

BOOTY CALLS

"PILOT"

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TEASER

INT. MCCAILS' VESSEL - CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Quick cuts: 1. The door is locked. 2. A candle is lit. 3. A wooden chest is heaved onto the Captain's desk with a THUD!

Even in candlelight, HYDE STEINBECK (30s), appears greedy and baby-faced. A coddled child who's never heard the word 'no.'

CAPTAIN MCCAIL, weathered with age - or maybe it's the storm he just sailed through to get here - smokes from a pipe. The smoke bellows into Hyde's face. He suppresses a cough.

HYDE

Don't waste my time, old man.

CAPTAIN MCCAIL

6 nights travel, and you want to talk about time.

HYDE

Where's the key, McCail?

CAPTAIN MCCAIL

Where's that deed of yours, lad?
Were you able to sneak it past that wife of yours this time?

HYDE

Don't utter another word about my wife. Open the chest.

McCail rummages through his desk. Might as well be searching for a grain of sand on the beach under all that junk.

CLANK! What was that? Hyde swings around to face a closet.

POV: Through a crack, Hyde gazes at the door perplexed.

His attention snaps back to McCail dangling a skeleton key in his face. He'd choose this over the stale smoke any day.

Hyde reaches into his perfectly pressed coat pocket, and pulls out the deed: Ownership of the island's southern ports.

Close on the men's hands as they quickly switch valuables. Hyde's slightly shaking - did I really just do that?

The ship rocks under his feet, but he remains stable in his decision to betray his wife. He unlocks the chest, to reveal an underwhelming lone scroll.

CAPTAIN MCCAIL

Now you should know, the map only reveals itself to the seas. If you want to uncover it's contents you have to expose it to the waters.

Hyde snatches it up and quickly unrolls it: BLANK!?

McCail reaches for another drawer and pulls out a corked bottle of what looks like water. Salt water.

CAPTAIN MCCAIL (CONT'D)

Put it in here.

Hyde reluctantly shoves the scroll in, swirls it like fine wine, then pulls it back out. He begins to carefully unravel both the soggy scroll and his own sanity.

Gold flecks spark up from the parchment. They dance across the page creating an intricate pathway to a golden X.

HYDE

It actually exists. The Crystal Mirage map actually exists.

He begins to roll it up. It's time to go.

CAPTAIN MCCAIL

Mirage being the key word. Take my advice, and don't lose yourself over it. Or that wife of yours.

HYDE

Like I said, don't mention my wife again...or this exchange to anyone for that matter.

He extends his leathery hand. Hyde shakes it.

HYDE (CONT'D)

Pleasure doing business with you.

Hyde quickly shuffles out of the quarters.

CAPTAIN MCCAIL

You get a good look at him?

The closet door slowly creaks open. A petite girl with matted hair and a dress not even suitable to be a potato sack emerges. MAUDE, 14, nods her head 'yes.'

CAPTAIN MCCAIL (CONT'D)

Excellent. Now get my map back.

ACT I

EXT. STEINBECK MANOR - MORNING

SUPER: NASSAU , 1715

Waves crash against a cliff hosting an elegant cobblestone manor. It's grand particularly against the backdrop of dilapidated homes nearby. It's the type you daydream about on Zillow - or whatever the 18th century equivalent of that is.

CREAK. CREAK. CREAK.

INT. STEINBECK MANOR - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The golden encrusted headboard bangs against the wall. PRIM STEINBECK, demure as a doe, acts like a dutiful wife laying beneath her husband. Emphasis on the acting part.

Hyde finally rolls off. She gives him a loving but knowing kiss. Something's off.

He quickly dresses, and slips his precious scroll case into his waistband. Prim yawns beside him, not noticing.

PRIM

What has gotten into you?

HYDE

I'll be back for supper tonight.

PRIM

I hope you're in the mood for-

HYDE

Don't say crab.

More crab.

PRIM (CONT'D)

HYDE (CONT'D)

Can't they prepare anything else these days?

PRIM

I'd like to see you try to catch something else...or perhaps I could for you?

HYDE

No. You know I do not like you going down by the ports. With your father gone it's full of grimy fisherman and-

PRIM

Hyde, some of those fishermen are my friends...family even...

HYDE

I'm your family, Prim.

He hastily tries to button his cuffs. After a few failed attempts, Prim steps in. He really can't do anything himself.

HYDE (CONT'D)

I was thinking maybe you could host a dinner tomorrow evening...

PRIM

As long as they like crab.

HYDE (CONT'D)

...for the McCails. *

PRIM (CONT'D)

And you call my friends grimy?

HYDE

I guess, I should be asking what's gotten into you.

PRIM

I'm sorry. It's just you know how I feel about those men. All they want is to buy back the southern port.

HYDE

Oh, nothing of that. Just a little trading- like playing cards.

PRIM

You're horrible at cards.

He kisses her nose as he checks his reflection in the golden headboard behind them.

HYDE

I'll see you at supper.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

FLORA (16) and MARY (50s) enter with fresh linens and a tray of breakfast.

MARY

Good morning, Sir Hyde.

HYDE

(nods) Ladies. I better be off.

As soon as Hyde closes the door, Prim hops out of bed, nude.

PRIM
Flora, please draw me a bath.

MARY
And how did we sleep, dear?

PRIM
The same way anyone would if their
husband was hiding something.

MARY
Oh, dear, you have nothing to worry
about. A youthful thing such as
yourself can keep a man
entertained.

PRIM
I'm not worried about another
woman, Mary. Why? Should I - oh
never mind.

Flora helps Prim into the wooden bath, and then pours more
steaming water into it.

PRIM (CONT'D)
But I know he's up to something.

EXT. SOUTHERN PORT - DOCKS - AFTERNOON

Small canopies and make-shift fruit stands line the
cobblestone streets along the coast. Farmers, fishermen, and
bakers yell up and down the streets trying to entice
customers. Okay, maybe Hyde was right, it's a little grimy.

Prim, smiles kindly, sticking out like a dandelion in the
weeds in her intricate gown. HARVEY, from the manor, walks a
few paces behind her receiving some funny looks.

EMMELINE
Prim!

Prim's head whips around to see EMMELINE STEINBECK (16),
looking just as elegant and put together as herself - if not
better. That's usually the case for her sister-in-law.

PRIM
Emmeline!

EMMELINE
You know I'm all for shopping but
really? The southern ports?

PRIM

You need to branch out more.

EMMELINE

I don't really think we're their clientele, I mean-

Prim raised eyebrow is enough to make her divert.

EMMELINE (CONT'D)

C'mon Prim we have people for shopping like this.

PRIM

This isn't about the shopping. It's just...I need to talk to you without your mother or Hyde around.

EMMELINE

Oh?

Emmeline grabs an apple off a merchant's carts and eats it without paying. She's as oblivious to her own privilege as she is to Harvey paying for the apple behind her.

PRIM

Well, I would more like you to do the talking.

EMMELINE

(mouthful)

Me?

PRIM

Hyde came to bed late last night. He reeked of mildew...and rum.

EMMELINE

It's okay they'll wash the linens.

PRIM

It's not about the smell. It's about him hiding something. He was pacing when he thought I was asleep.

EMMELINE

I feel like this...is not the place to talk about this.

Emmeline looks around, and pulls Prim away from the bustling marketplace. Harvey quickly follows and then stands at a short distance away, on guard.

EMMELINE (CONT'D)

You can't tell him I told you because I'm not even supposed to know, okay?

PRIM

You're making me nervous.

EMMELINE

A few nights ago I overheard him and mother in the tea room. They were arguing, but in a whisper. It was about the McCails docking soon...and about this map...the Crystal Mirage map...

PRIM

Like the children's tale?

EMMELINE

...and then the southern ports were mentioned...Mother was reluctant with this being your father's port and all...well, I guess Hyde's now.

