

Pirates of the Caribbean
DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

Screenplay by
Terry Rossio

Based on the Disney theme park ride
Pirates of the Caribbean

Based on characters created by
Jay Wolpert and
Stuat Beattie and
Ted Elliott & Terry Rossio

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FADE IN:

EXT. JAMAICA - KINGSTON HARBOR - DAY

Bustling with activity. Ships anchored in the bay. Docks crammed with cargo. Slaves unload longboats. Fishermen hawk the catch of the day.

A glorious Caribbean sky.

ON THE BOARDWALK, signs of civilization. Men wear light suits, Ladies twirl parasols. British soldiers stoop to play dice.⁽¹⁾

A YOUNG GIRL races through the crowd⁽²⁾, dodging cargo, sailors, passengers, and --

Comes face-to-face with a GOAT. It BLEATS at her.⁽³⁾

The girl is CORA JUNE. She laughs at the goat, a musical laugh, and races around it.⁽⁴⁾

Cora is ten years old, very comely, and wears a blue print dress that is plain too big for her, the sleeves flap below her hands, but the effect is endearingly cute. She clutches a flat book to her chest⁽⁵⁾ --

FOLLOW as she dashes across the street into town, past a carriage, toward a particular shop, the sign above reads --

MCNALLY & SONS
CHART HOUSE⁽⁶⁾

INT. CHART HOUSE - DAY

Cora bursts in through the door, looks up --

Sudden concern on her features. She darts back, hides behind a shelf.⁽⁷⁾ Before her --

One man -- the sharp-eyed, deep tanned CAPTAIN BENBOW -- holds another man up against the wall by the throat. This is the genial McNALLY, owner of the shop.

BENBOW
We have an understanding? Aye?

Benbow holds a roll of charts in his other hand. McNally chokes out --

MCNALLY
Philip! Come here!

Around them, the shop is swimming with maps. Charts. Ships logs, piled floor-to-ceiling. Ancient and new, all sizes, many languages. Amid the papers appears --

PHILIP SWIFT, apprentice cartographer. He takes in the scene, more amused than worried.

PHILIP
I've wanted to do that myself, on occasion.

MCNALLY
Tell him!

BENBOW
You do no business with the Spanish. None. You'll fashion them no charts!

PHILIP
Never. May the deep seas and cannibal fish receive them.

Satisfied, Benbow releases McNally, who rubs his neck. The Captain unrolls the charts.

BENBOW
This is good work.

MCNALLY
Aye. Obsessed, the boy is.

Benbow re-rolls the charts, points them at Philip.

BENBOW
War is upon us. Best be ready.

MCNALLY
Long live the King!

LATER, Philip works at his desk. Hand-tints an illustration along the map border: Neptune, trident raised, three pearls entwined in the tines.

A pair of young eyes appear at the edge of his desk.(8)

CORA
There's a new ship in port.
(beat)
In from Barbados. Might have some stories. Tales. Seen something. Help you find ... you know. What you're looking for.

Other cartographers, working at other desks, smirk.

CORA (CONT'D)
Tell the story. Please?

PHILIP
Again?

CORA

Yes! You're searching for the fabled Mermaid Trove. That's why you became a cartographer, so you could look at all the charts brought in by all the Captains who sail all over the world. What's it like? The Trove? Tell the story!

Philip regards her with amusement.

PHILIP

You seem to be doing just fine --

CORA

It's the most mysterious treasure ever, hidden in the ocean depths, gathered by mermaids from every ship ever sunk in battle or lost in a storm. All the treasures of the deep brought to a single place, to what purpose, no man knows. Mountains of gold, and silver, and pearls, shimmering, always shimmering, in those wavy cold depths ...⁽⁹⁾

CLOSE ON: the drawing Philip paints on the map. With Neptune, images of mermaids, sunken ships, a sea serpent waving in and out of the water.⁽¹⁰⁾

CORA (CONT'D)

Is it guarded?

She already knows the answer, but he has to say it:

PHILIP

Of course it's guarded. By mermaids. No man has ever seen it, and lived.

(beat)

Aye. Not that it matters. The treasure is safe, so very deep, on the floor of the sea. No one could ever reach it --

CORY

Except you! You're going to find it. Maybe ... this will help?

Cora pulls out the flat book: a ship's log.

PHILIP

How did you get that?

CORA

Stole it.

Cora beams with pride. No remorse. Notes his disapproval.

CORA (CONT'D)

Was that bad?

He takes it from her --(11)

PHILIP

Yes. Stealing is wrong. Off with you!

Cora pouts. Turns and stomps away. Philip lights a candle, returns to work. But can't help himself. Glances at the log --

INT. CHART HOUSE - NIGHT

Late that night. The candle burned low.

Philip works alone in the darkened shop, obsessed. He removes a SECRET MAP from his desk. Brushes away several COCKROACHES, rolls out the map.

He reads a passage from the log, cross-references it to several charts. Excited, he lays a sketch over the map and matches it to the contour of the island of Santo Domingo. We note that there is a Spanish Fort drawn at the shore.(12)

Philip leans back, stares in disbelief.

PHILIP

I found it. Good Lord.(13)

A single cockroach is left on the desk. Philip regards it.

PHILIP (CONT'D)

Can you believe that? I found it! The treasure of all treasures! Right -- there.

He leans down, and with great ceremony, using an ink quill, marks a spot on the map.

ELSEWHERE, a burning candle WAVERS, as if moved by a breeze.(14) It WAVERS again -- suddenly SETTING FLAME to a wall of charts!

Philip springs up, races to the wall, swats at the flames.

IN THE ROOM, several other candles FLARE to life --

PHILIP (CONT'D)

No! No, no, no --

More charts catch on FIRE. Philip turns --

With a ROAR, the flames BLAZE, the dry, brittle maps and charts creating a fast inferno -- he moves toward his beloved map, back at his desk -- but FLAMES cut him off --(15)

EXT. CHART HOUSE - NIGHT

Philip bursts through the door, smoke and flames billowing out behind him --

FROM A DISTANCE, Philip turns, watches as the structure BURNS. Already there are SHOUTS, sounds of alarm coming from the town.

Philip can't watch. He turns away. PUSH IN as the building goes up in flames --

Suddenly we see CORA'S FACE in one of the windows. Inside the burning room, the midst of the fire.⁽¹⁶⁾

Then FOLLOW the flames upwards, trailing the smoke and sparks, into the sky, into the stars, the glow of the fire illumining the words:⁽¹⁷⁾

PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN
DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - UNDERWATER - DAY

Sandy ocean floor. Pink coral. Tropical fish. Shifting hues of blue and green. The SILENCE of the depths.

A sunken brigantine: the ABYSS.⁽²⁰⁾ Sails eaten away by salt water. A shock as a DEAD SAILOR floats into frame.

More DEAD SAILORS. Several linked arm-in-arm in a wide circle around the mast, as if engaged in an odd dance.⁽²¹⁾ A grinning SKELETON hangs onto the ship's wheel, and the movement of the tide causes him to sway back and forth.⁽²²⁾

Near the ripped-open hull, half-buried in the sand, a small closed TREASURE CHEST.⁽²³⁾

Slowly, languidly, a rather stupendously large GROUPER ambles into frame. Turns and stares stupidly out at the audience for a moment. Then waddle-swims away, as --⁽²⁴⁾

IN THE DISTANCE, two dim SHAPES appear.

Sea turtles.

Swimming hard. Ropes tied around them. The music is already playing. That familiar theme. Past the turtles -- pulled by the ropes -- there he is --

Captain Jack Sparrow

Jack has one arm extended, ropes wrapped around the wrist. His other hand holds his Compass, which he consults as he is pulled down -- ⁽²⁵⁾

AT THE TREASURE CHEST, Jack shakes the ropes off the turtles, setting them free.⁽²⁶⁾ He wraps the ropes around the chest.

NEARBY, LARGE IN FRAME a giant KRAKEN approaches (cue the Kraken theme). Tentacles pulsing, imposing and fierce --

Then it reaches Jack and is revealed to be tiny and cute, a baby octopus, swimming harmlessly past.⁽²⁶⁾

Jack secures the chest and propels himself upwards --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - CUTTLEFISH - DAY

CLOSE ON: SCRUM, worry touching his jovial features, leans on the rail of a rickety skiff, the *Cuttlefish*.⁽²⁷⁾ Two-masted, a colorful, quiltwork sail, with an outrigger-style hull.

Scrum misses Jack as he climbs up on the other side of the boat. Jack pulls on the rope.⁽²⁸⁾ Scrum turns --

SCRUM

Aaaah, ah-hah-hah, hah-hah-HAH-hah
hah! Ooh-hoo-hee! You found it!

JACK

Aye. Found it.

Scrum mimics pulling on the rope --

SCRUM

Can you tell? By the weight? Might
there be gold, silver, or jewels?

JACK

Heavier than all that. Filled with
secrets, my friend!

Jack gives a mighty heave --

EXT. ST. VINCENT - HARBOR - DAY

Bustling with the activity of the end-of-the-day catch.

ON THE DOCKS, Jack slams the chest down. Scrum comes running up with an oar, hammers at the lock.

Jack steps back. He rummages in the skiff, pulls forth --

The *Black Pearl*, Jack's sailing ship, trapped inside a glass bottle. The scene inside the bottle is not static, the fully-detailed ship seems to ride the rolling seas, sails filled by an endless wind. Magical.

Jack strokes it.

JACK

Soon.

SCRUM

Aye. The secret to freeing the Black Pearl!

A final slam! and the lock breaks. They fling the lid open --

It is filled with ... garter belts. Various colors, sizes, materials, some with lace, some without.⁽²⁹⁾

SCRUM (CONT'D)

Underthings?

Jack digs through, then slumps. Scrum turns on him.

SCRUM (CONT'D)

Underthings?

JACK

Sorry.

SCRUM

Sorry?

Scrum, livid, slams Jack, hard, who stumbles backwards and falls into a piling. Knocking the wind out.

SCRUM (CONT'D)

Sorry? Secrets, you promised. Answers, you promised.

JACK

I was misinformed.⁽³⁰⁾

SCRUM

What do we do? Eh? What do we do? Oh, I'll tell you what we do. I'll tell you, I will, I'll tell you, right now uh-huh yeah, mmmmm ...

Scrum snatches the Black Pearl from Jack.

SCRUM (CONT'D)

I say, we sell this cursed bottle, for whatever we can get!

Scrum lowers the bottle -- and Jack is RIGHT THERE. He piston-pumps a punch into Scrum's face, hard.

JACK

No.

Scrum goes down. Jack catches the bottle. He regards it. In his eyes we see the beauty he sees, the freedom, the hope.

THUG (O.S.)

Jack Sparrow. I've a score to settle with you.

Jack turns. A PIRATE THUG stands facing him. He is tall, formidable, bares his teeth, showing all three of them.

JACK
Scrum? I feel perhaps punching you may
have been in error.

Jack looks down, hopeful. Scrum is out.

The Thug pulls his sword. Takes a drink from a bottle of rum, sets it aside.⁽³¹⁾

The Thug attacks, Jack defends, then drives him backward. Past the bottle of rum. The Thug suddenly retreats up over some crates, and is gone.

Jack shrugs, leans next to the bottle. Drinks it down, the entire contents in one swallow. Ah. Then a voice --

MUG (O.S.)
Jack Sparrow. I've a score to settle
with you.

Jack turns. MUG is a pirate with many piercings, who also drinks from a bottle of rum, sets it aside. Draws two knives. Jack attacks, drives Mug back, disarms him of both knives.

Mug leaps away. Jack shrugs again, tilts the bottle, downs the rum, to the last drop. A little drunk now. Yet another voice --

LUG (O.S.)
Jack Sparrow. I've a score to settle
with you.

Jack turns. He's got the system down now.

JACK
You'd've been better off coming at me
all at once.

LUG is skinny with yellow eyes. Sets down a bottle. Jack jumps at him and scares him off, but is suspicious now. Sniffs the bottle. Can't help himself. Too tempting. Sips it. Drinks it. Jack is truly three sheets to the wind --

JACK (CONT'D)
All right! Who's paying for the next
round?

BARBOSSA (O.S.)
Jack Sparrow.

Jack recognizes the voice, as do we all. A slow delicious turn to reveal --

Hector Barbossa stands there. Not drunk at all. He steps forth, his peg leg clanking on the dock. Throws back his cloak, and grins.

BARBOSSA (CONT'D)
I've a score to settle with you.

JACK
On one leg.

But three other pirates -- Thug, Mug and Lug -- step up too.

BARBOSSA
You're outnumbered. And three sheets to the wind. Has no one educated you on the perils of drink?

Jack holds a hand up --

JACK
In for a penny ...

-- and finishes the bottle. Jack draws his sword, but as he does, he turns himself around.

JACK (CONT'D)
Where'd you go?

BARBOSSA
(from behind Jack)
Right here.

JACK
Well then show yourself!

Barbossa draws his own sword -- oversized, with a broken tip.⁽³²⁾ Jack turns at the sound.

JACK (CONT'D)
A score to settle.

They fight, in and around ships, fish stands, the docks.⁽³³⁾

BARBOSSA
Aye. You. Neglected to mention. You found the Black Pearl. In a bottle!

JACK
And you. Neglected to mention. The worth. Of Blackbeard's sword!⁽³⁴⁾

BARBOSSA
You played me.

JACK
You played me!

It's four against one, and Jack is really, really drunk. But Jack may be actually better at swordplay as a drunkard, lucking into escapes and falling at just the right time, etc. A barrel is knocked over --

Scrum wakes, opens his eyes, starts to rise -- is SMACKED by the barrel, and out again.

Barbossa drives Jack back toward the ship-in-bottle.

JACK (CONT'D)
Steal my ship -- again -- and you
place yourself in a sorry plight.⁽³⁵⁾

As a gambit, Barbossa threatens the bottle, knocking it off its perch. To save the bottle, Jack drops his sword. Barbossa clocks him hard on the head -- grabs the ship-in-bottle. Tucks it under his arm.

On the dock, Jack looks up, dazed.

JACK (CONT'D)
But. You already own a ship. Queen
Anne's Revenge.

Barbossa turns back.

BARBOSSA
You don't understand, Jack.
(a real smile)
I'm in love.⁽³⁶⁾

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GEORGETOWN - STREETS - DAY

Pirates swarm the town. YELLING and SCREAMING, pistols FIRED, fist-fights. Maniacal laughter.

Our attention is drawn to a handbill, nailed to a post. PUSH IN close enough to read:

KING'S FREE PARDON
AMNESTY FOR ALL DEEDS
PYRATES SURRENDER
TO ADMIRAL JOHN BENBOW⁽⁴⁰⁾

A shadow falls over the handbill. REVERSE to reveal who has gathered around it --

SALAMAN and EZEKIEL, HO-KWAN, COTTON and the CABIN BOY stare.⁽⁴¹⁾ Behind them the mayhem continues --

Salaman rips the handbill from the post. He holds it out in front of him -- FOLLOW, moving with him, handbill held high, as he enters a pub, one continuous shot --⁽⁴²⁾

INT. KING'S ROAD PUB - DAY

Inside now, Salaman LOWERS THE HANDBILL to REVEAL --

Our beloved RAGETTI, and behind him, our beloved PINTEL, dumping money from the till into a large black sack.

SALAMAN

My friends! Please behold this!

He shoves the handbill under Pintel's nose. Ragetti reads it over his shoulder. Behind them, pub PATRONS cower, including the elderly BAR OWNER and WIFE.

RAGETTI

Amnesty ...

SALAMAN

It is truth! All our crimes forgiven.
Redemption is today! ⁽⁴³⁾

EZEKIEL

I be not-minded to die on a pike-head.

PINTEL

Smell that? eh? Smell that? Yes sir,
that be the whiff of opportunity --

RAGETTI

To be virtuous men, after all.

The two men grin at each other.

Pintel quickly goes back to filling the bag with cash. He kneels to their captives, goes through their pockets.

Ragetti scowls. Before he can protest --

PINTEL

Figure we might as well get a few last
crimes in, before they wipe the slate
clean!

Ragetti thinks it over, giggles and joins in --

EXT. GEORGETOWN - HARBOR - DAY

British ships anchored in the harbor. Pintel, Ragetti and the other pirates push forward into a LARGE CROWD of PIRATES and CRIMINALS, gathered to hear Admiral John Benbow speak. ⁽⁴⁴⁾

BENBOW

... in exchange, you will serve under
my command a single year before the
mast, or --

(groans from the
crowd)

(MORE)

BENBOW (CONT'D)
 -- or, fight but a single battle, on
 behalf of the Royal Navy, and your
 papers will be signed, all your
 crimes, absolved.
 (under his breath)
 If not in this life, surely the next.

Ho-Kwan and Ezekiel glance at each other.⁽⁴⁵⁾

HO-KWAN
 One battle.

EZEKIEL
 That be all? I can cower and goldbrick
 a single skirmish.

But Pintel isn't buying it. He pushes forward, suspicious.

PINTEL
 When you say all crimes, that would
 include burglary of a pub?

Of course this is what Pintel was just doing. Benbow nods --

EZEKIEL
 Public urination?
 (beat)
 On the steps of the House of Lords?

This gets a hearty laugh.

RAGETTI
 Heretical deeds and thoughts?

BENBOW
 Aye.

SALAMAN
 Mating of a pet to the pet of the
 Royal Court without permission?

Much laughter. Salaman looks around, no idea why they are
 laughing.

NARVAEZ
 Biting off the fingers of a Yorkshire
 petitioner!

Scattered applause. Ho-Kwan speaks, testing Benbow.

HO-KWAN
 Conspiring to poison the King?

BENBOW
 Even that.

McCALLISTER

Fraudulent identification of a person
with the intent they should die in
one's stead.

(beat)

By beheading.

A low 'ooh' from the crowd. How bad can this get? A darkly
garbed man, STEDE, steps forward. His voice is low but clear.

STEDE

Nailing the intestines of a prisoner
to a tree, and using fire to make 'em
run, guts streaming behind them, 'til
they die. (46)

Silence. Even this rough group has their limits. Pintel pulls
his pistol, points, pulls the trigger, just flat-out SHOOTs
the guy. Turns to Benbow.

PINTEL

Murder?

Admiral Benbow looks out upon the lot of them with dismay.

BENBOW

God-a-mercy. Aye.

EXT. HMS BONAVENTURE - MAIN DECK - DAY

Pintel and Ragetti climb the gangway, onto the main deck, are
handed used, ratty Navy jackets. Ragetti is amazed.

RAGETTI

This is the flagship.

PINTEL

Me and you, on the Flagship of the
Royal Navy? Must be a trap!

GIBBS (O.S.)

No trap, master Pintel.

A Navy man slides down the ladder to the quarterdeck and
turns, revealing a familiar mutton-chopped grin --

GIBBS (CONT'D)

You've been hand-picked, by the First
Mate.

PINTEL

Joshamee Gibbs!

GIBBS

Show some pride, you're Navy men now!
General quarters! Get your chattels
together and snap to it!

Pintel and Ragetti scamper on their way as Admiral Benbow arrives.

GIBBS (CONT'D)

Beg your pardon, Admiral, but it do be odd. You picking up a pirate crew.

The Admiral looks out to sea. A sense of foreboding.

BENBOW

These waters. How to describe them. Turquoise? Cobalt? Soon they will run crimson, stained with the blood of war.

(beat)

You've sailed under a Captain of some renown. Pirate fellow.

GIBBS

That would be Jack Sparrow.

BENBOW

I'm a fan.

GIBBS

As am I.

BENBOW

If you were good enough for him --

(a shrug)

I trust I shall have need of some pirate savvy before this is over. The Spanish are clever.

GIBBS

Sir. You have an armada.

BENBOW

Aye. Ready the ship -- for battle. Roundly! We make way at first light!

GIBBS

Battle, sir?

BENBOW

A military target has presented itself.

GIBBS

A desirable target, I wager.

Benbow smiles grimly.

BENBOW

Desirable? Oh my. Very much so.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN DOMINGO - HARBOR - DAY

CLOSE ON: QUEEN INEZ of Spain.⁽⁵⁰⁾

And make no mistake: she is desirable. A youthful beauty with fierce eyes, flawless skin set off by high-collared lace, a lustrous bodice of cream linen, embroidered in silk floss.

Next to her, a CRIER appears --

CRIER
Her Excellency Inez Luisa Gabriella di
Savoia, Duchess of Burgundy, Queen
Regent of Spain!

