

PLUNDERERS OF ANTIQUITY

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CANTINA, BASEMENT -- JULY, 1723 (DAY)

A dark staircase leads sharply down to a wine cellar, lit by candlelight. At the base of the stairs, on the dirt floor, there's a table with people around it.

RICKARD, 43, has his back to us. What can be seen of him is the mass of knotted hair, the torn shirt front under his Admiral's coat, and the nasty scar running from forehead to cheek.

Across from him sits BASCUNAN, a frightened slave, covered in sweat. He doesn't speak English, but everything he says is relayed by a TRANSLATOR, a young black woman.

RICKARD  
You are the only survivor of the  
expedition?

When the slave doesn't answer, the SLAVE DRIVER standing behind him, prods him in the ribs.

SLAVE DRIVER  
Answer the man!

The slave nods, wincing.

RICKARD  
You made it to the interior?

The Translator repeats and her counterpart finally nods.

RICKARD (CONT'D)  
And what happened when you started  
to dig?

The slave mutters to the woman.

TRANSLATOR  
He say, 'the men... they lost their  
minds...'

Rickard nods. He digs into his coat and comes out with a square of tanned leather.

RICKARD  
Was this among it?

Bascunan takes what Rickard's offering. He sees a picture of a spiral-shaped SEASHELL burned into it.

He urgently turns back to Rickard with shaking hands, imploring him. The translator shares.

TRANSLATOR

There is only death there.

Rickard nods, unmoved. He moves to stand when the slave grabs him suddenly and viciously by the arm, repeating desperately what the translator just said.

BASCUNAN

*There is death!*

Rickard calmly removes the man's hand. He answers, coldly.

RICKARD

Don't worry about me...

(beat)

I'll bring someone expendable.

INT. CANTINA BAR -- SAME TIME

Upstairs, THATCHER, 17, a teenage fop in a laced cravat, white stockings and buckle shoes plays poker with some visiting heavies.

He's accompanied by PRUDENCE and LAVINIA, two prostitutes with rotten teeth, fanning themselves with collapsible fans. They have horrible cockney accents.

LAVINIA

I'm staaaarvvving!

Thatcher lewdly licks the cigarette he's rolling, thinking it turns them on.

THATCHER

I promise when I win, sweet, I will  
take you out to a beautiful steak  
dinner. All the trimmings.

Opposite Thatcher is SENOR VALLEJO, 46, a fat slob in a powdered wig who slurps clams endlessly. Even the prostitutes are disgusted. His hands still wet with clam juice, Vallejo throws a couple reales into the TRICORN HAT they're using as the pot.

SENOR VALLEJO

I call.

As the rest of the table antes up, Thatcher lets his gaze travel out the bar window.

Maracaibo is a fishing village consisting of cheaply-made terracotta buildings embedded in the hills like ramshackle tree houses.

Amongst the shops and bungalows are dozens of slaves stripped to the waist swinging pick-axes at the mouths of various caves.

SENOR VALLEJO (CONT'D)  
I see you're admiring my workers.

THATCHER  
Is it true they found gold inland?

SENOR VALLEJO  
(nods)  
My company has the claim. Caracas  
Compania.

THATCHER  
Ah then, perhaps you know my  
father, Lord Humphries? Lieutenant  
Governor of Nassau?

SENOR VALLEJO  
But of course! I see the  
resemblance. I didn't know we were  
among royalty!

At the back of the bar, Rickard, the slave driver, and the two slaves emerge from the wine cellar. When he catches sight of Vallejo, Rickard crosses to the poker table. Behind him, the slave driver shoves the slaves out the door.

SENOR VALLEJO (CONT'D)  
Did ye get what you wanted out of  
the heathen?

Rickard nods and tosses Vallejo a coin purse.

RICKARD  
Aye.

SENOR VALLEJO  
Then help yourself to a drink.

RICKARD  
I don't drink.

SENOR VALLEJO  
(laughs)  
What kind of man doesn't drink?

The BARTENDER rises from his seat.

BARTENDER  
I'll get you water.

Until this point, he's been fogging up the room with the mahogany PIPE he's smoking. He places it in the ashtray and goes to help Rickard.

Considering his cards, Vallejo finally nods and throws Rickard's coins into the hat.

SENOR VALLEJO  
I raise you.

Thatcher looks at his hand one last time. Deciding to risk it, he throws one of his rings into the pot.

THATCHER  
Call.

One-by-one, their cards are flipped until Thatcher raises his hands in victory.

As he goes to collect his winnings though, Vallejo's eagle eyes spot TWO PLAYING CARDS poking out of his frilly sleeves. He grabs the boy by the wrist, pulling his sleeve up--

SENOR VALLEJO  
*What's this?!*

The cards flutter to the table, as red as Thatcher's cheeks. The Bartender returns from serving Rickard.

BARTENDER  
They cut your hands off for  
thieving here...

THATCHER  
Oh no, I can't have that - there  
are so many things I plan on  
picking up.

BARTENDER  
Then why did ye gamble?!

THATCHER  
I didn't think I was gonna lose!

SENOR VALLEJO  
I think it's time to call upon that  
papi of yours to bail you out of  
trouble.

THATCHER

I may have exaggerated my father's  
interest in my life.

SENOR VALLEJO

How so?

THATCHER

He has none.

The Bartender has heard enough--

BARTENDER

Then how d'you suppose you'll be  
settling your tab?!

By his side, Prudence and Lavinia bristle.

PRUDENCE

You ain't got no money?!

Everyone stares at Thatcher. Those owed slowly begin to  
rise.

THATCHER

Now, let's not overreact--

Out of nowhere, he open hand slaps Senor Vallejo. It causes  
no damage and after a moment the entire bar is laughing at  
him.

Thatcher grabs for the closest weapon he can find - a dark  
glass BEER BOTTLE - and smashes it over Vallejo's head.

The Senor smiles, unhurt, and throws a vicious haymaker. At  
the last moment though, Thatcher ducks and Prudence takes it  
full-on in the face. She's knocked clean out.

THATCHER (CONT'D)

*Oh my god, look what you did!*

Undeterred, Vallejo throws another punch. Thatcher ducks  
that one too and Lavinia takes it hard in the face.

THATCHER (CONT'D)

*Stop hitting the women!*

When the Senor moves to throw a third punch, Thatcher grabs  
the Bartender's pipe and blows hot embers into his face.

Vallejo claws at the damage, but Thatcher just makes it worse  
by dowsing him with a glass of rum.

Over at the bar, Rickard watches the fracas bemused and oddly impressed.

The Bartender grabs a CLUB he has hidden behind the bar and enters the fray.

BARTENDER

Not in my bar!

Before he can get far, Rickard punches him in the back of the head and the man goes right down.

Back at the poker table, one of the poker heavies socks Thatcher in the jaw and hurls him across the room.

His victims get to their feet, bleeding and burnt, and make their way towards him.

The bar has a wall of stacked BARRELS, tankards filled with mead. They back Thatcher against it.

Desperate for a solution, Thatcher grabs a nearby chair and hacks at the scaffolding holding the barrels up. They come crashing down, tumbling across the cantina bar, plowing into the other poker players.

Wasting no time, Thatcher snatches up the hat filled with poker earnings and runs out the door.

EXT. MARACAIBO -- CONTINUOUS

Thatcher stuffs the hat down his shirt front, looking for possible escape routes.

The bay is penned in by SAN CARLOS FORTRESS. It is all that stands between Lake Maracaibo and the Caribbean beyond.

Thatcher sets off down the hill as Vallejo and his burned face emerges from the bar. He waves frantically down to the Spanish soldiers guarding the slaves. He points to Thatcher, screaming--

SENOR VALLEJO

*Thief! Thief! Don't let him get away!*

Rifle fire strafes the ground mere steps behind Thatcher. He dives behind MERCHANT STANDS, knocking several over.

SENOR VALLEJO (CONT'D)

*There's nowhere to go! Pin him in!*

The STAND OWNERS yell after Thatcher and his wake of destruction. By shaking their fists though, they put themselves into the line of fire. They start dropping like flies.

THATCHER

You're horrible shots! Aim better!  
They have nothing to do with this!  
(beat)  
I don't know why I'm encouraging  
you!

EXCAVATION SITE

Hearing the gunfire, the Slave Driver takes a break from watching the workers to see what's going on. He throws a hand up to block the afternoon sun and peer across the hillside at Thatcher's escape.

Behind him, the slaves he was supposed to watch take advantage of the lack of supervision to start hacking away at their shackles.

MERCHANT STANDS

With the Spanish troops in hot pursuit, Thatcher grabs a metal serving tray and uses it as a shield. And it *does* defend him from musket fire, but it also ricochets it back at the soldiers firing. Several of them take lead in the face and chest--

THATCHER

*Oh my god, I'm sorry! But to be  
fair, you were shooting at me  
first!*

EXCAVATION SITE

Over the distracted Slave Driver's shoulder, the slaves that have freed themselves sneak up behind the other OVERSEERS and strangle them with the cut chains. When the Slave Driver finally turns and sees what they've done, he screams--

SLAVE DRIVER

*Savages!*

In his panic, he sounds a BUGLE CALL, alerting the military fortress across the water. To silence him, Bascunan hurls his PICK-AXE end-over-end until it lands squarely in the Slave Driver's back.



## CANTINA BAR

From the top of the hill, Vallejo sees the slave uprising happening and demands--

SENOR VALLEJO  
*Stop this foolishness!*

The slaves slowly revolve around to face him. Their stares cause Vallejo's confidence to wilt. He attempts to flee back into the bar but they quickly swarm him.

## HILLSIDE

As soldiers are deployed on horseback from the military fortress across the water, Thatcher watches as they reverse their CANNONS, turning them onto the mainland.

THATCHER  
That's not good...

He throws himself down onto a nearby rooftop, scuttling along spanish tile until he comes to a gap between buildings. Thatcher waits there, frozen, unsure of what to do, as the first cannon shots BLAST--

The sound shocks him and he topples over, falling through a series of clotheslines. They tangle around his neck until he ends up hanging himself. He wriggles his legs trying to get free, the noose choking him. Finally, the line just *snaps*.

Thatcher is sent swinging onto the docks where a fishing boat is unloading its catch. He grabs desperately for the cargo net transporting the fish. His weight rips it in half sending the catch of the day spilling out onto the dock.

As Thatcher gets to his feet an irate FISH MONGER fresh from unloading the ship comes in hot, swinging his CLEAVER!

Thatcher fends him off, but trips backwards, landing on the dock. The fish monger lifts his cleaver high over his head ready to strike. Thatcher winces, dead to rights.

At the last moment though, one of the cannons BOOMS and the fish mongers head *is shot clean off*.

Thatcher lies there blinking in the bloody mist until the body before him finally topples over.

Thatcher manages to stand. He looks around at the mayhem he's caused. The destruction and casualties, the scattered fires, the reinforcements arriving on horseback...

With everyone's attention averted, he quietly slips into the water.

EXT. LAKE MARACAIBO -- CONTINUOUS

As Thatcher swims underwater, explosions echo and bullets riddle the water. Dead bodies fall about him. Even some familiar faces...

Senor Vallejo has been manacled and weighed down by his slaves. He sinks past Thatcher as the young man swims beneath the dock.

When Thatcher finally surfaces, he sees that most of the boats at the dock are leaving to avoid the cannon fire.

He takes shelter on the ship closest to him -- the Spanish treasure galleon, *Asunción* -- climbing its wharf ropes and crawling into one of its open cannon hatches.

When he's clear, he fishes the hat out from under his shirt and marvels at the money he's made.

As the boat pulls out past the fortress, he watches the town of Maracaibo burn to the ground.

FADE TO:

INT. ASUNCION, BELOW DECK -- LATE NIGHT

Hours later, the boat is silent as Thatcher emerges from his hiding place in the ship's hold.

He's surprised to see the ship's crew sleeping in their hammocks. It's very quiet, only the sound of waves and wood groaning.

He tip-toes through the room, desperate not to wake anyone. His progress is slow and the bilge rats that scuttle across his feet aren't helping any...

A particularly large one is bold enough to stand directly on Thatcher's shoe. He tries to shake it off, but it holds on for dear life.

When it suddenly crawls up his leg, Thatcher has a silent convulsion, knocking himself off balance. He starts falling backwards into one of the hammocks but catches himself at the last possible moment, barely one inch from colliding with a tattooed sailor. Relieved, Thatcher makes his way to...

INT. ASUNCION, CREW MESS -- CONTINUOUS

The mess area has been cleaned for the night, only a wheel of cheese left out, butcher knife stuck into it.

Thatcher cuts a piece off and shoves it into his mouth, but immediately grimaces. His face is bruised from being punched.

He continues chewing, gingerly, when a noise behind him makes him jump. He looks for the source, but there's nothing there.

When he turns back though, he's face-to-face with a wiry filipino man. Before Thatcher can react, YUNO lights a match off the rough stubble of his chin.

YUNO

Boo.

Thatcher cries out and turns to run, but there are a pair of twins waiting for him. The BARRYMORES immediately restrain him and drag him up to...

EXT. ASUNCION, DECK -- MOMENTS LATER

The twins gleefully alert the deck crew.

PAUL BARRYMORE

Look who we found!

LUCAS BARRYMORE

It's the boy the Spanish was looking for! He was eatin' our rations!

Those on deck crowd around to see the boy and empty his pockets.

THATCHER

Hey, that's my money!

Paul Barrymore holds a dagger up to Thatcher's throat.

PAUL BARRYMORE

Shut up.

LUCAS BARRYMORE

What should we do with him?

YUNO

Let's run him through!

PAUL BARRYMORE  
Draw and quarter him.

LUCAS BARRYMORE  
Let's whip him!

PAUL BARRYMORE  
Why do you always want to whip  
people?!

A severe-looking, seven foot tall bald man storms over,  
lantern held high. VIRGIL, 49, takes one look at Thatcher  
and orders the others to--

VIRGIL  
Kill him.

The men cheer and drag Thatcher kicking and screaming over to  
the ship's rail. He's just about to go over when a voice  
yells--

DOC LATHUM  
*Avast!*

The deck hands turn to see DOC LATHUM, 53, the ship's bo'sun,  
a well-fed man with mutton chops and tiny spectacles that  
pinch at the nose.

DOC LATHUM (CONT'D)  
Who put you in charge, Virgil?

VIRGIL  
The almighty. What do you care  
what we do with him?!

DOC LATHUM  
I don't, but the Captain might.

VIRGIL  
You want to wake him?

DOC LATHUM  
I'm not afraid to.

VIRGIL  
Be my guest.

Doc marches over to the CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS and raps on the  
door. It's a few moments before the Captain answers, wiping  
sleep from his eyes.

Doc leans in to ask him something and the Captain shoots a  
glance at his new prisoner. It's only then that Thatcher  
recognizes Rickard from the cantina bar.

The Captain considers him for a moment, whispers something to Doc, then returns to his room, slamming the door.

Doc wastes no time in marching over to Thatcher.

DOC LATHUM  
You're the luckiest son of a bitch  
I ever met.

EXT. PORT OF CARTAGENA -- THE NEXT DAY

On a rickety, sea-warped dock, Thatcher follows after Doc Lathum.

THATCHER  
Three years as a cabin boy?!

Lathum LAUGHS.

DOC LATHUM  
Or we could just kill you. Maybe  
drop you back in Maracaibo? Either  
way, don't even think about trying  
to escape. We've got a ship full  
of bloodthirsty derelicts who'd  
love nothing more than to see you  
walk the plank.

THATCHER  
Do I even get paid? What of the  
wages?

DOC LATHUM  
There's a small amount set aside  
for battle wounds, lose a leg get  
an extra share that sort of  
thing... but no prey, no pay.

THATCHER  
What's that mean?

DOC LATHUM  
It means that if we don't take a  
prize, then you don't have an  
income.

THATCHER  
That's not fair!

DOC LATHUM  
A stowaway is going to lecture me  
on wages?!

THATCHER  
It's not like you have the moral  
high ground.

DOC LATHUM  
How's that?

THATCHER  
You're pirates!

DOC LATHUM  
(laughs)  
I like to think we're of a higher  
breed. We deal almost exclusively  
in rare antiquities. But we have  
certainly been called worse. Grave  
robbers, marauders, a menace to the  
British royal navy...

The wooden dock leads to a beachside TRADING POST.  
Blacksmith forges, brothel tents, and butcher stands fight  
for space. Thatcher does his best to keep up.

THATCHER  
Where are we even going?!

DOC LATHUM  
We were supposed to resupply at our  
last destination, but something got  
in the way...

Doc turns from giving Thatcher the side eye to flag down a  
passing STEWARD.

DOC LATHUM (CONT'D)  
You there - where's the ship's  
chandler?

The Steward points the way and the Bosun changes course,  
accordingly. He enters a well-worn tent as the last customer  
is leaving.

INT. CHANDLER'S TENT -- CONTINUOUS

The CHANDLER is one of the locals, a man who only  
communicates through broken English. He speaks without  
looking up.

SHIP'S CHANDLER  
Are ye passenger, cargo, or slave  
ship?

DOC LATHUM

Cargo.

Lathum takes out a list from his pocket and reads.

DOC LATHUM (CONT'D)

We need a hundred rounds of shot, a cache of all-spice, a dozen casks each of tobacco, sugar, and molasses. A swath of calico, at least a hundred yards worth. And whale oil.

SHIP'S CHANDLER

How much?

DOC LATHUM

Much as ye got.

He reaches for his money pouch. Starts counting out gold pieces.

SHIP'S CHANDLER

No doubloon - silver only. Riales.

DOC LATHUM

Since when does gold not spend?!

SHIP'S CHANDLER

Is it yours?

DOC LATHUM

I'm holding it, aren't I?

Lathum forces the pouch into the man's hand and stares him down. The Ship's Chandler eyes him coolly for several moments before nodding.

He pulls the drawstring and looks over the dingy coins that fall into his hand. He holds one up to the light.

SHIP'S CHANDLER

There is blood on this...

Lathum smiles.

DOC LATHUM

As I recall that one was very hard to come by.

EXT. CARTAGENA, DOCKS -- SOON AFTER

Lathum rides lead on the foremost of three wagons weighed down with the ship's supplies. Thatcher's seated atop the cargo behind him, a worried look on his face. He yells to be heard over the horse's clomping.

THATCHER

Why was there blood on the money?

Lathum weighs whether or not to share with him.

DOC LATHUM

You're joining our crew at a very inauspicious time. We recently lost our first mate. Went overboard during a pursuit...

THATCHER

Someone was chasing you?

DOC LATHUM

You don't need to know any more. But if you ever see a ship with purple sails... you yell at the top of your lungs.

