

OUT OF HUMANITY'S REACH

(based on a true story)  
by  
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FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT - ON THE "NANINA"

The "Nanina," an early 19th-century 132-ton brigantine, plies her way through the rough sea. We see two halves of the skeletal framework of a shallop lashed to the deck.

EXT. "NANINA" - DAY - PASSING ISLAND

SUPER: "THE UNCHARTED FALKLAND ISLANDS, 1812"

A calm sea. The island shore is black with BELLOWING HAIR SEALS. The ELEVEN-MAN CREW, dressed in maritime clothing of the period, peer off with expectation.

EXT. NEW ISLAND HARBOR - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The "Nanina" passes between two low rocky points, enters a natural harbor. The landscape is treeless with rock-studded grass hills and tussock bogs. A stream of water empties into the harbor in the b.g.

SUPER: "BASED ON A TRUE STORY"

EXT. NEW ISLAND HARBOR - DAY - ON THE "NANINA"

as she rests at anchor in the middle of the harbor. The crew lowers half of the shallop framing from the ship's davits onto a log raft, which is tethered to the ship's longboat.

CAPTAIN CHARLES BARNARD (mid-30s) directs its descent from the stern of the longboat. He's a man of confidence and easy manner; a New England Quaker; master of his trade.

BARNARD

Hook the bow, Matthews...Stay taut  
on the lines up there.

MATTHEWS (46) stands in the bow of the longboat and hooks the framework with a boat hook and guides it onto the raft.

EXT. NEW ISLAND SHORE - DAY

The shallop is whole now and clad in wood planks. Second Mate JACOB GREEN (30s), a free black man, joins a stave in place. CREW nail, caulk and pay, etc.

A fire blazes under a black tar-kettle suspended from a tripod on the beach. A CREWMAN carries a bucket of trailing steam over to the boat.

He passes Barnard's dog, CENT, a sleek 60-pound American Staffordshire terrier. We follow the dog as he sniffs the sand and drifts towards Barnard who is measuring a length of wood with FANNING (58), the First Mate.

FANNING

I'm looking forward to hanging up my sealing club after this voyage.

(rotates arm)

My bones are telling me to.

Barnard sees the plank Fanning is holding down.

BARNARD

If the weather holds out, you may be hanging them up sooner than you think.

EXT. NEW ISLAND SHORE - DAY - ON THE FINISHED SHALLOP

The shallop has a closed deck with a small cabin, and a hold hatch-cover amidships.

Crewmen hammer away the keel bracings. The shallop slips down the rolling logs into the water, then bobs freely at the end of a painter held by Jacob Green on shore. The men CHEER.

EXT. SHALLOP - DAY - APPROACHING ISLAND

The crew lounges on the deck sharpening lance blades and knives, looking off in an anticipatory mood. Jacob checks the heft of the metal band on the tip of his seal club.

Barnard mans the tiller aft. He absently massages Cent's neck as they both peer at SEALS on the shore in the b.g.

LATER - SAME DAY

The men are engaged cutting the skins and blubber from dead seals that now litter the beach. Hundreds of surviving seals wait curiously in the water.

EXT. SHALLOP - DAY - APPROACHING NEW ISLAND HARBOR

Jacob mans the tiller; Barnard sits beside him. As the mouth of the harbor opens up in the b.g., they are surprised to behold a WHALING SHIP anchored alongside the "Nanina."

Barnard puts a spyglass to his eye.

JACOB

Know'er, Captain?

BARNARD

It's the "Hope" out of New York. I know her Captain. I wonder what news she brings?

He lowers the spyglass and stares off with a little concern.

EXT. THE "HOPE" - DAY

Ship's davits lift water barrels in a cargo net from the longboat onto the ship. The shallop glides up next to the ship. Fanning flings a line up to a waiting SEAMAN on deck. Barnard shouts up to the DECK OFFICER.

BARNARD

Permission to come aboard.

DECK OFFICER

Been expecting you, Captain.

A rope ladder is dropped. Barnard clammers up.

EXT. "HOPE" DECK - DAY

Barnard leaps onto the deck. CAPTAIN CHASE (50s), portly, good-natured, greets him.

CHASE

Charles. Welcome aboard. Good to see a familiar face emerge from this godforsaken clime.

They shake hands.

BARNARD

Good to see you, Obed.

CHASE

Come. Let's go to my cabin. I've got some mail for you.

He guides Barnard by the arm towards the cabin as crewmen roll the water barrels over to the hatch.

CHASE (CONT'D)

How's the hunt going?

BARNARD

We're having a good harvest. If the weather holds, we'll be done in record time.

CHASE

You may want to leave sooner.

INT. CHASE'S CABIN - DAY

Barnard and Chase sit at a table desk. Chase reaches over with a carafe and tops off Barnard's mug, then pours himself another drink. He settles back into his GROANING chair, observes Barnard worrying over an open letter.

CHASE

Your partners stopped me at the dock and asked me to deliver that letter to you, hoping you had made it past the blockade.

Barnard looks up.

BARNARD

So we finally declared war on Britain. They've been harassing us for years, but war?

He shakes his head, takes a drink.

CHASE

It's the last resort of failed diplomacy. My hunch? It will be over by the time I get back from whaling. Hell, we're nearly brothers. We need the trade, they need the trade.

(chuckles)

Anyway, our merchant ships are armed and have been successful in running the blockade.

(MORE)

## CHASE (CONT'D)

The real danger is to unarmed commercial ships like ours, far from home, and especially you, hunting in enemy territory.

Barnard nods thoughtfully. Chase leans forward.

## CHASE (CONT'D)

You might consider vacating these islands or you may find yourself rotting in an English prison, your ship and all you've worked for confiscated.

## BARNARD

And risk being captured on the open sea? Better to stay put and keep busy than rot in a prison.

(waves the letter)

My partners in New York agree with you, Obed, that I abandon the hunt. My contract has been voided.

(beat)

I'll have to put it to the men, but I'm certain they'll want to stay and finish the work we started. If we leave now, we go home without a full cargo. Everybody loses money. Better to risk capture in the long term. By the time we are done harvesting, the war may be over.

He offers a toast.

## BARNARD (CONT'D)

We need the trade, as you say.

## CHASE

(chuckling)

You make a good point, Charles.

They CLICK mugs, drink.

EXT. STRAIT - DAY - ON THE "NANINA" WITH SHALLOP IN TOW

as she sails off the shore of a large land mass.

EXT. HIDDEN HARBOR ENTRANCE - DAY - ON THE "NANINA" WITH SHALLOP IN TOW

The Nanina sails through narrow, sheer headlands.

EXT. PINNACLE BAY - DAY - ESTABLISHING

SUPER: "FIVE MONTHS LATER"

It's WINTER now. The bay's namesake feature--a ROCK PINNACLE--protrudes from the open bay. The grass hills rising from the shore are streaked with snow. The shallop is moored to a rock ledge. The crew is busy processing blubber and hides.

ON JACOB as he pitchforks a slab of blubber into the smoking trypot sitting atop a makeshift brick furnace. Barnard stuffs a chunk of wood into it.

Jacob casually looks out to the strait and notices something. He squints to make sure he sees what he's seeing. His eyes widen with discovery as he points seaward.

JACOB

Captain! Look! Other folks is here.

Everybody turns to stare in the direction indicated. A thin string of smoke rises from a distant island.

FANNING

Who the devil could that be?

Barnard puts his spyglass to his eye.

THROUGH SPYGLASS: Black smoke rises from a group of islands.

BARNARD

Those shoal-filled waters are treacherous to navigation, even with a shallop.

(beat)

I don't see any ship masts.

Barnard lowers his spyglass.

FANNING

Could be the Spanish. Those are their islands. They wouldn't like us here, either.

JACOB (V.O.)

It's either a trap or a shipwreck.

Barnard puts the spyglass back to his eye and looks off.

BARNARD

Those islands are treacherous with  
rocks and rip tides. Only a fool  
would navigate there, unless he was  
blown off course in a storm. Whoever  
it is wants us to know they're here.

(lowers spyglass)

We can't proceed further without  
finding out who they are.

EXT. EAGLE ISLAND - SHALLOP'S COVE - DAY - FROM SHALLOP

Fanning and two crewman, row the jolly boat from the shore,  
raise oars and bump against the shallop. We hear the faint  
THUNDER of a distant CANNON REPORT. The deck crew turns to it  
with apprehension.

Fanning climbs aboard and presents Barnard with a MOCCASIN.

FANNING

Found this on the beach. We also  
found a freshly skinned seal.

Barnard examines the moccasin.

CREWMAN #1

(pointing off)

Captain. Look!

They SEE a MAN run down the hill waving the BRITISH UNION  
JACK, followed by FIVE OTHERS, including TWO WOMEN. They  
arrive at the shore WAVING and CHEERING. Barnard puts his  
spyglass to his eye and observes.

BARNARD

(lowers spyglass)

Mr. Masters, hoist the colors.

MASTERS

Aye, Captain.

BARNARD

Mr. Hodges, move in closer and heave  
to.

HODGES (O.S.)

Aye, Captain.

ON AMERICAN FLAG (c. 1812) as it unfurls in the breeze.



CASTAWAYS ON BEACH - SAME

They instantly cheer and wave frantically.

ON SHALLOP as it heaves to, a hundred yards from shore.

The marine, CAPTAIN JAMES DURIE (early 30s), gestures "quiet" to the castaways. He cups his mouth with both hands.

DURIE

(shouts to Barnard)

We are shipwrecked! We need rescued.

INTERCUT: BARNARD ON SHALLOP/DURIE ON SHORE

BARNARD

(cups mouth; shouts  
back to Durie)

What ship are you with?

DURIE

The "Isabella" bound for London from  
New South Wales.

FANNING

(aside, to Barnard)

That's the British prison colony.

Barnard contemplates this for a minute.

BARNARD

(to Durie)

How long have you been marooned  
here?

DURIE

Three months. We're in a desperate  
situation, sir. We are rationing our  
meager food supply. Please help us.

BARNARD

(aside; to Fanning)

What do you think, Mr. Fanning?

FANNING

I'd be cautious. We don't know if  
the prisoners mutinied and got it  
wrecked, or, it was just plain  
incompetence. But I'm most curious  
to know if they know we are at war  
with them, or not.

BARNARD

Let's bring them on board and find out.

(to Jacob)

Jacob, take Matthews and fetch them on board.

JACOB

Aye, Captain.

BARNARD

(to Durie)

I'm sending a boat over for you.

The castaways CHEER.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

(to Fanning)

We are bound by maritime law to give what aid and assistance we can to any and all castaways, friend or foe.

(looks off)

They're probably as clueless as we are about the state of things in the world.

FANNING

This will mean the end of our hunt, if we help them.

BARNARD

We'll see. It would take a ruthless heart to abandon them, knowing they are about to run out of food.

FANNING

Aye, that it would.

LATER - SAME DAY

The castaways clamber aboard with help from the crew pulling them onboard. Durie pumps Barnard's hand enthusiastically.

DURIE

What a miraculous sight you are, sir. I'm James Durie, Captain of His Majesty's 73rd Royal Marine Regiment.

BARNARD

Welcome aboard. I'm Captain Charles Barnard. Are you the only survivors?

DURIE

There are forty seven of us remaining. We wrecked on the other side of this island.

BARNARD

How many did you lose?

DURIE

None, Sir. After we wrecked, a group set out in the launch for the Spanish Main, hoping for relief. That was three months ago. I fear the worse with the stormy weather we've been having. And yesterday four men went searching for you in the jolly boat after seeing smoke from--I assume was--your fire.

BARNARD

The strait is very rough here this time of year. Easy to capsize if you are not familiar with the mixed currents and shoals.

DURIE

I fear they're lost, too, Captain.

(beat)

Can you help us?

BARNARD

Show us to the wreck site, then.

EXT. EAGLE ISLAND - DAY - SHALLOP POV - ESTABLISHING

As we round a promontory, distant scenes gradually emerge:

--The stripped ribs of a sunken ship slumped against a reef, undulating with the waves like a dead, beached whale.

--A beach littered with broken flotsam. Up the beach, orderly piles of crates and barrels and kegs.

--A smoldering bonfire sends a plume of smoke into the air.

--A signal pole flies a rag of a British flag.

--A level site on a hill slope showcases a grotesque form of a ship being assembled from ship salvage.

--A dozen or so shanties made from sails, wood, and sod are arranged in a square around a storage shed in the center.

EXT. SHORE ENCAMPMENT - DAY - FROM SHALLOP

As the shallop heaves to, CASTAWAYS gather on the beach deliriously CHEERING and WAILING. A WOMEN drops to her knees, clasp their hands in prayerful deliverance.

Barnard raises his spyglass to his eye.

THROUGH THE SPYGLASS

The gray shanties parade by until we stop at a cargo dump of interest to Barnard: hair seal skins and stacks of barrels.

BARNARD (V.O.)

What's in the barrels?

DURIE (V.O.)

Sperm oil.

The spyglass moves higher up the hill and stops on the boat and holds there. It's obviously never going to be seaworthy.

BARNARD

What is that you're building?

DURIE

(apologetic)

It's the captain's pipe dream to build a boat from the wreckage to carry us over to Buenos Aires--a thousand miles. Everybody knows it will never float.

Barnard lowers the spyglass and looks off--first to the boat, then to the beach, then back to the boat.

BARNARD

Even so, why build it so far from the beach?

DURIE

Nobody questions the Captain.

EXT. EAGLE ISLAND BEACH - DAY

Barnard, Fanning, Jacob, with Captain Durie and Cent, approach the beach in the jolly boat. Ragged castaways grab onto the boat and pull it in.

Barnard gets out of the boat as desperate castaways rush at him, all talking at once, pleading.

DURIE

(to the castaways)

Move back. Give the Captain some space.

A middle-aged IRISH HAG drops to her knees at Barnard's feet.

IRISH HAG

Take me with you, Sir. I will certainly perish if I stay in this desolate place another day.

HIGTON (O.S.)

Move aside! Let me through.

DURIE

(to Barnard)

Here comes the Captain, now.

GEORGE HIGTON (50s), a cantankerous, rheumy-eyed sot, moves through the castaways, swinging a cat o' nine tails at them.

Shadowing him is Higton's lackey, SAM ANSEL (26), a manipulative, illiterate bully. They are both drunk.

HIGTON

Damn your hides. Make a hole.

The castaway reluctantly move aside, GRUMBLING. Higton stops in front of Barnard. He smites the Irish hag with the cat.

IRISH HAG

Ow! You bastard.

HIGTON

(to Irish hag)

Get up. [HICCUP] Stop grovelling.

He pulls her up, shoves her away, nearly losing his balance.

IRISH HAG

(to Higton)

A curse on you for wreckin' us here,  
you feckin' sot.

(to Barnard)

He's unfit to row a boat, much less  
command a ship. You can see that.

HIGTON

Enough, you witch, or I'll have you  
flogged. [HICCUP]

She SPITS at him. A wet glob lands on Higton's coat sleeve.

HIGTON (CONT'D)

(to Ansel)

Get her outta me sight.

Ansel claps his hand over her mouth and drags her off.

HIGTON (CONT'D)

The rest of you, stand back. Give  
our guests some breathing space.

(to Barnard)

Don't mind her. [HICCUP] She's  
touched,

(points to his head)

if you get me drift.

Barnard is not sure which one is touched here.

HIGTON (CONT'D)

George Higton, Captain of His  
Majesty's Ship "Isobella,"  
[HICCUP] which you see laying in the  
surf. A blinding storm blew us here.

Higton offers an unsteady hand to Barnard. Barnard studies  
him as he shakes it. Higton holds on and teeters.

BARNARD

Captain Charles Barnard of the  
sealing ship "Nanina" out of New  
York.

(lets go; indicates)

This is First Mate, William Fanning,  
and Second Mate, Jacob Green.

Higton gives them a cursory nod.

HIGTON

[HICCUP] Americans, eh? That's good.  
Very good. Welcome to our humble  
encampment. [HIC]

(indicates)

With your help, we can now finish my  
ship, which will carry us all to  
South America.

The castaways PROTEST. Barnard is momentarily dumbstruck.

BARNARD

You do not wish to be carried off,  
then?

HIGTON

I'm responsible for all me  
passengers. I do what's best for  
them. After three months of work,  
the boat is nearly done. Just need a  
few essentials to finish. [HIC] I  
wouldn't think to interrupt your  
hunting, Captain. [HIC] But if you  
could possibly spare a forge, some  
tools, pitch, and the use of your  
carpenter while you're here, we'll  
be able to finish it.

BARNARD

I see.

Barnard observes the MUMBLING, mutinous castaways.

HIGTON

(turns to castaways)

Shut up! I'm your Captain. I know  
what's best.

The castaways MUMBLE threatening curses at Higton.

HIGTON (CONT'D)

Ansel!

Ansel shoves and bullies the near crowd back.

BARNARD

Do you have someplace where we can  
talk privately?

