

THE SAGA OF H.M.S. BOUNTY

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revised 4/26/83

Bounty Productions (UK) Ltd
Lee International Studios
128 Wembley Park Drive
Wembley, Middlesex

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1. EXT. L.S. PITCAIRN ISLAND - MOONLIGHT

1.

A moonlit sea, the curve of a widening plume of cloud or smoke leads our eye to its source: a tiny island on the horizon. An incandescent object flashes across the sky, falls towards the island and is extinguished. A moment of stillness. Then:

The opening titles FADE IN:

THE SAGA OF H.M.S. BOUNTY

1A. EXT. "BOUNTY" RIB CAGE - BURNING IN BAY - MOONLIGHT

1A.

CLOSE SHOT. A red-hot rib - component of some complex structure - protrudes from the surface of the sea. It is settling hesitantly into the water, hissing and ejecting steam.

TITLES

1B MEDIUM CLOSE

1B.

A palm tree silhouetted against the plume of smoke, beyond it a glimmering cliff. On SOUND, breakers.

TITLES

1C. LONG SHOT

1C.

Thirty or forty of the red-hot ribs curving away in two graceful lines. It is the burning skeleton of a wooden ship.

TITLES FADE

2-4. DELETED

2-4.

5. INT. COACH - DAY

5.

WILLIAM BLIGH, a man of 35, with a firm mouth and watchful eyes. CAMERA pulls back to see that he is in a coach, and that the coach is moving towards -

6. EXT. ADMIRALTY BUILDINGS - DAY

6.

The coach enters the grounds of a vast, impressive building. MARINES stand guard at the main entrances, NAVAL OFFICERS go briskly about their business.

BLIGH's coach stops near a main entrance. A FOOTMAN steps forward and opens the door. BLIGH goes inside followed by the FOOTMAN, who takes his coat when they get inside the door.

7. INT. ADMIRALTY BUILDING & COURT-MARTIAL ROOM. DAY.

7.

BLIGH comes down the busy corridor, now without his overcoat, and goes into an ante-room. From there he can see through the open door into the big Court-Martial room, where a number of high-ranking officers, the MEMBERS of the Court-Martial, are assembling at the big curved table at the far end of the room.

BLIGH turns away from them. Go in to CLOSE SHOT on BLIGH, deep in thought. We hear, welling in his mind, the SOUND of an excited, jabbering Asian Crowd.

8. MEDIUM SHOT BLIGH - COUPLANG - (FLASHBACK).

8.

A very different BLIGH. He looks gaunt and ill to the point of collapse. Although he has managed to maintain the discipline of shaving, his clothes are mere rags. But he has his log-book firmly clasped under his arm as he walks towards us, staggering at every third step.

As we TRACK with him we get an impression of a CROWD lining his way - a crowd of merchants, ladies and Malaysian waterfront workers held back by uniformed SOLDIERS, craning their necks to get a better view.

Behind him we see the boat he arrived in, pulled up on the lower slope of the hard, its CREW of seventeen men sitting or lying in and around it in the last stages of deprivation.

Someone looms into shot in the foreground, blocking BLIGH'S way, the epauletted shoulder indicating someone official.

Finding his progress blocked, BLIGH stops and croaks:

BLIGH

I am a British Naval Officer. I
have to report an act of piracy.

8A. INT. ANTE-ROOM & COURT-MARTIAL ROOM. DAY.

8A.

The Court-Martial is now assembled. ADMIRAL HOOD, in the centre of the big table, nods to a YOUNG LIEUTENANT, who goes to the door of the ante-room with its guard of two MARINES.

The LIEUTENANT speaks to BLIGH, who walks down the long strip carpet to face the Court Martial.

CONTINUE TITLES.

BLIGH stops in front of the table, staring straight ahead.

MEDIUM SHOT ADMIRAL HOOD. A great man in the land, once a powerful sailor and very much a seaman still, with a wise and weather-beaten face. HOOD'S eyes are penetrating, his voice incisive.

8A. CONTINUED.

Seated at the long table on either side of HOOD are ten other Admirals and two Captains.

HOOD

The Court is assembled by the Right Honourable Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to enquire into the cause and circumstances of the seizure of His Majesty's Armed Vessel, "The Bounty", commanded by Lieutenant William Bligh, and to try the said Lieutenant William Bligh for his conduct on that occasion.

The courtroom is silent for a moment. BLIGH sits at a small table facing the court, his papers arranged neatly in front of him. Between the Court and BLIGH and to one side is another table at which sits CAPTAIN GREETHAM of the Judge Advocates Office and the Prosecutor in this case.

HOOD looks up from his papers to BLIGH:

HOOD

Lieutenant Bligh, perhaps it would be useful if you told the Court in your own words the events of the twenty-eighth of April last year.

BLIGH gets to his feet.

BLIGH

Thank you, my Lord. If it pleases you, I will first read a list of the mutineers who seized my ship.

GREETHAM

The crew is not on trial here, Sir. You, sir, are on trial. The question at issue is how you came to lose your ship.

BLIGH

To understand that, Captain Greetham, it is essential to know who were the mutineers aboard that ship.

HOOD

Alleged mutineers. Carry on Lieutenant.

BLIGH

Fletcher Christian: Master's Mate.

HOOD

Wasn't this Christian a friend of yours, Mr. Bligh?

(CONTINUED)

8A. CONTINUED.

BLIGH
He was, sir.

9. EXTERIOR. LONDON STREET. DAY.

9.

Noisy, thronged with PEOPLE from all classes. Elegant men and women stroll near beggars and drunken slatterns. BLIGH'S COACH makes its way along the street towards a CLUB. BLIGH looks from the coach window, watches a TRADESMAN trying to get his fallen horse to its feet. Urchins call to him, begging. Irritated, BLIGH knocks on the roof of his coach with his cane.

10. ANOTHER ANGLE.

10.

The COACHMAN, in reply to the knock from BLIGH, whacks at the URCHINS with his coach-whip. As they scatter, they abuse him. The COACHMAN draws up in front of the Club.

11. EXT. CLUB. DAY.

11.

BLIGH mounts the steps and goes under the impressive portico into the Club. This BLIGH is two years younger and lighter in mood than the BLIGH we have seen hitherto.

12. INT. CLUB HALL. DAY.

12.

BLIGH moves past the columns of the great sky-lit hallway, and heads up the stairs.

13. INT. CLUB ROOMS. DAY.

13.

An excited, shouting CROWD of exquisitely-dressed gentlemen stand round something - as yet unseen - on the floor. Many of them have wine-glasses in their hands.

1st GENTLEMAN
Five hundred guineas says he's dead.

2nd GENTLEMAN
Taken.

We now see the centre of the attraction - another beautifully-dressed GENTLEMAN lies unconscious on the floor, his face ashen, one leg tucked awkwardly under the other. One of the gentlemen kneels by the body and goes to take his wrist.

CHRISTIAN
I wager he's still alive.....

A VOICE (O.S.)
How much?

CHRISTIAN
.....but will die within the hour....

13. CONTINUED:

2nd VOICE (O.S.)

How much?

CHRISTIAN

Fifty guineas.

A concerted groan of disgust goes up from the CROWD.

A PAGEBOY sidles between the men and speaks in the ear of one of them, who looks up, startled, bringing himself into BIG CU.

BLIGH (V.O.)

Fletcher Christian: Master's Mate, age, twenty-four; height, five feet ten inches, dark complexion.

During this CHRISTIAN smiles in welcome and walks towards BLIGH, waiting by a door at the far end of the room.

MEDIUM SHOT. BLIGH, curious about the noisy betting which continues beyond CHRISTIAN, as CHRISTIAN approaches him.

CHRISTIAN

William! This is an unexpected pleasure!

They shake hands vigorously. BLIGH looks round for somewhere away from the noise.

BLIGH

Where can we talk?

CHRISTIAN takes BLIGH's elbow and leads him out of the door, into the skylit mezzanine.

CHRISTIAN

(to BLIGH, as they walk)

Out here. One of our members collapsed. They're betting on whether he's dead or alive.

BLIGH stops by a table against THE BALUSTRADE and fishes in his pocket.

He pulls from his pocket two sheets of folded paper and hands one to CHRISTIAN with a smile. Intrigued CHRISTIAN unfolds the paper. It is a botanical engraving of a breadfruit. He looks at it, then up at BLIGH questioningly.

BLIGH

A breadfruit!

CHRISTIAN

Breadfruit?

13. CONTINUED:

BLIGH

The Admiralty have instructed
me to lead an expedition to take
breadfruit from Tahiti to Jamaica.

The very word brings a glint of excitement into
CHRISTIAN's eyes.

CHRISTIAN

Tahiti?

BLIGH

Fletcher. I want you to sail
with me again. Will you come?

CHRISTIAN

(trying to suppress his
excitement)

In what capacity?

BLIGH

I'm sorry I cannot make you Master.
The Admiralty have already assigned
John Fryer to me. But you will be
his Mate. Agreed?

CHRISTIAN

Agreed!

They shake hands, smiling at each other in mutual
anticipation.

CHRISTIAN

But why take breadfruit to
Jamaica.

BLIGH

Cheap fodder for the slaves on
the plantations... Bananas are
very expensive there these days.

CHRISTIAN

It lacks glory, William.

BLIGH

I haven't your connections,
Fletcher. I want to make a name
for myself before I'm too old.

CHRISTIAN

And this greengrocery trip
will make your name.

BLIGH unfolds the second sheet. It is a map of the
World.

BLIGH

Fletcher, we will circumnavigate
the globe!

(CONTINUED)

20/4

13. CONTINUED:

He points out the route on the map, as he speaks.

BLIGH

Down here .. Round the Horn, to Tahiti, pick up the breadfruit, then continue on through the Endeavour Straits, around the Cape of Good Hope to Jamaica and then back to England.

14. DELETED

14.

15. INT. BLIGH'S HOUSE - DUSK

15.

A dinner party. BLIGH, MRS. BLIGH, CHRISTIAN and JOHN FRYER seated at the table.

FRYER

Yes, but why risk going round the Horn?

BLIGH

Why... because it's the quicker route.

FRYER

Quicker if we strike the one week in a hundred when there isn't a storm raging.

Maid sets down bread on table and exits.

BLIGH

So you would have us go the long way round Africa and New Holland, there and back. Avoid the Horn altogether.

CHRISTIAN

What conditions do the plant need?

BLIGH

Warmth, light and water. I shall be giving up my cabin to them.

FRYER

We shall be like little pigs in a sty, shan't we?

BLIGH

No, sir, we shall not. I run a healthy ship.

FRYER

I only say the "Bounty" is too small. We should have a frigate, not a chamber-pot.

15. CONTINUED:

BLIGH

And I should have promotion
to Captain, but the Navy Board
would not heed either request.
It's up to us, gentlemen, to
show them what can be done with
their chamber-pot, and round
the horn too. Believe me,
gentlemen, it will be a great
adventure. We can do it,
Fletcher.

CHRISTIAN

Of course we can do it.

BLIGH

And with your help too, Mr. Fryer,
of course.

FRYER

Thank you, Mr. Bligh.

The CHILDREN rush in with NANNY.

BLIGH

Ah, my little ones...

They rush to BLIGH, and sit on his lap.

NANNY

They've come to say
goodnight.

BLIGH

Good. Goodnight and sleep
well. Off you go... there you
are...

They move to MRS. BLIGH and kiss her.

BLIGH

Aren't you going to say goodnight
to Mr. Christian and Mr. Fryer?

GIRLS

Good night Mr. Christian...
Good night Mr. Fryer.

CHRISTIAN

Don't I get a kiss... Good night
Harriet...

(the GIRLS giggle)

.... goodnight.

FRYER

Goodnight, young ladies.

They race off. FLETCHER raises his glass.

FLETCHER

William... a toast... to
circumnavigation.

15. CONTINUED:

ALL
(clinking glasses)
To circumnavigation.

MRS. BLIGH
And your safe and speedy
return.

They drink.

16. INT. COURT MARTIAL - DAY

16.

HOOD
So you thought Mr. Christian
a man of some merit?

BLIGH
He seemed so, sir.

HOOD
What do you think he merits
now?

BLIGH does not immediately reply. He does not
want to appear immoderate.

BLIGH
Whatever the law sees fit,
my Lord.

He picks up his list again and reads.

BLIGH
Of others among the mutineers...

17. EXT. "BOUNTY" - DAY

17.

High long shot of the deck from above. The ship is
a hive of activity as it is loaded and made ready
for the voyage. A human chain passes plant-pots
across the deck and down the aft-hatch.

ANOTHER ANGLE: We track along this chain with the
pots stopping on each man as BLIGH names him:

BLIGH (V.O.)
Matthew Quintal...

CU QUINTAL.

(CONTINUED)

17. CONTINUED.

BLIGH (V.O.)
twenty-one years; five feet
 five inches; fair complexion;
 strong made; very much tattooed...

Continue TRACKING along chain....

BLIGH (V.O. CONTINUED)
on the buttocks, and other places.
 William McCoy.....

CU MCCOY.....

BLIGH (V.O. CONTINUED)
twenty-five years; five feet
 six inches; strong-made; scar
 across his face.....

Pan down into the companionway.

BLIGH (V.O. CONTINUED)
 ...is also tattooed. Peter Heywood...

18. INT. "BOUNTY". DAY.

18.

NEW SHOT. Midshipman.....

CU HEYWOOD, in a brand-new uniform and a three-cornered
 hat with gold cockade. He stands nervously "over-seeing"
 the operation at the entrance of the Great Cabin.

BLIGH (V.O. CONTINUED)
age fifteen; five feet seven,
 but not done growing. Fair complexion,
 slender built.....

Continue TRACKING with the chain into the GREAT CABIN.

BLIGH (V.O. CONTINUED)
speaks like a gentleman.
 Charles Churchill....

CU CHURCHILL at the end of the chain; he is stacking the
 pots under the direction of NELSON, the botanist.

BLIGH (V.O. CONTINUED)
age twenty-five, six foot two
 inches, well-muscled, with a broken
 nose.

18. CONTINUED.

ANOTHER ANGLE: The Great Cabin hardly resembles a cabin at all. The furnishings have all been removed, and racks have been constructed down both sides and in the middle to take the pots when they have their plants in them. An elaborate watering-system has been constructed running along the racks and in the centre of the cabin is a large stove. Through the large bank of windows high in the aft walls we see the grey English sky.

BLIGH (V.O.)
Being delayed for some weeks by
bad weather.....

19. RESUME COURT MARTIAL. DAY.

19.

BLIGH continues with his statement.

BLIGH
....and conflicting orders from
Admiralty -

HOOD raises an eyebrow and flicks a glance to ADMIRAL SMITH on his left. Then -

HOOD
We have a record of such
conflicting orders?

SMITH
(thumbing through papers)
I see none here.

They both look again at BLIGH.

HOOD
You have such a record, Mr. Bligh?

BLIGH
It has never been my custom to accuse
the Admiralty of inefficiency, but
with all due respect, sir, there
have been occasions.....

HOOD
Go ahead, Mr. Bligh.

BLIGH (V.O.)
.....we set sail two days before
Xmas, December twenty-third, 1787.

20. EXT. BOUNTY. DAY.

20.

A huge mainsail unfurls from the yard-arm, filling the screen. It fills with a bang.

CLOSE SHOT - MR. COLE on deck, squinting up at the yard-arms.

20. CONTINUED.

COLE

Come on, you lazy dogs. Run!....
Or I'll open your backs for you....

CLOSE SHOT: MCCOY runs up the shrouds, MILLWARD close behind him.

MEDIUM SHOT: Sailors race along the ratlines, high up amid the canvas, chased along by COLE'S insistent abuse.

CLOSE SHOT: CHRISTIAN. He shouts through cupped hands against the continuing uproar..

CHRISTIAN

Haul up the jibsail!

MEDIUM SHOT: JIBSAIL shoots up the jib-line, and flutters in the wind.

MEDIUM SHOT: BLIGH and FRYER: BLIGH'S sharp eye has seen the fluttering jibsail. He shoots a look at FRYER.

FRYER (shouting)

Mr. Cole! That jibsail's luffing!

CLOSE SHOT: COLE. Turns angrily and bellows....

COLE

Heave on that jib, you scurvy swine,
or I'll flay you alive!

CLOSE SHOT: the jib straightens and fills.

CLOSE SHOT - BLIGH: He looks downwards, peering into the compass binnacle.

He makes a fine adjustment to the wheel - then hands it to the waiting ADAMS.

BLIGH

That's your course.

ADAMS

Aye aye, sir.

21. EXT. "BOUNTY" LEAVING ENGLAND. DAY.

21.

LONG SHOT: The "Bounty" underway, leaning to the pressure of full sail and butting through the short, steep seas.

22. EXT. DECKS OF "BOUNTY" LEAVING ENGLAND. DAY.

22.

SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS: The MEN of the "Bounty". Some are standing in the bulwarks, some halfway up the shrouds, all looking homewards. They are mostly in their twenties, many in their teens.

23. EXT. "BOUNTY" LEAVING ENGLAND. DAY. 23.

LONG SHOT: The green and pleasant land receding.

24. EXT. DECKS OF "BOUNTY" LEAVING ENGLAND. DAY. 24.

CLOSE SHOT: Chicken hutches on the deck. Pigs thrust their snouts through the bars of their cages and snuffle the unfamiliar air.

MEDIUM SHOT: NORTON AND MICHAEL BYRNE. The ship's fiddler, lifts his blind face to the breeze.

BYRNE

Can you see her still?

NORTON

Aye.....just.

BYRNE

Let me know when she's out of sight.

25. EXT. "BOUNTY" - SAILING - NIGHT. 25.

The figurehead swooping through black water. On SOUND the SWISH OF WAVES and WHISTLE OF WIND.

26. INT. OFFICERS' DINING QUARTERS. NIGHT. 26.

BLIGH stoops below the deck beams to get into the room, where he is met by FRYER, HUGGAN and NELSON round the little table with its four place-settings on the white cloth. They half-rise on his entry.

BLIGH

Be seated, gentlemen. I hope I haven't kept you waiting.

HUGGAN

Not at all, sir.

SMITH

Can I begin serving, sir?

BLIGH

Thank you, Smith.

27. INT. MIDSHIPMENS QUARTERS - NIGHT. 27.

MEDIUM SHOT: The Midshipmen have pewter plates and cups and proper knives and forks, but no cloth on the improvised table. Seated on the lower bunks they are knee to knee as they eat. CHRISTIAN, reaching for the jug, bumps elbows with HEYWOOD. The well-bred boy is subdued - but immediately:

(CONTINUED)

27. CONTINUED:

HEYWOOD

Excuse me.

CHRISTIAN

(smiling)

Can't be helped. We shall
get to know each other pretty
closely, I reckon - jammed
in here.

YOUNG

I wonder what we shall find out?

It is said lightly, but makes a silence.

CHRISTIAN

Depends how inquisitive you
are, Mr. Young.

YOUNG looks surprised and then well pleased to
have met an intelligence quick as his own.

YOUNG

You've sailed with our Lord
and Master before, haven't you?

CHRISTIAN

Twice. Once because my Uncle
thought he'd make a man of me.
And the second time because I
wanted to.

HEYWOOD

But what sort of man is he?

They all wait for CHRISTIAN's answer:

CHRISTIAN

A very great seaman, Mr. Heywood.
Probably the best Navigator in the
British Navy.

(Then after a moment's
thought)

But he doesn't laugh very much.

28. INT. HOLD - NIGHT

28.

The crew, perched wherever they can find room amid
the bales and barrels, eat from wooden bowls, using
their own sea-knives. The most comfortable area
is round a table improvised from a few planks.
Round this are seated QUINTAL, ADAMS, VALENTINE
and MILLWARD. Beyond them we see LAMB, the COOK,
serving to CHURCHILL and MCCOY.

VALENTINE

Is it true what they say of
Tahiti?

ADAMS

You mean the women?

28. CONTINUED.

VALENTINE

Do they really go round with no clothes on?

ADAMS

All they wear is tattoos. In wonderful places.

VALENTINE grins.

VALENTINE

True?

ADAMS

Cross my heart.....Paradise!

QUINTAL

You wouldn't know where to put it, Valentine.

VALENTINE

I've had more doxy than you've had hot vittals.

ADAMS is older than VALENTINE, thinks of him as a son.

ADAMS

Good lad. Tell him!

CHURCHILL looms up behind QUINTAL, McCOY supporting him.

CHURCHILL

you're in my seat, lad.

QUINTAL

Bugger off.

As a murmur runs through the crew, they all turn and watch. CHURCHILL carefully hands his can of stew and pannikin to McCOY his side-kick.

The sightless MICHAEL BYRNE, seated among sacks with the dog, is alerted by the murmur:

BYRNE

What is it?