They come upon the Asuncion, which looks wholly different in the midday sun. It's a sound vessel, a refitted Spanish treasure galleon, double the width of any ship in the bay. Armed with 12-pound guns, it's painted a glistening, golden brown.

As they pull up, Thatcher sees Paul Barrymore scraping barnacles off the ship's hull. When he sees them arrive, Paul eats one of them, making Thatcher gag.

Lathum bellows to the crew on the Asuncion's deck.

DOC LATHUM (CONT'D)

*Get out here, ye dogs! Get these barrels down in the hold!*

The midshipmen pass the order on to the lower-ranked crew members. There's much grumbling as the men make their way down the gangplank to the dock.

Thatcher watches them approach. They have tattoos, brands, and burn marks, scars and missing teeth. They limp with yellow fever and scurvy and wear soiled bandanas and flea-bitten clothes.

They don't talk, they growl. One of them even has a necklace made of ears. Lathum leans in smiling.



DOC LATHUM (CONT'D)  
 They're scarier than you think.  
 Crew's made of con men,  
 pickpockets, war deserters, former  
 slaves...

Thatcher spots the filipino man from the night before, coming down the gangplank.

DOC LATHUM (CONT'D)  
 You remember Yuno, of course, our  
 Master Gunner and munitions expert,  
 a genuine firebug...

YUNO  
 Did you get that salve?

DOC LATHUM  
 Salve?

YUNO  
 For me nether regions!

DOC LATHUM  
 Ah no, I was unable to procure  
 that. And these are his Powder  
 Monkeys, the Barrymore thieves--

The Barrymore twins, both 26, join their boss in unloading. Almost immediately, Lucas Barrymore drops the barrel he's shifting, causing Lathum to yell out--

DOC LATHUM (CONT'D)  
 --Oy, watch what you're doin! Have  
 the cooper switch those barrels  
 out!

He turns angrily to Thatcher.

DOC LATHUM (CONT'D)  
 Get down there and help them!

Thatcher reluctantly climbs down from the carriage to join Yuno and the Barrymores. Almost immediately, a cask of gunpowder he's moving goes rolling from the wagon. At the last moment though, the Bosun manages to grab it.

DOC LATHUM (CONT'D)  
 Mind yourself, lad! You want the  
 whole ship to go up?!

THATCHER  
 Why so much gunpowder?

PAUL BARRYMORE  
It's none of your concern.

THATCHER  
I'm a member of the crew, aren't I?

PAUL BARRYMORE  
Please, you're the lowest rank on the ship! You're even lower than the swabbies!

THATCHER  
Is this about the ship with purple sails?

Several of the men look up from unloading. They continue to go about their work, but an uncomfortable silence takes over. Doc finally puts everyone out of their misery by motioning to Thatcher.

DOC LATHUM  
Get these casks to the gunner's mates.

Thatcher reluctantly gathers up a gunpowder barrel under each arm. He makes his way unsteadily up the gangplank, almost losing his footing on the ship's deck.

LUCAS BARRYMORE  
Eh, you'll get your sea legs yet!

Thatcher ignores him. Skirting hermit crabs, he heads for the hold when a smell hits him--

THATCHER  
*Caw blimey, what the hell is that?!*

The crewmen at the railing break down laughing.

PAUL BARRYMORE  
That, young man, would be our esteemed Captain...

He motions to the rear of the ship, to the Captain's quarters. It is a dark and imposing shack with cloudy glass windows that block out any view of what's going on inside.

Around the door countless braids of RED SPIDER LILLIES are nailed as if to ward off evil spirits.

PAUL BARRYMORE (CONT'D)  
He thinks they help to block out the smell. But all they do is make the reek stink of flowers.

THATCHER  
Block the smell of what?

Paul smiles.

PAUL BARRYMORE  
...of death.

The deck hands cackle as Thatcher adjusts his grip on the barrels. They're getting heavy. He turns back to the hold but suddenly finds his way blocked. Virgil, the Quartermaster, bellows at the new recruit.

VIRGIL  
You! Bring this to the Captain--

He holds out a TEA TRAY that Thatcher seems to see for the first time.

THATCHER  
I'm supposed to bring these to the hold.

VIRGIL  
That can wait.

Thatcher exchanges the barrels for the tray and turns to face the Captain's quarters.

LUCAS BARRYMORE  
It'll be fine, boy. Just, whatever you do, don't look in the trunk.

Thatcher stares at him confused, but Virgil is already pushing him towards the door. Lathum and the others watch the poor kid go.

DOC LATHUM  
How long's he been in there for this time?

YUNO  
Ever since Obregon went overboard.

DOC LATHUM  
He pick a new first yet?

YUNO  
Not bloody likely.

PAUL BARRYMORE  
I heard Obregon didn't just fall overboard. He was *pushed*...

DOC LATHUM  
Heard from who?

PAUL BARRYMORE  
Virgil said--

DOC LATHUM  
Virgil said, huh?! Don't go  
spreadin' no rumors!

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS

The man inside has his chair turned away from the door. He stares at the LOCKET in his hand, lost in thought.

When Thatcher knocks, the Captain's head makes the smallest of tilts in acknowledgement, but he doesn't answer.

Hearing nothing but silence, Thatcher knocks again. After a moment he peeks his head inside. No one appears to be there, so he enters quietly and looks around.

The Captain's ornate desk is overflowing with logs and ledgers, a series of illustrated maps, and a feathered quill and compass.

Somehow, Thatcher finds room to put down the tray -- on top of a topographical map of the Aztec empire.

As he leans, he notices a PAINTING that's fallen off the wall of a red-haired mother and daughter standing by a fireplace. He stares at it, transfixed, until he remembers what he's there for.

Thatcher returns to pouring a cup of tea when his eyes fall upon the Captain's SLEEPER TRUNK in the corner of the room.

It's almost calling to him...

There's an intrusive noise coming from it. As Thatcher approaches, he sees a single FLY buzzing in and out of the lock.

Curiosity peaked, he reaches out to open the chest when Capt. Rickard suddenly screams--

CAPT. RICKARD  
*Leave it and go!*

Spooked, Thatcher flees as fast as he can.

EXT. ASUNCION, DECK -- CONTINUOUS

Thatcher comes running out of the Captain's quarters to the general merriment of the rest of the crew. They laugh and fall about themselves until Lathum roars at them--

DOC LATHUM

Alright you lot, back to work! We leave in fifteen minutes!

PAUL BARRYMORE

To go where? It's been weeks and he hasn't named a new prize yet.

DOC LATHUM

We've been busy losing Hemane's men!

PAUL BARRYMORE

Haven't we paid for the Captain's mistakes long enough?! We weren't even on the crew when he took down Hemane's ship!

DOC LATHUM

That sounds suspiciously like mutiny, Barrymore. He killed the man's family!

PAUL BARRYMORE

There's not a man on this ship who isn't aware of that! The stink won't let us forget!

Thatcher's been eavesdropping from a distance.

THATCHER

Wait...

(beat)

*What's in the trunk?!*

The crew turn to face their new cabin boy. Lathum's just about to answer when the door to the Captain's shack is thrown open and Rickard comes storming out--

CAPT. RICKARD

*I need all able-bodied men on deck!*

The men cheer and head to their stations as Lathum hurries over.

DOC LATHUM

Do we have a location?

CAPT. RICKARD  
Port of Veracruz.

DOC LATHUM  
You found it, didn't you?

Lathum smiles wide and yells to the others.

DOC LATHUM (CONT'D)  
Make ready to make sail! Handsomely  
now, gents! Raise the yardarm and  
come about!

The deck crew climb into the rigging, unfurling and hoisting the sail as Rickard joins the helmsman at the wheel. When everyone's in place, Virgil shouts--

VIRGIL  
Weigh anchor!

The ropes binding them to the dock are thrown off. Slowly, the Asuncion begins to drift towards the open port. Thatcher stares about him, marveling at the great machinery of it all.

EXT. ASUNCION, CROW'S NEST -- DAYS LATER

The afternoon sun beats down harshly as the gulls that sail around the ship caw endlessly.

The bleary-eyed LOOKOUT in the Asuncion's rigging is just about to fall asleep from heat exhaustion when he suddenly spots something--

He fumbles for the collapsible SPYGLASS at his feet and looks through it. In the distance, just a spec on the horizon, there's the unmistakable ghost of land.

The lookout bellows over the side--

LOOKOUT  
*Land! Thar's land!*

The crew wrenches their gaze to where he points. When they see what he sees, the Captain calls out:

CAPT. RICKARD  
Prepare to make land!

He pulls a BLUNDERBUSS from his captain's coat, makes sure it's loaded, then tucks it into the back of his waistband.

DOC LATHUM  
You're bringing brown betty?

CAPT. RICKARD  
Just in case.

EXT. PORT OF VERACRUZ -- SOON AFTER

The Asuncion drops anchor in an emerald blue cove. A jacob's ladder is unrolled and the men climb down to a pair of waiting longboats. They're set to take them to the white sand beaches nearby.

EXT. VERACRUZ JUNGLE -- LATER

With the Asuncion in the bay behind them, the men hack their way through the dense brush using hatchets and machetes. Without a cutting tool of his own, Thatcher sticks closely to Doc Lathum.

THATCHER  
What's this prize the Captain was talking about?

DOC LATHUM  
There's a lot you'd have to understand before I could answer that.

THATCHER  
I think we've got the time...

DOC LATHUM  
Aye, that we do.

Mopping his brow, Lathum sees there's no dissuading the kid. He reluctantly begins to tell the story.

DOC LATHUM (CONT'D)  
Over two hundred years ago, a man by the name'a Cortes took an arsenal of ships to sail across the Caribbean...

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO -- FEBRUARY, 1519 (DAY)

HERNAN CORTES, 34, an imperious-looking man in a goatee and waxed mustache stands on the prow of a Spanish man o' war.

EXT. BANKS OF VERACRUZ -- DUSK

On the beach, Cortes lights the wick of a cannon and blasts a hole in the hull of his boat.

DOC LATHUM (V.O.)  
When he landed, he scuttled his  
ships so the men couldn't turn  
back.

He watches grimly as it sinks into the ocean.

EXT. TLACOPAN PASS -- AFTERNOON

Cortes' men pillage and plunder the indigenous.

DOC LATHUM (V.O.)  
He conquered village after village,  
allying with warlords who were  
unfriendly to the Aztecs. Then he  
marched inland toward the  
capital...

EXT. TENOCHTITLAN -- ONE MONTH LATER (NIGHT)

By torchlight, the Conquistadors storm the gates of the  
Aztec's sacred palace. They head for the TEMPLO MAYOR - the  
Great Pyramid of Tenochtitlan - and force their way inside.

DOC LATHUM (V.O.)  
He sacked the city...

INT. THRONE ROOM -- MINUTES LATER

The Conquistadors break down the doors of the throne room.

DOC LATHUM (V.O.)  
...and took Montezuma, the head of  
the Aztecs, hostage.

The war-painted MONTECZUMA has a head piece of peacock  
feathers and a bronze chest plate under a grand cape. They  
drag him from his perch.

INT. MONTECZUMA'S PALACE -- SOON AFTER

Sitting on the former leader's throne, Cortes dictates to his  
personal secretary.

DOC LATHUM (V.O.)  
In letters to King Charles, Cortes  
claimed that the Aztecs saw him as  
the reincarnation of the feathered  
serpent god, Quetzcoatl, giving him  
an almost *otherworldly* reputation.



INT. TEMPLO MAYOR -- MAY 22, 1519 (EVENING)

With Cortes in a position of prominence, the natives give thanks to their gods. Thousands of commoners gather in the stone courtyard to watch costumed revelers dance to percussive music.

DOC LATHUM (V.O.)

In his hubris, he gave the Aztecs  
permission to celebrate the Feast  
of Toxcatl...

When the crowd parts, a nervous, YOUNG MAN is led down a carpet of flowers towards the stairs of an altar. With great trepidation, he ascends.

At the top, he's stretched out on a stone slab, his arms and legs tied down. Once secure, a HIGH PRIEST steps forward, his face covered in a skull-like mask. From his neck dangles a familiar *spiral conch shell*...

The Priest is armed with a ceremonial KNIFE made of flint. He plunges it into the young man's chest and tears out a still-beating heart.

The Priest walks the heart over to a towering statue of Quetzlcoatl and places the heart into its open maw. With a torch, he lights it on fire...

At his cue, the sacrifice is beheaded, the corpse thrown down the temple stairs to the waiting beasts of prey.

When the Conquistadors see this, their sudden outcry takes the guards by surprise. The Aztecs go for the hilts of their weapons and the Spanish are forced to cut them down. They don't stop until the temple floors run red with blood--

EXT. VERACRUZ JUNGLE -- BACK TO SCENE (JULY, 1723)

Capt. Rickard has snuck up soundlessly behind Doc as he tells his tale.

CAPT. RICKARD

That's only if you ask the  
Conquistadors. But if you asked  
the Aztecs...

EXT. TEMPLO MAYOR -- MAY 22, 1519 (EVENING)

When Cortes' men see the nobles in their gold and jewels, their mood changes. Their eyes glow with greed.

Sealing the exits, they surround the unarmed Aztecs, stabbing and spearing them with lances.

The Aztecs try to fight back but to no avail. As the nobles fall, they're stripped of their gold. Someone even tears the SPIRAL CONCH from the high priest's neck.

CAPT. RICKARD (V.O.)  
When they heard of the attack, the  
family members of those killed  
sought their revenge.

EXT. TENOCHTITLAN -- LATE NIGHT

Relatives of the dead are in an uproar, pounding on the palace gates.

CAPT. RICKARD (V.O.)  
They chased Cortes and his men out  
of the capital, slaughtering them  
as they fled...

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TENOCHTITLAN -- SOON AFTER

Rocks, arrows, and spears fly through the night as the Conquistadors gallop away.

They're almost in the clear when an Aztec spear suddenly hits home in one of their horses. It tumbles into a nearby wagon sending it *crashing*...

Scattering its bounty as it goes.

EXT. VERACRUZ JUNGLE -- BACK TO SCENE (JULY, 1723)

Rickard finishes his narrative while cutting through a thicket of banana leaves.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Along the way, they managed to lose  
most of the treasure they had  
gained in their conquest.

THATCHER  
And you think you know where it is?  
But how? It could be anywhere?  
It'd be impossible to find--

CAPT. RICKARD  
Not if you know where the temple  
once stood.

The Captain walks off and Thatcher looks after him. They've arrived on the outskirts of a SMALL VILLAGE. Rickard barks an order to Virgil.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)  
Get that Franciscan priest up here.

Virgil parrots the order down the line.

VIRGIL  
Bring up the Priest!

The Barrymore twins drag a sunburnt monk up from the rear of the procession.

CAPT. RICKARD  
You speak the Chontal Maya?

The Priest nods, frightened.

THE FRANCISCAN  
And the Nahuatl.

CAPT. RICKARD  
You translate what I say, exactly  
as I say it - you got it?

The FRANCISCAN nods again, afraid to make a sound.

INT. ELDER TENT -- MOMENTS LATER

Captain Rickard and a small contingent of his crew enter the animal flap tent and take seats in front of the VILLAGE ELDER, 78. A small fire separates them and fills the space between with a haze of smoke.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Thank you for the audience. You  
honor us.

Rickard motions for the Franciscan to translate. He does so, nervously and the Elder nods.

Rickard snaps his fingers urgently at Virgil who hands over a roll of maps, annoyed. The Captain spreads them out in front of the old man and points to the capital.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)  
Tenochtitlan?

The Elder nods. Rickard then points to the coast.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)  
Tlaxcala?

Again, the Elder bobs his head. Rickard traces a line between the two points.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)  
That would make this the tlacopan  
causeway?

He waits for the Priest to translate but to his surprise, the Elder speaks first, albeit in halting English.

VILLAGE ELDER  
You seek Temple of the Feathered  
Serpent. You come for the Aztec  
gold.

The man's formerly quizzical face turns into a frown. He rises to exit along with his followers. Before he can slip away though, Rickard rises to his feet--

CAPT. RICKARD  
I do not deny that my men would be  
disappointed to return home without  
finding the gold, but that is not  
why I am here.

Behind Rickard, Doc Latham's head raises, surprised. He has a vested interest in what the Captain has to say next. Even the Village Elder appears curious.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)  
Something else went missing the  
night Cortes' men fled the  
capital...  
(beat)  
The Spiral Conch of Quetzlcoatl.

VILLAGE ELDER  
I know of what you speak.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Then help me.

VILLAGE ELDER  
Even if you knew the location of  
the temple it would not matter...  
(beat)  
The land will not accept you.

CAPT. RICKARD  
I don't believe in such things--

## VILLAGE ELDER

It does not matter what you believe, Captain. The land has been cursed since that day. It will play tricks on the mind of any man who sets foot there. Your men are not safe.

## CAPT. RICKARD

No, your highness, you are not safe if you think you're leaving this tent without giving me that location.

The Elder eyes him warily. From the looks of it, he means it.

## EXT. ELDER TENT -- SOON AFTER

Having gotten what he came for, Rickard exits the tent at a brisk pace. Doc Lathum has to hurry to catch up to him.

## DOC LATHUM

Captain, do you mind telling me what in the hell that was about?!

## CAPT. RICKARD

Nothing to tell. We have our starting point--

## DOC LATHUM

I'm not talking about the gold! You gave Obregon your word that you were done looking for it. And you know the 'it' of which I'm referring to.

## CAPT. RICKARD

Things change.

## DOC LATHUM

Whether you admit it or not, the Captaincy is vulnerable. Virgil and his followers are a hair's breadth away from controlling the ship. You can't be doing something so stupid--

Rickard turns to face his bosun.

## CAPT. RICKARD

I'm not sure I appreciate your tone.

DOC LATHUM

And I don't appreciate following a madman halfway around the world on a suicide mission!

CAPT. RICKARD

Is that what you think? That I would put the men in jeopardy?

DOC LATHUM

You heard the mystic - we don't belong there! What am I supposed to tell the crew?

CAPT. RICKARD

You tell them that their Captain pays no heed to such superstitions and he forbids his men to either!

DOC LATHUM

Obregon was right - you'll never be through with it! *You cannot bring them back, Rickard!*

The Captain turns heel and marches off.

CAPT. RICKARD

Watch me.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TENOCHTITLAN -- DAYS LATER

Rickard leads the party, cutting the thick green jungle before him with mighty swings of his machete. He sweats like a man possessed, showing no signs of stopping.

Lathum, Thatcher, and the rest of the men follow after, giving their Captain a wide berth.

Rickard slices through a tall bush of palm fronds. As the branches fall, a once prominent STONE STRUCTURE appears in the distance. Weeds have overtaken it but a bit of the old majesty still shines through...

