

GALLOWS POINT

by

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Episode 1: The Foolish Virgin

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EXT. NEW PROVIDENCE 1720. FORT PRISON CELL

The gates of the military fort of New Providence, Bahamas. An extremely drunk, filthy old sailor, a tramp, pulls himself up so against a wall, CAPTAIN JOHNSON.

JOHNSON  
It's all lies!...

He's swept aside like trash by a squad of hard-faced 18th Century Royal Marines marching by.

INT. NEW PROVIDENCE 1720. FORT PRISON CELL - NIGHT

A dungeon in fort. ANNE BONNY is chained to a wall. Pale-skinned, strong-featured American-Irish. Early 20s.

Marines rush in.

ANNE  
(seemingly to camera)  
You've paid your penny so look  
your fill. Look hard.

Rings pulled off fingers. Clothes ripped from body.

ANNE (CONT'D)  
You sheep. You think me trash.  
Yet I glitter and that draws you  
to me. Take care. My kind glitter  
like knives.

INT. NEW PROVIDENCE 1720. ANOTHER CELL - NIGHT

CLOSE UP - JACK'S FACE

JACK RACKHAM. Early 30s. Not striking but engaging. Now, his face is a dead mask. Barbers and tailors, directed by a foppish barber - PIERRE BOSPHUET, fuss around him, applying rouge, powder, beauty spots.

INT. NEW PROVIDENCE CHARITY HOSPITAL - NIGHT

CLOSE UP - MARY'S FACE

MARY READ. Late 20s. Face and eyes heavily bandaged and blotched with red and yellow bruises. Strapped to a cot in the disease ward, face and hands bandaged.

INTERCUTTING

We follow Anne but cut to/from Jack and Mary as they go to Gallows Point. Anne talks as she's dragged from the cell.

ANNE

Remember this: you hold me but  
you don't have me.

Focus on Anne's journey but pick up on other details - the guard is led by a navy OFFICER. We don't see his face.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Though you throw me to the deeps,  
my hook pulls you down to me in  
life and death.

...Jack has a last glass of gin, throws it against a wall.

...Mary torn out of bed by BEN HORNIGOLD, Highlander ex-  
pirate dressed all in dark tartan.

...Anne and her guard arrive at huge doors of the prison.

ANNE (CONT'D)

And you'll follow my line till I  
stop...

The Officer consults a pocket watch. The sun is rising.

ANNE (CONT'D)

(almost breaking)  
Where all pirates end...

Raises herself on tip-toe to look through window at a giant  
gallows-candelabra at the end of a pier.

The doors open. Anne has not been speaking to camera but to  
the Officer, LT. ROBERT MAYNARD, early 20s. Thin, almost a  
kid, but flinty and formal.

ANNE (CONT'D)

(shouts at him)  
But that's where my voice will be  
heard the loudest!

Before she can react, his quick hands fit a scold's bridle -  
a harsh metal gag - over her outraged face.

ROBERT

Save it for Jesus, sweetmeat.

EXT. - THE GIBBETS, GALLOWS POINT - DAY

The streets are almost empty but lined up and down with  
marines. Mary and Anne stand between Jack.

ANNE (VO)

It is seventeen-twenty-one. The  
Years of Amazements. The last  
year of my life.

JACK  
Ladies, they call the last dance.

He takes their hands

JACK (CONT'D)  
Let's show them how we do the  
rogue's hornpipe!

They walk into the shadow of the gallows.

ANNE (VO)  
I am Anne Bonny. You may read of  
me in the history books. I have  
my own chapter in Captain  
Johnson's 'General History of the  
Pirates' which they say was truly  
written by Defoe. Of course, he  
was notorious liar. Of course, so  
am I. On my honour as a pirate,  
this is my true story and the  
story of the golden age of  
pirates, and how we both met our  
end...

...At Gallows Point.

MAIN TITLE

FADE TO:

FADE IN

CLOSE-UP - CHAPTER HEADING OF A BOOK

Graphic:

**Chapter: I**  
**My Father, My House & My**  
**Virginity. And How I Lost Them**  
**All.**

EXT. CORMAC PLANTATION, CAROLINA, 1700S - DAY

Anne, a sulky toddler, sits on her well-to-do FATHER'S knee  
on a verandah. He's in squire's periwig and broadcloth but  
is stocky and square, speaks with an Irish accent.

ANNE (VO)  
You've seen the end of me. Twenty  
or a little more years before, I  
had my beginning.

He holds his little girl with firm grip and peruses a  
newspaper.

ANNE (VO) (CONT'D)  
 This is my sire, William Cormac,  
 originally of Irish stock, now a  
 gentleman-attorney of Charleston.

He's having his portrait painted by a prim society artist.  
 The camera reveals that the house is large and, behind him,  
 his house staff, all African-American and his wife, MRS.  
 BRIDGET CORMAC, her hands nervously smooth her dress.

ANNE (VO) (CONT'D)  
 This is our farmhouse by the sea.

It's a plantation.

ANNE (VO)(CONT'D)  
 And this is his harvest.

And the more we see, the more slaves we see serving,  
 working and labouring around the house and its fields -  
 overseers riding amongst them with muskets.

CORMAC  
 (without look up)  
 Hand to god, Bridgid, you fidget  
 like a heifer's tail.

ANNE (VO).  
 That red-haired mouse is my ma.

I/E. CORMAC PLANTATION - DAY/NIGHT

SERIES OF SHOTS

Scenes from anne's upbringing. Throughout, she looks sulky  
 and bored.

A tea party in the parlor for the Cormac's neighbors. Some  
 are very grand, merchants and their wives in silks.

ANNE (VO)  
 The daughter of the family was  
 brought up amongst the best  
 society of the Carolinas..

Around the edges, poor relations in homespun - including a  
 parson in threadbare black with his little son.

ANNE (VO) (CONT'D)  
 ...And taught everything a  
 country lady requires.

She plays the spinet.

ANNE (VO) (CONT'D)  
 Music...

She walks along a chalked line with a book on her head.

ANNE (VO) (CONT'D)  
Department...

She sews a sampler.

ANNE (VO) (CONT'D)  
Embroidery...

Her mother, with keys on hip and an accounts ledger under her arm, guides Anne through the kitchens.

ANNE (VO) (CONT'D)  
Housekeeping...

A small chapel on the estate. The congregation is assembled. Slaves at the back, poor whites ahead of them. The family pew at the front. The parson waits before the table-altar. The Cormacs enter, bowing and smiling, guided up the aisle by a little pew opener, the parson's son

ANNE (VO) (CONT'D)  
How to behave towards the  
deserving poor...

As Anne follows her parents up the aisle. She drops her prayerbook. The boy runs back, gets the book and runs to give it to Anne. The assembly coos. Anne doesn't like that.

ANNE (VO) (CONT'D)  
...and to the undeserving.

...Bang! Little Anne slams the pew door on the boy's fingers. Uproar!

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. ANNE'S ROOM, CORMAC HOUSE, CAROLINA 1700S - DAY

Little Anne at her mirror, sulky and bored, her long hair being brushed by a slave.

ANNE (VO)  
Everything a doll needed was  
given to me...

INT. ANNE'S ROOM, CORMAC HOUSE, CAROLINA 1718 - DAY

The same scene but now ten or fifteen years later.

ANNE (VO)  
...Until there came a time when  
what I wanted couldn't be given -  
only taken.

Through the window of her bedroom, Anne sees one of Cormac's overseers, JAMES BONNY significantly older, roughly dressed, gazing back with an insolent grin.

ANNE (VO) (CONT'D)  
Then again, at that time, all of the Americas was for the taking...

Through the window, beyond Bonny, the sea...

EXT. - CARIBBEAN WATERS, 1718 - DAY

Actuality. A one-masted sloop flying a French flag chased by a trim two masted brig, *THE TREASURE*.

EXT. *THE TREASURE*, CARIBBEAN WATERS - DAY

JACK, younger and healthier than when we saw him last watches the French ship through a telescope. He stands on the 'top', a tiny platform halfway up the foremast. Boatswain BIRTHMARK CRABSTOOTH, clambers up from the shrouds. Tough as leather, 30s, Portwine mark on his face.

