TIME PIRATES

by

Joe Bricky

blayde99@yahoo.com

FADE IN:

INT. MAYAN TEMPLE - NIGHT

SUPER: YUCATAN PENINSULA - 1520 A.D.

Deep inside a Mayan temple, a HIGH PRIEST in ceremonial robes prays at a stone altar. An UNDER PRIEST, also in robes but less ornate, stands beside him. The room is filled with gold and relics.

Upon the altar, a golden amulet with a heart shaped, blue sapphire.

HIGH PRIEST

Do not fear --

The priest's eyes reflect the light of the stone.

HIGH PRIEST -- we are safe at the altar.

UNDER PRIEST The Spaniards slaughtered our people, why would they spare us?

HIGH PRIEST They would not. Tumeh-kan will --

The High-Priest lifts the amulet.

HIGH PRIEST -- protect us.

Outside the door, three Spaniards in armor place explosives at the foot of the large, stone door that leads to the inner sanctum.

DON RODRIGO, 30's, stands behind his men with arms crossed, impatient.

RODRIGO It's not enough. More barrels. Vamanos!

Two of the soldiers run off.

In the temple, the priests wait.

UNDER PRIEST It's too late. We are trapped.

HIGH PRIEST Quickly -- to the altar.

Outside the door, the soldiers have returned with four more powder kegs -- eight in all.

RODRIGO Most excellent. Now, light the fuse.

A SHORT TIME LATER

The fuse is lit and shrinking. The Spaniards back away.

In the temple, the amulet has awakened and gives off a blinding, blue light, pulsating from its core. The High Priest continues to gaze at the stone, ignoring the intense light. The Under Priest, frightened, backs away.

Outside the door, the fuse is nearly gone.

Back inside, the Under Priest cowers at the foot of the door.

HIGH PRIEST

Return to the...

BOOM! The huge blast obliterates the door, instantly killing the Under Priest. As the wave of rock explodes across the room, the altar vanishes -- the High Priest vanishes. The light is gone

In the passage, the Spaniards choke on a cloud of dust.

MOMENTS LATER

The dust has cleared. The three Spaniards peer into the room. The treasure is ruined. Fragments of gold and artifacts litter the room along with tiny bits of human flesh.

Rodrigo rifles through the mess -- he's pissed. Something in the corner catches his eye. There, in the back of the temple, in-tact -- The Amulet. He picks it up -- smiles.

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DAY

High in the air -- a birds eye view. Below -- bright, blue water under billowing clouds, and then we plummet, racing downward until --

The mist gives way to Sun drenched ocean, revealing two

wooden ships -- an English frigate and a Spanish Galleon, locked in mortal combat.

Musket balls WHIZ, swords CLASH and cannons BOOM. In the midst of the smoke and mayhem, two officers face off on the wheel-deck of the Galleon.

The SPANISH CAPTAIN flashes an evil grin at his foe, a handsome young PIRATE CAPTAIN.

PIRATE CAPTAIN Surrender your ship and I'll spare your crew.

SPANISH CAPTAIN I'm not at liberty to negotiate with pirates.

PIRATE CAPTAIN Very well, then.

The Spaniard beats the Pirate's sword away and lunges toward him. He parries the charge and gracefully backs up a flight of stairs.

> PIRATE CAPTAIN Your men are dying. Why do you continue?

SPANISH CAPTAIN A small price to pay for my honor.

The desperate Spaniard presses. With ease, the Pirate blocks or dodges every blow.

PIRATE CAPTAIN As you wish. But, you're throwing away a perfectly good crew.

SPANISH CAPTAIN I'll get another.

The Pirate steals the tempo and with a flurry of blows, wounds the Spanish Captain then quickly disarms him. The Spaniard drops to his knees in defeat.

The Spanish crew is all but done. Sailors dive into the sea while others drop their swords and surrender.

SPANISH CAPTAIN

Kill me.

PIRATE CAPTAIN Hardly. You're worth a thousand doubloons to me, alive.

The camera pulls back, revealing a Hollywood movie set aboard an 18th century frigate. The Spanish Galleon is nothing more than a movie set atop a barge.

The DIRECTOR sits in his chair with an entourage behind him.

DIRECTOR Cut. That's a wrap. It's been a great ride. I'll see you all tonight.

The director and crew take care of end of scene business MOS. Props are hauled off. Lighting is dismantled. Extras and crew depart on waiting launches.

EXT. TYGRE - KINGSTON HARBOR - DAY

As the last of the crew departs, two figures stand at the starboard rail, staring out to sea.

The Pirate Captain is ROBERT CHASE, 25, ruggedly handsome, a dashing figure in his captain's coat.

Next to him is Kyle Porter, also 25, holding a bottle of rum and sporting a red bandanna.

KYLE Could life get any better?

Kyle uncorks the bottle, takes a swig, offers it to Rob. Rob waves off the gesture.

ROB Yeah. When the film comes out and its a smash hit.

KYLE You worry too much. What's not to like -- pirates, sword fighting, buried treasure...

ROB It's supposed to be my breakout role -- like Errol Flynn in Captain Blood. KYLE Only you're more like Basil Rathbone. That man could really fence. Flynn just looked better doing it -- kinda like me.

ROB

You do fight Capo Ferro better than anyone I know. And, I'm always sayin' to myself, man Kyle looks good -- right before I hit you.

KYLE We'll see about that.

LATER

The Sun is half gone and bubbling on the horizon.

KYLE Look at that -- beautiful.

ROB Enjoy it, brother. It's our last one.

Kyle raises the bottle. A toast.

KYLE

That is the plan. And, in the words of my favorite sea captain, John Paul Jones, "I have not yet begun to drink."

Kyle takes a big swig. Hands the bottle to Rob. Rob raises the bottle then stops --

ROB (Correcting) He said fight -- not yet begun to fight.

KYLE That was in 1779. In 1782, at a tavern in New York, after one too many, he uttered those less famous words.

ROB And, you know this why? EXT. KINGSTON JAMAICA - PORT - NIGHT

SUPER: KINGSTON JAMAICA

Rob and Kyle step off a launch and onto the cement dock in Port Kingston harbor.

Numerous sailboats litter the harbor. Among them, our frigate, "The Tygre," resting peacefully in the protected waters of the bay.

Rob and Kyle stop. They look back, then head for a waiting van.

INT. CARIBBEAN CLUB - NIGHT

The cast and crew mingle in a private area of the exclusive club. The Director and several others sit on cushy sectionals sipping cocktails. Rob and Kyle enter the room in formal wear -- a James Bond moment.

DIRECTOR

Robert...

Waving at Rob.

Rob heads over. Kyle spots a group of young women.

KYLE Ladies off the port bow. Come get me when you're done.

ROB

I won't be long.

KYLE Take your time. We have all night.

Rob sits between the director and the ASSISTANT DIRECTOR. A waitress hands him a drink.

DIRECTOR I'm doing another movie in the fall and I want you in it.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR It's a great part.

ROB

Really!

DIRECTOR

It's not the lead, but you won't have to audition.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR Bruce is the lead.

DIRECTOR Once "The Pirate" comes out, I won't be able to afford you, so whatta' you say?

ROB Will there be swords?

DIRECTOR

You have a great gift, and I don't mean fencing. It's time you showed people another dimension.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

No swords.

DIRECTOR Don't worry, there will be plenty of guns. You'll do fine.

They all laugh.

ROB

Sounds great!

At another table, Kyle slams a shot. Rob walks up.

KYLE

Oh yeah!

ROB Work's done. Let's go.

KYLE

Sorry ladies --

Kyle downs his other drink and wheels to catch Rob who's already leaving.

KYLE -- Duty calls.

They head for the door.

EXT. KINGSTON, JAMAICA - NIGHT

Rob and Kyle walk down a Kingston side street. Tourists and locals go about their business.

Kyle looks up and points at something in the distance.

KYLE Dude -- pirates!

SIGN - PIRATE OF PORT ROYAL

ROB All Right. I guess there's no stopping you.

INT. HISTORICAL MUSEUM - NIGHT

Inside the dimly lit museum filled with pirate lore, Rob and Kyle wander through like kids in a candy store.

The two men round a corner and before them stand wax figures of Captain Morgan, Black Beard and Calico Jack Rackham.

KYLE Oh Yeah! It's picture time.

Kyle quickly looks around. Satisfied, he steps over the barrier and dashes into the scene. First, he grabs a handful of Black Beard's whiskers -- then, puts his arms around Captain Morgan and Calico Jack.

KYLE These guys were the rock stars of their time. Did you know that...

ROB

(Interrupting) You're gonna get us in trouble.

KYLE

If you're worried, take my picture already.

Kyle grins -- continues to make faces. Rob snaps pictures with his cell phone. Finished, Kyle and Rob run down the hall. Suddenly, Kyle stops. Rob stumbles into him.

SIGN - LIFE IN PORT ROYAL - CIRCA 1690

In the scene, a painting of a young woman wearing an ancient looking amulet. We recognize it from the Mayan temple. Next

to the painting, a wax figure of the same woman wearing the amulet around her neck.

Rob, stone-like, stares at the painting. Kyle seems to be more interested in the wax figure.

KYLE Have you ever seen anything so beautiful?

ROB

No. Never.

Kyle begins reading the exhibit information.

KYLE

It says here, the amulet was discovered in Kingston harbor and may be from early Mayan origins.

Rob continues to stare at the painting.

ROB

Amulet? I'm talking about the girl. Who is she?

KYLE

Apparently, it was plundered by Captain Morgan in 1670 in a raid on Porto Bello.

ROB Yo. History freak -- tell me about the girl.

KYLE

No one of importance -- just a merchant's daughter from Port Royal -- Jane Collins, it says.

ROB Thank you. But, did she survive?

KYLE

It doesn't say, but doubtful.

ROB

That sucks.

KYLE

According to historical records, around 11:40 in the morning on June 7th, 1692, a massive quake hit just off shore.

Rob continues to stare -- It doesn't look he's listening.

KYLE The thing is, Port Royal was built on a sand spit. The water table was just below sea level. The quake caused the sand to liquefy and half the city sank into the bay.

ROB Good Lord! How do you know this shit?

KYLE

It gets worse. Next, a tidal wave struck, like God's hand from heaven, destroying what was left. The Quakers believed the wicked people of Port Royal were punished for their sins.

Rob takes one last look at the painting, then follows Kyle down the hall. By now, Kyle is at another exhibit.

KYLE Hey, look at this. It's Jack Rackham's flag.

A tattered flag -- "Skull and Crossed Sabers" on a background of black -- the Jolly Roger.

Rob walks over to see why Kyle is so excited. As he arrives, Kyle slips past him and heads back down the hall. A quick look at Rob reading. Kyle returns and taps Rob on the arm.

KYLE I don't know about you, but I'm losing my buzz.

As the two men exit, we return to the figure of the beautiful woman. The amulet is missing from her neck.

EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

The museum guard bursts through the door and frantically looks in every direction. Rob and Kyle are nowhere to be seen.

EXT. KINGSTON -- WATER FRONT - NIGHT

Rob and Kyle walk along the water front. In the distance, the frigate "Tygre," -- magnificent against the night sky with tall masts and forty guns.

Kyle stops. He looks at the ship then back at Rob -- He spots the launch they arrived on, then bolts.

Shaking his head, Rob reluctantly follows.

ROB (Yelling)

Dude.

Kyle looks over his shoulder as he leaps aboard.

KYLE I left something on the ship.

ROB We have an early flight -remember?

Kyle has the boat started as Rob jumps aboard.

KYLE Don't worry, we have seven hours.

ROB Every time you get me in trouble, it always starts with "Don't worry."

EXT. TYGRE - KINGSTON HARBOR - NIGHT

On the main deck, Kyle opens a barrel and pulls out an antique rum bottle with the cork half out. He yanks the cork with his teeth, spits it out and takes a big swig.

> ROB Is that what you came back for?

KYLE Not exactly. This is the prize.

ROB Of course. Now, give me a drink you pirate. Rob motions for the bottle. Kyle backs away. KYLE Oh, no. You'll have to earn this rum. Kyle sets the bottle down and grabs two practice swords. KYLE One drink per touch. Guess we'll see who's the best -- we already know who looks the best. Kyle tosses Rob a sword. ROB I hardly think it's fair. KYLE You forget, while you've been practicing lines, I've been --Kyle flourishes his sword and comes on guard in an obvious Fabris stance with head forward and blade extended. ROB (Laughing) Do you really think you have a chance using Fabris against me? KYLE I can always switch to Capo Ferro if I'm losing. ROB Or fight Spanish style and hand over the bottle right now. On that note, Kyle makes a quick attack. But, Rob is not surprised and easily retreats out of harms way. KYLE Don't you ever stand and fight?

> ROB It's called a setup. How much of Fabris did you actually read?

All of it, you ass.

Rob continues to give ground as Kyle presses harder.

ROB And once I have you where I want you --

Rob suddenly reverses direction and lands a touch on Kyle's chest with the blunt tip.

KYLE Nice shot, you tricky bastard. Now drink.

Rob grabs the rum bottle, takes a big swig then sets it down and comes back on guard.

MONTAGE - ROB AND KYLE SWORDFIGHTING

-- Kyle presses and gets hit in the chest.

-- Rob drinks.

-- Rob feigns high and then hits Kyle in the foot.

-- Rob drinks.

-- Kyle presses, Rob fends off several attacks and Kyle finally lands a touch.

END MONTAGE

KYLE Ha! I hit you.

ROB You win. I'm too drunk --

Rob staggers backwards and falls on his butt.

ROB -- to continue.

KYLE (Smiling) It's called a setup. I let you win until you're too drunk to fight.

ROB Well, it worked. Kyle picks up the bottle, holds it high in the air and looks at Rob, sitting against a bulkhead.

KYLE It's taken me ten years to figure out how to beat you. From now on, we only fight for rum.

Kyle takes a big swig then flops down next to Rob. He winces from a sharp pain.

KYLE

Damn!

