

HANK'S ORCA HUNT

by

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INT – BAR – DAY

A bar with some pool tables, a counter, where the BARTENDER is busy doling out drinks, stools, with customers, some tables and chairs.

HANK, TODD, JEFF, SCOTT, men in their thirties.

HANK

Orcas...

Scott is at a pool table, lining up a shot, looking down and along his cue. He does not look up when speaking initially.

SCOTT

Yeah...?

HANK

Orcas...they're total sons-of-bitches,  
bastards...

Scott looks up at Hank from the pool table, and, as Hank speaks, Scott forgets about his shot.

HANK

I just saw this programme on the tee vee...  
orcas, they hunt in pods of twelve or more,  
they use their tails and splash a seal off the  
ice, or they smash the ice up from beneath,  
so, seal slips into the water and one o' them  
bastard orcas has a meal. They gang up on  
this poor seal, and they got, ninety percent  
success rate...so, your poor seal, nine times  
out-ta ten, they get eaten...now, this ain't fair,  
because, your polar bears, they haf-ta sneak  
up on a seal from behind; they lurch up onto  
the ice, but the seal just slinks off into the sea  
and escapes. It's like the polar bear has got  
twenty percent success rate; so, two out-ta  
ten times, they get a meal. Ain't fair, because  
your polar bear don't get his fair share. And  
it's getting worse, because of all that global  
warming, because there's less and less ice  
out there in the Arctic Ocean. Them bastard  
orcas, they get more than their fair share  
o' seal meat, but the poor polar bears don't  
get enough. The polar bears might go extinct  
and the orcas will eat all the seals. What's more,  
each orca needs one seal a day to survive; so,  
they are pushing the polar bears to extinction.

TODD

Where did you hear that ?

HANK

On that programme, on the tee vee.

JEFF

Ain't orcas driving the polar bears to extinction; it's us human beings made the global warming.

HANK

But who benefits ? The orcas. The sea gets warmer, ice melts, less ice, less safe for seals; easier for the orcas to hunt and eat seals.

TODD

What do you want us to do ?

HANK

When we see an orca eat a seal, we kill the orca and feed it to a polar bear.

JEFF

That would be interfering with nature.

HANK

We're interfering already with global warming, in the orcas' favour. So, that might even things up a bit.

SCOTT

You serious ?

HANK

Why not - ?

TODD

Would a polar bear eat a dead orca ?

JEFF

They eat rotting whale blubber. They eat them whales with that funny head...

TODD

Beluga whales...

JEFF

That's the one. I saw it on the tee vee...

JEFF (cont'd)

Since they can't get a seal, because the orcas eat all the seals, some polar bears are learning to ambush beluga whales and eat them.

TODD

Orcas are bigger than belugas.

JEFF

Polar bears eat rancid flesh from a huge rotting whale carcass, given the opportunity.

HANK

Orcas are vicious bastards. They're intelligent.

SCOTT

What if we did that, and they, as a group, turned on us to get revenge ?

TODD

Do Orcas understand the concept of revenge ?

JEFF

They might do. They're smart. They might come after us in a pod of twelve and hunt us down, overturn our boat.

SCOTT

We're gonna need a bigger boat...

TODD

Can't just take a boat like, "Orca", you know, the one in "Jaws."

JEFF

Need a boat at least twice the size.

TODD

So, this would be like "Moby Dick", except we're hunting orcas.

JEFF

You know what happened to Captain Ahab - ?

SCOTT

He went down, strapped to that whale.

HANK

That ain't gonna happen to us.

SCOTT

How can you be sure o' that ?

HANK

Orcas ain't the size of Moby Dick, great big sperm whale.

TODD

We can't go out there in some ramshackle boat.

JEFF

We'll need harpoons.

SCOTT

We're amateurs.

A beat.

SCOTT

We might need a license...

HANK

A license ? Folks like us don't get no license.

TODD

Maybe, we can pretend we're gonna go orca watching, not killing.

JEFF

We'll haf-ta hide the harpoons.

SCOTT

How can we possibly afford all the equipment we'll need to go on this crazy expedition ?

TODD

We ain't got that sort o' money.

JEFF

We need a sponsor...

SCOTT

We ain't gonna get no sponsor, not for such a stupid idea.

HANK

We'll haf-ta do it cheap.

SCOTT

Cheap ? You don't do something like that on the cheap.

HANK

All we need is a fishing boat, an old harpoon, and a truck.

JEFF

This is the Arctic you're talking about, you dumb ass ! It's freezing there. We'll need special clothing, to withstand the cold.

TODD

How cold is it ?

JEFF

Minus forty. Colder than Canada.

HANK

But who else is gonna help the polar bears get their fair share o' seal meat ? They'd starve otherwise. They'd go extinct.

A beat.

HANK

We go over land to Churchill, then go on to the Arctic Ocean, and we go get us some orca.

SCOTT

There must be an easier way to support the polar bears.

HANK

This is direct intervention on their behalf.

JEFF

You'd be lucky if a polar bear didn't eat up you at Churchill.

HANK

Huh ?

JEFF

Polar bears have been known to kill and eat people. Orcas in the wild have no history of killing humans.

HANK

What are you saying ? We kill the polar bears instead and feed them to the orcas ? That would defeat the whole purpose of the exercise.

SCOTT

What about the seal ?

TODD

He gets eaten anyway.

JEFF

Would he prefer to be eaten by a polar bear or a killer whale ?

SCOTT

Does it make any difference ? He's still dead.

JEFF

Why don't you like orcas ?

HANK

They're intelligent, which makes them malicious, dangerous.

CHERYL, late twenties, puts down her cue and comes over from the pool table where she was playing, to speak to the men.

CHERYL

This is the dumbest shit I ever heard !  
You macho men showing how tough  
you are, gonna kill a killer whale !  
You ass-holes go up to Churchill...  
gonna get yourselves killed by a polar  
bear before you get near a' orca.

HANK

What would you know ?

CHERYL

I know there's hungry bears up there  
in Churchill, will eat a human because  
there ain't no seals for them to eat...

HANK

And why is that ?

She has to agree with Hank in the end.

CHERYL

Because the orcas ate all the seals.

HANK

Then, it's their fault.

CHERYL

This is ridiculous. Why don't you just leave nature alone ? You should not be interfering.

HANK

Let the polar bears go extinct ?

CHERYL

They'll live on in zoos. Ain't just the orcas screwing them polar bears – it's the global warming ruining their habitat...

HANK

Orcas are the enemy of mankind.

CHERYL

Ain't no case of no orca killing no human out in the wild...

SCOTT

What about the deaths at Sea View ?

CHERYL

They were orcas in captivity. Being kept in a tiny pond made some of them go crazy. Ain't like that in the wild, in their natural environment, where they can swim and hunt and eat...

HANK

...seals...

CHERYL

That's what they eat, and they hunt in pods.

A beat.

HANK

Shit, I wanna go hunt them orcas and feed 'em to the polar bears...What's stopping me ?

CHERYL

Logic and reality.



HANK

I don't give a shit about that.

CHERYL

Face facts, Hank, ain't no way y'gonna go shooting orcas...

HANK

Ain't gonna shoot 'em. Gonna harpoon 'em.

CHERYL

You will not be allowed anywhere near them.

HANK

Who's gonna stop me ?

CHERYL

Anyone in the vicinity. You ain't got no permit.

HANK

I got permission from myself.

CHERYL

Ain't gonna get you nowhere. You will be undertaking an illegal activity. The best you could hope for would be to shoot a polar bear in self-defence.

HANK

I could harpoon an orca in self-defence.

CHERYL

You wouldn't get away with that. You'd haf-ta shoot it.

HANK

Shit. What am I supposed to do, huh ?

CHERYL

Just, forget the whole idea.

Hank goes over to the bar to order a drink.

CHERYL

It's a stupid idea.

They watch Hank at the bar, as he downs a drink.

SCOTT

God-dammit, he got that crazy idea  
sober.

Hank tries to drown his disappointment, and pushes his empty glass along the counter  
towards the bartender.

BARTENDER

Same again ?

Hank nods.

The bartender pours out another drink and hank picks up the glass. He drinks.

HANK

I don't know what to do...

BARTENDER

Huh ?

HANK

I got a scheme, and that woman back  
there says, it won't work.

The bartender looks over to see Cheryl, still talking to the men.

HANK

She talked me out o' it. I suppose she's  
right.

The bartender looks at Hank, but says nothing, waiting for Hank to speak. Hank gets this  
and is prepared to explain what it was all about.

HANK

I had this idea..I would go on an orca  
hunt...y'know, hunt orca; but she was  
focused on the practical difficulties...  
and I was made to look stupid.

BARTENDER

Why is this so important for you ?

HANK

I...I don't know. Maybe, it's the sense  
of the injustice of it all. Orcas get to  
eat all the seals and polar bears get  
none. It's fundamentally unfair.

BARTENDER

Life ain't fair, even for animals.

HANK

We gotta find some way to even things up.

BARTENDER

Is this a matter that directly concerns you ?

HANK

No.

BARTENDER

Then why be concerned about it ?

HANK

Someone has-ta be concerned...

BARTENDER

About orcas and polar bears - ?

HANK

Someone has-ta put this right.

The bartender shakes his head.

BARTENDER

Leave Nature alone.

The bartender turns away from Hank to attend to other customers.

Hank looks back at Cheryl and the men, who are still huddled together. Cheryl spots Hank looking at her and averts her gaze. Hank then turns back towards the bar counter.

CUT TO:

INT – KITCHEN – DAY/NIGHT

Evening.

Hank eating at the kitchen table.

MARIE, Hank's wife, early thirties, eating near to the other end of the table.

Hank looks up from his plate.