PRIM

That would be correct, but-

EMMELINE

The thing is, the McCails propositioned the ports multiple times since your marriage, and many more since your father's death.

PRIM

Yet we refused. He always refuses.

EMMELINE

Well, this time they brought something he couldn't refuse...

SFX: Gunshot

EXT. STEINBECK MANOR - GARDENS - DAY

Hyde drunkenly shoots a musket at geese- and misses.

Lanky with a stark beer belly, HENRY, opens another bottle of rum and cheers with VIKTOR. A more muscular yet just as drunk version of his pal.

With all this celebrating, it's clear that Hyde can't keep a secret to save his life - literally.

No party is complete without entertainment. On cue, Hyde swirls around to see Prim approaching. Her large gown plowing over every flower in the field. Fury in every step.

PRIM

You- You- !

HYDE

Prim...

PRIM

You- You gave up my father's ports
for a rotten map!

She gives Hyde her best shove. Viktor and Henry take another sip and enjoy the show. Not that they'd be much help.

PRIM (CONT'D)

All for a bloody map! I can't
believe you!

Hyde slaps Prim. Everyone is stunned, and suddenly a lot more sober.

PRIM (CONT'D)

As if you couldn't get any lower.

Hyde tries to grab her hands. She smacks them away.

HYDE

Prim, I'm doing the right thing.

He pulls out a leather scroll case and holds it in front of her. It takes everything in her not to snatch it up and rip it to shreds.

HYDE (CONT'D)

This could be the answer to
everything. Riches beyond your
wildest dreams!

PRIM

Do you have any idea what you just
did? You gave up one of our most
profitable ports for a scroll! Did
it come with a quill and ink too?

HYDE

You can't tell anyone about this.

PRIM

Well, you're already off to a horrible start. Between these two half the island will know by dusk.

HYDE

Don't be like that, Prim.

PRIM

The Crystal Mirage map isn't real, Hyde. It's a children's tale. Lore.

HYDE

This must be hard for you to understand, but really, it's not for you to know anyways.

PRIM

I'm not some naive girl.

HYDE

Dear, I know you're not and I know it's been tough. I'm trying to appease you. I did it for us.

PRIM

Stop lying. If not to me, at least to yourself.

Her cheeks burn so red you'd think she'd been slapped twice. She stomps away leaving Viktor and Henry looking at one another unsure of what to say.

Hyde takes a bottle from their hand, and a deep breath. He shoots at another bird and misses - obviously.

VIKTOR

Now what?

ACT II

INT. MAMA'S NOOK & BROTHEL - NIGHT

An overcrowded brothel packed with SAILORS and MERCHANT MEN tripping over each other in search of women or rum. It's as chaotic as a pub on St. Patty's Day, and some of the patrons look just as green. Better watch your step.

A chipped target hangs crooked on the cluttered collage wall. Three rusty daggers go flying one after the other - all missing the mark.

A silver dagger cuts through the air nailing the bullseye. An explosion of drunken cheers and whistles sound off.

We reveal, JOLENE AVIS (28), a tall drink of water and these men are parched. She flips her hair and pulls out her dagger.

JOLENE

Better luck next time, boys.

Adding to the mayhem, Viktor makes out with a WOMAN as Hyde and Henry sit glumly at a table stacked with empty pints.

HENRY

You did the right thing. It's not everyday you come across the map to-

HYDE

Shh! Are you fucking mad?

Henry sinks in his seat. Viktor excuses the woman from his lap with a few shillings. Slobber and lipstick in his beard.

HYDE (CONT'D)

As far as anyone is concerned the McCails bought the Southern ports for a large sum. Got it?

They all nod in agreement, but between all the drinks who knows who'll remember this conversation tomorrow.

HENRY

How do you know it's real?

HYDE

I just know...

HENRY

Convincing...and you wonder why Prim is pissed.

From across the room, Hyde and Jolene's eyes meet like magnets. She delivers a devilish smile but keeps walking. His eyes laser focused on her:

HYDE

Let's not talk about Prim. She'll come around.

Henry stands to leave the table.

HENRY

Whatever. I have to head out for a bit but I'll be back before the night's over. Chin up, Hyde!

Hyde isn't listening. He's absorbed in Jolene as she walks into a back room:

INT. MAMA'S NOOK & BROTHEL - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jolene walks through a dozen half-dressed girls cramped into a small closet converted to be a powder room. You gotta admire their craftiness.

Twins DOT and CHARITY DRISCOLL fight their identical features through varied haircuts and make-up shades. Yet even their mannerisms are similar as they reapply lipstick.

ADA reads a beat up copy of THE SCARLET LETTER next to them. A luxury she'd pass on if she had time to tutor. Next to her, HATTIE counts shillings in the corner, scribbling entries into her accounting booklet. An organized businesswoman.

Maude returns as a fragile-looking runaway with the same knotted hair. No need for a disguise around this bunch.

JOLENE

Wait till you see the sorry slums out there tonight.

HATTIE

If there's slums out there feeling sorry there's money to be made.

She tucks her sack of money back into her cleavage.

DOT

I was beginning to think we were going into another dead season.

CHARITY

That was one shipwreck.

DOT

I meant winter, but yeah, that was pretty rough too.

ADA

From what I gathered, the McCails are on shore so it's a rich person pissing contest.

Maude laughs.

JOLENE

Who are you?

Maude opens her mouth but Ada answers:

ADA

Fresh meat. Mama loves strays.

JOLENE

Nice to meet you.

MAMA (50s), barges in, her dress far too dated and tight yet she's still rocking it. She claps her hands together like a kindergarten teacher demanding attention.

MAMA

This isn't tea time, girls!

ADA

Darn. I was beginning to think it was. You know, with this whole relaxing atmosphere.

SFX: Glass shattering.

MAMA

Ada, how about you go charge someone for that smart mouth!

ADA

It's not my shift yet.

Mama points at the door, firmly. Ada closes her book.

ADA (CONT'D)

Yes, Mama.

Ada may have lost that battle but Jolene isn't giving up that easy. She's considers herself free from under Mama's thumb.

MAMA

What's up with you?

JOLENE

I'm getting too old for this.

MAMA

Too old? Look at me! I still got another decade left!

JOLENE

I just don't feel like entertaining scrubs tonight.

MAMA

No, no, no. You're one of my best girls. If you fall, they'll all start to fall. You gotta set a good example for the new one, Jolene.

JOLENE

Who? The mime you just hired?

MAMA

She'll come around. You should too.

JOLENE

I'm trying.

MAMA

Well, try harder.

She grabs Jolene's arm and all but tosses her out.

MAMA (CONT'D)

Now go fuck someone.

INT. MAMA'S NOOK & BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS

She stumbles out the door and straight into the arms of Hyde. She mentally 'clocks in.' Her demeanor shifts from annoyed to flirty. Freedom isn't free, time to make that money.

JOLENE

Looking for someone?

HYDE

You actually. Would you like to join us?

He motions to Viktor - appearing sloppy drunk. She gives a weak smile that reads *God, no.*

JOLENE

I'd love to.

He graciously guides her over. She quickly grabs Viktor's attention. Not that it's hard, well, he might be now.

VIKTOR
What's your name, sweetheart?

JOLENE
It's Jo-

VIKTOR
I don't care what your name is. Get me another pint.

He burps.

INT. STEINBECK MANOR - DINING HALL - NIGHT

Puffy-eyed yet feeling deflated, Prim strolls into the dining hall to find it only set for one. She heads to the kitchen but stops at the door when she hears giggles and hushed conversation. Enough with the whispering around here!

She cracks the door enough to see Mary and Flora:

MARY
It's a shame a beautiful girl like that, yet she can't keep him happy.

FLORA
Has he always been this unhappy?

