

(Name of Project)

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SUPER ON BLACK SCREEN:

"This elusive quality it is, which causes the thought of whiteness, when divorced from more kindly associations, and coupled with any object terrible in itself, to heighten that terror to the furthest bounds. Witness the white bear of the poles, and the white shark of the tropics; what but their smooth, flaky whiteness makes them the transcendent horrors they are? That ghastly whiteness it is which imparts such an abhorrent mildness, even more loathsome than terrific, to the dumb gloating of their aspect. So that not the fierce-fanged tiger in his heraldic coat can so stagger courage as a white shrouded shark."

Herman Melville

Moby Dick (1851)

FADE IN

EXT. - THE DECK OF THE H.M.S. TERROR - NIGHT

The ship is locked in arctic ice. The aurora shimmers overhead. The top half of the main masts have been taken down and stowed on deck.

Captain FRANCIS CROZIER (50) emerges from a hatch and steps up onto the slightly tilted deck of the Terror. He is medium height and dressed in several layers of clothes, outer slops, and heavy mittens. His face is partially concealed by heavy scarves twined around his neck. The Captain holds an oil lantern up and rubs frost off a thermometer mounted on the outside cabin wall.

CROZIER'S
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE CABIN WALL

The thermometer reads -50F.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - NIGHT

Crozier extinguishes the lantern and stares toward the ship's bow.

CROZIER'S
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE ARCTIC - NIGHT

Jagged ice fields dominate the foreground. A massive ice mountain blots out the weak twilight of the brief Arctic day. The aurora combines with the weak sunlight to turn the ice fields blue, violet, then pale green.

SUPER - SCREEN BOTTOM:

Lat. 70 -05' N., Long. 98 - 23' W.

October, 1847

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Crozier's eyes are bloodshot and barely focussing. After a few beats, he walks toward the ship's bow, steadying himself occasionally by grabbing at the railing.

Crozier stops to stand at the Terror's bow.

CORNELIUS HICKEY (26) stands watch, leaning against the ice covered railing. He is also dressed in polar issue garb. His face is sallow and pointed, his beard sparse and unkempt.

He is unaware of Crozier's presence until the Captain leans against the same rail. Hickey starts a bit, then gives Crozier a shuffling salute.

HICKEY

Cap'n.

Crozier regards Hickey for a beat, his gaze hard.

CROZIER

Mr. Hickey. Anything?

Hickey shakes his head.

HICKEY

Nothing since them two shots...that one shot...almost two hours back, sir. Just a while ago, I think I heard...maybe a scream, something, Cap'n...out there, beyond the ice mountain.

He points ahead.

HICKEY (CONT'D)
 I reported it to Lieutenant
 Irving...he said it was just the
 ice acting up, sir.

Crozier's expression is impassive.

CROZIER
 Perhaps it was the ice. The shot
 as well...only the ice.

Hickey shrugs.

HICKEY
 Yes Cap'n. The ice it is, then,
 sir.

Neither man looks convinced.

Crozier slowly turns back to face the stern.

CROZIER
 Is Lady Silence still on deck, Mr.
 Hickey?

Hickey nods.

HICKEY (WHISPERS)
 Most always, Cap'n, sir. She's at
 the port station, with Lieutenant
 Irving, sir.

Crozier's brow knits.

CROZIER (SLIGHTLY SLURRED)
 Lieutenant Irving? His watch
 should have ended an hour ago, Mr.
 Hickey.

Hickey nods.

HICKEY
 Aye, sir. But wherever Lady
 Silence is these days, well, the
 lieutenant, he's there as well, if
 you don't mind me mentioning it,
 sir. She don't go below, he don't
 either, sir. Until he has to, sir,
 that is...I mean, none of us can
 stay out here as long as that wi--
 ...that woman, sir.

Crozier stiffens a bit and turns to stare Hickey down.

CROZIER (HARSH, SLIGHTLY SLURRED)
 Keep your eyes on the ice, and your
 mind on *your* job, Mr. Hickey.

Hickey starts at the rebuke, then does his shuffling salute again.

Crozier turns and strides toward the port lookout station, his gait cautious.

EXT. - THE PORT LOOKOUT STATION - NIGHT

Midshipman TOMMY EVANS (18) paces about ten paces astern from Lieutenant JOHN IRVING (MID 20'S) stands close by LADY SILENCE (20).

Evans is boyish looking, yet large for his age.

Lieutenant Irving is tall and thin.

Lady Silence is tall for an Eskimo woman, though considerably shorter than Evans and Irving and wears a native fur parka and pants, with sealskin boots.

Lieutenant Irving leans on the railing by Silence, their arms not quite touching.

CROZIER (O.S., BARKS)
 Lieutenant Irving!

Irving startles at the greeting and stumbles a bit on the icy deck. He whirls to face the captain and attempts a salute, almost slipping again in the process.

CROZIER (SNAPS) (CONT'D)
 As you were, Lieutenant.

Silence does not move.

Irving opens his mouth, then thinks better of it.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
 This isn't your watch, Lieutenant.

IRVING
 Aye, aye sir. I mean, no, sir. I mean, the Captain is correct...sir.

Crozier stands before Irving.

CROZIER
 Why are you still out here, John?

IRIVING

You ordered me to watch over our guest, sir...to look out for...to...take care of Silence, sir.

Crozier watches the younger officer intently.

CROZIER

I did not mean every *minute* of every day, Lieutenant. I told you to *watch* her, keep her out of mischief, see that none of the men...compromise...her.

IRIVING

Yes sir.

Crozier looks around, then back at the Lieutenant.

CROZIER

Do you think she's in any danger of being compromised, out here? Do you know how long it takes exposed flesh to freeze out here, Lieutenant?

Irving is rattled.

IRIVING

No, Captain. I mean, yes Captain. Rather quickly, I should think, sir.

CROZIER

You should know, Lieutenant, you've had frostbite six times already, and it isn't even officially winter yet.

Irving nods.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

It takes *less than a minute* for an exposed finger or thumb...or any fleshy appendage...to freeze solid. After that, the exposed...*member*...will snap off like an icicle. So, do you *really* think there's any chance our visitor might be...*compromised*, out here on deck?

Irving stands stock still appearing to consider it.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
 Go below, John, and see Dr.
 McDonald about your face and
 fingers. I swear to God that if
 you've gotten seriously frostbitten
 again, I swear I will dock you a
 month's Discovery Service pay and
 write your mother myself.

Irving starts to salute, but gives it up and watches Crozier
 for a beat.

IRVING
 Yes, Captain. Thank you, sir.

He heads below, without looking back at Silence.

Crozier watches the Eskimo woman closely, studying her.

Silence turns slowly toward him, her eyes reflecting the
 aurora above.

Crozier meets her gaze, his expression diffident.

She holds eye contact for a few beats, then:

CROZIER
 My compliments to you, madam--

He touches the brim of his cap secured under his Welsh wig.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
 --and I would suggest you would
 consider going below to your
 quarters soon. It's getting a bit
 nippy out here.

She watches him closely, but does not move.

Crozier touches his cap again and strides off to resume his
 tour of the deck.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE SHIP'S STERN - NIGHT

Crozier speaks to the last SENTRY (20'S), LOW and MUFFLED.

Private WILKES (19) appears, wearing only a couple of layers
 of clothing. His teeth begin to chatter as he speaks.

PRIVATE WILKES

Mr. Thompson's compliments to the Captain, sir, and the engineer says the Captain should come down to the hold as quick as you might.

CROZIER

Why, Private Wilkes?

Wilkes shifts his weight from one foot to the other, trying to warm up.

PRIVATE WILKES

Begging the Captain's pardon sir, but Mr. Thompson says seaman Manson is near mutiny, sir.

Crozier's eyebrows raise a bit.

CROZIER

Mutiny?

Wilkes nods vigorously.

PRIVATE WILKES

"Near to it" were Mr. Thompson's words, sir.

CROZIER

Once again, Private Wilkes. In English this time.

PRIVATE WILKES

Manson, he won't carry no more sacks of coal past the Dead Room, sir. Says he respectfully refuses, Captain. He's sitting on his arse at the bottom of the man-ladder and won't carry no more coal back to the boiler room.

Crozier's face flushes redder.

CROZIER

What is this nonsense?

Wilkes looks pained.

PRIVATE WILKES

It's the...it's the ghosts, sir. We all hear 'em when we're hauling coal or fetching something from deep stores, Captain.

(MORE)

PRIVATE WILKES (CONT'D)

Something's been banging and scratching from *inside* the ship, sir. It ain't just the ice, sir. Manson's sure it's...it's his old mate, Walker...and the other corpses stacked in the Dead Room, clawing to get out.

Crozier's expression shifts from anger to dread.

He turns and heads below to deal with Manson.

INT. - THE LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Crozier descends the steps in near darkness, pausing to look over the Crew Quarters.

Many of the MEN are in their hammocks, but a few move around in the cramped space. The only illumination is from a few oil lanterns and candles.

MUMBLED CONVERSATIONS are carried on here and there among crew members who are awake.

Crozier heads for the stair to the orlop deck.

INT. - THE ORLOP DECK - NIGHT

Crozier takes the last step down and encounters WILSON (30), the ship's Carpenter's Mate. He is fat and red-faced, and dressed in slops.

CROZIER

Mr. Wilson.

Wilson knuckles a brief salute.

WILSON

Captain.

CROZIER

Mr. Wilson, my compliments to Mr. Honey, and would you ask him to join me on the hold deck.

Wilson nods.

WILSON

Aye, sir. Where on the hold deck, sir?

CROZIER
The Dead Room, Mr. Wilson.

Wilson stares at Crozier, holding the stare just a beat too long.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
And ask Mr. Honey to bring a pry
bar, Mr. Wilson. Look alive, man.

WILSON
Aye, sir.

Captain Crozier stands aside to let the fat man pass toward the stairs up to the orlop deck.

He then takes a lantern off the bulkhead and lifts the hatch leading to the hold deck and heads down the stairs.

INT. - THE HOLD DECK - NIGHT

Crozier descends almost to the bottom of the stairs, then stops.

MAGNUS MANSON (LATE 20'S) stands at the bottom of the stairs, hunched over. He is massive, with a pale, lumpy face and stubbled jowls. He stares at the floor, unwilling to meet Crozier's cold stare.

CROZIER
What is this, Manson?

Manson shakes his head, still not looking at Crozier.

MANSON (WAVERING)
It's...it's them ghosts, sir.

His voice is high and soft.

CROZIER
You know there are no ghosts on the
Terror, Manson.

The man begins to fidget.

MANSON
Aye, Cap'n, sir.

Crozier stands glaring at Manson.

CROZIER
Look at me.

Manson looks up, but still will not meet Crozier's stare.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

Did you disobey Mr. Thompson's orders to carry sacks of coal to the boiler room, Seaman Manson?

Manson's fidgeting worsens.

MANSON

No, sir. Yes, sir

CROZIER

Do you know the consequences of disobeying any order on this ship?

Manson's face brightens at a question he can grasp.

MANSON

Oh, yes sir, Cap'n sir. Flogging, sir. Twenty lashes. A hundred if I disobeys more than once. 'Anging if I disobeys a real officer rather'n just Mr. Thompson, sir.

Crozier eyes Manson for a few beats.

CROZIER

That is correct, Seaman Manson. But it might interest you to know that the captain can also inflict any punishment he finds appropriate to the transgression.

Manson's expression is vacant. He has not understood the statement.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

I can punish you any way *I see fit*, Seaman Manson.

Relief crosses the big man's face.

MANSON

Oh, yes. Right, Cap'n.

Crozier's expression hardens sharply.

CROZIER

Instead of twenty lashes, I could have you locked up in the Dead Room for twenty hours with no light.

The color drains from Manson's face; he looks as if he will faint for a beat.

MANSON (TREMULOUS)
You...wouldn't...

Crozier stares hard at Manson for a few beats.

CROZIER
What do you think you hear, Manson?
Has someone been telling you ghost stories?

Manson tries to speak, faltering at first, until:

MANSON
Walker.

CROZIER
You're afraid of Walker? Walker told you ghost stories?

A tear starts from Manson's right eye, but freezes on his cheek quickly.

MANSON
Yes, Cap'n. No Cap'n. What Jimmy did sir, was, he told me, the very night before that *thing* killed 'im, he says, "Magnus, should that 'ellspawn out on the ice get me someday," 'e says, "I'll come back in me white shroud to whisper in your ear how cold 'ell is." Now I 'ear 'im tryin' to get out.

O.S., the HULL GROANS under pressure from the ice pack.

Crozier glances around the deck, then back at Manson.

CROZIER
Is that the sound you hear, Manson?

Manson shakes his head.

MANSON
Yes, Cap'n. No sir.

CROZIER
Enough of this rubbish! Walker's not coming back, Magnus. He's in there--

Crozier indicates the Dead Room.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

--in the extra sail storage room.
Frozen solid, sewn into three
layers of our heaviest sail canvas.
What you *hear* is the damned rats
trying to get at them. You *know*
this, Magnus Manson.

Manson stares at the deck floor.

MANSON

Yes, Cap'n.

Crozier watches the big man closely.

CROZIER

There will be no disobeying orders
on *this* ship, Seaman Manson! Obey
all orders promptly and politely,
or face the court...face *me*...and
the surety that you will spend a
very cold, lanternless night in the
Dead Room yourself!

Manson knuckles a perfunctory salute, hefts a bag of coal
over his shoulder, and hauls it aft into the darkness.

Crozier watches Manson down the gangway, his face red with
anger.

INT. - THE BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

Warrant Officer JAMES THOMPSON (30) and BILL JOHNSON (47) are
stripped to their undershirts, shoveling coal into the
furnaces.

Thompson is medium height and wiry.

Johnson is ancient looking, his skin blackened by coal soot.

Crozier comes to stand near them. Thompson looks at Crozier
as he shovels into a pile of coal.

THOMPSON

Thank you, Captain.

Crozier nods at the engineer.

CROZIER

You're welcome, Mr. Thompson. I presume we will dispense with using Marines as messengers, should there be another such instance in the future, which I very much doubt.

Thompson nods at Crozier as he uses the shovel head to close the furnace door with a LOUD CLANG.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

Mr. Thompson, I haven't had a chance to talk to you today since your excursion to the Erebus. Did you have a chance to confer with Mr. Gregory?

Thompson's expression is worried.

THOMPSON

I did, Captain. Mr. Gregory's convinced that with the onset of real winter, they'll never be able to get at the damaged driveshaft.

Crozier nods.

CROZIER

Coal?

Thompson mops his face with a sooty handkerchief.

THOMPSON

Erebus has enough for...perhaps...four months of heating in the ice, at one hour a day's operation. None for steaming next summer.

Crozier begins to pace slowly.

CROZIER

What about *our* coal use, Mr. Thompson?

Thompson calculates in his head a few beats, then:

THOMPSON

Perhaps enough left for six months heating. But only if we cut back from two hours a day to one. And I recommend we do that very soon. No later than the first of November. That's two weeks away, sir.

CROZIER
And steaming?

Thompson shrugs, his whole posture one of exhaustion.

THOMPSON
If we cut off the heat New Year's Day, and if we somehow survive until next summer...we might get five days steaming without ice. Perhaps six, Captain.

Crozier's expression betrays nothing.

CROZIER
Thank you, Mr. Thompson.

O.S., the SOUND of FOOTSTEPS in SLUSH.

Crozier lifts his lantern off the wall hook and exits the soft glow of the Boiler Room.

INT. - THE LOWER DECK - NIGHT

THOMAS HONEY (35), the Ship's Carpenter, stands outside the Boiler Room, holding a large crow bar in front of him like a musket. The man is medium height and thickly built.

Crozier comes to stand in front of Mr. Honey.

CROZIER
Thank you for coming, Mr. Honey.

Crozier throws back the bolt to the dead Room and swings the door open. He glances at Mr. Honey, then enters, holding his lantern out in front of him. Mr. Honey follows.

INT. - THE DEAD ROOM - NIGHT

Crozier lifts his lantern and illuminates the stacked bodies of six sailors, sewn into sail canvas. The canvas writhes with hundreds of rats, all jostling for position to get at the dead men. The RATS begin to SQUEAL and SQUEAK as the light hits their eyes.

Crozier turns his lantern toward the hull, then walks up the canted floor and begins to pace back and forth. After a few seconds, he stops and holds the lantern up to the hull.

MR. HONEY (TO HIMSELF)
Well, I'll be God-damned to hell 'n hanged for a heathen!

Crozier glances back at him.

MR. HONEY (CONT'D)
 Beggin' yer pardon, Cap'n, sir, But
 I didn't think the ice would do
 this so...soon.

Crozier crouches and inspects the bent and extended wood of the hull more closely.

CROZIER'S
 P.O.V.:

INT. - THE DEAD ROOM - NIGHT

Two hull planks are bowed in more than a foot from ice pressure.

CUT TO:

INT. - WITH CROZIER AND MR. HONEY - NIGHT

Mr. Honey's face reddens.

MR. HONEY
 Jesus God Christ A'mighty! That
 ice is a fucking monster, beggin'
 the Captain's pardon, sir.

Crozier runs a gloved hand along the inward bulge.

CROZIER
 Mr. Honey--

He locks eyes with Thomas Honey.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
 --could anything but the ice have
 done this damage?

Mr. Honey BARKS a LAUGH, but chokes it off as he regards Crozier's stern expression.

Honey's eyes squint, then widen a bit.

MR. HONEY
 Beggin' your pardon again, Captain,
 sir, but if you mean...that's
impossible.

Crozier says nothing, just holds Mr. Honey's gaze.

MR. HONEY (CONT'D)

I mean, Captain, this hull was three inches of the finest English oak as it was, sir. And for this trip, I mean the ice, sir, it was *doubled* with two layers of African oak, sir. Each one and a half inches thick. And them African panels was wrought on the diagonal, sir, givin' it even more strength than if it was doubled straight like.

Crozier turns back continues inspecting.

MR. HONEY (CONT'D)

Not to mention two more layers of Canadian elm, sir, each two inches thick. That's four more inches of hull, Captain, sir. Ten inches of the strongest wood on earth between us and the sea, sir.

Honey goes quiet.

The Captain stands and indicates the bulge.

CROZIER

Use your pry bar to lever this loose, Mr. Honey, I want to see what the ice has done to the outer layers of hull oak.

Honey leans in and begins to PRY PLANKS loose. After a few seconds, Honey stands aside as Crozier holds the lantern toward the damaged hull.

Honey's eyes widen; Crozier's betray nothing.

CROZIER'S AND
HONEY'S P.O.V.:

INT. - THE HULL - NIGHT

Ice glints reflected lantern light. The darkness of a tunnel is beyond the smashed outer hull. Ragged claw marks and smears of bright blood scar the outer hull planking.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE DEAD ROOM - NIGHT

Honey's face goes pale.

MR. HONEY (GASPS)
Holy fucking Jesus Christ shit
A'mighty!

A harsh gust of wind blows through the gaping tunnel mouth into the Dead Room.

Crozier turns and stares at Mr. Honey.

Honey stares into the tunnel for a beat, then locks eyes with the Captain.

EXT. - A POND - DAY

Crozier and SOPHIA CRACROFT (20'S) are swimming. The summer sun is high in the sky.

Sophia is a fair English beauty. She and Crozier are swimming naked. She swims up to him as he treads water, and gropes him. He smiles and embraces her.

O.S., the CRACK of THUNDER.

THUNDER MORPHS
INTO:

INT. - CROZIER'S CABIN - NIGHT

The Captain sits straight up in bed to the SOUND of a GUNSHOT, O.S.

He scrapes a match on the bulkhead and lights his lantern, then leaps from his berth and pulls on his outer clothes quickly.

A KNOCK at the DOOR, O.S.

INT. - THE GANGWAY OUTSIDE CROZIER'S CABIN - NIGHT

THOMAS JOPSON (20'S), Crozier's steward, stands at attention. He is large and blond.

Crozier steps from his cabin.

JOPSON
Trouble on deck, sir.

Crozier nods.

CROZIER
Who's on watch tonight, Thomas?

Crozier pulls his pocket watch and opens it.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
It's three A.M.

JOPSON
Billy Strong and Private Heather,
sir.

INT. - THE MAIN LADDERWAY - NIGHT

Crozier is pulling on his slops.

Several of the crew, also awakened by the shots, are dressing hurriedly.

Crozier is soon joined by First Mate HORNSBY (30), a stocky man, and First Lieutenant LITTLE (30'S), a taller, thinner man. Little carries three muskets and a saber.

Lieutenants HODGSON (30) and IRVING (20'S), both armed with shotguns and pistols, join the party.

CROZIER
Has anyone been up top yet to check
out the shot?

Crozier nods, then ducks back into his cabin and grabs his pistol. He squeezes past Jopson and heads toward the Officers' Mess.

HORNBY
Mr. Male had the duty, sir. He
went up as soon as he sent Mr.
Jopson to fetch you.

Crozier slips the pistol into the pocket of his slops and starts up the ladder.

EXT. - THE TERROR'S DECK - NIGHT

Crozier climbs from under the hatch's heavy canvas cover and steps onto the deck. The WIND HOWLS.

REUBEN MALE (40) kneels by Private HEATHER (LATE TEENS), who lies sprawled face up on the deck. Heather is tall and wiry, and has a gaping head wound.

A patch of skull is missing, exposing brain matter, yet the young man is still BREATHING RAGGEDLY.

MR. MALE
He's still alive, Captain!

Crozier steps closer, almost wincing at the sight of the wound.

CREWMAN CRISPE (O.S.)
Jesus fucking Christ!

Hornby glowers at CRISPE (35), a beefy man of medium height..

HORNBY (GROWLS)
Belay that! No fucking profanity!
Speak when you're fucking spoken
to, Crispe!

Crispe recoils a bit.

CROZIER
Mr. Hornby, assign Seaman Crispe to
get below and bring up his own
hammock to carry Private Heather
below.

Hornby glares at Crispe.

HORNBY
Aye, sir! You heard the Captain!

Crispe heads quickly away.

Crozier stands and swings his lantern in a circle.

A portion of the rail where Private Heather was standing is
smashed away.

Reuben Male lifts Heather's musket and checks it.

MR. MALE
It wasn't fired, Captain.

Lt. Little steps closer and glances around.

LITTLE
Private heather never saw it 'til
it was right on him.

CROZIER
What about Mr. Strong?

Reuben Male points toward portside.

MR. MALE
Missing, sir.

Crozier turns to Hornby.

CROZIER
Choose a man and stay with Private
Heather until Crispe gets back with
the hammock and carry him below.

DR. PEDDIE (50) and DR. MACDONALD (40) appear at the edge of
the crowd and elbow their ways in. Peddie is chubby,
MacDonald rather tall and slight.

Dr. Peddie kneels by Private Heather and examines him
cursorily.

DR. PEDDIE
Jesus Christ! He's breathing!

Crozier stands over Heather and stares down at the wounded
boy.

CROZIER
Help him, if you can, John.

His gaze lifts to the rest of the crew.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
The rest of you men, have your
weapons ready to fire, even if that
means taking your mittens off to do
it! Wilson!

WILSON (20'S) steps forward. He is muscular and medium
height.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
Carry those lanterns. Lieutenant
Little, go below and choose twenty
more men, issue full slops, and arm
them with muskets. Not shotguns,
muskets!

LITTLE
Aye, Captain!

Crozier leads the procession toward the port lookout station.

EXT. - THE PORT LOOKOUT STATION - NIGHT

Crozier and the men arrive and begin to look around.

William Strong is gone. His greatcoat and several other items of clothing lie in tatters on the deck. A bloody smear on the ice on the railing is the only other trace of Strong.

Crozier selects three MEN (30'S).

CROZIER

You three, get to the bow.

He points out two more MEN.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

You two, get aft. Watch your step!

The five hurry off in opposite directions.

Crozier turns and points to the smashed rail where William Strong had been.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

Rig a ladder there, Bob.

BOB (30'S), the sturdy looking Second Mate, hefts a coil of unfrozen rope toward the smashed railing and begins to rig a ladder down to the ice.

EXT. - THE ICE - NIGHT

Crozier and the party stand in a group at the base of the rope ladder.

Crozier and the others swing their lanterns in slow arcs.

There are numerous blood smears on the ice near the ladder.

Lt. Hodgson comes over to stand by Crozier.

HODGSON

It wants us to follow it out there, sir.

Crozier walks up to the railing and trails a mittened hand across the damaged portion.

CROZIER

Of course it does. We are going anyway. Strong might possibly still be alive. We've seen that before with this thing.

Crozier turns to ARMITAGE (50'S), the Gunroom Steward, whose white beard is already icing up, and indicates Lt. Hodgson.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
 Armitage, give Lieutenant Hodgson
 your lantern and you go with him.

He turns to another CREWMAN (30'S).

CROZIER (CONT'D)
 Gibson, you remain here and tell
 Lieutenant Little where we've
 headed when he comes down with the
 main search party.

GIBSON (20'S) a short, wiry man nods and knuckles a salute at
 Captain Crozier.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
 Tell him for God's sake not to let
 his men fire at anything unless
 they're sure it's not one of us!

GIBSON
 Aye, Cap'n, sir.

Crozier turns back to Hodgson.

CROZIER
 George, you and Armitage head out
 about twenty yards that way.
 Toward the bow. Stay parallel to
 us as we search south. Try to keep
 your lantern within sight of ours.

Hodgson nods once.

HODGSON
 Aye, aye sir.

Crozier turns to the last man in the scouting party, Tommy
 Evans. His boyish face is tense and flushed.

CROZIER
 Tom, you come with me. And keep
 your Baker rifle ready at the half
 cock.

Evans nods and COCKS the weapon.

EVANS
 Aye, sir.

Crozier stares off toward Lt. Hodgson's party.

CROZIER'S
 P.O.V.:

EXT. THE ICE FIELD - NIGHT

Hodgson's lantern bobs in and out of view due to the seracs and pressure ridges that scar the field.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH CROZIER AND EVANS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Crozier and Evans are following an intermittent trail of blood smears through a maze of seracs.

They come upon a massive pressure ridge, thirty feet high.

Crozier walks along the base of the ridge, extending his lantern as high as possible. He stops and points.

CROZIER

There!

Evans steps closer, Baker rifle raised.

A smear of blood is a few feet above the Captain's head. Crozier begins to climb the nearly vertical pile of ice.

EXT. - THE RIDGE WALL - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Crozier is near the crest of the ridge. Another smear of blood glistens on the ice.

Crozier continues to climb slowly to the top, holding the lantern in his left hand.

EXT. - WITH EVANS - NIGHT

Evans cradles the rifle and cups a hand to his mouth as he looks up.

EVANS (SHOUTS)

Captain, do you want me to come up?

Crozier stops and waves the lantern.

CROZIER (PANTING, SHOUTS)(O.S.)

No! Wait there!

Tom Evans, rifle at the ready, begins to keep watch in the dark.

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - NIGHT

Crozier, atop the ridgeback, holds out his lantern and looks down.

CROZIER'S
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE ICE FIELD - NIGHT

The vertical drop is almost thirty five feet straight down on this side of the ridge. There is no sign of young William Strong.

Crozier begins to descend the way he came up.

EXT. - THE BASE OF THE RIDGE - NIGHT

Crozier stumbles onto the flat ice, panting and gasping.

CROZIER (SHOUTS)
Evans!

There is no answer.

Crozier lifts the lantern a bit.

Evans' Baker rifle lies on the ice, unfired.

CROZIER (SHOUTS) (CONT'D)
Evans! Evans! Thomas Evans!

The only SOUND is the HOWL of the WIND.

Crozier picks up the rifle, checks the priming, and FIRES it ONCE into the air.

EXT. - ANOTHER PART OF THE ICE FIELD - NIGHT

The lanterns of Hodgson and the main search party are nearing.

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - NIGHT

Crozier drops the Baker and yanks out his pistol. He tugs off his right mitten and COCKS the PISTOL.

O.S., twenty feet away, SOMETHING ROARS FIERCELY.

Crozier whirls toward the sound, his face purple with rage.

CROZIER (SCREAMS)
 Come on! Goddamn your eyes! Come
 out and try *me* instead of a *boy*,
 you hairy, arse licking, rat
 fucking piss drinking spawn of a
 poxy Highgate whore!

The only answer is the HOWL of the WIND.

EXT. - THE ICE FIELD - GOD'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

Four teams of five men each, one man carrying two lanterns,
 the other four armed with shotguns, fan out across the ice
 searching for Strong and Evans.

The lanterns bob in and out of view as seracs, ridges, and
 ice boulders are passed.

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - NIGHT

The Captain moves between the search parties as best he can,
 to keep track of any results of the search.

A SEAMAN (LATE TEENS) accompanies him, carrying a red
 lantern.

The WIND HOWLS and loose ice particles pelt the men
 mercilessly.

INT. - THE MESS AREA - NIGHT

CREWMEN are seated around tables that have been cranked down
 from their suspension near the ceiling, eating and TALKING in
 LOW MURMURS.

Crozier descends the ladder and steps onto the lower deck.

Jopson and Little hurry over to help him off with his ice
 rimmed slops.

Jopson's brow furrows as he regards Captain Crozier.

JOPSON
 Blimey, Captain, sir, you're
 frozen. Your skin is white with
 frostbite. Come back aft to the
 officers' mess for supper, sir.

Crozier shakes his head.

CROZIER

I need to go talk to Commander Fitzjames. Edward, has there been a messenger from the Erebus while I was out?

LT. LITTLE

No, sir.

Jopson stands resolutely behind Crozier.

