



HARDY
SON
AND
BAKER

TABOO

Episode 1

UID: DRI C131B/01

Duration: 55:02

This script is the private and confidential property of

Scott Free and Hardy Son & Baker

Scored Music '101m01' In: 10:00:

N: 10:00:00 **THAMES ESTUARY - FOGGY NIGHT**

The camera pans across the water. The sun reflecting on the surface.

In the distance past the sailboat, a small rowboat cuts through water and we see a man standing at the prow. He is dressed in the clothes of a sea faring man with a hood pulled down over his eyes.

The boat itself is carved from a single trunk of a hard wood tree, adding the feeling that we are somewhere far away.

We see no features yet, but the man in the boat is JAMES DELANEY. He has a single oil lamp that glows in the belly of the boat.

N: 10:00:40 **EXT. OPEN HEATH/WOODLAND - DAWN**

The horseman is cantering through the rain. The same man that was in the boat earlier.

He slows his horse and stops beside a chalk-white mile marker in the seventeenth century style. It tells that LONDON is ten miles away.

He dismounts and ties his horse loosely to the mile marker. From his saddle he takes the leather bag and a small shovel.

James walks in a dead straight line. As he walks, James counts under his breath...

James takes one more stride then stops. He looks around to get his bearings against trees and hilltops. He is close to an old oak tree, battered by the storm.

James takes the shovel and begins to dig. It is hard, wet work and we come close to him as he gasps and scrapes. The hole he digs is deep. He takes a breath and pulls down his hood. For the first time we see his handsome, care worn features. He takes a leather pouch and places it in the hole then fills the hole back in.

As he rises he sees in the distance the City of London.

N: 10:01:37 **EXT. RAIN-SWEPT MUDDY ROAD - STORMY DAY**

Rain pours in giant drapes over rolling hills. He stops the horse, fights him and whinnies.

The lone horseman rides on. He has his canvas bag strapped to his saddle.

N: 10:01:50 **EXT. LONDON - STORMY DAY**

He rides into the city across the bridge. At the archway he dismounts and walks the horse into the courtyard.

N: 10:02:06 **INT. MORTUARY - DAY**

We open on the body of a dead man, in his seventies, there are two King George pennies on his eyelids lying on a cold marble slab in a bare room. There are high windows and dull sunlight filters in.

Scored Music '101m01' out: 10:02:

The body looks feeble in the cold hard room, the only softness. The hawk-face of the cadaver, straggled with grey whiskers. There is a blanket across his genitals but the rest of his skinny body is exposed.

Then a door opens and James enters. He walks with a business like clip which will characterise him.

He stands beside the body and stares at the face. He is not unused to death or dead bodies. Indeed, he has no reaction to the fact of death.

We see, however, there is a simmering hatred behind his placid expression. This man is dead and it's a shame because perhaps James had things to do and say to him.

There is no growl or grimace, just a gentle testing of how far he is prepared to push.

He removes the pennies. To our surprise he puts them into his pocket. As he pockets the money he leans in and speaks in a foreign language.

JAMES
FOREIGN LANGUAGE
(Then in English)
Forgive me father.

IT IS PRODUCTION INTENT NOT TO SUBTITLE TRANSLATION: Yes I heard you

A pause. This is no longer about stealing pennies. A firm nod.

JAMES (CONT'D)
For I have indeed sinned.

He turns and walks his fast business-like walk away to the door.

Scored Music '101m02' In: 10:03:

N: 10:03:23

GENERIC TITLE SEQUENCE

Bubbles from deep water rise to the surface. We see bodies floating. The stars and stripes float by. Pull back to reveal some of the bodies in chains.

**A SCOTT FREE FILMS / HARDY SON & BAKER PRODUCTION
FOR BBC**

TOM HARDY

LEO BILL : OONA CHAPLIN

**RICHARD DIXON
EDWARD FOX**

**JEFFERSON HALL
DAVID HAYMAN**

EDWARD HOGG : FRANKA POTENTE

**JONATHAN PRYCE
NICHOLAS WOODSEN**

**EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS
RIDLEY SCOTT : TOM HARDY : STEVEN KNIGHT**

**EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS
DEAN BAKER : KATE CROWE**

**PRODUCED BY
TIMOTHY BRICKNELL**

**CREATED BY
: STEVEN KNIGHT :
WITH
TOM HARDY & CHIPS HARDY**

**WRITTEN BY
STEVEN KNIGHT**

**DIRECTED BY
: KRISTOFFER NYHOLM :**

TABOO

Scored Music '101m02' out: 10:04:

0:04:25 **On screen caption on black screen
London 1814.**

N: 10:04:32 **EXT. WAPPING WALL LANE, WAPPING - DAY**

It is afternoon in the busy dockside street.

A Young Man dressed in black walks down the street.

FUNERAL CALLER
Behold the witness.

We see that the Young Man is the vanguard of a funeral hearse. Behind him there is a black hearse drawn by four black horses with black plumes atop their heads. They snort in the grey cold air.

We are taken along by a STREET BEGGAR. Strapped to his head he has a perfect replica of an English naval battleship, made from sticks and paper and leather. It is twice as big as his head and he balances it with care. He is accompanied by a gang of delighted children who follow him bare foot and hoot and laugh at his words as he chants out a rhyme... Suddenly they stop. They have seen something coming. The beggar also turns and stops his chanting.

Singing 'Street Beggar's Bonaparte' In: 10:04:

STREET BEGGAR

... threw a rope around his neck

STREET CHILDREN

... threw a rope around his neck

*Singing 'Street Beggar's Bonaparte' out: 10:04:
Scored Music '101m03' In: 10:04:*

A young man in a black hat, black frock coat, black stockings and boots (THE MUTE) is marching through the mud with a stick in his hand. He marches like a military band leader, staring straight ahead. The sight of him makes everyone freeze.

FUNERAL CALLER

Behold a good man! Behold a man of his calling!
Behold the witness to God's deep love for us all.
Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. They will
rest in their labour. (continues inaudible)

Behind the hearse walk a dozen men, stepping uneasily through the mud, their boots already no more than clumps of earth.

Among them we see three businessmen in frock coats walking in a line. The oldest of them is ROBERT THOYT, a shipping lawyer, who we will meet later. The others are MACE and DELF.

We come close to some of the sturdy businessmen dressed in black. Then, at the back of the funeral cortege, side saddle on a black horse, we see a young woman, beautiful, early thirties, her beauty half hidden behind a black veil. This is ZILPHA GEARY.

Her horse is led by a handsome man in his early thirties (THORNE GEARY), who is Zilpha's husband. He is big and broad and has the bearing of a soldier.

We follow the cortege for a while and study the faces.

Choir singing In: 10:05:

N: 10:05:31

INT. ST MARY'S CHURCH, WAPPING - DAY

The congregation are now all spread out among the pews. There are small cliques who sit together. Zilpha sits at the front with her husband.

James's father's coffin sits on a stone plinth next to the altar. Candles burn in profusion all around.

The three businessmen are conferring as we join the scene and elect Robert Thoyt to carry out an onerous task. He moves forward two rows to whisper in Zilpha's ear.

THOYT

Mrs. Geary, I don't wish to be indelicate but did you
pay the grave diggers the extra shilling?

Zilpha is about to reply but Thorne takes her hand to take control.

THORNE (KNOWING)

What extra shilling?

Thoyt addresses Zilpha, even though she has deferred to her husband...

THOYT (TO ZILPHA)

To bury your father deeper in the ground.

Zilpha glances at her husband, who is impassive.

THOYT (CONT'D)

Ressurrectionists pay extra to be buried two feet deeper than the rest. That way the grave robbers can't dig down to their meat before the sun comes up.

Thorne turns back to face the front. Zilpha takes her silent cue from him and turns away also. Finally Thorne speaks evenly without turning his head...

THORNE

My wife has no business with the gravediggers. Her father will rest at the regular depth.

Thoyt looks a little horrified and sits back. Zilpha looks down at her bible. Then the church doors open with a clatter. James enters and all heads turn.

His arrival causes absolute astonishment among the congregation. Those who don't know who he is are quickly informed in shock whispers which rustle around the church.

We pick up on Thoyt whispering to the businessman next to him...

THOYT

blasphemy: 10:06:20

Dear God. There walks a dead man.

Scored Music '101m03b' In: 10:06:

We come close to Zilpha as her world cracks open at the sight of James striding down the aisle toward her. Thorne sees Zilpha's horrified reaction...

THORNE

Who is that?

Zilpha immediately turns to look straight ahead, her eyes burning...

ZILPHA

It is hell opened up.

James looks neither left nor right. He is heading for a front pew across the aisle from Zilpha. As he makes his way, Thoyt whispers into Zilpha's ear.

THOYT

blasphemy: 10:06:33

Dear Lord almighty. Is that your brother?