MARY
Marriage changes people. He's just lost his way.

FLORA
And somehow his way took him to Mama's Nook?

MARY
What are you yapping about?

FLORA
I heard a charioteer being told to fetch Sir Hyde from Mama's later this evening. I guess I better draw a bath for him later.

Prim hardly hears their giggles as she stomps away, but not before she takes a swig from the wine on the table. Better take the whole bottle.

PRIM
 You sure know how to pick 'em,
 father.

CREAK. CREAK. CREAK.

INT. MAMA'S NOOK & BROTHEL - GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Jolene straddles Hyde in a rundown guest bedroom. It's far from five stars but it's priced like it is. The canopy bed rhythmically squeaks under the weight.

Jolene climbs off and retreats next to him. The silence is loud and only amplifies the sound of a fight breaking out downstairs. Hyde yawns.

HYDE
 Well, erm...thank you.

JOLENE
 Pleasure doing business with you,
 Your Royal Highness.

HYDE
 Please, it's just Hyde.

JOLENE
 I was kidding.

HYDE
 Right, uh...

Thank you, next. Jolene rolls over to reach for her clothes on the side of the bed. A gold ring, gold coins and the leather SCROLL lay exposed from Hyde's jacket pocket. A Jolly Roger symbol has been etched into the side.

HYDE (CONT'D)
 Where do you think you're going?

She reaches for the SCROLL, but can't wrap her fingers around it quicker than his around her waist. Suddenly, she has a bit more time to play along. Her price just went up in the form of a treasure map.

INT. STEINBECK MANOR - STABLES - NIGHT

Wrapped in an oversized cloak, Prim creeps into the stables. The CHARIOTEER smokes a pipe. He methodically harnessing the horses, whistling a tune. It's an easy night.

PRIM

You're taking me into Old Town.

CHARIOTEER

Blimey! My apologies Lady
Steinbeck-

PRIM

I'm kind of in a hurry.

CHARIOTEER

But...I have orders to directly
report to Sir Steinbeck.

PRIM

You are. Don't mind me, just
continue on your usual course.

EXT. NORTHERN PORT - OLD TOWN - NIGHT

It's a more upscale version of the southern ports. Canvas canopies, clean cobblestone, and vast shining ships are the most stark difference. It's as if this dock got a facelift.

Tonight, it's the backdrop for high society teens' drunken escapade. Emmeline and her group of FRIENDS behave like teenagers who can't hold their liquor. They're running up and down the docks, dancing, screaming, laughing in the darkness.

Further down the road, a chariot donning the Steinbeck crest rides quickly by. She says a prayer it's not looking for her.

From the shadows, a hand covers Emmeline's mouth and grabs her from behind. She's pulled out of friends' drunken sights.

She fights as a man's voice continuously shushes her.

EMMELINE

WHAT ARE YOU DOI-

HENRY

Stop squirming or I'll break your
neck.

They lock eyes as she realizes whose hand is clutching her throat. Would he really do it?

HENRY (CONT'D)

Be quiet, and walk.

INT./EXT. MAMA'S NOOK & BROTHEL - OLD TOWN - NIGHT

The door swings open to reveal the charioteer's flushed face and his extended hand. Both clearly dislike being here.

Her face deflates as she takes in the reality of her destination. The brothel doors swing open as a muddy and drunk, NED, is shoved out by two other GUYS landing at her feet. The mud splashes onto her heels.

Mama yells from the balcony above with a menacing aura.

MAMA

Stay the fuck out, Ned! I'm not doing this again!

ADA

We don't want any trouble.

Ada's perched on a customer's lap, marking her territory.

ADA (CONT'D)

No wives, no fiancés...no little girlfriends either.

PRIM

I am looking for my husband and I am going in there.

Ada towers over Prim's fragile stature, blocking the door.

ADA

Are you?

EXT. MAMA'S NOOK & BROTHEL - BACKDOOR - NIGHT

Prim huffs and puffs as she circles around the building. She tugs on the backdoor. Locked. She tries to open a window. Locked. She mutters profanities to herself. That's a first.

A woman laughs from the window above. It's open!

Feeling more confident or finally feeling that wine, she hoists herself up to the window.

INT. MAMA'S NOOK & BROTHEL - GUEST ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jolene is on top of Hyde. His hands on her breasts - mostly because he doesn't know what to do with them. He tries to kiss her but she pushes him back down.

We hears a few grunts, but this time they're coming from Prim. She uses all her strength to fling herself in.

PRIM

Hyde!?

HYDE

Prim, honey!

He impulsively pushes Jolene off him. She would be more pissed if she didn't land on his jacket - and the scroll.

Hyde tries to cover himself with a moth-ridden blanket. So modest all of a sudden.

HYDE (CONT'D)

It's not what it looks like.

PRIM

It's not you having sex with another woman after trading the exact port I told you not to?

HYDE

It's...complicated. I can explain.

JOLENE

I'd start. She looks pretty pissed.

PRIM

We'll no longer be needing-

Mama opens the door. She points a gun at Prim.

MAMA

What the hell are you doing in here! Customers only!

HYDE

That is not necessary!
Please!

JOLENE

Mama! You don't need to do that.

MAMA

You should be going little missy. That carriage of yours is waiting out front. Blocking my entrance to paying customers.

She looks to Hyde. Time to pay up.

MAMA (CONT'D)

Speaking of which...

HYDE

Right. Yes.

Jolene keeps a cool face as he fishes through his pockets. Hyde grabs a handful of gold coins for her. She's almost off the hook but by the look on Prim's face he's definitely not.

MAMA

Go on, Princess.

PRIM

I was already leaving.

Prim glares a hole deeper than any moth at Hyde and storms out the door.

JOLENE

You get dressed. I'll make sure she gets in her wagon-thingy.

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jolene takes a deep breath as she clutches the scroll under her shirt. She hurries down the stairs and into the:

BAR - CONTINUOUS

As she walks through the sea of men, she nonchalantly grabs pistol from a man's holster as he cat-calls a woman. He won't miss it. She stores it behind her back.

EXT. MAMA'S NOOK & BROTHEL - PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Jolene reaches the porch as the chariot rolls on. She sighs, leans against a post and starts rolling a cigarette.

JOLENE

Poor girl.

PRIM (O.S.)

I hope you're happy.

Prim pukes her guts out on the porch, her mascara runs down her face. Jolene isn't startled. She's amused as she lights up with a nearby lantern.

JOLENE

You missed your carriage.

PRIM

It's a *chariot*. Ugh, never-mind. I do not have to explain myself to you.

JOLENE

You know, Prim? I gotta hand it to you for being so calm back there. That were my husband- he'd be fucking dead.

PRIM

Don't curse like that.

Jolene takes a puff.

JOLENE

That's the least of your worries.

PRIM

It's about principle.

JOLENE

What?

PRIM

Marriage. Family. Pride. I don't know. I don't know anything.

JOLENE

I don't know what's happening now.

Jolene stares down Prim looking like a sad puppy.

JOLENE (CONT'D)

I think you're smarter than you think, Prim. You just need a bit more confidence - especially in the bedroom from what I hear.

PRIM

Okay, I'm leaving. I am not getting life advice from someone who works...*here*. Sorry.

JOLENE

I was just messing with you.

PRIM

No offense, but my mother-in-law would lose her mind if she knew I was talking to the woman who disrupted my marriage.

JOLENE

Disrupted? You mean you're actually going to stay with that guy?

PRIM

Well...of course. He is my husband. It's what my father wanted.

JOLENE

That's fucked up.

PRIM

Sorry...

JOLENE

Geez, girl. Stop saying 'sorry' so much. Who would've thought I'd be sitting here feeling sorry for the richest woman on the island? Funny.

PRIM

Well, these weren't my evening plans either.

JOLENE

Can I buy you a drink?

