Pirates of the Caribbean
ON STRANGER TIDES

Screenplay by
Ted Elliott & Terry Rossio

Based on the novel
ON STRANGER TIDES
by Tim Powers

FINAL WHITE  06/09/10
BLUE       06/16/10
PINK       06/22/10
YELLOW     07/06/10
GREEN      07/27/10
GOLDENROD  08/10/10
BUFF       08/24/10
SALMON     08/25/10
CHERRY     08/27/10
TAN        09/03/10
GRAY       09/15/10
2nd BLUE   09/20/10
2nd PINK   09/21/10
2nd YELLOW 09/23/10
2nd GREEN  10/06/10
2nd GOLDENROD 10/07/10
2nd BUFF   10/18/10
2nd SALMON 10/26/10
2nd CHERRY 11/01/10

Property of:
Jerry Bruckheimer Films
1631 10th St.
Santa Monica, CA  90404
FADE IN

A1  EXT. OCEAN - EVENING

Dark waters barely lit just past sunset. ROPES of a fishing net disappear into the forbidding depths. We hear the CRANK of a winch as it turns. On the bow of his ship, a Spanish FISHERMAN pulls his net up out of the sea.

Slowly, deep underwater, the DIM OUTLINE of a SHAPE appears, caught in the net.

CREE-YAK, CREE-YAK, the winch turns. The shape resolves into a DEAD BODY; it grows more clear as it rises closer ...

The body breaks the surface, along with seaweed and flapping fish; it is an ANCIENT SAILOR. The Fisherman cries out --

    FISHERMAN
    Capitán! Capitán!

The net spills onto the deck. Quickly the CAPTAIN is there. At exactly the same time they make the sign of the cross.

The Captain leans close. One arm across the sailor’s chest still clutches a wide, thin book. The Captain reaches --

SUDDENLY the Sailor’s EYES OPEN; he GRABS the Captain’s arm --

A2  OMITTED

2  EXT. SPAIN - CASTLE GATES - NIGHT

A gold-trimmed carriage RACES over cobblestones. -- up from a harbor seen in the distance below. It arrives at a Spanish castle, silhouetted against the night sky --

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE:

    CADIZ, SPAIN

Gates open just in time for the carriage to race past --

3  INT. PALACE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

DOORS BURST OPEN. The Fisherman and Captain enter, using a sail as makeshift litter, carrying the ancient Sailor. Unkempt beard, the tattered clothes of a castaway; shivering, at death’s door. He still clutches the book to his chest --

FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION, hurrying across the floor, is KING FERDINAND. Young, dashing, the arrogance of authority.

The Sailor is lowered to the floor as the King arrives --
CAPTAIN
Caught him up in a fishing net. A fishing net --

FISHERMAN
He’s been telling stories. Stories about --

CAPTAIN
Your Majesty, we believe he’s found --

Ferdinand holds up a hand that they should be silent. The Sailor opens his eyes. Struggles, then words come, faint --

SAILOR
Ponce de Leon.

Ferdinand is amazed. He glances back --

Joining the group is a darkly-tanned man. Experience in his eyes. He will be known only as THE SPANIARD.

The King gently removes the book. It’s a ship’s log.

CAPTAIN
Says he found Ponce de Leon’s ship --

FISHERMAN
Or, sailed on it --

CAPTAIN
No, I told you, Ponce de Leon died two hundred years ago --

FISHERMAN
Aye, but he died searching for something, didn’t he?

Ferdinand stares at a page. Amid the hand-written entry is an archaic symbol drawn in ink.

KING FERDINAND
The Fountain of Youth.

He glances down at the Sailor -- who now lies motionless.

KING FERDINAND (CONT’D)
How soon can you sail?

SPANIARD
With the tide.

FADE UP: TITLE CARD

Pirates of the Caribbean
ON STRANGER TIDES
EXT. LONDON - STREET - DAY

Londontown under grey skies. An ENGLISH GIRL races forward --

GIRL
Hurry, papa! Or we’ll miss the hanging!

The elegantly-dressed FATHER follows.

FATHER
It’s not a hanging, dear, it’s a trial. The hanging comes this afternoon.

GIRL
But they’ve caught a pirate! A real pirate! I want to see!

She tugs her father’s arm. Beyond them, down the lane, is the OLD BAILEY courthouse. Crowds of curious SWARM toward it --

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE:

LONDON, ENGLAND

INT. OLD BAILEY - CORRIDOR - DAY

A PRISONER is SLAMMED into the wall by a JAILOR. Dressed as a pirate. Manacled at his ankles and wrists, a black cloth bag over his head.

JAILOR
Move along, pirate. Or should I say -- 'Captain Pirate?' Hah!

INT. OLD BAILEY - COURTROOM - DAY

As they enter, BOOS, HISSES and INSULTS rise to a ROAR. The place is packed to the gills, standing room only.

The Prisoner is shoved into the dock.

BAILIFF
Now appearing before the court, the notorious and infamous pirate, brigand, pillager, and highwayman, Captain Jack Sparrow!

The sack is pulled off the Prisoner's head, revealing: not Jack Sparrow. It's JOSHALEE GIBBS.

GIBBS
I told you -- the name is Gibbs! Joshamee Gibbs! How many times --
SHOUTS from the crowd. An OFFICIAL whispers into the ear of the Bailiff, who nods. A bundle of currency exchanges hands.

BAILIFF
Hear ye hear ye! Commencing now the sessions of the peace, and oyer and terminer! Presiding now over these trials, the highly esteemed magistrate of South York, all rise and attend for the right honorable Justice Smith!

A7 ANGLE - BEHIND THE POWDERED WIG OF JUDGE SMITH

FOLLOW the white wig down a corridor, through a side door, and into the courtroom --

He holds up his gavel, gives it a shake, drawing more CHEERS and FOOT-STOMPING. He has a habit of holding a lace hanky in front of his mouth, which he's currently doing --

-- until he drops it for a brief moment, flashing a smile that includes familiar gold teeth. The judge is --

CAPTAIN JACK SPARROW.

JACK
All this -- for me?

Jack gestures for everyone to sit, sit, sit, please sit, as he takes his seat.

JACK (CONT'D)
All right, what do we have here?

GIBBS (recognizes him)

Jack --

The Jailor clubs Gibbs with a billy. Jack calls him off.

JACK
Fft fft fft -- not necessary. You were saying?

GIBBS
Jack ... Sparrow is not my name. My name is Joshamee Gibbs.

JACK
Is that so? It says Jack Sparrow here.

GIBBS
I told 'em, I'm not Jack Sparrow, I was looking for Jack Sparrow. Who I would be happy to identify to the court, if it would help my case.
JACK
I think that would be a poor defense. Unless you want to be bludgeoned like a harp seal.
(to the jury)
The prisoner claims to be innocent of being Jack Sparrow. How do you find?

FOREMAN
(shocked)
No trial? But --

JACK
Foreman! Your finding! Guilty?

FOREMAN
Guilty verdict means he’ll hang . . .

Yes?

The crowd screams for blood. Hang ‘em, string ‘em up.

FOREMAN
Guilty?

Yes! The crowd loves it.

GIBBS
That's not fair!

JACK
Shut it! You have been found guilty, and so are sentenced to hang by the tongue until dead.
(slams his gavel)
Neck. I meant to say, neck.

The courtroom STOMPS and CHEERS. Jack listens --

JACK (CONT'D)
What say ye? What? What is that? (he looks astonished)
You wish me to spare this wretched man’s life?

No, they don’t want that! "Kill him!" "Hang the scum!" Etc.

JACK (CONT'D)
Give the people what they want.
JACK (CONT'D)

Joshamee Gibbs. The crime of which you have been found guilty is of being innocent of being Jack Sparrow. I hereby commute your sentence --

(Gibbs smiles)

-- and order that you be imprisoned for the remainder of your miserable, moribund, mutton-chopped life.

(Jack stands)

There! I have spoken!

Jack slams the gavel, nods to the Bailiff. The Bailiff nods back, gestures to the Official --

BAILIFF

Means shall be arranged to transport this prisoner to the Tower of London.

Gibbs is led away as Jack flees. There is BOOING and HISSING and grocery-hurling, the court on the verge of a riot --

INT. OLD BAILEY - CORRIDOR - DAY

Jack rips off his wig, tears away his robe, moving quickly, tosses the gavel to --

The actual JUSTICE, tied up, gagged, stuffed into a closet --

OMITTED

EXT. OLD BAILEY - LOADING DOCK - DAY

Gibbs is shoved unceremoniously into the back of a horse-drawn PADDY WAGON.

Jack appears, unpins his beard, dunks the beard into a water trough, washing away the white powder. He plucks his hat off of the head of a horse. Jack catches the eye of the wagon DRIVER, who nods. The Driver reaches for the reins -- and we notice a skull-and-crossbones tattoo on his arm.
Jack cuts to the front of a line of prisoners, is grabbed by the Official, and THROWN into the vehicle, alone with Gibbs --
10 INT. PADDY WAGON - DAY

Gibbs is astonished to see Jack. The wagon lurches forward --

GIBBS
Crikey! Now we’re both off to prison.

JACK
Not to worry. I’ve paid off the driver. (smiles)
In ten minutes we’ll be outside of Londontown, horses waiting. Tonight we
make the coast. Then it’s just a matter of finding a ship.

Jack opens his coat, produces a flask. Gibbs’ mood brightens.

11 EXT. LONDON - BRIDGE - DAY

The wagon rattles across the populated bridge, the Dome of St.
Paul’s cathedral and London skyline in the distance.

12 INT. PADDY WAGON - DAY

Jack and Gibbs share the flask.

JACK
What happened, Gibbs? I thought you had
another gig.

GIBBS
Aye. But I always listened like a thief
for news of the Black Pearl. No one’s
seen hide nor hair of it, where it might
be docked or next make port. And then I
hear a rumor, Jack Sparrow’s in London.

JACK
Am not.

GIBBS
But, that’s what I heard. Jack Sparrow’s
in London, with a ship, and looking for
a crew. Fact is, you’re signing men up
tonight, pub called the Captain’s
Daughter.

JACK
Am not.

GIBBS
I thought it a bit odd. But then, you’ve
never been the most predictable of
sorts.
Jack Sparrow arrived in town just this morning to rescue Joshmamee Gibbs from one appointment with the gallows. You're alive, so there's a start.

Like I said. Unpredictable.

So. There’s another Jack Sparrow out there, sullying my good name.

An imposter.

Aye. But, an imposter with a ship.

And in need of a crew.

That could be our ticket.

Jack corks the flask, puts it back in his jacket. Gibbs notices the rolled-up map to the Fountain of Youth.

What about you, Jack? Last I heard, you were hell bent to find the Fountain of Youth. Any luck?

(pulls out the map)
Circumstances arose, ensued, and forced a compelling insight regarding discretion and valor --

Meaning, you gave up.

So untrue! I am just as bent as ever, hellishly so. I’ll taste those waters, Gibbs, mark my words --

There’s the Jack I know!

And I’ll not have it said, there’s a point on the map Captain Sparrow never found --

The carriage stops. Jack frowns, pockets the map.
JACK (CONT'D)

Short trip.

The doors open; Jack steps out --

EXT. ST. JAMES PALACE - COURTYARD - DAY

Jack emerges, comes face-to-face with --

KING'S ROYAL GUARDS, rifles pointed at Jack. The paddy-wagon is in the center of a palace courtyard.

PULL BACK to REVEAL: on the second and third story balconies around the courtyard, EVEN MORE GUARDS. The Driver, looking sly, is handed a pouch of coins by a Guard.

Gibbs steps out behind Jack, ever-hopeful.

GIBBS

All part of the plan. Yes?

The CAPTAIN OF THE GUARDS slams Jack's head with a rifle. Jack crumples into Gibbs' arms, then to the ground.

Gibbs is shoved back into the wagon, the door SLAMMED SHUT. Jack looks up, answers, far too late --

JACK

No.

INT. ST. JAMES PALACE - DINING HALL - DAY

Two Guards march Jack down a wide elegant hallway.

The Guards secure Jack with chains to the chair, then exit, closing the doors. In front of Jack is a vast table, laden with food. Jack licks his lips. The food beckons, but he's too far away to reach it.

He looks around. High ceiling, chandelier, tall drapes, high balcony. Enormous mural featuring King George II.

Jack bounces the chair closer to the table. His wrists are bound to his sides. So he KICKS the table from underneath --

A creme puff BOUNCES on its plate.

Similar kicks bring it closer. Then he kicks the side of the table, maneuvering the cream puff to the edge. Finally, he can just get the toe of his boot under the cream puff --

DOORS OPEN, startling Jack; he kicks the cream puff high in the air, onto the chandelier above -- where it STICKS. Jack settles back, legs crossed, going for nonchalance.
The Captain of the Guards leads in a column of GUARDS. Next come a retinue of SERVANTS. Next, Lord JOHN CARTERET, Prime Minister HENRY PELHAM. Finally --

KING GEORGE. He heaves his bulk into a wide chair on the other side of the table, opposite Jack, begins to eat.

    CARTERET
    You are Jack Sparrow.

    JACK
    There should be a Captain in there somewhere.

    GEORGE
    I have heard of you.
    (Jack smiles at that)
    And you know who I am.

    JACK
    The face, mmm, familiar ...

    PELHAM
    You are in the presence of George Augustus, Duke of Brunswick-Luneburg, Archtreasurer and Prince-elector of the Holy Roman Empire, King of Great Britain and Ireland ... and of you.

    JACK
    Doesn’t ring a bell.

    GEORGE
    I am informed you have come to London to procure a crew for your ship.

Jack nervously rattles the chains.

    JACK
    Vicious rumor. Not true.

    GEORGE
    No, I’m quite certain that’s what my ministers told me, Jack Sparrow has come to London to procure a crew.

    JACK
    It may be true that that’s what you were told, but it’s nonetheless false that I have come to London to procure a crew.

    GEORGE
    Then you lied to me when you told me you were Jack Sparrow.
JACK
No, I am Jack Sparrow, but it’s not true that Jack Sparrow has come to London to procure a crew.

GEORGE
Are you now claiming not to be in London?

JACK
No, no. I am Jack Sparrow. And I am in London. But I am not here to procure a crew. That’s someone else.

GEORGE
Ah. Someone else named Jack Sparrow.
(to Carteret)
You’ve brought me the wrong wastrel. Find Jack Sparrow, and dispose of this impostor.

Jack’s chain-rattling grows louder, more annoying.

JACK
Wait! I am Jack Sparrow, the one and only. And I am in London.

GEORGE
To procure a crew. To undertake a voyage to the Fountain of Youth.

JACK
What?

Jack’s rattling gets even louder. George waves a hand.

GEORGE
Someone, remove those infernal chains!

Exactly what Jack wanted. A very TALL GUARD steps forward.

JACK
How much do you weigh?

The Guard just sneers at him. He pulls away the chains. Jack stands. Picks up a napkin, dabs his face.
PELHAM
We know you are in possession of a map.

CARTERET
So confiscate the map, and to the gallows with him!

GEORGE
Have you a map?

Jack shrugs. Tosses the napkin away, letting it drop to the floor. Reaches into his pocket. The map is gone. He searches, pats his pockets. It’s really not there. Jack looks relieved.

JACK
No.

PELHAM
Where is it?

JACK
The truth? I lost it. Quite recently in fact.

GEORGE
I have a report. Trustworthy. The Spanish have located the Fountain of Youth. (vehement) I will not have some melancholy Spanish Monarch -- a Catholic! -- gain eternal life!

PELHAM
You do know the way to the Fountain.

JACK
Absolutely. Yes!

CARTERET
You could guide an expedition?

JACK
With your permission?
Jack drags a heavy chair scra-a-a-ping across the floor, next to the table. Positions it just so. Sits, puts his feet up.

JACK (CONT’D)
You’ll be providing, then, a ship and a crew?

GEORGE
And, a Captain.

A Guard opens a door. We hear FOOTSTEPS, approaching. But not normal footsteps. A step, then a SCRAPE. Step, then a SCRAPE. Out of the darkness, emerges --

HECTOR BARBOSSA

But a different Barbossa. He wears a Naval officer’s hat. A Privateer’s coat. He leans on a crutch, stands on one leg; the other, wooden from the knee down.

Barbossa bows before the King.

BARBOSSA
Afternoon, sire.
(notices Jack)
Why is that man not in chains? He must be manacled at once.

GEORGE
At the centre of my palace? Hardly.

BARBOSSA
If I may be so bold. Jack Sparrow be easy enough to catch. It’s holding him’s the problem.

JACK
Hector. Good to see a fellow pirate make something of himself.

BARBOSSA

JACK
As may be. But first. What became of the Pearl?

BARBOSSA
Lost.

JACK
Lost?
BARBOSSA
I defended her mightily. But she be sunk, nonetheless.

Without warning, Jack springs forward -- makes it all way face-to-face with Barbossa before the Guards grab him --

JACK
If that ship be lost, properly, you should be lost with it.

BARBOSSA
Aye. In a kinder world.

Guards aim rifles at Jack’s head.

GEORGE
Captain Barbossa. Each second we tarry, the Spanish outdistance us. I have every confidence you will prevail, and be rewarded with the high station you so desire.

Barbossa turns to the King, bows.

JACK
You, sir, have stooped.

BARBOSSA
Our sands be all but run. Where’s the harm in joining the winning side?

JACK
But, Hector ... the wig.

Suddenly, Jack slams the Guards together, shoves their rifles upwards; they both FIRE --

-- bullets hit the chandelier, a rope SNAPs; one side drops, sending the chandelier SWINGING. Jack leaps onto the table, races along, knocking away food --
-- reaches down, picks up the chair (the one he moved) and FLINGS IT AHEAD into the stained glass window --

They are on the second floor, it’s a long way down. Jack grabs the ropes to the curtains, just as the Tall Guard comes barreling his way --

-- the Tall Guard slips on the napkin (again, as planned) --

Out of control, the Tall Guard flails out the window. Jack politely hands the curtain ropes to him as he passes by. The Tall Guard plummets down. Jack, hanging onto the other rope, RISES UP just ahead --

-- of the slashing sword blade of the Captain of the Guards --

From the valance, Jack leaps for the chandelier (catching it just as it swings towards him) --

-- and Jack swings from the chandelier to the high balcony. He pauses, raises a hand -- along the way, Jack has recovered the creme puff. He bites, chews, swallows, and is gone.

