

"Wenches" pilot script (No Quarter: Dominion / The Pikeys)  
Volume 1: The Hurricane

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FADE IN:

JAMAICA - SUNSET

A hurricane slowly swirls toward the eastern side of Jamaica. Through the clouds, two tiny ships sail north. The storm's shadow looms on the closer ship, *Aeolus*, an ocean barque. Lightning strikes like a claw reaching out to the unsuspecting ship. August, 1689.

ON THE *AEOLUS*

At the bow, a girl leans on the railing, Atia Crisp, 17, in a blue dress and linen coif looks around, puzzled as the breeze picks up. Below, on the main deck, an officer, O'Keefe, readies a speaking trumpet.

Crewman (O.S.)

All's well, starboard quarter.

Officer

(Calls out)

All's well, forecastle!

O'Keefe

That's seven. Supper's on folks.

Thunder booms, Atia clutches the railing, Slean (Brother Gideon), 30s, in a black cassock, holds on by the stairs as crewmen race up the ratlines. O'Keefe feels a chill and turns aft. A sickly look takes over his face as a dark mass forms behind the ship.

O'Keefe (Cont'd)

(Calls out)

A storm's coming! Everyone! Get below right away.

Passengers file to the stairs, a flash of silver lightning quickens their pace. Atia turns to the sun as her coif flies off and spirals up into the rigging and into the dark mass behind the ship.

Captain Ennis, gray and tired, emerges from the cabin putting on his coat. He goes up to the quarterdeck. Sails flap in the wind, thunder rolls as his 1st officer scans aft.

1st officer  
It just came up on us.

Captain Ennis  
It's a bloody hurricane!

A gust of wind knocks crewmen off balance as a wall of rain sweeps across the ship.

Captain Ennis (Cont'd)  
Clear the deck! Once the passengers are in, secure all hatches.

<p>O'Keefe (Through the trumpet) All passengers below on the double! Clear the deck! Move!</p>	<p>1st officer (Calls up) Take in the sheets!</p>
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### *AEOLUS - LOWER DECK*

Lanterns sway, passengers file down the stairs, some huddle by a priest in a black habit bellowing bible jargon. Behind a bulkhead, Lucretia Crisp 40s, red hair, holds her crying baby. Livia Crisp, 19, long brown hairs in a maroon dress rushes down the steps toward her mother.

Crewman  
Remain by yer bunks. Stay with yer families.  
Do not leave this deck.

Lucretia  
Where's Atia? Atia? Where are ya?

Livia  
Ma! She's still on deck.

Lucretia  
Oh, no! It's her spooks! Being confined gives her the spooks! Tell her she can have the laudanum.

Livia  
(Pushes past passengers)  
I'll get her.

Priest  
Stay where you are! We must all pray for salvation.

*AEOLUS* - ON DECK- STRONG WIND AND RAIN

Skean, clutches a leather case and climbs toward Atia at the bow as the ship rocks.

Skean  
Miss? I think they want everyone inside.

Atia wraps her arm around the rail and chants something Pagan. Skean pauses, realizing something when Livia emerges from the hatch, climbs up on deck, finding things to hold onto.

Livia  
Atia!

Skean  
She's up here.

O'Keefe  
(Rushes to the forecastle)  
Get below. All of you.

Skean  
I'm afraid the young lady is determined to stay up here,  
sir.

O'Keefe  
You too, Father!

Skean  
To tell ya the truth, I'm terribly afraid of tight spaces,  
myself.

Livia reaches Atia and grabs her. They huddle together as waves crash over the bow.

Atia  
I can't go down there, Liv. I can't.

## ON THE QUARTERDECK

Lightning strikes, Captain Ennis looks ahead through his telescope toward the shiny rocks.

Captain Ennis

We're drifting. Turn her to Port. Make for Morant Bay.

1st Officer

Too late, we'll be thrown into Folly Bay sure as hell.

Captain Ennis

Make for Morant Bay! Turn to Port.

1st Officer

Make for Morant Bay!

Captain Ennis and his 1st Officer hold on at the wheel while crewmen work lines.

Captain Ennis

Where did the Frenchman go?

1st officer

(Points)

Starboard side - bow, sir.

*Aeolus* turns away, Captain Ennis looks through his telescope to the brig ahead.

Captain Ennis

Best o'luck to ya, Frenchie.

Through the telescope to...

*LA LUNE* - STORMY SEAS

The brig *La Lune de Meil*, light oak hull, golden trim, and yellow tinted sails, flying a French flag. Sailing master, Francois le Picard, rugged, 40s in rain coat and hat, steadies the hour glass.

Le Picard

Barometer?

Boatswain Louis Martel Delahaye, 40, curly moustache, leans to check the barometer. At the wheel, the Helmsman Delacroix, black, 20s, checks the compass.

Martel

Dropping fast! It is a hurricane. A genius he is, no?

Le Picard

Shush! Compass!

Delacroix

North, northwest.

Behind them, at the aft rail, Capitaine Jean-Paul La Roche turns with piercing grey eyes, weathered, 50 in a raincoat and hat, looks back at the blackening sky.

Le Picard

North, northwest, Capitaine. You were right.

La Roche

Lifelines on deck.

Martel

Oui, Capitaine. Lifelines on deck!

La Roche

(Hold out his hand to Le Picard)

Le Picard

What? I'm good for it. Besides, it's frowned upon at sea.

La Roche

Only when you are on account, you cheap bastard.

Martel rushes down the steps to the main deck where crewman tie ropes, attaching themselves to the shroud pin rails. Rain sweeps the ship and sails rip above in the wind.

La Roche (Cont'd)

Don't worry, a little rain, no problem! Remain on course.

Sails flap in the wind, the screech of tearing begins intermittent.

Le Picard  
Take in the sheets!

La Roche  
(Looks around)  
Where is l'Anglais?

Le Picard  
(Points)  
She turned southwest. Headed for Folly Bay.

La Roche scans the white-capped coast as *Aeolus*, disappears behind the point.

La Roche  
Come on, l'Anglais, time to turn around. Death needs no  
invitation to Folly Bay.  
(Lowers his telescope)  
Make your course due north, Picard.

Le Picard  
Monsieur Delacroix, north we sail!

Delacroix  
(Turns the wheel)  
Oui, starboard!

La Roche  
(Nods pleasantly)  
It's going west.  
Just remain on course. Everything will be fine.

Le Picard  
(Cocks his eyebrow)  
Going west is it?

La Roche  
Well, shit, are we fucked is not quite so uplifting, uh!

Delacroix  
(Checks the compass)  
Heading due north, Capitaine.

Le Picard  
 (To La Roche)  
 We cannot make Frenchman's Beach.  
 (No reply)  
 We sail for Cuba?

La Roche  
 If we have to! Your plan is better?

Le Picard sees something and aims the telescope toward the coastline, to a bobbing fishing boat.

#### OFF EAST JAMAICAN COAST - STORMY WINDS AND CRASHING SURF

A fishing lugger bobs in the waves with 23 Buccaneers paddle or bail out water. De Kreep, (Dashiell Dupris), 30s, native, steers the tiller, Coupe la Bite, short and stalky, La Skunk, tall dark and filthy, L'amiss, burned with one eye, and Cliché, blonde and handsome, they bail out water with the rest of the men using anything they can, and Marcel Arsenault, 20s, strong framed and dark, watches a ship in the distance.

De Kreep  
 Watch for rocks and find a soft place to beach.  
 All of you, get the water out!

Arsenault  
 Ship. Where's the lamp? Signal that ship!

Arsenault finds the lamp. He and La Skunk take it into the hatchway and light it. Then set it up on the rail.

De Kreep  
 Call - *La Lune de Miel!*

Arsenault  
 Should I use code?

De Kreep  
 Just flash the fucking thing!

Arsenault  
 (Flashes the lamp)  
*La Lune de Miel!*

ON *LA LUNE*

She skims the waves as Martel spots light in the haze, along the coast.

Martel

Ship! Port side - aft!

The officers raise their telescopes toward a small fishing lugger as she flashes a light.

Martel (Cont'd)

A fishing boat? *La Lune de Miel*? It's buccaneers, not fishermen.

Le Picard

It's De Kreep.

Delacroix

That jerk buccaneer, who's always sticking up for the Indians?

Le Picard

(To La Roche)

Probably on his way to attack Port Royal with a fishing boat and twenty guys?

La Roche

Prepare to come about.

The men stare back in disbelief.

Le Picard

(Shouts)

Prepare to come about!

## ON THE FISHING LUGGER

*La Lune* sails away, through the storm while the buccaneers call and wave.

Arsenault

Then that's it for us?



They watch with disbelief as *La Lune* starts to turn.

De Kreep  
What is she doing?

*ON LA LUNE*

Crewmen try to furl the sails above as Delacroix struggles to turn the wheel.

La Roche  
Beat them! Hard over!

Le Picard  
Martel, take the wheel!

Martel grabs the wheel. Delacroix and he wrench it over.

Martel  
Oui, hard over!

Delacroix  
Oui, Capitaine!

*La Lune* is pelted by waves, turns sharply to the port side.

Arsenault (O.S)  
She's coming back!

*FISHING LUGGER - ON DECK*

*La Lune* turns them in the distance and the buccaneers raise a cheer.

De Kreep  
Thank you, Capitaine! Prepare to abandon ship!

A GIANT WAVE

*La Lune* plunges into a huge swell and then propels upwards, soaring through the air. Crewmen cling on for their lives as she slams back down in an explosion of white water. Crash!

*ON LA LUNE*

La Roche and his men hang onto the railings and lines, pelted by sea-spray.

La Roche  
That hurt!

Sails ripple, crewmen hang on. La Roche checks the compass which rocks south and west.

La Roche (Cont'd)

Take them on the starboard side. They're buccaneers,  
they'll know what to do.

Le Picard

This is going to get a lot worse! The storm, she is here!  
We should not be attempting this.

(Shouts)

Ready ropes and netting. Starboard side. Double quick!

Martel

(Races down the stairs)

With me men!

#### ON THE FISHING LUGGER

In the distance *La Lune* fights her way through the waves toward them. Arsenault and the buccaneers gather gear and weapons.

Arsenault

Ready grappling hooks.

De Kreed

No! We'll pull her under. Cut down the yard arms!  
Anything that can snag!

#### ON *LA LUNE*

*She* leans hard over, fighting the waves and wind pounding her port side. Crewmen prepare netting on the main deck.

Martel

(Thumb up / Calls out)

Ready on main!

Le Picard

(To La Roche)

Main deck ready, Capitaine!

## ON THE FISHING LUGGER

Buccaneers chop and hack down rigging and yard arms.

De Kreep  
Buccaneers get ready to jump!

*La Lune* arrives, netting hanging as she skims alongside.

De Kreep (Cont'd)  
Now!

They jump off the deck and onto the passing netting. Arsenault and De Kreep are last to go.

## ON *LA LUNE*

Martel and crewmen grab buccaneers and pull them up but two fall into the sea.

De Kreep reaches for them and Arsenault grabs him as the lugger slips beneath the waves.

La Roche and the officers observe the rescue from above.

Le Picard  
(To La Roche)  
Having armed buccaneers climb on your ship is not  
recommended even in nice weather!

Arsenault and De Kreep are the last ones on board and the deck secured.

Martel  
Cut it! Throw it all over!

As they chop the netting off, De Kreep watches in dismay for the two men, disappearing in the waves behind them.

La Roche watches the lugger disappear in the rolling waves. Le Picard calls to prepare to get underway.

La Roche  
Due south for open water!

Delacroix cranks the wheel and Le Picard joins him.

Le Picard  
Turn to port! We head south for open water!

De Kreep  
(Claws his way up the stairs)  
Permission, Capitaine?

La Roche  
(Nods)

De Kreep  
(Comes up the stairs)  
I knew it was you. How do I ever thank you?

La Roche  
Even, this makes us. Take your men below and rest up.  
Then join in on the pumps. Martel will show you what  
to do. It's going to be a long fucking night uh?

Martel leads De Kreep downstairs as the ship leans and turns, crashing through the waves.

La Roche (Cont'd)  
(To Delacroix)  
Take the watch.

Delacroix  
Oui, Capitaine.

La Roche  
(Takes over the wheel)  
We'll hold this course for as long as she can take it! We  
must reach open water!

*La Lune* pushes on into the raging storm.

JAMAICAN COASTLINE - DARK, STORMY SEAS

*Aeolus* plunges through waves, shadows of rocks appear.

ON *AEOLUS* - LOWER DECK

Lanterns sway, water pours in, and panicked passengers huddle together and pray. Lucretia holds her crying baby, cringing beneath the priest's apocalyptic sermon.

Lucretia

Oh Atia, where ya be?

(Passes her baby over to another woman)

Please hold my baby. I must find me girls.

She kisses him on the head and slips into the crowd, heading toward the stairs.

Priest

Get back here! It's in God's hands!

Pray for our salvation damn you!

*AEOLUS* - ON DECK

A crewman falls from the rigging, screaming into the sea, swallowed up by giant waves.

O'Keefe

(Calls out)

Man overboard!

Skean

(To Atia)

I think we best be heading in now?

Livia

Atia we can't stay here! Come inside.

Lucretia

(Emerges from the hatch)

Atia! Livia! Where are you?

Livia

Ma!

Lucretia

(Wipes her eyes to see and climbs forward)

Hold on, I'm coming!

Captain Ennis wipes away the sea spray in time to see the crashing surf of the coastline appearing before them. He rushes to the helmsman, who can't budge the wheel.

Captain Ennis  
Thirty degrees to Port!

Helmsman  
She won't turn.

1st officer  
(Grabs the wheel)  
She won't budge!

Captain Ennis  
Hard to Port! Keep her away from the coast!

He scans through his telescope seeing waves crashing around the shiny rocks of Folly Bay.

Captain Ennis (Cont'd)  
We're being pushed into Folly Bay!  
(Rushes over and joins in on the wheel)  
Ready about!

1st officer  
Prepare to tack ship!

In the rigging above crewmen release tension while the sails flap in the wind.

Lucretia reaches for Livia when a wave engulfs them. Livia loses her grip and slides away.

Lucretia  
Livia!

Skean dives, still clutching his case, the wave retreats. He looks around. Lightning reveals Livia clinging outside the railing. Skean extends his arm, almost reaching her.

Skean  
Grab my hand!

A wave crashes over and throws him, screaming as he vanishes into the surf. Lucretia grabs hold of Livia and helps her climb back over the railing.

## FOLLY BAY ROCKS

*Aeolus* plunges toward the rocks. A loud crack and everyone is knocked over. The ship sags. A gust of wind hurls the spanker sail around and the mizzen mast topples over. Tension lines break whipping around, hurling crewmen to their deaths. Flailing lines whip away, handles are sheared off and the helmsman is cut in two.