Jolene dabs out her cigarette.

JOLENE (CONT'D)

It's the least I can do for fucking your husband.

PRIM

No, thank you. I already have a terrible headache.

JOLENE

Again, you just missed your pumpkin carriage chariot thing.

PRIM

I threw up in it and I couldn't stand to ride in that stench.

JOLENE

Damn. So you're gonna make him clean that and then come back?

PRIM

Don't be ridiculous, we have more than one chariot.

JOLENE

That's some crazy rich people shit.

PRIM

On that note, the fresh air will do me some good. Pleasure meeting you.

JOLENE

Prim. I have a better idea.

For once, Prim isn't drawing attention and Jolene isn't working for it. The coast is clear.

JOLENE (CONT'D)

Listen, I don't think you should stay with this prick. And I don't really feel like staying here either. What if I told you there was a way out? For both of us?

PRIM

I am not going to kill myself. Especially not in this outfit.

JOLENE

I was gonna suggest the opposite. I think you need to live a little.

Jolene slowly pulls the scroll out from under her shirt. The broken heel and growing hangover doesn't help Prim as she tries to charge after Jolene.

PRIM

Where did you-

Jolene covers her mouth. Don't ruin this for us!

JOLENE

Do you know what this is?

Prim breaks away and spits.

JOLENE (CONT'D)

Do you know what this is?

PRIM

Ew. I know you have not washed your hands since-

JOLENE (CONT'D)

This is our ticket out of here!

PRIM

You can't just steal that! Hyde paid a...You have no idea what he-

JOLENE

Then why was he so careless?

PRIM

What's his is mine! Give it!

Jolene puts the scroll in her waistband, keeping her hand steady on the pistol. No sudden moves, Princess.

JOLENE

Prim. Haven't you ever wanted to do something different? Be someone else? Something besides Sir. Hyde Steinbeck's measly wife?

PRIM

Measly? I am a Lady. And you are?

JOLENE

Jolene. You can call me Jo.

PRIM

Well, Jolene, what's your plan?

Jolene's hand tightens on the gun.

PRIM (CONT'D)

You don't even know if it's real.

JOLENE

Your clear desperation to get it back is assurance enough.

PRIM

Listen, I'm sorry that you have to live this life of yours and do the things you do. I feel for you I do, but it doesn't mean that you can just take what's not yours to get out of this poor situation.

JOLENE

Like I said Prim, I feel sorry for you. I may not wear pretty dresses or ride in carriages, but I'm happy. I'm content making decisions for myself. You see me as being powerless and beneath you. I'm not powerless, Prim, you are.

Jolene finally reveals the pistol from behind her back.

JOLENE (CONT'D)

I don't care enough to hurt you, so don't make me.

PRIM

This is quite the invitation.

JOLENE

It has an expiration date.

Prim takes a deep breath. She feels sick from the booze but more from the idea of having to go back home to Hyde.

PRIM

You'll need me to read the map for you, I presume.

JOLENE

I knew you had it in you.

Finally, she can relax.

PRIM

I should hold the map though.

JOLENE

Not a chance.

PRIM

How do you expect to captain a ship together if you can't trust me?

JOLENE

Well, I think the point of a captain is that there's only one.

PRIM

Kind of hard to be captain of a ship when you don't have one.

JOLENE

Show me the ship, and maybe you can hold the map.

PRIM

Fine. Of course I have ships. Plural. What's his is mine remember? Though, I do not know much about sailing. Fishing mostly.

JOLENE

Don't worry. I know someone who might.

ACT III

INT. MAMA'S NOOK & BROTHEL - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

ADA

No.

JOLENE

What do you mean, no?

ADA

No.

Ada doesn't even look up as she counts her stacks of money.

JOLENE

Ada, think of the treasure.

ADA

Jolene, think of the money. The actual, existing money that we bring in every night.

JOLENE

So this the rest of your life?

ADA

No, but I'm done with that shit. I'm done with ships. I'm done with my family. I'm done with *pirates*.

PRIM

We're not pirates-

ADA

You steal a map, you steal a ship...sorry to break it to you Princess you're a pirate.

PRIM

Technically, I own both the map and the ship by marriage...right?

JOLENE

See, told you she's smart. But, Ada, I really need you.

Ada looks Prim over like a predator sizing up its prey.

ADA

You're asking me to just walk away from this life I've made for myself and you don't even know this woman or if that map is real. What about the girls?

JOLENE

No reason they can't come along.

With an unspoken agreement, Jolene and Prim hold out the scroll and reveal the Jolly Roger symbol to Ada.

JOLENE (CONT'D)

I think it's about time we see that ship, Princess.

PRIM

You two need to stop calling-

Dot, Charity, Hattie, and Maude barge in knocking the door into Jolene. The scroll flies through the air, but only catching the attention of Maude. Their chattering stops as she bends down and picks up the case. Shit!

CHARITY

Sorry. Didn't know we were entertaining *guests* back here.

Jolene and Maude lock eyes. *Don't you dare!*

PRIM

Oh, I'm not - I just got lost.

They're not even listening, already loosening their corsets and brushing a long night's work out of their hair.

The tension remains thick between Jolene and Maude, both death gripping the scroll case.

DOT

Hattie, hun, will you please count my shares for me? You know how much all those numbers and stuff make my brain go in circles.

HATTIE

Of course, darling, just give me some time to wash up.

MAUDE

I think you should let go.

All eyes on Maude. Did she just speak? She clears her throat.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

Ma'am, just let go of the map and
no one has to get hurt.

ADA

JOLENE

How do you know what that is? Now you choose to talk?!

In a blink, Maude releases the map and pulls out a pistol.
Her small wrist quivering under the weight.

MAUDE

I'm sorry.

Her eyes squeezed tight, she fires!

Jolene hits the floor, grabs her own weapon and jumps back
up. A red stain blooms through Maude's white corset dress.

CHARITY

What the fuck is going on?

JOLENE

We need to get out of here!

Charity grabs her sister, Dot, by the hand and leads her out
the back door to the alleyway.

ADA

C'mon Princess. Let's go!

Prim, still in shock, is pulled up from the floor and led out
the back. Maybe Princess treatment isn't so bad.

Hattie and Jolene watch as Maude starts to pale, gasping,
holding her stomach. She looks even younger than before.

Jolene steps over her to grab the scroll, as Hattie leans
down and applies pressure. She can't just watch.

MAUDE

Please...help me...

HATTIE

We can't just leave her to die.

JOLENE

She tried to kill us!

HATTIE

Yeah and she's just a kid, Jo.

Jolene's impatience growing bigger than the blood stain.

JOLENE

This isn't just some bar fight for you to play nurse again. This girl-

HATTIE

I don't play nurse, Jo. I am as long as my hand is stopping the blood from pouring out of this little girl. Now help me!

Jolene and Hattie lift her up. Good thing, she's light.

JOLENE

She's your burden. I'm not tossing any dead bodies off my ship.

HATTIE

And since when do you have a ship?

Mama bursts through the door, gun in hand again. She lowers it when she sees her girls in distress.

MAMA

What's going on?

She examines Maude. Just another Friday night around here.

MAMA (CONT'D)

What happened to this one?

JOLENE

Mama, we need to go.

MAMA

Who did this to her?

JOLENE

We really don't have time to explain. I think we're in trouble and I don't want to involve you...further at least.

MAMA

Well, I'd like to see them try me.

JOLENE

Mama, we really need to go.

MAMA

This girl needs to lay down.

JOLENE

Okay, but-

Viktor emerges into the already cramped room, pointing a long pistol at Jolene. Mama steps in front and takes a bullet.

JOLENE (CONT'D) HATTIE
Mama! No!!

VIKTOR
Give me the map!

He fires and misses but Jolene doesn't. Hitting his shoulder first and then into his chest. Hattie takes the opportunity to carry Maude out the back.

