

Man of Cloth
an original screenplay
by
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Revised
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EXT. BOTANY BAY - NIGHT

An ink black sky stretched wide over the sea. A beach, rocky and dotted with tree stumps. A BRITISH FLAG hangs limp from a pole stuck in the sand.

Nestled just beyond the shore is a primitive COLONY that closely resembles the frontier towns of the American West. A scant collection of ramshackle wooden buildings, tents, dirt roads. A cemetery with rows of crosses.

Beyond the camp, plains flecked with gnarled trees unravel towards the horizon. The colony is a confused speck of civilization carved into the shoulder of this savage place.

INSERT TITLE: 'Botany Bay Penal Colony. Australia. 1788.'

EXT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Torches flicker outside a crooked wooden house. A white Arabian horse tethered in front. A cornfield out back.

INT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM

A MAN in a crisp blue naval uniform sits at the head of the table. His vest is festooned with medals. Using his fork he delicately plucks maggots out of his dried pork, puts them in a small bowl.

This is GOVERNOR MANSFIELD HATCH.

HATCH

The study's been a remarkable opportunity.

CHIEF JUSTICE

And you've actually found their skulls different sizes?

Next to Hatch is a doddering CHIEF JUSTICE. The old man sneaks glances at the two OBESE LADIES across the table. They wear frilled gowns but look as though they never wash.

HATCH

Oh, definitely. Measure the skull of any law-abiding man, you'll find a circumference of roughly twenty-one inches. The men on my island though, rapists and pickpockets alike, have skulls measuring nineteen inches at most.

CHIEF JUSTICE

No doubt goodness adds a few inches, here or there.

The women eye the Chief Justice, giggle. A KNOCK.

A MARINE enters. A beast of a man, he has a massive BURN covering half his face. It curls and flexes as he talks, like a parasite trying to free itself from his cheek.

This is Captain HENRY FAIRWEATHER.

FAIRWEATHER

Governor.

Hatch waves him off, turns back to his guest.

HATCH

Actually Chief Justice, I hoped we'd have a word about the King's policy towards the Indians--

FAIRWEATHER

Apologies, sir. There was a bit of an incident down by the river.

Hatch notices Fairweather nervously wringing his hands. The governor takes his napkin out of his collar, lays it over the bowl of maggots.

HATCH

I won't be but a moment.

The Chief Justice casts a lecherous eye towards the ladies.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Lined with decrepit wood buildings.

Hatch and Fairweather ride through the sleeping colony. The governor sits proudly atop his gaunt white Arabian.

HATCH

(irritated)

Have you any idea how difficult it was coaxing that milch-cow to my table?

FAIRWEATHER

He seemed to be enjoying them fatties we dressed up.

HATCH

It's revolting. The man's taste in cunt is an affront to common decency.

They pass MARINES leading a gang of shackled CONVICTS. The marines wear daggers at their belts, their blue uniforms are torn to pieces. They stop to salute as Hatch passes.

Many of the officers don't wear shoes.

FAIRWEATHER

What do you suppose he does with them?
Them big fatties.

HATCH

I've been told he suckles at their
massive teets like a mewling calf. Drinks
them up, milk and all.

FAIRWEATHER

Reckon at his age, suckling's about all a
fella can do.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

On the edge of camp, moonlight plays off a winding river
nestled in tall reeds.

The two men dismount. Fairweather eyes the reeds ahead,
nervous. He doesn't want to go any farther.

FAIRWEATHER

Think I should mind the horses.

HATCH

(shakes his head)
Heart of a bloody hen, you have.

FAIRWEATHER

I know, sir. Apologies.

Hatch trudges off through the tall reeds. Fairweather waits
behind, relieved. The horses kick up dirt, spooked.

At last Hatch stops.

He stares down, grim-faced, at something in the reeds. It
looks like the carcass of a DEAD ANIMAL.

HATCH

(forlorn)
Did anyone see what happened?

FAIRWEATHER

Three. A boy from company six, a convict
calling himself Hellfire, and an Indian.

Hatch gets a chill. He walks away briskly, trying to clear
his head. His white horse starts to whinny and snort.

HATCH

Shh--It's alright now.

WE SEE a bit more of the carcass: A HUMAN LEG, cracked
backwards and dribbling blood into the grass.

EXT. CELLBLOCK - NIGHT

Torches. A crooked building with steel bars on the windows.

INT. CELLBLOCK, HALLWAY

A dirt floor. Bars coated with black grime.

Hatch approaches the first cell. A ratty CONVICT sits in the dirt. His shirt and trousers are torn to ribbons, his yellowy eyes peer out from underneath a filthy TOP HAT.

This is LELAND 'HELLFIRE' CROSS.

INT. CELL #1

The bars creak. Hatch enters, kneels, whispers in the dark. Hellfire's accent is muddled. Mongrel English.

HATCH

My man tells me you witnessed a rather
gruesome incident down by the river?

HELLFIRE

Aye. Savage bit of business.

HATCH

Tell me about it.

Hellfire's jaundiced gaze is just a few degrees off-center.

HELLFIRE

Think you might fetch us a drink first,
governor? Feeling a bit parched.

HATCH

Water?

Hellfire grins. Rum has rotted out every one of his teeth.

HELLFIRE

I hardly touch the stuff.

HATCH

I'll see what I can do.

Hatch pats him on the back, moves to the door.

HATCH (CONT'D)

By the by, what kind of a name is
Hellfire?

HELLFIRE

(confused)

Me mum's French.

INT. CELLBLOCK, HALLWAY

Hatch leaves the bars open, joins Fairweather.

HATCH

His vision's for shite. Fetch him a
gallon of rum and see what he knows.

Hatch notices Fairweather nervously playing with his hands.

HATCH (CONT'D)

And fetch some whiskey for yourself. If
your wee hen-heart can stand it.

FAIRWEATHER

Yes, sir. Thank you.

INT. CELL #2

An ancient, jet-black ABORIGINE huddles down in the fetal
position, completely naked. His eyes, barely visible in the
torchlight, are sunken craters. He mumbles, as if praying.

Hatch enters, kneels down next to him, whispers again.

HATCH

My man says you saw something.

The native lets out a deep-throated GROAN. Hatch puts a
soft hand on the native's shoulder.

HATCH (CONT'D)

Can you draw it for me? Murder?

Hatch draws a sharp line in the dirt. The native's groan
turns into a WAIL OF PAIN that echoes through the cells.

INT. HALLWAY

Hatch exits the cell, takes Fairweather's ear.

HATCH

He's shaken up all to hell. See if one of
the missionaries will talk to him.

INT. CELL #3

A young MARINE named JAMES (18) sits on a bench. Though his
uniform's in tatters, James has polished his shoes to a
mirror finish. He stands, salutes smartly.

HATCH

That isn't necessary, son. Have a seat.

Hatch sits down next to him. James peeks at Hatch's MEDALS.

HATCH (CONT'D)

Captain Fairweather says you saw one hell of an incident down by the river?

JAMES

Aye sir, I did.

HATCH

Excellent. We've the Chief Justice visiting presently, would you be prepared to tell him what you saw as well?

JAMES

Yes sir. If you want--

HATCH

(noticing)

Son. You're staring.

James eyes the shiny CROSS on Hatch's chest, embarrassed.

JAMES

Sorry. Just, that's the Grand Cross, ain't it? I never seen one before.

HATCH

(sadly)

It is. Reckon she doesn't mean much down here though.

JAMES

Oh, certainly she does. You mind I ask how you got it?

HATCH

Of course not. It was at the Chesapeake.

James looks at him expectantly, waiting to hear more. Hatch smiles, puts his arm around the boy.

HATCH (CONT'D)

We were surrounded by the French. Two on the starboard side, one on the port. I was in with the cannons, fuses are lit, we're about to be torn to pieces when--

Suddenly James JERKS violently forward like a puppy yanked by a chain. He coughs. His right hand begins to tremble.

James looks down at his belt, confused. His dagger is gone.

JAMES

Wait--

James's right eye clouds red.

A purple TRICKLE OF BLOOD starts to dribble down his cheek and onto his pants. James starts slouching off the bench.

Hatch lays him down softly, as if tucking a child into bed.

HATCH

Shhhh.

The governor gently pulls the blood-stained dagger from the base of James's skull.

With a delicate hand, Hatch wipes the blade on James's shoulder, then puts it back into the boy's belt holster.

INT. CELLBLOCK, HALLWAY

Captain Fairweather stares at the wall, chin trembling. Hatch walks out, upset. He eyes Fairweather's old shoes.

HATCH

Take his boots if you like. They look about your size.

FAIRWEATHER

(choked)

Aye.

INT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Hatch returns to his seat, puts his napkin into his collar. The obese ladies smile. Their dresses have a button undone.

HATCH

Apologies for the wait. We had an unfortunate incident with the Indians.

CHIEF JUSTICE

No one perished, I hope?

HATCH

I'm afraid yes--we did suffer some loses.

CHIEF JUSTICE

God's blood. I'm sorry, Mansfield.
(lifts his glass)
To fallen countrymen.

HATCH

Cheers.

They drink.

FADE OUT.

ROLL CREDITS.

EXT. VILLAGE OF ASHFORD, ENGLAND - DAY

On the other side of the world, rolling hills surround a poor rural village.

INSERT TITLE: 'Ashford. England.'

Ashford looks completely deserted but for one building: the tiny Protestant CHURCH. Horses out front.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Packed. PARISHIONERS do their best to squeeze in. Some have travelled miles to this little village for one reason:

MINISTER GUY PRATCHETT.

Handsome and square-shouldered, Pratchett stands behind the pulpit, a rock. His black robes and white collar may as well be a general's uniform.

GUY

We read in the Psalms that Asaph is an honest man. A good man. Is it shocking then to hear him say in verse three: "I was envious when I saw the prosperity of the wicked"? It shouldn't be. Look at our village. We plow the fields till our palms are bloodied, we nurture our families only to see them waste away with consumption, the pox. And all while London's factory owners, their riches reaped by the hot struggles of the poor, live and die with their feet up, their bellies full. Is there any question then, why we may be jealous?

In the front row, Guy's chubby son HAROLD (10) watches his father with rapt attention.

GUY (CONT'D)

It's true God often forces the Good to their knees. But let us not forget His true intention is this: when the Lord takes us into His family, He begins a wondrous change within us. Like the launderer he rubs out our imperfections to make us holy. God treats the Good as He does His children. He rebukes them. And the wicked? God lets them go their own sweet way. He allows pride to compass them as a chain. Violence to cover them as a blanket.

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

So as you leave this church today, take solace knowing, as Asaph did, that though the wicked may buy thick cloaks to shield their bones from the cold, inside each and every one of you burns the fire of faith. And that is a fire that rolls and boils and shall never blow out. No matter how fierce the storm.

(bows his head)

Now let us pray...

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Crowded with chatting parishioners.

Guy exits with Harold, and all eyes are immediately on them. Guy's uncomfortable being treated like royalty in Ashford. He moves through the crowd, smiling perfunctorily.

PARISHIONER

That was wonderful, Pratchett. Worth the trip from Sunbury.

GUY

I'm so pleased you came. We'll see you next Sunday?

The parishioner nods. Everyone watches as Guy exits the crowd with his son.

Guy winks at Harold, musses the boy's hair.

GUY (CONT'D)

Go find your brother, will you.

Harold nods, awed by his father. He runs off.

EXT. GUY'S COTTAGE - DAY

A small hovel with a thatched roof. A wheat field out front.

Guy approaches, spots a horse next to the house. His eyes light up.

INT. GUY'S COTTAGE - DAY

Spartan. Three beds, a stove, a potter's lathe.

Guy's wife LENORE unpacks a sack of clay. She's radiant, with amber-colored hair. She wears a muddy frock and a GOLD LOCKET.

She takes out a bit of clay, wets it. She studies it with a potter's eye, drops it down on the wheel. The clay cracks. She scowls, irritated.

Guy walks in.

GUY

Back already?

LENORE

Gang of highwaymen running that place!
Look at this mud. It's dry as a bone.

Guy pads up behind her, puts his arms around her shoulders.

GUY

I suppose we'll have to go into the city
then.

He kisses her neck from behind. She leans back, touches her
cheek to his. She can feel his breath on her lips.

LENORE

(warming to him)

Mm. In a little while perhaps.

He puts a hand on her breast. She touches his robe, leaving
a smear of mud. He doesn't care, starts kissing her neck.

LENORE (CONT'D)

Were the boys at service this morning?

GUY

Front row.

LENORE

Martin too?

Guy falters. She notices.

LENORE (CONT'D)

Guy. We're punishing him properly this
time. I mean it.

GUY

Of course.

(kisses her)

He'll shape up. I staged the same little
rebellions when I was his age.

She leans back, kisses him on the mouth. Smiles.

LENORE

None that I can remember.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Harold walks through trees behind the church. He spots his older brother MARTIN (15) perched in an oak. Martin's wiry, with sharp eyes.

HAROLD

Dad's ready to murder you!

MARTIN

Stop being an ol' wussy pussy. Here, I want to show you something.

Martin pulls something from his pocket. Harold's eyes grow big as saucers.

It's a tiny BRONZE FLINTLOCK PISTOL with an ivory handle.

HAROLD

That real then?

MARTIN

Course it is. Nicked it from Mercer's farm. Go on and give her a twirl.

Harold eyes the parishioners. He slowly takes the pistol. Harold sticks the gun down his trousers, then whips it up, quick-draw style. He grins, slowly starts to twirl it.

HAROLD

Mum and Dad want you back at the house.

MARTIN

Can't you just say you didn't find me?

HAROLD

Please. If you don't come, dad'll give me one of his lectures. He already--

BANG!

Suddenly the gun goes off with a flash of powder. The boys jump. Parishioners by the church turn their heads.

The boys start RUNNING through the trees.

MARTIN

Fucking hell, Harold!

HAROLD

Just testing her. Stop being such a wussy pussy.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The Pratchett family rides in a wood cart. Guy whips the horse. He's wearing plainclothes. We see now his arms are muscled, thick from working his field.

Guy offers the reigns to Martin. The boy takes them, excited. Lenore gives Guy an incredulous look.

The cart speeds down the road. A sign: 'London. 10 miles.'

EXT. LONDON SLUMS - DAY

The city crawls with black grime. FACTORY CHILDREN wear soot on their faces. Open-air stalls sell clothing, food.

A street sign: 'Blackboy Alley.'

AT A STALL

Lenore puts a piece of LACE in her amber-colored hair. Guy stares at her like she's an angel.

GUY

What do you think of mum, Harold?

Harold nods approvingly, a bit smitten himself. A roly-poly SHOPKEEPER approaches.

SHOPKEEPER

That comes straight from Paris. A bargain at one shilling.

LENORE

What's that, the West London price?

GUY

Come on, I can buy a coat for that.

The shopkeeper eyes Guy's shoddy clothes.

SHOPKEEPER

No coat I would care to wear.

Lenore takes the lace out of her hair.

LENORE

No need to get snotty. Let's go, Love.

(whispers to Guy)

I saw the stitching. It's not from Paris anyway.

Martin pokes his head in.

MARTIN

Psst. Harold.

EXT. LONDON SLUMS, STREET - DAY

Martin and Harold peek around a corner. They eye a fat FACTORY OWNER in a black greatcoat. Harold's petrified.

MARTIN

You said you wanted to do it. He's got the loosest pockets in London.

HAROLD

What about the thiefcatchers?

MARTIN

Bollix to them.

HAROLD

Martin, I don't know...

MARTIN

(eyeing the fat man)
You think it's fair that fatty's swimming in bacon? While mum and dad can't even afford new clothes?

Harold eyes the fat man, takes a deep breath. He starts walking slowly, moving closer and closer to the fat man...

Harold stares at the man's WATCH FOB, walks right by him.

The fat man glances at Harold, suspicious. Harold turns and runs back to his older brother. Martin glares.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Harold Pratchett, you are one sad little shitebird.

Martin starts walking away. Harold looks angrily back at the stall where his parents stood.

EXT. LONDON SLUMS, STREET - DAY

Guy and Lenore seem to glide through the despair untouched. Guy has an arm around her. Lenore looks off under an alcove where a man is selling blankets.

LENORE

Oh, I forgot to tell you. I had the most pleasant dream about you last night.

GUY

What was that?

LENORE

It was so sweet. It was the dead of winter, snow everywhere. I'm not sure where you and the boys were--off at the stables, I think--any case, we'd just bought this big steel washtub, and I'm having a bath. It was the queerest thing though, because just as I step out, I'm dripping wet, I notice all my clothes are gone. I start to look around the room, and I remember feeling so nervous, because it's getting colder and colder outside. And then just when I'm scared I might freeze, there you are in the doorway. You walk towards me, pick me up, and you wrap me in a huge cloth blanket.

She stops. A beat.

GUY

What happened then?

LENORE

Nothing. That's the whole dream. It was just so pleasant, I thought. Being wrapped up tight like that, with the snow outside. It felt like I was a little baby.

Guy gives her a little squeeze.

GUY

It sounds wonderful.

(then)

Is that something you fancy then? A washtub.

