

"CAPTAIN BLOOD"

Screen Play

by

Casey Robinson

From the Novel

by

Rafael Sabatini

CAST OF CHARACTERS

PETER BLOOD.....

Jeremy Pitt.....

Andrew Baynes.....

Wolverstone.....

"Rev" Ogle.....

Lord Chester Dyke.....

Hagthorpe.....

Baron Jeffreys - Lord Chief Justice.....

Clerk of Court.....

Prosecutor.....

Captain Hobart of Dragoons.....

Lord Gildoy.....

King James.....

Lord Sunderland.....

Lord Willoughby.....

Colonel Bishop.....

Governor Steed.....

Kent, the Overseer.....

Dr. Whacker.....

Dr. Bronson.....

Nuttall, the shipwright.....

Clerk (at Gov. Steed's court).....

Don Diego, Spanish Commander.....

Captain Levasseur.....

Cahusac.....

Arabella Bishop.....

Mrs. Steed.....

Mrs. Barlow, Blood's housekeeper.....

"CAPTAIN BLOOD"

FADE IN

INSERT A POSTER TACKED AGAINST A WALL

It is lighted by a lantern of the period, which hangs down into the picture from above. We do not see all of the poster, but only the top part which reads:

Loyal Sons of England

Down with the Usurper!

TO ARMS

Upon the decease of our Sovereign Lord,
Charles Second, the right to succession
to the Crown of.....

Over this we hear the sound of a battle in the distance,
both cannon fire and a bugle call.

DISSOLVE TO:

1. EXT. HILLSIDE LONG ERM SHOT NIGHT

following the progress of a horseman as he takes his mount along at a frantic pace. His course lies along the crest of a rolling hill behind which (out of sight) a battle is being fought. The black sky above the hill pulses with bursts of fire and the sound of cannon and musket fire is heard. The rider draws closer.

CUT TO:

A TITLE:

"In the middle of a warm summer night in 1685, the peaceful English countryside was agitated by the sounds of a great battle as the army of the Duke of Monmouth - recruited from the simple folk of the kingdom - gave their blood in an attempt to pull James II from the throne."

During this title the sounds of the battle grow weaker and the sound of the horses' hoofs beats stronger, and they change in character to denote a progress from the dirt roads of the country to the cobblestones of a town.

CUT TO:

2. EXT. VILLAGE STREET PAN SHOT THE HORSEMAN

as he brings the exhausted animal down the street on a dead run and pulls to a stop before a simple and charming cottage. The horseman flings himself from his mount, rushes up the path of the cottage and begins to pound the door.

Muffled, and from a distance, we hear the sound of the battle.

3. EXT. BLOOD'S COTTAGE CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR UP ANGLE

We see a suggestion of the horseman's shoulders and head - and his upraised arm as he pounds on the door with his closed fist. Beyond his arm we see a sign beside the door, lighted by a small lantern. The background of this sign is the symbol of the medical profession, over which is printed:

DR. PETER BLOOD

The pounding continues frantically.

PIIT:

Dr. Blood! Dr. Blood!

4. INT. BLOOD'S COTTAGE HALLWAY CLOSE SHOT MRS. BARLOW

This is Peter Blood's rather elderly housekeeper. She holds a candle in her hand and has gotten out of bed. She is peering out of her bedroom door in a veritable perspiration of panic.

MRS. BARLOW:

(croaking with fright)

Who -- who is it?

5. MED. SHOT ANGLING PAST HER TOWARD PETER BLOOD

who is on his way from his bedroom door to the front entrance to the hallway. He too carries a candle. He is dressed in bedgown (dressing gown) and slippers. He has been sound asleep and is still rather yawny. Blood is fairly young (about twenty-six). His face is strong and commanding. At this exciting moment, as is characteristic of him, he holds himself under perfect control. He turns near the doorway to look at Mrs. Barlow.

(CONTINUED)

BLOOD:

(amused)

That we'll know better after you've
opened the door.

His voice is strong with its metallic ring softened and
muted by an Irish accent.

MRS. BARLOW:

(drawing back
in terror)

Me?!

6. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

smiling.

BLOOD:

My mistake. After I've opened the
door.

He turns and takes the few steps to the door and opens
it. This discloses a wild-eyed, small, young man
smothered in dust and grime, his clothes in disarray,
a sleeve of his doublet hanging in rags. He opens his
mouth to speak, but no sound comes. Beyond him we see
his tired, steaming horse, and beyond that some inhabi-
tants of the village, mostly women and children rushing
toward the house.

BLOOD:

(peering into
the darkness)

Jeremy Pitt, isn't it?

PITT:

(gasping)

Your friend, Lord Gildoy.... wounded
.....at Andrew Baynes' farm!

BLOOD:

(distressed)

The rash young fool -- mixing in...

Pitt seizes hold of him and would drag him out just as
he is.

PITT:

There's no time to lose!!

BLOOD:

(loosening Pitt's hold)

To be sure, I'll lose none -- nor
my head, either. Come in and re-
gain yours while I get my things.

(CONTINUED)

6 (Cont.)

Pitt is too wrought up to do anything except shake his head. Blood shrugs and starts away. The crowd of scared women and the old candle-maker close in on Pitt.

WOMAN:

How is the battle?

PITT:

(hysterically)

Battle? Butchery, rather! What could clubs do against cannons!

A wail goes up from the women who crowd around with frantic questions about their loved ones.

7. HALLWAY CLOSE PAN SHOT MRS. BARLOW

as she sets about getting Blood's cloak and hat ready and later his instrument case. As she moves about, she listens with definite disfavor to Blood's voice as it proceeds from the open door of his bedroom. It may be the man's casual tone that annoys her, or his air of complete self-possession, or the fact of his having been able to sleep unperturbed on this momentous night.

BLOOD'S VOICE:

(casual)

In case this business keeps me overlong, take care you water my geraniums, especially those under my bedroom window.

MRS. BARLOW:

(testily)

Geraniums! You would think about geraniums when every other able-bodied man is out fighting!

8. BEDROOM CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

He is partially dressed and is continuing rapidly but calmly.

BLOOD:

(very amused)

It's out of favor I seem to be with you, my vinegary virgin.

9. MED. SHOT BLOOD AND MRS. BARLOW

holding him in foreground as he continues to dress, and showing occasional glimpses of her as she passes the open door while collecting his things.

MRS. BARLOW:

Half of the town is saying you're a papist.

Instead of being offended, Blood bursts into laughter.

BLOOD:

Because I've the sense to sleep this night instead of rushing to my ruin in a hopeless attempt to put this Duke of Monmouth on the throne? Pah! He'd be worse than King James even.

MRS. BARLOW:

The other half of the town, that defends you, claims you're only a coward.

BLOOD:

(again amused)

Mrs. Barlow, my darling, you may tell them, if you'd like, that I've been with armies -- and with navies -- and anywhere that fighting was in evidence. I've fought for the French against the Spanish, and the Spanish against the French, and learned my seamanship under the Dutchman, de Ruyter. But having had adventure enough in six years to last six lives, I came here, hung up my sword and picked up my lancet, became a man of peace and not of war, a healer, not a slayer.

(goes to her and
chucks her under
the chin)

And that I'm going to be so long as I'm on top of the sod and not under it.

On the last lines he has taken his things from Mrs. Barlow and disappeared.

MRS. BARLOW:

(calling after him)

Will you be back for breakfast?

BLOOD'S VOICE:

(cheerily)

Who knows?

DISSOLVE TO:

10. INT. ANDREW BAYNES' FARMHOUSE LONG SHOT DAY

-- a spacious, stone-flagged hall -- an interior which suggests that the farmhouse is one of those straggling stone Tudor buildings.

From outside come certain sounds that testify that the farmhouse lies in the battle district in which some fighting is still going on -- an occasional musket shot, the scream of a man, the whinny of a horse, etc.

At some distance down the hall, a group is gathered about Lord Gildoy who is stretched out on the cane bed under one of the tall, mullioned windows.

Peter Blood is dressing his Lordship's wounds in the cold gray dawn light. Standing nearby is Jeremy Pitt, hat in hand, staring in a rather frightened manner. Beside him stands Andrew Baynes, an elderly, open-faced, likeable and dignified farmer of the prosperous class. Assisting Doctor Blood with towels and hot water are Mrs. Baynes and her comely young daughter. Mrs. Baynes goes to a water pitcher on a bench under another window.

11. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD AND LORD GILDOY

Lord Gildoy, a tall, dark young man, is enduring the dressing of his wound with some difficulty. His eyes are closed, and with each labored breath a faint moan escapes his lips.

BLOOD:

(reassuringly)

The worst is done, my friend.

Their heads raise to a clatter of hoofs and hoarse shouts in the courtyard.

12. CLOSE SHOT MRS. BAYNES AT WINDOW

She looks out of the window and what she sees terrifies her. CAMERA PANS with her as she returns to group, crying in fright as she goes:

MRS. BAYNES:

The King's men!

BLOOD:

There's nothing to fear. This is a Christian country, and Christian men do not make war on the wounded - or those who aid them.

(CONTINUED)

12 (Cont.)

During this, the troops have dismounted outside, as we know from the sounds, and now approach the door. The women cling to each other. Blood resumes his work undisturbed.

13. MED. LONG TRUCKING SHOT AT FRONT DOOR

bringing in a dozen jack-booted, lobster-coated dragoons, captained by a sturdy, black-browed fellow with a good deal of gold lace about the breast of his coat.

After kicking the door open with his boot, Captain Hobart leads his men toward the group around the couch, the CAMERA MOVEMENT bringing the latter into the scene. When they have arrived at the spot near to the group --

CAPTAIN HOBART:

Halt!

The soldiers obey the order. Hobart swaggers forward, his gloved hand bearing down the pommel of his sword, his spurs jangling on the flag-stones. He addresses himself to Baynes.

CAPTAIN HOBART:

I am Captain Hobart of Colonel Kirke's Dragoons. What rebels do you harbor?

Blood glances up casually and then returns to work.

BAYNES:

(very frightened)

No -- no rebels -- this wounded gentleman --

CAPTAIN HOBART:

No need to ask how he came by his wounds. A rebel! Out with him, my lads. And these others, too.

The troopers advance. Blood rises, keeping himself between his patient and the soldiers.

BLOOD:

The man can't be moved without peril to his life.

14. CLOSE SHOT CAPTAIN HOBART AND BLOOD

The Captain of Dragoons is incensed by Blood's sharp tone. He glares at him.

CAPTAIN HOBART:
And who the devil may you be?

BLOOD:
Peter Blood -- medicine baccalaureus.

CAPTAIN HOBART:
Don't fling your French at me!

BLOOD:
Latin, my dull friend. It means I'm
a doctor.

CAPTAIN HOBART:
Or a liar!

BLOOD:
If your wit were as big as your voice,
my dear, it's the great man you'd be
by this.

For a moment the Captain of Dragoons is speechless.
He colors deeply.

CAPTAIN HOBART:
(menacing)
You may find me great enough to hang
you.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

15. EXT. TAUNTON CASTLE HALL MED. LONG SHOT DAY

Over the scene, the following title:

"For many weeks Royal Army 'drumhead' courts-martial took a fearful toll... and the executioners were busy with rope and chopper and cauldrons of pitch...until public opinion revolted. Then the survivors were headed toward Taunton Castle Hall and their trial."

As the title FADES OUT we see the scene clearly. We are shooting from behind a row of gibbets, ANGLING DOWN toward the cobblestoned street. We see only the tops of the gibbets, but etched in black shadow on the ground below is a clear indication that the hanged body of an ex-rebel dangles from each one.

Passing along the street, in the very shadows of their hanged comrades, proceeds a melancholy drove of prisoners being herded along by soldiers. They are chained in pairs. Their clothes, their faces and their manner testify to months of imprisonment. Those who are too weak to walk are trundled along in rude carts. Some of the prisoners keep their eyes fastened to the cobblestones; others look up at the gibbets in frightful anticipation of the fate ahead of them.

A crowd of onlookers watch them pass. They are perfectly silent, as if realizing the dreadful momentousness of the occasion.

DISSOLVE TO:

16. INT. TAUNTON CASTLE HALL CRANE SHOT

beginning as a CLOSE SHOT of the ROYAL SEAL, on a banner hung on the wall. From off scene, the sing-song of a Clerk's voice:

CLERK:

....and you are charged with being
traitors against the most illustrious
and most excellent Prince, James the
Second.....

Before this, the CAMERA HAS STARTED BACK to DISCLOSE the scene, bit by bit. First the five judges, solemn, bored. One uses his snuff box -- another fingers a curl of his wig -- two whisper together. In the center, Lord Jeffreys lies back with his eyes closed. None listen.

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont.)

CLERK:

(continuing)

.....by the grace of God, of England,
France, and Ireland, King, your su-
preme and natural lord.....

The Clerk himself, a pouter pigeon. The Judge-Advocate,
sharp-faced, angular.

CLERK:

(continuing)

Having no fear of God in your hearts,
and being moved and seduced by the
Devil.....

The prisoners, perhaps thirty of them, still in chains.

CLERK:

(continuing)

.....you have failed in the love
and true and due obedience toward
the King.....

The hall, large, majestic, draped with cloth even to the
balconies.

CLERK:

(continuing)

.....and have moved to disturb the
tranquility of the nation....

The spectators, jammed in tight, most of them thrill-
seeking women of quality.

CLERK:

(continuing)

.....and to stir up war to depose said
King from the title, honor and the regal
name of the imperial crown.

The jury, scared, hang-dog, dim-witted, as if they, them-
selves, are on trial.

CLERK:

(continuing)

Therefore, you are here to be tried
before a jury of your peers.

17. CLOSE SHOT THE CLERK

He puts down the indictment, picks up a scroll with an
endless list of names.

(CONTINUED)

17 (Cont.)

CLERK:

(continuing)

Jeremy Pitt! Hold up your hand!

18. TRUCKING SHOT PRISONERS

beginning with Pitt. He holds up his right hand.

CLERK'S VOICE:

Guilty or not guilty?

PITT:

(frightened)

Guilty.

CAMERA MOVES to Wolverstone, a big, hulking silent fellow.

CLERK'S VOICE:

John Wolverstone! Guilty or not guilty?

WOLVERSTONE:

(rumbling belligerently)

Guilty!

"Reverend" Ogle, tall, lean, whose main conversation consists of pious quotations from the Bible.

CLERK'S VOICE:

Uriah Ogle! Guilty or not guilty?

OGLE:

(piously)

Guilty, praise be to God.

Hagthorpe, a ruffian.

CLERK'S VOICE:

Henry Hagthorpe! Guilty or not guilty?

HAGTHORPE:

Guilty.

Lord Chester Dyke, haughty, precise, superior.

CLERK'S VOICE:

Lord Chester Dyke! Guilty or not guilty?

DYKE:

(he flicks an imaginary
fleck of dust from his
dirty, ragged sleeve)

Guilty.

(CONTINUED)

CLERK'S VOICE:
Peter Blood! Guilty or not guilty?

BLOOD:
(who has waited
impatiently)
It's entirely innocent I am!

19. MED. SHOT JUDGE-ADVOCATE

as he jumps up from his table in a peppery fashion.

JUDGE-ADVOCATE:
Are you guilty or not guilty?
(CAMERA PANS as he
bounces over to Blood)
You must say the right words!

BLOOD:
Words, is it? Oh, Not guilty.
(pressing forward
against his chains)
And speaking of words, I'd like
to say a few about the injustice
of keeping an innocent man locked
up for three months in such filth
and heat and ill-feeding that my
chief regret is that I did not try
to pull down the filthy fellow that
sits on the throne!

JUDGE-ADVOCATE:
(his eyes fairly
popping out)
Silence! Are you entirely ignorant
of the proper procedure in court?

BLOOD:
Most happily ignorant up to now!
And I could gladly have done without
this acquaintance!

A ripple of laughter runs through the court. The Judge-Advocate is about to explode when the sound of a gavel is heard.

20. CLOSE SHOT LORD JEFFREYS

He is a slight man, on the under side of forty, whose oval face would be delicately beautiful if it were not marked by lines of cruelty. He is a deathly sick man, from the last painful stages of a lung disease, that is eating out his life - hence the plaintive quietness of his voice and hence the quiet deadliness of his cruelty.

(CONTINUED)

20 (Cont.)

LORD JEFFREYS:

Enough of this! Call the witness
against him.

He settles back, bored.

DISSOLVE TO:

21. TRUCKING SHOT

beginning as a CLOSE SHOT of a Captain Hobart of the
Dragoons in the witness box.

CAPTAIN OF DRAGOONS:

(continuing)

.....and there we took him into custody
along with these fellows, Pitt, and
Baynes, and Lord Gildoy, who, despite
our tenderest care, has since died.

During this the CAMERA PULLS BACK to a wider angle. The
five judges are paying but slight heed to the proceedings.

LORD JEFFREYS:

(hardly stirring)

Will the prisoner ask the witness
any questions?

BLOOD:

None, my lord. Inasfar as he has
stated, he has told the truth.

LORD JEFFREYS:

(relieved)

Then there is nothing more to be said -
except the passing of sentence.

BLOOD:

(with spirit)

May it please your lordship, but
there's a deal more to be said!

22. CLOSE SHOT. LORD JEFFREYS

His eyes open and their burning look reveals his sur-
prise and displeasure at this interruption given in
such a tone of voice.

LORD JEFFREYS:

How now, fellow?

23. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

BLOOD:

(ironical)

There is the little matter of my
defence!

24. MED. SHOT CENTERING ON BLOOD AND LORD JEFFREYS

Lord Jeffreys lies back again and in a patient tone, as
if he is giving in to a silly whim, says:

LORD JEFFREYS:

Oh, very well - but in God's name be
brief, man; we have much to do.

Blood is released from his chains and walks boldly for-
ward.

BLOOD:

I am guilty of nothing, your lordship
- unless it is adjudged a crime that
a physician try to save a man's life.

LORD JEFFREYS:

(very bored)

What's this? Do you tell us you are
a doctor, you rogue? Where are your
witnesses?

BLOOD:

(pointing to Pitt)

Jeremy Pitt, who summoned me.

LORD JEFFREYS:

Oh, Master Pitt will testify -- he
that is himself a confessed traitor.
Is that your witness?

BLOOD:

I can bring a hundred from the town
in which I live.

LORD JEFFREYS:

*We have no time for all this.

BLOOD:

Very well, then, faith it's a witness
I'll give you you can't deny! Your-
self sir! For if I am not a physician,
how is it I know that you are a dying
man!

25. CLOSE SHOT LORD JEFFREYS

who, for the first time, seems to come to life. He sits stiffly upright, his face ashen.

26. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD AND LORD JEFFREYS

SHOOTING over Blood's shoulder as he points his arm directly at the Lord Chief Justice.

BLOOD:

The death to which you are dooming hundreds of poor men daily, in a frantic effort to send their souls to perdition before your own, is a light pleasantry compared to the horrible, bleeding death in the lungs with which the Great Judge has condemned you!

The Lord Chief Justice is straining forward, his lips twitching. There is a murmur throughout the hall which is cut short by the voice of Lord Jeffreys' low, intense but rasping as a file.

LORD JEFFREYS:

Now, fellow, we will be done with witnesses and I will convict you out of your own resolutely mouth!

(his breath comes in gasps from the force of his efforts)

When this Pitt came to summon you, as you claim, did you know you were called to attend another rebel?

BLOOD:

My business was with his wounds, not his politics!

LORD JEFFREYS:

Did you know the law -- that any person who does knowingly receive, harbor, comfort or succor a rebel is as guilty as if he himself bore arms?

BLOOD:

I only knew my sacred duty as a physician - to heal men who are sick and hurt.

LORD JEFFREYS:

Your sacred duty, rogue, is to your King!

(CONTINUED)

26 (Cont.)

BLOOD:

I thought it was to my fellow man.

27. CLOSEUP LORD JEFFREYS

as he lies back, exhausted from his efforts. With his lace-edged handkerchief he wipes his moist forehead. His eyes are closed as he continues in a low, rasping voice that seems to tear his bleeding lungs.

LORD JEFFREYS:

(seemingly to himself)

It is a fearful thing to send a man's soul to perdition, but I am bound by my conscience, my love of my King and my God to deal out justice.

His head rolls toward the jury and his eyes open, blazing out on them with the evil that his words belie as he continues:

LORD JEFFREYS:

Therefore, I instruct you, Gentlemen of the jury, that inasmuch as Peter Blood has admitted aiding a traitor to your King, you do bring in a verdict of guilty that he may be hung for the high treason he has committed.

28. CLOSE SHOT THE JURY

who are dazed, bullied and frightened. They all nod their heads in acquiescence.

29. CLOSEUP BLOOD

who knows that he is already a condemned man. For a moment he looks about, as if inquiring how these things can happen. Then his eyes come back to Lord High Justice and his rebellion speaks:

BLOOD:

What a creature must sit on the throne who lets a man like you deal out his justice!

DISSOLVE TO:

30.

KING JAMES' APARTMENT
LORD SUNDERLAND

CLOSE SHOT

DAY

- who is the Secretary of State. He is bowing.

LORD SUNDERLAND:

Your Royal Highness.

The CAMERA PANS to King James who is absorbed in the examination of a large Astrological chart.

KING JAMES:

What brings you, Sunderland?

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to include them both.

LORD SUNDERLAND:

These numerous hangings.

KING JAMES:

Splendid, aren't they? We kill the rebels; we kill the rebellion.

LORD SUNDERLAND:

Very true, James - but a foolish waste of valuable human flesh.

KING JAMES:

How so?

LORD SUNDERLAND:

Your majesty's colonies in the West Indies are urgently in need of slaves. A healthy vigorous man can be reckoned worth from ten to twenty pounds.

KING JAMES:

Splendid Sunderland, splendid! Send out immediately that the King is graciously pleased to command that all rebels convicted but not yet hanged be gathered together and shipped by the first available boats to the Americas.

Over last half of speech.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

31.

TRICK SHOT

The STRAIGHT SHOT of this is a map showing on its right side England and extending until the left side of the map includes the Caribbean Sea and the West Indies. The map is of the 17th Century, drawn with characteristic

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.)

geographical imperfections and adorned with ancient maritime symbols. All of the lines of the map are hazy and subdued except the islands of England on the one hand and Jamaica on the other. These are drawn with clear bold lines.

The JACKMAN SHOT of this scene is a miniature English ship under sail from England to Jamaica. This shot is double exposed over the map.

DISSOLVE TO:

32. COMPLETE MINIATURE OF PORT ROYAL (JACKMAN SHOT) DAY

In the distance we see a rather well ordered seacoast town set amidst tropical vegetation. On separate hill top we can distinguish the Governor's mansion and small Fortress which guards the harbor entrance. Only small craft are anchored in the harbor.

We are SHOOTING past a section of the slave ship which is moving slowly toward the harbor. The Captain of the ship and other officers and some of the crew are standing in foreground looking toward Port Royal.

The background is a KEY SHOT miniature set, and the front for the PROCESS SHOT is in full size.

LOOKOUT'S VOICE:

(off scene)

Port Royal straight ahead!

DISSOLVE TO:

33. INT. SHIP'S HOLD CRANE SHOT DAY

Beginning as a FULL SHOT of the dark close hole, we vaguely see the shapes of the unfortunate men therein, confined and guess their misery. Another fact is evident that a virulent hatred is growing in their hearts. Mixed with the moans of the sick we hear the deep guttural rumble of angry and vicious men.

The CAMERA MOVES rather rapidly above and past them to a figure of a man who is gazing through the merest slit of a porthole in the forward end. As we near we recognize him for Peter Blood though we see him only in silhouette. He is watching the approach of a low-lying hotly sun-lit island that is their destination.

(CONTINUED)

33 (Cont.)

JACKMAN SHOT the porthole through which we shoot and see the town beyond as the boat arrives in the harbor of Port Royal. The process key for this scene should be shot at Vitagraph - showing the approach to our set.

Blood turns part way toward his companions.

BLOOD:

It's a truly royal clemency we are granted, my friends - one well worthy of King James! He spares us the mercifully quick extinction of a hangman's rope and gives us the slow death of slavery. He grants us our lives -- in exchange for a living death. Faith, it's an uncertain world entirely.

DISSOLVE TO:

34. EXT. SEAFRONT LONG SHOT (Shoot at Vitagraph)

The Angle is along the seafront and it includes the cobbled mole and a small slice of the town. The occasion is the auctioning off of the rebel slaves, brought over on the English ship and the whole town has turned out. There are few women and a great number of negroes. A Captain of British soldiers stands at attention. The men to be sold into slavery are a sight to see -- disheveled, unwashed -- with matted hair and disfiguring beards, their clothes reduced practically to rags. They are lined in single file, forty of them.

35. MED. PAN SHOT DIXON

who is a crude mine owner and who is looking over the slaves as are several other prospective buyers, plantation owners. CAMERA FOLLOWS Dixon as he walks to the spot where stand the ship's captain, Gardner, and Governor Steed, a short, stout, officious but likable little fellow with a gouty foot. They are looking over the ship's papers as Dixon comes into them, glancing over his shoulder at something off scene.

DIXON:

(With a bit of temper)

I suppose that we can commence this sale now that Colonel Bishop has finally arrived?

36. CLOSE SHOT GOVERNOR STEED, CAPTAIN GARDNER AND DIXON

At the mention of Bishop's name, Governor Steed becomes quite flustered, a clear evidence of how completely Colonel Bishop has his Excellency under his foot.

GOVERNOR STEED:

(excited)

Oh! He's here?

(looking off)

Yes, yes, so he is!

The CAMERA PANS as Governor Steed hobbles as fast as he can with the aid of his cane to the spot where a handsome carriage is coming to a stop.

37. MED. SHOT AT CARRIAGE SHOOTING PAST IT

TOWARD GOVERNOR STEED, as he hurries to it. In the carriage are two people: A tall, corpulent middle-aged malevolent-looking man, dressed in Colonel's uniform; and a beautiful well-bred imperious girl of just under twenty.

GOVERNOR STEED:

Good afternoon, Colonel Bishop --

(bowing)

-- Miss Arabella!

Colonel Bishop nods and begins to look over the convicts off scene.

(CONTINUED)

37 (Cont.)

ARABELLA:

How is my darling, the Governor,
and his foot?

Governor Steel makes a motion of tearing out his hair,
to express his continual exasperation over his ailing
member.

GOVERNOR STEEL:

Every day I'm sure my gout can't
get any worse, and every day -- it
does!

(turning to Bishop)

My dear Colonel, according to the
King's request, it is for you to
take first choice of this dainty
nosegay, and at your own price.

COLONEL BISHOP:

Egad, they're a weedy-looking lot,
not likely to be of much value on
the plantation.

He looks off at them as if annoyed at them for not
being in better condition.

GOVERNOR STEEL:

The less you want, the more for
Dixon.

38. CLOSE SHOT THE GROUP

ARABELLA:

(a sharp cry)

Dixon! Oh, Uncle, I wish you'd
buy them all.

COLONEL BISHOP:

Buy them all?

ARABELLA:

To keep them out of Dixon's hands.

DIXON'S VOICE:

(off scene)

How's that?

CAMERA PULLS BACK a bit to show that Dixon has been
approaching the carriage and has overheard Arabella's
remark. All three of the group at the carriage turn
upon hearing Dixon. The men are somewhat embarrassed,
but Arabella is not. She looks at him levelly. Dixon
comes closer. He is more amused than offended by
what he has heard.

(CONTINUED)

38 (Cont.)

ARABELLA:

I've heard of those mines of yours!

DIXON:

(easily)

And what have you heard?

ARABELLA:

That they are wet, dark, evil
holes. Men cannot live there, but
die in agony of a horrible lung fever!

DIXON:

I perceive that somebody has been
going around behind my back telling
the truth.

He smiles at his own attempt at a jest and strolls
away.

ARABELLA:

And you can make a joke of ---

COLONEL BISHOP:

(cutting in)

Arabella, don't be childish. These
men are rebels against their King.
They should have been hanged, drawn
and quartered. Any fate they meet
is too good for them.

He climbs out of the carriage and exits.

GOVERNOR STEED:

Your uncle is right...Oh, my foot!

He hobbles to a seat on the carriage steps.

39. MED. CLOSE TRACKING SHOT FOLLOWING COLONEL BISHOP

as he inspects the convicts, followed by Captain
Gardner, who carries a list. Some he merely looks
over, feels the muscles of others, opens the mouths
of others to look at their teeth. He seems to find
them a poor lot; he grunts in dissatisfaction. The
men endure the rough handling, hopeful of being
bought by him rather than sent to the mines. Dixon
follows behind, looking over the men. Colonel Bishop
comes upon big Wolverstone and examines him with
more interest.

40. CLOSE SHOT COLONEL BISHOP, WOLVERSTONE, CAPTAIN GARDNER
Colonel Bishop fingers Wolverstone's muscles.

CAPTAIN GARDNER:
The best of the lot.

COLONEL BISHOP:
Open your mouth.

With some reluctance, Wolverstone obeys. Colonel Bishop examines his teeth.

41. CLOSE SHOT ARABELLA AND GOVERNOR STEED

He has his shoe off, rubbing his foot. She is watching the sale with distaste.

ARABELLA:
As if he were buying horses!

GOVERNOR STEED:
(looking up - cheerfully)
Yes, quite.

42. MED. SHOT CONVICTS, COLONEL BISHOP AND CAPTAIN GARDNER

Colonel Bishop finishes his inspection of Wolverstone. In the foreground, Blood watches, angry and humiliated.

COLONEL BISHOP:
Fifteen pounds.

CAPTAIN GARDNER:
Fifteen! He's worth thirty!

COLONEL BISHOP:
I can get a negro for that. These white swine can't stand the heat. Twenty pounds, no more.

CAPTAIN GARDNER:
(with a sigh)
Sold.

COLONEL BISHOP:
(calling off)
Kent!

He begins to examine Jeremy Pitt, next in line.

(CONTINUED)

42 (Cont.)

CAPTAIN GARDNER:

Jeremy Pitt, a shipmaster; small
but young and sturdy.

