

UNTITLED PIRATE PROJECT

By

Jonathan E. Steinberg & Robert Levine

2ND DRAFT - 9/28/11

BLACK. Silent. The Void. Until--

A FAINT FLAME SPARKS TO LIFE. Feeble. Wheezing as it struggles to breath. And moving...

The tiny flame crawls across the darkness... Until it disappears for a moment... And then-- KABOOM!

SMASH TO:

EXT MERCHANT SHIP - DAY

--where SMOKE BILLOWS OUT OF THE JUST-FIRED CANNONS of this trading vessel.

ON THE DECK, sailors move urgently to their stations. Almost to a man, they look good and scared... Except, that is, for--

THE **MERCHANT CAPTAIN**, standing on the quarterdeck. Glaring out towards the sea defiantly, where we see--

A PIRATE SHIP, bearing down on us. Just a few hundred yards away. A BLACK BANNER flies from its mainmast...

A **FIRST MATE** approaches the Merchant Captain--

FIRST MATE

Two hits, sir. Minimal damage.
Their hull is too thick...

The Captain doesn't respond. The Mate continues, hesitant--

FIRST MATE (CONT'D)

It's him, sir, isn't it...?

The Captain raises his SPYGLASS, and we see through it--

POV - THE PIRATE'S BLACK FLAG. Not the Jolly Roger you were expecting. A full SKELETON. In one hand, a SWORD. In the other, an HOURGLASS.

BACK TO THE CAPTAIN, who lowers the glass. His silence confirms the Mate's worst fears...

FIRST MATE (CONT'D)

It's not too late, sir... Perhaps
if we struck colors--

MERCHANT CAPTAIN

This is *my* ship. You'll defend her.
Or you'll hang from her yardarm.

(then)

Prepare to repel boarders.

The Captain strides off. Off the Mate, shaken, we go--

ACROSS THE DECK, where SAILORS SWIRL ABOUT PREPPING THE SHIP. Among them, we find one man without a job to do. This is the **SHIP'S COOK** (doughy, 40s). Looking out at the approaching ship, he's nervous. Edgy. As the mate directs men to their stations, the Cook sneaks off in the other direction...

INT. MERCHANT SHIP - CAPTAINS QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON - A CAPTAIN'S LOG, as it's yanked from a shelf. REVEAL the Cook, as he opens the log, flips rapidly through the pages. Looking for something. Running out of time.

Finally, he finds the page he was looking for. Rips it out, rolls it up, inserts it into a SMALL LEATHER POUCH...

INT. MERCHANT SHIP - BELOW DECK - MOMENTS LATER

The Cook emerges, trying to blend in. Heads down a corridor, but quickly has to take cover as he's almost steamrolled by--

A THRONG OF MEN emerging from the armory, carrying CUTLASSES, RIFLES-- The Cook hides-- Waits for them to pass...

The coast clear, he emerges. And takes note of the armory, and its HEAVY IRON DOOR...

INT. MERCHANT SHIP - ARMORY - SAME

The Cook enters. It's empty. He exhales. But as he turns to shut the door-- It's stuck. He gives it a shove, but THE DOOR SHOVES BACK-- THE DOOR THEN BURSTS INWARD, knocking the Cook on his ass. (He doesn't notice that the MYSTERIOUS POUCH slips out of his coat, and slides under a table...)

A **YOUNG SAILOR** enters. 20s. Handsome. He spots the Cook down on his ass. The Sailor winces regretfully...

YOUNG SAILOR

Sorry.

The Young Sailor shuts the door. Locks the deadbolt.

COOK

What are you doing? Why aren't you up there with the crew?

YOUNG SAILOR

I think the better question is, why aren't they all down here with us? You could get killed up there...

COOK

So you're a coward then?

YOUNG SAILOR

Yes. You too?

COOK

I'm no coward! I'm a cook, I have no station to man. What do you think this crew will do when they find out you abandoned yours?

YOUNG SAILOR

Well if they're dead, and I'm still alive... I'll like my chances.

Suddenly, the noises from above stop. Eerie silence. The Cook then turns back to the Sailor, and grins a nasty grin.

COOK

If you fight, at least your death will be a quick one...

(off the Sailor's look)

When the pirates take this ship, and find you down here... They will show you immeasurable cruelty.

YOUNG SAILOR

Torture...?

The Cook senses the sailor's fear, runs with it.

COOK

Do you not know who that is out there?

EXT. PIRATE SHIP - DAY

Our first good look at the Pirate Ship, closing in... Menacing... We get a clear look at it's BLACK PENNANT--

COOK (V.O.)

That ship flies the banner of Captain Flint...

And we then PULL BACK TO REVEAL we're on the deck of--

EXT. MERCHANT SHIP - SAME

Where it's deserted. Not a soul above deck. Except for the FIRST MATE, standing by the door of the QUARTERDECK CABIN (a makeshift bunker at the stern of the ship.)

COOK (O.S.)

A monster so violent and cruel,
it's said even Blackbeard himself
shudders at his mention...

The Mate watches as the Pirate Ship closes in... A PIRATE SNIPER takes a potshot at the Mate-- Misses by inches. The Mate recoils. Realizes he's out of time... He makes the sign of the cross, then enters the bunker, and SLAMS THE DOOR--

INT. MERCHANT SHIP - ARMORY - SAME

Cook and Sailor, alone in the armory.

COOK

And his crew... Bloodthirsty
savages, eager and willing to do
his bidding...

YOUNG SAILOR

(beat)

Isn't this your problem, too?

COOK

Good cooks are in short supply.
Even for criminals. They'll take
me in. But you... cowering below
decks to dodge a fight? They'll
gut you for sport.

The Sailor considers that a moment. Then--

YOUNG SAILOR

I don't know... I'm one of those
people that's hard to dislike...

On the Cook, getting frustrated. The moment is broken by the sound of MULTIPLE THUDS up above... Off Cook and Sailor--

INT. MERCHANT SHIP - BUNKER - DAY

GRAPPLING HOOKS FLY OVER THE BULWARKS of the Merchant Ship, landing on the deck with a SERIES OF THUDS, before being pulled tight... Straining... Pulling us closer to the Pirate Ship... PULL BACK TO REVEAL WE'RE IN--

THE QUARTERDECK BUNKER, looking out through a small LOOPHOLE. It's cramped in here. Dark. Merchant Sailors (including the First Mate) peer out of the loopholes, RIFLES at the ready.

ON THE MERCHANT CAPTAIN, at the rear of the crowded bunker. Nervous. Waiting. Listening to the sounds of the GRAPPLING ROPES straining, as his ship is hauled in by the Pirates.

Around him, SAILORS hold cutlasses, axes... In case the bunker is breached.

FIRST MATE
Collision up!

And as the Pirate Ship finally SLAMS INTO THE MERCHANT SHIP--

INT. MERCHANT SHIP - ARMORY - SAME

The Cook and Sailor are thrown to the ground from the collision... As they fall, we see THE LEATHER POUCH slide out of his hiding place, into the open. Meanwhile--

INT. MERCHANT SHIP - QUARTERDECK BUNKER - SAME

The Sailors right themselves, resume their positions by the loopholes-- Peer out to see--

PIRATES-- Swarming onto the deck-- Among them, their PIRATE CAPTAIN, identifiable even at this distance by the way he confidently directs and positions his men...

YOUNG SAILOR
Jesus Christ... That's him isn't it?

MERCHANT CAPTAIN
Fire!

The Gunmen FIRE their muskets through the loopholes. But the Pirates respond... Throwing SMOKE GRENADES onto the Merchant Ship deck... Quickly, THE DECK IS COVERED IN A HAZE OF SMOKE. The Pirates disappear into it. And all goes silent.

The Merchant Captain stares out into the smoke. Beat.

MERCHANT CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Powder boxes. On my command.

By his feet, a RUNNER nods, before ducking down a ladder to--

THE SUB DECK, where the Runner silently SIGNALS another SAILOR, stationed down a narrow corridor... Then ANOTHER... Until the silent message finally reaches--

A GALLEY FULL OF TRIGGER MEN... A DOZEN OR SO, spaced out in the dark. Lit only by the faint flame from their HOT IRONS. Each stands by a FUSE dangling from the ceiling... Leading to BOOBY TRAPS on the deck above...

BACK IN THE BUNKER, with the Captain, as he peers out into the silent smoky haze. Listening. Waiting for some signal as to the pirates position...

MERCHANT CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Come closer, bastards...

The silence persists. The tension builds. And we GO:

INT. MERCHANT SHIP - ARMORY - SAME

Where the Cook and the Sailor are dusting themselves off, the ship quiet for the moment. The Cook notices, however, that the Sailor is HOLDING THE MYSTERIOUS POUCH he dropped...

COOK
Give me that...

SAILOR
What is it?

COOK
It's nothing. Give it to me!

The Cook SNATCHES THE POUCH from the Sailor's hand, stuffing it back into his coat. The Sailor, being no dummy--

SAILOR
Doesn't seem like nothing. Maybe when Mr. Flint gets here, he can decide if it's nothing.

COOK
(beat; icily...)
You wouldn't want to do that...

SAILOR
No? Why not?

The Cook pulls a CUTLASS off a rack, with a loud SCCRRRIING.

SAILOR (CONT'D)
Oh.

And as the Cook takes a HACK AT THE SAILOR, we CUT BACK TO:

INT. MERCHANT SHIP - SUBDECK - SAME

BACK with the Trigger Men, irons at the ready. Above, they can hear the faint sound of FOOTFALLS. CREAKS in the wood. The pirates are right above us...

From up the corridor, the SILENT SIGNAL arrives-- The TRIGGER MEN LIGHT THEIR FUSES--

BACK IN THE BUNKER, the Captain waiting for the sound of exploding pirates...

But there is no *bang*. No nothing. Just silence. The Captain turns to the Runner by his feet--

MERCHANT CAPTAIN
I told you to fire the mines!

RUNNER
We *did*, sir.

On the Captain... Starting to get that sinking feeling...

MERCHANT CAPTAIN
How did he do that...?