HANK

You're a good cook, Marie.

MARIE

Thanks.

He eats some more, then slowly puts his fork down on the plate and looks up towards Marie to start a conversation.

HANK

Marie...?

MARIE

Yeah...?

HANK

I got an idea...

MARIE

That's nice.

HANK

You listening to me ?

She looks up at Hank.

MARIE

Sure...

HANK

I'm thinking of going on an orca hunt.

MARIE

An orca hunt ?

HANK

Yes...

MARIE

Ain't many orcas around here.

HANK

I know that. I'm going up to the North Pole, the Arctic, you know, to hunt them down.

MARIE

How are you gonna do that ?

HANK

I'll hire equipment.

MARIE

Hank, you do know, hunting orcas is dangerous, far too dangerous for folks like us to go hunting them.

HANK

You're coming with me ?

MARIE

No way ! The idea is insane.

She gets up and picks up a face towelette from the table, then wipes her mouth and almost slams it down on the table.

MARIE

You're nuts !

She goes over to the sink unit.

HANK

Marie...

MARIE

What ?

She turns round to look at him.

HANK

You seen them polar bears on the tee vee...  
they're starving because them bastard orcas  
are eating all the seals...

MARIE

And you think you can change that ?

HANK

Someone has to...Global warming means  
the ice melts, so the seals fall off the ice  
into the sea and the orcas eat all o' them.  
The polar bears, they need the ice to hunt  
the seals on land, on ice; but all the ice is  
melting and the polar bears don't get any  
seals...

MARIE

I saw a programme on the tee vee when  
this penguin got eaten by a seal, and I  
thought, that's real mean, eating that cute  
little penguin; but then a great big killer  
whale came and ate that seal. It was like  
justice, like a moral thing, to see that seal  
eaten by an orca when it slipped into the  
sea. Ain't no polar bear involved, though.

HANK

Whose side are you on, Marie ?

Marie looks puzzled.

MARIE

I ain't on no-one's side.

HANK

You're on the side o' them God-damn orcas.

Marie half laughs in despair.

MARIE

Hank, you're crazy ! I pitied the penguin.  
I did not pity the seal.

HANK

I'm gonna get me a boat, a harpoon, and  
a rifle; and I am gonna hunt down some  
orca, and feed them to the polar bears.

MARIE

Will a polar bear eat a dead orca ?

HANK

They'll eat any meat, even rotten rancid  
meat. They'll sure eat an orca.

MARIE

God-dammit, this is insane.

HANK

I reckon it's my moral duty to intervene  
in this appalling injustice.

MARIE

You can't do that. You're interfering with  
Nature. All that global warming, climate  
change is melting all the ice. That's why  
polar bears are having such a hard time  
catching seals...Not the fault of the orcas.

HANK

They benefit from the effects of climate  
change. They eat all the seals the polar  
bears don't get to eat no more. I'm gonna  
kill me an orca that's eaten a seal and feed  
it to a polar bear, so's the bear gets to eat  
the seal and the orca. That even things up.

MARIE

This is one o' your crazy obsessions ! You  
know what, I think I'm gonna divorce you,  
because this is the craziest thing ever !

HANK

You disloyal bitch !

MARIE

You doing this for showing how much  
of a man you are ?

HANK

I'm doing this for the polar bears. They  
might go extinct...

MARIE

...And you're gonna save them ?

HANK

I might just help them not to go extinct.

MARIE

You ! You're nothing – you're one person,  
one ! One person can't do nothing in the  
grand scheme o' things.

HANK

I gotta do something.

MARIE

You don't need ta do nothing.

HANK

I reckon, I do.

MARIE

Well, you reckon wrong.

A beat.

MARIE

Hank, why are you so nuts ?

HANK

My father...he made me nuts.

MARIE

Is it that simple ?

HANK

He had a bad influence on me. He would  
do weird stuff. I guess I must've inherited  
his craziness.

MARIE

Hank, you could go film orcas and polar bears...

HANK

They got professional film crews to do that. I am an eco-warrior, and I will redress this injustice in the natural world.

MARIE

Well, I will have no part of this.

HANK

I can do it on my own.

Marie goes back to the table and puts her hands on the top of the chair.

MARIE

Seriously, Hank, this is a bad idea.

HANK

Somehow, I feel it's my destiny to do this.

MARIE

Why do you think that ?

HANK

I need ta do something meaningful with my life; I need ta make a difference.

Marie pulls out the chair and sits down. She looks at Hank.

MARIE

I don't think you will succeed.

HANK

Then, I'll die trying.

MARIE

That is just so, irresponsible ! It's gonna be so cold up there, you might wanna turn back. I wouldn't think any lesser of you if you did. I dread the thought of you not coming back.

HANK

If I die, I will die doing something useful.



Marie shakes her head.

MARIE

No, you will just die alone, in the cold,  
with no-one there to mourn you.

HANK

Ain't gonna die.

MARIE

You will..die.

HANK

If I do, you can mourn when they recover  
my body.

MARIE

I don't wanna do that.

She dips her head down and looks sad, but holds back tears.

Hank just sits there, unresponsive to her emotion.

CUT TO:

INT – BAR – DAY

Hank at a table, with Cheryl with beers.

CHERYL

This is just a crazy obsession of yours.

HANK

This is a magnificent obsession of mine.

CHERYL

Ain't nothing "magnificent" about it.  
Even if you succeed, which you won't,  
what will killing an orca and feeding it  
to a polar bear actually achieve ?

HANK

It will redress the balance in Nature,  
which is all messed up...

CHERYL

...By global warming. Don't y'think  
us humans have interfered enough in  
this world of ours without determining  
which animals should live, and which  
should die ? Surely, that is up to Nature

CHERYL (cont'd)  
to decide, not us ? We are animals  
ourselves, you know.

HANK  
We are superior animals...

CHERYL  
...We're still animals...I don't think  
you have no right to kill no killer whale  
unless you determine to eat it.

HANK  
I'm killing it so's a polar bear can eat  
it, not me.

CHERYL  
You think it's gonna be that easy to kill  
an orca and drag it so's a polar bear can  
eat it ?

HANK  
I reckon it can be done.

Cheryl shakes her head.

CHERYL  
I don't think so.

HANK  
All I need is a truck, a boat, a harpoon  
and a rifle.

CHERYL  
You got the money for that ?

HANK  
I can get it.

CHERYL  
Where ?

HANK  
Some from my savings; some from  
a loan.

CHERYL  
You're gonna take out a loan to kill  
an orca ?

HANK

If I have to.

CHERYL

You gonna go some place they got loans  
for dubious purposes ?

HANK

The pawnbrokers...

CHERYL

What you got to pawn ?

HANK

I got something they'll take.

CHERYL

What ?

Hank smiles.

HANK

Ain't telling...

Cheryl looks at Hank and then drinks her beer.

CUT TO:

INT – ATTIC – DAY

Hank is rummaging through some crates to find his porn collection, with old porn mags,  
videos and dvds.

He finds a pile of old porn and smiles, holding up an old porn video.

CUT TO:

INT – LIVING ROOM – DAY

Hank goes through the living room, watched by Marie, as he carries crates of porn to  
the front door.

Marie gets up to help him and opens the front door for him.

Her curiosity makes her look at the crates.

MARIE

God-damn, a load of old porn. You  
wanker !

HANK

Not old porn, classic porn, retro porn,

HANK (cont'd)  
at a premium. That will finance my  
expedition.

MARIE  
You sell a load of ancient porn to go  
kill some orca ?

HANK  
I pawn the porn. I will get it back. If  
I don't, don't care. I don't need some  
ancient porn when I got you.

He kisses Marie, who smiles.

MARIE  
You absolute nutcase !

HANK  
Marie -

MARIE  
When was the last time you masturbated  
to some o' that porn ?

HANK  
Years ago.

MARIE  
I didn't know you were a complete jerk-off.  
Hank has a wank.

HANK  
Not any more. You are all the woman I would  
ever want.

MARIE  
Well, I thank you.

Marie holds the door open as Hank takes the crates of porn out of the house.

CUT TO:

EXT – DRIVEWAY – DAY

Hank loads the crates of porn into the back of his hatch-back, watched by Marie, who  
is standing in the doorway.

He closes the hatch shut, then goes to the driver's door and opens it.

He gets in the car and shuts the door.

The car starts up and then drives backwards off the driveway and onto the road.

Hank waves from inside the car, and Marie waves back.

The car drives off.

Marie sighs.

CUT TO:

EXT – PAWNBROKERS – DAY

A pawnbrokers with items in the window and a large sign on top, “Pawnbrokers”.

CUT TO:

INT – PAWNBROKERS – DAY

A CUSTOMER near the counter. The PAWNBROKER behind the counter.

The customer is leaning on the counter, looking down at some jewellery. The customer then looks up at the pawnbroker.

CUSTOMER

Tell ya what, life is never easy. You  
wanna do something, get somewhere,  
you gotta make an effort, you gotta put  
in the work, or you don’t do nothing,  
and you don’t get nowhere.

PAWNBROKER

Yep. That’s how it is. Ain’t a cake-walk.

Hank comes in, opening the door first, then bringing in his crates of vintage porn, one by one.

Hank puts the crates down in front of the counter, and picks up a selection of porn to show to the pawnbroker, some magazines, videos and dvds.

HANK

I come to pawn my porn.

The pawnbroker takes a brief look at the collection on top of the counter, then Hank lifts up one of the crates and unloads it onto the counter.

The customer takes an interest and looks at some of the material. He finds the image of one of his favourite vintage porn actresses on the cover of a magazine.

CUSTOMER

I remember her. I used to jerk off to her.

Hank nods.

PAWNBROKER

A load of old porn.

HANK

Classic porn. Vintage porn.