Kent, a bull-necked Overseer, carrying a coiled whip,
comes in. Colonel Bishop nods toward Wolverstone and
Kent starts to prod him out of scene.

COLONEL BISHOP:

(indicating Pitt)

And this one --

(to Gardner)

-- same price.

Captain Gardner nods and checks his list. Pitt turns
toward Blood, who is next but one to him.

PITT:

I hope you, too, are ---

COLONEL BISHOP:

(poking him in the
ribs with his cane)

Move along!

He shoves him out of scene. Then he turns and glances
at the man who has been standing between Pitt and Blood
and, seeing that he is an old man, starts to pass him
by. The old fellow has been watching with apprehension,
afraid of just this. He steps forward.

OLD MAN:

Buy me, sir!

(as Colonel Bishop
hardly glances at him)

In God's name, don't send me to
the mines!

In his agony, he grabs hold of Colonel Bishop's arm and
half kneels. Bishop throws him roughly aside and the
old man would fall, except that Blood catches him and
sets him on his feet. Blood looks at Bishop savagely.

Colonel Bishop begins to look over Blood. He stands
back, the better to survey him, folds his arms over his
chest, leans from side to side in order to size him up.
Blood, humiliated by this whole transaction and already
whole-heartedly hating Bishop, reacts in a characteris-
tically Irish manner by sizing up Bishop in return,
imitating his posture and every movement, as though he
is considering Bishop and finding him none too accept-
able. Blood does not do this to get a laugh, but only

(CONTINUED)

42 (Cont.1)

in angry mockery; nevertheless, there is a ripple of laughter from among the convicts off scene. This naturally enrages Bishop. The spark of enmity is lighted between these two.

COLONEL BISHOP:

Who is this bag of impertinence?

CAPTAIN GARDNER:

(eager for a sale)

Peter Blood, sir. A doctor he is! If it weren't for him, there would have been more deaths aboard ship when the sickness broke out.

Bishop grunts and advances to Blood and begins to feel his muscles.

43. CLOSE SHOT BISHOP AND BLOOD

When Bishop takes him by the wrist, in order to feel his arm muscles, Blood lets his arm go perfectly limp, thus creating a ludicrous effect - as if Bishop is waving about a dead fish. Again this gets a laugh from off scene, though Blood has not intended one and does not notice it, so wrought up is he. Bishop fetches him a hard slap across the cheek. Blood smiles grimly. Considering that this will put an end to the fellow's impertinence, Colonel Bishop addresses him.

COLONEL BISHOP:

Open your mouth, dog.

Blood looks behind him on the ground, pretending to be looking for a dog.

COLONEL BISHOP:

Open your mouth!

Blood looks at him calmly, casually. He keeps his mouth rigidly closed.

44. CLOSE SHOT ARABELLA AND GOVERNOR STEED

who are watching from the carriage.

GOVERNOR STEED:

(secretly amused)

There's a rebellious rascal!

ARABELLA:

Good for him! He has pride!

45. MED. LONG SHOT OVER CARRIAGE TO CONVICTS

In the background, Colonel Bishop is seen to literally brush his hands of Blood and pass on to the next convict.

GOVERNOR STEED:

Not so good for him, evidently.
His pride has purchased him a
ticket for Dixon's mines.

ARABELLA:

(rising)

He isn't there yet!

She gets out of the carriage and starts directly toward Blood. Governor Steed watches her with great curiosity.

46. PAN SHOT ARABELLA

as she picks her way hurriedly but daintily over the rough dirty cobblestones. She lifts her white skirt to keep it from getting dirty.

47. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

He sees her approach and realizes that for some reason she is coming directly to him. At first he feels very keenly the humiliation of his situation in his appearance, then his Irish pride and his Irish anger rise and he straightens up to meet her.

48. MED. CLOSE SHOT ARABELLA AND BLOOD

as she stops directly in front of him. For a moment they look at each other.

(To fully understand the action which now follows on this, the first meeting between these two, we must understand very clearly the natures and emotions of these people with whom we are dealing.

Arabella Bishop is a lady. She is well-bred, probably educated in England and though her family does not belong to the aristocracy of England, she does belong to the aristocracy of the Island of Jamaica. In fact, she is the first young lady of the land -- in a very real sense, a Princess. She is naturally kind-hearted and has come to the aid of this man whom she regards as a poor and lowly unfortunate. In other words, she not

(CONTINUED)

48 (Cont.)

only wants to aid him, but sets about to do it with an air of a Princess doling out a favor - a charming and lovable, but nevertheless slightly patronizing air. Before she does him her good turn, she must scold him - therefore, she says:)

ARABELLA:

(screnely chiding)

You are extremely foolish!

(Now let us understand Blood. It is his nature to feel most bitterly the humiliation of his present situation. He is an Irishman - proud and used to being in command of himself and a situation. At the moment, he is terribly angry for he has just finished his conflict with Colonel Bishop, whom he hates and he is still boiling over from that. Now comes this beautiful creature with her lofty airs and her kindness. He is in no mood to accept favors...He hates the world. If he were a James Cagney, he would say "Nuts to you!", but he is a gentleman, therefore he says exactly the same thing in exactly the opposite way:)

BLOOD:

(with a deep mocking bow)

You overwhelm me!

This hardly phases "The Princess", who goes on:

ARABELLA:

It is fortunate for you that I am here to save you.

BLOOD:

(hotly)

If you mean by that lofty speech that you'll persuade him to buy me, I'd thank you not to interfere.

She has expected thanks, humble gratitude even. Now this creature is not only refusing her noble gesture, but doing it in such a proud, insolent manner as to make her look a fool. It is no wonder that her flint sparks to his steel.

ARABELLA:

(with a lofty smile)

Would you! As it happens, you are hardly in a position to have anything to say about it.

With this and a nod for emphasis, she majestically sails away toward her uncle, the CAMERA PANNING.

49. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

as he watches her go, thoroughly annoyed..

50. MED. LONG SHOT BLOOD

in the foreground, watches Arabella as she approaches Colonel Bishop, who has purchased most of next half dozen slaves and is now examining another. Arabella cannot resist looking back at Blood to emphasize to him by this that she will show him how little he has to say about this, and that she can do him a favor if she pleases, no matter whether he wants her to or not..

Colonel Bishop interrupts his business to listen to Arabella. What she says to him we cannot hear, for they are too far away and she talks too quietly. Quite evidently, however, it is concerning Blood, for Bishop looks in his direction.

COLONEL BISHOP:

(very loud)

Him?! I will not.

51. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

as he hears Bishop. He is greatly pleased at this set-back to the haughty Lady.

52. CLOSE SHOT ARABELLA AND BISHOP

ARABELLA:

(quietly - but rather
upset and angry at this
obstacle)

But I want you to.

COLONEL BISHOP:

(very loud and angry)

Let him cool his head in Dixon's
mines! I'll have none of him!

53. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

chuckling in glee.

54. MED. SHOT BLOOD AND DIXON

who strolls in to look him over.

DIXON:

I'll give five pounds for him.

55. MED. PAN SHOT CAPTAIN GARDNER

as he hurries down the line of slaves toward Dixon.

CAPTAIN GARDNER:

Five pounds! That's an insulting sum to offer.

DIXON:

Does anyone offer more?

56. CLOSE SHOT ARABELLA

Thoroughly aroused, she is now determined to go through with this.

ARABELLA:

(a level, determined tone)

Six pounds!

57. CLOSEUP BLOOD

He looks in her direction, surprised and annoyed.

58. CLOSE SHOT GROUP OF SLAVES

who are already purchased by Colonel Bishop and including Pitt, Wolverstone, Hagthorpe and Lord Chester Dyke. They nudge each other and exchange significant glances at this amusing and unexpected turn.

59. MED. CLOSE SHOT DIXON, CAPTAIN GARDNER, BLOOD

Dixon is rather surprised and amused; Gardner pleased.

DIXON:

Well, well -- seven.

60. CLOSEUP BLOOD

This set-back to Arabella pleased him - a score for his side.

ARABELLA:

(off scene)

Eight!

His face falls.

61. MED. SHOT ARABELLA AND COLONEL BISHOP

Colonel Bishop is displeased, she determined.

COLONEL BISHOP:

(sotto voce)

You're making a spectacle of yourself!

She starts forward. He tries to stop her but she shakes him off and exits toward Blood and the others.

62. MED. CLOSE SHOT SAME GROUP OF SLAVES

They nudge each other again and chuckle.

63. MED. SHOT

as Arabella joins the group by Blood. He glares at her but she doesn't look at him, only at Dixon. Dixon is amused.

CAPTAIN GARDNER:

Come, now, Dixon, eight pounds is nothing for such a man -- a skilled physician, a gentleman and a scholar.

Dixon makes a very thorough examination of Blood, poking him here and feeling him there, slapping his flat stomach and pinching him.

DIXON:

Nine pounds.

Not to be outdone, Arabella makes just as complete an examination of Blood as Dixon has done. She knows she has him and is determined to teach him a lesson in appreciation while she is at it.

64. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD AND ARABELLA

as she proceeds with her examination, with all the slapping, pinching and feeling that Dixon has gone through. She is "rubbing it in" and Blood knows it. He is burning to a crisp for he knows that she is using this way of getting her revenge on him. He glares at her.

Her answering look is a mixture of defiance, triumph, amusement and a little (though she would never, never admit it) admiration. They look at each other steadily for a moment, their natural physical attraction for each other expressing itself in a mutual challenge. Then, smiling to herself, she walks out of scene.

65. MED. SHOT THE GROUP

as Arabella turns to Captain Gardner.

ARABELLA:

Well, it's a big price for such a --
skinny fellow, but -- ten pounds.

Gardner and Dixon join in the general mirth. Blood decidedly does not.

DIXON:

It is apparent that Miss Bishop
wants him more than I do.

He bows to her and, laughing at his own attempt at humor, walks away.

CAPTAIN GARDNER:

Sold to Miss Bishop for ten pounds!
What do you wish done with your
slave, Miss Bishop?

Arabella turns to Blood, trying to keep from laughing.

ARABELLA:

(with carefully assumed
casualness)

I trust you have learned your
lesson in appreciation. You
may join my uncle's slaves.

Blood exits, still looking back over his shoulder at her as if he could kill her.

66. CLOSE SHOT ARABELLA

He is so funny in his anger, so like a spunky child, she has to laugh. She does not laugh derisively, however; far from it, for now she has triumphed she likes him for his spunk; therefore, her laugh is only merry, tinkling and even affectionate.

67. MED. SHOT BLOOD AND SLAVES

He walks toward them, glaring back at Arabella. They are laughing. He whirls on them, evidently with a look so fierce that they are instantly silenced. As he joins the group --

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

68. EXT. SUGAR CANE FIELDS MED. SHOT

Group of slaves at work. The CAMERA ANGLES UP from the ground and is set to show several rows of sugar cane from which the slaves are cutting down with long knives and stacking on the ground. (A large set is not needed for this - only section of cane field.) The slaves are mixed indiscriminately, whites with blacks. They are exhausted from long effort under the scorching sunlight. Their clothing is by now reduced to rags. In most cases only a pair of trousers is their sole protection from the sun. Their hair is long and matted - their bodies tanned and grimed with sweat and dirt. They work their way past CAMERA, a seemingly long line of slaves. Several mounted overseers ride back and forth. They are armed and carry long whips.

From off scene comes the sound of a gong from the direction of the stockade. The overseers look off in this direction, then the slaves do - relieved to find even a moment's rest from their labors.

69. INT. STOCKADE CLOSE SHOT KENT AT GONG

In the b.g. we see a portion of the living quarters of the slaves, a huddle of long huts made of mud and wattles. In the f.g. Kent on horseback is beating a large gong with the butt of his whip. As he continues to do so the CAMERA PANS to show a MEDIUM SHOT of a group around the whipping post. This is a T-shaped post to which a white slave has been bound. Colonel Bishop, also on horseback, is watching this slave and also watching his two colored bodyguards who are building a fire.

70. EXT. STOCKADE GATE MED. LONG SHOT

The slaves are being driven in like cattle from the fields to the interior of the stockade. At the gate more soldiers are on guard, and just inside the inclosure in the b.g. we see the white overseer's cottage.

MOUNTED OVERSEER:

(cracking his whip at
slaves)

Double time there!

74. CLOSE SHOT GROUP OF SLAVES, INCLUDING BLOOD, WOLVERSTONE, OGLE

They watch tensely, with sullen hatred.

WOLVERSTONE:

Would I had him and his friend,
King James, roasting on a spit
over that fire!

OGLE:

(piously)

Great would be the burning thereof
and loud the rejoicing in heaven.

75. CLOSE SHOT AT STOCKS

The slave seems fascinated by the glowing branding iron as Kent brings it toward him. His eyes stare and he breathes heavily but there are no other signs of his struggle to control himself. Bishop remains seated on his horse, watching in the b.g. He gives the sign to Kent to proceed. Kent lifts the iron. At the last moment the slave's control deserts him and he shrinks back out of scene, away from the approaching brand. Therefore we do not see the iron actually make contact with his cheek, but we hear his scream of pain and see a small cloud of smoke and steam. As the brand is applied, neither Kent nor Bishop bat an eyelash. Their faces are a study in perfectly composed cruelty. The scream dies out as we -

DISSOLVE TO:

76. INT. GOVERNOR'S HOUSE CLOSEUP GOVERNOR STEED

whose face is woebegone and full of pity.

GOVERNOR STEED:

What a cruel shame that any man
is made to suffer so!

We suppose, naturally, that he is referring to the slave we have just seen branded, until the CAMERA PANS to the footstool in front of the Governor's chair. Upon it rests his gout-plagued foot, swathed in bandages.

77. MED. LONG SHOT

This is evidently the principal living room of the Governor's house and it is quite luxurious although the furnishings are in keeping with the tropical climate. The windows give out over a view of part of the town, some plantation land, and the sea beyond.

The Governor is seated in a big, comfortable chair, and Doctors Bronson and Whacker -- seedy-looking physicians -- are trying to attend to him. Some distance away in the room sit Arabella Bishop and Mrs. Steed. Mrs. Steed, like her husband, is short and fat, and she, too, is peevish and petulant.

GOVERNOR STEED:

This beastly gout!

DR. WHACKER:

Perhaps a new dressing will help.

They frantically start to unwind the bandage, getting in each others way.

GOVERNOR STEED:

(as the doctors lift his foot and cause a twinge of pain)

Easy, you clumsy louts!

The doctors try again, and again hurt the Governor, who struggles to his one good foot and brandishes his cane.

GOVERNOR STEED:

Thick-fingered jackasses!

78. REVERSE ANGLE

In the f.g. Mrs. Steed and Arabella turn to watch the Governor as he drives the retreating doctors from the room.

GOVERNOR STEED:

Ill-begotten bunglers! Blundering pill peddlers!

MRS. STEED:

Stop shouting! You've brought on my headache again!

GOVERNOR STEED:

(shouting)

Good!

(CONTINUED)

78 (Cont.)

He hobbles back toward his chair, moaning and groaning.
The CAMERA TRUCKS to CLOSE SHOT of Arabella and Mrs.
Steed.

ARABELLA:

Why doesn't His Excellency try
another doctor?

MRS. STEED:

Another doctor? There are only
those two on this God-forsaken
island and each is worse than his
partner.

ARABELLA:

There is another. According to
the story I've heard, he became
a slave by being a doctor.

MRS. STEED:

A slave! Would you elevate a slave
to the position of physician to the
Governor?

(a pause)

Is he a good doctor?

ARABELLA:

I don't know.

She starts to laugh.

MRS. STEED:

Why are you laughing?

ARABELLA:

I am just thinking how annoyed
Peter Blood would be if I did
him another favor.

DISSOLVE TO:

79. INT. GOVERNOR'S JUDGMENT HALL CRANE SHOT DAY

The Governor is seated in a big chair that is placed sideways behind an imposing desk on a dais, much after the manner of a judge. There are soldiers standing guard at a doorway and before the Governor are a half a dozen citizens of the Island who have come before him either with complaints or to be complained against. A be-draggled-looking fellow is being brought before the Governor by a soldier. He is a shiftless but likeable tramp who goes by the name of Honesty Nuttall. The CAMERA is MOVING FORWARD and the Governor is speaking as the scene comes in.

GOVERNOR STEED:

Complaints! Complaints! Can none of my citizens follow the example of their Governor - who endures the utmost agony without a murmur?

He looks down at someone on the floor beside him.

GOVERNOR STEED:

(complaining)

Easy there, fellow!

By now the CAMERA has travelled past the Governor's desk and has swung so as to form almost a REVERSE ANGLE from the CAMERA position at the beginning of the scene. This movement discloses that Peter Blood is attending to the Governor's gouty foot while his Excellency carries on his duties. Blood is kneeling near to him, unwinding the bandage on the Governor's foot and therefore has been hidden from view until the CAMERA has reached its present position behind the desk. There is a vast change in Blood's appearance since we last saw him. He is dressed in homespun but clean clothing. His hair, though not curled, is combed and neat. He looks up at the Governor.

BLOOD:

Did I hurt you, sir?

GOVERNOR:

(complaining)

No. But I thought you were going to.

Blood smiles and resumes unwinding the bandage. The Governor turns to the prisoner who is now directly before his desk and who is looking up at the Governor with such angelic innocence on his countenance that the effect is vastly comic. A prissy-looking clerk consults a legal document on his small table, which is set near the Governor's desk, and rises.

(CONTINUED)

79 (Cont.)

CLERK:

(clearing his throat)
Your Excellency, this vagrant hides
his sins behind the name of Honesty
Nuttall. He is charged with being
in debt.

GOVERNOR STEED:

State your case, fellow, and no lies.

He turns away from the prisoner in complete disinterest
and looks again at his bandaged foot which is his one
important concern in life.

GOVERNOR STEED:

(to Blood)

Are you certain the swelling's abated?

BLOOD:

Certain.

The Governor shakes his head dubiously and continues to
regard his foot - still completely disregarding the
prisoner who has, in the meantime, begun his plea.

NUTTALL:

Dear and noble kind-hearted Guv'nor,
I see in me a poor torn man, without
chick, child or relative, loved by
none and persecuted by all.

GOVERNOR STEED:

(to Blood who has just
removed the last of the
bandage)

Egad, it does look better.

Blood nods.

NUTTALL:

(continuing)

I was on my way to pay the butcher
on Toosday, as Honesty Nuttall is
me name, with five pounds I'd scraped
together with the sweat of me brow --

GOVERNOR STEED:

(who hasn't paid the slightest
heed but is still engrossed in
his foot)

But then - looks can be deceptive.

Blood nods and picks up the Governor's house slipper
which he has in readiness nearby.

(CONTINUED)

79 (Cont. 1)

NUTTALL:

(continuing)

-- when I chanced upon a poor old
beggar --

Blood has lifted the Governor's foot and is about to
put the slipper upon it. The latter draws his foot
back as though afraid of being hurt.

GOVERNOR STEED:

(warningly)

Uh-uh-uh-uh!

Nuttall thinks the warning is for him, and quickly
changes his story.

NUTTALL:

- That is, a beggar, in a way of
speaking. It was Jones of the grog
house, who begged me to enter and
have a drink with him.

Blood eases on the slipper while the Governor holds his
breath. When the Governor finds it does not hurt, he
sighs with satisfaction.

NUTTALL:

Don't sigh, your Honor, for I
remembered in time my dear little
starving wife who was in need of
the five Bob --

Governor Steed is now tapping his foot on the floor, and
finding, with delight, that it gives him no pain.

BLOOD:

Try standing on it, your Honor.

GOVERNOR STEED:

(indignant)

Stand on that bundle of Pain?
Impossible!

CLERK:

(shouting)

This man has no wife and I can
prove it!

NUTTALL:

A wife? Did I say "wife"? I mean
"mother" -- my poor, old, grey-
haired mother --

CLERK:

(exploding)

Mother!

(CONTINUED)

79 (Cont. 2)

The altercation is so loud that Governor Steed's attention is, for the first time, attracted. He turns to them.

GOVERNOR STEED:
What is this all about?

CLERK:
This cesspool of lies --! (simultaneously)

NUTTALL:
As my name's Honesty Nuttall --!

GOVERNOR STEED:
(rising and banging his cane on the desk)
Silence!

Both the prisoner and the clerk stop.

GOVERNOR STEED:
What's he here for?

CLERK:
For debt, your Excellency. And the prevaricator claims that --

The Governor begins to pace up and down, not realizing what he is doing. Blood watches him, amused.

GOVERNOR STEED:
Then, if it's for debt, order him to work it off and don't annoy me with such petty things.

NUTTALL:
(horrified)
Work! Not work, your Excellency! Anything but that!

GOVERNOR STEED:
(still pacing)
What's your trade?

NUTTALL:
I'm a ship's carpenter - when the painful necessity arises.

GOVERNOR STEED:
(to clerk)
Set him to work on the docks.
(to Nuttall)
And don't you attempt to escape until every farthing is paid, or I'll stretch your hide on the rack.

(CONTINUED)

79 (Cont. 3)

NUTTALL:

Escape? 'Ow could a debtor
escape from this island -- even
if he 'ad a boat to do it with?
I could no more escape than a
slave could escape!

80. CLOSEUP BLOOD

He looks up sharply.

81. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD AND NUTTALL

Nuttall senses Blood's piercing look at him and looks in return at Blood. We see very clearly that in that moment the idea of escape is uppermost in both their minds. It is as if they join a silent partnership for that purpose. For a moment they smile secretly at each other.

GOVERNOR STEED'S
VOICE:

(off scene - amazed)

Stab me!

Both Blood and Nuttall look away from each other guiltily, as if fearing that their thoughts have been so strong as to have been discovered.

82. FULL SHOT GOVERNOR STEED

Now we see the reason for his exclamation. He has just realized that he has been walking. He is looking down at his bad foot with the utmost amazement. He takes a few tentative steps and a great smile spreads over his face.

GOVERNOR STEED:

(repeating -
more amazed)

Stab me!

83. MED. LONG SHOT

Everyone in the room looks at him.

GOVERNOR STEED:

I can walk! I can walk!

83 (Cont.)

He throws away his cane and begins to walk up and down very proudly.

84. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

He smiles in amusement. Governor Steed enters and begins to shake his hand warmly.

GOVERNOR STEED:

Wonderful, my good fellow, wonderful!
Two months of treatment and I'm a
well man! It's a miracle!

85. MED. SHOT

Blood gets his medical kit, preparatory to following Governor Steed. The Clerk enters scene to the Governor.

CLERK:

The next complaint, Your Excellency --

GOVERNOR STEED:

Drat the next complaint! I can
walk! Come, Doctor --

He takes Blood's arm in his own and starts toward CAMERA which TRUCKS before them, holding them in CLOSE SHOT.

GOVERNOR STEED:

You'll get your reward for this,
Peter Blood. From now on, you're
my physician.

BLOOD:

Your Excellency is too kind.

The CAMERA PANS them out of the room into the entrance hall.

86. INT. ENTRANCE HALL MED. LONG SHOT
GOVERNOR STEED AND BLOOD

as they enter from the other room.

(CONTINUED)

86 (Cont.)

GOVERNOR STEED:

We must find Mrs. Steed and tell her I can walk!

BLOOD:

If you will be so good as to excuse me, it's time I got back to my kennel to be locked up for the night.

He walks toward the front door.

GOVERNOR STEED:

"Come back early tomorrow. Come back any time you like -- you're always welcome here -- Dr. Blood.

BLOOD:

Thank you.

He makes a short bow and exits.

87. EXT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION LONG SHOT

Blood goes down the steps of the veranda and starts toward the driveway that runs through the garden. As he does so, the Bishops' carriage drives into scene, along the driveway, and comes to a stop in a spot which Blood will have to pass. The carriage is driven by one liveried slave, and two others follow behind on foot. The only occupant of the carriage is Arabella.

88. CLOSE TRACKING SHOT BLOOD

He sees her, but does not let her know that he has. He lowers his head.

89. CLOSE SHOT ARABELLA

As she sees him, her face lights with anticipation of the fun she will have with him, knowing how much more he must resent her by now.

90. MED. SHOT BLOOD AND ARABELLA

He is about to pass by without speaking, as is proper for a slave. She doesn't let him get away with it.

(CONTINUED)

90 (Cont.)

ARABELLA:

(her voice ill-concealing
her anticipated fun)

Hello --

He stops.

ARABELLA:

Don't I know you?

He slowly walks over to her.

91. CLOSE SHOT AT CARRIAGE

as Blood enters scene and looks up at her for some time before answering. She is amused to see that his attitude is everything she has expected it to be.

BLOOD:

A lady should know her own property.

ARABELLA:

(pretending not to understand)

My property?

BLOOD:

Let me refresh your memory. My name is Peter Blood and I am worth precisely ten pounds.

ARABELLA:

(still playing)

Oh! Forgive me for not recognizing you, Dr. Blood. You are so changed. For the better.

BLOOD:

The Governor tells me I have you to thank for that.

ARABELLA:

You don't sound very grateful -- Dr. Blood.

BLOOD:

A fine fellow I'd be to be grateful for an easy life when my friends are treated like animals! It's they deserve your favors, not I! They are all honest rebels. I was snoring in my bed while they were shedding their blood to try to free England from an unclean tyrant!

91 (Cont.)

Again he has succeeded in striking a spark of anger in her - flint and steel again.

ARABELLA:

(coldly)

I believe you are talking treason.

BLOOD:

I hope I am not obscure.

ARABELLA:

You could be flogged for that.

BLOOD:

Oh, no! The Governor would never allow it. He has the gout.

ARABELLA:

(scornfully)

Do you depend upon that?

BLOOD:

I intend to -- for all it's worth. And that promises to be considerable. But you would hardly know about that -- you have probably never had the gout! Good afternoon, Miss Bishop!

ARABELLA:

Good afternoon!

The CAMERA PANS with him as he walks past the carriage.

92. CLOSE SHOT ARABELLA

For a moment she is sorry that she has let her temper get away from her. Then she shrugs it off.

93. PAN SHOT BLOOD

He slows his pace as though he would go back and apologize but he, too, decides against it and walks on more rapidly.

DISSOLVE TO:

94. INT. PHYSICIANS' OFFICE TRACKING SHOT

At the opening, the CAMERA is SHOOTING out of a second
(CONTINUED)

94 (Cont.)

story window, ANGELING DOWN on an old-fashioned wooden sign which hangs from an iron bracket outside the building. This sign establishes this as the office of Drs. Whacker and Bronson. From OFF SCENE comes some ad lib dialogue from the two Doctors who are playing cribbage. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to establish them at a table playing this game in a bored, listless manner. They finish a game.

DR. WHACKER:
(listlessly shuffling
the cards)

Another?

DR. BRONSON:
(sighing in boredom)
What else is there to do -- ever
since you ruined the Governor's
foot--and our reputations with it?

DR. WHACKER:
(insulted)
I did!

There is the sound of approaching footsteps on the stairs. Both men become alert.

DR. BRONSON:
(hopeful)
A patient?

They listen eagerly. The footsteps stops outside their door. There is a knock.

DR. WHACKER:
(triumphant)
A patient!

He hurriedly covers his bald head with his wig which up to now has been hanging from the back of his chair.

95. WIDER ANGLE

They make a great to-do about hiding the cribbage board and cards, and putting on their coats and a dignified professional appearance. Dr. Bronson starts for the door, but Dr. Whacker gets in front of him, pushes him back and goes himself.

96. CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR

With great ceremony Dr. Whacker opens the door, backing out of scene to do so. As he backs up, he bows. On the threshold stands Peter Blood.

97. MED. SHOT DRS. WHACKER AND BRONSON

Their faces fall in disappointment to have their "patient" turn out to be their rival. Blood strolls into scene. His manner is easy and his tone, when he speaks, is casual and in this manner he plays the following scene. But beneath his camouflage we sense a deadly seriousness, a caution, and a keyed-up working of his full mental powers. He is here for a purpose - a dangerous purpose - and he chooses to mask it under the guise of a social call in order to safely feel his way.

BLOOD:

Good afternoon, colleagues - Dr. Bronson, Dr. Whacker.

DRS. BRONSON & WHACKER:

(inhospitably)

Good afternoon.

BLOOD:

(seating himself
leisurely)

How is - business, my friends?

He looks at Dr. Bronson.

DR. BRONSON:

Terrible!

DR. WHACKER:

(quickly)

Good!

He makes emphatic gestures toward Dr. Bronson to warn him against making such humiliating admissions. Blood looks from Dr. Bronson to Dr. Whacker who abruptly breaks off his gestures. Blood looks back at Bronson.

DR. BRONSON:

(flustered)

Terribly good!

Dr. Whacker hastens to the side of Dr. Bronson to be in a position to prevent him from making any more breaks.

BLOOD:

That relieves me. I had heard --

Oh, well --

(a pause)

Then you intend to remain here? (CONTINUED)

97 (Cont.)

DR. WHACKER:
(completely lost)
Remain here? Why not?

BLOOD:
Bedad, it's queer. There are you;
free to come and go as you please,
and yet you choose to stay here; while
I, who hate this God-forsaken Isle...
Oh, well, such are the quirks of cir-
cumstance. I'll run along, gentlemen.
It was a pleasant visit.

He gets up and starts toward the door (which is also toward CAMERA). With each step he takes, he is waiting to see whether his casually-spoken words have any effect. He is almost to the door before the thought penetrates through the thick skulls of Drs. Whacker and Bronson. They look at each other smiling and excited.

DR. WHACKER:
(quickly)
Not so hasty!

Blood stops and turns.

98. CLOSE SHOT DRS. BRONSON AND WHACKER

They have perceived that Blood is up to something and their manner becomes that of conspirators.

DR. WHACKER:
(slyly)
Have you been thinking of - leaving
us - Doctor?

99. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

His face gives hardly a hint that he is nearing the objective of his visit.

BLOOD:
(shrugging)
How could a slave think of leaving?
Or if he were such a rash fool, why
what means could he hope to escape?
Where could he - for example - scrape
together the few pounds necessary to
purchase even a small boat?

As he speaks, he walks toward them and the CAMERA TRUCKS and PANS him into A CLOSE SHOT with them.