HIGTON

Of course, Captain. Come with me.

BARNARD  
 (sotto, to Fanning)  
 See what you can learn.

Higton takes Barnard by the arm to lead him, but more for support as they amble up the beach. The castaways follow.

INT. HIGTON'S HUT - DAY

Higton throws open the flimsy board door and stumbles into the darkened cubicle. Barnard ducks in behind him. Higton weaves as he turns up the lantern flame on the desk. He plops down onto a captain's chair, gestures Barnard to sit.

HIGTON  
 Please. Sit yourself down.

He picks up a bottle. Shakes it. Empty. CURSES to himself.

Barnard closes the door and sits in a chair opposite. He stares at a YOUNG WOMAN snoring lightly in a lumpy cot.

Higton searches impatiently through the empty bottles.

HIGTON (CONT'D)  
 (off Barnard)  
 That's Ansel's whore. She's a bit under the weather at the moment.  
 (to himself)  
 That damned shithead...drank all my...Aha! Here we are.

He drags forth a full bottle of rum. He slides a MUG WITH A BROKEN HANDLE closer to himself and pours.

HIGTON (CONT'D)  
 Drink?

BARNARD  
 No thanks.

HIGTON  
 (chuckles)  
 Good. More for me, then.

Higton swallows it all and wipes his mouth on his spit-on sleeve. He pours another and eases back into his chair and BELCHES obscenely. The girl stirs, MOANS.



HIGTON (CONT'D)

Pardon me, Captain. A satisfying habit.

(beat)

Let me put it plainly to you, as time is of the essence: Can I...[HICCUP]...Can I use your carpenter while you hunt seals, and get the other things I need?

BARNARD

My carpenter is back at the ship, about eighty miles from here. It will take some time to bring him here. You've been stranded here three months, I'm told. Those three months were pleasant to what's coming. And it doesn't get much colder anywhere on Earth than here in the winter. You stay with your plan, I fear your people may starve or freeze to death. You are low on fresh provisions and your people are desperate to leave...

Higton is nodding off.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Hello? Do you understand what I am saying?

HIGTON

Oh. Aye. I do.

Higton tosses his drink down, then PLUNKS his mug onto the desk. He droops toward the desk fondling the rum bottle.

HIGTON (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Resources here...are very limited,...indeed.

(fading; drooping)

When. Can you. Lend me...

His head hits the desk, SNORING. Barnard stares at him for a moment, stunned by his indifference.

EXT. HIGTON'S HUT - DAY

Barnard stoops out of the hut. Ansel bumps him as he slips into the hut. Barnard looks back, shakes his head.

Durie approaches with his wife, ANNE (30s), retired GENERAL HOLT (60s), and Holt's wife, ELIZABETH (50).

DURIE

Captain Barnard. I would like to introduce you to my wife, Anne; and General Holt and his wife, Elizabeth.

Barnard shakes hands with Holt.

HOLT

Retired.

BARNARD

General.  
(nods to the women)  
Ladies.

HOLT

Please, come with us.

INT. HOLT'S HUT - DAY

Holt, Barnard, Anne, and Durie sit around a table-clothed table sipping tea. Elizabeth finishes pouring tea and sits.

DURIE

Our apologies for our Captain's inebriated state. It's been...dare I say...difficult for him.

ANNE

Difficult for him to stay sober, you mean. He's a drunken fool whose ineptitude got us wrecked here.

BARNARD

Where are the ship's officers?

DURIE

They set sail in the launch to Buenos Aires to find help just after we wrecked.

BARNARD

All of them?

ANNE

All but the Captain, and he would have gone, too, had he not gotten drunk. They departed in the night without him. He's been obsessed with hate and revenge ever since.

ELIZABETH

I worry they didn't make it. We should have been rescued by now.

BARNARD

Your captain seems to be more interested in building a ship than being rescued.

ANNE

He's obsessed with that damned boat. For all I care, he can stay here and finish it on his own, but I'm going with you.

Barnard ponders that for a moment.

BARNARD

Are you aware that our respective countries were at war with one another?...

The Holts and Duries exchange looks of surprise.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

We may still be, or we may not be. I don't know.

(beat)

So, knowing that, and to avoid any future misunderstandings, I want everybody to be made aware of this before we agree to evacuation.

(beat)

Do I have your support?

HOLT

I fought against you Americans during the revolution and harbor no ill feelings whatsoever against the American people. You will find no mischief in me.

DURIE

What's going on in the world without us is going on without us. We have more urgent problems than war.

ANNE

I don't care about any damn war. I want to get back to civilization.

ELIZABETH

I wouldn't want for a better enemy than yourself, Captain.

HOLT

(chuckling)

Here, here.

DURIE

I can assure you, you will have my men's loyalty.

HOLT

And you will have the loyalty of the passengers. I'll see to that.

BARNARD

Good. No matter what has been the fate of our respective countries, I want everybody to sign a covenant stating they will abide my command onboard ship. When we reach the neutral port of Buenos Aires, our contract will be fulfilled and we will part as friends.

They happily nod in agreement.

ANNE

Let me be the first to sign it.

HOLT

Naturally, you will want compensation. Under the law of maritime salvage, you, as rescuer, are entitled to the wrecked ship and its cargo, should you desire it.

BARNARD

The only cargo I am interested in are the sperm oil and the seal furs.

(MORE)

**BARNARD (CONT'D)**

They will make up for what we would have harvested had we stayed here.

**DURIE**

Even Captain Higon must see the virtue of that.

Barnard, Holt, and Durie stand and shake hands enthusiastically. Holt goes over to a chest.

**HOLT**

That calls for a drink of Ireland's finest. Captain, you will stay with us as our guest tonight, won't you, and we will draw up the agreement together?

**BARNARD**

I will let my crew know.

He retrieves a bottle of whiskey. Elizabeth sets glasses.

**ANNE**

How far away is your ship, Captain?

**BARNARD**

It's anchored in a cove about eighty miles from here. We will have to rig it for sailing and bring her back here to rescue everybody.

**ANNE**

How long will that take?

**BARNARD**

About two weeks, depending on the weather. Winter gales could delay us more.

**ANNE**

Two weeks! Oh, my goodness.

Holt pours drinks.

**HOLT**

The problem is that everybody believes they're already rescued.

**ELIZABETH**

We will worry you might not return.

BARNARD

Hmm. I see your concerns.

(thinks a moment)

I can take on board the shallop some of your sailors to help rig the ship and bring her around faster. In return, I will leave some of my men here in charge of hauling the cargo over to the cove on the other side where the water is deep and clear of shoals and my ship can anchor safely. That's the best I can do with the space I have available.

HOLT

Then that will have to be as it is.

INT. HOLT'S HUT - MORNING

Higton, hung over and rumpled, signs his name laboriously below columns of SIGNATURES AND X'S already on a parchment. Durie, Holt, and Barnard stand over him. Higton slides it over to Barnard, who blots it, folds it, and pockets it.

BARNARD

That's it then. We'll leave immediately.

Higton stands and shakes Barnard's hand.

HIGTON

Captain. I now see the folly of building a ship and would like to go with you and help rig your ship. My First Mate can help oversee things here while I'm gone.

Barnard considers: Higton seems contrite enough.

BARNARD

Okay, then.

EXT. EAGLE ISLAND BEACH - MORNING

Durie and Holt push through the crowd in an urgent manner as Barnard steps into the waiting jolly boat.

DURIE

Captain. Our wives are extremely upset that you are leaving without them.

(MORE)

## DURIE (CONT'D)

They say they would rather drown in the sea than stay here another day. We are worried about their states of mind. Can you make room for us, too?

Barnard considers as he glances at the shallop.

## BARNARD

I would have to clear the hold of seal skins to make room for you.

## DURIE

I'll have my men unload the skins from your hold here and haul them over to the other side with the other salvaged cargo. We won't be a burden.

Barnard considers this.

## BARNARD

Tell your wives you are welcome to come along.

## DURIE

Thank you, Sir. They will be elated.

The gathered castaways PROTEST ANGRILY as Durie and Holt restrain them and Barnard pushes the waiting boat away and jumps in.

EXT. EAGLE ISLAND BEACH - DAY - FROM SHALLOP

Four of Barnard's men, including Fanning, front a sullen group of castaways in b.g. Two crew row the Duries and the Holts and their belongings towards the shallop.

JAMES LOUDER and JOSEPH ALBROOK, two British sailors in their 20s, along with Ansel, Highton and Barnard, await the boat.

## BARNARD

Mr. Hunter, prepare to weigh anchor!

## HUNTER (O.S.)

Aye, Captain!

EXT. SHALLOP AT SEA - DAY

Barnard mans the tiller over a rough, STORM-TOSSED SEA. A crewman suddenly points off.

CREWMAN

A boat! A boat!

Barnard turns to the direction indicated. A foundering jolly boat with FOUR MEN clinging to it disappears and reappears in the huge waves.

BARNARD

Heave to! Get ready to intercept!

MOMENTS LATER

Crewmen reach over the shallop rail and pull the four frozen, exhausted men onto the rocking deck.

TOM MATTINSON (30), sprawls against the rail with the other three shivering men with a mixture of shock and astonishment.

Barnard gives the tiller over to Hunter and stumbles over to Durie. They shout over the din.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Do you know them?

DURIE

They're the men who went looking for you yesterday!

Barnard lurches over to Mattinson.

BARNARD

Are you alright?

MATTINSON

I was certain we would be swallowed up by the sea any second, then you appeared! It's a miracle!

Barnard helps him up.

BARNARD

Let's get you into the hold!

EXT. SHALLOP - NIGHT - IN VIOLENT STORM

A sleety, winter GALE sweeps across the deck. Barnard white-knuckles the tiller, stares into the white-out b.g. listening intently to the DULL BOOMING SOUNDS echoing somewhere ahead.



Suddenly, a minefield of towering BLACK MONOLITHS emerge from the white-out directly in front of them.

Barnard gestures desperately over the din.

BARNARD

Bear off! Bear off! Come about!

The crew swings the boom across the deck. The shallop heels over, comes around.

To the starboard, a BLACK ROCK MONOLITH. The crew reacts. Jacob stumbles over to Barnard on the tiller.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Grab on!

Jacob grabs the end of the tiller and pulls.

The shallop comes sharply about, curls tightly around the monolith. Barnard and Jacob watch it slide by with alarm.

Suddenly, a PAIR OF MONOLITHS loom straight ahead of us like colossal portals to a forbidden sea. The crew gets ready to hand in the mainsheet. Barnard and Jacob wait.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Now!

They pull on the tiller with all their might.

INT. SHALLOP HOLD - NIGHT

The lantern swings wildly from a ceiling beam as the hold tips steeply, its dancing yellow medallion of light revealing miserable ashen faces amongst baggage and cargo. The hold levels out, lurches. Somebody WRETCHES.

EXT. SHALLOP - NIGHT - IN VIOLENT STORM

Barnard and Jacob watch as the shallop RASPS against the monolith and scrolls up it tearing away part of the railing.

INT. SHALLOP HOLD - NIGHT

Ashen faces gasp in fright as the RASPING SOUND increases.

EXT. SHALLOP - NIGHT - IN VIOLENT STORM

The masthead tips into a monolith and SNAPS, sending sail and mast crashing down on Barnard and Jacob.

INT. SHALLOP HOLD - NIGHT

White faces react to the CRASHING SOUND, SCREAMING in terror-- a sickening reminder of their previous shipwreck.

EXT. SHALLOP - NIGHT - IN VIOLENT STORM

Barnard and Jacob fight their way free of the flapping sailcloth. Crew dive at the sailcloth, claw it down.

Dead ahead, a rocky causeway.

BARNARD

Jacob!

Jacob grabs on to the tiller. They pull it up as a huge swell miraculously lifts the shallop over the causeway.

The keel SCRAPES over a rock. The crew lurches to the deck.

INT. SHALLOP HOLD - NIGHT

Terrified, SCREAMING faces follow the SCREECHING SOUND along the length of the keel.

EXT. SHALLOP DECK - NIGHT

Barnard wipes his eyes to reveal open water ahead. Jacob slumps beside him, exhausted, nerve-racked.

JACOB

The hand of God got us through dat!

BARNARD

We'll not tempt Fate again in this weather, that's for certain!

ON MASTLESS SHALLOP

as she disappears into the foggy, rain-whipped strait.

EXT. PINNACLE BAY - DAY - ON SHALLOP

Anchored. An ice storm rages around her. We make out the namesake ROCK PINNACLE protruding from the bay.

INT. SHALLOP HOLD - DAY

Barnard closes the hatch behind him as he looks around for damage. Frightened faces stare at him from the semi-darkness. The four rescued men SNORE unperturbed amongst the baggage.

BARNARD

We can't make it around the cape in this weather.

A MURMUR of concern from the faces.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

We are too weighted and seas are against us. I've decided not to make any further attempts at going around.

ANNE

You're not taking us back, are you?

BARNARD

We're on the south side of the Great Island now. My ship is anchored in a harbor on the other side, to the north and east. The safest way to get there now is to walk overland.

ANNE

It's not far, then?

BARNARD

I reckon twenty to thirty miles, versus seventy by the shallop. When the storm dies down, we'll begin our hike across.

Relief registers on the passenger faces.

EXT. SHALLOP DECK - EVENING

The storm has abated. Cent is curled up against the deck cabin. The crew is setting a mast pole. Castaways mill about the deck getting the kinks out, hugging themselves against the bitter cold as they stare off at the southern horizon.

THEIR POV: Quiet bursts of opalescent ribbons of light above-- the AURORA AUSTRALIS.

ON BARNARD - INCLUDE AURORA

as he takes a reading from his COMPASS, pockets it, then looks off and takes in the light display.

After a time, Higton strolls up beside him rubbing his hands together. He appears slightly intoxicated.

HIGTON

Finally, some color in this dreary land.

BARNARD

(staring off)

Even the bleakest of God's work is beautiful when put in the proper perspective.

HIGTON

I'd rather be back in the heat of New South Wales swatting goddamned flies. Now that's beautiful.

Barnard starts at the faint SMASHING of glass and a muted burst of RAUCOUS LAUGHTER under their feet. He glances at Higton, who purses his lips and shrugs. He hurries off.

ON HIGTON'S FACE as it suddenly falls slack and sinister.

INT. SHALLOP HOLD - DAY

Barnard grabs the lantern from its hook and holds it out into the semi-darkness. He NOTICES a broken wine flask. Mattinson, Ansel and the three rescued men laze amongst the cargo coming off a FIT OF LAUGHTER.

Oblivious to Barnard, Ansel wobbles a flask over to Mattinson. Mattinson takes a swig. He pats the flask fondly.

MATTINSON

American prize money would get us a lotta drink.

Ansel jabs Mattinson. Mattinson suddenly notices Barnard's legs. He looks up at Barnard's disapproving face.

BARNARD

What's this about?

ANSEL

Pay him no mind. He says stupid things when he's all drunked up.

Barnard reaches over, snatches the flask from him. Mattinson reacts with a sullen, cold stare.

BARNARD

There will be no drinking liquor on my ship without my permission. Understood?

They nod sheepishly. Mattinson continues his sullen stare.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Now come up on deck with the rest of us and get some fresh air. And clean up the flask you broke.

He turns and leaves. Mattinson elbows Ansel hard in the ribs. Ansel reacts, but takes it.

EXT. SHALLOP DECK/SHORE - EARLY MORNING

Castaways step across a plank onto a rock ledge. A crewman tosses articles to some men already on shore.

Barnard reads from his compass, closes it, turns to Hunter.

BARNARD

Find an anchorage, return to the wreck site and start moving the cargo over.

HUNTER

Aye, Captain. We'll have everything ready for you when you come 'round.

LATER - SAME MORNING - FROM SHALLOP

Hunter watches Barnard lead a file of castaways and crew away in the b.g. Everybody is packing a bundle or two. Cent lopes up to Barnard, then darts off ahead, as if guiding him.

EXT. GREAT ISLAND - DAY - SERIES OF SHOTS

--A staggered line of castaways meanders down a steep hill.

--They assist one another across a rocky stream. Anne Durie slips, is caught by Durie following her.

--They brace against a squall.

--Huddled under a cliff overhang, they rest, share bread.

--Jacob takes his turn drinking from a thin stream of water leaking out of a frozen waterfall; fills a small water keg.

--The group wends its way through a maze of tussocks.

--Castaways trudge wearily through the snow as they climb yet another hill.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING SHIP IN HIDDEN HARBOR - DUSK

Barnard and Cent reach the summit. Others stagger up one at a time, fall in beside them, and gaze off with relief at the stripped "Nanina" anchored below in the b.g.

EXT. "NANINA" - DAY

All hands are busy rigging the brig. We notice Higton crouched by the forecandle in earnest conversation with Durie, Anne, Mattinson, and Ansel.

EXT. HIDDEN HARBOR - ON "NANINA"

Tacking out of the harbor, between the sheer headlands.