Rickard's face breaks into an encouraging smile. He pushes through the underbrush onto an untended jungle path.

He's only a few steps along it when his mind begins to cloud over and his thoughts become jumbled--

He staggers down the trail, visions of a strange and future world dancing in front of his eyes...

He sees a 1947 TRIUMPH RENOWN, burgundy in color, driving down a country lane. Rickard's own face is visible in the rearview mirror.

He looks up from driving, surprised at something in the backseat. By the time his eyes return to the road, it's too late--

He spins the wheel to avoid the impact and the Triumph is sent crashing off a narrow bridge. Just as it's about to hit the murky lake water, Rickard wakes up in--

INT. LORD HASTINGS ASYLUM -- APRIL, 1957 (DAY)

Rickard sits up, gasping in a STRAIT JACKET. The water he was expecting to slam into is instead splashing against a nearby windowpane.

As it dissipates, the GARDENER watering the outside flowers comes into focus as he tends to the manicured grounds.

Rickard looks around. He finds himself in a wheelchair, reclining by the picture window of a large, sun-drenched sitting room. His prodigious mane is now buzzed to the scalp.

YUNO (O.S.)  
Oy, you alright?

Through manic eyes, Rickard spots his master gunner, standing next to him, concerned. Yuno leans over Rickard in a wispy goatee and government-issued scrubs.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Yuno, where are we? Why am I wearing this?

YUNO  
Oh, you were being loud, very loud. It's as much for your protection as it is ours.

CAPT. RICKARD  
What happened? I was just somewhere else...

YUNO  
No chap, you been sitting here for the better part of an hour.

CAPT. RICKARD  
I saw a metal carriage go over a bridge.

YUNO

You sound like you need extra pills. You can have mine. All I ask is a single match, I know you have one--

As Yuno begins to beg, one of the orderlies comes over to swat him away.

JEROME

Get out of here, you firebug!

JEROME, 24, is of West-Indian descent but has no tell-tale sign of an accent, just a cheery, east-London brogue.

JEROME (CONT'D)

How are we doing today, Mr. Richard?

He doesn't wait for a response, just undoes the brake on Rickard's wheelchair and begins to roll him down the hall.

CAPT. RICKARD

Unhand me!

JEROME

Now-now, Mr. Richard -- behave! You know what time it is. It's time for group. And maybe if you're good, we can get you out of these restraints.

Rickard marvels at the modernities they pass: a nurse talking on a rotary phone, a gramophone quietly playing ballroom music.

It's a standard government brick building made only slightly more exotic by its steam baths and E.C.T. rooms.

As they roll through the lobby, they pass under a doorway with the greeting "Welcome to Lord Hastings Asylum" stenciled over it.

Rickard reads these words, bewildered, as he's wheeled into...

INT. ASYLUM, COMMON ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

There's a semi-circle of patients already there and Jerome deposits him amongst them. Immediately, Rickard sees a familiar face.



CAPT. RICKARD

Doc, what're you doing here?!

But Lathum's occupied with the two handfuls of candy he's stuffing into his mouth. It looks as if he's not even enjoying it.

YUNO

Oh, he won't talk to you. Not during snack time.

Having taken the seat next to Rickard, Yuno speaks loud enough for Lathum to hear him.

DOC LATHUM

I've barely eaten anything all day!

Yuno lowers his voice and leans in to speak confidentially to Rickard.

YUNO

He's just gonna throw it up anyway...

Choosing to ignore the man, Rickard spots the Barrymore twins across from him. But here they look softer than they did on the boat, like wealthy weaklings lounging around in silk pajamas.

CAPT. RICKARD

Boys, be ready for my signal should we need to make a break for it.

The spoiled brats stare at him for a moment before breaking into mocking laughter.

YUNO

I wouldn't bother with them if I were you. They killed their own parents...

Growing increasingly annoyed, Rickard spots Thatcher, sitting in the corner.

CAPT. RICKARD

You there, boy - is that you? What was your name? Hatcher? Badger?

Thatcher moves to respond when ANTON, a Junior Doctor in khakis and a lab coat, enters, pulling a seat up to the circle.

ANTON

Okay let's get into it. Tuesday, I believe, we were talking about Virgil's lack of control over his urges.

He motions to a tall man absent-mindedly rubbing his crotch. Virgil makes no attempt at stopping. He's so occupied that Thatcher is able to steal something by his feet.

ANTON (CONT'D)

Billy, please give Virgil the talking stick back.

Thatcher, or "Billy" as he's called, sheepishly hands the painted stick back to Virgil as the Doctor continues.

ANTON (CONT'D)

Thank you. Now Virgil, is there perhaps a better, more constructive way to get the nurse's attention than telling them that you want to, in your words -- "split them like timber?"

Rickard can't stand it anymore. Before Virgil can answer, he bellows--

CAPT. RICKARD

*What the hell is going on?! Where are we?! Who in the hell are you people?!*

Several of the patients groan.

BILLY

Oh come on, man - we've been over this!

Anton holds a hand up to quiet them down.

ANTON

Billy, that's quite alright. If Richard needs to hear my qualifications one more time than I am more than happy to oblige. I am junior doctor here at Walter Lord Hastings under Dr. Boil; my official title being Associate Clinical Fellow in Psychiatry. And this, Richard, is group therapy.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Why do you keep calling me  
Richard?! My name is Rickard,  
*Captain-James-Rickard!*

Anton nods, solemnly.

ANTON  
I had hoped we were past this.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Past what? Why am I being kept  
here?!

ANTON  
No one is keeping you here,  
Richard.

CAPT. RICKARD  
If I have not been captured, then  
why have you restrained me?

ANTON  
Fair point. Jerome, why don't we  
get these bonds off of Richard  
here.

Jerome steps forward, unsure.

JEROME  
You sure about that?

ANTON  
We can trust him. Can't we,  
Richard?

Rickard bobs his head, cautiously. Anton nods his final consent to Jerome, who loosens the arm cinches on the strait jacket.

As it slacks off of him, Rickard pulls his arms free, rubbing the strained muscles.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Now, why am I being kept here?

ANTON  
For the last time Richard, you are  
here of your own accord. You  
signed yourself in over eight years  
ago, when you drove your family's  
car off a bridge... with your wife  
and daughter still inside.

Rickard squeezes his eyes shut, but still the visions return--

*His eyes in the rearview mirror... the car spinning out of control...*

...but now there are others in the car besides Rickard.

CAPT. RICKARD

It's not true...

He beats at his head as the horrific images come to him. Jerome steps in to restrain him, but Anton waves him off.

ANTON

No, give him a moment--

But Rickard is instantly on his feet, the remains of the strait jacket falling from him.

CAPT. RICKARD

This is some ploy to start a mutiny!

He screams out of the room with ORDERLIES in hot pursuit.

As he enters the hallway however, he stops dead in his tracks.

At the end of the corridor is DR. ALVIN BOIL, 56, a squat, Asian man in a purple tie and tweed suit. He's busy filling out paperwork by the NURSE'S STATION.

Rickard *screams*--

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)

*Hemane!!!*

Dr. Boil rolls his eyes.

DR. BOIL

Not this again.

He puts his hands up in self-defense as Rickard runs at him, full-tilt.

The second before he makes contact though, Jerome catches up with the patient. He tackles Rickard to the ground and with the help of another orderly, holds him down.

They keep him still while the NURSES prepare a syringe. Grabbing it from them, Dr. Boil pheno-barbitols Rickard before he even knows what's hit him.

And finally, though he fights it, his eyes shutter closed.

EXT. THE ASUNCION -- AUGUST, 1723 (DAY)

Rickard wakes up back on the Asuncion, hogtied to the main sail. He braces against the ropes. When he sees that struggling is fruitless, he looks about for someone to untie him.

When Virgil passes, Rickard flags him down from beneath his muffled gag. The Quartermaster appears ready to ignore him, but finally saunters over to lower the gag.

CAPT. RICKARD

What is the meaning of this?! Why am I tied up?

VIRGIL

Had to, I'm afraid. You've been violent, in and out of consciousness for the past three weeks--

CAPT. RICKARD

Three weeks?

VIRGIL

Ever since we left New Spain...

CAPT. RICKARD

*We left?! No, we have to go back. We have to go back!*

VIRGIL

I can't do that. You see the crew have their hearts set on drinking and whoring in Port Royal...

CAPT. RICKARD

You would leave behind countless riches--

VIRGIL

We found nothing there. Not a single gold piece.

CAPT. RICKARD

Because you weren't digging in the right place!

VIRGIL

Don't pretend you were looking for the same thing we were!

CAPT. RICKARD  
Get me out of these ropes! I am  
your Captain!

VIRGIL  
Not anymore, mate. The crew voted  
while you were under.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Then who's running the ship?

Virgil smiles from ear-to-ear.

EXT. PORT ROYAL, JAMAICA -- LATER THAT DAY

The gangplank has barely touched dry land before the crew of the Asuncion are running over it, eager to get on with their drinking and whoring.

When most of them are off the boat, Doc Lathum shows up at Rickard's side with a carving knife.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Oh Doc, thank God. I was in some  
mad house surrounded by the lunatic  
fringe!

DOC LATHUM  
Maybe keep that to yourself.

Lathum cuts through the bonds with ease and the ropes fall to the deck in a pile. Rickard steps free of them.

DOC LATHUM (CONT'D)  
Let's go to Molly's. Figure out  
how to get your ship back.

He and Doc head off the ship together into Port Royal, a lawless haven along a sun-baked coast.

On the wharves, feral dogs roam freely stealing whatever food they can find. A Priest on an apple box tries hopelessly to proselytize to the heathens. And shirtless pickpocket children run amok.

Rickard and Doc pass a series of WANTED POSTERS featuring the haughty likeness of LORD HASTINGS. They read--

"By order of the Viceroy - evidence that leads to the arrest or detainment of those wanted for piracy to be rewarded 500 pounds."

Rickard motions to it.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Our time is running out...

DOC LATHUM  
He's not the first wig trying to  
curb piracy and he won't be the  
last. It never works.

They head up to the open door of a rowdy tavern. Drunks  
spill out onto the road, fighting and vomiting.

Lathum moves to enter when he realizes that Rickard is no  
longer with him. He turns back to see the Captain  
hesitating.

DOC LATHUM (CONT'D)  
It's just a bar.

Rickard reluctantly nods. He forces himself to continue  
inside, one foot after the other.

INT. MOLLY BALLOU'S -- CONTINUOUS

Rickard looks sourly around the establishment as members of  
his already drunken crew carouse with ladies of the night.

Together with Lathum, he heads up to the bar. MOLLY, 48, a  
rosy-cheeked, heavy-set bar matron turns from serving  
sailors. She sees the two of them and smiles.

MOLLY  
Doc Lathum, who let you in here?!

She comes around the bar and kisses him full on the lips.  
They seem very familiar with one another.

DOC LATHUM  
The door was open.

She looks over Doc's companion.

MOLLY  
Rickard.

DOC LATHUM  
Hello, Molly.

MOLLY  
Never thought I'd see you in my bar  
again.

He nods, uncomfortably.

MOLLY (CONT'D)  
You been taking care of my husband?

CAPT. RICKARD  
Was I supposed to do that?

She swats him.

MOLLY  
I suppose you've heard the news,  
then?

DOC LATHUM  
About what?

MOLLY  
You mean, no one's told you?

DOC LATHUM  
We just got in.

MOLLY  
A few days ago, Hemane's men came  
through here...

CAPT. RICKARD  
What?! What were they after?

MOLLY  
Nothing they told me about. But,  
Rickard... they had Jeremy Obregon  
with them.

Rickard starts--

CAPT. RICKARD  
How?!

DOC LATHUM  
You're sure about this, Molly?

MOLLY  
I saw him with me own two eyes.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Where did they take him?

MOLLY  
That I don't know. All I can tell  
you is that they headed south.

Doc's eyes go wide.



DOC LATHUM

*Rickard, the bounty!* Only you and me and Obregon knew where it was hidden--

Rickard shakes his head, adamantly.

CAPT. RICKARD

No, Obregon wouldn't betray us.

DOC LATHUM

Maybe not on purpose, but if they tortured him...

MOLLY

Didn't look like any torture I seen. He was havin' a right laugh with 'em, he was.

DOC LATHUM

Captain, that's all our earnings for the last three years. This isn't something you can leave to chance--

CAPT. RICKARD

Look around - I'm short a crew.

DOC LATHUM

Then get them back! Round up support and call for another vote!

Rickard runs a frustrated hand through his hair, trying to think.

CAPT. RICKARD

There's no time! I'll never be able to convince them.

DOC LATHUM

The Rickard I know wouldn't give them a choice.

MONTAGE

Rickard drags drunken crewmen by their ears out of various houses of ill-repute.

In a darkened bar, his deck hands swill beer, wine, and rum. When Lucas goes to take a shot, Rickard slaps it out of his hand.

LUCAS BARRYMORE

What the christ are you doing?!

CAPT. RICKARD  
I'm taking my ship back.

Lucas manages to shake him off.

LUCAS BARRYMORE  
We don't answer to you no more!

CAPT. RICKARD  
Any man who doesn't come easy, I'll  
have ye measured fer chains!

Lucas tries to pass him unscathed, but Rickard kicks him in the rear, sending them sprawling. As the rest of the patrons laugh, he turns to address the other crew members.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)  
That goes for the lot of you.  
Anyone who doesn't want to dance  
the hempen jig or end up in irons,  
get back to the boat!

The crew streams out of the bar past Rickard, as do many of the customers who *aren't* in his crew.

At a basement cockfight, Rickard pushes people aside and steps into the middle of the pen. Yuno looks up, annoyed, clutching money.

YUNO  
We're in the middle of a match!

The Captain clutches a hand to his chest.

CAPT. RICKARD  
*Oh my god, please forgive me, I  
hadn't noticed--*

He shoots both chickens.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)  
Look at that -- *a draw!*

Rickard storms into a brothel, kicking in doors and dragging his crew off of gaudily made-up prostitutes.

When Doc finds Thatcher he ushers him out the door. The cabin boy is busy pulling on his clothes.

THATCHER  
*Dammit, Lathum - I was this close  
to cracking jenny's tea cup!*

Doc looks back at the kid's potential conquest. She's three hundred pounds of plug ugly.

DOC LATHUM

You should be thanking me. I  
probably saved you from a lifetime  
of disease.

In the next room, Rickard upends a straw mattress sending Paul Barrymore and the two working girls he's with toppling to the ground.

PAUL BARRYMORE

Who in the hell?! How dare you?!  
You're not our captain anymore!

CAPT. RICKARD

About that...

Rickard storms over to the room across the hall. Sounds of wild, animalistic lovemaking come from inside. When Rickard kicks the door in, the prostitute straddled over Virgil pulls the bedsheets about her and runs from the room.

VIRGIL

Do you want to die?!

CAPT. RICKARD

I challenge for captaincy of the  
boat.

Virgil face breaks into a mocking sneer.

VIRGIL

That's a big mistake.

CAPT. RICKARD

So you accept?

VIRGIL

You bet I do--

The Quartermaster is barely out of bed before Rickard grabs him by his hair and throws him naked out the second-floor window.

Virgil lands on his neck in the middle of the cobble-stoned town square -- *very much dead*.

Rickard turns back to Paul Barrymore, watching from the hall.

CAPT. RICKARD

It seems as if your previous  
Captain has had a nasty fall.

(MORE)

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)  
All in favor of me as the new  
Captain? Very good! Back to the  
ship!

END OF MONTAGE

EXT. ASUNCION, DECK -- A HALF HOUR LATER

The dejected crew is finally gathered together waiting for  
their old Captain to speak.

CAPT. RICKARD  
I know you're angry and normally I  
wouldn't interrupt your leisure  
time for anything, but some news  
has reached me that I felt needed  
to be shared...  
(beat)  
Tikenzo Hemane's men were spotted  
on the island several days ago.

A palpable chill runs through the men.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)  
They had one of our own with them.  
Jeremy Obregon.

LUCAS BARRYMORE  
You're sure about this?

Rickard nods.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Unfortunately for us, he knew where  
our bounty was.

Mutinous grumbling spreads among the men.

PAUL BARRYMORE  
You told us it was safe!

CAPT. RICKARD  
It was! It still can be - if we cut  
them off before they get there.

YUNO  
Get where?

CAPT. RICKARD  
The Antilles.

The crew shudders, audibly.

PAUL BARRYMORE

We barely made it out of there with  
our lives last time! How could you  
leave it there?!

CAPT. RICKARD

What better way to make sure none  
of you syphilitic dogs made off  
with any of it?

He crosses to his quarters, grinning sardonically.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS -- CONTINUOUS

As Rickard enters his keep, the grin fades away. He closes  
the door and leans against it, staring at the PURPLE CHEST in  
the corner.

Slowly, he makes his way over. He lays a solemn hand on the  
top of it and whispers:

CAPT. RICKARD

Soon...

He swallows back any emotion, refusing to go there. Instead,  
he turns back towards his desk, when a sudden, undead hand  
reaches out of the chest to grab him by the wrist--

INT. ASYLUM, RICHARD'S ROOM -- MAY, 1957 (MORNING)

Richard Aisley wakes with a start, clawing at the phantom  
hand's icy grip.

But he finds nothing there.

When he finally catches his breath, he throws the covers off  
and rises from bed.

INT. ASYLUM, REC. ROOM -- LATER THAT DAY

The time usually taken up by group therapy is now occupied by  
Richard. He sits among the patients, speaking in hushed  
tones.

RICHARD AISLEY

We were at least three days behind  
Hemane's men, an eternity in  
nautical terms. So, there was no  
time for delay.

(MORE)

RICHARD AISLEY (CONT'D)  
Even though our destination was an  
island paradise - pink sand  
beaches, coconuts that fell right  
into your lap - its residents held  
a terrible secret...  
(beat)  
It was a place most men never  
returned from.

Richard looks about him at his surroundings.

RICHARD AISLEY (CONT'D)  
Much like this place...

The young man known as Billy is enamored with the story.

BILLY  
I wish we could see it.

The Captain nods, thinking to himself.

RICHARD AISLEY  
Maybe there's a way that you can...

INT. ASYLUM, MED STATION -- LATER THAT DAY

Richard joins the line of those waiting for their meds to be dispensed. As Yuno and the Barrymores pass him, they throw a quick salute.

YUNO  
Captain.

Richard nods. He looks to the front of the queue. Billy is up next...

Jerome hands him a DIXIE CUP full of pills. Billy throws it back and shows Jerome his empty mouth. He leaves the line.

Turning back to Rickard, he sticks his tongue out, proudly showing him the pills he pretended to swallow.

Richard smiles. Across the room, Anton and Dr. Boil observe from afar.

ANTON  
Did you see--

DR. BOIL  
I saw.