(CONTINUED)

99 (Cont.)

DR. WHACKER:

(craftily)

We might supply it.

BLOOD:

You? Now, gentlemen!

DR. BRONSON:

(eagerly)

How much?

BLOOD:

(as if it doesn't matter)

Twenty pounds might buy a small wherry; ten more might equip it, but --

DR. BRONSON:

(whispering to Dr. Whacker)

It's worth it!

DR. WHACKER:

(elbowing Dr. Bronson; to Blood)

He means --

BLOOD:

(playing with them)

Ye needn't tell me what he means. I know two Christian gentlemen when I see them -- two men whose hearts bleed for a brother doctor in distress. But it's too much to ask -- too noble a gesture to hope for!

DR. WHACKER:

(expansively)

Not at all, my good man! But who would buy the boat? We would not dare -- and you, a slave, could not.

BLOOD:

True. That would be my part, to find someone -- a man as eager to escape as I and my friends -- a man held here for debt, say.

DR. BRONSON:

Then it's a bargain?

BLOOD:

Gentlemen, you have opened for me the gates of hope!

He ceremoniously bows and they bow in return.

100. FULL SHOT

Blood walks toward the door, stops there and once more bows. They again return his bow. He exits, closing the door after him.

101. CLOSE SHOT DRS. WHACKER AND BRONSON

Whacker whirls upon his partner.

DR. WHACKER:

Now we have him! We've only to get him involved and then reveal his plan! He'll steal little of our business when he's in irons!

102. CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR

It opens and Blood thrusts his head through.

BLOOD:

Gentlemen!

103. CLOSE SHOT DRS. WHACKER AND BRONSON

They start guiltily.

104. MED. SHOT THE GROUP

BLOOD:

(continuing)

-- There's one thing slipped me mind entirely.

105. CLOSEUP BLOOD

His grave countenance barely conceals an impish smile which threatens to break forth.

BLOOD:

(continuing)

Simple-minded men might think this an opportunity for trickery. But brilliant men like yourselves would remember in what favor I stand with the Governor, in contrast to some others, and how little their words would weigh against mine. Heigh-ho for the Governor's foot! Good-day, gentlemen.

(CONTINUED)

105 (Cont.)

He smiles in a very friendly fashion and his head disappears. The door closes.

106. CLOSE TWO SHOT. DRS. BRONSON AND WHACKER

They look at each other in comic dismay as we --

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

107. EXT. SLAVES' STOCKADE LONG SHOT NIGHT

It is a particularly dark night and we see only dimly the outlines of the stockade gates and the soldiers on guard.

DISSOLVE TO:

108. INT. SLAVE HUT CRANE SHOT

It is a long, barn-like structure. Down each of the side walls stretches a row of beds that are no more than benches, occupied by sleeping slaves -- both black and white. In the foreground, at a half-open door in the side, Ogle is on guard while just beyond him are a half dozen slaves in a huddled whispering conference.

Toward them the CAMERA MOVES AND ELEVATES until it is SHOOTING almost directly down on them.

BLOOD:

This debtor, Nuttall, is on the lookout for a small boat. This he will purchase on the night chosen for our escape.

PITT:

Escape! Oh, God!

BLOOD:

While he gathers stores and equipment, we must make ready on the inside.

WOLVERSTONE:

If we could steal some sugar cane knives -- hack our way through the stockade wall.

BLOOD:

Or dig under.

DYKE:

Shouldn't we have a ladder?

HAGTHORPE:

I can make one.

BLOOD:

Once at sea -- if we get there -- our troubles will have just begun. But with Pitt who is a skilled navigator, and Wolverstone who was in the King's navy, and Hagthorpe who was a gunner, and --

(CONTINUED)

108 (Cont.)

He stops short and looks around at them, missing someone.

BLOOD:

Where's Baynes?

The men do not answer. They only look at each other.

BLOOD:

(repeating)

Where's Baynes?

PITT:

(solemnly - after
hesitation)

He tried to make an escape today.

BLOOD:

No!

(the men nod)

Caught?

(again the men nod)
(touching his cheek)

Branded?

WOLVERSTONE:

(angrily grunting)

Yes.

With an expression of regret and sympathy, Blood picks up the candle and exits scene; the others follow.

109. MED. SHOT AT BAYNES' BUNK

Blood and his companions approach from the background, moving up the aisle between the rows of bunks. They make as little noise as possible. They stop at a bunk in the f. g., where Baynes is sleeping, his face turned toward the wall.

110. CLOSE SHOT FEATURING BLOOD AND BAYNES

As gently as possible Blood squeezes the old fellow's shoulders to awaken him, but such is Baynes' overwrought condition that he screams in terror. As he does this he raises his head and turns it toward the CAMERA so that the fresh, livid brand "F. T." can be seen. Blood claps his hand over his mouth to silence him.

BLOOD:

In God's name ---!

(CONTINUED)

110 (Cont.)

Baynes trembles violently as Blood releases his hold over his mouth and tries to ease him back onto the bunk.

BLOOD:

(quietly, kindly)
Why did you do it, Andy? I told you I'd try to get you out.

BAYNES:

(hysterically)
I couldn't stand it any longer! I couldn't stand it! I was going mad! Mad! What do you think a man is made of? How much do you think he can stand?

111. EXT. SLAVE HUT PAN SHOT KENT AND SOLDIER

as they run toward the hut, evidently having heard Baynes scream. The soldier carries a lantern.

112. CLOSE SHOT OGLE AT DOOR

as he sees Kent and the soldier coming.

OGLE:

(even in his panic he
doesn't lose his pious-
ness)

Oh, Watchman, what of the night --
Isaiah, twenty first chapter, fourteenth
verse.

As he says this latter he disappears. WE HOLD ON the door and a moment later Kent and the soldier rush by and go inside.

113. INT. SLAVE HUT TRUCKING SHOT

beginning as a LONG SHOT as Kent and the soldier come inside and look about. The slaves are scattered into their bunks. There is no movement and no sound. CAMERA quickly TRUCKS UP to a CLOSE SHOT of Kent and then TRUCKS BACK with him as he walks down the aisle looking from one bunk to another in silent, threatening distrust and suspicion.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

114. EXT. MOLE MED. LONG SHOT DAY
(Shoot at Vitagraph tank - Boat is there) SMALL BOAT

tied up against mole. This boat is a wherry, approximately the size of a small fishing boat, equipped with one small mast.

115. CLOSE SHOT AT DOOR OF WHERRY CABIN BLOOD AND NUTTALL

Blood is looking up and down the mole cautiously to see if he is watched.

BLOOD:

(to Nuttall)

Courage, Nuttall. -- We'll join you by midnight. All you've got to do now is sit here and wait.

NUTTALL:

(very scared)

Is that all? -- Just sit all alone in the bloomin' dark and wait for someone to come and nab me!

116. LONG SHOT

For the moment the mole is deserted. Blood darts from the boat and runs a few paces away, then slows to a casual walk and strolls toward the town.

- WIPE TO:

117. EXT. FIELDS MED. LONG SHOT AT IRRIGATION WHEEL
JUST OUTSIDE STOCKADE GATE

This is a wheel that is used to pump water from a stream to an irrigation ditch and is operated by the weight of several slaves who walk up an unending circle of steps to keep the wheel in motion.

In the f.g. where other slaves are at work on the sugar cane, among them several of those who are mixed up in the escape plot. The one most immediately in the f.g. is Wolverstone who looks up with sharp interest as Peter Blood strolls into the scene on his way to the wheel.

118. MED. TRUCKING SHOT BLOOD

as he walks toward the wheel. His manner is that of elaborate casualness. As he passes by each of the slaves whom we know have been plotting an escape, they look up at him in a secretive, hopeful manner as though wondering what message he brings. Blood says nothing to them, but secret looks pass between him and each of them and they know something is in the air. In this manner Blood reaches the irrigation wheel where Jeremy Pitt is working.

119. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

as he approaches and gives Pitt, off scene, a wink.

120. CLOSE SHOT PITT ON WHEEL

He gets the signal and pretends to slip and hurt his leg.

121. CLOSE SHOT PAST BLOOD TO PITT

BLOOD:

You had better let me look at that leg.

Pitt gets off the wheel and limps over to Blood in f.g. Blood opens his medical kit and kneels to pretend to attend the leg.

BLOOD:

(casually and quietly)

I have just been with Nuttall at the boat.

PITT:

(eagerly)

Yes?

122. EXT. STOCKADE MED. LONG PAN SHOT ARABELLA

on horseback as she gallops at a rapid pace toward the stockade gate where Colonel Bishop and Kent are talking. They are both on foot, but Kent is leading his horse by the bridle.

123. MED. SHOT AT GATE

COLONEL BISHOP:

It is a miracle we show any profit
at all! You don't drive these
fellows --

He stops as Arabella rides into scene and pulls up.

ARABELLA:

Hello.

COLONEL BISHOP:

Have you been riding again? What
the devil do you find to see every
day - riding over the same roads -- ?

ARABELLA:

(gaily)

Oh, you'd be surprised what interest-
ing things you can see on this little
Island if you keep your eyes open.
Now today, for instance --

124. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD AND PITT

Blood is bandaging Pitt's leg and WE PICK THEM UP in the
middle of a conversation that has been going on since
we left them.

BLOOD:

.... and the stores and equipment
are all stowed away on board. We
could use more food but we have
run out of money, and I'm not taking
chances of asking our medical friends
for more. I told Nuttall we will get
to the boat by midnight. Jeremy, we
must not fail tonight!

COLONEL BISHOP'S VOICE:

(off scene - angrily)

What the devil have you been up to?!

Blood and Pitt both start, wondering how much Colonel
Bishop has overheard. Blood is the first to recover.

BLOOD:

(looking at the sky)

Tonight will be a fine night, bedad,
judging by the sky.

125. MED. SHOT TO INCLUDE BISHOP, KENT AND ARABELLA
as they approach.

COLONEL BISHOP:

Where have you been?!

Blood hesitates, then approaches him.

COLONEL BISHOP:

(indicating Pitt)

I'll attend to him later.

Kent moves over by Pitt, who is very frightened.

126. CLOSE PAN SHOT BLOOD

as he walks to Colonel Bishop, busily inventing a lie.

BLOOD:

(blithely)

I've been at my work -- attending
to the Governor.

BISHOP:

You lie!

Blood is surprised, but attempts to brave it out.

BLOOD:

Do I?

BISHOP:

The Governor has had another attack
of the gout. He's been screaming
for you like a wounded horse, all
afternoon.

BLOOD:

(at a loss)

It appears I was not at the
Governor's house.

BISHOP:

Where were you, then?

BLOOD:

(trying to invent
something)

I was --

ARABELLA'S VOICE:

(interrupting)

He was with me, Uncle.

The CAMERA PANS to a close shot of Arabella.

127. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD AND COLONEL BISHOP

Each is a study in surprise.

128. CLOSE SHOT THE GROUP

The men are still staring at her. She laughs a tinkling laugh.

ARABELLA:

(to Blood)

Thank you for protecting my reputation, Dr. Blood. But it was a useless gallantry; my Uncle knows that I spend my time with whomever I please.

BISHOP:

(to Arabella)

You might choose your company with better taste!

(to Blood)

His Excellency is waiting for you!

(to Kent)

Best lend him your horse, Kent, or the lout will be all night getting there.

With some reluctance Blood mounts the horse, for he is worried that his absence might mess up the plans for escape, enough worried that he ventures:

BLOOD:

Will I be required there long, do you think, sir?

BISHOP:

Are you afraid your work will interrupt your social life?

(he gives Arabella
a nasty look)

BLOOD:

I was just wondering, if I get back late -- not too late -- say before midnight -- will I be able to get back into the stockade?

BISHOP:

I suppose so.

Blood is relieved.

(CONTINUED)

128 (Cont.)

BISHOP:

Will you sit there talking until
dark? Be off!

With his cane Colonel Bishop slashes the horse's
quarters so brutally that the animal bounds forward,
all but unseating his rider.

129. LONG SHOT

Blood looks off toward the fields as his horse carries
him at a gallop up the road. Arabella spurs her horse,
and follows him.

BISHOP:

(shouting in protest)

Arabella! Come back here!

But she only waves gayly and sends her horse faster to
overtake Blood.

130. MED. SHOT COL BISHOP, KENT AND PITT

Very angry, Col. Bishop looks back from Arabella toward
Pitt, who is now again under the guard of Kent.

COL. BISHOP:

Bring him to the stockade!

He walks out. Pitt looks after him, realizing that he
is in for something very unpleasant.

KENT:

Come along you!

He hustles Pitt out of scene.

131. EXT. ROAD MED. LONG PAN SHOT

As Arabella rides up beside him, Blood pulls his horse
down to a walk. She does likewise.

132. CLOSE SHOT (MASTER SCENE) BLOOD AND ARABELLA

He has been completely astonished at this last gesture
of hers, especially in view of their uncordial parting
the last time they talked together. For the moment he

(CONTINUED)

132 (Cont.)

is embarrassed into silence. For a moment or two she waits for him to express his thanks.

ARABELLA:

(amused)

You're very welcome!

BLOOD:

It seems that you are continually doing me favors. Faith, I don't know why.

ARABELLA:

Neither do I.

(pause)

Yes, I do. It's because you are so very grateful and always thank me so prettily.

BLOOD:

Sure now you don't blame me for resenting you and your favors?

ARABELLA:

This is interesting. I have had men tell me they have reasons for admiring me - and some few have even laid claims to reasons for loving me. But for a man to store up reasons for resenting me -- how refreshing! You must tell me a few of them.

BLOOD:

The first is reason enough - you bought me! I have had no lack of experiences in my life -- but to be bought and sold was a new one, and I was in no mood to love my purchaser.

ARABELLA:

(suddenly sobered)

That I can understand. Go on.

BLOOD:

I have worn many garbs - the black alpaca of a surgeon, the uniform of a soldier, and even the rigging of a prisoner of war -- but in all of these, I could hold up my head. The rags of slavery do not fit me well.

ARABELLA:

(soberly)

Perhaps they bind you too tight across your pride.

(CONTINUED)

132 (Cont.1)

BLOOD:

Most likely. At any rate, I am
unable to stoop to lick up the
scraps of favors tossed to me.

ARABELLA:

(now sympathy has crept
into her tone)

I am glad for that. Next -- ?

BLOOD:

I have resented you because your name
is Bishop. My thoughts have lumped
you with your Uncle. How was I to
know, that a devil can have an
angel for niece?

ARABELLA:

(hardly knowing how
to react to this)

From a resentful man, that is a pretty
fair compliment.

(half afraid, half
hopeful)

Have you any more reasons for re-
senting me like that one?

BLOOD:

Indeed I have - and the strongest of all.
(recklessly)

I have resented you because I am a slave
and you are beautiful. Do you under-
stand that?

ARABELLA:

I --

She hesitates and then she looks at him with an
expression that is at once searching and at the same
time comes dangerously close to admitting feelings
of which she herself has not been aware.

ARABELLA:

(hardly able to speak)

I - don't know. If you will explain
further

BLOOD:

(remembering his position
and retreating)

I've already talked too much.

For a moment they ride in silence.

(CONTINUED)

132 (Cont.2)

BLOOD:

Why did you lie to your Uncle?

ARABELLA:

Because ...

She thinks a moment before she goes on, and then does not answer, except indirectly.

ARABELLA:

Doctor Blood, you are a physician and should know -- is it not considered unhealthy for a slave to be seen at a boat?

Her words give him a terrific start. He cannot help throwing her a searching glance. Then he masks his look to one of amused interest. He is wondering how much she knows or guesses. He spars for time.

BLOOD:

Why should it be?

ARABELLA:

Boats put out to sea, slaves may not.

BLOOD:

(evasively)

You're jumping at conclusions.

ARABELLA:

Am I?

(looking ahead)

Here's where we part.

BLOOD:

Yes ...

(to himself)-

Perhaps.

133. EXT. STOCKADE SQUARE MED. LONG SHOT AT WHIPPING POST

In the f.g. Pitt, his back bared, is being tied by the arms to the whipping post by Kent. In the b.g. the slaves watch in huddled, frightened, hating groups. Colonel Bishop is very angry. He is stripping off his coat. Having done this, he takes up his bamboo cane and advances on Pitt.

COLONEL BISHOP:

I'll open your mouth, you dog.

134. MED. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD AND ARABELLA AT CROSSROADS

Their horses are pulled up and they are facing each other.

BLOOD:

It is difficult for an Irishman to apologize, but I hope you can forgive me for having thought badly of you.

ARABELLA:

(bantoning)

I will if you will tell me how you think of me now.

BLOOD:

How I think of you -- !

For a moment he is tempted to say reckless things, but he resists the temptation.

BLOOD:

(withdrawing)

I think of you -- as the woman who owns me, her slave.

ARABELLA:

(hurt)

Oh.

Then he remembers that she may know too much about the boat and the planned escape. So he adds, with both sincerity and hope:

BLOOD:

And I think -- that the man is lucky who can count you his friend.

ARABELLA:

(very seriously -- this is her promise not to reveal anything about the boat)

I think you know you can.

She holds out her hand. In overflowing gratitude Blood takes it and then, on a sudden impulse, he bends his head and kisses it. He whisks his horse out of scene, giving it the spurs.

135. LONG SHOT

as Blood rides away rapidly.

136. CLOSE SHOT ARABELLA

She watches him. Her left hand steals over the right -
the one he has kissed.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

137. INT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION
CLOSE SHOT GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

NIGHT

As it tolls the half hour, the hands pointing to 11:30.
The CAMERA TRUCKS FORWARD to an inscription on the
ornamented top piece above the face. It reads:

"TIME STAYETH NOT"

138. INT. GOVERNOR'S BEDROOM. MED. SHOT

In the f.g. on the bed the Governor is apparently asleep.
Blood is trying to steal out of the room without waking
him, tiptoeing toward the door in the b.g. As he
reaches the door the Governor stirs and wakens.

GOV. STEED:

Hello, hello!

(he locates Blood)

Where are you going?

BLOOD:

(pretending an ease
he doesn't feel)

You're so much improved. I'm
returning to the stockade.

GOV. STEED:

(petulantly)

No, no, don't leave me tonight!
I'm a sick man!

BLOOD:

(trying to hide his
disappointment)

You're all right. There's nothing
more I can do.

GOV. STEED:

(whining)

There must be something.

(brightening)

Perhaps you ought to bleed me
again.

BLOOD:

If you like. But mind, no more
babying about this. I'm going
to have you well by midnight if
I have to bleed you to death.

(CONTINUED)

138 (Cont.)

After this emphatic statement, Blood laughs as if to pass it off to a joke and advances toward the Governor. Governor Steed rather dubiously joins in the laughter.

Blood continues to laugh as he moves in the f.g., but it is a nervous laugh and underneath it, we feel that he is desperate.

DISSOLVE TO:

139. EXT. STOCKADE LONG SHOT BLOOD ON HORSEBACK

as he rides up to the gate. There is a show of lanterns as the guards challenge him and then let him into the stockade.

140. INSIDE OF STOCKADE MED. PAN SHOT BLOOD ON HORSEBACK

He canters toward the center of the square. Suddenly he pulls his horse to an abrupt stop and he dismounts as he sees something off scene.

141. MED. SHOT FROM HIS ANGLE

A man is hanging strapped to a whipping post, limp, unconscious. We cannot tell who it is from this distance but judge that he has been a victim of a beating, for his body is bare to the waist and he is moaning in pain.

Blood hurries into the scene and the CAMERA TRUCKS FORWARD with him to a CLOSE SHOT. We discover with Blood who the man is.

BLOOD:

Jeremy! In God's name what has happened?

PITT:

(half-delirious)

Water! Water!

Jeremy reaches for a pannikan of water, which has been placed on the ground before him, just out of his reach. Blood picks it up and places it at Pitts' trembling lips. Pitt gulps it noisily.

BLOOD:

Easy, lad.

(CONTINUED)

141 (Cont.)

PITT:
I didn't tell him! I didn't!

BLOOD:
Tell him what, Jeremy?

PITT:
About -- you know -- our plans.
Oh God, my back!

Blood looks at Pitts' back and the sight makes him draw a sharp intake of breath. He glances at --

INSERT:

CLOSE SHOT A WHIP LYING ON THE GROUND.

142. CLOSEUP BLOOD AND PITT

Not because he doesn't know, but because he suspects the worst he says...

BLOOD:
Who did this?

PITT:
Bishop.

BLOOD:
Bishop!

PITT:
(again with pathetic
pride)
I didn't tell him!

He raises his head at something he sees off scene.

PITT:
Peter, is that a ship standing in
at the bay?

BLOOD:
(following his look)
Yes, Jeremy. An English ship. But
tell me --

PITT:
I wondered if I was still out of my
head. I've been seeing ships sail-
ing in and out. But ours will never
sail -- not now -- or if it does,
you'll sail without me.

(CONTINUED)

142 (Cont.)

BLOOD:

(an attempt to
hearten him)Nonsense. And get lost on the
ocean without our navigator?Pitt tries to smile in appreciation then his face again
falls.

PITT:

I can never navigate now; it's
hopeless for all of us.

BLOOD:

(trying to express a
cheerfulness he does
not feel)

I don't know... Somehow -- somehow --

BISHOP'S VOICE:

(angrily)

Hi!

143. MED. SHOT AT WHIPPING POST

as Bishop enters.

COL. BISHOP:

What the devil are you doing?

Blood waits for him to get nearer. He hides his
anger behind an air of flippant calm, but there is
an underlying anger that more than matches Bishop's.

BLOOD:

Doing? Why, the duties of
my office.

COL. BISHOP:

I said he was to have neither food
nor drink until I ordered!

BLOOD:

Sure, now, I never heard ye.

COL. BISHOP:

How could you? You weren't here.

BLOOD:

Then how did ye expect me to know
what orders ye'd given?He turns to give Pitt another drink. Colonel Bishop
knocks the pannikin of water out of his hands. Blood
faces him, his eyes blazing.

until there's not an inch of hide
left on your dirty back!

BLOOD:

(pretending amazement)

Another beating? Faith, this must
be a good half dozen of them you've
given me -- in promise.

Kent enters.

COL. BISHOP:

Tie him!

Kent starts to obey. Pitt looks in sympathy at his
friend.

COL. BISHOP:

This will be as real as it is
over due!

BLOOD:

And what becomes of His Excellency's
gouty foot?

COL. BISHOP:

You'll not save yourself by that
device this time! Nothing will
save you!

As if in answer, a terrific rolling thunderclap of
cannon fire drowns his voice on the last word and shakes
the very air. Colonel Bishop jumps. Kent jumps.
Pitt jumps. And so, even, does the apparently
imperturbable Peter Blood. They look at each other.

The CAMERA PANS away from them and angles up to the
lookout tower where a soldier is on guard.

143 (Cont.)

BLOOD:

In the name of humanity....if
ye know the word!

COL. BISHOP:

Do you dare take that tone with me?

BLOOD:

I do that!

COL. BISHOP:

I've been too soft with you. But
that's to be mended.

Turning, he motions Kent to come, then he turns back
to Blood, stares at him, trying to cow him.

COL. BISHOP:

Now I'll have the rods to you
until there's not an inch of hide
left on your dirty back!

BLOOD:

(pretending amusement)

Another beating? Faith, this must
be a good half dozen of them ye've
given me -- in promise.

Kent enters.

COL. BISHOP:

Tie him!

Kent starts to obey. Pitt looks in sympathy at his
friend.

COL. BISHOP:

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Pitt jumps. And so, even, does the apparently
imperturbable Peter Blood. They look at each other.

The CAMERA PANS away from them and angles up to the
lookout tower where a soldier is on guard.

144. MED. SHOT OF TOWER

Here we see guard in lookout tower in f.g. from which he can see a large Spanish ship in the harbor (Miniature B.G.) which has opened fire and is bombarding the fortress and the town. For the moment the soldier stares in surprise and bewilderment, then he turns and calls down below.

SOLDIER:

Pirates! Pirates! Spanish pirates!

In the b.g. the ship continues its bombardment, and the fort begins to answer this fire. Smoke and fire dominates the whole b.g. of scene.

JACKMAN SHOT Long shot miniature and glass of boat firing and fort answering, also showing waterfront combined with f.g. place - the lookout tower.

145. MED. SHOT AT WHIPPING POST

In the b.g. Col. Bishop and Kent are rushing toward the tower, and in fact the whole stockade is coming to life with other overseers and slaves appearing. From off scene in the distance we hear the evidences in sound of the frantic attempts of the town to resist the attack; a roll of drums, musket shots, cries, screams, yells, the frantic bugle call and the ringing of bells. Blood is standing stock still in the f.g. but he is already beginning to wonder what can be made of this surprising turn of events. He goes to Pitt and starts to unloosen the latter's bonds, using his fingers and teeth.

BLOOD:

Now this is what I call a timely interruption...

(as an afterthought)

Though what will come of it the devil himself only knows.

146. LONG SHOT FROM TOWER

(This is the same Jackman shot as scene 145)

Bishop and Kent rush into scene and the soldier points out toward the bay where the same action as in the previous setup is continuing, except that now the smoke is thicker and the firing more active. (This scene is just a flash)

QUICK LAP TO:

147. EXT. GUN DECK SPANISH SHIP (SHOOT ON STAGE)
MED. SHOT A ROW OF CANNONS

The gun crews are at their posts in the smoke, feverishly reloading and re-aiming the guns, which are shooting toward CAMERA. Behind them stands the Gunner's Mate. At a suitable distance away, on an elevated dock, the Spanish Commander, Don Diego, stands among his other officers. He is dressed in the elaborate Spanish fashion, all velvet and lace, curled hair crowned with a plumed, broad castor. His posture is one of insolent ease, his arms folded across his chest, his legs planted wide.

Much quicker than this has taken to tell, the guns are ready and the Gunner's Mate has turned to Don Diego.

GUNNER'S MATE:

(in Spanish)

Ready, sire.

DON DIEGO:

(in Spanish)

Fire.

The Gunner's Mate turns and repeats the command. The guns roar.

148. FULL MINIATURE OF FORT (JACKMAN SHOT)

Its guns are firing toward the harbor.

149. MED. LONG SHOT PORTION OF THE FORT (SHOOT ON STAGE)

We see guns being loaded and shot toward the Spanish boat which is off scene. The return fire from the boat is taking a severe toll on the fortress, part of whose walls crumble in a shower of dust from a broadside.

150. SERIES OF CANNON SHOTS (SHOOT ON STAGE)

We cut these in rapid succession - A MIXTURE OF SIDE AND STRAIGHT ANGLES - all CLOSEUPS of guns firing into CAMERA, both from the boat and the fort.

151. EXT. FORTRESS MED. LONG SHOT SIDE ANGLE

In the b.g. we see only black night with the sky lighted by the firing from the boat and the fortress cannons. In the f.g. we see excited soldiers rushing about - hear bugle calls and sharp commands - see guns firing. Into this we see built intense excitement, and by the state of the fortress put over that it is rapidly being silenced.

152. EXT. TOWN AND HARBOR MINIATURE B.G. LONG SHOT FROM A HIGH ANGLE

In the f.g. we see a street of the town which is alive with excited and agitated people. In the b.g. the Spanish boat in the bay is firing on the town.

Jackman shot -- Bay and boat in b.g. is in miniature. F.G. is a street scene at Vitagraph.

153. MED. LONG SHOT STREET

This is a CLOSER ANGLE continuation of the action of the previous scene, and in it we build the excitement and terror to its pitch by the sound of the firing, screams of the citizens and the frantic ringing of bells and blowing of bugles.

In the MED. f.g. a house collapses from the effects of the cannon fire.

154. EXT. STOCKADE MED. LONG SHOT AT GATES

The gates are closed and locked and, of course, there are no soldiers on guard. From off scene come sounds of the battle.

155. STOCKADE SQUARE

There is no sign of life. We see a ladder set against the wall. It is of rough workmanship of bamboo bound with fibers made of sections which have been lashed together. It explains the absence of the slaves.

WIPE TO:

156. EXT. A NARROW COBBLED STREET LEADING TO SEASIDE
(MASTER SCENE)

Here we establish that the Spaniards are running riot in the town. The fighting is almost over and they are celebrating their victory in the drunken manner of the times.

We pick up Blood leading about a dozen of his fellow slaves in an attempt to get to their boat. Among these slaves are all of those we have seen planning the escape, including Pitt, who is carried on big Wolverstone's back. Blood is armed with a sword picked up from a dead soldier and some of the slaves are also armed with haphazard weapons including several muskets. They are a wild lot, half naked, unkempt, like savages. Their attempt to reach the sea is successful, but only after several narrow escapes from the Spaniards.

(Will routine this in detail to conform to whatever set is built.)

157. EXT. MOLE MED. SHOT AT WALL

Blood and the others enter scene, panting. Suddenly they stop and, at a motion from Blood, press back against a wall in the darkness.

158. REVERSE ANGLE

We see that what has stopped them is the presence of a Spanish soldier, fully dressed in the breastplates and uniform and well armed. He may be on sentry duty, but he seems to be wandering about a bit aimlessly for that.

159. PAN SHOT BLOOD

as he creeps forward quietly in the darkness, his sword ready to dispose of the impediment. Blood creeps up behind him and is about to give him the sword in the back when the man turns and Blood sees that it is Nuttall. Nuttall gives a squeak of fright as Blood checks his thrust just in time.

NUTTALL:

It's me! It's Mr. Nuttall!

BLOOD:

Whew! You came that close to being the ex Mr. Nuttall.

The slaves gather about in the background.

159 (Cont.)

NUTTALL:

(wiping brow)

It wouldn't 'ave been the first
death I've died this day!

BLOOD:

We'll get to the boat.

WIPE TO:

160. MED. SHOT AT WATER'S EDGE

as the slaves, led by Blood, hurry on in search of the
boat. Suddenly they stop, dumbfounded.

161. MED. SHOT REVERSE HIGH ANGLE OVER THEIR HEADS

we see an edge of the mole and beyond it, the water,
under which the little escape boat has sunk, leaving
only its mast sticking out.

NUTTALL:

Sunk to the bottom o' the briny!