James has made his way to the front of the aisle. There is a collection box. James reaches into his pocket and takes out the two pennies he took from his father's eyes. He drops the pennies in the box with a clatter.

Scored Music '101m03b' out: 10:06:

Choir singing out: 10:06:

He then walks to the furthest end of the aisle so he is level but distant from Zilpha. He sits and looks straight ahead without expression as the whispered news forms a whirlwind around the church.

The priest has now arranged his sermon and speaks...

PRIEST

Before we begin, may we bow our heads in prayer.

Everyone bows their heads in unison. Except for James and Thorne. James stares straight ahead and Thorne stares murder down the aisle across his wife's bowed head.

PRIEST & CONGREGATION

Our father. Who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name... Thy kingdom come, they will be done on earth as it is in heaven... Forgive us this day our daily bread...

Scored Music '101m04' In: 10:07:

Music 'Vista' In: 10:07:

A single tear drips from Zilpha's hidden face.

N: 10:07:15

EXT. ST. MARY'S CHURCH, GRAVEYARD - DAY

We see the coffin being lowered into the ground. James is impassive as the priest reads the final words of the burial incantation.

PRIEST

When as much, as it as pleased Almighty God at his great mercy. To take unto himself, to sole of our dear brother here departed. We therefore commit his body to the ground. Earth to earth. Ashes to ashes

As James speaks in a foreign language he takes out a metal box out, opens it and then throws the contents onto the coffin whilst chanting. He then runs the red powder onto his eye and face.

JAMES

(mutters inaudible prayer in a foreign dialogue)

IT IS PRODUCTION INTENT NOT TO SUBTITLE TRANSLATION: Inaudible whispering - Dial is - Come to me, stay with me, come to me, stay with me. Dial is - Come, come to me... Dial is - I cannot let you stay dirty / I cannot cleanse you. Dial is - I say take me

The priest hears and glares at him. Some of the other old men glare too. Thorne squeezes his wife's hand as if to secure her against the devil.

Scored Music '101m04' out: 10:08:

Music 'Vista' In: 10:08:

Zilpha and James's eyes meet for the first time. An electric storm which Thorne feels...

N: 10:08:14

EXT. ST MARY'S CHURCH, GRAVEYARD - LATER - DAY

James walks alone from the graveside but is joined by Thorne, who hurries to catch him. Zilpha hangs back.

THORNE
Sir? Mr. Delaney is it, Sir?

James slows and turns. Zilpha is a yard away. *We should sense immediately that there is an enormous past between James and Zilpha but, for the moment, their reunion is blocked by Thorne's presence.* Thorne demands clarity and their confrontation slows the others who wish to overhear...

THORNE (CONT'D)
James Delaney is it?

JAMES (KNOWING)
Who are you?

Zilpha looks up and takes a pace forward to stand beside her husband. She puts her arm in his to answer the question. We must from this point begin to understand the complexities of James and Zilpha's relationship. Even here in the graveyard there is an irresistible attraction which Zilpha hides and James exposes. In other places it will reverse.

The triangle of this story is formed right there in the graveyard.

ZILPHA
They said you were dead.

JAMES
I am.

He stares at Thorne.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Such a shallow grave they dug for my father. Are you short of a couple shillings?

Zilpha can be totally honest with James, even though he has been gone so long the intimacy is taken up immediately.

ZILPHA
He was buried to the depth of my love. These last years he disgraced me...

He turns to Zilpha...

JAMES
Disgrace?

James lets the word hang. Then he turns and walks.

Music 'Jig for Daisy' In: 10:08:

N: 10:08:41

INT. ROSE OF CARLISLE INN - DAY

The tavern has a large open space where a wood fire roars. There is a table with a black tablecloth with food and wine. Beer barrels rest on trestles.

The wake is busy, unfussy, and dominated by the arrival of James. Wine is present in huge quantities and there is a single haunch of beef which will feed everyone.

A liveried servant is taking glasses of warm sherry around the small huddles of guests and we follow him. As guests take their drinks we hear snatches of conversation...

OLD MAN

Were those negro words he said over the grave?

OLD LADY

Madness comes out through the umbilical cord...

Mace takes two drinks and we now follow Mace across the room. As he walks, we hear a snippet of conversation...

PASSER BY

The pox in Africa goes to your brain directly via worms that crawl through your veins.

Mace passes. Zilpha and Thorne are in conversation with several men but Zilpha is not listening. Thorne is looking around for James, who is nowhere to be seen.

Thoyt approaches Zilpha and James...

THOYT

Where is he?

Mace overhears...

MACE

.anguage: 10:09:03 He went to piss.

Thorne takes Thoyt's arm firmly...

THORNE

Any business with him will be conducted in my presence.

Thoyt stares at Thorne then more gently at Zilpha...

THOYT

I have the advantage. I have *read* the will.

Thorne explodes silently...

THORNE

Meaning what?

THOYT

.anguage 10:09:16/17 Meaning, I need to piss. And need no one to hold my cock.

Thoyt bows an apology to Zilpha...

THOYT (CONT'D)
Begging the lady's pardon.

Thoyt walks. Thorne steams. Apparently an elaborate future has been upended by James' arrival and the inference that Thoyt just made.

N: 10:09:20

INT. BOILING HOUSE/LAVATORY - DAY

The large, heavy timbered space is filled with bones. The bones are mostly of horses and there is a separate pile for horse skulls. There are also the skulls of other animals.

Fifty yards across the bone strewn floor there are three great fires burning, and on top of the fires there are cauldrons which steam and boil intensely. This is a boiling house, where animal bones are boiled up to make glue.

Men stripped to the waist tend the fires and also drop horse bones into the cauldrons, or spill out the glutinous contents onto flat wooden boards for chopping or cooling.

After a moment, Thoyt walks to the narrow stable where there is a bucket for the purpose. He unbuttons his fly and begins to pee, his upper half visible over the low stable divide. James arrives.

THOYT
How came you to know?

James doesn't respond.

THOYT (CONT'D)
That your father was dead?

James speaks as if it is obvious...

JAMES
I heard he was sick and I boarded a ship.

Thoyt decides it's not too early to begin the business.

THOYT
Yes. He was sick from madness. Did you hear that?
And bile and bitterness.

Thoyt finishes his 'peeing' rather too quickly and buttons his fly.

THOYT (CONT'D)
Not a single tear from anyone at the graveside.

He steps out...

.anguage 10:10:29
JAMES
I didn't hear any piss hit the leather...

Thoyt wipes his hands on his breeches. James has a deadly look.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Perhaps you had no need. Perhaps you came out here with a purpose.

THOYT

James?

JAMES

Who are you?

Thoyt takes a moment then comes to face James, appraising him.

THOYT

I am Thoyt. Your father's lawyer.

James finally recognizes the face but not the frame...

THOYT (CONT'D)

.anguage 10:10:46

Small pox butchered me down to the bones. And yes, I have other business than pissing.

James studies Thoyt and reappraises...

THOYT (CONT'D)

You know, In all of London only your father believed you were still alive...

Two skinny horses are led inside from a sunlit yard, ready for slaughter and boiling up. They take James's attention... The two tired horses are led past by a young groom and Thoyt waits until they have gone by.

THOYT (CONT'D)

It was a symptom of his madness. But he would talk to you. Stand on the north bank of the river and call out to you on the other side.

James nods gently and speaks evenly.

JAMES

Yes I know. I heard him calling.

A pause. Thoyt studies James to see if he is joking. Thoyt chuckles... James appears to be deadly serious. Thoyt dismisses...

THOYT

I'll speak plainly. Your father drew up a will of which I am executor. In it you are his only heir.

James doesn't react. Thoyt wants James's full attention...

THOYT (CONT'D)

But James. If you came home expecting fortune there is none...

James's attention has been taken by the condemned horses and he watches them...

THOYT (CONT'D)

The only legacy is a poisoned chalice...

James is only half engaged as he looks to the horses...

JAMES (SOFTLY)

Talk to me of poison.

THOYT

Well it's a small stretch of coast line directly on the other side of the world which your father held by treaty. With a Nootka tribe, a wasteland.

Thoyt wants to make his point but James is distant so Thoyt becomes poetic....

THOYT (CONT'D)

If America were a pig facing England it is right at the pig's arse. Just rocks and Indians.

.anguage 10:11:39

James finally turns his cold gaze on Thoyt...

THOYT (CONT'D)

The land in your father's will is not only useless, it is dangerous to any who owns it.

James studies Thoyt. (We might already suspect that he knows more than he is letting on). He surprises Thoyt with a quote...

JAMES (INTERRUPTING)

They are my rocks now.

Thoyt realizes James is aware of the importance of this (even though as yet we don't). He reacts with a flicker and quickly moves on...

THOYT

James, I can arrange the immediate transfer of this particular asset...

Thoyt reacts again, secrets being dragged into the half light (though again we don't know what they are). James turns and heads for the open door. Thoyt calls out...