ANTON

He's created a sort of hive-mind delusion with the other patients. They really seem to have taken to him. It's a shame. He's a natural leader...

DR. BOIL

We've seen this before. It doesn't last.

He thinks on it for a moment.

DR. BOIL (CONT'D)

Have Richard brought to my office.

INT. BOIL'S OFFICE -- SOON AFTER

There's a KNOCK on Dr. Boil's door and Anton leans in.

ANTON

I've got Richard for you.

Boil motions.

DR. BOIL

Show him in.

Anton steps back and Richard stands there, suspiciously.

DR. BOIL (CONT'D)

It's okay. Please have a seat.

Richard glares back at his mortal enemy, refusing to sit.

DR. BOIL (CONT'D)

Do we need to put the strait jacket on again?

Richard reluctantly sinks into the desk chair. When Boil sees that he's docile, he turns his attention back to his employee.

DR. BOIL (CONT'D)

We're fine here. Thank you, Anton.

ANTON

You're sure?

DR. BOIL

If there's a problem, I'll give a shout. But we're not going to have a problem, right Richard?

Anton eyes the patient, but finally exits, shutting the door behind him.

RICHARD AISLEY  
You keep calling me Richard.

Dr. Boil smiles.

DR. BOIL  
You have many of the patients here  
- hell, even some of the staff -  
believing that you're some pirate  
lord. But you are in fact, one  
Richard Aisley, a former Professor  
of Anthropology at Oxford who has  
been with us for the better part of  
nine years.

RICHARD AISLEY  
I'm not like the other poor souls  
you have here. I won't blindly  
take you at your word.

Boil sighs. He finds his set of KEYS and rises to open the  
bank of cabinets behind him. After a moment of searching, he  
finds the one he's looking for.

He places a BOX down in front of Richard.

DR. BOIL  
This is everything you had on you  
at the time of your intake.

Richard looks curiously over the rim of the box.

DR. BOIL (CONT'D)  
Go ahead.

Richard digs through his personal effects. The first thing he  
picks up is a familiar looking GOLD LOCKET.

He chances a glimpse at Boil, but the Doctor doesn't seem to  
react to the item in any recognizable way.

Turning back to the box, Richard picks up a worn leather  
WALLET. Inside are a series of PHOTOS -- pictures of his  
wife and daughter. Boil points to one of them.

DR. BOIL (CONT'D)  
Shortly after graduation you took  
up your teaching post at Oxford...



INT. OXFORD UNIVERSITY, AUDITORIUM -- FALL, 1939 (MORNING)

Richard Aisley holds court in a classroom salon surrounded by curious student faces. It's a survey course: "Introduction to Anthropology." Unlike in his later years, here Richard seems happy and excited to teach.

RICHARD AISLEY

...if you look at the Codex  
Maglibechiano, you'll read how  
heart-extraction was viewed as a  
means of freeing the soul and  
reuniting it with the Sun. This  
reveals a cardinal Mesoamerican  
belief: that a great sacrifice to  
the gods sustains the Universe...

There's a striking co-ed in the front row with auburn hair.  
REBECCA, 19, listens intently, throwing a smile his way.

DR. BOIL (V.O.)

You met your wife there. You were  
brilliant, rigid, far too  
serious...

(beat)

But she loved you anyway.

INT. THE EAGLE & CHILD PUB -- LATE NIGHT, DAYS LATER

At a campus bar near closing time, Richard and Rebecca slow dance in a corner as if no one else is there...

DR. BOIL (V.O.)

The next semester the two of you  
moved into a small cottage at the  
far end of town. That summer you  
were married in the garden.

EXT. AISLEY COTTAGE, GARDEN -- SOON AFTER

In a lush garden teeming with color, Richard and his new wife kiss surrounded by friends and family.

DR. BOIL (V.O.)

That fall you were conscripted.  
What I have seen of your military  
record is classified, but I do know  
you were part of the team that  
participated in the Burma campaign  
to drive Japan out of the colony.

EXT. RANGOON BAY, BURMA -- MARCH, 1942 (NIGHT)

Richard cowers in a foxhole during monsoon winds and rain as the Japanese shell them from high above. He screams at the top of his lungs, but it goes unheard as the sound of bombs falling cancels everything else out.

DR. BOIL (V.O.)  
When you came back you were a  
different man...

INT. AISLEY COTTAGE -- OCTOBER, 1945 (NIGHT)

Richard returns home, shell-shocked. As Rebecca leads him into the house he hesitates in the doorway, nothing familiar anymore.

She guides him to their daughter's room. She was just a baby when he left...

Shaking, Richard stares at the now five-year-old LUCY sleeping in her bed. He's got tears in his eyes.

DR. BOIL (V.O.)  
They offered you your old job back.  
But you were erratic...

EXT. OXFORD UNIVERSITY, CAMPUS -- MARCH, 1946 (DAY)

Between classes, Richard wanders around campus, yelling at anyone who gets near him. His eyes are bloodshot, his hair a mess.

INT. RICHARD'S CLASSROOM -- MAY, 1946 (DAY)

Taking a break from his lecture, Richard ducks behind his desk to sip from a flask.

When he stands back up, he stumbles a bit and is forced to grab the desk for balance. More than a few students notice.

INT. AISLEY COTTAGE -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Three sheets to the wind, Richard holds court with a rapt audience: his wide-eyed daughter, Lucy.

DR. BOIL (V.O.)  
 During your manic episodes you  
 would entertain your daughter with  
 stories from history, of lost  
 tribes and sacred rites.

Richard leaps about the room, fully committed to his story.  
 Lucy claps, loving every second of it.

DR. BOIL (V.O.)  
 She adored you. But it was  
 different for your wife...

INT. RICHARD & REBECCA'S BEDROOM -- LATE NIGHT

With Lucy sleeping in the very next room, her parents have a  
 hushed argument. They're just a hare's breath away from  
 things becoming physical.

DR. BOIL (V.O.)  
 Everything finally came to a head  
 at the faculty mixer.

INT. THE AISLEY'S CAR -- EARLY EVENING

In their 1947 *Triumph Renown*, Richard drives Rebecca to a  
 party. His eyes are already slits from drinking too much.

RICHARD AISLEY  
 I told you I didn't want to go!

REBECCA  
 Of course, you don't want to go!  
 You never want to go anywhere when  
 it's my friends--

RICHARD AISLEY  
 Because who wouldn't want to listen  
 to their *insipid* chatter all night  
 long?

REBECCA  
 Just don't embarrass me!

INT. ENGLISH MANOR HOUSE -- HALF HOUR LATER

A BUTLER answers the door and leads the Aisleys into the  
 study. Rebecca greets the HOSTS warmly. Richard follows  
 after, determined to have a bad time...

He fumbles for crystal stem ware, even lifts a woman's fishnet veil to see her better. Rebecca tries to steer him away from conversations with her colleagues, but he pulls out of her grasp more than once.

DR. BOIL (V.O.)  
You called her a lush, thought she  
was flirting with her coworkers.  
You accused her of cheating.

INT. THE AISLEY'S CAR -- LATE NIGHT

Once they're back in the Triumph again, the disagreements from the party boil over. Richard's driving is all over the road, crossing the median time and time again.

He's in the middle of screaming at Rebecca when he looks in the rearview and spots the strangest sight...

His daughter is in the rear of the car.

DR. BOIL (V.O.)  
She was reading in the backseat at  
the time. Couldn't bear to be away  
from you.

By the time Richard looks back to the road, the Triumph has crashed through a bridge railing. He braces as the car *smashes* headfirst into the dark lake water--

INT. BOIL'S OFFICE -- BACK TO SCENE (MAY, 1957)

Richard sits across from Dr. Boil, unable to speak.

DR. BOIL  
You received a nasty head injury  
and got this--

He motions to the scar across Richard's right eye.

DR. BOIL (CONT'D)  
When you were pulled from the  
water, something broke in your mind  
causing you to dream up this  
swashbuckling, b-movie serial  
you've been living in. You  
couldn't deal with reality, so you  
created someone who could.

RICHARD AISLEY

You think this is only in my mind?  
How do you know that *this world*  
isn't the delusion?

DR. BOIL

By skipping your meds, you are only  
leaning further into the sickness--

RICHARD AISLEY

Why do you care?

DR. BOIL

Because this is usually when we  
lose you.

He trails off, considering how to share this next bit.

DR. BOIL (CONT'D)

I've told you what I'm about to  
tell you at least four times  
before. It's information you are  
simply *unable* to process.

RICHARD AISLEY

Tell me what?

DR. BOIL

Richard...

(beat)

Your wife and daughter are still  
alive.

Richard's eyes blink, rapidly. He stammers--

RICHARD AISLEY

Why would you...

DR. BOIL

You've heard this before.

RICHARD AISLEY

How dare you say that?! How dare  
you give me hope?!

DR. BOIL

Try and remember! You blame  
yourself for the crash, for your  
part in it, for your drinking.

Richard shakes his head, adamantly.

RICHARD AISLEY

No--

DR. BOIL

Every time I tell you this, the  
guilt rushes in and fills a space  
that should be meant for euphoria.  
Euphoria at having been given a  
second chance!

Confused tears appear in Rickard's eyes. He looks about the room, so very lost. When he finally settles back on Dr. Boil again though, he's strangely lucid.

RICHARD AISLEY

I'm no good for them...

Unable to hold his head up anymore, Richard lets it drop. The wallet PHOTOS are still in his lap and something catches his eye. It's a picture of Jeremy Obregon.

RICHARD AISLEY (CONT'D)

*This -- who's this?*

Taking the PHOTO, Dr. Boil reads the back of it.

DR. BOIL

That is your best friend, Nigel.  
You taught with him at Oxford,  
don't you remember?

Richard shakes his head no, but his mind is racing. He slips the GOLD LOCKET into his pocket, unseen.

As Boil returns the box to the shelf, Richard notices his PATIENT FILE open on the desk before him and sneaks a peak.

Under the "Name of Committing Party" line in faded pencil, he sees the name Rebecca Aisley.

And there's an ADDRESS underneath.

INT. ASYLUM, REC. ROOM -- MINUTES LATER

Anton deposits Richard back into the community area. When he's free of the Junior Doctor, Richard makes his way over to Billy, who's busy watching cartoons on the facility's lone television set that's been chained to the wall.

BILLY

How'd it go?

Richard speaks in hushed tones.

RICHARD AISLEY

More lies.

He glances over his shoulder to make sure no one is eavesdropping. When he turns back, he is all business.

RICHARD AISLEY (CONT'D)  
Do you think you could find a way  
out of your room tonight?

BILLY  
Maybe... why?

RICHARD AISLEY  
Because I'm going to escape.

EXT. ASUNCION, DECK -- SEPTEMBER, 1723 (DAY)

Doc sits on the rail of the ship teaching Lucas Barrymore to read. They have a copy of "Robinson Crusoe" stretched out between them as Lucas sounds the words out.

LUCAS BARRYMORE  
I will carry you...

DOC LATHUM  
...*thither*...

LUCAS BARRYMORE  
Thither in charity, and those  
things will help to buy your sub-  
*subsistence*...

DOC LATHUM  
Mm, close.

LUCAS BARRYMORE  
I don't get it...

DOC LATHUM  
What don't you get?

LUCAS BARRYMORE  
We've all been shipwrecked before  
and it's never been as boring as  
this.

As they continue reading, Thatcher joins them, staring into the portentous mist that surrounds the boat.

THATCHER  
What's out there? Why is everyone  
so afraid?

DOC LATHUM

It's a place whose legend  
supersedes it. Some say it's a  
nation run by refugees of colonial  
law, others an island filled with  
panthers and jungle cats that have  
waited for food for far too long.  
No one knows for sure.

Out of the mist it comes -- a series of narrow, grey islands  
separated by brief channels of choppy waters. The island  
closest to them has a pink sand beach, followed by a jungle  
that rises quickly up into mountainous peaks.

As they approach, Paul Barrymore is lowered in a sling to  
fish some debris out of the water. It's a stoppered, green  
GLASS BOTTLE. He has to avoid the SHARKS that are feeding  
nearby to get to it safely.

Doc leans over to take the bottle from Paul as he's hoisted  
back up to the deck. Uncorking the top, Lathum pulls a  
rolled up SCROLL out of it and unravels the message. He  
hands it to Lucas.

DOC LATHUM (CONT'D)

Would you like to do the honors?  
Go ahead, sound it out--

Rickard has pushed his way through the other men to the  
ship's rail. He rips the paper out of Lucas' grasp.

CAPT. RICKARD

We don't have time for that.

He gives the paper a once-over.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)

It's the pages of a diary...

He squints to read aloud.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)

*January sixth. We find ourselves at  
the mercy of the elements. The  
storms continue to make our already  
perilous situation ever more dire.  
The men have recovered as best they  
can and mourned the brothers they  
lost to the bloody massacre that  
took place on the shores of this  
island. But I fear that our days  
are numbered.*

(MORE)



CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)

*At night, I am convinced that  
something watches us from the  
hills. If anyone reads this...*

He trails off. Only Thatcher has the gall to ask:

THATCHER

What? 'If anyone reads this'  
what...?

CAPT. RICKARD

*...flee.*

A disconcerting silence follows the reading of the note.  
Finally, Lucas breaks it.

LUCAS BARRYMORE

I say we turn around.

DOC LATHUM

And leave our fortune?!

LUCAS BARRYMORE

I'm not setting foot on that  
island.

CAPT. RICKARD

We don't have a choice anymore...

Rickard motions to the nearby bay. The mist has dissipated  
enough to reveal several Japanese warships anchored just  
offshore.

EXT. ANTILLES, SHORE LINE -- MINUTES LATER

The LONGBOATS come to rest on the pink sand beach. The men  
of the Asuncion hop out, shuffling through the surf to get to  
land.

Rickard spots the enemy warship's DINGIES down the beach. He  
notices that Hemane's men have left footsteps from their  
mooring up into the jungle.

CAPT. RICKARD

They went this way.

Rickard takes the lead. They're about to enter the tree line  
when several TRIBAL WOMEN emerge from the island's interior.  
They're abnormally tall with piercings dotting their tanned  
faces.

Though loin cloths cover their bottom halves, they're topless and the men of the Asuncion have problems averting their gaze. Rickard nudges Doc Lathum.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)  
Ask them how many men Hemane had.

DOC LATHUM  
You imagine they speak the king's English?

Rickard looks around at the crew.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Get me someone who speaks hovitos.  
Maybe we can walk it through Spanish and get our point across?

The giggling AMAZONS push the youngest and shyest among them forward, forcing her to approach Thatcher. As she gets close, Thatcher looks at the ground, nervously.

The girl kneads the ground with her foot before working up the nerve. She plants a kiss on his lips.

Thatcher looks up surprised. To the cheers of the other men, he and the young lady begin kissing.

It starts innocently enough, but soon the girl is sucking his mouth and Thatcher's having trouble keeping up.

Out of nowhere, she bites down, suddenly. Thatcher pulls away, horrified, his lip *bloodied*.

Before he can react, the other tribeswomen make their move, gnashing and clawing at the men nearest to them.

They take several down before Rickard plucks the blunderbuss from his waistline and fires a shot off. It hits the girl Thatcher was kissing dead center, cutting a hole through her midsection--

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS -- SAME TIME

Rickard's gunfire echoes up the trail. When it reaches Hemane's men, TIKENZO HEMANE, 56, turns to the harried white man in their midst, JEREMY OBREGON.

TIKENZO HEMANE  
Looks like your friends are coming.

Obregon does his best to not react as Hemane turns to EBOTO NUE, 36, his sneering first lieutenant.

The man is missing a few fingers from being too close to explosions and he has burns on his hands and arms.

TIKENZO HEMANE (CONT'D)

See if you can slow them down a little.

Eboto smiles, a weaselly toothless grin. More than up for the task, he snatches up his bag and runs off.

Up the path, he catches sight of something diving into the undergrowth. Eboto gets on hands and knees to fish out a POISON DART FROG, ominously colored yellow and black.

When he comes across a couple of prickly bushes, he pulls a machete from his pack and shaves their thorns off.

Having collected what he needs, he hurries to catch up with the others.

EXT. ANTILLES, SHORE LINE -- SAME TIME

While Rickard's men fight with guns and cutlasses, the Amazons have their own weapons: blow darts and spears. And more of them are coming out of the bushes by the second...

Rickard desperately herds the men--

CAPT. RICKARD

Head for the trees!

Those still living heed the call. As they beat a hasty retreat into the jungle, Rickard struggles to reload. He brings up the rear, firing shots at anyone who gets close, screaming--

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)

Back you feral scum!

When he blows the head off one of their leaders, they finally take the hint and flee back into the undergrowth. Rickard runs to catch up with his departing crew.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE -- MINUTES LATER

Rickard's men arrive at a rope bridge suspended over a great chasm, at the base of which is a rushing, white water river. The bridge's wooden planks have long since rotted through.

The first men to cross hug the rope railing. That is, until one of them wrenches his hand back, wincing. A bead of blood runs down his palm.

PIRATE #1

Be careful, the rope is rough.

He makes it only a few more steps before suddenly vomiting over the edge.

The crew watches as his body spasms and he falls hard on his face, crashing through the weak floorboards and plummeting to the rocks below.

CAPT. RICKARD

What the hell happened?!

Yuno kneels down to examine the railing. He finds it studded in thorns. The prickles are wet, covered in *something*. Yuno smells them and nods.

YUNO

They knew we'd come this way...

(beat)

...it's clever.

CAPT. RICKARD

What is?

YUNO

The thorns they're tipped in venom.

CAPT. RICKARD

Well, we have to get across.

YUNO

Then you're going to be doing it without the railing.

CAPT. RICKARD

Those boards are rotted! We'll fall right through.

YUNO

Not if you send someone light.

One-by-one, the entire crew turns to face Thatcher.

THATCHER

What?

MINUTES LATER

Thatcher stands before the bridge in his UNDERWEAR, a rope knotted around his waist.

THATCHER

This is lunacy.

PAUL BARRYMORE

No one said you had to get  
undressed--

THATCHER

*Do you have any idea how much  
clothes weigh?!*

CAPT. RICKARD

Remember, when you make it to the  
other side anchor the rope on the  
wood post so we can cross.

Thatcher nods, all the color in his face now gone. Catching his breath, he steels himself and takes a first step. The wood groans beneath his foot, but he keeps moving.

When he arrives at the hole the man fell through, Thatcher hesitates. It's a huge gap, at least five planks long.

Thatcher looks to the others for support, but they're just as worried as he is.

Turning back to the bridge, he takes a step backwards and launches himself forward. He lands hard on the other side, but somehow the wood holds.

Unfortunately, he stumbles. Trying to catch his balance, Thatcher reaches out and grabs the railing.