Rigging collapses, bodies and debris wash O'Keefe screaming over the side, into the sea.

The 1st officer, battered and bleeding, claws his way to the spinning wheel and jams it with a piece of yard arm. Captain Ennis soon climbs out from the toppled rigging.

Captain Ennis  
Heave to! Release the sheets!

The ship hits bottom and everyone is knocked off their feet. A huge wave rolls over the deck washing crewmen over.

*Aeolus* slams into the rocks, her main mast breaks and crumbles. She spins into Folly Bay as people scream out from the lower decks. Rigging falls, dragging the 1st officer over.

Atia clings to the railing as Livia and Lucretia disappear screaming into the foamy White waves.

## AEOLUS - LOWER DECK

The ship rolls on her side, passengers scream, a lantern falls breaking open. Fire fills the deck!

## FOLLY BAY

Atia hangs upside down at the bow of the wreck, watching her mother's lifeless body disappear below as it slams against rocks, sending her and the railing over to the shore.

Captain Ennis climbs up onto a jagged rock. He looks up and screams as the hull roll over him, breaking up, spewing fiery debris and bodies into the surf.

A wave spews Atia to the far end, then starts to drag her back down when Livia grabs her and pulls her back.

Another wave crashes over, pulling them into a pile of debris and charred bodies. Livia screams out in pain. They lock hands and Atia pulls her.

Atia and Livia fight their way to higher ground. Lightning strikes, revealing a path through the trees above. Livia collapses, Atia grabs her and pulls.

Atia  
We have to go up. Come on!

Livia and Atia grab vines and roots, clawing their way through the bushes to a pathway as their feet slip in the mud. Atia looks back, the ship's remains disintegrate in the crashing surf. She continues up the hill.

#### OFF EAST JAMAICA - HURRICANE

*La Lune* crashes through a huge wave, Martel climbs up to the quarterdeck. Le Picard grips the podium and La Roche wraps a rope around and ties a slip-knot to the wheel.

Martel  
All hatches secured. Our guests are on the pumps.  
Do you know where we are?

Le Picard  
In it.  
Where will we put in, Capitaine?

La Roche  
Let's survive the night first, uh?  
Then if we have to - Port Royal.

Le Picard  
Nice knowing you it was, no?

La Roche  
If our time it is Picard, then c'est la vie!

*La Lune* smashes through the white water waves, disappearing into the haze.

#### SOUTH OF JAMAICA - CALM DULL MORNING

*La Lune* lists, in the distant horizon, swirling clouds and lightning leave her behind. A blue and black Broad-Billed parrot, Minuit flies overhead stretching his wings, circling aft of the ship.



ON *LA LUNE*

Sails and rigging in tatters, crewmen make repairs, Le Picard and Delacroix lay on deck in damp clothes when Minuit lands on the railing and examines La Roche, still gripping the wheel, slumped over, unconscious.

Minuit  
(Whistle) Yoo-hoo?

Martel pulls the slip-knot, freeing La Roche. Crewmen assist him down the stairs to his cabin.

Delacroix  
(Gets to his feet and looks around)  
Are ya shitting me?

He takes the telescope and looks through to a smoking, city at the end of a long peninsula with 5 large forts and surrounded by ships of all kinds.

Delacroix (Cont'd)  
I don't believe it.

Le Picard  
(Gets up, rubs his eyes and looks)  
That is why he is le Capitaine, uh?

Delacroix  
Shall I take us into Port Royal,  
Monsieur Picard?

Le Picard  
Oui, Delacroix, take us in.

A flock of multicolored parrots fly over heading inland passing by Port Royal. RUN TITLES. PAN along the city, the Palisadoes, and up the coast of Jamaica to Folly Bay.

## MAGOTT'S SUGAR FARM - MORNING

In a flattened sugarcane field Atia and Livia lie shipwrecked in the weeds. Atia rubs the Ankh tattoo on her left arm. Livia wakes, bruised and beaten, their dresses tattered and muddy.

Atia  
Ma? Where are you?

Livia  
She's gone. She's in Elysium.  
They're all gone.

Atia holds her side, struggling to get up. She limps into the sugarcane and takes a drink of water from the leaves. Livia tries to rise but doubles over, clenching in pain and vomits.

Atia comes back with leaves carrying water. She holds Livia's head and pours water in her mouth. Livia struggles to swallow.

Then there's splashing sound and the sugar cane stalk moves.

Magott (O.S)  
I hears something!

Dark figures appear and Atia crouches beside Livia. They look up as 6 emaciated Taino men bound in chains, yanked, jarring them back. Johan Magott, filthy, rotten teeth, pushes by.

Magott (Cont'd)  
What is it? Who's there?  
(Looks at the girls and grins)  
Well, lookie here! Tasty little morsels. And who might  
ye be, me lovelies?

Atia  
Please help us sir? We've been through the wringer.

Magott  
Irish as four leaf clovers too. Slaves? Indentured?  
Pikeys?

Atia  
We were on a ship.

Magott  
Shipwreck survivors? Ye could fetch five hundred  
pounds each. Bring the cart and ready the ship!  
(Rubs his hands together)

Magott (Cont'd)

Who needs a crop when ye got Pikeys, eh?  
Bring em' to the ship!

He rattles the shackles and they take hold of the girls.

Livia

(Screams out in pain)

Atia

(Pushes them away)

Get away from her!

Magott

Teach that one a lesson.

Two ornery thugs move in, Angus and Flak, jarring and separating the girls.

Magott (Cont'd)

Bring em'! She only need live long enough for sale.

The thugs pull the chains and they haul the girls screaming away. Through the crops, they drag them down toward the house and a small dock with an old weathered lugger.

Magott (Cont'd)

Ready to make sail! Put them in the hold.

The men on the ship rush to their stations and the thugs drag Atia and Livia to the ship.

Magott (Cont'd)

Bring the rest of 'em. We all goin' ta Port Royal.

DISSOLVE TO:

OFF PORT ROYAL - MORNING

The mountains of Jamaica roll a hazy blue, wounded ships of all kinds sail toward a busy, smoky city of tall Tudor style and brick buildings protected by five large forts while ship masts tower over from the inner harbor. An older style frigate, high in the aft end, red and white striped trim and Cupid figurehead aiming his arrow at the bow, *Arrow*, tilted to starboard, crewmen busy working tangled lines, sailing in toward the tower at Fort Charles. First Mate, Ginger, burly, stalky, red hair joins the officers on the quarterdeck.

Ginger

Gun cay due east, Captain. Ready fer the turn.

High up on the poop-deck Captain Arthur Valentine, 60s, tall and skeletal with large teeth, in a red longcoat with Cupid, a red Cuban Macaw, perched on his shoulder as he scans ahead through his telescope.

Bleedin Art

They ain't here.

Across from the ships out off the point and Fort James, along the city skyline.

Bleedin Art (Cont'd)

I can see every bloody mast all the way to Ligania and they ain't bloody here.

Oh, Jesus Christ we lost them all!

Cupid

Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ!

Bleedin Art

(Lowers his telescope)

And, where the bloody hell's the pilot boat?

Officer

Port Royal got a piece of it herself, Captain.

Bleedin Art

Why old caravels? I thought those ships were too old?

Ginger

If yer concerned about Mr. Coggs hall, you can always blame the Rook.

Bleedin Art

(Eyes Ginger suspiciously)

Yeah, I can blame him. You just wanna see Coggs hall cut his balls off, ya ruthless prick. Nay, it's me own damn fault this time. The shareholders are gonna be pissed. Should'a stayed out of the picaroon racket. Bugger it!

Cupid

Bugger it.

Bleedin Art

You shut up! I don't need any of yer beak!

Cupid flies away shitting on the deck.

Bleedin Art (Cont'd)

Typical... You know the way, Ginger. Take us in.

(Looks through the telescope)

There's four months down the bloody hatch.

Through the telescope, to the city, up Lime Street, to...

## PORT ROYAL - INNER HARBOR

Checkmate, a brown and gray Mascarene parrot flies between long storehouses to a small, diamond patterned shnyava, *Diamond Dog*. She glides in to the docks. Huge, bald, and covered in tatoos, Tiny McAllister readies the bow line. Lieutenant Marquess Castle (Royal Rook), dark skinned, purple tuxedo wears a bitter expression as they approach the King's Wharf where two cutthroats lean on the wall, smoking pipes.

Tiny

I preferred piracy to this lot, Mate.

Royal Rook

Aye. What the bloody hell did I get us into this time?

*Diamond Dog* glides in, Tiny and 8 crewmen hop off and bring her to a stop. Checkmate swoops in, landing on Royal Rook's shoulder as he steps off. By the bay doors, Jag'd Jayne, 20s, crooked jawed, blonde, and Pikestaff, 40s, a patch over his left eye, a blue and yellow, Martinique Macaw on his shoulder, Gibbet. - Gibbet and Checkmate give each other the eye.

Pikestaff

Mr. Coggs shall want to know why yer here and the merchandise ain't?

Royal Rook

We lost them,

Pikestaff

Ya lost em all?

Royal Rook

Art packed the whole lot into two old caravels. Wasn't my call, mate.

Pikestaff

Not yer call? Be sure to tell Mr. Coggsall that when he cuts off yer bollocks.

Jag'd Jayne

I warned him. Stay away from wanna-be privateers.

Royal Rook

I was hired by Bleedin Art. It be his own fault they went down. When he arrives I'll be expecting payment.

Jag'd Jayne

Aye, be sure to tell him that when he gets here.

Pikestaff

Art may lose a ball or two himself.

Lookout

*Arrow* coming in, sir.

They turn to see *Arrow* towed by longboats as she makes the around Fort James.

Pikestaff

Better duck Lieutenant, she be aiming fer you.

Harbormaster Jonathan Pepys, 50s, official coat and hat, and Richard Pepys, royal blue suit and walking stick, bicker amongst themselves as they approach.

Jag'd Jayne

Harbormaster, ready to receive *Arrow* at the west end of the dock.

(To Royal Rook)

Say hello to yer little songbird for me when a see her.

Royal Rook watches suspiciously as Jag'd Jayne and Pikestaff turn and walk away.

### THE CROOKED COMPASS

Up the inner harbor, next to the large platform of Waterman's Wharf, on a glass door the reflection of *Bloody Mary*, a sloop with a large round window at the stern, comes to a stop by the docks. A musician with a lute plays "Clear or Cloudy," a mid-teens, African slave, Fatima, "RAC" brand on her neck, dressed in white, cleans the door windows. Heins Burghill, in a mint-green suit and hat, smoking a cigar, watches slaves sweep, scrub, and remove a toppled hoist. He glances over to an adjacent porch, where Cherry Banks, 30s, with mahogany hair, in a night dress, removes sea weed from her railings.

Burghill

The price of waterfront property.

Captain Alfonse Slazerelli (Slasher Al) bald on top only, patterned collar, vested suit, hat, with a clipped Dominican Green and Yellow Macaw, Lash, on his shoulder. He slides his hands under his arms and pats the hidden blades in his vest.

Slasher Al

Soon, my lovelies. Fred, Dogfish.

Big Fred, huge with a thick brown beard, battle-scarred and Dogfish, skinny, covered in tattoos, with teeth filed to points. They make their way to the back stairs.

Burghill

(Goes inside to the lounge)

Fatima. Fan me.

Fatima follows inside finding a big white feather behind the bar. Burghill lights a cigar and sits in a leather chair. She starts fanning when Slasher Al walks in with Lash on his shoulder, his men wait outside.

Slasher Al

My compliments, Mr. Burghill, sir.

Burghill

What can I do for you, Captain Slazerelli?

Slasher A1

Word has made its way to my ears, you have lost them both, Mr. Burghill.

Burghill

What do you mean, lost? Who says?

Slasher A1

I hear *Arrow* and *Diamond Dog* left Barbados with two caravels and five hundred of your property. *Diamond Dog* is in the harbor now and *Arrow* approaches but there be no caravels.

Burghill

Caravels?

Slasher A1

I can't help but ponder the idea that had I been trusted with this venture things may have turned out more favorable for all involved.

Burghill

Hundreds of buyers showing up and we got no new slaves and we got no new whores. Cheap-ass son of a whore! This could be a disaster. I'll have to tell Mr. Coggs. We need every slave and whore we can scrounge up, clean and presentable. Don't touch Cherry's girls, not yet.

Slasher A1

I was promised two harlots for myself from our previous venture and I still intend on collecting.

Burghill

It's gonna cost you more ya never return them.

Slasher A1

(Eyes up Fatima)

What about this little beauty here?

I'll give ya two hundred pounds for her.



Burghill

Her? She speaks a dozen languages and mends wounds.  
She's worth ten times that.  
We can only hope Coggshall has some...

Slasher A1

(Licks his lips as he eyes her all over)  
Fresh meat?

### TURTLE CRAWLS - MORNING

A sign "Fresh Meat," hangs on a wall next to a scarred, tired prostitute Imelda Hyde, lumbering by in tattered rags. Beyond, *La Lune* sits docked beside two large turtle pens next to the weathered fish docks, still covered with debris. Slaves clear and clean up, a man with a fiddle sings "Hoyda Jolly Rutterkin," workmen deliver and unload barrels, crates and, kegs.

Imelda Hyde

(Follows a passerby)  
Where ya off to sailor?

Into the aft windows of *La Lune*...

### LA LUNE - CAPTAIN'S CABIN - MORNING

La Roche writes at his desk by a shiny gold handled sword, sparkling with rubies and emeralds when there's a knock.

La Roche

Entre.

The door opens and Le Picard and Delacroix, walk in.

Le Picard

(Nudges Delacroix)  
The sword? Someone's getting promoted or killed.

La Roche

How did you make out?

Le Picard

Crew making repairs, Capitaine. The Harbor master will let us stay for two days. They're unloading supplies at the end of the north dock.

La Roche

Take whatever they lay down but clear away when she's loaded and find a spot in the harbor out of the way. Pepys doesn't know you, so you are me. Consider it practice.

It's time I gave you both more responsibility.

(Passes the sword to Le Picard)

Take the sword of Don Juan.

Le Picard

I'm so very honored.

La Roche

Not to keep. I'm taking shore leave.

Broke my balls this trip did. Command is yours for a couple of days, Picard. Congratulations!

Le Picard

(Puts on the belt)

Oui, thank you Capitaine but if I had a hundred men and fifty pounds, of cocoa leaf powder , I couldn't do it in time.

La Roche

Then your new first mate will help you.

Delacroix

Me?

La Roche

No, the bird, idiot! I'm promoting you. Congratulations. Find some place out of the way. Work fast, but, do it right, uh?

Le Picard

Oui, Capitaine.

La Roche

Take what you need out of the chest. Pay them what they want, unless they try to dick us around.  
I will be at the Swiftsure tonight.

Delacroix

Oui, Capitaine.