BLOOD:

And faith - it's sunk our hopes
with it.

From off scene they hear the SOUND of oars and some
scraps of drunken Spanish. They look out toward the
bay in some consternation. Some of the slaves are
about to run.

BLOOD:

(whispering tensely)

No! Down! Play dead!

He flattens himself on the cobbles of the mole, sprawl-
ing out as a dead person might lie.

162. WIDER SIDE ANGLE

The other slaves follow suit. As they do so a row-boat
load of Spanish soldiers tie up at the mole, climb out
of their boat and go up toward the town. They are
headed by their Commander, Don Diego. Their course
takes them directly past Blood and his men over whom
they have to step on their way toward town. They are
noisy and already a little bit drunk.

163. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

in foreground, the other slaves lying inert in background. From off scene the SOUND from the Spanish soldiers indicates that they are going off in the distance. Blood listens intently, then sits up. He looks off toward the soldiers, then off toward the boat by which they have landed, then off toward the bay.

BLOOD:

But perhaps our hopes are not sunk after all.

By now Ogle, near Blood, and the other slaves are beginning to sit up. Ogle rubs his stomach where he was kicked. Blood rises, the CAMERA PANNING UP with him. He exits scene toward the row boat. WE HOLD on this odd angle and see the other slaves follow him past CAMERA.

164. MED. LONG SHOT THE BOAT

following Blood's leadership, the slaves climb into the boat. They are whispering among themselves, but we cannot distinguish what they say. They cast the boat loose and row out of scene, toward the outer part of the harbor.

165. INT. GOVERNOR STEED'S JUDGMENT HALL NIGHT
FULL SHOT

ANGLING DOWN through a magnificent candelabrum. Don Diego, accompanied by three or four of his principal officers and a guard of soldiers, is confronting Governor Steed, Colonel Bishop and several other prominent citizens of Port Royal. Governor Steed is seated his bandaged foot on a chair before him. The others stand.

In the background there is a group of hysterical, weeping women. Among these is Arabella who is holding Mrs. Steed in her arms, trying to give her courage.

DON DIEGO:

(with mock urbanity)

Your Excellency, at pain of appearing obvious, I wish to inform you that your city of Port Royal is now completely in the hands of the forces of His Majesty, King Philip of Spain.

166. CLOSE SHOT CENTERING ON GOVERNOR STEED, COLONEL BISHOP AND DON DIEGO

GOVERNOR STEED:
King Philip's pirates!

DON DIEGO:
As you prefer.

GOVERNOR STEED:
Pirates! -- who are even now running wild in our streets - smashing, looting, ravaging like beasts!
(a pause)
Now you have our city, what do you want with it?

DON DIEGO:
For a price I could forbear reducing it to ashes.

GOVERNOR STEED:
What price?

DON DIEGO:
Two hundred thousand pieces of eight.

GOVERNOR STEED:
(staggered)
Two hundred thousand pieces of eight!

Don Diego bows. The Englishmen look at each other in consternation.

DISSOLVE TO:

167. INT. SPANISH SHIP'S STERN AND SIDE MED. PAN SHOT (VITAGRAPH TANK)

From several hanging lanterns and ship's lights we are able to read the ship's name "Cinco Llagas". The lanterns shine on the water below upon which we see the boat carrying Blood and his companions slide in and come to a stop by the ladder which hangs from the aft gallery. From aboard the ship we hear the sound of a Spanish song sung by a group of men. Blood starts cautiously up the ladder, followed by the others.

168. EXT. STERN DECK SPANISH SHIP MED. LONG SHOT
HIGH ANGLE

as Blood and his men reach the top of the ladder and make their way cautiously along the stern deck toward the source of the Spanish song.

The CAMERA MOVEMENT discloses a scene on the lower deck at the foot of a steep ladder connecting it with the deck upon which Blood's men are walking so noiselessly. We see a group of Spanish soldiers about a table. They are eating and drinking, but they are not overly drunk - still sober enough to constitute a formidable menace. They continue to sing. To one side of them, seated on the steps, is a soldier whom we judge to be a sentry. He, like the others, has relaxed his vigilance.

Motioning his men to stay behind a few paces, Blood cautiously advances until he can peer over the rail and size up the situation below.

169. MEDIUM SHOT BLOOD'S MEN CENTERING ON OGLE

who is advancing, stumbles and falls heavily against a piece of the ship's super-structure. Blood's other men freeze in fright.

170. CLOSE SHOT SENTRY DOWN ANGLE

He looks over his shoulder up the steps.

SENTRY:

(in Spanish)

Is that you, Pedro?

171. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD WITH OTHER MEN IN B.G.

They are still tense with fright; certain that they are discovered.

BLOOD:

(in Spanish)

Yes, it is I.

(in English - under his breath as he makes ready his sword)

But I doubt if I am the Peter you are expecting.

172. LONG SHOT FROM HIGH ANGLE BOTH GROUPS

At a signal from Blood, the other slaves creep forward and then all of a sudden they rush down the steps as a veritable avalanche. The startled Spanish rise to meet the attack, the outcome of which we do not now learn for at this moment, we --

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

173. EXT. STREET AND WATER FRONT LONG PAN SHOT ANGLING
TOWARD TOWN (SHOOT AT VITAGRAPH)

A troop of Spaniards in the form of a mob, rather than any orderly or soldierly formation, are making their way down the street toward the water front. They are very drunk, very swaggering and they make a lot of noise. In Spanish, they are directing cat-calls and insults toward the houses on either side of the street. They are directing their insults toward the houses because none of the citizens of Port Royal are to be seen. The Spaniards have been complete masters of the town the whole night. We imagine that the terrified citizens have taken what refuge they can in their houses and are remaining out of sight lest some further harm come to them from the Spanish ravagers.

The Spaniards are driving before them, a herd of donkeys who are heavily laden with loot of every conceivable kind.

The CAMERA PANS to pick up a nearer scene at the water front. Here we see a line of row boats tied up at the wharf -- at least eight or ten. Into these other of the Spaniards are loading the treasure from other donkeys that have been driven up previously. Some of the articles, which on closer inspection, prove to be not as valuable as supposed when they were taken, and some other articles that were too bulky to carry away, they smash upon the ground in drunken disregard for the waste.

The CAMERA PANS AGAIN to show another small boat of a finer quality than these we have seen. Evidently this is Don Diego's personal boat, and into it are being loaded four small iron-bound treasure chests. The Commander is ready to put off for his ship.

174. EXT. WATER FRONT MED. LONG SHOT ANGLING TOWARD SHORE
(SHOOT AT VITAGRAPH)

As Don Diego steps into his boat and it is rowed from the mole past CAMERA toward the outer harbor. In the b.g. we see part of the other boats still being loaded.

DISSOLVE TO:

175. EXT. SHIP'S QUARTER MED. LONG SHOT
(SHOOT AT VITAGRAPH TANK)

Don Diego's boat glides into a stop by the ladder from the gallery on the side of the ship, which is hidden from view from the shore. The CAMERA shoots from the rail of the ship, therefore we do not know what is going on on deck. Don Diego starts up the ladder.

176. SHIP'S DECK TRUCKING SHOT (STAGE)

beginning as CLOSE SHOT of Don Diego as he arrives at the top of the ladder. As Don Diego steps onto the deck his expression at first reveals nothing extraordinary; then as he evidently begins to recognize strange faces and to sense that something is amiss a look of perplexity comes over his face. At this moment the CAMERA PULLS BACK. This discloses what is evidently a double line of Spanish soldiers in formation to receive Don Diego. They wear regulation Spanish clothing, with the queer difference that all of them seem to be officers of the highest rank, for they show a tremendous amount of gold braid and dog-dads, and are loaded down with an over-abundance of fine-arms. Some of their costumes, gaudy though they be, are ludicrously misfitting. Beneath their Spanish hats and helmets, we see the bewhiskered, grimy faces of Blood's slaves, and Blood himself stands at the head of the double line, attired in Don Diego's best suit of clothes and best plumed hat.

As the CAMERA STARTS BACK, Ogle steps into scene and without a word, removes Don Diego's steel helmet. Don Diego whirls upon him, but his angry exclamation dies upon his lips as Wolverstone steps into scene behind him and firmly taps him on the bare head with a capstan bar. Ogle catches him in his arms as the Spaniard slumps into unconsciousness.

OGLE:

(a pious look
toward heaven)

* He giveth his beloved sleep --
Psalms: 77th Chapter, 2nd Verse.

No one says a word, but evidently acting upon prearranged plans, two of the others relieve Ogle of Don Diego and carry him to an open hatch down which they drop him.

He lands with a thud amidst a muffled babble of Spanish from the others who are evidently imprisoned below. By that time one of Don Diego's officers has arrived at the top of the ladder - to be met with the same fate as his commander.

177. EXT. WATER FRONT MED. LONG SHOT ANGLE TOWARD TOWN
(SHOOTING AT VITAGRAPH TANK)

The eight boats are pulling away from shore with their load of laughing, jeering Spaniards. The boats move past CAMERA and out of scene.

178. REVERSE ANGLE LONG SHOT FROM SHIP (VITAGRAPH TANK)

In the b.g. we see the eight boats approaching the ship but do not see the shore on account of the high angle. In the f.g. we see a row of cannons on the main deck of the Spanish ship, and behind them a store of powder and balls.

Hagthorpe and most of the slaves are at one of the guns, and Blood is a little apart from them on a higher spot.

BLOOD:

Ready, Hagthorpe?

HAGTHORPE:

Aye, Peter.

BLOOD:

Then give them a taste of their own iron.

Hagthorpe applies a match to the cannon which fires, and we see a shot strike in the midst of the boats, sending a splash of water but not hitting any of them.

179. MED. LONG SHOT BOATS (VITAGRAPH TANK)

The Spanish pause at their oars astounded into silence for the moment, then speech bursts from them like an explosion. They have no idea as yet that enemies are in control of their ship, but suppose it is some of their own drunken fellows.

AD LIBS:

(in Spanish)

Quit it, you fools.
You must be as drunk as we are
to do a thing like that.
Watch your aim there, you dogs..
Fire on the town if you've got
to fire. etc. etc.

180. CLOSE SHOT (VITAGRAPH TANK)

One of the rowboats with the other boats in the b.g. In the near boat the men continue to call to the ship, as the sound of the cannon shot is heard off scene. Shots strike the boat, splitting it apart and letting men and the load of treasure fall into the water.

181. WIDER ANGLE (VITAGRAPH TANK)

Now the scene becomes one of the utmost confusion, for the Spaniards realize that something is seriously wrong. In the boat some stand up and shake their fists and hurl oaths - others row frantically with a complete lack of direction so that the boats will about.

182. EXT. STREET SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS AT DIFFERENT WINDOWS

as the heads of startled townspeople appear and they stare out toward the bay.

183. CLOSE SHOT CANNON LOW ANGLE (SHOOT ON STAGE)

We see only the barrel of the cannon. A shot is fired.

184. CLOSE SHOT A ROW BOAT (VITAGRAPH TANK)

The boat is hit and falls apart, spilling Spaniards into the water.

185. SPANISH SHIP TOP GUN DECK MED. LONG SHOT (STAGE)

The CAMERA ANGLES DOWN the line of a dozen guns. Smoke swirls about from the shots already fired. Hagthorpe is rushing about like a madman training and firing the guns in rapid succession while two awkward, improvised gun crews of slaves try to keep pace with him in re-loading.

186. EXT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION VERANDA MED. SHOT

In the f.g. Col. Bishop and Governor Steed are standing in the midst of some others staring out toward the bay. There is a look of blank astonishment on all of the faces of the Englishmen we see.

(CONTINUED)

186 (Cont.)

GOVERNOR STEED:

What - What is this insanity?

Colonel Bishop stares out over the bay but makes no reply except to shake his head. All of the people who have taken refuge in the Governor's mansion come pouring out to find out what is happening. There is intense excitement.

187. EXT. STREET SERIES OF SHOTS DIFFERENT ANGLES

to show the amazed and excited townspeople rushing out of their houses into the street. This builds into further excitement and some of the braver of the townspeople start to rush toward the bay.

188. LONG SHOT FROM SPANISH SHIP TOWARD BAY
(VITAGRAPH TANK)JACKMAN SHOT - with f.g. piece.

Through some ropes and rigging in the f.g. we see the three remaining Spanish boats on the open water. Two of these are now hit and broken in two by the cannon shot. The water splashes high and the men are catapulted high in the air and fall back in the water like pieces of feathers.

189. INTERCUTS (VITAGRAPH TANK)

We get a number of separate shots to intercut throughout all of this action to show men swimming in the water, drowning, trying to climb on wreckage, etc. Cannon shots fall in the midst of them (bomb explosions)

190. EXT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION

Colonel Bishop and Arabella are helping him limp toward his carriage which has been drawn up before the house. People rush past. The horses are excited, too, and it is all the servants can do to hold them. Everyone continues to stare toward the bay. More excitement.

ARABELLA:

What can it mean?

GOVERNOR STEED:

Heaven only knows!

190 (Cont.)

COLONEL BISHOP:

They can't be Spaniards to act so!

During this they help the groaning Governor into his carriage and climb in after him. The carriage starts away.

191. MED. LONG SHOT BAY (VITAGRAPH TANK)

Only one boat remains afloat. It is making frantic speed toward the shore past the wreckage of the other boat and unmindful of the few survivors who are still struggling in the water. A shot strikes the water some distance behind it. Another shot strikes, closer. Just as the boat touches the wharf a shot strikes it, burying its remains under a shower of masonry.

192. EXT. SPANISH SHIP MED. PAN SHOT BLOOD

who is standing on an upper deck (or any high spot) As he sees that the last Spanish ship is sunk he gives a wild whoop and waves his hat around his head. The CAMERA PANS with him as he bounds down the steps of the companion-way onto the top gun deck where Hagthorpe and his men are ecstatically jumping about and cheering. Blood rushes to Hagthorpe and begins pounding him on the back. Hagthorpe grins through his smoke-begrimed face. (There should be a lot of smoke in this shot from the recent cannon fire.)

HAGTHORPE:

Did I not tell you I was a gunner?!

BLOOD:

You did that, you son-of-a-Yorkshire steer, and God bless your rusty soul it's a gunner you are!

They pound each other on the back.

193. EXT. STREET LONG SHOT

The street is now alive with townspeople who are rushing toward the water front. They do not understand quite what has happened but realize that it is something good. We hear a lot of chattering and cheers. The excitement builds. Governor Steed's carriage appears at the head of the street. The driver whips the horses, forcing them at a run through the crowd.

194. INT. GOVERNOR STEED'S CARRIAGE CLOSE SHOT GOVERNOR STEED, ARABELLA AND COLONEL BISHOP (PROCESS B.G. TO SHOW THAT THE CARRIAGE IS STILL GOING THROUGH THE CROWDS)

GOVERNOR STEED:

It must be that some brave party of citizens got aboard that ship and have taken it captive.

COLONEL BISHOP:

Egad, I think you're right.

195. MED. LONG SHOT AT WATER FRONT

The citizens are gathered in an excited, willing, cheering mob. The Governor's carriage comes to a stop.

196. CLOSE SHOT AT CARRIAGE DOOR

as it is opened by a servant. Colonel Bishop springs out, Arabella after him.

COLONEL BISHOP:

Someone should go aboard and congratulate them.

GOVERNOR STEED:

Yes, yes.

He makes a move but his gouty foot hurts him. He sinks back into the seat with a groan.

COLONEL BISHOP:

(pleased - continuing)

And since your gout so regrettably prevents you, allow me to be the one.

GOVERNOR STEED:

Go ahead. You've always wanted to be governor, anyway.

Colonel Bishop, very pleased, hurries out of scene toward deck.

197. EXT. "CINCO LLAGAS" TOP GUN DECK MED. SHOT (STAGE)

In the b.g. Hagthorpe's men are reloading cannons. The smoke of the recent firing is just clearing away. Wolverstone approaches Blood in the f.g. Nearby Hagthorpe is washing himself at a big wooden tub.

(CONTINUED)

197 (Cont.)

WOLVERSTONE:
Shall we hoist anchor, Peter?

BLOOD:
Yes.

Wolverstone turns away to leave, but in doing so sees something toward shore which stops him.

WOLVERSTONE:
Another boat approaching.

Blood looks.

BLOOD:
Colonel Bishop! The fool would
come blundering in just now.

HAGTHORPE:
(looking up)
Who?

WOLVERSTONE:
(gleeful)
Colonel Bishop!

Without a word Hagthorpe rushes to a gun down the deck and starts to aim it.

198. CLOSE SHOT AT GUN (VETAGRAPH TANK)

SHOOTING DOWN the barrel which is being aimed directly at Bishop's approaching boat. Hagthorpe is aiming the gun carefully and with great anticipatory glee. He lights a match and is about to apply it when Blood rushes in and knocks it out of his hand.

BLOOD:
None of that!

HAGTHORPE:
(very disappointed)
Aw, Peter!

WIPE TO:

199. EXT. STERN DECK MED. SHOT (STAGE)

Blood and his men are gathered about at the head of the ladder, as Col. Bishop comes puffing up it and climbs onto the deck.

200. CLOSE SHOT COLONEL BISHOP

He wears a sort of an officially pompous smile, for it is in his mind to give these men who have captured the boat, these heroes, whoever they may be, the fitting reward of his official thanks.

He looks about to see who they are, and an expression of comic bewilderment comes over his face as if he cannot believe his eyes.

201. MED. SHOT BLOOD AND MEN

as they all look at him rather grimly, waiting for the truth to dawn on him.

BLOOD:

Welcome aboard the Cinco Liagas,
Colonel, darling ---

202. CLOSE SHOT COLONEL BISHOP

looking about in stupefaction.

COL. BISHOP:

You? Was it ---?

203. MED. SHOT GROUP

Blood walks forward to meet the Colonel and the other men move forward into a more compact group.

COL. BISHOP:

Peter Blood! Was it you then who took this ship and turned defeat into victory?

BLOOD:

Myself it was -- myself and these,
my friends -- and your friends.

COL. BISHOP:

Gads, my life!

His eyes fall on the four treasure chests standing on the deck, all safe and sound. His face spreads in a great smile.

COL. BISHOP:

And saved my money, too. It was heroic!

(CONTINUED)

203 (Cont.)

He sits on the treasure chests, patting them in the satisfaction of finding them safe.

BLOOD:

Heroic, is it? Bedad, it was epic!

COL. BISHOP:

Y'amaze me! On my soul, Y'amaze me! Darra, you deserve well -- you all deserve well and you shall find me grateful.

BLOOD:

(coldly)

How grateful...?

COL. BISHOP:

(surprised)

Why -- I'll ask His Excellency to write home to the King an account of your exploit, and maybe some portion of your sentence shall be remitted.

WOLVERSTONE:

It's about what we expected from you.

The men laugh -- ugly laughs full of their hatred for Colonel Bishop who begins to look uneasy. For the first time it occurs to him that these men who have cringed under his control now have him at their mercy and mean him no good.

BLOOD:

(sarcastically)

Colonel, darling, such unusual generosity from you must be making you feel very ill. As your doctor, now, I prescribe ---

HAGTHORPE'S VOICE:

Hang him!

Bishop looks up, extremely startled. Hagthorpe's words start a whole chorus of similar threats from the men who jump up and down in gleeful excitement.

AD LIBS:

Hang him!

String him from the yardarm!

Don't waste words on the hog!

Let me lay hands on him!

Hang him!

Hang him!

etc. etc.

204. CLOSER SHOT THE MEN

as they advance menacingly, still shouting their threats.

205. CLOSEUP COLONEL BISHOP

as he watches them in frantic terror.

COLONEL BISHOP:

No! No! No, no, no!!!

BLOOD'S VOICE:

Ready men?

There is a chorus of assent, and rough hands seize hold of him.

206. TRUCKING SHOT

Colonel Bishop has been seized by Wolverstone and Hagthorpe who now "turkey-trot" him towards the ship's rail, the other men following in a taunting howling, laughing mob. Bishop, in the meantime, is screaming frantically, certain that he is about to meet his death. When they reach the rail, they stop and pick him up.

207. MED. SHOT FROM ABOVE (VITAGRAPH TANK)

Hagthorpe and Wolverstone begin to swing Bishop back and forth in their arms in a "one for the money, two for the show" movement which is accompanied by gleeful yells in rhythm from the men. Bishop is screaming and spluttering... At a signal from Blood, they let him fly and the CAMERA PANS with him as he sails out over the side of the ship and drops into the water below.

208. CLOSEUP OGLE

OGLE:

(piously)

And then the whale came and the whale swallowed Jonah -- I hope.

209. EXT. WATER CLOSE SHOT COLONEL BISHOP

as he comes to the surface coughing and spluttering. He looks toward the ship and shakes his fist.

COLONEL BISHOP:
Peter Blood, I'll make you pay
for this if I spend my life
doing it!

210. MED. SHOT FROM HIS PERSPECTIVE THE CREW

leaning on the railing of the ship. They answer Colonel Bishop's gesture with waves and mocking farewells.

WIPE TO:

211. CLOSE SHOT ANCHOR (STOCK)

as it is raised out of the water.

212. MED. SHOT MAIN SAIL (STOCK)

The CAMERA ANGLING UP toward the sky, as the big sail is unfurled and fills with wind.

213. JACKMAN SHOT SECTION OF SPANISH BOAT

sailing away from Port Royal with a miniature background of the harbor and town.

214. CLOSEUP ARABELLA

looking out at the ship upon which Blood is sailing away -- a half glad, half sad expression on her face.

215. LONG SHOT SPANISH SHIP (STOCK)

as it sails away.

216. CLOSEUP BLOOD ON QUARTERDECK UP ANGLE

He is looking back toward the town, thinking of Arabella, so he, too, is half glad, half sad.

DISSOLVE TO:

217. EXT. SEA LONG SHOT SPANISH SHIP (STOCK) DAWN

as it sails under full canvas.

DISSOLVE TO:

218. EXT. SHIP'S DECK (STAGE) MED. LONG SHOT
BLOOD AND MEN

We see them gathered in a group, most of them sprawled on the deck. At the head of the group stands Blood who is dictating a document to Jeremy Pitt, who is seated on one cask and using another for a table. He writes on a scroll of parchment, with a quill.

Blood walks back and forth as he talks.

BLOOD:

We, the undersigned, are men without a country, outlaws in our own land and homeless outcasts in any other. Desperate men, we go to seek a desperate fortune. Therefore we do here and now band ourselves into a Brotherhood of Buccaneers, to practice the trade of piracy on the high seas. We, the hunted, will now hunt. Therefore, to that end, we enter into the following Articles of Agreement:

CUT TO:

219. CLOSE PAN SHOT FOLLOWING BLOOD

as he continues:

BLOOD:

First, we pledge ourselves to be bound together as Brothers, in a life-and-death friendship, sharing alike in fortune and in trouble.

220. CLOSE SHOT WOLVERSTONE

who is squatted on the deck sewing together a pirate flag.

NOTE: Several excellent pirate flags are to be found in the frontispiece of "The Jolly Roger" from which a suitable one can be selected.

221. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

as he continues:

BLOOD:

Second Article...All monies and valuables which may come into our possession shall be lumped together in a common fund. From this fund shall first be taken the money to fit, rig, and provision the ship -- and after that the recompense each shall have who is wounded, as follows: For the loss of a right arm, six hundred pieces of eight; left arm, five hundred; right leg, five hundred; left leg, four hundred; for an eye, one hundred, and for a finger the same as for an eye.

222. CLOSE SHOT NUTTALL AND OGLE AMONG GROUP

NUTTALL:

(eagerly)

A fellow can get rich if he's lucky!

Ogle nods solemnly.

223. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

BLOOD:

The remainder of any plunder shall be divided equally among all our Members share and share alike. Article three ...If any man conceal any treasure captured, or fail to place it in the general fund, he shall be marooned -- set ashore on a deserted isle and there left with one bottle of water, one loaf of bread, and a pistol with one load; if any man shall be drunk when on duty, he shall receive the same fate;

223 (Cont.)

BLOOD: (Cont.)

and if any man shall molest a woman
captive against her will, he, too,
shall receive the same punishment.

224. CLOSE SHOT HAGTHORPE AMONG OTHERS

HAGTHORPE:

(disconsolately)

Aren't we going to have any fun
at all?

225. CLOSE SHOT PITT

The CAMERA SHOOTING over his shoulder as he writes.

BLOOD'S VOICE:

These articles entered into this
twentieth day of June, in the
year 1687.

226. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

BLOOD:

Men, you have heard the Agreement.
It is the world against us and us
against the world!

227. CLOSE SHOT OGEE

OGEE:

His hand shall be against every man
and every man's hand against him --
Genesis, sixteenth chapter, twelfth
verse.

228. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

BLOOD:

All of you who are in accordance
with these Articles will signify
by raising your right hands and
saying 'aye'.

229. MED. LONG SHOT THE MEN

as one, raise their right hands and their voices
make the echoes roll.

MEN:

AYE!!

The CAMERA QUICKLY PANS to a CLOSE SHOT OF WOLVERSTONE
who has risen and is holding the pirate flag length-
wise from his upraised right hand. On this flag -

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

230. EXT. SEA DAY MED. SHOT STERN OF SPANISH SHIP (NOW BLOOD'S SHIP) AT WATERLINE (SHOOT AT VITAGRAPH TANK)

The motion of the water shows that the ship is under way. Seated on an improvised painter's ladder, hung down by ropes from the deck, are Nuttall and Dyke. They are painting out the ship's name, "Cinco Llagas", and replacing it with the name "Anabella".

NUTTALL:

"Nuttall," he says, "I'm renaming this ship the 'Anabella'. 'Why' says I, 'the 'Cinco Llagas' was a nice lyrical-sounding name!'" "And your painting, Nuttall," he says, and turned on his heel, but not afore I sees 'im blushing. 'Wot means this? 'Love bloomin' in the Spring? Our Captain wearin' 'is 'heart on 'is sleeve?"

DYKE:

No, you fool! It means that Peter still preserves his fine sense of irony. If he's wearing his heart on his sleeve, it's a heart full of hatred and revenge and mockery.

NUTTALL:

I wonder.

DISSOLVE TO:

231. EXACTLY THE SAME SET-UP

except that the painting job is now complete and the new name is painted on the ship's stern.

A TITLE FADES IN over the scene ...

"And thus Captain Blood began his career of Piracy... with a ship, a handful of men, and a brain..."

DISSOLVE TO:

232. SERIES OF BACKGROUND DISSOLVES

which form a succession of action pictures of the most colorful, stirring and violent kind. Battle scenes, sea fighting, hand-to-hand encounters -- growing to a crescendo of sound, action and excitement -- over which we SUPERIMPOSE the following TITLES:

"... carving a crimson career ..."

"... until his name became the
terror of the Caribbean"

"... until his name became the
pride and boast of every buccaneer
of the Brotherhood of the Coast..."

"... BLOOD! ..."

This last title begins small in the background and rushes to foreground, growing until it almost fills the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

233. INT. KING JAMES' PALACE CLOSE SHOT KING JAMES

KING JAMES:

(angry)

Blood! Blood!

(looks off scene sharply
at someone)

This impertinent, ungoverned rascal
must be eradicated.

234. MED. SHOT

to show a conference of a few noblemen in the King's study. Included in the group is Lord Sunderland, the Secretary of State, whom we have already met, and -- very much in the background -- Lord Willoughby. He is a rather elderly, fatherly, but strong-faced man of the highest type. The King is addressing his remarks directly at Sunderland.

LORD SUNDERLAND:

(easily)

Yes, your Majesty.

(CONTINUED)

234 (Cont.)

KING JAMES:

Sinking Spanish ships puts me in enough embarrassment, but he sinks English ships as well!

LORD SUNDERLAND:

Yes, your Majesty.

KING JAMES:

Cannot Governor Steed do anything about it?

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

(in defense)

He does his --

KING JAMES:

Silence, Willoughby! I'm not interested in anything you have to say. I know your feelings toward me!

Lord Willoughby retires again to the background. The King turns once more to Sunderland.

KING JAMES:

What are you Secretary of State for? Have you no solution?

LORD SUNDERLAND:

Yes, your Majesty.

KING JAMES:

Then egad! -- get your head off that hinge and speak up!

LORD SUNDERLAND:

Since Governor Steed is incapable, you appoint a stronger man.

KING JAMES:

Who?

LORD SUNDERLAND:

Colonel Bishop assures me that if he were in power he would not rest day or night until these pirates -- this Captain Blood -- is swinging on Execution Dock.

KING JAMES:

Angling for the office, is he?

(CONTINUED)

234 (Cont.1)

LORD SUNDERLAND:

What difference, if he is the man of
iron we need?

KING JAMES:

(with only slight hesitation)
Draw up the appointment.

LORD SUNDERLAND:

(drawing a document from
his clothes)
I have taken the liberty of already
doing so, your Majesty.

DISSOLVE TO:

235. EXT. PORT ROYAL HARBOR MED. SHOT A SAIL (STOCK)
as it is hoisted.

236. MED. SHOT FROM DECK OF MERCHANT SHIP TOWARD MOLE DAY
(For this effect we use the old "Moby Dick" boat which
is on rollers now at the Vitagraph tank.)

The ship is beginning to slowly move away from the mole.
Standing at the railing are Governor and Mrs. Steed and
Arabella. Among the people who are waving goodbye from
the mole, is Colonel (now Governor) Bishop. He is
standing by the Governor's state carriage.

GOVERNOR STEED:

Again congratulations, Governor Bishop,
and a successful administration to you.

COLONEL BISHOP:

(grandly)
Thank you, my friend.

GOVERNOR STEED:

(sotto voce to Mrs. Steed)
I hope he gets the gout which the in-
fernal office gave me.

237. CLOSE SHOT COLONEL BISHOP

COLONEL BISHOP:

Have a nice vacation in England,
Arabella.

237 (Cont.)

ARABELLA'S VOICE:

I'm sure I shall.

COLONEL BISHOP:

Keep a weather eye out for pirates,
Captain!

(turning back to Arabella)

When you return, Arabella, I'll have
the seas swept clean of them. And
especially one. I guess you know
whom I mean!