EXT. "NANINA" - DAY - IN STORM

A BLIZZARD brings the brig in and out of focus as she bends and lumbers over the high, crashing waves.

EXT. NEW ISLAND HARBOR - NIGHT - ON THE "NANINA"

SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER

The BLIZZARD still rages. The brig is anchored and reefed. Every aspect of her is hoarfrost, looking ghostly, alien.

INT. "NANINA" - NIGHT - BELOW DECKS

Haunting WHISTLING wind, GROANING timbers, intermittent COUGHING. Red embers in an open earthen bowl pit warm the castaways and crew sitting around it wrapped in blankets. They stare blankly into the pit.

## BARNARD'S QUARTERS

Jacob, Higton, Ansel, Albroom, Louder, and Hodges stand before Barnard awaiting his thoughts.

BARNARD

We must conserve our supply of salted provisions for the voyage to South America. If we don't get fresh meat, we'll be forced to shorten rations even more.

HIGTON

Where can we get fresh meat?

BARNARD

There's a couple of islands not far from here that I'm familiar with that have been stocked with pigs. The closest is Beaver Island, about seven miles south. When the weather moderates, I want to take a detail of men over in the longboat and hunt some, while Mr. Hodges here oversees rigging the ship.

Barnard looks at each man.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Any volunteers to come with me?

The men are only too eager, if for no other reason than to break the monotony.

JACOB

I'm with you, Captain.

LOUDER

Count me in.

ALBROOK

Me too.

Ansel hesitates.

ANSEL

I can't swim.

He glances at Higton.

HIGTON

Go on, Ansel. It's not like we're going to desert you.

ANSEL

(thinks)

Okay. I'll go, then. Anything to get away from the boredom here.

EXT. NEW ISLAND HARBOR - MORNING - ON LONGBOAT

The weather is moderate. The seventeen-footer sails through the points of the harbor. Jacob, Albroom, Louder, and Ansel are on board, Barnard at the tiller, Cent at his feet.

Barnard is dressed in a GREAT COAT, the others light jackets for the day's excursion. We see canvas satchels with provisions, a water keg, flintlock rifle, and sealing clubs laying in the boat.

EXT. BEAVER ISLAND - DAY

The longboat approaches a sandy beach. Cent leaps out. Louder, Albroom, Ansel, Jacob and Barnard jump out and run the boat up the beach with the surf.

EXT. TUSSOCK PATCH - DAY

Barnard, Jacob, Ansel, Albroom, and Louder are spread out, high-stepping it through the dense, snow-streaked grass along the perimeter. The men carry sealing clubs; Barnard, the flintlock rifle.

They follow Cent, who is sniffing here and there in the grass. Jacob restrains him with a long leash.

Cent pulls against the leash; he has a scent. Jacob slips the leash off. Cent leaps gaily into the tussocks and disappears.

BARKING, then the SNORTS and SQUEALS of panicked pigs. The men get ready. The tussocks RUSTLE.

A PIG suddenly breaks free from the tussocks. It blindly plows through the grass towards us. Barnard takes aim with his rifle. The pig veers away, exposing its side. Barnard FIRES. The pig collapses.

LATER - ON LONGBOAT

A fat hog carcass is heaved on top of a pile of six others.



EXT. LONGBOAT AT SEA - LATE EVENING

The longboat rides low in the choppy water as Louder, Jacob, Albroom, Ansel strain against the oars. Barnard is at the tiller with Cent bailing sloped-in water with a DEEP PAN.

EXT. NEW ISLAND HARBOR - LATE EVENING

The longboat with Barnard, Jacob, Albroom, Louder, Ansel and Cent emerges from behind the point in the b.g.

ON LONGBOAT

Barnard stands abruptly, suddenly seized with alarm at what he sees o.s. The men, seeing this, stop rowing, look back over their shoulders in horror as they SEE:

THE HARBOR

It's empty. The BRIG IS GONE!

MEN IN BOAT - INCLUDE HARBOR

Barnard wheels around, frantically scans the open sea, the shoreline, the harbor again. Nothing.

BARNARD

Where's my ship?

ANSEL

Those dirty sonovabitches up and stranded me. I'll kill 'em!

EXT. NEW ISLAND HARBOR SHORE - NIGHT

The silhouetted figures of five men move slowly about in the darkness searching for something.

BARNARD'S VOICE

Can't make out a damned thing. We'll have to wait until dawn.

EXT. BOAT SHELTER - NIGHT

The longboat is propped up on its side by two oars. Underneath, Barnard, Jacob, Albroom, Louder, and Ansel huddle with Cent around a small oil fire. The fire's flickering light reveals furrowed faces deep in troubled thought as they munch on dry biscuits.

BARNARD

Hodges would never disobey my orders. He had to have been coerced.

JACOB

It's dat Captain. I knew he was evil.

LOUDER

What if we don't find them?

ANSEL

Shut up, Louder.

ALBROOK

We'll find them, James.  
(to Barnard)  
Won't we, Captain?

BARNARD

Let's keep our wits about us. All is not lost. The morning light will give us an answer.

EXT. NEW ISLAND HARBOR SHORE - MORNING

The longboat loaded with pig carcasses is nosed on the beach. Barnard, Jacob, Albroom, Louder, Ansel and Cent scour the beaches, looking for clues. They meet at the longboat.

BARNARD

Hodges surely would have left a message. I can only conclude there must have been a mutiny.

ALBROOK

Maybe they went to Beaver Island to look for us.

LOUDER

They could be looking for us now.

ANSEL

Then, let's find them before they give up.

BARNARD

Right. There's no reason to linger here a minute longer.

They jump into the boat. Cent leaps in. Jacob pushes off, jumps in.

EXT. LONGBOAT AT SEA - DAY

Louder, Albroom, Jacob, Ansel, and Barnard scour the horizon as they sail towards an island in the b.g.

EXT. BEAVER ISLAND SHORE/HARBOR - DAY

Barnard, Jacob, Albroom, Louder, and Ansel are spread out desperately searching for any clues in the sand. Cent sniffs ahead of Barnard. They meet at the longboat.

ANSEL

The bastards aren't looking for us.  
They sailed on to the wreck site.

JACOB

Or to South America.

BARNARD

Let's hope their hearts aren't so black that they would abandon their fellow castaways, too.

LOUDER

What do we do now?

BARNARD

We have no choice but to work our way to the wreck site.

He looks up, SEES a threatening squall line on the horizon.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Storm's coming. Let's get over to Swan Island before it gets here.

EXT. LONGBOAT AT SEA - NIGHT

A stinging ICE STORM assails the men. Louder and Albroom turn their heads away from it as they labor futilely on the oars. They are at the mercy of the GALE FORCE winds.

Barnard, Ansel and Jacob bail furiously with tin cans. A bearded waves slops into the boat. The hog carcasses float recklessly in the bilge water. Cent splashes over one as it SLAMS against the gunwale.

Barnard gestures to Jacob.

BARNARD

Grab on!

He grabs a hog's hind legs, Jacob the other end. They roll it over the side. They quickly seize hold of three others in turn and flip them overboard. The carcasses float beside the boat for a minute and gradually drift away.

Ansel vomits violently over the side. He buries his head in his arms and GROANS.

EXT. LONGBOAT AT SEA - DAY - CRUISING ISLAND

The gale has abated, but still SLEETING. The waves CRASH and BOOM against the misty sheer headlands in the b.g.

Jacob, Albroom, Louder and Ansel pull wearily on the oars. Barnard at the tiller. The men's hair and clothes are caked in ice as they look desperately for a place to land. Barnard opens his compass, holds it out to read.

The longboat suddenly JOLTS and tips on an unseen reef. Everybody instantly grabs for the opposite gunwale to keep from falling out. Barnard's compass flies from his hand into the sea. Cent is tossed overboard.

ON CENT as he paddles desperately alongside the boat. Jacob reaches out, can't grab him. The tide drifts them apart.

JACOB

Turn the boat! Turn the boat!

He reaches out with his oar. Cent paddles towards it. Louder and Albroom desperately maneuver the oars against the tide. They can't lose this dog.

BARNARD

Grab on, Cent! Come on, boy!

Cent places his front paw on the oar paddle but it slips off. He tries again; slips off. Barnard grabs Jacob's other hand. Jacob leans further out and drives the paddle under him. Cent gets both paws around it and is drawn towards the boat.

Barnard grabs him by the collar and lifts him into the boat. Cent shakes himself off unsteadily, collapses next to Jacob.

EXT. FROZEN BEACH - NIGHT

Barnard, Jacob, Albroom, Louder, Ansel slip and fall as they slide the boat up the narrow beach to the foot of a cliff.

INT. UNDER LONGBOAT - NIGHT

The FIERCE WIND PEPPERS ICE mercilessly against the hull. Ansel, Albroom, Louder, and Jacob huddle together, quaking from the bitter cold. Cent lays on their feet.

ALBROOK

Oh, god, I'm f-f-freezing.

ANSEL

We're all going to die.

Barnard crawls in with an armload of dry tussock leaves. He piles it over a large chunk of hog fat, and, shivering, makes tense efforts to strike a spark with his flint and stone.

Finally, it sparks the tinder and begins to eat away at it as Barnard blows softly into it. A flame pops up and quickly consumes the tussock leaves. The hog fat starts to burn.

LATER - NIGHT

A lard flame burns under a tin of BOILING pork suspended by a string from the gunwale. Barnard, Jacob, Albroom, Louder, and Ansel, dripping ice melt, squat around it eating ravenously.

ALBROOK

Any idea where we are, Captain?

BARNARD

Can't say for certain. That gale blew us quite a distance.

(beat)

While I was collecting leaves, I saw a fox, which doesn't inhabit the smaller islands. I've only seen them on the main Grand Island.

ANSEL

What does that mean for us?

BARNARD

It means we must be on the north side of Grand Island somewhere.

ANSEL

We'll never find the ship now. We're  
as good as dead.

He flings his bone at the fire in anger. Barnard gives him a sharp look, retrieves the bone and tosses it to Cent.

BARNARD

In the morning I'll look over the  
terrain and try to determine where  
we are.

EXT. SNOWY SLOPE - MORNING

Barnard, Jacob, and Cent trudge up a mile-long snowy slope.

LATER - SAME MORNING

Barnard, Jacob, and Cent reach the top of the slope and gaze off, pleased with what they see.

THEIR POV: A calm fjord lies at the bottom of a half-mile-long snowy slope. The open sea and islands beyond. END POV.

EXT. FROZEN BEACH - SAME MORNING

Ansel, Albrook, and Louder watch as Barnard, Jacob and Cent approach. Their faces indicate good news.

BARNARD

Jacob and I agree that we must be  
somewhere on the westernmost point  
of Grand Island where there are long  
fjords and the land between the  
north and the south parts of the  
island gets vary narrow in places,  
like here, where we are now.

(indicates)

Just over that hill is such a fjord.  
It will be difficult, but I believe  
we can drag the boat over and be in  
the strait by evening. It will save  
us days risking our lives going  
around the cape. Once on the other  
side, we should be able to locate  
the wreck site.

The others are now excited, eager to get going.

EXT. SNOWY GRADE - DAY - ON LONGBOAT

as Ansel, Louder, and Barnard push against the stern of the seventeen-footer and Jacob and Albrook pull on the painter at the bow. Cent waits alongside, watching.

BARNARD

Ready, ...heave!

The men plant their feet and put all their strength into the effort. The boat slides forward a couple of yards.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Ready, ...heave!

The boat slides forward. Louder turns his back to the stern and slumps to the ground.

LOUDER

I don't think I can go any further.

Barnard and Ansel collapse as well. Jacob and Albrook drop to their knees, spent.

Barnard rests his head against the stern and closes his eyes.

BARNARD

Rest awhile.

PULLING BACK, we see a centipede-like track in the snow snaking down to the beach, more than a half-a-mile away.

LATER - SAME DAY

Jacob and Albrook bend wearily into the rope. Ansel, Louder, and Barnard strain with what energy they have left.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Heave!

The boat slides forward a yard.

EXT. TOP OF SNOWY SLOPE - EVENING

The boat lurches to a stop beside Cent, waiting. Barnard, Jacob, Albrook, Louder, and Ansel, blasting steamy breaths, crumble exhausted to the ground with profound relief. They gaze down the steep slope to the fog-shrouded bay in the b.g.

LOUDER  
 (out of breath)  
 We made it.

EXT. SNOWY DOWN SLOPE - EVENING - ON LONGBOAT

sliding smoothly down the snowy slope like a single-runner sledge. Louder, Albroom, Ansel, and Jacob, holding onto the gunwales, run jerkily alongside. Cent, in the boat, stands fearlessly on the bow like a conquering Napoleon.

Gaining speed, the men jump in WHOOPING for joy at the thrill ride. Barnard, skips along behind the stern, guiding it.

INT. BOAT SHELTER - NIGHT

Barnard, Jacob, Albroom, Louder, and Ansel huddle around a fire savagely gnawing on pork ribs. Cent crunches on bones.

BARNARD  
 First light, we cross the strait to  
 the wreck site.  
 (looking off)  
 And, God-willing, my ship.

The men nod assent as they eagerly attack their pork.

EXT. LONGBOAT AT SEA - DAY

Louder, Jacob, Albroom, and Ansel pull wearily on the oars. They stare anxiously at Barnard, who scans the horizons looking bewildered.

EXT. GRAND ISLAND SHORE - EVENING

A SCRIM of SNOW fades the images of the men as they laboriously pull the boat up a steep shingle, which ends abruptly at a rock cliff.

INT. LONGBOAT SHELTER - NIGHT

A BLIZZARD rages outside. Barnard, Jacob, Albroom, Louder, and Ansel huddle tightly under the sail cloth to keep warm. They stare with famished eyes at the pieces of pork simmering in a tin suspended by a string over a small licking fire.

Ansel grabs a piece of pork from the hot water, attacks it ravenously. The men give him a sharp look for a second, then snatch their shares of pork from the tin and eat savagely.



ON CENT as he licks Albrook's exposed foot.

EXT. GRAND ISLAND SHORE - MORNING

An egg-like mound of snow sparkles brightly in the bright sun. Suddenly, the end breaks open and out pops Cent. One by one, Barnard, Jacob, Albrook, Louder, and Ansel emerge.

Barnard scans the sea and landscape from under the shade of his hand. The men amble up beside him.

BARNARD

This place is not familiar to me.  
Jacob, what do you think?

JACOB

Don't look like no strait to me.  
Waves bigger.

Barnard looks down at his SHADOW to confirm his suspicion. A sickening realization melts over him.

BARNARD

It isn't. That's the Atlantic Ocean.  
We evidently crossed the wrong  
isthmus. We're on the same side of  
Grand Island we started from.

The news hits the men like a death sentence.

LOUDER

Are you sure?

BARNARD

I'm quite sure.

ALBROOK

What are we going to do? Our pork is  
all gone and we have no gun powder  
to shoot anything with.

ANSEL

You say we busted our asses dragging  
that bleeding boat over a hill for  
nothing?

BARNARD

It seems so. I know our situation is bleak, but we must keep our wits about us and have faith that Providence will reward us for our struggles.

ANSEL

Providence be damned! A fine way it showed us so far. We're dead men. That's the truth of it.

Ansel stomps away a distance and fumes like a spoiled brat.

BARNARD

Look, if we don't have faith in ourselves to help Providence show us the way, then, like Ansel says, we're dead men. I'll grant, a mistake was made, and I take full blame. We're in unchartered areas. We can only make it if we believe we can. We must use all our will and abilities to that end. I'm not going to give up, and, as long as you are with me, neither will any of you.

The dispirited men stand heads bowed, unresponsive. Barnard turns, faces the sea.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

We are out of food. We must go back and find the place we crossed over. From there we can row up the coast and look for food. Once I find a familiar bearing, I will be able to get us to Swan Island, where there are pigs.

ALBROOK

How are we going to kill pigs without a gun?

Barnard looks down to Cent, scruffs his head in affection.

BARNARD

We're going to have to depend on Cent here to bring them down.

Cent wags his tail and BARKS in agreement.

EXT. GRAND ISLAND - DAY

SUPER: DAYS LATER

A quiet, desolate, snow smeared landscape. We are suddenly startled by a flurry of swooping CROAKING BLACK CROWS.

ON JACOB swinging a dead fox at the crows, who want it, too.

INCLUDE BARNARD/JACOB/LOUDER/ALBROOK/CENT

It is a battle over spoils as crows dive and swoop across the scene. Cent leaps and snaps at them. Barnard and Louder wheel their clubs in the air, occasionally connecting.

JACOB

Shoo! This is our dinner.

Suddenly, as if understanding Jacob's words, the crows fly off, their CROAKING DIN fading into the distance.

ON DEAD CROWS laying tangled on the ground. Albrook and Louder collect and stuff them into satchels.