La Roche

See? Enthusiasm and youth will see us through.  
Remember, hostilities are growing. We could find ourselves in an enemy port at any moment and you will both be first rate.

Delacroix

Oui, Capitaine.

Le Picard

Oui, Capitaine.

La Roche

Get to work on the mast first. We'll replace it in Petit-Goave.

Delacroix

(Dashes out the door)

Oui, Capitaine.

Le Picard

Enthusiasm and youth?

La Roche

I know you preferred Louis, but I've known him along time. He's a good man but he's not meant to lead. He walks with head down sometimes.

Le Picard

Oui, he does, I know but, Delacroix? Fucking! That's all that kid knows. I for one don't want a bunch of women chasing after the boat! And this is not such a good idea, someone will recognize you!

La Roche  
 (Slaps his shoulder and leads him out)  
 Don't worry, nothing will happen.

They walk out from the Capitaine's cabin and up to the main deck where Minuit swoops in and lands on the railing above.

Le Picard  
 Attracting too much attention you are and the Swiftsure  
 of all places?

La Roche  
 No one is going to recognise me. I'm yesterday's news.  
 (To Minuit)  
 Ok. Go stretch your wings.

Minuit takes off toward Fort James, a large multi-level, heavily armed fort guarding the entrance to the inner harbor.

#### FORT JAMES - MORNING

Minuit soars past the top level cannon battery where Lt. Governor Dorcas Dewar, curly grey hair, in a lavish frilled suit with feathered hat and walking stick, along with Lord Lawrence Llewellyn, fancy long-coat, Mason Sleemans, shifty, in a black robe, following behind and slaves fanning with large feathers.

Dewar  
 Splendid idea Larry! Splendid!

Llewellyn  
 It would seem to be the appropriate thing to do after a hurricane.

Sleemans  
 Pretend to give a bloody damn?

Dewar  
 Oh, you're so right. For morale, at the very least. That's politics for you, It's all about the people. Bloody sods!

Llewellyn  
 My thoughts exactly, sir. Bloody sods.

Dewar

Supplies may be short so, we may have to dip into the reserves just a bit. But after all, a hurricane is a disaster and that's what the disaster fund was for, right?

Sleemans

Of course sir, that won't be a problem. The audit is my responsibility, after all.

Dewar

(Extends his arm toward the city)

We'll call it the - I survived the hurricane ball!

Llewellyn

Excellent choice, your Grace!

Dewar

(Deep breath)

I love it when you call me that.

Sleemans

Should we impose curfew?

Dewar

For the lower classes, obviously.

Sleemans

Of course!

They pass slaves cleaning and step around, seeming put-out, they cover their noses.

Dewar

We don't want the riffraff spoiling all our fun.

Llewellyn

Right you are sir.

Dewar

(Shoulders drop)

Of course! Here comes the I want, I want brigade.

Down at the gate, two men are let in by guards: in a white suit and hat with ivory walking stick, Council Chair, Captain John White, and City Engineer Bill Chitty, 70, bald and gray. They make their way up to the gun battery.

Dewar (Cont'd)

Councilmen? How are you? What is it now?

Chitty

You wanted the damage report, sir.

Dewar

Ah, of course. Well, let's have it.

White

For one thing, we're an island again.

Chitty

Thames Street to High Street from the Kings House to the Admiralty Court is flooded.

Llewellyn

My house as well. I'm thinking of renting out the basement as a bath house.

Chitty

The bridge to the Palisades is out again. We'll need to appropriate funds from the disaster bank for a new bridge. A proper bridge this time.

Dewar

I'm afraid that's impossible. The funds have already been appropriated.

White

On what, may I ask?

Slemans

If I may, there currently isn't enough in the disaster fund to cover a new bridge. However, I suggest a sufficient amount be withdrawn to cover the cost of a temporary replacement.

Chitty

Which will disintegrate next hurricane.

Sleemans

But, for now it will have to do. At least until we have the funds for a proper one.

White

Where, will we make up the difference?

Dewar

Well, you're the council chair, sit on it for a while. You have until at least next season.

Chitty

We also have extensive damage to the streets, cracks and fissures have opened up on several of them.

Dewar

Well, why aren't the streets paved?

Chitty

They can't be paved, rather filled in each time. The ground's too soft to get a solid foundation without a major excavation.

Dewar

Then use some kind of interlocking stone! This is unacceptable! We're English damn it! We know how to build things where they shouldn't be!

Llewellyn

I suggests taxes be increased on the lower classes to cover it. We can call it, the Chitty Infrastructure Tax. Or, the Chitty Bridge Fund?

Sleemans

Perhaps I can think of a more suitable name. A good idea, however.

Harbormaster Pepys enters the gate below and comes up the stairs, toward them.

Dewar

Very well, fix the bridge Chitty and no lolly gagging.

Llewellyn

Ah, Pepys, good!

(Takes out a pen)

This is ingenious! How does it work?

Harbormaster Pepys takes the pen, unscrews it and writes on the parchment.

Llewellyn (Cont'd)

Ah, there it is! Brilliant!

(Takes the pen back)

I've got it now. Thank your cousin for me won't you?

Harbormaster Pepys

Your welcome. And remember, when you need it refilled take it to Pope's Tobacco on Honey Lane.

Llewellyn

Splendid!

Dewar

(Clears his throat)

Gentlemen.

Chitty and White head back down the steps and Dewar's entourage continues along the walkway with Harbormaster Pepys.

Dewar (Cont'd)

Pepys, I noticed a lot of foreign ships in the harbor today?

Harbormaster Pepys

Aye, Lt. Governor. Two Spanish pinks and a French brig in port so far. They each entered the harbor under a white flag and subjected themselves to inspection. They all be civilian ships with extensive damage and wounded. We couldn't refuse them.



Dewar

Of course not, that wouldn't be very Christian. We'll charge them a fee.

Llewellyn

I think a large fee would be appropriate.

Dewar

Yes, quite right. Have them each pay ...

(Turns to Llewellyn)

Froggies and Spics, do they still use doubloons these days?

Llewellyn

I believe so.

Dewar

Four?

Llewellyn

(Rubs his hands together)

Oh, at least!

Dewar

Have them each pay a fee of four gold doubloons.

Llewellyn

Or the equivalent in pieces of eight.

Dewar

Eight fours? What is that, like forty something?

Sleemans

Seventy pieces of eight would be the equivalent sir.

Dewar

How does that work out?

Sleemans

Leave the thinking to me, sir.

Dewar

Quite right. If they refuse, confiscate their ships as a hazard to navigation.

Harbormaster Pepys

Four doubloons?

Dewar

You think it should be more? Well then, let's up it, to say...?

Harbormaster Pepys

Four be fine, sir.

Dewar

Oh, hurrah!

(Indicates *La Lune*)

What ship is that over here?

Harbormaster Pepys

A French brig, loaded with sugar. She's still seaworthy. I've given her two days to make repairs.

Dewar

Well, he looks like he can afford it. You can start with that Frenchie. Get your men on it right away.

Harbormaster Pepys

(Heads down the stairs)

Aye, sir.

Llewellyn

(To Dewar)

Commanding sir, very commanding. If I may say so.

Dewar

Oh, you may. It's up to us to make the important decisions, Larry.

(Eyes wide)

It should be a theme ball!

Llewellyn

You mean like, come as your favorite natural disaster?

Dewar

What a good idea! See to it immediately, Lord  
Llewellyn!

Llewellyn

Right away your grace!

Across Turtle Crawls to the tower at Fort Charles.

#### FORT CHARLES - TOWER

Admiral Christian Goddam, 50s, stern, with a scar across his face, gold decorations, arrives at the top of the spiral tower and peers through his telescope. Lieutenant Lance Thorne, sandy hair, mid 20s, Militia Major Peter Beckford, long dark hair hiding big ears, a tanned suit with metal breast plate, they follow, out of breath as wounded ships, English, French and Spanish, lumber in toward the city.

Admiral Goddam

My God, look at them! I feel like Priam, watching the  
Greeks arrive at Troy. What's your count, Lieutenant?

Thorne

Looks like... four more French and one Spanish...

Admiral Goddam

With a brig already in the harbor. We're out numbered  
ten to one and that idiot Lt. Governor thinks we're  
perfectly safe!

Beckford

Their all merchants and most of them are barely  
seaworthy.

Admiral Goddam

Don't be fooled. This is precisely the kind of  
opportunity Laurens waits for. You never know when  
the enemy will strike.

Bird shit splashes on his chest as Minuit flies overhead. Thorne aims but his gun doesn't fire.

Admiral Goddam (Cont'd)

That is precisely my point. We're sitting ducks here.  
Order Talbot to move *Drake* and *Falcon* to the middle  
of the harbor and remain at battle stations.

Thorne

Aye, sir.

Admiral Goddam tries to wipe shit off his coat, smearing it.

Beckford

It's said to be good luck, that.

Admiral Goddam

Aye, spotting good luck, Beckford. Now I want every  
militiaman on double duty and cancel all leave.  
We're on the brink gentlemen, and no French Trojan  
horse is penetrating my back door. Not while I'm alive!

Thorne

Y-N-no, sir.

Beckford

N-no, sir.

Minuit flies back toward Turtle Crawls and La Lune, tucked in with many other ships.

### TURTLE CRAWLS - DOCKS - DAY

Beyond, Minuit shadows La Roche and De Kleep, cleaned up, smoking cigarettes. They turn up the gangway to the fish docks while on Fisher's Row an old woman sets up a fruit cart at the entrance to an alleyway. A fish merchant and a turtle farmer converge on her.

Fish merchant

I tell's ya before, ya can't set up shop down here.

Old woman

Fruit goes with the fish.

Turtle farmer

Like we said; ye can go up to Shelly's, but yer blocking  
the way here.

Old woman  
Aye, eye, then Fine!

Fish merchant  
On yer way then.

Turtle farmer  
Good day to you.

The old woman nods. She packs up her cart, the men disperse as La Roche and De Kleep reach the walkway.

Old woman  
Aye, aye, ya lousy pricks.

De Kleep  
Après la pluie, le beau temps.  
(Stops)  
I leave you here Capitaine. I' must find a whore.

La Roche  
When in Rome.

Minuit  
(Bobs his head and whistles)  
Find a whore. Find a whore.

La Roche  
They are called strumpets here.

Minuit  
Strumpets here. Strumpets here.

La Roche  
The good ones are up Thames Street, yes?

De Kleep  
Well, I can afford Lime Street, no?

They step off the gangway, the old woman sneaks a peak back on her way out as La Roche extends his hand to De Kleep.

De Kleep (Cont'd)  
I owe you a debt of gratitude, Capitaine.

La Roche  
Even, this makes us.

They shake hands, parting ways, La Roche cuts through a busy alleyway.

## LIME STREET

A beggar with a mandolin sings "A Fine Knack for Ladies." Lined with shops, barrels and beggars, La Roche reminisces, passing by Siera Lee, 20s, still pretty in an old worn dress. She hops to her feet and flops out a breast.

Siera Lee  
If looking for company sir, I be exactly what y e need.

La Roche smiles and tips his hat as he crosses the street.

Siera Lee (Cont'd)  
(Returns to her stairs)  
Suit yerself.

Across the street sickly, lanky, Salty Sally, steps out a doorway while La Roche waves down a Wherryman's carriage and hops on.

Salty Sally  
How about a bob for a bob mate?

La Roche rides past an alley with a sign reading "Enter at own risk," Salty Sally returns to her door as the carriage turns up High Street.

## HIGH STREET - DAY

Miles Gladstone, brown, stalky, in a modest brown suit, walks out from the Sea Lane where three level Tutor style houses tower over the intersection, peasants pile planks of wood.

Gladstone  
Oi! Why are you dropping that here?

Peasant  
It's all being moved to the top of Thames Street, sir.

Gladstone

What for?

Peasant

Bonfire fodder for the Governor's party.

Gladstone

Christ not another one. He burned down the orphanage last time.

Dr. Sander Strangeways, 50, tall, awkward, in a dark suit, walks across the flooded street sniffing profusely and shaking his head while avoiding cracks.

Gladstone (Cont'd)

Thames Street is all cracked up and flooded too. They should forget fixing it and just call it Canal Street.

Dr. Strangeways

Yes, quite. Any news?

Gladstone

I'm afraid so. A Frenchie reported a barque going down off Folly Bay. Fishermen say there's bodies all over the place. Women and children.

Dr. Strangeways

Any word of survivors?

Gladstone

There never are in Folly Bay.

Dr. Strangeways

Oh my, we should head out there straight away.

Gladstone

But the auction? It's tomorrow night!

Dr. Strangeways

Oh, I almost forgot.

Gladstone

The girls are counting on ya. How about I head out there and find out if it was them? It's better if you stay here this time and let me look after this one.

Dr. Strangeways

Then you must head out there straight away. Let me know as soon as you find out.

Gladstone

(Starts away and stops)

What if it really was the *Aeolus*?

Dr. Strangeways

Then I'm afraid I'll be giving the O'Malley's some very bad news.

Gladstone heads up the street and walks away.

Dr. Strangeways (Cont'd)

And, I'm the one who brought them here.

Zoom up High Street, to the prisons, to Fort Rupert.

#### FORT RUPERT - DAY

A wood and rock wall with a guard tower sits at the east end of the city, Chitty barks orders, workmen work frantically to secure a section of dock as a bridge to the Palisadoes. La Roche hops down from the wherryman's carriage. He pays the driver a shiny coin and crosses over a section of planks with a group of pedestrians and heads for the village and graveyard beyond.

#### PORT ROYAL GRAVEYARD - DAY

La Roche's hands clear away brush and weeds from a large gravestone. At the top it reads: "Barbadosed". A skull and crossbones carved into one of the patterns. A leafy branch is lifted, revealing a large, crooked, headstone: Here Lyeth ye Body ye Sir Henry Morgan 1635-1688.

Minuit swoops in, weathered headstones of different religions and symbols, with cutlasses and skulls with crossbones, La Roche takes a bottle of rum from his coat and uncaps it.



La Roche

This is the stuff you like, uh?

Drink well tonight mon camarade.

(Takes a drink and pours the rest)

Say hello to the boys - Ed, Diego, Davy and Jamie.

Drink well tonight mes camarades, mes amis.

Minuit

Mes amis.

The rum glides down the face side into the cracked and sinking foundation.

DISSOLVE TO:

STRANGEWAYES APOTHECARY - UPSTAIRS ROOM - AFTERNOON

Dr. Strangeways pours a cup of tea, the sun shines in as he admires the view up High Street. On the corner of his desk, gray haired Abigail (Abbey) Beazley, 60s, in a blue kirtle, goes through papers.

Abbey

If you don't stop robbing Peter to pay Paul, you'll go broke. It's that simple!

(Picks up an empty bottle)

So much for keeping inventory. You keep giving things away like you're the only doctor who...