No-one answers.

CHURCHILL, his hands free, looks down at QUINTAL.

CHURCHILL

What did you say?

28. CONTINUED:

QUINTAL is indifferently raising his mug to his mouth. CHURCHILL flings him bodily to the ground. He lies there, momentarily stunned, his head against a stanchion.

The dog barks excitedly ... and is instantly muzzled by a brawny hand.

ADAMS looks up. VALENTINE is beside him.

ADAMS
Churchill - keep it quiet.

He jerks his thumb in the direction of the Captain's cabin.

CHURCHILL nods, his eyes never leaving QUINTAL.

QUINTAL, climbing to his feet, suddenly drops into a crouch. A knife glints in his hand.

Silence. No-one moves, as the two men face up to each other. Faintly, through the thin wall, we hear...

BLIGH (O.S.)
The King, gentlemen.

29. RESUME OFFICERS' QUARTERS

29.

The officers respond together to BLIGH's toast:

ALL
The King! God bless him!

BLIGH
And to the ship, may she swim well.

ALL
The ship.

They drink. BLIGH's sharp eye observes that HUGGAN is the only one to empty his glass. Then BLIGH looks up, alert, listening.

BLIGH
The men are very quiet.

FRYER puts down his knife and fork, and he too listens sharply.

A sweet and haunting tune starts on the fiddle, then is joined by men's voices.

HUGGAN
Charming tune.

The officers relax, return their attention to their meal.

(CONTINUED)

29. CONTINUED:

NELSON

And a fine musician. We're lucky to have him.

BLIGH

He is not there by chance, Mr. Nelson. Having him there is good for morale. Doctor Huggan, another glass?

HUGGAN holds up an arresting hand.

HUGGAN

No, thank you, sir.

FRYER

You're uncommonly abstemious.

BLIGH

More men have died at sea from drink, disease and dirt, than ever died by drowning. And the answer to that is to ration the rum, and to scrub the ship.

HUGGAN

By heaven, sir, I will drink to that!

He reaches for the decanter, again observed by BLIGH this time with a little frown of annoyance.

30. DELETED

30.

31. BACK TO MIDSHIPMEN'S QUARTERS

31.

CHRISTIAN and the others listen to the singing.

CHRISTIAN

That doesn't sound quite right to me.

YOUNG

(listening)

Do you think someone had better go and look?

They turn and look at HEYWOOD.

HEYWOOD

I'll go.

He hurries out.

(CONTINUED)
20/4

32. RESUME HOLD

32.

Crew members singing heartily with set faces, looking down at CHURCHILL, who is now on top of QUINTAL and has him by the throat with one hand, while the other holds his wrist. QUINTAL tries to twist away; he can't.

CLOSE - PETER HEYWOOD stands watching this in his black tarpaulin jacket in the shadows at the foot of the companion ladder, his face pale. On SOUND the singing faltering.

HIS POV - the faces of the strange and violent men who supposedly owe him obedience, turned towards him.

CHURCHILL and QUINTAL on the floor are deathly still both looking up at HEYWOOD - though CHURCHILL prudently retains his hold on QUINTAL's wrist.

ADAMS, easily and cheerfully:

ADAMS

'Evening, Mr. Heywood, sir.

HEYWOOD

Good evening, Adams.

VALENTINE

'Evening, Mr. Heywood, sir.

HEYWOOD

Good evening, Valentine.
Everything alright here?

ADAMS

Couldn't be better, sir.

VALENTINE

Couldn't be better.

HEYWOOD senses this is completely untrue, but is hugely relieved, and in the perfect silence that ensues, he makes his way up the ladder to the deck. CHURCHILL suddenly smashes QUINTAL's hand on the floor. The knife is knocked out of QUINTAL's grasp.

CHURCHILL

My place?

QUINTAL nods. CHURCHILL stands up and calmly takes his place. Everyone relaxes. QUINTAL sits up and rubs his throat.

ADAMS

Stupid buggers.

CHURCHILL looks at him along the length of the table.

32. CONTINUED:

CHURCHILL

Watch your mouth, old man.

ADAMS looks at him, points with his knife - its lethal blade half filling the screen.

ADAMS

Don't old man me, Churchill.
You haven't got a lucky face.

33. EXT. "BOUNTY" DECK. SAILING. - NIGHT

33.

HEYWOOD is standing at the bulwarks looking out at the sea. Behind him at the wheel is ADAMS.

ADAMS

(matter-of-fact)

Sea-sick, Mr. Heywood, sir?

HEYWOOD looks at him quickly, then smiles.

HEYWOOD

Watching England disappear ...

ADAMS

Ah. Home-sick.

HEYWOOD

It feels you'll never see it again.

ADAMS

(sharply)

You don't say that, sir.
It's bad luck.

HEYWOOD

I'm sorry. I've never been to sea before. Two months ago, I was still at school.

ADAMS

Never been to school myself.

HEYWOOD

Oh.

ADAMS

Can't even read.

HEYWOOD

I can't steer a ship.

ADAMS

Any fool can steer a ship, sir..
It's knowing where to take it..

(CONTINUED)

34. INT. BLIGH'S CABIN - NIGHT

34.

In his tiny cabin, BLIGH is in his nightshirt seated on his bunk, the sea-chest, an ebony writing-box, and an oil-skin parcel laid out neatly before him. He opens the lid of the writing-box.

BIG CU - On the inside of the lid is an oval miniature of a smiling MRS. BLIGH. He takes the portrait from the box, unconsciously returns her smile, and returns her to the box. He opens the parcel. It contains a beautiful, brand-new, leather-bound book. He opens it to the first page, carefully smooths it out. The title-page reads in professional copperplate with flourishes:-

H.M. ARMED VESSEL "BOUNTY"
HER LOG

He takes a quill-pen from the orderly contents of the box, pauses a moment before dipping it in the ink, then with quiet satisfaction, bends to the book, and writes...

BLIGH (V.O.)
Twenty-third December, 1787.
Our first day at sea...

35. INT. COURT MARTIAL - DAY

35.

HOOD

Lieutenant Bligh -- I have your log before me. There is the frequent entry of a single word -- 'dancing'. Can you explain this?

BLIGH

I can, sir..
A crew on a long voyage may easily fall into melancholy and violence. I believe this can be relieved by regular exercise. So for twenty minutes each day the crew were mustered, and I had them dance.

HOOD

Dance?

BLIGH

Yes, they danced.

GREETHAM

An activity they participated in wholeheartedly?

BLIGH

I think so, sir.

GREETHAM

And yet, Mr. Bligh, in your own log you admit that this rather unorthodox form of exercise led to grave discontent.

BLIGH

On one occasion only, sir. And not grave.

36. DELETED

36.

37. DELETED

37.

38. EXT. DECK OF "BOUNTY" - DAY

38.

A jaunty Irish jig from BYRN.

CLOSE ON members of the crew, bare-chested and red, their capering shadows directly beneath them. QUINLAN is gasping. CHURCHILL comes bobbing past him; the erstwhile enemies exchange looks of sour sympathy.

(CONTINUED)

20/4

38. CONTINUED:

QUINTAL

He's a bloody madman.

BLIGH is clapping his hands in time to the jig.

BLIGH

No talking, Quintal! Keepitup --
Keepitup-- keepitup -- keepitup.

FRYER's eagle eye is on the dancing crew.

CHURCHILL's resentment is simmering as he jigs.
McCOY dances close by.

McCOY

If you just had a frock on
I'd ask you to dance.

CHURCHILL shoots him a venomous look.

FRYER

Get your knees up, Quintal.

QUINTAL

I'm doing my best, sir.

His step turns him away from FRYER.

FRYER

Don't answer back..

CHURCHILL also has his back to FRYER.

CHURCHILL

We're bloody sailors, not
bloody dancers.

FRYER

Mr. Christian - Mr. Young -
Put a gag on Quintal.CHRISTIAN and YOUNG dancing nearby don't much like the
idea, but advance on QUINTAL, who has stopped dancing
in surprise.

QUINTAL

Bloody wasn't me!

YOUNG

Don't make it worse, Quintal.

But CHURCHILL, too, has stopped dancing.

CHURCHILL

It wasn't him. It was me.

CHRISTIAN, YOUNG and QUINTAL look at CHURCHILL in
surprise.

FRYER

Come along, Mr. Christian.

38. CONTINUED:

CHRISTIAN

You've got the wrong man,
Mr. Fryer. Churchill says
he made the remark.

FRYER feels the eyes of the whole crew on him, and he
glances at BLIGH for support, but BLIGH studiously
ignores the situation.

FRYER

Gag them both.

The other men have nearly stopped dancing. CHURCHILL
and QUINTAL are about to remonstrate. CHRISTIAN looks
to BLIGH.

BLIGH

Do it, Mr. Christian. Come on,
keepitup - keepitup -

39. EXT. DECK OF "BOUNTY" - SUNSET

39.

The deck is quiet. BLIGH is taking the air at the stern.
CHRISTIAN is on watch and stands by MILLWARD at the
wheel. CHURCHILL and QUINTAL are tied back-to-back on
either side of the mast, each with a belaying-pin jammed
into his mouth like a horse's bit. These two pins are
tied together at their ends, so that a movement from one
man causes discomfort for the other. They have blood
running from their mouths, down their chins and onto
their chests.

CHRISTIAN is looking at QUINTAL and CHURCHILL. He makes
a decision and goes over to BLIGH. CHURCHILL watches
him. CHRISTIAN and BLIGH speak quietly, but on the clear
night air, MILLWARD, with a slight turn of the head, can
hear them.

CHRISTIAN

Fryer is leaving those men
there too long, William.

BLIGH

It's not for you to criticise
Mr. Fryer, Fletcher. They
were both clearly insubordinate.

CHRISTIAN

He could have passed it off
with a laugh and done less
harm.

BLIGH

The Royal Navy is not a humorous
institution - and insubordination
is no laughing matter. Let them
loose, Fletcher. But mind they
appreciate the gravity of their
offence.

(CONTINUED)

39. CONTINUED:

BLIGH returns to his contemplation of the ship's wake, while CHRISTIAN goes to CHURCHILL and QUINTAL. CHURCHILL watches him approach.

CHRISTIAN unties the rope connecting the two belaying-pins.

CHRISTIAN
Captain's orders.

CHURCHILL can scarcely speak but he manages: .

CHURCHILL
(sarcastically)
Oh, yes - I'm sure.

CHRISTIAN
(holding the belaying
pin)
Close your mouth, Churchill,
or I'll put it back in.

BLIGH turns and watches with a quiet smile as CHURCHILL and QUINTAL go below.

40. ~~DELETED~~

41. ~~DELETED~~

42. ~~DELETED~~

43. EXT. "BOUNTY". DAY.

43.

MEDIUM CLOSE: Someone is being dragged through the water, twisting and choking, black-faced and naked, gripping the end of a rope.

ON DECK - QUINTAL and the ducking party, drunk and excited, have the tail of the rope which runs through the pulley at the end of the yard-arm. They are looking off at the young initiate, whooping and laughing.

Many of them are dressed in clothing that makes a dreadful travesty of womanhood - melon-breasted, horse-rumped and with faces daubed with flour and paint.

LONG SHOT - FROM THE TOPMAST DOWN. The deck alive with men, the naked figure at the yard-arms length of the ship's side, ripping through the water like a fisherman's lure.

CLOSE - HEYWOOD, half-drowned now, his grip on the rope desperate.

CLOSE ON BLIGH tight-lipped, looks from the victim to LAMB, the COOK, half-drunk and dispensing drink to men with drink-reddened faces.

CLOSE ON MILLWARD insensible.

CLOSE ON BLIGH. He hates this democratic bacchanalia; but it is an ancient privilege and he cannot intervene. NORTON, the fat and childish Quartermaster, in makeshift skirt and wig, approaches and, greatly daring, offers him a pannikin. BLIGH stares at him.

NORTON

Come, sir. We don't cross the Equator every day.

BLIGH

(Curt. He nearly smiles)
No. Thank you.

CLOSE ON CHRISTIAN looking on with amused detachment.

CLOSE ON HEYWOOD as before. But now he suddenly rises bodily from the sea. CAMERA PANS with him as he goes swinging up against the sky.

QUINTAL and the ducking-party, hauling on the rope.

CLOSE SHOT - the rope racing through the squealing pulley. It stops, then whizzes through the other way.

HEYWOOD descends from the sky to collapse on deck, exhausted and retching.

CLOSE - A BUCKET OF FLOUR AND WATER PASTE vigorously stirred by a bristling brush and a brawny hand.

43. CONTINUED

HEYWOOD is dumped in a chair where his face is smothered in the sticky stuff which - rubbed into his hair for good measure - transforms him into a clown. He just manages to open his eyes:

HIS POV OF LAMB - his face surmounted by Neptune's paper crown, approaches with a butcher's knife and "shaves" him.

MEDIUM SHOT - CHRISTIAN and YOUNG watching. CHRISTIAN winces at HEYWOOD's discomfort, and glances at YOUNG. YOUNG drily indicates:-

CLOSE ON BLIGH dark and brooding at:

CLOSE ON HEYWOOD his thin chest heaving, waiting to see what more he must suffer and determined to suffer it bravely. He sees:

QUINTAL who is holding a bucket of sea water. With jeering bonhomie.

QUINTAL
Well done, sir.

HEYWOOD
Thank you, Quintal.

A flash of venom in Quintal's eyes -- and by way of answer he swings up the bucket and the water comes dashing in a solid mass straight against:

44. CLOSE SHOT - BOWS OF "BOUNTY" 44.

Where it breaks into spume.

45. EXT. "BOUNTY" AT CAPE HORN - DAY 45.

LONG SHOT. The "Bounty" gently heeled under all canvas; perfect weather and a perfect sailing breeze.

46. EXT. DECK OF BOUNTY AT CAPE HORN - DAY 46.

CLOSE: CHRISTIAN and BLIGH, wrapped to the ears against the cold, looking out at:

47. EXT: CAPE HORN HEADLAND - EXTREME LONG SHOT - DAY 47.

Across the harmless pale blue sea, a snow streaked headland.

48. EXT. DECK OF BOUNTY AT CAPE HORN - DAY

48.

The men crowd the landward side of the ship, all eager for a glimpse of the Horn. HEYWOOD moves up to COLE at the wheel.

HEYWOOD

It doesn't look much.

COLE

(aware that he is impressing the young HEYWOOD)
No sir. But I've seen the Horn when the waves were higher than three houses on top of each other. I've seen six men swept overboard by one wave. I tell you what, sir -- someone on this ship is lucky.

He shoots a look at BLIGH, who stands staring up at the sails.

CHRISTIAN turns to BLIGH, smiling.

CHRISTIAN

Well - congratulations, sir.
The Horn - as docile as a lamb.

BLIGH, brooding deeply, looks at him.

BLIGH

Hm. Maybe.

He moves away. CHRISTIAN shakes his head, smiling at his ever-cautious friend. YOUNG moves in beside him.

YOUNG

(murmuring)

He doesn't like fair weather, does he?

BLIGH steps up onto the bulwarks and gazes hard at the quiet land, like a wary woodsman who senses the presence of a hunting beast.

Behind him, at a little distance, FRYER watches him. BLIGH takes his decision, steps down onto the deck and turns to FRYER.

BLIGH

Mr. Fryer --

FRYER

Sir?

BLIGH

Close reef.

FRYER stands astonished.

(CONTINUED)

48. CONTINUED

FRYER
Reef, sir? But...

BLIGH
(angrily)
Don't bandy 'buts' with me,
sir! Reef!

FRYER turns on his heel and raps out the order. After only a moment's surprised hesitation, the crew leaps into the ratlines and start to take in the sails.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON MILLWARD and QUINTAL leaning across the spar as they reef the fore-topsail.

MILLWARD
What's he doing anyway?

QUINTAL
(growls)
Wasting a fair wind, that's what he's doing.

MEDIUM CLOSE a group working round NORTON on deck.

NORTON
A jumpy Captain's worse than a woman.

49. DELETED

49.

50. EXT. DECK OF BOUNTY AT CAPE HORN - MEDIUM SHOT - DAY

50.

TINKLER and CHURCHILL on deck.

TINKLER
What's he looking for?

CHURCHILL
Trouble. Some of 'em do.

50A. BIG CLOSE ON BLIGH

50A.

He is frowning, doubtful, beginning himself to wonder what he is looking for. Is it genuine intuition of danger, or a superstitious fear? A moment's pause. Then:

50B. EXTREME LONG SHOT from high on the snowy headland.

50B.

The distant ship on the glittering sea looks tiny and forlorn. We are looking down at snow-covered cleft in the rock. In the foreground the wind has sculpted a cruel curve in a cliff of snow. We hear its high pitched howl and see the concave surface release a flight of white particles which drift delicately across the screen momentarily obscuring the sea and the tiny vessel.

50C. LONG SHOT.

50C.

Still higher up the heart of the Horn is more openly savage; there is ice in tumbled masses here, black peaks of rock, and from every edge and angle the snow streams restlessly in a steady wind grown suddenly deeper and full of supernatural menace.

50D. MEDIUM SHOT BLIGH

50D.

In background the crew look at him. On SOUND a little burst of low laughter - and he hears it. A skipper may be wilfully bold without losing face; he seems to have shown himself wilfully timid.

50E. MEDIUM LONG SHOT.

50E.

A smooth ocean swell rolls in towards the land. Suddenly the silken surface of the water ruffles. On SOUND a high pitched blast of wind builds quickly to a crescendo. But the sea goes calm again and the wind dies.

50F. GROUP SHOT FEATURING BLIGH

50F.

He faces the crew cheerfully:

BLIGH

I seem to have made a mistake,
eh, Mr. Fryer?

It is a direct challenge.

FRYER hesitates, then --

FRYER

You don't make many, sir.

BLIGH grunts.

LONG SHOT. The sea ruffles again. Goes flat again.

50G. MEDIUM SHOT on the quarterdeck.

50G.

BLIGH

(quietly)

Make sail Mr. Fryer.

50H. MEDIUM SHOT.

50H.

A sail is released and fills in.

50I. MEDIUM SHOT - another sail.

50I.

50J. LONG SHOT - the mainsail.

50J.

50K. CLOSE BLIGH looking up at it in profile. 50K.
He then turns full face looking out to sea. His
expression changes.

50L. LONG SHOT 50L.
He sees the smooth surface of the passing water,
but some fifty yards out a series of fast moving
tongues of highly disturbed water are streaking
towards him.

50M. BIG CLOSE-UP BLIGH 50M.
On SOUND the wind begins to shriek. He is
transfixed for a moment - making sail again has
been his big mistake.

51. EXT. BOUNTY IN STORM - CAPE HORN - DAY 51.
CAMERA follows the rushing wind patterns across the
surface of the water. The squall hits the ship with
a yell of fury, hurling her almost onto her beam-ends,
revealing her massive, coppered underside, streaked
blue-green.

51A. DELETED 51A.

51B. EXT. BOUNTY DECK - STORM 51B.

A huge wave smashes across the deck. Men are hurled
to the rail.

CLOSE ON CHURCHILL as he comes tumbling down the deck
to land sprawled in the scuppers by NORTON.

CHURCHILL
God's Blood! Some look for trouble,
and some bloody find it.

52. INT. BOUNTY HOLD - STORM 52.

Stacked barrels fly across the hold, knocking over
men, smashing into sea-chests, and the opposite wall.

The hammocks swing wildly. Some have men in them.
One hammock breaks at the post, hurling its occupant
against the wall. It is VALENTINE. He falls into
the filthy water which is half a foot deep on the floor.

53. EXT. BOUNTY DECK - STORM 53.

The animal-hutches with their terrified occupants,
slide down the sloping decks. A rope snaps. A
hutch shoots across the deck, smashing into the rail.

BLIGH
Get those animals below!

The man nearest him is YOUNG. He drags himself
towards the hutches.

53. CONTINUED

BLIGH
Mr. Young! Get all hands on deck!

YOUNG heads for the after-hatch. Men drag and carry hatches below.

54. INT: "BOUNTY" - BELOW DECKS - STORM

54.

YOUNG comes down the ladder, followed by a sailor with a crate of chickens. A torrent of water smashes them to the floor.

54A. INT. GALLEY - STORM

54A.

Pots of hot stew are thrown off the stove. LAMB dives to save them and is splashed with the scalding mess. Storage jars break, spewing cooking oil. The ship lurches again, burning coals fly from the stove. Flames lick across the floor. LAMB screams from his scalding.

LAMB runs, screaming from the galley, flames darting from his clothes.

ADAMS hurls himself at LAMB, smothering him with a blanket.

CLOSE SHOT: LAMB and ADAMS crash to the floor, rolling in the foot-deep water.

YOUNG fights against the lurching ship to the hold, men with hatches struggling behind him, water pouring after them.