Queen Inez looks out --

REVERSE, looking down on the docks of a very modest harbor town.

The town MAYOR, an Englishman sporting a white suit, stands with townsfolk and dark-skinned slaves, a welcoming bouquet of local flowers in hand. Sweating in the sun. Nervous.

Spanish SOLDIERS file into place. Queen Inez glides down the gangplank of the ship, the magnificent *Monarca*, a thousand ton Spanish Galleon.⁽⁵¹⁾

She is followed by her entourage, including a dashing young MARQUIS, who does not look happy.

The Mayor pats his neck with a handkerchief.

MAYOR
Welcome, madam Queen, to the modest
Commonwealth of San Domingo. We are
deeply honored --

But Queen Inez moves straight past him, taking no notice. Her eyes take in the town.

QUEEN INEZ
Yes. This will do.
(offhand)
Kill them all.

The Soldiers switch instantly from the elegance of military parade formation to the brutality of battle. SHOTS fired, the Mayor looks shocked as he is run through by a sword --

Queen Inez turns away --

MOMENTS LATER, against a blue sky, crates are lifted off the deck, lowered down to the dock. Queen Inez glances through already-opened crates, searching.

The Marquis trails her. There are the occasional sounds of fighting, shots fired.

MARQUIS

This is foolhardy. I see no military advantage to making port here.

QUEEN INEZ

Ramon. Pretty eyes, and a facility for unlocking the Royal chastity belt does not convey you the right to question your Queen.

Her knowing smile confirms her words -- they are lovers.

MARQUIS

When the English learn you are here, they will come for you. They will kidnap you, hold you ransom, or worse.

QUEEN INEZ

Surely your soldiers can protect me from a few clumsy English sailors? Hah!

The Queen has found what she is looking for -- an elegant glass snifter, which she unwraps, and fills with rum.

Behind her, SAILORS carry forth a prized possession, a red velvet upholstered, gold-encrusted chair -- a THRONE.⁽⁵²⁾

MARQUIS

They will use you as leverage in the war. Please. You reduce yourself from a Queen to a pawn.

QUEEN INEZ

You are a man, and can't be expected to grasp the nuances of politics. Why is it so bloody hot?

The Queen tosses away her shawl, unbuttons her collar, sprawls on the throne in a most unladylike fashion.

MARQUIS

Your Highness, please --

QUEEN INEZ

You think a display of power is in order? A beheading? Perhaps that pretty handmaiden you have your eye on? The new one, we rescued at sea.

MARQUIS looks shocked. And guilty.

QUEEN INEZ (CONT'D)
 Oh do not fret. I am not jealous. She
 is a pretty young thing. Where are my
 handmaidens?

MARQUIS
 (calls)
 The Queen's handmaidens!

AT THE RAILING, ABOVE, the Queen's HANDMAIDENS appear, four
 woman, each young and attractive; they scamper down the ramp.
 One of them hesitates. Head down.

QUEEN INEZ
 There! That's the one you fancy, yes?
 (to the MARQUIS)
 Her name again?

MARQUIS
 Syrena.

QUEEN INEZ
 Syrena! What's wrong? Come down!

The handmaiden raises her head, revealing a familiar face:
 SYRENA. Wearing a cream-colored lace dress, a seemingly
 perfectly normal young maiden.

MARQUIS
 What is the matter? Are you afraid of
 the water?

Syrena steps down the gangplank. Bows before the Queen. As
 she rises, she looks the Queen straight in the eye --

SYRENA
 No, I, you see, I --
 (a smile)
 I never learned to swim.⁽⁵³⁾

EXT. CARIBBEAN - BEACH - DAY

Jack Sparrow groans, and opens his eyes.

Leaning over him is Cora, the young girl, last seen in the
 flames of the cartography shop. Her dress is still way too
 big for her.

She stares at Jack, unblinking in that way kids do, like he's
 some strange starfish in the sand.

Jack stares back. Cora -- like most kids -- is not going to
 be beaten in a staring contest.⁽⁶⁰⁾

JACK
 You are very small, and there is
 something not right about you.⁽⁶¹⁾

CORA

Are you Captain Jack Sparrow?

Jack gets up on his elbows. Painfully. Bruised from his fight. Massive hangover. He squints --

Scrum has dragged Jack onto a beach⁽⁶²⁾. Palm trees and rocks. The makeshift *Cuttlefish* skiff is pulled onto the sand. Nearby, Scrum tends a fire.

SCRUM

Sorry. Tried to shoo her off, but she'd have none of it, nor tell what she be wanting.

Cora gets into Jack's line of sight. We should notice that she carries a full-sized sword on her back.⁽⁶³⁾

CORA

You are Captain Jack Sparrow?

JACK

Never heard of him.

Cora tilts her head, purses her lips.

CORA

If you are Jack Sparrow, you would be one of the Nine Pirate Lords, and Captain of the Black Pearl. You found the Fountain of Youth, and now claim to have lost it. You orchestrated the election of Elizabeth Swann as pirate King, in a plot to murder Lord Cutler Beckett.

JACK

I'm beginning to like this fellow.

Jack gets to his feet, brushes off sand.

CORA

You would be the man who once vanished poof! into thin air before the eyes of King George II. And presided over your own murder trial. And escaped your own hanging, carried off by a dozen parrots. And who engaged in a passionate affair with the Queen of Portugal and thus brought about the end of the Dutch-Portuguese War.

JACK

Without so much as a thank-you, I might add.⁽⁶⁴⁾

Jack shuffles toward the fire. Scrum has a pot cooking.

CORA
I suspect one or two of those tales
even have some small basis in truth. I
don't care.

(beat)
There is one story in particular I
must authenticate.

Cora lowers her voice to a whisper.

CORA (CONT'D)
It is said that Jack Sparrow is the
only sailor to ever survive --
(even softer)
The Black Spot.

SCRUM
And what's it to you?

Slowly, Cora raises her hand, palm-outward, and shows them:
she bears a Black Spot in the center of her palm.

A somber moment. Jack and Scrum glance at each other. It's a
death sentence. (65)

SCRUM (CONT'D)
I pray for your pure and innocent
soul, gentle girl.
(to Jack)
Beans?(66)

CORA
I pray for your help.

JACK
Closed. Gone fishing.

CORA
I am willing to pay.

SCRUM
Pay.

JACK
No use, lass. Only thing I care for's
been taken.

CORA
By a one-legged man.

JACK
How do you know that?

CORA
(primly)
I just know.

Scrum doesn't like the turn of this discussion.

SCRUM

No, no, no, piss on that! They'll be no more talk of ships in bottles and ways of getting them out. There's no way to do it, says I --

CORA

There is, says I, and I knows it to be true.

SCUM

And how so?

CORA

Because elsewhys Hector Barbossa would not have stolen it!

This hits Jack and Scrum like a ton of bricks. They look at each other. Laugh.

SCRUM

Begad! She be right and correct!

JACK

Aye!

CORA

And I know who will aid him.

SCRUM

How do you know that?

CORA

(primly)

I just know.

Jack senses something bad is coming. He kneels down, taking this little girl very seriously now.

JACK

Who?

CORA

The Sea Widow.

Jack recoils as if stung. His expression turns hard. He stands, shoves her backwards, draws his sword.

SCRUM

Jack! Jack --

Jack grabs Cora by the neck -- she squeals -- and shoves her up against the stones --

JACK
I'll have your tongue for speaking
that name --

SCRUM
Jack!

JACK
You don't understand my friend. You
don't --

SCRUM
Then tell me.

JACK
We're doomed.
(he shoves Cora away)
The Sea Widow. Sea Ghoul. The Grey
Dowager. To even say her name aloud
means she must have wanted it said,
and we're already trapped in her
web.⁽⁶⁷⁾

Cora spits sand out of her mouth.

CORA
Do you want your ship back or not.

SCRUM
Don't do us no good anyway, knowing
the who of it and knowing the why of
it but not knowing the where of it.

JACK
Aye. That's a good observe --

CORA
I know where they're going to meet.

Jack regards her.

JACK
You just do.

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - CUTTLEFISH - DAY

The stalwart *Cuttlefish* cuts through cobalt blue waters.
Jack, Scrum, and Cora on board. They round a point --

CORA
Fort San Cristobal. There.

BEFORE THEM: built on a low ridge that extends into the sea,
the Spanish Fort SAN CRISTOBAL, empty for a hundred years, a
majestic and melancholy structure.

It is the same fort as seen in the drawing by Philip, on the map in the cartographer's shop.⁽⁷¹⁾

CORA (CONT'D)
Still it stands, what is left of it,
proud yet failing, a testament to both
resilience, and the ravages of
time.⁽⁷²⁾

Jack stares at her.

JACK
Don't be strange.

EXT. FORT CRISTOBAL - BEACH - DAY

Jack and Scrum pull the small craft onto the sand, Cora still onboard.

CORA
So, you will help me. Just like the
catchpenny stories and ballads.

JACK
And the instrument of your demise?

SCRUM
He means, what evil creature of the
deeps pursues you. Kraken is dead.

CORA
Just a ... sea serpent.

SCRUM
SEA SERPENT! GOOD GOD!

CORA
Is that bad?

SCRUM
Ruddy Hell! I mean, no, you've nothing
to fear.
(loud whisper)
Nothing can kill a sea serpent.⁽⁷³⁾

JACK
Aye.

SCRUM
No natural enemies. Never grow old.
Some say there is a tomb, where the
ancient ones swim off to die⁽⁷⁴⁾ --

They manhandle the skiff high up on the sand. Cora jumps out.

CORA
Help me, Jack. Save me.

JACK
Sea serpent, sea serpent, sea serpent,
sea serpent ...

Jack regards her. She's so adorable. So innocent. So helpless. Looking up with such hope.

JACK (CONT'D)
Good luck with that.

Jack turns on his heel. Scrum jumps into his path --

SCRUM
Jack! She brought us here. There be an implied contract --

JACK
I could agree with you, but then we'd both be wrong.

Jack moves past him. Cora hangs back. Scrum glances back, sympathy turning to surprise --

Cora is gone. (75)

Scrum gives the area a double-take as his legs carry him to catch up with Jack --

EXT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - RIDGE - DAY

Climbing. In the shadow of the Fort, Scrum looks up --

There is a FLUTTER, and a single BIRD darts out a window. It is Cotton's Parrot, high-tailing it out of there. (76)

COTTON'S PARROT
Red sky at morning! Red sky at morning!
(fading)
Red sky at morning ... (77)

Jack watches it fly away. Turns and spits.

JACK
Torches.

Scrum pulls torches from his pack --

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - PASSAGEWAY - DAY

It may be day outside, but dim as night as they move beneath an archway, torches lighting the way.

The fortress is abandoned, but not uninhabited. (78) It has been jury-rigged, with planks laid down where the floor has washed away; rope bridges and ladders span the larger distances.

Jack and Scrum have to time their crossing to avoid the WAVES that crash in through breached walls --

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - DUNGEON - DAY

Jack and Scrum climb up through the rotted wood floor of stone room. As their eyes adjust, they become aware of SKELETONS, lining the walls. Arms in shackles. Bones bleached white by the sea climate.

Jack raises his torch, revealing more SKELETAL BODIES, scattered about the chamber, various poses of death.

Scrum frowns.

SCRUM

Jack. These are too small.

JACK

(grim)

Aye.

Scrum is correct. None of the bodies are more than four feet high, many less than two. Intensely grotesque and eerie.⁽⁷⁹⁾

A bonnet lies next to one diminutive skeleton. Scrum figures it out, his eyes widening --

SCRUM

Children. Jack, they're all --

ELSEWHERE, in a CHAMBER, Scrum is teary-eyed as Jack pushes him along.

SCRUM (CONT'D)

Those blokes, there, look a bit more fresh.

They come upon a group of three BODIES, newly minted dead. Making a final stand, back-to-back in a circle, swords out.

Jack kneels. We recognize them, these are the three PIRATES that attacked Jack, with Barbossa, and stole his bottle.

JACK

He's here.

Jack stands to go, but Scrum doesn't follow. He strips off his backpack. Kneels, draws his sword.

Scrum positions one of the men's arms away from the body, exposing his wrist. Scrum SLASHES his sword DOWN --

On Jack's face as the sword CONNECTS, from his scowl and the thump, we get the hand has been severed.⁽⁸⁰⁾

Scrum looks defensive.

SCRUM

You know well as I tales of the Sea
Widow.

Scrum positions another hand, HACKS DOWN AGAIN --

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - CHAMBER - DAY

CLOSE ON: Scrum's bag, bulging with hands.⁽⁸¹⁾ The pair round
a corner, come to a crossroads of passageways.

JACK

There. Look.

They sneak close to a column, peek out --

IN THE COURTYARD, a weird image on a day of weird images:
Hector Barbossa, dancing, alone in the courtyard. And the
thing is, he's pretty good.⁽⁸²⁾

Barbossa spins and leaps, lightly taps his sword to the
ground like a cane, a la Fred Astaire. He swings around a
crumbling column, shades of Gene Kelly.⁽⁸³⁾

SCRUM

His leg!

Indeed, Barbossa's leg has been restored. And he celebrates
with his dance, leaping onto a crumbling wall, perfectly
balanced, then spinning to music only he can hear.

Jack leaps out of the shadows, sword drawn, to confront him.

JACK

Ah-HAH!

Scrum follows a beat later.

SCRUM

Hah!

BARBOSSA

Ja-a-a-ack!

Completely unconcerned, Barbossa approaches, still dancing,
sidesteps Jack's sword -- and sweeps Jack up his arms. For a
moment, the two men waltz. It's so unexpected, Jack can't
help but go with it.

BARBOSSA (CONT'D)

You followed me! I be flattered.

The two men spin through light and shadow --

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - CITADEL - DAY

-- into a round citadel. High windows, winding inner staircase, and more small skeletal bodies.

Barbossa spins Jack away. Dances a Flamenco flourish around him. Jack stares at him as if he's gone mad.

JACK

It be known to learned seamen, the Sea
Widow alone can grant the restoration
of a limb --

BARBOSSA

Aye! And it be known --

Barbossa spins Jack, and waltzes him up against the wall --

BARBOSSA (CONT'D)

That Old Hag requires payment.

A sudden 'click'; Jack looks down. Somehow, his leg has been shackled to a pillar.⁽⁸⁴⁾ Barbossa no longer dances. His eyes are cold, merciless.

JACK

How did you do that?

HIGH ABOVE THEM, a door creaks open. Jack and Barbossa look up. Neither can cover their fear⁽⁸⁵⁾ --

A flame can be seen -- and then the SEA WIDOW, bearing a torch, appears. The very stones of the fortress walls seem to shiver as she descends.

SEA WIDOW

Forgive all, I plead, as my wretched
form comes near ...

She pulls back her black veil, revealing grey hair, a face creased like the bark of a twisted, coastal tree. Rotted and missing teeth, seen as her mouth hangs open when she pauses for breath.

SEA WIDOW (CONT'D)

I, who bear time's wounds, no longer
shap'd for the eye, nor looking-glass;
nor scented for the embrace, and whose
kindly grimace would freeze the blood
of a sleeping child.⁽⁸⁶⁾

She continues her majestic entrance down the stairs. Remnants of her black mourning gown trail her. Jack lowers his face --

SEA WIDOW (CONT'D)

I, tied only by the thread of this
 songful voice to the sweet nectars of
 youth -- and memory, yes, of kisses in
 moonlight and whispered pledges, long
 forgotten ...⁽⁸⁷⁾

The room seems to darken at her arrival, or perhaps, outside,
 thunderclouds fill the sky.

SEA WIDOW (CONT'D)

So if you choose look away, rightly
 so, I take no offense.

The Sea Widow comes close, tilts her head toward Jack. Her
 eyes are freaky -- one is white and empty, while the other
contains two pupils. When she tilts her head, both pupils
 roll across to the empty socket, like marbles in a jar.⁽⁸⁸⁾

SEA WIDOW (CONT'D)

Ah. Payment.

BARBOSSA

Such as it is.

The Sea Widow turns her weird, two-eyed gaze toward Jack.
 Reaches out and lifts his chin --

SEA WIDOW

Can it be? Oh! Oh!

JACK

Barely worth a toe, let alone an
 entire leg.

The Widow catches her breath. Backs away. Her pupils roll
 back to Barbossa:

SEA WIDOW

Payment ... in full.

She stalks, circling Jack.

BARBOSSA

Come on, Jack, we're off.

JACK

I can't exactly follow seeing as you
 shackled me to the wall.

BARBOSSA

Not you. The monkey, Jack.
 (beat)
 Remember?

Suddenly JACK THE MONKEY swoops down, SCREECHING at Jack. It drops and rattles Jack's irons, taking credit, then scampers onto Barbossa's shoulder.⁽⁸⁹⁾

Barbossa is back in full regalia. He smiles, but his eyes show genuine concern, even fear, for Jack.

BARBOSSA (CONT'D)
Sorry, matey. I bid -- adieu.⁽⁹⁰⁾

A final look -- and Barbossa fades back into the shadows. Jack looks over --

The Sea Widow lurks in the shadows. She emerges into the light.

SEA WIDOW (O.S.)
Tell me you remember.

Jack considers his answer long and hard. He knows his life may depend on it.⁽⁹¹⁾

JACK
Yes.

Behind the Sea Widow, a horrific sight: skeletons, standing, edge forward into the light. The skeletons of the dead children.

Watching with their empty socket eyes.

SEA WIDOW
You know my name.

JACK
They call you the Sea Widow.

SEA WIDOW
You know why.

JACK
I have heard the legend.

Jack's eyes dart to the creepy children. The Sea Widow prompts him with a look, 'go on.'

JACK (CONT'D)
Husband. Lost at sea. He never returned. Drove you mad.

SEA WIDOW
Because of you. It was your fault. You set my husband adrift --

The Sea Widow points at Jack -- with the stump of an arm, the hand missing at the wrist.⁽⁹²⁾

Jack stares at it. She pulls the stump away.

SEA WIDOW (CONT'D)
Taken, by a sea serpent. Long ago.

JACK
Sad. Me, I lost a ship.

The Sea Widow seethes.

SEA WIDOW
A ship. You lost a ship. I lost the
love of my life, I lost my entire
family. That's not part of the tale,
is it? We lost our children! All of
them! Don't talk to me about a ship!

JACK
And ... regarding my ship?

The Sea Widow speaks with great relish --

SEA WIDOW
From the bottle, I recovered a leg
only; your Black Pearl I could not
control. It rode out to sea on a great
wind, and is LOST. LOST. LOST. LOST.
LOST!

Jack DIVES AWAY FROM HER -- comes up short, lands on the
floor, the chain on his leg holding tight.

JACK
They say if you want to kill
something, set it free, and if it
returns, only then do you know it
never truly wanted to kill you in
return.⁽⁹³⁾

SEA WIDOW
I don't think that's how it goes.

She strokes the manacles -- they suddenly unlock.

SEA WIDOW (CONT'D)
Run, Jack.

Jack is even more frightened.

JACK
What?

SEA WIDOW
You will suffer, as my husband
suffered. And die the death he
died.⁽⁹⁴⁾

JACK
How?

SEA WIDOW
(soft)
I found the Trove, Jack.

Jack lowers his head. This is significant. This might be too much for him.

SEA WIDOW (CONT'D)
Treasures untold.⁽⁹⁵⁾ And something
else, aye?

At that, the Sea Widow hums softly, a haunting melody.⁽⁹⁶⁾
Jack raises his eyes -- fear turning to anger.

JACK
That's not quite it.⁽⁹⁷⁾

SEA WIDOW
I shall have to learn the proper
tune.
(leans close)
Run.

JACK
No.

SEA WIDOW
Fine. Then die here.

The skeleton children pounce forward. With a SCREAM, Jack
RUNS --

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Jack flees, lizard-running down the passageway, turns --

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - VESTIBULE - DAY

Jack pulls up short -- dead end. The creepy skeleton force
draws near, some of the them crawling on the walls --

SCRUM (O.S.)
Hey! Look here!

Scrum suddenly appears, holds up a severed hand. He throws it
across the room -- it hits the stone with a meaty SLAP!

SCRUM (CONT'D)
Is it it? Or this one? Or maybe this
one?

