

The Lady and the Pirate
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FADE IN:

EXT. THE SEA -OPENING TITLES- DAY

The hull of a ship slips through the waves. Her gun ports are flung open.

Another hull glides through the tropical blue water.

Sea gulls circle undulating sails.

Cannons belch forth fire and smoke.

A rudder is turned and a hull tacks.

A round of cannon shot erupts from the water.

Cannons fire, again and again.

Flames erupt around sails and rigging, consuming our view.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

On the sandy beach of a small tropical island, a band of noisy and vicious-looking PIRATES are busily filling in a pit, not far from the water line. Kneeling in the midst of this pit, BOUND hand and foot is a scraggy and snarling brute of a man who, until recently, was the group's CAPTAIN.

In the distance, beyond the anchored pirate vessel, a BLACK PLUME rises skyward from the burning hulk of a ship that is this crew's latest prey.

Sand is packed in around the Captain until he is fully buried with only his head left above ground to spit curses at his mutinied crew who cackle at the thought of their ex-leader's fate.

SIMMS

I hope you're plenty thirsty Captain.
There'll be lots to drink when the
tide rolls in.

There is LAUGHTER from everyone except the Captain.

CAPTAIN

I'll be drinking to your health when
I straps your muntinous hide to the
mouth of one o' yer guns, Simms.

The mutineers head back to their longboat. The last to
leave tosses the Captain's pistol to him and imbeds his
sword in the sand.

TATTOOED PIRATE

(laughing)

Here Captain, dig yourself out!

He jumps into the longboat as the rowdy group shoves off to
row out to their ship.

CAPTAIN

(shouting)

You maggot-ridden' cowards! Get back
here and I'll show you a lop-sided
scrap. I'll take on any three o' you
and feed yer squirming livers to the
sharks.

By now they are out of ear shot. He struggles, starting to
sweat.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

(shouting)

You think I won't get out of this?

(mutters)

Ye bilge-swilling dogs...

He grunts and gasps as he strains at his bonds. His face
reddens and his veins bulge.

At length he pauses, panting, after getting nowhere.

He eyes the threatening breakers, now beginning to inch
their way towards him.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
I'll teach 'em to mutiny...

He strains again at his bonds, glancing around the horizon for any hope of rescue.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
...if ever I get out o' this here
pickle...

He collapses once more, breathing hard. Only the rushing sound of breakers fills the heavy tropical air.

Slowly, he rolls his eyes skyward.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
Lord, if you're listenin', ye knows I
ain't no prayin' man.

Hearing himself, he pauses, embarrassed. He can't believe he's praying.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
...and ye knows I ain't deservin' of
any help from you personal like.

The waves are edging closer.

CAPTAIN
But ... if you could see your way
clear, this once, to send one of your
angels...with ah...maybe a
shovel...this dog'd be mighty
beholden.

The blinding tropical sun is getting to him.

CAPTAIN
(weak and groggy)
... or maybe ... just...a bit o'
rum?

He mutters incoherently till he finally nods off from exhaustion and the heat.

Unseen by the Captain, DEBRIS from the burning wreck of the pirates' prey has begun to float ashore.

The most notable piece is a large plank across which is sprawled the unconscious and disheveled form of a redheaded WOMAN of about thirty.

The waves deposit her on shore with a jolt, jarring her to semi-consciousness. Even in this soggy and ragged condition she is quite lovely.

Pulling herself erect, she stumbles a few feet shoreward and then collapses exhausted, face down.

When the lapping waves bring her around to consciousness again, she opens her eyes to discover, just inches away, the unkempt head of the Captain sticking out of the sand.

She screams and scrambles a safe distance off, turning her face away.

But her cry has awakened the Captain whose eyes widen when he takes note of her.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
(laughs eerily)
Ahaaa! An angel it is, blessed Lord!

She screams again, startled that the head is alive! She stares at him, frozen, speechless.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
Beggin' your pardon, if you please
dear Angel, but... where be your
shovel?

She remains silent, staring wide-eyed. He begins to get impatient.

CAPTAIN
(annoyed)
What in blazes ails you woman?

EVE
(frightened but gaining
curiosity)

Wh ... What ails *me* ... ? You're a fine one to be askin' that. How well can *you* be with just your head stickin' out of the sand like that?

CAPTAIN

(sarcastic)

Well, now for meself I'm a bit of all right. But it's the fellow whose shoulders I be standin' on what's startin' to complain a mite.

(shouting)

Now lend an arm and dig me out o' this ye daft wench!

EVE

(realizing)

You ... you're a privateer!

She backs away a bit more.

CAPTAIN

(sarcastic again)

Beggin' yer pardon, ma'am but I most definitely ain't no bleedin' pri-vay-teeer! "Whores with sails" I calls_'em! They has to be mighty picky about what ships they can and can't call to heave-to. Me?

(grins)

I ain't picky at all ... long as there's gold aboard.

EVE

(angry)

You ... barbarian! You're the one who attacked our ship!

CAPTAIN

(quietly through clenched teeth))

Sorry, Lass, but it weren't me. It were me dunderpated mutinous crew. And I'll be just as glad as you to see 'em hurled to Davy Jones. But unless you'd be kind enough to start diggin' me out of this hole, come high tide there'll be one less barbarian around here to keep you company.

EVE

I believe the world would bear up
under that strain.

CAPTAIN

Aye, but could you, dear lady?

EVE

Why you self-centered, pompous ...

CAPTAIN

From the looks of them hands o'
yours, you've been coddled by a
fawning pack of serving wenches all
your natural life.

She glances at her hands self-consciously, and hides them.

EVE

...and what if I have?

CAPTAIN

Well, dear lady, this be a wee island
yer standin' on. Mark me: ye won't be
sippin' tea in the parlor here any
time soon. Further: you an' me are
the single sole inhabitants of this
fair domain. Now me, I knows this
island, back'rds 'n' forwards like me
own hand I does. I even has some gold
stashed away here.

But you ... do you know how to go
about findin' yerself shelter...and
food, and fresh water?

She begins to soften.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

Sad to say there ain't no farmers
market for to send your scullion to
purchase your vittles.

EVE

And what's to say you won't be
murderin' me if I were to dig you
out?

CAPTAIN

(grinning)

Aye. Then *I'd* be the lonesome one,
wouldn't I?

She eyes him closely, thinking.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

Go ahead, take me sword and pistol. I
won't be needin' 'em. If I lays one
hand on ye I'll be hopin' you blast
me to kingdom come.

She picks up the weapons, examines them thoughtfully,
tosses the gun aside, and drops to her knees.

Using the sword she begins digging him out. The Captain
smiles lecherously at the delicate bosom heaving inches in
front of his face.

CAPTAIN

Aye, that's a good lass. Forever yer
servant will I be.

DISSOLVE:

Soon the Captain, hands still tied, is clambering out of
the sandy pit. Apprehensively, Eve uses the Captain's sword
to sever the leather bands binding his wrists.

She immediately scrambles to pick up his PISTOL, points it
at him, cocks it and backs a short distance away, keeping
the Captain safely in view.

The Captain, brushing remnants of sand from his clothing,
finds his hat nearby, and looks up in Eve's direction.

A leering smile comes across his face.

CAPTAIN

(squinting)

Aye! Blessed Holy Mother if these
eyes ain't beholdin' a beautious
sight for a lonesome seaman!

EVE

(shaking)

Don't you come near me!

The Captain steps toward her anyway but halts when he sees
that her trembling hands mean business with the gun.

He starts toward her again.

EVE

I mean it! Not one step farther or
I'll blow your misbegotten head off.

The Captain hesitates again briefly, then continues.

Summoning all her courage, anger, and fear, Eve pulls the trigger.

Nothing happens.

The Captain strides right past her, toward the water, calling back over his shoulder.

CAPTAIN

Beggin' yer pardon, ma'am, but I
forgot to tell you...she ain't
loaded.

Furious, Eve throws the gun down, picks up the sword and follows after him.

EVE

Why you wretched..Lecherous old ...

CAPTAIN

Aye, don't flatter yerself, Lass.
Yonder lies the welcome sight I were
speakin' of...

Eve looks down the beach to discover that the waves have washed ashore a good deal of debris from her ill-fated vessel, including several boxes and a large trunk.

CAPTAIN

Surviving be our first task, Wench.
(winks) Romance'll have to wait.

She stops in her tracks, brimming with anger and frustration. The Captain wades out to the trunk.

CAPTAIN

Lend a hand, Lass!

Reluctantly, she grabs a handle and together they wrestle the box onto shore.

The Captain takes the sword and hacks at the leather straps holding the box shut. He flings the lid off and they gape at the contents.

CAPTAIN

Oho! What have we? The implements of domestic bliss.

Eve kneels to paw through the stuffed trunk. It contains well-packed possessions including pots and pans, clothing, blankets, even a spyglass.

EVE

Someone's worldly goods...Someone who wanted to start a new life.

(turns to the Captain)

...Someone no longer *with* us, thanks to you and your cutthroats!

CAPTAIN

Well, then they won't be needing 'em, will they, your majesty?

She gives him a puzzled look.

