

CRUSOE

"THE TRAVELLER"

EPISODE 12

by
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WHITE SHOOTING SCRIPT - 29 SEPTEMBER 2008
GREEN REVISIONS - 30 SEPTEMBER 2008
PURPLE REVISIONS - 5TH OCTOBER 2008

TEASER

1 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 1 *

Crusoe's out on a limb -- literally. He's out amongst the branches, working on a rope rig to hoist some new piece of kit into position.

As he secures the pulley block, Friday calls up to him from below. Bow in his hand, quiver full of arrows.

FRIDAY
Crusoe! What do you want to eat
today?

CRUSOE
Surprise me. But not parrot. That's
just wrong.

He continues the work as Friday moves off. *

2 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 2 *

Friday's stalking through the undergrowth, bow in hand, half-drawn, ready to let fly when a target presents itself.

He senses something. Suddenly the bow's fully drawn and he's tracking a flying target with his aim...

But it's a brightly-coloured parrot. He half-relaxes and lets it escape, but...

Doesn't relax entirely. What's that whistling sound?

(INTERCUT: in his tree, Crusoe hears it too)

Friday looks up and around with growing anxiety as the whistling turns into a scream and then...

There's a FUCKING ENORMOUS ROCKET EXPLOSION right overhead, bursting in the sky above the island and making Friday flinch down as he involuntarily looses off the arrow without aiming.

3 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY 3 *

Crusoe's reacting to the explosion too, as the STRAY ARROW
ZIPS BY HIM.

Whoa! Too much to handle! He falls!

His fall is broken by vegetation. *

He's still on the ground, gathering his wits, when Friday arrives at a run. *

FRIDAY
What happened?

3

CONTINUED:

3

CRUSOE
Gravity. It's new.

For a man who just fell out of a tree, he's surprisingly upbeat. Friday holds out his hand to pull Crusoe up.

FRIDAY
I meant that.

He glances toward the sky.

CRUSOE
That, my friend...

Boosted by Friday, Crusoe is up on his feet.

CRUSOE (CONT'D)
...was a ship's rocket!

FRIDAY
From where?

BOOOOM! The fainter, duller, more distant sound of a cannon turns their heads to look in the same direction.

Crusoe's face falls.

CRUSOE
Shipwreck Beach.

He leads the way as they start toward it.

4

EXT. ABOVE SHIPWRECK BEACH - DAY

4

Some time later. Crusoe and Friday jog toward a point from which they can look down on the very beach where Crusoe first landed. They're carrying water and weapons.

With sight of the sea, they stop. Breathless from the long run, looking out.

FRIDAY
Is it the Spaniard?

Crusoe shades his eyes for a better view.

CRUSOE
I don't think so.

FRIDAY
He swore he'd bring a rescue ship.

CRUSOE
That's an English flag.

4

CONTINUED:

4

FX OR STOCK -- some way off, the ship in full sail, leaning over and ploughing up waves as it comes about.

CRUSOE (CONT'D)

They've seen the reefs and they're turning away.

FRIDAY

Crusoe, look!

He points down.

Closer to the beach, almost within swimming distance, there's an upturned longboat and men struggling in the water.

Crusoe and Friday start down to the beach.

5

EXT. SHIPWRECK BEACH - DAY

5

Time jump. On the open sands. Crusoe and Friday arrive and cross the beach at a run, heading for the water's edge.

The upturned longboat and two of the men have fetched up on the shore. They lie face down on the sand, the waves washing over them.

Crusoe stops at the first man they reach. Friday runs on.

Crusoe drops to one knee and turns the man over, checking for life. An ordinary sailor from a private ship. Severely scurvied, although that's the least of his worries right now.

CRUSOE

This man's drowned.

Friday's with the other man.

FRIDAY

This one's been smashed on the rocks.

In the same moment, both are aware of a cry out to sea; both look.

WAY OUT AT SEA -- an arm is lifted weakly, as an exhausted man attempts to swim one last stroke.

No hesitation. Shedding their weapons, our guys are up and running for the water. Crusoe's closest. They plough in and start to swim out.

6

EXT. SEA - DAY

6

The third man bobs around, showing no further sign of life.

Crusoe and Friday reach the ailing swimmer.

6 CONTINUED:

6

ON THE HORIZON -- the ship is just now disappearing around the headland.

7 EXT. SHIPWRECK BEACH - DAY

7

A short time later. Crusoe and Friday are emerging from the waves, their rescuee between them. They've an arm each. His head hangs down and his legs drag up the sand as they pull him clear of the water.

All collapse on the sand. The rescuee lies face-down between them and doesn't move. Crusoe and Friday are all but wiped-out themselves.

Friday looks at the man just lying there, and places a sorrowful hand on his shoulder.

FRIDAY

Too late again, I fear, Crusoe.

Upon which the man spasms and coughs out a lungful of water, making Friday jump.

CRUSOE

You seem to have the healing touch.

Together, they turn the man over.

Crusoe stops.

CRUSOE (CONT'D)

Good Lord.

FRIDAY

What?

CRUSOE

This can't be.

FRIDAY

What?

CRUSOE

It's... it's Mister Blackthorn!
It's Jeremiah Blackthorn!

ON BLACKTHORN -- windburned, salty and close to death, and very much the worse for wear... but it's none other.

*

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

8 EXT. SHIPWRECK BEACH - DAY 8

A low shelter has been built, just above the waterline. A roof of sloping fronds, a framework of poles, its sides open.

Some yards away from this, two recent grave mounds with simple crosses.

Crusoe is crouched down beside these, in a contemplative mood. Twiddling with some pocket medical instrument of the age. *

Friday's walking toward him, with a net filled with fruit slung over his shoulder. *

FRIDAY

And what do the dead men tell you today?

CRUSOE

(rising)

That it was no part of their life's plan to die for a stranger on some distant shore.

FRIDAY

Ah. Crusoe's having one of his "happy" days.

CRUSOE

Two men died!

FRIDAY

They didn't die for you. They died for a sailor's pay.

CRUSOE

This one was their surgeon. *

He lays the telltale pocket instrument on the grave. *

FRIDAY

Death comes when it will, Crusoe. It doesn't wait to be invited. *

CRUSOE

Well. Now I feel so much better. *

Handing over the fruit, Friday glances toward the shelter.

FRIDAY

How is he?

8

CONTINUED:

8

CRUSOE

He raved all night. I think the fever broke and now he's sleeping.

FRIDAY

Did he know you?

CRUSOE

I don't think so. But he must have news about Susannah. He kept saying her name.

Crusoe heads for the shelter with the fruit.

Left behind, Friday looks at the graves.

9

INT. SHIPWRECK BEACH SHELTER - DAY

9

As Crusoe approaches, we find Jeremiah Blackthorn lying on a rough paillasse on a raised bamboo frame. He appears to be unconscious, in a salt-stained shirt, with a thin blanket over him.