THOYT (CONT'D)

I'll send you a formal proposition in writing.

*Music 'Jig for Daisy' out: 10:12:
Music 'Where weeping Yews' In: 10:12:*

N: 10:12:17

INT. ROSE OF CARLISLE INN - LATER - DAY

Three men in absurd, matching red velvet suits are singing a 'Harmonic', a song sung in harmony (similar to barber shop) and sung with passion and closed eyes. The ballad is melancholy.

Thick pipe-smoke swirls and the congregation has been swelled by young girls and women who are laughing and drinking with the well dressed businessmen.

Zilpha is with Thorne, who is scooping some wine from a bowl. He is cooling his mood with wine. She stares through the smoke to see James returning from the boiling house. James glances at her then takes a greeting from one of the whores.

WHORE
(to James)
Good day Sir?!

Thorne sees Zilpha looking at James.

Zilpha looks away. James looks over at her and Thorne sees...

THORNE
These girls arriving are all whores.

Zilpha glances at James, talking now to a young girl...

THORNE (CONT'D)
They attend the funeral of the widower's because they know there will be a lot of old men.

Laughter is breaking out around the room. Thorne is a little drunk and gestures at James...

THORNE (CONT'D)
And that animal from Africa is here to pick an old man's bones too.

Zilpha finally turns to Thorne, afraid of his anger.

ZILPHA
Perhaps, we should let Thoyt deal with the matter.

Zilpha knows her husband well and knows he has reached a point of drinking when soon he will be violent. She speaks quickly now while there is still a chance of propriety...

Scored Music '101m07' In: 10:13:

ZILPHA (CONT'D)
Let's call our carriage...

Zilpha follows Thorne towards the exit. James sees and moves to cut them off like a lion with prey. Thorne is up for the fight and prepares.

JAMES
One thing Africa did not cure...

Without any change of expression James states evenly...

JAMES
Is that I still love you...

Zilpha is dumbstruck. The words resonate. James then adds as if to repair the damage...

Thorne shakes his arm free. The two men confront for a moment, the battle lines now drawn. James looks pointedly at Zilpha...

Scored Music '101m07' out: 10:13:

JAMES (CONT'D)

And if you are ever short of two shillings, please do not hesitate to ask. As Africa also served me incredibly well.

He looks at Thorne who responds...

THORNE

Well then you will have no need of legacies now will you.

ZILPHA

We were just leaving...

James marks the moment with a small bow and turns and leaves by a different exit.

Scored Music '101m07b' In: 10:14:

James scans the room, men laughing, drinking. Thoyt is with one of the whores.

Music 'Where weeping Yews' out: 10:14:

N: 10:14:15

EXT/INT. EAST INDIA COMPANY, BOARD ROOM - MORNING

EXT Establisher.

Scored Music '101m07b' out: 10:14:

A servant carries a tray down the corridor.

The tray is placed on the table in the boardroom.

The boardroom is another step up in opulence and grace.

A huge table with 11 chairs dominates the room.

Dominating the far wall is a huge carved emblem with the words '*Honorable East India Company*'. Below it there hangs a flag (the flag of the East India Company) which is similar to a US flag but with the Union Jack in the corner rather than stars. (The US flag was based on the East India Company flag).

There are fifteen men gathered around the table, some wearing powdered wigs, others in cloth merchants hats. Sun streams through high windows, making the room look like a Rembrandt. Among them we find Thoyt.

A man in his sixties (SIR STUART STRANGE) is evidently in charge of the meeting and speaks curtly as he pours...

All the men have paperwork in front of them and there is a CLERK sitting a little way away from the table taking minutes. We might also notice a young official who we will learn is GODFREY.

SIR STUART

So gentlemen, let's begin. The clerk will record everything that is said except when a fellow raises a hand. Words from a raised hand will not enter the record.

Sir Stuart glances at the clerk, who nods once. Sir Stuart pours coffee, sweeping the pot from cup to cup.

SIR STUART (CONT'D)

There, the issue today is old man Delaney, may he rot in hell.

There are laughters of approval around the table (except from one man, a Priest in a dog collar who we will meet later called APPLEBY).

SIR STUART (CONT'D)

.anguage 10:14:56

The death of that mad old bastard was welcome and as we thought at the time, beneficial for the Honorable East India. But things have changed. Mr. Thoyt, welcome, give us the bad news.

Thoyt looks around the room.

THOYT

As the late Mr. Delaney's lawyer I attended the funeral. And a ghost appeared.

Heads turn.

THOYT (CONT'D)

A son we all thought dead in Africa...

Sir Stuart squints at a piece of paperwork...

SIR STUART

James Keziah Delaney. Mr. Wilton, I asked you to do some digging.

An eager young executive (WILTON) speaks up, pushing a thick hand-written file across the table.

WILTON

Which I have done, Sir. And most entertaining it has been.

He prepares with a flourish (and evidently has a reputation as a wit).

WILTON (CONT'D)

In temperament he takes after his mad mother...

Wilton is effete and foppish and enjoys the theatre of his revelations...

WILTON (CONT'D)

She was committed as a resident of Bedlam...

SIR STUART

Just stick to what we know about the boy...

(We will learn much later that Sir Stuart knows more about James than he is letting on. For now he is pumping Wilton to find out how much is known by others and by the company. Sir Stuart

has secrets and needs to know if anyone is close to the truth. He is a skilled dissembler and does it so well we might not notice).

WILTON

At the age of eleven...

A theatrical pause.

Wilton produces a hand written record and offers it to Sir Stuart...

WILTON (CONT'D)

His exhausted father and new bride put his son in as a cadet at the East India company military seminary in Woolwich, the year of our lord Seventeen Ninety Eight.

There is disbelief and laughter. Sir Stuart reads, apparently incredulous...

SIR STUART (INCREDULOUS)

Delaney's son was a *company* boy?

WILTON

And Sir Stuart, odd to relate, the records show he was once in your own regiment.

Sir Stuart, apparently amused...

SIR STUART

.anguage 10:16:09

I commanded so many little bastards, I forget.

No one suspects there is an agenda. Wilton produces another sheet...

WILTON

There is a copy of his attendance record and the year end report...

Sir Stuart is sharp and has identified a liveried document...

SIR STUART

blasphemy: 10:16:15

The year end records. Yes. My God. Corporal James Keziah Delaney...

He begins to read from reports...

SIR STUART (CONT'D)

Exceptional. Exceptional. Exceptional. Musket. Shipcraft. Leadership. Exceptional.

Wilton enjoys what comes next...

WILTON

But Sir, then along came the year of our lord Eighteen hundred. Exceptional in different ways. I would guess that confidence allowed his true savage nature and mother's madness to emerge.

As Sir Stuart shuffles the papers, Wilton begins to recite with some amusement...

WILTON (CONT'D)

The necks he broke always belonged to officers.

Sir Stuart looks up from the paperwork and all eyes are on Wilton. He loves it...

WILTON (CONT'D)

And there is the setting ablaze of a Navy boat in an experiment with oil and mashed potatoes while drunk...
And a fight with a bear in Chancery Lane.

The men begin to chuckle...

WILTON (CONT'D)

And a rebellion against the cooks for bad custard, started by him.

More laughter. Wilton gets to his feet the better to regale the room...

WILTON (CONT'D)

And he raved about fortunes and hidden treasures. He tried to recruit other boys to go down the river to India, to trade with red Indians, to take gold from the Aztecs. And more necks, more whores and more custard and finally...I am almost exhausted in the telling of it, *finally*, in the year of our lord Eighteen O two...

Pause.

WILTON

He took himself off to Africa.

(We will learn that it was Sir Stuart who sent him to Africa on an illegal slave ship but for now all eyes are on Wilton). Wilton sits down, mock exhausted. Thoyt resumes on Sir Stuart's gesture...

THOYT

Well now he is returned. And Delaney's will leaves him everything. Including Nootka.

STRANGE

Do we have a copy of the Nootka sound treaty yet? Perhaps our lawyers could pick it apart.

THOYT

It is yet to surface Sir Stuart and I believe only the original exists.

A pause.

SIR STUART

So our lengthy negotiations with the daughter were in vain.

A pause. Appleby raises his hand and the clerk stops writing.

APPLEBY

If the will has not been read and only Nootka are so strategic to us, why don't we just burn it?

THOYT

Even if I did, the son would have natural priority over the daughter according to God's law.

Eyebrows are raised in amusement, throats are cleared...

SIR STUART

And his return was purposely made in a very public way. Hardly the action of a savage. Thank you Mr. Thoyt, you may leave us.

Everyone appears to understand the gravity of the situation and Sir Stuart is explicit.

Sir Stuart instinctively turns to a laconic, owlish man at the end of the table who is studying his fingernails.