Dr. Strangeways

(Turns to her)

Gives a bloody damn?

Abbey

(Smiles then looks at the bottle in her hand)

You gave away the last of the laudanum. Or shall I chalk this one up to personal use?

Dr. Strangeways

Another fisherman lost an eye. I had to give him something. Besides, I didn't know a hurricane was coming. Hurricane predication is not listed on the sign.

Abbey

But you need to sell it to them. You're not going to survive in the money world if you keep giving things away. When the tax collector comes, you'll have nothing to show for it. They will clean you out.

Dr. Strangeways

Yes, well, that's what I have you for isn't it? To help me survive in the money world. You worry about what it says on paper and I'll worry about where it comes from. I didn't vote for this pestilent system, why should I have to bloody live in it? And I have a new batch of laudanum in the supply room. Capped this morning!

He sees a carriage in the alley below with a familiar woman in black climbing down.

Dr. Strangeways (Cont'd)

Goodness me, this is a first.

(Takes his coat and squeezes past)

I'm sorry Mrs. Beazley, as much as I value your sage advice, we'll have to continue this delightful conversation later.

Abbey

A paying customer I hope and not a debt collector?

She passes up a Pepys pen and he stops to write his signature on the document.

Dr. Strangeways

I told you, I'm on a winning streak. Nothing to worry about.

He straighten his coat on his way down the stairs to the front gallery where a striking, fair haired woman in black, early 40s, Esmeralda Belford, aka Eazy, aka Widow Bell, walks in and rings the bell cord.

Dr. Strangeways (Cont'd)

(Pops out)

Can I help you? Goodness me, Esmeralda Belford.

Esmeralda  
Doctor, I'm glad you're here.

Dr. Strangewayes  
What can I do for you?

Esmeralda  
You're needed at Smith's Alley landing. That horrible little Magott has slaves in the hold of his ship. They appear to be sick. Sheriff Tellam won't let them out.

Dr. Strangewayes  
Damn! I thought Coggs shall banned him?

Esmeralda  
Evidently not!

Dr. Strangewayes  
One moment, I just need to gather a few things.

He scurries around collecting his supplies, slips into a side room, "Sniifffff," And comes back out snorting happily and shaking his head, his bag in hand, they head for the door.

Esmeralda directs Dr. Strangewayes to her carriage. She unties the horse and climbs on. He reluctantly climbs on the other side.

Esmeralda  
And they call me Widow Bell now, Doctor. Haven't you heard? When I go deaf and blind they'll all be calling me Dumb Bell.

She unlocks the brake and snaps the reins and her carriage rolls onto the street.

Esmeralda (Cont'd)  
Sorry to kidnap you like this Doctor, but these people may be very sick.

Dr. Strangewayes  
No, not at all. Thank you for alerting me. Did you get a good look at them?

Esmeralda

Not really. They're in a cage in the hold.

They drive down the street and turn right, for Queen Street.

#### SMITH'S ALLEY COMMON LANDING AREA

Bystanders gather around the small lugger, *Sweet Dreams*, tied to dock. Angus and Flak with machetes and pistols guard Magott as he argues with Sherriff Tellam, 50, pot belly big sideburns, a gray wig, with Constable Blower, sloppy and slow, backing him up.

Tellam

Fer the last time, No! I'm going to have to confiscate yer ship and cargo until it's been inspected by a doctor.

Magott

Nobody's confiscatin' nothin'! They be special delivery for Mr. Coggsall, the lot of em. All perfectly legal if they be Pikeys. No doubt bound fer the work house and that makes em slaves in the eyes of the law.

Tellam

I'll ask Mr. Coggsall when he gets here.

Blower

Aye. We'll ask Mr. Coggsall.

Magott

He's paying five hundred pounds each for the whities.

Tellam

Whities?

Magott

(Points)

Two of em - girls.

They look down into the hold to see Atia, Livia, and 6 Taino men laying in a pile.

Tellam

What's he want with them?

Magott

I hears he was paying big fer Pikeys. As fer the Indians,  
I figured why not? Me crop's gone anyways.

A carriage with men all over it turns off Thames Street and drives down to the landing. Johnny Shipwash, long blonde hair, pulls the horses to a stop. Burghill opens the door and hops out, Councilman Bernerd Coggshall, curly moustache, with a cigar and a fancy pink suit. A wagon follows with Slasher Al, Dogfish, and Big Fred armed with a double edge cutlass.

Tellam

Mr. Coggshall, sir?

Coggshall

What the bloody hell ye be doing here Magott? Yer banned.

Tellam

He's got a ship full of sick slaves and two white girls he says are Pikeys.

Magott

(To Coggshall)

I hears ya were looking fer pikeys.

Coggshall

What have ya got then?

Coggshall and his men get on board and gather around the hold.

Tellam

Hold on. I've called for the chief chuyrgeon.

Coggshall

Aye, their condition is deplorable.  
What the hell did ya do to em?

Magott

They was yammering something fierce, I drugged 'em.

Coggshall

Where'd the pikey's come from?

Magott

I founds' em.

Burghill

Where, Magott?

Esmeralda's carriage pulls up with Dr. Strangeways, She locks the brake, skidding to a stop.

Dr. Strangeways

Speaking of pestilent, there's Coggshall.

(To himself)

Perhaps a little tact could have been  
beneficial?

Esmeralda

(Jumps down and goes at them)

Coggshall, you syphilis ridden carrion yer  
behind this!

Blower

Her again?

Tellam

This don't concern you, Mrs. Belford.

Esmeralda

The hell it don't. Magott is banned from selling slaves in  
Port Royal. You agreed yerself, Coggshall!  
Half the people in the produce market had this Magott  
banned and most of them own slaves!

Dr. Strangeways

(Looks in the hold)

Absolutely disgraceful! As Chief Chuyrgeon of Port  
Royal, I order these slaves confiscated in the interest of  
public health!

Tellam

Mr. Coggshall has final say.

Dr. Strangeways

Tellam, we've been over this...!

Blower

Tell 'em we been over what?

Dr. Strangewayes

This boat breaks health and safety regulations, as well as several recently passed laws. For heaven's sake how long have they been in there?

Esmeralda

I can smell the feces from here.

(To Magott)

Unless that's you?

Magott

Ya ain't takin me slaves. I got a God given right ta sell slaves. If Mr. Coggshall's don't want em then they goes up fer bids.

Dr. Strangewayes

Well your God-given boat, invites something we in the scientific community refer to as the plague.

Please Tellam these people need to be in my care right away, all of them.

Blower

He heard ya.

Tellam

Do something with them, they're stinking up the harbor.

Esmeralda

(Points)

Bring them up. Get those poor girls out of there.

Blower

Stinking up *this* harbor?

Dr. Strangewayes

Get everyone out of there!

Tellam

And spread the plague? Just the girls.

Magott

Bring 'em up.

Magott's crew hoist up the cage to the main deck.

Coggshall

They're not fit fer sale.

(Grins and nods to Burghill)

I'll take 'em. One thousand pounds fer the Magott covers compensation. Dump the slaves in the harbor and claim 'em.

Burghill

The insurance company will only pay out if they're lost at sea. Legally, these ones have landed, I'm afraid.

They swing the cage over and lower it to the dock.

Esmeralda

Tellam, this is no way for people to be treated!

Blower

I'm telling you...

Maggot

Property is what they is, wench!

Angus and Flak open the cage and everyone inside, spills out.

Tellam

Good God! No one's going to want them now.

Blower

The Indians or the whores?

Esmeralda

These aren't whores, look at their clothes.

Dr. Strangeways

These two must be - Shipwreck survivors!

Magott

That's right, shipwreck survivors. I finds em and that gives me salvage rights.



Dr. Strangeways  
Salvage rights don't apply to girls you product of  
inbreeding and Rotgut!

Atia  
Where's Ma? Livia?

Magott  
(Points)  
Irish! They be indentured!

Coggshall  
Strangeways can have the Indians. I claim ownership  
for the girls.

Burghill  
Mr. Crisp of Barbados reported a family of Irish  
indentured servants bearing his name. They escaped his  
custody and fled for St. Lucia.

(Takes out a list)  
Mr. Coggshall currently has a lean on all Mr. Crisp's  
property due to an outstanding debt.

(Passes a page to Tellam)  
This is a letter of recovery signed by the governor,  
entitling Mr. Coggshall the right to seize any property  
belonging to Mr. Crisp. If these are the pikeys on the  
list then thoust belong to Mr. Coggshall.

Tellam  
(Looks over the list)  
This one said, Livia. There's a Livia Crisp on the list.

Dr. Strangeways  
That doesn't prove anything. Sheriff, at the very least,  
for your own safety and the safety of the people of the  
city, I beg you...

Tellam  
(To Livia)  
Are you Livia Crisp?

Livia  
Ma? We got away from Crisp!

Slavers and pirates laugh out loud.

Tellam  
That settles it.

Esmeralda  
Settles what? No it doesn't.

Burghill and Magott exchange documents and a bag of coins.

Burghill  
As well as payment for Magott. Thus completing our transaction.

Dr. Strangewayes  
Absolutely not! These people are under quarantine and under my charge.

Coggs shall waves in Slasher Al and his men as bystanders clear away.

Coggs shall  
(To Tellam)  
There is much urgency Sheriff due to the fragile economy, any delay could result in the cancellation of civil payrolls.

Tellam  
Everything is in order. Mr. Coggs shall has proof of ownership.

Esmeralda  
Tellam I demand a hearing be convened.

Blower  
She wants a hearing?

Burghill  
A hearing on what?

Esmeralda  
A hearing to determine if you can still be considered a  
man with such a small prick!

Slasher Al's men laugh.

Burghill  
Mind yer tongue woman or I'll cut it out.

Esmeralda  
Like you did to little Katie Evans?

Blower  
You mean Mute Katie?

Esmeralda  
You cowardly troll, these are human beings! Unlike  
your kind, the sludge of the gutter!

Coggshall  
She needs a Lashing, Mr. Dogfish.

Dr. Strangewayes  
Now just a minute...

Dogfish cracks a whip, striking Esmeralda in the face. She stumbles but, Dr. Strangewayes catches her. Slasher Al and his men draw their weapons.

Coggshall  
Oh, that be unfortunate! Best be off with ya before we  
have another accident, Doctor. Do we understand each  
other?  
(To Slasher Al)  
The lady needs attention. Escort them to his apo-thery.  
(To Dr. Strangewayes)  
We'll have the slaves sent on, presently Doctor, for you  
to do with as you see fit.

Dogfish recoils his whip, Strangewayes and Esmeralda retreat to the carriage. Slasher Al and Big Fred follow.

Esmeralda  
We can't just leave!

Dr. Strangewayes  
Watch me.

Esmeralda  
Sherriff, you know this is wrong!

Burghill rolls up the documents and hands them to Coggs hall.

Coggs hall  
Let's go! Move out!

Atia and Livia are loaded on a wagon.

Coggs hall (Cont'd)  
(To Slasher Al)  
This one's just yer type. Too bad she's spoken for.

Slasher Al  
How about a signing incentive?

Coggs hall  
Just be there and ye never know.

Slasher Al  
(Points to Esmeralda)  
What do ya want done with 'em?

Coggs hall  
Keep 'em pinned down at his place. Let em know who's boss. You can have her later.

Slasher Al  
Aye.

Coggs hall  
(To Magott)  
Take the Pikeys to the Swiftsure.  
(To Burghill)

Coggshall (Cont'd)

Have Valentine's surgeon look over the Pikey girls but first things first.

(To Tellam)

Join us for a drink at the old ship, Sheriff?

Tellam

(Tips his hat)

I'd be delighted.

Coggshall's men climb on the carriages as Esmeralda's carriage drives off.

Magott

What ya want done with the Indians?

Coggshall

Give them a lethal dose and drop them off at his apothecary as promised. The man needs ta learn his place. Then go get cleaned up. You can afford it now. I'll have a room for ya at the Swiftsure.

Magott

Aye. About time too.

Coggshall

Who knows, ya may double yer money. Many thanks Sheriff.

The carriages drive away.

Tellam

We all do our part for the economy, Mr. Coggshall.

STRANGEWAYES APOTHECARY HIGH AND LIME STREET - SUNSET

Dr. Strangeways stops the carriage, secures it, and rushes to help Esmeralda down.

Esmeralda

Think I'll continue home if you don't mind, Doctor.

Dr. Strangeways

I think it best you come inside, quickly now!

She looks back to see the wagon coming with Slasher Al and his men.

Esmeralda

They followed us? Dog sodding Bastards! What do they want?

Dr. Strangewayes

(Leads her on the porch and opens the door)

Inside, quickly!

Slasher Al licks the blade of his cutlass as Dr. Strangewayes leads her in, closes and locks the door. Esmeralda stumbles into the parlor holding her face.

Dr. Strangewayes (Cont'd)

Let me see.

Esmeralda

I'm fine

Dr. Strangewayes

Yes, of course you are.

He takes her upstairs where the red and orange sun beams in, Esmeralda enters and sits at the desk, Abbey walks in with a tray of medical supplies and a bottle of rum.

Abbey

By the looks of ya both, I'd say a drink is in order?

Esmeralda

(Laugh and nod)

Please.

Dr. Strangewayes

Thank you for your, expert commentary, now, we need to prepare for patients, possibly six. And, there are unfriendlys outside Abbey so please stay in and keep the doors locked.

Abbey  
(Puts down the tray)  
Good day to you, Mrs. Belford.

Esmeralda  
And to you, Mrs. Beazley.

As Abbey leaves, Dr. Strangeways dabs alcohol on a cloth and brings it.

Esmeralda (Cont'd)  
This wont hurt a bit?

Dr. Strangeways  
Yes, it will in fact.  
I don't believe I've ever had the pleasure of your  
company in my apothecary before.

Esmeralda  
There must be something we can do. I can't believe  
we're sitting in here, doing nothing?

Dr. Strangeways  
This isn't over, I promise you.

Esmeralda  
A lotta good we're doing from in here. Useless!

Dr. Strangeways  
(Dabs her cheek)  
I'm sorry, we were a little outnumbered.

Esmeralda  
(Flinches)  
No, that's not what I mean. I have nothing against you,  
Doctor. On the contrary, my husband and I always had  
a good deal of respect for you.

She looks around the room at all of his various bottles and experimental surgical tools.

Esmeralda (Cont'd)  
I know that you sailed with him, although he never  
talked about it.

She looks to a painting on the wall of the brig, *La Lune de Miel*, sailing in toward the north dock with a broad billed parrot off to the side.

Esmeralda (Cont'd)

I know that ship. I even remember that bird.

A much happier time that was.

Which one was it that you sailed with? L'Olonnais or El Capitaine?

Dr. Strangewayes

Both. I'll prepare a bandage.

