

1. THE OCEAN - DUSK

From blackness, a pattern slowly emerges - shimmering, abstract lines form into waves cresting above steep-sided valleys of water.

Finally the picture settles into a high, wide shot of the ocean and an adjacent coastline.

In a corner of the screen, the last rays of sunlight touch a small, dark shape causing it to glow in the gathering darkness: A three-masted sailing vessel.

2. THE SHIP - DUSK

[] She passes close enough to touch: hawsers as thick as a man's trunk, massive black-painted timbers, muzzles of her great guns projecting from every gun-port.

As the ship glides past and away from us, her name is visible, picked out in dull gold on the transom - Surprise.

3. ANOTHER ANGLE - DUSK

The ship in silhouette - RUN CAPTION:

HMS Surprise

Armament: 28 guns Crew: 197 souls.

Location: Coast of Brazil, November 1806

Mission: Intercept and destroy French

Privateer, Acheron

5. THE GREAT CABIN - DUSK

CAPTAIN JACK AUBREY, with his back to us, bends over the table, studying charts.

His servant, KILLICK, a pig-tailed, ear-ringed man of indeterminate age, refills the glass at his elbow.

JACK drinks. The glass catches the setting sun as it drops below the great casement windows.

KILLICK lights a lamp, places it next to his captain and retires.

JACK

(Absently) Thankee Killick

4. THE CHARTS:

a beautifully drawn chart of the South American coastline.

Jack's hands place a second chart on top of the first, bringing the north-east coast of Brazil into view. Then another, each one enlarging the view of the preceding one.

On the final chart we can read navigational symbols and detailed information in fine copperplate script:

*6 fa. Shoals suddenly to half fa. Rocks
(exact position unknown). Hidden reef.*

6. BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

Another lamp illuminates 1st lieutenant TOM PULLINGS, his pleasant open face marred by a diagonal sabre scar running from brow to chin.

He is making a final tour of inspection before lights out.

7. THE DOCTOR'S CABIN - NIGHT

Dr STEPHEN MATURIN, a keen naturalist, sits at his desk surrounded by specimen jars, books and scientific instruments.

[]

TOM PULLINGS glances in as he moves past the cabin door, but the doctor, placing weights on some finely-balanced structure, is too engrossed to notice him.

8. MIDSHIPMAN'S BERTH - NIGHT

In the quarters for the 'young gentlemen', boys trained from an early age to become officers, four lads play at marbles.

PETER CALAMY (16) and LORD BLAKENEY (13) are arguing about whether a marble was inside outside the circle as their berth mates BOYLE (15) and WILLIAMSON (14) wait for the game to resume.

BLAKENEY

In

CALAMY

Out.

BLAKENEY

In. It was here. The line is in.

CALAMY

It was there. It was out. Out

BLAKENEY

In. Tell him Boyle. It was in I say.

The lamp moves on, illuminating a fifth midshipman, much older than the rest. This is HOLLAM, aged 24. He's a sensitive-looking fellow, idly strumming a guitar, glancing up briefly as TOM PULLINGS passes.

9. GUN-DECK - NIGHT

By the galley stove at the forward end of the gun-deck a few of the foremast hands enjoy a last smoke and a mug of grog.

Faster Doudle passes his mug to Higgins who guzzles it down greedily

One man, BECKETT, sits shirtless while another, AWKWARD DAVIES, brow furrowed with concentration, tattoos the first link of what will be a great chain round BECKETT's waist.

JOE PLAICE, at 45 one of the oldest men on board, stops in the middle of a story as PULLINGS passes, everyone knuckling their foreheads in deference to the officer.

10. BETWEEN TWO GUNS - NIGHT

Boys no more than eight or nine years old play a game of 'jacks' with some sheep bones. ADDISON, RYE and SWIFT are the powder-monkeys who ferry powder from the hold to the guns during action.

11. BERTH DECK - NIGHT

A hundred hammocks swing like strange pods, close packed under the immense beams. Most of the occupants are already asleep: here an arm, there a lolling head

HOLLAR

Lights out!

On the bosun's command, the last of the off-duty men climb into their hammocks.

The last lights are extinguished. Only PULLINGS' lamp remains, moving up the ladder to...

12. WEATHER DECK - NIGHT

The uppermost or weather deck consists of two parallel gangways linking the forecastle (forward) to the quarterdeck (aft).

The lead is dropped from the bows. As PULLINGS walks aft to the quarterdeck as each man lets go his coils of the deep sea line.

CREWMEN

Watch there! Watch

Somewhere a bell sounds and the silent figures of the watch call from their stations.

WATCH CAPTAINS

- Lifebuoy all's well!
- Starboard gangway all's well!
- Starboard bow all's well!

Over this, the splash of the lead and the repeated cry of "Watch there! Watch!"

13. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

Pullings has joined the officer of the watch, 2nd Lieutenant MOWETT, a short tubular man in his early 20s.

JACK climbs up a ladder and we see him properly for the first time: a heavy-set man in his thirties, thick blonde hair clubbed at the back

At the binnacle, by the ship's great wheel. The helmsman, BONDEN - a London cockney with a boxer's face - gives JACK their current course.

JACK nods, then moves to the gunwale with PULLINGS. Jack sniffs the air and speaks in a low voice.

JACK
How I do hate a lee shore

PULLINGS
You think we'll have long to wait?

JACK
(shrugs)
Intelligence reports had her leaving
Boston on the 12th, that should put us at
least a week ahead.

PULLINGS
She'll be in for a surprise, Sir.

The pun on the name of their ship was unintentional, but JACK lets out a great hoot of laughter, shattering the tense, expectant silence.

JACK
In for a "Surprise". Now that's wit. "In
for a Surprise". 'Pon my word I shall
have to tell the Doctor.

He leaves, still laughing. Those on the quarterdeck are more amused by JACK's unique sense of humour than by the feeble joke itself.

JACK (CONT'D)
(calls back)
Don't put her on the reef, Tom.

PULLINGS
I'll try not to, Sir.

13A INT. STEPHEN'S CABIN

Jack looks around the door

JACK
What do you have there, Stephen?

He enters. Stephen has wired together the thorax of a bird's skeleton and is suspending lead weights from it

STEPHEN
The breastbone of a frigate bird. Do you

remark its prodigious strength.

Jack bends forwards into the candle-light, sharing his friends keen interest in this strange assembly

JACK

I do and I am not in the least surprised, for it reminds me of nothing so much as a ship under sail. See here the bowsprit. Here the mast, and here the backstays running aft.

STEPHEN

(adds another weight)

Ten pounds sixteen ounces. I am preparing a paper for the Royal Society.

Jack straightens, moving with care between the bottled specimens, open books and brass measuring instruments

JACK

I was thinking when our business here is finished, we will have to put in to Recife for provisions. You may care to take a tour round the forests of Brazil, botanizing and collecting specimens. An anaconda or two. A giant cassowary.

STEPHEN

I should like it of all things, Jack. Thankyou.

14. WIDE ON THE SURPRISE - NIGHT

Time passes. The fog intensifies. White coils of mist drift and eddy over the glassy sea, RUN FINAL TITLES as the ship moves slowly through the night.

15-16 (ADDED TO SC 12)

17. IN THE GREAT CABIN, LATER - NIGHT

The chronometer ticks. The coffee-pot swings on its gimbals. JACK lies awake in his hanging cot. Finally he gives up trying to sleep.

JACK

Killick! Killick there! Strong coffee,
and light along my topcoat.

18. ON THE QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

JACK on deck again.

QUARTERMASTER
Six bells and all's well.

A hint of daylight to the east. The mist beginning to shift
as an offshore breeze picks up.

LEAD-MAN
90 fathoms, white shelly sand.

CALAMY
Four knots, Sir.

BONDEN is still at the wheel.

BONDEN
Oi reckon as she's liftin' Sir, if you
feels like putting your éad down.

JACK takes his advice and goes below again.

19. - THE SHIP (TIMELAPSE)

The sky a shade paler. A wind coming up.

20. ON THE STARBOARD GANGWAY - DAWN

The lookout, VINCENT, peers into the mist.

VINCENT
Starboard gangway ahoy.

HOLLOM, the oldest of the midshipmen, whose watch it now is,
appears at his shoulder.

HOLLOM
What is it, Vincent?

VINCENT
I heard something. A bell.

HOLLOM peers out into the fog, then turns.

HOLLLOM
Native fisherman perhaps.
(shouts) Mr. Calamy!

Midshipman CALAMY comes running forward.

HOLLLOM (CONT'D)
The lead, if you please.

Young CALAMY takes the lead, scrambles into the chains at the bow of the ship and throws out the lead line.

HOLLLOM takes up a telescope and searches through the eddies of fog.

Over HOLLLOM's P.O.V. we can hear CALAMY sounding the depth.

CALAMY (O.S.)
Sixty fathoms, white sand!

Hollom folds his telescope

HOLLLOM
Well. It can't have been a reef marker.

CALAMY, unconvinced, checks through his own telescope

HOLLLOM (CONT'D)
False alarm Mr CALAMY

CALAMY ignores him, still scanning

21. TELESCOPE POV

The telescope pans. A dark shape in the distance. The mist parts a little. A ship. Coming straight toward them.

Close on CALAMY as he turns to camera, screaming -

CALAMY
Enemy on the larboard bow! Beat to quarters!

22. JACK'S SLEEP CABIN

JACK instantly awake, piling out of his bed, still dressed.

23. BERTH-DECK - DAWN

A drum blazes as the off-duty watch tumble out of their hammocks and run to their battle stations.

24. COCKPIT, ORLOP DECK

Rows of wicked-looking instruments are hastily thrown on the operating table by PADEEN, MATURIN's servant - saws, retractors and knives glistening in the lamp-light.

DR. MATURIN hurries in blinking sleep out of his eyes as he ties on his black apron - behind him, HIGGINS, the assistant surgeon.

25. POWDER MAGAZINE

Little ADDISON and his team of powder-monkeys run with their boxes of gunpowder to the...

26. GUN-DECK

As LAMB, NAGEL and the other carpenters bash down cabin partitions, transforming the entire gun-deck into a single continuous space, from the bows to the Captain's Great Cabin in the stern.

As the crews swarm about their guns, grotesque shadows are thrown on the walls and ceiling by the numerous battle-lanterns arriving to illuminate the scene.

27. WEATHER-DECK

JACK and PULLINGS stride the length of the deck toward the bow [] . They pass crews manning the carronades while others swing the ship's small boats out and over the side to be towed behind the ship.

28. FORECASTLE

JACK and PULLINGS join HOLLON.

JACK

Where away?

CALAMY points forward and a little to the left of the Surprise's bow.

CALAMY
Not two miles distant, Sir.

JACK and PULLINGS stare through telescopes into the fog, which is beginning to lift. JACK lowers his telescope.

JACK
Mr. Hollom?

HOLLOM
I saw nothing, nor heard anything either.
Shall I ask them men to stand down?

JACK steps closer to the bow, and again lifts his telescope.

29. TELESCOPE P.O.V

A slow pan across the sea, past a darker patch of fog. What was that? The lens pans back toward the darker area to see a series of flashes.

30. CLOSE ON JACK

He turns and shouts to the crew -

JACK
Lie down! Everybody lie down!

His words are underscored by a series of distant explosions, followed by a deep rumble, then a tearing, howling sound.

31. ANGLE ON THE SKY

Chain shot and grape, bar and canister shriek through the air. A blizzard of iron.

32. ON THE DECK

The crew hit the deck, the last to drop is BONDEN hanging grimly to the wheel.

33. MIDSHIPMAN BLAKENEY

Close, as he tries to bury himself in the deck timbers.

34. DELETED

35. DELETED.

36. QUARTERDECK

The broadside hits the bows and a cloud of splinters and metal scythes the length of the deck at head height. This is rapidly followed by billowing smoke from a small fire now burning on the forecastle.

CALAMY is working at putting the fire out as JACK issues a stream of orders.

JACK

Run out the guns! Marines to the tops,
and get that wounded man below!

He pulls a gold watch from his pocket and checks the time.

36A. GUN DECK

Hollom is nervously supervising a gun crew which includes DAVIES and his mates.

HOLLOM

...C-cast loose now... Um swab. That's
right. Run out your guns.

The men work as a team, largely ignoring Hollom's hesitant instructions. The shot rack is empty

DAVIES

Shot. There's no shot!

37. QUARTERDECK (CONTD)

As red-coated marines led by Captain HOWARD climb into the rigging JACK calls to his clerk -

JACK

Note the time Mr. Watt.

An anxious TOM PULLINGS appears.

PULLINGS

She's out of our range, Sir!

JACK calls to his sailing master, ALLEN.

JACK
Closer, Mr. ALLEN. You must lay me
alongside her at pistol-shot.

ALLEN purses his lips. He knows what he's doing and slightly
resents the instruction

JACK (CONT'D)
Mr. Pullings - bow-chasers to fire as she
bears.

38. P.O.V. ENEMY SHIP

She's crossing their bows, about a mile distant.

39. ON DECK

PULLINGS is racing up the larboard gangway to the forecastle,
past men stacking hammocks as blast protection.

40. ON THE FORECASTLE

Gun-captains stand ready, the slow-match burning in the tubs.

PULLINGS
Fire on the uproll.

The little drummer's huge eyes are fixed on PULLINGS' face.
The ship rolls.

PULLINGS (CONT'D)
Fire!

The drum-roll is all but drowned by the blast of the guns.

The smoke clears, the gunners look on baffled as their balls
bounce harmlessly off the side of the enemy ship.

OLD SPONGE
(In Greek)
Witchcraft!

DOUDLE
Never seen the like of it

PULLINGS
Damn and blast you! See to your guns!

Fire high! Fire for the masts and
rigging!

As the enemy's murderous long guns run out again.

41. WIDE ON THE ENEMY SHIP

Her French ensign clearly visible as she swings broadside on to the approaching Surprise - again her side lights up in a series of red flashes.

42. IN THE COCKPIT

By the dim light of a battle-lantern STEPHEN struggles to hold a wounded man on the table, his feet slipping in pools of blood on the deck.

STEPHEN

More sand on the floor, Mr. Higgins!

The slightly hung-over HIGGINS reaches for the sand bucket and is thrown over by the awful jarring shock as the Acheron's third broadside hits home.

43. IN THE GREAT CABIN -

The Captain's crockery smashes to the deck. KILLICK, cursing freely, stows what he can.

44. IN THE ORLOP

Shards of timber implode, followed by a great spout of water knocking the massive AWKWARD DAVIES sideways as he runs for the ladder carrying two cannon-balls.

A second explosion, a second jet of water and DAVIES, finding his feet, starts yelling for the carpenter.

DAVIES

Wood and Lead! Mr Nagel! Mr Lamb!!

45. STAIRS

Follow DAVIES as he runs up to the gun-deck with the shot under his arms past the powder-monkeys ADDISON and SWIFT, canisters of gun-powder slung over their shoulders, then he sees MR. LAMB, the carpenter.

DAVIES
Orlop! We're holed!

As LAMB dives for the ladder.

46. ON THE GUN-DECK

DAVIES arrives to find a gaping hole opposite where his own gun once stood. Its crew lie scattered, horribly wounded or dead.

The dismounted gun and twelve pound shot are rolling around dangerously. HOLLLOM, the sole survivor, is backed against the bulkhead, cradling an injured arm.

CALAMY emerges from the smoke, meets DAVIES's horror-struck gaze and takes command.

CALAMY
Davies! Get those bodies overboard!
(to HOLLLOM)
Mr. Hollom sir!

HOLLLOM sits immobilized by fear. CALAMY grabs the poulterer, JEMMY DUCKS, who has been rescuing the ship's goat, Aspasia.

CALAMY (CONT'D)
Jemmy - leave the damned goat and take
Mr. Hollom below.

JEMMY DUCKS
Aye, sir!

The ship heels as she turns.

Midshipman BLAKENEY, Calamy's rival in the game of marbles, turns to see the dismounted gun rolling free. He throws a hammock net under it, stopping its roll before it crushes CALAMY against the bulkhead.

CALAMY shoots him a brief look of gratitude and runs aft. BLAKENEY carries on shouting to the powder-monkeys -

BLAKENEY
More shot! More cartridge!

47. HULL OF THE SURPRISE

In the great jagged hole on the gun-deck where the gun was destroyed, JACK stands framed, a wrathful soot-stained figure. He glances back at his men, hunched and ready, itching to fire.

JACK (bellows)
Steady... Wait for it!

48. WIDE ON THE BATTLE

to see the two ships about to pass abreast, the Surprise heading south as it were, the enemy ship, north.

The French vessel is clearly the bigger ship, and from both come the sounds of shouted orders and the thunder of drums. They will pass broadside to broadside, 500 yards apart.

49. GUN-DECK, SURPRISE

JACK watching the enemy, judging the moment.

JACK
...wait WAIT! And FIRE!

The great guns go off all together. The cannons leaping back between their crews. JACK snatches a powder-monkey, ADDISON, out of the way of the lethal recoil.

50. QUARTERDECK

Smoke clears to reveal holes in the enemy's foretopsail, a bowline hanging loose, but again many of her balls have failed to penetrate the enemy timbers.

BONDEN
By all that's holy what is that ship made of?

His question coincides with a third full broadside from the Frenchman. The Surprise's wheel shattered. BONDEN thrown aside, MR. WATT jerked back to the taffrail, the mizzenmast hit.