SIR STUART (CONT'D)

Mr. Pettifer? I hope the report from the 'Africa' desk, is as thorough as the one from Mr. Wilton and the records office?

A pause. Pettifer also has a written file, thinner than the first. He slides it across the table to Sir Stuart.

PETTIFER

According to charter records he went to Cabinda aboard a ship called Cornwallis. Then boarded a ship called the Influence bound for Antigua..

We come to Sir Stuart as these facts are relayed.

PETTIFER (CONT'D)

It was a slave ship.

Sir Stuart sits and listens, with content....

PETTIFER (CONT'D)

It sank off the Gold Coast and it was assumed Delaney was dead.

A pause.

PETTIFER (CONT'D)

Then the rumors began.

A long pause. Among some around the table there is suddenly an unease. Sir Stuart needs to know what is known.

PETTIFER (CONT'D)

There have been rumors about James Keziah Delaney these past ten years. But in the file I have put only the facts Sir. Not the rumors.

SIR STUART (HALF AMUSED)

What are the rumors?

Pettifer is hesitating for dramatic effect rather than through reluctance.

Pettifer enjoys the attention.

PETTIFER

Awful and unnatural and I'm sure untrue.

A pause. Sir Stuart gives Pettifer a piercing stare...

Sir Stuart likes to get to the point and speaks firmly...

SIR STUART

What fucking rumors.

.anguage 10:19:39

After a moment, Pettifer raises his hand.

Scored Music '101m08' In: 10:19:

N: 10:19:45

EXT. THAMES FORESHORE - LATER - EVENING

The sun is setting and we see the silhouette of the newly built East India Import docks above on the Blackwall horizon.

James stands on the riverside.

Throughout, we should feel that James is restricted by the formal clothes of the times. His shoes pinch, his collar strains, his jackets stretch on his frame.

Down the Thames to the East we see ships moored all across to the South bank. James walks slowly, breathing the rank air but also smelling the sea on the breeze. This is a place he remembers.

A stray dog appears, whines and immediately James grins. In the company of the dog James seems more at ease than he has been with any human. He walks on the dog following.

N: 10:20:28

EXT. THAMES SHORE/CHAMBER HOUSE - NIGHT

The sun has set as James arrives at a house. There are black drapes of mourning at the windows. There is an iron gate that separates it from the footpath above the foreshore and it creaks when James opens it.

James reaches into his waistcoat pocket and takes out a key. The taking of the key from his pocket (after many years) is significant. He approaches the house. He hesitates and looks up at the building, the place filling him with memories. He goes to the door and opens it up. He follows the dog inside.

N: 10:21:00

INT. CHAMBER HOUSE - NIGHT

A room emerges from the darkness, glowing orange in the growing light.

James looks around. He sees the well worn, expensive furniture, the fireplace now cold, a rack of pipes and a bed for a dog near to the fire.

The place looks neglected and cobwebs hang in the corners of the high ceiling. The light illuminates a painting hanging on the wall.

A late fifties man-servant (BRACE) flies through the door brandishing a night stick, which spills from his hand when James turns...

The two men face each other.

BRACE

Who's there? This pistol is loaded.

Brace is breathing hard. He recognizes James and drops the stick with a clatter in surprise. He rushes to James then stops himself. James opens his hands.

BRACE

blasphemy: 10:21:37

My God!

Scored Music '101m08' out: 10:21:

JAMES (CALMLY)

Or perhaps by ship or by a carriage. Come here...

He grabs Brace's and the two men naturally hug and slap each other's backs hard. Brace pulls away...

JAMES (CALMLY)

Where is your propriety Brace? Servant and master?
Get off me?

BRACE

Begging your pardon Sir,

JAMES

What why?

BRACE

Begging your pardon, but what the hell are you doing here?

James turns and takes in the room...

JAMES (AMUSED)

Oh no, there will be no pardon for you. Because you are the captain of the mutineers and you will hang.

James turns.

JAMES (CONT'D)

For being a pirate. You vagabond, how's the leg?

Brace chuckles and shakes his head.

BRACE

I broke my left knee swinging from a tree being an ape for you. You needed a brother.

They peer at each other.

JAMES

I still do.

A pause.

JAMES (CONT'D)

But a broken down, bent buckled old butler will have to be sufficient.

A pause. They take each other in, the passage of time.

BRACE

You look the same.

JAMES

I'm not.

N: 10:22:27

INT. CHAMBER HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Brace is making a pot of tea on the open wood fire...

JAMES

Not tea. Brandy.

Brace turns on his heel.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Two glasses...

BRACE

Sir...

JAMES

Fetch two glasses. They should have invited you to the wake at least.

Brace fetches two glasses and pours two generous shots.

BRACE

Servant's stew in the back room. To hell with that.

JAMES

In all of this whole dirty city there is no one I can trust. You understand? Apart from you.

James raises a toast and they both drink. Brace coughs a little.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Err, you can spare me the old maidens splutter Brace, I know that you polish off at least half bottle of Delaney company brandy every night.

They both laugh.

Brace picks his words with care as he takes another sip...

BRACE

James, you could have written to your father just once. In the end he was calling for you...

JAMES

I know...

BRACE

I'd say 'come on, come in before the tide gets your shoes' and he would light these fires on the shore and call out your name and talk to you.

Just for a second James closes his eyes tight. It is as if he is seeing the fires and hearing the voice but it's a familiar thing that he has learnt to bury. It's over with a breath. Brace sees it and stops.

BRACE (CONT'D)

Is that grief James?

JAMES

Is *what* grief?

BRACE

And all the while, these gulls hovered around picking at him...

Brace stops himself.

JAMES

Gulls only come if there is meat...

BRACE

Oh aye. Meat there was.

James turns to Brace, the business now at hand. Brace quite enjoys the power of knowledge...

BRACE (CONT'D)

Men of affairs they call themselves.

Brace pushes it...

BRACE (CONT'D)

Don't you want to know what it is they wanted?

James stares at Brace. His stare can be unnerving and Brace squirms a little...

JAMES

I know already.

Brace takes this on board and treads carefully...

BRACE

I doubt that.

James repeats Thoyt...

JAMES

A piece of land called Nootka Sound.

Brace is surprised by his knowledge. James surprises him more...

Scored Music '101m09' In: 10:24:

JAMES (CONT'D)

Nootka was my mother's tribe.

This is a family secret grown old enough for Brace to mock it...

BRACE (MOCKING)

No, no, no, no James. Your mother came from Naples.

JAMES

He bought some land and he bought a wife and he bought them both for gunpowder.

The word resonates for Brace.

BRACE

He told me to never to speak to you of buying her.

JAMES

Yet, he told me everything.

BRACE

When?

JAMES

When he lit his fires on the foreshore.

James lets the mystery hang. The brandy has warmed Brace up. He gets to his feet and goes to the open fire...

BRACE

Nothing you could tell me about that man would surprise me. He was half human at the end and he would squat right here, make deals with ghosts in the flames and *he* would speak the language that was like, that was like ravens fighting...

James reacts...

BRACE (CONT'D)

And he would talk to you, James, and he would talk to Anna...

JAMES

Salish. My mother's name was, Salish.

James's eyes are now burning. Brace reacts again.

BRACE

You know things only he and I knew.

James nods gently.

JAMES

Yeah and it's best we never talk of her when we've had brandy.

Brace gets hold of himself...

BRACE

Damn, you see, when you live alone with a mad man you, you become half mad yourself.

Brace sits down and takes another swig of brandy.

BRACE (CONT'D)

But here's the thing James... This Nootka Sound is a curse. It will bring the King and empire down upon your head...

James stares at Brace...

JAMES

Please don't talk to me of sense, Brace, because if it is you, I might believe it.

A pause.

JAMES (CONT'D)

And I have sworn to do very foolish things.

Brace reacts to the sentiment. He takes another swig of brandy then to his feet to tidy his empty glass.

N: 10:26:29

INT. CHAMBER HOUSE, ATTIC STUDY - NIGHT

At the very top of the house is a study laid out for business. James enters.

There is a large round port hole window which looks east down the Thames toward Gravesend with a perfect view of ships entering and leaving the Thames.

There are model ships all around and ships inside bottles on high shelves. The walls are adorned with paintings of native Americans, mostly Pacific Coast Indians. There are maps of the world and globes of all kinds. Candles have been lit.

This was James's room when he was a young dreamer. Now he looks at it with the eyes of terrible experience.

Everything has a sheen of dust. James begins to explore this shrine to exploration and discovery.

He goes to the window. He looks down and we see the Thames foreshore. He opens the window a little and on the breeze we hear the sounds of the river, the clanking of masts and ship's bells.

Then he sees a lone figure appear... James turns away, closes his eyes but he still sees the vision

(The vision is the return of something he dreads but this will be explained in time).

Scored Music '101m09' out: 10:27:

He forces himself to gather courage.