Esmeralda

At this point in my life, I couldn't give a shit about a couple of scars. I've treated you coldly over the years, haven't I Doctor?

Dr. Strangewayes

(Clears the tray)

Not at all, you've always been very polite.

Esmeralda

To tell ya the truth, I never knew if you were so nice because you genuinely care or if you just wanted to get into me goods?

Dr. Strangewayes

Perhaps a little of both.

(Looks busy, tidying)

Where has that Abbey gone?

Abbey

(Walks in with tea)

Sorry, I should have left something for you to clean.

Esmeralda

I'm fine with rum for now, thanks.

I miss the pirates. Not the current lot of scallywags rather...



Dr. Strangewayes  
 I know who you mean.  
 (Looks out the window)  
 And, yes, we could certainly use their help right now.

#### HIGH STREET AND HONEY LANE ENTRANCE - DUSK

La Roche, a smile on his face, casually walks into the brick archway leading to an alley between upper class houses and shops. He stops and goes into "Pope's Tobacco and Pipe."

#### ADMIRALTY COURT - ADMIRAL'S RESIDENCE - NIGHT

By the misty harbor, past the walls of Fort Carlisle, Skean, in tattered rags, staggers to a brick building to side door but it wont open. He looks up to a light in an upstairs window, checks to see if anyone is around, and with his broken arm hanging, climbs up the bushes to a patio.

Inside, Admiral Goddam takes off his badges and gear. He looks in the mirror to something out the window - Someone staggers across the patio. He quickly spins around, sword drawn. Skean crashes into the framed glass doors.

Admiral Goddam rushes to the door. As he opens it, Skean stumbles in collapsing on the floor holding out a scroll.

Admiral Goddam  
 (Kneels beside him)  
 Take it easy, son.

Admiral Goddam takes the scroll, unrolls it and reads: Orders to The Admiralty, New Government to preside over Port Royal. Military units are to stand down. Local authorities are to place under house arrest Lt. Governor Dewar, Lord Llewellyn.

Admiral Goddam (Cont'd)  
 Good God!

He leaps up and pulls the bell cord, repeatedly. The door bursts opens and Thorne comes in.

Admiral Goddam (Cont'd)  
 Send word to the forts immediately.  
 Stand down is the order!

Thorne  
Sorry sir, stand down?

Admiral Goddam  
Aye! Get it out to all the forts, double quick. Tell them  
to Stand Down!

Thorne  
(Runs out)  
Aye.

Admiral Goddam  
They're already here.

#### OFF TURTLE CRAWLS - NIGHT

Out of the misty night, a small, dark galiot, *Rascal*, her sails furled tight, 32 oars rowing in past the dock. Major Thomas Paine, in a dark coat and tri-cornered hat, a deep scar down through his eye brow and 3 fingers on his left hand brandishes a blunderbuss shot gun.

Major Paine  
Detach.

Crewmen cut the ropes aft while one signals out with the lamp. Major Paine notices a familiar hull pass by, *La Lune*.

Major Paine (Cont'd)  
Let her run.

The oars raised, *Rascal* glides to the docks, ready at the edge is Lieutenant Jakob Fokman, 40s, reddish hair and scarred, all in black.

They jump onto the dock with 6 crewmen and who bring the ship to a stop.

Major Paine (Cont'd)  
Sir, you're clear.

Justice Harold Chester Goblet, 50s quivering lips and jowls, in official dress followed by his henchman, Jan Spookman (Spook), white haired, in black with a black hat.

Siera Lee watches from Fisher's Row as Goblet pauses to hand a bag of coins to Major Paine.

Goblet  
For your service, Major Paine

Major Paine  
(To Fokman)  
Secure Fort Carlisle and await orders.

Fokman  
Aye, sir.

Fokman and the crewmen jump back on board *Rascal*, the oarsmen push her off and she heads back out. Goblet whispers to Spook - who dashes off into the night.

Major Paine  
I'll escort you to the north dock, Chief Justice.

### *ON LA LUNE*

Le Picard and Martel pull ropes tighter on the mast, Delacroix directs men below on deck carrying sail cloth when he turns to a huge shape coming toward them.

Delacroix  
C'est pas vrai!

More men stop and gawk as a large warship approaches, silently out of the dark.

Delacroix (Cont'd)  
Oh, Capitaine?

Le Picard  
What?  
(Turns to the man of war)  
Oh, look at the time! All hands, prepare for departure!

Martel and he scurry down the ratlines and race to their stations.

Le Picard goes below and quickly puts on his coat and straps on the belts with the gold handled sword.

Le Picard (Cont'd)  
 I'm yesterdays news, he said! Nothing can go wrong he  
 said!

## NORTH DOCK #2

Blower and a dockhand stop and stare at *HMS Relentless* coming in..

Dockhand  
 Blow me down, that's a Man o'War!

Blower  
 Blimey a Man of war!

Dockhand  
 What's she doing here?

Blower  
 You mean he.

Dockhand.  
 He? What? Call Mr. Pepys!

The dockhand runs back to the Harbormaster shack.

## LA LUNE - ON DECK

Delacroix nervously directs the men at departure stations as Le Picard steps out on deck.

Le Picard  
 We are going to get the Capitaine. Wait here.

Delacroix  
 For how long?

Le Picard  
 Until we get back, idiot!  
 (To Martel)  
 Come on. I know where he is.

Le Picard and Martel run down the gangway to the dock.

## NORTH DOCK #2

Harbormaster Pepys and White arrive by carriage, Blower and the dockhand meet them, beyond, the huge warship approaches, with a frigate behind off Fort Walker, the new British flag lights their sterns.

Harbormaster Pepys

English! Thank God! She's comin straight in!

Blower

You mean, he?

White

He?

Major Paine (O.S.)

She...

White

Who?

Major Paine

(Steps out of the shadows and takes out a scroll.)

...is here to transition a new Acting Lieutenant Governor by order of the King.

Blower

Which one?

White

Major Paine!

Blower

(Backs away from White)

Major Paine

I hereby commandeer the harbor and these docks by order of Governor Spotswood of the Leeward Islands.

White

(Takes the scroll and reads)

Except, we're not in the Leeward Islands.  
The Spotswood's are branching west. He's being named  
Commander and Chief of the West Indies forces. I give  
it a week. Very well, Major Paine, you have the harbor.  
Harbormaster.

Harbormaster Pepys

Aye, Councilman.

White

And, *she's* a ship, Constable, captain's the Man o'War.

Blower

A-aye, sir.

Major Paine

(Points to *La Lune*)

Order that ship away from the North Dock.

White leads Blower away, Harbormaster Pepys goes to his shack, and Major Paine takes out a cigar and strolls out to the edge of the dock.

## PORT ROYAL HARBOR

The frigate, *HMS Incorrigible* of 32 guns drops anchor off the point. Captain Holland, in full dress ornaments, oversees as Master's Mate Mr. Fox scans the city with his telescope.

Holland

Inform *Relentless*, we're ready.

Sailing Master Melvin (Muff) Hollowell, dark hair, mans the signal lamp off the starboard.

Hollowell

Aye sir.

He flashes the message to the larger warship with red with red sails, *HMS Relentless*, a man of war, third rate, with 78 guns, drifts silently toward the north dock.

*RELENTLESS* - ON THE QUARTERDECK

Ahead the light on *Incorrigible* blinks, her flags light up while strong jawed, brown haired 1st Mate, James Fishhook, in royal-blue dress suit, lowers his telescope. He turns to a towering, broad shouldered, fair haired, Captain Richard Longstaff in blue and black suit.

Fishhook

*Incorrigible* is in position, sir. The harbor entrance is secure.

Longstaff peers through his telescope to see Major Paine standing at the end of the dock with an unlit cigar.

Longstaff

It looks quiet.

He folds his telescope and turns to Acting Lt. Governor Peter Piper, 60, with a massive silver wig, a lavish long-coat, Magistrate Harry Mold, 50s, with a large black wig, and frilly overcoat.

Longstaff (Cont'd)

The city is not secured.  
Captain Bentley?

Piper

Why is the city not secured? Where are Admiral Goddam's men?

Mold

Your man on the inside must not have completed his mission.

Longstaff

Or, he may not have arrived at all.

Red Royal Captain Rod Bentley, late 40s, with a red coat with a gold hat and sash, steps forward.

Bentley

Aye sir?

Longstaff

Ready your men. We're going ashore on time.

Bentley

Aye, we're ready.

Longstaff

Very well.

Gentlemen, it hasn't gone as smoothly as I'd hoped.

Seems I will have to land after all. If you'd care to wait on board...?

Piper

I still have confidence in the plan, Captain. We're going ashore.

Longstaff

Aye, you're Lordship. Stay behind us at all times. There may be pirates in the city.

#### THE BLACK DOG INN

Staggering out the alley door to a carriage and driver waiting, Dr. Marcus MacAskill, 60s, straggly grey ponytail, in a faded black suit, stops and stares at the masts above the rooftop.

Dr. MacAskill

Now what the bleedin Christ is that?

Mace Scarcliff, 20s, handsome, rough and tough in black with long-boots, along with two greasy thugs, Ironrod and Stutters ready the wagon when Dr. MacAskill staggers to the end of the alley to see the new British flag flying at the stern of *HMS Relentless*.

Dr. MacAskill (Cont'd)

Holy Father's rain of shit! It's a Man of War!

Scarcliff and the men stumble out to look, loosing their balance at the towering masts.

Dr. MacAskill (Cont'd)

King William's forces! Get us out of here! To the captain's house!



They run to the wagon and jumps on. Scarcliff drives and maneuvers through the crowd on Lime Street and Stutters honks the horn.

Stutters

Gu... gu... gu...

Ironrod

(Shouts)

Get out of the way!

Dr. MacAskill

(Shakes his head)

He hired lepers too, no doubt.

They turn and drive out and turn up High Street.

## PORT ROYAL STREETS

Scarcliff drives Dr. MacAskill's wagon full out and turns, sliding onto the Water Lane. Then accelerates down to York Street, through traffic, makes a smooth left turn. They hold their hats on as they accelerate up the street. And, slowing and stopping by a mansion decorated with ship accessories.

Dr. MacAskill leads them to the front door where a skinny thug, Stinger, lets them in.

## VALENTINE MANOR - IN THE INFERNO ROOM

Behind the big couch, facing the fireplace, Cupid the parrot sits up on his perch eating, while Bleedin Art sits back, smoking a cigar, moaning and grunting, in front of him, a woman's head can be seen moving up and down.

Bleedin Art

(Grunt)

Oh, yeah that's it, right there.

Natalia Braunschmidt, 20s, light brown hair, in a green cleavage accenting dress, massages his knobby knees with ointment.

Bleedin Art (Cont'd)

Oh, that's it. You're a godsend!

There's a knock at the door and he turns to Catharina Calenberg, well fed, blonde in a light blue silk dress.

Bleedin Art (Cont'd)

Better not be the wife. Get that would ya, love?

Catharina gets up and opens the door. Dr. MacAskill and his men barge in.

Bleedin Art (Cont'd)

I wanted one bloody night to meself! What's so bloody important?

Dr. MacAskill

King William's forces are here! They've taken the city.

Bleedin Art

(Eyes wide)

Right bloody now?

Cupid

(Screech) Right bloody now!

Dr. MacAskill

Aye, right bloody now. A big fuckin', Man o'War's taken the north dock!

Bleedin Art

(Unrolls his pant legs)

Jesus Christ on a fiery knipple!

He gets his coat, takes a bag of coins and passes it to Natalia.

Bleedin Art (Cont'd)

Here, lay low for a couple days.

Catharina

But Mr. Burghill?

Bleedin Art

You don't worry about it. You two just stay home and be sick for a couple of days. Have Blackmoor take you to the clubhouse. Yer under my protection, now.

Natalia and Catharina rush out the door.

Bleedin Art (Cont'd)

And stay the Hell away from Slasher Al, I mean it! Ya don't know him.

Stinger! Get in here!

(To Dr. MacAskill)

The timing's bad, that's all. They'll be calling for Dewar's arrest.

Scarcliff

Better him than us.

Dr. MacAskill

It will be us if they find the Albemarle books.

Stinger

(Comes in)

Aye?

Dr. MacAskill

(Closes the door)

It all ties back to us. He knows too much. We'll have to - kill Dewar.

Cupid

(Squawk) Kill Dewar.

Dr. MacAskill

Aye, send Pikestaff and Jayne. Tell him it's on Coggsall's order before it's too late.

Bleedin Art

He wouldn't buy it and it's already too late. But, Coggsall? They'll figure he was done in by his own pirates. We'll never get a better chance!

(To Scarcliff)

Bleedin Art (Cont'd)

You and yer men get over to the Swiftsure! Kill  
Coggshall before the Whigs get em.

Scarcliff

Coggshall's kid too?

Bleedin Art

All of them damn it. Then go to the Crooked Compass  
and do Burghill too. Call it a structural reorganization  
and have my wife sent to the house in Ligania!

Stutters

Ru... Ru...

Ironrod

Right! We'll take care of it.

Bleedin Art

(Points to Stutters)

What the bleedin' hell's wrong with him?

Dr. MacAskill

Maybe ya should'a asked him when ya hired him?

Bleedin Art

Aw, flog it. Then get yourselves cleaned up and lookin'  
presentable for the new government. Get the pirates out  
of the city before all hell breaks loose and keep it  
orderly! All of ya, get a move on!

Stinger

Aye.

Bleedin Art sits back and smokes his cigar as they head out the door.

Dr. MacAskill

(Stops)

Gets lonely at the top, does it?

Bleedin Art  
 (Puff, puff)  
 Ya know it.

## ON HIGH STREET

A grand ball lights the King's House up the street a bit, the song "Wine Does Wonders," echoes, Natalia and Catharina sneak out of Valentine Manor and run out to the street.

Natalia  
 (Grabs Catharina by the arm / (in German)  
 This way!

Catharina  
 What are you doing? He said go the clubhouse.

Natalia  
 Now's are chance. We must find Kaitlyn.

Catharina  
 I agree but she was forced to work tonight.

Natalia  
 Yes, at the king's house. The governor's ball.  
 We must find a way in.

They head for the Kings House, surrounded by a decaying brick wall with guards, behind which, a great ball goes on.

## ON YORK STREET

Dr. MacAskill and his men go to the carriage and climb on.

Dr. MacAskill  
 (Looks toward the King's house)  
 We could've bloody done it too.

They drive off down the street.

## KINGS HOUSE - HIGH STREET GATE

City guards stand on either side of the gate, the balconies covered with rich people in masks and ridiculous costumes when Natalia and Catharina walk up, swaying their hips.

Guard  
Invitations?

Natalia  
Please, my English not so good.  
We are with Katie?

Guard  
Mute Katie?

Guard (Cont'd)  
(Points to the servants entrance)  
Right down there, strumpets.