The entire arrangement is essentially a Crusoe camp bed under a Crusoe gazebo.

Crusoe settles on a stool made from a chunk of log. He picks up a cup made out of half a coconut shell and, like Superman making a diamond out of a lump of coal, one-handedly squeezes the first piece of fruit over it. And as the drops fall, Blackthorn's eyes open.

BLACKTHORN

(frowning)

Robinson?

CRUSOE

Mister Blackthorn!

Blackthorn looks all around him, bewildered.

CRUSOE (CONT'D)

You're on my island, sir. We pulled you from the sea.

Blackthorn stares at him. The sea?

CRUSOE (CONT'D)

Your landing boat ran foul of a dangerous shoal. The ship pulled about to avoid it just in time.

Now Blackthorn manages to speak, not much above a croak.

BLACKTHORN

Where is my ship?

9

CONTINUED:

9

CRUSOE

Gone, sir. After what they saw,
they'll be thinking you drowned.

*
*

Weakened though he is, Blackthorn's immediate instinct is to calculate his position.

And while he's working that out, Crusoe asks the question that's most important to him.

CRUSOE (CONT'D)

How is Susannah?

*

10

EXT. SHIPWRECK BEACH - DAY

10

A while later. A campfire close to the shelter. Blackthorn sits on the stump stool with the thin blanket now around his shoulders. Coatless, tousled, and ragged, he looks as much the castaway as either of them.

Crusoe sits at his feet. Friday squats a yard or two away, present but not intruding.

In Blackthorn's hand is the half-shell cup. He's looking better -- not sick, but like a man who's run a marathon and needs a day or two's recovery time.

BLACKTHORN

We took on a pilot in Barbados. He said he knew the islands. But two days into the journey, he took to his bunk and that's all the use we had out of him.

CRUSOE

So how did you find me?

BLACKTHORN

By the map I had from your Spaniard. For a piece of shrunken old leather it was surprisingly accurate.

*

CRUSOE

Old leather.

He and Friday exchange a look. Oo-er. Poor Fenwick.

BLACKTHORN

You know the map?

FRIDAY

Crusoe knew its owner.

*
*

Blackthorn ignores him.

*

10

CONTINUED:

10

BLACKTHORN

I could read it well enough. But
not well enough to choose a safe
harbour.

CRUSOE

If they think there's any chance
you're alive, they'll search a lot
harder for a man like you than they
ever did for me.

BLACKTHORN

Believe me, Robinson. There never
was a search like the one there's
been for you. Everyone failed in
the end. So I took it on myself.

CRUSOE

I thank you for that, sir.

BLACKTHORN

Don't thank me.

He sips from the cup, makes a face at the sharp taste.

CRUSOE

You had a touch of scurvy. Comes of
a long sea voyage. No one knows
what causes it, but fruit's the
best cure.

BLACKTHORN

That's why the surgeon pressed for
an early landing. Look where that
got us.

Blackthorn holds out the empty cup toward Friday without
looking at him.

Nothing happens. An awkward moment.

Friday can see that something's expected of him, but he's no
idea what. He looks to Crusoe for help.

And before Crusoe can work out what to say, Blackthorn gives
up the wait and puts the cup on the ground with an air of
irritation.

11

EXT. SHIPWRECK BEACH - DAY

11

Crusoe and Blackthorn taking a slow walk along the shore.
Blackthorn steadies himself with a light hand on Crusoe's
shoulder, but he's visibly stronger than before.

11 CONTINUED:

11

BLACKTHORN

King James is gone. Abandoned his throne and fled the country.

CRUSOE

What about Judge Jeffreys?

BLACKTHORN

Captured trying to follow him. He fell ill and died in the Tower.

CRUSOE

Then I've no enemies in England now! I thank God my father lived to see the day.

*
*

BLACKTHORN

Robinson...

*
*

His tone alerts Crusoe to what's coming. Crusoe stops and looks at him.

*
*

BLACKTHORN (CONT'D)

He was a good man.

*
*

CRUSOE

I promised him. He'd see me again.

*
*

BLACKTHORN

He will. But not in this world.

*
*

He squeezes the shoulder he's holding.

*

BLACKTHORN (CONT'D)

Courage, Robinson.

*
*

CRUSOE

Now there's one less rock for Susannah to lean on.

*
*
*

BLACKTHORN

A very independent woman, your wife. I offered her my house as a permanent home. But she chose other lodgings.

*
*
*

12 (UK74)INT. ASYLUM. DAY. (STOCK)

12

*

The upper story of a stark and decaying building. Bare walls, bare floors.

The ASYLUM SUPERINTENDENT is leading Olivia down a corridor. We see no inmates but we hear a many-layered background of cries and banging on doors.

12

CONTINUED:

12

Up ahead, a well-dressed GENTLEMAN and TWO LADIES stand at the rail of an inspection pit, looking down and pointing.

SUPERINTENDENT

I expect you'd like to view some lunatics. We've got some good ones out today. Here.

He produces a lemon from his pocket and offers it to Olivia.

SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)

Try throwing this. Have you never seen a lunatic eat a lemon? It's well worth the money.

OLIVIA

I'm not here for a show. I'm here for Susannah Crusoe.

SUPERINTENDENT

Oh, you're a family visitor. We don't get many of those. That's the whole point of the place. Out of mind, out of sight. So to speak.

OLIVIA

So she's here?

SUPERINTENDENT

Oh, yes.

He leads her onward past the inspection pit, and the spectators who ignore her...

While from below come the sounds of a toy drum and a child's bugle and someone barking like a dog, to add to the general hellish swirl of sound.

13

(UK75) INT. ASYLUM. DAY. (**STOCK**)

13

*

A bare and darkened room. As the door is opened, light falls across...

Susannah, lying on a crummy mattress. She's bound with straps and gagged.

SUPERINTENDENT

Not much to look at, I'm afraid. We have to keep her like this. Does that woman know some language.

OLIVIA

Take off the restraints and have her brought to my carriage.

13 CONTINUED:

13

The Superintendent is amused, like she just said the most stupid thing.

SUPERINTENDENT

No.

Olivia reaches into her sleeve and pulls out a visiting card which she hands to him.

OLIVIA

This is my father. Perhaps you'd like to tell him how you refused me?

14 (UK76) INT. ASYLUM. DAY. (**STOCK**)

14 *

Susannah is out of the restraints. Her hair is lank, her skin pale, her eyes dark-ringed and wild. She's wearing the crummy stained shift of an inmate but has Olivia's coat around her shoulders. Olivia is supporting her as she walks, none too steadily.

They're heading for the exit and ignoring the Superintendent, who's calling after them.

SUPERINTENDENT

Please. It was our cleanest room!

With Olivia and Susannah...