Scrum flings more hands. The skeleton children make a high
HISSING SOUND, swarm for the severed hands --

Jack and Scrum run --

EXT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - CHAPEL - DAY

Jack and Scrum scramble across the room. Jack notices --

At the far end of the chapel, a SHRINE, surrounded by many lit candles. At the center of the shrine --

A MAP. With burnt edges. This is map to the Mermaid Trove, last seen in the burning cartography shop.

Jack stops, stares the map. Licks his lips.

JACK
Mermaid Trove. Treasure of all
treasures --

SCRUM
No. Come on. Go --

JACK
I've searched all my whole life --

SCRUM
Jack! You said it yourself. Anything
that happens, its because she wants
it. If you take that map, it's because
she wants you to take it! (98)

Jack turns away --

JACK
You're right.
(completes the turn
all the way around)
I've got to have it! (99)

Jack climbs up onto the shrine, and plucks the map away --

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Jack and Scrum run, slide to a stop. Ahead of them, a chasm. They have to go back -- toward the clattering skeleton -- take a sudden turn --

EXT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - BALCONY - DAY

Jack and Scrum emerge out onto a crumbling balcony. Open to the sky, a straight drop to crashing waves below.

JACK
All right. On three --

SCRUM
One two three!

They look at each other. Neither has moved.

JACK
You didn't jump.

SCRUM
Nor you!

JACK
It's a long way.

SCRUM
Aye.
(sudden inspiration)
Push me!

JACK
What?

SCRUM
Push me! I'm too scared to jump on me
own! (100)

Jack starts to do it, stops --

JACK
That leaves me here. Alone. No one to
push me!

SCRUM
Aye! And you'll be so scared, you'll
come after!

JACK
Good point! All right! Push me!

Scrum almost falls for it, stops himself.

SCRUM
Coward.

Scrum gets an idea -- plucks the map out of Jack's hand. He
flings it out to sea.

SCRUM (CONT'D)
There!

Jack screams. Turns to Scrum --

JACK
What?

SCRUM
Treasures untold, you said. Now we got
to jump.

The map flutters down, buffeted by wind from the waves. A final look. Jack shoves Scrum just enough, Scrum loses his balance, grabs Jack, and pulls him over the edge⁽¹⁰¹⁾ --

EXT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - DAY

Jack and Scrum fall, screaming --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DAY

Jack breaks the surface. Next, Scrum's hand emerges, clutching the map, followed by his grinning face. He holds the map high out of the water as he dog paddles --

PUSH IN on the map --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - NIGHT

Shrouded in a beastly fog.

Out of the mist, a LANTERN appears. Held aloft at the bow of a fishing boat.

The lantern illumines the face of the young cartographer, Philip Swift. He searches the waters below.

PHILIP

(sings)

*My heart is pierced by Cupid, I
disdain all glittering gold. There is
nothing can console me ...*⁽¹¹⁰⁾

There a SPLASH from movement in the water. Philip raises the lantern, turns to look back --

Ahead, the huge SPANISH WARSHIP MONARCA looms out of the darkness, towering high above.

ON PHILIP, as a shadow falls across his features --

EXT. SAN DOMINGO - VILLAGE - NIGHT

A phalanx of Spanish Soldiers. Philip, captive, is dragged toward a modest chapel --

INT. CHAPEL - NIGHT

The pulpit has been rather scandalously replaced with the ornate Queen's Throne Chair. It sits directly beneath a large wooden cross.⁽¹¹¹⁾

The Marquis adjusts the pillows on the throne.

MARQUIS
Fishing. At night. No nets, lines or
bait. And where is your catch?

PHILIP
They weren't biting.

MARQUIS
Why those particular waters? There is
nothing special about them.

PHILIP
Odd, then, you guard them so closely.

Philip has scored a point. The Marquis smiles.

MARQUIS
I advise you to not be so loose-
tongued with the Queen --

QUEEN INEZ (O.S.)
-- for she is ruthless and quick to
anger.

Queen Inez enters, attended by her entourage. This includes
several handmaidens, among them, Syrena.

Philip sees Syrena -- and cannot believe his eyes. He stares,
incredulous. Syrena recognizes Philip as well -- but quickly
averts her eyes.⁽¹¹²⁾

QUEEN INEZ (CONT'D)
Oh, come, she's not that pretty, is
she? Would that you looked at me that
way when I entered, it might go easier
for you.

Philip bows.

PHILIP
The splendor of your highness is such,
I was forced to avert my eyes.

QUEEN INEZ
That earns you a chance to convince me
you should not be killed.

PHILIP
And the reason you should?

QUEEN INEZ
Our countries are at war.

PHILIP
A pastime of kings, queens, and men of
the sword.

QUEEN INEZ

I am a queen. You carry a sword.

PHILIP

In fact somebody took it. My only hope, I expect, lies in words. May I tell you my true tale?⁽¹¹³⁾

QUEEN INEZ

That of a spy, facing his death?

PHILIP

Oh, no, that of a sailing man, a priest in a former life, mortally wounded --

QUEEN INEZ

I think you misuse the term.⁽¹¹⁴⁾

PHILIP

No. Wounded to his death is correct. All the more tragic, for he had recently fallen in love.

Philip's gaze drift toward Syrena. She averts her gaze, keeps her expression still.

QUEEN INEZ

Ah. All the good tales are about love, is that not true, Ramon?

The Marquis nods, indulging her.

PHILIP

Happily, the woman he loved had the ability to heal him. For she was a mermaid, a creature of the depths, and to the depths she took him, where wonders he beheld that words cannot convey, though the images haunted his dreams ever after, for he was healed.

Queen Inez becomes particularly interested at the word, 'mermaid.'

QUEEN INEZ

Go on.

PHILIP

But perhaps the Queen does not believe in such things --

QUEEN INEZ

Perhaps.

PHILIP

And perhaps you know, mermaids guard
their secret lairs quite ruthlessly.
Can you guess the penalty for a man
who visits that strange kingdom?
(the Queen doesn't)
Perhaps one of your handmaidens?

Syrena finds her voice.

SYRENA

Death.

PHILIP

Yes! But --
(lowers his voice)
The lovely mermaid orchestrated the
sailor's escape ... and here the tale
turns to mystery, for the mermaid did
not meet him on the shore, as
promised, by light of the Hunter's
Moon.

QUEEN INEZ

Why?

Philip can't help but let his eyes drift to Syrena.

PHILIP

The sailor knows not why. So he spent
the next years searching, studying
maps, listening to every tall tale.
Some say, he searches the waters of
the Caribbean still, in places he
hopes to find her -- and ask her that
question -- 'why.'⁽¹¹⁵⁾

QUEEN INEZ

That is all? You would play
Scheherazade, and leave me
hanging?⁽¹¹⁶⁾

SYRENA

I would that the tale had a different
ending.

Syrena as spoken out of turn, and lowers her head.

QUEEN INEZ

(to Philip)

You desire I should let you live, to
continue to seek your beloved. No.
But, you have relieved me of one
dilemma.

(to the Marquis)

Dispose of his body at sea.

Philip is quickly dragged away. Syrena tries to not watch.
Queen Inez stands.

QUEEN INEZ (CONT'D)
(to the Marquis)
This is no coincidence. A British spy,
telling tales of mermaids.
(as she exits)
Bring it.

MARQUIS
It is safe. I advise against --

QUEEN INEZ
Bring it! I need to see it! (117)

EXT. ST. LUCIA - BEACH - NIGHT

Queen Inez stands on the beach, gazing out to sea. A silhouette against the moon-sparkled waters.

Ramon approaches, leading a company of SOLDIERS. Hard men, battle-tested. A medium-sized chest is set down, and opened, revealing --

The Trident of Neptune.

The weapon is weathered, and has retained only the upper section the three tines, plus a small portion of the staff. Of the three tines, one is broken at the midpoint and is missing. Halfway up each tine, the silver twists is a tight curled space, room for a round object -- such as a pearl.

Queen Inez lifts it out.

RAMON
The most powerful artifact of the seas.

QUEEN INEZ
With no pearls, the worthless trinket of long-forgotten gods. (118)

But she runs her fingers over the silver, and her eyes betray her lust. The Queen spins, and dances with the Trident beneath the stars --

Slowly she raises the Trident, holding it up against the full moon. Angles it just so --

So the moon fills one of the empty spaces in the Trident, a glowing round orb ...

Like a pearl.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAN DOMINGO - GEORGETOWN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: the HILT of Barbossa's sword, bouncing on his hip as he walks, enjoying his two good legs.

He strolls through the red light district. On a mission, dodging the painted ladies.

BARBOSSA
Evening ... another time ... raincheck
... sorry, took a vow ...

Barbossa darts across the street and REVEAL: a two-story bordello, largest and most elegant on the street --

INT. BORDELLO - LOBBY - NIGHT

Barbossa slips inside. A high-class crib. Oil paintings, fireplaces, potted plants. PAINTED LADIES spy Barbossa, line up along the grand stairway, primp and preen and display their wares, white, black, Hispanic, Asian, mixed race --

BARBOSSA
No need for all that, truly. I be
looking for a man.

The ladies slump, disappointed.

LULU
What is it with sailors?

HATTIE
The sun?

JOSIE
Too much time at sea. Those long
voyages --

BARBOSSA
I be acquainted with the owner.

INT. BORDELLO - LOBBY - NIGHT

Hanging beads part, to reveal -- no one. Then the CAMERA DROPS to find a man of short stature, smiling, well-dressed, his face familiar --

MARTY
Hurry! Show's about to start --

INT. BROTHEL - DANCE HALL - NIGHT

A speakeasy layout with tables surrounding a low stage. A harpsichord player performs to a crowd of weather-beaten and hard-living men. Barbossa spies a large-breasted woman -- this is THE MADAM.

He grabs her by the collar and lifts her off the ground. Her legs dangle.

BARBOSSA

Has any man touched her? Tell me true!

MADAM

No! She is pure and virginal still!

MARTY

We let no clients near. And post a guard at her door, every night.

Barbossa thrusts a bag of coins into the Madam's bosom, lets her down. Takes his seat.

MADAM

Poor bloke.

MARY

Bewitched, he be.⁽¹²⁰⁾

The lamplight dims. Barbossa leans forward, anticipating, as the curtains part, revealing --

NADIRAH,

an absolutely stunning woman, barely twenty, draped in veils, chains and gold coins; olive skinned, the look of a Moroccan Princess.

How does she have him bewitched? She is stunningly gorgeous, and her outfit leaves little to the imagination. Barbossa stares in open lust. We're a little creeped out, much older man, young beautiful girl.

NadiraH glides forward, the silks and veils flowing as she spins, then raises her head, as the song begins softly --

NADIRAH

(singing)

He smiled the day he left me,
He whispered promises and vows.
But only the wind came back to me,
Widow of the Deep Blue Sea.⁽¹²¹⁾

And her voice is amazing. Sublime, otherworldly, seductive, imbued with pain, passion and conviction⁽¹²²⁾--

NADIRAH (CONT'D)

(singing)

My mother is dead and buried,
My father, he paid for the right,
Now there are none to care for me,
Widow of the Deep Blue Sea.

Nadirah smiles sadly -- she is the widow of the deep blue sea. Barbossa is enraptured. Marty watches him watch her.

MARTY

You're in love.

BARBOSSA

She brings upon me a fine melancholy,
Marty, the equal to silver raindrops
on a moonlit sea. One look and I be
out of sight of land, my two feet on
solid ground.

The next verse, Nadirah sings directly to Barbossa. He mouths the answering words with her:

NADIRAH

(singing)

O Captain, can you tell me,
Can you tell me of his fate?
Ah yes my lonesome honeybee,
He's drowned in the Deep Blue Sea

Nadirah moves back to center stage. Faces of ugly townsfolk and sunburned sailors, listening, under her spell --

NADIRAH (CONT'D)

(singing)

Farewell to friends and strangers,
Goodbye to the warming sun,
Never more to shine on me,
Widow of the Deep Blue Sea.
Widow of the Deep Blue Sea.

Stunned, appreciative silence. Barbossa stands, knocking over a chair --

BARBOSSA

I will have her. Now!

He downs his drink, throws it aside. On stage, two BOUNCERS grab Nadirah, lead her away --

INT. BROTHEL - NADIRAH'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Barbossa pushes in through the door.

Nadirah stands at the window, backlit by moonlight. Turns. Vulnerable, afraid, but defiant. And otherworldly beautiful.

Barbossa stomps to her. Wipes his mouth. Reaches into his coat, and pulls out --

A bottle of wine, and a book of poetry. He drops to one knee, opens to a page and recites:

BARBOSSA

O my Luve's like the melodie, that's
sweetly play'd in tune! As fair thou
art, my bonnie lass, so deep in love
am I, and I will love thee still, my
dear, till a' the seas gang dry. And
fare thee weel, my only Luve, and fare
thee weel a while! And I will come
again, my Luve, tho' it were ten
thousand mile.⁽¹²³⁾

NADIRAH

You should just take me by force, and
be done with it.

BARBOSSA

Nay, I shall win your heart, and have
your all, and nothing less.

He finds glasses on a table, pours the wine. Leads her to --

EXT. BORDELLO - BALCONY - NIGHT

Barbossa raises his glass.

BARBOSSA

Look! Ever the night air holds
promise. Fireflies dance, the Spanish
moss sways. Dare I hope Nadirah may
give me her hand?⁽¹²⁴⁾

She regards him shrewdly.

NADIRAH

I see love in your eyes, shining
bright. But of what value love? The
world does not want for love, but
adequate vessels in which to place it.

BARBOSSA

And I have found mine.

NADIRAH

But I mine?

BARBOSSA

Can you not look past this unimportant
visage, to the truth of my heart?

NADIRAH

Truth speaks in deeds, not words. And
your deeds speak to a venomous evil.
You bear the scars.

Barbossa smiles. Steps back and does a twirl, showing that
his leg is restored.

BARBOSSA

I stand before you, a whole man,
healed of my wounds -- and my past.

Nadirah is amazed. Barbossa presses his advantage.

BARBOSSA (CONT'D)

A man never won a woman by begging on
his knees. But I will crawl before
you, fall at your feet, vow any vow,
and swear any pledge!

NADIRAH

I shall put you to the test.
(beat)
Tales have been told, that Captain
Barbossa gained in battle ... a
legendary sword.

She slowly draws the sword out of his sheath. Smiles.

NADIRAH (CONT'D)

Wrought with a mighty gem, hidden,
twice over, in the hilt.

She caresses the hilt.(125)

NADIRAH (CONT'D)

Part with that which is most dear to
you, and I am assured of your love.

Barbossa stares. Offended, or hopeful, we cannot tell.

NADIRAH (CONT'D)

Call it a maiden's folly. Pretty words
drift into the night like fireflies,
and wink out.

(beat)

But do this deed -- and my heart is
won.

Suddenly Barbossa strides off --

INT. BORDELLO - NADIRAH'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

Barbossa sweeps up a fireplace poker --

-- and SLAMS it down on the hilt of the sword. Angry, violent
SLAMS, over and over --

The hilt is destroyed, revealing: a sapphire. But inside the
sapphire, suspended, and hidden twice over, is a Pearl. This
is Rhysis, which commands the winds of the sea.

BARBOSSA

By the powers, we will wed!

Barbossa slams the poker down again, shattering the sapphire.

BARBOSSA (CONT'D)
All proper and official!

Barbossa raises the Pearl. Large with a pinkish cast, a thing of wonder and beauty. Nadirah is unable to hide her lust.

NADIRAH
I accept.

She reaches -- but Barbossa keeps his Pearl, bows low.

BARBOSSA
I shall have it set in a band of
silver, to be placed upon your finger.

NADIRAH
On the morrow.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKY SHORE - DAY

CLOSE ON: the Map to the Mermaid Trove, now a lumpy mass of parchment.

JACK
You made it all wet and mushy.

Jack gently lays the map -- in pieces now -- on a rock. Blows on it to help it dry. Behind him, Scrum squeezes the water out of his hat.

SCRUM
Thank you, Scrum, for rescuing my map.

JACK
No time for niceties. We live on
borrowed time. Any second, she might --

Jack chokes, hocks up a hermit crab, examines it, eats it. Scrum drops to his knees -- almost worshiping the map.

SCRUM
The Mermaid Trove, you said. Searched
your whole life, you said --

A stiff BREEZE kicks up, a piece of the map flutters away. Scrum dashes after it --

IN THE ROCKS, Scrum pounces on the piece. Looks up --

In the distance, in a rocky cove, the bright patchwork sails of the *Cuttlefish*, moored to the shore. (130)

SCRUM (CONT'D)

Hey. That's our boat. Jack --

ON JACK, as he holds up the Map, scowling. Lowers it --

Cora is there, and she wields the sword from her scabbard.

CORA

You abandoned me --

She swings -- Jack jumps back, loses the map --

JACK

The map!

SCRUM

Got it!

Scrum dashes among the rocks after the map, as Jack pulls his own sword, parries the next blow.

CORA

You will help me --

And she attacks, a furious onslaught.⁽¹³¹⁾ Cora jumps on a rock to gain height and goes for his head. Jack leans back, she swings to take out his legs --

JACK

Hey!

He jumps up, and is forced to engage her in earnest.

CORA

If you were the real Jack Sparrow, you would help, out of pure greed!

Cora attacks, and is amazingly good. But she has help. The sword itself leaps to each parry, pulls her into each thrust.

JACK

How you pack so much annoyance in such a diminutive stature is a mystery --

CORA

When you understand my offer, there is very little you would not do.

JACK

Offer?

CORA

This sword.

Their swords clang and clash, flashing in the sun. Jack disarms her -- the sword sticks into the sand --

JACK

A sword.

CORA

Not just any.

She reaches -- and the sword leaps into her hand, obeying her will. She wades in --

Jack defends, parries. Cora slips, and the sword continues to fight, dancing in mid-air, until Cora recovers.⁽¹³²⁾

JACK

(grudgingly)

That's a nice sword. But. Already have one --

Cora quickly disarms Jack, takes his sword, leans it on a rock. And JUMPS ON IT -- snapping it in two.

JACK (CONT'D)

You disquieting little snot --

The tip of her sword is quickly between his eyes.

CORA

Jack Sparrow. You must understand. This is the sword ... destined to kill you.

JACK

Not if I have a say in it --

CORA

Not right now! You will die by this sword, ken now to the lie of it. There will be a quarter moon in the sky. The sound of waves crashing. It shall be run through your heart, and your life will be ended. I hold before you ... Jack Sparrow's bane.⁽¹³³⁾

She bows and presents it to him.

CORA (CONT'D)

Take it or want it.

Jack gets a close look --

The sword is beautiful. Razor-sharp, shiny. Silver. Jewelled guard, leather grip. The blade has a habit of catching the light, making it seem to shimmer. Finely etched runes run the length of the blade.⁽¹³⁴⁾

CORA (CONT'D)

What a boon, to own the instrument of
your own demise. As long as you have
it, you are safe.

JACK

And then carry it into battle, hand-
deliver it to my enemies? No thank
you.⁽¹³⁵⁾

CORA

You'd rather I give it to someone
else? Fine.

(she turns)

Perhaps the Sea Widow --

JACK

Wait.

(holds out his hand)

Gimme.

CORA

Promise to help.

JACK

Help how?

CORA

You must agree first.

JACK

A pig in a poke? No thank you.

CORA

That is how it must be. Because you
are a coward.

(he starts to agree)

But, you are an honorable coward, true
to your word, even if entering into an
affair without seeing the bottom of
it, and so I shall have your oath
first, if you please, or there is
nothing more to be said.⁽¹³⁶⁾

Jack stares, angry at being outmaneuvered by this pipsqueak.

JACK

Upon my honor.

CORA

Excellent. I need you to slay my sea
serpent.

Jack regards her, very, very closely. She seems sincere, but
he trusts her about as far he could throw her. Nods.

JACK

Done.

He reaches -- the sword bends, trying to evade his grasp, but he gets it.

CORA

Then you accept the deal.

JACK

No. Way I see it, you owed me a sword.
Off with you.

The sword fights to not go into his sheath, but Jack gets it there. He nods to Scrum, and they turn away --

CORA

You're reneging?

SCRUM

You're reneging?

JACK

Ayep.

CORA

Then you truly are Jack Sparrow!
Excellent.

Cora trails them, smiling. A brief silence. Jack notices.

JACK

She seems unduly pleased. Ask her why.

SCRUM

You seem unduly pleased.

CORA

Because you don't know who cursed me
with the Black Spot.

(she answers herself)

The Sea Widow. Or why.