BIRTHMARK  
French merchantman. Let's bugger her up.

JACK  
(shouts to crew)  
Give her the bloody shirt...

Vane's skull flag is raised - not a traditional skull and crossbones. Sailors race up the masts to set the sails.

ANGLE - VANE'S ENORMOUS PIRATE BATTLE FLAG UNFURLED FROM MAST, A DEATH'S HEAD ON A RED FIELD.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(to Birthmark)  
If you'll pardon me, Birthmark, I'll go rouse our captain.

BIRTHMARK  
What? Noon already?

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN, *THE TREASURE* - MOMENTS LATER

The captain's quarters. On a large bed, CAPTAIN CHARLES VANE, 50, sleeps in nothing but a dirty shirt, with most of his hairy behind exposed. A hugely fat man, unshaven, rotten with drink.

JACK (O.S.)  
Captain Vane?

Jack enters gingerly

VANE

What!

JACK

Jack Rackham.

The captain, wakes slowly, deliberately lets rip a thunderous fart.

VANE

Shut the door, rot ye. It's not even dawn.

Vane rolls over. He has been lying on top of a very young man, naked, terrified, in pain. The powder monkey, NED LOWE.

VANE (CONT'D)

Jellied eels!

(to Ned)

Bucket!

Ned scampers out of bed, finds a chamber pot and tries to pass it to Vane who simply uses it in his hands.

VANE (CONT'D)

(to Jack)

When I was sailing master to Blackbeard, we'd overhaul ten chicks a week without disturbing the captain at his pleasures.

Vane makes a big fuss of pulling on a showy coat and a feathered hat. As he does so, he sweeps papers off the desk and into his pocket - seen by Jack. But while Vane bustles about, Jack looks at Ned.

NED

(blazing)

What you looking at? Want me to bite yer lips off?

EXT. *THE TREASURE*, CARIBBEAN WATERS - DAY

Vane on the poopdeck scanning the merchantman through a telescope steadied on Ned's head.

JACK

She's got netting over her ports but she's no fisher-boat.

BIRTHMARK

Do I run out the guns, captain?

VANE

She's dropped her colors and hove to. Why did ye call me here, numskull? To look at your cursed face?

Vane rips off his hat and vents by hitting Ned.

JACK

Ned, fetch my register.

Ned runs off fast as a bee.

POV TELESCOPE VIEW OF FRENCH SHIP'S DECKS

There are few people on deck. The scope picks up one figure, ramrod straight in a heavy coat.

JACK (O.C.) (CONT'D)

What merchant master wears silver buckles and a smallsword off a parade ground?

Ned returns, lugging four or five books, all he's found.

JACK (CONT'D)

The Ship Register.

BIRTHMARK

Three cables' lengths.

Ned offers one uncertainly. He's illiterate. As Jack takes the book he needs, Ned scowls in embarrassment and gnaws at the head of a twine figure, a homemade doll. Jack finds what he's looking for in the Register.

JACK (CONT'D)

That's no French merchant. That's the *Revenge*, English sea hunter of twenty guns. I'll lay fifty dollars to a feathered cap, there's a regiment of lobsters behind those gunwales.

BIRTHMARK

One cable!

VANE

In that pisspot?

EXT. *REVENGE*, CARIBBEAN WATERS - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The deck of the navy ship. The 'master' is Robert Maynard with a heavy coat over his naval uniform. Everywhere, British marines hide. He reads a small book.

ROBERT

"Blessed be the lord my strength,  
which teacheth my hands to war,  
and my fingers to fight..."

The book's pages begins to tremble violently in his gloved hands. He puts on his tricorn and lets the coat slip off his shoulders. That's the signal to begin.

EXT. *THE TREASURE*, CARIBBEAN WATERS - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Vane turns to Jack and stares with enormous contempt.

VANE

(through speaking  
trumpet)

Ahoy merchant. Stand by for my  
boat...

With massive impact, cannon balls smash into the *Treasure*. Vane is blown onto his backside.

VANE (CONT'D)

Protect me, Satan!

Battle rages. Marines clamber up the rigging to take musket firing positions. Jack grabs a ring of keys from Vane's belt and runs to the stern of the ship, opening the gun rack and handing out muskets.

BIRTHMARK

Captain, orders? Do we close for  
boarding?

Birthmark and Vane shelter by the wheel. Vane is frozen, stunned. Everything is dense smoke, fire and noise.

BIRTHMARK (CONT'D)

Captain!

Marines prepare to board.

JACK

Give 'em the pomegranates.

Grenades hail onto the *Revenge*, exploding and breaking up the marines' attack. Robert, is injured in the arm but, observes through telescope, shouting commands. Jack and Robert's eyes meet. Jack gives a mocking bow.

BIRTHMARK

Captain, board pell-mell! Get to  
handy grips with edge and point.

VANE

(rousing himself)  
Put the tiller to larboard.

JACK

We're running? We can take her.

The helmsman looks to the Birthmark. Vane draws flintlocks from his pockets and blows off the helmsman's head with one gun. The other he places against Birthmark's chest.

VANE

(scream)

Put the tiller to larboard, curse  
ye, bosun. Tack off nor-  
'nor' east.

Birthmark takes the wheel and steers the *Treasure* away from the naval ship. A general groan from the crew. *The Treasure* pulls away. At the *Revenge's* guardrail, Robert's face shows his disgust at the escape of his prey.

EXT. *THE TREASURE*, CARIBBEAN WATERS - DAY (LATER)

The ship is recovering. Jack draws up lists of stores. Out of the corner of his eye, he watches Vane walking the rounds of the ship. Sailors turn their backs to him.

SURGEON BARAGWANOTH, a mad Cornishman, deals with the wounded on a table in the ship's waist with his assistant - and boyfriend - LEP, a mad Italian. Their forced cheeriness is really only the sounds to be heard the tension.

BARAGWANOTH

Who's next for the miracle cure?  
Nurse Lep!

Lep brings forward a sailor, JEMMY, with a clumsily bandaged hand, he's in deep shock. A few pirates watch. It's a show!

LEP

I hab here, Signor Jemmy. Signor  
Jemmy hab *sua mano*... he hand. He  
hab blowed off he hand i' the  
cannon.

BARAGWANOTH

Jeremiah, I understand your hand  
has been giving you some  
discomfort.

He unwraps the bandages. The hand is a bloody mess.

JEMMY

Is there owt ye can do for me,  
master doctor?

BARAGWANOTH

I'm legally bound to inform you I  
have no formal medical  
accreditation. Look up please.  
Look to the left.

While Jemmy follows Baragwanoth's gaze, Baragwanoth pulls a large knife from behind his back. Lep grabs Jemmy's arm and holds it down. K-thwunk! Baragwanoth cuts off his hand. Jemmy screams like an animal. Lep jams his stump in a boiling pitch pot while Baragwanoth impales the hand on his knife and displays it to his audience. Baragwanoth and Lep exchange a smacking kiss of mutual congratulation.

BARAGWANOTH (CONT'D)

We also detect witches!

Sweaty, nervous, Vane has arrived at this last section of the show. Jemmy crawls on the deck.

VANE

Now there's a brave rover. A  
double tot for him. Rum for all,  
why not? To cheer us after this  
bothersome day.

Ned slides down the mainsheet and plants himself in front of Vane. Baleful glare. A challenge.

VANE (CONT'D)

Aye, even for thee Neddy, my boy.

NED

I ain't your boy nevermore no-  
how.

From a distance, Jack looks up from his list.

JACK

(quietly)  
A storm is brewing.

Quietly, he backs away from the confrontation; the black sailors, equally wary, go with him.

Vane turns away from the boy and finds another pirate, MARK READ deliberately standing in his path.

ABIMBOLA

And now it breaks,

Vane smiles apologetically, begins to step around the sailor. But instead, he slams the back of the man's head as he passes, and pulls out a flintlock - as his coat opens we see eight or nine pistols hanging from his belt.