A rope sheers and JOE PLAICE is smacked on the skull by a swinging boom.

Midshipman BLAKENEY, running up on deck, goes to help PLAICE

and is struck down by a flying splinter - a shocking wound to his upper right arm.

51. COMPANIONWAY

JACK is half-way up the ladder when he falls, scored across the forehead by a musket-ball.

Eyesight blurred. Hearing gone. He is dimly aware of small arms cracking above his head, and someone trying to lift him.

JACK

Belay there ye poxed son of a whore!

MOWETT

You must go below, Sir, you must let me help you below!

JACK puts a hand to his bleeding forehead and drags himself back up the ladder.

52. IN THE TOPS

A furious exchange of fire between CAPTAIN HOWARD's marines and the sharpshooters in the enemy's rigging.

Howard, a big red-faced man, is in his element, laughing madly every time he scores a hit.

53. QUARTERDECK

JACK emerges into bloody chaos: screams of the wounded all around, the enemy ship moving astern in mist and gun-smoke.

He wipes blood from his eye as he raises his telescope.

54/55. TELESCOPE P.O.V.

As the ship passes, her name is visible on the transom - Acheron.

PULLINGS V.O

Sir....

Jack lowers his telescope. Pullings' expression spells catastrophe

PULLINGS

It's the rudder.

56. STERN OF THE SURPRISE

Grim-faced, JACK hobbles to the shattered taff-rail, sees BONDEN soaked, having climbed down onto the stern-post.

BONDEN
(shouts up)
It's shot away below the waterline!

58. COCKPIT

STEPHEN, up to his armpits in blood, operating on a wounded man, looks up to see three more seriously injured men arriving.

He pauses, aware of some change.

STEPHEN
Why are we not firing?

57. GUN-DECK

Spirals of drifting smoke. Blackened bleeding men, their guns pointing at nothing

FASTER DOUDLE
No steerage.

NEHEMIAH SLADE
We're fish in a barrel

59. HIGH SHOT

The fog has rolled back, like a great curtain, to reveal the two frigates.

The badly damaged Surprise, drifting rudderless.

The Acheron, most of her sails intact, beginning the turn which will put her in position to finish off the Surprise.

60. QUARTERDECK

JACK is joined by ALLEN as the enemy vessel starts crossing their wake.

ALLEN
He's coming about, Sir.

MOWETT
Should I strike the colours?

All eyes on Jack, poised on the brink of awful defeat.

ALLEN
I'm afraid there's nothing else for it.

JACK looks from the wall of fog to the three little boats they are towing astern.

JACK
Damned if there ain't. We'll tow her.

61. STERN OF THE SURPRISE

Sudden feverish activity, running and shouting as men scramble down into the boats. DAVIES settles himself beside NAGEL in the cutter, turning to look at the approaching Acheron.

His P.O.V.: puffs of smoke from its bow-chasers.

PULLINGS
Sail trimmers away, Warley, make what sail you can!

JACK
Stern-chasers to fire when she's in range!

62. STERN OF SURPRISE

Gouts of water from the enemy gunfire rise not fifty yards from them, acting as little needed encouragement for the boats to get clear of the stern and pull around towards the bows as....

64. MAINMAST/FOREMAST

Men scramble up the ratlines, and through the shattered rigging.

65. THE GREAT CABIN

Two long brass nine-pounders set up through the open windows of the Captain's day cabin, open fire on the approaching Acheron.

MOWETT

Fire!

65A. MAINMAST

WARLEY, captain of the maintop, directs his men about the mare's nest of rigging, getting a tattered top-sail to fill with what little breeze there is.

WARLEY

Sharp now with that fancy-line! To the clew line from the reef points, Cully, double up and run her back again!

66. QUARTERDECK

Through PULLINGS' telescope: the enemy ship coming straight at them, her guns now getting the range of the Surprise.

PULLINGS

She's gaining on us.

JACK

Start the water, carronades over the side.

67. ANGLE ON THE QUARTERDECK

Crewmen furiously at work cutting the ropes securing the guns on the quarterdeck.

68. ANGLE ON THE STERN

Water spouts from the pumps, while at the same time the quarterdeck guns tumble into the ocean.

(NOTE: they only abandon guns on the quarterdeck, not their main armament on the gun-deck.)

69. FORECASTLE

JACK races to the bows. Towlines strain as the three small boats pull the great ship toward the curtain of fog and cloud. He yells to the straining oarsmen -

JACK

Pull! Pull for your lives.

70. ANGLE FROM THE BOATS

The men heave on their oars, faces bathed in sweat, the towlines taut behind them, dragging the Surprise toward the safety of the fog-bank.

71. WIDE

to see the Surprise slipping into the cover of fog and low cloud, only her top masts visible, before they too disappear.

72. QUARTERDECK

JACK joins his officers looking back into the white-out, in the direction of the enemy.

JACK

Quiet now. No calls, no shouts. Mr. ALLEN, signal the men in the boats to head due east.

ALLEN hurries toward the bows, as behind them the fog is momentarily illuminated by flashes of gunfire from their pursuer.

73. THE LEADING JOLLY BOAT

CALAMY, in the prow of the jolly-boat, sees ALLEN on the ship, signalling the turn to eastward.

CALAMY signals to BONDEN in the stern of the jolly-boat.

BONDEN

(urgent whisper)

Starboard haul. And stroke! Stroke!

One side stops rowing and the boat turns.

74. THE SURPRISE

A low angle, the ship coming slowly toward us.

Beyond, the rowers strain at their oars, the great ship rearing out of the mist above them, as though carried on their backs.

75. QUARTERDECK OF THE SURPRISE

Somewhere astern and to the left JACK can hear shouting on the Acheron. Flashes of cannon fire, directed away from them.

PULLINGS

He's beating inshore.

JACK

Keep rowing

76 MASTS OF THE SURPRISE, (TIMELAPSE) - NIGHT

The tortured sounds of exhausted men rowing as skeins of mist drift away to reveal a dim, yellow moon. On the horizon the battered ship in silhouette, lines stretching ahead to her three small boats.

77 QUARTERDECK OF THE SURPRISE - NIGHT

Some of the wreckage has been cleared aside, the wounded moved below. We can hear their moans, and the constant creaking of the bilge pumps.

JACK and his officers scan the moonlit sea through telescopes.

JACK's telescope POV: A long slow pan along the dark horizon.

ALLEN

I believe we've lost her, Sir.

JACK collapses his telescope.

JACK

Pass the word to ship oars

78 IN THE JOLLY BOATS. - NIGHT

The rowers slump forwards in their seats, their hands raw and crabbed.

79 STAIRWELL - NIGHT

JACK moves down a ladder past LAMB coming up from below, soaking wet and exhausted with his mate Nagel.

LAMB

Three feet of water in the hold, Sir, but the pumps are keeping it from gaining.

JACK

Very good, Mr. Lamb.

The constant creaking and sloshing of the pumps becomes louder as he continues down past men handing up food and powder from the flooded levels below.

81. SICK-BAY

Stephen, his face spattered with blood, is adjusting the wick of a lantern when Jack arrives beside him

JACK

(sotto)

What's the butchers bill?

STEPHEN

Six dead, thirteen wounded.

He notices the gash on Jack's forehead

Your head ...

JACK

(Brushes him away)

Later.

STEPHEN raises his lantern to reveal groaning bloodstained men close-packed in the gloom.

Together they make the rounds, passing men propped upright by their mates, pale with shock or tense with pain, some struggling to breathe, some barely alive.

JACK clasps hands, whispers encouragement.

A bandaged head swims into the glow of the lamp, streaked with blood and deeply unconscious.

JACK (CONT'D)
Who's this - Joe Plaice?

STEPHEN
(sotto)
A severe depressed fracture of the skull. I am not sure he will see out the night.

Moving on to another barely recognizable face: young Blakeney, pale and sweaty, breathing hard from the pain and the blood loss.

JACK
Mr. Blakeney?

BLAKENEY
Just a broken arm, Sir.

JACK looks at STEPHEN, whose expression is grim, but he says nothing, steering Jack forward to the foot of the ladder where they can speak more privately

STEPHEN
I will do everything possible. I know you were close to his father.

Jack nods, defeat weighing heavily, and makes to go. Stephen puts a restraining hand on his shoulder.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
One moment Jack let me look at that brow of yours.

JACK
Its a scratch.

STEPHEN
I will tell you if its a scratch or not. Sit down.

Jack submits meekly, and sits on a lower rung while Stephen

puts a bandage round his forehead

JACK

How did he find us Stephen?
Seven weeks sailing and he happened in
darkness on our exact position. Its
uncanny. He really is a phantom

STEPHEN

Unless she was alerted to our presence,
and looking for us.

JACK

Tosh. How could that be?

STEPHEN

The French have their spies, in Britain
as elsewhere.

JACK (astonished)

You're saying there are traitors in the
Admiralty?

STEPHEN

I am saying do not imagine it was a lone
privateer who did this to us. He is
working for Napoleon himself, with access
to all that tyrant commands, overtly and
covertly. So do not let defeat weigh too
heavily upon you.

82. THE GREAT CABIN - DAWN

Wan dawn light reflects off the ceiling onto the bloody,
bandaged officers, conducting an angry post-mortem as KILLICK
serves coffee.

ALLEN

...Call her a frigate? Ha! You ask me
she's no more a frigate than a painted
Dutchman. More like a ship of the line, a
two-decker more'n a frigate.

MOWETT is trying to staunch a persistent nosebleed.

MOWETT

One does wonder what manner of hull she
has. Our balls seemed to bounce right off
her.

Jack enters, his head newly bandaged. He walks past the seated officers and stands looking out through the stern windows. The officers continue their conversation, though their words are intended for Jack

PULLINGS

She had the weather-gauge and long eighteens which could hit us beyond our effective range. That's the sum of it

ALLEN

And 40 guns to our 28, I counted the muzzle flashes.

PULLINGS

It was an unfair match, no dishonor in defeat no dishonor at all.

Jack still has his back to them. He puts his hand in his pocket and finds something there - the shattered fragments of his gold pocket watch.

ALLEN

(sighs)

Well, we can patch up our main and mizzen the foresail is too far gone so we'll bend our spare.

PULLINGS

Sir.

Jack finally turns.

PULLINGS (CONT'D)

Mr. Allen is confident, with basic repairs, we can get home as we are... allowing for a stop in Jamaica.

ALLEN

At Port Royal we can haul her into dry-dock, and hopefully get her home without...

JACK

We're not going home.

An expectant hush. KILLICK is all ears, as he picks up the coffee cups and places them carefully on a silver tray.

JACK (CONT'D)

What is our purpose here gentlemen? Why were we sent? To punish a blackguard privateer who has decimated our Atlantic whaling fleet and now threatens to do the same in the pacific. Are we to leave those ships to his mercy and slink back into Portsmouth - another defeat to add to the list. Is that what we draw our wages for? I say we pursue her and pay her back with interest

ALLEN

With respect, Captain, she could be half-way to Cape Horn by the time we're repaired and underway.

JACK

(sternly)

Then there's not a moment to lose.

83. OUTSIDE THE GREAT CABIN

KILLICK exits the cabin with the tray of coffee cups. As he passes them to his mate, BLACK BILL -

KILLICK (a whisper)

We're for the Horn.

84. THROUGHOUT THE SHIP - DAWN

Word passes like lightning from the wounded in the orlop, to the beak of the ship

MUTTERED VOICES AD LIB

- The Horn you say?
- Never! In this condition?
- Eh? What news mates
- Heading for where?!

85. FORECASTLE - DAWN

A few of the old 'Surprises' have gathered for a smoke, all of them men who've sailed with JACK before: Jittery alcoholic Higgins, loyal Nehemiah Slade, sharp-faced tobacco-chewing Faster Doudle, and the big Welshman Awkward Davies, still shaken by the loss of his gun-crew.

higgins
We're for hell in a hand-barrow if you
ask my opinion

slade
I'm game. If the captain says we can take
her we can take her.

DAVIES
Can we catch her is the question.
And if we do what's different? She'll
just hold us off with them long eighteens
til she sends us all to the bottom. All
for what?

DOUDLE
I'll tell you for what, matey. She's a
privateer, loaded with all the gems of
Araby. Think of the gold. Think of the
prize-money.

HOLLAR
Hoi there! You men jump to it!

86. WAIST OF THE SHIP - NOON

The gratings are hauled aside and light floods down into the
gun-deck.

87. GUN-DECK - DAY

Part of a huge tree-trunk - spare timber for repairs - is
manhandled by a dozen crewmen.

HOLLAR
Heave. And heave. Handsomely now. One
long pull. Belay!

88. QUARTERDECK - DAY

Crewmen labour at the capstan.

HOLLAR (O.S.)
Two six heave! Two six heave!

The huge log rises from below and hangs suspended from its
gantry. JACK shouts down from the quarterdeck -

JACK
Have her placed along the gunwale for
now, Mr. Hollar, and the guns moved to
that side also.

89. ABOVE JACK'S HEAD

Men are hanging in the rigging throwing down damaged sections
of rope.

FASTER DOUDLE
All clear below!

90. QUARTERDECK - DAY

JACK dodges the falling rope, moving back, past NAGEL and his
men who are cutting out damaged sections of the gunwale with
saws and adzes, prizing up decking and wrestling with the
wrecked steering mechanism.

91. THE STERN - DAY

JACK looks down to where PULLINGS and others have lifted the
broken rudder from its hinges.

92. WIDE SHOT - DAY

The ship swarming with men, cutting, splicing, hammering and
hauling. Every able-bodied soul hard at work.

93. QUARTERDECK - DAY

An optimistic breeze has picked up, fluttering the tattered
ensign.

The deck is now sloping at a forty-five degree angle. KILLICK
hands a sandwich to Pullings who passes it down to JACK.

JACK
Damn this wind, Mr. Pullings! The Acheron
will be making a hundred and fifty miles
a day in this.

PULLINGS
Aye, but hugging the coast, and stopping
to board the odd merchantman

JACK smiles at this and bites into his sandwich.

To the uphill side, carpenters are erecting a scaffolding over the side of the ship.

94. THE SHIP - DAY

The ship's copper-plated keel is partly revealed as the men clamber and slip about on the steeply-sloping side erecting scaffolding. The tropical heat resounds with shouts, curses and hammering.

95. SIDE OF THE SHIP - DUSK

Carpenters working inside the scaffolding, are fitting new sections of wood into the holes low in her hull.

LAMB

Down. Down. Stop.

The new piece of wood is an almost perfect fit. MR. LAMB marks the places where it is jamming.

LAMB (CONT'D)

Up again.

Then he begins to work on it with his rasp.

96. UNDERWATER - DUSK

Among tropical fish, a diver, a Greek crewman, 'OLD SPONGE' (father of YOUNG SPONGE) a hammer at his belt, plugs a few smaller holes with hemp fibre, then surfaces to...

97. THE SIDE OF THE CUTTER - DUSK

OLD SPONGE

(In Greek)

The smaller bit. No. That bit there.

YOUNG SPONGE passes him a piece of lead and some nails and OLD SPONGE dives again.

Our P.O.V. descending into the sea as...

98. WAIST OF THE SHIP - NIGHT

Roaring flames, flying sparks, the clang of metal on metal. A forge has been set up. Powder-monkeys sweat on the bellows. The ship's blacksmith is churning out iron bolts, pintles and gudgeons, which are snatched away by NAGEL with tongs and thrown into a bucket of water to cool.

A few yards away, wood chips fly from LAMB's adze as the ship's massive new stern post takes shape.

The new rudder is laid out flat, already cut to its final shape and being strengthened with great nails and iron bands which NEHEMIAH SLADE and AWKWARD DAVIES are nailing into place.

The hammering travels through the ship to...

99. THE SICK BERTH - NIGHT

BLAKENEY with his splinted arm jerks awake, feverish and confused.

BLAKENEY

No. No. Not through my nose!

CALAMY

Its alright. William. You were dreaming.

Blakeney looks around, disoriented and finds Calamy by his side.

BLAKENEY

Joe Plaice told me when you die they sew you up in your hammock with the last stitch through your nose... to make sure you're not just sleeping

CALAMY

You know old Joe, always telling [] stories.

BLAKENEY

Is it true though? [] About the last stitch?

CALAMY

Come on, you'll be stitching me in mine first.

BLAKENEY (drifting)
Not through my nose. You'll tell them.

CALAMY
(nods)
Nor any other part of you.

Trying to make light of it, though he fears BLAKENEY is dying.

100. SICK BAY, LATER - NIGHT

CALAMY has fallen asleep by BLAKENEY's side. He wakes to find STEPHEN sniffing BLAKENEY's wound.

CALAMY
Is it mending, sir?

STEPHEN
No, I'm afraid it will not do.

101. THE COCKPIT - NIGHT

BLAKENEY is lowered onto the table, delirious. CALAMY holds his head and PADEEN, MATURIN's giant manservant, his legs, which are lashed together.

BLAKENEY
No. Mamma. Mamma.

STEPHEN
It is the laudanum speaking. You will be a regular Nelson.

He tests the edge of his knife with his thumb.

CALAMY places the leather gag between BLAKENEY's teeth. Padeen mumbles a Gaelic prayer. STEPHEN turns and grips BLAKENEY shattered arm.

A sharp, grating noise as STEPHEN works out of shot, cutting off the arm.