LENORE

No. It doesn't matter. We can't afford one anyway.

Guy thinks for a moment.

GUY

Why don't I talk to Martin, see if the two of us can't put something together.

LENORE

Could you, you think?

GUY

It won't likely be a very handsome washtub. But it can't be more than a few pieces of steel. How difficult--

Suddenly Harold RUNS BY. Guy grabs hold of his arm.

GUY (CONT'D)

Harold! What--

SHOPKEEPER (O.S.)

Thief! Thief!

Panic flashes across Guy's face. The romantic mood disappears instantly. Heads start to turn.

The shopkeeper waddles towards them.

SHOPKEEPER (CONT'D)

That little wretch nicked my best lace!

LENORE

You mind your tongue!

GUY

Harold?

Harold pulls the LACE from his pocket. People whisper. Guy tries to stay calm.

WOMAN IN CROWD

Somebody call the thiefcatchers!

The shopkeeper darts after Harold. Guy stops him, angry.

GUY

Enough!

The crowd grows, buzzing. Guy looks around. Hateful faces. Nobody knows him here. He's not wearing his robes.

Guy gruffly snatches the lace, thrusts it forward. The delicate fabric tears slightly.

GUY (CONT'D)

Take the blessed lace. I'm a minister, I assure you, he'll be punished severely.

Martin pushes through the crowd. He sees Harold, looks down at his shoes, guilty.

The shopkeeper holds up the lace for all to see.

SHOPKEEPER

Look here! The lad's torn it. The bloody criminal's torn the lace!

The crowd yells. Someone throws a piece of horseshit. Guy's panicking. He grabs Harold, holds the boy tight.

MAN IN CROWD

Send the sneak up to Tyburn!

GUY

Everyone calm down! I'm a minis--

Guy stops mid-sentence as he sees

TWO BALD MEN on horseback push through the crowd. They wear blue cloaks and carry heavy wooden staffs.

THIEFCATCHERS.

Towering over Guy, they slam their staffs into the ground. The crowd goes INSTANTLY SILENT.

THIEFCATCHER

What wicked business is this?

SHOPKEEPER

That boy stole a piece of my finest lace, then viciously tore it in two!

Guy watches the shopkeeper, anger building up inside him.

LENORE

That's a lie!

THIEFCATCHER

What was the value of the item?

SHOPKEEPER

One shilling.

Suddenly a paroxysm of RAGE grabs hold of Guy.

GUY

Shut up! You shut your mouth! Officer, he's over-valued it from the start!

THIEFCATCHER

You know the rules. He comes with us.

The thiefcatcher SHOVES Guy into the dirt with his staff, yanks Harold up by the collar.

The crowd CHEERS. Guy's reeling. The thiefcatcher puts Harold on the horse.

MARTIN

No--sir! It was my fault! Sir--

The thiefcatchers start riding away with Harold. Yells. Guy scrambles to his feet.

GUY

Wait--I tore the lace.

But the crowd's pushing him now. Lenore's panicking. The thiefcatchers ride on. The crowd keeps screaming, grasping at Harold, turning into a riotous mass. Harold's terrified, weeping.

GUY (CONT'D)

Wait. I tore the lace. I tore the lace!

Lenore reaches down, picks up a piece of HORSESHIT. She throws it at the thiefcatcher. Misses.

MARTIN

Mum, stop--

Lenore reaches down for another piece of horseshit.

She grabs a ROCK. Guy spots her, horrified.

GUY

Wait--Lenore--

CRACK!

The rock strikes the thiefcatcher in his bald head.

The whole crowd goes DEAD SILENT. Waits to see if the man falls. A long beat.

The thiefcatcher falters for a moment. His horse slows down. He drops the reigns. Slides off his horse.

He FALLS to the ground in a heap.

The other thiefcatcher turns. Everyone stares at Lenore.

Silence.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Bewigged JUDGES. Lenore and Harold sit on a bench. Their hands and feet are bound by THICK CHAINS.

A crowd in the stands. Many are Guy's parishioners. Guy wears his robes and collar, stands next to Martin.

JUDGE

Harold Pratchett. Step forward.

Guy squeezes Martin's hand. Harold approaches the bench, the chains clanking at his ankles. The little boy looks up at the judges, scared.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Harold. We know you are young, and from a family of fine repute.

(MORE)

JUDGE (CONT'D)

But after considering the value of the purloined item, the Court has decided that examples must be made.

Guy squeezes Martin's hand as hard as he can.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

For the felonious theft and destruction of imported lace valued at one shilling, I hereby sentence you to seven years in the thief-colony of Botany Bay.

People start to whisper.

GUY

(growing louder)

No. No. No. No. No--he's just a boy. He's a bloody ten year-old!

Guy pushes his way up to the front.

JUDGE

Bailiff.

The bailiff, towering over Harold, leads the boy away.

GUY

That lace wasn't worth a farthing!
Harold! Harold come here! Harold, mind your father now!

JUDGE

Restrain that gentleman.

Men move towards Guy. Martin puts a hand on Guy's shoulder.

MARTIN

Dad--

Guy turns. For just an instant he has the look of a beast.

GUY

You take your hand off me.

Martin lets go, frightened of his father.

Guy tries to calm down. He grips the beam separating the crowd from the court. His nails dig into the wood.

JUDGE

Lenore Pratchett. Step forward.

Guy's eyes turn to stone.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Mrs. Pratchett, the Court acknowledges that you were acting not out of malice, but rather attempting to protect your child. As a result, we have ruled against sending you to the gallows of Tyburn.

Relief flashes across Martin's face.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

For the crime of malicious wounding, I hereby sentence you to life-imprisonment in the thief-colony of Botany Bay. May God have mercy on the both of you.

The bailiff starts to push her away. Without a word, Guy starts CLIMBING over the beam.

MARTIN

Dad!

The crowd chatters wildly. Guy's halfway over the beam when officers grab his robes. He REACHES OUT for his wife's back as she's led away.

GUY

Lenore, look at me! I swear to you--Look at me, Lenore! I will see you again.

JUDGE

Sir, you will leave this courtroom!

Lenore turns to Guy. Their eyes lock.

GUY

I will cross the seas for you.

The Bailiff pushes Lenore away. Guy can't touch her.

FADE OUT.

EXT. VILLAGE OF ASHFORD - DAY

Quiet. Winds whip leaves into clusters, making Ashford look like a ghost town. Only two horses outside the church.

INT. CHURCH

Half-full. The parishioners look distracted, restless.

GUY stands behind the pulpit, changed. He wears a full beard. Grief has carved new lines in his face.

His eyes are ashen, focused on some horrible place. He praises the Lord with a voice flat and dead.

GUY

O God, open our lips and our mouths will
shew forth thy praise. Glory be to the
Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy
Ghost.

From the back of the church, MARTIN solemnly watches his father. The months of guilt have aged the boy as well, turned him into more of a man. He joins his father.

GUY & MARTIN

As it was in the beginning, is now and
ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

A long beat. The parishioners wait to leave.

GUY

Have a fine Sunday, everyone. For those
who've not signed our petition, Martin
will be out front.

INT. RECTORY

Guy enters, worn-down.

He sits, finishes writing a LETTER. He uses a quill, painting his words in flowing microscopic cursive. He dips the pen in an inkwell every few moments.

It's a slow, painstaking process.

He writes: *'...if you would please grant my son and I passage to your fair colony...'*

Two more pages sit on the desk, each one is covered top-to-bottom in the tiny script.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Martin stands with paper and quill. As parishioners exit, each one SIGNS his or her name. Some nod to him, others whisper private condolences.

MARTIN

Thank you for your support.

INT. RECTORY

Guy folds the letter, seals it with wax. He addresses it: *'Governor Mansfield Hatch. New South Whales.'*

A KNOCK. Martin enters, holding the petition.

MARTIN

You ready?

Guy opens a drawer. He's written thirty more letters. Each bears the same recipient: *'Mansfield Hatch.'*

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Guy whips his horse. Martin sits next to him in silence. The cart hurtles down the road.

INT. MAGISTRATE'S CHAMBERS, CORRIDOR - DAY

Guy and Martin's footsteps echo down the marble corridor. They reach a door marked: *'Steven Smyth, Magistrate.'*

Martin sits on a bench. Guy looks down, unsmiling.

GUY

You are not to leave this bench.

Martin nods, shrinking under his father's gaze.

INT. MAGISTRATE'S CHAMBERS

A half-finished map of AUSTRALIA on the wall. It's marked: *'Thief Colony of New South Whales.'*

MAGISTRATE SMYTH wears bags under his eyes. He sits at his desk surrounded by stacks upon stacks of paper.

Literally thousands of letters.

He looks at Guy's letters in a tiny pile in front of him.

GUY

Kindly send them over the next month.
I'll pay extra if need be.

MAGISTRATE

Father--

Guy slides Smyth the petition. Many people signed: 'X'.

GUY

Every parishioner in Ashford gives their support. Even those who can't write.

MAGISTRATE

(sadly)
I told you not to bother.

GUY

Come, you said yourself Hatch's first minister ran off on him. I'm offering a valuable service here.

MAGISTRATE

It's a matter of funding. You see how many cases I have identical to yours?

The magistrate lifts various stacks of paper.

MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)

These are wives begging to see their husbands. These are children missing their fathers--

GUY

And not one of them promises spiritual reform for an island full of sinners.

MAGISTRATE

No disrespect to your wife and son, but King George doesn't care about reform. That's why the thief colony was set up.

Guy looks around at all the loose papers, getting upset.

GUY

You haven't even sent my other letters, have you?

MAGISTRATE

(leans in, whispers)

I'll level with you. Forget the letters. Hatch isn't the problem. He'll do what we tell him. The truth of the matter is we would be the ones appointing you.

GUY

We?

MAGISTRATE

In this case it would be a number of magistrates--

GUY

No. I want to go higher.

INT. MAGISTRATE'S CHAMBERS, CORRIDOR

Martin sits on the bench. He hears footsteps, looks up. Two pretty YOUNG GIRLS pass. One smiles at him.

Martin smiles back but stays glued to the bench by his father's words.

INT. MAGISTRATE'S CHAMBERS

GUY

It's the same with the Church. You go up high enough, eventually you come to one man. Somewhere in this city is a man who with the stroke of a pen can have my son and I on the next boat to Botany Bay.

The magistrate thinks.

MAGISTRATE

That would be Home Secretary Littlejohn. I can broker an introduction...

GUY

No. I'd prefer we go even one step higher.

MAGISTRATE

(scratches his head)

To King George?

GUY

To Mrs. Littlejohn.

INT. COACH - DAY

MRS. LITTLEJOHN sits in her coach, examining a silk SCARF. She notices a faint smudge. Her eyebrows form a point.

She taps on the wall. Her DRIVER pokes his head in.

MRS. LITTLEJOHN

Driver? Be a dear and tell your daughter to wear gloves when she handles the silk?

DRIVER

Yes, Mrs. Littlejohn.

EXT. LONDON SLUMS - DAY

Guy and Martin wait on the curb as the coach approaches.

GUY

Here she comes. Best behavior now.

The coach slows to a stop. The door opens. Mrs. Littlejohn cranes her neck out, clearly not in the mood.

MRS. LITTLEJOHN

You're Pratchett?

GUY

Thank you for seeing me.

MRS. LITTLEJOHN

I'm on my way to the theater. You've got five minutes.

INT. COACH

Guy and Martin sit across from Mrs. Littlejohn. She's concentrating on her scarf, trying to rub the smudge out.

MRS. LITTLEJOHN

Symth tells me you've something of a situation?

GUY

Before we get to that--would you mind terribly? I'd like to tell you a story. I promise to keep it short.

Mrs. Littlejohn doesn't look up from her scarf.

MRS. LITTLEJOHN

Go on.

Guy realizes this is as much attention as he's going to get. He begins slowly, building.

GUY

It's a bit of a love story, about a girl with amber-colored hair. She loved madly a young boy in her village, there was only one thing keeping them apart: her father. Her father was an honest enough man, but he'd lost crop after crop to cruel storms. And with nothing saved up, he needed desperately for his daughter to marry rich. Soon men of promise came from London to try for the girl's hand. While the boy she fancied held neither title nor property, he did know her father was a religious man. A man who admired the local minister. And so the boy began to study the bible. Ravenously, day and night. For no other reason than it might please the girl's father. What surprised the boy was how captivated he became by the words of the Lord. So captivated, that he even went off to school, educating himself in the faith. And when the boy returned to his village as a young man, and stepped behind the pulpit, it was clear God's words had ignited a spark within him.

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

And he found too, when he preached this spark spread to others, igniting faith not only in his poor village, but in the next village over, and the next. And soon the rich men who sought after his true love's hand, they were passing through not on Friday evening, but on Sunday morning. So that they too might hear the young man speak. Then at last, when the girl's father saw what this young man had become, he yielded. And on their wedding day he was finally content knowing that though they would never be rich, at least now he had God on his side. And perhaps next year, the storms wouldn't be so quite so cruel.

Mrs. Littlejohn has stopped playing with her scarf.

GUY (CONT'D)

Now this girl with the amber-colored hair. Would you like to know what became of her?

CUT TO:

INT. FANCY DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Mrs. Littlejohn wipes TEARS from her eyes. Her husband the HOME SECRETARY looks on, speechless.

MRS. LITTLEJOHN

And little Harold? How old is he?

Guy and Martin sit at the other end of a long table.

GUY

By now he's eleven.

Mrs. Littlejohn starts weeping.

MRS. LITTLEJOHN

Charles, promise me you'll do something.
For heaven's sakes, he's clergy!

The Home Secretary scratches his head, eyes Guy's collar.

HOME SECRETARY

I'll see what I can do.

FADE OUT.

EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY

A dilapidated NAVAL SHIP, now used for transporting prisoners, glides through an endless field of blue.

On the stern is the moniker: 'RETRIBUTION'.

INT. SHIP, GUY'S QUARTERS - DAY

The room is wet, cramped. Two hammocks, a small table. Light spills in through a porthole. The wood groans.

Guy sits at the table, writing a letter.

GUY (V.O.)

Mr. Home Secretary, I am in your debt. Please believe your allowing me to act as minister to your colony fills me with a joy that defies calculation.

INT. SHIP, STOREROOM

Convicts, marines sit on benches. Guy paces quickly back and forth, holding his prayer book. He's been rejuvenated, giving a lively SERMON.

GUY (V.O.)

First, let me assure you my work will no doubt have a tremendous impact on your convicts.

Some of the men pay attention. Others play cards with torn up bible pages. One marine carves wood with a sharp chunk of whalebone. He's building a MODEL SHIP.

Martin sits in the front. He listens to his father but glances at the men.

INT. SHIP, BRIG - DAY

EIGHT CONVICTS are crowded into a tiny makeshift cell. They're bound to the floor by chains.

GUY (V.O.)

I should also like to compliment you and King George on your fine system of transportation.

A viscous black tide of piss, puke, and shit washes over the convicts as the ship bobs up and down.

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

It does my heart good to know Lenore and Harold spent their nine months at sea under the care of your fine marines.

A MARINE comes to the bars, tosses in a handful of limes. The prisoners rush to them like animals. The limes are swept away by the rancid bilgewater.

INT. SHIP, HALLWAY

Martin stares through a PORTHOLE, wide-eyed.

GUY (V.O.)
If you would allow me one humble
suggestion...

The boy watches as DEAD BODIES wrapped in cloth fall one by one into the sea.

GUY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Perhaps on future voyages you could
employ surgeons with a bit more previous
experience?

The last body starts to SQUIRM in its death shroud. It sinks below the waves.

GUY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
In any case, hopefully I can post this
letter once we reach the Horn of Africa.

INT. SHIP, GUY'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Guy finishes his letter by candlelight. Martin hollows out wood with a dull knife, starting on his own MODEL SHIP.

GUY (V.O.)
Again, my entire family thanks you. Your
humble servant, Guy Pratchett.

Martin gets up, lights a candle.

GUY (CONT'D)
Can you not sleep?

MARTIN
I need some measurements for my
miniature. I'll be up on deck.

GUY
Don't be too long now.

Guy starts another letter: *'My beloved Lenore. I long for you like the sailors long for the sea...'*

INT. SHIP, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Waves crash against the hull. Martin walks, shielding the candle flame with his hand. He reaches

TWO STAIRCASES: one's marked 'DECK' and leads up. The other is marked 'BRIG' and leads down.

Martin glances back at Guy's open door.

INT. SHIP, GUY'S QUARTERS

Guy looks up, watches Martin's candle flickering at the stairs.

INT. SHIP, HALLWAY

There's an odd moment when it's almost like Martin knows his father's watching him.

And then goes downstairs anyway.

INT. SHIP, BRIG

Martin creeps in, passes a row of cells. He eyes the men and women sleeping shackled to the floor.

Martin spots a DEAD CONVICT in a cell, still clutching a sharp hunk of WHALEBONE. Martin's smitten.