VANE

(rage)

God's winkle! There's only one rule in this business - when you stab your master in the back, strike deep, else he'll carve you right back.

Instantly, he's surrounded by pirates, a circle of cutlasses, boathooks, knives.

VANE (CONT'D)

Nobody's arse is safe these days.

EXT. CORMAC PLANTATION, CAROLINA, - DAY

A green meadow on the edge of a plantation, Anne, flushed and breathless, a little teary, lies on the grass. Silk skirts up to her stocking tops, straw hat crushed under her head. James Bonny, rolls off her, panting. Bonny recovers first, tucking in his shirt, buttoning up his flies.

BONNY

Cry all you like, you'll pee the less.

He throws her a handkerchief to clean herself up. She pulls herself up, slowly redressing.

ANNE

I feel seasick.

BONNY

(pleased with himself)

A big boat makes big waves.

ANNE

It didn't hurt so much, becoming a woman.

BONNY

Brace yourself, the painful part's yet to come.

ANNE

We shall tell my da we're married now, in the sight of God. What can he do?

BONNY

String me up like a dead crow.

## FOCUS - HUGE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PLANTATION

Bonny rises and walks, followed by Anne, towards the main house of what we now see is a large plantation, immaculately manicured and staffed by many slaves.

## INT. STOREHOUSE, CORMAC PLANTATION - DAY

Inside a large barn or storehouse, one side is open. Blindfolded slaves enter carrying bales and barrels onto carts. William Cormac supervises. His steward, TITUS, a slave dressed as a footman, ticks off the deliveries.

One one side of the room: a carriage-and-four with its blind drawn down - a coat of arms etched on its door...

...And on the other: three or four big, hard-faced men in sober black and grey outfits. Their blunderbusses and flintlocks, facial scars and heavy tattoos mark them as gangsters of the 1700s dressed for a business meet. One is BEN HORNIGOLD, a renegade highlander in a caricature of Scots dress. Their BOSS sits, radiating menace. Tall with a long beard that, for today, is trimmed and tied back.

Incongruously, a LITTLE GIRL, heavily made up in a frilly white dress, plays amongst the pirates. Sometimes she coughs into her handkerchief.

TITUS

(reading off)

Eight-hundred and twenty-nine  
kegs of Trinidadian tobacco.

Ninety serroons of cocoa. Forty-  
seven puncheons of sugar rum.

WILLIAM

A pretty tally.

GIRL

Blackie, I'm bored!

The Boss waves the child away. William uses an abacus on the table to calculate, writes down the figure. The blind is raised half an inch and a well-manicured lady's hand, takes his note. William signals and blindfolded slaves bring forward a chest of gold sovereigns.

WILLIAM

My principal pays out in English  
sovereigns. Well gents, nice  
doing business...

BEN

(suddenly furious)

Lawyer's tricks! Gold's no good  
to us!

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)

Ye think ye'll cheat us out of  
what was agreed, slimy,  
slitherin, sleekit bogtrotter?

WILLIAM

Let's have a moment to reflect.

Whispers at the carriage door. A large ledger is produced,  
the lady's hand signs and stamps it with a large seal.  
William tears out the page and offers it to Ben.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Warning: the value of your  
placement can go down as well as  
up.

The boss whispers into Ben's ear.

BEN

If it does, we'll burn every town  
and sink every ship between here  
and New York.

ANGLE - BLACKBEARD'S WARSHIP THROUGH DOOR

Through the door, we see the storehouse is on the  
plantation's dock - and moored alongside is a warship  
bristling with guns and armed pirates, Blackbeard's ship,  
*Queen Anne's Revenge* and flies his black flag.

EXT. STOREHOUSE, CORMAC PLANTATION - DAY

Anne and Bonny hurry back through the fields towards the  
main house. They pass quickly, talking.

ANNE

Don't walk so fast, Bonny. My  
skirts hobble me.

BONNY

I've jobs to do. I'm not heir to  
sugar and slaves.

ANNE

Why can't you be kind?

BONNY

'Acause I'm mean. And I'm mean  
'acause I'm poor.

The couple have arrived at the exterior of the plantation  
storehouse, so intent with each other they don't see  
something is going on.

BONNY (CONT'D)

A man is what he has. I got you now and I aim to keep you, Billy Cormac be damned.

ANNE

I still feel the hole in me.

BONNY

What?

ANNE

Here. When I saw you the first time, I thought it was you that could fill it.

BONNY

I made a hole in you all right. And now your father's like to put one in me.

He cocks his fingers like a gun. Bang!

ANNE

We'll go tell him you are my husband now.

BONNY

He had me whip a thief outside the gates for stealing a pack dogs. What'll he say to the man who takes his prize bitch?

Bonny suddenly realizes he's standing beside *The Queen Anne's Revenge*.

BONNY (CONT'D)

(reacts to ship)

I know this...

Anne, white with anger, hits Bonny. Not a small slap either but with a man-powered punch to his boorish face.

ANNE

(punching)

He'll say: "Beware her bite!".

INT. STOREHOUSE, CORMAC PLANTATION - MOMENTS LATER

William Cormac is dealing with the final arrangements of the hand-over. Suddenly - a disturbance at the other end of the barn. The pirates immediately bristle around their boss. Anne and Bonny burst into the long room. They are fighting. She's scratching, biting and he's weakly trying to defend himself. The spectators are too shocked or too amused to react.

WILLIAM

What goes on, Anne?

LITTLE GIRL

Oooh, you won't half catch it now!

ANNE

(panting)

Please address me by my married name, Mrs. Bonny.

Bonny does not react to William. Instead, he is struck with fear by the sight of the Boss:

BONNY

Jesus Christ, it's the Master of Ocracoke!

Bonny raises his hand to avert the Boss' blazing gaze.

EXT. *THE TREASURE*, CARIBBEAN WATERS - DAY

CLOSE UP - VANE'S FACE

Vane's head, bruised and bloody, lolls back as if it has just received a blow. He's tied to the rotating capstan in the centre of a session of the Ship's Council - all the pirate crew including Birthmark, Ned, Gamesome Deal, Mark Read, Newgate Sammy, Abel Dee, the old carpenter Featherstone and Sea Clock, gnomish, heavily tattooed South Sea Islander. The pirates are drunk and dangerous.

VANE

...Good point, Mr. Deal, I agree. I tender my resignation forthwith and will leave the vessel at the first convenient port of call.

READ

You're too stuffed with tricks to turn loose.

Gamesome nods at Newgate who advances on the captain with a knife. He lifts Vane's chin.

NEWGATE

This is from all of us with best wishes on your forthcoming retirement.

Raises hand to slice.

VANE

Who's to be your next captain when you've murdered me?

BIRTHMARK

He'll be elected from the crew  
according to the articles.

VANE

Can he read?

BIRTHMARK

I have my letters. So do one or  
two others.

VANE

But can he read the charts? A  
half inch here or there on them  
maps and you're drowned like  
kittens.

There's a difficult silence. The mob's confidence ebbs.

VANE (CONT'D)

And can he read men?

EXT. *THE TREASURE*, CARIBBEAN WATERS - DAY (LATER)

Jack is quietly walking amongst the African crew members  
who pick oakum on the quarterdeck.

ABIMBOLA

(quietly)

Jack, they come.

JACK

Slow and easy now.

Birthmark, Fetherstone, Sea Clock and Read approach. A  
deputation, all smiles - for now.

BIRTHMARK

Yer a handy man with pike and  
cutlass, Jack Rackham. Ye steer  
straight in fair weather and  
foul. You're schooled but don't  
rub it in a man's face. You've  
never been caught stealing baccy  
from a shipmate or bugging the  
apprentices. You'd be a gentleman  
if you were fonder of fornication

Jack finally understands what this is all about. And  
doesn't like it.

JACK

No! I'm a pressed man, Birthmark.  
You took me off a prison  
transport six years ago because  
your last book-keeper drank  
poison. I've no experience of  
captaining.

Birthmark gives the thumbs up to the assembled crew over at  
the fo'c'sle.

BIRTHMARK

What was your career on land,  
mate?

JACK

Dancing master.