YOUNG
Put them in the hold. All
hands on deck!

BYRN is rolled across the floor, smashing into a post. He gropes about, searching for his fiddle.

YOUNG is thrown to his knees, another man falling on him.

55. EXT. BOUNTY DECK - DAY

55.

Huge waves smash over the side, drenching COLE heaving at the wheel.

BLIGH, hangs on to the windward rail.

BLIGH
Bring her up into the wind!

(CONTINUED)

55. CONTINUED

HEYWOOD, also clinging to the windward rail, looks round wildly, as a wave washes him away. He hits the leeward rail, and topples, clutching desperately at the air.

CHURCHILL, hauling on a jib-sheet, sees HEYWOOD's plight, and dives at him, catching the boy's shirt in his massive fist.

Another wave washes over both of them, momentarily obscuring them both.

HEYWOOD is now over the rail, gasping, flailing, but still held by CHURCHILL, who gives a mighty heave and drags him back on board.

With a mighty crack the jibsail splits.

BLIGH
(to Fryer)
Replace the jib.

FRYER is embracing the mast. He tries to leave her to go forward, but is thrown down the sloping deck, only saving himself by grabbing a flailing rope.

CHRISTIAN fights his way forward.

CHRISTIAN
McCoy! Ellison! Man the
jibsail!

CHURCHILL is hauling HEYWOOD up the deck. He thrusts him against the mast, and passes a rope round him. Water crashes over them.

CHURCHILL
(tying HEYWOOD to the mast)
You stay here, sir.

On the fore-deck CHRISTIAN struggles up the bow-sprit looking up at the jibsail.

MID-SHOT JIBSAIL - the sail is now in shreds, thrashing wildly.

BLIGH watches CHRISTIAN on the bow-sprit.

55A. EXT. BOUNTY - WIDE SHOT - STORM

55A.

The Bounty is smashed side-on by the waves, crashing over her sides, engulfing the decks.

55B. INT. BOUNTY - BELOW DECKS - COMPANIONWAY - STORM

55B.

Water rockets in a solid mass down the hatchway. SMITH is doused as he fights his way into BLIGH's cabin.

55C. INT. BOUNTY HOLD - STORM

55C.

A barrel smashes against a chicken-hutch. Chickens fly, squawking, into the chaos of the hold.

A pig, already loose, charges round under the thrashing hammocks. Knee-deep water washes about the hold.

55D. INT. BLIGH'S CABIN - STORM

55D.

SMITH struggles to hold everything in the cabin down. A chicken flies into the room. The bookshelves spew their contents over him.

55E. INT. HUGGAN'S CABIN - STORM

55E.

A box crashes against a wall, breaking the bottles inside. HUGGAN, almost in tears, tries to save the drink that now sloshes everywhere. Above him a lantern swings off its hook, and drops on his bunk. HUGGAN has managed to save a near-full bottle, its top broken off. HUGGAN turns to see the flames spread over the bed-clothes. He is terrified, and empties the bottle onto it.

55F. INT. BOUNTY HOLD - STORM

55F.

With a sharp crack, water squirts in a jet from a wall plank.

CLOSE SHOT YOUNG - hanging onto a post, looking at the sprung timber.

CLOSE SHOT - WALL. A second timber goes. YOUNG turns and wades through the water towards the after-hatch.

In the water, BYRN searches blindly for his violin, unaware of the unconscious VALENTINE near him. VALENTINE could drown, except that ADAMS appears and gets a grip of him. He starts hoisting him up, but the ship lurches, and they are both flung down into the water again.

55G. EXT. DECK - STORM

55G.

YOUNG fights his way to BLIGH, bellows in his ear:

YOUNG

Timbers springing in the hold, sir!

BLIGH

Take the wheel!

YOUNG takes BLIGH's place, as BLIGH goes below.

FRYER, lying down and clinging to the latticed hatch-cover, sees BLIGH go below. He looks up and sees a seaman clinging to the jibsail top.

(CONTINUED)

20/4

55G. CONTINUED

The sailor cuts a rope and the shredded sail is whipped away in the wind.

CHRISTIAN looks up.

FRYER fights his way to the after-hatch.

55H. INT. GREAT CABIN - STORM

55H.

BLIGH bursts open the door to see ... NELSON struggling to get up from the floor, as another pile of pots topples and shatters.

NELSON

I'm all right, sir!

BLIGH goes.

55I. INT. COMPANIONWAY - STORM

55I.

BLIGH staggers past ladder, as FRYER tumbles down it, pursued by a torrent of water. FRYER struggles up and chases after him.

56. EXT. BOUNTY - DAY

56.

CLOSE - THE MASSIVE PUMP worked by CHURCHILL and NORTON. They rise and fall IN AND OUT OF FRAME frantic to empty the bilges. NORTON yells against the wind.

NORTON

It's bloody Bligh's fault. He brought it on us. Why couldn't he leave well-enough alone?

57. DELETED

57.

58. DELETED

58.

59. INT. HOLD - DAY

59.

FRYER fights his way through the panicking animals towards BLIGH who is pushing his way to the sprung timbers.

FRYER

Sir!... Sir!

BLIGH assesses the damage at a glance.

BLIGH

(to ADAMS)

Have the carpenter patch this now!

(CONTINUED)

59. CONTINUED

FRYER

Sir, we must turn back!

BLIGH

What did you say?

FRYER

In my opinion we should put about.

BLIGH

Thank you, Mr. Fryer. In my opinion we should not. We hold our course!

He fights his way to look in the galley, but FRYER follows. Fires still burn in the stoves.

BLIGH

Put these stoves out!

FRYER

I want my opinion entered in the log, sir!

BLIGH

Mr. Cole! Have these things lashed down and the men on deck. Out of my way, Mr. Fryer!

He pushes past FRYER, and heads towards the after-hatch at the far end of the hold. Again FRYER chases after him.

FRYER

I want my opinion in the log, sir!

BLIGH

(striding on)

Very well, Mr. Fryer. If that's all you care for.

FRYER

This ship can't stand it, sir!

BLIGH

The ship can stand it very well!

By now BLIGH has reached the after-ladder. He steps back as a sailor is knocked down the ladder by a torrent of water.

FRYER

And how long do you think the men can stand it?

BLIGH

As long as the officers!

He goes above.

60. INT. COURT MARTIAL - DAY

60.

GREETHAM is still cross-examining BLIGH.

GREETHAM

How long did you attempt to
round the Horn, Mr. Bligh?

BLIGH

Thirty-one days.

GREETHAM

And how far did you travel in
that time?

BLIGH is reluctant to answer.

BLIGH

Eighty-five miles, sir.

GREETHAM

Eighty-five miles in 31 days, Mr.
Bligh? You endangered your ship
and your crew for 31 days in order
to satisfy your ambition to
circumnavigate the globe?

BLIGH will not answer.

HOOD

And yet when the storm abates --
it is then that you turn back.

BLIGH

There were other reasons.

61. DELETED

61.

62. DELETED

62.

63. EXT. THE SHIP - DAY

63.

All white; the deck inches deep in trampled snow and
ice. On SOUND the wind moaning quietly, no longer
boisterous, but weird.

CLOSE SHOT - BLIGH. On SOUND the wind whines louder and
is suddenly filled with a rattling metallic uproar.
BLIGH looks up at;

HIS POV - the vessel obscured in a fusillade of hail
stones.

CLOSE UP BLIGH. Involuntarily he ducks against the
onslaught. Then he tries to look up. Can't.

CLOSE - THREE MEN IN THE RIGGING heads down, clutching
to the nearest support. Barely visible through the
clouds of wind-borne ice and sleet.

(CONTINUED)

63. CONTINUED

CLOSE ON FRYER as he steps up to BLIGH. Both men are well nigh white, caked in running sleet and ice.

FRYER

Well, sir?

BLIGH

(slowly)

You are more glad at my defeat than sorry for the ship's defeat. You are a petulant nobody, Mr. Fryer (looking away from him and raising his voice). Mr. Christian, assemble the men below.

64. INT. BLIGH'S CABIN - DAY

64.

BLIGH hears the distant orders and the thump of feet as the men descend from the deck above. He is seated in his cabin with his writing things before him.

He dips his pen, and we SEE Elizabeth in the lid of the writing box. We remain ON HER, hearing:

BLIGH (V.O.)

My dearest Betsy. Only to you in this bitter moment can I reveal my heart. I have failed completely in my attempt to round Cape Horn and circumnavigate the globe.

A KNOCK on the DOOR. He covers the letter and averts his head; he is close to tears of vexation and fatigue.

BLIGH

Enter.

CHRISTIAN stands at the door.

CHRISTIAN

The men are assembled, sir.

BLIGH

Thank you.

His head remains averted.

CHRISTIAN

I am very sorry, William.

BLIGH rises quickly, cheerfully.

BLIGH

Can't be helped. Can't be helped.

And goes out quickly, vigorous and certain in his purpose, CHRISTIAN following.

65. INT. THE "BOUNTY" HOLD - DAY

65.

The men assembled in the hold. This place has become a sort of sea-borne hell or travelling slum. One VOICE from somewhere in the shadows mutters something. CHRISTIAN and BLIGH enter.

COLE

Silence!

BLIGH

Thank you, Mr. Cole.

The men resume their positions.

BLIGH suppressing his own emotions of anger and disappointment.

BLIGH

We will go about and run down-wind. For Africa and the Indian Ocean.

A stir: Some smiles and straightened backs. BLIGH capitalizes on the returning morale:

BLIGH

Mr. Lamb -- ?

LAMB

Here, sir.

He is standing on the catwalk at the door to his lifeless galley.

BLIGH

As soon as we have put about, it will be safe to light your galley fires again.

Another stir.

BLIGH

Tonight I want as much hot mush as every man can eat.

COLE

Let's hear it, lads - three cheers for the Captain! Hip, hip ...

THE CREW

Hooray! (etc.)

BLIGH raises his hand for silence.

(CONTINUED)

65. CONTINUED

BLIGH

However, we are still faced with a long, hard voyage. I mean to make good use of every hour of sailing time and to assist me in this I am replacing Mr. Fryer with Mr. Christian, who will now be second in command.

Dead silence. All, including CHRISTIAN, are staggered. YOUNG smiles wryly. FRYER is furious, he whirls and goes pushing between YOUNG and HEYWOOD.

BLIGH's incredulous at FRYER's insubordination:

BLIGH

Mr. Fryer! Come back here!

FRYER, white with anger returns to face BLIGH. They are almost nose to nose in mutual animosity trying to keep their voices down:

BLIGH

You will dismiss when I have done with you -- d'you hear me, sir!

FRYER

This is an outrage!

BLIGH

-- What -- ?

FRYER

In all my years at sea, I --

BLIGH

Your years at sea --? If I had known your nature, sir, I would not have accepted you as bo'sun of a river barge!

QUINTAL grins ingenuously, pleased by this collapse of official dignity.

FRYER

Must I suffer this before the men?

BLIGH controls himself; fights for dignity, but can't let go of his rightness.

BLIGH

(curt)

You will suffer my correction whenever you're at fault.

FRYER

What fault?

(CONTINUED)

65. CONTINUED

BLIGH
 (losing control again)
 God damn your eyes -- you turned
 your back!

It is becoming petty and CHRISTIAN winces, wishing his
 friend knew when to leave off.

FRYER
 For that I apologize.

BLIGH
 Very well --

He turns to the crew, but FRYER, encouraged by his
 turning away:

FRYER
 But I protest --

BLIGH whirls on him;

BLIGH
 -- What? --

FRYER
 -- I am Master of the "Bounty".

BLIGH's voice comes like a whip-crack; a new note:

BLIGH
 -- And I, sir, am Commander!
 (with certainty, like Moses
 laying down the Ten Commandments)
 By Law, I am the first! -- And
 now you may dismiss.

FRYER goes in total silence, all watching him until he
 is out of sight. The men gape up at BLIGH, who turns
 to COLE.

BLIGH
 Mr. Cole - all hands on deck!

66. EXT. DECK OF "BOUNTY" - ANTARCTICA - DAY

66.

On deck, BLIGH bawls against the wind.

BLIGH
 Mr. Christian - stand by to
 go about!

CHRISTIAN
 Aye aye, sir. (bawling, too)
 Stand by to go about!

(CONTINUED)

66A. BACK TO COURT MARTIAL

66A.

BLIGH still faces questioning from HOOD, GREETHAM, etc.

HOOD

Surely, Mr. Bligh, it was unwise to replace a professional sailor like Mr. Fryer with a relative novice?

BLIGH

Mr. Christian could hardly be called a novice.

GREETHAM

The fact that he was a good friend of yours was not of undue influence on you?

BLIGH

(with a frown)

Let me know the intent of your question, Mr. Greetham.

GREETHAM

We are trying to establish, Mr. Bligh, how you came to lose your ship!

BLIGH

(in a sudden flash of anger)

I did not lose it! It was taken from me! By a gang of mutineers led by Fletcher Christian!

GREETHAM

The man you promoted:

BLIGH

I promoted him, because John Fryer was a coward. Fletcher Christian had courage.

HOOD

More, perhaps, than you ultimately found acceptable. Continue, Mr. Bligh.

67. DELETED

67.

68. DELETED.

68.

69. DELETED

69.

70. INT. SICK QUARTERS - Day.

70.

CHRISTIAN stands looking down at VALENTINE, lying on the bunk dripping sweat from a high fever, his spirit very low. Beside them, swaying slightly, HUGGAN rummages in his bag. ADAMS watches fearfully in background.

(CONTINUED)

70. CONTINUED

CHRISTIAN

Not long now Valentine, you'll
soon be chasing those Tahiti
women up and down the beach.

HUGGAN takes out a scalpel and holds it in front of
his face trying to focus on it.

VALENTINE

Truth is, sir, I've never been
with a woman.

HUGGAN

Hold still, now. Got to get all
the bad blood out.

He bends over VALENTINE's arm, and starts to insert
the scalpel.

HUGGAN

You'll be fine.

CHRISTIAN watches, not happy with HUGGAN's condition.
Suddenly, HUGGAN, still holding VALENTINE's arm with
one hand, is scrabbling in his bag with the other.

HUGGAN

Dammee! Got an artery. He'll
be all right.

CHRISTIAN pushes HUGGAN out of the way. The blood is
pumping out of VALENTINE's arm. CHRISTIAN whips off
his belt and makes a tourniquet.

CHRISTIAN

What have you done? Damn it man -
what have you done! Give me some-
thing to put on the wound. Quick.

VALENTINE

(terrified)

I'm not going to die, am I, sir?

ADAMS

!Course you're not, mate.

HUGGAN gets a pad of cloth from his bag. CHRISTIAN
snatches it from him, and applies it to the severed
artery.

71. DELETED

71.

72. EXT. DECK OF "BOUNTY" - DAY

72.

BLIGH, angry, is reading the service for burials at sea.
The assembled crew look sullen.

(CONTINUED)

72. CONTINUED

The officers are all in their best uniforms. CHRISTIAN tense and uncomfortable.

BLIGH finishes reading, snaps the book shut and glares at HUGGAN, standing among the officers, drunk. Then he gives a curt nod to COLE.

VALENTINE's shrouded body is tipped over the side into the sea.

ADAMS looks balefully at the Officers, and particularly at BLIGH.

72A. EXT. THE BOUNTY - DAY 72A.

The ship continues on its course.

73. DELETED 73.

73A. INT. HUGGAN'S CABIN - DAY 73A.

BLIGH is quiet and dangerous in his anger. HUGGAN listens with a cynical curl of his lip, though whether it is aimed at BLIGH or himself we cannot tell.

BLIGH

That man was in the sick-bay three weeks for nought but a chill! He died of mistreatment.

HUGGAN

They bring more diseases with them than they will ever catch under my care. They come from the gutter.

BLIGH

Do they, sir? Then you will inspect every one of them, and report to me. And any man that have the pox, he will get no shore leave in Tahiti till you have cured him. We will not be accused of infecting the Islands.

73B. EXT. "BOUNTY" DECK - DAY 73B.

BLIGH, CHRISTIAN and FRYER watch from the quarter-deck area, while HUGGAN moves down the line of assembled men. He stops at MILLWARD, inspects his tongue, eyes and ears.

HUGGAN

Undo your trousers.

MILLWARD

(indignant)

What...!

The other men jeer and grin as MILLWARD undoes his front trouser flap.

(CONTINUED)

73B. CONTINUED

QUINTAL
 (to CHURCHILL beside him)
 I never knew we had a horse on board.

FRYER
 Be quiet!

BLIGH watches grimly.

74. EXT. "BOUNTY" AT SEA - NIGHT 74.

The "Bounty", its few lanterns shining and with all sail set, sails on a calm sea under the gibbous moon.

75. EXT. DECK OF "BOUNTY" - DAWN 75.

BLIGH is forcing himself to be still. He clears his throat nervously and allows himself to consult his watch. He then looks up at:

LONG SHOT - ANGLED STEEPLY UP AT MILLWARD at the masthead lookout. MEDIUM SHOT - BLIGH looks at his watch and pockets it. Then, to ease his tension, takes a pace or two forwards on the deck. He is turning back when:

MILLWARD (O.S.)
 Land-ho!

BLIGH whirls round, shouts to him:

BLIGH
 Where away?

CLOSE SHOT - MILLWARD glances down, then points:

MILLWARD
 Breakers dead ahead, sir!

76. EXTREME LONG SHOT - FROM UP IN THE MASTHEAD - DAWN 76.

TAHITI is only a line of white surf at the moment. On SOUND we hear excited shouts as:

77. EXT. "BOUNTY" - DAWN 77.

MEDIUM SHOT - THE MEN on watch rush to the rigging.

BLIGH mounts the mizzen shrouds, taking up a position a little below CHRISTIAN, who looks down, smiling. BLIGH can't help smiling, too.

78. EXT. DECK OF BOUNTY - TAHITI - DAWN 78.

LONG SHOT. DAWN is breaking over the island, the mist brightening, shimmering and rising away like a theatre curtain to reveal the roaring surf on the reef.

(CONTINUED)

78. CONTINUED .

CLOSE on young PETER HEYWOOD watching from the deck, unable to believe his eyes.

79. EXT. TAHITI - DAWN

79.

LONG SHOT - THE REEF and beyond the reef, the quiet lagoon; beyond the lagoon the island with its verdant valleys where waterfalls descend from the mountain peaks of alpine height but unfamiliar in their violent shapes and tropical fertility.

80. EXT. "BOUNTY" - DAWN

80.

MEDIUM SHOT - A GROUP OF CREWMEN lining the bulwarks and gazing at the island -- QUINTAL, CHURCHILL, MCCOY, ADAMS, MILLWARD -- all silent, their faces softened by wonderment.

MEDIUM CLOSE - NORTON stands on the bullwarks, his arm hooked through the shrouds. Blind MICHAEL BYRN is standing below on deck.

BYRN

(softly)

Flowers. I can smell flowers.

81. EXT. "BOUNTY" - FROM THE LAGOON - BOUNTY APPROACHING
TAHITI - DAWN.

81.

A break in the reef -- the Pass to the open sea -- and the "Bounty" approaching head-on.

82. EXT. BOUNTY - DOWN

82.

TWO SHOT CHRISTIAN AND BLIGH.

BLIGH has taken the wheel himself. On SOUND the surf thunderous. They are looking forward, tensely but joyously focused on the land.

CHRISTIAN

You've done it, William!

BLIGH

We, Fletcher. We!

Their POV: The whole ship's length rising and falling in the swell: straight ahead the gap in the reef.

83. LONG SHOT - HIGH ABOVE THE LAGOON

83.

The "Bounty" small, the centre of a giant multi-coloured palette of blue and green water. A flotilla of dozens of gaily decorated canoes pushes out from the shore.