FIRST MATE
Sir. We may still have time--

MERCHANT CAPTAIN
(ignoring him)
Those mines were hidden. Proofed against tampering. A *dozen* of them.

FIRST MATE
Sir, if we do not surrender now, Flint will kill us all--!

The Captain quickly produces a PISTOL-- POINTS IT IN THE MATE'S FACE. A tense beat. Things getting out of hand, rapidly... But the moment is broken by--

A FAINT KABOOM of a cannon firing in the distance... Followed quickly by a loud CRACK of impact. Then SILENCE. Looks exchanged-- What the hell was that? The Men all crowd up to the LOOPHOLES... Peer out... And then they hear--

A DEEP, HORRIBLE GROAN... Like from some kind of monster... Goosebumps all around the bunker.

The Captain then sees something out in the smoke... He inches closer to his portal to get a better look... Just in time to see something coming this way... SOMETHING HUGE...

THE GROAN CRESCENDOES. The Captain's eyes go wide... He SPRINGS FOR COVER just as--

THE SHIP'S MAINMAST CRASHES INTO THE BUNKER-- Shattering the reinforced walls and roof--

IN THE MERCHANT CAPTAIN'S POV... Blinded by the light pouring though the gaping hole in his bunker... his EARS RINGING FROM THE SHOCK OF THE COLLAPSE... He watches as--

PIRATES storm through the opening, emerging out of the smoke... And as SWORDS BEGIN TO CLANG TOGETHER IN ANGER--

INT. MERCHANT SHIP - ARMORY - SAME

With the Sailor, winded, as he dodges another CUTLASS SWIPE.

SAILOR

Look, I get it. Whatever you've got there, it's obviously very valuable.

COOK

You can't even imagine--

The Cook swings again, forcing the Sailor to duck.

SAILOR

Hey-- Let's be reasonable. What's say I don't breathe a word of this to anyone... Deal?

The Cook summons all his strength, *finally tackles the Sailor to the ground*. The Sailor and the Cook grapple, the Cook's bulk giving him the advantage... Pinning the Sailor down...

COOK

It's too late for that now...

THE COOK RAISES THE CUTLASS-- Off the Sailor's panicked look--

INT. MERCHANT SHIP - QUARTERDECK BUNKER - SAME

Pirates and Sailors, in close quarters combat...

The Merchant Captain watches, stunned... His men fighting the Pirates with swords, axes, fists... Chaos...

The Captain fixes on one particular Pirate. A GIANT of a man. Making quick work of defender after defender... Coming this way... The Merchant Captain is paralyzed with fear...

The Giant nears... Raises his cutlass... And just as he's about to bring it down on the Captain's head--

CLANG! Someone deflects the Giant's sword into a bulkhead... REVEAL THAT SOMEONE IS--

THE PIRATE CAPTAIN. **FLINT**. He and the Giant exchange a contentious glare with each other.

FLINT

I believe we've made our point.
(to the Merchant Captain)
Haven't we?

Off the Merchant Captain, more than ready to surrender...

INT. MERCHANT SHIP - CORRIDOR - LATER

Below deck, the fight now over. A few pirates search the belly of the ship for cargo. At their lead is an older pirate, whom we'll later meet as **GATES** (60s). They reach a locked door... The ARMORY.

A pirate with the AXE HACKS IT OPEN, to REVEAL--

THE SAILOR, staring innocently back at him. And at the Sailor's feet, is THE COOK. Face down. Dead. With the CUTLASS STICKING UP THROUGH HIS BACK.

GATES

What happened to him?

SAILOR

He couldn't handle the thought of what you might do to him.

(then)

I, on the other hand, would very much like to join your crew.

TIGHT ON THE SAILOR--

SAILOR (JOHN SILVER) (CONT'D)

My name is John Silver. And I happen to be a very good cook...

And off **JOHN SILVER**, we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MERCHANT SHIP - DECK - LATER

The Merchant Captain has been tied to the mainmast. Nearby, his crew (save Silver) are herded together. The GIANT we saw slashing his way through the bunker approaches the crew. They do their best not to cower... But then, Giant speaks--

SINGLETON

You have nothing to fear from him now. We are your brothers.

On the Merchant Crew. They weren't expecting that... The Giant (whose name is SINGLETON), continues--

GIANT (SINGLETON)

Men who work for our own survival, instead of thriving off the work of others. As are you...

At this, Singleton sees Gates and Silver emerging from below. This next bit is as much for Gates's ears as anyone's...

SINGLETON

It's the tyrant captain that is the enemy of us all. And when you cease to fear the tyrant, he can't last for long...

Gates hears that. Sees a CROWD OF PIRATES around Singleton, staring back at him with hollow, angry stares. He then points Silver towards **BILLY BONES** (20s), the ship's First Mate.

GATES

This one wants to join. Says he can cook.

Billy nods, as Gates enters into--

INT. MERCHANT SHIP - QUARTERDECK CABIN - SAME

--where we find Flint, and **DUFRESNE** (20s, bookish). Dufresne sits, papers and ledgers spread all around. Flint is reading one of the books. He doesn't look up as Gates enters--

GATES

We made a full sweep of the lower holds. Twelve casks of palm oil. Eight of sugar. Some scattered tobacco, maybe a few dozen pounds.

DUFRESNE

(beat)
That's all?

Gates's silence affirms. Dufresne casts a concerned glance in Flint's direction, who isn't paying attention... Dufresne then consults his notes, does a few quick calculations...

DUFRESNE (CONT'D)

Total tally... 400. Maybe five if we are lucky selling the tobacco. Cameron's arm is broken, and Duffy was shot in the leg. After injury payments, we'll net just under 8 pounds per man.

GATES

8 pounds...?

Flint glances up from his book. Unconcerned.

GATES (CONT'D)

The men are not going to be happy...

FLINT
When are they ever?

GATES
When their end is a hell of a lot
richer than 8 pounds...

Flint smiles a bit. Touché.

FLINT
Here, look...

Flint hands Gates the journal he's been reading. As Gates reads, Flint talks privately to him--

FLINT (CONT'D)
Captain's log. The whole story is
here. Vazquez. Port Royal.
(a small smile)
I told you this was the ship...

Gates reacts, but then flips the page in the journal back and forth, as if looking for something--

GATES
Where's the map?

FLINT
Someone must've torn it out. Minor
obstacle, but we're getting closer.

GATES
Minor obstacle...
(then)
Let me see if I have this straight.
This is our fourth prize in a row
from which our profits will just
barely exceed the expense it took
to win it. Singleton is out there
right now getting your crew ready
to torture that poor bastard of a
captain, only because he hasn't
figured out how to get them to do
it to you yet. But it's ok,
because you've discovered that the
secret map we can't tell anyone
we're looking for may exist on a
page that we don't have.

FLINT
(beat)
...don't have yet.

Gates has to smile. But then, **DR. HOWELL** (40s, ruddy) enters. He's wearing a LEATHER APRON, covered in blood...

DR. HOWELL
Mr. Duffy is dead.

That lands. Gates's smile fades.

DR. HOWELL (CONT'D)
I removed the leg. But he'd lost too much blood.

Dufresne does some quick scribbling. Then, solemnly--

DUFRESNE
Make that 9 pounds per man.

A quiet beat, as the room darkens. Flint then starts to head for the door--

FLINT
I just need a minute with the Captain...

But Gates grabs his arm. Stops him--

GATES
It's bad out there.

FLINT
Their men are all restrained.

GATES
It isn't their men I'm worried about.

Flint knows Gates is serious. Still--

FLINT
We're so close. Can't stop now...

Off Gates--

EXT. MERCHANT SHIP - MOMENTS LATER

Gates approaches his crew. Singleton steps forward--

SINGLETON
We paid a heavy toll today. And for what...? We all know the prize won't come close to making it worthwhile. Someone must be made to pay the difference...
(MORE)

SINGLETON (CONT'D)
(re: Merchant Captain)
Right now, he'll have to do...

This, as Singleton sees Flint approaching the mainmast.

SINGLETON (CONT'D)
What is he doing?

GATES
Just... Give him a minute.

ON FLINT, with the terrified Merchant Captain.

FLINT
Where is the map?

MERCHANT CAPTAIN
What are you talking about?

FLINT
The page with Vazquez's map. It's
missing-- Do you have it?

The Captain looks Flint in the eye. Silent. Flint then
peeks over at Singleton and the crew. Eying the Merchant
Captain like a piece of meat...

FLINT (CONT'D)
If you know something, now would be
the time to say so...

ACROSS THE DECK, with Gates and Singleton. Privately--

SINGLETON
Two captains, out of touch with
their men...
(then)
Just so you know, I have no ill-
will towards you. Once I have the
votes to depose Flint, there will
be a place for you on my ship...

GATES
Singleton?
(off his look)
Shut the fuck up.

BACK TO FLINT AND THE MERCHANT CAPTAIN--

MERCHANT CAPTAIN
I told you, I don't have it. One
of my men must've taken it--

FLINT
They were searched.

MERCHANT CAPTAIN
Your men, then.

FLINT
They didn't have access. Can you remember what you wrote down?

MERCHANT CAPTAIN
I wrote it down so I wouldn't have to remember. Dammit, if I knew more I would tell you. Now call off your men!

Beat. Flint looks over at the angry pirate crew... It dawns on the Merchant Captain--

MERCHANT CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
You can't, can you...?
(sneers)
You're their captain, and you have no control over them...

FLINT
You're their captain, and they just signed your death warrant. So I'm not sure either of us is in a position to criticize.

The Merchant Captain darkens, no longer hiding his contempt--

MERCHANT CAPTAIN
How long before you're the one they tie to the mast?

On Flint. Done with this guy. As he walks away--

MERCHANT CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
I won't give any of you the satisfaction of crying out!

FLINT
(under his breath)
Good for you.

But as Flint nears the cabin--

SINGLETON
Where are you going?
(Flint stops)
Justice is about to be done... And you're turning your back?

Flint glares. A tense moment between them. But then--

FRESH-FACED SAILOR (O.S.)

Sail ho!

Everyone rushes to the starboard railing. Very small on the horizon is a SHIP. Someone hands Flint the spyglass...

GATES

That's a ship of the line.