Kyle reaches into his back pocket and retrieves -- the sapphire amulet. Rob recognizes it.

ROB Oh, no you didn't.

KYLE

Souvenir.

ROB You're such a klepto.

KYLE I'm a collector. Don't you ever get that urge to just take what you want?

ROB No. I'd prefer to stay out of jail.

EXT. TYGRE - KINGSTON HARBOR - DAY

As early morning twilight gives way to a Caribbean Sun, Rob and Kyle lay passed out on the deck of the ship. With one hand on the amulet, a bottle of rum in the other Kyle sits up, startled, then looks down at --

A pulsing blue light -- the amulet is awake.

In the distance, Kingston is shaking. A violent earthquake sends ripples through the bay. The ground rumbles and buildings quiver.

Rob's eyes open. He hits his feet like a cat and runs to the starboard rail. Kyle follows.

KYLE

Holy shit, this is big -- at least an eight. Don't worry, we're safe on the ship.

ROB What if it hit off shore?

The shaking continues -- buildings collapse, windows shatter and people flee from the falling shards.

Back at the ship, the water in the harbor is quickly receding. Kyle points at the ebbing tide and turns to Rob.

KYLE That's what happens.

Rob leans over. He sees the bottom. The mooring lines are taught and strained. The hull CREAKS from the tension.

Kyle runs to port, facing the open sea.

KYLE

Here it comes.

ROB Here what comes?

Rob sprints across the deck. His eyes go wide.

KYLE Tidal wave. You see it?

ROB Yeah. It's moving fast.

KYLE Hurry -- help me with these lines. Our only hope is to ride this thing out.

Rob deftly unties the first line, then another. Kyle lets loose the stern line -- the ship wheels. The two men scramble to the last line.

Rob grabs a cutlass and slashes it in two -- the Tygre is free. It lurches toward the oncoming wave -- huge and barreling toward them.

ROB Seriously, dude -- take the words don't and worry out of your vocabulary. The wave is almost upon them as they scamper below, securing the door behind them.

Using the amulet as a flashlight, they search for a safe place to ride out the wave. In a corner, both men brace for the worst. The light is intense.

> ROB What the hell is this thing?

KYLE I don't know. It's some sort of Mayan artifact.

ROB Is it supposed to do that?

KYLE

I... think... it's trying...

As the wall of water crashes into the ship, the light from the amulet encapsulates the entire craft. Suddenly, a bright flash.

EXT. TYGRE - KINGSTON HARBOR - DAY

The explosion of light blasts away from the ship. For a moment, all is white. Then, suddenly, the ship is gone. The tidal wave rolls toward the city.

Under the wave, the amulet sinks into the murky waters and disappears.

INT. TYGRE - CREW QUARTERS - DAY

An unsecured cabin door sways, gently, back and forth. It CREAKS as the light from the morning Sun shines into the lower birthing area, revealing Rob laying naked under a pile of canvas sails.

Rob's eyes open. He looks around, fuzzy at first. He spots Kyle, naked except for a bottle of rum covering his manhood.

ROB

Hey Kyle.

KYLE

Yo...

Kyle sits up. Looks down.

KYLE Awe damn. No ho. Just a bottle of rum.

Wide awake now, Rob looks down -- no clothes. He jumps to his feet while covering himself with the sail.

ROB Not funny, dude.

KYLE I didn't take them.

ROB How much did we drink?

KYLE

Not that much.

Kyle frantically searches the cabin, covering himself with the bottle.

KYLE Where's my amulet?

ROB I think it exploded.

KYLE

Damn.

Both men dig through a pile of costumes. Rob finds his captain's coat -- Kyle has to settle for basic PIRATE.

Rob grabs a belt with a pouch attached. The pouch JINGLES -- full of coins. A small chest of doubloons sits in a corner.

ROB Looks like it's dress like a pirate day, again.

KYLE

Arrrgh!

Rob sprints up the stairs and peers outside. The Sun hits him square in the face -- he covers his eyes.

EXT. TYGRE - UNKNOWN - DAY

On the main deck, Rob and Kyle shelter their eyes from the morning Sun. Rob focuses. Across the port rail, a quiet Sea.

Over the starboard rail, a different scene. Several old world forts protect a rustic harbor town. Tall masted ships line the wooden docks. Kyle shakes the cobwebs and looks again -- the scene remains unchanged.

Rob steps up behind Kyle and peers over his shoulder.

ROB Do you recognize this place?

KYLE It looks familiar. Maybe a secluded part of the island.

ROB Impossible. We were headed for the city.

KYLE What do you remember?

ROB The light. It was unreal.

KYLE Right. As the tidal wave hit -the amulet went crazy -- then disappeared, apparently.

Kyle's eyes dart back and forth, then up at the rigging.

ROB

What?

KYLE Look around. The ship is perfect -- like nothing happened.

The sails -- solid. The rails, the deck, all in tact.

ROB What are you saying? I'm sayin' we're not where we should be -- or even could be. And I have a feeling the amulet had something to do with it.

ROB

It doesn't matter. Let's get to shore and find out where we are. We may still be able to catch a flight out today.

EXT. ROW BOAT - DAY

Kyle and Rob row in the direction of the wharf. As the two men approach the docks, they marvel at the sailing vessels towering above them including a brig and two merchantman.

Kyle points at the Brig sporting 15 guns on either side and a British ensign adorning the main mast. A sign on the stern reads "Fox."

> KYLE Look at that. A privateer's dream. Fast, maneuverable, and heavily gunned.

> > ROB

I've never seen so many old world ships in one place.

KYLE

It's like a pirate ship museum.

EXT. PORT ROYAL - TURTLE CRAWLES DOCKS - DAY

Rob and Kyle step onto the sprawling wharf and gaze in wonderment. Before them a perfect replica of a 17th Century, West Indies City.

The inhabitants, all dressed in period garb, cast quick glances toward Rob and kyle as they go about their business. A horse drawn carriage rolls down a sandy, cobblestone street. Several dock workers stop and stare.

> KYLE Good Lord. Look at this place. It's straight out of a Robert Louis Stevenson novel.

ROB This could be a set -- a big budget set.

MR. DAWSON, 40's, in a fine coat and knickers, cautiously approaches and stops in front of them, meticulously opening a ledger with quill in hand.

MR. DAWSON Welcome. I am James Dawson, Harbor Master. You're from that ship in the bay, are you not?

ROB You mean the Tygre. Yes, we are.

Dawson scribbles the ship name into the ledger then looks back up.

MR. DAWSON Kindly explain how you slipped past a line of forts and appeared with the morning Sun -- quite unnatural, it is.

ROB I'm not sure what you mean.

MR. DAWSON

(To Rob) Are you in command?

KYLE This guy is great. Just play along.

ROB (In character) Captain Chase, at your service. We are privateers.

MR. DAWSON Isn't everyone. Under who's authority?

KYLE (Whispers to Rob) I got this.

(To Dawson) We have a letter of marque from the King.

MR. DAWSON

You'll need more than a letter from the Dutchman to sail out of here. We don't abide freebooters in Port Royal. Good day to you.

Dawson scribbles several more things into the ledger then walks away.

ROB What did he mean Dutchman -- like Flying Dutchman?

KYLE

No. I think he's referring to William of Orange -- he was Dutch.

Kyle pauses -- an inquisitive look.

KYLE

Port Royal, huh.

ROB Come on. There's got to be somebody in charge here.

EXT. PORT ROYAL - LIME STREET - DAY

Beyond the dock, Rob and Kyle reach Lime Street, littered with various shops, merchant warehouses and a fish market to the East. They continue down the street past York and reach the waterfront. To the right, a large fort guards the harbor entrance -- to the left, a long line of guns and parapets.

> ROB This could be some kinda' pirate theme park.

Just ahead, two stereotype sailors walk into a tavern.

KYLE It's way too dirty for a theme park, but that bar looks good. Let's go ask in there.

ROB How can you drink this early?

KYLE After what we've been through -- Kyle pats his pants and looks around.

KYLE -- Awe crap. No wallet.

ROB Or I.D. We have to go back and find our clothes.

KYLE What's in the pouch?

Rob pulls it open and peers inside. It's full of shiny gold coins.

ROB Pieces of eight. Lots of them.

Kyle grabs a handful.

KYLE Those might work here. Come on. It's worth a try.

INT. MURPHY'S TAVERN - DAY

Kyle and Rob enter the pub, dressed just like everyone else.

They step up to the bar, just down from the sailors they followed in. Behind the bar, LILA, early 20's, way too pretty for this place, greets Kyle with a warm smile.

LILA What's your pleasure, m'lords?

Kyle tosses several coins onto the bar.

KYLE Hey your hotness, what will these buy?

LILA I'll advise you when it's time for more.

KYLE Excellent. Rum and Cola.

ROB Just a cola, please. Rum I've got.

ROB What is this place?

Lila sets two tankards on the bar. Kyle takes a giant swig and gasps...

LILA 'Tis Murphy's, m'lord.

KYLE (catching his breath) Wow! That was good. A little short on cola.

LILA

I've never heard of cola, but you'll not find better rum in the West Indies.

ROB

(To Lila) So, this is some kinda theme resort, or what? And, is there a public phone I can use?

Lila gives him a blank stare. Rob turns around and looks for assistance.

ROB

Does anyone have a cell phone? I'll pay.

He holds up several coins. No takers, just more blank stares.

Enter CHARLES PICKFORD, 30's, his clothes suggest a gentleman, but in here more likely one of fortune. With him, Henry "BLACK JACK" Jackson, large and scary in the daylight -- not someone you want to meet at night.

ROB

I guess not.

The two sailors at the bar take one look at Black Jack and make a hasty exit. Captain Pickford and Black Jack mosey up next to Rob and Kyle.

Black Jack takes out a deck of playing cards pulls a

solitary card from the deck and sets it on the bar, face down.

Rob holds up the coins to Black Jack and begins to ask again.

ROB Can I borrow your...

Black Jack grabs the coins out of Rob's hand --

BLACK JACK Drinks around, maties.

-- and tosses them on the bar.

The entire crowd CHEERS.

Rob holds out his hand. Black Jack ignores him, looks at Lila and drives his dagger into the bar, right through the playing card.

> LILA That won't work on me, Black Jack. You'll get your drink soon enough.

BLACK JACK Quickly, wench, before the thirst drives me mad.

LILA (To Black Jack) I'm too late if that be the case.

ROB About that phone?

Black Jack yanks his dagger out of the bar with the card stuck to it and points it at Rob. On the end of the dagger, the Jack of Spades.

> BLACK JACK Never speak at me before I've downed my first dram.

Rob's hand reaches for his sword -- it's not there.

LILA Hold your knickers and sheath your dirk before I throw you out.

BLACK JACK

I'll sheath my dirk. When do you get off?

LILA

Never with your --

Lila holds up her pinkie finger and wiggles it. Black Jack GROWLS.

LILA

-- tiny blade.

Lila slides two tankards up to Black Jack and Pickford. Black Jack drives the dagger back into the bar with a satisfied grin and downs the tankard.

> BLACK JACK Aahhh! That is fine rum.

(To Lila) Now, pass me another, you saucy vixen.

Suddenly, Kyle looks worried. His eyes dart nervously around the room.

ROB

What's up?

Two pirates in the corner laughing. Black Jack and Pickford at the bar. A whore on a sailor's lap. The room closes in. It's dizzying. Kyle grabs Rob by the arm and hauls him toward the door.

EXT. MURPHY'S TAVERN - DAY

KYLE Rob, listen. I've been working this whole thing out and I don't think those guys are playing?

ROB That Black Beard dude could use some lessons in manners -- and acting.

KYLE This is no theme park -- and he's not acting. ROB

Not very well -- that's for sure.

KYLE

Look around. Have you ever seen a place like this? It's not a set. It's not a theme park. It's real -- all real. I think the amulet did more than save us.

Rob ponders.

ROB

What are you saying -- it sent us here?

KYLE That's just it. We didn't go anywhere. We're still in Jamaica, Port Royal to be exact.

ROB

This looks nothing like Port Royal.

KYLE

It looks exactly like Port Royal -- three hundred years ago.

Kyle points at one fort, then another.

KYLE

There are three forts guarding the entrance to the harbor. After the 1692 earthquake, only Fort Charles remained. Fort Rupert and Morgan's line are gone --

Kyle points in the direction of Morgan's line and Fort Rupert.

KYLE -- yet there they stand.

ROB

That's crazy.

KYLE

Is it?

Kyle pulls Rob back into the tavern.

INT. MURPHY'S TAVERN - DAY

Just inside the front door.

KYLE

(To Lila) What's the date? We've been at sea awhile.

LILA April 1st, the year of our lord sixteen hundred and ninety-two.

KYLE And, what's the name of the fort that guards the Eastern approach?

LILA That would be Fort Rupert, m'lord.

Kyle pulls Rob back out the door.

EXT. MURPHY'S TAVERN - DAY

KYLE

You hear that -- April 1st, 1692. You might wanna set your clock back.

ROB This is where you say April fools. (Beat) It's not coming, is it?

KYLE

No.

A sailor flies out the door, nearly landing on them. Black Jack appears in the doorway, pointing his dirk at the man laying in the street.

> BLACK JACK Next time, I'll skin your worthless hide.

Black Jack slams the door. The man runs off.

ROB We've gotta find a way outta here.

KYLE We have a ship. All we need is a crew. ROB I mean home. At least to the right Century.

KYLE

Don't you think we should concentrate on getting off this Island first. The city won't be here much longer.

ROB

Right. The 1692 earthquake -- it hits in June.

KYLE

That's it. The earthquake or tidal wave -- whatever. That's what must have triggered the amulet. And, if today's the first -- in two months and six days it's going to happen again -- I mean for the first time.

ROB So, we just have to be on the ship when it hits. Then poof -- home.

KYLE Theoretically. Except we don't have the amulet.

ROB Right. But, we do know it was here.

KYLE Yes -- the girl in the painting. It was supposedly done in 1690, so she still could be here.

ROB (To self) That means she's still alive.

