

PIECES OF EIGHT

by

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FADE IN:

INT. SEASIDE TAVERN - NIGHT

Dark. Rustic. Candlelit. CLANGING BELLS and SEAGULLS CHIME a familiar drone. A window, stained by the sea, dimly veils moonstruck waves crashing on the rockbound shore.

SUPERIMPOSE: Isle of Iviza - 1567

MIGUEL ARIAS (45), strong and weathered like a great ship, sits alone poring over ocean charts. A thirteen inch goatee, strung with glimmering beads, punctuates his chiseled jaw. A gold clasp engraved with an ornate heart secures the strand.

An elderly BARKEEP offers him another drink. Miguel refuses.

Miguel slides off his coat. Opens a leather-bound journal. Dips a quill in black ink. Thinks. Writes. His entry begins "19 de Abril de 1567". Beat. "Querido Tomas."

MIGUEL (V.O.)

How do I tell the story that will
change your life? To speak of
things painful enough just to
remember.

Miguel sips from a pewter cup. Continues writing.

MIGUEL (V.O.)

You are the treasure that haunts
me. No chart marks your position.
No compass can guide me. I know
not if seven seas or seven seconds
divide us.

Miguel gazes into the charts. His eyes close in remembrance.

MIGUEL (V.O.)

Flames consumed my destiny, and now
the ashes are my legacy.

EXT. SPANISH GALLEON GLORIA - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: Southwest of Spain - 1556

Rising up the starboard side of the SPANISH GALLEON, GLORIA, cannon doors open wide. Seawater washes through the scuppers. Forty plus guns wait - primed to fire. Gold carvings accent the bow. Her figurehead - Saint Apollonia.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - NIGHT

A menacing pirate ship, the GREAT WHITE, evades portside. Also called the Shark, this British "race-built" galleon commands sixty guns. Bold white stripes adorn her hull.

Her stem boasts a writhing sea serpent clutching a mermaid in its coil. The monster's teeth poised just above her head.

MIGUEL (O.S.)

Fire!

BOOM! BOOM! Chase-guns blast across the moonlit ocean.

EXT. SPANISH GALLEON GLORIA - THE HELM - NIGHT

Eleven years younger and with noble good looks, Miguel Arias, surveys the battle. Stands firm and calm amid the chaos. Wipes the misting sea from his cutting blue eyes.

QUARTERMASTER PONCHO HORTIZ (32) maintains course. Poncho's loose cotton shirt mirrors the rippling sails above. A winning smile crosses his face. Wind whips his hair.

Gloria falls deep between swells. With a raised hand, Miguel readies the gunners. A lantern swings from the bittack - rhythmically beaming light off the compass.

MIGUEL

Steady... FIRE!

The ship rides up. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Smoke and sparks cross the deck. Gloria's crew reloads.

DIEGO (47), a gunner, heaves off the starboard bow. The ship jerks against the contrary sea. He loses his foothold. Falls in the drink. Miguel and Poncho watch in horror.

MIGUEL

Dear God.

Miguel grabs a safety line. Hands one end to Poncho.

MIGUEL

Poncho, secure this lanyard!

PONCHO

Miguel, are you mad?!

MIGUEL

Marcos, take the helm!

PONCHO
It's one man!

MIGUEL
That's an order, Poncho!

Miguel dashes up the stairs. Wraps the rope around his arm.

MIGUEL
Heave to! Heave to!

Leaping from the quarterdeck, Miguel disappears over the sterncastle. The crew furls sail.

PONCHO
Angels do not fly below the water
line!

Poncho watches the rope quickly uncoil. Wrapping his end around his arm, he runs to secure the line - too late. Snap! Poncho zips back - limbs flail. His body raked up the steps.

PONCHO
Heave to! Heave to!

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Miguel smacks the water - just in time. He snatches Diego. Strains to hold him. Fights the salty spray.

EXT. SPANISH GALLEON GLORIA - NIGHT

Bracing for impact - Poncho slams into the back rail. BAM!

PONCHO
Heave to...

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

Blue under the tension of the rope, Miguel's arm slips. He regains control. Looks up. The two men fly out of the sea.

EXT. SPANISH GALLEON GLORIA - NIGHT

The crew hoists Miguel and Diego onboard.

First mate MARCOS (27), a handsomely gruff mariner, pounds the gunner's chest. Diego spews a mixture of seawater and bile. Poncho carefully inspects Miguel's imprinted arm.

PONCHO

God's grace shines on you today,
Capitan.

Extending a spyglass, Marcos scans the dark horizon. Raises his consistently cynical brow. Closes the scope.

MARCOS

Many more fishing trips like that,
and de Lire will be catching up
with your sacks for sure.

INT. INQUISITION CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Every corner drowns in an inkwell of darkness. Hewn rock and stacked stone echo the cold. SCREAMS beckon from the shadows. Metal implements CLINK and RACHET. Ropes tighten.

SUPERIMPOSE: Cadiz, Spain

Pulled from hot coals, a torture element called an oral pear glows translucent orange. Its iron leaves held by a clamp, it illuminates the bloodstained face of an ARAB MAN.

BLAS DIAS (69), a tribunal leader of The Spanish Inquisition, moves in with the expanding device. His white hair short and brittle. His demonic grin stretches his ancient skin.

BLAS

The closer I get to the light, the
more the dirt shows.

Sweat drips from the tortured man's quivering flesh. CREAK. He SCREAMS! The rack stretches him beyond his boundaries. Blas gives him one more reason to die. Forcing the man's mouth open, he aims the molten hell inside.

AT THE DOOR

CAPTAIN SALVADOR DE LIRE (36) fills the portal. His eyes narrow. Garbled screams only hint at the cruelty.

Salvador's fine clothes and precise locks reflect an air of pride and a measure of sophistication. His only apparent flaw - a deep scar divides his left cheek from jaw to brow. His damaged eye - milky and obviously blind.

A short affluent man, JULIAN DACA (51), accosts Salvador.

JULIAN

Capitan de Lire? Señor, may I beg
a moment of your time?

SALVADOR
Beg all you like.

Salvador dons a black wide-brim hat. Rushes off. Julian follows - rethinking his approach.

JULIAN
Do you believe there comes a time
when a man's fortune might turn?

Salvador stops. Sneers. Steps over to an EMACIATED MAN who sits lifelessly in a garroting chair.

SALVADOR
Believe?

Salvador reaches behind the man's head. Gives the crank a quick turn. The man jerks and SCREAMS - falls back silent.

SALVADOR
Religiously.

Salvador bounds back at Julian. Grabs his collar.

SALVADOR
You know nothing of my fortune, old man.

JULIAN
Ten years ago, our dear Coronado
was discharged. A new Capitan
General was named.

Julian pauses - distracted by Salvador's scar. Looks down.

JULIAN
As I understand it, this is a
command that by all rights should
have been awarded you.

Salvador retracts. Releases Julian's collar.

SALVADOR
Is there no other point to this
dagger you twist? I know it well.

JULIAN
Better to remedy the wound, than
dwell on the scar.

Salvador pulls Julian into a darker corner.

SALVADOR

Tell me, what profit draws such a
fat rat from his hole?

Julian peeks out of the darkness.

JULIAN

What is one man's fortune worth?

SALVADOR

It is apparent, that you are about
to tell me.

JULIAN

I trust my family will have your
promise of protection, if I offer
something of greater consequence.

SALVADOR

Promise? Consequence? What is
this scheme that festers in you?

JULIAN

First, your word as a Spaniard.

Julian extends his hand. Salvador just looks at it.

SALVADOR

My word is my guarantee, and my
patience thin. Complete this
riddle, or I shall complete you.

JULIAN

Miguel Arias, walks perilously
close to the flame, Señor.

Salvador watches one of his black leather gloves slide on.
Large flames ROAR in the distance. He tugs the glove down
tight. Stretches his fingers. Makes a fist.

SALVADOR

Then a push is all he requires.

JULIAN

I wish him no harm, Señor. Surely
a special grace is due a soldier.

SALVADOR

I am nothing, if not relegated to
the execution of justice. Grace is
another matter. Now, what is your
consequence?

INT. SPANISH GALLEON GLORIA - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY

Stained glass transmits the morning light across the dark, oiled floors. Charts and a set of gold pointers lie on a carved desk. Marcos watches Miguel finish breakfast.

MIGUEL

Gracias, Marcos. My last meal on board is always bittersweet.

MARCOS

Leaving one old lady for another, Capitan?

MIGUEL

Your sister would not appreciate such words.

Marcos smiles. Takes Miguel's empty plate. Exits.

MIGUEL

Come in, Diego.

Miguel picks up the pointers - marks a chart. Diego enters.

DIEGO

Capitan Arias, the depths of the sea cannot contain my gratitude.

MIGUEL

Gladly they do not contain you.

Miguel lays down the pointers. Stands.

MIGUEL

Go home, Diego.

DIEGO

But, Capitan.

MIGUEL

Five precious souls, Diego. Where would they be without their father?

Diego looks at a frame on Miguel's desk.

DIEGO

I am not the only one with family to think of.

Miguel smiles. Motions for Diego to follow him out.

EXT. SPANISH GALLEON GLORIA - DAY

Sailing is good. The SPANISH CREW work the lines. Bright skies and cool breezes invigorate them. Poncho has the helm, and he's thrilled about it. Miguel and Diego exit the cabin.

MIGUEL

The leeward is with us today,
Quartermaster.

PONCHO

Strong winds. Salty lips. I
wouldn't trade today for anything!

MIGUEL

Tomorrow.

Poncho looks confused. Miguel consults his compass. Scans the horizon.

MIGUEL

I would trade it for tomorrow.

Miguel walks to the bow. Two able-bodied mariners, RAMON (22) and JUAN (25), talk with Marcos. Marcos systematically inspects the array of blades that adorn his bandolier.

MARCOS

Damn conversos. They should all be
tossed to the pit.

MIGUEL (O.S.)

Did not someone once offer you
salvation, Marcos?

Startled by a hand on his shoulder, Marcos turns his head.

MARCOS

They're no more Christian than I am
God.

MIGUEL

How unfortunate for you to draw
lightning upon your own head.
Especially while we stand so close.

Everyone takes a quiet step back from Marcos. They LAUGH.

RAMON

I am no lover of the heathen, but
what kind of man lets this madness
abide, Capitan?

MARCOS

Do you really think the crown will
surrender a root of power, Ramon?

Miguel turns his back. Breathes deep under a guarded smile.

MIGUEL

I love Spain, not her figurehead or
her holy war. What can we do? We
fight for her. Pray for her.

Miguel faces them. Rivets a hand on Marcos's shoulder.

MIGUEL

If destiny calls, we die for her.

MARCOS

Greed is their religion. Pads
their pockets and pays for these
sails. Shall we die for that?

Marcos tightens a line. Spits over the side.

MARCOS

I will die for you. Not Spain.

JUAN

My uncle says that truth be told,
the judges's greater lust is the
blood of those protestant rebels.

MIGUEL

Rebels?

Marcos looks through his spyglass off the starboard rail.
Sees a ship. Taps Miguel's arm. Hands him the scope.
Miguel looks. Makes out a black flag.

MIGUEL

The only rebels I see are in my
wake or in my sights.

Miguel closes the spyglass. Marcos whispers to Juan.

MARCOS

What of last night? We were all
found wanting in Black Jack's wake.

Juan pushes Marcos. Marcos draws a dagger. Gets in Juan's
face. Juan draws one of Marcos' blades. Shows it to him.
They wrench each others collars.

MARCOS

I knew I should've moved that one.

Miguel pushes them apart.

MIGUEL

One of mine is worth more than any
haul his ship might yield, and next
time his luck will change.

INT. KING PHILLIP'S THRONE ROOM - DAY

Salvador kneels before KING PHILLIP II. The King sits on his
throne. Distracted by advisors. Picks between two outfits.

SALVADOR

King Phillip, forgive my intrusion.

KING PHILLIP

Proceed, Salvador.

SALVADOR

Troubling news, your Highness.

KING PHILLIP

Of what nature, Capitan?

SALVADOR

Most foul, your Majesty.

INT. THE ARIAS HOME - DAY

A quaint villa in the center of Cadiz. A sitting room and a
flight of stairs flank an open living area.

MARIA ARIAS (32), a striking beauty with long brown hair,
sits on the floor reading a Bible to their son, TOMAS (10).

The Bible cover reads: La Ley Nueva de Cristo

Maria's white nightdress drapes over her folded legs. She
runs her hand over Tomas' wild black hair. Tomas digs the
tip of a wooden sword into the cracks in the floorboards.

MARIA

Papi will be home soon, Tomas.

TOMAS

I wish he was here all the time.

She reaches for his necklace. Half of an eight reale.

MARIA
We all do, Tomas. We all do.

Maria gazes at the coin. Feels the cut edge.

FLASHBACK

EXT. PORT OF CADIZ - DAY

Miguel walks off the ship. Drops his pack. Runs to his family. He lays a big kiss on Maria. Hugs Tomas. Smiles. Kisses his head. Matches his half coin with Tomas'.

END FLASHBACK

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. THE ARIAS HOME - DAY

Maria holds Tomas' half of the coin. Looks into his eyes. SSSSSSS! Maria, lost in thought, wakes - startled. A pot boils over at the fireplace. Spits and POPS on the flames. Maria runs to it. Removes the pot. Wipes the floor.

MARIA
We're not the only ones who depend
on Papi.

SANCHO (91), Miguel's grandfather, shuffles across the room.

SANCHO
Your father is Capitan General.

Maria sits back down beside Tomas.

MARIA
It's a sacrifice we all make.

Across the room Miguel's mother, CATALINA (72), naps by the window. Morning sun shines through her silver hair.

Sancho puts on his gloves. Reaches for the door handle.

MARIA (O.S.)
Sancho? Sancho? Grandfather?!

Sancho stops. Closes the door. Cups his hand over his ear.

MARIA
Where are you going?

SANCHO
Oh, confession, dear.

MARIA
As if there were any ill thoughts
in that sweet old head of yours.

SANCHO
Oh, my. A lifetime's I'm afraid.

MARIA
Grandfather, you know God hears
your penance.

Sancho nods, "yes". Smiles. Removes his gloves.

SANCHO
Old manners die hard, my dear.

A RUMBLING in the street. Catalina wakes. A KNOCK at the door. She peeks out the sidelight.

MARIA
Who is it, Madre?

CATALINA
Soldiers, Maria. Soldiers.

The KNOCKS persist - LOUDER. Maria bars the door.

SALVADOR (O.S.)
Don Arias? Clear this door!

SANCHO
Put the scriptures away! They'll
know it for sure.

DON ARIAS (73), Miguel's father, barrels down the stairs.
Sword in hand. His aging body a step behind his passion.

DON ARIAS
I'll clear your throats you
merciless vipers!

Maria scurries to the sitting room. Pulls back a rug.
Exposes a trap door. Reaches for Tomas. Kisses him.

MARIA
Come, Tomas! Run to Amelia's!

TOMAS
They'll know what, Mama? What?!

MARIA
GO! Find Papi!

Blindsided by this command, Tomas obeys his mother. Salvador and his SOLDIERS break down the door. Tomas narrowly escapes unseen. The rug drops back in place.

DON ARIAS
Burn in hell you godforsaken...

BAM! Salvador knocks Don Arias to the floor. Grabs Maria's face. Tightens his grip. It's personal.

SALVADOR
Ladies first.

The soldiers drag the family out to the street.

EXT. SPANISH GALLEON GLORIA - DAY

The morning sun shoots golden rays off the rooftops of Cadiz. Miguel leans back on the mizzen mast. Reveling in memories.

MIGUEL
It's good to be home.

FLASHBACK

INT. THE ARIAS HOME, DINING ROOM - DAY

Miguel ladles out a pot of stew to Tomas, Maria, Sancho, Catalina and Don Arias. Prays. Musses Tomas' hair.

A KNOCK at the door. It opens. Julian appears holding a bottle of wine and a basket of fruits and vegetables.

JULIAN
Hola, amigos! Amelia sends her
best. The spirits are from me.

They all LAUGH and welcome him in.

INT. THE ARIAS HOME - NIGHT

Miguel and Tomas battle with a wooden sword and a broomstick. Miguel pretends to be wounded. Puts the sword under his arm. Falls over. Tomas yanks it out. Jumps on Miguel. Puts it to his throat. Miguel sticks out his tongue.

EXT. THE ARIAS HOME - VERANDA - NIGHT

Miguel and Maria stand face to face on the veranda. She sheds a tear. He wipes it away. Puts it to his lips.

