

" T H E P I R A T E M O V I E "

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Adapted from Gilbert and Sullivan's

The Pirates of Penzance

Shooting Script based on
Screenplay by Trevor Farrant
Dated 28th September, 1981.

NO.

1. EXT. WHARFSIDE IN CITY. POLLY WOODSIDE,
MELBOURNE. DAY.

1.

ESTABLISHING SHOT. "The Avenger", a beautiful old three masted brigantine, is anchored at the wharf. It has been restored as a visitors museum and today is "PIRATE DAY". The shop flies the "Jolly Roger" and the crew stand around and amuse teenagers and visitors with their stories and antics.

MUSIC is overlaid - a pounding contemporary version of our title VICTORY SONG.

With a yo-ho-ho
 And a yo-ho-ho
 We are the pirates!
 We are the pirates!

CLOSE ANGLE on a super-powerful cassette player, swinging along in a young suntanned hand.

Out on the ocean wave
 We instill fear and loathing
 (Loathing -- we are very loathed) --

From the waist down, we see a tight group of a dozen lovely brown legs and bikini bottoms sashaying along the boardwalk.

Behind them, a pair of cute brown feet and baggy jeans scurries to keep up with them. We follow their progress along the pier.

Marauders with shiny swords
 And very fancy clothing
 (Clothing -- we are very well clothed) --

The feet come to a halt. The toes keep tapping.

Global supremacy is what we gun for -
 We raise our flag and watch the cowards run!

1. cont.

1. cont

ANGLE ON MABEL: a funny girl, vulnerable and awkward. She wears glasses and a sloppy T-shirt, her hair is a mess, no makeup. We feel she could be pretty if she tried, but she's the kind of girl who lacks confidence in herself and compensates by clowning.

Her POV on the "Avenger". Her attractive friends are disappearing up a gangway onto the deck. She buys an icecream from the "31 FLAVOURS MAN" (Bill Kerr) and scampers after them.

NOTE: All the CHARACTERS who appear in our main story will be seen in some guise in Scenes 1 to 3.

2. EXT. DECK. POLLY WOODSIDE, MELBOURNE. DAY

2.

Dressed in traditional Caribbean pirate rig, CHRIS & TED are just finishing a mock sword fight exhibition. There's a resemblance between the boy and the older man, both barechested, muscular and handsome. They bow formally to a scattering of applause from the watching crowd.

TED

---of course, real pirates simply
stabbed each other in the back.

Polite laughter. He flexes his swordpoint and snaps it at the hilt.

Mabel and her friends are in the crowd, watching Chris dreamily. Beside them, a small CHILD clutches a stuffed Pink Panther. The girls linger as the throng disperses. Chris approaches them, coming on.

CHRIS

Ladies ... anyone want to learn
the art of swordsmanship from a
master of cut-and-thrust, lunge-and-
parry, in and out?

2. cont.

2. cont.

The girls giggle. A hand between the shoulder blades shoves Mabel forward. She stands there, exposed and uncomfortable.

GIRL 1
She'll do it --

GIRL 2
-- she made us come and see you!

Mabel scowls ferociously at them. Chris inspects her and pulls a face.

CHRIS
Not bad.
(shrugs)
Guess you'll have to do. What's your name?

GIRLS
Mabel!

CHRIS
(mimes)
Mabel?
(what a hokey name)

Mabel squirms. This is embarrassing enough, without the boy she adores finding out she's got a dumb name.

Chris hands her a sword. She all but drops it and strikes a comic duelling pose. Her icecream falls out of the cone.

MABEL
Ole.

CHRIS
It's not ole, it's touche, meaning --

He puts his arm about Mabel's waist, gazing deeply into her eyes, teasing her. He knows his effect on girls.

2. cont.

2. cont.

CHRIS (cont.)
(as his fingers touch hers)
-- touch

Mabel swallows hard.

CHRIS (cont.)
(to the girls)
Now ... less than a hundred years ago
pirates used to operate around here,
raping and pillaging --

MABEL
(aside, to herself)
God, I'd hate to be pillaged.

CHRIS
(a sharp look)
-- and killing. Note the footwork.

He engages Mabel's limp sword.

CHRIS
(with appropriate action)
I feint -- so -- lunge -- so -- and --
(looking her in the eye)
--my point penetrates you.

Mabel drops her sword with a clatter.