N: 10:27:35

INT. CHAMBER HOUSE, ATTIC STUDY - DAY

Sunlight now floods into the study through the large round port hole window.

James is studying ledgers and accounts. He has paperwork strewn all around.

Among the papers we see a contract of employment in the name of 'Super Cargo Horace Delaney' aboard a ship called 'The Argonaut' sailing from Canton to 'Nootka Sound' in April 1788.' James underlines the words 'Nootka Sound'.

Footsteps on the stairs brings James comes back from another world. Brace enters with a pot of coffee. There is also an envelope on the tray addressed to James.

BRACE

If you're looking for money those accounts are ten years old.

JAMES

Where are my father's inventories and shipping logs?

BRACE

He burnt them all. The only reason these accounts survived was because I hid them in case the tax man came knocking.

Brace offers James the envelope on the tray.

BRACE (CONT'D)

That was delivered at six am this morning, by a servant of Mr. Robert Thoyt.

James takes the envelope.

BRACE (CONT'D)

Thoyt has been trying to buy the Delaney shipping company from your father for three years.

James is impassive.

BRACE (CONT'D)

.anguage 10:28:32

Each time your dad would go into the street, scoop up some horse shite and package it up by way of reply...

James half smiles and Brace dares to conclude...

BRACE (CONT'D)

I imagine the envelope contains a financial offer.

James looks at the envelope.

JAMES

.anguage 10:28:45

I imagine it does that. Do we have any horse shit on you?

Brace reacts. James picks up the envelope, walks to the fire and drops it onto the flames. Before Brace can speak....

JAMES (CONT'D)

List the accounts told me that we have a lease hold for fifty years, on the offices at West India dock.

James grabs his coat from the back of the chair.

JAMES (CONT'D)

With thirty two years left to run...

Brace is wrong-footed again...

BRACE

Your father had not been up there in eight years. They are all locked up.

JAMES

Then I will need the key.

Scored Music '101m10' In: 10:29:

N: 10:29:11

EXT/INT. DELANEY SHIPYARD - DAY

A middle-sized shipyard full of industry. The sound of men working and laughing and yelling mixes with the screams of seagulls.

We find James walking through the yard. We guess these are familiar sights and sounds from his youth.

He comes to an iron door, stops as he looks at the sign, then takes out the key.

Scored Music '101m10' out: 10:30:

WOMAN

Oi!

James looks up a woman in her late forties, apparently still dressed from last night stands before him. She has speckled skin and a light brown wig and her face paint is applied thickly (this is HELGA). She has a German accent...

HELGA

What are you doing with the door? You want a bush, you come through me.

She bustles toward James with her pipe smouldering.

HELGA (CONT'D)

That is private property.

James appears to recognize Helga.

JAMES

Helga. It's so good to see that your still working and your even still alive. You know that I lay with you, when I was just a little boy.

Helga angles her head. James puts the key in the lock and turns it.

HELGA

Where did you get that key?

A pause. James points out his father name on the sign, knows the penny will drop.

JAMES

This key, this is my father's key, Mr. Horace Delaney. Hum!

Helga studies James. Then she half recognizes him and realizes what he represents. She sighs...

HELGA

.anguage 10:30:30

Shhhhit.

James opens the door and offers Helga inside.

N: 10:30:32

INT. DELANEY COMPANY OFFICES - DAY

James steps inside and looks around with concealed amusement.

What was once a shipping company office has been transformed into a sumptuous brothel. There is lace and silk and red lampshades.

JAMES

.anguage 10:30:33

Yes shit.

HELGA

Your father stopped coming. It was empty. It was wasted. So close to the docks...

She bustles toward a small stove...

HELGA
Do you want tea?

JAMES (AMUSED)
No.

James sees some naked men and woman lying on the bed.

language 10:30:48
HELGA
Do you want a fuck?

JAMES
No. I want my family's offices back.

Helga sighs and curses in German under her breath.

blasphemy: 10:30:52
HELGA
Speaks in German

IT IS PRODUCTION INTENT NOT TO SUBTITLE TRANSLATION: Oh God... I am a bad girl.
God.

James begins to look around.

JAMES
How much do you make here?

Helga re-lights her pipe, boils water.

HELGA
With the workers in the yard and the boats that moor at
the wharf, we make ten pounds a day.

James hardly reacts. Helga gives it a try...

Scored Music '101m11' In: 10:31:

language 10:31:12
HELGA (CONT'D)
I can give you five. And whatever you like. Boys, girls,
suck, fuck...

James turns back to her and is suddenly hardened.

JAMES
You have two hours to get out.

Helga's amusement dies away too. Helga is a hard woman. She decides to test James.

HELGA
You say I took your cherry. Where have you been little
boy?

James meets her stare.

JAMES
I've been in the world.

Helga stares into his eyes.

HELGA
I have girls. But, I also have men.

She steps toward him, her chest wheezing. A face off.

HELGA (CONT'D)
They're not very good men, you understand? They
have rocks for hearts. They have knives and ropes.

James doesn't look...

HELGA (CONT'D)
If you have any sense...

James suddenly and violently kicks over a table. Even Helga jumps a little.

JAMES
People who do not know me soon come to understand
that I do not have any sense. Now please do not
misunderstand the situation. You send me twelve men,
I will return you twelve set's of testicles in a bag and we
can watch your little whores devour them together
before I chop off your trotters, and boil them.

Beat.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Two hours.

She looks at him. Helga knows violent men. He is an interesting specimen.

A pause.

HELGA
You, I remember you. I remember you. Heard the
stories...

She turns to look at the waking girls then back to him. She chuckles...

HELGA (CONT'D)
If I give you girl, I will never see her again.

Helga expects anger or offence. Instead, James leans forward and speaks clearly.

JAMES
You heard right. Be punctual.

He leaves.

N: 10:32:46

INT. THORNE AND ZILPHA GEARY'S CHELSEA TOWN HOUSE - DAY

Zilpha Geary is at a large desk, writing a letter quickly. The room is opulent even for the times. She sits in a shaft of sunlight. We don't see the contents of the letter but we see that Zilpha is eager to get it written.

Scored Music '101m11' out: 10:32:

Then the door opens without a knock and Thorne enters.

THORNE
They have brought the carriage up.

Zilpha forces a smile...

ZILPHA
Yes, I'm coming.

Thorne approaches as Zilpha folds the letter and puts it into an envelope before he can get to the desk. However Thorne casually takes it from her and takes the letter out. He begins to read.

Zilpha reacts and waits. Thorne reads on. After a moment...

THORNE
You are not 'imploring' him to relinquish his deed. You are insisting that for his own welfare he submit his claim to you.

Zilpha reacts with hidden weariness at the correction.

ZILPHA
'Implore' is a more feminine word...

Thorne speaks as he reads...

THORNE
And why must you be a woman to him?

A pause. Thorne finds another error...

THORNE (CONT'D)
The offer of fifty pounds should be conditional on him leaving England.

ZILPHA
Why?

Thorne looks at Zilpha.

Scored Music '101m12' In: 10:33:

THORNE
Because if he does not leave England, I will kill him.

Another pause and Zilpha (even this is new defiance) repeats...

ZILPHA
Why?

Thorne puts the letter down and studies Zilpha. He speaks softly...

THORNE
That is a very good question.

He speaks with curiosity...

THORNE (CONT'D)
Why would I feel that way about him after meeting him only once?

He steps closer and touches her cheek...

THORNE (CONT'D)
The son of the same father as the woman I love.

Zilpha turns away. A pause.

THORNE (CONT'D)
Why does a soldier know that the nigger bowing low has a dagger in his shoe? And is reaching for it.

He stares at her for a long time.

THORNE (CONT'D)
Delaney is nothing more than a nigger now. You know that don't you? I have talked to seasoned merchants who could barely bring themselves to repeat these stories...

Thorne takes pleasure from Zilpha's unease, wanting to beat his enemy in his absence...

THORNE (CONT'D)
Among Christian soldiers, it's customary to *bury* the bodies of your fallen enemy. And shoo away the dogs and crows that come for the carrion.

A pause. A half smile...

THORNE
Not kneel down beside them.

As Zilpha reacts (she'd heard the rumors) Thorne tears the letter up.

THORNE (CONT'D)
Try again, this time reflecting the disgust you naturally feel now you know the truth.

She smiles as he touches her face.

N: 10:35:30

EXT. THAMES, FORESHORE

James walks on the Thames beach. Again we should feel his joy at being near the river and the ocean smell. The dog who he befriended trots alongside.

Then a voice...

Scored Music '101m12' out: 10:35:

IBBOTSON

The dogs here live off the flesh from suicides jumping off Blackfriars bridge.

IBBOTSON is a man in his early fifties, grizzled, poor and angry. James recognizes him.

IBBOTSON

Never seen one go tamely to a man's hand. Must be some witchcraft you picked up somewhere.

JAMES

What do you want?

