







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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He removes the pennies. To our surprise he puts them into his poc



STREET BEGGAR

! threw a rope around his neck

STREET CHILDREN

! threw a rope around his neck

*Singing 'Street Beggar's Bonaparte' out: 10:04:*

*Scored Music '101m03' In: 10:04:*

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

FUNERAL CALLER

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

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

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

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

Her horse is led by a handsome man in his early thirties (THORNE GEARY), who is Zilpha's

What extra shilling?

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

THOYT (TO ZILPHA)

To bury your father deeper in the ground.

Zilpha glances at her husband, who is impassive.

THOYT (CONT'D)

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

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

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

PRIEST

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

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

PRIEST & CONGREGATION

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

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

*Music 'Vista' In: 10:07:*

A single tear drips from Zilpha's hidden face.



James walks alone

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

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

A liveried servant is taking glasses of warm sherry around the small huddles of guests and we follow him. As guests take thei



JAMES (CONT'D)

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

THOYT

James?

JAMES

Who are you?

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

THOYT

I am Thoyt. Your father's lawyer.

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

THOYT (CONT'D)

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

.anguage 10:10:46

James studies Thoyt and reappraises...

THOYT (CONT'D)

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

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

THOYT (CONT'D)

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

James nods gently and speaks evenly.

JAMES

Yes I know. I heard him calling.

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

THOYT

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

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

THOYT (CONT'D)

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

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

THOYT (CONT'D)

The only legacy is a poisoned chalice...

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

JAMES (SOFTLY)

Talk to me of poison.

THOYT

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

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

THOYT (CONT'D)

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

.anguage 10:11:39

James finally turns his cold gaze on Thoyt...

THOYT (CONT'D)

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

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

JAMES (INTERRUPTING)

They are my rocks now.

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

THOYT

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

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

THOYT (CONT'D)

I'll send you a formal proposition in writing.

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

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

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

Zilpha is with Thorne, who is scooping some wine from a bowl. He is cooling his mood with wine. Sh

JAMES (CONT'D)

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

He looks at Thorne who responds...

THORNE

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

ZILPHA

We were just leaving...

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

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

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

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

EXT Establisher.

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

A servant carries a tray down the corridor.

The tray is placed on the table in the boardroom.

The boardroom is another step up in opulence and grace.

A huge table with 11 chairs dominates the room.

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

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

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

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

SIR STUART

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

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

SIR STUART (CONT'D)

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

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

SIR STUART (CONT'D)

The death of that mad old bastard was welcome and as we thought at the time, beneficial for the Honorable East India. But things have changed. Mr. Thor1

.anguage 10:14:56















JAMES (CONT'D)

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

They both laugh.

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

BRACE

James, you could have written to your father just once.

I

JAMES

I know already.

Brace takes this on board and treads carefully...

BRACE

I doubt that.

James repeats Thoyt...

JAMES

A piece of land called Nootka Sound.

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

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

JAMES (CONT'D)

Nootka was my mother's tribe.

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

BRACE (MOCKING)

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

JAMES

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

The word resonates for Brace.

BRACE

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

JAMES

Yet, he told me everything.

BRACE

When?

JAMES

When he lit his fires on the foreshore.

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

BRACE

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

James reacts...

BRACE (CONT'D)



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

JAMES

Salish. My mother's name was, Salish.





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

HELGA

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

She bustles toward James with her pipe smouldering.

HELGA (CONT'D)

That is private property052 1 41 .J E(d) -1 d tH( ) Tj32 (tH32 E (G)/TT5 1 BT4 011 (at) 5



Helga stares into his eyes.

HELGA

I have girls. But, I also have men.

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

HELGA (CONT'D)

They're not very good men, you understand? They have rocks for hearts. They have knives and ropes.

James doesn't look...

HELGA (CONT'D)

If you have any sense...

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

JAMES

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

Beat.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Two hours.

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

A pause.

HELGA

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

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

HELGA (CONT'D)

If I give you girl, I will never see her again.

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

JAMES

You heard right. Be punctual.

He leaves.

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

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

Then the door opens without a knock and Thorne enters.

THORNE

They have brought the carriage up.

Zilpha forces a smile...

ZILPHA

Yes, I'm coming.

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

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

THORNE

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

Zilpha reacts with hidden weariness at the correction.

ZILPHA

'Implore' is a more feminine word...

Thorne speaks as he reads...

THORNE

And why must you be a woman to him?

A pause. Thorne finds another error...

THORNE (CONT'D)

The offer of fifty pounds should be conditional on him leaving England.

ZILPHA

Why?

Thorne looks at Zilpha.

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

THORNE

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

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

ZILPHA

Why?

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

THORNE

That is a *very* good question.

He speaks with curiosity...

THORNE (CONT'D)

Why would I feel that way about him after meeting him only once?

He steps closer and touches her cheek...

THORNE (CONT'D)

The son of the same father as the woman I love.

Zilpha turns away. A pause.

THORNE (CONT'D)

Why does a soldier know that the nigger bowing low has a dagger in his shoe? And is reaching for it.

He stares at her for a long time.

THORNE (CONT'D)

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

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

THORNE (CONT'D)

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

A pause. A half smile...

THORNE

Not kneel down beside them.

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

THORNE (CONT'D)

Try again, this time reflecting the disgust you naturally feel now you know the truth.

She smiles as he touches her face.



Then a voice...

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

IBBOTSON

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

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

IBBOTSON

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

JAMES

What do you want?

IBBOTSON

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

.anguage 10:36:12/24/33

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

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

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

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

The pony and trap pulls to a stop.

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

This is evidently a routine trade.

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

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

He speaks as he hears footsteps approaching.

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

POWELL

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

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

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

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

POWELL (CONT'D)

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

Powell looks up at James, who has no expression.

POWELL (CONT'D)

I will know in twenty minutes. Come back when the church bell chimes.

*Scored Music '101m14' In: 10:38:*

James turns and walks his business

JAMES (CONT'D)

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

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

POWELL

The horizontal chamber contains the gas from the stomach contents.

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

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

POWELL (CONT'D)

Now, the moment of truth.

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

He makes his conclusion. James studies him.

POWELL (CONT'D)

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

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

POWELL (CONT'D)

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

James reacts.

POWELL (CONT'D)

Your father was poisoned.

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

POWELL (CONT'D)

I would recommend they dig a bit deeper this time.

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

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

JAMES

If this body is used for any other purpose, I will find you

THORNE

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

Thorne studies Zilpha's reactions.

THORNE (CONT'D)

I know he's your brother but !

ZILPHA

Half brother.

THORNE

He leaves me no choice.

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

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

THORNE (CONT'D)

I'm going out.

ZILPHA

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

Thorne looks at Zilpha, quiet fury rising.

THORNE

(measured)

Empty! I'm your husband and you're my wife. And I will protect our interests, by whatever means necessary

ta9.442 5BT 0.0098 Tc 4T0T65 1 8 cm BTn BT3701 83 6Tlflong1 TTT5nt ,

.anguage: 10:43:52

James takes money out of his jacket.

JAMES (CONT'D)

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

He looks into he bag.

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

JAMES (CONT'D)

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

IBBOTSON

Yes Sir. Mr. Delaney.

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

IBBOTSON (CONT'D)

Do you want to talk to him?

JAMES

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

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

JAMES (CONT'D)

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

Ibbotson, turns -4 (oTm /TT5 1 Tf [(lb) -5 ]TJ q) -5 -5 (s [(ar.91) -9( )76) 1 (u) 1 (t) 5 ( ) 5 (m) -4 1 Tf [(ts) -4





I believe you were a cadet.

JAMES

Yes you were my commander.

SIR STUART

Blame brandy and old age, please sit. Brandy?

JAMES

No.

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

APPLEBY

To begin, may I offer our !

JAMES

Please understand, hypocrisy I hate most.

Appleby re-boots. He nods gently...

APPLEBY

Indeed. Let us not pretend...

JAMES

No. Do not pretend...

Sir Stuart steps in.

SIR STUART

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

A pause. James relents a little...

APPLEBY

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

Appleby points at the red circle.

APPLEBY (CONT'D)

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

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James waits.

SIR STUART

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

JAMES

I know.

APPLEBY

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

JAMES

I know. Yes I know.

James continues, dis



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

After a moment...

APPLEBY

Are you sure you won't take a brandy?

JAMES

Yes!

Wilton speaks to the air...

WILTON (SOFTLY)

Please take a moment to consider the consequences of your refusal...

JAMES

What consequences? What consequences?

PETTIFER

Perhaps we should adjourn....

Sir Stuart peers at James...

SIR STUART

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

James doesn't answer.

SIR STUART (CONT'D)

Please !

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

SIR STUART (CONT'D)

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

.anguage 10:52:17

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

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

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

JAMES

Good day.

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

SIR STUART

Well, the son is as unstable as the father.

PETTIFER

Perhaps the rumors about him are true.

Sir Stuart drains his glass.

SIR STUART

I'd.

Creative Consultants

EMILY BALLOU  
BRETT C. LEONARD

Cast in order of appearance

James Keziah Delaney	TOM HARDY
Horace Delaney	EDWARD FOX
Funeral Caller	MARTIN WIMBUSH
Street Beggar	LARRINGTON WALKER
Zilpha Geary	
Thorne Geary	
Robert Thoyt	
Priest	
Old Man	
Old Lady	
Delf	
Mace	
Passerby 1	

RD 4 \_\_\_\_\_





RD 10

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Picture Post  
Digital Colourist  
Digital On-Line Editor  
Digital Intermediate Producer

GOLDCREST POST PRODUCTION  
ADAM GLASMAN  
SINÉAD CRONIN  
JONATHAN COLLARD

Sound Post  
Supervising Sound Editor/Re-Recording Mixer  
Sound Effects Editors

BOOM POST, LONDON  
LEE WALPOLE  
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SAOIRSE CHRISTOPHERSON

Dialogue Editor  
Foley Recordist  
Foley Artist  
Re-Recording Mixer  
Assistant Re-Recording Mixer

JEFF RICHARDSON  
PHILIP CLEMENTS  
CATHERINE THOMAS  
STUART HILLIKER  
RORY DE CARTERET

RD 11

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VFX Executive Producer  
VFX Executive Supervisor



