almost up against him but SUMNER holds his nerve.

DRAX

You have your little scrap of paper and I have mine. Now which one of those little scraps of paper weighs the most, I wonder, in an English court of law? I never did learn my letters, so I'm not the one to say, but a good lawyer would likely have an opinion, I suppose.

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER

I have my evidence. It is not a matter of opinion or my reputation. Who I am, or who I have been, is not the question.

DRAX

(fiercely)

And what evidence do you hold against me? Because if you have none, then it's you against me, I'd say. My solemn word, sworn on the Bible, against yours.

SUMNER

You are lying about McKendrick. I know very well you are.

DRAX turns to BROWNLEE.

DRAX

Is the ship's surgeon a little hard of hearing, Captain? I keep asking him the same fucking question and he don't seem to notice.

BROWNLEE is regretting agreeing to SUMNER's request.

BROWNLEE

What evidence do you hold against Drax in this matter?

SUMNER

Why are you willing to protect him?

BROWNLEE

(furious now)

Evidence, Mr Sumner.

SUMNER looks around the cabin as if it might offer a solution.

SUMNER

I have no evidence.

(CONTINUED)

BROWNLEE

Then let's call an end to this
damn nonsense. Drax - get your
clothes back on.

DRAX reaches down and lifts his breeches from the cabin
floor. As he dresses, each of his movements is considered
and powerful. SUMNER is furious but has no-more moves to
make. Then BROWNLEE notices something...

BROWNLEE

What's that gash on your arm?
Sumner will give you a plaster, if
you ask him sweetly.

DRAX

It's nothing. A scratch with a
harpoon, that's all.

BROWNLEE

Looks worse than nothing to me.

DRAX shakes his head, picks his pea-coat off the floor.

SUMNER

Let me see it.

DRAX

It's nothing.

BROWNLEE

It's your good right arm, and I
can see from here it's swollen. If
you can't hurl a harpoon or pull
an oar you'll be no earthly use to
me. Show it to the surgeon now.

DRAX hesitates and then holds out his arm. The wound is
high on his forearm near the elbow and half hidden under
ink.

It is narrow but deep, and the site around it is severely
swollen. When SUMNER touches it, green pus oozes below
the surface of a scab.

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER

The purulence needs to be lanced,
and the remnants drawn out with a
poultice. Why didn't you come to
see me before now?

DRAX

It don't trouble me. Tis only a
nick.

SUMNER

Come to my cabin. We will lance it
there.

9

INT. SUMNER'S CABIN - NIGHT

9

SUMNER heats a lancet over a candle flame. He then takes
a piece of lint padding and presses it against the wound
on DRAX's forearm.

He makes a brief incision with the lancet and a green-
pink mixture of blood and puss spills out, soaking the
padding.

SUMNER presses harder, the wound exuding more of the foul
liquid. All the while, DRAX remains immobile and silent.

SUMNER

There is something lodged inside.

BROWNLEE approaches, peering over SUMNER's shoulder as
SUMNER finds a small hard lump under the surface of his
skin.

BROWNLEE

Might be a splinter of wood or a
piece of bone.

SUMNER

(to DRAX)

You say you did this with a lance?

DRAX

That's right.

SUMNER presses at the small lump with his fingertip. It
slides for a moment under the skin and then emerges white
and blood-covered from the wound's opening.

(CONTINUED)

BROWNLEE

What the hell is that?

SUMNER catches the object in the soiled padding and rubs it clean. He glances at DRAX before showing the object to BROWNLEE.

It is a tooth; pale and grain-like, torn off at the root. It is JOSEPH HANNAH's tooth. DRAX snatches his arm away.

DRAX

That thing isn't mine.

SUMNER

It's in your arm!

DRAX

It ain't mine, I tell you.

SUMNER

It's evidence. That's what it is.
And it's all the evidence we need
to see you hanged.

DRAX

They won't hang me. I'll fuck you
both in hell before that happens.

BROWNLEE steps to the door, opens it, and shouts at the top of his voice.

BROWNLEE

CAVENDISH? GET THE HELL DOWN HERE!

The three men eye one another, anticipating who will make the next move. DRAX is still only half dressed, his chest bare.

DRAX

I won't be chained neither.

BROWNLEE

(shouting again)
CAVENDISH?!

DRAX's eyes calmly search around the cabin. He looks at SUMNER's wooden box of surgeons tools open on the table, then to the whalebone walking-stick attached to the wall, topped with the ebony pommel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAVENDISH clatters down the companionway and bursts into the cabin. Using that as a distraction, DRAX grabs the whalebone off the rack and swings it towards BROWNLEE's forehead.

It strikes him just above the right eye socket and breaks his skull. He falls to the floor. DRAX pulls the walking stick back to swing again, but CAVENDISH grabs hold of his arm.

They tussle mutely in the tiny space for a brief moment, but DRAX grabs CAVENDISH by the hair and brings his knee hard into his face.

CAVENDISH drops sideways to the floor, unconscious, with blood pouring from this nose. SUMNER is yet to move. He holds the lancet aloft in one hand and the tooth in the other.

SUMNER

What's the point of this? You
can't escape.

DRAX

I'll take my chances in a
whaleboat.

DRAX picks up the whalebone from the floor and hefts it towards SUMNER, the ebony pommel slick with BROWNLEE's blood.

DRAX (CONT'D)

And I'll be taking that tooth off
you before I leave.

SUMNER shakes his head in defeat. He steps forward and puts the tooth and the lancet down on his table.

SUMNER

You can't kill us all.

DRAX

I'spect I can kill enough of you
though. Now turn about.

DRAX waves the walking stick to indicate his meaning, and SUMNER does as required. He then closes his eyes and waits for the blow to strike.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, there comes a commotion from outside. A loud rattle of voices, and then, the roar of a shotgun blast!