The girls applaud and flock around Chris. Mabel
turns to go, humiliated.

CHRIS (cont.)
Hey, Myrtle --

MABEL
Mabel, OK?

CHRIS
Mabel. Sorry. Listen, I'm taking my
boat across to Pirate Island later --
a bit of skindiving, searching for
treasure -- want to come?

2. cont.

2. cont.

MABEL
You're kidding.

CHRIS
No. It's a great boat. Bunks and everything.

MABEL
OK.

CHRIS
Great! Hey, why don't you bring a couple of your friends?

Mabel's face falls. She knows she's been used.

MABEL
Sure. Sure ...

CUT TO:

3. EXT. YACHT MOORING. MARINA. SYDNEY. DAY

3.

(An attractive marina with city background).

All the prettier girls are swarming over Chris' tiny motor yacht (the 'Virgo') -- no sign of Mabel. Chris stows his scuba gear. He seems harassed.

CHRIS
(to girls)
All of you? _

GIRL 1 (EDITH)
She said all of us

A girl is at the controls, idling the motor. Suddenly she revs it.

3. cont.

3. cont.

CHRIS
 Hey, hold it steady, huh?
 (he checks his diver's watch)
 Where is she?

Two of the GIRLS (KATE & ISABEL) shrug and put their arms through CHRIS'.

4. EXT. McDONALD'S. SYDNEY SUBURB. DAY.

4.

Mabel comes out of the fast food shop trying to balance ten Big Macs and her cassette player. She just exits frame without the lot falling.

5. RESUME YACHT MARINA. SYDNEY. DAY

5.

The GIRLS are flirting with CHRIS and playing around with all his gear on the boat. He looks off and breaks into a grin as MABEL arrives with the Big Macs.

He reaches up to catch the food as he tips it from her arms.

CHRIS
 (smiling at her)
 Thought you'd funkyd out.

MABEL smiles shyly and is about to step on to the boat when EDITH puts the engine in gear and revs up. CHRIS is thrown back into the arms of the GIRLS who hold him down as he struggles to try to include MABEL.

GIRLS VOICES
 Better luck next time Mabel.
 Thanks for the lunch ...
 see you next week ...
 or NEVER! ...

5. cont.

5. cont.

Accompanied by their laughter, the yacht speeds out of FRAME, leaving Mabel staring after it, hurt and angry. In the B.G., along the pier, several tiny bright-sailed dinghies are tethered near a sign saying "BOAT HIRE".

She flicks on her cassette player, as if for consolation, and we pick up the VICTORY SONG again.

We wheel, we deal
We steal their thunder (thunder!)

CUT TO:

6. EXT. REEF. SYDNEY. 2nd UNIT. DAY

6.

As if on cue, a menacing rumble of THUNDER.

All we see at first is a storm-dark sky and the breakers smashing across the reef. Then, above the white-flecked waves, the tip of Mabel's sail. From trough to crest, the dingy rides into view, fearfully small, bobbing and yawing in the choppy surf.

The cassette player blares above the roar of the sea

We shoot, we loot
We boot them under --

CUT TO:

7. CLOSE SHOT MABEL IN DINGHY. DAY.

7.

She struggles with the tiller, barely in control. She peers anxiously ahead: she has followed the others and is searching for them.

CUT TO:

8. MABEL'S POV 2nd UNIT. DAY.

8.

In the distance, just discernable against the dark horizon, she sights Chris' yacht.

CUT TO:

9. RESUME CLOSE SHOT ON MABEL IN DINGHY. DAY.

9.

Forgetting her situation, she leaps to her feet and waves.

Instantly, the dinghy pitches, rears and throws her off balance. Instinctively, she clutches at the jib and only succeeds in pulling the tiny craft over on top of her. She bobs to the surface, thrashing in panic.

The white water sweeps her away and swallows her.

DISSOLVE TO:

10. EXT. SURF. SYDNEY. 2nd UNIT. DAY.

10.

A series of DISSOLVES of turbulent surf, ending on:

CUT TO:

11. EXT. DESERTED BEACH. SYDNEY. DAY

11.

Gentle breakers curl against a curve of perfect yellow sand. A scene of pristine stillness and serenity. In the wash of the waves, Mabel drifts limp and apparently unconscious. We cannot be sure if she is alive or dead. The tide leaves her at the waterline, lying still.

