

# THE TERROR

- All raw scripts from [subslakescript](#)
- Period-typical use of language, e.g. 'Esquimaux'
- Corrections, confirmations, and annotations via comments welcome!
- Formatting:
  - ◆ Speakers marked with last name except those without (Silna, Koveyook), unnamed (translator, hunter), repeated (Lady Jane, JCR, George Barrow), or dabbed and left in Regent's Canal (Original Flavour Hickey)
  - ◆ Uncertain speakers marked with (?). I'll mark them confirmed if two or more people agree!
  - ◆ Men in general marked as 'crew'
  - ◆ Inuktitut marked in *italics* and so highlighted
  - ◆ Singing marked with ♪
- Navigation:
  - ◆ Click on the contents or use the panel on the left to jump
  - ◆ Speakers are capitalised, so searching by case should do you
- Yell at me [@nopickls](#) if anything!

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## Go For Broke

TRANSLATOR

They saw many men on foot, all starving.

JCR

He met them?

TRANSLATOR

"We saw a captain there. The one called Aglooka."

JCR

Ask him if one of these men is the one he's calling Aglooka.

TRANSLATOR

"He spoke in our tongue. He was dying. He pointed south. Says they were going overland. Home. But they could barely walk. And with Tuunbaq behind them."

JCR

Tuunbaq?

TRANSLATOR

"Behind them, coming. Always coming."

JCR

Someone was pursuing them? An Esquimaux?

TRANSLATOR

"From the shamans. The thing that eats on two legs and four. The thing made of muscles... and spells."

JCR

I don't understand. Is he describing a man?

TRANSLATOR

Sorry, Sir James. I don't know what the hell he's describing.

JCR

What did Francis say? Aglooka?

**TRANSLATOR**

"Your friend took my hands. He said, 'Tell those who come after us not to stay. The ships are gone. There's no way through. No passage. Tell them we are gone. Dead... and gone.'"

-----

**COLLINS**

Billy, take this one up with you and don't let him down till he can do his becket bends with both his eyes closed.

**ORREN**

Yes, sir.

**MORFIN**

Captain, sir.

**FITZJAMES**

Daily observations are starting to make for bizarre reading, sir.

**FRANKLIN**

Well, magnetic north wanders miles every day. We're within its circle now.

**FITZJAMES**

It'll be tall headlines for the men.

**COLLINS**

Terror is signaling, Sir John. Captain Crozier requests an ice report. Shall I send Mr. Reid back?

**FRANKLIN**

No. Tell Francis James and I will be joining him for dinner.

**COLLINS**

Mr. Terry! Open the flag box!

**FRANKLIN**

Word has it they've not yet run out of beef tongue on Terror.

-----

**CROZIER**

Of all the hardships of the Discovery Service, this may be the toughest.

**JOPSON**

It's three courses tonight and a dessert. It'll be over before you know it, Captain.

**CROZIER**

Not if Fitzjames is with us. We'll have to hear his whole saga of policing that massive guano deposit off Namibia. Or the time he got shot by the Chinese. I'm inclined to put the food in my ears.

**JOPSON**

I haven't settled the matter of spirits for tonight, sir. Sir John abstains, of course, and it's Allsopp's for the rest. But is there anything special you require, sir?

**CROZIER**

More open water, clear to the Pacific. And then we can go home.

**JOPSON**

We're close, sir.

**CROZIER**

Careful how you use that word, "close". This is the Discovery Service. "Close" is nothing. It's worse than nothing. It's worse than anything in the world.

-----

**LITTLE(?)**

Welcome aboard, Sir John. Captain Fitzjames.

**YOUNG**

If we're that near the pole, we'll see King William Land any day, then.

**GOLDING**

Look who's an expert.

**YOUNG**

Mr. Farr showed me on a chart. Past King William Land we get to the American coast and it's all mapped out again from there.

**FITZJAMES**

Hello, boy.

**GOLDING**

That thing whined all night. Must be sick or got a scent. With the right wind, he can smell bears at a mile.

**FITZJAMES**

The brigades already ashore were catching every kind of fire, so I was bringing out the Congreves.

**HODGSON**

Rockets.

**FITZJAMES**

Yes. Ironic, considering it was the Chinese themselves who had pioneered the things. We shot the marksmen down off the city walls and we started up. As I climbed the ladder, I was thinking of... Caesar crossing the Rubicon. We reached the top and I saw the city of Chinkiang laid out before us, wavering in the morning heat. And the soldiers in the alleys below started using their matchlocks on us, those muskets for which you carry a lit taper at all times. But in such dry conditions, when we'd shoot one of them, they would fall down on top of these tapers and they would catch fire like tinder piles. So, soon the whole city was dotted with these lone columns of personal smoke and the whole view smelled of roast duck. And then we rushed down into the streets to assist the 49th, which we could hear was under attack. We came upon a pack of Chinese behind a street barricade. And I'd... I'd just loaded a rocket and aimed... when I was pierced. Single musket ball. Size of a cherry. Passed clean through my arm and kept on in, making a third wound here, entering my chest.

**LITTLE**

Like the shot that killed Lord Nelson at Trafalgar.

**FITZJAMES**

And, had it not used up most of its energy on my arm, yes, I might have ended same as he.

**CROZIER**

Tell us about Birdshit Island, why don't you, James? That's a capital story.

**FRANKLIN**

Mr. Reid and I chatted about the ice today. He tells me we've started sailing past slabs he thinks are not part of the summer break-up.

**CROZIER**

Old ice?

**FRANKLIN**

He's not concerned. He thinks we're close to an intersection with some bigger channel coming down from the north, bringing bergy bits with it. But it means our little summer strait is likely coming to an end. It has yet to be named, and I thought... Sir James Ross could be honoured thusly.

**FITZJAMES**

Hear, hear. Would that he were here with us now. But for being a newlywed.

**FRANKLIN**

You approve, Francis?

**CROZIER**

He'll be very pleased.

**HICKEY**

What rank is that dog? You ever wonder that?

**EVANS**

Mm. He's on decks most nights, so I guess you could call that watch duty.

**YOUNG**

I don't know. That'd make him a... AB. Or a Marine.

**HICKEY**

But he can walk the quarterdeck, so that makes him a Petty Officer at least. Right? And some nights he's back there in officers' country. Petty Officers can't sleep aft, so would that be considered a Wardroom Officer? What would that be? A Mate? A Lieutenant?

**GOLDING**

Are we still talking about this dog?

**HICKEY**

It's of consequence, though, isn't it? Puttin' a dog above a man. Who serves who in that arrangement?

**STRONG**

It's a ship's dog. We put up with it. (beat) All right?

**EVANS**

Young?

**CREW**

- David? David? David!
- Gangway!
- Get a doctor now!
- Come on!
- Roll him over!
- Watch it!

-----

**CROZIER**

I don't want to be the first one to say the word, Sir John, but we're all thinking it.

**FRANKLIN**

None of the three who died at Beechey showed any sign of it. And, even if it's the case now, we will be in the Pacific before it has a chance to don its undertaker's weepers.

**CROZIER**

Your confidence is reassuring, of course.

**FITZJAMES**

You're not confident with all our progress? I don't know why. We've all but found the passage in a year. We're not rowing drakkars after all.

**CROZIER**

In this place, technology still bends the knee to luck, James.

**MCDONALD**

Sir. We've given the boy a Dover's powder. Settled his spasms. He's resting now. As he can. But he has a dark blood in his stool. Digested blood. He's bleeding above his colon.

**FITZJAMES**

That's a vivid description.

**FRANKLIN**

Is it scurvy?

**MCDONALD**

Though I see nothing to mark it as such, I can't rule it out. But if I were to wager a guess at this point, I'd say the patient's consumptive. Doesn't always attack the lungs.

**FRANKLIN**

Dr. Stanley should examine him. Perhaps he can discern something more.

**CROZIER**

- I'll send a gig for him.

**FRANKLIN**

No, no. There's no need. We'll take him with us.

**CROZIER**

Young? In his condition?

**FRANKLIN**

Yes. Wrap him up well and have our boat readied.

**MCDONALD**

I... I would hesitate to move him, sir. I don't frankly know how much spirit the boy has left in him.



**FRANKLIN**

Bit of cool air will freshen him. He'll be tucked up just the same in half an hour's time.

**CREW**

Steady now. Ease away.

**FRANKLIN**

Oh, Francis. Tell your cook "yes" to the cow's head, "no" to the capers he cooked it with. For future visits.

**FITZJAMES**

Good night, Francis. Try to shake the brown study. All is well.

**CREW**

All clear. Heave away.

**FITZJAMES**

There is nothing worse than a man who has lost his joy. He's become insufferable. And he's a lushington to boot.

**FRANKLIN**

We should be better friends to him, James.

**FITZJAMES**

I can't work out why he's even here. He despises glory. Even the glory of a good pudding. And he looks down on we of the wardroom. I tell you, one glance from him... I have to remind myself I'm not a fraud.

**FRANKLIN**

I'll not have you speak of him uncharitably, James. He is my second. Now, if something were to happen to me, you would be his second. You should cherish that man.

**FITZJAMES**

Sometimes I think you love your men more than even God loves them, Sir John.

**FRANKLIN**

For all your sakes, let's hope you're wrong.

-----

**COLLINS**

Ready, all! Ready to let go the bowlines!

**ORREN**

Aarghh!

(?)

Man overboard starboard side!

**CREW**

- All hands on deck!
- All eyes on the man in the water!

**DES VOEUX**

Who's marking him? (beat) There! Stand back! Grab the line!

**COLLINS**

Give me room! Give me room!

**DES VOEUX**

Collins, no!

**COLLINS**

Let me try!

**DES VOEUX**

That seaman wouldn't want you to risk more!

**COLLINS**

Billy Orren, that's who it is!

**DES VOEUX**

He's gone!

-----

**STANLEY**

What I fail to understand is why you chose not to speak up when you began feeling this take root. Wide.

**YOUNG**

I've been getting headaches all me life. Didn't think nothing of it. And we've been drinking that squeezed lemon every night.

**STANLEY**

Crew's under strictest orders to come forward if unwell. I'd think burying three of your mates on Beechey was sufficient motivation.

**GOODSIR**

The lemon juice is not a cure-all.

**YOUNG**

I didn't want to disappoint Sir John.

**STANLEY**

Well, he can praise your loyalty as he buries you.

-----

**GORE**

We can't spin the propeller nor retract it. Mr. Reid is certain we must have caught a growler at the surface.

**FITZJAMES**

So, is it blocked?

**GORE**

Yes. Yes, Mr. Gregory thinks there must be ice wedged up in the prop well. But we won't know till first light. He all but assured me if we can clear out a jam, we'll be under way.

**FRANKLIN**

Good. I think that's all for now, then, Graham, since we don't appear to be sinking. Wake me if that should change.

-----

**PRESENTER**

Algonquian, Massacred by Mohawk.

**CROZIER**

Did that disturb you?

**CRACROFT**

Which part, Francis? The savages, or that they became Catholics?

**CROZIER**

I have a question for you later.

**CRACROFT**

No question is needed, Francis.

**CROZIER**

But you'll hear me out?

**PRESENTER**

Sir James Ross at Furthest South.

**JCR**

If you believe that depiction, you've dropped a stone at least since we've been back.

**CROZIER**

And seen a dentist as well, apparently.

**PRESENTER**

Ladies and gentlemen, it's our great honor to find up in the boxes tonight the actual Sir James Ross!

**JCR**

Get up, old man.

**FRANKLIN**

Bravo, gentlemen! Bravo.

**LADY JANE**

You should stand up.

-----

**YOUNG**

I don't want you to do to me what you did to Tom Hartnell's brother.

**GOODSIR**

Well... that-that was for the good of the crew. We needed to know if it was scurvy killed John Hartnell -

**YOUNG**

I want to go to my grave as I am. Don't cut me open. Do you promise?

**GOODSIR**

If Sir John orders it done, we must do. You may be a warning of things to come. Now, hold... hold fast, David.

**YOUNG**

If Sir John orders it... I will do it.

**GOODSIR**

Do you know... sometimes... when people are near passing... I've heard they speak of a radiance... like a million daybreaks all in one. In which loved ones are there to welcome them over.

**YOUNG**

We grew up at the Foundlings. I never knew me father... or me mum.

**GOODSIR**

Then... Then there will be the angels... with songs lovelier than you've heard.

**YOUNG**

Will I fly? Up to God?

**GOODSIR**

Yes. You... You'll see the Passage first, then, as you go. Try... Try to call back and let us know where it is.

**YOUNG**

I wanted to be 'ere... when we found it.

**GOODSIR**

Do not fear it, David. I... I have been there when souls have passed. A great peace descends.

**YOUNG**

They are glass. But the ring is plate. It won't fetch much but my sister should have it. It's a nasty job but... but I can't get it off.

**GOODSIR**

I... I can ask cook for some grease. Or I have an oil of castor -

**YOUNG**

No. When you're sure I'm gone... find a way. And don't tell Sir John I was afraid.

**GOODSIR**

You have my word. There's nothing to be afraid of.

-----

**STRONG**

He's been going on like that since the wind died. Something's got him worked up.

**HARTNELL**

Take your wigs off. Don't you hear that? Give me your glass.

**TOZER**

Yeah. Just don't drop it. It belongs to Lieutenant Irving.

**HARTNELL**

Put a thumb in it.

**YOUNG**

No... No... No. No!

**GOODSIR**

David?

**YOUNG**

No. No.

**GOODSIR**

David? David?

**HARTNELL**

Wake Mr. Blanky. Do it now.

**YOUNG**

No! No! Run! Run! He wants us to run!

**GOODSIR**

David, calm down.

**YOUNG**

No!

-----

**STANLEY**

Come.

**GOODSIR**

Sorry to disturb you. David Young has passed.

**STANLEY**

As if that weren't plain. Cover him and get some rest, Mr. Goodsir.

**GOODSIR**

Some-Some -

**STANLEY**

You can do the post-mortem in the morning when the men go up.

**GOODSIR**

I-Is it necessary?

**STANLEY**

Sir John has a flea in his ear about scurvy. He will ask.

**GOODSIR**

Something... transpired... at the end. He-He was seeing something I couldn't see. Holding its gaze as if it was in the room with us -

**STANLEY**

Do I really need to explain what is an hallucination?

**GOODSIR**

He had no fever. He was clear-eyed.

**STANLEY**

Good night, Mr. Goodsir.

-----

**BLANKY**

Look at the snow on those bergy bits. That's not summer break up. That's coming down from the north.

**CROZIER**

It's pack ice.

**BLANKY**

There are leads but...

**CROZIER**

How was the cold last night?

**BLANKY**

It dropped. 20.

**CROZIER**

Is Erebus aware?

**BLANKY**

Well, no flags as yet. But no doubt they woke thinking of their propeller.

**CROZIER**

If Sir John doesn't convene a meeting of the officers by ten, I'll do it myself.

-----

**FRANKLIN**

You're about to surpass us all, son. You're going somewhere no man has ever been, not even a native.

**FITZJAMES**

If it is ice wedged behind the propeller, and you can pry it out, well, you'll have grabbed the ring twice in one morning.

**FRANKLIN**

Right.



**COLLINS**

Observe my signals. One pull on the tube means half a fathom's slack. Two means the tube is kinked, likely on the gunwale. Three... pull me up. If water floods the suit, it will be exponentially harder to lift me and exponentially more urgent, so all of you be ready on the line. There should be a surgeon here.

**FITZJAMES**

They're just below, Mr. Collins. Proceed.

**FRANKLIN**

You're a pilgrim to the deeps. And remember... God lies in all realms.

**CREW**

- Lower him in.
- Steady.

**COLLINS**

Pull me up!

**GOODSIR**

You wouldn't call this cirrhotic. And there's gall. I don't see scurvy. I don't see anything at all.

**STANLEY**

Open the bowel.

**COLLINS**

Ah. Propeller's bent. One of the blades... I pried some ice from behind. I think she'll spin now, sir.

**FITZJAMES**

Is there anything else to report?

**COLLINS**

No, sir.

**FRANKLIN**

Capital job, Mr. Collins. Graham, let the engineers know and signal Terror. Have Captain Crozier bring his lieutenants over.

**GORE**

Sir.

**FRANKLIN**

We need to confer about the ice that's in front of us now. (beat) I envy you, Mr. Collins. I have long wanted to move below. What was it like?

**COLLINS**

Like a dream, sir.

-----

**FRANKLIN**

News is in about Erebus. While she can still make headway under steam, the flagship's efficiency has been compromised.

**CROZIER**

How badly compromised?

**GREGORY**

She can still pull two knots, maybe three, with the boiler full up.

**CROZIER**

Half-power, more or less?

**GREGORY**

Yes.

**FRANKLIN**

As well, we know that the ice ahead is increasing dramatically, both in thickness and amount. But we must be nearly in sight of King William Land. Then it isn't but another 200 miles before we can pick up the western charts and draw in this final piece of the puzzle once and for all.

**FITZJAMES**

Hear, hear.

**CROZIER**

Our situation is more dire than you may understand.

**FITZJAMES**

Dramatic opening shot.

**FRANKLIN**

Please, go ahead, Francis.

**CROZIER**

That is not just ice ahead. It is the pack. And you are proposing that we cross it, in September. Even with leads, it could take us weeks of picking our way through it. We may not have weeks.

**FITZJAMES**

What, weeks at most?

**CROZIER**

You've seen the sun dogs, Graham? How many have there been now?

**GORE**

Three.

**CROZIER**

It's already a colder year than last.

**FRANKLIN**

I've been to the Arctic, Francis.

**CROZIER**

On foot. And you nearly starved. Not all of your men returned. I say this with all due honour.

**FITZJAMES**

For God's sake, Francis.

**FRANKLIN**

A captain is due his candour. So, what would you propose instead? Wait out winter here?

**CROZIER**

No. The exact shape of King William Land is unknown. As we discovered with Cornwallis Land, it could be King William Island, with a chance to sail around its eastern shore.

**FRANKLIN**

Yes, but east would add miles. We might not be out this year after all.

**CROZIER**

But only because Erebus is lame. If we consolidate all our coal on the less-damaged ship, we'd have enough to go for broke and get east of King William Land, possibly around it, before winter. It's our best, and probably only, chance.

**BLANKY**

Yes. We should go for broke.

**FITZJAMES**

Abandon Erebus? Is... Is that what you're saying?

**CROZIER**

If it is a dead end, we can over-winter in complete safety out of the pack... in some sheltered harbour. We retrace our steps come spring... tired of one another, no doubt, but alive.

**FRANKLIN**

That is an interesting... speculation. But, of course, we will not be abandoning Erebus, nor Terror, should she suffer some minor misfortunes. We are almost there...

**CROZIER**

Hear me, John. It won't matter if we're 200 or 2,000 miles from safe water. If the leads close up and we are out there in it, we'll have no idea where the current will move the pack, of which we will be a part. We could be forced onto the shallows on the weather side of King William and crushed to atoms, if we're even upright by then. As a trusted friend once put it... This place wants us dead.

**FITZJAMES**

Who is this friend? Does he also write melodrama?

**CROZIER**

Sir John, myself, Mr. Blanky and Mr. Reid. Only four of us at this table are Arctic veterans. There'll be no melodramas here. Just live men... or dead men.

**FRANKLIN**

It's certainly good to see colour in your cheeks again, Francis. But we are two weeks from finding the grail. And it is my belief that God and winter will find us in safe waters by the end of the year. The Sandwich Islands. Or even further.

**CROZIER**

If you're wrong, we are about to commit an act of hubris... we may not survive. You know what men are like when they are desperate. We both do.

**FRANKLIN**

I shall continue to command from Erebus, but due to her injuries, I'm putting Terror in lead position. She may not be the better ice-breaker, but she's the more powerful ship now. Bury your boy, Young, and we'll be on our way. West around King William Land as planned.

**CROZIER**

Bury?

**FRANKLIN**

Yes. A mercy. It was a long night.

-----

**MANSON**

♪ Long ago in Westminster there lived a rat-catcher's daughter ♪

**HICKEY**

All this when we could have just dropped him overboard and been done with it.

**EVANS**

Sir John's a spiritual man.

**HICKEY**

I'd say an impractical one.

**TOZER**

Careful there.

**HICKEY**

What, is that some kind of treason, Sergeant?

**MANSON**

They shoulda run more nails through that lid.

**TOZER**

Pull up the ropes and fill it in, Mr. Hickey.

**HICKEY**

Me?

**TOZER**

Mr. Hornby tells me you have the most duty owing. Didn't tell me why. Grousing, probably.

**EVANS**

Are... Are we just gonna leave it like that?

**TOZER**

Unless you want to climb in there and fix it, yes, we are. Hop to it, Mr. Hickey.

**MANSON**

Mr. Hickey... It's not important. Sergeant Tozer said it's not important.

**HICKEY**

Well, it would be to this boy's father, wouldn't it? Hm? Help a mate up.

-----

**FRANKLIN**

And Jesus saith unto Thomas: "Because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed... but blessed are they that have not yet seen but still believe." And just as David Young is at the gates... so too are we. And now is our moment to stride through them, to our glory, and to our destiny. I have set a course south south-west. We will see the North American mainland within a fortnight, gentlemen. We must now begin our last and best efforts to reach her, as we become the greatest Argonauts of our age! We shall earn our loved ones' cheers and embraces at our return. Onwards, men!

**CREW**

- All right, lads.
- Man the braces!
- Hard to starboard!
- Hard to starboard it is, sir!
- Hard to starboard!
- Go to it, man. Let's meet it with force.

-----

**CREW**

- There should be more men picking here! Why is there only one man picking?
- All right, men, stand back!

**BLANKY(?)**

Right, everybody, fall back!

**FRANKLIN**

Our Lord and Father will see us through. Whatever morning brings.

-----

**FRANKLIN**

Get the ice anchors up. We're part of it now.

**LE VESCONTE**

Sir.

**FRANKLIN**

Fix our position with care, Mr. Reid. I want to know exactly where we are in relation to King William Land.

**REID**

Yes, sir.

**FRANKLIN**

When the men are fed, have them begin pulling the tarp up. Mr. Gregory can start drawing down the engine for winter. Your demeanour should be all cheer, gentlemen. You understand? It's going to be

tight, but that's what we signed up for, an adventure for Queen and Country. An adventure of a lifetime. That's what you tell the men.



## Gore

**GREGORY**

She's fared well, considering she's been eight months cold. She's banked with coal, the stokers are giving her kisses with the oil can. I can build her up in a day, once we receive good news from a lead party.

**FITZJAMES**

My crown's on Le Vesconte. West is surely the first place ice will open.

**FRANKLIN**

You'll lose. Graham crosses to land and covers twice the distance.

**GREGORY**

I'm with the Captain on that one, sir.

**FITZJAMES**

Then you're both on.

**FITZJAMES**

I had an aunt in Brighton. Used to go and see her on holidays, from London Bridge Station. I have almost certainly been pulled back and forth by that very engine. (beat) Look at her now. From footnote to lead paragraph.

**FRANKLIN**

I might poach that for my journal this evening.

**FITZJAMES**

It would be an honour, sir. And as we're in a wagering spirit, shall we put odds on Francis favouring us with his presence?

**FRANKLIN**

I hope he does. Perhaps it'll give him a lift, seeing the parties off.

**PEGLAR**

Here comes the lending library.

**BRIDGENS**

Just in time.

**PEGLAR**

Will this be another Jonathan Swift, or are you sending me back to Herodotus?

**BRIDGENS**

Sadly, there is no more Herodotus. No, this is a comedy. I thought you could do with a bit of a laugh on your 50 miles.

**FRANKLIN**

Scour the ice, with providence as your sure-footed guide, and return safely with news that our long winter sojourn will soon lie behind us. And we can finally raise our sails again and force this passage. Graham. I appreciate you taking the cylinders.

**GORE**

It will be an honor, sir. To lay our first footprints upon King William Land and deliver your words.

**FRANKLIN**

Be sure to come back with a story.

**GORE**

Joyfully, sir.

**FITZJAMES**

I only wish I could join in the outing.

**FRANKLIN**

Francis!

**CROZIER**

Sir.

**FRANKLIN**

Is there anything you'd like to say?

**CROZIER**

Travel well.

**FRANKLIN**

Right. Good luck, men.

**FITZJAMES**

Company, three cheers! Hip-hip!

**CREW**

Hooray!

**FITZJAMES**

Hip-hip!

**CREW**

Hooray!

**FITZJAMES**

Hip-hip!

**CREW**

Hooray!