MIGUEL
Have faith, Maria.

MARIA
What if your mistress destroys you?

MIGUEL
The devil himself can't keep me.
I'm lost without you.

He slides her gown off her shoulder. Kisses it gently.
Feels her skin on his face. They embrace. Kiss heatedly.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. SPANISH GALLEON GLORIA - DAY

Miguel looks down at his wedding ring. Its sea-worn silver - a reminder of more simple times. He smiles. Kisses it.

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - DAY

Tomas runs and stumbles across an open field. Blades of tall grass whip by. Dusting the tears from his cheeks. He trips. Falls on a rock. Bloodies his nose. Shakes it off. Runs.

INT. INQUISITION CHAMBERS - DAY

SOLDIERS direct the Arias family into a dark room. A group of men stand with their backs turned. Blas Dias turns around. A BISHOP (70) and eight other CLERICS follow suit.

Salvador enters. Takes Maria aside. Forces her against a wall. She turns her gaze away. He grabs her chin. Makes her look at him. Strokes her hair. Kisses her. She bites his lip. He reels back. SLAPS her face. She cries.

EXT. SPANISH GALLEON GLORIA - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Puerto Cadiz

Gloria approaches the docks. Miguel walks the deck. Notices Julian waving his arms above the crowd.

EXT. PORT OF CADIZ - DAY

A bustling seaport. Full of people at work. Julian ardently waits on the dock. The Gloria BUMPS. The crew ties off.

MIGUEL

Julian? What is it?

JULIAN

Come quick! Your family stands
before the Inquisitors!

EXT. PORTSIDE STREETS OF CADIZ - DAY

Miguel lands on the back of a borrowed horse. A strong white stallion wearing black leather and silver buckles. The horse's OWNER protests. Miguel drives his heels into the animal's ribs. Poncho and Julian run after him.

Poncho looks side to side. No horse.

PONCHO

Is there no other horse in Spain?!

Hooves CLAP and SHUFFLE on the cobblestone. Miguel doesn't look back. Poncho throws his hat. Horse and rider blow past the street VENDORS. Produce scatters. The vendors SHOUT - shaking their fists and running after him.

Miguel spies the steps of the Tribunal Hall. Makes a heated approach. A final determined jab from his boots - Miguel steers hard right. The horse obeys. Strides up the stairs.

INT. INQUISITION COURT - DAY

Blas Dias, the Bishop and the other clerics stand behind a long dark table. This, the TRIBUNAL COUNCIL, sits down. Salvador de Lire and several well-armed GUARDS look on.

Darkness lives here. Draped with tapestries - no natural light enters. A small balcony overlooks a cavernous room.

THE CAVERNOUS ROOM

Two hundred feet in each direction. Sixty feet high. In the center of this vast chamber resides a hellish fire pit. Racks, iron maidens and various devices adorn the walls. Shackles hold skeletons in diverse stages of decay.

INT. TRIBUNAL HALL - DAY

Miguel rides the champion through the open foyer - turning left down a torchlit hallway. Dodging low beams and armed guards, he plows a path to the large wooden doors of the Inquisition Court. Miguel rears back the horse.

INT. INQUISITION COURT - DAY

Blas stands to speak. BAM! The giant wooden doors fly open - blowing everyone back. Miguel jumps from the horse. Stiff-arms a guard. Thunders across the room.

BLAS

Capitan, please! This is a court
of the church, not matters of war.

MIGUEL

Wicked words have found me in the
street, Señor Dias. If truth is in
them, this is war!

BLAS

Again, Capitan, please. Violent
tones will not ring true in here.

MIGUEL

Strange, I thought that was the
only tone taken in here.

Miguel glances out over the balcony rail. His family, minus Tomas, stands clapped in iron before the fire pit.

MIGUEL

Dear God. Release them at once!

BLAS

Your father...

MIGUEL

My father is a patriot and hero of
Spain!

BLAS

Your father has already confessed.
Mercy will be shown.

MIGUEL

Mercy?! An edict of yours is
purely a death sentence!

SALVADOR
We all die, Miguel.

Miguel cuts a sharp knowing look at Salvador. Then to Blas.

MIGUEL
Clearly this is some political
scheme. My family has no account
to be before this court.

Miguel points to the pit.

MIGUEL
Much less, at the brink of burning!

BLAS
Heresy will not be tolerated.

MIGUEL
Heresy? Christian men and women?

BLAS
Commoners shall not pretend to
expound God's word for themselves.

Salvador walks to the long table. Picks up the Bible from Miguel's home. Raises it high.

SALVADOR
According to Don Arias, the lot of
your family embraces the arrogant
disillusions of Martin Luther.

Salvador carelessly drops the Bible back to the table.

BLAS
A heretic and a German!

BISHOP
Now that he is dead, we will blot
him out of all memory.

SALVADOR
And with the blessing of your King,
you as well.

Miguel circles. He can't believe it. Searches within.

MIGUEL
A tribunal cannot rule on this.

Blas hands off a document to the Bishop. He signs it.

MIGUEL

The church grants thirty days to
plead before the High Council.

BLAS

There is a confession. Sworn of by
Christ and Saint Mary his mother.

Miguel turns toward Salvador. Prepares to draw his swords.

MIGUEL

If there are scores to settle, then
let us settle them. You and me.

SALVADOR

The score is settled, amigo.

Salvador holds two silver eight reales in his hand.

SALVADOR

Don't forget to pay the ferry man.

Salvador slings the coins at Miguel. They bounce off his
chest. CLINK across the stone floor. Miguel stands firm.

Blas signals the guards to arrest Miguel. Miguel pulls his
swords half-way out. Sneers at them. The guards back off.

The large doors CREAK - opening slightly. Julian slips in.
Slinks into a corner. Tries to blend in with a tapestry.

MIGUEL

Arias men have spilled their blood
for this great kingdom for ages!

He leans with two fists on the long heavy table. Scans every
guilty face. Only Blas dares look back.

MIGUEL

Dear church, if I cannot avail to
your law, then I must appeal to
your humanity.

Miguel pounds the table. BAM!

MIGUEL

God will hold you in contempt! If
this sentence stands, it is murder!

Red-faced, Blas adjusts his collar.

BLAS

You do not speak for the Church, or
for God!

The Bishop swats Miguel's hands with a cane. Miguel draws back. Deflects the cane. Points his finger at Blas.

MIGUEL

I warn you. I will take the sword
of vengeance from God's hand and
further divide your heart!

BLAS

Your fear is warranted, Señor. You
will soon be joining them.

Blas motions for execution - drags his thumb across his neck.

MIGUEL

No!!!

Guards grab Miguel. Julian rushes Salvador.

JULIAN

No! Salvador? Your promise!

SMACK! Salvador knocks Julian to the floor. Holds him at bay with his sword. Julian scoots back.

SALVADOR

Promise or consequence? I don't
remember.

Miguel cuts his eyes at Julian. He can't believe it. Julian holds his bleeding lip. Closes his eyes tight.

Miguel jerks free. Runs to the balcony. Only one left standing - Maria. Gasping for air, and streaming with tears. She resists the hooded EXECUTIONER'S grasp. They struggle.

The charred and bound hands of Sancho Arias rise from the flames. They tighten into gnarled fists and fall back.

MIGUEL

Maria!!!

She looks up through her tears. Starts to speak. SCREAMS instead. Pushed into the blazing fire - she's gone.

Miguel gasps and falls to his knees. His body heaves - retching. Nothing comes out. He can barely speak.

MIGUEL

Ohhhh God...

Miguel pulls at his hair. Grinds his fist into his eyes.

MIGUEL

You unholy, godforsaken bastards!

SALVADOR

Blasphemer! Take him away!

No one will touch him. The tension palpable.

MIGUEL

Where is my son?

Blas' eyes open wide.

BLAS

There is an heir?

MIGUEL

God damn you to hell!

Hatred wins. Miguel spins. Enraged! ROARING! His cross-drawn swords fly from their sheathes. Heads roll.

Miguel charges Blas. Tosses his swords straight up and out. Hurdles the table - suspended in time. Miguel grasps the airborne swords - reversed grip.

WHAM! Miguel plunges the blades through Blas' chest. They stick in the chair. Miguel presses his right heel into Blas' neck. Withdraws the blades. Blood sprays. The old man clutches his heart. Falls dead.

Salvador sweeps his blade at Miguel's feet. Miguel jumps. Evades the strike. Runs to the balcony. Salvador pursues.

Miguel nabs a rope that secures a large iron chandelier. Salvador tackles him. Miguel cuts the rope, and rockets across the cavernous room. Salvador can't hang on. He crashes through the bannister. Dangles by a hand.

Miguel swings over the pit. Looks down into the flames. The chandelier CRASHES to the stone floor. The rope slings Miguel across the room. He misses the fire by inches. Rolls to safety. Stands. Ready to fight.

Salvador hangs from the balcony. Gazes sadly into the fire.

SALVADOR

Maria.

Maria's ring shines next to the pit. Miguel scoops it up. Holds the hot gold to his lips. In the corner of his eye, Miguel sees The Executioner coming. Blocks the attack. Makes quick work of him. The executioner burns in the pit.

Miguel sees daylight. Runs for an open door.

EXT. TRIBUNAL HALL - DAY

Apples in hand, Poncho mills around a farmer's market. Hears a LOUD NOISE. Turns toward it. Miguel storms onto a terrace level. Spots a horse and cart loaded with small barrels.

MIGUEL
Poncho?! Poncho?!

Mouth open, Poncho watches Miguel dash across the terrace. SOLDIERS crash through a doorway.

MIGUEL
Secure that cart!

Poncho juggles a handful of fruit. Lets it fall. He acquires the cart. SNAP! Whips the reins.

Miguel leaps from the terrace. Lands in the back of the cart. They take off.

A MAN turns to load a barrel on the cart. It's gone. The barrel falls to the ground. Hits the man's foot and bursts open. Black powder spreads. The man jumps around on one leg. SCREAMING and holding his toes.

Poncho CRACKS the reins. Pushes the horse harder. Miguel keeps his head down. They pass the steps of the Tribunal Hall. Salvador and two SOLDIERS clamor down the steps. Salvador pulls a dagger from his boot. Prepares to throw.

THWACK! The dagger plunges into a barrel next to Miguel's head. Black powder spills from the gash. Fear grows in his eyes. He looks up - the harbor fast approaching.

MIGUEL
Poncho! Stop! Black powder!

PONCHO
What?!

MIGUEL
Black powder! Pull back!

Poncho looks back. Eyes wide. He jerks the reins. The yoke comes loose. The horse separates from the cart.

PONCHO

Oh God, prepare my place.

A DRUNK MAN lies on the street. Salvador grabs a kerchief from his neck. Takes a crossbow from one of his soldiers. Wraps the cloth around the arrowhead. Dips the bolt in a blacksmith's fire. The tip flames up.

Salvador aims. The horse avoids the dock. Darts off to the right. The cart surges ahead - CLATTERING across the docks. It pops up on one side. Wheels spinning.

Salvador fires. Miguel and Poncho prepare to jump. The flaming bolt finds the underside of the cart. BOOM! The black dust ignites. An orange fireball EXPLODES. Miguel and Poncho shoot through the air, and splash into the harbor.

Salvador walks toward the fire. Squinting for any sign of life. Studies the flames. The blaze too hot to approach.

SALVADOR

Nevertheless, fire consumes thee.

Merchants press Salvador. Shaking their fists. Demanding recompense. He retreats.

EXT. HARBOR OF CADIZ - DAY

IN THE WATER - UNDER THE DOCKS

Poncho and Miguel float facedown - lifeless. It's quiet. Miguel's eyes fly open! He jerks back. Gasping for air. Settles himself. Grabs Poncho. Hauls him over to a rock embankment. SLAPS Poncho's face. No response.

Miguel pounds Poncho's chest. THUD. His eyes pop open.

PONCHO

Fire! Look out!

Miguel dodges Poncho's flailing hands. Covers his mouth.

MIGUEL

Are you dizzy?

PONCHO

No more than usual, Capitan.

Poncho grins. Miguel doesn't laugh. Inspects the harbor.

Miguel leads Poncho down the docks to a secluded area. They climb out of the water, and digest their options.

EXT. CITY OF CADIZ - DAY

Miguel and Poncho make their way quietly through the bustle of town. Miguel snags two robes off a clothesline. Throws one to Poncho. Puts his on. Strides. Poncho trails him.

PONCHO

Miguel, where are we going?
Miguel? I'm talking to you.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - DAY

Julian tosses a sack of coins to SHOCKEY (35), a snorting stump of a man. He slips Julian a small piece of parchment.

SHOCKEY

Within the hour, mate.

JULIAN

You guarantee safe passage?

SHOCKEY

No. But it's all ya got.

EXT. JULIAN'S HOME - DUSK

Nestled among green pastures, rests a large family estate. Julian runs up the tree-lined cobblestone drive.

INT. JULIAN'S HOME - DUSK

Julian opens the door. He hears crying. Turns to his right. His THREE DAUGHTERS (5, 8 & 9) and wife, AMELIA (42), sitting on an ornate couch - consoling Tomas. Julian staggers.

JULIAN

We're leaving.

INT/EXT. THE ARIAS HOME IN CADIZ - NIGHT

Miguel peeks in through the trap door. SOLDIERS guard the front door. FOOTSTEPS. A boot shuts the trap door. Miguel slinks back under the house. Poncho holds out Tomas's wooden sword. Miguel takes it. Clutches the toy to his chest.

PONCHO
I found it in the shadows.

Miguel dons his hood. Heads back out the earthen tunnel.

EXT. SPANISH GALLEON GLORIA - NIGHT

Salvador walks up Gloria's gang plank. The crew huddle at the front of the ship. Silently watching Salvador appraise the boat. He grips the whipstaff. Sniffs the air. Makes his way to the Captain's door. Slams it behind him.

The stunned crew rumbles with speculation. Marcos stands.

EXT. JULIAN'S HOME - NIGHT

Miguel and Poncho approach the front door. It hangs open.

INT. JULIAN'S HOME - NIGHT

Miguel and Poncho enter cautiously. The place is a mess. A single candle burns in the midst of the disarray.

Miguel grabs a chair. SLAMS it against the wall. Takes one of the legs and wraps the end with a found scarf. Lights it off the candle. Pokes the torch in shadowed corners. Finds Tomas's shirt - stained with blood. Pulls it to his nose.

Miguel rages. Kicks over anything in range. Swipes tables clean with broad strokes of his sword. A small piece of parchment falls to the floor. He snatches it.

The parchment reads: La Sirena Del Mar - Northern Point

The sound of MARCHING FOOTSTEPS get their attention. Miguel lights a drape. Grabs Poncho's sleeve. Heads out the back.

BAM! The door breaks open. Salvador and SOLDIERS enter. He unsheathes his sword. Cuts down the burning drape. With the tip of the blade, he flings it up on the couch. It flames.

SALVADOR
Find them. Kill them all.

EXT. JULIAN'S HOME / GARDEN - NIGHT

Miguel wraps Tomas's shirt around his wrist. Ties it off. Stuffs the parchment inside. Julian's house blazes as the two men slip into the darkness.

EXT. THE CLIFF - NIGHT

Miguel and Poncho trudge up a grassy hill. They reach the edge and look forty feet down to the sea below. Moonlight illuminates the sails of a familiar ship anchored just off the point - The Great White. A drape hangs off the stern.

It reads: LA SIRENA DEL MAR

MIGUEL
Julian, you fool.

PONCHO
You think he would tempt fate on
the vessel of a pirate?

Miguel takes another look at the parchment.

MIGUEL
We are.

Miguel looks for the best way down the cliff. Takes it.

PONCHO
God help us.

DOWN THE CLIFF

Miguel and Poncho slide and negotiate footing as the hairy terrain dictates their path. They reach the rocky shore.

PONCHO
We'll find Tomas. We will.

An empty longboat waits tethered off the Great White's stern.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - NIGHT

IN THE WATER

Miguel and Poncho reach the longboat. Miguel lifts the canvas cover and offers Poncho a boost. The longboat is pulled in and hoisted up. The banner draws up like a shade. The real name of the boat revealed - Great White.

EXT. PORT OF CADIZ - HARBOR - NIGHT

A torn sketch of Miguel and Tomas hits the water - a third face has been ripped out. Charcoal fades. The edges curl.