.anguage 10:36:12/24/33

IBBOTSON

You think your fathers kid feeds himself? I heard you done a lot of evil over there. Now it's time for you to do some bleeding good among your own. Me and my wife have looked after that boy for ten years with not one penny from you and nothing but threats from the mad old bastard you just put in the ground. Now you're back, I want payment. If it wasn't for us, that kid would be sucking cocks in St. Giles.

James is about to get angry but he sees the resolution in Ibbotson. He also knows that Ibbotson is justified. After a moment he speaks softly.

JAMES

Mr. Ibbotson, I've been meaning to pay you a visit.

.anguage 10:36:43

IBBOTSON

Bullshit. You're a liar just like your father. You're a Delaney!

James nods gently. He knows the name deserves the contempt. He speaks softly...

JAMES

Tell you what, you get me an address, and I'll get you payment in form of a bankers draft.

James turns and walks.

IBBOTSON

How much?

JAMES

Enough. Good day.

He walks on. Ibbotson watches him go.

IBBOTSON

You don't even ask how your own blood fares?

Scored Music '101m13' In: 10:37:

James walks on. The stray dog, follows at his heels.

N: 10:37:16

EXT. ST. MARY'S CHURCH, GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Two men with shovels. They are 'resurrectioners' (grave robbers) and they set about the business of digging the grave up.

In a flickering light we see James's father's coffin lid being removed.

The grave robbers bundle the body, wrapped in a black sheet, onto a small pony and trap. They leap aboard and, with a whip, a pony trots away with the body on board.

N: 10:37:35

EXT. ST. BART'S HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The pony and trap pulls to a stop.

N: 10:37:41

INT. ST. BART'S HOSPITAL, MORTUARY - NIGHT

The two grave robbers place the body a on a slab. A middle-aged surgeon (POWELL) slips them some coins before the grave robbers go back outside.

This is evidently a routine trade.

Powell pulls the cover away to reveal the face then starts to unpick the stitching of the cloth around the body.

Powell has surgical implements on a wheeled trolley and he pulls them close. He also has a decanter of port on the trolley. He pours and drinks as he looks at the body.

He speaks as he hears footsteps approaching.

Scored Music '101m13' out: 10:38:

POWELL

If you don't approve of me steadying my nerves with Madeira, then perhaps you should consult the directory of the Royal College of Physicians and see how many others of them will agree to carry out this kind of work.

Then, in the shadows. To our surprise, James appears from the darkness.

(At this point we should have no idea what James is doing here).

Powell picks up a scalpel and prepares to cut into the body.

POWELL (CONT'D)

I intend to mix the contents of his stomach with potassium oxide, calcium oxide and nitric acid.

Powell looks up at James, who has no expression.

POWELL (CONT'D)

JAMES (CONT'D)

Sing for me. As you once did. As the river caught your tongue.

IT IS PRODUCTION INTENT NOT TO SUBTITLE TRANSLATION

He speaks in a foreign tongue. "I know you are here"

JAMES (CONT'D)

Suicide... That will teach you lot to steal won't it?

IT IS PRODUCTION INTENT NOT TO SUBTITLE TRANSLATION

He speaks in a foreign tongue. "I know you are here"

He rips the last sheet away and spins in the darkness. The last body is that of an African man. He is wearing heavy metal chains around his wrist, neck and ankles. The body begins to tremble and the chains rattle.

James does not back away. He stares at the man with contempt.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You are not here. You're not here. I have no fear for you and I have no guilt for you....

He turns away, the body sits up.

James is confronting the African, who is now half shadow, trembling as if freezing. James fires off a tirade...

JAMES

I did as others did and as others had me do. We are all owned and we all owned others....

N: 10:40:00

INT/EXT. DARKNESS OF A SHIP - NIGHT

Nightmarish vision of slaves desperately trying to free.

INTERCUT WITH:

N: 10:40:01

INT. ST. BART'S HOSPITAL, MORGUE - NIGHT

The African man walks towards James.

JAMES

So don't you dare stand there and judge me. Not today, I have work to do.

He growls at the man and the man retreats from James's certainty...

The church clock begins to chime midnight outside and the 'spell' is broken. The African has gone as have all the other bodies. James is alone.

N: 10:40:29

INT. ST. BART'S HOSPITAL, MORTUARY - NIGHT

Powell is mixing chemicals into the bell jar as James enters.

POWELL

The horizontal chamber contains the gas from the stomach contents.

Scored Music '101m14' out: 10:40:

He puts a lit candle to the end of the upturned brass tube that comes out of the horizontal chamber. A blue flame begins to burn. Powell takes off his spectacles and holds one of the lenses to the blue flame.

POWELL (CONT'D)

Now, the moment of truth.

He waits a while, his face and James's face lit by the blue flame. The smoke from the flame begins to blacken the lens of Powell's spectacles. He holds the lens to the flame for five seconds. Then Powell takes it off the heat and examines the blackened lens.

He makes his conclusion. James studies him.

POWELL (CONT'D)

As you see, the flame has formed a reflective surface on the glass.

He holds up the lens and James sees an uneven image of his own face.

POWELL (CONT'D)

It's what is known as an 'arsenic mirror'.

James reacts.

POWELL (CONT'D)

Your father was poisoned.

James is impassive. We see he was more than half expecting the conclusion. Powell begins to wipe the blackness from the lens.

POWELL (CONT'D)

From the density of the mirror, I would say heavy doses over a short period. And, yes, it would have affected his mind in the later stages.

James nods once. Without a word he reaches into his pocket and hands Powell some coins.

POWELL

You want him re-buried.

JAMES

Yes and sewn back up into one piece.

Powell checks the coins...

POWELL

I would recommend they dig a bit deeper this time.

James suddenly grabs him with a fist around his collar. James stares into Powell's eyes.

Scored Music '101m15' In: 10:41:

JAMES

If this body is used for any other purpose, I will find you and I will kill you. You tell every member of your profession.

He stares at the surgeon...

JAMES (CONT'D)

I know things about the dead. And I will know.

Powell looks chilled. When James is close and serious there is something terrifying in his eyes. Powell asks, almost facetious...

POWELL

Do you want any words said over him when we put him back?

Still holding him by the throat...

JAMES

No. No one is listening.

James heads for the door with his business like stride. Powell shocked, rubbing his neck, almost dare not move with fear, he turns and is relieved, puts the coins in his hands on the table and rests.

N: 10:42:29

INT. ZILPHA'S DRAWING ROOM - DAY

Zilpha is working on a piece of needle-point.. There is snow and a maid and a white lamb in the scene.

Scored Music '101m15' out: 10:42:

We study her as she works and sense that her mind is in turmoil. She pricks her finger and blood oozes. As she reacts she gets a smear of blood onto the lamb and the snow.

She sucks her finger and even bites it. Is she thinking about James? Thorne enters, but he doesn't notice.

THORNE

He's meeting with The East India.

Zilpha does not look at him.

THORNE (CONT'D)

Apparently they're happy to deal with the devil and leave us penniless. Your letter it seemed did no good.

ZILPHA

He was never one to be told.

THORNE

Well, we have legal rights and its time that savage was made aware.

Thorne studies Zilpha's reactions.

THORNE (CONT'D)

I know he's your brother but...

ZILPHA

Half brother.

THORNE

He leaves me no choice.

Thorne is threatening James' life but Zilpha can't help but laugh at this preposterous idea.

Thorne stares at his wife. What has gotten in to her?!

THORNE (CONT'D)

I'm going out.

ZILPHA

Good, I'm tired of these empty threats you keep bandying around.

Thorne looks at Zilpha, quiet fury rising.

THORNE

(measured)

.anguage: 10:43:52

Empty! I'm your husband and you're my wife. And I will protect our interests, by whatever means necessary and as for him, well, he should have stayed, where he belongs in the jungle. Dancing naked and screwing wild pigs and his slaves in their chains.

ZILPHA

He will leave soon. You are quite right, he does not belong in this world.

Scored Music '101m16' In: 10:44:

Thorne leaves and Zilpha as he goes, James clearly in her head.

N: 10:44:19

EXT COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

James is riding across the countryside.

N: 10:44:24

EXT. IBBOTSONS HOUSE.

James arrives and knocks on the door. Mr. Ibbotson answers.

JAMES

I decided to bring it in person.

James takes money out of his jacket.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Now this is for the past, the present and the future.

He looks into he bag.

Scored Music '101m16' out: 10:44:

JAMES (CONT'D)

Take me to the boy, I want to see if you are lying to me or not.

IBBOTSON

Yes Sir. Mr. Delaney.

They walk around the corner and see a young dark haired boy, cleaning the hen house out.

IBBOTSON (CONT'D)

Do you want to talk to him?

JAMES

No. I'm not a fit man to be around children.