-----

**GOODSIR**

Dr. McDonald's been kind enough to lend me his journals from his time on Cumberland Sound. It was they who brought back the Esquimaux, back to Aberdeen. Imagine. I don't recall his name, but he was of the Inuk tribe. Lieutenant Gore, do you recall that Inuk man's name?

**GORE**

I do not, Mr. Goodsir.

**GOODSIR**

It was long and... terribly Esquimaux. Please let me take my part, Lieutenant. You said to watch for three days and I've done it. Now let me relieve someone who's earned it.

**GORE**

Whoa! Whoa. Hartnell, let him spell you. There's nothing more natural than pulling weight, Dr. Goodsir. Watch Morfin here in front, and me with the corner of your eye. Match our strides. You'll take to it. I know you will. (beat) Heave!

**GOODSIR**

Oh. Sorry.

-----

**CROZIER**

Sir John. I would have come to you.

**FRANKLIN**

No, not at all. The stroll did me good. Shall we sit? I've come to repair our bonds, Francis. I'd like us to be friends again.

**CROZIER**

You never lost my friendship.

**FRANKLIN**

Well, that may be true, but I've certainly lost your company. And I'm not the only one to notice you've succeeded in avoiding Erebus most of the winter.

**CROZIER**

I'm... I'm a Captain. I'm peevish off my own ship. I leave it and... hear disaster knocking at its door before I'm ten steps away.

**FRANKLIN**

Would it help if I said that I made a mistake?

**CROZIER**

You misunderstand me, Sir John. I only meant to describe why I brood, not that I judge.

**FRANKLIN**

Yes, but summer is coming, Francis. I mean, surely you can slip your brooding now.

**CROZIER**

Summer is here in name only, Sir John. Temperatures barely come up to zero. The sundogs remain. These are the signs here.

**FRANKLIN**

Yes, signs of a cold May.

**CROZIER**

Signs that nature does not give a damn about our plans.

**FRANKLIN**

Is Nature's Author nowhere in your tally? What a disappointment I must be to you.

**CROZIER**

It's simply that we're two men on two very different ships.

**FRANKLIN**

And here I've come, to make peace on yours. Will you not on mine?

**CROZIER**

I will always come to you. I serve at your command.

**FRANKLIN**

Very well. Oh, your seat of ease, Francis. There's a draft.

-----

**GORE**

It's the shore. It must be.

**GOODSIR**

Look what it does to the ice.

**GORE**

An unstoppable force meets an immovable mass.

**GOODSIR**

It's beautiful.

**GORE**

– We continue on foot.

– You deserve a prize for your orienteering, Mr. Des Voeux. I can see the cairn. It can't be half a mile. Looks as if the Esquis have left it alone.

-----

**GORE**

17 years. Maybe it spooks them.

**GOODSIR**

It's hard to imagine anyone coming here. Ever.

**GORE**

This place make you uneasy, Doctor?

**GOODSIR**

You call me doctor, but technically I'm just a surgeon. Anatomist, in fact.

**GORE**

That's a doctor in my book. Thank you.

**DES VOEUX**

Sir.

**GORE**

Thank you. Right. I pray it's English tea merchants coming from Canton who look upon that message next. (beat) See something, Goodsir?

**GOODSIR**

No, sir.

**GORE**

Sgt. Bryant, accompany me to the second cairn. We can walk the ice, scout for open water. Mr. Des Voeux, return with the boys to the sledge and make camp. Get some rest if we've not returned.

**DES VOEUX**

Godspeed, sir. Come on.

**GOODSIR**

Lieutenant Gore!

-----

**IRVING**

Is someone there?

**GIBSON(?)**

Shh.

**IRVING**

Answer me.

**GIBSON**

Lieutenant Irving.

**IRVING**

Mr. Gibson. What are you doing down here?

**GIBSON**

I'd come down for coal earlier this morning and heard one of the ship's cats crying back here somewhere.

**IRVING**

Is someone with you?

**GIBSON**

Mr. Hickey was kind enough to accompany me in trying to find it. He's been looking all over behind here.

**IRVING**

The captain.

**GIBSON**

Got caught up...

**IRVING**

His seat of ease has a draft. Have Mr. Hickey see to it.

**HICKEY**

I'm here, Lieutenant. Sir?

**GIBSON**

He's running to inform.

**HICKEY**

No, I don't think he will.

**GIBSON**

Cornelius, we'll be lashed.

**HICKEY**

If Lieutenant Irving goes to inform command, then he'd have to tell them what it is he saw. Which means he's gonna have to open his imagination... to what he didn't. I've seen him at Sir John's Sunday service. I've watched him pray. That's a man afraid of chaos. He's not going to invite more if he can help it.

**GIBSON**

We can't be sure of it.

**HICKEY**

No. But there are worse things than being lashed.

-----

**MORFIN**

Looking forward to getting a stove going.

**DES VOEUX**

Wait on. Look.

**HARTNELL**

What could have done that?

**DES VOEUX**

There must be a bear.

**MORFIN**

A bear did that?

**GOODSIR**

We'll be able to tell by the tracks. There may be more than one. Sh... Shall we all go?

-----

**FRANKLIN**

I just don't understand why he resists us, James.

**FITZJAMES**

He's a disappointed man. You should not have to bear his grievances.



**FRANKLIN**

Perhaps it is I who's unable to truly bring him into the bosom of my confidence. I want to. I always plan to. But then, when I'm with him, I don't know why I falter.

**FITZJAMES**

You have done everything for the man.

**FRANKLIN**

Have I?

**FITZJAMES**

Sir, he was no-one's first choice for this expedition.

**FRANKLIN**

Mm, nor was I.

**FITZJAMES**

How any man achieves his post on an expedition is less important than how he spends it. And... well, that he measures up. I will not have Francis's melancholy touch you. I'll not have it. Do you hear me?

**FRANKLIN**

Yes!

**BRIDGENS**

Sorry to interrupt, sirs.

**FRANKLIN**

What is it, Mr. Bridgens?

**BRIDGENS**

The first lead party's just returned, sir.

-----

**FRANKLIN**

What news, Lieutenant? Stay seated.

**HODGSON**

We traveled as far as 11 miles east, sir. We discerned no signs of the ice yielding.

**FRANKLIN**

And the men, how did they fare?

**HODGSON**

Some of them are with Dr. Stanley now. We also had an issue with our provisions.

**FRANKLIN**

What issue?

**HODGSON**

Some were rotted. Inedibly so.

**FRANKLIN**

Ask Mr. Wall to prepare an early supper for the Lieutenant and his men. Gather your strength before returning to your ship.

**HODGSON**

I am... sorry to disappoint you, sir.

**FRANKLIN**

Oh, not at all. We suspected east was not our brightest star to follow. Nevertheless, you and the men have done a great service.

**FITZJAMES**

Well done.

**YEEEEAH FOOTBALL GUYS**

- Go on! Go on!
- Here!

**FITZJAMES**

The western team must be nearly home now. Good thing. It looks like a sour sky.

**FRANKLIN**

Funny to think of this place as home, isn't it?

-----

**FRANKLIN**

Well, here she comes now. I thought Mohawks had carted you off.

**LADY JANE**

Oh, no, much worse.

**CRACROFT**

He proposed. Again.

**FRANKLIN**

You declined, of course?

**LADY JANE**

Not firmly enough, in my opinion.

**CRACROFT**

In gratitude to you both for my care, must I surrender my privacy?

**FRANKLIN**

Sophia, your safety in this world is what we would keep you from surrendering. This matter with Francis won't end until you are firm, my dear. He's an explorer, and you must know by now that explorers are made of hope. They breathe hope.

**CRACROFT**

I can't very well ask him to stop breathing, Uncle.

**FRANKLIN**

No. But you really must repel his curiosities now. I know you won't find it as much fun as encouraging them, but you're not a child. He's suitable for a good many women.

**LADY JANE**

Mm.

**FRANKLIN**

I've no doubt. But... just... under a different banner than ours.

-----

**CROZIER**

You weren't sleeping either?

**BLANKY**

If only sleep were as simple as closing your eyes.

**CROZIER**

I was thinking about Tad. The first of Parry's boat-hauling reindeer.

**BLANKY**

Tad! What made you think of that poor sod?

**CROZIER**

We brought those deer a thousand miles north from Norway. Only to slaughter them on the ice.

**BLANKY**

Maybe that was the ice that made me want to be a master. The way it kept moving us back. Mm. It was rough ice.

**CROZIER**

The deer couldn't haul on it. We knew that in a day. But we kept them anyway. Ferrying deer from ice floe to ice floe... by boat, thinking we could use them by and by. Rowing reindeer in our sleigh boats! Like proper little ladies... in ostrich carts.

**BLANKY**

They were so confused.

**CROZIER**

Is that us... now? Confused, out of our depth?

**BLANKY**

We've seen worse than this, you and me. And I know you saw much worse south, with Sir James. I've heard other versions than yours. I know them to be reliable.

**CROZIER**

This is different.

**BLANKY**

Aye. You trusted Ross and you trusted Parry.

**CROZIER**

Either you're a clairvoyant or I'm not doing half the job I think I am concealing my thoughts.

**BLANKY**

No, it's just that I know you.

**CROZIER**

What will it do to us, the ice? If no leads get found and we have to spend another winter here.

**BLANKY**

Without a thaw to clear last winter's ice, it will start to back up and then pile up high. Like one whole country being squeezed into the borders of another.

**CROZIER**

It'll push the boats up.

**BLANKY**

Aye, I've seen boats forced 20, 30 feet in the jam.

**CROZIER**

Can we survive that amount of pressure?

**BLANKY**

If it drives us up, yeah, we'll ride it. It could also drive us under.

**CROZIER**

Snap our beams and crush us at the waist.

**BLANKY**

Let's pray for the former, then.

-----

**HARTNELL**

I'll put the third tent up. We'll all appreciate the extra room if we're in for foul weather.

**DES VOEUX**

I was only just thinking that's what this camp needed: more ice.

**GORE**

Time to get inside, boys!

**BRYANT**

We're just ahead of it.

**GORE**

Are you repairing the boat? Get inside! Now!

**BEST**

The boat, sir. We found it like that.

**HARTNELL**

Blast it.

**BRYANT**

That bear was tracking us. We heard it a mile back, up in the ice and a mile before that. I fired in its direction to drive it off, but it must not in its life have smelled anything like an Englishman.

**PEGLAR**

What do we do?

**DES VOEUX**

Shoot it in the head. Carve it up for supper.

**GOODSIR**

And if it's not alone?

**GORE**

Everyone a rifle. It's just up there.

**DES VOEUX**

Mr. Goodsir! Come quickly!

(?)

He took it in the chest, sir.

**HARTNELL**

That's a girl.

**BRYANT**

Who is she looking for?

**GOODSIR**

I'll get the lieutenant.

-----

**HICKEY**

I'll caulk you next. (beat) Neptune, sir. He relieved himself before I could alert Mr. Jopson. There was no warning, I'm afraid.

**CROZIER**

And yet you take up the duty.

**HICKEY**

My apologies, sir. I know better to mind my own tasks.

**CROZIER**

Not at all. I meant it as a statement of gratitude, Mr. Hickey.

**HICKEY**

You're most welcome, Captain.

**CROZIER**

You're a Limerick man?

**HICKEY**

Thereabouts, sir.

**CROZIER**

But that's not what comes out of your mouth. If I hadn't read the ship's roster, I'd never have known you were Irish.

**HICKEY**

I've lived as many years in Liverpool and Manchester as there. I barely remember anything but England.

**CROZIER**

It must have made it easier for you.

**HICKEY**

Yeah. I learnt early: those who are quickest to tally your value often do it on your spots alone.

**CROZIER**

You should know that Discovery Service is not unlike the world in that regard. If not worse.

**HICKEY**

You've done extraordinarily well. Captain of a great ship. Gives the rest of us Micks hope.

**CROZIER**

Would you take a drink, Mr. Hickey?

**HICKEY**

I wouldn't put the Captain out.

**CROZIER**

What day of the week is it?

**HICKEY**

It's a Wednesday, sir.

**CROZIER**

Ourselves, then. It's fitting. The second lead party returned last night. No leads west.

**HICKEY**

Forgive me for saying, sir, but I have my doubts we'll see leads this year.

**CROZIER**

Perhaps I would have done better to have played your game, Mr. Hickey, and gulled the world. I applaud you. Come! Yes, John.

**IRVING**

I'm... I'm sorry, sir, the last lead party, sir, it's been sighted.

-----

**FITZJAMES**

Gangway! Officer coming through! Mind your backs. Mind your backs, boys. Officer coming through. Gangway. Mind your backs.

**FRANKLIN**

Where's Graham?



-----

**FITZJAMES**

Dr. Stanley.

**STANLEY**

Commander Fitzjames, I will not touch this man.

**GOODSIR**

You needn't. This man's been in my care for two days.

**STANLEY**

Mr. Goodsir...

**GOODSIR**

The ball needs to be removed so the hole can be closed, otherwise it will keep collapsing his lung, which I suspect is leaning on the man's heart.

**STANLEY**

What is Sir John's wish here?

**GOODSIR**

We may be able to spare him. May I have your leave to try? He had nothing to do with what happened to Lieutenant Gore, sir.

**SILNA**

*Stop! Stop! You don't understand! What are you doing? Stop! Understand? Get him out of this place!*

**CROZIER**

*It's all right. Friends. Friends. Doctors. Doctors. Friends. Friends.*

**SILNA**

*Please leave my father alone.*

**MCDONALD**

This man's her father.

**GOODSIR**

Sir, can you tell her this will be painful for him but I'll be as quick as I can be?

**CROZIER**

*He wants to help your father. There will be pain. Ssh.*

-----

**GOODSIR**

It's in too deep in the tissue.

**CROZIER**

Can't you cut it out?

**GOODSIR**

Every breath he takes is making it worse. Who knows how badly we jostled him getting him to the ship?

**CROZIER**

*He can't help your father. It's too difficult.*

**SILNA**

*Please stay! I can't do this on my own. Do not ask that of me. I'm not ready. Tuunbaq will not obey me.*

**FITZJAMES**

What is she saying?

**MCDONALD**

She's begging him not to ask this of her.

**FITZJAMES**

Ask what of her?

**SILNA**

*It's not going to be able to find you. No-! He must die out under the sky. Out on the ice! Not here! Not here! He must die out under the sky. Out on the ice.*

**CROZIER**

Stretcher! Bring a stretcher!

**FITZJAMES**

Francis, what's happening?

**CROZIER**

She says he must die on the ice, not here.

**SILNA**

*Help me. Please! Help me! Don't leave! Don't leave! Don't leave!*

**FRANKLIN**

Commander Fitzjames, you'll escort this woman off Erebus. Please see to it that the sick bay is restored, Dr. Stanley.

**STANLEY**

Certainly, sir.

**CROZIER**

Sir, with your permission, I'd like to take the woman aboard Terror.

**FRANKLIN**

You're staying here, Francis, until we've heard from every one of Graham's team about what happened out there. Mr. Goodsir, come with us, please.

**GOODSIR**

We found only one set of prints. Large. 20 inches across.

**FITZJAMES**

How long did you search for Lieutenant Gore... before you decided to leave him?

**GOODSIR**

We searched for a half mile in each direction, sir.

**FRANKLIN**

Then how can you be certain he was killed?

**GOODSIR**

The amount of blood, sir, on the ice. No man could have survived losing so much.

**FITZJAMES**

You say this with complete authority on the subject?

**GOODSIR**

I do, sir. Whether it was our grief or fatigue, I cannot say, but some of us, Hartnell and Morfin specifically, became convinced that the bear continued to track us here, back to the ships.

**FITZJAMES**

Based on what evidence... Mr. Goodsir?

**GOODSIR**

We could not be more distressed by what happened, sirs. Lieutenant Gore was one of the very best men...

**CROZIER**

Leads, Doctor. Did you find any leads?

**GOODSIR**

The ice showed no sign of a thaw, Captains. On the contrary, the wrack of ice built up around the shore of King William Land was thicker than Lieutenant Gore expected.

**FITZJAMES**

You're now an expert on the ice too, Mr. Goodsir?

**FRANKLIN**

Thank you. That will be all.

**GOODSIR**

There's one more thing, Captains.

**FRANKLIN**

Yes?

**GOODSIR**

The Esquimaux man.

**CROZIER**

What about him?

**GOODSIR**

He had signs of a... surgical procedure in his past.

**FRANKLIN**

What sort of procedure?

**GOODSIR**

He had no tongue. It was removed some time ago, I believe, with some sharp edge.

**FRANKLIN**

These people are not our concern. We have one of our own men to mourn. You may go.

**GOODSIR**

Sir.

-----

**CROZIER**

What have you learnt?

**MCDONALD**

She's in good condition. And she has been eating. Fairly well, in fact.

**CROZIER**

That could mean her people have found game in the area. Has she conversed with you?

**BLANKY**

No.

**CROZIER**

*Your father. I'm sorry. In Igloolik, I was called "Aglooka".  
"Aglooka". What is your name? Hm? Where are your people? We want to help.*

**SILNA**

*If you want to help take your boats away. You cannot be here.*

**CROZIER**

*Our boats are stuck. Must wait for ice to melt.*

**SILNA**

(whispering)

**CROZIER**

She said that if we don't leave now... we're going to huk-kah-hoi.

**BLANKY**

Disappear.

**CROZIER**

Mm.

## The Ladder

**CHAMBERS**

I'll trade my salt pork tonight for another watch if we don't see it.

**BRYANT**

Henry Lloyd saw it by those hummocks at four bells.

**CHAMBERS**

What told him it was Lieutenant Gore's bear and not another?

**BRYANT**

It wore the Lieutenant's medals. I plan to ask Lieutenant Le Vesconte for duty in the hunting blind once it's built. I'd like another shot at the thing.

**CHAMBERS**

Robert Ferrier says you didn't see it at all. Only Mr. Goodsir saw it.

**BRYANT**

That Mary Anne doesn't know what he saw. We thought it was the bear in front of us. It's the ice, Georgie. It's only the ice.

**CHAMBERS**

What's it like, to shoot a man?

**BRYANT**

Shooting a man's more fun when you mean to do it. I'll tell you that.

-----

**WEEKES**

You've a gift with that.

**MORFIN**

Me Mam was a dressmaker. Cage crinoline and arse-torn knicker-bocker suits. But she never taught me to tailor for no dead Esquimuck.

**HARTNELL**

This all of it, then? The girl, she's shoving off. They want her to take everything with her.

**MORFIN**

A girl on a boat... here. That's spooky.

**WEEKES**

Call him back. There's something more in here.

**MORFIN**

Snip it out. Check for more. Suppose it's ivory.

**WEEKES**

There's another one here. Man's got charms falling off him like a plum tree, Mr. Goodsir.

**GOODSIR**

Put them back inside. How will he fit in his coffin like that?

-----

**HARTNELL**

I have the, um... Her father's personals, sir.

**HODGSON**

She'll be happy to be on her way now. They say she talked up a storm until her father died. Now she's all silence.

**HARTNELL**

I'm sorry, that... that's all there is. I did put some supper in there for you, though. Condolences, Lady Silence.

-----

**DES VOEUX**

Weight him and get on with it.

**GOODSIR**

I don't understand this. This is something Sir John approved?

**DES VOEUX**



Aye, Mr. Goodsir. Little lad, he was. He shouldn't plug it up.

**GOODSIR**

I mean to suggest, might it be more appropriate to cut the man his own hole?

**DES VOEUX**

A more appropriate hole?

**GOODSIR**

With respect to Esquimaux custom. It's a native belief the body retains sensation even after the soul departs. According to Dr. McDonald's account.

**DES VOEUX**

Having yourself handled his corpse, is it your opinion he retains sensation?

-----

**LITTLE**

In your prior engagements with the Esquimaux, did you find them at all... unforgiving... when those they loved are wronged? Vengeful, even?

**CROZIER**

Having never wronged them, I couldn't testify.

**LITTLE**

Are we not at all concerned that if that girl can... make it all the way back to her people on her own, she may call on them for revenge?

**CROZIER**

Were we to put her down the fire hole as well? She wasn't our prisoner, Edward.

**LITTLE**

The Esquimaux man's tongue was hacked off. We don't know why. Say it was punishment. If that's how they punish their own, what must they do...

**JOPSON**

Breakfast is ready.

**CROZIER**

Jopson, my coat. I'm leaving for Erebus. No escort is necessary.

**BLANKY**

You have nothing to fear, Lieutenant. The girl's people are too busy staying alive to wage a war.

-----

**ROSS**

What plans have you made, Sir John?

**FRANKLIN**

All kinds of plans, of course.

**ROSS**

In case the ships are ice-locked.

**FRANKLIN**

Oh, we are amply provisioned, for three years, and up to five with strict rationing.

**ROSS**

Your rescue plan. What is your rescue plan?

**LADY JANE**

– Better John Ross blame an unyielding North than own up to his poor captaining. If the Arctic bedeviled him, why should it open to you? That's his thinking.

– Come over here, darling.

**FRANKLIN**

What is it? Does it sing?

**LADY JANE**

It chatters. Meet... Jacko.

**FRANKLIN**

Oh... Darling, that monkey is female.

**LADY JANE**

Oh, is it?

**FRANKLIN**

I have followed every Admiralty protocol.

**ROSS**

There'll be nothing. You hear? Nothing lives there. Nothing grows. You'll eat your shoes again. You'll eat worse.

**LADY JANE**

We've been misunderstood, darling. John Ross isn't the only one. Van Diemen's Land was a horrible blow.

**FRANKLIN**

I won't allow another man to play politics against me ever again. I was a good Governor, Janey.

**LADY JANE**

You were an excellent Governor. It's just that history was given a different story.

**ROSS**

Death is slow in the Great White Nothing. And 134 starved men will turn devil against you. Starting with the ones you hold closest.

**LADY JANE**

But in two years, when you return from the Passage, no-one will misunderstand us, John. You will have bested them all.

**FRANKLIN**

I'll be giving a Divine Service tomorrow. Mandatory, for both ships. Tell the men, will you? Oh, except for the men of the blind. They're to keep their focus on hunting the bear.

-----

**GIBSON**

May I come in, sir? I wouldn't presume to ask if it weren't important.

**IRVING**

If you must.

-----  
**FRANKLIN**

And in Jacob's dream, he saw the invisible world, so immense it would have to... Yes? ... cleaved from the frame that carried them, yet live. The newest to their ranks, our bright brother... Lieutenant Graham Gore.

**CROZIER**

My condolences, Sir John. Amongst everything else, I know you mourn a friend.

**FRANKLIN**

Thank you.

**CROZIER**

I apologise for the timing of this request. But its virtue's in its speed. I'd like permission to send a sledge party out. South. Not for leads this time. For rescue.

**FRANKLIN**

Where?

**CROZIER**

The Hudson Bay Company outpost on Great Slave Lake. If the party leaves now, they'll have three full months to get there before winter comes in force.

**FRANKLIN**

That is 800 miles, Francis. No... I do not grant permission.

**CROZIER**

At least tell me you understand why I'm suggesting it.

**FRANKLIN**

You are suggesting it because you are a man who's happiest with a glass of knock-me-down in one hand and an alarm bell in the other.

**CROZIER**

I'm suggesting it because... if this cold continues and we find ourselves overwintering again in this ice, help must already be on

its way, come spring... if we are to survive. I'd rather send out eight men now, for a long, unnecessary walk, than risk a necessary one for all of us in a year.

**FRANKLIN**

I will not allow it. What signal would that send to the men?

**CROZIER**

It's not the men I'm concerned about signaling. No-one knows where we are.

**FRANKLIN**

That is how you already see us? In need of saving?

**CROZIER**

I do.

**FRANKLIN**

Yet your prediction last year about the terrifying winter we'd spend in the pack did not come true.

**CROZIER**

Not to the degree I feared, but that will change, should there again be no thaw. It is a Captain's duty, after all, to mind for the worst case, not for the one he hopes for.

**FRANKLIN**

Oh, so, now I must hear you instruct me in a Captain's duties.

**CROZIER**

It's only eight men, Sir John. And there is just enough time.

**FRANKLIN**

I have lost six men on this expedition to date. Six! And you ask me to risk more than doubling that number trekking over distant ground where you know I have lost men in years past. I'll hear no more of this. I will not lose another man, Francis.

**CROZIER**

We may lose all our men. That is what my alarm is ringing now, Sir John. And I... I am at a loss why yours is not.