GEORGE

He escaped.

The chandelier CRASHES into the center of the table. Barbossa smiles at the King.

BARBOSSA

Leave it to me.

INT. PALACE - STAIRWAY - DAY

Jack races down the stairs, passing by a slow-moving Guard laden with Jack's effects (two pistols, sword, and baldrick). The Guard sees Jack, pursues. At the bottom, he dumps Jack’s items onto a table to draw his own sword, and joins two other guards in pursuit --

ON JACK, as he peeks out from beneath the table, his beloved items in front of him --

EXT. PALACE - WINDOW - DAY

Jack slides to a stop at the window sill. It’s a long drop. There is the SOUND of FOOTSTEPS as Guards approach --

They arrive at the window. Jack is gone.

OUTSIDE, Jack crawls hand-over-hand along a wire, holding onto Royal bunting that spans the street. He hides behind a Royal flag. Something falls --

-- the golden crown, stolen from the display case, falls onto the cobblestone with a CLATTER, drawing the attention of --
-- GUARDS on the street below. They point and shout --
AT THE WINDOW, the Captain of the Guard sees Jack’s fingers; he slashes the wire; it breaks, Jack swings down --

-- into a moving carriage, into a SOCIETY LADY’s lap. He kisses her hand (stealing her bracelet) and climbs out, onto the roof of the carriage. Guards spot him --

CARRIAGE ROOFTOP LEVEL, as Jack jumps to a second carriage, doesn’t make it, steps back. Jack straddles two carriages --

EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY

The carriages reach an intersection, one proceeds forward, the other makes a sharp turn. Jack is forced to leap --

-- onto an approaching flatbed cart, carrying a plain wood casket. Jack looks up, sees he is headed toward SOLDIERS --

-- Jack steps off the casket, onto a passing PLANK, carried by WORKERS, then onto the TOP HAT of a passing ENGLISHMAN, and just makes it onto a slow-moving COAL WAGON.

Jack climbs forward, pushes the DRIVER aside. Jack snaps the reins ... but the horses don’t respond.

Behind Jack, the Captain, now on horseback, yells:

CAPTAIN

Fire!

His men, also on horseback, aim, shoot --

-- the bullets hit a lantern mounted on the side of the wagon; it EXPLODES, lighting the coal. The horses leap forward, frightened -- the Driver dives off --

EXT. MARKETPLACE - DAY

-- the flaming cart races beneath an arch, pursued by soldiers on horseback.

It careens down the street --

AHEAD, a FATHER herds his family across the street, YOUNG BOY (six) on his back, YOUNG GIRL (eight) wearing a bonnet holding his hand.

He hurries them across ahead of the cart -- but a gust of wind blows the Girl’s bonnet back into the street -- she chases after it --

ON THE BONNET, in the street as she reaches for it -- then she’s yanked back hard by the Father as the flaming cart crushes the hat, THUNDERS past --
EXT. LONDON - WHARF DISTRICT - DUSK

GUARDS follow the wagon’s TRAIL OF SPARKS, in hot pursuit. PULL BACK to REVEAL: A PUB SIGN: the CAPTAIN’S DAUGHTER. Dangling on it, face-to-bosom, is Jack Sparrow.
Jack drops down to the street. Dusts himself off. Turns --
A GUARD stands there, rifle aimed straight at Jack’s heart.

GUARD
Filthy pirate.

His finger squeezes the trigger -- a SHOT is heard ... the Guard falls forward, revealing --
Behind him, pistol smoking ... CAPTAIN TEAGUE.

TEAGUE
Hello, Jackie.

INT. CAPTAIN’S DAUGHTER - COMMON ROOM - NIGHT

Filled with ruffians, highwaymen, drunkards, barmaids and painted ladies. Jack and Teague huddle in a corner.

TEAGUE
Heard you were putting together a crew.

JACK
If enough people keep saying it, it must be true.

Teague notices a new dangle in Jack’s hair.

TEAGUE
Is that your tooth?

JACK

TEAGUE
Heard where you were headed. The Fountain.

JACK
You’ve been there.

TEAGUE
Does this face look like it’s been to the Fountain of Youth?

JACK
Depends on the light.

TEAGUE
Son. The Fountain. There be items required, for the profane ritual. Two Chalices.

JACK
On the map. There was a Chalice --

TEAGUE
Two Chalices. Silver. From Ponce de Leon’s ship. You need ‘em both.
JACK

For?

TEAGUE
The ritual! Don’t be a fool! Find out the ritual, every detail, before you set sail.

JACK
Set sail? Love to. For that I’d need a ship.

TEAGUE
Those folk. Over there. They have a ship.

At the far end of the room, next to an inner door, playing a mandola slung around his neck, is SCRUM. A line of sailor-types wait in front of him.

TEAGUE (CONT’D)
And Jackie. One last thing. The Fountain will test you, mark my words.

Jack nods, takes a long drink. Turns back to Teague -- who isn’t there any more.

Across the room, Scrum finishes an impressive lick -- and Jack suddenly appears behind him, knife to his throat.

JACK
I hear you be recruiting a crew.

SCRUM
Aye. That is, Jack Sparrow be putting together a modest venture. You’ve some nerve, showing up here dressed like that.

JACK
Don’t you know who I am?

SCRUM
Hey! Here’s some bloke what forgot his own name!

Doors to the inner room open as a young pirate, DERRICK bursts out proudly --

DERRICK
I’m in, boys! Who’ll buy a sailor a drink?

The pirates in line congratulate him; Jack steps forward, notices light spilling out of the room, and a TALL SHADOW cast on the opposite wall --
A SILHOUETTE, in the form of Jack Sparrow.

Jack tilts his head, admiring. He tries to see around the corner -- then he leaps out, into the room --

INT. CAPTAIN’S DAUGHTER - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

-- but no one is there. Jack hears a noise, turns --

JACK SPARROW steps out of the darkness. Same outfit, same dreads, same swagger, face obscured in shadow. Jack draws his sword. Other Jack draws his sword, too. A challenge.

JACK
You’ve stolen me and I’m here to take myself back.

The two Jacks hide behind a post, peek out at each other.

The two Jacks leap forward at the same instant, with exactly the same slashing attack. Swords CLASH; the pair are completely evenly matched.

The two leap onto the hearth, face off. When Jack moves, Other Jack does too.

JACK (CONT’D)
Stop doing that!

Jack dodges, rolls expertly onto a crate. The other Jack executes the exact same roll. Jack tosses his sword back and forth between right and left hand. Other Jack does so too.

The pair fight up a ramp. Other Jack rolls barrels down. Jack evades --

IN THE RAFTERS, Other Jack spins, ready --

But no one is there. Other Jack searches, looks down through the rafters -- nothing.

Suddenly, a set of hanging barrels PLUMMET down. Other Jack springs back. Thinks, spins, raises a sword as Jack rises up behind, pulled up by the rope that holds the barrels --

-- their swords clash --

ON THE RAFTERS, they battle. Other Jack swings a pulley at Jack -- Jack grabs it, the pulley breaks, Jack lands on a stack of barrels. Other Jack leaps down, fights as barrels roll out from beneath them. A flash of intricate swordplay --

JACK (CONT’D)
Only one person alive knows that move.

Suddenly -- shockingly! -- Jack leans forward and KISSES Jack. Full on. A good kiss. Jack pulls back --
JACK (CONT'D)
So that’s what that’s like.

Other Jack is smiling, eyes closed, enjoying the aftermath of the kiss.

JACK (CONT'D)
Hello, Angelica.

Jack pulls away her fake beard.

ANGELICA
Hello, Jack. Are you impressed? I think I almost killed you once or twice there.
Angelica peels off her mustache.

JACK
I am touched at this most sincerest form of flattery. But why?

Jack uses his sword to flip away her hat.

ANGELICA
You were the only pirate I thought I would pass for.

Angelica slips out of her wig and bandana.

JACK
That is not a compliment.

ANGELICA
Don't worry, I have long since forgiven you.

JACK
For leaving you?

Jack rips open her bodice, revealing a very womanly figure.

ANGELICA
Recall that I left you.

She moves away from him.

JACK
A gentleman allows a lady to maintain her fictions.

ANGELICA
As long as my sailors get their money, they will put up with any number of peculiarities and peccadilloes.

Jack has followed, peeks at her from around a post.

JACK
There is one pecadilly up with which I will not put. I will be impersonated as Captain, nothing less.

ANGELICA
For that you need a ship, and as it turns out, I have one.

Angelica crosses to a water bucket to clean up.

JACK
I could use a ship.
ANGELICA
I hear-tell you’ve been to the Fountain.

JACK
There be a lot of hear-telling going on these days.

ANGELICA
The Fountain of Youth.

JACK
Angelica, don’t fret, you've still a few usable years left.

ANGELICA
Always so charming. You didn’t answer me.

JACK
Ah. Regarding the Fountain. Waste of time, really. Unless we have --

AT THE DOOR, Scrum appears. He glances back out into the pub, where GUARDS enter, led by the Captain.

SCRUM
Milady. I see unseamenlike fellows of officious-looking nature.

ANGELICA
Friends of yours?

JACK
I may have unintentionally slighted some King or other.

ANGELICA
You haven’t changed.

JACK
Implying the need?

There is a SLAM! at the door. Scrum locks it, puts his weight on it.

ANGELICA
Yes! You seduced me, you betrayed me, you used me! I was innocent of the ways of men.

JACK
You demonstrated a lot of technique for someone I supposedly corrupted.
SCRUM
Imminent danger --
(another SLAM!)  
Here now. Milady.

He begins piling stuff at the door.

ANGELICA
I was set to take my vows. And you --
what were you doing in a Spanish convent
anyway?

JACK
Mistook it for a brothel. Honest
mistake.

The doors burst open. GUARDS swarm in --
Angelica and Jack fight to the back of the warehouse, stabbing barrels along the way. Ale sprays out, causing a diversion. More Guards pour in. Angelica and Jack are cut off.

Scrum, seeing they are overwhelmed, dashes up the stairs to hide in the rafters.

ANGELICA
We are at a disadvantage.

JACK
We? Speak again. Unlike some who purport to be but cannot in fact hold a candle to, I, am Captain Jack Sparrow.

Jack leaps forward, stabs another barrel, sending more ale gushing. He takes a quick drink -- Angelica guards his back --

Jack and Angelica reach a trap door.

ANGELICA
Desperate disease --

JACK
Requires dangerous remedy.

Jack grabs a rope, eyes the ceiling, slashes another rope nearby, ready to fly upwards --

Jack’s rope slithers to the ground.

Angelica slashes a lever; the trapdoor OPENS and they drop --
EXT. RIVER THAMES - UNDERWATER - NIGHT  

Jack and Angelica splash down, past pylons, beneath the surface. Holding their breath, they turn, swim along --

EXT. THAMES - RIVER - NIGHT - LATER

Away from the warehouses, Angelica and Jack reach a dock on the far side of the Thames. They emerge from the water, still fighting --

JACK  
How can you say I used you?

ANGELICA  
You know exactly how!

JACK  
I know, but how can you say it?

They collapse onto the wet stones, catch their breaths.

ANGELICA  
So what is it.

JACK  
What is what?

ANGELICA  
Regarding the Fountain. What do you know?

JACK  
You wouldn’t happen to have two silver chalices? Circa Ponce de Leon?

ANGELICA  
No.

JACK  
I thought not.

ANGELICA  
Why?

JACK  
I hear stories, rumors. You are of course aware of the ritual.
ANGELICA

Yes I am.

JACK

And it requires ... what?

Suddenly Jack flinches. He sports a VOODOO DART in his neck. He plucks it out.

ANGELICA

A mermaid, Jack.

Jack turns. The QUARTERMASTER stands before him. Hulking, bald, eyes that are completely white.

JACK

Zombie.

The world gets woozy. Jack staggers, points a finger --

JACK (CONT'D)

You have frozen eyeballs.

And BLACKS OUT.
Burning torches. Gibbs hangs limp between two GUARDS, legs dragging, not resisting but not helping.

GIBBS
There’s been a mistake. It’s a life sentence. Not death! Life!

They pass beneath gibbeted pirates, bodies wrapped in rope, long dead. Ahead is a gallows, where two white-wigged OFFICERS wait -- GROVES and GILLETTE. Guards drag Gibbs up the steps.

GIBBS (CONT'D)
You forgot the rope. There’s no rope, hah-hah! No rope!

Then a sound that strikes fear into Gibbs’ soul. SCRAPE-step, SCRAPE-step along the cobblestone. Into the light of a lantern appears: Barbossa, a rope wound his shoulder.

Barbossa.

BARBOSSA
Off with you.

The Guards step back. Barbossa heaves the rope at Gibbs. Groves and Gillette glance at each other, worried.

BARBOSSA (CONT'D)
I trust you can tie a noose.

GIBBS
That’s a hard thing, force a man to twist his own hangin’ rope.

BARBOSSA
Ye must lie in your bed the way ye made it.

GIBBS
What’s happened to you?

BARBOSSA
Where be Jack Sparrow?

GIBBS
He escaped?

BARBOSSA
I’m on a tight schedule, Gibbs. The H.M.S. Providence sails at first light, and if you dunnot care to watch it hanging here dead with a mouth full of flies, speak now.
GIBBS
Take me with you. Any point o’ the compass, a more loyal crewman you won’t find.

BARBOSSA
Take you where, Mister Gibbs? The Fountain? Aye? Is that where Jack be headed? Have you anything to offer me, Mister Gibbs? Anything at all?

Barbossa grabs the rope, steps back, tosses it over the gallows. The noose falls down.

GIBBS
Set me free. Then I give you what I have.

BARBOSSA
And what might you be having? Upon my naked word you’ll not see the dawn!

Gibbs pulls out the circular MAP, last seen in Jack’s pocket.

BARBOSSA (CONT'D)
Hand it over!

GIBBS
You cannot expect I’d be trusting you just like that, for nothing.

BARBOSSA
Gibbs. This all be naught but -- theater. In truth, I stand before you a man reformed, reborn, long since given up me evil ways.

GIBBS
A tool of the Crown.

BARBOSSA
A loyal subject, possessing no will of my own and desiring none, bound by the mandate of my sovereign --

Barbossa edges forward -- but Gibbs grabs a lantern, SMASHES it on the map -- glass SHATTERS, oil splattering.

CLOSE ON: the map BURNS, crumpling. The wheels rotate in the flames;
we see a drawing of a Mermaid’s tear, a ship on a cliffside, a Chalice, again the archaic symbol, all consumed in the fire --

BARBOSSA (CONT'D)
Fool!

GIBBS
I’d plenty of time to study those infernal circles, and circles within circles. Every route, every destination.
(taps his head)
All safe. Right here.

Barbossa stares at Gibbs, as the map smolders.

BARBOSSA
Welcome back to His Majesty’s Navy, Master Gibbs!

OMITTED

32 OMITTED

33 INT. QUEEN ANNE’S REVENGE - GUN DECK - DAY
CLOSE ON Scrum as he YELLS --

SCRUM
SHOW A LEG, SAILOR!

JACK
Aye, sir!

Jack rolls out of his hammock, is handed a mop --

34 INT. QUEEN ANNE’S REVENGE - GUN DECK - DAY
ON JACK, moving past hammocks, and he suddenly realizes what he is doing, stops.

JACK
Um. There's been a mistake.

SCRUM
Keep moving.

JACK
I’m not supposed to be here.
SCRUM
Hah! Many a man's woken up at sea, no idea what wherefore or why, no memory of the night afore whence he signed up 'n drunk away his bonus money.
JACK
No. You see, I am Captain Jack Sparrow.
The original.

SCRUM
Scrum, and the pleasure's all mine. Keep moving.

JACK
Where am I?

SCRUM (shoves Jack)
Keep moving!

INT. QUEEN ANNE'S REVENGE - BELOW DECK - DAY
Jack tumbles onto the deck. Stands, begins to mop --

In the center of the hold, pirate CREWMEN pound together a wooden box. On the sides, sheets of glass instead of wood.

JACK
There's a glass coffin.

Aye.

Jack mops over to the coffin, mops his way back.

JACK
Scrum. Why is there a glass coffin?

SCRUM
Do I look like the man in charge?

JACK
Where am I?

SCRUM
Oh, excuse me, Captain Sparrow sir. I be honored to welcome you aboard our world-renowned vessel of infamy, the Queen Anne's Revenge.

JACK
Blackbeard.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

The Queen Anne's Revenge under full sail sweeps gloriously over the sparkling waters --

The SOUND of a SNAPPING WHIP as it BITES into flesh --
Scrum cries out, falls to his knees next to Jack. He scrubs the
deck furiously. A Zombie officer, GUNNER, shambles past, whip in
hand, his mouth and one eye sewn shut.

JACK
That fellow seems odd. French, is my
guess.

SCRUM
He's been Zombiefied. Blackbeard’s
doing. All of the officers’r that way,
makes 'em compliant.

JACK
And perpetually ill-tempered.

Jack smiles at Gunner, who sneers --

Jack and Scrum, and several other CREWMEN lash down a sail
cover. Sweating, working hard. Jack sniffs the air.

JACK
Five days underway, at least ... 

SCRUM
Aye. You can tell by the smell of the
sea?

JACK
The smell of the crew.

Jack glances up, notices something. Squints.

JACK (CONT'D)
What did that fellow do, and how can I
make sure to not?

Jack gestures, Scrum looks --

BENEATH THE CROW’S NEST, a PRISONER is lashed to the mast, hands
tied behind his back. A young man, dressed in a frayed cape.
This is PHILIP SWIFT.

SCRUM
Him? Churchly fellow. Always going on
about the Lord Almighty.