The pawnbroker turns on a laptop to look up the prices for vintage porn.

CUSTOMER

I reckon that was the golden age of porn, twenty, thirty years ago. They had some beautiful women, and they treated them well. Not nowadays, when they ain't so beautiful no more, and they treat them like dirt. That ain't nice. That is brutal. Not even sexy, just mean.

HANK

They respected women in them days. They don't no more.

CUSTOMER

I went off porn when they started to hit them and choke 'em. That ain't sexy... that's just abuse.

HANK

They had it right in the old days...just screw them and cum.

CUSTOMER

Porn has degenerated into cruel abuse, and it's gotten too extreme, pandering to perverse misogyny. Ain't nice no more.

Hank nods in agreement.

The pawnbroker looks up at Hank.

PAWNBROKER

Some of it's worth a bit. How much you aim t' borrow ?

HANK

Five thousand dollars...

PAWNBROKER

Can't do that. Five thousand dollars for a load o' old porn...

HANK

Could be worth double that.

PAWNBROKER

Sell it on the internet...

HANK

That would take too long.

PAWNBROKER

The best I can offer you is, three thousand dollars...

Hank ponders this for a while, then agrees.

HANK

Okay, I'll take that.

The pawnbroker prints out a ticket, then takes out three thousand dollars from the till, which he gives to Hank.

Hank counts the money.

HANK

Okay. Three thousand dollars.

The pawnbroker hands Hank the printed ticket.

HANK

Thanks.

Hank turns away from the counter.

CUSTOMER

Hey, if you don't mind my asking, why d'you need three thousand dollars ?

HANK

I'm going on an orca hunt.

The customer is surprised and aghast at this.

CUSTOMER

An orca hunt ?

HANK

Hank's orca hunt.

CUSTOMER

You sure you can..hunt an orca ? Kill it ?

HANK

Gonna give it a try.

CUSTOMER

Orcas are dangerous...

HANK

I know that.

CUSTOMER

I don't like orcas. I seen them on the tee vee. Nasty critters. I seen them hunt down a juvenile bowhead whale, break its ribs, hitting it one at a time, then drown it; but, all they did was eat its tongue. So much viciousness, and they didn't eat the whole thing. I don't get that. If you're gonna kill something, you eat the whole damn thing ! Such a waste.

HANK

Know what you mean. That is just being vicious for the sake of it. I'm gonna kill me a killer whale and feed its carcass to a polar bear.

CUSTOMER

You go and get him.

Hank goes to the door and then goes out.

CUT TO:

INT – LIVING ROOM – DAY

Marie lets Cheryl in through the front door.

CHERYL

Your husband is gonna get himself killed.

MARIE

I know. Come in.

Marie closes the door and indicates to Cheryl that she should sit down on the sofa.

Cheryl sits.

CHERYL

He's got this idea he can go on an orca hunt and, somehow, survive.



Marie sits on an armchair.

CHERYL

He's an amateur. Either he'll drown, freeze to death, or get eaten by a polar bear.

MARIE

It's hard to talk some sense into him. I am disappointed with him as a husband. He gets these mad obsessions and he neglects me.

CHERYL

That's a shame. If you were my wife, I would never neglect you.

Marie looks at Cheryl with surprise and puzzlement.

MARIE

What ?

CHERYL

You're far too nice and too pretty to be.. neglected...

MARIE (puzzled)

Pretty - ?

CHERYL

You're pretty.

MARIE

Am I ?

Marie goes over to a table to pick up her handbag, and opens it up, before she sits back down on her armchair, then takes out her compact.

She opens her compact and looks at herself in the mirror.

CHERYL

You are..very pretty...far too pretty to be wasted on Hank..too pretty to be wasted on any man.

Marie nods a little at her image in the mirror, and appears to appreciate her own looks.

Marie looks at Cheryl.

MARIE

It tires me out, you know, trying to keep him happy.

CHERYL

I don't understand him. He's got this jewel of a wife at home, and he wants to go orca hunting in the Arctic ! He is stupid...

MARIE

How can I help him see me for what I am ?

CHERYL

Why waste your time on someone don't appreciate you ?

MARIE

I am his wife...

CHERYL

He don't treat you like a wife. Maybe, you just gotta let him go...

MARIE

Cheryl ! Surely, you don't want him to go orca hunting in the Arctic ?

CHERYL

It's beyond ridiculous. Marie, y'gotta learn life's lessons in time, before it's too late. No point realising you need something else in your life when you let it pass before your eyes but didn't go for it when you had a chance. Life is too short to let an opportunity just go, just disappear...

MARIE

What are you saying ?

CHERYL

Marie, I find I am attracted to you...

Marie shakes her head.

MARIE

No...

CHERYL

I think I am...

Marie sighs.

MARIE

This is nonsense !

CHERYL

Is it ? Why is it such nonsense ?

MARIE

It just is...I love Hank...

CHERYL

I'm not so sure you do, any more. I don't think he loves you...If he did, why is he going on this insane orca hunt ?

MARIE

We're friends...nothing more.

The front door opens and Hank comes in.

Marie and Cheryl look towards Hank.

Hank moves into the middle of the room.

HANK

I got it...

MARIE

Yeah...?

HANK

I got the finance for my expedition.

MARIE

Great...

CHERYL

Is it ?

HANK

Sure is...I can go on my orca hunt...

Hank goes over to an armchair and sits down on it.

CHERYL

You sure are keen on this expedition...

HANK

I feel it will fulfil me as a person.

Cheryl looks at Marie, who finds it hard to disguise her disapproval of Hank's plans.

MARIE

Hank...

Hank looks at Marie.

MARIE

Hank, I'm worried, you might not survive...

HANK

I will survive if people believe in me.

CHERYL

How would that protect you ?

HANK

People fail when other people don't have confidence in them.

CHERYL

People fail when they underestimate how difficult things can be.

HANK

Have I done that ?

CHERYL

Yes, you have.

HANK

How have I done that ?

CHERYL

By thinking you can do this on your own with amateur equipment.

HANK

Couldn't get anyone else to come along with me.

CHERYL

That's because they ain't crazy.

A beat.

HANK

I reckon this is my destiny, my purpose in life.

Marie shakes her head.

MARIE

Your purpose in life is to be a good husband to me...

Hank is surprised by this.

HANK

I am..I am a good husband, to you.

MARIE

Are you ? Are you really ?

HANK

I think I am...I believe I am.

MARIE

I don't wanna be a widow.

HANK

You won't be a widow...

CHERYL

If the worst does happen, I will be here to support Marie.

HANK

The worst won't happen...lemme assure you of that.

MARIE

You can't be certain !

HANK

No-one can be certain o' nothing ! What you can be sure of, I will do my utmost to prevent that happening. You should believe in me, Marie. You should trust me. I will not let you down.

MARIE

You're screwing things up so bad !

Marie is upset and finds it hard to hold in her tears.

Hank gets up and goes over to Marie. He bends down to speak to her.

HANK

Marie, I am definitely coming back to you. I refuse to die on this expedition. I will return.

CHERYL

Hank, you're too arrogant. You're too dismissive of her fears.

HANK

I am not arrogant. I am confident.

CHERYL

You're over confident.

HANK

Perhaps I am...

Hank stands up straight and goes over to his armchair, then sits down.

CHERYL

You recognise that ?

HANK

The problem is, if you become anything less than confident, you will have doubts; then, you will make mistakes, and that's how things go wrong. I would endanger myself if I had too many doubts.

MARIE

You should have some. A man without doubt is a man without caution.

CHERYL

That's well said, Marie.

HANK

A man without too much doubt hesitates, and loses, could lose, everything, even his life.

Marie shudders.

MARIE

Not his life...?

HANK

I will not lose my life, and I will not lose my wife.

Cheryl looks at Marie, who looks away from her, towards Hank.

HANK

A man's gotta find himself...

MARIE

You can't find yourself in the Arctic,  
where it's so cold and inhospitable.  
You're better off here, where it's warm,  
where you can snuggle up to me, keep  
you warm.

Marie looks depressed and sad.

MARIE

What have I done wrong ?

CHERYL

You ain't done nothing wrong. It's him,  
he's got it wrong. He is, obsessed.

MARIE

I do despair, things have gotten like this.  
What did I do wrong ?

CHERYL

Ain't your fault.

MARIE

I lost my husband to an orca hunt.

CHERYL

An amateur orca hunt. A hopeless orca  
hunt.

HANK

Ain't nothing "hopeless" about it. I will  
be successful.

Marie sighs. Cheryl looks at Marie, appearing to sympathise.

CUT TO:

EXT – ANTIQUE SHOP – DAY

Hank outside an antique shop with an old harpoon in the window.

Hank goes inside.

CUT TO:

INT – ANTIQUE SHOP – DAY

Hank comes inside the shop and closes the door behind him.

The PROPRIETOR appears from the back and stands behind the counter.

Hank looks at the harpoon.

PROPRIETOR

That's a hundred years old...at least. Could be more. From the days when the old whalers went hunting, before they invented explosive harpoons. The whalers would go out in boats, throw their harpoons in a whale. You seen that film, "Moby Dick," it was just like that.

HANK

Can I..uh..have a closer look ?

PROPRIETOR

Sure...

The proprietor picks up the harpoon and holds it in his hand.

HANK

May I ?

The proprietor hands the harpoon to Hank, who feels it for weight and balance.

HANK

It's like a javelin, huh ?

PROPRIETOR

Not quite. You throw it horizontally.

Hank holds it in one hand, as if to practise throwing the harpoon.

PROPRIETOR

You don't intend to use it, do ya ? It's a museum piece.

HANK

Of course not.

PROPRIETOR

They don't hunt whales no more.