**FRANKLIN**

You are the worst kind of second, Francis. You abuse your freedoms. You complain in the safety of speculation, you claim foresight in disasters that never happen, and you are weak in your vices because your rank affords you privacy and deference. You've made yourself miserable and distant, and hard to love, and you blame the world for it. I'm not the sailor you are, Francis, never will be. But you will never be fit for command. And, as your Captain, I take some responsibility for that. For the vanity of your outlook. I should have curbed these tendencies, rather than sympathised with them, because you seem to have confused my sympathy with tolerance, but there is a limit to how much I can tolerate, and that is where we are presently standing! There are some things we were never meant to be to one another. I see that now. Friends... on my side. Relations on yours. So let us turn our energies back to being what the Admiralty, and life, have seen fit to make us. We should give that our best. There can be no argument between us there. Now you must excuse me. I have a Service to finish writing for tomorrow. It will have to act as the only eulogy our boy Graham will be given out here... and I intend it to sing.

-----

**CROZIER**

Put together a list. Our eight most able men.

**BLANKY**

Sir John heard reason, then?

**CROZIER**

I'll make certain the blame falls on no-one's shoulders but my own.

**BLANKY**

Proceeding with this would be considered...

**CROZIER**

It would take weeks to engineer some way to change his mind. We don't have weeks. We may not even have days.

**BLANKY**

Lieutenant Little will never agree to it.

**CROZIER**

He won't have to. I'll lead the party myself. With my presence, the other members of the team can say they were coerced. I'll tell them it's a hunting party at first. The act won't impugn them. And if we were to meet Esquimaux along the way, I can converse our needs and gain help in that manner.

**BLANKY**

Then send me in your place. I can speak native as well as you.

**CROZIER**

You must stay. To read the ice if leads open up. And as for Dr. McDonald... I'll not take a doctor from the men.

**BLANKY**

But you're the Captain.

**CROZIER**

There's a spare Captain on Erebus.

**BLANKY**

You'll be despised. Sir John will have your head. And if he doesn't call for it, the Admiralty certainly will.

**CROZIER**

They can have it. After I build us a road out of here.

**BLANKY**

And what of the Terror?

**CROZIER**

Make me that list, Thomas. I plan to leave at start of last watch.

-----

**WALL**

Write it down this time, Mr. Diggle. In order to heat your soup, you must first heat the stove.

**DIGGLE**

Thank you for sharing the extent of your knowledge as a cook, Mr. Wall. But I'd never hazard the wreck of your kitchen unless pressed by dire consequence.

**WALL**

"Dire consequence"? But there's much here for you to marvel at. Just look how happy my men are.

**DIGGLE**

Oh, I marvel. But about something more intriguing than you.

**WALL**

What on earth are you up to?

**DIGGLE**

I'm concerned about the number of Terror's canned provisions turning up spoilt. I'm here to inquire if Erebus is seeing the same. I've discovered bad seals, gray meat and odors that curled my hair. Now, in the event you've already developed a method for handling the problem, I hope you can set aside your envy and share it. Otherwise I thought we might together invent a solution.

**WALL**

Mm. (beat) Add salt.

-----

**FRANKLIN**

Men approaching. At ease. We thought you might be in need of a short, gentlemen, to keep warm.

**BRYANT**

That's a generous, generous thought, sir.

**FRANKLIN**

Ha. What bait are we using?

**TOZER**

Rats, sir. We pulled the biggest of the bunch up from the holds, gutted them and tied them up on lines.

**FRANKLIN**

You'll put our Fagin out of a job. Although... that layabout couldn't catch a rat if it fell asleep in its mouth. He was meant to be a lapdog, not a cat. Or maybe... a small pillow.



-----

**HICKEY**

Lieutenant Irving. I was hoping we'd meet.

**CREW**

Mind the grease there, sir.

**HICKEY**

I wanted to... thank you... for your help. For your discretion, I mean.

**IRVING**

Call it anything but "help", Mr. Hickey. Please. I exercised clemency for a man abused by a devious seducer. That it also benefited you is a sin in itself, I'm sure.

**HICKEY**

A "devious seducer"?

**IRVING**

Yes, Mr. Hickey. Mr. Gibson told me everything. How you pressed him into service, threatened to expose him should he ever refuse you.

**HICKEY**

I pressed him?

**IRVING**

You laugh? Turn your wolf's ear to me now and hear, or the next piece of counsel you'll be given on the subject may come from the end of a cat o' nines. We are... separated here from the temptations of the world. At sea, a man can find spiritual benefit in the collective. It is no accident the world was reborn clean out of an ark, Mr. Hickey. Man's worst urges can be satisfied through Christian pleasures and graces, singing with friends, watercolours, study, climbing exercises.

**HICKEY**

Climbing, sir?

**IRVING**

Your crisis is an opportunity for you to repair yourself. You are in the world's best place for it.

**HICKEY**

Do you think so?

**IRVING**

God sees you, Mr. Hickey. Here more than anywhere.

-----

**HICKEY**

I understand you've cleared up our association for Lieutenant Irving.

**GIBSON**

You spoke to him?

**HICKEY**

Mm-hm.

**GIBSON**

Directly? Christ, Cornelius. I'd reassured him.

**HICKEY**

"Cornelius Hickey is a devious seducer." That was your... That was your reassurance? You've got some face. You know that?

**GIBSON**

We were within an ace of getting called out in front of all the men and whipped for it, or worse. You were right. If he weren't such an anchorite, we would have been. So just keep your foot out of it now, please, and let him forget the whole thing, as he assuredly wants to.

**HICKEY**

To think you were such a good wife to me all these months.

**GIBSON**

Oh, go to hell. We've had our beer and skittles, but your tastes are no rule for mine.

**HICKEY**

Hm. Oh, no?

**GIBSON**

No.

**HICKEY**

Is that why I've seen more of your postern than your face this winter, Billy?

**GIBSON**

Hm.

**HICKEY**

Huh?

**GIBSON**

Do you know what copulates on this ship? Rats. Nesting in our rubbish, swimming in our filth. Devouring each other just to make more rats. Well, I am not a rat. I'm a man.

**HICKEY**

A delightful, God-fearing man.

**GIBSON**

I had to choose. No-one is out here for the view, Cornelius. My standing with command is more valuable than my standing with you. I know you, of all people, will understand that. Now, if this is what I need to say, then I will say it. It's not personal, but it is finished. So don't be pettish. I haven't done you down as you so think. I've just made it so that we can both keep our skins. Please.

**HICKEY**

You've sketched out the ladder, but you've got me on the wrong rung, Mr. Gibson.

**GIBSON**

What does that mean?

**HICKEY**

Captain Crozier served me a drink, just the other day. Whiskey. In one of his... cut glasses, in fact. He spoke to me as a friend.

**GIBSON**

A friend?

**HICKEY**

Yes. He sees something in me. It could lead anywhere.

**GIBSON**

Cornelius...

**HICKEY**

Anywhere.

**GIBSON**

Cornelius, you... The Captain doesn't see you at all. You can ask Mr. Jopson or Mr. Genge but they will tell you, he'll offer anyone a drink if he can have one, too.

-----

**FRANKLIN**

Posterity awaits, Mr. Goodsir.

**GOODSIR**

Hold still! Not a twitch.

**FRANKLIN**

Wonderful!

-----

**FRANKLIN**

In honor of our brother Lieutenant Gore, be merciless. Educate this creature as to the dominion of the Empire, and will of the Lord behind it.

**TOZER**

Sir?

**FRANKLIN**

Yes?

**TOZER**

Why don't you sit with us? Perhaps it can be you who fires the shot that convinces it.

**HEATHER**

At least be here to see it felled.

**FRANKLIN**

Yes, I'll sit with you for a moment. Thank you. You may return to the ship, Mr. Goodsir. Do you need a chaperone?

**GOODSIR**

Yes.

**FRANKLIN**

Or you may stay with us.

**GOODSIR**

Yes, sir.

**BRYANT**

Oh!

**CREW**

Get back!

**HODGSON**

They must be waltzing with that bear after all.

**TOZER(?)**

Fall back!

**CROZIER**

Send our Marines! Uh. Now!

**IRVING**

Sir.

**FRANKLIN**

Erebus! Erebus! Erebus!

**FITZJAMES**

Sir John! Des Voeux, bring three men and follow me.

**DES VOEUX**

Yes, sir. You. The rest of you stay here.

**FITZJAMES**

Sir John? Call out!

**FRANKLIN**

Erebus! Aargh!

**FITZJAMES**

Sir John! Sir John? Give me a line! Sir John. Sir John! Give me a line!

**CROZIER**

Groups of six. Carry any wounded back to the ships. Sweep the ice. I want every man accounted for. Go.

**FITZJAMES**

No!

-----

**CHAMBERS**

The Passage was supposed to be his.

**BEST**

How does it know to take our best men? Lieutenant Gore. And now the Captain.

**WEEKES**

It took Bryant. He weren't no "best" man.

**BEST**

He was a ranking Marine. He was a Sergeant.

**WEEKES**

He were a red-coated conscript. That bear don't "know" us. It knows one thing and one thing only.

**CHAMBERS**

You don't think it strange, it should start killing us right after we took down that Esqui?

**WEEKES**

He did have a... a carved bear in his robe, the Esquimau. A little token or such. And one of a man.

**CHAMBERS**

Where are they now?

**WEEKES**

We put them back. Ain't no way we were taking them.

**MORFIN**

♪ The silver swan / who, living, had no note / When death approached / Unlocked her silent throat / Leaning her breast / Against the reedy shore / Thus sang her first and last / And sang no more / Farewell all joys... ♪

**WEEKES**

Go on, John.

**MORFIN**

♪ Farewell all joys... ♪

**BEST**

♪ Farewell all joys / Oh, Death, come close mine eyes ♪

**CREW**

♪ More geese than swans now live / More fools than wise / More geese than swans now live / More fools than wise... ♪

**CROZIER**

I never wanted anything as little as I want this now. I do have an order. Mr. Blanky, proceed immediately with the rescue party. Lieutenant Fairholme can lead it. Let him know.

**FITZJAMES**

Sir John forbade this plan.

**CROZIER**

Swap two Marines into the party and lighten the load what amount you feel you safely can. They'll need every advantage.

**FITZJAMES**

I implore you. Please, stop. We have lost Sir John! We have lost Sir John. Do you not – do you not feel what has happened?

**CROZIER**

I feel it.

**FITZJAMES**

One day. I am asking one day to allow our men to grieve.

**CROZIER**

And then they go.

-----

**CROZIER**

These words are not mine. They're Sir John's. He wanted you to hear them. And, lacking words of my own, I give you his. His last. "In his flight, Jacob lighted upon a certain place and tarried there becau – because the sun was set. He thought it a terrible place. No house, no hearth. But that night he dreamed: A ladder set upon the earth and the top of it reaching to the heavens. Behold, the Lord stood above it and He said, 'I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places, wherever thou goest; for I will not leave thee.' And in Jacob's dream, he saw the invisible world, companion to the known one we perceive, with its rocks and moon, its ice fields and brute animals, and all the people we know, have ever known, and will ever know. So complete it would seem to leave no room for its invisible brother world..."

**HICKEY**

I'll be a minute on the seat.

**CROZIER**

"..Which is yet more immense than the one we see. For in this world dwell the Angels who keep us, the Lord who will not leave us, and the departed, who though cleaved from the frame that carried them yet live. Newest to their ranks, our bright Captain Sir John. Who, in the virtue and strength of his every gesture, showed himself the elect of the Lord, destined to reign with Christ forever. The invisible world of spirits, though unseen, was present for Jacob.



Not future, not distant, but present. And it is now, and it is here, among us, if we open our eyes and see His truth amongst us."

**TOZER**

Marines... ready! Present! Shoulder... arms!

-----

**TUUNBAQ**

(Silna do I get your seal of approval)

## Punished, As A Boy

**CRACROFT**

Where's Minorca? Where's the Battle of the Chesapeake?

**LADY JANE**

If there was a waiting room for Sophia Cracroft, would you hang your defeats for everyone to see? You know, it may surprise you to hear me say this, but... it gives me great comfort to know that your uncle is with Francis. This afternoon, we'll make our list. We must see everyone who's written to us out of concern. We need to prepare the ground. There's all sorts of things we could be organizing. Oh, and we must make a special visit to Chester Place and see the Dickensens. Charles has written to me twice. He could be our very best ally in times to come. My dear... My dear, what is it?

**CRACROFT**

Oh, it's nothing.

**LADY JANE**

It's very wet on your cheeks to be nothing.

**CRACROFT**

Oh, don't they know we can hear them? I have made a horrible mistake, Auntie.

**LADY JANE**

It's only that I have been counting the days since you sent your message to the whalers in Baffin Bay. I was sure that you would have heard word by now.

**BARROW**

Oh, yes, two replies, in fact but, as yet, no-one has seen either ship.

**LADY JANE**

How far north did your letters reach, do we know?

**BARROW**

Pond Inlet, if that means anything to you.

**CRACROFT**

Lady Jane had supposed Bylot Island, in fact. I had guessed she was being optimistic. Not by much, it turns out.

**BARROW**

My dears, everything you can conceive of is being considered, but I must remind you, we've not determined there's any official cause for alarm. We have confidence absolute in your husband's command.

**LADY JANE**

Are you sure that that's merited? All of us in this room know that John was not your first choice to lead this expedition. Nor was he your second.

**BARROW**

I don't see how that –

**LADY JANE**

Nor even your third. We all know John. He's... as wonderful as he's fallible. I'd rather that we helped him now and praised him later, if he has indeed got himself frozen in somewhere. We feel that you, gentlemen, must do more than consider. You must enact a plan now.

**ROSS**

She could not be more correct. There's no basis for a determination of anything here. It's a bald decision, is it not? Do we risk unnecessary expenditure of pounds now, or of men later?

**BARROW**

Thank you, Sir John.

**LADY JANE**

Gentlemen, no doubt most of you were in London for that light snow that we had last month. One evening after dinner, I stepped out into our courtyard. I was without a coat and even a muffler. And I stood in that snow to see how long I could bear it.

**BARROW**

Lady Jane, the ships are provisioned for another two years –

**LADY JANE**

One hour and a quarter before I was desperate to get back indoors again... but I made myself stay. What's more, I took off my shoes and I stood in that wet snow. Two minutes more. Two minutes, and then I was done. Our men have been out there in unimaginable temperatures for more than a million minutes. No-one can convince me that optimism or confidence is warm enough.

**BARROW**

One's sense of cold is relative to one's experience. I would remind you -

**LADY JANE**

I suspect that therein lies the problem here. Most of you gentlemen have written your memoirs. I've read them. The past tense is a very sturdy thing. It's earned, but it does take for granted that one has survived. Present is a different case entirely, and so I've come here to ask you, what is your plan? And when will it begin?

**JCR**

Lady Jane. I have many friends on those ships, as you know. Most of us here do and I promise you, it occupies our thoughts as much as it does yours. And I also promise you that if we have not heard word from them by 1850, I shall go and search myself.

**LADY JANE**

Then we will do it - imagine - what our nation will not.

**CRACROFT**

Fund a ship, is that what you mean?

**LADY JANE**

Compared to what your uncle and Francis and the rest of the men must be managing this very hour, asking our set to put down its sherries to write checks is nothing. He needs us, Sophia. I can feel it, as if he were with us here, right now, asking.

-----

**CREW**

♪ And so say all of us, / And so say all of us / And so say all of us / For he's a jolly good fellow, / For he's a jolly good fellow / For he's a jolly good fellow / And so say all of us, / And so say all of us / And so say all of us / For he's a jolly good fellow, / For he's a jolly good - ♪

-----

**JOPSON**

Sorry to interrupt, sir. Lieutenant Little is asking if you would like to postpone the officers' meeting.

**CROZIER**

What time is it?

**JOPSON**

It's a minute before four, sir.

**CROZIER**

We'll proceed at five. Let them enjoy the birthday.

**JOPSON**

Party's finished, sir. First dog watch has already gone out.

**CROZIER**

Do you know the headlines... of the meeting?

**JOPSON**

Me, sir?

**CROZIER**

Jopson, you hear everything.

**JOPSON**

Ah. Well, uh... Mr. Reid reports that Erebus is steady, but Terror's bow is up another nine inches. Lieutenant Little is wondering at what point we should begin moving Terrors over to berth on Erebus. He says we can take volunteers first, so as not to overtax the flagship, sir. And Lieutenant Irving has what sounds like a rather pressing report on stores.

**CROZIER**

What about them?

**JOPSON**

Uh... He's concerned the tinned food is turning up spoilt, sir. There's a problem with the solder on some of the cans. New kind of process, apparently.

**CROZIER**

You see. Have you ever thought of... becoming a newsman?

**JOPSON**

Sir...

**CROZIER**

Oh, damn it.

**CREW**

Check the stern. Be quick!

**CROZIER**

Mr. Armitage, what do you report?

**ARMITAGE**

He's still breathing. Came over the gunwale, sir.

**EVANS(?)**

Oh my God.

**ARMITAGE**

We didn't see it till it went back over the side.

**CROZIER**

That will freeze. Move him down below immediately.

**TOZER**

Private Hammond, take the watch! Up!

**CROZIER**

It's come onto the ship, Edward.

**GOLDING**

It's got Strong! William Strong, sir. It took him. We heard someone yelling for help out on the ice and then we realised Strong was missing.

**CROZIER**

Go below, get 30 men into slops as quick as you can. Have Mr. Armitage open up the armory. Shotguns to half.

**LITTLE**

Peglar!

**PEGLAR**

Sir!

**JOPSON**

Maybe it wants us to follow it, sir.

**EVANS**

Captain, may I c-come?

**CROZIER**

No ship's boys.

**EVANS**

Sir, please.

**CROZIER**

You'll be with me.

-----

**CROZIER**

Is Strong a mate of yours?

**EVANS**

He's a brick to us boys, sir.

**CROZIER**

- Your muffler, Evans, pull it up. You won't even feel your nose go.
- Evans! Come on up!
- Evans! Evans!

-----

**BLANKY**

The last of the year. It feels like an omen.

-----

**CROZIER**

As I climbed the ridge, I was thinking it. I could see the pattern, but I couldn't credit an animal with having that...

**FITZJAMES**

You're saying a bear staged a misdirection?

**CROZIER**

I'm saying I ordered that we split up into pairs to cover more ground, I did... and then I left him. I only took him with me because he was scared.

**FITZJAMES**

With all you're shouldering, perhaps you should... you should curb that for now.

**CROZIER**

Does one not bring one's habits to Terror?

**FITZJAMES**

Pardon?

**CROZIER**

Forget it. Don't let it bother you. It's not as if we're going anywhere, is it?

**FITZJAMES**

You're in command.

**CROZIER**

Of what? You realise that the discovery of the Passage is beyond us now. It'll be left for someone...

**FITZJAMES**

You don't know that.

**CROZIER**

If the ships are still afloat come spring, we will have to retreat to open water and rescue. Even with Lieutenant Fairholme's help, should you return in time, we are not provisioned to speculate even a day -

**FITZJAMES**



Why are you here, Francis? You've never believed in this cause. Now... No-one was ordered to this. We volunteered. You volunteered.

**CROZIER**

I was, in fact, ordered.

**FITZJAMES**

By whom? Not by the Admiralty. You were never Barrow's choice.

**CROZIER**

"Keep Sir John safe... and ensure his judgement." Those were my orders. It's what she asked me to do.

**FITZJAMES**

Lady Jane?

**CROZIER**

No. I don't owe her a bloody thing. Sophia.

**FITZJAMES**

Miss Cracroft?

**CROZIER**

Mm.

**FITZJAMES**

Miss Cracroft who rejected you, twice as I heard it?

**CROZIER**

You discussed this?

**FITZJAMES**

Yes. Sir John discussed it with me. Well, he... Actually, he regretted how it had happened. Francis... he was burdened by it.

**CROZIER**

Burdened by the thought of a third attempt, no doubt.

**FITZJAMES**

That's why you're here. Good Christ, Francis!

**CROZIER**

Ohh... Keep your pity. You're gonna need all the pity you have for what's coming.

-----

**STANLEY**

It seems he is not failing from this injury.

**MCDONALD**

Then let's proceed without delay in cauterising the edges. Or are we still in disagreement there? It'll stop the bleeding, at least.

**STANLEY**

No, he's yours. Do as you will. But he lives by the minute, if you ask me.

**MCDONALD**

I see no reason to keep you both any longer. We can do from here.

**GOODSIR**

I'd like to watch, if I might, to learn.

**MCDONALD**

Alright. Would you heat up the cauters, please?

**STANLEY**

Do you have any sealing wax?

**MCDONALD**

For letters, you mean?

**STANLEY**

We can affix the eyes.

**MCDONALD**

In that cupboard there.

**STANLEY**

It's a pudding, basically.

**MCDONALD**

I would have said, "cathedral"... but I suppose it depends on the man.

-----

**TOZER**

Everybody is so staggered that he's hanging in there like that. He's a Royal Marine. Now, what the bloody hell do people think that means? 'Ey? No man here knows but us. Now, we did not ask to be here. Do we harp on about it? No. We get no bonus pay, yet we step up to tangle with that thing on the ice, first in line and the first cut down.

**LANE**

Corporal Hedges! Private Daly! Mr. Hickey! Mr. Wilson! Seaman Crispe! And Seaman Walker! Next bell's your watch!

**GOLDING**

Look out for yourself.

**HICKEY**

– Aye, I will.  
– Who's that?

**TOZER**

Crispe, get below! Alert command now!

**HICKEY**

The Esquimaux girl. You spotted her camp from the last sledge party.

**TOZER**

What of it?

**HICKEY**

Tell me where you found it. Exactly where you found it.

-----

**MCDONALD**

It's two men, sir. Bottom half is Thomas Evans.

**CROZIER**

I know who it is.

**MCDONALD**

Despite how sharp this line of separation, this was not done with a blade. This was a single claw. They're not mad swipes, either. Whatever did that... made the first cut, then made a second directly above it... and then a third until it was through.

**FITZJAMES**

Someone... Someone using a claw, then, as an instrument?

**MCDONALD**

There's more strength in those cuts than a man could muscle, sir.

**LITTLE**

There's the matter of the prints also, sir. We found the creature's track circling Terror. No others.

**IRVING**

No Esquimaux boots?

**LITTLE**

Only Navy issue, and none near the stern.

**FITZJAMES**

Not a man. Not a bear. Then, what?

**IRVING**

Perhaps it would not be a mystery to the indigenous people here.

**FITZJAMES**

Indeed. If only there was one we could ask. That Esqui girl's been camped near us for five months and we have no understanding as to why.

**CROZIER**

I agree with James. We should bring her here... and, to the degree that Dr. McDonald, Mr. Blanky and myself are able, question her. Prepare a party to find her in the morning.

**LITTLE**

Yes, sir.

**FITZJAMES**

Morning? Enough is enough. The bear came when she came, and by most accounts, these people are covetous, treacherous, cruel –

**CROZIER**

I've ordered her found, James. It's what I can do for now.

**FITZJAMES**

That we cannot discern a connection between the girl and this thing does not mean there isn't one.

**CROZIER**

I'm not sending men out into a squall! Not tonight. They're exhausted. We're all exhausted. Gentlemen, do without me for a moment.

-----

**CRACROFT**

I have no intention of becoming a captain's wife. I've seen that life and it's not one I aspire to.

**CROZIER**

I'd make you happy. I do make you happy.

**CRACROFT**

You do... but your station does not. As unkind as that may seem now, it will spare you my resentment later. I know with you I can be plain.

**CROZIER**

With me, you've never hesitated to be plain.

**CRACROFT**

When you're not here, it's because you are gone for years in the world's most perilous of corners. When you are here, you're on 14 shillings Royal Navy half-pay and mourning every second on dry land.

**CROZIER**

False. There's nowhere in the world I'd rather be than here now.

**CRACROFT**

I have seen your rooms. You haven't been on a ship in nearly a year... but in your dresser of ten drawers, you use only two. Why?

**CROZIER**

Habit.

**CRACROFT**

Does one not bring his habits to marriage?

**CROZIER**

I will use as many drawers as you require. I will not always be a captain.

**CRACROFT**

You are Irish. You're middle-bred. The Church of England gives you hives. You have no ear or taste for politics –

**CROZIER**

The Admiralty will not refuse me a third time. They will give me a full command.

**CRACROFT**

And will it be south again, or north, this command of yours?

**CROZIER**

In whichever direction leads the altar, Miss Cracroft. Though I expect it will be north. There's talk again of trying to find the Passage.

**CRACROFT**

I will never understand this mania for the Passage. To go thousands of miles to a place that wants you dead.