Jolene kneels down next to Viktor as he bleeds out. She sticks her own pistol in his mouth.

JOLENE
What's your name, sweetheart?

Viktor squirms.

JOLENE (CONT'D)
Huh?

Viktor starts to speak. She fires.

JOLENE (CONT'D)
I don't care what your name is.

EXT. MAMA'S NOOK & BROTHEL - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The women are crouched down hiding behind barrels as Hattie carries Maude.

DOT
Oh hell! Is she dead?

HATTIE
If she's not, she's halfway there.

She nods to the wheelbarrow leaning against the stone wall.

HATTIE (CONT'D)
Help me lift her in.

ADA
Perfect. Now she has somewhere
plush to die. Let's go.

HATTIE
Ada! Go, where?

DOT
And, why is *she* here?

CHARITY
Yeah...I do love your dress.

PRIM
Thank you.

ADA
Suddenly chasing after a mythical treasure is sounding a lot better than sticking around here to find out who's trying to kill who.

CHARITY
I'm sorry? Mythical treasure?

DOT
Who *is* killing who?

Jolene spills into the alley and barricading the door with a rum barrel - just in case.

HATTIE
Jolene, what is going on?

JOLENE
Why is she in a wheelbarrow?

ADA
Easier to push her off a cliff.

JOLENE
We don't have time for even that.
Prim, where's the ship?

PRIM
The Northern port, of course.

JOLENE
(mocking)
Of course. Ada, let's go.

DOT
Pardon me, what about us?

CHARITY
Yeah, we want to come!

DOT
Okay, I wouldn't go that far.

JOLENE

I'm not asking you to come, ladies.
But, I'm offering you a way off
this island. So if that intrigues
you, start pushing.

The twins look at one another, then Hattie.

EXT. NORTHERN PORT - DOCK - DUSK

Through the moonlight, we see a line of women and a
wheelbarrow racing towards the opposite end of shore.

JOLENE

So what's the plan?

She eyes the beautiful vessels in front of her. Large navy
ships with grand masts and golden finishing. Most of them are
covered in the Steinbeck crest.

PRIM

We're taking that one.

Jolene finds Prim's eye line. She's disappointed to see a
less-than-extravagant sloop. A singled masted vessel that
looks more like a jumbo-sized sail boat.

JOLENE

That rickety thing? We'll sink
before we get out of the harbor.

ADA

Sloops a good choice. It's fast.
Sails through shallow water. Only
needs about 6 people to crew. Not
bad, Princ- Prim.

They hurry over to the small but stable ship. Jolene, Ada and
Prim climb aboard, but the other girls hang back. Are we
really doing this?

PRIM

Now I suggest we-

ADA

I suggest we see the map.

PRIM

Is this really the place?

JOLENE

We're kind of out of time. Our crew
deserves to know the truth.

Our crew? PRIM The truth? HATTIE

ADA
Map. Now.

Jolene unrolls it and lays it on the deck. It's blank.

PRIM
What...where's the inscriptions?

ADA
Just...hush...

JOLENE
Is there like a spell?

ADA
You know, this is my first mythical
map, so hard to say.

PRIM
Don't ruin it. Whatever you do.

JOLENE
Got it, Princess.

PRIM
I'm serious. It's fragile.

ADA
It needs salt water.

JOLENE
I don't think it's thirsty. I think
it's blank!

ADA
You're gonna need to start trusting
me, if this is gonna work.

Jolene huffs, sticks her hand over the edge and flicks some water onto the page. Everyone holds their breath at the thought of ruining their key to freedom.

The ladies from the dock lean over to get a better look. At what? They don't even know.

Flecks of gold writing appear, but not enough to read.

JOLENE
More water. Ada! More water!

Ada hurries to the edge and grabs a bucket. She hesitates before she pours. Prim nods, what's to lose?

A small splash of water lands across the page. It remains dry but soon a FLASH of golden light reveals an intricate map of the Atlantic Ocean leading to an ominous glow at the center of the page creating a black hole-like abyss.

Jolene lifts the map to see the reverse side but the hole doesn't pierce through.

JOLENE (CONT'D)

Strange.

ADA

It's remarkable.

PRIM

It's real.

CHARITY

Okay, I'm sold. I'm coming aboard!

Charity hurries onto the sloop, and turns to help her sister who's not so quick to climb in.

DOT

Charity...

CHARITY

Dot, c'mon it'll be fine!

DOT

You know how I feel about boats.

JOLENE

This is a ship.

CHARITY

See, it's a ship. Much safer...compared to the dead body next to you.

They've never been separated and they're not starting now. Dot climbs aboard, yet Hattie stands with the wheelbarrow.

JOLENE

Hattie?

HATTIE

This girl isn't looking any better.

ADA

Better to cut our losses now.

Jolene swats Ada away. Not now!

JOLENE
Hattie, we need you.

HATTIE
You just need to keep me quiet.

JOLENE
Who else is going to nurse us back to health? Or count our mountains of gold for us? Ugh, we can bring the girl...I guess.

Not ideal, but better than leaving Hattie behind. What's a little dead weight? Hopefully not literally.

JOLENE (CONT'D)
Take our prisoner to the bunks.

PRIM
Are you sure about that?

JOLENE
Trust me on this.

They help carry Maude into the small Captain's quarters. Jolene and Prim secure the map back into the leather scroll.

PRIM
It's about time we raise anchor.

JOLENE
And fast. Before the sun rises and they see us on the horizon.

HENRY (O.S.)
I know you have the map, whore!

Prim whips around to see Emmeline, teary eyed, hands tied in front of her. Henry with a long musket to her back. Jolene pulls out her pistol and points it at him.

JOLENE
Wow. What a greeting.

PRIM
Henry...what are you...

HENRY
Em, wasn't supposed to be your ransom, Prim, but I guess some things just work out.

PRIM
Does Hyde know you're doing this?

HENRY
What- of course not. Give me the bloody map before I shoot a hole through his sister's skull.

PRIM
Jolene! Don't shoot her.

JOLENE
I'm not going to hit the kid.

HENRY
Lower your weapon!

Henry fires into the air. Emmeline shakes with fear in front of him. At that, Jolene reluctantly drops her pistol.

HENRY (CONT'D)
That's it. Now toss the scroll.

JOLENE
Toss the girl.

PRIM
Um, no. Let's not toss the girl.

HENRY
The map!

Jolene slowly reaches for the scroll.

BANG!

Hattie emerges from the captains quarters, firing off shots towards Henry and Emmeline. She misses both, but it scares Henry enough to misfire and knock himself off balance.

Dot, Charity, and Ada quickly race to hoist the anchor and set sail amongst the chaos.

Jolene scrambles to grab her gun and fires a shot into Henry's shoulder. Prim is focused on getting Emmeline onto the ship as she sprints down the dock.

Adrenaline racing, Jolene is ready for a fight. Henry is almost twice her size, but Jolene is more agile.

She grabs his musket from his hands and knocks the butt in his teeth. He stumbles back landing in the wheelbarrow.

She takes the gun for good measure.

PRIM
Is he dead?

JOLENE
Unfortunately not. But we don't
have time, and I don't like feel
like killing another scrub today.

PRIM
...another?

No time to explain.

PRIM (CONT'D)
Wait, Jolene. Thank you.

EXT. NORTHERN PORT - MORNING

A beautiful sunrise glows over the sloop as it sets sail.

Quick cuts: 1. Sleeves ripped off. 2. Dress skirts cut -
revealing their stockings. 3. Hair tied up. 4. Billowing
sails in the breeze.

INT. SLOOP - CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

The entire room is white, with small engravings of the
Steinbeck crest. Four bunk-beds are stationed in the corner
already dressed with the finest linens and fluffed pillows -
a bit unnecessary but completely on brand. Two of which are
occupied by Maude and Emmeline.