Close on STEPHEN, lips compressed, utterly focussed.

He puts down the bloody knife and reaches for the spatula in the pail of hot tar.

BLAKENEY has not uttered a sound, though he is shaking uncontrollably and his face is wet with tears. CALAMY has tears in his eyes also.

STEPHEN finishes his work, breathing hard, a gentle smile to BLAKENEY.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

There. I have never seen a braver patient.

102. SICK-BERTH - NIGHT

An exhausted CALAMY keeps vigil by BLAKENEY's cot. The boy wakes, and looks for CALAMY in the darkness.

BLAKENEY

Peter? Is that you? I dreamed they cut my arm off.

Then he realizes, with sudden horror, that it wasn't a dream

CALAMY

You would have died else.

Blakeneys eyes brim with tears and he turns away

CALAMY (CONT'D)

Come. You can still sup your grog with your left. And I shall take your turn at marbles.

103. MIZZEN TOPGALLANT - DAY

MOWETT stands in the cross-trees, making a final check on the lashings round the new mizzen top. Below him the great work is nearing completion, men swarming like ants over every part of the hull.

MOWETT climbs down past FASTER DOUDLE who has one leg looped through the shrouds and is splicing a rope with both hands and his teeth.

Farther down, a patched sail is being furled up tight in its gaskets.

Beyond that, at the base of the main-mast a fascinated group

of men have gathered to watch the Doctor trepanning JOE PLAICE.

104. BASE OF THE MAINMAST - DAY

STEPHEN's drill carves out a neat disc of bone to reveal a purplish mass which he starts spooning from the cavity.

A small crowd of crewmen pause in their work, watching the doctor with morbid fascination as he drops the purple stuff in a dish.

SLADE (shouts)
Is them his brains, Doctor?

STEPHEN
No, that is just blood. These are his brains.

Exposing them to view. Several of the crew move in for a closer look. The armourer hands STEPHEN a flattened coin, which he begins to screw in place over the cavity as the old hands whisper his praises to the men who have never seen Stephen at work.

SLADE
Physician he is, not one of your common surgeons.

FASTER DOUDLE
Cured Prince Billy of the marthambles and the strong fives, wouldn't look at you for under ten guineas on land.

DAVIES
[] Knows his birds and beasts too boyo, show him a beetle and he'll tell you what it's thinking.

105. THE SURPRISE - DAY

A wind causes the ship to turn on its moorings, stirring impatiently, like a racehorse ready to be off as...

106. QUARTERDECK - DAY

...JACK jumps down from the mizzen ratlines.

JACK
Let us be off, Mr. Allen!

ALLEN
Weigh anchor! All hands to make sail. Mr
Hollom!

107. ON DECK

Barefoot men are suddenly running to their stations, racing above and below, running out along the bowsprit, up the ratlines, along the yards.

A small group, supposed to be assisting Hollom, are contrasting slow off the mark

HOLLOM
Bear a hand there you fellows!

The men he is addressing, shoot him a look of distaste which unsettles Hollom slightly, then they assist him pulling on a rope

108. QUARTERDECK - DAY

MOWETT
Up and down Sir, thick and dry for weighing.

109. WAIST OF THE SHIP - DAY

Men strain on the capstan bars.

110. BOWS - DAY

The anchor bursting up out of the sea.

111. MASTS OF THE SURPRISE - DAY

The shrouds darken with climbing figures, framed against the sun.

HOLLAR (O.S.)
Trice up. Lay out.
Sheet home!
Hoist away!

112. QUARTERDECK - DAY

HOLLAR staring up as the sails unfurl and fill with wind.

HOLLAR
Cheerly there in the foretop, our
William!
T'garnsl sheets!
Hands to the braces!

Men slide down ropes from high amongst the shrouds, then swing out and drop down to the deck like monkeys, pulling ropes and sails tight with the weight of their bodies.

113. WIDE SHOT - DAY

The ship spreading its wings. A sudden cracking of canvas as she turns and runs directly downwind.

114. QUARTERDECK - LATE AFTERNOON

The sun has sunk lower. BONDEN, solid as the rock of Gibraltar is back at the helm, the wind stronger and directly behind.

JACK
Speed, Mr. Boyle

BOYLE heaves the log clear of the ship's side. The log line races out on its reel. BOYLE checks the run, pulls the pin.

BOYLE
Ten and a half knots, Sir.

JACK makes no comment but the news seems to please him.

115. CLOSE TO THE WATER - DUSK

The great hull powers past us.

116. DELETED

117. OUTSIDE THE GREAT CABIN - NIGHT

KILLICK prepares toasted cheese in his small serving-area. From inside the cabin, the sound of a violin and a cello tuning up. KILLICK glances irritably at the door and elbows

his mate, BLACK BILL.

KILLICK

Here we go again: scrape, scrape,
screech, screech and never a tune you
could dance to, not if you were drunk as
Davey's sow.

118. INSIDE THE GREAT CABIN

JACK and STEPHEN are both keen amateur musicians - JACK,
violin, STEPHEN cello.

As Stephen completes his tuning, Jack experiments with a
refrain.

STEPHEN

Is that one I know, or are we breaking
new ground?

JACK

I am trying to remember that air they
played all those years ago at the
Governors house in Port Mahon. You
remember When we first met.
Corelli if I'm not mistaken.

He plays another riff

STEPHEN

If that is your "A" you are very much so.
This is A.

Jack corrects his A string, plays another few bars

JACK

Or Locatelli. pom pom pom pom

STEPHEN

All I remember is you being unable to sit
in your seat the entire performance.

JACK

Aye and you practising apon that poor
bishop with your "puddings athwart the
starboard Gumbrils" or some such arrant
nonsense.

STEPHEN

(laughs)

No. That was off Toulon, during the blockade. At our first meeting they played this:

He plays a short refrain

JACK

No. No. Entirely off the mark. pom-pom-POM I have now

He plays another variation

STEPHEN

(enjoying the game)

Or was it something like this....

Cello answers violin, as they hand it back and forth, improvising freely now with an infinity of variations, sometimes playing together, sometimes separately, suddenly hitting it, the music soaring and continuing over

119. A HIGH POINT OF VIEW, TIME LAPSE - DAY

The tiny ship on the vastness of the ocean. From its side, cotton-wool puffs of smoke.

120. GUN-DECK - SAME TIME

A rippling broadside, the crews sweating over their guns.

JACK

And pitch 'em up! It's spars and rigging we want!

MOWETT timing the gap between each broadside.

MOWETT

Three minutes ten, Sir.

JACK

Not good enough! We must fire three broadsides to her two. Again!

Turning to BLAKENEY, who though much recovered, still looks pale and a little unsure of himself.

JACK (CONT'D)
Mr. Blakeney? Think you can supervise a
gun?

BLAKENEY
As you will. Sir.

JACK
'Spitfire', hop to it.

BLAKENEY takes command of the gun. To one side CALAMY is in charge of 'Beelzebub', on the other side HOLLOM is now directing 'Sudden Death'.

Once again the orders are given, and the crews, now competing with each other, go through the sequence: 'Out Tompions', 'Cast loose your guns', 'Cartridge. Ball. Prime. Run out your gun. Prime. Aim. Stand clear... Fire!!!'

121. AND AGAIN - DUSK

As another broadside shakes the deck, STEPHEN hauls his collecting net on board and empties out a glistening array of sea creatures - shrimps, squid and minnows, glinting like opals in the pink light.

MOWETT (O.S.)
Two minutes five, Sir.

PULLINGS
Again!

122. AND AGAIN - NIGHT

It's a race. JACK's orders are just a formality, the sequence having become so automatic now.

JACK
Out Tompions... Run out your guns...
Prime.

Seconds ticking away on MOWETT's stopwatch, barrels float on the sea a hundred yards out.

JACK (CONT.) (CONT'D)
As she bears, from forward aft. Point
your guns... Fire!!!

123. THE OCEAN AT NIGHT

The black ship spouting tongues of flame, the water around the target barrels erupting in great spouts.

MOWETT (O.S.)

Two minutes dead.

124. THE GUNPOWDER ROOM

Boom! Another splendidly coordinated broadside resounds through the ship as the powder-monkeys come racing down through the dreadnought screens to the magazine and back with more cartridge.

For them too it's a race, little ADDISON just ahead of SWIFT, RYE hot on his heels.

125. STEPHEN'S CABIN - NIGHT

The sound of the guns is faint down here, at least when heard from STEPHEN's perspective - his ears are stuffed with wax.

He is surrounded by his specimen bottles, and he looks from his microscope to his ledger where he is documenting the array of aquatic life-forms. He removes his ear-plugs, but the noise of the guns is deafening and he hastily replaces them.

126. ON THE GUN-DECK - NIGHT

MOWETT watches the second hand of his stopwatch, glancing up as he notes -

The concentrated fury of the men swabbing, ramming, heaving in, heaving out, firing at a raft this time.

And he stops the watch as the first gun fires.

MOWETT

One minute forty-nine, Sir!

His voice is drowned by the firing of the other guns in close succession entirely demolishing the raft, the sound mixing with cheering and the frenzied hammering of Nagel and his mates as the gun-deck partitions are cheerfully re-erected.

127. IN THE GREAT CABIN - NIGHT

The table is dragged back into place and settings laid for dinner.

JACK enters, his face flushed with victory.

JACK
Killick? Killick there.

KILLICK appears.

JACK (CONT'D)
What do you have for us tonight?

KILLICK
Which it's, Soused Hoggs-Face.

JACK
Aah! My favorite.

128. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

The sky a great canopy of stars, the ship racing onwards through the warm night.

Crew men and the recovering wounded have come up on deck. Now they sit around in groups, supping their grog. Someone produces a jaw-harp, someone else a drum.

A guitar is passed from hand to hand, stopping with BLACK BILL who sings a ballad in an African dialect.

There's an effortless integration of race and rank, of age and nationality - bonds forged by battle and hardship.

OLD SPONGE gets up and dances a Greek dance: obviously a favorite among the crew. Cheering and cat-calls. Lanterns coming up from below. More dancing, insults in many languages, and a song.

GUN-CREWS
Boneparte Boneparte
That red-faced son of an old French fart
Hey ho, stamp and go
Stamp and go, stamp and go
Hey ho, stamp and go

The singing mixes with the end of a lively dinner given by JACK for his officers, including a special guest, young BLAKENEY.

PULLINGS

With your permission, Sir, Mr. Mowett has composed a short poem in honour of our mission.

JACK

Let's hear it, Mr. Mowett.

Reactions around the table, glasses re-filled in anticipation. MOWETT stands and declaims with a number of precise airy gestures, like a conductor.

MOWETT

Our brotherhood, some old, some new.
In blood baptized, in strength renewed.
In purpose unified and true.
All thoughts of home forsaken.
Where duty leads us, there we go.
Nor rest nor comfort shall we know.
Until the unrepentant foe, is boarded
sunk or taken

ALL

(raising their glasses)

Aye! Capital! Well said! Hear him, hear him! 'Sunk or taken'...

JACK

Aye and when we do take her we shall give her to Tom Pullings as his first command. If he don't die before then. Bumpers up Tom

ALLEN

(A toast)

'To wives and sweethearts'.

They raise their glasses -

ALL

'To wives and sweethearts'.

PULLINGS

And may they never meet.

Amid the laughter someone bumps Blakeney's stump. He winces, then puts a brave face on it

BLAKENEY (to JACK)

I believe you knew Nelson, Sir?

JACK

Lord Nelson? Yes. I had the honour of serving under him at the Nile.

(aside)

Mr. Mowett, the bottle stands by you, sir.

(as the bottle moves on)

In fact I dined with him twice, and he spoke to me on both occasions.

The table goes quiet. BLAKENEY is wide-eyed, though partly from his strenuous efforts to appear sober.

JACK (CONT.) (CONT'D)

The first time he said to me - 'May I trouble you for the salt, sir?' I have always tried to say it as close as I could [] The second time someone had offered him a boat-cloak on a cold night and he said no, he was quite warm - his zeal for his king and country kept him warm.

Amid the general agreement - 'Hear him, hear him', etc. STEPHEN is noticeably silent.

JACK (CONT'D)

It sounds absurd, I know, and were it another man you would cry out, "Oh, what pitiful stuff" and dismiss it as mere enthusiasm, but with him you felt your heart glow.

MOWETT

(raising his glass)

To Lord Nelson.

ALL

Lord Nelson!

[] Stephen joins on the toast, but JACK knows that his friend deplores such overt patriotism and seeks to draw him back in with a joke.

JACK

You see those two weevils, Doctor?

He points at a faint movement amongst the crumbs of a ship's biscuit.

STEPHEN

I do.

JACK

Which would you choose?

The table tenses with anticipation of one of the Captain's 'jokes'. STEPHEN concentrates.

STEPHEN

There is not a scrap of difference. They are the same species of curculio.

JACK

But suppose you had to choose?

STEPHEN

Then I would choose the right-hand weevil, it has a perceptible advantage in both length and breadth.

JACK

There I have you. You are completely dished. Don't you know in the Navy you must always choose 'the lesser of two weevils'?

He thunders with laughter, the rest joining in, breathless with mirth, tears of laughter streaming down their faces

ALLEN

'Pon my life. He who would pun would pick a pocket. Dýe not smoke it doctor?

STEPHEN

(poker faced)

Sure there would be some poor thin barren

minds that would catch at such a paltry
clench.

Then he too cracks a smile and joins in their laughter

130. MAIN DECK - NIGHT

The crew continue with their own celebration.

The excitement penetrates JOE PLAICE's stupor. Never having woken since the trepanning he suddenly opens his eyes and speaks.

PLAICE

"...And the righteous shall inherit the
earth."

The men around him stare in amazement.

BONDEN

You hear that. He said something. Joe
spoke! Say something else Joe

JOE

Handy with that gasket

BONDEN

(shouts up to the quarterdeck)
He spoke doctor. Joe plaice spoke

131. QUARTERDECK

The officers have appeared on deck with their coffee and Stephen raises a hand in acknowledgment.

132. IN THE RIGGING - NIGHT

Midshipmen CALAMY RYE and BOYLE are eating from a bag of broken biscuits ('ships nuts') as they sit perched up in the rigging.

On seeing JACK, they break into their own song.

MIDSHIPMEN

Our captain was very good to us.
He dipped his prick in phosphorus.
It shed a light all through the night.
And steered us through the Bosphorus.

133. QUARTERDECK

JACK pretends not to have heard, but he can't hide his smile. Beside him in a chair sits BLAKENEY, his empty jacket sleeve pinned to his front 'Nelson' style, laughing incredulously at the older boys cheek.

From somewhere on the forecastle, WARLEY and his top-men start singing.

TOP-MEN

Farewell and adieu you fine Spanish
ladies Farewell and adieu to you ladies
of Spain...

The older midshipman, HOLLLOM joins in, his fine voice soaring effortlessly over the others, hijacking their roistering ballad and converting it to something much more poignant.

HOLLLOM

For we've received orders to sail for Old
England.
Perhaps we shall never more see you again

His singing is appreciated by STEPHEN on the quarterdeck.

STEPHEN

What a wonderfully true voice Mr. Hollom
does possess.

134. IN THE WAIST - NIGHT

KILLICK and NAGEL are less than impressed with HOLLLOM and sing over him, led by ORRAGE the cook.

ORRAGE

Come all you thoughtless young men,
A warning take by me,
And never leave your happy homes
to sail the raging sea.

135. OCEAN - NIGHT

The Surprise sailing away from us, the chorus drifting across the darkness.

135a. OCEAN. DAY

The colours are changing, from the rich hues of the tropics to the cold muted colours of colder, more southerly climes.

Still the surprise sails on

136. THE GREAT CABIN - DAY

Fingers trace a course down the east coast of South America. Another, more detailed chart is placed on top of the first.

ALLEN

This one's by Colnett, Sir. He travelled with Captain Cook and carried a pair of Arnott's chronometers.

JACK finds their position and marks it with pencil. A knock on the door. Officers and crew are now dressed according to the change in climate

KILLICK

Couple of the men to see you, Sir.

JACK

(without looking up)
Show them in.

The door opens to reveal NAGEL and WARLEY carrying something.

JACK (CONT'D)

What's this?

A scale model of a ship, 15 inches long, perfect in every detail. Jack takes it, delighted, the name picked out in gold on the stern - Acheron.

NAGEL

It were Warley's idea, Sir.

WARLEY

I thought she were familiar like, then I remembered where I'd seen her - in Boston, during the Peace.

JACK

[] In *Boston*?

WARLEY (nods)

Yes, Sir. She's Yankee built. I seen them working on her, something right strange about her scantlings. Then I seen them balls bounce off her an' I got to thinking.

NAGEL

If you look here, Sir. One side opens up.

He pulls a side off the model, exposing its construction.

WARLEY

Mister Nagel here done it just like I seen her - a third layer 'tween the outer and inner ribbing - diagonal bracing, see?

JACK

Just like the U.S. Constitution - our 12 pounders couldn't penetrate except at close range.

He passes the model to ALLEN.

JACK (CONT'D)

Killick. Killick, there.

KILLICK enters.

JACK (CONT'D)

An extra ration of rum for these men, from my private store.

KILLICK

(shaking his head)

Which I was saving for Saluting Day, Sir.

JACK

Rouse it up, Killick, and a bottle for Mr. ALLEN and me. Let us live whilst we're alive!