Dust and fragments of the ceiling cascade around SUMNER's head. He swivels to see JONES in the doorway aiming the second barrel at DRAX's chest.

JONES

Give the stick to Sumner.

DRAX doesn't move -- his mouth hangs open, his tongue and teeth wetly visible.

JONES (CONT'D)

I can kill you now, or I can shoot
your bollocks off and let you
bleed out. Whichever you prefer.

After a brief pause, DRAX nods faintly and puts down the stick. JONES looks down at BROWNLEE and CAVENDISH, both unconscious and bleeding on the floor.

JONES (CONT'D)

What the fuck have you been doing
here?

DRAX shrugs and looks down at the tooth lying on the table.

DRAX

The surgeon dug that tooth there
out my arm, but how it got there
is the gravest kind of mystery. It
int one of mine.

As the sun rises, the Volunteer threads a slow and narrow line between the solid land-ice on one side and thick but broken sea-ice on the other.

Out on the ice at the bow of the ship, men use poles to chip away at these heavy slabs.

11 **INT. BROWNLEE'S CABIN - DAY**

11

BROWNLEE lies insensible in his cot, barely breathing. The left side of his face is blackened and misshapen; his eye swollen shut.

JONES

Will he live?

SUMNER

I've seen enough on the battle-field to know that once the skull is breached, the situation is almost hopeless.

JONES

He looks terrified, doesn't he?

SUMNER

He will have lost his bearings, something inside scrambled. It's generally better to die than to go on inhabiting the world like this.

12 **INT. SUMNER'S CABIN - DAY**

12

SUMNER sits on his bunk as the ice grinds along the side of the ship. He looks exhausted, sick to his stomach. He holds the envelope stored in his trunk in his hands.

He takes out his court-martial papers and tears them up. He then shakes the gold ring into his palm and holds it up towards the dull light. He then puts it in the breast pocket of his coat.

SUMNER then reaches into the medicine chest and takes out a bottle of laudanum, sipping directly from the bottle.

CAVENDISH (V.O.)

I am taking command as is the law.
Henry Drax, I assure you, will
hang back in England for his
murderous and mutinous acts.

13

INT. WARDROOM - DUSK

13

CAVENDISH, with a badly broken nose and two black eyes, addresses the nervous crew crammed into every inch of the steaming wardroom. SUMNER is there too, but the drugs have softened his desire to care.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)

You may ask yourself how such a fiend came to move amongst us, but I have no good answer to that. I've known some deviant and malignant fuckers in my time, but none, I confess, is a patch on Henry Drax. As it is, he is caged below and will not see the daylight until we land in Hull.

But their fears are not allayed.

CAVENDISH

(raising his voice)

I know there is some talk of the ship being cursed, but I assure you it is not. It is unfortunate that is all, but we will continue as planned and head further into the Sound.

JONES

No man has ever caught a whale this far north, not at this time of year. All you need to do is read the records if you doesn't believe me.

CAVENDISH

If your opinions came in gold with the Queen's head stamped upon'er I might pay them a little mind, but since they don't, you won't be too offended if I take no fucking notice of you.

(CONTINUED)

JONES

Like I told the captain before,
there will be too much ice at this
time of year, and if we enter the
Sound we're putting ourselves at
grave risk.

CAVENDISH

A man don't profit unless he takes
a little risk from time to time.
You should show more boldness Mr
JONES. How can you expect to have
your own command if you act so
damn feebly?

JONES

It is foolishness, not boldness.
Think of *Abram*, the *Gordon*, the
Mary Frances. All beset in the ice
and never heard of again. Why
Brownlee took us north again, I
can't say, but I know if he were
here now, even he would not
consider taking us in.

CAVENDISH

What Brownlee would or wouldn't do
is moot, I'd say, seeing as he
can't speak or even raise his hand
to wipe his arse. And since I'm in
command now, not you, or Otto, and
certainly not our surgeon.

CAVENDISH points at SUMNER.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)

I guess what I say goes.

JONES

As if this voyage is not marked
with enough calamity already.

CAVENDISH

What did you say?

JONES

I said that you are a fucking
imbecile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A furious CAVENDISH is about to respond when a painful, harrowing cry echoes from BROWNLEE's Cabin and silences them all.

14 **INT. BROWNLEE'S CABIN - DUSK**

14

SUMNER, JONES and CAVENDISH stand above BROWNLEE as he lies in his cot. He cries out hopelessly, like a child in need of his mother.

JONES
Can you do anything?

SUMNER sits by BROWNLEE's side and gently takes his hand, holding it tight. This gesture of compassion helps calm the captain in his final moments.

BROWNLEE suddenly lets out a small but audible gasp of air as blood trickles from his tear ducts. It is over. SUMNER checks his pulse and closes BROWNLEE's eyelids.

Behind them, CAVENDISH smiles -- only the smile does not last long. Perhaps he grasps in this moment the weight of responsibility laden on his own weak shoulders.

15 **EXT. VOLUNTEER DECK - DUSK**

15

BROWNLEE's body, stitched into sailcloth, is carried on a pine plank to the stern rail as the crew sing '*Nearer My God to Thee*'.

CAVENDISH then leads them in an off-kilter version of the Lord's Prayer, their voices low and reluctant.

SUMNER watches the men -- their superstitions and fears taking control, as BROWNLEE's body is dropped overboard and disappears into the black sea.

16 **INT. WARDROOM - NIGHT**

16

SUMNER, who is a little drunk, sits with OTTO at the table drinking brandy as JONES, distant and depressed, warms himself by the fire.

(CONTINUED)

OTTO

Cavendish will kill us, I've seen
it pass.

SUMNER

You're allowing Brownlee's death
to depress your spirits. If we see
no whales in the sound, we'll
return to Pond's Bay.

OTTO

I've seen it in my dreams. We all
die but you survive, you'll be the
only one.

SUMNER

That is nonsense.