The crew GASPS.

Slowly, Thatcher looks at his hand. There's not a scratch on it.

THATCHER

It's okay, I think he missed a  
spot!

His good humor is marred by a sudden CRACK and Thatcher's forced to run the rest of the way, floorboards breaking beneath him as he goes.

He lands safely on the other side in a heap.

Getting to his feet, he unties the rope from about his waist and secures it around the wooden pylon. When it's good and tight, the others make their way across.

EXT. TEMPLE ENTRANCE -- MINUTES LATER

Rickard and his crew break through a dense crop of trees, revealing a ZIGGURAT deep in the jungle. It is overgrown with plant life and teeming with wild animals.

It appears as if no one has been there in a long, long time. Except for the muddy tracks that lead up the temple's front steps...

Out front, as if standing guard, are two STONE SENTINELS on either side of the front stairs. At their feet is a grisly scene: one of Hemane's men has been cut down and the sentinels battle axes are *bloody*.

THATCHER

What am I looking at?

DOC LATHUM

He's cut in half... *the long way*.

CAPT. RICKARD

I should have seen this coming.  
It's one of Obregon's traps. He  
was the only one who knew how to  
get through...

THATCHER

You mean we could end up like this  
guy here?

CAPT. RICKARD

Or worse.

The men look back and forth at one another, reluctant to proceed. An ominous quiet takes over as Rickard leads the way inside.

INT. TEMPLE, ANTECHAMBER -- CONTINUOUS

Once out of the searing daylight, the inside of the temple is inky black. Rickard barks out an order to the men that arrive behind him.

CAPT. RICKARD

Someone make a torch.

As several of the deck crew go about finding a stick, Lucas Barrymore discovers a cracked LANTERN at his feet.

Brushing the broken glass aside, he holds it up and digs in his pocket for a match. No sooner does the fire touch it, then the swabbies arm *is blown clean off--*

As the debris clears, the crew race to the man's side. They watch in horror as Paul sees the arterial injury and removes his belt, winching it around his brother's bloody stump.

When the shock wears off, Lucas's screams echo throughout the chamber.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)  
Well, they know we're coming now.

DOC LATHUM  
Is this Obregon?

CAPT. RICKARD  
No, this feels more like our friend from the bridge. I think I recognize the work. Hemane's lieutenant, Eboto Nue. A grim, sweaty little man whose jokes leave bodies in their wake.

Yuno investigates the remains of the lantern. He turns it over in his hands and smells the base.

YUNO  
Gunpowder. In the oil cache...

He's almost awed.

YUNO (CONT'D)  
He knew someone would light it.  
It's so simple, so obvious...

Rickard motions to the crew members seeing to the deathly pale man bleeding on the ground.

CAPT. RICKARD  
You men, take him back to the ship.

Paul accompanies the underlings that drag his brother out of the temple. When Lucas's screams finally fade into the distance, Doc turns back to Rickard.

DOC LATHUM  
What now?

Rickard looks deeper into the darkness.

CAPT. RICKARD  
We go on.

He leads the way through the shadows.

INT. TEMPLE, SHAFT -- MINUTES LATER

Rickard guides the group forward until the corridor narrows into a dead end. He places his hands flat against the wall.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Where's the rest of it? This can't  
be it. Everyone spread out. Find  
a way through.

As the men look for some kind of passageway, Thatcher runs his torch along the stone wall.

This illuminates life-size CARVINGS of the Amazons indigenous to the island. But where their eyes are meant to be are instead *gaping holes*.

Thatcher's about to investigate when a SPEAR suddenly shoots out of one of them and *whizzes* by his head. He stands there frozen in fear until he can slowly revolve around. The spear has planted itself deep into the wall behind him.

DOC LATHUM  
Jesus Christ, boy - are you  
alright?!

Thatcher nods, blankly. When he regains his faculties, he examines the steel-tipped spear. He tries to pull it out, but it's buried quite deep.

DOC LATHUM (CONT'D)  
Come on, help him--

THATCHER  
No, wait.

Thatcher waves them off. He returns to the mural and raises his torch once again. It's pictures go up, up and up, dozens of carvings stretching to the ceiling some two hundred feet above them.

Thatcher runs back to the spear and stands atop of it. It holds his weight. When he rises to his full height however, the torch in his hand triggers a SECOND SPEAR. It narrowly misses Thatcher a second time.

But this one he was ready for. He hands off the torch to Doc and climbs up onto the second spear. Rickard stares, amazed.

CAPT. RICKARD  
It's a ladder!

He elbows Doc, smiling, and motions to the others.



CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)  
Follow him up.

One after the other, the crew obliges. Soon all of them are climbing the spears, slowly heading for the ceiling.

In the lead, Thatcher cautiously triggers each new spear. He's about halfway up when he slips climbing to the next rung.

His boot scuffs the wall, accidentally throwing a LEVER. A great rumbling sounds as the mural wall slowly begins to *close in on them--*

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)  
It's going to crush us -- *move!*

Everyone steps up the pace, scampering like mice from one hand hold to another.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)  
*Hurry!!!*

The spears are of varying lengths. When the encroaching wall reaches the longest of these, they splinter throwing their occupants crashing down several stories until they land violently on the ground.

As more bodies fall, they plummet past their crew mates knocking many off their perches. Those that survive are forced to climb at near breakneck speed...

When Thatcher reaches the LEDGE at the top, he helps the others up after him.

Soon it's just Rickard and a few others left climbing. He's stuck behind Doc who ascends as fast as his bulky frame will allow.

Those below push him to hurry. The wall is mere inches away.

Somehow, Doc manages to throw himself up and over onto the ledge. He lays on his back sucking in air as the others are pulled to safety.

INT. TEMPLE, PIT -- MINUTES LATER

Once they are fully assembled, the crew reaches a vast pit in the temple floor and can go no further.

The only thing that breaks the darkness is a CHAIN hanging from the ceiling and a STONE PLATFORM suspended some ten feet into the nothingness.

Rickard holds his torch out but can't see more than a few feet down.

DOC LATHUM  
Why are we stopped?

CAPT. RICKARD  
There's nowhere to go.

From the deepest recesses of the chasm, water can be heard sloshing around.

THATCHER  
What's that noise?

Rickard shrugs and drops the torch. It illuminates a writhing mass of starving CAIMAN.

After taking them in, Rickard nudges Thatcher forward.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Well, you know what to do.

THATCHER  
Not again! The bridge and the spears were one thing, but there's no getting across this!

CAPT. RICKARD  
Obregon wouldn't have put it here if it wasn't passable.

THATCHER  
Great, then you do it!

CAPT. RICKARD  
To be fair, we could just throw you in with the crocodiles...

THATCHER  
*That's where I'm going to end up anyway!*

Rickard takes a step towards Thatcher, who immediately wilts towards the obstacle.

THATCHER (CONT'D)  
Okay, I'm going!

He takes one last look down into the pit, then takes a deep breath and steps forward to tangle with the puzzle.

Grabbing hold of the chain hanging from the ceiling, Thatcher gives it a tug or two to make sure it's secure. When he's reasonably sure it is, he swings onto the platform.

As he lands, the stepping stone lowers slightly and a second platform rises further on in the void.

Thatcher jumps to it and the platform he was just on sinks back into the darkness.

He WHISPERS to himself.

THATCHER (CONT'D)  
It can't be done alone...

CAPT. RICKARD  
What did he say?

Thatcher raises his voice.

THATCHER  
Someone needs to stand on the first platform.

CAPT. RICKARD  
It already sank.

Thatcher thinks for a moment.

THATCHER  
It's because I'm on the second one.

He confidently jumps back to the first platform and as his weight leaves the second one the first one reappears under his feet.

THATCHER (CONT'D)  
Throw me the chain.

Doc swings the chain back to him. The boy grabs it and returns to the starting point.

CAPT. RICKARD  
I don't understand. How do we get across?

THATCHER  
Just watch.

Thatcher swings back to the first platform, but instead of moving on, he shifts to the side of the platform and motions.

THATCHER (CONT'D)  
Someone else needs to join me.

CAPT. RICKARD

Doc, you go.

Doc's surprised the Captain chose him, but cautiously swings out to join Thatcher. Once he lands safely, Thatcher jumps to the second platform.

Now with weight on the first two platforms, a THIRD rises into view. But when Thatcher sees it, he blanches.

There's a FOOTHOLD TRAP on it with two great jaws of IRON TEETH.

THATCHER

*Dear God...*

Rickard's view is blocked.

CAPT. RICKARD

What is it?

THATCHER

It's a snare.

Various groans circle the crew.

THATCHER (CONT'D)

If I don't land perfectly...

(beat)

I'm losing a leg.

DOC LATHUM

Then land perfectly.

Thatcher shakes his head.

THATCHER

If I'm right about this there's no turning back. When I jump, Doc, you take my position and we need a third person to take Doc's place.

Yuno steps up.

YUNO

I'll do it.

THATCHER

If any of us hesitates, we all die.

DOC LATHUM

Just focus on not tripping the trap.

Thatcher nods.

THATCHER  
Okay, we'll go on three.

They nod and Thatcher swallows hard.

THATCHER (CONT'D)  
One... two... *three--*

As Yuno swings onto the first platform and Doc hops to the second, Thatcher throws himself at the third platform.

Both of his feet must land on either side of the PRESSURE PLATE. There's no room for error.

When his boots hit the platform he flinches, expecting the trap to trip at any moment. The others wait with baited breath.

When nothing happens, Thatcher lets all the air out of his body in relief.

Slowly, the three platforms lower slightly and a STONE DOOR rises revealing an OPEN DOORWAY...

Thatcher resists the urge to immediately jump for it. He cranes around to see Doc.

THATCHER (CONT'D)  
You ready to jump?

Doc looks at the snare with trepidation. He nods, barely.

DOC LATHUM  
Call the count.

His legs are practically shaking as Thatcher does just that.

THATCHER  
One, two, *three--*

Thatcher lands safely in the stone doorway on all fours. When he turns back to see how Doc fared, he's just in time to watch the snare jaws clamp down on one of Doc's legs.

With the weight now uneven, the stone door comes *crashing* down on Thatcher. He's forced to roll out of the way, caught on the other side of the wall, closed off from the rest of the party.

Climbing to his feet, Thatcher's busy swatting the dirt off of himself when he sees a LEVER next to the door. He pulls down on it and the door opens once more.

He watches as the platforms line up and the crew hurries to free Doc from the metal snare. The bosun SCREAMS as they release the claws. Thatcher helps them to lay Doc down in the stone doorway.

THATCHER (CONT'D)  
Captain, we should go back to the ship--

CAPT. RICKARD  
We go forward, we don't go back.

THATCHER  
But Captain--

CAPT. RICKARD  
That goes for every man here. You want to turn back? You want to quit? I'll leave you on this godforsaken island and never look back! So, collect yourselves and let's move.

Rickard storms off. There are nervous grumblings before the crew follows after him through the doorway. Thatcher helps the last few of them carry Doc the rest of the way.

INT. TEMPLE, TREASURE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The first thing they notice when they enter is that the room has been ransacked. There's hardly anything left, and what remains is mostly broken.

Rickard and the others look about the room in disbelief. Their entire nest egg is now gone.

In the corner on a PODIUM there's an open JEWELRY BOX. Inside, all the contents are gone, save for a single piece of papyrus...

Rickard leans over to read the words "too late."

His head drops. When he straightens up, he's furious. He slams the box closed, unaware that the lid is a trigger for cache of gunpowder--

The EXPLOSION sends everyone flying.

EXT. ANTILLES, SHORELINE -- SOME TIME LATER

The ones who survived stagger back to the beach. They're covered in dust and soot with gashes and burns along the lengths of their bodies.

As Rickard emerges from the bush, he looks to where Hemane's ships were anchored. They're long gone.

He stares at the ground, exhausted.

His men carry Doc in a makeshift gurney made of spare clothes and bamboo. They place him gently on the sand in front of the longboats.

Paul Barrymore is in one of them, looking ashen.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Why aren't you on the ship?

PAUL BARRYMORE  
He didn't make it.

Rickard briefly looks at the limp, lifeless corpse of Lucas Barrymore then motions out to sea.

CAPT. RICKARD  
I am sorry to hear that, but  
Hemane's ships are getting away!

By now the fleet is but a dot on the horizon.

PAUL BARRYMORE  
You can't even spare a minute for  
my brother? He's dead, Rickard!

CAPT. RICKARD  
Nothing I do or say is going to  
bring him back. We have to save  
Obregon!

PAUL BARRYMORE  
Wake up, Rickard - he betrayed us!  
This is his payback for you  
abandoning him!

CAPT. RICKARD  
Obregon wouldn't do that! And when  
you address me you address me as  
Captain!

PAUL BARRYMORE  
You're not my Captain.

CAPT. RICKARD

You think you're the only one to lose anything? Hemane took everything from me! My family, my crew, and now Doc will probably never walk again!

PAUL BARRYMORE

You talk as if this isn't all your fault! Knowing you gets people killed!

CAPT. RICKARD

I don't have to listen to this--

Rickard helps the men lift Doc into one of the long boats. But Paul is far from done with him.

PAUL BARRYMORE

I can't help but notice that you're empty-handed. All of this... *for nothing!*

CAPT. RICKARD

And now we have to get it back! And who's going to get it back? You, Paul? The gold is gone! But if they want to fence the antiquities there's only a handful of places they could do it...

PAUL BARRYMORE

You can't possibly think you know where they're headed.

CAPT. RICKARD

There's only so many places he could sell it - Milan, Leipzig, Paris. But I happen to know that the largest collection of New Spain artifacts is in the Ashmolean museum.

PAUL BARRYMORE

They wouldn't set foot in England - they're just as wanted as we are!

CAPT. RICKARD

Hemane has no choice, his ships are manned with mercenaries. All they understand is money. If the only thing they're doing is chasing us, they don't have time to take any prizes. They need the money.

(MORE)



CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)  
 But if we don't catch up to them,  
 if we don't get back what is ours,  
 then and only then, will the last  
 three years be... *for nothing.*

Paul stares at him, hating him.

PAUL BARRYMORE  
 When we get our plunder back, we  
 are done with you. Do you  
 understand me?

Rickard nods. As he joins the others in the long boats,  
 Thatcher moves to let him past, afraid to even look him in  
 the eye.

INT. ASUNCION, CABIN -- SEVERAL DAYS LATER

Doc is lying in the cramped space that serves as the  
 Asuncion's infirmary. His right leg has been amputated and  
 the nub bandaged. His skin is sallow and green but he's over  
 the worst of it. There's a KNOCK at the door.

DOC LATHUM  
 Come in.

Thatcher enters holding a tray of food: crusts of stale bread  
 with fish and cheese.

DOC LATHUM (CONT'D)  
 Thatcher, my lad. You can put that  
 over there.

He motions to the bedside table, the only place not laden  
 with books.

THATCHER  
 Captain had me bring this down.  
 You should have heard how upset he  
 was about what happened to you--

DOC LATHUM  
 You don't have to lie to me.

THATCHER  
 I'm not.

Thatcher has left the door of the infirmary slightly ajar.  
 Out in the hall, Rickard passes. When he hears his name, he  
 stops to listen.

DOC LATHUM

Rickard's a hell of a Captain.  
Someone you'd want to follow into  
battle. But he's never kept secret  
where his true allegiance lies.

THATCHER

And where is that?

DOC LATHUM

To no one living.

At the door, Rickard stares off into space, haunted by  
memories.

DOC LATHUM (CONT'D)

You don't know who he was before  
all of this. Half of the crew were  
criminals to begin with, but not  
Rickard. He was a businessman, an  
official with the East India  
Company, commissioned to set up a  
factory in Banten, Java...

EXT. THE MARINER, DECK -- THREE YEARS PRIOR (DAY)

A bookish man stands on the prow of a ship. Gone is the wild  
hair and the scar on his face.

He's soon joined by his wife and daughter, both with curly,  
reddish-brown hair. He puts his arms around them, unaware  
that behind them in the distance, there's an ominous ship on  
the horizon. A ship with purple sails...

DOC LATHUM (V.O.)

But on the way, their ship was  
intercepted by the warlord Tikenzo  
Hemane. He ambushed them in the  
Malacca strait--

Hemane's ship fires a shot across the Mariner's bow and  
Rickard whirls around, animal panic in his eyes.

CAPT. RICKARD

Was that a cannon?

REBECCA

*My god, they're firing at us!*

As the crew becomes battle ready, Rickard drags his family to  
the open door that leads below deck. He pushes them inside.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Don't come out for anything, you  
understand?!

When his wife nods, he kisses her and his daughter and slams the hatch closed.

He grabs a blunderbuss and goes to join the other men. He holds it up, trembling.

EXT. SOUTH CHINA SEAS -- MOMENTS LATER

By the time Hemane's ship overtakes them they're locked in a ferocious battle. There's small arms and cannon fire on both sides, but the ship with purple sails fires twice as many as the Mariner.

When a chain-shot - two cannonballs chained together - rips the main sail in half, the Mariner finally comes to a halt, a veritable sitting duck.

It's crew are wholly unprepared for the merciless killers that come aboard.

Rickard tries to keep up, but he's not a fighter. He's grazed by bullets and knocked to the ground.

Still, when he sees some of Hemane's men go below deck, he tries to battle his way back to his family. All around him, the deck crew are run through by cutlasses and close-range gunfire. Soon a bayonet is at Rickard's throat and he can go no further.

When the mariner's crew are finally subdued, Hemane himself steps on board. Although he is short in stature, pure rage emanates off of him as he takes his spot by the Captain's wheel.

Eboto Nue drags the women he's found up onto the deck. He presents them to his boss.

When Hemane smiles lewdly at Rickard's wife, she scratches him across the face. Wrenching away from her, Hemane shoots the woman point blank.

As she falls down dead, Rickard screams and frees himself from the man holding him down. Pushing through the crowd, he throws himself in front of his daughter who's *shrieking* on the ground--

TIKENZO HEMANE  
Is this your family?

Rickard and his daughter cower together.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Just take what you want and leave!

TIKENZO HEMANE  
I will.

Hemane removes a gun from the holster of the man next to him and shoots Lucy. The echo of the impact is deafening. Rickard SCREAMS--

CAPT. RICKARD  
*Noooo! You son of a bitch, what have you done?!*

Hemane laughs. He unsheathes his sword and steps toward Rickard.

TIKENZO HEMANE  
Are you crying? I think I see a tear in your eye...

Using the tip of his cutlass, Hemane slashes Rickard along the cheek as Eboto cackles.

With blood running down his face, Rickard cradles his loved ones in his arms.

Hemane turns from the pathetic scene before him to address his first lieutenant.