GAMESOME

The boys'll be disappointed.  
Turned down cold because ye're  
too good for them.

(calls out to crew)

He says: "Up yours, scum!".

The crew just can't quite hear him. Gamesome clears his  
throat to shout again...

ABIMBOLA

Jack!

JACK

I'll do it.

EXT. *THE TREASURE*, CARIBBEAN WATERS - DAY (LATER)

The ship's crew is having a party. Even Jack is drunk,  
coming to end of some speech.

JACK

Boys, let me speak plain. I'm a  
coward and thief, a boozer and a  
boaster So it's right I'm your  
king. Now I know some of you want  
adventure. And some, glory. To  
you, I say, no offence, get  
knotted. Because what I want for  
me and every one of you bastards  
is enough gold to live like a  
fine gentlemen on land - instead  
of like rats in a bucket. Is that  
good enough?

PIRATES

Aye!

VANE

Nay!

BIRTHMARK

Unanimous.

GAMESOME

First order of business, what'll  
we do with your forerunner?

A sinister pause which Ned fills by surging forward.

NED

(screams)

Bite his face off. Shoot him. Saw  
his head off. Boil him in the fat  
barrel. Cut his nose and lips  
from his face. Keel-haul him.  
Tear his liver out and shove it  
in his ear hole...

Birthmark grabs Ned and put his hand over his mouth.

BIRTHMARK

No more rum for him.

JACK

I pardon the old sod.

He's caught the moment. The sailors cheer. Lep unties Vane  
and takes the opportunity to pull off his jewelry.

JACK (CONT'D)

Ned, send this old gentleman  
safely on his way in something  
that floats. No harm to him while  
he's on this ship.

A snarling, reluctant nod from Ned. He grabs a pike and,  
with two pirates behind him, is about to prod Vane into  
movement...

JACK (CONT'D)

What's in the satchel?

VANE

Papers. Personal papers.

Jack stands up in front of the old Captain. He puts his  
hand on Vane's shoulders and pushes him around so that,  
almost like in a dance, they revolve around each other on  
the spot, twice.

JACK

(sings)

Oh!

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Where is me hat me noggy, noggin'  
hat?/ All gone for beer and  
tobacco!/ Well the brim is wore  
out,/ And the crown is kicked  
about,/ And me hair is lookn' out  
for better weather!

When they're done Vane is dizzy - but Jack is now wearing his hat.

CLOSE-UP SATCHEL OF PAPERS

Vane's satchel of papers is also now on Jack's hip. A nice bit of theft. Jack adjusts the hat as Ned prods Vane away.

BIRTHMARK

Pirate-fashion!

INT. - *THE TREASURE*, CARIBBEAN WATERS - DAY (LATER)

Vane, at the end of a pike is pushed towards a tiny skiff below deck. Some barrels are stacked beside it.

VANE

Sweet Neddy, be reasonable.

Ned pushes him all the harder.

VANE (CONT'D)

You dirty little bumboy, can't  
you find anything smaller?

EXT. *THE TREASURE*, CARIBBEAN WATERS - DAY (LATER)

Jack looks up to see Vane in a barrel slowly floating past the *Treasure* as it prepares to get underway.

VANE

(shouting)

I ain't some slave you shoot  
'cause he's to dear to feed.  
Don't think you've escaped. I'm  
beloved up and down these waters!  
You don't cut me adrift! Me! I  
cut you adrift! You! You're  
abandoned. I turn my back on you.

On the ship, Jack is watching this on the guard rail, smiling. Then his face registers concern.

JACK

Where's my powder monkey?...

Ned is waiting at the end of the poop deck, standing on a little stool.

He is sighting a swivel-canon at the barrel which is just drawing level. Vane ducks inside the barrel. Jack jumps to push Ned off the gun. Ned touches a match to the vent. The barrel disintegrates into a puff of smoke.

NED

He were off the ship, wurn't he?

I/E. CORMAC PLANTATION, CAROLINA - DAY

Anne in travelling clothes. She's walking slowly towards the house.

ANNE (VO)

A girl and springtime are a dangerous combination. Air shimmers around her. She may do nothing, say nothing, think nothing, but all about, vast pressures heave and grind. More fires start by friction than by lightning.

In an open cart, trotting beside her, James Bonny is shouting at Anne. She doesn't hear him. A criss-cross of red lines appear through the back of his shirt.

Inside the house, Cormac and his wife, Bridget, are at breakfast. Serving them is Titus, very agitated. Cormac has a newspaper over his face, dozing and Mary is drinking tea. Hunting guns crossed over the sideboard.

BRIDGET

Is that the London paper, Mr. Cormac? What date is it?

Cormac grunts.

TITUS

I beg your pardon, m'....

BRIDGET

Is the market up?

CORMAC

A month old.

BRIDGET

Shall I send up Anne some breakfast, Mr. Cormac?

Cormac is a little testy now..

CORMAC

The girl stays behind locked doors until she's learned to be a lady.

BRIDGET

Is that how you taught me to be a lady?

Titus is at the end of his tether.

TITUS

Madame, I beg you hear me!

BRIDGET

This is impossible, Titus! What is it? What? What?

TITUS

Company at the door, 'm.

BRIDGET

We're not at home.

TITUS

'M! They insist.

Bridget stands up, exasperated. She marches out.

TITUS (CONT'D)

(breaking)

Master, please don't sell us all to the pirate-gentlemen.

Cormac takes the paper off his face. He is very calm.

CORMAC

Now who told you that wicked lie?

Cormac gets up smoothly. He goes to sideboard and loads a rook rifle with smooth efficiency. It is plain he knows firearms inside and out.

TITUS

Mr. Overseer Bonny, master.

CORMAC

I whipped that man off the plantation five day ago.

Mary stumbles back into the room. A little behind her a group of male and female slaves follow, holding farm implements uncertainly.

MARY

Servant trouble.

She falls to the ground. Red wounds at the back of her dress. Everyone leans forward, startled.

CORMAC

Be calm. Be calm. Accidents happen in the best regulated families, mayn't they now?. There's no mishap made that cannot be mended within our own gate without the aid of the militia, eh?...

Suddenly, Anne appears at the window. Cormac whips the gun up to his shoulder and shoots Titus who has been standing between him and the window. There's another horrified pause.

CORMAC (CONT'D)

Run! Run while you can, little bitch!

He flips the gun so it becomes a club. He rushes the mob as they rush him, Anne steps back from the window in shock.

I/E. CORMAC PLANTATION, CAROLINA - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

The whole plantation has erupted in flame, smoke and rioting.

Anne and Bonny race to the quayside. A priest - unshaven, disreputable - waits, an open bible in his hands. Bonny forces Anne to her knees and, in about five seconds, flipping through the pages, the priest marries them.

Bonny bundles Anne into a skiff. Anne watches fire, smoke, shouting, shots recede under her terrified gaze.

INT. GRAPHIC BOOK

CLOSE-UP - CHAPTER HEADING OF A BOOK

Graphic:

**Chapter: II**  
**In Which I Lose One Husband and**  
**Gain One Hundred and Fifty**  
**Brothers.**

EXT. SKIFF, CARIBBEAN WATERS - DAY AND NIGHT

The boat speeds across the seas. The couple live, night and day in the boat. It's obvious how they're ill-matched. They sleep and eat at their own ends of the boat, they barely talk.

ANNE (VO)

So I played with fire. So I left home under a cloud.

(MORE)

ANNE (VO) (CONT'D)

So I raised Cain in my father's house. So my wedding day wasn't everything I hoped. What girl alive can't tell the same story? And like all foolish virgins, I ended up in the same place - trouble.

...And finally they arrive at New Providence.

EXT. HARBOUR, NEW PROVIDENCE, BAHAMAS 1716 - DAY

New Providence is *the* pirate town of the Caribbean. Chaotic harbour with sloops and fluyts of pirates, smugglers and slavers. The seafront businesses are extravagant rumhouses and brothels. Bonny secures the skiff as a drunken, one-eared LOPSIDED LEM, the harbour master, rolls towards them, he has pistols in side holsters.

LOPSIDED

Welcome to New Providence, the wickedest city on Earth.