KILLICK goes to get the bottles

JACK hunkers down to bring his gaze level with the ship, as though studying its tiny occupants.

JACK (CONT'D)

He's vulnerable here.

He taps the stern windows.

JACK (CONT'D)

Cross her stern, rake her with a broadside through her length. But how to get close enough? Past those long eighteens. That's the devil of it.

136b SURPRISE QUARTERDECK DAY

The Surprise has stopped level with a Spanish merchantman, which lies three hundred yards away, headed in the opposite direction.

The two boats have hove to and are communicating by megaphone, Stephen translating the Spanish captain's words,

STEPHEN

He says they were chased for three days till they finally out-ran her. Forty gun French privateer headed due south.

JACK

Capital. Thank him and let us be off.

The Spanish captain, already making sail, waves and shouts a greeting, which Stephen calls back to him.

JACK (CONT'D)

What did he say there?

STEPHEN

A Spanish farewell. "May no new thing arrive." New things being generally by their nature bad.

137. STEPHEN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Stephen is with Blakeney, re-bandaging the younger man's stump. Blakeney looks away, his eyes moving over the doctor's collection of books, learned texts in French Spanish, Greek and Latin

BLAKENEY

Do you have a manual of exercises sir.

STEPHEN

Exercises?

BLAKENEY

Physical exercises, to make the left arm as powerful as the right once was.

STEPHEN

I think that will happen with usage, at least to a certain extent.

BLAKENEY

But not completely. I will never be whole again, will I?

STEPHEN

No but you will adapt to your new situation

The natural world shows us any number of examples of how that is possible.

Blakeney bites his lip

BLAKENEY

You know my father was a great fighting captain. It was always his expectation I would follow in his footsteps. I worry that with this arm I will now be good for nothing but book learning and philosophy.

STEPHEN

Ah. Like me you mean.

BLAKENEY

(becoming tearful)

I cannot use a sextant, cannot tie a knot or climb the rigging. Cannot even dress myself. What chance to I have now of even making first lieutenant.

STEPHEN

You have every chance. You hear me every chance. Only the other day I heard the captain singing your praises. Your courage, your fortitude in battle, your skill at logarithms and double elevations whatever they may be. And when you are

rated lieutenant you shall have someone to tie your bootlaces for you. Aye and help you with your jacket. Here take my handkerchief. I believe we are summonsed to dinner.

139. MAIN MAST - DAWN

The maintop captain, WARLEY, shouts to the deck, his breath forming in the frosty air -

WARLEY
Sail on the larboard bow!

140. GREAT CABIN/LADDER

JACK throwing on a heavy boat-cloak, running for the ladder, KILLICK behind him trying to get a scarf about JACK's neck and a cap on his head.

141. THE RIGGING - DAWN

Follow JACK as he runs up the ratlines, over the futtock shrouds, then up the topmast shrouds, finally arriving at the very top of the mast, to join WARLEY and PULLINGS.

JACK
Where away?

PULLINGS
Hull down, two points off the larboard beam.

JACK takes the telescope.

142. TELESCOPE P.O.V.

Just the tips of masts, the hull below the horizon.

WARLEY (O.S.)
She's a frigate all right, but no way of knowing if she be the phantom.

Beyond the distant ship, a line of black clouds.

143. RIGGING - DAWN

JACK and PULLINGS slide to the deck on parallel back-stays,

as careless as a couple of midshipmen.

144. QUARTERDECK - DAWN

JACK shouting -

JACK

Set studdingsails and top gallants. Then
wet the sails and have the idlers placed
along the rail.

PULLINGS and HOLLAR bark out their orders. Men race to obey.

JACK steps up on the gunwale, spying out the distant ship.
BLAKENEY, nearby, rests his telescope on CALAMY's shoulder,
focussing with his left hand.

BLAKENEY

Is it him, Sir?

JACK

Touch wood, Mr. Blakeney. And I fancy
she plans to out-run us. Ask Dr. Maturin
to join us, he loves a good chase.

BLAKENEY goes below. Above, the topmen release more sail
which is tightened by the men on deck hauling on cables.

Those not working sit on a row along the windward gunwale,
like the crew of an ocean racing yacht, to counterbalance the
pull of the sails.

145. WEATHER-DECK - DAY

Their speed is so great green seas are now sweeping the
forecastle. A man falls and rolls into the scuppers.

MOWETT

Lifelines fore and aft!

JACK

Speed, Mr. Calamy?

CALAMY heaves the lead and reads the log line, then shouts
back to JACK -

CALAMY

Twelve knots, Sir!

146. THE SURPRISE - DAY

Heeled over under a great press of sail, her copper showing as she clefts the waves.

147. FORECASTLE - DAY

Lined up along the starboard rails, the crew look back at their captain riding the ship like a charioteer, one eye aloft on the creaking topmost spar.

JEMMY DUCKS

We're cracking on, eh?

FASTER DOUDLE

We'll be cracking off presently if he doesn't watch it.

SLADE

No, he knows this ship. He knows what she can take.

He touches wood, just the same and looks at Joe Plaice who gives a meaningful roll of his eyes.

Ahead, the bank of storm clouds loom gunmetal grey.

148. GREAT CABIN - DAY

PULLINGS knocks and enters, with an anxious looking MR. LAMB, with whom he has been arguing a point.

PULLINGS

We can just see her topsails. She's made her turn westwards.

LAMB

I can't vouch for the mizzen Sir, not round Cape Horn.

JACK

I'll not lose her now. Set a course westwards.

Both men accept this and leave.

149. QUARTERDECK (TIMELAPSE) - DAY

The wind has increased considerably, the deck sloping like the roof of a house, the masts bending like coach-whips.

PULLINGS and LAMB are looking up at the mizzenmast which is making ominous creaks and groans.

JACK

Mr Hollar, rig preventer backstays. Warps and light hawsers to the mastheads.

JACK stares ahead to the darkening sky as they move across a switchback landscape of massive rolling waves.

JACK (CONT'D)

Better get below, Mr. Pullings!

PULLINGS

What, Sir?

JACK (GRINNING)

Better get some food in you. Before it turns nasty.

150. OCEAN - DAY

Wide to see the two ships. The Surprise and the Acheron with a mile of sea between them. It's like some great ocean race, with neither prepared to take in canvas despite the appalling conditions.

151. QUARTERDECK - LATER, DAY

They are running fast before a dangerous, following sea: a landscape of hills and valleys, the whole thing in terrifying motion.

The forecastle now vanishes in foam with every plunge, rising each time with water pouring over the waist and spouting from her scuppers.

KILLICK comes up with the coffee pot inside his jacket. JACK drinks from the spout, peering ahead into the murk. A wild unruly part of him is loving this.

Above him, more top-men struggle up the rigging, with the

mast drawing crazy figure of eights on a rushing sky.

152. BELOW DECKS

The dog watch are wolfing their food, mugs and dinner plates sliding over the table. Crewmen walk up hill to the grog barrel, down their ration and head up top again.

HIGGINS

You reckon Captain will keep chasing him
'round the Horn with every stitch of
canvas flying?

DAVIES

I reckon he'd chase him to the gates of
hell if he has to.

PLAICE

And that's where we're all going if he
doesn't take in sail.

Since his injury, Joe Plaice's startlingly random pronouncements have acquired the quality of an oracle.

153. ON DECK

The wind rising from yell to shriek. Waves blown flat by it, the ship travelling at a drunken sideways angle across a raging expanse of white foam.

Four men on the wheel, lashed to it, with the air around them full of water.

In the distance a tower of black rock on the rim of the sea, distant rollers breaking against it and surging up to a preposterous height.

JACK looks up at the great press of canvas as he paces the quarterdeck, the officers glancing from the sails back to JACK.

JACK

Strike the topgallants.

Men gratefully rush to the ratlines and begin climbing to the masts.

STEPHEN staggers up onto deck. JACK calls to him, pointing at

the black rock.

JACK (CONT'D)
Cape Horn, Doctor!

STEPHEN stares across at the legendary Cape. He's struggling with his pocket-glass when a lurch of the ship sends him tumbling. As men help him below, WARLEY, the maintop captain reports to the bosun.

HOLLAR (to WARLEY)
Help them with that mizzen topgallant!
You go too, Mr. Hollom!

HOLLUM looks desperate as he follows WARLEY up the ratlines of the mizzen.

154. MIZZEN TOPgallant MAST

WARLEY works frantically. He's out on the yardarm high above the raging sea. He shouts for HOLLUM to join him, but HOLLUM is still in the top, some twenty feet below, unable or unwilling to climb any higher.

155. THE SURPRISE - DAY

Wide to see the ship. WARLEY working on the swaying mizzen. The bow swinging a couple of points further south.

156. QUARTERDECK - DAY

Wood and rope straining as they wrestle to turn. Then a tremendous crack as the mizzen-topmast splits and flies backward into the sea, carrying WARLEY along with it.

BONDEN
Man overboard!

Sail and cordage falling over the men at the wheel. A loose block and tackle swinging murderously in the gale.

JACK fights free from the tangle of ropes as WARLEY vanishes in the foam. The mizzenmast is acting as a sea-anchor dragging the ship's head northwards toward the black rocks.

JACK grabs a speaking-trumpet as WARLEY briefly reappears.

JACK

Swim for the wreckage, man!

Then to PULLINGS.

JACK (CONT'D)

Reduce sail!

As crewmen scramble frantically into the rigging, JACK turns back to see WARLEY desperately swimming toward the trailing wreckage, his mates shouting encouragement over the howling wind.

With sails reduced the ship perceptibly slows, but the dragging wreckage is swinging the ship broadside on to the waves.

BONDEN

She's broaching!

PULLINGS runs to JACK, pointing to the trailing mass of ropes and mast.

PULLINGS

It's acting as a sea-anchor! We must cut it loose, Sir!

WARLEY still struggling to reach the wreckage but going under with each wave. JACK, agonized, makes his decision.

JACK

Axes!

AWKWARD DAVIES scrambles up the ladder with an axe, but loses his footing and falls sprawling over the quarterdeck.

JACK grabs the axe and attacks the ropes. He's joined by NAGEL who has run to assist before realizing that the man overboard is his friend Warley.

JACK (CONT'D)

Set to then. Set to!!

NAGEL's face is a mask of horror, but he obeys Jack's orders and starts chopping. He and Jack work shoulder to shoulder, matching blow for blow []

The prow keeps turning, wave after wave coming at right angles to the ship.

157. ON THE GUN-DECK - DAY

A hatch cover is torn off by the force of water, a sudden mighty deluge pouring down into the lower levels drenching the men and swamping the guns.

HOLLAR (yells below)
All hands to the pumps!

158. QUARTERDECK - DAY

JACK and NAGEL [] keep hacking at the tangle of ropes. Knocking chips off the railing in their urgency to cut free the dragging mast.

Finally they succeed. The last of the ropes [] whips away, the broken mizzen disappears aft and the ship swings southward, away from the rocks.

The wreckage is swept away by the next wave, leaving WARLEY struggling, his last chance of getting back to the ship gone.

Then another wave breaks over him and he is gone.

NAGEL is bereft. JACK lowers his head.

159. OUTSIDE THE GREAT CABIN - NIGHT

KILLICK and BLACK BILL.

KILLICK
He's been at it again.

BLACK BILL
Who's that then?

KILLICK
The Jonah.

BLACK BILL
What Jonah?

160. THE GREAT CABIN - NIGHT

JACK sits at his desk. The model of the Acheron that WARLEY helped make sits accusingly in front of him.

STEPHEN pours him a glass on wine, and one for himself.

STEPHEN

The deaths in actual battle are the easiest.

(beat)

For my own part - those who die under the knife or from some consequent infection: I have to remind myself that it is the enemy who killed them, and not me.

(beat)

Warley was a casualty of war, as surely as if a French ball had taken him.

JACK nods. Obviously the death still weighs on his conscience. []

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

(offering the wine)

At the same time....

He breaks off

Jack

At the same time, what?

Stephen hesitates, aware that he has to proceed carefully

STEPHEN

You know that I wear two hats on every voyage. I am the captains particular friend and supporter, but also I am the ships doctor in which later capacity I am party to....

He catches a steely glint in Jacks eye and breaks off.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

You don't want me to continue.

JACK

(stiffly)

On the contrary. I insist on it.

STEPHEN

There is talk below decks of turning

back. Or rather that we should have turned back some weeks ago. Of course the men would follow "Lucky Jack" anywhere, and usually in the confident expectation of victory. But that of course is the problem.

JACK

What is the problem?

STEPHEN

That you are not accustomed to defeat Jack. That you have taken it too personally. That chasing this larger, faster ship, with its long guns, is beginning to smack of pride 'which goeth before destruction'?

JACK

It's not pride nor anything like it, it's a question of duty.

STEPHEN

'Duty', ah yes. The naval signal for end of discussion.

JACK

You can be as 'satiric' as you like, Stephen, but I have my orders. She is attacking our whalers. For why? Without whales we have no boot polish, nor any soap, nor oil for our lamps, not to oil our sabres and muskets. Destroying our whalers could win the war for Napoleon. Which is why we must catch this Acheron. As a man of learning surely you can see that.

STEPHEN

At whatever the cost?

JACK

Any whatever cost I choose to pay. And I will calculate that myself, Stephen without reference to your friends in the ward room.

An icy wind whips at the men working on the temporary mizzen mast.

Hollom, half way up the rigging is relaying instructions between the men in the rigging and the men on deck

HOLLOM

Cast off.

The new yard flails around on its pulley, bashing dangerously against the mast. Almost claiming Nagel

HOLLOM (CONT'D)

Belay. Sorry. Sorry.

161 QUARTERDECK

PULLING craning upwards. The topmen's shouted commands are whipped away by the gale.

JACK joins him, still smarting from the conversation with Stephen

JACK

We'll have to go further south, get around this bloody west wind.

PULLINGS

How far south?

JACK

As far as is necessary, Mr. Pullings. The sixtieth parallel if need be.

162. THE SHIP - DAY

Tacking southwards. The sun, a pale anaemic disc, gradually disappearing behind layers of cloud.

The wind is a constant shrill whistle through the rigging, a sound like some infernal drill which rises and falls but never ceases.

DISSOLVE TO -

163. QUARTERDECK - DAWN

The sun rising in a clear sky which turns a sapphire blue. White ice-islands lie all around them, some a pure, rosy pink. Others bright ultramarine.

And still the wind howls, driving them further south.

MOWETT passes his telescope to STEPHEN MATURIN. As STEPHEN studies some seals on an ice-beach, MOWETT launches into verse, shouting against the wind -

MOWETT

Then we upon the globes last verge shall
go to view the ocean leaning on the sky
from thence our rolling neighbours we
shall know
and on the hidden world securely pry!

He is interrupted by a bundle of guns clattering on board from one of the small boats. They are followed by Mr Howard clad in several thicknesses of sealskin and carrying a brace of dead penguin.

164. THE SHIP AT NIGHT

The ship scudding onwards, soundless at this distance, but for the chilling high pitched whistle of the wind.

An iceberg passes in foreground, fantastic shapes of ice, like a Gothic cathedral, sculpted by the elements.

165. BERTH DECK - NIGHT

Hanging stoves provide some feeble warmth. Men huddle close to them, their breath condensing, or lie shivering in their bunks, unable to sleep for the cold.

HOLLAR appears with a lantern.

HOLLAR

Rise and shine! Show a leg there, tumble
up, tumble up - sleepers awake!

As the previous watch arrive downstairs, numb and dazed from the cold, the next watch emerge from their hammocks and dress. No-one speaks.

166. THE GREAT CABIN - DAY

The officers take their places at dinner. Once again it's penguin stew.

PULLINGS comes in, with an unexpected smile on his face and whispers something to JACK.

JACK
Praise be. At last.

The others seem to know what's going on, all except STEPHEN who looks baffled.

STEPHEN
Pray what is there to celebrate?

JACK holds up his hand for silence. A series of creaks and groans from the ship. The coffee pot tilts on its gimbals.

JACK
We have made our turn northward, Doctor.
We are headed back toward the sun...

The officers give a slightly ragged cheer.

JACK (CONT'D)
...in anticipation of which. I asked
Killick to prepare something special.
(shouts off)
Killick. Killick there.

KILLICK comes in with his usual exasperated expression, bearing a tray with a silver tureen lid on it.

KILLICK
Which I was just coming.

He lays it on the table.

JACK
Gentlemen, I give you... our destination.

He whips off the lid to reveal a strange glutinous mass, a pudding cut in the oddest of shapes. Everyone stands to get a better look.

STEPHEN
The Galapagos Islands.

PULLINGS

'Pon my word so it is. Look: here's
Narborough, Chatham and Hood...

JACK

That's where the whalers are, ain't it Mr
Allen. So that's where the Acheron will
be headed.

The mood is now taken over by the glee of recognition, as the
officers marvel over the pudding.

JACK (CONT'D)

Mr. Pullings, if you'll permit me, a
slice of Albermale. For you Doctor,
Redondo Rock.

There's a tiny man-of-war made of icing, between the islands.
JACK picks it up in his spoon.

JACK (CONT'D)

And, with a fair wind behind us the
Acheron for me.

167. OPEN OCEAN, DOLDRUMS - DAY

Slow pan over a glassy expanse of water. JACK's head suddenly
breaks the surface, close to camera.