238. CLOSE SHOT ARABELLA, GOVERNOR AND MRS. STEED

Arabella turns away her head, as if he has hit a sore
spot.

GOVERNOR STEED:

(whispering through clenched
teeth to Mrs. Steed)

I still hope he gets the gout!

The boat moves away from shore.

DISSOLVE TO:

239. EXT. DECK ARABELLA (STAGE) TRUCKING SHOT DAY

This begins as a CLOSE SHOT of heaps of treasure: gold
and silver coins, plate, jewels, etc. From off scene we
hear a babble of happy ad lib from a host of men and
the sound of a rollicking pirate song.

BLOOD'S VOICE:

Andrew Baynes -- one share...

CAMERA PULLS BACK to disclose that Blood is making a
division of spoils. The ARABELLA is at sea. The men
are formed in a long line. As they reach him, Blood
calls out their names to Pitt who checks them off the
list as Wolverstone and Hagthorpe hand out the shares.
Many of the pirates have already received their loot
and are counting their money, trying on the jewelry
and clothes, etc.The next sailor to reach Blood is walking on a crude
crutch on account of the loss of a leg, severed at the
knee.

BLOOD:

Oliver Clark -- one share plus five
hundred pieces of eight for the loss
of his right leg.

240. MED. SHOT

In the background, the division of the spoils continues. In the foreground, hidden from Blood and the others by the corner of some superstructure, is Honesty Nuttall. At first we do not know what he is up to. He has his pistol out and aims it in turn at his head, each of his legs, as if he is going to shoot himself and cannot decide where to do it. That is indeed his intention and we realize the reason for it as we hear, in the background --

BLOOD:

Anton Brasilino -- no injuries, one share. - Chester Dyke -- one share plus one hundred pieces of eight for the loss of his left hand.

By the process of elimination, Nuttall has made his selection as to which portion of himself he will maim to make himself eligible for some injury money. He finally selects a little toe, and aims the gun at it. He shuts his eyes in an attempt to get up the nerve to fire.

241. PAN SHOT

beginning as a CLOSE SHOT of Blood as the division of the spoils continues. There is a sound of a pistol shot off scene. Blood barely notices it and goes on with the division. The CAMERA PANS to Nuttall taking his place near the head of the line. There is a happy smile on his face. He limps markedly.

The man ahead of Nuttall is given his share, and Nuttall steps up for his. CAMERA PULLS BACK to a MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT centering on him, Blood and Pitt.

BLOOD:

Honesty Nuttall - one share.

NUTTALL:

(lifting his foot with both hands)
'Old on, Captain. Wot about me little toe - heroically sacrificed in battle?

Blood looks at him and smiles to himself. ?

BLOOD:

(to Pitt)
Honesty Nuttall -- one share ... and nothing for the toe he just shot off himself.

DISSOLVE TO:

242. INT. CREW'S QUARTERS "ARABELLA" NIGHT TRUCKING SHOT

beginning as a FULL SHOT. The men are storing away their plunder, counting it and recounting it, trying on their new clothes. Some of them are singing a rollicking pirate song. They carry the tune in a haphazard way, each with his own interpretation (not like the usual movie male chorus!)

The CAMERA TRUCKS toward a group including Baynes, Ogle, Dyke, Hagthorpe, Nuttall.

HAGTHORPE:

(admiring new outfit
in mirror)

If dear Colonel Bishop could lay
eyes on me now!

NUTTALL:

(fingering his gold)

Ho, for the life of a pirate!

DYKE:

A dog's life.

BAYNES:

(mildly)

After slavery, this a dog's life?

DYKE:

Oh, it's true we wallow in gold and
jewels -- but what good is gold if
you can't spend it or jewels if you
can't give them to somebody?

NUTTALL:

That's right. Here we are on a
blasted floating monastery!

OGLE:

(piously)

It is not good for man to be alone --
Genesis -- Second Chapter -- Eighteenth
Verse.

DYKE:

We sail and fight, and sail some more,
and fight some more. Fine things.
But what a man needs is a little re-
laxation once in awhile.

HAGTHORPE:

That's it, relaxation. Now, I remember
one at Havana. Delores, her name was.
Delores with the big brown eyes ...

He sighs romantically.

(CONTINUED)

242 (Cont.)

DYKE:

What possesses Peter Blood? It's
always go, go, go! -- As if he is
restless and dissatisfied and troubled.

NUTTALL:

A one for discipline 'a is.

OGLE:

He shall rule them with a rod of
iron. Revelation - Second Chapter -
Twenty-seventh Verse.

HACTHORPE:

There was one on that last ship we took.
A comely wench. Lads, I was tempted.
But then I pictured myself marooned on
a desert isle with only a loaf of bread,
a jug of water, my memories and a bullet
to put into my brain.

(sighing)

Even so, I sometimes wonder if I didn't
make a mistake.

243. EXT. CROW'S NEST CLOSE SHOT THE LOOKOUT

sighting off. He leans toward the deck below.

LOOKOUT:

Ahoy, below! An English ship on our
port bow!

244. INT. BLOOD'S CABIN FULL SHOT

This cabin, as characteristic of the times, is luxurious,
panelled in marvelously carved woods, hung with tapes-
tries, richly furnished, spread with costly oriental
rugs. On both sides and at the stern end are beautifully
leaded windows.

Blood, Wolverstone and Pitt are at dinner. They have
heard the Lookout's call. Blood is instantly on his
feet. He hurries to a port window and scans the horizon.

BLOOD:

So it is. A fine, large ship, as
far as I can judge from this distance.
Shall we sail over and give them a
surprise?

245. CLOSE SHOT WOLVERSTONE AND PITT

They both seem at odds with this suggestion.

WOLVERSTONE:

(a mixture of disappointment and pleading)

No-o-, Peter!

PITT:

(protesting)

The men are set on putting in at Tortuga. Their gold is burning holes in their pockets.

WOLVERSTONE:

What's one ship more or less to us now?

246. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD AT WINDOW

BLOOD:

(very amused)

It appears that I have a mutiny on my hands.

He turns and looks out of the window once more.

DISSOLVE TO:

247. MED. SHOT CROW'S NEST ENGLISH SHIP (PROCESS B.G.)

ENGLISHMAN:

(looking out)

What ho, below!

248. INT. CABIN ENGLISH SHIP MED. SHOT ARABELLA

She has retired and is drowsing in a bunk in the f.g.

ENGLISH LOOKOUT'S VOICE:

*A ship to starboard!

Arabella stirs, comes fully awake.

ENGLISH OFFICER'S VOICE:

Can you see her flag?

ENGLISH LOOKOUT'S VOICE:

She carries no flag -- she may be a pirate!

(CONTINUED)

248 (Cont.)

With feelings a mixture of interest and alarm, Arabella climbs out of the bank and hurries to the porthole in the b.g.

249. CLOSE SHOT ARABELLA AT PORTHOLE

As she looks out at the ship which we see on the horizon.
(JACKMAN PROCESS)

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

250. INT. BLOOD'S CABIN CLOSEUP BLOOD

BLOOD:

Very well. Sail on, little ship.
Sail back to England, where we may
never go.

(rather grimly - tosses
off his over-romantic
mood)

You'll never know how close you were
to never getting there.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

251. EXT. TORTUGA HARBOR LONG SHOT (STOCK)

In the harbor a multitude of ships of all sizes ride at anchor. Over this shot, A TITLE:

"TORTUGA....haven of safety for all pirate craft. The friendly Governor was a cheerful soul -- as long as the Buccaneers did not forget to transfer one tenth of their plunder from their ships' holds to His Excellency's pocket."

DISSOLVE TO:

ANOTHER TITLE, over scene:

"To this port the Freebooters always returned with their "shares", won in grim battle, only to quickly lose them in bouts with their invariable conquerors...."

WIPE TO:

INSERT: A WINE BARREL

with a barman's hands drawing a drink.

WIPE TO:

INSERT: A PILE OF MONEY AND JEWELS ON A FLOOR

Dice roll in. A pair of hands reach in and rake the money and jewels away.

WIPE TO:

252. CLOSE SHOT A PROSTITUTE

sitting on a stool in the open, draped archway of her single-roomed hovel. Her lips are parted in a professional smile and her head lifts in the traditional invitation.

WIPE TO:

253. INT. PRIVATE ROOM TAVERN IN TORTUGA NIGHT
MED. SHOT A DOME CEILING

It is decorated with drawings of nude figures of women in the crude but picturesque style of the 16th Century. From off scene comes the sound of women's laughter. From the floor below scene a coin is tossed into the air. A man's hand holding a pistol projects into the scene from below -- fires -- the coin falls back to the floor untouched.

LEVASSEUR'S VOICE:

Sacre nom de Dieu!

Another coin is flipped into the air -- another man's hand holding a pistol comes in. A report -- and the coin rings as the bullet strikes it squarely.

254. FULL SHOT

There is a sound of laughter and cheers from those present. The room is a small one off the principal room of the inn. A fire dances in the great open fireplace, but it glows not more brightly than the spirits of those present, who are reaching the climax of a week's carousal. It is a celebration which is mixed with business. Here the two strongest pirate leaders of the Caribbean have been negotiating a deal with each other these many days.

They are lying flat on their backs on the floor, interrupting their business discussion with this little shooting match. One of the leaders is Captain Blood and the other is Captain Levasseur, a thin, wiry fellow who hides his innate cruelty beneath the veneer of a "Hail Fellow, well met" attitude -- a bit of a dandy -- very much a ladies' man. In the crook of his left arm rests the pretty head of the little French "fille de joi". Captain Blood is not so encumbered. Present also are each of the Captain's first officers -- Wolverstone for Blood - and Cahusac, the squat, stocky little Lieutenant of Levasseur. They each have a pair of girls and are propped up against the nearby wall drinking from large beautifully made silver cups and watching the sport.

255. CLOSE SHOT ANGLING DOWN ON BLOOD, LEVASSEUR AND GIRL

Both men are finishing reloading their pistols, a rather difficult operation for them as they are both quite cock-eyed.

LEVASSEUR:

(pleasantly)

Zis time, my frien'!

(CONTINUED)

255. (Cont.)

He nods to the girl, who tosses another coin toward the coiling. Levasseur fires and, judging by his expression, again misses. Blood smiles and flips a coin into the air.

256. CLOSE SHOT COIN

It flies off with a ping as Blood's bullet strikes it.

257. MED. SHOT BLOOD, LEVASSEUR AND GIRL

The girl is looking at Captain Blood, her eyes bright with admiration. Levasseur shrugs in good-natured disgust.

LEVASSEUR:

I am defeat!.... You win ze prize,
Captain LeSang.

(to girl)

Au revoir, my love.

He rolls the girl over to Blood.

GIRL:

(pleased -- to Blood
in French)

Ah, my beautiful Captain!

BLOOD:

(rolling her back to
Levasseur)

Many thanks, but -- some other time,
perhaps.

The girl, enraged at this rebuff, rips out a juicy string of French oaths -- and follows them with:

GIRL:

(in French)

What sort of man are you?

BLOOD:

Faith, I'm the sort of man you like,
my dear -- a man with money.

He tosses a handful of coins past her and she scrambles out of scene after them. Levasseur edged over close beside Blood and puts his arm in inebriated affection around the latter's neck.

(CONTINUED)

257 (Cont.)

LEVASSEUR:

Ah, Mon Captain, what a pair we would make! In all the Caribbean there's no buccanoer so strong as me -- except you.

BLOOD:

You almost flatter me, Levasseur.

LEVASSEUR:

Then why you hold off so long your consent we become ze partners? Here you have been in Tortuga these three, four months. You must be even so in need of gold as I.

BLOOD:

Such a partnership requires sober thought -- and my poor brain is dancing with rum this whole week past.

LEVASSEUR:

Even so drunk your brain is ze greatest zis side of hell! With your brain and my strength -- ah, Monsieur, there is nussing we cannot do.

BLOOD:

Bedad, there's very little I cannot do all by myself!

Levasseur explodes with laughter and pats Blood drunkenly on the shoulder. Blood joins in the laughter and pats Levasseur in return. The CAMERA PANS AWAY toward the door, from which direction during the last three or four speeches we have heard the beginnings of two pirate songs -- one in English and one in French.

DISSOLVE TO:

258. INT. PRINCIPAL ROOM TAVERN LONG SHOT

Both the crews of Blood and Levasseur are enjoying their shore leave after the manner of pirates, and the scene is bacchanalian to the most colorful extent. It is at once a feast, a drinking bout, and a general carousal. All of the women of the town are there. Pirates are feasting and drinking at tables and on the floor. A whole pig is roasting on a spit at a great fireplace. On one side of the room a group of Levasseur's men are singing a pirate song in French -- on the other side of the room a group of Blood's men are singing a pirate song in English. All is riotous confusion of ad lib, song, laughter and women's squeals.

259. MED. SHOT GROUP OF LEVASSEUR'S CREW

singing the French pirate song.

260. MED. SHOT GROUP OF BLOOD'S CREW

singing the English pirate song. In the foreground, Hagthorpe is drinking wine from a great wooden bucket. He lowers it from his lips to rest, looks off toward the French singers and, because he doesn't like them, sloshes the remaining contents of the bucket at them.

261. MED. SHOT LEVASSEUR'S MEN

as the wine splashes over them. Some laugh -- others become angry and begin to throw things back.

262. INT. PRIVATE ROOM MED. CLOSE SHOT AT TABLE

Seated side by side, Blood and Levasseur are signing their agreement. Levasseur signs and hands the parchment to Blood, smiling. Blood starts to sign, then hesitates. He does not seem very enthused about the business.

BLOOD:

It is clearly understood then
that we sail under my articles?

LEVASSEUR:

Those so very strict articles of
yours? Mais oui -- I would sail
under the articles of a nunnery
to get you as a partner, mon Captain!

Blood signs the document to the great satisfaction of Levasseur, Cahusac and Wolverstone.

263. WIDER ANGLE THE WHOLE GROUP

Wolverstone, extremely elated, shakes hands with Cahusac and Levasseur. Even the chatter in the background -- everyone seems happy except Blood, who appears to have withdrawn within his own thoughts as if he already regrets this move.

LEVASSEUR:

(elated)

Now! What is the first order,
Captain-partner?

(chuckling)

I must have gold.

(CONTINUED)

263 (Cont.)

He pinches one of the girls on the cheek.

BLOOD:

Women will be the death of you yet, Levasseur.

LEVASSEUR:

Ah, oui! But it is a pleasant way to die, even if it is expensive. Well?

BLOOD:

(without enthusiasm)

We will sail with the tide. Outside the harbor, we will scatter -- each ship will proceed singly in order to pick up what stray prizes we may run into on our journey. We will converge at the Island of Virgen Magra --

LEVASSEUR:

Magnifique!

BLOOD:

(dryly)

I wouldn't be surprised.

LEVASSEUR:

(lifting a wine goblet)

I give you a toast. To our so great success!

Blood bows and drinks, as do the others.

WOLVERSTONE:

Let me give one. To the greatest Captain on the Coast --

CAHUSAC:

(quickly interrupting)

Captain Levasseur!

Wolverstone glares at the squatty lieutenant and then slowly and deliberately walks over to Blood.

WOLVERSTONE:

Captain Blood!

LEVASSEUR:

Hear, hear!

264. ANOTHER ANGLE BLOOD AND WOLVERSTONE IN FOREGROUND

As the others drink, Blood turns his head toward
Wolverstone and away from Levasseur.

BLOOD:

(morosely and quietly out
of the corner of his mouth)
The greatest Captain on the Coast,
is it? Well, beand, methinks the
greatest Captain on the Coast has
just made the greatest mistake the
most ordinary common fool could make!

FADE OUT

FADE IN

265. EXT. AN ENGLISH VILLAGE LONG SHOT DAY
(STOCK SHOT from "The Divine Lady")

We see a coach arrive before a beautiful residence and a girl (presumably Arabella) go to the carriage, followed by a crowd of relatives.

266. MED. CLOSE SHOT ANGLING DOWN ON CARRIAGE

(This can be shot most anywhere as we keep the ANGLE down toward the ground.)

In the f.g. we see servants loading Arabella's baggage on top of the coach. Arabella steps to the coach door and her relatives crowd around her, ad libbing farewells.

ARABELLA:

I would like to stay forever. It was so lovely. You were all so kind.

RELATIVE:

Come back to visit us again soon, my dear. England is so much more beautiful when you are here.

ARABELLA:

Thank you. Goodbye. Thank you for everything.

She gets into the carriage as they ad lib good-byes.

267. LONG SHOT

as the carriage drives away.

DISSOLVE TO:

268. EXT. SEA LONG SHOT AN ENGLISH SHIP (STOCK)
sailing away from CAMERA.

269. CLOSE SHOT ENGLISH FLAG

flying from the top mast of this vessel.

270. CLOSE SHOT SHIP'S STERN (MINIATURE INSERT)

showing the name "Royal Mary".

271. EXT. DECK "ROYAL MARY" CLOSE TRUCKING SHOT

following a ship's servant who is bringing tea to Arabella and Lord Willoughby. As he sets the tray down and moves aside, we disclose the scene, but even before that we have heard their voices. They are laughing.

ARABELLA:

However else the Court may have changed, Lord Willoughby, the art of flattery still flourishes.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

Stab me if it's flattery. When the King ordered me on this journey, as a special emissary to the West Indies, I looked forward with some trepidation to a life among the savages. But when I came aboard and found that you were one of those savages, returning home to her native heath, my grateful eyes couldn't believe it.

ARABELLA:

(laughing)

You pictured us running around in animal skins, eating raw meat.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

Why not - in a country filled with Indians, Africans and Pirates? Speaking of pirates, did you ever happen to hear of a wild rogue named Captain Blood?

ARABELLA:

(an exclamation)

Peter Blood?

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

Yes.

272. CLOSEUP ARABELLA

We see that she is tremendously affected. The mention of his name raises a storm of emotion which threatens to overflow in a torrent of words, but these she checks upon realizing that Lord Willoughby is practically a

272 (Cont.)

stranger. We see her face harden and we know that the things she now chooses to keep secret from Lord Willoughby are bitter things.

ARABELLA:

(with just a touch
of bitterness)

No, I don't know him.

273. WIDER ANGLE TWO SHOT

Seeing that he is looking at her with more than usual interest, Arabella passes it off lest he probe the thoughts that lie behind her denial.

ARABELLA:

(off hand; lightly)

I hardly number pirates among my acquaintances.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

(dismissing it)

Of course not. Silly of me. I only mentioned him in passing because he happens to touch on the business of my mission.

Now Arabella's interest is piqued, and she would rather like to find out what is behind this statement of Lord Willoughby's.

ARABELLA:

Your mission?

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

I am sent to attempt to blot out all this piracy, my dear, in a manner which I must keep secret until I can find Captain Blood.

(he looks seaward and

sees something, off scene)

Well, there's a fine ship on the horizon.

He rises to get a better look. CAMERA PANS him to ship's rail. He looks toward the upper deck.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

Ho - Captain! What ship is that?

274. UPPER DECK FROM LORD WILLOUGHBY'S PERSPECTIVE
MED. SHOT ENGLISH CAPTAIN

who has been examining the ship through sea glasses.

CAPTAIN:

(uneasily)

I don't know. She flies a French flag -- but she could be anything in these waters.

275. LOWER DECK MED. SHOT LORD WILLOUGHBY & ARABELLA

who is just joining him to look at the ship.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

(pleasantly to Captain)

We're in pirate waters now, aren't we?

276. UPPER DECK CLOSE SHOT CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN:

Yes, we are. Yonder bank of low clouds is the Island of Verger Magra.

277. CLOSE SHOT LORD WILLOUGHBY AND ARABELLA

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

(to Arabella)

Exciting, isn't it?

(to Captain)

Could she be a pirate ship by any chance?

He smiles at Arabella and winks to show that his question is only a jest.

278. CLOSE SHOT CAPTAIN

CAPTAIN:

Any ship we meet in the Caribbean could be a pirate ship.

Once more he looks off toward the ship through his sea glasses.

279. EXT. OCEAN LONG SHOT LEVASSEUR THROUGH TELESCOPE

MINIATURE SHIP - or a portion of ship - with mat over
lense to represent telescope - important to show
French flag.

280. EXT. QUARTER DECK LEVASSEUR'S SHIP MED. SHOT
(PROCESS B.G.) LEVASSEUR AND CAHUSAC

(If feasible, show some of Levasseur's crew in b.g.)

Levasseur is looking off at the English ship through his sea glasses. He puts the glass down and turns to Cahusac, his teeth flashing in a smile.

LEVASSEUR:

Quel Bonheur! Just as I am about to give up and anchor to wait for my partner, Captain Blood, this fine English prize walks right into our parlor and says 'Bon jour!' We go to give a welcome, Cahusac. Huh?

CAHUSAC:

(smiling and nodding)

Qui!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

281. EXT. ISLAND OF VERGEN MAGRA LONG PAN SHOT
(FROM HIGH SPOT)

(This sequence complete to be shot on location)
At first we see only a barren waste of treeless sand dunes. CAMERA PANS to the beach. Here the rolling sand dunes break off into a wild and picturesque beach. Rising from the sand of the beach are great rocks, against which the sea breaks in splendors of shooting spray. In these rocks the sea and the wind have carved out caves, and here, in these caves, Levasseur has set up a shore camp. Nearby, in the midst of some tropical vegetation, we see a spring from which some of Levasseur's men are rolling huge casks of water toward beached row boats. The rest are gathered in a group among the rocks about something we cannot see. The CAMERA CONTINUES TO PAN seaward to show that this beach continues into a cove.)

282. EXT. BEACH PAN SHOT BEGINNING AS A MED. CLOSE SHOT
LEVASSEUR AND CAHUSAC

Levasseur is enthroned on a cask before the principal cave in which he has made camp. He is attended by his officers and perhaps twenty or thirty of his crew, part of which we cannot see at the beginning of this scene.

CAHUSAC:

(very worried)

What will you tell - him?

LEVASSEUR:

(carelessly)

That I have capture the English ship.

CAHUSAC:

I mean, about --

He looks significantly off scene ahead of them.

LEVASSEUR:

He is not here. When he comes is time enough to worry.

(to someone off scene
ahead of him)I trust I have make myself clean,
Monsieur.

283. MED. SHOT TO INCLUDE LORD WILLOUGHBY AND ARABELLA
who are Levasseur's prisoners and who are standing
bound to the beach before him.

LEVASSEUR:

(continuing)

The ransom for you two is fixed at
twenty thousand pieces of eight, and
I shall provide the boat for you to
go to Governor Bishop at Jamaica to
collect it. Meanwhile, Ma'moiselle
remains with me as hostage. I find
it lonely on this island.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

I refuse -- absolutely and utterly!

Levasseur's fingers have been tying knots in a length
of whipcord. He holds it up.

LEVASSEUR:

You know this? It is the rosary
of pain -- capable of screwing a
man's eyes out of his head --

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

Do your worst and be cursed for
a filthy pirate!

Levasseur shrugs and tosses the rope to a burly negro
who advances toward Lord Willoughby.

284. CLOSE SHOT ARABELLA

Up to now she has been quiet, as if she knows it is use-
less to fight against her fate. Now, however, she steps
up to Lord Willoughby, the CAMERA PANNING.

ARABELLA:

Lord Willoughby, thank you, but
don't be foolish.

She casts a look of hatred toward Levasseur.

285. CLOSE SHOT LEVASSEUR

He smiles.

LEVASSEUR:

Ma'amselle is right. I beg you to
spare yourself and the young lady.

(CONTINUED)

285 (Cont.)

LEVASSEUR: (Cont.)

I have been too modest; but since I have say twenty thousand pieces of eight, zut! - I have say twenty thousand pieces of eight.

BLOOD'S VOICE:

And for what, if you please, have you said twenty thousand pieces of eight?

Levasseur whirls around at the sound.

286. MED. SHOT BLOOD AND MEN

He is standing at the crest of a great rock behind them, in sharp silhouette against the sky. He has only this instant arrived, as is shown by the fact that the men with him - Pitt, Wolverstone and Hagthorpe - are just now coming into sight over the top.

287. MED. SHOT THE GROUP FROM BLOOD'S PERSPECTIVE

Levasseur and his men are startled. Lord Willoughby has turned with the others, but Arabella is for the first moment hidden behind him. She steps out to look, surprised at the familiar sound of his voice. The CAMERA ZOOMS to a CLOSE SHOT of her. Her face registers the shock of seeing Peter Blood in this most unexpected moment.

288. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

as he recognizes Arabella.

289. MED. SHOT BLOOD'S GROUP

The others, too, have recognized her -- the daughter of their old bitter enemy -- they grin with glee.

HAGTHORPE:

Look who's here!

WOLVERSTONE:

If it ain't the niece of our old friend, Colonel Bishop!

(CONTINUED)

289 (Cont.)

Blood is looking over the group below, his brain busy. He quickly turns toward his men.

BLOOD:

(quietly, intensely)

We do not recognize her! Mind that!

Without further explanation, he turns and exits scene toward the group below.

290. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD'S MEN

They look after him, perplexed.

HAGTHORPE:

(to Pitt)

What does he mean to do?

PITT:

Your guess is as good as mine.

They follow after Blood.

291. CLOSE SHOT ARABELLA AND BLOOD

As he advances his course must necessarily bring him close to her. She is staring at him, waiting for him to look at her. As he nears her he does look at her but he lets not the least flicker of recognition show on his face. She is too amazed by this to show any other emotion.

The CAMERA PANS with Blood as he walks to Levasseur where we get a MED. CLOSE SHOT of them, with Cahusac and some of Blood's men in the b.g. Cahusac is plainly worried by the situation, but that Levasseur has decided to brazen it out is evident from the first.

BLOOD:

(pleasantly)

Good morning, Levasseur! I arrived late last night and put into a cove a few miles to the west. We've walked across to give you good-day but, faith, I seem to have interrupted some business of yours. Who are these people?

Cahusac tosses his hands to the sky, expecting the worst.

(CONTINUED)

291 (Cont.)

CAHUSAC:

(prognantly)

Voilà!

LEVASSEUR:

(with a pleasantness
that matches Blood's)

As you see, two prisoners.

(gesturing toward sea)

I capture the English ship.

BLOOD:

(looking seaward)

Congratulations! You put me to
shame with this fine prize, Levasseur.
I didn't so much as sight a sail.

LEVASSEUR:

The fortunes of war, my partner.

BLOOD:

(turning toward
prisoners)

And these are also the fortunes
of war?

LEVASSEUR:

Big fortunes. A titled English-
man and the niece of the Governor
of Jamaica!

BLOOD:

Really? I suppose congratulations
are again in order but --

(for the first time a
shade of menace creeps
into his voice)

-- had you forgotten there is an
article in our agreement forbidding
the taking of women prisoners?

LEVASSEUR:

That foolish article of yours.

BLOOD:

(smiling, but with
slow emphasis)

I was not aware you regarded it
so when you signed.

LEVASSEUR:

(matching his tone)

Would you care to dispute my
opinion now -- your men against mine?

He flings out an arm toward the beach.

292. PAN SHOT

beginning as a MED. SHOT of Levasseur's men on the beach; they are listening attentively. Some of them rise to lend emphasis to the argument of their Captain. The CAMERA PANS to Blood and his handful of men grouped near himself and Levasseur. He considers the difference in strength and shrugs as if to admit defeat.

BLOOD:

Not this morning, thank you.

(Levasseur grins)

As you say - a foolish article.

LEVASSEUR:

That is why these are prisoners of my own -- a matter personal.

BLOOD:

And the twenty thousand pieces of eight?

LEVASSEUR:

The ransom.

BLOOD:

That is also a personal matter?

LEVASSEUR:

It is.

BLOOD:

(to crew off scene)

And you agree to that?

293. MED. SHOT LEVASSEUR'S CREW

They are surprised, not following Blood's reasoning.

294. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD AND LEVASSEUR

LEVASSEUR:

(surprised)

Why should they not?

BLOOD:

Whatever valuables come into our possession are the joint property of all our company.

295. MED. SHOT LEVASSEUR'S CREW

They murmur to each other, surprised at their having missed such an obvious point and readily finding themselves in agreement with Blood.

296. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD AND LEVASSEUR

Blood watches Levasseur's crew keenly. He perceives the way their sentiment is awaying due to his play on their avariciousness, and for the first time relaxes, feeling he is getting the upper hand. He smiles.

But Levasseur is not to be so easily beaten.

LEVASSEUR:

Ho! Then it is I should cut them up in so many little pieces and pass them around?

This gets a roar of laughter from the men and now it is Levasseur's turn to grin, for he knows he has scored a point.

297. WIDER ANGLE PAN SHOT CENTERING ON BLOOD BUT INCLUDING SOME OF LEVASSEUR'S CREW

BLOOD:

(in good-humored
mockery)

Obviously these prisoners -- and especially the young lady -- must be kept in someone's hands for -- shall we say, 'safe-keeping'? -- but why your hands?

(indicating various
members of Levasseur's
crew)

Why shouldn't Pierre have her -- or Rock -- or Jacob -- since she is as much theirs as yours?

This evokes amused agreement from Levasseur's men. Blood walks back toward Levasseur.

BLOOD:

Or doesn't that please you? You want her for yourself, eh? Well --

He turns and seemingly for the first time takes particular notice of the prisoners. The CAMERA PANS to include Arabella and Lord Willoughby as Blood walks a few paces

(CONTINUED)

300 (Cont.)

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

Captain Blood!

He looks from one to the other.

301. MED. SHOT CENTERING ON BLOOD AND LEVASSEUR

BLOOD:

And now, my Captain, since you
covet what is our joint property
of war -- well, you may have her --
providing you are willing to buy her.

LEVASSEUR:

Buy her?

BLOOD:

At the price you have set upon her
-- twenty thousand pieces of eight.

LEVASSEUR:

The ransom is to be paid by Governor
Bishop. It is for division when
it comes!

BLOOD:

But if Governor Bishop should refuse
to pay the ransom? What then? No,
no. If you are to keep the girl
meanwhile, pay the ransom and let it
be your risk to collect it from the
Governor.