A bloody knife, a broken bullet and used gauze lay on the
floor next to Hattie's feet.

Prim and Jolene sit across one another at the Captain's desk.
A sprawling world map contrasts the luminous aura of the
Crystal Mirage map as they examine them side by side.

PRIM
Hyde would lose it if he knew I was
with you.

JOLENE
Who me? Or the map?

PRIM
Both.

JOLENE
Yeah I'd love to be a fly on the
wall when he hears about this.

PRIM

Her mother is going to kill me.

She looks to Emmeline's bunk.

JOLENE

It's only a matter of time before she sends someone for that one.

PRIM

That's what I'm worried about.

JOLENE

Hey. Maybe she doesn't know. Maybe I knocked that guy's teeth out and he choked on them and died. Let's think on the bright side.

PRIM

Right, the bright side.

JOLENE

Besides do we really think that guy was racing back to Hyde to tell him that he betrayed him and tried to kill his little sister and wife?

PRIM

Henry is a bit of a moron.

JOLENE

Enough about men. Let's talk about what's important. Money.

PRIM

Right, so...the ship is equipped with enough supplies for about a week's trip but we have a lot more ocean to cover than that. We're going to have to make a stop.

JOLENE

Yeah. That's the hard part.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

CHARITY

Ada wants to know what course to set sail on. Direct quote.

Close on, Jolene's finger landing on Haiti.

JOLENE

Tell her, Tortuga.

CHARITY

Prim, I saw all those pretty dresses in the wardrobe. Do you think Dot and I can try some on?

PRIM

Oh, of course! There's not much use for them now.

CHARITY

Ooo, great! Thank you!

PRIM

Well, I suppose mother might want them when we get back.

Charity heads out, muttering 'Tortuga' over and over.

JOLENE

Prim. I don't know how to tell you know this, but you can't go back.

PRIM

What do you mean? Emmeline has to return. She has school...and eventually her own marriage agreement to uphold.

HATTIE

Sorry to interrupt but I need to get some fresh air. If she wakes up, come find me.

JOLENE

Someone tried to kill us for this map - multiple times. If you go back you're giving them to perfect opportunity to finish the job.

Prim nods, knowingly, hating that she's right.

JOLENE (CONT'D)

Someone obviously wanted this back.

PRIM

We'll know once she wakes up.

Maude slowly closes her eyes again and pretends she's asleep.

ACT IV

INT. STEINBECK MANOR - SITTING ROOM - MORNING

Hyde paces the room in the same clothing as the night before, taking the walk of shame to a whole new level.

HYDE
(to himself)
It was the whore! I know it!

He jumps as the door opens to reveal, LADY STEINBECK. She takes stern and propriety to unprecedented heights.

HYDE (CONT'D)
Mother.

LADY STEINBECK
Sit.

Like a scolded puppy, Hyde quietly takes a seat in a brocade chair. Mary begins pouring tea.

LADY STEINBECK (CONT'D)
Henry is awake.

Hyde gives a sigh of relief.

HYDE
And what did he say? Did he know about the map? Where is it?

LADY STEINBECK
The map...

She stops stirring her tea. It's set down with a CLANG.

LADY STEINBECK (CONT'D)
Your best friend stumbles into our gardens, bloodied. Your other friend, what's the fellow? Viktor, is found dead at the brothel, and your *little sister* was seen being taken by whores at the docks. And you worry about a map?

HYDE
Of course I'm asking about the map! This is all because of the map!

LADY STEINBECK
Sit back down this instant.

He resumes his seat.

HYDE

I feel horrible for Viktor, but probably stumbled into a bar fight. He was an idiot. I love him, but an idiot still.

LADY STEINBECK

Right...

HYDE

And Em...we're going to find Em, mother. I promise you. A bunch of women sailing a ship? We'll have better luck searching the bottom of the ocean.

He tries to laugh, she's not amused.

HYDE (CONT'D)

I'm going to make this right. With you. With Prim.

LADY STEINBECK

Did I mention who Henry saw helping these whores kidnap your sister and steal our ship?

She sips her tea before she continues spilling it.

LADY STEINBECK (CONT'D)

Son, I'm sorry to inform you that you seem to have a type.

EXT. SLOOP - DECK - DAY

The crew is gathered on the deck all facing Prim and Jolene. Dot and Charity are bickering with one another. Ada is picking her nails with a small knife. Hattie licks her thumb and wipes a smudge of dirt off Emmeline's cheek.

JOLENE

Alright, listen up. This is our first official crew meeting.

Charity claps but stops when no one joins in.

JOLENE (CONT'D)

Just want to get any general questions out of the way-

ADA
This ship got any rum?

PRIM
This is not that type of ship.

ADA
Grog?

PRIM
Maybe, let's start with some
logistical questions, first.

DOT
Yes, so...Charity and I were sort
of wondering where we're going?
W're not sailing into a giant
abyss, right?

PRIM
Of course not!

CHARITY
Yes, and why was that little girl
shooting at us? And is she dead,
because I am a vegetarian. I don't
know what our food situation is
but...just making that known.

PRIM
Thank you, ladies. All great
questions. In short, we're-

JOLENE
We're off to find some treasure. As
for the girl, we don't know. Next
question.

Emmeline raises her hand.

HATTIE
And how did we get this map?

PRIM
Great followup. So, we actually got
the map-

JOLENE
I fucked her husband and stole it
from his coat pocket, and I guess,
he sold something important to the
McCail family to get it, right?

Emmeline looks taken aback as she lowers her hand.

PRIM

Thank you, Jolene for those *details*. (sigh) Okay, long story short, my husband sold back a part of Nassau to the McCail family for our map and after finding him cheating on me with your...friend here, we decided to take a ship to find the treasure on our own.

DOT

Right. Great. So...where are we going?

JOLENE

First things first we dock in Tortuga load up on supplies, find our grounding and then we're off. Plus with Ada's added experience and navigation skills, the treasure is practically ours.

ADA

I admire your confidence, Jo. But let's get real for a second ladies. I can get us there alright but your asses are on your own once we're there. Tortuga is tough shit. We're not exactly the most equipped group of sailors. I think we may be a little in over our heads here.

JOLENE

How so?

ADA

Well, we're docking with two kids—one of which already tried to kill us and is laying half dead and the other we practically kidnapped.

EMMELINE

Kidnapped? I would just like to say thank you for saving me, and I'll be willing to clear all of this up when my mother tracks us down.

Jolene looks to Prim. *Who's gonna tell her?*

ADA

Right, that'll be easy to explain. I say, we can cut our losses, go the ransom route?

PRIM

Calm down everyone. No ransom. No piracy. This is just a treasure hunt. A good ole treasure hunt.

ADA

I beg to differ.

CHARITY

Ooo, I wanna be a pirate! That's so cool! I love that!

PRIM

We are not pirates!

EMMELINE

Um, Prim?

PRIM

Not now, Em.

EMMELINE

Okay, but ghost girl is awake.

Maude, as white as the sheets she woke up on, stands in the doorway of the Captain's Quarters.

ADA

I could kill you, you little shit.

Hattie and Prim both block Ada's path.

HATTIE

Just let her explain herself.

MAUDE

I'm sorry.

JOLENE

You said that the last time you shot us.

MAUDE

I didn't wanna do that.

Maude cautiously joins the women, everyone is on edge.

JOLENE

She's obviously faking it.

HATTIE

Shhh, please.

MAUDE

Mrs. Steinbeck. I'm awfully sorry.

PRIM

How do you know who I am?

JOLENE

Why don't you just start from the beginning.

MAUDE

I was hired by the McCails to kill Hyde Steinbeck.

JOLENE

I knew it!

Everyone shushes her.