The Captain stoops to join her in examining the contents.

CAPTAIN

Aye, Lass. We be the new regents of this here forsaken isle...And what's this?

He pulls out a bottle of rum, examines it.

CAPTAIN

Indeed, the other answer to a thirsty man's prayer.

He uncorks it and takes a long gulping drink, long enough to make Eve wince in disgust.

EVE

Yourself and prayer! Why, it's blasphemy even to speak of them together.

The Captain recorks the bottle and stows it in his pocket.

CAPTAIN

(winks)

A man like me, especially, has to keep an eye astern. Don't you think that's right, your majesty?

EVE

I am *not* your queen!

The Captain tosses a bundle of clothing and blankets into her arms, sending her stumbling backwards.

CAPTAIN

(strictly business)

A galley wench then, and be lively about it.

He drops another armload of goods into an outstretched blanket, then wraps the bundle and throws it over his own shoulder.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

With the storms in these waters, we'll be needin' to get our treasure to shelter. Take what you can carry for now. We'll come back for the rest. Daylight's a wastin'.

To her dismay, Eve has to admit the plan is sound. She grabs a few more items from the trunk and follows him inland.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE PATHWAY - DAY

As they push their way through the brush (he more easily than she) the Captain is muttering and humming a TUNE about "swimmin' with bowlegged women". Eve struggles along the path behind him quietly, finally gaining courage to ask:

EVE

Sir...where are we heading?

CAPTAIN

(still walking))
You can call me Captain, madam;
Captain Lucius Brand at your service.
And what might your name be?

EVE

Eve...

The Captain stops, turns toward her, grinning slyly.

CAPTAIN

Aye, and a better name for a lady
like yourself there never was.

Eve regrets telling him. He turns back to the path ahead.

CAPTAIN

There's a cave up yonder, miss Eve.
Not far from shore she lies, but this
be the only sure way of gettin' to
her.

They go on a bit. He resumes his humming briefly then
begins to wonder:

CAPTAIN

(hollering without stopping)
How exactly is it a woman of quality
comes to be in these waters full of
sea robbers and pirates.

EVE

I was bound for Jamaica ... when our
ship was assaulted by those murderous
friends of yours...

(she pauses a moment)

My uh...husband has a plantation in
Jamaica. He sent for me.

She makes certain he hears the words "husband" and "sent
for".

The journey continues in silence. Even the Captain's
humming is absent. He hacks at some bushes with his sword.
Finally, Eve breaks the quietness.

EVE

Captain ... I'm hungry.

He halts a moment, breathing hard from effort, and turns.

CAPTAIN
And what'll ye be expecting me to do
about it?

She looks at him in silence.

CAPTAIN
All right...

He glances around. A LIZARD is resting itself on a nearby palm tree trunk.

The Captain grabs the small creature and offers it to Eve.

She recoils. He shrugs and pops the lizard into his mouth.

Eve turns away in disgust.

The Captain swallows.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
...I'll be guessing you ain't
terrible hungry to be passing up such
a tasty morsel.

EVE
(angry, almost tearful)
I'm certainly less hungry now, thank
you!
(then, more timid)
...but I'm *still* hungry.

Sighing, he looks around some more, his gaze finally settling on the branches of the palm tree. He gives the trunk a whack with his sword ... and a COCONUT descends from the heavens.

CAPTAIN
Will ye be wantin' light or dark
meat, your Ladyship?

A hint of a smile crosses Eve's face.

One more blow with the sword and the fruit is sundered. He picks up a large piece, one that still harbors a bit of milk and hands it to her, briefly taking a nibble of another piece himself, then continues on.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

Eve and the Captain push their way out of the brush into daylight, a clearing at the base of a rocky cliff on the side of which gape several dark openings including one large enough to be habitable.

CAPTAIN

And I welcomes ye, m'lady to me own
plantation.

He removes his hat with a sweeping bow. As he turns back toward the site, he notices something amiss.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

...wait a minute...

He rushes toward the cave, in front of which lies an empty chest, open and upside down...discarded. The Captain quickly, angrily turns the chest over to examine it. Under it, he finds a single gold coin, half buried in the dirt.

Eve shows little reaction but steps forward as the Captain picks up the coin, his temples bulging. He kicks the chest in angry frustration.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

...Yaaaagh! Thieving swine!

As a half frightened/half amused Eve looks on, the Captain, panicky, hurries into the...

CAVE

The Captain deliberately heads for a boulder near one wall of the cave and begins digging behind it, first with his sword, then his hands.

EVE

I take it that gold you had hidden is
no longer hidden.

No reply.

It isn't long before, with delight in his eyes, he reaches into the hole he has dug and removes a leather sack, containing several dozen gold coins.

He grabs a fistful and holds them up to show Eve, now standing at the mouth of the cave.

CAPTAIN

They didn't get it all, by thunder!
Aye, and ain't that a sight to
refresh the eyes of a weary
traveller.

EVE

Is that all that's concerning you?
Your ill-gotten gold?

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

The Captain places the bag of coins inside the small chest and sets it back behind the boulder. He steps back into the sunlight.

CAPTAIN

And what better to be concerned with,
dear woman than the treasury of our
little kingdom?

EVE

Why, our *rescue*, of course!

The Captain stares at her.

EVE (cont'd)

...arranging our return to
civilization?

CAPTAIN

...and what good be that return to
civil-eye-zation, dear lady, without
a bit o' treasure to help feather yer
fair nest?

EVE

What do you know of civilized
society? It may come as a surprise to
you, Captain, but there's more to
human discourse than the pursuit of
money.

CAPTAIN

Aye, and ain't it funny how them
that says that always seem to be the
ones holdin' the purse strings?

Eve doesn't pay much attention. She's too busy scheming.

Energized, she starts looking around the area outside the
cave.

EVE

That ridge, up there. it looks to be
about the highest spot on the island
is it not?

CAPTAIN

Aye, m'lady.

EVE

(excited)

We'll gather up a bunch of this dry
wood into a pile on top of the ridge.
Whenever one of us spots a sail on
the horizon, we'll straightway be
lightin' a signal fire.

CAPTAIN

(insincere)

And what a marvelous plan it is too,
me lady.

EVE

You like it?

CAPTAIN

(pouring it on)

Oh yes'm!

EVE

(picking up wood)
Well, come on then, let's be lively
about it.

The Captain is unused to taking orders. He takes a deep
breath.

CAPTAIN
Aye, with pleasure, your majesty .

Reluctantly he starts gathering sticks.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIDGE OVERLOOKING OCEAN - DUSK

Silhouetted against an orange sky and a sparkling sea, the
two castaways are just completing a large conical pile of
wood. Eve stands back to review their work a moment, then
stares pensively out to sea, her hair blowing in the
breeze.

The Captain looks at her admiringly. With her strong will
and statuesque features she could very well have *been* a
queen.

After a moment they both start back down the hill.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMPFIRE NEAR THE CAVE - NIGHT

The two sit quietly around a crackling fire. Eve is huddled
in a blanket, nibbling a greenish banana. The Captain warms
himself with the bottle of rum he pocketed.

EVE
Why didn't you ever use some of that
gold of yours to start a respectable
living when you could?

CAPTAIN

Don't think I ain't thought long and hard on them lines, lady Eve. Thought about givin' up the sea and raising goats once I did.

(almost to himself)

Aye, but I'm afraid this old dog harbors little use any more for what they calls "civilization".

EVE

Then how is it that you came to be marooned here? What brought your crew to mutiny?

The Captain laughs and takes a drink from the bottle.

CAPTAIN

Well, you see, we had a bit of a difference of opinion, like, me crew and me. "East bound ships" says I, "Always east bound ships. Them's the ones what carries the gold. But me bloody crew, damn their black souls, were pre-disposed to take on the occasional west-bounder as them's is the ones what carries wenches and the like from England.

He takes a deep draft from the bottle.

CAPTAIN

Now I don't know if it was they'd been too long to sea, or maybe it was a bit of your ladyship's par-fume waftin' across the waves makin' 'em daft, but they gets it in their heads that your boat was one that was ripe to be set on.

I reminded 'em that we was expectin' a Spanish shipment, a big one mind you, out of Maracaibo most any time now. But we were needin' to head north into their shipping lanes or we'd miss her. Aye. Me boys wouldn't hear of that. "A bird in the hand" they says. When I orders the tiller to set a course northward they ups and mutinies on me.

He finishes off the bottle and sets it aside.

CAPTAIN
(cont'd))
Ye knows the rest.

EVE
I...I suppose I should be glad you
didn't hold with their uh...uncivil
ideas...

CAPTAIN
(groggy, chuckles)
I dunno ... Their type of bloody
wenchin'...
(sighs)
I guess I just ain't got the stomach
for it. Some pirate I, eh?

He sits head bowed, nearly unconscious from the rum. Eve looks at him: He seems almost a pitiable creature to her now.

She takes a blanket and proceeds to wrap it around his shoulders.

EVE
I'll be thankin' my stars then, I
guess, that it was you I landed with,
and not your crew.

The Captain opens one eye to gaze at her as she drapes the blanket, then grabs her in his arms, suddenly.