84. LAGOON - DAWN 84.
- Excited shouting as the men splash through the water, then leap into the moving canoes. Behind them more people break from the jungle, and run to catch up to get a seat, waving and calling out. The canoes surge towards us through the clear blue water.
85. EXT. JUNGLE - DAWN 85.
- A PRIMITIVE STONE CARVING fills the screen. A female TIKI. Obscene, grossly fecund and festooned with delicate white flowers.
86. REVERSE LONG SHOT - THE TIKI IN F.G. 86.
- facing out over the lagoon. The distant "Bounty" creeps from behind a fat stone shoulder, approaching her anchorage.
87. EXT. "BOUNTY" - DAWN 87.
- CLOSE SHOT - BLIGH in a voice cracking with triumph, gratitude and relief:
- BLIGH
Let go!
88. EXT. ANCHOR - UNDERWATER - DAY 88.
- The "Bounty's" anchor breaks the mirrored surface of the lagoon in a cloud of bubbles. The CAMERA FOLLOWS it down into the shimmering sunlight of the underwater world, past shoals of improbable fish and brightly-coloured coral terraces. It finally lands on the bottom, sending up a plume of fine white sand.
89. DELETED 89.
90. DELETED 90.
91. EXT. DECK OF "BOUNTY" IN MATAVAI BAY - DAY 91.
- The deck of the "Bounty" is crammed with a milling mass of brown-skinned men, women and children of every age, from white-haired patriarchs to babes in arms. They are examining everything, swarming everywhere, laughing and jostling. A sudden silence falls as COLE blows the "ashore
- Everybody looks at BLIGH with deep interest and a touch of awe as he passes between the formal lines of officers and midshipmen, and descends to the launch waiting amidst the flotilla of canoes. Some of the Tahitians on board swarm over the side to join their friends in escorting the launch ashore.
92. EXT. LAGOON, LAUNCH AND OUTRIGGER - DAY 92.
- BLIGH is seated in the launch, beside NELSON, who is soberly dressed in his Sunday best. BLIGH looks straight ahead, as befits a visiting deity, but NELSON looks around with undisguised delight. The crew, too, are sneaking looks as they row.

(CONTINUED)

92. CONTINUED

CLOSE ON A GIRL, innocent and graceful as a dolphin, swimming by and, making a quick roll, reveals a glimpse of her splendid breasts.

CLOSE ON QUINTAL. He misses a stroke.

CHRISTIAN
Quintal!

QUINTAL
Sorry, sir.

McCOY turns and mutters to CHURCHILL beside him.

McCOY
Sweet Jesus. Look at that.

A forty foot double canoe travels parallel, but less swiftly, than the other vessels. In the shade of the awning are a dozen girls laughing, pointing at the sailors and calling out.

FEATURE CHRISTIAN AT TILLER OF THE LAUNCH, strikingly handsome in his neatly-ribboned hair, his uniform.

He is not, like the other men, looking towards the group of girls, but is taking in the general beauty of the island paradise.

CLOSE ON MAUATUA. A conspicuously lovely girl at the centre of the group of girls. She giggles with them until she sees CHRISTIAN, and suddenly she becomes still. From this moment on she cannot take her eyes from him. CHRISTIAN is not yet aware of her.

CLOSE ON CHRISTIAN looking back as the launch overtakes the outrigger.

COLE (O.S.)
Ship your oars!

CHRISTIAN faces round to the front, as six blades rise aloft.

CLOSE ON BOW OF LAUNCH as it grinds into the soft sand.

93. EXT. ENCHANTED GARDEN - DAY

93.

LONG SHOT. Through luminous foliage, green and gold, we LOOK DOWN on a sandy path which winds through grassy knolls and the trunks of palms in dappled shadow, the glaring sea forgotten. BLIGH leads the way, pacing himself with his ebony stick, an appreciative gentleman agreeably impressed.

CHRISTIAN walks behind him, and behind them other men follow carrying sea-chests. Then behind them is a

(CONTINUED)

93. CONTINUED:

long procession of brown-skinned Tahitians, whose quiet deportment indicates a serious occasion.

MAUATUA is amongst them.

94. DELETED

94.

95. EXT. TYNAB'S MEETING HOUSE - DAY

95.

CLOSE ON TYNAB, a honey-coloured Hercules, crowned with flowers and robed in feathers, waits to greet his quests. He is in the shade of a freshly-decorated awning, backed by his entourage.

MEDIUM - BLIGH, CHRISTIAN and NELSON approach him along a hundred-foot length of patterned cloth. None of the people who crowd around have put a toe on it. BLIGH stops in front of TYNAB.

BLIGH

I bring you greetings and
gifts from his Majesty,
King George of England.

TYNAB takes his hand in both of his, and presses his forehead to BLIGH's.

TYNAB

Welcome.

He gestures for BLIGH to sit. When they are settled, facing each other, BLIGH beckons to CHRISTIAN. CHRISTIAN and YOUNG open the sea-chest and YOUNG brings out a vast, ruffled shirt, and gives it to TYNAB.

CHRISTIAN gives the QUEEN an ornate hand-mirror. She looks at herself in it and laughs. From behind her other women peer over her shoulder, laughing and jostling, to look at themselves.

CLOSE SHOT - CHRISTIAN sees MAUATUA among the laughing women.

CLOSE SHOT - MAUATUA as she bursts out laughing.

TYNAB holds the shirt in front of his chest.

TYNAB

How is the great Captain Cook?

BLIGH

(quickly)

Well. He sends his greetings.

(CONTINUED)

95. CONTINUED:

An awkward silence. CHRISTIAN darts a puzzled look at BLIGH. An OLD MAN of the entourage mumbles something; TYNAB shuts him up; then looks earnestly at BLIGH:

TYNAB

Then he is alive. I am glad.
He is my friend.

He beckons to the crowd behind him. It parts and two men carry a large, framed oil-painting towards them. It is a portrait of Cook, and is garlanded with white tapa-cloth and flowers.

TYNAB

See. He gave me his picture.

The portrait is propped in the place of honour between them.

TYNAB

Some say great Cook was
killed by people of Owhyee.

BLIGH

(hating it:
firmly)

He is very much alive and
in good health.

96. INT. COURT MARTIAL - DAY

96.

HOOD, chin in hand, is very interested in all this as GREETHAM continues -

GREETHAM

You told that to this man Tynah?

BLIGH

King Tynah, Sir.

GREETHAM

King, Mr. Bligh?

BLIGH

Yes.

HOOD

(with a mild frown)

A savage King...

BLIGH

A King, My Lord, descended
from many Kings.

(CONTINUED)

96. CONTINUED:

HOOD

As our King George is descended
from many Kings?

BLIGH

(carefully)

In a way, Sir, yes.

GREETHAM

So you admired him?

BLIGH

I must say I did.

GREETHAM

Then why did you lie to him?
Why did you not tell him Captain
Cook was murdered in Hawaii ten
years before?

BLIGH

They think he is immortal, sir.

HOOD

Literally?

BLIGH, carefully trying to make a fair assessment of
something which he does not altogether understand,
yet respects:

BLIGH

I think so, sir. They seem
to regard his likeness as a
sacred image.

HOOD

Interesting!

HOOD scratches beneath his wig.

BLIGH

And they think that every
British Officer is more or
less related to him.

HOOD

So you were more or less
immortal, too?

BLIGH

It would appear so, yes, sir.
And I needed their assistance.
Captain Cook was our guarantor.

97. RESUME TYNAR'S MEETING HOUSE - DAY

97.

MEDIUM SHOT - TYNAR and BLIGH.

(CONTINUED)

97. CONTINUED:

BLIGH

Cook always spoke of you as
his good friend.

CHRISTIAN has been keeping his attention fully
on this conversation, but now senses MAUATUA'S
gaze and turns to look at her.

He is quite startled by the open admiration in
her look, and actually feels embarrassed. He
turns away.

TYNAH

How long will you stay at
Tahiti?

BLIGH

Two months round about the
islands.

TYNAH

(enormously
generous)

Stay on Tahiti. Do not go to
the other islands. You may
not be welcome there. We will
give you everything you need
here.

BLIGH

I am much obliged to you. King
George has sent you many presents.
You should let me carry back in
return presents to King George.

TYNAH

Gladly! Gladly! Anything your
King might prefer -- pigs,
coconuts, bananas, breadfruit...

BLIGH

Breadfruit is a good idea; King
George likes breadfruit.

FLETCHER re-acts, smiling privately, admiring
Bligh's cunning.

TYNAH

Then he shall have as much breadfruit
as you can carry.

BLIGH

If you sent him plants, he could
grow his own in his garden.

TYNAH

Yes! We shall grow him little
plants.

98. RESUME COURT-MARTIAL - DAY

98.

GREETHAM

Was Fletcher Christian at
this time still your friend
and ally?

BLIGH

At that time, yes.

GREETHAM

There was no indication of
any resentment toward you?

BLIGH

No None.

HOOD looks up from BLIGH's log.

HOOD

What is this reference to 'the
awkward gift of King Tynah'?

BLIGH

(embarrassed)

Oh - a matter of no importance.

HOOD sees BLIGH's embarrassment, and in HOOD's
eyes we see a hint of impishness.

HOOD

But why was this King's gift
awkward?

99. EXT. DECK OF "BOUNTY" - TAHITI - DAY

99.

BLIGH comes up the companionway, followed by
CHRISTIAN.

The "Bounty" is a changed ship. Flowers everywhere.
BYRN sits on the bulwarks playing his fiddle. The
crew are crowding around the ship's landward side,
watching something with great interest. Two men are
working the winch.

The men make way for BLIGH and CHRISTIAN as they push
their way to the bulwarks and look down.

From BLIGH's POV we see a magnificently-garlanded
canoe alongside and, swinging above it, a VAST WOMAN
being hoisted in a bosun's chair with the winch.

CHRISTIAN keeps a straight face.

BLIGH

Damnation! I'd hoped to
avoid this.

(CONTINUED)

20/4

99. CONTINUED:

CHRISTIAN
Avoid what, sir?

As we see the VAST WOMAN ascending -

BLIGH
Damn it, man! I'm expected to sleep with her. She is a gift. One of King Tynah's wives. From one chief to another as it were. He'd expect the same from me, were he to visit London.

CHRISTIAN
William, not Elizabeth!

BLIGH
Don't mock me, Fletcher!
Five minutes after I go below you must call me up on some important business.

CHRISTIAN
What business?

BLIGH
Business! Business, damn it!
Make something up!

The WOMAN swings over the bulwarks and two men rush forward to steady the swinging chair and unbuckle the strap that holds her in.

BLIGH bows with great dignity.

BLIGH
Welcome aboard, ma'am.

The WOMAN beams at him. BLIGH grins fixedly in return, takes the WOMAN's arm and gallantly ushers her down the companionway.

100. INT. BLIGH'S CABIN - DAY

100.

BLIGH sits in silence as far as possible from the mountainous WOMAN. The WOMAN chatters away at him in Tahitian, waving her hands enticingly. She strokes his arm. BLIGH gives her a ghastly smile. He's becoming desperate. He takes out his watch, looks at it, and can't believe so little time has passed. He holds the watch to his ear and shakes it.

101. EXT. DECK OF "BOUNTY" - TAHITI - DAY

101.

The crew stand around waiting for BLIGH to reappear. NORTON is bargaining over the piglet with the two Tahitians.

(CONTINUED)

20 / 1

101. CONTINUED:

NORTON
(patiently)
No, no. Four nails. Savvy?
Four.

One of the Tahitians holds up five fingers.

TAHITIAN
Five.

NORTON counts out four nails.

NORTON
One, two, three, four. That's
what we call the going rate.

CHRISTIAN and YOUNG stand together. CHRISTIAN checks
his watch. Behind him QUINTAL elbows McCOY in the
ribs.

QUINTAL
She ought to soften the Old Man
up a bit.

NORTON
If she sits on him she will.

CHRISTIAN shoots QUINTAL an angry look, but turns
away quickly because he has to smile. He looks at
his watch again, then goes below.

102. INT. BLIGH'S CABIN - DAY

102.

The WOMAN has given up and now sits on the bunk,
puzzled and offended. BLIGH fidgets nervously.
A knock on the door. BLIGH opens it quickly and,
with great relief, sees CHRISTIAN.

BLIGH
Yes, Mr. Christian, what is it
that demands my immediate
attention?

CHRISTIAN
It could wait until tomorrow,
sir.

BLIGH
Damn it, man, tell me!

CHRISTIAN
The ship is sinking, sir!

BLIGH
Good!

103. EXT. DECK - "BOUNTY" - TAHITI - DAY

103.

The scowling WOMAN clambers up the companionway onto the deck. She is followed by BLIGH. As soon as he appears, a great cheer goes up from the waiting crew on deck. BLIGH'S face darkens, but the WOMAN'S clears. She starts to beam. Appearances are what matter.

104. RESUME COURT MARTIAL

104.

All present are trying not to smile, except for BLIGH who is crimson.

GREETHAM

Now, Mr. Bligh, the other men from the Bounty ... you felt nothing mutinous in them.

BLIGH

No, sir.

HOOD

But they were mutinous by the time you left?

BLIGH

Yes, sir.

HOOD

And what made them so, Mr. Bligh?

BLIGH

(groping for an answer)

Something happened to them. I don't know...

GREETHAM

(over-patiently)

Mr. Bligh, when you'd planted out your breadfruit, did not the savages carry out a sort of ceremony? An indecent ceremony!

HOOD

Is this relevant, Captain Greetham?

GREETHAM

Yes, sir. If the crew were allowed to witness it. Were they present, Mr. Bligh?

BLIGH

Yes, sir.

HOOD

And was it indecent?

BLIGH hesitates; he has no simple answer to this simple-seeming question. He tries to explain.

(CONTINUED)

104. CONTINUED:

BLIGH

It is their deep belief that
the earth is rendered fruitful
by the coupling of their gods;
and that the gods can be roused
by the coupling of men and women.

105. EXT. THE ROWS OF YOUNG BREADFRUIT PLANTS - DAY
DRUMS OVER.

105.

105A. EXT. TYNAH'S VILLAGE - DAY

105A

CLOSE SHOT - THE SWAYING DRUMMERS (SOUND LEAPS) -
muscular men, fancifully and rather frighteningly
costumed, intent on their thudding instruments, the
rhythm compulsive.

CLOSE ON A GROUP OF MALE DANCERS legs astraddle, faces
stern, their eyes excited, looking at:

CLOSE ON DANCING GIRLS bare-breasted, the sinuous
movements of their arms and hands eloquently tender,
the violent shaking of their hips straight-forwardly
erotic.

MEDIUM SHOT - BLIGH and his MEN seated beneath an awning
as if posed for an official photograph. BLIGH, CHRISTIAN
and FRYER have chairs, while the other Officers are
standing behind. The men are seated cross-legged on the
ground in front.

CLOSE ON THE DANCING GIRLS.

CLOSE ON BLIGH looking woodenly ahead. Something catches
his eye and he glances upwards.

HIS POV - Among the palms a tall wooden image carved from
the trunk of a tree looks down on the proceedings. It
is disturbing, primitive and austere.

CHURCHILL his animal features beaded with sweat: his
eyes glittering.

YOUNG HEYWOOD open-mouthed.

MEDIUM SHOT THE DANCERS are fronting now, beginning to
sweat, their concentration increasing as the beat
quickens.

CLOSE ON CHRISTIAN looking around the chanting spectators,
catching their excitement, then back at the dancers.

HIS POV - The men and women part for a moment, disclosing
a glimpse of MAUATUA seated with her PARENTS. She is
looking up and O.S. at CHRISTIAN.

CLOSE SHOT CHRISTIAN.

For the first time truly registering this GIRL's beauty.
Feeling a surge of emotion that may have its roots in
sexual attraction, but there is something more, too.
The shock of this makes him frown, he suddenly feels
off-balance.

105A. CONTINUED:

CLOSE ON MAUATUA a sudden movement of the WOMEN frames her between their swinging hips, emphasizing her stillness.

CLOSE ON CHRISTIAN similarly framed by the suggestive movements of the male dancers.

BIG CLOSE UP MAUATUA a natural aristocrat, her face covered and uncovered by the violent movements of the women, her look unmistakable.

BIG CLOSE UP CHRISTIAN quite still, staring at her.

MEDIUM SHOT - CLIMAX OF THE DANCE

The Tahitians are crying out exclamation of encouragement and praise.

The male dancers are bearing down on their respective partners. The rhythm is becoming urgent; the cries more prolonged and coming from everywhere.

CLOSE SHOT - THE SURFACE OF A BIG DRUM

A hand crashes onto it with a deep-sounding boom.
SILENCE.

CLOSE UP YOUNG as he is looking at CHRISTIAN.

BIG CLOSEUP - THE FACE OF A WOMAN DANCER her chin almost touching the ground. She gasps out a single word; it could be the name of a god or the name of her lover.

BIG CLOSEUP - THE FACE OF A MALE DANCER looking down at her. He repeats the word, then suddenly leaps OUT OF SHOT towards her.

BIG CLOSEUP - THE FACE OF THE IMAGE AMONG THE PALMS - looking down. On SOUND, mass pandemonium is breaking out. The drums begin again, slower and more insistent, the shouting high-pitched and ecstatic.

FEATURE BLIGH

As he looks from CHRISTIAN to MAUATUA and back, smiling indulgently, like a father to CHRISTIAN. He does not register the importance of what he is actually seeing. To him CHRISTIAN and MAUATUA are only two young people feeling a momentary sexual attraction.

BLIGH (V.O.)

But I now believe that the seeds of mutiny were sown at that moment.

106. DELETED

107. DELETED

108. RESUME COURT-MARTIAL

GREETHAM

So it did begin at the ceremony?

BLIGH

No! It was Christian and that girl!

GREETHAM

You misunderstood the depth of the emotion between them?

BLIGH

I realise that now. I had assumed it was simply youthful... passion.

GREETHAM

Which you encouraged?

BLIGH

Certainly not!

GREETHAM

(referring to the log)

The matter of the King's house?

BLIGH

My actions were entirely proper! The King had built me a house, so that I might live on shore. It was a delicate situation. I could not refuse him.

109. EXT. "BOUNTY" DECK - TAHITI - DAY

109.

A pretty, half-naked Tahitian girl scrubs at some clothes in a bucket of water, watched by an indolent QUINTAL, who lies sprawled on the deck, soaking up the sun.

BLIGH and CHRISTIAN are deep in conversation at the ship's side. BLIGH is worried and fussing.

BLIGH

I can't leave the ship.

CHRISTIAN

But you might enjoy it.

BLIGH

No. No... I think you should do it, Fletcher.

CHRISTIAN is startled, has a moment almost of fear.

CHRISTIAN

Me?

BLIGH

Yes. You're second in command. The captain on the ship, the second on shore. You could keep an eye on the work-parties.

109. CONTINUED:

CHRISTIAN turns and stares at the shore, his thoughts on anything but breadfruit gardens.

CHRISTIAN

Yes.. Yes, I could.

BLIGH beams happily, a problem solved, and slaps CHRISTIAN on the back.

BLIGH

Good. Good.

CLOSE on CHRISTIAN looking at the shore, his thoughts in conflict between anticipation and anxiety.

110. EXT. BREADFRUIT GARDEN - DAY

110.

CLOSE ON CHRISTIAN stripped to the waist as he clears some undergrowth with a machete. He works with a grim determination, rhythmic, unrelenting, his whole body dripping sweat. Over the swish of his machete, we hear giggling. He stops cutting and looks at:

MAUATUA, standing at the edge of the jungle, watching him silently. Around her are girl friends who stop their giggling as they see CHRISTIAN looking at MAUATUA. She walks towards him offering herself. But CHRISTIAN goes back to his work, chopping even faster. MAUATUA frowns, takes another step towards him and he looks at her, then once again continues his work. MAUATUA suddenly runs off into the jungle. The girls remain looking at CHRISTIAN. After a moment, he stops work once more, and looks around to see MAUATUA - but she is gone. He throws his machete to the ground. He looks enquiringly at the girls, who understand and point into the jungle. CHRISTIAN walks through them, and one or two of them give him a shove.

TRACKING THROUGH JUNGLE - CHRISTIAN runs, searching, crashing through the undergrowth. CAMERA FOLLOWS A MOMENT until suddenly he stops, looking up ahead.

CHRISTIAN's POV framed by leaves and ferns at the top of a rise. MAUATUA stands silently waiting for him.

CHRISTIAN walks up the slope towards her. Just as he draws up to her, she turns and goes down through the ferns. CHRISTIAN follows her, pushing the ferns aside to reveal:

CLOSE UP: MAUATUA, watching him approach.

CLOSE UP CHRISTIAN. He stops close to her and slowly raises his hand.

CLOSE UP MAUATUA... as CHRISTIAN'S fingers lightly brush her cheek - and very slowly, he leans in and they kiss.

CHRISTIAN

Fletcher Christian.

(CONTINUED)

20/4

110. CONTINUED:

MAUATUA
Fletcher Christian.
(then)
Mauatua.

CHRISTIAN
Mauatua.

WIDE SHOT: CHRISTIAN and MAUATUA embrace at the edge of the underground lake.

111. INT. COURT-MARTIAL - DAY

111.

HOOD
(grumbling dubiously)
It takes more than an
infatuated youth to make
a mutiny, Captain Greetham.
(He turns back to BLIGH)
It takes a discontented crew.

BLIGH
The crew were anything but
discontented. He corrupted
them. There is a core of
rottenness in that man.

GREETHAM
But what made them so easy
to corrupt?

BLIGH frowns, his gaze inward, searching his mind.

BLIGH
I don't know-- it was the
place itself.

112. DELETED

112.

113. DELETED

113.