INT. SPANISH GALLEON GLORIA - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Salvador stands by an open window. Stares at the fragment ripped from the sketch - Maria. Tosses the empty frame onto the desk. Slides the scrap into his coat. Rifles through Miguel's things. Discards most items into the harbor.

A KNOCK. Salvador opens the door. Marcos steps in.

MARCOS
Where is Miguel?

SALVADOR
That is the problem. You don't
even call him Capitan.

MARCOS
He is the only one I call Capitan.

SALVADOR
Arias is dead.

MARCOS
You're lying.

SALVADOR
I am your Capitan General.

Marcos snatches Salvador by the throat. SLAMS him against the wall. In a blur of speed, he sticks three daggers in the planks around Salvador's head. Marcos squeezes his neck.

MARCOS
You are nothing to me.

Salvador strains. Marcos presses in. Salvador chokes.

SALVADOR
I had no part in it.

Marcos pulls another blade. Puts it to Salvador's temple.

SALVADOR
Save your revenge. Arias shed
enough blood for today.

Marcos releases him. Salvador gasps for air. Marcos pries his blades from the wall. Puts them back in place.

SALVADOR
But, I for one will not mourn the
loss of heretics and traitors.

Marcos chokes Salvador. Thrusts him back against the wall.

MARCOS

Where is my sister? Is she dead?

SALVADOR

No.

Salvador swipes one of Marcos's blades. Pricks his ribs. Marcos backs down. Salvador holds his neck.

SALVADOR

I should have you locked up.

MARCOS

Capitan de Lire, I demand a transfer.

SALVADOR

The Exigir departs within the hour.

Salvador extends his hand. Marcos accepts. Salvador tightens his grip. Digs his nails into Marcos. Draws blood.

SALVADOR

Take your kind and get off my ship.

Marcos pries Salvador loose. Heads out. Salvador readies the dagger in his fingertips. Marcos opens the door. Exits. Salvador throws the weapon. It sticks in the closing door.

Salvador thunders across the room. Jerks a bottle of wine from a table. Bites the cork. Spits it out. Plops back on the bed. Turns the bottle up. Ingests its contents. Fades.

INT. GREAT WHITE - LONGBOAT - DAWN

The red glow of the sun filters through the canvas. Poncho and Miguel wake to men's VOICES. They wince and rub their aching bodies. Poncho stretches and bumps an oar. CLUNK.

MIGUEL

Careful.

PONCHO

Sorry.

MIGUEL

It's dawn. We're at sea.

Miguel peeks from under the canvas. Falls back silently.

PONCHO
What is it?

Poncho takes a look. Lays back.

MIGUEL
Must be fifty of them.

PONCHO
Fifty more asleep.

They lift the canvas. Survey their predicament.

PONCHO
Don't suppose you have a plan.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAWN

Red skies glowing.

BLACK JACK (40), a West-African pirate built like a fortress, looks through a spyglass. Long black braids hang in his face. A dove name NOAH sits on his left shoulder. Black Jack's stocky quartermaster, Shockey, shadows him.

BLACK JACK
Da Exigir be watchin' us.

SHOCKEY
I'll rouse the crew.

BLACK JACK
No. Wait for dem ta make a move.

All the sudden, fifty SPANISH MARINERS spill onto the main deck. Swords drawn. A battle ensues. Black Jack peers over the edge. Several longboats hug the shadows. Many more mariners climb the rigging like ants up a cupboard.

INT. GREAT WHITE - LONGBOAT - DAWN

Miguel and Poncho observe the fight. Poncho looks at Miguel.

PONCHO
If we die, it's your fault.

MIGUEL
Duly noted.

BLACK JACK (O.S.)
Shockey?!

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAWN

Red skies - turning orange.

BLACK JACK
How might they be sneakin' up las'
night, Shockey?

Black Jack deflects Spanish swords.

BLACK JACK
No one look'd o'er da side to piss
dis mornin'?!

A burly SPANISH MARINER approaches. Wipes his forehead.

BURLY MARINER
Sí.

He aims a flintlock pistol. BAM! Black Jack looks down. A fresh bullet hole smokes in his sleeve - just missed.

BLACK JACK
Not too'day. Not by you.

Black Jack takes him out. Chaos prevails. ROARS of anger. SCREAMS of pain. Blood spills. Pirates still file out of the forecastle. Marcos, Ramon and Juan emerge over the rail.

INT. GREAT WHITE - LONGBOAT - DAWN

A sword shoots in from the side. Too close for comfort. Miguel and Poncho hold steady. The boat drops a foot. Jerks. Drops again. Hits the deck.

THWACK! A sword punches the canvas. Sticks the hull. Another. THUD! An unspoken "Now!" flashes in their eyes.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAWN

Miguel and Poncho sling the canvas back. Veiled in shadow - they join the Spanish Mariners in the fray.

Numbers on both sides dwindle. Miguel sends many Spanish overboard - unharmed. Poncho follows Miguel's lead. THUD! SPLASH! CLUNK! Some land in boats. Some in the open sea.

Marcos spies Miguel. Taps Ramon and Juan on the shoulder. Points. Poncho runs up behind. Pushes them in. SPLASH!

MARCOS (O.S.)

Poncho!

Poncho looks around - confused. Moves on. Keeps fighting.

Miguel sees SPANISH MATINER coming for him. Disarms him. Grabs his collar. Puts the tip of his sword to the man's neck. Their eyes meet. Miguel realizes - it's Diego.

MIGUEL

I told you to go home.

DIEGO

Capitan, I thought you were dead.

MIGUEL

I am.

DIEGO

Of course.

Miguel kicks him off the ship. SPLASH!

Intuitively, Miguel spins. Swords drawn. SLICE! Shockey's sword and hand fall to the deck. Miguel runs him through.

SILENCE. Miguel scans the ship. They're all dead.

PONCHO (O.S.)

Miguel?

Miguel looks over his shoulder. Poncho holds his bleeding arm. Falls back against a capstan.

Miguel drops to his knees. Finds a sash around a pirate's neck. Jerks the cloth. It comes free. The head severed. He wraps the sash around Poncho's wound. Pulls it tight.

MIGUEL

You'll live.

FOOTSTEPS resonate from the back of the ship. Miguel ignores them. Ropes STRETCH. Timbers CREAK. Sails RUSTLE. Black Jack skulks up from behind. Miguel waits.

BLACK JACK

'Fraid ta die, Spaniard?

MIGUEL

Not anymore.

BLACK JACK
 Ya musn't be, 'cause ye just kilt
 me's quartermaster.

Miguel stands. Faces him. Black Jack gets a good look. He grins with all of his teeth. Gold caps glint in the sunrise.

MIGUEL
 Black Jack on the Great White.
 Ironical, don't you think?

Miguel readies his matched war swords. Black Jack wrings his cutlass and dagger.

BLACK JACK
 Cap'n Arias on da Great White.
 Deadly, me tink.

WHAM! Black Jack attacks. Miguel stumbles back. Counters with a blaze of double-sword artistry. Black Jack lunges, but loses his dagger. Nurses a fresh nick on his hand. Sucks off the blood. The dove flaps its wings.

MIGUEL
 Aren't doves skittish?

Miguel backs up. Black Jack advances. Glances at the bird.

BLACK JACK
 Noah? He know'd if he try ta leave
 me, he'd be dead!

Black Jack strikes hard. Drives Miguel up the stairs.

MIGUEL
 I never understood the name of this
 old girl. Not a shark on her.

Slash, parry, slash, parry. They stand off.

MIGUEL
 Wait, I take that back.

BLACK JACK
 She were born da Jenny Hammer, but
 me mum didn't fancy it.

MIGUEL
 Your mum?

Black Jack lunges. Miguel blocks. Jumps back.

MIGUEL

Bad luck to be changing names.

BLACK JACK

Bad luck ta be supa'stitious.

Miguel slips on some blood. Black Jack dives in for the kill. Miguel kicks him away - back down the stairs, onto the main deck. Miguel regains his feet.

Black Jack grabs a rigging. Cuts the rope. Flies up to the quarterdeck. Miguel leaps up to join him. They square off.

Slash, parry, slash, parry. Neither man gives quarter. Black Jack pounds away. Miguel takes a blow. Hunches over. Pretends to be wounded. Leaves his head unprotected.

It's too tempting. Black Jack rears back for the killing blow. SLASH! With a left-to-right upward slice, Miguel splits open Black Jack's left cheek. Blood spurts. Black Jack staggers back. Roaring in pain. Flails his sword.

Miguel stabs forward. Drives his second sword into the pirate's heart. Black Jack grabs his chest. Drops his sword. Can barely stand. Miguel swings his swords straight out to his sides. The dove flies off Black Jack's shoulder.

With one swift blow - Miguel brings both swords across his body and scissors them through Black Jack's neck.

Black Jack's stunned face peers at Miguel. His head slowly peels back and falls off the body.

EXT. LONGBOAT - DAWN

MARINER ONE, MARINER TWO and five other MARINERS sit in a long boat off the side of the ship.

CLUNK! Black Jack's severed head falls into the lap of Mariner Two. He SCREAMS. Tries to get away from it.

They watch in horror as the headless body falls past them. SPLASHES into the water. Mako sharks tear the body apart.

On the ship, Miguel hangs his head over the sterncastle rail.

MIGUEL

You have what you came for. Row!

Four longboats flee - filled to capacity. Everyone jockeying to keep their limbs inside.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAWN

Poncho stands. Holding his wounded arm. A big "What now?" on his face. A slick red soup covers the deck. Miguel runs to the hatch. Slips as he opens it. Poncho joins him.

MIGUEL
Tomas?! Julian?!

INT. GREAT WHITE'S HOLD - DAY

Miguel and Poncho search every corner. They check the brig, galley and every spare space they can find. Nothing.

MIGUEL
Tomas?!

PONCHO
Miguel? There is no one here.

Miguel pulls the parchment from his wristband. Checks it.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

Miguel sheds his Captain's coat. Contemplates the tattered garment. Tears stream down his face. He throws the coat to the sea. Falls to his knees. Tears turn to SOBS. The dove lands on his right shoulder.

Poncho drags the dead to the edge. Pushes them overboard. Sharks swarm so dense that white caps churn in the red water. He kicks a corpse off the bow. Jumps back startled. One longboat remains. Staring up are Marcos, Ramon and Juan.

INT. SPANISH GALLEON GLORIA - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY

Salvador wakes from his stupor. It's quiet. He gets up. Puts on his coat. Checks himself in a mirror. Opens the door. Looks out on an empty deck. Seagulls feed on scraps.

SALVADOR
Worthless bastards.

INT. JULIAN'S SKIFF - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Bahia De Cadiz

Tomas huddles under a blanket with Julian's daughters - a girl's bonnet on his head. Amelia and Julian's MOTHER (77) sit at the bow of the boat. Julian struggles with the sail.

AMELIA

Julian?

TOMAS

I thought we were sailing?

JULIAN

We are sailing.

TOMAS

Mami would not like this.

Tomas takes off the bonnet. Looks at his necklace.

JULIAN

Trust me, Tomas. Your mother sent you to us. Now, honor her wishes.

TOMAS

She sent me to find Papi.

Amelia moves and comforts Tomas. Strokes his cheek.

AMELIA

Julian? What is happening?

Julian eyes his mother. She glares back.

JULIAN

It was dreadful.

AMELIA

Are they all gone?

JULIAN

There was nothing I could do.

Amelia cries. Julian stands. Stumbles to the bow.

JULIAN

Do you see this perfect reminder of what is done?

Julian's mother bows her head. Raises her eyes toward Tomas.

JULIAN

Your past is crippling our future.

His mother hands him a knife. They look at Tomas.

EXT. PORT OF CADIZ - NIGHT

Salvador swaggers down the docks. The galleass ship Exigir ties off. Mariner One and Two rush down the gangplank.

MARINER ONE
Capitan de Lire! A trophy!

Mariner One raises a burlap sack.

MARINER ONE
Whose head would be most welcome on
the King's platter?

SALVADOR
I haven't the time for that list.

Mariner One reaches into the burlap sack. Grabs the long black braids. Pulls the head out. Mouth agape - the notorious Black Jack peers. Salvador smiles.

SALVADOR
Let this be a warning to the rabble
who oppose us. Put it on a pike.

Salvador takes the head. Holds it up for a better look. Notices the gash. Reaches up to his own scarred eye.

FLASHBACK

EXT. NAVAL TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY

As cadets, Miguel and Salvador spar without protection. Miguel develops his cross-drawn swords. Fumbles one at Salvador's feet. Salvador raises Miguel's chin with the tip of his sword. Miguel laughs. Salvador does not.

SALVADOR
You are your own worst enemy,
Miguel.

MIGUEL
Positive it is not you?

SALVADOR
Can't even steal a kiss and get
away with it.

MIGUEL
What?

SALVADOR
I saw you with her. In the garden
at Diego's wedding!

Salvador swings his blade wildly at Miguel. Miguel fends.

MIGUEL
Stand down, Salvador!

SALVADOR
No, Señor. Maria is mine.

Miguel walks away. Salvador kicks him down. Dust flies.

SALVADOR
What will you do now, amigo?

Salvador swings for blood. Miguel turns. Blocks. Strikes.
A silver flash slices Salvador's face. He grabs his eye -
SCREAMING.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. PORT OF CADIZ - NIGHT

Salvador wakes from the memory. His blind eye watery.

SALVADOR
Which of you killed Black Jack?

The two mariners exchange nervous glances.

MARINER TWO
A ghost.

INT. KING PHILLIP'S CHAMBERS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

FOOTSTEPS echo down the ornate marble hall. Two GUARDS stand
aside. Salvador enters. Carries the burlap sack.

King Phillip stands in a long brocade robe. His wispy black
beard contrasts his pale skin. His thicket of hair - a mess.

KING PHILLIP
What could not wait, Salvador?

A young woman, draped in sheets, stands in a doorway at the
end of the hall. Salvador's eyes run down her body.

SALVADOR
I believe Arias is still a threat.

KING PHILLIP
Dead men merit little gravity.

SALVADOR
The Exigir brought you a prize. It
bears a striking resemblance.

KING PHILLIP
To Arias?

SALVADOR
To me.

Salvador slings the head out of the bag. It rolls across the gleaming floor - the sliced eye faces up. Phillip shudders.

SALVADOR
I've yet to find his body or his
son.

KING PHILLIP
Seems you can't hold on to anything
not handed you in a sack, Salvador.

Salvador balls his fist behind his back. Clears his throat.

SALVADOR
If Miguel lives. Vengeance is
coming.

KING PHILLIP
For you?

SALVADOR
And you.

INT. GREAT WHITE - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Moonlight streams in. Miguel sits balled up on an oriental rug just in front of a wrecked bed. Digs his fingernails into oiled wood floor. Crosses his arms over his belly. Clenches his teeth. Lays over. Sweats. Passes out.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. GREAT WHITE - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY

A prism of light draws a line across his face. The ship rocks. The light ray rides up and down Crossing over his eyes. He squints. Slowly wakes.

MIGUEL (V.O.)
 I could not bear the dawn or the
 faces of my friends. Blunted by my
 loss, I swallowed this bitter
 potion everyday.

Miguel opens his hand. Maria's ring shines. He slides it on his pinky - right beside his dull silver ring. A tear falls. He stands. Trips on a leather satchel. Picks it up. Peeks inside. Raises his eyebrows. Looks toward the door.

MIGUEL (V.O.)
 But our spirit resists such a foul
 mire. Longing to soar above the
 seething surf. To catch the wind
 and find hope beyond ourselves.

Miguel takes Noah from his perch. Rests him on his shoulder.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

Miguel emerges from his quarters. The satchel at his side.

MIGUEL
 The deck shines.

Ramon, Marcos, Juan and Poncho turn to see him - surprised.

PONCHO
 As you prefer, Capitan.

Miguel nears a nine foot culverin. Runs his hand the length of the long range cannon. Kneels down. Rests his cheek on it - as if listening for something.

MIGUEL
 Always coveted British guns.

MARCOS
 Miguel, we will avenge Maria's
 death. She will not die in vain.

Miguel stands. Embraces Marcos.

MARCOS
 I could have killed him, Miguel.

MIGUEL
 There are pains far greater than
 death.

Poncho steers. Miguel lightly grasps Poncho's wounded arm.

PONCHO
Much better. It's a miracle.

Miguel catches a glimpse of land on the horizon.

MIGUEL
Casablanca?

Poncho checks his chart. Scratches his head.

PONCHO
In our defense, this beast has all
but driven herself.