JACK
A man of the cloth -- on this ship?
SCRUM

A missionary is the story. What I heard, he got captured in a raid, everyone else on the ship kilt, but not him --
CLOSE ON: PHILIP, sunburnt, weather-beaten, but a touch of wisdom in his eyes.

SCRUM (CONT'D)
First Mate wouldn’t let it happen, on account his premier standing with the Lord. Odd, if you ask me.

JACK
No, odd is standing mid-ships back there with a whip.

SCRUM
A First Mate sticking her neck out for some prisoner? That you don’t see.

JACK
Her. Our First Mate is a her.

EXT. QUEEN ANNE’S REVENGE - POOP DECK - DAY
Angelica steps up to the ship’s wheel, piloted by Gunner. She’s still in pirate garb, but now clearly female.

ANGELICA
Steady as she goes.

INT. QUEEN ANNE'S REVENGE - GUN DECK - DAY
Angelica slides down the gangway. Jack springs from the shadows, grabs her -- holds a sharp cargo hook to her throat.

JACK
You are a ruthless, soulless crossgrained cur.

ANGELICA
I told you I had a ship.

JACK
No. Blackbeard has a ship. Upon which I am now imprisoned.

ANGELICA
We can pull this off, Jack. The Fountain of Youth. Like you always wanted.

JACK
Blackbeard. Edward Teach. The pirate all pirates fear. Resurrection of the dead in his spare time.

ANGELICA
He will listen to me.
JACK
He listens to no one.

ANGELICA
Perhaps his own daughter?

Jack stares. Pulls away the hook.

JACK
Daughter, as in, beget by?

ANGELICA
Long-lost. Recently found. Who loves her
dear papa with all her heart and soul.

JACK
He bought that.

ANGELICA
I sold that.

Jack regards her. Calculates.

JACK
Then it’s the Fountain of Youth for him,
or him and you, not you and I.

ANGELICA
No, Jack. That’s the best part. He will
be dead.

JACK
You’ll be handling that part yourself?

ANGELICA
There is a prophecy. Perhaps you don’t
believe in the supernatural --

JACK
I’ve seen a thing or two.

ANGELICA
Aye. The man with no eyes. The
Quartermaster. He is known as eleri
ipin, means witness of fate. What he
says comes true. He sees things happen
before they happen. He’s never wrong.

JACK
I can do that too, if you don’t count
women, weather, and ... other things
that are hard to predict.

ANGELICA
He has seen Blackbeard’s death. That is
a death sentence.
JACK
You believe that?

ANGELICA
He believes it. That’s why he needs the Fountain, Jack. He can feel the cold breath of death down his neck.

JACK
Not much to hang your hat on.

ANGELICA
What other choice do we have? (certain)
The prophecy is this: Blackbeard will meet his death, within a fortnight ... at the hands of a one-legged man.

JACK
Interesting.

EXT. PROVIDENCE - POOP DECK - DAY
Barbossa hammers his peg leg onto the deck of the H.M.S. Providence as he strides to the ship’s wheel. Gillette at the helm, backed by Groves.

GROVES
Orders, SIR!

BARBOSSA
I’ll have my navigator to the helm, Lieutenant Commander Groves.

He waits for a salute. Finally Barbossa waves his hand.

GROVES
Aye, SIR!

BARBOSSA
Smart now!

Barbossa turns, sniffs the wind ... he senses something --

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY
The H.M.S Providence, a two-masted frigate class sailing ship, crashes through the waves --

EXT. PROVIDENCE - POOP DECK - DAY
Groves dumps Gibbs down upon the command deck.

BARBOSSA
Master Gibbs. Short we are a map, p’raps ye be so kind as to provide us a heading.
GIBBS

Be a gem, and pour me a gulper?

BARBOSSA

Nay! You’ll get your tot when I say so. We be privateers, not pirates, Master Gibbs, and in the King’s name, will behave as such.

GIBBS

Aye, Captain.

(under his breath)

There is nothing more severe than a reformed anything ...

Gibbs twists his head around to look at one chart upside-down. Gibbs himself turns once full around --

BARBOSSA

Be we on the proper course, Gibbs!

GIBBS

Aye, it be proper, there’s your proof!

Barbossa turns. ON THE HORIZON, following them, distant and small: three Spanish Galleons.

BARBOSSA

The Spaniard. (beat) All hands! Battle stations! Get to windward!

GROVES

All hands windward!

A SERIES OF SHOTS as the crew prepare for battle --

BARBOSSA

Harden up two points --

GROVES

-- Two points! --

BARBOSSA

-- she’s built and rigged for hard driving!

Barbossa glances back -- the Galleons are CLOSER, gaining.

BARBOSSA (CONT’D)

Cannoneers! Take guard position! Silence and await orders!

GROVES

Unmoor the guns! Steady!
On the main deck, cannons rolled into place. CLOSE ON the faces of the crew. Tense, frightened. They look out --

The Spanish Galleons are upon them, riding high, sails full, dwarfing the Providence. It’s clear they stand no chance.

Barbossa raises his telescope. IN THE SCOPE, the SPANIARD gazes forward, backed by a SPANISH OFFICER. He pays Barbossa no mind at all.

Barbossa stares, amazed, as the Spanish Galleon glides slowly, silently past.

GIBBS
He never as much turned his head.

BARBOSSA
The Fountain is the prize. It appears we’re not e’en worth the time it’d take to sink us. Now ... we’ve fallen behind.

(spins, screams)
All hands! Make more sail!

GROVES
All hands more sail!

BARBOSSA
RIDE HARD BETWEEN WIND AND TIDE!

EXT. QUEEN ANNE'S REVENGE - YARDARM - DAY

Jack hangs off the top yardarm of the foremast, lashing the topsail. He whispers to an Indian sailor, SALAMAN --

JACK
Tonight.

Salaman nods, passes the word to a wizened pirate, EZEKIEL --

SALAMAN
Tonight.

FOLLOW as word passes from pirate to pirate, Ezekiel to the COOK, Cook to a tall Asian, GARHENG, who leans over --

GARHENG
Tonight.

He is speaking to Jack -- the message has come full circle --

INT. QUEEN ANNE'S REVENGE - GUN DECK - NIGHT

A single CANDLE on a crate casts a measly light. Jack’s face appears as he leans forward.
The topic is mutiny, gentlemen. Mutiny most foul.

Aye. I signed on to sail under Jack Sparrow, not some pretender.

And a lady, at that.

The skinny COOK leans forward. The PURSER as well.

And mention was failed to be made of this uncanny crew.

Curl my toes, they do.

Murmurs of agreement from those present, including DERRICK, and Garheng. The CABIN BOY appears in the light --

I got them. All of them!

He dumps a double-armful of SWORDS onto the crate.

On to it, then. Blackbeard. What are his habits?

Stays mostly to his cabin.

Nods all around. "Aye." "Mostly to his cabin." "Ayep."

Yes. But, when he comes out? He must come out sometime.

Any of you sailed with him before?

The Pirates glance at each other. No takers.

Stays to his cabin. No one's sailed with him. No one's seen him. Good news, gentlemen. This is not Blackbeard's ship. This is not the Queen Anne's Revenge.

Oh, this be the Revenge, right enough.

How do you know?
SCUM
Seen the name. On the side. Of the ship.

Jack stares at Scrum -- how could any man be that dumb? Scrum stares back, oblivious. Jack continues to stare, amazed. Scrum continues to stare back, oblivious.

JACK
Right, then. Gentlemen, a man’s first duty is less to his office than his own honor, and that he cannot perform if deceived.

SALAMAN
We’re deceived, then?

JACK
Aye. Ye’ve nay be informed of our destination. Death lies before us. We sail for the Fountain of Youth. (dismayed reactions) It be a sorry plight, mates.

DERRICK
Death, for certain.

GARHENG
The garden of darkened souls.

EZEKIEL
Oy! Untimely our ends will be!

JACK
Unless ... we take the ship.

SCRUM
We take the ship, then. Now!

Scrum bursts out the door. The Pirates look to Jack.

JACK
We take the ship, then. Now!

INT. QUEEN ANNE'S REVENGE - GUN DECK - NIGHT

Pirates race through the ship; Jack lets them go on ahead, hanging back a little --

JACK
Quick now!

INT. ANGELICA'S CABIN - GUN DECK LEVEL - NIGHT

Angelica wakes as Jack enters. Regards him, sleepily:
If this is a dream, you can keep the sword and boots. If it is not, you shouldn't be here.

JACK

It’s a dream.

Angelica hears sounds of fighting.

ANGELICA

No, it’s not.

JACK

We’re taking the ship. Fair warning. You might want to --

With a SCREAM and a series of curses, Angelica leaps out of bed, sword in hand --

INT. QUEEN ANNE’S REVENGE - OUTSIDE ANGELICA’S CABIN - NIGHT

-- Jack SLAMS her cabin door shut, just as her SWORD PLUNGES THROUGH, inches from his heart.

JACK

... stay out of it.

The sword is pulled back; Jack turns just in time, taking up the attack of the Gunner, coming at him --

EXT. QUEEN ANNE’S REVENGE - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

The fighting intensifies, pirates attacking Zombie Officers.

Gunner gets attacked from behind, the Pirate behind him trying to choke him.

Gunner draws a pistol but the Pirate sees it, reaches around and grabs it, trying to wrestle it free, or at least keep the Zombie from pointing it at him.

Slowly, unexpectedly, Gunner forces the pistol into his own chest, and pulls the trigger, the bullet going though his body and into the Pirate, killing him.

Elsewhere on deck, the Quartermaster takes a sword thrust right into his belly. He stares down; we think he’s in pain. But then he looks up and LAUGHS, the sword bouncing about. He pulls the sword out and attacks --

Mid-deck, Jack is driven back by Gunner, but pirates come to his aid; Garheng, the Cook, and Salaman --

Jack glances up. Catches the eye of Salaman, who nods --
In a flash, Jack and Salaman are in the rigging, where Philip is still bound. Jack cuts at the bonds, notices --

Behind his back, Philip clutches a cloth-bound Bible. He’s somehow held onto it the entire time. Jack slashes the ropes.

    SALAMAN
    You’re either with us, or against us!

    PHILIP
    I am not with you. Neither am I against you.

    SALAMAN
    Can he do that?
JACK

He’s religious. I believe it’s required.

Shouts from below --

EXT. QUEEN ANNE’S REVENGE - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

Jack drops down, immediately takes on the Quartermaster, fights him back toward the rail --

JACK

Fight! To the bitter end, you cack-handed deck apes!

Angelica joins the Zombies, takes on three pirates, defending herself expertly. Jack outduels the Quartermaster, drives him to his knees. Pirates swoop in behind, lash him to a mast --

JACK (CONT’D)

Take ’em, men. Tie ’em down tight!

The crew have the numbers, and the advantage. Officers are overwhelmed, fighting two, three against one --

JACK (CONT’D)

The ship is ours!

Jack thrusts his sword in the air. The pirates do not join him; instead, they stare with horror --

Behind Jack, silhouetted against the moonlight, a nightmare of a man. Wrapped in bandoliers, draped in pistols, surrounded by smoke from fuses twined into his black beard. A hand hangs to his side, grasping a bottle of whisky.

Edward Teach. BLACKBEARD. Jack turns as Blackbeard raises the whisky bottle, drains it in one long swallow.

JACK (CONT’D)

Ah.

Blackbeard tosses the bottle away.

BLACKBEARD

Excuse me, gentlemen. I be placed in a bewilderment. There I were, resting, and upon a sudden I hear an ungodly row. Open my eyes, and what do I see?

No pirate dares answer, so Blackbeard answers for them.

BLACKBEARD (CONT’D)

The Captain’s quarters. Next I ken, I be Edward Teach. Blackbeard. And I be in the Captain’s quarters. Aye?

(MORE)
BLACKBEARD (CONT'D)

(pauses, considers)
And that makes me ... it naturally follows ... the Captain.

Blackbeard's hand goes to the jewelled hilt of his sword -- both sword and scabbard are oversized.

Blackbeard GRIPS his sword. At the same time, ELSEWHERE ON DECK, a rope uncoils on its own accord.

BLACKBEARD
Hence, my bewilderment. What of this row on deck? Sailors abandoned their posts, without orders, without leave!

Blackbeard PULLS FORTH the sword. The end is broken, yet half the length of this sword is the full length of some other --

In response, IN THE RIGGING, ROPES twist and uncurl, moving on their own, unnoticed --

BLACKBEARD
Men before the mast, taking the ship for their own selves, what be that? First Mate?

ANGELICA
Mutiny.

Again?

BLACKBEARD
Mutiny, Captain.

ANGELICA

BLACKBEARD
Aye. Mutiny. And what be the fate of mutineers? Now we know the answer to that do we not? (a sneer)
Mutineers HANG.

Blackbeard RAISES his sword. Suddenly the SAILS of the SHIP catch the wind, the ship lurches forward; Pirates and Officers are knocked off-balance --

-- the Pirates cry out, as ropes wind around them, tighten, impossible to fend off -- pirates fall, dragged across the deck, or slammed into the bulkheads --

Ropes unwind their own knots -- the Officers find themselves free. Pirates scream, caught up in the unearthly lines; their struggles in vain as the ropes tighten --

Blackbeard controls the ship itself. Booms swing, cannons cut off fleeing pirates. Ropes fly everywhere --
IN THE RIGGING, Pirates are lifted high in the air --
The ship is a massive spiderweb of rope and rigging, crossing this way and that, all of the pirates caught in the web, bound, trapped like flies.
Blackbeard regards Jack, who hangs before him.

JACK
Captain. Sir. I am here to report a mutiny. I can name fingers and point names --

BLACKBEARD
No need, mister Sparrow. They are sheep. You, their shepherd.

Blackbeard sheaths his sword. Jack drops to the deck. Blackbeard pulls his pistol.

ANGELICA
Father. Remember. He has been ... to that place we are going.

JACK
Have I told you, sir, what a lovely daughter you have?

BLACKBEARD
A fitting last sight for a doomed soul.

ANGELICA
Mercy, Father. The seas, the sky know nothing of mercy. You can put yourself above them.

BLACKBEARD
If I don't kill a man every now and then, they forget who I am.

PHILIP (O.S.)
Coward.

All eyes turn to Philip. He alone of the crew is not bound.

BLACKBEARD
Mmm? Excuse me?

PHILIP
They do not forget. Your crew sees you for the miscreant you are, a coward, no matter how many you slay.

BLACKBEARD
Twice in one day, I find myself in a bewilderment --
PHILIP
You are not bewildered. You are afraid.
You dare not walk the path of
righteousness, the way of the light.

BLACKBEARD
No, sir. The fact of it be much simpler
than all that.
(comes close)
I am a bad man.

PHILIP
That, too.

BLACKBEARD
I think I have to kill you as well,
catechist.

Angelica steps forward.

ANGELICA
No!

BLACKBEARD
Latin blood. Like her mother.

Blackbeard raises the pistol. Angelica draws her sword, steps in
front of Philip, defending him.

ANGELICA
Father, you must not.

BLACKBEARD
Ah, Ah, Ah. There I am again,
forgetting. My daughter fears for my
soul, what’s left of it. My eternal
soul.
(to Angelica)
Endless damnation, the fiery pit, should
I strike down an emissary of the Lord.
Worse than all my other sins put
together, that’s the way of it?

Blackbeard touches her hair. It’s a little creepy.

BLACKBEARD (CONT’D)
You truly hope to save me, my child.

ANGELICA
Every soul can be saved.

BLACKBEARD
Be that true, young cleric?

PHILIP
Yes, though you I see as a bit of a
longshot.

(MORE)
PHILIP (CONT'D)
Still, I pray for every unfortunate soul on this hellbound vessel.

ANGELICA
You see?

BLACKBEARD
You disarm me with your faith.
(turns away)
Eight bells. Which wretched soul stood watch?
JACK
Me. I stood watch. Sir.

Blackbeard laughs. Looks to Gunner --

BLACKBEARD
Gunner!

Gunner glances toward the Cook, hanging in the ropes.

You?

BLACKBEARD (CONT'D)

COOK
Aye.

BLACKBEARD
Aye. The Cook. Perfect. Lower the longboat!

EXT. QUEEN ANNE'S REVENGE - RAILING - NIGHT

IN THE OCEAN, the longboat bobbles up and down, the Cook working feverishly to get the oars in place.

AT THE RAILING, Blackbeard calls out; behind him, the mutinous crew members have been released, the ship's ropes back to their proper functions --

BLACKBEARD
Bring her about!

ANGELICA
Why do you do this?

BLACKBEARD
Mutiny. Our laws be clear.

ANGELICA
Our laws allow the Captain to show leniency.

BLACKBEARD
I have given this man a chance to determine his fate. A gift not afforded to all.

IN THE OCEAN, the Cook rows for all he's worth, putting distance between himself and the ship. AT THE RAILING, Blackbeard turns to Philip.

BLACKBEARD (CONT'D)
You, now. A chance to show the worth of your prayers. Pray he be delivered from - -

(a shrug)

Evil.
IN THE WATER, the sweating Cook rows for his life. The ship comes about, lined up with the longboat --

BLACKBEARD
Course made!

PHILIP
Stop. Give that man a chance. Give yourself --

Suddenly, from the prow of the ship, GREEK FIRE flares out of the mouth of the skeleton figurehead --

FLAMES ROLL OVER THE WATER, toward the longboat --

ON DECK, Angelica’s face is lit by the fire; she turns away as the Cook SCREAMS. Blackbeard steps close to Philip.

BLACKBEARD
You know when I feel closest to our Maker? When I see suffering, pain and anguish. That is when the veil is lifted, and the true design of this world is revealed.

PHILIP
And I see it revealed when, in times of hardship and tragedy, kindness and compassion are shown to those in need.

The SHOOTING FIRE stops. They turn to look. The Longboat BURNS, flames reflected in the water. Philip stares --

BLACKBEARD
Perhaps you will pray for him to be unharmed? Yes? No. Of course not. You pray only for what chance might offer on its own, lest the weakness of your God be revealed.

Philip is shaken. But finds his resolve.

PHILIP
Please. There is still hope for that man --

BLACKBEARD
Again.