SUPER: KRISTY McNICHOL

12. CLOSE UP SHOP FOR OPTICAL EFFECTS of MABEL 12.
against black velvet.

13. EXT. SHORE TO OPEN SEA. 2nd UNIT. HELICOPTER. 13.
DAY.

We PAN 180 degrees from the beach and ZOOM by
HELICOPTER out to sea as a strange metamorphosis
occurs. The CAMERA races away across miles of
ocean, skimming the white-tops, and collides with:

14. EXT. PIRATE SHIP. ENDEAVOUR. SYDNEY. DAY 14.

OPTICAL ZOOM into the "Avenger", a classic barque
which we suggest is manned by the Pirates of
Penzance, as it surges towards the CAMERA, every
inch of sail flying proud, and looses a broadside
of cannonfire (stock).

CUT TO:

15. EXT. ENEMY SHIP 1. STOCK FOOTAGE. DAY. 15.

A volley of answering fire.

CUT TO:

16. EXT. THE PIRATE SHIP. STOCK FOOTAGE. DAY. 16.

A cannonade in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

17. EXT. ENEMY SHIP 2. STOCK FOOTAGE. DAY. 17.

A broadside at the "Avenger". She is under attack
from both sides.

CUT TO:

18. EXT. THE DECK OF THE PIRATE SHIP. ENDEAVOUR.
SYDNEY. DAY.

18.

ANGLE on Frederic -- slim, boyish, handsome, an angelic face framed by golden hair whose unkempt perfection must have taken hours. He wears a flowing white shirt and skin-tight chamois breeches with burnished thighboots. A cutlass upraised in his left hand. He slashes downwards.

FREDERIC

Fire!

SUPER: CHRISTOPHER ATKINS

CUT TO:

19. EXT. THE PIRATE SHIP. CANNONIERS. STOCK FOOTAGE
DAY.

19.

At Frederic's command (V.O.) his battery looses a broadside.

CUT TO:

20. EXT. THE DECK OF THE "AVENGER". ENDEAVOUR.
SYDNEY. DAY.

A pace to Frederic's side, THE PIRATE KING and SAMUEL follow the cannonballs' flight.

The KING (TED) is the quintessence of a Sabatini hero in candy-stripe breeches and scarlet cummerbund, barrel chest bursting through a leather vest, with a raffish headband and alarming codpiece ... a mature-age edition of Frederic.

SUPER: TED HAMILTON

Samuel, his eyepatched black lieutenant, favours fluorescent colours and beaded braids.

CUT TO:

21. EXT. DECK OF "AVENGER". ENDEAVOUR. SYDNEY 21.
DAY.

MID SHOT FREDERIC as he turns to face the opposite direction and signals with his blade again.

FREDERIC
Fire!

CUT TO:

22. EXT. PIRATE SHIP. GUNNERS. STOCK FOOTAGE. DAY. 22.

A fusillade at the second enemy ship,

CUT TO:

23. EXT. DECK OF "AVENGER". ENDEAVOUR. SYDNEY. DAY. 23.

THE KING & SAMUEL follow the flight of the second volley and like spectators at a tennis match react to explosions from either side.

SAMUEL
(dryly)
Stereo.

CUT TO:

24. EXT. ENEMY SHIP 2. STOCK FOOTAGE. DAY. 24.

Her tangerine topsail shears and topples.

CUT TO:

25. EXT. DECK OF "AVENGER". ENDEAVOUR. SYDNEY. DAY. 25.

The KING & FREDERIC exchange a glance of congratulation. He makes a sign indicating "one for you".

CUT TO:

26. EXT. ENEMY SHIP 1. STOCK FOOTAGE. DAY.

26.

A blazing broadside.

CUT TO:

27. EXT. PIRATE SHIP. MAINMAST. STOCK FOOTAGE. DAY. 27.

A huge spar shatters and crashes to the deck.

CUT TO:

28. EXT. DECK OF "AVENGER" ENDEAVOUR. SYDNEY. DAY. 28.

Two swords pierce the fallen sail from below.
The King and Samuel's heads emerge. They exchange
grimaces.

CUT TO:

29. MONTAGE - CROSSFIRE. STOCK FOOTAGE. DAY.

29.

A rapid interchange of broadsides, individual cannon
blasting, direct hits and explosions.