Slowly Martin reaches into the cell towards the chunk of bone. It's far. He strains, wedging his shoulder against the bars. Just as his nimble fingers touch the blade--

A SCARRED HAND

Clamps down suddenly on Martin's arm. It's a BOY PRISONER, Martin's age, similar in appearance but feral and chained to the dead man.

MARTIN

Aa!--

The candle BLOWS OUT. Martin jumps back, hits--

GUY

(furious)

Have you lost your senses? I told you the brig was off-limits.

Guy starts dragging Martin out of the brig.

MARTIN

That blade you gave me is dull as a rock!
It won't carve properly.

INT. SHIP, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Near total darkness. Guy's eyes shoot sparks.

GUY

What if he'd cut you with that filthy thing?

Martin looks at his shoes.

GUY (CONT'D)

Look at me. Why must you directly disobey me like this? And right in front of my eyes! Do you think I'm an idiot? Or are you just trying to get caught?

MARTIN

I--I'm sorry!

Martin suddenly bursts into tears. Long uncontrollable sobs. Guy softens instantly, brushes the boy's hair back.

GUY

Shhh. It's o-okay. We'll find you a new knife first thing tomorrow. I promise.

Guy hugs him. Martin slowly hugs back. The ship creaks.

FADE OUT.

EXT. PENAL COLONY, CENTRAL SQUARE - DAY

The heart of the penal colony is a dirt square with a GALLOWS PLATFORM at one end.

MARINES gruffly shove NEW CONVICTS into the square. The convicts are chained together, many are near death, lean and gangrenous. Some are completely naked.

MARINE

Proper lines now, villains.

CAPTAIN FAIRWEATHER supervises as the cons form lines. One woman sees his burnt face and look away, cowed. Fairweather turns away too, embarrassed by his grotesque appearance.

GOVERNOR HATCH stand by the gallows. He wears a massive holster at his side, some odd weapon. Though men bustle around him, Hatch focuses entirely on his WHITE ARABIAN.

Hatch breaks a cracker, eats one half, feeds the other to the skinny horse. He strokes her mane, whispers in her ear.

Hatch narrows his eyes, watches the CHIEF JUSTICE approach. The old man holds an ear of CORN that's rotted through.

HATCH

You can see farming's impossible. And with the Indians killing anyone who hunts in the bush--

CHIEF JUSTICE

Mansfield, the King's policy stands. You touch one hair on those heathen scalps, and I'll have you court-martialed.

HATCH

Sir, rations are dwindling by the day. We're all going to bloody starve!

The Chief Justice eyes Hatch's sickly, barefoot marines. He tosses Hatch the corn.

CHIEF JUSTICE

With your sorry men, you really think a war with the Indians is one you can win?

Hatch scowls. He feeds the rotten corn to his horse.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Guy and Martin disembark from the Retribution. Martin holds his MINIATURE SHIP. It's finished except for the sails, and utterly identical to the full-sized vessel. Martin's carved 'Retribution' in the tiny stern. He puts it in his satchel.

Guy's clean shaven, bright eyed. He watches marines tug shackled prisoners off the boat. One convict is completely naked. Guy grabs a marine.

GUY

What happened to his clothes?

MARINE

Traded them for biscuits, I reckon.

Guy sees the marine's barefoot, likely for the same reason.

GUY

Mother in heaven.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

At Botany Bay, Main Street feels like the wild west, only ten times more savage because everyone's starving.

Guy walks with Martin, bible in hand, taking everything in:

Two marines beat a convict with their musket butts. While the convict lies bleeding, the marines take a biscuit from his pocket. The officers start to fight over the food.

A convict in a butcher's smock carves up a dead horse. Marines stand in line, trading their wives' jewelry for tiny slivers of meat.

A marine pushes a cart full of dead bodies. They're all infected with smallpox.

Guy's thoughts are on Lenore and Harold. He's nearly jumping out of his skin.

GUY

Think they're at work? Or in the barracks? Likely they're at work.

Martin's not listening. He gazes up at a tavern: a NAKED WOMAN stands in the upstairs window. Guy tugs Martin away.

GUY (CONT'D)

I see I have my work cut out for me.

EXT. THE WALL - DAY

At the edge of camp, an unfinished BRICK WALL looks out on the dusty plains like a parapet.

Marines on horseback return from the bush. They're covered in BLOOD. One carries two dead rabbits. The other carries a dead officer who's been speared by the natives.

ON TOP OF THE WALL

SEVEN CAPTAINS stand vigilant. They're leather ogres, all bone and gristle from years at sea. They hold muskets, gaze into the bush. Each wears a tattoo of a sparrow on his arm.

These are Captains of SPARROW COMPANY. The hardest screws on the island. Guy calls out.

GUY

Excuse me, gentlemen? I'm looking for my wife?

CAPT. JACKSON

When you find her, Father, send her this way!

The Sparrows laugh. Guy glares. Martin watches the Sparrows, frightened but fascinated.

EXT. CENTRAL SQUARE - DAY

Guy and Martin approach the square. They eye the gallows.

GUY

This must be Hatch.

ON THE GALLOWS PLATFORM

Hatch's calculating eyes watch the convicts form lines. He opens his massive holster, pulls out a MUTINY PISTOL. It's a hellish steel contraption with four barrels side by side.

GUY (CONT'D)
(nudging a marine)
What's that foul thing?

MARINE
Mutiny pistol. Cut down four men, she will.

BOOM! Hatch FIRES a thunderous shot into the air. Everyone goes INSTANTLY SILENT. Martin's awestruck.

Hatch puts the pistol back in its holster. A long beat.

HATCH
I'm told King George recently installed a flush toilet in his chambers. From what I understand, this mechanical wonder takes all the contents of his kingly bowels, all his braised lamb and honey biscuits, and flushes them out of Buckingham into the forgotten depths of some shit-smeared sewer. To me this makes sense. A king should not have to look at his own offal. In this same way, I imagine His Majesty no longer desires to look at you lot. And so he has sent you to me. You have just been shat out of the arse of London, flushed down the toilet, and arrived in the most foul fucking sewer ever claimed by the Crown!

The marines CHEER. Guy shakes his head.

HATCH (CONT'D)
My name is Governor Mansfield Hatch. While you are on my island you will abide by my laws. Most importantly, you will not steal food. Anyone doing so--
(grabs noose)
Answers to the rope. You will receive one biscuit daily and four ounces of horse meat per week. You will work as you did in England, building up the camp so that one day this land may be inhabited by cunts of more upstanding character.

From inside the square, a chained WOMAN CONVICT calls out.

WOMAN CONVICT

No disrespect, gov, but one bloody
biscuit? You're not fucking serious?!

All eyes turn to Fairweather. Hatch nods. The Captain looks
pained but nonetheless marches up the ranks and...

CLAP!

Knocks the woman hard with the back of his hand. She falls
backwards, tugs down the entire line of chained convicts.

The marines CHEER. Guy bristles, thinking of Lenore.

As Fairweather turns, the woman pulls her chain up, hooks
the Captain's leg. Fairweather FALLS flat on his face.

Everyone STOPS CHEERING. A long beat.

Fairweather picks himself up, dusts himself off, looks
around. Everyone's staring at him. His scar crinkles.

He pulls out his PISTOL. Points it at the woman's face...

Guy instantly wraps an arm around Martin.

HATCH

Goddammit! Enough! Just knock off the
nigger cuffs and put them to work!

Marines grab the prisoners, tug them away. Fairweather
breathes a sigh of relief. Holsters his pistol.

AT A BENCH

Marines knock the convicts' shackles loose. A bespectacled
RECORD-KEEPER stands with a quill.

RECORD-KEEPER

In England, villain. Before you succumbed
to wickedness. What was your trade?

CONVICT

Em--I's a butcher.

The record-keeper scrawls: 'Duties: Surgeon.'

AT THE GALLOWS

Hatch steps down. Fairweather spots Guy's collar.

FAIRWEATHER

Reckon that's Littlejohn's minister.

Guy walks up, smiling broadly. He extends a hand.

GUY

Governor Hatch? Guy Pratchett. An honor and a privilege to finally make your acquaintance. This is my son, Martin.

HATCH

The honor's mine, Father. Martin, pleased to meet you.

Martin nods, eyes the governor's medals.

GUY

I don't know if the Home Secretary told you, I'm looking for the rest of my family? Lenore and Harold?

A long beat. And then very slowly, Hatch's face starts to change. Like he's slowly realizing something...

HATCH

Lenore Pratchett.

MARTIN

And Harold.

Slowly Fairweather's face starts to change. Like he's realizing the same thing. He starts playing with his hands.

GUY

What's the matter, man? You're white as a sheet.

Fairweather glances nervously at Hatch. Guy notices.

HATCH

Father, I'm sorry--

Guy's smile slowly starts to fade.

GUY

Sorry about what now?

Martin sees Fairweather wringing his hands.

HATCH

There was an unfortunate incident.
Down by the river...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Guy and Martin stand in front of two wooden crosses.

Wind blows up Guy's black robes. He holds an arm around Martin.

They stand amid a field of crosses, a few headstones with names and dates. In a corner, two GRAVEDIGGERS bury a body wrapped tightly in cloth.

HATCH

They were in the reeds when the Indians attacked. Captain Fairweather found them. I came as soon as I could.

When Guy speaks, it sounds as if someone else is reaching in and tugging the words from his throat.

GUY

They're buried in cloth then?

HATCH

We used coffins for the first year. But the wood--we've so many dead...

A long beat. Martin wipes his eyes. He stares at his little brother's grave and feels a pinching in his heart.

HATCH (CONT'D)

Take all the time you need. If you feel up to it, you're welcome to join me for supper.

Hatch and Fairweather begin walking away. Fairweather wipes a tear from his eye. Hatch glances at him, annoyed.

MARTIN

Dad? I'm not hungry.

GUY

I know. But he's the only man who's shown us any kindness. Let's join him anyway.

Guy turns and looks out at the sea. It's a clean blue sheet stretching out for thousands of miles.

And he knows he's stuck in the middle of it.

EXT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Convicts carry polished hunks of marble. While the colony starves, men build garish GREEK COLUMNS on Hatch's house.

INT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM

Convicts serve Guy, Martin, and Hatch. Tiny portions. Hatch cuts his pork into perfect little squares before chewing.

HATCH

I'm sorry there isn't more.

Guy plucks a wiggling maggot out of his pork.

GUY

Have y--we a food shortage?

HATCH

Mm. The problem is George. The Crown only sent enough victuals to last three years. With that happy deadline approaching in under a month, we've had to cut rations. If supply ships don't arrive soon, I'm afraid I'll be carving up the family horse.

Martin drinks rum, he won't eat. Guy eats small bites.

GUY

Why not hunt for food in the bush?

HATCH

It's been difficult with the heathens. One of the tribes is fiercely territorial. Rather like wild dogs.

MARTIN

What happened to the ones that attacked?

HATCH

Pardon?

MARTIN

The Indians that killed mum and Harold. Did you catch them?

A beat.

HATCH

They were hung in the square.

Martin gulps down the rest of his rum. Guy notices.

HATCH (CONT'D)

I've no wish to cause umbrage, but if you desire to return to England, The Retribution departs on the first of the month.

MARTIN

(under his breath)

We have to stay here three bloody weeks?

Guy gives Martin a look, silencing him.

GUY

Three weeks will be fine.

HATCH

Very good. In the meantime, you're welcome to take up duties as Minister. If you still fancy it.

GUY

I appreciate the offer. To be honest, I don't know if I'm quite up to that.

HATCH

You're sure? After all you've been through, I'd imagine it might offer you some comfort.

A beat. Guy's hesitant. He glances down at the insects crawling around on his plate.

GUY

No, perhaps you're right. Thank you for your kindness.

HATCH

Don't mention it, Father.

The convict waiter pours Martin more rum.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

The sun's dipping lower in the sky. Fairweather leads Guy and Martin down the street. Martin stumbles, drunk.

FAIRWEATHER

We cleaned out a fine room for you.

They keep walking, Guy tries to steady Martin. After a beat, Guy spots two gravediggers leering at a pretty WOMAN CONVICT as she passes.

GRAVEDIGGER

Come on, just flash us a bit of cunny!

Guy STARES at the men for a brief moment. At their cruel curling mouths. At their obscene gestures. At the woman running away ashamed.

And then very slowly a CHANGE begins to occur inside Guy. His grief begins to crystallize into something harder, sharper. His face clouds, and just for a second it seems almost like--

MARTIN

Dad!

Martin's ten feet ahead of him. Guy turns away from the men and quickly joins his son.

INT. GUY'S QUARTERS - DAY

A tiny wood shack. Two beds. No glass in the window.

FAIRWEATHER

Apologies for the window. Our glassmaker escaped last spring.

Guy nods. Fairweather starts to exit. He turns, upset.

FAIRWEATHER (CONT'D)

Father--real sorry I am for what happened to your missus. And your little one. If you fancy coming down to the mess hall, I'll see about introducing you to some of the men meself.

GUY

Thank you, Captain.

Fairweather exits. Martin takes his model ship from his satchel, puts it on the windowsill. He lies in bed, drunk.

MARTIN

Bed's itchy.

GUY

I'd like very much if you came with me to address the prisoners. Afterwords, maybe we can find a sail for your miniature.

MARTIN

No, I'm a bit tired. Think I'll have a nap.

GUY

(softly)

That's what happens when you drink as much as you did.

Martin lies facedown on his pillow, doesn't respond. Guy watches the back of his son's head for a moment, then moves sadly for the door.

His voice lacks all the authority it once had.

GUY (CONT'D)

You are not to go anywhere.

Martin waits for his father to leave. Then he stands, digs through his satchel. He pulls out his tiny BRONZE PISTOL.

EXT. DINING TABLES - SUNDOWN

Marines bake leathery cakes on heated shovels. Others stir vats of diluted porridge. Under a wide canvas awning, convicts talk at long wooden tables.

Fairweather and Guy stand up front, eyeing the crowd. Guy holds his prayer book.

FAIRWEATHER

They're hungry. I'd advise you keep it short.

Guy nods. Fairweather puts out a hand.

FAIRWEATHER (CONT'D)

Your attention! I know we all want to eat, but first I'd like to introduce a man who, for the time being, shall be acting as minister to our colony. Convicts of Botany Bay...Guy Pratchett.

Guy steps forward. Far from quiet, the convicts chatter, whisper. Guy, talking over them, sounds like he's just going through the motions.

GUY

Thank you, Captain.

(to convicts)

I'm sure that under such harsh conditions, some of you may feel that a relationship with God is of little importance. This could not be further from the truth.

The crowd grows louder, ruder. Guy struggles with the words.

GUY (CONT'D)

Though the Crown may have given up on you, I promise the Lord has not. God cares for each and every one of you, just as He does His children in England. And that is with a love--

VARIOUS CONVICTS

Could you hurry it up, Father!/ Christ, just let us eat in peace!

Guy stops. He spots one of the tables, full of CONVICT CHILDREN. They're dressed in chewed-up rags, sunburnt, diseased. The youngest boy looks a bit like Harold, but sickly and gaunt from hunger. Guy can barely continue.

GUY (CONT'D)

That--is with a love--

The little boy looks up, spots Guy staring at him. For just a moment, it looks like the boy might be listening.

CONVICT CHILD
(turns to cooks, scornful)
Just bring on the fucking biscuits!

The crowd laughs, cheers. Fairweather puts up a hand--

GUY
Let them eat. I'm done here.

Guy walks off quickly. Fairweather watches him go.

EXT. MAIN STREET - SUNDOWN

Guy walks fast, head down, clutching his prayer book. There's an awful look in his eye, a combination of confusion, sadness, and hot anger. He continues towards the edge of the camp. After a long beat--

MARINE
'Scuse me, Father.

A passing marine bumps Guy's shoulder, knocking Guy's prayer book into the dirt.

Guy looks down at the tiny book, now covered in mud. He looks around at the ragged convicts walking up main street.

And then he turns leaves the prayer book in the dirt.

EXT. CEMETERY - SUNDOWN

Martin, still drunk, stumbles by graves. He places his beautiful miniature ship on one of the crosses.

The boy walks ten paces away, sits on a rock. He aims his bronze pistol right at the hull...

BANG! He fires at the tiny ship. Misses.

To reload he pushes gunpowder, a musket ball, a scrap of paper down the muzzle of his pistol. He fumbles, drunk. The whole process takes him nearly a minute.

BANG! He fires at the ship again. Misses again.

Martin looks out at the sun setting over the plains. He spots two tiny aboriginal fires burning in the distance.

Martin's eyes brim with hatred as he puts another bullet in the gun.

FADE OUT.

EXT. HALL OF RECORDS - DAY

A wood SHACK. A sign, calligraphy on a rotted board:

~~'UNDERTAKER~~
HALL OF RECORDS.'

Guy approaches. He's stopped shaving. Three days' stubble.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS

Full of ledger books, wood coffins. A desk.

The brittle RECORD-KEEPER (70's) puts a cheese crumb on the floor, watches as two RATS run up and fight over it.

A KNOCK. The record keeper looks up. He has a voice like ripping paper.

RECORD-KEEPER
Ah. Father Pratchett, I presume.

Guy shakes his hand, confused.