FLINT

Royal Navy. The *Scarborough*.

GATES

Scarborough doesn't patrol this far south.

FLINT

She does today. And she's got the wind on us.

(then, to the CREW)

Sails up. We're leaving now.

The crew races to action, no questions asked.

GATES

Minor obstacle, is it?

Off Flint--

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SEA - DAY

Flint's ship (the *WALRUS*) cruises on open waters...

INT. WALRUS - GALLEY - LATER

A SURLY COOK in a foul apron cuts potatoes on an even fouler chopping block, until he sees Silver and Billy approaching... The cook stops cutting. Grumbles. Takes off his apron, and shoves it into Silver's hands. He then sulks off, and exits.

BILLY

He'll be alright.

(then)

First and third watch mess together, along with the Quarter-master. Captain usually with the second. And no extra rations, not for the Captain, not for anyone. Every man is an equal here. Clear?

Silver nods. Billy turns to leave. Stops...

BILLY (CONT'D)

You can cook, right?

SILVER

(beat)

Of course.

BILLY

(beat; then, muttered--)

Can't be any worse...

And Billy exits. Silver waits til he's gone. Then PULLS OUT THE POUCH he took from the Cook. And pulls from it--

THE MYSTERIOUS PAGE, and we finally get a look at it. Some numbers, vaguely organized into columns. Indecipherable. He flips it over, hoping for more info. Nothing. Silver slumps... What the hell *is* this? And as we PUSH IN on the torn edge, and we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WALRUS - CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

...THE FRAYED EDGES OF THE CAPTAIN'S LOG, from which the page was torn. And FLINT, staring into it. Almost as if he might will it to reappear. Gates enters, and sits. Conspicuously silent for a beat. Flint looks up slowly...

GATES

He has the votes.

FLINT

Beg pardon?

GATES

Singleton. He has the votes to remove you as Captain.

(off Flint's look)

Maybe not every last one, I'm still canvassing. But once he gets ashore, where he doesn't have to be sneaky about it, he'll get what he needs...

FLINT

I thought you said it'd never get to this.

GATES

I did.

FLINT

I thought you said you put loyal men in all the right places, so that this crew would never turn--

GATES

That was before today.

FLINT

So because of one short haul--

GATES

One *more* short haul, to be fair. But that's not what did it.

FLINT

Then what are you talking about?

GATES

The Scarborough.

(then)

They all knew the day would come when the Empire would start paying attention to us again. What if today is that day? If we're run out of Nassau, how long before we find a new port? How lean will things get in the meantime? Scary questions. Singleton is capitalizing.

Flint considers this a long beat. Then--

FLINT

So fix it.

GATES

Fix it...?

FLINT

Buy them back. Twist arms. Do...
Whatever it is you do.

GATES

That doesn't quite feel like a
solution to this particular problem.

FLINT

I don't need a solution, I just
need a few more days...

GATES

We've been after this map for
months, what makes you think all
you need is a few more days?

FLINT

I'm going to see Richard.

GATES

Richard Guthrie... You think he's
going to help you?

FLINT

I do.

GATES

Let's, for fun, say he doesn't.
What then?

FLINT

Then I will forget about the map.
We'll return to hunting fat, lazy
merchantmen. And everyone will be
content.

GATES

And I have your word on that?

Beat. Straight face. Beat.

FLINT

Of course.

On Gates... Jeez... The moment is broken as Billy sticks
his head in the door. A big grin on his face.

BILLY
Landfall... We're home.

Off Flint and Gates, we--

EXT. WALRUS/NASSAU HARBOR - DAY

The *Walrus* sails into the warm blue bay, a handful of other PIRATE SHIPS sitting at anchor nearby. TENDER SHIPS and BARGES shuttle about, ferrying passengers and cargo...

EXT. BEACH - LATER

A HARBOR BARGE comes ashore, and a number of pirates disembark and begin unloading cargo. Among the crowd, Silver steps forward, and takes in--

NASSAU. Its shore crowded with crudely built HUTS, TENTS and LEAN-TOS. DOZENS of pirates emerge from the encampment to greet the *Walrus's* crew...

Overlooking this shanty-town, up on the bluff, is an IMPOSING STONE FORTRESS. And beyond that, we can just make out the outlines of the town's main thoroughfare. Altogether, a filthy, noisy but picturesque tableau.

SILVER
Is this English soil?

LOGAN
Was. Once. Now it's ours.

This, as a TRIO of giggling WHORES burst onto the beach, passing out RUM, bread and fruit. One of them leaps into Logan's arms, buries his face in her breasts... when he finally comes up for air...

LOGAN (CONT'D)
Nice, in'it?

This, as A BOTTLE OF RUM is thrust into Silver's hands. MUSIC starts up, and the scene turns festive. Off Silver, can't quite believe his luck. As he takes a drink--

MEANWHILE... We find GATES, walking with Billy up the beach, towards a small SKIFF anchored just off the sand.

BILLY
I don't understand... The Captain asked for me to go along with him?

GATES
No, but I have business here, so the job falls to you.

BILLY

And what is the job, exactly?

GATES

The Captain is going to ask Richard for a favor. Richard is going to say no. When that happens, the Captain will, most likely, react poorly. When that happens, I need you to restrain him.

Billy stops dead in his tracks. It takes Gates a few steps before he realizes. Doubles back to Billy...

GATES (CONT'D)

No cargo moves off this island without Mr. Guthrie's ships and connections. He is not someone we need to be making an enemy of.

BILLY

(a very long beat)
Restrain him, you say...

GATES

(pat on the shoulder)
I'm sure you'll do fine.

Gates heads towards the skiff, Billy following reluctantly.

BILLY

He'll never listen to me.

GATES

Nonsense. You're an indispensable part of this crew, and I assure you, the Captain appreciates that more than you know.

--this as they arrive at the skiff. Gates addresses Flint--

GATES (CONT'D)

Billy's going with you.

FLINT

Who's Billy?

Beat. Gates slow-turns to Billy. And off their look, we go--

BACK TO THE MAIN BEACH, where Silver is helping to unload cargo. Nearby, two CREWMEN grouse--

WALRUS CREW MEMBER #1

What do you think our shares come to? I heard twenty...

WALRUS CREW MEMBER #2

Twenty? Singleton says we'll be lucky to see five.

Over this, we notice-- Silver has stopped unloading. He's staring into a BASKET of goods from the ship. Fixed on something at the bottom of it we can't yet see...

He reaches in, and pulls out-- A BOOK. THEN ANOTHER. A handful of journals of varying sizes.

Silver looks around. Makes sure no one is watching him... Carefully selects THREE BOOKS that are the same size as his MYSTERIOUS TORN-OUT PAGE...

He opens one. On the first page: *Captain's Log -- Vol.1*. Silver compares the mystery page-- THE HANDWRITING MATCHES.

He then quickly flips through the book. But it doesn't appear to be missing a page. Opens the next book. Flips. Nothing missing there either. Ditto, the third one. But he notes that the books are labelled Vols. 1, 2 and 4. THERE'S ONE MISSING. Off Silver, getting closer to an answer--

MOMENTS LATER, we find Dufresne, hunched over a makeshift table, recording cargo as its unloaded in a ledger...

DUFRESNE

A cook book?

REVERSE, and REVEAL SILVER, standing there talking to him.

SILVER

It's absurd, I know. I left it with our Captain for safe-keeping but I don't see it with the rest of his journals--

DUFRESNE

Everything from the captain's quarters is here. If what you're looking for isn't, Flint must have kept it.

(then)

The Captain likes his books.

Dufresne goes back to work. And Silver turns. Looks out to the *Walrus*, anchored out in the bay. *Somehow, he's gonna have to get back out there...* But breaking the moment--

VOICE (O.S.)
Which one's the new one?

Silver looks over as a GAUNT, DEAD-EYED MAN is approaching him. Not from our crew. Logan steps in front of Silver--

LOGAN
Is this really necessary? He's
just a cook...

GAUNT MAN
He meets the new ones. No
exceptions.

Logan turns back to Silver, frustrated.

LOGAN
I'm sorry, mate...

SILVER
What's going on? Who wants to meet
me?

LOGAN
(ominously)
Blackbeard.

Off Silver, starting to worry, we SMASH TO:

INT. WHOREHOUSE - PARLOR - LATER

A smoky whorehouse. The Gaunt Man leads Silver through the parlor, as Logan and a few other Crewmen tag along for moral support. The Gaunt Man then stops at a set of DOUBLE DOORS.

LOGAN
Whatever you do... Don't show fear.

On Silver. Totally at a loss. The Gaunt Man opens the door--

INT. WHOREHOUSE - BEDROOM - SAME

It's dark. Lit by a few dim LANTERNS. Silver enters, turns to see several SILHOUETTED figures in the back. The lanterns turn up... Revealing--

FIVE NAKED WHORES, draped around a large ornate chair. In the chair is a FIGURE, his face obscured under a hat. *Blackbeard?*

But the figure then lifts its head, revealing... A BEAUTIFUL, BLACK HAired WHORE, naked beneath a thin velvet robe.

SILVER
You're not Blackbeard...

The WHORE smiles, then slowly opens her robe, revealing a large patch of unruly black PUBIC HAIR.

SILVER (CONT'D)

I see.

Silver turns to see his Walrus buddies laughing at him.

LOGAN

Don't fall in now, you hear?

They shut the door behind him. Off Silver, we HARD CUT TO:

INT. WHOREHOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Clothes being torn off Silver's body by multiple hands...

SILVER

Alright, easy now...

But the whores aren't listening. Just as Silver is about to give in, his pants are torn off, and he remembers--

THE LEATHER POUCH, which falls to the floor as his pants are tossed on a chair. Silver's eyes go wide. He makes a move to recover it, but the nearest whore (**MAX**, 20s, mulatto), puts a hand on his chest.

MAX

(French creole accent)

Rules are rules. And you are ours.

She shoves him back down to the bed, and the orgy begins. But even now, Silver can't help but glance over at the LEATHER POUCH... Off it, DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SALOON - DAY

Packed with drunk pirates, as Gates enters, makes his way through... As he goes, we pick up SNIPPETS of conversation... The word "Scarborough" on everyone's lips. Gates also spots Singleton, talking intently with an older BLACK PIRATE.