Miguel strokes Noah's head. Looks at his tiny crew.

MIGUEL
We'll have to muster a crew there,
or we won't bring this leviathan
back out to sea.

PONCHO
Won't be easy.

MARCOS
Never is.

EXT. CASABLANCA - DOCKS - DAY

The Great White crew ties off. Disembarks. Miguel steps down the gangway. Adjusts the satchel across his body.

ARMED SPANISH SOLDIERS drag a screaming MAN down an alley. Two PRIESTS lead them.

The AFRICAN DOCKMASTER (48), who never misses a meal, accepts Poncho's payment. Notices the French flag.

AFRICAN DOCKMASTER
Don't mind the noise. Time we got
those damn Spaniards out of here,
don't ya say?

MIGUEL
I agree.

AFRICAN DOCKMASTER
Where is your crew?

PONCHO
Sleeping.

MARCOS
Like the dead.

The five men head to a tavern. A funeral procession passes.

PONCHO
I'm so hungry I could eat the dead.

Silence. Miguel and Marcos look offended.

PONCHO
Sorry.

JUAN
My uncle says a man's flesh is
stringy and unappetizing.

MARCOS
He would know.

Marcos stumbles like he's drunk. Falls into Miguel. Miguel steadies him. Looks him in the eyes. Marcos smiles.

MIGUEL
Only man I know who treads better
at sea than land.

INT. CASABLANCA - SEASIDE TAVERN - DAY

Miguel, Poncho, Marcos, Ramon and Juan enter and secure a table. Marcos motions for drinks. A BAR MAIDEN drops off a bread basket. Marcos smiles at her. She smiles back.

MIGUEL
Marcos, take Juan and Ramon. Get
basics, meat, grain and water.

MARCOS
We're starving.

Miguel tosses bread to each of them. The Bar Maiden brings their drinks. She and Marcos exchange smiles again.

MIGUEL
Meet us at the ship in an hour.

MARCOS
There are rations on the ship.

Marcos jerks a bite of bread. Spits crumbs and chews.

MIGUEL
Not enough for our crew.

MARCOS
What crew?

MIGUEL
I'm working on it.

Marcos downs a lager. Motions for the boys to follow. They chug theirs and dart for the door.

MIGUEL
For God's sake, procure a bed that
doesn't stink of grog and cheese.

The boys exit. Miguel sips a thick red concoction.

PONCHO
What is that?

MIGUEL
Cocoa.

PONCHO
Cocoa?

Poncho takes a swig. Smirks. Wipes his tongue with his sleeve. COUGHS.

PONCHO
Needs sugar.

Miguel snatches the cup away.

PONCHO
Where are we going?

MIGUEL
England.

PONCHO
England?

Miguel pulls a folded document with a broken seal from his satchel. Opens it. Lays it in front of Poncho.

MIGUEL
Jack had a letter of marque.

PONCHO
That explains a lot.

MIGUEL
Surely, they will sanction us as well.

PONCHO
And if not? Are we sticking our heads out for their executioners in lieu of our own?

Miguel buries his face in his hands.

MIGUEL
Either way we're dead. It's only a matter of time before we find our faces nailed to tavern doors.

POP! A large knife sticks the center of the bread basket. Miguel and Poncho look up. There stands a weathered middle-aged English man in dirty clothes - BILLY BIRD. Billy takes his blade. A bread roll sticks to the tip. He bites it.

BILLY BIRD
That ship you be skimmin' belongs to me friend.

MIGUEL
You have friends?

Billy looks down his nose. Picks his ear with his knife.

BILLY BIRD
Black Jack.

PONCHO
La Sirena del Mar?

BILLY BIRD
We all wear masks don't we, mate?

Billy cleans his knife with his tongue.

BILLY BIRD
Lobo seen the Shark, and he's a lookin' for ya.

PONCHO
Lobo?

BILLY BIRD
You gents just leave the ship with me, and we'll call 'er square.

Billy runs the blade of his knife across his beard.

MIGUEL

My vessel won't be looted by some
dirty pirate.

BILLY BIRD

You sail a pirate's boat me boy.
What does that make you?

Billy's teeth CLICK across the blade as he puts the knife in his mouth. Miguel grins at Poncho. Kicks out an empty chair. Poncho lays a deck of cards on the table.

MIGUEL

Let's find out.

EXT. CASABLANCA - DOCKS - DAY

LOBO, a short stocky East-Indian pirate wearing fine clothes, storms down the docks. He looks up at the cloaked Great White. Snorts as he passes. Heads for the tavern.

Marcos and the boys make a deal on some produce. Marcos notices Lobo's rampage. Takes a bite of a banana.

INT. CASABLANCA - SEASIDE TAVERN - DAY

Billy stares at his cards. Clenches the knife in his teeth. Tosses the cards on the table. Buries his head in his hands. Poncho scrapes his winnings toward his chest. Grins big.

MIGUEL

I can give you the chance to get
some of this back.

SLAM! A big scimitar nearly divides the table. Food, cards and money fly. The men retract. Poncho smirks at Miguel.

PONCHO

You know I don't have time to beat
everyone here, right?

LOBO

Who sails the Great White?

The patrons of the tavern stand and watch the action.

MIGUEL

I do.

LOBO
Then something's amiss here,
Captain! Where be Black Jack?

Lobo's rotten breath gives Miguel pause.

 MIGUEL
I'd bet the house on hell.

Lobo glares. The sound of shifting leather breaks the quiet.

 MIGUEL
Care to join him?

Lobo looks wryly amused. LAUGHS. Stops. Frowns. Poncho could puke. The door CREAKS. Marcos enters unseen by Lobo.

 LOBO
Fight like a man, or die like a
dog!

 MARCOS (O.S.)
I suppose that makes you a son of a
bitch.

Lobo snaps his gaze to Marcos. Goes for his scimitar. Miguel grabs the hilt. Lobo can't free it. He looks down. Miguel's blade pricks his throat. Miguel surveys the tavern.

 MIGUEL
Any who wish to sail the Great
White, help me chain this dog.

Nearly every man in the tavern brandishes his sword.

EXT. CASABLANCA - DOCKS - DAY

Chained to his own figurehead - Lobo YELLS and squirms. His pirate flag tied around his head. Spanish SOLDIERS look on.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

The NEW CREW executes various tasks as the ship picks up speed. Some of the sixty odd men form a line and sign the Articles of War. Miguel stands on the quarterdeck. Surveys the eclectic band of pirates. Breathes deep.

 MIGUEL (V.O.)
I had often wondered what appetite
turned a man to this existence.
Merely the prowess of one ship?

Miguel coaxes Noah from his shoulder to his hand. Looks the bird over. Feeds it a scrap of bread.

MIGUEL (V.O.)
No, some craved riches or notions
of adventure. Others fled mothers
and wives. Yet for some, a home is
what they long desired.

Poncho hands Miguel the Articles. Nods affirmatively.

MIGUEL (V.O.)
They knew my heart was with my son.
And God's vengeance on Spain, I
would find you.

INT. SPANISH INN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Julian throws Tomas a pillow. Turns down his bed.

JULIAN
You are one of us now.

TOMAS
One of your daughters?

JULIAN
That was necessary.

TOMAS
What are we running from, Julian?

Tomas walks to a window. Julian yanks him away.

JULIAN
You will call me Papi.

TOMAS
I will not.

EXT. SPANISH GALLEON GLORIA - DAY

Salvador stands at the bow. Stares down the breeze.
Examines the stays. Checks his compass. Looks west.

SALVADOR
Where are you, amigo?

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

Miguel grabs a goblet of his favorite cocoa drink. Notices PATRICK MACLEAN (37), a red-haired man in a striped shirt and kilt. Patrick approaches. Points at Miguel's cup.

PATRICK
Montezuma.

Miguel looks at him funny.

PATRICK
Patrick MacLean. A delight!

Holds out his hand. Miguel takes it.

MIGUEL
What do you know of Montezuma?

PATRICK
The Aztec King's prized elixir.
Made of cocoa beans. Needs sugar.

Miguel smirks. Sips his drink.

PATRICK
I'm a cook.

MARCOS (O.S.)
Spanish galleon approaching!

Marcos peers out of the crow's nest. Points ahead.

PATRICK
I can cook if you like?

Miguel checks his compass. Feeds Noah a scrap.

MIGUEL
Must be sailing from Vera Cruz.

Billy steps up. Takes the knife from his teeth.

BILLY BIRD
Gold.

Marcos zips to the deck. Pulls Miguel and Poncho aside.

MARCOS
This is it, Capitan. A place to
test our mettle.

PONCHO
Show these boys what we're made of.

MIGUEL
It's not so simple.

MARCOS
Is it not?

PATRICK
Would you like me to cook?

Miguel takes pause. Eyes the oncoming ship.

MIGUEL
Gunners! Drop your lashings!
Level the minions and chase-guns at
their figurehead! Hoist the Jack!

A black flag flutters up the mizzen mast. It displays a
centered skull - backed by a white St. Andrew's Cross.

PATRICK
Would you...

MARCOS
For God's sake, you can cook. Shut
your English blabber hole.

PATRICK
Scottish, actually.

MIGUEL
Ready guns! On my command!

The long guns bear, but the gunners are suddenly afraid.
They all see it. Her figurehead - the VIRGIN MARY.

RAMON
Capitan?!

MIGUEL
They're not prepared for it!

The Spanish hail them to stop. The Great White maintains
speed. The Spanish scurry to their guns.

MIGUEL
Ready... Fire!

Nothing happens. Miguel's eyes open wide. His crew waits -
paralyzed by fear.

The Virgin Mary lunges at each wave. Closer. Closer.

MIGUEL

That statue means nothing! Now you
will fire or I will drop you on the
next spit of land!

The Spanish fire a shot. Grazing the ship's bell - DING!

MIGUEL

Take out those eyes! Fire!

BOOM! Seven culverins blast. Completely erasing the
figurehead. The entire bowsprit hits the water. SPLASH!

EXT. SPANISH GALLEON GLORIA - DAY

Salvador hears CANNON FIRE. Cuts his gaze. Climbs the main
mast. Slips. Catches himself. Scans the sea.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

The Spanish ship waits - wounded. The crew sits frozen at
their guns. The Great White grapples and boards.

EXT. SHIP - DAY

Miguel and his Crew fight hand-to-hand with some SPANISH
MARINERS.

MIGUEL (V.O.)

England would wait. Months passed.
The men fed on my retribution, and
I was happy to oblige. Our legend
grew tall. The tales even taller.

EXT. OCEAN/SHIPS - DAY

The Great White fires on a ship. Blasts its figurehead off.

MIGUEL (V.O.)

Most ships dared not contest us,
preserving their figurehead.
Receiving full quarter.

EXT. OCEAN/SINKING SHIP - DAY

Miguel, his beard and hair longer, orders MARINERS into a
longboat next to the Great White. Miguel's pirate flag is
tied around the head of one man, the CAPTAIN. Nearby, a
blazing ship sinks into the ocean.

MIGUEL (V.O.)
Had my hope departed, lost in the
bowels of some sad cave? Could
anything illuminate these shadows?

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

Miguel, his beard and hair now long and braided, throws coins and jewelry to his crew - distributing the booty of their latest conquest. The men happily rejoice in their bounty. Miguel doesn't look satisfied. Poncho considers his gaze.

MIGUEL (V.O.)
The waves of this life were drawing
me out. Drowning me in the flesh
of some dark soul. Though I found
satisfaction amid their coffers, my
search for you seemed lost.

INT. KING PHILLIP'S THRONE ROOM - DAY

Salvador enters. Kneels before the King.

KING PHILLIP
Have you a good word on this pirate
threat, Capitan General?

SALVADOR
He eludes me, Your Majesty. Skirts
around like some damned ghost.

KING PHILLIP
Don't tell me that! Tell me his
blood taints the sea he haunts!

SALVADOR
We are searching, Your Majesty. He
strikes in uncommon ways.

KING PHILLIP
Strike back, Salvador!

Salvador stands quietly. King Phillip paces.

KING PHILLIP
Every minute this spectre lives, my
depositories are lightened. Prove
your worth!

EXT. PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Plymouth, England - 1557

A bustling seaport. The crew of the Great White disembarks. Miguel, Poncho, and Patrick prepare for errands. Patrick wears a pair of pants that are too small. He tugs at them.

PONCHO

Patrick? What was that vile amalgam you fed us last night?

PATRICK

Mother's recipe.

PONCHO

I swear it's burning another hole in my, ohhh...

PATRICK

Bloody good!

MIGUEL

Poncho, convey my apologies to the Queen for our late arrival.

PONCHO

And what of Black Jack?

MIGUEL

The truth.

Miguel walks on. Stops. Turns back.

MIGUEL

Patrick, what happened to your dress?

PATRICK

Kilt, Sir. I grew weary of the sunburn, and the name calling.

MIGUEL

Name calling?

Billy Bird strides down the plank. Removes his knife.

BILLY BIRD

Yo, Red Legs! You best conjure up some real grub tonight, or I'll be cuttin' off your...

MIGUEL

Billy, no threats among the crew.

BILLY BIRD

I'm not an experiment, Captain.

MIGUEL

That's plenty. Poncho, take
Patrick with you.

Miguel tosses Patrick a gold coin. He catches it. Tugs his
crotch. Miguel smirks.

MIGUEL

Find some clothes that fit. Maybe
the Brit will play in our favor.

PATRICK

I'm Scottish.

Miguel and Poncho look at each other. "So?" Marcos stumbles
down the plank. Nearly knocking Patrick over.

MARCOS

What's the difference?

Patrick rolls his eyes. Crosses his arms and follows Poncho.
Tugs at the seat of his pants.

INT. CATHEDRAL, ST. BORDEAUX - DAY

A blood red liquid beads over Miguel's fingers. A tiny flame
flickers. He holds the remnants of a melting candle.
Breathes in the smoke. Kneels at the altar.

A PRIEST and an ALTAR BOY prepare mass. They take note of
Miguel. WHISPER and point. CLEAR THEIR THROATS.

MIGUEL

Forgive me.

The candle burns its last. Miguel stands.

PRIEST

Sir?

The priest approaches. Miguel hands him a heavy leather
sack. The CLINK of coins makes the contents known.

MIGUEL

Use it wisely.

PRIEST
You know that I will.

Miguel cracks the wax off his fingers. Heads to the door.

EXT. PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND - MARKETPLACE - DAY

Miguel exits the cathedral. Ties on a head wrap. Above his head, an etching reads, "St. Bordeaux".

Across the street, he regards a young woman with red hair poking out of her hood. She peruses baskets. This is ELIZABETH, an undercover royal - trying to blend in. Her carriage and GUARDS wait close by.

Miguel notices something strange. A MAN lurks behind her. Flashes a blade. Miguel pulls a dagger from his belt. Whips it across the busy street. Lodging it square in his neck.

Elizabeth turns. Looks at the attacker - dagger protruding. He GURGLES blood. Drops his knife. Falls dead on her.

ELIZABETH
Dear heavens!

She pushes him away. Catches her breath. Miguel snatches his dagger from the man's neck.

MIGUEL
God save the Queen.

He walks away. Her guards move toward Miguel.

ELIZABETH
What? How could?

She hands a basket off to a Guard. Waves them back.

ELIZABETH
Wait, Sir? Who are you?

MIGUEL
A shark in King Phillip's bath.

ELIZABETH
A Spaniard?

MIGUEL
A patriot.

ELIZABETH
Your purpose here in Plymouth,
Spaniard?

MIGUEL
Seems I have fulfilled it.

ELIZABETH
Surely. Nevertheless, I must give
you some prize for your brave deed.

MIGUEL
Nothing brave about killing rats.

She removes a gold clasp from her hair.

ELIZABETH
Take this heart. If you so choose,
you can trade it for a good sum.

She places the heart in his hand. He looks her in the eyes.

MIGUEL
So, I have your heart then?

ELIZABETH
Hardly.

Miguel squeezes the trinket closed at the tip of his beard.

ELIZABETH
Corazon.

MIGUEL
El Corazon, sí.

ELIZABETH
I study Spanish.

MIGUEL
I hate Scottish food.

PONCHO (O.S.)
Capitan!

ELIZABETH
Captain? Captain of what?

MIGUEL
Buenos dias, Señorita.

Miguel runs back to the ship. Elizabeth smiles.

EXT. PORT OF PLYMOUTH - DAY

Poncho and Patrick wait on the gangway. Miguel arrives.

MIGUEL
Did you see the Queen?