Catharina and Natalia bow and head in the gate. The guards watch them sway their hips.

#### NORTH DOCK # 2

Longstaff leads Bentley and dozens of Red Royals, navy officers and the Whigs down the gangway where Harbormaster Pepys waits. Red Royals take up position around the perimeter.

Two carriages arrive with Admiral Goddam, Beckford, Tellam, and Mayor Phibbs, slender, 50s, along with two officials they climb down and proceed toward the gangway. Goblet comes walking up the dock.

Longstaff  
Admiral?

Admiral Goddam  
Dick.

Piper  
Admiral Goddam? What kept you?

Admiral Goddam  
We only just received word tonight, your Lordship.

Mold  
Have the forts been ordered to stand down?

Admiral Goddam  
The forts are all secured, sir.

Piper  
Giblet, where is your wig?

Goblet  
It's being powdered sir. It gets so sticky here.

Piper  
You'll wear your wig and you'll wear it with pride. Do  
I make myself clear?

Goblet  
You do sir. I beg your pardon.  
Captain Longstaff, may I trouble you for a handful of  
men to accompany me to the courthouse?

Longstaff  
Captain Bentley see to it.  
Clear the dock. Secure the area.

Bentley calls in a squad of men and they leave with Goblet and Harbormaster Pepys.

Mayor Phibbs  
Welcome to Port Royal your lordships.

Piper  
(Points his walking stick)  
You may address Magistrate Mold with matters of  
government until my staff disembarks.

Mold  
Wake all councilmen. There will be an emergency  
session this morning to proclaim the new government.

Mayor Phibbs  
Yes, sir. But, most live on plantations?

Mold  
They're all ex-pirates. They're here. Wake them.

Longstaff

Captain Bentley move your group into the city . Secure the Kings Storehouses as a temporary HQ.

Bentley

Right away, sir.

(Leads his men into the city)

Longstaff

(To Fishhook)

Jim, take your men and secure the Kings Warehouses.

Fishhook

Aye, aye, sir.

Fishhook takes a squad of men with him, Longstaff climbs a carriage joined by 6 Red Royals.

Piper

Very good, we should press on.

Piper and Mold climb on a carriages leaving Mayor Phibbs and the officials behind.

Longstaff

Let's move out!

The carriages drive into the city escorted by rows of Red Royals.

#### KINGS HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

A loud, grand ball outside, dancing music and clapping, Dewar sits at his desk going over documents being fanned by slaves with large feathers while Sleemans hands him another page.

Dewar

(Annoyed)

Fine! This is the last one and then I'm getting back to the ball.

Sleemans

Or you could just leave the seal with me and I could sign them all for you?



Dewar

(Looks suspiciously)

You'd like that.

Sleemans

(Lays the next page)

It was only a suggestion. This is to appoint Mr. Binge as postmaster.

Dewar

(Confused)

The card player? But, he's black isn't he?

Sleemans

Technically five eighths black, sir. Quite legal.

Dewar

Oh, no, no, no, that simply won't do. He's at least three shades to dark for public office.

Sleemans

Not according to your current amendment.

Dewar

I told you, damn it, we need a colored chart. What happened to Mr. Brooks?

Sleemans

(Pauses)

You had him killed.

Dewar

I did? No I didn't!

Sleemans

Yes, he was arrested for dumping shit out the window into the street and hanged. Don't you remember?

Dewar

We had him arrested, of course, that's filthy. What are we, French? But, I never said kill the man!

Sleemans

But that's what a capital offence means, punishable by death.

(Finds a page)

I have his arrest warrant here.

Sleemans shows him the document: Arrest Warrant with a Capital Offence stamp with Dewar's initials in the middle.

Dewar

I know what a capital offence is! But I would remember...

(Points to the stamp)

Oh, shit, I used the wrong stamp. There, see how easy these things can happen?

Sleemans

Oh, goodness! How did that happen?

Dewar

Oops, that does explain a lot.

There's a knock, the door opens, Llewellyn, covered with a blanket wearing a corset, shackled to Kaitlyn Evans (Mute Katie) 20s, long brown hair, tattered gown and clearly wasted.

Dewar (Cont'd)

Ah, Larry, how's the party going? Have you got them all warmed up for me?

Llewellyn

(Yells)

The British are coming!

Dewar

We are the British you corked port.

What? Did you lose the key again?

Well I don't have it.

(Thinks)

Oh, try the linen closet upstairs.

Llewellyn and Katie approach the desk and skid to a stop, Katie bobbling over.

Dewar (Cont'd)

What's this then?

Lewellyn

It's Mute Katie.

Dewar

Oh, so this is Mute Katie?

(Smiles and waves and calls out)

Hello Katie!

Katie

(Shrugs)

Dewar

(Smiles and nods and calls out)

Nice... to... see you!

Katie

(Nods)

Llewellyn

No, King William's forces! They're coming for us!

I overheard Katie and the Euro-strumpets plotting in German.

Sleemans

You overheard Mute Katie plotting in German?

Dewar

You've been getting into the absinthe again?

Katie

(Laughs and thumbs up)

Llewellyn

Well, of course. Not as much as her tonight obviously, but this was overheard by Germans first hand from Valentine just now, not ten minutes ago! They have a man of war!

Dewar

The German's do?

Sleemans  
Where are these Germans?

Llewellyn  
They got away. I sent Blower out after them.  
(Rattles the shackles)  
But I caught this one sure enough. She'll tell us  
everything...

Dewar  
(Yells)  
Aye, tell us, Mute Katie!

Sleemans  
There's no need. A British invasion is underway. We  
must take steps.

Dewar  
British my booty! It's a bloody Dutch invasion that's  
what it is. A Whig invasion.

Llewellyn  
British, Dutch, what's the difference anymore? They're  
taking over the city. Shit! What'll we do?

Sleemans  
We have a plan.

Dewar  
Bloody traitors! Shit, what'll be do?

Guard  
(Comes in with a note)  
This just came from Constable Blower, sir.

Dewar  
Ahh, good old Blower.

Llewellyn  
Has he found my German strumpets?

The guard seems confused and hands the note to Dewar.

Dewar  
 (Scans the note)  
 Mm, Hmm...  
 (Passes it over to Sleemans)  
 What does it mean, then?

Sleemans  
 (Reads and turns to the guard)  
 You may go.

He waits for the guard to leave and close the door and continues reading the document.

Sleemans (Cont'd)  
 You've been accused of exceeding your authority and  
 charged with high treason? You're to be returned to  
 England immediately where you'll be hanged before  
 King William.

Llewellyn  
 Well, that's a bit of rotten luck.

Sleemans  
 Both of you.

Llewellyn  
 Me? But I'm too rich to die!

Dewar  
 Exceeding my authority? It's not my fault if the pigeons  
 didn't make it back.

Sleemans  
 Soldiers will surely be on there way here.

Llewellyn  
 Shit, what shall we do?

Sleemans  
 We have a plan.

Dewar  
 (Clasps his hands)  
 Your right! Shit! What'll we do?

Llewellyn

We should give ourselves up and blame everything on Cardinal Grimaldi. We'll say he used God powers to sway us.

Dewar

That's good! By the time they track him down in Germany, King James should already be back on the throne.

Sleemans

We have a plan...

Llewellyn

Are you're sure it's a good idea speaking in front of...

(Nods toward Katie)

Katie

(Nods back)

Dewar

It's fine, she's mute. Wish they were all mutes.

(Snaps his fingers)

We'll attack the invaders! Send the Negros first!

Sleemans

It'll have to be Negros, the militia will surely be sided with the Whigs. I'm surprised they haven't shown up already.

Dewar

You mean we have no military?

Llewellyn

Then we better send a lot of Negros. Maybe we should arm them?

Dewar

Arm Negros? Are you mad?

Sleemans

(Claps and rubs his hands.)

Not to worry sir, we planned for this.

Dewar

We did? Oh, thank god!

Sleemans

Yes, don't you remember? Operation Fuck Off?

Dewar

Ah, yes! Operation fuck off. Good thinking, Sleemans!

Llewellyn

What's Operation fuck off?

Dewar

Well, it's simple.

Sleemans

You fuck off.

Llewellyn

And, what do we do about...

(Points to Katie /Muted/Exaggerated)

You know who!

Dewar

Who's she gonna tell. She can fuck off too, just not with Operation Fuck off.

(Calls out and smiles and nods)

You can fuck off by yourself, Katie!

Katie

(Nods and smiles and fingers herself)

Sleemans

That looks rather difficult. Where's the key?

Llewellyn

The key? The key. It's... um.

Katie

(Rattles the shackles at Llewellyn)

Dewar  
(Takes out a shiny stiletto)  
Right then.

Katie tries to get away, jarring Llewellyn but he and Sleemans grab her. They struggle.

Dewar (Cont'd)  
I'm afraid for the good of society, we have no choice.

Llewellyn  
You wouldn't?

Dewar  
Of course not. That would break the Dewar Act of  
Sixty-nine?  
(shouts at her)  
Don't worry Katie we're only going to cut off your  
hand.

Katie  
Uh - oo!

Dewar  
Well, not in here of course.  
(Calls out)  
Not to worry Katie. We're professionals.

Llewellyn  
And, we're insured.

Dewar  
(Quietly)  
Does anyone know how to tie a tourniquet?

Sleemans reaches for the shackles but she resists. Llewellyn holds her while Sleemans begins to pick the lock with a silver toothpick. Katie notices Sleemans picking the lock and calms down.



Llewellyn

(To Katie)

You'll make a hundred pieces of eight for that hand,  
Katie. Or, is that a hundred and eight pounds? Anyway,  
think of all the things you can do with the money.

Dewar

(To Llewellyn)

For a strumpet's hand?  
A couple o' bob, maybe?

(To Sleemans)

What are you going on about?

Sleemans

(To himself)

Perhaps something in the water. Maybe the  
lead pipes have some kind of retarding effect  
like that drug addict Chief Chuyrgeon  
suspects? Retardation may be inaccurate?  
Your mental defect may require a new  
category? Demi-Aristocratic Refuse Disease  
perhaps?

The shackles fall away and Katie bolts. She runs for the door.

Dewar (Cont'd)

Ah, brilliant! Good work!

(Calls Out)

Good night, Katie!

Katie holds up two fingers while disappearing down the hall.

Dewar (Cont'd)

Oh what's the use? Poor girl can't hear me anyway.

Glenda (V.O.)

(Calls out)

Oi! Ales on the speedrail!

DISSOLVE TO:

SWIFTSURE TAVERN - NIGHT

From her enormous breasts in a beer soaked linen top being spattered with foam from the tap,  
the barmaid, Glenda de Witte, robust, 30, sandy blond, pours ales.

Nessie (O.S.)

Aye, I hear ya.

Pirates, sailors, and patrons drink, laugh and smoke. A three piece band in the corner plays, "Lure Falconer's Lure," while prostitutes solicit the crowd at the alley door.

Nessie MacDonald, 20s, curly locks, gawky, picks up the tray of ales and carries it to the big table. Doubloons, pieces of eight, and small gold bars piled in the center. She disperses drinks to Coggs hall, Shipwash crouched behind, Slasher Al with Lash on his shoulder, Magott, in a new black suit with cone hat, Burghill being fanned by Fatima, and a slender black man with long, silver hair in a ponytail, Theodore Binge, in a deep purple tuxedo and shuffling the cards with style as they play One and Thirty.

Binge

Over to Mr. Coggs hall. Stick or have it?

Coggs hall

(Smiles confidently and lays down another gold bar)

Binge

Stick.

(To Slasher Al)

And to you, Captain?

Slasher Al

(Takes his drink)

I feel lucky tonight, stick.

Burghill

(To Coggs hall)

We'll have to cancel? Without new slaves...

Binge

(Deals a card)

Aye, yer doin better than me tonight, I'll give ya that.

(Turns to Magott)

And to you... Magott? Were ya wantin' ta stick it?

Coggs hall

(To Burghill)

This event is going forward, damn it!

Regardless! Plenty of those ships brought by the storm are carrying produce. We'll make em offers! They won't have any choice but to sell cheap. Buy it all up for the fayre.

(Signals Shipwash who steps forward)

Shipwash

W-was that yer more cigars signal, or yer privy signal?

Coggs hall

We want big signs. All over town.

Shipwash  
Big signs, right.

Maggot  
(To Binge)  
Aye, Stick.

Binge  
(Deals to Magott)  
Aye, one fer the Magott.

Coggshall  
This town is going to celebrate this weekend  
if I have to round up every rancid whore and  
slave in Jamaica to do it.

Shipwash  
(To Coggshall)  
S-sure, that don't go on the sign, do it?

Coggshall waves Shipwash away, acknowledging Slasher Al on the way out.

Burghill  
(To Coggshall)  
You do know he's illiterate?

Coggshall  
Then you do the bloody signs! Unless yer  
illegible?

Binge  
(To Burghill)  
Over to you, sir. Stick or have it?

Burghill  
Stick.

Binge deals to Burghill who adds another gold bar to the pile, Coggshall and Magott wince.

Binge  
(Deals to himself)  
House sticks. Last discard.

They stare at their cards, some toss one in.

Coggshall  
Ok, what ya got then?

They each show their hands, Coggshall has 28, Burghill shows 25, Magott, Slasher Al, and Binge all show 30 and the crowd grumbles.

Burghill mopes, Coggshall growls and they get up from the table and head for a booth.

Coggshall (Cont'd)

(Quietly)

Thought *you* had the one?

Burghill

I thought you had it.

Coggshall

Yer the bloody bookkeeper!

Binge

(Shuffles the cards with style.)

Next hand, One and Thirty?

Slasher Al and Magott nod in return and he deals, tossing a card to each player.

Coggshall

Not too fancy there, Binge.

Binge

(Slides the cards down)

Whatever you say, Mr. Coggshall.

Your bet Captain Slazerelli?

Slasher Al

(Lays down another small gold bar and  
grins.)

Binge

Too rich for my blood.

Binge takes out a gold Swiss watch. He places it on the table and stares down Magott, patting his brow with a handkerchief.

Slasher Al

You can't match that, show us yer bet.

Magott

(Shows his empty pockets to  
Coggshall)

Coggshall

(To Burghill)

Christ! How much of a bonus did ya give  
him?

Burghill  
I ain't paid 'em y et.

Coggshall  
Time ta bring out the bait.

Burghill  
Thought we was saving her fer later?

Coggshall  
Now's as good a time as any.  
(Signals men at the bar)  
You'll never guess who turned up.

2 greasy thugs get up from the bar and head upstairs.

Coggshall (Cont'd)  
I'll be covering Magott's bet.

Slasher A1  
Let's see it then?

Down the stairs, his thugs drag Atia, bruised, muddled, and exhausted, her hands and mouth bound with rope. Fatima looks on in horror, having seen this before.