114. A SEQUENCE OF SHOTS PORTRAYING IN BRIEF what is
happening to the men of the "Bounty".

We see the members of the crew overcome by a hot
and sensuous innocence, seduced and entranced by
the innocent but uninhibited women.

DR. HUGGAN lies half in and half out of the water,
a bottle to his lips, near dead from drink.

INTERCUT with such shots are moments showing BLIGH,
always in uniform, and always aboard the ship,
struggling against heat and temptation. He writes
in his log, he paints at an easel.

And we see CHRISTIAN and MAUATUA together and
falling deeper and deeper in love.

(CONTINUED)

125. INT. TYNAB'S MEETING HOUSE - NIGHT

125.

A great banquet is in progress. A hundred people sit cross-legged on either side of a long cloth covered with dishes of roast pig, yams, breadfruit, pineapple, bananas ... BLIGH sits next to TYNAB, both eating with their fingers -- TYNAB rather more expertly than BLIGH.

BLIGH frowns at something and, REVERSING THE ANGLE, we SEE that, seated some ten yards away and on the opposite side is CHRISTIAN -- but it is almost impossible to tell him from the Tahitians that flank him. He is burnt deep brown by the sun and wears a wreath of flowers around his temples. MAUATUA sits next to him, putting food into his mouth. BLIGH and CHRISTIAN's eyes meet. They are both embarrassed, blush.

126. INT. BLIGH'S CABIN - DAY

126.

BLIGH, in his shirt sleeves, lies on his bunk staring up at the ceiling. His face is beaded with sweat and his eyes focussed on the far distance. He gets up and flips open his log, stands staring at it, his fingers worrying at the quill-pen. He cannot marshal his thoughts, but with a surge of determination he slams the book shut.

BLIGH

Smith!

The door opens almost immediately and SMITH looks nervously in. BLIGH is doing up his buttons, smartening himself up.

SMITH

Yes, sir?

BLIGH

Send Fryer to me immediately.

127. EXT. BREADFRUIT GARDEN - HOUSE - DAY

127.

FRYER stands at the dark doorway of CHRISTIAN's house.

FRYER

Mr. Christian?

He waits for an answer. There is none.

FRYER

(continuing)

Mr. Christian?

CHRISTIAN (O.S.)

Come in, whoever you are.

FRYER hesitates, then goes in.

(CONTINUED)

128. INT. CHRISTIAN'S HOUSE -DAY

128.

CHRISTIAN is face down on a pallet on the floor. MAUATUA, kneeling, is holding one of his hands. A Tahitian MAN kneels on the other side, tattooing his back. The ornate, sensuous pattern that swirls from his left hip towards his right shoulder is startling.

FRYER stands in the doorway taking in the scene.

FRYER

Captain Bligh is surprised that he hasn't had the pleasure of your company at supper for some weeks.

CHRISTIAN

(interested)

Do you ...

He stops with a gasp of pain.

CHRISTIAN

(to MAUATUA)

Ask him to stop for a minute.

MAUATUA relays the message to the tattooist in Tahitian and he stops.

CHRISTIAN

Do you still do that every week?

FRYER

The Captain says he'll expect you this evening.

CHRISTIAN

Today? Today's not Friday?

FRYER

Of course it's Friday. (He turns to go). Six o'clock. Prompt, if you please.

CHRISTIAN raises his eyebrows in mild surprise.

129. INT. BLIGH'S CABIN - NIGHT

129.

HUGGAN, FRYER, NELSON and BLIGH sit at the dinner table, waiting. SILENCE. BLIGH looks at his watch. NELSON tries to make conversation.

NELSON

I found the most extraordinary plant today. On the west of the island, just by the mouth of the river...

But no-one is listening, and his voice trails off. FRYER looks up intently at BLIGH. The door opens. Everyone but BLIGH looks round to see CHRISTIAN coming in.

129. CONTINUED

CHRISTIAN
(cheerfully)
Good evening.

BLIGH
Mr. Christian - it is half past seven.

CHRISTIAN
You didn't wait for me, I hope?

BLIGH
May I ask why you have come to my table in a state of undress?

CHRISTIAN is quite decently dressed, but his jacket is slung over his shoulders.

CHRISTIAN
I couldn't wear the jacket, I'm sorry. The tattoo's too painful.

HUGGAN
Tattoo?

CHRISTIAN
On my back.

He pulls up his shirt and shows his back to HUGGAN.

HUGGAN
Good God!

BLIGH
Mr. Christian! Put on your jacket.

CHRISTIAN
It's very painful, sir.

BLIGH
Put on your jacket, Mr. Christian.

CHRISTIAN stares at BLIGH, puzzled and hurt by BLIGH's icy manner. In considerable discomfort he struggles into his jacket. Everyone else looks at the table. The door opens and SMITH puts his head in.

SMITH
May I serve now, sir?

BLIGH
Wait.

They all wait until CHRISTIAN sits.

(CONTINUED)

BLIGH
Very well, Smith. Now you may
serve.

SMITH
Thank you, sir.

He goes out.

BLIGH
Mr. Nelson - when did you last
inspect the breadfruit plants?

NELSON
Yesterday, sir.

BLIGH
Not today?

NELSON
No, sir. Mr. Christian said a
daily inspection was not necessary.

As SMITH returns with a large salver of meat and
begins serving, BLIGH looks at CHRISTIAN whose
cheeks are now red not only from the sun.

BLIGH
Did he, indeed? When will they
be ready to transport, in your
opinion?

CHRISTIAN thinks fast, opens his mouth, but nothing
comes out. NELSON leaps in to help with --

NELSON
It'll be some time yet, sir.

BLIGH
We have already been here thirteen
weeks longer than we intended.
Will we never leave?

Now CHRISTIAN finds his voice --

CHRISTIAN
It's because we arrived so late
in the year. The plants --

BLIGH
(interrupting)
I want to be advised of their
progress every day, Mr. Christian,
unless you need the time to cover
the rest of your body in pictures:
(bending to his food)
The sooner we are seamen again, the
better.

130. EXT. LAGOON AND BEACH - DAY

130.

CHURCHILL is reclining luxuriously in the shallows of the lagoon, his hands clasped behind his head and twiddling his toes like some vast and backward child on holiday. His massive chest and arms are elaborately tattooed. Other crewmen are similarly cooling their bronzed bodies and all of them are tattooed, some with stock images of hearts and crowns and anchors and some weirdly.

CHURCHILL

You do what you like, my lad -
me -- I'm staying here.

HEYWOOD

(admiring and scared)
Don't you want to go home?

CHURCHILL's face darkens, he shifts. Slowly and reflectively:

CHURCHILL

Only home I ever had only a pig
would want to go back to. How
do you fancy one of those other
islands?

He works his back muscles voluptuously in the warm sand and water as though to savour more the contrast of his present surroundings.

LONG SHOT: We can now SEE that the little group of MEN are squatting or lying in the centre of a perfect little lagoon of amazing blue.

MEDIUM CLOSE ADAMS looks thoughtfully off at them and McCOY, lying on his front near CHURCHILL, asks:

McCOY

Are we taking our women?

CHURCHILL

(derisively)
No. All these islands have got
women. Natural -- like coconuts.

MILLWARD

They hang you for desertion.

McCOY

Only if we're caught.

CHURCHILL

You with us, John?

NORTON looks at his toes and shakes his head, a bit ashamed.

(CONTINUED)

130. CONTINUED

NORTON

I've got a wife. And kids.

The "Bounty's" launch is pulling towards the shore fifty yards up the beach. CHURCHILL and the others watch as BLIGH steps ashore and marches up the beach with his ebony stick.

CHURCHILL

(his voice thickening
with resentment)

There he goes -- Mr. Bligh-and-mighty. How do you fancy the Endeavour Straits, the Indian Ocean, the South Atlantic, the North Atlantic, nothing but rotten pork and biscuits and with his bloody lordship on your back, morning, noon and night? Not me. Not me.

A long silence.

McCOY

When do we go?

CHURCHILL

Who's officer of the watch tonight?

HEYWOOD

(nervously)

I am.

CHURCHILL raises his head out of the water.

CHURCHILL

Yes.

HEYWOOD

Yes.

CHURCHILL lets his head fall back, making a little splash.

CHURCHILL

That's it, then.

HEYWOOD looks unhappy.

130A. EXT. TYNAR'S HOUSE - DAY

130A.

KING TYNAR sits amongst his several wives, MAUATUA beside him. She looks up as CHRISTIAN comes in, then looks down again.

CHRISTIAN looks apprehensively at the faces of the King and his wives, which at the moment are expressionless. CHRISTIAN fears the worst.

(CONTINUED)

130A. CONTINUED

CHRISTIAN
You want to see me, sir?

TYNAH
Sit down.

CHRISTIAN sits, full of apprehension.

TYNAH
My daughter has something
which belongs to you.

CHRISTIAN
(looking at MAUATUA, puzzled)
What?

TYNAH
Little you. In here.

He gently touches MAUATUA's belly. Nothing in
his manner indicates to CHRISTIAN what he thinks
of this.

CHRISTIAN is stunned, half afraid that he is there
to be punished.

CHRISTIAN
I'm sorry --

MAUATUA looks up in concern. The wives exchange
puzzled looks.

TYNAH
You don't want her to have
your child?

CHRISTIAN
Yes. But... you're not angry?

The KING and all his WIVES are very puzzled.

TYNAH
Angry to have a baby? It is
good. When you are gone, she will
still have you with her.

He holds out to CHRISTIAN a polished whale's tooth.

TYNAH
You take this. Look at it. You
will think of my daughter and
the child.

CHRISTIAN
(taking it)
Thank you, sir.

(CONTINUED)

130A. CONTINUED:

He looks at MAUATUA. He smiles.
Everyone in the room smiles too.

TYNAH
Fletcher Christian, you have
a wife.

131. DELETED

131.

132. EXT. BOUNTY IN MATAVAI BAY - MOONLIGHT

132.

The black silhouette of a canoe emerges from the shadow of the "Bounty" into the glittering moonlight. In the bottom of the boat a collection of muskets glint into relief as the moonlight slides over them.

CHURCHILL and MCCOY are paddling the canoe; MILLWARD in the stern. CHURCHILL licks his lips and looks upwards.

HIS POV - The RECEDING STERN OF THE "BOUNTY", lined by silent crewmen and women looking down at them.

CLOSE SHOT - ADAMS and QUINTAL, a white-haired old woman between them, trying to understand what is happening. QUINTAL is waving excitedly.

ADAMS
Goin' to be nice for the rest
of us when the Captain finds
out, isn't it.

CHURCHILL
Come with us, then.

ADAMS
Bloody fools. The Hottentots
out there aren't as friendly
as these ones, y'know.

CHURCHILL makes a rude gesture as the canoe slips away out of earshot.

QUINTAL
Good luck to 'em, I say.

ADAMS
They'll need it.

REVERSE SHOT - the little boat crawling away over the silver water. MILLWARD turns and raises his hand in mocking farewell.

CLOSE SHOT - HEYWOOD is desperately worried.

CUT TO:

133. EXT. BOUNTY IN MATAVAI BAY - MEDIUM SHOT - DAY

133.

BLIGH, his face pale and set, emerges from the companionway onto the sunlit deck. FRYER is standing there, every line of him expressing inner satisfaction at the disaster.

FRYER
Company --! 'Shun!

133. CONTINUED

On SOUND the muffled thump of many bare feet. BLIGH walks into CLOSE SHOT and stops.

The crew is lined up at attention: a motley lot, sunburned and piratical. Most of them are tattooed and some have flowers in their hair. Behind them on the fo'castle, Tahitians sit in the shade of laundry hanging out to dry. The decks, as before, piled with fruit and provisions.

BLIGH takes all this in before he speaks. He is almost shaking with personal anger and professional disgust.

BLIGH

Last night; three men; of Mr. Heywood's watch; deserted ship! The penalty for which is death by hanging.

He lets the fatal phrase sink in; then turns to the MIDSHIPMEN.

BLIGH

How is it that you did not see them, Mr. Heywood.

HEYWOOD rigid and pop-eyed, is too scared to answer.

BLIGH

Were you asleep?

HEYWOOD

Yes, sir.

BLIGH

Bo'sun!

COLE

Sir!

BLIGH

Put Mr. Heywood over the cannon.

(to Heywood)

You will kiss the gunner's daughter.

But COLE hesitates; after all, the culprit is a kind of officer.

BLIGH

Now!

COLE

Sir!

Head bent in shame, HEYWOOD bends over the cannon. COLE takes out his rope's-end. BLIGH addresses the crew again.

(CONTINUED)

133. CONTINUED

BLIGH
Stand forward Mr. Heywood's
watch.

Half a dozen men stand forward. When he sees they
include ADAMS, BLIGH has a moment of hope.

BLIGH
What did you see, Adams?

ADAMS' eyes dart towards HEYWOOD bent over the cannon.

ADAMS
Didn't see nothin', sir.

BLIGH
(bitterly)
Thank you.

ADAMS
(woodenly)
Sir.

BLIGH takes a breath, the crew attentive; some crucial
announcement is coming.

BLIGH
(quietly)
Now listen to me closely. In
one week ...

He checks. The crew are staring past him at something.
He turns to see DR. HUGGAN, who is carefully negotiating
the companionway. He is very drunk. He looks comic and
awful. Some addled line of reasoning has led him to
retain the heavy clothing of his Portsmouth practice
as a proof of his respectability, but he has not been
able to take care of it; we can almost smell him.
His face is bloated and unhappy. Oblivious of every-
thing, he reaches the deck and focuses somewhat...
on HEYWOOD bent over the cannon.

HUGGAN
Anythin' wrong?

QUINTAL giggles.

BLIGH
Silence!

Silence. HUGGAN is dimly aware of danger.

BLIGH
-- There will be no more grog, and
no more shore leave. This ship and
her crew will be ready for sea in
one week's time. Mr. Cole!
Administer the punishment.

(CONTINUED)

Revised 14 June 1963

71. mm

133. CONTINUED

The crew, seething with anger, watch COLE as he swings the rope's-end.

134. DELETED.

135. EXT. BREADFRUIT GARDEN - DAY

135.

MAUATUA shakes her hips in a wild dance to Tahitian drums. She is encircled by three young men dancing with her. A group stand round watching, laughing and calling out encouragement and friendly abuse. She and the men dancing with her are laughing too. YOUNG and NELSON watch, amused, from one of the houses. She looks up at someone and smiles intimately.

It is CHRISTIAN she is smiling at. But he is too engrossed to return it. Surrounded by a loudly encouraging group of men, he is playing the drums. The men advise him enthusiastically in Tahitian. He is becoming flustered.

CHRISTIAN
(in Tahitian, but
still drumming)
What's next? Help!

The rhythm falls apart. The dancers collapse, laughing. Some from the sidelines send him up by dancing his broken rhythm.

TAHITIAN MAN
(in Tahitian)
The same again. You start again
at the beginning, then keep
repeating it.

CHRISTIAN
(in Tahitian)
By the time I get to the end, I've
forgotten the beginning.

Something catches his eye, and he waves and grins.

BLIGH stares back at him. CHRISTIAN comes over to him. The Tahitian men start drumming again. Only MAUATUA does not join in the dance. She watches BLIGH and CHRISTIAN walk away, aware of the tension and disapproval BLIGH has brought with him.

Apart from the dancers now. BLIGH stops and faces CHRISTIAN.

CHRISTIAN
Something wrong?

135 CONTINUED

BLIGH

Last night, while the mate of
the watch was asleep ...

He breaks off and calls to the drummers.

BLIGH

(calling)

Stop that noise!

The drums continue. One or two Tahitians look up
at him, wondering what he has said.

CHRISTIAN

(calling in Tahitian)

Leave the drums for now. You
can teach me later.

The drums stop, and the Tahitians drift away. MAUATUA
watches, worried, from Christian's house. BLIGH
looks at CHRISTIAN in a new light, though CHRISTIAN
seems unaware of it.

CHRISTIAN

What happened?

BLIGH

Mills, McCoy and Churchill
jumped ship last night.

CHRISTIAN'S first impulse is shock, but then:

CHRISTIAN

Aue (Oh shit)

BLIGH

You don't seem surprised.

CHRISTIAN

Now that it's happened ... no.
No, I'm not.

BLIGH looks at him, a long hard moment.

BLIGH

I must say I am no longer surprised
myself, when I see the example being
set by the First Officer. Look at
yourself, man. You're no better
than a native.

CHRISTIAN

(stung)

At least I'm no worse.

Revised 14 June 1985

75.

135. CONTINUED

BLIGH

You are speaking to your
Captain, Mr Christian.

CHRISTIAN

I thought I was speaking to
my friend! To William!

BLIGH

Your brain has been over-heated
in a too-hot sun, and your body
over-indulged in sexual excess.
(You are hardly worthy to be
anyone's friend.) (or: You have
lost mastery of yourself).

CHRISTIAN

I have done no more than any
natural man would do.

BLIGH

You have done no more than any
animal would do. Whenever men
lose their self-restraint, they
say that they are 'natural.'

CHRISTIAN

They are more natural than men
with nothing to restrain.

BLIGH stares at him, shocked.

BLIGH

As from today you will resume
your duties as a ship's officer,
and you will berth on the ship.
Report before sundown.

CHRISTIAN

No!

It has slipped out before he has even thought, and
the two of them stare at each other, both incredulous.

BLIGH

What did you say?

CHRISTIAN just stares at him. From the house
MAUATUA senses the sudden crisis between the two
men.

BLIGH

What did you say?

Revised 14 June 1983

74.

135. CONTINUED

But CHRISTIAN cannot repeat it. His gaze drops to the ground.

BLIGH

You will do as I tell you, Mister. You will report to that snip, and you will stay there until we leave this accursed place. There will be no more mixing with the degenerate natives of this island by any of my officers, or by any of my crew. Gather your belongings together and get aboard. Now!

CHRISTIAN

(mumbles)

Yessir.

He turns and goes into the house. MAUATUA watches him anxiously as he approaches. Then quickly follows him inside.

BLIGH watches them go, disturbed by the gulf that has opened between him and his friend. He sees:

YOUNG looking at him from a hut and, suddenly furious that the scene has been observed, he turns on his heel and leaves.

136. DELETED.

136A. EXT. BEACH - DAY
(was 140)

136A.

BLIGH watches as TAHITIANS and CREW in a long chain all the way from the breadfruit garden to the edge of the water, pass potted plants down the chain, which are being loaded onto a small flotilla of canoes, and paddled out to the BOUNTY.

ADAMS, LAMB and TINKLER are in charge.

BLIGH
Hurry them along!

ADAMS
Move, move!

ANOTHER ANGLE: which makes it clear that CHRISTIAN is watching from the ship.

At the same time FRYER comes hurrying along the beach, and up to BLIGH.

FRYER
Captain Bligh, I know where
your deserters are.

137. EXT. BEACH - TAHITI - DAY

137.

CLOSE ON a canoe pulled up on the beach. The bows are stove in and there are several inches of water in it. In the water, tangled in rope, are muskets. It is the canoe in which the deserters escaped.

BLIGH stands looking down into the canoe, COLE and NORTON behind him. He bends down and picks out an evil-looking spear made of ironwood. He examines it for a moment, then tosses it back in the canoe.

BLIGH
Where are they?

138. EXT. OPEN-SIDED PANDANUS HUT - DAY

138.

In the shaded interior of an open-side pandanus hut, CHURCHILL, McCOY and MILLWARD are sprawled out on a mat surrounded by a sympathetic group of Tahitians. CHURCHILL drinks from a coconut held for him by the girl we saw lying in his arms under the moon.

CHURCHILL
(throatily)
Thanks, darlin'.

He is bearded, sun-scorched and scarred by sea sores; his lips are bleeding and split.

COLE (O.S.)
Stand back, make way; come on!

BLIGH enters the hut. The Tahitians make way for him and fall silent as he stops in front of CHURCHILL.

138. CONTINUED

The big man lumbers unsteadily to his feet, McCOY following his example. MILLWARD remains on the mat, staring at BLIGH, only half conscious.

BLIGH

Stand up!

CHURCHILL

'e can't, sir. Had a bit of trouble with the locals out there.

BLIGH

Do you know the penalty for desertion, Churchill?

CHURCHILL

(dubiously)

We came back on our own accord, sir.

BLIGH

Churchill, you are a mindless animal. I will decide upon your punishment when you are fit to receive it. (to Cole) Where is Doctor Huggan?

139. EXT. BREADFRUIT GARDEN - DAY

139.

COLE and YOUNG thrust through the bushes and hold back one of the flowering branches. They look down.

HUGGAN lies there, dead. His face swollen, mouth gaping, eyes fixed and staring. Choked on his own vomit. A bottle in his hand. A pig which has been shuffling at the corpse, runs off, squealing.