Suddenly, a yellow dog darts through his legs, howling madly, jumps off the dock and starts swimming out to sea.

LOPSIDED (CONT'D)

That's been happening a lot recently. I'm assistant to the magistrate. There's a five dollar dock fee.

BONNY

Shut yer cakehole, Lopsided Lem.

LOPSIDED

James Bonny as I live and fart! Cully, I was thinking you'd give up the pirating game.

Bonny indicates Anne with his chin.

LOPSIDED (CONT'D)

Nice tart. How much for a slice?

BONNY

Meet the wife.

LOPSIDED

(cups his ear to hear)  
Seriously though, is this for personal use or business?

Lopsided grabs at her legs.

ANNE

Will you let him to treat me like this?

LEM

Naah, a slave is money. You're a bitch.

Bonny shrugs. Anne pushes Lopsided roughly away and grabs one of his pistols. Anne's grip on the flintlock is surprisingly steady.

ANNE

You're a rude, fat man. Run along.

Lopsided withdraws a little way, fifteen or twenty yards. He thinks it's a safe distance.

LOPSIDED

I'll have the law on you, prissy cow. You ain't heard the last of this.

In one fluid moment, Anne turns, raises the gun, closes one eye, aims...

...and blows off his other ear.

BONNY

Jesus!

Her anger dissipates into trepidation. Bonny grabs the gun from her and pulls her off the dock.

INT. *THE COXSWAIN'S FANCY* TAVERN, NEW PROVIDENCE - DAY

A big bordello-cum-tavern on the seafront. Tending bar is the owner, PIERRE BOUSPEUT, gay, natty, elegant and French.

It's early morning. Inside, cleaners mop; outside, bottles and linen are hoisted to upper rooms in baskets. In one corner, drunkenly asleep with papers strewn in front of him is Captain Johnson.

The only real activity is a knot of merchants clustered around a chalk board at the back of the room. They trade as share prices are chalked and wiped off the board. By a window Jack Rackham drinks coffee, naked (apparently) except for his ornate captain's hat. Beside him, looking very bored, is Ned Lowe with Vane's leather satchel hanging around his neck. Ned watches a bird-cage on the window sill. It contains canaries.

An angry WAITRESS, lumpy and argumentative, with a wooden false teeth stumps up to the table.

WAITRESS

I told you before, you can't sit here drinking in the nuddie.

JACK

Can. And am.

WAITRESS

I'm going to tell the Monsewer. This is a respectable knocking shop.

She stumps off as Bonny storms in dragging Anne behind him. She's quiet, a ragdoll. He puts coins on the bar-top.

BONNY

We'll have a room. How many days does this buy?

PIERRE

There's a charge for residents who bring in outside refreshment.

Jack's eyes meet Anne's. She sees he is pretty much naked and turns away in embarrassment. This amuses Jack.

Bonny reaches into the pocket of his wife's cloak pulls out her purse and throws it on the counter. She makes no resistance. Bonny reaches over the bar and takes two bottles of gin. Jack watches them leave. There is something about Anne that catches his interest.

WAITRESS

(passing by)

Put your cacks on, ye dirty man.

Pierre casually wanders over to smooth over any trouble. He sees Jack watching the share traders at the back.

PIERRE

Five years ago, shares in the South Sea Company sold for a shilling apiece. Three weeks ago in London, the price was seven hundred and forty pounds.

JACK

I make an honest living.

PIERRE

When the next mail ship arrives, one share may be worth a thousand pounds.

JACK

What does it trade?

Pierre indicates the slaves all around.

PIERRE

Flesh.

JACK

Isn't that your business?

PIERRE

The Company is wholesale. I'm boutique. To celebrate your new command, can I introduce you to a very interesting young person...

Pierre indicates a young working girl on the other side of the room.

JACK

Give it a rest, Pierre.

Suddenly, Ned nudges Jack.

NED

The filth.

The Magistrate's Revenuers enter. Half-thug, half-soldier. They roust a few drunks. A couple stop at Jack's table.

PIERRE

Gentlemen of the Revenue, may I...?

They push Pierre aside.

REVENUER

Enjoying the air?

JACK

Til you came in.

An officer enters. He looks bored of his job and his men. It's Robert Maynard. Unlike the militiamen, he's smartly turned out. He makes notes in a notebook; tears off one page and hands it to a beggar who runs off.

REVENUER

We're seeking a woman who shot off the harbour master's ear. Know anything about that, dandyprat?

Robert's eyes narrow. Jack dips his head, the hat obscuring his face. Robert knows he's seen him somewhere before...

JACK

'Tis my public duty to inform you the woman you want is over there.  
(points at waitress)

The Revenuers immediately jump the woman. In the chaos, Jack - actually wearing woolen longjohns - takes Ned by the arm and leaves smoothly.

CLOSE-UP BIRD-CAGE

The cage door is open. The birds are dead. A mess of blood and feathers.

INT. THE BONNY'S ROOM, *THE COXSWAIN'S FANCY* TAVERN - DAY  
(LATER)

A poky room high up, a cot, a few sticks of furniture. Anne sits on the bed, Bonny is shouting her.

BONNY

Who the hell do you think you are? You're trouble.

He positions himself behind her. He draws a large knife from his waistband. He advances towards her.

BONNY (CONT'D)

You and your kin may think yourself high and mighty but I've a mind to cut you down to size.

She see him at the last moment. She struggles feebly, worn out. But he grabs her by the hair and starts cutting it off. He leaves a length of it and ties it into a sailor's pigtail.

BONNY (CONT'D)

This is New Providence, girl. The Bahamas. Not Carolina where your daddy can buy you out of anything.

ANNE

My father is torn to pieces because of me.

BONNY

You better hope so. If he isn't, he has friends on land, aye, and at sea too who'll never rest till you're found.

ANNE

I want to go home.

BONNY

What home? You put a musket in a slave's hand. You're dead on sight on every inch of the colonies. Strip.

She begins to remove her clothes. Not fast enough. He tears them from her.

BONNY (CONT'D)

Strip. Or I'll flay the clothes from your back. Your father was money. Now you are. When things quieten down, we'll go back nice and sly and take what's yours.

Throws clothes at her. Slowly she puts them on. Rough men's cloths.

BONNY (CONT'D)

Meantime, this pit is the only place in the Americas where the law fears to tread. And even if it do, it won't find a spoilt heiress with a itchy trigger

Bonny jams a hat on her head, grabs a mirror and shows her what she looks like - a short-haired boy.

BONNY (CONT'D)

Just a snot-nosed apprentice with a black eye.

And then he socks her. A sucker-punch in the eye.

BONNY (CONT'D)

Don't forget who wears the trousers.

Anne sprawls on the floor but she doesn't cry out or weep any more. It seems like she's waking up. He takes a swig from the bottle of gin, throws the knife on the bed

ANNE

Did you ever love me at all, husband? Did you ever like me at all?

BONNY

I'll go sell the boat.

He leaves. Slowly Anne picks up the knife, takes the bottle. She sits quietly on the chair. On impulse, she takes a long draught from the bottle. She's unused to it, it tastes like poison. She goes to the window and looks out onto the roof.

EXT. ROOFTOPS, THE COXSWAIN'S FANCY - DAY (LATER)

Anne is wandering, stumbling the maze of slate and clapboard roofing around the inn and connecting buildings. The gin bottle hangs from her other hand, half empty. Bonny's knife is in her waistband. She's very drunk.

She walks narrow ledges, gantries. The drops, down into dark alleys, are dizzying. She doesn't care. She finds herself on the edge of a roof. She looks down wanly. Is she going to jump? She takes a swig from the bottle...

INT. RACKHAM'S QUARTERS, THE COXSWAIN'S FANCY - DAY

The best rooms in the tavern after a three day orgy. Girls, bottles, upturned furniture. The room opens up to a terrace. Jack is being fitted for a blazing new calico suit - multi-colored, multi-patterned - by Pierre.

PIERRE

Worthy of a buccaneer lord. You might not think this but whoremaster wasn't my first profession. I was tailor to the Governor of New York.