As he swims he brings the Surprise into view. The ship is
utterly becalmed, wallowing in the swell, her sails hanging
limp. A 'painted ship upon a painted ocean'.

JACK swims around the ship, which currently presents a less
than warlike picture with washing hanging from every part of
the rigging.

He calls up to PULLINGS -

JACK

Best bowers chipped... Lot of rust on
these forechains... black strake needs
another coat.

168. QUARTERDECK

JACK comes aboard, takes a towel from KILLICK and looks about

him.

The men are holystoning the deck and polishing the brightwork. They look thin and exhausted and burnt dark-brown by the sun and wind.

169. FORECASTLE

Killick is with NAGEL and others tarring the ratlines as he looks back at HOLLUM, patrolling the gangway.

KILLICK indicates him with a tilt of the head.

KILLICK

That engagement off Recife: his whole gun crew killed and him not a mark on him. Soon as he went up the mizzen mast Warley falls. And whose watch was it when we lost our wind?

HOLLUM sees them looking at him.

170. THE SCUTTLEBUTT, SHIP'S WAIST - DAY

A marine sentry, TROLLOPE, stands guard by the ship's water-barrel - the level is very low. STEPHEN ladles some water into a phial.

TROLLOPE

One glass per man, sir, Captain's orders.

STEPHEN straightening, irritated by the challenge.

STEPHEN

A mere thimbleful, Corporal, for scientific purposes only.

171. STEPHEN'S CABIN - DAY

In the gloom of his cabin, STEPHEN angles the mirror of his brass microscope toward the window, and places a slide containing a droplet of water under the lens.

172. MAINMAST-TOP - DAY

JACK climbs into the top. He adjusts his telescope, studies the horizon.

173. JACK'S TELESCOPE P.O.V.

He pans across the empty sea.

174. STEPHEN'S MICROSCOPE P.O.V.

An assortment of mobile, transparent micro-organisms rotating wildly.

STEPHEN (O.S.)
My God, Padeen, a veritable zoo.

PADEEN takes a look, amazed then greatly amused.

175. THE GREAT CABIN - NIGHT

Charts are spread all over the table, STEPHEN poring over them when Jack comes in

[]

STEPHEN
Show me where these Doldrums lie?

JACK joins him.

JACK
Stephen. Will we never make a sailor of you? The doldrums is a condition, not a region. But you tend to strike 'em here...

(pointing)
...between the trades, and the sou'easterlies. I hope the Acheron is having it as bad as we are.

STEPHEN considers their current position on the chart, the tiny Galapagos Islands to the north and the vast emptiness to the west of them.

STEPHEN
Assuming he is heading for the Galapagos, and not some other point in all this vastness?

JACK
Come. I'd have thought you'd be delighted

to go there. It is said to be a natural
paradise

STEPHEN

In truth I'd be delighted with the merest
guano stained rock provided it didn't
sway beneath my feet

JACK

Well, we'll take on food and water once
we're there, and as compensation for not
having put ashore in Brazil I pledge that
during that time, several days at least,
you can wander at will, catching bugs and
beetles to your heart's delight. You will
be the first naturalist to set foot on
the islands. That is my solemn promise

STEPHEN

I accept, provided the men have not
mutinied and thrown us all overboard
before we get there.

JACK

Mutiny? No. They are already counting
their share of the prize money.

STEPHEN

Another week of this and they shall
gladly give it up for a glass of clean
water.

JACK

Ach, Stephen. Stephen. Pray stop your
bellyacheing. We shall have rain
presently, and if not we shall damned
well tow ourselves out of this.

176. JOLLY BOAT - DAY

Disgruntled, under-slept men, in boats towing the ship.

NAGEL and DAVIES look back darkly at HOLLLOM who sits in the
stern.

HOLLLOM

Stroke. Stroke...

DAVIES (whispers)

I heard he were on the Fair Marion as
foundered off Tresco. And he were on the
Zephyrus what exploded at Trafalgar.

HOLLOM has heard this, as DAVIES intended, but he looks away
choosing to ignore them.

177. FIGHTING TOP - DAY

A view from above of men towing the ship. Over this an
unpleasant scraping sound - chalk on slate.

BONDEN
M-a-s-t... mast

STEPHEN is writing words on a slate then offering them to
BONDEN whom he is teaching to read.

BONDEN (CONT'D)
S-u-n... sun

STEPHEN nods and scratches another word on the board. As
BONDEN struggles to decipher it there's the sound of a musket
shot and a seabird falls out of the sky.

HOWARD, the captain of marines, reloads his smoking musket
laughing aloud.

STEPHEN
Is that man completely mad?
(shouts down)
Mr. Howard, a petrel is not good eating!

HOWARD looks up towards them, a broad smile on his red moon
of a face.

HOWARD
Were you never a man for sporting,
Doctor? Why you could shoot all day in
these waters with two men loading!

178. GUN-DECK - DAY

The midshipmen and powder-monkeys have assembled for weapons
practise, armed with cutlasses. CALAMY and WILLIAMSON divide
the group into two teams, choosing sides as for school-yard
football.

CALAMY
Blakeney...

WILLIAMSON
Rye...

CALAMY
Swift...

WILLIAMSON
Boyle...

CALAMY
(the final choice)
All right, come on Addison.

Little ADDISON joins CALAMY's side, trailing his too-large sword. WILLIAMSON tosses a coin.

CALAMY (CONT'D)
Heads.

WILLIAMSON
It's tails. We attack.

CALAMY's side retire to a defensive position made of tar barrels at one end of the deck. From here they are suddenly aware of Jack idly watching their mock-fight from the quarter-deck

WILLIAMSON's team give a yell and charge at them.

It's serious fighting. Heads are struck, fingers are rapped. BLAKENEY, trying gamely with his left arm but frustrated by his own ineptitude, goes down under the rush of attackers.

BLAKENEY
Ow ow ow!

WILLIAMSON
Yield.

CALAMY
Let go of him.

WILLIAMSON
Yield!!

CALAMY can't drag the bigger boy off. He whips a pistol out of his belt and fires it at WILLIAMSON's head.

WILLIAMSON is blasted sideways, clutching his face and yelling in pain. The other boys separate, horrified.

CALAMY

It's just powder. There wasn't a ball in it, just powder.

He helps BLAKENEY to his feet.

CALAMY (CONT'D)

Are you all right?

BLAKENEY

No.

Angrily shaking free of him, he looks to where Jack stood, but the captain is no longer watching.

CALAMY

What's wrong? I saved you.

BLAKENEY

I didn't need to be saved.

179. ON DECK - DAY

Tar bubbling under the heat of the sun. Cannons fizzing and steaming as they are washed.

There's been a change of crews in the long-boats, and HOLLLOM and his men are now back on board. NAGEL is approaching from one end of the narrow gang-way, HOLLLOM from the other. NAGEL pushes past, deliberately bumping HOLLLOM, who stumbles, clutching for the gunwale.

180. QUARTERDECK - DAY

JACK sees this outrageous act of indiscipline and yells out -

JACK

Master at arms! Take that man below and clap him in irons. Mr. Pullings, defaulters at six bells.

181.

THE GREAT CABIN, DOLDRUMS - DAY

JACK stands behind his desk, brow like thunder. From outside the sounds of the muster. HOLLLOM stands in front of him, twisting his hat between his hands.

JACK

The man pushed past you without making his obedience. And yet you said nothing.

HOLLLOM

No, Sir, I intended to but the right words just didn't...

JACK

'The right words'? He failed to salute you. It's deliberate insubordination.

HOLLLOM looks at the floor, mumbles -

HOLLLOM

They don't like me, Sir.

JACK

They what? Speak up, man!

HOLLLOM raises his head and looks at JACK, his eyes shiny with tears and when he opens his mouth the words tumble out in a rush.

HOLLLOM

I've tried to get to know the men a bit, Sir, be friendly like, but they've taken a set against me. Always whispering when I go past, giving me looks. But, I'll set that to rights, be tougher on them from now on.

JACK

You can't make 'friends' with the foremast jacks, they'll despise you in the end. Nor do you need be a tyrant. It's leadership they want, strength, respect.

HOLLLOM

I'm very sorry, Sir.

JACK
You're what twenty-three, twenty-four?

HOLLUM
(smiling weakly)
Twenty-five next Friday.

JACK
You've failed to pass for lieutenant twice. You can't spend the rest of your life as a midshipman.

HOLLUM
I'll try harder, Sir.

KILLICK helps JACK on with his full-dress uniform.

JACK
Well, it's an unfortunate business, Hollom. Damned unfortunate.

KILLICK seems to endorse this by placing the captain's hat emphatically on JACK's head.

Jack turns and strides out of the cabin, HOLLUM following slowly after him.

182. QUARTERDECK, DOLDRUMS - DAY

The entire crew has been mustered. The uniformed officers line the quarterdeck as JACK reads from the Articles of War.

JACK
'Article Thirty-Six. All other crimes not capital, committed by any person or persons in the fleet... shall be punished according to the laws, and customs, of the sea.'

(then, to NAGEL)
Mr. Nagel, you're an old man-of-war's man and yet you failed to salute an officer. You knew what you were doing. Have you anything to say in your defence?

NAGEL looks at the deck.

NAGEL

No, Sir.

JACK
Have his officers anything to say for
him?

DAVIES and KILLICK scowl across the deck at HOLLLOM, who looks wretched but says nothing.

JACK (CONT'D)
Seize him up.

NAGEL is spread-eagled to the grating, his hands tied.

HOLLAR
Seized up, Sir.

JACK
One dozen. Bosun's mate, do your duty.

The mate takes the leather cat-o-nine tails out of its red bag.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP ON -

183. THE GREAT CABIN - DUSK

JACK stands alone, tuning his fiddle. No matter how much he turns the peg the top string always sounds flat. He tunes some more and breaks it.

JACK
Red hell...

184. QUARTERDECK - DUSK

JACK (O.S.)
...and bloody death!

Every word is plainly audible to the men on watch, who pretend to hear nothing.

185. THE GREAT CABIN - DUSK

JACK is fitting a new string. Widen to reveal STEPHEN sitting opposite with his cello.

STEPHEN

I was merely remarking that you have always prided yourself on not being a flogging captain and this...

JACK

I am not a "flogging captain". I have not once rigged the grating on this voyage, not once in twelve thousand miles. Besides, I wager you will find a deal more brutality on land.

Tightening the new string. The note escalating as he turns.

STEPHEN

I'm not a party to it on land.

JACK

Well you are party to it on my ship. Men must be governed. Often not wisely I grant you, but there are hierarchies even in nature, as you've often said yourself.

STEPHEN

Hierarchies. That is the excuse of every tyrant in history. Of Nero. Of Bonaparte.

JACK

(trying to call a halt)
Yes. Fine words I'm sure

STEPHEN

(continues regardless)
...We are not animals and I for one am opposed to authority, that egg of misery and oppression..

JACK

Very fine words Stephen, but In these current circumstances, hard-work and firm discipline is what keeps our little wooden world together.

STEPHEN

And grog I suppose.

JACK

Of course. What of it? Of course they

have their grog!

STEPHEN (sits) (CONT'D)
You know Nagel was drunk when he insulted Hollom. And Higgins is never sober. Even the midshipmen...

JACK
The men will have their grog Stephen. It is part of the immemorial tradition of the service

STEPHEN
Well a shameful tradition it is too. To have them pressed from their homes, kept in a permanent state of dull inebriation.

JACK
Stephen...

STEPHEN
...confined for months in a wooden prison, Never more than a few hours sleep and flogged when drunken idleness drives them to....

JACK (forcefully)
...Stephen! I warn you that friend or no I will not have you talk of the service like that.

STEPHEN
I am stating plain facts

JACK
(finally explodes)
Well I will not hear them! From you or anyone. You understand! Things are as they are for good or bad whether or not they have a place in your damned papist philosophy. If you are here to make music then sit down and play. If not be gone, for you have come to the wrong shop for anarchy!

In stony silence Stephen puts down his cello bow and leaves past Killick, who is lurking as always by the door.

about anything?

CALAMY glares at BLAKENEY.

189. INT STEPHEN'S ROOM - DUSK

A shot from the deck above.

STEPHEN looks up from his book "Di Consolazione Philosophae". Then the sound of bare feet approaching, followed by a knock at the door.

Its Joe Plaice, looking agitated.

PLAICE

Beg your pardon, your honour, but Mr. Howard just shot a sea-monster!

190. GANGWAY - DUSK

STEPHEN and PLAICE stride along to where the marine captain, HOWARD, peers down into the water with one of his men.

HOWARD

Doctor! The very man.

STEPHEN moves to the rail, looks out.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

[] I wished you'd seen it for yourself, Doctor. The crew never seen anything like it.

On the glassy sea, a smudge of blood and some ripples

HOWARD (CONT'D)

It was prodigious like a human, though bigger, might have been a sea-elephant, it had a calf with it - I didn't mean to hit the calf, I missed my mark.

STEPHEN

Mr. Howard, let me beg you, if the men can't eat it or I can't dissect it, please do not shoot every creature you see.

STEPHEN stares back down at the ripples spreading over the

glassy sea.

191. THE SURPRISE - NIGHT

Wide, on the troubled ship, small yellow patches of light visible from the gun-ports.

192. BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

The men are lying in their hammocks when, from somewhere outside, there comes an ungodly howling. It stops, then comes again, exactly human in its pitch.

The crew look at one another. This is like no sound they've ever heard.

The howling stops then comes again, from another direction.

193. THE GREAT CABIN, EXTERIOR - NIGHT

KILLICK and BLACK BILLY listening.

KILLICK

What did I tell you? The ship's accursed.

194. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

JACK comes up from below.

JACK

What is that abominable noise, for God's sake?

PULLINGS

I have no idea, Sir.

MOWETT

You don't think it's the Acheron, Sir?

JACK

(untypically cutting)

The enemy cannot come on us without a wind, Mr. Mowett.

He looks about at the terrified faces of the crew. The wailing sound now rises to a shriek, as STEPHEN joins the group.

JACK (CONT'D)
What do you make of it, Doctor?

STEPHEN
I'm sure I've never heard the like.

The crew overhear this and pass it among themselves as another anguished howl fills the night.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Perhaps it's the mother of the creature
Mr. Howard shot.

JACK
[] Creature?

STEPHEN
[] A manatee. A sea-elephant possibly.
Though I have never known one with a cry
like this.

A glance along at HOWARD on the gangway, as terrified as anyone.

JACK
Bosun. Fire off some flares.

195. WIDE ON THE SHIP - NIGHT

Three flares soar and burst with a ghostly glow, making a pool of blue light around the ship, the sound continuing to echo and re-echo from somewhere beyond.

196. QUARTERDECK - NIGHT

The light illuminates the half-hour glass, its top-half empty of sand. Like everyone else, the duty sergeant stands frozen to the spot. Jack rounds on him.

JACK
Sergeant, what the devil are you thinking
of? Turn the glass and strike the bell.

Roused, the duty sergeant turns the glass and time resumes its flow.

Two bells are hesitantly rung and the crew regain the power

of motion, their limbs still spastic with fear. And when the sound comes once more they all freeze.

JACK joins MOWETT at the taffrail. The thing is somewhere out there, whatever it is.

MOWETT

Perhaps some poor shipwreck?

He shouts, a slight nervous catch to his voice.

MOWETT (CONT'D)

Ahoy! Is anyone there?

Part of him knows it's crazy and of course there's no reply. The sound constantly shifting position, now in the water, now in the sky.

JACK turns to see a white face, frighteningly close to his own. It's PADEEN, mouth agape, face unnaturally white, staring into the gloom as though drawn to whatever horror lies out there.

JACK

Padeen. What are you doing on the quarterdeck?

He looks down at the press of men who have gathered at the bottom of the ladder, some with weapons.

JACK (CONT'D)

Below! All of you men below!

(to MOWETT)

Tell the bosun those off-duty may sleep with their lamps on.

197. LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Several crewmen huddle close together their faces lit by a battle-lantern. Joe Plaice grim. Doudle wide-eyed. Higgins with his alcoholic tremor more pronounced than ever.

BLACK BILL

Duppies make that noise.

KILLICK (indicating BILL)

See. They know all about this in Africa.

DOUDLE

What's a duppie?

BLACK BILL

That Warley. Swallow by a fish. Spirit
can't get out. Him duppie now.

SLADE

Captain don't even know what that noise
be.

General nods of agreement.

DOUDLE

Doctor neither, and he knows everything.

KILLICK

Joe here's got the most experience in
these matters, and new brains to boot,
let's hear it from Joe.

All eyes on JOE PLAICE. He speaks from the shadows.

PLAICE

It's the Jonah causing it. That howling
thing is a signal to the Phantom-Ship.
He's calling it up, don't you see? Every
time he's on watch the ship appears. You
wait and see, the ghost-ship will appear
any time tonight, and take us all
straight to the hot-place.

Another shriek, closer now, seems to confirm JOE's bizarre
theory.

198. MIDSHIPMEN'S BERTH - NIGHT

The boys sit together. None of them look at HOLLUM, who sits
pale and wretched in a corner of the room, clutching his
stomach.

199. STEPHEN'S CABIN - NIGHT

As the howling continues, STEPHEN looks through a number of
books on sea-creatures searching for a reference to what
they're experiencing.

As JACK looks over his shoulder, his eye is caught by a picture in one of STEPHEN's books.

He picks it up.