INTERCUT shots of Frederic, eyes ablaze, becoming
more and more exhilarated.

CUT TO:

30. EXT. DECK OF "AVENGER". ENDEAVOUR. SYDNEY. DAY. 30.

Smoke swirls; small fires sizzle; Frederic strikes
a burning spar aside.

FREDERIC
Stand by to repel boarders!

30. cont.

30. cont

The King, blissfully unconcerned, pulls on a leather glove and flexes his swordpoint. It breaks. Samuel hands him a substitute. The King reaches for it without even looking.

KING
(to Samuel)
The last battle of Frederic's
boyhood. I've arranged something
special.

ANGLE on FREDERIC, wide-eyed, staring OFF.

CUT TO:

31. EXT. GUNWALES. ENDEAVOUR. SYDNEY. DAY

31.

A human tidal wave of black-clad Orientals and Polynesians swing towards CAMERA on ropes, wave after wave. They hit the deck in martial arts formation, brandishing kendo sticks and flourishing daggers. Crablike, they advance -- tattooed, gap-toothed and sinister.

Frederic grins to the King, acknowledging this imaginative taste in adversaries.

He takes off on a rope and hurtles headlong into the enemy ranks.

The deck erupts in a spectacular melee as the Pirates join battle, meeting their opponents' exotic kung-fu/tae-kwan-do tactics with swords in hand and tongues in cheek.

Frederic slashes a brace of knife-wielding savages. They fall away to reveal a fearsome, snarling karate exponent poised to strike. Frederic gestures: a pile of roofing tiles beside him, neatly stacked. His attacker pauses, grins, lets forth a cry and cleaves them with one hand. His face contorts. He surveys his mangled hand in agony. The shards of the tiles conceal an anvil.

ANGLE on Pirates and Invaders, watching.

31. cont.

31. cont

ALL
That's incredible!

A sumo wrestler seizes the King in an eye-popping bearhug. The King; distinctly uncomfortable. Suddenly the yellow hulk stiffens and goes limp. Reveal the DWARF PIRATE, leaning from the rigging, one tiny finger pressed to the pressure point on the wrestler's neck. The King smoothes out a crease in his vest.

Frederic fights two marauders simultaneously and skewers both. A third menaces him -- Frederic is defenceless -- but a SHOT rings out and the attacker falls mortally wounded.

Frederic spins to acknowledge his saviour. His POV on RUTH, a buxom, once-attractive woman in her forties, who kneels in a lifeboat brandishing a brace of smoking flintlock pistols. She beams at Frederic and lasciviously licks a muzzle with the tip of her tongue. Frederic looks embarrassed.

Through a cleft in the fray we see a PEGLEG PIRATE, sword in either hand, doing nicely against greater numbers. And standing on one leg, at that. The other leg, with a sword clipped to the wooden stump, despatches an attacker sneaking up from the rear.

Beside him, LONG JOHN SILVER smites a squad of uglies with his crutch. He and PEGLEG share a glance of camaraderie between the handicapped and turn to show off their "I.Y.D.P." T-shirts. On Long John's shoulder, his PARROT reacts to some disturbance OFF:

PARROT
Look out!

Samuel is confronted by a wall of black-belt karate killers. He twinkles, stabs his sword upright into the deck and starts to hand-clap and spin, like Smokey Robinson with a stand-mike. The King and Frederic join him in perfect synch. The orientals stand mesmerised.

SAMUEL
(jive-talking, on a handclap)
Get down!

31. cont.

31. cont

All three squat as three opponents fly overhead, legs extended in karate kicks, and vanish screaming over the side. King, Frederic and Samuel give each other five.

SAMUEL
(like a choreographer)
... 2 - 3 - 4 ... kick!

All three spin and despatch three more attackers with backheel karate kicks to the jaw.

Elsewhere, the Dwarf perches on the shoulders of an impossibly squat STRONGMAN to form a formidable fighting unit. A kendo exponent swings a club at the Dwarf. The Strongman catches it and crushes it. A hail of chopsticks clatter to the deck. The Dwarf skewers the enemy with a chopstick in each ear.

A Pirate whose shirt bears the logo PITTSBURGH -- it's made from a baseball uniform. A Ninja hurls three star-spikes backhand at an eyepatched GERIATRIC PIRATE with an eyepatched MONKEY on his shoulder. The Pittsburgh Pirate snatches a club and belts the star-spikes for a homer. The monkey grins.

Other shots establish a HOOKHAND PIRATE, duelling with his hook; and a shaven-headed SKULL PIRATE, head-butting his way through the enemy ranks.

The King's sword shatters on a muscular brute. No Samuel to hand him another. A Maori raises a scimitar to strike him down. From far off, fighting his own battle, Frederic spies the King's danger, switches his sword to his right hand and without missing a beat plucks a dagger from his belt left-handed and flings it thirty feet into the Maori's hand. The King and Frederic exchange a glance of deepest comradeship. The smoke swirls and swallows them.

As the enemy ships founder -- one burnt to the waterline (STOCK) -- the King pursues his opposing CAPTAIN, corners him, disarms him and lays his opponent's cutlass across his scaly, tattooed throat.

31. cont.

31. cont

CAPTAIN

Spare me!

KING

(gallantly)

But of course.

The marauders throw down their arms. The Pirates raise theirs high in triumph.

Cheers and applause from the King.

He turns to acknowledge this adulation, forgets his sword is at his captive's throat, and accidentally decapitates him (out of FRAME).

The King does a downward double take and joins the rousing CHORUS:

Victory we fight to win
Victory is ours again
For we are the scourge of the land and sea
Beastly pirates are we

(Note: Song could begin as VO towards the end of the skirmish).

As the smoke of battle swirls and envelops all:

CUT TO:

32. EXT. OCEAN. DAY. 2nd UNIT.

32.

The "Avenger" rides at anchor, in a cove with bush behind.

CUT TO:

33. EXT. "AVENGER" DECK. ENDEAVOUR. SYDNEY. DAY. 33.

The smoke lingers in wisps, but the pirate ship is spruced up and so are her crew. Except for Ruth, who has done all the polishing and squats among an array of mops and buckets, passing potatoes through the teeth of a skull to make French fries. The Pirate King leads a rousing victory toast, tankards raised on high. Only Frederic is conspicuous by his despondent attitude to the festivities.

In passing, the King tests the rail alongside Ruth for dust with the tip of one white-gloved finger, then bounds to the bridge and hushes the crew.

KING

Drink, Frederic, for today you rank
as a full-fledged member of our band!

ALL

(a cheer)

The King tosses a rolled scroll, tied with scarlet ribbon, which Frederic catches unhappily.

KING

Your apprenticeship papers! Twenty-one today!

ALL

(a cheer)

FREDERIC

My friends, I thank you all from the heart for your kindly wishes. I wish I could repay them as they deserve.

KING

What do you mean?

FREDERIC

Today I fulfil my contract. And today I leave you forever.

He tosses the paper sadly to the deck.

33. cont

33. cont

The King draws his sword. The Pirates shrink from it.

KING

But this is lunacy!

An angry slash. A rope parts. A pirate with a hook for a hand is resting it in a loop of the rope. He rockets up out of shot. The King is oblivious.

KING (cont.)

Of all our crew, you're quite the most piratical -- the fiercest, bravest, handiest with a handspike, most rapacious with a rapier, the nicest dressed -- save only for myself.

FREDERIC

(modestly)

I've done my best to be as low and vicious as I could ... but ... there's more to life, I know it!

KING

More -- than piracy?

FREDERIC

Lately I've been restless, consumed by inner fire, a burning, itching --

Frederic twitches his breeches uncomfortably. Samuel looks at him askance.

SAMUEL

Pimples?

FREDERIC

Yes ...?

SAMUEL

Hair under the arms?

FREDERIC

Yes, and --

33. cont.

SAMUEL
Swollen glands?

FREDERIC
Yes!

SAMUEL
(aside)
Cholera.

FREDERIC
-- and all I think about is girls!

Ruth sweeps Frederic into her arms, Latin-lover style.

RUTH
(with a look to the Pirate King)
I've waited twenty years for this!

This is not what Frederic had in mind. He hands Ruth to the King.

The King hands her back.

Frederic holds her at arm's length.

FREDERIC
But I've spent all my life at sea.
Ruth, you're the only woman I've
ever set eyes upon. You're a fine
nurse and I think you're quite
presentable --

RUTH
In spades!
(to Samuel)
No offence.

FREDERIC
-- but what if it turned out you were
... plain?

KING
(aside)
Is the Pope Italian?

33. cont.