Also in the room are a series of bedraggled whores, and Rackham's crew. Birthmark, Gamesome, Newgate, Mark Read, Baragwanoth, Lep, Fetherstone; and others. They gamble and carouse. A few black members - including Abimbola and Toffee Apple - sit together, quietly, apart from the white crew members. Ned watches from the sidelines. He is cleaning a four pounder deck gun.

PIERRE (CONT'D)

Calico from the Indies. No wrinkles, no creases, no fading. It takes any print you want, all colors, and its less than twenty guineas for an outfit entire.

FETHERSTONE

Twenty guineas! That'll buy a farm. And a cow. And a wife.

PIERRE

I've had some thoughts about the standard for your new enterprise, captain.

JACK

Hurry it up, Pierre, I've got guests coming.

A series of large pirate flags and designs - skeletons, cross bones, crossed swords - are paraded across the terrace by Pierre's whores and seamstresses. As each one passes, they boo and give it the thumbs down.

A new flag appears - a skeleton stabbing a bleeding heart [the flag Anne saw in the boat moored besides her father's dock]. There's a palpable ripple of tension.

PIERRE

I can have this in oiled wool on your ship in six hours.

JACK

Birthmark Crabsfoot, tell the Monsewer what happened to the last sod to fly that flag without the leave of its owner.

BIRTHMARK

Chopped into mince, pickled in rum and drunk by his men.

JACK

The gentleman who flies that flag is a bit of a bastard - and so are all his mates.

INT. A DARKENED ROOM, *THE COXSWAIN'S FANCY* - DAY

Ben Hornigold as usual in kilt and tartans in a conspiratorial conversation in a private room in the Coxswain's Fancy. The windows are curtained. His partner is concealed in the darkness.

BEN

(broad scots)

..I'll tell ye true. I'm from the land of the heather and the kirk. Yon English have taken my king, stolen my glen and turned my clan into professional sheepfuckers. So I took to the wild seas. There I met a new chief. He has my allegiance till death and I'm his lieutenant in all matters

MYSTERIOUS PARTNER

Speak English.

A bag of gold is thrown onto the table beside Ben.

BEN

Away and boil your head, scunner. Ye can't buy a Highlander for a bashed thripny.

A second bag is pushed towards him.

BEN (CONT'D)

May ye live for a thousand years, my bonny laird!

MYSTERIOUS PARTNER

Now, fair do's, ye're going to earn that. But for a jock, it'll be agreeable work.

BEN

What's that then!

MYSTERIOUS PARTNER

Stabbing yer best friend in the back.

BEN

He's dead! Dead as an Arbroath smokey.

MYSTERIOUS PARTNER

That's disgusting! Probably. Well, our friend's made a killing for me but now it's time to cut His Excellency down to size.

ANNE (O.C.)

Excuse me, will you please keep quiet? People are trying to sleep.

Stunned silence in the room. Ben unsheathes his cutlass and with its tip, raises the corner of the curtain.

INT. RACKHAM'S QUARTERS, *THE COXSWAIN'S FANCY* - MOMENTS LATER

Hubbub above them. Shouting. Stamping. The clash of steel on steel. Jack clicks his fingers. His lads arm themselves. Jack also sees that the last flag being displayed by the now nervous seamstresses is a skull with crossed swords.

JACK

Now that's interesting.

I/E. A DARKENED ROOM/ROOFTOPS, *THE COXSWAIN'S FANCY* - MOMENTS LATER

Chaos. Ben Hornigold is stabbing out of the window at Anne who is standing on the provisions basket that hangs outside. She still wears the straw hat. She is desperately avoiding his thrusts and fending off the blade of his cutlass with her knife.

BEN

I'll teach ye to hie yer snoot in a folk's business.

Over his shoulder, we see a silhouette leave the room - the Mysterious Partner.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Where's me blunderbush [sic]?

Ben grabs a short heavy flintlock gun with a wide bore. The moment she sees the gun, Anne know's what's going to happen. Ben starts loading the gun feverishly as Anne, with equal haste starts the basket swinging, back and forth.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Gies a moment laddie and I'll  
turn ye from a spy into a sieve.

Anne counters; each time she passes by the window, she hurls an empty bottle into the room. Ben ducks behind an upturned table, continues loading. He waits. Jumps up. Fires. The basket passing in front of him explodes. He smiles, satisfied. Looks out of the window, downwards. Looks up - and sees Anne shinning up the rope.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Feck it.

Ben chases Anne over the jumbled rooftops, firing and reloading through a maze of clothes lines and chimney pots. Finally he traps her on the edge of a roof.

BEN (CONT'D)  
And this is why Scotland will  
always be free.

He aims and shoots. Click. Empty. Anne draws James Bonny's dagger from her waistband. Tables turned. Ben flees; Anne - her face black with anger - following, stabbing at him through the rippling sheets. Eventually he can go no further. He's on the edge.

BEN (CONT'D)  
I beg fae quarter, sorr, an give  
my parole on my honour

Anne steps forward uncertainly. Ben grabs her hand, twists her wrist so she drops the knife, pushes her off the ledge. And drops her.

I/E. RACKHAM'S QUARTERS/ROOFTOPS, *THE COXSWAIN'S FANCY* -  
MOMENTS LATER

FOCUS ANNE FALLING, FLAG UNFURLS

Anne falls downwards. She is going to hit a terrace of bricks way below. Instant death. Except...

She falls into the huge pirate flag unfurling beneath her, held by seamstresses, tailors and whores.

Ben can't believe his bad luck. Begins pounding downstairs, reloading his gun as he goes.

The pirates are already spooked but Jack remains cool. He motions Baragwanoth forward. He checks Anne's pulse. He shakes his head. S/He's gone, so sad.

LEP

The boy...*Finito*.

Anne groans. Baragwanoth switches tack and gives a huge thumbs up. She's going to live!

LEP (CONT'D)

*Ammàzzalo!* He live! 'Tis a  
whorehouse *miracalo!*

JACK

(to Pierre)

I like that flag. It's lucky.

The door smashes open. It's Ben. Birthmark throws Jack his cutlass.

BEN

I see you've landed my fish,  
ghillie. I'll have him back the  
now.

Ben moves forward to grab Anne.

JACK

Brethren of the sea don't give up  
a prize on anyone's say so.

Jack places the point of his cutlass on Ben's chest. Ben, with a very smug grin, brings up the blunderbush.

BEN

Now ain't that jes like a  
sassenach. Bringing a knife to a  
gun...

Jack moves slowly out of the way. Behind him the 4-pounder is pointing at Ben - and Ned, with a lit match in his teeth, holds it like a heavy-machine gun, itching to fire.

JACK

Why don't you take yourself and  
your little skirt out of the  
company of men who've been at sea  
for three months?

BEN  
 (outraged)  
 This is my national costume!

Ned applies the match to the gun. The fuse begins to burn.

BEN (CONT'D)  
 Englishman! I swear I'll spit in  
 yer face on the day of yer death!

Ben leaves quickly, snarling. Just before the fuse burns down, Jack licks his fingers and extinguishes it.

BIRTHMARK  
 Wait for the command,  
 Powdermonkey.

JACK  
 (To Anne)  
 Right, give your ginger friend  
 five minutes to cool off and be  
 off the back way.

BIRTHMARK  
 Nasty piece of work. Recognise  
 him?

JACK  
 Don't know.

ANNE  
 He plans to have a person  
 murdered.

Jack shrugs.

JACK  
 Don't care.

ANNE  
 ...You're as stupid as your hat!

Jack is amazed anyone could be ungrateful - the others laugh - so Anne leaves. She tries to climb over the wall of the terrace. Jack follows.

JACK  
 Why are you trying to pass for  
 man?

ANNE  
 Why are you? You look like a  
 parasol.

She's trying to scramble up the wall.

JACK  
 (amused)  
 So, girl, who is your friend  
 going to snuff out?

ANNE  
 None of your business.

JACK  
 It could be of shared profit.

He gives her leg up.

ANNE  
 'His Excellency'. Some  
 'Excellency' or other.