SUSANNAH

Are you here to help me or do me further harm? Because I have been a trusting soul, and you can see how I've been paid for it.

OLIVIA

Trust me or don't. The choice is yours. But I knew your husband.

SUSANNAH

Where is he?

OLIVIA

Have you stayed faithful, Susannah?

SUSANNAH

I have.

OLIVIA

Then you still have his heart. Wherever he is.

15 EXT. SHIPWRECK BEACH - DAY 15

ANGLE ON CRUSOE, observed from a distance, lashing together some kind of construction out of driftwood and twine. Framed against the sea and looking lyrical.

CLOSE ON BLACKTHORN, watching from his shelter. He bites into a piece of fruit and chews thoughtfully, observing his rescuer, considering his position.

Then he throws the fruit rind aside and rises.

Friday's approaching him and about to speak.

Blackthorn ignores him completely and heads toward Crusoe, leaving Friday standing like a fool with his words unsaid.

WITH CRUSOE -- setting up his construction so we can see the shape it's taking. It's like a wicker chair with stretcher poles fore and aft.

As Blackthorn reaches him...

BLACKTHORN

What are you making now?

CRUSOE

It's like a sedan chair. To get you to my tree house.

BLACKTHORN

What's the use of a sedan chair with only one servant to carry it?

CRUSOE

We don't have servants and masters here. I'll take one end and Friday the other.

*
*

BLACKTHORN

Really.

CRUSOE

You think Friday's a savage.

BLACKTHORN

Well, what do you call him?

Crusoe laughs.

CRUSOE

This truly is a new world, Mister Blackthorn. I have so much to show you.

15 CONTINUED:

15

BLACKTHORN
This tree house. Is it far?

CRUSOE
Half a day's walk. Or an hour if I
run, and... (mimes his zipline)
swing on the rigging.

BLACKTHORN
I shouldn't care to run, but I do
believe I've the strength to walk.
And you can educate me further as
we go.

16 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

16

Crusoe leads the way down the jungle trail, with Blackthorn
following close behind.

CRUSOE
Tell me again.

*
*

BLACKTHORN
Susannah is well. Your children are
well. She never gave up faith in
your return.

*
*
*
*

CRUSOE
And her situation's safe.

*
*

BLACKTHORN
As secure as I could make it.

*
*

CRUSOE
Forgive me for making you repeat
it. But I've lived for those words.

*
*
*

BLACKTHORN
Without civilised company, I'm sure
I'd feel the same.

*
*
*

ON FRIDAY -- that doesn't go down well.

*

CRUSOE
I went years with no companionship
at all. Then one morning I found a
single human footprint in the sand.
Can you imagine that?

*
*
*

Over his shoulder, Blackthorn indicates Friday behind them.

BLACKTHORN
Was it his?

CRUSOE
I've no idea whose it was.

*

16

CONTINUED:

16

BLACKTHORN

But it told you there was hope.

*
*

CRUSOE

Actually, it scared the wits out of
me.

*
*
*

They pass on by.

So now we see Friday as he comes into closer view and goes
by, looking increasingly pissed-off at this offhand
treatment.

17

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY

17

A wide panorama with open views, and the three of them
walking.

We linger close on Blackthorn as he takes in the landscape
and starts to appreciate the scale of his predicament, here.

Crusoe glances back to see if he's OK.

Blackthorn forces a smile and goes on.

We can see that his energy's starting to run low.

18 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

18

Farther down the trail. Among the lush stuff again.

CRUSOE

I wouldn't dare surrender myself to the Spanish Guarda Costa. I might risk the French. But then the first English flag I saw was flown by a pack of thieves. We were lucky to escape them with our lives.

BLACKTHORN

Robinson...

Crusoe stops.

BLACKTHORN (CONT'D)

I'm not so recovered as I thought.

CRUSOE

But you've done it. We're there.

He moves ahead and out of the way, pulling some of the foliage aside.

PUSH IN on Blackthorn as we then reveal...

Crusoe's tree house, seen from the trail's end.

Back on Blackthorn... exhaustion forgotten, taken aback by the wonder of it.

Crusoe watches his reaction with amusement.

Blackthorn looks at Crusoe with new respect.

*

Friday stays silent, but his suspicion is unmistakeable.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

19 EXT. TREE HOUSE - DAY 19
Blackthorn is in the elevator, rising, while Crusoe works the *
gears. *

Blackthorn looks all around him -- something amazing wherever
he looks.

While down on the ground, there's Friday. Not so happy. *

20 INT. TREE HOUSE - DAY 20
Crusoe stands back and watches as Blackthorn moves through
the main part of the tree house, taking it all in.

It doesn't matter who you are. A place like this is going to
work its magic. *

He turns to look at Crusoe.

CRUSOE
Not quite so grand as what you've
been used to. But it keeps the rain
out.

Blackthorn looks around again. *

BLACKTHORN *
You know what you've done, here, *
Robinson. You've civilised a *
wilderness. *

CRUSOE *
No, sir. I've adapted to it. I took *
everything I could scavenge from *
the wreck and turned it to my *
purpose. *

BLACKTHORN *
So those sails... *

CRUSOE *
From the ship. I can raise and drop *
them to keep out the sun. And these *
old timbers -- I've got ropes and *
counterweights that will hoist them *
into place in the blink of an eye. *
They'll stop anything short of a *
cannonball. *

Blackthorn moves on deeper. *

BLACKTHORN *
You have running water. *

20

CONTINUED:

20

CRUSOE
From a haunted spring.

Blackthorn raises an eyebrow.

CRUSOE (CONT'D)
From a wind pump on the roof.

Blackthorn turns to continue his tour.

BLACKTHORN
These are marvels, Robinson...

He stops in surprise at the sight of...

DUNDEE. Just sitting there, in the way. Doing nothing.

CRUSOE
That's Dundee. Ship's dog. Another
thing I scavenged from the wreck.

Blackthorn looks at Crusoe.

BLACKTHORN
Where's the wreck now?

CRUSOE
Gone. I saved what I could before a
storm broke it up.

Blackthorn looks around again.

BLACKTHORN
But you really do lack for nothing.

Crusoe smiles sadly, and looks at all his handiwork.

CRUSOE
If only that were true.

ON BLACKTHORN -- this place is already getting under his
skin.

21

OMITTED

21

22

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

22

Meanwhile, as before, Friday's out alone stalking birds with
his bow.

He sees one, tracks it, fires...

And the expression on his face tells us he's missed.

As he reaches for another arrow, he takes a glance back
toward the tree house.

23 OMITTED

23 *

24 INT. TREE HOUSE - DUSK 24 *

The sun's going down and the light is magical.

On the deck overlooking the jungle, eyes closed, so relaxed he seems boneless, Blackthorn lies with his legs up on a bamboo lounger (or a couple of chairs pushed together to make one) in that rare combination of exhaustion and contentment that follows a hard but satisfying day.