Close on the picture - it's an engraving of a giant squid, its tentacles wrapped around a ship.

Back on JACK holding the picture up to STEPHEN.

JACK
You don't think...?

There is a knock on the cabin door and BLAKENEY enters, agitated.

BLAKENEY (to STEPHEN)
It's Mr. Hollom, sir, you better come quick.

200. MIDSHIPMEN'S BERTH

HOLLUM writhing in agony on the floor, STEPHEN trying to calm him, shouting for assistance from the midshipmen and then from PADEEN.

STEPHEN
Mr Hollom. Sir. Try to contain yourself.
Hold his head. Mr Hollom. Padeen

201. STEPHEN'S CABIN - NIGHT.

Stephen is writing some case notes in his journal, when Jack puts his head around the door.

Stephens POV: The lamp, lighting his face from below and to one side, gives a strange lopsided twist to Jack's smile

JACK
Well?

STEPHEN
There's nothing physically wrong with him. He thinks he's been cursed by the Omen.

JACK

Then he probably has been. Sailors will abide a great deal, but never a Jonah. It's like a white crow - the others peck it to death.

STEPHEN

A 'Jonah'? My God, you believe it too.

JACK

I desired to save you the trouble of looking for a cure. No doubt it will all be sorted by the morning.

202 FORECASTLE, LATER - NIGHT

BLAKENEY stands near the bows peering out into the night. A figure approaches from behind and lays a hand in his shoulder.

BLAKENEY nearly jumps out of his skin.

BLAKENEY

Mr. Hollom! You gave me such a start. Are you better now?

HOLLOM's breathing does indeed seem easier.

HOLLOM

Much better, thank you.

BLAKENEY

I think the creature is going away.

HOLLOM

I am sure of it.

He reaches down, picks up a 12 pound cannonball.

HOLLOM (CONT'D)

You've always been very kind to me.
Goodbye, Blakeney.

With a sudden movement he's on the gunwale, then he jumps over the side the cannonball in his arms.

BLAKENEY looks down with shock to see HOLLOM's pale face receding from him into the depths. It's a moment before he

gathers his wits to shout -

BLAKENEY
Man overboard!

203. QUARTERDECK - DAWN

The ship's company are mustered on deck. JACK stands at the sword rack lectern. KILLICK hands him a Bible open at the story of Jonah.

JACK looks, then hands it back to KILLICK.

JACK
The fact is, [] not all of us become the men we once hoped we might be. But we are all God's creatures. If some of us thought ill of Mr. Hollom, or spoke ill of him, or failed him in respect of fellowship, then we ask your forgiveness, Lord, and we ask for his.

Close on the faces of the crew - KILLICK, HIGGINS, NAGEL, CALAMY, BLAKENEY and finally Stephen who is staring oddly at Jack, as though holding him partly responsible for this latest tragedy.

JACK (CONT'D)
Amen.

CREW (mumble ashamedly)
Amen.

The men on deck remain standing, heads bowed, observing a minute's silence, as the sky begins to pale, and the white disc of the sun appears above them.

FASTER DOUDLE is the first to look up, followed by others - the terrible sound has gone and a small puff of wind is stirring the mainsail.

204. HOUR GLASS

The sand runs out of the half-hour glass.

BONDEN
Strike eight bells.

QUARTERMASTER (to the marine sentry)
Turn the glass and strike the bell.

The glass is inverted. The bell tolls.

205. SURPRISE AT SEA - DAY

The ship moves through a tropical squall. Men rig a sail to catch the water, others appear with barrels and tubs, anything to catch the precious rain.

DISSOLVE TO -

206. THE SURPRISE - DAY

Sea birds swarming over a shoal of fish in the foreground as the cry of the distant lookout carries faintly across the sea.

LOOKOUT (O.S.)
Land-ho!

207. GANGWAY - DAY

BLAKENEY runs along the gangway, past STEPHEN, en route to the quarterdeck.

BLAKENEY
Give you joy, sir! We have raised the
Galapagos!

208. MONTAGE OF TELESCOPE VIEWS, GALAPAGOS - DAY

There's a primeval quality to the landscape, a feeling of a world just born. The wild creatures that inhabit the lava flows and coral beaches confirm this - the giant tortoises, iguanas, sea-lions and penguins, a teeming profusion of exotic animals and plants.

209. QUARTERDECK/FORECASTLE/TOPS - DAY

The ship fairly bristles with telescopes.

210. FORECASTLE

A small group of familiar faces share a pocket telescope.

HIGGINS (looking)
Can't see any wimmun. Just lots of ducks
and lizards.

DOUDLE takes the telescope.

DOUDLE
Wot? There must be wimmun. T'ain't
natural.

211. QUARTERDECK

STEPHEN and BLAKENEY side by side. From both their faces we sense their wonder at seeing these remarkable creatures for the first time.

STEPHEN
How extraordinary.

BLAKENEY
What, sir?

STEPHEN
Those birds!

He's looking at a group of unremarkable black seabirds waddling about on a rock, flapping short, stumpy wings.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
A species of cormorant. But apparently
flightless, by all that's Holy. I believe
that is unknown to science.

BLAKENEY dwells briefly on the strange rock-climbing birds then drifts back to the iguanas.

BLAKENEY
The dragons don't seem to bother 'em.

STEPHEN
They are a type of iguana I should think,
and therefore vegetarian.

His telescope remains focussed on the cormorants. BLAKENEY is wholly absorbed in the iguanas.

BLAKENEY

Will you catch one?

STEPHEN

Yes. Most certainly. And if we can, some eggs.

BLAKENEY

I mean the great lizards.

STEPHEN

Oh!

Recognizing how superficially dull the birds are to BLAKENEY's untutored eye, by contrast with giant lizards.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

I should think a pair of them. Then you can present one of their offspring to the king.

BONDEN

Ha! There's one going for a swim.

STEPHEN

No. Iguanas are land animals.

BONDEN

Not these ones.

The prehistoric-looking creatures, as if suddenly awakened, begin diving into the water.

STEPHEN (O.S.)

By Jove Bonden you are right! Two new species in as many minutes.

He breaks off, suddenly aware of a shouted exchange between the lookout and the quarterdeck.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

What is all that confounded bellowing?

JACK

All hands about ship!

BLAKENEY dashes off and STEPHEN is elbowed out of the way by hands rushing to get at the sails.

NEHEMIAH SLADE
By your leave sir, by your leave.

HOLLAR (distant)
Helms a'lee - off tacks and sheets -
mainsail haul!

As the ship turns a distant whaleboat appears with six men aboard, pulling out from one of the neighboring islands.

212. IN THE LEE OF THE SHIP'S HULL (TIME-LAPSE) - DAY

The whaleboat has come alongside.

Men swarm down the boarding nets and the whalers are helped aboard, hoarse and exhausted from rowing and shouting.

HOGG
God bless you. Thank you, shipmates.

213. QUARTERDECK - LATER, DAY

HOGG, the senior whaler, sits with his mates, relating his story to JACK and the officers.

HOGG
We was coming back for fresh lines, hid
in that inlet, yonder. Black-three
master. Bit beamy and raised in the
stern.

Meaningful looks among Jack and his men. Its definitely the Acheron he's describing []

Hogg meanwhile takes a pint mug of water, gulps it down, and passes it back to BLAKENEY for a refill.

HOGG (CONT'D)
Hundred thousand pound of good whale oil
they stole. Then the bastards...

ALLEN
(cuffs him)
No swearing on the quarterdeck.

JACK
(waves ALLEN away)

Go on.

HOGG

...Then they burnt our bloody ship and
headed off, bunch of fugging pirates.

Looking pointedly at Allen

[]

JACK

And her course?

HOGG

Maybe a point south of west. Following
the rest of the whaling fleet.

JACK (rising)

Mr. Mowett, these men to be entered on
the ship's books. Mr. Allen, lay a course
west sou'west.

As ALLEN hurries away shouting orders -

PULLINGS

Should we not take on fresh supplies,
Sir? Those tortoises...

JACK (overlapping, impatient)

There's not a moment to lose, Mr.
Pullings.

He leaves the quarterdeck and goes below, STEPHEN following.

214. IN THE GREAT CABIN

JACK has taken his jacket off and is already unfurling his
charts. STEPHEN hurries in.

STEPHEN

Have you forgotten your promise?

JACK

(not looking up)

Subject to the requirements of the
service, Stephen. I could not in all
conscience delay for the sake of an
iguano or a... giant peccary -

interesting no doubt, but of no immediate application.

STEPHEN (overlap)
How can you dismiss, out of hand, the bounty of nature? Knowledge that... that will help to progress...

JACK (overlap)
I can see nothing on shore that will progress our mission.

STEPHEN (overlap)
But how can we possibly know what lies [] on these islands, perhaps some knowledge that may save life, that...

JACK (overlap)
I will tell you how to save lives Stephen. Inform me how to guide this ship, undetected, under the nose of a 40 gun frigate. That is the job in hand sir.

STEPHEN swallows his indignation and tries for a compromise.

STEPHEN
Well perhaps there's an opportunity to serve both our objectives. As I understand it you mean to go round the end of this long island, then start your voyage. I could walk across it, be on the other side long before...

JACK shakes his head.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
I would walk briskly, pausing only for important measurements and almost certainly making valuable discoveries...

JACK (interrupts)
If wind and tide had been against us I should have said yes. They are not and I am obliged to say no.
(with finality)
No.

STEPHEN is livid. Betrayed.

STEPHEN

I see. So after all this time in your service I must simply be content to form part of this belligerent expedition, hurry past inestimable wonders, bent solely on destruction...

JACK

...you forget yourself, sir.

STEPHEN

No Jack, You have forgotten your self. You once believed in the rights of each individual man no matter how useless or lowly. But it seems to me now that the long exercise of power has brought you to the point where even a solemn promise...

JACK

The promise was conditional.

STEPHEN

...a promise to a friend of ten years standing who has stood by you and supported you....

JACK (overlapping)

I command a King's ship, not a private yacht...

STEPHEN

...across half the worlds oceans often at risk to his own life

JACK

...and we have no time for your damned hobbies, sir!

"Hobbies". So that is JACK's honest view of STEPHEN's lifetime of work in science. He bows slightly, then leaves.

215

QUARTERDECK - DUSK

STEPHEN stands alone at the taffrail watching as the islands recede in the distance.

News of the violent argument has spread and there is many a

sympathetic glance, which further humiliates STEPHEN.

BLAKENEY approaches him carrying something carefully in the palm of his hand.

BLAKENEY

Sir, I found a curious beetle walking on the deck.

He opens his hand - close, on a very plain little brown beetle.

BLAKENEY (CONT'D)

I think it's a Galapagos Beetle, sir.

STEPHEN

I'm sure of it.

BLAKENEY

Were you to have walked all day on the island, you might never have come across it.

STEPHEN

That is more than likely, sure.

BLAKENEY passes it to STEPHEN.

BLAKENEY

You can have it.

STEPHEN

Thank you, Mr. Blakeney.

BLAKENEY hovers for a moment, unsure of further conversation, then retreats.

216 IN THE GREAT CABIN - NIGHT

JACK sits alone at the table. KILLICK enters with toasted cheese for two.

KILLICK

No music? That's a shame

He sets down the toasted cheese.

KILLICK (CONT'D)

I'll just leave the one plate then, if himself won't be joining.

JACK

Yes, Killick. Just the one.

JACK cuts himself a portion, scowling at STEPHEN's cello which seems to watch him reproachfully as he eats.

217. STEPHEN'S CABIN - NIGHT

STEPHEN takes a dropper, carefully measures twenty drops of laudanum to a glass of water, and drinks.

218. LOOKOUT - DAY

The lookout leaning out from the cross-trees.

DOUDLE (shouting)

On deck there. Object fine on the starboard bow.

219. THE SHIP LYING STATIONARY - DAY

A barrel is being lifted aboard from the skiff and passed up the side of the ship.

220. IN THE WAIST OF THE SHIP

JACK comes down, accompanied by ALLEN, the acknowledged expert in these matters.

Others gather round, including HOGG the whaler, inspecting the stencilled markings.

ALLEN

Martha's vineyard.

HOGG

No, this here's from Boston. I was married there once.

ALLEN

Any road, it's a Yankee barrel.

HOGG

What they call a Bedford Hog in New England.

MOWETT (to JACK)
The Acheron touched at Boston.

HOGG
And it's not been in the water more than
a week.

ALLEN
One can't say with any accuracy but...

HOGG
Yes you can. There's no sea chummer on
it, and the dowels is sound.

221. ON THE QUARTERDECK - DAY

JACK returns to his post.

JACK
Continue due west, Mr. Bonden.

TOM PULLINGS watches him. There has been a change amongst the officers and crew toward JACK. His relentless driving after the Acheron has reached the point of obsession, an obsession not shared by his exhausted men.

He is a lonely, haunted figure as he now steps up on the gunwale, one hand on the ratlines, scanning the empty sea, sensing his enemy is out there, just beyond the curve of the earth.

DISSOLVE TO -

222. LADDER (TIME LAPSE) - DAY

A wild wind humming through the rigging as STEPHEN goes topside.

223. FORECASTLE - DAY

He finds various hands making the boats secure.

PLAICE
Have you seen the bird, doctor?

STEPHEN
I have not - no bird these many days.

What kind of a bird?

PLAICE

A sort of albatross I believe, or perhaps a prodigious great mew. He has been following the ship since... there he is, crossing our wake!

224. ON THE GANGWAY - DAY

STEPHEN runs along the gangway to get a clearer view, checking himself when he sees JACK on the quarterdeck.

Their eyes meet. The quarterdeck is JACK's domain now, and STEPHEN avoids it.

Then, behind JACK, the great bird suddenly appears.

It's huge, with at least a fourteen foot wing-span, and flying very close to the ship, drifting and soaring on the gusting wind, appearing and disappearing between the sails.

STEPHEN is mesmerized by it. He lets go of the rail, leaning forward to get a better view.

At the same time across from STEPHEN on the opposite gangway, HOWARD and two or three marines open fire on the bird. The bird drops low, flying right by STEPHEN.

Again a crackle of gunfire, but the bird is apparently uninjured, and it banks away, skimming the surface of the water.

STEPHEN sags to the deck. A shout. People running. Blood spreading across the white of his shirt. HOWARD there by his side.

HOWARD

My God, man! I'm so sorry. The bird dropped low. I didn't see you there!

JACK is there, shouting -

JACK

Calamy! Get Higgins!
(then turning to BONDEN)
Padeen, Davies, carry the Doctor below.

STEPHEN gets slowly up, hands reaching to help him, HOWARD in the background distraught, explaining to anyone who'll listen what happened.

STEPHEN

It's all right, I am quite capable of walking.

He tries to stand, crumples.

225. STEPHEN'S CABIN - DAY

HIGGINS presses clumsily around the wound as STEPHEN lies on the bed, his abdomen rigid, his breathing laboured. JACK watches from the door.

STEPHEN

You will just make it worse... by prodding, Mr. Higgins, it cannot be got at... except by opening me up.

A violent pitching of the ship makes it obvious how impossible this will be under sail.

As STEPHEN lapses into unconsciousness, HIGGINS looking alarmed, approaches JACK.

HIGGINS (a whisper)

The bullet took a piece of shirt in with it. Unless it is removed it will suppurate and fester.

JACK

Are you equal to the task?

HIGGINS

I'll need to read up on the Doctor's books, like. Study some pictures he has, get my bearings. Be better on land, but I'll manage somehow.

JACK looks away from the alcoholic HIGGINS back to STEPHEN.

226. OUTSIDE THE CABIN

JACK passes an anxious crowd of the ship's company: BLAKENEY, JOE PLAICE, KILLICK and HOWARD.

JACK
You men get about your business.

There are dark looks in JACK's direction as he retreats to his cabin.

227. THE GREAT CABIN - DAY

JACK throws a chart on the table.

With his protractor he marches out great strides west into the Pacific from the Galapagos Islands and marks the ship's position - they are maybe a hundred miles from the Galapagos, ahead, open sea until the Marquesas.

228. INT. STEPHEN'S CABIN - DUSK

Lying on his bed, in some pain, STEPHEN hears thudding feet, shouted orders.

In his weakened state, the sounds tend to merge. His pitching cabin keeps swimming out of focus.

There's a knock on the door and JEMMY DUCKS appears with a mug of soup and some biscuit.

JEMMY DUCKS
...sail on the horizon, sir. Hull down,
running west. It may be a couple of days
before we can catch her.

STEPHEN nods, all he wants is quiet.

JEMMY DUCKS retreats, as STEPHEN swigs from a little bottle of laudanum, which for a moment brings peace, effectively blocking out the noise from above.

A smile to PADEEN, like a farewell, and he closes his eyes.

229. FORECASTLE - DUSK

JACK, telescope to his eye, studies the distant ship as PULLINGS jumps down from the ratlines to the deck.

PULLINGS
It might be the Acheron. If we put on
more sail we'd come up with her before

nightfall.

JACK lowers the telescope, turns his back on PULLINGS, strangely abstracted.

PULLINGS (CONT'D)

(to his back)

Do you wish me to set the topgallants?

(no reply)

Sir?

A long silence. Then JACK walks away.

PULLINGS stares perplexed from JACK's retreating figure to the distant chase.

DISSOLVE TO -

230. INTERIOR STEPHEN'S CABIN - DAWN

Early morning light on the interior of the cabin. PADEEN is asleep, holding a Bible, in the doctor's chair.