Gates moves to the bar, addresses the BARTENDER (**MR. SCOTT**, 50s, black).

GATES

Need a moment with your boss.

Scott nods to a closed DOOR behind the bar.

MR. SCOTT

Not a good time.

This, as the back room door FLIES OPEN, and an ANGRY PIRATE CAPTAIN storms out, followed by a YOUNG WOMAN (mid-20s, beautiful, but with an edge). They're in mid-argument.

YOUNG WOMAN

You want to run at first sight of trouble, be my guest. But don't expect me to fucking help you.

As the PIRATE storms off, the woman realizes the entire bar has grown quiet. All eyes on her.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)

(to the bar)

That goes for all of you. If you want stay and hunt, my door's open. If the mere whiff of the navy is too much for you, then God bless, and get the fuck out.

Muttering and such, as everyone goes back to their drinking.

GATES

...Madame Guthrie?

YOUNG WOMAN

What the fuck do you want?

She turns, and sees its Gates asking for her. Off **ELEANOR GUTHRIE**, proprietor of this place, WE GO:

INT. SALOON - BACK OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

With Gates, as he follows the Guthrie back into the office. Scott joins them, shuts the door--

GATES

I see words travels fast.

GUTHRIE

Yellow bastard wanted 40 barrels of powder, that's half what I have. All so he can head south and never come back.

She trades a look with Scott, who shakes his head in disbelief. Gates waits patiently, as Guthrie looks his way--

GUTHRIE (CONT'D)

So what do you want?

GUTHRIE (CONT'D)

Word is you idiots barely cleared
enough from this last prize to
cover the cost of taking her.

GATES

We have an agitator.
(off their looks)
No business being a captain, but
he's capitalizing on Flint's
recent... rough patch. I expect
him to call a vote soon, and I
expect that vote to be a close one.

On Guthrie, as that lands. She's intrigued...

GUTHRIE

Flint's got morale problems, what
do you want me to do about it?

GATES

I need money. To shore up support.

GUTHRIE

(confused)
So get Dufresne in here with the
tally, I'll float you an advance on
your last haul--

GATES

It won't be enough.

SCOTT

(incredulous)
You want a loan?

Gates knows he's crossing a line here, but he pushes on--

GATES

Flint's made you more money than
any other captain here--

SCOTT

Not lately, he hasn't.

GATES

That will change. Once I get the
crew under control, we go back to
hunting the big fish. I have his
word on that. Think of it as an
investment. A little money now,
big money later.

(then; to Guthrie)
But make no mistake;

(MORE)

GATES (CONT'D)

without that money, the man who helped you build this operation is out of a job tomorrow.

MR. SCOTT

You steal cargo at the end of a sword. We sell that cargo to markets that would never have you. When you are strong, you are a necessary evil. When you are not strong, you are likely soon to be dead. What you are not, ever, is a sound investment--

GUTHRIE

How much would you need?

Both Scott and Gates seem equally surprised by that.

GATES

A thousand pounds. Give or take.

Guthrie considers him evenly. She then goes to her desk. Writes out a note on parchment. Seals it.

GUTHRIE

Take this to Virgil. He'll see that you get it.

Gates is wary. That was way too easy. But he'll take it.

GATES

Thank you, ma'am.

He takes the parchment, makes a hasty exit. As the door shuts, Scott turns to Guthrie, shoots her a look--

GUTHRIE

What?

MR. SCOTT

You just put a thousand pounds of our money behind a lost cause.

Guthrie doesn't want to hear it. She crosses to the window, looks out at the bustling town... The sea beyond it--

GUTHRIE

When this place was a smoking wreck after the *Santa Teresa*, and no one wanted any part of it... Flint planted his flag here.

MR. SCOTT

What would your father have to say
about that?

GUTHRIE

He'd say I just put a thousand
pounds of his money behind a lost
cause.

(then)

But he's not here, is he?

Off Scott--

EXT./EST. HARBOUR ISLAND - DAY

An idyllic strip of land. White sand beaches. Calm harbor.
Charming little coastal settlement. It's only about 40 miles
from Nassau, but it's light-years more civilized...

Off the CLANG-CLANG-CLANG OF A LOUD BRASS DOOR KNOCKER...

EXT. HARBOUR ISLAND - RICHARD'S HOUSE - DAY

Flint and Billy, waiting outside the front door of a
sprawling plantation house. Flint notices Billy fidgeting
with his hair, trying to spit down a stubborn cowlick. Flint
watches him for a long beat. Billy realizes--

BILLY

Sorry. I've just never actually
met the man before.

(then)

How should I address him?

FLINT

I would prefer that you didn't.

Billy shrinks, scolded. The door opens, answered by A VALET--

FLINT (CONT'D)

Mr. Smith, to see Mr. Guthrie. He
isn't expecting me.

Off Flint--

INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - FOYER - DAY

The home of one of the wealthier men in the Bahamas. The
paintings alone are worth a fortune. Flint notices Billy eying
one in particular; a GENERAL ON HORSEBACK. Noble. Heroic.

FLINT

Oliver Cromwell.

(then)

(MORE)

FLINT (CONT'D)

I doubt anyone ever made him take a chaperone to a meeting.

Billy looks back. A bit terrified. Flint consider him.

FLINT (CONT'D)

What's does the crew think of me, Billy?

BILLY

Beg your pardon, sir?

FLINT

It's a simple question. You're first mate, you hear what's said...

Billy hesitates, unsure how to answer--

FLINT (CONT'D)

I know they've always found me aloof. Too well-educated. But now it seems they feel I'm too--

BILLY

--weak.

Beat. Billy's a little stunned he said that out loud.

FLINT

I was going to say unlucky.
(off Billy's look)
So that's the thinking... We've been attacking ships with light loads because I'm too weak to do otherwise.

On Billy. Instantly regretting opening his mouth.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Is that what you think?

Now Billy's really on the spot. But before he can answer--

RICHARD GUTHRIE (O.S.)

What the hell are you doing here?

Enter **RICHARD GUTHRIE** (50s; wealthy and soft), coming up the hall from a set of french doors leading to a back patio...

FLINT

What kind of a way is that to welcome a friend...?

Flint then notices, through the french doors, a FAT OLD BALD MAN, being attended to by a pair of HOT GIRLS.

FLINT (CONT'D)

I would much prefer that way.

Richard flags his valet to close the doors.

RICHARD GUTHRIE

A sugar merchant. From Boston.
Who purchases your plunder from me,
but would be far less likely to do
so if he had to acknowledge your
part in supplying it.

(beat)

Now what do you want?

FLINT

There's something you and I need to
discuss. Behind closed doors,
preferably...

INT. WHOREHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

SILVER STARTS AWAKE. The room is quiet now. A STEAMING TIN CUP is put in front of his face. It's being held by Max.

MAX

C'est le cafe. Everyone's drinking
it in Paris.

SILVER

That doesn't sound like much of a
recommendation...

Silver gets up, starts getting dressed. Until he realizes that his POCKETS ARE EMPTY. He searches frantically, before looking up to Max and seeing-- SHE'S HOLDING THE POUCH.

MAX

A whore for every finger on your
hand... But your eyes kept drifting
to this. Tell me... What is it
that is so valuable to you?

Silver takes a step toward her, but she remains calm.

MAX (CONT'D)

One scream will bring Mr. Noonan.

SILVER

Bring him. I can let him know his
whores steal from their customers.

MAX

And he can let your new captain know you've withheld something of great value that rightly belonged to his latest prize...

Silver stops. *Fuck...* She's got him.

SILVER

So what now?

MAX

This is to sell, is it not? But you cannot know who best to sell it to here... I could know that.

SILVER

And what's that going to cost me?

MAX

Half.

SILVER

Fuck you--

MAX

Pleasure should be shared equally. It is the only way to avoid hurt feelings...

On Silver. He's got no choice, and he knows it. He nods, submitting...

MAX (CONT'D)

Excellent. Now. Tell me what it is.

SILVER

I don't know.

(off her look)

I know it's torn from a book that belonged to my old Captain. Some kind of schedule, maybe. But until I can get my hands on the rest...

He shrugs, then turns, finds the coffee cup again. Ventures a sniff. Max is not amused.

MAX

Then how can you be so sure of its value?

SILVER

A guy tried to kill me for it. I figured that was a good indication.

Silver sips, then reacts. Not bad. Off Max--

INT. BEACH HUT - NIGHT

Hazy and crowded. A dozen black Walrus sailors smoke PIPES and converse in another language. Gates enters, and the men GO QUIET. Glare up at him. Gates scans the crowd until he finds the man he's looking for... He locks eyes with--

MOSIAH (50s). The clan elder here. Mosiah considers Gates a beat, then signals his men to clear out. They do. Gates sits.

GATES

I know you and your men gave your votes to Singleton.

MOSIAH

He makes a good case.

GATES

No he doesn't.

MOSIAH

(smiles)

No, he doesn't. But it does appear he will be our new captain. That's not a man to have as an enemy...

GATES

I'm not so sure about that.

Mosiah's eyes narrow. Gates then nods toward an OBEAH SHRINE in the corner-- *May I?* Mosiah nods. Gates pulls two ceremonial PIPES from beside it, and packs them. Hands one to Mosiah, and lights them. A gesture of respect, and it's received well. They smoke together.

GATES (CONT'D)

The vote is closer than you think. I know this, because I bought back twenty-four votes today.
(off Mosiah's surprise)
Nelson's men are always for sale. Paying Muldoon got me the Welsh and the gunners, that's 18 more votes. As of now, Singleton is up 8 votes, and you and your men hold nine. So--

MOSIAH

The Captain's fate is in our hands.

GATES

Your hands, old priest. Your men
will vote with you.

MOSIAH

And how much are you willing to pay
for our support?

GATES

Well... Nothing. I spent the last
of what I had to get this far.

Mosiah frowns. Addresses the shrine.

MOSIAH

Forgive him, Yemaya. His mind is
spoiled from old age.