JOPSON (A SLIGHT GROWL)

Please eat, Captain.

Crozier locks eyes with Jopson for a beat, then shakes his head, a slight smile at his lips.

CROZIER

Be so kind as to wrap up a couple of biscuits for me, Thomas. I'll chew on them on my stroll over to the Erebus.

Jopson scowls and heads forward toward the galley.

LT. LITTLE

How many men do you want to go with you, Captain?

CROZIER

None, Edward. After the men have eaten, I want you to get at least eight parties on the ice for a final four hours of searching.

Little's brow furrows.

LT. LITTLE

But, sir, is it advisable for you...

The Lieutenant trails off.

Crozier gives the Lieutenant a slight wink.

CROZIER

It's all right, Edward. I'll take my compass.

Lieutenant Little cracks a slight smile at the small joke.

Lieutenant Irving comes up, his face glistening with salve to treat slight frostbite.

LT. IRVING (IN A RUSH)
 Captain, have you seen Silence out
 on the ice?

Crozier removes his hat and begins to rub the ice out of his
 sweat dampened hair.

CROZIER
 You mean she's not in her little
 hidey hole behind the sick bay?

LT. IRVING
 No, sir. No sign of her. I've
 asked around and no one remembers
 seeing her since yesterday evening.
 Since...before...the attack.

Crozier's eyes narrow.

CROZIER
 Was she on the deck when the thing
 attacked Private Heather and Seaman
 Strong?

LT. IRVING
 No one knows, Captain. She may
 well have been. Only Strong and
 Heather would know, sir.

Crozier sighs heavily.

CROZIER
 Search the whole ship, Lieutenant
 Irving. Every nook, every cranny,
 cupboard, and cable locker. We'll
 use Occam's Razor and assume if she
 isn't on board that she's...been
 taken.

Irving nods.

LT. IRVING
 Very well, sir. Shall I
 choose three or four men to--

CROZIER
 Just you, John. I want
 everyone else back out on the
 ice searching for Strong and
 Evans before lamps out, and
 if you don't find Silence,
 assign yourself to a party
 and join them.

Lt. Irving nods.

LT. IRVING
 Aye, aye, sir.

INT. - THE SICK BAY - NIGHT

Surgeon Peddie is stitching up Seaman GEORGE CANN'S (LATE 20'S) forearm.

Cann is muscular and tall. His face is exhausted.

Crozier enters the sick bay.

Peddie looks up at him as he enters.

PEDDIE
Good evening, Captain.

Cann knuckles a salute with his right hand.

CROZIER
What's happened, Cann?

Cann winces as a stitch is made.

SEAMAN CANN (AMID GRUNTS)
Fucking...shotgun barrel...slides
up me sleeve and touches me...
fucking bare arm when I was
climbing a fucking...ice ridge,
Captain, pardon the language. I
pull the shotgun out and...six
inches o'fucking flesh comes with
it.

Crozier nods and looks around the sick bay.

There are six cots set up, one unoccupied. The other three MEN in the hold are being treated for scurvy.

DAVEY LEYS (20'S) lies in another, staring blankly at the ceiling.

Private Heather is in the fifth one, his head bandaged.

Blood and gray matter are already seeping through the bulky dressing. His eyes are lifeless, only an occasional blink to prove life.

CROZIER
Is he alive?

Peddie comes over, wiping his bloody hands with a bloody rag.

Peddie nods.

PEDDIE
He is, strangely enough.

Crozier stares first at Heather, then at Peddie.

CROZIER

But we could see his brains on the deck. I can see them *now*.

Peddie nods, his face seamed with exhaustion and soot.

PEDDIE

It happens. In other circumstances, he might even recover. He would be an idiot, of course, but I could screw in a metal covering where his skull has gone missing, and his family, if he has any, could care for him. Keep him as a sort of a pet. But here...

Peddie shrugs.

PEDDIE (CONT'D)

Pneumonia or scurvy or starvation will carry him away.

Seaman Cann exits the sick bay.

CROZIER

How soon?

Peddie shrugs again.

PEDDIE

Only God knows, sir. Is there to be more searching for Strong and Evans, sir?

Crozier nods.

Peddie's eyes narrow as he watches the Captain.

PEDDIE (CONT'D)

You are aware, I am sure, that there is no chance for young Evans or Strong, but every probability that each search will bring more wounds, more frostbite, a greater chance of amputation...many men have already lost one or more toes...and the inevitability that someone will shoot someone else in their panic.

Crozier eyes the Surgeon coldly.

CROZIER

Please let me worry about the risks of continued searching, Mr. Peddie. You worry about stitching up the men stupid enough to set bare metal against skin when it's sixty below zero. Besides, if that thing carried you off into the night, wouldn't you want us searching for you?

Peddie's answering laugh is a hollow chuckle.

PEDDIE

If this particular specimen of *ursus maritimus* carries me off, Captain, I can only hope that I have my scalpel with me. So I can cut my own throat.

Crozier nods.

CROZIER

Then keep your scalpel handy, Mr. Peddie.

He exits the sick bay.

INT. - THE LADDERWAY - NIGHT

Crozier finishes donning his outer gear by the ladder.

Jopson hands him hot biscuits wrapped in a kerchief.

Crozier scuttles up the ladder.

EXT. - THE ICE FIELD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Crozier, carrying a lantern and a long boat pike to aid him, climbs a short ice ridge.

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Crozier walks across a relatively flat expanse of ice.

The clouds part overhead and the full moon illuminates the ice field.

Crozier halts and turns to scan the ice ridge behind him.

CROZIER'S
P.O.V.:

EXT. - A PRESSURE RIDGE - NIGHT

A dark furry shape scrambles over the crest of the ridge and makes its way down toward the level ice.

Crozier sets the lantern down, pulls off his right mitten and produces his pistol. He aims it at the shape.

CROZIER
Halt! Identify yourself!

The shape continues down without a sound.

He drops the boat pike, reaches down, picks up the lantern and holds it high.

Lady Silence walks into view.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
God damn it, woman! You came near
to getting shot! Where the hell
have you been, anyway?

She says nothing, just watches him.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
No wonder the men think you're a
witch!

She extends her hand toward him.

He lowers the lantern and sees that it's a crewman's woolen stocking.

Crozier takes it and examines it.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
Strong? Evans?

No answer. Silence just watches him.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
We're closer to Erebus than Terror.
You'll just have to come with me.

Crozier turns and pushes on toward the Erebus.

After a beat, Silence follows him. The WIND HOWLS; their FOOTSTEPS CRUNCHING on the ICE.

EXT. - THE DECK OF THE H.M.S. EREBUS - NIGHT

A CREWMAN (20'S) walks guard, carrying a shotgun.

EXT. - THE ICE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Crozier and Silence navigate quickly through the maze of ice boulders and seracs. Crozier stares ahead.

CROZIER'S
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE H.M.S. EREBUS - NIGHT

Lit lanterns have been hung on a line suspended from poles ringing the ship.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH CROZIER AND SILENCE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The two are close to the lit border surrounding the Erebus.

Crozier halts behind a tall serac and takes hold of Silence's shoulder; he pulls her behind the serac.

EXT. - THE EREBUS'S DECK - NIGHT

The sentry paces back and forth to keep warm.

CROZIER (SHOUTS, O.S.)
Ahoy the ship!

The sentry whirls and aims the weapon.

EXT. - THE TALL SERAC - NIGHT

The SHOTGUN BOOMS, O.S.

The shot gouges a fistful of the serac away, very close to Silence and Crozier.

CROZIER (ROARS)
Avast that, God damn your blind
eyes, you idle brained shit-for-
wits!

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. - THE DECK OF THE EREBUS - NIGHT

The OFFICER (30'S) on duty wrestles the shotgun away from the sentry.

EXT. - WITH CROZIER AND SILENCE - NIGHT

He regards Silence for a beat.

CROZIER

All right. We can go now.

He steps out from behind the serac.

Silence stays put.

Crozier stops and looks back at her.

A slight smile curls at Silence's lips.

Before Crozier can speak, she turns and disappears into the night.

Crozier shakes his head and heads for the Erebus.

EXT. - THE EREBUS - NIGHT

Crozier trudges up the Erebus's ramp.

EXT. - THE ICE FIELD - NIGHT

Silence watches Crozier board the Erebus, then turns and fades deeper into the darkness. The WIND HOWLS LOUDER.

EXT. - THE DECK OF THE EREBUS - NIGHT

Commander FITZJAMES (40'S) welcomes Crozier.

He is medium height and lean.

FITZJAMES

You're frozen through, Francis.
Come aft to the Common Room for
brandy.

Commander Fitzjames turns and leads the way.

INT. - THE COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

Fitzjames and Crozier enter the Common Room.

Lieutenants LE VISCONTE (30'S) and FAIRHOLME (LATE 20'S) sit, smoking pipes. They stand as their two superior officers enter.

Fitzjames unlocks a heavy cabinet and pulls out a bottle of brandy, then pours a large measure into a crystal water glass and offers it to Crozier.

Crozier finishes the brandy in three gulps, then hands the glass back to Fitzjames for a refill.

Fitzjames pours again, then corks the bottle.

Crozier takes a long drink.

FITZJAMES

Thank you for responding so quickly. I expected a message in response, not for you to come in person.

Crozier lowers the glass, his eyebrows raised.

CROZIER

Message? I haven't received a message from you in over a week, James.

Fitzjames stares at Crozier a few beats, then:

FITZJAMES

I sent Private Reed to your ship with one about five hours ago. I presumed he was spending the night there.

Crozier shakes his head slowly.

FITZJAMES (LOW) (CONT'D)

Dammit!

Crozier pulls the woolen stocking from his coat pocket and tosses it on the nearby table.

CROZIER

I found it on my walk over here. Closer to your ship than mine.

Fitzjames looks down at the stocking, his expression worried.

FITZJAMES

I...I'll ask the men if they recognize it.

Crozier takes another drink.

CROZIER

It could belong to one of mine, James. We lost two today, Strong and Evans. And Private Heather had his skull uncapped by the thing. I'm afraid he's not long for the world, though somehow, he still lives.

Fitzjames shakes his head.

FITZJAMES

Four in one day...

He refills both glasses.

Crozier lifts his and sips.

CROZIER

What was the message, James?

Fitzjames stares off for a beat, then turns to face Crozier.

FITZJAMES

Oh. My sentries, saw something, massive...out on the ice, just out of the lanterns glow. The men fired on it repeatedly, but we found no blood or anything else on subsequent reconnaissance. So I apologize, Francis, for that young idiot Bobby Johns firing at you when you arrived. The men are very tightly wound.

Crozier smiles bleakly.

CROZIER

Not so tightly that they think that the thing on the ice has learned to shout at them in English, I hope.

He sips at the brandy.

Fitzjames shakes his head.

FITZJAMES	CROZIER
No, no, of course not. It was pure idiocy. Johns will be off his rum ration for two weeks. Again, I apologize.	Don't do that. Rip him a new asshole, if you must, but don't take his rum away.

Crozier looks around for a beat.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

This ship feels surly enough already. Lady Silence was with me, wearing her God-damned furry parka. He probably caught a glimpse of that. Would've served me right if he'd blown my head clean off.

Fitzjames lowers his glass in mid-sip.

FITZJAMES

Silence was with you?

Fitzjames allows his eyebrows to ask the question.

CROZIER

I don't know what the *hell* she was doing out on the ice.

He clears his throat.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

I almost shot her myself a quarter mile from your ship when she crept up on me.

Crozier smiles ruefully.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

Young Irving is probably turning the ship upside down as we speak. I made a huge mistake when I put that *boy* in charge of looking out for that Eskimo bitch.

Fitzjames watches Crozier closely.

FITZJAMES

The men...they think she is a Jonah.

Crozier sips again, then:

CROZIER

Well, why the hell shouldn't they? The woman shows up on the day this horror begins with that witch doctor father or husband of hers. Something...has chewed her tongue out by the root. Why shouldn't they think she's the cause of all the trouble?

Fitzjames still watches Crozier closely.

FITZJAMES (NEUTRAL)

Yet you've kept her aboard Terror for five months.

Crozier shrugs and gives Fitzjames a tired smile.

CROZIER

I don't believe in witches, James. Nor Jonahs much, for that matter. But I *do* believe that if we put her out on the ice, that thing will be eating her guts the way it's devouring Evan's and Strong's, and maybe Reed's right now. Was that Billy Reed, the one who always wanted to talk about that writer...Dickens?

Fitzjames nods.

FITZJAMES

William Reed, yes.

Fitzjames stares at the floor.

FITZJAMES (CONT'D)

He was very fast when the men did footraces back on Disko Island two years ago. I thought that perhaps, one man...with speed...I, I should have waited for morning...

He trails off.

CROZIER

Why? It's no lighter then. Not much lighter, at any rate. And it's not as if that thing only hunts at night...or even just in the dark, as far as that goes. Maybe young Reed will show up.

(MORE)

CROZIER (CONT'D)

We've had messengers get lost out on the ice and show up five or six hours later, shaking and cursing.

FITZJAMES

Perhaps. I'll send out search parties in the morning.

Crozier's posture is suddenly one of exhaustion.

CROZIER

That's just what that thing wants us to do.

Fitzjames nods absently, then looks up at Crozier.

FITZJAMES

Perhaps, but you've had men out on the ice last night and all today looking for Strong and Evans.

Crozier nods and kills his glass.

Fitzjames refills it.

CROZIER

If I hadn't brought Evans with me when I went looking for Strong, the boy would still be alive.

Crozier frowns as he stares at the far wall.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

Thomas turned twenty this past May. His first birthday on board was his eighteenth. The men celebrated it by shaving his head.

Crozier smiles at the memory.

CROZIER (MUSES) (CONT'D)

He went to sea at thirteen.

FITZJAMES

As did you, I believe, Francis.

Crozier nods once.

CROZIER

As did I. For all the good it did me.

Fitzjames locks the brandy away and returns to the table.

Crozier locks eyes with Fitzjames.

FITZJAMES

I want to survive this expedition,
Francis.

Crozier nods.

FITZJAMES (CONT'D)

We should have put both crews on
Terror a year ago and sailed east
around King William Land.

Crozier's eyebrows arch slightly.

CROZIER

It is too late for that now, James.

Fitzjames smiles slightly.

FITZJAMES

You were wise to have the gear and
provisions sledged to King William
Land last August.

CROZIER

Though that...thing...will never
let us stay there. I had the
ground prepared for two dozen of
the big tents. But the campsite
would not have been as defensible
as the ships are.

Fitzjames shakes his head.

FITZJAMES

No.

CROZIER

If the ships last the winter.

Fitzjames stands and begins to pace a short course.

FITZJAMES

The men...they think it is not an
animal. They think it's
something...preternatural...
supernatural...a demon...out there
in the dark.

Crozier literally spits on the deck.

CROZIER

Demon! Rubbish. They believe in ghosts, faeries, Jonahs, mermaids, curses, and fucking sea monsters!

O.S., RUNNING FOOTSTEPS on the upper deck, then the HATCH OPENS, then SEVERAL PAIRS of FEET SCUTTLE down the ladder.

A SOFT KNOCK at the DOOR.

FITZJAMES

Enter.

Seaman COUCH (20'S), of the Erebus, leads in Lt. Irving and Seaman SHANKS (30'S).

Shanks is medium height and sturdy. He carries a musket.

LT. IRVING

I'm sorry to disturb you, Commander Fitzjames, Captain Crozier. Lieutenant Little sent me to report to Captain Crozier as soon as I could.

CROZIER

Go ahead, John. You're not still hunting for Lady Silence, are you?

Irving's face is blank for a beat, then:

LT. IRVING

We saw her out on the ice when the last search parties were coming in. No, sir, Lieutenant Little asked me to fetch you right away because...

He trails off, glancing at Mr. Couch.

Fitzjames looks back at Couch.

FITZJAMES

Mr. Couch, be so kind as to step out into the companionway and to close the door behind you please. Thank you.

Couch exits.

Irving's eyes widen a bit.

LT. IRVING

It's William Strong and Tommy Evans, sir. They're back, sir.

Crozier leaps to his feet.

CROZIER
What the devil do you mean, *back?*
Alive?

Irving's face clouds.

LT. IRVING
Oh, no, sir. Just
one...body...really. It...it was
propped against the stern rail.
Someone saw it as the last parties
were coming in, sir. About an hour
ago, sir. The guards on duty saw
nothing, but there it was, sir.

CROZIER (SNAPS)
It? I thought you said they were
both back!

Irving's face pales.

LT. IRVING
When we...when we went to look at
the body propped there...at the
stern, it fell
over...and...well...came apart. As
best we can tell, it's Billy Strong
from the waist up, Tom Evans from
the waist down...

Crozier and Fitzjames stare at Irving, then at each other.

MONTAGE:

EXT. - THE TERROR'S STERN - NIGHT

Crozier inspects what's left of Strong and Evans. The WIND
HOWLS and ice crystal blow sideways in the gale.

RAPID DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. - THE LOWER DECK - NIGHT

Men are loading the two body halves, each stitched in sail
canvas, into the Dead Room.

RAPID DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. - CROZIER'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Almost half the cabin is taken up by the built in bunk along the starboard wall. Bookshelves, built in to the wall along the rising, in-sloping hull wall are filled with volumes.

Crozier sits at his small desk, contemplating the only two items on it. A fresh bottle of whiskey and a pistol.

FLASHBACK
MONTAGE:

EXT. - THE BEAR BLIND - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The bear blind is a twisted, smashed ruin as the CREATURE rips through it, the SOUNDS of SCREAMS and ROARS, MUFFLED and ECHOING.

The Creature is a blinding flash of white, paws smashing and mangling crewmen. A severed human head tumbles across the ice, blood gushing and freezing in a trail.

Men's bodies, living and dead, are scattered among the ruins of the blind.

Crozier, pistol in hand, FIRES at the thing, to no avail. He turns to follow the creature's attack.

CROZIER'S
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE ICE - DAY

Captain SIR JOHN FRANKLIN (50'S) stands his ground, EMPTYING his PISTOL as the thing advances on him.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Crozier runs toward Franklin.

EXT. - WITH FRANKLIN - DAY

Franklin unsheathes his saber as the thing is upon him. The creature, barely visible in the cloud of vapor and ice surrounding it, lashes out at Franklin. He SCREAMS ONCE.

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Crozier stops dead and stares.

Franklin's legs, severed at the knees, lie askew on the ice in a smear of bright blood. The creature and Franklin have vanished behind a cloud of ice crystals and vapor and between several huge seracs.

CUT TO:

INT. - CROZIER'S CABIN - NIGHT

Crozier drains his whiskey glass. He picks up the pistol and checks its priming, then replaces it on the desk. Crozier pours himself more whiskey and drains the glass in a gulp, then pours again. He swirls the glass and closes his eyes.

SHIMMER DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. - A NARROW COUNTRY LANE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

SUPER: 1843, Hobart Town, Tasmania

Crozier and Sophia Cracroft, each mounted on a horse, ride down the lane side by side.

Sophia is dressed in a white blouse, gaucho breeches, and riding boots. A broad brimmed hat keeps the hot Tasmanian sun off her pale skin. Her posture in the saddle is easy and assured.

Crozier's is stiff and inexperienced.

CROZIER
I thought that platypuses were
found only in Australia.

Sophia smiles at him.

SOPHIA
Oh, no, my dear. The strange
little things are found only in
certain coastal areas on the
continent to our north, but all
across Van Diemen's Land. They are
very shy though. We see none
around Hobart Town any longer.

Crozier jounces roughly in his saddle.

CROZIER
Are they dangerous?

Sophia laughs casually.

SOPHIA
The males are dangerous during mating season. They have a secret poisonous spur on their hind legs, and during mating season they become quite venomous.

Crozier is a bit disconcerted.

CROZIER
Enough to kill a man?

Sophia shrugs as she guides her mount expertly.

SOPHIA
A small man. Survivors of the platypus's spur say that the pain is so terrible that they would have preferred death.

Crozier glances at her to see if she is being serious.

CROZIER
Is it breeding season?

She beams at him. He blushes.

SOPHIA
Oh, no, my dear Francis. We shall be fine, unless we encounter a devil.

CROZIER
The Devil?

She smiles again as she locks eyes with him.

SOPHIA
No, my dear. A devil. A Tasmanian devil.

CROZIER
They're supposed to be terrible creatures with jaws able to open wide as a ship's hatch. Insatiable hunters. Able to devour horses or Tasmanian tigers whole.

Sophia's smile remains.

SOPHIA

The devil is all fur and chest and appetite and fury. And if you had ever heard one's sound...it cannot be called a bark or a roar, it's more the gibbers and snarls of a burning asylum...well, then, I guarantee that not even so courageous an explorer as thee, Francis Crozier, would venture into the forests or fields here alone at night.

CROZIER

You've...you've *heard* them?

Sophia looks at him.

SOPHIA

Oh, yes. Absolutely terrifying.

CROZIER

You're joking.

Her face is unreadable.

SOPHIA

I never joke about the devil, Francis.

CROZIER

Do your devils eat platypuses?

She nods.

SOPHIA

A Tasmanian devil will and *does* eat everything. But we are in luck. They hunt only at night, so unless we get terribly lost, we should have seen the Platypus pond, and the platypus, and had our lunch and returned to Government House before nightfall. God help us if we are out here in the forest come darkness, though.

CROZIER

Because of the devil?

Sophia reigns her mount to a halt and locks eyes with Crozier, a lascivious grin playing at her lips.

SOPHIA (BREATHY WHISPER)

No, my dear. Not because of the devil. Because of my *reputation*.

Sophia spurs her horse into a full gallop.

After a beat, Crozier follows, his face blushing beet red.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - CROZIER'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Crozier pours the last of the whiskey in the bottle into his glass, nearly filling it. He sips at it, his eyes glassy and whiskey reddened.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - A REMOTE MEADOW - DAY

Crozier and Sophia recline on a blanket. Plates holding scraps of food and a bottle of wine are spread out on the cloth.

The platypus Pond is a few meters away.

CROZIER

Are we waiting for the platypus,
Miss Cracroft?

She smiles languidly at him.

SOPHIA

No, I think it would have shown
itself by now if it wanted to be
seen. I've been waiting for an
interval before we go bathing.

Crozier's expression is quizzical.

Sophia stands and brushes a few dead leaves from her pants and looks around.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I believe I shall undress behind
those shrubs there and enter the
water from that grassy shelf.

She looks directly at him. His blush ripens.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

You are invited to join me in the
swim, of course, Francis, or not,
according to your personal sense of
decorum.

His answering smile falters for a beat, then takes hold.

She turns and walks toward the stand of shrubbery without a backward glance.

Crozier half reclines on the blanket and watches her, his expression one of forced amusement.

CROZIER'S
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE STAND OF SHRUBBERY - DAY

Only the top of Sophia's head is visible to Crozier.

She drapes her white blouse over the top of the tall shrub. Her pants and undergarments soon follow.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - DAY

Crozier's forced expression is frozen on his face.

CROZIER'S
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE SHRUBBERY - DAY

Sophia steps from behind the bushes. She is completely naked, and quite stunning.

She turns and smiles at Crozier.

SOPHIA
Are you coming in, Francis? Or are
you just going to stare?

Her smile is all taunts and lust.

Sophia turns and DIVES gracefully into the pond; she surfaces a few yards out.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - DAY

Crozier is still transfixed. He opens his mouth to speak, then closes it again.

EXT. - THE POND - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Sophia swims a few strokes, then begins to tread water as she turns to face Crozier.

SOPHIA

The platypus burrow is behind these roots. I don't think it wants to come out to play today. It's shy. Don't you be, Francis. *Please.*

Her eyes are luminous.

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Crozier rises and walks to a stand of bushes across from where Sophia undressed, steps behind them, strips off, then peeks through the bushes.

CROZIER'S
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE POND - DAY

Sophia swims and SPLASHES about playfully. She tosses a grin at him, then turns and begins to swim to the far side of the small pond.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Crozier takes a deep breath, then quickly and clumsily runs to the shore and FLOPS into the pond.

A few yards out, he surfaces, SPUTTERING and BLOWING.

EXT. - THE POND - GOD'S P.O.V. - DAY

Sophia treads water twenty feet away from Crozier.

EXT. - WITH SOPHIA AND CROZIER - DAY

Sophia smiles at him.

SOPHIA

I'm delighted you decided to join me, Francis. Shall we inspect the burrow entrance?

He looks confused.

CROZIER

What?

She smiles.

SOPHIA

Platypuses make two kinds of burrows. This kind...what some naturalists call a camping burrow...which both the male and female except during breeding season.

CROZIER

I see...

She swims closer to him. He tenses a bit.

SOPHIA

The nesting burrow is dug out by the female for the actual...

She is so close now that her breasts are almost touching him.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

...breeding, and after...the deed...is done, she excavates another small chamber as a nursery.

Crozier does not move any closer.

CROZIER

Oh.

She swims in a tight circle around him, her body brushing against him now and then.

SOPHIA

Platypuses lay eggs, you know. Like reptiles. But the mothers secrete milk, like mammals. Also, when they mate, the male platypus uses those spurs to hang onto the female as they swim and mate. Presumably, he does not secrete the venom when clinging to his...breeding partner.

Crozier is dizzy with lust as she circles him.

CROZIER

Yes?

Sophia stops in front of him and lays a hand on his chest.

CROZIER (HOARSE) (CONT'D)
Miss Cracroft...

She moves a finger to his lips.

SOPHIA (SOFTLY)
Shhh. Hush, Francis.

She runs her other hand over his belly, then reaches lower.

Her eyes widen as she presses close to him.

SOPHIA (SOFTLY) (CONT'D)
Oh my. Is this a venomous spur
I've found?

Crozier's eyes plead with her.

CROZIER (HOARSE)
Miss Cra--Sophia...

She slides onto him and begins to move slowly up and down.

Crozier moans.

They begin to fuck in earnest.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - FRANKLIN'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Franklin and his wife, LADY JANE (40'S), Sophia, Crozier, and Captain JAMES CLARK ROSS (40'S) are dining. The CONVERSATIONS are a LOW MURMUR.

Crozier watches Sophia admiringly, longingly.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - GOVERNMENT HOUSE - DAY

The sun is low in the early morning sky.

The air is hot and hazy.

INT. - THE DINING ROOM - DAY

Crozier is dressed in his formal uniform, sipping coffee as the dining room empties out.

Finally he and Sophia are alone.

CROZIER
 Would you like to walk in the
 garden?

Sophia shrugs.

SOPHIA
 So early? It's already very hot
 out there. This autumn shows no
 signs of cooling off.

Crozier's eyes are pleading again.

CROZIER
 But...

She looks into his eyes and smiles.

SOPHIA
 I would be delighted to walk in the
 garden with you, Francis.

EXT. - THE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The two walk, arm in arm. Crozier's movements are tentative and nervous.

They come to a marble bench in the shade of a massive tree. Crozier helps her to sit, waits for her to fold her parasol, then paces a short course for a few beats.

She watches him questioningly, a slight smile playing at her lips.

Finally, crozier goes to one knee before her.

<p>CROZIER Miss Cracroft...I am aware that I am a mere commander in Her Majesty's Navy and that you deserve only the attention of the full Admiral of the Fleet....no, Of royalty...I know you must be aware, you are aware of the intensity of my feelings toward you, and if you could...if these feelings are reciprocal, if--</p>	<p>SOPHIA Good God, Francis. You're not going to propose marriage, are you?</p>
---	--

Crozier is stunned into silence.

SOPHIA

Commander Crozier, you are a wonderful man. Gentle, despite all those rough edges which may never be rounded off. And you are a *wise* man...especially in understanding that I shall *never* be a commander's wife. That would not be fitting. It would not be *acceptable*.

Crozier's face reddens.

Sophia laughs softly and shakes her head.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

Please do not be concerned about yesterday, Commander Crozier. We had a *wonderful* day. The...interlude...at the pond was pleasant for both of us. It was a...function...of My nature, as much as the mutual feelings of *closeness we felt for those few moments*. But please disabuse yourself of any burden or compulsion to act in any way on my behalf because of our brief indiscretion.

Crozier's expression veers toward desolate.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

After all, it is not as if you compromised my honour, Commander.

Crozier presses on.

CROZIER

Miss Cracroft...

SOPHIA

If I were to marry, it would be to our dashing Captain Ross. Although I am not destined to be a mere captain's wife, either. He would have to be, and I'm sure he will be, knighted.

Crozier stammers:

CROZIER (RUSHED)

Miss Cracroft...Captain Ross is already engaged. They plan to marry when he returns to England.

She waves a hand in dismissal.

SOPHIA

Stuff and nonsense. I plan to return to England by swift packet boat myself this summer. Captain James Ross has not seen the last of me.

Crozier is stunned again.

CROZIER

You're...you're leaving.

She nods curtly.

SOPHIA

Yes. Uncle John's been recalled.

She stands.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I must go now, Commander. Aunt Jane, Captain Ross, and I are going into Hobart Town to see some new stallions the Van Diemen Company have just imported for...breeding services. Do feel free to come with us, Francis, but for heaven's sake change your clothing and your expression before you do.

O.S., EIGHT BELLS BEGINS to RING.

CROSS FADE TO:

INT. - CROZIER'S CABIN - NIGHT

The last few DONGS SOUND, O.S. Crozier, by now very drunk, looks at the empty whiskey bottle and the correspondingly empty glass and picks up the pistol. He stares at it long and hard for a few beats, then slips it into the pocket of his captain's coat, then finally hangs the coat on a hook.

Crozier crawls under his blankets and passes out.