INT. MURPHY'S TAVERN - DAY

Rob and Kyle head back to the bar. Pickford and Black Jack are still there. Kyle tosses several more coins at Lila.

KYLE So, what's your name, beautiful? LILA

It's Lila. And, save your flattery for the workin' girls. I only serve drinks.

KYLE

That wasn't flattery.

Lila gives Kyle a questioning look.

Pickford turns to Rob and hands him a drink.

PICKFORD I take it your run was successful?

ROB

My run?

PICKFORD

On the French, of course. We're still at war. Or, do you practice open piracy?

Kyle inserts himself between the two.

KYLE

No, sir. We're no freebooters -just looking to provision and do some honest privateering.

ROB

(Whispering) What about the amulet?

KYLE

Don't worry.

BLACK JACK

If you keep tossing coins at your present rate, you'll have nothing left to stock your ship.

PICKFORD That is your frigate in the bay, is it not?

In the back of the bar, two sailors start to fight. Another joins in. A brawl ensues.

ROB (Distracted) Yes. Yes it is.

PICKFORD

That is one fine ship. I've never seen the likes of it.

A sailor stumbles into the bar between Rob and Pickford. Pickford shoves the man away without thought.

KYLE

It's one of a kind. Fast, powerful and great in the shallows.

PICKFORD You do realize you gave the town a scare when you slipped in without notice.

ROB We've been told. But, the reason we're here...

BLACK JACK (Interrupting) And, where is your crew?

KYLE Discharged, I'm afraid.

Captain Pickford and Black Jack exchange a glance.

PICKFORD No worries mate. They'll be back in a fortnight with empty pockets.

LILA It's true. A sailor can go through a fortune in not but a few days.

PICKFORD Have you received a letter from his lordship?

KYLE We have a letter from the King.

Rob gives Kyle a stern look.

PICKFORD It won't do. The governor will be expecting his tithe. KYLE

(To Pickford) Where do we find the governor?

PICKFORD He'll be hosting a formal this evening at his estate. You should come as my guests.

ROB

And you are?

PICKFORD Charles Pickford. Captain of the Fox. And my mate here --

BLACK JACK Black Jack's the name --

Black Jack hands Rob a card from his deck, then slips it back in his pouch.

BLACK JACK (CONT'D) -- cuttins' me game.

Rob turns over the card, revealing another Jack of Spades.

ROB (To Pickford) Honored. I'm Captain Chase and this is my mate, Mr. Porter.

PICKFORD The ladies will be in their finest this eve. You might want to dress it up a bit.

Rob looks at his coat then looks at Kyle, more pirate than peacock.

PICKFORD I also noticed your lack of arms and I have to wonder -- are you solid brass or do you lack good sense?

KYLE Don't worry about us. We can handle our business.

Rob looks around -- daggers, swords, pistols -- all over the bar -- everyone is armed except them.

Rob turns to Kyle.

ROB

Let's go.

PICKFORD We'll see you this evening, then.

KYLE Sounds great.

BLACK JACK Try not to get yourselves pricked on the way.

EXT. PORT ROYAL - DAY

Rob and Kyle stand at the corner of York and Lime, pondering their next move.

ROB I need a sword.

KYLE And decent clothes. I'm tired of being a swabbie.

ROB All right -- let's go shopping.

INT. TAILOR SHOP - DAY

A SIGN above the door reads - Fit For a King

QUICK MONTAGE - ROB AND KYLE BEING MEASURED

-- Kyle is being measured.

-- Rob is being measured.

-- Kyle tries on an outfit, then another.

-- Rob tries on an outfit, then another.

END MONTAGE:

INT. ARMORER - DAY
In the window, Rob points at a gorgeous swept hilt rapier.

Look at that.

QUICK MONTAGE - KYLE AND ROB SHOPPING

-- The men walk in.

-- Rob swishes the sword. Checks its balance.

-- Kyle points a pistol.

-- The men come out, fully adorned with rapiers, daggers and pistols.

END MONTAGE

EXT. PORT ROYAL - DAY

Dressed to the nines and armed to the hilt, Rob and Kyle strut through Port Royal's busy streets.

It's late afternoon. The Sun is low on the horizon. In front of a pub, two ladies of the evening spot Kyle and Rob.

LADY #1 Which one of you fine gentles would like to buy us a drink?

KYLE (To Rob) How much do we have left?

Rob holds up the pouch.

ROB We're tapped. Maybe one or two coins.

KYLE (To Rob) We have lots more back on the ship.

(To the Ladies) Sorry ladies.

LADY #2 Oh, come on, governor. I'm ready to be pillaged.

Rob continues walking toward the wharf, Kyle looks back at the ladies and winks.

Up ahead, entering a fancy coach, Rob sees Mr. COLLINS, late 40's, distinguished looking. With him, his daughter, JANE, 20, our wax figure come to life.

Rob recognizes Jane and abruptly grabs Kyle by the arm.

ROB Oh my God. It's her.

KYLE

It's who?

ROB It's her. Jane Collins. The one who's amulet you stole.

KYLE I haven't stolen it -- yet.

Rob picks up his pace, leaving Kyle behind. Kyle hurries and catches up. Too late -- the coach is leaving.

ROB

She's getting away.

Rob runs over to an open buggy for hire and taps the driver on the shoulder.

> ROB Where's that carriage going.

CARRIAGE DRIVER You mean Master Collins coach?

ROB

Yes.

CARRIAGE DRIVER To the governor's, I expect.

KYLE Right. Governor's ball.

Kyle and Rob jump in.

ROB Follow that -- I mean, take us to the governor's, please. By now, the Sun is setting in the West as Mr. Collins and Jane ride in their fancy coach toward the governor's plantation.

A half mile behind, Rob and Kyle sit in the back of a bumpy, worn down, 17th century taxi.

FANCY COACH

COLLINS

Jane, dear -- try and put some of the coin I invested to good use tonight.

JANE

If you need me to duel for you, I will happily oblige. Who have you insulted, now?

COLLINS

Not those lessons -- the other ones.

JANE

Two years in London does not a lady make, father. But, I will smile, use the right fork, and dance -- but only once and not with the governor.

COLLINS

Be easy on Lord Wallace. He can't but help his affections.

JANE

I care not for Lord Wallace, and his affections are not for me -but my inheritance. I will not see your fortune go to the likes of him.

COLLINS

Though he is well aware of my fortune, his fondness for you is not of the pocket.

JANE I'll die an old maid first.
ROADSIDE

Up ahead, a downed tree blocks the road. The coachman pulls the reins and the coach slows to a gradual stop.

COACHMAN Pardon the delay Master Collins. This will only take a moment.

As the driver steps down, four highwaymen jump out of the bushes, brandishing swords. They quickly surround the coach.

The LEAD HIGHWAYMAN, grizzled and dirty, peers through the window and points his cutlass at Mr. Collins.

LEAD HIGHWAYMAN We'll be having your coin and anything that sparkles, if you please.

JANE You'll get nothing from us.

COLLINS I'll handle this, Jane --

Mr. Collins reaches down and hands the cutthroat his purse.

COLLINS -- That's all we have. Now go.

JANE (Whispering) Father. There's only four of them.

She reaches down and pulls a long dagger from under her dress.

LEAD HIGHWAYMAN And, the bauble off your pretty neck -- go on.

Jane is sporting a diamond necklass -- not the amulet.

JANE Try and take it. You'll find yourself absent fingers.

The LARGE HIGHWAYMAN, 20's, as ugly as he is powerful, loses his cool.

LARGE HIGHWAYMAN Enough of this rubbish.

The Large highwayman rips open the door and pulls Mr. Collins out of the coach then holds a cutlass at his throat.

> LARGE HIGHWAYMAN Hand it over before I slice him open.

COLLINS Jane -- do as he says. Quickly, dear.

JANE All right, father. We do it your way.

Rob and Kyle arrive on scene and witness Mr. Collins being yanked from the coach. Without hesitation, they spring into action, drawing swords and pistols as they dismount.

> LARGE HIGHWAYMAN Look, the gentles want to play.

The leader takes his eyes off of Jane for just a moment. As he does, she stabs him in the arm with her dagger and punches him in the face. He staggers backward.

The Large highwayman lets go of Collins to deal with Rob and Kyle. Collins takes cover behind the coach.

The two other highwaymen flank to the right. The far highwayman draws a pistol and levels it at Kyle.

Rob quickly fires a shot at the man and wounds him in the arm. The man's pistol goes off harmlessly in the air. He drops his sword and clutches the damaged arm.

By now, the leader has picked up his sword in his other hand. He and his companion square off against Rob.

ROB I'll take care of these two.

KYLE

I got this one.

Rob shows brilliant flashes of fencing as the two bandits engage him. He stabs the lead highwayman in his one good arm, causing him to drop his weapon and flee. Near the coach, the Large Highwayman presses Kyle. I could use a hand here.

ROB

Almost done.

By now, Jane has exited the carriage, dagger in hand.

Rob quickly pursues his remaining foe and disarms him with a cut to his hand. The man flees the scene.

Kyle's man continues his attack but Jane intervenes and stabs him in the leg. Kyle then delivers a stab to the arm. The man drops his weapon and limps off as well.

JANE

Nice work.

KYLE (To the exiting bandit) That's right. You know what time it is.

Rob looks around. Kyle is all smiles. Mr. Collins emerges from cover. By the coach, Jane wipes off her dagger and returns it to it's hiding place.

Kyle runs over to Rob and attempts to give him a high five. Rob is completely serious and ignores the gesture.

> KYLE Man, that was fun.

ROB We could have died.

Collins and Jane approach.

KYLE We saved them.

ROB Are either of you hurt?

JANE Not a scratch.

COLLINS

Short a few shillings, but thanks to you gentles, I remain in good health. Thank you so much, Mr... Rob is now staring at Jane -- so much better than the painting.

COLLINS I'm Edward Collins and this is my deadly daughter, Jane.

KYLE I noticed. Thanks for the assist, m' lady.

JANE

A pleasure.

ROB (Finally) Robert Chase -- at your service.

JANE

Have we met?

Rob smiles.

ROB Not in this lifetime.

JANE You treat me familiar, before introduction.

COLLINS Are you bound for the governor's affair?

KYLE

We are.

COLLINS Ride with us. It's the least we can do.

EXT. GOVERNOR'S PLANTATION ESTATE - NIGHT

The coach rolls to a stop in front of a richly decorated mansion in the Jamaican countryside.

KYLE

This is what I'm talking about. You gotta visit the governor. It's like the most pirate thing you can (MORE) KYLE (cont'd)

do.

ROB (Whispering)

Remember why we're here. We need a letter of marque and we need to find the amulet.

KYLE

I'm not the one off mission -- you can't keep your eyes off Ms. Collins.

ROB Do you think she noticed?

KYLE Aye, Captain Obvious.

They reach the door. The governor's assistant, MR. WINTERS, looks at them then looks at his list.

WINTERS

And you are?

ROB

Captain Chase, and this is...

Captain Pickford barges in front of Winters and gently grabs Rob by the shoulder.

PICKFORD

These men are with me, Mr. Winters.

WINTERS

Very well, sir.

Black Jack looms in the background, always watching. The fancy clothes can't hide the pirate underneath.

Pickford leads them into the mansion.

INT. GOVERNOR'S PLANTATION ESTATE - NIGHT

The ball is in full swing. Musicians PLAY as Port Royal's finest line dance, 17th century style.

Pickford leads Rob and Kyle through the ornate mansion to a sitting area off the main hall.

Jane, on the other side of the room spies Rob and Kyle with Pickford and a look of displeasure crosses her face.

PICKFORD

Sit down, enjoy.

A servant offers wine. Kyle and Rob take a glass as does Pickford.

PICKFORD So, you're in need of a crew and...

ROB

Yes.

KYLE And a comission from the governor.

PICKFORD It just so happens, I may be of service on both counts.

ROB

I'm listening.

PICKFORD

If you are not opposed to a joint venture, I offer my influence with Governor Wallace. You need a letter -- I need more firepower.

KYLE

Go on.

PICKFORD

A grand opportunity to take French merchants. Our two ships would be nye unstoppable.

KYLE

What's our cut?

PICKFORD

Equal officer shares. I have already taken the liberty of recruiting. The docks will be lined in the morning -- fine sailors -- the lot of them.

KYLE

We're in.

ROB Give us a minute. Rob pulls Kyle aside for a private conference. KYLE Here's our chance. We can't blow this. ROB What about the amulet? KYLE Go ask her. I got it last time. ROB You stole it the last time. Don't do that here. KYLE So, we're in, right? ROB As long as we're back All right. here in two months. KYLE Don't... ROB Stop right there. They walk back over to Pickford. ROB We accept your offer. When do we leave? PICKFORD My ship is ready. As soon as we have yours provisioned, we sail. I'd say on the evening tide. Kyle raises his glass. KYLE In the words of Julus Ceasar, we came, we saw, we drank.

> ROB He said that, when?

Actually...

ROB Kidding. I don't want to know.

As they toast, Black Jack smiles at Pickford then quickly exits.

LATER - IN THE BALLROOM

Rob strolls up to Jane who is momentarily alone while her father chats with Governor Wallace.

The guests are lining up for a new dance as Rob walks up to Jane.

JANE

I thought you'd never ask.

Jane grabs Rob by the arm and leads him onto the dance floor.

ROB But, I don't...

JANE

(Interrupting) What is your business with Pickford?

The dance starts. Everyone bows and steps forward then back. Rob stumbles as he tries to mimick the moves.

ROB He's putting in a good word with the Governor in exchange for our help against the French.

JANE You need help getting a letter of marque?

The dancers change direction and bow to the left. Rob is out of sync. It's ugly.

ROB Yes. Captain Pickford...

JANE (Interrupting) Where did you learn to dance? I didn't.

JANE

Pity. You are so skilled with a blade, I took you for a gentleman.

Jane grabs Rob by the arm and walks him over to where her father and the Governor are talking. As they approach, Black Jack whispers something in the Governor's ear then walks away.