GATES

You're a wise man, Mosiah. Think
about your men. What's best for
their future...

MOSIAH

Is it their future you wish to
protect... Or your friend's?

GATES

(beat)

What difference does it make?

Mosiah considers that. Nods. A pensive beat... Then--

MOSIAH

And you will pay us, obviously,
from the very next prize we take--

GATES

I assumed that went without saying.

MOSIAH

(beat; considers)

For me, your word is good enough.
But for my men... They will need
something more...

Off Mosiah, the smallest of smiles, as strange guttural
CHANTING builds, and WE SMASH CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER, CLOSE ON A LONG BLADE... AND REVEAL-- Mosiah,
his men, and GATES, whose hand is held over the shrine, as
the BLADE IS DRAWN ACROSS HIS PALM, blood dripping into it.
Gates winces. Mosiah looks down at him with a smile.

Off Gates... The things he does for Flint... But we then--

WIDEN, to a distant POV of the same scene. Watching on is another PIRATE. 30s. Slight. Sitting on the beach by another encampment... Very interested in what he's seeing...

INT. WHOREHOUSE - DAY

Singleton celebrates with a few men at a table. Raucus. As he crosses to the bar to get another drink--

VOICE (O.S.)
You're in a festive mood.

Singleton sees the SLIGHT PIRATE we just saw spying on Gates. Singleton's smiles fades. Wary...

SINGLETON
What do you want, Rackham?

Meet "**CALICO**" **JACK RACKHAM**. He smiles, all charm.

RACKHAM (SLIGHT PIRATE)
I want... to toast your coronation
as Captain of the Walrus.
(then; casually)
Unfortunately, I'm not so sure
that's where we're headed...

Off Singleton, wondering what the hell that means...

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

A deserted stretch. Campfires and revelry in the distance. Reveal Silver, alone, looking out at The Walrus anchored out in the bay. A small CANOE near his feet.

He turns as a FIGURE approaches in the dark. A PIRATE. As he steps into the light, we see it's actually MAX, dressed as a man. Silver notes her outfit with a smile--

SILVER
Fetching.

Max just curses in French, walks past him to the canoe--

EXT. NASSAU - HARBOR - MOMENTS LATER

Silver and Max paddle the canoe out into the harbor. Ahead, the WALRUS looms... At this distance, we can just begin to hear A LONE FIDDLE PLAYING from her deck...

As they draw closer, Max stares up at the ship, apprehensive--

MAX

If it wasn't for Captain Flint,
you'd still be a slave to that
merchant captain. You stole from
your own savior.

SILVER

Well, the cook stole it from the
prize. I stole it from the cook.
Then you stole it from me, so we've
all got some explaining to do.

MAX

You cannot tell the difference
between the three?

SILVER

Not really, no.

Max considers him. Intrigued...

MOMENTS LATER... The canoe comes up along the Walrus's hull.
Silver grabs a hold of a rope running alongside the hull...

SILVER (CONT'D)

If I'm not back soon--

MAX

I'll leave.

SILVER

Smart girl...

And with that, Silver starts CLIMBING UP THE SIDE OF THE
WALRUS... The FIDDLE MUSIC getting louder as he goes...

He reaches the TOP OF THE ROPE, but it doesn't go up to the
deck. IT GOES INTO A PORTHOLE, too small to crawl through...

Silver spots ANOTHER ROPE a few feet away; that one goes all
the way up. But he'll have to jump to grab it... Silver
looks down, instantly regrets it. It's a long fall.

ON SILVER. He swings... LEAPS... And GRABS HOLD OF THE ROPE.

But the ROPE GROANS with his momentum, as it sways back and
forth... On Silver, unable to stop it... And suddenly--

THE MUSIC STOPS. Silence. SHIT...

Silver scrambles up, grabs the LIP BELOW THE RAILING just as--

THE NIGHT WATCHMAN appears, looking out over the railing.
Can't see Silver, who is--

HANGING JUST BELOW HIM. Silver's knuckles are white... he's losing his grip... Until-- The Watchman disappears.

EXT. WALRUS - DECK - MOMENTS LATER

THE WATCHMAN resumes playing his fiddle. And in the deep background behind him, we see SILVER HAUL HIMSELF UP and over the railing... And skulk silently away towards the stern...

INT. WALRUS - CAPTAIN'S CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Silver enters. And just as he shuts the door behind him--

FLINT (V.O.)
Let me tell you a story about a
Spaniard named Vazquez...

--we INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RICHARD GUTHRIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Candlelit. Richard and Gates listen as Flint talks--

FLINT
A few weeks ago, he staggers into a
Port Royal tavern, and sits next to
an English Merchant Captain.
Vazquez, it turns out, is dying.
Bleeding from a knife wound to the
belly.

BACK TO THE WALRUS, where we see QUICK CUTS of Silver carefully looking through Flint's things. Books. Scientific instruments. AN EASEL, with a half-painted landscape in progress. In toto, a glimpse of a self-improving man. But no Merchant Captain's Log... Silver is getting frustrated...

FLINT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The knife wound is courtesy of his
former employer...

But just as Silver is ready to give up, his FOOT CATCHES ON SOMETHING. A FLOORBOARD, raised just slightly at one corner.

FLINT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
La Casa del Contración, in Seville.

SMASH BACK TO RICHARD, as his eyebrows go up.

RICHARD GUTHRIE
Colonial intelligence...

FLINT

He was one of their top agents in the Americas. Charged with overseeing maritime operations. His specific task, for the past two years, was the management of a very special set of ships, delayed in Havana for extensive repairs...

BACK TO SILVER, as he carefully pries up the floorboard. Underneath, Silver finds some papers. A few books. Among them, the MERCHANT CAPTAIN'S LOG.

FLINT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Delayed so long, that two shipments had been consolidated into one.

Silver opens the log. Finds where his page was torn from...

FLINT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Eight heavy cargo galleons. 12 escort ships, including 4 ships of the line...

And as Silver reads, and his eyes go wide--

FLINT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Treasure Fleet.
(then)
According to Vazquez, total cargo is in excess of 7 million dollars.

On Silver. Shit-eating grin. But the moment's broken when--

He hears floorboards CREAKING-- *The Watchman is coming.* Startled, Silver ACCIDENTALLY RIPS A PAGE IN THE LOG...

On Silver. Screwed. No escape out the door. No hiding the fact that he was here... Just as we CUT TO:

THE WATCHMAN, opening Flint's cabin door and seeing--

Nothing. Silver's gone. The floorboard is where it belongs. No sign of anything wrong. Except for the OPEN WINDOW SHUTTERS, swinging in the breeze... The Watchman looks out the window. Then LOOKS DOWN AT THE LEDGE... Nothing there either. The coast is clear...

EXT. SEA - SAME

We're on the water's surface, looking up at the window of Flint's cabin, 50 feet above, as the Watchman closes the shutters and disappears. A silent, tranquil beat, before--

SILVER SURFACES FROM THE WATER, SUCKING AIR-- And off the sounds of his heaving, we CUT TO:

EXT. BLUFF - NIGHT

The calming sounds of the surf, lapping at the beach. Lit only by the moon. But then, we make out VOICES YELLING in the distance, as the CAMERA CRESTS the bluff to reveal--

VOICE (O.S.)

You told me you and your men were
with me... *You fucked me...*

SINGLETON... in a heated argument with MOSIAH. We're eavesdropping on a meet. Behind Mosiah is **LEVI**, 6'6, 300+ if he's an ounce. One of his men, serving as his bodyguard.

MOSIAH

I do what is best for my family.

SINGLETON

I'm what's best for your family.
Flint has fucked us all for long
enough...

MOSIAH

(beat)

You've had your say. And my mind
is unchanged.

Mosiah nods to Levi. Time to go. But as they turn to walk away, they're startled by TWO PIRATES STANDING IN THEIR WAY. One is Jack Rackham. The other is concealed in shadows... Mosiah turns to Singleton, who just smiles. It's an ambush.

Levi steps towards Rackham and the other Pirate. Pulls a DAGGER. But as he moves towards them--

A SHOT RINGS OUT FROM THE DARKNESS. Mosiah recoils, as he's SPATTERED BY LEVI'S BLOOD. Levi drops to one knee...

And from a side path emerges a FEMALE PIRATE. 21. Kinda hot. But dead-eyed. She walks up to Levi, parries a desperate swipe of his dagger, and without any hesitation, SLITS LEVI'S THROAT. He crumples in a heap. The woman stands over him. Watching him die. Taking it in. Something is very wrong with this lady. Meet **ANNE BONNY**.

Then Mosiah sees the Pirate in the Shadows emerge. Recognizes him immediately...

MOSIAH (CONT'D)

Vane...

CAPTAIN CHARLES VANE. Late 20s. Handsome, but for the scar running down his face. And mean...

Mosiah then turns back to Singleton. Seethes at him.

MOSIAH (CONT'D)

Ukwa ru-oge ya, odaa...

--and SPITS at his feet. Then turns back to Vane. And off his defiant look, we SMASH TO--

MOMENTS LATER, Vane, Rackham and Singleton walk off into the night. TRACK THROUGH them, as Vane addresses Singleton--

VANE

Congratulations, Captain.

CONTINUE TRACKING PAST THEM, past Bonny, trailing a step behind, wiping blood from her blade... And CONTINUE TRACKING... Back up the path... Past Levi's corpse... And past MOSIAH'S body, in a pool of blood... To the tip of MOSIAH'S FINGER... As it twitches... *And begins to draw a line in the sand...*

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. RICHARD GUTHRIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Back with Richard, Flint and Billy. Flint continues his account--

FLINT

Before his death, Vazquez was given a direct order to launch the fleet. But he knew it was unprepared. When he said he'd take his case to the King, his bosses decided to silence him.

(then)

But that fleet is sailing. And I mean to meet them along the way...

RICHARD

How do you know all of this?

FLINT

The Merchant Captain...? His name is Parrish. I've been chasing him for a month now. And yesterday, I found him. Along with Vazquez's story, neatly written into his log.

Billy's jaw is on the floor. Can't believe what he's hearing. But the look on Richard's face is different... Amused...