302. CLOSE SHOT A LEVASSEUR OFFICER AMONG THE CROWD

OFFICER:

That's right! It's reasonable,
that! Captain Blood is right.
It is in the articles.

303. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD AND LEVASSEUR

Levasseur has now dropped all pretense of calmness.

LEVASSEUR:

What is in the articles, you fools?
Where do you suppose I have twenty
thousand pieces of eight?

(CONTINUED)

303. (Cont.)

BLOOD:

Then let someone buy her who has.

LEVASSEUR:

Who?

BLOOD:

I!

LEVASSEUR:

You?

304. CLOSEUP ARABELLA

livid.

ARABELLA:

I don't wish to be bought by you!

305. CLOSEUP BLOOD

SHOOTING over his shoulder as he turns to look at her. For a moment he says nothing, while he remembers that other time on the dock when the tables were turned and he was reluctant as she is now. The situation is too good for him to miss. It is, to be frank, with considerable satisfaction that he replies:

BLOOD:

As someone once told a slave -- it happens that you are hardly in a position to have anything to say about it.

306. CLOSE UP ARABELLA

as she takes it - and feels as bitterly as he once did.

307. MED. SHOT GROUP

Levasseur is still open-mouthed.

LEVASSEUR:

You... you want the girl?

(CONTINUED)

307 (Cont.)

BLOOD:

Why not? And I am willing to
pay for what I want.

He draws a little leather bag from an inner pocket,
opens it, and pours something from it into the palm
of his hand.

BLOOD:

You boast a knowledge of pearls,
Cahusac. At what do you value
each of these?

INSERT: PEARLS IN BLOOD'S PALM

308. CLOSE SHOT CAHUSAC, BLOOD AND LEVASSEUR

The little Lieutenant's eyes are popping at the magnifi-
cence of the pearls. Nevertheless, he remembers to
bargain. He takes one pearl between his coarse finger
and thumb; his shrewd eyes appraise it.

CAHUSAC:

A thousand pieces each.

BLOOD:

They are worth rather more, but
very well -- here are twelve, the
three-fifths of the value of the
prize due your ship for having made
the capture. For the share due my
men, I make myself responsible.

He turns toward Levasseur's crew off scene and flings
the pearls.

309. LONG SHOT

The pearls fall in front of Levasseur's men in the sand.
They scramble after them, groping on hands and knees.

BLOOD:

And now, Wolverstone, if you
please, will you take my property
aboard my ship.

Wolverstone and the others start toward the prisoners.

LEVASSEUR:

No, you don't!

(CONTINUED)

309 (Cont.)

CAHUSAC:

Nom de Dieu, bosse! It is honorably settled.

LEVASSEUR:

It's not settled to me!

He starts after Blood who has been walking away toward the sand dunes over which he had originally appeared.

CAHUSAC:

(clinging to him)

What's a girl more or less? Don't be a fool, Captain.

Levasseur throws him aside and, drawing his sword, rushes toward Blood who is now climbing the dune.

LEVASSEUR:

(shouting)

You'll not take her while I live!

He draws back his arm to plunge in his sword.

310. MED. SHOT BLOOD AND LEVASSEUR

On the instant Blood whirls, his sword leaping from his scabbard and parrying the others thrust. The blades ring together.

BLOOD:

Then I'll take her when you're dead.

They parry and thrust.

BLOOD:

(fighting)

For two breaches in our articles, committed by you, you should be marooned. It's what I intended for you in the end. But since ye prefer it this way, ye muckrake, faith I'll be humoring you!

311. THE DUEL MASTER SCENE

(The details of this duel must, naturally, be worked out by an expert in this line. We wish to emphasize here the general nature that this fight must have. Usually duels in pictures are contests between some agile, brilliant, hero and a slow and dull-witted, even though powerful villain. Such is not the case here.

(CONTINUED)

311 (Cont.)

Here we must have a great fight between two truly great swordsmen, equally matched in quickness, brilliance, and skill. It is not a fight to the first advantage or the first spilling of blood, but a fight to the death. It is a vicious, terrific battle in which both men take a great deal of punishment before the final conclusion. In other words, the fight would be routined not after the order of other duels that have been shown in pictures, but rather after the order of some of the great rough-and-tumble encounters that have made their pictures famous -- notably, the fight in "The Spoilers". Thus, before the battle is finished, part of Blood's clothes have been cut away and he is very much marked up by Levasseur's sword.

The nature of our location will help a good deal here, for the fight will not be on the flat, but will range over the rocks and cliff-edges of the rough country.

In the end, Levasseur lies prone upon the sand, his lungs transfixed, coughing out his life.)

312. MED. SHOT CENTERING ON BLOOD

He looks across the body to Cahusac.

BLOOD:

And that, my friend, ends a partnership which never should have begun.

He motions to Wolverstone to follow with the prisoners and walks over the sand dune out of sight, followed by the others. Cahusac, nearest to the body of his late Captain, watches Blood until he is out of sight. Then he turns and looks down at the body. The men look also. There is complete and absolute silence.

CAHUSAC:

(after a pause)

Bury this trash. And henceforth you may address me as Captain.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

313. INT. BLOOD'S CABIN THE "ARABELLA" CLOSE SHOT OF A
QUANTITY OF JEWELRY AND FINERY

heaped upon a table. To this richness, Blood's hands are adding more and more. Above the scene we hear his voice -- vibrant, happy, giving vent to emotions long pent up within him.

BLOOD'S VOICE:

And to think that you are really here -- here in the cabin of this ship which I named for you! --

314. FULL SHOT

(No backgrounds needed here for windows of Blood's cabin are stained glass)

Blood is like a man drunk with happiness. He rushes about, opens chests and lockers, taking from them such quantities of valuables as could be possessed only by a prince -- or a pirate. As he does so, he keeps up an unending flow of words. To one side stand Arabella and Lord Willoughby, watching.

BLOOD:

I've dared to hope that some day you would be here and to gather these precious things to give to you! See! Ankle rings from Persia! Red slippers! Long golden chains! Purses to hang at your girdle! And this dress, Arabella; this blue dress! When I saw it I thought of your eyes and I knew it was made for you to wear!

ARABELLA:

I'll never wear it -- nor any plunder gotten by a thief and pirate!

Blood covers the distance between them in long strides.

BLOOD:

Thief and pirate?

315. CLOSE SHOT ARABELLA AND BLOOD

as he enters shot, seizes her shoulders and forces her to look at him. She does so with eyes that battle against his.

ARABELLA:

Thief and pirate!

BLOOD:

But Arabella --

ARABELLA:

I've seen your pirate ways. I've seen myself bargained for and fought over. -- A combat between jackals!

BLOOD:

I thought you understood.

ARABELLA:

You mean you thought you had bought me! I suppose I should have regarded that as a compliment; you pirates are used to taking what you want without the formality of purchase! I advise you to go back to your strumpets at Tortuga, Captain Blood -- to your ladies who are thrilled by your bold lawless ways. I only hate you and despise you!

He is, of course, by now quite as angry as she -- even more so, for this Irishman has a magnificent capacity for anger.

BLOOD:

I might've expected your thanks for what I've done this day, but -- very well, let it be so: I'm thief and pirate and I'll show you how a thief and pirate can deal. Once you bought me for ten measly pounds; now I've bought you for considerably more. The amount is of no matter. What matters is that now I own you, as you once owned me; you're mine to do with as I please!

He takes hold of her shoulders and draws her toward him. He glares down at her and she looks back at him, frightened but not flinching. He pushes her away roughly. He turns abruptly and walks out of scene and a moment later the cabin door is heard closing. He leaves her shaken. Dizzily she gropes for a chair.

316. INT. CORRIDOR MEDIUM SHOT

as Blood strides away from the cabin in which he has left Arabella on his way to the deck. At the foot of a ladder he meets a member of the crew.

PIRATE:

Captain Blood! That Lord Willoughby sends his compliments and requests that you talk to him at your earliest convenience. He's sent out by the King, himself!

BLOOD:

You can return his compliments and tell him I'm not convenient to any friend of the King and that all I'll have to say to him is 'good riddance' - and that as soon as ever I can get him to his destination.

He exits up the ladder.

317. EXT. DECK THE "ARABELLA" (STAGE - PAINTED BACKDROP)
CRANE SHOT BLOOD

still boiling with anger.

BLOOD:

(barking)

Wolverstone!

He meets Wolverstone at the foot of the ladder leading to the quarter-deck. Wolverstone notes the look on his face.

WOLVERSTONE:

What ails you, Peter?

BLOOD:

(angrily)

Lift anchor and crowd on every rag of canvas the yards will hold. We sail immediately.

WOLVERSTONE:

(surprised)

Aye, Peter.

He looks at Blood for an explanation, but Blood turns his back and hurries up the steps.

(CONTINUED)

317 (Cont.)

BLOOD:
(calling loudly)
Jeremy!

WOLVERSTONE:
(off scene)
All hands on deck!

BLOOD:
(impatiently)
Jeremy!!

318. QUARTER-DECK MED. SHOT

The state of Blood's feelings makes him think that Jeremy is taking an inconsiderately long time putting in his appearance.

BLOOD:
JEREMY!!

Pitt appears, panting.

PITT:
Coming, Peter.

BLOOD:
(relieving his feelings at the expense of Pitt)
Must you be forever napping when we are ready to sail?

PITT:
(hurt)
I was --

BLOOD:
Never mind! Set the course for Port Royal.

319. CLOSE SHOT PITT

He gasps in amazement.

PITT:
Port Royal?

320. MED. CLOSE SHOT WOLVERSTONE ON DECK

WOLVERSTONE:
(to himself in amazement)
Port Royal?!

321. MED. SHOT GROUP OF SAILORS AND BAYNES

They are pulling up the anchor under Baynes' supervision. They stop in amazement, look at each other, toward Blood.

322. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD AND PITT

Pitt is staring at Blood, as though not believing his ears.

PITT:
(frightened)
Peter -- ! The English fleet
is at Port Royal! Colonel
Bishop -- !

BLOOD:
Sweet merciful heaven! Haven't
you ears?! Set the course for
Port Royal!

He gives Pitt a rough shove out of scene.

323. MED. SHOT PITT

as he recovers from the push that has sent him sprawling. He looks at Blood queerly, as though both amazed and hurt. He walks away, looking back over his shoulder.

324. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

Already he is sorry for the way he has acted toward Pitt, but this only brings another torture to the turmoil of his feelings. He turns away and looks down toward the ship's waist.

325. LONG SHOT FROM QUARTER-DECK BLOOD IN F.G.

All activity has stopped. It seems that the whole crew is on deck and as one man, both officers and crew, are looking up at Blood, so stupendous is the import of the orders he has given.

BLOOD:

(bellowing)

Make speed there, Wolverstone!

326. CLOSE SHOT WOLVERSTONE

Automatically he turns to execute the amazing order.

WOLVERSTONE:

Make speed there.

327. MED. CLOSE SHOT GROUP AT ANCHOR

They resume work, but slowly, perplexed, beginning to get angry.

A PIRATE:

Port Royal!

DISSOLVE TO:

328. JACKMAN SHOT

This is a LONG SHOT in MINIATURE of the Arabella sailing away from us -- this SHOT to be SUPERIMPOSED over a Seventeenth Century map, to show that the boat is sailing from the Island of Virgen Madera to Port Royal. Only these two items are drawn clearly, the rest of the map being hazy.

329. INT. BLOOD'S CABIN ARABELLA AND LORD WILLOUGHBY
MASTER SCENE

They are sitting at a table, presumably at dinner. Arabella has not touched the food and Lord Willoughby has finished and is toying with some tropical fruit. We pick them up in the middle of a conversation.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

How you hate the fellow! If I were a young man, damme if I wouldn't be jealous. And you said you didn't even know him.

(CONTINUED)

329 (Cont.)

Arabella looks at him and her eyes flash for a moment before she speaks.

ARABELLA:

He was once my slave.

This is a bombshell to Lord Willoughby.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

Your slave!

(pauses)

Then you must have known him well.

ARABELLA:

(bitterly)

I did.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

He doesn't seem such a bad fellow -- for a pirate.

ARABELLA:

In those days I thought him an unfortunate gentleman who had suffered a great injustice. A mistake of my early youth, when I had illusions and thought that a manly figure bespoke a manly soul.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

I've heard his story and it's likely true enough; Chief Justice Jeffreys was a fiendish butcher.

ARABELLA:

I once believed that story too; I don't anymore. On the plantation, I did what I could to make his miserable life more bearable; and what returns I have had for my kindness! When he made his escape I was thrilled and happy; that was before I knew how he would use his freedom!

Her emotions are so disturbed that she rises and walks to the cabin window. Lord Willoughby looks after her rather queerly, his astonishment at this fiery expression tinted with amusement. He is beginning to put two and two together, and guesses the truth behind the situation. He follows her.

(CONTINUED)

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

(pleasantly)

Not to argue with you my dear but --
 how else could he have used his free-
 dom -- an escaped slave, a homeless
 convict?

ARABELLA:

(flashing)

There are lands where he could have
 found a home -- French colonies, or
 Dutch, or North America. There he
 could have followed his honest pro-
 fession.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

True. But aren't you forgetting
 that a man's bitter heart may demand
 its revenge?

ARABELLA:

That is the unforgivable thing --
 to have held his revenge above all
 else, and so have destroyed himself.
 For he has! I have seen pirates!
 I know what they are. Cruel! Evil!
 Greedy! Plundering peaceful cities,
 horribly torturing their captives,
 abusing women -- beasts out of hell,
 they are!

She walks back to the table, but doesn't sit. For a
 moment or two, Lord Willoughby says nothing, for she
 has left him rather breathless with the fierceness of
 her condemnation. Then he smiles.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

(quietly - eyes
twinkling)

Are you so much in love with him?

ARABELLA:

(offended)

In love with him!

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

To care so much what he does?

ARABELLA:

I don't care in the least what he
 does.

(CONTINUED)

329 (Cont.2)

LORD WILLOUGHBY:
Someone should - for what he is
doing now. Still, your uncle
commands the fleet at Port Royal
-- that much is fortunate.

ARABELLA:
Why? What is this about Port
Royal and my uncle?

LORD WILLOUGHBY:
He amazes me, this fellow. That's
where he means to take us.

ARABELLA:
(a sharp cry)
No. He can't!

She hurries toward him, tremendously agitated.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:
(seemingly not noticing
this)
They won't let me hear him. He is
alone on his quarter-deck -- in a
fine Irish temper I suspect. But
I learned from the pilot --

ARABELLA:
(breaking in)
Lord Willoughby! He must not!

He looks at her for an explanation. It is sometime be-
fore she continues. She is confused with cross feelings
-- At once wishing to be angry with Blood, and feeling
worried for him against her wishes. It is a battle
within herself.

ARABELLA:
(slowly and painfully)
He has no more bitter enemy in the
world. My uncle is a hard, unfor-
giving man. He lives in the hope
of one day taking and hanging
Captain Blood.
(defending herself)
Captain Blood probably doesn't know
that of course....

LORD WILLOUGHBY:
I doubt if it would make any differ-
ence if he did. He is chivalrous to
the point of idiocy!

(CONTINUED)

329 (Cont.3)

ARABELLA:

(deeply troubled)

And yet he has been what he has been
the last three years, and done what
he has done. Oh, Lord Willoughby,
help me!

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

(pauses)

I see your point, child. It is
something you will have to decide
for yourself.

(a sigh)

Life can be infernally complex.

DISSOLVE TO:

330. EXT. DECK TRUCKING SHOT GROUP NIGHT

consisting of Blood's original men -- Wolverstone,
Hagthorpe, Pitt, Baynes, Dyke, Ogile and Nuttall. As
they walk along the only sound is that of their foot-
gear on the deck. They say nothing. Their faces are
sober, serious. As they round a corner of some of the
ship's super-structure they glance up without stopping
and see....

331. QUARTER-DECK MED. LONG SHOT BLOOD
(TRUCKING FORWARD AS FROM THEIR PERSPECTIVE)

He is alone, brooding. He is standing at a side rail
looking out into the night, his back three quarters to
the men.

332. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

He hears them coming up the steps. A slight movement
of his head reveals this. Evidently he catches sight
of them out of the tail of his eye. His expression
changes scarcely at all, except that he seems to be
wondering how to meet them, knowing as he does why they
are here. He does not turn to meet them.

333. MASTER SCENE BLOOD AND MEN

They reach the head of the steps, walk over to him. He
still remains with his back to them, putting it up to

(CONTINUED)

333 (Cont.)

them to begin. This further embarrasses them -- their mission is embarrassing enough -- but nevertheless they remain serious, determined. By now they give us a definite feeling that they are a menace to Blood. The men remain silent for some time. (INTER-CUTS between them and Blood.) Finally Hagthorpe prods Wolverstone into speech.

WOLVERSTONE:

(gruff, menacing)

We've come to talk to you.

BLOOD:

(without turning)

All right.

WOLVERSTONE:

(a pause)

It's hard to lay tongue to the right words --

HAGTHORPE:

I'll lay tongue to the words! We won't sail to Jamaica! That's the words!

OGLE:

Aye!

DYKE:

Bishop's entire fleet is at Jamaica!

WOLVERSTONE:

When you risked your neck in a duel over that petticoat that was your business. But now it's our necks your risking and I say not for her or a dozen like her!

NUTTALL:

I've a great affection for my neck. I've no wish to hear it cracked by a hangman's knot!

HAGTHORPE:

(to others)

This is what comes of sailing the seas with a love-sick madman.

PITT:

We've been with you from the first, Peter. We've got the right to --

This brings Blood sharply around.

(CONTINUED)

333 (Cont.1)

BLOOD:

You, too, Jeremy?

Pitt hangs his head, abashed. For a moment there is silence.

BLOOD:

All right, lads.

He indicates that they may leave.

WOLVERSTONE:

(puzzled)

What d'ye mean, Peter?

BLOOD:

You've told me we're not sailing to Jamaica -- there's nothing more to be said.

NUTTALL:

(very cocky)

Hoo-ray for our side!

The others don't seem to share his satisfaction; they seem stunned by the unexpected turn.

BLOOD:

Good night.

He starts away.

WOLVERSTONE:

Hold on!

(Blood stops)

Where are we sailing?

BLOOD:

(mildly)

Why that's for you to tell me -- since I'm no longer running this ship.

WOLVERSTONE:

We didn't say that!

BLOOD:

Didn't you?

DYKE:

We only came in friendly protest.

BLOOD:

As Jeremy said, you've got the right. You've been with me from the first.

(CONTINUED)

333 (Cont.2)

BLOOD: (Cont.)

You've been loyal and true. You've followed me into every tight hole men can follow another.

PITT:

And you brought us out!

HAGTHORPE:

And none the poorer for it!

BLOOD:

But now there's no gold to be got.

BAYNES:

Did you think it was for gold we've followed you?

BLOOD:

I've no right to ask you to follow me in this. I see that now. The girl is my concern, not yours.

WOLVERSTONE:

(bellowing in rage)

Are we to stand by, then, and see the little twit laugh at our Captain?!

BLOOD:

There's Bishop's fleet. We might be paying a high price to keep from being laughed at.

HAGTHORPE:

We're not yet such lilly-livered scum as to be afraid of Colonel Bishop!

OGLE:

No! -- That is, not very afraid.

Nuttall, seeing which way the wind is shifting, jumps to the side of Blood and whirls on the others.

NUTTALL:

Fie on you -- desertin' our Captain! You scurvy traitors! Snakes in the grass! Judas Iscariotes! Wolves in sheep's clothing!

(aside to Blood)

I was only with them to spy on them.

(CONTINUED)

333 (Cont.3)

WOLVERSTONE:
(to Nuttall)

Hah!

Nuttall jumps behind Blood for protection.

BLOOD:

(to men)

You'd better think carefully.
Yonder lies Jamaica and straight
we sail for it.

HACTHORPE:

(in ecstasy)

And straight we sail for it!

On their chorus of "Ayes!" --

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

334. EXT. SEA THE ARABELLA AT SEA (STOCK SHOT) NIGHT

Beginning as a MEDIUM SHOT on the prow, the CAMERA PANS UPWARD to the rigging.

DISSOLVE TO:

335. CROW'S NEST MED. LONG SHOT (STOCK)

The Lookout is making an intent observation with a seaglass. He leans down toward the deck.

LOOKOUT:

(voice dubbed in)

Ahoy, below!

336. DECK MED. SHOT FROM HIGH ANGLE

WOLVERSTONE:

(as he looks up)

Ahoy!

LOOKOUT'S VOICE:

I've sighted Port Royal!

WOLVERSTONE:

Aye.

LOOKOUT'S VOICE:

There's something amiss! I see flashes of gun-fire from ships in the harbor!

From the distance a deep rumble is heard.

337. MED. SHOT SIDE ANGLE ON DECK.

It is practically deserted at this time of night, except for Wolverstone in medium foreground with Andy Baynes in the background. Wolverstone looks forward over the sea, listening, then whirls to Baynes.

WOLVERSTONE:

Andy, fetch the Captain!

Baynes speeds away.

(CONTINUED)

337 (Cont.)

WOLVERSTONE:

(calling off)

Bugler!

(as the bugler
speeds into
foreground)

All hands on deck!

The bugler blows the call.

338. INT. CABIN BUNK CLOSE SHOT ARABELLA

She is wakened by the bugle call; sits up. From above, the call is repeated. She hears the sound of running feet. Her curiosity becomes colored with a vague alarm. She gets out of bed. The CAMERA PANS with her as she goes to the cabin door.

339. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE ARABELLA'S CABIN

She opens the door in foreground, looks out to see Lord Willoughby rushing by, adjusting his clothes. He has disappeared before she can call him.

340. EXT. DECK LONG SHOT

The ship is coming to life. Men appear from all quarters.

341. PAN SHOT BLOOD, HAGTHORPE, BAYNES

as they hurry to the ship's rail.

HAGTHORPE:

I woke up dreaming of thunder. But that's gun fire, if I ever heard any.

Wolverstone and Pitt are already on the quarter-deck, the former looking seaward through a glass. Blood takes it from him, looks through it.

WOLVERSTONE:

There's a battle in progress in Port Royal harbor.

BLOOD:

(calling up to Lookout)

Ahoy, above! How many ships do you make out?

342. CLOSE SHOT LOOKOUT

LOOKOUT:

Two, sir. They are firing on the fortress. The fortress is replying.

343. MEDIUM SHOT AT RAIL

Lord Willoughby appears. Blood is busy with the sea-glass, and the others pay no attention to his Lordship.

HAGTHORPE:

It's an attack on Port Royal, then. But who?

BLOOD:

Pirate craft, perhaps. I wish I could make out their flags.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

(angry; his voice edged with sarcasm)

For days I've been trying to see you, Captain Blood, and now, if I may speak to so inaccessible a person, perhaps I can supply you the answer.

BLOOD:

You?

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

If Port Royal is attacked, they are likely French ships.

344. CLOSE SHOT LOOKOUT

LOOKOUT:

Captain Blood! In a flash of gun fire, I glimpsed a flag. I believe it was French.

345. MEDIUM SHOT AT RAIL

BLOOD:

(to Willoughby)

Why French ships?

(CONTINUED)

345 (Cont.)

LORD WILLOUGHBY:
When two countries are at war and
one is attacked, who would it be
but the enemy?

BLOOD:
England and France at war?

LORD WILLOUGHBY:
You mean you didn't know? Where
have you been the past two months?

BLOOD:
At sea. Out of touch with the world.

346. CLOSE SHOT LOOKOUT

LOOKOUT:
The fire from the fortress is
weakening. One ship is already
firing on the town.

347. MED. SHOT ON QUARTER-DECK

LORD WILLOUGHBY:
(distressed)
But where is the English fleet that
is supposed to protect the town?!

BLOOD:
Now it's my turn to supply the
answer. It's out chasing pirates.

Pitt, Wolverstone, Baynes, and Hagthorpe laugh.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:
Bishop wouldn't let his fleet leave
its post at time of war. He
wouldn't dare.

BLOOD:
Colonel Bishop is a very old -- I
may say, a very dear friend of
mine. It's probably me he's after.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:
That fool planter!

BLOOD:
And me in his own front yard!

He laughs. Pitt, Wolverstone, Baynes and Hagthorpe
join him.

(CONTINUED)

347 (Cont.)

BLOOD:
Hard-a-port with the helm, Jeremy.

PITT:
Aye.
(calling off)
Helmsman! Hard-a-port!

HELMSMAN:
(off scene)
Aye, aye, sir!

BLOOD:
Take in half the canvas, Wolf.

WOLVERSTONE:
(calling below)
(He gives the proper orders.)

348. MAIN DECK LONG SHOT

DYKE:
(calling out)
(He echoes Wolverstone's orders.)

The men spring into action to execute them. Some start aloft, with the rapid skill of true sailors. Others make for the ropes below.

349. MEDIUM SHOT A SAIL

coming down.

350. MED. SHOT ON DECK LORD WILLOUGHBY

He watches this action with some perplexity. The CAMERA PANS as he goes to Blood.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:
May I ask, Captain, what are your intentions?

BLOOD:
I set out to land you at Port Royal, your Lordship, at some risk to myself from the English fleet. Now, a stroke of luck has removed them from the picture, but

He stops suddenly, looking off scene.

351. ANOTHER ANGLE TO INCLUDE ARABELLA

Who is coming up on deck through a hatchway. As she sees Blood she stops, and for a moment they look at each other. Blood walks to her.

352. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

BLOOD:

Miss Bishop, an unlooked for circumstance prevents my landing you on your own dock as I would like, but I trust if I put you ashore on the beach nearby, that will be all right.

ARABELLA:

(rather choked with things she would like to say but can't say here)

I --

BLOOD:

Thank you.

(starts to turn away;
then turns back to her)

Only understand, a bargain is a bargain; this is your freedom for my freedom. From this moment I am no longer a slave. Now I own my own life. I am my own master again, thief and pirate though I be.

He turns away again and this time he doesn't stop.

353. EXT. QUARTER DECK MED. SHOT

As Blood and Pitt reach the quarter-deck. Lord Willoughby bounds up the steps behind and catches them. He is followed by Wolverstone -- and a moment or two later by Hagthorpe and Baynes.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

(with scorn)

Can you, an Englishman, be thinking of leaving when yonder an English town is being taken?

Blood starts away; Lord Willoughby seizes his sleeve.

(CONTINUED)

353 (Cont.)

BLOOD:

Wolverstone, clear my quarter-deck
and keep it cleared!

Wolverstone comes forward to take Lord Willoughby away.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

Take your hands off!

Blood gives Wolverstone a signal to go back.

BLOOD:

Very well, your Lordship. Myself,
I have the honor to be Irish, but
part of my crew is English. I
once, was, too, in loyalty -- but
that was long ago. Of what should
we be thinking?

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

Of the chance to fight for your
King!

BLOOD:

To fight for my King, is it?

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

Yes! The honor to fight for your
King!

BLOOD:

You hear that, lads?

(he laughs derisively;
the others also)

The honor, is it? 'Tis not a word
to use in the same breath with
him -- and furthermore, he's not
my King!

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

Then you fail to show him the same
loyalty he shows you!

BLOOD:

Loyalty, now! Honor and loyalty --
fine words to describe him!

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

He was loyal enough to send me to
seek you out! To offer you pardon
for your past crimes! Freedom from
your slavery! And more than that --
a commission in his own navy for you
and your men!

Blood stares at him.

354. DECK CLOSE SHOT NUTTALL

looking aloft. (Just a FLASH)

NUTTALL:

(eagerly)

You hear that, Chester? The King
wants us to join his navy!

355. YARDARM ALOFT CLOSE SHOT DYKE

His head goes back in a guffaw. He loses his balance,
almost falls, but manages to save himself.

356. MED. SHOT ON QUARTER-DECK CENTERING ON BLOOD AND LORD
WILLOUGHBY

Lord Willoughby has brought a document from his pocket
and is offering it to Blood.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

Read for yourself.

BLOOD:

(deliberately)

Lord Willoughby, you are a guest
aboard my ship, and I still have
some notion of decent behavior
left me from better days, so I'll
not be tellin' ye what I think of
ye for bringing me this offer.
All I'll say is, I wouldn't soil
my hands with it --

(he looks off toward
Arabella)

-- the hands of a thief and pirate
though they be.

357. MED. SHOT THE GROUP

Blood turns to his men.

BLOOD:

But this concerns you, too, my
lads. What do you say to serving
the King?

PITT:

(fiercely)

I'd like to serve him with a rope
necktie!

(CONTINUED)

357 (Cont.)

HAGTHORPE:
I'd rot in hell before I'd serve
him!

Wolverstone only spits for his answer.

BAYNES:
Your Lordship, have you ever been
a slave? I have!

He points to the scar on his cheek.

358. CLOSE SHOT LORD WILLOUGHBY

His head is erect with a fine scorn.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:
However you hate the King -- England
is still England!

359. MED. SHOT GROUP

BLOOD:
And a bad King is a bad King --
and a worse one, if he's James!

LORD WILLOUGHBY:
James?.... This commission is sent
by King William.

BLOOD:
King William? And who may be King
William? And of what may he be
King?

LORD WILLOUGHBY:
I am alluding to His Majesty, King
William the Third -- William of
Orange -- who, with Queen Mary,
has come over from The Netherlands
and has been ruling England these
past two months or more.

Blood gapes. He looks at his men who are sharing in his
wonder. Great smiles break out over their faces.

BLOOD:
Do you mean they've roused them-
selves at home and kicked out that
pimple James?

(CONTINUED)

359 (Cont.)

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

And he's fled to France and is hiding there, and therefore, England and France are at war. The English people will stand for so much, Captain Blood, but then the English people get up on their stubborn hind legs!

BLOOD:

(still hardly believing it)

And King William sent us this commission?

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

He did, as one of my missions to carry out. He knows that you are good men, wrongfully sold into slavery. He can use good men in his navy.

BLOOD:

Why didn't you tell me that in the first place?!

(calling off)

Bugler, summon the men!

360. CLOSE SHOT BUGLER

blowing a call.