EXT. LONGBOAT SHELTER - NIGHT

Barnard stirs a vile, bubbling stew of crow, fox meat, and vine root in the cooking tin. Jacob, Ansel, Albrook, and Louder wait, staring nauseatingly at it.

The fire reveals the rigors of deprivation and exhaustion on their gaunt faces. Remnant crow feathers swirl in the cold breeze. One lands in Ansel's scraggly beard. The men's beards and hair getting noticeably longer with each passing week.

EXT. LONGBOAT CRUISING SHORE - DAY

The surf pounds wildly against a line of cliffs in the b.g. Barnard, Ansel, Louder, and Albrook row with weak, drowsy strokes. Their lips are parched white. Jacob, at the tiller, desperately scans the shore for a safe place to land.

EXT. FROZEN POND - DAY

Crazed with thirst, Barnard, Jacob, Ansel, Albrook, and Louder fixate on a frozen pothole as they stumble towards it with clubs in hand. Barnard carries the empty water keg. Cent is already there licking the ice.

They BEAT holes in the ice and drop to their bellies, gulping long delicious drafts of life-giving water. Cent laps lustily beside Barnard.

INT. BOAT SHELTER - EVENING

Barnard, Jacob, Albroom, Louder, and Ansel are slumped in utter despair around a small fire gnawing with revulsion on bitter vine roots and shards of leftover crow meat. Their eyes are big and bright from the ravages of hunger.

Jacob suddenly rolls away o.s. and RETCHES.

Ansel sourly removes a mangled vine from his mouth, looks at it with disgust, flings it away. He leans forward onto his knees and clamps his head in misery and SOBS.

ANSEL

What a fool I was to volunteer.

BARNARD

Don't be so hard on yourself, Ansel.  
None of us had any idea they would  
betray us.

Jacob sits back up, pale and weak.

ANSEL

(subdued)

I did.

BARNARD

You knew about plans to rob me of my  
ship?

ANSEL

(sobbing)

They was scheming to take you over  
when we got back to the shipwreck.

BARNARD

Who's they?

ANSEL

Higton, Mattinson, Anne Durie...

BARNARD

Anne Durie?

ANSEL

(sobbing; contrite)

They said it would be a prize of war-  
-to make it legal-like.

(beat)

Those sonovabitches tricked me and  
stranded me here to die.

The others glare at Ansel with looks that could kill.

BARNARD

Left you stranded! What about us?  
Were you part of the plot?

ANSEL

I was, then I wasn't. They left  
without me, didn't they?

Barnard looks over at Louder and Albrook.

BARNARD

James? Joseph? Did either of you  
know about this?

They react, startled by the question.

ALBROOK

Captain, I had no idea...

LOUDER

I didn't either. I swear.

ANSEL

(head bowed)

They didn't know nothing about it.

Barnard glares at him with disgust.

BARNARD

Then you deserve your miserable fate  
to be stuck with us. It's  
unfortunate that we have to share it  
with you.

(beat)

If I had the heart of your fellow  
conspirators, I would banish you  
here and now, and get you out of our  
lives.

Ansel raises his alarmed, wet face.

ANSEL

No! No! Please. Don't banish me.

BARNARD

Lucky for you, I'm not like your  
Captain Higton.

EXT. GRAND ISLAND SHORE - DAY

Barnard, Ansel, Louder, and Albrook row for all they are worth to get out of the wild surf as Jacob pushes at the stern. Finally, they're away. Jacob tries to lift himself into the boat, but is too weak and exhausted.

Barnard grabs Jacob's jacket and pulls him into the boat.

Suddenly, the boat CRUNCHES against a rock. It tips and lifts steeply, then plunges into a rock-mined trough. Alarmed, the men row furiously to avoid them. A swell lifts them over and they are finally under way.

Ansel gazes in horror at WATER SPURTING from a split stave.

ANSEL

We gotta leak!

Barnard stomps the board back in place. Water still seeps in.

BARNARD

Keep your foot against it!

Ansel presses his foot against the broken stave.

EXT. SWAN ISLAND - DAY - FROM APPROACHING LONGBOAT

A tableau vivant of gloom and doom: Albrook, Ansel, Louder nod away as Barnard drowsily mans the tiller and sail. Jacob bails with weary, hypnotic strokes.

In the b.g., tiny dark objects move along the beach. Cent SEES them, BARKS. Barnard looks off, squints.

BARNARD

Pigs!

The others look up and stare off with lust.

EXT. SWAN ISLAND - DAY - ON CENT AND BOAR

GROWLS and SQUEALS as Cent and the BOAR savagely tumble. Cent chomps on the ear, dancing around the lethal tusks stabbing at him, some connecting.

Jacob and Barnard dash into the scene with their clubs and beat down on the boar o.s. The SQUEALING abruptly stops.

EXT. BOAT SHELTER - NIGHT

The remains of the roasted boar lays in the coals of a fire pit set up in front of the tipped up longboat. Barnard, Jacob, Albroom, Louder, and Ansel devour chunks of succulent, life-sustaining meat, chewing with PURRING MOANS.

Jacob reaches over and rips a piece of meat off the roast. Barnard closes his eyes, savors the exquisite taste. Cent, oblivious to his BLOODY WOUNDS, wolfs down a chunk of meat.

EXT. LONGBOAT SHELTER - MORNING

Weather MODERATE. Barnard carefully taps the splintered stave into place with a stone. Jacob tends to Cent's wounds with lard salve. Albroom, Ansel, then Louder get up and stretch.

ANSEL

I feel better now. I'm ready to push off.

(to Barnard)

Do you know where we are at, now?

BARNARD

We're on the east side of Swan Island. I can get bearings from here.

(beat)

We need to catch some pigs to take with us before we go.

(to Jacob)

How's Cent?

JACOB

Some cuts, but he's okay.

BARNARD

Good. From now on we'll keep him on the lease and away from boars.

Barnard gives the plank a final sharp RAP.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

There. As long as we keep weight on this plank, we should be okay.

EXT. LONGBOAT AT SEA - DAY

Now rested, Jacob, Louder, Albroom, Ansel row through a scrim of SNOW FLURRIES. Barnard is at the tiller.

EXT. COVE SHORE - DAY

SNOW blowing hard. Barnard, Jacob, Albroom, Louder, and Ansel drag the boat up to a rocky outcrop. They tip the side of the boat against it and fall forward on it, exhausted.

BARNARD

Jacob, you're familiar with the strait. Take Ansel with you and see what's on the other side of these hills. We can't risk being wrong again. The rest of us will look for fuel.

JACOB

Aye, Captain. I'll know it when I sees it.

EXT. SLOPE - DAY

Ansel and Jacob trudge against the driving SNOW.

EXT. PINNACLE BAY - DUSK

HEAVY SNOW. Jacob and Ansel stop at water's edge. Jacob SEES the ROCK PINNACLE in the bay fading in and out in the b.g.

JACOB

Dis is Pinnacle Bay.

ANSEL

You sure?

Jacob pries a tryworks BRICK from the frozen ground.

JACOB

Dis is where we seen your smoke signal from.

(points off)

Yonder's the wreck.



ANSEL  
(looking off)  
My woman's over there. She's waiting  
for me.

Jacob looks back where they came from; has doubts.

JACOB  
I don't know. It's a long way to  
drag the boat.

Ansel suddenly grabs Jacob by the collar.

JACOB (CONT'D)  
What?

ANSEL  
You tell Barnard it ain't far. We're  
going to drag the boat. Hear me?

Ansel pushes him away, turns and starts marching back.  
Jacob, stunned, watches him go. At length, he follows.

EXT. LONGBOAT AGAINST CLIFF - NIGHT

A BLIZZARD rages. A CORONA of flickering yellow light  
outlines the snow-covered boat shell against the rock cliff.

INT. LONGBOAT SHELTER - NIGHT

A small campfire dances warmly. Louder and Albrook pack rocks  
along the sides to keep out the wind and snow. Cent is curled  
by the fire. Barnard sticks his head through the bow opening.

EXT. LONGBOAT SHELTER - NIGHT

Snow blasts at Barnard's face as he pokes his head out.

INT. LONGBOAT SHELTER - NIGHT

Barnard ducks back inside; looks worried.

EXT. SNOWSTORM - NIGHT - ON JACOB AND ANSEL

as their ghostly images emerge from the white b.g. They  
stumble towards us. Ansel collapses. Jacob lifts him up and  
swings Ansel's arm over his own shoulder.

JACOB  
Captain told us not to give up.

They stumble onward.

LATER - SAME NIGHT

Jacob finally collapses with his load. He squints through the driving snow, SEES a smudge of light in the b.g. He lifts Ansel up. They trudge towards the light.

INT. LONGBOAT SHELTER - NIGHT

Through the HOWLING WIND outside, a faint voice calls out, "HELP!" Cent BARKS recognition. The men stiffen up, listen.

VOICE

Help...Help.

Barnard moves out. The others follow.

EXT. LONGBOAT SHELTER - NIGHT

Jacob staggers into view supporting Ansel. Barnard, Louder, and Albrook grab on and help them towards the shelter.

INT. LONGBOAT SHELTER - NIGHT

Ansel and Jacob shiver uncontrollably under the sail cloth and Barnard's great coat.

JACOB

It's Pinnacle Bay alright.  
About fo' mile from here and two  
long hills. Lotsa rock...I don't  
know...

Ansel notes the men's reactions; doesn't like what he sees.

ANSEL

Jacob says we can see the wreck site  
from there.

BARNARD

It's a lot further and more  
hazardous than I thought.

LOUDER

Maybe we should forget about going  
to the wreck...for now, anyway.

Ansel shoots Louder a baleful look.

ALBROOK

I'm with James. I hardly had the strength to haul the boat up the beach to this cliff.

ANSEL

We're so close. I say we cross over.

Barnard reflects on their predicament.

BARNARD

Let's face the truth. It's been over a month now since we were abandoned. By now the mutineers have probably gone on to South America, even if they went back to the wreck site. As James says, we don't have the strength or the energy to drag the boat four rock-strewn miles.

ANSEL

We don't have to do it in a day. It's our last chance.

BARNARD

There's nobody who wants to get there more than I do, but our bodies are too weak to labor on any further.

(beat)

Let's say we did manage to drag the boat over and make it to the wreck site, but find the ship's not there. Then what? All our extra efforts will have been wasted. We wouldn't have the strength to cross back over. We would surely die of cold or starvation before we got back to Swan Island where we know there are pigs and fuel to keep us alive.

Louder, Albrook, and Jacob nod in agreement, totally resigned to giving up the quest. Ansel glowers.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

We will settle on Swan Island for the winter. Ships, like the "Hope", are known to stop at New Island in passing to take on fresh water. We'll prepare to move over there in the spring.

ANSEL

What about goin' back to the wreck site?

BARNARD

My first concern is surviving the winter.

EXT. SWAN ISLAND - DAY - ON LONGBOAT APPROACHING

Barnard, Jacob, Louder, and Ansel bail as they sail over a choppy sea; Albrook at the tiller. Cent stares off the bow.

EXT. SWAN ISLAND BOG - DAY

Cent tackles a SQUEALING PIG by the ear and tumbles with it.

EXT. SWAN ISLAND BAY - DAY

Reprieve at last: Barnard, Jacob, Albrook, Louder, Ansel, and Cent--bellies full--lounge around a dying campfire in front of the oar-propped longboat, which faces out to the wide bay.

Atop a nearby boulder, remainder meat wrapped in pig skin.

Louder tosses a handful of leaves into the firepit from a large pile near him. It smolders, then CRACKLES into flames.

LOUDER

Why not go to New Island now, if ships stop there?

BARNARD

We need to stock it with live pigs first, then we can move over there permanently and wait for a ship to come, whenever that might be.

ALBROOK

I don't want to go through what we just went through.

BARNARD

From now on, we'll do things as if we are pioneers--here for the long haul. With warm clothes, food, shelter, and fresh water we can get through any winter with a reasonable amount of comfort.

(beat)

(MORE)

**BARNARD (CONT'D)**

So, henceforth, beginning now, we'll rotate duty assignments daily. Each man will take his turn cooking and be on the lookout for ships. The rest of us will form hunting parties for food and fuel, make clothes, or work on a shelter, in his turn. It's important that we stay busy to keep our minds from dwelling too much on our predicament.

Jacob, Albrook, and Louder nod assent. Ansel broods.

**MONTAGE:**

--Barnard, Louder, and Jacob sneak up on a pair of SEALS, rush at them with their clubs raised.

--Cent has a SOW by the tail. Barnard and Albrook wrestle it to the ground, lash its legs together with braided grass.

--Cent dances around a confused PIGLET, Ansel catches it by the leg and carries the SQUEALING piglet away.

--NEW ISLAND HARBOR: Barnard unties a PIG'S leg binding. It scrambles to its feet and flees into the tussocks.

--SWAN ISLAND CAMPSITE: Jacob and Louder sit by the campfire sewing seal hides, happily conversing.

--Louder tries on a crude sealskin coat. Jacob, now wearing a FOX FUR HAT with tail and a sealskin serape, fits a floppy cone-shaped sealskin hat on Louder's head.

--Cent, covered with bloody battle scars, leads Barnard and Ansel, each bearing his half of a GUTTED BOAR on his back.

--Albrook and Louder strip dry leaves from tussocks, stuff them into their sealskin satchels.

--Jacob and Ansel hand select rocks to Barnard, who stacks them onto a three-sided stone shelter four feet high.

--Barnard, Ansel, and Albrook set into place a driftwood-framed sealskin roof.

--Jacob sits alone on a rock bench in front of the shelter gazing forlornly at the sea horizon.

END MONTAGE

EXT. SWAN ISLAND CAMPSITE - DAY

INSERT TITLE: THREE MONTHS LATER

Albrook absently pokes at the dying fire with a stick. He looks like Robinson Crusoe in his hat, skins, beard and hair-- as do all the men by now. We see a RAT scurry behind him.

INT. SHELTER - NIGHT

A FULL MOON. Barnard, Jacob, Albrook, Louder, and Ansel asleep. Wind and surf noise masks a SQUEAKING DIN o.s. Cent rises, GROWLS. The men stir at once, listen to the din.

BARNARD

What's that sound?

They push aside the sealskin drape and peer out.

EXT. SHELTER - NIGHT

In the MOONLIGHT, we see a CARPET OF RATS swarming over the supply of pork and blubber on the boulder.

JACOB

Rats!

Cent tears into the rats. Barnard, Jacob, Albrook, Ansel, and Louder beat at them with clubs. The rats scatter away.

LATER - SAME NIGHT

We see GLEAMING WHITE RIBS on top of the boulder; on the ground, DEAD RATS. The men approach the boulder.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Dey ate all the meat.

EXT. SWAN ISLAND CAMPSITE - DAY

Three oars have been lashed together to form a tripod. Barnard greases them with a slab of blubber. Jacob pulls on a thong, raising two sides of fresh pork into the tripod apex and ties it off.

BARNARD

That ought to take care of the rat problem.

Ansel's voice suddenly rings out harshly o.s.

ANSEL  
You sonovabitch, Louder!

They turn to the sound coming from behind a nearby knoll.

EXT. BEHIND GRASSY KNOLL - DAY

Ansel pushes Louder to the ground, threatens with his club.

ANSEL  
One word and I'll kill your ass.

Terrified, Louder scoots backwards along the ground.

Barnard enters, plants himself between Ansel and Louder.

LOUDER  
Don't let him hit me, Captain.

BARNARD  
Put down the club, Ansel!

Ansel hesitates, sizes up Barnard.

BARNARD (CONT'D)  
Put it down! That's an order!

Ansel lowers his club and stomps away mumbling to himself, poking the air with his club. Barnard looks after him with no little concern, then turns to Louder.

BARNARD (CONT'D)  
What was that about, James?

Louder lowers his head.

LOUDER  
I best not say.

BARNARD  
Why not?

LOUDER  
I can't. I just can't right now.

Barnard considers.

BARNARD  
Then you better resolve whatever's  
come between you.  
**(MORE)**

**BARNARD (CONT'D)**

I won't tolerate another episode like this again without an explanation.

Jacob and Albrook, standing back, exchange an uncomfortable, knowing look. Albrook walks over to Louder. Barnard nods for Jacob to join him. They walk a short distance.

**BARNARD (CONT'D)**

Jacob, do you know what this is about?

**JACOB**

(uncomfortable)

I'm not for sure, Captain. Dere's something about James dat Ansel don't like. Ansel gets real mad when he thinks about his woman. Louder probably said something dat made Ansel mad.

Barnard notes Jacob's unease.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SWAN ISLAND SHORE - DAY

Harbinger of spring--ALBATROSSES in the sky. The longboat is in the water loaded with hides, driftwood, and provisions. In the b.g., we see the abandoned roofless shelter.

Jacob, Ansel, Louder, and Albrook are set at the oars. Cent leaps in. Barnard gets ready to push off, looks up.

**BARNARD**

Albatrosses. Soon we'll be feasting on eggs.