RICHARD

A man whispers his dying words on an island hundreds of miles from here. His secret boards a ship, one of hundreds sailing these waters... and in a matter of weeks, you've found it...

FLINT

Well... Most of it. A page was torn from the log, with the fleet's course and schedule. I could recreate it from what's left, but I would need help. Someone with knowledge of Spanish operations...

(then)

Your man in Havana. I need you to make an introduction.

RICHARD GUTHRIE

And what makes you think I would even consider doing that?

Billy looks to Flint, expecting a reaction. None so far...

FLINT

7 million dollars. When I take that fleet, you stand to gain--

RICHARD GUTHRIE

When you take the fleet? You are talking about the most heavily guarded cargo in the history of civilization--

FLINT

The risk is all mine--

RICHARD GUTHRIE

--the risk is *not* all yours. What do you think Seville would do if they thought we were conspiring to steal state secrets? What do you think an English magistrate would do if he knew I actively supported one of your exploits--

Richard trails off as he feels something cold against his neck... FLINT'S BLADE... Richard's eyes go wide--

FLINT

Let me make myself plain. I'll have that name. Or Billy and I will have your fingers.

RICHARD GUTHRIE

(beat)
Fuck yourself.

FLINT

(beat; okay then)
Billy, would you put your pistol on Mr. Guthrie here...

The CLICK of a pistol cocking, O.S. But when Flint turns, he sees BILLY'S PISTOL IS AIMED AT HIM.

BILLY

Sir-- Mr. Gates said--

AND IN A FLASH, FLINT REACHES-- SNATCHES BILLY'S PISTOL FROM HIS HAND-- And before Billy knows what happened, Flint has the PISTOL POINTED BACK AT BILLY.

A beat. Billy waiting for Flint to pull the trigger. But Flint does something unexpected...

HE HANDS THE PISTOL BACK TO BILLY. He then guides the muzzle of it down towards Richard's head. On Billy, his head spinning...

Flint returns to Richard. Moves his sword to his pinky...

FLINT

The name. Please.

On Richard. Sweating. A tense beat... But it's broken by--

SERVANT (O.S.)

Mr. Guthrie. You're needed outside. It's quite urgent.

The doorknob RATTLES. Flint nods to Billy, who peers out the nearest window... then turns back to Flint with an *oh shit* look... Off Flint, SMASH TO:

MOMENTS LATER, AS THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN, REVEALING-- Richard's SERVANT, as he leads in AN ENGLISH NAVAL CAPTAIN (**HUME**, 40s, gruff), his LIEUTENANT, and TWO MARINES.

REVERSE ON -- Flint and Richard seated, Billy nearby, as though everything is fine.

SERVANT (CONT'D)

Captain Thomas Hume, of His Majesty's Ship, the *Scarborough*.

NEW ANGLE -- and we see FLINT HOLDING THE PISTOL under the table, aimed at Richard... Off this tension--

INT. SALOON - NIGHT

With Gates, at the bar, as Guthrie pours him a stiff drink. She clocks the BANDAGE around his right hand.

GUTHRIE

Do I even want to know?

GATES

Just know I'm up one vote. Your money spends well.

Guthrie nods. Good. But as she turns to go--

GATES (CONT'D)

The question now is why you spent it.

Guthrie turns back to meet his suspicious gaze.

GATES (CONT'D)

You see I happen to agree with Mr. Scott... I'm a terrible investment. And you were awfully quick to open your purse...

(beat)

Just what do you think you bought with that money, Ms. Guthrie?

On Guthrie. Beat. Weighing whether to come clean. Then--

GUTHRIE

I want you to sink the Scarborough.

GATES

(beat; to Scott)

Sorry, I was just a few feet from a twelve-pounder misfire when I sailed with Captain Avery, this ear hasn't been right since... It sounded like she just asked me to attack the Scarborough...

Scott doesn't answer. But it's clear he's just as thrown by it as Gates...

GUTHRIE

She's a threat to our business--

GATES

Forgive me, but our *business* is thieving. Soft targets, big cargos. Attacking heavily armed ships-of-the-line... That ain't it.

Guthrie seethes. She hates being spoken to like a child. Gates can see that, proceeds carefully--

GATES (CONT'D)

Ma'am. We can't sink the Scarborough. Let's be clear about that. But even if we could, it wouldn't matter. England would just send another like her--

GUTHRIE

You don't know that.

GATES

Yes. I do. And when that day comes, there is only one course of action. We get on our boats, and--

GUTHRIE

I don't have a boat, Mr. Gates.

Gates quiets, startled by her conviction--

GUTHRIE (CONT'D)

What I do have is this saloon, an inn, and a few acres of land that might one day be a farm. It may not be much, but it is mine. I built it, and I've bled for it. And unlike you, I'm not so ready to turn my back on it just yet.

(then)

Now you may not like that, but I'm not so certain I care. If Flint's still a captain tomorrow, it's because of me, and yes... I do intend to cash that chit.

On Gates, realizing he's got a real problem on his hands--

LOGAN (O.S.)

Mr. Gates!

Gates and Guthrie turn to see Logan in the doorway, a grave look on his face... Off Gates--

INT. RICHARD GUTHRIE'S HOUSE - HARBOUR ISLAND - NIGHT

Back with Flint, Billy, Richard... And CAPTAIN HUME.

RICHARD GUTHRIE

Captain Hume... Welcome to Harbour Island. My name is--

CAPTAIN HUME

I know who you are, Mr. Guthrie.
(re: Flint and Gates)
These men, I do not know.

RICHARD GUTHRIE

Sugar merchants, Captain. They were just leaving, actually...

Hume steps closer to Flint. Eye-fucking him, severely.

CAPTAIN HUME

Sugar merchants...

(beat)

Mr. Guthrie, tell me something. Do you have gossip here?

RICHARD GUTHRIE

Beg pardon?

CAPTAIN HUME

Gossip. I've often wondered if it can survive in so remote a location.

(then)

Gossip is what holds civilization together. It reinforces shame. And without shame... Well... The world is a very dangerous place.

RICHARD GUTHRIE

I'm sorry, but I don't understand--

CAPTAIN HUME

Do you know what the gossip in London is about you?

(beat; *uh-oh...*)

The gossip is that you make your profits selling ill-gotten cargo. Stolen by the Pirates of New Providence Island...

That hangs in the air. A tense beat.

RICHARD GUTHRIE

That's no truth to that.

CAPTAIN HUME

We'll find out, won't we?

(to Lieutenant)

Take them into custody. All of them.

Flint and Billy share a quick look... Then--

BOOM! FLINT'S PISTOL FIRES, shattering the wood table, and WINGING ONE OF THE MARINES...

Flint and Billy swing into action-- FLINT ENGAGING THE LIEUTENANT IN A SWORD FIGHT-- QUICK... BRUTAL...

WITH BILLY, as he fights off one of the Marines... he looks out the window and sees--

MORE MARINES, heading up to the house...

BACK WITH FLINT, as he dispatches the Lieutenant... Then looks up, and sees Richard being hustled out of the room by Hume and the other Marine-- Flint chases them out into--

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

--but as he rounds the corner, he sees ahead--

THE REINFORCEMENTS. A half dozen Marines, several of them readying MUSKETS TO FIRE AT FLINT.

ON FLINT. Just a moment's hesitation, before he starts to RUN RIGHT AT THE MARINES... But he only gets a few steps before--

BILLY CORRALS HIM, shoving him into a wall... And just before the Marines are about to fire at us, BILLY HURLS A GAS LAMP-- The Corridor IGNITES IN FLAMES... Flint watches Richard hurried away, a wall of fire separating them...

Billy pulls Flint towards the back door... And off Flint, out of options...

EXT. HARBOUR ISLAND - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

Flint and Billy clear the grounds of the house, the beach visible ahead. But Flint stops. Turns to see RICHARD, being hauled away in the distance...

FLINT

No--

He starts to head that way, but Billy blocks him.

BILLY

Sir, it's too late--

FLINT

I need that name--

BILLY

What difference does it make if you're dead?!

Flint is furious. But can't quite argue. And off the sounds of SOLDIERS yelling orders, getting closer, we SMASH TO:

EXT. OCEAN - MOMENTS LATER

Eerie SILENCE. An oar breaks the water's surface, as we PAN UP to see Billy, rowing away from Harbour Island on a skiff. CAMERA pans off him to reveal Flint, in the back, also rowing, but glaring at Billy. Not happy. As they near an OUTCROPPING of trees--

FLINT

Oars up.

Billy obeys, ducks low, as their momentum takes them out past...

THE SCARBOROUGH... anchored in the harbour. Startlingly close. Twice the size of the *Walrus*. *So many fucking guns*. As their skiff floats silently past... even Flint can't help but gape.

And off the Scarborough, its lamps glittering, we CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

MOSIAH'S OPEN, LIFELESS EYES. Torchlight flickering in them. WIDEN, as Gates, Guthrie, Scott and Logan arrive. Dr. Howell is inspecting Mosiah and Levi's bodies. Others from the *Walrus* crew watch on, stunned. The Jamaicans mourn.

Howell then draws Gates's attention to the sand beside Mosiah's hand. Some letters scrawled in it. V-A-N... The blood from Mosiah's wounds has run into the letters, filling them red...

HOWELL
Goddamned butcher, Vane is...

GATES
He's always been a butcher. But apparently he's gone and gotten clever, too.

Gates looks up, sees SINGLETON AMONG THE ONLOOKERS. Gates burns. Singleton just watches on evenly. Was that a hint of a grin? Singleton then turns, and walks off. We then find--

GUTHRIE, as she storms off into the night alone.

GATES (CONT'D)
Ma'am--

But she just holds up a hand behind her. *Don't follow...* Off Gates and Scott, watching her disappear into the night.

INT. WHOREHOUSE - NIGHT

The nastiest, most decadent corner of the inn, because it's where Vane puts his feet up. All around, CREW MEMBERS gamble, drink, get HANDJOBS. Sometimes all at once.

Amid the debauchery, Rackham sits at a small DESK, writing in on a strip of PARCHMENT. Bonny watches over his shoulder.

BONNY
What is that?