MAUDE

I arrived with their family and crew a few days ago. They had me work at the brothel in order to find a way to get him alone. They said they were going to have a friend of his convince him to go to Mama's Nook that night.

PRIM

(to herself)
Viktor and Henry.

MAUDE

But some old guy wouldn't leave me alone and by the time I broke away Mr. Steinbeck was already with Jolene.

Jolene side eyes Prim and shifts in her seat. It's just business.

MAUDE (CONT'D)

I saw Mama kicking out Prim. The chariot left and I figured I had missed my chance. Then I saw you three in the powder room...and I saw the scroll on the floor. I didn't want to shoot you. Any of you, I promise. But they told me if I didn't kill Mr. Steinbeck and get back the map then they were going to sell my younger sisters! Please don't kill me. I promise, I didn't want to do it. I promise!

PRIM

I'm sorry, I-

Emmeline grabs her hand. A moment of solidarity between the two youngsters.

EMMELINE

It's okay. You're fine now. They can't get to you.

ADA

She's a rat. We can't trust her being around.

MAUDE

No, please!

HATTIE

The girl is completely harmless.

ADA

Her allegiance is to her family. So, her allegiance is to them.

MAUDE

I serve no one! Please!

JOLENE

Okay, okay, stop crying. It's a good thing you're a horrible shot.

ADA

That's it?

PRIM

What else can we do? Throw her overboard.

ADA

Accidents happen all the time.

PRIM

She's staying. She'll work off her debt.

JOLENE

And she doesn't get a cut of the treasure.

ADA

Fine. It's your bloody crew.

JOLENE

What's your name, girl?

MAUDE

Maude.

HATTIE

Maude, hun, let's get you something to eat. You look like skin and bones.

Hattie helps Maude to her feet.

JOLENE

Meeting adjourned.

EXT. SLOOP - DECK - EVENING

Emmeline shadows Ada adjusting the sails. Jolene and Prim sit at the bow of the ship. The rest of the women are eating broth and playing cards.

JOLENE

I think we did the right thing letting that girl stay.

PRIM

A part of me didn't want to.

JOLENE

I know, me too.

PRIM

But, she looked so scared. So unsure of her own future. I recognized the look in her eye.

Jolene gives her a look. C'mon.

PRIM (CONT'D)

I'm just saying I know what it's like to be on your own in a strange place.

JOLENE

Strange place is an interesting word for mansion.

PRIM

I didn't always live in the manor. My father was from humble beginnings. He wanted to raise me that way.

JOLENE

I would love to hear your definition of humble.

PRIM

Humility comes in different forms. Something I learned growing up around the southern port.

JOLENE

You?

PRIM

Me. My father was a high-ranking fisherman. Worked his way up to being a merchant and soon he owned most of the port. With all the trading with the Steinbecks, Hyde's dad took a liking to me.

JOLENE

Yeah, did Hyde?

PRIM

He does, sometimes. He has his moments, but I am grateful for some things. Like, Em.

They watch as Em throws down her cards defeated.

PRIM (CONT'D)

If it weren't for Em, I would've let Ada throw her overboard. Is that horrible of me?

JOLENE

Don't worry, we've all done worse. Or at least we're about to.

PRIM

Is Tortuga really that bad?

JOLENE

I've never been. I've hardly left the island. But from what I hear, it's definitely no place for a lady. Definitely not eight.

PRIM

We can handle it. I think we're smarter than a bunch of pirates.

JOLENE

I think we are a bunch of pirates.

PRIM
We're not pirates, Jolene.
We're...sailor women.

JOLENE
Yeah, a bunch of sailor women
docking in Tortuga. I'm sure
they'll all love that.

The wheels start turning.

JOLENE (CONT'D)
Wait...I think they would actually
love that.

PRIM
What?

JOLENE
What man wouldn't love to see a
bunch of women docking?

PRIM
I'm not following...

JOLENE
Ladies! Anyone up for one last
night shift?

Dot and Charity look at each other and smile mischievously.

ACT V

EXT. THE PRIMROSE - DECK - NIGHT

SUPER: FOUR DAYS HENCE

The Steinbeck crest graces the white sails, a stark contrast against the night sky as they billow. The abundant crew mans the ship as Hyde stares off into the distance.

HENRY

We've reached the midpoint.

Henry's shoulder and arm is bandaged tight, his teeth chipped with a few missing. Eyes swollen as black and his heart.

HENRY (CONT'D)

And you're sure about their course?

HYDE

Of course. That ship of their's barely has enough food to get them through a week.

HENRY

But what makes you think they'd dock at Tortuga? Or that they're even alive for that matter?

Hyde grabs the collar of his shirt, Henry winces from pain.

HYDE

That's my sister you're talking about! My wife! My map!

HENRY

I'd never wish ill on them, Hyde, but women manning a ship? This feels like a fool's errand.

HYDE

I saw enough of the map indicating it points southwest.

HENRY

We're going to find them. I feel terrible about what's happened.

HYDE

It's not your fault. I'm just grateful you're here.

(MORE)

HYDE (CONT'D)

There's so few people I can trust now. Not even trust my own wife.

HENRY

I'm sure she has her reasons.

HYDE

She may...but it's not going to stop me from killing the whore who stole my map and hurt my sister.

EXT. SLOOP - DECK - NIGHT

A warm glow illuminates off the nearby island. They're close. Ada rubs her grumbling stomach as she adjusts the sails. Emmeline is less subtle as she dramatically sprawls out.

EMMELINE

Ugh! I'm so hungry!

HATTIE

We'll be there soon, hun.

ADA

Any action on the line?

A thin fishing rod, is propped against the side of the sloop. The women appear dirty, tired and starved from the voyage.

CHARITY

I take back what I said about being a vegetarian. I'd eat my own arm.

ADA

Sea fever is setting in all right.

HATTIE

That's one fever I can't nurse you back from.

EMMELINE

Let's just stay positive. Prim is the best person I know - and a better fisherwoman. Hyde was never a fan of that though.

ADA

You know what they say, there's plenty of fish in the sea.

INT. SLOOP - CAPTAIN'S CABIN - NIGHT

Charity eagerly paints red lips onto Prim. Like a marionette she's spun around to reveal her reflection. She has more color on than an artist's palette.

PRIM

I look...like some sort of lady of the night.

CHARITY

Yeah, that's kind of the point.

Jolene sifts through an assortment of beautiful gowns and men's button-downs from the wardrobe.

JOLENE

You people have more linens and clothing in this place than food.

PRIM

Hyde's mother likes options.

JOLENE

Hm, I think Hyde does too.

CHARITY

These are to die for!

JOLENE

Okay, but let's not actually.

The rest of the girls pile into the small cabin. It's still a step up from the powder room. Ada sees everyone donning gowns, and pivots to exit.

ADA

Oh, hell no.

JOLENE

C'mon, Ada, it's just a uniform.

ADA

It looks restricting.

JOLENE

It'll be off half the night.

PRIM

Wait, we're not actually sleeping with these men are we?

JOLENE

Hell no! But hey, you never know!
We're just gonna stroll in, steal a
bunch of their shit and head out.
If something happens in between
just make sure you get paid.

PRIM

Not happening.

JOLENE

OK, Prim. When was the last time
you had sex because you wanted to?

Prim ponders. Good question...

PRIM

I'll stick to finding the loot.

EMMELINE

Me too.

PRIM

No, no, no, no. You're staying here
with Maude.

EMMELINE

What? No? Why?

HATTIE

Someone needs to look after her.

EMMELINE

Yeah, so why me?

ADA

You're clearly the most reliable
and you've learned how to hoist the
sails the quickest. If something
goes wrong we need you to be ready.

Emmeline smiles with pride. Ada winks at Prim.

EMMELINE

You're right, that makes sense.