**CROZIER**

I will go to sea once more as a first and be knighted for it, then I will retire to live out my years with you.

**LADY JANE**

That will not happen.

**CROZIER**

It must. Nothing else will do.

**LADY JANE**

Well, then, this will be the great tragedy of your life, Francis. Dearest, you should dress. Your uncle is already down.

-----

**IRVING**

Mr. Hickey is now missing.

**LITTLE**

Missing?

**IRVING**

And possibly two seamen.

**FITZJAMES**

What is going on?

**IRVING**

Get the captain!

**CREW**

Make way! Make way!

**HICKEY**

If it wasn't for us being downwind of them, that would've been it for us too.

**GOLDING**

Do it, then. Cut her in half as well.

**HARTNELL**

Listen, we brought her here to be questioned by the captain. Now, let us go down!

**CROZIER**

Everyone on their knees right now!

**IRVING(?)**

On your knees!

**CROZIER**

There'll be no violence towards this woman without charges brought and well proved. I will not tolerate hysteria. Marines at attention. Anyone who even looks like they're considering ignoring that order,

arrest them! Who's responsible for this? Who is responsible for this?

**HICKEY**

I am, sir.

**CROZIER**

Captain Fitzjames and Mr. Blanky will escort the Esquimaux woman to the Erebus, where she will be made comfortable and safe. Till further order. The three of you will be questioned below immediately. The rest of the men will disperse to holystone the lower deck. That is not all for tonight, but that is all for now. Dismiss.

**CREW**

Come on.

-----

**HICKEY**

Hartnell here was the first to top the ridge closest to the girl's camp. He ducked back down immediately. He gestured us to be still. I climbed past him and looked. We were about 200 yards away from the girl's snow house. That's when I saw it was there too. The wind was blowing the snow in our eyes. For a moment, I thought the girl had built two snow houses, but then the thing sat up.

**LITTLE**

And can you speak to its size?

**HICKEY**

Three times the height of any bear we've seen... with a different set to its head... its eyes...

**FITZJAMES**

You saw its eyes, Mr. Hickey?

**HICKEY**

The girl was stood nose-to-nose with it, just about. You could see its breath blowing the seal fur on her hood. And she had her hands out, like so. Like some kind of... spell, or something. I watched to see what she meant to do, but it spooked and ran off.



**FITZJAMES**

Really? Something spooked it?

**HICKEY**

Yeah, it wasn't us that did.

It was when the girl tried speaking to it. I figured she was telling it -

**LITTLE**

You were told not to speculate.

**HICKEY**

I thought you should be the one deciding what happens next, not her. Now, I know it wasn't by the book, but I figured we would lose our chance to grab her if we didn't act. Which is why I got Mr. Manson and Mr. Hartnell to go along.

**LITTLE**

And what of the bear's eyes?

**HICKEY**

When it spooked and run, it looked in our direction. It looked at me, sir. Right at me. But it didn't rush me. It went south. Captain Crozier, there's something I wanna say, but I hardly dare speak the words.

**FITZJAMES**

Speak the words, Mr. Hickey.

**HICKEY**

Well... Of all I know in this world.. and of this world... I tell you, I... I do not believe it is an animal we battle.

**CROZIER**

Yes, Mr. Hickey. We know. The three of you had no orders to leave your posts, or the ship... or to subdue the Netsilik girl. You have, therefore, committed several acts against the Articles: desertion, dereliction of duty, insubordination, brutality, disrespect... I really have my pick here, don't I?

**HICKEY**

Disrespect to who, sir?

**LITTLE**

Be silent, Mr. Hickey.

**CROZIER**

12 lashes for each of you... to be delivered before the ship's company by Mr. Johnson as soon as he's finished tying a new cat. In addition, you'll be permanently on six-water. And, though you will not be dis-rated, you will have general duty owing until I see fit to lift it. What do you say, gentlemen?

**HARTNELL**

Yes, sir.

**LITTLE**

Sir, a full court martial is technically required when a ship is lost.

**CROZIER**

Bring me a chart and I'll show you exactly where we are.

**HICKEY**

Disrespect to who, sir?

**CROZIER**

To the girl. And now to me.

**HICKEY**

But she directs it. You should be prosecuting her, not us who brought her –

**CROZIER**

20 for him.

**HICKEY**

I might have ended this thing. She's had it kill one lieutenant –

**CROZIER**

30.

**HICKEY**

A Marine, Sir John. Whose name do you think's on that witch's tongue next? I just saved your life!

**CROZIER**

Lieutenant Little... tell Mr. Johnson that Mr. Hickey will be punished as a boy.

-----

**LITTLE**

All hands assemble for punishment! All hands assemble!

**MANSON**

Will it hurt?

**HARTNELL**

Yes, Manson, very much. That's the point.

**CROZIER**

For the crimes of insubordination, neglect of duty, disrespect, brutality, kidnapping and dirtiness, Petty Officer Cornelius Hickey will be flogged 30 lashes... as a boy.

- Again.
- Again.
- Again!

**CROZIER**

The Terror may be at risk, men. She sits on a pressure ridge which is becoming precarious. Any crew who would like to berth on Erebus until the situation has resolved may do so. Those of you who remain aboard will be permitted to trade up a quarter of your rations for extra grog. That is all.

**MCDONALD**

You settle yourself, lad. We need to clean and salt you, then we'll dress these wounds.

-----

**STANLEY**

Has the pain travelled at all?

**MORFIN**

No, sir, it's just stuck here.

**STANLEY**

Well, at least you're spared it being day-bright outside. If you are still awake when this dries out, Mr. Goodsir will give you another one. He'll give you a shot of Mandragora as well. I think you'll be sleeping like Endymion within the hour. And I am mixing up my Latin and my Greek, Mr. Morfin, which means it is past my bedtime.

**FITZJAMES**

Dr. Stanley.

**STANLEY**

Sir.

**FITZJAMES**

I will brief the officers in the morning, but there's been an incident on Terror. Men were lashed. We are... We're billeting the Esquimaux girl here for now. When you're finished, will you see that she's fine and fed?

**STANLEY**

Of course, sir. Is there anything that you need?

**FITZJAMES**

Sleep.

**STANLEY**

Good night, sir. (beat) Well, much as I'd thrill at the notion of feeding biscuits and soup to an Esqui, I turn that task to you, Mr. Goodsir. I know you dream of such things.

**MORFIN**

I hope the Terror lads are alright. Have you ever... been lashed, sir?

**GOODSIR**

No. Good Lord, Morfin! Have you?

**MORFIN**

Only once, sir.

**GOODSIR**

For what infraction?

**MORFIN**

Well, what do you think, sir?

**GOODSIR**

Drink it all.

**MORFIN**

Ah.

**GOODSIR**

Just, um... Just a moment please, Morfin...

-----

**CROZIER**

What is it, John? I'm very tired.

**IRVING**

I apologise, sir. Lieutenant Little wanted me to see if you needed anything more. And to tell you he took a poll of the men, to see which of them volunteers to billet on Erebus until Terror's situation is resolved. All but ten, sir.

-----

**GOODSIR**

I was expecting Corporal Paterson or one of the Marines, sir.

**DES VOEUX**

Captain Fitzjames wanted an officer here. For the first night. What do you need, Mr. Goodsir?

**GOODSIR**

I, uh... That's a meal as good as you'd get at the Ladies Grill Room at the Holborn... in-in London, where we live. (beat) Food. Dinner, in fact. Goodsir. Harry Goodsir. I-I heard what happened to you tonight from Mr. Blanky. I'm sorry for all of it. He told me your language is called Inuktitut... and-and this region here is called Nunavut. "Inuktitut" and "Nunavut". I-I like-I like those words very

much. And I'd like to learn more. I don't know what's happening here, I-I truly don't. This is-this is not how Englishmen act. I-I... I don't recognise this behavior. (beat) You must wonder what we're doing here in your part of the world. Um... We are from England. Nunavut. England. Very far away. We've come here to find a way through to China and India. Uh... A victory for the Empire, it will be, to find a way. A passage. A northwest passage. For our economy. For trade.

– Goodsir.

## First Shot A Winner, Lads

LE VESCONTE

Here it comes, Mr. Des Voeux.

DES VOEUX

Hold for the calculation. One thousand and fourteen feet per second, sir.

LE VESCONTE

Mark atmospheric pressure at 30.191 inches. Temperature: -52.

DES VOEUX

Is that the last one, sir? My foot's gone horny now.

LE VESCONTE

Stamp it out. We've got two more.

-----

HOAR

The Terrors are aboard, sir.

LITTLE

Good morning, Captain.

FITZJAMES

Are we to have a command meeting without our commander again?

LITTLE

Captain Crozier sends his regrets. But we were able to bring all the Terror stores you requested. Mr. Hornby's overseeing the transfer below.

FITZJAMES

Is there something you're not telling me, Edward?

LITTLE

Much to do on Terror is all, sir.

FITZJAMES

Well, then I will keep this short. Dundy can brief you on how the combined men are faring, and I will get Mr. Reid to brief you directly concerning the ice. The girl. You will take her back with you today when you go.

**LITTLE**

Sir, have you considered that on Terror are the very men who –

**FITZJAMES**

That is Francis's problem now. I no longer accept to host that girl aboard my ship. The men here are becoming upset by her.

**LITTLE**

Upset, sir?

**FITZJAMES**

You'll see.

-----

**GOODSIR**

And finally, foot. Feet.

**SILNA**

*Feet.*

**GOODSIR**

Yes. Yes.

**SILNA**

*Feet.*

**GREGORY**

Captain Fitzjames orders them removed every morning. He promises punishment for leaving them.

**LITTLE**

Well, I have orders to pack her up. She's Terror's problem now.

**GOODSIR**

Did I– Did I hear correctly, Lieutenant? You're taking her? May I come, also? I–I'm working out a dictionary of Inuktitut and she's talking, finally, and at speed.



**LITTLE**

Has she spoken any more of the creature?

**GOODSIR**

Not as yet, that I can discern, but... I feel we're close.

**LITTLE**

You understand Terror's situation?

**GOODSIR**

I do.

**LITTLE**

Get leave, then. And pack well. If weather deteriorates, you may be with us a while.

**GOODSIR**

*We go. Out.*

**SILNA**

Terror?

-----

**GOODSIR**

Captain Fitzjames says he's happy to be relieved of a man, given our numbers now.

**DES VOEUX**

You may as well write a Newfie dictionary. Or capuchin.

**STANLEY**

Hold it. Why are you asking me, Mr. Goodsir? You've already spoken to the captain. And packed, I see.

**CRISPE**

Doctor, I'm to tell you we're going up the ladder now.

**GOODSIR**

Captain's leaving the decision to you, in case I'd be too missed.

**STANLEY**

I really wouldn't worry yourself there. Fine. Go with the girl. And don't forget to invite us all to the wedding.

**GOODSIR**

Has anyone ever invited you to a wedding, Dr. Stanley?

**DES VOEUX**

Is he always that cheeky?

**STANLEY**

No. That's something new.

-----

**FITZJAMES**

The two months are to be used, Mr. Closson. Attend to that reading every week, without fail. Name?

**WENTZELL**

William Wentzell, sir. From Terror.

**FITZJAMES**

Well, your nails are a terror, Mr. Wentzell. You are far from an excuse for this. Mark down three days duty owing, and one for that collar. Men! I will wager you've never had more time than this to keep yourselves neat! But I also understand, given our numbers, you have likely never had less time at the basin. Even so, nine of you earned duty in the log today. That must improve. Next week, that number will be zero. Is that understood?

**CREW**

Aye, sir!

**FITZJAMES**

Good.

**CREW**

Carry on, men!

**FITZJAMES**

Mr. Collins?

**COLLINS**

Sir. It's about the Terror party.

**FITZJAMES**

Why, what's happened?

**COLLINS**

You told me to report anything like this if it happened, and it has. Lieutenant Little came today with a requisition signed by Captain Crozier. For the spirit room.

**FITZJAMES**

How many did he take?

**COLLINS**

Sixteen bottles, sir.

**FITZJAMES**

Thank you, Mr. Collins.

**COLLINS**

Sir.

-----

**LITTLE(?)**

Mr. Hornby! Mr. Hornby?

**DARLINGTON**

Fetch that up before it hardens, Mr. Hickey. As you can see, I'm shooting into the brown tonight.

**LITTLE**

Climb down. We'll lower him behind you. Mr. Hornby collapsed on the ice. He's gone. We've got Lady Silence with us. Take her down to the slop storage.

**GOODSIR**

Will she be safe? Will someone be with her?

**LITTLE**

She'll be fine with Lieutenant Hodgson. Bring him down. Easy.

**HICKEY**

What happened to Mr. Hornby?

**GOODSIR**

We don't know. You shouldn't carry heavy things until your wounds mend, Mr. Hickey. You'll fight down worse than pain. I'm sure Dr. McDonald told you.

**HICKEY**

Yes. Mr. Darlington and I were just discussing that.

**GOODSIR**

Excuse me.

-----

**BLANKY**

With the weight of the ship having shifted from the central axis, we're...

**CROZIER**

Ah, Edward. How fares the Raft of the Medusa?

**LITTLE**

Mr. Hornby collapsed on the ice on the trek back. Dr. McDonald thinks his heart stopped.

**BLANKY**

Hornby's dead?

**LITTLE**

He is. They're preparing him now to take him down to the hold with the others.

**BLANKY**

He was a good mate. Steady.

**CROZIER**

Light on his feet.

**LITTLE**

I'm sorry to mix things, sir, but we've also brought back the Lady Silence with us. I tried to remind Captain Fitzjames who's aboard,

but he insisted. Mr. Goodsir came along as well. Apparently he's making some progress with what you asked.

**CROZIER**

Very good. Once she's settled and has eaten, collect her and Mr. Goodsir. I'll have them in for tea. We have a round of catch-up to do. Thomas, would you mind? Check the crossbeams and let me know if you find any weeping. Ready the –

**BLANKY**

Francis, in this bloody cold, no one should be out there for more than half an hour.

**CROZIER**

You're right. I'll hold a service for him tomorrow. Ready the spare masts to be taken up. See what the ice wants, then finalise a buttress plan in the morning.

**BLANKY**

Aye.

**LITTLE**

No whiskey in Erebus's spirit room, sir. Only gin. Rum and gin.

**CROZIER**

Damn it! Jopson! My father drank gin.

**LITTLE**

I'm not sure Mr. Collins will be as discreet as we'd hoped.

**CROZIER**

Right, here's what you do. You go back, and this time you tell Mr. Collins to get it from James's personal store. He's had enough of mine over the years. Put a bullet in my head before I drink gin. Ah, Jopson. Mr. Hornby's dead. As Mr. Helpman is on Erebus, would you be so kind as to collect Mr. Hornby's personal things and put them in store for his family? Find out who his best mate was and give that man Mr. Hornby's tobacco.

**JOPSON**

Consider it done, sir.

**CROZIER**

Thank you. Would you recall how much whiskey is left in my stores?

**JOPSON**

Two bottles, sir.

**CROZIER**

Bring them up.

**JOPSON**

Yes, sir.

**CROZIER**

That's your clock. See it doesn't run out.

**LITTLE**

Yes, sir.

-----

**GOODSIR**

You should be about through with the salt now. You're mending nicely.

**HICKEY**

Your kindness is unstoppable, Mr. Goodsir. I mean that. There's no more generous man on these ships. Was Lady Silence brought on board to be questioned by the captain?

**GOODSIR**

Does that really work with anyone, Mr. Hickey?

-----

**MCDONALD**

Thank you for your help today.

**GOODSIR**

You have a busier sick bay than I'd imagined, with so few men aboard.

**MCDONALD**

It's the weather. I'm going to suggest to the captain that he cancels all trips to and from Erebus until it breaks. I don't want to see another of these boys lose a piece or a part.

**GOODSIR**

I've heard teeth can explode in air this cold. Imagine.

**MCDONALD**

I don't have to. In '39 with Captain Penny, our lead whaler's tooth did just that. The root stays warm, but the surface freezes like a... like a little bomb.

**GOODSIR**

While I'm here... Have you any men aboard suffering a line? On the gums. Like a line of ash in the tissue.

**MCDONALD**

No. Are there any other symptoms?

**GOODSIR**

Headaches, numbness, joint pain. Possibly dystrophy of the memory.

**MCDONALD**

Something other than scurvy? I know you've started to see cases.

**GOODSIR**

No, this is... this is quite different.

**MCDONALD**

What comes first to your mind?

**GOODSIR**

I thought immediately of bismuth. I trained on cadavers, some of whom were syphilitic. They had been treated with bismuth for months. It had built up in their gums. A different colour, but it's the same presentation.

**MCDONALD**

Is he indulgent with drink?

**GOODSIR**

He has not much access to it beyond his evening grog. Why?

**MCDONALD**

I just remember, years ago, reading about a case in Devon where the cider presses were causing a similar vexation.

**GOODSIR**

The presses?

**MCDONALD**

Yes. They were made of lead.

**GOODSIR**

Our water tanks are lead.

**MCDONALD**

It doesn't affect neutral liquids, fortunately. Handling the stuff can be harmful. The French have proved it. Charles Thackrah has written about gout in plumbers. What's... what's his job, your man?

**GOODSIR**

He's one of the mates. He hasn't handled anything without gloves on deck for years, I imagine.

**MCDONALD**

Well, I'll start making inquiries, Mr. Goodsir. I've not seen this myself.

**GOODSIR**

I wish you'd call me Harry.

**MCDONALD**

Well, I might call you Doctor. You're sounding very like one to me just now.

-----

**GIBSON**

Cornelius.

**HICKEY**

Just a word, Billy.



**GIBSON**

Hm? What? What do you want?

**HICKEY**

To know what's preoccupying the officers' thoughts these days. Who's unhappy? Why?

**GIBSON**

How am I supposed to know any better than you?

**HICKEY**

That magic line is how. See, I can't get my ears over that line unless I'm caulking a privy. You serve every meal of every day behind that line. Practically live behind that line.

**GIBSON**

What do I get in return? News of the Marines?

**HODGSON**

To the hold, Mr. Hickey. You've got duty. Two minutes.

**HICKEY**

Right away, sir.

**HODGSON**

You can help put Mr. Hornby in the Dead Room.

**HICKEY**

Close your eyes. Hold your hand out.

**GIBSON**

No.

**HICKEY**

Relax. I'm not going to have congress with it.

**GIBSON**

Then will you let me alone?

**HICKEY**

Close your eyes.

**GIBSON**

Where did you get it?

**HICKEY**

Someone who didn't need it any more. Your ears, Billy. Unbutton them.

-----

**HARTNELL**

Magnus?

**IRVING**

What is it, Manson?

**MANSON**

I... I can't go down, sir.

**IRVING**

Well, you fit, don't you?

**MANSON**

I mean... I don't like to go down there now, sir.

**IRVING**

Well, down there is the hold of the ship the Navy pays you to work in.

**MANSON**

Just... with Strong and Evans already down there, I... It's just that I've heard them, sir.

**IRVING**

You've heard them? Are you a blasphemer?

**MANSON**

No. No, a lot of the men have, sir.

**HARTNELL**

Manson, just lower him down. I can get him on my shoulder.

**IRVING**

You look at me, Manson! What's left of Strong and Evans is frozen solid, sewn into hammocks like this with layers of canvas wrapped

around it. It's not them trying to get out you hear, but rats trying to get in.

**MANSON**

Sir... Sir, please.

**IRVING**

I... I'm going to order you down that ladder now. If you refuse, I will not recommend you to be lashed again. I will recommend you be made (to) sit in the Dead Room with your friends with the door locked, until you learn that God grants us many things in this world, but he does not grant us ghosts!

**MANSON**

Sir, you wouldn't.

**IRVING**

Would you like to see?

**HICKEY**

What you need is more light, Mr. Manson. You go and fetch a lantern. Then you can keep Mr. Hartnell and me safe on these rungs, yeah? Come on.

**HARTNELL**

Step. Just stack him on top. It's all right, Manson. He's stowed.

-----

**TOZER**

They see the cannon flash from the position camp, and then they mark how long after it the sound arrives. The light will travel faster, but less so the colder it is. Or something to that tune. It's a reason to shoot off a six-pounder, anyway. You must hear it down here. Do you remember the old lad on the Prince Regent the doxies used to call "Six Pounder"? Where's he right now, do you think? (beat) I'm ready to go up, Private.

-----

**HODGSON**

One more, as quick as you can, boys. The men on the ice have half a mile to march back to Erebus after. We will not get temperatures much lower this year, I'd wager.

**GOLDING**

What about the creature, sir? If you can hear the cannon fire so far... haven't we been calling it right to us all day?

**HARTNELL**

Or scaring it off.

**HODGSON**

I'm more afeared of the cold, boys. I play the clavier back home. And for that you need every finger.

-----

**CROZIER**

Ah, Dr. Goodsir. Come in, please. Lieutenant Little has gone to fetch our Lady now. Thank you for being our proxy while she's been on Erebus. You're getting quite expert, I hear.

**GOODSIR**

I didn't understand how to record her dialect phonetically at first, but... but I've created a system of notation for a dictionary I've begun –

**CROZIER**

And the creature?

**GOODSIR**

I've tried, but on that subject she doesn't offer to converse. I sense these matters are quite private in her culture.

**CROZIER**

She's berthed with you a month now. About what have you conversed?

**GOODSIR**

The land, the ice. Her tools, her clothing. Our tools, our clothing. But I feel that we're close. Just I think we're going to have to do this in her time.

**CROZIER**

We shall try together.

**LITTLE**

Please.

**CROZIER**

*Welcome. Please sit.* Tea? *You want drink?* Let's get to it, then. *What is hunting us?*

**SILNA**

Tuunbaq.

**CROZIER**

Tuunbaq.

**SILNA**

Tuunbaq.

**BLANKY**

Tuunbaq.

**SILNA**

Tuunbaq.

**LITTLE**

Do you know the word, Mr. Blanky?

**BLANKY**

It's similar to a Yupik word I know from Russian America. "Tuunraq."  
A spirit.

**LITTLE**

Spirit?

**CROZIER**

That may not be her meaning.

**BLANKY**

A spirit that dresses as an animal.

**CROZIER**

That doesn't leave this room. Tuunbaq... *It put our captain in the same hole where your father went. How it know that? Who told it do that? You? It did that?*

**SILNA**

*It's bound to no one now.*

**BLANKY**

*Do you speak with it?*

**SILNA**

*I haven't tried. I want to go back now.*

**CROZIER**

No, no, no.

**GOODSIR**

Maybe- maybe- maybe if I try.

**CROZIER**

It's killed five men on this expedition.

**GOODSIR**

I understand.

**CROZIER**

Ripped them apart.

**GOODSIR**

But she has been responding to a lighter touch.

**CROZIER**

How do we kill it? Go on. I hope you live to sell your dictionary, Mr. Goodsir. I hope I live to buy it.

**CROZIER**

*How do we kill Tuunbaq?* Tuunbaq. Help us. Do we all agree she's not co-operating?

**GOODSIR**

Sir, in the month that she's been here, she hasn't once mentioned leaving or made any attempt at escape.

**BLANKY**

You ever ask yourself why? She's frightened of it, also.

**LITTLE**

Maybe it's gone off somehow.

**CROZIER**

Lieutenant Little, Lady Silence is denied protection on either ship.

**LITTLE**

Sir...

**GOODSIR**

Surely –

**CROZIER**

Thomas, escort her off Terror. Let her back aboard only if she's screaming for help.

**BLANKY**

No, I will not, Francis.

**CROZIER**

Help us stop it or you leave!

**SILNA**

*And who is going to stop you? You use the wind to carry you here. You use the forest to hide inside. You use all this and don't even want to be here. You don't want to live. Look at you. Even if I could help, you don't want it. Why do you want to die?*

**BLANKY**

She asked you, "Why do you want to die?"

**CROZIER**

Oh, God. Get off my ship!

**FITZJAMES**

What in God's name is happening here?

**SILNA**

*You know what you have to do and you don't do it.*

**FITZJAMES**

Francis...

**CROZIER**

Don't ever call me Francis again. You'll call me what I'm due to be called.

**FITZJAMES**

You stole 16 bottles of spirits from my ship.

**CROZIER**

I did no such thing!

**FITZJAMES**

I don't know what you're due. I do know there hasn't been a single meal we've shared, a conversation when you weren't morbing on about what you're due. Your luck has changed, Francis. No one has you in harness any longer. You are commanding this expedition entire. So damn your eyes. What else do you require? Respect? Well, earn it. Or are you determined to be the worst kind of first as well?

**BLANKY**

Francis!

**CROZIER**

Get off me!

**BLANKY**

Sit down! You be careful now! Or what happened to John Ross at Fury Beach will happen to you.

**CROZIER**

Everyone, out.

**BLANKY**

Francis.

**CROZIER**

Oh, go smoke a pipe, Thomas. Or better yet, go stare at the ice. I want a full report in an hour. That's an order.



**FITZJAMES**

Thomas.

**BLANKY**

Captain.

-----

**FITZJAMES**

We both know what is happening with you.

**MCDONALD**

Mr. Blanky, what's happening?

**BLANKY**

He's ill with it now. Fetch your coat and come up.

**CREW**

Mr. Blanky! Mr. Blanky!

**TOZER**

Coming through! It took Darlington! He's dead!

**IRVING(?)**

Jammed!

**CROZIER**

The forward hatch.

**GIBSON**

It's been sealed, sir. Just today.

**HODGSON(?)**

Over the gunwale!

**BLANKY**

Lend a hand here!

**GOLDING**

We can't see it!

**JOPSON**

It's at the stern!

**CROZIER**

Thomas!

**BLANKY**

We can't get down!

**CROZIER**

It's at the stern. It's coming up.

**BLANKY**

It's at the stern!

**GOLDING**

We've got no arms!

**BLANKY**

– Go to the bow and over the side, onto the ice. Hide. Go. Go! Go on!

– Man the cannon! The bloody cannon!

**HODGSON**

He's calling for the cannon. We can carry it to the fife rail and turn it forward. I need your help, lads.

**HARTNELL**

All right. Come on.

**BLANKY**

Put a bloody ball through it!

**FITZJAMES**

Hodgson!

**HODGSON**

I'm readying the cannon! The creature's run Mr. Blanky up the foremast! We've lost him up there!

**CROZIER**

Hang on!

(?)

I can't see a bloody thing!

**HARTNELL**

There!

**FITZJAMES**

He's on fire.

**HODGSON**

Tilt up! Tilt it up! Two inches! One more!

**BLANKY**

First shot's a winner, lads.

**HODGSON**

Fire!

**CREW**

– Yes!

– Leave it with us!

**LITTLE**

It's run off, sir!

**CROZIER**

Thank God. He's up there!

(?)

He's frozen through.

**MCDONALD**

Gently, gently! Can we have some light, please? Lieutenant Hodgson, are you fine?

**HODGSON**

I'm all right.

**MCDONALD**

Will you find the key and get more rum? I'll give Mr. Blanky coca to soothe him, but we have to get him good and plastered as well.

**CROZIER**

I'll go. I'll go.

**CRISPE**

She ran off after it. Laid me right out.

**CROZIER**

Whiskey. Here. Go on, drink up.

**BLANKY**

No, Francis. Everyone gets a shot. I think I've made a connection tonight, me and it. I feel like we got engaged and I want to celebrate. To us! Me and it.

**MCDONALD**

Excuse me. Mr. Jopson, if you would?

**CROZIER**

Go on, knock it back. Go on, go on.

**MCDONALD**

Are you ready, Mr. Blanky?

-----

**CROZIER**

Jopson, I'd like you to join us. Sit down. Here, at the table. I'm afraid... I need to ask the four of you for a favor that will likely be a great imposition. And... there couldn't be worse timing, I understand. But there also couldn't be a greater need. I'm going to be unwell, gentlemen. Quite unwell, I expect. And I don't know for how long. A week? No. Two. Perhaps... Perhaps more. And not only must you draw the tightest possible curtain around what is happening, but you must also care for me... as well. As I will not be able to care for myself.

**JOPSON**

You needn't worry for a thing, sir.

**CROZIER**

I will be in no position to command. That will be for Captain Fitzjames, for all things. And you must be my proxy here, Edward.

**FITZJAMES**

Francis -

**CROZIER**

No. I'm sorry. But we mustn't stop until it is finished. I mustn't stop, and you mustn't let me. I may-I may beg you. Take this out to the spot where the thing's blood is and pour it out there. Here. Take this. Take it. Don't give it back to me until you see me on deck again. In full uniform.

-----

**GOODSIR**

I need your help, Jacko. It's not your little painted bowl, I know, but... we can make do until I find it.

## A Mercy

**IRVING**

As such, we can expect to finish our full supply of coal by November next, unless we begin stepping down the ships' heating plans now. And that's without any future days making way under steam factored in. Of salt beef we have a combined total of 750lbs. Of salt pork, 210. Flour, 902. Cheese, 87. Dried fruits, 9lbs. Only after making the men Lady Jane's Christmas pudding last week.

**HODGSON**

Hear, hear.

**IRVING**

Of lemon juice... not quite 200 gallons remain. Although Dr. McDonald suspects it's lost most of its anti-scurvy properties by now. As for the tins, we've now inspected every one and tossed out the putrid. It's clear now why the Stephan Goldner Tinned Foods Company was the low bidder.

**MCDONALD**

I'd like to run that man through.

**IRVING**

What's left number 1,402 tins preserved meats, 1,163 preserved vegetables, 911 preserved soup, 1,182 potatoes.

**FITZJAMES**

And when is the point of no return?

**IRVING**

If we reduce to three-quarter rations, we'll reach the end of our provisions mid-winter next year. If we're stuck in again with no game. That, with our current roster of 116 men.

**FITZJAMES**

— Why mention the number of men, Lieutenant? We've not seen hide nor even a hair of Mr. Teeth-and-Claws. We can be confident that Mr. Blanky along with Mr. Hodgson killed it, or ran it off for good. No, the men will notice that large a reduction in what they eat, so begin with four-fifth rations, and we will discuss how to reduce

further in a month's time. And finally, advise Mr. Wall and Mr. Diggle that they should emphasise salt meats in their menus now, not the tins. We must... We must start to preserve all things portable now. And not a word of this yet to anyone who is not around this table, excepting the captain, of course. I pray he is with us again soon. Thank you, gentlemen. That completes our business for today. Mr. Blanky, a word in private. The rest of you, you Terrors, can suit up. We won't be long. (beat) Gentlemen. We always feel worse in the darker months, don't we? First sunrise is just a week away now. Try to encourage the men with that.

– Please, sit down. You make that contraption work like a ballet.

**BLANKY**

If this is about Captain Crozier, sir, Jopson's a regular mongoose – keeps us all out most of the day.

**FITZJAMES**

No, it's not that. You said to Francis, the night of your attack, what happened to John Ross at Fury Beach could happen to him, too. I've had a chance to read Ross's memoir and I found nothing self-critical there. Do you... refute the truth of his account?

**BLANKY**

Someone's going to have to think of a new kind of memoir, sir, if truth is what you're after.

**FITZJAMES**

I'm interested in what actually happened, Mr. Blanky. In... In your words.

**BLANKY**

You read the book. So you know we spent three winters on the Victory.

**FITZJAMES**

Yes. Nearly the same as we.

**BLANKY**

Captain would have tried for a fourth if we hadn't run out of food. We shouldn't have waited to start walking. By the time we got to it, scurvy was in us. And Captain Ross, he had no sympathy for illness.

**FITZJAMES**

What do you mean?

**BLANKY**

We sledged the boats with us. We were carrying half a load a day's march, then doubling back for the other half. I finally begged Ross to drop the boats altogether, but he replied he'd rather leave our sick to die. This from his position riding atop one of the sledges. It was 300 miles to Fury Beach. We were barely standing. What little love we had amongst us the only thing keeping us civil. We had one day's provisions left. One. Were it not for the cache of stores left there from the wreck of the Fury, we would still be on that beach, bleaching in the wind. We tried to row out to the whaling channels, but the ice kept us back.

**FITZJAMES**

This is where you built Somerset House?

**BLANKY**

Aye. Somerset House. Even there, Ross kept rank. The officers kept their stewards and their wolf blankets, and what salmon we could catch. The rest of us just slept in ice ditches and fought over year-old biscuits. And once it's past all hope, the mind goes... unnatural with thoughts.

**FITZJAMES**

What kind of thoughts?

**BLANKY**

Like splitting open Sir John Ross's head with a boat axe. You said you wanted the truth, sir, in my own words. I trust you won't court martial me for them now.

**FITZJAMES**

Would you have done it?

**BLANKY**

Leads opened up in the August. We got picked up by the Isabella. We'd been taken for dead for two years.

**FITZJAMES**

Mr. Blanky...



**BLANKY**

Most of the men survived. If that's the point you want me to get to, sir, then, yes, we survived. But if we're going to walk out of here ourselves – and almost three times as far – you need to understand it wasn't sickness or hunger that most mattered to our chances. It's what went on up here. Notions. A darkness... with no firm hand to stem it. I know many were thinking what I was. Sir John Ross, he never knew how close he came.

**FITZJAMES**

This kind of darkness... do you see it among us here?

**BLANKY**

I don't need to see it to know it's here. You have time enough to vent it.

**FITZJAMES**

How?

**BLANKY**

First of all, if you're going to keep things from the men, you'd better give them something in return. Now. Something to keep their minds on... other than what lies ahead. There'll be a tally for it later when things get hard. There always is.

-----

**FITZJAMES**

Leave it to you, Sir John.

-----

**CROZIER**

Why are you doing that?

**JOPSON**

Dr. McDonald will be here soon.

**CROZIER**

Dr. McDonald won't mind if I have hair astray.

**JOPSON**

Turmoil on the inside needn't show on the out, sir.

**CROZIER**

You forget, I've gotten turmoil all over you, and the bed, in the last hour alone. Just let me lie in it. It will teach me.

**JOPSON**

It is you, sir, who is teaching the rest of us.

**CROZIER**

Jopson... yours is the only company that I don't completely hate right now. Now, don't push it.

**JOPSON**

How do you feel?

**CROZIER**

Like Christ, but with more nails.

**JOPSON**

Sir. Here. Only sips, sir.

**CROZIER**

More.

**JOPSON**

No. The doctor is the captain in this matter, sir. Full stop.

**CROZIER**

You've done this before. Who was it? Every word I say hurts. Don't get mysterious, Jopson.

**JOPSON**

It was my mother, sir.

**CROZIER**

Your mother?

**JOPSON**

Yeah. She, uh, she took my brother to a circus in Marylebone. The crowd was seated up on risers. You know how they pack them in to sell more seats. My brother dropped his shoe beneath him. But they were low enough that my mother could reach and get it. And that's

when the whole contraption collapsed. Her hand was smashed. She kept it, but it was too maimed to ever use again. And the only thing that would take away the pain was laudanum.

**CROZIER**

You were a boy?

**JOPSON**

No. No, this was just before we set sail to the Antarctic in '39. She wanted me to go. She didn't want me to miss the opportunity. But she was a different woman by the time we got back. Pardon me, sir.

**CROZIER**

No, go on.

**JOPSON**

Well, the problem was... it made her happy. She would stop breathing in the night. She would soil herself. She would get mesmerised to the point where she would forget to feed my brother or herself for days. But it took away her pain and it made her laugh. I don't like to hear a woman laughing now, sir. Our neighbor was a nursemaid from the workhouse, and she helped me taper mother off it for three weeks.

**CROZIER**

How did she fare... when she was through it?

**MCDONALD**

Hello. Shooting the cuff, eh, sir? You look ready to dance a polonaise.

**CROZIER**

Thomas...

**JOPSON**

I got you, Captain. You can count on that, sir.

-----

**HICKEY**

Lieutenant Irving seems busy since he got back. With the purser.

**GIBSON**

The usual accounting, I'd imagine.

**HICKEY**

No, they've done that. Now they're moving the canned food to the back of the storeroom. Why?

**GIBSON**

I've not heard a reason. But I did see an odd list on Lieutenant Hodgson's desk. An inventory to be filled out.

**HICKEY**

An inventory of what?

**GIBSON**

Empty things: Trunks, crates.

**LITTLE**

Gather round, everyone. Men, up. Lieutenant Le Vesconte has a message from Captain Fitzjames that will put a beam in your steps.

**HICKEY**

Christ. They're counting luggage, Billy.

**GIBSON**

Luggage for what? Luggage for what, Cornelius?

**LE VESCONTE**

We've got a bit of a benjo planned for first sunrise. Captain Fitzjames has proposed a Carnivale.

**HICKEY**

A worse case of gastritis surely there never was.

-----

**HICKEY**

Mr. Armitage. He always wanted to be a Marine, that one, but for his dumb ear. He longs for it.

**HARTNELL**

What about you, Mr. Hickey? Did you always want to be a caulker?

**HICKEY**

That man owes you one, too, you know.

**HARTNELL**

Who, Armitage? Yeah? How's that?

**HICKEY**

For not pointing him out as being part of grabbing that Esqui girl. You'd have been in your rights to.

**HARTNELL**

I didn't see the point in it.

**HICKEY**

Even still? After getting flogged? That sort of thing can change your sense of what the point is.

**HARTNELL**

It did. I'm grateful... is the point.

**HICKEY**

Reformed you, did it?

**HARTNELL**

I shouldn't have listened to you. And I deserved to be flogged. Yeah, and by ordering it, the captain, he's given me a chance to clean my record and start anew.

**HICKEY**

Do you think Crozier sees it like that? A new Mr. Hartnell?

**HARTNELL**

I do, yeah. And I intend to use that charter well. What about you, Mr. Hickey? Why didn't you turn Armitage in?

-----

**CREW**

That's it, lads.

**FITZJAMES**

There it is. We've not heard that sound in far too long.

**LITTLE**

We're using a lot of supplies, sir.

**FITZJAMES**

We can't possibly carry all this come spring.

**LITTLE**

So it's settled, then? We're walking?

**FITZJAMES**

Well, Francis will decide. Yes, it does seem inescapable now. He was right all along... and we were deaf to him. Listen, Lieutenant. We need to give the men a last hurrah before... well, before we open their ears. Have you chosen a disguise?

**LITTLE**

We gave our trunk to the men. Most of the officers are making their own.

**FITZJAMES**

Don't wait to choose until all the best ideas are snapped up.

-----

**COLLINS**

I was looking for Dr. Goodsir.

**STANLEY**

Mr. Goodsir is I know not where. Helping with construction, perhaps. As I thought you would be, Mr. Collins. Are you ill?

**COLLINS**

Been in a bad way, yes.

**STANLEY**

Are you with fever?

**COLLINS**

No, it isn't that. It's my thoughts, sir. They're... flurried, somehow.

**STANLEY**

"Flurried thoughts"? I do not know what that means.

**COLLINS**

Do you ever feel like your mind is against you? I sign up for all the extra work I can. I holystone the deck like a ship's boy. I can't really stand to be alone.

**STANLEY**

No man is alone on a ship.

**COLLINS**

I know it. But I do feel alone. All the time now. Every day it's like a... a trap door, sir. Like something's about to open up and pull me into a space I won't get back from. What is that, Doctor?

**STANLEY**

All the men's spirits are low. It is winter. We expect that.

**COLLINS**

I don't believe the others feel as I do, sir.

**STANLEY**

You do not know how the others feel. Mr. Collins, does your gut hurt you?

**COLLINS**

My gut, sir?

**STANLEY**

Are you dyspeptic? With blisters? Dropsical about the knee? Do you require camphor or a Dover's powder?

**COLLINS**

No, sir.

**STANLEY**

I am a doctor of medicine, Mr. Collins. Do you understand that? But I think what you need to do is keep busy. To keep putting your energy to positive use. Which is exactly why Captain Fitzjames has ordered a party made. It is a prescription I support for all the men. Look forward to the party, Mr. Collins. A little fun is what is needed.

**COLLINS**

Fun?

**STANLEY**

Yes. A sense of fun.

**COLLINS**

Is that your daughter, sir?

**STANLEY**

Yes. Good night, Mr. Collins.

**COLLINS**

Does she love birds?

**STANLEY**

Think of the Carnivale. It will sort us all out. I have no doubt.

-----

**DES VOEUX**

Mr. Goodsir, there's trouble in the orlop you need to see.  
Immediately. Move, lads. Out the way.

**GOODSIR**

Wait, wait, wait, wait.

-----

**PEGLAR**

Mr. Hoar said you were looking for me.

**BRIDGENS**

I've gotten used to being on the same ship together. It reminds me  
of our seasons on the *Gannet*.

**PEGLAR**

I didn't volunteer to berth here because I'm afraid of the ice  
hassling Terror.

**BRIDGENS**

Glad to hear that. For more reasons than one.



**PEGLAR**

But I haven't finished Voltaire.

**BRIDGENS**

Put that aside.

**PEGLAR**

Has something happened?

**BRIDGENS**

This is Xenophon. In Greek the title is Anabasis, which translates to "The March of the Ten Thousand." Do you know the story?

**PEGLAR**

No.

**BRIDGENS**

When Cyrus the Younger wanted to seize the throne of Persia from his brother, he hired an army of hoplite to accompany him. They won the battle, but during the fighting Cyrus was killed, which rendered the expedition obsolete. His army found themselves in hostile country. Most of their officers were dead. They had to choose. They could either stay and fight against clearly unwinnable odds, or they could walk out. They walked for hundreds and hundreds of miles through desert and snow, with no food, and attacked on their flanks. But they made it, Henry. Read it. Begin to imagine how you would prepare for such a journey.

-----

**SILNA**

*As my father's child, accept me in his place. You cannot be without a shaman so long. That is not the way.*

-----

**CROZIER**

Jopson. Are you there?

-----

**STANLEY**

Where's the fire, Mr. Goodsir?

**GOODSIR**

We need to talk. Now, please.

-----

**JOPSON**

I didn't hear the bell, sir.

**CROZIER**

Sounds as though there's... no one on board.

**JOPSON**

No one is, sir. It's Captain Fitzjames' Carnivale. We've just a single watch tonight. Everyone else is attending.

**CROZIER**

Tonight?

**JOPSON**

Yes, sir. All night, until the sunrise.

**CROZIER**

See if you can borrow a shotgun off somebody on watch. I want to see it.

**JOPSON**

Well, it's a half-mile from the ship, sir.

**CROZIER**

I'm going to eat whatever that is on your tray. Make sure it stays put. And then you're going to help me get into my slops.

**JOPSON**

Yes, sir.

-----

**GOODSIR**

We've been fishing bits of it out of our food, out of our mouths, this entire journey. It's a constant ingestion of lead, over years. This could explain David Young's passing, the men on Beechey... why we've seen so many men come to us with these odd complaints. This is

going to get worse and worse. We need to let command know immediately.

**STANLEY**

I will think it through and decide on a plan.

**GOODSIR**

What is there to think through?

**STANLEY**

Your energy is full of panic, Mr. Goodsir, and that will not help anyone here.

**GOODSIR**

I cannot stand by while I –

**STANLEY**

It is not yours to decide. I will do. You will not.

**GOODSIR**

Worse and worse, Doctor.

**STANLEY**

Leave it with me.

-----

**FITZJAMES**

Welcome home, boys! Now, let's get our hair good and powdered before that damn sun finds us again.

-----

**CROZIER**

How did they manage all this?

**IRVING**

♪ Hampstead is the place to ruralise / Ri-ti-tularise, extramuralise / Hampstead is the place to ruralise / On a summer's day / There you can take a ramble / Away from London fogs / Across the Heath you scramble / Being mindful of the frogs... ♪

**JOPSON**

Captain.

**PILKINGTON**

What do you mean? To where?

**BLANKY**

Francis, you're back with us!

**CROZIER**

Thomas.

**CREW**

- Come on!
- Run! Run! Run!
- Oi! Oi! Oi!

**REID**

Hey, are we going, then?

**LITTLE**

Sir.

**REID**

The men are saying it's –

**LITTLE**

Step back, Mr. Reid.

**JOPSON**

Let me take you back, sir. Sir.

**CREW**

Is that the captain?

**CROZIER**

Come out of that pot. Get dressed. I'm ending this now.

**FITZJAMES**

Francis. This was my idea, all of it. To get the men ready. I see now I– I should have been more vigilant.

**CROZIER**

Ready?

**FITZJAMES**

To walk out.

**CROZIER**

Gather the men, James. They deserve to know.

**FITZJAMES**

Men! The captain wishes to speak.

**BLANKY**

Men, gather round!

**FITZJAMES**

The captain wishes to speak! Silence, men! The captain wishes to speak.

**DES VOEUX**

Mr. Hickey, you're not in a stable. Take it outside. Unless you want that ripped off.

**CROZIER**

Remove your masks. Let us look one another in the face as men. Frozen ships are good shelters, but they are not our homes. We've got homes we need to find our way back to. That is what you men are feeling the call about here tonight. Not in daydreams, but in this temple that you've built to honour all that we miss. Out of nothing and in little time with only vision and good work. I marvel at what you men have made. All this is more important than you know for what lies ahead. Let us speak plainly. In a few hours, we welcome the first sunrise of the year. It will mark the end of the worst of a long and... strange winter. Strange in ways we will find impossible to recount when we are safe and home. To get there, we can hope for a thaw come summer, but we no longer have the luxury to wait for one. So as soon as there are enough hours of light in the day for safe travel, if there are no signs of a break-up, we will be abandoning both ships and walking out of here.

**CREW**

To where?

**CROZIER**

South, to the mainland, and up Back's Fish River to the Hudson's Bay Company's Fort Resolution. This will take us overland across the length of King William Island. It's not inhabited year-round, but we will be crossing it during hunting months and stand a good chance of running into Netsilik people. They are a good people, who we can greet as friends. Despite our shortfalls with them... they will help us, I am certain. It is an 800-mile journey. But by then, Lieutenant Fairholme and the party we sent out last year will be on their way back from Fort Resolution with help and supplies. And we have several veterans of overland expeditions upon whose expertise we can rely. Dr. McDonald.

**CREW**

That's right.

**CROZIER**

Mr. Blanky. Captain Fitz –

**CREW**

- What the-?
- What's happening?
- Make way! Make way!

**GOODSIR**

*What happened? Did you do this?*

**HICKEY**

Let a man in.

**CROZIER**

Doc. Stop him. Hold him! Hold him!

**CREW**

- Watch out!
- Stay down! Stay down!
- Put him out! Put him out! Help him!
- Help him!
- Quickly!
- Fire, men!
- Men, fire! There's a fire!
- Get back!
- This way!

**CROZIER**

Ship's company to the ice right now!

**FITZJAMES**

Ship's company to the ice. Calmly, men!

**CREW**

To the ice, men! To the ice!

-----

**CROZIER**

Go that way. Le Vesconte, sort that out. Go round there and sort that out. Go round there.

**LE VESCONTE**

This way! Through the kitchen! Go through the kitchen!

**CREW**

It's blocked! We can't get through this way!

**FITZJAMES**

We need a lever! A spar, an oar.

**CREW**

Bring an oar!

**TOZER**

No! No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no! No! No! No!

**MCDONALD**

Get back or I'll drop the bloody thing!

**CREW**

Oar coming through!

**FITZJAMES**

On my count. Three, two, one.

**TOZER**

You're crushing him! Don't crush him!

**HICKEY**

Stand back! I'm cutting through! Stand back!

**MCDONALD**

Give me room!

**HICKEY**

Stand back!

**FITZJAMES**

Hurry up!

**JOPSON**

Come on!

**CROZIER**

Get to safety!

-----

**CROZIER**

James... go back. Others can do this. Come on, they need you on Erebus.

**FITZJAMES**

These men need names yet. The tally later.

**GOODSIR**

Sir, I've been sending half to Erebus, half to Terror, so we can be sure of having enough supplies. Lady Silence I've sent to you. She should be there by now.

**CROZIER**

Thank you, Dr. Goodsir.

**GOODSIR**

I should be going, too, only I don't know if Dr. Peddie has gone to Terror or Erebus. I didn't see him to ask.

**BRIDGENS**

Captain. I heard Tom Hartnell say we lost Dr. Peddie as well. I can help Mr. Goodsir, if he'll have me.



## Horrible From Supper

**YOUNG**

It's a locomotive engine in there. Imagine the sound of that. Will it let us sleep, do you think?

**HARTNELL**

Don't you worry. We'll be so knackered, it would take this whole shebob sinking to wake us.

**HODGSON**

Next in line. Good morning to you. Have you your orders for me?

**ORIGINAL FLAVOUR HICKEY**

Any tips, sir, for a first-timer?

**HODGSON**

The advice I'm about to give you holds whether it's your virgin voyage or your twentieth.

**ORIGINAL FLAVOUR HICKEY**

Then I'm keen to hear it, sir.

**HODGSON**

When the ship sets sail, be sure you're aboard. Here you are.

**ORIGINAL FLAVOUR HICKEY**

Sir.

**HODGSON**

See you in a month's time for first muster, Mr. Hickey. Next up, step forward.

-----

**FITZJAMES**

Some of what these men have packed is... impractical at best, Francis. If we're to make it inland before winter, this cannot hold.

**CROZIER**

It's a long march, James. There will be time to reconsider. Things will drop away. To ask these men to see these bits of who they are

as one more threat to them... No. Let them get some miles behind them before we ask them to do that.

**FITZJAMES**

But these first miles are some of the hardest miles, and we don't know yet if the advance party made it to shore.

**CROZIER**

Exactly.

**MANSON**

The first land camp must be up by now. Maybe they will have Tuesday dinner waiting for us -

**GIBSON**

We don't even know if they made it back to shore, Manson.

**ARMITAGE**

We would have heard word by now if there was an attack. Somebody would have come back. There's almost 50 of them.

**GOLDING**

It could be attacking now.

**HICKEY**

If it comes, it comes. All you can do is make sure you're not the one in its jaws.

**TOZER**

Thank you, Mr. Hickey. I hope I'm stood next to you when it comes. You've just given me permission for a good shove.

**GIBSON**

It's been waiting for us to do exactly what we're doing. There's no defenses out there.

**HICKEY**

Fear is a choice, Billy.

**GIBSON**

Ignorance is a choice. As is believing Lieutenant Fairholme is on his way back with help. Or that these natives are our friends.

**GOODSIR**

Gently with that one, please.

**MORFIN**

It's all right.

**GOODSIR**

Has Mr. Bridgens seen you today?

**MORFIN**

Aye.

**GOODSIR**

The mandragora is no longer helping? I'm sorry for that. Mr. Bridgens, I'll increase the dose the rest of what we safely can, or try another remedy – coca wine or a stronger tonic. These might put you in a bit of a haze, but it could be worth it.

**GIBSON**

Are these our own choices, Cornelius, or are they being made for us?

**HICKEY**

What are you asking, Billy?

**GOLDING**

They also told us the lemon juice would ward off the scurvy. I heard when it gets bad, the gums pull back. Scars dissolve and open back up.

**HICKEY**

No, no, no, no, no. Say what's on your mind. You're among friends.

**GIBSON**

Am I? We could make a go of it for ourselves, couldn't we? A smaller group. Because 40 men are going to be too slow on that ice, let me tell you.

**HICKEY**

Well, the ice will be slow-going regardless. But once we make land...

**TOZER**

Then it would be better to wait... until the larger group hauls all the supplies to solid ground.

**HICKEY**

It would, yes. That gives us time, then, to think things through. I suspect there are others who would be friendly to this. It would be good to find a few more. Sort the ranks out of this in advance.

-----

**CROZIER**

We're leaving enough food to see you through winter. Enough coal to last that long as well. It will be enough if all of you berth back here. A thaw may yet surprise us. If it does, sail south past King William and hug the shore. That is what we will be doing as well. If you make it back onto the charts at Cape Herschel, sail east into the strait here that cuts King William off from the mainland. It's either landblocked or, as I believe, open. Either way, go no further. The mouth to Back's Fish River is just here. We will signal from the mainland side if we have yet to cross then from the King William side. But if you do not see any sign of us by September 1st, it means we are already inland and you should turn around and sail hard... out and away. Any version of this, you realise, makes you men the first to complete the Passage. I hope it happens. I do. The sacrifice that you men are making... deserves a great reward.

**LANE**

You needn't worry yourself, sir. If we're to perish, we prefer to do it here, under English blankets and smelling English coal. Not out there in that void. That's reward enough.

**CROZIER**

Bid your farewells to the others, then. (beat) Find your assigned sledge and settle your personals. This next bit a captain does alone. So I've heard.

**JOPSON**

The men are behind you, sir. Very much behind you.

**CROZIER**

Friend, mother, lover – all the things they say a ship is to a captain and they miss the only thing that matters. Confessor. This ship knows everything about me, Thomas.

**BLANKY**

In '37 when George Back wrecked it, tugged it home across the Atlantic... she was barely afloat. No one could believe she kept herself up. She may well triumph.

-----

**CROZIER**

Give the word, Lieutenant Irving.

**IRVING**

Forward, men!

-----

**CROZIER**

What do you report, Mr. Hartnell?

**HARTNELL**

Just more spinning, sir. But we are definitely on Lieutenant Little's tracks. They're windblown and the ridges have shifted, but they're definitely still intact.

**BLANKY**

He's got a feeling for it, this one.

**CROZIER**

Very well. I'll continue to rely on your eyes. Help us find our way safely, Mr. Hartnell.

**HARTNELL**

Yes, sir.

**BLANKY**

Right, move it on. Move the boat.

**CROZIER**

Lead them off, Lieutenant.

**BLANKY**

Everyone. Including you, Mr. Hickey.

-----

**GOODSIR**

Mr. Collins. Is- Is Mr. Morfin camped near you?

**COLLINS**

He's in the tent just next, sir.

**GOODSIR**

And how are you faring, then? Well enough? Actually, I don't know how any of us could be "well," really, with what's happened. Here. What's the worst of it, Collins... that you would be willing to share? It might help to say it out loud.

**COLLINS**

I've tried, sir.

**GOODSIR**

Well, you haven't tried with me.

**CREW**

- It's relentless. I can't sleep.
- If you don't sleep you're no good to anyone.

**COLLINS**

I didn't want to go to Carnivale. I compelled myself to go. I compel myself to do everything now. I have to try to convince myself that... there won't be any, uh... problems. And then there are. There are a lot of problems now. In the dive helmet... it smells of grease. Did you know that?

**GOODSIR**

No.

**COLLINS**

It's a problem to be in my job and be...

**GOODSIR**

Be what?

**COLLINS**

Afraid of the smell of grease. I can smell it everywhere. I didn't used to think about it, like sawn wood from all the coffins Mr. Honey's built. My father used to be a belly builder. He made the wood parts for pianos. I used to play in the shavings. Now I have a different sense of that smell. And now I can't stop smelling Carnivale.

**GOODSIR**

The smoke, you mean?

**COLLINS**

More the meat. The boys who died... they were cooking. Like fillets grilling. Some of them were my friends. I was screaming, "Help them! Help them!" But my mouth went dry to wet the second I smelled them. I couldn't stop it. And I'm sorry for it. My nose and my stomach, they don't know horrible from supper. But I do. I do.

-----

**GOODSIR**

Captain.

**CROZIER**

Come.

**GOODSIR**

Sorry to disturb you. The matter we discussed – the tins, sir.

**CROZIER**

What about them?

**GOODSIR**

The hunting parties you proposed, might they begin now, please?

**CROZIER**

Out here, on the pack? What do you propose we hunt?

**GOODSIR**

Seal, bear.

**CROZIER**

It takes years for a Netsilik to learn seal hunting. You know that.

**GOODSIR**

The men cannot continue to eat these tins, sir.

**CROZIER**

They must. For now. I know it's unhelpful to hear.

**GOODSIR**

Profoundly unhelpful... sir. Mr. Wall is preparing the next round as we speak. Every tin consumed, our situation is –

**CROZIER**

The moment we set foot on King William Island, I will commence hunting parties. Who knows? We may get lucky with some caribou. That you and Lieutenant Gore found none a year ago does not mean we can't fare better now. We share a burden, you and I. Keeping this.

-----

**CREW**

One line. One line. Scrub up.

**ARMITAGE**

How much do you want to wager that dog's rations are equal to ours?

**PILKINGTON**

He's earning his keep, I reckon.

-----

**TOZER**

I've got you! I've got you! That's it! That's it! You shouldn't be on any watch you haven't got the bottom for, Morfin! I'm sure he'd relieve you of watch duty if Mr. Goodsir knew you – oh, good Christ.

-----



**TOZER**

Our sweep this morning was further out than yesterday's dog watches, or Morfin here would never have seen it.

**FITZJAMES**

Can you make out who they are?

**CROZIER**

Lieutenant Fairholme's sledge party. Who else has seen this, or knows?

**TOZER**

Just us four now, sir.

**CROZIER**

On pain of a full court martial, no one is to hear of this until such time as Captain Fitzjames and myself decide to share it with the men.

**TOZER**

Yes, sir.

**FITZJAMES**

Eighteen miles. That's all they made.

**CROZIER**

Our rescue.

-----

**CREW**

– Halt!

– Halt!

**CROZIER**

We'll have to go up in switchbacks. We should send the first runner group to set the belays.

**BLANKY**

Aye, but there's no telling what the other side will give us. I mean, this here might be the handsome face of it. And the hopeful one.

**CROZIER**

You're right. I'll go first... with James. We'll sight what we sight and report.

**FITZJAMES**

Even the flag's up. We needn't have worried, Francis.

-----

**CROZIER**

If we have luck finding game... we can spend several weeks here. It would be best to tamp down every trace of illness before continuing.

**LITTLE**

It was a hard trip, even for the halest in our party. I never want to feel ice under my boots again. If we make it out of this... all these men deserve medals in gold.

**CROZIER**

If we make it out of this, the men deserve every gold thing there is. Did you sight anything at all on your trek here?

**LITTLE**

We saw no signs of the creature, if that's your question.

**TOZER**

Sir. Lieutenant. The perimeter's drawn now, but it's not loaded.

**LITTLE**

How do you mean, Sergeant?

**TOZER**

I'd like to recommend arming some additional men in camp. Even with our camp tightly pitched, the size of the perimeter still concerns me. We're only eight Marines now, and it would be a help to us to bolster our numbers, armed.

**LITTLE**

Who first comes to mind?

**TOZER**

I've put some thought into it. Armitage, he's a crack shot, as is Crispe. Manson's up to it, seems to me. Seeley, Coombs. Mr. Hickey would be a good help.

**CROZIER**

We'll hold off on that.

**TOZER**

Sir, I recommend that we -

**CROZIER**

It will be a waxing moon tonight, yes? Near to full. We'll be able to see miles in every direction. If something comes hunting us, there will be time to ring the alarm and arm more men, even from sleep. The site was well chosen. It's going to be difficult to surprise us on such level ground, hm?

**TOZER**

Aye, sir.

**CROZIER**

We can revisit this, but for the moment the armory is closed past arms for marines and officers.

**TOZER**

Aye, sir.

**LITTLE**

I do understand why he makes that request, sir.

**CROZIER**

As do I. The reason is sound. Some of those names are not.

-----

**HICKEY**

Who's that now?

**CREW**

- Somebody, help us!
- That doesn't promise well.
- There's no attack, men. It's Morfin.

**PILKINGTON**

He staggered out and just collapsed, sir.

**GOODSIR**

What do you need, Morfin?

**MORFIN**

I need you to shoot me. Will you do it? Will you, please... put me down.

**CROZIER**

John.

**MORFIN**

My head. Cut it off. Put it with the others.

**CROZIER**

No one is going to put you down.

**GOODSIR**

Private, be careful!

**CROZIER**

No one fire! No one fire! Mr. Morfin is in great pain. He'd like us to end it for him. Do not. Weapons down. Down.

**GOODSIR**

I have... options, Morfin. Things to try. We discussed this. I have... wine of coca, for instance. That will certainly be a tonic for you now we're stopped and camped.

**CROZIER**

John. John. If Dr. Goodsir thinks that wine of coca will help... it's worth trying, isn't it? You'll never get yourself back to Gainsborough if you don't try everything. Gainsborough, yes? Where your people are.

**FITZJAMES**

Seaman Morfin, lower your weapon. That's an order.

**CROZIER**

You're clear, Sergeant. Carry Mr. Morfin to the stores tent. Bury him in the morning. Lieutenant Hodgson, will you oversee it, please? Go back to your tents, men. Try to get some sleep.

-----

**CROZIER**

The night you accompanied Mr. Hickey to subdue Lady Silence. Is there more to that story than we've heard? Were others involved, even indirectly? You have my trust, Mr. Hartnell, but you needn't answer if it puts you in a corner.

**HARTNELL**

It's not that, sir. There was a fourth man.

**CROZIER**

Sergeant Tozer?

**HARTNELL**

No, sir. Watch Mr. Armitage.

**CROZIER**

We'll watch him together if you're willing, Mr. Hartnell.

**JOPSON**

My apologies, sir.

**CROZIER**

It's all right, Jopson. Thank you, Mr. Hartnell. We'll speak again.

**HARTNELL**

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

**JOPSON**

You should have fetched me when you woke to dress, sir.

**CROZIER**

I couldn't sleep.

**JOPSON**

You should have fetched me for that, too. I have the drops Dr. McDonald mixed for you last summer.

**CROZIER**

And how does it feel, not being fetched for drops or drawers?

**JOPSON**

Miserable, sir. That is my job you are shaving away. You should also know that Mr. Hoar reports that, uh, Neptune is missing again. He says he thinks he may have left the gate unlocked.

**CROZIER**

Well, he'll come back when he's hungry.

**JOPSON**

Sir.

**CROZIER**

Uh - I need to hold a command meeting this morning for Captain Fitzjames and the lieutenants. I'll let you gather them.

**JOPSON**

Oh, thank you very much, sir.

-----

**CROZIER**

We have an emergency with our tinned provisions, gentlemen. Not just rotting. Dr. Goodsir has discovered a more insidious issue, which has been silently undercutting all of us for years. It's how they were manufactured.

**LITTLE**

All the cans? Every single one of them?

**CROZIER**

Hunting parties begin today. One south, one east. Each party will have two officers and four mixed men. They will surely have concerns about traveling any distance in such small numbers, but it is a risk we urgently need to take.

**IRVING**

If we're unable to find game, sir?

**CROZIER**

Then we will proceed as we have and keep moving south.

**LITTLE**

I'll take south. Lieutenant Irving can take east.

**CROZIER**

You'll stay in camp with Commander Fitzjames and myself. We need to start planning the fresh-water parties.

**LITTLE**

But that leaves only three lieutenants, sir.

**CROZIER**

Because it is needed, and because it is deserved, I am making a promotion this morning. An emergency measure, if you will. But one that is wholly sincere. To my knowledge, this has never been done. But then much of what we are now doing has never been done, so... I don't want there to be any confusion over this. Someone on this expedition has earned our trust, respect and confidence in a way that merits absolute a place at this table. Well, gentlemen, we have a new lieutenant to welcome this morning. James. (beat) Let me clarify, Jopson. I mean a third lieutenant. There is some modicum of protocol that must be observed, even here.

**FITZJAMES**

Look at your face. Congratulations, Jopson.

**IRVING**

Well done.

**JOPSON**

Thank you.

**LE VESCONTE**

Congratulations.

**JOPSON**

Thank you.

**LITTLE**

Good luck.

**JOPSON**

Thank you.

-----

**HICKEY**

Did you hear about Lieutenant Jopson? (beat) It's best if we keep our talk low.

**HODGSON**

Very well.

**HICKEY**

What do you think happened to Morfin last night? What was it?

**HODGSON**

He was tired of being in pain. It made him desperate.

**TOZER**

Because he was ill. Ill how?

**HODGSON**

Scurvy. I suppose. Enough men are showing sign of it.

**HICKEY**

It's not scurvy.

**HODGSON**

Dr. Goodsir said -

**HICKEY**

Dr. Goodsir's lying to you. To all of us. As is the captain. And not only about this. What happened to Morfin is happening to all of us. And Goodsir, Crozier, know it. And it's going to keep happening, as long as we're eating from the tins. Something in them is making us weak and weird, building up in the body.

**HODGSON**

And how do we know this?

**TOZER**

An Erebite heard Mr. Goodsir telling doctors McDonald and Peddie something of it at Carnivale. But no one told you.



**HODGSON**

But if that's true... what can we do about it? We've nothing else to eat.

**HICKEY**

We're moving further south now. More chance of running into game.

**HODGSON**

Then we'll be spared.

**HICKEY**

Say we catch a ring seal. Let's say we catch three. Red meat. Fresh meat that can get us off these tins. What happens on that day, when you've finally got a decent plate of meat in front of you?

**HODGSON**

Who is that?

**HICKEY**

Who? Lieutenant Hodgson, it's not a man. Though it did belong to one.

**HODGSON**

What have you done?

**HICKEY**

Just – keep listening. I know this will make sense to you. Maybe only to you. With even this amount of meat, we could have a capital meal, right now, the three of us. We could make it last several days. Under Crozier's plan, we divide this... meat... into nearly 100 portions, until each of us gets next to nothing. Now, even if we find game – even bigger game than this – with the help of Crozier's... Esquimaux "friends"... it would have to be in numbers we can all agree are next to impossible. Crozier's plan... is bootless. And you know it.

**HODGSON**

God, blind me. You've made a mistake, Mr. Hickey. This dog was our alarm against the creature.

**HICKEY**

It broke its front leg on the rocks. I found it. And I put it down.  
I'm not asking you to believe me about that.

**HODGSON**

What are you asking me?

**HICKEY**

There will be a moment when the numbers make sense to more of the men. And when that moment comes... we need an officer who sees things clearly.

**HODGSON**

I'm not a captain. I'm not made of that.

**HICKEY**

You can be whatever you need to be now. Survival is a nasty piece of business. But we do what we have to do. We reconfigure. We reinvent. We rearrange. Let me be your lieutenant in a new arrangement. Let us get out, together. Let's put our hope in our own hands. Because what I have to tell you next is going to stamp out most of the hope you've been given.

-----

**ARMITAGE**

A mate of mine was stationed on a ship in Baffin Bay for two seasons and said caribou doesn't have the tallow beef does. The taste is strong... and tastes more strongly of what is the animal's diet.

**HODGSON**

Would that be rocks here, then? (beat) The word "diet" comes from the Greek diaita. "A way of life."

**IRVING**

We've an hour left before we need to return. Let's cover more ground.

**HODGSON**

I'll go east with Mr. Armitage and Mr. Pocock.

**IRVING**

Farr, Hickey, you're with me. We'll go south, walk half an hour, then turn back. We'll meet at this spot.

-----

**HICKEY**

Lieutenant.

**IRVING**

My God! Stay here. I'll approach them alone. We don't want to spook them.

**FARR**

The captain said so, didn't he?

**IRVING**

My name is Lieutenant John Irving of Her Majesty's Royal Navy. John. I'm John.

**KOVEYOOK**

Koveyook.

**IRVING**

Koveyook. Koveyook.

**KOVEYOOK**

Koveyook. Koveyook.

**IRVING**

John.

**KOVEYOOK**

John.

**IRVING**

— John. My friends and I, we are... are... We're looking for game. Food. Food. Food. Food, yes. Yes. (beat) Thank you. Thank you. (beat) You... you stay here. Please. You stay.  
— What happened? Hickey! Hickey! Hickey!

-----

**HODGSON**

Head down. Welcome aboard, Mr. Morfin.

**MORFIN**

Glad to be here, sir.

**HODGSON**

Thank you. Head down. I see my signature here, but I don't –

**HICKEY**

Oh, I've grown a beard. I thought it would be smart.

**HODGSON**

Yes. It can't hurt, where we're off to.

**HICKEY**

That's what I thought.

**HODGSON**

Head down.

**HICKEY**

This way?

**HODGSON**

Yes.

**HICKEY**

Thank you.

**IRVING**

Yes?

**HICKEY**

Cornelius Hickey, caulker's mate.

**IRVING**

Your new home, Mr. Hickey. Once you've unpacked, check in with Mr. Darlington, the caulker. He's on the orlop.

**HICKEY**

The orlop, sir, is...?

**IRVING**

It's the deck just below. Have you been on a ship before?

**HICKEY**

Not like this one, sir.

**IRVING**

A change of pace, then?

**HICKEY**

A change of everything, sir.

## Terror Camp Clear

**FITZJAMES**

Have you decided how candid we are to be?

**CROZIER**

My thought was to avoid any mention of the creature. In trying to warn good people, we'd only excite foolish ones. Can you imagine the bounty the Admiralty would place on a creature like ours?

**FITZJAMES**

Oh, I'd happily live in a world with a few less foolish people in it.

**CROZIER**

Every whaling ship in Baffin Bay would head this way, led by grubbing captains, but with good men in their crews. We can't risk that.

**FITZJAMES**

Our creature, you say?

**CROZIER**

Whether we've earned him or not.

**FITZJAMES**

Well, you've decided it's a "he," then?

**CROZIER**

It is most definitely a "he."

**FITZJAMES**

– Graham died that very day.  
– It's in the muscles. I'm tired all the time, no matter what the hour. And I'm bleeding out of the sockets of my teeth now. Have you contended with it, ever?

**CROZIER**

No.

**FITZJAMES**

And now?

**CROZIER**

I can't be certain.

**FITZJAMES**

To think these few miles were an effort. Do you know, after the war, I asked permission to walk home to London from Nanking, through Tibet and Russia. I wanted to try my hand at being an overland spy. I was the best walker in the Service. I told Sir John Barrow that once without blushing. I was quick to want the world rid of its fools an hour ago. I forget sometimes how much an exemplar I am among them.

**CROZIER**

That's not how I see you.

**FITZJAMES**

Francis, do you know how I was appointed to this expedition? I saved Sir John Barrow's son from a scandal. By chance, in Singapore. I paid... to have a very base matter settled that would have blackened the Barrows' name, and the Admiralty's by association. As soon as I returned to London, I was promoted to commander. When the Admiralty announced there would be another attempt at the Passage... well, I only had to say the word.

**CROZIER**

That only makes you a man.

**FITZJAMES**

Does it?

**CROZIER**

What you describe is a surplus of political luck. Not a dearth of courage.

**FITZJAMES**

I am a fake, brother.

**CROZIER**

I challenge any biographer to tally up your acts of valor and then call you a fake.

**FITZJAMES**

Francis, a man like me... will do amazing things to be seen. My – My father... My father was a ridiculous man. Ruined himself with debts. He was a consul general in Brazil, and... he and his wife would mix with the wealthy Portuguese families in exile there. My mother... was probably from one of those families. I was never told more. I was born out of an affair. And my father's cousins had to find people to raise me. My name... Even my name was made up, for my baptism. "James Fitzjames." Like a bad pun. I'm not even fully English.

**CROZIER**

I didn't know any of that.

**FITZJAMES**

I've never said it out loud before now. I always felt I deserved more. So I went to sea aged 12, and I began to build myself a great... gilded life... that didn't humiliate me to live. And so all of those stories that you would have my biographer tally as courage... it's all vanity. Always has been. And we are at the end of vanity.

**CROZIER**

Then you are free. Hm? Mine your courage from a different lode now. Friendship. Brotherhood.

**FITZJAMES**

Are we brothers, Francis? I would like that very much.

**CROZIER**

The Marines are running.

-----

**CROZIER**

Attacked? For what reason?

**LITTLE**

Apparently, as they sighted Lieutenant Irving and Mr. Farr, they set upon them. With knives.



**HODGSON**

They were already at the sled by the time we reached the hill with Mr. Hickey, who'd alerted us.

**CROZIER**

How many Netsilik were killed?

**HODGSON**

Five.

**FITZJAMES**

Who shot them?

**HODGSON**

I shot two. Mr. Armitage, two. Mr. Pocock, one. One more escaped on foot.

**CROZIER**

And that's why the Marines are preparing? For a Netsilik retribution? What evidence did you observe when you arrived that an attack on our men had taken place?

**HODGSON**

I saw what they had done, sir.

**CROZIER**

When you first set eyes on the Esquimaux, were their weapons drawn? Blood on their persons?

**HODGSON**

Sir, Lieutenant Irving and Mr. Farr's bodies were put through something I can't even find English words for. I didn't look for confirmation of something that can only have been done by savage men. I ordered our counterattack. They had some of Lieutenant Irving's personal belongings already on their sled, sir.

**LITTLE**

Captain, do I have your permission to assist the Marines in getting a perimeter set up, with additional guns and men?

**CROZIER**

And it was Mr. Hickey who saw the attack happen?

**HODGSON**

From a distance, yes. He saw Lieutenant Irving murdered and ran to retrieve us. He was unarmed and... and too far to help Mr. Farr.

**FITZJAMES**

Only he saw it?

**HODGSON**

Yes, sir. Shall I fetch him to give his own account?

**CROZIER**

I want to see the bodies. Find Lady Silence. Bring her here.

-----

**CROZIER**

*Your people. Do like this?*

-----

**HICKEY**

The rocks were painted with it. Then Lieutenant Irving... lying in that way... no longer a man. These people will not be our friends, boys. They will be our murderers if we don't change course, now. Sergeant Tozer told me he heard Dr. McDonald say Netsiliks settle in groups of 20 to 50 families. What's that, maybe a hundred braves could be heading for this camp, as we speak. I'm not a decent shot, personally, but if I was –

**JOPSON**

Mr. Hickey. The captain's asked to speak with you.

**HICKEY**

I was just coming to see him, Jopson. We need to speak immediately.

**JOPSON**

Don't also forget your overthings, Mr. Hickey. You're going to need them. You're going back.

-----

**CROZIER**

Dr. Goodsir and Lady Silence can join us. They may be able to discern something I cannot. Anyone else?

**BLANKY**

Sir. It will limber me up for the next 800 miles you're making me walk.

**LITTLE**

Pardon my asking again, sir, but are we supplementing the Marines or not? They want to build a proper perimeter, with or without us.

**CROZIER**

They are us, Edward. Remind them. Give Sergeant Tozer as many pairs of eyes as he wants, but as long as the fog holds off have the armory tent prepare fast kits, but don't arm additional men.

**LITTLE**

Yes, but...

**CROZIER**

Do you not remember flogging men on this expedition for sedition?

**FITZJAMES**

– Francis. You should set off. The forenoon watch has already begun.  
– Lieutenant, keep the men ready in case Mr. Hickey is telling the truth, but calm in case he is not.

-----

**BLANKY**

Mr. Des Voeux, as you were.

-----

**CREW**

You'll find sawn wood there.

**HICKEY**

We'll be back by afternoon watch if you need volunteers. Today may be the day. (beats) Guns.

-----

**BRIDGENS**

Trade your work gloves for full mittens for a while, if you can tolerate that. I have a weaker salve that I can give you that you can put on all day underneath. Are you cold, Mr. Collins?

**COLLINS**

I'm all right.

**BRIDGENS**

Just... let that sit for a few minutes and I'll be back to wipe away the excess.

**PEGLAR**

Is Dr. Goodsir here? Are we to be overrun, do you think?

**BRIDGENS**

From the reaction of our captains, my sense tells me we will not.

**PEGLAR**

Fear tells me something else. We have too much fear, John.

**BRIDGENS**

Apart from the headaches, and your teeth, have you noticed anything else?

**PEGLAR**

Bruises, mainly. I get them where I don't remember knocking into anything. But they don't hurt.

**BRIDGENS**

Have you got one you can show me? Be with you in a moment, Mr. Collins. How many of these would you say you have, then? More than a dozen? Henry, I want you to mind what I tell you. It's not quick, this, and you can turn it around in a day. It's the first signs, this. It's early days for you.

**PEGLAR**

And Captain Crozier wouldn't send out hunting parties if he didn't think it was worth doing.

**BRIDGENS**

No. No, he wouldn't. Now I'm here, Dr. Goodsir's here. You can come back when he's returned, and he can reassure you anew.

-----

**BLANKY**

The Esquimaux ran off in which direction, Mr. Hickey?

**CROZIER**

Thomas. There's seal meat there.

**BLANKY**

Gentlemen.

**CROZIER**

Mr. Hickey. Could you show me where Lieutenant Irving and Mr. Farr were killed, please?

**BLANKY**

Come on. Come on.

**GOODSIR**

*Are they family? Friends?*

-----

**DES VOEUX**

If I was them, I'd be back behind those raised bars to the south, a mile out, waiting for this to get just a bit worse. If we're going to be cut down today, I'd be grateful for a shotgun. I want a fighting chance of killing at least as many of them as kill me.

**TOZER**

You've heard things, then, out in the fog, have you?

**CRISPE**

Not as yet.

**DES VOEUX**

Yes. I have, sir. I almost rang the alarm just now.

**CRISPE**

You've only just arrived.

**DES VOEUX**

Shales sliding around, as if underfoot. A whistle, maybe, a quarter mile out, possibly. It's hard to tell in this fog. We just have our ears now. Out there, that way.

**CRISPE**

You heard that whistle, too, then?

**DEX VOEUX**

There it is again, Sergeant.

**TOZER**

Damn it all.

-----

**HODGSON**

You know what I'm asking. And I know it's unfair to pose the question to another officer, and one who wasn't there.

**LITTLE**

All we have are our instincts and training. If both told you to proceed with what you ordered... then be easy with yourself.

**HODGSON**

My mother's cousin had a relation who married a Texas man. She moved to a territory town there called Victoria in '38. One morning, they woke up to 600 Comanches screaming through their gates. They had no warning. From what my cousin was told, this good lady managed to get all but one of her children under the house before they seized her. A Ranger found her in a tree six days later with her skirts torn off and her head cleaved open to the stem. That town was burned, as were several more over the next week. They never found the other child. They kill children, you realise.

**LITTLE**

– George, find Commander Fitzjames and send him to the armory, immediately!  
– Make way! Move your backs! Everyone, stand still! Where is Commander Fitzjames?

**TOZER**

I haven't seen him, sir.

**LITTLE**

Then it was not he who made this order?

**TOZER**

There was no order, sir. An attack is being staged right now, using that fog as cover. My men can hear it.

**LITTLE**

And you allowed this?

**TOZER**

Without knowing their numbers and having no familiarity with their tactics, our gun power is our only advantage. This camp has no cover whatsoever. Who knows if the Esqui girl's been sending them signals as to what we're all about. If they come, they will blow through us like a wind. Perhaps you would like to make the order, sir? The time is now.

**LITTLE**

Mr. Armitage, do not scrimp on that logbook. I want to see a record of every issue taking place here.

-----

**CREW**

- Sharpen up!
- All right, Mr. Collins.

-----

**CROZIER**

Damn your eyes! It's your captain! Avast that now!

**CREW**

Sir!

**CROZIER**

Get yourselves fed, men. Those were some long miles. Hartnell, take that to the command tent.

**FITZJAMES**

Goodsir. The armory's been opened up.

**CROZIER**

No, James. How?

**FITZJAMES**

Lieutenant Little gave the order. The men believe we are under attack.

**BLANKY**

We are, of the most cowardly kind.

**FITZJAMES**

I stepped in, but 20 arms had already been issued. If she enters that camp again, Francis... We have to get this matchstick away from the tinderbox.

**GOODSIR**

But Mr. Hickey's gone in already. He'll tell them we're back.

**BLANKY**

I'll go on ahead and misdirect them, then. Lieutenant.

**CROZIER**

Jopson.

**FITZJAMES**

Your things.

**CROZIER**

*Go to your people now. Be safe.*

**GOODSIR**

Wait, wait! Yes, go. Be safe. Stay with us. I'll... I'll-I'll talk to the men and make it safe for you. We owe you that. I-I do. I wish you could come to England and see for yourself. It's not like we are here. People there are good. They are good -

-----



**HICKEY**

Make certain the following people are armed: the two of you, Mr. Des Voeux, Golding, Hoar, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Crispe, Mr. Kenley and Mr. Coombs. When we depart, we will be taking a boat sledge. Manson, find out which one is lightest and make sure there are slops and harnesses. We may have no more interaction with this larger group, so if we do go today, we must take everything we need with us. Do you know how to read maps and charts, Billy?

**GIBSON**

Reasonably.

**HICKEY**

Find an occasion to be in the command tent. Secure one batch indicating where the ships are stuck in all the way down to Great Slave Lake. Burn any others. You'll have the entire rest of your long lives to think back on how hard this day was. For now, only do. And do well.

-----

**HARTNELL(?)**

We need men at the north outpost. If you've not been given orders by a Marine, head there. Be quick!

**CROZIER**

I thought I made a very clear plan. And for very clear reasons.

**LITTLE**

It was the fog that changed my thinking, sir. I thought you'd see it differently, too.

**CROZIER**

Commander Fitzjames ought to have made that call. Why did you not include him?

**LITTLE**

There was no time, sir. I'd heard there were signs. Some of the men heard things out in the fog.

**BLANKY**

Which men? Were you one of them?

**CROZIER**

No doubt you made the best decision for the problem you thought you had. But as it turns out, it was trumpery. And in its place, we have an even worse problem. You've traded an imaginary invasion from without for a real invasion from within! If Mr. Hickey killed Lieutenant Irving and Mr. Farr, as I suspect he did, it was not for the joy of it. We do not know yet who is in his coven, but make no mistake about what they want.

**LITTLE**

What is our evidence against him?

-----

**CREW**

Don't turn your back on them, ever.

**CROZIER**

Dr. Goodsir, I want you to cut open Irving's stomach.

**GOODSIR**

- Good.
- That's seal meat, sir. Barely digested. They fed him.

**CROZIER**

Of course they did. Will you confirm this contradicts Mr. Hickey's version of events, and is indisputable proof of a lie that resulted in seven deaths... including a naval officer and a child?

**HODSGON**

He must have been alone with Mr. Farr. Lieutenant Irving came back to tell them.

**FITZJAMES**

Hodgson, will you confirm it?

**HODGSON**

Oh, my God. Yes, I will.

**CROZIER**

Find three armed Marines and arrest Mr. Hickey.

**LITTLE**

Not Marines, sir. It was Sergeant Tozer who armed the men, in fact. I took his story and made it my order. I thought I was doing right. I'm the worst kind of sorry, sir.

**CROZIER**

Choose men we can trust. Deputise them. Sweep the camp. Anyone below a wardroom officer, disarm, including the Marines. Put one of the mates in charge of the armory.

**FITZJAMES**

Des Voeux.

**CROZIER**

Arrest Sergeant Tozer and Mr. Hickey at the same moment. Bring them. We'll court martial them here. And find the carpenters.

**LITTLE**

Carpenters, sir?

**CROZIER**

For a gallows.

-----

**LITTLE**

Terror camp, clear! Terror camp is clear!

**GOODSIR**

I hope I won't be long, Mr. Bridgens. I pray this will be brief.

**LITTLE**

All men assemble at the south guard post in 30 minutes!

**GOODSIR**

Who's been asking for the Peruvian, Mr. Bridgens? This is very strong.

**BRIDGENS**

I haven't even given a dose of that to anyone. What cure is it?

**GOODSIR**

Cocaine and wine.

-----

**HICKEY**

Where's Sergeant Tozer being held?

**JOPSON**

You're lucky you weren't just shot, Mr. Hickey.

**HICKEY**

Do you have a sudden gift for aim, Jopson?

**JOPSON**

Everything we ate growing up started with a gun. My aim's fine, Mr. Hickey. I've shot smaller hawks than you.

-----

**LITTLE**

We'll proceed first with Petty Officer Cornelius Hickey, who has been convicted today of the wanton murders of Lieutenant John Irving and Petty Officer Thomas Farr. Ample evidence has been stated before command so as to suggest Mr. Hickey's guilt well-proven. With that proof comes confirmation of the next, more pernicious charges of sedition and mutinous designs. These charges are all punishable by death. And at Captain Crozier's discretion, the sentence will be carried out by hanging before the men now assembled. Mr. Hickey and Sergeant Tozer will be given last words. But first, your captain would like to speak.

**CROZIER**

When we abandoned ship, I promised you men two things. The first was that help was already on its way to us, back from Fort Resolution, with Lieutenant Fairholme and the party I sent out last summer. We now know those men are dead.

**TOZER**

I found them on watch and Captain Crozier had me swear an oath of silence.

**CROZIER**

Which you broke. Now, be quiet. You'll get a chance to speak. Sergeant Tozer and Mr. Morfin discovered this two days ago, as only some of you already know. I decided not to share it. I own that decision and would make it again. Not to deceive you, but to protect your reserves. But now we know, now we all know no one is coming for us. We must get ourselves out under our own steam. Now, I don't know what Mr. Hickey's plan was, but I know it didn't include all of you. And those of you who might have gone with him, I can promise you, he would have burned through you like fuel. Lied to you and used you down to your last muscle. And here is how I know. Mr. Diggle. Will you open these, please, and tell the men what's inside?

**DIGGLE**

It's fresh, sir.

**CROZIER**

Louder, so they can all hear.

**DIGGLE**

It's fresh meat.

**CROZIER**

What kind of meat?

**DIGGLE**

Seal, sir.

**CROZIER**

Thank you. The other promise I made to all of you was that when we crossed paths with the Netsilik, they would help us. Lieutenant Irving met them. And do you know what they did to him? Dr. Goodsir, would you, please?

**GOODSIR**

They fed him.

**CROZIER**

They fed him. They didn't cut him down and deface him. That was Mr. Hickey. They didn't slice off his man parts and punch 23 holes into his lungs with a boat knife. That was Mr. Hickey! They were no war party, those Esquimaux. They were more of a family, it seemed. Four

men, an old woman, and a girl. A little girl. No more than six years old. Mr. Hickey lied to you. Mr. Hickey lied to all of you because he needed to cut the legs out from under my leadership. And in so doing, he was prepared to set all your lives swinging. Now, we will share this meat. Dr. Goodsir. But that line of help has been cut off from us now. We will find another, no doubt, but not with gammoning dogs like this among us. Hear me, men. I take no pleasure in these deaths today. I want to bring every last one of you home. But if I cannot bring these two, then I am only doubly resolute about the rest of you. Now, before we hear Mr. Hickey's last words, I have one more request to make of you. I need volunteers to man the rope.

**LITTLE(?)**

You two, come forward.

**CROZIER**

Mr. Hickey.

**HICKEY**

Yeah. I've let the captain speak now long enough. Telling every manner of falsehood against me. Proving only... every man... lies. Even this man... your captain. But I must pierce this thing he calls truth with another of his own recent deceptions. June the 11th, last year, the day Sir John was killed, something else transpired. Crozier made a plan. In secret. To get himself out without you. "There are many feats that preoccupy a captain's imagination. But abandoning his ship and his men should not be among them. Yet I hereby tender my..." Oh, go on, Captain, you finish it.

**CROZIER**

Who is that?

**FITZJAMES**

Mr. Collins.

**CROZIER**

Deputies, rally here!

**FITZJAMES**

Stagger your fire!

**CREW**

- Captain, Mr Hickey!
- Pull back!

**CROZIER**

Edward! The armory, that's where they will go!

-----

**JOPSON(?)**

Hartnell, Mr. Blanky, with me!

**HICKEY**

Just give me as many as you can. Break the lock off.

**CROZIER**

Take Tozer!

**JOPSON**

Keep going. Get every man you can under the boats. It's the only cover we have. Mr. Blanky, get to cover.

**BLANKY**

Neptune's balls! I'm coming with you.

**HARTNELL**

Down! Stay down!

**CREW**

It's just there!

**MANSON**

Billy, I...

**GIBSON**

Remember what he told you. Just do. yeah? Yeah?

**HICKEY**

Find Mr. Goodsir and bring him to the boat. We won't wait.

**CREW**

- Where is it?
- Stay quiet till it's over.

- Help!
- Help me.

(?)

Now is the time, Mr. Des Voeux! It's on the far side of camp!

(?)

Boat secure.

**DIGGLE**

What is this?

**LITTLE**

Tozer! Lay down those arms.

**CREW**

Where are the Marines?

**TOZER**

Come with us, Lieutenant.

**LITTLE**

I'll not tell you again.

**TOZER**

No one can see you now. You're invisible. They will think you've died and were carried off.

**LITTLE**

Get on the ground.

**TOZER**

Hickey didn't get to say half of what he wanted to say, Edward. That's your name, isn't it? Edward? Crozier was going to lead that sledge party himself and leave. Quit the Navy. Quit all of us. You didn't know that, did you? He was going to leave you a big losing hand, Edward. Watch out.

**JOPSON**

Mr. Blanky, it's Mr. Reid!

**CROZIER**

I lost him. The boat's gone.



**LITTLE**

Tozer's with them. They have at least five guns.

**FITZJAMES**

Here you are.

**CROZIER**

Let them go.

## The C, The C, The Open C

**DICKENS**

I do this for a good friend, and I hope you will agree that there is no more holy thing in this world than a friend in need. In my case, it is the estimable Lady Jane Franklin who wishes to address you under rather urgent circumstances.

**LADY JANE**

Thank you, Mr. Dickens. Many of you will have become aware, no doubt, of the mystery beginning to surround my husband's expedition to the Arctic. The Admiralty are doing what they can, but the urgency to find my husband and his men, and the enormity of that icy province in which they are lost leads me here, to you. Now, I know that many of you are very generous patrons of charities and of the arts. I wonder if you might be induced to subscribe next not to another cultural society but to a smart little ship. A ketch, outfitted to venture to that very same land into which my husband and more than a hundred other good men have bravely sailed and vanished. I feel it is certain that Sir John and his lost heroes will be found, and soon, by our intrepid rescue mission. Now, which of you good people would like to see your name published among its patrons?

-----

**GOLDING**

I was going to start pulling by his feet.

**HARTNELL**

Why don't I give you a hand?

**GOLDING**

I was trying to recognise if I knew him. Is this- Is this a friend, or...?

**HARTNELL**

Hey. That won't change what we do for him.

**BLANKY**

It's Mr. Honey, the carpenter. I recognise his neckerchief. You all right, lad?

**GOLDING**

Yes, sir.

-----

**FITZJAMES**

Francis, we can't possibly bury them all. We have 32 dead, as well as 23 unaccounted for, Lieutenant Hodgson included. We're glassing every horizon. It may be that one or two who ran out into the fog will still find their way back to us like your ship's boy did.

**CROZIER**

We've no sign of Dr. Goodsir?

**BRIDGENS**

He'd never go off with those men of his own volition.

**CROZIER**

Do you imagine that this man may return to us, Mr. Bridgens?

**BRIDGENS**

If Private Heather remained a mystery to the doctors, I've no hope of solving this.

**FITZJAMES**

What explains this... this similar state... when their injuries could not be more different?

**BRIDGENS**

All I can bring to mind is the example of a diary with all the entries removed. It's still a book, yes. But... blank pages now.

-----

**CROZIER**

We set sail from Greenhithe three years ago with 133 men aboard. Who could have imagined such grief would come to us? We've no choice now but to carry it with us as we go. To bring home the names of our dead so that their loved ones can find solace knowing that

friendship and courage were with them until the very end. So take up the word with me, men. South!

**CREW**

South!

**CROZIER**

We march south.

**LITTLE**

Prepare for departure, men.

**CROZIER**

Burn our dead, Thomas. Let them be warm as they go.

**FITZJAMES**

And the supplies we cannot carry? If Hickey's band are waiting us out to loot the camp?

**CROZIER**

Some of the men with him made their choice out of fear. I'll not take away any chance they have to survive. We may meet them yet again. And if we do, I want them to make a different choice. Leave our supplies in a tidy pile as an offering. I want the men with Hickey to know that's how we meant it.

**FITZJAMES**

More than God loves them.

**CREW**

And pull!

-----

**HODGSON**

Men! Men! Men, here!

**HICKEY**

Lieutenant! What a miracle! Drink. Drink up.

**HODGSON**

The others? What's become of them?

**HICKEY**

They've moved on.

**HODGSON**

Have you hunted anything?

**HICKEY**

There's no game here. But we have food.

**HODGSON**

You... have things in hand, then?

**HICKEY**

There's still a place for you here. If you want it.

-----

**CREW**

– One, two, three, heave!

– One, two, three, heave!

**CROZIER**

Man down!

**FITZJAMES**

It's the heat that I can't... I can't stand it.

**CROZIER**

Are you comfortable, James?

**FITZJAMES**

I'm sorry.

**CROZIER**

What in heaven for? How on earth you were walking at all will puzzle me the rest of my days. You've got holes in you, James.

**FITZJAMES**

That shot was fired six years ago. It's going to murder me yet.

**CROZIER**

If it doesn't, it's going to make that Chinese sniper story you're so fond of recounting a half hour longer to tell. Mr. Bridgens has

dressed your wounds. He thinks he can make up a plaster tonight that will keep them shut until we can get them healing again. Hm? There's time.

**FITZJAMES**

No.

**CROZIER**

There's time.

-----

**HICKEY**

I know your thoughts, Lieutenant.

**HODGSON**

I was thinking... about a wedding I attended, in which they served an American ham, from Virginia. I've never tasted better.

**HICKEY**

Then I was half right.

**HODGSON**

What did you imagine me thinking?

**HICKEY**

We've eaten from these tins of mystery for years now, haven't we? Without ever knowing what was in them. "Veal Cutlet Tomato"? Hm? What could that be, really? Pieces of horse? A street dog?

**HODGSON**

Does it matter now?

**HICKEY**

No. All that matters is we were willing to eat it and it served our needs. Is that about right? But our needs have changed, Lieutenant. We need to ask ourselves... what are we willing to eat next?

-----

**GIBSON**

I only hauled part of the day, but my knees feel like they've got glass in them.

**GOODSIR**

It will get worse, this.

**GIBSON**

How? What for should I prepare?

**GOODSIR**

To die, Mr. Gibson. As all your joints will soon feel as if they are full of glass. Elbows, neck. Your knuckles. The little joints in your toes. Oh, and your hips. I expect that will stop you from sleeping from the moment it begins.

**HICKEY**

Are you not well, Billy?

**GIBSON**

It's in my knees a bit.

**HICKEY**

Can he still haul tomorrow?

**GOODSIR**

I would be very surprised.

**GIBSON**

I can. I can.

**HICKEY**

Hey. Be calm, Billy. Be calm. We'll make the best of a bad situation. Like we always have.

**GIBSON**

I wouldn't either, Doctor.

**GOODSIR**

What's that, Mr. Gibson?

**GIBSON**

Comfort us. Any of us. We're...

-----

**LITTLE**

Sir! The sweep party's come in with a sighting.

**CROZIER**

If Hickey's group split, they will try to flank us.

**LITTLE**

No, sir. It's the creature. They said they saw it lurching around off to the west, down along the wrack. It came in and then headed back to the ice and disappeared. It didn't seem to detect us.

**CROZIER**

"Lurching," you say?

**LITTLE**

Wounded, perhaps. It's been injured twice now.

**BRIDGENS**

This jostling's beginning to hurt him, sir.

**CROZIER**

Camp here!

-----

**JOPSON**

We're fully through with the salt meats now. What we have left beyond the tins amounts mostly to biscuits, tea, and chocolates.

**LITTLE**

Sir. Our pace has slowed hauling some of the ill in boats. But if we can extend this temporary camp for more than a few days, then we can allow the ill to rest here while the bulk of us proceed south. We can hopefully find game and trek back for the others once we have something more to offer them.

**JOPSON**

We send out hunting parties every day. What you're suggesting would be a death sentence for those men.

**LITTLE**

Some, surely. But not for all of us.



**LE VESCONTE**

As you said yourself, Captain... our journey is still a long one. The men know how tired they are. And they know why.

**CROZIER**

It's a reasonable logic. And I don't fault anyone for following it. But I want to make myself perfectly clear. That is not our way. If we are to deposit anything with a view to return at some later date, they will be things, not men. I'd rather we leave our tents behind and sleep two to a sack like the orphans we are than leave one man alone with last burdens. And I speak not only of James. I'll not leave any one of you alone, either.

-----

**HUNTER**

*There are too many of them. Just as there were too many caribou the year of the Falling Stars. Too many bear the year before. And it's because of these men the island has nothing for us. Everything on legs has fled. We are starving now, but for what the sea gives us. The island gives us only wind now. We will call for another Shaman. He'll find the Tuunbaq and try to heal what is wrong. Balance things again. And you will help him. Tuunbaq is still yours. It is your life now. Yours. You cannot walk away.*

-----

**BRIDGENS**

The hartshorn and camphor is having very little effect, sir.

**FITZJAMES**

I'm not Christ. My... My body... use it. Feed the men. Francis. God wants you to live. He wants you to live.

**BRIDGENS**

The muscles are in spasm, sir. They've gone rigid.

**FITZJAMES**

Francis, help me. Help me. Help me out of it.

**CROZIER**

Are you certain, James? Are you certain? Leave us, Mr. Bridgens.

**BRIDGENS**

Sir. If I may. Use this. His reflexes will try to spit it out.  
You'll have to help it down. Like this. It was an honor serving you,  
sir. You're a good man. There will be poems.

-----

**LITTLE**

Do you wish to speak, sir?

**CROZIER**

I said a service with him last night, just the two of us. Let the  
others pray over him if they like. And then hide him in the  
landscape, Edward. Make him invisible. I don't want him found and  
pawed.

**LITTLE**

Yes, sir.

-----

**GOLDING**

If we'd had our wits about us, Chambers and I would have taken a  
shot.

**CROZIER**

How far out from camp was this?

**GOLDING**

Not more than a mile now, sir. West of us again. We were downwind.  
It's tracking us, or trying to.

**CROZIER**

Lieutenant, gather the men. We will discuss the strategy.

**LITTLE**

Sir.

**CROZIER**

We need higher ground. Put all the sick in the middle and... face it  
down with all the ammo we've got.

**BLANKY**

I've got a strategy, Francis. You cut inland a bit and I drive it back out onto the ice.

**CROZIER**

Not possible.

**BLANKY**

Yeah, it is. I smell like a thousand-year-old armpit.

**CROZIER**

I mean permission not granted. I'm not saying goodbye to two friends in one day.

**BLANKY**

Between me and you, Francis, I'm done for.

**CROZIER**

If you need to ride in a damn boat, I'll put you there myself! Mr. Weekes can make another one.

**BLANKY**

They're going to have to cut it a lot higher this time, and that's only for the time being. Best not make me or Mr. Bridgens go through that, shall we?

**CROZIER**

Bleeding hell, Thomas! Why didn't you speak up?

**BLANKY**

I kept it tidy. No one could have done a better job.

**CROZIER**

Jesus Christ! God!

**BLANKY**

Francis, we both know what's coming for me now. At least love me enough to admit it.

**CROZIER**

What do you need?

**BLANKY**

I've got half a pouch for my last smoke. That will do for me. But I'll take some forks off you and the men. You know, forty or fifty.

**CROZIER**

Forks?

**BLANKY**

Aye, and a piece of rope. Enough to go around me a few times. Fifteen feet should do it.

**CROZIER**

Are you mad?

-----

**CREW**

– Push, men! Push, men!

– Come on, lads, push it!

-----

**LE VESCONTE**

Man down!

**BRIDGENS**

Henry. Henry.

**PEGLAR**

John. Can we sleep?

**BRIDGENS**

Yes. Yes. Help me get him up. Hold on, Henry. Hey. No. No. No, no.

**JOPSON**

Can someone tell me, please, if they also see that bird?

-----

**TOZER**

They've made camp again, about six miles away. There was a friendly face among them. They're pitching all their tents now.

**ARMITAGE**

They must plan to be there a while.

**HICKEY**

Make our camp here, then. In the bosom of this hill.

-----

**HICKEY**

Stay here, Sergeant. Mr. Goodsir.

**GOODSIR**

I'll not do this.

**HICKEY**

It's why you were brought. You're an anatomist. You've cut up more bodies than you can probably now remember.

**GOODSIR**

Twenty. I have performed on twenty.

**HICKEY**

Why? And don't say, "For my education." You did so for the greater benefit of others. For the sick. For the dying. In hopes of helping them. That is exactly where we are now.

**GOODSIR**

You've murdered this man whom you now wish to eat, and you're unwilling to butcher his flesh yourself? But you will have to.

**HICKEY**

We do not know which parts -

**GOODSIR**

Yes, you do. Of course you do. If I'm reading right your accent, Mr. Hickey, you grew up in a home where you would have to use every part of any meat or fowl your mam could procure. So if you want to eat your friend you're going to have to cut into him yourself. Do not ask me again.

**HICKEY**

I am now deciding which parts of Lieutenant Hodgson I will cut into first for every hour you refuse to apply yourself to this. You will

stand apart no longer. I'll give you some advice. Don't indulge your morals over your practicals. Not now. Don't you also want to live? Sit with it an hour and then we'll consider your choice made.

-----

**HODGSON**

I'm not troubling any of you.

**DES VOEUX**

Stand up, Lieutenant.

**HODGSON**

You'll break my hand that way!

**GOODSIR**

Let him be! Let him be! Give me 40 minutes.

-----

**HICKEY**

Mr. Goodsir. Come out.

-----

**HODGSON**

Dr. Goodsir? Dr. Goodsir. One summer, when I was seven, my parents sent me to live with two aunts in Oxfordshire. I did not want to go. The elderly have that effect on children. But they loved me. And I grew to love them. They were papists, I came to find. Devout. Each Sunday they would leave me with a housemaid while they attended a Catholic Mass. I was frightened for them. I had been told they were doing some great, unforgivable thing. Then one morning, they took me with them. I was shaking. The service was not the howling spectacle of sin I had imagined, but... it was beautiful. The singing sounded delivered by angels themselves. When it came time for the Eucharist, I... found myself moved to step forward. My aunts were surprised, but pleased, I could see. I took the wafer on my tongue. Drank from the chalice. I felt clean. With the body and blood of Christ within me I felt forgiven of every poor, weak, or selfish thing within my soul. It was a perfect moment in a whole... imperfect life. The next week when it came time to dress, I- I pretended to be ill. They knew

I was pretending. To this day, I don't know why I did it. They never asked me to join them again. We never spoke of it. It was the last and only time I stepped into a papist church. But tonight, when I close my eyes, I'm there. If I were a braver man I'd kill Mr. Hickey. Though it would mean my death, too. But I am hungry. I am hungry and I want to live.

-----

**HICKEY**

Where?

**TOZER**

It's got Crozier's group a very scant few miles ahead of it and ours a very few miles behind. It will find one of us or the other, I have no doubt about it.

**HICKEY**

Could we bait it in their direction?

**TOZER**

We should return to the ships. I've seen the charts, Cornelius. We're barely a quarter of the way. We've seen more signs of melt, Mr. Des Voeux sighted birds. If we head back now, we're assured of getting back to Terror and Erebus before they have enough open water to leave. We can keep a loyal crew. We can head away from this place, away from this devil.

**HICKEY**

Well, you finally sound frightened, Solomon.

**TOZER**

We don't want to meet it again. We can't beat it.

**HICKEY**

That is a queer melody for a Marine.

**TOZER**

I saw that thing murder Mr. Collins.

**HICKEY**

You've told me.

**TOZER**

Didn't tell you all. I haven't told anyone all. Do you believe a man has a soul? How have you come to that belief? Have you seen one? I have. I saw Mr. Collins's soul. I know that's what it was, and I watched that creature... ingest it. Feed on it. Watched it happen from a few yards away. I'm not mistaken. It breathed that man's soul in. Oh! If it's following the captain's group now, let's take that opportunity and get as many miles between us as we can. Get back to the ships and be there when the leads open. Not here. Not here.

**HICKEY**

This does mean a new plan. Can you signal to our friend ahead?

**TOZER**

Yes.

-----

**PEGLAR**

"The C, the C, the open C. It grew so fresh, the ever free. The ever free. The ever free. Without it... Without it, guard it or run to the earth above the regions round. I love the C. I love the C."

**GOLDING**

Mr. Bridgens.

-----

**PILKINGTON**

He's been up there since morning. What's he doing?

**TOZER**

Listening to his thoughts.

**ARMITAGE**

Does he know yet we got his message through?

**TOZER**

He's not been down. And I dare not go up.

**ARMITAGE**

Are we waiting for his permission?



**TOZER**

No. But we need the boat. And so we need enough men with us to haul it. This needn't be a second mutiny. He'll see reason.

**ARMITAGE**

I'd rather take our chances without the boat and get there much faster. We can beat the thaw and get across the ice, back to the ship -

**TOZER**

We'll do what we have to do, Tommy, but we'll do it tomorrow.

-----

**CROZIER**

At ease, Jopson. At ease.

**JOPSON**

Something I can do for you, sir?

**CROZIER**

Yes. You can lie there, not feeling well, while I try and cheer you up by telling you the story of the time anyone ever let me ride a cow.

**JOPSON**

I know that story ends with you head first in a compost heap.

**CROZIER**

Well, would you like to hear it or not?

**JOPSON**

Yes.

**CROZIER**

The cow in question, it belonged to a neighbor.

**JOPSON**

Foley.

**CROZIER**

Yes, Coilin Foley. He used to kick that cow when he wanted it to move. It never wanted to move. She just stood in the grass meadow all day long, which is why us children thought she'd be a safe one to climb up. So, the first trick was getting on top of the thing...

-----

**CROZIER**

You're certain of this?

**GOLDING**

Saw it, sir. Through the glass. It's there.

**LITTLE**

How wide would you guess it to be?

**GOLDING**

Wide enough for our boats. Yes, sir.

**LITTLE**

Weeks. This could save us weeks of travel. If the ice opens up, we could row across the strait and into the river. Shall we scout it properly?

**CROZIER**

Without delay.

-----

**LITTLE**

Sir!

**HARTNELL**

Bobby!

**DES VOEUX**

There's no need for any violence. It's you we were sent for, Captain. Only you.

**CROZIER**

Then drop your arms. We'll not fire on you and you'll not fire on us.

**HARTNELL**

Magnus.

**CROZIER**

Hold your fire, damn you! You did well. You did so well, son. Go on. Go be with your brother now.

**DES VOEUX**

Stand up, please.

**CROZIER**

I'll come with you.

**LITTLE**

Sir.

**CROZIER**

And you'll let the rest of these men go.

**DES VOEUX**

You have our word. We will, however, take your arms.

**CROZIER**

Gun down, Edward. Come back for Hartnell's body. Bury him. Then keep moving south, as planned. Don't wait for me. If I can, I'll catch up.

**LITTLE**

Sir.

**CROZIER**

You are to lead the men forward, Edward. You and the others will live.

**LITTLE**

I understand the order, sir.

**CROZIER**

Let me hear it.

**LITTLE**

We will live.

-----

**BLANKY**

What in the name of God took you so fucking long?

## **We Are Gone**

**HICKEY**

Do you know what day it is, Mr. Crozier? What day of the week, I mean.

**CROZIER**

No.

**HICKEY**

It's a Wednesday. You and I once shared a drink on a Wednesday. Do you remember that day?

**CROZIER**

I do. You had a dog turd in your hand.

**HICKEY**

The toast was, "Ourselves." That was fitting then. But so it is again today.

**CROZIER**

You misunderstand the toast, Mr. Hickey. It was meant as a joke. Not a very clever one.

**HICKEY**

Mr. Des Voeux. Have Goodsir tend to Mr. Crozier's injuries. And make sure he's not harmed again.

**DES VOEUX**

He took a stumble.

-----

**CHAMBERS**

The men you asked for are assembled, sir.

**LITTLE**

Men, whether we want it or not, we're drawn by the events of yesterday into a conflict with the other camp. We must plan a party to retrieve our captain and any other men who are compelled against their will. And arrest this coven of traitors once and for all.

**CRISPE**

What about the captain's order, sir, for us to keep moving south?

**LITTLE**

You can guess my mind on that subject, I'm certain. Now, Private Hammond believes the other camp should not be hard to track on this ground. They certainly had no trouble finding us.

**BEST**

We prefer the captain's orders, sir.

**LITTLE**

The hell with the captain's orders. We have a camp of nearly 30 men here. We've got nine so ill they cannot walk, with no surgeon to tend them. We've but two able-bodied lieutenants for the lot of us. None of us speaks the Netsilik tongue. None has been in the polar regions before. To restore our best chance of survival, we must restore our captain. Surely that is plain. And given we have Hickey's camp outnumbered and outgunned, we can expect to retrieve him without a single man lost.

**CRISPE**

We prefer the order, sir.

**LITTLE**

Well, I'm giving a different order.

**LE VESCONTE**

There's been a vote, Edward.

**LITTLE**

When?

**LE VESCONTE**

An hour ago. Before you woke. It was not to oppose your command of this camp. That is without question. It was to ratify the captain's order. One given in sound mind, with the full knowledge of our situation.

**LITTLE**

You would leave our captain with that devil?

**BEST**

He wouldn't have urged us to go on if he didn't think it were the best plan, sir.

**LE VESCONTE**

We've also voted that each man can do as he wishes. We'd not force you to come with us. We'll leave supplies for the ill.

**LITTLE**

Most of us are ill.

**LE VESCONTE**

We're leaving today. Those who cannot walk on their own to a sledge will stay. Once we make our next land camp, if we can, we'll return for them.

**LITTLE**

He also ordered we not leave any man behind. You expediently leave that out. What if I, and anyone here who still feels the pull of loyalty, organise our own rescue party?

**LE VESCONTE**

Edward. We hope you'll come with us.

**LITTLE**

To what? Haul?

**LE VESCONTE**

And to survive.

-----

**CROZIER**

I know Lieutenant Little's nature. He'll be here by day's end with a dozen armed men. We need to be ready. I counted 11 men total. But what about arms? Who carries them?

**GOODSIR**

Tozer, Manson, Armitage, Pilkington. Gibson. No, no. Gibson's gone as well. I think Des Voeux has his gun now.

**CROZIER**

Gone? Do you mean he ran off?

**GOODSIR**

Dead, sir, and consumed. I'm sorry. However unpleasant to hear, I must put what is going on here into words.

**CROZIER**

Five guns, then.

**GOODSIR**

Yes, sir. We thought the creature was at the ridge to our north three days ago. Hickey ordered every man out to face it, and I counted five.

**CROZIER**

Well done. Well done. If the chance to run comes and we are not together, go southeast, yes?

**GOODSIR**

Captain, will you do something for me? When you return to London, will you deliver this to a girl there? I promised I would get it to her. It belonged to her brother. All these months I thought it lost, but it's found its way back to me and I have a chance now to see it where it needs to go.

**CROZIER**

You will deliver it yourself.

**GOODSIR**

I will not leave this camp, Captain. I know that.

**CROZIER**

You mustn't lose heart. I need your help, Doctor.

**GOODSIR**

If ever I was a doctor, I am one no longer.

**CROZIER**

Even if God is seeing every last thing we do here, you have nothing to fear. Not you. You're clean, Goodsir. Clean. Even as your hand is forced by swine.



**GOODSIR**

Is God here, Captain? Any God? It doesn't matter. This place is beautiful to me, even now. To see it, with eyes as a child's. There is wonder here, Captain. And her? Do you... do you think she's still alive?

**CROZIER**

Silence? This place is her home. She'll be back with her people by now.

**GOODSIR**

Do you think so?

**CROZIER**

Yes.

**GOODSIR**

Good. Good.

**CROZIER**

I'll deliver it if I can. To whom did it belong?

**GOODSIR**

I... I made him a promise.

**CROZIER**

Yes? I'll find his sister by his name.

**GOODSIR**

He-he was afraid. He-he said, "He wants us to run."

**CROZIER**

Yes?

**GOODSIR**

Uh... his name was...

**CROZIER**

His name was...?

**GOODSIR**

Uh...

**MANSON**

Your colour's better now.

**CROZIER**

Thank you, Manson.

**MANSON**

Sorry. Mr. Hickey says I'm not to call you "Captain" any more. I'm to take you to him now.

**CROZIER**

That's all right, Magnus. You're a good boy, I know. It's a test, isn't it? Of our mettle.

**GOODSIR**

Captain. If you're still in the camp when a meal is made out of me, honour bright, Captain, do not accept.

**GOODSIR**

If he insists –

**CROZIER**

We won't let it come to that.

**GOODSIR**

If he insists, eat only of my feet. Do you understand? My feet. The soles, if possible. The toughest part. Do you understand? Everything depends on this.

-----

**CREW**

- All set?
- Right. Haul!

**JOPSON**

Captain? Captain!

-----

**HICKEY**

We'll be settling down for sick nap soon. But... come and sit for a moment, Mr. Crozier. I've been looking forward to this.

**CROZIER**

Why not let Lieutenant Hodgson go back? He's some men back at the other camp who could use his leadership. Mr. Diggle, Dr. Goodsir, Manson. They could accompany Lieutenant Hodgson.

**HICKEY**

He was the first of your officers I enlisted. I remember the day. He had a dog leg in his hand.

**CROZIER**

Oh. Well, I forgive him. I forgive all of them. But you.

**HICKEY**

Do you include yourself in that forgiveness?

**CROZIER**

I won't know until the end of this.

**HICKEY**

You hold yourself to the standard of a man you are not, nor should ever have tried to be. You've let shame drive you on and on. It's part of why we are where we are.

**CROZIER**

Then why have me brought here at all? At great risk to your men.

**HICKEY**

Tuunbaq. A spirit that dresses as an animal. Yet we shot it with a cannon and drew blood. How do you reconcile that?

**CROZIER**

I can't. There's much about this voyage I can't reconcile.

**HICKEY**

What mythology is this creature at the center of?

**CROZIER**

About the creature I have no answers, Mr. Hickey. We were not meant to know of it.

**HICKEY**

I didn't have anywhere near an equal on this expedition... but you.  
I wanted to thank you for that. On the eve of what is quite an  
important day.

**CROZIER**

You must be a surpassingly lonely man, Mr. Hickey.

**HICKEY**

Not for long.

-----

**DIGGLE**

I can probably spring those for you later. We'll have all night to  
try. You might be able to run before dawn.

**CROZIER**

Not yet, Mr. Diggle. I want to try to take some of you back with me  
when Little and the others arrive. That will be any time now.

**DIGGLE**

Then how can I help?

**CROZIER**

Follow any signal I give you.

-----

**HICKEY**

Everyone out.

**DIGGLE**

Something's happened.

**HICKEY**

He always wanted to help, didn't he?

**CROZIER**

You'd waste this man? Of all men!

**DES VOEUX**

He wasted himself, Mr. Crozier. Piece of glass to the wrists.

**HICKEY**

If he only wanted to die, he could have run out into the hills and starved. But he didn't. He made a gift of himself for the rest of us, is the way I see it. And at the supper hour. Come and join us. Let the men begin.

**CROZIER**

It will not happen.

**HICKEY**

– Private Armitage, bring Mr. Crozier forward.  
– Mr. Golding, stand up.  
– After dinner we're climbing the hill, men. There's something needs doing now Mr. Crozier's with us. A few of you will have parts to play as well. Mr. Des Voeux, do we still have with us that boat chain?

**DES VOEUX**

We do.

-----

**GEORGE BARROW**

Forgive Father not coming down, Sir James. He's not well just today.

**JCR**

Well, I won't impose on his rest. I wanted only to say my farewells. I leave Wednesday next for Lancaster Sound, to see about Sir John and Francis.

**GEORGE BARROW**

I'm relieved to hear it. Father thinks it's the right choice, after all, not to wait. There's momentum built up in the public now for this.

**JCR**

The Enterprise and Investigator are marvelous ships. He can have every confidence there. Richardson and Rae leave overland in June, and the Plover should be well on her way to join the search from the Pacific end by then as well. We'll come at it by east, west and south.

**GEORGE BARROW**

Well, then you're sure to find it. That will bring more comfort to my father than you can know. He wants it found while he still lives. His own "chilly shortcut to China," he calls it.

-----

**HICKEY**

Haul! Come on! Push! Halt! Fire a shot. Private Pilkington, do it now. Here, Terror! Where was he last seen?

**ARMITAGE**

South, two miles, staggering off a weak left side.

**TOZER**

Let me off this chain!

**CROZIER**

He is sick, then, the creature.

**TOZER**

Cornelius!

**CROZIER**

He's sick from what he eats, Mr. Hickey.

**HODGSON**

"Dis-moi ce que tu manges je te dirai ce que tu es."

**HICKEY**

And in English, Mr. Hodgson?

**HODGSON**

"Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you are."

**HICKEY**

I detect a double meaning there. If we don't meet the creature soon, we set up a signal fire on this hill. Now, he may not have his senses. He may need help finding us.

**ARMITAGE**

Have we come here to give it a royal death, then?

**DES VOEUX**

If it's ill, we should put every shot we have in its head and butcher it. Now, while it's weak.

**HICKEY**

I have a different plan.

**TOZER**

Well, perhaps it's time you told us what that plan is.

**PILKINGTON**

That creature is everything we need; meat and fur. We could make at least ten greatcoats out of it and make it back to London full bricks.

**HICKEY**

You think you're going back? No.

**DES VOEUX**

Where else are we hoping to get?

**HICKEY**

I can't go back. A man called Cornelius Hickey told me this expedition was a year in the Polar Sea and then out the other side. He told me the ship's plan to stop at the Sandwich Islands, and the crew was going to dry out in the sun. "The other side of the world," I thought. "A year's nothing." So I dabbed him, left him in Regent's Canal. And here I am instead.

**CROZIER**

You could have just joined up.

**HICKEY**

I was gonna show you my heels when we got to those islands. I was gonna hook it and start new. I'd seen the drawings in the weeklies. Oahu. Maui. That sounded nice. No one told me I'd be freezing to death three bloody years instead, did they? I've learnt what I needed to, so bugger London. I'm going forward. Only forward. So call it with me now, boys. Come on, together. ♪ God bless our native land / May heaven's protecting hand / Still guard our shores / May peace her power extend, foe – ♪ Come on! This has to carry, men. Come on!

**CREW**

♪ God bless / Our native land – ♪

**HICKEY**

We're here! Bugger Victoria, we're here! Bugger Nelson! Bugger Jesus! Bugger Joseph and Mary! Bugger the Archbishop of Canterbury! None ever wanted nothing from me!

**PILKINGTON**

It's here. It's here!

**HICKEY**

Hand me your glass, Magnus.

-----

**DES VOEUX**

Are we going to kill it or not?

**HICKEY**

Let it come, Mr. Des Voeux. Open yourself to courage. What if we're not the heroes of this story?

**CROZIER**

It will go after those who are running at first.

**HICKEY**

Every story we've ever been told about the holy throne of Britain has a shine on it, doesn't it? But I bet you never saw in Shoreditch the breath of a god in the air. Never met a man with his soul eaten out. There are holy things before us.

**TOZER**

Magnus, Mr. Des Voeux, come forward to the others. Stagger your position on a line. When it comes over the top it's gonna have its head low, so anticipate that with your aim.

**HICKEY**

Our empire is not the only empire. We've seen that now.

**TOZER**

If you run, you'll die. If you miss, we'll die. Tommy, give me your gun. I'm the best shot here.

**HICKEY**

There's nothing that way, Mr. Hoar!



**MANSON**

I'm sorry, Tom.

**PILKINGTON**

It's before me!

**HICKEY**

Hold, Private!

**CROZIER**

Run the chain back. Run it back! Diggle, don't run! Don't run!

**GOLDING**

Come on! Come on!

**CROZIER**

You should be still!

**GOLDING(?)**

No.

**CROZIER**

Stop moving!

**GOLDING**

No! No! Captain!

**HICKEY**

Whoa. Whoa. Magnus. Come and see.

**TOZER**

There! Captain.

**CROZIER**

Oh, God. Argh!

-----

**DES VOEUX**

God! Thank you. Help me. Wait.

-----

**CROZIER**

– Charles Earl Best. George Chambers. John... John Weekes.

– *It's colder. It's late. We should not be so far north. Tomorrow we will try to walk. My men. We must find them.*

-----

**CROZIER**

Edward. What?

**LITTLE**

Close.

-----

**HUNTER**

*It would be good if you can understand what I say.*

**CROZIER**

*I can.*

**HUNTER**

*I understand from Silna that you are alone now.*

**CROZIER**

*Silna? Yes. My men. They died.*

**HUNTER**

*All? Where do you want to go? In spring you can decide. In winter you stay with us.*

**CROZIER**

*After what I did? To Tuunbaq?*

**HUNTER**

*We cried many days after we heard from the shaman. How was it, when the Tuunbaq died?*

-----

**CROZIER**

*Where is Silna?*

**HUNTER**

*She lost Tuunbaq. Alone is the way for her now.*

**CROZIER**

*When did she leave?*

**HUNTER**

*In the night. She cannot be with us now.*

**CROZIER**

*Why not?!*

**HUNTER**

*That's the way. Everyone accepts this.*

**CROZIER**

*Which way did she go? Which way did she go? Which way did she go?  
Silna – which way did she go? Silna – which way did Silna go? Where  
is Silna? Where is Silna? Silna! Where is Silna?*

**HUNTER**

*Everyone accepts this. You must remember where you are and accept  
this, also.*

-----

*Two men are coming, pulling a sled. White men.*

**HUNTER**

*What do you want to do?*

**CROZIER**

*This is what you tell them...*

-----

**TRANSLATOR**

*"We saw a captain there. The one called Aglooka."*

**JCR**

Ask him if one of these men is the one he's calling Aglooka.

**TRANSLATOR**

"He spoke in our tongue. He was dying. He pointed south. Says they were going overland. Home. But they could barely walk. And with Tuunbaq behind them."

**JCR**

Tuunbaq?

**TRANSLATOR**

"Behind them, coming. Always coming."

**JCR**

Someone was pursuing them? An Esquimaux?

**TRANSLATOR**

"From the shamans. The thing that eats on two legs and four. The thing made of muscles... and spells."

**JCR**

I don't understand. Is he describing a man?

**TRANSLATOR**

Sorry, Sir James. I don't know what the hell he's describing.

**JCR**

What did Francis say? Aglooka?

**TRANSLATOR**

"Your friend took my hands. He said, 'Tell those who come after us not to stay. The ships are gone. There's no way through. No passage. Tell them we are gone. Dead... and gone.'"

## Fun Stats

- mebbe