ON THE WATER, as Greek Fire from the Queen Anne’s Revenge rolls over the waves --

AT THE RAIL, the firelight is reflected on Jack’s face --
INT. QUEEN ANNE'S REVENGE - CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Jack is SLAMMED backwards up against the bulkhead, hard. The Quartermaster stabs a knife into Jack’s shirt, pinning him.

As the Quartermaster exits, Jack looks past him to see Blackbeard, working on something at his desk. Jack takes in the cabin; notes a cabinet enclosed by bars.

JACK
I’ve no interest in the Fountain, so if your heart’s set, just drop me off anywhere.

BLACKBEARD
Your words surround you like fog, make you hard to see.

JACK
And you? The mighty Blackbeard. Beheaded, they say, and still you swam three times around your ship, then climbed back on board.
(beat)
Yet here you are, running scared --

BLACKBEARD
Scared.

JACK
To the Fountain.

Blackbeard approaches Jack.

BLACKBEARD
My death is nigh -- the fates have spoken, the threads of destiny woven.

JACK
You have a high regard for fate.

And you?

BLACKBEARD
I'm skeptical of predicting any future which includes me.

BLACKBEARD
It be foolish to battle fate, but I am pleased to cheat it. I will reach the Fountain. You will lead me.

Blackbeard turns away.
Jack tugs on the knife, pulls himself free from the wall. He regards the knife in his hand -- he now has a weapon.

BLACKBEARD (CONT'D)
The knife will serve you no better than the mutiny you devised.

JACK
The mutiny served me well. I gained an audience with you.

BLACKBEARD
Oh?

JACK
To warn you. Regarding your First Mate, who pretends to be persons she is not.

BLACKBEARD
Do tell.

JACK
She is not your daughter. What she is, is evil. More to be feared than a wild beast. Hungry wild beast. From hell. (ticks off the list on his fingers)
Vengeful, hungry, from hell. Beast. And wild.

BLACKBEARD
You speak thusly of my own flesh and blood?

Blackbeard comes back to Jack. Pulls a dreadlock straight -- takes the knife from Jack, saws it off.

He moves back to his desk. Jack peeks over his shoulder, sees: a Jack Sparrow voodoo doll. A wooden chest and head; beads, red bandana with dreadlocks woven in as hair. Face drawn on, a fair caricature of Jack, looking shocked.

PULL FOCUS TO: Jack also looking shocked, same expression.

JACK
Sir. The woman is consummate in the art of deception.

OUTSIDE, near the door, Angelica stops, listens in on the conversation. BACK INSIDE --
I know. I taught her. Though I cannot claim credit for her abundance of natural talent --

Angelica. My daughter. The one good and true thing I have done in this world. And you claim to have corrupted her?

But it was so easy.

Father?

Darling!

Angelica steps into the room --

Oh, good. He's still alive.

Blackbeard takes the voodoo doll, cuts a half circle into its chest. Jack winces in pain, tries to hide it.

No need to hurt him, Father. He will help. Won't you, Jack?

Do you see? Even now, she attends to your welfare. Giving lie to the claims you make of her.

He makes a final downward slash. Jack opens up his shirt. On his chest is a bloody cut, an upside-down half-circle with a downward stroke, creating a pitchfork-shaped upside-down cross.

You will lead us to the Fountain. Yes?

Jack looks up. Blackbeard dangles the Voodoo Doll over a candle flame; it starts to smoulder.

Put another way. If I dunnot arrive there in time -- neither will you.

Jack loosens his collar, sweating -- glances over --
-- CLOSE ON: the Cook, standing in the doorway, STARING at him. A Zombie, like the others. He smiles. The Quartermaster puts a hand on his shoulder, leads him off.
JACK
I’ll have a look-see at those charts, straight away, if you don’t mind.

EXT. PROVIDENCE - POOP DECK - DAY

Gillette pilots the ship. Gibbs beside him, studying the ship’s compass. Barbossa holds a silver plate bearing finely sliced apples; he feasts with a tiny bite, notices --

Groves stands before him, backed by various crew members.

BARBOSSA
Aye?

GROVES
Captain. Sir. I am unhappy to report rumors, sir, among the crew, as to our destination.

BARBOSSA
Shut yer traps and make way.

Barbossa turns away. Turns back. Groves hasn’t moved.

BARBOSSA (CONT'D)
That's the way of it, then?

GROVES
No disrespect, sir.

BARBOSSA
What do the men fear? Say it. Speak the words.

GROVES
Whitecap Bay.

BARBOSSA
Aye, and every worthless seamen fears the name, rightly so, though few know why, or dare to ask.

GIBBS
Be the stories true?

BARBOSSA
Listen, that your voice should quiver like a fiddle string! Say what robs you of your staunch heart, Gibbs, or forever leave it to the wider fields of fancy.

GIBBS
Mermaids, sir.
BARBOSSA
Aye. Mermaids. Sea ghouls, devil fish, dreadful in hunger for flesh of man. Mermaid waters, that be our path. Cling to your soul, Mister Gibbs, as mermaids be given to take the rest, to the bone.

Murmurs of fear among the crew.

GROVES
Steady, men. Find your courage -- or be ready to purpose your fear.

But one of the SAILORS suddenly turns, RACES for the railing, dives over. Splashes in the water. Swims hard toward the dim outline of a distant island.

GROVES (CONT'D)
Man overboard!

BARBOSSA
Nay. A deserter.

GROVES
Come about, sir?

BARBOSSA
Nay. I shan’t ask any more of a man than what that man can deliver. But I do ask -- are we not King’s men?

GROVES
(with a few of the crew)
Aye.

BARBOSSA
On the King’s mission? I did not note any fear in the eyes of the Spanish as they passed us by.

(the crew take offense)
Are we not King’s men?

More enthusiasm this time, led by Groves and Gillette. AYE!

BARBOSSA (CONT'D)
Aye! Double-reef the mizen topsail and hoist it up! Haul her close! Stave on ahead!

The crew disperse to their tasks. CLOSE ON Gibbs, as he watches the sailor swim away --

GIBBS
And may God have mercy on our souls.
CLOSE ON: a simple gold RING with a BLACK STONE, lit by golden lamplight -- the ring Jack pilfered from Tia Dalma's shack in Dead Man's Chest. Jack turns it in his fingers ...

Angelica emerges on deck, spies --

JACK stands facing her, a bottle of wine in hand, glasses on a barrel. A CIRCLE of LANTERNS glows. The deck pitches and rolls, the glasses slide to the edge; he deftly catches them.

JACK

Jack tosses a glass to Angelica, nods to Scrum, who plays a Spanish tune on his mandola.

ANGELICA
Wine, lamplight, music. We’ve travelled down this road before.

JACK
Yes. Winding, twisting, turning, and writhing. Do you recall Saint Dominique?

ANGELICA
La Martinique. I tried to kill you on Saint Dominique.

JACK
Either or.

He pours her glass.

ANGELICA
Hardly appropriate for a First Mate.

JACK
Was I the first? I wondered.

ANGELICA
You can be charming, when you want something. The trick is finding out what.

JACK
This dance, m’lady.

Jack times his request with the roll of the deck; off balance, she ends up in his arms.

ANGLE: the Queen Anne's Revenge beneath the moon, anchored in a rolling sea, two figures dance on the swaying deck.
Jack spins Angelica back into the rigging, with the SWAY of the ship he falls into her arms, as if she pulled him.

JACK (CONT'D)
Here? With your father on board? We’ll have to be very quiet.

ANGELICA
Cards on the table, Jack. Including that one up your sleeve.

JACK
The truth? You’re going to get yourself killed, and I’m not inclined to stand by and watch.

ANGELICA
You want to rescue me, Jack?

JACK
Blackbeard has served his purpose. Land is within reach. You and I can flee, go on to the Fountain together. There’ll be fame enough to share.

ANGELICA
And I tell you the ritual of the Fountain.

JACK
The profane ritual.

The SWAY of the ship takes them out of the rigging. Jack turns it into an elegant spin.

ANGELICA
And the fact that saving me lies directly in line with your self-interest is entirely coincidental.

JACK
Coincidentally.

ANGELICA
I don’t believe you.

JACK
When once a liar speaks the truth, he yearns for trust so.

Jack grabs a line. Gets a running start, swings off, into the night. Then swoops in behind her, drops lightly to the deck.
JACK (CONT'D)
May I cut in?

(Angelica laughs)
I have something for you. Proof, you are never far from my thoughts. The first item I ever stole...

(shows the ring)
... for someone else.

ANGELICA
I had to trade it. To learn the rules of the Fountain.

JACK
Ah. And?

ANGELICA
I haven’t seen you with such desire since St. Lucia. Short lived, as I recall.

JACK
(a whisper)
Tell me the rules.

ANGELICA
Are we partners. Can I trust you? I need you on my side, Jack.

JACK
We are thick as thieves. Angelica.

He slips the ring onto her finger. In return, she whispers:

ANGELICA
Waters from the Fountain of Youth. The shimmering tear of a Mermaid. The Silver Cups of Cartagena ... with these items ...

JACK
Yes.

ANGELICA
With these items, you may take all the years of life from another.

(beat)
(MORE)
ANGELICA (CONT'D)

All the years of life from another, Jack. Do you understand? We cannot go on our own, you and I. The ritual requires a victim.

JACK

I find my desire for the Fountain greatly lessened.

ANGELICA

Ah, but there is something on board you do want.

So true.

ANGELICA

Something else on board you desire --

EXT. QUEEN ANNE’S REVENGE - OUTSIDE CAPTAIN’S CABIN - NIGHT

Angelica and Jack whisper --

JACK

Blackbeard?

ANGELICA

He’s forward, in the chart room. We’ll have to be quick.

Angelica inserts a heavy key into a heavy lock --

INT. QUEEN ANNE’S REVENGE - CAPTAIN’S CABIN - NIGHT

Jack follows Angelica inside; they move quickly to a tall cabinet circled with heavy chains. Angelica produces a smaller key, unlocks it, pulls open both doors --

Inside, rows upon rows of shelves bearing dozens upon dozens of GLASS BOTTLES, displayed on their sides. A closer look reveals:

Each bottle contains a ship. And weirdly, there is motion. Each ship 'sails' on a shrunken, churning ocean, their sails filled with captured winds --

ANGELICA

He keeps each vanquished ship as a prize. Help me, and I promise you your pick.
Jack comes upon -- the Black Pearl; distinctive black sails, tiny. Jack peers close --

INSIDE the glass bottle we see a very tiny PARROT circling, flapping tiny wings --

Jack's reflected face registers astonishment --

JACK
The Black Pearl. In a bottle. My ship is in a bottle.

INSIDE THE BOTTLE, on the deck of the Black Pearl, Jack’s face looms as large as a thundercloud. JACK THE MONKEY climbs up the rigging on the otherwise empty ship --

Suddenly the monkey's face LOOMS LARGE, DISTORTED BY THE GLASS -- he SCREECHES --

Jack jumps back.

JACK
He’s even more annoying in miniature.

ANGELICA
Do we have a deal?

JACK
Angelica -- I know you. You are not going to steal the life of some innocent man.

ANGELICA
What about the one-legged man? I need years. Not for me. For my father. Jack ... I truly am the daughter of Blackbeard.

JACK
You’ve fallen for your own con.

ANGELICA
No. He is my father. The lies I told you, were not lies.

JACK
You lied to me, by telling the truth.

ANGELICA
Yes.

JACK
That's good. May I use that?

ANGELICA
You will anyway.
YOU'LL NOT GIVE UP THIS QUEST, THEN.

I WANT A FATHER, JACK. I HAVE NOT HAD ONE.

ANGELICA

ANGELICA

WHO ARE YOU TO SET THE LIMITS ON REDEMPTION? YOU STOLE YEARS OF MY LIFE, JACK. YOU OWE ME.

JACK TURNS AWAY -- FEELS COMPULSED TO TURN BACK --

ANGELICA HOLDS UP THE JACK VOODOO DOLL. SHE EXHALES HER BREATH DOWN ITS NECK -- AND JACK SHIVERS, SHAKES HIMSELF.

ANGELICA

I WONDER. DOES IT WORK BECAUSE IT WORKS, OR BECAUSE YOU BELIEVE THAT IT WORKS?

SHE STROKES THE DOLL SOFTLY, AND AGAIN JACK SHIVERS.

ANGELICA

OR BECAUSE YOU WANT ME TO BELIEVE YOU ARE ONLY PRETENDING FOR IT TO WORK, WHEN IN FACT IT DOES? NOTHING IS BEYOND YOU.

SHE DRAGS THE VOODOO DOLL ALONG HER NECK. UP BEHIND HER EAR.

ANGELICA

YOU ARE UNPREDICTABLE, JACK. UNTAMABLE. THAT'S WHY I'M DRAWN TO YOU.

ANGELICA

AND YOU SMELL NICE. BUT THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT.

JACK IS JERKED FORWARD AS SHE DRIFTS THE DOLL TO HER BOSOM.

ANGELICA

WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO ADMIT, JACK SPARROW ... THAT YOU WANT ME ...
JACK
(instantly)
I want you. Next question?

Jack comes close; his fingers entwine hers, surreptitiously grasping the doll ... he leans in to her waiting lips -- there is a sudden CLANG of the SHIP’S BELL --

QUARTERMASTER (O.S.)
Whitecap Bay!

EXT. QUEEN ANNE’S REVENGE - NIGHT

A remote lighthouse juts into the sky above a distant, rocky shoreline. PULL BACK through ship’s rigging to find Blackbeard approaching the rail, gazing with satisfaction.

BLACKBEARD
All hands on deck! Set-to the longboats! Make haste!

EXT. WHITECAP BAY - PIER - NIGHT

Several longboats have landed. In the landing party are Jack, Angelica, Blackbeard, the Quartermaster, and a dozen other pirates, including Salaman, Garheng.

Jack notices as Pirates drag large thick NETS out of the longboats, up onto the ancient pier.

BLACKBEARD
Lay 'em out flat, no tangles, mend the holes. Make 'em to look purty, for our dainty guests!

Blackbeard turns toward the lighthouse.

BLACKBEARD (CONT'D)
We’re going to need light. A lot of light.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

Blackbeard, Angelica, Jack, Salaman and Garheng follow wood steps that climb up the rocks toward the Lighthouse.

JACK
We require a mermaid's tear. So, we require a mermaid.

GARHENG
A mermaid. So?

JACK
You ever seen a mermaid? You start with a shark. Give them weapons. And make them all women.
SALAMAN
Beautiful women?

JACK
Did you miss the part about the sharks?

GARHENG
I heard Jack Sparrow once had the favor of the mermaids.

JACK
Is that story still out there? A mermaid’s favor, perhaps, that sounds more like it.

ANGELICA
Is there a female anywhere, of any kind, safe from you?

They arrive at the lighthouse door, off its hinges --

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

The group reach the upper level of the tower.

In its centre, the lighthouse mechanism is a Rube-Goldbergian wonder. A huge wick on rotating platform with a large mirror behind, the system fed by a series of pressure controlled pipes leading back to a very large tank.

SALAMAN
Smell that? Whale oil. Stuff burns like a miracle from God.

BLACKBEARD
Can you make it work?

SALAMAN
Made by the English, let’s not get our hopes up.

But Salaman sets upon it, experiments with the turning mechanism. Jack examines the view out one of the archways; a silver crescent moon rides above the blue horizon, Earthshine giving a glow to the moon’s dark area.

ANGELICA
The old moon in the new moon’s arms.
First of the summer. Perfect for a Mermaid hunt.

JACK
How so?
Angelica smiles a shark smile.

ANGELICA

Mating season.

EXT. WHITECAP BAY - LONGBOAT - NIGHT

Dark waters. A LONGBOAT drifts, filled with the selected pirates, among them Scrum, Ezekiel, Derrick, the Cabin Boy, and Philip. Gunner keeps watch, pistol in hand.

The mood on the boat is somber; the pirates know the danger they face. Only Scrum is upbeat. Heads turn as the Lighthouse BLAZES to life in the distance.

EZEKIEL

We're doomed.

DERRICK

We're not doomed. Day we set sail, I spilled a glass of wine on deck, that's good luck.

EZEKIEL

Ah, but three days out, Scrum there handed a flag through the rungs of a ladder. Terrible bad luck!

DERRICK

On that same day a dolphin swam alongside the ship --

SCRUM

When the clothes of a dead sailor are worn by another sailor during the same voyage, misfortune will befall the entire crew!

(heads turn to Scrum)

I'm just sayin'.

Suddenly the Lighthouse BEAM finds them; they are a bright shiny bauble on a sea of velvet black.

EZEKIEL

They be drawn to man-made light.

CABIN BOY

Sharks?

EZEKIEL

Worse than sharks, boy. They'll be mermaids upon us, within the hour, mark my words. Sharks won't dare come near.

They grow silent. Tense.
I heard it said a kiss from a mermaid protects a sailor from drowning. And sometimes, the song of a mermaid will lead a ship away from the shoals.

Don’t be a fool! Mermaids are all female, son. And lovely as a dream of heaven. But when it comes time to churn butter, so to speak, they snatch a sailor out of a boat or off the deck of a ship, have their way, then the sailors are pulled to bottom, and drowned, and eaten.

Or sometimes the other way around.

The pirates consider that. Gunner points a pistol at Scrum.

Sing.

What?

They like to hear singing.

Scrum glances at the other Pirates. Takes a breath.

"My name it is Maria, a merchant's daughter fair ..."

Louder.

"And I have left my parents and three thousands pounds a year ..."

Elsewhere in the bay, two other longboats from the Queen Anne’s Revenge wait, dark and silent. These boats are loaded down with large barrels. Their crews are silent. The Purser rows, keeping his distance --

The lit-up longboat lies between these trapping boats and shore. Scrum's singing drifts over the inky black waters:

"My heart is pierced by Cupid, I disdain all glittering gold ..."

Gunner gestures, and various other Pirates join in --
PIRATES
"There is nothing can console me but my jolly sailor bold!"