EXT. NEW ISLAND HARBOR - DAY - ON LONGBOAT APPROACHING

Jacob, Albrook, Louder, Ansel, Barnard at the tiller, Cent next to him, sail past a small island dotted with BLACK HOLES isolated from the main island by the high tide.



EXT. NEW ISLAND BEACH - DAY

Barnard, Jacob, Louder, Albrook, and Ansel unload the boat. Ansel grabs a split corroded TIN, scowls at it, flings it into the water. Barnard notices, doesn't seem to mind.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - DAY

A temporary shelter has been erected with a broad view of the harbor and beyond. Inside we see rolled up sealskins, a ball of twine, a canvas bag, and Barnard's great coat. A rack of pork hangs off the end of the extended roof rafter.

In front of the shelter is a stone-ringed firepit encircled by flat rock seats. Within reaching distance of the pit is a mound of dry tussock leaves and a pile of vines.

Barnard is sewing a sealskin vest by the firepit. Ansel, Albrook, Jacob, and Louder, with Cent leading, approach him. Each shoulders a plump satchel and carries armloads of tangled vines. They dump the vines onto the fuel pile.

Jacob, Louder, and Albrook seem oddly silent as they go over to a newly dug EGG CELLAR and bury eggs from their satchels.

Ansel approaches Barnard with an uncharacteristic air of bonhomie. He presents a large egg to Barnard.

ANSEL

Look, Captain. We'll eat good now.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - EARLY MORNING

Cent watches as Barnard nurses tinder into flame in the firepit. He places his FLINT and TINDERBOX on the ground beside him. In the b.g., Jacob, Louder, Albrook, and Ansel are stirring awake in the shelter.

LATER - SAME MORNING

The men sit around the firepit peeling boiled eggs, quietly eating them. Louder tosses some vines into the fire pit.

Barnard finishes, tosses the egg shells into the pit, stands up, pats his belly.

BARNARD

That was a fine breakfast.

The men nod their approval as they eat.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

I'm going over to the bog to look  
for a hair seal to make moccasins.  
Who wants to come with me?

ALBROOK

It's me and Jacob's turn to go for  
vines.

LOUDER

It's my turn to watch.

BARNARD

Ansel? How about you?

Ansel spreads apart a tear in his legging.

ANSEL

I'd rather stay and mend my  
trousers.

Barnard notes their odd behavior.

BARNARD

Alright then. I'll go myself.

EXT. LONGBOAT - DAY

Barnard stands by the longboat sharpening his knife on a  
stone. He feels the blade for sharpness. Satisfied, he slips  
it into the sheath on his belt. He turns and calls for Cent:

BARNARD

Cent!  
(whistles)  
Here boy!

Ansel approaches.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Where's Cent?

ANSEL

He went with Jacob and Joseph.

BARNARD

What's gotten into them today? They  
knew I'd be taking the dog with me.

ANSEL

I've changed my mind, Captain. I'll go with you.

Ansel reaches into the boat and withdraws a club.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

I'm ready.

Barnard gives him a skeptical look as they start off.

EXT. TUSSOCK BOG - DAY

Barnard and Ansel stop by the edge of a large maze of tall shaggy tussock corridors.

BARNARD

You go in here. I'll go in just ahead. Call out if you see anything. We'll meet up on the other side.

Ansel steps into the tussock bog.

ON BARNARD as he steps through the tussocks, peering down side aisles, shoulders RUSTLING the dead leaves. In the b.g., we see Ansel duck and disappear.

EXT. GRASS CLEARING - DAY

Barnard emerges from the tussocks. He stops, waits for Ansel to come out. At length, he walks further along the perimeter of the tussocks, stops, scans over the tops of the tussocks.

BARNARD

Ansel?

He listens for a reply. He walks further along, stops.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Ansel?

He sweeps his eyes over the tussocks. Suddenly, his face drains as a horrible thought dawns on him.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

No!

He charges back into the tussocks.

EXT. TUSSOCK BOG - DAY

Barnard races through the tussock aisles. He trips over something. He looks down, SEES Ansel's club, picks it up, CURSES, and races away with it.

EXT. TOP OF HILL OVERLOOKING CAMP/HARBOR - DAY

Barnard freezes at the top of hill; stares off in horror.

INCLUDE HARBOR

Ansel, Albrook, Louder, and Jacob furiously row the longboat away. Cent is with them.

Barnard CLACKS the clubs in the air and yells:

BARNARD

Hey! Come back here! Where do you  
think you're going?

He bounds down the hill towards the beach.

EXT. BEACH - DAY - INCLUDE HARBOR

Barnard slides to a stop at water's edge shaking with rage.

BARNARD

Come back here, you cowards!

He races along the shore, splashing through water, stumbling over rocks, eyes glued to the boat in the b.g. He finally collapses out of breath, watches bitterly as the boat slides behind the point and disappears from sight.

Suddenly, he spins around towards the campsite with alarm and SEES NO SMOKE coming from the firepit. He races towards it.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - DAY

Barnard drops to his knees before a smokeless pit. He looks around for his flint and tinderbox.

BARNARD

Bastards!

He grabs a handful of dry grass from the mound, drops it over the ashes and blows on it. Nothing. He blows again, backs off, waits. Nothing. He stabs his hand into the ashes and stirs the grass into it. He blows. Waits.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Oh, God, please. Let me have fire.

He grabs more grass, throws it on the pit, furiously blows into it until he hyperventilates, then slumps back, defeated.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

No, no, no, no...

Suddenly, he HEARS a SPARK-LIKE POP! He opens his eyes and SEES a THREAD OF SMOKE rising from the firepit. He scrambles up, blows delicate puffs of air into the grass. The grass glows RED; then, a SMALL FLAME SPRINGS TO LIFE.

He watches the CRACKLING flame spread through the grass and fill the firepit with dancing flames. He reaches over to the vine pile and drags a handful of vines over to the pit and begins to feed them into the fire one at a time.

He casts his eyes skyward.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He scans the campsite, taking inventory. He SEES the open shelter has been stripped of all his possessions. He turns and glares off bitterly at the boat, now on the sea horizon.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

You ungrateful bastards!...Why?

The CROAKING of squabbling crows SLOWLY INVADES his consciousness. He turns to it.

ON EGG CELLAR: CROWS are pillaging it.

He snatches up a stone from the ground and hurls it at them.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Shoo! Go away!

The crows lift off as the stone passes through them. They drop down again, resume pillaging, SQUABBLING.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Goddamned rooks! Away! Shoo!

He grabs his club and charges at them. They scatter into the air. He looks after them, then peers down to the egg cellar.

ON EGG CELLAR: Ravaged eggs.

He drops to his knees and scoops out the broken eggs until he uncovers a layer of unbroken ones. He quickly pushes sand over them and tops off with a seat stone.

The crows are back, circling menacingly.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

There, you thieving buzzards. Now try to pilfer my eggs.

EXT. TUSSOCK BOG - DAY

Barnard strips dead leaves from a tussock plant, stuffs them into a bulging satchel.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Barnard wearily drops a tangle of grass and vines onto the firepit. They flare up, illuminating his haggard face.

He fluffs up some nearby grass into a pillow and lies down, keeping a tired, wary eye on the fire.

EXT. SHORE - DAY

Barnard looks for something in the tidemark. Finally, he SEES it in the retreating surf, half-buried in the sand--the RUSTY BALING TIN Ansel tossed away earlier. He picks it up and examines it.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - DAY

Barnard sits on the ground with his legs wrapped around a rock. He TAPS on the rusty tin with a stone. He holds it forth. It is now a shiny, dimpled bowl. He resumes TAPPING.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - NIGHT - ON FIREPIT

Three eggs simmer in the dimpled BOWL.

LATER

Barnard hungrily eats the boiled eggs.

EXT. ROCKY SHORE - DAY

Barnard creeps up on TWO BASKING HAIR SEALS. He rushes at them with his club.

EXT. STREAM NEAR CAMPSITE - DAY

Barnard kneels over a pothole dipping a sealskin in and out of the water. He rubs the hide in his hands, dips it again.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The night sky RUMBLES ominously. Scintillating LIGHTNING.

FIREPIT

Drops of rain begin to SPLASH and HISS on the delicate coals. Barnard rams his club into the ground and throws a sealskin over it to form a small teepee partly covering the fire pit.

He reaches over to the mound of vines and grass and quickly drags them toward himself under another sealskin. The heavens open up; CRASHING THUNDER, LIGHTNING.

INCLUDE SHELTER

A fierce GUST of wind sends the roof of the SHELTER tumbling into the night.

We are left with a dissolving figure of Barnard as he protects his fire and fuel from the RAIN pelting his back.

EXT. NEW ISLAND SHORE - DAY

Barnard drags the broken remains of the shelter roof towards the campsite.

EXT. NEW ISLAND SHORE - DAY

Barnard collects lengths of storm-blown driftwood.

EXT. NEW ISLAND SHORE - DAY

Barnard picks up a flat rock, turns it over, is satisfied.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - DAY

Barnard fits a flat rock onto a U-shaped rock foundation bending around the pit.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - DAY

Barnard tosses a piece of driftwood into the opening of newly built beehive fireplace and watches it catch fire as SMOKE curls out from the chimney.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - DAY

Barnard sets a stone on the top of the three-sided shelter to secure the framed sealskin roof.

He gathers up a handful of vines and tosses them into the fireplace. He stares for a moment at the fire. We see the heavy, weary toll on his body from the constant vigilance.

EXT. TOP OF HILL OVERLOOKING CAMP/HARBOR - DAY

Barnard packs stones around the buried base of a tall, slender driftwood pole. A stick crosspiece is lashed to the top with strips of sealskin flying from it.

CLOSE ON SIGNAL POLE as a hand cuts a diagonal line across four short vertical cuts with a knife. "C H BARNARD OCTOBER 1813" is etched above it.

ON BARNARD - INCLUDE HARBOR

as he sits back against the pole and gazes off longingly.

EXT. ALBATROSS ROOKERY - DAY - ESTABLISHING

A rocky coast white with hundreds of nesting ALBATROSSES. Their SQUAWKING is deafening. Hungry GULLS and ROOKS add to the CACOPHONY as they try to rob the nests of eggs.

Barnard walks into the rookery. The albatrosses beat their wings and peck at him as he pushes one aside with his club, reaches for an egg and puts it in his satchel.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Barnard sits in front of the fireplace ruminating on the last bite of his boiled egg. The warm orange glow from the fire reveals the face of a man plagued with tortured thoughts.

He looks off at the barren landscape around him. His face breaks with emotion as the nagging despair he's avoided now overwhelms him.

BARNARD

Why do you make me suffer this  
unbearable loneliness? Why test me  
with deprivation?

(MORE)



**BARNARD (CONT'D)**

What did I do that men would turn on me, not once, but twice, when all I wished to accomplish was to help the godless bastards survive?

(with bitterness)

Even my trusted Jacob deserts me.

Tell me...Why?

We leave the scene: A tableau of a tortured soul.

EXT. VINE PATCH - DAY

Barnard walks towards us shouldering his club with a seal skin bound around it, like a hobo. He stops in a grassy area by a boulder. He unties the sealskin, spreads it out on the ground, and drops his club next to it.

He high-steps into the vine patch, gathers up a handful of vines and cuts them free with his knife.

MOMENTS LATER

He drops a load of vines onto the sealskin, folds it around the vines, and ties it together with the thong. He looks around for his club. It's not there!

BARNARD

My club. Where...?

He clutches his bundle of vines closer to him.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Somebody here?

He rakes the area with a look of fear, suspecting an unseen villain, then hurries away as if pursued. The ubiquitous crows CROAK after him.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Barnard sits staring into the fireplace, preoccupied with anguished thoughts.

EXT. VINE PATCH - DAY

Barnard cuts and gathers vines. Behind him, we see the sealskin spread out as before. Next to it lies his club.

An INKY SHADOW OF A GIANT MAN-LIKE CREATURE creeps into the scene, spreads over the sealskin and club, and stops. A gnarled, hairy hand reaches in from o.s., picks up the club.

ON BARNARD cutting vines. The INKY SHADOW crosses over Barnard's shadow. Barnard SEES it, whirls around and falls back in wide-eyed horror at:

An enormous CYCLOPS, now SCREECHING like the CATERWAUL of cats in heat. Its hideous grin full of pointed, rotting, saliva-dripping teeth. It raises the club in SLO-MO and brings it down on us, BLACKING OUT the scene as

INT./EXT. SHELTER - NIGHT

Barnard jerks upright, SCREAMING, disoriented, half-stuck in the nightmare. He quickly rolls out of the shelter and leaps to his feet uncertain whether to stand or flee. We hear the SCREECHING sound. He whirls to it.

ON SEA EAGLE - INCLUDE BARNARD

perched darkly on the edge of the shelter roof. Barnard sags with relief. He picks up a stone and lobs it at the eagle.

BARNARD

Away, you curs-ed bird!

The EAGLE SCREECHES, unfolds its great wings, lifts off and disappears into the night. Barnard slumps to his knees. He takes a moment to recover his senses, then grabs some vines and stuffs them into the fireplace.

He crawls back into the shelter, flops down, and stares unfocused at the blazing fire.

EXT. NEW ISLAND BEACH - DAY

Barnard picks up a random stone as he walks, strikes his knife blade sharply across it a couple of times, then hurls it away into the water. He picks up another stone, strikes it. Nothing. He hurls it away.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - DAY

Barnard slips on a serape he has made from sealskins stitched together with thong ties. He is pleased.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - NIGHT

A heavy DOWNPOUR drums on the shelter roof. Barnard sits cross-legged between two piles of dry grass and vines staring at the fire, now protected by the beehive fireplace.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - DAY

Barnard sits on his rock seat watching the CROWS SQUABBLE over a broken egg by the egg cellar. He aimlessly hurls a stone at them. The birds lift off, drop back down, and resume fighting amongst themselves over the egg.

He picks up a stone from a pile on the ground, strikes it with his knife, then hurls it at the birds. They lift off, land again, SQUABBLE.

He picks up another stone, strikes it. A SPARK! Not believing his eyes, he strikes it again. It SPARKS.

He leaps to his feet with giddy excitement as he strikes the rock again and again, sending forth SHOWERS OF SPARKS.

BARNARD

Ah ha! Finally, fire when I want it!

He clutches the stone to his chest, embracing it as a precious gift from God, and looks skyward.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

EXT. VINE PATCH - DAY

Crows play overhead as Barnard unrolls a sealskin on the ground. He looks around warily, assuring himself that he is alone, then places his only remaining club UNDER it.

He steps into the vine patch a short distance, turns, and works his way back harvesting vines, occasionally casting a wary eye toward the sealskin.

MOMENTS LATER

Barnard, with an armful of vines, runs towards us in a panic. He SEES the sealskin is flipped back. The CLUB IS GONE!

He whirls, frightened, sees no one. He throws his load onto the sealskin, bunches it up and runs off with it.

EXT. GRASSY KNOLL - DAY

Barnard runs towards us with his load of vines and collapses, out of breath. He rolls over onto his back and clamps his hands to his head to keep from losing his mind.

The SOUND OF CROWS becomes distinct. Barnard looks up at the crows playing tag in the air, chasing a single crow carrying Barnard's club in its talons.

Barnard leaps up and bounds after it.

BARNARD  
Hey! Bring back my club!

He scoops up a stone on the run and throws it at the low flying crow.

BARNARD (CONT'D)  
Drop it!

He stops, scoops up a handful of stones and fires them at the crow. The crow veers sharply to avoid one, lets go of the club, and flies off with the rest of the crows.

The club falls to the ground. Barnard snatches it up and brandishes it at the departing crows.

BARNARD (CONT'D)  
Damned curs-ed thieves! You're driving me crazy!

CLOSE ON SIGNAL POLE - INCLUDE KNIFE/HAND

as another vertical notch is cut into the pole. We see SIX WEEKS of cut marks, plus two days.

EXT. BURNT ISLAND - DAY - ESTABLISHING

It is a bog hill separated from New Island harbor by a hundred yards of tide water. It is dotted with black holes.

ON BARNARD as he wades knee-deep through the low tide towards us, toting his club and satchel. He climbs out of the water and proceeds up to a black hole in the hillside. He kneels by it and sticks his head in.

INT. BLACK HOLE - DAY - ON BARNARD

as he reaches in and grabs a ROCK-SIZED CHUNK OF BURNT SOD from a pile of charred debris on the cave-like floor.

EXT. BLACK HOLE - DAY

Barnard withdraws the black chunk from the hole. He feels it for firmness, bounces its weight in the palm of his hand and breaks it apart with both hands. His eyes widen in discovery.

BARNARD

Well, I'll be....