RECORD-KEEPER (CONT'D)
Don't be alarmed. Humphrey Sinclair,
keeper of records. Not a body moves on or
off this hellish isle without my notating
it. Now what can I do for you?

GUY
My wife and child passed, I hoped to make
them decent headstones. I'd like to know
the exact date of their death.

RECORD-KEEPER
I heard about that. Frightfully sorry.
What are the names again?

The record keeper opens up a coffin, pulls out a ledger.

GUY
Lenore and Harold.

RECORD-KEEPER
Yes. That was in March, I believe. Let's
have a look...

EXT. THE WALL - DAY

The Captains of Sparrow Company are on the job. Two are up on the wall, gazing into the bush. Others play cards.

Hatch and musclebound Captain Jackson speak to a wounded YOUNG MARINE, who sits on the back of a sickly nag.

Empty animal snares trail behind him. Draped over his lap is the speared body of another officer. He's just come back from the bush.

HATCH

How many Indians?

The marine looks ashamed, frightened. He holds up the empty animal snares.

MARINE

Just three, sir. Took our catch as well.
Awful sorry I am.

HATCH

Don't worry about it, son. Just get yourself to the hospital.

The marine nods, rides off. Hatch and Captain Jackson move to a long table, look at a map of the plains.

CAPT. JACKSON

What d'you think?

HATCH

Hunting by the pond is still our safest bet.

Under a canvas awning, the other Sparrows play Primero (similar to Poker) with a greasy deck of cards. They bet coins from Brazil, India, Japan.

CAPT. PITT

You see Fairweather trying to flog that boy? Whip barely broke the skin.

Skinny Captain Samuels lays down a six, a seven, an ace. A winning hand.

CAPT. SAMUELS

That's fifty-five. Pay up.

Groans. Samuels rakes in the pot.

CAPT. PITT

Is that thrice now? Lucky bastard!

CAPT. SAMUELS

(looking over shoulder)

Who's the wee pimply lad? Been watching us half an hour.

Hatch glances up at MARTIN. The boy stands off to the side, watching them nervously.

CAPT. PITT
(calling out)
Boy, unless you're a wise I-talian
Primero master, I suggest tending to
business of your fuckin' own!

Martin stalks off, embarrassed and angry.

MARTIN
Thought you'd like to know, the skinny
one's got sixes and sevens in his vest.

The Sparrows STAND, unsmiling. They stare down at Samuels.
He looks up, sheepish, his spindly arms around the pot.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Martin walks away, steamed. Suddenly he hears a
bloodcurdling SCREAM. He turns.

Hatch approaches. Martin keeps walking, playing tough.

HATCH
Don't worry, lad. You're not in trouble.

MARTIN
Bugger off.

HATCH
(calling out)
I don't mean to be a bother! I was just
curious, how'd he nick the cards?

Martin stops.

MARTIN
He's taking them from the bottom of the
deck every couple hands.

HATCH
You saw that from twenty paces, did you?

Martin nods. Hatch breaks out into a GRIN.

HATCH (CONT'D)
Pair of wee nigger-eyes you have, son.

Hatch walks back to the wall, motions for Martin to follow.

HATCH (CONT'D)
Well, come on then. I've a job for you.

Martin starts to follow him, confused.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS

Guy's pacing. He's agitated, holding a ledger.

GUY

How can the date not be listed? You keep detailed records of everything else--down to the bloody migrations of the Indians!

RECORD-KEEPER

I'm sorry. You see we've so many dead. Likely it was a miscommunication.

Guy points to the ledger. He's getting more agitated.

GUY

Look here, this says Harold spent March in the hospital, but there's no illness listed--the only place Lenore's mentioned is in the bloody employment record...

(reads)

Mermaid house? That's the tavern on Main Street?

RECORD-KEEPER

Yes Father, but I don't--

But Guy's already out the door.

EXT. MERMAID HOUSE - DAY

A ramshackle tavern with STABLES out back. Guy approaches, annoyed.

INT. MERMAID HOUSE

Decrepit. At a table, a woman convict talks to a marine. Violins in one corner.

The BARMAN stands behind the bar. He's shirtless, nearly every inch of his flesh is covered in maritime TATOOS: maps, Chinese dragons, Polynesian geometry.

He draws on a napkin. It's a picture of a NAKED WOMAN marked: 'Elizibith.' Spelled like it sounds.

Guy enters, looking to pick a fight.

BARMAN

Afternoon.

GUY

You employed Lenore Pratchett?

The marine and the woman STOP talking. They look over.

BARMAN

Who wants to know?

GUY

I'm trying to make her a bloody headstone. Just tell me when she died.

BARMAN

Not sure, really. Think April sometime...

The barman glances nervously at the marine. Guy notices.

GUY

(snapping)

Why are you looking at him? I'm talking to you, son. You look at me.

BARMAN

Don't get your robes in a twist. This for that boyfriend of hers then?

The barman notices Guy's hand beginning to TREMBLE.

GUY

Who?

BARMAN

That man I seen her with, down on the shore. Thick as thieves they were.

Guy's eyes focus on the wall behind him.

GUY

I'm--sure you were mistaken.

The barman watches Guy stumble out, a mess of nerves.

MARINE

Who was that?

BARMAN

Reckon that was her fuckin' husband.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Guy takes shaky steps. He can't breathe. He can barely see straight.

GRAVEDIGGER

Aw honey, just flash us a few of them short curlies! Or haven't you got any?

Again Guy spots the two gravediggers.

This time they're leering at a LITTLE GIRL CONVICT. She's Harold's age. Guy stares at their ugly laughing faces.

Again Guy's face clouds and up bubbles something awful, visible for the first time now as hatred. Hatred that rolls and boils and threatens to spill out in every direction.

He walks towards them.

The lecherous gravediggers don't see Guy. Or his muscled shoulder SLAMMING gruffly into them as he passes.

One of the gravediggers falls hard, choking on mud.

GRAVEDIGGER (CONT'D)

Mind your fuckin' manners, Father!

EXT. THE WALL

Skinny Captain Samuels lies bleeding, unconscious in the mud. He's covered in playing cards, sixes and sevens.

UP ON THE WALL

The Sparrows stare into the plains. Jackson and Pitt peer through a spyglass. They're looking at a distant BUSH.

CAPT. PITT

It's just the two of them.

CAPT. JACKSON

It's three, ya fartleberry arse.

Hatch approaches with Martin.

HATCH

Martin, I think we got off on the wrong foot. These fine gentlemen are the Captains of Sparrow Company. Jackson, Pitt, Darwin, Sykes, Sydney, and Price.

The Sparrows grunt hellos, dismissive.

CAPT. JACKSON

That skinny-limbed cunt down below is Samuels.

MARTIN

Pleased to meet you.

Hatch takes Martin to the edge of the wall. They stare off into the plains.

HATCH

You can see that bush yonder, lad?

MARTIN

The one with the men hiding behind it?

A few of the Sparrows turn, incredulous.

HATCH

Aye, you little showoff. Look through the glass, and tell them how many you see.

Martin peers through the spyglass.

MARTIN

Six. And a dog.

CAPT. JACKSON

Bollix six.

Hatch takes a musket, aims at the bush...

BANG!

SIX CONVICTS AND A DOG dart out, run for the hills.

CAPT. PITT

By my arse. They got a wee pup with 'em!

The Sparrows aim their muskets, start to SHOOT at them.

MARTIN

Who are they?

CAPT. JACKSON

Bolters. Escaped cons. If we're lucky they've scraps of food in their pockets.

The Sparrows all miss. Hatch puts a hand on Martin's shoulder.

HATCH

Good work, lad.

Martin gazes off into the plains. He spots a family of NATIVES moving around in the distance, stares at them.

EXT. PENAL COLONY - NIGHT

The sun has sunk behind the hills. A pale moon rises.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The moonlight dances on the field of crosses, making the graveyard look like some otherworldly place.

Guy stares down at Lenore's cross, still shaky.

GUY

Lord, I've been lying to myself. Like a fool, I thought perhaps you took my beloved as a way to test my faith. I know now, it is only because you have turned your back to me. As I must now turn my back to you.

GUY'S PRAYER CONTINUES as he walks through the graveyard, grim-faced. The gold crucifix that was around his neck now lies on Lenore's grave.

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

I can feel too, in your absence, a sour sickness beginning to take hold of me. As if my love for you has curdled and begun to rot. Please Lord, if you have any love for me left, you will call me back into your arms by banishing this poison from my heart. You will let me think not of Lenore or what she may have done, but only of being a father to Martin, and of returning to England.

Guy nears the last row of crosses.

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

For without your love, I am afraid of the hateful man I may become.

INT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, STUDY - NIGHT

Candlelit. A desk, a stack of manuscript pages, a skull.

A squat CONVICT stands on a crate. Like some twisted tailor, Hatch uses a caliper to measure the size of the convict's head. The governor consults a ledger.

HATCH

For crime, they wrote '*sawney-hunting*'?

CONVICT

Means I nicked bacon from the cheese-monger, sir.

A KNOCK. Hatch waves the convict off. Fairweather enters.

FAIRWEATHER

You've a visitor.

A HOODED MAN enters. His voice sounds like ripping paper.

HOODED MAN (O.S.)
 I thought you'd wish to know, a man
 inquired today about Harold and Lenore
 Pratchett.

HATCH
 Oh?

The stranger takes off his hood. It's the RECORD-KEEPER.

HATCH (CONT'D)
 What man?

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

On his way out, Guy gives the graveyard a last look.

A lone CONVICT walks among the crosses. He wears a ratty
 TOP HAT. He kneels down at a grave, as if praying.

Guy watches as the convict moves to another cross and
 begins praying again. Confused, Guy watches as the convict
 gets up again...

And kneels at Lenore's cross. He starts praying again.

Guy's eyes go cold. He moves around the side of the
 graveyard to get a better vantage point.

In the moonlight, Guy can see the convict is actually
digging up Lenore's grave. The gold crucifix is gone.

The convict takes a small SACK from the earth, puts it
 under his top hat.

Guy looks on, his hatred beginning to take control...

INT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, STUDY

Hatch paces. Fairweather looks nervous.

HATCH
 You let him check the bloody books?

RECORD-KEEPER
 What should I have said? 'No Father,
 don't look in there. Whatever you do.'

HATCH
 You could've told him they were off-
 limits!

RECORD-KEEPER
 Honestly now. What are you afraid of?
 He's just a bloody minister.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Shadows and torchlight. The convict in the top hat walks past buildings.

We recognize him now as HELLFIRE. He doesn't notice

GUY walking some distance behind, his hateful eyes now focused on Hellfire like crosshairs...

MARINE

Pardon, Father.

Guy pushes through marines. They pay no mind to the minister with the icy gaze.

EXT. FOUNDRY - NIGHT

The only brick building in the colony, the foundry sits far off Main Street. It's unlit, with high windows. A sign:

'FOUNDRY. NO ADMITTANCE'

Hellfire ducks into the back door, closes it swiftly.

GUY

Glides up through the shadows. He peers through the KEYHOLE. He can see

INSIDE

Hellfire talks to one of the OBESE WOMEN who ate with Hatch on the night of the murder. She's dressed in convict rags.

INT. FOUNDRY

Troughs of water, molds for making swords and nails.

The massive central FORGE is off. Above it, four cast-iron BUCKETS hang by chains. They're on rollers in the ceiling so that they may be moved about the room.

Hellfire removes his hat. He pulls a fancy tin of HONEY from the sack underneath, hands it to the woman.

WOMAN CONVICT

Rum or cunny?

Hellfire grins, toothless. He hides the sack under his hat.

HELLFIRE

Bit of both, I reckon.

EXT. FOUNDRY - NIGHT

Guy watches through the keyhole as the woman produces a jug of RUM. Hellfire snatches it, drinks like a babe nursing.

INT. FOUNDRY

HELLFIRE
(wiping his mouth)
Now your madge.

The woman lifts her dress, revealing her vagina plainly.

Hellfire titters in anticipation. His yellow eyes twitch as blood floods madly to his crotch. After a few seconds, he can't take it anymore and unbuttons his trousers and like lightning bends her over and starts to lay into her, pumping away with muscles made of steel springs.

The woman, bored out of her skull, doesn't make a sound.

HELLFIRE (CONT'D)
Now the blackjack.

She hands him the rum. Hellfire takes a massive pull, mid-coitus. He cackles, in heaven.

As Hellfire keeps screwing her, the pitch of his voice reaches higher and higher until soon it's a painful WHINE. And then, just before he's about to orgasm--

CREAK

The door opens.

Hellfire's ears perk up like a hare's. He STOPS.

WOMAN CONVICT
Hellfire--

THWICK

Instantly there's a dirty HAT PIN at her neck. It's five inches of razor sharp steel with a pearl on one end.

There's a new edge to Hellfire's voice.

HELLFIRE
(menacing)
Don't budge.

Hellfire's yellow eyes make out a SHAPE moving in the dark. He listens, still inside the woman, following the creaking floorboards with his ears, a bat.

HELLFIRE (CONT'D)

Room's taken.

The woman squirms. Hellfire pushes the hat pin harder into the flesh of her neck. She winces. A pearl of blood.

HELLFIRE (CONT'D)

If ye be an officer, know the foreman
lets me do business here!

At last GUY steps into the moonlight. Hellfire spots the minister's collar, relaxes.

HELLFIRE (CONT'D)

Jesus, Father. Near scared the bun out me
arse. Wanna bugger off, let us finish up?

Guy takes another slow step forward. Hellfire can't see all the rage simmering under his robes.

GUY

I want to ask you about Lenore Pratchett.

THWICK

The hat pin goes back into Hellfire's top hat. Hellfire turns his back to Guy.

He starts SCREWING the woman again, while talking.

HELLFIRE

Weren't aware you knew the scheming cunt.

Guy twitches as impossible anger starts to overpower him. Shaking, he takes off his minister's collar and lays it on the table.

GUY

You two were familiar then.

HELLFIRE

Like Adam and Eve. Sweetest mutton on the
island, she had.

Guy, unable to contain his rage, slowly takes a LONG IRON
POKER out of the forge...

WOMAN CONVICT

Christ, Father. Give us a little privacy!

Hellfire keeps pounding away as something horrible and uugodly starts to creep down through Guy's muscled arm and into his hand.

And all the bubbling hatred at last starts to spill out...

And the poker begins to TREMBLE.

GUY

Were you with her when the Indians
attacked?

The poker lifts into the air...

And just as Hellfire turns...

HELLFIRE

Indians?--what Indians?

CRACK!

With spurt of blood, the poker EXPLODES into the side of
Hellfire's skull.

The top hat flies off his head, taking the sack with it.
Honey and coins and tobacco fill the room as Hellfire
collapses onto the floor with a choked YELP.

The woman SHRIEKS, a banshee. She runs out the back door.

GUY

--wait--

But she's gone.

Guy glances down at Hellfire. Slimy blood pours out of the
convict's head and trickles through the floorboards.

Guy drops the poker, bolts out the door.

EXT. TRAILS - NIGHT

The woman hurls herself through the darkness. Her breath
comes in quick gasps. Her heart pumps. Limbs flail.

AT THE FOUNDRY

Guy races after her, muscles taut, arms pumping.

EXT. RIVER

The woman STOPS. Hides in the tall reeds. Breathing heavy.
She watches as

GUY

Stops in front of the river. He looks left and right.
Scanning the reeds.

A long beat. At last he heads back towards the foundry.

IN THE REEDS

The woman lumbers off, frightened.

INT. FOUNDRY

Guy enters. In the moonlight, he can see the pool of blood.
And a top hat.

Hellfire and the poker are gone.

CREAK

Guy whirls. Peers into the gloom.

A trail of BLOOD paints the floorboards. Guy follows it,
advancing slowly, looking for way to defend himself.

GUY

Listen here! We've no need to kill each
other. Just tell me--there were no
Indians then?

BEHIND HIM

Hellfire crouches in the darkness, clutching the poker,
blood dripping from his temple.

GUY (CONT'D)

Answer me!

A SKITTERING. Hellfire lunges towards Guy, a cockroach. Guy
throws an arm up--

CRACK!

Hellfire lashes with the poker. Guy CRIES OUT as the jagged
metal tears through his robe, connects with his shoulder,
knocking him off balance.

His hand flies to his shoulder. It's sticky with blood.

HELLFIRE

crouches off in the gloom, holding the bloody poker.

GUY

approaches the forge. Arm throbbing, he picks up a SHACKLE
connected to a long iron chain.

CREAK

Guy hears a sound, HEAVES one of the hanging buckets into a
corner. It rattles on its chain. Comes to a stop.

A beat.

CREAK

Guy heaves a second bucket. It rattles into another corner. Nothing.

Guy turns...

A faint RATTLING NOISE behind him...

And then suddenly, IN LESS THAN ONE SECOND:

- 1) Guy WHIRLS, sees a bucket flying at his face. Ducks.
- 2) Hellfire LUNGES at him through the darkness.
- 3) Guy SWINGS the shackle, catches Hellfire's chin.