EXT. - THE DECK OF THE H.M.S. TERROR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Lt. Irving steps from the iced over canvas tent and holds his lantern high.

The WIND HOWLS INCESSANTLY.

O.S., a work party CHOPS at the ICE with AXES.

Lt. Irving makes his way port side and joins Reuben Male, who is standing watch.

Male holds an iced over shotgun.

LT. IRVING (SHOUTS ABOVE WIND)
See anything, Mr. Male?

Mr. Male tugs down his scarves a bit.

<p>MALE (SHOUTS) You mean the ice parties, sir? I can't see 'em once they get above them first spars there. I just listen, sir, while I fill in for young Kinnaird's port watch duty. He was shoveling on third watch and still ain't thawed out.</p>	<p>LT. IRVING (SHOUTS) No! I mean <i>on the ice!</i></p>
---	--

A huge chunk of ice, BREAKS OFF a nearby mast and CRASHES to the DECK.

Lt. Irving steps aside as ice shards scatter around him.

Male laughs.

MALE (SHOUTS)
You can't see as far as the ice,
not for the last forty eight hours,
sir! You know that, you was out
here earlier!

Lt. Irving nods.

LT. IRVING (SHOUTS)
No one's seen Silence? Lady
Silence?

Male shakes his head.

MALE (SHOUTS)
Not for two days now! She must be
gone! Dead out there,
somewhere...and good riddance, I
says, sir!

Lt. Irving nods and pats Mr. Male on the shoulder as he heads off toward the starboard watch station.

INT. - THE TERROR'S ORLOP DECK - NIGHT

Lt. Irving walks down the companionway and stops in front of the Spirits Room.

INT. - THE SPIRITS ROOM - NIGHT

Lt. Irving enters the space and begins to search for Lady Silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - THE TERROR'S HOLD DECK/BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Lt. Irving walks aft through the hold, lantern held high.

He walks quietly up to the boiler room and steps inside.

James Thompson lies on a cot, face up, his eyes open. He looks dead.

Lt. Irving walks up to him slowly.

MR. THOMPSON

What brings you down here,
Lieutenant?

Lt. Irving jumps at the sound of the man's voice.

LT. IRVING

I'm looking for Silence. Lady
Silence.

Thompson stars at the ceiling.

MR. THOMPSON

The Eskimo witch?

Lt. Irving looks around.

LT. IRVING

Have you seen her, Mr. Thompson?
Or heard anything *unusual*?

Thompson laughs softly.

MR. THOMPSON

Listen.

O.S., a MYRIAD of CREAKS and GROANS MIX with the HOWLING WIND.

MR. THOMPSON (CONT'D)
 There's someone, or *something*
 breathing down here. Do you hear
 it?

Lt. Irving listens, for a few beats, then looks at Thompson,
 who still hasn't moved.

LT. IRVING
 Where are Smith and Johnson?

Mr. Thompson shrugs.

MR. THOMPSON
 I need 'em only a few hours a day,
 with so little coal to shovel. I
 spend most of my time here, alone,
 crawling among the pipes and
 valves. Patching. Taping.
 Replacing. Trying to keep her
 going. In two months, three at the
 most, it'll all be academic anyway.
 We already have no coal to steam,
 and we'll soon have no coal to
 heat.

Thompson sits up and swings his feet over the edge of the
 cot. He looks Lt. Irving in the eye.

MR. THOMPSON (CONT'D)
 Have you heard the rumors,
 Lieutenant?

LT. IRVING
 Which rumors, Mr. Thompson?

Thompson glances all around the boiler room.

MR. THOMPSON
 That the... *thing* on the ice, the
 apparition, the Devil...comes into
 the ship whenever it wants and
 walks the hold deck late at night?

Lt. Irving grins slightly.

LT. IRVING
 I'd not heard that one, Mr.
 Thompson.

Thompson's eyes glint in the lantern light.

MR. THOMPSON
 Stay down here alone on the hold
 deck through enough watches, and
 you'll see and hear *everything*.

Lt. Irving watches the man a beat, then:

LT. IRVING
 Good night, Mr. Thompson.

INT. - THE HOLD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Lt. Irving continues his search, moving cautiously between
 stacked crates and stepping over small hordes of rats.

The rodent SQUEAK and SCREECH as he occasionally treads on
 one.

O.S., FAINT GRUNTS and HARSH BREATHING.

Lt. Irving stops dead.

LT. IRVING'S
 P.O.V.:

INT. - THE HOLD - NIGHT

A flash of white is visible for a second behind some crates.

CUT TO:

INT. - WITH LT. IRVING - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Lt. Irving freezes for a few beats, then cautiously heads
 toward the crates. He walks quietly around them, lantern
 held high.

LT. IRVING (LOUDLY)
 Who goes there? Identify yourself!

He steps forward a few paces and stops.

Magnus Manson is fumbling his trouser buttons closed.
 Cornelius Hickey is struggling to stand as he pulls his pants
 up.

Lt. Irving's face flushes as he takes the scene in.

Manson finishes buttoning up and stares coldly at Lt. Irving.

Hickey finishes securing his trousers, glaring at Lt. Irving defiantly.

Manson takes a menacing step towards Lt. Irving.

HICKEY (SOFTLY)
Magnus, no.

Lt. Irving stares at the two.

LT. IRVING
How dare you?

Hickey walks toward Lt. Irving, his hands spread before him.

HICKEY
Lieutenant. Beggin' your pardon, sir. Mr. Diggle sent us down here for flour, sir. A damn rat run up Mr. Manson's trouser leg, sir, and we was, well, we was just tryin' to set it right, as it were, Lieutenant, sir. We'd appreciate if you didn't mention this round, sir. Manson here would hate to be made fun of for bein' afraid of a little rat runnin' up 'is leg, sir.

Lt. Irving stares coldly at the two.

LT. IRVING (TEETH CLENCHED)
Get out of here. Now.

Hickey knuckles a salute and grabs Manson's arm.

HICKEY
Aye, aye, sir. Thank you, sir.
Come, Magnus.

The two edge by Irving and scramble up the ladder.

Lt. Irving stands there, listening to the CREAKS and MOANS of the TIMBERS. The BLIZZARD'S HOWL is DISTANT.

LT. IRVING (TO HIMSELF)
Oh, bugger me.

He laughs weakly at the inadvertent pun.

INT. - THE HOLD DECK - NIGHT

Lt. Irving stands in front of the Cable Locker. He sets the lantern down, grabs a crow bar off the wall, and begins to pry the small, rusted doors open with a LOUD CREAK.

He lays the bar down, picks up the lantern, and extends it inside.

INT. - THE CABLE LOCKER - NIGHT

Lady Silence, naked except for a fur parka draped over her shoulders, sits up amid a small nest area composed of fur blankets. Her eyes are large and warm as she watches Lt. Irving.

A discarded tin food can filled with blubber and ignited serves as a lamp.

Lt. Irving face flushes red.

LT. IRVING
I'm terribly sorry, madam.

He closes the doors.

INT. - THE HOLD DECK - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Lt. Irving quickly scrambles for the ladder up to the orlop deck.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE DECK OF THE H.M.S. EREBUS - NIGHT

The WIND HOWLS as a storm blows.

Bosun THOMAS TERRY (20'S) stands watch at the stern lookout.

SUPER: Lat. 70 -65' N, Long. 98 -23' W

16 November, 1847

Terry is medium height and carries a shotgun on his watch.

The STORM is DEAFENINGLY LOUD as Terry paces his watch.

EXT. - THE ICE FIELD - NIGHT

The CREATURE watches Terry pacing back and forth. It is shrouded in a foggy mist and immense in size.

After a few beats, it begins to move stealthily toward Erebus.

EXT. - THE STERN DECK OF THE H.M.S. EREBUS - NIGHT

Terry shuffles back and forth, his teeth chattering.

O.S., a MUFFLED, CHOKING ROAR.

Terry whirls toward the sound and FIRES the shotgun.

The creature, already on the deck, attacks.

Thomas Terry manages ONE STRANGLERED SCREAM before it is upon him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICE BY EREBUS'S STARBOARD - NIGHT

A search party led by Captain Fitzjames stands around Terry's severed head, which lies on the ice by his former watch station.

Captain Fitzjames stares at the head, his eyes narrowed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - CROZIER'S CABIN - NIGHT

Crozier sits on his bunk, drunk, and drinking more, pistol on the desk in front of him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE DECK OF THE H.M.S. TERROR - GOD'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

Things are quiet, except for the CONSTANT HOWL of the WIND.

INT. - CROZIER'S CABIN - NIGHT

Crozier sits at his desk, a nearly empty whiskey bottle and a nearly full glass close by him.

Cornelius Hickey stands at ease across from Captain Crozier.
Crozier's distaste for the Caulker's Mate is obvious.

CROZIER
And you speak for every man on both
ships?

Hickey nods and flashes a nearly toothless smile.

HICKEY
Aye, sir, I do.

Crozier briefly rolls his eyes and sighs.

CROZIER
I doubt it, *Mr. Hickey*. But I'll
speak to Captain Fitzjames and let
you know about the service.

Hickey's smile broadens.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
Whatever we decide, you can be our
appointed courier to tell *all* the
men. On *both* ships.

Hickey's eyes flash anger for a half a beat, the cloying
smile never leaving his lips.

<p>HICKEY One of the reasons we'd all of us like a service such as that what Sir John...God bless and rest his soul, Captain, used to provide is that all of us--</p>	<p>CROZIER That will be <i>all</i>, Mr. Hickey. You are dismissed.</p>
---	--

The Caulker's Mate knuckles a salute and exits.

Crozier stares after him, then finishes his drink in one
gulp.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICE FIELD - GOD'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

Crozier leads most of the crew toward Erebus. The aurora
bathes the party in eerie light showers.

O.S., a HYMN is SUNG by the CREWS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - THE LOWER DECK OF THE H.M.S. EREBUS - NIGHT

The lower deck has been transformed into a crude chapel.

The HYMN CONTINUES.

Captain Fitzjames steps up onto the dais, STILL SINGING.

Crozier sits, hungover and morose, in one of two chairs behind the dais.

The HYMN ENDS.

COUGHS, SHUFFLES, and THROAT CLEARINGS follow in a LOW DIN.

Captain Fitzjames lays his bible on the dais and opens it to a place-marked passage.

The room goes quiet.

Fitzjames upper class lisp, made worse by the stress, is on display.

FITZJAMES

The reading today shall be Pthalm
Forty six.

He looks down at the bible.

FITZJAMES (CONT'D)

God *is* our refuge and strength, and
ever-prethent help in trouble.
Therefore, we will not fear, though
the earth give way and the
mountainth fall into the heart of
the sea, though its waterth roar
and foam and the mountainth quake
with their thurging. Come and see
the workth of the Lord, the
desolationth he has brought on the
earth. He makes wars to cease to
the endth of the spear, he burnth
the shields with fire. 'Be still,
and know that I am God; I will be
exalted among the nations, I will
be exalted in the earth.' The Lord
Almighty is with us, the God of
Jacob is out fortreth.

THE CREW (IN UNISON)

Amen.

Captain Fitzjames ceremoniously closes his bible, then sits in the chair next to Crozier.

Crozier stands and walks to the dais. He reaches under it, brings out a heavy leatherbound book and opens it on the dais.

CROZIER

Today, I shall read from the Book of Leviathan, Part One, Chapter Twelve.

CREWMAN (O.S., LOW)

I know the fucking bible, and there ain't no fucking Book of Leviathan!

Crozier stares coldly at the crewman for a few beats, waiting for silence.

CROZIER

'And for that part of Religion, which consisteth in opinions concerning the nature of the Power Invisible, there is almost nothing that has a name, that has not been esteemed among the Gentiles, in one place or another, a God, or Divell; or by their Poets feigned to be inanimated, inhabited, or possessed by some spirit or other. The unformed matter of the World, was a God, by the name of *Chaos*. The heaven, the Ocean, the Planets, the Fire, the Earth, the Wind, were so many Gods. Men, Women, a Bird, a Crocodile, a Calf, a Dog, a Snake, an Onion, a Leek, Deified. Besides, that they filled almost all places, with spirits called *Daemons*; they have also ascribed Divinity, and built Temples to meet Accidents and Qualities, such as are Time, Night, Day, Peace, Concord, Love, Contention, Virtue, Honour, Health, Rust, Fever, and the like; which when they are prayed for, or against, they prayed to, as if there were Ghosts of those names hanging over their heads, and letting fall, or withholding that Good, or Evil, for, or against which they prayed. They invoked also their own Wit, by the name of *Muses*; their own ignorance, by the name of *Fortune*; their own lust by the name of *Cupid*;

(MORE)

CROZIER (CONT'D)
 their own rage, by the name of
Furies, their own privy members by
 the name *Priapus*; and attributed
 their pollution to *Incubi* and
Succubae: insomuch as there was
 nothing which a Poet could
 introduce as a person in his Poem,
 which they did not make either a
God or a *Divell*.'

Crozier stares out at the men as he closes the tome.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
 And thus endeth Part One, Chapter
 Twelve, of the Book of Leviathan.

After a few beats:

THE CREW (UNISON)
 Amen...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE DECK OF H.M.S. TERROR - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

THOMAS BLANKY (60), on duty as watch Commander, paces to keep warm. He carries an iced over shotgun.

The WIND HOWLS and snow and ice are thick in the air.

O.S., there comes a SHOUT. Then a SHOTGUN BLAST. Then ANOTHER SHOUT.

Blanky tugs off his right mitten and raises his shotgun.

BLANKY (SHOUTS)
 Berry?

Blanky begins running toward the starboard lookout post. It is deserted; the lantern is gone.

Blanky turns and looks to port.

BLANKY (SHOUTS) (CONT'D)
 Handford?

He grabs a nearby lantern with his left hand, holding the shotgun in his right.

BLANKY (SHOUTS) (CONT'D)
 Berry? Handford? Leys?

He holds the lantern high and continues toward starboard cautiously.

O.S., there is a SUDDEN SERIES of CRASHES.

Blanky stops dead and stares toward the long canvas tent running the length of the main deck.

BLANKY'S P.O.V.:

EXT. - UNDER THE TENT - NIGHT

A huge shape darts into and out of sight.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH BLANKY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Blanky leaps aside as the tent COLLAPSES, sending CARGO and the mainmasts TUMBLING toward him. He rises and makes his way carefully to the starboard side of Terror.

A shape rises in front of him. Blanky extends the lantern and COCKS the shotgun.

BLANKY

Handford? Where's your lantern?

HANDFORD (30'S), a large man, looks embarrassed.

HANDFORD

I dropped it. I dropped it when the thing knocked the spar down. It went out in the snow.

BLANKY

What do you mean, 'When the thing knocked the spar down?' No living thing could knock that mainmast spar down.

HANDFORD

It *did!* I heard berry's shotgun fire. Then he shouted something. Then...his lantern...went out. Then...I saw something...large, very large, leap up on the spar, and that's when everything...collapsed. I tried to fire, but the bloody shotgun misfired, so I left it by the rail.

BLANKY

We have to find Berry!

Handford shakes his head, his face going even paler.

HANDFORD

There is no way on God's green earth that I'm going over there to the port side, Mr. Blanky! You can write me up, you can have Bosun's Mate Johnson give me fifty with cat, but I will not *go there!*

Blanky waves the lantern once.

BLANKY

No one's being written up. Where's Leys?

Handford shrugs.

HANDFORD

His went out same time as I dropped mine.

BLANKY

Get your shotgun!

Handford backs away from Mr. Blanky a step.

HANDFORD

I can't go back there where--

BLANKY

God-damn your eyes! Fifty strokes from a cat will be the last of your *fucking* worries! Now, *fucking* move!

Handford moves. He bends to retrieve his weapon, fumbling it with numb fingers.

Blanky grabs the shotgun, breaks the breech, pulls out the defective shell, and reloads it, then shoves it into Handford's gloved hands.

BLANKY (CONT'D)

I'm going forward to find Leys and help him open the forward hatch! If anything larger than me or Leys comes out of *that* pile...

Blanky indicates the collapsed tent.

BLANKY (CONT'D)
 ...aim and pull that trigger even
 if you have to use your fucking
 teeth to do it!

Handford breaks.

HANDFORD (ALMOST SOBBING)
 I...I can't...I--

Blanky sets the lantern down and pulls a pistol from his coat. He jams it against Handford's forehead.

BLANKY (QUIETLY)
 I swear to Almighty Christ I'll
 shoot you dead if you defy my
 orders again. And don't shoot me
 when I come back with Leys or I
 swear to God my ghost will haunt
 you 'til the day you die, John
 Handford!

Handford nods once.

Blanky turns and heads for the bow of the ship.

After a dozen steps, the lantern's glow fades into night. Blanky shifts the shotgun to his left hand and uses his right to feel along the rail as he goes.

BLANKY (SHOUTS) (CONT'D)
 Leys!

A huge white shape, enveloped in mist rises up in front of Blanky.

It rears up on its hind legs, a LOW SNARL emanating from it.

BLANKY (TO HIMSELF) (CONT'D)
 Fuck me...

Blanky whips the shotgun into his right hand, cocks and shoulders it, then takes aim in the dark.

The creature leaps toward him.

Blanky FIRES; the FLASH illuminates the dead black eyes of the thing, and its open mouth, full of teeth that resemble crystal, clear and cold.

Blanky hurls the shotgun at the beast as it lands a few dozen yards in front of him. It rears up again; the creature is easily over twenty feet tall and over six feet wide at its massive shoulders.

Blanky feels around and finds a man line. He grabs it and begins to climb the tilted stump of the mainmast.

Blanky is twenty feet up now, scrambling up onto the first spar. The creature SMASHES the mainmast ONCE, and the lines begin to slacken as WOOD and ICE and IRON give way to the assault. Clinging to the icy pole, he makes the second spar at twenty five feet.

Below him, the creature SNARLS and GRUNTS.

The creature swings a huge paw at Blanky, missing him by inches; the SWOOSH of the swipe is HEARD ABOVE the HOWLING WIND.

Blanky leaps and grabs onto the shrouds on the second spar, straining to see the creature below.

The creature reaches up and SNAPS the first spar off like a twig. Then it begins to climb.

Blanky's eyes are wide.

BLANKY (TO HIMSELF) (CONT'D)
Impossible...

It reaches the level of Blanky's spar, the mist around it not so thick. The creature resembles a polar bear in form, but with a larger head, longer fangs, a much longer neck, and much more heavily muscled. The mist thickens, obscuring it a bit as it reaches out and SMACKS the second spar, almost dislodging Blanky.

The man inches outward along the shroud carefully, grabs a line, and climbs up to the third spar, fifty feet up. He stares as the creature reaches the second spar. It stares at him with dead, black eyes.

The CREATURE ROARS, then continues to climb toward him.

Blanky hangs onto the icy shrouds for dear life.

The creature reaches the third spar. The mainmast sags several feet with the creature's weight.

Blanky leaps out and catches a man line. The weight of him swings it toward the mainmast and the creature.

Blanky begins lowering himself down the man line as the creature grabs the line he's on. Blanky continues lower, but the creature begins hauling the entire rigging up.

Blanky begins to swing on the line in wider and wider arcs as he lowers himself. On the last outward swing, he releases the rope and falls.

EXT. - THE ICE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Blanky lands with a THUD, a HUFF, and the WET SNAP of his left LEG breaking on the ice ramp that leads to Terror's main deck. He rolls to a stop on his back thirty feet away from the ship and lies still.

O.S., there are SHOUTS from other crewmen. SEVERAL SCREAMS as well. A SHOTGUN ROARS, ONCE.

Blanky rolls over and tries to stand. He cannot, so he begins to crawl on all fours away from the ship. He has lost his cap and gloves.

EXT. - THE DECK OF H.M.S. TERROR - NIGHT

The creature bounds over the rail and heads for the crawling Blanky.

EXT. - WITH BLANKY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Blanky glances back, sees the creature coming, and leaps up to try to run toward the nearby seracs.

O.S., behind Blanky, the CREATURE'S CLAWS SCRATCH and THUD on the ICE.

Blanky dodges amid seracs and small ridges. He looks back, and in that instant SLAMS into an ice boulder. He falls backwards, stunned.

EXT. - AMONG THE SERACS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The creature lopes easily over the seracs and boulders, tracking the man.

EXT. - WITH BLANKY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Blanky heads into a range of miniature ice bergs., Almost immediately CRASHING into one and knocking himself down again.

O.S., NEARBY, the CREATURE ROARS and THUDS toward its prey.

Blanky crawls on all fours between two carriage sized bergs.

The CREATURE'S CLAWS SCRATCH at the ICE just behind him.

Blanky emerges from the passage and begins to run again. He begins ripping off his slops and flings them back at the creature, briefly covering its dead eyes.

Blanky dives into an ice tunnel and crawls.

The CREATURE SMASHES into the tunnel and MAULS Blanky's right foot, tearing the boot and part of his foot away.

Blanky speeds up, but the tunnel narrows, and he is stuck.

The creature rakes its claws down his left leg, tearing it open.

In a panic, Blanky begins to dig deeper, adrenaline fueling him. He finally breaks through the ice and launches himself out of the tunnel.

EXT. - A SMALL CLEARING IN THE BERG FIELD - NIGHT

Blanky lies on his back, gasping, in a tiny space created by three mini-bergs being pushed together by the sea ice.

O.S., the CREATURE ROARS and SNARLS as it circles the bergs, unable to get at him.

BLANKY (MUMBLES)

Fuck you and the cunt what spawned
you.

His eyes close for a few beats, then he opens them, aware that lantern light is visible between the bergs.

CROZIER (O.S., SHOUTS)

God-damn it, Mr. Blanky! If you're
in there, *answer*, or we'll just
leave you there!

Blanky laughs softly.

BLANKY (CROAKS)

Here!

He rises up on his elbows.

BLANKY (LOUDER) (CONT'D)

Here!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - OUTSIDE THE CABLE LOCKER - NIGHT

Lt. Irving hides behind several crates, watching Lady Silence OPEN the double doors of the locker and crawl into her burrow.

SUPER: Lat. 70 -05N., Long. 98 -23W.

13 December, 1847

As the DOORS CLOSE behind her, Lt. Irving stands, bent at the waist for a bit, watching the doors. After a few beats, he crouches again.

O.S., INSIDE the cable locker, FAINT CREAKS and SQUEAKS can be heard.

LT. IRVING'S
P.O.V.:

INT. - THE CABLE LOCKER - NIGHT

A faint glow flickers to life, leaking light around the ill fitting edges of the doors.

CUT TO:

INT. - WITH LT. IRVING - NIGHT

Irving shifts his weight on his perch of crates and continues to watch the cable locker.

LT. IRVING'S
P.O.V.:

INT. - THE CABLE LOCKER - NIGHT

The light suddenly goes out, as a heavy draft of wind blows through the hold.

CUT TO:

INT. - WITH LT. IRVING - NIGHT

Lt. Irving starts at the sight, then quickly lights his lantern, climbs down, and approaches the cable locker doors, his feet SPLASHING in the FROZEN SLUSH on the hold deck.

Lt. Irving reaches the cable locker and TUGS the DOORS open.

INT. THE CABLE LOCKER - NIGHT

Lt. Irving crawls into the cable locker, lantern up. Silence has created a nest among the stored hawsers and other rigging stored in the cramped triangular locker. A pewter plate from Terror's mess and an empty cup are laid on one of the hawsers. A small oil lamp alongside them trails small curls of smoke into the air, as if the lamp had just gone out.

Lt. Irving approaches the tip of the locker and holds his lantern up as he inspects the single layer of timber along the top five feet of the inner hull, working backward along the starboard side.

After a few feet, he stops as his hand feels a loose plank.

Lt. Irving sets the lantern down and, using both hands, pries back the loosened plank. He grabs the lantern and holds it up to the space beyond the plank.

INT. - THE ICE TUNNEL - NIGHT

The lantern reflects glints of ice on the tunnel walls. The tunnel curves away from Terror.

INT. - WITH LT. IRVING - NIGHT

Lt. Irving's breath is quick and ragged as he stares into the tunnel.

He quickly begins stripping off his outer layer of clothing and shoving each item through the eighteen inch gap in the planking, then crawls through the tunnel himself.

INT. - THE ICE TUNNEL - NIGHT

Lt. Irving inches along, pushing the wad of clothing ahead of himself.

EXT. - THE ICE - NIGHT

The tunnel opening is only twenty feet away from the Terror's bow. Lt. Irving's outers emerge from the tunnel; he follows a second later. Lt. Irving quickly re-dons his outers and then looks around, searching for a sign of Lady Silence. He spots a worn trail through the ice and heads for it.

EXT. - THE ICE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Lt. Irving wanders in a maze of seracs and ice boulders, seemingly lost.

The glow from Terror's lanterns is barely visible behind Lt. Irving.

O.S., an EERIE WAIL RISES.

Lt. Irving halts and tries to fix the direction of the SOUNDS.

As Lt. Irving progresses, the WAIL GETS LOUDER.

He rounds a serac and stops dead, his eyes widening and his mouth hanging open.

LT. IRVING'S
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE ICE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Lady Silence kneels on a mound of furs about thirty feet from Lt. Irving, her back to him. She is naked, and she is not alone.

The creature squats on its haunches in front of her, towering over her, shrouded in a thin veil of mist. The SOUND is Lady Silence's VOICE. She is singing to the thing.

The SONG TRAILS OFF after a few beats, and lady Silence opens her arms wide and tilts her head up toward the creature, her mouth open wide.

The thing snakes its head down and gently clamps on Silence's lower jaw. It does not bite down.

Silence begins to SING AGAIN, this time in a much LOWER TONE.

After a minute or so, the SINGING CEASES, and the creature releases her, its neck coiling and writhing.

The animal lumbers off into the darkness and seracs on the far side of the clearing. It returns in a few seconds and drops something organic on the ice in front of her with a SPLAT. It lumbers off and returns to DROP MORE.

The creature repeats this action once more, then lumbers off into the dark.

Silence dresses quickly, then scoops up the dark shapes in her arms and heads back toward the ship.

After a few steps, she turns and looks directly at Lt. Irving. He freezes, exposed beside the nearest serac.

She watches him a couple of beats, then turns and continues toward the Terror.

Lt. Irving does not move until she disappears into the maze of seracs. He walks cautiously toward where she had knelt on the ice.

Frozen blood is coagulating on the ice. Lt. Irving kneels and dips a mitten into one smear, then tastes it.

Lt. Irving turns and heads back toward Terror, his face pale and shocked.

EXT. - THE ICE - god's p.o.v. - NIGHT

Two work parties are performing maintenance work on one of the cairns between Terror and Erebus, replacing blocks of ice that have tumbled off the piles.

SUPER: Lat. 70 -05' N., Long. 98 -23'

18 December, 1847

Lt. Irving oversees the work party.

Cornelius Hickey and Magnus Manson are among Lt. Irving's party.

As they work on the cairn, Manson sidles in close to Hickey.

MANSON (LOW)

His ghost won't haunt me, will it,
Cornelius?

Hickey pats the large man on the back.

HICKEY

Of course not, Magnus. I wouldn't
tell you do nothing that led to
having a ghost haunt you, now would
I, love?

Manson's brow furrows.

MANSON

No, no.

Magnus heaves an ice block onto the cairn, then looks at Hickey, a puzzled expression on his slack face.

MANSON (CONT'D)

But *why* won't his ghost haunt me, Cornelius? I mean, what with me killin' 'im while not having nothing against 'im and all?

Hickey tries to hide his exasperation.

HICKEY (WHISPERS)

That's *why* the lieutenant's ghost won't haunt you, Magnus. Now, you go kill a man in the heat of temper, well then, *that's* a reason for that man's ghost to come back and try to get even with you. But Mr. Irving's ghost, now, it'll *know* there weren't nothing personal in what you had to do, Magnus. It won't have no reason to come back and haunt you.

Manson puzzles this over.

HICKEY (CONT'D)

Besides, the ghost won't be able to find its soddin' way back to the ship, now will it? Everyone knows that when someone dies out here, on the ice, so far from the ship, the ghost goes straight up. It can't figure its way through the ice ridges and bergs and such. Ghosts ain't the smartest blokes around, Magnus, m'love. Take my word on that.

Manson's face brightens.

The two work in silence for a few seconds, then:

MANSON

Cornelius, if *I* die out here, does that mean that my ghost won't be able to find its way back to the ship?

Manson scowls at the forming thought.

MANSON (CONT'D)

I'd hate to be out here in the cold, so far away from you, love.

Hickey pats Manson's shoulder.

HICKEY

You ain't goin' to die out here,
love. You have my solemn word as a
Mason and a Christian on that. Now
hush and get ready. When I take
off my cap and scratch me head, you
grab that toff from behind and take
him to where I showed you.
Remember! Don't leave no boot
prints and don't get no blood on
you.

Manson beams at Hickey.

MANSON

I won't, Cornelius.

Hickey nods.

HICKEY

That's a good love.

EXT. - THE ICE - WITH LT. IRVING - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Lt. Irving is walking back to the cairn Manson and Hickey are
repairing, carrying only a lantern.

After a few dozen steps, he reaches the cairn.

LT. IRVING

Almost finished with this cairn,
Mr. Hickey?

Hickey knuckles a brief salute, then:

HICKEY

Aye, sir. Just set these last
blocks up and she's done,
Lieutenant. Solid as a lamp post
in Mayfair, sir.

Lt. Irving nods.

LT. IRVING

Very good. When you and Manson are
finished, please join Mr. Sinclair
and Mr. Bates on working on the
wall.