> JANE Governor Wallace. This is Captain Chase. That's his 40 gun frigate in the bay and he needs a letter of marque.

> WALLACE Done. See me in the morning. I'll have it ready.

Jane curtsies, turns around and walks away with Rob in tow.

JANE For 10% of your booty, that man would give a letter to the captain of a row boat. What else has Pickford offered you?

ROB

He's found us a crew.

JANE Found you a crew, has he? With your ship, you'll have to throw a few overboard.

ROB

I see.

JANE What ever he's up to, it must be big.

ROB I take it you know this man.

JANE He proposed once, but I declined. Startled and pouting.

JANE What's a lady without standards?

ROB Is dancing one of your standards?

JANE Not in the slightest.

Rob smiles. Kyle arrives and hand's Rob a tankard of rum. Rob raises the tankard and begins to drink --

KYLE Have you asked her about the amulet?

-- Rob chokes on his rum.

ROB No. (cough) I haven't.

JANE About what amulet?

KYLE

Looks Mayan -- maybe Egyptian -with a blue sapphire. Does that ring a bell?

JANE I know of it. It's poxed, you know.

KYLE AND ROB

We know!

Jane grabs Rob by the arm once more --

JANE

Come with me.

Jane leads them to a large double wooden door. She grabs both handles and swings the doors open revealing the portrait of her from the museum. It hangs on a wall in front of the Governor's desk. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE

Jane walks up to the painting and points at the amulet around her neck.

JANE Is this what you seek? KYLE Yes. Do you know where it is? JANE I do, indeed. It is in this very house -- locked away. ROB It's not yours? JANE (To Rob) It was offered as an No. engagement present, but I was too shallow to accept. ROB So, it belongs to Pickford? JANE No. Wallace. ROB The Governor? JANE Yes. ROB Is there anyone you know who hasn't proposed? JANE There was this lord in London.

Rob shakes his head.

KYLE Do you think he'd sell it?

JANE If you have enough gold.

KYLE We're working on that. Rob looks at Kyle who's shaking his head no.

KYLE

This one's yours.

ROB You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

JANE

Try me.

ROB

Let's just say we're interested more in its abilities than its worth.

JANE

If you know what it can do, then you understand its worth. Go out and bring back a sea chest full of gold. I'm sure the Governor would be amicable to a trade.

KYLE Now, that sounds like a solid plan.

EXT. TYGRE - PORT ROYAL - NORTH DOCKS - DAY

Able seamen load supplies and cannon onto the ship. On the main deck, Rob and Kyle sit at a table with pen, paper, and a small chest of coin. A line of sailors extends down the gangway and on to the dock.

At the table, TUBBS, 20's, presents a letter of recommendation.

KYLE Name and skill?

TUBBS Theodore Tubbins, but everyone calls me Tubbs. Experienced gunner, sir.

ROB We have one spot left. I'll take it.

An overweight MERCHANT steps aboard with a long bill of sale and sets it on the table.

Rob briefly looks it over and pulls coins from the box. It's nearly empty.

MERCHANT Everything is aboard, Captain.

ROB Thank God, since that's the last of my coin.

MERCHANT With this ship, you'll make it back ten fold.

KYLE

Told you.

The merchant turns and walks off.

Kyle stands up and waves off the remainder of the queue.

KYLE That's it. Our ship's company is full.

The men in line GROAN and walk off. As they go, Black Jack pushes his way on to the ship.

Behind him, a young boy jumps aboard and walks up to Kyle. Meet JACK RACKHAM, 10, future Hall of Fame Pirate.

> JACK Do you have room for one more?

KYLE We really don't need a cabin boy.

JACK Cabin boy? Why, I'm a powder monkey, sir. There's no one faster.

KYLE Don't you have a home -- parents? JACK No, sir. I've been on one ship or another since I was seven.

KYLE What's your name kid?

JACK Jack Rackham's my name. I need but half a share.

KYLE Jack Rackham? Dude your famous -well, not yet. But you will be.

Kyle chuckles.

JACK Not sure what you mean, sir.

KYLE I guess you started somewhere. Go below and see...

JACK Thank you, sir. On my way.

Jack runs off.

A SHORT TIME LATER ON THE WHEEL-DECK

Rob watches the crew prepare the ship for launch.

Black Jack struts across the main deck shouting orders.

BLACK JACK

You two --

Barking at two sailors tugging on a rope.

ROB -- secure those swivel guns. Then get the cannister below.

Black Jack looks around and grimaces. He's not happy.

BLACK JACK Mister Fly! Where is my Quarter-Master?

MR. FLY, late 20's, appears at a run and abruptly stops in front of Black Jack.

BLACK JACK If you don't get this ship in order, we'll miss the tide.

MR. FLY

Right away, sir.

Rob steps off the wheel-deck and confronts Black Jack.

MAIN-DECK

ROB I'll give the orders, Mr. Jackson. Carry on, Mr. Fly.

MR. FLY Aye, sir. The ship is nearly ready.

Mr. Fly runs off to continue his duties.

BLACK JACK If we're not out of the bay by Sunset, Cap'n Pickford will piss himself.

ROB

Nonetheless -- you go through me.

Rob suddenly turns his gaze away from Black Jack to the gang plank. Black Jack wheels and both men watch as Jane waltzes aboard, dressed in a white shirt and black doublet. A long rapier dangles from her hip. She strolls up holding a letter.

BLACK JACK And, what's this?

Kyle walks up to the group as Jane hands Rob the letter.

JANE

Read it.

Rob glances at the letter, then hands it to Kyle.

ROB (To Jane) You're to be the governor's agent?

JANE That's right. His eyes and ears. ROB Fine by me. You can have my...

BLACK JACK It won't do. Captain Pickford will never allow a prudent woman aboard.

ROB This is not Pickford's ship.

BLACK JACK

She'll curse us.

Black Jack puts his hand on the hilt of his sword. Just then, Pickford steps aboard.

Rob grabs the letter from Kyle, walks up and hands it to Pickford. Before he reads it, he spots Jane.

PICKFORD What's she doing here?

Pickford skims the letter.

PICKFORD

I see.

(To Jane) You sure have the old goat by the bollocks.

JANE

(To Pickford) I'm just here to see the "old goat" gets his share -- and my father.

PICKFORD

(To Jane) That will be fine, Miss. Collins. Just as long as you confine yourself to this ship.

(To Black Jack) Return to the Fox Mr. Jackson.

(To Rob) If we don't leave soon, there will be no shares. Good Day Captain. The tide is calling. ROB

Agreed.

EXT. TYGRE - OPEN SEA - DAY

Heading East, the Tygre trails the Fox out of Port Royal. British ensigns adorn the top of both ships.

On the wheel-deck of the Tygre, Kyle holds course with Mr. Fly on watch. Below on the main deck, Rob and Jane look out to sea.

JANE It's a beautiful day, Captain Chase.

ROB

Indeed it is Miss. Collins. Were you going to let me in on why you're really here?

JANE

Were you going to inform your crew regarding your lack of seamanship? Your friend seems to know what he is doing, but you have lubber written all over you.

ROB

Is it that obvious?

JANE

I'm afraid its worse. If every one of your crew knows, rest assured Captain Pickford and that rat of a first mate are well informed.

ROB

I'm an actor, not a sailor. Apparently, not very good at either.

JANE Worse than your dancing, I'm afraid.

Rob shrugs.

JANE As far as my presence -- I'm here to protect my father's interest in the Fox.

ROB How did you get the letter?

JANE A gentleman would not ask such questions?

ROB

You are bad.

JANE

Let's just say I'm heavily invested in the success of this voyage.

Back on the wheel-deck, Mr. Fly holds a spyglass to his eye, then lowers it.

MR. FLY The Fox signals. They ask for a meeting aboard the Tygre.

KYLE

When?

MR. FLY There's a sheltered cove ahead. We lay to there.

KYLE Tell them fine.

INT. TYGRE - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Rob, Kyle and Jane sit at a table with a map of the Caribbean. Pickford and Black Jack enter the cabin.

BLACK JACK Why is she here?

ROB It's her cabin.

Pickford shakes his head.

JANE Have you forgotten, my father owns your ship.

PICKFORD She can stay. Let's get down to business.

ROB

Let's.

PICKFORD First, there's not enough profit in taking French merchants.

(To Rob) Secondly, I don't know how you came upon this ship, but you sir are no sea captain.

Kyle begins to rise. Black Jack fondles his dagger as Rob gently pushes Kyle back into his chair.

ROB (To Kyle) Let him finish.

(To Pickford) Go on.

PICKFORD

I have solid information that the largest gold shipment ever to come out of Panama will arrive in Havanna in two weeks time. They plan to sneak it in from the South. But we will be there to intercept.

JANE That's piracy!

KYLE

How large?

JANE What about reprisals? The Spanish will be furious.

KYLE Seriously -- how large? JANE It could start a war.

PICKFORD Who's to say the alliance still exists?

KYLE

Come on.

BLACK JACK (To Kyle) More than you could spend in a lifetime -- divided.

ROB What are our options?

PICKFORD Considering most of your crew are actually my crew -- you have but two choices.

I could leave you on a spit of sand with a bottle of water and a pistol --

JANE

You wouldn't.

Ignoring Jane.

PICKFORD -- Or, you continue your charade as Captain, which I will allow, and retire filthy rich.

KYLE

I'm in.

JANE I'll not have it.

BLACK JACK You don't have a vote.

PICKFORD

(To Rob) Mr. Collins will receive an investor's share. That will silence her complaints. Just keep her out of my way. ROB

All Right. I will play my role. But, we part ways at the first opportunity.

KYLE

Excellent!

PICKFORD It's settled, then. We head North by West at Sunrise -- absent English colors.

EXT. TYGRE AND FOX - OPEN SEA - DAY

SUPER - NORTHERN COAST OF CUBA

The Fox and Tygre head West toward Havanna flying Dutch Colors.

In the distance -- a sail appears.

EXT. FOX - OPEN SEA - DAY

In the rigging, a YOUNG SAILOR holds a spyglass to his eye.

YOUNG SAILOR (Yelling) It's Spanish -- A War Galleon.

On the wheel-deck, Pickford raises his spyglass and watches the approach of the Spanish Warship. Black Jack appears.

> BLACK JACK It's Don Francisco.

PICKFORD Isn't he the one who...

BLACK JACK

Yes --

He points to his left cheek where we see a nasty scar.

BLACK JACK -- I've been waitin' a long time.

Pickford smiles.

PICKFORD Shall we test the strength of our fleet?

BLACK JACK Those two lubbers won't last five minutes once the action starts.

PICKFORD Would you care to make a wager?

EXT. TYGRE - OPEN SEA - DAY

The Fox signals. Mr. Fly lowers the spyglass and turns to Rob.

MR. FLY Pickford's given the order to attack.

KYLE

Hell yeah.

MR. FLY We wait for the signal.

ROB (Whispers to Kyle) What now?

Mr. Fly runs off.

KYLE I'll see to the gun crews -- you stay put until we board. Then, go show them why you're the captain.

ROB We're not in a movie.

KYLE I know. It's so much better.

Rob shakes his head as Kyle runs off.

ROB

At least wear some armor.

On the gun deck, crews diligently prep for battle. Tubbs and Jack work feverishly at their station. Jack is as quick as he boasts. Tubbs watches in amazement.

TUBBS You're quite the rabbit, young Jack. Just stay clear when I light the fuse. JACK No worries, Tubbsy. It's not my first pony ride. Kyle marches through the gun deck wearing a breast plate and carrying two jugs of rum. At each station, he offers a drink. KYLE Two swigs only. I need you steady -- not drunk. Tubbs and Jack stand bye as Kyle approaches. KYLE (To Tubbs) None for him, he's only ten? JACK I could die today -- with never a taste of rum or the pleasures of life. KYLE Awe, hell -- go ahead. I already know how you turn out. Tubbs passes the jug to Jack who takes a big swig, then another. He smiles. JACK Not bad. Lacking a bit o' spice, but It'll do. Jack starts to take another swig, and Kyle grabs the jug out of his little hands. KYLE That's enough, Jack.

Jane scampers up the stairs and over to Rob on the wheel-deck.

Off the port side, a large Spanish Galleon looms. Ahead, the Fox makes a starboard tack.

JANE Is it true? Are we attacking that galleon? ROB Yes. As soon as Pickford signals. JANE Then, take this. Jane pulls out a pouch and retrieves -- The Amulet. It's already glowing. ROB How'd you get it? JANE As I've stated... ROB Wallace! We have a name for that where I come from. JANE Just take it. If you have it on your person, no blade can harm you. ROB I can handle a sword. JANE Can you stop a musket ball with your teeth? ROB Of course not. But, I've seen what happens when it goes off, and I don't want to end up in the Dark Ages. JANE 'Tis just a shield. ROB It does way more than that. Jane seems surprised. Mr. Fly points at The Fox. MR. FLY The signal.

EXT. FOX - OPEN SEA - DAY

Suddenly, the Fox tacks hard to port, heading for the T on the Spanish ship as a black flag with a devil and sword is hoisted to the top of the mast.

EXT. TYGRE - OPEN SEA - DAY

MR. DUDLEY, 30's, maneuvers the ship into combat.

ROB (Shouting) Show our true colors Mr. Fly

Jane shoves the amulet into Rob's pouch then cinches it up. Rob flashes a disapproving look, but acquiesces.

A black flag with a red devil runs up the mast.

ROB (To Jane) Go below -- it's not safe here.

JANE There's no place safe from cannon, Captain Chase.

DUDLEY (To Rob) On my mark, give the order to fire.

The Fox opens fire on the Spanish ship, out of position to effectively defend itself.

Multiple cannon balls RIP into the hull and rigging. A single stern gun returns FIRE and misses the Fox.

In The Fox's wake, the Tygre moves in for a broadside.

Next to Tubbs and Jack, Kyle peers through an open port, waiting for the moment.

KYLE Ready -- Steady. On the wheel deck, Rob's eyes dart between Dudley and the galleon.