HANK

Good thing, too. They were driving them to extinction...but, they never touched the killer whales.

PROPRIETOR

They ain't real whales. Killer whales, orcas, are great big dolphins, the largest species o' dolphin...



HANK

They're vicious...

PROPRIETOR

They sure are. I seen them on the tee vee, and they gang up on baby whales, the calf; they separate them from their mothers, and they drown the calf...and then, they don't eat the whole calf, they just eat the tongue.

HANK

That is disgusting.

PROPRIETOR

Sure is.

HANK

Why didn't they hunt orcas ?

PROPRIETOR

Ain't enough oil in them. They weren't a commercial proposition.

HANK

Someone should've hunted them sons-of-bitches, stop 'em eating all the seals, depriving polar bears of a decent meal.

The proprietor looks at Hank with some curiosity, then smiles.

PROPRIETOR

I guess some folks, native populations, hunted them for meat.

Hank looks at the harpoon again and adjusts it so that his hand is on the centre of gravity, in perfect balance.

HANK

It's not bad.

PROPRIETOR

What d'you want it for ?

HANK

I'm doing research into the old whalers. This is a perfect example of a harpoon, from the time before commercial whaling.

PROPRIETOR

The factory ships were appalling. They

PROPRIETOR (cont'd)  
almost drove the whales to extinction.

HANK  
Good job they introduced the whaling  
ban when they did...

PROPRIETOR  
...Saved the whale...

HANK  
The great whales, they never hurt no-one.  
The killer whales, now that's a different  
matter. But they didn't touch them.

Hank looks at the tip of the harpoon.

HANK  
How much ?

PROPRIETOR  
Well, it was on sale for..three hundred  
dollars, but, since you're doing it for  
historical research, I can let you have  
it for, two hundred.

Hank smiles.

HANK  
Thanks.

Hank takes out his wallet and counts out two hundred dollars, which he hands to the  
proprietor.

Hank goes out, carrying the harpoon.

CUT TO:

INT – LIVING ROOM – DAY

Hank comes in through the front door, proudly holding his harpoon. He shuts the door, as  
Marie sees the harpoon.

MARIE  
What is that ?

HANK  
That, my dear, is a harpoon.

MARIE  
God-dammit, Hank, that might've been

MARIE (cont'd)  
used to kill a whale...

HANK  
It's over a hundred years old.

MARIE  
Harpoons kill whales...

HANK  
Not recently...not this harpoon.

MARIE  
That is a weapon of murder.

HANK  
I'm gonna use it on a killer whale, not  
a great whale...

MARIE  
Will it work, if it's so ancient ?

HANK  
It's got a tip, and a shaft. It will work.

MARIE  
I wouldn't depend on that.

HANK  
I'm gonna get me a rifle...

MARIE  
Not one as old as that, I hope...

HANK  
Of course not. I will be well equipped.  
I will get me a nice modern rifle, with  
lot-sa bullets.

MARIE  
Well, don't do yourself an injury before  
your expedition starts.

HANK  
I won't. I will be very careful with my  
harpoon and my gun.

MARIE  
Orcas are very intelligent. You can't  
out-wit them.

HANK

They can't out-wit me !

MARIE

I don't know, Hank; are you determined to be an ass-hole ?

HANK

Marie, believe in me, just this once.

MARIE

I always believed in you.

She turns a little away from him.

MARIE

What I do not believe in is this crazy scheme of yours !

HANK

I need you to support me.

MARIE

I will support you in everything, anything except this !

HANK

I gotta reach my full potential...

MARIE

...As a moron ?

HANK

As a man.

MARIE

Hunting an orca ain't gonna make you a man !

HANK

Nothing else will.

Marie goes to sit down on an armchair.

MARIE

Sometimes, Hank, you really tire me out, when you're so stupid !

No response from Hank, who stands in the middle of the room, holding the harpoon.

MARIE

I'm not having that thing in the house.  
It's too dangerous. Put it in the garage.

HANK

Okay.

Hank carefully walks towards the front door, holding the harpoon.

He goes out, watched by Marie in her armchair, who looks weary with despair.

CUT TO:

EXT – GUN SHOP – DAY

Hank is looking in the window of a gun shop, with rifles on display.

Hank goes into the shop.

CUT TO:

INT – GUN SHOP – DAY

Hank comes into the shop.

The OWNER is standing behind the counter.

HANK

I want me a rifle to blow away a polar  
bear.

OWNER

They're mighty big animals, polar bears.  
Y'need a big gun to blow them all away.

Hank looks at the rifles in the glass cabinet beneath the counter.

HANK

What do you..recommend ?

The owner takes out a rifle from the cabinet and puts it on the counter.

OWNER

This here is a point three-oh-eight, three-oh  
oh-six Win rifle...should kill you a polar bear,  
but...

He looks at Hank.

OWNER

...You don't go hunting polar bears without  
a license. You got a license ?

HANK

This is strictly for self defence. I got no intent to kill a polar bear. I'm going up to Churchill, and the recommendation is, I take a gun with me, able to shoot dead a polar bear.

OWNER

They're dangerous critters. You keep your distance from polar bears. Don't go seeking them out.

HANK

I won't.

OWNER

They come into Churchill sometimes because they're hungry. They search in bins for food. They will kill humans if you get in their way, or they're hungry enough. They wouldn't come into town unless they were starving.

HANK

They should be eating seals...

OWNER

That is their natural diet. Ain't enough seals to eat, so they come into Churchill ...they're desperate.

HANK

I heard that orcas are eating all the seals, so the polars bears can't get none.

OWNER

That is possible.

HANK

It's global warming...it's melting all the ice, so the seals fall into the sea and the orcas eat them. Polar bears need ice to hunt seals. Polar bears are screwed.

OWNER

This gun will protect you.

The owner hands the rifle over to Hank, who looks down the sight.

The owner takes out a box of cartridges, and opens it.

He takes out some bullets and puts two of them upright on the counter, a few more he puts down flat on the counter.

OWNER

Point three-oh-eight Winchester...it's  
a good bullet. Arctic Rangers choose  
three-oh-eight for polar bear defence.

Hank looks at the bullets. He carefully puts the rifle down flat on the counter, so as not to upset the upstanding bullet.

He picks up one of the upstanding bullets and puts it in his palm. He feels its weight.

HANK

Feels good...

Hank puts the bullet back on the counter, carefully, putting it upright.

HANK

How much ?

OWNER

The gun's a thousand dollars. Bullets, thirty  
dollars a box.

HANK

I'll have the gun and two boxes of bullets.

OWNER

Okay.

The owner wraps up the rifle and the bullets. Hank counts out the money and pays.

Hank goes out.

CUT TO:

INT – LIVING ROOM – DAY

Marie is seated in an armchair when Hank bursts in through the front door with his package.

He goes through to the kitchen. Marie gets up and follows him into the kitchen.

Hank puts the package down on the kitchen table.

He smiles at Marie.

HANK

Wanna see my rifle ?

Marie sighs.

MARIE

I gotta any choice ?

HANK

Nope...

Hank opens up the package, to reveal the rifle and two boxes of bullets.

HANK

Nice, huh ?

MARIE

Looks like a decent rifle.

HANK

Cost a thousand dollars.

MARIE

Can't be new at that price.

HANK

So, it's refurbished...Does it matter ?

MARIE

As long as it works...

HANK

I got a guarantee...

MARIE

Good.

Hank opens a box of bullets, and holds one up for Marie to see.

HANK

That'll shoot a polar bear dead.

MARIE

You ain't hunting polar bears.

HANK

Shoot dead a polar bear, it'll kill an orca.

MARIE

Orca's three, four times the size of a polar bear.

HANK

I'll shoot it four times. That'll kill it.



He puts the bullet down on the table, then takes out three more bullets.

HANK

Four bullets...will kill..an orca. Ain't gonna kill a polar bear. I'm going up to Churchill...I'm gonna ride me in an Arctic Crawler, safely look down on a polar bear...ain't gonna shoot it.

MARIE

Don't shoot me...

HANK

I won't...

MARIE

Okay, Hank, you know the rules; you don't load that rifle in the house...it's too dangerous. You take your rifle and keep it, with your harpoon, in the garage.

HANK

You're right; it's safer there. Accidents can happen...

MARIE

...If you're careless...if you're too gung-ho.

HANK

I will take meticulous care of my weapons.

MARIE

Don't shoot yourself...

HANK

I won't.

Hank carefully puts the bullets back in the box and wraps the rifle up, then carries them out of the kitchen.

Marie sighs with some despair and looks around the kitchen.

CUT TO:

EXT – DRIVEWAY – DAY

Hank's hatchback is still on the driveway.

Hank opens the garage door, and goes inside, carrying his parcel of rifle and bullets.

CUT TO:

## INT – GARAGE – DAY

Hank switches on the light, and then closes the garage door.

The harpoon is on a workbench. Hank carefully picks the harpoon up and places it down on the floor.

Hank puts the parcel on the workbench and unwraps it enthusiastically.

He gleefully takes out a bullet from the box and loads his rifle.

HANK

Lock and load.

Hank holds the rifle and aims it.

He flexes his finger on the trigger, looking through the telescopic sight.

For a moment it looks like he might fire the rifle, then he lowers it and smiles.

CUT TO:

## EXT – COLD WEATHER CLOTHING SHOP – DAY

Hank looks in the window at various items for surviving in cold weather: a warm hooded parka, long thermal underwear, warm sweater, fleece sweat pants, wool blend socks, warm gloves, warm rubber-soled boots, wool hat.

Also, binoculars.

Hanks goes into the shop.

CUT TO:

## INT – COLD WEATHER CLOTHING SHOP – DAY

Hanks comes into the shop.

The SHOP OWNER comes through from the back, to stand behind the counter.