PONCHO
They said she was ill.

PATRICK
Likely story. British pigs.

PONCHO
They've seen fit to put us under
papers. Have some respect.

MIGUEL
So we have it then? A Marque
against Spain?

Miguel examines the papers. Looks up to the harbor.

MIGUEL
God, have we fallen so far?

Miguel pulls Poncho aside.

PONCHO
Tomas?

MIGUEL
Help me, Poncho.

PONCHO
We'll search every port we can.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

Patrick helps Billy Bird with some rigging. He holds up Miguel's pirate flag.

PATRICK
What kind of jack is this?

BILLY BIRD
(through his knife)
St. Andrew's Cross.

PATRICK
An angry cough?

Bird leans in. Takes the knife from his teeth.

BILLY BIRD

St. Andrew's Cross. Me thinks it
helps him feel a bit better 'bout
bein' a pirate.

Miguel stands at the helm. Within earshot.

MIGUEL

I'm not a pirate.

Miguel feeds Noah a morsel of bread. Billy rolls his eyes.

BILLY BIRD

See what I mean?

Miguel stands tall behind the whipstaff. Surveys the sea.

PATRICK

What are you then, Captain?

MIGUEL

El Corazon.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - NIGHT

The Great White cannonades a Spanish ship at close range.
Miguel sprints across the main deck. Barking orders.

MIGUEL (V.O.)

Five years raged on. El Corazon
was born. An elusive power
demanding great respect. A name
laden with an ominous fear.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

A longboat floats out alone. The SPANISH CAPTAIN, tied in
Miguel's pirate flag, sits in the center of the boat. The
ship and CREW drift disabled.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - NIGHT

Pieces of eight run through Poncho's fingers. Landing in a
wooden chest. The crew cheers. They burn a Spanish flag.

MIGUEL (V.O.)

We gathered wealth beyond dreams.
More than we could foster.

A MARINER, caught stealing gold, runs the gauntlet of knotted ropes. Miguel watches. Noah sits on his shoulder.

MIGUEL (V.O.)
Still, for some, enough is never
enough.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

Miguel measures the stars with an astrolabe. Walks back to his cabin. The crew shows great respect.

MIGUEL (V.O.)
Though landing in Spain proved an
impossible goal, I kept Salvador
chasing his own spaded tail and
lived up to my pledge.

Miguel stops to view a chart. Checks his compass.

MIGUEL (V.O.)
We searched every port from the
Canaries to Portugal, and North
Africa to France.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- 1) Miguel and Poncho show a barkeep his necklace.
- 2) Marcos questions an African dockmaster.
- 3) Miguel and Patrick show the reale to French bakers.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. ISLAND CAVES - DUSK

Miguel's CREW hide their spoils in the dark recesses. Miguel stands at the mouth of the cave. Watches the sun fade.

MIGUEL (V.O.)
No matter how deep my hope was
buried, I knew it remained.

EXT. CURACAO - SEASIDE ESTATE - DAY

A GENTLEMAN hands Miguel a rolled parchment. Miguel tosses him a heavy leather sack. They shake hands. Marcos and Poncho carry a wooden beam past them.

MIGUEL (V.O.)
A trove of faith.

INT. GREAT WHITE - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Miguel sits at his desk. His eyes shine under his furrowed brow. He pushes away. Walks to an open window. Searches the moonlit sky. Noah lands on his shoulder.

MIGUEL (V.O.)
The hope that somewhere your candle
still burned.

EXT. PORT OF CADIZ - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Puerto Cadiz - 1562

A GRIZZLED OLD MARINER sits at a dock-side table. Guards a quill and list. Tomas, now a strapping sixteen year old, runs up to him. Whips out a paper. Hands it to the man.

GRIZZLED MARINER
Little old for a new recruit.

TOMAS
I was delayed.

GRIZZLED MARINER
Name?

TOMAS
Tomas Ruiz.

The old mariner scans Tomas' paper. Points at the list.

GRIZZLED MARINER
Mark here.

Tomas signs. The old mariner flips over a paper.

GRIZZLED MARINER
Here.

Tomas signs. The old mariner points at the Gloria.

GRIZZLED MARINER
You're late.

EXT. SPANISH GALLEON GLORIA - DAY

Salvador stands before two new apprentices - a short heavy boy named JORGE (15) and a tall blue-eyed PEDRO (13). Tomas arrives winded. Salvador crosses his arms.

TOMAS
Sorry, Capitan General.

Their eyes meet. Something familiar strikes them both.

SALVADOR
The late Tomas Ruiz, I suppose?

Salvador gets in his face.

SALVADOR
Pray I don't have to say that again.

TOMAS
Aye, Capitan General.

Tomas drops his bag. Salvador sniffs in disapproval.

SALVADOR
I expect you bilge rats are looking for some inspired word on this your first day?

The boys each raise an eyebrow. Salvador stares them down.

SALVADOR
Never coddle a burning dog.

Salvador stomps up the ramp.

SALVADOR
Don't cozy up to me either. I'll likely burn you as well.

Jorge slings his sack over his shoulder. Reluctantly leads Tomas and Pedro up the ramp.

JORGE
Great, we got the devil.

TOMAS
It would appear.

PEDRO
Amigos, ever heard of El Corazon?

JORGE
The greatest pirate to ever live.

PEDRO
To sail with him, that would be a
real adventure.

TOMAS
Pirate? You would turn so easily?

PEDRO
He's a rich man.

TOMAS
Is that all that matters?

Pedro and Jorge pause. Grin big. Tomas rolls his eyes.

TOMAS
I don't study pirates.

PEDRO
El Corazon single-handedly downed
Black Jack and all his crew?

JORGE
He is a madman.

PEDRO
Wrestles sharks. Drinks blood.

TOMAS
Of course he does.

JORGE
He carries a bag on his shoulder.

PEDRO
Holds Black Jack's rotting heart.

Tomas steps on the boat with his left foot.

TOMAS
Sounds more like the devil than
this de Lire.

SALVADOR (O.S.)
You don't know me yet.

Salvador stomps Tomas's foot back down on the gangway.

SALVADOR
Right foot first. Always.

INT. ST. JAMES PALACE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: St. James Palace, England - 1563

Miguel waits to meet the Queen. He holds a tiara on a velvet pillow. One of the QUEEN'S GUARDS stands with him.

MIGUEL

She nice?

QUEEN'S GUARD

Sir?

MIGUEL

Haven't been here since Mary died.

The Queen's Guard sticks his nose up in the air.

QUEEN'S GUARD

You may enter now.

He opens the double doors. Announces Miguel with distaste.

QUEEN'S GUARD

Your Majesty, the Queen, may I
present El Corazon.

Miguel enters the room to a big surprise. The girl he saved on the street years ago sits on the throne - the Queen of England. His eyes widen. She waits.

MIGUEL

Your Majesty?

ELIZABETH

I have heard the tales of our
mighty El Corazon for years.

MIGUEL

My Queen, on the street that day.
I had no idea. I...

ELIZABETH

I remain indebted to you, Sir.
Yet, you have brought me a gift?

MIGUEL

Just a sample of what waits at the
docks, Your Majesty.

Miguel lays the pillow and crown at her feet.

ELIZABETH
Magnificent.

He gestures to the end of his braided beard.

MIGUEL
I still have your heart.

ELIZABETH
That remains to be seen.

The Queen stands. Walks toward Miguel.

ELIZABETH
Tis a shame my trinket embodies
hate more than love.

MIGUEL
This hate has been your ally.

She waves her guards away. Motions for Miguel to come close.
She takes the clasp in her hands. Scans the beads above.

ELIZABETH
I can only imagine the stories this
heart could tell.

MIGUEL
You wouldn't want to hear them.

ELIZABETH
Can you love, El Corazon? Or are
you truly the beast of legend?

She touches his hair. He looks into her eyes.

ELIZABETH
For you are surely not a ghost.

MIGUEL
I return what I am dealt.

ELIZABETH
Wrath? Hatred?

He bows his head. She takes his hand.

ELIZABETH
Then it would be a shame if you
were not loved.

She pulls him close. Kisses him gently on the lips. They
embrace. They kiss wildly - both starved for affection.

INT. INN IN ANTIGUA - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: Antigua

A candlelit bedroom. Miguel sits at a desk. Draws charts with a feather quill. Ink becomes the tentacles of some unknown beast. Noah sleeps on Miguel. Opens his eyes.

CRACK. Just under a cricket's song, Miguel hears the slow SNAP of a twig outside his window. Miguel jams his work in his satchel. Snuffs the candle. The room goes black.

Salvador bursts into the room. SOLDIERS on each side. The moonlight reveals a disheveled bed and a smoking candle. Wet ink drips from the quill. No Miguel.

Salvador kicks over the desk - furious. Carrying a torch, Tomas walks in with a Jorge and Pedro.

Salvador sees something shining on the bed pillow. Snatches the torch. Moves in. Two gold coins lie right where a man's eyes would be. Salvador squeezes them in his hand.

EXT. PORT OF CADIZ - NIGHT

Gloria receives fresh supplies. Salvador, Tomas and Jorge supervise the loading.

TOMAS

That's the last of it.

SALVADOR

Excellent. Time to kill a pirate.

Tomas draws his sword. Checks the sharpness.

TOMAS

I'm ready.

An orange glow emerges in Jorge's eyes.

JORGE

Fire ship! Fire ship!

Salvador looks up. An old carrack ship blazes. Trained on the docks. People SCREAM. Gloria's gunners fire away. Dangerously close to shooting their own ships.

SALVADOR

Cease Fire! Cease Fire!

Nothing can be done. The roaring boat hits the dock. CRASH! Sparks fly! Several crates fall overboard. Bursting open on the dock. PEOPLE clamor for books.

Salvador breaks through the crowd. Snags a book. Martin Luther's *95 Thesis*. Snarling, he storms off.

INT. KING PHILLIP'S LIBRARY - NIGHT

Salvador blasts into the library. An elderly man, TITIAN, paints behind a large canvas. Pokes his head out to view King Phillip. King Phillip poses in his finest armor. His helmet rests on the crimson draped table behind him.

KING PHILLIP
Is there a problem, Capitan?

SALVADOR
El Corazon!

The king snarls. Cuts his eyes. Titian COUGHS - reminds the King to stay still. King Phillip straightens his face.

SALVADOR
A fire ship has landed at Cadiz.

KING PHILLIP
It was him?

Salvador throws down of copy of Luther's book. Phillip's eyes steam. Titian COUGHS.

KING PHILLIP
Why does he plague us so?

The King removes his breast plate. Titian cleans his brush.

KING PHILLIP
Señor Titian, another time.

TITIAN
Of course, Your Majesty.

KING PHILLIP
That beguiling beast. Taunting us under a Spanish moniker!

SALVADOR
He is Spanish.

KING PHILLIP
What?

Salvador follows King Phillip out to a balcony.

SALVADOR

Arias.

KING PHILLIP

Arias again? Arias is dead.

SALVADOR

And I tell you that this fevered
curse against Spain, and the ghost
that haunts me is one in the same.

Phillip's eyes are wide like a madman.

SALVADOR

More than once the search for these
two has brought me to the same
position on my charts.

Phillip grabs Salvador's collar. Jerks him in.

KING PHILLIP

Then this is a monster of your
making. Find that traitor! Burn
him where he stands!

EXT. TUNISIAN SEAPORT - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: Mehedia, Tunisia - 1564

Miguel strolls down a narrow alley - headed for his ship. He
spies a notice posted on a tavern door. Reaches for it. The
door opens as he yanks the paper down. A DRUNKEN MAN
stumbles out. Eyes Miguel suspiciously. Passes out. CLUNK.

Miguel reads:

THE KINGDOM OF SPAIN DEMANDS CAPTURE OF THE PIRATE, EL
CORAZON - WANTED FOR PIRACY, MURDER, HERESY AND TREASON.

MIGUEL

Treason?

Miguel stuffs it in his satchel. Turns a corner.

Caught by surprise, he stands nose to nose with Salvador.
Frantically, Miguel cross-draws his swords. Thrusting them
up, scissoring them against Salvador's neck. Salvador holds
Miguel at bay with a dagger to his gut.

SALVADOR
Running from me again, amigo?

MIGUEL
Is my tail tucked?

Salvador grits his teeth. They each press in.

SALVADOR
You've claimed more than your share
of the King's gold. Taken your
revenge. Curiously, not one shot
has crossed my bow.

MIGUEL
Better to be haunted than dead.

Salvador smirks. Miguel pushes his blades in further.
Salvador draws his head back. Counters with the dagger.

SALVADOR
Tis a horrible guilt to bear, the
death of one's family.

Salvador grins. Miguel wipes the smile off his face with
pressure to his swords. Lightly breaks his skin.

SALVADOR
A welcome awaits you in Spain that
you cannot imagine.

MIGUEL
I've seen what Spain can imagine.

SALVADOR
You've lost, amigo.

MIGUEL
You have no idea.

They each step back. No soldiers appear. Surprised,
Salvador looks over his shoulder. Some SPANISH SOLDIERS,
including Tomas, wait bound and gagged on the docks.
Salvador turns to face Miguel. He's gone.

EXT. SPANISH GALLEON GLORIA - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Salvador gazes out a window. Tomas knocks on the door.

TOMAS
We're shadowing him.

SALVADOR
Rest your gunners.

TOMAS
Aye, Capitan. I'm sorry we were caught.

SALVADOR
You are never sorry. You may apologize, but one is never sorry.

TOMAS
I apologize.

Salvador bows acceptance. Stares out the window.

SALVADOR
Good pains today. You're an excellent topman, Tomas.

Salvador runs his finger down his scar.

SALVADOR
I never worked the lines like that.

TOMAS
Gracias, Capitan. That is very well coming from you.

SALVADOR
The way you lead the crew, it is in your blood.

Tomas puts a thankful hand on Salvador's shoulder. Salvador turns. Grabs his wrist hatefully. He drops the pear.

SALVADOR
Never forget who pulls the strings.

TOMAS
Sorry.

Salvador slaps Tomas hard in the face. Tomas reels.

SALVADOR
Never.

TOMAS
What is our plan for the morrow.

SALVADOR
I know his weakness.

INT. GREAT WHITE - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAWN

Miguel opens the door. Poncho stands silent - concerned.

MIGUEL
What is it?

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAWN

Miguel follows Poncho on deck. Poncho gestures to a Spanish soldier, Jorge, standing on deck. Gloria waits out of range.

JORGE
Capitan De Lire requests your
presence, and that you wear these
bindings.

MIGUEL
He's more the fool than I thought.

JORGE
We will meet him halfway in
longboats.

MIGUEL
Why would I do that?

JORGE
A trade.

MIGUEL
For what?

JORGE
Your son.

Miguel looks over at the Gloria. Salvador waits in a long boat. A bound and hooded MAN sits next to him.

MIGUEL
What proof does he offer?

JORGE
He says you hold half the key.

Miguel holds out his wrists. Jorge cautiously binds him.

MARCOS
Surely it's a trap.

PONCHO

Miguel?

MIGUEL

If I am lost, then fly every sheet.
Make your way through the straits
and never return.

PONCHO

Miguel if anything happens to you,
I will destroy them or die trying!

Miguel gazes at his old ship. Admires her lines.

MIGUEL

No, let her live. He will die soon
enough.

Lightning flashes in the distance. Ropes CREAK.

MARCOS

Sounds like rain.

MIGUEL

Pray it doesn't pour.

Jorge leads Miguel onto the longboat - a pistol to his back.

EXT. A MEDITERRANEAN BAY - DAY

The Great White and Gloria frame the stand-off. Salvador's longboat waits. Miguel and Jorge approach. Jorge paddles. Miguel sits motionless. The boats bump each other.

MIGUEL

Let me see him.

SALVADOR

Not so hasty, amigo. Once you and
Jorge are safely on this gig, I
will release him.

MIGUEL

Let me see him.

SALVADOR

He will be allowed safe passage.

BAM! Miguel elbows Jorge in the nose. It bleeds.

JORGE

Anhhh...

He cups his hand over his nose. Trains his pistol on Miguel.

MIGUEL

Now!

Salvador yanks off the hood. It's Pedro. Big blue eyes staring up. All Miguel knows, is that it's not his son.

Miguel grabs Jorge's pistol. They wrestle for it. BANG! A white cloud hangs over Jorge. SPLASH! He falls overboard - lifeless. Miguel throws the gun to the sea.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

The crew looks on.

PATRICK

Oh, Dear Lord.