TIKENZO HEMANE (CONT'D)  
Sink the ship.

Eboto runs off, only too happy to oblige.

EXT. SOUTH CHINA SEAS -- SOON AFTER

As Hemane's ship drifts away, the cannons riddle the Mariner's hull until it begins to sink.

With the water rising, Rickard pulls his wife and daughter close to him, refusing to let go.

DOC LATHUM (V.O.)  
Hemane let him live because he didn't see Rickard as a threat.  
(beat)  
This would prove to be a grave mistake...

EXT. BAY OF BENGAL -- WEEKS LATER

As Hemane's modest fleet enters open water, they come upon a dozen bannered ships all bearing the emblem of the British East India Company.

DOC LATHUM (V.O.)  
Rickard called upon the  
Presidential Armies Armada to rain  
down holy hell on Hemane.

Like clockwork, they fire in tandem and the cannonballs rip Hemane's ships to pieces. His men are slaughtered.

EXT. ISLAND -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Amid the flaming debris of his former ships, Hemane drags himself ashore on an uncharted island.

DOC LATHUM (V.O.)  
But somehow, he survived...

Hemane collapses onto the sand and howls into the night.

INT. ASUNCION, CABIN -- BACK TO SCENE, 1723

Doc finishes telling his tale to a spellbound Thatcher.

DOC LATHUM  
He built a new ship out of the  
wreckage of the old one and swore  
revenge on Rickard.

THATCHER  
And the Captain?

DOC LATHUM  
He abandoned his previous life  
altogether to sail around the world  
and try to find a way to bring his  
family back...

Thatcher nods. It's finally starting to make sense.

THATCHER  
The conch shell necklace.

DOC LATHUM  
It was said to ferry Aztec souls to  
the afterlife during their human  
sacrifices. Some think that it can  
also make them return.

THATCHER  
You can't possibly believe that.

DOC LATHUM  
No, but the Captain does. And  
that's all that matters.

INT. ASYLUM, REC. ROOM -- JUNE, 1957 (AFTERNOON)

As the inmates occupy themselves with various board games,  
Richard spends his time examining the unused CHIMNEY.

It's dark inside, but he manages to find the flue lever and  
gives it a pull. A little ash gets in his eyes. He swats it  
away as, across the room, Anton and Dr. Boil watch him,  
skeptically.

ANTON  
What is he doing?

DR. BOIL  
I've given up on trying to guess.

Richard abandons the fireplace, joining Billy at the arts &  
crafts table.

BILLY  
How goes the escape plans?

RICHARD AISLEY  
I believe I can get out of this  
room.

BILLY  
That won't do you any good, they  
lock this part of the building down  
at night.

RICHARD AISLEY  
Dammit.

BILLY  
Just think of something else.

RICHARD AISLEY  
No, there's no time. It has to be  
tonight.

Billy shrugs.

BILLY

It's just as well, you'd have to get by Kevin. He's on the graveyard shift.

KEVIN, a redheaded orderly, stands in front of the infirmary, supervising the pill hand-out. When the patients move too slow, he swats them along.

KEVIN

Hurry up, you mental defectives.

He turns back to Jerome, who's barely putting up with him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I prefer the women's ward. Over there you can bust 'em for uniform violations and "help" them get dressed properly.

JEROME

What if one of them complains about you?

KEVIN

Who's going to believe a woman over me?

Richard looks to Billy, skeptically.

RICHARD AISLEY

If I can't get by him, I don't deserve to escape. I just have to figure out how to get over here.

BILLY

There's always the employee bathroom, I guess.

RICHARD AISLEY

What?

BILLY

Yeah, Jerome let me use it the other day when the janitor was cleaning ours.

He motions across the courtyard to the adjoining building. There's a small picture window there, a PLANTER BOX hanging beneath it.

BILLY (CONT'D)

That's its window right there. Just a quick jump over to here.

RICHARD AISLEY  
I can't jump across the courtyard!

BILLY  
Well, you better figure it out.  
You don't want to end up like him.

He points to a bruise-covered Virgil as he's wheeled by on a gurney.

RICHARD AISLEY  
What happened?

BILLY  
Oh, you didn't hear? Our resident  
pervert jumped from the bell tower.

RICHARD AISLEY  
And survived?

BILLY  
I guess you could call it that...  
he's a vegetable now.

RICHARD AISLEY  
He was trying to escape?

BILLY  
If you believe the doctors...

RICHARD AISLEY  
Christ, I need to get out of here.  
What makes you think they don't  
lock the employee bathroom?

BILLY  
Come on, that's not a problem.

He picks up a roll of MASKING TAPE.

BILLY (CONT'D)  
I just need a distraction...

Looking around, he spots the Barrymore twins among the scrum of people watching the small black & white TELEVISION in the corner.

He hurries over and shares a couple words with them. After a moment, they each nod in turn.

Returning to Richard's side, Billy explains.



BILLY (CONT'D)  
I bribed them with a couple  
cigarettes.

RICHARD AISLEY  
To do what?

BILLY  
You'll see...

Across the room, the Barrymores start arguing with each other.

PAUL BARRYMORE  
It's my turn to watch telly!

LUCAS BARRYMORE  
"Handy round the Home" is on!

PAUL BARRYMORE  
You bastard!

He throws a quick right hand at his brother, catching him on the brow. Suddenly, they're fighting.

As the ORDERLIES step in to break them up, Billy slips out of the common room.

Richard watches as he hurries down the hall and tapes the lock of the employee restroom open.

Turning back to the twins, Richard goes wide-eyed as they're tranquilized and dragged away.

INT. ASYLUM, RICHARD'S ROOM -- LATER THAT NIGHT

Darkness has fallen and Richard's roommate snores away in the cot next to him.

Richard flips his pillow over revealing a stash of all the PILLS he's hoarded over the past few days.

He puts them on his bedside table and quietly crushes them with the base of a lamp.

He collects the powder into a spare envelope that he shoves into his pocket.

With only the moonlight to guide him, he hurries over to the door of his room and peers out the little picture window at eye level.

Across the hall, he can clearly make out Billy in his own room. Richard gives him the sign and Billy nods.

INT. ASYLUM, WARD C -- CONTINUOUS

Exiting his room, Billy jogs down the length of the hallway on bare feet. He comes to the SECURITY STATION in the middle of the facility.

Kevin the orderly is busy checking out a nudie mag and drinking coffee to stay awake. Billy snatches the porn away from him.

KEVIN  
Dammit Billy, what are you doing  
out of your room?!

The teen takes off down another hallway as Kevin chases after him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Give me that back!

Billy turns to taunt him, which turns out to be a strategic mistake. Kevin tackles him to the ground, calling out--

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
*Need some help down here!*

Richard hurries out to lend a hand as do a couple of ATTENDANTS on break. Together, they help wrestle Billy into submission.

As they drag him off to the padded cells, Richard hangs back to dump the crushed pills into Kevin's coffee thermos.

The moment he's through, Kevin returns from helping the other orderlies. He barks at Richard--

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Get back to your room!

Richard throws his hands up and does as he's told.

INT. ASYLUM, RICHARD'S ROOM -- SOON AFTER

Richard turns the locket over in his hands while waiting patiently for Kevin to nod off.

Peeking out the door of his room, he watches as the orderly's eyelids flutter and his head begins to bow. Kevin tries to fight it, but finally he slumps down into his chair.

Richard emerges from his room and heads for the ORDERLY DESK. He gives Kevin a once over and is about to move on when something occurs to him...

Leaving for a moment, he comes back with a STRAIT JACKET and secures it over Kevin's upper body. Smiling, he continues on.

As he passes the NURSE'S STAND, he looks through the plexiglass at Billy's sedated body. It's tied to a gurney and left unattended.

Richard locks eyes with the kid and mouths "thank you." Billy is bleary-eyed and disoriented, but still manages to nod.

Hearing the janitor mopping down the hall, Richard hurries on towards the EMPLOYEE BATHROOM...

When he gets there, he says a quick prayer before trying the doorknob. It opens smoothly and he slips inside.

INT. EMPLOYEES BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Richard turns the lights on illuminating a dingy, yellow-tiled washroom. There's only one window and he crosses right to it.

Undoing the latch, he slides the windowpane up and surveys the courtyard. A heavy rain has begun to fall with scattered thunder and lightning.

One-by-one, Richard removes the flowerpots from the planter box on the sill and brings them inside.

When the base board is finally bare, he picks up the WOODEN PLANK they were perched on and stretches it over the gap.

It makes it to the opposite windowsill, but just barely. There's scarcely an inch of wood on either side.

EXT. COURTYARD -- CONTINUOUS

Richard scampers out onto the ledge. He straightens up, his back to the building. There's now just a narrow piece of plywood before him.

He walks it like a balance beam, his arms out by his sides. As he gets closer to the center, the plank begins to sag.

When he sees that the wood is pulling away from the windowsill, he slows to an almost glacial pace.

That's when the NIGHT WATCHMAN emerges. He's on a cigarette break directly below Richard, crossing the courtyard in no particular hurry.

Richard remains frozen, unwilling to move even a muscle. Still, the stress is getting to him. His legs begin to shake...

It's pure torture waiting for the man to go back inside. When he finally does, Richard breathes a sigh of relief.

But it's short lived. Moving forward once again, he slips on the rain-slicked lacquered wood.

As he falls, he makes a desperate grab for the plank and somehow manages to hold on.

He hangs there by his fingertips, suspended over the courtyard until he can find the strength to pull himself up.

When Richard's once again on top of the board, he crawls the rest of the way to safety. Not a moment to spare either...

The second he steps off of it, the wind whips the board free and it CLATTERS onto the courtyard below. Richard grits his teeth at the noise it makes, but no one comes to investigate.

Taking off his shirt, he balls it around his fist and waits for a crash of thunder. When it comes, he punches a hole through the REC. ROOM WINDOW and lets himself in.

INT. ASYLUM, REC. ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Richard shakes the broken glass out of his shirt and puts it back on. The common room is steeped in shadow and he stubs his toe as he makes his way to the chimney.

Someone has closed the flue. When he pulls the lever to open it again, a gust of wind and rain hits him in the face.

He climbs in to the cramped space and wedges himself against the wall of the chimney. Slowly, he begins to ascend.

He's only a few feet up when he hears the door of the rec. room thrown open. He holds still as TWO ORDERLIES shine their flashlights about and speak in hushed voices.

ORDERLY #1

He can't be far, there's broken glass here.

ORDERLY #2

I'm gonna kill Kevin, this is his mess.

ORDERLY #1

You try waking him up!

The door shuts and their voices fade as they continue on down the hallway. Richard climbs with renewed vigor, soot and ash rubbing off on him.

EXT. ASYLUM, ROOF -- MOMENTS LATER

By the time he makes it to the top, Richard's nearly pitch black from head to toe. He looks for a way down.

There's a RAIN GUTTER that extends from the roof down the side of the building. Richard looks at it skeptically until an ALARM begins to sound--

No time to waste, he throws a leg over the edge. His hands red with grip, Richard scuttles down the length of it. He lands on his feet and takes off across the muddy grounds.

The first house he comes to has their wash hanging out on a CLOTHESLINE. He looks down at his dirty, government-issued pajamas and snags some of the laundry to change into.

Most of his choices are bland, conservative, but the pink, ruffled blouse he picks does look a lot like a pirate's shirt...

EXT. PORT OF SOUTHAMPTON -- OCTOBER, 1723 (EVENING)

The Asuncion glides into Southampton harbor under cover of night. The docks of Town Quay are busy with prostitutes and drunks and soldiers on leave.

Rickard stands on the bridge surveying the village before them. Paul Barrymore arrives at his side.

PAUL BARRYMORE

Well, you've got us to the port.  
How do you imagine you'll get us on dry land?

CAPT. RICKARD

Oh, I've got a plan. But it'll require some...

(beat)

...preparations first.

He smiles at Paul, who stares back at him, unnerved.

EXT. TOWN QUAY -- SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Among the derelicts walking the docks, a crowd of rather BUTCH WOMEN emerges. Paul Barrymore hisses at Rickard--

PAUL BARRYMORE  
This is ridiculous, *no one's going*  
*to believe we're women!*

CAPT. RICKARD  
Why do you think I had the men  
shave?!

PAUL BARRYMORE  
Their faces? Yes. Their arms and  
ankles? Not as much.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Just keep the fans up--

They pass a couple REDCOATS who, rather than looking  
perturbed, tip their hats.

PAUL BARRYMORE  
Was that for us?!

CAPT. RICKARD  
I know what you're thinking Paul,  
but under no circumstances are you  
allowed to sell your body to those  
soldiers.

They've arrived outside of a TAVERN whose sign out front  
proudly announces it as the home to the "Royal Geographical  
Society." Before he opens the door, Rickard warns the  
others.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)  
Keep your wits about you.

INT. EAST INDIA HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The atmosphere is boisterous; dimly lit by candlelight, but  
bright in spirit. A small band plays in the corner,  
competing for attention with a dozen half-screamed  
conversations.

There are more than a few turned heads at the new arrivals,  
but thankfully no one seems suspicious. They're too drunk  
for that.

Someone pinches Paul Barrymore's ass, but Yuno pulls him away before he can swing on the barfly.

The Asuncion's crew spreads out, quietly listening to the brandy-soaked scuttlebutt in the air about them.

After a few moments, Rickard sees a familiar face. He makes his way over to SIR EDWARD LLOYD, a rosy-cheeked drunkard whose shiny head and paunch give him a close resemblance to Benjamin Franklin.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Care to buy a girl a drink?

Putting an EAR HORN to his ear, he looks Rickard up and down, gently soused.

SIR EDWARD LLOYD  
Oh I'm sorry, my dear - never pay  
for it, I'm afraid.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Edward, it's me.

Lloyd squints. When he sees who it is, he gasps, appalled.

SIR EDWARD LLOYD  
Dear God, Rickard - is that really  
you?!

CAPT. RICKARD  
Just keep smiling. Remember, we're  
women of the night.

SIR EDWARD LLOYD  
You'd have to be. You're the  
ugliest women I've seen in all my  
days.

He looks over his shoulder, making sure they're not being eavesdropped upon. He turns back to Rickard, voice lowered.

SIR EDWARD LLOYD (CONT'D)  
Alright then, out with it. You  
didn't risk life and limb returning  
to London without good reason.

CAPT. RICKARD  
Do you still have a vested interest  
in the ports?

SIR EDWARD LLOYD  
I know enough...

CAPT. RICKARD  
Has anyone reported seeing an  
oriental warship in the past few  
days?

Edward's previously placid face darkens.

SIR EDWARD LLOYD  
It's him, isn't it? I would have  
thought one of you would have  
killed the other by now.

CAPT. RICKARD  
There's still time...

SIR EDWARD LLOYD  
What are you planning?

CAPT. RICKARD  
Don't worry, Edward. Nothing will  
get back to you.

Edward considers carefully before sharing.

SIR EDWARD LLOYD  
Very well, then...  
(beat)  
There was some discussion about a  
Japanese frigate that showed up the  
other day, bogged down with a  
caribbean haul they were eager to  
be rid of.

CAPT. RICKARD  
And the seller?

SIR EDWARD LLOYD  
It's due to be auctioned off  
tomorrow at Aisley & Sons.

EXT. OXFORD COUNTRYSIDE -- JUNE, 1957 (DAY)

A black CAB pulls up outside a bucolic ENGLISH COTTAGE.  
Richard stares through the rear passenger window at the home  
that has haunted his recent dreams.

In front of him, the DRIVER stops the meter.

CAB DRIVER  
Nine pounds twenty.



Richard feigns looking through his empty pockets. Out of nowhere, he socks the man in the face, knocking him clean out. Exiting the vehicle, Richard hurries away.

The cottage is steeped in flowers and he makes his way around the side into a well-kept GARDEN. There's foxglove and peonies, even a few red spider lilies. It's so familiar to him and yet so foreign...

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees movement. Inside the house, at the sink in the kitchen, there's a woman, REBECCA, 38, putting roses in a vase. He recognizes the tumbling red hair and freckles as she smiles to herself.

Richard moves to the back door but hesitates to go inside. His hand hovers over the knob for a moment before he finally pulls it back.

It's been too long.

Slowly, he backs away. It was wrong to come here. He leaves the way he came in. He's almost out of the garden when, behind him, a VOICE speaks--

LUCY

*Dad?!*

He turns to see LUCY, his daughter, several years older than when he saw her last.

RICHARD AISLEY

Lucy?

He stares at her confused. She doesn't look like his little girl anymore.

RICHARD AISLEY (CONT'D)

You're so much older...

Beaming, she leaps into his arms. Richard catches her, tears springing to his eyes.

As he holds her, the back door opens and Rebecca exits, drying her hands on a dish towel.

REBECCA

Sweetheart, who are you talking to--

She stops in her tracks when she sees Richard.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

*My god...*

INT. AISLEY COTTAGE -- SOON AFTER

Lucy is on the floor with her father playing 45's. She's excitedly running off at the mouth, eager to fill him in on her life.

LUCY

All my friends like Elvis and he's  
dreamy and all, but for my money  
Little Richard is the undisputed  
King of Rock n' Roll.

She puts on "Lucille" and pulls Richard to his feet to start dancing.

Behind them, Rebecca's on the phone, a hand over her ear to block out the music.

DR. BOIL (O.S.)

And where is he now?

REBECCA

He's here. He's fine. Lucy's  
playing him records...

DR. BOIL (O.S.)

Can you keep him safe? I should be  
able to get there in a couple  
hours...

REBECCA

Of course.

She turns her back to speak confidentially.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

He's not dangerous, is he?

DR. BOIL (O.S.)

Rebecca, he's still Richard.  
Somewhere in there is the man you  
married. Just talk to him.

She nods, blotting her eyes.

REBECCA

I don't know what to say to him.

DR. BOIL (O.S.)

You'll think of something.  
Remember, of all the places he  
could have gone he picked the  
cottage. This is his roundabout  
way of coming back to you...

REBECCA  
Please, just hurry.

She hangs up and joins her daughter and ex-husband in the living room. Lucy's still chattering on about her summer plans.

LUCY  
We're going in August with Laura and Charlotte. You were the first person to tell me about Giza. Everybody wanted to go to Italy for holiday, but I convinced them we had to see the pyramids.

RICHARD AISLEY  
They're architectural marvels. No one knows how they were built...

Sitting in the armchair across from them, Rebecca lowers the volume on the record player.

REBECCA  
I suppose this must seem familiar...

RICHARD AISLEY  
Some of it.

REBECCA  
Do you have any questions?

RICHARD AISLEY  
A few...

It's only now that she notices he's been clutching something in his hand.

RICHARD AISLEY (CONT'D)  
Who was that on the phone?

REBECCA  
That was Dr. Boil.