As Blackthorn dozes there, DUNDEE lies alongside the chair. *

Without him opening his eyes, Blackthorn's hand now drops to the dog's head and he scratches the animal's ears. As if this is all that's needed to complete the moment.

25 EXT. JUNGLE NEAR BASE OF TREE HOUSE - DUSK 25 *

Coals are glowing in an open fire, ringed by stones. Y-shaped sticks to support a spit. *

Friday squats before it. He's threading four or five small birds, plucked and trussed, onto a spit for roasting. *

Crusoe comes strolling up. *

25

CONTINUED:

25

CRUSOE

So now you've met him. My
benefactor.

FRIDAY

That's not the man you told me
about.

Not the reaction Crusoe was expecting.

*

CRUSOE

What do you mean?

FRIDAY

He shows one face to you, and
another to me.

CRUSOE

He's barely spoken to you!

FRIDAY

Exactly!

CRUSOE

You're being ridiculous. That man
has travelled halfway around the
world and put his life and fortune
at risk for me.

FRIDAY

Ask yourself, why? He's not your
father.

CRUSOE

No.

FRIDAY

Nor your brother.

CRUSOE

Well, in blood, no more than you
are! But in spirit... do you
understand what I'm saying?

Friday ain't happy. Crusoe grips his shoulder.

CRUSOE (CONT'D)

Get to know him. Let him get to
know you.

He moves out. Friday continues with what he's doing.

FRIDAY

Yes, Crusoe.

26 INT. TREE HOUSE - DAY

26

Morning. Crusoe's in his 'study' area, where his books are, contemplating a piece of paper taken from between the pages of his family bible.

A much-refreshed looking Blackthorn joins him, and pulls over a chair.

BLACKTHORN
So. Robinson.

CRUSOE
Mister Blackthorn.

BLACKTHORN
I sailed here to find you. And I'm
delighted I did. But I never
expected to be stranded here with
you.

*
*
*

CRUSOE
At least I can bear my own exile
for a little while longer. Now I
know how Susannah's been safe in
your care.

He hands Blackthorn the aged piece of torn newspaper he's been looking at.

BLACKTHORN
(reading)
"Robinson, born Kreuznauer. Beware
false friends, your children in
danger."

*

CRUSOE
You can imagine the torment it's
caused me.

BLACKTHORN
False friends?

Crusoe shrugs.

CRUSOE
There's Adam, there's Percy... I'd
never doubt any of them.

BLACKTHORN
(handing it back)
Your only false friend is the one
who placed this piece of mischief.

They rise and walk through. As Blackthorn glances around...

26

CONTINUED:

26

BLACKTHORN (CONT'D)

I remember that home you rigged in
the Swan Street warehouse. The bed
hung on ropes and you made a chair
out of a keg.

CRUSOE

Susannah thought I was mad.

BLACKTHORN

You haven't changed.

CRUSOE

Did she keep up the rent? I sent
money whenever I could.

BLACKTHORN

I advised her to give the place up.
Now you advise me. What happens to
us now?

CRUSOE

I had a hard time over a very
simple lesson. Learn patience and
trust in providence. We fend for
ourselves until rescue comes. Which
I know it surely will.

BLACKTHORN

Despite all your experience
suggesting otherwise.

CRUSOE

My story continues. I will have my
happy ending.

27

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

27

*

Later. Some piece of the property away from the tree house.

*

Blackthorn taking a walk by water, and happening upon some
rewarding vista. He plucks some fruit from a tree. Holds it
before his nose and inhales its scent.

*

*

*

He becomes aware of someone joining him. Doesn't immediately
realise it's Friday.

BLACKTHORN

I should be worried about my
affairs at home. Right now I find
I'm just grateful for my life.

FRIDAY

That's how it should be.

Blackthorn turns in surprise.

BLACKTHORN

Ah. Friday.

FRIDAY

Mister Blackthorn. Crusoe says I should get to know you. Since we may be sharing this island for some time.

He offers his hand.

Blackthorn looks at it.

FRIDAY (CONT'D)

Is this not how you people introduce yourselves?

BLACKTHORN

It is. But will you forgive me... if I approach this by simple stages?

Friday lowers his hand.

FRIDAY

I am a forgiving man. Up to a point.

Crusoe finds them together. He smiles at the apparent sight of his two best friends in the world, getting along.

*

CRUSOE

Who's for fishing?

BLACKTHORN

You have a rod and line?

*

FRIDAY

I'll teach him how we use a spear.

CRUSOE

I'm sorry it's not the life you've been used to.

BLACKTHORN

I'd have no life at all, if you hadn't risked yours to save it. I'm grateful. Which a man in my position doesn't often get to say.

*
*
*
*
*

He turns and takes a step to look again at the view.

*

BLACKTHORN (CONT'D)

And as for this -- I believe I can make the best of anything. As a young man, I was quite the traveller.

*
*
*

27

CONTINUED: (2)

27

KRA-BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

27 CONTINUED: (3) 27

Before his gaze, a second SHIP'S ROCKET bursts in the sky -- not overhead, this time, but beyond the hills.

Friday's about to speak, but Crusoe holds up a hand.

CRUSOE
Wait for the cannon.

BANG! A single cannon shot gives the ship's direction.

CRUSOE (CONT'D)
(to Blackthorn)
Your crew didn't abandon you! They sailed around the island to find a safe harbour!

Blackthorn sees his vision of an island life retreating. *

28 EXT. DECK OF SHIP - DAY 28

Samuel Tuffley stands by a mounted deck gun, looking toward the shore.

He has fruit. Against the scurvy. *

SAMUEL TUFFLEY
I say we give Crusoe three days to make his way to us. If he's alive. *

He takes a big, ugly bite. *

Nathan West steps up to the rail beside him.

NATHAN WEST
And I say if he doesn't turn up, we go ashore and hunt him down.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

29 INT. TREE HOUSE - DAY

29

CLOSEUP on Crusoe's family bible being wrapped in oilskin and placed into some kind of a knapsack.

Crusoe's going through his effects in the 'study' area, picking out items to take, discarding others with regret.

Friday joins him with a different, superficially similar bag.

FRIDAY

All the charts you made.

CRUSOE

We won't need those now.

Friday puts the bag aside and gets straight to what's really bothering him.

FRIDAY

This is madness, Crusoe. It takes
at least two days to cross the
island. Someone needs to run ahead
and signal to the ship.

*
*
*
*

CRUSOE

They're a nervous crew in strange
waters. One look at you and they'll
break out the muskets.

FRIDAY

Then you go! I'll bring your Mister
Blackthorn.

CRUSOE

(a touch evasive)
No.

FRIDAY

(more than a touch
perceptive)
You've discussed it with him.

CRUSOE

He swears he won't slow us down.
He's stronger now.

FRIDAY

He shuns my company.

Crusoe lowers his voice in case Blackthorn should hear.

CRUSOE

He's afraid of you.

29

CONTINUED:

29

FRIDAY

That man is afraid of nothing. He's
lying to you, Crusoe.

CRUSOE

Friday!

But he's forced to an admission that he's embarrassed to
make.

CRUSOE (CONT'D)

The only black men he's ever known
have been servants and slaves.

FRIDAY

That's his problem. Don't turn it
into my problem.

Friday goes.

Crusoe's not happy about any of this, but time is pressing.

He takes a moment, then goes to find Blackthorn.

The two similar-looking bags -- one with the valued bible,
the other with the unnecessary charts -- are left here.

30

INT. TREE HOUSE - DAY

30

Another part of the tree house. Blackthorn is sorting through
a sea-chest full of clothing, all of it distressed and
ruined. He's holding up a once-fine coat as Crusoe joins him.

CRUSOE

Find anything?

BLACKTHORN

I may as well stay with the rags
I've got on. (spies something) Is
this a bullet hole?

CRUSOE

(looking)
Arrow hole. Spoils of war.

BLACKTHORN

Your man doesn't trust me.

CRUSOE

He doesn't know you as I do.

BLACKTHORN

Then he needs to know me better. I
insist on carrying my share of the
load.

30 CONTINUED: 30

CRUSOE
There won't be much. We travel
light.

BLACKTHORN
All the same. I'm no invalid. And
I'll be nobody's passenger.

31 EXT. TREE HOUSE - DAY 31

Friday's at ground level, ready for the hike.

Crusoe slides down a rope to join him. *

32 INT. TREE HOUSE - DAY 32

Meanwhile, up in the tree house, Blackthorn has added a couple of extra pieces of clothing for the journey -- a belt, maybe a ragged coat -- and now he's winging by the study area on his way to join the others.

He scoops up a knapsack and a coil of rope and heads for the elevator basket.

He's taken the unwanted charts. The bag with the bible remains behind.

33 OMITTED 33 *

34 EXT. SCENIC TRAIL - DAY 34 *

Big wide shot of our party covering ground. *

Crusoe leads, then Blackthorn, then Friday.

CRUSOE
By the cannon shot I'd say they
found their way to Maryport.

BLACKTHORN
Maryport?

CRUSOE
As de facto Governor of the Island,
I've taken it on myself to name all
its features. Maryport for my
sister. Because it's a fair
haven...

FRIDAY
And she welcomes sailors.

Both look back at him in wide-eyed shock.

Friday has no idea why.

35 EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

35

Different landscape, more overgrown. Making their way through.

CRUSOE

How's your stamina, Mister
Blackthorn?

*

BLACKTHORN

I must have breathed away the dust
of a thousand books.

*

*

*

CRUSOE

I hope you've got a head for
heights.

*

*

BLACKTHORN

Why?

*

36 EXT. CANYON ROPE WALK - DAY

36

*

Two ropes are slung across a canyon. One to walk on, the
other to hold into.

*

*

It's a work-in-progress -- there are tools, timber and coils
of rope on this side of the canyon.

*

*

Crusoe, Blackthorn and Friday stand looking down from the
edge. Their look sells the danger of a fall.

*

*

CRUSOE

The only other way is to cross the
river. And that's infested.

*

*

*

BLACKTHORN

Infested?

*

*

FRIDAY

With flesh-eating fish.

*

*

Friday takes hold of the upper rope and starts to cross. He's
carrying his pack, weapons, everything.

*

*

BLACKTHORN

Oh, Robinson. The stories you'll
have for your children.

*

CRUSOE

Frankly, sir, they're tales I can't
wait to forget.

They watch as Friday makes the crossing.

*

37 EXT. SCENIC TRAIL - DAY 37

The landscape as before.

Along the trail comes...

Dundee, bouncing along, running to catch up.

38 EXT. BY RIVER - DAY 38

Blackthorn's studying Friday's moves. *

Crusoe notes this, and takes it for anxiety. *

As Friday reaches the far side of the canyon and steps to safety, Crusoe moves to the pile of tools and materials and starts to sort out a length of line. *

CRUSOE

Don't worry. I'll rig you a safety line. *

He belatedly realises that Blackthorn isn't listening.

Blackthorn is already out on the rope and making his way.

CRUSOE (CONT'D)

Mister Blackthorn!

BLACKTHORN

Don't distract me, Robinson! I'd prefer not to fall!

Crusoe's about to shout something else... but then looks helplessly at Friday.

Friday shrugs. What can they do? *

With Blackthorn as he crosses -- eyes bright, adrenalin high...

But it's been a long time since he last did anything like it. *

So his movements aren't certain, his balance not sure.

He's almost there. But then -- *

WOOF! Dundee comes out of nowhere, romping toward Crusoe with a happy bark.

Startled, Blackthorn loses his footing. *

He's dangling one-handed from the rope and can't recover. *

Crusoe moves to get onto the rope, but... *

38

CONTINUED:

38

FRIDAY

I'm closer!

He gets back on the rope and quickly reaches the ailing
Blackthorn, where...

He steadies him and helps him to regain his footing.

Blackthorn nods to Friday. I can make it now.

As they're making their way to the rope's end, Crusoe looks
down at Dundee.

CRUSOE

Dundee. You came along at just the
right time. And you'll never know
what you did for this lonely soul.

He caresses the dog's head for one last time.

CRUSOE (CONT'D)

London's no place for you after the
life you've known here. You've been
a good friend. And I can't be that
selfish. Goodbye, old boy.

Then sets himself and begins the crossing.

On the far side, Blackthorn and Friday are waiting, hunkered
down and getting their breath back.

Dundee's barking after Crusoe. He stops when Crusoe reaches
the other side.

All three look toward him. A heartbreaking little figure.

BLACKTHORN

What are you going to do?

CRUSOE

Leave him.

BLACKTHORN

That dog loves you! How can you do
this?

CRUSOE

Because I know I have to.

And with a set face that tells us this is anything but easy
for him, he sets off to lead them onward.

Blackthorn looks toward the far bank.

Dundee, now silent, is just watching them.

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

BLACKTHORN
It would be kinder to shoot him.

*
*

Blackthorn reluctantly tears himself away and follows.

39 (UK77) INT. JAMES CRUSOE'S HOUSE. DAY. (STOCK)

39

*

A fire burns in the grate. Susannah, decently-dressed but with a seriously edgy look, is here with Olivia. They're talking to Mary Crusoe.

MARY CRUSOE
Our old priest came. I don't know what they talked about. Then father had me place a notice in The London Gazette.

She picks up a copy and hands it to Susannah.

OLIVIA
Why the Gazette?

SUSANNAH
It's where Robin would look for news.
(reading)
"Robinson, born Kreutznauer. Beware false friends, your children in danger."

MARY CRUSOE
It's in every issue.