Hellfire hits the floor, out cold.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. FOUNDRY - NIGHT

SPLASH! A bucketful of water lands in Hellfire's face.

He looks around. As his eyes adjust, he's horrified to see the whole room is bathed in flickering orange LIGHT.

Guy's turned the forge on. The four hanging buckets glow eerily, full of MOLTEN COPPER.

Hellfire's sitting in a chair, SHACKLED to the forge, hands and feet. His top hat sits beside him. The hat pin is gone.

HELLFIRE

What are you gonna--

Hellfire sees Guy now wears heavy canvas GLOVES.

HELLFIRE (CONT'D)

Oh no Father, oh no. Please.

Orange light dances in Guy's eyes. His voice is iron.

GUY

What is your Christian name?

HELLFIRE

Le-Leland.

GUY

Understand Leland, wickedness is not my nature. But if wickedness is the only thing the men of this place understand, then wicked I can be.

(MORE)

GUY (CONT'D)

(then)

I give you a choice. Prove you're an honest man, and I swear no harm will come to you. Should you instead choose lies and deception...

Guy grabs one of the glowing buckets, pulls it over Hellfire's top hat. And tilts it...

---HSSSSS---

MOLTEN COPPER bubbles and spills out of the bucket. The top hat bursts into flame, melts.

Hellfire's eyes water.

GUY (CONT'D)

Do you understand me now, son?

HELLFIRE

A-Aye.

GUY

Good. Now, what were you doing in the cemetery. You know that was the grave of my wife you defiled?

Hellfire starts to CRY.

HELLFIRE

Oh Christ. Oh Jesus no.

Guy grabs the bucket.

HELLFIRE (CONT'D)

(quickly)

I's hiding ornaments there. For trade. Bits of snuff. Honey. Lenore was me trading partner.

GUY

And you saw her and Harold killed?

HELLFIRE

Aye. She was trading down by the river. Not sure what. I's h-hidden in the reeds.

GUY

Who did you see?

HELLFIRE

I--I couldn't see for sure--

Without a word, Guy wraps a hand tight over Hellfire's mouth. Hellfire tries to cry out. But the bucket tilts, and a dribble of molten copper crawls out...

--HSSSSSS--

A MUFFLED SCREAM as the metal drips over Hellfire's ear and carves its way down his shoulder. Tears stream out of Hellfire's eyes.

Guy takes his hand away. Hellfire gasps.

HELLFIRE (CONT'D)

I swear, me eyes are a bag of nails.
Rotten they are--I just knows what I
heard.

GUY

Voices?

HELLFIRE

Boots. Heard a pair of heels walking
through them reeds, I'm sure of it.
Heathens, they sneak up silent-like.

Guy tries to control his rage. The bucket teeters
perilously over Hellfire's head. Hellfire breathes fast.

GUY

This next question is very important.
Does Hatch know who killed them?

HELLFIRE

I--I don't know.

Guy starts tilting the bucket...

HELLFIRE (CONT'D)

I promises you! Governor just asked me
questions. Told him I seen an Indian, I
did--just wanted a dram of drink.

GUY

But you were her bloody partner, you must
know if she crossed him.

HELLFIRE

Only one Lenore ever crossed's the tattoo
artist. Bloke runnin' the Mermaid House.

Guy's eyes narrow.

GUY

I know him.

HELLFIRE

She stole biscuits, bottles, anything she
could from him. He found out about it
too, beat the hell out of her.

Guy's hand quivers on the bucket.

GUY

Thank you, Leland. I've but one more question. An honest answer sets you free. But mention our conversation to anyone--

HELLFIRE

I wouldn't fuckin' dream of it, Father.

GUY

Earlier when you called Lenore that awful name--a scheming cunt? I believe is what you called her. My late wife.

Hellfire starts to WEEP.

HELLFIRE

(whispers)

Please. You don't wanna know why me said that. Honest you don't...

Guy pulls the bucket down. Hellfire stares at the boiling copper. It looks like the flames of Hell.

GUY

Do you think it's angels you'll be meeting at the bottom of this bucket?

Hellfire closes his eyes.

HELLFIRE

It's because Lenore said she loved only me...and then spread her legs for any bloke with half a tin of tobacco.

Guy's eyes flash.

GUY

You lie.

Guy grabs Hellfire by the hair...

HELLFIRE

Please--you're a man of God--

GUY

Not today.

Hellfire's head is inches from the bucket...

GUY (CONT'D)

Today I'm just a man dressed in black.

Guy FORCES Hellfire's head down into the molten copper. Guy grits his teeth.

A FLASH

INT. COURTROOM (FLASHBACK)

Guy REACHES OUT for Lenore as she's led out of the courtroom. She turns and looks back at him.

But he can't touch her.

INT. FOUNDRY - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Guy forces Hellfire's head down into the molten copper. Hellfire's chained limbs flail and spasm until at last he goes limp.

Guy lets him go, breathing hard. As Guy stares at the dead convict, slowly his face begins to change. His anger dissipates, turning to confused sickness.

Guy snatches his minister's collar off the bench, and stumbles out.

Hellfire is still.

EXT. FOUNDRY - NIGHT

Guy stumbles into the moonlight. He's reeling on his feet, heart pounding. He doubles over...

And then THROWS UP violently into the dirt.

EXT. GUY'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Silent and still. Guy walks home slowly, on a cloud of confusion and twisted nerves until--

MARTIN (O.S.)

Dad?

Guy jumps.

GUY

Martin. You scared me.

MARTIN

Are you alright? You look like death.

Guy doesn't answer. He turns slightly, so Martin can't see the tear in his robe.

INT. GUY'S QUARTERS

Candlelit. They move to their beds. Guy helps Martin under the covers, kisses him on the forehead. Whispers.

GUY

Where were you this afternoon? I thought we were finishing your miniature.

MARTIN

Some of the marines asked if I could read to them.

Martin eyes a small BURN on Guy's hand.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Where were you?

GUY

Helping out in the kitchen. Here, this is for you.

Guy puts Hellfire's fancy tin of HONEY on the table.

MARTIN

You're sure everything's alright now?

Guy blows out the candle, kisses Martin again.

GUY

(whispers)

I love you so much, Martin.

Martin's confused. His father looks almost like he's going to cry.

MARTIN

I--love you too.

Guy climbs into bed. They lie in silence.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Dad? I know we're supposed to finish the miniature tomorrow--but the marines asked if I'd come read to them again...

Guy faces the other direction, so Martin can't see his face.

GUY

They're decent men, these officers?

MARTIN

Uh-huh. I mean--not like you. But decent enough.

Tears well up in Guy's eyes.

GUY

You go on then. We'll work on your ship
in the evening.

(then)

I've some business tomorrow as well.

FADE OUT.

EXT. PENAL COLONY - DAY

Sunlight blankets the buildings in a dusty orange haze.

INT. FOUNDRY - DAY

Marines block the doorway, keeping out the rubbernecking convicts.

Hatch and Fairweather stand over Hellfire's body. The dead man's head is still stuck to the inside of the hanging bucket. The metal's cooled around his face.

HATCH

What demon from hell stopped here?

Hatch KICKS the bucket with his boot heel. It rattles to the floor, taking Hellfire with it.

A marine approaches.

MARINE

Name was Leland Cross, Governor. Called himself Hellfire.

HATCH

Excellent work, officer.

The marine trots off.

HATCH (CONT'D)

Take some of the Sparrows. By midday you'll have interrogated every man, woman, and child working in the foundry. I'll not abide murder on my island.

FAIRWEATHER

Yes, governor.

Fairweather moves to exit.

HATCH

Oh, and Captain? Spare not the rod.

EXT. MERMAID HOUSE - DAY

Guy walks towards the saloon, grim-faced. There's not a hint of sadness under his robes, only primal aggression.

INT. MERMAID HOUSE - DAY

The same woman convict and marine sit at a table. The barman is gone.

Guy strides in, doesn't stop walking.

GUY

The barman upstairs?

MARINE

In the office.

Guy tosses two tins of tobacco on the table as he passes.

GUY

Best if you didn't make a fuss.

The couple watches confused as Guy picks up a VIOLIN off the bar. He heads up the stairs.

INT. MERMAID HOUSE, OFFICE

The barman sits in a heavy wooden chair. It's been fitted with LEATHER STRAPS on the arms.

He winces, his right arm strapped down as he tattoos himself with a new naked woman. He's written 'ELIZIBI'.

For ink he uses soot from a lamp. He carves it into his flesh with a sharp hunk of whalebone. He's just starting on the 'T' when

BANG!

The door flies open. Guy strides in, holding the violin like a club.

The barman drops the whalebone, his eyes on the violin.

BARMAN

Easy, Father...

Guy keeps coming. Frantically the barman tries to unstrap himself from the chair...

BARMAN (CONT'D)

I only hit her the once!

Guy lifts the violin into the air...

INT. MERMAID HOUSE

The couple downstairs watches the ceiling.

MARINE

Reckon he just wants to ask some questions.

THUMP. THUMP THUMP.

The marine nods to the back door. They pocket the tobacco.

INT. MERMAID HOUSE, OFFICE

The violin lies on the floor, broken.

The barman crawls, his one arm still strapped to the chair. Guy grabs the back of the chair, starts to DRAG the barman towards the window...

BARMAN

Wait--wait--wait--

EXT. STABLES - DAY

The couple walks quickly past the stables when

CRASH!

The barman, still stuck to the chair, explodes through the roof of the stable and lands on top of a horse.

The animal whinnies and kicks. A frenzy of gnashing limbs.

The couple rushes off, quicker now.

INT. MERMAID HOUSE

Guy walks briskly down the stairs with the broken violin. He starts yanking out the STRINGS.

EXT. STABLES - DAY

The barman crawls in the dirt, a mess of broken bones, still trying to free himself from the chair. Suddenly he feels

THE VIOLIN STRINGS

Tighten around his neck. The barman goes still. Guy stands over him, cold.

BARMAN

(choking)

I didn't do her in, I swear--

GUY

Convince me.

BARMAN

I--ack--I cared for her, Father. It's written on me bloody skin.

The barman limply presents his free arm. Another NAKED WOMAN tattoo. This one's marked: *'Linore. My Love Allways'*.

Guy tries to keep a handle on his rage. He crouches down.

GUY

(whispers)

I take no pleasure in killing. You give me a reason not to.

BARMAN

I--I've information.

GUY

Tell me.

BARMAN

Week before she died, she ran off into the bush. I heard f-following Hatch. Came back acting all queer too. Think--something she seen off in them plains had her spooked.

GUY

And the governor, he played some part then?

BARMAN

You can bet on it. Man's--crooked as a cow spine.

Guy thinks a moment, keeps the strings tight.

GUY

I heard Lenore was trading something when she was killed.

BARMAN

Likely--ack--likely it was shells.

GUY

What?

BARMAN

Fuckin' fancy carved shells. Whenever she came up from the river she had 'em. 'Fact, you find the bloke who makes them, you can bet he saw something. If he's still alive.

GUY
They're mussels, are they?

BARMAN
(points to his back)
Here. I etched one in usin' me mirror.

Guy releases the strings. The barman collapses.

Guy rips open the man's vest. The sailor's back is a mess of smudged ink: distorted dragons and names of women. The names are all BACKWARDS.

Guy scans, finds a tattoo of a mussel shell with a CROSS etched into it.

BARMAN (CONT'D)
For what it's worth, Father, Lenore was a strong woman. Only traded with the marines so she could to buy a spot at the hospital. For the boy I reckon.

GUY
He was sick?

BARMAN
Aye. Fever, she said. Now if there's nothin' else I can do for you--

Guy looks up at the stables.

GUY
Which one is Hatch's horse?

EXT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

Nervous convicts, foundry workers, line up out front. CRIES OF PAIN echo from within.

INT. CELLBLOCK HALLWAY - DAY

In different cells, the Sparrows violently interrogate the convicts.

INT. CELL #1

Captain Pitt whips a marine with his belt.

CAPT. PITT
It's my understanding the foundry is off limits after closing!

MARINE
I'm sorry, Captain!

Pitt raises the belt, ready to bring it down again when--

A HAND

Grabs the Captain's wrist from behind. It's Fairweather, staring daggers.

FAIRWEATHER

Reckon that's plenty. We've already a witness. She's in room two.

Captain Pitt glances up at Fairweather's hand. A beat. Fairweather lets him go.

As Fairweather makes to exit, he hears a soft voice behind him...

CAPT. PITT

(under his breath)

Hen-hearted cunt.

Fairweather's scar wrinkles into a scowl.

INT. CELL #2

The bars creak as Fairweather approaches the witness.

FAIRWEATHER

What can you tell me?

The OBESE WOMAN from the foundry sits in a chair. She wipes her brow, nervous.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Below rocky cliffs, WOMEN CONVICTS pick mussel shells, put them into pots. Others beat the shells with mallets in order to make lime for the bricks.

ON THE CLIFFS ABOVE

Marines stand guard with muskets. They watch as

GUY approaches below. He shows a small DRAWING to one woman after another. Each woman shakes her head, no.

Finally one woman points to a WOODEN SHACK further down the beach.

Guy starts trudging through the sand.

EXT. CELLBLOCK - DAY

Fairweather and Hatch walk away from the cellblock. They're headed towards the wall.

FAIRWEATHER
She's lying. Has to be.

HATCH
What if she's not?

FAIRWEATHER
Sir, he's just a minister--

HATCH
I keep hearing that. What's a minister
but some cunt who thinks he speaks for
the Almighty? If he thinks he can dish
out death and judgement on my island...

FAIRWEATHER
(under his breath)
Nay. That's for us to do.

Hatch STOPS.

HATCH
Don't be shy, Henry. What words did I
just hear creep out from those charred
lips of yours?

FAIRWEATHER
No words I reckon.

Fairweather keeps walking, steamed. They pass another
cartload of dead bodies, all infected with smallpox.

HATCH
(harsh whisper)
Do not forget for a second, the plays I
make are for the good of every villainous
bastard in this camp.

FAIRWEATHER
I haven't forgotten.

EXT. THE WALL - CONTINUOUS

Hatch and Fairweather head towards the Sparrows.

HATCH
Until we've more evidence, the Father is
not to be harmed. The last thing we need
is Littlejohn against us.

Fairweather spots Martin playing cards with the Sparrows.

FAIRWEATHER
What's the boy doing with the Sparrows?

HATCH

Lad's got a fine pair of eyes. Thought
we'd make some use of him.

Fairweather scowls, disgusted.

HATCH (CONT'D)

In any case, Pratchett found one witness.
I'll need you to handle the other.

FAIRWEATHER

Fine.

The Captain starts to lumber off.

HATCH

Hide the body wherever you see fit.

FAIRWEATHER

(growls)

How about on your bloody doorstep.

The governor hears him, makes a sour face. Hatch quickly
puts on a SMILE as he passes the wall.

HATCH

Martin, how we doing today?

MARTIN

Caught two bolters this morning. One had
a pig's foot on him!

HATCH

There's a good lad.

EXT. MISSIONARY SCHOOL - DAY

Guy approaches a SHACK in the sand. A wooden cross on the
door.

INT. MISSIONARY SCHOOL - DAY

Four wilting ABORIGINES sit in chairs. Two MISSIONARIES try
in vain to teach them English. One holds up crudely drawn
pictures while the other speaks.

MISSIONARY

The dog jumped over the fence. The dog--

A KNOCK.

Guy enters. He's holding a drawing of the mussel shell with
the cross on it.

GUY

I was told one of you makes these?

MISSIONARY

Not us. Him.

The missionary points at a withered ABORIGINE. It's the same man Hatch questioned on the night of the murder.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Guy and one missionary walk down the beach by the cliffs. The aborigine leads the way.

MISSIONARY

We've only run across one tribe that's at all dangerous. The others are quite noble.

GUY

How are they taking to English?

MISSIONARY

Not well. But I have faith. Right now we get along with simple words. Drawings based on their cave-paintings.

The aborigine reaches a rocky outcropping, a pile of mussel shells. He sits. Guy and the missionary follow.

MISSIONARY (CONT'D)

What are you hoping he can tell you?

GUY

A woman he traded with, she was murdered.

The missionary scoffs. He stands, takes the native's hand.

MISSIONARY

I had no idea it was anything that unseemly. I'm afraid we can't help you.

(to Aborigine)

I'm sorry, Iora. Back to the school.

GUY

Wait--let me explain--

The missionary starts leading the Aborigine away.

MISSIONARY

I suggest putting your questions to God, sir. He is always listening.

Guy calls out.

GUY

My wife and child were sent here for stealing a shred of lace. I spent a year writing letters, then nine months on a prison ship, only to find them murdered upon my arrival. Your man was the only one who saw what happened.

The missionary stops walking.

GUY (CONT'D)

Now tell me again that God is listening.

EXT. CLIFFS - DAY

Fairweather walks up a hill, a grim expression on his face. He carries a LONG MUSKET over his shoulder. A spyglass.

He approaches the marines standing guard over the beach.

FAIRWEATHER

Best take your dinner early, boys.

MARINE

Everybody off. Captain's orders!

The marines see the long musket, quickly leave their posts.

Fairweather moves to the cliff edge, peers down at the beach. He starts walking along the cliff, glum.

EXT. BEACH

The missionary draws a CURVED FIGURE in the sand, like a cave painting. He points to a women further down the beach.

MISSIONARY

Woman.

The aborigine stares. The missionary holds Guy's drawing.

MISSIONARY (CONT'D)

A woman. Traded with you.

The aborigine says a few words.

GUY

Does he understand?

The missionary draws a violent SLASH through the figure.

MISSIONARY

Woman. Traded with you. Murdered.

The native takes a sharp rock and draws a long curving 'S' shape in the sand.

MISSIONARY (CONT'D)

No, not river. Murder.

GUY

(getting excited)

Wait--yes. It happened by the river. Ask him what happened.

The missionary points, says a few words in the native language.

The native speaks, draws a SMALLER FIGURE.

MISSIONARY

Was someone else with her?

GUY

My son.

The native puts LITTLE DOTS around the smaller figure, like pockmarks.

MISSIONARY

He's asking if it was a boy with the pox.

GUY

What--no. Tell him he's wrong. I was told the boy just had a fever.

The aborigine points to the pockmarked figure.

ABORIGINE

Har-ol.

Guy looks at the pockmarks. Harold had smallpox.

EXT. CLIFFS

Fairweather crouches on the cliff with his long musket.

He spots GUY down on the beach.

Mechanically Fairweather takes out four packets of gunpowder, opens them with his teeth. He sets them down in a neat little row.

He takes the ramrod off his musket, sets it in the dirt. He sets down four MUSKET BALLS next to the powder.

He's preparing for a shot.

EXT. BEACH

The aborigine draws a BIG SQUARE with a CROSS in it.

MISSIONARY
Likely that's the camp.

The native draws a SMALL FIGURE outside the square.

MISSIONARY (CONT'D)
I--don't know what that means.

GUY
The woman went outside the camp?

EXT. CLIFFS

Fairweather looks through the spyglass, a sniper. He aims his long musket.

He's got GUY in his sights.

FAIRWEATHER
Father, forgive me.

He moves the musket towards the NATIVE.

EXT. BEACH

They stare at the drawing. The native draws POCKMARKS over the small figure.

GUY
(realizing)
Harold went outside the camp.

CRACK!

The rock next to them EXPLODES.

EXT. CLIFF

FAIRWEATHER
Bollix.

Like lightning, Fairweather's hand darts for the powder. Years in the navy have taught him to reload with near inhuman speed.

IN EXACTLY 12 SECONDS:

- 1) Powder, shot, and paper are all down the muzzle.
- 2) He's shoved everything down with the ramrod.
- 3) He's put a dab of powder in the pan by the handle.
- 4) He's aiming at the native again.

EXT. BEACH

Everyone looks around frantically.

MISSIONARY

What--

Guy looks up, can't see anyone up on the cliffs...

GUY

They're firing on us. Get--

BANG!

The missionary starts to SCREAM as

A spray of BLOOD rushes out of his hand, an unkinked hose.
He clutches madly at his wrist.

EXT. CLIFFS

Fairweather winces, sheepish.

FAIRWEATHER

Mother of all saints.

EXT. THE BEACH

The women convicts SCREAM, run for the camp.

BANG!

A musket ball sinks into the sand at Guy's feet.

Guy looks up, sees a glint of light...

GUY

Move in to the cliffs!

THWICK

Guy pushes the missionary towards the cliffs.

GUY (CONT'D)

Go on!

Guy grabs the native. The missionary darts out of sight.

The native won't move.

Guy tugs him.

GUY (CONT'D)

Please. We have to--

The aborigine's crater eyes just stare at Guy.

GUY (CONT'D)

--move.

Guy looks at the native's chest, sees

A small BULLET-HOLE

in the native's sternum. A trail of BLOOD trickles down his slick black skin.

The native looks up at Guy, confused. He touches the hole in his chest.

EXT. CLIFFS

Fairweather stands. He watches horrified as the native drops to one knee.

Disgusted with himself, the Captain DROPS the long musket down into the dirt.

EXT. BEACH

The aborigine FALLS into the sand. Guy and the missionary tug him next to the cliff.

GUY

He's breathing?--is he breathing?

The missionary puts his head on the native's chest.

MISSIONARY

Barely.

EXT. CLIFFS - DAY

Fairweather trudges away. He doesn't care to watch as

Guy and the missionary start to CARRY the native up from the beach, staying close to the cliffs.

The long musket lies in the dirt.

INT. HOSPITAL TENT - DAY

Hell under a canvas tent. Marines, convicts sick with SMALLPOX lie in beds. The SURGEONS are clueless convicts in smocks, they mill about with saws.

The tent flap opens as Guy and the missionary burst in with the aborigine.

GUY
I need a surgeon!

Convicts look up, confused to see the native. Guy spots a dead man being hauled off a bed. Guy puts the native down.

Men start to YELL, furious.

SICK MARINE
Get that murky sonofabitch out of here!

The missionary clutches his bloodied hand.

GUY
See to your hand.

The missionary runs off. The native's gaze drifts towards infinity.

GUY (CONT'D)
You there!

Guy grabs a SURGEON with a saw in his hand.

GUY (CONT'D)
He has a musket ball in his chest.

The surgeon looks down at the wheezing native.

SURGEON
Father, I was nothing but a carpenter in England.

GUY
Then try your bloody best.

The surgeon looks out at the angry faces of the convicts.

SURGEON
(whispers)
I'm sorry. We've four came in at sunup with spears in their bellies. Likely they'll tar me.

The doctor tries quickly to move away. Guy grabs him, SHOVES HIM into the wall. Guy's rage flares up again.

GUY
You fucking coward--

The surgeon pushes Guy off, runs out of the tent. Guy bends over the native.

GUY (CONT'D)
It's alright now. Come on, it's alright--

The native starts coughing up gobs of BLOOD. Guy whirls around, looks out at the scornful faces of the prisoners.

GUY (CONT'D)
Somebody, please!

Guy watches with pleading eyes as one by one, all the doctors PUT DOWN their saws and their scalpels.

GUY (CONT'D)
Please!

MISSIONARY (O.S.)
Mr. Pratchett.

Guy turns. The missionary, his hand wrapped in a bandage, stands at the native's bed.

The native's mouth gapes open.

He's dead.

A long beat. All the convicts stare.

Guy looks down at the dead native. It takes a moment for him to realize what he's done.

Without a word Guy walks out of the tent, ashamed.

EXT. THE WALL - SUNDOWN

The sun's last rays paint the sky dark purple.

Three Sparrows stare off into the bush. The rest play cards with Martin. They bet tobacco. Martin lays down a hand: six, seven, ace.

MARTIN
That's fifty-five. Cough it up.

The Sparrows groan as Martin pockets the tobacco.

CAPT. JACKSON
Martin. Need your help with something.

Martin moves to the wall, takes the spyglass. He looks off into the bush.

CAPT. JACKSON (CONT'D)
(motioning)
Any bolters in them bushes yonder?

MARTIN
Ay. Two.

The men ready their muskets. They aim...

BANG! TWO CONVICTS run out of the bush.

The Sparrows all FIRE on them, missing. The convicts head for the hills.

Martin scans with the spyglass. He STOPS on something off in the distance.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

There's more yonder. By those trees.

Captain Jackson squints in the dark.

CAPT. JACKSON

Aye? How many?

MARTIN'S POV, SPYGLASS

Martin's staring at three NATIVES.

MARTIN

Three.

The Sparrows reload, cock their muskets. They aim...

Martin watches the dusty plains, his eyes full of hate.

BANG!

THE THREE NATIVES start to run.

The Sparrows all begin FIRING on them. Horrified, Captain Jackson puts his hands up.

CAPT. JACKSON

Hold--hold your fire! They're bloody murkies!

BANG!

A final shot rings out. Everyone watches as one of the natives FALLS into the dirt, throwing up a cloud of dust.

The other natives look back briefly. Then keep running.

A long beat.

Jackson slowly turns, looks down at Martin.

CAPT. JACKSON (CONT'D)

Eyes playing tricks on you, lad?

Martin looks around. All the Sparrows are staring at him.

CAPT. PITT

We don't ever shoot the Indians, Martin.
King's policy.

CAPT. PRICE

You tryin' to start a war now?

MARTIN

I thought--but they're murdering savages.
What about when they attack? You do hang
'em? Don't you?

The Sparrows all look at each other, confused.

CAPT. JACKSON

Martin, there ain't never been an Indian
hung in that square.

Color drains from Martin's cheeks.

EXT. GUY'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Guy sits at the table, finishing a LETTER by candlelight.
He looks haggard, beat to hell.

He writes: *'...Mr. Home Secretary, if you could please send
one of your magistrates to investigate Governor Hatch...'*

A bit of BLOOD smears on the paper. Guy looks down at the
red stain on his sleeve.

Suddenly Guy's minister's robes feel totally foreign to
him. He peels them off, takes a set of PLAIN CLOTHES from
his satchel and starts to change.

Martin enters.

GUY

Hey sailor.

Martin climbs into bed, faces the other way.

GUY (CONT'D)

Em--it's quarter after eight.

MARTIN

(quietly)

The governor lied to us.

GUY

I'm sorry?

MARTIN

Hatch. Lied right to our fucking faces.
They never killed those Indians. They're
still out there.

A long beat.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Dad? Did you hear me?

GUY

I did.

MARTIN

What are you going to do?

GUY

(hollow)

Nothing. God has his plan. He will punish
the Indians.

Martin rolls over. His eyes are wet.

MARTIN

What's the matter with you? Don't you
care about mum and Harold?

Guy goes to him, sits down in a chair.

GUY

Of course I do. But they're dead, Martin.
I care about you.

As soon as Guy utters this, he realizes instantly that it's
true. He wipes wetness off Martin's cheek.

GUY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry I brought you to this awful
place. I hope you can forgive me.

MARTIN

(nods)

Can we leave soon?

GUY

Sure, sailor. Let's spend our last days
here together, we'll be back in Ashford
before you know it.

MARTIN

I--I don't know if I want to go back to
England, either.

A beat. Guy thinks.

GUY

Where do you want to go?

MARTIN

What?

GUY

You're right. Nothing's keeping us in Ashford. And I've no place I fancy. So pick where you want to go, and we'll go.

MARTIN

You're serious now.

GUY

(laughs)

Of course I'm serious.

Martin digs through his satchel, getting excited. He pulls out a MAP. Guy leans over his son's shoulder, looks on.

MARTIN

What about India? Could we be spice traders?

GUY

What about Brazil? I bet we could find you a nice looking girl down there.

MARTIN

What about America?

GUY

Oh. Oh that's a fine idea.

MARTIN

Actually, maybe it's better to go someplace with no Indians.

A curious expression crosses Guy's face.

GUY

Yes.

Guy stands. He looks distant, thinking.

MARTIN

Dad?

GUY

I'm sorry--I need you to stay here a moment. There's one last thing I must see to.

MARTIN

What are you talking about?

GUY

Just get your miniature ready. We'll have the sails up in ten minutes. I promise.

MARTIN

Alright.

Guy exits. Confused, Martin notices his father's black robes lying in a pile on the floor.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS - NIGHT

The record-keeper feeds his rats. Guy enters.

GUY

Mr. Sinclair. Sorry to make a pest of myself.

RECORD-KEEPER

No trouble, Father. What might I do for you on this miserable evening?

GUY

I'd like to see one of your ledgers. The migratory patterns of the Indians.

RECORD-KEEPER

In that last coffin. Help yourself.

Guy opens the coffin, sits down. He flips through the ledger. He sees an ornate MAP titled 'Migratory Patterns, Daruk Tribe'.

ON THE MAP red arrows show the movement of the tribe. The arrows all move away from a small body of water.

GUY

What's this? Some sort of pond?

Guy doesn't notice, behind him

the record-keeper reaching into his drawer. His withered old fingers creep towards a PISTOL, a pouch of powder.

INT. GUY'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Martin takes the model ship carefully out of his satchel. It's still in one piece.

A KNOCK. The door opens.

MARTIN

Dad?

Martin's confused to see Governor Hatch in the doorway. The governor wears a DAGGER at his belt.

HATCH

Martin. I was looking for your father.

Martin puts the miniature down, scowls.

MARTIN

You've more lies to feed him?

HATCH

Excuse me?

MARTIN

Those Indians are still out there, aren't they?

A beat. Hatch slowly realizes, puts on a grim face.

HATCH

I'm so sorry, son. It's the King's policy we not harm them.

Hatch sits down next to Martin.

HATCH (CONT'D)

I just couldn't bear seeing you out for blood. You have to understand, vengeance isn't sweet, but bitter. And those Indians, they didn't know any better. Wickedness, it's more or less their way.

A beat.

MARTIN

Al-alright.

In the candlelight, Hatch glances at Guy's letter on the table. He sees the recipient.

'Home Secretary Littlejohn'.

Hatch puts an arm around Martin. Martin sneaks a glance at the governor's medals.

HATCH

Would you like to hear a story?

INT. HALL OF RECORDS

The record-keeper's hand is still in the drawer, silently grasping for the powder...

Guy flips through the ledger. He reaches a chart titled 'Attacks, Daruk Tribe'. It reads:

'Jan: 16
Feb: 13
Mar: 11
Apr: 8'

CLAP! Guy closes the ledger, turns.

Startled, the old man fumbles the powder. It spills inside the drawer.

GUY

Thank you very much. That's all I needed.

The record-keeper pulls his hands out of the drawer.

RECORD-KEEPER

I almost forgot. I wanted to give you this...

He hands Guy a PRAYER BOOK.

RECORD-KEEPER (CONT'D)

I found it on Main Street. I can only assume it's yours?

GUY

Thank you kindly.

Guy takes the book. The old man parts his chapped lips into a smile.

RECORD-KEEPER

Of course, Father.

INT. GUY'S QUARTERS

The unfinished miniature lies on the bed.

Hatch sits next to Martin, an arm around the boy's shoulder. Dripping charm, the governor glances at Guy's letter on the table. Martin's eyes are on Hatch's medals.

It's exactly the same way Hatch sat next to young James.

HATCH

If we had your sharp eyes at the Chesapeake, likely we'd have won the day.

(MORE)

HATCH (CONT'D)

Have you ever thought about a career in the navy?

MARTIN

I don't think so, sir.

HATCH

That's a shame. You know, in all my years I've never seen the Sparrows take someone in like that. Reckon they'd like to see you back on that wall.

MARTIN

(flattered)

Really?

Martin's got his eyes on Hatch's medals, he doesn't notice as the governor's hand silently CREEPS OUT...

And slides Guy's letter off the table.

HATCH

(with a smile)

As long as you don't win too much of their tobacco.

Martin grins, oblivious.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Guy walks back from the hall of records, thinking to himself. He doesn't see

HATCH AND FAIRWEATHER

Some distance away, heading in the opposite direction. Hatch reads Guy's letter.

HATCH

...though I cannot at present prove my accusations, please be assured I have been given thorough testimony implicating Mansfield Hatch in the murder of my wife and child...

(crumples up the letter)

Murder. That supposed to be ironic?

Fairweather scowls. A marine approaches, salutes.

MARINE

Apologies, gov. But there was a bit of an incident. Down by the stables.

HATCH

Bloody Christ, what is it now?

EXT. STABLES

Hatch and Fairweather stare at Hatch's white Arabian horse. Hatch looks like he's going to cry.

HATCH

Is there no bottom to his depravity?

TATTOOED across the animal's side in ornate black letters is one word:

'~~MIR~~ MURDERER'

The first attempt has been crossed out. Guy must have corrected the barman's spelling.

Fairweather hides a smile.

MARINE

She's still a fine animal, sir. I wouldn't mind riding her.

Hatch takes out his pistol. He sighs, aims it right between the horse's eyes.

HATCH

Just take her to the butcher.

BANG!

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Hatch and Fairweather walk. Hatch reloads his pistol, furious whispers.

HATCH

He's finished, do you hear me? I want the Father down by the river tonight. If all goes well, we can use his death to parlay support from the Justice.

FAIRWEATHER

Governor--

Hatch holds up the letter. Fairweather's burn starts twitching.

HATCH

It's Littlejohn's fault. The sheer idea of bringing a bloody minister to this place is ludicrous! There is no God in these lands, nor will there ever be.

(yelling up at the heavens)

Do you hear me, Lord? This is my jurisdiction!

At that, Fairweather RIPS the Captain's badge off his own uniform. He puts it in Hatch's hand, starts walking away.

FAIRWEATHER
We've no further business, we two.

HATCH
Don't be daft. You're in this deep as I am.

Fairweather keeps walking.

HATCH (CONT'D)
Henry, I urge you to reconsider.

Fairweather keeps walking.

HATCH (CONT'D)
Henry.

click.

HATCH (CONT'D)
I urge you to reconsider.

Fairweather stops. Turns.

Hatch points his freshly loaded pistol at Fairweather.

The Captain looks out at the starving convicts milling in the street. He looks back at Hatch, sadly.