HANK

I'm going up to Churchill. Can you fit me out ?

SHOP OWNER

Sure. You're gonna need...

As the shop owner says each item, he puts it down on the counter.

SHOP OWNER

...a warm hooded parka...long underwear...  
snow pants...wool sweater...wool blend socks...

SHOP OWNER (cont'd)  
warm gloves...warm rubber-soled shoes...  
wool hat...fleece sweat pants...and...binoculars...

HANK  
How much is all that ?

SHOP OWNER  
For you, eight hundred dollars...

Hank counts out the money.

SHOP OWNER  
You gonna go watching polar bears ?

HANK  
Yeah..safely..in one o' them Arctic Crawlers.

SHOP OWNER  
You can get right up close to them in that  
Arctic Crawler. They're magnificent animals.

The shop owner wraps the clothes, boots and binoculars up in a large parcel, then hands it to Hank. The parcel is so large, Hank has to turn it on its side to get out of the door.

CUT TO:

INT – LIVING ROOM – DAY

Hank comes in, carrying the large parcel and deposits it on the sofa, watched by Marie.

HANK  
That's my winter clothing, for my trip  
to Churchill.

Marie looks unimpressed.

Later:

Hank comes down the stairs, dressed in his cold weather clothing, and stands at the foot of the stairs, to show off to Marie.

HANK  
How do I look ?

MARIE (ironically)  
Sensational...

Hank smiles.

CUT TO:

## EXT – COLD LANDSCAPE – DAY

The landscape close to Churchill. The ground is covered in snow up to the horizon.

A lonely shack stands in the distance as Hank's hatchback travels down the road towards it and stops a little distance from the shack.

Hank, dressed in his winter clothing gets out, and goes round to the back of the hatchback.

Hank opens up the back.

He takes out crates of food and supplies and stacks them outside the shack.

He then takes out his rifle and leans it against the crates.

He takes out the harpoon and lays it carefully down on the ground close to the shack.

He goes back to the hatchback and closes it shut.

Hank then goes to the shack and takes out a key to open the door.

He carefully picks up the rifle and places it inside the shack, followed by the harpoon, then pushes the crates one by one into the shack.

CUT TO:

## INT – SHACK – DAY

Through the opened door, Hank pushes the crates into the shack.

He then comes inside and shuts the door.

Hank locks the door.

He picks up the rifle and carefully carries it over to the table. He puts the rifle down flat on the table.

Hank picks up the harpoon and carefully carries it over to a corner, where he places it down flat.

Hank goes back over to the door and picks up the crates, then carries them to another corner of the shack and puts them down.

He looks around the shack, which is very basically furnished, with a bed, a few chairs, the table with the rifle on it, and a fireplace.

Later:

Hank has taken off his coat and is warming himself in front of a fire.

CUT TO:

EXT – CHURCHILL – DAY

Outside the Lazy Bear Lodge, with an Arctic Crawler vehicle nearby.

CUT TO:

INT – LAZY BEAR LODGE – DAY

Hank, in his winter clothing, seated, drinking a beer, at a table.

Some tourists at a table, talking.

A TOURIST spots Hank and goes over to speak to him.

TOURIST

Hi...

Hank looks up from his beer.

HANK

Hi...

TOURIST

May I ?

HANK

Sure...

The tourist pulls out a chair and sits at Hank's table.

TOURIST

Your first time - ?

HANK

Yep. My first time.

TOURIST

Quite a sight, polar bears...you can get right up close to them, in complete safety, in that Arctic Crawler.

HANK

I'm looking forward to it. Polar bears are okay. They just take what they need, to survive. It's the killer whales I can't stand, God-damn orcas, they're vicious. I saw 'em on the tee vee, they gang up on a juvenile whale or a seal, and they mercilessly kill the poor thing. I hate orcas. Why do they have to be so mean ? I seen orcas hunting; they get together in a pack, they circle some

HANK (cont'd)

poor animal and they persecute it to death. They bully their prey. I mean, a polar bear will just hunt a seal and kill it, no messing around. That is honest. They hunt one on one. But the orcas, it's twelve or fifteen to one, and that ain't fair. Why are orcas such bastards ?

The tourist shakes his head.

TOURIST

No; you got that all wrong. Orcas are not vicious. They are not mean. The way they hunt is just efficient and clever. You have made the mistake of anthropomorphising an animal, giving it human characteristics and motivations. To apply a concept like, viciousness or being mean, to an orca, is just..wrong. Orcas are intelligent hunters. You should respect them.

HANK

No way. Another thing; now there's all this global warming, the bowhead whales are increasingly falling prey to the killer whales, because there ain't enough ice out there for the bowheads to hide behind, underneath. They are exposed, and the orcas are feasting on them, depleting their numbers.

TOURIST

They're just intelligently taking advantage of changes to the environment man-made global warming has caused. It's not their fault; it's our fault. Not the killer whales'.

HANK

We don't kill bowhead whales. Orcas do.

TOURIST

I'll tell you about orcas. They might be super-efficient hunters, but they look after their own. There was this orca got injured by a boat, got its dorsal fin sheared off... survived somehow...the orcas didn't leave it to starve, didn't eat it, like sharks would have done. The orcas from the pod protected this disabled animal, brought back food from a hunt, because the poor thing couldn't hunt

TOURIST (cont'd)  
for itself no more; brought back food for  
it to eat. How many other species would  
do that, huh ? Very few, almost none.

HANK  
I still don't like the way they hunt. They  
eat all the seals polar bears should get.

TOURIST  
Nature has its way...

The tourist gets up.

TOURIST  
We should not see Nature in human terms.

The tourist moves away from Hank and rejoins the other tourists.

Hank is on his own, at his table.

CUT TO:

EXT – LANDSCAPE – DAY

The landscape around Churchill.

One of the Arctic Crawlers drives off the road onto the snowy ground and approaches  
an area where polar bears are known to be located.

When the Arctic Crawler approaches some polar bears, it stops.

On the ground, a mother polar bear, and two cubs. Close by them, a large male polar bear.

In one of the windows, Hank is looking down at the polar bears.

The large male polar bear moves away from the others and approaches the Arctic Crawler.

CUT TO:

INT – ARCTIC CRAWLER – DAY

Hank goes round to the back where he can look down on the approaching polar bear.

He looks down the grid in the back section, which is open to the air.

The male polar bear moves underneath Hank and seems to sniff him.

HANK  
I ain't gonna hurt you, and you ain't  
gonna hurt me...

The bear tries to put its claws through the grid, but the gaps are too small, so it retracts its claws and turns away. The bear walks away from the Arctic Crawler.

Hank goes back inside the Arctic Crawler and smiles at the other tourists.

HANK

That was a close encounter.

The other tourists smile at Hank.

CUT TO:

INT – SHACK – NIGHT

Hank looks through the window at the night sky, then turns back and walks to the table.

Hank sits down and looks at his rifle and harpoon, which are standing upright in a corner.

CUT TO:

EXT – HUDSON BAY – DAY

Near a hut, on the edge of the Hudson Bay shore at Churchill, a number of zodiac inflatable boats are tied up to the wharf.

Hank, in his full winter clothing, walks up to the hut.

He sees through the window that there is a man inside the hut.

Hank taps on the door.

After a short delay, a MAN opens the door and stands in the door.

HANK

I need to hire a zodiac.

MAN

That's two hundred and seventy-five dollars a day.

Hank counts out the money and hands it to the man.

MAN

Okay.

The man walks down towards the zodiacs, followed by Hank.

MAN

Take your pick.

Hank takes a brief look at the zodiacs, and chooses one.



Hank points to the zodiac he has chosen.

HANK

I'll have that one.

The man leans forwards and unties the zodiac.

MAN

It's all yours...for a day...

HANK

Thanks.

Hank gets into the zodiac and pushes it away from the wharf, then turns on the outboard motor and drives away from Hudson Bay.

CUT TO:

EXT – SHORE – DAY

Hank drives the zodiac to another shoreline, and throttles it down, to edge onto the sand and pebbles.

Near to the shore, Hank's hatchback is parked.

Hank secures the zodiac on the sand and pebbles, so that the waves cannot dislodge it back into the sea.

He jumps out of the zodiac, then tugs it further onto the shore.

He then goes to his hatchback, opens it up and takes out his rifle, harpoon, a small folded-up tent, a compass, his binoculars, a mini stove and tins of food; all of which he puts down on the ground. He closes the back of the hatchback.

Hank carries the rifle and harpoon towards the zodiac and carefully places them inside, with the tip of the harpoon overhanging, so as not to burst the rubber of the zodiac.

He goes back to transfer the other items from just behind the hatchback to the zodiac in several trips. Last of all, he puts the stove carefully into the zodiac along with a small can of gas.

Hank wades into the sea, and slowly dislodges the zodiac from the shore, tugging it a little distance away. He then flops over into the zodiac and sits down.

He turns on the motor and drives the zodiac away from the shoreline, out into Hudson Bay.

CUT TO:

EXT – SEA – DAY

Hank, controlling the outboard motor, drives the zodiac away from Hudson Bay towards the open ocean, the Labrador Sea, then turns north to the Beaufort Sea, leading into the

Arctic Ocean, passing through day into night.

This can be seen on a map, plotting the location of Hank's zodiac.

CUT TO:

EXT – SHORE – NIGHT

The zodiac is a few feet away from the waves, on a shoreline of sand and pebbles.

Hank is cooking a tin of pilchards on the stove.

He eats it from the heated tin which he has put down on the ground.

Later:

The tin is empty, the stove put out, and the tent is up.

Hank crawls into the tent and zips it shut.

CUT TO:

EXT – SHORE – DAY

Hank is packing up his tent and other belongings, and putting them in the zodiac.