361. MAIN DECK LONG SHOT HIGH ANGLE FROM BACK OF QUARTER DECK ANGLING TO MAIN DECK

as the men hurriedly assemble below Blood. They rush from everywhere -- come up from below and drop down from the rigging. Blood holds his hand up for silence and speaks to them.

BLOOD:

I've just heard a startling piece of news. King James is kicked out of England and good King William rules in his stead.

This brings some cheers from below, but the enthusiasm is by no means unanimous.

362. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

as he continues rather emotionally.

BLOOD:

For me this changes the shape of the world. For you who are slaves with me, it means we are no longer slaves, but once more have a home and country. For you who are English it means a chance to fight for your native land, for I now propose to sail into Port Royal and save it from the French. Those of you who are not English will have to be content with fighting for Captain Blood -- and for the loot you'll find on the French ships.

This brings laughter and rather more enthusiastic cheers from below.

363. MED. SHOT ON QUARTER DECK

Blood turns toward Lord Willoughby.

BLOOD:

Is that arrangement satisfactory?

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

Perfectly.

BLOOD:

(to men)

Are you willing to fight?!

364. LONG SHOT PAST BLOOD

to men. A great cheer goes up.

365. MED. SHOT ON QUARTER DECK

Blood turns to the men behind him -- Pitt, Wolverstone, and Hagthorpe.

BLOOD:

Have we an English flag on board?

(CONTINUED)

365 (Cont.)

PITT:

We've every manner of flag on board.

BLOOD:

Then will you do our masthead the honor of running up His Majesty's battle-flag.

WIPE TO:

366. MASTHEAD

By the light of a lantern we see the English battle-flag is run up. It unfolds in the breeze.

WIPE TO:

367. GUN DECK

Gunners and swabbers are putting their cannons in fettle. Others are rolling out round-shot and storing powder in the lockers behind the guns.

WIPE TO:

368. EXT. PORTION OF DECK MED. LONG SHOT GROUP OF MUSKETEERS

They are looking after their cutlasses, cleaning and loading their pistols and muskets.

WIPE TO:

369. EXT. DECKS LONG SHOT

The great nets, for catching falling spars and timbers are being lashed to above the decks.

(NOTE: Throughout these previous shots, not only a feeling of excitement prevails, but a feeling of happiness as though the men welcome the battle - relish it.)

WIPE TO:

370. EXT. PORT ROYAL HARBOR LONG SHOT MINIATURE

In the harbor the two French ships are engaging the fortress in battle. The "Arabella" is skirting close to the shore, approaching the harbor mouth.

WIPE TO:

371. TRAVEL SHOT STERN OF THE "ARABELLA" (VITAGRAPH TANK)

A ladder has been let down and a small boat is being towed alongside.

372. EXT. DECK AT LADDER PAN SHOT PITT AND ARABELLA

He is hurrying her along toward the head of the ladder.

PITT:

It's Captain Blood's orders. You're to be put ashore in the safe keeping of these men. The ship's no place for a woman in time of battle.

ARABELLA:

I want to talk to him.

PITT:

The Captain's busy.

He bundles her over the side of the ship and starts her down the ladder.

373. LONG SHOT HIGH ANGLE PAST QUARTER DECK TO WATER (VITAGRAPH TANK)

In the foreground Captain Blood is looking down on the water where Arabella's boat is being rowed away from the ship.

374. CLOSEUP BLOOD (STAGE)

As he watches Arabella's boat leaving, he realizes that he may, perhaps, never see her again and regret for the way he has kept away from her on the boat begins to conflict with the anger he has felt toward her.

375. CLOSEUP ARABELLA IN ROWBOAT (VITAGRAPH TANK)

She is looking up and off toward Blood. For her, too, this parting is a vastly disturbing thing. All the time on Captain Blood's boat her heart has been agitated with conflicting emotions: her hatred of him for what he is, and the love for him which she cannot help feel. Now she knows that he is going to fight for England, and this act has completely redeemed him to her. So -- now she is leaving him, she yearns for him. Her eyes fill with tears.

376. LONG DOLLY SHOT CAPTAIN BLOOD ON QUARTER DECK FROM ARABELLA'S PERSPECTIVE (STAGE)

Presumably the CAMERA is in the boat which is drawing away from her. His figure becomes smaller and smaller.

377. EXT. QUARTER DECK CLOSE SHOT BLOOD, LORD WILLOUGHBY AND WOLVERSTONE

as Blood turns toward them from watching Arabella's boat.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

Thank you for allowing me to remain on board, Captain Blood. I am honored to participate, even in so slight a way, in so brave a gesture.

BLOOD:

There're only two ships.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

But either is more than a match for your own. Courage is courage, but guns are guns.

WOLVERSTONE:

(rumbling)

* You've never seen a battle fought as Captain Blood fights one, have you? Then you've never seen a battle fought. But you will!

BLOOD:

(with quiet determination)

You will.

WIPE TO:

378. EXT. PORT ROYAL HARBOR MASTER SCENE THE BATTLE

(Because of the necessity to build a battle routine which can be feasibly and effectively shot, we are not making any attempt at this time to break down this battle into individual scenes. What we are after is a thrilling climax of a great sea battle - something after the general order of the battle as told in Chapter 30 of the book, with the difference that here the French force consists of two ships instead of three, and Blood's force, one ship instead of two.)

Blood sails his ship in and engages in battle with the vastly superior forces of the French. It is a brave battle but a foolhardy one. The gunfire which the "Arabella" has to withstand is terrific and she is in very bad case until a well-placed shot from one of her guns finds the powder room of one of the French ships and that ship explodes.

Now the "Arabella" has only one ship to battle but it is a good strong ship and Blood's craft is fast sinking from the many holes in her hull.

"On now, Jeremy," cries Blood. "Straight into them! Stand by there! Prepare to board! Baynes -- the grapnels! And pass the word to the gunner in the prow to fire as fast as he can load!"

The "Arabella" moves forward, straight into the withering fire of a concentrated broadside from the French ship. The ship rocks and staggers under that terrific hammering, her bulkhead in splinters, her forecastle smashed. By the time she reaches the French ship, she is sinking fast. It seems that Blood will fail when within an ace of victory, but with the forward deck already washed, the pirates hurl their grapnels across the chasm of seven or eight yards to the French ship. Of the four they throw, two reach the Frenchmen's deck and fasten there. The sturdy, experienced buccaneers all throw themselves on the chain of one of these grapnels and, heaving with all their might, they warp their ships together.

"Musketeers to the prow!" The musketeers obey with the speed of men who know that in obedience is their only hope for life. They rush forward and Blood himself leads the boarding body. With his ship literally kept afloat by the lines he has fastened onto the Frenchman, Blood takes his pirates on board the enemies' ship.

There follows a terrific hand-to-hand battle in which we inject as much thrilling closeup stuff as possible; swings, drops, falls - spectacular stunts.

(CONTINUED)

378 (Cont.)

Some comedy shots:... Nuttall hiding himself as safely as he can under a hatch cover, opening it long enough to fire with his pistol and then ducking down again; Ogle, breathing a reverent quotation from the Bible and then plopping down with his battle-ax on the enemy. At length the French call for quarter.

379. EXT. DECK CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

He looks about at the ghastly shambles of battle. His headpiece is gone, his breast-plate dented. His right sleeve is a rag hanging from his shoulder about a naked arm. He is splashed with blood mixed with the grime of powder. Lord Willoughby enters the scene.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

You've England's thanks, Captain Blood, and my admiration. Never have I seen victory so gallantly snatched from defeat.

BLOOD:

It was a good fight.

(looks at his wrecked
ship lashed to the
French)

The "Arabella's" last, I'm afraid.
But she made it a good fight.

DISSOLVE TO:

380. LONG SHOT THE TWO SHIPS

The lines connecting them are being cut away and, as the last of them are severed, the "Arabella" sinks into the bay until only the English flag, still floating on her topmast, is visible.

381. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

as he watches the ship sink. His face is a grimy mask of blood and powder stain. He waves a sort of farewell to his ship.

BLOOD:

(muttering)

The last fight, Old Girl, but it
was a good fight.

382. MEDIUM SHOT ANGLING DOWN TOWARD WATER
as it closes over the sinking ship.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

383. LONG SHOT EXT. PORT ROYAL STREET DAY

The street is rather crowded with townspeople who are hurrying toward the sea front. From somewhere bells are ringing.

384. EXT. PORT ROYAL HARBOR LONG SHOT (STOCK)

Bishop's fleet of three ships is entering the harbor.

385. EXT. MOLE LONG SHOT

The townspeople are gathering to see the fleet come in.

386. CLOSE SHOT AN ANCHOR

dropping.

387. ANOTHER ANCHOR ANOTHER ANGLE

It drops.

388. A THIRD ANCHOR A THIRD ANGLE

It drops.

389. EXT. DECK BISHOP'S SHIP MED. SHOT HIGH ANGLE

Colonel Bishop and his principal officers are preparing to go ashore. There is a ladder slung down over the ship's side and below a boat is waiting.

390. CLOSE SHOT COLONEL BISHOP AND OFFICER

as they pause to look shoreward.

COLONEL BISHOP:

Quite a crowd gathered to meet me,
Nelson -- a gala reception, egad!

(CONTINUED)

390 (Cont.)

He is dressed in his most elaborate military costume. He is conscious that he looks the hero that he feels. He flicks some imaginary dust from the breast of his coat as he walks toward the ship's ladder.

391. EXT. GOVERNOR'S MANSION MED. SHOT OF CARRIAGE

in driveway. It is drawn up before the house and attended by several of the Bishop slaves. Arabella comes out of the house in a hurry and is helped into the carriage.

ARABELLA:

(to coachman)

Hurry, Hannibal. We'll be late.

COACHMAN:

Yes'm. Fleet's in already.

CAMERA PANS as the carriage pulls rapidly down the driveway through the garden.

392. CLOSE SHOT ARABELLA IN CARRIAGE

She glances around and sees something that startles her.

ARABELLA:

(to coachman - off scene)

Stop!

The carriage is stopped as rapidly as possible. Arabella is staring toward the garden in great alarm.

ARABELLA:

Captain Blood!

393. EXT. GOVERNOR'S GARDEN MED. LONG SHOT BLOOD AND LORD WILLOUGHBY

They are standing on a garden walk where previously they have evidently been strolling and talking. They are looking toward Arabella.

394. MED. SHOT CARRIAGE

Arabella, after her first shock of surprise, has become greatly frightened. She scrambles out of the carriage, runs out of scene toward the garden.

395. MED. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD AND LORD WILLOUGHBY

Lord Willoughby glances at Blood, then off at Arabella. He realizes this is no spot for him right now.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

I'll be on the veranda.

Blood hardly nods. His eyes are on Arabella. Lord Willoughby hurries away. He is hardly out of scene when Arabella rushes in to Blood.

ARABELLA:

I thought you had gone! I -- !
You can't be here! My uncle has
just returned!

BLOOD:

Yes, I know.

ARABELLA:

You know? But what are you going
to do?

BLOOD:

Just stay here.

ARABELLA:

Oh, no, no -- it's impossible.
You mustn't stay here! He will --
he has sworn he will hang you!

BLOOD:

I doubt if he will. I've always
been bad luck for your uncle.

ARABELLA:

You can't know the threats he has
made! The dreadful, dreadful
threats I've heard him make! His
whole life is spent in searching
for you!

BLOOD:

And now he has found me.

ARABELLA:

You can still save yourself.
Please, for my sake!

BLOOD:

For your sake?

ARABELLA:

I'll hide you.....

395 (Cont.)

BLOOD:

What do you mean, for your sake?
Isn't it true that you hate me?

ARABELLA:

Hate you?

BLOOD:

Or is it that you love me?

ARABELLA:

I'll hide you and tonight when
it's dark, I'll find some way...

BLOOD:

You love me, don't you? Don't
you?

She looks at him. There is a pause before she answers.

ARABELLA:

Whom else would I love?

It is as if he is lifted on wings. He looks at her as if
he would drink in all her love at one draught.

ARABELLA:

Now will you.....?

BLOOD:

You love me!

(calling off scene)

She loves me!!!

396. VERANDA CLOSE SHOT LORD WILLOUGHBY

He smiles and waves.

397. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD AND ARABELLA

ARABELLA:

He'll be here any minute! I'll
hide you somewhere and....

BLOOD:

We'll hide together! I know just
the place.

He grabs her by the hand and hauls her at a run up the
walk toward the side veranda. Naturally, she can't
understand this.

(CONTINUED)

397 (Cont.)

ARABELLA:

(protesting)

Peter -- !

398. INT. GOVERNOR'S JUDGMENT HALL PAN SHOT

At first, CAMERA SHOOTs at the French doors to pick up Blood and Arabella as he continues to pull her, at a run, up the veranda steps and on into the room. She is, of course, half crazed with fright and completely at a loss because of his queer behavior. Blood is in ecstasy.

BLOOD:

How's this?

ARABELLA:

You must be mad! He'll come here first!

BLOOD:

Good. Oh, I forgot to tell you: The Governor and I are on the best of terms now. Yes, the very best of terms. Sometimes I think I'm the best friend he has in the world. When did you find out you loved me?

She stares at him, incredulous.

BLOOD:

A nice man, the Governor -- lets me come and go here as I please. In fact - look - he even lets me sit in his chair.

He has been moving about the room during the above, and his progress has carried him to the Governor's big desk. He plunks down in the chair behind the desk, and looks at her.

399. CLOSE SHOT OF ARABELLA

Staring at him. She gives it all up and begins to sob.

400. EXT. GOVERNOR'S DRIVEWAY MED. TRUCKING SHOT OF COLONEL BISHOP, OFFICER AND SOLDIERS

Colonel Bishop is being marched along beside the officer. There are soldiers in front of and behind them.

(CONTINUED)

400 (Cont.)

COLONEL BISHOP:

This is the damndest outrage I ever heard of. You can't arrest me!

OFFICER:

I have arrested you -- by order of His Excellency, the Governor.

BISHOP:

The Governor? You're mad! I am the Governor.

They have reached the veranda by the main entrance to the Governor's mansion.

401. MED. SHOT ANGLING TOWARD VERANDA

Beside the steps on the veranda, Lord Willoughby is seated beside a table, with a long, cool drink in his hands. Colonel Bishop is marched up the steps.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

(dryly)

You mean you were the Governor. But we've changed that in your absence. Bishop, you're broke for abandoning your post in time of war.

COLONEL BISHOP:

Who the devil are you?

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

I am Lord Willoughby, Special Emissary from His Majesty, the King.

A great change has taken place in Bishop. He is frightened.

BISHOP:

Lord -- !

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

You were informed, I think, of my coming?

BISHOP:

Yes --

(CONTINUED)

401 (Cont.)

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

(rising)

And yet you went off on some wild goose chase after a pirate, leaving your capitol at the mercy of the enemy. It's a serious matter, Colonel Bishop, as you may find. Seeing you held your office from James, it is even possible that the charge of treason might lie against you.

COLONEL BISHOP:

But your Lordship --

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

I'm not concerned to hear your reasons, man. His Excellency, the Governor, will hear you.

BISHOP:

The Governor? Who?

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

You'll find him inside. It rests entirely with him whether you are hanged or not.

Colonel Bishop gasps, then, as he somewhat recovers, a wave of anger surges over him.

COLONEL BISHOP:

This is one more item to the account of that scoundrel Blood. By God, what a reckoning there will be when we meet!

At a signal from Lord Willoughby, he is marched inside by the Officer and the Soldiers.

402. ENTRANCE HALL MED. PAN SHOT

carrying Colonel Bishop from the entrance hall to the door of the judgment hall. The soldiers remain in the doorway; the officer accompanies him as far as the door.

403. INT. JUDGMENT HALL CLOSE SHOT OF THE DOOR

Colonel Bishop opens it, starts inside, and then stops on the threshold, surprised.

404. MED. SHOT FROM HIS ANGLE

Arabella is standing by the Governor's desk. She is drying her eyes and has been laughing. The Governor is seated at the desk but his head is bent, apparently over some work, so that only the top of his periwig is to be seen.

405. MED. SHOT SHOOTING PAST BLOOD AND ARABELLA IN F.G.

to Bishop who walks toward them.

BISHOP:

Arabella, why are you here?

ARABELLA:

I've been pleading with the Governor, on your behalf, asking him to be as merciful as you would be cruel. Uncle, this is the Governor.

Blood slowly starts to raise his head.

406. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

as he raises his head to show his face. The corners of his mouth are lifted in a smile that he is trying hard to conceal.

407. CLOSEUP COLONEL BISHOP

He gasps. His jaw drops in astonishment and impotent rage.

408. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD AND ARABELLA

At the sight of Bishop's face, Blood cannot control his smile any longer.

BLOOD:

Good morning --

(he looks at Arabella -
reaches over and takes
her hand - looks back at
Bishop)

- Good morning, -- uncle --

FADE OUT.

THE END

1279
"Changes"
"CAPTAIN BLOOD"

75.
10/1/35

156. EXT. STREET AT ARCHWAY

(Note: This is the first archway on the extreme right of the Vitagraph set.)

From off scene, we hear sounds of the town being looted by the Spaniards -- men's shouts in Spanish, screams of women, and occasional musket shots. We see none of this at first, however, but only a squadron of Spanish soldiers marching by, two abreast. The space behind the archway is completely black. As the last two soldiers go by, they are suddenly seized and dragged into the archway by two figures -- so quickly, so silently, and so effectively gagged that they cannot cry out a warning. We HOLD on the black archway from which we hear some thuds and groans. After a moment or two, Blood and Hagthorpe emerge into the comparative light of the street. Blood is buckling on a Spanish sword and Hagthorpe has a musket. The CAMERA PANS with them as they sneak along the wall and disappear into the depths of the passageway.

156a. EXT. STREET AT CORNER MARKET

(Note: This is the market at the corner of the side street of the set; the one with the double archways separated by a pillar.)

Beyond these archways we see an open room dimly lit with a lantern, and beyond that in the rear, double, barred doors. These swing cautiously open and we see the group of escaped slaves crowding into the doorway there. They are led by Blood. Beside him is Hagthorpe and prominently among these is Wolverstone, who is carrying the wounded Pitt on his back.

Motioning the others to remain where they are, Blood creeps cautiously forward toward the archways.

156b. REVERSE ANGLE

as Blood creeps forward toward the arches we see beyond him a general view of the principal street of the town. We see now for the first time the activity of the Spaniards in looting the town, carrying off valuables, and carousing in a drunken fashion.

Blood reaches the archway.

10/1/35

156c. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD

as he peers around the corner of the archway. He is looking for an open road to the boat which is their objective.

156d. MED. LONG SHOT FROM BLOOD'S PERSPECTIVE

to show that the roadway is blocked with Spaniards, and centering on the wharf at which the Spanish boats are tied up, and to which other boat loads are arriving.

156e. MED. LONG SHOT SHOOTING OVER THE OTHER SLAVES' HEADS TO BLOOD AND THE STREET BEYOND

Blood ventures out of the open archway, trying to see better. Some Spaniards go by. He comes quietly and hurriedly back to the other slaves, and by gesture, indicates to them they are to exit. They do. Quickly and quietly they exit LEFT TO RIGHT, in the darkness behind the market.

156f. GATEWAY. MED. LONG SHOT

We are shooting through the gateway toward the street across which Blood and his men wish to go. The slaves enter scene LEFT TO RIGHT.

(Note: The emphasis is made on this direction of entrance, because in reality this spot is across the road from our last scene. We wish, however, to give the impression that it is on the same side of the road, and that they have approached up a back alley. This we are able to do by their leaving the previous scene and entering this scene in the same LEFT TO RIGHT DIRECTION.)

As before, Blood leads the way and the others follow at a distance. He goes quickly but silently to the open gateway to reconnoiter.

156g. EXT. STREET LONG SHOT

This is a SIDE ANGLE, shooting down the street toward the wharf which is too far away for us to distinguish which part it is. As Blood peers through the gateway, he sees that the way is clear, except for four Spanish sentinels posted near the gateway and wall. Blood withdraws.

76a.
10/1/35.

156h. REVERSE ANGLE MED. SHOT BEHIND GATEWAY

Following unmotioned, spoken directions from Blood, four of the slaves are boosted up on the wall by their companions.

156i. EXT. STREET LONG SHOT (SAME ANGLE AS SCENE 156g)

The four slaves jump on to the backs of the unsuspecting Spaniards, carry them to the ground and, aided by the others who swarm out of the gateway, are able to disarm them.

BLOOD:

This way!

He leads them across the street to the spot where a small archway is cut in the wall. He dives through this opening which is only large enough to take one man at a time, being small and partially obscured by foliage. The others follow as fast as they can but the opening is so small that they jam up the entrance. A group of Spaniards appear at the foot of the street by the wharf. One of these Spaniards, just disarmed by the slaves, cries out in Spanish for help. The Spaniards run up the street. They load their guns and commence firing on the slaves. Several of the slaves are fatally hit and fall.

156j. MED. SHOT AT SMALL ARCHWAY

Wolverstone, burdened down with Pitt, tries to get through the opening. We hear more shots from the Spaniards off scene, and see Wolverstone fall through the archway to the ground on the other side.

156k. REVERSE ANGLE MEDIUM SHOT BEHIND ARCHWAY

Blood and Hagthorpe are standing by the opening as sort of rear guard as the others hurry through, fleeing from the Spaniards. Blood and Hagthorpe help Wolverstone to his feet.

BLOOD:

Are you hit?

WOLVERSTONE:

(disgusted)

Nah -- I tripped!

(CONTINUED)

156k (Cont.)

HAGTHORPE:

(looking through opening)
They're coming!

PITT:

Leave me behind, Peter! Save yourselves!

BLOOD:

You're still out of your head.
Hagthorpe, the two of you carry him.

(Wolverstone and Hagthorpe pick Pitt up between them)

I'll be along.

PITT:

You can't stay there!

BLOOD:

(in the shadow beside opening, his sword ready)

The first Spaniard who is adventurous enough to push his head through this opening will be sorry for it, that I'll promise you.

(warning)

Shhh!

He and the others freeze.

156L. EXT STREET MED. LONG SHOT AT SMALL ARCHWAY

The Spaniards have now arrived. They quickly prod over the three or four slaves who are lying before the archway, making sure they are dead.

156m. REVERSE ANGLE CLOSE SHOT BEHIND ARCHWAY

In the f.g. we see Blood ready with his sword and beyond the archway we see the group of Spaniards. One of the Spaniards ventures close to the opening. Blood tenses himself, ready.

SPANIARD:

(in Spanish)

Shall we go after them?

(CONTINUED)

156m (Cont.)

He is about to come through the opening; Blood is about to run him through.

ANOTHER SPANIARD:

(in English)

No. Let the frightened rabbits run themselves to death.

The rest of the Spaniards derisively laugh at this humor and, then after a moment they all go away. Blood relaxes.

WIPE TO:

156n. EXT. SQUARE ARCHED ROOM OFF STREET

(Note: This is the room on the obliquely cut corner building which fronts the water and is before and to the left of the church. The room is connected to the street along the sea-side by an open square arch and is connected to the church plaza by a door. It is toward this latter doorway we are angling).

The slaves are filing quietly and quickly around the corner of the building nearest the church and through the doorway into the room beyond.

156o. INT. ROOM. MED. SHOT

With the CAMERA ANGLING out through the square archway to the wharf and water. We see the dark forms of the slaves pack themselves into the room. As before, the figure of Blood is seen to leave the group, go to the archway and peer out into the street, again being the first to step out into new territory to see if the way is clear.

157. EXT. THIS ARCHWAY LONG SHOT SIDE ANGLE

We are shooting now toward the LEFT end of the street, toward the lattice covered construction that marks the spot where previously we have seen the slaves' boat tied up. It is to this spot that Blood and his men have been trying to get. The way is clear, except for a lone Spanish soldier, who seems to be patrolling the area between our building and the lattice structure. At the moment his back is to us, and he is walking slowly away, his musket on his shoulder. This Spaniard is fully dress-

(CONTINUED)

157 (Cont.)

ed in uniform, breast-plate, and helmet.

158. PAN SHOT BLOOD

as he creeps forward quietly and in the darkness along the wall toward the Spaniard. His sword is ready to dispose of this last impediment.

Blood, having crept up behind him, is about to give him the sword in the back, when the man turns and Blood sees that it is Nuttall. Nuttall gives a yell of fright as Blood checks his thrust just in time.

NUTTALL:

It's me! It's Mr. Nuttall!

He begins frantically to strip off his Spanish disguise.

159. MED. SHOT THE OTHER SLAVES

enter the scene and crowd around.

HAGTHORPE:

You came that close to being the ex-Mr. Nuttall.

NUTTALL:

(wiping brow)

It wouldn't have been the first death I've died this day!

BLOOD:

Let's get to the boat.

They exit. Nuttall leaves the last of his Spanish clothes behind.

160. LONG SHOT REVERSE ANGLE

This is taken from a spot to the left of the latticed structure, and in the b. g. we again see the principal street of the town, with the Spaniards looting and carousing.

Blood and his men approach along the wall as quickly and quietly as possible until they are gathered in the comparative darkness beneath the lattice. The CAMERA PANS with them as they go over to the water's edge.

Changes

"CAPTAIN BLOOD"

760.

10/1/35.

161. MED. SHOT PORTION OF GROUP FEATURING NUTTALL AND BLOOD

This shot is taken from the water, and shows in the f.g. the top of the mast of the slaves' boat, the rest being sunken under the water.

As they come to the water's edge, the faces of the slaves drop in surprise and despair.

NUTTALL:

Sunk to the bottom o' the briny!

BLOOD:

And faith, it's sunk our bones with it.

For a moment they all stand looking at each other in dumb despair, then Blood glances off along the water front near to the center of town, and his face lights with a new interest.

BLOOD:

Perhaps not.

He starts to strip off his clothing, an action which produces astonishment among his fellows.

NUTTALL:

(astonished)

Taking a bath?

BLOOD:

Yes. But not for cleanliness.

(nodding toward the spot he has looked previously)

Since the Spaniards have been so thoughtless as to sink our craft, I'll go see if I can't persuade them to lend us one of theirs.

The others look off in the direction he has indicated.

162. MED. LONG SHOT FROM THEIR PERSPECTIVE GROUP OF ROW BOAT

from a Spanish ship, which are tied up on the wharf. Two sentries are on guard. They are drinking from a bottle of wine.

163. MED. SHOT BLOOD AND GROUP

As Blood, now stripped to his trousers, slips into the water.

BLOOD:

Don't stand there waiting for the whole world to catch sight of you. Slip down here into the water, and stay hid until I come back.

The slaves begin to obey him.

PETER:

(to Blood)

Take care, Peter.

Blood waves to him and starts swimming away from him to the boats. CAMERA PANS with him and remains on him for a little while as he swims, keeping in the shadow of the sea wall.

164. MED. LONG SHOT GROUP OF SLAVES

They begin to climb down into the water and cling on to the sea wall in the shadow, meanwhile looking off anxiously in the direction which Blood has taken.

Suddenly they hear men's laughter, Spanish voices and the sounds of approaching men. This comes at a time when only part of them are down in the water, and the rest, including Hagthorpe and Nuttall who are still in the precarious position of still being in full view of the bank.

164a. MED. LONG SHOT

to show that the Spaniards are approaching on a course which will take them directly over the spot where the slaves are standing.

164b. MED. SHOT CENTERING ON HAGTHORPE AND NUTTALL

All of the slaves are alarmed.

HAGTHORPE:

(whispering)

Play dead!

He and the others, except Nuttall, drop to the ground and lie sprawled, simulating death. Nuttall looks at them in astonishment. Hagthorpe looks up and pulls him toward the ground.

164c. MED. LONG SHOT

The Spanish enter scene; a group of perhaps a dozen, armed and loaded with loot and liquor. Their course takes them directly past the men. In fact, they have to step over some of them. The Spanish are gay and noisy and quite drunk. They pay little heed to where they are stepping.

164d. MED. SHOT AMONG SLAVES FEATURING NUTTALL AND HAGTHORPE

They are lying, sprawled on the ground, feigning death.

This is a very low shot, and we see only the legs of the Spaniards as they walk past. One of them steps on Nuttall and another one kicks Hagthorpe on the stomach; and these two, though their faces contort comically in pain, manage to remain silent.

From offscene the sound from the Spaniards indicates that they are going off into the distance. Then the slaves begin to sit up. Nuttall and Hagthorpe look off resentfully toward those who have trampled on them.

164e. MED. LONG SHOT SPANISH BOATS

We see the boats, perhaps a slice of town, and the sentries. Blood swims into the scene, keeping in the darkness by the sea wall.

164f. CLOSE MOVING SHOT BLOOD

He swims as quietly as he can. By the steps he reaches a piling to which some boats are tied. Keeping a sharp lookout, he begins to untie one of the boats. Suddenly he becomes alarmed at something, and submerges himself under water.

164g. MED SHOT

Now we see that what has alarmed Blood is an approaching Spanish boat, loaded with Spaniards from the ship. Because of the noise from the town, he has not heard the oar-locks until the boat is almost upon him, and he has submerged himself just in time, for the boat glides into the very same spot where he has been. The Spaniards tie the boat to the piling, get out, and go up the steps toward the town, laughing and chattering.

(CONTINUED)

76h.
10/1/35

164g (Cont.)

As soon as they have gone, we see Blood come up out of the water in the f.g., almost directly under the boat, keeping to its shadow for protection. Cautiously, he works his way to the bow of the boat, and unties it. He then begins to swim away, towing the boat after him, again keeping to the shadow of the wall. The CAMERA PANS with him until he has pulled the boat some distance away.

1279

Changes
CAPTAIN BLOOD

10/4/35

NOTE: These are three additional scenes to be added to
MR. CURTIZ' battle script. (White copy)

382c QUARTER DECK OF FRENCH SHIP #1

This is a LONG SHOT of the general activities on the ship, men firing the guns at the fort, but on the Forward Deck we see assembled a group of officers looking off towards the ARABELLA.

382pp MEDIUM SHOT TWO FRENCH SHIPS (STAGE)

QUARTER DECK OF FRENCH SHIP #2.