BLIGH steps forward, looking down grimly. He makes a curt gesture and turns away, saying disgustedly.

BLIGH

Bury him.

140. DELETED (Now 136A)

140.

141. INT. HOLD - NIGHT

141.

CHURCHILL, McCOY and MILLWARD are chained, wrist and ankle, to ring-bolts in the side of the ship. Their dim lantern is suddenly augmented by the lantern of FRYER as he descends the companionway and comes in.

He throws down some lengths of rope and short pieces of wood in front of them.

(CONTINUED)

20/4

141. CONTINUED

FRYER

There. Give you something to do.
You're each to make yourselves a
nice cat-o'-nine tails. Make it
well, mind. There's an extra
fifty lashes if it's not up to
standard. You're lucky. Myself,
I would have hanged you.

He turns and starts up the companionway again. The
three men stare at the materials.

142. INT. CHRISTIAN'S BUNK - NIGHT

142.

CHRISTIAN lies fully-dressed on his bunk. He is awake
and waiting. After a moment he quietly swings his
feet to the deck and stands up.

He looks cautiously at the other bunk where YOUNG lies
apparently asleep. Picks up a leather pouch.

CHRISTIAN goes silently out. YOUNG's eyes snap open.

143. EXT. DECK OF BOUNTY - TAHITI - NIGHT

143.

CHRISTIAN waits, concealed by the mainmast until FRYER,
who is officer of the watch, passes slowly on his way
towards the quarter-deck.

When he thinks it is safe, he takes the three silent
strides necessary and clambers over the bulwarks,
keeping his eyes fixed on FRYER's back.

He climbs down the ladder to where a dinghy is tied
alongside and gets in. As he does so, he stumbles and
nearly falls.

On deck, FRYER hears the slight noise and stops. He
listens.

CHRISTIAN sits silently in the dinghy, listening.

FRYER, hearing no further sound, resumes his pacing.

CHRISTIAN hears the regular footfall resume, and relaxes,
silently unships the oars, and starts to row towards the
shore.

144. DELETED

144.

145. INT. CHRISTIAN'S HUT - NIGHT

145.

CLOSE ON KAUATUA, awake - staring. A SOUND brings her
eyes to the door of the hut.

CHRISTIAN moves to her.

(CONTINUED)

145. CONTINUED

MAUATUA

Fletcher!

CHRISTIAN

I've come to say goodbye.

For a moment they stare at each other like two innocent people under the sentence of death. Then go into each other's arms. They embrace, hold a long while, then they move to the pallet, sink down onto it and continue their fierce kissing and embracing. Finally --

MAUATUA

You do not come back, do you?
Ever?

CHRISTIAN cannot answer. He sits, fumbles in the leather pouch. He draws something out of it.

It is a gold pocket watch. She holds it, not realising what it is.

He takes it from her and opens the case, revealing the Roman numerals on the face, and inside of the cover a miniature painting of a man with a striking likeness to Christian, but older.

MAUATUA

Who is that?

CHRISTIAN

My Father.

MAUATUA puts her arm around him and kisses him.

CHRISTIAN

I must go, now.

MAUATUA

No - not yet - soon.

She pulls him down on to her, they kiss passionately.

146. EXT. DECK OF BOUNTY - TAHITI - DAY

146.

CLOSE ON CHURCHILL. On SOUND the LASH of the cat-o'-nine tails. CHURCHILL's eyes widen at the blow. He bites hard on his protruding tongue. Another lash. On SOUND a woman's distant voice wails:

WOMAN'S VOICE

Oh -- Char-lee!

(CONTINUED)

146. CONTINUED

ANOTHER ANGLE - McCOY and MILLWARD have already been flogged and lie face-down and semi-conscious on the deck, their backs looking like raw veal.

The crew have been assembled to witness the flogging and stand in orderly ranks, staring with set, grim faces.

ANOTHER ANGLE - COLE, the bo'sun, is administering the flogging. He dips the knotted leather thongs in a bucket of sea water to clean them of flesh and blood and then brings back the red-baize-handled instrument again and delivers another blow.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CHURCHILL'S WOMAN stands in a canoe in the lee of the "Bounty". She is wailing her lover's name and lacerates her scalp with a cowrie shell so that blood trickles down her face.

There are ten or fifteen other canoes nearby -- each of them containing the crew's women. All the women wail and lacerate their scalps.

ANOTHER ANGLE - on the quarter-deck, BLIGH watches, his face set, his eyes more on CHRISTIAN than the punishment. CHRISTIAN doesn't want to look. He glances over the side of the ship.

MAUATUA stands in a canoe, slightly apart from the others. She is staring straight at him.

BLIGH
Eyes front, Mr. Christian!

Horried, CHRISTIAN looks up -- only to be confronted by the flogging once again. It comes to an end at last. COLE turns and salutes the quarter-deck, then gives the cat a final rinse. Two crew members come forward and untie the semi-conscious CHURCHILL and drag him to join his comrades.

BLIGH
(briskly)
Right, Mr. Fryer. Set sail.

CHRISTIAN looks at BLIGH, startled. A look of triumph flickers over FRYER's face.

FRYER
Aye, aye, sir.

He turns and shouts his orders to the crew.

And nothing happens. The crew stare sullenly ahead as if they hadn't heard.

CHRISTIAN is as surprised as anyone else at this disobedience.

(CONTINUED)

146. CONTINUED

FRYER repeats the order, even louder.

BLIGH, on his way down the companionway, stops, frowning. In the silence, the wails of the womenfolk seem very loud.

COLE

(quietly)

Come on, lads. No sense in this.

One MAN moves towards the ratlines. The others stir and begin to follow. In a moment the rigging is swarming with them, breaking out canvas, heaving on sheets, back to normal.

CHRISTIAN looks back down at MAUATUA and we HOLD on him as the barking of orders and the SOUNDS of UNFURLING CANVAS mingle with the moans of the women.

Suddenly MAUATUA raises a shell in her hand, and with one fierce stroke cuts through the thickness of her luxuriant hair. A stream of blood flows down over her forehead.

147. EXT. BEACH - TAHITI - LONG SHOT - DAY

147.

The canoes, still in the bay; the "Bounty" now far into the distance beyond the reef. In the foreground, Huggan's grave heaped with exotic flowers, a cross inscribed "Thomas Huggan, Surgeon. 1745-1789".

148. EXT. DECK OF BOUNTY - SAILING AWAY - DAY

148.

CHRISTIAN stands in the stern of the "Bounty" looking back. He is in a state of high emotion. On SOUND, the familiar WHINE OF WIND in the rigging and the SWISH OF WATER.

149. EXT. TAHITI - CHRISTIAN'S POV - DAY

149.

Tahiti a silhouette on the horizon.

150. CLOSE SHOT - THE FACE OF CHURCHILL - SICK BAY

150.

staring at nothing, his expression murderous. Beyond him lie McCOY and MILLWARD, their backs a horrifying mass of welts which ADAMS is swabbing. CHURCHILL's arms hang limply as he listens to the travelling water beyond the planking. The voyage is only just beginning.

151. INT. BLIGH'S CABIN - NIGHT

151.

At the lamp-lit Captain's table, SMITH has made a special effort: cloth, decanters and glasses, the aftermath of a nice meal. But FRYER, HEYWOOD, YOUNG and NELSON sit in silence awkwardly aware of CHRISTIAN sitting opposite BLIGH, looking darkly at the cloth

(CONTINUED)

151. CONTINUED

before him. BLIGH has an air of unnatural composure. He finishes his wine and dabs his lips with a napkin.

BLIGH

Between ourselves and home are twenty-seven thousand sea miles, the Endeavour Straits and the Great Barrier Reef. The crew is demoralised -- I must accept -- as every Captain must accept -- the ultimate and theoretical responsibility for that but the immediate and actual responsibility I place on you -- my Officers -- (his eye sweeps over them) -- who met this crisis with ... (to Heywood) ... lethargy .. (to Young) ... impudence, and -- (he looks straight at Christian) -- flagrant defiance, publicly uttered.

There is an undertone of personal hurt and loss to this. He regains control and continues with venomous moderation.

BLIGH

For that perhaps I am to blame. I counted on a strength of character which you do not possess.

Dead silence; all horribly aware of CHRISTIAN's humiliation and distress. BLIGH recovers the tone of dispassionate determination.

BLIGH

The cure for our predicament is discipline. I shall apply it with an even hand; but most where it is most required.

This last was again for CHRISTIAN.

BLIGH

Now, you may leave.

They all rise to go out. CHRISTIAN last.

BLIGH

Not you, Mr. Christian. Close the door.

CHRISTIAN unwillingly does so. He stands stiffly inside the door, staring straight ahead.

(CONTINUED)

151. CONTINUED

BLIGH looks down at his wine glass for a long moment.

BLIGH

You think I'm harsh with you? Eh?

CHRISTIAN doesn't reply. BLIGH smiles and shakes his head.

BLIGH

I've been at sea many years, Fletcher. Since I was twelve. I've seen many men -- good men -- lose their heads over native women in these seas. I've never yet seen it turn out well. They're not like us, Fletcher. Of course, I understand the excitement, but think to yourself -- could you take a woman like that to your friends? Your family? You needed someone to show you where your duties really lay. You were at a loss. You may not thank me now. But you will later.

CHRISTIAN remains silent, not looking at BLIGH.

BLIGH

(briskly)

So let's get the ship running properly and get back to where we were before. Eh?

CHRISTIAN still doesn't reply and when BLIGH continues, his tone has changed:

BLIGH

Fletcher -- I'm willing to forgive and forget ...

He trails off, realising that he isn't going to get through.

CHRISTIAN

(coldly)

Will that be all, sir?

BLIGH stares at him.

BLIGH

That will be all.

CHRISTIAN turns smartly and goes. BLIGH sits for a long moment, staring after him.

(CONTINUED)

152. EXT. BOUNTY DECK - DAY

152.

A dozen men are holy-stoning the deck to a gleaming whiteness. CHRISTIAN walks about amongst them, inspecting their work.

As they finish, they stand awaiting his approval. He nods, and they gather up their gear, and head below.

152A. EXT. BOUNTY DECK - LATER IN THE DAY

152A.

There are only five men on deck. One of them is BLIGH. He stands grimly studying the freshly-cleaned boards. CHRISTIAN approaches him from the companionway.

CHRISTIAN

You sent for me, sir?

BLIGH

This ship is filthy, Mr. Christian.

CHRISTIAN

Sir?

BLIGH turns to face him.

BLIGH

Do you hear me? Filthy.

He bends down and runs his thumbnail along the crack between the deck and hatch-coming, then thrusts the thumb under CHRISTIAN's nose. NORTON tries to look occupied elsewhere.

BLIGH

Look for yourself. You allowed the swabbing-party to be dismissed, leaving the deck crusted with grime. Bring them back, Mr. Christian, and do it properly.

152B. DECK - A LITTLE LATER

152B.

The swabbing-party is back doing the deck once more.

152C. INT. MIDSHIPMEN'S QUARTERS - DAY

152C.

CHRISTIAN is there with several other men. He lies on his bunk. BLIGH storms in.

BLIGH

(shouting)

Still filthy, sir! Filthy - look!

He holds up his hand and CHRISTIAN rises to look at it.

CHRISTIAN

I see nothing, sir, but your fingers.

BLIGH

I'll not have your vile way brought aboard my ship.

152D. INT. THE HOLD

152D.

Where the other men can hear BLIGH's voice through the thin partition.

BLIGH (O.S.)

Call up the swabbing-party again, Mr. Christian. And this time be sure the deck is clean, or by God you shall answer for it.

The men in the hold look at each other in anger and apprehension.

152E. DECK - IT IS DARK NOW

152E.

And still the swabbing-party works on the spotless deck.

A SHORT SEQUENCE OF SHOTS as the BOUNTY moves through the sea.

153. DELETED

153.

154. EXT. DECK OF BOUNTY - DAY

154.

The crew are assembled on deck and BLIGH is addressing them.

BLIGH

There is a thief on board. You all know well what hardship that means for honest men.

He goes to a space between the break of the quarter-deck and the first gun, which is fenced off with netting and the enclosure filled with coconuts.

BLIGH

Last night the level of my store of coconuts was well up to the top of the netting. This morning -- well, see for yourself. If the thief will declare himself I will punish him alone --

CHRISTIAN

Sir --

BLIGH

Hold your tongue, God damn you, Mr. Christian! I am addressing the crew. If the thief will not declare himself --

CHRISTIAN

Sir -- I took one.

BLIGH

You?

(CONTINUED)

154. CONTINUED

CHRISTIAN

I was thirsty, sir. I took a coconut. I thought it of no consequence.

BLIGH

A coconut? A dozen were taken.

CHRISTIAN

I know nothing of a dozen, sir.

BLIGH

Then, unless you are a liar as well as a thief, the rest were taken by members of your watch -- who look to you for their example. Mr. Cole!

COLE

Sir!

BLIGH

Impound the personal stores of every man on Mr. Christian's watch -- and put them on half rations.

COLE

Sir!

BLIGH

Stand down!

He turns and goes. CHRISTIAN stands, rigidly fighting back tears of frustration and rage.

154A. IT IS NIGHT and CHRISTIAN lies in his bunk.

154A.

He looks at the whale's tooth, not noticing YOUNG watching him.

AGAIN SHORT SEQUENCE OF SHOTS

The BOUNTY continues on its course.

155. EXT. DECK OF BOUNTY - SAILING - NIGHT

155.

CLOSE ON the wheel, unattended and lashed. It jerks fretfully at its tethers, this way and that. It is a windless night. The heavy canvas, spars and ropes swing helplessly to the roll of the vessel, flopping and banging.

YOUNG looks up at all this. He is MATE of the watch, and looks around for he doesn't know what, nervous and restless. He looks towards a large, volcanic island some fifteen miles distant.

156. INT. BLIGH'S CABIN - CLOSE ON BLIGH - NIGHT 156.

He is asleep in his cabin. On SOUND the footsteps on the planking above as YOUNG goes on his way.

156A. WIDE SHOT BOAT AND ISLAND - NIGHT 156A.

157. EXT. DECK OF BOUNTY - SAILING - NIGHT 157.

In the shadow of the launch, concealed from the quarter-deck by the mizzen-mast, CHRISTIAN crouches, busy at something.

In a CLOSER SHOT, we see that he is expertly lashing together some wooden spars and planks to make a crude raft.

YOUNG (O.S.)

That's not a raft, it's a coffin.

Startled, CHRISTIAN whirls round. YOUNG stands looking down at him.

YOUNG

There's a five-knot current running between here and that island.

CHRISTIAN

I'll take my chance.

YOUNG looks at him for a long moment.

YOUNG

You think a lot of us haven't thought of it? The men are ripe for anything. You're not the only one to leave a woman behind.

CHRISTIAN

Are you inciting me to mutiny, Ned?

YOUNG

If I were you, I'd take the ship, that's all.

CHRISTIAN

Why don't you, then?

YOUNG

I said - if I were you. I'm not. It's your watch, by the way. I'm going below.

He strolls away. CHRISTIAN stands watching him go, his resolve undermined.

(CONTINUED)

157A. EXT. DECK OF BOUNTY - DUSK

157A.

All the men are assembled on deck, BLIGH about to address them.

BLIGH

What I am about to say to you is the result of considerable reflection. It's consequences will be two-fold. Firstly, our journey will be shortened, which I know is a consideration that cannot distress you. Secondly, upon its successful conclusion, not one of you in later years will look back without a surge of pride! We go to Jamaica by way of the Horn!

The men stiffen in fright. There are indistinguishable exclamations of fear and outrage, but above them all, clearly --

ADAMS VOICE

You'll kill us all.

BLIGH re-acts as if struck across the face. He surges down to them, starts pushing his way through them, flinging men aside as he screams --

BLIGH

Who said that. Who said that.
Let me see him. I want the man
who said that.

The crew fall away from ADAMS who eventually stands revealed and alone. BLIGH grasps him.

BLIGH

Was it you. Was it you?

ADAMS

We tried the Horn before, it was almost the end of us.

BLIGH

Take this man below! Tomorrow we will gather again to watch him apologise to me from under the lash. Give him the makings, Mr. Fryer.

COLE comes forward, reluctantly takes ADAMS, and pulls him away. BLIGH stands in the midst of a frightened and furious crew.

(CONTINUED)

157A. CONTINUED

BLIGH

We set out to circumnavigate
the globe, and by God we shall
do it to the glory of us all!

CAMERA FEATURES CHRISTIAN

Who watches BLIGH stomp away back to his cabin. He
looks around the enraged faces of the men. They are
on the brink.

157B. INT. BLIGH'S CABIN - NIGHT

157B.

He works on his log. He is excited, jubilant. A
knock on the door. He turns.

BLIGH

Come in.

CHRISTIAN enters. BLIGH looks at him coldly.

BLIGH

I'm busy. Is it important?

CHRISTIAN

I think, yes.

BLIGH

Be brief.

CHRISTIAN carefully closes the door.

CHRISTIAN

William, about your decision to
go around the Horn.

BLIGH

William? Not sir? Not Captain?
William?

CHRISTIAN

I don't think the men will have it.

BLIGH

(rising)

Oh, the men won't have it? Are they
in charge of the Bounty?

CHRISTIAN

They might be, if you insist.

BLIGH

Again, would you repeat that? The
men might be in charge. What are
you threatening me with?

(CONTINUED)

157B. CONTINUED

CHRISTIAN
Not a threat, a warning.

BLIGH
Oh, there are rumblings?

CHRISTIAN
...No. There is fear.

BLIGH
Around the Horn is the easiest way, the better way, and that is how we will go. Anything more?

CHRISTIAN
Don't put Adams under the lash.

BLIGH
He was insubordinate. Cowardly and insubordinate. He frightened the men. I did not put fear in them, he did. He will be lashed, and we will go around the Horn. You're a coward Mr. Christian...

CHRISTIAN steps out and closes the door. BLIGH goes back to his log.

158. DELETED

158.

159. INT. HOLD - DAWN

159.

CHURCHILL, QUINTAL, MILLWARD and other crewmen, the toughest of the tough, are seated at the long plank table.

They are all looking just PAST CAMERA towards the entrance. On SOUND footsteps approaching.

The dark outline of CHRISTIAN is coming towards them. As he enters the hold the light from the lamp strikes across his face and he comes to a standstill, confronting the men round the table, all staring back at him.

CHRISTIAN takes them in one by one. After a moment, QUINTAL rises to his feet and stands almost to attention. MILLWARD stands up quickly, followed by CHURCHILL, at which the others begin to rise. The group around the table are all on their feet facing CHRISTIAN.

CHRISTIAN
There will be no killing.

QUINTAL
Just Bligh.

(CONTINUED)

159. CONTINUED

CHRISTIAN

We set him adrift. No killing.

A beat. Then CHURCHILL nods to QUINTAL. And QUINTAL and MILLWARD move towards the fo'castle.

CLOSE PANNING SHOT

In the darkness of the fo'castle QUINTAL and MILLWARD are moving from hammock to hammock selecting their men.

QUINTAL

(whispering)

Christian is taking the ship --
are you with us?

MILLWARD, squatting, is shaking WILLIAMS awake in a low-slung hammock.

MILLWARD

(whispering)

John ...

He turns his head to see BURKETT and LAMB stealthily slipping out behind him. Then:

MILLWARD

John ...

WILLIAMS

(half awake)

Wha'?

MILLWARD

We're taking the ship.

WILLIAMS

(loudly)

What ...?

MILLWARD

(hissing)

Shurrup!

160. INT. ARMS CHEST AREA - DAWN

160.

A key turns in the lock of the chest disclosing muskets, bayonets, pistols, cutlasses and cartouches.

CHRISTIAN and the mutineers stare down at the weapons as though they were treasure - spellbound. Then CHRISTIAN takes a pistol and cartouche. As if at a signal the mutineers grab for the arms.