He tugs the zodiac away from the shoreline and flops into it, then turns on the engine and drives it away from the shore.

CUT TO:

EXT – OCEAN – DAY

Hank has reached the Arctic Ocean and begins to see ice floes in the distance.

He guides the zodiac towards the ice floes.

He stops when close to an ice floe. He can see a solitary polar bear on a piece of drift ice.

HANK

I'm gonna get you a meal.

The polar bear on the drift ice just drifts away to the side.

Hank turns on the motor and drives further into the field of drift ice.

Hank drives through several locations of drift ice until he hears the rasping sound of air being expelled from blowholes.

He can see the tops of orcas bobbing above the waterline from time to time, to take a breath.

HANK

You sons-of-bitches, I can see you !

HANK (cont'd)

I can smell you !

He stops the zodiac.

HANK

You think you got it all your own way,  
don't you ? Well, orcas, you just met  
your match.

Hank manically picks up his rifle and aims it towards the pod of orcas which from time to time bob up above the waterline and expel their spent air.

Hank can see the dorsal fin of an orca above the water and aims at it.

Bang !

A bullet leaves a clean hole right through the dorsal fin which then sinks down into the water with some blood dispersing into the sea.

HANK

Gotcha !

Hank reloads his rifle.

He aims at another dorsal fin and shoots, hitting it near the top. The fin ducks under the waterline with some blood dispersing around it.

Hank reloads his gun again and takes aim at another dorsal fin, but as his hand flexes on the trigger, he has a realisation and tips the barrel of the gun down. He puts the rifle down.

HANK (V.O.)

No, that's a mistake. Don't want them  
getting too much warning I intent to kill  
them. I gotta be sneaking and conniving,  
just like them.

Hank picks up his binoculars to observe the pod of killer whales when they come up for air, and when their dorsal fins pierce the water.

HANK

You sons-of-bitches ! You got nothing to  
be proud of...you hunt in packs, pods, like  
a bunch o' cowards. Gimme an honest-to-  
goodness polar bear. They hunt because  
they have to, one-on-one with a seal. They  
deserve respect. You don't – you cowards !  
I'm gonna impale you on my harpoon.

Hank puts his hand on the handle of his harpoon.

HANK

I'm gonna kill one o' you cowards and  
feed you to a polar bear !

He looks at the point of the harpoon.

HANK

You're gonna get it.

He carefully lowers the harpoon onto the floor of the zodiac and wraps part of the canvas of the tent around its point, then sets it down on the floor.

Hank puts his hand on the tiller of the outboard motor and switches the motor on.

He drives the zodiac further through the drift ice.

Later:

Hank is carefully navigating pieces of drift ice, driving the zodiac slowly in between them, looking around with his hand on the tiller.

He sees a shape in the distance on a piece of drift ice. He stops the zodiac, and takes out his binoculars.

Through the binoculars he can see a seal resting on the piece of drift ice.

He looks to the side through the binoculars and can see a mother polar bear with two cubs walking behind her on a large sheet of ice.

The mother polar bear advances towards the seal, leaving the two cubs behind.

Hank can see the distance between the polar bear and the seal by turning the binoculars as he looks through them, from the bear to the seal and back again.

He puts the binoculars down, so that he can judge the distance between the polar bear and the seal, as at his real distance, so that they appear a little unfocused.

He turns on the engine to get closer, but has it at low throttle, so that he does not make too much noise, and disturb either animal.

He gets close enough to see the polar bear and seal more in focus with his own eyes, without binoculars.

The polar bear comes close to the edge of the ice sheet, and slips into the sea as quietly as she can. The seal has not detected her presence.

The polar bear stealthily swims towards the piece of drift ice where the seal is resting,

The polar bear has her head just above water as she moves in closer.

The polar bear is now touching the edge of the drift ice.

The polar waits a little, and gets ready.

She suddenly pounces up out of the water onto the ice but the seal reacts quickly enough and just about escapes from the polar bear by jumping off the ice.

The seal swims away as the polar bear is left disappointed.

Hank also seems disappointed at the polar bear's failure.

He turns on the engine and drives away.

Later:

Hank stops the engine and takes out his binoculars to see the two polar bear cubs looking hungry as their mother returns them without any food.

Hank drops his binoculars and looks determined but also a little crazy.

He turns on the engine and drives the zodiac away from the polar bears towards a different ice float with drifting pieces of ice.

CUT TO:

EXT – SEA – NIGHT

Hank, in his zodiac, has stopped.

He is looking tired amid the ice floes and pieces of drift ice.

His eyes close and he falls asleep, slumping down onto the floor of the zodiac.

CUT TO:

EXT – SEA – DAY

Next morning.

Hank's eyes open.

He sits up straight and sees that he is close to a large ice sheet.

He turns on the engine and drives the zodiac forwards.

Later:

Hank has stopped the zodiac and can see another seal on a large piece of ice.

It looks secure, but Hank can hear the hissing rasping of orcas expelling air.

Hank picks up his binoculars to see a pod of orcas lifting their heads above water to breathe and also pick up the smell of the seal.

One of the orcas is particularly interested in the seal as it lifts its head above water for long enough to see the seal as well as smell it. This orca then slowly sinks its head below the waterline in a seamless smooth motion.

Hank puts down his binoculars and starts up the motor.

He puts it at low throttle, so he can move up quietly on the pod of orcas, which are now circling the large piece of ice.

He moves the zodiac close to the pod then releases the tiller and throttle to drift to a stop.

Hank picks up his rifle and looks through the telescopic sight.

He aims at the dorsal fin of an orca and flexes his finger on the trigger, but does not shoot. He thinks for a moment, then lowers the gun down.

He unwraps the point of the harpoon and picks it up.

Hank is now close enough to see the pod and the seal on the ice in good focus without binoculars.

Meanwhile, the pod of orcas has been circling around the large piece of ice on which the seal is unaware of their presence.

The orcas suddenly submerge and then the large piece of ice rocks in the water and starts to break up, as the orcas have used their tails to create waves which split the ice. This is a co-ordinated attack.

The seal flounders as the ice breaks up around it.

Soon the seal is on a small piece of ice floating on its own as the broken pieces separate and move off in different directions, under the influence of the waves created by the orcas.

Several orcas bob their heads above water to confirm the seal is helpless. These orcas then sink below the waterline and create a wave with their tails which flips the ice over, making the seal fall into the water.

An orca closes its jaws around the flailing seal to kill it. The seal's motions shudder as the orca bites into it. Soon the seal's motions stop and it clear the seal is dead. It is clear the seal is dead.

The orca then begins to swallow the seal.

Hank stands up in the zodiac, holding his harpoon.

Hank suddenly releases the harpoon at the orca.

HANK  
You bastard ! You utter bastard !

But the harpoon misses the orca, which slips under the water, swallowing the sea.

HANK  
You son-of-a-bitch !

Hank picks up his rifle and shoot quickly, but the bullet misses the orca.

Hank reloads the rifle and takes aim quickly, but before he can fire the zodiac is suddenly destabilised by a wave created by the orcas. The zodiac topples over as Hank fires into the water, missing the orca.

Hank falls into the sea, as his rifle sinks below the waves.

The pod of orcas circles around him, and one orca raises its head to identify him as human. Once, the orca realises Hank is not a seal, it sinks its head below the waterline and makes a signal, communicating to the other orcas, who move away from Hank, as they have no interest in him.

Hank is surprised, but uses this opportunity to swim towards a large piece of floating drift ice.

He gets his finger onto the edge of the ice and tries to grip. He slips, and falls a little away from the ice. He then regains his composure and swims up to the edge again.

This time, he is more careful and focuses, and manages to lift himself out of the water, onto the ice.

He drags his legs out of the water and breathes heavily as he gets onto his knees and moves further onto the ice.

He manages to stand, then surveys the scene. His zodiac is upturned and drifting away from him.

Hank sighs as he is too tired to swim after the zodiac.

He sits on the ice and shudders as he cries a little, then ponders his situation.

CUT TO:

INT – LIVING ROOM – DAY

Marie, seated on an armchair, hears the doorbell ring.

She gets up and goes over to the front door, and opens it to let Cheryl in.

Marie closes the front door and guides Cheryl to sit down.

Cheryl sits on the sofa.

CHERYL

You heard from Hank ?

MARIE

No.

CHERYL

You think he's okay ?

MARIE

I hope he is.

CHERYL

So do I.

MARIE

Do you ? Do you really ?

CHERYL

Yes, I do; I do hope he is okay.

A beat.

CHERYL

I'm worried...

MARIE

So am I...

CHERYL

Do you think, maybe, we should alert  
the authorities...search for him...?

MARIE

Maybe we should...

CHERYL

You seem a little detached...

MARIE

Hank went his own way. I implored him  
not to go, but he was adamant. In a way,  
I felt deserted. Sometimes, I find myself  
a little indifferent to his fate. It's as if he  
betrayed me.

CHERYL

You shouldn't think like that...

Marie sighs.



MARIE

But I do...

A beat.

CHERYL

Marie, I feel for you...

Marie looks at Cheryl questioningly.

CHERYL

...I really do...

MARIE

Cheryl, I hope you don't intend to take advantage of my distress...

CHERYL

I wouldn't do that...Surely, you know I'm here to support you, to help you through this time he's away...

MARIE

He's away on some stupid adventure, not because he has to, but because he wants to. This is not some important mission he's going on; this is a silly dangerous obsession. Sometimes, I just feel like leaving him to it.

Cheryl stands and goes over to Marie.

Cheryl offers her hand to Marie.

Marie hesitates before slowly and reluctantly moving her hand towards Marie's.

Cheryl has to clasp Marie's hand, as Marie's motion stops too short.