In the foreground we see the French Commander and some of his officers, and down below them we see the fierce fighting between the men of both ships. Immense quantities of smoke pour from the ARABELLA.

FRENCH COMMANDER:

(yelling)

Cut away that burning ship!

His officers rush down to help execute his orders, shouting commands.

382da MEDIUM SHOT ABOARD THE ARABELLA

Blood is in the bow of the ship alongside the gun with Hagthorpe. Blood sees that the French Commander has recognized that it is not a French ship and is getting ready to fire. Blood instructs Hagthorpe to open fire and gets in the first shot.

1.
10/3/35

"CAPTAIN BLOOD"

BATTLE SCENES

(Blue and Yellow Pages combined for Mr. Negulesco and Mr. Jackman to work from.)

PROCESS
CLOUDS B.G.

366. MED. SHOT MASTHEAD CAMERA ANGLING UP
TOWARD SKY

The pirate flag is lowered and the French flag takes its place. It unfolds in the breeze.

Sky backing is early morning effect.

DISSOLVE TO:

367. EXT. PORT ROYAL HARBOR LONG SHOT

This JACKMAN SHOT is the complete miniature and glass shot of Port Royal.

The action of the harbor shows that the "FRENCH SHIP #1" is still bombarding the fortress. It is partially in ruins and is replying only sporadically to the fire of the ship. "FRENCH SHIP #2" is firing on the town, its starboard side showing to us and the ship moving very slowly, only enough motion for steerage way; practically no sails set. The town shows the effect of the bombardment and as we watch, more damage is being done. The "ARABELLA" is moving toward the harbor mouth, but is not yet in a position to be seen from the "FRENCH SHIPS" for it is screened from their view by a projecting piece of land. (THE EFFECT IS STILL THAT OF EARLY MORNING AND REMAINS SO THROUGHOUT THE FOLLOWING SCENES TO THE FINISH OF THE SEQUENCE.)

DISSOLVE TO:

STRAIGHT

375. GUN DECK

Gunners and swabbers are putting their cannons in fettle. Others are rolling out round-shot and storing powder in the lockers behind the guns.

WIPE TO:

2.
10/3/35

STRAIGHT

376. EXT. PORTION OF DECK MED. LONG SHOT
GROUP OF MUSKETEERS

They are looking after cutlasses, cleaning and loading their pistols and muskets.

WIPE TO:

STRAIGHT

377. EXT. DECKS LONG SHOT

The great nets, for catching falling spars and timbers are being lashed to above the decks.

NOTE: Throughout these previous shots, not only a feeling of excitement prevails, but a feeling of happiness as though the men welcome the battle - relish it.

WIPE TO:

378. EXT. PORT ROYAL HARBOR LONG SHOT

This, like scene 367, is a complete miniature and glass shot of Port Royal.

The two "FRENCH SHIPS" are still in practically their same positions, "FRENCH SHIP #1" firing on the fortress, which is now replying with only one gun, and "FRENCH SHIP #2" firing on the town. The "ARABELLA" now clears the jut of land which has screened it from the view of the "FRENCH SHIPS". The boat into which Arabella has been put can be seen being rowed to shore. The "ARABELLA" turns and heads into the harbor toward the "FRENCH SHIPS".

379. LONG SHOT "FRENCH SHIP #2" WHICH IS FIRING ON THE TOWN.

This is a JACKMAN miniature.

PROCESS
FOREGROUND
TO BE BUILT

380. MED. SHOT QUARTER DECK OF "FRENCH SHIP #2"
(STAGE)

Amidst the smoke and the sounds of battle the French Commander #2 is looking off scene toward the town which the ship is bombarding. A subordinate officer rushes into scene, seizes hold of him and points excitedly toward the bay.

OFFICER:

A ship to starboard!

The commander turns to look.

FRENCH COMMANDER #2:

A French ship.

OFFICER:

Perhaps some friend who heard the sound of our battle is coming to give us reinforcement.

FRENCH COMMANDER #2:

(looking through
sea glasses)

We've little need of reinforcement now.

(puzzled)

I don't recognize the ship --

(shrugging off his
puzzlement)

-- but as long as she's a French ship she's welcome.

381. LONG SHOT FROM THEIR PERSPECTIVE

as Blood's boat enters harbor and approaches.

This is a JACKMAN miniature with sky backing and part of harbor entrance.

382. LONG SHOT THE THREE BOATS IN HARBOR

This is a JACKMAN miniature.

The "ARABELLA" continues a straight course coming very rapidly ahead toward "FRENCH SHIP #1" which continues to fire on the fortress. The fortress is practically demolished. "FRENCH SHIP #2" continues to fire on the town, doing great damage.

PROCESS
KEY TO BE
MADE

382a. EXT. BOW OF ARABELLA OR FORWARD DECK

SHOOTING over backs of men crouched low, and
in the distance we see - Sc. 382.

382aa. EXT. QUARTER DECK THE ARABELLA MED. SHOT

Blood, Wolverstone and Lord Willoughby are
standing at the rail staring ahead tensely.
Blood is fastening on some battle armor.

BLOOD:

Wolf, is she carrying all the
canvas she'll hold?

WOLVERSTONE:

Every rag, Sir.

382b. LONG SHOT "FRENCH SHIP #1"

JACKMAN miniature.

Its position is still before the fort which
is now in ruins.

PROCESS
SAME AS 380
CONTINUATION

382a. MED. SHOT A GROUP OF FRENCH OFFICERS
INCLUDING FRENCH COMMANDER #1

JACKMAN - (Miniature Arabella approaching
for process.) They are looking toward the
approaching "ARABELLA".

FRENCH COMMANDER #1:

There's something queer about
that ship. I don't trust it.

WHERE THE ARABELLA IS APPROACHING THE
"FRENCH SHIP #1", WHICH IS FIRING ON THE
FORT, BLOOD SEES THAT THE FRENCH COMMANDER
HAS RECOGNIZED THAT IT IS NOT A FRENCH SHIP
AND IS GETTING READY TO FIRE. BLOOD BEATS
HIM TO IT AND GETS IN THE FIRST SHOT.

382e. LONG SHOT THE THREE SHIPS

This is a JACKMAN miniature.

The "ARABELLA" is approaching "FRENCH SHIP #1" while "FRENCH SHIP #2" continues to fire on the town. The "ARABELLA" is very near to the first "FRENCH SHIP".

PROCESS
CLOUDS

382f. TOP MAST "ARABELLA" CLOSE SHOT (STAGE)

The French flag is pulled down and an English flag is pulled up in its place.

SAME AS 380
DIFFERENT F.G.

382h. EXT. PORTION DECK OF "FRENCH SHIP #1"

The French, partly caught off guard, look off toward the "ARABELLA" and frantically rush for their port guns.

382j. LONG SHOT THE THREE SHIPS

JACKMAN miniature.

The "ARABELLA" glides slowly abreast the "FRENCH SHIP", lets loose a broadside. The "FRENCH SHIP" is not able to reply with any degree of efficiency. The "ARABELLA" and "FRENCH SHIP #1" crash together and lock in battle.

PROCESS
CROSS KEYS TO BE
MADE FOR LONGER
SHOTS - USE
DIVINE LADY KEYS
FOR CLOSER SHOTS

382L. SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS (STAGE)

of the cannons firing and the resultant damage done between the "ARABELLA" and "FRENCH SHIP #1".

382r. LONG SHOT THE THREE SHIPS

This is a JACKMAN miniature.

"FRENCH SHIP #1", now completely burning, drives away from the "ARABELLA" in the direction of the harbor entrance. The "ARABELLA" continues to fire on this ship. "FRENCH SHIP #2" under way toward the "ARABELLA".

382rr. MED. SHOT HAGTHORPE FIRING AT GUN

JACKMAN - Sc. 382r to be used as key.

382u. LONG SHOT THE THREE SHIPS

This is a JACKMAN miniature.

The burning "FRENCH SHIP #1" is drifting far out to the harbor entrance. The "ARABELLA" swings into a course that will take her to the "FRENCH SHIP #2" which is now coming with sails full set toward the "ARABELLA". Their course is such that they will meet near the middle of the harbor. As they draw near to each other their bow guns begin to fire. Suddenly there is a terrific explosion as the fire reaches the powder magazine of "FRENCH SHIP #1". She is blown to pieces.

COMBINATION 382v.
PROCESS
AND
STRAIGHT

EXT. DECK "ARABELLA" AT RAIL (STAGE)
LONG SHOT

JACKMAN - with blown boat sinking in b.g.

At time "ARABELLA" catches fire "FRENCH BOAT #2" is approaching.

Having heard the explosion all of Blood's crew and officers turn to sea. There is a rush for vantage points from which to see better. A mighty cheer goes up but this immediately changes to yells of consternation as a shower of burning timbers propelled from the "FRENCH SHIP" by the force of the explosion rains down upon the deck of the "ARABELLA". Immediately the "ARABELLA" is set on fire from bow to stern. There is some frantic rushing about.

382w. LONG SHOT "ARABELLA"

JACKMAN miniature.

to show how completely the "ARABELLA" is afire. Portions of her sails and riggings as well as deck timbers are burning.

382aa(a). LONG SHOT "ARABELLA" AND "FRENCH SHIP #2"

JACKMAN miniature.

The "ARABELLA" afire, and the "FRENCH SHIP" drawn close to one another, their cannons firing. We see damage done to the masts, sails and rigging of both ships.

382bb. MED. LONG SHOT "FRENCH SHIP #2"

JACKMAN miniature.

It fires a broadside.

STAGE 1-
VITAGRAPH
STRAIGHT
USE FOR CANNONS
AND DOUBLE SET
FOR BELOW WATER
LINE

382cc. INT. CREW'S QUARTERS "ARABELLA" FULL SHOT
(STAGE)

This is below the water line. The holes just made by the cannon balls from the "FRENCH SHIP" permit great quantities of water to rush in. As we watch, several other holes are made.

382ccc. JACKMAN PROCESS

Breakaway wall of ship, through which we afterwards see key through the hole of ship firing at us. Keys to be shot showing hits on the miniatures - to which we add f.g. of men firing cannons.

COMBINATION 382ee.
STRAIGHT
AND
PROCESS
BLUE PROCESS

SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS (STAGE)

to show guns firing -- both "FRENCH" and "ENGLISH" and to also show the resultant damage to portions of the ships and to the men.

PROCESS
READY

382ff. MED. LONG SHOT "FRENCH SHIP #2"

One of its masts severed by a cannon ball crashes to the deck.

This is a JACKMAN SHOT with STOCK b.g. and f.g. action to be put in.

8.
10/3/35

STRAIGHT 382gg.
AND
PROCESS -
PROCESS READY

TWO SCENES
DECK OF "FRENCH SHIP #2" MED. SHOT (STAGE)

to show some of the French crew caught and crushed beneath the falling mast.

STRAIGHT 382hh.

SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS (STAGE)

Musketeers fire both "ENGLISH" and "FRENCH".

These shots should be taken not only from the decks but from all portions of the ship -- rigging, etc., -- and are to be used for intercutting.

COMBINATION 382ii.
STRAIGHT
AND
PROCESS

CLOSE SHOT (STAGE) TRICK FALLS

as killed and wounded men drop from the rigging on to the decks. These shots are also to be used for intercutting.

PROCESS
WITH
PRINCIPALS.
CURTIZ
TRANSFER TO
WHITE SHEET

382mm.

SERIES OF JACKMAN SHOTS OF THE BATTLE

These are the shots built up from the "Divine Lady" stock shots with f.g. pieces and action added.

Mr. Jackman already has a number of these planned out in detail and the sketches can be seen.

These are not intended to run in succession but are to be intercut with

HOLD two direct hits in keys for Kibbee -- also two for Blood in duel.

COMBINATION 382oo.
STRAIGHT
AND
PROCESS
SOME PROCESS
READY

STUNT SHOTS (STAGE)

Part of these should be spectacular falls and part should be spectacular swings showing members of Blood's crew swinging out on ropes from the rigging of the "ARABELLA" to the rigging on the deck of the "FRENCH SHIP".

382tt. LONG SHOT THE TWO SHIPS

JACKMAN miniature.

This shows the "ARABELLA", now a burning inferno, drifting away from the "FRENCH SHIP". There is a great deal of smoke which obscures the hand to hand fighting now taking place on the "FRENCH SHIP".

PROCESS

382uu. SEVERAL JACKMAN SHOTS THE BATTLE

These, again, are to be built from the "Divine Lady" stock shots with f.g. pieces and action.

As before, these are not intended to be cut together, but rather to be intercut with INTIMATE SHOTS as follows

STRAIGHT

382vv. CLOSER ANGLES OF FIGHTING (STAGE)

These are to be general shots of the fighting -- general confusion -- odd angles -- to be used merely for convenience in cutting.

They are to be intercut with INTIMATE SHOTS of the members of Blood's original crew as follows

STRAIGHT

382bbb. INSERT: PORTION OF MAST AND FLAG ROPES (STAGE)

A sword severs the rope.

PROCESS

382ccc(a). MED. CLOSE SHOT ATOP THE MAST
THE FRENCH FLAG (STAGE)

With the ropes severed the flag flutters down off scene.

DISSOLVE TO

382ggg. MED. LONG SHOT "THE ARABELLA"

This is a JACKMAN miniature.

The ship, now only a burning hulk, is
handing to sink

10.
10/3/35

382111. MED. LONG SHOT THE "ARABELLA"

This is a JACKMAN miniature showing the
"ARABELLA" sinking.

382kkk. MED. LONG SHOT THE "ARABELLA" FROM A HIGH
ANGLE

This is a JACKMAN SHOT.

The "ARABELLA" sinks beneath the water. The
"ENGLISH" flag is the last thing to disappear.

FADE OUT.

BATTLE SCENES

For

"CAPTAIN BLOOD"

NOTE: THIS IS THE BATTLE SEQUENCE THAT MR. CURTIZ
WILL DIRECT.

365 (Cont.)

HAGTHORPE:

We've every manner of flag on
board including a pair of ladies
purple bloomers.

BLOOD:

Jeremy, will you --

Jeremy has already started.

BLOOD:

No wait.

Jeremy stops.

BLOOD:

When an English Lion creeps up
on a nest of French Foxes he
does well to wear a bushy tail.
Put up a French flag, Jeremy.

JEREMY:

(grinning)

Aye, aye, Sir.

He hurries out of scene.

DISSOLVE TO:

267 (Cont.)

It is screened from their view by a projecting piece of
land. (THE EFFECT IS STILL THAT OF EARLY MORNING AND
REMAINS SO THROUGHOUT THE FOLLOWING SCENES TO THE
FINISH OF THE SEQUENCE.)

DISSOLVE TO:

268. TRAVEL SHOT STERN OF THE "ARABELLA" (VITAGRAPH TANK)

A ladder has been let down and a small boat is being
towed alongside.

369. EXT. DECK AT LADDER PAN SHOT PITT AND ARABELLA

He is hurrying her along toward the head of the ladder.

PITT:

It's Captain Blood's orders. You're to be put ashore in the safe keeping of these men. The ship's no place for a woman in the time of battle.

ARABELLA:

I want to talk to him.

PITT:

The Captain's busy.

He bundles her over the side of the ship and starts her down the ladder.

370. LONG SHOT HIGH ANGLE PAST QUARTER DECK TO WATER
"VITAGRAPH TANK"

In the f.g. Captain Blood is looking down on the water where Arabella's boat is being rowed away from the ship.

371. CLOSEUP BLOOD (STAGE)

As he watches Arabella's boat leaving, he realizes that he may, perhaps, never see her again and regret for the way he has kept away from her on the boat begins to conflict with the anger he has felt toward her.

372. CLOSEUP ARABELLA IN ROWBOAT (VITAGRAPH TANK)

She is looking up and off toward Blood. For her, too, this parting is a vastly disturbing thing. All the time on Captain Blood's boat her heart has been agitated with conflicting emotions: her hatred of him for what he is, and the love for him which she cannot help feel. Now she knows that he is going to fight for England, and this act has completely redeemed him to her. So -- Now she is leaving him, she yearns for him. Her eyes fill with tears.

373. LONG DOLLY SHOT CAPTAIN BLOOD ON QUARTER DECK
FROM ARABELLA'S PERSPECTIVE (STAGE)

Presumably the CAMERA is in the boat which is drawing away from her. His figure becomes smaller and smaller.

374. EXT. QUARTER DECK CLOSE SHOT BLOOD, LORD WILLOUGHBY
AND WOLVERSTONE

as Blood turns toward them from watching Arabella's boat.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

Thank you for allowing me to remain
on board, Captain Blood. I am
honored to participate, even in so
slight a way, in so brave a gesture.

BLOOD:

There are only two ships.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

But either is more than a match for
your own. Courage is courage, but
guns are guns.

HATHORPE:

(rumbling)

You've never seen a battle fought as
Captain Blood fights one, have you?
Then you've never seen a battle
fought. But you will!

BLOOD:

(with quiet determination)

You will.

WIPE TO:

380.

OFFICER:

Perhaps some friend who heard
the sound of our battle is
coming to give us reinforcement.

FRENCH COMMANDER #TWO:

(looking through sea glasses)

We've little need of reinforcement now.

(puzzled)

I don't recognize the ship --

(shrugging off his
puzzlement)

-- but as long as she's a French
ship she's welcome.

382aa. EXT. QUARTER DECK THE ARABELLA MED. SHOT

Blood, Wolverstone and Lord Willoughby are standing at the rail staring ahead tensely. Blood is fastening on some battle armor.

BLOOD:

Wolf, is she carrying all the canvas she'll hold?

WOLVERSTONE:

Every rag, Sir.

BLOOD:

Good. If we can only get on them before they discover the trick.

(to Pitt)

Jeremy! Run to Hantroppe. Tell him to fetch all the hot coals from the galley in tubs -- put them at the guns --

PITT:

Hot coals for -- ?

BLOOD:

No questions! Run!

Jeremy runs down the steps.

382g. FULL SHOT "ARABELLA" (STAGE)

Blood's men who have been hiding behind the bulwarks, rush to their battle position as a bugle calls.

382k. EXT. DECK "FRENCH SHIP #TWO" LONG SHOT (STAGE)

The crew of the ship, urged on by frantic commands (IN FRENCH) from the Commander in the b.g., is trying to get the sails of the ship aloft in order to get the ship under way.

382i. LONG SHOT "ARABELLA" AND "FRENCH SHIP #ONE" (STOCK)

as the "ARABELLA" approaches the stern of the "FRENCH SHIP" and the firing commences.

382m. QUARTER DECK THE "ARABELLA" (STAGE)
CLOSE SHOT BLOOD FROM LOW ANGLE

as he leans over the rail and shouts below.

BLOOD:

(shouting)

Hagthorpe! The hot galley broadside!

382n. PAN SHOT BEGINNING AS A CLOSE SHOT (STAGE)
HAGTHORPE FROM HIGH ANGLE

He is looking up toward the quarter deck.

HAGTHORPE:

Aye, aye, Peter!

CAMERA PANS with him as he rushes to gun on starboard side forming a MEDIUM SHOT there. At the gun a crew is ready, and beside the gun sits a tub of hot coals.

HAGTHORPE:

Load her, lads!

Members of the crew shove the coals into the mouth of the cannon. Hagthorpe aims his gun, fires it.

382o. "ARABELLA" DECK MED. SHOT ROW OF STARBOARD GUNS
(STAGE)

The tub of coals has already been carried to the next gun which is finished loading by the time Hagthorpe has fired the first gun. Hagthorpe rushes to the second gun and fires it. By this time the third is being readied with the coals.

382p. FULL SHOT ABOARD "FRENCH SHIP #ONE" (STAGE)

The coals from the "ARABELLA" starboard guns are falling in the rigging and on the deck. The ship is already afire. Burning pieces of sail fall down from above. The Frenchmen desert their guns and in a panic are trying to put out the fire.

382q. LONG SHOT "ARABELLA" AND "FRENCH SHIP #ONE"
FROM THE DECKS OF THE "ARABELLA" (STAGE)

In the f.g. Hagthorpe continues to fire the guns loaded with coals. In the b.g. the "FRENCH SHIP" can be seen upon which the fire is now raging.

382rr. MED. SHOT HAGTHORPE FIRING AT GUN
(JACKMAN - 382r. to be used as KEY)

382s. "FRENCH SHIP #ONE" MED. LONG SHOT (STAGE)

The fire is now completely out of control. The Frenchmen are wild trying to put the fire out with tubs of water but it is hopeless. Many of them jump off the sides of the ship. We hear the screams of burning men.

382t. LONG SHOT "ARABELLA" AND "FRENCH SHIP #ONE" TAKEN
FROM THE QUARTER DECK OF THE "ARABELLA"

In the f.g. we see the group we saw before, Blood, Wolverstone and Pitt with the Bugler and Lord Willoughby to one side. They are looking toward the burning ship.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

A splendid piece of strategy, Captain Blood. That's one ship neatly disposed of.

BLOOD:

Here comes the other.

(they turn to look)

Jeremy! Helm quarter to port!

PITT:

(calling)

Helm quarter to port!

BLOOD:

Man the starboard guns!

The bugler blows a call.

382vv. EXT. DECK OF "ARABELLA" (STAGE)

A mighty cheer goes up but this immediately changes to yells of consternation as a shower of burning timbers propelled from the "FRENCH SHIP" by the force of the explosion rains down upon the deck of the "ARABELLA". Immediately the "ARABELLA" is set on fire from bow to stern. There is some frantic rushing about.

382x. EXT. DECK "ARABELLA" MED. PAN SHOT BAYNES (STAGE)
as he rushes up the steps to Blood.

BAYNES:
(seizing Blood)
Peter! We're afire from bow to
stern! It's out of control!
What shall we do?

382y. CLOSE SHOT BLOOD AND BAYNES (STAGE)
Just the two heads with smoke and noise.

BLOOD:
Do? We'll board a ship that's
not on fire.

382z. MED. SHOT GROUP ON QUARTER DECK (STAGE)
Blood whirls away from Baynes to Pitt.

BLOOD:
(to Pitt)
Jeremy, take the helm yourself.
Straight into them!

PITT:
Aye, Peter.

He exits hurriedly.

WOLVERSTONE:
We'll never make it.

BLOOD:
Musketeers to prow! Grappling
hooks to port!
(to Baynes)
Pass on the word to the bow gunners
to fire as fast as they can load!

Baynes rushes away. Wolverstone, cupping his hands to
his mouth, bellows a repetition of Blood's orders to the
deck below. The bugler blows rapid calls.

382dd. LONG SHOT "FRENCH SHIP #TWO" AND THE "ARABELLA"
FROM QUARTER DECK OF "ARABELLA" (STAGE)

(For this scene and the rest of the battle, we reverse the two ships on our stage. The half ship becomes Blood's ship and the full ship becomes the "FRENCH SHIP". The reason for this is, that the majority of the battle takes place on the "FRENCH SHIP" and we need a complete ship for this.)

The "ARABELLA" is now sliding in toward "FRENCH SHIP #TWO". The cannons are firing and there is also musketry firing between the two ships. The same group still remains on the quarter deck of the "ARABELLA" that we have seen before.

PETT:

(excitedly)

We're sinking! We'll never make it!

BLOOD:

(bellowing between
cupped hands)

Grappling hooks stand by!

The Bugler blows a call.

382jj. LONG SHOT PORTION OF "ARABELLA" AND "FRENCH SHIP #TWO"
(STAGE)

They are now moving on to each other about to crash, but before they do, we see some of Blood's men swing out from the rigging and drop on to the "FRENCH" deck in a desperate maneuver to attach the grappling hooks. As soon as these grappling hooks are attached, several of Blood's men hold on the lines to help pull the ships together. The ships meet with a crash.

382kk. CLOSE SHOT (STAGE)

To build up the above action, especially the trick swings and also the desperate way in which Blood's men hold on the lines.

382ll. LONG SHOT THE TWO SHIPS (STAGE)

Through the quantities of smoke pouring from the "ARABELLA" we see Blood rush through his men yelling and beckoning them to follow him.

(CONTINUED)

382ll (Cont.)

BLOOD:

Over we go, lads!

He leads the attack on the "FRENCH SHIP" and all his men spring after him in an attempt to board. The fighting now becomes hand to hand with swords, cutlasses and musket butts. We HOLD on this for some time to see that the battle is at first a very even one.

382nn. DETAIL SHOTS OF FIGHTING (STAGE)

These are CLOSE SHOTS from a variety of angles to show Blood and other members of his crew, that we know, fiercely fighting with the French, trying to force their way on to the "FRENCH SHIP".

These are to be intercut with.....

382qq. MED. CLOSE SHOT BETWEEN TWO SHIPS DOWN ANGLE (STAGE)

We are in the midst of the fighting but the shot centers on the ropes holding the two ships together. Still the fighting continues. The French crew hacks away at these ropes, cutting them one after another.

382rr. MED. LONG SHOT THE TWO SHIPS (STAGE)

This is from a very low angle, the CAMERA to be buried beneath the floor of the stage so that we shoot up and along the sides of the two ships. Beneath us we see the fighting raging and we see the ropes being hacked away by the French; we also see bursts of fire from the burning "ARABELLA" and the smoke is very thick. Blood's men swoop over the sides of the ship on to the deck of the "FRENCH" ship. The last of them getting over just as the "ARABELLA" now completely cut away, begins to drift away.

(This can be a very spectacular shot and should be planned out very carefully.)

382ss. LONG SHOT THE TWO SHIPS (STAGE)

to show the general fighting now taking place on the decks of the "FRENCH" ship as the burning "ARABELLA" moves further away.

382ww. THE NUTTALL COMEDY ROUTINE (STAGE)

This is to be done in three separate cuts.....

- (1) Nuttall has taken refuge in a hatch cover. He suddenly pops up like a jumping jack, lifting the lid with his head and fires a shot, then as suddenly pops back into his hole again. The lid closes after him.
- (2) A repeat of this action.
- (3) The pay-off gag. Nuttall pops up as before, sticks his head out again to fire. At that moment, Hagthorpe runs by, trips on the gun and falls sprawling. Not knowing who it is, Hagthorpe turns to fire at him, but Nuttall disappears into his hole. Before Hagthorpe can do any more about it he is engaged by a Frenchman.

382xx. THE OGLE ROUTINE (STAGE)

For this we should get several shots of Ogle fighting and each time knocking out a Frenchman with the butt of his musket. After each of these we come to a CLOSEUP of Nuttall. He looks toward Heaven and in his solemn pious way "utters a quotation from the Bible". The following or some quotation that might prove funny.....

OGLE:

(piously)

"Dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return." Genesis, 3rd chapter, 19th verse.

OGLE:

(piously)

"Love thy neighbor as thyself." Leviticus, 19th chapter, 18th verse.

OGLE:

(piously)

"The Philistine be upon thee, Sampson." Judges, 16th chapter, 19th verse.

382yy. THE NET BUSINESS (STAGE)

A group of Frenchmen have formed themselves into a tight semi-circle to protect the companionway leading to the quarter deck. They have muskets, pistols and swords, and Blood's men are unable to gain access to the quarter deck. Directly above the group of Frenchmen is suspended one of the nets used as a protection against falling spars. We see Hagthorpe, and Baynes severing the ropes supporting this net with their cutlasses. The net falls on to the Frenchmen, imprisoning them. Hagthorpe and Baynes seize hold of the ends of the net and pull the Frenchmen to one side like fishermen hauling in a catch.

382zz. MED. SHOT WOLVERSTONE (STAGE)

His sword breaks and his pistol is empty. The Frenchmen are closing in on him. He seizes a big piece of lumber, and using his tremendous strength he swings it in a semi-circle like a great cudgel, knocking the Frenchmen right and left.

382aaa. DETAIL OF SHOTS OF BLOOD IN THE FIGHT (STAGE)

We should show at least three CUTS of his heroism in the battle as follows:

1. A MEDIUM SHOT showing him in the thick of the fight taking care of more than his share of the enemy.
2. In a MEDIUM SHOT we see Pitt wounded, his back against a cabin wall trying to fight off three Frenchmen. Blood drops down from above and rescues Pitt. They exit fighting side by side.
3. We see Blood mount the steps to the quarter deck and engage the French Commander #2 in a short spectacular hand to hand fight and disarming him. THIS SHOULD BE THE FINAL SHOT OF THE BATTLE - from which we -

DISSOLVE TO:

382ddd.LONG SHOT "FRENCH SHIP #2" (STAGE)

The fight is over. Blood's men are disarming the Frenchmen. The deck is strewn with wounded, dead, blood and wreckage.

DISSOLVE TO:

382eee.QUARTER DECK "FRENCH SHIP #2" MED. SHOT (STAGE)

On one side are lined up Blood, backed by Lord Willoughby, and Blood's officers. On the other side is the French Commander and his few remaining officers. The French Commander has his sword in hand. He steps forward to Blood.

382fff.CLOSE SHOT BLOOD AND FRENCH COMMANDER #2 (STAGE)

FRENCH COMMANDER:

Here is my sword, sir, in token of your victory.

BLOOD:

(quietly)

You may keep your sword.

FRENCH COMMANDER:

(surprised and touched)

You are very generous.

He turns and exits. Blood turns also and walks in the opposite direction past his officers to the rail of the quarter deck, THE CAMERA PANS. He looks off scene.

382hhh.EXT. QUARTER DECK GROUP ABOUT BLOOD (STAGE)

They are looking off toward the "ARABELLA" now. Blood's headpiece is gone, his breast plate dented, his right sleeve is a rag hanging from his shoulder about a naked arm. His face is black with powder grime. Lord Willoughby steps up beside him.

LORD WILLOUGHBY:

You've England's thanks and my admiration. Never have I seen victory so gallantly snatched from defeat.

(CONTINUED)

382hhh (Cont.)

BLOOD:

(quietly)

It was a good fight.

(he looks off toward
his ship)

The Arabella's last fight.

382jjj.MED. SHOT BLOOD (PROCESS JACKMAN SHOT) SCENE OF
"ARABELLA" SINKING IN B.G.as he watches the ship go down. He waves a farewell
salute to his ship.

BLOOD:

(muttering)

The last fight, old girl, but
it was a good fight.