SUSANNAH
Why didn't you tell me about this?

MARY CRUSOE
We tried to. But your brother said you'd turned your back on us.

40 (UK78) INT. JAMES CRUSOE'S HOUSE. DAY. (STOCK)

40

*

A short time later.

Susannah and Mary have moved away and can be seen in the next room, going through a box of family letters.

We're with Olivia, by the fireplace.

MARY CRUSOE (O.C.)
What of the children if you signed them over?

SUSANNAH (O.C.)
I'll steal them from his house.

40

CONTINUED:

40

Olivia produces Crusoe's letter to Susannah and looks down at it.

SUSANNAH (CONT'D)

What's that?

Olivia looks up sharply. Susannah's broken off the conversation and is looking at her across the room. Innocently.

OLIVIA

Your address. I don't need it now.

She drops it onto the flames.

Then, composed, looks toward Susannah.

41

EXT. MOUNTAIN CAMPSITE - NIGHT

41

The flames of a camp fire.

*

After the team-building exercise on the rope bridge, Blackthorn is visibly relaxed and "off duty".

*

*

BLACKTHORN

As the second son, I inherited nothing. There was a young woman that I'd hoped to marry. But I had no prospects, and nothing to offer.

CRUSOE

I know what that feels like.

*

*

BLACKTHORN

She was very like your Susannah.

*

*

CRUSOE

I never knew this. So many things unite us.

*

*

*

BLACKTHORN

I travelled the world and tried my hand at one scheme or another. All I could think of was finding some way to secure my future. What I failed to see... was that it was the best time of my life.

*

*

He stops. Loses himself gazing into the flames for a moment. Then remembers where he is, and carries on.

*

BLACKTHORN (CONT'D)

I finally had a venture that was starting to succeed. That's when news came from England that my brother was dead.

*

*

*

*

*

41

CONTINUED:

41

CRUSOE

And that's how you came to inherit?

*
*

BLACKTHORN

He'd no wife and no children, so
the fortune passed to me. I had to
return to manage it. A terrible
great beast, is a fortune. You
expect it to be a wonderful thing.
But its designated keeper is a
prisoner for life. When my ship
entered the Pool of London, I could
feel responsibility settle upon me
like a heavy cloak. From that time
on, my days were no longer my own.

*
*
*

FRIDAY

What about the young woman?

BLACKTHORN

I found her married to a young man
without a penny to his name.

CRUSOE

Were they happy?

BLACKTHORN

Oh, no. I made sure of that.

Then he realises what he just said.

And quickly laughs, to persuade them it was a joke. They join
in.

Friday's looking at Blackthorn's knapsack, which lies with
its flap (or whatever) slightly open.

*
*

FRIDAY

Crusoe... you said not to bring the
charts.

*
*
*

CRUSOE

No. Just the bible.

*
*

By way of a response, Friday reaches over and draws from the
bag...

*
*

A rolled-up chart.

*

Crusoe looks at it for a beat...

*

Then grabs the knapsack and checks its other contents.

*

CRUSOE (CONT'D)

Where's the other bag?

41

CONTINUED: (2)

41

BLACKTHORN

Other bag?

Crusoe's only coming up with more charts. It's pretty obvious *
that he's not finding what he's looking for. *

41

CONTINUED: (3)

41

Crusoe's lost for words.

BLACKTHORN (CONT'D)

If it's a bible you want, there's
one on the ship.

CRUSOE

Not just a bible...

FRIDAY

I'll go back.

CRUSOE

No... No. It's too late.

(beat)

I can't believe it.

He turns and moves a few paces away. He seems momentarily
shellshocked by the scale of his loss.

Blackthorn doesn't understand it at all. He looks to Friday.

BLACKTHORN

What did I do?

Friday raises his hand in a gesture that says, "You can't
help. Just stay back a while." And then he goes to Crusoe and
starts speaking to him in a low voice. A pep talk.

ON BLACKTHORN --

Despite himself, genuinely wishing he could turn back the
clock.

*

*

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

42 EXT. SWAMP AND BRIDGE - DAY 42 *

The middle of a spooky swamp. Crusoe, Blackthorn and Friday stand on one half of an ancient ruined bridge. Stones and timbers. More lost civilisation debris all around, all overgrown. *

CRUSOE
There's nothing else for it. We'll have to go round the swamp. *

FRIDAY
That's half a day at least. *

Crusoe turns to Blackthorn to explain. *

CRUSOE
I shouldn't have brought us this way. *

BLACKTHORN
Who built all this? *

FRIDAY
No one knows. *

CRUSOE
This is a lot wider than I remember. *

From here to the fallen half of the bridge is like looking across the gap between two buildings, from one roof down onto another. *

BLACKTHORN
How did you get over before? *

FRIDAY
We jumped. *

BLACKTHORN
Jumped? *

CRUSOE
Took a run and... *

Stabs the air with the flat of his hand to show their flight. *

BLACKTHORN
We can't just wade across? *

By way of a response, Crusoe takes Blackthorn's useless knapsack and chucks it off the bridge. *

ANGLE ON THE KNAPSACK -- it sits on the scummy surface. *

42

CONTINUED:

42

Then is steadily sucked down in sulphurous gloop and hissing bubbles. *

They all turn away from the edge and start to move on. We go with them as they move away from the edge. *

BLACKTHORN (CONT'D) *

You can say it, Robinson.

CRUSOE

What?

BLACKTHORN

You have to go the longer way because you're saddled with me. *

CRUSOE *

No one here's a burden. We're in this together.

BLACKTHORN

At least give me something else to carry. *

With a grin, Crusoe unslings a water skin and hands it over as a token.

BLACKTHORN (CONT'D)

(stopping)

And now excuse me while I lighten my enormous load.

He uncorks the skin to take a drink. They move on, leaving him to catch up.

As soon as they're not looking at him, he recorks the skin and lowers it to the ground.

WITH CRUSOE AND FRIDAY, walking away from us...

Friday glances back over his shoulder to see...

Blackthorn, backing-up to take a run toward the edge.

Friday seizes Crusoe's arm -- Crusoe turns in time to see...

Blackthorn run to the edge and take a GIANT LEAP into space.

He FLIES!

He LANDS on the collapsed other side of the bridge! He rolls and sprawls. *

And as Crusoe and Friday arrive at the edge, he's getting to his feet in triumph.

42

CONTINUED: (2)

42

Crusoe acknowledges the achievement.

*

BLACKTHORN (CONT'D)
Throw the kit to me.

*

*

Crusoe and Friday start lightening themselves in preparation for...

TIME JUMP --

A minute or two later. Divested of all bags and weapons, Crusoe and Friday stand well back from the edge. They're poised to run.

CRUSOE
Ready?

FRIDAY
Ready.

CRUSOE
Go.

Together, they race to the edge.

Together, they fly and land.