JOLENE

I can't believe I'm saying this,
but I think it's best you hold the
map tonight.

Jolene places it under Prim's stocking, then lets her dress
fall over her leg.

JOLENE (CONT'D)

We all know you'll keep your stockings on.

PRIM

That is my preference.

DOT

Aw! Ada! You look like such a lady!

Ada stands in a beautiful golden gown, looking proper, poised - and uncomfortable. Charity tightens her corset for her and pushed up her cleavage.

ADA

Shut up.

CHARITY

No need to thank me.

ADA

I better get out there. We should be near land soon. Em, you coming? Grab my skirt, would ya?

Emmeline grabs Ada's long dress skirt. The other girls file out of the room.

CHARITY

Don't worry, doll, the first night is always the hardest.

DOT

Pun intended.

Dot pushes her sister and they giggle as they leave.

JOLENE

Ignore them. You know what you're doing. Point those things in the right direction and you're golden.

Prim takes one last look in the mirror. She cups her pushed up breasts and nods in agreement. She doesn't look half bad.

EXT. PORT - NIGHT

SUPER: TORTUGA, HAITI

Close on the anchor dropping.

An embellished heel gracefully steps foot on the docks, drawing the eye of every man nearby.

The men stop loading their goods and fight to steal glances at the women as they make their way towards the mainland.

A long-haired man, MAVERICK, with muscular tattooed arms stops at the head of the dock. He has a thick Spanish accent.

JOLENE

Hello there, kind fella. We're-

PRIM

Entertainers.

MAVERICK

Is that what they call it here?

JOLENE

Sure, whatever. We're entertainers from, uh, Port Royal-

MAVERICK

It's three shillings to dock a vessel in these waters.

JOLENE

Right, uh, perhaps we can offer some other sort of services?

He looks at Prim and smirks. Everyone has a type.

MAVERICK

Perhaps...

Prim catches on.

PRIM

Perhaps not.

Prim takes an elbow from Ada. Stand up straight and turn on the charm. She touches his arm as she speaks.

PRIM (CONT'D)

I feel like we might get a little turned around. Maybe you can come with us...and we can go all the way.

Ada and Jolene look at each other, impressed. Maverick's manly persona practically melts as Prim bats her lashes.

MAVERICK

I guess it won't take very long.

Prim wraps his arm around her waist and they lead the way.

A handful of PIRATES are left at the docks. They're finishing loading in pounds of rice, hardtack and rum among other goods. Ada sees this - and she can't resist that rum.

She grabs Hattie's wrist and nods in their direction. The rest of the girls hurry after Prim and her man-candy.

ADA

Wait, loosen my corset a bit.

Hattie pulls at the laces. Ada takes a deep breath and cracks her neck. It's go time.

HATTIE

Hi, boys.

The men drop their goods and perk up as Ada flips her hair.

INT. BROTHEL - CONTINUOUS

Maverick guides the women into the brothel. It is packed to the brim with scruffy, dirty MEN and a sprinkle of, beautiful yet tired WOMEN. They eye the new girls up and down.

MAVERICK

Make yourself at home.

PRIM

Thanks for the escort...

MAVERICK

Maverick.

He kisses her hand and now Prim is the one who's charmed. The girls take the opportunity to blend in and get to work. There's lot of coin to be looted - and food to eat.

PRIM

Well, thank you...I think. I can manage from here out.

MAVERICK

I owe you a pint at least. Can't be leaving such a beautiful lady such as your self to drink alone.

Prim notices the girls are gone and scans the room like a curious cat, eyes darting to every corner until she spots Jolene grabbing a chain of pearls off a man's neck and storing them down her top. Okay, back to work.

A drunken patron grabs Prim's waist. She slaps his hand away.

PRIM

One drink.

He motions to the BARTENDER, weathered hands and tousled hair from a night's work - or two.

MAVERICK

Your finest rum.

The bartender laughs as he pours. Maverick fishes in his coat for a large sack of GOLD COINS. Jackpot!

EXT. SLOOP - DECK - NIGHT

Hattie and Ada step around an unconscious man and heave a crate on board. A few more pirates are sprinkled about, too drunk to put up a fight. You learn a thing or two at Mama's.

EMMELINE

Can't I help you guys? Maude's asleep anyways.

ADA

Prim wants you to stay on the boat. Captain's orders, right?

EMMELINE

Pirates don't actually follow rules, do they?

ADA

They follow the code.

HATTIE

Two more crates if you don't count the rum.

ADA

Oh, we're counting the rum.

HATTIE

Let's hurry before someone comes.

ADA

Em, why don't you make yourself useful and keep watch, kid.

Emmeline opens the crate to reveal hardtack. She sniffs it and makes a face. It's far from the five course meals she's used to, but anything to cure her hunger. CRUNCH!

INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

Dot now has on one gold and one silver earring. Charity is carrying a sword on her back and eating a pastry. Prim is wasted, half-dancing and half-falling onto Maverick.

Jolene is off in the corner shaking out leftover coats for gold coins. Another WORKING GIRL walks passed her giving a disapproving and pitied look.

JOLENE

Hey! We all have our methods!

Jolene rejoins Dot and Charity.

JOLENE (CONT'D)

Alright, what do we got?

DOT

I think we're off to a good start.

CHARITY

Let's just say I have enough gold shoved up my whoo-ha to get us where we're going.

Prim continues to dance like no one is watching.

JOLENE

I'm glad one of us got to have a good time.

CHARITY

Hey, don't let her terrible dancing fool you. She's putting in work.

JOLENE

She's drunk and dancing with a pirate.

CHARITY

That's no pirate, baby. Word around the pub says our friend... *Maverick* is a privateer from Spain.

DOT

So?

JOLENE

So he's like a pirate that does shit by the books. Gross.

CHARITY

So, he's *rich*.

Prim swings Maverick around. He can't seem to keep up with her energetic dancing.

MAVERICK

I think maybe we should take a break.

PRIM

Why this is the best song!

MAVERICK

Nothing is playing anymore.

PRIM

Oh.

Maverick pulls her over to a nearby table. It's romantic if you ignore the half-eaten chicken bones and spilled grog.

MAVERICK

I know you've had plenty of rum, but I'd like to give you something else.

He leans in and kisses her. She pulls back, nervous, then after a moment goes back in.

JOLENE

Ugh, gross. They're like swallowing each other.

DOT

Should we make him pay for that?

JOLENE

What, like physically or financially?

CHARITY

He is pretty dreamy.

They all nod in agreement and then disperse.

EXT. SLOOP - NIGHT

Emmeline is standing at the bow of the ship. She takes another bite of her biscuit, and grabs the telescope.

Telescope POV:

-Drunken pirates falling off the dock

-Men walking into the town

-Ada and Hattie sipping the rum on the deck, corsets off

She spins around and turns her attention to the open waters. After a moment she spots a large galleon ship with large white sails donning her family crest.

EMMELINE

Bloody hell...

The biscuit and the telescope hit the floor as Emmeline races to the docks. She's as white as the sails on the horizon.

ADA

What's up with you?

EMMELINE

My mom came to get me a bit early.

INT. BROTHEL - NIGHT

Jolene, Dot and Charity regroup nearby the stage. Their dresses a bit ill-fitting stuffed with tons of loot. Maverick and Prim are nowhere in sight.

CHARITY

It's getting a little rowdy in here. I think we've got enough to call it quits.

JOLENE

Agreed but where's Prim?

CREAK. CREAK. CREAK.

INT. BEDROOM - BROTHEL - NIGHT

In a less than glamorous canopy bed, Prim and Maverick are intertwined under the sheets. For once, it sounds like Prim is actually enjoying herself.

Prim's dress and stockings lay in a bundle near the bed. The leather scroll case exposed.

Through the window, we see the dark waters. The Steinbeck's vast sails wave like fury in the distance.