One of the pirates, moved by the song, wipes away a tear --

EXTREME LONG SHOT, the brightly-lit Longboat, a shining star in a watery sky.

PIRATES (CONT'D)
"Come all you pretty fair maids, whoever you may be ..."

Some Pirates, despite themselves, are getting into the song:

PIRATES (CONT'D)
"Who love a JOLLY SAILOR BOLD that ploughs the raging sea!

EXT. WHITECAP BAY - LONGBOAT - LATER

Time has passed. Most of the pirates are slumped down, tired. Only Scrum keeps up the singing, low energy:

SCRUM
"While up aloft, in storm or gale, from me his absence mourn ..."

Philip spots something in the water, sits up.

SCRUM (CONT'D)
"And firmly pray, arrive the day, he home will safe return ..."

And then Scrum notices it too --

IN THE WATER, a small ripple. Nothing much, then it’s gone.

Philip and Scrum relax. But then Philip’s eyes widen as he sees something over Scrum’s shoulder. He can only point, Scrum turns slowly to look --

At bow of the longboat is a smiling, luminescent MERMAID.

Just her upper body is out of the water as she leans on the edge of the longboat; she is naked, golden hair covering her bosom. Her eyes are sea-grey, her pale skin blue-tinted by the light of the moon.

SCRUM (CONT'D)
Lord save me!

PHILIP
Men, look! Look there!

Other pirates come awake and see the sight; their drawn swords glint in the moonlight. The Mermaid feints back.
SCRUM
You're scaring her off!

EZEKIEL
Aye, and good riddance!

Scrum pushes Ezekiel away. The Mermaid hesitates, then ...

REVERSE ANGLE showing her shoulders and back as she pulls herself out of the water. Exactly where her body meets the surface, she TRANSFORMS, from scales and fins to skin.

She stares at them innocently. Her tail swishes back and forth beneath the water.

SCRUM
Do you talk?

MERMAID
Yes.

SCRUM
You're beautiful.

MERMAID
Are you the one who sings?

SCRUM
Aye.

The Mermaid smiles, radiant, utterly compelling.

MERMAID
Are you my jolly sailor bold?

SCRUM
Aye! That I be!

PHILIP
Scrum! Comport yourself!

Philip and pirates pull Scrum back; he fights free of them.

SCRUM
Boys, there ain't much been given me in my brief, miserable life, there's the truth of it. But by God I'll have it said, Scrum had himself a kiss from a mermaid!

Scrum crawls toward the Mermaid. She smiles, and sings:

MERMAID
"My heart is pierced by Cupid, I disdain all glittering gold ..."
Philip watches in horror, then notices -- the other Pirates glancing at the water --

UNDERWATER, a half-dozen mermaids flash back and forth, the longboat above them silhouetted by the moon. They glide smoothly, with movement similar to an otter or eel.

As they break the surface of the water -- FACES, beautiful smiling FACES, appear all around the Longboat, one Mermaid to each entranced Pirate. Even Ezekiel falls under the spell. Philip tries to get their attention --

PHILIP
Men! How cheer ye fore and aft? Men!
How cheer ye! Men!

Scrum gets closer to the waiting Mermaid, who leans in, singing softly with the voice of an angel ...  

MERMAID
"There is nothing can console me but my jolly sailor bold ..."

Scrum, transfixed, puckers up for a kiss --

The Mermaid pulls Scrum underwater. As her kiss turns into a bite, Ezekiel JABS her away with an oar --

THE MERMAIDS ATTACK, pulling Pirates into the water, ripping apart the planks of the Longboat. Pirates scream --

Philip grabs Derrick, pulling him back into the boat --

-- suddenly arms appear, right beneath him, they are thrust up through the hull of the longboat --

-- the Longboat rises up and is flipped over. Derrick is thrown into the water, pulled under -- crimson blood blossoms in the water as he is torn apart --

ELSEWHERE, Pirates on the dark Longboats spring to action.

PURSER
Harden up! Muster your courage!

Fuses are lit and barrels are rolled into the sea --

With a thundering KA-THWUMP! the first barrel EXPLODES, sending a column of water climbing to the sky --

The Mermaid SHRIEKS turn into high-pitched WAILS --

OMITTED
EXT. WHITECAP BAY - PIER - NIGHT

ON JACK, as he stares out to sea, haunted by the sailors screams. Blackbeard passes, carrying a burning torch --

BLACKBEARD
Out upon it! It's begun!

Crewmen bear the heavy fishing net into the shallow waters. Angelica lights their way with a torch --

ANGELICA
Nets into the water! Quickly!

ON JACK, he doesn't like what he sees. Glances back toward the Lighthouse -- already he is calculating -- in the bay, more barrels are lit, EXPLODE --

A LONGBOAT rocks hard, pulled by Mermaids; a pirate spills into the water as the boat is torn into pieces --

In the Purser’s LONGBOAT, a lit barrel rolls free; Mermaids flip the boat over, covering the barrel; it EXPLODES ripping the boat to splinters --

ON PHILIP, as he wrestles a Mermaid in the waves. When the concussion of the blast arrives through water and air, the Mermaid shoots away --

Then suddenly, with a ROAR, the Queen Anne’s Revenge appears, a WAVE of GREEK FIRE shooting out from the skeleton figurehead of the bow, FLAMES rolling over the waters --

Pirates duck underwater, flames shooting above in the night. 

Mermaids flee more fiery BLASTS from the Queen Anne’s Revenge, swim toward shore --

ON THE PIER, Blackbeard addresses the pirates --

BLACKBEARD
A gold doubloon to the man who spots the first! Do not be greedy. We need but a single one!

But the waters become eerily calm. All wait with trepidation. Suddenly, a pirate in the water, net in hand, gets pulled under -- THWUMP! Then another, THWUMP! And another -- THWUMP!

Pirates swim for the rocks -- but Mermaids climb after them --
ON JACK, his face lit by the lighthouse, eyes wide with fear.

JACK
Retreat, all! To land! For your lives!
Jack looks out. Everywhere Pirates battle the Mermaids, but the Pirates are losing -- and out in the bay, the water churns, a new wave of mermaids approaching.

Pirates retreat onto land. Suddenly a line of SEAWEED shoots in from the dark like a whip, wrapping around the pirate, pulling him away --

BLACKBEARD
Back in the waters! Cowards! There be no refuge on land, on my word!

Blackbeard FIRES a pistol, hitting one of his own men. More seaweed whips fly in, taking Pirates down --
Angelica staggers, the pier shifting beneath her. Mermaids tear into it, ripping it apart. A seaweed tendril shoots in, wraps around Angelica’s boot; Jack slashes at it --

Jack looks to the lighthouse, heads toward it.

Jack climbs the rocks, dodging mermaids among the pools -- a seaweed whip wraps around his sword, wrenching it away --

On shore, Philip crawls out of the water. Lifts his eyes to see the madness before him --

The Cabin Boy is dragged past him, caught in a seaweed whip; Philip grabs him, slashes to set him free --

INT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

Jack reaches the holding tanks for the oil used to power the main light; he breaks open a valve, and oil sprays out. As the oil spreads, nearing the flames of the main light, Jack dives for the window --

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE - NIGHT

Jack flies through the window, somersaults down into the water below --

The Lighthouse EXPLODES, a spectacular CONCUSSION, lighting up the night --

Philip turns away from the blast -- but a mermaid attacks him, pulls his legs out from under him; he lands HARD onto the rocks as he is pulled under, debris flies everywhere --

UNDERWATER, Mermaids cower; frightened, blinded, they flee the rocks, dart away from the shallows --

Jack breaks the surface of the water, turning in place, watching the Mermaids flee. As his head comes around, suddenly there is a Mermaid RIGHT THERE, staring.

Jack attempts a smile -- the Mermaid winds up --

JACK

Please, don’t --

-- and SLAPS Jack, hard, his head spinning, water flying off his dreads. The Mermaid takes off with the others --

ELSEWHERE, Angelica pulls Blackbeard to his feet. Suddenly, a commotion on shore:

SALAMAN

We got one!
The net is pulled up, but it's a false alarm: the person caught is Scrum, sputtering out sea water.

SCRUM
I'm in love!

They have to hold him from diving back in the water --

BLACKBEARD
Check the wounded, see if any can be saved.

Pirates move to aid fallen pirates --

BLACKBEARD (CONT'D)
Not us. Them! A mermaid. Find one still alive!
IN THE ROCKS, Philip, on his back, opens his eyes. He is dazed, but notices --

NEARBY, in a pool, movement beneath the broken lighthouse door. A mermaid's tail. Philip, scared, reaches for his sword. In one quick movement, he draws the blade and twists, driving the blade through the tail and down into the sand.

A high pitched wail, thrashing. Philip pulls away the door, revealing a mermaid beneath --

This is SYRENA.

Revealed, she HISSES at him. Philip pulls his sword from her tail, raises it ... and then looks closer.

Frightened, Syrena tries to curl up more. Philip sees the fear in her eyes. He lowers his sword.

Syrena raises her gaze to Philip. Their eyes meet. Something passes between them; an understanding, kindred spirits.

Philip sheathes his sword. A look of gratitude from Syrena. Suddenly a NET comes down over her, thrown by Blackbeard and the Quartermaster.

BLACKBEARD (CONT'D)

Got one! Here, lend a hand!

Syrena struggles. But Blackbeard wraps her up tight.

BLACKBEARD (CONT'D)

(to Philip)

Good work, sailor.

Philip starts to protest -- but he has no words, and can’t deny his part in her capture. Syrena bites at the net, looks at Philip, betrayal and hate in her eyes --

Blackbeard displays his prize to the other pirates --

BLACKBEARD (CONT'D)

Look boys, we landed ourselves --

Suddenly Jack steps in front of him. A little groggy.

JACK

Did everyone see that? Cause I’m not doing it twice.

Blackbeard glares at Jack.

BLACKBEARD

Back to the ship. We make for a protected cove -- and quick.
Angelica tosses Jack back his sword. Blackbeard notes the gesture, turns his back and moves on --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WHITECAP BAY - ROCKS - NEXT MORNING

Rain pours down. Dark clouds hang heavy in the sky.

TILT DOWN to FIND: the still smoldering lighthouse. The upper third blown away, much of the rest of it rubble.

A mermaid body lies on the rocks. Dead, she is in her full ocean form (due to the rain). A peg leg pokes the body --

REVEAL: Barbossa and Gibbs, drenched, next to the mermaid. Other crew members, including Groves and Gillette, a landing party, climb up from what is left of the pier.

The Providence can be seen in the distance, anchored in the bay.

Groves looks close, incredulous.

GROVES
Lord. Is that -- ?

GIBBS
Mermaid. (to Barbossa)
Give up this madness. Now.

BARBOSSA
I cannot. Ever walk on the beach, look back, and see your footsteps in the sand? It's like that. Except the footsteps lie before me.

GILLETTE
Footstep. Actually.

GROVES
Whitecap Bay, sir. We must hasten --

Just then, faint, distant SHOUTS can be heard. GUNFIRE and SCREAMS. All turn --

IN THE BAY, the Providence is under attack ... the ship is being swarmed by mermaids.

Like piranha attacking a carcass, the ship is torn apart, and begins to list, amid the dim SCREAMS of dying sailors, and the high-pitched WAILS of attacking mermaids.
Barbossa turns his back to the scene. Looks away from the beach, toward an enormous natural rock cavity.

BARBOSSA
We travel by foot. Gibbs, I require a heading.

GROVES
Sir. The men --

BARBOSSA
They be dead already.

GROVES
They don't sound dead.

BARBOSSA
That so?
(pulls his pistol)
I hear nothing but ... seagulls. Nesting. What is it you hear, Mister Groves? What is it our beloved King George Augustus, Duke of Luneburg, et cetera et cetera would hear?

The wails of death grow louder. Groves stares at the pistol.

GROVES

GILLETTE
Could be pelicans.

Barbossa turns his pistol on Gillette, thinks better of pulling the trigger. Trains it instead on Gibbs.

BARBOSSA
Heading, Gibbs?

Groves notices Gibbs, a look of horror on his face, staring out at the bay; all eyes follow his gaze --

The Providence is pulled under.

Gibbs takes a step toward it -- but Barbossa jams the pistol to Gibbs' jaw.

BARBOSSA
Your head or my heading, by the Powers, I'll have me one or the other, I don't care which!

EXT. ROCKY SHORE - DAY

The Queen Anne's Revenge sits pretty as a picture in a protected bay, under clearing skies.

Next four Zombies, including Gunner and the Quartermaster, carrying among them the glass coffin. Only it’s not a coffin, it is a human-sized aquarium, half filled with water. Syrena floats inside, in her aquatic form.

Blackbeard steps up next to Jack, yanks away a blindfold.

BLACKBEARD
It’s to you now, Sparrow.

JACK
Was that necessary?

BLACKBEARD
Best you not know the exact whereabouts of my ship. I am a cautious man.

Jack shrugs, pulls out his Compass, glances at it. The arrow points straight ahead.

JACK
What I want first is Ponce de Leon’s ship.

ON THE COMPASS, as it MOVES, ADJUSTS to a different direction. Jack snaps it closed, sets forth --

EXT. ROCKY SHORE - DAY

HIGH ANGLE, as the group hikes forward, strung out in a line with the jungle before them, the raised aquarium creating the look of a funeral procession --

EXT. JUNGLE - RIVER - DAY

PAN DOWN past hanging vines; beyond the thick growth, the group wades through a murky river, floating the chained coffin.

Scrum helps maneuver the aquarium beneath a fallen tree.

SCRUM
Why is it we got to bring her along?

ANGELICA
Tears don’t keep. We need them fresh.

JACK
Now, what is the ritual again? Water from the Fountain, and a mermaid’s tear --
ANGELICA
-- and two silver Chalices. One cup with the tear, one without.

JACK
So, one with a tear -- and water in both? These things can get complicated.

ANGELICA
I’m going to say it again. Both get water. One gets a tear. The person who drinks the water with the tear gets all the years of life from the other.

JACK
How many years?


ANGELICA
(a la Tia Dalma)
“All da years dat dey have lived, and they could have lived, if fate’d been kinder.”

She tosses the snake away. Moves on. Jack follows.

JACK
Run it by me again? Slowly? You need two Chalices --

Angelica, exasperated, curses at Jack in Spanish as she walks away --

EXT. JUNGLE - RIVER BANK - DAY

The group pauses to drink, re-fill canteens, rest. The glass coffin is lifted and set on an outcropping. Syrena is in her marine state, long single fin (torn where she was stabbed).

Jack joins Philip.

JACK
Clergyman. On the off chance this does not go well for me, I want it noted that I will believe in whatever I must to get into heaven.

PHILIP
We have a word for that, Jack. You can convert.
JACK
No, no. I was thinking more of ... on an as-needed basis.

Philip doesn’t answer; he has spotted a problem with Syrena, starts to move away --

Philip moves close to the glass. Syrena rises up, and transforms to her half-human state. Her eyes, full of reproach, meet his.

Philip notes: the glass cover is sealed, and chained closed. He glances back down. Looks closely. Syrena’s skin is pale. Her eyes flutter. Breathing labored.

PHILIP
Quartermaster!

QUARTERMASTER
Aye ...
PHILIP
She cannot breathe.

QUARTERMASTER
She has water ...

PHILIP
She needs air. Open this!

QUARTERMASTER
She will escape.

PHILIP
You are killing her.

Jack glances at the aquarium.

JACK
I support the missionary’s position.

The Quartermaster laughs. Philip takes the opportunity to grab the Quartermaster’s sword, wedges up the cover, breaking the seal. Syrena goes to the crack, breathes the air hungrily.

PHILIP
See?

The Quartermaster stares. Takes back his sword; Philip quickly shoves his bible in place, keeping the glass open. Syrena stares, HOPE showing in her eyes. Philip turns away --

BLACKBEARD
Onward!

EXT. JUNGLE - CHASM - DAY

Dense foliage; crisscrossing vines. A downward machete-slash-reveals Jack, leading the way.

PULL BACK: ahead of him is the edge of a chasm. A vast drop down to a rocky river below. Jack calls back --

JACK
As I thought. Not this way --

Too late. Angelica notes what Jack has seen: the remains of a bridge, pylons on each side, rope hanging.

ANGELICA
This is the way, isn’t it?

JACK
We can go around. To the east.
ANGELICA
But that would take us out of the path of the Chalices.

Jack doesn’t want to admit it, but it does.

JACK
Aye, well, then we circle back.

Angelica glances at the Quartermaster, who shakes his head.

ANGELICA
We don’t have time.

JACK
Well, you insisted on bringing a mermaid --

ANGELICA
The mutiny didn’t help --

JACK
You walk like a girl --

ANGELICA
You would know --

Blackbeard paces like a caged animal. Finally --

BLACKBEARD
Someone must go.

ANGELICA
You mean split up?

JACK
You mean jump?
(steps back)
This I cannot wait to see.

Blackbeard turns to Jack.

BLACKBEARD
Sparrow will go, find the ship, and retrieve the Chalices.

ANGELICA
Jack? What makes you think he will come back?

JACK
What makes you think he will come back?

ANGELICA
We cannot trust him, Father. I’ll go.
JACK
She’ll go.

BLACKBEARD
How much farther to the Fountain?

JACK
A day’s march north, following that river, until you reach a series of pools. Then you’re close.

Blackbeard plucks the Compass out of Jack’s hand. Jack reaches for it, thinks the better of it.

BLACKBEARD
You will go.

JACK
You know that feeling you get, sometimes, standing in a high place, a sudden urge to jump? I’m not feeling that.

Blackbeard pulls one of his pistols, aims it at Jack.

BLACKBEARD
I need those Chalices.

JACK
Shoot. Save me the bother of the fall.

Blackbeard considers ... moves his pistol over to Angelica.

BLACKBEARD
You will go, and you will return, or I will kill her.

Jack sees he will do it. Still, Jack gives it a try --

JACK
You would not kill your own daughter.

BLACKBEARD
Quartermaster. Take seven pistols. Remove the shot in all but two. Do not tell me which two.