FAIRWEATHER
The ship she's sinking sir. And not peacefully, but straight into the pit of hell. And the better luck's with the rats, not the Captain.
(salutes)
You have a good night.

Fairweather turns and walks off. Stuck in the busy street, Hatch can't pull the trigger.

He drops the Captain's badge into the dirt.

EXT. GUY'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Guy walk back to his shack. He holds a piece of torn CLOTH.

INT. GUY'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

The door starts to open. Guy enters.

GUY

I stopped by the laundry and found a bit
of cloth. It should make a fine sail--

Guy stops. Sitting the bed is the tiny model ship.

But Martin is GONE.

EXT. THE WALL - NIGHT

Torches light up the wall. Up top, Martin plays cards,
jokes with the Sparrows. Samuels has his arm in a sling.

CAPT. DARWIN

Now me wife Sally, there was a flash
piece a mutton.

Martin takes a big pull of rum.

DOWN BELOW

Hatch talks to Captains Jackson and Pitt.

HATCH

Make sure he's alone. After you've
finished, I'll bring the Chief Justice
down to see the body.

CAPT. PITT

Aye, sir.

CAPT. JACKSON

We'll need a bit of scratch. Do him
properly.

Hatch pulls a small PURSE from his pocket. It jangles.

HATCH

Keep the rest and go buy yourself some
cunny.

CAPT. JACKSON

Awful big of you, governor.

INT. GUY'S QUARTERS

Guy goes to the table, notices his LETTER is gone too. He
holds the candle under the table, confused.

He can't find it.

EXT. TRADING STALL - NIGHT

Torches flicker on Main Street. A GOODS DEALER moves native
artifacts into a trading blanket. Axes. Skulls.

Jackson and Pitt approach.

GOODS DEALER

Fancy something before I close up? I've
some fine mussel shells available...

Jackson produces a gold coin.

CAPT. JACKSON

How much for something sharper?

EXT. THE WALL

The Sparrows pass around the rum. Martin takes a big gulp.
Samuels laughs at pimple-faced Captain Darwin.

CAPT. SAMUELS

Martin, you think he ever put his knob in
anything resembles a fine woman?

MARTIN

Not a chance.

The Sparrows LAUGH, egg him on.

CAPT. SAMUELS

Bloody right. And why not?

MARTIN

Because he's got a face like an Indian
and a dick like a Chinaman.

The men CRACK UP. Martin lays down a hand in front of the
Darwin: six, seven, ace.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Fifty-five, tiny.

The men crack up even harder.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Two BLACK FIGURES glide through the shadows.

One carries a stone ax. The other carries a wooden spear.

INT. GUY'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Guy clutches Martin's model ship, trying not to panic. He
checks under the bed, looking for the letter.

Faint VOICES filter in from outside.

CAPT. JACKSON (O.S.)

He alone?

CAPT. PITT (O.S.)
Check the peephole.

Guy leans his head out the window. He's startled to see
OUTSIDE

Captain Pitt holding the ax.

CAPT. PITT (CONT'D)
Remember, don't stick him till we get to
the river.

Guy darts back inside. A chill jets up his spine. He BLOWS
OUT the candle.

EXT. GUY'S QUARTERS

Jackson peers through the keyhole.

CAPT. JACKSON
Cunt just blew out the candle!

EXT. THE WALL

The Sparrows keep drinking, laughing.

Nobody notices as Martin slides a PLAYING CARD out from the
bottom of the deck and put it in his hand.

INT. GUY'S QUARTERS

In the dark, Guy pulls Hellfire's HAT PIN from his satchel.
He moves to the door, takes a deep breath. Voices right out
front.

CAPT. PITT (O.S.)
See anything?

Guy's fingers tighten on the hat pin.

EXT. GUY'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Jackson peers through the keyhole. Suddenly his eyes grow
big as saucers.

CAPT. JACKSON
Fuck he's--

Jackson SCREAMS, falls back in the dirt.

He writhes on the ground, gobs of thick BLOOD pouring out
of his eye.

INT. GUY'S QUARTERS

Guy clutches the bloody hat pin. He runs for the window, starts to climb out as

CRACK!

The door bursts open.

EXT. THE WALL

The Sparrows SCREAM with laughter as Martin puts down another winning hand.

CAPT. SAMUELS

Jesus, Martin. You tryin' to put us in the poorhouse?

No one notices Martin slides another card from the bottom of the deck.

INT. GUY'S QUARTERS

SMACK!

Jackson HURLS Guy into the wall.

CAPT. PITT

Not too hard. Won't look like the Indians!

Jackson descends on Guy. The ax lies by the door.

EXT. THE WALL

Blazing drunk, Martin takes another pull of rum. He's won everybody's tobacco.

MARTIN

What else you got, Samuels?

CAPT. SAMUELS

How much you give me for that?

Captain Samuels puts a GOLD LOCKET on the table.

Martin takes the ornament in his hand. It bears an engraving:

'For The Girl With Amber Coloured Hair. All My Heart. Guy.'

CAPT. DARWIN

I remember her. She was a flash piece of mutton.

Martin goes pale.

INT. GUY'S QUARTERS

Jackson, one hand over his bleeding eye, KICKS Guy savagely in the ribs. Once. Twice. Again.

Guy falls, spitting blood.

EXT. THE WALL - NIGHT

The Sparrows laugh, keep playing cards while

DOWN BELOW

Martin walks to the tables, opens his satchel. He's boiling, his heart a wellspring of acid rage.

He can hear the Sparrows laughing, talking about his mother.

CAPT. DARWIN

Bitch put up a hell of a fight, she did!

Roaring drunk, Martin pulls out his bronze PISTOL. He looks up at the men and takes another pull of rum, for courage.

INT. GUY'S QUARTERS

Guy tries to crawl for the back door.

CRASH!

Jackson SMASHES a chair over Guy's back. Guy collapses.

EXT. THE WALL

All the Sparrows have their eyes on the cards. None of them see

MARTIN

Gliding up the steps. His right hand is in his pocket.

THE SPARROWS

Laugh hysterically. Samuels has won the game. He holds out the locket, grinning as

MARTIN steps closer. His hand slowly creeps out of his pocket...

Pulls out the bronze pistol...

Holds the barrel so that it's nearly touching the back of Samuels' head...

DOWN BELOW THE WALL

Fairweather walks by, satchel over his shoulder.

BANG!

Fairweather LOOKS UP, startled.

He's just in time to see Captain Samuels slump over the side of the parapet. BLOOD pours out his head and down the wall.

All the Sparrows start SCREAMING.

Martin stands utterly still, in shock. Fairweather watches as the boy drops the tiny pistol.

FAIRWEATHER
(horrified)
Oh no, lad.

The Sparrows grab Martin. Fairweather looks back towards Guy's quarters.

INT. GUY'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

The miniature ship lies broken in a thousand pieces.

Captain Pitt finally pulls Jackson away. Guy's on the floor, a mess of blood.

CAPT. PITT
Enough! Let's get him to the river.

Jackson grabs Guy's legs. Pitt reaches for the AX...

CAPT. PITT (CONT'D)
Wait, where's me--

The ax is gone.

BANG!

Suddenly Jackson's head BLOSSOMS OPEN, showering the room in gray and vermillion.

He collapses to the floor. Dead.

Pitt's eyes go wide in horror.

CAPT. PITT (CONT'D)
Captain--

FAIRWEATHER

stands in the doorway, a smoking pistol in one hand, an ax in the other. A beast.

Pitt thrusts the SPEAR into Fairweather's leg. Fairweather doesn't flinch. Pitt draws his PISTOL from his belt.

THWICK

Captain Pitt SCREAMS

Pitt's arm, the one clutching the pistol, falls to the floor, completely severed.

Pitt clutches his bloody shoulder, drops to a knee, screaming as

Fairweather reaches down, takes the pistol from the hand on Captain Pitt's severed arm, and points it at Pitt's face.

He cocks the hammer.

FAIRWEATHER

What's that you said about me, son? Heart of a hen?

BANG!

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Marines turn their heads at the sound of the GUNSHOT.

INT. GOVERNOR'S QUARTERS, STUDY

BANG! The door bursts open.

CAPT. PRICE

Martin just shot Captain Samuels!

HATCH

Blood and Thunder. Where's the boy now?

CAPT. PRICE

We're holding him in the barracks.

HATCH

Sound the alarm and bring him to the square.

Price salutes, takes off. Hatch shakes his head.

HATCH (CONT'D)

Looks like we'll have to do this the old-fashioned way.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

In the moonlight, Fairweather tugs Guy through the reeds. Guy's a bloody mess, broken bones and near dead.

GUY
Martin--where's Martin?

FAIRWEATHER
Up the wall.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

Captain Price bursts in. Two Sparrows hold Martin. He squirms.

MARTIN
Get your bloody hands off me!

CAPT. PRICE
He answers to the rope.

The Sparrows start to drag Martin out of the barracks.

EXT. THE WALL - NIGHT

Fairweather and Guy crouch in the grass. The alarm bell RINGS.

MARINES (O.S.)
All bodies to the square! All bodies to
the square!

Fairweather looks up, sees the dead Sparrow. Blood drips down the wall in a ghastly display.

Everyone else is gone.

EXT. CENTRAL SQUARE - NIGHT

At the gallows platform, Hatch watches the convicts flood into the square. Marines light torches.

The Sparrows drag Martin from the barracks. He's screaming.

MARTIN
Murderers! They murdered my mum in cold
blood!

EXT. THE WALL - NIGHT

Fairweather and Guy crouch up on the wall. Fairweather looks through a SPYGLASS.

GUY
What do you see?

FAIRWEATHER
Hatch stands at the gallows. Prisoners
are lining up. Wait--

GUY
What?

FAIRWEATHER
Martin.

GUY
Give it here.

Guy takes the spyglass.

Fairweather looks down towards Main Street. He spots a
MARINE running out of Guy's quarters, terrified.

EXT. CENTRAL SQUARE - NIGHT

Hatch watches the Sparrows dragging Martin towards the
gallows.

A marine rushes up the stairs, a wild look in his eye. He
takes Hatch's ear.

MARINE
(frantic whisper)
Shots fired at the minister's quarters.
Jackson and Pitt--they're both fucking
slaughtered!

Hatch goes white.

HATCH
Where's Pratchett?

MARINE
No sign of him, sir.

The governor's eyes narrow on Martin. The Sparrows drag the
boy up the stairs.

HATCH
Leave this to me.

Hatch turns to the prisoners lined up in the square.

HATCH (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Colonists of Botany Bay! We have not one
but two murderers in our midsts!
(MORE)

HATCH (CONT'D)

The first is a man who came to us claiming God as his countryman, but in secret signed pacts with The Devil! A man who fooled even the King's Home Secretary! I speak to you now of Father Guy Pratchett!

MARTIN

You lie!

A Sparrow starts to bind Martin's hands.

HATCH

The second is this child behind me! In order to help his father, this wicked boy took it upon himself to murder in cold blood one of our finest Captains!

MARTIN

He was scum! Let go of me!

The prisoners chatter, whisper.

HATCH

And for that, I sentence him to hang by the neck until he is dead.

EXT. THE WALL

Guy puts down the spyglass.

GUY

They make to hang him.

Guy lifts himself up, tries desperately to hobble for the stairs. Fairweather grabs his hand.

FAIRWEATHER

Don't be a fool. Hatch will hang you both. He has to.

GUY

He's my son, man. Have you no heart?

Guy pulls away. Fairweather picks up a MUSKET off the wall.

FAIRWEATHER

Apologies...

THUMP.

Fairweather KNOCKS Guy in the head with the musket butt.

FAIRWEATHER (CONT'D)

But me heart's precisely the problem.

Guy slumps to the ground, UNCONSCIOUS.

EXT. CENTRAL SQUARE

The noose is wrapped around Martin's neck. A Sparrow stands by a lever.

Hatch looks Martin in the eyes.

HATCH

Please, lad. Don't meet your Maker with a heart full of hate.

Martin stares back in pure hatred.

MARTIN

My father will come for you.

The Sparrow pulls a lever.

MARTIN

Falls through the floor of the platform.

The rope stretches taut.

Prisoners and marines look away in disgust. In the flickering torchlight Hatch calls out:

HATCH

Two weeks rations for any man, woman, or child who brings me the Father's head!

(quietly)

God save us all.

FADE OUT.

INT. CAVE - DAY

A pink dawn peeks through the rocks. A dying fire smokes.

GUY lies unconscious and beaten to a pulp. He's covered in a horse blanket. His eyes flutter open, take in his surroundings.

He's sitting in a rocky cave. Aboriginal drawings dot the walls. A blood-stained ax lies next to him. A horse tethered outside.

A BOOT steps down beside him. Guy looks up, delirious.

GUY

Martin?

Fairweather bends down with a jug of water. His leg is bandaged with a shred of uniform.

FAIRWEATHER

Drink.

He puts the water to Guy's lips. The water spills out the side of Guy's mouth. Fairweather puts two crackers down next to him.

FAIRWEATHER (CONT'D)

Eat if you can.

Fairweather helps Guy's hands find the crackers. The Captain kneels down.

FAIRWEATHER (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I know you probably don't hear so good Father, but I'd like to tell you all the same. After my part in what's been done to your family, I don't reckon there can be no goodwill between you and me. That bit aside, I'm still gonna try me hardest to see you fixed up and back in England. And if first you wanna go after Hatch and those wicked men what done in your wife and boys...well I ain't got the heart to hunt them down with you, but if I can teach you a thing or two about killing, then goddamnit that's what I'll do.

(stands)

Apologies for the blasphemy.

Guy looks up at Fairweather, confused.

GUY

Is--Martin--

Fairweather lowers his head. Just before Guy loses consciousness, he can see the Captain holds a needle and thread.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

A marine nails up a crude WANTED POSTER with Guy's face drawn on it. Except for the minister's collar, it looks nothing like him.

Hatch walks down the street, talks to two Sparrows.

HATCH

I want every barrack, every stall and stable searched.

(MORE)

HATCH (CONT'D)

If that unholy son of a whore is hiding in the nursery, I want the wee pickpockets ready with their scissors, ready to open his throat. And for the love of Christ, do not let him board that fucking ship.

CAPT. PRICE

What if he's in the bush?

HATCH

If he's in the bush, then we've nothing to worry about. Alone, he'll be dead within the day.

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

Fairweather stands by a gnarled tree, taking a piss. He stares out across the plains. The colony sits miles away, a tiny speck at the edge of the horizon.

SLOW FOOTSTEPS.

Guy approaches, a horse blanket around his shoulders. His nose is broken. A gash on his cheek has been crudely sewn up with gold thread.

He leans against the tree. The two stare out at the colony.

When Guy talks, it's with the voice of a man who has nothing left, yet still burns with one solitary purpose.

GUY

You've been murdering the Indians, haven't you?

FAIRWEATHER

By the dozen.

GUY

And Lenore found out about it.

FAIRWEATHER

Aye.

GUY

How?

FAIRWEATHER

Can you ride?

GUY

In a day or two.

FAIRWEATHER

Wait then. Best if I show you.

EXT. PLAINS, CAMPSITE - DAY

Guy and Fairweather ride their horses slow through a NATIVE CAMPSITE.

Spears and axes. Dead fish. Extinguished fires. The incessant buzzing of flies.

DEAD BODIES are scattered everywhere. Natives.

The faces and chests of all the aborigines are scarred with smallpox.

All over the campsite are CLOTH BLANKETS bearing the crest of King George.

Guy and Fairweather ride, taking in the horrible sights, until at last they reach

EXT. POND - CONTINUOUS

In the shallows of the pond are two dozen more dead bodies.

CONVICTS. MARINES.

They're all wrapped in the same cloth blankets. All of them are infected with SMALLPOX as well.

Harold's body is among them.

FAIRWEATHER

Governor thought best to poison them.
Snuff out the whole tribe without them
knowing it was us English. Save the camp,
he said. Make it safe to hunt for food.
Hatch and the Sparrows went to the
hospital, rounded up everyone dying of
the pox. They didn't see Lenore follow
them into the bush. But then when she
threatened to tell the Chief Justice...

(then)

All she wanted was a ticket home. Reckon
so she could come back to you.

Guy dismounts, starts wading through the water.

FAIRWEATHER (CONT'D)

Father--

GUY

I had the pox as a child.

Guy lifts up his son's tiny body and places him tenderly on the shore.

Fairweather watches as Guy wades back into the water, pulls out another body. Then another. He puts them one by one on the shore.

FAIRWEATHER

The Retribution leaves in three days. I know the Captain, I can have you onboard without much fuss.

GUY

Is it safe for you to ride to the colony?

Fairweather nods.

GUY (CONT'D)

Then fetch me a shovel. And some rope.

Guy lifts another body.

GUY (CONT'D)

And a gun.

EXT. STOREROOM - DAY

A shack with a massive steel bolt on the door. Two marines salute as Fairweather approaches on horseback.

FAIRWEATHER

Open her up for me, boys.

MARINE

What's the order?

FAIRWEATHER

Think we're finally hitting back at those godless heathens.

The marine goes to unlock it.

MARINE

About bloody time.