He shakes his head, amazed.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

(chuckling)

Lord, you sure do make it hard for us mortals to understand your ways.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - NIGHT - ON FIREPLACE

Barnard sits mesmerized before NUGGETS of glowing peat chunks, his face now relaxed, contemplative.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - DAY

Barnard sets a flat rock on the perimeter of stones that form the foundation of a rectangular building. It incorporates the fireplace as part of the end wall and its dimensions are such that it encloses the shelter.

Barnard eyes a straight line along the stones he has laid. He adjusts one.

INT. SHELTER - NIGHT

Barnard is sleeping peacefully.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

INT. MANSION DINING ROOM - EVENING

The room is tastefully decorated by early 19th-century middle class New England standards. A cozy fire burns in the large mantle fireplace.

Sitting around the opulently set dining table are three children--TWO BOYS (10 and 8) and a GIRL (5), TWO COUPLES in their fifties, and Barnard and his pretty WIFE (late 20s). Everybody is dressed for a special occasion.

Candlelight illuminates the happy faces as they eat, talk, and laugh [unheard]. Barnard sits at the head of the table, his wife sits at the other end. They eye each other affectionately as they eat.

AFTER THE MEAL

Barnard merrily blows out lit candles on a birthday cake in front of him. The adults clap and laugh, the children bounce and clap with glee. His wife presents Barnard with a square gift-wrapped box. She kisses him lovingly on the cheek.

Barnard gaily unwraps the box, then pauses for effect. He winks at the children, then removes the lid.

He suddenly leaps back and SHRIEKS in terror as...

INSERT: CYCLOPS' HEAD IN BOX

Its feral eye suddenly pops open and frighteningly fills the screen with insane CATERWAULING. END DREAM SEQUENCE as...

BARNARD IN CAMP SHELTER

Barnard sits up, gasping for air. Slowly, he comes to realize it was a dream and sighs. He lies back down and stares longingly at scenes playing far away in his mind.

CLOSE UP ON SIGNAL POLE - INCLUDE KNIFE/HAND

as another notch is added to TEN WEEKS of notches.

EXT. SIGNAL POLE - DAY

Barnard stands erect, gazing out over the bleak terrain. He raises his arms as if to embrace the world.

BARNARD

Oh, Mr. Robinson Crusoe, you never had it so bad! How I envy you, marooned on a tropical island, where spring and summer are the whole year, with food and comforts at your disposal. For it is I who rightly own your poem to solitude.

He pauses, recalling from memory, acts out dramatically:

BARNARD (CONT'D)

"I am out of humanity's reach,/ My  
journey must finish alone,/ Never to  
hear the sweet music of speech,/ I  
start at the sound of my own.

He wheels around, gestures with open arms.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

"I am monarch of all I survey,/ My  
right here is none to dispute,/ From  
the center all round to the sea,/ I  
am lord of the fowl and brute.

(beat)

"O solitude! Where are the charms,/   
That sages have seen in they face?/  
Better dwell in the midst of  
alarms,/ Than reign in this horrible  
place."

He wheels like a dervish, HOWLING to the sky--a man gone mad. He spins himself dizzy, then tumbles to the ground, coming to rest spread-eagled on his back.

He lies still a moment to catch his breath, then raises himself on his elbows and gazes sadly out to sea.

Suddenly, he sits up erect, all his attention focusing on something distant, o.s.

WHAT HE SEES: A RIBBON OF SMOKE rising from the sea horizon.

EXT. NEAR SIGNAL POLE - EVENING

Barnard shakes out lumps of peat from his satchel onto a large firepit of flaming peat. He keeps a vigilant eye on the distant plume as if at any moment it might go away.

LATER - SAME NIGHT

Barnard sits rock-still beside the breeze-whipped fire, gazing out at black nothingness.

EXT. SIGNAL POLE - DAY

Barnard dozes against the signal pole. A ROOK tugs at his moccasin. Barnard awakens, startled, jerks his leg back.

BARNARD

Hey! I'm not dead, yet. Shoo!

The ROOK lifts off COMPLAINING. Barnard looks towards the island in the distance.

He bolts upright with alarm. The smoke PLUME IS GONE!

EXT. SIGNAL POLE - NIGHT

The fire beacon coals shimmer ruby red in the wind.

INT./EXT. CAMPSITE SHELTER - NIGHT

Barnard sleeps fitfully. His hand unconsciously squeezes around his club as disturbing scenes play out in his dreams.

Suddenly, through the wind, we hear a sharp POP, like the report of a distant gun. His eyes pop open. He doesn't move. Listens. Hears the POP again.

He rolls out of the shelter, jumps to his feet, and makes a stance with his club. He whirls, searching for shadows in the dark. He stops, listens.

BARNARD

Show yourselves, you cowards!

The POP sound again. He wheels towards it.

CLOSE ON MUSSEL SPOON dangling by a thong from the driftwood rafter of the shelter. A gust of wind bangs it against the rock wall: POP!

BACK TO BARNARD as he yanks away the spoon.

EXT. SIGNAL POLE - DAY

Barnard stands anxiously next to a smoldering fire, stares off at the plumeless horizon in the b.g.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - DAY

Barnard sets a flat rock on top of the cabin foundation. It is already a foot high by three feet wide with an opening for a door opposite the chimney wall.



INCLUDE HARBOR

As Barnard moves out of the scene, we SEE a small sailboat approaching the harbor point. It drops its sail as somebody in the boat tosses a dark object onto the point shore. Then, it starts rowing towards us.

Barnard moves back into the scene and places a stone onto the wall. Suddenly, he HEARS a dog's BARK. He whirls to it.

INCLUDE HARBOR

ON BARNARD watching the longboat approach. A jumble of emotions sweeps over him. He starts down to the beach.

The four men in the boat suddenly ship oars in the middle of harbor and drift. They engage in animated conversation. At length, they row again.

EXT. NEW ISLAND HARBOR SHORE - DAY

Barnard waits anxiously at water's edge, his stance threatening, ready for anything. The men ship oars fifty yards from shore and drift no further.

Cent BARKS excitedly and wants out of the boat. Ansel pulls him back with the leash. Barnard takes an involuntary step forward. For a wary moment, neither side speaks. Finally, Louder gestures towards the point.

LOUDER

Captain, we, ah...We put some pork  
on the point for you...and some  
newspapers from the wreck.

Barnard continues to stare at them with loathing, weeks of pent-up emotions ready to explode on them, but he is torn between getting retribution and craving their company.

ALBROOK

Captain. We wish to land and be with  
you again, but we feel we have  
offended you and you don't want us.

BARNARD

You have more than offended me! You  
as much as tried to murder me! You  
stole everything I own, including my  
flint and tinderbox! How was I to  
survive without a fire? You sons-of-  
bitches clearly left me here to die!

Albrook, Louder, and Jacob are stunned by this revelation. They give Ansel a hateful look.

JACOB

Captain, I...I wouldn't do dat to you. I didn't know...

BARNARD

Let Cent come ashore and you can go where you damn well please with the boat! I can get my living alone, without you!

(beat)

If you do not land my dog and the things you stole from me, you can depend on it that, if ever a ship arrives, you will be made to pay for your treacheries! I'll make damned sure of that!

ALBROOK

Captain Barnard, please! We are sorry beyond words. We hope you can find it in your heart to forgive us.

(beat)

We wish you no harm but to live with you again.

BARNARD

Forgive you? Where were your hearts when you deserted me? How could you do this to me after all we've been through together? Is there no end to how low and treacherous men can get?

(long pause)

Let the one who's innocent come to shore!

The sheepish men are wounded deeply by the reprimand, but they do not appear to want to leave.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Let Cent go! Now!

The men look sharply at Ansel. He takes the leash off Cent.

Cent leaps from the boat into the water and paddles until he finds bottom, then lopes through the water as Barnard drops his club and squats to greet him. Cent jumps on him, knocks him down, licks his face all over, WHINING with emotion.

BARNARD (CONT'D)  
Oh, Cent! I've missed you!

Barnard, dodging Cent's licking, rubs him vigorously, and discovers a recent scabby wound amongst many old ones.

BARNARD (CONT'D)  
(to Cent)  
Been keeping the men fed, have you?

INCLUDE MEN IN LONGBOAT

Barnard gets up, Cent at his side. He regards the glum men in the boat. The anger on his face begins to melt away as he considers. The primal need for human interaction is too profound to resist.

BARNARD (CONT'D)  
You may come ashore if you wish.

The men brighten immediately, drop oars, and row for shore.

EXT. NEW ISLAND HARBOR SHORE - DAY

Jacob, Albrook, Louder, and Ansel land and haul up the boat. They loiter there, shy, uncertain what to do next. Their ragged, threadbare clothes hang salt-matted on their thin frames, like seaweed. It is evident they have gone through some trying times themselves.

Barnard and Cent step over to them. Louder moves aside, gestures.

LOUDER  
Captain, see what we brought back  
for you...from the wreck.

Barnard looks into the boat. He SEES pieces of canvas, planks, glass bottles, tins, etc.--rubbish in the extreme. Albrook hands him a tightly wound piece of paper.

ALBROOK  
We found this in a bottle.

Barnard takes it, unrolls it, reads to himself, then aloud.

BARNARD  
"...made every possible search for  
you, but couldn't find you."

He crushes the paper in his fist.

BARNARD (CONT'D)  
(shouts to his fist)  
Liars! Barbarians! Mutineers!

The men shuffle uncomfortably.

BARNARD (CONT'D)  
(to his fist)  
And then take everything we would  
need to survive with!

He turns on Louder, Ansel, Albroom in turn.

BARNARD (CONT'D)  
Your own countrymen! They're  
inhumanity ought to wound the pride  
of any Englishman!

The three men shrink back, abashed, as Barnard starts  
emphasizing with his club. Jacob stands aside mortified.

BARNARD (CONT'D)  
(letting it out)  
And your inhumanity towards me is  
beyond contempt! You're goddamned  
cowards! All of you! Have you no  
moral spine leaving me here without  
the makings of a fire?

Louder, Albroom, Ansel immediately drop to their knees,  
begging. Jacob does the same.

ALBROOM  
(sobbing)  
We made a terrible mistake and we  
beg your forgiveness.

LOUDER  
(sobbing)  
We know we can't make it without  
you, Captain.

ANSEL  
(dry eyed)  
Please, Captain, let us back.

Jacob rocks back and forth, sobbing in shame.

JACOB

I'm so sorry, Captain. I'm so sorry.  
Please forgive me. I'm so sorry.

Barnard stares at them for a long minute.

BARNARD

I can possibly forgive you on one  
condition...

The men look up in earnest, willing to agree to anything.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

That you conduct yourselves as  
honorable human beings made in God's  
image. If you can't live peacefully  
with me, I don't want you around me.  
I do not have any desire to control  
you, only to guide you in our common  
survival. We will live here as we  
did before--doing chores for the  
good of all.

(pause)

And I will not bring up the past for  
now, unless you bring it up.

The men react with profound relief.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - DAY

Jacob, Albroom, Louder, and Ansel stare amazed at the chimney  
and the lumps of glowing peat within.

ALBROOM

Where did you get coal?

BARNARD

That's peat. It was right under our  
noses. Over there, on Burnt Isle.

INCLUDE BURNT ISLE as he points towards it.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

I've been hauling it over during low  
tide. Now, with your help, we can  
stockpile it here.

Jacob places his hand on the chimney, gets a sensation.

JACOB

Just like home.

BARNARD

(indicates)

And this is the house I've started.  
There's plenty of work to keep us  
busy to get ready for winter.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - MORNING

Barnard, Jacob, Albroom, Louder, and Ansel finish eating.

BARNARD

Ham and eggs. Now that was a real  
breakfast.

(to Jacob)

Jacob, take Joseph and Ansel and go  
over to Burnt Isle today and start  
hauling peat over in the boat. James  
and I will go to the penguin rookery  
for a fresh supply of eggs.

JACOB

Yes, Captain.

Barnard notes Ansel stab a warning glare at Louder, who shyly  
looks away. Something is up between them.

BARNARD

Is that alright with you, Ansel?

ANSEL

Yeah. Whatever you say.

EXT. EGG CELLAR - DAY

Barnard and Louder are knelt beside the egg cellar putting  
eggs deep into it. Barnard packs sand over a layer of eggs,  
looks at Louder, studies him.

BARNARD

James, I'm suspicious that all is  
not well between you and Ansel. Is  
there a problem I should know about?

Louder fumbles nervously in his satchel for a egg. He avoids  
looking at Barnard.

LOUDER

I don't dare say, Captain.

BARNARD

Who instigated the plan to leave me?

Silence.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

It was Ansel, wasn't it?

Louder deposits an egg and sits back, head lowered in shame.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Tell me what happened. I'll see that he does you no harm.

Louder glances up at Barnard, believes him.

LOUDER

Okay...Yesterday, when we stopped in the harbor, Ansel told me and Jacob and Joseph that if any of us ever told you anything about the cruise, he would kill us, even if he got hanged for it the next minute.

(beat)

Ansel is a very bad man, Captain. You better be on your guard. He still has bad designs against you.

Barnard reflects on this a moment.

BARNARD

If he succeeds in his bad designs, you can be sure he will make you his slaves and lord over you. You'll have no protection against his anger. Your lives will not be secure for a minute. What you tell me in confidence will never come to his knowledge, unless he attempts to carry out his threats.

(pause)

Tell me more, so I will know the kind of man I'm dealing with.

Louder, seeing a protector in Barnard, decides to spill.

LOUDER

The plan to leave you was all Ansel's idea. He was at us day and night, behind your back, to join him to go to the wreck site. He kept telling us that your ship was still there waiting for us. After a while, we believed it was possible, even after all those months had passed. He said it was no use talking to you about it because you wouldn't hear of it. We knew that was true. He said we would be supplied with good things again, then come back here and take you off, and that would make you happy. He convinced us the idea was practical, so we finally agreed to go with him and leave you here. He threatened to kill us if we told you about it.

(beat)

Captain, I swear on my life, I didn't know about your flint and tinderbox until you mentioned it yesterday. Neither did Joseph and Jacob. We would never have left you destitute. I swear. It had to be Ansel's doing.

Barnard nods thoughtfully.

BARNARD

Go on.

LOUDER

On the first day we left you...

FLASHBACK

EXT. BEAVER ISLAND - DAY

Cent wrestles a PIG down. Albrook and Ansel rush into the scene with their clubs.

LOUDER

...we went over to Beaver Island to get a supply of pigs for the journey.



EXT. BEAVER ISLAND SHORE - DAY

Ansel, wearing Barnard's great coat, cuts his wrist with his knife, draws blood. He hands the knife to Louder, who reluctantly takes it, then quickly cuts his wrist. Ansel puts it against his own cut.

LOUDER

Before we left, Ansel made us swear our loyalty to each other with a blood oath. He made us cut our wrists to let our bloods mix.

EXT. EAGLE ISLAND WRECK SITE - DAY

Ansel, Albroom, Louder, and Jacob stroll numbly through the desolate camp, a wasteland of trash and demolished huts.

LOUDER

It took us a month to get around to the wreck site. When we finally got there, we were very disappointed that they had left nothing to cheer us up: No clothes, no wine, no food, nothing Ansel had promised.

Ansel kicks at what is left of his hut, drops to his knees, wails. Albroom, Louder, Jacob give each other a worried look. Suddenly, Ansel threatens them with his knife.

LOUDER (CONT'D)

We became very depressed, Ansel most of all, because he hoped his whore would still be there. He blamed us for getting there too late and threatened us with our lives.

EXT. LONGBOAT AT SEA - DAY

Jacob, Albroom, Louder, and Ansel are despondent.

LOUDER

On our return to Beaver Island, we ran out of food. Jacob led us to an island that has a penguin rookery.

EXT. PENGUIN ROOKERY - DAY

Cent charges through a group of nesting EMPIRE PENGUINS, scaring them off their nests. The men move in, grab up eggs and put them in their satchels.

Suddenly, Ansel clubs the penguins.

LOUDER

We were collecting eggs. Everybody was minding their own business-like when Ansel goes crazy and starts killing the penguins.

Louder, Albroom, and Jacob gape in horror at Ansel clubbing the penguins. Louder says something to Albroom. Ansel sees this, charges at Louder with his club.

LOUDER (CONT'D)

Me and Jacob and Joseph just stood there shocked. I told Joseph how cruel Ansel was to kill innocent penguins for no reason. Ansel saw me talking to him and came at me with his club.

The club grazes Louder'd head. He falls to the ground dazed. Ansel raises his club to strike again.

Jacob's hand reaches in and wrenches the club from him. Ansel whirls around in a rage and SEES Jacob determined to stand his ground. Albroom says something to Ansel that calms him down. Ansel grabs his club from Jacob and stomps off.

LOUDER (CONT'D)

He struck me on the head and knocked me down. Your Jacob stepped in and saved my life. Joseph reminded Ansel of the blood oath we took, and Ansel settled down for a time after that.

END FLASHBACK

Barnard listens with great interest to Louder's tale.