Looking at Ibbotson. The boy turns and looks across at Ibbotson and James watching.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Fate can be hard. So you put money aside for his future, incase he grows up to be rash. Like me!

Ibbotson, turns and looks at James.

IBBOTSON

Will you wish to see him again?

JAMES

No. Not ever!

The boy watches as James walks away.

Scored Music '101m17' In: 10:45:

N: 10:45:58

EXT. EAST INDIA COMPANY - DAY

Establisher.

A carriage pulls up and James gets out, carrying a leather case. He heads up the steps of the office and heads inside.

N: 10:46:19

INT. EAST INDIA COMPANY, BOARD ROOM - DAY

A large fire burns and daylight comes through half-closed shutters. The room is large and oak paneled. There are leather chairs placed around a small table near to the fire.

A large 1813 map of the United States and Canada is spread out on the table and dominates. There is a small circle in red on the Western border between the two countries.

We find Appleby (the Priest from the meeting) sitting in one of the chairs. Sir Stuart Strange sits in another tapping on the fireplace, Wilton in another.

Pettifer is at the window and is ready to greet James as he arrives. There is a clerk seated a little way away from the fire prepared to make notes.

N: 10:46:28

INT. EAST INDIA COMPANY HEAD QUARTERS - DAY

James is led through the oak and leather interior of the company, on which no expense has been spared. Animal heads from every continent adorn the walls, along with portraits of Kings and Queens and company chairmen.

James is led towards the boardroom.

N: 10:46:39

INT. EAST INDIA COMPANY, BOARD ROOM - DAY

An usher opens the door and James is greeted by Pettifer.

Scored Music '101m17' out: 10:46:

PETTIFER
John Pettifer. East India Company. Africa desk.

JAMES
James Delaney.

All the East India company men are on their feet.

PETTIFER
Benjamin Wilton, records, Abraham Appleby, our delegate from Christ. And this...

A flourish...

PETTIFER (CONT'D)
Is Sir Stuart Strange. Chairman of the Honorable East India company across the surface of the entire earth...

Pettifer expects James to be impressed. But he is impassive and only nods. A very slight chill in the air...

JAMES
You don't remember me?

A pause as Sir Stuart deflects...

JAMES (CONT'D)
Ah! One remembers those one looks up to more readily than those you look down upon.

SIR JAMES

I believe you were a cadet.

JAMES

Yes you were my commander.

SIR STUART

Blame brandy and old age, please sit. Brandy?

JAMES

No.

James sits and he faces the four men and the clerk across the small coffee table. Appleby takes out a thick file of papers and places them on the table. When he speaks, the clerk begins to scribble...

APPLEBY

To begin, may I offer our...

JAMES

Please understand, hypocrisy I hate most.

Appleby re-boots. He nods gently...

APPLEBY

Indeed. Let us not pretend...

JAMES

No. Do not pretend...

Sir Stuart steps in.

SIR STUART

I wonder, if Mr. Appleby might be allowed to finish a sentence.

A pause. James relents a little...

APPLEBY

We are told that in your father's will you have bequeathed a piece of territory, which lies just here...

Appleby points at the red circle.

APPLEBY (CONT'D)

As you see, the small piece of land your father bought from the Indians is now, by virtue of geography, a point of contention between his Majesty's government and the cursed United States.

James waits. The gathering appears to see an obvious consequence that James does not share. Sir Stuart clears it up...

APPLEBY (CONT'D)

So...

James waits.

SIR STUART

Ah Mr. Delaney, you have been in Africa for a number of years so you may be unaware that Britain and the United States are currently at war.

JAMES

I know.

APPLEBY

Ah well you will understand then, that private ownership of the Nootka Sound landing ground represents an opportunity for our enemies to dispute its sovereignty when time comes to draw the border.

JAMES

I know. Yes I know.

James continues, displaying his knowledge...

JAMES (CONT'D)

I also know that the British and American Governments are preparing to begin their secret peace talks in Ghent, aren't they?

Jaws begin to drop at how much he knows...

JAMES (CONT'D)

And err, the negotiators are preparing depositions to draw the Canadian/American border for when current hostilities end.

James begins to use the map to illustrate a point they all know...

JAMES (CONT'D)

And err, because of its strategical position of Nootka Sound whoever owns it...

He taps the outline of the huge island.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Has legal entitlement to err, the entire island of Vancouver. Which is err, well which is the gateway to, to China. Hum!

A pause. The East India men swap looks.

JAMES (CONT'D)

So this, this small piece of land that my father erm, bought for beads bless him, and, and gun powder some thirty years ago, actually err, well will be very, very valuable...

Wilton reaches into his pocket and produces an envelope as James concludes...

JAMES (CONT'D)
To the crown and to the East India. But also...

A pause.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Incredibly valuable to the Americans...

Instantly there is uproar and Sir Stuart presides...

SIR STUART
Mr. Delaney, as a British subject and owe a debt of
loyalty, to your King and country!

Before Sir Stuart can go into full fury, Wilton sees a better strategy. He drops the sealed envelope onto the desk.

WILTON
If patriotism is not your motivation, perhaps money can
be.

A pause.

WILTON (CONT'D)
Before your unexpected return, we had agreed a figure
with your half sister. Her husband drove a particularly
hard bargain.

Scored Music '101m18' In: 10:50:

James doesn't even look at the letter. He stares at Wilton.

JAMES
Ah, I'm sorry no, Nootka Sound is not for sale.

WILTON
Open the envelope.

JAMES
Are you deaf?

APPLEBY
Oh Mr. Delaney...

SIR STUART
Mr. Delaney, perhaps...

James begins to pump out words. They are directed straight at Sir Stuart...

JAMES
The leviathan of the seas, is it? The terrible shadow.
The beast with a million eyes and a million ears.
Conquest... Rape... Plunder. I studied your methods
in your school and I do know the evil that you do
because I was once part of it.

James stops himself. Sir Stuart Strange takes on board James's brief outpouring. Neither man will yet reveal their connection but James is marking Sir Stuart's card.

After a moment...

APPLEBY
Are you sure you won't take a brandy?

JAMES
Yes!

Wilton speaks to the air...

WILTON (SOFTLY)
Please take a moment to consider the consequences
of your refusal...

JAMES
What consequences? What consequences?

PETTIFER
Perhaps we should adjourn....

Sir Stuart peers at James...

SIR STUART
Mr. Delaney? I'll give you one last chance to behave
like a loyal subject of his Majesty and of the lawful
crown of England. Sell this land for a reasonable
price....

James doesn't answer.

SIR STUART (CONT'D)
Please...

Sir Stuart then looks to the clerk and raises his hand. The clerk leans back and stops writing. Sir Stuart now speaks softly, with half a chuckle in his voice...

.anguage 10:52:17

SIR STUART (CONT'D)
The balance of your father's mind was, well unstable.
But you have no such excuse. Now why don't you just
open the fucking envelope. Hum!

*Scored Music '101m18' out: 10:52:
Scored Music '101m19' In: 10:52:*

James waits a moment, then he gets to his feet and walks, his footsteps echoing.

JAMES
Good day.

James closes the door and is gone. The company men swap looks. Sir Stuart takes a breath. Now that James is gone there is a loosening of belts. This is a problem but these men have dealt with much worse. For now it is a matter of a small inconvenience. Even half amusement.

SIR STUART

Well, the son is as unstable as the father.

PETTIFER

Perhaps the rumors about him are true.

Sir Stuart drains his glass.

SIR STUART

I'd... hoped to settle this matter in a modern way. But that's not gonna be possible.

A pause. He turns to Pettifer.

SIR STUART (CONT'D)

He's all yours.

N: 10:53:35

INT. CHAMBER HOUSE, HALLWAY/STAIRS/ATTIC - DAY

We see James arriving and unlocking the door outside.

Zilpha's letter is on the floor. James enters and sees it. He picks it up and recognizes the writing. He tears it open...

James is climbing the stairs toward the attic study. He has the letter in his hand which he is reading as he climbs.

We hear Zilpha's voice in voiceover.

ZILPHA (V.O.)

Dear James. The letter I sent to you this morning was written under the supervision of my husband... to whom I am happily married.

James sits at his desk.

ZILPHA (V.O.)

It is more than ten years since you went away and at the time I was grateful that you had decided to leave England for both of our sake's...

He looks back to the letter. Then, in the shadows, a match is struck, he lights the letter,

ZILPHA (V.O.)

Whatever happens with this business of inheritance, and no matter if it results in dispute, I hope I can trust you to keep the secrets of the past buried. Buried in a deeper grave...

James lets it burn, totally ... blows out the candle. We see on his face a look of resolution.