OTTO

The rest of us will drown, starve
or perish from the cold.

JONES looks up, deeply afraid.

JONES

All of us?

SUMNER

Don't listen to him. Dreams are
just a way to clear the mind, a
form of purging. They're nothing
more than a mental shite pile, a
rag and bone shop of ideas. There
is no truth in them, no fucking
prophecy.

OTTO

And when the rest of us are dead,
you will be killed by a bear,
swallowed whole.

SUMNER

(laughing)
So I don't survive?

OTTO

You do.

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER

Until I am eaten by a bear?

OTTO

That's what I saw.

SUMNER

After what's happened here, your fears are understandable, but don't confuse them with our destiny.

SUMNER lights his pipe.

SUMNER

We are not alone out here. The Hastings is close. We are safe. Why not put your energies into dreaming about that outcome.

JONES

But Drax is still alive and breathing.

SUMNER

(frustrated now)

He is down in the hold chained to the mainmast, bound hand and foot. He cannot escape. Set your mind at rest.

OTTO

The corporal body is just one way of moving through the world. It's the spirit which truly lives. I have encountered him in other realms. Sometimes he is a dark angel, sometimes a Barbary ape.

JONES

What?

SUMNER

You are a good fellow, Otto, but what you are saying is folly.

SUMNER's voice is rattled with anger.

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER

Drax may be vile and depraved but
he is flesh and blood like you and
me, nothing more.

(a beat)

Let us not worry or speak of him
anymore.

JONES

So we are safe?

SUMNER

Yes. We are safe.

17 **INT. THE HOLD - NIGHT**

17

Down below in the darkness we find DRAX, bare-chested but
wearing a filthy peacoat and ruined brogans. He is tied
to the mainmast with his ankles free, his wrists crudely
manacled.

His eyes remain gently shut as if he is patiently waiting
for something, preparing himself. We move away from him --
back into the darkness of the hold until he vanishes into
nothingness.

CORBYN (V.O.)

Sumner! Sumner?!

DISSOLVE TO:

18 **INT. SUMNER'S CABIN / FIELD HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

18

SUMNER sits on his bunk in darkness.

CORBYN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Go with O'Dowd, Wilkie and Prince
and arm yourselves. Equal shares
for all.

O'DOWD (V.O.)

You'll get nothing out of Corbyn.
Don't ever think you will. His
wife is a fucking baroness. His
brother is a judge. A man like
Corbyn doesn't feel obliged.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUMNER reaches for a bottle of laudanum, pulls the cork out with his teeth and swigs from the bottle.

SUMNER (V.O.)
Wilkie, guard the fucking door!
Guard the fu-

O'DOWD (V.O.)
Almost there... Look at these
darlings! Fucking...

CUT TO:

19

INT. INDIAN PALACE - DAY - FLASHBACK

19

O'DOWD (O.O.V) (CONT'D)
...diamonds! We'll prize out the
stones, melt down the gold.

Close-up on a jewellery box with different jewels inside. O'DOWD and SUMNER (unseen) take things out. SUMNER holds up the emerald ring from SUMNER's cabin.

O'DOWD (O.O.V) (CONT'D)
We're fucking rich, Paddy. We're
fucking rich.

The camera pans across to SUMNER looking at the ring. All of a sudden there is a gunshot.

PRICE (O.O.V)
Look out!

Blood splatters across SUMNER's face.

CUT TO:

20

INT. SUMNER'S CABIN / FIELD HOSPITAL - NIGHT

20

SUMNER lies on his bunk. He stares at the deck prism, shadows moving above. He tries to keep his eyes open but slowly close.

He then suddenly opens them again hearing footsteps down the companionway coming towards his cabin. He turns his head as the door handle slowly turns.

(CONTINUED)

When it opens there is a man we do not recognise -- this is CORBYN. He is the head surgeon from Delhi, and he carries an oil lamp and smokes a cheroot.

And behind him, there is no longer the ship, but a field hospital in Delhi, little more than a tent with injured soldiers howling in pain as surgeons hack through flesh and bone.

CORBYN

Hello, Patrick.

SUMNER

Mr Corbyn?

CORBYN

I hear the others are all dead.
O'Dowd, Wilkie, Price -- all of
them, dead.

SUMNER

We were caught unawares in the
house, sir.

He walks over to SUMNER and lifts his blanket to reveal his badly injured leg bandaged and blood-soaked.

CORBYN

The wound was clean and the break
isn't bad. You may limp for a
while but that will soon fade and
no-one will ever know.

SUMNER

The treasure was real; two lakhs,
gold and jewels, just as Hamid
said, but there were Pandies
hiding in the house.

CORBYN

You walked into a trap then. You
made a mistake.

SUMNER

Not a trap, an accident. No one
could have guessed they were in
there.

(CONTINUED)

CORBYN

For a surgeon to leave his post is
a serious thing.

CORBYN's gaze harden as he pulls up a stool alongside the
bunk and sits down.

CORBYN

There is likely to be a charge --
the assault was at a crucial stage
and to lose three surgeons at such
a time.

CORBYN lazily exhales a tube of gray-brown smoke into the
inky darkness. SUMNER feels a sharp tightening across his
chest.

SUMNER

I trust I can rely on your
assistance? Mr Corbyn. Sir?

CORBYN

I don't see what assistance I
could offer you. The facts of the
matter are clear.

SUMNER

I mean the details of what
occurred.

CORBYN

The details are that your reckless
greed meant that three of your
fellow surgeons were shot and
killed in an ambush.

SUMNER

A mission you ordered us on.

CORBYN

And in your absence your injured
comrades, several officers amongst
them, lay untreated and often in
severe agony. Men you could have
saved. That, I fear, is as much as
the General wants, or is required,
to understand.

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER

You expect me to hold my tongue
and take my punishment? I will be
dismissed, cashiered, my career
will be over.