Burghill  
Just the way you like 'em, Captain.

Slasher A1  
(Sits up surprised, licking his lips)  
Now you're talking.

Binge  
Tenderized?

Slasher A1  
Hello again, lovely.

Lash  
(Growl)

In a dark booth, La Roche, hat covering his face, drinks ale from a stein and leans into the light.

La Roche

What is this?

Atia, terrified, eyes watery, the crowd grunts and cheers as the thugs push her out for display.

Big Fred

Show us her bobbies!

The thugs tear open Atia's clothes and strip her down while the crowd goes wild.

Atia pleads to the crowd, to Fatima who looks away in horror, then glances over to La Roche and they make eye contact.

La Roche

(Stands, emerging from the shadows)

Deal me in.

Binge

(Jaw drops)

Time to re-shuffle the deck.

Slasher Al

Well, well, well. Look what the gales blew in, Capitaine  
le Gator Gar.

Coggshall

You could smell the garlic.

La Roche puffs his smoke, picks up his drink and wanders to the table.

Slasher Al

I heard you was in town.

They open their coats, showing cutlasses at their sides.

Binge

What's your bet then, monsieur?

La Roche takes out 5 doubloons and slides them onto the table.

Coggshall

Deal him in.

La Roche sits across from Slasher Al. Binge shuffles and deals the cards, to Slasher Al then Magott, Burghill, then La Roche, and finally himself. Then a second card to each and a third and fourth. He puts down the deck and they look at their cards.

Slasher Al

Time hasn't been good to you, has it, Gator Gar? So,  
where have you been hiding?

La Roche

Just as kind to you, fils be pute.

They play around, each discarding, "Stick," or "Have it," all the way back to Binge.

Binge

(Throws his cards)

House folds.

s Slasher Al

(Frowns)

That was quick.

Binge

(To Slasher Al)

Stick or have it, Captain?

Slasher Al

(Tosses a card in)

Have it!

Binge

(Deals and turns to Magott)

Stick or have it?

Magott

Have it.

Magott is dealt a card and throws one in.

Binge  
 (To La Roche)  
 Stick or have it?

La Roche  
 Have it.

La Roche throws a card in and is dealt another. Slasher Al reorganizes his hand, peering out over his cards.

Slasher Al  
 What gales blew you in? Or were ya just looking for a  
 night with our redhead?

La Roche  
 I'm surprised they let you in, uh? Class, this place had.

At the harbor side entrance, Le Picard and Martel walk in and check the place out.

Martel  
 (Stops cold and nudges)  
 Inconspicuous?

Le Picard  
 (Looks, shoulders drop)  
 Ferme-la.

Binge  
 (Holds out the deck for Slasher Al)  
 Stick or have it?

Slasher Al  
 (Tosses a card in)  
 Have it.

Binge  
 (Deals to Slasher Al and turns to Magott)  
 Stick or have it?

Magott  
 Have it.

Binge  
 (Deals Magott a card)



Le Picard and Martel move in, assessing the situation.

Le Picard  
 Playing for the girl, he is. Noble bastard. Stay sharp.  
 And keep your head up.

They inch closer to the game, La Roche takes a card as Big Fred maneuvers in behind.

Slasher A1  
 (Places a gold bar on the table)  
 I raise.

La Roche  
 (Stares at the gold)

Le Picard  
 (Draws the gold sword and offers it)  
 Your sword, Capitaine.

La Roche  
 (Smiles confidently, takes it and lays it on  
 the table in front of them)  
 I bet the sword of Don Juan Pérez de Guzmán.

Everyone stares at the sword in awe as it sparkles, with rubies and sapphire.

Slasher A1  
 Henry Morgan gave you that sword.

La Roche  
 After I won it from him. Get your history straight.

Slasher A1  
 (Nods to Binge)

Binge  
 Stick or have it?

Slasher A1  
 Stick.

Maggot

Stick.

La Roche

Stick.

Binge

Last discard.

Atia nervously watches the game, La Roche, acting suave, lights a cigarette and then realizes he already has one. Not admitting a mistake, he takes a large drag from both.

Le Picard sizes Big Fred, ready to strike as Magott discards one card.

La Roche discards a card. Slasher Al lays his cards down showing, the Jack of clubs, 10 of clubs, and the 9 of clubs. Magott throws his cards on the table. Coggshall grunts, La Roche lays down his cards on the table - the Ace, King, and Queen of hearts.

Binge (Cont'd)

He has the One and Thirty!

The crowd roars, some cheering, some grunting and groaning, Atia looks on, not sure what's happening. Slasher Al stands, his fists clenched and Lash hops away, flapping her wing.

Slasher Al

No bloody way! Yer a bloody cheat!

Lash

(Squawk) Uh, oh!

La Roche

(Shows his hands and sleeves)

I have won fair and square. Not my problem if you are sore about it. She's mine and so is your gold.

(Reaches for the gold bars)

Slasher Al

(Draws a dagger)

Ya bloody cheated. You're not taking neither!

Binge and Magott clear away from the table, La Roche pulls a stiletto from the leather sleeve. Every one around reaches for their weapons.

With his stiletto, La Roche flicks the gold handled sword to Le Picard who catches it and spins around defending his flank.

Martel, can't get his sword out. He kicks a pirate in the groin and draws in time to deflect the enemy swords and they hold off the crowd at blade point.

La Roche  
(To his men)  
Good timing. You are due for a raise, no?

Slasher Al  
You should have stayed in yer cave, Gator Gar. You  
ain't getting outta here alive.

La Roche  
I should have killed you, a long time ago, connard!

La Roche lunges at Slasher Al, sending their hats flying to the floor. Slasher Al jabs the dagger, deflected by La Roche's stiletto. They struggle trading jabs.

As the crowd backs away Fatima is strangely drawn. She moves closer to watch the fight. Slasher Al ducks and La Roche misses, slips under him and by to gain better footing.

Slasher Al misses and gets thrown off balance, hitting the table and spilling the contents on to the floor.

La Roche lunges and jabs a stiletto into Slasher Al's leg. Slasher Al spins, winces, the blade piercing his thigh.

Slasher Al's men attack, Le Picard defends one side and Martel the other but Big Fred's blade gets through, cutting La Roche across his right arm.

La Roche pulls back, bleeding. Slasher Al knocks the stiletto from his hand and draws his cutlass. He pulls the other stiletto out and tosses it to the floor.

La Roche, Le Picard, and Martel form a defensive triangle, trading jabs and clashing swords while Fatima, with blood spatter and a cut on her neck, is caught in the middle.

Burghill

Get Fatima out of there. I lost enough money tonight.

Slaves pull Fatima away as Al's men rush to his aid and surround the Frenchmen.

Slasher Al

You want her so bad?

Kill the wench.

La Roche spins around. He makes eye contact with Atia.

Coggshall

Cut her throat.

The thug pulls Atia's head back raising his knife to her throat as Glenda opens the pantry door.

Thug

Right, say g'bye...

A tear runs down from Atia's eye, the thugs's eyes bulge, he slumps forward.

Glenda

Not inside the tavern love.

De Kleep pushes a knife into the back of the thugs head. The other thug slumps forward as Arsenault twists a knife into the back his head.

De Kleep catches Atia as she and the thugs drop to the floor.

Coggshall

Christ, it's a bloody French invasion!

De Kleep

Ok girl, I got you.

Arsenault and Coupe La Bite, a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, stand protectively around her while De Kleep helps cover her with the torn dress.

De Kleep (Cont'd)

Go, help him out.

The buccaneers jab and push through the crowd toward La Roche and his men but Big Fred stands in front, mean and intimidating while others help Slasher Al away.

Slasher Al  
This ain't over. Mark my words!

Slasher Al's leg bleeds all over the floor, his men drag him out the patio door.

La Roche  
Flog me, uh? You -a- petty thug - a - you!

Big Fred moves in from behind, La Roche, slowly, out of breath leans over to pick up the stiletto off the floor. He strains to get up as Big Fred raises his cutlass.

La Roche spins, slashing his cutlass half through Big Fred's head, knocking him flying.

Blood spatters the crowd. Big Fred's body hits the floor hard as La Roche yanks the bloody cutlass out of his gaping, spewing head and chases the crowd spinning his cutlass.

La Roche (Cont'd)  
From now on, my protection she is under! You know  
who I am?

Burghill  
(Raises his hand)  
Er... no. Not exactly.

La Roche holds them off while De Kreep unties the gag from Atia's mouth and cuts her bonds. She falls into his arms. Coggsall backs away into the bar followed by Burghill.

Coggsall  
You got some nerve, Gator Gar. Or should I call you, La  
Sage? Yer not leavin' Port Royal alive.

Atia limps passed the bar and spits in their direction.

Coggsall (Cont'd)  
And yer dead too, little Pikey.

La Roche  
She is mine! I will kill anyone who touches her.  
Anyone!

Coggshall  
 Fine, keep her the hell outta here! I won't have no  
 thieving Pikey in my place anyway!

La Roche  
 (To Fatima)  
 You there! Pick those up.

Fatima kneels and collects the coins and gold, wrapping them in his hat off the floor. She passes it all to him with various reactions from the crowd.

La Roche (Cont'd)  
 (Takes his hat and winnings)  
 Merci, jeune dame.

Fatima  
 Mon plaisir, monsieur.

La Roche and his men rush Atia to the door. Le Picard and Martel cover them as they duck out.

Le Picard  
 Go!

De Kreep leads them onto the street, Le Picard takes a lantern hanging on the wall and throws it at the doorway as men come storming out.

The lantern smashes on the wall and fire engulfs the deck, cutting off the angry mob. Some of them fan the flames, while others run the other way while La Roche leads the group down through a narrow alley and across the street.

La Roche  
 Connards!

At the bar, Glenda and Nessie pour themselves a drink, "clink," and shoot one back.

Glenda  
 I told ya card night wouldn't be dull.

HONEY LANE

Atia doubles over, La Roche and De Kreep slip under her arms and pick up her weight.

La Roche  
Shitty fucking dive that place turned into.

Atia  
Thank ya.

La Roche  
Oui, thank me when we're not in a heap o'shit, uh?

They come to a corner stop as singing "Amo, Amas, I Love a Lass" and cheering can be heard in the distance. Le Picard and Arsenault peer around the corner to the left where guards surround the wild ball at the Kings House.

Arsenault  
Looks like fun?

La Roche checks the right side when light from torches begins to glow behind them.

La Roche  
No time. Cut across.

They pick up Atia and run through an alley leading to several large houses and turn down a gated pathway between two properties. They run behind, looking over their shoulders.

Le Picard  
Stay down.

They carry Atia past shrubberies and hedges to the back yard behind The Four Feathers.

Le Picard (Cont'd)  
Where do we go, Capitaine?

La Roche  
I look like the tour guide?  
I'm thinking!

De Kreep  
(To Atia)  
What's your name?

Atia  
 (Catches her breath)  
 Me name is Atia, sir.

La Roche  
 I am pleased to meet you, Mademoiselle Atia. I am Le  
 Capitaine Gator Gar. I have won you and you are safely  
 under my protection.

Atia  
 I don't know how to begin to thank ya?

La Roche  
 No problem. Let it come naturally, uh? I am curious  
 though, what's your thing, lick or fuck?

Atia  
 (Jaw drops and steps back)  
 You what?

La Roche  
 No, no! You misunderstand. I don't mean *now*!

She slaps La Roche across the face as hard as she can. Smack!

La Roche (Cont'd)  
 (Falls away and rubs his jaw)  
 Ah, le masochisme. Not my thing.

Atia  
 Yer all scoundrels, then?

Arsenault  
 Pretty much, ya.

Martel  
 No, French.

Light flickers nearby and they all duck as an angry mob passes by on the street beyond.

Le Picard  
 Everyone stay down and keep quiet!

They duck into the shadows and Atia hesitates.



La Roche

I did not mean to offend. If it will make you feel better  
you can hit the other side so my face looks even.

More torches and growling voices surround the yards.

Atia

Where are ya taking me then?

They look at each other, shrugging their shoulders.

La Roche

Where you can get cleaned up. You look a little, how  
you say? Worse for wear?

Le Picard

Where will we go? *La Lune* is not going anywhere.

Atia

Do any of ya live here?

La Roche

Cherry Red's, is still there?

Le Picard

What, now?

De Kleep

Oui, it is!

Arsenault and Coupe La Bite

(Nod, smiling)

Oui.

La Roche

We head for Cherry Red's!

Atia

Where?

De Kleep

Cherry Red's. It is a brothel.

Atia

Nice place?

De Kreep  
(Smiles)  
Yes, it is nice.

Arsenault  
(Smiles)  
Oui, very nice place.

Coupe la Bite  
(Nods)  
Oui.

La Roche  
Food and shelter is what she has. Let's move out.

La Roche and De Kreep slip under her arms and carry her off.

### THE THREE MARINERS

La Roche and De Kreep carry Atia briskly through the next yard keeping low and ducking into shadows. They pass a lute player and a young man in tights, singing, "Man is for the Woman Made," to a young maiden on a balcony.

La Roche  
Good luck with that shitty fucking song, uh?

De Kreep  
Might as well be "Troll the Bowel".

They cut through the dark pathway to an alley leading to the next yard hidden behind tall hedges and the sound of a drum echoes ahead.

### THAMES STREET

Nearing The Waterman's Wharf, a mob with torches march with Tellam, Blower, The Town Crier, and Drummer beating loud and fast in front.

Town Crier  
Hear Ye! Here Ye! French Pirate Gator Gar seen in town!

People in windows and doorways along the street start closing up shutter and doors.

Town Crier (Cont'd)  
Five hundred pounds in gold for his arrest!

People open windows and doors and come out of buildings.

Town Crier (Cont'd)  
 Pirate Gator Gar seen in town,  
 Five hundred pounds for his arrest!

La Roche leads his band down the narrow Bird's Alley to a section with lots of little fences and balconies passing by people drinking and laughing. The mob approaches down the other end.

Le Picard  
 Safely under your protection, uh?  
 You go. Create a diversion we will.

La Roche  
 Oui. You cut down to Queens.  
 We will lead them back to Thames.

Le Picard  
 (To Martel)  
 And the rest to High Street then back to the ship, yes?

Martel  
 Oui.

La Roche  
 Oui! Get her ready to sail as quickly as you can. Leave  
 me if you must but protect the ship first.

Le Picard  
 Oui, Capitaine.

Le Picard slaps Martel and they cut back up the alley.

De Kreed  
 Buccaneers, with me. Always a pleasure, Capitaine

La Roche  
 Merci.

Atia loses her balance and they catch her.

De Kreed  
 You should get her outta here. She doesn't look well.  
 You have looked better too.

La Roche  
 You saved our lives back there.

De Kreed  
 We have to stop meeting like this. People will talk.

Atia  
 (Kisses De Kreed)  
 Thank you.