Hickey catches Manson's eye.

LT. IRVING (CONT'D)
I'm going to walk back and bring up
Corporal Hedges with his musket.

HICKEY
Aye, sir.

Lt. Irving walks toward the lookout post a few hundred yards away from the cairn. After walking a few yards, he turns back and watches Hickey.

Magnus Manson circles around behind Lt. Irving and gets in position behind the lieutenant.

Hickey hefts the penultimate block of ice onto the cairn, then nods toward Lt. Irving.

As Manson starts to make his move, O.S., a MAN SCREAMS. There is a FLURRY of SHOUTS, then a SHOT.

Lt. Irving takes three steps in the direction of the commotion.

HICKEY (SHOUTS) (CONT'D)
Magnus, *no!*

Lt. Irving whirls in confusion as Hickey's warning dies in the WIND.

Magnus fades quickly back into the dark.

Three men come into the light, running from the direction of the ship. One of them is Corporal HEDGES (20'S). He is short and stout, and carries his musket in both hands. He is wheezing as he runs. SINCLAIR (30'S) and Bates are the other two. Sinclair and Bates carry shotguns.

LT. IRVING (SHOUTS)
Come!

The six men run toward where the sounds came from.

EXT. - THE SEA ICE - NIGHT

Erebus's Caulker's Mate FRANCIS DUNN (20'S), ABRAHAM SEELEY (30'S), and JOSEPHUS GREATER (30'S) are milling around on the ice, their eyes wide.

Private BILL PILKINGTON (LATE TEENS) is loading his musket.

The six led by Lt. Irving come running from behind a ridge. Corporal Hedges and the other two marines fan out toward the seracs.

LT. IRVING (SHOUTS)
What has happened?

Bates steps forward.

BATES
We was workin' on the wall here,
chisellin' blocks and settin' 'em
up, when suddenly, one o' them
blocks seemed to, I don't know,
sir, *come to life!* It...the thing,
it lifted Mr. Sergeant ten foot in
the air by his *head!*

Francis Dunn steps forward, nodding.

DUNN
It's the God's truth! One minute
he was standing among us, next
minute he's flyin' up in the air,
so's all we can see is the soles of
'is boots! And the *noise!* The
crunching...

Dunn leans over and vomits onto the ice, then sinks to his knees.

Pvt. Pilkington joins them.

PVT. PILKINGTON
I was comin' up to the torches when
I saw Mr. Sergeant
just...*disappear.* I managed to get
off one shot as the thing
disappeared behind them seracs
yonder. I think I hit it,
Lieutenant Irving, sir.

Hickey sneers as Dunn regains his feet.

HICKEY
Like as not it was Robert Sergeant
you hit. Maybe he was still alive
when you shot!

Pilkington takes a step toward Hickey, but is restrained by Mr. Dunn.

DUNN
Mr. Sergeant wasn't alive! 'E
screamed once, and that thing
crunched his skull like crackin' a
walnut. I seen it! I 'eard it!

Hedges and the other two marines return from reconnoitering.

HEDGES

No sign of Mr. Sergeant, Lieutenant Irving, sir! Just a thick trail of blood and torn bits o' clothing leading off toward that far stand of bergs there.

He points back toward the berg field.

Bates shakes his head.

More men arrive, led by Captains Crozier and Fitzjames.

BATES

It wants us to follow. It'll be waiting for us.

Captain Crozier's face is tightened in an almost mad grin.

CROZIER

Then we won't disappoint it. We have men out on the ice already, we have enough lanterns, and the Marines can fetch more shotguns and muskets. Good time to go after the thing. And the trail is fresh.

HEDGES (MUTTERS)

Too fresh, by my lights.

Crozier steps up.

CROZIER (BARKS)

Corporal Hedges, you, Mr. Bates, and Mr. Dunn go back to Terror and fetch muskets and shotguns, powder, ball, and shells! Lieutenant Irving, you form parties and be ready to move out when the weapons arrive!

Cornelius Hickey watches Lt. Irving; the lieutenant watches Manson.

EXT. - THE ICE FIELD - GOD'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

Search parties fan out, visible only by their lanterns.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE BASE OF THE NEAREST ICEBERG - NIGHT

A search party has found the mutilated corpse of Mr. Sergeant. The only SOUND is the HOWL of the WIND.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Hickey and Manson trudge along. Manson begins to weep.

HICKEY
What is it, man?

Manson shakes his large head.

MANSON
It's sad, is all.

HICKEY
What is sad?

MANSON
Poor Mr. Sergeant.

Hickey shoots a glance at Manson

HICKEY
I had no idea you had such *tender* feelings for them damned officers, Magnus.

Manson shakes his head again.

MANSON
I don't, Cornelius. They can all die and be damned for all I care. But Mr. Sergeant dies out on the ice.

HICKEY
So?

Manson snuffles.

MANSON
His ghost won't find its way back to the ship. And Captain Crozier passed the word along when we was done searchin' that we're all having an extra tot of rum this evenin'. Makes me sad his ghost won't be there, is all.
(MORE)

MANSON (CONT'D)
Mr. Sergeant always liked his rum,
Cornelius...

They trudge onward.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICE FIELD - GOD'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

A fierce BLIZZARD assails both ships, but gradually dies out over a few long seconds.

Work parties appear on the ice and begin to clear away the snow.

SUPER: Lat. 70 -05' N., Long. 98 - '23 W.

31 December, 1847

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICE FIELD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

A party of thirty men from Terror are walking in a line toward the Erebus.

Crozier, Lt. Irving, Ice Master Blanky, and three PETTY OFFICERS (20'S, 30'S) walk together, Mr. Blanky on a wooden crutch.

MR. BLANKY
Good evenin' to you, Captain.
Don't let me slow you down, sir.

Crozier gives Mr. Blanky a quick grin.

CROZIER
You seem to be moving as fast as we are, Mr. Blanky.

Every fifth cairn has a lit lantern hung atop it.

The wind has died, and the air is calm.

MR. BLANKY
Strange how excited the men are about this Carnivale, ain't it, Captain?

Crozier nods briefly.

Mr. Blanky hurries ahead to catch up with another group, moving quite fast on his crutch.

Crozier and Lt. Irving move slowly.

CROZIER (QUIETLY)
John, any news of Lady Silence?

Lt. Irving shakes his head.

LT. IRVING
No, Captain. I checked the forward locker myself less than an hour ago, bur she'd already gone out her little back door.

CROZIER
Well, when you return with the relief watch at eight bells, check her locker again, and if she's not there--What in the name of Christ Almighty?

Lt. Irving stares ahead.

LT. IRVING
Good heavens...

THEIR P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE ICE FIELD BY EREBUS - NIGHT

The riggers have been busy. A veritable city of colored canvas and flickering torches has risen on the bare circle of sea ice, forest of seracs, and wide open area beneath the towering, glowing iceberg.

CUT TO:

EXT - WITH CROZIER AND LT. IRVING - NIGHT

The two men stop and stare at the sight for a few beats. Then continue toward the Erebus.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE CARNIVALE - NIGHT

Captain Fitzjames greets Crozier and Lt. Irving as they arrive.

FITZJAMES

Good evening to you, Captain Crozier.

CROZIER

Good evening, captain Fitzjames. Have you been inside...inside that...

FITZJAMES

Aye, I have. The men have shown incredible ingenuity. I would say. The question now is whether their many hours of labor and ingenuity have gone to serve the expedition...or the Devil.

Crozier is surly.

CROZIER

Whose idea was that...maze? The colored compartments? The ebony room?

Fitzjames lights his pipe and exhales smoke.

FITZJAMES

All the idea of young Aylmore.

CROZIER

Your gunroom steward?

FITZJAMES

The same.

CROZIER

Where in hell did he come up with this?

Fitzjames smiles as he smokes his pipe.

FITZJAMES

He maintains that he read an absurd story five years ago, describing a masqued ball just such as this with such colored compartments, read it while he was living in Boston with his cousin. In a trashy little piece called *Graham's Magazine*, if I recall correctly. It was about a strange masqued ball given by a certain Prince Prospero...

Fitzjames steps closer to Crozier.

FITZJAMES (LOW) (CONT'D)

Francis, this was a teetotaling ship for two years and one month under Sir John. Despite that, I managed to smuggle aboard three fine bottles of whiskey my father gave me. I have one bottle left. I would be honored if you would share it with me this evening. It will be another three hours before the men begin cooking up the two bears they shot. In the meantime, would you care to be my guest over that bottle of whiskey down in Sir John's former cabin? In celebration of our first fresh meat in three months?

Crozier nods. Fitzjames leads the way back to the ship.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE CARNIVALE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Most of the crew wear costumes outside their slops. They are drinking, LAUGHING, TALKING in LOW MURMURS, OCCASIONALLY there are SHOUTS.

Mr. Diggle, dressed as a fat Chinese woman, supervises the roasting of the bear meat; the cooking area has been set up in the white "room".

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - SIR JOHN'S FORMER CABIN - NIGHT

Fitzjames and Crozier sit across from each other, drinking whiskey, not speaking, both lost in thought.

The bottle is half empty.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE CARNIVALE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The men are by now quite drunk, and the LAUGHTER and TALK is raised a notch.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - SIR JOHN'S FORMER CABIN - NIGHT

As Crozier and Fitzjames sit, drinking, there is a KNOCK at the DOOR, O.S.

FITZJAMES

Come.

Lt. Irving enters and salutes.

LT. IRVING

Captain, I am preparing to take the replacement watch back to Terror.

Crozier nods without looking up.

CROZIER (SLIGHTLY SLURRED)

Very well, Lieutenant.

Lt. Irving salutes once more and exits.

DISSOLVE TO
MONTAGE:

EXT. - THE ROASTING PIT IN THE WHITE ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Diggle now supervises the carving of the roasted beat haunch on the spit in front of him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE DINING AREA - NIGHT

The crewmen are in a raucous mood as it nears time to eat.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE CARNIVALE - GOD'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

Things are in full swing. The cook fires still flicker. The aurora ripples overhead.

END MONTAGE: CUT
TO:

INT. - SIR JOHN'S FORMER CABIN - NIGHT

There comes an O.S. KNOCK at the DOOR.

MR. Jopson enters and salutes both captains.

MR. JOPSON

Begging your pardon, sirs, but the
feast is ready.

Crozier takes in Jopson's ridiculous Polynesian woman
costume, nods, and stands.

CROZIER (SLIGHTLY SLURRED)

Thank you, Thomas.

The two captains stand and begin to don their outer layers.

EXT. - THE CARNIVALE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Corzier and Fitzjames, accompanied by Mr. Jopson and EDMUND
HOAR (45), Captain Fitzjames' steward.

Hoar is stout and medium height.

They arrive and take a seat at the officers' table as plates
of food and mugs of ale are served to them by CREWMEN.

Crozier goes at his steak, ravenous.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE STAGE AREA - NIGHT

Several costumed CREWMEMBERS are onstage performing a
burlesque.

A CEWMAN (20'S), dressed as a Persian king, begins to CRANK a
PRIMITIVE WOODEN MUSICAL DISK PLAYER. The MUSIC, though
TINNY, elicits ROUNDS of APPLAUSE from the men.

The performers SING:

PERFORMERS

When Britain first at Heav'n's
command, Arose from out the azure
main; This was the charter of the
land, and guardian angels sang this
strain: Rule, Britannia!
Britannia, rule the waves; Britons
never shall be slaves!

EXT. - THE OFFICERS' TABLE - NIGHT

Crozier, Fitzjames, and the rest rise and join in:

ALL

The nations not so blessed as thee,
 Shall in their turns to tyrants
 fall; While thou shalt flourish
 great and free, the dread and envy
 of them all.

EXT. - THE CARNIVALE - GOD'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

Every man is on his feet.

ALL

Rule, Britannia! Britannia rule
 the waves; Britons never, never
 shall be slaves!!

EXT. - THE STAGE AREA - NIGHT

A procession enters as the SINGING CONTINUES:

ALL

Still more majestic shalt thou
 rise, More dreadful from each
 foreign stroke; As the loud blast
 that tears the skies, Serves but to
 root thy native oak...

Leading the procession is a man dressed as a headless
 admiral, a cruel parody of the late Sir John Franklin.

A ten foot monstrosity ambles in at the rear of the bizarre
 procession.

ALL (CONT'D)

Rule, Britannia! Britannia rule
 the waves; Britons never, never
 shall be slaves!!

CHARLES DES VOEUX (30), the Erebus Second Mate, leans in
 toward Captain Crozier.

DES VOEUX

That's your giant, Manson, on
 the bottom. It's your little
 caulker's mate, Hickey,
 riding his shoulders. It
 took them all night to sew up
 the two hides into one single
 costume.

ALL

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er
 shall tame, All their
 attempts to bend thee down,
 Will but arouse thy generous
 flame, But work their woe,
 and thy renown.

Crozier stands, glaring at the bear costumed Hickey and Manson, his face purple with rage. He turns the glare on Captain Fitzjames.

FITZJAMES
I swear I did not know,
Francis!

ALL (LOUDER)
RULE, BRITANNIA, RULE THE
WAVES! BRITONS NEVER, NEVER,
NEVER SHALL BE SLAVES!

EXT. - THE CARNIVALE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The procession marches into the violet room, followed by the rest of the hundred plus men, still SINGING.

ALL
TO THEE BELONGS THE RURAL REIGN,
THY CITIES SHALL WITH COMMERCE
SHINE; ALL THINE SHALL BE THE
SUBJECT MAIN, AND EVERY SHORE IT
CIRCLES SHINE!

They continue deeper into the maze of "rooms."

ALL (CONT'D)
RULE, BRITANNIA! BRITANNIA RULE
THE WAVES; BRITONS NEVER, NEVER,
NEVER, NEVER SHALL BE SLAVES!

Crozier follows, still enraged at the disrespect shown Sir John.

As the procession enters the last room, the black room, Crozier stops dead and stares into the darkness ahead.

CROZIER'S
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE EBONY ROOM - NIGHT

At the far end of the room, Manson and Hickey stumble about in the bear costume. Hickey finally removes the head and climbs down off Manson. Several dozen yards beyond them, a massive, indistinct white shape begins to move. It is the creature. It ROARS FIERCELY.

It wades into the men closest to it. There is a terrible SCREAM, then ANOTHER, then ANOTHER.

The men begin to break right and left as the creature advances, ROARING MORE TERRIBLY as it SLAPS men aside like ragdolls.

Men are slashing the canvas walls open to escape the thing as its assaults and ROARS CONTINUE.

For a few beats, Crozier and Fitzjames try to stem the PANIC. They then turn and run with the rest.

The creature SLAPS a tripod torch aside. It lands against a canvas wall; the flames igniting the canvas with a WHOOSH.

A MAN on fire rushes past Crozier.

EXT. - THE CARNIVALE - GOD'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

Most of the "rooms" are on fire. The ROARS and SCREAMS CONTINUE, unabated.

EXT. - THE WHITE ROOM - NIGHT

The white room ignites as men rush to get out on the ice.

Crozier runs into the white room and sees Fitzjames standing, slack jawed and motionless, as the CHAOS around him RAGES.

Crozier runs up to Fitzjames, seizes him by the upper arm, and shakes him. Fitzjames looks blankly at Crozier.

CROZIER (SHOUTS)
Come on, damn you!

He drags the shocked man toward the exit.

O.S., there are LOUD HISSES, POPS, and CRACKS as the heat from the fire damages the iceberg, causing slabs of the thing to collapse.

Crozier turns and sees an injured CREWMAN (20'S) lying motionless on the ice. The scattering men ignore the young man as they flee.

Crozier runs up, lifts the youth and carries him over one shoulder toward the exit.

The ROARS CONTINUE, as well as the SCREAMS, O.S.

As crozier reunites with Fitzjames, the other captain seems to finally be alert.

FITZJAMES (LISPS)
Francis, we have to go now!

They hurry on.

EXT. - THE ICE FIELD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Men are running from the carnivale area, when a cairn is upended, pouring oil fed flame into the escape path. Twenty or thirty men stop dead as Crozier appears, carrying the injured sailor and tugging at Fitzjames to pull him along.

CROZIER (SCREAMS)
MOVE! GOD-DAMN YOUR EYES! NOW!

Men begin to run through the flames. Crozier follows.

O.S., the POP of MUSKET FIRE SOUNDS amid the SKIRMISH.

Several MEN near Crozier are hit by musket balls and collapse.

CROZIER (SCREAMS) (CONT'D)
CEASE FIRE, GOD-DAMN YOUR EYES,
SERGEANT TOZER, I'LL BREAK YOU TO A
PRIVATE FOR THIS AND HAVE YOU
HANGED IF YOU DON'T CEASE THAT
FUCKING FIRE IMMEDIATELY!

The line of four MARINES that have knelt and fired, cease.

They stand and snap to salute as Sergeant TOZER (35) points back the way they've come.

SERGEANT TOZER (SHOUTS)
It's out there, sir! It's...it's
slaughtering them!

Crozier lowers the injured sailor to the ice and turns back toward the massacre.

CROZIER'S
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE CONFLAGRATION - NIGHT

The creature stands upright, a man clamped in its jaws, and shakes him like a toy.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - NIGHT

Mr. Couch, Lt. Little, and Lt. Hodgson join him.

EXT. - THE ICE FIELD - GOD'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

Men are fleeing among the seracs and ice ridges as the carnivale burns. SCREAMS and ROARS SHATTER the night.

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - NIGHT

Dr. Goodsir appears.

DR. GOODSIR

My God, it's actually *warm* out here with the flames.

Crozier turns to him.

CROZIER (BARKS)

So it is. Go over there to Lieutenant Hodgson and tell him to begin to assess the number of dead and wounded, and to get them to you. Find the other surgeons and get Erebus' sick bay fitted out in Sir John's Great Room...set it up as they trained you to do for a combat engagement at sea. I do not want the dead laid out on the ice...that thing is still out there somewhere...so tell your seamen to carry them to the forepeak on the lower deck. I'll check in on you in forty minutes...have a complete butcher's bill for me.

Dr. Goodsir nods.

DR. GOODSIR

Aye, Captain.

He hurries toward Lt. Hodgson.

The CREATURE'S ROARS grow more distant, O.S.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - CROZIER'S CABIN - NIGHT

Crozier pulls out his last bottle of whiskey and pours a large measure into his glass. He drains it in a gulp, then pours another.

O.S., a KNOCK at the DOOR.

Crozier pours another drink.

CROZIER

Come.

Lt. Little enters and salutes.

Crozier drains the glass.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

Stand easy, Edward.

Crozier produces his pistol and lays it on his desk in front of the lieutenant.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

Edward, do me the kindness of safeguarding this for the next several days, if you would.

Lt. Little's expression is puzzled, but he picks up the pistol and pockets it.

LT. LITTLE

As you wish, Captain.

CROZIER

Do not return it to me until and unless I ask for it while on deck, in full uniform again. And not one word of this to anyone else. Do you understand?

Lt. Little nods.

LT. LITTLE

Aye, sir.

INT. - THE EREBUS' NEW SICK BAY - NIGHT

Men are arranged everywhere with injuries ranging from broken bones to severe burns.

LOW MOANS and COUGHS emanate from them as Dr. Goodsir moves among them, giving orders to the SEAMEN serving as aides.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE MAIN DECK OF THE H.M.S. EREBUS - NIGHT

Manson, Hickey, and AYLEMORE (30) are standing shoulder to shoulder, shirtless and shivering, in front of the combined assembled crews.

SUPER: Lat. 70 -05'N., Long. 98 -23'W.

1 January, 1848

Aylemore is medium height and build.

Crozier steps forward and opens his manual and reads:

CROZIER

These men are about to receive the Lash for Violation of Ship's Articles and for the Unwise Behavior in which every man here participated.

He looks up at the men.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

Including myself. Let it be known and remembered by All here Assembled, that the Ultimate Responsibility for the folly that claimed the lives of Five of our Crewmates, the Leg of Another, and which will leave Scars on almost a Score More, was mine. A captain is responsible for...everything that happens on his Ship. The leader of the Expedition is doubly responsible. *If* we Survive and escape from the ice that Binds Us, these lashes...and more...should, and *will* be mine when falls the inevitable Punishment metes out by *my* Superiors.

Manson is sobbing softly. Hickey clenches his jaw and stares coldly ahead. Aylemore look pale and frightened.

Captain Fitzjames' expression is almost blank, his eyes far away.

Crozier consults the manual again.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
 Until such a day of my own
 reckoning for Responsibility, we
 proceed with the Punishment of
 These Men, duly tried by the
 Officers of HMSs Erebus and Terror
 and found Guilty of Violation of
 Ship's Articles and of the
 Additional Crime of Endangering the
 lives of their Comrades.

Crozier closes the manual softly and looks back up.

Two DRUMMERS (TEENS) BEAT a CADENCE.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
 Bo'sun's Mate Johnson...

JOHNSON (45), a tall, barrel chested man with a thick, ice
 crusted beard, steps forward and nods to two SAILORS (20'S).

The two take Aylemore by his arms and tie him to the grate.

Mr. Johnson opens a wood and leather case and removes a cat
 o' ninetails from it; he then turns and assumes a broad
 sideways stance.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
 Execute the Punishment for Mr.
 Aylemore.

The LASHES BEGIN.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE GRATE - NIGHT

Manson is under the LASH. He WEEPS like a small child.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE GRATE - NIGHT

Hickey does not make a sound as the CAT LASHES his back.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - CROZIER'S CABIN - NIGHT

Crozier, shaking, pale, and ill, addresses Lt. Little and Dr. Goodsir.

CROZIER (WEAK)
I am turning temporary command of
this expedition over to you,
Lieutenant Little.

LT. LITTLE
Are you unwell, Captain, sir?

CROZIER
Dismissed, Lieutenant.

The Lieutenant falters a beat, then salutes and exits the cabin.

Dr. Goodsir studies Crozier.

DR. GOODSIR
You're not at all well, Francis.

Crozier waves it off.

CROZIER
It's just a touch of recurring
malaria.

Dr. Goodsir picks up the empty last bottle, still on Crozier's desk and glances at it, then locks eyes with Crozier.

DR. GOODSIR
If you insist, sir.

He replaces the bottle on the desk, crosses the cabin, then removes Crozier's leather razor strop from its hook on the wall. He hands it to Captain Crozier.

DR. GOODSIR (CONT'D)
This will...muffle...the screams
somewhat.

Crozier accepts the strop with a weak grin.

DR. GOODSIR (CONT'D)
Godspeed.

He exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - CROZIER'S CABIN - NIGHT

Crozier writhes on his cot, his face ghastly pale and sweating, MOANING LOW, in the full throes of delirium tremens.

SUPER: Lat. 70 -05' N., Long. 98 -23' W.

11 January, 1848

Crozier leans over and vomits into a pan by his bunk.

He chews the leather strop in agony.

CUT TO:

INT. - A CHURCH - NIGHT

FRANCIS CROZIER (8) kneels at the altar.

A faceless PRIEST stands over the boy, dripping water onto the floor in streams.

The boy turns his face up and sticks out his tongue to receive communion.

The priest leans over, far too closely, and opens his mouth. The priest morphs into the creature as the maw widens.

BOY (TREMULOUS, CROZIER'S VOICE)
Dear Jesus Christ...

CUT TO:

INT. - CROZIER'S CABIN - NIGHT

CROZIER (WEAKLY)
...God Almighty...

Dr. Goodsir leans over him.

A second later, so does Thomas Jopson.

DR. GOODSIR
He's back with us.

Crozier MOANS.

DR. GOODSIR (CONT'D)
Sir, can you sit up? Are you able
to open your eyes and sit up?

Crozier manages to get up on his elbows.

DR. GOODSIR (CONT'D)
That's a good captain.

Crozier regards the two men, his eyes finally focusing.

CROZIER
What day is it?

JOPSON
It's Tuesday, the eleventh of
January, Captain. The year of our
Lord eighteen hundred and forty
eight.

Dr. Goodsir helps Crozier to a sitting position, then places
a cup of water in the man's hands.

DR. GOODSIR
You were very ill for a week.
Several times in the last few days
I was sure we had lost you.

The Doctor hands Crozier a cup of water.

Crozier takes several long sips, then:

CROZIER
I was....*dreaming*.

Dr. Goodsir locks eyes with the Captain.

DR. GOODSIR
Do you remember any of
your...*malarial*...dreams?

Crozier shakes his head after a few beats.

CROZIER
No. Mr. Jopson, be so kind as to
fetch me hot water for my toilet.
You may have to help me shave. Dr.
Goodsir...

DR. GOODSIR
Yes, Captain?

Crozier gulps the last of the water.

CROZIER

Would you be so kind as to go forward and tell Mr. Diggie that his captain wants a very large breakfast this morning.

DR. GOODSIR

It is six bells in the evening, Captain.

Crozier shrugs.

CROZIER

Nonetheless, I want a very large breakfast. Biscuits. What's left of our potatoes. Coffee. Pork of some sort...bacon, if he has it.

DR. GOODSIR

Aye, Captain.

Dr. Goodsir nods and walks toward the door.

CROZIER

And, Dr. Goodsir, would you be so kind as to ask Lieutenant Little to come aft with a report on the week that I have missed and also ask him to bring my...property.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE H.M.S. EREBUS - GOD'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

The wind HOWLS, but the air is clear.

SUPER: Lat. 70 -05' N., Long. 98 -23' W.

29 January, 1848

A lone figure appears from behind the seracs.

EXT. - H.M.S. EREBUS' PORTSIDE - NIGHT

Chief Petty Officer HARRY PEGLAR (40'S) walks into the light from the perimeter lanterns. Peglar is rugged looking, with sharp eyes.

He carries a brass message cylinder.

PEGLAR (SHOUTS)

Ahoy, there, Erebus!

LOOKOUT (SHOUTS, O.S.)
Come ahead, Mr. Peglar!

INT. - OFFICERS' MESS - NIGHT

Captain Fitzjames sits alone at one of the tables, smoking his pipe, as Mr. Peglar enters the mess.

Peglar approaches the Captain, salutes, and sets the brass cylinder in front of Fitzjames.

Fitzjames appears distracted.

FITZJAMES
Be so kind as to open it, please,
Mr. Peglar.

Peglar unscrews the cap and upends it.

Fitzjames plucks the scrolled paper out of the tube, unfurls it, and reads.

After a few beats, he folds the paper and pockets it.

FITZJAMES (CONT'D)
No return message, Mr. Peglar.

Peglar knuckles a salute, then exits.

EXT. - THE MAIN DECK OF H.M.S. EREBUS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Peglar emerges and starts to head for the Jacob's Ladder, when he spots a man leaning over the port rail a few yards away. He walks toward him.

JOHN BRIDGENS
Ah, a little touch of Harry in the
night.

JOHN BRIDGENS (LATE 60'S) turns and grins at Peglar. He is craggy featured, with sharp eyes.

Peglar smiles.

PEGLAR
How did you know it was me?

JOHN BRIDGENS
Word of visitors travels quickly on
a small ship frozen in the ice. Do
you have to hurry back to Terror?

PEGLAR

No. Captain Fitzjames had no response.

JOHN BRIDGENS

Care to take a stroll?

PEGLAR

By all means.

The two begin to walk toward the starboard side.

EXT. - THE ICE FIELD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Bridgens and Peglar walk, both men puffing at the exertion.

BRIDGENS

I've read the American writer, you know.

PEGLAR

American writer?

BRIDGENS

The chap who caused little Dickie Aylmore to receive fifty lashes for his very inventive set decorations for our late, unlamented carnivale. A strange little fellow by the name of Poe, if memory serves. Not very good, overall, but very *American* in some undefinable sense. I did not, however, read the story in question.

Peglar points toward the horizon.

PEGLAR

Ah! There. Look.

PEGLAR'S AND
BRIDGENS'
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE HORIZON - DAY

The feeble sun rises on the horizon, barely casting any light at all.

O.S., DISTANT CHEERS come from BOTH SHIPS.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH PEGLAR AND BRIDGENS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The two men stand and take in the feeble sunrise for a few beats, then turn and head back toward the Erebus.

BEIDGENS

Tell me, Harry, what is happening on Terror?

PEGLAR

You refer to the near mutiny three days ago?

Bridgens' brow furrows.

BEIDGENS

Was it really so close a thing?

Peglar shrugs.

PEGLAR

It was ugly. Any officer's nightmare. Hickey and two or three other agitators had all the men worked up. Crozier defused it brilliantly.

BEIDGENS

And it was all over the Eskimo woman?

Peglar nods.

BRIDGENS

Hickey and the others thought she had something to do with the fire?

PEGLAR

Most of the men have been convinced for months that she's a heathen witch. Hickey's mob made plans to waylay her when she came up for her evening biscuit and cod. When Captain Crozier got word of it, he dragged the girl up to the lower deck and assembled the entire crew, even the watch.

BRIDGENS

That's unheard of.

Peglar nods.

PEGLAR (V.O.)
He told the crew...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - THE LOWER DECK OF H.M.S. TERROR - NIGHT

Crozier stands, holding Silence by the upper arm in front of the men.

CROZIER (ANGRY)
If you are going to do murder, then you have to do it right here, right now! At this moment. With your *knives!* Right here, where you eat and sleep! And you will all have to do it *together!* Seamen and officers alike! Because murder on a ship is like a...canker, and it spreads unless *everyone* is inoculated by being an accomplice!

Crozier stares the men nearest to him in the eyes, one at a time. No one moves or speaks.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH PEGLAR AND BRIDGENS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Bridgens shakes his head.