STEPHEN himself lies motionless with his eyes closed and his mouth open, no colour in his face.

The sea is relatively calm. From outside the sound of the bosun's orders, over rattling blocks and pulleys.

HOLLAR (O.S.)

...Clap on now! Every rope an end...

Jolly-boat away... Slowly, Jenks! You grass-combing lubber!

MOWETT comes in, sees STEPHEN, and takes him for dead.

MOWETT

(shouts outside)

Davies! Slade!

Two big men come in behind him. PADEEN wakes, confused and pushes them away, moving protectively to the doctor's side.

The commotion disturbs STEPHEN. His eyes open. Like a dead man just come back to life.

MOWETT (CONT'D)

Doctor. You're still with us. Can we move

you onto a stretcher?

STEPHEN swallows uncomfortably and tries to make sense of things.

231. A GALAPAGOS ISLAND - DAY

A giant iguana watches as a small procession trudges up the stony beach.

At its head, STEPHEN is carried in a litter up to where a tent has been set up above the high-water mark.

His P.O.V. as JACK appears in the blue sky above him.

STEPHEN

Tell me this wasn't on my account?

JACK

(dead pan)

No. It was because of Higgins.

(beat)

Can't have him poking around in your belly without a solid platform to work on.

He ducks as they enter -

232. THE HOSPITAL TENT - DAY

In the creamy light, they lay STEPHEN down on a recently-constructed wooden operating table.

HIGGINS squats on the ground, rummaging through various large sharp surgical instruments which he has emptied onto a piece of Hessian.

JACK

All set, Higgins?

STEPHEN grabs JACK's sleeve.

STEPHEN

Not Higgins. I do this with my own hand.

Jack frowns, unsure what he means by this.

EXT. THE TENT - NIGHT

PADEEN stands, arms crossed at the closed tent-flap, keeping at bay a crowd of well-wishers, and the merely curious.

INT. THE TENT - NIGHT

STEPHEN sits pale and sweaty, propped up on a series of chests, his back against a coil of rope. In front of him, suspended by pulleys, LAMB and NAGEL have set up a large gilt-framed mirror.

Beside him, on a white tablecloth, some small scissors and scalpels.

STEPHEN

(To Jack)

[] You are sure you have a head and a stomach for this kind of thing?

JACK (smiles)

My dear Doctor, I have seen blood and wounds since I was a little boy.

STEPHEN

Then hold my belly, pressing firmly when I give the word.

STEPHEN begins first with the knife, then the probe - the grind of metal on living bone.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

You will have to raise the rib, Higgins. Take a good grip with the square retractor. Up. Harder, harder.

(to himself)

Snip the cartilage.

The metallic clash of instruments, perpetual swabbing.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Now, Jack, a steady downward pressure. Good. Keep it so. Give me the davier. Swab, Higgins. Press, Jack, press.

JACK closes his eyes. STEPHEN draws in his breath, arches his back, and it's done.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

There she is.

He pulls out the bullet, and with it, a fragment of his shirt.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Is that all of it?

The bloody piece of shirt is handed to HIGGINS who matches it to the hole in STEPHEN's old shirt.

HIGGINS

Aye, she'll patch up nicely, sir.

STEPHEN

Easy away, Jack. Handsomely with the retractor. Higgins, look to the Captain, while I swab.

HIGGINS helps JACK into a chair, pressing his head down between his knees. After a moment, and a few deep breaths, JACK looks up. STEPHEN smiles at him. A hint of surly triumph.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP ON -

235. STEPHEN'S TENT - DAY

Through a gap in the door of his tent STEPHEN can see the distant ship at anchor. Repairs are underway, guns being unloaded, stores and fresh water being ferried aboard.

BLAKENEY comes in, followed by PADEEN with a some numbered boxes hung round his neck.

STEPHEN

My goodness, what is this?

BLAKENEY starts rolling up the sides of the tent as PADEEN unloads his boxes, each with a beetle and a piece of vegetation in it.

BLAKENEY

Well sir, Padeen and I have been doing

some collecting for you. The beetles each come with a specimen of plant they were found on. Ooops. Catch him, Padeen! There he goes.

He finishes rolling up the tent sides to reveal a collection of cages, with native wildfowl in them, being fed by the poulterer, JEMMY DUCKS.

BLAKENEY (CONT'D)

The birds were snared by Jemmy Ducks. Captain says we can keep them in the chicken coop.

Then, producing a notebook -

BLAKENEY (CONT'D)

And I made a few notes if you want to see them.

STEPHEN flips the pages:

No 22. Large square black beetle with pincers. Found under rock. Eats earthworms.

STEPHEN

'Pon my word you have the makings of a true naturalist.

BLAKENEY is flattered but unsure.

BLAKENEY

Well sir, perhaps I could combine them, and be a kind of Fighting-Naturalist, like yourself?

[]

Stephen smiles at this description as he levers himself into a sitting position.

STEPHEN

Shall we take a tour of your aviary?

BLAKENEY looks doubtfully at the doctor's bandaged abdomen.

BLAKENEY

Should you really be up?

STEPHEN

Yes. Padeen!

PADEEN puts the escaped beetle in his mouth for safe keeping and offers STEPHEN a hand. STEPHEN pulls himself painfully to his feet and starts buttoning his shirt.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

(To Blakeney)

How long does the Captain intend that we stay here, do you know?

ON THE BEACH - DAY

JACK is watching those of the crew not on duty play cricket on the shore, with a canvas ball and stumps made of driftwood.

JACK

Oh, a week perhaps. There is no great hurry.

STEPHEN

But surely, we must make haste for the Marquesas?

JACK

It may not have been the Acheron that we sighted. Nor can we be sure of her destination.

(looks away)

No, I think we shall go home now, before peace breaks out with France, God forbid.

He's making light of what has been a huge and far-reaching decision.

STEPHEN

But how will it sit with the Admiralty? To have spent six months in a fruitless pursuit and then come home empty-handed?

JACK

"Empty-handed"? Not a bit of it. What about these plants and animals which Blakeney has been collecting? The British museum will need an entire new wing for 'em.

STEPHEN regards him gravely, shaking his head.

STEPHEN

I fear, Jack, you have burdened me with a debt I can never repay.

He is absolutely sincere about this, to JACK's great embarrassment.

JACK

Tosh. Name a shrub after me. Something prickly and hard to eradicate.

STEPHEN

A shrub? I shall name a giant tortoise: Testudo Aubreii!

237. SURPRISE CAMP - DAWN

STEPHEN, BLAKENEY and PADEEN leave the camp on STEPHEN's first day of exploration. They are armed with nets, baskets and a day's supply of food and water.

STEPHEN walks slightly stooped, leaning on a walking stick.

238. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

A strange and wonderful landscape lies before them, with its organically-shaped lava flows and alien-looking flora and fauna.

Everywhere STEPHEN looks there are creatures unique to the islands. He is in his element, collecting specimens which PADEEN carefully stores in the baskets.

BLAKENEY has his telescope trained on some distant humps.

BLAKENEY

Doctor, would you think it very unscientific of me to ride on the back of one of those tortoises.

STEPHEN

No, Mr. Blakeney. I would think it an experiment of absolutely vital importance. But afterwards, I do desire to find that flightless cormorant,

assuming that is what it is, and that I
still have strength enough to catch it.

239. A VALLEY - DAY

BLAKENEY gets astride a giant tortoise and burns his bottom
on its scorching hot shell.

240. LAVA BEDS - DAY

STEPHEN with his telescope taking notes on bird-life.

241. LOW SCRUB - DAY

The huge, strangely balletic figure of PADEEN chasing after a
butterfly in evening light.

242. A HEADLAND - DAY

Wide to see another aspect of the countryside - a hint of
distant sea, a rocky headland rising from the plain.

The group is widely scattered. STEPHEN at the base of the
headland, BLAKENEY half a mile further inland. PADEEN coming
up slowly behind, laden with the fruits of their expedition.

243. BASE OF THE HEADLAND - DAY

STEPHEN rests a moment. Some stones rattle down from the
hillside. He looks up to see a flash of black feathers near
the crest - the cormorant.

On his shirt a red smudge has appeared. His wound has begun
to bleed again.

Ignoring this, Stephen pushes on after his quarry.

244. THE ROCKY SLOPE

Near the top, STEPHEN pauses to catch his breath and glances
above him.

Again the bird, moving higher, as if leading him on.

STEPHEN gets down on all fours, crawling cautiously to the
crest just above him.

245. TOP OF THE HEADLAND

A clearing. There is movement in the bushes.

STEPHEN slowly rises, climbs the few paces to the hilltop and enters a clearing.

He searches amongst the bushes. Nothing.

He turns and looks back down the hillside to see BLAKENEY and PADEEN far below, then sits to get his breath back again.

STEPHEN'S P.O.V: on the ground between his feet, a beetle. He picks it up.

Close, on his hand. It is the same type of beetle BLAKENEY gave him aboard the Surprise.

Smiling at the coincidence STEPHEN raises the tiny creature to eye level.

His P.O.V.: the beetle, the creature in sharp focus, behind it the sea, and on the sea, a black shape.

The focus shifts to the background - a ship at anchor in a bay.

The beetle flies away as STEPHEN stares out at the ship. It's the Acheron, and they are weighing anchor.

246. COUNTRYSIDE - DUSK

BLAKENEY urging STEPHEN to hurry as they make their way through the darkening landscape. All kinds of creatures are appearing around them, and every few yards STEPHEN pauses to examine something.

BLAKENEY

Sir, you must hurry!

STEPHEN

A moment! You're a worse tyrant than any ship's captain.

He's breathing hard, exhausted.

BLAKENEY

You must carry him, Padeen!

PADEEN looks at the collection of baskets he carries.

BLAKENEY (CONT'D)

Leave them! We must get back to the ship.

STEPHEN raises his hand in protest, but BLAKENEY is already divesting PADEEN of his load.

247. COUNTRYSIDE - LAST LIGHT

PADEEN carrying STEPHEN 'piggy-back', BLAKENEY out ahead urging them on.

247a THE DISCARDED COLLECTING BOXES

A variety of small bugs and animals crawling free

248 STEPHEN'S CABIN - NIGHT

STEPHEN gingerly lowers himself into his 'elbow-chair', gripping the table and BLAKENEY's good arm for support. Sighing, he begins emptying his pockets of various small items collected during the day - some leaves, rocks and insects - and places them in ordered piles around his microscope.

All about them can be heard the urgent sounds of departure - the anchor rattling up, shouted orders and the drumming of bare feet on the deck above.

He holds up a stick in a specimen-jar, and is examining it with his magnifying glass when JACK enters.

JACK

I forgot to ask you - did you see your bird?

STEPHEN's eye grossly enlarged through the lens.

STEPHEN

I did not. My greatest discovery was your phantom.

JACK

Indeed it was, I'm sorry...

STEPHEN

(waving the magnifying glass)
Not a bit of it. William and I made a
unique discovery.

Handing JACK the jar and magnifying glass.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Tell him, Mr. Blakeney.

BLAKENEY (beaming)
It's a rare phasmid, Sir.

JACK inspects the stick. It winks at him.

JACK
A phasmid?

BLAKENEY
It's an insect disguised as a stick.

JACK stares at the creature.

BLAKENEY (CONT'D)
In order to confuse a predator.

JACK looks up at STEPHEN.

249. BAY, GALAPAGOS - NIGHT

The Surprise alive with crewmen on the deck and in the rigging. Shouts and commands drift across the water as she turns and heads out from the bay.

249a GANGWAY - SAME TIME

JACK strides along the quarterdeck towards the forecastle issuing a stream of orders -

JACK
Mr. Hollar, rouse up all the yellow paint
we have. I want six men with brushes
slung over the side.
(moving on)
Doudle!

DOUDLE
Yessir.

JACK hands him a piece of paper with a sketch on it.

JACK

Get your sail makers working on this.
Sixty yards by five yards with an eyelet
every seven feet.

DOUDLE

Aye, Sir.

He shouts to HOGG who, with a few men, is manhandling a large metal cauldron from the ballast to the gun-deck.

JACK

(to HOGG)

Have Nagel patch it up and light a fire
in it.

(shouts)

Mr. Calamy!

CALAMY

Aye, Sir.

JACK

Once we're underway, replace some of the
sails with the oldest, most patched set
we have.

CALAMY

They'll be in the afterhold, Sir. I'll
need some men to move all the clutter.

JACK

Good. Spread it around the foredeck. The
more mess the better.

249B. SIDE OF THE SHIP, . NIGHT

The ship powers ahead as men swing in harnesses above the racing water, painting out the Nelson chequer.

249C. ON DECK. NIGHT

NAGEL positions the great cauldron amidships as men come up from below with old barrels and bits of rope.

CALAMY

Haul away!

On the gangway, Men under CALAMY's instructions haul on ropes, pulling up the old patched sails.

The sails lead us up to

250. CROSSTREES - NIGHT

JACK, PULLINGS and the whaler HOGG scan the dark horizon.

HOGG

There, Sir. A mainmast toplight.

JACK has to use a telescope.

JACK

You've got good eyes, Hogg.

Shouts down to the helm -

JACK (CONT'D)

Mr. Bonden, set a course west-south-west.

(to PULLINGS)

We'll drop below the horizon and come up on the other side of him, let him think he's seen us first.

251. SURPRISE - DAWN

First light reveals the results of an overnight transformation - from a naval warship to a shambolic-looking Portuguese whaler.

The gunwales are painted an untidy ochre and the gun-ports hidden behind broad strips of canvas.

The sails are patched and ragged, the forecastle cluttered with barrels. Smoke billows from a cauldron amidships.

On deck and in the rigging, there's a quarter of the normal complement of men, all of them dressed in purser's slops.

252. QUARTERDECK - DAWN

A bemused STEPHEN looks about him as he approaches JACK.

STEPHEN

I see. A wolf in sheep in sheep's clothing

JACK

A phasmid, doctor. It was you what gave me the idea.

STEPHEN

I'm not sure a phasmid can be a predator.

JACK

No? Well this one is.

253. BERTH DECK - DAWN

HOWARD and his marines change out of their smart uniforms, into the oldest most ragged clothes on board the ship, much to the amusement of the passing sailors.

CREW MEN AD LIB

Very fancy. Blue to match your eyes. Is there a skirt comes with it?

254. GUN-DECK - DAWN

Men are checking the breechings of the great guns and chipping cannonballs to make them more perfectly spherical, more deadly.

The armourer is at his grindstone sending out showers of sparks, a group of seamen round him relaying one another at the crank, stacking newly honed cutlasses and boarding axes at their feet.

Another team check and load pistols by the score.

254. MIDSHIPMEN'S QUARTERS - DAWN

Alone, BLAKENEY awkwardly draws his dirk, left-handed from its scabbard. It glints momentarily in the lamp-light.

CALAMY enters, face aglow, abruptly trying to cover his joy when he sees BLAKENEY.

BLAKENEY []

It's all right. Permission to boast. You're to lead the boarders from the forecastle. Congratulations.

CALAMY

Thank you.

BLAKENEY

You'll make lieutenant out of this.

The others come in.

BOYLE

He already has. 'Acting' 3rd Lieutenant
Peter Calamy.

Oohs and aahs from all.

BLAKENEY

[]

Then I'll see you at the forecastle,
'Lieutenant'.

CALAMY

That's not your station.

BLAKENEY looks from CALAMY to the others, who avoid his eye.

BLAKENEY

But naturally I'll board with you?

CALAMY

I'm sorry, Will. Captain's orders.

BLAKENEY is devastated.

Rye bursts in, in a state of high excitement.

RYE

She's seen us!

256. QUARTERDECK - DAWN

JACK raises his glass, focuses on the Acheron, plainly
visible in the distance, with a line of signal flags running
up her backstay.

MOWETT

She's asking us to heave to. Shall I give
the order?

JACK
No, make a show of fleeing upwind, but
panicky and disorganized, like a whaler
might do.

Allen smiles at this unintended slight

JACK (CONT'D)
No offence, Mr. Hogg.

257. WIDE ON THE SHIPS - DAY

A show of chaos on deck as the Surprise veers upwind, away from the Acheron. As she presents her stern we see her new name: Malacca.

258. QUARTERDECK OF THE SURPRISE - DAY

Through his telescope, JACK looks back at the Acheron in pursuit, a dark figure on her foredeck.

JACK
(to Mowett)
Run up Portuguese colours.
(then down to the gun-deck)
Load, Mr. Pullings. Triple shot 'em.

BLAKENEY comes onto the quarterdeck and salutes, looking flushed and angry.

BLAKENEY
May I speak with you, Sir.

JACK
No saluting, Mr. Blakeney, we're whalers here.

BLAKENEY
Mr. Calamy says I am not in the boarding party, I wanted to say -

JACK
(interrupts)
I know what you want to say and my answer is no. I promised your mother I would return you in one piece and I have already failed her on that score. You

will command a gun and then retire to defend the quarterdeck here with Dr. Maturin.

BLAKENEY

But sir -

JACK (cutting in)

Go to your station, Mr. Blakeney.

BLAKENEY begins to salute, doesn't, and retires, tears burning his eyes.

A moment later there's a flash of orange astern as the Acheron opens up with her bow-chasers. An 18 pound shot screams past the side of the Surprise to land with a column of spray just off their bows.