(she answers herself)

Because I discovered her plan. How she
will plunder the Mermaid Trove. Which
you will want to know, because you
have a map to the Trove, but no way to
get there. And I will only tell you if
you help me. So you will.⁽¹³⁷⁾

Jack stops. Damn. Outmaneuvered again.

JACK

What is her plan?

CORA

All I will say is, there is an English fleet headed to this island ... and it is doomed.

CUT TO:

INT. HMS BONAVENTURE - CAPTAIN'S CABIN - DAY

Admiral Benbow holds up a dispatch, reads, moves it aside and his expression has changed -- a cat ready to pounce.⁽¹⁴⁰⁾

BENBOW

She's wiped out a fishing village. On the island of San Domingo.

GIBBS

Orders, sir?

Benbow and Gibbs regard each other, gradually mirror each other's grins.

BENBOW

Cancel tea, and splice the mainbrace.⁽¹⁴¹⁾ Then it's off to assassinate the Queen of Spain.

EXT. HMS GLOUCESTER - TOPSAIL YARD - DAY

Pintel and Ragetti hang in the ratlines, tying down sail covers on the yard.

RAGETTI

I still don't see how they can call it the Seven Years War.

PINTEL

They been fighting for seven years!

RAGETTI

So far! What happens when it goes eight?

PINTEL

Then they call it the eight years war! Ain't you heard, history is writ by the winnin' side? They don't put nothing down in ink till all be said and done.

RAGETTI

I say, give the war a proper name, and stick to it. It's special, being a part of ...

PINTEL

What?

RAGETTI
 Y'know. Something bigger than
 ourselves. Caught up in events of the
 world. Look. All those ships.

Pintel looks out: in addition to the *HMS Gloucester*, a half-
 dozen other tall ships can be seen. Impressive.

PINTEL
 Aw, they do look pretty.

REVERSE ANGLE: on Pintel and Ragetti, RISE UP TO REVEAL:

Behind them, on the other side of the ship, not the direction
 they are looking is the REST OF THE ARMADA, NEARLY ONE
 HUNDRED SHIPS, at full sail.⁽¹⁴²⁾

Like giant clouds covering the blue sky ocean, shining in the
 sun, an utterly overwhelming force --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JAIL - CELL - DAY

CLOSE ON: Philip, staring past the bars on his window as
 sunlight falls across his face. The new day has begun.⁽¹⁴³⁾

Behind him, the cell door opens, SPANISH GUARDS step in --

EXT. SAN DOMINGO - FISHING VILLAGE - DAY

Philip, wrists bound, is led toward a gallows --

And then past the gallows, to his surprise. He exits beneath
 an archway, and revealed before him:

An expedition. Soldiers on foot. Several dozen horses. Carts.
 A Queen's carriage. The Royal chair is strapped, upside down,
 to the back of a mule --

EXT. SAN DOMINGO - JUNGLE PATH - DAY

Philip, hands bound, is carried by a horse. Ahead, the
 Queen's open carriage leads the way.

MARQUIS
 It is true. Royalty are the product of
 inbreeding. For this is madness.

QUEEN INEZ
 If you must, say that I desire to
 inspect the vast holdings of the
 Crown.

MARQUIS
 With a prisoner in tow.

QUEEN INEZ

Must you have everything explained?
Can you not delight in the mystery,
and trust there is a design and
purpose? (144)

MARQUIS

But if harm comes to you, the King
will have my head.

QUEEN INEZ

For that, the King has already good
cause.

Behind them, Syrena, on horseback with the other handmaidens,
allows her mount to drop back, even with Philip.

SYRENA

That story you told. The sailor and
the mermaid. I cannot get it out of my
head.

PHILIP

I pray your sleep was not troubled. I
slept like a baby.

SYRENA

I found it familiar. But the version I
know is different.

(Philip nods)

Yes, the mermaid saved his life. And
then helped him escape. But at a
terrible cost. For she had to bargain
for his freedom.

This is news to Philip.

SYRENA (CONT'D)

The mermaids are a diminished people.
Their numbers failing. Why? It is said
-- according to the story -- they long
ago lost the favor of the Sea Father.

(this part is hard)

For good reason. They were charged
with the keeping of his Trident. But
failed. The Trident was lost.

PHILIP

What was the bargain, struck by the
mermaid?

SYRENA

That she must leave her world, go, and
recover the Trident. And so restore
her people to the good will of the
gods. (145)

PHILIP

Once freed, she could have come to him. Perhaps ask for his help. Yet she did not.

SYRENA

She did not. That part is still a mystery.⁽¹⁴⁶⁾

Syrena spurs her horse. Philip watches as she re-joins the other handmaidens.

The caravan emerges from the jungle. Ahead of them, poking above a dense sea-fog, a familiar sight: Fort San Cristobal, in all its crumbling glory. Sea waves crashing.⁽¹⁴⁷⁾

MARQUIS

Ruined. Abandoned.

QUEEN INEZ

No. Somebody is home.

Ahead, out of the fog, a dark silhouette, approaching. Hobbling toward them. A woman. Smiling.

The Sea Widow.⁽¹⁴⁸⁾ She curtsies, and bows very low.

SEA WIDOW

Delighted to see you again, my Queen.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - CUTTLEFISH - DAY

TWO LONGBOATS bob behind the *Cuttlefish*, its colorful, kaleidoscopic sails full, powering through stormy seas. Cora sits on the bow as it rises and falls, delighted.⁽¹⁵⁰⁾

SCRUM

Careful, miss. These waters be teeming with serpents.

Scrum and Jack exchange a look. They don't believe a word of it. The whole expedition is a lark.

CORA

Not to worry, Scrum. We've got Captain Jack Sparrow!

SCRUM

Aye. That we do.

Scrum turns to Jack, low --

SCRUM (CONT'D)

Ever in your life seen a sea serpent?

JACK

Nary a once.

EXT. CUTTLEFISH - DECK - LATER

Jack dumps various items into the first longboat. A lantern. Mirror. Rum. Harpoon, rope tied to the end. Jack inspects the chest of garter belts, nods, satisfied. Scrum displays a red scarf, practices like a matador.

Cora picks up a bag of --

CORA

Brazilian nuts?

JACK

They love those.

(takes one)

Can't resist.

He crunches. Clearly, Jack is the one who loves them --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - LONGBOAT - DAY

Cora in the bow, Jack rowing out to sea, towing the second rowboat. The *Cuttlefish* disappears in the swells.

Cora tosses Brazilian nuts overboard periodically, as she speaks, like bread crumbs.

JACK

All right, imp. Start talking or I stop rowing.

CORA

Here be the way of it. Queen Inez and the Sea Widow have entered into an arrangement. The Queen will wipe out the British Fleet by stealing the seas from beneath them. This will leave the Mermaid Trove exposed, open to plunder. And that's what the Sea Widow wants. Something in the Trove.

(a whisper)

And not just jewels, neither. (151)

JACK

(a whisper)

What, then?

Cora shrugs; she doesn't know. Jack is not happy.

JACK (CONT'D)

Steal the seas, you say.

CORA
 Aye. There's a trident, bearing
 spectral powers. But it has lost its
 pearls.

EXT. CUTTLEFISH - DECK - DAY

Scrum passes the time by acting out a mock trial, playing all
 the roles, different voices.

SCRUM
 (defense attorney)
 Your honor, the accused, Jack Sparrow,
 has an alibi, the night of the alleged
 goat incident.

SCRUM (CONT'D)
 (judge)
 Be that true, Captain Sparrow?

SCRUM (CONT'D)
 (Jack Sparrow
 impression)
 Yessir, I am in possession of an
 alibi. Truth was, I be in the crow's
 nest the entire time, with a different
 goat! (152)

Scrum cracks himself up. But his smile fades --

FROM ABOVE, a dim silhouette pass beneath the *Cuttlefish*.

Scrum frowns, senses something. Goes to the rail. Looks down.
 Then out to sea --

IN THE DISTANCE, an odd and distinctive movement; a rhythmic
 pattern, rising up then splashing down with great magistry --

A SEA SERPENT!

A flat snout with fangs and glittering eyes, short horns, a
 series of dorsal fins the length of its body.

Scrum backs away, turns to run, realizes he's on a boat.
 Looks again. It's headed toward Jack and Cora --

SCRUM (CONT'D)
 Jack! Jack!

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - LONGBOAT - DAY

Jack stops rowing. Uses the red scarf to dab the sweat from
 his forehead. He doesn't hear a thing.

JACK
 Wait here.

Cora looks around. There is nowhere for her to go. Jack pulls the second boat close, shoves the oars in.

CORA
What are you doing?

JACK
What I am doing is getting into the other boat, the one with the oars, then I will row back to the *Cuttlefish*, leaving you, here, to your fate.

CORA
Out here? Alone?

JACK
Aye.

CORA
Why?

Jack just smiles, tugs at the bow line --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DAY

FOLLOW the Sea Serpent as it churns through the waves, slows, raises its head, turns its prehistoric gaze towards --

THE ROWBOATS, in the far distance. But there is a distant sound. Annoying, like a buzzing fly.

The Sea Serpent turns --

Scrum, in the *Cuttlefish*, SHOUTS for all he's worth, raising the alarm. Rings a bell. FIRES a pistol. Doing all he can to warn Jack --

ON THE SERPENT, thinking behind the creature's glittering eyes. It seems to have the attitude, okay, fine, you want me you got me. It TURNS, headed now for the *Cuttlefish*₍₁₅₃₎ --

EXT. CUTTLEFISH - DECK - DAY

Scrum suddenly goes silent.

SCRUM
Sea serpent. Sea serpent. Attracted to sound. And movement. Be quiet and hold still. Be quiet and hold still. Be --

He raises a finger to his lips, as if admonishing a child to be quiet, and the child is himself --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - LONGBOAT - DAY

Jack tosses the bow line into the trailing boat --

CORA
Why are you doing this?

JACK
Get you to tell the truth.

CORA
I have told you the truth!

JACK
It doesn't add up. Sea Widow. Sword.
Black spot. Queen. There is something
odd about you, I cannot put my finger
on it, and don't want to. But you have
an agenda, of that, I am sure.

CORA
What is odd about me is that I am
cursed with the Black Spot!

EXT. CUTTLEFISH - DECK - DAY

Scrum holds completely still. The Sea Serpent arrives,
arching entirely over the boat, like a rainbow.

Scrum doesn't breath. Only his eyes move, watching as the
snake's long body goes past.⁽¹⁵⁴⁾ The creature's head sniffs
the boat, a T-Rex of the ocean ...

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - CUTTLEFISH - DAY

Jack climbs across the boat and confronts Cora.

JACK
You've never met the Sea Widow.

CORA
I was her servant! She caught me
eavesdropping. Stories of the sea.
Like --

Breathless, the story comes tumbling out --

CORA (CONT'D)
The tale of Will and Elizabeth. How
Elizabeth shackled you to the mast of
the Black Pearl, by kissing you, but
you knew she was going to do it and
let her, didn't you? You can tell when
someone is lying, that's one of your
skills, comes from being a pirate I
guess. How would I know that?

She rubs the spot on her hand.

JACK
You make a decent case.

CORA
 It's true, isn't it, Jack? You can
 tell when someone is lying. Look into
 my eyes.
 (raises her hand)
 The Sea Widow did this to me.

JACK
 Oh, please.

Jack grabs her hand, grabs the bar of soap. Wets it. Soaps
 her hand, uses the scarf to rub off the Black Spot.

JACK (CONT'D)
 You are enigmatic and uncanny, and you
 make the little hairs on the back of
 neck prickle.
 (finishes)
 See?

Cora stares. The spot is still there.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Oh.

Her eyes widen in horror, looking past him -- Jack turns --

The Sea Serpent approaches using its distinctive up-and-down
 propulsion -- attack mode. Like many dolphins in a line,
 jumping up and diving back down --

Cora's head appears beside Jack.

CORA
 Do you need more nuts?

JACK
 In a very real sense.

CORA
 The oars. Left in the other boat.
 There's a reason for that, yes?

Cora points -- the other boat, the one with the oars in it,
 has now drifted off.

JACK
 Give myself a challenge. Fair fight
 and all.

Cora doesn't like the look in his eyes.

CORA
 Tell me you know how to kill a sea
 serpent.

JACK

Uh --

CORA

You wouldn't bring us out here,
without knowing how to kill it!

JACK

Lass -- Nothing can kill a sea
serpent. Nothing.
(annoyed)
Looking at me with big eyes won't
help.

Suddenly the longboat LIFTS UP UNDER THEM --

The longboat rests on the back of the Sea Serpent.

The Sea Serpent dives underwater, and the longboat slams
down. Jack and Cora bounce, do a somersault, and land back in
the boat, having switched seats.

They stare at each other, incredulous. Jack stands, sees the
Sea Serpent coming about --

It rises out of the sea, and ROARS --

And dives. It's coming. Jack scrambles for the harpoon, makes
his stand against the ancient beast --

Times the approach, as it rises again -- he flings the
harpoon -- lands a shot near the eye. It dives --

The rope catches, and the longboat is tugged sideways, pulled
along, Cora screaming, and they both are thrown in the sea --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DAY

Jack and Cora break the surface, tread water, splintering
sunlight into a million shining diamonds around them --

JACK

Stay back!

Jack elbows Cora behind him; she climbs onto his shoulders,
covering his eyes --

CORA

Where is it?

The Serpent winds toward them -- then suddenly, twenty feet
off, it shoots sideways, encircling the pair --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - UNDERWATER - DAY

UP ANGLE: the surface above, the silhouette of Jack and Cora
in the center of the encircling beast.

The creature's head overtakes and overlaps its own tail, tightening the circle around them --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DAY

Jack dog-paddles, spinning, tracking the creature, as it coils about them --

JACK
You have to swim for it. Underwater.

CORA
No!

JACK
I'll distract it. You submerge, and make for the other boat. Understand?
On three. One --

But suddenly Jack -- not Cora, just Jack -- is SUCKED under, hard and fast, leaving a shooting plume of water behind.

Cora SCREAMS --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - UNDERWATER - DAY

-- her screams muffled underwater.⁽¹⁶⁰⁾ Above, the Serpent still draws closed its circle. Jack looks down to see what has him around the waist --

A MERMAID.

Shimmering silver and blue, undulating hard, pulling him down. Jack struggles, but sees --

THREE OTHER MERMAIDS circle around them, a three dimensional intertwining dance --

Underwater the creatures are in their marine form, yet beautiful -- these are not the evil-looking fanged tribe from *On Stranger Tides* --

They are as varied from each other as tropical fish; one is green with sloped-back ears and blue fins, the other golden, with large eyes, the last yellow with white streaming fins.

The surface is too far away. Jack stops struggling. He is running out of air. Ready to pass out, the Golden Mermaid comes to him and kisses him.

A mermaid's kiss⁽¹⁶¹⁾, as he is pulled down to the depths. Jack fades from view, into the serenity of the undersea world ...

SUDDENLY the Sea Serpent CUTS IN with an UNDERSEA ROAR. A real shock moment. The mermaids SCATTER --

Jack flails, twisting, dodging the underwater beast. The mermaids recover, cut in and rocket him away --

Spectacular underwater ride, something we've never seen, Mermaids racing through coral, rock, towers of seaweed. The Sea Serpent close behind --

It is crazy, thrilling, but also beautiful, the movement of the creatures, racing along, in and out of shafts of light, the colors and movement, echoes of *Fantasia* --

Along the sea floor, the Mermaids -- with Jack -- dart into DARKNESS, take refuge in the hull of a sunken ship.

The Sea Serpent considers, then coils around the ship, and SQUEEZES. Planks bend, crack, and then the derelict ship BURSTS, planks splintering⁽¹⁶²⁾ --

The Mermaids flee --

The Golden, green-eyed Mermaid is injured, tail trailing a white bloody fluid. She falls behind --

A shadow surrounds her and --

The Golden Mermaid is SWALLOWED WHOLE.

Jack and the other mermaids can't help but tarry, and stare in horror as the Mermaid's body, struggling, travels down the length of the Serpent, pushing at the skin from the inside. The imprint of a hand, a shoulder, terror-stricken face of the mermaid herself, still alive, pressing out from the flesh of the creature's gullet --

Gradually, the movements slow, then stop.

The Mermaids, with Jack, turn and flee. The Serpent darts forward -- undulating -- gains on them.

Jack looks back --

Suddenly -- as if it were planned -- a huge SCHOOL of SPOTTED EAGLE RAYS swarm past them, thousands upon thousands.⁽¹⁶³⁾ Same shape as a stingray, but more brightly colored --

The water is filled with the chaos of their passing. The Sea Serpent pauses, confused. Searching --

Gradually, the number of fish thin out, down to nothing. The Sea Serpent is left alone.

The Mermaids -- and Jack -- are gone.

The monstrous beast swims off, calm and languid as any giant of the depths.

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - CELL - NIGHT

Philip tugs at a small loose brick in the cell. Tugs some more. Wiggles it --

The brick comes crumbling free!

Philip peers through the tiny rectangular opening --

IN THE OPENING, down a corridor, he can see (but not hear) a PRISON GUARD talking animatedly. The Guard turns away, out of view -- and into view steps Syrena.

Philip is surprised.

Syrena speaks and gestures, leaves frame. The Prison Guard cross the frame, disappears. Philip waits. Syrena re-appears, dragging something very heavy ... the Guard, neck broken. (170)

Philip grins. Moves to the door. The lock turns, the door opens, Syrena peeks inside -- finger to her lips.

SYRENA (O.S.)

Shhhhhh.

She gestures for him to follow --

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - PRISON - NIGHT

The pair creep past a group of SPANISH GUARDS, drinking and vigorously singing a song from the 16th century Spanish comic opera *The Gulf of the Sirens* --

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Philip and Syrena race away from the prison --

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - HALL - NIGHT

The pair climb a wide staircase, into a dark hall. Hide behind a pillar.

SYRENA

I found them. I know where they are.

PHILIP

The Pearls of Neptune.

Syrena nods, and peeks out. Several GUARDS are stationed before a wide wooden door.

SYRENA

I need your help.

Philip sees the guards. Is not enthusiastic.

PHILIP
Did you think to bring a weapon?

SYRENA
You.

EXT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - VESTIBULE - NIGHT

Four SPANISH GUARDS stand at attention. Philip appears, backing away from Syrena, who slaps and screams at him.

PHILIP
Help! Help me! She's mad!

Philip cowers, hiding behind a Guard. They naturally move to restrain Syrena --

Philip pulls the Guard back, slams his head onto the floor, takes his sword, runs it through another. Spins and pistons the hilt into the face of a third. From behind, Syrena snatches the last guard's helmet, slams it down on his head --

EXT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - VESTIBULE - NIGHT

Syrena and Philip race through the wooden doors, turn -- and find themselves face-to-face with EIGHT MORE GUARDS.

PHILIP
Keep going!

Syrena darts past the Guards to an inner door. At least now Philip has a sword. He wades into his adversaries --

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - CHAPEL - NIGHT

Syrena slips in -- SOUNDS of FIGHTING behind her -- looks --

The Queen's throne is positioned beneath the cross. And before it, the chest which contains the Trident.

Syrena pulls a key from a chain on her neck, steps forward --

EXT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - VESTIBULE - NIGHT

Philip slashes, and seven of the guards are down, dead or severely wounded. He turns to the EIGHTH GUARD --

PHILIP
Come on!

The Eighth Guard looks at him shrewdly.

EIGHTH GUARD
You just cut down seven soldiers. Why would I attack you single-handed?⁽¹⁷¹⁾

The Guard drops his sword, turns, and runs. Philip dives for him, but comes up short --

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - CHAPEL - NIGHT

Syrena lifts the lid of the chest. Inside, there is no staff, merely the pitchfork-shaped end of the Trident. She lifts it. Of the three tines, two are intact, the third still broken.

Syrena stares, crestfallen. Philip comes in --

SYRENA
The Pearls. She has not recovered them.

She shakes her head. Sets the Trident back.

PHILIP
We must not tarry --

MARQUIS (O.S.)
You will tarry. And beg for your life before the Queen.

SPANISH SOLDIERS fill the chapel. Led by the Marquis.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)
I do not think it will go so well this time.

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - CHAPEL - LATER

Queen Inez enters, takes in the scene before her.

QUEEN INEZ
So, you are a spy! How brave and daring. But why did they wake me?
(waves her hand)
Cut his throat.

SYRENA
No!