CORBYN

I advise you not to make a bad
situation worse. To bring my name
into this will not serve you well,
I can assure you of that.

CORBYN's expression is stern, but calm and self-assured.
He has a vast and heedless confidence born of privilege,
a sense that the world is malleable, that it will bend to
his desires. A sour anger builds inside SUMNER.

SUMNER

So you will offer me nothing for
my trouble?

CORBYN

I offer you my advice, which is to
accept the consequences of your
actions. You were unlucky, I
agree, but then again you are
alive, and the others are dead, so
perhaps you have something to be
grateful for.

SUMNER

I still have the treasure.

CORBYN winces, shakes his head.

CORBYN

No, you are lying about that. You
were carrying nothing with you
when they brought you in.

SUMNER

You checked then before deciding
on this course of action?

(CONTINUED)

CORBYN

I don't know if you remember, but they brought you in with a dead Indian boy, shot clean through the chest with a hole big enough to squeeze your fist through.

CORBYN holds his fist in the air to make his point even clearer.

CORBYN

I assume this boy came to your rescue. Is that correct?

SUMNER has no strength to answer but weakly nods his head, rage and guilt spiralling inside him.

CORBYN

Such a terrible shame he was mistaken for the enemy -- but they do all look the same, don't they? Much better to be safe.

SUMNER

(through gritted teeth)
Why do you do this to me? What is your purpose?

CORBYN

My purpose?

SUMNER

You are destroying me, and for what?

CORBYN shakes his head and smiles thinly.

CORBYN

There is a melancholic strain in the Celtic soul which finds martyrdom appealing, I understand that, but in your case, Mr Sumner, the cap hardly fits. I saw the *hunger* in your eyes at the thought of that treasure, at the prospect of a different life.

CORBYN takes a bottle of laudanum from his coat pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CORBYN

But I will make sure you have a
decent supply of laudanum for the
pain. That will help your frame of
mind too, I am sure of it.

SUMNER knocks the bottle out of CORBYN's hand -- only it
is not CORBYN anymore. It is DRAX in CORBYN's clothes. He
reaches towards SUMNER and delicately touches his face,
just like he touched the boy back in Hull.

DRAX

(in a whisper)

*Homo Homini Lupus...Homo Homini
Lupus...*

21 **INT. SUMNER'S CABIN - JUST BEFORE DAWN**

21

SUMNER is jolted awake by the almighty howl of screeching
timbers as the *Volunteer* spasms upwards and sideways. He
jumps out of the bunk and scrambles into his sea boots as
the planks beneath his feet tremble and groan.

22 **EXT. VOLUNTEER DECK - JUST BEFORE DAWN**

22

SUMNER appears on deck to face a wind gusting hard from
the north. There is an uproar on deck as CAVENDISH loudly
orders the evacuation.

Men frantically gather their possessions as whaleboats
are lowered onto the ice and equipment is hauled up from
the hold.

SUMNER finds JONES rolling a cask of provisions down the
gangway onto the floe where a sail has been spread out on
the ice.

SUMNER

What's happened?

JONES

The ice has nipped her, likely
stoved in the aft.

SUMNER

Are we sinking?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONES

The upward pressure of the ice is stopping her -- but only at the moment. If the wind changes we are fucked. Get what you need out onto the ice. And put on all of your clothes.

23 **INT. VOLUNTEER COMPANIONWAY - DAWN** 23

With his body awash with adrenaline, SUMNER races back down the ladder into the bowels of the ship. He pushes past the rest of the crew to his cabin.

24 **INT. SUMNER'S CABIN - DAWN** 24

SUMNER puts on as many clothes as he can, his hat and his mittens. He pats his breast pocket to check for the ring.

He pulls the medicine chest from beneath the bunk but the rest of his belongings are left -- including his journal and copy of The Iliad.

25 **EXT. VOLUNTEER DECK - DAWN** 25

SUMNER carries the medicine chest to the gunwales where they are loaded into one of the whaleboats by BANNON. The wind howls around them forcing SUMNER to shout.

SUMNER

This is the medicine chest. Do you understand? You have to keep it safe?

BANNON is not listening.

SUMNER

We must not lose this chest. It has all our medicine in.

The whaleboat is covered with a tarpaulin and lowered onto the ice. It is then dragged by the crew across the floe and away from the groaning ship.

26

EXT. ICE FLOE / VOLUNTEER DECK - DAY

26

Now that the sun has risen, we can see that the Volunteer has been trapped between fast land-ice on one side and sea-ice on the other, vast floes blowing towards them.

Two tents have been set up on the floe surface alongside a small stove billowing black smoke into the air. The three whaleboats are now all out on the ice.

Back on deck, CAVENDISH is at the gunwales looking out to the HASTINGS through the spyglass. It is moored to the edge of a land-floe, near open water a few miles away.

JONES

Almost everything is off the ship.
Just a few casks left.

CAVENDISH

Good.

JONES

What now?

CAVENDISH

Raise the ensign and alert the
Hastings. They will give us
refuge.

JONES

Are you sure Morwood will agree?

CAVENDISH

You go over in the first wave with
most of the men. Leave enough here
to gather what is left and we will
follow.

A beat.

CAVENDISH

And have Sumner stay behind with
me. I want him here.

JONES

What about Drax?

CAVENDISH is silent, thinking this over.

(CONTINUED)

CAVENDISH
I'll see to Henry Drax.

27 **INT. THE HOLD - DAY**

27

CAVENDISH finds DRAX manacled and tied to the mainmast.
He seems as healthy as the day he was caught.

DRAX
I'd say there is no need for such
girlish panicking. There ain't
even any water down here.

CAVENDISH
Go fuck yourself.

DRAX
I saw it with my own eyes. She
bent a good deal all right, but
she didn't break.

CAVENDISH
I don't believe you.

DRAX
Take a look for yourself. Once the
ice has eased off, you can send
McKendrick down here with the
caulking iron; he'll fix her up
nicely.

CAVENDISH
You'll keep your mouth shut, or
I'll leave you here and let you
take your chances.

DRAX
She int sinking, Michael. You may
dearly wish she was, but she
ain't. I can promise you that.

Below their feet, the ship groans and cracks under the
rasping pressure of the ice.

CAVENDISH
Listen to her squeal, creaking and
wailing like a sixpunny whore.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)

You honestly think she can stand much more of that if she ain't stoved in already.

DRAX

She's a good strong ship, doubled and fortified: ice knees, ice plates, stanchions. She's old but she int weak. I'd say she could stand a good deal of squeezing still.

CAVENDISH takes off his hat and thinks this over.

DRAX

This is a good spot, I'll give you that. And a good bit of luck she got pinched like that.

CAVENDISH

What are you implying?

DRAX

You're good and safe up here on the fast ice too. Morwood can warp back easy if a lead opens up.

CAVENDISH understands that DRAX knows precisely what is going on here.

DRAX

What is it, a mile or two to get to him? And the rest of them think she's stoved in already, I expect. They won't be making any trouble.

CAVENDISH

How did you know?

DRAX

Oh, I know a thing or two. I know we didn't come all the way up here to catch fucking fish.

CAVENDISH

She can't survive this one. She can't.

(CONTINUED)

DRAX

She will if you let her. But if you knocked a plank or two out of her arse, she surely wouldn't. Give me ten minutes down here with an axe, that's all.

CAVENDISH sneers.

CAVENDISH

You kill Brownlee with a walking stick, and you honestly think I'm going to give you an axe?

DRAX

If you don't believe me, go look behind the casks for yourself. See if I'm lying.

CAVENDISH licks his lips and squats down next to DRAX.

CAVENDISH

Why kill the boy? What's the benefit in that?

DRAX

A man don't always think on the benefits.

CAVENDISH

So what does he think on?

DRAX

I do as I must. Int a great deal of cogitation involved.

28 **EXT. ICE-FLOE - DAY**

28

SUMNER lifts off the tarpaulin from one of the whaleboats and searches inside for his medicine chest but it's not there. Fuck.

Frustrated and desperate for his drugs, SUMNER strides across the ice past the Volunteer to find JONES readying twenty of the men to drag the first two whaleboats across to the Hastings laden with supplies.

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER

I need my medicine chest. I thought it was in the other boat but someone has transferred it already.

JONES

You'll get it soon enough.

SUMNER

I should have it with me at all times. I cannot do my job without it.

JONES

It's too late now, but you won't be long here. I'll make sure it is safe.

But SUMNER is worried.

JONES

Are you feeling sick?

SUMNER

No.

JONES

Then don't worry.

SUMNER

Why does Cavendish want me to stay?

JONES

He is seeing to Drax. He might need your help.

JONES sees the stab of fear running through SUMNER and he tries to reassure his friend.

JONES

Otto will make sure no harm comes to you, and I'll see you soon. Morwood is a good captain and he'll treat us well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He then embraces SUMNER briefly, but with genuine care, before he joins the other men to drag the whaleboats over the rough ice.

SUMNER turns to see the remaining men outside the tents gathering the rest of the supplies together. Left now is OTTO, MCKENDRICK, WEBSTER, the COOK and deckhand BANNON.

None seem too concerned, which calms SUMNER's fears. Then he looks back at the ship lodged against the ice and is not so sure.

29

INT. THE HOLD - DAY

29

Now with an axe by his side, CAVENDISH looks towards the body of the ship. DRAX stands behind him, untied from the mast but still manacled at the wrists.

DRAX

See -- dry as a bone.

CAVENDISH

I can hear water, I swear it.

DRAX

Nowt but a dribble.

CAVENDISH leans in with an oil lamp, peering downwards at the dark curving of the hull. Water sprays through a tiny breach where the timbers have separated, but there is no sign of serious damage.

CAVENDISH

(with a whisper)

Shit. How can this be?

DRAX

Like I told it. She bent a good deal, but she didn't ever break. She won't sink unless you make her do it, Michael. That's how it is.

CAVENDISH

Nothing is simple in this world.

CAVENDISH picks up an axe and DRAX steps back to give him room to swing. CAVENDISH pauses and turns to look at him.

(CONTINUED)

CAVENDISH

This don't put me under any obligation. I can't free you now. Not after Brownlee. A cabin boy is one thing, a cabin boy is plenty bad enough, but not the damn captain.

DRAX

And I int asking for it. I wouldn't presume.

CAVENDISH

Then what?

DRAX

If the time ever comes, all I ask is you don't hinder me, don't stand athwart. Allow events to take their natural course.

CAVENDISH

I'll turn the blind eye, that's what you're asking.

DRAX

The time may never come. I may hang in England for what I done.

CAVENDISH

But if it ever does come?

DRAX

Aye, if it ever does.

CAVENDISH

And what about my nose?

DRAX smiles.

DRAX

You were never no Adonis, Michael. I'spect some would call it an improvement.

CAVENDISH

You have some fair-sized balls, to say that to a man hefting an axe.

(CONTINUED)

DRAX

Like a fine big pair of tatties.
I'll even let you stroke 'em if
you like.

CAVENDISH laughs and as DRAX edges away from him, he swings the axe. The ground steel edge bites down into the ships already dampened timbers and water rushes inside.

30 **EXT. ICE FLOE - DUSK**

30

The Volunteer is sinking, pitching slowly away from the land-ice and into the sea as the hold fills.

CAVENDISH stands on the floe watching as the remaining men come out of the two tents to join him, SUMNER among them, to watch their ship vanish before their eyes.

SUMNER turns to see DRAX standing some distance away, still in chains, and looking towards the black mountains behind him.

DRAX turns back towards SUMNER, then to the direction of the ship. SUMNER turns to see it finally disappear into the deep blackness.

It is then they all see what lurks on the horizon -- a fast-approaching, dark and brooding storm. They can hear it too, the wind picking up, whistling its warning.

CAVENDISH walks closer to the floe edge, a flicker of fear on his face as looks over towards the Hastings. He doesn't turn around to the face the men as he speaks.

CAVENDISH

We need to take shelter. The storm
will on us soon. We will trek to
the Hastings once it's past.

CAVENDISH turns and walks past the men towards the tent as SUMNER looks out towards the coming storm, feeling the fierce wind that approaches hit his face.

31

INT. ICE FLOE TENT - DUSK

31

The men, wrapped in blankets, shelter inside as the howling storm hits the camp, the light fading as it covers them.

The COOK brings in a metal bucket filled with hot red coals and places it in the centre of the tent, orange sparks rising in the wind.

SUMNER has found a spot at the back of the tent when DRAX enters with CAVENDISH -- their faces whipped red from the storm. No-one wants DRAX in the tent and especially not poor MCKENDRICK.

MCKENDRICK

I don't want him in 'ere. Put him outside to freeze. Even that is too good for him.

CAVENDISH

I want every fucker here where I can see them, but if you want to sleep outside McKendrick, I can make an exception.

DRAX finds that funny and snorts before stepping over the men to find himself a spot at the back of the tent near to SUMNER, visibly uneasy at DRAX being so close.

DRAX

Don't be afraid. I ain't about to do anything too desperate with these wooden baubles dangling off me.

SUMNER

I'm not afraid. How's your arm?

DRAX

Which arm would that be?

SUMNER

The right one, the one that had the cabin boy's tooth lodged in it.

DRAX dismisses the question with a shake of his head.

(CONTINUED)

DRAX

Just a nick, I'm a quick healer.
But, you know, how that tooth got
in there is still beyond me. I
can't explain it at all.

SUMNER

So you have no remorse for your
actions. No guilt for what you've
done?

DRAX wrinkles up his nose and sniffs. He looks at the
sweat on SUMNER's forehead.

DRAX

Did you think I was going to kill
you down in the cabin? Split open
your skull like I did Brownlee.

SUMNER

What else were you intending?

DRAX

Oh, I don't intend much. I'm a
do'er, not a thinker, me. I follow
my inclination, that's all.

SUMNER

Have you no conscience then? Are
you utterly indifferent to ethical
considerations?

DRAX

One thing happens, then another
comes after it. Why is the first
thing more important than the
second? Why is the second more
important than the third? Tell me
that?

SUMNER

Because each action is separate
and distinct; some are good, and
some are evil.

DRAX quietly laughs.

(CONTINUED)

DRAX

Them's just words. If they hang me, they hang me 'cause they can, and 'cause they wish to do it. They will be following their inclination as I follow mine.

SUMNER

You recognise no authority at all then, no right or wrong beyond yourself.

DRAX

Men like you ask questions to satisfy themselves. To make them feel cleverer or cleaner than the rest. But they int.

SUMNER

You truly believe we are all like you, but how is that possible? Am I a murderer like you? Is that what you accuse me of?

DRAX

I seen enough killing to suspect I int the only one to do it. I'm a man like any other, give or take.

SUMNER

No, that I won't accept.

DRAX

You please yourself, as I please myself. You accept what suits you and you reject what don't. The law is just a name they give to what certain men prefer.

SUMNER feels sick, a sour sickness, talking to DRAX is like shouting into blackness and expecting the blackness to answer you back. And the storm is getting worse too, the ice grinding and crackling, the wind howling.

SUMNER

There is no reasoning with you.

(CONTINUED)

DRAX shrugs again and leans in closer, genuinely interested.

DRAX
Why did you keep the gold ring?
Why not sell it on?

SUMNER
I keep it -- for remembrance.

DRAX rolls his tongue around his mouth before answering.

DRAX
A man who is scared of himself int
much of a man in my book.

SUMNER
You think I'm scared?

DRAX
Because of whatever happened over
there. Whatever it was you did or
didn't do. You say you keep it for
remembrance, but that int it at
all, it can't be.

SUMNER can feel his fury rising, a violence almost. He
leans in towards DRAX.

SUMNER
You don't know me. You have no
idea who I am.

DRAX
There int terribly much to know.
You int as complicated as you
think. What little there is to
know, I'd say I know it well
enough.

SUMNER wants to reply but cannot find the words. He turns
away from DRAX and curls in on himself desperate for
sleep.

The storm has become ever more violent. The canvas of the
tent flays around as if on fire.

CONTINUED:

WEBSTER, MCKENDRICK, the COOK and BANNON huddle together, shivering, beards frozen stiff, their bodies pressed together hoping for warmth.

SUMNER's body is starting to scream for laudanum, itching and screeching. All of a sudden -- there is a fearsome crash and the very surface they are on shudders.

The tent is ripped from its moorings. The spars and booms that hold it up collapse and the men are all exposed to frigid blasts of wind.

One of the poles hits the metal bucket and sends red hot coals spilling out setting blankets and pea-coats alight.

SUMNER, bewildered, his chest tight with fear, jumps up and runs out of the collapsing tent into a veil of snow and wind.

He stares out across the ice to see large cracks appear around them, pushing the ice up, tearing the floe apart and revealing the dark black water below.

He turns to see the other men chasing after the second tent, also torn from its moorings, and now cartwheeling across the floe.

SUMNER suddenly feels a blast of heat from behind and turns to see their tent ablaze; blankets, mattresses, rugs and clothes all burning fiercely.

CAVENDISH and OTTO stand helpless, their faces brightened by the dancing flames. As for DRAX, he seems to find the whole situation a little amusing. SUMNER closes his eyes and feels the warmth of the fire on his skin.

33

EXT. ICE FLOE CAMP - DAWN

33

The wind has calmed. The thick ice that the camp was set on has now cracked and broken so they are almost floating and left adrift.

The blackened fragments of the second tent lie scattered on the ice, and the men have taken shelter in the whale-boat. Pulling back the tarpaulin, SUMNER climbs out to face the day.

34

EXT. ICE FLOE CAMP - DAY

34

SUMNER approaches a subdued CAVENDISH standing at the floe-edge looking through his spyglass. He hands it to SUMNER who scans the horizon. There is no sign of the Hastings.

SUMNER

Where's the Hastings?

CAVENDISH shakes his head and angrily rubs the back of his neck.

CAVENDISH

Gone.

SUMNER

Gone where?

CAVENDISH

Most likely she ventured out into the pack last night to escape from the bergs. Morwood knows where we are. All we need to do is wait for him here and show a bit of faith and patience.

SUMNER looks through the spyglass again as OTTO walks up to them. SUMNER hands him the spyglass but he doesn't bother to look through it.

SUMNER

Why would a ship unmoor in the midst of a storm? Wouldn't she be safer remaining where she was?

OTTO

If a berg is bearing down, the captain does what's needed to save the ship.

CAVENDISH

Exactly. Whatever you have to do, you do it.

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER

How long might we have to wait
here?

CAVENDISH

That all depends. If she finds
open water it could be today. If
not --

SUMNER

I don't have my medicine chest. It
was taken across already.

CAVENDISH

Is any man here sick?

SUMNER

Not yet, no, but --

CAVENDISH notices the sweat on SUMNER's brow, his pallid
skin.

CAVENDISH

Then I'd say that your medicine
chest is the least of our fucking
worries.

CAVENDISH looks out across the water, more worried than
he is letting on.

SUMNER

What if she's sunk?

CAVENDISH

She ain't sunk.

SUMNER

(to OTTO)

Are there any other ships that
could rescue us?

OTTO

Not near enough. It's too late in
the season and we're too far
north. Most of the fleet will have
left Pond's Bay by now.

(CONTINUED)

CAVENDISH

She ain't sunk. She's somewhere out there in the Sound, that's all. If we wait here, she'll come back right enough.

OTTO

We should go out on the whaleboat to search. She could have been blown miles off to the east. She could be stoved in, nipped, rudderless.

CAVENDISH frowns, then nods reluctantly as if eager to think of an alternative but utterly unable to do so. He quickly snaps shut the spyglass.

SUMNER

What if we don't find her? What then?

CAVENDISH looks at OTTO, who stays silent.

CAVENDISH

(with ludicrous Irish accent)

Den I hope you brought your swimming togs along widje Paddy. Cause it's an awful long *focking* way to anywhere else from hereabouts!

CAVENDISH turns and leaves SUMNER alone with OTTO. He is in dire need of his laudanum and as he swipes the sweat from his brow, a panic builds inside him.

35 INT / EXT ICE FLOE TENT - DAY

35

As SUMNER and OTTO walk back towards the tent, they can hear an almighty fight going on inside, the remaining men all blaming CAVENDISH for this disaster.

Coming inside, they find CAVENDISH with his nose gushing blood as the men, brandy bottles in their hands, threaten him with more violence. CAVENDISH points his rifle down into the ice and fires it.

(CONTINUED)

CAVENDISH

I will gladly put the second
bullet into any cunt who fancies
his chances. I'm the Captain
still, and I'll cheerfully kill
any mutinous bastard who dares
think otherwise.

There is a brief pause, a silence -- then BANNON picks up
a barrel stave and rushes wildly towards CAVENDISH.

CAVENDISH, without raising the rifle from his hip, tilts
the barrel upwards and shoots him in the head, his brains
hitting the canvas of the tent.

There is a guttural roar from the other men followed by a
leaden silence. CAVENDISH drops the empty rifle at his
feet.

CAVENDISH

You other fuckers take heed. This
pox-arsed foolishness has just
cost a man his life.

He licks his lips and looks about as if selecting who to
shoot next.

CAVENDISH

I'm a loose cannon, I am. I do
whatever takes my fancy at the
time, and you best remember that
if you ever think of crossing me
again.

CAVENDISH waits for a reaction from the men, but there is
none.

CAVENDISH

Tomorrow we make a run for Pond's
Bay. The Hastings will be there,
but if it's not, we'll surely find
another ship to take us.

MCKENDRICK

It's a hundred mile to Pond's Bay
if it's an inch.

(CONTINUED)

CAVENDISH

Then you bastards best sober up
and get some damn sleep.

CAVENDISH looks down at the dead crewman, his blood
sinking into the dirty ice.

CAVENDISH

(shaking his head)

It's a foolish way to go. Man's
carrying a rifle, you don't take
him on with a barrel stave. That's
simple common sense.

As OTTO steps forward to make the sign of the cross over
the body, SUMNER catches sight of DRAX.

He sits at the back of the tent, still in chains, cross-
legged like an idol, smiling, watching the chaos.

36 **EXT. ICE FLOE CAMP - DAY**

36

From high above, we watch CAVENDISH and OTTO drag the
body of BANNON out of the tent and across the ice, a
trail of blood left behind like the trail of a seal.

Soon, SUMNER comes out to join them and they stand above
the body, all alone in the middle of a floe helplessly
floating in the frigid ocean. SUMNER drops to his knees
and pukes, a vivid violent yellow, more bile than
anything else.

37 **EXT. GLACIER WALL - DUSK**

37

The whaleboat rows slowly east, close to a glacier wall --
bergs of blue ice floating around them. It is silent but
for the creak of the oarlocks and the splash of the
blades.

SUMNER huddles in the stem of the boat covered in a heap
of blankets. He shivers and moans, holding his stomach.
OTTO offers him brandy which he gratefully swallows, but
soon retches back up.

SUMNER

I need the chest.