Jack's face darkens. He reaches up and pulls her back to the ground by her ankle. She struggles. He dances with her in his arms while she wrestles to free herself.

JACK  
 Are ye busy this evening? Me and  
 the boys are having a knees-up.  
 And there's someone I'd like you  
 to meet.

EXT. THE COXSWAIN'S FANCY TAVERN, NEW PROVIDENCE - NIGHT

The brothel is smartened up for the evening. A grand party - a Pirate's Levee - is about to begin.

Outside, a motley procession arrives led by Chief Magistrate WOODS ROGERS in a large sedan chair. Large, complicated wig and brocade coat but a common, vulgar man. Revenuers trot alongside. He's with Robert Maynard who looks like he wishes he were elsewhere.

There is a line of heavily made up, giggling whores at the entrance. Woods ogles them with pleasure.

WOODS  
 Capital selection of cake.  
 (to Robert)  
 Announce me, snotty.

ROBERT  
 By the grace of King George, the  
 Governor of the Bahamas and the  
 Bahama Islands and Chief  
 Magistrate of New Providence, His  
**Excellency**, Mr. Woods Rogers.

I/E. THE COXSWAIN'S FANCY TAVERN, NEW PROVIDENCE - EVENING

In his quarters, Jack now wearing his new suit - though adjustments are still being made as he walks and talks. The black crew members act as servants. Ned follows, sulkily, carrying the leather satchel around his neck.

JACK

What do you think, master Surgeon?

BARAGWANOTH

Is this the perverted construct of a damaged brain?

LEP

Laudanum! She is the only way to forget!

JACK

Nice threads Pierre. I'll take another in red, if you got it.

Reaches into Ned's satchel and takes a handful of gold, throws it to the pimp, grandly.

PIERRE

I've sent twenty-four to your ship.

Jack hands over more gold, his face suggesting this was more than he wanted to pay. As this is happens, Gamesome puts his hand on Abimbola's chest:

GAMESOME

Not you.

Immediate tension. Gamesome and some of the other white pirates aren't interested in having the black pirates at the party.

ABIMBOLA

(angry)

What is this? There are rover crews where slave and runaway are part of the democracy.

GAMESOME

They're few and this ain't one of them. Go drink your fill in the kitchen. On me.

ABIMBOLA

(to Jack)

Captain?

Jack pretends not to hear. Toffee Apple takes his friend's arm and leads him away. Jack talks louder to Anne.

JACK

In a get-up like this, a man is his own flag. He don't have to shout so hard to be heard.

ANNE

Yes, the crows will just fly off without you opening your mouth.

NED

(shouting)

Don't cheek the captain!

Jack grabs the boy as he tries to punch Anne.

ANNE

I want to go now. You people are savages.

JACK

Shove off any time you like...

POV TELESCOPE VIEW OF NEW PROVIDENCE, QUAYSIDE

At first we see only a crowd of carousers outside, street drunks and prostitutes. But standing amongst them, silently staring up at the window is Ben Hornigold.

JACK (CONT'D)

...If you think your coast is clear.

Jacks hands her the scope, stands behind her, adjusts it so she sees what he sees. She steps back, frightened.

JACK (CONT'D)

So who are you, love?

ANNE

I am Mrs. James Bonny.

JACK

And what are you?

ANNE

What...? I am what's called a lady, sir, I doubt you've seen one before.

JACK

No odds. Do as I say tonight and I'll cut you loose on the morrow.

ANNE

On your honour?

JACK

As a pirate. Do I send word to you anyone you're keeping company with a brothelful of thieves tonight? Your mum?

ANNE

She's dead. Caught the plague doing good works in London.

JACK

Dad?

ANNE

Dead. A duel, a matter of family honour.

JACK

Sweetheart?

ANNE

I'm married, sir.

JACK

Husband then?

Anne hesitates.

JACK (CONT'D)

Don't tell me. Ate by tigers? I'll call you Lucky. Lucky Jim Bonny. If you want to stay hid, you call yourself that too.

EXT. THE COXSWAIN'S FANCY TAVERN, NEW PROVIDENCE - NIGHT

Jack greets the Magistrate with pirate formality.

WOODES

Bloody hell, who dressed you? Your pimp?

JACK

The crew of the Treasure are grateful you've accepted our invitation, Magistrate.

WOODES

That's Captain Vane's ship, weren't it?

JACK

It was. Now it's ours.

Pierre offers Woodes a tiny glass of sherry.

WOODES  
 What d'ye call this? I want  
 sailor-sized booze!

The pirates erupt with cheers. Pierre offers it to Robert.

WOODES (CONT'D)  
 Keep that thimble away from him.  
 He's a god-cursed teetotaller!

EXT. THE COXSWAIN'S FANCY TAVERN, NEW PROVIDENCE - NIGHT

Outside, Captain Johnson, slightly spruced up but still inebriate, totters up to the entrance. A revenuer bars his way.

JOHNSON  
 (hopelessly)  
 Press?

REVENUER  
 Piss off.

Johnson is shoved out of the way by James Bonny, also tryint to enter.

REVENUER (CONT'D)  
 Private party.

JAMES  
 My wife's in there.

REVENUER  
 Then she's working. Piss off.

James tries to barge by. The revenuer hits him in the face with his musket butt and he collapses in the gutter.

I/E. THE COXSWAIN'S FANCY TAVERN, NEW PROVIDENCE - EVENING  
 (LATER)

The high table in the middle of the pirate's revels. The Chief Magistrate's speech, the crew react enthusiastically.

WOODES  
 But you all know I were once a  
 sea-dog like yourselves. My mum  
 skinned dead donkeys outside the  
 Old Tortoise Inn in Portsmouth.  
 Beat me every day to teach me  
 fortitude. I was a wild in my  
 boyhood, like yourselves. I knew  
 the buccaneer's life - and I  
 liked it!

A POWDERED LADY, quite large, holding a costume mask over her face, makes her way through the throng...

WOODES (CONT'D)

But I took the King's Pardon and  
now look at me now, Chief  
Magistrate, Big Nob of the  
richest islands in the Carib. And  
if I needs to wipe my derriere, I  
got the Royal Navy at my beck and  
sniff and they call me  
'Excellency' while they do it!

At the back, Anne reacts to 'Excellency'. So she doesn't notice the female arm protruding through the door behind her. She's grabbed by the throat and pulled away.

WOODES (CONT'D)

But none of it means nothink  
compared to that day, just a few  
years ago, when I goes back to  
England and I sees my ma still in  
her mob cap and pinny, still on  
her doorstep, and I was able to  
say: 'Constable, have that old  
sow thrown in Bedlam'.

The pirates cheer even louder.

WOODES (CONT'D)

(raising giant mug)  
Glory to the gentlemen-rovers!  
And confusion to meddlesome  
numpties from England who get in  
their way!

EXT. THE COXSWAIN'S FANCY TAVERN, NEW PROVIDENCE - NIGHT  
(LATER)

The after-party. The pirates dance and carouse. Jack takes the arm of the Magistrate.

WOODES

This is my aide-de-camp,  
Maynard, foisted on me by the  
Royal Navy.

JACK

Your devoted and respectful.

WOODES

Buzz off Maynard, I ain't having  
you report all my doings to your  
bum chums in the Admiralty.

Jack and Woodes go into an antechamber. Leaving him behind fuming. He's accosted by a cheery girl pulling along another cheery girl.

CHEERY GIRL

Ain't I a pretty strumpet? For a sixpence, I'll do anyfin you want. For ninepence, I'll do it with my sister.

ROBERT

"Thou shalt not bring the hire of a whore, or the price of a dog, into the house of the LORD thy God: for even both these are abomination unto the lord".

CHEERY GIRL

(rage)

Pukeworthy little preach! Think you're too good for common folk!

INT. PRIVATE CONFERENCE, THE COXSWAIN'S FANCY TAVERN, NEW PROVIDENCE - EVENING (LATER)

Woodes and Jack sit in a small room to discuss their business as Pierre closes the door behind them. While Jack fills his pipe, Woodes withdraws a skewer from his sleeve and threatens to plunge it into Jack's eye.