CAPTAIN
Aye, and when you get done with your
stars, how's about a bit of a kiss
for us then?

This wasn't what she had in mind. She struggles.

EVE
No ...

CAPTAIN
Aw come on, Lass. It's just you and
me...

He has her in a very strong clutch.

EVE

(struggling)
Get your smelly hands away from me.

He does nothing of the sort, holding her even tighter, maneuvering.

EVE
(nearly in tears)
You're an animal just like the lot of them.

CAPTAIN
(drunken chuckle)
Aye Lass, let's be animals together.

In the struggle, Eve's hand brushes against the empty rum bottle. She grabs it.

EVE
I'm warning you, Captain.

CAPTAIN
Aye, do that Lass. I love a spirited wench.

That does it. She smashes the bottle into his head. With its contents already in him, it doesn't take much to knock him into unconsciousness.

Eve quickly wriggles free, grabs her blanket and disappears into the brush.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. CAMPFIRE NEAR CAVE - DAY

The sunlight in his eyes brings the Captain to a groggy state of wakefulness.

He glances around, sees the broken rum bottle, the extinct campfire, and it all comes back to him.

He puts his hand to the lump on his head and winces.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY (INTER-CUT)

With the sound of birds to rouse her, Eve's eyes flutter open...only to meet another LIZARD, just like the Captain's snack, staring back at her from just inches away.

She sits up, and moves back, startled. As she calms, she peers around at her jungle surroundings.

EXT. CAMPSITE NEAR CAVE - DAY (INTER-CUT)

The Captain pulls himself upright and looks around for Eve. Not finding her he calls out.

CAPTAIN
(shouting)
Woman!

He winces in pain. Shouting doesn't help his headache. He tries again anyway.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
(shouting)
Miss Eve?

Only distant jungle birds reply.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
Surely you'll not be holdin' against
your Captain, the misdeeds of a
bottle of rum?

He picks up a bit of the smashed bottle that konked him, looks at it.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
It...it completely slipped his
noggin' this bottle, that you was a
married and virtuous woman.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY (INTER-CUT)

A short distance away, Eve, still bundled in a blanket, sits up beneath the tree where she slept, listening:

CAPTAIN (DISTANT V.O.)
But gone now it is, this demon
bottle. It'll bring ye no harm._
(a beat)
I'll watch after you me own self...

EVE
(to herself)
..."watch after me". Do me no
favours, thank you.

EXT. CAMPSITE NEAR CAVE - DAY (INTER-CUT)

CAPTAIN
Miss Eve?

Only the gentle sounds of the forest serve as a return to his call.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY (INTER-CUT)

Eve stands, stretches. She notices that she has slept beneath a coconut tree.

She peers at the lofty fruit, attempts to shake the tree.

It doesn't budge.

She throws all her weight at the trunk but succeeds only in bruising her shoulder.

EVE
Ooof....

(then)
Wait a minute...

She notices that there are already several coconuts on the ground nearby. She picks one up, examines it for easy entry. When she finds none, she smashes it against the ground...

...then the tree trunk.

Nothing.

Frustrated, she thinks a moment.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAVE CAMPSITE - DAY

The Captain's sword is stuck in the sand, not far from the burned out campfire.

Eve scrutinizes the situation from the bushes. The Captain is gathering wood on the opposite side of the clearing.

When the Captain's back is turned, Eve makes her move. She dashes into the campsite, grabs the sword and disappears back into the underbrush.

The Captain looks up thinking he heard something. He watches and listens a moment, then shrugs it off and turns back to his task.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Eve is busily devouring a piece of freshly-opened coconut.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAVE CAMPSITE - DAY

It is later in the day. The Captain, with sleeves rolled up, is busy whittling and hammering - obviously constructing something. He has hauled more of the goods from the beach and they sit in a small PILE at the cave's mouth.

Eve watches the Captain's industriousness from a safe distance, hidden in the foliage. Unable to decipher his actions, she turns away, heading back into the jungle.

EXT. RIDGE OVERLOOKING THE OCEAN - DAY

Eve sits, blanket about her shoulders, staring out to sea, ever hopeful that any moment might bring a sail over the horizon.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TIDE POOL - DAY

The Captain, pants hiked up, is fishing with a spear made from lashing a small knife to a stick.

He makes a few jabs but isn't having much luck.

Finally with a single thrust the look on his face tells us he's struck pay dirt.

EXT. CAVE CAMPSITE - DUSK

A delicious-looking fish sizzles in a pan over the open campfire.

The Captain admires the sight as he removes the pan from the fire and sets it aside to cool.

CAPTAIN

Aye and ain't you a pretty thing.

He steps over to get a utensil from a crude table he has constructed. When he returns and picks up the pan, however, the fish is no longer in it!

He looks up in time to see a glimpse of a fleeing blanket just before it disappears into the trees.

Flinging the empty pan to the ground in disgust, he starts to pursue.

But his foot catches on a LOG and TUMBLES him head over heels onto his back.

Further, the fall lands him with his hand in the FIRE. The jungle echoes with his HOWLS of pain and anger.

He scrambles to his feet, cursing and kicking until finally, his energy spent, he settles down on a log to nurse his wounds - alone, hungry, frustrated.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

The sky fills with dark clouds and LIGHTNING erupts above the jungle canopy.

Beneath a palm tree that is little shelter, Eve wraps herself in her blanket that soon becomes soaked from the ensuing downpour of RAIN.

She huddles stoically, determined to ride out the storm.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ISLAND - DAY

The storm has passed. Tropical breezes gently sway the palms as waves lap at the shore.

CUT TO:

EXT. BABBLING JUNGLE STREAM - DAY

Eve is kneeling over the gurgling water, drinking. She sits up, however, when she hears the sound of the Captain, humming his ditty about bow-legged women, coming her way.

She retreats into the brush but remains to watch him.

One of the Captain's hands is wrapped in a RAG BANDAGE and he LIMPS a little.

He too approaches the stream, spreads out a packet of utensils on a nearby rock and, pulling out a small mirror, hangs it on a tree branch.

CAPTAIN
(looking into mirror))
Mmm..."animal ye are", says she.

He turns to his packet of utensils, picks up a pair of scissors, and, after one last look, begins chopping at his scraggly beard.

Astonished, Eve doesn't know what to make of the sight. The Captain is shaving!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAVE CAMPSITE - DAY

An almost-unrecognizable clean-shaven Captain bends over his campfire, cooking. This time, however, there are TWO FISH in the pan.

As they finish cooking, he removes the pan from the fire with his bandaged hand and transfers one of the fish to another dish. He sets the pan down then takes the second dish over near the edge of the clearing. He calls out into the jungle.

CAPTAIN
(hollering)
All right Wench. Your supper's a waitin'.

He turns his back and heads over to the table to begin his own meal.

CAPTAIN
(over his shoulder)
Don't worry, I won't look.

Using a knife and fork, he cuts into his own fish like it was a delicacy. From the look on his face as he tastes it, it certainly is.

Suddenly though, he senses something out of the corner of his eye. He turns to discover a disheveled and dirty Eve standing at the edge of the clearing.

Her eyes are red.

CAPTAIN
(boisterous)
Ah, Miss Eve! So thoughtful of ye to respondez vous to our little soiree. Bring yer dinner. I'll set up a chair for ye.

He rises and motions for her to join him. She doesn't budge.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
(softer)
What be the trouble, Lass?

EVE
I...came to say I'm sorry, Captain.

The Captain is taken aback. Dumbstruck for a moment, he stares at her, puzzled.

After a moment he breaks into a nervous chuckle.

CAPTAIN

(shaking his head)

All me misbegotten life...I don't know as I've ever heard *them* two words flung in my direction. What is it brings you back to this animal's den?

EVE

(teary)

Why shouldn't I come back? Now that I'm no better than you or your barbaric friends, living off what I could steal...

CAPTAIN

Ah now, Lass, considerin' the way this old dog were behavin' t'other night towards a lady like yerself...

Eve forces a smile through the tears, then looks down at her tattered dress.

EVE

...Some lady.

The Captain can't help but smile.

CAPTAIN

Come Lass. I've something to show ye...

He motions to the cave, and steps toward its entrance. She follows, somewhat timidly.

INT. CAVE - DAY

As Eve steps into the cave she discovers to her surprise a quaint and COZY-LOOKING DOMICILE.

A custom table and chairs made of pieces of her ship lashed together with rope sits against one wall. Candles, glowing from nooks dug out of the walls illuminate the space. A Persian rug covers the sandy floor. A fishnet hammock swings between the walls. There are bookshelves, even a potted plant in an old wooden bucket.

CAPTAIN

Stand here a moment if you please.

As she gazes at the surroundings, the Captain steps over to the trunk that had washed ashore and opens it.

But it's dark inside.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

(over his shoulder)

A person starts *thinkin'* some when
they're left to themselves a mite,
Lass...oh where're them
lucifers...ah!

He finds the tin of matches, but struggles with his bandaged hand to open it. She steps in to lend a hand.

EVE

Here, let me...

She takes the matches, lights the nearby candle for him.