EXT. SPANISH GALLEON GLORIA - DAY

Tomas watches from the quarterdeck.

TOMAS

Gunners! Call when you bear!

EXT. A MEDITERRANEAN BAY - DAY

Salvador threatens Pedro with his dagger.

SALVADOR

I will kill him, Miguel.

Miguel leaps to Salvador's boat. Salvador stabs at Miguel. Miguel wraps the blade in his chains. Yanks. Sends the dagger to the depths.

Miguel jumps Salvador. Wraps the binding around his neck. Jerks back. They struggle. Pedro waits helplessly.

MIGUEL

There's something you should know
about my son, amigo.

Salvador tries to speak. Miguel tightens his grip.

MIGUEL

He has brown eyes like his mother.

Lighting strikes in the distance. Thunder ROARS. A single shark fin slips by - headed for Jorge.

Salvador strains - choking. Miguel cranks down on the chain.

BAM! Salvador snaps his head into Miguel's forehead. Dazed, they both fall overboard.

IN THE WATER

Salvador slips out of the chain. Disappears in the depths. Miguel surfaces. The shark is tearing at Jorge's legs.

Salvador pops up. Pedro tries to help him on the longboat.

Miguel swims for the Great White as fast as he can. BOOM! BOOM! Gloria fires. POP! POP! Cannon balls pepper the water around Miguel. A shark closes in. SPLASH! A cannon ball removes the beast.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

Miguel grabs a rope on the side of the Great White. Climbs between two cannon doors. BOOM! BOOM! They fire on Gloria. Miguel holds his ears. Grits his teeth.

MIGUEL

Cease fire! Let her go!

Marcos and Poncho pull Miguel over the rail. He lies back - exhausted. Patrick hands him a bottle of wine. Rain falls.

EXT. SPANISH GALLEON GLORIA - NIGHT

Tomas sits alone on the quarterdeck. Looks down at his half reale. It shines in the moonlight. He sheds a tear.

FLASHBACK

INT. THE ARIAS HOME IN CADIZ - DAY

Miguel throws his pack over his shoulder. Heads to the door. Ten year old Tomas and Maria wait there. Miguel drops his pack. Kneels. Looks Tomas in the eye. Grabs his reale. Tomas takes out his own. They join the two pieces.

MIGUEL

Always remember, Tomas. We are pieces of a greater whole. Meant to be together.

SALVADOR (O.S.)
Your son should be a man.

Salvador steps in the doorway. Smirks.

SALVADOR
That foolish coin gives him nothing
but false reliance.

Maria glares at Salvador. He returns the look.

MIGUEL
Hope deferred makes a heart sick.

Tomas hugs Miguel tight. Miguel stands. Faces Salvador.

MIGUEL
Perhaps you can enlighten us?

END FLASHBACK

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS, GREAT WHITE - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: The English Channel - 1565

Miguel's eyes open. He sits behind his desk. Noah perches on a nearby candlestick.

Miguel holds an eight reale up toward a window. Covers the moon with it. Looks at it. Pulls it away. Looks at the moon. Covers it again. Gazes down at an unfolded letter.

Poncho darkens the doorway. KNOCKS. Miguel looks up. Motions for him to come in.

PONCHO
Another dispatch from the Queen?

Miguel smiles. Spins the coin. It comes to rest.

MIGUEL
Every day I pray that God will
protect Tomas. Keep him safe.

PONCHO
Sí.

MIGUEL
Perhaps my prayers are answered,
for he is surely better off without
me.

Poncho reaches for the coin.

PONCHO

May I?

Miguel lets him take it.

PONCHO

My mother told me something once
that I never forgot.

MIGUEL

What's that, amigo?

PONCHO

It does not matter how weathered or
defaced a coin becomes. If the
edges are nicked or the image
faded.

Poncho rolls the coin around his fingers. Examines it.

PONCHO

We ascribe to it, the same value.
It is never worth less than the day
of its striking. Never worth less
for a flawed condition.

Miguel gently nods "yes".

PONCHO

And even if it were divided, to pay
a certain price. The fragments can
be joined with other pieces of
eight. Casting their strength.

MIGUEL

I believe God speaks wisdom through
you, amigo.

PONCHO

Then again...

Poncho SLAPS it on the desk. Leans in toward Miguel.

PONCHO

It's what you're made of that
really appreciates.

FOOTSTEPS rush overhead.

MARCOS (O.S.)

Capitan! A burning ship!

Miguel takes the coin. Drops it in his satchel.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - NIGHT

The Great White quickly advances toward the wounded Exigir.

BILLY BIRD
There be slaves on that ship?

MIGUEL
Prepare to board!

Rats jump from the Exigir. Poncho looks shocked.

PONCHO
Do you seek a fiery grave, amigo?!

Miguel hangs his head. Poncho is silent.

MIGUEL
I am not worthy of such a death.
It is reserved for the innocent.

PONCHO
Miguel...

MIGUEL
Come men, give liberty to these
slaves!

The crew grapples the Exigir - pulling the blazing ship near.

EXT. EXIGIR - NIGHT

Miguel swings over first. Marcos, Ramon and Juan follow.
Miguel leads the way through the hatch.

INT. EXIGIR - NIGHT

The four rescuers find the rowing slaves still bound. Some dead. Some grasping to life. Rats stream to the exit.

MIGUEL
Break their irons!

They set survivors free. Cutlasses CLINK! Sparks fly.

Mariner Two lies in a pool of blood and water. Clutching an abdominal wound. Miguel slaps the man's face. Wakes him.

MIGUEL
What happened here?

MARINER TWO
Pirates.

MIGUEL
What is the purpose of this vessel?

MARINER TWO
Search and destroy.

MIGUEL
A galleass? Destroy what?

Mariner Two looks into Miguel's eyes. He lifts the gold heart into Miguel's gaze. Miguel grabs the man's wrist.

MARINER TWO
You, Señor.

Mariner Two dies. Freed slaves bump into Miguel, and climb the stairs. A burning board drops. Miguel looks down ship. His eyes narrow. For a moment, he sees Maria reaching out from the flames. The image fades. Marcos stands over a MAN.

MIGUEL
Stop!

Marcos draws back. One last slave waits - bound to the hold.

MARCOS
Capitan?

Miguel moves in for a closer look. Ramon and Juan leave.

MIGUEL
Do you not recognize this snake?

A ragged man slumps over an oar. His thinning nest of hair shoots out from under a red kerchief. Miguel grabs the back of his hair. Sits him up. It's Julian.

MARCOS
Get him and lets go!

MIGUEL
Get out while you can!

The familiar voice gets Julian's attention. The ocean breaks through a seam. Boards CRACK. The water level rises.

MIGUEL
Where is Tomas?!

JULIAN
Miguel? You're alive.

MIGUEL
Did you kill him?!

Marcos heads out. Miguel waits. The water rushes in.

JULIAN
Cut me loose, and we will find him
together.

MIGUEL
Where?!

JULIAN
We were on Majorca when he ran
away. I don't know where he is.

MIGUEL
Then your life is worthless.

JULIAN
I am not lost, Miguel.

The water reaches Julian's chest.

MIGUEL
Why did you sell us out?

JULIAN
Set me free, and we will speak of
all these things.

MIGUEL
You bargained for something.
Surely not riches or position.

Julian sighs. Closes his eyes.

MIGUEL
What?!

JULIAN
That we might live.

Miguel looks puzzled.

JULIAN
My mother... she is a Jew.

Miguel takes a deep breath. Lifts his head. Clenches his fists. Releases a tortured ROAR.

MIGUEL
Annhhhhhhh!

Miguel turns his back on Julian. Hangs his head.

JULIAN
I thought you would be reprimanded,
worst exiled. I never imagined...

MIGUEL
So you condemned Maria? Amelia's
dearest friend. Regarding your
lives as better than ours!

JULIAN
My girls, amigo. Do you know what
those jailers would do?

MIGUEL
And where are your girls now? For
here you are a dead man quickening
those that damn you.

The salty sea rises to Julian's white beard.

JULIAN
Forgive me, Miguel. Salvador
betrayed us all.

MIGUEL
You betrayed us all!

Miguel turns to leave.

Burning rubble falls around them. Julian strains to keep his nose above water. Pushes himself up for one more plea.

JULIAN
For God's sake, I raised your son.

MIGUEL
For God's sake, or for your own?

JULIAN
Everyday, I live with this guilt.

Julian gives out. Only his eyes remain above water.

MIGUEL
Now die with it.

Julian's eyes close. The ship lunges. He goes under.

Miguel turns away. Rushes to the stairway. Flaring embers fall. Miguel grabs the doorway. White-knuckles the jambs. Sparks spray. He cuts his eyes back. Bubbles erupt where Julian sat. Miguel runs back. Dives underwater. Beat.

Miguel and Julian shoot up out of the water - gasping. Julian raises his freed wrists.

MIGUEL

God will decide your fate.

Miguel runs to the stairs. Julian fights the sinking ship.

EXT. EXIGIR - NIGHT

Miguel appears on deck. The ropes to the grappling hooks have burnt. He dives in. Grabs a rope on the Great White.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - NIGHT

Miguel steps over the rail. Wrings out his shirt. His crew looks spellbound. Miguel watches the sea. The Exigir sinks.

MIGUEL

Drop them a gig. Make ready. We
have an ocean to cross.

The crew lowers a longboat. Slaves drift on timbers. A red kerchief floats.

EXT. PORT OF CADIZ - DAY

Salvador oversees the loading of Gloria's personnel and supplies. Tomas walks up with his beautiful wife, YSABEL (19), and his daughter, ELENA (1). Salvador ignores them. Tomas kisses his wife and child.

TOMAS

Take care of Mami, Elena.

YSABEL

Safe journey, my love.

Tomas hugs Ysabel. Kisses her again. And again.

SALVADOR

Quartermaster Ruiz.

TOMAS
Capitan General.

SALVADOR
Today.

Tomas bends down and kisses Elena once more. His necklace falls from his collar. Sunlight glints off it's silver edge. It catches Salvador's attention. His eyes narrow.

TOMAS
I love you.

Tomas boards the Gloria. Salvador watches him. Looks back at the girls. A scowl grows on his face. Another ship tie off - diverts Salvador's attention.

SALVADOR
Menendez. What does he want?

CAPTAIN MENENDEZ, a highly respected Spanish captain, walks over. SPANISH MARINERS follow - leading a group of SLAVES.

SALVADOR
To what do I owe this displeasure?

MENENDEZ
Salvador, always a treat. I happened upon these slaves washing half a league from the Exigir.

SALVADOR
The Exigir?

MENENDEZ
A smouldering mast when I found it.

Slaves walk by. Ragged and worn. Faces unseen. Salvador watches them pass. His eyes narrow at one. Menendez smiles.

MENENDEZ
They claim to have been saved by none other than, El Corazon.

SALVADOR
Why would a pirate bother to stop for a vessel that is already lost?

MENENDEZ
Perhaps his heart, is not so black?

Menendez turns and leaves. Salvador glares at him.

EXT. SPANISH GALLEON GLORIA - DAY

Tomas stands at the bow of the ship. Salvador quietly slips up from behind. Watches Tomas.

SALVADOR
I've been looking for you, Tomas.

TOMAS
I'm right here, Capitan.

SALVADOR
Tomas Arias.

A lump rises in Tomas's throat. Beat.

TOMAS
How do you know that name?

SALVADOR
I knew your father.

Tomas spins around. Searches Salvador's gaze for sincerity.

TOMAS
I was told to never use that name.

SALVADOR
With good reason.

TOMAS
What happened to my father?

Salvador plants a hand on Tomas's shoulder. Draws him in.

SALVADOR
I would have told you this before,
had I known your true identity.

Salvador reaches in Tomas collar. Pulls out the coin.

SALVADOR
El Corazon.

Salvador holds Tomas's head in his hands. Focuses his eyes.

SALVADOR
He... murdered your father.

Tomas jerks free of Salvador's grasp.

TOMAS

No!

SALVADOR

Gutted him like a pig.

TOMAS

No!

Tomas falls to his knees. Groans.

TOMAS

This can't be.

SALVADOR

Revenge is a bitter potion, Tomas.

TOMAS

He's going to pay.

SALVADOR

Like dragging a cold rusty dagger
across your tongue.

TOMAS

I'm going to kill him.

SALVADOR

Still, sometimes you must taste it.

EXT. SMALL PORT, MAJORCA - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: Isle of Majorca

Miguel solicits the port. Searching. He stops at a fruit stand. An ELDERLY WOMAN shows him apples. He accepts and pays for one. Then takes out his half reale.

MIGUEL

Have you seen the man that wears a
token like this?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Tomas wore a charm like that.

MIGUEL

You know him?

ELDERLY WOMAN

Just a boy then. Fancied pears I
think.

MIGUEL

Pears, sí.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Been years.

MIGUEL

Gracias, Señora.

EXT. SEASIDE TAVERN - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: Isle of Iviza

Miguel, Poncho and Marcos walk into the tavern. Miguel shows the BARKEEP his half reale. The man shakes his head "No".

MIGUEL (V.O.)

Another year perished, and though
your scent had paled...

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - NIGHT

The Great White sails in dark waters. A large moon hangs in the deep blue sky. Miguel stands on the quarterdeck - gripping the back rail. Noah rests on his shoulder.

MIGUEL (V.O.)

Now, I knew for sure that we shared
the moon, and might meet again.

EXT. SECRET SPANISH PORT - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: The Armada - 1566

Salvador stands on the docks of a remote inlet. Overlooks forty ships in various phases of construction. Lightning strikes in the distance. Thunder RUMBLES.

King Phillip emerges from the shadows - flanked by his guards. He walks up silently behind Salvador.

SALVADOR

Those hellbent privateers won't
last a week against your armada.

KING PHILLIP

God save the Queen.

They laugh. The wind blows harder - stirring the sea. A longboat floats eerily toward the docks.

Sitting alone in the center of the boat - a man wrapped in the Jack of El Corazon. Salvador scans the dark horizon.

SALVADOR

Miguel.

A large wave subsides in the moonlight. The Great White rides over it. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The sky lights up with cannon fire. King Phillip and Salvador dive for cover.

The first strikes hit.

CRASH! CRACK! Holes are ripped through the unfinished hulls. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Figureheads split in two. Saints, Angels and Mary - all splintered stubs.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The Great White hammers the fleet. CRACK! A chain shot severs a mast. It falls like a redwood. BAM! The sails engulf King Phillip. He fights his way out.

SILENCE. King Phillip and Salvador look up. The assault has ended. The Great White gone. The Armada lies in shambles. One figurehead remains - JESUS.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - NIGHT

Winds cut across the deck. Waves crest over the bow. The weather is too much. The crew slips and slides.

BILLY BIRD

Looks like you woke ol' Davey with that cannonade, Captain!

Miguel points at the faint light of a port in the distance.

PONCHO

But Capitan, that is Cadiz!

MIGUEL

Do you see another port in this storm, Poncho?!

Poncho looks sick. Forces the whipstaff right.

PONCHO

We may live to regret this!

MIGUEL

Regret is a waste of time.

PONCHO

Then I am a wasted man.

EXT. PORT OF CADIZ - NIGHT

The crew anchors the Great White just inside the northern point. Miguel grabs Poncho's shoulder.

MIGUEL
Take the gigs.

Poncho and Marcos wave the crew into the longboats. They make for the docks. Miguel follows in the last boat.

AT THE DOCK - MIGUEL'S P.O.V. FROM BOAT IN HARBOR

The crew arrives. GUARDS move in quick. They argue and struggle. Miguel can't make out their words. GUARD ONE arrests and shackles Poncho. The crew fights. Most escape.

A land dizzy Marcos whips two blades from his bandolier. Punches Guard One. Stumbles forward - slashing. Tries to balance. Guard One stands. Stabs Marcos through the gut.

MIGUEL
No! No, Marcos!!!

Miguel stops. Watches Guard One slide Marcos off his blade and into the harbor. They take Poncho away. Miguel lies back. Closes his eyes. Lets the waves carry him away.

INT. SEASIDE TAVERN - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: Isle of Ivisa, 1567

The continuation of the opening scene.

Miguel closes the journal. Rubs his forehead. The barkeep rinses cups. Puts bottles away. A red sunrise haunts the coastline. Silhouettes of SOLDIERS enter the doorway.

Miguel looks down into his cup. A paper slides into view. Instantly, Miguel stabs the paper with a dagger. It's the same wanted notice he found in Tunisia. Tomas, now a Spanish Captain, sits down in front of him.