BRIDGENS (TO HIMSELF)
Extraordinary...

Peglar nods.

PEGLAR
And then, he called Mr. Diggle, and asked him about the food supply. 'Poor John,' Mr. Diggle answered, 'plus whatever canned things haven't gone rotten or poisonous.' Then the captain asked Dr. Goodsir, who happened to be aboard that day, how many men had shown up for sick call. Twenty one.

Bridgens nods.

PEGLAR (CONT'D)

And then the captain says, 'It's scurvy, boys.' He ordered Dr. Goodsir to enumerate the symptoms. Hickey protested. 'We have our lemon juice!' He says.

BRIDGENS (LOW)

What do you think of Cornelius Hickey, Harry?

They near Erebus.

PEGLAR

I think he's a treacherous little shit. An evil cunt.

Bridgens nods.

BRIDGENS

He is that. I've know of him for years before this expedition. He used to prey on young boys during long voyages. In recent years I've heard he's chosen to bend older men to his service, like the idiot...

PEGLAR

Magnus Manson.

Bridgens nods.

BRIDGENS

Yes, like Manson. Watch him, Harry. I fear he could do great harm to us all, that poxy little git.

Bridgens laughs ruefully.

BRIDGENS (CHUCKLING) (CONT'D)

Listen to me. "Do great harm." As if we aren't all doomed anyway.

They reach Erebus and halt.

Bridgens searches the younger man's face for a beat.

BRIDGENS (CONT'D)

Take care, Harry Peglar.

Peglar nods and turns to head back to Terror.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Lt. Irving walks carefully, holding his lantern high.

SUPER: Lat. 70 -05 N., Long. 98 -23 W.

6 February, 1848

Lt. Irving enters a maze of ridges and seracs. A little further along, he stops and squints.

LT. IRVING'S
P.O.V.:

EXT. - AN ICE GULLY - NIGHT

A faint light shines beyond a tall snowdrift.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH LT. IRVING - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Lt. Irving extinguishes the lantern and makes his way cautiously toward the light, feeling his way along the snowdrift until he rounds the corner of it. He stops and squints into the darkness.

LT. IRVING'S
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE ICE GULLY - NIGHT

There is a makeshift igloo set against one side of the gully.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH LT. IRVING - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The Lieutenant heads for the entry hole and squirms in.

INT. - THE IGLOO - NIGHT

Lady Silence lies naked on a bed of furs, a fur robe draped over her shoulders. An ivory necklace in the image of a small polar bear hangs between her breasts. She holds a knife casually in her hand.

A small can of lit blubber serves as a lamp.

As Lt. Irving pops into view, Lady Silence does not start or flinch; she merely watches him, making no attempt to cover herself.

Lt. Irving flushes red as he tries not to stare.

LT. IRVING
I...I beg your pardon, miss.

Irving crawls the rest of the way in and starts to sweat in the relative heat.

He removes his outer slops and tries hard not to stare:

LT. IRVING (CONT'D)
Good evening, Miss...ah...Silence.
I do apologize for intruding this
way...uninvited, as it were...

She just watches him, her expression betraying nothing.

LT. IRVING (CONT'D)
Captain Crozier sends his
compliments. He asked me to look
in on you, as it were,
to...ah...see how you were getting
along.

She still only watches.

LT. IRVING (CONT'D)
The captain would like...oh, bugger
it.

He reaches into his satchel and brings out some biscuits and a small pot of marmalade, wrapped in his Chinese silk handkerchief, and offers it to her.

She makes no move.

LT. IRVING (CONT'D)
Please.

Silence blinks twice, slips the knife under her robe, then accepts the offering. She unwraps the handkerchief slowly, pausing to lean down and brush the silk across her cheek once. She lays the silk wrap aside and uncaps the marmalade pot. She looks down at it, then her gaze snaps up to him. She studies his face.

Lt. Irving pantomimes spreading the jam on a biscuit.

She does not move; her gaze does not shift from his eyes.

She reaches out and removes a piece of blubber from a niche beside her and offers it to the Lieutenant, along with her knife.

Lt. Irving takes both knife and blubber. He slices a piece off, nicking his nose in the process. He pops the blubber in his mouth and chews, trying not to retch as he does.

He idiot mimes enjoyment.

He cuts another slice and eats it.

Silence dips the biscuits into the jam and chews thoughtfully, still watching Irving.

Lt. Irving finally swallows his last bite, then goes into idiot mime again.

LT. IRVING (CONT'D)
We...need you...to, um, teach us
how to...

He mimes tossing a spear or harpoon.

LT. IRVING (CONT'D)
...hunt. Fresh meat. We are...

He rubs his belly and makes a face.

LT. IRVING (CONT'D)
...starving.

She does not react.

Lt. Irving watches her for several beats, then shrugs and begins to struggle into his slops.

LT. IRVING (CONT'D)
Yes, well, I hope I got through to
you, or we're all for it.

She watches him, saying nothing.

INT. - THE TERROR'S GREAT CABIN - NIGHT

The officers, warrant officers, and specialists of both ships are assembled.

Captain Crozier addresses them.

CROZIER

Gentlemen, it is time we looked at our possible courses of action in the coming months. I have...decisions...to make. Now...

He begins to pace a short course.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

Let's discuss things in order. First, can we stay in the ships until a *possible* summer thaw? And part of that answer has to be, can the ships sail in June or July or August if there is a thaw? Captain Fitzjames?

Fitzjames, looking almost dead behind the eyes, answers from his seat.

FITZJAMES

I don't think Erebus will last until summer, and it's my opinion and the opinion of Mr. Weekes and Mr. Watson, my carpenters, that she will sink when the ice melts. The main shaft has been twisted beyond all repair...there are no replacements, and we are missing more than half of the iron plating along the bow and sides. I will let Mr. Gregory address the condition of the boiler, coal supplies, and propulsion systems.

All eyes shift to JOHN GREGORY (50'S). He clears his throat twice, then:

GREGORY

Erebus has no coal left for a day's steaming. By the end of April, we'll be out of coal to heat the ship, even cutting back to forty five minutes a day heating.

CROZIER

Mr. Thompson, what is Terror's status, in terms of steam?

Mr. Thompson scans the room a beat, then:

THOMPSON

We couldn't steam more than an hour or two, if Terror was floated this afternoon. Our shaft was retracted and suffered no damage, the screw is workable, but we are almost out of coal. With Terror's stores of fuel, we'll have to stop heating by mid-April.

CROZIER

Thank you, Mr. Thompson. Lieutenant Little and Mr. Peglar, would both of you be so kind as to give your assessment of our seaworthiness?

Peglar and Lt. Little exchange looks.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - TERROR'S GREAT CABIN - NIGHT

Peglar concludes:

PEGLAR

But I still think it'd be better to have the topmasts up and the rigging in place in case there's a sudden thaw.

CROZIER

Thank you, Mr. Peglar. If we are able to sail out of here, we'll have to do it on Terror. Let's take a minute to talk about the thing on the ice. It hasn't seemed to have made an appearance recently.

Lt. Le Visconte clears his throat.

LT. LE VISCONTE

Though there have been sightings. And men on watch have heard it.

LT. IRVING

Perhaps it has...migrated.

ICE MASTER BLANKY

Perhaps its eaten enough of us to know we're not very tasty.

There are a few LAUGHS and some smiles at the remark.

CROZIER

Is it possible to build sledges?
With runners on the ice and a sail?
If we leave before March or April,
before the ice gets runny and
sticky, it would be far easier than
man hauling gear overland or
through summer slush.

Charles Des Voeux speaks:

DES VOEUX

I say we leave the boats behind and
travel light to Baffin Bay, just
sledges and survival stores.

Mr. Blanky shakes his head.

BLANKY

If we leave the boats behind, one
open stretch of water will stop us
for good. We die out there on the
ice.

LT. LITTLE

If we arrive on the east coast of
Somerset Island to the north before
the end of whaling season, we're
bound to be picked up by a ship.

ROBERT SINCLAIR (30'S) glances around the cabin.

SINCLAIR

Have we given up on the idea
of sailing out? I mean, the
ice may be considerably less
than in 1846, after all.

BLANKY

And angels may fly out my
arse.

A few men LAUGH.

Crozier concludes the assembly.

CROZIER

Very well then, gentlemen. This
exchange of thoughts and
information has been very helpful.
Captain Fitzjames and I will
consult and perhaps talk to several
of you again. Godspeed, gentlemen,
I shall see you all on Sunday.

The men begin to exit the Great Cabin.

Fitzjames stops next to Crozier.

FITZJAMES

I may want to borrow that *Book of Leviathan* from you, Francis.

Fitzjames exits as Crozier watches after him, his brow furrowing with concern.

Mr. Bridgens approaches Crozier, carrying two thick volumes.

CROZIER

You may go, Mr. Bridgens.

BRIDGENS

If I might have a word, Captain?

Crozier nods curtly.

BRIDGENS (CONT'D)

I know you are aware, sir, that in 1829, Sir John Ross and his nephew James sailed their ship *Victory* down the east coast of Boothia Felix, now known as Boothia Peninsula.

Crozier's face reddens slightly with anger.

CROZIER

I am very aware of this. I know both of them very well.

Bridgens plows on:

BRIDGENS

Yes, sir. They spent *four years* on the ice.

CROZIER

Were you on that expedition, Mr. Bridgens?

BRIDGENS

I did not have that honor, sir. But I have read the two large volumes written by Sir John detailing the expedition. I wondered if you have had the chance to do the same, Captain?

Crozier fidgets a bit, his anger growing.

CROZIER

I have looked at the books, of course. I have not had time to read them carefully. Is there a *point* to this, Mr. Bridgens?

BRIDGENS

Yes, Captain. The point is, Sir John Ross had much the same problem as we do now.

Crozier stares at the man.

CROZIER

Rubbish. Sir John and Victory were frozen in on the *east* side of Boothia, precisely where we'd like to sledge to if we have the time and the wherewithal. Hundreds of miles *east* of here.

Bridgens nods.

BRIDGENS

My point exactly, Captain. After *three winters* in the ice, with his crew as sick with scurvy as we are likely to be by summer, Sir John sank Victory in ten fathoms of water there off the east coast of Boothia, due east of us, and they headed north to fury beach, where Captain Parry had left supplies and boats. They took the boats and sailed north to Cape Clarence, then on to Lancaster's Sound. The sound was solid ice, so they went back to fury beach and spent a fourth winter there. July, 1833, after four years on the ice, they set sail in the small boats north and east, down Lancaster Sound, past Admiralty Inlet and Navy Board Inlet, then they saw a sail. They were rescued by a whaler.

Crozier's exasperation is palpable.

CROZIER

Your *point*?

BRIDGENS

There are still boats and stores at Fury Beach.

(MORE)

BRIDGENS (CONT'D)

And my guess is that any rescue party sent out for us will more than likely leave *more* boats and stores there. It's the first place the admiralty will think yo leaves caches for us and for future rescue parties.

CROZIER (SARCASTIC)

Are you in the habit of thinking like the Admiralty, Subordinate Officers' Steward John Bridgens?

Bridgens shrugs.

BRIDGENS

Sometimes, yes. It's a habit of decades, Captain Crozier. After a while, proximity to fools forces one to think like a fool.

Crozier's anger shows itself.

CROZIER

That will be *all*, Steward Bridgens.

Bridgens lays the volumes on the table in front of Crozier.

BRIDGENS

Aye, sir. But read the two volumes.

CROZIER (SNAPS)

That...will...be...all!

Bridgens knuckles a salute.

BRIDGENS

Aye, sir.

He exits.

INT. - EREBUS' SICKBAY - NIGHT

The converted Great Cabin is nearly full of men suffering from scurvy.

MEN'S MUFFLED SCREAMS SOUND, O.S.

SUPER: Lat. 70 -05' N., Long. 98 -23' W.

6 March, 1848

Dr. Goodsir tosses and turns in his hammock. He jerks awake as HENRY LLOYD (20'S) enters the sickbay and runs to Goodsir's hammock. He is slight and pale, and is barely awake.

Dr. Goodsir scowls at Lloyd.

The SCREAMS CONTINUE, O.S.

DR. GOODSIR (SNAPS)
What's going on?!

He notices the young man's panic.

LLOYD (IN A RUSH)
The Captain wants you for'd by the
main ladder!

DR. GOODSIR
Shhh. What's happened?

Lloyd pivots around, his eyes wide, then back to the doctor.

LLOYD
The...thing's inside, Dr. Goodsir!
It's...it's killing men below!

Dr. Goodsir leaps from his hammock and begins donning his slops.

DR. GOODSIR
Watch the men here. Fetch me if
any of them wakes or takes a turn
for the worse. And in the name of
Christ, go put your boots and outer
layers on.

INT. - THE EREBUS' LOWER DECK - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Dr. Goodsir makes his way through throngs of crewmen and finally arrives at the main hatch leading down to the lower decks.

Captain Fitzjames and Lieutenant Le Visconte stand by the hatch. Fitzjames grips his pistol.

FITZJAMES
Surgeon, there are injured men
below. You'll come with me when we
go down to fetch them.

Dr. Goodsir nods dumbly.

First Mate Des Voeux joins them. He snaps a salute at the Captain, then:

DES VOEUX

The three men on watch haven't seen anything, Captain. I ordered them to stand by.

Fitzjames nods.

FITZJAMES

We need weapons, Charles.

DES VOEUX

Three shotguns were all we ordered up, sir. The rest are...below.

MORE SCREAMS, O.S.

FITZJAMES

Lieutenant Le Visconte, take three men down through the scuttle in the Officers Mess down to the Spirit Room and hand up as many muskets and shotguns as you can...and as much ordnance as well. I want every man armed!

LE VISCONTE

Aye, sir.

The Lieutenant selects three men and heads off.

FITZJAMES

Charles, light lanterns. Collins, you're coming. Mr. Dunn, Mr. Brown, you're with us.

The men chorus:

MEN (IN UNISON)

Aye, sir!

COLLINS (30) stares at Fitzjames a beat, then:

COLLINS

Without guns, Captain? You want us to go...*down there*...without *weapons*?

FITZJAMES

Bring your knife. I have this.

He holds up the pistol.

FITZJAMES (CONT'D)
 Stay behind me. Lieutenant Le
 Visconte will follow us with an
 armed party and bring extra
 weapons. Surgeon, you stay by me
 as well.

O.S., TERRIBLE CRASHES, the SOUND of TIMBERS being SPLINTERED
 RISE.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE ORLOP DECK - NIGHT

The creature SMASHES at the TIMBERS.

INT. - THE LOWER DECK - NIGHT

The first party descend through the hatch.

INT. - THE ORLOP DECK - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

As Fitzjames and the rest fan out at the base of the steps,
 the O.S. CRASHING CEASES.

A DEAFENING ROAR RISES from BELOW.

FITZJAMES (SNAPS)
 Brown, Dunn, Collins, go forward to
 the Bread Room and secure the
 forward hatch! Des Voeux, Dr.
 Goodsir, come with me!

Fitzjames jams his pistol in his belt, grabs a lantern, and
 starts down the steps.

Dr. Goodsir follows, his expression frightened.

INT. - THE HOLD DECK - NIGHT

Fitzjames, his pistol cocked and aimed ahead, extends his
 lantern as far as possible into the pitch dark.

Des Voeux extends his lantern as well, holding his bear knife
 out in front of him. His hands shake.

The SOUNDS CEASE. The silence is eerie and almost absolute.

FITZJAMES
 This way.

He leads them down the narrow companionway.

FITZJAMES (SHOUTS) (CONT'D)
Mr. Gregory?

Dr. Goodsir jerks at the shout.

FITZJAMES (SHOUTS) (CONT'D)
Mr. Gregory?

The three men stop and sniff the air.

FITZJAMES (CONT'D)
Stay here.

Des Voeux swings his lantern back and forth in a wide arc.

Fitzjames disappears into the Boiler Room. After ten seconds or so:

FITZJAMES (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Mr. Goodsir. Come in here please.

INT. - THE BOILER ROOM - NIGHT

John Gregory lies in the corner, crumpled against the aft bulkhead, disemboweled. Strings and strands of his intestines are strewn around the room like party streamers.

The other body, a thickset man in a dark blue sweater, lies on his stomach, arms by his side, palms up, his head and shoulders COOKING in the boiler's furnace.

Fitzjames and Dr. Goodsir pull the body out. Thin streams of smoke curl up from the charred corpse.

Des voeux appears in the doorway.

DES VOEUX (GASPS)
It's...it's Tommy Plater!

Fitzjames turns toward Des Voeux.

FITZJAMES (BARKS)
God-damn it, Mate! Stand guard out in the corridor!

DES VOEUX
Aye, sir!

He disappears from the doorway.

FITZJAMES

Dr. Goodsir, I will need you to
note...

O.S., a THUNDEROUS CRASHING and TEARING SOUNDS from the
direction of the bow above.

Fitzjames grabs his lantern and runs out, Goodsir right
behind him.

INT. - THE HOLD DECK - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Fitzjames, Goodsir, and Des Voeux dodge between casks and
crates, pass by the coal bins. A bare human arm sticks
awkwardly out of the bin.

O.S., MORE CRASHES and SHOUTS SOUND.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE ORLOP DECK - NIGHT

The creature wades into a group of SAILORS and ATTACKS,
SMASHING and SLASHING through the CROWD. SCREAMS RISE.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE HOLD DECK - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The three continue on, but Goodsir lags a little, and soon
CRASHES into a THICK OAK POST. He falls on his back, dazed.

DES VOEUX (O.S., SHOUTS)
The ladder's gone!

Dr. Goodsir struggle to gain his feet.

O.S., MORE SCREAMS, then SEVERAL SHOTS.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE ORLOP DECK - NIGHT

Four MARINES aim and FIRE their MUSKETS at the RAGING BEAST.
The balls penetrate, but do not draw blood, or stop the
ATTACK.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE COMPANIONWAY - NIGHT

Fitzjames stands under the ladderless hatch.

FITZJAMES (SHOUTS)
Boost me up!

O.S., the SCREAMS CONTINUE, FOLLOWED by MORE SHOUTS and SHOTS.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE ORLOP DECK - NIGHT

The creature lashes out at Collins, ripping off his right arm and sending his lantern flying. It CRASHES against the bulkhead and BURSTS into flame. Collins SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE COMPANIONWAY - NIGHT

He jumps and grabs the shattered scuttle frame and pulls himself up.

Des Voeux rushes to help him up.

FLAMES BURST through the square opening. Fitzjames drops out of the fire and falls onto the deck, uninjured.

He scrambles up.

FITZJAMES
The main ladderway!

He picks up his lantern and runs aft. Des Voeux follows. Dr. Goodsir follows, falls, gets up and runs after them.

O.S., a ROAR RISES from the orlop deck, FOLLOWED by MUSKET and SHOTGUN FIRE.

Smoke thickens in the frozen air.

DISSOLVE TO
MONTAGE:

EXT. - THE ICE - NIGHT

The creature leaps from Erebus onto the ice with a HUGE THUD and flees into the seracs.

INT. - THE EREBUS' SICKBAY - NIGHT

Dr. Goodsir performs surgery, covered in steaming blood.

SLOW FADE OUT

SLOW FADE IN

EXT. - H.M.S. EREBUS - GOD'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

Crewmen are constructing sledges to haul gear from salvaged wood and timber; Erebus is being CRUSHED by the ice. The TIMBERS CREAK and CRUNCH as the ICE PRESSURE increases.

In addition to sledges, the Erebus' whaling boats are on the ice and rigged with harnesses.

The fire damage at Erebus' bow is severe and irreparable.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - H.M.S. TERROR - GOD'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

More sledges are being constructed by Terror's crew.

The WIND HOWLS.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - CROZIER'S CABIN - NIGHT

Crozier sits at his desk, and oil lantern lit and sitting by his left arm.

Lt. Irving stands across the desk from him.

LT. IRVING
One last thing, Captain.

Crozier looks up at his junior officer.

CROZIER
Yes, Lieutenant?

Lt. Irving almost fidgets.

LT. IRVING
I would like to respectfully request that one or another of the men assigned to my hauling party be reassigned, sir.

Crozier glances up at Lt. Irving sharply.

CROZIER

Oh?

Lt. Irving stops fidgeting and steadies.

LT. IRVING

Yes, sir. Either Cornelius Hickey
or the idiot Manson.

CROZIER

Oh, yes. I agree it would serve
the expedition better to keep
distance between those two. Very
well. Caulker's Mate Hickey will
remain assigned to your party.
Manson will be kept back here.

Lt. Irving seems relieved.

LT. IRVING

Yes, Captain. Thank you, sir.

CROZIER

Dismissed, Lieutenant.

EXT. - THE ICE FIELD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Lt. Irving leads his party toward Terror Camp. Lady Silence
walks alongside him at the head of the party.

Lt. Irving glances over at her occasionally. She returns his
gaze evenly, her face expressionless.

A little further back, Hickey stares coldly at Lt. Irving's
back as he struggles in his hauling harness.

INT. - CAPTAIN CROZIER'S CABIN - NIGHT

Crozier stands as he finishes tugging on his outer slops.

Lieutenant Little stands by.

SUPER: Lat. 70 -05' N., Long. 98 023' W.

22 April, 1848

CROZIER

Lieutenant Little, please pass
along the order to abandon ship.

Lieutenant Little salutes.

LT. LITTLE
Aye, sir!

He turns and steps out of the cabin.

LT. LITTLE (SHOUTS, O.S.) (CONT'D)
All hands, abandon ship!

EXT. - THE ICE - NIGHT

The last twenty five Terror crew, as well as twenty or thirty more from Erebus, are assembled on the ice around the sledges. The almost invisible April sunlight and lanterns cast eerie, flickering shadows on the ice.

EXT. - THE MAIN DECK OF H.M.S. TERROR - NIGHT

Crozier and Lieutenant Little are the last two men aboard.

CROZIER
Over the side with you, Edward.

The Lieutenant scrambles over the side and down the rope ladder.

Crozier pats the gunwhale a final time, then follows him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICE FIELD - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Crozier leads the hauling parties toward Terror Camp.

Further back, Manson, shoulders straining against the harness straps, stares ahead, his eyes teary.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICE - NIGHT

Crozier and the rest of the rear guard have halted and are assembling around a perfectly circular hole, fifteen feet wide, in the ten foot thick pack ice.

Seaman THOMAS TADMAN (30) steps forward and examines the hole.

TADMAN

This weren't here last week when we
brung the pinnaces to Terror Camp,
sir.

He points to runner tracks in the ice close by.

TADMAN (CONT'D)

You can see how close them runner
tracks come to it. We would've
seen it, sure as hell, sir. There
weren't nothing here.

Crozier nods.

Mr. Blanky hobbles froward on his crutch and wooden leg.

BLANKY

We could take our dinner here.
Enjoy our victuals by the seaside,
as it were.

There are a few UNCOMFORTABLE CHUCKLES, O.S.

Crozier shakes his head.

CROZIER

We'll keep moving another hour or
so. Lieutenant Little, have your
sledge team take the lead, please.

LT. LITTLE

Aye, Captain!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT - THE ICE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The men struggle on as the WIND HOWLS and the snow is driven
horizontally by it.

Private HOPCRAFT (20'S), a sturdy Marine, trots up to walk
alongside Crozier.

HOPCRAFT

Captain, there's something
following us.

Crozier stops and pulls his brass telescope from under his
coat. He extends it and looks back the way Hopcraft points.

TELESCOPE
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE DISTANT SERACS - NIGHT

The creature balances on the crest of a ridge, sniffing the air.

HOPCRAFT (V.O.)

There, sir. Maybe it come up out
of the hole in the ice we found,
Captain.

The creature descends the ridge stealthily and disappears for a few beats behind some seracs, the reappears, standing upright and still scenting the air.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - NIGHT

Crozier watches the thing.

HOPCRAFT

Do you think it did? Maybe it was
just down there in the black water,
sir, waiting for us to tarry there?

Crozier does not answer.

TELESCOPE
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE DISTANT RIDGES - NIGHT

The creature drops to all fours and begins to advance slowly, sniffing the ground. The haze surrounding it obscures most details.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - NIGHT

Crozier lowers the telescope, collapses it, and turns to Pvt. Hopcraft.

CROZIER

Stay close to the sledges but keep
looking rearward and keep your
weapons primed and ready. No
lanterns. And they'd better shed
their outer mittens. Mr. Blanky?

Blanky hobbles up as Privates Hopcraft and Pilkington leave to pass the commands along.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

Would you be so good as to go forward and pass word to the men not hauling that we will not be stopping for supper? They should pass out cold beef and biscuits, along with the word that everyone should eat and drink from their water bottles on the march.

BLANKY

Yes, Captain.

Blanky heads forward into the dark.

Pvt. Hopcraft and Pvt. Pilkington salute and hurry off to spread the command.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - TERROR CAMP - GOD'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

Several sledges, laden with gear and boats, are set in a wide circle around several makeshift tents.

SUPER: Lat. 69 37' 42" N., Long. 98 40' 58" W.

24 April, 1848

EXT. - THE ICE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Lt. Irving heads off with a team, including Cornelius Hickey, to reconnoiter the area around the camp.

Hickey is silent and seems obedient enough.

Seaman EDWIN LAWRENCE (30) is the only man armed. He carries a musket.

The group trudges over ridges and through and around and between seracs.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICE - NIGHT

Lt. Irving's party is resting, eating cold rations.

LT. IRVING

Mr. Farr?

Captain of the Maintop THOMAS FARR (LATE 20'S) approaches the lieutenant and salutes.

FARR

Aye, Lieutenant?

LT. IRVING

I'm going on ahead, get the lay of the land, so to speak. You are in command until I return.

FARR

Aye, sir.

Lt. Irving shoulders his makeshift canvas pack and walks off toward a high ridge alone.

EXT. - WITH LT. IRVING - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Lt. Irving clammers up to the crest of the large ridge, looks out and down, then stops suddenly and kneels for cover.

EXT. - THE VALLEY BELOW - GOD'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

Several human figures move through the valley, dressed in Eskimo garb. A dog team pulls a small sledge.

EXT. - WITH LT. IRVING - NIGHT

Lt. Irving pulls his telescope from his pack, extends it, and peers through the lens.

TELESCOPE
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE VALLEY - NIGHT

It is too dark to make out whether the figures are Eskimo or a rescue party.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH LT. IRVING - NIGHT

Irving collapses the telescope, tucks it away, stands, and begins to descend toward the figures below. He waves his right arm back and forth.

LT. IRVING (SHOUTS)
Hallo!

EXT. - THE VALLEY - GOD'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

The party stops in their tracks to look up toward Lt. Irving.

DISSOLVE TO
MONTAGE, MOS:

EXT. - THE ICE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Crozier and the rest of the hauling crews trudge over the ice, making slow progress.

SUPER: Lat. 69 37' 42" N., Long. 98 41' W.

24 April, 1848

Crozier stops, pulls out his telescope, extends it, and peers through the lens.

TELESCOPE
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE DISTANT ICE FILED - NIGHT

The creature trails them, a few miles distant, moving along on all fours, flanking them, stopping every few yards to rear up and sniff the air in their direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

He stows the telescope, his face drawn tight.

CROZIER (TO HIMSELF)
Four miles to go...

Crozier relieves one of his men at the harness. He pulls mightily as he glances to the southwest time and again.

EXT. - THE ICE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The creature lopes through and between the seracs, mounts and leaps each ridge it encounters.

EXT. - WITH CROZIER AND THE MEN - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

They are pulling for their lives. Three men are unconscious and lying atop the loaded sledges.

They hit iced over land. The SLEDGE RUNNERS SCRAPE over GRAVEL and STONE.

Crozier almost sobs as they approach the cairn mounted lanterns of Terror Camp.

EXT. - TERROR CAMP - NIGHT

Captain Fitzjames, Lt. Le Vesconte, Des Voeux, and Couch hurry forward as Crozier slips his harness and sinks to one knee.

EXT. - WITH LT. IRVING - NIGHT

Lt. Irving stands a few feet away from the ten Eskimos.

The groups consists of six MEN (20'S-50'S), one BOY (10), one OLD MAN (70'S), an OLDER WOMAN (40'S), and a YOUNG WOMAN (20'S).

The men carry spears and harpoons, but they are lowered.

Lt. Irving raises his hands to show he is unarmed.

LT. IRVING
Greetings...

He points to himself.

LT. IRVING (CONT'D)
Third Lieutenant John Irving, of
Her Majesty's Ship Terror.

The men exchange glances, then the old one steps forward and points at Irving.

OLD MAN
Piifxaaq!

The younger men shake their heads at the old man.

LT. IRVING (POINTS TO HIMSELF)
John Irving.

YOUNG MAN #1
Sixam ieua? Suingne!

Lt. Irving nods, unsure of the meaning of the words, then points at himself again.

LT. IRVING
Irving.

This provokes no response from the men.

Lt. Irving points at one of the sled dogs.

LT. IRVING (CONT'D)
Dog. Dog.

The Eskimo man closest to Irving laughs briefly, points to the same dog, then:

YOUNG MAN #1
Qimmiq. Tunok.

Irving points at their sled.

LT. IRVING
Sled. Sled.

YOUNG MAN #1
Kamatik?

Lt. Irving nods.

LT. IRVING
No English, I presume?

The younger men and the women smile, but say nothing.

LT. IRVING (CONT'D)
Parlais vous Francais? Sprechen
sie Deutsch?

Nothing.

LT. IRVING (TO HIMSELF) (CONT'D)
Lady Silence, where the *hell* are
you?

Lt. Irving squats. The younger men follow suit.

LT. IRVING (CONT'D)
Irving.

He thumbs his chest.

YOUNG MAN #1

Inuk.

The man touches his chest. He removes his mitten and holds up his right hand. His ring and little fingers are missing.

YOUNG MAN #1 (CONT'D)

Tikerqat.

Lt. Irving looks relieved.

LT. IRVING

Pleased to make your acquaintance,
Mr. Inuk. Or Mr. Tikerqat. Very
pleased to make your acquaintance.

Lt. Irving pulls out his telescope, extends it, and pantomimes looking through it. He then offers it to his questioner.

The young man takes it and looks through it. He pulls it away, a huge grin splitting his lips.

He passes it to the next man.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - WITH LT. IRVING AND THE ESKIMOS - NIGHT

They sit in a circle, sharing blubber and raw fish.

YOUNG MAN #1

Kee-nah-oo-veet?

He pounds his chest.

YOUNG MAN #1 (CONT'D)

Tikerqat!

Lt. Irving taps his own chest.

LT. IRVING

Irving.

YOUNG MAN #1

Eh-vunq.

LT. IRVING

Inuk Tikerqat.

Tikerqat shakes his head, stands, and gestures to his companions.

TIKERQAT

Inuk.

He touches his own chest.

TIKERQAT (CONT'D)

Tikerqat!

Tikerqat indicates the man next to him.

TIKERQAT (CONT'D)

Taliriktug.

Taliriktug nods at Irving.

The old man GRUNTS and points toward the ridge behind them. The rest turn to look.

THEIR P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE RIDGE - DAY

The dim sunlight silhouettes a lone figure standing atop the ridge. The figure turns and disappears quickly.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH IRVING AND THE ESKIMOS - DAY

Lt. Irving stares for a few beats, then turns to the others.

LT. IRVING

It's all right. It's just my friends. A few friends. Good men. They won't harm you. Just a few friends you'll enjoy meeting.

The men have pulled their spears and harpoons.

TIKERQAT

Khat-seet?

LT. IRVING

A few friends. Please stay here.

He indicates the ground.

LT. IRVING (CONT'D)

I'll be right back. Please...stay.

He turns and heads for the ridge.

EXT. - BEHIND THE RIDGE - DAY

Cornelius Hickey, naked except for his boots, dances around a boulder with his clothes piled atop it.

Lt. Irving walks up behind him, staring.

LT. IRVING

Mr. Hickey, what on *earth* do you think you're doing?

Hickey turns to Lt. Irving and places a bony finger to his lips. He then turns and bows to the pile of clothing, mooning Irving.

Lt. Irving steps closer.

LT. IRVING (CONT'D)

See here, Mr. Hickey...

Hickey straightens, whirls around and slices Irving's throat open with a large knife.

The Lieutenant stares at the little man and holds his hands to his throat as blood gushes from the wound. Irving **CHOKES** as he tries in vain to speak. He drops to his knees as Hickey slashes him again and again. Finally, the Lieutenant falls face first onto the ground as he bleeds out.

Hickey kneels, **RIPS** Lt. Irving's clothes open, and begins to mutilate the body with the bloody knife.

INT. - TERROR CAMP'S MEDICAL TENT - NIGHT

Dr. Goodsir leans over a makeshift cot, performing a post mortem examination on Lt. Irving's body.

SUPER: Lat. 69 37' 42" N., Long. 98 41' W.

25 April, 1848

Captain Crozier enters the tent and joins Dr. Goodsir.

The doctor exchanges glances with Crozier; neither man speaks.

Crozier reaches down and pushes a lock of Irving's hair back away from his lifeless eyes.

CROZIER
Have his body ready for burial at
noon tomorrow.

DR. GOODSIR
Yes, sir.

Crozier turns and exits the tent.

INT. - CROZIER'S TENT - NIGHT

The tent is large, and several mahogany chairs and crozier's desk are arranged inside it.

Fitzjames sits in one of the chairs, scowling, as Crozier enters.

FITZJAMES
You should go to bed, Captain
Crozier.

Crozier regards the haggard younger man.

CROZIER
You need sleep yourself, James. I
can interrogate these men myself.

Fitzjames shakes his head, his face wan and tired.

FITZJAMES
I questioned them, of course, but
haven't visited the site or
interrogated them at length. I
knew you would want to.

Crozier nods.

CROZIER
I want to be at the site by first
light.

FITZJAMES
It's two hours' walk from here to
the southwest.

Crozier nods.

FITZJAMES (CONT'D)
Caulker's Mate Hickey asked if he
could sleep until it was his time
to report.

Crozier's face darkens.

CROZIER

Caulker's Mate Hickey can fucking well stay awake like the rest of us.

Fitzjames nods.

FITZJAMES

That's more or less what I told him. I put him on guard duty. The cold should keep him awake.

CROZIER

Or fucking kill him.

Crozier's tone indicates indifference at that prospect.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

Send in Sergeant Tozer.

Fitzjames exits the tent. A beat later, Sgt. Tozer enters, still beefy and thick despite the starvation diet.

He snaps a salute and stands at attention.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

What was your impression of today's events, Sergeant?

SGT. TOZER

Very pretty, sir. Went off like clockwork. We come walking down that hill, weapons lowered all peaceful like. We opened fire twenty yards away and raised pure holy hell on them savages.

CROZIER

Like shooting fish in a rain barrel?

Tozer beams.

SGT. TOZER

Aye, sir. Though two of 'em managed to flee, as it were, sir. Amid all the confusion, sir.

Crozier watches the fat Marine.

CROZIER

And you shot the dogs? Did you consider they might have been *useful* to us?

SGT. TOZER
As meat, sir?

CROZIER
How about their friends?

SGT. TOZER
Pardon, sir?

Crozier looks impatient.

Fitzjames just listens.

CROZIER
Their tribe. Their village. These people came from *somewhere*. Did you consider that the other Eskimo hunters, men who kill every day, might take umbrage at our killing eight of their kindred, Sergeant?

Sgt. Tozer's red face betrays confusion.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
Dismissed, Sergeant Tozer. Send in Second Lieutenant Hodgson.

Sgt. Tozer knuckles a salute, then turns on his heel and exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - CROZIER'S TENT - NIGHT

Lt. Hodgson stands at ease before Captain Crozier.

LT. HODGSON
Me, sir. I was the only officer there. I made that and all the other decisions.

Crozier's brow furrows.

CROZIER
Including the final decision to attack the Eskimos?

LT. HODGSON
Yes, sir. We spied on them for a minute atop the ridge where we found poor John murdered and...

Hodgson's VOICE BREAKS.

LT. HODGSON (SHAKEN) (CONT'D)
 ...mutilated. That's when we...I
 decided to attack them in force.
 We lost the natives' tracks about a
 mile south of where Lieutenant
 Irving was...attacked. We came
 down off a hill and ran into Mr.
 Farr's reconnaissance party.

CROZIER
 Did you observe
 anything...odd...about Mr. Hickey?

Hodgson looks confused.

LT. HODGSON
 Odd, sir?

Crozier waits in silence.

LT. HODGSON (CONT'D)
 Well, he was shaking very badly.
 Palsied, like. And his voice was
 very agitated, very shrill. And,
 well, sir...he was *laughing* some.
 Giggling, like. But I mean, after
 what he'd seen...

CROZIER
 And what *did* he see, George?

Hodgson considers for a beat.

LT. HODGSON
 Well...Mr. Hickey told me that he'd
 been out to check on the
 Lieutenant. Said he came over a
 ridge and saw the natives stealing
 Lt. Irving's belongings.
 And...and...cutting off
 his...private parts, sir.

Crozier looks at Fitzjames, then back at Lt. Hodgson.

CROZIER
 George, you saw Lieutenant Irving's
 body just a few minutes later,
 didn't you?

Hodgson pales.

LT. HODGSON

Aye, sir. It was a twenty five minute walk from where Mr. Farr's party had stopped to eat dinner.

CROZIER

Yet you didn't start shaking uncontrollably after you saw young Irving's body, did you, Lieutenant?

LT. HODGSON

No, sir. But I did vomit, sir.

Crozier glances at Fitzjames again.

Fitzjames seems almost distracted.

CROZIER

When did you decide to attack the Eskimo group and kill all of them, and to take no prisoners? Who gave the order to fire, Lieutenant?

Lt. Hodgson blinks several times, then:

LT. HODGSON

I...I don't remember, sir. We got thirty yards from, them, and I remember the men pulling their harpoons...the old woman was screaming...and...and even after being hit by several musket balls...Sergeant Tozer walked up, and stood over her, and took Lieutenant Irving's pistol and...it was all over very quickly, Captain Crozier. I've never been involved in anything like...like this before, sir.

Crozier gazes steadily at Lt. Hodgson.

CROZIER

Nor have I.

Lt. Hodgson recovers his composure.

LT. HODGSON

If mistakes were made, sirs, I take full responsibility.

Crozier's eyes are cold.

CROZIER

For good or ill, Lieutenant Hodgson, it *was* and *is* your responsibility.

Crozier consults his watch.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

In four hours, I will be leading a party to the site of the murder and shootings. I want to be there by the time the sun rises. You and Mr. Farr will be the only men from today's action that I want along with us. Get some sleep, and be ready by six bells.

Lt. Hodgson salutes.

LT. HODGSON

Aye, sir.

Croziers expression darkens.

CROZIER

And send in Caulker's Mate Hickey.

Cornelius Hickey enters the tent and knuckles a salute.

HICKEY

Good mornin', Captain, sir. Would you like me to tell you what i told Captain Fitzjames and--

CROZIER

Take off your slops, Mr. Hickey.

Hickey looks confused.

HICKEY

Pardon, sir?

CROZIER

You heard me.

HICKEY

Aye, sir, but if you want to hear how it was when I saw those savages murderin' poor Mr. Irving--

CROZIER

It's *Lieutenant Irving*, Caulker's mate. I heard your story from Captain Fitzjames. Do you have anything to add or retract? Or amend?

HICKEY

Ah...no, sir.

Crozier's stare bores into Hickey coldly.

CROZIER

Take those outer slops
off...mittens as well.

Hickey complies, shrugging off the stiff, heavy outers.

HICKEY

Aye, sir. There, sir, how's 'at?
Where shall I put 'em?

CROZIER

Drop them on the floor. Jackets
off too.

Hickey permits himself a brief defiant glare, then begins to comply.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

Mr. Hickey, why did you volunteer
to go search for Lieutenant Irving
when he hadn't been gone much more
than an hour? No one else was
worried about him.

Hickey screws his face up.

HICKEY

Oh, I don't think I volunteered it,
Captain. No, no. My recollection
is that Mr. Farr asked me to go
look for--

CROZIER

That does not jibe with Mr. Farr's
report to me. He said that you
volunteered to go find him on your
own while the others rested after
their meal. Why would you do that,
Mr. Hickey?

Hickey's face reddens a bit.

HICKEY

If Mr. Farr says that...well, we
must've been worried about
him...the Lieutenant, I mean.

CROZIER

Why?

HICKEY

May I put my jackets back on, sir?
It's freezin' in here.

Crozier's face also reddens in anger.

CROZIER

No. Take off your waistcoat and
sweaters.

HICKEY

If you're concerned...that is,
thinking I was wounded today,
Captain, well, I wasn't. Them
savages never saw me. No wounds on
me, sir. Not a mark.

Crozier studies the rat faced man.

CROZIER

Show me your hands, palms up.

Hickey complies.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

Is that blood under your nails, Mr.
Hickey?

Hickey studies his nails, then continues to strip.

HICKEY

Could be, Captain. You know how it
is.

Crozier doesn't blink.

CROZIER

No. Tell me.

HICKEY

Well, you know, what with the
scurvy and the dysentery and
the like--

CROZIER

Are you saying that a Royal
Navy petty officer wipes his
arse with his fingers, Mr.
Hickey? Now take off your
shirts and undershirts off.

Crozier glares balefully at Hickey.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

Why did you tell some of the men
before the mast that when it came
time to kill officers, Lieutenant
Irving should be first?

Hickey stands naked and shivering in front of Crozier.

HICKEY

I never said no such thing! It's a lie, sir!

CROZIER

What had Lieutenant Irving ever done to you? Why did you tell men from both Erebus and Terror that Irving was a whoremaster and a liar?

Hickey is desperate.

HICKEY

I swear to you, Captain, I never said no such things. I looked on him almost like...almost like a son, sir. It was only my worry for him made me go check on him. Good thing I did, too, sir. We might never have found those murderin' bastards that did him in.

CROZIER

Get dressed.

HICKEY

Aye, sir.

He starts to dress.

CROZIER

No. Do it outside. Get *out of my sight*.

SLOW FADE OUT/IN
TO:

EXT. - THE MURDER SITE - DAY

The feeble sunlight brings scant illumination to the flat expanse of ice amid the boulders and ridges.

Crozier and the rest of the party of twelve stand at the entrance to the clearing.

SUPER: Lat. 69 37' 42" N., Long. 98 40' 58" W.

25 April, 1848

Harry Peglar steps from the group and walks up to the frozen pile of John Irving's entrails.

THOMAS FARR

This is the spot.

Crozier examines the area, kneeling a few times to study the ground as he walks around.

CROZIER

Lieutenant Hodgson, Mr. Farr, did you see any sign of the Eskimos up here when Mr. Hickey led you to this scene?

Hodgson looks confused.

THOMAS FARR

No, sir. When we first saw them, they were in the valley, still fighting over the Lieutenant's goods.

CROZIER

Did you actually see them fighting amongst themselves?

THOMAS FARR

No, sir. They was in the valley still, jostlin' and laughin' like, sir. Two a them bucks were tugging at John's fine brass telescope.

Crozier stands and heads toward the ridge.

CROZIER

Let us go down into that valley, gentlemen.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE VALLEY - DAY

The Eskimo's bodies are strewn over a small area. Bright red blood smears and splotches stain the ice everywhere.

Lt. Hodgson looks around.

LT. HODGSON

Someone's been here.

Crozier turns toward Hodgson.

CROZIER
What do you mean?

Lt. Hodgson studies the site.

LT. HODGSON
Some of the bodies have
been...moved, sir. And their outer
coats and their boots are gone, as
well. Several of their weapons
too.

Crozier face darkens.

CROZIER
Did *our* men...?

THOMAS FARR
No, sir.

THOMAS FARR
We threw some baskets and cooking
pots off the sled to make room for
the Lieutenant's body. We were all
together. No one lagged behind,
sir.

LT. HODGSON
Some of those pots and baskets have
gone missing as well.

Crozier, with Dr. Goodsir in tow, goes from corpse to corpse,
stopping to roll three of them onto their backs.

The doctor kneels by one of the bodies and produces a
surgical kit.

CROZIER
Dr. Goodsir needs to examine
several of the savages's stomachs.

Dr. Goodsir begins to CUT into the FROZEN BODY.

Most of the men look away.

LT. LES VISCONTE
This group was carrying so much
food. If we could find the main
party, we could possibly feed all
one hundred and five of us.

Lieutenant Little chuckles.

LT. LITTLE

Are you going to volunteer to walk
into their camp and politely ask
for some food or hunting advice?
Now? After this?

He indicates the sprawl of bodies.

Lt. Les Visconte goes silent.

LT. HODGSON

Who do you think might've fetched
up the weapons and clothing? The
two who escaped?

Crozier nods distractedly.

CROZIER

Or someone from their main party.

Lt. Hodgson goes pale.

LT. HODGSON (TREMULOUS)

I...I think we have to get away
from Terror camp *now*. They're
going to kill us all in our sleep.
Look...look what they did to John.

He shuts up, his face reddening.

Crozier turns to Farr.

CROZIER

Thomas, would you be so kind as to
go over that next ridge and see if
you can see any tracks? Tracks
leading away from here?

Farr knuckles a salute.

THOMAS FARR

Aye, sir.

Harry Peglar watches Dr. Goodsir as he eviscerates one of the
Eskimo men.

Peglar pales at the sight and finally looks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - WITH THE SEARCH PARTY - DAY

Dr. Goodsir finishes examining the last Eskimo, the young boy, then wipes his hands in the snow and pulls on his mittens. He stands and begins to whisper into Crozier's ear.

CROZIER

You can tell everyone, Doctor. I want everyone to hear this.

Dr. Goodsir licks his bleeding lips and turns to the others.

DR. GOODSIR

This morning I opened Lieutenant Irving's stomach--

LT, HODGSON (SHOUTS)

Why? That was one of the few parts of John that these fucking savages did not mutilate! How could you?

CROZIER (SHOUTS)

SILENCE!

Lt. Hodgson falls silent.

CROZIER

Please continue, Dr. Goodsir.

DR. GOODSIR

Lieutenant Irving had eaten so much seal meat and blubber that he was literally full. He'd had a larger meal than any of us have had in months. Obviously provided by these Eskimos. I was curious to know if they had eaten with him. From the three I have examined, it is obvious that they did.

First Mate THOMAS (35) steps forward, his expression puzzled.

THOMAS

They broke bread with him, and then killed him as he *was leaving*?

Several of the men look confused by this information.

CROZIER

Gentlemen, I wanted you all to hear this because I may require your knowledge of these facts at some future time. Tell no one else, not until I say that it should be public knowledge. That day may never come.

(MORE)

CROZIER (CONT'D)

If any of you tells anyone else, I swear to Christ I'll find out who disobeyed my order to silence and I'll leave that man behind on the ice, without so much as an empty pan to shit in. Do I make myself clear, gentlemen?

THE REST OF THE MEN

Aye, Captain.

Thomas Johnson rejoins the group, huffing and puffing.

Crozier turns to him.

CROZIER

What did you see, Mr. Johnson?

The man takes a swig from his water bottle, wipes his mouth with his sleeve, then:

JOHNSON

Tracks, sir. But old ones. Heading southwest. Whoever came back here to loot the parkas and weapons and other gear must've followed the same tracks. I saw no new ones.

Crozier nods.

CROZIER

Thank you, Thomas. Gentlemen, we have a burial to attend.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - LT. IRVING'S FUNERAL - DAY

The men are assembled two hundred feet from Terror Camp. The feeble sun is setting.

Captain Fitzjames holds his heavy bible, finishes a prayer.

FITZJAMES

...O holy and merciful Saviour,
thou most worthy judge eternal,
suffer us not, at the last hour,
for any pains of death, to fall
from thee.

Captain Fitzjames steps back.

Crozier, lost in thought does not look up for a beat, then after looking over the assembled men, he walks to the head of the grave:

CROZIER

We therefore commend the body of our friend and officer John Irving to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body, when the Sea and Earth shall give up their dead.

Four MEN step up, take the ropes, and lower the canvas covered body into the shallow grave.

Crozier gathers a handful of frozen soil and tosses it over the body.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

And the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who at his coming shall change our vile body, that it may be like his glorious body, according to the mighty working, whereby he is able to subdue all things to himself.

The four men retrieve the ropes; the rest of the crew begin to trail back to camp.

Crozier and Fitzjames begin walking in the opposite direction.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - VICTORY POINT - NIGHT

Crozier and Fitzjames reach the ice cairn.

Fitzjames retrieves a brass message canister and hands it to Crozier.

Crozier pulls out a sealed envelope, unscrews the lid of the canister, stuffs the envelope in, recaps it, then lays it back in place.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - TERROR CAMP - NIGHT

Crozier and Fitzjames enter the circle of lantern light surrounding the camp. A SENTRY knuckles a salute at the Two captains as they pass him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - FIFTY YARDS FROM TERROR CAMP - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Harry Peglar and John Bridgens walk along by the eighteen boats lined up near the frozen shoreline. Both men hold tin cups of steaming tea.

A dense fog rolls in, and THUNDER CLAPS SOUND in the distance, O.S.

BRIDGENS

I think that Captain Crozier is not convinced that the Eskimos killed Lieutenant Irving.

Peglar stops and watches bridgens closely.

PEGLAR

Who else could it...

He trails off.

BRIDGENS

Richard Aylmore is telling anyone who won't inform on him that we should kill the officers and parcel their rations amongst the rest of us. He and Hickey say we should return to Terror at once.

Peglar's brow furrows.

PEGLAR

Why don't I hear these things, John? I've heard none of this seditious whispering.

BRIDGENS

They don't trust you not to tell. And stewards are invisible, being neither fish nor fowl nor good red meat.

Peglar chuckles nervously.

PEGLAR

What can we do to warn Fitzjames
and Crozier?

BRIDGENS

They know. Our captains have their
own sources before the mast and
around the scuttlebutts.

Peglar is still preoccupied.

PEGLAR

The scuttlebutts have been frozen
for months.

Bridgens laughs softly.

BRIDGENS

Amusing euphemism, Harry. Is there
any chance that we shall get these
boats all the way to the Great Fish
River and then up to the outpost at
Great Slave Lake?

Peglar looks Bridgens in the eye.

PEGLAR

I doubt there's any real chance,
John.

Bridgens frowns.

BRIDGENS

We could stay here at Terror Camp.
Or return to Terror once our
numbers have...decreased.

PEGLAR

To just wait to die?

BRIDGENS

To wait in comfort, Harry.

Peglar's anger flares.

PEGLAR

Who the fuck wants to wait to wait
in *comfort* to die? There might be
open water east to Boothia. Then
at least our loved ones may know
where we were buried, and that we
were thinking of them at the end of
things.

Bridgens ignores Peglar's dudgeon.

BRIDGENS

Harry, you are the only man, woman,
or child who cares whether I am
alive or dead, much less what I may
have thought before I fell, or
where my bones lie.

Peglar grabs Bridgens' shoulders and squares off at him.

PEGLAR

You're going to outlive me, John.

Bridgens shakes his head.

BRIDGENS

No. At my age, and with my
infirmities--

PEGLAR (GRATES)

*You're going to outlive me,
John!*

Bridgens blinks at the younger man and falls silent.

PEGLAR (CONT'D)

Promise me you'll do one thing for
me, John.

BRIDGENS (QUIETLY)

Of course...

PEGLAR (QUIETLY)

My diary. It's not much, I have
trouble thinking these days because
of this god-damned scurvy. My
thoughts are in it. For the past
three years. All of the events
we've experienced. If you could
take it when I...when I leave
you...just take it back to England.
I'd appreciate it.

Bridgens nods.

PEGLAR (CONT'D)

I think Captain Crozier will decide
to take us on the march soon.
We'll begin dying by the dozens
here at Terror camp before long.
It won't take that *thing* on the ice
long to start carrying us away or
killing us as we sleep. I...I
wanted to say goodbye tonight and
never have to do it again.

Peglar grips Bridgens' shoulders a beat, then hugs him briefly.

The older man returns the hug, then they stand back.

BRIDGENS
Goodbye, Harry.

Peglar turns and heads back toward camp. As he disappears into the fog, Bridgens lets out a SMALL SOB.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - A STRETCH OF ICED GROUND - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The men, hauling ten of the whaleboats and a few sledges, trudge slowly across the thawing plain.

The sun is quite a bit brighter and higher in the sky.

SUPER: Lat. Unknown, Long. Unknown

18 June, 1848

Several of the men are lying on the boats and sledges, too sick with scurvy to walk.

Thomas Blanky limps along on his wooden leg. Blood seeps from his tortured stump. The wooden leg has begun to splinter.

Henry Lloyd walks beside him. After a few dozen steps, Lloyd drops to his knees, leans over, and vomits blood and teeth onto the ice.

Blanky halts, looks down at Lloyd.

BLANKY (SHOUTS)
Fetch Dr. Goodsir!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICED GROUND - CONTINUOUS - DAY

FROM THE CREATURE'S P.O.V.: The sailors and Marines are two miles away.

The creature maintains its pace, just trailing them, never gaining ground.

EXT. - A WHALE BOAT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Mr. Lloyd lies under blankets, unconscious.

EXT. - WITH THOMAS BLANKY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Blanky pegs along, but begins to lag a little. After a few more steps, the PEG LEG SHATTERS, dropping Blanky sideways onto the ground.

The old man struggles up and hops over to a nearby boulder and sits down. He pulls his pipe out, shakes the last bit of his tobacco into it, strikes a match on the boulder, and lights up.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE BOULDER - DAY

Blanky sits, watching the men passing.

CREWMAN (O.S.)

Here now! What are you doin', Mr. Blanky?

Blanky waves.

BLANKY

Just havin' a rest! Just going to sit a spell!

Blanky grins and chews his pipe with his few remaining teeth.

EXT. - THE ARCTIC LAND MASS - GOD'S P.O.V. - DAY

The sun is setting.

The last of the whale boats are several hundred yards away from Blanky, who still sits comfortably against the boulder.

EXT. - WITH MR. BLANKY - DAY

As Blanky sits, occasionally puffing on his pipe, Captain Crozier and Thomas Honey come up to him.

CROZIER (SNAPS)

What the hell do you think you're doing, Mr. Blanky?

BLANKY

Just givin' it a rest, Captain. I thought I might spend the night here.

Crozier scowls.

CROZIER

Don't be an ass!

Crozier looks at the snapped prosthesis.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

Can you fix this, Mr. Honey?

Honey nods.

HONEY

Oh, aye, sir.

Mr. Blanky smiles ruefully up at Crozier, removing the wooden mount.

Crozier's face pales slightly.

CROZIER

Oh, Christ damn it...

Mr. Blanky nods.

MR. BLANKY

Aye, sir. I'm surprised Dr. Goodsir ain't sniffed it afore this. There's nothing to be done for it...

CROZIER

Nonsense. Dr. Goodsir will...

MR. BLANKY

Will what, sir?

Crozier opens his mouth to speak, then closes it and looks at the old man.

MR. BLANKY (CONT'D)

Take off my leg at the 'ip? It's *mortified*, Captain. No, I think it'd be best if I just rested here, relaxed and thought some thoughts. I've had a good life. I'd like to think about it some more before the pain and stink get so bad I'm distracted.

Crozier sighs, then fishes out a water bottle and hands it to Mr. Blanky.

CROZIER
Take this, Thomas.

Mr. Blanky uncaps the bottle and takes a short swig.

MR. BLANKY
Thank you, sir. With gratitude.
Would you grant me a huge favor,
sir?

CROZIER
What is it, Mr. Blanky?

MR. BLANKY
My people are in Kent. Near
Ightham Mote north o' Tonbridge
Wells. If you have luck on your
side and you have the time...?

CROZIER
If I get back to England, I swear
I'll look them up and tell them the
last time I saw you, you were
smoking and smiling and sitting as
comfortably on a boulder as a lazy
squire.

Crozier removes his pistol and offers it to Mr. Blanky.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
Lieutenant Little has spied the
thing several times today through
his glass. It's been trailing us
all morning. It'll be along soon.

The old man shakes his head.

MR. BLANKY
No, thank you, Captain.

Crozier lays a hand on the old man's shoulder.

CROZIER
Are you sure you want to do this?

MR. BLANKY
You've still got Mr. Reid. I
reckon he's as good an Ice Master
as you could ask for.

The old man winks at Crozier.

MR. BLANKY (CONT'D)
As a spare, I mean.

Crozier and Honey each shake Mr. Blanky's hand, then turn and follow the trailing men as the sun starts to set.

Mr. Blanky sits, and chews his pipe, and remembers...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - WITH MR. BLANKY - NIGHT

The sun has just set. Thomas blanky sits against the boulder, his face serene. He looks up at the night sky.

MR. BLANKY'S
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE SKY - NIGHT

A few brilliant stars shine and glint like diamonds.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH MR. BLANKY - NIGHT

The night is quiet. Even the wind has died down to nothing.

A dark shape rises to tower over Mr. Blanky. The old man looks up at it.

MR. BLANKY (SHOUTS)
You're late, you bastard! I've
been expecting you for a long
time...

He picks up his splintered wooden leg, the cup mount, and leather straps, and hurls it at the creature.

The creature SWATS the PROSTHESIS aside, rises up on its hind legs, bares its teeth, and lunges at Blanky.

The old man opens his arms and closes his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE SOUTHERN COAST OF KING WILLIAM'S LAND - GOD'S
P.O.V. - DAY

The march has stopped to camp. Only Captain Crozier's tent
and the large Sick Bay tent are pitched.

SUPER: Lat. unknown, Long. unknown

4 July, 1848

The snow has returned. The WIND HOWLS.

INT. - CROZIER'S TENT - DAY

Crozier lies on his cot, sleeping fitfully.

O.S., SEVERAL SETS OF FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

Crozier's eyes open as the men outside MILL ABOUT.

He stands, pulls on his greatcoat, takes his two shot pistol
from it, cocks it, and steps outside.

EXT. - BY CROZIER'S TENT - DAY

Lt. Hodgson stands at the head of the group. Among the rest
are Manson, Hickey, Reuben Male, Robert Sinclair, and Richard
Aylemore. At least twelve men in total.

Crozier steps forward, concealing the pistol.

CROZIER

What do you men want? What the
hell is going on here?

Lt. Hodgson steps forward.

LT. HODGSON (WAVERS)

Captain, we need to, ah, talk to
you, ah, sir.

CROZIER

About what?

LT. HODGSON

About going back, sir.

Crozier looks from face to face. Lt. Hodgson and Aylemore
look away.

Mr. Male and Sinclair stare at him defiantly. Manson just watches him with idiot's eyes. Cornelius Hickey's eyes bore coldly into Crozier's.

CROZIER (IRRITATED)
Go back where?

LT. HODGSON (STUTTERS)
To T-terror Camp, sir. Th-there's
canned food and some coal and the
st-stoves there. And the b-boats
we left.

Crozier stares the young Lieutenant down again.

CROZIER
Don't be a *fool*. It's sixty five
miles away. It would be
October...solid winter...before you
reached it.

Sinclair steps forward.

SINCLAIR
We're much closer to terror than to
this...this *river* we are killing
ourselves to reach.

Crozier shakes his head.

CROZIER
That's not true, *Mr. Sinclair*.
Lieutenant Little and I estimate
that the inlet to the river is less
than *fifty* miles from here.

George Thompson assumes a defiant posture.

THOMPSON (SNEERS)
Inlet? My grand dad's withered
balls. The *mouth* of Back's River
is *fifty miles south* down the
inlet. More than a hundred miles
from here.

Crozier turns to the larger man, his eyes blazing with fury.

CROZIER (LOW, THREATENING)
Watch your tone, *Mr. Thompson*.
Whether it's forty miles, or fifty,
odds are good it will be open
water. Now go back to your duties
and forget this nonsense.

LT. HODGSON
We'll just take one boat.

There is a LOW MURMUR of agreement among the rest of the men.

JHON MORFIN (35), a stocky man with a scarred face, steps forward.

MORFIN (GRUFF)
We're sick of this man haulin'
shite!

Crozier ignores him.

CROZIER
Do you think the ice has broken up
there northwest of King William's
Land? Is that what you *fools*
think?

He laughs.

LT. HODGSON
We do--

CROZIER
You'd bet your very lives
that the ice has opened up
enough this summer that
Terror is afloat and just
waiting for you to row your
dinghies out to her? And
that leads have opened up the
entire way we came south?
Three hundred miles of open
water? In winter?

Crozier's laugh is hollow this time.

CROZIER (STILL LAUGHING) (CONT'D)
I'd...I'd almost like to go with
you at that. Just to see your
faces when that gamble pays off
with you finding Terror has been
broken up and sunk just like Erebus
was in March.

Crozier studies the men again.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
I don't see Mr. Reid here. With no
Ice Master, you'd have a pretty
time finding your way back to
Terror.

He chuckles again.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
Go back to your duties...now!

Cornelius Hickey steps forward.

HICKEY
No. Mr. Reid will come with us.
So will the others.

Crozier stares coldly at the Caulker's Mate.

CROZIER
Why will they?

Hickey tugs at Manson's sleeve. Both men advance toward Crozier slowly.

HICKEY
They won't have no choice, is why.

Crozier brings the pistol out as Hickey and Manson come nearer.

O.S., there is a SHOT, then:

SAILOR (SHOUTS, O.S.)
Open water! Not more than two
miles south!

Hickey and Manson halt. Hickey's eyes still bore into Crozier's, murderous and dark.

LT. LITTLE (SHOUTS, O.S.)
Leads big enough for the boats!
Going east for miles! Open water!

A LOUD CHEER GOES UP from the rest of the MEN.

Crozier and Hickey hold their cold stares a beat longer, then:

CROZIER (SNARLS)
Go back to your duties...now! And
I won't forget that you came to me
like a mob of mutineers, rather
than like officers and men of the
Royal Navy. Off with you, now!

Reuben Male looks as if he's going to be sick. Sinclair sits on a nearby boulder and WEEPS into his open hands. The rest slowly fade away. Hickey and Manson are the last to relent.

CROZIER (SHOUTS) (CONT'D)
 We start loading the boats and
 checking the masts and riggings in
 one hour!

Crozier turns and stares coldly at Hickey and Manson. After a few beats, both men turn and head for their duty stations. Crozier watches them, his face flushing with anger for a beat, then turns and disappears into his tent.

FADE OUT/IN:

EXT. - THE ICE - GOD'S P.O.V. - DAY

The men haul the boats and sledges as fast as possible over the ice.

The boats are grouped together, sledges going before and coming after.

SUPER: Somewhere in the Strait between King William Island and the Adelaide Peninsula

9 July, 1848

EXT. - THE ICE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

JAMES DALY (40), a starved, skinny scarecrow of a man, pulls lead harness on one of the whale boats.

They move slowly, every man hungry and exhausted.

The MAN (20'S) in harness next to Daly collapses.

DALY (SHOUTS)
 'Oy! Some help here!

Two MARINES (20'S) step in to pick up the unconscious man and lift him up and into the boat.

Reuben Male takes the man's place.

Daly takes several more steps, then CRASHES through the ICE and dropping into the near freezing water.

MR. MALE (SHOUTS)
 Shit! Let's get 'im up!

Several of the men grab the harness line and pull Daly from the water.

He is unconscious, but alive.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICE - WITH THE CREATURE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The creature scales a small hill of boulders, stopping at the crest to SNIFF and SNARL.

EXT. - THE ICE - GOD'S P.O.V. - DAY

The men's formation is changed. The whale boats are now spaced out along the entire formation.

The creature tracks them, two miles behind and on the left flank.

EXT. - THE ICE - WITH CROZIER - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Crozier is taking his turn at the harness.

O.S., in the DISTANCE:

LT, HODGSON (SHOUTS)
Open water!

Crozier seems near to weeping for a beat, then he shrugs off the harness and walks ahead toward Lt. Hodgson's party.

EXT. - OPEN WATER - CONTINUOUS - DAY

A crew of six, led by Lt. Little, rows slowly down the lead.

CROZIER (V.O.)
Make room in that whale boat for six men at oars. Lieutenant Little, you pick your crew, and take mr. Reid with you. You will proceed down the lead for two hours, if that is possible.

The men's expressions are almost relieved.

CROZIER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
At the end of two hours, if you get that far, turn around and row back with your recommendation as to whether it's worth the effort to launch the boats.

Harry Peglar is at the boat's tiller.

They enter a stretch of patchy fog over the water.

Small ice flows and chunks of ice bob in the water.

Soon the channel narrows. ICE SCRAPES at the boat's sides.

The oarsmen begin to pole the ice to keep the boat steady.

After a bit, the opening widens out sharply.

BEERY (40), a once stocky man, cries out:

BEERY (SHOUTS)

Time?

Lt. Little stands at the prow, straining to see through the fog.

LT. LITTLE

Not yet, men. We don't yet if this goes on.

BEERY

Oh, it goes on!

Lt. Little glances back at Beery briefly, then:

LT. LITTLE

I pray you're right, Alex.

BEERY

I feel it in me bones, Lieutenant.
Open water and fair breezes...

LT. LITTLE

Your bones aside, I want to spend
the sweat and effort to be certain.
Mr. Peglar, mark this spot.

The oarsmen halt the boat, its starboard side bobbing against the ice.

Peglar hops onto the ice and DRIVES in a tall TENT PIKE.

He boards the boat again, and they row into the fogbank.

The boat breaks through the fog, and into what seems to be open sea.

A CHEER GOES UP from the MEN. They begin to row forward with renewed vigor.

EXT. - THE PIKED ICE - DAY

The pike begins to VIBRATE a bit. O.S., the creature approaches, its PAWS and CLAWS THUNDERING and SCRAPING ACROSS the ICE. Its BREATH comes in SHARP SNORTS and SNARLS.

EXT. - THE LAKE - GOD' P.O.V. - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The boat has reached the far shore of what is merely a large lake in the ice.

EXT. - THE BOAT - DAY

Lt. Little frowns. Beery is near to weeping. The rest of the men are dejected.

BEERY (WAVERS)

We should set up camp here. See if we can across th-that...see how far...

Lt. Little debarks onto the ice and pulls out his telescope. He extends it and peers through.

TELESCOPE
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE ICE - DAY

There is nothing but ice beyond. No more open water.

Cut to:

EXT. THE BOAT - DAY

Lt. Little boards the boat, his expression dejected.

LT. LITTLE

Let's head back boys.

Peglar turns the boat about.

EXT. - THE MOUTH OF THE LEAD - DAY

The boat appears through the fog, Lt. Little at the prow.

MR. REID (LISTLESS)

I see the pike.

LT. LITTLE
 Yes. I see it now. Mr. Peglar, a
 little to port, please.

Peglar corrects course.

He stares toward the pike.

PEGLAR
 Something's wrong.

LT. LITTLE
 What do you mean?

PEGLAR
 See that serac there?

PEGLAR'S P.O.V.:

EXT. THE PIKED ICE - DAY

PEGLAR (V.O.)
 See that serac there?

There is a large ice boulder by the pike, shrouded in mist.

Cut to:

EXT. - THE BOAT - DAY

Lt. Little looks exasperated.

LT. LITTLE
 Yes. So?

Peglar's face goes paler.

They are almost to the lead mouth.

PEGLAR
 It wasn't there when we came out.

Lt. Little's face blanches.

LT. LITTLE (SHOUTS)
 Back oars! For the love of Christ!

EXT. - THE PIKED ICE - DAY

The shape on the ice moves and turns toward the boat. Black eyes and bared fangs appear from the mist. The creature HOWLS and attacks.

EXT. - TERROR CAMP - DAY

Charles DesVoeux walks toward Crozier's tent

INT. - CROZIER'S TENT - DAY

Crozier sleeps soundly on his cot, under a pile of covers.

DesVoeux enters and gently shakes Crozier awake.

DES VOEUX
Captain Crozier?

Crozier comes awake and sits up.

CROZIER
Has the Lieutenant returned?

DesVoeux shakes his head.

DES VOEUX
No, sir. It's been four hours.

Crozier considers a moment.

CROZIER
Give them two more hours, and pray
they've found open water.

DES VOEUX
I'll wake you then, Captain.

Crozier stands and stretches.

CROZIER
I believe I'll stay awake, Mr.
DesVoeux. Thank you.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - TERROR CAMP - GOD'S P.O.V. - DAY

The camp is being struck and loaded into the nine boats.

It has begun to snow.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE LEAD - GOD'S P.O.V. - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The boats row in a line deeper into the lead. The snow continues.

COOMBS (V.O.)

Little and the others must have got themselves lost.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - A BOAT - CONTINUOUS - DAY

COOMBS (40), a haggard seaman in the early stages of scurvy, rows next to CHARLES BEST (30). Best is tall, and also suffering the same as Coombs.

BEST

There ain't no way that Lieutenant Edward Little got himself lost. He may be stuck, but not lost.

SEAMAN (O.S.)

Stuck in what? This lead's open now. It was open yesterday.

SEAMAN #2 (O.S.)

I say they found it open all the way to Back's River and just set sail. Take my word for it, they're there now, eatin' salmon and 'avin' a laugh.

They row on.

EXT. - THE LEAD - GOD'S P.O.V. - DAY

The boats near the ice shore.

EXT. - THE LEAD - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Crozier stands at the prow of the lead boat, his eyes flinty and hard.

CROZIER'S
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE ICE SHORE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The pike is still in place.

O.S., SHOUTS GO UP from the MEN.

As they get closer, Crozier sees smears of frozen blood and gore on the ice banks of the lead.

Several of the men GASP. Most are struck to silence.

SEAMAN #3 (WHISPERS, O.S.)
Christ! The water's red!

A fogbank opens and the bow of Lt. Little's boat bobs in the water ahead.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - DAY

Crozier holds up a hand.

CROZIER (BARKS)
Oars up!

Flotsam and body parts float around Crozier's boat.

O.S., MEN MOAN and even WEEP, as they begin hauling in wreckage of men and the boat.

EXT. - CROZIER'S BOAT - DAY

Three SEAMEN (30'S, 40'S) haul in a torso with the stump of the right leg attached.

SEAMAN #4	SEAMAN #5
It's...it's 'arry Peglar! I	Harry Peglar didn't wear no
recognize the pea jacket!	green waistcoat!

SEAMAN #6
Sammy Crispe did!

CROZIER (BELLOWS)
SILENCE!

The men hush.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
Dr. Goodsir, be so good as to turn
out our unfortunate shipmate's
pockets.

Dr. Goodsir pulls out a red leather tobacco pouch.

SEAMAN #7 (O.S.)
It's poor Mr. Reid!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICE - GOD'S P.O.V. - DAY

The men are man hauling the five boats south over the icy ground.

EXT. - KING WILLIAM ISLAND - RIVER CAMP - NIGHT

Tents are pitched. There are only three men on watch.

John Bridgens walks into Dr. Goodsir's tent.

INT. - DR. GOODSIR'S TENT - NIGHT

The Doctor sits up as Bridgens enters.

DR. GOODSIR
Am I needed, John?

Bridgens shakes his head.

BRIDGENS
No. I just wanted to say goodbye.

DR. GOODSIR
Goodbye? What on earth? What do you mean?

Bridgens smiles slightly.

BRIDGENS
I have a strong desire to take a stroll. I may not be back by the time you leave tomorrow.

DR. GOODSIR
What kind of talk is this, Bridgens? A stroll? You are thirty years older than most of the surviving crew, but you're ten times healthier.

Bridgens shrugs.

BRIDGENS

Luck and heredity, sir, I fear. No thanks to any great wisdom I may have shown over the years.

DR. GOODSIR

But...why?

Bridgens gives that slight smile again.

BRIDGENS

I considered trodding the boards as a thespian in my youth. I learned one thing from that time. All the great actors make a good exit before their welcome's worn out or the scene's overplayed. It's just time.

Dr. Goodsir studies Bridgens a beat.

DR. GOODSIR

Do you really think we have no chance to reach help?

Bridgens considers this for a moment, then:

BRIDGENS

I truly do not know. If they launched a rescue party north toward us from the Great Slave Lake, there may be a chance. I do know that if anyone on our expedition could get us home, Captain Francis Rawdon Moira Crozier is that man. He's always been underrated by the Admiralty, in my opinion.

DR. GOODSIR

Tell him that yourself. At least tell him you're leaving. You owe him that.

BRIDGENS

We both know he'd never let me leave, Doctor.

Dr. Goodsir nods, then locks eyes with the older man.

DR. GOODSIR

You'd be doing me a favor if you'd stay. John. I value your advice.

BRIDGENS

Thank you Doctor. I've appreciated working with you, but it goes against my basically squeamish nature. I've always agreed with St. Augustine that the only real sin is human pain. Goodbye, Doctor.

Bridgens extends his right hand.

Dr. Goodsir shakes it.

DR. GOODSIR

Goodbye, John Bridgens.

EXT. - THE ICE - WITH BRIDGENS - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Bridgens walks steadily northeast out of the camp.

It has begun to snow heavily.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE CREST OF A RIDGE - NIGHT

The sun sets. John Bridgens sits against a small boulder, holding Harry Peglar's notebook. He dozes off as the snow thickens in the air. After a beat he awakens, tugs his collar up, then falls back asleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICE SHORE - GOD'S P.O.V. - DAY

Several parties of men reconnoiter the area. There are blood smears and gnawed remains strewn here and there around the site.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICE - GOD'S P.O.V. - DAY

The boats bob in small leads and cracks in the ice, tethered together by long lines. It is snowing fitfully.

The men have pitched camp on the stable ice.

SUPER: King William Land, Lat. Unknown, Long. Unknown

22 July, 1848

The snow stops.

INT. - THE BELLY OF HIS WHALEBOAT - DAY

Crozier, asleep, awakens to the O.S. SOUNDS of ICE CRACKING and BREAKING UP.

EXT. - THE WATER - GOD'S P.O.V. - DAY

The men are back aboard the five remaining boats, rowing toward the horizon.

CROZIER (V.O., SHOUTS)

Men! King William Land is King William *Island!* I'm certain that there's sea ahead all the way east and south to Back's River, and I'd bet my last quid there's no land connecting the two capes to the southwest and northeast!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE CAMP - DAY

Crozier stands before the assembled ambulatory survivors.

CROZIER

Since we're north of Adelaide Peninsula, we've completed the goal of the Sir John Franklin Expedition! *This is the North-West Passage!* By God, you've done it!

WEAK CHEERS and SOME COUGHING are the men's answers.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

Men of HMS Erebus and HMS Terror, today we must decide which way our paths shall carry us. You all remain, under Ship's Articles, under my command and will be so until you are released by me. Many of our friends and shipmates have gone to Christ, but seventy four of us have persevered.

(MORE)

CROZIER (CONT'D)

I am resolved in my heart that every man here of you at Rescue Camp should survive to see England, home, and your families again, and God shall be my witness that I have done my best to assure that this shall be the outcome of our efforts.

His gaze sweeps over them all.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

But today, I release you to decide your own path by which to reach that goal.

The men respond in LOW MURMURS.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

Dr. Goodsir will remain here with those too ill to travel, and we will continue on to Back's River.

He looks a few of the closest men to him in the eyes, one at a time, then:

CROZIER (CONT'D)

Are there any among you who still wish to attempt to find some other way to rescue?

Lt. Hodgson steps forward.

LT. HODGSON

Sir, some of us do, sir. Want to head back to Terror, that is, Captain Crozier.

Crozier stares at Lt. Hodgson for a few beats.

CROZIER

Do you think Terror is still there?

O.S., a THUNDEROUS ICE CRACK EXPLODES.

LT. HODGSON

Terror Camp will be, whether the ship is or not. There's food, and coal and boats there.

CROZIER

Aye, and we'd all welcome some of that food now.

(MORE)

CROZIER (CONT'D)

But, Lieutenant, that food is eighty or ninety miles and almost one hundred days away. You'd never make it before November. Total darkness.

Lt. Hodgson nods, but says nothing.

Hickey steps forward defiantly.

HICKEY

It won't take 'til November! We think the ice is open along the shore back the way we came. We'll sail and row that boat like fuckin' 'Gyptian slaves and be home in Terror Camp in a month. You ain't talkin' us out of it, Captain. We talked it over, and we're goin'!

Crozier stares at Hickey coldly for several beats, then turns to Lt. Hodgson.

CROZIER

How many are going with you, Lieutenant?

Lt. Hodgson blinks.

LT. HODGSON

Well...

HICKEY

Magnus is goin', and Mr. Aylemore...

A total of sixteen men step forward.

CROZIER

Is that it, then?

The men glance around at each other and nod.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

I'll give you the pinnace.

Hickey shakes his head and glares defiantly at Crozier.

HICKEY

Pinnace is all busted up and rigged for river work. We'll take a whale boat.

Crozier shoves his right hand in his coat pocket.

CROZIER
You'll get the pinnacle.

Hickey folds his arms and stands, legs-apart, in front of the sixteen.

HICKEY
We want George Chambers and Davey
Leys, too.

Crozier's face darkens in anger.

CROZIER
The hell you say. They can't even
care for themselves.

Hickey takes a step closer to Crozier.

HICKEY
George can haul, and we been takin'
care of Davey and intend to keep
doin' so.

Dr. Goodsir steps forward.

DR. GOODSIR
No! You never took care of Davey
Leys, and you don't want them as
fellow travelers. You want them as
food!

Lt. Hodgson blinks several times.

Hickey balls up his fists and gestures to Magnus Manson.
They both step even closer.

Crozier pulls his pistol and gestures to three MARINES.

They aim their muskets at Hickey and Manson.

CROZIER (GROWLS)
Stop...exactly...where...you...are.

Hickey sneers.

HICKEY
We got guns too.

Crozier grins wolfishly.

CROZIER

No. You do not. While you were at muster, First Mate Des Voeux rounded up all weapons. Here are your choices. Leave peaceably tomorrow, you'll get one shotgun and some cartridges. If you take one more step in this direction, you'll all get bird shot in your faces.

Hickey's rage overwhelms him. He points a finger at the men with Crozier.

HICKEY

You are all going to *die*. You're going to follow crozier and these other fools and you are going to *die*.

Hickey turns to Dr. Goodsir.

HICKEY (CONT'D)

Dr. Goodsir, we forgive you for what you said, you know, about why we want Davey and George. Come with us. You can't save these...*men*...here.

Hickey gestures toward the Sick Bay tent.

Dr. Goodsir removes his spectacles, cleans them on a bloody rag, then replaces them.

DR. GOODSIR

As grateful as I am, Mr. Hickey, for your boundless generosity in offering to, um, *save my life*, I assure you that you do not need me along to dissect the bodies of your shipmates in order to provide yourselves with fresh meat. Even an amateur can learn dissective anatomy quite quickly.

HICKEY

Why, I *never*--

Dr. Goodsir stares at Hickey pointedly.

DR. GOODSIR
The same to you, Caulker's Mate
Hickey.

The two stare coldly at each other. For a few beats, the only SOUND is the HOWL of the WIND and the CRACKS and GROANS of the ICE.

CROZIER
Is there anyone else who wants to
leave tomorrow?

Reuben Male, Robert Sinclair, and Samuel Honey step forward.

Crozier's brow furrows.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
You're going with Hickey and
Hodgson?

Mr. Male shakes his head.

<p>MR. MALE No. Sir. We won't be with them, but we want to try to walk back to Terror.</p>	<p>SINCLAIR No boat needed, sir. We intend to hike cross country, as it were.</p>
--	---

Mr. Honey glances at the other two, then:

MR. HONEY
I was a seaman before I was a
'smith, sir. We're all sailors.
If we can't die at sea, perhaps we
can die aboard our ship.

Crozier nods once.

CROZIER
Very well. We assemble at six
bells and start divvying up the
remaining rations. Every man gets
an equal share.

Crozier turns to Hickey and Hodgson's group.

CROZIER (CONT'D)
You *men*...will, under Mr. Des
Voeux's oversight, go ready your
pinnacle for your departure.
(MORE)

CROZIER (CONT'D)

You leave at dawn, and except for the dividing up of the goods, I don't want to see your fucking faces again.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - RESCUE CAMP - DAY

Crozier has assembled the remaining ambulatory men.

CROZIER

I've decided this morning that we shall stay here at Rescue Camp another week. Perhaps ten days, depending on the weather, in hopes that the ice breaks so that we may depart from here on the boats.

Dr. Goodsir looks puzzled.

DR. GOODSIR

Can so many of us fit in these few craft?

DES VOEUX

We have almost no food to haul. Remember that. We should leave the tents behind.

The men look at him, their expressions questioning.

DR. GOODSIR

And where will we shelter in a storm?

DES VOEUX

Under the boats on the ice, under the boat covers on water. It's warmer than them fucking tents, pardon my language, Captain.

CROZIER

You're excused.

He smiles slightly.

DR. GOODSIR

I am convinced that we can beat back scurvy with fresh food.

CROZIER

We hope that once out on the open water, amidst the floes, that seals and walruses will be available in plentitude. We may have to pin our hopes on catching fish. A real probability, according to George Back and our own Sir John Franklin.

Des Voeux grins.

DES VOEUX

Sir John also ate his shoes.

Des Voeux looks abashed, and the rest of the men are silent for a beat, then:

CROZIER

That's the real reason I brought along hundreds of pairs of boots.

Crozier looks serious.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

Not to keep the men's feet warm and dry. But just think of all that leather to eat during the penultimate portion of our trek south.

Dr. Goodsir blinks.

DR. GOODSIR

So...we'll have only one cask of water, but hundreds of Royal Navy boots to eat?

CROZIER

Yes.

Suddenly the men break into laughter. It is infectious.

After a few seconds:

CROZIER (CHUCKLES) (CONT'D)

Shhh...shhhh.

The laughter subsides.

DES VOEUX

We do have one thing to be thankful for, though.

CROZIER
What's that?

DES VOEUX
That thing on the ice seems to have
lost interest in us. We've not seen
hide nor hair for over a week.

Eight men reach out and knock wood on the nearest boat.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - RESCUE CAMP - GOD'S P.O.V. - DAY

The WIND HOWLS and ICE CRACKS and GROANS, O.S.

SUPER: Rescue Camp

17 August, 1848

A lone figure appears from behind a small ridge and runs
toward the camp's perimeter.

EXT. - RESCUE CAMP - DAY

ROBERT GOLDING (22), a scarecrow thin seaman, comes upon the
sentry, Robert Thomas.

MR. THOMAS
Golding, I thought you were with
Mr. Des Voeux's group out on the
ice.

The young man nods; he is agitated.

GOLDING
I was, Mr. Thomas! Mr. Des Voeux
sent me back with a message for the
Captain.

EXT. - CROZIER'S TENT - DAY

Crozier steps from his tent.

CROZIER
What in hell is all this commotion
about? Has something happened?

Golding trots up to Crozier, knuckles a salute, then:

GOLDING

Yes, sir. I mean, no, sir. I mean...sir, something *has* happened...out on the ice, sir.

CROZIER

Calm down, lad. Give me the message.

Golding takes a breath.

GOLDING

They're both dead, Captain!

CROZIER

Who's both dead, Golding?

GOLDING

Lady Silence and the thing, Captain! Mr. Des Voeux says to bring you and the doctor and no one else and for me not tell no one else, or he'll have me flogged when Mr. Johnson gets back!

Dr. Goodsir joins them.

CROZIER

Be so kind as to retrieve your medical kit, Doctor.

Dr. Goodsir hurries away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICE - NIGHT

Crozier, Dr. Goodsir, two MARINES, and young Golding stand looking around. The area is deserted.

CROZIER

Where are they? You had eight other men with you, Golding.

Golding looks confused.

GOLDING

I...don't...know. This is where he told me to bring you, sir.

The WIND CROONS through the ice ridges.

They begin walking.

EXT. - THE ICE - NIGHT

Crozier and the rest emerge from the ridges and seracs into a clearing on the ice.

Crozier stops and stares.

CROZIER'S
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE ICE - NIGHT

A lone figure stands with his back to Crozier and his party.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH CROZIER'S PARTY - NIGHT

Crozier nods to the two Marines.

CROZIER
You two go ahead. Keep your
shotguns on half cock. Dr.
Goodsir, Golding, you stay back
here with me.

The two Marines advance toward the figure.

EXT. - THE ICE BY A SERAC - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The two Marines pass the serac. Magnus Manson steps from behind the serac and SMACKS the Marines' HEADS together, flattening them.

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - NIGHT

Aylemore steps from behind a ridge nearby and HITS Crozier behind the ear with the BUTT of a SHOTGUN, knocking him to his knees.

Golding grabs Dr. Goodsir and lays a knife at the Doctor's throat.

GOLDING (WHISPERS)
Don't move, Doctor.

EXT. - THE ICE CLEARING - GOD'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

Manson drags the Marines' bodies over to the figure on the ice and drops them.

EXT. - THE ICE CLEARING - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Crozier, prodded by Aylemore's shotgun barrel, stumbles and falls on the ice by the two unconscious Marines.

Golding walks Dr. Goodsir up, still holding the knife to Goodsir's throat.

The figure turns to face them. It is Cornelius Hickey.

Crozier glares up at Hickey, his face contorted with rage.

CROZIER
Are...they...*alive*?

George Thompson, armed with one of the Marines' shotguns, steps forward and shoves the barrel into Crozier's ribs.

Hickey kneels by the Marines, pulls a knife from his coat, and slits their throats in two swift motions. Their blood appears black on the ice at night.

HICKEY
Not no more they ain't, Mr. High
and Mighty Crozier.

Crozier holds Hickey's stare.

CROZIER
Is that how you did for John
Irving?

HICKEY
Fuck you. Dickie, Crozier carries
a pistol in his right greatcoat
pocket. Bring it to me. If he
moves, George, blow his bloody
fuckin' head off.

Aylemore retrieves Crozier's pistol and hands it over to Hickey.

Crozier glares at the men.

CROZIER
Des Voeux and Johnson are going to
find you.

Hickey chuckles.

HICKEY

They already found us. Rather, we found *them*, as it were. You always called Johnson, what was it? Your *strong right arm*, was it?

Hickey reaches behind him and grabs a burlap sack, fishes around inside it, and brings out a naked right arm. He tosses it on the ice in front of Crozier.

HICKEY (CONT'D)

Here.

Crozier glares at the arm, then at Hickey.

CROZIER

You pathetic little...shit smear. You are...and always have been...*nothing*.

Hickey's face contorts with rage. He nods at Manson.

HICKEY (CHOKED)

Magnus...strangle this bastard. *Slowly*.

Manson nods and steps toward Crozier.

MANSON

Yes, Cornelius.

Dr. Goodsir struggles to rush forward, but Golding holds him fast.

Crozier does not move as Manson nears him.

As Manson reaches him, Crozier sags back against Thompson, then lunges forward and reaches into his left coat pocket for the spare pistol.

Crozier FIRES BOTH BARRELS into Manson. The SHOTS make a MUFFLED POP.

MANSON (CONT'D)

Ouch!

He raises his hands to his belly, a shocked look on his face.

Hickey rushes to Manson,

HICKEY (CRIES)

Magnus!

The giant turns to Hickey, still clutching his belly.

MANSON

I...I think the Captain *shot* me,
Cornelius.

Crozier, amid the confusion, turns and knees Thompson in the balls, dropping him.

CROZIER (SHOUTS)

Run, Doctor!

Crozier takes off, but Dr. Goodsir is held fast by Golding.

Hickey grabs a shotgun from Aylemore and FIRES, hitting Crozier in the back left shoulder and knocking him face first onto the ice.

Hickey hands the gun back, steps up and rips Manson's coat and inner layers open to expose his wounds.

HICKEY (SHOUTS)

Bring the fucking surgeon over
here!

Manson smiles sheepishly at Hickey.

MANSON

It don't hurt much, Cornelius.
Tickles, more like.

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - NIGHT

Crozier struggles to stand, his left shoulder smashed by the shotgun blast. He stumbles toward the nearest seracs, twenty yards away.

EXT. - WITH HICKEY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Hickey looks toward Crozier, pulls the Captain's captured pistol from his coat, cocks it, then starts to walk toward the wounded man.

HICKEY (SCREAMS)

Why don't you fucking *die*, you
bastard?!

He aims the pistol.

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - NIGHT

The FIRST SHOT hits Crozier, spinning him around the fall face down on the ice.

EXT. - WITH HICKEY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Hickey stops, aims, and FIRES THREE MORE SHOTS into Crozier, then turns and heads back to Manson and the others.

As he reaches them, Magnus looks up at him.

MANSON

Cornelius, honey, my stomach's
startin' to 'urt...

HICKEY

Give him something for the pain,
surgeon.

Dr. Goodsir removes some vials from his kit.

Hickey aims the pistol at Goodsir's head.

HICKEY (CONT'D)

If you even make Magnus sick to 'is
stomach, I'll shoot you in the
balls and keep you alive just long
enough to feed them to you.

Dr. Goodsir pays no heed to Hickey as he selects from among the medicines.

DR. GOODSIR

I understand.

He gives the giant two vials.

DR. GOODSIR (CONT'D)

Here, Manson.

Manson takes the first.

MANSON

Thank you, Doctor.

He slurps the liquid.

Thompson looks toward Crozier. His jaw drops as he points.

THOMPSON

Cornelius!

Hickey looks the way Thompson points.

HICKEY'S P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE ICE BY THE SERACS - NIGHT

Crozier is gone; he has left behind a few blood smears on the ice.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH HICKEY AND THE OTHERS - NIGHT

Hickey is enraged.

HICKEY

Oh, fuck me! This fucker's more trouble than he's worth...Dickie, have you reloaded?

Hickey reloads the pistol.

AYLEMORE

Aye.

He holds the shotgun up.

HICKEY

Thompson, pick up that extra shotgun and stay here. If the good Doctor makes any moves, even farts, blow his private parts off.

Thompson nods, Golding cackles.

Hickey, Aylemore, and Golding set off across the flat ice toward the serac forest.

EXT. - A CLEARING IN THE SERACS - NIGHT

Hickey, Aylemore, and Golding stand on the shore of a small *polynya*, a lake in the ice.

Crozier's greatcoat floats in the water near the shore.

HICKEY

It's only the fuckin' coat.

Aylemore shrugs.

AYLEMORE

So he's dead down there. Can we get out of here before Des Voeux or someone comes to the sound of all this shooting? It's two days back, and we still got butcherin' to do.

Hickey shoots a look at Aylemore.

HICKEY

Ain't no one goin' anywhere just yet, Dickie. The old bastard might still be alive.

Aylemore stares at Hickey, incredulous.

AYLEMORE

All shot up like that? Without his coat?

HICKEY

We're going to make *sure* Francis-Bloody-Arsehole-Crozier is well and truly fuckin' *dead*. We'll wait for the body to float up.

AYLEMORE

What for? You going to shoot his dead body?

Hickey nods and grins, his eyes burning.

HICKEY

That's *precisely* what I'm going to do, Dickie.

He turns to Golding.

HICKEY (CONT'D)

Go bring Magnus and Thompson and the surgeon here. Watch over 'em. And cut Lane and Goddard into small enough to haul easylike bits.

Golding pales.

GOLDING

Me? I thought that's why we grabbed Goodsir.

After a beat, the young man turns and heads off.

Aylemore turns and looks at the blood smeared on the ice.

AYLEMORE

Crozier must've left half his blood on the ice between where you shot him and here, Cornelius. If he didn't go into the water, there's nowhere for him to hide. And without that coat? He's as dead as Julius Caesar. You don't really think he's...still alive, do you?

Hickey shakes his head.

HICKEY

No, I think he's drowned and dead and down there. But I want to make *sure*.

DISSOLVE TO
MONTAGE:

EXT. - THE SERAC FOREST - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Hickey and Aylemore pick their way through the seracs in the bright moonlight. No trace of Crozier at all.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - WITH GOLDING AND THE OTHERS - NIGHT

Golding slices a piece off the thigh one of the Marines. He stops after a bit and twist at the waist to vomit onto the ice.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - WITH HICKEY AND AYLEMORE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The two mutineers still search. They emerge from the seracs and find another, even smaller polynya. No sign of the Captain.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - WITH GOLDING AND THE OTHERS - NIGHT

Hickey and Aylemore appear from the seracs. The hacked up skeletons of the two Marines are piled in a jumble on red stained ice.

The men are each taking a sack of dripping meat. Hickey hands one to Dr. Goodsir. He shakes his head and refuses.

Manson steps forward and delivers a CRUSHING BLOW to the Doctor's ribs, dropping him to his knees

HICKEY

Time to go, Surgeon.

He proffers the bag of meat again.

Goodsir hesitates.

Manson CUFFS him in the back of the head, knocking him all the way down.

HICKEY (GROWLS) (CONT'D)

Take it, fucker!

Dr. Goodsir starts to demur again, but when Manson raises his massive fist again, the Doctor relents and takes the bag.

Dr. Goodsir struggles to stand.

DR. GOODSIR

Mr. Des Voeux and the others will find you, you know.

HICKEY

No, they won't. And if they find this...

He gestures to the skeletons.

HICKEY (CONT'D)

...They'll put it down to the devil on the ice. They'll never even know we was here. Let's go. We're done here.

EXT. - SOMEWHERE ON THE ICE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Crozier crawls along on all fours. His bleeding has almost stopped, but soon, he gives up and flops onto his back on the ice and stares at the sky.

CROZIER'S

P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE ARCTIC SKY - NIGHT

The stars glint like jewels in the inky black of the long night. A shooting star streaks across Crozier's field of vision.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - NIGHT

A tear freezes on Crozier's cheek.

CROZIER (TO HIMSELF)
Such a wonder....

His eyelids flutter closed.

They open again, and he gasps.

CROZIER'S
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE ARCTIC SKY - NIGHT

Lady Silence's face looms into view as his eyelids close again.

EXT. - RESCUE CAMP - GOD'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

Des Voeux's party approaches the camp, near the perimeter. They are hauling eight dead seals.

EXT. - WITH DES VOEUX'S PARTY - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The men raise their fists and CHEER as they enter camp. The CHEER DIES as they meet the men at the camp.

Mates Couch and Thomas emerge from a tent and walk slowly to meet Des Voeux. Their faces look haunted.

Des Voeux looks at them for a beat.

DES VOEUX
Did someone die?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - THE SICK BAY TENT - NIGHT

The five remaining officers are crowded into the oversize tent.

Des Voeux lights his pipe. After a few puffs, he turns to Mr. Couch.

DES VOEUX
Are you *positive* it wasn't the
thing on the ice?

Couch shakes his head.

COUCH	ROBERT THOMAS
We thought that at first. I	--Had knife marks on 'em.
mean, the sheer savagery of	Lane and Goddard were
it. But then we...we found--	butchered by a human being.

Des Voeux's face darkens with anger.

DES VOEUX (CONT'D)
Hickey.

The other four nod.

DES VOEUX (CONT'D)
We have to go after them.

For a few beats, no one speaks, then:

ROBERT THOMAS
Why?

Des Voeux blinks.

DES VOEUX
To bring them to justice. That's
why.

Couch shakes his head.

COUCH
They have three shotguns now. And
the Captain's pistols as well.

Des Voeux stares at each man in turn.

DES VOEUX	THOMAS FARR
And we have more men, more	Aye. And how many of us will
guns, more powder, shot and	those fucking cannibals kill
cartridges...	before we get them?

Des Voeux stares at the other four.

DES VOEUX

I...I can't believe this. Are we just going to abandon the Captain and the Doctor to the whims of Cornelius Hickey?

MR. ANDREWS

The Captain's dead. Hickey would have seen to that straightaway.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - SILENCE'S IGLOO - NIGHT

Crozier lies on his stomach, drifting in and out of consciousness as Lady Silence digs shot out of his back. He MOANS and GASPS, delirious with pain and fever.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - THE SICK BAY TENT - NIGHT

The meeting continues.

DES VOEUX

Logic dictates that Hickey would keep the Doctor alive. He is probably the reason they came back.

Robert Thomas shakes his head.

ROBERT THOMAS

We don't need the Doctor any longer.

Des Voeux turns and stares at Thomas.

DES VOEUX

What do you mean?

ROBERT THOMAS

He only took his portable medical kit with him. We have all his potions and medicines.

DES VOEUX

None of us can perform *actual surgery*, though.

Couch grins ruefully.

COUCH

Lad, do you really think that anyone who needs actual surgery from this point on in our travels is likely to survive? Even with Dr. Goodsir in attendance?

Des Voeux stands and begins to pace.

MR. ANDREWS

And what if Hickey and his murderers haven't actually gone anywhere? What if they're out there, just beyond the next ridge, waiting for us? He sees us all as just so much livestock. I'm saying we leave, and leave *today*. Immediately.

Mr. Couch shakes his head.

COUCH

We're all tired...demoralized. I say we eat every one of those seals you brought in. We should leave tomorrow morning, as well rested and well fed as possible.

Des Voeux stops pacing and looks at each man in turn.

DES VOEUX

There's one final thing we must decide. What about the sick men? Hartnell tells me that there are six who can't walk.

He again searches each man's face for any unspoken answers.

COUCH

If we do take Jopson and the other dying men, what are we taking 'em *as*?

Des Voeux locks eyes with Mr. Couch.

DES VOEUX

If we leave them *here*, and Hickey returns, as some of us believe he will, they'll sure as hell be food.

Couch doesn't flinch.

COUCH

That ain't what I'm askin', Mr. Des
Voeux.

Des Voeux looks deflated by the exchange.

DES VOEUX

I know.

He furrows his brow in thought for a few beats.

DES VOEUX (CONT'D)

All right. Here is my first
decision as the new Commander of
the Franklin Expedition: When we
drag the boats to the ice in the
morning, any man who can walk to
the boats and get into harness, or
even into one of the boats, comes
with us. Anyone dies on the way,
I'll decide whether to haul the
body farther.

There are a few nods. None of the officers will meet Des
Voeux's gaze now.

DES VOEUX (CONT'D)

All right. Go tell your men about
the feast. We're done here.

EXT. - RESCUE CAMP - GOD'S P.O.V. - DAY

The able bodied men haul the boats across the ice, out of the
camp.

SUPER: Rescue Camp

20 August, 1848

INT. - SICK BAY TENT - DAY

Thomas Jopson lies on a cot, delirious. He struggles to prop
himself up. He stares out toward the ice.

JOPSON'S P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE ICE - DAY

The boats are receding into the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. - WITH JOPSON - DAY

The old man moves his trembling lips to speak.

JOPSON (CROAKS)

W--wait!

He sinks back onto his cot, his head lolling back and forth.

JOPSON (WAILS LOUDLY) (CONT'D)

WAIT!

EXT. - THE ICE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The men haul the boats toward the open water.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - OPEN WATER - CONTINUOUS - DAY

The pinnacle, under Hickey's command is rowed slowly along the near shoreline.

EXT. - THE PINNACE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Hickey lounges in the stern, Manson by his side. His eyes glint with madness. His gaze turns to Lt. Hodgson.

Hodgson stands at the prow, wavering and weak kneed, watching ahead.

SUPER: On the SW Cape of King William Island

20 August, 1848

HICKEY

I thought you said you knew how to navigate, Mr. Hodgson.

Lt. Hodgson continues to stare ahead.

LT. HODGSON

Well, if the truth be told, without a sextant, I'm not much for open sea reckoning.

Hickey stands slowly and reaches into his coat pocket.

HICKEY

Is that so, Mr. Hodgson?

He walks slowly toward the bow of the boat.

Hickey steps right up behind the Lieutenant, pulls Crozier's pistol from his coat and SHOOTs Hodgson ONCE behind his right ear.

Hickey stares hard at the fallen man for a few seconds, then turns and nods to Dr. Goodsir.

Dr. Goodsir stares defiantly at Hickey for a beat, then shakes his head.

Hickey nods once to Magnus. The giant walks up and knees the Doctor in the crotch, then BACKHANDS him, knocking him down.

HICKEY (CONT'D)

Cut two of his fucking toes off,
Magnus! No, wait! Three! Take
three!

Manson yanks the Doctor's left boot and sodden sock off, then pulls a ship's knife and bends to his task.

Dr. Goodsir SCREAMS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE WATER - GOD'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

The ice has closed the open lead.

Hickey and his remaining twelve men haul the pinnace onto the ice.

Hodgson, Aylemore, and Thompson are gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Hickey and Manson sit in the pinnace, being hauled by now ten remaining men.

SUPER: Somewhere on King William Island

8 September, 1848

Magnus clutches his stomach and looks mournfully at Hickey.

MANSON (MOANS)

Cornelius, honey, it really, really
hurts!

Cornelius Hickey stands up.

HICKEY
Dr. Goodsir!

The Doctor limps slowly up to the pinnace and struggles to keep pace with it.

HICKEY (CONT'D)
Tend to Magnus. He's in pain.

Dr. Goodsir shrugs.

DR. GOODSIR
I've done all I can for him. There is no evidence of infection.

HICKEY (SNAPS)
Then *why the pain?*

DR. GOODSIR
It's...it's like a deep muscle bruise. It may continue to hurt for weeks, but it's not life threatening.

Hickey strokes Manson's head absently as he talks to the Doctor.

HICKEY
Can you at least remove the balls?

Manson frowns.

MANSON (WHINES)
Cornelius, I don't want my balls removed!

Hickey grins down at Manson.

HICKEY
I mean the *bullets*, darling. The little bullets that are in your belly.

Dr. Goodsir shakes his head.

DR. GOODSIR
It would be better if I did not try. At least, not out here on the ice. It would be better to wait to do so when we are back at the ship, so he can recover properly, in bed.

Magnus' eyes plead with Hickey.

MANSON

I don't want my tummy to hurt,
Cornelius.

Hickey strokes the giant's face.

HICKEY

No, no, course you don't, love.
Give him some morphia, Doctor.

Dr. Goodsir nods, fishes in his bag, takes out a vial of morphia and a spoon, and doses the big man.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE PINNACE'S BOW - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Magnus sits up, grinning peacefully as the morphia's effects soothe his pain.

INT. - DR. GOODSIR'S TENT - NIGHT

Dr. Goodsir sits on the tent floor, his medical kit open in front of him. He has pinned a hand written note to his chest. It reads: EAT THESE MORTAL REMAINS OF DR. HARRY S. GOODSIR IF YOU WISH. THE POISON WITHIN THE BONES AND FLESH WILL KILL YOU ALSO

The Doctor mixes strychnine, laudanum, and morphia in a glass. He holds the glass up, staring at it for a beat, then gulps it down and leans against the tent wall, grinning slightly.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - SILENCE'S IGLOO - NIGHT

Crozier lies on furs, delirious, gasping and twitching, but still very much alive.

Lady Silence watches him by oil light, her expression neutral.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - THE PINNACE - NIGHT

Cornelius Hickey sits beside the body of Magnus Manson. A gout of frozen blood spills over the dead man's beard and onto his chest. His eyes have been removed.

Snow and ice from a fierce storm blanket them.

Cornelius Hickey is nearly frozen, but still alive.

SUPER: On the SW Cape of King William Island

18 October, 1848

Hickey is the last one left. He stares mournfully at Manson.

HICKEY

Won't be long now, Magnus, love.
And...and I'm sorry 'bout your
eyes, love, but you know how I hate
being stared at.

O.S., the CREATURE APPROACHES, its FOOTFALLS and SNARLS BARELY AUDIBLE above the HOWLING WIND.

Hickey can barely turn his head toward the NEARING SOUNDS.

EXT. - THE PINNACE ON THE ICE - GOD'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

The creature circles the pinnacle, mist shrouding its massive body, its breath adding to the mist.

INT. - THE PINNACE - NIGHT

Hickey looks up and begins to weep soundlessly. The tears freeze on his cheeks almost immediately.

The creature leans into the pinnacle and SNIFFS at Manson's body for a few seconds, its breath showering Hickey with ice crystals, then it opens its maw and bites the giant's head off with a LOUD SNAP.

Hickey ceases weeping and smiles up at the huge beast.

O.S., the CRUNCH is LOUD as the thing eats the head.

The creature straightens up, leans back into the boat, clamps its jaws on Manson's frozen body, and lifts it out to toss it onto the ice.

After a few beats, the thing stands, towering over Hickey, then leans down and BREATHES in Hickey's face, its black eyes inches from his.

It SNIFFS him, several times, then HUFFS and SNORTS, as it shrinks back and shakes its massive head; almost as if his scent befouled its nose.

HICKEY

Oh....

Hickey's eyes glaze over as he exhales his last breath.

EXT. - THE PINNACE - GOD'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

The creature drags Manson's body off into the seracs. The WIND HOWLS as the snow thickens.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - LADY SILENCE'S SEALSKIN TENT - NIGHT

Crozier lies on his back.

Lady Silence holds a knife over the flame of a blubber lamp made from an old food tin. She is nude from the waist up. After a few beats, she leans over and begins to cut more pellets from his chest and abdomen.

Crozier MOANS and GASPS as he drifts in and out of consciousness.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - SILENCE'S TENT - NIGHT

Silence cradles Crozier's head in one hand and spoons broth from an ivory bowl into his mouth with the other. Soon, she sets the broth aside and takes a piece of seal meat, slices a piece off, pops it into her mouth and chews it. Silence then presses the piece of chewed meat between Crozier's lips. He spits it out, weakly.

She presses it into his mouth again. This time, he chews and swallows.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - THE TENT - NIGHT

Crozier awakes, covered by furs. Silence lies asleep beside him. Crozier raises himself up on his elbows and looks around for a few seconds, then down at his chest and stomach. He is covered in more than twenty small wounds, and two rather large ones. Crozier frowns, then slips back down and passes out again.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - THE TENT - NIGHT

Crozier is half sitting, propped up by rolled-up furs. His wounds are healing nicely.

O.S., the ICE GROANS and CRACKS.

Lady Silence kneels in front of him, her hands a foot apart, patterning a long loop of gut string between her splayed fingers and thumbs.

She keeps repeating the same two patterns. The first comprises three bands of the string that creates two triangles high, up by her thumbs; a double loop of string in the lower center creates a peaked dome.

The second pattern is more complex. It depicts a cartoonish figure with four oval legs and a string loop head.

Crozier shakes his head slowly.

She stares at him for a long moment, then collapses the string and places it into the ivory bowl. Silence crawls out of the tent.

The ICE GROANS and CRACKS, O.S.

Crozier immediately falls asleep again.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - THE TENT - NIGHT

Silence is back. A blubber lamp is lit. She shakes Crozier awake.

A fresh slab of seal meat lies near her, in the snowy niche in the floor that serves as a food storage compartment.

She pulls the string out and begins to weave more patterns.

This time, she reverses the patterns. The animal design first, then the triangles and peaked dome.

Crozier shakes his head.

Silence stares at him for a few beats, then sets the string aside, picks up the knife, and begins to carve the seal meat.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - THE TENT - NIGHT

Crozier sits up on his own now. Lady Silence sits across from him, cooking seal meat on a makeshift blubber stove.

CROZIER

I have to go find my men. You have to help me find my men.

She stares at him, but makes no move or gesture.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

I need you to help me find my men.
Please.

Silence's expression betrays nothing.

Crozier sighs, his expression exasperated.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - THE TENT - NIGHT

Crozier awakes. Silence kneels over him, playing the string game again.

Her fingers dance. Two vertical looped shapes appear, with two legs instead of four flippers. She pulls her hands farther apart, and the designs seem to move as she does. Silence then undoes the design, then makes the peaked dome again; this time, however, the dome is smaller and lower.

Crozier shakes his head in frustration.

CROZIER

I don't understand.
This...*game*...doesn't make any God-damned sense.

Silence stares at him for a few beats, then tosses the string aside and begins to tug Crozier out of his blankets.

She sits him up and begins dressing him in a fur undercoat and parka. He does not resist, but neither does he help.

She flips the blankets down and begins to tug fur trousers on him. This time, he helps, embarrassed at his nakedness.

After she tugs his boots on, he sinks back down on his side and pants with the effort.

CROZIER (CONT'D)

Are you taking me back to my people
now?

Silence hands him a pair of fur mittens and mimes donning them. As he does, she flips the hood of the parka over his head, leans down, grips the bearskin rug he lays on, and pulls it out of the tent.

EXT. - THE ICE - NIGHT

Silence pulls Crozier from the tent and props him up on a pile of furs. She then begins to dismantle the tent in a few accomplished moves. Silence takes her knife and cuts the tent in two, then hauls the two halves of the tent to a small polynya near the tent and drags them through the water.

Silence lays them out on the ice and begins manipulating the two halves before they can freeze.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICE - NIGHT

Lady Silence has fashioned a sledge out of the tent, complete with a gut string hauling harness.

Crozier is packed onto the sledge under layers of furs. He is clearly impressed.

CROZIER (RASPS)

My men. I need to get back to my
men. They're looking for me. Lady
Silence, *please*, for God's sake,
please take me back to Rescue Camp.

She shrugs into the harness and begins to haul the sledge, not looking back at him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICE - NIGHT

Silence lies on her stomach by a small hole in the ice. She wields a harpoon with a long gut string attached to the butt end.

Crozier kneels on the ice beside her.

Silence listens patiently for a few beats, then she thrusts the harpoon into the hole and spears a seal.

Crozier leans in to help as she pulls the line in. As the dead seal's head appears at the hole, Silence hacks at the opening to widen it.

They pull the seal onto the ice and bot fall back, exhausted.

INT. - THEIR IGLOO - NIGHT

Crozier and Silence eat cooked seal, their faces and hands slicked with grease.

Crozier points to the grease smears on his face, then to the smears on her face and laughs.

Silence does not laugh, but a slow warm smile spreads across her face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - THE IGLOO - NIGHT

Crozier awakes with a start.

Silence's hands move under the blankets to stroke his penis.

Crozier starts to protest, but before he can, she rolls over and straddles him. She begins to move rhythmically as he responds by trying to kiss her. She turns her face to one side, but keeps riding him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - THE IGLOO - NIGHT

Silence weaves the string message between her fingers again.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICE - GOD'S P.O.V. - NIGHT

Crozier and Silence sledge away from the igloo.

EXT. - THE ICE, WITH SILENCE AND CROZIER - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

They sledge along, Crozier pulling alongside her. Silence's belly bulges under her furs. She is pregnant.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - THE SEALSKIN TENT - NIGHT

Crozier lies on his side, his head propped on his elbow, as Silence weaves the string into a pattern that resembles the thing on the ice.

She then weaves another pattern new to Crozier. It is of a creature, and next to it, the smaller figure of a man. Silence stretches her hands apart, and the creature seems to lean over and kiss the smaller figure.

Crozier's eyes widen, but he says nothing. After a beat, as she continues to repeat the patterns. He slowly nods.

EXT. - THE ICE, WITH SILENCE AND CROZIER - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

The two haul their sledge in silence.

After a while, they halt. Both shrug off their harnesses.

Silence turns to Crozier, slips her mittens off, then his. She holds both his hands in hers and gazes into his eyes for a few beats, then moves her gaze first to the east, then to the south, then back to him.

He looks east and south, then back at her.

CROZIER

Yes.

A slight smile tugs at the corners of her mouth as she dons her mittens and begins to unpack the sledge. He tugs his on and begins to assist her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICE - NIGHT

Crozier practices throwing the harpoon. He is quite proficient at it. He aims and throws the long harpoon, burying it ten inches or more in the ice ridge he uses as a target.

The aurora is almost violent in its display overhead, and the ICE CRACKS and THUNDERS, O.S.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - THE TENT - NIGHT

Silence is already awake and dressed.

Crozier tosses and turns.

FX DISSOLVE TO:

INT. - A CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

The chapel seems eerie and dark, even in the daylight filtering through the stained glass windows.

The chapel is deserted except for young Francis.

The WIND HOWLS and THUNDER RUMBLES, O.S. The sky outside darkens and lightning flashes.

The priest, robed in white and shrouded in mist towers over young Francis. The boy stares up at the priest, his eyes wide.

Francis sticks out his tongue to receive the wafer.

The creature lunges at the boy's face.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. - MEMO MOIRA'S PARLOR - DAY

Francis stands before his grandmother MOIRA (60). The old woman sits in a chair. She watches Francis closely for a beat, then smiles lovingly at him.

MEMO MOIRA

Francis, you're very special.

The boy looks puzzled.

FRANCIS
I am, Memo Moira?

She caresses his cheek.

MEMO MOIRA
Not just because you're my best
boy...you've got Second Sight,
Francis.

FRANCIS
I want to become a priest when I
grow up, Memo.

Moira flashes a smile, but then frowns.

MEMO MOIRA
Being a priest is as common and
useless as being an Irish drunkard.
Use your gift instead, young
Francis. Use the Second Sight that
has been in my family for a score
of generations. It will help you
go places and see things no person
on this sad earth has ever seen.

Francis pats her hand, but looks dubious.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. - THE CHURCH - NIGHT

Young Francis still kneels at the rail.

The creature clasps the boy's face gently in its jaws.

CUT TO:

INT. - THE SEALSKIN TENT - NIGHT

Crozier's eyes pop open as he gasps for breath, like a man
suffocating.

Silence scrutinizes him, her expression knowing and
empathetic.

EXT. - THE ICE - NIGHT

Silence and Crozier stand watching the brilliant flashes of
the aurora.

The ICE CRACKS and THUNDERS CONTINUOUSLY, O.S.

They begin walking out farther on the ice.

EXT. - WITH CROZIER AND SILENCE - NIGHT

Crozier kneels on the ice and opens his mouth.

Silence, standing before him, leans over and places her mouth on his and begins to force an EERIE TUNE using her breath and his VOCAL CORDS.

She REPEATS the TUNE ONCE, then drops to her knees, exhausted.

The NOISE from the ICE has STOPPED.

Crozier stands and strips naked. He begins walking toward a newly opened lead a few hundred feet away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE POND - GOD'S P.O.V. - DAY

Crozier emerges from the pond, naked, and walks toward Sophia Cracroft.

She lies naked, on her side, on the blanket.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Crozier smiles as he walks slowly toward Sophia.

CROZIER'S
P.O.V.:

EXT. - WITH SOPHIA - DAY

Sophia watches Crozier approach. Her expression is languid and filled with lust.

CUT TO:

EXT. - WITH CROZIER - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Crozier reaches Sophia and kneels on the blanket, admiring her lovely body.

The ICE THUNDERS and CRACKS, O.S.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE MOUTH OF THE LEAD - NIGHT

Crozier drops to his knees, opens his arms, then opens his mouth and extends his tongue.

The ICE CRACKS EXPLOSIVELY.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE POND - DAY

Crozier gather Sophia into his arms.

The O.S. THUNDERING CONTINUES.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE LEAD - NIGHT

The creature emerges from the lead, dripping water onto the ice as it approaches him. The mist begins to swirl up around its massive body.

Crozier does not make a move.

The creature clambers up to him and squats on its haunches, towering over him.

The creature leans in toward Crozier, its hot breath HUFFING in his face.

CROZIER'S
P.O.V.:

EXT. - WITH THE CREATURE - NIGHT

The black predator's eyes bore into his as the gleaming ivory fangs drip saliva.

CUT TO:

EXT. - THE ICE BY THE LEAD - NIGHT

Crozier is shakes in anticipation as the creature leans in and opens its jaws even wider.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICE - GOD'S P.O.V. - DAY

Crozier, Silence, their two CHILDREN (2; INFANT), and ASIAJUK (50'S) are dragging a large skin canoe toward an open lead. Asiajuk is a weathered Inuit.

EXT. - OPEN WATER - GOD'S P.O.V. - DAY

They row across the wide open lead.

EXT. - RESCUE CAMP - DAY

Crozier and Silence stand looking at the looted, deserted camp. The cairns have been plundered by other native parties.

EXT. - THE ICE - GOD'S P.O.V. - DAY

The five are sledging across open ice. The sled dogs pull relentlessly.

EXT. - A CLIFF - DAY

Crozier stands atop the cliff, looking below.

CROZIER'S
P.O.V.:

EXT. - THE ICE - DAY

The Terror is still there, frozen hard and partially crushed in the pack ice.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. - THE ICE BY TERROR - DAY

The party approaches. Asiajuk hangs back to mind the children.

Silence halts and places a hand on Crozier's arm.

He looks at her; she holds his gaze for a few beats, then he turns and walks toward the ship. After a beat, she follows him.

INT. - CROZIER'S CABIN - DAY

Crozier steps into his cabin. Silence stands outside.

Crozier frowns as he enters. The freeze dried mummy that was once Reuben Male lies in Crozier's old bunk. He retrieves his theodolite and ship's log, then looks once more at the late Mr. Male.

EXT. - THE DECK OF TERROR - DAY

Crozier uses the theodolite to chart the ship's location one final time. He jots the figures down in the salt stained logbook, then goes back below.

INT. - THE LOWER DECK OF TERROR - DAY

Crozier backs up the deck, sloshing lamp oil everywhere from a large can.

INT. - THE MAIN DECK OF TERROR - DAY

Crozier spreads more oil.

INT. - THE ORLOP DECK - DAY

Crozier finally empties the can by the steps to the upper deck. He tosses the can aside and climbs the ladder.

EXT. - THE DECK OF THE TERROR - DAY

Crozier strikes a Lucifer match, waits as it catches, then tosses it through the hatch below.

EXT. - THE ICE - GOD'S P.O.V. - DAY

Crozier, Silence, and the rest head quickly away from the bright fire of Terror burning. As they crest a ridge, the SHIP EXPLODES behind them.

EXT. - THE ICE WITH CROZIER AND THE OTHERS - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Crozier and Silence clasp hands as they ride on the sledge.

An EXPLOSION BOOMS, O.S.

Crozier looks at peace as he watches Silence and their children.

FADE OUT.

(CONT'D)