RACKHAM

Terms. For the consortship of the
Walrus. Singleton will run her,
but he'll run her in our service.

He continues writing. Bonny eyes the paper suspiciously.

BONNY

The Captain should give you that
ship.

RACKHAM

(beat; smiles...)
All in good time.

Suddenly, the room QUIETS. Vane turns to see Guthrie enter.
All eyes on her, as she heads straight for Vane--

VANE

Ms. Guthrie--

BAM. Guthrie clocks him. OOOHHHHS from around the room...

Vane shakes it off, looks back at Guthrie. Then... PUNCHES
HER JUST AS HARD. Guthrie flops to the floor, amid CHEERS
and JEERS from the assembled.

Guthrie tries to pick herself up, as Vane steps forward...
And just when we think she'll get a foot to the ribs...

Vane offers her his hand. A beat, and she takes it--

INT. WHOREHOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Guthrie enters in a huff, as Vane calmly shuts the door.

VANE

Come here.

He goes to her, takes her face in his hands to inspect her
jaw, which is already swelling purple. She tries to pull
away, but his grip is too tight... She winces...

VANE (CONT'D)

Now would you like to tell me what
that was all about?

GUTHRIE

You fucked me tonight.
(off Vane's confusion)
Flint. His captaincy. I had an
interest...

VANE

What interest could you possibly
have in something like that?

(re: her cheek)

You'll live.

She pulls away from him. Tries to regain control.

GUTHRIE

You will make this right. Convince
Singleton not to call the vote.

VANE

Why would I do that?

GUTHRIE

Because if you don't, you're
finished here. I won't sell
another ounce of your cargo.

VANE

Eleanor... Your father sells my
cargo. And whatever it is you're
so upset about, I doubt he feels
the same.

GUTHRIE

When I tell him you put our biggest
earner out of business, he'll--

VANE

--remind you that Flint hasn't been
your biggest earner in quite some
time. I have.

(then)

And you'll also be reminded of what
you've always known and never
accepted, which is that if forced,
your father will always choose
profits over daughters.

She burns at him. But he approaches her. Pushes the hair
from her face.

VANE (CONT'D)

Hate your father. I wouldn't blame
you. Hate me too if you'd like.
And if you feel the need, cling to
Flint and his legend and a past the
rest of us have long outgrown. But
make no mistake about it...
Whatever future this place has
left, I'm it.

His hand then moves to her swollen jaw. Caresses it.

VANE (CONT'D)

And if you ever challenge me again
in front of my crew, I might just
forget that I loved you once.

Off Guthrie, ill.

INT. WHOREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

Silver sits alone, nursing a drink. He looks up as Max approaches, sits in his lap. As she pretends to flirt--

SILVER

Well...

MAX

What we have to sell... They are
very much interested...

The two of them share a smile. Dollar signs in their eyes.

MAX (CONT'D)

The parlay is set. I will meet the
buyer tomorrow to set terms and
price.

SILVER

Tomorrow? Why not tonight?

MAX

This buyer... One does not want to
meet when it's dark...

Silver nods, got it. At that moment, Max spots Guthrie entering from the back room. She crosses to the bar, grabs a bottle, pours a shot and slams it back.

MAX (CONT'D)

Excuse me.

Silver watches as Max crosses the room toward Guthrie. She arrives, just as Guthrie goes to pour another drink. Before she can, Max snatches the glass, puts it behind the bar.

Guthrie glares at Max. Is she serious? Guthrie reaches for another glass, and this time Max grabs the bottle.

GUTHRIE

What do you think you're doing?

Max doesn't answer. Instead, she takes a bottle, turns, and begins climbing the staircase. On Guthrie, watching her go.

INT. WHOREHOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Guthrie enters, and Max shuts the door behind her.

MAX

Sur le lit, s'il vous plait.

Guthrie sits on the bed, as Max crosses to a VANITY, starts lighting candles. Guthrie notices her whiskey bottle, poured out into a CHAMBERPOT.

GUTHRIE

That was a waste, don't you think?

Max's back is to Guthrie. She lights the last candle.

MAX

I thought we had agreed. When the sea grows rough... you come to Max.

Now Max turns around... and as she does she unbuttons her dress, lets it fall to the floor, revealing her nude body. She then crosses to Guthrie, spreads her legs and kneels down between them.

MAX (CONT'D)

Max is your harbor.

Max runs her hands up Guthrie's thighs, and Guthrie stiffens. Max continues to caress her... until finally, Guthrie's rough exterior falls away, and we see the young woman behind it. Vulnerable. Even scared. Momentarily overwhelmed, she grips Max's face with both hands--

GUTHRIE

It's over, Max... This place--
it's going away... And I can't
stop it...

MAX

No.

She leans back, smiling, shoots a look up to the sky--

MAX (CONT'D)

I told you. He is watching.

At the word "He," Guthrie tries to pull away, but Max won't let her.

MAX (CONT'D)

He answered my prayers today.

Guthrie can see from Max's smile that she's being serious. But before she can ask a question, Max puts a finger to her lips. She's done talking. Instead, she inches her other hand up Guthrie's skirt.

Guthrie reacts... Well, appreciatively. As she leans backward onto the bed... giving in...

MAX (CONT'D)

Maybe soon... he will answer yours.

Off Guthrie, in ecstasy, as we CUT TO:

EXT. SEA - DAWN

On Flint, in CLOSE UP. Unreadable, staring out at...

NEW PROVIDENCE... Against the brilliant orange and pinks of dawn, it draws nearer. The harbour mouth almost visible...

BILLY

I don't think you're weak.

Flint turns to Billy. The first words spoken in hours.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I just don't trust you. Because I have no idea what it is you want...

Flint absorbs that, but still doesn't feel obligated to respond. Billy's frustrated now--

BILLY (CONT'D)

If you had chased Mr. Guthrie, you would be dead. Yet you're angry with me for stopping you? You're willing to die to chase an impossibility. What am I to take from that?

FLINT

(beat)
Do you read?

BILLY

(beat)
You mean... books?

FLINT

Odysseus, on his way home to Ithaka, is visited by a ghost.

(MORE)

FLINT (CONT'D)

The ghost tells him that once he reaches his home, once he kills all his enemies and sets his house in order, he must do one last thing before he can rest...

(then)

The ghost says he must pick up an oar, and walk inland. And keep walking until someone mistakes that oar for a shovel. For that would be a place where no man had ever been troubled by the sea. And that's where he'd find peace.

On Billy. Captivated.

FLINT (CONT'D)

When this is all said and done, I'd like to think there'll be a place where I can find a little peace. At this point... That's all I want.

Off Flint. For the first time since we've met him, he appears just a little bit vulnerable... Off Billy, not quite sure what to make of that...

MINUTES LATER, the Skiff rounds into the bay, REVEALING--

THE ENTIRE ISLAND, waiting for them. Silent.

ON THE BEACH, hundreds of Pirates, watching. TIGHT ON GUTHRIE AND SCOTT, among the crowd...

ON VANE'S SHIP (The *Ranger*), their entire crew assembled. TIGHT ON VANE, RACKHAM and BONNY... Vane barely conceals a small smile as he anticipates victory...

ON THE WALRUS, Singleton standing at the head of the crew, as though he's captain already... Gates behind him...

BACK ON THE SKIFF... Flint and Billy, feeling the weight of a thousands sets of eyes on them... And off Flint--

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. NASSAU HARBOR/WALRUS - DAWN

Flint and Billy come aboard the *Walrus*. Singleton steps forward. Stands toe-to-toe with Flint for a beat, before turning to--

SINGLETON

Mr. Quartermaster. I want an immediate vote to determine the rightful captain of this ship.

On Gates, as Flint looks over his way. Gates reads the disappointment in Flint's eyes, and it's devastating to him.

FLINT

A minute, please...

A beat, and Gates nods. Flint heads to his cabin, doesn't bother looking back. Off Gates, hating every minute of this... And elsewhere among the crew, we find--

SILVER. Watching it all with great interest...

INT. FLINT'S CABIN - SAME

Flint enters, slams the door behind him. He's coiled. Angry. He looks over at the EASEL in the corner...

MOMENTS LATER, A MATCH IS STRUCK... Flint sits before the canvas, and we get a good look at it. It depicts a large field of grass sloping upward into a hill. Somewhere amid the expanse, there is lone FIGURE, silhouetted in black. His back is to us, but over his shoulder, he carries an OAR. A beat, as Flint stares at it, the flame of the match advancing toward his fingers. Flint wants to burn the painting, but he's caught up in the image. The dream of it... Still powerful enough to give him pause.

CLOSE ON -- His thumb, as the flame reaches Flint's thumb. He reacts, pinching out the flame, and dropping the match to the floor. Flint stoops down to pick up the match... and STOPS.

FLINT'S POV - THE FLOORBOARD... Hiding his secret compartment. It's loose.

Flint reacts. Holy shit. QUICK CUTS, as he pulls up the floorboard, removes the Merchant Captain's log, flips through the pages, then stops... His eyes growing wide...

CLOSE ON the TORN PAGE that SILVER RIPPED IN HASTE earlier. Suddenly Flint's despair changes to something else... *He's got an idea...*

EXT. WALRUS - MAIN DECK - SAME

Flint emerges from his cabin. Makes the long walk to rejoin Gates, Singleton, et al... All eyes on him.

FLINT

I want to say something.

Singleton looks around. The crew is watching. Can't really justify muzzling Flint... Singleton steps back.

Flint looks out at the crew. A beat. Then--

FLINT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

Gates's eyebrows go up. That's the last thing he expected.

FLINT (CONT'D)

For the short hauls. For the trouble I've caused. Most importantly, for the disregard it seems I've shown you.

On Gates. Then Billy. Both wondering where this is going...

FLINT (CONT'D)

Not long ago I stood in Mr. Singleton's shoes, and led the charge to remove a tyrant captain. I knew then and I know now, that a ship is doomed to fail if it lacks trust between Captain and crew. *Mutual* trust...

Flint then pulls the MERCHANT CAPTAIN'S LOG from his coat. Doesn't say what it is yet. Fidgets with it conspicuously.

On Silver... Uh-oh...