RICHARD AISLEY  
And what did he have to say?

REBECCA  
What do you think he said?

RICHARD AISLEY  
He would have you believe that what I take for real life is just an illusion.

(MORE)

RICHARD AISLEY (CONT'D)

If that's the case, then why does this appear in both worlds? Does this mean nothing to you?

He holds up the GOLD LOCKET he pocketed in Boil's office. Squinting at it, Rebecca finally shakes her head.

REBECCA

Richard, I've never seen that before.

RICHARD AISLEY

How can you say that? This is yours...

REBECCA

I don't know what to tell you--

She's cut off as the front door opens and NIGEL, 43 - a studious man in a cozy sweater and glasses - enters, bogged down with groceries.

NIGEL

Sorry love, the store was a nightmare!

Rebecca stands at the sudden appearance.

REBECCA

Nigel, we have company.

He turns from putting the bags down to see Richard, already on his feet.

NIGEL

Good lord... *is it really you?!*

He moves to hug his old friend, but Richard is already backing away.

RICHARD AISLEY

What is this?! Why is Obregon here?!

REBECCA

Richard, this is Nigel. He's your best friend--

RICHARD AISLEY

*The hell he is!* You had me committed just so you could move in on my family, didn't you?!

NIGEL  
Calm down, Richard--

RICHARD AISLEY  
No! Everyone stay away!

Before anyone can stop him, Richard grabs his daughter and heads for the back door. Lucy shrieks--

LUCY  
*Dad!!!*

But he's deaf to her cries. Nigel holds up his hands to show he comes in peace.

NIGEL  
Richard please, don't do anything stupid!

RICHARD AISLEY  
No one follow me!

He drags his daughter out of the house, running for the nearby woods.

EXT. OXFORDSHIRE FOREST -- MINUTES LATER

Richard's been running for a fair bit of time when he finally tires of Lucy struggling and lets her go. She whirls around on him as he catches his breath.

LUCY  
You are out of your mind! Just what were you trying to accomplish? What if Mum and Nigel go to the police? You'll never get out of that place!

RICHARD AISLEY  
You don't worry about your father. I worry about you--

LUCY  
Is this what worry looks like?! Nigel raised me. You weren't around! He was! You have no right to treat him this way!

RICHARD AISLEY  
Darling, I'm just trying to put the pieces together.

LUCY  
I haven't seen you in years and  
this is how you come back?!

RICHARD AISLEY  
Sweetheart, this isn't real!

LUCY  
Yes, it is! What is so great about  
this other world, huh?!

He looks at her, gravely.

RICHARD AISLEY  
It's not here.

Lucy watches as he begins to retreat into his own mind yet again. He looks like a child. A frightened one at that...

LUCY  
Then tell me about it.

RICHARD AISLEY  
Tell you what?

LUCY  
Tell me all of it. Tell me these  
great adventures you're having on  
our behalf.

He looks up, eyes clear for once. And smiling.

RICHARD AISLEY  
Okay.

EXT. EXECUTION DOCK, RIVER THAMES -- OCTOBER, 1723 (MORNING)

Rickard's men enter the crowded cobblestoned square. They're no longer in their female garb, instead choosing to shield their faces with high collars and hats pulled low.

Execution dock is set up with a stage for a series of pirate hangings. A large crowd has gathered to watch. There are even children there, a couple street urchins watching a Punch & Judy puppet show. The crew carefully wind their way through the spectators.

PAUL BARRYMORE  
I'm not doing this without any  
weapons.

CAPT. RICKARD

We've been over this. They won't let us in armed to the gills. But I'll have brown betty if things get hairy.

He discretely holds up his BLUNDERBUSS as Yuno returns from talking with a nearby merchant.

YUNO

I gave the farmer five-p to let us keep some things in his wagon.

He leads them to a nearby turnip truck. They load their knives, clubs, swords and guns into the back and cover them with hay.

As they finish, the pirates that are set to be hanged arrive in a JAIL CART. When the crowd sees them roll into view, they boo and throw garbage at them.

As the criminals are unloaded, a PARISH PRIEST approaches holding up a bible.

PARISH PRIEST

I implore you - repent! Repent! For the good of your soul! Take Jesus Christ into your heart as your lord and savior and join him in the Kingdom of Heaven--

One of the pirates, NED CROWLEY, 58, spits onto the Priest's shirtfront, but the man of god continues his proselytizing without missing a beat. He follows after the condemned as they're paraded through the audience in chains. When Crowley passes Rickard, they lock eyes, almost as if they know one another.

CAPT. RICKARD

I'll be damned... it's the Pirate King.

THATCHER

Who's that?

CAPT. RICKARD

A legend of the seven seas.

PAUL BARRYMORE

Well, this legends time is just about up.

Arriving at the hanging stage, the doomed convicts pass a boiling cast iron CAULDRON simmering with tar. Next to it, an old hag stands plucking GOOSE FEATHERS.

One-by-one, the pirates are put in the stocks where the crowd continues to pelt them with garbage. The first of them to be hung is dragged up towards the noose as a familiar official from the government addresses the crowd.

LORD HASTINGS

For crimes against the crown, the crew of the Brigantine Albatross shall hereby be hung by the neck until dead, their bodies tarred and gibbeted in chains for a period of no less than three years. May god have mercy on their souls.

Unable to watch anymore, Rickard's crew heads towards "Aisley & Sons" auction house. It's front door stands at the top of a steep staircase overlooking the entire square. Ascending the steps, Thatcher can't help but stare as the noose goes around the pirate's neck.

THATCHER

Why is the rope so short?

Next to him, Rickard hisses--

CAPT. RICKARD

*Keep your head down, boy!* It's called the Marshal's Dance. With a short rope your neck doesn't break. You struggle to breathe until your body starts to jerk...

Thatcher wavers as they make their way inside.

INT. AISLEY & SONS AUCTION HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

"Aisley & Sons" is filled to the brim with aristocrats in powder wigs. On their arms are women in hooped petticoats. They lounge on upholstered fainting couches and take pulls off their snuff boxes.

The cavernous room is steeped in renaissance art and gilded inlay. In an effort to stay out of sight, Rickard's men head up into the BALCONY that affords a view of the bidding ground.

Rickard is busy watching people arrive below when he spots Tikenzo Hemane and his crew enter.



Paul Barrymore heads for the stairs, but Rickard holds him back, stopping him from causing a scene as the bidding starts.

From downstairs, the AUCTIONEER's deep baritone bounces off the art strewn walls.

AUCTIONEER  
First item up for bid - lot number  
#1048. From the Americas  
collection: the conch shell  
necklace attributed to the Aztec  
deity, Quetzlcoatl--

Rickard's head shoots up.

CAPT. RICKARD  
*Fifty pounds!*

All of the heads in the place turn to see who spoke up.

AUCTIONEER  
Yes, fifty from the... gentleman in  
the balcony.

Sir Edward is nearby. He leans in to demand of Rickard:

SIR EDWARD LLOYD  
What the hell are you doing?!

CAPT. RICKARD  
Trust me.

Downstairs, Hemane squints to better see who is so eager. Nearby, another BIDDER raises the price.

BIDDER #1  
Sixty-five.

AUCTIONEER  
Sixty-five from the gentleman to my  
right!

Next to Rickard, Paul Barrymore hisses--

PAUL BARRYMORE  
This wasn't the plan--

But the Captain cuts him off, again raising his paddle.

CAPT. RICKARD  
*Seventy-five!*

In the bidding pit, a geriatric NOBLEMAN joins in to impress the woman next to him.

NOBLEMAN  
One hundred pounds.

Rickard glares at the man, fury in his eyes.

CAPT. RICKARD  
*One fifty!*

Rickard's not even disguising his voice anymore. Paul grabs him by the arm--

PAUL BARRYMORE  
Yours isn't the only life you're  
playing with!

But Rickard just shakes him off. Downstairs, the rich old man sees the lady next to him losing interest.

NOBLEMAN  
Three hundred pounds.

There are delighted gasps from the socialites in attendance.

AUCTIONEER  
Three hundred pounds! Unless our  
friend from upstairs has a  
competing bid, I think we have a  
sale--

Rickard jumps from the balcony, slowing his descent by dragging a pocket knife down a set of floor to ceiling curtains.

He seizes the conch from the podium, then rips the gavel from the auctioneer's hand. He wheels around swinging it at anyone that tries to stop him.

His crew rush to his side, grabbing what they can for weapons. Yuno swings a desk chair, Thatcher grabs a union jack off a flag stand.

Seeing Hemane's party fleeing the building, Rickard leads the push towards them, mowing people down.

They force their way to the lobby, where there's a scrum of people at the door. Pushing as a unit, they storm forward to get outside.

EXT. AISLEY & SONS -- CONTINUOUS

They're only a few steps down when they're confronted with the rest of Hemane's men on the stairs.

Upon seeing their leader, Rickard grabs the Union Jack from Thatcher and hurls the flagstick at him, center mass. Hemane catches it and breaks it over his knee, screaming--

TIKENZO HEMANE

*Get them!*

His closest sentry is a hand's reach from Rickard. Before he can make a move, Rickard fires his blunderbuss at the man, point blank range. It sends him flying.

This starts a melee. Hearing the gunshot, the GUARDS stationed by the auction house door spring into action. Yuno and Paul Barrymore punch them and take their muskets, throwing the guards over the stair's railing.

Turning back, they kill two of Hemane's men with their newly acquired single-shot muskets. After firing, they use the guns to bash in enemy heads.

Seeing the brawl on the auction house stairs, the crowd watching the hanging tries to scatter, but many end up trampled.

Thatcher tries to join in but he's immediately accosted by a large woman who's dressed up for the executions--

OPERA LADY

You've ruined the hanging!

She slaps him across the face.

THATCHER

Get off me lady!

She beats him about the head until Thatcher is forced to push her away. She loses her balance, falling backwards and making a path. Rickard takes advantage of it--

CAPT. RICKARD

*Get to the wagon! Get to the weapons!*

They battle their way down the stairs in hand-to-hand combat. When they finally arrive at the weapon's cache they replenish their ranks.

As Rickard straps his cutlass back on, he glimpses a recognizable face. Jeremy Obregon is fleeing around a nearby corner...

Rickard looks over his men, sees them fighting for their lives. He turns suddenly to Thatcher.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)  
Guard this with your life!

He pushes the SPIRAL CONCH into the boy's hand and runs off before Thatcher can object. Watching him go, Thatcher reluctantly hangs the item around his neck as Paul Barrymore runs over.

PAUL BARRYMORE  
Where the hell is he going?!

THATCHER  
He had an errand to run.

PAUL BARRYMORE  
I knew that rat would abandon us!

THATCHER  
He said he'll be back!

PAUL BARRYMORE  
Keep telling yourself that. Look kid, don't get in the way. Just stand here and reload for us - you think you can handle that?!

With Barrymore returning to battle, Thatcher goes to stand watch over the wagon. He's about to lean on it when the farmer that owns the wagon climbs aboard.

FARMER  
Sod this! I'm off!

He gives the horses a whip and pulls away as Thatcher stands with a start.

THATCHER  
No, what are you doing?! *Come back!*

He looks around frantically for help, but no one's there. He's on his own. Without thinking, Thatcher runs after the departing turnip wagon and grabs onto the back. Paul Barrymore looks up from fighting as he passes--

PAUL BARRYMORE  
What the hell is that kid doing?!

It's the worst possible timing, a paddy wagon of CONSTABLES has just pulled up to replenish their depleted ranks. They pour out of the cart, boxing ears and swinging batons.

YUNO

There's too many of them! You got any ideas?

PAUL BARRYMORE

Maybe one--

He goes up to one of the OFFICERS and knocks him out. Picking the man's limp body up, Barrymore throws the copper through a nearby bar window.

Displaced and offended DRUNKS spill out into the street joining the fight against the officers. Yuno smiles.

YUNO

Well played.

But Paul only shakes his head.

PAUL BARRYMORE

It won't last long.

EXT. EAST LONDON STREETS -- SAME TIME

Thatcher hangs off the side of the TURNIP WAGON, his feet dragging in the dirt. He barely dodges the traffic going the other way.

When a CARRIAGE bears down on him, Thatcher throws himself up onto the bed of the cart.

As the wagon careens along, he crawls on hands and knees towards the driver.

The Farmer finally sees him and kicks at Thatcher, knocking him back into the hay bed, yelling--

FARMER

Get off my wagon!

Thatcher lands hard, unaware he's lost the Spiral Conch somewhere among the hay.

Getting his bearings, he spots a leftover MUSKET and grabs it. He stands, wobbly. Instead of firing it, he takes a massive swing at the Farmer's head, conking him clean out.

CUT TO:

## CLOCKMAKER'S SHOP

A lonely german émigré does precise work on a priceless grandfather clock. He places the final gear in place and breathes a sigh of relief.

But his happiness is short lived, as Thatcher throws the Farmer through his storefront, the body smashing all his intricate work.

Seeing the destruction the Farmer's body caused, Thatcher yells after him--

THATCHER

*Sorry!*

## EXT. ALLEYWAY -- SAME TIME

Slipping out of the crowd, Jeremy Obregon throws a sideways glance over his shoulder before turning down a deserted corridor. Moments later, Rickard turns the same corner and calls out.

CAPT. RICKARD

Jeremy!

Obregon says nothing, just keeps moving.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)

Jeremy, stop!

Before him, the alley leads to a dead end.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)

There's nowhere to go!

Obregon tries to juke around until Rickard corners him. Instead of giving up though, Jeremy turns, furiously--

OBREGON

Why did you follow me?!

CAPT. RICKARD

You owe me an explanation! I thought you were dead!

OBREGON

No, you fool - it's a trap!

Rickard turns back towards the mouth of the alley only to see that he's surrounded. Hemane's men have him outnumbered ten-to-one. They move aside to let their boss through.

TIKENZO HEMANE

When it comes to your family you  
are the most predictable man on  
earth.

EXT. EXECUTION DOCK -- SAME TIME

Yuno and Paul Barrymore fight back-to-back, but the  
adversaries keep coming. Yuno yells over the roar of battle.

YUNO

We can't last much longer!

PAUL BARRYMORE

I know, I'm working on it!

He looks over at the imprisoned pirates in the stocks and  
turns back to Yuno.

PAUL BARRYMORE (CONT'D)

Come with me!

Barrymore fights his way to the HANGING STAGE with Yuno  
defending from the rear. They head up the stairs where Ned  
Crowley is writhing in pain against his noose.

The HANGMAN tries to stop them, but Paul throws him to the  
ground and cuts Crowley down. The Pirate King lands hard on  
his feet, doubled over, as Paul motions to Yuno.

PAUL BARRYMORE (CONT'D)

Free the others.

Yuno runs off to cut the men free from the stocks while  
Barrymore helps Crowley to his feet.

PAUL BARRYMORE (CONT'D)

You alright?

NED CROWLEY

I will be...

Crowley removes the noose from his neck and clamps it around  
the Hangman's neck. Paul watches, pleasantly pleased, as the  
man chokes the life out of the executioner.

Across the yard, Yuno turns from freeing the last of the  
pirates only to come face-to-face with Eboto Nue.

YUNO

You...

Eboto bows, theatrically.

YUNO (CONT'D)

I had a feeling we would meet. I wanted to compliment your booby traps. I have never seen their like...

EBOTO NUE

Thank you.

They unconsciously begin to circle one another.

YUNO

But your little lantern trick killed one of my friends. And I can't have that.

Eboto grins.

EBOTO NUE

Would you like to see him again?

He plucks TWO DAGGERS from his waist and holds them out in front of him.

Yuno leans over, undeterred, and grabs a dead soldier's gun. He pulls off the BAYONET and picks up a copper's BATON to use as a shield.

As he straightens up, Eboto comes at him like a whirling dervish--

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- SAME TIME

Hemane carries a DAO, a staff with a sword at the end. He spins it, aimlessly, never once taking his eyes off Rickard.

TIKENZO HEMANE

Rickard, how good of you to come to me. How long has it been?

CAPT. RICKARD

Since you blew my ship from the water...

Rickard tightens his grip on the handle of his CUTLASS.

TIKENZO HEMANE

That was a pity. You had such a pretty family. Your daughter, in particular--



Rickard makes a mad dash at Hemane, sword raised. Tikenzo meets the blade with his dao, a shower of sparks raining down between them from where their weapons touched.

To break them apart, Hemane plants his foot into Rickard's chest. Rickard reels back several feet, off balance.

Taking the advantage, Hemane swings the blunt end of his staff downwards and trips Rickard to the ground. The Captain lands hard, sucking in air.

Hemane gives him space. He's satisfied and toying with him. Rickard stands with difficulty, but it's just a ruse--

He lashes out with his cutlass, gashing Hemane's forearm. Tikenzo pulls it back, laughing and wincing.

But the good humor doesn't last. He wheels away with the dao, driving Rickard back.

When Rickard gets too close to Hemane's crew they rag doll him, pushing him around until Hemane roars--

TIKENZO HEMANE (CONT'D)  
*Leave him! He's mine!*

They do, terrified of their leader.

EXT. EAST LONDON STREETS -- SAME TIME

With their owner thrown from the carriage, the horses are spooked. They toss Thatcher about the cart like a rag doll.

When he manages to get his footing, Thatcher pulls on the reins desperately, but the horses refuse to slow.

Thinking quickly, he spots the musket he used to knock the farmer out. It's lying at his feet. He picks it up, groaning.

THATCHER  
Oh, this is going to be stupid.

He shoves the musket into the spokes of the wagon wheel and the entire wagon vaults into the air. Thatcher's barely able to hold on.

When the carriage lands, the wheel with the musket wedged in it cracks into a million pieces.

The bed of the wagon now drags through the mud at an awkward angle. The other wheel stubbornly hangs on as the horses continue galloping through the city streets.

EXT. EXECUTION DOCK -- SAME TIME

Yuno more than holds his own, but Eboto is dangerous and unpredictable.

He throws out an erratic backhand, cutting Yuno's fighting hand. The bayonet Yuno was gripping goes flying. Now all he can do is defend.

But as soon as he blocks one of Eboto's knives, the other one comes around to slice him.

When his arm is slashed, Yuno favors his other side. But that leaves his ribs undefended. Eboto gauges him there too.

The blow takes Yuno by surprise. He stumbles back, dazed, and falls to his knees. The fight in him all but gone.

Eboto smiles and heads over to slit his throat. Yuno lets his head drop, resigned to death.

Just as Hemane's lieutenant raises his dagger though, Paul Barrymore steps up behind him, clutching the BAYONET Yuno dropped.

PAUL BARRYMORE

This is for my brother--

He sinks the blade deep into Eboto's gut. Roaring in pain, the man turns to see who's done him in.