DUDLEY Give the order -- now, captain.

ROB

Fire.

KYLE Fire -- Now -- Fire.

Tubbs and the other crews light the fuses. The cannons BOOM. The recoil rocks the Tygre as smoke billows, obscuring the view. The cannon balls TEAR into the Spanish ship.

EXT. SPANISH GALLEON - OPEN SEA - DAY

Cannon balls RIP through the outer bulkheads sending shards of wood flying across the decks. Guns are BLASTED from their stations. Masts fall to the decks.

> DON FRANCISCO Prepare to fire.

The ship is finally ready with it's guns aimed at the Fox.

The Tygre closes on the galleon.

DON FRANCISCO

Fire.

The Spanish Galleon launches a weak broadside with the remaining guns. A couple of rounds hit the Fox doing little damage.

EXT. FOX - OPEN SEA - DAY

BLACK JACK They're ripe for boarding, Captain.

PICKFORD Let the Tygre go first. Say five minutes before we join in.

BLACK JACK That may satisfy our wager. But, Francisco's mine. PICKFORD Inform the crew, he's not to be touched.

EXT. TYGRE/SPANISH GALLEON - DAY

The Spanish ship's main mast lies broken with it's rigging on the deck -- sails shredded. The Tygre runs along side. Muskets BLAST, deck guns BOOM and pirates ROAR as they ready for boarding.

Kyle runs up to Rob on the wheel-deck.

KYLE This is it. Are you ready?

ROB

Ready or not.

(Shouting) Boarding party -- take that ship!

The Tygre crashes into the side of the Spanish Galleon. Boarding hooks from the Tygre pull the two ships together.

The crew of the Tygre launches the attack, jumping and swinging onto the decks of the Spanish Galleon. Kyle and Rob leap aboard.

With sword and dagger ready, Jane remains steadfast on the wheel-deck of the Tygre. A look of frustration.

On the main-deck of the Galleon, it's mayhem. Kyle seems quite at ease in the midst of the battle, wielding his sword like a seasoned veteran.

Rob dispatches several soldiers then spots the Spanish Captain on the bridge. He instinctively goes after him.

Young Jack and Tubbs jump into the fray. Kyle spots Jack.

KYLE (To Jack) What are you doing here?

JACK My duty, Mr. Porter.

A Spanish sailor slashes at Kyle. As he's doing so, Jack stabs the man in the foot, distracting him enough for Kyle to get the drop and crack him in the head, knocking him over the rail. Just then, another Spaniard takes aim at Kyle when a shot rings out. The man falls over.

There's Jack, holding a smoking pistol and grinning.

JACK It might be safer for you if I stay.

The crew of The Fox enters the battle, including Black Jack with two cutlasses in hand. He slashes, kicks and punches his way across the ship. Upon seeing Black Jack, several soldiers panic and run.

Back on the Tygre, Jane has lost patience and joins the fight. She jumps aboard. She spots Rob on the wheel-deck. Her skill is impressive as she fights her way across the ship.

On the wheel-deck, Rob engages Don Francisco in single combat, just like in the opening scene. Only this time, it's different.

ROB Surrender your ship -- the battle is lost.

SPANISH CAPTAIN You're English -- I should have known.

The Spaniard foolishly attacks with a thrust to Rob's face, but Rob deftly parries with his dagger and steps in with his rapier, piercing the Captain through the heart. The Spaniard sinks to his knees and dies instantly.

ROB

Damn!

As it happens, Jane reaches the wheel-deck. After seeing their leader fall, like dominoes, the Spaniards lay down their arms.

A loud cheer erupts amongst the pirate crew. They all see Rob atop the Bridge with the Spanish Captain dead at his feet.

Nice work.

A SHORT TIME LATER

Black Jack arrives on the Bridge and sees the dead Spanish Captain. He's livid.

BLACK JACK Bloody hell. I gave orders not to touch him.

ROB I thought we went over that.

Just then, Pickford arrives.

PICKFORD I see Francisco's met his end.

BLACK JACK Not by my hand. The lubber beat me to him.

PICKFORD (To Black Jack) Pay up you Blaguered.

Black Jack tosses Pickford a gold doubloon.

Pickford laughs. This makes Black Jack even madder.

ROB I seem to have missed the joke.

PICKFORD Not only did you survive the fight, you defeated the man who gave him that scar.

ROB It was not my intention. He lunged. I blocked. The riposte just happened.

BLACK JACK I'll not forget this slight, lubber.

Black Jack storms off.

Pickford laughs.

PICKFORD He'll get over it. EXT. TYGRE - OPEN SEA - DAY

Most of the crew look over the rail, the galleon sits with broken masts. A huge explosion blasts apart the galleon. In the distance, Spanish sailors swim to shore.

EXT. FOX - OPEN SEA - DAY

Pickford watches the destroyed ship from the bridge of the Fox as he sails away.

PICKFORD Well done, Mr. Jackson. Now, set a course West. We've little time to waste.

BLACK JACK

Aye, Cap'n.

INT. TYGRE - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY

Several KNOCKS at the door.

Jane sits at the table, sharpening her sword.

JANE

Come in.

Rob enters with amulet in hand.

JANE

I told you it would protect.

ROB

It never got its chance. Not a bullet nor blade came near me.

Rob sets the piece down in front of her.

JANE Well, it would have.

ROB Maybe. But, you fought without its benefit. That I cannot have. Take it back.

JANE Don't you need it?

Rob pushes it towards Jane.

Not for this purpose.

Kyle knocks on the door then walks right in. He sees the amulet.

KYLE Right on. Now, we can keep all the swag we find.

ROB

It belongs to Miss Collins.

KYLE I thought it belonged to Wallace.

JANE Let's just say, it's on loan.

ROB

But, you said...

JANE

(Interrupting) You still haven't told me why you need it.

ROB It's complicated.

JANE If not to protect, then what?

KYLE You won't believe us.

JANE

Go on.

ROB

The amulet is more than a shield. It can transport you completely out of danger if things go badly.

JANE

It just picks you up and tosses you to safety. Is that it?

ROB Not exactly. More like it sends you somewhere, but you don't actually move. JANE Enough with the riddles.

KYLE

Just tell her.

ROB

All right, all right. It sends you back in time. And, hopefully forward again. That's how we got here.

JANE So, you're from another time are you?

ROB

Yes.

JANE Really? And, this --

Jane picks up the amulet.

JANE -- will send you back.

ROB Yes. But, it's not that easy.

KYLE

It takes something major, like an earthquake or tidal wave. Maybe a huge explosion. We don't know.

ROB

The amulet saved us and this ship when a massive earthquake hit Jamaica.

JANE

Maybe a volcano -- or perhaps a comet.

ROB

Like I said...

JANE

Did I mention I was the Queen of England. You really should bow in my presence. EXT. FOX AND TYGRE - OPEN SEA - DAY

The two ships sail along the Cuban coast.

EXT. FOX - OFF BUCCANEER BAY - DAY

PICKFORD (To the helmsman) Lay to just ahead --

Pointing to a small inlet.

PICKFORD -- Buccaneer Bay. We go inland from there.

PICKFORD (To Black Jack) Signal the Tygre Mr. Jackson.

EXT. FOX AND TYGRE - BUCCANEER BAY - DAY

The rest peacefully in the quiet waters of the bay. Beyond, dense jungle.

INT. FOX - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Rob, Kyle and Jane walk through the door of Pickford's cabin. Inside, we find Pickford, Black Jack and Colonel SANCHEZ, 30's, Spanish soldier of fortune, looking at a map of Cuba.

A close-up tells us Buccaneer Bay is just to the West of Havanna.

Pickford eyes Jane.

PICKFORD I thought we agreed she would remain on the Tygre.

ROB Miss Collins insisted.

BLACK JACK You may want to familiarize her with maritime law. ROB I know what he means.

PICKFORD This is Colonel Sanchez.

Sanchez nods and returns his attention to the map.

ROB You never mentioned a partner?

PICKFORD He's our guide.

SANCHEZ

(Pointing at the Map) As you can see, we are here.

(Pointing to another spot) The gold train must travel through here.

ROB How well guarded?

SANCHEZ Maybe 300 soldiers. Our trap

should more than suffice.

PICKFORD

(To Rob) My men will attack from the high ground. And, you and your men will be the anvil.

SANCHEZ

Once they are routed, we pick-up the gold and head for the coast.

JANE

The gold will slow you down. Who will guard your rear as you flee?

KYLE

We'll take the rear. I know how to slow them down if they follow.

PICKFORD With out doubt, they will.

BLACK JACK Not if we kill them all.

The group laughs.

EXT. TYGRE - BUCCANEER BAY - DAY

The men stand in formation. Two sailors work diligently strapping Tubbs to the mast. He struggles but is overpowered.

Dudley cracks a cat o' nine tails. Tubbs looks back and cringes.

INT. TYGRE - OFFICERS QUARTERS - DAY

Below deck, Kyle sleeps. A KNOCK on the door. It swings open. Standing in the doorway is young Jack Rackham. He's panicked.

> JACK They're about to flog Tubbs, sir.

Kyle sits up and shakes the cobwebs.

KYLE

They're what?

JACK Givin' Tubbs a taste o' the cat.

Kyle throws his clothes on.

KYLE What did he do?

JACK Black Jack claims he was hornswaggled. But, he wasn't. I was there.

KYLE

Mr. Jackson's a slow learner. Have you alerted the captain?

JACK He's not on board, sir. Kyle emerges from below with Jack on his heels. Kyle rushes toward the assembly.

DUDLEY (To the Crew) ...has been found in violation of articles and will receive 40 lashes. Sentence to be carried out forthwith.

KYLE Belay that, Mr. Dudley.

DUDLEY I can't. Black Jack's orders.

KYLE

Black Jack can kiss my ass.

Kyle charges toward Dudley.

Jane appears on the bridge and gasps.

JANE What has this man done?

DUDLEY He's a cheat, Miss Collins.

JACK (Yelling from the back) He is not.

Kyle grabs the whip and yanks it from Dudley's hand. Dudley attempts to draw his cutlass, but Kyle is too quick. He grabs Dudley's wrist and collar then throws him on the deck, wrenching the sword from his hand.

KYLE That's called Judo. Bet you never heard of it. If you get up, you'll see some more.

Dudley stays down. Just then, Pickford, Black Jack and Rob arrive.

ROB What's all this?
KYLE They're about to flog Tubbs for cheating at cards. ROB Who's his accuser? BLACK JACK I'm the one burned. Rob addresses Black Jack. ROB When was the last time you lost at cards? BLACK JACK It must have been... (Beat) ROB That long was it? BLACK JACK Quite a long while if memory serves. ROB And, Tubbs beat you, so he must have cheated, right? BLACK JACK Precisely. ROB (To the crew) Cut him loose. There will be no flogging on my ship. The crew CHEERS! BLACK JACK Leave him tied or take his place. Black Jack yanks his cutlass from its sheath. Rob steps back as everyone around them clears the deck. ROB What say you Pickford?

> PICKFORD I say if you want to be Captain, defend your position.

Rob draws his rapier and pulls out a dagger. Black Jack draws his second cutlass.

ROB (To Black Jack) You feel that strongly, do you?

BLACK JACK Your blood or his, Mr. Chase. You decide.

ROB Are you up for a wager? Your skill against mine.

BLACK JACK I'm all ears, mate. Name your terms.

ROB First Blood. If I wound you, Tubbs goes free and the matter is settled. If you prevail, I'll take his place -- and the lashes. Agreed?

Tubbs looks up. The crew GASPS.

BLACK JACK First blood it is.

Black Jack comes on guard. Rob drops into a low ward with dagger held high.

JANE You can stop this, Pickford.

Jack grabs Kyle's arm.

JACK (To Kyle) Why do they call him Black Jack?

KYLE Probably because of his black-hearted ways, lad.

JACK I need a nickname. Black Jack advances with sword tips up -- Rob retreats. Another advance -- another retreat.

BLACK JACK Stand and fight, lubber.

ROB It's called measure. Get used to it.

Irritated, Black Jack attempts a rush but Rob stops him with a surprise thrust to the wrist. Blood trickles from the wound.

> KYLE First blood. It's done.

Black Jack looks at his wrist.

BLACK JACK That's not a wound.

JANE (Calling Out) Pickford.

PICKFORD It's between them.

Black Jack charges with a flurry of slashes. Rob back peddles then jumps out of the way.

BLACK JACK Run away, lassie.

Black Jack redoubles his efforts but Rob is too quick and strikes him in the shoulder. Blood trickles down the front of Black Jack's shirt but he doesn't even notice the wound.

> ROB How many times must I hit you?

BLACK JACK That pin prick?

ROB

Have it your way.

Another charge from Black Jack has Rob against the rail. With no where to go, Rob parries a slash with his dagger and clubs his foe in the temple with the hilt of his sword. Black Jack goes down, face first into the deck. He's out cold.

A mix of LAUGHTER and CHEERS from the crew. Kyle smiles as Jack jumps up and down for joy.

Jane lets out a sigh of relief. Even Pickford is smiling.

ROB Cut Tubbs loose. Now, Mr. Dudley.

DUDLEY Right away, sir.

ROB (To Mr. Fly) And get that piece of crap off my ship.

Mr. Fly motions to a couple sailors who pick Black Jack up and carry him away.

Rob walks up to Pickford.

ROB Are you satisfied?

PICKFORD He needed the lesson. And, now you have the respect of your crew.

INT. TYGRE - OFFICERS QUARTERS - DAY

Rob gathers his things for the two day march. Jane appears in the doorway, armed and carrying a satchel over her shoulder. Rob looks up and sees her, ready to go.

> ROB You're not going with us?

> > JANE

In fact, I am.

ROB I'm the captain of this ship. And...

JANE (Interrupting) Not once I'm on land. ROB It's too dangerous.

JANE You forget. I have the amulet.

ROB I have not forgotten.

JANE Which means I'm really in no danger at all. Besides, you'll miss me.

ROB Yes. I mean -- you do this every time.

JANE You may want to get used to it.

EXT. JUNGLE - NORTH COAST OF CUBA - DAY

Pickford's men march into the jungle as Rob, Jane and Kyle wait at the side of the trail with their crew.

Black Jack, with bandaged head, marches past and glares at Rob.

BLACK JACK Your clock is tickin' lubber.

Rob smiles at Black Jack as he walks away.

KYLE He's quite the sore loser.

ROB

Ya think.

Next, Pickford marches by, spots Jane and chuckles.

PICKFORD I see you've settled who's in charge.

ROB

Excuse me.

KYLE

He means...

I know. You don't have to say it.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The pirates follow a well beaten trail. They cross a wooden rope bridge. They stop at a vista.

Pickford and Sanchez look out over a narrow river valley clear of jungle. A stream and a trail run down the center.

SANCHEZ This is the place.

PICKFORD Most excellent. We set the trap here.

SUPER - TWO DAYS LATER

On the ridge, Pickford's men form a line the length of the valley.

In the jungle on the near side, Rob's men wait with swords in hand.

KYLE

How much longer?

Kyle smacks a mosquito drinking from his neck.

ROB

Not quite the life, is it?

The first unit of Spaniards appear on the far side and march up the valley.

A sharply dressed officer leads them. Colonel GARCIA, 30's, in a fancy uniform rides on horseback at the head of the column.

Behind them, a column of pack mules appear.

The pirates keep their heads down, silent.

A spyglass view of the moving column. Pickford lowers the instrument and turns to Sanchez.

PICKFORD That's him. Colonel Garcia.

Sanchez raises his own spyglass.

SANCHEZ

He's a scoundrel. It will be my pleasure to kill him.

The end of the gold train enters the valley. Twenty chests filled with gold, a vast fortune. Pickford lowers his spyglass and turns to Sanchez.

PICKFORD That's the last of them. Spring the trap.

On the far side of the valley, BOOM. Several trees fall onto the trail blocking any escape.

The entire line on the ridge fires at the Spaniards. Musket balls RIP into the Spanish formations. Soldiers fall. Mules panic and run, dragging their handlers with them.

> GARCIA Get to the far side, hurry.

Motioning with his sword, Garcia urges his troops forward, right into Rob's ambush.

Kyle looks at Rob as the Spaniards rush towards them.

KYLE

This is it.

ROB (Shouting) Attack!

Rob's crew pounces on the Spanish soldiers, cutting them down as they enter the jungle. As soldiers flee, panic spreads and the entire column reverses direction.

Jane stays out of the fight until a Spaniard rushes her. She side steps his charge and hamstrings him as he passes.

Seeing Jane in trouble, Rob quickly dispatches his foe and runs to assist. By the time he gets there, her opponent is already down.

Jane looks at Rob, ignoring the man on the ground for just a moment.

JANE You see. I told you not to worry.

Now, on his knees, the Spaniard pulls a dagger and hurls it at Jane. Rob sees it, but not in time.

Jane.

She turns. The dagger flies. A bright flash from the amulet. The dagger falls harmlessly to the ground, stopped. Rob runs past her and cuts the man down then quickly runs back to Jane, standing motionless and shocked.

JANE My God. It worked.

ROB And, you're still here.

JANE

Of course.

ROB

Just don't push it. You could wake up in the middle of the Cuban revolution.

JANE

The Cuban what?

ROB

Trust me. You don't want to be on this island when that thing goes postal.

JANE I'll have to take your word, I suppose.

In the valley, Garcia's situation is hopeless.

GARCIA It's a trap. Get to the jungle. Let's go.

Pickford spots Garcia calling for a retreat.

PICKFORD It's time. We finish them off.

Pickford's men charge down the hill as Rob's men move up the valley. It's over. The defeated Spanish scramble into the jungle up the far side of the valley.

Rob and Kyle continue the pursuit of the fleeing soldiers. Colonel Garcia avoids capture and disappears into the bush.

A SHORT TIME LATER

The Pirate forces regroup as Pickford's men round up the mules.

PICKFORD Let's go. Get those mules moving.

Rob and Kyle meet up with Pickford and Sanchez.

KYLE

We've done it. The gold is ours.

SANCHEZ Garcia escaped with a large number of men. He will come after us.

PICKFORD Buy us time, Captain Chase. I'll see you back at the ship.

ROB If they counter attack, we'll be ready.

EXT. JUNGLE - NIGHT

Pickford's men and the gold march toward the ship.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

With only a few muskets, the rear guard waits for the pursuing Spanish at a river crossing. As they exit the jungle, Rob's men open fire then make a hasty withdrawal.

Two of the Spaniards fall, the rest momentarily retreat into the bush.

A SHORT TIME LATER

The Spaniards cautiously cross the river.

GARCIA Let's go. We can't let them escape.

EXT. JUNGLE - HILLTOP NEAR THE COAST - DAY

Rob, Jane and Kyle stop for a moment. Ahead of them, face down in the trail, a body. Rob jogs up. It's Sanchez. A

single stab wound in the back of the neck is the obvious cause of death.

ROB

It's Sanchez.

JANE It would appear he served his purpose.

ROB

Is this how Pickford treats his partners?

KYLE Looks like Black Jack's work.

JANE We should hurry.

EXT. BUCANEERS BAY - DAY

The rear guard emerges from the jungle and suddenly stops -- surprised.

In the bay, the Fox lies anchored. The Tygre is gone. Several boats make their way to the ship with a handful remaining on the beach.

> ROB Quickly, now. To the boats. They're right behind us.

KYLE That son of a bitch stole our ship.

JANE And, this is a surprise?

ROB There must be a reason, Let's get to the Fox.

As the rear guard pushes the boats into the surf, Spanish soldiers emerge from the jungle. Musket balls fly past and hit the water. Spanish soldiers run toward them, but it is too late.

Several more muskets fire from the beach in a last ditch effort to stop the escaping pirates. In the boats, Rob and Kyle row to safety with Jane in the back. The amulet is

glowing.

A Spaniard on shore takes aim and fires. The ball travels through the air. Jane is the target. It hits her square in the back. Again, the amulet saves her and the ball bounces into the water doing no harm.

> ROB Are you o.k?

JANE Yes. I guess it's not so cursed.

ROB On the contrary. It's our ticket home.

Three boats move out of range as cannons from the Fox fire on the Spanish, still on the beach. The soldiers run for cover as cannon balls explode.

JANE

What do you mean our ticket?

KYLE When the big one hits Port Royal, the amulet will send us home -rich.

JANE

Big one?

ROB In seventeen days, a giant earthquake will destroy Port Royal. Most of the city will no longer exist.

JANE How do you know this?

KYLE I'm a history teacher.

ROB

We really are from another time.

JANE

If you know all this -- then, what happens to me? My father?

ROB

History doesn't tell us what happened to your father or you. We found the painting of you in a museum. That's why we knew about the amulet.

JANE I see. So it has always been about the amulet?

ROB Yes. I mean no. At first, maybe. But, not now.

JANE

Fine. Take it.

She begins to take it off. Rob stays her hand.

ROB No. I want you to come with me. Us.

They're almost to the ship.

JANE I can't. My father.

ROB

But do you want to?

They're at the ship. Jane looks back as she climbs aboard but says nothing.

EXT. FOX - BUCCANEER BAY - DAY

As Rob and Kyle climb over the rail, the ship's company is assembled on the main deck with Black Jack on the Bridge.

BLACK JACK Welcome aboard the Fox, Mr. Chase.

ROB Where is my ship?

BLACK JACK Seems there's been a redistribution of duties since you were last aboard. Commodore Pickford is now in command of the Tygre by election of the crew.

ROB

The Tygre sails under the authority of Governor Wallace and a letter of marque granted me. Not you and certainly not Pickford.

PICKFORD

You mean the letter authorizing you to take French Prizes. It flew out the port hole once you turned pirate.

ROB

Pirate?

KYLE

Technically, once we attacked the Spanish...

ROB

(To Kyle) You're not helping.

(To Black Jack)
I guess that does make us pirates.
But, still due our share. Where's
the gold?

BLACK JACK

That's between you and Pickford. And as requested, we'll be parting company at the first opportunity, despite my desire to slit you from bow to stern.

ROB You mean to maroon us?

BLACK JACK Your own private island as it were.

JANE Governor Wallace won't stand for this.

BLACK JACK Commodore Pickford insists.

(To Mr. Fly) Take 'em below and lock 'em in the brig. Two sailors hold Jane by the arms. Black Jack grabs the pouch on her belt. It's glowing. He cuts the ties with his dagger and smiles.

BLACK JACK You'll not be needing this where you're going.

INT. FOX - BRIG - NIGHT

Kyle and Rob sit on the floor of a cramped cell in the brig of the Fox.

KYLE Do you think they'll give us a bottle of rum?

ROB Really? Really, dude -- that's what you're worried about?

KYLE All right. I'm sorry. I know I got you into this.

ROB We're gonna die of thirst, you know.

A door CLOSES and the sound of running feet PATTER in the dimly lit corridor. On the other side of the bars, a small face appears. It's young Jack Rackham.

JACK Sir -- the captain means to maroon you on the sand tomorrow. I heard him talking.

ROB Thank you, son.

JACK The crew is behind you, sir.

ROB As much as I...

JACK Wait, sir. You can demand a vote. KYLE He's right. If you ask for an election, he can't refuse.

ROB It's what he wants.

JACK You'll take him, sir. He fights like a bull.

ROB He has the amulet. I can't hurt him.

KYLE Then don't. I mean, don't even try to hit him. The amulet will know.

ROB That's your plan?

EXT. FOX - OFF NAVASSA - DAY

SUPER - OFF NAVASSA ISLAND - EAST OF JAMAICA

The crew is assembled on the main deck of the Fox. Jane is being held by two crew members as Rob and Kyle emerge from below.

Black Jack stands at the head of the assembly with Mr. Fly by his side. Jack and Tubbs wait with the rest of the crew. Rob looks at Jack as he's brought before the Captain. Jack gives him a wink.

> MR. FLY By order of the captain, Mr. Chase, Mr. Porter and Miss Collins shall be set ashore and may God save them.

> ROB (To Black Jack) Is this the will of the crew -- or just you?

KYLE According to the code, ships members have a vote in important affairs.

BLACK JACK

That's right. Members who've signed articles. Which you have not.

JACK

I have.

Jack steps forward and addresses the crew.

BLACK JACK Get back in formation, boy?

JACK Captain Chase has done right by every one of us. He led us to victory on both sea and land.

BLACK JACK If you'd like to join him, I'll toss you over myself.

Looking Black Jack square in the eyes and standing as tall as he can, young Jack Rackham makes a bold move.

> JACK I call for a vote --

The crew GASPS. Tubbs steps forward.

TUBBS -- For Captain of the Fox.

The crew GASPS again.

Black Jack struts over to Tubbs and stands above him. Tubbs cringes below the intimidating figure.

JACK I nominate Captain Chase.

Black Jack turns his attention back to Jack and scowls.

ROB

I accept.

BLACK JACK He's not a member of the crew.

JACK He will be if we vote him in as Captain. Under the articles, a ship's company has a right to choose anyone as captain. As long as the new captain is willing to sign.

ROB

Which I am.

JANE

He is.

Rob and Jane exchange a glance.

BLACK JACK Very well. A vote it is.

Mr. Fly.

MR. FLY Are there any other nominations --

Silence.

MR. FLY -- in that case, all those in favor of Black Jack remaining as Captain, raise your hand.

A few hands pop up. Black Jack leers at the crew. A few more intimidated hands go up, but not nearly enough. Mr. Fly looks around.

MR. FLY

Anyone else.

The crew sheepishly looks down as Black Jack glares around the assembly.

MR. FLY All in favor of Mr. Chase.

Over two thirds of the crew raise their hands and CHEER.

Black Jack is outraged.

Jane smiles.

KYLE

Yes.

MR. FLY By right vote of the assembled... BLACK JACK Damn the lot of you.

Black Jack draws his sword.

ROB The crew has spoken. I'm now your captain.

BLACK JACK Not until you sign -- and, dead men don't sign articles.

Tubbs tosses Rob a sword. Rob deftly snatches it out of the air.

ROB As I expected -- truly without honor.

Rob flourishes his sword and comes on guard. Black Jack points his sword at Rob.

The crew backs away and clears as much room as possible.

BLACK JACK (To Rob) Don't count on luck to save you this time, Mr. Chase.

(To the crew) And, once I'm done with him --

Black Jack wheels around, his sword pointing at the crew.

BLACK JACK -- We'll be having another vote.

Black Jack turns his attention back to Rob and advances. Rob retreats.

BLACK JACK Are you gonna stand and fight this time?

ROB It's called footwork. Get used to it.

Black Jack takes a big slash at Rob. Rob retreats out of measure as the blow wildly misses. Rob makes a quick riposte at the pouch on Black Jack's waist, barely missing the leather strap.

BLACK JACK

Always running.

ROB And, still capable of signing.

Black Jack chases Rob up a flight of stairs. Black Jack continues to swing at Rob who parries and continues his attack on the straps of leather with several near misses. Rob runs out of room. Black Jack has him pinned.

BLACK JACK What's wrong rabbit -- out of holes?

Black Jack attempts to run Rob through, he moves out of the way as Black Jack nearly falls over the rail. Rob grabs for the pouch. He has it in his hand. He pulls -- the straps are nearly severed and straining.

Black Jack regains his balance and attempts to club Rob. Rob blocks -- with swords together they struggle. Finally, the straps give way and the amulet flies across the deck.

No longer restrained, Jane quickly grabs the pouch. Black Jack turns to look as Jane picks it up.

Rob seizes the moment and tackles Black Jack, sending them both CRASHING onto the main deck. Swords bounce away.

Both men scramble for their weapons, but Rob reaches his first. He kicks Black Jack's sword away and points his sword at Black Jack's face. Black Jack backs away and stumbles, landing on his back side.

Rob places the point of his sword under Black Jack's chin.

ROB This is where I should offer you quarter. But, I think I'll just kill you.

BLACK JACK You don't have the stomach for cold blooded killin,' lubber.

ROB You're right.

BLACK JACK And, not fit to be captain. ROB (To Black Jack) The crew sees it differently. You are right about one thing. I won't kill an unarmed man.

(To the crew) Over the side with him.

Tubbs, Fly and several crew members grab Black Jack. One of them shoves a satchel into his hands. The large man struggles as they hurl him over the side of the ship.

Splash.

Most of the crew runs to the rail and CHEERS.

Black Jack surfaces.

BLACK JACK You've not seen the last of me you pack of worms.

TUBBS Have a good swim.

Jack takes a swig from a bottle of rum, corks it and throws it over the side at Black Jack.

JACK Drink up, mate.

INT. FOX - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

The cabin is packed with sailors. All eyes on -- ship's articles, on the table in front of Rob. He leans over and signs the document. The crew CHEERS!

ROB Mr. Fly. How much of the gold is on board?

MR. FLY Not half again what's rightly ours.

ROB Where is the Tygre?

MR. FLY We're supposed to meet here, off Navassa. Pickford has no intention of giving Wallace a (MORE) MR. FLY (cont'd) share. He means to divide the treasure and sail East.

KYLE In our ship. We have to stop him.

ROB In that case, we wait.

JANE The Fox is no match for the Tygre.

ROB Yes. But, we will have surprise on our side. Pickford will be expecting a friendly welcome.

EXT. FOX - OFF NAVASSA - DAY

Aloft in the rigging, Tubbs and Jack stand watch. Tubbs with spyglass spots a sail in the distance. It's the Tygre -- flying English colors.

On the wheel-deck, Rob scans the horizon. On the wheel, Mr. Fly holds course and waits for orders.

Like a spider monkey, Jack scurries down the rigging, and lands in front of Rob.

JACK It's the Tygre, Captain.

ROB Thank you, Jack. Now, get to your station.

JACK Right away, sir.

Rob breaks out his spyglass and spots the Tygre. On the far side, two more sails loom in the distance.

A closer look reveals French ensigns adorning their masts.

ROB (To Mr. Fly) All hands to battle stations. Hard to port, Mr. Fly, full sail.

Kyle appears on the bridge.

MR. FLY (Shouting) Ahoy maties. Hoist all sails. Man your guns.

KYLE Those are line ships -- regular Navy. And, they mean to steal our gold.

ROB We'll see about that -- to the guns, hurry.

Kyle runs off.

MR. FLY The Tygre's showing her heels. She's outgunned.

ROB No. Pickford's leading them to us. He expects our help. And, he's gonna get it.

In the distance, the Tygre continues to run from the two French warships.

The Fox heads straight for the Tygre.

Kyle runs through the gun deck. He tosses a jug to Tubbs and another one to Jack.

KYLE Drink up maties. We're about to take on the French Navy and save our gold.

JACK Let's give 'em a fight.

The gun crews CHEER.

EXT. TYGRE - OFF NAVASSA - DAY

On the bridge of the Tygre, Pickford directs Dudley at the wheel.

The two French Warships trail.

Ahead of them, the Fox sails to intercept with English colors rippling in the wind.

PICKFORD

(To Dudley) The Fox is right on time. Prepare to come about.

DUDLEY

Aye, sir.

PICKFORD Come about. North by North West.

(Shouting Orders) Ready starboard guns -- on my mark.

The Tygre comes about and surprises the lead French ship. The second French ship is slow to respond and out of position as well.

The Fox is on the heels of the Tygre -- both lined up for shots on the lead ship.

EXT. FOX - OFF NAVASSA - DAY

A bird's eye view of the Fox -- Rob and Mr. Fly on the bridge.

EXT. TYGRE - OFF NAVASSA - DAY

Through his spyglass, Pickford spots Rob on the bridge of the Fox and flashes a huge grin.

PICKFORD

Pay up Dudley.

Pickford hands the spyglass to Dudley. He takes a look.

DUDLEY Bollocks! How did you know?

PICKFORD If I played it right, the crew had a change of heart. A duel ensued and it appears Mr. Chase prevailed.

DUDLEY That means he's either dead or marooned.

The Tygre move in for a salvo.

(To Dudley) Would you care to wager?

(Shouting) Fire!

The Tygre opens up on the French warship. The SALVO tears large holes in her side. Below deck, cannon balls RIP through the bulkheads, knocking out guns and killing sailors.

PICKFORD We've crippled her. Let's see if Captain Chase can finish her off.

Hard to Port -- now.

The Tygre wheels as the Fox moves into position behind the French warship.

EXT. FOX - OFF NAVASSA - DAY

Rob and crew watch the damage to the French ship.

The Fox rolls into position for a broadside.

ROB

Starboard guns -- fire.

Fifteen guns BLAST into the crippled French ship. The main mast breaks and falls onto the deck. The ship is foundering.

Suddenly, the other French ship breaks away.

EXT. TYGRE - OFF NAVASSA - DAY

PICKFORD They're running. Classic French.

DUDLEY We can catch them. Finish them off.

PICKFORD No. We have the gold. Let's settle accounts and head for Nevis as planned.

DUDLEY

You mean to give the Fox their share?

PICKFORD

It is exactly my intention. I don't know how, but Chase has become a fine Captain. I may need him in the future.

DUDLEY What about Black Jack?

PICKFORD

He was plotting with Wallace to see me hanged and seize my ship. Another debt I owe Captain Chase.

The two men laugh.

EXT. FOX - OFF NAVASSA - DAY

ROB We're done with the French. Let's see what Pickford intends.

On the main deck, Mr. Fly sees the white flag of parlay flowing in the breeze at the top of the Tygre.

MR. FLY They signal a meeting -- on the Fox.

JANE He's coming here? I don't believe it.

LATER - MAIN DECK

Captain Pickford and Dudley climb aboard. The crew is assembled, awaiting his arrival.

Smiling, Pickford strolls up to Rob and Kyle with outstretched hand.

PICKFORD Well done, Captain Chase.

Rob refuses the gesture.

ROB You would have left me to rot on that island.

PICKFORD On the contrary.

ROB You stole my ship.

KYLE Yeah. You stole our ship.

PICKFORD Borrowed. I borrowed your ship.

JANE And, left us at the hands of that cutthroat.

PICKFORD

Quite the opposite, Miss Collins. In fact, I left all those loyal to Captain Chase on the Fox.

KYLE Actually, he did.

ROB Black Jack ignored the code.

PICKFORD I suspected as much. Is he dead?

Rob motions to the island.

Really?

PICKFORD

Pay up Dudley.

Dudley tosses Pickford a gold coin. Pickford snatches it out of the air.

KYLE What about the gold -- and the Tygre?

PICKFORD

Your shares are secure and the Tygre is yours. I couldn't leave her in the hands of Mr. Jackson.

KYLE

ROB No duel? I'm disappointed.

PICKFORD I've seen you fight. But, I do have one stipulation.

JANE And, what's that?

PICKFORD The amulet. A fair trade, don't you think.

JANE You can't have it.

PICKFORD What say you, Captain?

KYLE (Whispering to Rob) We can't give it to him.

Rob ponders for a brief moment.

ROB Do you trust me as a man of my word?

PICKFORD

I do.

ROB Today is the fourth of June. We meet back here in a week and I'll give you the amulet. Until then, you keep my share.

PICKFORD Agreed. But, if you're late, consider it forfeit.

ROB

Fair enough.

INT. TYGRE - CAPTAINS QUARTERS - NIGHT

Rob, Kyle and Jane, sit at the table.

KYLE

(To Rob)

What are you doing?

ROB We have the amulet and three days to be in that harbor.

(To Kyle) You're rich beyond your wildest dreams.

If all goes well, the earthquake hits, the amulet does its thing -- home.

JANE It really is going to sink, isn't it?

ROB Yes. On the 7th, by noon.

EXT. PORT ROYAL HARBOR - DAY

The Tygre sails slowly into Port Royal Harbor. Turtle Crawles docks are conspicuously empty. No one is working.

EXT. TYGRE - TURTLE CRAWLES DOCKS - DAY

The Tygre comes to rest against the docks. Rob and Kyle secure the lines. On the main deck of the Tygre, all is quiet. No sign of the crew accept Rob, Jane and Mr. Fly.

Suddenly, from behind a building, a company of British regulars appear at a double-time, marching toward the ship. Then another and another -- nearly 200 men. They line up two ranks deep in front of the Tygre.

The formation parts. Governor Wallace, Mr. Dawson and the Governor's adjutant, Leftenant KENT step forward.

WALLACE Mr. Dawson. Kindly read the charges.

MR. DAWSON By order of the right honorable Governor Lord Wallace, Captain Robert Chase and crew are hereby arrested for acts of piracy against his Majesty's ally, the (MORE) MR. DAWSON (cont'd) sovereign nation of Spain, on this 6th day of June, 1692.

Rob and Jane walk up to the rail, facing the Governor.

JANE

You can't be serious.

WALLACE Deadly so. I intend to hang the lot of them. My reputation is at stake.

ROB What if we choose not do be arrested?

WALLACE

Leftenant.

KENT

(Shouting)

Ready...

The front row of soldiers drop to a knee. Both ranks raise their muskets.

WALLACE Then, we cut you down like dogs.

ROB

(To Kyle) Mr. Porter -- shall we go quietly or fight it out.

On the side of the ship, 20 gun wales burst open in unison. Cannon and muskets protrude from every possible port.

Dozens of sailors appear from behind walls, pointing muskets at the governor and his men. The entire crew is armed and ready for battle.

KYLE

There's your answer, Governor Wallace.

WALLACE Don't be foolish. I've repositioned guns from two forts. You'll be blasted out of the water. And, every one of my men have orders to shoot you first.

Wallace takes a step back. Rob levels his pistol at the man's face.

ROB

Not another step.

The Governor stops in his tracks.

WALLACE It would appear we are at an impasse. You can't leave the harbor and apparently, I can't leave these docks.

ROB

I'm prepared to negotiate a deal on behalf of my crew.

KYLE

What? No.

WALLACE What are your terms, sir?

ROB

My crew and my companion receive full pardons and safe passage. In exchange for their freedom, I will go with you.

KYLE

Dude -- no way.

ROB

We don't have a choice. If I don't do this, hundreds will die.

WALLACE

Done. On one condition. My amulet -- I want it back, now.

ROB

Agreed.

Governor Wallace is seated at his desk with Mr. Dawson and Leftenant Kent by his side. Rob is dragged in front of him by two armed guards.

> WALLACE Where is the Fox and my gold?

ROB Pickford has your gold -- and no intention of returning to Port.

WALLACE Bastard! He sent you in his stead?

ROB

No. I had other business here. For one, I honored my bargain. You have your ten percent.

Wallace stands up, outraged.

WALLACE Hardly. Half what I was promised.

ROB

Not by me.

WALLACE

Nonetheless -- since I don't have Pickford to answer for this act of piracy, you'll have to do. Consider this your trial. Captain Chase, I find you guilty and sentence you to dance the devil's jig until you dance no more.

ROB

I hate to disappoint you. I can't dance.

WALLACE Take him to Fort Rupert, and double the guard.

INT. MURPHY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

The place is crowded. Sailors pack the pub.

Kyle walks up to the bar, dressed to impress. He tosses two coins at Lila who is busy with other customers.

LILA Hold your breeches.

She turns and sees Kyle. Her eyes open wide -- she smiles.

LILA M'lord. You do clean up well. Your run was good I take it?

KYLE Very much so -- I'm rich.

LILA Not for long if you stay here.

KYLE I'm not. We leave in the morning.

LILA Pity. I was kinda hoping you would stick around this time.

INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION - OFFICE - NIGHT

Governor Wallace sits at his desk, drinking a glass of brandy. The two large doors to his office swing open, revealing Jane in a flowing red evening gown.

> WALLACE You look stunning, my dear. What took you so long?

She struts up to him and crosses her arms.

JANE

This is no social call, Lord Wallace. You have my friend in your jail.

WALLACE My fort, actually.

JANE

It was Pickford. He forced Captain Chase to join him on the raid against the Spanish. The same one you profited greatly by.

WALLACE

Not nearly what I am owed. That sea cock has shown heel and run off.

JANE Why punish Chase?

WALLACE The Spanish demand action. And, I am out a fortune.

JANE I beg you, set him free and seek out Pickford.

Wallace ponders.

WALLACE

You care that much -- do you love him?

JANE

I care for him.

WALLACE And, you would do anything to save him?

JANE Yes -- maybe.

WALLACE I'll let him go on one condition.

JANE This should be good.

WALLACE You marry me. At once.

WALLACE

How many times must I -- on second thought -- I will marry you -- in exchange for his freedom.

WALLACE I'll send for the reverend.

JANE

104.

Wait.

WALLACE

Those are my terms.

Her posture changes from indignant to sultry. She slowly moves around him. His eyes follow.

JANE

I need time -- to find a dress, organize the party. It will be a grand celebration.

WALLACE You'll change your mind.

JANE

No. I swear as you live and breath, on the 8th of June, I'll marry you -- now, call your guards.

WALLACE

You think me a fool. And maybe I am -- for you. But the man will stay under lock and key until you take your vows.

Placing her hand on Wallace's shoulder.

JANE

Show your future wife a little trust.

WALLACE

I've known you too long.

Jane lets out a momentary pout, then quickly disguises her anguish.

JANE

At least allow me to wear my engagement present until our wedding day.

WALLACE

For you my dear, I would do anything -- almost.

The governor pulls the amulet out of a drawer and places it around her neck. He goes in for a kiss and she shrinks away.

> JANE Not until we're married.

The coach is parked in front of the Governor's mansion. Jane enters and closes the door behind her. Inside, her father and young Jack.

JACK

You got it.

COLLINS Brilliant. What did you say?

JANE I promised to marry him in two days.

COLLINS But, we'll be gone.

JANE

Precisely.

JACK What about Captain Chase?

JANE They're holding him at Fort Rupert. Are you up for a rescue?

JACK Just get me past the gate, m'lady.

INT. MURPHY'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Kyle walks in. A few sailors lay slumped across chairs. Lila is busy cleaning -- she looks up.

LILA

I thought you left again, without saying good bye?

KYLE

I had business. I came back to tell you something.

LILA

You'll not have to woo me. I've been thinkin' about you since you left. KYLE Of course you were, but that's not why I'm here. Something terrible is going to happen.

LILA

The Spanish?

KYLE No -- much worse. Let's just say, you won't have a job tomorrow.

LILA I'm being fired? That's your terrible news?

KYLE No. I want you to come with me -off this island.

LILA Not quite the offer I was expecting.

KYLE Just meet me at Turtle Crawles by 11 a.m. The ship won't wait --

Kyle backs away from the bar.

KYLE -- I have to leave. Just be there. It will all make sense tomorrow.

Kyle turns and walks out the door. Lila stands there, dazed.

EXT. TYGRE - TURTLE CRAWLES DOCKS - DAY

Mr. Collins steps aboard the Tygre and greets Kyle who is nervously pacing. Collins looks at his time piece hanging from a chain. It's 10:30 a.m.

> COLLINS Jane is in position.

KYLE Excellent. We've little time, now. I hope you have everything aboard.
KYLE I trust she will do her part. Once freed, Rob will certainly do his. And, we will do ours.

EXT. FORT RUPERT - DAY

At the back gate, sporting a long red cloak, Jane KNOCKS on the door. The door swings open, revealing Leftenant Kent.

KENT Good morning, Miss Collins. The governor said you'd be calling.

JANE What else did Lord Wallace tell you?

KENT He said upon pain of death to not let you see the prisoner.

JANE I would never. I merely want a tour of the fort.

KENT I don't think that's a good...

Jane grabs him by the arm and turns him around.

JANE Come on Leftenant. I've never seen the long guns.

KENT

If you insist. But, then you must leave.

Jane and Kent walk in the gate arm-in-arm as Jack slips out the back of her cloak, unnoticed. He looks around and sneaks off. EXT. TYGRE - TURTLE CRAWLES DOCKS - DAY

MR. FLY (Shouting) Prepare to make way.

COLLINS

(To Mr. Fly) The last of the provisions are aboard.

KYLE Wait. We're short a passenger.

MR. FLY It's a quarter past eleven, Mr. Porter. If we're to be in position by a quarter till, we must leave now.

KYLE

I know.

Kyle steps on the gang plank and looks both ways down the docks. There's no sign of Lila.

EXT. FORT RUPERT - DAY

On the parapets, Jack ducks behind a wall as the sentry walks past. He then scurries to one gun after another, collecting the fuses.

In his cell, Rob pulls against the bars of the door to no avail.

ROB

Damn.

Jane and Kent continue their tour until they arrive at the place she is not supposed to go.

JANE

Is that it?

KENT I believe it is time for you to leave Miss. Don't you have a wedding to prepare for?

Jack tip toes up from behind, eye's on Kent's keys, hanging from his belt.

EXT. PORT ROYAL -- TURTLE CRAWLES DOCKS - DAY

Sailors untie the mooring lines. Kyle continues his search of the dock. It's crowded. No sign of Lila.

MR. FLY

I'm afraid...

KYLE Head for Rupert, Mr. Fly. Look for them on the Parapets.

As the Tygre pulls away, Kyle leaps off the ship and runs down the dock.

Mr. Fly shakes his head.

INT. FORT RUPERT - OUTSIDE THE DUNGEON - DAY

Jane grabs Leftenant Kent by the front of the trousers with one hand and presses her dagger against his groin with the other. The man is immobilized.

> JANE You're right. It is time for me to go. But, first, I'll need those keys.

Jack quickly removes them from the Leftenant's belt. The man starts to grab Jack's arm, but Jane presses her dagger.

JANE I wouldn't do that.

Kent freezes.

JACK Thank you, sir.

KENT The governor said you couldn't be

trusted.

Jack slinks into the dungeon. Just as he closes the large door behind him --

Enter Governor Wallace with several armed men.

WALLACE Jane, darling. Be a good girl and unhand the leftenant.

JANE

I will.

From the dungeon, Rob and Jack emerge.

Jane grabs Kent's sword from the scabbard and pushes him away with her foot, then tosses the sword to Rob.

WALLACE I knew you would never keep the bargain.

JANE You arrest the man I love and offer my freedom for his -- that's what you call a marriage proposal?

WALLACE

In fact, yes.

ROB

You love me?

JANE I might. But don't let it go to your head.

ROB Enough to marry me?

JANE

If you promise never to dance again, I might consider your offer.

WALLACE

Enough of this. Arrest them both. And, the little one.

Jane's cloak falls from her shoulders revealing a beautiful leather bodice and court sword. She unsheathes the blade and flourishes it at the governor.

The amulet, adorning her cleavage, flashes a bright blue as she comes on guard.

JANE Just try and arrest us.

WALLACE Sound the alarm.

The Tygre rounds the point. On deck, all eyes on Fort Charles and its battery of guns. Ahead, Morgan's Line and more guns. Further East, Fort Rupert -- a gauntlet of heavy cannon.

EXT. FORT RUPERT - DAY

Rob, Jane and young Jack fight their way across the fort.

They reach the gate. A squad of men rush forward. Behind them -- another squad. They're trapped. Jack sees an opening to the parapets.

ROB Quickly, up the stairs. We'll have to swim for it.

JANE That works for me.

In a tight stairwell, Rob and Jane fend off numerous attackers.

ROB Can you swim, boy?

JACK Like a fish, sir.

ROB Is there anything you don't do well?

JACK I can't dance.

ROB That makes two of us. Let's go.

Jane turns and runs up the stairs with Jack on her heels.

Rob fights off four soldiers in the narrow corridor and slowly backs his way up.

At the top of the stairs, Governor Wallace and Leftenant Kent, swords pointed, block her way.

JANE

Don't make me kill you, Wallace. I have the amulet and I won't be stopped.

The amulet is glowing brighter as she walks straight at them, knocking their swords aside with a quick beat.

WALLACE Back away, Leftenant. She means business.

Both men give ground. Rob is now at the top of the stairs, stopping the men below with a flurry of cuts and thrusts.

To the West, the Tygre sails into view -- right on time.

ROB Now, Jane. Go.

JANE Not without you.

ROB I'll be there. Go.

Jack steps onto a parapet --

JACK I've always wanted to do this.

-- and swan dives into the ocean. A big splash. Jane steps up and readies herself.

Rob makes one final flurry then runs up next to Jane. They jump together into the bay. Splash.

Into the depths they plummet, still holding on to one another. Their eyes meet. They kick to the surface.

Wallace looks down from the parapets -- three figures swim for the ship. He turns to the Leftenant.

WALLACE Sink that ship.

KENT (Shouting) Ready the cannon.

Rob, Jane and Jack climb aboard the Tygre.

Up at the Fort, Wallace is pacing.

The soldiers attempt to light the fuses, but there are none.

KENT It's no good. The fuses are missing.

Wallace slams his sword to the ground.

WALLACE Signal Fort Morgan. Don't let her get away.

EXT. TYGRE -- OFF FORT RUPERT - DAY

On the main deck of the Tygre, Mr. Collins, Rob and Jane look over the port rail at the city.

ROB Mr. Collins, do you have the correct time?

COLLINS I do. It's three quarters past eleven.

ROB Any time, now.

EXT. PORT ROYAL - TURTLE CRAWLES DOCKS - DAY

Despondent, Kyle stands in the middle of the docks. Then out of the corner of his eye, he spots Lila walking his way. He runs toward her.

She drops her bags. They embrace.

LILA Your ship -- it's gone.

KYLE It's not too late. Leave your bags -- we have to run.

Kyle grabs her by the hand and they race East through the city. The ground starts to shake.

LILA Is this the bad news?

Cutting through an alley way, the shaking continues.

KYLE Yes. Hurry, we have to get clear of the city.

They sprint down High Street as buildings shake and people panic all around them. The sandy soil is loosening. A man sinks, swallowed to his neck. Kyle and Lila continue to run. Behind them, buildings sink into the bay.

EXT. FORT MORGAN - DAY

At Fort Morgan, the alarm has sounded. The Tygre is still in range of both forts. Gun crews load their cannon.

The FORT MORGAN COMMANDER stands at the end of a long line of guns.

FORT MORGAN COMMANDER On my mark, fire at will. Ready.

EXT. FORT RUPERT - DAY

At Fort Rupert, soldiers place fuses into the guns.

KENT We're ready, Governor.

WALLACE

Fire. Now.

EXT. PORT ROYAL - DAY

The shaking begins. The walls of Fort Morgan begin to break apart. Sporadic cannon fire BLASTS into the water, missing the Tygre.

At Fort Rupert, the parapets crumble. Cannons fall into the Sea. Wallace panics and runs back and forth.

In the town, the buildings shake and fall into the streets. The wickedest city in the world is sinking into the bay as the ground beneath it liquefies.

Murphy's tavern slowly sinks and disappears beneath the water.

On the deck of the Tygre, Rob and Jane watch the city sink.

JANE

Oh my God.

Half the town is nearly submerged. Fort Rupert continues to crumble into the bay along with Fort Morgan to its left. Wallace runs along the wall until it crumbles and falls. He disappears beneath a ton of rubble.

Rob's eyes dart around the ship, then back to Collins.

ROB

Where's Kyle?

COLLINS He left the ship. We couldn't stop him.

ROB We have to go back.

JANE

It's too late.

Rob looks at the city in ruin. He spots a small boat rowing toward them. He smiles.

A SHORT TIME LATER

Kyle and Lila climb aboard.

The city lies in ruin with large parts at the bottom of the bay.

ROB (To Kyle) Welcome aboard, Captain Save-a-Ho.

Kyle smiles and wraps his arms around Lila.

LILA You've been promoted. Excellent.

KYLE What's it gonna be Rob? We sit and hope -- or make a break for it?

Rob looks out to Sea, the water is receding. He looks at Jane.

JANE Wherever you are is fine with me.

ROB I gave my word to Pickford. I intend to keep it.

(To the crew) Full sails, men. Move.

(To Mr. Fly) Give me a heading of South by South East. I need all the canvas we have. Let's go.

KYLE That's what I'm talkin' bout.

The Tygre sails South out of Port Royal. Behind her, a wake of destruction. Ahead, a large wave -- powerful and racing for the shore.

Around Jane's neck, the light of the amulet glows brightly.

ROB Find more wind Mr. Fly.

Mr. Fly turns the wheel. A minor adjustment. The canvas cracks and the Tygre surges forward. The wave rolls toward them, ever increasing in height.

The light from the amulet is blinding as the wave hits the front of the ship.

ROB Hang on. This is going to be rough.

At full speed, the Tygre climbs the wave until it reaches the crest. The wave crashes into the ship. The light is extreme.

The bow of the Tygre penetrates the wave. The entire ship is aglow. Water rushes across the decks. Rob and Jane hang on. Collins and Tubbs hang on. Mr. Fly, clings to the wheel.

Through the crest, the Tygre races down the back of the wave. On deck, the water recedes. Still clutching the amulet, Jane reaches her feet. The light is gone.

JANE

We made it.

Mr. Collins embraces his daughter. She turns to Rob. Takes a step toward him, soaking wet.

He softly caresses her cheek. They embrace. They kiss.

Mr. Collins smiles.

EXT. TYGRE - OFF NAVASSA - DAY

The Tygre rests peacefully in the calm Summer waters off Navassa island. A hundred yards away, the Fox. Pickford and Dudley climb aboard.

> PICKFORD You're a man of your word Captain Chase.

Pickford tosses Kyle a coin. Kyle grins.

KYLE

A small wager.

Pickford spots Collins and the two exchange glances.

PICKFORD (To Rob) I see you've picked up a passenger.

COLLINS An investor, Captain Pickford.

PICKFORD Your share is safe aboard the Fox, Mr. Collins.

ROB

You were right. Wallace would have taken all the gold and sent you to the gallows.

COLLINS

Wallace rests at the bottom of the bay -- along with most of the city.

PICKFORD He won't be missed. Now, about the amulet.

JANE It's right here. Jane holds out a pouch.

COLLINS Before you do. May I suggest another option.

PICKFORD As long as it's profitable.

COLLINS Jane keeps the amulet. The Fox is yours -- and my share. What say you?

PICKFORD You're too kind. The amulet is cursed, after all.

The two shake hands.

EXT. TYGRE - OFF NAVASSA - NIGHT

The Tygre remains anchored off Navassa. The Fox is gone. On the main deck, Rob, Jane, Kyle and the crew celebrate.

ROB What next, m'lady?

JANE

I hear a fortune in silver passes through Cartegena this time of year.

ROB You heard right.

KYLE

Count me in.

Jack walks up with a small black flag -- a white skull and crossed sabers on its front.

JACK If we're gonna go on account, we ought to have a proper flag.

He holds it up -- "The Jolly Roger."

ALL Amazing. Awesome. The camera slowly pans from Rob and Jane down the side of the ship then back to the stern, revealing four powder kegs tied to the rudder and then -- "Black Jack" Jackson, with a satisfied grin, swimming away from the Tygre.

Back at the stern, the fuse is lit and shrinking. On the deck, Jane's pouch is blue and glowing.

KYLE Why's that thing glowing?

JANE Oh my God. The amulet. What could be wrong?

ROB

I don't know.

Rob looks around. Nothing. Then back to Jane, holding the amulet -- it's going postal.

KYLE

Don't worry. It's probably nothing.

The light continues to glow, brighter and brighter then BOOM! The powder kegs explode. The light is gone. The Tygre is gone.

The amulet slowly sinks to the bottom of the sea.

EXT. NAVASSA - DAY

It's bright. It's morning.

Black Jack stands on the shore, looking out to sea. A wave laps at his feet then recedes, revealing -- The Amulet. He picks it up. He laughs and laughs and laughs.

FADE OUT.