CHERYL

There...I feel for you...I really do...

MARIE (blankly)

Thanks, Marie.

Marie looks down at Cheryl's hand clasped around hers, as if to say, let go.

Cheryl looks uneasy, and then unclasps her hand slowly.

Marie withdraws her hand, as if to say, she doubts Cheryl's sincerity.

CHERYL

I will be here for you...no matter what.

MARIE

Okay...I will inform the authorities, to go search for him...

Cheryl goes to sit down.

Marie picks up her mobile phone and presses some buttons.

CUT TO:

EXT – ICE SHEET – NIGHT

Hank is staggering along, about to collapse.

He falls down onto the ice.

He looks exhausted. He breathes heavily, and tries to yell.

HANK (almost breathless)

Help me...Help !

Hank sighs and looks up at the horizon, but can see nothing.

He then looks resigned to his fate.

CUT TO:

EXT – ICE SHEET – DAY

Morning.

Hank's eyes open and he looks uncertain as to where he is.

He manages to get to his feet and looks around in all directions.

He decides to walk towards the horizon.

He walks a certain way, but then can see a large male polar bear in the distance.

The polar has picked up his scent and starts to move more quickly towards Hank.

Hank realises he is in danger and turns around, to run away from the bear, which is closing in on Hank and starting to run after.

Hank runs but is soon out of breath, so he must walk as fast as he can, but the polar bear is running and gaining on Hank.

In the distance, the sound of a helicopter pierces the air.

The helicopter flies right over Hank's head and lets out a burst of gunfire, as a man leaning out with an automatic rifle, a RESCUER, lets rip in front of the polar bear, but this is not to kill, it is to scare the bear away.

The polar bear reacts quickly and stops in its tracks. It turns away and flees the area. The helicopter continues to pursue the polar bear until it is some distance away from Hank and is no longer a danger to him.

Hank takes a breather as the helicopter returns and hovers above him.

The helicopter then moves to the side and sets down near to Hank.

The rescuer puts down his rifle, then opens the door of the helicopter, but sees that Hank will need some help, and jumps out onto the ice.

RESCUER

Hank ?

HANK

How did you know my name ?

RESCUER

We're here to rescue you – Hank.

The rescuer puts his arm around Hank and helps him get into the helicopter.

The blades of the helicopter start turning, and the helicopter lifts off, then flies upwards, away from the ice sheet.

CUT TO:

INT – CABIN – DAY

Hank is warming up in front of a fire.

The rescuer speaks to him.

RESCUER

Your wife will be coming to get you.

HANK

Thanks.

Hank looks into the fire.

CUT TO:

EXT – DRIVEWAY – DAY

A car on the driveway.

Marie gets out of the door of the car, and goes round to let Hank out. Marie shuts the

passenger door.

There is silence as Marie goes up to the front door and opens it with her key, followed by Hank, who walks unsteadily, and looks unsure of himself.

CUT TO:

INT – LIVING ROOM – DAY

Cheryl is there, waiting for them, as Marie comes through the front door, followed by Hank.

Hank is surprised to see Cheryl there.

HANK

What are you doing here ?

CHERYL

I'm supporting Marie, your wife.

Hank looks at Marie.

MARIE

She has supported me, in your absence.  
Sit down, Hank.

Hank moves carefully to an armchair and sits down.

Marie signals to Cheryl to sit down, which she does.

Marie then sits down on the other armchair.

She looks at Hank.

MARIE

How did it go ?

HANK

Well, it didn't work out, but you already know that.

MARIE

I guess we do. Tell us what happened...

Hank briefly looks towards Cheryl, then back to Marie.

HANK

Well, I went up to Churchill and saw a polar in one of them Arctic Crawlers...

MARIE

Yes...

HANK

Then, I went on my expedition...

MARIE

And...

HANK

I did not succeed...I did not manage  
to kill an orca...

CHERYL

Are you disappointed - ?

HANK

I was, a little.

MARIE

We had-ta send the rescue parties out  
for you...

HANK

...And I'm grateful...

CHERYL

You should be...

HANK

...And I am...

MARIE

Have you learnt a lesson from this  
enterprise ?

Hank looks blank.

MARIE

Have you ?

Hank ponders for a moment.

HANK

Er...

MARIE

The real lesson is, not to be an amateur.  
Leave orca hunting to the professionals.  
Have you got that ?

HANK

Er..yes..yes I have.

MARIE

Good. Now, unknown to you, I have done some research on hunting orcas, and the Inuits do hunt killer whales, not to feed them to polar bears, to sell and eat them, themselves. But, they don't hunt many...it's only occasionally, they kill orcas for profit, and for food.

Hank looks a little puzzled.

MARIE

Hank, are you still obsessed with orcas ?

HANK

I...I don't know...

CHERYL

You should know, if you are, or if you're not...

HANK

I guess I am. What do you propose ?

MARIE

I propose, we get in touch with the Inuits, when they are planning to go orca hunting, and we pay them, to let you pull the trigger.

HANK

"Pull the trigger...?"

MARIE

They shoot 'em dead with a rifle...

HANK

That's what I used...unsuccessfully...

MARIE

Exactly. They know where to shoot an orca dead.

HANK

How d'you do that ?

MARIE

They shoot the orca just behind its blow-hole, where it is most vulnerable.

Hank looks at Marie.

HANK

I shot its dorsal fin...

MARIE

That will not kill an orca...shooting it behind the blow-hole, that will kill it. One bullet is enough...they use a point three-oh-oh-six calibre rifle...behind the blow-hole...

HANK

One bullet can take down a great big orca ?

MARIE

In the right place, one is enough.

HANK

Well, I didn't know that...

MARIE

Now, you do...

A beat.

MARIE

The idea is, you pull the trigger, and they harvest the orca.

CHERYL

You would like that, wouldn't you ?

HANK

Er...yes...

MARIE

We will make the arrangements...All you have to do is, pull the trigger...

HANK

...Pull the trigger...

MARIE

That's it...

HANK

Okay...I'll do that. Thanks.

Hank smiles at Marie, but then looks a little uncertain.

CUT TO:

## EXT – INUIT VILLAGE – DAY

An Inuit village, near to the coast, with several huts, and a number of Inuit people, dressed in their heavy cold weather clothing.

Hank is greeted by an Inuit man, TOKLO, and his wife, AKNA.

TOKLO

Hank - ?

HANK

That's me.

AKNA

Two hundred dollars...?

HANK

That's right...

AKNA

You shoot the orca ?

HANK

That's my intention.

TOKLO

Okay.

A group of Inuits, mostly men with a few women, gathers around Hank.

Another Inuit man, PILIP, intervenes to push them away from Hank.

PILIP

You know how to shoot the orca ?

HANK

Just behind the blow-hole...

PILIP

You will do it.

Pilip joins Toklo and Akna who guide Hank down to the boats on the shoreline.

Some of the boats are row boats with oars, others have outboard motors. There are harpoons attached to ropes and hooks on some of the boats.

Akna carries a Winchester rifle down to the boat.

Hank looks at the rifle and half smiles.



HANK

That's a Winchester point three-oh-eight rifle. I had one o' those.

AKNA

The best rifle to shoot the orca. This is my rifle. Where is your rifle ?

HANK

Er...I dropped it...in the water...by mistake...

AKNA

You use my rifle...

HANK

...To kill the orca...? Yes.

AKNA

Okay. I give you my rifle, later - Yes ?

HANK

Yes.

AKNA

Okay.

Akna climbs into a boat with an outboard motor, followed by Toklo, who helps Hank onto the boat.

Pilip gets into another boat, with some other Inuits.

More Inuits fill up the other boats, and they all cast off, moving away from the shore.

CUT TO:

EXT – SEA – DAY

Hank, Akna and Toklo in one boat, ahead of Pilip in another boat, at the forefront of the group of Inuit boats, heading away from the shore.

Akna is looking ahead, her hand on her rifle.

She turns a little to speak to Hank.

AKNA

Why you want to kill the orca ?

HANK

Well...I just...I didn't like the way they killed all the seals and ate them, and didn't leave any for the polar bears,

HANK (cont'd)  
but, I'm not too sure about that, any  
more.

AKNA  
You will kill the orca ?

HANK  
Yes, I will.

Akna turns to look ahead. Hank ponders what he is about to do.

CUT TO:

INT – LIVING ROOM – DAY

Marie and Cheryl, seated; Marie on an armchair, Cheryl on the sofa.

CHERYL  
You think that was a good idea, to buy  
him a shot at taking down an orca ?

MARIE  
He's got this obsession, to kill a killer  
whale. The way we got this arranged,  
it should be a sitting duck, it should be  
defenceless...

CHERYL  
Is a killer whale ever defenceless ?

MARIE  
It is, if you shoot it in the right place.  
We haf-ta rig things in our favour, if  
we wanna take on something like an  
orca.

CHERYL  
Will that make him a man ?

MARIE  
It might do...I don't know...

CHERYL  
It's a macho thing...?

MARIE  
It could be...

CHERYL  
...To prove himself -

MARIE

He don't haf-ta prove himself to me !  
He is a man...Anyway, those old-fashioned  
concepts of masculinity are way out-of-date.  
Nowadays, a man can be sensitive and kind.  
He don't haf-ta kill no orca to prove himself  
a man.

CHERYL

Sometimes a man, they just don't have what  
it takes, to make a woman happy.

MARIE

I am happy...I was happy, until he got this  
mad idea to go after an orca...

CHERYL

I'm sorry...

MARIE

Never mind...

A beat.

CHERYL

I always liked you, Marie...

MARIE

I always liked you...

CHERYL

I'm not sure that investing all your time  
and interest in a man, is a good idea.

MARIE

He is my husband. I would never betray  
him. I would never desert him.