TOMAS
Temper.

MIGUEL
Looks nothing like me.

Tomas stares him up and down. Miguel sips from his cup.

MIGUEL
You think you've caught El Corazon?

TOMAS
I have.

MIGUEL
Not an easy task. Markedly so for
such a young Capitan.

TOMAS
My appointment is none of your
concern. The General saw fit.

MIGUEL
De Lire?

TOMAS
Precisely.

MIGUEL
You sound just like him.

TOMAS
You're going to die for your sins.

Tomas motions for his men. Miguel looks up. Notices a chain
around Tomas' neck - - the half eight reale that matches
Miguel's. Reaches for it. Tomas puts a dagger to Miguel's
throat. Miguel shrinks back. Tomas withdraws.

MIGUEL
Where did you get it?

TOMAS
You should know.

MIGUEL
Your father?

TOMAS
Murderer.

MIGUEL
Tomas?

TOMAS
Shut your mouth.

MIGUEL
Do you remember your mother?

Tomas glares at Miguel. Miguel grabs his journal.

MIGUEL
Let's be off then.

Tomas snatches the journal away.

TOMAS
Take his weapons.

The guards seize Miguel. Bind and disarm him. Lead him out.

INT. SPANISH GALLEON SAN CARLO - BRIG - DAY

Inside the steel bars, Miguel sits quietly in the corner. His face buried in his scarred and weathered hands. A NOISE raises his awareness. Tomas stands on the steps. Holds the journal. Angry. Points the book at Miguel.

TOMAS
What is this black-hearted fantasy?

MIGUEL
I would give any price if it were.

Tomas becomes glassy-eyed and flustered.

TOMAS
These words, bring to mind things
I've tried to forget.

MIGUEL
Never forget.

TOMAS
You killed my father!

Footsteps. A hunched over MAN makes his way down the steps. Miguel recognizes him. It's Diego. He carries a tray with a water pitcher and a piece of bread.

MIGUEL
No.

Diego opens the rusted cage. Offers Miguel the tray. Miguel takes the water. Passes on the bread.

MIGUEL
Gracias, Diego.

Diego peers into Miguel's eyes. Drops the tray. CLUNK!

TOMAS
Diego?

DIEGO
Capitan?

MIGUEL
I see you didn't take my advice.

Tomas stumbles back to the steps. Diego squeaks by.

Miguel reaches in his shirt. Pulls out his half reale.
Tomas stands. Snatches his from the chain around his neck.
Matches it to Miguel's. Looks him in the eye.

TOMAS
How do I know you didn't tear it
from my father's dead body?

MIGUEL
How do I know you are my son?

TOMAS
You don't know me.

MIGUEL
Is it your mother's eyes? The fire
in your heart?

TOMAS
At minimum, you've gambled with my
father's killer.

MIGUEL
Yes. For we are part of the
greater whole.

Tomas seems to recall some spark of memory. Miguel lifts his
chained wrist. Manages to unwrap his wristband. It falls.
Tomas picks it up. Stretches it out to find his bloodied
shirt. He looks into Miguel's eyes.

TOMAS
If I let you go, my charge is over.

MIGUEL
Letting me go, is not what I seek.

INT. SPANISH GALLEON GLORIA - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

Salvador stands at a mirror. Buttons his coat. Watches the
docks from an open window. A KNOCK at the door.

SALVADOR
Enter!

GUARD (O.S.)
Capitan de Lire?

SALVADOR
Capitan GENERAL!

GUARD (O.S.)
Capitan General. Poncho Hortiz is
set for execution.

SALVADOR
Excellent. Let it swing.

The guard leaves. Salvador admires his own reflection.

INT. INQUISITION CHAMBERS - NIGHT

GUARDS haul Poncho down a torchlit hallway. SCREAMS bellow in the distance. JEERS and dirty hands poke through the cells on both sides. The guards open a heavy wooden door. Drag Poncho into the next room.

INT. PENDULUM ROOM - NIGHT

THE PENDULUM

A long iron shaft hangs from the center of a circular room. At the end of the shaft swings a four foot crescent blade. Below the blade, bindings are fixed to a pedestal.

THE PEDESTAL

It's base unseen, this pedestal rises from darkness in the center of a pit. It has a small, flat top that tapers off like a bowl turned upside down. Very little room to stand. It can only be reached by a counter-weight driven ramp.

THE RAMP

The iron frame supports long heavy timbers. Its hinge pivots on a terrace rising thirteen feet above the pedestal.

Poncho scans the room. Moonlight barely sprays through an opening at the pendulum's axle. Guards lower the ramp.

EXT. SPANISH GALLEON SAN CARLO - NIGHT

The ship glides. Miguel joins Tomas by the starboard rail.

TOMAS
El Corazon.

MIGUEL
Your men are well with this?

TOMAS
My men would follow me through the
gates of hell.

Miguel looks proudly at his son.

MIGUEL
Do you remember your mother?

TOMAS
Her love. Beauty. Fear.

MIGUEL
Remember the love.

TOMAS
I choose not to dwell on any of it.

MIGUEL
It's not the load that weighs us
down, but how we carry it.

TOMAS
And you suffer this burden so well?

MIGUEL
The page has turned, Tomas, but she
is still part of the story.

The waves roll quietly by.

MIGUEL
Have you taken a bride?

TOMAS
Ysabel. We have a girl. Elena.

Miguel runs his hand down a small mounted canon.

MIGUEL
You knew nothing of Salvador?
Julian? What really happened?

TOMAS
I feel like such a fool.

Miguel comforts Tomas.

TOMAS

Julian bade me to never speak of that day. Never use my real name for fear of my own life.

MIGUEL

He gave no reason for their deaths?

TOMAS

Treason. Some fool-hearted act of my grandfather.

MIGUEL

And I died in battle?

TOMAS

Same day they were taken.

MIGUEL

Tomas, knowing all this... why did you serve Spain?

TOMAS

Because my father did.

INT. PENDULUM ROOM - NIGHT

Poncho lies on the pedestal. The two guards hunch over. Shackle him. CLICK. CLINK. CLANK. CLICK. Bound to the pedestal, Poncho lies back silent.

He jerks at the bindings. Blood streams from his wrists. A guard kicks him in the ribs. WHAM! He's not going anywhere.

EXT. SPANISH GALLEON SAN CARLO - NIGHT

They arrive at the Great White - still anchored just off the point in Cadiz. The crew grapples the empty ship.

MIGUEL

It's still here.

TOMAS

It's bait.

Miguel smiles. Jumps the small span to the Great White. Tomas follows. The crew transfers over rations and supplies.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - NIGHT

A NOISE below deck. Miguel throws his arms out.

MIGUEL

Shhhh...

Miguel walks slowly over to the hatch. Reaches for the rope, but the wooden door opens slowly from beneath. Miguel draws his swords. SHING! Patrick pokes his head out.

PATRICK

Dear Lord, Captain! You gave me quite a fright.

MIGUEL

What are you doing on the ship?

PATRICK

Didn't count on you being gone so long.

Miguel puts his swords away. Gives Patrick a hand up.

PATRICK

Did you rejoin the Navy?

Miguel smirks. Gestures toward Tomas

MIGUEL

Patrick, meet Tomas... My son.

Patrick smiles. Hugs Tomas.

EXT. PORTSIDE STREETS OF CADIZ - NIGHT

Salvador walks with purpose toward Tribunal Hall. A MESSENGER meets him in the street.

MESSENGER

Capitan de Lire! Capitan!

SALVADOR

Capitan GENERAL.

MESSENGER

The San Carlo made berth! With El Corazon her prisoner!

Salvador whips his cloak around. Heads for the dock.

EXT. PORT OF CADIZ - NIGHT

Tomas and a hooded Miguel descend the San Carlo's gangplank.

TOMAS

A message is going out to what's left of your crew. Many of mine will join us as well.

MIGUEL

Go get your girls. I am going to find Poncho.

TOMAS

Poncho? Poncho Hortiz?

MIGUEL

Sí.

TOMAS

Be quick and careful. I fear he was to be set for execution.

MIGUEL

Set? Where?

TOMAS

The pendulum.

INT. PENDULUM ROOM - NIGHT

The pendulum swings. Right. Left. Right. Left. Sweating and anxious, Poncho prays under his breath.

PONCHO

Oh God, show your power today, Señor. I am but a speck, a filthy worm, but I can change.

The pendulum CLUNKS. Dropping closer.

PONCHO

Oh, Jesus! Please, let me change.

EXT. PORT OF CADIZ - NIGHT

Salvador approaches the San Carlo. No one in sight.

SALVADOR

Dockmaster?!

The DOCKMASTER (50), a solid man with thinning hair, takes money from A MARINER.

DOCKMASTER
Gracias, Señor.

The Dockmaster turns. Faces Salvador.

DOCKMASTER
How can I help you, General?

SALVADOR
Corazon? Where is he?

DOCKMASTER
Corazon? The pirate?

The Dockmaster smirks. Salvador grabs his collar.

SALVADOR
Was he not captive aboard the San Carlo? Surely this would not have escaped you!

DOCKMASTER
No, Señor. Capitan Ruiz introduced his guest as his father.

SALVADOR
Father?

Salvador rages. Grabs the Dockmaster. SLAMS him into the side of the ship. The Dockmaster falls limp into the harbor.

INT. INQUISITION CHAMBERS - NIGHT

Miguel throws off his cloak. Slinks down a dark corridor. Peeks around a corner. Two BURLY SOLDIERS guard a doorway.

Miguel's eyes cut around. Searching the darkness. Nearly trips on a supply of cannonballs. He grabs one. Finds a chalky stone. SCRATCHES into the cannonball.

Miguel rolls the cannonball slowly down the hall. Jumps back out of sight. The guards search for the curious NOISE.

The revolving image emerges from the shadows. Captivating the guards. It rolls to a stop a few feet in front of them. They make out a skull and St. Andrews Cross.

BURLY SOLDIERS
El Corazon.

Grabbing the hilts of their swords, they look into the darkness. Two more cannonballs fly straight for their heads. CLUNK! CLUNK! Miguel emerges from shadow. Grabs a battle axe off the wall. Steps over the guards. Runs for the door.

INT. PENDULUM ROOM - NIGHT

Miguel charges through the door. Catches himself on the ledge. Barely skirting a twenty-five foot fall.

He looks from side to side. Inspecting the narrow ledge. A steep scooped grade leads to the pit. The ramp rests on the other side of the room.

Miguel slides the axe in his belt. Steps out on the ledge.

MIGUEL

Poncho!

PONCHO (O.S.)

Miguel?

MIGUEL

We're taking the Shark, and you're coming with us.

PONCHO

You're a little late, Señor.

MIGUEL

Patience, amigo. I'm working my way down.

The ledge gives way. Miguel slides down the dusty brick grade. Grasping. Kicking. Desperately trying to stop. Speeding toward the pit. He can't slow down.

Reaching the edge, Miguel plants both feet. Jumps. Seconds in the air feel like minutes. The pit passes below.

SMACK! He hits the pendulum five feet above the blade. Grabs on. The pendulum drops again - knocking Miguel loose. He slides down the shaft. Halted by the top of the blade.

PONCHO

How did that go?

Miguel smirks. Takes the axe from his belt. Assaults the bindings as he swings by. CLANG! CLANG! DINK!

MIGUEL

Ahhh! Got one.

Poncho's right arm is free. He gets that sickly look again.

MIGUEL

Why do you fret, amigo?

Still swinging - Miguel strikes again! CRACK! He breaks a chain that holds Poncho's left arm.

MIGUEL

Lie still. I have to swing around to get your legs.

PONCHO

That is why I fret.

The pendulum drops. CLUNK. Five inches from Poncho's belly.

MIGUEL

And you're frightened of me?

PONCHO

Hurry, Capitan!

Miguel gets positioned. Swings at the leg shackles. CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! CRACK!

MIGUEL

Bull's-eye!

PONCHO

Quickly, amigo.

Miguel offers Poncho the axe.

PONCHO

You're doing great!

The pendulum drops again. CLUNK. Lightly cutting through Poncho's shirt. He sucks in his gut.

PONCHO

Miguel?!

Miguel tries for the last binding. CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! The axe has dulled. He can't get it. Only seconds remain before the pendulum drops into Poncho's belly.

MIGUEL

When I say, sit up!

Poncho nods in agreement. The pendulum swings. Left. Right. Left.

MIGUEL

Now!

Poncho sits up. Missing the pendulum by inches. CLUNK. The pendulum drops. Sparks shoot from the blade. Poncho balances on the tapered edge of the pedestal. Holds his bruised ribs. Miguel kisses the axe. Gestures to heaven.

MIGUEL

Gracias, Señor!

Poncho feels the last leg cuff is loose. He kicks it off.

PONCHO

You must have broken the cuff! My foot is free!

MIGUEL

Stay still!

PONCHO

Sorry about Marcos, Capitan.

Miguel readies the axe. Adjusts the feel in his right hand. He rides the swinging shaft - back and forth.

PONCHO

Oh, God.

Miguel draws the battle axe back. With as much aim as he can muster on the deadly trapeze - lets it fly. The two men hopefully watch. The blade nears it's target.

THWACK! The axe cuts the rope Miguel needed - along with several more. They unravel one by one. The twenty foot ramp comes down fast.

MIGUEL

Grab my hand!

Poncho reaches for Miguel. Their arms lock. Poncho's feet leave the ground. BAM! The ramp CRASHES into the pedestal. In the dust cloud, Miguel loses his grip. Poncho slips.

MIGUEL

No!!! Poncho!!!

Poncho falls back into the pit. Among the rubble and debris. He falls. Darkness envelopes him. Miguel dangles from the pendulum. Eyes wide. Ready to jump himself.

GUARDS brim through the doorways. SCREECH! The blade sticks in the pedestal. Miguel's senses awaken.

A spear narrowly misses his head. He climbs the pendulum amid a rain of arrows and spears. POW! A bullet POPS the shaft above Miguel's head - fraying the wood. An arrow finds his leg. THWACK!

MIGUEL

Anhhhhh!

Miguel pushes on. Climbs faster. Breaks through the roof where the pendulum mounts. Pulls himself up. Salvador walks in. Looks up. Miguel escapes into a shaft of moonlight.

EXT. TRIBUNAL HALL - NIGHT

Miguel sits winded on the rooftop. Bites the leather on his cuff. Yanks the arrow out. Stifles a SCREAM. Presses on his wound. The roof tiles give way. Miguel slides. Broken terra-cotta follows like a flood.

THUD! Miguel hits a haystack. Grimaces. Holds his wounded leg. Wipes his eyes. Before him is an old friend. A white equine in black leather and silver buckles.

EXT. PORT OF CADIZ - NIGHT

Salvador and some SOLDIERS run to the San Carlo. They board. Still no one there. Salvador sees a small rowboat making it's way out of the harbor. Salvador hails it. No response.

Hooves CLAP. A horse WHINNIES. Salvador and his men look behind them. Miguel rears back on the trusty steed. Like a flash, horse and rider are gone.

SALVADOR

Get him fools!

Both mounted and foot soldiers pursue. Salvador sprints to the Gloria. Yelling into the night.

SALVADOR

Find my damned crew!

EXT. THE CLIFF - NIGHT

The chase is on. Horse hooves rumble across grassy fields. Blades of grass and steel capture the moonlight.

Miguel holds a considerable lead. Pistols BLAST in the distance. He trudges the beast up a steep grade. Reaches the cliff. Dismounts the horse. Looks into her eyes.

MIGUEL
My friend forever.

He kisses the horse's nose. Looks downhill at the advancing force. Slaps the horse's flank - sending her away. Miguel looks out toward the city.

MIGUEL
I am so sorry, amigo.

He looks over the cliff. The Great White waits.

Miguel looks back at his pursuers. They drop like flies. Appearing from behind - Billy Bird, Juan, Ramon and a handful of other crew wield various blades. The soldiers peel off.

THE CREW
El Capitan!

Miguel salutes. Looks at the moon. Sheathes his swords. Holds them tight. Jumps forty feet to the sea below.

Miguel's crew follows his daring route to the ship. Like giant raindrops, they shower the calm black water.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - NIGHT

Streams of water hit the deck. Miguel drops from a rope. The crew scales the side of the ship. Patrick looks around.

PATRICK
Where's Marcos?

Miguel shakes his head "no". Patrick's countenance falls.

Tomas stands with two beautiful girls - Ysabel and Elena. Miguel approaches. Drying his face.

