

18 INT. GREYWATER CANNERY, FLOOR - DAY**18**

The line shudders and stops. That never happens. Forty people look up at once.

At the far door, three men in good boots. UNION MEN, or men who say so. The FOREMAN between them, sweating.

Nell steps off her station, knuckles black with machine grease, and puts herself between the men and the door.

NELL

You want the key, you go through
the shift.

CASS TEAGUE, thirty, the deckhand everybody thought was gone, stands up from the gutting table where he has apparently been working all morning. Alive. Wet. Nobody says his name.

The stand-off holds. Nobody moves for a long moment, and then the foreman turns the line back on and the noise takes the room.

CASS

(quietly, to Nell)

They will not come through the
shift.

NELL

Then they will not come through.

A cut on her lip, fresh. She does not touch it.

24 EXT. GOVERNMENT WHARF - DAY**24**

Gulls. Wind off the water. Iris and Reyne at the end of the wharf where the whole town can see them, which is the point. Reyne wants it seen.

She hands him the folded page. He does not open it.

IRIS

If you are wrong about him, this
ends me.

REYNE

I am not wrong about him. I might
be wrong about you.

IRIS

(a beat)

That is fair.

24A EXT. GOVERNMENT WHARF, PILINGS - DAY 24A

Below the deck line, Finn watches from the skiff, close enough to hear and young enough to think he has not been seen.

Above, Reyne's boots stop directly over him. Then move on.

25 INT. ROADHOUSE - DAY 25

Daylight does the roadhouse no favours. Iris at the bar. Six regulars pretending not to listen.

IRIS
Who drove Cass Teague to the
detachment on the Sunday?

The room has already decided not to answer. Dot keeps drying the same glass.

DOT
Nobody drives anybody in this town,
Iris. We walk.

26 INT. ROADHOUSE, BACK BOOTH - DAY 26

Reyne, waiting. He has heard all of it.

REYNE
Whatever you think you are doing,
do it somewhere I cannot see you.

IRIS
Then close your eyes.

She goes. He does not.

29 INT. GREVE HOUSE, PARLOUR - NIGHT 29

Willem in the good chair, twenty years older than the man we met on the porch and entirely himself. Tomas across from him with papers.

WILLEM
Everything has a number, Tomas. The
trick is knowing who wrote it down.

TOMAS

Sign it and it is over.

WILLEM

Nothing is over. It is only paid
for.

INSERT - THE PAPERS. Willem's hand, liver-spotted, signs.
Holds on the hand.

31 EXT. BREAKWATER - DUSK

31

Cass goes in. The water is nine degrees. The rope pays out.

Iris on the rocks with Deol, soaked to the waist where she
waded in after him and was pulled back. Her lips are blue
before his are.

The rope stops paying out.

DEOL

(into the radio)

Pull him.

They pull. What comes up is Cass, and he is holding the
ledger against his chest like a child, and he is not moving.

IRIS

Cass. Cass. Look at me.

He looks at her. Then he does not.