Crusoe makes a safe landing.

But the piece of the bridge on which Friday lands gives way. He grabs out, but there's nothing to hold onto. He's going to slide back and fall into the swamp.

*

*

*

Crusoe's unaware of any of this. He's just getting to his feet. But then --

BLACKTHORN's there. He GRABS Friday's hand and arrests his slide.

*

The two men lock eyes.

Then Blackthorn starts pulling Friday to safety. Crusoe joins him a moment later and together, they get Friday up and onto firm ground.

43

EXT. ROCK COUNTRY - DAY

43

They're walking. All much more at ease in each others' company now; when Blackthorn speaks, he includes Friday.

BLACKTHORN
What's the story with your bible?

CRUSOE
Well, in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth...

43

CONTINUED:

43

BLACKTHORN
You know what I mean.

FRIDAY
It's his father's.

CRUSOE
I managed to rescue it before a
storm broke up the wreck.

FRIDAY
I've told him. He'll have his
family soon. He won't need locks of
hair to remember them.

BLACKTHORN
Ah. Now I understand.

CRUSOE
It was more than just mementoes.
It's my family's history. The story
of the Crusoes. He wrote it all in.

The nature of Blackthorn's interest subtly changes.

BLACKTHORN
Really. Then I'm sorry. I feel
responsible.

CRUSOE
You couldn't know. And Friday's
right. It's nothing I can't put
back together, apart from the
documents.

BLACKTHORN
Documents?

CRUSOE
Birth notices. Death certificates.
That kind of thing.

BLACKTHORN
Were there many of those?

CRUSOE
I never counted them. Anyway.
Pieces of paper. That's all we're
talking about.

They walk on.

44

(UK79) EXT. RUIN. DAY. (STOCK)

44

*

*A ruined abbey, high above the sea. Susannah and Olivia, in
hoods and cloaks, are walking toward the ruins.*

44

CONTINUED:

44

SUSANNAH

You said you knew Robin. You didn't say how.

OLIVIA

I was the surgeon's apprentice on a mutineer ship.

SUSANNAH

You're the only friend I have. Don't mock me.

OLIVIA

~~*My father was his attorney in Brazil.*~~

*

*

(SUGGEST WE CUT THIS LAST LINE TO AVOID CONFUSION)

Susannah can buy that.

They pause at the sight of...

Gallerne, the priest, working alone amongst the ruins. Coat off, sleeves rolled up, lifting heavy stones from one place to another in a self-imposed penance.

SUSANNAH

Father Gallerne.

He stops. She moves forward. She has some kind of ledger under her arm.

SUSANNAH (CONT'D)

Can you explain this to me?

She holds up the ledger, open at a page full of handwritten entries.

GALLERNE

What is it?

SUSANNAH

The parish record for the baptism of Robinson Crusoe. But all it says is, "Robinson, son of a stranger". Is this not your hand?

Gallerne can't deny it.

45

(UK80) EXT. RUIN. DAY. (STOCK)

45

*

Gallerne sits on fallen stones as he tells his story to Susannah. Olivia stands farther back.

GALLERNE

*James Crusoe was a poor man. And
Alice Crusoe was a virtuous woman.
Only a virtuous woman could do what
she did, and not carry a stain.*

SUSANNAH

What did she do?

GALLERNE

*She bore a son and heir for a rich
man.*

SUSANNAH

For money?

GALLERNE

*In return for James's start in the
merchant trade. But the rich man
died before the child was born. So
they raised him as their own.*

SUSANNAH

Robinson, son of a stranger.

GALLERNE

*That's what I wrote in the book.
But there's a birth certificate
with the true father's name.*

SUSANNAH

Where?

GALLERNE

Only Alice knew.

SUSANNAH

It was Blackthorn, wasn't it?

OLIVIA

Jeremiah Blackthorn isn't dead.

SUSANNAH

He had a brother. Yes?

GALLERNE

*The brother he inherited everything
from. If that certificate ever
appears, you know what it would
prove.*

SUSANNAH

*Jeremiah Blackthorn has no right to
his fortune. The Crusoes are the
true heirs.*

46 EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - DAY

46

Crusoe breaks away from the others and begins to scramble up a steep slope.

CRUSOE

This way.

FRIDAY

Crusoe. You know it's this way.

CRUSOE

It won't take long. I've got a good reason.

BLACKTHORN

What about the ship?

CRUSOE

We'll make up time on the way down!
Come on! It's important!

He scrambles on.

The others follow.

47 EXT. ABOVE FALLS - DAY

47

We see Crusoe arrive at a high viewpoint, closely followed by the others. Could be a place we've been before, could be somewhere entirely new. Either works.

He stands aside so that Blackthorn can have an uninterrupted view of the sight that lies beyond.

Blackthorn steps forward and we GO WIDE to see...

An ENORMOUS, AMAZING, SPECTACULAR VIEW of the most incredible series of waterfalls.

And after we've had the full impact...

BLACKTHORN

This is truly amazing, Robinson. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. But...

CRUSOE

I told you how I named features on the island for all the things that matter to me. Maryport. Susannah's Bay.

FRIDAY

(looking elsewhere)
Fat Crab Beach.

47

CONTINUED:

47

CRUSOE
(shooting him a look)
I named this place four years ago.
This is the only chance I'll ever
have to show it to you. These are
the Blackthorn Falls.

Blackthorn's readied response dies on his lips.

He looks out again, with different vision.

CRUSOE (CONT'D)
I've always remembered what you
told me. Beauty fades. Friends
betray. And memory disappears. But
you had hopes for a greater
posterity.

Blackthorn struggles within. His heart in his boots, his soul
tearing itself apart.

CRUSOE (CONT'D)
They've stood here since the dawn
of time. And they'll bear your name
until the end of it.

Blackthorn nods to show his gratitude -- he daren't trust
himself to speak.

All Crusoe sees is a welcome display of heartfelt emotion.

CLOSE ON BLACKTHORN -- which way's he going to turn?

*

END OF ACT FOUR

*

ACT FIVE

*

48 INT. BELOW DECKS - DAY

48

Nathan West descends a companionway. The Ship's Captain is hammering on a door below decks. It's shady and a lamp hangs nearby.

CAPTAIN

Pilot! Pilot! Open this door!

Something inaudible in reply.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

You signed on for a job of work,
and by God I'll see you do it!

NATHAN WEST

What's his excuse for this?

CAPTAIN

He's sick. He says. I told you not
to pay him a penny up front. He's
spent it on rum and stashed it
aboard.

NATHAN WEST

Well, he's got one more day to
drink himself sober and steer us
home. Or we'll take a chance by for
the sun and he can swim for it.

Nathan West goes topside, and the Captain resumes his hammering.

CAPTAIN

Either you open this door, or I'll
have the ship's carpenter come down
here and take it off!