N: 10:54:32

END CREDITS

RD 1

Creative Consultants EMILY BALLOU
 BRETT C. LEONARD

Cast in order of appearance

James Keziah Delaney	TOM HARDY
Horace Delaney	EDWARD FOX
Funeral Caller	MARTIN WIMBUSH
Street Beggar	LARRINGTON WALKER
Zilpha Geary	OONA CHAPLIN
Thorne Geary	JEFFERSON HALL
Robert Thoyt	NICHOLAS WOODESON
Priest	RICHARD SYMS
Old Man	PETER YAPP
Old Lady	JO CAMERON BROWN
Delf	PAUL BIGLEY
Mace	ANDREW GREENOUGH
Passerby 1	TIM PLESTER

CARD 2

Pearl	TALLULAH ROSE HADDON
Sir Stuart Strange	JONATHAN PRYCE
Strange's Clerk	JAMES GREAVES
Appleby	ROGER ASHTON-GRIFFITHS
Wilton	LEO BILL
Pettifer	RICHARD DIXON
Godfrey	EDWARD HOGG
Brace	DAVID HAYMAN
Helga	FRANKA POTENTE
Winter	RUBY-MAY MARTINWOOD
Ibbotson	CHRISTOPHER FAIRBANK
Dr. Powell	MICHAEL SHAEFFER
Ship's Captain	DAVID HOUSTON
African Man	ANTHONY KAYE
Robert	LOUIS SERKIS

CARD 3

Second Assistant Director	BEN HARRISON
Crowd 2nd Assistant Director	MALINDA KAUR
3rd Assistant Director	JOE PAYNE
Stand Ins	AMY JONES
	LUKE HAMPTON
Production Manager	DARIN McLEOD
Production Coordinator	ROBERT PRICE
Assistant Production Coordinator	IMOGEN PERREAU
Production Secretary	STEPHANIE JOHNSON
Transport Captain	MARK BEETON
Script Editor	MATTHEW WILSON
Script Supervisor	SYLVIA PARKER

RD 4

B Camera Operator	CHRISTOPHER BAIN
Focus Pullers	RUSSELL KENNEDY
	TIM MORRIS
Clapper Loaders	AARAN LEACH
	ADRIAN STEPHENS
DIT	LUIS REGGIARDO
Video Operator	PACU TRAUTVETTER
2nd Unit Director	TIM BRICKNELL
2nd Unit Director of Photography	CARLOS DE CARVALHO
Key Grip	JAMES PHILPOTT
B Camera Grip	JAC HOPKINS
Gaffer	BRANDON EVANS
Best Boy	PETER DAVIES
Standby Rigger	JAY BURR
Genny Operator	STEVE FOX
Electricians	BRADLEY WILSON
	DALE EVANS

RD 5

Supervising Art Director	LUCIENNE SUREN
Art Director	JOS RICHARDSON
Standby Art Director	OWEN MANN
Graphic Designer	DANIEL BURKE
Assistant Graphic Designer	CHRIS MELGRAM
Art Department Assistant	HARRIET CLARIDGE
Set Decorator	MIKE BRITTON
Production Buyer	CHARLIE LYNAM
Petty Cash Buyer	AMRITA GHIR
Drapes Master	LAURENT FERRIE
Assistant Drapes	JEAN-LOUIS RIOLS
Scenic Artist	JAMES GEMMELL
Prop Master	ROB MACPHERSON
Standby Props	GRAHAM ROBINSON
	MATT WELLS
Prop Storeman	OLIVER DANCE
Dressing Props	ERIC SAIN

RD 6

Construction Manager	SAM LORIMER
Standby Carpenter	JAMES WRIGHT
Standby Painter	ROBERT DUGDALE
Boom Operator	STEVE HANCOCK
Sound Assistant	BARNEY BROOKES
Special Effects	COLIN GORRY EFFECTS
Animal Coordinator	EMMA DALE
Marine Coordinator	RICHARD CARLESS
Horse Master	HAYDN WEBB
Horses Supplied by	STEVE DENT LTD

Specialist Extras HELP FOR HEROES

Unit Publicist IAN THOMSON

RD 7

Assistant Costume Designer	CLARE VYSE
Costume Supervisor	HEATHER LEAT
Crowd Costume Supervisor	VIVEENE CAMPBELL
Costume Standbys	EMMA WOOD
	JOHN LAURIE
Costume Cutter	GAYLE PLAYFORD
Crowd Hair & Make Up Supervisor	RACHEL BUXTON
Hair & Make Up Artists	BEATRIZ MILLAS
	LIDIJA SKORUCAK
Make Up & Prosthetics Assistant	LARA PRENTICE

RD 8

Production Accountant	LOUISE O'MALLEY
1st Assistant Accountant	JESSAMYN KEOGH
Payroll Accountant	JOANNA ALLSOP
Accounts Assistant	CASSIE GEORGE
Supervising Location Manager	TOM HOWARD
Location Manager	DUNCAN LAING
Assistant Location Manager	ELENA VAKIRTZIS
Unit Manager	CLINT BRENCH
Location Coordinator	SAOIRSE KNIGHT
Location Assistant	LAUREN CHAMBERS
Researcher	LUCY DOW
Twi Language Consultants	
NAOMI FLETCHER, ANTHONY DWOMO, AKWASI AMPONSAH	
From THE CULTURAL GROUP	

RD 9

Creative Consultant, Editing	JAMES WEEDON
First Assistant Editor/VFX Editor	VICTORIA WEBBLEY
First Assistant Editors	LINDSEY WOODWARD
	AGGELA DESPOTIDOU
Assembly Editor	SERKAN NIHAT
Post Production Coordinator	NADIYA LUTHRA
Post Production Paperwork	MANDY MILLER
Music Editor	LAURENCE LOVE GREED

RD 10

Picture Post	GOLDCREST POST PRODUCTION
Digital Colourist	ADAM GLASMAN
Digital On-Line Editor	SINEAD CRONIN
Digital Intermediate Producer	JONATHAN COLLARD
Sound Post	BOOM POST, LONDON
Supervising Sound Editor/Re-Recording Mixer	LEE WALPOLE
Sound Effects Editors	ANDY KENNEDY
	SAOIRSE CHRISTOPHERSON
Dialogue Editor	JEFF RICHARDSON
Foley Recordist	PHILIP CLEMENTS
Foley Artist	CATHERINE THOMAS
Re-Recording Mixer	STUART HILLIKER
Assistant Re-Recording Mixer	RORY DE CARTERET

RD 11

Visual Effects	BLUEBOLT
VFX Executive Producer	LUCY AINSWORTH-TAYLOR
VFX Executive Supervisor	ANGELA BARSON
VFX Supervisor	HENRY BADGETT
VFX Producer	TRACY McCREARY
VFX Coordinator	SAMUEL DUBERY
VFX Production Assistant	THEO BURLEY
Additional Visual Effects	LENSCAREFX
VFX Supervisor	SASCHA FROMEYER
Production Manager	LEONID KARACHKO

RD 12

Main Title Design	METHOD STUDIOS
Programme Associates, Scott Free	DONNA CHANG
	MATTEO DE CASTELLO
Development Executive, Hardy Son & Baker	TALLULAH FAIRFAX
Assistant to Ridley Scott	EMMA JOHNS
Development Assistant, Scott Free	EMILY IREDALE
Assistant to Tom Hardy	NATALIE HICKS
Assistant to Steven Knight	JULIE BRINKMAN
Assistant to Tim Bricknell	JOSEPH ATKINSON

The producers would like to give an assurance that
no animals were harmed in the making of this programme

RD 13

Post Production Supervisor	CLARE MACLEAN
Costume Designer	JOANNA EATWELL
Hair Designer	JAN ARCHIBALD
Make Up & Prosthetics Designer	ERIKA OKVIST
Make Up & Prosthetics Designer to Tom Hardy	AUDREY DOYLE
Production Sound Mixer	FRASER BARBER
First Assistant Director	OLLY ROBINSON

RD 14

Casting by	NINA GOLD LAUREN EVANS
Line Producer	TORI PARRY
Composer	MAX RICHTER
Editor	KATIE WEILAND
Production Designer	SONJA KLAUS
Director of Photography	MARK PATTEN

RD 15

Consulting Producer	CHIPS HARDY
Executive Producers for Sonar	TOM LESINSKI STEWART TILL ERICA MOTLEY
Co-Producer for Sonar	JENNA SANTOIANI
Co-Executive Producer	LIZA MARSHALL
Executive Producer for BBC	MATTHEW READ
Executive Producer for Scott Free	CARLO DUSI

RD 16

In memory of JULIE PAYNE
1951-2016

RD 17

The logo for Scott Free, featuring the name "SCOTT FREE" in a stylized, light blue font with a small blue figure of a person jumping between the words.The logo for Hardy Son and Baker, featuring the name "HARDY SON AND BAKER" in a stylized, white, gothic-style font.

A Scott Free and Hardy Son & Baker co-production for BBC

The BBC logo, consisting of the letters "B B C" in white, each inside a black square.

© Taboo Productions Limited 2017

Scored Music '101m19' out: 10:55: