



## THE NORTH WATER

PART TWO: "WE MEN ARE WRETCHED THINGS"

By

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Based on the novel by Ian McGuire

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1

**EXT. ICE-FLOE / TITLES - DUSK**

1

A 'sun pillar' has formed over the sea-ice, a refraction of the light seen only when the air is filled with ice crystals. It creates a vertical rainbow in shades of purple and red.

We track across this floe until we find JONES trudging across the rough sea ice. It is JONES that leads us to SUMNER.

SUMNER lies by the edge of a floe. It is clear from the marks in the ice, that he has managed to drag himself out of the dark water.

JONES drops to the ice to check if SUMNER is alive but he cannot tell. He turns SUMNER over and slaps him across the face.

There is nothing. He hits him again harder and one eyelid flickers open.

JONES

Dear God!

JONES stands and fires his rifle skyward, the explosion ricocheting through the air.

**CUT TO TITLE:**

**PART 2: "WE MEN ARE WRETCHED THINGS"**

2

**EXT. VOLUNTEER DECK - DUSK**

2

SUMNER is lifted aboard with a block and tackle and laid out before the crew like a dead seal. BROWNLEE peers down at him.

BROWNLEE

Is the poor fuck even breathing?

JONES

I think so.

BROWNLEE shakes his head in wonderment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BROWNLEE

Bring him down to the wardroom.

3      **INT. VOLUNTEER WARDROOM - DUSK**

3

JONES cuts off SUMNER's frozen clothes with a pair of shears as the crew watch on, DRAX and CAVENDISH among them.

JONES

Boil some water.

Once naked, JONES and OTTO rub SUMNER's skin vigorously with goose fat. They wrap him in scalding towels. All the while, SUMNER makes no sound.

In the dim, blubber-lit room, OTTO spots CAVENDISH giving DRAX the smallest of grins.

OTTO

Let's bring him to his cabin.  
He'll be more comfortable there.

4      **INT. SUMNER'S CABIN - NIGHT**

4

JONES slaps SUMNER's face again and finally he opens his eyes. His expression is one of horror as if dragged back into the world against his will.

JONES

Mr Sumner? Can you hear me? Otto --  
give me the brandy.

OTTO hands a brandy to JONES as he lifts SUMNER's head. He pours the smallest amount into SUMNER's mouth but he coughs it back up alongside a smear of dark brown blood. He tries to form words, but no clear sounds emerge.

JONES

Don't try to speak.

JONES helps him into a sitting position to give him more brandy, but SUMNER closes his mouth and lets the liquid dribble down his chin.

(CONTINUED)

OTTO

You were in the water for an hour.  
You should be dead, but here you  
are, living and breathing.

SUMNER tries speak again, but it is little more than a  
mumble.

JONES

I can't understand you.

SUMNER

Laudanum.

OTTO

Laudanum?

SUMNER nods then shudders violently and starts to weep.  
JONES lowers him back down onto the bed and covers him up  
with a coarse wool blanket.

JONES

(To OTTO)

Find the key to the medicine  
chest.

BROWNLEE appears in the doorway of the cabin, CAVENDISH  
behind him. OTTO finds the key in SUMNER's pocket, and  
opens up the medicine chest.

BROWNLEE

How is he?

JONES

He's showing signs of improvement.

BROWNLEE

There will be no more third boat  
from now on. I don't wish another  
death on my bloody conscience.

CAVENDISH

He's fucking blessed is what he  
is.

OTTO

It's a miracle. It has to be.

(CONTINUED)

BROWNLEE

Miracle or not, there will be no more third boat. We mariners will hunt fish, and the surgeon will remain safe in this cabin reading his Homer or pulling on his pizzle, or whatever the fuck he does in here.

CAVENDISH

Easy enough for some bastards.

BROWNLEE glares at CAVENDISH.

BROWNLEE

The surgeon has his job on this ship and you have yours. Let that be the end of it.

CAVENDISH turns and leaves as SUMNER sips the laudanum laced brandy. This time he does not cough it back up.

5

**INT. WARDROOM - NIGHT**

5

DRAX sits alone eating a bowl of stew, his socks steaming by the fire. CAVENDISH sits down beside him. He keeps his voice low so no-one overhears.

CAVENDISH

He still may die.

DRAX

(almost impressed)  
Seems to me he'll be a difficult bastard to finish off.

CAVENDISH

Brownlee's sweet on him too. We need to be careful.

DRAX

The further we sail, the more dangers he'll face.

JOSEPH HANNAH, the cabin boy, passes through the wardroom avoiding eye contact with them both. DRAX lights his pipe and inhales, watching HANNAH until he is gone.

(CONTINUED)

CAVENDISH

How much do you think that ring is worth? I'm thinking twenty guineas, even twenty-five.

DRAX shakes his head and sniffs as if the very question is beneath him.

DRAX

It's not your ring.

CAVENDISH

And it's not yours either. Or the surgeon's for that matter. I'd say it belongs to whichever cunt has his hands on it at the time.

DRAX

I'd say that's about right.

6

**INT. SUMNER'S CABIN / DEHLI HOUSE - NIGHT**

6

SUMNER is alone now, the ship cradling him to sleep with a gentle roll. His opiated mind slips its moorings and drifts.

As he looks up to the light of the 'deck prism', bodies and shapes moving above, new sounds appear, melding with the creaking groan of the ship.

They are the sounds of India; distant cannon fire and the buzzing of flies in an incessant heat. SUMNER looks down to find GAURAV sitting in the corner of the cabin. He is terrified, shaking.

SUMNER

Come over here.

There is the fierce buzz of a cannonball flying overhead, and then the dull crumble of collapsing walls -- GAURAV leaps onto the bunk into SUMNER's arms. SUMNER holds him and tries, the best he can to comfort him, comfort them both.

SUMNER

Twenty years ago my parents left me too.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUMNER (CONT'D)

They were sent to the typhus hospital in Castlebar, that's in County Mayo where I'm from, a long way from here.

Even though GAURAV cannot understand, SUMNER's compassion allows him to relax.

SUMNER

My mother swore they would be back. She held my hand and she promised but she never returned. I was left alone for days. I knew they must have died, even before William Harper, he was the surgeon who'd treated them, the man who came to save me. He was wearing green tweed and had muddy pigskin boots. That's what I remember the most, the smell of wool and leather as he carried me outside in his arms.

*A brief and strange image of WILLIAM HARPER carrying a YOUNG SUMNER in his arms down the companionway.*

We return to the cabin as SUMNER looks down at GAURAV

SUMNER

When the British soldiers get here tomorrow, I will keep you safe. I promise I'll keep you safe.

GAURAV nods his head. Then, all of a sudden, there is the rattle of musketry outside and loud English voices. The door flings open with a violent kick.

It is CAVENDISH in the red uniform of a British soldier, his eyes wild, his face blackened with dirt, stolen loot dripping from his pockets. He raises his gun and fires.

7      **INT. SUMNER'S CABIN - NIGHT**      7

SUMNER opens his eyes, beads of sweat dripping down his forehead.

DISSOLVE TO:

8      **EXT. SEA / SUPER IMPOSED MAP - DAY**      8

The Volunteer sails around the cape of Greenland with the ocean dense with perilous sea-ice and bergs.

SUMNER (V.O.)

It takes three weeks from Jan Mayen to Cape Farewell. The wind is slow and blustery. Brownlee tells me that many vessels have been lost in these waters and we should be merciful that we have been preserved.

9      **EXT. VOLUNTEER DECK - DAY**      9

It is a beautiful morning. A vastly improved SUMNER paces the deck as the crew overhaul the lances and harpoons. He notices DRAX sitting on the bowsprit looking to the sea.

SUMNER finds a spot at the bow of the ship and opens his journal. He gazes out over the dark sea to a line of bergs on the horizon and he starts to sketch

10      **EXT. VOLUNTEER DECK - DUSK**      10

SUMNER sits with JONES and OTTO on the main deck of the ship, all three smoke pipes.

OTTO

I can only assume that out on the ice you departed your material body and travelled out to other higher realms.

SUMNER does not respond.

(CONTINUED)

OTTO

Master Swedenborg describes a spirit place; a broad green valley surrounded by mountains, where the dead souls gather before being separated out into the saved and the damned.

SUMNER

If there is such a fancy spot, I never saw sign of it.

OTTO

You may have gone straight to heaven. It would have been made entirely of light, the buildings, the parks, the people. You will have met the dead and spoke to them. Do you remember that?

SUMNER looks up to OTTO and smiles.

SUMNER

I do not.

Regardless of his dreams, he does not think he has seen the dead. SUMNER is a man of logic and science.

OTTO

In heaven they would appear just the same as they did in this life but their bodies would be made of light instead of flesh.

JONES

How can a body be made of light?

OTTO

Because the light is what we truly are, that is our immortal essence but only when the flesh falls away can the truth shine through.

JONES

Then what you describe is not a body at all but a soul.

(CONTINUED)

OTTO

Everything must have its form.

SUMNER shakes his head.

SUMNER

Why would you believe in such things? What good does it do you?

OTTO

The world we see with our eyes is not the whole truth, dreams and visions are just as real as matter. What we can imagine exists as much as anything we can touch and smell. Where do our thoughts come from, if not from God?

SUMNER

They come from our experience; from what we've heard and seen and read. From what's been told to us.

OTTO

If that were true, then no growth would be possible. The world would be stagnant, unmoving. We would be doomed to live our lives facing backwards.

SUMNER is silent for a moment as he looks at the pale sky above and the pitching of the sea below.

SUMNER

I didn't die in the water. If I had died, I would be new somehow, and there's nothing new about me. Nothing at all.

11      **INT. SUMNER'S CABIN - DAY/NIGHT**

11

SUMNER sees to the complaints of the crew as they come to him with wounds and bruises and stomach aches.

SUMNER (V.O.)

I give them poultices and plasters, ointments and balms.

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER bursts a thick blister on the palm of an oarsman named WEBSTER, pus and blood squirting dramatically into the air.

SUMNER (V.O.)

They are grateful for these  
attentions, these signs of care.  
They have a faith in me, foolish,  
but real.

THE COOK swallows a glass of medicine and immediately vomits into a bucket. Another CREWMAN has a deep wound on his chest, sown and cleaned.

SUMNER (V.O.)

But to me they are bodies only;  
legs, arms, torsos, heads. Towards  
the rest of them -- their moral  
characters, I remain indifferent.  
It is not my task to educate or  
move them towards virtue. It is  
not my task to judge, soothe or  
befriend them. I am a medical man,  
not a priest or a magistrate or a  
spouse.

SUMNER is alone now at his small desk as he writes in his journal under the pale glow of the blubber lamp.

SUMNER (V.O.)

In fact in my current state, I  
have very little comfort to give.

There is a soft knock at the door. SUMNER opens it to find JOSEPH HANNAH, the cabin boy, sullen and nervous.

SUMNER

What is it?

HANNAH twists his cap in his hand, wincing.

HANNAH

My stomach is bad.

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

12

SUMNER sits at his desk with HANNAH standing before him. SUMNER is tired and would prefer to be sleeping or reading or anything other than dealing with HANNAH. But he tries to be kind.

SUMNER  
When did this problem begin?

HANNAH  
Yesterday night.

SUMNER  
Can you describe the pain?

HANNAH frowns and looks perplexed.

SUMNER  
How does it feel?

HANNAH  
It hurts me a good deal.

SUMNER  
Climb onto the bunk, I'll examine you there.

HANNAH doesn't move. He looks down at his feet.

SUMNER  
The examination is a simple one. I just need to check for the source of the pain.

HANNAH  
My stomach is bad that's all. I just need a dose of pepperine.

SUMNER  
I'll decide what it is you need. Now lie down on the bunk.

HANNAH lies down, reluctantly. SUMNER unbuttons the boy's jacket and shirt and tugs up his flannel vest. He prods the boy's stomach.

SUMNER  
Does this hurt? Or this?

(CONTINUED)

HANNAH shakes his head.

SUMNER  
So where is the pain?

HANNAH  
Everywhere.

SUMNER sighs, irritated. Impatiently, he prods some more.

SUMNER  
If it is not here or *here* then how  
can it be everywhere?

HANNAH  
It's -- lower down.

SUMNER  
Any diarrhoea?

HANNAH shakes his head.

SUMNER  
Do you know what diarrhoea means?

HANNAH  
The flux.

SUMNER  
Does it hurt when you shit?

HANNAH nods.

SUMNER  
Remove your trousers, please. Then  
turn on side and hug you knees to  
your chest.

HANNAH gets to his feet and pulls down his trousers.

SUMNER  
It is probably piles. I will give  
you some ointment and you will  
feel better soon.

With HANNAH now on his side on the fold-down bunk, SUMNER examines him. But suddenly he stands back, confused. He examines him again.

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER

What is this?

HANNAH says nothing. SUMNER walks to the door, opens it, and shouts out into the companionway.

SUMNER

I need a bowl of warm water and a rag.

13

**INT. SUMNER'S CABIN - NIGHT**

13

HANNAH dresses, ashamed. SUMNER has his back to him as he searches through his medicine chest for a bottle labelled No.44. SUMNER speaks without turning around.

SUMNER

Who did this to you?

HANNAH

No one.

SUMNER

Someone has done this to you.

HANNAH

No one did it.

A beat.

SUMNER

You are safe in here, Joseph. You can talk freely.

SUMNER turns to face him but HANNAH stares at the ground. He approaches the boy with a small blue pill in his hand, his tone more compassionate now.

SUMNER

Swallow this. Then come back tomorrow and every day for the next week.

HANNAH swallows the pill, scowling at the taste. SUMNER looks at him carefully, his cheeks sunken, his eyes hazy and faraway. Finally, HANNAH looks up. He is unwilling to talk but still desperate for help.

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER nods twice, scratches his cheekbone, then sighs.

SUMNER

You may go now, and I'll see you  
tomorrow for another blue pill. Do  
not forget.

HANNAH nods his head and leaves as SUMNER considers his options. He walks over to the porthole window but can see nothing but his own reflection staring back at him.

A strange feeling rises inside him. SUMNER rests his hand to his chest, then to his throat. He feels it tightening as if a sob is somehow building inside.

14

**INT. BROWNLEE'S CABIN - NIGHT**

14

SUMNER knocks on the door and BROWNLEE calls for him to enter. He is bent over a logbook with a pen in his hand, waistcoat unbuttoned, his hair standing on end.

BROWNLEE

I will be with you in a minute.

SUMNER stays standing as BROWNLEE scratches out a few final words.

BROWNLEE

We'll sight more whales soon  
enough, you can be sure of that.  
And we'll kill a few of 'em too,  
if I have anything to say about  
it.

SUMNER

Captain Brownlee --

BROWNLEE

(ignoring him)

Twenty years ago these waters were  
full of whales, but they've all  
moved North -- away from the  
harpoon. Who can blame them?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BROWNLEE (CONT'D)

Steam is the future, of course,  
and with a powerful enough  
steamship we could hunt them to  
the ends of the earth.

SUMNER

I need to discuss a sensitive  
matter with you.

SUMNER walks over to join BROWNLEE and he sits down.

BROWNLEE

Do you know the Yaks believe a  
Greenland whale can live for two  
hundred years?

SUMNER

(frustrated now)  
Joseph Hannah came to see me today  
complaining of a foul stomach.

BROWNLEE

The cabin boy?

SUMNER

Yes, but when I examined him, I  
discovered he had been sodomized.

BROWNLEE stiffens, rubs his nose and frowns. This is the  
last thing he needs.

BROWNLEE

He told you this himself?

SUMNER

It was evident from the  
examination.

BROWNLEE

Are you sure?

SUMNER

The damage was extensive and there  
were signs of venereal disease.

BROWNLEE

Who is responsible for this  
abomination?

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER

The boy will not say. He is frightened. He may also be a little simple-minded.

BROWNLEE

Oh, he's stupid enough that's for sure. I know his father and his uncle both, and they are bloody imbeciles. And you are sure this happened on board the ship?

SUMNER

Without any doubt.

BROWNLEE

Why did he not cry out?

SUMNER

Perhaps you could ask him yourself? He won't speak to me, but if you order him to name the culprit, it's possible he'll feel obliged to do so.

BROWNLEE thinks this over and then nods curtly. He stands up and opens the door.

BROWNLEE

(shouting)

Cavendish? Get in here.

CAVENDISH (O.S.)

What is it?

BROWNLEE

Find Hannah for me.

CAVENDISH (O.S.)

What's the little shit done now?

BROWNLEE

Just bring him to me.

15

**INT. BROWNLEE'S CABIN - NIGHT**

15

BROWNLEE and SUMNER sit beside each other in silence, sipping brandy as they wait. When HANNAH arrives with CAVENDISH, the cabin boy looks pale and afraid.

SUMNER

You have nothing to be frightened about, Joseph. The captain wants to ask you a few questions.

HANNAH stands in front of them, CAVENDISH behind the boy.

CAVENDISH

Should I stay?

BROWNLEE

Yes. You know the habits and personalities of the men better than I do.

CAVENDISH

I certainly know the personality of this little savage.

BROWNLEE

Joseph.

HANNAH

Yes, Captain.

BROWNLEE attempts, so far as is possible, to soften his habitually vigorous tone.

BROWNLEE

Mr Sumner, tells me you have sustained an injury. Is that true?

CAVENDISH

I've heard nothing of an injury.

BROWNLEE

Sumner examined Joseph earlier this evening and found evidence, clear evidence, that he has been -- ill-used by another member of the crew.

(CONTINUED)

CAVENDISH

Ill-used?

SUMNER

Sodomized.

CAVENDISH raises his eyebrows, but otherwise does not seem alarmed. HANNAH's expression does not change, but his breath comes out in audible pants.

BROWNLEE

How did this occur?

HANNAH looks down at his feet.

BROWNLEE

Who is responsible?

HANNAH

It was an accident.

CAVENDISH

It is awful dark in that forecastle. Is it not possible the boy merely slipped one night and landed on his arse in an unfortunate fashion?

SUMNER

That is impossible.

BROWNLEE

Did you fall, Joseph -- or did someone deliberately injure you?

HANNAH

I fell.

SUMNER is frustrated and stands up from his seat.

SUMNER

The idea is ridiculous. Such injuries as I saw could only occur in only one way.

CAVENDISH

Strange, then, that the boy thinks it was.

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER

Because he is scared.

BROWNLEE

Who are you scared of, Joseph?

HANNAH does not answer but tears are building in his eyes. BROWNLEE sighs and looks down at his outstretched hands. He stands up and approaches HANNAH.

BROWNLEE

I am a patient sort of fellow but my patience surely has its limits. If you have been mistreated, then the man who has mistreated you will be punished for it. But you must tell me the whole truth now. Do you understand?

HANNAH nods.

BROWNLEE

So who did this to you?

HANNAH

(his voice cracking)  
No one.

SUMNER

We can protect you. If you do not tell us who is responsible, it may happen again.

HANNAH stares back at the floor, his chin touching his breast, terrified.

BROWNLEE

Do you have anything to say to me?  
I will not ask again.

HANNAH shakes his head.

BROWNLEE

If the boy won't identify his attacker, and if he insists, indeed, that he has not been attacked at all, then nothing further can be done.

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER

We can seek witnesses.

CAVENDISH

(snorting)

We are on a whaling ship.

BROWNLEE

You may go now, Joseph. If I wish  
to speak to you again, I'll call  
for you.

HANNAH leaves the cabin in haste and CAVENDISH follows,  
looking facetiously over this shoulder at SUMNER as he  
goes.

CAVENDISH

I will instruct the men to keep  
their quarters tidier in future to  
avoid any more such accidents.

CAVENDISH shuts the door behind him.

BROWNLEE

We will move the lad out of the  
fo'c's'le, and he can bed down in  
steerage for a while.

SUMNER

What if Cavendish is the culprit?  
That would explain the boy's  
silence.

BROWNLEE

Cavendish has a good many faults,  
but he is not a sodomite. Not of  
men at least.

SUMNER

He certainly seemed amused by the  
situation.

BROWNLEE

If you are seeking persons of  
gentleness and refinement, the  
whaling trade is not the place to  
look for them.

(CONTINUED)

BROWNLEE returns to his seat but SUMNER is not ready to let this go.

SUMNER

Let me speak to the crew. I will see if anyone knows of --

BROWNLEE

You will not. Unless the boy changes his tune the matter will be dropped. We are here to kill whales, not root out sin.

SUMNER

But a serious crime has been committed.

BROWNLEE shakes his head, deeply irritated by SUMNER's persistence.

BROWNLEE

One boy has a sore arse, that's all. It is unfortunate, I agree, but he will recover soon enough.

SUMNER

His injuries were more severe than that. The rectum was distended --

BROWNLEE

Good God! Enough! Whatever particular injuries he may have, it is your job, as surgeon, to treat them. I trust you have the skills and necessities to do so successfully.

SUMNER looks at BROWNLEE and after a few moments, he accedes.

SUMNER

If I lack for anything, I will let you know.

16      **INT. SUMNER'S CABIN - NIGHT**

16

SUMNER heads straight for the medicine chest. He takes a heavy dose of laudanum, frustrated and weary.

He lies on his bunk and slides into a soft, warm state of carelessness, his leather journal on his chest.

He watches the light from the moon moves across the walls of the cabin, his anger slowly fading with the drugs.

SUMNER (V.O.)

So I am surrounded by savages, by moral baboons? What does it matter? The world will continue on as it wants to, as it always has, with or without my approval.

SUMNER's eyes close.

SUMNER (V.O.)

I will get to everything in its own good time. There's no need to rush or hurry.

17      **INT. SUMNER'S CABIN / COMPANIONWAY - NIGHT**

17

A loud knock wakes SUMNER, and unsteady from the opium, he stumbles to the door.

It is DRAX. He is barefoot and wears only his trousers and an undershirt. He lifts his hand to SUMNER to show a deep wound.

SUMNER

Come in.

DRAX enters, but does not shut the door behind. Slowly, it creaks to a close with the sway of the ship.

18      **INT. SUMNER'S CABIN - NIGHT**

18

DRAX stands in the middle of the cabin, his size filling the small space. SUMNER, light-headed and imprecise from the laudanum, wipes the wound and applies a dressing.

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER

Keep the dressing on for a day or so; it will heal quickly after that.

DRAX

I've had worse, much worse than this.

For a while neither speak, but DRAX's breath is heavy. He's like a bear trapped in a cage, a force of nature temporarily contained and pacified.

DRAX

I'm told a cabin boy was hurt.

SUMNER

Who told you that?

DRAX

Cavendish. Do you have your suspicions on the culprit?

SUMNER

I may.

DRAX brings his hand and bandage to his nose and takes a slow sniff. SUMNER is unclear why.

DRAX

Joseph Hannah is well-known liar. You shouldn't believe what he tells you.

SUMNER

He hasn't told me anything. He won't speak to me, that's the problem.

DRAX

He's feeble-minded.

SUMNER

Do you know the boy?

DRAX

Not well. I know his father, Fredrick Hannah. I know his brother, Henry.

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER

What are your thoughts on them?

SUMNER's suspicions are raised but DRAX shrugs. SUMNER turns and walks to the medicine chest where he puts away the remainder of the bandage and shuts the lid.

SUMNER

Brownlee has decided the matter is closed anyway and unless the boy changes his mind, nothing more will be done.

DRAX

So that's the end of it?

SUMNER

Probably.

DRAX peers at him carefully.

DRAX

Tell me -- why did you become a surgeon? A fellow like yourself.

SUMNER

Because I wished to advance from my humble origins.

The drugs are loosening SUMNER's tongue. He locks the chest and puts the key in his pocket. He glances at himself in the mirror above his bed, noticing a deep scratch embedded in the glass. He gently touches it.

DRAX

You wished to advance and yet here you are on a Yorkshire whaler fretting over cabin boys. I wonder what has happened to those ambitions?

SUMNER

I have simplified them.

DRAX grunts with amusement and edges closer to SUMNER.

DRAX

I believe I've done the same.

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER now turns to face DRAX.

SUMNER  
For the moment at least.

They are close enough now for SUMNER to feel DRAX's hot breath on his skin. DRAX, with a small smile, nods his head in recognition of his words. SUMNER realizes he has spoken too freely.

DRAX  
Thank you, Mr Sumner.

DRAX turns and opens the door, leaving SUMNER alone. It hangs for a moment on its hinges before the sway of the ship slams it shut.

19      **EXT. BAFFIN BAY / SUPER IMPOSED MAP - DAY**      19

The *Volunteer* heads north along the coast of Greenland into the Davis Straight, first through dense sea ice and then finally into more open water.

20      **INT. SUMNER'S CABIN - DAY**      20

SUMNER is at his desk when he hears the cry from JONES.

JONES (O.S.)  
A FISH TO!!! A FISH TO!!!

Dust billows through the rafters as everyone jumps into action and through the porthole, SUMNER sees the first sign of the whale breaching the sea in the distance.

21      **EXT. VOLUNTEER DECK - DAY**      21

The deck is bustling with activity as SUMNER tracks the whale as it glides slowly past the gunwales towards the bow of the ship.

It is a bowhead, sixty feet long and dark grey. It has a stout body with no dorsal fin and a huge head one third of its length. Water blasts from its blowhole as it dives below the bowsprit.

(CONTINUED)

DRAX is on the deck in front of SUMNER watching the movement of the whale. After it has dived, he crosses the deck and jumps over the gunwales into the whaleboat below.

He is the steersman at the stern, and WEBSTER is at the bow. Behind them, the second boat is launched with OTTO as the steersman and JONES in the bow.

22

**EXT. SEA - DAY**

22

DRAX's boat is in pursuit of the whale but this is no high speed chase. With the whale swimming only a few miles per hour this more of a prowl, a creep, a stalk.

Now some distance away from the Volunteer, the whale turns to the left and slows to a stop, his back appearing above the surface of the water.

DRAX gestures for OTTO to approach from the near side as DRAX directs his men to row to the far side of the whale.

His boat creeps slowly into position. OTTO's boat does the same thing so that he is now between the whale and the Volunteer in the distance.

As DRAX's boat skulks ever closer, he changes position by moving from the stern to the bow, swapping places with WEBSTER and readying his harpoon.

OTTO does the same thing in his boat on the other side of the whale. Both of them edging forward, preparing to strike.

Then with a giant horselike snort, the whale suddenly exhales a V-shaped flume of greyish vapour covering DRAX and the other men in a misty cloud.

As this cloud clears, we find DRAX up in the front of his boat with the harpoon high above his head. He hurls the iron with all of his strength. OTTO hurls his harpoon a few moments later.

23

**EXT. VOLUNTEER DECK - DAY**

23

Through the spyglass, SUMNER watches the chaos from afar. Both harpoons have struck and the boats desperately row backwards to avoid the thrashing of the whale.

All SUMNER can see through the lens is water and men and a glimpse of the eight-foot tail as it dives down into the sea.

As the 'Jack Flag' is raised on DRAX's boat, back on deck the crew stamp their feet and holler. BROWNLEE cheers the victory and waves his hat in the air, filled with pride.

MEN

A FALL!! A FALL!! A FALL!

24

**EXT. AT SEA - DAY**

24

Yard upon yard of the rope-line unspools as the injured whale dives down, dragging the harpoon into the depths of the water.

DRAX wraps this line around the bollard, sufficiently loose so it can keep running. The aim is *slow* the whale, not stop it.

One of the OARSMEN douses the bollard with water as DRAX is engulfed with smoke from the friction and burn. Still the line goes, further down, deeper.

The men prepare for the worst, to be dragged under or flipped into the sea -- but the line turns slack and stops.

It is silent again and everyone waits. DRAX, a splash of whale blood on his face, looks over to a distant ice-floe almost half a mile away.

DRAX makes a decision on where the whale will rise and he points OTTO towards the floe. DRAX then orders his men to row as he wipes the blood from his face and tastes it.

25 EXT. VOLUNTEER DECK - DAY 25

A third whaleboat is now deployed as more men set out to complete the killing. CAVENDISH is in charge of this boat with a subdued JOSEPH HANNAH also on board.

SUMNER walks to the stern of the ship and tracks DRAX and OTTO through the spyglass rowing towards the floe. They are at such a distance they seem to float above the sea like a mirage.

26 EXT. SEA - DAY 26

The effort needed by the men is huge as they row through the water with immense strength and force. They pull and heave the oars through the sea towards the whale.

Finally, the injured whale resurfaces ahead of them -- two harpoons in its flesh. Both DRAX and OTTO approach the whale slowly from either side, positioning themselves alongside it. CAVENDISH's third boat soon joins.

27 EXT. VOLUNTEER DECK - DAY 27

SUMNER watches without the spyglass as the men attack the whale with lances. They look like stick figures from this distance, out there in the middle of the sea as the whale fights for its life.

28 EXT. AT SEA - DAY 28

Back on the sea we are in a wild bedlam of water and blood as the men lance the 'fish'. In the midst of this mayhem, DRAX bears down on the butt of his lance and whispers softly to the dying beast...

DRAX

Give me one last groan, that's it  
my darling, one last shudder to  
help me find your heart.

DRAX leans in with all his weight -- searching for the vital organ.

(CONTINUED)

DRAX

That's it, my sweetheart. One more  
inch and then we are done.

The lance *slides* in one more foot and it is finally over.

29      **EXT. VOLUNTEER DECK - DAY**      29

Back through the spyglass, SUMNER hears a final roar as the whale shoots out a plume of blood high into the air, soaking the men below like crimson rain.

SUMNER can see them in their flimsy boats, cheering their triumph, reeking and drenched in steaming gore.

30      **EXT. AT SEA - DAY**      30

The sweet sound of 'Randy Dandy-O' floats in the breeze, as high above we watch the whale be dragged back to the *Volunteer*, the sea around it dyed red with blood, its fins tied together with rope.

31      **EXT. VOLUNTEER - DUSK**      31

DRAX stands on the belly of the whale with OTTO. There are two whaleboats alongside with deckhands helping the flensing.

But it is DRAX and OTTO who do most of the work. They cut the flesh of the whale into long oblong strips. These are then peeled from the body of the whale pulled by pulleys and ropes.

The men on the whaleboats then cut away the final section to create a severed 'blanket' of blubber.

32      **EXT. VOLUNTEER DECK - DUSK**      32

This 'blanket' of blubber, 9 foot by 3 foot, is winched up and lands down on the deck.

BROWNLEE walks down the deck.

(CONTINUED)

BROWNLEE

This beast will wield up to ten tons of oil and half a ton of whalebone, a value close to nine hundred pounds at market, if prices hold firm.

BROWNLEE knows his legacy is at stake here.

BROWNLEE

And this is only the start. I want these holds filled. I want them overflowing with blubber. I want us unable to work on this deck from all the whalebone.

The 'Making Off' process can now begin as this blanket is cut up into narrower strips by WEBSTER and BANNON (a short, stout Shetlander) and is lifted on to the tables with a pitch fork.

Here, JONES, alongside some other of the men, peel off the whale skin with knives and hurl this skin alongside any muscle or fibre into the sea for the cawing birds.

The remaining blubber is then sent down the line to men who hack it up into even smaller chunks -- only an inch square. BROWNLEE is there to make sure the job is being done correctly.

These chunks of blubber are hurled into buckets which are taken to the casks alongside the gunwales and each inch square piece is squeezed into the bungholes of the casks.

SUMNER and CAVENDISH watch as the men, covered in blood and grease, turn this magnificent sixty-foot whale into chunks of blubber to be stored in a cask.

CAVENDISH

By Christmas, the bones of this gruesome stinker will be nestling in the delicately perfumed corsets of some, as yet, unscrewed lovely, dancing the Gay Gordons in a ballroom on the Strand.

The severed tail of the whale is winched up to the deck to be caught by DRAX who stands below ready with an axe.

(CONTINUED)

CAVENDISH

That's thought enough to make your head fairly spin is it not, Mr Sumner? That behind every piece of sweet-smelling female loveliness lies a world of stench and doggery. He's a lucky man who can forget that's true or pretend it isn't.

The deck itself is awash with blubber ready for cutting and there is much work still to do.

SUMNER

I want to help. I am good with a blade after all.

33      **EXT. VOLUNTEER DECK - TWILIGHT**

33

SUMNER joins in with the 'making off', dressed now in the correct protective clothes. He is part of this factory line -- slicing and cutting and chopping and squeezing, over and over, again and again.

As the sky darkens turning a deep blue, the blubber lamps are lit to allow the work to continue. Men slip and slide on the blood and the grease. Gulls squark and dive.

It is dirty, exhausting work but it comes with a sense of achievement and pride. Especially for SUMNER. And then it is over and the whale is no more.

With the flensing complete, the crew piss over the deck, using their urine to wash it clean as the birds feast on the guts of the whale left behind in the sea.

34      **INT. WARDROOM - NIGHT**

34

The crew can now celebrate and the frigid air is warmed by the sound of a Scottish fiddle. It is a surreal sight in the middle of Baffin Bay to see these men thumping their feet and dancing a jig.

SUMNER walks down the deck, laughing off JONES who asks for his hand to dance.

(CONTINUED)

Instead, he sits down on the steps by the deckhouse and watches the men. Not long after -- CAVENDISH approaches with a bottle of rum.

CAVENDISH

Maybe we will make a whaling man  
of you yet.

SUMNER

Is that so?

CAVENDISH

Some surgeons would be too dainty  
for the pick haak, but you took to  
it nicely, I'd say.

SUMNER

Flensing is a good deal like  
cutting turf, and I did plenty of  
that when I was a boy.

CAVENDISH

That's it then; it's in your  
blood.

SUMNER

Whaling is in my blood?

CAVENDISH

Not whaling, the working. An  
Irishman is a laborer at heart,  
that is his calling. You may not  
sound like an Irishman but one  
you'll always be.

SUMNER

And what is an Englishman's true  
calling, I wonder. To grow fat off  
the labors of others?

CAVENDISH

(with a shrug)

There are them that are born to  
toil, and them that are born to  
grow rich.

SUMNER

And which one are you?

(CONTINUED)

CAVENDISH

Oh, I'd say my time is coming. I'd  
say it's coming pretty soon.

CAVENDISH grins, pats him on the shoulder, and pushes  
past him on the steps. SUMNER turns to watch him climb  
down into the captain's cabin.

SUMNER then looks back at the men enjoying themselves but  
slowly a thought dawns on him and he calls out to WEBSTER  
smoking a pipe nearby.

SUMNER

Have you seen Hannah? The cabin  
boy.

WEBSTER

I ain't seen him.

WEBSTER offers up his bottle of cheap grog to SUMNER. He  
shakes his head, his mind now clearly on something else.

35      **INT. SUMNER'S CABIN - DAY**

35

SUMNER opens his eyes. It is morning, the light flooding  
through the porthole window. He sits up disconcerted but  
soon forgetting his dream.

36      **EXT. VOLUNTEER DECK - DAY**

36

It is a fine day with the wall of a distant glacier seen  
from the deck as the crew haul up more wooden casks from  
the hold.

SUMNER spots OTTO draining water from one of these casks  
using a hand pump. The smell is noxious bringing instant  
tears to SUMNER's eyes but OTTO seems immune.

SUMNER

Jesus Christ.

OTTO

(grinning)  
What?

SUMNER

What the hell is that?

(CONTINUED)

OTTO

Ballast water. Brownlee ordered we  
break out the main hold, prepare  
for the next of the whales.

SUMNER

Any more sightings?

OTTO

I think we have scared them north.  
We should find them once we reach  
Melville Bay if the ice is not too  
thick.

OTTO has emptied this cask of all its foul rancidness and  
so moves on to another -- only this one is damaged. OTTO  
calls out to the COOPER standing nearby.

OTTO

Come look at this.

The COOPER comes over, covering his nose and mouth from  
the smell. He leans down and pulls off a piece of the  
broken cask head.

COOPER

It ain't rotted away. No reason  
for this to crack on its own.

OTTO

But it's cracked alright.

COOPER

Best break it up and start again.

As SUMNER stuffs his pipe with tobacco, OTTO breaks off  
the lid and tosses the splintered wood aside. As SUMNER  
lights his pipe, OTTO peers into the half-empty barrel.  
SUMNER can see that something is wrong.

SUMNER

What is it?

OTTO is silent, staring blankly at SUMNER.

SUMNER

What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

OTTO

Come see.

SUMNER approaches slowly with a growing sense of dread and peers into the cask...

There, curled up and submerged in filthy grey water, is the naked body of JOSEPH HANNAH.

37

**INT. WARDROOM - DAY**

37

HANNAH's body, now partly covered, is laid out on the table like a grotesque feast. The room is tense, the crew all gathered waiting for an explanation.

SUMNER takes hold of HANNAH's chin, his hand trembling, and lifts it to reveal a dark chain of bruises around his neck.

SUMNER

He's been strangled.

A murmur comes from the room.

BROWNLEE

It's a fucking outrage.

BROWNLEE directs his fury to the assembled men, grubby and bearded all of them, their faces burned and blackened by the arctic sun.

BROWNLEE

This is an appalling thing! In my long years at sea, I've never heard of a murder on a whaler before, not outright murder, and not of a cabin boy.

Most of the men look away with their hands clasped in front of them or deep in their pockets.

BROWNLEE

How in God's name it is possible that no-one here noticed?

There is a garbled rush of voices as they recall their last encounters -- *He was in the fo'c'stle!*

(CONTINUED)

*He was drinking rum! He was dancing on deck!* BROWNLEE shouts them all down.

BROWNLEE

That's enough! Mark my words,  
whoever is guilty will be taken  
back to England in chains and we  
will see him hang.

MCKENDRICK

Hanging's too good for a fucker  
like that.

MCKENDRICK is the carpenter of the ship.

COOK

He should have his balls cut off,  
a red-hot poker rammed up his  
arse.

BROWNLEE

(raising his hand)

Whoever he is, whatever he is, he  
will be punished according to the  
extent of the law. Where is the  
sailmaker?

The SAILMAKER, an aged and lugubrious man steps forward,  
his greasy beaver cap clutched in his hands.

BROWNLEE (CONT'D)

Stitch him into his shroud, and  
we'll bury him betimes.

The SAILMAKER nods.

BROWNLEE (CONT'D)

The rest of you men get back to  
your duties. This atrocity is no  
excuse for idleness.

SUMNER watches the men leave, grumbling, gossiping. Once  
they are alone, he looks back at the body. After a moment  
of consideration, he opens HANNAH's mouth.

SUMNER

He has two teeth missing.

(CONTINUED)

BROWNLEE

So?

SUMNER

They are only *recently* missing.

BROWNLEE shakes his head with disgust as SUMNER covers HANNAH's body with a coarse blanket.

38

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

38

The ship rolls gently in a swell as BROWNLEE sits down and removes his hat. His eyes are bloodshot and watery. He rubs his face with the heels of his hands.

BROWNLEE

Whether he acted out of pure evil  
or from a fear of being exposed  
for his perversions, I don't know.  
But whosoever buggered the boy  
killed him too. That is plain  
enough. Do you still suspect  
Cavendish?

SUMNER hesitates, shaking his head. BROWNLEE gestures for him to sit.

SUMNER

It might be anyone. If Hannah was  
sleeping in the hold, then almost  
any man could have gone in there  
in the night and strangled him.

BROWNLEE

I moved him from the forecastle to  
keep him away from difficulty, but  
it seems I succeeded in abetting  
his murder.

SUMNER

I can share some of the blame. I  
went looking for him after the  
flensing but --

(CONTINUED)

BROWNLEE  
(interrupting)  
It is what we do now that is  
important.

Outside the room, someone whistles 'The Bonnie Boat' as BROWNLEE gets up to pour them both a brandy. SUMNER feels humiliated, guilty, and when BROWNLEE gives him a glass, his hand shakes.

BROWNLEE  
I will speak to the men, all of  
them if necessary. A man does not  
develop such foul proclivities  
overnight.

BROWNLEE grinds his jaw one way, and then the other. He drinks down the brandy in one and then pours himself another.

BROWNLEE  
What kind of a crew has that  
bastard Baxter afflicted me with?  
The filth and shite of the  
dockyards. I am a whaling man, but  
this is not whaling. This is not  
whaling, Mr Sumner, I can assure  
you of that.

39      **EXT. VOLUNTEER DECK - DUSK**

39

HANNAH's body, sewn into sailcloth, is carried to the gunwale of the ship as BROWNLEE grumbles a verse from the bible.

JONES then leads the crew in a rough-hewn hymn as the canvas shroud is tossed over the stern and swallowed by the icy sea.

SUMNER (V.O.)  
What would your Master Swedenborg  
say of such an atrocity?

SUMNER glances towards CAVENDISH, and then to DRAX, who watches HANNAH's body sink into the water as JONES as tar.

(CONTINUED)

OTTO (V.O.)

He would tell us that great evil  
is the absence of good, that sin  
is a kind of forgetfulness.

40           **INT. VOLUNTEER WARDROOM - NIGHT**

40

SUMNER is drinking brandy with OTTO and JONES as a fire  
burns in the grate.

OTTO

He would say that we drift away  
from the Lord because the Lord  
allows us too. That is our freedom  
but also our punishment.

SUMNER

And you believe him?

OTTO

What else should I believe?

SUMNER

That misery and affliction is the  
normal state of our existence --  
good is just the absence of evil.

OTTO

If that were true then the world  
would be chaos, and the world is  
not chaos.

SUMNER

(almost to himself)  
It seems very much so to me.

OTTO

The confusion and stupidity is all  
ours. We build a great bonfire to  
warm ourselves and then complain  
that the flames are too hot, that  
we are blinded by the smoke.

SUMNER

But why kill a child? What sense  
can be made of that?

(CONTINUED)

OTTO

The most important questions are the ones we can't hope to answer with words. Words are like toys: they amuse and educate us for a time, but when we come to manhood we should give them up.

SUMNER shakes his head.

SUMNER

Words are all we have. If we give them up, we are no better than the beasts.

OTTO

Then you must find out the explanations on your own if that's what you truly think.

SUMNER takes a long sip of his drink and offers up his glass for more brandy from JONES.

SUMNER

I'd rather not think. It would be pleasanter and easier -- but it seems I can't help myself.

41      **INT. COMPANIONWAY / BROWNLEE'S CABIN - DAY**

41

We follow CAVENDISH towards BROWNLEE's cabin where he knocks on the door. BROWNLEE calls him inside and he enters, closing the door behind him. BROWNLEE is shaving at his basin.

CAVENDISH

I've been squeezing and grinding the bastards and they've given up a name.

BROWNLEE

Who?

CAVENDISH

McKendrick.

(CONTINUED)

BROWNLEE

Samuel McKendrick? The carpenter.

CAVENDISH

They say he has been seen ashore  
canoodling with the Molly men. And  
this last season, when he was  
shipped aboard the *John O'Gaunt*,  
it is well known he was sharing  
his berth with a boat steerer, a  
man name of Nesbit.

BROWNLEE

In plain sight?

CAVENDISH

It's dark in the fo'c'stle, as you  
know, Captain, but let's just say  
noises were heard at night. Noises  
of a certain unmistakable kind, I  
mean.

BROWNLEE

Bring McKendrick to me.

CAVENDISH turns to leave but BROWNLEE approaches and  
stops him.

BROWNLEE

We need this brought to a swift  
conclusion. We cannot have this  
interfering with what needs to be  
done. What you and I are on this  
vessel to do.

CAVENDISH

You mean catch some fish.

CAVENDISH grins, knowing what BROWNLEE is alluding to --  
but the Captain's complete unwillingness to find humour  
makes CAVENDISH change tack.

CAVENDISH

I'll fetch McKendrick.

BROWNLEE

And find Sumner too. I want the  
surgeon to hear whatever he has to  
say.

42

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

42

MCKENDRICK stands before BROWNLEE and SUMNER. CAVENDISH stands beside him.

BROWNLEE

How well did you know Joseph Hannah?

MCKENDRICK

I doesn't know him hardly at all.

BROWNLEE

You must have seen him in the forecastle.

MCKENDRICK

I seen him, yes but I doesn't know him. He's just a cabin boy.

BROWNLEE

Are you not fond of cabin boys?

MCKENDRICK

Not especially.

BROWNLEE

Are you married, McKendrick? Do you have a wife waiting for you?

MCKENDRICK

No sir, I int and don't.

BROWNLEE

Perhaps you don't like women much, is that it?

MCKENDRICK

No, it's not that sir. It's more I have not found a woman that's quite suitable for me yet.

CAVENDISH snorts.

BROWNLEE

I have heard it said that you prefer the company of men. Is that true?

(CONTINUED)

MCKENDRICK's expression does not change -- he seems neither scared or especially surprised by this accusation.

MCKENDRICK

It int true, sir, no. I am as red-blooded as the next man over.

BROWNLEE

Joseph Hannah was sodomized before he was killed. I suppose you know that already.

MCKENDRICK

That is what all the fellows in the fo'c'stle are saying, sir, yes.

BROWNLEE

Did you kill him, McKendrick?

MCKENDRICK frowns as though the question makes no sense. SUMNER watches his face very carefully.

CAVENDISH

Did you kill the cabin boy?

MCKENDRICK

No, that int me, sir.

CAVENDISH

He is a plausible fucking liar, but I have half a dozen man who will testify to his well-known reputation as a buggerer of young boys.

BROWNLEE looks at MCKENDRICK, who seems for the first time since the questioning began, less than comfortable.

BROWNLEE

It will not go well for you if you are found to be lying. I warn you, it will be severe.

MCKENDRICK nods once, then scans the cabin ceiling before replying, his eyes fidgety.

(CONTINUED)

MCKENDRICK

It hant ever been boys. The boys  
int to my taste.

CAVENDISH snorts again, derisively.

CAVENDISH

You expect us to believe you are  
so very particular about whose  
arse you lay siege to. From what I  
hear, after a pint or two of  
whiskey, you would fuck your own  
grandad.

MCKENDRICK

It int a matter of laying siege to  
anything.

BROWNLEE jabs his forefinger towards MCKENDRICK's face.

BROWNLEE

You are a disgusting disgrace, and  
whether you are murderer or not, I  
should have you whipped.

MCKENDRICK

I int no murderer.

BROWNLEE

You are a proven liar though. We  
have established that beyond a  
doubt already, and if you lie  
about one thing, why will you not  
lie about anything else?

MCKENDRICK

(desperate now)

But I int no bloody murderer.

SUMNER steps forward, trying to take control of the  
spiraling situation.

SUMNER

If you allow me to examine him,  
briefly, there may be indications.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SUMNER (CONT'D)

The boy had a slew of sores and if they are venereal, as I think they were, the perpetrator would likely have the very same sores.

BROWNLEE

Very well. McKendrick remove your clothes.

McKENDRICK does not move.

BROWNLEE (CONT'D)

Do it now, or I swear we'll do it for you.

Reluctantly, MCKENDRICK undresses in front of them and soon he is naked before them. SUMNER starts to examine him and CAVENDISH leans in to get a closer look.

SUMNER

No visible chancres or lesions, no signs of soreness or abrasion either.

CAVENDISH

Perhaps he used a gob of lard to ease his entrance. By chance, did you check Hannah for signs of lubrication?

BROWNLEE

Shut up, Cavendish. Let Sumner do his job.

SUMNER

No fresh cuts or scratches on the arms or neck either, as might be caused by a struggle.

(to MCKENDRICK)

You may put your clothes back on now.

BROWNLEE

Get dressed outside and leave us alone.

MCKENDRICK picks up his clothes and leaves.

(CONTINUED)

CAVENDISH

There's your murderer right there.  
Whether his cock is chaffed or  
not, he's the guilty one, I tell  
you.

SUMNER

There is no proof, none at all.  
Surely even you Mr Cavendish can  
understand you need proof before  
you can condemn a man?

CAVENDISH takes a step towards SUMNER, a tense aggression  
building between the two.

CAVENDISH

You should be careful, Mr Sumner.

SUMNER

And why is that?

CAVENDISH

I know more about you than you  
might like to think.

SUMNER

(standing up to him)  
Go ahead. I've little to hide.

BROWNLEE

Shut up, both of you. Sumner is  
right.

BROWNLEE is torn; he desperately wants this ended but at  
the same time...

BROWNLEE

We need proof.

CAVENDISH

What more proof do you need? He's  
a known sodomite.

(CONTINUED)

BROWNLEE

Put him in irons for now. Let the rest of the crew know we wish to speak to anyone who has seen him talking to Hannah or paying the boy any sort of attentions. If he is guilty, there will be a witness I am sure of it. Now, Mr Sumner leave us alone.

SUMNER nods his head in gratitude and leaves, glaring at CAVENDISH as he heads for the door. As he closes it, he spots BROWNLEE pouring them both a brandy.

43

**INT. COMPANIONWAY / OUTSIDE BROWNLEE'S CABIN - DAY**

43

SUMNER closes the door to BROWNLEE's cabin. He waits for a moment to overhear their conversation - suspicious as to what is being discussed inside.

CAVENDISH (O.S.)

There's some things about our surgeon that you don't know, Captain.

BROWNLEE (O.S.)

I don't wanna hear about Sumner. Just find the proof and we can move on. Once we're through the strait, I'll meet up with Captain Morwood, and we'll head north to Lancaster Sound.

CAVENDISH (O.S.)

Aye, Captain.

SUMNER steps away from the door.

44

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

44

SUMNER pulls his trunk onto his bed and takes out the envelope he's kept stored inside a book. He shakes the gold ring into the palm of his hand and removes his court-martial papers. He lights a match and sets fire to them. We watch the court-martial papers burn.

45

**INT. VOLUNTEER WARDROOM - NIGHT**

45

SUMNER sits with OTTO and JONES, alongside CAVENDISH and some of the other crew. DRAX is there too, and it is him that we watch, chewing boiled beef and listening to the conversation around him.

CAVENDISH

You can see him in the dockyard  
taprooms every night, buying arse  
and giggling with the other  
pansies.

SUMNER

That doesn't mean he is a  
murderer.

DRAX itches his forearm through his shirt.

CAVENDISH

I know it's him. Brownlee just  
needs a little more proof.

JONES

What kind of proof?

SUMNER

He wants a witness, someone who  
has seen the two of them together.

Listening to this all, DRAX makes a decision. There is a brief silence as he lifts his plate up and licks off the remaining gravy. Then...

DRAX

I seen them together.

SUMNER

When?

DRAX

I seen them standing by the  
deckhouse late one night. He was  
mooning over the boy, cooing and  
billing, paddling his neck, trying  
to give him little kisses. The boy  
didn't appear to like it much  
neither.

(CONTINUED)

CAVENDISH claps his hands together and laughs.

CAVENDISH  
That should do it!

SUMNER  
Why didn't you mention this  
before?

DRAX  
Must have slipped my mind. My wits  
are not quite so sharply tuned as  
yours are, Mr Sumner. I'm the  
forgetful type, see.

SUMNER is tired and starting to sweat (in need of drugs  
perhaps) but DRAX seems easy and qualmless.

46      **INT. BROWNLEE'S CABIN - NIGHT**

46

The wind is strong and the ship rolls and groans with a  
heavy weight. SUMNER stands next to BROWNLEE again and  
opposite DRAX and MCKENDRICK, while CAVENDISH hovers  
behind.

BROWNLEE  
And you didn't think this might be  
useful information before?

DRAX  
I didn't think of it before, but  
when his name was mentioned as the  
murderer, then it all came back.

MCKENDRICK  
That is a bloody lie. I never once  
touched the boy.

DRAX  
I saw what I saw. No man can tell  
me I didn't.

BROWNLEE  
And you will swear to this in a  
court of law?

DRAX  
On the Holy Bible, yes, I will.

(CONTINUED)

BROWNLEE

I will enter your account in the ship's log then, and have you set your marks in it.

MCKENDRICK's calm has dissolved. His face is badged with redness and he is shaking with rage. SUMNER is clearly not convinced by his guilt.

SUMNER

Do you want to say anything McKendrick?

MCKENDRICK

There is not a word of truth in it, that's what I want to say. He is spewing out lies.

DRAX

I have no reason to lie. Why would I trouble myself with that?

BROWNLEE

Have you two shipped together afore? Is there bad feeling between you?

DRAX

I barely know the carpenter, but I saw what I saw by the deckhouse.

MCKENDRICK

But I know you, Henry Drax. I know where you've been and what you've done there.

DRAX sniffs, shakes his head. SUMNER steps forward as DRAX and MCKENDRICK face each other.

DRAX

You don't know nothing about me.

BROWNLEE

If you have some accusation to make, you should make it now. If not, I would advise you to close your trap and keep it closed until the magistrate asks you to open it again.

(CONTINUED)

MCKENDRICK

I never touched the boy. Like I said, boys are not my taste, and whatsoever I done with my fellow men I never had no accusation or complaints concerning that. This man here, the one who is lying about me, who seems set to get me hanged by the neck, has done much worse and more unnatural crimes than I ever done.

CAVENDISH

You dig yourself into a deeper hole with such blabbering.

MCKENDRICK

A man can't get much deeper than dead.

SUMNER

What crimes are you speaking of?

MCKENDRICK

Ask him what he done in the Marquesas?

BROWNLEE

(to DRAX)

What is he talking about?

DRAX

I have passed some time with the South Sea negroes, that's all. I have some tattoos they gave me on my back and a fund of good and profitable stories to show for it. There is nothing more to tell.

MCKENDRICK

Would you take the word of a damn *cannibal* against that of an honest and God-fearing man?

DRAX laughs.

DRAX

A cannibal? Don't pay heed to his bollocks.

(CONTINUED)

BROWNLEE

I have rarely heard such desperate nonsense. Take this shameless piece of shite below and chain him to the mainmast before I lose my damn temper.

CAVENDISH takes a howling MCKENDRICK by the arm, dragging him towards the door.

MCKENDRICK

I int no fucking murderer!

A deeply irritated BROWNLEE has to raise his voice over MCKENDRICK's shouting.

BROWNLEE (CONT'D)

(To DRAX)

You will be expected to testify in court when he comes to trial. McKendrick's lawyer, if he can afford one, will attempt to blacken your name, I'spect. That is what such vultures generally do, but you will stand up to him, I'm sure.

DRAX

I don't like to be accused or talked at in that way.

BROWNLEE

The word of a lone sodomite will carry no great weight, you can be sure of that. You must stand your ground, that's all.

DRAX locks eyes with SUMNER.

DRAX

I'm an honest man. I tell only what I saw.

BROWNLEE

Then you have nothing to fear.

DRAX smiles ever so slightly at SUMNER and then turns and leaves. SUMNER remains in the cabin and is about to speak when BROWNLEE raises his hand to stop him.

(CONTINUED)

BROWNLEE

Go back to your quarters.

SUMNER does not move.

BROWNLEE

(furious)

Get out of my damn cabin and leave  
me alone.

Reluctantly, SUMNER leaves as BROWNLEE sits and pours himself a large brandy. He rubs his face and looks up at an oil painting on his wall of a whale breaching the sea. In a sudden burst of anger, he slams his fist down on the table.

47      **INT. SUMNER'S CABIN - NIGHT**

47

SUMNER sits on the edge of his bunk, sweating. He listens to the men around him, their footsteps, their voices. He is feeling increasingly paranoid.

SUMNER gets up and locks his door, pushing the chair against the handle for added protection. He sits back on his bunk, and with shaking hands, reaches for the chest.

JUMP CUT TO:

48      **INT. SUMNER'S CABIN - NIGHT**

48

SUMNER removes his shoes and lays on his bunk. He lets out a deep sigh. Suddenly there is noise, it sounds like the rattling of his door handle.

SUMNER calls out.

SUMNER

Hello?

But nobody answers. After a long beat he hears it again. SUMNER sits up and grabs the key.

49                   **INT. COMPANIONWAY / VOLUNTEER WARDROOM - NIGHT**                   49

SUMNER exits his cabin and walks through the wardroom where a couple of CREW sit.

FADE TO BLACK:

50                   **INT. VOLUNTEER - NIGHT**                   50

It's black. We can't see anything but we hear a voice.

DRAX (V.O.)

Come to me now, boy. I won't wait.

The light from a match shows us that JOSEPH HANNAH is there. He lights a cigarette but when he sees someone coming he backs up against the wall, scared. HANNAH screams.

HANNAH

No, Drax, no please, no! NOOOO!

CUT TO:

51                   **INT. SUMNER'S CABIN - NIGHT**                   51

Extreme close-up on SUMNER, eyes closed.

He jumps out of his sleep. He was dreaming about HANNAH. The camera pulls away slowly as SUMNER considers what his dream really means.

CUT TO BLACK  
END OF PART TWO