WOODES

So ye're calling yourself captain are ye?

JACK

I'm Jack to my...

WOODES

Trash, you're so far below me my arsehole is your north star. Everyone knows you, Jack Rackham. You were a pickpurse in Schenectady before you cadged your way into some merchant's house as dance tutor. But you got his daughter in the family way and got seven years transportation for your pains. What I want to know is, who d'ye work for?

Jack whistles and Ned comes out of the shadows from behind Woodes holding a flintlock at the Governor's back.

JACK

Governor, I work for you.

Jack draws a document from the satchel.

JACK (CONT'D)  
 Among the late Charlie Vane's  
 papers, I found a signed  
 commission of business between  
 himself and you.

Sharply Woodes grabs the paper from Jack's hands. He crams  
 it into his mouth, chews and swallows

JACK (CONT'D)  
 The original's on my boat. Does  
 it stay there? Or do I pass it to  
 the Admirals? Doing business with  
 a pirate is treason and the  
 penalty for treason is death.

WOODES  
 Oh, it's much worse, matey.

INT. ANTEROOM, THE COXSWAIN'S FANCY TAVERN, NEW PROVIDENCE -  
 EVENING (CONT'D)

In a small anteroom, Anne and the Powdered Lady struggle.  
 Anne tries to cry out but the Lady has a hairy hand over  
 her mouth. Anne claws at the mask to reveal Ben Hornigold.

The doors on the other side the room open and Robert comes  
 through holding a cup and saucer of tea. He takes one  
 glance and sees a couple in a clinch. He turns to leave.

BEN  
 Get lost, fishface.

Robert thinks he doesn't want to intervene in what seems to  
 be a lover's quarrel.

ANNE  
 (gasping)  
 He's going to kill the  
 Magistrate. I heard him. That's  
 what he said.

BEN  
 Wha..?

Ben pushes Anne away and withdraws from his copious skirts,  
 incredibly, a claymore. As Ben swings, Robert draws his  
 small sword - a light rapier - and disarms him without  
 putting down his teacup. Robert is visibly formidable. Anne  
 dashes for the claymore. Robert's sword tip flashes towards  
 her. He looks at her hard. He's about to speak... The doors  
 behind him open. The cheery girls have returned - very  
 angry - with a crowd of other whores.

CHEERY GIRL  
 (Ear-shattering scream)  
 That's him! ...And now he's  
 stabbing the girls!

The women mob Robert, knocking him off his feet and pull him away with them. Ben and Anne are alone again. They both run for the claymore.

INT. PRIVATE CONFERENCE, THE COXSWAIN'S FANCY TAVERN, NEW PROVIDENCE - EVENING

We return to Woodes and Jack. Woodes is cowed.

JACK  
 Same terms as before. Privateer  
 commission for us. A tenth share  
 for you. Here's your first  
 dividend.

Jack reaches into Ned's bag and pulls out bags of gold.

WOODES  
 A grand? I'm Chief Magistrate  
 mate. This is beer money. The  
 difference between you and  
 Charlie Vane, is I trusted him.  
 Got anything else?

JACK  
 Funnily enough, how about news of  
 your murder?

INT. ANTEROOM, THE COXSWAIN'S FANCY TAVERN, NEW PROVIDENCE - EVENING

The room is wrecked. Ben has the sword but is hampered by his dress. Anne has been using the furniture to keep her distance. Both are perspiring and bad-tempered. He finally knocks her over. She's so tired, she can't fight any more. The door opens. Jack and Magistrates Woodes Rogers are framed in the light.

WOODES  
 (shout)  
 Assassin! Assassin!

Revenuers come storming in. There's only one way out for Ben. He smashes through a closed window. Anne grabs his wig as he falls. Ben makes the fall and limps away.

ANNE  
 (shouting after him)  
 And that's what happens when you  
 manhandle your betters.

She takes a hit from a bottle that's survived the chaos. She's getting a taste for it.

JACK

Sir, my hat is off to you.

ANNE

You're next, villain.

She sees him as another oppressor and runs at him. Jack removes his large hat, coolly blocks with it like a bullfighter - and hefts her over his shoulder.

JACK

Shall we?

EXT. THE COXSWAIN'S FANCY TAVERN, NEW PROVIDENCE - NIGHT

Tearing off his tattered dress, Ben runs cursing through the streets. He sees someone staring at him - James Bonny.

BEN

What the fuck are ye looking at?

INT. ANTEROOM, THE COXSWAIN'S FANCY TAVERN, NEW PROVIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack - Anne over his shoulder - and Woodes walk through the pirate's party. Woodes' revenueurs form around him. As they move down one corridor, a door opens and Robert scrambles out, stripped almost naked and garishly made up. Behind him we hear the hoots and jeers of women.

WOODES

Why ain't I surprised?

Robert is horribly embarrassed. Jack is amused. He bows. Robert withdraws in confusion. Pierre whispers in his ear.

PIERRE

Know who that boy is?

JACK

That's more your game than mine.  
(slaps Anne's britches)  
Appearances to the contrary.

PIERRE

He's a pirate-killer.

I/E. THE GOVERNOR'S SEDAN CHAIR OUTSIDE THE COXSWAIN'S FANCY, NEW PROVIDENCE - EVENING (LATER)

The quayside. Jack, Anne and Woodes are crammed together in Woodes' sedan chair which is surrounded by the Governor's Revenuers. Anne is by now sleepy drunk.

WOODES

Mrs. Bonny, you says you were out for a perambulation. You heard two people as they planned a murdering. Of whom? Of me. Then you're found in man's britches in a whorehouse. Madame, yer a drunk.

ANNE

Oh, you are a very common fellow, aren't you?

Woodes slaps her.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I know what I know. The assassin was here tonight. An ugly woman in an ugly dress. With red hair, most foulmouthed.

JACK

The Scotsman?

WOODES

Whadd'ye say? A jock? You saw him?

ANNE

I'm also currently short of coin so I would like a large reward.

WOODES

Shut up. This is fatal news for me and for you, Rackham. I got enemies. And what's mine is yours. Partner.

FOCUS THE SEA THROUGH THE CHAIR'S WINDOW

As Woodes talks, we see the sea through the window.

WOODES (VO)(CONT'D)

I know that jock. Hang as many as I may, there are three times a hundred pirate vessels out there. Some be minnows like yerself. Others are great sharks...

Dissolve through to see brooding storm clouds and a huge, ship - The Queen Anne's Revenge.

WOODES (VO) (CONT'D)  
 And one of the worst is a  
 renegade jacobite, Ben  
 Hornigold.

FOCUS BENJAMIN HORNIGOLD

Standing on deck is Ben Hornigold, madly playing the bagpipes into the storm.

WOODES (VO) (CONT'D)  
 By himself, he's nothing. But  
 he's the bully and bailiff on  
 land of the captain of the black  
 squadron.

All flags are black except one which is white-brown. We see skinned faces and bodies sewn into the material.

WOODES (VO) (CONT'D)  
 The sails of that captain's  
 barques are all black, 'cept one  
 of leather and that he patches  
 with the skins of his prisoners  
 and greases with their fat.

FOCUS BLACKBEARD, HELL TRIUMPHANT

Behind Hornigold is BLACKBEARD, brooding at the wheel. His face is obscured by shadow and the storm - his reveal is to come later - but we get the impression of vast malevolent power.

WOODES (VO) (CONT'D)  
 You know him as Blackbeard.

I/E. *THE TREASURE*, CARIBBEAN WATERS - DAY

Anne wakes up with start. She is on the floor of a small room, wood paneled. Jack washes himself in a basin.

JACK  
 Morning, *Mr.* Bonny. And how are  
 you feeling?

ANNE  
 (hungover)  
 Sick...

She sees this is bedroom. She is only wearing a chemise. Jack throws open the door. A ship's deck - a pirate battle going on right now! Cannon blasts! She shuts the door.

Jack hands her a bucket and she throws up into it.

ANNE (CONT'D)

(gasping)

You swore you'd set me free! On  
your honour...!

JACK

As a pirate, love.

FADE TO:

CREDITS