JACK (CONT'D)

Good shooting. Remind me to press her bow gunner, Mr. Pullings.

The second ball takes down some rigging.

JACK (CONT'D)

Start the water and throw some barrels overboard.

He goes below.

259. WAIST - DAY

Barrels go overboard and pumps spout streams of water over the side as JACK runs down to

260. THE GUN-DECK

The great majority of men are gathered here, more than a hundred of them crammed together with their muskets and sabres, listening to the odd thump from topsides as another ball from the Acheron hits home.

CALAMY and his gang of young tykes are squashed in there somewhere, BOYLE, WILLIAMS, ADDISON and the rest, eyes shining with nervousness and wild anticipation, as JACK addresses his men, who shout encouragement, ad lib, in every pause.

JACK

(plus the men ad lib)

We're a long way from home. (Right you are, Captain!) A long way from anywhere, (Too true!) But if Britain rules the waves she rules these waves too. (Right she does!) And the blow we shall deal for his Majesty here will be felt just as keenly (I'll say it will) aye - and cheered just as loudly ('specially by the wimmin!) - as any dealt at Trafalgar or Cape St. Vincent.

The camera moves over the upturned faces, PLAICE, NAGEL, DOUDLE, KILLICK, the midshipmen, the powder-monkeys, the whole fellowship of the ship. And finally STEPHEN watching JACK doing what he does best: transmitting his own fearlessness into other men - the total warrior, the consummate leader.

JACK (CONT'D)

I don't say it will be easy. She's twice the men we have and they'll sell their lives dearly. But every man here is worth three of Boney's privateers, and I know there's not a faint heart among you.

CALAMY pipes up -

CALAMY

Three cheers for the Captain.

MEN (deafening)

Huzzah huzzah huzzah!

On CALAMY, cheering like a kid at a football match as...

261. QUARTERDECK - DAY

Another well-placed shot from the Acheron smashes through the rigging, sending down a shower of rope and cordage.

JACK is back at his station by the wheel, the Acheron little more than a half a mile astern, the figure of the captain in his black coat clearly visible.

JACK studies the looming black vessel, then turns and crosses

to BONDEN at the helm. BONDEN nods, lifting his hands from the wheel as JACK grips the curved timber decisively, taking the strain.

He feels the pulse of the ship through his fingers, looks up to the sails then back to the Acheron. STEPHEN appears beside him, casually smoking a cigar. He offers one to Jack, who declines

[]

Another shot pierces the mizzen foresail above them, but neither man flinches. KILLICK appears with two cups of coffee, and in his belt a brace of pistols.

KILLICK

I took the liberty, Doctor.

STEPHEN

[] Thank you, Killick.

JACK steers one-handed as he sips his coffee.

JACK

Mr. Mowett? [] A poem might be in order.

Another shot through the sails.

MOWETT

A poem, Sir?

[]

(after a moment's reflection)

'Oh were it mine with sacred Maro's art,
To wake to sympathy the feeling heart,

A ball goes howling past the ship, MOWETT winces.

MOWETT (CONT'D)

Then might I, with unrivalled strains,
deplore,
Th'impervious horrors of a leeward
shore.'

JACK smiles, nods.

MOWETT (CONT'D)

'Transfixed with terror at th'approaching

doom...'

JACK

What!

MOWETT

(apologetic)

...they were only people of the merchant service, of-course, Sir.

262. P.O.V. ACHERON

She's now less than five hundred yards from their stern, and gaining.

263. QUARTERDECK

JACK turns back to MOWETT.

JACK

We have her Mr. Mowett. Strike the Portuguese colours and run up the Jack... Mr. Pullings. Canvas off the gun-ports, and run 'em out. Mr. Howard? Marines away aloft.

The British Jack rises to the masthead replacing the Portuguese colours, as PULLINGS descends to the gun-deck.

264. SHIP'S SIDE -

The black muzzles appear with a low rumbling sound, as

265. QUARTERDECK

JACK, with a wink to MOWETT, yells at the top of his voice

JACK

Helm's a lee!

....and spins the wheel hard to starboard.

266. THE SURPRISE

Wide, to see her swinging broadside on, across the path of the oncoming Acheron.

267. POV ACHERON DAY

Confused shouts from the enemy's deck, chaos on her fore-castle, somewhere a drum beating.

268 + 269. DELETED

270. THE SURPRISE QUARTERDECK - DAY

JACK hands the wheel to BONDEN.

JACK

Run us down her larboard side then cut across her wake!

(shouts down to the gun deck)

Hold fire Mr Pullings! Hold till we're broadside on!

271. - THE SURPRISE AND THE ACHERON

Wide, to see the Surprise turning downwind, back towards the Acheron, so they will pass broadside to broadside [] no more than thirty yards apart.

272. QUARTERDECK/ GUN-DECK, SURPRISE

Through a furious exchange of musket fire JACK runs down the ladder to the gun-deck-

JACK

Fire as she bears! Every gun to concentrate on her mainmast!

Through the gunports the Acheron's great hull becomes visible. Some of the Acheron's guns have run out, but the crews are unprepared and disorganized.

PULLINGS

On the uproll! Fire for the mainmast as you sight her!

As the Surprise rolls and the upper deck of the Acheron becomes visible.

273. THE SURPRISE GUNS

Barking, leaping back one by one, great tongues of flame spitting from their barrels, dense clouds of smoke rising.

274. VIEW OF THE ACHERON

With an almighty splitting sound their mainmast falls, dragging yards and rigging with it, the whole mass falling over their side, obscuring many of their gun-ports.

275. GUNDECK/QUARTERDECK, SURPRISE -

Cheers from the crew. Jack yelling up the companionway

JACK

Now Mr Bonden! Hard a'starboard!

276. THE SURPRISE AND THE ACHERON

The Acheron wallows, brought to a standstill by the enormous dragging weight of their mainmast.

BONDEN wheels the ship across the enemy's wake, past the exposed, vulnerable stern.

277. DELETED

277A. GUNDECK, SURPRISE

JACK

Fire at will!

278. GUN-DECK, SURPRISE

In random sequence the Surprise's gunners pound it into the Acheron's stern. Casement windows vanish in a cloud of wood and glass, exposing the Acheron's terrified gun-crews, now open to devastating fire as the Surprise glides past.

279. QUARTERDECK

JACK climbs up on the gunwales, shouting to BONDEN -

JACK

Lay me alongside!

280. THE SURPRISE AND THE ACHERON

The bow of the Surprise lurches into the Acheron mid-ships, spars interlocking, the Surprise guns firing into her at point-blank range.

The crew throw grappling hooks.

281.. QUARTERDECK

JACK
Boarders away!

And he leaps to the enemy deck, a great tide of men following after him.

282. FORECASTLE

CALAMY leads his own children's crusade from the bows and forecastle: youthful but terrifying, screaming and swinging their blades.

283. QUARTERDECK

An agonized BLAKENEY watches from where he stands beside STEPHEN. JOE PLAICE is close by with some of the older men, ready to ferry the wounded below.

284. ON THE ACHERON

As the Surprises pour onto the quarterdeck they face withering fire from the enemy. A dozen men go down, some of them fatally wounded. Among them are DOUDLE, BOYLE, ALLEN and HORNER in quick succession.

The attack momentarily falters, and the Acherons surge back at them.

JACK rallies his men and they charge again - the marine, TROLLOPE, and NAGEL are blown backwards by grapeshot.

LAMB, enraged, surges past NAGEL's body, swinging his axe to devastating effect, with HOLLAR by his side and JEMMY DUCKS protecting their rear, a pistol in each hand, firing from the hip.

JACK keeps pushing onwards, the centre of the milling, swirling, hacking crowd, stabbing and pistolling each other with barely room to fall.

The Acherons are gradually forced back across their quarterdeck and down into the waist of the ship.

285. WAIST OF THE ACHERON

JACK crosses swords with a man in front of him, as an enemy pikeman drives his blade into his left arm, tearing through the sleeve. BONDEN fires a pistol by his ear, deafening JACK and killing the pikeman.

To either side, privateers are trying to reach them, shouting, swearing in English, French and Spanish.

Bullets and missiles rain down from above, killing friend and foe alike.

KILLICK is in the thick of it, a pistol in either hand, and from his lips a high-pitched blood-curdling scream.

AWKWARD DAVIES is foaming at the mouth as he swings a meat-cleaver right and left.

286. QUARTERDECK, ACHERON

A commander of the privateers notes the poorly defended Surprise, and leads a counter-attack over onto her quarterdeck.

CALAMY

Look to our quarter-deck!

287. QUARTERDECK, SURPRISE

BLAKENEY, dirk in hand, turns to face them, as does HOWARD and his men, but they are gravely outnumbered.

288. FORECASTLE, ACHERON

CALAMY sees the danger and leads his gang back onto the Surprise, calling for others to follow.

Calamy

This way! Follow me!

289. QUARTERDECK, SURPRISE

STEPHEN, PADEEN and JOE PLAICE appear from below. STEPHEN picks up a pistol and with deadly accuracy shoots a privateer lunging at CAPTAIN HOWARD. The man drops, a neat hole in his forehead. A moment's astonishment from HOWARD at the Doctor's

surprising skill.

CALAMY fights his way to BLAKENEY who is down on his knees stabbing at the legs of the attackers.

290. WAIST, ACHERON

JACK, BONDEN and DAVIES are driving a wedge toward the stern, the defenders falling back in disarray.

291. QUARTERDECK OF THE ACHERON

PULLINGS and MOWETT fight side-by-side.

A swivel-gun mounted on the taff-rail is swung to face them.

The gunner is about to fire when a perfectly-aimed musket ball hits him, again fired by STEPHEN.

292. QUARTERDECK, SURPRISE/ACHERON

CALAMY, BLAKENEY and their group force the counter-attack back onto the deck of the Acheron. The two boys fight as a team as they move toward the stern.

292. SIDE OF THE ACHERON

Some Acherons jump overboard to escape the furious attack. Others are thrown, grasping at woodwork as they fall.

293. QUARTERDECK OF THE ACHERON

JEMMY DUCKS turns the swivel on a group of Acherons, the grapeshot blasting them up against the gunwale.

294. IN THE WATER

Oil burns. Men drown, others struggle to stay afloat, clinging to the mass of wreckage floating by the hull.

295. WAIST OF THE SHIP

Cheering from the Surprises, demands to surrender in many languages, some beg for mercy, others fight on.

296. BELOW DECKS

JACK moves alone, down to the berth deck. He smashes the chain off a locked-door, releasing a dozen or more prisoners.

Everywhere signs of the lethal blast through the ship's stern, bodies, guns upended, shattered timbers.

He makes his way through to the Great Cabin.

297. GREAT CABIN, ACHERON

Four privateers look up as JACK bursts in.

They have been looting their own ship's valuables, two of them are too drunk to be scared.

JACK
Where is your captain? *Ou est votre capitaine?*

One man leaps out through the shattered windows. A couple of others raise their hands and start jabbering in French and Spanish.

298. QUARTERDECK, ACHERON

It's all over for the Acherons as a French officer hauls down their colours.

A cheer from the Surprises - a few last shots fired. CALAMY and BLAKENEY cheering, BLAKENEY holding aloft the captured flag.

A dying Frenchman suddenly lunges at CALAMY with a sabre. BLAKENEY steps in front of him and takes the blow.

299. IN THE SICK-BERTH, ACHERON

A doctor is working here, a callow-faced man in a bloody apron, red-eyed from fatigue.

JACK enters, a fearsome sight, with his singed yellow hair and blood-stained cutlass.

JACK
Le Capitaine? Where is he?

The doctor points at a body on the operating table.

JACK approaches, looks down at the dead man. He's [] somewhere about JACK's age, fine-featured, with his black coat draped over his body.

DOCTOR

Il m'avait prie de vous donner ceci.

Passing JACK the captain's sword.

300. QUARTERDECK, ACHERON

JACK picks his way through the dead and wounded to where CALAMY sits nursing BLAKENEY.

CALAMY

He's dead, sir.

Gently, JACK picks up the lifeless body and walks slowly back down the quarterdeck, the boy draped across his arms.

Friend and foe part silently in front of him as he crosses the gangway to...

301. QUARTERDECK, SURPRISE

...then with CALAMY following, he goes below.

302. THE GREAT CABIN - DAY

JACK in wide shot, sitting alone on the bench running under the stern windows. His hunched posture and red tear-stained eyes give a glimpse of his familiar post-battle mood - a mix of grief and depression, the old question, "Was it worth the price?".

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP ON -

303. ACHERON AND SURPRISE - DAWN

The two ships anchored close together on the ocean.

304. QUARTERDECK, SURPRISE - DAWN

As eight bells are rung for the change of watch we see a row of canvas hammocks each containing the body of a fallen

crewman.

DAVIES and PLAICE stitch the bodies into their hammocks, BLAKENEY the last body in the line. As the men approach -

CALAMY

I'll do it.

JOE passes him the needle and twine, then they leave him alone.

As CALAMY sews up the hammock, HOLLAR's voice is heard distinctly from below.

HOLLAR (O.S.)

Rise and shine, show a leg there. Tumble up! Tumble up!

In close-up: the peaceful face of BLAKENEY

HOLLAR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Sleepers awake!

...as CALAMY's hands stitch the canvas closed.

305. WIDE ON THE SURPRISE - DAWN

The small figures of the crew assembled on the quarterdeck. JACK's voice drifting across the water.

JACK

John Henry ALLEN...
Joseph NAGEL...
William Horner...
Stephen Winston Boyle...
and Lieutenant William Blakeney

We therefore commit their bodies to the deep, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the sea shall give up her dead...
Amen.

ALL

Amen.

The bodies in their weighted hammocks slide into the sea.

306. BOW OF THE SURPRISE - DAY

Wide on STEPHEN and BLAKENEY as they sit watching two dolphins surfing the bow-wave, STEPHEN pointing out various features of these magnificent creatures, doing his best to take the boy's mind off the loss of his friend.

307. THE SURPRISE AND THE ACHERON - DAY

The two ships sail abreast - the Acheron, her shattered masts jury-rigged.

308. QUARTERDECK, SURPRISE - DAY

JACK stands with LIEUTENANT MOWETT and the signals midshipman, WILLIAMSON. They look across at the Acheron.

JACK
Signal... 'Parole prisoners
Valparaiso'...

WILLIAMSON
You mean Lieutenant Pullings, Sir?

JACK
No. Captain Pullings.

WILLIAMSON hurries to the signals locker, the signal book and JACK's message in his hand.

309. TELESCOPE POV DAY

The line of colored signal-flags run up to the mast-head of the Surprise.

309A QUARTERDECK ACHERON

Midshipman Rye is reading the signal for Pullings

RYE
...then 'Rendezvous Portsmouth. God-
speed, Captain Pullings.'

A contented smile on Pullings face as his promotion is confirmed. He waves across to JACK as the Acheron makes a sharp turn away from the Surprise.

310. DELETED

311. ABOUT THE SHIP - DUSK

Slowly the crew come back to life as old familiar habits and routines reassert themselves.

- Acting First Lieutenant MOWETT walks the quarterdeck composing a poem in memory of the battle.
- JOE PLAICE tells a story of witchcraft and haunted ships to a small attentive audience.
- While AWKWARD DAVIES works further on the tattoo about BECKETT's waist. The chain begun off BRAZIL now winds its way around most of his torso.
- BLAKENEY and JEMMY DUCKS are feeding the assorted creatures collected at the Galapagos, as...
- BONDEN reads his first book, 'Diseases of Seamen' by Stephen Maturin, his brow furrowed, his lips moving silently.
- While the powder-monkeys skylark in the rigging

313. INTERIOR, GREAT CABIN - NIGHT

STEPHEN plays a note on his cello []

STEPHEN

Shall we begin?

JACK pauses, gazing into space.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Jack, brother, you're gathering wool.

JACK (smiles)

Thinking about their captain. A great seaman, whatever you may say of him. The doctor said he was killed by our first broadside. I'd have liked to talk to him, face to face.

STEPHEN

Maybe you did.

JACK

What?

STEPHEN

While I was tending the prisoners they told me their doctor died of fever, two weeks ago. There was no doctor on that ship when we boarded it. And I doubt you will find one there now.

JACK goes very still. A silence broken only by the sound of water flowing gently past the hull.

He looks down at the captain's sword on the table, the thought of a possible final deception flooding through him.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)

Shall we?

He starts to play, the deep booming sound of the cello carrying through to

312. OUTSIDE THE GREAT CABIN - NIGHT

KILLICK, wearing an ostentatious bandage about his head, is preparing toasted cheese with BLACK BILL.

KILLICK

That's the last of the cheese and like as not they'll leave it seizing to their plates with their tweedly tweedly tweedly.

JACK (O.S.)

Killick? KILLICK THERE!

KILLICK (projecting)

Which it will be ready when it's ready!

In the cabin beyond, the violin joins with the cello. Rolling, undeniable music, the music of the waves, resonating through the great ship and filling the night

313. SURPRISE, EXTERIOR - NIGHT

Wide, to see the stern of the ship and a patch of surrounding water lit by the great stern lantern. Through the casement

windows the two men can be seen playing.

Wider, to the vast dark sky and the heaving ocean all around, with the stern cabin, a tiny orange light, still faintly visible in the darkness.

314. FURTHER BACK

And further still. Until we see the curve of the earth, and the planet spinning on its journey through space.