161. INT. BLIGH'S CABIN - DAWN 161.
- The door bursts open and CHRISTIAN, gun in hand, is standing over the sleeping BLIGH, a press of mutineers behind him.
- CHRISTIAN
(harshly)
Mr. Bligh!
- BLIGH's eyes open, focus, stare. He sits slowly upright and suddenly lunges for the door, shouting:
- BLIGH
Mr. Cole!
- CHURCHILL grabs him. He struggles gamely, shouting:
- BLIGH
Mr. Cole!
162. INT. COLE'S CABIN - DAWN 162.
- Bo'sun COLE shoots upright in his bunk to stare into the muzzle of MILLWARD's pistol.
163. INT. FRYER'S BUNK - DAWN 163.
- FRYER flies from his cabin into the arms of McCOY, who spins him about and flings him back in again, slamming the door.
- 163A. WHERE ADAMS is shackled. Men rush in to release him. 163A.
164. INT. MIDSHIPMEN'S QUARTERS - DAWN 164.
- HEYWOOD dashes from his cabin into a stampede of crewmen from the fo'castle. LAMB leading. HEYWOOD goes down among the trampling feet.
165. INT. "BOUNTY" GREAT CABIN - DAWN 165.
- In the darkness of the breadfruit cabin, NELSON trouserless stumbles through the young plants knocking over a pot. On SOUND, thundering feet and shouts from the deck above and from everywhere.
166. INT. BLIGH'S CABIN - DAWN 166.
- BLIGH, still in his cabin, is fighting like a landed fish. CHRISTIAN hates it.
- CHRISTIAN
Tie him!
- He leaves.
167. INT. MIDSHIPMEN'S QUARTERS 167.
- HEYWOOD sits where he fell among the last of the scrabbling feet. He is dazed and deafended; the ship is in uproar. He looks around; his eyes fall on a cutlass scmebody has dropped.

168. EXT. DECK OF "BOUNTY" - DAY

168.

CHRISTIAN is supervising as the "Bounty's" launch is swung over the side and lowered to the water.

ANOTHER ANGLE - BLIGH is pushed up the companionway onto the deck. He is still without his breeches and his hands are tied behind his back. The rope has caught up his shirt-tail so that his buttocks are occasionally exposed. The end of the cord is held by CHURCHILL so that BLIGH is effectively on a leash.

BLIGH stops for a moment, taking in the scene in front of him.

CHRISTIAN is still seeing the launch lowered.

A group of uncertain neutralists stand or sit around the fore-hatch.

A group of mutineers is nearby - one of them dishing out rum to the others. One of these is McCOY. When he sees BLIGH's state he advances on him, mug of rum in hand, performing a sort of Tahitian hoochy-coochy dance with many suggestive movements and leers in mockery of BLIGH's state. Somewhere, someone is laughing ceaselessly.

CHURCHILL propels BLIGH along the deck. We SEE the fat Quartermaster NORTON, and his blind friend BYRN, the fiddler.

BLIGH

Are you in this, Norton?

NORTH

No, sir, I'm not.

(and he calls after him)

Not half of us is in it, sir.

CHURCHILL

(alarmed)

Shut your mouth.

BLIGH looks ahead. A group of loyalists huddled under an armed guard look towards him. BLIGH's eyes are everywhere, trying to gauge the balance of forces. Now he sees young HEYWOOD, by himself in a state of shock, staring at his captive Captain. CAMERA PANS DOWN TO THE CUTLASS hanging from his nerveless hand. BLIGH's baleful glance takes in the cutlass and he passes on.

HEYWOOD looks down at the cutlass and is surprised to find it. He opens his fingers and it drops with a clatter. He stares down at it stupidly, then half wildly after Bligh.

(CONTINUED)

168. CONTINUED

BLIGH takes a stride towards the loyalists, but
CHURCHILL jerks him to a standstill.

CHRISTIAN (O.S.)
(angrily)
Leave him!

CHRISTIAN ENTERS FRAME. CHURCHILL glowers at him
mutinously.

CHURCHILL
Shoot the bugger now, I say.

CHRISTIAN
I said, leave him.

BLIGH, like a tethered animal, waits, head down, for
the outcome. CHURCHILL would like to murder him;
instead he contents himself by giving BLIGH a violent
shove towards the bulwarks near CHRISTIAN.

BLIGH slams against the rail, almost pitching over. He
finds himself staring down at the launch.

SMITH darts out from the group of loyalists and tugs
BLIGH's shirt-tail down to make him decent.

CHRISTIAN
Go and get Mr. Bligh's clothes,
Smith.

SMITH hurries off. BLIGH turns to CHRISTIAN.

BLIGH
(quietly, but with force)
For your sake, and the mens',
Fletcher, stop this now and it will
be forgotten. I give you my word.

CHRISTIAN shakes his head and mumbles:

CHRISTIAN
It's too late. It's too late.

He suddenly turns on BLIGH, shouting:

CHRISTIAN
I am in hell!

He turns to move away from BLIGH and in so doing bumps
into SMITH who has just arrived with BLIGH's clothes.

CHRISTIAN
Get him dressed!

(CONTINUED)

168. CONTINUED

He moves away. SMITH awkwardly starts to help BLIGH into his breeches. As he does so BLIGH starts to harangue the loyalists over the top of SMITH's head.

BLIGH

Why don't you stand up to them,
damn you? They're common
criminals, knock them down!

Everyone, loyalist and mutineer alike, is embarrassed by this outburst. Except perhaps for MILLWARD, who is the one we have heard laughing since the mutiny began. He continues now, stopping only very occasionally to inhale more rum.

ANOTHER ANGLE: FRYER approaches CHRISTIAN, who stands apart.

FRYER

I appeal to you, Mr. Christian -
stop this madness.

CHRISTIAN

He has only himself to blame.

CHRISTIAN waves his pistol in FRYER's face and shouts:

CHRISTIAN

.Get away, Fryer!

BLIGH is still shouting:

BLIGH

You curs! Will you not rise up?
Is there not a man among you?

CHRISTIAN

You can stop that, Mr. Bligh.
Stop it or I'll have you killed.

169. EXT. BOUNTY - AT SEA - DAY

169.

On SOUND uproar. The launch is crammed. Men perched on mounds of baggage, the oars splayed about anyhow, ropes trail in the water. There is a crazy resemblance to a badly organised family outing. FRYER is sitting, jammed among the stores, inactive and ill-tempered. COLE the Bo'son has taken charge. He is looking up at QUINTAL, with drink-brightened eyes and an idiotic grin, who staggers behind one of the swivel-guns. He points it down at the launch.

QUINTAL

Ber-room!

(CONTINUED)

169. CONTINUED

Young ELLISON, blind drunk, laughs admiringly, QUINTAL is delighted. MILLWARD's laughter is still heard.

NELSON

(standing)

Will somebody give me some breeches?

McCOY

Give us your watch, then - sir.

NELSON throws his watch up - McCOY catches it. He laughs as he pockets it and gives NELSON two fingers in return.

QUINTAL

Ber-roo-oom!

NORTON, the fat Quartermaster, is descending gingerly into the launch; it dips dangerously, shipping water. Amidst more laughter, NORTON sits hastily and clumsily.

CHRISTIAN is at the rail looking down at this. He turns towards BLIGH sitting on the hatch-cover behind him.

CHRISTIAN

Mr. Bligh. Come here, please.

BLIGH rises now fully dressed but with his hands still tied behind his back. CAMERA MOVES INTO TWO SHOT with BLIGH and CHRISTIAN at the rail.

CHRISTIAN

If you wish to leave some of your men, I give you my word they will not be harmed.

BLIGH looks down at the crowded launch. COLE is receiving a heavy sack being lowered from above, everyone's attention on him.

BLIGH

(ringingly)

Lads!

At the familiar voice silence falls all over the ship.

BLIGH

Some of you must stay with the ship.

NORTON

I'd be as good as two, I reckon, sir --

(CONTINUED)

169. CONTINUED

BLIGH

I need you, Norton. Mr. Fryer,
you come out --

A roar of protest from the deck. FRYER, rising,
hesitates.

McCOY

We'll do without him!

CHURCHILL

Stay where you are or I'll blow
your brains out!

He fires a shot from his musket over FRYER's head.
FRYER sits.

QUINTAL

Shoot the bugger! Shoot the lot
of 'em --!
(swinging his gun)
Ber-room!!

BLIGH

Coleman, McIntosh, Norman. Come
out.

The designated men begin to move. BLIGH goes to sit
as before.

SMITH comes on deck from below. He is carrying BLIGH's
writing box and the log. He is nervous. BLIGH, seating
himself on the hatch cover, is watching SMITH. He
glances at CHRISTIAN, then studies his shoes.

SMITH reaches the entry port but has to wait for COLEMAN
who has just come up from the launch where CHRISTIAN
stands. SMITH moves to descend into the launch.

CHRISTIAN

Smith --

He takes the box. SMITH is horrified.

CHRISTIAN

(quietly)
Get into the boat.

SMITH leaves with the log as CHRISTIAN opens the lid
of the box. He sits near BLIGH on the hatch cover.

INSERT - OPEN BOX - Pens, ink, ruler. And Elizabeth
Bligh.

CLOSE ON CHRISTIAN he is checked for a moment. He then
shuts the lid and opens the drawer. BLIGH glances down.

(CONTINUED)

169. CONTINUED

INSERT - IN THE DRAWER - Charts, hastily folded by SMITH and crammed in tightly. CHRISTIAN's hands ease them out carefully.

BACK TO SCENE - CHRISTIAN looks at BLIGH, who looks back at him without expression. CHRISTIAN hesitates, then hurriedly puts his own pocket compass into the drawer and shuts it. YOUNG, standing nearby, sees this.

BLIGH

What use is that without charts?

CHRISTIAN

I need them. Stand up.

BLIGH stands. CHRISTIAN begins to untie his hands, their faces close together. BLIGH speaks very quietly:

BLIGH

Do you really think you will be able to command these people?

CHRISTIAN

I'll do my best.

BLIGH gives a small, cold smile; he rubs his freed wrists.

BLIGH

I did my best.

He takes up the box and looks straight at CHRISTIAN.

BLIGH

And I had the Authority of the Law.

He lets it sink in, leaving CHRISTIAN staring after him.

MEDIUM SHOT BLIGH - descends the side of the "Bounty" into the launch amidst a bedlam of shouts, whistles and catcalls.

BLIGH

(quietly)

Did anyone manage to bring off a weapon?

COLE

(sotto voce)

Yes, sir.

COLE reveals three cutlasses hidden in the bottom of the boat. On deck, CHRISTIAN sees them. Then as QUINTAL lurches towards him.

169. CONTINUED

CHRISTIAN
(hastily)
Veer them away!

The towering stern of the "Bounty" looms over the launch, the rail crowded with mutineers who are looking down and shouting.

170. INT. "BOUNTY" GREAT CABIN - DAY

170.

The door flies open, and McCOY storms into the room, pushing over racks of plants. He grabs one of the pots off the floor and bounds up to the bank of windows at the stern. He throws a window open.

171. EXT. "BOUNTY" - DAY

171.

The men in the launch see McCOY bellowing out the window.

McCOY
Hey! -- this is what you came
for --

He throws it at the launch, but misses. The plantpot falls and starts to sink. Someone fires a musket and splinters fly from the boat's gunwales.

The receding stern of BLIGH's ship, her name: "Bounty". His mutinous men. Young HEYWOOD, shattered by what is happening, pushes to the rail and calls:

HEYWOOD
(desperately)
If you get home, tell my mother
that ...

QUINTAL, standing somewhat near finishes for the boy in drunken hilarity:

QUINTAL
I miss my milk and biscuits at
bedtime.

CHRISTIAN, on deck, is completely focussed on BLIGH.

ANGLE IN THE LAUNCH. BLIGH looks up at CHRISTIAN unwaveringly.

BLIGH
I will see you again, Mr. Christian.
And I will see you hanged!

172. EXT. DECK OF BOUNTY - DAY

172.

CHRISTIAN, his face set, stands alone, watching the launch fall back into the distance.

173. INT. BLIGH'S CABIN - DAY

173.

CLOSE ON an open book. A finger is running along the handwritten lines.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)

I cannot say why it should be. I have said farewell to everything I have been accustomed to regard as indispensable and find that my heart is light...

In ANOTHER ANGLE we see that it is NED YOUNG who is reading the journal, a cynical smile on his face.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)

... I am committed to a desperate enterprise - and feel released. I have lost the comforts of conformity - but have freedom...

YOUNG looks up as he hears a footstep outside. Before he can close the book, however, the door opens and CHRISTIAN stands framed in the doorway. He looks at the book and back to YOUNG.

CHRISTIAN

What the hell are you doing?

CHRISTIAN moves threateningly towards YOUNG. YOUNG doesn't move.

YOUNG

You've found freedom, have you? Freedom? Retribution! That's what you want. Isn't that why you gave him your compass?

CHRISTIAN

I wanted to give him a chance.

YOUNG

A chance to survive so he'll come after us again!

CHRISTIAN

How can he harm us? He'll be marooned on some island! -- I only wish to God I'd given him muskets.

174. EXT. TOFUA ISLAND - DAY

174.

CLOSE ON BLIGH, seated in shadow against a hollow of rock. On SOUND a confused murmuring of many voices punctuated by solo shouts and irregular, echoing stony reports. BLIGH is writing his log.

(CONTINUED)

174. CONTINUED

BLIGH (V.O.)

All but Mr. Cole and I are safely
in the boat.

COLE looks down at him as he writes. He is surrounded by TOFUANS of all ages and of both sexes. They are wilder and more primitive than anyone we have yet seen. Prominent among them are an ELDER and a YOUNGER CHIEF who is wearing a waistcoat. Some of the others, too, have odd garments purloined from the absent seamen. Bligh's VOICE continues:

BLIGH (V.O.)

I commend my soul to God, my
duty to my King; and my
reputation to these pages.

BLIGH shuts the book, puts it in his writing box and attempts to rise. The YOUNG CHIEF presents his ironwood spear at BLIGH's breast.

YOUNG CHIEF

(in Polynesian)

You stay.

BLIGH looks at the spearpoint and up at the CHIEF. He settles back as if for a long stay.

BLIGH

Mr. Cole -- take my box --

He is pushing the box with his feet slowly towards COLE.

BLIGH

-- and by hook or by crook -- get
it to the boat.

COLE

Aye, aye, sir.

COLE tries to pick the box up, but the spearpoint stabs down into the lid.

YOUNG CHIEF

-- Eh!

COLE doesn't let go of the box; he glances warily up at the YOUNG CHIEF and then at BLIGH. BLIGH takes his uniform hat which is lying on his folded coat beside him. He holds it out to the YOUNG CHIEF saying:

BLIGH

(in Polynesian)

This is the Crown of a British
Chief. Isn't that so, Mr. Cole?

(CONTINUED)

174. CONTINUED

COLE

That's right enough, my son.
Like king. Like Captain Cook.

YOUNG CHIEF

Toot?

The YOUNG CHIEF gives his spear to a companion and takes the hat with awe. He puts it on his bushy hair. He grins and laughs aloud.

YOUNG CHIEF

Toot --!

An excited jabbering erupts. He seizes his spear and dashes from the rocky shelter, shouting and laughing, many TOFUANS streaming after him. BLIGH turns to COLE.

BLIGH

Go on!

COLE

Yes, sir.

CLOSE TRACKING SHOT - COLE walks briskly but without flurry, box under his arm, cutlass dangling from the other. He looks ahead at the "Bounty's" launch tethered close inshore, mast up, the crew in place. FRYER standing in the stern, all waiting for him. TOFUANS, running towards COLE, block out his view.

COLE shoves through the crowd. He keeps it amiable with a running fire of banter, unintelligible to them but reassuring in its tone:

COLE

Come on now, lads -- let me through
-- that's the spirit -- 'ow's your
father --? Ugly lookin' buggers,
aren't you--? Eh--!

A YOUNG MAN snatches at the box, his face disfigured by some old infection. He has in either hand a stone the size and shape of a big potato. He jiggles them suggestively, grinning.

COLE

(seriously)

Don't give me no trouble,
handsome.

He swings his cutlass gently in his powerful right hand. The disfigured YOUNG MAN looks at the shining steel and, as COLE steps forward, jumps aside. But as COLE passes him:

(CONTINUED)

174. CONTINUED

He brings the stones together with a crack. Others immediately take it up.

COLE reaches the water and starts to wade out to the launch. On SOUND a gathering roar of rattling stones from the beach behind.

FRYER hauls on the stern rope and the launch veers towards him. COLE heaves the writing box and cutlass into the boat.

He turns and bawls through his cupped hands:

COLE
Stand by, sir!

ANGLE where BLIGH sits. He hears the cry with apparent indifference. He is seemingly absorbed in polishing the metal buttons on his faded uniform coat which lies across his knee.

The OLD CHIEF blinks, looks quickly at his old attendants, then greedily back to BLIGH, who stands up, holding out the coat somewhat like a friendly tailor. Amidst a little burst of excited jabbering, the CHIEF comes forward for his fitting. BLIGH helps him into it.

Then, with his cutlass in one hand, BLIGH takes the OLD MAN with the other and parades him in a circle, laughing with pleasure at the reception of his friendly gesture. But the OLD CHIEF, almost skipping, finds himself out on the sunlit beach with TOFUANS running and clapping towards him.

The CAMERA TRACKS as BLIGH, directing their admiration at his happy hostage, makes good progress towards the water.

Seeing them near the water's edge. The YOUNG CHIEF lets out a roar of angry command.

COLE, standing in the launch, yells:

COLE
Run for it, sir--!!

The OLD CHIEF, suddenly frightened, breaks away from BLIGH. The CAMERA PANS WITH BLIGH as he sprints into the surf. TOFUAN WARRIORS start to throw stones with great dexterity. In the b.g. Women and Children jump up and down, yelling.

BLIGH strains through the water, bent forward, stones splashing around him.

(CONTINUED)

174. CONTINUED

The Crew of the launch shout him on. A stone hits the launch with a loud thump. Then a man goes down, blood streaming from his face.

BLIGH reaches the launch and is hauled on, sprawling, dripping, ungainly; it is all a scramble, the din deafening.

FRYER and COLE, side by side, yell towards the shore.

FRYER & COLE

Come back'. -- come back! -- John!!

NORTON, the overweight Quartermaster, is floundering through the water hand over hand along the stern line to where it is made fast beneath the surface.

BLIGH staggers to his feet in the rocking boat.

BLIGH

Norton!! --

NORTON is overwhelmed by a rush of Tofuan. Clubbed and battered even as he falls into the water.

BLIGH stands, appalled and helpless in the boat.

The immense corpse lies among the trampling, splashing feet of the yelling Tofuans. A YOUNG CHIEF siezes the stern-line and begins to pull.

BLIGH, standing in the launch, stones whirring around him:

BLIGH

Cut it!

More Tofuans seize the line and pull. At the bow of the launch, COLE saws frantically at the tightening line.

BLIGH

Cut it! Cut it!

The line parts and the YOUNG CHIEF and his team collapse into the water.

COLE whips round to the oarsmen:

COLE

Give way-- !

The six oarsmen heave as one, almost standing, looking back at the receding shore, the Tofuans swarming over the corpse of NORTON like wasps over a pot of jam.

(CONTINUED)

174. CONTINUED

SUDDENLY FROM UNDER THE COVER OF OVERHANGING BUSHES, a slender canoe propelled by ten muscular savages leaps through the water to cut off the labouring launch. BLIGH and the men see it, then BLIGH looks at the reef with a pass to the open sea and horizon.

BLIGH
Give me the tiller, Mr. Cole.

He seizes it, directing the launch straight at the pass in the otherwise unbroken wall of the surf ahead.

BLIGH
You're pulling for your lives my lads! Those men are cannibals. We're chops and liver to them.

THE CANNIBALS INCREASE THEIR STROKE.

Back to BLIGH.

The pass much closer now, the waves there mounting. He looks back to see the canoe, dreadfully close now.

MEDIUM SHOT - THE LAUNCH, now in the pass, approaches a towering wave. BLIGH deliberately steers at its steepest section. The launch soars up and over.

ON THE CANOE which shoots like an arrow into the base of the wave and is instantaneously overwhelmed.

THE LAUNCH.

BLIGH
Well done, my lads!

Seeing the oarsmen slumped over their oars exhausted, he sits, moved to admiration of their simple strength and willingness.

BLIGH
(gently, soothingly)
Well done indeed... well done...

175. EXT. LAUNCH NEAR ISLAND - SUNSET

175.

The sun has set. The distant island is barely visible. The launch is motionless.

By the light of a lantern the crew are finishing a meal of biscuit and fruit. BLIGH sits in the stern, head down, apparently dejected. FRYER looks towards him, hoping for some order, some plan. Nothing.

FRYER
What are we going to do, sir?

(CONTINUED)

175. CONTINUED

BLIGH looks up slowly.

BLIGH
Do, Mr. Fryer? Why we're going
home, of course.

The men stop eating and stare at him.

COLE
Home, sir?

BLIGH
Certainly, Mr. Cole. But first
we shall make it to Coupang.

LAMB
What's Coupang?

BLIGH
It's the nearest European port;
Dutch East Indies.

Looking keenly from one face to another, he puts the
challenge to them:

BLIGH
It is a journey of four thousand
miles. It would take us through
the Fiji Islands to the Great
Barrier Reef and the coast of
New Holland.