CLOSE ON: a pistol, as it is set down by the Quartermaster, the last of seven pistols in line on a rock shelf.

Blackbeard leads Jack back to the pistols.

BLACKBEARD (CONT'D)
Choose one.
Blackbeard indicates for Jack to choose a pistol. Disbelieving, Jack does so. Blackbeard points it at Angelica, pulls the trigger -- click!

JACK
Please. None of them are loaded --
Jack picks one of the pistols, points it at a tree, pulls the trigger -- it FIRES. Jack is shocked.

JACK (CONT'D)
If you’re so willing to kill her, let her jump.

ANGELICA
What?

BLACKBEARD
If you jump and die, then I will see she gets her chance.

Blackbeard picks up another pistol. Suddenly Jack turns to the Quartermaster.

JACK
You. If I jump. Will I survive?

The Quartermaster stares at Jack a long time. He steps over to Angelica.

QUARTERMASTER
The doll.

Angelica hands him the doll. He moves to the edge -- throws the doll over.

ANGLE ON: the Jack VooDoo doll as it falls, it seems to be SCREAMING --

The doll SPLASHES into a narrow crevice between two rocks.

BACK ON THE LEDGE, it was Jack who was screaming. The Quartermaster turns to Jack, who shuts up.

QUARTERMASTER (CONT'D)
Yes. Now, you will survive.

ANGELICA
This is nonsense. I’m going.

Angelica moves to the edge of the chasm. Suddenly, with a yell, Jack races past her, leaping out into space. He plummets down -- 132 -- lands in the river, between the rocks, with a HUGE SPLASH. A tense moment, then Jack bobs up, alive.

JACK
Wet. Again. Again.

ABOVE, on chasm edge, Angelica turns to Blackbeard.
ANGELICA
Well played. You knew all along which guns were loaded.

BLACKBEARD
Of course.

And then he smiles.

EXT. JUNGLE - THICKET - DAY
Barbossa and Gibbs slash their way through the thick jungle, followed by the landing party.

BARBOSSA
Be nice to have a map about now.

GIBBS
Or a ship --

BARBOSSA
STOP!

Gibbs stops. Barbossa squints. CLOSE ON: an intensely bright red-and-black poison dart frog clings to Gibbs’ shirt.

BARBOSSA (CONT’D)
Hold very still. Ye dare not let it touch your skin.

Barbossa pulls gloves on, then gently lifts the frog off Gibbs’ shoulder. Groves pulls forth a GLASS JAR filled with a dozen other FROGS. Barbossa adds the dart-frog to his collection. Gibbs stares at him.

BARBOSSA (CONT’D)
What? What be wrong with an older man having a hobby?

Behind him, the landing party catches up to them, exhausted.

BARBOSSA (CONT’D)
What are you stopping for? Eh? Push on!

GROVES
Push on!

BARBOSSA
You can sleep when you’re dead, PUSH ON! Fortune continues to favor us!

The landing party moves past. Barbossa raises a glass to the jar of deadly frogs, his face and eyes distorted --
EXT. CLIFFSIDE BEACH - DAY

ON JACK, alone, as he races through the jungle. Comes to a deserted beach, pauses and stares upwards through an enormous cavity in the cliff. CAMERA RISES TO REVEAL:

IN THE FAR DISTANCE, perched high up on a dark seaside cliff, amid the mist, a bizarre image, a shipwreck, what is left of a square-rigged sailing vessel.

Jack speaks over his shoulder, as if talking to someone:

JACK

The Santiago. Famously captained by Ponce de Leon.

Jack nods, then realizes nobody is there.

JACK (CONT'D)

Right, then.

Jack climbs upwards --

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Blackbeard hurries forward. Following, moving more quickly than they should, the Zombie officers maneuver the aquarium over a low branch --

-- the aquarium slips, falls -- and BREAKS, water streaming --

Syrena TRANSFORMS into her human shape. The Pirates stare. She curls up, scared. Philip strips off his shirt, drapes it over Syrena. Blackbeard returns, surveys the situation. Looks to the Quartermaster.

QUARTERMASTER

We must not stop.

BLACKBEARD

(to Syrena)

You will walk.

She rises, stands, shaky like a newborn colt. Takes a step -- falls to her knees; Philip sees her right foot is scarred, injured from where he stabbed her.

SYRENA

I cannot.

BLACKBEARD

Walk, or die.

Philip steps forward. Kneels.
PHILIP
Put your arms around me.

SYRENA
I do not ask for help.

PHILIP
But you need it.

Slowly, she moves her arms around him. Their moves are awkward, tentative.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
Now.

He stands, lifting her, holding her in his arms. Turns, to find Blackbeard there, glaring at him.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
We are in a hurry. Yes?

BLACKBEARD
Don’t fall behind.

He turns, and the group moves forward with him --

EXT. JUNGLE - FIG TREE GROVE - DUSK

Blackbeard, leading the landing party, pushing plants, branches out of the way with his bare hands. He pauses.

BLACKBEARD
Water. I smell it. Wait here.

He disappears into the jungle. Philip sets Syrena down onto the giant roots of a fig tree. She withdraws, eyes downcast.

PHILIP
Such beauty. Surely you are one of God’s own creations, and not, as some tell, a descendant of those dark creatures who found no refuge on the Ark.

Syrena turns her eyes to him.

PHILIP(CONT'D)
Such beauty. And yet deadly.

SYRENA
Deadly. No.

PHILIP
You attacked me.
SYRENA
No. You are different.

PHILIP
Different?

SYRENA
Yes. Are you not? You protect.

Philip thinks back, working it through -- the explosion, being shoved to the ground -- and realizes the truth.

PHILIP
Did you ... you pushed me down, out of the way.

She nods. Philip is devastated. Blackbeard reappears.

ANGELICA
The Fountain?

BLACKBEARD
No. But we're close. Bring the creature. Cover her head.

PHILIP
She has a name.

Blackbeard stops. Angelica looks on with interest. Everybody waits. Philip is on the spot.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
You don't deserve to know her true name. But she wants to be called -- (looks at her, makes it up) She is Syrena.

EXT. JUNGLE - POOLS - NIGHT

Blackbeard emerges onto slate rocks. Before him is a round, still pool. He shoves his torch low --

CLOSE ON: a skeleton, a dead mermaid. Staked to the stone by her wrists. Where the skeleton meets the water, the bones transition from human to marine. Reveal other mermaid bodies. These are the mermaid killing fields.

BLACKBEARD
Come.

Syrena, head covered, is dragged forward by the Quartermaster and Gunner. Philip notices as: Scrum removes a glass vial from a pouch.
Careful. These pools run deep. If the creature makes the water, all is lost.

Syrena is held down at one of the pools. Her hooded face uncovered.

Look. LOOK. Staked out to die. To dry in the sun. Only half in the water, not enough to live, enough to make the dying slow.

Syrena stares at the scene. No emotion.

Think of it. Your people. Murdered. Harvested for their tears. Breaks my heart to think of it, and with so few of you left in this world.

(beat) Syrena. Will you not cry?

Syrena shifts her gaze to Blackbeard. Steady.

All die. Even you. Soon, I hear.

He grabs her hair, twists her head, forces her to look.

Listen. Can you not hear their screams? Can you not hear?

Blackbeard moves his hand to the hilt of his sword ...

SOUNDS of torment can be heard, faint, as if from a great distance. WAILING, PLEADING, CRYING, as soft as the wind.

We need but a single tear.

Syrena listens. Then, in a feat of pure will, she overcomes her fear, pain, sadness. Turns to Blackbeard and forces --

A smile.

Blackbeard SLAPS her with the back of his hand. Philip steps forward -- Scrum holds him back.

Vile creature!

Chop off her fingers. One by one.
GARHENG
Choke her!

SALAMAN
Cut out the tears. From behind the eyes.
Tell her she’s got a really big bum.

Philip confronts Angelica.

**PHILIP**
Where is your voice in this?

**ANGELICA**
Captain! Perhaps she will have a change of heart, when the sun rises.

**BLACKBEARD**
Yes. She will burn. But I cannot wait for the sun.

(to Gunner)
Build a fire.

**PHILIP**
No.

**BLACKBEARD**
Do not contest me, cleric.

**PHILIP**
You will not torture her.

**ANGELICA**
Philip. We need only one tear.

**BLACKBEARD**
I will rip every scale from her body one by one as I see fit. Does that displease you? Go pray.

Blackbeard laughs. Philip’s resolve finally breaks.

**PHILIP**
I was wrong. Not all souls can be saved. Yours cannot. You are sundered from God. Forever.

**BLACKBEARD**
Oh, behold! A man formerly of faith.

**PHILIP**
That vile creature, as you call her, is worth a hundred of you.

**BLACKBEARD**
You care for her.
Suddenly Blackbeard's knife is at Philip's throat.

BLACKBEARD (CONT'D)

You fancy her. Do not deny what is clear to my eyes. Question is, does she fancy you?

He shoves Philip to his knees, stares at Syrena.

BLACKBEARD (CONT'D)

And by God she does! We're in luck. Manifest a tear, harridan. Or witness this poor soul's death.

PHILIP

Syrena. I would prefer to not be killed by this man. If you could manage a tear ... I would be grateful.

Scrum leans in with the vial ... but nothing.

BLACKBEARD

Ah. Sadness only. No sorrow. Yet.

Blackbeard raises his knife.

ANGELICA

Father --

BLACKBEARD

Time and tide waits for none.

ANGELICA

Not by your hand!

Blackbeard shoves Philip to the Quartermaster -- who hits him on the back of the head, hard. Philip crumples --

BLACKBEARD

Now. The throat. Quick, and see to it!

The Quartermaster turns Philip away, draws a knife hard across Philip. Syrena cries out --

The Quartermaster holds the knife out; the blade drips with blood. He releases the lifeless body; it hits the ground.

Syrena stares, anguished, on the edge of tears. Blackbeard watches. But she fights the sorrow.

BLACKBEARD (CONT'D)

Aye. Tough, Mermaids are, the lot of them. Tie her up. Exactly as the others.

(re: Philip's body)

Get rid of that.
Gunner and the Quartermaster grab the body. Blackbeard turns to Angelica.

BLACKBEARD (CONT'D)

You are confident.

ANGELICA

Yes. I am a woman. So is she.

EXT. JUNGLE - RAVINE - NIGHT

FOLLOW the two Zombies as they drag Philip, tumble him into a ravine. HOLD ON: Philip, who lies still, surrounded by darkness. Gradually, the night SOUNDS of the jungle return --

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT

Jack climbs -- much closer now to the ship; it looms above him. We can see how precariously perched it is on the ridge.

INT. PONCE DE LEON'S SHIP - NIGHT

Rotted planks are ripped away. A TORCH appears, then Jack, climbing up through the floor of the cabin.


ON THE BED, there is a skeleton, magnifying glass in front of his face, staring at a map in his hand.

JACK

Ponce de Leon.

BARBOSSA (O.S.)

If forty pirates dreamt forty nights of treasure, it wouldn’t match the contents of this room.

Jack whirls, sword in one hand, torch in the other. Out of the shadows steps Barbossa, sword drawn.

JACK

You.

BARBOSSA

You.

JACK

No, you.

BARBOSSA

I was here first. You, why are you here?

JACK

Blackbeard sent me. You?
BARBOSSA

Silver Chalices.

Jack takes a step forward -- and the entire ship CREAKS, acts like a giant teeter-totter. Overbalancing to one side --

BARBOSSA (CONT'D)

Back! Back! Balance it out! The whole ship’ll slide down.

Jack and Barbossa spread out, until the ship settles.

JACK

Right, then. So we each choose an item of approximately equal weight, then --

Jack reaches for a stack of coins --

BARBOSSA

See there, I’ve learnt my lesson about taking treasure from a place, not knowing what curse might lie upon it.

Jack pulls his hand back.

JACK

Ruddy hell. I’ll have it.

Jack grabs the treasure, the ship overbalances --

BARBOSSA

Put it back! We touch nothing!

Jack puts it back. The ship shifts, and a chest slides out from under the bed.

JACK

What about that?

BARBOSSA

The Chalices.

They look. Two Chalices are carved onto the lid. Barbossa takes a step back -- and the ship tilts, and the chest slides towards him.

JACK

Hey!

Jack takes a step back to counter. Barbossa steps back again, and the chest comes all the way to him.

JACK (CONT'D)

Why do you get to look first?
Jack steps forward -- the ship lurches violently. It’s a game of chicken. Barbossa must step past Jack, away from the chest, to compensate. Jack kneels to open the chest --

BARBOSSA

Fine, then.

Barbossa purposefully pushes the harpsichord over; the ship tilts, and Jack slips to the deck. Barbossa stops the chest with his crutch and pushes it past Jack to re-balance.

Jack crawls, reaches, and grabs the chest. Their eyes meet --

JACK/BARBOSSA

Together.

They open the chest.

JACK

Empty.

One can see where the Chalices would fit. Jack lifts up: two stones, set inside.

BARBOSSA

The Spanish.

JACK

They’re ahead of us, mate.

Jack drops the stones back into the chest.

JACK (CONT’D)

I’ll have a look at that map. If it’s what I fear ...

Jack and Barbossa move to either side of the bed, lean in, next to the skeleton.

BARBOSSA

The Fountain.

JACK

Aye. The Spanish know the path. I wonder why they left this behind --

Jack reaches for the map --

And the SKELETON HEAD TURNS, pointedly looking at Jack. Intensely creepy. Jack pulls his hand back ... and Ponce turns back to examining the map for all eternity.

BARBOSSA

They know the path ... but I also see where they’ll likely make camp.
CLOSE ON: THE MAP, and PUSH IN on it; we see a river, and a trail marked to a Fountain; in the lower corner, the archaic symbol; also indicated a Spanish Fort with the legend SAN MIGUEL -- PUSH IN on the drawing of the Fort ...

DISSOLVE TO:

143 EXT. RIDGE - NIGHT

The ruins of the Fort can be seen below, in the jungle, the glow of a fire marking the location of the Spanish camp. PULL BACK to find Jack and Barbossa, on the ridge looking down.

Gibbs and the rest of Barbossa’s party appear.

GIBBS

Jack!

JACK

Gibbs! I was just on my way to come break you out of jail!

(realizes)

You stole my map.

Gibbs shrugs; ‘yeah, true’; Barbossa stands.

BARBOSSA

Best we be starting, now.

144 EXT. JUNGLE - RAVINE - NIGHT

ON PHILIP, as he opens his eyes. Sits up. He puts a hand to his neck, checks it. There is no cut at his throat. Pulls open his shirt --

A long, deep, still-bleeding gash across his chest. Painful, but not deadly. Strange -- why wasn’t he killed?

145 EXT. JUNGLE - POOLS - NIGHT

ON SYRENA, as she lies tied to the stakes, half immersed in the water. She looks, sees a SHADOW among shadows. Philip steps forward.

PHILIP

Syrena. I am sorry, Syrena.

He falls to her side. Begins to untie her bonds. She is amazed, moved.

SYRENA

You came for me.

PHILIP

Yes.
SYRENA

Why?
PHILIP
You are different, are you not?
(she smiles)
Do you know not of kindness? Compassion?

SYRENA
And that is all?

PHILIP
A debt repaid, then.

She gazes at him, the moon reflected in those deep blue eyes.

PHILIP (CONT'D)
No. That is not all. Moonlight. In a mermaid's eyes. The mystery of the depths. You are lovely beyond measure.

He offers a smile. She smiles back. Blinks, tears of gratitude welling up in her eyes --

BLACKBEARD (O.S.)
Now! Quick-like!

Suddenly Blackbeard is there. Pirates swoop in. Angelica shoves Syrena's head down. Holds the vial under her face --

CLOSE ON: A SINGLE TEAR, the shining crescent moon captured inside, as it drops into the vial.

BLACKBEARD (CONT'D)
No tears of sorrow! Never, Mermaids be too tough for that. But, tears of joy, they say these be the more potent anyway.

Angelica hands the vial to Scrum, who corks it, places it carefully in its leather pouch.

PHILIP
On my word, I had no part in this --
(to Blackbeard)
Let her go. You don't need her now.

BLACKBEARD
Let her go? Let her go? Let her go? Would I be Blackbeard if did such a thing as let her go? And have her bring her kind down upon us? No, I would not.
(beat)
Secure her bonds. We shall leave her with her own.
Barbossa’s group shoves their way through, trying to stay quiet.
Jack and Gibbs hang behind, whisper.

GIBBS
What's your play, Jack? Throwing in with Barbossa.

Jack hates to admit it -- but does.

JACK
There's a girl.

GIBBS
When is there not?

JACK
I should say ... a damsel.

GIBBS
What? No.

JACK
Aye.

GIBBS
You're rescuing a damsel? That's a first.

JACK
Aye. It's just .... I may have ... done the lady some manner of harm, back in the day.

GIBBS
Pray tell.

JACK
Gibbs. This is the woman from Seville.

GIBBS
Ah. You pretended to love her. Left her. And broke her heart.

JACK
Worse. I may have had, briefly mind you ... stirrings.

GIBBS
Stirrings?

JACK
Aye.

GIBBS
Feelings, you mean.
No, not quite all the way to feelings.
All right, feelings then, damn you!

And left her still. That's worse.

Thank you.

Suddenly Barbossa turns -- slashes a hand across his throat, telling them to be quiet. Points ahead, to --

In the distance, ruins of the long-ago fort, nearly covered by jungle. The Spanish have made camp.

Stealth over force. I’ll take it from here, on account of your condition.

You don’t get termites, do you?

Appreciate your concern, Jack, I’ll be keeping you company, all the same.

Hold here. Wait for my signal.

Barbossa and Jack move into position behind some palms. Barbossa searches, sees --

There. That one.

Jack looks. Standing beneath a canopy is The Spaniard.

That be the leader. Make note of his tent, that’s where -- no, wait! By God, that must be them, right there!

The Spaniard has moved aside, and there on a wooden table sit the two silver Chalices. The Spanish Officer writes as he examines them.

Barbossa draws his sword, crawls forward, Jack next to him. Jack sniffs.

Your sword smells funny.