(CONTINUED)

OTTO

Try to sleep, Patrick.

SUMNER

You don't understand. I need the
fucking chest.

OTTO

I do understand, but there is
nothing to be done. Try to rest.

OTTO covers SUMNER with yet more blankets. He sits by his side and lets him rest on his shoulder. SUMNER closes his eyes, close to tears, finding comfort from his small act of compassion.

38

INT. LONDON GENTLEMAN'S CLUB DREAM - NIGHT

38

SUMNER walks through the club as it pitches and rolls as if it were built on the sea.

In a warm and comfortable corner, SUMNER sips brandy with a well-dressed man, his name is FREDERICK WARD. All around smart gentleman read papers and drink steaming coffee.

SUMNER

I have tried every hospital but my
diplomas mean nothing now. All my
hard work is now irrelevant.

WARD

I'm sorry I can't help you; I know
you are a talented surgeon.

SUMNER takes a long sip of his drink.

WARD

Perhaps England is not the place
for you anymore; too rigid, too
severe. You must give up such an
idea and try America or Brazil.
They will forgive a man of his
mistakes in Brazil, but not here.
Not in England -- not unless you
are a certain kind of man, and
unfortunately, neither you or I
will ever be that man.

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER

But you believe me, don't you?
About Corbyn? You believe that all
this was his doing? Sending us to
find the loot. My court-martial.
All because of him.

WARD looks around at the mention of his name. He lowers
his voice, leaning in to SUMNER.

WARD

I do believe you, but I fear
others will not; or even if they
do, they cannot risk helping you.
You do understand that, don't you?

SUMNER

Fucking Corbyn.

WARD

I'm sorry to say that your story
is a friendly reminder, a warning
if you will, of what calamities
might overtake us if we lose our
vigilance against privileged men
like him. Start again, that is my
advice.

As SUMNER looks at his friend, he notices that ice has
started to form on his neatly groomed moustache.

39 **INT. LONDON HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

39

SUMNER sits on an iron bed, an oil lamp by his side. Out
through the window, the streets of London and the Courts
of Justice in the distance roll like the horizon through
a porthole.

He drinks from a bottle of laudanum, taking down more and
more of the liquid until it spills over his chin and onto
his clothes. In desperation, he sucks the material of his
jacket to get every last drop.

40

INT. LONDON HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

40

SUMNER scuffs lopsided down the corridor of the hotel and is astonished to see CORBYN coming towards him. He smokes a cheroot and laughs with a YOUNGER OFFICER, both of them wearing campaign medals on their red dress uniform.

SUMNER watches him pass, but CORBYN does not seem to see SUMNER at all. He feels a deep avalanche of violent rage building inside him as he turns and follows CORBYN.

Once he is upon him, SUMNER taps him on the shoulder and when he turns around, he punches him hard and fierce in the face. CORBYN falls against the wall, slumping to the ground, his nose busted and broken.

MAN

What the hell are you doing?

It is no longer CORBYN.

MAN

I should find a constable and have you jailed.

SUMNER steps away, deeply confused. The MAN touches his broken nose and winces.

MAN

Who are you?

SUMNER

I am no one.

MAN

Don't lie to me. I recognise that face.

SUMNER

I'm no one, no one at all.

MAN

Come here then.

SUMNER steps forward and the MAN places his hand on his shoulder, pulling himself to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

If you really are no-one then I
don't suppose you'll object too
much to this.

The MAN drives his knee up into SUMNER's balls. The pain
ricochets through his stomach and SUMNER drops the floor
and retches.

The MAN, smiling now, leans down and whispers gently into
SUMNER's ear.

MAN

The Hastings is gone, sunk in the
storm. Smashed to little pieces
by a berg and every fucker in her
bar none is drowned, for sure.

41

EXT. NEAR BYLOT ISLAND - NIGHT/DAWN

41

Huddled into the corner of the whaleboat, SUMNER wakes
with a sudden gaping gasp.

Around him, he finds MCKENDRICK sobbing, WEBSTER praying.
He finds a pale and cursing CAVENDISH scanning the nearby
sea-ice with the spyglass.

It is then that SUMNER realises that in the water around
them is the remains of the Hastings -- a half mile slew
of empty casks and shattered timbers.

OTTO points to one of the many bodies floating past them
on the sea. It is JONES, frozen stiff, his eyes wide in
horror.

CAVENDISH

We'll have to winter over. That's
been done before.

DRAX is chained to the furthest bench away from SUMNER.

DRAX

It hant been done before and it
hant been done before because it
can't be done, not without a ship
to shelter in and ten times the
provisions we have.

(CONTINUED)

CAVENDISH

We'll find a ship, and if we don't find one, we'll winter o'er. And whichever way it goes, we'll all live long enough to see you hanged in England; you can be sure of that.

DRAX

I'd be happier hanged then starve or freeze to death.

CAVENDISH

We should all drown you now, you cavilling bastard. That'd be one less fucking mouth to feed.

DRAX

You wouldn't like my dying words too well if you tried that trick. Although there's others here that might find'em interesting enough.

CAVENDISH leans forwards and replies to DRAX in a fierce whisper.

CAVENDISH

You hant got nothing on me, Henry. So don't ever think you do.

DRAX

I int squeezing, Michael. I'm just reminding. The time may never come, but if it comes, it'd suit you to be ready, that's all.

At the other end of the boat, OTTO stands up, oil lamp held high in the air to cast light across the water.

The MEN look out over the dark water at the detritus of the sunken ship, the dead bodies and the empty casks. SUMNER sees his medicine chest - open and empty, floating in the sea. It is then that SUMNER notices JONES, frozen stiff, his eyes wide in horror. SUMNER lowers his head, begins to cry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

From JONES, huddled and frozen to death on a block of ice. The camera pans across the sea and stops on the stars twinkling in the night sky.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF PART THREE