EVE (cont'd)

..."thinking" Captain?

He turns toward her.

Captain

Aye. Thinkin' how odd it is
that sometimes a man'd forsake
even a fleet of treasure ships
just for the sound of another
human voice.

PARADISE AIN'T NO DIFFERENT FROM HELL
IF YOU'RE IN IT ALONE, LASS.

He returns to the now-lit trunk

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
..ah here we are.

He pulls out a fine ruffled dress, considerably cleaner than the tatters she is wearing.

CAPTAIN

I hope it fits you, Lass.

He hands it to her.

EVE

(gasps)
I...I don't know what to say.

CAPTAIN

(bows)
And your humble and harmless servant
am I ...till some billowed sail comes
to take ye to the waiting arms of
your husband.

She looks up at him, smile fading.

EVE

(confessing)
I have no husband.

CAPTAIN

What? No plantation?

EVE

I only wished there was. Things
hadn't worked out very well for me in
England. I was sailing to Jamaica to
try to do better in the new world ...

At that moment a loud BOOM is heard.

CAPTAIN

Cannon fire!

Eve quickly glances around. She grabs a spyglass.

EVE

A ship! Bring a torch. We'll light
the signal fire.

CAPTAIN

Oh now Lass, lets us not be goin' off
half cocked...

Not listening, she dashes out of the cave.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIDGE OVERLOOKING OCEAN - DAY

Eve quickly scrambles up the hill, drops to the ground to steady herself, and peers through the spyglass. The Captain reaches the summit and kneels beside her, holding a torch. More cannon blasts are heard.

EVE

It's two ships.

CAPTAIN

What be the colors they fly?

EVE

One, the big one, flies the Union
Jack.

CAPTAIN

And t'other?

EVE

I can't tell. I think it's the skull
and crossbones.

CAPTAIN

Aye. A fine hornet's nest this.

She puts down the glass and looks at him quizzically.

EVE

What are you talking about?

CAPTAIN

No matter who wins that there
altercation, dear lady, only one of
us will be leavin' this island.

EVE

What? What are you talking about?

CAPTAIN

If yours truly were to set one foot aboard that British brig, he'd be swingin' from a yard arm before ye can say "Davy Jones". And as for you ... them ain't exactly gentlemen what flies the Jolly Roger.

Eve's brow furrows at the thought. She turns back to the glass.

EVE

(starts to smile)

The small one, the pirate vessel...
It's burning! I think it's starting to sink!

The Captain cannot share her elation.

EVE

Hand me the torch.

Sullenly, reluctantly he does so. She turns to light the fire.

But as she does so he grabs her shoulders.

CAPTAIN

Listen to me, Lass ... Think a minute. There ain't nothin' the world out there holds that we ain't got right here. Leastways nothin' worth frettin' yourself grey over.

Eve looks at him blankly.

EVE

(serious)

I'm sorry, Captain. I need a real home.

From the look in her eye, they are worlds apart.

CAPTAIN

(sadly)

Aye, then *do* what ye needs do and be gone with ye.

Their eyes linger a moment.

Then, without a word, she turns and puts the torch to the pile of dried wood.

As the fire builds, she heads down the hill, leaving a dour Captain staring out to sea as the SMOKE from the fire billows into the heavens.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRIVATEER SHIP MAIN DECK- DAY

From the poopdeck, a ruggedly-handsome, dark-haired man, EDWARD MULGREW observes as prisoners from the sinking pirate ship are brought aboard.

The first to set foot on deck, hands tied, is Simms (one of the pirates who marooned the Captain). He is held at gunpoint by husky SEAMAN GARRISON and hustled over to Edward.

GARRISON

This man claims that Captain Brand is dead sir.

SIMMS

If it's him you was lookin' for, you're too late. We was his crew, sure enough, till a fortnight ago.

EDWARD

Who are you?

SIMMS

Gunner Simms, former first mate to the dearly departed Captain Brand at your service, sir.

EDWARD

What happened to Brand?

SIMMS

(grins, proudly)

We marooned him, we did...staked him out for the tide on that very island...What the tide didn't take away, the birds has picked over by now.

EDWARD

Then there's no one alive on that island?

SIMMS

No sir.

EDWARD

Then kindly explain who built that fire.

Simms turns and, sure enough, the plume from Eve's signal fire drifts starkly skyward.

EDWARD (cont'd)

(to crew)

Drop anchor, prepare to go ashore.

Simms steps forward.

SIMMS

Wh...What's going to happen to us, Sir?

EDWARD

First you will show me the bones of Captain Brand. Then we'll discuss your future.

SIMMS

I'm afraid there won't be much of him left after two weeks if you don't mind my saying sir.

EDWARD

All the better mister Simms. But I shall lay eyes on the lifeless head of Lucius Brand if all that remains is a toothy leer.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Watching as the longboat is pulled ashore by several crewmen, Eve eagerly walks down the shore to meet them.

The Captain observes from the cover of bushes not far away.

Eve waves at the crewmen joyously as she approaches the boat.

EVE

Thank goodness you've come.

Edward, seated at the stern of the boat, stands to disembark. He gets a good look at Eve and smiles.

EDWARD

And thank goodness you're here to greet us my dearest Eve.

Eve takes one look at him and collapses in a FAINT!

The Captain is taken aback by the sight of Eve collapsing and impulsively rushes out from his cover to attempt to protect her.

The sailors are gathering around her unconscious body. Edward approaches, stands over her.

The Captain draws his sword and storms into the group, scattering them.

CAPTAIN

Back off ye maggots.

He kneels and raises Eve's head from the sand, attempting to rouse her back to consciousness.

SIMMS (O.S.)

Perhaps you should do the backin' off, Captain.

Looking up, the Captain eyes Simms, along with several guns now pointed in his direction.

CAPTAIN

Mister Simms...A craven dog returning to its vomit I see.

Edward steps forward, grinning.

EDWARD

The celebrated Captain Brand at last!
And very much alive I see. You've no
idea how I've longed for this moment.
Eight long months I've pursued the
cause of my ruin. Now he's on his
knees before me.

CAPTAIN

I don't know you.

EDWARD

You wouldn't, would you? But you
will.
Now Captain, if you will kindly take
your hands off of Madam Eve...

CAPTAIN

(suspicious)
You know this woman?

EDWARD

And why shouldn't I? *She's my wife.*

A dark expression comes over the Captain's features.

EDWARD (cont'd)

(to the sailors)
Tie him up. Let's get them to the
ship.

As the seamen start to manhandle the Captain, Simms pulls
Edward aside.

SIMMS

Beggin' your pardon, sir. But I'd be
very surprised if my former Captain
hadn't stashed some golden baubles
somewhere on this here island...and
yours truly just might know where
he'd put 'em.

EDWARD

(sly smile)
Very well, mister Simms.
(turns to the group)
We'll make camp ashore for the night,
We'll take on fresh water...and
whatever else this forsaken rock
holds...in the morning.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - SUNSET

The sky is streaked with color as the sun nears the horizon.

EXT. CAVE CAMPSITE - DAY

The privateers are exploring and trashing the cave's contents as a bound Captain stands helplessly to one side, looking on.

Eve is nearby, with Edward.

EVE

Why, Edward? Why did you leave? Not even a word?

EDWARD

I was ruined, my dearest. I know this must be hard for you. I knew then that you'd never understand. Isn't the important thing that I've searched the globe to find you again? That's worth something, isn't it?

EVE

(smiles a bit)
Yes, I suppose it is.

EDWARD

But how did you come to be in the company of this devil?

He motions in the Captain's direction.

EVE

I was shipwrecked. He took care of me, Edward, which is more than you did.

EDWARD

Why would such a "kind hearted" man, even a barbarian like Captain Brand, take up with another man's wife?

CAPTAIN

(angry)
She told me she had no husband!

EDWARD

(smiles)

I can see you two have some things to discuss.

EVE

(to the Captain)

I told you the truth, Captain.

(turns back to Edward)

I had the marriage annulled...I am no longer your wife, Edward.

Edward's expression is cold.

Suddenly there is SHOUTING and WHOOPING coming from the cave. An elated Simms comes rushing out. Edward steps over to meet him.

SIMMS

Mister Mulgrew Sir! I found it. Just where I told you it'd be.

He holds up the small chest full of coins.

EDWARD

Well! Our little excursion isn't completely for naught eh? Any *more* swag to be found, mister Simms?

SIMMS

I'm sure I don't know, sir. This was all I knew we didn't get the last time.

EDWARD

Very well.

(to the group of looters.)

Mister Biggs and Mister Dressel.

Gather some wood and get a fire started. Mister Sohan, you will please accompany me in a search for a source of water to replenish the ship's stores. Mister Simms,

(hands him a musket)

watch over our friend Captain Brand.

SIMMS

Aye Sir. And a pleasure it will be too.

Simms sits down on a nearby rock and gnaws on a carrot from his pocket as Eve moves over to where the Captain is being held.

EVE

I suppose I owe you a bit more of an explanation.

CAPTAIN

Ye owes me nothing, woman.

EVE

Well then, how would it be if I told you a story...just to pass the time?