De Kreed pulls her close, kisses her lips slowly, and looks her in the eye as he backs away.

De Kreed  
 That is how you thank me, mademoiselle.

The mob gets closer and they run off, down the alley.

La Roche  
 This way. Keep your head down.

Slasher Al (O.S.)  
 Stop! You're a killin me!

#### CROOKED COMPASS - NIGHT

In the lounge, by a window view of the harbor-side, couches run all the way around with hookahs and bottles on little side tables. On a long plush couch Slasher Al lies face down as Dr. MacAskill ties stitches.

Dr. MacAskill  
 Oh, ya big baby. I've seen bigger wounds than this at a Jewish bris.

Slasher Al  
 (Winces in pain)  
 I'm so tired. He got the artery.

Dr. MacAskill

If he had you would be dead by now. But, ya have lost  
a shit load of blood so shut the fuck up.

Slasher A1

Jesus!

Dr. MacAskill

(Wraps the bandage)

You'll need to stay off this for a while.

Slasher A1

How am I supposed to get around?

Dr. MacAskill

I don't know. Try riding in a fuckin wheelbarrow, for  
Christ sakes! What am I your fuckin mother?

Slasher A1

Can't ye give me something fer the pain? Laudanum?

Dr. MacAskill

(Passes a bottle of rum)

Here! Take two of these and fuck off.

The door opens, Pikestaff, Jag'd Jayne, and filthy, long-bearded, One-Ball head for the bar.

Dr. MacAskill (Cont'd)

I thought you were supposed to guard Coggshall?

Pikestaff

He had me guarding the other Pikey. Just who the  
Christ is this Frenchman anyway?

Slasher A1

Gator Gar it was. I'll have his French liver for this!

Dr. MacAskill

You're certain it's him?

Jag'd Jayne

Who?

One-Ball

A pirate. Served under Morgan, didn't he?

Jag'd Jayne

With all abuzz, I thought it be someone important.

Slasher Al

Gator Gar's in town! That is important. There be a lotta pirates would like to have a chat with him. The bar wench and the Negro were in on it.

Dr. MacAskill

Jesus Christ on sweaty Palm Sunday! Not one of ya's got the brains ta find the chamber pot under yer arse. We got bigger fuckin' problems than Gator Gar. No-one's seen him in nearly five years. Those are King Williams forces out there and we all know what they're here for.

Jag'd Jayne

Whoever he was, he ain't worth causing a panic over.

Dr. MacAskill

Was? Careful laddie, Gator Gar's killing total is higher than you can count up to. If it is him, he's not to be fucked with.

(To Pikestaff)

And you! What the hell were ya thinkin' sending mobs out in the streets without checkin' in with us first?

Pikestaff

Mr. Coggs shall wants em' found.

Dr. MacAskill

(Imitating)

Mr. Coggs shall wants em found.

(Yells)

You work for Bleedin Art, not fuckin' Coggs shall.

Dr. MacAskill (Cont'd)

And don't you forget it. Unless you wanna find yerself on a slave galley bound fer the Barbary Coast? Both of ya, remember who yer workin' for.

Slasher Al

Look what he done to me! There's a bounty's on him and I'm the one collecting! Coggsall is personally granting a letter of reprisal on account of me attack and I won't be denied what's due me.

Dr. MacAskill

(Wrench's the bandages)

Or, I could open this back up and let some air in.

Slasher Al

(Screams)

Mother Mary, Christ!

Dr. MacAskill

If Gator Gar's here we'll find him, quickly and quietly, before the Whigs.

Out the window behind, shadows of La Roche and Atia pass by in the misty alley.

Pikestaff

Aye. He won't get passed us.

### CHERRY RED'S BOUTIQUE - NIGHT

Facing the wharf, under a porch, behind the pillars and barrels, La Roche and Atia limp to a side door. He looks around then knocks two times. Knock, Knock. Then a third time. Knock.

They wait and nothing happens. He knocks on the door, Knock, Knock... Knock. They wait but nothing happens.

Atia

Ya do know where we are?

La Roche

She changed the fucking code!

He pounds on the door with his fist. Thump, Thump, Thump!

Cherry Banks (O.S)

Keep yer pants on, I hears ya the first time!

The door opens and Cherry Banks peers out of the darkness.

Cherry Banks (Cont'd)

Yeah. What do you...?

(Surprised)

As I live and breathe, if it ain't la Capitaine? I ain't seen ya in years. Why are ya knocking on the black door?

La Roche

Bonjour Cherry.

Cherry Banks

Didn't recognize ya without the beard.

La Roche

Oui, a long time, it has been.

Cherry Banks

Should have shaved it off sooner, I'd have been wet as the moors. She'll fetch a pretty penny. Ain't she a little young for yer taste? What am I saying?

La Roche

We need a place to hide, Cherry.

Cherry Banks

(Leads them inside)

It's good to see you too, Capitaine.

La Roche

Please, merci.

Cherry Banks closes the door behind them and leads them through to a messy kitchen.

Cherry Banks

What's this all about then? Who is she?



Atia

Me name's Atia.

Cherry Banks

Was that a sneeze? She sounds Pikey eh?

La Roche

A place to lay low for awhile. That's all we need.

Cherry Banks

Not by the looks of it!

La Roche

Help me get her cleaned up and into new clothes, uh?

Cherry, for me?

Cherry Banks

Anything for you, l'Capitaine.

La Roche helps Atia to the table and Cherry Banks takes a water bottle from the cupboard.

Cherry Banks (Cont'd)

Sorry bout the chaos. Housekeeper only comes once a week. So, where'd ya find her then?

La Roche

I won her from Coggshall and Slasher Al.

Atia

They still got me sister.

La Roche

Sister?

Cherry Banks passes Atia the bottle and she grabs it from her and guzzles it back.

Cherry Banks

Don't be drinking so much of that.

It's bad for ya.

La Roche  
 (Grabs the bottle)  
 Where is the clean water?

Cherry Banks  
 That is the clean water.

La Roche  
 (Takes a drink of water, winces and hands  
 it back)

Cherry Banks  
 Cleanest I can afford. Were out of the stuff  
 Strangewayes drops off.  
 (Leads them out)  
 This way, simple-scrubber.

Atia  
 I don't know what it means, Do ya care ta repeat it?

Cherry Banks  
 She's got fire, she does. Still goin' even with all them  
 bruises. What did ya do, swindle her out from under  
 him?

La Roche  
 As a matter of fact, I did, Oui.

Cherry Banks  
 Good. The strangulated hemorrhoids.

She leads them into the parlor and lights the candles.

La Roche  
 I see business is good, uh?

Cherry Banks  
 Indeed it is, Capitaine. Maybe I don't got twenty some  
 odd girls like Johnny Starr, but this is a first rate  
 bordello. The place was bustling earlier.  
 (Goes to the staircase and calls out)  
 Lilly! Vie! Come here, quick!

Footsteps thump, coming down the stairs.

Cherry Banks (Cont'd)  
I'll get Dr. Strangeways, shall I?

La Roche  
Oui, merci.

Cherry Banks  
(Hands him a handkerchief)  
Not on the carpet please.

Lilly Waters, 18, blonde, in a pink and purple dress gallops down the stairs and eyes Atia.

Lilly  
She ain't sharin' my room, I earned it.  
(Sexy voice to La Roche)  
Why hello good sir, what be yer pleasure?

La Roche  
(Takes her hand)  
Bonjour, mademoiselle. I have not made your acquaintance?

Cherry Banks  
They ain't customers, Lilly. They're hurt.

Lilly  
Oh, a pleasure anyway, sir.

Cherry Banks  
Go heat up the pots and fix this one a bath.

Lilly  
(Runs to the kitchen)  
Aye.

La Roche  
A pleasure, mademoiselle. I look forward to meeting you again.

<p>Atia (Shakes her head) Vulcan's flamin' cock, ya fuckin' Frenchman.</p>	<p>Cherry Banks (Shake her head) Jesus Christ. He needs one off, he does. (Calls out) Violante!</p>
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A voluptuous brunette bounces down the stairs, Violante Hayze, 19, dark brown eyes, in a low-cut black witches skirt, complete with pointy hat and broom. She eye's Atia.

Violante  
Good lips for polishing? Who's this?

Atia  
(Eyes narrow)  
Polishing?

Cherry Banks  
Go fetch Dr. Strangewayes, will you? Tell him to come right away, it's urgent.

La Roche  
Pleased to meet YOU mademoiselle.  
I see you later too, yes?

Violante  
I be late already, but I'll let him know on the way.

Cherry Banks  
On the down-low, Vie.

Violante  
Always!

Cherry Banks  
As fast as you can?

Violante  
(Holds the broom between her legs)  
I'll fly.  
(Smiles and winks as she leaves)

Cherry Banks

Cardinal Grimaldi has a thing for witches. He leaves for Germany tomorrow so she wanted to surprise him.

La Roche

MmHmm, she can ride my broomstick.

Cherry Banks

You've been at sea too long, haven't you, my dear?

La Roche

Mm hmm, three long days.

Cherry Banks

Well, girly, come with me and we'll get ya cleaned up.

La Roche

Go ahead. I will bleed out here in case the doctor arrives.

La Roche finds the water basin to clean up while Cherry Banks leads Atia in and (partially) closes the door.

La Roche (Cont'd)

I hope I have enough blood left for my prick to work.

Lilly goes into the master bedroom and pours a kettle of hot water into a copper bathing tub. Cherry Banks lights the mounted oil lamps.

Cherry Banks

You'll be needing to get changed. Take a gander and see if any of *them* tickle yer fancy. The Capitaine's buying.

(Checks the tub and directs Atia to the wardrobe)

That's almost got it. Just needs some of this to get the shit off.

Cherry Banks takes some flower petals from the dresser and sprinkles them in the water. Lilly pours another pot in.

Lilly  
 (Quietly)  
 Is *he* the Frenchman?

Cherry Banks  
 (Nods)

Lilly  
 Kinda old, ain't he?

Cherry Banks sneers at her. Lilly goes for another pot. Atia gets restless. She drapes a dress over a chair and wanders for the door.

Atia  
 I have to go. I must find me sister.

Cherry Banks  
 (Helps Atia to the tub)  
 Let me help ya there, yer shaking like a leaf. The Capitaine will find your sister. We need to get you cleaned up. I can help wash yer hair if ya want? Vie's just gone to get the doctor for ya.

Out the window, across Thames Street, down an alley, to Queen Street, left down the alley, to...

## HIGH STREET - NIGHT

Violante casts a witches shadow on the walls with her broom and pointy hat. She creeps out of a dark alleyway, looks around cautiously, and cuts across High Street to Dr. Strangewayes' Apothecary. Then through a little gate to the side of the building. As she passes by a basement window a light casts on her.

## STRANGWAYS APOTHECARY - UPSTAIRS ROOM

Dr. Strangewayes writes at his desk. He stops and looks out the window as the shadow of a witch riding on a broomstick goes sailing by on a wall across the alley.

Dr. Strangewayes  
 (Continues writing)  
 Long term use of laudanum leads to frequent -  
 hallucinations.

## STRANGWAYS APOTHECARY - SIDE DOOR

Violante knocks three times, checking behind. In the window, flickering candlelight and the door creaks open. Dr. Strangeways peers out holding a candle lamp.

Dr. Strangeways

Well, I must say this is a switch, you knocking on my door for a change. Are you quite well?

(eyes bulge at her outfit)

My dear girl if you get caught looking like that the best lawyer in the world couldn't get you off!

Violante

You don't know how right you are, Doctor.

Cherry needs ya. There's two people hurt. One's been cut, and he be bleeding pretty good. The other's a girl. She looks like she been through a hurricane,

Dr. Strangeways

Well, we did just have one.

(Looks around)

Come inside whilst I get my things.

Violante

Thanks, Doctor. But I must fly. Just passing on the message.

She hops off the porch and heads off down the alley and he watches her all the way.

Dr. Strangeways

Lucky broom.

## NORTH DOCK # 1 - NIGHT

Beside *La Lune*, dock workers and crewmen prepare for departure when Harbormaster Pepys and his men arrive.

Harbormaster Pepys

(Calls through a trumpet)

French shipmaster! Ye hath been ordered! Ye must leave, straight on! Make way!

On La Lune, Delacroix point's and shouts orders while crewmen race around preparing the ship. Carriages arrive with Blower and Beckford with 2 militiamen.

Beckford

I want that ship stopped. Good work Constable.  
Search every crack in her stinking French hull.

Harbormaster Pepys

I already did that. This ship's been ordered to leave.

Beckford

On who's authority?

Major Paine

(Appears from behind)

On my authority, if ye please.

Beckford

A wanted pirate has been seen in the city. The French  
pirate Gator Gar.

Harbormaster Pepys

Well, ya won't find him on that ship. I searched her  
meself. She's loaded to the gills with sugar and carrying  
minimal weapons.

Major Paine

Don't sound like yer man?

Harbormaster Pepys

They paid their fee in gold dust, from a locked chest.

Major Paine

Then it's a merchant vessel. Regardless, we want a  
peaceful transition and all ships are allowed to leave,  
pirate or not.

Beckford

Where's her captain?

Le Picard and Martel come walking casually down the dock to meet them.



Le Picard

(Quietly in French)

My relation may cause a problem. You must be the captain. Greet them.

Martel

Moi?

(Clears his throat as they approach)

I am Capitaine of this ship. Greet you.

Major Paine

Aye, yer free ta go, Captain.

Martel

(Double glance to Le Picard)

Is - that it?

Le Picard

(Nudges him)

Oui.

Le Picard and Martel bow and shuffle back up the gangway.

Martel

Au Revoir! Merci.

Major Paine

(Unrolls a scroll)

Major Beckford, by order of the King, you'll assist the new government in securing the city, ensuring a peaceful transition. Is that clear?

Beckford

Aye.

Martel and Le Picard quickly board the ship and take up the gangway.

Martel

I hope Capitaine knows what he's doing.

CHERRY RED'S BOUTIQUE - SIDE CLOSET - NIGHT

La Roche is pained, he grunts and groans as Cherry Banks and Lilly finish him off down below.

ON *LA LUNE*

Le Picard and Martel come onboard. Delacroix and the crewmen gather around.

Delacroix

Thank God, you are back! Where's l'Capitaine?

Le Picard

Capitaine isn't coming.

Let her go, fore and aft!

Crewman

Oui!

Martel

Make sail!

Delacroix

(Hesitates)

Oui, Capitaine.

Delacroix heads up to the quarterdeck as the ship drifts away from the dock, Le Picard turns toward the smoky city as Minuit lands on the raid beside him.

Le Picard

Port Royal. Reckless. I warned you, Capitaine. I warned you.

Minuit

Capitaine (Squawk) Mes amis.

CUT TO BLACK  
CREDITS