LOUDER (CONT'D)

We finally made it back to Beaver Island and made a camp. As much as we wanted to, Ansel wouldn't let us cross over to you. He said you would be mad and not let us land because we didn't have any gifts for you.

(beat)

He said he wished you were dead.

BARNARD

Why?

LOUDER

He said so he could keep your coat.

Barnard can't believe what he is hearing.

BARNARD

My coat! He would kill me for my coat?

LOUDER

Ansel is an evil man, Captain, and I'm afraid of him. He will kill me if he finds out I told you.

BARNARD

What made him finally want to come over?

LOUDER

When we reminded him how cold it was getting and about how much we suffered last winter and how we would not have made it without you, he got worried and finally agreed to come over.

BARNARD

How are Jacob and Joseph affected by him?

LOUDER

I can't say for sure. We dare not talk to each other privately or he threatens us to know what we are talking about. He's always got his eyes on us.

(reconsiders)

I think they're scared of him, too.

Barnard ponders a course of action.

BARNARD

His behavior can't be tolerated anymore. It has got to stop. I don't want you to take anymore orders from him. Understand?

Louder nods uncertainly.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

You must do as I say, or you'll never end his reign of terror. We have to live together for who knows how much longer. I need to catch him breaking my rules. Then we'll deal with him once and for all.

LOUDER

I wish he was dead.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - DAY

Barnard, Albrook, Cent are hiking away from the camp with their satchels and clubs. They disappear over the knoll.

Ansel is dipping a sealskin in and out of the stream pothole.

Jacob is fitting rocks on the knee high wall. Louder drops some flat rocks near Jacob, turns and heads back to the shore, passing by Ansel's cold glare.

ANSEL

Hey, Louder! Come here! Help me wash skins.

Louder shudders, pretends not to hear, walks stiffly on. Ansel gets up, follows.

EXT. NEW ISLAND SHORE - DAY

Ansel catches up to Louder near the boat, whips him around by the shoulder.

ANSEL

What did I just tell you?

Louder chokes, tries to swallow his fear.

LOUDER

I don't have to wash them just because you tell me to. I'm hauling rock for Jacob.

Ansel gets into Louder's face.

ANSEL

You've been talking to Barnard, haven't you?

Louder opens his mouth to speak, but terror seizes him.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

You betrayed our blood oath, didn't  
you?

Ansel socks Louder in the face, sending him tumbling backwards to the ground. Ansel starts for him. Louder kicks out and luckily sinks his foot into Ansel's groin. Ansel buckles to his knees, MOANING in agony.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

Aaah! You sonovabitch! I'm gonna  
kill you!

He grabs for Louder. Louder scoots out of reach and scrambles up, heart pounding. He sees an advantage, but dare he take it? In the riskiest moment of his life he runs crazily at Ansel and kicks him in the face.

Ansel falls backwards to the ground and is still for a moment. Louder can't believe he just did what he did, but he's uncertain what to do next as

Ansel rouses, wipes the blood from his face and stares at it. He glowers at Louder as he slowly, painfully stands. He pulls out his knife. Louder stares at it in horror.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

You're a dead man!

Louder sees only the knife.

LOUDER

Help! He's going to kill me!

Ansel starts for Louder awkwardly, one hand on groin, the other carving the air with the knife. Louder backs away.

BARNARD (O.S.)

Put it down, Ansel!

Ansel turns to face Barnard as he runs into the scene.

ANSEL

Try to take it from me.

He waves the knife at Barnard.

BARNARD

Give me the knife.

ANSEL

I'm sick of living by your stupid rules!

BARNARD

Then leave, now!

Ansel is stupefied by the command. Suddenly, the handle of a seal club CRACKS down on Ansel's skull. His eyes roll up into his head as he drops to his knees and flops to the ground, out cold. Jacob enters scene, stares down at Ansel.

JACOB

Dat done solve dat problem fast.

(shakes his head)

Lord only knows why I never done it befo'.

They close in around Ansel and stare down at him.

BARNARD

You alright, James?

LOUDER

Can't remember when I felt better.

BARNARD

You stood up to him. That's what counts.

LOUDER

I did like you said, but he pulled his knife on me.

ALBROOK

I say we banish him. If we don't, he'll just return to his old wicked ways, just like before.

BARNARD

As if our sufferings aren't miserable enough that we allow a bully to add terror to our existence.

EXT. LONGBOAT AT SEA - DAY

Sailing on a calm sea. Jacob and Albrook sit behind Ansel, his hands bound behind him, his face livid with bruises.

ANSEL

(begs through tears)

Don't do this to me, Captain. I promise I'll be good. Please! I've learned my lesson. I'll never be bad again.

BARNARD

You were warned not to threaten us, and now you must pay the price.

They approach Swan Island beach in the b.g.

EXT. SWAN ISLAND BEACH - DAY - NEAR OLD CAMPSITE

Barnard guides Ansel away from the boat as Jacob and Albrook unload provisions. Barnard cuts Ansel's binding, tosses the knife up the beach. Ansel drops to his knees.

ANSEL

Captain, don't leave me here alone. This place is haunted. I'll go mad.

BARNARD

You brought this on yourself. Now, live as I did when you deserted me.

He turns away, walks back to the boat. Jacob and Albrook are back in the boat, ready on the oars. Barnard pushes them off, jumps in. Desperate, Ansel splashes into the surf as they row away and grabs hold of the boat.

ANSEL

(sobbing)

No! Please! Don't leave me! I swear on my mother's life I'll be good!

Albrook raps Ansel's knuckles with the handle of his club. Ansel lets go, SHRIEKING in pain. Realizing he's up to his chest in water, he panics and hurriedly wades back to the shore. He races up the beach and picks up the knife.

He turns toward them and points the knife to his chest with both hands.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

If you don't come back, I'll kill myself!

Albrook and Jacob exchange a look of *"Whadaya think?"*

ALBROOK

Go ahead! Do it! Do it good so we won't have to finish it!

Ansel hesitates, starts to tremble, then drops the knife and collapses back on his haunches SOBBING.

ANSEL

I can't live here! This island's cursed! I'll die!

BARNARD

You gave us no choice! We left you food and provisions to live on! That's more than you left me! Now do your punishment, like a man!

Ansel crumples to the ground WAILING.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Barnard, Jacob, Albrook, and Louder sit around the fireplace. A warm, orange glow reveals somber, stress-free faces. Barnard holds a ragged piece of newsprint.

BARNARD

By the grace of God, we have managed to survive here for over a year in the worst of conditions, and in all that time we were so caught up struggling to keep ourselves alive that we neglected to give thanks for our salvation.

(indicates)

This newspaper you brought back from the wreck site contains a prayer I want to read to you.

Barnard tilts the paper toward the light from the hearth. The men listen to the following with rapt attention:



BARNARD (CONT'D)

(reading)

"O, God, who commands us when we are in trouble to open our hearts and let out our sorrows unto Thee in prayer, and does promise to listen with compassion to our humble supplications, give us grace to approach Thee, that we offend not in word or deed. Take away from us every impatient feeling, silence every unworthy expression; let not our prayer assume the language of complaint, nor our sorrows the character of despair."

He puts the paper down. The men are moved.

LOUDER

It feels like a huge weight has been lifted from me. Can I memorize it? I want to learn it.

JACOB

Captain, I want to memorize that prayer, too.

BARNARD

I will repeat it as often as you want, until it is memorized.

ALBROOK

For the first time since we were abandoned I feel a sense of peace. But I would not feel this way if Ansel was here.

BARNARD

(as an afterthought)

And Lord, watch over Ansel, that he will come to see the error of his ways. Amen.

(beat)

From now on, we will observe one day of the week as Sunday. We'll refrain from labor and devote the whole day to rest and reflection.

EXT. NEW ISLAND HARBOR SHORE - DAY

The weather is mild. The longboat is loaded with food supplies for a long journey. Barnard pushes the boat into the surf. Albroom and Louder row out a distance. Jacob sets the sail. Barnard, with Cent at his side, waves them off.

EXT. TUSSOCK BOG - DAY

Cent, on a leash, leads Barnard, into the tussocks.

EXT. GRASS CLEARING - DAY

Cent leads Barnard out of the tussocks. Ahead of them, across the clearing, a SOW and her PIGLETS are rooting in the grass. They see Barnard and Cent and dash into the tussocks. Cent reacts; pulls on the leash; Barnard removes it.

Cent charges magnificently across the clearing and disappears into the tussocks. Barnard waits. Suddenly, he HEARS a MENACING GRUNTING behind him. He turns slowly around to SEE:

A 200-pound DAGGER-TUSKED BOAR glaring at him ten yards away.

Keeping his eye on the boar, he slowly steps back towards the safety of the tussocks. The boar threatens with jerky, forward motions as Barnard freezes, then carefully takes another step. The boar charges.

Barnard sidesteps the charging boar. A tusk rips his legging.

BARNARD

Cent!

The boar wheels around, charges back. Barnard sidesteps it, smashes his club against the its head. It stumbles. Barnard runs. The enraged boar charges at his heels.

Cent slams into the side of the boar and tumbles with it, GROWLING SAVAGELY. They tangle furiously as they jaw on each other for advantage.

Cent YELPS as a tusk tears across his face. Cent chomps on the ear trying to avoid the tusks. The boar shakes its head furiously, cutting him, throwing Cent about like a rag doll.

Barnard pummels the beast with his club. It glances off the boar's head and bashes Cent's. Cent collapses to the ground.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

No!

The boar races after Barnard. Barnard springs onto a five-foot tall tussock and draws his legs up as the boar slams against it. The outraged boar charges repeatedly against it, rocking it, trying to knock Barnard off.

Foam flies from its chattering teeth as it slashes at Barnard's tucked-in legs. Barnard jabs at the beast's face with his club.

At length, the boar gives up and trots a distance away. It stops, turns to Barnard, GRUNTS threateningly, then disappears into the tussocks.

Barnard waits a moment, then jumps down and runs to Cent laying unmoving.

Barnard kneels beside him. Cent rouses dazed and confused. Barnard quickly examines the wounds; SEES Cent's eye is ripped out, bleeding, an ugly gash cutting across it.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

I so sorry, Cent. You brave dog.

Cent WHINES softly at the sound of his voice, tries to get up, but falls back down.

INCLUDE BOAR

as it trots out from the tussock across the clearing, stops, and GRUNTS another challenge.

Barnard starts at the sound, jumps up and turns, club at the ready. They lock eyes. There can be only one victor.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Come on then! One more time.

The boar charges. Barnard sidesteps him as he swings his club into the boar's front legs. The boar tumbles, recovers, wheels around, charges back at Barnard.

Barnard desperately dances around the sharp tusks, parrying his club into its face. The boar stabs him in the leg. Barnard falls to the ground onto his back.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Aaaah!

Barnard maneuvers his club to block the repeated thrusts of the tusks nicking at him, gouges him in his side as he tries to grab for his knife. Barnard SCREAMS, loses his club. The beast stabs him in the leg.

Suddenly, Cent clamps onto the boar's tail and pulls back. The boar tries to turn to fight him off, but Cent keeps pulling backwards.

Barnard finally unsheathes his knife and rams it into the boar's chest. The boar drops lifeless to the ground.

Cent, blood covering his face and still woozy, wobbles over to Barnard lying on the ground covered with blood, and collapses against him. Barnard embraces him. Cent licks back.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Cent, you have no equal among dogs  
on this earth.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - DAY

Cent, on his haunches on a bed of grass by the fireplace, gnaws contentedly on a meaty bone. Dry slash wounds riddle his neck and shoulders. An eyelid is permanently closed.

Barnard limps over with the tin bowl filled with water and places it in front of Cent, who laps from it as Barnard watches fondly.

BARNARD

Cent, you and I are going to rest  
and feast like kings for awhile.

CLOSE ON SIGNAL POLE - INCLUDE KNIFE/HAND

as another notch is etched onto months of recorded cuts.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - DAY

Barnard sits against the unfinished cottage wall sewing a garment. Cent's wounds now thick scars, a thong over his eye, snoozes at his feet. The BOAR'S TANNED HIDE is saddled expansively over the wall behind him.

INCLUDE HARBOR

In the distance, we see the longboat sailing into view from the point, toward us. Cent's ears perk up. He BARKS.

Barnard looks off surprised. He throws his sewing down and starts for the beach. Cent lopez ahead.

EXT. NEW ISLAND HARBOR SHORE - DAY

Jacob, Albrook, and Louder are very excited as they greet Barnard and Cent. Louder holds forth some RUSTY NAILS and gestures proudly at the lumber in the boat.

LOUDER

Look what we found, Captain. Nails.  
And boards to frame the roof.

Barnard likes what he sees. Jacob displays a ceramic MUG WITH A BROKEN HANDLE--Higton's mug.

JACOB

For you.

Barnard takes it, stares contemptuously at it.

BARNARD

I'd smash it if I didn't need it.

JACOB

What?

BARNARD

Nothing, Jacob. It's a great find.  
Just a bitter memory.

(to all)

You made a good haul. With those  
good boards we can make a table and  
some chairs.

(to Jacob)

How did you get to the wreck and  
back so soon?

JACOB

The wind favored us comin' and  
goin'.

Jacob kneels to greet Cent, notes the eye thong.

JACOB (CONT'D)

What happened to Cent?

BARNARD

He tangled with a tusked boar. Saved  
my life.

JACOB  
Did he kill it?

BARNARD  
(indicates)  
Its hide is draped over the wall.

JACOB  
You quite a dog, Cent.

BARNARD  
Did you see Ansel?

ALBROOK  
We sailed by. Saw him on the beach.

BARNARD  
How does he look?

LOUDER  
(coldly)  
Still alive.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - DAY

INSERT: BOTTLE WITH NOTE INSIDE

A HAND places it in front of the fireplace.

EXT. NEW ISLAND HARBOR - DAY - ON LONGBOAT

as it sails out of the harbor before a light wind. Barnard, Jacob, Louder, Albroom, and Cent are aboard.

EXT. SWAN ISLAND/OLD CAMPSITE - DAY - FROM LONGBOAT

cruising offshore. In the b.g., Ansel, now a weed of a man, sidles along the shore keeping pace with the boat.

EXT. SWAN ISLAND SHORE - DAY

Jacob tosses a sealskin bundle onto the shore from the boat. Albroom and Louder row out twenty yards, drop oars.

Ansel staggers over to the bundle, looks at it, then at the men. He looks thin, pale, and sickly. The demon of terror shines in his eyes. He sinks to his knees and WAILS.

ANSEL

Please take me away from here and  
let me live with you again! I  
promise I will never be bad again!

BARNARD

(to Ansel)

It is not our intention to take you  
off! We are only here to give you  
food supplies!

ANSEL

I beg you, take me off this haunted  
place! I can't bear it no more!

BARNARD

I can't take you away without the  
agreement of the others.

ANSEL

James! Joseph! You are my  
countrymen! Please, I beg you,  
forgive me for what I done to you.  
Let me come with you!

Albrook turns to the others in the boat.

ALBROOK

If he gets in this boat, I'll get  
out.

LOUDER

(to Barnard)

We don't want him back.

BARNARD

(to Ansel)

The men don't agree to have you  
back!

Ansel is stunned speechless.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

You are better equipped than I was  
when you left me alone! Make the  
best of what you have.

(to the men)

Let's go.

They start rowing away. Ansel curls to a fetal position and  
WAILS in despair.

EXT. LONGBOAT AT SEA - DAY

Barnard, Jacob, Albrook, Louder and Cent sail on a breeze.

EXT. SWAN ISLAND - DAY

Cent has a PIG by the tail. Albrook and Jacob rush in, pin it down, bind its feet with a thong.

ON LONGBOAT with a dozen LIVE PIGS, feet bound, squirming in the boat as the men get set to push off.

EXT. LONGBOAT AT SEA - DAY

Albrook, Jacob, Louder, Barnard and Cent sailing off a coast.

EXT. SWAN ISLAND/OLD CAMPSITE - DAY - ON LONGBOAT

bobbing a hundred feet off shore with oars shipped. Barnard, Jacob, Albrook, and Louder are huddled in conference.

INCLUDE ANSEL on the beach staring longingly at us.

ALBROOK

(protesting)

I still don't trust him. A bully is always a bully.

LOUDER

He can never suffer enough.

BARNARD

On a trial basis then. I am satisfied he has learned his lesson. If we leave him here much longer, he will die of loneliness.

(beat)

It's a feeling I'm familiar with.

The men's faces shyly register their own complicit guilt in that feeling. They look off to appraise Ansel.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Tell me such a pathetic sight can ever cause you to fear him again. His fear of being alone, especially with winter coming, ought to play powerfully against him going back to his old ways.



ALBROOK

But if he does go back?

BARNARD

If he gives us the least complaint,  
or speaks ill against any one of us,  
I promise you he will be banished  
for good.

Barnard looks off toward Ansel.

BARNARD (CONT'D)

Remain confident in the dominant  
power you now have within yourselves  
and you'll never have a problem with  
him again.

EXT. SWAN ISLAND BEACH - DAY

Ansel, on his knees in the f.g., trembles with fear as he watches Barnard, Jacob, Louder, and Albrook walk toward him. He is frail and diminutive, a shadow of his former self.

They stop in front of him. Ansel opens his mouth, like a fish gulping air, but no words come out. He implores them with clutched hands, tears flowing from his hollow frightened eyes as if begging for a stay of execution.

We sense a superior power in each man as he looks down on Ansel's wretchedness. Ansel's humility is so profound, his condition so piteous, that we can see he could never again regain the power he once exerted over these men.

Every man is touched by his distress. Barnard gently lifts him up by the arm. Ansel shrivels in terror.

BARNARD

Come, Ansel. You can rejoin us.

Ansel suddenly goes limp with a rush of sobbing emotion. Albrook, moved, takes the other arm. They carry him away towards the boat.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - DAY - ON COTTAGE

The close-fitting rocks form a rectangular rampart five feet high. Ansel and Louder stretch sealskins over the wood-clad roof. Albrook nails it with a makeshift stone hammer.

INT. STONE COTTAGE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A pile of peat is stacked neatly on both sides of the fireplace. A hand-carved leg table sits in front of it; a board bench on each side.

Stretched sealskins hang on the walls like tapestries. Down-filled sealskin bedrolls are rolled up against a wall. Clubs and Barnard's useless flintlock rifle lean on the wall by the open, wood door.

A small snowdrift of feathers fills a corner by the door. Slabs of smoked pork hang from the rafters. All is good.

The fireplace fire casts a warm orange glow on the nearly two years of beard and hair growth on the weather-beaten faces of the five men. In their sealskin clothes, they look like neolithic cavemen.

Louder is leaning against the wall on a down-filled mat examining a FLUTE he is carving from a bone. He whistles a tune under his breath.

Barnard is sitting opposite, rasping a nail against the edge of a stone to make a sewing needle.

Albrook and Ansel are sitting on the bench stitching sealskins together.

Jacob is in the corner by the door stuffing feathers into a sealskin mat.

Cent is curled beside the hearth. Domesticity at last.

LOUDER

Captain?

Barnard, inspecting his shiny needle, looks up to Louder.

BARNARD

Yes, James?

LOUDER

When we get rescued...ah...me and Joseph...

Louder casts a conspiratorial glance at Albrook.

LOUDER (CONT'D)

Well...we would like to be  
considered as Americans.

Barnard puts down his needle, looks amused.

BARNARD

Oh?

ALBROOK

Yeah. Jacob has told us so much  
about New York, we want to live  
there, too.

(beat)

After what our countrymen did to us,  
we feel ashamed to mix with them  
anymore.

LOUDER

We just thought...you know...

ALBROOK

If your countrymen are anything like  
you and Jacob, we want to be like  
them.

Barnard is flattered; Jacob proudly amused.

BARNARD

If our rescuers ask what country you  
are from, what would be your answer?

Louder looks over to Albrook, then sits up ramrod straight.

LOUDER

We shall say we are Americans.

Barnard CHUCKLES, studies their eager faces; considers.

BARNARD

If I am examined by a British man-o'-  
war and the captain asks me about  
you, I will say that you belonged to  
the English ship that was wrecked on  
these islands, and will add nothing  
more. You can say what you wish.

Albrook and Louder lean over and poke each other, pleased  
with themselves. A sudden gust of wind SLAMS at the door.

## BARNARD (CONT'D)

Weather's turning. We need to get  
back to Beaver Island for more live  
pigs before winter sets in for good.

Louder puts the bone flute to his mouth. He plays a bar from  
a PERIOD TUNE. All faces turn to the foreign sound, brighten,  
then LAUGH with amazement as Louder plays merrily on.

EXT. LONGBOAT AT SEA - DAY

Albrook, Louder, Jacob, and Cent are aboard, rowing over a  
rough sea with a cold cross wind.

EXT. BEAVER ISLAND SHORE - DAY

We're in a GALE. Albrook, Jacob, Louder row furiously to  
avoid an angry, rock-strewn surf. A surge lifts, then drops  
them onto a rock, RIPPING, flipping the boat, spilling men,  
dog, and supplies into the wild tidal sea current.

Jacob grabs up a floating club and joins Albrook and Louder  
pulling the capsized boat towards them with the painter.  
Another surge lifts them off their feet, tumbles them and  
Cent onto the shingle with the boat.

As the surf recedes, they desperately run the boat up the  
shingle, then turn, breathless, to watch helplessly as the  
angry surf dashes their food supply and gear against the  
rocks and cliff in the b.g.

They stare horrified into the empty boat: Two garboard  
strakes are pushed in, splintered.

JACOB

We gonna pay hell gettin' back.

INT. STONE COTTAGE - NIGHT

A HOWLING wind outside. Barnard and Ansel sit shoulder to  
shoulder on the bench in front of the hearth. The soft orange  
glow from the hearth glorifies their ruddy faces and beards.

Ansel tilts a piece of old newsprint he is holding toward the  
light of the fire.

ANSEL

(reading)

"...and the pee...o...people..."

BARNARD

That's right.

ANSEL

(reading)

"return...ed to their hou...sees,  
houses for the night."

Ansel looks over to Barnard and beams proudly.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

I did it!

We see a truly changed man. Barnard is amused.

BARNARD

Ansel, you will make your mother  
proud that you've learned to read.

Ansel stares at the newsprint--looking into a new world.

ANSEL

Captain?

BARNARD

Yes.

ANSEL

You know the first thing I'd ask me  
mum when I get back?

BARNARD

What?

Ansel blushes with pride.

ANSEL

I'd say, "Mum, have you got a  
newspaper?" And she'd say, "No!  
What do you want with a newspaper?"  
I'd say, "I want to read it!" She'd  
say, "Pooh! You can't read!" "Oh,  
can't I," I'd say. "Send down to the  
chemist and borrow one." Then I  
would read it to her...and do you  
know what she'd say?

BARNARD

What would she say, Ansel?

ANSEL

She would say, "Sam, who taught you to read?" And I'd say, "That American captain I was so long with."

They laugh together.

EXT. BEAVER ISLAND/TUSSOCK BOG - DAY

WINDY, SLEET. Jacob carries their only remaining club as he, Albrook, and Louder follow Cent, who is nosing the ground along the perimeter. He BARKS. He has a scent and darts into the tussocks. The men run in after.

EXT. GRASS CLEARING - DAY

Jacob, Louder, and Albrook stumble into the snowy clearing.

JACOB

Cent!

Suddenly, about twenty yards in the b.g., a BOAR rustles out of the tussocks and escapes over a grassy knoll, as if being chased. The men wait for Cent to emerge in pursuit. They exchange worried looks, then hurry into the tussock bog.

EXT. TUSSOCK BOG - DAY

VARIOUS SHOTS of Jacob, Albrook, and Louder weaving through the tussocks CALLING OUT for CENT.

EXT. BEAVER ISLAND SHORE - EVENING

HEAVY SNOW. The longboat is pitched against a huge boulder. Albrook and Louder squat around a small campfire, staring worriedly at the flames. Jacob paces nervously in front of them. He is highly agitated.

JACOB

He's never gone like this.

LOUDER

We've looked everywhere. Maybe he'll show up, yet.

JACOB

Everywhere but where he is. He's in trouble. I just knows it.

(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)

I'm goin to look for him and aint comin' back 'til I find him. Dat dog would never desert me, and I aint gonna desert him.

EXT. TUSSOCK BOG - EVENING

Jacob stops. Listens through the wind. He scans across the snow-veiled landscape.

JACOB

Cent!

He listens. Suddenly, he hears a faint, far away WHINING sound. Excitedly, he turns towards the sound, follows it.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Cent?

MINUTES LATER

The WHINING sound is closer now, echoing somewhere around us. Jacob stops, looks down around himself. The WHINING seems to come from under the ground.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Cent?

The whining becomes weak urgent YELPS. Jacob sees a dimple in the snow in the b.g. He goes over to it.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Cent?

He takes a step and drops straight down.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Aah!

He pulls his leg from the hole, hears the YELPING of recognition within. He claws away the snow and thick grass, opens a two-foot diameter hole, looks in.

INT. PIT - EVENING

It is a deep burnt-out peat cistern. At the end of a pale shaft of light we can barely make out the shivering silhouette of Cent mired up to his shoulders in a black mirror of water.

ON CENT, quaking, forepaws clawing desperately to the slippery concave wall. He emits a weak YELP.

ON JACOB. His face, a silhouette in the twilight b.g.

JACOB  
Don't worry, Cent. I won't leave  
you.

EXT. PIT - EVENING

Jacob kneels beside the hole, looks in.

JACOB  
I'll stay right here 'til the others  
come look for us.  
(shouts to the sky)  
James! Joseph! I found him!

EXT. PIT - SAME EVENING

Albrook and Louder pull up the boat's painter until the wet, limp dog emerges from the hole. Jacob's hand follows the dog out and grabs the edge of the hole. Cent tries to shake himself off, but falls over frozen and exhausted.

As Jacob's head emerges, Albrook grabs him by the shoulders and lifts him out.

They worriedly stare at Cent, who is convulsing on the ground beside them. Jacob tears off his sealskin coat, wraps it around him. Albrook and Louder do the same.

EXT. BEAVER ISLAND SHORE - NEXT DAY

Jacob tugs gently on Cent's leash, coaxing him, but Cent stubbornly refuses to budge.

JACOB  
Come on, Cent. Get up.

Louder and Albrook stand anxiously over him.

LOUDER  
Cent. Catch us a pig.

Cent eyeballs them back and forth with his one eye.

JACOB  
He's gone shy.



EXT. SIGNAL POLE HILL - DAY

Barnard finishes cutting another notch. We see the pole is scrimshawed with months of five-digit etchings. He turns, looks worriedly out to sea.

EXT. NEW ISLAND CAMPSITE - DAY

Ansel backs up towards us, feeding out a scrappy leather string along the ground from the pothole in the b.g., where a FLOCK OF MIGRATING GEESE has gathered.

INCLUDE BARNARD as Ansel backs up beside him. He hands Barnard the string. They squat, wait. Their focus is on a GOOSE wandering close to the loop at the end of the line.

BARNARD  
(under his breath)  
Come on. Just one more step.

The goose steps into the loop. Slowly, Barnard draws the line taut, then yanks it upwards and he jumps up and reels in the fluttering goose.

ANSEL  
(amazed)  
You got 'im!

EXT. BEAVER ISLAND SHORE - DAY

A winter GALE whips at the turned-up boat. We see the broken strakes have been cobbled back into place.

INT. LONGBOAT - DAY

A gloom hangs over Jacob, Albroom, and Louder as they stare down at Cent, lying with his head on his paws, rolling his big brown eye to each of them in turn, looking for understanding.

ALBROOM  
We can't wait much longer. We're going to have to risk it. If we don't eat soon, we won't have the strength to get back.

EXT. STONE COTTAGE - NIGHT

A swirling SNOWSTORM menaces it.

INT. STONE COTTAGE - NIGHT

The SOUNDS of the STORM outside. Barnard and Ansel sit on the bench staring at a GOOSE COOKING on a spit in the fireplace. Behind them we see a DOZEN LIVE GEESE, their wings tied, huddling quietly, like a snowdrift, in the corner.

Ansel suddenly grabs Barnard by the arm.

ANSEL

Hear that?

They listen closely. Through the monotonous WHIR of wind, they can hear PUNCTUATING SOUNDS, tiny human cries.

BARNARD

They're back. Thank god.

They grab their sealskin panchos and move out.

EXT. NEW ISLAND SHORE - NIGHT

Jacob, Albrook, and Louder, weak, exhausted, frozen numb, are struggling to haul up the boat. A GALE blast nearly knocks them over. Barnard and Ansel run into the scene, grab on, and haul the boat up shore.

Jacob, then Albrook and Louder, fall to their hands and knees, physically spent. Cent gives Jacob a lick on the face. Barnard enters scene and helps Jacob up. Jacob turns his hoary face to Barnard.

JACOB

No luck huntin'. We brought back  
nothin'.

Barnard puts Jacob's arm around his neck, carries him away.

BARNARD

Let's get you up to the cabin.

Ansel helps Louder and Albrook up and walks them toward the cottage.

INT. STONE COTTAGE - NIGHT

The door SLAPS open as Barnard and Ansel rush Jacob, Albrook, and Louder across the room to the fireplace.

The HONKING of the excited geese in the corner makes the men turn before they see the goose on the spit. Their fatigue evaporates immediately. Their want for warmth is superseded by the lust for food.

They cannot take their ravenous eyes off the geese as they back up to sit on the bench by the fire.

LOUDER

I can smell them cooking now.

BARNARD

Behind you.

The men turn as one and espy the goose on the spit.

They dive at it, ripping away the meat and cramming it into their mouths until their cheeks bulge.

Barnard hacks a shank off the hanging pork and gives it to Cent, who attacks it savagely.

LATER - SAME NIGHT

Jacob, Albrook, and Louder, wrapped in their down mats, nibble on bits of pork. Barnard and Ansel watch them eat.

JACOB

(indicates Cent)

...He fell into the pit. Almost froze to death. Been shy ever since.

Barnard looks down at Cent, who is crunching serenely on a bone beside him.

JACOB (CONT'D)

He just won't hunt no mo'. Lord knows we tried.

ALBROOK

(to Barnard)

We're hoping maybe he'll hunt for you.

Barnard observes Cent.

BARNARD

We'll see.

EXT. GRASSY CLEARING NEAR TUSSOCK BOG - DAY

The sun is shining, a beautiful day. Patches of snow and ice mottle and mirror the landscape. Barnard, Jacob, Albrook, Louder, and Ansel are hiking with Cent on the leash toward the tussock bog.

Louder and Albrook separate and go up the hill opposite collecting vines. Barnard, Jacob, Ansel, and Cent carry on to the edge of the tussocks. They stop. Barnard kneels beside Cent, ruffles his head.

BARNARD

(removing the leash)

Find us some pigs, Cent. Show them who's master here.

Cent trots into the tussocks sniffing the ground. The men follow.

EXT. TUSSOCK BOG CLEARING - DAY

Cent has a SQUEALING PIGLET by the tail. Barnard, Ansel, and Jacob rush into the scene and Barnard releases the pig from Cent. It scampers away. Barnard strokes Cent.

BARNARD

We'll save him for a hungrier day.

They are suddenly startled by blood-curdling WAILING SCREAMS o.s. They look at each other with alarm and take off running.

EXT. TUSSOCK BOG/CLEARING - DAY

Barnard, Jacob, Ansel burst from it and race up the hill towards the SCREAMING. Cent runs past them and disappears over the top.

EXT. TOP OF HILL OVERLOOKING CAMP/HARBOR - DAY

Louder is rolling on the ground in a fit of hysteria, bawling his eyes out. Cent is jumping all around him, as if trying to find where it hurts. Albrook is kneeling nearby, staring off, gushing tears, trembling.

Barnard, Jacob, Ansel dash into the scene, stare perplexed at Louder, then at Albrook. Barnard goes up to Albrook.

BARNARD

James? What happened?

Albrook seizes him by the arm. With eyes flooding and lips trembling, he tries to mutter the words. He points past Barnard.

ALBROOK

Two ships...Two ships!

Barnard turns, looks off.

HIS POV: TWO BRITISH MERCHANT SHIPS stand tall, majestic, supernatural in the middle of the harbor in the b.g. A launch, with BRITISH SAILORS manning the oars, is rowing towards us to shore.

BACK TO BARNARD

as he, Jacob, and Ansel sink to their knees in a flood of grateful tears--saved at last.

INCLUDE SHIPS IN HARBOR

The sailors land the launch on the beach below.

EXT. NEW ISLAND BEACH - DAY

Sailors on the beach freeze as they look off at Cent leading the wobbly charge down the hill--Barnard, Jacob, Albrook, Louder, and Ansel looking like a band of Neanderthals.

SUPER: CAPTAIN BARNARD'S SHIP, THE "NANINA", AND THE SHALLOP WERE CONFISCATED BY THE BRITISH WAR MINISTRY AS TROPHIES OF WAR. DUE TO THE DECEITFUL CIRCUMSTANCES OF THEIR CAPTURE, THE BRITISH COURTS LATER RULED IN THE AMERICANS' FAVOR AND RETURNED THE SHIP TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNERS, ALONG WITH MONETARY DAMAGES.

THE BRITISH SHIPS THAT RESCUED THE MEN HAD JUST STOPPED FOR WATER ON THEIR WAY TO CHINA AND HAD ORDERS TO BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR BARNARD AND HIS MEN. ALTHOUGH RESCUED, IT WOULD BE ANOTHER TWO YEARS OF ADVENTURE AND HOPPING SHIPS BEFORE CAPTAIN BARNARD SAW NEW YORK AND HOME AGAIN.

They meet up as we

FADE OUT.