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

A shovel sticks out of the ground.

Guy plants a WOODEN CROSS in the dirt, then stands, expressionless.

Behind him are DOZENS of crosses. He's dug a grave for every single body, native and English alike.

Fairweather approaches. He's holding a MUSKET with a bayonet.

FAIRWEATHER
You've fired a musket before?

GUY
Only hunting grouse.

FAIRWEATHER
That some kind of bird?

GUY
That's right.

Fairweather tosses him the musket.

FAIRWEATHER
Let's see if we can't do better.

EXT. PLAINS - LATER

On a rock sit enough WEAPONS to arm a small battalion: two mutiny pistols, three muskets, a sword, bags of gunpowder, musket balls. And a hat pin.

Guy looks down the four fat barrels of a mutiny pistol. Fairweather teaches him how to load.

FAIRWEATHER
First powder. Then ball. Then paper. Then prime the flashpan. Then close it. Then cock the hammer. Same as with a musket.

Guy loads each barrel with powder, ball, and paper. He pushes everything down with a ramrod.

FAIRWEATHER (CONT'D)
Best to hit them at breakfast. Unless, have you qualms shootin' them unarmed?

GUY
No.

FAIRWEATHER
Just be careful. Hatch keeps a stockpile of arms in his study, case the Indians attack. They get hold of those guns, you may be outta luck.

GUY
Anything else I should know?

FAIRWEATHER
All six of 'em can reload faster than you. Good navy man in about twelve seconds. You may want to get in close.

Fairweather takes up the sword.

FAIRWEATHER (CONT'D)
Have you experience with a sword?

GUY
Only a scythe.

Guy loads a final round into the mutiny pistol. He aims the massive gun at four animal skulls set up on a rock.

GUY (CONT'D)
But I reckon I know the blade from the handle.

BANG!

A booming shot echoes across the plains. Two of the skulls EXPLODE.

GUY (CONT'D)
That'll be plenty.

INT. GOVERNOR'S QUARTERS, STUDY - NIGHT

Hatch sits at his desk, writing by candlelight.

A KNOCK.

HATCH
Come.

Two Sparrows enter.

CAPT. PRICE
We checked every nook and cranny,
Governor. There's no sign of him. No sign
of Fairweather neither.

HATCH
Fairweather may do as he likes. He is no
longer serving as my Captain.

CAPT. DARWIN
And the Father?

HATCH
Check the bush if you must. His sins will
not go unpunished.

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

Fairweather and Guy sit around a roaring fire. A dead rabbit roasts on a spit.

Guy stares into the flames, itches the gold stitching on his cheek. Fairweather hands him a rabbit leg.

GUY

Thank you.

Guy bites into the meat. It's the most he's eaten in weeks.

GUY (CONT'D)

Your scar, how did you come by it?

FAIRWEATHER

Powder burn. Got it at the Chesapeake.

GUY

Tell me about it.

FAIRWEATHER

(chewing)

It was when I's a corporal on Hatch's ship, The Venture. French had us boxed in so close our hulls were all mashed up together. Hatch and I, we were down with the cannons. Took a direct hit. Sixteen guns, point blank. Our powder went up, Venture blew sky high.

GUY

And Captain Hatch escaped unscathed.

A beat. Fairweather swallows his rabbit.

FAIRWEATHER

Actually, not that it matters...Hatch was the one pulled me out. Even swam me to shore with a musket ball in his side.

(then)

I reckon before coming to this place, he was still something of a decent fellah.

GUY

I reckon we're all decent men. At one time or another.

Both men stare into the fire.

EXT. CAVE - LATER

The fire smokes. Fairweather sleeps. Guy kneels on a horse blanket and PRAYS.

His voice is cold and dead.

GUY (V.O.)

Lord, I understand now that only by stripping me of everything I love, could you reveal your true purpose for me. I return to you now, the man you have always intended me to be. And in my final prayer, I ask only that you grant me the will to act on those dark intentions.

INT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, STUDY - NIGHT

Hatch uses a caliper to measure the skull of a convict.

GUY (V.O.)

Lord, make me a weapon of vengeance. Make my hand steady, my aim true. And harden my heart to the cries of my enemies.

Hatch jots his findings down in his book, amused.

EXT. THE WALL - NIGHT

Two Sparrows play cards, unsmiling. They bet with Martin's fancy tin of honey.

GUY (V.O.)

Make my blade sing with sweet wrath.

Another man scrubs the bloodstain off the wall.

INT. CAVES - NIGHT

A family of natives huddles close as two Sparrows glide through the cave on horseback. Wraiths carrying torches.

GUY (V.O.)

Allow my pistols to breathe out the flames of Hell, so that these foul deeds, done to Christian and Heathen alike, do not go unpunished.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The two gravediggers dig another hole near Lenore.

GUY (V.O.)

Allow me to become wickedness.

The gravediggers gently lay down a body wrapped in cloth.

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

In your holy name, I pray.

EXT. HILLS - DAWN

First light. A wide crimson sky.

GUY (V.O.)

Amen.

Guy and Fairweather sit on their horses, perched over the colony. Guy has two muskets over his shoulder, the sword and two mutiny pistols at his belt.

GUY (CONT'D)

If ever you find yourself in Surrey,
fancying a bed and a meal, visit a
village called Ashford. Say my name, and
they will treat you with kindness.

Fairweather nods. He stares out at the colony as it begins to stir into wakefulness.

FAIRWEATHER

I'll see you on the ship.

GUY

No. I reckon you won't.

Guy's heels dig into the sides of his horse. He rides hard towards the colony.

Fairweather looks to the beach. Wounded soldiers head towards the 'Retribution'.

The ship makes ready to leave.

INT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - DAY

Hatch sits at the table with the four remaining Sparrows. Convicts serve them.

HATCH

The study's been a remarkable
opportunity.

CAPT. PRICE

Pass the water.

CAPT. DARWIN

You hear about that boat of Chinamen
comin' in? Bringing us some new cunny,
praise God.

Forks clinking plates. Talking with mouths full.

CAPT. PRICE

Them China morts, ain't their cunny hairs
straight-like? And not curly like an
Englishwoman's?

CAPT. DARWIN

Are they? I ain't never had no China
cunny.

CAPT. SYKES

Aye. But that's cause you've more pimples
than a nigger's arsehole.

Laughter. Captain Price laughs so hard that he begins to
COUGH. There's pork stuck in his throat.

He stands up, keeps coughing.

HATCH

Somebody clap him on the back.

Captain Darwin stands, starts clapping him on the back.
Price continues coughing as

Quietly from outside comes ANOTHER SOUND. This one building
steadily.

It's the wooden CLAPPING OF HOOVES.

Price keeps coughing...

CAPT. SYKES

Somebody clear out his bleedin' throat.

Another man stands.

CAPT. DARWIN

Fetch him some water.

Hatch is distracted, listening outside to the clapping of
hooves.

HATCH

(putting up a hand)

Shhh!

One by one, the men start to turn away from Captain Price.
They listen close.

As the clapping gets louder...

And louder...and louder...

CRACK!

A thunderbolt bursts in the other room.

CAPT. DARWIN

Em--

The men leap up at the sound of horse hooves inside the house.

And then suddenly...

HATCH

Mother in heaven--

The door EXPLODES open.

GUY

ducks through the doorway, RIDING INSIDE the house on horseback.

He holds out his mutiny pistols, one on each side. There's black hatred in his eyes.

BANG! BANG!

In a booming spurt of gunpowder, eight musket balls EXPLODE out of Guy's pistols.

SCREAMS fill the room

As the faces of two Sparrows erupt in violent torrents of flesh and bone.

One of the cooks CRIES OUT, clutches his hand, the ring and middle finger have been blown off.

Hatch and Darwin DART out of the room towards the study.

Guy pulls a musket off his shoulder. Aims...

BANG!

He misses.

Captain Sykes grabs SWORDS off a display on the wall. Guy pulls down his other musket.

BANG!

Guy misses again. Sykes CHARGES him.

Guy HOLDS OUT his bayonet.

The blade sinks through Sykes's neck, stopping him in his tracks. Sykes spits a bubble of blood.

INT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, STUDY

Ducked behind the desk, Hatch and Captain Darwin frantically open a panel in the floor.

Hatch grabs a mutiny pistol. Darwin grabs a musket.

INT. GOVERNOR'S QUARTERS, DINING ROOM

Guy breathes hard. He surveys the dead men around him. He's shaking.

On the floor, one of the Sparrows is still moving. It's Price.

Still on his horse, Guy reaches down and

THWICK

Sticks a bayonet through his heart. With his final breath, Price at last spits out the piece of pork.

Guy sees the cook cowering in the corner. The cook eyes his severed finger on the floor.

The finger still has his WEDDING RING on it.

The convict looks up to Guy, as if asking for permission. Guy nods.

The cook picks up his ring finger and RUNS outside.

CRACK!

Suddenly the head of Guy's horse CLEAVES OPEN, blasted clean in two.

Hatch and Captain Darwin stand in the doorway, gun-barrels smoking as

Guy FALLS OFF and onto the table, shot in the shoulder. The dead animal slouches to its knees.

Darwin starts lightning fast to RELOAD his musket.

Guy starts COUNTING softly, knowing it'll take twelve seconds. He gets up off the table.

GUY
(whispered)
One...two...three...four...

Hatch RUNS out the door.

Darwin takes out ball and powder, shoves it down the barrel.

GUY (CONT'D)
(whispered)
...five...six...seven...eight...

Guy pulls out his SWORD.

Darwin pushes in the paper, cocks the hammer.

GUY (CONT'D)
(whispered)
...nine...ten...eleven...

Guy approaches with the sword...

Darwin raises the pistol...

EXT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, BACK

Hatch darts into the CORNFIELD, clutching his mutiny pistol.

A horrible SCREAM from inside.

A long beat.

GUY

rushes outside holding the bloody sword. He's about to enter the cornfield when he spots something by the side of the house.

A CORN SCYTHE

He puts down the sword, takes the massive blade in his hands, feels its familiar weight.

He rushes into the cornfield after Hatch.

EXT. CENTRAL SQUARE

The ropes of the gallows sway in the ocean breeze.

The crippled COOK runs up with a marine. They start to ring the alarm bell.

MARINE
All able-bodies to the square!

EXT. CORNFIELD

Guy stalks through the sickly cornfield, holding the scythe. Complete SILENCE except for

DING! DING! The alarm bell ringing.

Guy hears a NOISE behind him.

--SHHHH--

He SWIPES down cornstalks with the scythe.

Ears of corn fall to the ground with a crunch. Guy keeps walking.

A long beat.

--SHHHH-- --SHHHH--

Guy cuts down more corn.

No sign of Hatch.

DING! DING! The alarm bell keeps ringing.

A long beat.

click.

Somewhere in the cornfield, Hatch's pistol COCKS. Guy reaches back with the scythe...

--SHHHH--

He swings out violently, cutting down corn.

A miss.

BANG!

The scythe CRACKS in two.

Guy FALLS to one knee. Coughs.

He puts a hand to his side. Blood drips through his fingers. Guy struggles to stay upright as

BOOTS crunch fallen cornstalks.

Hatch steps through the corn behind Guy, all four barrels smoking. He kicks Guy flat on his stomach, rolls him over.

DING! DING! The alarm bell keeps ringing.

EXT. BARRACKS - DAY

Marines drag themselves out of the barracks, trying to put on their uniforms.

EXT. CORNFIELD - DAY

Guy lies on his back. He gasps and coughs and bleeds.

Hatch stands over him, reloading the massive pistol as he talks.

HATCH

Can I make a bit of a confession, Father? Sorry if this feels untimely, but there's a study I've been working on, 'The Skulls Of Wicked Men,' it's called. See King George, mad as he is, he's this theory criminals are a different breed than honest men like you and me. Naturally with different sized heads to boot. He even promised me a small fortune to write a manuscript on the subject. So you know what I've done? Just to make the old man happy? I've cheated the results. Turns out the theory's bollix. You can measure the skull of a poor man, rich man, wicked man, and a good man. When you average them out, they're all about the same size in the end. Give or take a couple inches. Almost sad when you think on it.

(bending down)

In any case, I know God will forgive me for all this business with you and your family. He knows it's always been for the good of the camp. But changing the course of modern science? Father, do you think the Good Lord will ever find it in His heart to forgive me for that?

Guy can barely speak. He WHISPERS something.

GUY

--Ask--

HATCH

What was that?

Hatch leans down. Tries to listen.

Blood pours out of Guy's side. His hand is by his pocket. He WHISPERS again.

GUY

--yourself--

Hatch leans down even closer. He can feel Guy's breath on his cheek.

Hatch puts the mutiny pistol up to the side of Guy's head.
Cocks the hammer.

HATCH

What did you say now, Fath--

And then Hatch's head JERKS violently to one side.

The pistol in his hand starts to SHAKE.

His eyes tremble in their sockets. They turn pale as Hatch focuses on some faraway place.

His mouth goes slack, starts to gape open and closed.

HATCH (CONT'D)

--Fath--

The HAT PIN

Sticks out of Hatch's ear, right up to the pearl on the end.

With a grunt, Hatch slumps down to the ground. Dead.

Guy slowly rises to his feet. He stands over Hatch, battered and bleeding.

GUY

I said ask Him yourself.

INT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM

Marines burst in.

MARINE

Blood and thunder.

The room is a mess of bodies. The walls are festooned with sloppy red splotches.

The marines rush out back.

EXT. CORNFIELD

Marines follow a trail of blood into the cornfield.

Hatch lies bleeding from his ear. The governor is completely naked.

A pile of MEDALS sits on his chest.

MARINE

What demon from hell--

A set of plain clothes lie next to the body.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Guy limps, using the broken scythe for a crutch. Blood dribbles from his side.

He's dressed in HATCH'S UNIFORM. Guy's stripped it of all its medals and stripes and now it's torn up and ragged.

He's not wearing shoes.

Marines rush past him, heading the other way.

MARINE

Killed all the Sparrows! Had to be a dozen men at least!

No one notices the wounded officer slowly putting one bare foot in front of the other.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A line of WOUNDED MARINES boards the 'Retribution'.

Each man hands a piece of paper, a TICKET OF LEAVE to the MIDSHIPMAN.

MIDSHIPMAN

Get onboard, sailor.

GUY stands in the line. He's getting weaker, almost falling over.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Marines run in every direction. With no one at the helm, the colony's going mad.

EXT. BEACH

Guy stumbles up.

His steps become slower and slower as blood dribbles out of his side. He can barely support himself with the crutch.

MIDSHIPMAN

Ticket of leave.

Guy FALLS to one knee. A marine rushes to him.

MARINE

We need a medic down here!

A SURGEON runs down the gangplank.

SURGEON

What's happened?

They slap Guy's face.

MARINE

Officer? Officer?

With all the breath he can muster, Guy spits out one broken word.

GUY

--indians--

SURGEON

Help me get him onboard.

The surgeon starts to carry Guy onto the ship.

MIDSHIPMAN

Wait! He needs his papers!

The midshipman darts after them.

EXT. STOREROOM

Amid the chaos, convicts start to loot the storeroom, pulling out guns and rum and crackers.

INT. SHIP, SICK BAY

Marines put Guy into bed. They rip open his vest. A SHIP'S BOY stands next to the surgeon.

SURGEON

He's losing blood. Get me a clamp.

The boy starts to run off. The midshipman grabs him.

MIDSHIPMAN

You, stop! He needs his bloody papers.

SURGEON

Can't it wait? The man's going to die.

The midshipman eyes the blood pouring out of Guy's side.

MIDSHIPMAN

Look here, he's said Indians and that's a bloody musket wound.

The surgeon looks around.

SURGEON

Can anybody vouch for this man?!

No one says anything.

SURGEON (CONT'D)

Come on now! Anybody?

The surgeon notices ONE MAN staring at Guy from a bed across the way. His leg is wrapped in a bandage.

Fairweather.

SURGEON (CONT'D)

You know this man, Captain?

A long beat. Fairweather meets eyes with Guy...

Guy flutters in and out of consciousness...

FAIRWEATHER

He's one of the finest officers I ever met.

The surgeon takes the midshipman's hand off the boy. The boy rushes off. The midshipman stalks away, satisfied.

At last, Guy falls unconscious.

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

The 'Retribution' PUSHES OFF, sails billowing in the air.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Marines rush to and fro as the camp descends into darkness.

FADE OUT.

EXT. INN - DAY

Pine forests surround a warm wood building, an inn. Smoke billows out of the chimney.

A WOOD SIGN: 'Welcome to Jamestown. Home of the Free.'

Trudging off in the distance

TWO TRAVELING COMPANIONS

Slowly approach the inn. Both wear plainclothes, beards. They're haggard, lean from the long months at sea.

At last they reach the door.

One of the men, the one with the burn on his face, holds the door open for his companion.

The other man, the man with the limp, pauses in the doorway.

GUY PRATCHETT

takes a long look out at the forests, and at the mountains, and at the pretty green hills. At his new home.

He puts a hand on his friend's shoulder and steps inside.

FADE OUT.

END

MAN OF CLOTH