CHERYL

I think there's only so much a woman  
can take.

MARIE

I can take it...Load it on.

A beat.

CHERYL

Marie...

MARIE

What ?

CHERYL

Listen to your heart. Listen to what your heart tells you...

MARIE

My heart tells me, I love Hank...despite this little escapade...

CHERYL

"This little escapade !" He's nuts !

MARIE

He's still my husband. I will forgive him, when the time comes, when he gets over this period of insanity. Maybe, once he's shot that orca, he'll get it out of his system, he'll be a changed man...changed for the better, not the worse.

CHERYL

I hope so.

MARIE

You can't move in on me, Cheryl. I'm not gonna turn lesbian, not for you, not for anyone.

CHERYL

Then I wish him, a safe return.

MARIE

Thanks.

Marie sighs.

MARIE

I do hope so.

Cheryl sighs in disappointment.

CUT TO:

EXT – SEA – DAY

Hank on the boat, with Akna and Toklo.

Akna looking ahead, with her rifle in her hand, its butt to the floor of the boat.

Other boats, including the one with Pilip, are following.

Hank turns a little to speak to Toklo.

HANK

Conscience is a strange thing...

TOKLO (puzzled)

“Conscience ?”

HANK

You know, you feel guilty, after you’ve done something bad...but, should you feel guilty before you done it ? That might stop you doing it in the first place.

TOKLO

We cannot feel guilt, to hunt what we must eat. Animals eat other animals. They cannot feel guilt.

HANK

A human being is not an animal ! He, or she, has superior intellect. He, or she, must see, there is a better way...

TOKLO (puzzled)

“Better...? A better way ?”

HANK

Our superior intellect teaches us to be kind and respectful, to other species. We should not be hunters...

TOKLO

We are hunters. We eat meat...We kill animals, to eat meat.

HANK

But should we ? Should we be doing that ?

Akna turns around to join in the conversation.

AKNA

You will kill the orca ?

HANK

Yes.

Akna turns away from Hank, to look ahead.

AKNA

We are not animals. We kill the animals.  
We are..human.

HANK

Yes, we are.

AKNA

We kill the orca...

HANK

Yes, we do...

Hank looks at the water and reflects on his life.

HANK

I guess, life is a journey, you go on,  
to discover your purpose in life. You  
don't know, till you get there, what your  
purpose is...I don't know what my purpose  
is...Maybe, I'll find out today.

Akna speaks, without turning.

AKNA

You are a hunter...

HANK

I hope I am.

She turns her head a little to speak to him.

AKNA

You are...

Akna looks ahead.

Later:

An ice floe ahead, with some pieces of drift ice.

The hissing sound of orcas expelling spent air from their blow-holes, then the orcas themselves bobbing their heads above water, in a large pod.

Akna points ahead.

AKNA

Orca !

The boats follow Akna's lead.

The pod is swimming a little ahead of the boats, which turn up their speed in pursuit, with Hank's boat closing in on the orcas at the back of the pod.

Toklo drives Hank's boat at full throttle to intercept the pod.

Toklo manages to separate an orca from the back of the pod.

HANK

This is what orcas do when they're hunting a baby whale...they separate it from the pod...it's like a taste of their own medicine.

The boats encircle the orca, cutting it off from the rest of the pod.

Akna hands the rifle to Hank.

AKNA

Shoot it when it comes up for air, just behind the blow-hole. You should have a few seconds to aim and fire.

HANK

Okay.

Akna moves behind Hank, so that he can stand at the front of the boat.

Hank watches for the orca to come up for air, and aims his rifle at the water, looking through the telescopic sight.

Hank sees the orca rising up and exposing its blow-hole to expel air.

He aims just below the blow-hole and flexes his finger on the trigger, but hesitates and the orca slides back under the water.

Akna looks at Hank questioningly.

HANK

I was practising. Next time, I'll shoot it dead.

The boat follows the orca which is swimming just below the surface of the water.

Hank is standing ready at the front of the boat.

The orca begins to rise, with its head just above water.

The blow-hole is visible, expelling air.

Hank aims through the telescopic sight. The cross-hairs are right on target. Just behind the

blow-hole.

Hank's finger flexes on the trigger, preparing to fire.

Nothing happens.

Hank tips the rifle down.

Akna looks at Hank.

HANK

I can't do it...

AKNA

What ?!

HANK

It's defenceless. It's not fair.

AKNA

You paid to shoot the orca.

HANK

I just can't do it.

AKNA

Give me the rifle. I will shoot the orca.

Hank limply hands the rifle over to Akna, who moves to the front of the boat and aims at the water, waiting for the orca to come up for air.

The orca's head begins to rise above the surface of the water.

Akna aims behind the blow-hole as the orca expels its spent air.

The orca is at Akna's mercy.

As she is about to fire, Hank knocks the rifle, so that as Akna fires, the bullet misses the orca and hits the water.

Akna turns to look at Hank, with an angry expression on her face.

Toklo stops the boat.

AKNA

Why did you do that ?

HANK

It's just not fair...



Toklo comes forwards.

TOKLO

Nature is not fair. Orcas kill. We kill  
the orca.

AKNA

I will kill the orca.

HANK

I'll give you...five hundred dollars, not  
to kill the orca...

AKNA

Five hundred dollars...

TOKLO

That's more than we could get for the  
orca.

AKNA

Okay. We will not kill the orca today.

Toklo goes back to the tiller and turns the outboard motor on.

Akna signals to the other boats, to turn round.

Toklo turns Hank's boat around to return to port, followed by the other boats.

The orca swims off towards the pod.

Later:

Akna turns to speak to Hank.

AKNA

You know, tomorrow we will return,  
without you, to hunt and kill the orca.

HANK

It won't be that same one, I saved...

Akna turns from him and looks ahead as the boat travels through the water.

CUT TO:

INT – LIVING ROOM – DAY

Marie, Cheryl and Hank, seated.

Hank looks tired.

MARIE

So, what happened ? Did you kill an orca ?

HANK

Er...no.

MARIE

No - ?

HANK (quietly)

No...

CHERYL

What went wrong ?

HANK

I couldn't do it. I had this orca at my mercy...  
I was gonna kill it, then I remembered, when  
I was at the mercy of a whole pod of orcas,  
they didn't kill me, they let me go...if they  
can be merciful, so can I...

CHERYL

They didn't kill you because you're weren't  
on the menu. They don't eat people...

MARIE

Polar bears do, when they're starving and  
there's nothing else to eat.

CHERYL

Orcas always find something to eat, usually  
a seal...Orcas don't starve...

MARIE

Polar bears do, sometimes. I saw this video  
on YouTube...A polar bear couldn't get a seal  
to eat, so it had to swim for two days, to reach  
an island full of walruses. It was starving, and  
it was too weak to kill a walrus...it got injured  
and had to limp away. It starved to death. It died,  
all because global warming, caused by us humans,  
melted all the ice...so the seals could escape, into  
the ocean, where they were hunted down and eaten  
by killer whales.

Marie looks at Hank.

MARIE

I thought you were gonna kill orcas to help out

MARIE (cont'd)  
the polar bears...

HANK  
I've changed my mind. I was wrong. Orcas are part of Nature. We humans should not interfere.

A beat.

HANK  
As it happens, I was chased by a polar bear. It would've killed me if the chopper hadn't come to rescue me.

CHERYL  
Well, that explains things.

MARIE  
Hank, you're thinking like a rational person, at last...

HANK  
I hope I am...I don't think orcas should be hunted, except for food, by the Inuit. You can't seek to favour one species over another. Nature decides, not us.

MARIE  
But we have tipped the scale against polar bears by man-made global warming.

HANK  
That's unfortunate, but killing orcas won't cure that. It's not fair to blame killer whales for polar bears starving to death. I was just projecting my guilt onto animals that would not understand that concept. We haf-ta help the polar bears, not kill orcas.

CHERYL  
How can we do that ? People are not allowed to feed polar bears, even starving ones. I saw a video on YouTube with a badly malnourished mother polar bear and her two cubs. She could not lactate, so her cubs were starving. She had not eaten for months and was clearly very thin. One of the cubs started to shake with convulsions. Two days later, both cubs had died. But no-one helped them. No-one was allowed to intervene.

MARIE

I guess that would be considered, interfering.

CHERYL

It's heartbreaking.

HANK

If we can't intervene, interfere, we must not blame other animals for the predicament polar bears are in. We, the human race, are to blame for global warming, which has decimated the populations of polar bears, because we have destroyed the ice they depend on to hunt seals. The orcas are just benefiting from a situation we created. Compared to us, orcas are saints.

CHERYL

And polars bears are victims...

MARIE

Unfortunately, they are. They can't do anything to change the climate. Only we can.

CHERYL

Maybe, it's too late.

HANK

I hope not...

CHERYL

It might be already too late.

A beat.

HANK

Tell you what, if that polar had killed me, and eaten me, I would understand.

MARIE

You would be dead. You would not be capable of understanding anything.

HANK

I do understand I don't hate orcas no more.

CHERYL

That's progress.

MARIE

It sure is.

HANK

I won't go on any more expeditions.  
I will stay here, with you, and try to  
be a better husband.

Hank stands and goes over to Marie, who remains seated.

He offers his hand to her.

Marie takes it.

HANK

I neglected you, and I regret it. I ask you  
to forgive me. I promise you, I will dedicate  
my energies to you. I'm sorry...I sincerely  
apologise for my behaviour...

MARIE

Apology accepted.

HANK

I've learnt my lesson. What's most precious  
to me..is this life I have with you...I wanna  
stay here with you.

MARIE

That would be nice.

Marie looks towards Cheryl.

MARIE

I got him back.

Cheryl nods in agreement.

THE END