As he does, Barrymore kicks him viciously into the TAR CAULDRON. Eboto dies screaming, *covered* in boiling tar.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- SAME TIME

Rickard climbs to his feet, brushing dust off of himself.

TIKENZO HEMANE

Give it up Rickard and I'll deliver  
you to your family pain free.

Rickard throws a wild, unexpected uppercut that catches Hemane on the temple. The warlord touches the wound and comes away with blood.

TIKENZO HEMANE (CONT'D)

So much for pain free.

He sprints at Rickard, planting the dao in the ground and vaulting clear over him. When Hemane lands on the other side, he delivers a series of rapid-fire punches to Rickard's mid-section.

Rickard remains standing, but just barely. Hemane doubles down, leaning on the dao to drop kick Rickard.

Rickard takes the hit full-on in the chest. But still, *he does not fall...*

For the first time since they started fighting, there is the look of fear in Hemane's eyes. Rickard begins walking towards him.

CAPT. RICKARD

You took everything from me. I'll never stop. Even when you're gone. I'll kill your entire crew. I'll torture every man who ever served under you--

EXT. EAST LONDON STREETS -- SAME TIME

The farmer's carriage hurtles through narrow, cobblestoned streets. With only one wheel to speak of, the wagon scrapes along the rocky road.

As it goes around corners, the entire thing threatens to flip over. Thatcher desperately tries to make the horses stop--

THATCHER

*What is wrong with you, why won't you slow down?!*

He looks dismally at the remaining wheel. Something has to be done about it. Thatcher groans.

He kicks it. Once... Twice...

On the third try, it thankfully pops off. As the cart bounces off the ground, Thatcher is sent tumbling out onto the street.

He watches as the wagon and the horses *finally* slow to a gentle stop.

EXT. WOOLWICH ARSENAL -- SAME TIME

Given the trouble at the docks and the failure of the constables, British regulars are called in.

The REDCOATS pull their uniforms on. They arm themselves with muskets and polearms, fill their pockets with ammunition.

They hurry off to a series of waiting COACHES that pull away with haste, headed for the...

EXT. EXECUTION DOCKS -- SOON AFTER

When the coaches arrive, the Regimental Guard spills out, unloading weapons and gunpowder.

The soldiers find cover, surrounding the riot at strategic vantage points.

On the rooftops above, their sharpshooters fall into position.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -- SAME TIME

As Rickard and Hemane battle, one of Hemane's crew notices the soldiers setting up on a nearby roof.

HEMANE'S BOSUN  
Boss, we've got company...

With his weapon locked together with Rickard's, Hemane ROARS--

TIKENZO HEMANE  
*No one moves!*

His crew stands by nervously until a sniper's musket CRACKS and the Bosun's head ERUPTS--

Soon the shooters have zeroed in on them, causing Hemane's men to flee. He glares after them, furiously, before turning back to Rickard--

TIKENZO HEMANE (CONT'D)  
This isn't over!

CAPT. RICKARD  
Not on your life.

They forcibly separate. Hemane hurries after his crew as Rickard runs to find his.

EXT. EXECUTION DOCK -- MOMENTS LATER

A fire has started originating from the spot where Eboto knocked the cauldron of tar over. The fire has spread to the wooden hanging stage.

From the surrounding rooftops, gunfire rains down. Rickard's men are pinned down behind the cauldron, unable to move.

They're joined by Rickard who dodges bullets to land in a heap next to the Pirate King.

CAPT. RICKARD

Ned. How are you? It's been a while...

NED CROWLEY

Can't complain. Haven't seen you since Grenada.

CAPT. RICKARD

That was a fun weekend.

Rickard looks around for Thatcher.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)

Where's the boy?!

Paul Barrymore yells over the roaring din.

PAUL BARRYMORE

He disappeared shortly after you did! He's probably dead.

Rickard looks around for an exit strategy. The fire is spreading throughout the square.

He chances raising his head to take a look. He sees a horse on fire, galloping through town before bullets glance off the cast iron just inches from his head. There's nowhere to go...

All seems to be lost when, *suddenly* -- Thatcher returns with the farmer's wagon! Rickard's crew scramble to grab their weapons from the sagging rear and begin firing back.

Ned Crowley proves especially useful, shooting man after man, and stabbing the ones that get too close.

His acumen spurs the crew on. By the time they've killed close to a dozen men they begin to see a light at the end of this tunnel...

But then, a SECOND ROUND of reinforcements arrives.

Rickard's men exchange horrified looks, their hopes dwindling. They remain frozen where they are, unsure of what to do.

With nothing left to lose, Rickard gets an idea. Amid a stack of barrels from the Woolwich Arsenal, Rickard sees a cask of GUNPOWDER.

He risks everything to stand and throw it into the cauldron.  
He waves his crew away, screaming--

CAPT. RICKARD  
*Get behind the wagon!*

They do as told. Rickard steps back and fires at the  
gunpowder barrel. The ensuing explosion blasts the cauldron  
through a nearby brick wall.

Just like that, an exit is made. Rickard's crew scamper  
through the hole, but one of them isn't able to follow...

Thatcher is near the rear of the turnip wagon, pinned down by  
gunfire. There are frantic tears in his eyes. Rickard looks  
back at him, hesitating, as Barrymore yells--

PAUL BARRYMORE  
Come on, let's go!

The Captain moves to follow after, but doesn't get far. He  
curses himself--

CAPT. RICKARD  
--Goddamnit! Cover me!

As Crowley, Yuno, and Paul Barrymore reluctantly provide  
covering fire, Rickard runs back and pulls a terrified  
Thatcher to his feet.

They have to wait for a break in the shooting before racing  
back to the brick wall.

Just as they arrive, Paul Barrymore is shot in the chest. He  
stares at the wound, not quite believing what's happened.  
Two more GUNSHOTS enter his sternum.

He collapses against Rickard as he passes, and the Captain is  
forced to catch him.

Rickard cradles the man to the ground and watches as he  
bleeds out, fast. Although, the musket fire is deafening,  
Paul tries to speak.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)  
What?

Rickard leans in and Barrymore whispers again, barely  
audible:

PAUL BARRYMORE  
Was it worth it?

The words stop Rickard cold and Barrymore dies in his arms.

Rickard looks up to see more than a dozen REDCOATS with their rifles raised at him and his crew. Instead of going quietly, he swings at the soldier nearest to him--

EXT. OXFORDSHIRE FOREST -- JUNE, 1957 (DAY)

But instead of a soldier taking the blow, it's a POLICE OFFICER falling to the ground, bleeding from his head. Richard Aisley stands over him, delirious and breathing heavy.

The only thing that stops him from going any further is his daughter, Lucy, holding him back--

LUCY

*Daddy, stop! You'll hurt him!*

Richard blinks, confused, as if he can't believe what's happening before his eyes. He staggers back a few steps just as several more OFFICERS arrive at the forest clearing.

CONSTABLE

Alright lad, hands up--

They scream at him to get down and he does, the severity of the moment finally hitting him.

The officers secure his arms. Once they're sure he's done resisting, they pull him to his feet and lead him out of the woods.

Lucy follows after, beside herself. When she sees her mother and Nigel she cries--

LUCY

*You didn't have to call the police!*

The family watch as Richard is loaded into a SQUAD CAR. Before they can pull off however, Lucy breaks free from her mother. She presses her face and hands against the glass.

But her father is already staring blankly ahead. Lucy watches, crestfallen, as he's driven away.

EXT. RIVER THAMES -- OCTOBER, 1723 (DUSK)

Rickard is forced onto a rowboat with the rest of his crew. A GUARD shoves him roughly down into his seat.

GUARD

It's the Tower for you...

As they pull away from the dock, Thatcher breathes heavily, worried.

THATCHER

What's going to happen to us?

CAPT. RICKARD

You mean before they kill us? The rack most likely...

Thatcher sits back, ashen. The boat passes under LONDON BRIDGE which is decorated with the HEADS of recently executed prisoners. They're shoved onto pikes, mouths gaped and eyes rolled backwards.

Thatcher tries not to look, but knows that in a few short hours, that'll be him...

EXT. TOWER OF LONDON -- SOON AFTER

The entrance to the tower is known as "traitor's gate." It's located at the base of a massive cistern. The rowboat glides inside and the gate closes behind it, sealing them in darkness.

The guard who pushed Rickard into his seat lights a torch. The prisoners watch as the water around them rises, lifting the boat some fifty feet up the cistern to a dock near the roof.

Rickard and his men are hurried off the boat and pushed through narrow stone hallways until they arrive at...

INT. TOWER KEEP -- CONTINUOUS

Locking the men inside, their captors leave them to count the moments until their death. Rickard cradles his head, not sure he's going to get out of this one.

EXT. THAMES VALLEY POLICE STATION -- JUNE, 1957 (AFTERNOON)

A cramped, country police station. Richard is the only person occupying a cell at the moment. The steel door outside the barred gate opens and one of the Constables that arrested him calls out.

CONSTABLE

Aisley, you got a visitor.

He holds the door open for the person behind him. It's Nigel.



RICHARD AISLEY  
What are you doing here?

NIGEL  
They're letting you go. Rebecca  
and Lucy don't want to press  
charges.

The Constable unlocks the cell door and leaves them to talk.

RICHARD AISLEY  
But they didn't feel like coming in  
themselves, did they?

NIGEL  
I asked to come. I thought we  
should talk.

RICHARD AISLEY  
You were my oldest friend. My best  
friend. How could you betray me  
like this?

NIGEL  
I didn't betray you--

RICHARD AISLEY  
You moved into my house! You took  
my family! What do you call that?!

NIGEL  
I don't know if you remember what  
it was like before the accident.  
But you weren't exactly here then,  
either. Your mind was somewhere  
else, and you were always drinking--

RICHARD AISLEY  
So it was okay to take my wife?

NIGEL  
I didn't think you would care! You  
and Rebecca were always fighting.  
And you had your own girl during  
the war--

Richard's instantly on his feet. He hauls off and clocks  
Nigel, who crumbles to the ground.

RICHARD AISLEY  
*I would never cheat on my wife!*

From the floor, Nigel wipes the blood from his lip with the  
back of his hand.

NIGEL  
You were the one who told me about  
her...

Richard waves him off, his eyes wet.

RICHARD AISLEY  
Stop.

Nigel digs in his pocket. He comes out with the GOLD LOCKET  
Richard had on him when he was arrested.

NIGEL  
They gave me this outside. It's  
yours...

He holds it out for Richard to take. He finally does.

NIGEL (CONT'D)  
Open it.

Inside, Richard finds a picture of a beautiful, young  
Indonesian BRIDE on her wedding day.

It doesn't make any sense. He moves to the back of the cell,  
giving Nigel enough room to climb to his feet.

EXT. THAMES VALLEY POLICE STATION -- MINUTES LATER

Waiting for Richard out front are Lucy and Rebecca. Dr.  
Boil's there too, standing by his car, ready to take Richard  
back to the asylum.

As Richard comes down the front steps, his daughter runs  
forward to hug him. But Richard is unresponsive, his  
thoughts a thousand miles away...

Nigel leads him to Boil's car and helps him get in as Lucy  
and Rebecca talk to the doctor.

REBECCA  
What happens now?

DR. BOIL  
He's never been violent before. If  
he doesn't respond to a change in  
medication, we'll have to consider  
more serious remedies...

LUCY  
Such as?

He regards the young lady, soberly.

DR. BOIL  
Surgery.

Boil leaves them with that. He gets into his car and puts it in drive. Lucy and her mother wave goodbye, but soon Richard is just a dot on the horizon.

FADE TO:

INT. TOWER KEEP -- OCTOBER, 1723 (NIGHT)

A dank and dirty cell, the windows open to the elements. Rickard's men sit around on the stone floor, shivering, as a greasy JAILER with a cockney accent throws open the tower door.

JAILER  
You got a visitor.

He steps aside to let Tikenzo Hemane and Jeremy Obregon through. They stand in the narrow hallway outside the bars.

TIKENZO HEMANE  
Hello, Rickard.

Rickard slowly gets to his feet, gripping the bars.

CAPT. RICKARD  
What the fuck are you doing here?

TIKENZO HEMANE  
I just wanted to see your face when  
I tell you that tomorrow they will  
hang you.

CAPT. RICKARD  
There's plenty of time between now  
and then...

TIKENZO HEMANE  
Oh, you can pretend it's not  
happening. Hell, maybe this is all  
a dream.  
(he smiles)  
Maybe you never left the jungle...

Rickard's eyes widen, his worlds intersecting...

CAPT. RICKARD  
*What did you say?!*

Hemane cackles and heads back out the tower door. Obregon moves to follow, but Rickard can't help himself.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)  
I always knew you'd betray me.

Obregon whirls around on him.

OBREGON  
Betray you?! *You left me to die!*  
You could have turned around and  
looked for me, but that would have  
meant putting off your mission.  
And you would never do that...

Rickard opens his mouth to object but can't. It's the truth.  
He looks away in shame.

Obregon's about to leave when a final glance at Rickard is  
almost more than he can take. He sighs and reaches into his  
jacket pocket.

OBREGON (CONT'D)  
I know it's no consolation, but I  
found this...

He places the CONCH NECKLACE on the ledge of the bars.  
Rickard looks up, sudden joy on his face.

OBREGON (CONT'D)  
Not that it'll do you much good  
anymore...

He turns his back on the prisoners and heads out. Looking at  
the conch, Rickard can't stand it anymore.

CAPT. RICKARD  
*I need to get out of here!*

He shakes the bars, furiously looking for a way out.

INT. ASYLUM, REC. ROOM -- JULY, 1957 (DAY)

As the other patients circulate and talk to themselves,  
Richard sits on his own staring out a window. He's settled  
back into life at the asylum, but the light in his eyes has  
all but gone out.

The door of the games room opens and Dr. Boil shows in  
Richard's ex and his daughter. It's the first time they've  
visited since he returned.

DR. BOIL  
He's sedated right now. Quite a  
tough morning...

They look at Richard from afar. He's glassy-eyed, drool in the corners of his mouth.

REBECCA

I never wanted you to see him like this...

LUCY

Better like this than not at all.

DR. BOIL

At this time in his life, this is probably the best place for him.

But Lucy only shakes her head.

LUCY

He doesn't belong here. He isn't someone to be feared. He's just a sad old man who misses his life. This is my last summer before university. I just got him back. I'm not ready to let go yet...

REBECCA

What do you imagine the two of you are going to do?

LUCY

I don't know. He needs answers. He needs to find the woman from the locket...

REBECCA

And what makes you think you'll be able to find her?

Lucy shakes her head.

LUCY

I have to try...

DR. BOIL

As much as I would like to release your father into your custody, you are still several months shy of your eighteenth birthday. You are not an adult yet.

REBECCA

No, but I am.

Lucy turns to her mother, surprised.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
Do you really want this?

Lucy beams.

LUCY  
More than anything!

Boil sees the hope in the girl's face. He finally nods.

DR. BOIL  
Well, I could try and stop you but  
I can see by the look in your eyes  
that it wouldn't do any good...

He sighs hard.

DR. BOIL (CONT'D)  
You want me to tell him?

Lucy thinks on it.

LUCY  
No, let me.

She sees the pocket protector in Boil's doctor's coat.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
Can I borrow a pen?

A few moments later, Lucy hands her father a FOLDED NOTE. It takes him a moment, but he's finally able to form the words.

RICHARD AISLEY  
What's this?

Lucy kneels down, smiling, to better see her father.

LUCY  
Escape plans.

She waits for the words to hit him and when they do... *he lights up.*

INT. TOWER KEEP -- OCTOBER, 1723 (NIGHT)

Rickard refuses to give up, shoving any object he can think of into the cells lock to try and get it to open. He's commandeered belt buckles, snapped off corn cob pipes, even confiscated a man's spectacles. But nothing works...

Losing patience, he slams his foot into the metal frame. It hardly budes. But that doesn't stop him from doing it over and over again.

His men watch him work out something violent and primal.

When he's finally out of breath, Rickard sinks back against the stone wall, accepting his fate.

He stares at the locket in his hands, eyes brimmed with tears. He opens and closes it several times before it finally dawns on him...

Standing quickly, he crosses back to the cell door. Just as he thought, with the locket fully open -- it fits snugly into the keyhole! Rickard fiddles with it for a moment before a *reassuring clank sounds...*

And the door opens.

His men break into cheers, but Rickard puts a stern finger of warning to his lips.

He holds the door open for them. They make their way out into the narrow castle halls and Rickard follows after.

EXT. TOWER OF LONDON -- MOMENTS LATER

Creeping steadily along, Yuno and Ned Crowley take care of several SENTRIES that are on guard. It's messy, but silent.

Along the tower walls, they dispatch more members of the Queen's army. Once clear, they hurry over to the CISTERN above Traitor's Gate. When Rickard sees the state of it, he kicks at the boat in anger--

CAPT. RICKARD  
Dammit, it's flooded!

YUNO  
Use the pump.

CAPT. RICKARD  
No, it's too loud. It'll bring the guards right to us.

He thinks desperately, time running out until the inevitable moment they're discovered.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)  
We'll have to swim for it.

The crew exchanges nervous looks. They know how far it is down.

CAPT. RICKARD (CONT'D)  
The first ones to the silo doors  
start prying it open, the rest of  
us will join you shortly.

When he finishes talking, there's a tense silence. Finally, it's Yuno that speaks for the rest of the crew.

YUNO  
If you're wrong about this, we  
drown.

Rickard nods.

CAPT. RICKARD  
That's why I'm going first.

The crew watches as their Captain dives into the cistern's pool and breast-strokes all the way to the bottom.

The silo doors of Traitor's Gate are sealed tight, but he plants his feet on the river bottom and starts prying at them.

He can barely part them an inch before they settle back together again from the weight of the water. It's no use...

Above him though, the others have entered the water. Soon enough, Yuno and the rest of the crew are by Rickard's side, helping to force the doors open.

It takes all their combined strength, but the gate *finally* gives way. The prisoners push their way through into the flooding Thames.

And by covering themselves in the refuse of the river, they manage to float away to safety.

EXT. PORT OF SOUTHAMPTON -- THE NEXT MORNING

As the Asuncion glides into the open bay, Rickard returns to the Captain's berth where he belongs.

Doc Latham joins him, outfitted with a brand new PEG LEG. Rickard claps his bosun on the shoulder, glad to have him back.

The Captain begins to consult his nautical charts when he hears a familiar *tap-tap-tapping* sound.



He walks over to his quarters, fighting a rising sense of dread. The noise seems to be coming from inside his TRUNK...

Trembling, he moves to open it. When the lid is off the look on his face says everything...

A young girl's hand reaches out and Rickard takes it, helping his daughter to come aboard.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END