SIMMS

(butting in)

Aye! I always liked stories. It'd be just like me mum used to do.

Eve shoots Simms a chilly glance.

CAPTAIN

(indifferent)

Do what ye needs do, woman.

EVE

Very well then. Once there was a girl, a society girl one could call her, who met a handsome man at a party. This man, whose name happened to be Edward, charmed his way into her heart like no other. He told her he was in the "shipping" business, but the girl's father was suspicious of Edward's origins and of his means. Despite Father's objections, this girl and Edward decided to marry. The father disapproved of the very idea and threatened to cut the daughter off without a penny. But with love in her eyes the girl and Edward decided to be married anyway.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. EDWARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

In flashback we meet Edward carrying Eve across the threshold and into the parlor of a well-accoutered house.

Once inside, he lowers her to her feet and they embrace.

EVE (VOICE OVER)

But on our very wedding night we had no more than arrived at our dwelling than a knock came on the door.

We see the couple break their embrace as Edward steps to answer the door. In steps a grizzled SEAMAN. Edward gestures that Eve should excuse them for a moment. Eve steps into the parlor as the two men remain in the entryway.

EVE (VOICE OVER) (cont'd)

A man came to bring Edward a message. He handed him a piece of paper that Edward studied very intently.

A look of horror comes over Edward as he reads. Then his face turns red with anger.

EVE (VOICE OVER) (cont'd)

He flew into a rage. I'd never seen him so upset before. He paced a moment, then ran out the door.

Edward storms off into the night. The seaman follows after him, slamming the door behind. An upset Eve rushes to the door, but the two men are gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

RETURN TO SCENE.

EVE (cont'd)

I never saw him again until today.

SIMMS

You mean he just vanished? Like a ghost?

She ignores Simms, remains facing the Captain.

EVE
Weeks I waited, but no word ever
came.
The stress from the marriage caused
Father to take ill.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGLISH HOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Eve, in travelling dress, arrives as a SERVANT is closing
the door on a DOCTOR pulling the sheet over a lifeless old
MAN in the bed.

EVE (VOICE OVER)
By the time I could go to him and
seek his forgiveness he had already
died.

The servant shakes her head and tries to comfort an ailing
Eve, who sobs with grief.

EVE (VOICE OVER) (cont'd)
Of course I had no dowry. Cut off
from Father's will and with no
husband I was nearly penniless.

DISSOLVE TO:

RETURN TO SCENE.

The Captain (and Simms) look on glumly as Eve finishes her
story.

EVE
For many reasons I needed to make a
fresh start of things. So I used the
little money I could muster to buy
passage to the New World. But our
ship was perhaps two days from
Jamaica when...it was set upon and
attacked by a band of sea robbers.

She glances at Simms. Simms looks down, unable to meet her gaze.

EVE (cont'd)
Well...you know the rest.

At that moment, Edward steps from the shadows.

EDWARD
But do you know the rest, dearest
Eve?

EVE
Edward!

She stands.

EDWARD
You tell a touching tale...and a
tragic one I'm afraid. But it is more
tragic than even you know.

EVE
What do you mean?

EDWARD
Do you know, dearest Eve, that the
entire weight of your misfortune, and
mine, can be laid at the feet of
Captain Brand?

Eve looks at Edward, puzzled.

EDWARD (cont'd)
Oh yes, your harmless sea Captain is
at the very root of all our troubles.

He takes a seat near Eve.

EDWARD (cont'd)
I myself had spent four years at sea
in the service of the King. In those
years I had managed to amass a fair
amount of money...Enough that I
decided to settle down and enjoy the
fruits of my labors. When I met you,
dear Eve, you gave me someone with
whom to share my good fortune. But
with the responsibilities of a wife
and perhaps a family I knew I needed

to invest my money. I put it into a concern with which I was familiar...shipping. I partnered in a major gold and spice shipment that I knew was imminent from Port Royal.

EXT. OPEN SEA - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A heavily laden SHIP cuts through the tropical waters.

EDWARD (VOICE OVER)
Proceeds from this single venture would vest us for a lifetime...But such was not to be.

Nearby another set of SAILS appears. Atop them is the black flag.

EDWARD (VOICE OVER)
This shipment, I'm afraid, was seized by a Rogue Captain and his men. The cargo ship was attacked, looted and sent to the bottom of the Caribbean.

CANNONS belch forth, FIRE engulfs our view and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

BACK TO SCENE

EDWARD
That dark night...our wedding night, my dearest, was when I received word of this heinous act. I was completely ruined. In my anger it seemed there was only one path open to me.

EXT. LONDON WATERFRONT - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

In the moonlit dampness, stark masts and yardarms jut silently into the sky as a cloaked Edward enters a nearby TAVERN.

EDWARD (VOICE OVER)
Immediately I set out to learn the perpetrators of this crime, searching every dank and infected waterfront

alehouse for information as to who
was at the core of my suffering.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT (FLASHBACK CONTINUES)

Huddled in a dark corner a half-inebriated SAILOR huddles
with Edward, intently giving him information.

EDWARD (VOICE OVER)
The answer was not long in
coming...The ship was the *Golden
Jackal*...

BACK TO SCENE

EDWARD
...Her Captain: the infamous Lucius
Brand.

Eve and the Captain listen silently to Edward's tale.
Unimpressed, the Captain speaks up.

CAPTAIN
(chuckles)
Aye and we stole a pile o' gold from
you did we? ...and who did *you* steal
it from ya fobbing milk-livered
Nancy-boy.

Edward ignores the comment and continues.

EDWARD
Armed with this information, I signed
on to the next privateering ship
headed for the Caribbean, hoping to
assist the crown in hoisting this
devil on a gibbet and exacting my
vengeance.

EVE
But I thought you said you searched
the sea for *me*?

EDWARD
Alas, dear woman, my voyage of
revenge was a brief and unhappy one.
All I received for it is this...

He pulls up his sleeve to reveal a long, vicious scar running from shoulder to wrist.

EVE

Oh Edward!

EDWARD

But don't fear, my dearest, the pain of injury served to introduce me to the joys of laudanum.

He removes a small grey vial from his coat pocket and sips it. Recorking it, he continues his tale.

EDWARD (cont'd)

Our ship was swamped and ultimately capsized by a horrendous squawl. After a day and night in the ocean I was rescued and carried back to England by a ship of His Majesty's navy.

EXT. EDWARD'S HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A tired-looking Edward approaches an upscale London door and knocks.

EDWARD (VOICE OVER)

It had been a wretched journey. All I wanted was to be back in your arms, whatever the future might bring.

The door is answered, not by Eve, but by a strange OLD WOMAN. When Edward inquires and tells her who he is, she gasps in shock. (all M.O.S.)

EDWARD (VOICE OVER cont'd)

But you were not there. Our house was occupied by some other woman, who handed me the card of one Oscar Cheetham, Esq.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHEETHAM'S GARDENS - DAY

Edward is introducing himself to OSCAR CHEETHAM near a fountain in the garden courtyard. Cheetham, a well-fed attorney, shakes Edward's hand.

They stroll and talk silently as we continue to hear Edward's narration:

EDWARD (VOICE OVER cont'd)

It was from him that I learned of your departure. I had rushed back to you to seek solace only to find that you'd gone. It was then I realized I had to find you, to bring you back into my life again. Cheetham informed me of your passage to Jamaica. I sold my final assets and used the proceeds to charter the vessel that brought us here.

BACK TO SCENE:

EVE

But how did you know where to find me? I was shipwrecked.

EDWARD

(smiles)

As luck would have it, our dear Captain Brand again inserted himself into our lives. During the voyage I received word that the *Golden Jackal* had been sighted in these waters. We hunted her down, attacked and ultimately sank her. But vengeance still was not in my grasp. That's when I met mister Simms here who brought us to this island...

SIMMS

(grinning, tipping his hat)

Pleased to meet you, ma'am.

EDWARD

...where I discovered not only my adversary, but my beloved as well.

EVE

So you found me. Is that supposed to make me forgive you for the months of

humiliation and sorrow when you abandoned me?

EDWARD

My dearest, what was I to do? How was I to support a wife and retain our social stature? How could I ever face you or your scowling family.

EVE

We'd given up everything already just to be married, Edward. How did your fortune suddenly become more important than us?

CAPTAIN

(amused)

Methinks the man don't know where his treasure lies.

Edward rises, approaches the Captain, nose to nose.

EDWARD

Ah, but Captain; you will yet be the remedy for our misery. The crown has a price on your head that will serve us pretty for the rest of our days.

CAPTAIN

Give me a saber and I'll hand 'em your head, ya lout.

EVE

I've heard enough from both of you.

Eve rises and heads into the cave.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ISLAND - NIGHT

The moon shines above the glistening palm fronds.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Eve is asleep in the hammock. Firelight flickers in from the cave entrance.

EXT. CAVE CAMPSITE - NIGHT

The Captain, still bound, is awkwardly leaned up against a rock near the campfire. He too is asleep.

Edward approaches him, looks down at his adversary, then stoops to speak in hushed tones.