QUEEN INEZ
Oh?

SYRENA
He is not what you say. We were to meet here. A tryst. He is -- my lover.

QUEEN INEZ
In a chapel? How sinful and wicked.
(to Philip)
Is this true?

PHILIP
If it saves my life, yes.

Queen Inez turns back to Syrena.

QUEEN INEZ
So you love this man. But if I recall,
the story had him standing on shore,
alone.

(beat)
Tell the true tale. Convince me, and
it may save his life.⁽¹⁷¹⁾

Syrena looks to Philip.

SYRENA
I know I did not come to you. They
caught me, and held me. Until --

PHILIP
Until.

SYRENA
You do not know. The sea -- the sea
changes one as me. The icy depths. In
that form, I am different.
(beat)
It is so cold. And dark ... love
fades. No, worse. It dies.

QUEEN INEZ
Wait wait wait! Do I understand this
correctly? You -- forgot?
(beat)
Oh, this is priceless. A love for the
ages, he is standing there waiting,
and you just -- forgot?

SYRENA
No! On land -- the moment I stepped on
land, everything came back. All my
feelings. Stronger than ever.

PHILIP
Well, we have to keep you on land,
then.

Syrena turns away -- that might not be so easy.⁽¹⁷³⁾ Queen Inez
regards the pair, thoughtful. Then --

QUEEN INEZ
I rescind my order of death. Return
him to the British.

The Marquis moves to her side, to speak privately.

MARQUIS
Your Grace --

QUEEN INEZ
I so command. He has but one thing of
value they may take from him.

The Marquis nods understanding. He gestures -- Philip is
taken away. Queen Inez approaches Syrena, touches her cheek.

QUEEN INEZ (CONT'D)
Tell me. Is it beautiful?

SYRENA
What?

The Queen puts her arm in hers, leads her away --

EXT. FORT - BALCONY - DAY

The pair emerge, and the Queen sweeps her arm --

QUEEN INEZ
The fathoms below.⁽¹⁷²⁾

SYRENA
I do not know.

The Queen gazes out at the ocean.

QUEEN INEZ
I want to believe it is beautiful, you
know. I want to believe it is
peaceful. That there is harmony there,
a place without strife, or war.

Unexpectedly, no warning, Queen Inez, with both hands, shoves
Serena over the rail. Syrena clutches at the archway, falls --

EXT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - NIGHT

Syrena plummets, twists mid-air, turning head-first --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Syrena SLAMS down through the surface, TRANSFORMING from
human to mermaid under the water --

EXT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - ARCHWAY - NIGHT

Queen Inez gazes down.

QUEEN INEZ
So. They do exist.

The waves THUNDER against the sides of the Fort, sending
spray upwards thirty, forty feet. Syrena is DASHED against
the rocks. Queen Inez turns away --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

Syrena struggles, but the waves are too strong --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - REEFS - NIGHT

Syrena, panting, clings to a wet reef along the shore.
Battered and bruised.

A shadow falls over her. She looks up --

The Sea Widow looms over her, regards her with those hideous eyes, dancing back and forth, back and forth, like some form of crazy laughter --

SEA WIDOW

There is something I desire, as much
as you desire the Trident.

(a nod)

If you be willing to help.

INT. UNDERWATER - MERMAID PRISON - NIGHT

An open-water prison.

Hammerhead sharks swim in a tight circle around an unhappy
MERMAID PRISONER, curled on a huge shell.

MOVE PAST to find other PRISONERS, also constrained by
circling sharks. Come upon --

Jack Sparrow, hemmed in by circling sharks. Beyond him, more
Mermaid PRISONERS, fading off in the distant waters.

Above, silent and eerie in the dim waters, unmoving MERMAID
GUARDS float, bearing human swords, silent, their long tails
swaying slowly. It's clear Jack is a prisoner, but where
would he go?

Several tropical fish swim past, and Jack blows water at
them, still amazed that he is not drowning.

Jack notices -- on the edge of sight, two child-sized mermaid
girls, peeking at him.

JACK

Is this a dream?

As soon as they notice him noticing them, they dart away.

Jack examines the floor of his bizarre prison. Finds
something odd. Pries it out of the coral --

A Bible. Nearly falling apart, eaten away by water and time.

Jack opens it up -- and all of the pages loosen from the binding, and float away, out of Jack's hands, fluttering off in the tide.⁽¹⁸⁰⁾

EXT. UNDERWATER - MERMAID GROTTO - NIGHT

A shimmering, underwater grotto.

Hanging in the water like lamps, phosphorescent jelly-fish give off a pale light.

Spinning, twisting and turning, from above, below, right and left are EIGHT MERMAIDS, swimming toward --

Eleven tall thrones (fashioned of giant shells) encircle a crescent-shaped abalone pedestal. Dozens of SHIP FIGUREHEADS, all types and poses, jut out from the cave wall.⁽¹⁸¹⁾

The Mermaids represent different tribes from the various seas of the world. (Sadly, three thrones stay empty, indicating tribes now extinct.)

With the yellow, orange, and silver mermaids, a lovely BLUE FIN mermaid curls up and strums an underwater harp, humming, paying no attention to anyone.

Among the eight, one of the horrific vampire mermaids (of *On Stranger Tides*), last to arrive. We will call her DARK EYES.

This is the MERMAID COUNCIL.

An enormous Grouper swims before them ... and spits out Jack Sparrow.

Jack gets his bearings, finds himself looking at the council UPSIDE DOWN.

In the center throne is the green-and-gold MERMAID EMPRESS. Serene, otherworldly, with a swept-back face. Her hair is held in a net of pearls, with a SHINING PEARL on the crown (this is *Miro*, the third of the famed Pearls of Neptune).

Jack rights himself, puts his hands together, bows, mutters a prayer --

The Empress swims forward and circles Jack, and we notice --

The Empress is quite old. Unexpected and shocking. Her skin is wrinkled, crows feet, age marks and scars, her fins wispy and ragged, her movements betray the caution of age.⁽¹⁸²⁾

And her eyes are wise. She stares, looking into Jack's soul.

The Empress turns, takes a vote of the other Mermaids by eye. Mostly nods. The Blue Fin Mermaid does not vote, living in her own world of song. The Queen comes to Dark Eyes --

Her answer is a clear and certain 'no.'

JACK

Ah. But what is the question?

The Empress smiles serenely, turns to Jack. She removes her crown. Pulls the Shining Pearl away from its setting -- this is Miro, which commands the creatures of the sea. She raises it, and makes a gesture, 'come forth' ...

Jack looks. OUT OF THE DIM WATERS, a GREAT WHITE SHARK APPEARS. Swimming toward them with lazy menace. Beyond it, a dozen more circle.

The Great White swims close. The Empress strokes it, and holding the Pearl, with a wave of her hand, dismisses it --

The Great White, and all the others, dart away. (183)

The Empress turns to Jack. He nods, he understands the power of this Pearl. She offers him the silvery Pearl.

The Dark-Eyed Mermaid looks on in disgust. With a flip, she dives away from her throne, and is gone.

Jack is amazed. He takes the Pearl. Holds it up at arm's length.

JACK'S POV: the Pearl, held between thumb and finger, wavering in the underwater tides, about the size of the full moon --

DISSOLVE TO:

The FULL MOON in a starry night sky, peeking through clouds. PULL BACK away from the moon, past curtains and through a window, we find ourselves --

INT. BROTHEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Marty, dressed to the nines, complete with ruffled shirt, pounds on a bedroom door.

MARTY

Come! You'll be late to your own wedding! Now or never!

The door opens --

Barbossa steps out, proud as a peacock. His usual outfit, long coat, shirt and hat, but bright, shining and new. He slides a brightly-colored fluffy feather into place.

Marty stares, astonished. Barbossa looks good. Barbossa preens a bit, spreads his arms, fishing for compliments.

BARBOSSA

Eh? Eh?

MARTY

I'd marry you.

INT. BROTHEL - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Lit by candles in hurricane lamps.

HOOKERS of the bordello present in all their painted-lady glory, dressed in sailor-fantasy outfits, doing their best to make an occasion of it.⁽¹⁹⁰⁾

Nadirah waits at the altar, a wine barrel on end. She turns as Barbossa enters --

Barbossa freezes, struck by her youth and beauty. Then strides forward, desire in his eyes. The hideously overweight smiling Madam presides over the ceremonies.

Barbossa arrives at the altar, hands Nadirah a bouquet of flowers. She inhales their scent.

MADAM

You got the ring?

BARBOSSA

Aye. Marty!

DOWN THE ISLE, Marty appears, bearing a pillow with a ring on top. It is the PEARL from Blackbeard's sword, bright and shiny, mounted to a simple gold band.

The tone of the event changes. Even the prostitutes sense this is special, there are powerful forces at play.⁽¹⁹¹⁾

MADAM

Put it on her finger and say, 'With this ring I thee wed' -- then kiss her, even though we all think you're way too old.

Nadirah offers her left hand. She wears gloves, white and elegant, up to her elbows.

BARBOSSA

Darling -- the glove. If you will.

(she hesitates)

There shall be no barriers to our love.

Using her right hand, Nadirah tugs at the glove. It is difficult, awkward, but finally comes off --

GASPS from the guests --

Nadirah bears a wooden hand.⁽¹⁹²⁾ Delicate carved fingers, shiny polished wood. Held by leather straps to her forearm.

NADIRAH
Yes, I should have told you.

She brushes the wooden hand across her lips.

NADIRAH (CONT'D)
So, I am not the flawless creature of your dreams. If you no longer desire me ... I will understand.

Barbossa's face is a study of emotions. Confusion, hurt, concern, resentment, suspicion ... finally understanding, and acceptance.⁽¹⁹³⁾ He turns, plays to the crowd --

BARBOSSA
With this ring ... I thee wed!

A few 'awws' and some sniffles in the gallery.

Barbossa slips the ring onto the ring-finger of the wooden hand. Pulls Nadirah to him hard, and they kiss --

EXT. BROTHEL - ENTRANCE - NIGHT

All smiles, as Barbossa and Nadirah exit. Marty throws rice. Barbossa swings Nadirah in his arms. She suddenly realizes --

NADIRAH
The flowers! I left them!
(gives him a kiss)
Darling, stay here!

She dashes inside. Barbossa takes in the moment, happy. Marty shakes his head.

MARY
This be madness, you know.

BARBOSSA
When love be not madness, it be not love!

Barbossa smiles. Smiles. Smiles. His smile falters. A look of concern -- he hurries inside --

INT. BROTHEL - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Barbossa bursts into the courtyard. Searches --

Empty.

Spins, still searching. Remnants of the ceremony, the wine barrel, smoke from candles. Barbossa sees:

The bouquet of flowers.

Around him, in the rooms above the courtyard, SOUNDS of business as usual. MOANS and LAUGHTER, SLAPPING and BEDSPRINGS can be heard as the working girls attend to their duties ... each sound a dagger into Barbossa's heart.⁽¹⁹⁴⁾

Beneath the bouquet of flowers. Marty find a note. Holds it in a trembling hand. Reads:

MARTY
'With pain and regret, I leave you,
for my heart belongs to another.'

ON BARBOSSA, standing in the lurch, the fool, but slowly, a smoldering anger builds --

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: Jack lies in a shallow tide pool, eyes closed. He looks dead.

Suddenly his eyes fly open, and he CHOKES, sits up, rises OUT OF THE WATER --

EXT. BEACH - TIDE POOLS - NIGHT

Jack stands, and chokes out sea water. Looks around. He is alone on a deserted reef.

Was it a dream? Jack raises his fist, opens it ... and finds the smooth, luminescent, Pearl.

He jumps back from it, scared -- but then catches it before it hits the ground.

INT. BORDELLO - FOYER - NIGHT

Marty, despondent, a bottle of rum on the table, collects payment from one of his girls. She moves aside --

Jack stands before him. Bedraggled, waterlogged, weary.

MARTY
Good Lord. You'll be wanting a drink,
then.

JACK
Marty. I need --

MARTY
Girls! Front and center for Jack
Sparrow! ⁽²⁰⁰⁾

The ladies start to gather --

JACK

No, no, I need a crew. Oh, and a boat.
For an expedition. And --

(spies one of the
girls)

Oh, and her, I need her.

(back to Marty)

Has to happen right away, Marty. A
seaworthy vessel. Anything --

(he jumps)

What was that?

MARTY

Boat. Funny, I know someone with a
boat. You'll want to follow me, I
think.

INT. BORDELLO - DANCE HALL - NIGHT

Jack follows Marty into the common room. A CROWD of PATRONS
(including Scrum) have gathered around --

Cora, just reaching the climax of the her tale --

CORA

And then, with a sea serpent upon us,
the coward Jack Sparrow dived under
the waves and LEFT ME THERE TO DIE.

A gasp from the crowd -- including Jack. Cora sees him,
points an accusing finger.

CORA (CONT'D)

Coward!

Heads turn. Patrons, Hookers alike hiss and spit. How could
he? Scrum backs away from Jack in seeming disgust.

JACK

Gentle folk, undecieve yourself. I
fought valiant and brave-like,
wrestling the creature bare-handed,
down to the lightless depths --

Scrum stares past Jack.

SCRUM

Jack. A sea serpent. Only to be found
at sea. Aye?

Jack doesn't hide his irritation.

JACK

Does no one pay attention to language?
Sea serpent. Two words. Serpent. Snake-
like creature. Sea.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
 Large body of water. Sea serpent,
 together, snake-like creature found --

Jack figures it out, slumps. Turns, knowing he will see⁽²⁰¹⁾ --

The Sea Serpent slithers past the windows. SCREAMS in the room. Panic. Cora points at Jack --

CORA
 It followed him!

Jack points at Cora.

JACK
 It's after her! I say we toss the
 creepy waif to the beast! Who's with
 me?

Patrons glance at each other, nod in agreement --

EXT. BORDELLO - STREET - NIGHT

The doors slam open as Jack is tossed out onto the street.
 Then slam shut. Jack scrambles for cover --

The street is EMPTY. No monster. A DRUNK REVELER walks past, staggering. Farther down the boardwalk, a PROPRIETOR sweeps. All quiet on the western front.

Jack backs away slowly. Better to run than fight. Turns --

The hideous beast rises up before him. Jack freezes. Slips his hand into his pocket --

JACK
 Remember. You are a creature of the
 sea. The fact you are on land makes no
 difference. Understood? With this --
 (raises the Pearl
 Miro)
 I command you to -- depart!

The Serpent tilts its head. Darts forward, STRIKES --

Jack dives out of the way, and RUNS.⁽²⁰²⁾

He body-rolls into the shadows. Listens. Hears something, spins --

Behind him, a tail, slithering past. Just on the edge of sight. Jack circles around --

Can't find the creature. Looks worried, starts to creep forward, but hesitates, glances down --

The tail is right near his foot. Jack freezes.

The Sea Serpent, before him, coils in the darkness. It doesn't know Jack is there.

Up this close, we see this is a creature of nightmare, a Lovecraftian evil, breathing rhythmically.

Jack draws his blade. Raises it. Looks at it. Tiny and pathetic. Then Jack notices --

He looks at the tail. Closely. The tail itself is a huge long weapon, with spikes that protrude forward. Useful in ripping out the guts of an impaled adversary.⁽²⁰³⁾

Jack sheathes his sword. Backs away. The creature hears, and suddenly twists, coiling after him --

EXT. MISSION - NIGHT

Jack climbs up to where the bells hang, open to the sky. Rings them, jumps down --

Jack up against a wall; in the dark, SOUNDS of the creature moving toward the still vibrating bells --

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Jack slaps the ass of a horse hitched to a cart; it whinnies and runs. The Serpent chases it, coiling, then stops, turns. Jack steps out in the middle of a courtyard.

The Sea Serpent stalks, moving sideways; Jack steps sideways in a large circle. The Serpent follows, a gruesome tongue sticking out its mouth, like it is licking its lips.

Jack draws his sword, backs away, towards the creature's tail, which the Serpent likes just fine -- raises it.

Jack feints at the creature, and it snaps forward, but Jack dodges. Feints again, and another strike, barely missing Jack. He draws back his sword, swings --

But the sword seems to fight him, knocking Jack off-balance. It glitters in the moonlight, the faint SOUND of LAUGHTER.

JACK

Sword. Help me out here. Or, you lose
the pleasure of killing me yourself.
Eh?

The faint laughter STOPS. Jack gives the sword a chance to think that over, then -- Jack throws his sword --

-- it does a half-turn in mid-air --

-- and STICKS in the neck of the creature -- a pin prick, but angering it. Enraged, it strikes, FULL FORCE, MOUTH WIDE --

With both hands, Jack grabs the creature's tail, and shoves it forward --

-- and the Sea Serpent chomps down on its own tail.

Jack draws free his blade, climbs onto the tail, stabs the Serpent in the snout --

In pain, instinctively, the Serpent snaps forward and chomps again, downing more of its own tail.

Hanging onto the writhing beast, Jack stabs, and again it chomps forward. Jack keep stabbing and the creature keeps swallowing. Jack jumps down, and helpfully shove as much of the tail into the creature's mouth as he can manage.

The Serpent finally recognizes its mistake, choking now on its own tail. Tries to back away. Can't.

Jack has created the worm ouroboros, the snake swallowing its own tail.

JACK (CONT'D)

Remember. It's the second mouse that gets the cheese.

The Serpent CONVULSES, choking. Suffocating. Scrum appears behind Jack.

SCRUM

Need any help?

Jack just looks at him.

JACK

You mentioned a boat.

EXT. HARBOR - DOCKS

Jack and Scrum hurry down the docks, toward the *Cuttlefish*. Leap in, make ready for sail --

EXT. STREET - BORDELLO - NIGHT

PAN along the windows, as faces stare out, scared. Find Cora, outside, moving the other direction. Dragging an ax behind her, that looks about as tall as she is.

EXT. DOCKS - NIGHT

Cora runs her hand along the exposed belly of the beast, pressing, searching. Finds the spot she wants. Grips the axe. Rears back and swings, chops into the beast. Again --

The creature writhes and bellows, a death knell.

Cora, pinching her nose against the smell ... shoves her hand deep into the gaping wound, into the belly of the beast, all the way up to her shoulder. She pulls out --

-- a sea turtle. Dead. Tosses it away.

Next -- a boot.

Next -- a cannonball.

Cora shrugs ... climbs bodily into the beast, disappears entirely.

She emerges, triumphant, with her prize:

A human hand.

She examines it eagerly. The hand is a wretched thing, stained dark with age, bloated skin barely hanging on, its fingers curled, closed hard in a tight fist, as if clutching something. Probably female from the size of it.

MARTY (O.S.)

Question is, what does it grasp so tightly?

Cora turns -- Marty stands there, on the edge of darkness.

CORA

Leave me be. I found it. That makes it mine!

MARTY

Second question. How did you know it was there to be found?

Cora backs up against a wooden wall. Marty snatches the hand.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Back to question one. What on earth does it hold?

Marty attempts to pry the fingers free. No luck. Uses both hands. Still no luck. Puts it down between his legs, for leverage -- this is truly disconcerting -- no luck.

He raises it back to eye level.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Gal has quite a grip on her --

He stares at it; whatever is there, it gives off a GLOW that brightens the fingers. He turns to Cora --

-- just in time to see the blunt end of the axe headed his way.⁽²⁰⁴⁾

CUT TO:

EXT. HMS BONAVENTURE - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - DAY

CLOSE ON: a navigation chart of the island of San Domingo. Tiny model ships, the British Armada, swarm toward it.

Admiral Benbow ponders his advance on the island, six British CAPTAINS around him.

GIBBS

Sir!

Gibbs steps aside as Pintel and Ragetti enter, holding up a near-drowned man: Philip Swift.

PINTEL

Floating on a barrel, middle of nowhere --

RAGETTI

I threw him a line.

PINTEL

I threw a line, too.

RAGETTI

Yours missed.

Benbow approaches, stares at Philip. Recognizes him.

BENBOW

Cartographer.

Philip looks up, nods ... then pukes seawater. The Admiral jumps back. Gibbs helps Philip to the table, onto a chair.

GIBBS

Who did this to you, son?

PHILIP

The Spanish Queen. She is on the island.

The CAPTAINS murmur. Benbow smiles.

BENBOW

Our intelligence is confirmed.⁽²¹⁰⁾

A blanket is put around Philip. His eyes fall upon the charts. A group of tiny model Spanish ships are clustered at Georgetown Bay, to the south of the island.