49 EXT. DECK OF SHIP - DAY

49

Nathan West emerges onto the deck.

Samuel Tuffley is studying the shoreline through a brass telescope.

SAMUEL TUFFLEY

What's all the racket?

NATHAN WEST

Still no pilot. Still no Crusoe?

SAMUEL TUFFLEY

Yes, he's right there, dancing on
the beach. Been doing it all day. I
just didn't choose to mention it.

49

CONTINUED:

49

A couple of muskets and a powder horn lie on the deck. Nathan West seats himself and carries on with the loading he left off to go below.

NATHAN WEST

I wouldn't worry too much. How long's the man been a castaway now? He'll be in no fit state to give us any trouble.

SAMUEL TUFFLEY

The Spaniard suggested otherwise.

NATHAN WEST

Well, Spaniards. They exaggerate. It's in their temperament. Trust me. Crusoe's either dead by now, or he's half-starved and riddled with disease.

SAMUEL TUFFLEY

On the other hand...

Tuffley collapses the telescope.

SAMUEL TUFFLEY (CONT'D)

He's been living on lean meat and fruit in a land of tropical sunshine. So if he's coming our way --

He slaps the telescope against Nathan West's chest, so he has no choice but to take it -

SAMUEL TUFFLEY (CONT'D)

- I'd like some advance warning.

At which point...

BOOM!

Both look toward shore. It's faint and it's distant.

The Captain's emerging onto the deck.

CAPTAIN

Was that a gunshot?

Nathan West moves to the rail.

NATHAN WEST

Someone's alive out there.

BOOM! Another distant shot.

49 CONTINUED: (2)

49

Samuel Tuffley moves to the deck cannon and starts to swing it around.

SAMUEL TUFFLEY
Let's get down to the beach.
Prepare a welcome.

50 EXT. ROCKY GORGE - DAY

50

Crusoe stands with pistol pointed upward.

CRUSOE
One more?

BLACKTHORN
Why not.

Crusoe fires into the air. The rocky sides of the gorge amplify the sound so much that everyone winces.

FRIDAY
If they didn't hear that, they're
dead or they're deaf.

BLACKTHORN
Or departed.

CRUSOE
You think?

Boom! A distant answering cannon.

BLACKTHORN
I think not.

51 EXT. BEACH - DAY

51

A ship's longboat, heading toward us. Bristling with oars and muskets.

Samuel Tuffley and Nathan West seated in the prow, looking grim.

*

52 EXT. JUNGLE BY BEACH - DAY

52

Blackthorn's ahead of Crusoe and Friday. Pushing the pace.

*

BLACKTHORN
It's this way. Yes? I'm sure of it.

CRUSOE
I believe it is.

Blackthorn disappears into the undergrowth ahead, following the direction of the cannon fire.

*

52

CONTINUED:

52

Friday draws close to Crusoe.

CRUSOE (CONT'D)

Did you see his face when I showed
him the falls?

FRIDAY

I did.

CRUSOE

What's wrong?

FRIDAY

I can tell when a man's feeling
guilty.

CRUSOE

Guilty? Why should he feel guilty?

FRIDAY

I don't know. But every good thing
you do for him makes him feel a
little worse. Why is that?

They almost run into Blackthorn. They hadn't realised that
he's stopped.

BLACKTHORN

Friday's right. If God could grant
me one wish, it would be to deserve
the opinion you have of me.

He raises his hand to stop Crusoe's protest.

BLACKTHORN (CONT'D)

Robinson, I'm not the man you
imagine. No man could be. And I'm
sorry.

CRUSOE

We can debate this on the voyage
home.

BLACKTHORN

If there's a shore party on the
beach, I may ask you to stand back
and wait. Will you do that for me?

CRUSOE

If you say we must. But why?

BLACKTHORN

I'll need to speak to them first.
Or we can expect a
misunderstanding.

Crusoe nods in agreement...

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

And they press on.

*

*

53

EXT. BEACH - DAY

53

Big wide view of "Maryport", the safe harbour. The ship anchored offshore. The longboat drawn up onto the beach and a group of men in a small camp on the beach alongside it, their muskets stacked. The camp is rudimentary -- a fire, a windbreak shelter, all good for just a night or two.

*
*
*

Blackthorn's first out of the jungle and onto the beach. Breathless, he turns to Crusoe and Friday and holds up a hand.

BLACKTHORN

~~Wait. Here's the plan.~~

*
*

CRUSOE

~~Why do we need a plan?~~

*
*

BLACKTHORN

~~They're a hired crew. They don't know you.~~ Wait here. I'll signal you to come forward.

*
*

CRUSOE

Is anything wrong, sir?

BLACKTHORN

Robinson. This will be your last day on the island. I can promise you.

Crusoe's mostly reassured.

Then Blackthorn meets Friday's eyes...

And Friday's very cool about this. Blackthorn can't hold it. He breaks the look.

Which makes him look shifty -- a point which doesn't escape Friday.

BLACKTHORN (CONT'D)

Wait for my signal.

He sets off across the wide, wide beach. Tuffley and Nathan are too far off to be recognisable at this distance.

Crusoe and Friday wait where they stand.

CLOSE ON BLACKTHORN as he sets out from them to walk the long, long distance across the beach alone. We're not sure how this is going to go.

53

CONTINUED:

53

WITH CRUSOE AND FRIDAY, watching Blackthorn go... and we see Friday's hand sneak around his back and cock the pistol that he's jammed, ready, in his waistband.

ON CRUSOE -- unaware of Friday's precaution.

We spend a long time on Blackthorn's face, studying it for clues. It's like the walkdown in a Spaghetti Western.

Ahead of him, someone from the longboat party alerts the others to his approach. They start getting to their feet.

WITH CRUSOE AND FRIDAY:

Neither takes their eyes off Blackthorn when they speak.

CRUSOE
You're not happy.

*
*

FRIDAY
I have my reasons.

*
*

CRUSOE
I want you to come to England. But
if you'd rather stay, nothing's
forcing you to go. We can say
goodbye right here.

*
*

FRIDAY
You don't leave me like that. I'm
not your dog. And I'm not your
father's bible.

A beat. Then...

CRUSOE
Wish I could've kept the dog.

WITH BLACKTHORN as he reaches the waiting party. Tuffley and Nathan step forward to meet him.

SAMUEL TUFFLEY
Well, look at you. Had you written
off as drowned, for sure.

Nathan West is looking past him, toward the waiting figures.

NATHAN WEST
Is that Crusoe?

Blackthorn doesn't reply. He turns, raises his arm, and beckons Crusoe and Friday forward with a single gesture.

Crusoe grins and slaps Friday's arm, and moves forward.

*

Then Blackthorn turns to go on.

*

53 CONTINUED: (2)

53

BLACKTHORN
Kill the savage first.

*

54 - 59 OMITTED

54 - 59

*

THE END

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