EDWARD
(almost whispered)
Captain Brand.

The Captain wakes suddenly. Noting who stands over him, his expression darkens.

CAPTAIN
(groggy)
What is it?

EDWARD
We must have words sir.

CAPTAIN
Oh we must, eh?

EDWARD
(stoops down, settles in)
It seems to me sir, that you may have feelings for the fair lady Eve.

CAPTAIN
And supposin' I did?

EDWARD
I'm afraid if that is the case, you may be doing her a great disservice.

CAPTAIN
What are you cookin' ya jelly-fish?

EDWARD
I want to share something with you, Captain, something I didn't tell miss Eve.

CAPTAIN
Oh, something *else*?

EDWARD
I learned when I was in England, Captain, that I shall be coming into

a substantial inheritance...substantial. It even carries with it a seat in the House of Lords.

CAPTAIN

And what of it?

EDWARD

With this inheritance Lady Eve could be well taken care of. She would take her rightful place in society and put all the heartache and misery behind her.

CAPTAIN

Except...

EDWARD

Except she seems to harbor either an affinity for you, or a bitterness for me. To be frank, I need your help, Captain.

CAPTAIN

Go to blazes.

EDWARD

Captain, tomorrow we set sail for England, yourself, Lady Eve and me. When we arrive, you shall be tried for piracy and hanged. I shall be avenged...but Miss Eve, if she harbors any feelings toward you, will continue in her sadness and I'll be left alone with my fortune.

CAPTAIN

What is it you want?

EDWARD

I need you to persuade her, Captain. Persuade her to forgive and marry me once more. Help her to attain the happiness that even you want for her.

CAPTAIN

And...

EDWARD

And in return for your bringing her to her senses, I shall demonstrate my gratitude by allowing you to escape the authorities...let you go free.

The Captain scowls.

EDWARD (cont'd)
It's an attractive offer, you have to
admit, Captain. Accept it, and
everyone lives happily ever after.
Otherwise...

He makes a gesture around his throat like a noose.

EDWARD (cont'd)
...Well, what say you, Captain?

The Captain eyes him intently.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SEA - DAY

The privateer SHIP rides the waves under full sail.

EXT. SHIP'S MAIN DECK - DAY

Eve stands at the rail, wind in her hair, staring wistfully
out to sea as the ship's crewmen carry out their duties
around her.

Edward approaches with two goblets of wine. He hands one
to her.

EDWARD
Dearest I'm so pleased you're
returning to England with me.

EVE
(mild scold)
I did not have many choices, Edward.

EDWARD
(more serious)
Eve, can we not begin again? Can't we
let all this water wash away the sins
of the past?

EVE

Where is the Captain? Where have you got him?

EDWARD

(condescending)

Dearest Eve, what does it matter?
He's secure in the ship's brig like any criminal.

EVE

Have you fed him?

Edward doesn't answer. Eve is angered.

EVE (cont'd)

He fed *me*. He shall be fed.

She hands Edward back her wine goblet and leaves him at the rail.

When she is out of earshot, Edward impatiently throws the goblet out to sea and pounds the rigging in frustration.

INT. SHIP'S BRIG - DAY

Eve descends the ship's narrow steps to find the Captain chained in a small brig with only a plank for a bed and bars and chains on the door. She carries with her a PLATE, covered with a napkin.

EVE

Captain? Captain Brand?

She peers into the shadows, her eyes getting used to the darkness.

The Captain, hearing his name, rouses himself wearily.

CAPTAIN

Aye and what is it, wench?

EVE

I...I'm sort of returning something I borrowed.

She approaches the bars as he pulls himself upright. Removing the covering from the plate, a nicely cooked FISH is revealed, exactly like that which she had stolen from him on the island.

She watches for his reaction with a slight smile.

The Captain looks at the plate, then up at her and turns back to his spartan bed.

CAPTAIN
Leave it and be gone with ye.

He curls up with his back toward her.

EVE
(softly)
Captain, Edward wants me to marry him again.

He does not reply.

EVE (cont'd)
Well...I just wanted to ask what you thought.

Silence.

EVE (cont'd)
Captain?

CAPTAIN
What is it ye want of me, woman?!
What care I a rat's arse what ye do with yourself? Go to your dandified bloke.

Stifling tears, she leaves the plate and turns back up the stairs.

The Captain somberly closes his eyes in a futile attempt to shut out reality.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHIP'S MAIN DECK - DAY

Eve strolls the deck observing the men at their work. She is approached from behind by Edward who brings a long velvet cloak and puts it about her shoulders.

EVE

Oh! Thank you. I was starting to get a bit chilled.

EDWARD

I'm afraid you'll need a bit more than this on those long cold London nights. I want you, dearest Eve, to have a house with a hearth in every room.

They continue to stroll.

EVE

(small smile)

Sounds like a place I could never leave.

(then)

Edward, what makes a man go to sea?

EDWARD

(laughs)

Why, the King's press gangs of course.

EVE

(smiles)

No seriously, Edward.

He gazes out to the horizon.

EDWARD

Ah, Lady Eve. Sometimes I think that the sea is a mistress more enticing than even yourself...er...if that were possible. There's always something new, another adventure just over the horizon if you can just reach out and grasp it.

He holds her shoulders, looks into her eyes.

EDWARD (cont'd)

And sometimes when you catch sight of a priceless treasure the thrill is in the chase itself, pursuing that one thing which seems more important than anything else.

EVE

(blushing)

You make me feel like some sort of pirate's prey.

EDWARD

Eve, when I returned to England I was weary of the sea. But when I discovered you were gone...I'd missed you by one day...perhaps only hours...in a moment the sea was calling me again...calling me to find you.

EVE

And you did.

EDWARD

Yes...I did.

Tenderly she puts her head on his shoulder.

EXT. THE SEA - NIGHT

The ship glides gently in the moonlight.

INT. SHIP'S BRIG - NIGHT

The Captain is asleep in his cell, curled up with his face to the wall.

Sitting quietly in the shadows across the way is Edward. Simms descends the stairs pausing halfway down to peer into the darkness.

SIMMS
(low voice)
Mister Mulgrew?

EDWARD
Here, mister Simms.

Simms approaches and sits near him. A barrel top serves as a table between them. On it sits an inkwell and a quill.

SIMMS
You asked to see me sir?

EDWARD
The time has come at last to discuss your future, mister Simms, if you will kindly keep your voice down.

SIMMS
(whispering)
Why here in the brig sir?

EDWARD
Lady Eve is resting in my own cabin, Mister Simms, and I don't wish to disturb her. Do you know how to read, Simms?

SIMMS
Aye sir. Read the whole book of Jonah once.

Edward places a document on the barrel.

EDWARD
Good. I propose to sign articles with you.

Simms eyes him suspiciously, then picks up the document and holds it to the lamp.

SIMMS
(reading)
It says that...after Miss Eve and yourself are married, if she was to meet with any sort of accident, that I'm to receive a hundred thousand pounds in gold.
(looks up at Edward)
I don't understand sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHEETHAM'S GARDENS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Edward and Cheetham are strolling near the fountain in the courtyard.

CHEETHAM

I'm afraid when I last saw her your wife was quite distraught, Mister Mulgrew. Her funds were running low. She asked me to help her sell the house in order to book passage to um...Jamaica I believe it was.

EDWARD

And...

CHEETHAM

Tis a pity, too. Her father had left his entire fortune to his sister, Cora. But shortly after Miss Eve sailed, the sister passed. If only Miss Eve had stayed in London a bit longer...

EDWARD

Why?

CHEETHAM

Cora didn't leave a will. But according to the law the estate passes to the nearest living relative...after taxes of course.

Mister Mulgrew...Cora had no relatives other than Miss Eve.

EDWARD

(laughs)

So she got her father's money after all! If only she were here to help me enjoy it!

CHEETHAM

(serious)

I'm afraid there's another wrinkle, Mister Mulgrew...Before Eve departed she had the marriage annulled.

Edward's smile turns dour.

CHEETHAM (cont'd)

You cannot legally take over the estate unless that covenant is reinstated.

CUT TO:

BACK TO SCENE

EDWARD

So I was going to have to find Miss Eve and marry her all over again.

Edward pauses his tale to take a swig from his bottle of laudanum.

EDWARD (cont'd)

She's become a very valuable woman, mister Simms. I told our friend Captain Brand there that I would be coming into an inheritance. True enough, but an inheritance *only* as the husband of our dear lady.

SIMMS

(grinning)

And you wants to share in the wealth, eh?

EDWARD

(mock amazement)

Share?...For a mere hundred thousand pounds *all* of it, and a seat in Parliament can be mine.

SIMMS

(grins devilishly)

I'm beginning to see your point of view, sir.

(then, thinking, whispers)

But what if a body didn't feel quite right about...ah, dispatching such a lovely piece as she?

EDWARD

(matter-of-factly)

There's always the alternative, of course: You are perfectly free to accompany your former Captain in his rendezvous with the gallows.

Simms turns a bit pale. Edward leans closer.

EDWARD

You see I have always felt, mister Simms, that, when it comes to claiming the bounty for apprehending criminals, two heads are certainly better than one.

Edward smiles smugly, takes the quill from its holder and offers it to Simms. The latter swallows, relinquishes any remnant of conscience, takes the quill, quickly dips it in ink and signs the document.

EDWARD (cont'd)

...and there...

He moves the document to get a signature on the second copy. Rolling the first, he places it in his vest.

Then he stands and moves toward the stairs.

EDWARD (cont'd)

We'll be in touch mister Simms.

Simms rolls his copy and leans back in the darkness.

As Edward's steps disappear up the stairs, the Captain opens his eyes.

Not only is he not asleep, he has heard every word.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SEA - DAY

Crewmen scramble on the rigging as the sun rises. A muffled YELLING AND HOWLING are heard from below decks.

INT. SHIP'S BRIG - DAY

The Captain is making a ruckus, banging on the walls and rattling the bars with an empty plate, all the while hollering at the top of his lungs.

CAPTAIN
AAAUAAAUGH! Get someone down here ya
bleedin bastards!

Sure enough, a pair of feet descends the stairs. It is OLSON, the ship's cook.

OLSON
What's all the ruckus? You ain't
complainin' about my cookin' again
are ye?

CAPTAIN
I wish to speak to the Lady.

OLSON
What lady?

CAPTAIN
How many ladies ye got on this barge,
ya maggot-ridden jackanapes?

OLSON
(annoyed)
Ah...I'll see what I can do.

He turns to head back upstairs.

EXT. SHIP'S MAIN DECK - DAY

Eve is stepping on deck from her cabin. Olson approaches her.

OLSON

Beggin' your pardon, ma'am, but
Captain Brand wishes to speak with
you.

EVE
(thinks a moment)
You can tell Captain Brand...

She is interrupted as Edwards steps over to join in the
conversation.

EDWARD
...that the lady is not interested in
speaking with anyone in quarantine.

OLSON
Aye, sir.

He turns to go.

EVE
Quarantine?

EDWARD
There's evidence of an outbreak of
the Yellow Fever I'm afraid. I've had
the ship's doctor quarantine the brig
area just to be safe.

EVE
Yellow fever?!

Olson hears this, realizes, turns back.

OLSON
I...I ain't going back down there,
sir.

EDWARD
I don't blame you mister Olson.

Eve is horrified.

EDWARD (cont'd)
Yes, it's a pity. We can only hope
that Captain Brand survives to see
the docks at London.
(turns to look in her eyes)
Even *he* would appreciate the joy in
your eyes at our wedding.

Eve remains in his arms but gazes meditatively out to sea.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONDON SKYLINE - DAY

The smoke from a thousand hearths mingles with the low-hanging fog over the city.

EXT. LONDON WATERFRONT - DAY

The privateer ship has docked amongst a forest of masts in the harbor. A pair of His Majesty's MARINES, armed with muskets, ascend the gangplank.

On deck they are met by Simms.

MARINE #1

Permission to come aboard on the
Crown's business.

SIMMS

Aye, permission granted, lads.

Edward strides up to meet the armed men as Eve stands by in the background.

EDWARD

Ah, gentlemen! Welcome. Thank you for
answering my summons. I've got
something the Crown will surely be
most grateful for.

Several burly crewmen haul a chained and wriggling Captain Brand up from the hold of the ship into the daylight.

CAPTAIN

Unchain me ye dog-hearted bungholes!
I'll take ye down with me as sure as
you stand!

As he sees Edward and the parties on deck, he continues:

CAPTAIN (cont'd)

We had an agreement, ya lying
bastard!

(turns to Eve)
Stay away from that Judas, Lass!
(points to Edward)
He'll kill you. He just wants to get
at your inheritance! He's going to
kill you!

EDWARD
Gag him.

The crewmen cram a filthy rag in the Captain's mouth and tie another around his head to secure the first.

The Captain continues to struggle, his face turning red.

Eve stands back in horror as the writhing Captain is subdued.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
I'm sorry you had to see this,
dearest. It's sad, really.

EVE
What is he talking about, Edward? I
have no inheritance. What could
he...?

EDWARD
(shakes his head, sighs)
He's clearly delirious. It's the
fever speaking. One almost feels
sorry for him.

Eve and Edward stand by as the marines haul the Captain down the gangplank and onto shore.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A powder-wigged JUDGE ascends the bench as the BAILIFF announces:

BAILIFF
All rise. The holy royal court of
justice of the English Empire is now
in session, the honorable Lord Henry
Wigginton, magistrate in the service

of His Royal Majesty King George the
First, presiding.

JUDGE
(to no one)
God save the King.

He takes his seat.

THE COURTROOM
(unison)
God save the King.

The remainder of the inhabitants of the courtroom are
seated.

BAILIFF
(reading)
The court is hereby called to order
in the matter of the Crown vs.
Captain Lucius Brand.

JUDGE
Let the accused take the stand.

A shackled and disheveled Captain Brand is led to the
stand, facing the bench. The courtroom is abuzz with
whispers.

Eve, and Edward look on solemnly from the seats near the
front.

JUDGE (cont'd)
You are Captain Lucius Brand?

CAPTAIN
Aye, your honor.

JUDGE
Will the Bailiff read the charges.

BAILIFF
Crown vs. Lucius Brand. The accused
stands charged with multiple and
malicious acts of robbery, piracy and
assault on his Majesty's vessels and
other properties of the crown upon
the high seas, in wanton disregard of
Royal authority, life, and property
of the English people for a period of

seven years before this date, the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and twenty.

JUDGE

How do you plead, Captain Brand?

The Captain glances over at Eve and Edward, then bows his head before the bench.

CAPTAIN

Guilty, your honor. Er, except I never once killed nobody meself.

More murmurs in the courtroom.

JUDGE

Captain Brand, do you realize that in so pleading you are bringing about the full penalty of the law upon your head.

CAPTAIN

Aye, your honor.

JUDGE

Captain, would you estimate for the court the approximate value of goods which you have stolen from the crown in the last seven years.

A smile curls over the Captain's lips. He speaks up proudly.

CAPTAIN

I would reckon it'd be nigh onto a couple of million pounds, your honor.

The whispering in the gallery gets stronger. A few chuckles are heard at the Captain's obvious pride in his accomplishments.

JUDGE

Order!

He bangs his gavel and the room quiets.

JUDGE (cont'd)

As you may be aware, Captain Brand, the Crown is presently at war with King of France. War is a costly venture at any time and your crimes against the state have made it ever more difficult to successfully defend the crown and the people of England from foreign aggression.

CAPTAIN

(humbly)

Aye, your honor.

JUDGE

Nevertheless, the crown is inclined toward leniency on your behalf should you be willing to return to it the goodly portion of the materials which you and your men have looted from His Majesty's vessels.

CAPTAIN

(a bit taken aback)

You mean, your honor, that if I gives back all the plunder, you'll grant mercy?

JUDGE

That is the correct, Captain Brand.

CAPTAIN

(starts to squirm)

Ooh, now let me see...

He starts gazing around the room, trying to think of a scheme.

Eve looks on, wide-eyed, amazed at the turn of events.

Edward raises an eyebrow of concern.

JUDGE

What is your response to the crown's generous offer, Captain Brand?

CAPTAIN

What would your honor say if I was to come up with, say, *half* of the treasure?

JUDGE

Do not try this court's patience
Captain Brand!

Sighing, the Captain admits defeat even to himself.

CAPTAIN
Beggin' your pardon, your honor, but
yours truly ain't got a farthing.

Again, the courtroom murmurs.

Edward settles back into his seat, quietly breathing a sigh
of relief.

JUDGE
In that case Captain Lucius Brand,
the court finds you guilty as charged
of all counts before it and sentences
you to be taken from this place and
three days hence hanged by the neck
until you are dead. May God have
mercy on your soul.

He bangs his gavel.

JUDGE (cont'd)
This court is ajourned.

The judge departs the bench as the Captain is led from the
stand.

Eve, eyes welling with tears, rushes over towards the
departing Captain.

EDWARD
Eve, wait...

Eve pushes past all the onlookers and embraces the Captain.

EVE
Oh, Captain, I'm so sorry.

CAPTAIN
(gently)
Ah Lady Eve, look after yourself,
Lass.

As he embraces her he attempts to slip a FOLDED PAPER into her pocket.

BAILIFF
Come on, come on...

The bailiff shoves the Captain, breaks up the embrace and, in the process, knocks the paper from the Captain's hand.

Noting the fallen billet, Edward quickly stoops to pick it up and pockets it without Eve ever knowing of its existence.

The Captain is hauled off to jail, frustrated in even this small task to communicate with Eve.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAVERN - DAY

Simms sits nervously at a corner table, a tankard in front of him.

He is approached by a cloaked figure. It is Edward.

EDWARD
(impatient)
You wished to see me Mister Simms?

SIMMS
Ah mister Mulgrew, soon to be Lord
Mulgrew, right?

He forces a smile.

EDWARD
I was told you had a matter of great
urgency.

SIMMS
(almost embarrassed)
Please...sit.

Edward glances around and reluctantly joins Simms at the table.

EDWARD
(sotto, through clenched teeth)
We should not be seen together in
public, Mister Simms.

SIMMS
(fidgety)
Aye sir, I understand all that.

EDWARD
Then what is it?

Simms takes a breath and leans forward.

SIMMS
How is it you wants me to...you
know...?

EDWARD
(rolls his eyes)
Any way you want to do it. I don't
even want to know about it.

Then a thought hits him.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
(forceful)
But whatever you do, it must be *after*
the wedding.

SIMMS
And that's precisely what I wished to
speak to you about sir.

EDWARD
(impatient)
Go on...

SIMMS
It's a matter of money, sir. When
can I get some of it?

EDWARD
(matter-of-factly)
When you fulfill our agreement,
Mister Simms and not before.

Simms squirms in his seat a bit.

SIMMS

Well you see sir, that's a day or two off, and then there's watching and waiting for just the right time...I mean, a man's gotta live don't he? It's the big city after all.

Edward sighs in exasperation. He pulls a small leather pouch from his waistcoat and removes a coin.

EDWARD

Here's half a crown. That's all til the work is done.

Simms takes the coin.

SIMMS

(meager smile)

Thank you sir. This'll do nicely.

Edward removes the small grey bottle from his vest and takes a sip of laudanum.

EDWARD

I don't want to hear from you again, Mister Simms. Is that clear?

SIMMS

Oh perfectly sir.

In a flurry of cloak, Edward is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWER OF LONDON - NIGHT

The moon shines intermittently through shifting clouds on the stark walls of the prison.

INT. CAPTAIN'S PRISON CELL - NIGHT

THE CAPTAIN SITS, HEAD BOWED IN HIS DANK CELL. DISTANT VAGUE MOANS of distress echo from somewhere within the stone walls.

A nearby clanking of keys is heard. The Captain raises his head to observe:

Simms and the JAILER just outside his cell.

The jailer opens the cell and allows Simms in, locking the bars behind him.

JAILER

Five minutes.

SIMMS

Aye sir.

The jailer leaves. Simms watches him depart, just to make sure.

CAPTAIN

Simms, how's a scurvy rat like you walkin' into this place without ye bein' hauled and shackled?

SIMMS

(whispers)

That's just it, Cap'n. I uh, just wanted you to know I was grateful.

He pulls a bottle from his pocket, hands it to the Captain.

SIMMS (cont'd)

I...I brought you this.

CAPTAIN

Rum? Aye and I never thought I'd see such a lovely sight again.

He removes the cork and takes a deep draught.

SIMMS

Easy, now, mate...you'll want to be savin' it. The morning the hangman

comes for you, that's when you'll be wantin' your belly full.

The Captain wipes his mouth, thinks a moment, then takes Simms' advice and re-corks the bottle.

CAPTAIN
(suspicious)
You said you was grateful?

SIMMS
I could've been in here with you, Captain. Could've had me own set o' them chains. But you...you kept your gob shut. You're a man of honor, Cap'n.

CAPTAIN
That's a fine lovely, coming from a mutinous dog.

Simms looks down, scratches his head and smiles a bit.

SIMMS
Aye, that I am, Cap'n.

Suddenly the Captain rises in a rage, throws Simms against the wall and takes him by the throat.

CAPTAIN
...and a murderous one too. One that would even kill a lady for a few morsels of gold.

Simms struggles to breathe.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
Now you listen to me, you milk livered carbuncle: You lay one hand on Lady Eve and I'll come back from the gates of hell to slit your spleen and flay you for the crabs.

SIMMS
(gasping)
You...you knows about the articles?

CAPTAIN
I knows every word of the pact you made with that pox-ridden devil

Mulgrew. He betrayed *me*. What makes
ye think he'll live up to any
articles he signs with *you*?

He lets go of Simms' throat.

Simms collapses, gasping. He starts to sob.

SIMMS
He's good for it. He's got to be...
I...I got nothin' else Cap'n.

CAPTAIN
Guard!...GUARD!

The Jailer appears.

CAPTAIN (cont'd)
Get this puking Jonas outta my sight.

Keys are turned in the lock.

Simms stumbles outside and is gone.

The Captain is left once again to his solitude in the
moaning and clanking stone walls.

Settling back to his seat, however, he notices something.

On the cell floor, not far from the door is a FOLDED
DOCUMENT, apparently dropped from Simms' clothing during
the scuffle.

The Captain picks up the paper and opens it to observe:

It's the articles of agreement Simms and Edward had signed.

The Captain quickly refolds the paper and conceals it.

CUT TO:

INT. EDWARD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

As a crackling fire glows in the hearth, Edward and Eve are at opposite ends of the elegant dinner table.

Edward is just finishing. He drains the last from his tankard and pushes back from the table.

EVE

Was it to your liking, Edward?

EDWARD

What?

EVE

The pheasant.

EDWARD

Oh...um yes, very nice. Thank you

He steps over to kiss her.

EVE

Thank the bounty we received from Captain Brand's capture.

EDWARD

(turns away)

Confound it, Woman! Will that criminal never remove himself from our lives?

EVE

I'm sorry Edward, it's just that he made an impression on me.

She puts her arms around him, they embrace.

EDWARD

(manages a smile)

I suppose then, that I should rejoice in the fact that he shall be leaving this world on the very day you and I shall be wed...twice confirming our new lives together.

She puts her head on his shoulder for a moment, staring into the fire. There is silence.

EVE
Edward...

EDWARD
Dearest?

EVE
Why have you never told me much about
your life before I met you?

Edward pulls away, goes to sit in a chair by the fire, and pulls out his bottle of laudanum. He takes a sip, re-corks it and stares silently into the fire.

EVE (cont'd)
...Edward?

EDWARD
(sighs)
Look to the future, Dearest. Never
look back.
EVE
But, Edward, don't you think the
future...?

EDWARD
(interrupting, speech slurred)
Don't ask me about my days at sea,
Dearest, and I won't ask you about
what you were doing on an island with
that barbarian...

He closes his eyes as the meal and the laudanum take effect.

EVE
(insulted)
Barbarian? Why I should....

Fast asleep, his hand falls limply to the side of the chair.

Eve stares for a moment at the sorry state of her husband-to-be.

Then, sighing, she takes his cloak from where it hangs and covers him with it like a blanket.

In so doing, however, a small PACKET OF PAPER drops from the pocket: the one the Captain had tried to slip to Eve in the courtroom.

Intrigued, Eve stoops to pick it up, examines it in her hand briefly, then opens it to read.

She begins reading calmly at first, then more agitated. Slowly she grows ever more pale til, as she finishes, she stares out into space at the potential ramifications of the document she has just read.

In a moment of decision, she grabs her cloak, flings it around herself, and hurriedly heads off out the door, disappearing into the night.

An unconscious Edward remains by the fire.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. TOWER OF LONDON - SUNRISE

The sun peaks over the stark battlements of the tower prison complex.

I/E. CAPTAIN'S PRISON CELL - DAY

Outside the barred window of the Captain's cell stands a gallows, the rope for which is now attached.

The Captain stands looking at it through the bars, taking a long quaff from the smuggled bottle of rum.

Behind him is heard the CLANKING of keys in the lock. The Captain turns to discover the jailer, a large, armed GUARD, and a cloaked PRIEST.

They stand silently, ominously before the opened cell door.

The Captain swallows hard.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Below the immense stained glass and gold adornments of the sizeable house of worship, an impeccably-dressed Edward stands patiently at the altar.

The throated PIPE ORGAN drones in anticipation of the bride's arrival.

Edward brushes a bit of lint off his waistcoat and revels in looking fabulous in his white cape and ornamental SWORD.

The pews are filled with a couple of dozen ON-LOOKERS, (including Lord Wigginton, the judge that presided at the Captain's trial.)

Some whispering is heard among the congregation as the moment draws near.

Acknowledging a signal, the PRIEST nods to the ORGANIST.

The organist takes the cue, discontinues the current musical motif and, following a brief pause, enters into a BRIDAL MARCH.

The onlookers rise and turn to view the bride as she enters.

And enter she does. Although there are no bridesmaids, Eve is not alone: She is proudly escorted down the aisle on the arm of one Captain Lucius Brand.

Edward takes one look and begins to squirm and sputter, even to sweat a little.

The Captain, meanwhile, cleaned up as best as could be expected, proceeds at the slow, dignified pace of the wedding march.

He gazes around in amazement at all the gold furnishings, grinning from ear to ear, nodding occasionally to the murmuring onlookers.

One or two WOMEN look like they may faint.

Simms is in one of the pews. Still dressed in his normal ratty clothing, he seems out of place in the formal setting. But he's too busy ogling a nearby pretty WOMAN to pay much attention to the proceedings at hand.

The Captain and Eve approach the altar and halt as the music echoes away.

There is deafening SILENCE for a moment.

PRIEST

Who gives this woman to be wed to
this man?

Eve ELBOWS the Captain slightly.

CAPTAIN

Oh! I reckons I does your Highness,
sir.

(to Edward)

Ahoy Eddie lad! Nice riggin' eh? Bet
you never seen the inside of a church
neither, have ye?

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