PHILIP
Not there. The Queen is not there.

He finds Fort San Cristobal on the map. Points.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
There.

BENBOW
Away from her fleet?

Philip nods.

BENBOW (CONT'D)
Away from her fleet.
(beat)
What say, gentlemen, we adjust course,
and sail for the north?

A chorus of AYES! and the Captains slap themselves on their backs, looked pleased -- as if the battle is already won.

Only Gibbs contemplates the map with suspicion --

PUSH IN on the charts, toward the seas just north of the Fort, where the words FORT SAN CRISTOBAL are written.

The words remain as the CARIBBEAN SEA replaces the charts, then the WORDS FADE as well, leaving just the sea, and on the sea, a speck -- PUSH IN toward the speck --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - CUTTLEFISH - DAY

CONTINUE PUSH IN and the speck resolves to the CUTTLEFISH, sailing gamely along.

Jack is at the bow, scanning the horizon.

SCRUM
Heading, Captain?

JACK
That way.

Scrum doesn't look happy.

SCRUM
I thought maybe you'd take a look at the map. That leads to the Mermaid Trove.

JACK
Trove is at the bottom of the sea.
We're looking for an Armada.

SCRUM
Ah.

Scrum has something to say, builds up the courage to say it.

SCRUM (CONT'D)

I don't get it, Jack. The Black Pearl is out there. The eyeball lady said so.

JACK

Aye.

SCRUM

Now I'm all for treasure, but that's me not you. As soon as you heard of the Trove, it's taken you over. Never seen you care about anything more than the Pearl.

JACK

Aye.

SCRUM

There's a story. Aye?⁽²¹¹⁾

Jack regards Scrum, thoughtful. Sits with his back to the mast. We've never heard Jack tell a story before. And never seen him this genuine.⁽²¹²⁾

JACK

The rocks ahead were covered. Mermaids. Forty eight days at sea, there was no choice. We had to sail through. I ordered the crew to use cold tar, plug their ears. But I -- I was curious. I wanted to hear. My crew lashed me to the mast, and I told them, leave me there, no matter what I said. We passed by. Close. And I heard it. Singing. Haunting, beautiful, beyond anything the mind can imagine. I struggled. Pleaded, let me go. Cursed my scurvy crew to the darkest pit of hell. No need. The tar didn't work. One by one they leapt into those frozen waters ... and swam to their doom.

Jack has to pause -- he does not take the loss of any crew member lightly. He gathers himself.

JACK (CONT'D)

The ship sailed on, the song fading, tearing swaths of my soul away with it. Three days before I could free myself of my bonds. I could never free myself of that song.

Jack falls silent. Scrum finishes the tale --

SCRUM

And ever since, Jack Sparrow's sailed
the seas, chasing that horizon.
Chasing that song.

Behind Scrum, the hull of a large sailing ship appears.

SCRUM (CONT'D)

It's at the Trove. Aye? The song.

Jack stands, regards the ship. Scrum notices, turns --

SCRUM (CONT'D)

Oh. Is that the Armada we were looking
for?

(Jack nods)

Which one is the flagship?

EXT. HMS BONAVENTURE - DAY

A HUGE BRITISH FLAG waving at the stern, the ship sails
grandly past --

EXT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - PARAPET - DAY

The Marquis sips at a drink, and glances out at the sea. An
amused smile crosses his face.

MARQUIS

Your Highness. Come look at this.

The Queen emerges from the chamber, an expression of shock as
she gazes out --

ANGLE - CARIBBEAN SEA, the FULL FORCE of the BRITISH ARMADA
in all its glory. A HUNDRED WHITE SAILS dancing toward them
over the deep blue waters. Even though we knew it was coming,
the image still lands with surprise, force, and dread.⁽²¹³⁾

MARQUIS (CONT'D)

My. Quite a few of them. It appears
the first part of your plan has worked
perfectly.

The Marquis knows events have transpired too quickly --

MARQUIS (CONT'D)

Where is that black-garbed dowager
friend of yours? No doubt she might
have counsel on your next move.

The Queen continues to stare.

MARQUIS (CONT'D)

Oh, forgive me. She has left the
castle, yes?

The Queen turns away. Marquis sighs, sips his drink. Looks out at his doom --

MARQUIS (CONT'D)
We are going to be destroyed.

EXT. HMS BONAVENTURE - COMMAND DECK - DAY

Admiral Benbow gazes at Fort San Cristobal, gleaming in the sunlight. Near enough to hear waves pound the foundations.

BENBOW
Signal fire at will.

GIBBS
Fire at will!

Quickly, the deep BOOM! of the ship's cannons are heard. ELSEWHERE, a dozen other ships FIRE cannons --

Cannonballs STREAK across the sky from ship to Fort. Shots find their target, SMASH apart the towering walls --

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Queen Inez commands her soldiers --

QUEEN INEZ
To the walls! Man the cannons! Return
fire! (214)

Spanish SOLDIERS race pass. A cannonball blast EXPLODES just behind the Queen, as she searches --

QUEEN INEZ (CONT'D)
Find that evil harri-dan!

EXT. HMS BONAVENTURE - MAIN DECK - LATER

Jack has gathered his former crew together. Pintel, Ragetti, Salaman, Scrum, Ezekiel, Cabin Boy. And Gibbs. Philip hangs just outside the circle.

Around them, cannons FIRE --

SCRUM
-- so that's it, mates. The Mermaid
Trove has fallen into our lap. Riches
of legend, beyond the wildest rum-
soaked fever dreams of the lot of us
put together!

PINTEL
Now that's more like it!

RETURN FIRE from the Fort. Rifle shots. A cannonball lands just short of the ship, raining seawater down on them -- Jack is soaked.

JACK

And here's a bonus: you may actually survive the next few hours, something as not likely if you stay on board this ship. Who's in?

As a final argument, Jack raises the Map to the Trove, burnt on its edges.

A nearly-unanimous 'aye!' Philip steps forward, amazed at seeing the map -- his work -- in Jack's hands.

PHILIP

I'm with you.

Jack notices Gibbs was silent. Scrum starts leading the crew over the rail, down onto the *Cuttlefish*.

JACK

Gibbs?

GIBBS

Best of luck to you, Jack Sparrow.

JACK

Gibbs. First Mate, and friend. You face a terror you cannot conquer. Trust my words. You will lose this battle.

GIBBS

How? We have them outnumbered by --

JACK

Something the world has never seen.

Gibbs shakes his head.

GIBBS

As may be. But this is my ship now, and it's being fired upon. It not be in me heart to leave her.

JACK

Then counsel your Admiral. Retreat. All ships. At once.

GIBBS

That I can do.

JACK
 (smiles)
 He's a lucky Captain that has Joshamee
 Gibbs as First Mate.

And with that, Jack is over the rail --

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - ARCHES - DAY

EXPLOSIONS as the barrage continues. Soldiers race to their posts. One of them slows, amazed --

A little girl -- Cora -- stands beneath one of the archways. Even more strange, she holds a severed, gnarled hand, still clenched in a fist, before her.

CORA
 I need to speak with Queen Inez.

The Soldier, in his amazement, can do nothing more than raise his arm and point toward a set of stairs.

Cora nods and walks away, moving calmly through the mayhem, other soldiers too engaged to pay her any attention --

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - STAIRWAY - DAY

FOLLOW Cora as she climbs the steps -- a WALL EXPLODES ahead of her, she moves her head slightly to miss the flying debris, but never slows, continues toward the top --

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - TOWER - DAY

The Marquis lifts his head. He is the first to see --

MARQUIS
 Just in time.

Cora enters. Queen Inez is livid.

QUEEN INEZ
 (to the Marquis)
 Bring the chest! Bring it! Quickly!
 (to Cora)
 You are tardy. Hand them over!

The Queen glides across the floor sees: Cora examines the withered hand.

QUEEN INEZ (CONT'D)
 What? Tell me you have the Pearls.

CORA
 Not just yet.

A cannonball SMASHES into the wall --

QUEEN INEZ
Faithless creature!

CORA
Hold this a moment, would you?

The Queen takes the gnarled hand, repulsed and fascinated.

QUEEN INEZ
This grip is strong. The fingers --

CORA
I will be thirsty.

QUEEN INEZ
Water. Bring water! (230)

EXT. HMS BONAVENTURE - COMMAND DECK - DAY

Gibbs climbs steps, moves to the side of Admiral Benbow.

GIBBS
Sir. I advise you call off the attack.
Retreat at once.

Never did a British Navy man do such a slow turn as Admiral Benbow does at this moment, toward Gibbs.

BENBOW
Retreat.

GIBBS
Aye!

IN THE DISTANCE, a portion of the Fort crumbles away, tumbling in seeming slow-motion to the sea.

BENBOW
With victory all but assured?

GIBBS
Sir, it is a trap. The Queen has put herself forth as bait.
(beat)
That savvy you assigned to me, well here it be. Take fresh apprehension and retreat, I tell you, or rue the day.

BENBOW
How came you to this belief?

GIBBS
I make bold to put forth as fact, it be the opinion of Jack Sparrow.

Benbow is surprised. Gibbs stares, honesty in his eyes.

BENBOW

Jack Sparrow.

GIBBS

Aye.

Benbow turns away. Several other CREW MEMBERS take note of the conversation. Gibbs catches their eye, nods, as Benbow considers.

Gibbs pulls a pistol. As do the others. Gibbs edges forward, hilt of the pistol raised --

BENBOW

I am no fool, Mister Gibbs. I will heed your advice --

He turns, and Gibbs and the others quickly stow their weapons, as the correct choice was made.

BENBOW (CONT'D)

Signal full retreat. Immediately!

Gibbs grins --

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - TOWER - DAY

Cora drinks from a stone pitcher. She lifts her left hand, pulls away the sleeve of the longish, floppy dress --

She reveals: her left hand is missing.

QUEEN INEZ

Do not tarry.

Slowly gradually, weirdly, Cora grows TALLER, becomes OLDER. Twelve years old, thirteen, fourteen --

She turns away from us as her clothing rips but stays on, the dress covering her well enough. She reaches the age of eighteen, and we recognize --

Nadirah. Cora and Nadirah are one and the same. But she keeps aging. And then begins to shrink, as she gets older, and older, her back bending, skin wrinkling, becoming an old woman. Her clothing decaying to the mourning black.

And then she raises her head. REVEAL: Cora is Nadirah, and Nadirah is the Sea Widow.

SEA WIDOW

My hand, if you please. Lost to me, so many years ago.

She holds out her good hand -- Queen Inez gives her the withered hand, rescued from the Sea Serpent.

The Sea Widow presses the hand to her stump. Veins seek each other, skin crawls, slowly, hand and stump grow together --

Outside, the bombardment lessens. The Marquis sets the chest down, moves to the balcony.

BELOW, in the harbor, several ships of the Armada turn away; while others continue to FIRE --

MARQUIS

The window of opportunity closes, my love.

BACK TO THE SEA WIDOW, Queen Inez stares, as the gnarled hand regains its color. Finally, the Sea Widow triumphantly uncurls her fingers -- revealing a shining Pearl.

SEA WIDOW

Here be Tyrah, Pearl of the Tides --

The Queen takes it in wonder. From a pouch around her neck, the Sea Widow produces the second Pearl.

SEA WIDOW (CONT'D)

And Rhysis, Pearl of the Winds.

QUEEN INEZ

And the third? Miro?

SEA WIDOW

Perhaps, given the circumstances, her Grace can make due with these two.

The Queen grins. The Pearls take their place in the Trident, hovering in their settings, shining brightly.

QUEEN INEZ

And why should I not carry the power of the moon in my hand? Till now, the tides have been insolent, but today they are tame; the waters and winds impetuous, but now my will is their master.

Queen Inez steps out onto a parapet. Surveys the ships below. The Sea Widow steps out behind her.

SEA WIDOW

Have you the will?

QUEEN INEZ

The test is upon me.

She holds forth the Trident, closes her eyes -- the WIND RISES UP AROUND HER --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DAY

It is epic. The waters of the ocean swirl and part --

EXT. HMS BONAVENTURE - COMMAND DECK - DAY

A gale-force wind slams into the sails. The ship flounders. Admiral Benbow grabs at the rail as the deck drops out from under his feet. He steadies himself --

Then suddenly a BULLET -- fired from the Fort -- whistles toward Benbow and SLAMS into his chest. He falters, falls down the steps, lands hard on the deck --

Gibbs rushes to his side. Examines him. Benbow's eyes see nothing.

GIBBS

Shot! The Admiral's been shot --

(beat)

Call the ship's surgeon --

A SAILOR stares at the downed Admiral.

SAILOR

Sir. Captain Gibbs --

Gibbs starts at the title of 'Captain'. Then stands. Towering canyons of coral reefs appear as the water continues to swirl away --

Gibbs sees ships of the Armada climbing up newly formed walls of water, trying to escape. But the angle is too steep, and getting worse -- one of them FALLS BACKWARDS --

GIBBS

Full about! Aim for the center, it's our only hope!

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - CUTTLEFISH - DAY

Ragetti pulls on a sheet line, looks out --

Waves CRASHING against a nearby reef suddenly go flat. Gradually -- weirdly -- the waters recede from the shore.

RAGETTI

Do you hear that?

PINTEL

What?

RAGETTI

Trumpets!

Jack watches, in worry and wonder, as the ocean pulls back, beyond the reef that surrounds the island. It continues to pull back, revealing more and more of the ocean floor --

Scrum and Pintel tilt their heads, listening.

SCRUM

I don't hear no trumpets!

RAGETTI

Neither do I!

PINTEL

Then why did you ask?

Ragetti stares as the waters churn around them, and the *Cuttlefish* spins --

RAGETTI

There's supposed to be trumpets at the end of the world ...

FROM ABOVE, Pintel and Ragetti PLUMMET AWAY FROM CAMERA, dropping down, the mast of the ship racing past, they get very small very quickly --

INT. BORDELLO - DANCE HALL - DAY

Barbossa slumps at a table, in his cups. Empty bottles crowded around him. He grabs one, tilts it back, sucking at it ... not a drop left.⁽²⁴⁰⁾

Marty rushes in --

MARTY

The ocean, it -- sprung a leak!

EXT. SAN DOMINGO - GEORGETOWN HARBOR - DAY

Barbossa steps forward, gazing at the harbor --

The waterline slips backwards from shore. Docks are exposed as narrow walkways on high stilts. Boats moored drop and SNAP their lines.

TOWNSFOLK, ladies of the brothel, all crowd forward to gape.

BARBOSSA

What uncanny devilry ...

MARTY

Look!

IN THE HARBOR, ships settle onto sand, then tilt over, one after the other, trees falling in a forest. Gulls cry, confused, as buoys clang onto shoals.

Barbossa stares.

BARBOSSA
This be by design of the Sea Widow, I
wager my soul --
(a sudden thought)
Marty. Marty!

MARTY
Aye?

BARBOSSA
Nadirah. Guarded day and night, you
said.

MARTY
Aye. No man came near, I swear.

BARBOSSA
No man, you say.

Barbossa pulls a pistol, cocks it, puts it to the side of
Marty's head.

BARBOSSA (CONT'D)
Who did come calling? The truth of it!

MARTY
Just -- an old lady. On occasion.
Dressed all in black, she was, with a
veil. And ...

Marty looks troubled. Barbossa presses hard, the gun pushing
his head sideways.

BARBOSSA
And?

MARY
There were days the old lady left but
had never arrived, and days she
arrived but never left.

Barbossa eyes widen -- he realizes how he's been played. (241)

BARBOSSA
Marty, look at me. LOOK AT ME!
(lowers the pistol)
Never has there been a bigger fool in
the world ... than Captain Hector
Barbossa!

A sudden chirping, SQUEAKING SOUND. Barbossa looks down --

AT HIS FEET, a half dozen large, fat WHARF RATS scuttle past.
He raises his gaze -- all around, WHARF RATS and SHIP RATS
squeak and race away from shore.

Realization --

BARBOSSA (CONT'D)
Higher ground! All! Higher ground!

MARTY
What?

BARBOSSA
When the seas recede, they come back,
and with a vengeance! Higher ground!
Pass the word!
(screams)
All!

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DAY

Amid the raging, churning sea, as the sea level plummets, the *Cuttlefish* spins and drops --

With a thunderous CRUNCH, the *Cuttlefish* lists and comes to a violent stop, as the seas continue to swirl away --

The crew goes flying. Jack hangs onto a sail, dangling, and looks down between his feet --

The skiff is caught on the top of a towering, colorful coral tree, that reaches now high above the ocean floor, as the waters continue to drain away.

JACK
Abandon ship!

Too late, the ship is already empty. IN THE TREE, Ragetti has been tossed onto a thin branch, and hangs on for his life.

RAGETTI
Help! Someone!

Pintel regards him. It would be a dangerous rescue.

RAGETTI (CONT'D)
Come on! You want to be virtuous, aye?

PINTEL
Aye. Since I been pardoned and all.

Around them, other crew members climb down through the tree. The *Cuttlefish* remains suspended above.

RAGETTI
In order to become virtuous, you must
do moral deeds.

Salaman climbs past --

SALAMAN

No. Virtue is a state of character. It requires no deeds for its proof.

RAGETTI

Yes it does! Virtue is not a natural state. We must train ourselves to do good deeds.

PINTEL

What if I try and fail, does that make me not virtuous?

SALAMAN

Depends. Was it a valid effort, undertaken in good faith --

Suddenly, the branch BREAKS, and Ragetti plummets --

PINTEL

That settles that.

EXT. DRY SEA BED - LATER

Jack and the pirates drop down onto the sand. Ragetti stands up, he's all right. They look out --

Bizarre and surreal. Waters continue to recede and build up into high walls around them.

The ocean floor is laid bare, with its rocks and twisted coral, sand, dark seaweed.

They move into this strange world, a location never seen, the bottom of the sea exposed, blue skies overhead.

Jack climbs up a sloped rock outcropping, and looks --

IN THE DISTANCE, ships the English Armada SLAM onto the ocean floor, and tumble. They hear distant screams --

Jack turns away, checks the map. Philip looks over his shoulder, gets his bearings.

PHILIP

This way! It is no short haul, on foot.

JACK

Quickly, then!

Philip leads the way. Jack pauses, searching -- expecting company --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DRY SEA BED - DAY

Jack and the others race along the sandy sea bottom.

Philip pauses, stares at a school of sharks, on their sides in the bright sand, flapping, drowning in air. Glorious creatures, the lions of the deep, reduced to helplessness.

SCRUM

Jack, look. There --

Jack, Philip and the others lift their eyes --

An amazing sight --

IN THE SEA WALL before them, rising up like a canyon, they see a huge BLUE WHALE swim lazily past. Like a fish in a tropical aquarium, but on a scale of the pyramids. (250)

Jack is the first to recover his senses, and push forward --

JACK

With me, men!

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DRY SEA BED - DAY

Jack navigates the ocean floor, his crew following. They slip and slide through a slippery bed of seaweed; they slide down a slope, tumbling --

EXT. DRY SEA BED - WATERFALLS - DAY

Not all the sea water is gone; much of it is still draining, creating waterfalls over the reef.

Jack clambers up a reef, pauses at the top. The others follow. CAMERA RISES UP TO REVEAL --

Before them, carved of the living rock: a huge statue of Neptune, guarding a long dark entrance.

PHILIP

The border of their kingdom.

Jack checks his map, nods. Folds it up, doesn't need it any more. Ragetti steps in front of him --

RAGETTI

There. The Trident. With the three pearls --

PHILIP

You know of them?

PINTEL

Every sailor knows the Pearls of Neptune! Rhysis, pearl that commands the winds. Tyrah, pearl of the tides --

RAGETTI
And Miro, that commands the creatures
of the sea.

Pintel is -- as always -- angry at being interrupted. But
then a thought hits him --

PINTEL
If you had to pick, which would you
rather have?

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

Closer to the entrance. Jack peers in --

SCRUM
There. Look. There! A mermaid! (251)

Before them, a FIGURE, approaching. The pirates lean forward.
Philip is the first to identify her --

PHILIP
Syrena!

Syrena emerges from the darkness. Philip embraces her.

SYRENA
You are all right!

PINTEL
That taint no mermaid. Where be the
fins?

Ragetti shakes his head no in agreement. Syrena turns her
attention to Jack.

SYRENA
The way is dark. I will guide you.
Hurry!

Jack holds back.

JACK
To what do we owe this act of
kindness?

SYRENA
We have a common enemy, do we not?

She disappears into the darkness.

JACK
Can I trust her?

PHILIP
More than she can trust you.

Scrum passes by, already following Syrena.

SCRUM
When is that not true?

INT. CARIBBEAN SEA - CAVERN - DAY

Jack and the others pick their way down, following Syrena, through underwater rocks and barnacle-covered reefs --

INT. DRY SEA BED - CAVERN - DAY

Jack's group comes up on two baby mermaids, suffering, panting in a shaft of sunlight.

JACK
We're close, aren't we?

Syrena places the pair gently into a pool of water, watches them TRANSFORM. They stare up at her, with grateful eyes --

JACK (CONT'D)
Come! Which way?

Syrena scans the cavern.

SYRENA
It looks different in the sunlight --

JACK
Pick.

Syrena points, and Jack hops forward through the bright coral, the others following --

EXT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - TOWER - DAY

WIDE SHOT: looking over the Fort, ships of the British Armada scuttled, strewn about the sea bed like toys. Tiny ants that are British sailors scatter in fear.

Beyond them, line of the sea continues to push out, taking down ships of the fleet.

REVERSE: on Queen Inez, amazed at what lies before her.

QUEEN INEZ
No one has tamed the seas. Ever.
(glances back)
You should bow before me.

Is she serious? The Marquis drops quickly to one knee.

MARQUIS
Magnificent.

QUEEN INEZ

Bow!

Around the chamber, Soldiers drop to their knees. The Sea Widow is the last to lower herself.

SEA WIDOW

Magnificent.

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - OCEAN FLOOR - DAY

CLOSE ON: Admiral Benbow, eyes unfocused, in pain. Joshamee Gibbs pulls him across the sand, away from --

The HMS Bonaventure, the magnificent ship lying on its side.

All around Gibbs, British sailors and soldiers FLEE, from the Bonaventure and other ships that have fallen.

SAILOR

Make for land! The Fort! It's our only hope!

Gibbs looks ahead -- to the distant Fort, on the horizon, miles away.

TAI HUANG

We cannot carry him.

Gibbs glances at Tai Huang, then upwards --

ABOVE HIM, LOOMING, is the vertical wall of water, a towering menace, the seas held back -- but for how long?

TAI HUANG (CONT'D)

You must leave him behind.

GIBBS

Not while I am Captain!

He lifts Benbow. Tai Huang helps, as do several other pirate crewmen.

GIBBS (CONT'D)

To the longboat, there!

A longboat lies imbedded in the sand, throw clear from the ship. They place Benbow inside --

GIBBS (CONT'D)

Now, push!

(beat)

No, no, not that way -- toward the water! That be an order! (260)

Tai Huang and the others look scared -- but help Gibbs push the longboat, slowly, toward the roaring wall --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - REEF CAVES - DAY

Syrena leads the pirates through the dimly-lit cave. Its walls are curved and smooth, one can imagine it was easier to swim this route rather than walk.

Jack suddenly stops, listens. Syrena watches him, knowingly.

SYRENA

You hear it. You've heard it before.

JACK

Aye. Maybe the only sailor ever to hear it, and survive.

He pushes past her. Pintel and Ragetti exchange a glance.

PINTEL

(a note of awe)

The siren song.

SCRUM

Aye, that be his desire.

RAGETTI

Addicted, addicted, addicted to the song, Jack cannot help himself --

PINTEL

Or will he overcome its power, and destroy it?

PHILIP

There is light ahead --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - REEF CAVE - DAY

ON THE FACES of our group: Syrena, Jack, Philip, Scrum, Pintel, Ragetti, the rest of the crew, as they come out into the light --

FOLLOW as they move forward, and emerge from the cave with them, CAMERA SWINGS AROUND and revealed before us is --

THE MERMAID TROVE

Jack stands stock still and stares, for once, speechless.

Not just piles of treasure, mounds of treasure, but mountains of treasure, rising high above their heads, open to the sky. One after another, rolling sand dunes of treasure, backed by the THUNDERING WALL of the VERTICAL OCEAN.

Far above, at the top of one of the golden shining hills, a seagull perches on top of a golden crown, and CAWS. Weird to see blue skies above. (280)

Yes, there are coins, pearls, chalices, jewels, silver plates, chests, paintings, statues, weapons. But it is more than that.

It is also a tomb. Like Egyptian pharaohs, skeletons of a dozen Mermaid Queens are lined up, each adored with necklaces and bracelets and jewels, wealth beyond imagining.

JACK

You gathered the treasure ... to adorn your dead.

Curved high above are the arching rainbow bones of dead sea serpents. These are the dying grounds of those beasts which cannot be killed.⁽²⁸¹⁾

Syrena gazes upon the nearest Mermaid Queen, the grinning corpse-skeleton propped up in a huge shell, surrounded by treasures of the deep.

SYRENA

To honor them.

Scrum cuts in front of her.

SCRUM

We're rich men!

The pirates scream AYE! and swarm forward, DIVE into the treasure, throwing it in the air, swim in it.

Syrena cannot bear to look. Turns away, toward Jack.

JACK

I hear it. Don't you hear it?

PINTEL

Ignore the gold. Go for the jewels!
Quick about it!

Jack climbs the nearest mound, on his hands and knees. Syrena locks eyes with Philip. The pair nod, and pursue Jack. Scrum notices, and follows --

Jack crests a mountain of gold, lets the coins drain through his fingers. Tilts his head, listening --

Elsewhere, Pintel and Ragetti ransack the shells and corpses without heed.

RAGETTI

Now to be virtuous, we will have to avoid extremes. For example, fear on one end, and rashness on the other. So, what is the virtuous mean between the two? Courage.

PINTEL
 Courage. Aye ...

RAGETTI
 But also so is cowardice.

PINTEL
 Cowardice. Huh?

Jack tumbles down a slope of treasure, creating an avalanche of gold. He scrambles toward the farthest tomb in line, the most recent Queen to die.

RAGETTI
 And what is the difference, you ask?

Pintel rips the jewels from ancient, delicate bones; they crumble into dust.

PINTEL
 I didn't, actually --

SALAMAN
 The noble occasion.

RAGETTI
 Aye! Dying to avoid shame is not courage but cowardice. But death in a noble cause, there is virtue.⁽²⁸²⁾

The pirates nod their heads and say 'aaaah' as they dump their treasures into an large sack.

Jack stands before the Tomb of the First Queen. All the more impressive with the backdrop of the VERTICAL WALL OF OCEAN. The Queen is adorned with shining jewels, and holds in her skeletal arm --

The Siren Shell.⁽²⁸³⁾

JACK
 Listen. Listen.

Scrum, Syrena and Philip move in behind him.

Yes, a faint MUSIC emanates from the shell. High voices, melodic, on the edge of hearing. The song the Sea Widow tried to hum to Jack.

The shell is the source of the SIREN SONG.

SYRENA
 Each Queen is laid to rest with the song she sang in life. Some believe --

PHILIP
It offers a path back, should she need
to return.⁽²⁸⁴⁾

Jack steps forward, fingers twitching, mesmerized by the sound. Reaches forward --

JACK
The song the sirens sing ...

Scrum steps up next to Jack -- and PUNCHES him in the side of the head.

SCRUM
Jack!

The spell is broken. Jack regards the shell. With great effort, he stuffs a scarf into the opening. And rips it out of the grip of the skeletal Queen --

He holds the shell in his hands. Trembling.

CUT TO:

EXTREME WIDE ANGLE: the ocean floor, uncovered, encircled by towering walls of water.

Ships of the British fleet, scuttled. Tiny ants that are British sailors scatter, frightened and confused.

PULL BACK to --

EXT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - PARAPET - DAY

Queen Inez, standing beneath an archway, hair blowing in the high wind -- looks out over all she hath wrought.

MARQUIS
The King will be pleased.
(to the Queen)
It is time.

The Sea Widow cuts in front of him.

SEA WIDOW
There are so many.

MARQUIS
It is time. Do not give them hope.
That is cruel.

QUEEN INEZ
We shall not celebrate. A day of
victory, yes, but not revelry. It
shall be said, the Queen found no joy,
there was no mirth as they gazed upon
the slaughter⁽²⁹⁰⁾ --

Queen Inez turns to the sea --

SEA WIDOW

No.

QUEEN INEZ

What?

The Queen turns -- unseen to her, on the other side of the archway, many child-sized skeletons scabble into place, crawling down the wall like spiders.

SEA WIDOW

Please, do hold your moment of fulfillment back, but a while longer.

QUEEN INEZ

For the British to draw close? I think not --

SEA WIDOW

No?

Queen Inez turns back, to see the Sea Widow's skeletons swarm Ramon, scuttling in like cockroaches. He swings his arms, tries to fight them off, but can't. They grab onto his arms, shoulders, legs --

And lift him off his feet. He hangs there, off the precipice, arms splayed, a dark cross silhouetted against the sky.⁽²⁹¹⁾

The Sea Witch holds out her hand.

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - OCEAN FLOOR - DAY

On the ocean floor, the British soldiers climb away from their ships. Staring toward the Fort, fear in their eyes --

From a distance, we see Queen Inez hand over the Trident. But still the Marquis plunges to his death --

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - DAY

Queen Inez screams, backs away from the Sea Widow and her skeleton 'family.'

She keeps backing away, keeps backing away ... into darkness.

EXT. MERMAID TROVE - DAY

Jack moves toward a rock outcropping. Closer to the thundering wall of ocean water. He regards the Siren Shell --

SCRUM

Break it, Jack. Just lift it up, and smash it down!

Jack nods, and raises the Shell. Lowers it.

JACK
But it really is lovely, don't you
think? It's not just me.

SCRUM
Jack. Set yourself free.

Jack and Scrum lock eyes. Scrum nods. Jack nods back. He takes a deep breath. And raises the shell even higher, all the way over his head, set to destroy it --

He tenses to throw it down --

Suddenly, from behind, Syrena kicks the back of his knee. (300)
Jack buckles, and she grabs the Shell --

SCRUM (CONT'D)
What?

Syrena clutches the shell, backs away. Jack whirls, draws his sword. Attacks --

But Philip cuts him off.

PHILIP
(to Syrena)
Go. Run!

Syrena runs. Jack strikes at Philip, driving him backwards.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, Jack, but --

Jack quickly disarms him, yelling a primal yell. Curses and races after Syrena, but now she has a lead --

ON SYRENA, as she runs with the shell --

ON JACK, as he chases, but the treasure beneath him is like running in quicksand. He looks up, sees --

Syrena races toward the ocean wall.

Jack's eyes widen. He redoubles his effort. Catches up to her. Reaches --

SYRENA DIVES STRAIGHT INTO THE VERTICAL WALL --

INT. CARIBBEAN SEA - UNDERWATER - DAY

-- as Syrena slams through the barrier, like a diver cutting down through the surface of the water, except this dive is horizontal. Bubbles and foam --

SYRENA TRANSFORMS into a MERMAID as she is immersed in the water. Holding the shell, gets her bearings, and turns --

To see Jack Sparrow SLAM into the water as well. Underwater, holding his breath, he grabs onto her leg, hangs on as it TRANSFORMS into a fin -- she gives a mighty flip --

Jack floats free, disoriented, is suddenly pulled backwards, across the threshold --

INT. DRY SEA BED - MERMAID TROVE - DAY

Scrum has pulled Jack out, past the vertical wall. Jack, soaking wet, stands, and stares.

Before him, Syrena swims up to the barrier, and returns his gaze. Apologetic -- but defiant.

Man and Mermaid. Each in their own element.⁽³⁰¹⁾

Eye contact. Anger. Defiance. Pleading. Denial. Respect. Then -- suddenly -- she races away, and Jack gives out a scream --

ELSEWHERE, Ezekiel glances up at the canyon of water that surrounds them.

EZEKIEL
That's enough for me, boys. I'm
choosing the virtuous mean between
alive -- and dead!

He slings a bag over his shoulder, races off.

Pintel and Ragetti and the other crew members nod. Chests are closed, bags lifted onto their backs. In a hurry, they hike out of there --

RAGETTI
What about Jack?

PINTEL
Sorry -- too rich to care!

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - OCEAN FLOOR - DAY

Carrying the longboat, Gibbs and Tai Huang arrive at the wall of water. Tai Huang stares at the impossible sight --

Gibbs leaps into the boat. He lays the injured Benbow on the floor, wraps a rope around him. Quickly ties Benbow to the plank seats.

The other pirates stare as Gibbs hops out.

GIBBS
Flip it over. Yes, OVER! Upside down!
Gently, Gently!

The crew lift the boat and turn it over. Underneath, Gibbs checks the knots, pulling them tight.

GIBBS (CONT'D)
Admiral Benbow, sir. If this doesn't work ... you can blame Jack Sparrow.

Gibbs stands, takes his place at the front of the boat.

GIBBS (CONT'D)
Full speed, fast as you can, and then hang on.

Tai Huang realizes his plan.

TAI HUANG
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no ...

The other Pirates figure out the plan ...

PIRATES
No, no, no, no ...

Gibbs grins, joins in.

GIBBS
No! No! No! No! No! Nooooooooo!

They race forward, headed for the wall, picking up speed --

ALL
NOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

The boat HITS THE WATER, BREAKING THROUGH --

INT. CARIBBEAN SEA - UNDERWATER - DAY

BUBBLES and FOAM as the boat PLUNGES into the depths, Gibbs, Tai Huang and the others hanging on for dear life --

The boat -- upside down, filled with air, starts to rise --

INT. UNDERWATER - LONGBOAT - DAY

Heads break the surface, breath the air bubble beneath the hull, as the boat continues to rise₍₃₀₅₎ --

GIBBS
Yes! YES!

TAI HUANG
YES YES YES!

EXT. UNDERWATER - DRY SEA BED - DAY

A BRITISH SOLDIER on the ocean floor turns and looks, sees the longboat through the waters, climbing upwards, spinning.

It comes close to the 'edge' of the water as it turns, someone's leg actually sticks out briefly --

INT. UNDERWATER - LONGBOAT - DAY

The pirates hang on --

GIBBS
Keep it level! Keep it level!

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DAY

The longboat BREAKS THE SURFACE, and bobs like a cork.

GIBBS
Well done, mates! Away from the edge,
now, and flip her over!

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - UNDERWATER - DAY

Past a wavering SHEEN OF WATER is Fort San Cristobal, high in the sky above.

Swimming past us is Syrena, in her mermaid form. She BREAKS THE WALL OF WATER out onto the sea bed -- we remain 'underwater' looking out to the other side, where Syrena's wavering form TRANSFORMS into human.

She has come out near a sunken, wrecked fishing boat. She finds a tattered flag, wraps it around herself for modesty --

EXT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - ROCKS - DAY

The rocks are eerily silent. No waves crash against the base of the stone walls. Syrena, carrying the Shell of the Siren Song, climbs up onto the rocks.

SYRENA
Hello?

She waits. No response. Syrena turns, holds up the shell.

SYRENA (CONT'D)
I have done as you bid. Where are you?

Syrena stares up at the towering Fort. Nothing but silence.

SYRENA (CONT'D)
Now we trade. As was your promise.

But the rocks are silent. Syrena's gaze falls upon the Shell.

SYRENA (CONT'D)
Though ... it is beautiful.

She cannot help but listen. That faint, lovely melody.

SYRENA (CONT'D)

Beautiful.

CLOSE ON: Syrena, as she gazes into the shell. CLATTERING SOUNDS of movement around her -- she doesn't notice --

Finally she lifts her head --

-- and a small SKELETON FACE is RIGHT THERE. Syrena jumps backwards, toward the tower wall --

Syrena is surrounded by the eerie, child-sized skeletons, dozens of them, standing still and swaying slightly, their dark eye sockets staring.

Syrena SCREAMS --

TILT UP, and RACE ALONG the towering walls above her --

EXT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - PARAPET - DAY

-- to where the Sea Widow stares down, grinning.

Far below, on the rocks, her 'children' swarm Syrena, and take the Shell.

With deliberate malice, the Sea Widow slowly twists the Trident, turning it up upside-down --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DAY

THE TOWERING WALLS OF WATER GIVE WAY --

Not suddenly. The scale is so vast, the waters fall with the slow-moving majesty of an avalanche --

EXT. DRY SEA BED - DAY

Jack and his crew race along the sand, cave entrance behind them. The first indication of danger, the constant ROAR of the water shifts to a RUMBLING THUNDER --

All turn to gape, as the tops of the water walls topple. Pintel crosses himself, Ragetti is the first to run --

JACK

Like your lives depend on it!

The race is on --

EXT. SAN DOMINGO - RIDGE - DAY

Barbossa, climbing, crests a ridge. Below in the distance is Fort San Cristobal. But a distant noise causes him to turn -- and watch in horror --

The tsunami hits the north side of the island. Waves like moving hills overwhelm the beach. Small huts along the beach are ripped from the ground, carried along. Palm trees bend over like blades of grass⁽³²⁰⁾ --

EXT. GEORGETOWN - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A ghost town. Still, Marty goes door-to-door, making sure all is clear --

MARTY
Anyone there? Anyone? Evacuate! Move
to higher ground! Anyone --

He hears the distant ROAR, becoming LOUDER. Marty realizes he needs to take his own advice --

The town square features a tall flagpole. Marty pulls on the ropes, tugs down the flag quickly. Tosses the flag, snaps the line to his pants.

Pulling quickly, grunting with the effort, working hand-over-hand, Marty raises himself up the flagpole⁽³²¹⁾ --

Below him, the water moves in, filled with debris --

EXT. DRY SEA BED - DAY

Behind them, Jack can see the tsunami, thundering along the dry sea bed.

Ahead of them: the *Cuttlefish*, stuck like a treehouse high in the coral --

Crew members climb, scramble up the coral, fast as they can, Jack among them. Pintel and Ragetti struggle with a trunk -- but have to let it go, it drops --

-- hits the ocean floor, spilling out sparkling jewels --

-- as the sea water hits, SLAMS past beneath them, but RISING quickly --

A section of the coral tree snaps away -- Philip falls, fights to keep his balance --

Jack grabs him by the hand. Helps him up, where more hands pull Philip into the *Cuttlefish* --

JACK
Hang on! Don't let --

And the MAIN WAVE HITS, the *Cuttlefish* is ripped from its perch, tossed like a cork --

The skiff spins, pirates hang on, but Jack is thrown free --

JACK (CONT'D)

-- go-o-o-o-o-o-o ...

EXT. SAN DOMINGO - RIDGE - DAY

Barbossa watches as to the south, the buildings of Georgetown are swept away --

He turns to the north, where the majority of British soldiers make a final scramble for the rocks and high ground of the Fort -- the waters overtake them --

DISTANT SCREAMS as Barbossa stares, the approaching waters reflected in his eyes ... his head turns away slowly, but he forces his eyes to stay focused on the carnage --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - NIGHT

An eerie, low-hanging mist hugs the water.

Jack swims. On the upswell, Jack rises up to get his bearings. Nothing but darkness, all around.

Jack treads water, surrounded by fog. Lost at sea. He curses, picks a direction. Swims blindly --

LATER, Jack grimly swims on. Breathing hard. Force of will alone. Weary.

JACK

Gods, I've never asked ... for much of anything ... as I was pretty certain you'd answer no.⁽³³⁰⁾

(eyes upwards)

But I promise ... if you get me out of this ... I will be forever content with your usual state ... of benign neglect.

LATER, Jack's eyes are wild. But he keeps going. Jack begins to hallucinate. Looks over, notices Barbossa swimming alongside him.

BARBOSSA

You're off the edge of the map, Jack. Here there be monsters!⁽³³¹⁾

Barbossa laughs, until the moonlight hits him, and he TRANSFORMS to a skeleton, SINKS down into the depths --

Jack shakes off the vision, continues on.

He swims into a huge British Flag, becomes tangled in it. In his struggles, he comes face-to-face with CUTLER BECKETT --

BECKETT

Currency is the currency of the realm.

Beckett laughs, crabs emerging from his bloated corpse, and Jack pushes away, frees himself, and swims on.

Ahead, he spies a longboat bearing Commodore Norrington, beckoning to him.

JACK

Jack! Over here!

(beat)

A short drop and a sudden stop!

And then he raises a pistol⁽³³²⁾, and FIRES; his boat shoots backward impossibly fast, in a dreamlike, uncanny fashion, out of reach.⁽³³³⁾

Still Jack swims on, more slowly. He cannot last forever --

Ahead, a bizarre image: The Queen's royal chair, floating high in the water. Viewed from behind. Music plays, a string instrument, the chair turns, revealing --

Captain Teague sits comfortably. Strumming a song.⁽³³⁴⁾

TEAGUE

My advice to you, Jackie. Don't die.

Jack is listless, unmoving in the water.

JACK

Don't die.

TEAGUE

Don't be lost at sea. Or the hag will have your bones.

Jack struggles a little.

TEAGUE (CONT'D)

Good. Good, Jackie. This be not your fate, to die here. Keep going.

Jack musters his energy, continues swimming --

TEAGUE (CONT'D)

You can live forever, Jackie. You and me both. We will sail beyond the sunset. You and me. Together.⁽³³⁵⁾

Jack smiles at the thought. Looks over, but Teague is gone. In his place, Scrum sits in a longboat, a horn at his lips, playing a mournful tune. Weirdly, two goats sit in the craft as well. A crossbow is visible.⁽³³⁶⁾

Scrum lowers the instrument, speaks as if telling a tale:

SCRUM

And so Jack swam on. Some say that his
will be so strong --

(watches Jack swim
past)

-- Neptune himself took note, and be
moved to pity, and so granted a boon,
unforseen, to one Captain Jack
Sparrow.

Scrum's longboat is quickly embraced by the mist.

Jack stops swimming, treads water -- raises his head, as if
he heard something. Listens hard. Turns --

A wind rises, and the mist breaks up, grey tatters streaming
past, revealing black sky and stars above, and in the
distance, at full sail --

Salvation ...

THE BLACK PEARL!

Is this a dream, too? Is it possible?

Jack grins, laughs. The Black Pearl never looked so glorious.
He waves his arms --

JACK

Someone throw a rope!

A rope splashes into the water -- Jack swims --

EXT. BLACK PEARL - RAIL - NIGHT

Jack pulls himself up, walking horizontal along the hull,
rising out of the soupy mist below --

EXT. BLACK PEARL - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Jack clambers over the rail. Strides up the steps to the
ship's wheel. Touches it, then grips it hard, making certain
that it is real.

He smiles. Looks around. Takes in this good feeling, back
aboard his beloved Black Pearl --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - NIGHT

EXTREME WIDE ANGLE: the Black Pearl, at full sail, seeming to
fly in the sky on a bed of fog. Is Jack flying up to the
heavens?⁽³³⁷⁾

Jack's features become slightly troubled.

JACK

Sails are full. Who set them?

The rigging adjusts itself slightly. Ropes tighten themselves, ever-so-subtly.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Who is doing that?
 (realization)
 Who threw me the rope?

Suddenly, the wheel of the ship twists out of his hands. The ship turns, and Jack is thrown from his feet --

Around Jack, the ropes, the rigging come to life, moving of their own accord -- a bed of writhing snakes --

The ropes entwine Jack, slamming him forward into ship's wheel, then into the air, swinging him toward the bow, the ropes handing him off to one another, a reluctant trapeze artist --

EXT. BLACK PEARL - BOW - DAY

Jack flies over the bow, plummets down, reaches the end of his rope and bounces, is pulled upwards --

Jack is bound to the prow of the *Black Pearl*, into the arms of the figurehead, his arms spread wide, echoing the image of the Savior on the Cross.

Slowly, creaking, the *Black Pearl* turns and comes about. Jack lifts his head, and before him --

The mist parts --

Straight ahead, coming into the crosshairs of their new heading, is Fort San Cristobal. If we didn't get it before, we know now, the ship is controlled by the Sea Widow, and is ferrying Jack directly to her.

Jack's salvation has become his demise ...

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: the Siren Shell. The Sea Widow pulls out the wet scarf.

Lifts it to her ear.

A song, a haunting melody, the Song of the Sirens, whispers in her ear.

The Sea Widow smiles ... then SLAMS the shell down, breaking the shell in half --

She gets down on her hands and knees, SNIFFING LOUDLY, then breathes in the last few notes of the melody, eyes spinning --

EXT. BLACK PEARL - MAIN DECK - DAY

Below, the *Black Pearl* spins in the churning sea, dangerously close to the reefs --

At the bow, Jack frees himself from his suddenly-loosened bonds. He races onto the deck, pulls lines, sets sails --

JACK
All hands, stand by the t'gallant
halyards! Smart now! Mind the reef!
Mind the --

The ship LURCHES beneath him as it runs aground, lies at a tilt, wedged between rocks and wall of the Fort.

Jack gets to his feet. Murder in his eyes --

JACK (CONT'D)
God -- one other thing, if I may.
Grant me vengeance --

Jack cuts himself off. Stands suddenly still.

SINGING, coming down from above. Haunting. Otherworldly. Compelling.

Jack spins, searching. His eyes drift upwards --

ANGLE, HIGH ABOVE: a female FIGURE stands on a high balcony, arms outstretched, source of the singing.

Jack scrambles to the main mast, starts to climb --

EXT. BLACK PEARL - CROW'S NEST - DAY

Jack comes to the crows nest, listening, mesmerized. He climbs above it, clinging to the very top of the mast. He reaches toward the song --

Then Jack steps out into thin air --

Beneath Jack, a ROPE unwinds and stretches out, supporting Jack's foot. Jack keeps walking, and the rope rolls up toward it, catching each step.

It looks like Jack Sparrow is walking on air.

ABOVE, the SINGING suddenly STOPS. Jack, desperate, races forward, the rope barely keeping up --

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - NIGHT

Jack tumbles into a parapet. Stands, listens. Hears the SINGING, as if from far away.

Jack moves forward --

But Spanish Soldiers still defend the Fort. They step into his path. Jack cuts straight through them --

So begins Jack's assault on the Fort, on this way to the tower. IN THE HALL, five SOLDIERS, no problem. ON THE STAIRS, three more SOLDIERS, no problem, no hesitation. Jack mows them down, spinning and turning --

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

WITH JACK, as he races up the stairs, and bursts into --

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - CHAMBER - NIGHT

Jack scans the room, sees:

The lovely Nadirah. The figure on the balcony. Singing, backed by the rising moon. She turns --

NADIRAH

Finally. You came. I never thought I would see you again.

Jack drifts forward, as if in a dream --

NADIRAH (CONT'D)

I waited for you. Lost at sea, they said. But I didn't believe them. And here you are.

(beat)

Come to me.

Jack steps forward -- he cannot resist -- and she melts into his arms.

They kiss.

They kiss, long and hard. The embrace tightens. And as the kiss continues, Nadirah TRANSFORMS. Her height shrinks. Her skin sags. Her hair turns white ... (340)

Nadirah is the Sea Widow.

Jack breaks this unholy kiss, backs away -- and stares at the hideous sight before him. Her crazy eyes, wrinkled face, white hair, missing teeth, the rotting skin.

The Sea Widow smiles prettily, happy and flushed as any maiden.

SEA WIDOW

Oh, Jack, don't worry. I know you are not my beloved. I am not that far gone.

(beat)

But you will die like him. Yes?

JACK

As you wish. (341)

SEA WIDOW

See? Now that I've sung the song, you haven't the will to resist me. Come. A kiss goodbye. You don't mind, do you?

JACK

Oh, please. You're a looker. I bet you could charge for it.

SEA WIDOW

(beat)

And I will close my eyes, and pretend.

Jack smiles, moves in and kisses her again, despite her hideous form.

The pair begin to waltz, in a large circle around the room, music of the Sirens filling the room now, the crashing waves below and accompaniment. As they dance they spin, and the Sea Widow TRANSFORMS into Nadirah --

NADIRAH

My poor beloved. His ship, burned by pirates --

Another spin, back to the Sea Widow, another spin and -- most distressing of all -- Jack is dancing with little Cora --

CORA

-- and he was set adrift in a longboat, no food or water --

She smiles, another spin, back to the Sea Widow --

SEA WIDOW

-- with our children. And they starved first. Do you understand, Jack? They starved first. He couldn't resist ...

She buries her face in his shoulder. Jack moves in close, faces her away, holds her from behind, they sway as she transforms again --

NADIRAH

And then he took his life. As will you.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR, a familiar shadow. Hector Barbossa. He listens, hears --

NADIRAH (CONT'D)

Did you bring the sword I gave you?
The sword destined to kill you.

JACK
Aye. Have it right here.

They spin, and suddenly Barbossa is before them.

BARBOSSA
Step away from, Jack. Or you're never
to look once more upon the virgin
sunrise, I swear.

Barbossa draws his sword. Jack pulls his sword -- with
difficulty -- and steps in front of the Sea Widow, to defend
her.

JACK
No.

Cora claps her hands, delighted at being fought over.

CORA
Yes, Jack -- defend me!

Barbossa looks past Jack. Cora has transformed to Nadirah.

BARBOSSA
I am in a tumult of many passions,
horse panting, heart pounding. Stand
aside!

Barbossa attacks, Jack defends.

BARBOSSA (CONT'D)
You should ken -- something of the lie
of it -- before lifting iron against
me. She took the love of my life.

Jack can only shake his head.

BARBOSSA (CONT'D)
Why, Jack?

JACK
Beauty beyond measure.

He may be talking about the song, but Barbossa glances at the
Sea Widow, a bit incredulous.

BARBOSSA
You'll not speak of her like that --

Jack sees the opening, attacks -- Barbossa parries, they both
lose their sword at the same time!

A scramble; Barbossa ends up with Jack's sword, and Jack with
Barbossa's sword.

Jack looks worried. Barbossa doesn't realize the significance of this, but Jack does. The sword that is destined to kill him is in the hands of his enemy --

Jack's sword suddenly propels Barbossa forward. He attacks, driving Jack backwards to an open archway --

BARBOSSA (CONT'D)

Hah-HAH!

INT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - COURTYARD - NIGHT

Jack defends as best he can, with Barbossa newly invigorated by the sword.

Jack defends, falls, and in desperation -- disarms Barbossa, the sword flying upwards, but also loses Barbossa's sword in the process. Barbossa pounces on his own sword, and turns --

Jack stares upwards.

JACK

Listen, my friend. This man is about to kill me --

BARBOSSA

What are you doing?

JACK

Talking to my sword. As I was saying, I am about to die --

(above, the sword
shimmies)

Ah, you like that, don't you? But. Consider. If you don't lend a hand, he will kill me ...

Barbossa takes this as an invitation to move forward --

JACK (CONT'D)

-- and then you won't be able to fulfill your destiny.

With a THUMP! the sword suddenly IMPALES into the floor in front of Barbossa. Jack sweeps it up --

Jack drives Barbossa back, trips him; he falls onto the floor. Jack swings his sword, knocks out Barbossa.

JACK (CONT'D)

You'll thank me later.

(he stands)

I saved you from a fate worse than death. And death.

Jack cocks his head. Follows the sound of the Song toward the tower rooftop --

EXT. SAN CRISTOBAL - TOWER - NIGHT

Jack arrives and sees:

The Sea Widow stands on the edge of the tower. She holds the Trident ... surrounded by her skeleton children. She is terrible and beautiful on the parapet, wind howling around her. Singing --

And the SOUND of the wind entwines with the SOUND of her voice, and they are one. Softly she finishes the melody, her voice otherworldly.

SEA WIDOW
Now, Jack. The sword. You will take
your life --

JACK
And be silenced forever.

Jack unsheathes his sword --

SEA WIDOW
What?

JACK
That is what you wish, is it not? To
silence me. Forever. The dead tell no
tales, they say.

SEA WIDOW
You have no tale to tell.

JACK
All fair and above board, I alone know
the truth, for it was I that found
you. Adrift. Alone.
(beat)
See? You have the power to silence me,
and you do not. Part of you knows.

Jack steps toward her. Into the swaying grass of the skeleton children -- truly macabre.

JACK (CONT'D)
There was never a husband. You were
never a widow. It was you in the
longboat. It was you who consumed your
own children.

SEA WIDOW
No. That's not how it happened. I am
the Sea Widow.

Jack nods.

JACK
Have it your way. Oh!

Jack pulls an item from his pocket -- glowing. Unfolds his fingers. In his palm, *Miro*, the Pearl given to him by the Mermaid Empress.

JACK (CONT'D)
Before I set your husband adrift, he gave me this.

SEA WIDOW
What? He did?⁽³⁵⁰⁾

JACK
Aye. To give to you.

Jack holds it forth.⁽³⁵¹⁾

JACK (CONT'D)
He did. Take it.

The Sea Widow approaches, gazes at the Pearl.

SEA WIDOW
For me.

She takes it -- adds it to the Trident. Because the third tine is broken, this Pearl simply floats in the air, parallel to the others, where it would hang if the tine were present.

SEA WIDOW (CONT'D)
Miro, which commands the creatures of the sea.

JACK
And now, all the creatures of the sea can find you.

The Sea Widow nods -- then the pupils in her eyes swing over to Jack as she realizes her error.

SEA WIDOW
No --

Her pupils swing the other way as she looks down at her right hand. The hand with the Black Spot. Just like Cora.

And when she raises her head to look at Jack, she has transformed to Cora.

CORA
Jack, no!

She hears a ROAR, turns to look -- and as she turns, she has transformed to Nadirah --

NADIRAH

No --

EXT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - NIGHT

WIDE SHOT: three large SEA SERPENTS are wrapped around the tower, snaking their way to the top. A classic image, iconic, from a Tarot card deck, sea beasts and tower --

SEA WIDOW

I command you -- creatures of the sea,
I command --

But below, the TAIL of the final serpent LEAVES THE WATER, no longer a creature of the sea --

Another Serpent CRASHES into the tower, and SNAKES INTO IT, its head appearing again as it CRASHES OUT --

ABOVE, the Sea Widow drops the Trident. It falls --

EXT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - ROCKS - NIGHT

The Trident slams against the rocks --

-- where Philip clings to the stones, with several other Pirates. He gets to his feet and watches as --

The Trident sinks into the water --

EXT. SAN CRISTOBAL - TOWER - NIGHT

The Sea Widow backs away from the edge. Opposite her, one of the Serpents raises its head, bares its teeth in a grin.

JACK

Widow!

The Sea Widow looks to Jack. Their eyes connect.

JACK (CONT'D)

You go to join them. The children you
so loved.

The Sea Widow relaxes, and for the first time, each of her pupils is in a separate eye, and she looks like a normal old lady, sad ... but at peace.

She smiles --

As one of the Sea Serpents strikes -- and DEVOURS her. It lifts its head, wagging it back and forth --

INT. SAN CRISTOBAL - STAIRS - NIGHT

Jack races down the stairs as the force of the Serpents cause the tower walls to crumble--

EXT. SAN CRISTOBAL - TOWER - NIGHT

Two of the Serpents slither away. As a final insult, the last serpent squeezes, and the tower crumbles, and falls --

EXT. FORT SAN CRISTOBAL - BEACH - NIGHT

On the beach, Queen Inez turns, to see the tower crumble. She turns away, fleeing the Fort, a long line in the sand as she drags her Throne Chair with her, labouring hard.

GIBBS (O.S.)

Excuse me.

She looks up --

Admiral Benbow -- head wrapped in a bandage -- and Joshamee Gibbs stand before her. Backed by other British Navy men who survived the ambush.

GIBBS (CONT'D)

Let me help you with that, ma'am.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAN DOMINGO - SHORE - MORNING

Syrena sits in the classic pose, mermaid with legs curled on the stone, gazing out to sea --(360)

Waves crash, phosphorescent in the glow of the coming dawn. She notices as a FIGURE approaches --

Philip. He holds forth the Trident.

Syrena catches her breath. Looks at it in wonder, tears welling in her eyes.

SYRENA

How can you give me this?

PHILIP

How could I not?

(smiles)

I thought you'd be happier.

SYRENA

Do you not desire me? You could have left it, or thrown it away.

PHILIP

Desire cannot take the place of love.

She takes the Trident. The pearls glow like the moon, casting light upon her face, and into her eyes.

SYRENA

So that is love. You would send me away.

PHILIP

No.

SYRENA

Do not ask me to stay! How much can one change for love, before the love become false?⁽³⁶¹⁾

PHILIP

Not a lot. You will return it to the Sea Father, as you must. And earn the forgiveness of your people. And I will love you for it. You must go.

SYRENA

To the icy depths. To forget.

She turns away --

PHILIP

No! Syrena --

He grabs her, and KISSES HER, a passionate kiss, they melt into one another, bathed in moonlight.

The SOUND as a WAVE HITS, CRASHING HARD, bringing seawater sweeping around their legs. They break their kiss --

PHILIP (CONT'D)

You will REMEMBER.

She smiles, wanting to believe. Backs away from him, the sea rises up around her --

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

ANGLE - UPWARDS, toward Philip, wavering in the moonlight, as Syrena turns, completes her TRANSFORMATION into a mermaid. She swims downward --

FOLLOW Syrena as the seawaters DARKEN around her. Several silver fish join her, dancing.

FOLLOW as the surface recedes behind her, and darkness closes in. Still she swims downward, lit now by only the pearls --

FOLLOW as she comes ever closer, all dark now, except for her mermaid eyes, glowing with the light of the pearls --

Finally PUSH CLOSE to a single eye --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT - LATER

ON PHILIP, eyes opening, as if Syrena has just left his arms. In place of the single eye, he stands next to the bright light of a LIGHTHOUSE, stares out at the waters. Searching.

Waiting.⁽³⁷⁰⁾

EXT. SHORELINE - LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

A BEAM OF LIGHT from the lighthouse cuts through the night, sweeping over the darkened sea ...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BLACK PEARL - MAIN DECK - SUNSET

Barbossa at the rail; he too, stares out to sea, his eyes seeing things far away.

JACK

Brace up, sailor!

BARBOSSA

Jack, you saw me in a sorry plight, besotted with dreams of love. That's past praying for, you saved me, and I'll say I'm grateful. Yet here I be, alone, and not a penny the better for my pains.

JACK

No? With two good feet, standing on the deck of the Pearl ... my trusted First Mate?⁽³⁷¹⁾

Barbossa looks up, startled.

BARBOSSA

First Mate, says you.

Jack is backed by Pintel, Ragetti, Scrum, Salaman, Cabin Boy, Ezekiel, the rest of the crew.

JACK

Like old times.

There is a SCREECH --

Suddenly JACK THE MONKEY appears, swinging toward Barbossa on the end of a rope; races along the railing to Barbossa, and onto his shoulder.

Barbossa smiles -- and salutes.

BARBOSSA

Aye ... Captain!

EXT. BLACK PEARL - QUARTERDECK - SUNSET

Jack commands from the ship's wheel. Scrum a few paces back. Barbossa steps up next to Jack.

BARBOSSA (CONT'D)
What of you, Jack? Freed of the siren
call, what be your heading?

ON JACK, as he gazes ahead, out to sea.

JACK
It's still there, mate. Can't you hear
it? It's just farther off.

Barbossa and Scrum tilt their heads, strain to listen. Only the sound of the wind and the waves.⁽³⁷²⁾

But Jack is smiling -- he hears something.

JACK (CONT'D)
Mates, we live forever, if we live a
day. Today, we sail beyond the sunset.

PULL BACK ON: the Black Pearl, as it majestically sails
forth, AWAY FROM CAMERA --

EXT. GULF OF MEXICO - BLACK PEARL - SUNSET

In the distance, the Black Pearl is a silhouette, on the edge
of the golden sea, travelling into the setting sun.

By a trick of the atmosphere, or the billowing clouds, the
Black Pearl seems to slip behind the fiery wavering orb, just
as we ...

FADE OUT

THE END

CREDITS ROLL

POST CREDITS

INT. BLACK PEARL - CARGO HOLD - NIGHT

A match FLARES to life, small hands light a candle. Jack the
Monkey, who warms his hands at the flame.

A FACE leans forward, revealed in the candlelight: Barbossa.

BARBOSSA
The topic is mutiny, gentlemen. Mutiny
most foul. And this time -- we take
his life as well.

Murmurs of agreement from assembled CREW MEMBERS, shadowy figures, we don't know exactly who is there. (373)

A dragging sound. Jack the Monkey returns into the light of the candle, pulling something behind him:

Jack Sparrow's sword. Destined to kill him.

Barbossa lifts the sword, regards it. Barbossa's eyes glitter in the flames. He turns his head, now staring nearly straight INTO CAMERA --

BARBOSSA (CONT'D)

So. Who be with me?

CUT TO BLACK