His voice continues over their attentive faces in
the lamplight:

BLIGH (O.S.)
From there across the Timor Sea.
Not much of it is on the charts --
and anyway I have no charts. So I
must navigate from memory.
(the critical point)
.. it will take at least two months.
And we have food and water for a
week. And we can't risk going
ashore again - we've seen what these
islands can be like.

A moment of silence, but they are not deterred.

SMITH
Just have to make do, then, won't we?

A chorus of assent, which BLIGH cuts into:

(CONTINUED)

175. CONTINUED

BLIGH

But will you make do? Do you
swear that you will? Do you
swear it -- come what may?

His earnestness sobers them a moment; then raggedly at first but on a rising swell of determination, they assent again. BLIGH is very moved; he alone knows what they are facing.

BLIGH

Then, Mr Fryer, hoist the sail.

The big sail goes banging up the foremast, black against the star-pricked blue. FRYER'S voice:

FRYER

Ready about, sir!

ANOTHER ANGLE. LONG SHOT of the launch as the wind catches its sail and it starts to turn. The impossible voyage has begun.

176. DELETED

177. EXT. HILLSIDE - TAHITI - DAY

177.

A Tahitian is blowing into a conch-shell trumpet, its scream born away on the vigorous wind which lashes the palms behind him.

178. EXT. MATAVAI BAY - DAY

178.

Through the agitated palms and over the shoulders of a Tahitian, we see the "BOUNTY" at anchor in the lagoon, her dinghy approaching over the wind-ruffled water.

- TAHITIANS line the shore, and canoes are moving out to greet CHRISTIAN and his MEN.

In one of the canoes is MAUATUA, her face ablaze with joy, seeing --

CHRISTIAN IN THE STERN OF THE DINGHY. He looks to her, mirrors her joyous expectation.

CHRISTIAN and MAUATUA cannot wait for the dinghy and canoe to join. They leap into the water and swim towards each other, meet and embrace, then laugh and splutter as they slip under.

179. DELETED

180. EXT. TYNAR'S HOUSE - DAY

180.

FLETCHER with MAUATUA & CREW sits opposite KING TYNAR and his entourage.

180. CONTINUED

TYNAH

We didn't expect you back. We
have already given you everything.

CHRISTIAN

We only want our women. And some
men to help sail the ship.

TYNAH

Where is Captain Bligh? Why doesn't
he come to see me himself?

CHRISTIAN

He's not with us. I've taken
the ship.

TYNAH

Bligh is dead?

CHRISTIAN

No. He's not dead. We set him
adrift with some of the crew.

TYNAH

You shame me by coming here. You
shame me. King George will send many
ships with many guns to punish us for
what you have done. We can give you
nothing. Go now.

CHRISTIAN

Some of my men would like to stay
here and wait for the next ship.
They wanted to go with Bligh but
there was no room in the boat.

TYNAH and CHIEF whisper together.

TYNAH

They can stay. But not you.
Take your gifts and go. Mauatua,
you stay.

CHRISTIAN

No.... should she not choose
for herself sir?

KING TYNAH nods ... MAUATUA kneels before her father.

MAUATUA

Haere vau tau matua here
(I'm going my beloved parent)

TYNAH

Haere (Go).

She rejoins FLETCHER.

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180. CONTINUED

TYNAH

Where will you take her?

CHRISTIAN

I don't know. Somewhere the
British ships won't find us.

TYNAH

There is no such place

CHRISTIAN

We'll find one.

TYNAH

Take her. You will have all
the men you need. Now go.

FLETCHER takes her hand and leads MAUATUA away through
the wailing people. KING TYNAH dismisses his warriors
and sobs painfully.

181. DELETED

182. EXT. TAHITI BEACH - ANOTHER DAY

182.

The dinghy, piled high with water casks, with MAUATUA sitting in the prow, is being pushed off from the shore by CHURCHILL and ADAMS. In the distance we can see TAHITIAN sailors already on board the BOUNTY.

HEYWOOD, TINKLER and OTHERS watch somberly from the beach. CHRISTIAN and YOUNG jump into the boat --

But CHURCHILL stands up to his waist in water as ADAMS jumps aboard.

CHURCHILL

I'm not coming.

CHRISTIAN looks around at him, startled.

CHURCHILL

I've thought it out. And -- well, England's home, see?

CHRISTIAN

Don't be a damned fool, Churchill, they'll hang you.

CHURCHILL shrugs, resignedly.

CHURCHILL

Well... I just may have a lucky face.

ADAMS understands. They row away. CHURCHILL watches them go.

183-188 DELETED

183-188.

189. EXT. BOUNTY AT SEA - DAY

189.

Dolphins, soaring and plunging through crystalline water, embodiments of unfettered vitality.

The Tahitian crew wath in amusement as QUINTAL and McCOY watch the dolphins, laughing excitedly.

The Figurehead wears a pagan coronet of greenery, slightly tilted.

190. INT. BLIGH'S CABIN - DAY

190.

In Bligh's tiny cabin, CHRISTIAN is writing up his log. MAUATUA is stretched out on the bunk in the manner of Gaughin's "Nevermore", awake but unmoving, tranced and graceful as a cat, watching him; seeing him in a new light.

(CONTINUED)

190. CONTINUED

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)

We have all now had time to think about the consequences of our deed. Half my fellow-mutineers would give evidence against me to save their own skins. The only one I wholly trust is Adams. I go everywhere with a loaded pistol. Where we are to head beyond the reach of justice, I know not.

191. DELETED

191.

192. DELETED

192.

193. EXT. LAUNCH AT SEA - DAY

193.

The sun beats down. The crew of the launch are shockingly deteriorated by thirst and exposure. COLE has a board on his knees on which he has cut a small sea-bird into pieces. NELSON stands in the bows of the launch looking out to sea. They are using the time honoured Royal Navy method of sharing food. The crew look longingly at the scraps of bird.

COLE

(holding up a piece on
the point of his knife)
Who shall have this?

NELSON

(not looking)
Smith.

COLE passes it to SMITH, who crams it eagerly into his mouth. BLIGH watches for the moment listlessly. COLE points to a particularly disgusting looking piece.

COLE

Who shall have this?

NELSON

Mr. Fryer.

COLE spears the last horrid piece and FRYER takes it reluctantly. But, after a moment's hesitation, he closes his eyes and tears off a piece with his teeth.

LAMB

What about the rest of us?

COLE

We have to wait, don't we?

LAMB

Some of us ain't had nothing
for days!

Some of the others in the bows of the boat take up the complaint.

193. CONTINUED

BLIGH
(sharply)
That's enough, Lamb.

LAMB
Well, it's not enough for me, mate.
I'll tell you. The officers and
their lot get everything...

BLIGH
Be quiet, damn you!

LAMB hoists himself to his feet with difficulty, shaking
his fist.

LAMB
I'm as good a man as you are!

BLIGH
What!

He reaches down and picks up a cutlass, gets to his feet
and slashes at LAMB who is well out of reach at the
other end of the boat. LAMB picks up a belaying-pin and
lifts it threateningly.

LAMB
Would you? Would you?

BLIGH slashes at LAMB again, awkwardly trying to push
his way through the men between them.

BLIGH
I am an officer, you scoundrel!

FRYER and COLE grab BLIGH's arms and pull him back to
his seat.

BLIGH
Were it not for me you would not
be here now!

LAMB
Too bloody right, mate,
we wouldn't.

The two men glare at each other.

194. EXT. THE BOUNTY AT SEA

194.

Seen in the far distance, rising and falling in the
blue green swells.

CHRISTIAN (V.O.)
(into his log)
At least ten times we have touched
land only to find either barren rocks or
hostile inhabitants, and once nearly
ran afoul of an English frigate.
Our stores are low, the spirits of

195. EXT. "BOUNTY" - DAY

195.

The MUTINEERS and the TAHITIANS sit and stand about, with a sullen, purposeless air. MAUATUA comes up from the after-hatch and goes to YOUNG. QUINTAL and McCOY watch.

MAUATUA
(Pointing below)
Fletcher.

YOUNG follows her toward the hatch. As he passes the group of MUTINEERS:

QUINTAL
His Royal Highness woken up
at last, has he?

McCOY
Giving you a rest, is he,
darlin'? What's happening,
Mr. Young?

YOUNG
Who knows.

QUINTAL
So, who's giving the orders
then?

YOUNG
That's the question isn't it.
Come.

He follows MAUATUA below. McCOY watches ruefully.

McCOY
I'm not sitting here until the
ship rots.

196. INT. GREAT CABIN - DAY

196.

One of the plant-racks has been converted to a make-shift chart-table, and is now spread with charts and opened books. CHRISTIAN looks up from them as YOUNG comes in.

CHRISTIAN
(excited)
Ned, I've found it. Listen:
(reads from one of the books)
".... July 2nd. We discovered
an island, seeming uninhabited!
It was well timbered, but we
did not linger... for we could
find no anchorage!" It's perfect.

YOUNG
Every ship in the Royal Navy has
a copy of that book. And those
charts.

196. CONTINUED:

CHRISTIAN

They never drew it on the charts. All they give is the latitude, 25° South.

(Pointing to the map)

We simply sail along this latitude until we find the island.

YOUNG

And if we don't ... these men need a home, Fletcher. They've mutinied once.

CHRISTIAN

They'll have a home. Pitcairn's Island.

197. EXT. LAUNCH NEAR TIMOR - DAY

197.

The sun goes down gloriously. The launch wallows in a light breeze, its sail flapping. The crew lie sprawled in the last stages of exhaustion.

BLIGH is writing in the stern of the wallowing boat, the paper tilted to the last rays of the setting sun.

BLIGH (V.O.)

I can write no more for lack of light. Commend me to your parents, and my two dear daughters.

NELSON is sprawled against BLIGH's knees. He opens his eyes and looks up at BLIGH.

NELSON

(hoarsely)

Mr. Bligh...

BLIGH looks down at NELSON.

NELSON

(continuing)

Mr. Bligh - I am near my end. When my spirit is gone there will be nothing but flesh remaining...

BLIGH frowns. Beyond NELSON, LAMB looks interested.

NELSON

I beg you.. to use that poor flesh... to save the others..

BLIGH

(interrupting forcefully)

No! No, Mr. Nelson. Civilised men we are and as civilised men we will die - not cannibals!

197. CONTINUED:

NELSON sinks back again.

BLIGH goes back to his log.

INSERT - THE OPEN BOX - The miniature of Elizabeth.

BLIGH (V.O.O)
I am for eternity your
affectionate husband, William
Bligh.

His hand ENTERS PICTURE and shuts the lid. The
SCREEN GOES BLACK.

198. EXTREME LONG SHOT

198.

An unsteady spark of red appears in the blackness.
The blackness lightens to grey dawn. But the spark
remains and MUSIC begins, faintly.

199. EXT. LAUNCH NEAR TIMOR - DAWN

199.

SMITH, in the launch, is staring, the MUSIC rising
with his hopes as he discerns.

200. EXTREME LONG SHOT - HIS POV

200.

The point of red is a distant beacon; the outline
of land is becoming visible; the MUSIC gathering
but still tentative.

201. CLOSE SHOT - SMITH

201.

Certain now. He turns about, beside himself, and
goes trampling heedlessly over his recumbent
shipmates, who come to life, rocking the launch
as they rear up, expostulating.

SMITH reaches BLIGH and shakes him by the shoulders,
crying:

SMITH
SIR! Sir --! Sir --! Sir!

BLIGH stands erect, Captain again, gazing at the
far-off haven.

BLIGH
Hoist the jack.

COLE
Sir?

BLIGH
It is not proper to land
without identification.

CLOSE IN on flag as it is hoisted.

202. EXT. WIDE-SHOT "BOUNTY" - DAY 202.

The ship makes way under half-rig.

203. EXT. "BOUNTY" CROW'S NEST - DAY 203.

TEHTAHITI in the crow's nest, scans the horizon.

204. WIDE SHOT. EMPTY HORIZON - DAY 204.

205. EXT. "BOUNTY" DECK - 205.

QUINTAL, McCOY and the THREE OTHER MUTINEERS stand in a cluster on the foredeck, talking quietly among themselves. QUINTAL breaks away from the group and moves towards CHRISTIAN at the wheel. The others follow.

QUINTAL

Fletcher .. Sir. We'd like a word.. We've had it, up to here. There's no island. We're chasing ghosts.

McCOY

We want to turn back to Tahiti.

At the mention of Tahiti a couple of Islanders lounging nearby look round with interest.

CHRISTIAN

And be in irons within a month?

QUINTAL

One of them other islands, then, where the Navy don't go. One of them cannibal islands.

CHRISTIAN

And what of the natives?

McCOY

Shoot them! With the ship's guns we could take any island we want. We don't need no Pitcairn's you can't even find. What do you say lads?

There is a general murmur of consent.

CHRISTIAN

And who will navigate?

QUINTAL

Well... you. You're the navigator.

It is CHRISTIAN's trump card, and he plays it firmly. He shakes his head.

CHRISTIAN

No. I won't.

205. CONTINUED:

YOUNG
I'll navigate.

All eyes turn to YOUNG, lounging against the side-rail. QUINTAL turns back to CHRISTIAN with a triumphant grin.

CHRISTIAN
So now you can lead your
own mutiny at last, Ned.

YOUNG shrugs (what will be, will be)

QUINTAL
Just stand away from the wheel,
Fletcher. There's five of us
remember. And the Hottentots
won't be sorry to be going
home.
(Turns to the Tahitians
now looking very interested)
Eh, boys? Home? Tahiti?

MANU
(Tahitian)
Tahiti? Tahiti!

Some of the Tahitians get to their feet, and join the Mutineers. CHRISTIAN glances quickly about, then shrugs and steps back. QUINTAL steps up to the wheel, as the other men all relax.

Suddenly, CHRISTIAN lurches forward, shoulders QUINTAL aside, and leaps at YOUNG, pulling his pistol from his belt, and holding it pointed at YOUNG's head. It has happened so quickly, no-one else has moved.

CHRISTIAN
This ship's going to Pitcairn's
Island.

YOUNG
(indicating the crew)
They won't follow you.

CHRISTIAN
If there's no Ned Young, they'll
have no choice. Take the wheel.

The others all watch tensely as YOUNG steps up to the wheel, but CHRISTIAN keeps the pistol firmly pointed at YOUNG's head.

CHRISTIAN
Tie him to it.

No-one moves. CHRISTIAN puts the pistol hard against YOUNG's temple. YOUNG freezes.

205. CONTINUED:

205.

YOUNG
Someone... please.

ADAMS steps forward. CHRISTIAN stands away as ADAMS ties YOUNG's hands to the wheel.

205A. EXT. WIDE SHOT - "BOUNTY" - BRIGHT MOONLIT STREET

205A.

The ship makes way under full sail.

205B. EXT. FIGUREHEAD - NIGHT

205B.

The bow ploughs through the black water.

205C. EXT. DECK OF "BOUNTY" - NIGHT

205C.

ADAMS, McCOY and a FEW TAHITIANS are asleep on deck with their women. QUINTAL too seems to be asleep. But he opens his eyes and looks towards...

THE WHEEL. YOUNG droops over the wheel, his wrists lashed to its handles. Behind him sit CHRISTIAN and MAUATUA. The pistol is drooping in CHRISTIAN's hand. His head sags forward. But MAUATUA nudges him, and his head snaps up again, the pistol jerking up with it.

205D. EXT. WIDE SHOT - "BOUNTY" - DAWN

205D.

The sun rises behind the ship, which makes way under a stiff breeze.

205E EXT. CROW'S NEST OF "BOUNTY" - DAWN

205E.

TEHTAHITI is peering into the early light. Suddenly..

TEHTAHITI
(shouting in Tahitian)
There! Look! An island!
An island!

205F. EXT. DECK - DAWN

205F.

CHRISTIAN, his eyes red with tiredness, looks up to the crow's nest.

The sleeping men rise from the deck, and run to the side, some scaling the shrouds, to see the island.

206. EXT. WIDE SHOT - PITCAIRN ISLAND - DAWN

206.

In the golden light, the Island is a grey smudge on the horizon.

207. EXT. DECK - DAWN

207.

A ragged cheer goes up from the men at the ship's side.

YOUNG, slumped forward over the wheel, raises his head.

CHRISTIAN looks over at YOUNG, and a smile of relief and triumph lights his face.

CHRISTIAN
I found it, Ned. Pitcairn
Island.

208. CLOSER SHOT. PITCAIRN - DAY

208.

Pitcairn Island, the ocean waves crashing against its sheer sides.

209. EXT. "BOUNTY" - DAY

209.

The crew line the side of the ship. MAUATUA stands beside CHRISTIAN. They all stare at their new home with conflicting emotions.

210. PITCAIRN - DAY

210.

CLOSE SHOT as a mighty ocean roller smashes into the base of the cliff sending up a huge spume of water.

211. EXT. PITCAIRN CLIFFS - DAY

211.

CHRISTIAN, ADAMS and McCOY struggle up the vertical face of a cliff.

CHRISTIAN looks up at the top of the cliff.

Some greenery shows over the edge, above it the sea-gulls like a living blizzard, whirling and screaming.

They pull themselves up onto a ledge, eight feet from the top of the cliff. At a nod from CHRISTIAN, the other two cup their hands for a foothold, and hoist him up.

212. EXT. PITCAIRN - DAY

212.

CHRISTIAN'S POV. The hinterland of Pitcairn, wild but fertile pockets of grassland among the rocks, a profusion of pine trees, palms and flowering bushes.

CHRISTIAN hauls himself up and stands staring about him. Then he turns and looks down into the bay.

213. EXT. BOUNTY BAY - PITCAIRN - DAY

213.

From CHRISTIAN'S POV the "Bounty" looks tiny in the bay.

214. EXT. "BOUNTY" DECK - DAY

214.

MAUATUA, QUINTAL, YOUNG, the OTHER THREE MUTINEERS and the TAHITIANS peer up at the cliff.

MAUATUA waves.

215. RESUME CLIFFTOP

215.

CLOSE SHOT

In reply to MAUATUA's wave, CHRISTIAN raises a musket high in the air, and fires.

216. EXT. COUPANG HARBOUR - DAY

216.

A swarm of Asians swirl down over steps and ledges, chattering and pointing. Among them are various Dutch SOLDIERS, MERCHANTS and WOMEN. They are all staring at the launch as the ragged scarecrow crew brings her gently up to the pier. The crowd surges down, engulfing the launch.

BLIGH, gaunt, ragged but determined, with his log-book beneath his arm, steps from the launch. The crowd parts for him. Slowly, painfully, he makes his way up the slope.

The CROWD stare at him as he passes. Oblivious to them, he staggers determinedly on.

Ahead of him, the crowd parts, to reveal a DUTCH OFFICIAL coming towards him. They stop close to each other.

BLIGH

I am a British Naval Officer.
I have to report an act of
piracy.

217. EXT. BEACH AT PITCAIRN - DUSK

217.

ALL but QUINTAL and McCOY are standing on the beach, looking at something out in the Bay. They are surrounded by heaps of chests, furniture and stores.

CHRISTIAN watches grimly, MAUATUA beside him. Behind them, ADAMS begins softly to cry.

218. EXT. "BOUNTY" IN PITCAIRN BAY - DUSK

218.

A torch touches a rag "fuse" made from a strip of canvas, soaked in pitch. The flame licks up the fuse, and the torch moves along to a second waiting fuse.

McCOY is rowing the small cutter.. QUINTAL lights the series of fuses hanging from the side of the ship.

219. RESUME BEACH

219.

The reflected light of the fire grows on the faces of the watchers.

ADAMS

We'll never get off this island now, will we, sir.

CHRISTIAN

No.

(a moment)

But we'll never be found neither.

220. RESUME "BOUNTY"

220.

The fire has good hold of her now, the flames as high as the masthead, spitting and roaring.

221. RESUME BEACH

221.

We see them all lined up on the beach in the fierce glow of the burning ship. We move slowly in towards CHRISTIAN.

ADAMS

Or see England again.

As we track in onto CHRISTIAN, ADAMS and the others are lost from the shot, until we see only CHRISTIAN staring at the flames, lost in his own thoughts.

CHRISTIAN

No.. never...

HOOD (V.O.)

This court finds that the seizure of His Majesty's Armed Vessel, "Bounty" was an act of mutiny by Fletcher Christian and others of her crew....

222. INT. COURT-MARTIAL ROOM - DAY

222.

BLIGH stands, a tiny figure in the vast room, in front of the Court Martial Table, as HOOD reads out the finding of the Court. TRACK past BLIGH to tight on HOOD.

223. CONTINUED:

Slowly, the figurehead slips into the water, leaving a small shower of sparks and a wisp of smoke. Hold on the disturbed surface of the water.

NARRATOR (V.O. cont.)

Lieutenant William Bligh went on to survive two further mutinies in a long and distinguished Naval career.

ROLL CAPTIONS over the now settled surface of the water.