Aye. Poison. From the innards of poisonous toads. Just a scratch, and you’d be dead within minutes.
JACK
Point that thing the other way, will you?

They reach the two palm trees. Barbossa stares, calculating.

JACK (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

BARBOSSA
Planning an escape route. Isn’t that how you do it?
(he never thought of that)

Yes. Or. Sometimes, I just, improvise.

They reach the ruins of a wall.

BARBOSSA

All right, then. Now we need to --

JACK

They’re beautiful. I’ve got to have them.

Jack takes off --

CLOSE ON: the silver Chalices. The Spanish Officer polishes one of them. We see the elaborate carving on their side: tree roots that entwine upwards, enveloping the engraved words, Aqua de Vida.

Jack’s eyes appear at the edge of the table. When the Officer is working on one Chalice, Jack’s hand takes the other.

Barbossa’s crutch appears at the edge of the table on the other side. The Officer puts one Chalice down, reaches for the other -- now gone. While he is distracted --

Barbossa’s crutch drags away the other Chalice.

UNDER THE TABLE, the Officer’s head appears. Jack and Barbossa are not there -- and he gets clonked on the head.

Jack and Barbossa shove the Officer under the table.

BARBOSSA

Now what?
We stroll out. Slow and steady. Like you belong.

Jack and Barbossa stroll, confident, like they have every reason to be there. Jack waves at a passing Spaniard, who goes by, does a double take — draws his sword. Two other Spaniards join him; Jack and Barbossa working together, make quick work of them. Round a corner —

Find themselves face-to-face with three dozen Soldiers.

Jack and Barbossa sit facing each other, stripped of their possessions, tied around the waist to a palm tree.

JACK
How’s that escape route working?

BARBOSSA
Here’s you a chance to improvise.

JACK
Working on it. Might be able to get a hand loose …

Barbossa reaches forward awkwardly, hands still tied. Lifts his wooden leg, works hard to unscrew it.

JACK (CONT’D)
You’ve a knife. Good.

BARBOSSA
Better.

Jack watches as Barbossa removes a cup, built into the leg. He tips the leg, pouring out rum.

JACK
I want one of those!

Barbossa scoots the cup over to Jack. Jack gets a hand loose, drinks. Barbossa drinks from his wooden leg.

JACK (CONT’D)
Here’s to revenge, sweet and clear.

Revenge?

BARBOSSA

JACK
Come clean with it, Hector. If you’d wanted the Chalices, you’d have seen they were missing and gone. You were lying in wait. For Blackbeard.
BARBOSSA
Oh?

JACK
King George, Privateer, the wig. Cheap theatrical facade. Not buying it.

Barbossa bristles. Then --

BARBOSSA
You weren’t there that night.

JACK
When the Pearl was lost.

BARBOSSA
Taken, not lost. We were off the coast of Hispaniola when we came under attack. No provocation nor warning nor offer of parley. We were peppered with cannon fire. And then the sea beneath the Pearl began to roil.

(beat)
The Pearl was pitching and yawing violently. So violently we could not maneuver ... could not man the cannons ... so violently it actually came to my mind to give ... the order.

(off Jack’s look)
THE order! THE order! The order no man who calls himself captain ever dreams he’ll be givin’!

(beat)
Abandon ship.

Jack has been there; he understands.

BARBOSSA (CONT’D)
But too late. The Pearl began to creak, every plank, every rail, every spar all at once, making a hellish noise like none I have ever heard ... and I have heard my share of hellish noises.

JACK
Aye. As have I.

BARBOSSA
The rigging had come to life. Our own ship, turned against us. Tangling my crew, wrapping around them like snakes ... wrapping around ... my leg.

Jack looks down, sympathetic.
BARBOSSA (CONT'D)
But my arms were free. My sword was at hand. I am the master of my ship, not Blackbeard! I am the master of my fate, not Blackbeard! And so I did ... what needed done. I ... survived.

Barbossa screws his leg back into place on its harness.

JACK
So. You’re not after the Fountain?

BARBOSSA
I care not for King George, or tavern yarns that give hope for a healed limb. But I’d give my left arm for a chance a Blackbeard.

JACK
Not your right?

BARBOSSA
Need my good arm to run this poisoned blade through his heart --

JACK
I’ll see you get the chance.

Using the rope wrapped around the tree as leverage, he scoots up the trunk, to a crouched position, then standing, then OUT OF FRAME.

The Guards notice what is happening --

EXT. PALM TREE GROVE - NIGHT

Tree top level. Jack pushes aside the fronds, peeks out, swaying back and forth at this great height.

Jack pulls free a coconut. With the frayed rope, he creates a kind of net, securing the coconut to the end, making a bolo.

Jack spies the next palm tree over. Swings his bolo, flings the rope. The coconut CATCHES on the palm tree, wraps around. He winds the rope around his wrist, starts to PULL --

The palm tree BENDS, coming closer. Jack PULLS harder.

BELOW, Barbossa and the Guards watch, incredulous.

Jack PULLS hard as he can --

The two palm trees inch CLOSER to each other --

Jack suddenly LEAPS off his perch -- the force of the released tension SLINGSHOTS Jack onto a third palm tree --
-- Jack rocks backwards once on the third palm tree, directing it toward a fourth palm tree --

BELOW Soldiers spread out, disappear in tall ferns, avoiding COCONUTS that rain down -- one Soldiers is taken out --

SOLDIER
Fan out! Find him! Don’t let him escape!

Soldiers spread out, searching, climb up the trunks --

ON BARBOSSA, as he struggles. Suddenly Groves is there with Barbossa’s and Jack’s swords.

GROVES
I’m guessing that was the signal --

ABOVE, Jack flies from one tree to another, SCREAMING --

Groves hands Barbossa his sword. They run for it.

ABOVE, Jack appears through the fronds of the tree, ties his rope around the trunk, pushes off --

SOLDIER
There! Over there! That tree, that one! There he is!

Jack swoops down, knocking away the soldier, then swings back up, out of sight --

Guards gather at the tree trunk, looking up, following --

ON JACK as his momentum spins him around the tree trunk, trees flashing by behind him --

Jack nears the ground, and on the run, keeps running around the tree, catching the Soldiers, tying them to the trunk; he gives a final, satisfying tug --

Jack races away --

EXT. JUNGLE - BAMBOO GROVE - NIGHT

Barbossa and Groves join up with Gibbs and the rest of Barbossa’s crew.

GROVES
Prepare to move out!

BARBOSSA
They’ll be upon us soon --
Suddenly Jack joins them.

BARBOSSA (CONT'D)

Sorry, Jack, we lost the Chalices. I’ve an appointment to keep. There’ll be no going back.

Barbossa steps away --
JACK
No need. Anyone care for a drink?

Jack produces the two silver Chalices. Barbossa keeps moving, the others following --

BARBOSSA
Bravo, Jack --

EXT. JUNGLE - WILD BOAR AREA - DAY

Angelica, holding Jack’s Compass, winds her way through a forest of Banyon trees, her group following behind. She pauses to wipe sweat from her brow. Ducks under a branch --

-- to find Jack’s sword inches from her face.

ANGELICA
How is it we can never meet without you pointing something at me?

Blackbeard appears, with the rest of the landing party.

BLACKBEARD
You brought them?

JACK
Aye.

Jack steps aside. Behind him, a good twenty feet away, Gibbs holds down a WILD BOAR, squealing and struggling.

Tied to the back of the boar are the silver Chalices.

ANGELICA
You’ve found an accomplice.

BLACKBEARD
And the one-legged man. He is near, aye?

JACK
Aye. Now, before I go just handing them over, I’ve one or two conditions.

BLACKBEARD
Name your terms.

JACK
Firstly, I’ll be having my Compass back. No, that’s secondly. Firstly, upon your word, you will bring no harm to Angelica.

BLACKBEARD
I’ll make no vow to the likes of you, Sparrow.

(MORE)
But it cost me nothing to admit she was never in harm's way, and I’d give the last ragged shred of my soul for her.

Angelica can’t help but be moved at his words.

JACK
Secondly, then, priorly firstly. I’ll be having my Compass back.
(beat)
Come now. I deserve it. You have no idea how hard it was to catch that pig.

Blackbeard nods. Angelica tosses Jack the Compass.

JACK (CONT'D)
Fine, then, and thirdly. Mister Teach more famously known as Blackbeard, you are not the only man in possession of a tattered soul. As I reflect on my misdeeds, chief among them, I note how poorly I have treated my loyal First Mate there, Mister Gibbs.

GIBBS
Aye, now that you bring it up --

JACK
Left him to rot in jail, I did, without a second thought or remorseful tingle. Point being, I’ll not subject him to the horrors to come. You’ll let him go free.

BLACKBEARD
That be all?

JACK
Aye. Quick, or the pig runs. And good luck getting those Chalices.

GIBBS
Jack, if it’s all the same to you, I’m just as happy to --

BLACKBEARD
Done.

Gibbs lets the Boar go free, stands, holding the silver Chalices. Carries them past Jack, hands them to Blackbeard.

GIBBS
P’raps, for the moment, I could tag along with you folk for a bit --
Jack tosses Gibbs the Compass.
JACK
That'll lead you to freedom, 'mate.

They exchange a look. Gibbs regards the Compass, as Blackbeard and Jack and the rest of the group move away.

GIBBS
(frowns)
Much obliged, Jack Sparrow.

EXT. JUNGLE - CAVE APPROACH - DAY

An absolutely huge palm frond is pushed aside, revealing Jack’s entire body. He looks this way and that.

JACK
I swear, it was somewhere right around here.

Jack steps forward, followed by Angelica, Blackbeard, Blackbeard’s entourage, and a bound Philip.

CLOSE ON: a second frond is pushed aside; behind it is only Jack’s face. The frond is small. Jack examines it, notes a drop of water on its edge. He shakes the drop onto his hand --

The drop dances through Jack’s fingers, moving in and around, seeming at times to defy gravity, dripping upwards, and bending forward --

Jack follows the angle of the drop, looks THROUGH THE WATER DROP, and sees, carved in the rock wall, the precise archaic symbol that was on Ponce de Leon’s map and in the ship’s log book. When the drop flies upwards off Jack’s finger, the distortion is gone, and the symbol is gone as well.

Beneath the rock wall is REVEALED: a cave entrance, darkness arching over deep still waters.

Jack smiles. He knows he’s close.

INT. BLUE CAVE - ENTRANCE - DAY

Torches in hand, the Landing Party climbs down a steep incline to the cave mouth, silhouettes against the sunlit opening behind --

INT. BLUE CAVE - DAY

The group sloshes through. A blue tint to the light reflected off the water. Stalactites hang from the darkness above.

Ahead of the group, a Pirate reaches out, touches one of the stalactites. Next to him, a huge stalactite crashes down, impaling a Second Pirate beneath it.

The group climbs over and around the dead Pirate --
Jack moves cautiously ahead -- until they reach a blank wall.

JACK

Ah! Dead end.
BLACKBEARD

Dead end?

JACK

Yep.

ANGELICA

Jack, I’m starting to think you don’t know where you’re going.

JACK

It’s not the destination so much as the journey, they say. The Chalices, if you please.

Blackbeard indicates Jack be given the Chalices. The Quartermaster steps forward, pulls the Chalices from a pouch. He is protective of them, mistrustful, and reluctantly hands them over.

Jack takes them, holds one in each hand, spreads his arms, then with a flourish, brings them together -- they CHIME.

All wait. The chime FADES. Jack’s confident look falters. He CHIMES them again. Nothing.

Angelica moves toward Jack, stalking him.

ANGELICA

Jack. Have you ever in fact seen with your own eyes, heard with your own ears, or stood with those clumsy smelly feet at the Fountain of Youth?

JACK

You know, I never actually said that I had.

Blackbeard cries out in anger, outrage. He pulls one of his pistols, FIRES at Jack --

-- in reflex, Jack raises a Chalice to his face; the bullet ricochets off. Jack gazes at the dent in wonder.

Blackbeard aims another pistol -- Jack raises his hand.

JACK (CONT’D)

Wait.

Jack stares at the Chalices. CLOSE ON: the inscribed words: ‘Aqua’ on one Chalice, and ‘de Vida’ on the other.

JACK (CONT’D)

Aqua de Vida.
There is the immediate SOUND of water. All look, see ... along
the sides of the cave, the odd sight of water RISING. Just a
trickle at first --
More and more WATER appears, moving upwards. Rivulets turn to streams, collecting upwards into a pool above their heads.

They stare, not sure what to do -- and then a bird flies into the cave, a colorful TOH with distinctive tail -- and INTO the rising water. The bird SHOOTS upwards --

JACK (CONT’D)

Interesting.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Jack gestures for Scrum, who steps over. Jack shoves the Chalices at him as he unceremoniously climbs onto Scrum’s back. He pulls his sword, pushes it up into the pool -- the sword is wrenched from his hand, a strong current carrying it UPWARDS --

It disappears. Jack shrugs, pushes upwards INTO THE WATER -- suddenly SHOOTS UPWARDS --

CLOSE ON: Jack’s sword lies on the rocks. Jack grabs it, raises his eyes -- Angelica and Blackbeard climb out of a pool behind him, all look out at --

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

Before them a natural basin, filled with water; the base of a tall crevice, sunlight beams down from above. Lush, covered with vines.

In the center, a raised mound with stone steps littered with ancient, human skeletons; all is covered with moss. On top of the mound is a large, natural open stone formation in the form of a circle. A delicate stream of water pours from a crack in its middle.

Around the stone are huge carved structures, artifacts of some civilization long past. Scattered about are skeletons, victims of previous expeditions.

The group moves across the cavern, through the water, onto the wide stepping stones, taking in the scene with awe.

ANGELICA

So beautiful.

Jack is entranced. He comes up to the central stone. As he approaches, some of the vines move, growing backwards, withdrawing from the central stone. Jack reaches to touch the water --

BLACKBEARD

Stand back! I’ll be the first to drink those waters!
Blackbeard strides up the steps. Angelica turns to Scrum, but then looks past him --

ANGELICA

Father.
Behind them -- surprise! -- Barbossa is there; he steps forward leaning on his crutch, stops. Behind him, his entire party, including Groves and Gillette, emerge, rising up from the pool. Blackbeard doesn’t even need to look.

BLACKBEARD
Ah. The one-legged man.

BARBOSSA
Aye.

Blackbeard glances at the Quartermaster, who nods.

BLACKBEARD
You came. As you must. The instrument of my demise.

ANGELICA
You brought him here.

JACK
As I musted.

Barbossa strides forward, speaking for all to hear --

BARBOSSA
Edward Teach. For crimes committed on the high seas, by the authority granted me by His Majesty the King, and with a goodly amount of personal satisfaction, I hereby place you in the custody of the court and declare you my prisoner.

Blackbeard removes his coat, readying to battle.

BLACKBEARD
My trick’s over, is that it?

BARBOSSA
Such crimes do include but are not limited to, piracy, treason, murder, torture of a most heinous sorts, including the brutal theft of one used, twisted, hairy, right leg, including foot and five toes!

Blackbeard draws his sword.

BLACKBEARD
You dare face this sword?

BARBOSSA
This far away from your ship, aye.

Barbossa draws his own sword. Behind him, Groves and the others draw as well. Blackbeard closes his eyes, nods.
BLACKBEARD
Aye, that be the cold breath of fate I feel down my nape. But one last fight I’ll have, by God!
Blackbeard calls over his shoulder to his crew --

BLACKBEARD (CONT'D)
Kill them all --

BARBOSSA
Aye!

The two sides race forward. Suddenly Jack is between them.

JACK
Hold.

Everyone actually stops. Jack is surprised, but goes with it. He counts each side, bobbing his finger.

JACK (CONT'D)
We look to be evenly matched. So you'll --
-- fight against them --
-- and they'll --
-- fight against you. All on account of just him --
-- wanting to kill him.
Where's the sense?

He looks at Scrum, who shrugs, he doesn't know.

JACK (CONT'D)
Exactly. I say let 'em fight each other, while we lay back, watch, and place wagers. Aye?

For a moment it seems they all might go for it. Then --

BARBOSSA
Kill them!

BLACKBEARD
No quarter!

The two sides rush each other, swords clashing --

Barbossa takes on Blackbeard. Two expert swordsmen, fearless, crafty, fighting over the slippery stones --

Jack darts away from the fight, back around the Fountain.

Barbossa loses his sword, knocks Blackbeard away with his crutch. Blackbeard spins, thrusts his sword, a killing blow, just as Gillette is knocked into the sword's path.
Gillette gets run through, and falls back, dead, into Barbossa’s arms. Barbossa stares a moment, then tosses him aside --

-- Barbossa retrieves his sword as Blackbeard pulls his sword out of Gillette, the two re-engage --

-- elsewhere, Salaman turns towards the a British soldier, who pulls back his sword, and slashes hard -- but Salaman drops into a deep hole, and so avoids losing his head --

The British Soldier staggers forward, having missed, Garheng helps pull Salaman out of the hole, and they race away --
Angelica fights off a British soldier, gestures --

**ANGELICA**
Scrum! The Chalices!
(she takes them)
And the tear! Follow!

Scrum nods, clutches the pouch with the Mermaid’s tear. A British Soldier cuts him off, so he takes another route -- but then Jack appears, cutting him off.

**JACK**
Hand it over. The tear. There’s a good lad.

**SCRUM**
I’m more afraid of her than you.

Scrum draws his sword --

ELSEWHERE, the Quartermaster drives a British soldier back and slays him. He turns away. Philip slides his bound wrists onto the fallen soldier’s blade, trying to cut his bonds --

Suddenly the Cabin Boy is there; he quickly cuts the rope.

**CABIN BOY**
Now we’re square.

**PHILIP**
Square.

The Cabin boy takes off as Philip stands, and turns -- and unexpectedly takes a sword thrust into his side from a passing British SOLDIER. Philip spins, falls against a stone. He presses his hand to the wound, turns and slips off, back the direction they came --

Jack faces off against Scrum, moves his sword to his other hand, and back again; Scrum puts the pouch in his mouth, and does the same, mirroring Jack. Jack slams his foot into Scrum’s stomach; the pouch pops out, Jack catches it.