FLINT (CONT'D)

For the last few months, you and I have been on the trail of a prize so big, I felt it necessary to keep it secret. Even from you. The good news is, that prize is now within our grasp. The bad news is, my concerns about secrecy seem to have been well-founded...

Flint opens the captain's log, to the TORN-OUT PAGE...

FLINT (CONT'D)

Someone on this boat discovered my plan. They tore from this log the very page necessary to capture the prize. Stole it, for their own gain. Stole it from us.

ON SILVER, in the crowd. Starting to sweat, as Flint slowly walks out towards the crew... Towards him...

FLINT (CONT'D)

And then stoked your resentment to cover the crime...

Flint then turns. He's now looking at SINGLETON.

FLINT (CONT'D)

...and make himself your captain.

On Singleton, confused, as we GO TO:

THE RANGER. Where Vane watches from the main deck....

VANE

What the hell is he doing?

ON THE BEACH, Guthrie and Scott also watch intently.

BACK ON THE WALRUS... Singleton responds to the accusation...

SINGLETON

This is absurd. I don't know what he's talking about!

The crews attention now turns to Gates. He steps forward, shooting Flint a loaded look--

GATES

That's a very serious accusation, Captain. Thievery is punishable by death. As is a false accusation.

Flint just glares at him. Dead serious.

GATES (CONT'D)

Then per the articles, the accused has a choice. He can submit to a trial--

SINGLETON

With who as judge?

GATES

Me. Your quartermaster.

SINGLETON

(beat; sneers)

No.

(then)

No fucking way.

Gates shoots a look back at Flint. *You figured this...*

GATES

Or duel...

Singleton glares at him, considering. Finally--

SINGLETON

Maybe this is better. Be rid of
you once and for all.

Flint responds with a nod. PULLS HIS SWORD.

Singleton pulls his sword... And--

THE DUEL BEGINS. A brutal, close-quarters sword fight. Messy and mean. Flint's agility vs. Singleton's brute strength.

As the swords CLASH and SING, the crew watches, rapt...

ON GATES, doing everything he can not to intervene, as Singleton's strength threatens to overwhelm Flint...

ON THE BEACH... Guthrie looks from the Walrus over to Vane's ship, sitting opposite it in the bay.

ON THE RANGER... Rackham steps up behind Vane--

RACKHAM

What if Singleton loses?

VANE

He won't...

This, as Flint FALLS TO THE DECK, losing his sword. He rolls away just as Singleton's sword strikes the wood. It looks like curtains for the Captain, until--

Flint pulls a DAGGER, slices Singleton's ankle. Singleton buckles, giving Flint an opening. Flint slams him in the face, and Singleton falls to his back... Flint's on him in no time... PUMMELING the brute with both fists.

Vane can sense the tide turning... he turns to Rackham.

VANE (CONT'D)

Load the starboard guns.

Rackham nods... as WE GO:

TO THE BEACH, WITH GUTHRIE, watching as Vane's crew springs to action. *That can't be good.* She looks from the Ranger, back to the Walrus. Realizes Flint's ship is a sitting duck for Vane's cannons. *And she has to do something...*

GUTHRIE

Mr. Scott!

Scott approaches, as Guthrie leans in, whispers something to him. Scott looks at her like she's mad. But her look says she means business. As Scott trots off, we GO BACK TO:

THE WALRUS... Where the fight enters its final, brutal stage. With Singleton's hand clawing desperately for his throat, Flint continues to hammer down with his fists. Again. And again... turning Singleton's face to pulp. The crew watches, stunned and sickened, as... Singleton stops moving. It's over.

Flint staggers to his feet, immediately begins searching the dead man's pockets, as the crew closes in... *What's he doing?*

Flint PRODUCES A FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER... Holds it up for the crew to see.

ON SILVER... Completely thrown. Instinctively checks his pocket to make sure he still has the map... *He does. So what the fuck does Flint have?*

BACK TO FLINT, chest-heaving, holding the paper.

FLINT

Billy...

Billy looks up, surprised. Flint staggers toward him, holding the page out with a BLOODIED HAND.

FLINT (CONT'D)

The crew has your trust.

(beat)

Is this the stolen page?

Billy stares at Flint, hesitant. Knows there's something deliberate about this, but he's compelled to go along. After a beat, he takes the paper, unfolds it and sees--

IT'S BLANK.

Billy looks up, sees Flint staring back. A silent message.
Are you with me...?

Billy is frozen. He holds the captain's fate in his hands.
We stay on his face for a VERY LONG TIME, before--

BILLY

It is.

The crew reacts, stunned... Too stunned, in fact, to see--

The Ranger's starboard CANNONS appearing out of the gun
wells, one by one. On board, the gunners signal the
runner... *we're ready...*

BACK ON THE WALRUS... Flint seizes the moment--

FLINT

This prize won't come easy... It
will be defended like nothing you
or I have ever seen... But what's
ever come easy to us?

The crew is getting into it. Nodding heads...

FLINT (CONT'D)

I can think of no other ship, no
other crew, I'd rather have with me
when I take it.

The crew, now smiling... He's got them... And in that
moment--

BACK ON THE RANGER, Rackham receives a message--

RACKHAM

Starboard batteries at the ready.

VANE

Fire.

A DISTANT SOUND OF CANNONFIRE... Vane cocks an ear-- Those
aren't his guns... Where did that--?

CRRRACK!!! CANNONFIRE STRIKES VANE'S MASTS AND SAILS...

As his crew dives for cover, Vane looks up and sees... the
SMOKING GUNS of the old fort, on the bluff above the Walrus.

PAN DOWN to the beach, where Guthrie stands alone, facing out
toward Vane. As Vane's eyes catch her, Guthrie smiles at
him, then raises her hand above her head... as WE CUT TO:

INT. FORT - SAME

A POV of Guthrie, looking down on her from above. As her hand goes up...

REVEAL SCOTT... Supervising a group of Guthrie's SLAVES, acting as a makeshift gun crew. Off her signal--

SCOTT
Fire again.

The slaves light the flint, and--

KABOOM... MORE CANNONFIRE riddles the Ranger... SPLINTERING Vane's rigging and strewing the deck with falling debris.

RACKHAM
She'll sink us if we let her...

As the crew races to get the ship going, we stay on Vane, refusing to duck or move. As debris falls around him, he glares down at Guthrie with violent hatred.

On the beach, she looks back. Shoots him the middle finger.

MOMENTS LATER... The Ranger retreats out of the bay.

ON FLINT. He turns, trades a look with Gates, as we CUT TO:

EXT. NASSAU HARBOR - BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

A HARBOR BARGE arrives, carrying Flint. He disembarks, walks right up to a stunned Guthrie, then turns to follow her look out toward Vane's retreating ship...

GUTHRIE
What the fuck did I just do?

Off Flint, has to smile--

INT. WALRUS - LATER

Billy sits alone, still in shock over what happened.

GATES (O.S.)
It was blank, wasn't it?

REVEAL Gates, in the doorway behind him. Billy just stares at him for a beat. Speechless.

Having got his answer, Gates turns to go--

BILLY
How did he know I'd go along?

Gates stops, turns back. Thinks about it.

GATES

What makes you think he knew?

Off Billy, mind blown--

INT. GUTHRIE'S OFFICE - LATER

With Flint, Guthrie and Scott.

FLINT

Your father's been arrested.

On Guthrie. Stunned. She shares a shocked look with Scott.

GUTHRIE

Arrested? By who?

FLINT

Captain Hume, of the HMS
Scarborough.

Guthrie's mind races a mile a minute. Flint continues--

FLINT (CONT'D)

I need your assurance you can keep
this operation going in his
absence. We sail soon for our next
prize and my needs are substantial.

Guthrie snaps back to reality. *Your needs?*

FLINT (CONT'D)

I'll be outfitting more than one
ship, which will exhaust your
powder and grain stores, so you'll
want to send for more right away.
And to answer your question... no,
I can't pay for any of it.

(then)

Think of it as a loan.

Guthrie takes a beat. The nerve on this guy.

GUTHRIE

You know what? Fuck your needs. I
need something from you first--

FLINT

The Scarborough?

Guthrie reacts. He knows. Flint studies her for a beat--

FLINT (CONT'D)

Let's assume for a moment that I could chase her off. How long before His Majesty, feeling bruised, decides to send another ship? Or two. Or three. A few months, if we're lucky. And when they arrived, we'd be sitting ducks.

GUTHRIE

I know.

FLINT

So what would be the point?

GUTHRIE

(beat)

It'd be a few months.

On Flint. A beat. Until a smile grows on his face. Something telling him he's found a kindred spirit...

FLINT

You're going to help me--

GUTHRIE

Wait just a minute--

FLINT

I'm not leaving this place.

GUTHRIE

What?

FLINT

I'm not leaving New Providence. I'm staying here. For good.

(then)

The fort is the first priority. Right now we have 6 guns. We'll need a hundred to defend that bay and mean it. Then we build a fleet. Frigates, with men trained to sail them. Once that's done, we'll build the farms. Half growing crops. The other half livestock. In a few years time, we can feed ourselves. We'll trade in the open. We'll raise children. And when the day comes when England finally turn her guns on us, we'll be ready. And we will put up a hell of a fight.

On Guthrie. Taking that in. Her mind is reeling...

GUTHRIE
(practically breathless)
How?

Flint smiles. He's got her.

FLINT
Let me tell you a story about a
Spaniard named Vazquez...

And off Flint, we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW PROVIDENCE ISLAND - BEACH - DAY

A small encampment, on the other side of the island from Nassau. Wild, overgrown.

The *Ranger* is up on the beach, CAREENED against the hulk of an old wreck. As the crew works to repair her, we find--

VANE, sitting by a small bonfire. Alone. Pissed.

RACKHAM (O.S.)
There's someone here to see you...

VANE
(beat)
No.

RACKHAM
I think you'll want to hear what
she has to say...

Finally Vane looks up, and sees Rackham is standing with--
MAX...

RACKHAM (CONT'D)
She has something she wants to sell
you...

And off the crackling flames... The soon-to-be-repaired
Ranger... And Vane, down but not out... we SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT