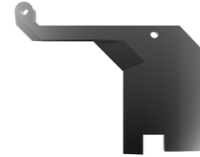


## WHO OWNS THE ARCTIC?



### THE FISHING DISPUTE

Three months before the start of the Alaskan crab fishing season 15 Russian crab boats leave from the port of Provideniya on Russia's east coast to begin the 200km journey to the northern tip of the Bering Sea. Their intention is to catch 21 metric tons of king crab (equivalent to \$105,000,000 or 1.5 years catch quota) and relocate them to the Beaufort Sea.

Once the vessels reach the king crab fishery, their pots are deployed and the vessels return to Russian waters. After two days the vessels return, the pots are weighed to check the catch, and then towed North underwater, 1,600 km to the heart of the Beaufort sea.

August - Barrow, Alaska

An anonymous press leak reporting catches of king crab far beyond their normal range is sent to local newspapers. Ryan has been summoned to the editor's office. As he arrives at the room in the corner of the office floor he pauses, and promises himself that if this is another report on a hammer museum, or whale statue then he will quit. He taps his knuckles against the glass door of the office, there is a pause, then he hears his name barked from inside.

**RYAN:**  
You said to come immediately.

**EDITOR:**  
What do you know about crabs?

**RYAN:**  
*(Disappointed)* Chief, I thought when you gave me this job that I would be reporting on...  
*(Ryan is cut off)*

**EDITOR:**  
No, no, no.... look.

*The editor points to a piece of paper on his desk. Printed in photocopier toner is a satellite image. Ryan picks it up, turning it around, trying to make sense of it's orientation.*

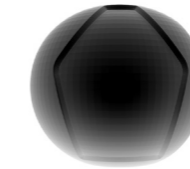
**EDITOR:**  
It's the sea, about 400 miles East of here. And it arrived with this.

*The editor raises the piece of paper he is holding.*

**EDITOR:**  
It says *that* is where we'll find the crabs... The crabs they haven't been catching all season down South.

**RYAN:**  
This is a joke.

**EDITOR:**  
Maybe. But we aren't the only ones to get this, they have it in Canada too, and they're taking it serious enough. I want some one to have a look. Let me know if you find something.



### THE DISASTER

It is April. Two Canadian men are loading the last wooden crate onto the Gryphon, one of 10 former fishing vessels that have wintered in Dundas Harbour. For the past three months these men have been the sole residents of this abandoned settlement. The harbour contains only a few outhouses, some wooden cabins and a small cemetery.

They will soon make the 800km trip to Hans Island, a small rocky knoll in Baffin Bay, sitting at once between the territory and jurisdiction of both Greenland and Canada. Here, icebergs calved from the glaciers of Northern Greenland begin their journey to the north Atlantic, passing the rich oil fields, and heavy infrastructure of the Labrador sea and the Davis straight.

If spotted, the icebergs would be towed a safe distance from the pipelines and oil rigs that pepper the region. It is the job of these two men to make sure no icebergs are spotted. The goal is to break these icebergs down into smaller chunks, so they are still large enough to sink a ship or damage a rig, but too small to be detected by radar.

**Man Two:**  
I have told you a hundred times; in the cracks. Jeez, we have been going over this all winter. *(Angry)* For the last time, we line them up along the cracks.

**Man One:**  
*(Interrupting)* And if there aren't any cracks we move on right?

**Man Two:**  
That's right, *(sarcastic)* I guess you get your memory from your mother. We get a few screws into the ice and lash the devices to that, and you make sure they're tied down tight as you can manage in these gloves. It might take 7 or 8, I mean who knows, and so we better make sure they all count. We line them up and switch them on and then get out of here before everything starts shaking. We might only have 5 minutes, and by the look of this boat we might need more than that.

**Man One:**  
But that's what I don't get, they just fall apart!

**Man Two:**  
You don't have to understand it for it to work.

**Man One:**  
And... you're sure... the pieces will be big enough?

*Man two leans on the edge of the boat and looks into the bay. He trains his finger on a piece of ice the size of and minibus floating in the distance.*

**Man Two:**  
If this works then they should be. You know the one that sank the Christoffersen last year? It was smaller than that. I think they'll be plenty big enough to do some damage to something. As long as these devices work. We should know pretty soon. Then we just have to pray that they hit something.

**Man One:**  
And then we get paid?

**Man Two:**  
When we get home we'll put on the news. When we hear something, then we get paid.

## WHO OWNS THE ARCTIC?



### THE SMUGGLING ROUTE

In the lipstick room of Bombay Peggy's brothel, Dawson city, Mason Tremblay is waiting to be introduced to a man he knows only as Eddy. As he waits he rolls a 3.6 carat Intense Pink Diamond around the palm of his hand. Sat amongst the red velour of the lipstick room, waiting for Eddy and the \$250,000 they had agreed on as down payment for the diamond, Mason dreams of the new life the money will bring.

Two days earlier he had found the diamond sitting in a pile of waste rock ejected from the Yukon Diamond mine where he works. No one had noticed the diamond except him. He had hidden the diamond in his lunch can and left the mine, never to return.

Eddy Enters. He is dressed in oil stained overalls and carrying a briefcase. Mason's eyes come to rest on the Keystone Pipeline emblem stitched onto the breast pocket of the overalls.

Eddy asks to see the diamond.

**EDDY:**  
Where did you get it?

**MASON:**  
Does that matter?

*Mason pauses, tries to slow his breathing and widen his shoulders to appear larger. Eddy maintains eye contact.*

**MASON:**  
Two days ago. It... It was in a pile of waste... by an outflow pipeline. Honestly, how'd they miss this one, I mean would you? Lucky for me they did though.

**EDDY:**  
Won't they miss you?

**MASON:**  
I told them I had some business in the city. Family stuff you know. Said I'd be gone a week. They've been laying off staff at that mine for months, I don't think they'll notice one leaving by himself. Where will it go?

**EDDY:**  
I know a guy in Chicago who can deal with this sort of thing. We have a system now, me and him.

**MASON:**  
But the border I mean?

**EDDY:**  
That's the best bit. I send them in the pigs. I have them made specially... To carry stuff I mean. We send pigs all the time through the pipes to check for cracks, so no one will notice... no one notices anything out here.

*Eddy clenches his fist around the diamond and turns to leave. He walks across the room and sits the briefcase by the door. He turns back to Mason.*

**EDDY:**  
That's half. You get the rest when it gets there.



### THE MINERAL RUSH

In suit 234 of the 69 Parallel Hotel, Murmansk, two men are checking the contents of a suitcase. Amongst the belongings are a pair of marine binoculars, a marinade injector, 10 tubs of anti depressant tablets and 20 vials of saline solution. They begin crushing the tablets into a fine powder and dissolving them in the vials of solution.

After leaving the hotel they arrive at Murmansk docks and board a fishing vessel. As they enter the Herring fisheries of Svalbard, the fishermen busy themselves on the boat, heaving the nets over board, while the two men wait. After an hour a pod of beluga whales is spotted moving towards the boat to investigate. The two men begin injecting the solution into the herring and tossing them over board. The whales follow the boat for two hours, consuming the dead fish as they go.

The health of the beluga whale is used to study the well-being of the entire Arctic ecosystem, and so an autopsy is inevitable. The resulting tests present evidence of new lithium deposits off the Svalbard coast.

1 week later - Longyearbyen, Svalbard

Two men are standing in a large room. Several bright neon strip lights illuminate 6 large stainless steel tables. The polished surfaces of four of the tables reflect the light, the other two tables carry the carcasses of dead whales.

**VETERINARIAN ONE:**  
Lithium?

**VETERINARIAN TWO:**  
That is what he said. All of them, lithium toxicity.

**VETERINARIAN ONE:**  
But... How can that be, I mean have you ever heard of that before... in these waters?

**VETERINARIAN TWO:**  
*(Tired)* No I haven't, and neither has he, but he wants us to remove the Kidneys from these two and send them up. He says there are people coming from the mainland, arriving tomorrow, all types apparently, and he wants to make sure before *they* get here. There has been a lot of interest; some guys from NRC are coming, and two guys from Finland.

**VETERINARIAN ONE:**  
But.... This doesn't sound right. I mean... wait, NRC, the mining company? What do they want?

**VETERINARIAN TWO:**  
*(Getting angry)* Yes, the mining company. Look, I don't know, like I said, there's been a lot of interest, and he wants to test these two before they get here.

*Veterinarian two begins cutting length wise down the belly of the first whale.*

**VETERINARIAN TWO:**  
*(Strained)* So lets just get this done and cleaned up and then we can both get out of here.

*Veterinarian one adjusts his glasses, and moves towards the table.*