**JACK**
Hah.

Jack turns -- and Angelica is there, sword leveled. Two Chalices in her other hand. Beside him, Scrum pushes his sword into Jack’s neck.

**ANGELICA**
Hand it over, there’s a good lad.
JACK
The Chalices, if you please.

ANGELICA
I’m sorry, Jack. I told you, I need years. Yours will have to do.

JACK
What of the clergyman? You're wasting a perfectly good sap.

ANGELICA
I could not steal the years of an innocent man.
JACK
You will need this, then.
(holds up the pouch)
And soon, by the looks of it.

Angelica glances over, sees Barbossa fighting Blackbeard.

ANGELICA
Don’t test me, Jack.

Jack nods. Suddenly tosses the pouch toward her --

Angelica has no free hand to catch it, so she tosses both Chalices to Scrum, and she catches the pouch --

Scrum catches both Chalices, but only by dropping the sword to Jack’s neck --

JACK
Hah!

Jack picks up Scrum’s sword, tosses it hilt first at Angelica. She has to throw the pouch to Scrum to catch the sword.

Jack snags the pouch out of the air. Jack now has the pouch back, with his sword, and Scrum is standing there, holding the Chalices in each hand. Angelica has two swords. Jack kicks the Chalices away --

Angelica and Jack look at each other, dive for them --

EXT. JUNGLE - POOLS - DAY

The weak sun gives the mist and fog an otherworldly glow.

Syrena, still half in the water, tied at the wrists, shuts her eyes, giving up. A SHADOW falls across her --

ABOVE HER, shading her from the sun, is Philip. Bloody, dirty, one hand is pressed to his side, trying to stem the blood from his wound.

PHILIP
Syrena. My God.

He drops to her side, checks for a pulse. Checks her eyes. He kneels, slashes away at her bonds.

PHILIP (CONT’D)
Blackbeard was right. We pray only for what chance may provide, so as to not test our faith.
(beat)
On this, I do not pray.
(a glance upwards)
(MORE)
PHILIP (CONT'D)
You will not take her. If you have taken her, you will give her back.

He glances up --

PHILIP (CONT'D)
You will give -- her -- back.
Philip looks down -- Syrena’s eyes are open, staring at him.

PHILIP (CONT’D)

Syrena ...

Syrena gazes at him, her expression unreadable. Suddenly, with a violent twist, she turns, and splashes back, into the water.

Philip searches --

UNDERWATER, one strong flip of her tail, and she is gone.

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Philip stares, crumples to the ground.

EXT. FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH - DAY

-- Blackbeard slashes at Barbossa, who wears a satisfied smile on his face. Blackbeard drives him back --

BLACKBEARD

Strange. I expected Fate ... to put up more ... of a fight.

Blackbeard gets the upper hand. Drives Barbossa to the ground. Lifts his sword, for the killing blow --

BLACKBEARD (CONT’D)

Blast you. I will not have that smile on your face as I strike you down.

Barbossa’s smile grows wider. He shifts his eyes.

BARBOSSA

Take a gander, Edward Teach.

Blackbeard looks up --

The fighting comes to a stop as all look around, notice --

THEY ARE SURROUNDED BY SPANISH SOLDIERS. Dozens of them, standing silent as sentries.

Blackbeard spins. More Spanish soldiers step forth from hiding places; others can be seen emerging from the pool.

Jack emerges from the struggle with Angelica with the dropped Chalices. Turns, sees the Spanish. Lots of them.

Uh-oh. Jack realizes he doesn’t want to be caught holding the Chalices, shoves them at Angelica.

Out of the fog appears --

The Spaniard. Silent, calm, and commanding. He is backed by soldiers carrying tall banners of the Spanish Monarchy.
Groves sees the Spanish flags. He crouches to his pack, pulls out a huge BRITISH FLAG. Clambers onto a flat boulder --
GROVES
This land, and all its attendant
mystical properties, is hereby forever
claimed in the glorious name of his
Majesty King George the second --

Groves unfurls the flag -- and is cut down, the flag slashed as well. Groves crumples to the ground.

SPANIARD
Someone make a note of that man’s bravery.
(to Angelica)
Senorita. The Chalices. If you please.

Angelica hesitates. Soldiers push her to her knees, take the two silver Chalices. Jack looks on, hand on the pouch.

The Chalices are given to the Spaniard. He takes them gingerly, looks upon them with great satisfaction.


The Spaniard turns toward the Fountain. Raises the Chalices to the sky. He proclaims:

SPANIARD (CONT'D)
There is but One Source of life eternal,
and it is not these pagan waters.

Behind him, all the Catholic Soldiers make the sign of the cross. Suddenly -- surprisingly -- the Spaniard throws the Chalices to the ground. Stomps on them --

Angelica gasps -- even Jack is surprised --

The Spaniard takes the bent Chalices and flings them far into the water. The silver glints as they sink into oblivion --

SPANIARD (CONT'D)
Men. Destroy this profane temple. Crush that stone.

His men set quickly to work. Boulders are toppled. Ropes are tossed and pulled, the statues begin to tilt over. British soldiers, seeing they are outnumbered, flee.

The Spaniard comes opposite Blackbeard. He levels his sword.

SPANIARD
You are a fool. You seek in this place
what only faith can provide.

Blackbeard stares back. His last hope gone.
Faith. In faith there is light enough to see ... but darkness enough to blind.

Blackbeard raises his sword --

Blackbeard cries out, and looks over. The back of his arm has been slashed.

What devilry is this?

He turns -- Barbossa runs his sword into Blackbeard’s gut, driving him to the ground.

For the Pearl.

The Spaniard lowers his sword.

Savages.

He turns away to oversee the destruction. Blackbeard tries to rise, cannot. He begins to convulse, sweat.

Angelica stares at Blackbeard, looks to Barbossa.

What have you done?

Angelica races to her father. His hands are on the hilt of Barbossa’s sword, so she grabs it by the blade --

Angelica, no --

Angelica pulls the sword out and lets it drop, her hands slashed and bleeding.

No.

I'm not such the fool as to take on Blackbeard without a little ... venomous advantage.

She realizes what she has done. Stares at her hands --

Barbossa lifts Blackbeard’s broken sword.

I claim Blackbeard’s ship and crew. And this sword, wergild for me missing limb.
Barbossa turns away. The pirates of Blackbeard’s crew make their choice, join him. They disappear, as the Spanish continue the destruction of the Fountain --

Jack leans down near the surface of the water, searches desperately for the Chalices. Angelica collapses.

ANGELICA
Jack. Help me.

ON JACK, as he searches the waters. Angelica and Blackbeard lay still, near death.

One of the tall columns is tilted over, SMASHING onto the Fountain, the final destructive blow.

The Spaniard surveys his work.

SPANIARD
Thy will be done.

Nods ... gestures for his men to withdraw.

Only Jack is left, still searching. He sees something. Something rising toward him, out of the depths --

It is Syrena.

Jack watches as she emerges from the water. The silver Chalices -- battered and twisted -- sparkle in her hands. Syrena holds them out. He looks at her in wonder ... takes them, and nods his thanks.

Syrena lowers her head ... suddenly twists, and disappears back into the water.

Jack climbs quickly to the fallen, cracked basin. Very little water left. He fills one Chalice. The water is running out; he fills the other ... getting the very last drop.

The Fountain is now dry. Jack removes the vial from the pouch, uncorks, pours. Jack rouses Angelica. She sits up, barely conscious.

ANGELICA
I am going to die.

JACK
No. You're not. Well, yes. But even so, you will be all right.

Jack holds the two Chalices. Raises the right Chalice.

JACK (CONT'D)
Drink this. This one has the tear.

Angelica considers the Chalice.
JACK (CONT'D)
(to Blackbeard)
You drink the other.

ANGELICA
No.

JACK
I cannot save you both! One of you must sacrifice for the other.

ANGELICA
Father. Your soul. You must have time.

JACK
Edward. She's dying. Save your daughter.

Blackbeard takes one Chalice, then the other.

BLACKBEARD
This one has the tear, and gives life.
This one takes life.

JACK
Aye. Hurry.

Blackbeard turns to Angelica -- and quickly drinks the cup with the tear.

BLACKBEARD
I am sorry. Angelica. I am a bad man.
Save me, my daughter.

She looks at him, shocked; deep in her eyes, we see a familiar hurt. A glance at Jack -- who takes no joy in the fact that he was right.

Angelica takes the second cup. Looks up at Blackbeard.

ANGELICA
I love you, father.

-- and drinks. Jack frowns. Looks again at the two cups.

JACK
Or ... wait ... was it the other way around? This cup had the tear, that cup -- hmmmn.

BLACKBEARD
Devil. Trickster --

Blackbeard leaps for Jack, but staggers. Crumples down, falls onto the side of the carved pedestal.
ANGELICA
No. Father ... 

Blackbeard stands ... and suddenly the flowing waters of the Fountain seem to find him. Circle him. Entwine him. He is covered in water, chokes, unable to breathe -- 

Angelica stands, reaches for him -- his eyes bulge, he is drowning on dry land. Angelica glances down. The bleeding on her hands has stopped. Her skin closes over the wound, smooth, not even a scar. She whirls. 

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
No! Jack, you bastard -- 

She sweeps up Barbossa’s sword, faces Jack. 

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
How could you? 

JACK
He saved you. Maybe his soul is, now, redeemed. 

Angelica curses, raises the sword. Hears a sound. Looks -- 

Blackbeard’s body has already completely rotted away, like a corpse many months under the water. His skin dissolves, leaving nothing but bones -- 

Jack looks, sees -- the Zombies, looking on, collapse, begin to decompose. 

The water around Blackbeard suddenly drops. Nothing is left, now, but a standing skeleton. 

And yet Blackbeard’s will is so strong, one last, sad, reach for her hand ... and then his BONES loosen and FALL, his skeleton joining the others, a few bones separating and clattering away. 

ANGELICA’s will is gone; she crumples to the ground. 

EXT. JUNGLE - POOLS - DAY 

ON PHILIP, as he drags himself painfully, using one arm, to the edge of one of the pools. He dips his palm into the water, raises his hand for a drink. 

As the ripples in the water clear, EYES gaze up at him. It is Syrena, her face just below the surface. 

Syrena rises, her face emerging, TRANSFORMING into human at the water line. She hangs onto the edge of the pool. 

SYRENA
You are hurt.
PHILIP
In body only. My mind is at peace. Because of you.

SYRENA
Me?

PHILIP
Yes. I was lost. The wind, the tides, ought renew a man's faith.
(beat)
But for me ... only you.

Philip nods -- then winces in pain.

SYRENA
We say the One pours death into life, and life into death, without a drop spilt.

PHILIP
I like that.

SYRENA
I can save you. You need only ask.

PHILIP
I seek but one thing.

SYRENA
What is that?

PHILIP
Forgiveness. If not for me, you would never have been captured.

Syrena leans close to him. There is heat between them.

SYRENA
Ask.

PHILIP
Forgive me.


They kiss.

Philip takes her in his arms. She pulls him into the water --

FOLLOW the pair, still locked in a kiss, watching as Syrena TRANSFORMS at the water line --
EXT. POOL - UNDERWATER - DAY

FOLLOW as the pair continue down, still entwined, Philip not resisting in any way.

Leaving the light of the surface behind, gradually the PAIR FADE, amid a trail of bubbles that climb upwards --

And then the pair are softly GONE, just a few sparkling bubbles to mark their passage --

EXT. ROCKY SHORE - DAY

Barbossa makes his way across the huge barren rocks, backed by what is left of the pirate crew, including Ezekiel, Salaman, Garheng, Scrum, and the Cabin Boy. Anchored in the bay, before him lies the Queen Anne’s Revenge.

BARBOSSA

Revenge ... is mine.

EXT. QUEEN ANNE’S REVENGE - POOP DECK - DAY

Barbossa is discovered at the wheel of the ship, now in his full pirate regalia. The Cabin Boy approaches him --

CABIN BOY

Sir. We found this, belowdecks.

The Cabin Boy holds Barbossa's old wide-brimmed black hat. Barbossa sheathes the sword. Takes the hat. Flips it as he places it on his head.

He throws back his long coat, and draws Blackbeard's heavy sword --

Barbossa regards the sword, its jeweled handle.

ABOVE HIM, of their own accord, lines whip through the air. Sails unfurl. Beams adjust --

BEFORE HIM. The anchor raises. Ropes tie themselves off, as the crew (including Scrum, Ezekiel, Salaman, Garheng) look on in wonder.

Barbossa laughs, as the sails fill with wind, the ship creaks and leaps forward --

BARBOSSA

All hands! Ply to windward! Get cracking, ye bloomin’ cockroaches!

The old Barbossa is back. He reaches into his coat, pulls out his privateer papers -- we see the Royal seal -- and rips them in two, rips them again --
BARBOSSA (CONT'D)
The Crown served me well. Now.
(flings the papers into the wind)
By the Gods of sea and sky! Make way -- for Tortuga!

The crew CHEERS; Barbossa grins, Scrum strums a jaunty tune --

EXT. CARIBBEAN SEA - DAY

The Queen Anne’s Revenge turns gloriously over sparkling waters, out toward a deep blue sea --

EXT. OCEAN - LONGBOAT - DAY

Jack rows the longboat. Angelica sits opposite, hands tied behind her back.

ANGELICA
I hate you.

JACK
The bloke who saved your life.

ANGELICA
And how can I enjoy a moment of it? The years I now possess stolen from my own father.

JACK
I only helped Blackbeard do what any father should have done.

ANGELICA
You are cruel.

JACK
But fair, and fair is not the same as favorable.

She looks past him, sees the small island ahead --

EXT. SOLA FIDE BEACH - DAY

Angelica is flung down onto the sand. Jack drops a pistol beside her.

JACK
A pistol. One shot.

ANGELICA
To kill myself before I starve?

JACK
This is a well-travelled trade route. You could signal a passing ship.

(MORE)
Or you could sing, and lure some other sailor to his doom.

ANGELICA
How am I to get free of these bonds?

Jack heads off, readies the longboat for launch.

JACK
You worked free of your bonds about a half hour ago, and you've been waiting for a chance to jump me ever since.

Jack whirls back -- and Angelica is RIGHT THERE, her hands free, a piece of driftwood raised to club him.

ANGELICA
Admit it. You love me still.

JACK
If you had a sister, and a dog ... I'd choose the dog.

Jack pushes the boat to the water. Angelica drops the driftwood, wades out from the shore.

ANGELICA
Jack. I am with child. Yours.

JACK
Funny. I don't recall that we --

ANGELICA
You were drunk.

JACK
There is not enough rum in the seven seas.

ANGELICA
Jack.

(he stops)
Treasure. There is a chest. You close the lid, and when you open it, whatever you most desire, is inside.

Jack laughs again, pushes the boat into the water.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)
Jewels. Jewels with the power to rule the wind and tide.

JACK
You're making that up.
ANGELICA
Don't go. There's ... something I have to tell you.
(turns him to her)
Words I have yearned to say from the moment we first met, and every moment since.

JACK
Oh?

ANGELICA
I love you.

JACK
As do I. And so, as an act of reverence and ardor for us both --

Jack looks very pleased with himself --

JACK (CONT'D)
We're through.

Angelica expected a kiss, gets only empty air. Turns to see: Jack has pushed the longboat well out into the waves.

ANGELICA
THIS IS NOT OVER!

Angelica races back up the sand --

ON JACK, as he rows away, through the surf. The SOUND of a single SHOT; he ducks. Behind him, water plumes.

JACK
Missed!

EXT. COASTLINE - BEACH - SUNSET

The longboat, mast in place but sail furled, is beached on a sandy shore. A trail of footsteps leads to Jack as he walks away from it, to where --

Gibbs, perched on gnarly driftwood roots, waits for him.

JACK
Gibbs, you ugly besotted shellback, you made it!

GIBBS
Aye!

JACK
And I trust we managed a profit from our joint enterprise?
GIBBS
Feast your eyes.

Gibbs hops down, points: on one of the roots is the BLACK PEARL, encased in its glass bottle. Jack stoops, gazes at it.

GIBBS (CONT'D)
The Compass led me straight and true.

JACK
What of Blackbeard's men, guarding the ship?

GIBBS
Jack. I'm Joshamee Gibbs!

Jack notes a gunny sack on the sand. Gibbs follow his gaze.

GIBBS (CONT'D)
Seemed a shame to leave an entire Armada behind.

JACK
Shame indeed.

Jack picks up the bottle. He holds it eye level, lining the Black Pearl up with the horizon --

GIBBS
So. Any idea how to get it out?

INSIDE, Jack's face looms huge and distorted in the sky.

Cotton's Parrot SQUAWKS from the helmsman's wheel. Jack the Monkey climbs to the crow's nest, SCREECHES out at them --

JACK
We will need a crossbow, an hourglass, three goats, and one of us must learn to play the trumpet.

GIBBS
I know a man with a goat!

JACK
There's a start!

LATER, ON THE BEACH, Gibbs stoops, hefts the sack, bottles inside clanking. He looks like some Caribbean Santa Claus.

GIBBS
Jack, I have to ask. There you were, you had the Chalices, the water, the tear. You could have lived, well, maybe forever.

Jack tucks the bottle under his arm.
The Fountain tests you, Gibbs. But not my style, play it safe. Better to not know which moment may be your last, alive to the mystery of it all -- and who’s to say I won’t live on? Jack Sparrow, finder of the Fountain of Youth. I’ve no choice, Gibbs --

Jack and Gibbs walk, their footsteps in the sand stretch on to forever, ahead a spectacular crimson Caribbean sunset.

JACK (CONT’D)
It’s a pirate’s life for me.

CUT TO BLACK

ROLL CREDITS
CREDITS END
FADE UP

Angelica sits alone on the rocks, gazing at the waves. Notices something, sits up.

Bobbing toward her, as if delivered by fate, is the Jack Sparrow Voodoo doll.

Angelica picks it up. And smiles.

CUT TO BLACK