TOMAS
Capitan, this is Ysabel, and our little one, Elena.

Miguel looks on them as a proud father. Almost speechless.

MIGUEL
Ysabel. How beautiful.

YSABEL
It is a thrill to meet you, Señor.

MIGUEL
The pleasure is mine, Señora.

He takes her hand and kisses it. Turns his attention to Elena. Takes a knee. Strokes her braided hair.

MIGUEL

And Elena, what a precious jewel.

Noah lands on Miguel's shoulder. Elena smiles. Miguel turns to the bird.

MIGUEL

Where have you been?

The boat begins to move. Ramon interrupts.

RAMON

Capitan? What is your command?

Miguel stands. Walks to his quarters. Reaches inside the door and pulls out his satchel. Puts it on.

MIGUEL

Six knots to Curacao if we can bear it.

RAMON

Aye, Capitan!

TOMAS

What's in Curacao?

MIGUEL

Not much.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

Fog rolls heavy on all sides. The Great White slides through sapphire waters. Juan casts a log and line off the stern. Checks his sand glass.

JUAN

5 knots, Capitan!

Miguel stands on the steps to the quarterdeck.

MIGUEL

Maintain heading.

JUAN (O.S.)

Aye, Capitan!

Tomas, Ysabel and Elena sit outside the Captain's Quarters. Ysabel cuddles Elena. Tomas holds them close.

YSABEL
It's ghostly.

MIGUEL (O.S.)
I love it.

Miguel walks down the steps. Joins his family.

MIGUEL
Feels like crossing into heaven.
Nothing else matters.

Noah lands on Miguel's shoulder. Miguel breathes deep.
Several of the crew chase rats. Patrick leads the way.

YSABEL
What are they doing?

TOMAS
Hunting bilge rats.

Ysabel gives him a disgusted look. Patrick dives to the deck behind her. THUD! She jumps up.

PATRICK
Got one! Ya little bugger.

The men laugh. Ysabel huffs. Tomas bites a pear.

A ship advances from the western horizon - masked in the fog.

YSABEL
Look. A ship in the west.

Miguel and Tomas both grab their spyglasses.

MIGUEL
What do you think?

TOMAS
Doesn't look familiar. Maybe just
a bumboat?

AT THE BOW

Billy Bird sleeps. Juan kicks out Billy's elbow prop. He wakes. Pushes up his hat. Sees the dark image in the fog. The knife drops from his gaping mouth. His eyes grow wide.

BILLY BIRD
Captain?

TOMAS
Shouldn't be any trouble.

BILLY BIRD
No trouble? That there's the
Maldad. Lobo!

MIGUEL
He's still alive?

BILLY BIRD
Demons live forever.

The Maldad raises her black flag.

Tomas searches as best he can through a clearing in the fog.
Sees a sandbar lurking off the starboard bow.

TOMAS
Bring 'er about hard to port. Run
him up on that sandbar.

MIGUEL
A wise man should counter, no
matter how stupid he is.

BILLY BIRD
And if he don't.

YSABEL
Tomas?

Miguel grabs Tomas by the shoulder.

MIGUEL
I won't risk losing you over this
jackal's revenge.

TOMAS
I must fight.

YSABEL
Tomas? Please?

MIGUEL
You don't want to lose them, son.

Tomas lowers his head. Motions for the girls to follow.

TOMAS
Come quickly!

MIGUEL

Wait! Elena, come here.

Miguel rests on one knee before Elena. He takes the heart clasp off his beard. Attaches it to Elena's braid.

MIGUEL

Godspeed, child. You'll never know
how much I love you.

He kisses her cheek. Stands. Grabs the helm with purpose.

MIGUEL

Raise the Jack!

Miguel's black flag flies.

The crew prepares a longboat for Tomas and his family. The girls get in. He stays. The longboat lowers to the water.

TOMAS

Hold tight! I'll be right there!

Ysabel nods in agreement.

Miguel notices a difference in the SOUND OF THE WAVES. He runs to the quarterdeck. Studying the fog.

MIGUEL

Something's wrong.

A shadow forms in the eastern mist. A dark spot becomes more real. Oars grab the waves. Cutting the fog at a thunderous clip, Gloria appears.

MIGUEL

Salvador!

Miguel runs back to the helm. Noah flaps. Juan steers.

MIGUEL

Hard to Port! Bring 'er about!

Juan SLAMS the whipstaff to the right.

The three ships are on a collision course. The Great White strains to turn left and drop speed. Creaking wood and stressing metal emit CHILLING CRIES.

EXT. SPANISH GALLEON GLORIA - DAY

Wind tossing his hair, Salvador stands at the stem. His sword drawn, he holds to the bowsprit. Ready to jump.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

Miguel sees his old foe coming.

MIGUEL
Silent dogs and still water.

He cross-draws his Toledo steel. SHING!

EXT. LONGBOAT - DAY

Elena CRIES. Ysabel holds her tight. The wake pushes them out. The boat jerks. The tension of the rope snaps the boat back again. A cannon ball POPS the water. Splashes them.

YSABEL
Tomas!

EXT. SHIPWRECK - DAY

The Great White bears left. Lobo and Salvador see each other coming for the first time. Headed stem to stem. The Maldad tries to veer to its left. Salvador stays straight.

Moments from impact... Five, Four, Three, Two, One.

WHAM! Gloria's bow clips the Great White - spitting splinters of wood and shards of glass. The Great White aches. Quickly spinning left. The crew flung about.

RAM! The Maldad screeches and cracks as it presses sideways into the mounting pile.

The entangled ships form a battlefield. The crews of the Maldad and Gloria board the Great White. All three forces collide. Swords drawn. Each crew against the other two.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - QUARTERDECK - DAY

Gloria's bow divides the Great White's stern. Saint Apollonia rests just over the quarterdeck rail.

MIGUEL
Sorry old girl.

Miguel perceives a shadow forming on the deck. Springs back. Raises his sword. CLANG! Salvador's blade drives against his. They push off.

Miguel spins his blades. Wipes his brow. Noah flies off. Salvador removes his jacket.

SALVADOR
Didn't hear me coming?

MIGUEL
The devil's boots don't creak.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

Tomas joins Billy Bird, Juan and Ramon. The men fend off the two-pronged attack. Patrick peeks from the galley hatch.

PATRICK
Oh, Dear Lord.

Both ships open fire on the Great White. BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! Gaping holes loom in her hull. Some of the blasts blow out to the other side. The Great White returns fire, but quickly takes on water.

EXT. SHIPWRECK - DAY

All three ships barrage each other at point blank range. Pirates and mariners fight for their lives. The twisted wreckage slowly sinks into the bloody pool.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

Billy stands ready. A cutlass in each hand - a knife in his teeth. Lobo comes for him. Swinging his steel.

WHAM! Lobo disarms Billy's right hand. SLICE! Then takes his left clean off. He drives Billy against the main mast. Billy spits the blade from his mouth to his right hand. Sticks the dagger in Lobo's neck. Lobo stands in shock.

BOOM! Billy ducks. CRACK! A chain shot severs the main mast and Lobo's neck. Billy wraps his bloody nub. Runs.

The frayed timber leans. Then descends. SPLASH! The mast falls onto the rope that secures Ysabel's longboat. It takes the rope down. Pulling Ysabel and Elena toward the wreckage.

EXT. LONGBOAT - DAY

YSABEL

Tomas!!!

She moves to the back - keeping the bow above water. Desperately tries to calm Elena.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

Tomas dives in. Heads for his family - thirty yards out.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - QUARTERDECK - DAY

Miguel and Salvador spar one on one. Equally matched in skill. Trading blows left and right.

SALVADOR

Tomas is a fine mariner.

MIGUEL

It's in his blood.

SALVADOR

Couldn't be anything I taught him.

MIGUEL

I'm sure of that.

SALVADOR

I was like a father to him.

MIGUEL

Now he knows you're the beast that killed his mother.

Salvador attacks hard. Miguel strikes back. Loses a sword in the rising water.

EXT. LONGBOAT - DAY

Tomas nears the longboat. A few sharks prowl. One is headed for him. Tomas gets one hand on the front of the boat. A dagger in the other.

YSABEL
Tomas! Look out!

Ysabel points. A hammerhead nears his feet. Tomas' boot slides down the shark's body. He SLAMS it in the nose with the butt of the dagger. The shark dives.

The bow of the longboat pops up.

Tomas climbs in and huddles his family. Pulls up the rope. It's frayed - bitten in two.

EXT. SHIPWRECK - DAY

Some SLAVES, wearing fragments of shackles, make their way out of Gloria's hatch. Juan and Ramon emerge behind them. Most everyone abandons the fight. Escaping in longboats.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - DAY

Patrick still peeks out of the hatch. Feels something. Looks down. A shark swims by his feet - inside the ship. He shoots out of the hatch.

PATRICK
Bugger!

EXT. GREAT WHITE - QUARTERDECK - DAY

Miguel and Salvador cross blades - knee-deep in blood. Salvador swings with a ROAR! Miguel takes a blow. Falls to one knee. Feels for his other sword. Doesn't find it. Sweeps his left sword at Salvador's face. Salvador blocks.

SALVADOR
I know you too well, amigo.

Suddenly, Miguel's right foot emerges from the water - lofting his lost blade into the air. He grabs the sword. Salvador guards. Miguel slashes Salvador's left shoulder.

SALVADOR
Ahhh!!!

Miguel lunges at Salvador's heart. He dodges. Grabs Miguel's goatee. Punches him in the face. Dazed - Miguel protects his nose. Salvador slices the beard from Miguel's chin. Slings it away. Beads CLATTER across the timbers.

Salvador leans against the bannister. Inspects his wound.

Miguel musters some strength. Sheathes his blades. Tackles Salvador. Holds him under. They struggle. Miguel pulls the dagger from Salvador's boot. Raises it high.

Salvador kicks. Miguel sticks the blade in Salvador's leg as he flies back. Salvador GASPS as his face surfaces. Reels in pain. Pulls the knife from his leg. Looks up. A soldier lies dead - a pistol hangs from his belt. Salvador grabs it.

Miguel wipes the blood from his nose. Gets his balance. Salvador aims the gun at Miguel - makes sure Tomas watches.

TOMAS (O.S.)

Papi!!!

Too late. BANG! Salvador fires into Miguel's belly. White smoke hangs like a cloud. Miguel falls back. SPLASH! The crimson flow ripples from his gut - slow and measured.

EXT. LONGBOAT - DAY

TOMAS

No!

Tomas paddles toward the wreck.

EXT. GREAT WHITE - QUARTERDECK - DAY

Salvador throws the pistol away. Grabs his sword. Rears back to finish Miguel - the wreck submerging. Miguel draws his swords. Fends.

SALVADOR

My sight!

Salvador strikes hard. Miguel deflects. The blade nicks his cheek. Blood rises from the cut.

SALVADOR

My command!

Salvador strikes again. Miguel manages to block. But loses his left sword. Miguel scoots up against the bannister.

SALVADOR

My Señorita!

Salvador strikes a vicious blow. Miguel's sword flutters over the rail. He holds his bleeding gut. Salvador wipes his mouth with his sleeve. Nurses his shoulder. Raises Miguel's chin with his sword.

SALVADOR

My treasures, you too have so
stolen.

Salvador takes a knee. Whispers in Miguel's ear.

SALVADOR

You were just a pirate all along.

Miguel looks aside. Again, Maria stands amid the flames.
Her image fades. Miguel looks Salvador in the eye. Grabs
his collar - choking him. Miguel musters a response.

MIGUEL

Sometimes, God takes away
everything he never gave you.

Salvador pushes his fist into Miguel's gut. Miguel flinches.

SALVADOR

What does that say about the man
who loses it all?

MIGUEL

He is a devil.

Enraged, Salvador stands. Roaring for the kill. A shadowed
blur crosses his temple. WHAM! His head jerks left. His
sword flies. Sticks in the bannister - inches from Miguel.
Salvador lumbers around. His good eye glossing over.

His skin splits. A spring of blood pours down his face.
Through clouded vision - the image becomes clear. Julian.

Like a ghost from the depths, Julian stands in tattered
clothes and irons. Holding a busted oar.

Miguel pulls Salvador's sword from the rail. Locks eyes with
Julian.

JULIAN

Gracias, Capitan.

Salvador charges. Wraps his bloody hands around Julian's
neck. THWACK! Salvador's gaze falls. The tip of his rapier
juts from his chest. Miguel peaks around Salvador's head.

MIGUEL

De nada.

Miguel lets go of the hilt. Salvador collapses on Julian.
They both fall over the rail. SPLASH! Miguel stands alone.

He stumbles to the bannister. Drops to one knee. Peers over the side. Sharks swarm.

Salvador's lifeless body disappears - jerking like bread on a pond. The silky grey beasts engulf him. Julian is missing. The fog lifts. Miguel looks up into the glaring sun.

MIGUEL

Forgive me.

Noah sits on Gloria's bowsprit. Flies away. Miguel looks across the water. Tomas rows his way.

TOMAS

Hold steady. I'll be right there!

MIGUEL

Son, this wound will never heal.

Miguel swallows hard. Spits up a little blood.

TOMAS

No! Not like this!

Underwater, Miguel wedges his leg in the railing.

MIGUEL

Why should today serve us any different than any other?

TOMAS

We are together!

MIGUEL

A treasure that is for eternity.

Tomas and Ysabel weep. They reach Miguel. His eyes close.

MIGUEL

Maria beckons me.

Tomas grabs Miguel's hand. Kisses it.

TOMAS

We must try.

MIGUEL

It's alright.

The heavy wreck tugs Miguel. His spirit - slipping away.

MIGUEL

Never forget, I love you.

Miguel sinks fast.

TOMAS

No!

Water crosses Miguel's mouth. His nose. His eyes. His fingers slip from Tomas' grip. Tomas hangs his head over the side - crying.

TOMAS

I love you, Papi.

Miguel looks up. Smiles. Slowly fades into brilliant blue.

Tomas sobs. Ysabel comforts him. Elena whimpers. Something rises back to the top. Tomas watches. The dark form gets closer. Surfaces - Miguel's satchel. Tomas snatches it from the water. Sits back. Glances at Ysabel and Elena.

He fumbles the buckle. Opens it. A preserved monkey's head stares back. He smirks. Tosses the head overboard.

Reaches inside. Pulls out a stack of papers. On top - the Wanted Notice of Miguel. Behind it - a deed. Tomas flips through. His eyes widen. Treasure maps. At least thirty.

THUNK! The monkey's head drops on the floor. THUD. A hand grabs the side of the boat. Ysabel SCREAMS.

TOMAS

What the hell?

Another hand grips. Julian pulls down - rocking the boat. Through watery eyes, he sees the papers. Wipes his brow.

JULIAN

The wealth of Spain.

INT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

Miguel sinks farther. Blood streams from his body. A sword passes by his face. He closes his eyes. Inhales. Beat. His eyes open. He smiles. Reaches out. Maria takes his hand. They embrace and fade into the depths.

INT. TAVERN - DAY

The silhouette of a hooded MAN limps through the doorway. He slinks up to the bar. Points. Tosses a large silver coin. It CLINKS across the worn wooden counter top.

The BARKEEP slides the shadowed figure a goblet of red cocoa.

The man sips the drink. His sleeve falls back - revealing scabbed over cuts. He wipes his tongue with his sleeve. Slides the drink back to the barkeep. Points again.

The barkeep drops him a tankard of ale. Snatches the silver coin. Lays it on an anvil. Picks up a small axe. STRIKES the coin - splitting it in two. Pockets one half. Tosses the other to the man.

The man picks up his half. Closes it in his fist. Pushes back his hood. It's Poncho.

EXT. CURACAO - SEASIDE ESTATE - DUSK

A golden sunset beams. Tomas sits on the terrace steps of a mostly finished tropical estate. Patrick ambles up. Lays a tray of fresh pineapple beside Tomas. Returns to the house.

Maps in hand, Tomas looks to the beach. Ysabel and Elena wade in the light surf. He admires his family a moment. Miguel's golden heart shines in Elena's hair.

Julian sits down on the opposite side of the fruit platter.

JULIAN

You are truly a blessed man.

Julian reaches for a chunk of pineapple. Slurps it.

TOMAS

Am I?

Julian drools. Pushes the fruit in his mouth. Chews.

JULIAN

It has been said, a rich man is
either a scoundrel, or the heir of
one.

Tomas looks down at the maps and then to the horizon.

TOMAS

We are who we are.

FADE OUT.