33. cont.

SAMUEL

Not necessarily. The Pope could be Polish. Pope Clement the Fifth was French and actually moved the seat of the Papacy from Rome to Avignon in 1311.

KING

The sea is a jealous mistress, Frederic. But she's her own reward. Believe me, you've missed nothing.

(to the crew)

Men, have you missed anything the twenty years we've been at sea?

ALL

Sex!

SAMUEL

(half a beat late)

Watermelon.

FREDERIC

What about love?

KING

Love? For a pirate, love is the kiss of a saltwind, the curve of a white wave, the whisper of an enemy's well slit throa -- that's love, Frederic! That's what matters!

He gestures to his men and they leap into action.

34. EXT. PIRATE SHIP-DECK. ENDEAVOUR. SYDNEY. DAY 34.

A MONTAGE as PIRATES swarm into the rigging, sails are unfurled and a fair wind rises, and the ship sails.

CUT TO:

35. EXT. PIRATE SHIP DECK. ENDEAVOUR. SYDNEY. DAY. 35.

THE PIRATE KING leaps from bridge to quarter deck, landing on someone's foot, and with Errol Flynn-like swagger sings:

'Oh Better Far to Live and Die'

KING

Oh, better far to live and die
Under the brave black flag I fly,
Than play a hypocritical part,
With a pirate head and a pirate heart.
Away to that world across the sea,
Where pirates all have law degrees;
But I'll be true to the song I sing,
And Live and die a Pirate King.
For I am a Pirate King!
And it is, it is a glorious thing.
To be a Pirate King!
For I am a Pirate King!

CHORUS

You are!
Hurrah for our Pirate King!

King

And it is, it is a glorious thing
To be a Pirate King!

CHORUS

It is!
Hurrah for our Pirate King!

ALL

Hurrah for our Pirate King!

The song becomes a melange of acrobatic mayhem as the following business occurs:

The King's most elaborate sword flourishes; splice through ropes and stays, bringing sails, spars and seamen crashing down on deck behind him.

Pegleg is dancing the hornpipe. An arc of the King's sword severs his peg-leg and he dances in erratic circles pivoting on the stump.

35. cont.

35. cont.

The King swings through shot on a rope. HOLD SHOT. The rope swings back, empty. The King reappears clambering over the rail.

He thrusts a dagger between his teeth. His face puckers, his eyes water. A trickle of blood from the corners of his lips.

A pirate is smoking a corncob pipe. The King's blade severs the stem and the bowl falls onto a fuse leading to a keg of gunpowder. Pirates dive from all angles to snuff it out at the last split-second. The King steps over them, oblivious.

The previously injured sailor with his foot in plaster. The King leaps and lands on his other foot.

He springs aloft and scales the rigging to the crow's nest. A surreptitious boot sends a crow scuttling and crackling (O.S.) in protest. Eggs splatter on the men below.

He strides along a lofty spar, immune to danger. The men standing on the spar in his path are not so lucky. One by one, they topple headlong into the sea.

KING

When I venture forth to seek my prey,
I crush my foes in a royal way;
The ladies yield and ships go down --
Or is it the other way around?
But many a king in a gilded tower,
If he wants to cling to pomp and power,
Must manage somehow to get through
More dirty work than ever I do.
For I am a Pirate King!
And it is, it is a glorious thing
To be a Pirate King!
For I am a Pirate King!

The King's Big finish is a re-enactment of the classic Douglas Fairbanks stunt, where he slides down the mainsail, dagger in hand, and cleaves it in two. He lands on the deck like a cat, with a swaggering final flourish. The Pirates brush past muttering.

35. cont.

35. cont.

DWARF

He tore our goddam sail again!

In passing Ruth, the King indicates the torn sail (a throwaway).

KING

(to Ruth)
Sew that up.
(to Frederic)
Convinced?

He slaps Frederic heartily on the back, confident of his answer.

Frederic's emotions choke him, but he steels himself.

FREDERIC

I'd hoped to spare you this ...
(a deep breath)
Though as friends I love you all
with true affection --

Various villains, beaming paternally.

FREDERIC (cont.)

I cannot forget, it was cut-throats
such as you who murdered my family
and left me an orphan.

The same faces, misty-eyed. The King blows his nose.

FREDERIC (cont.)

Now that I'm freed of my apprenticeship,
I shall feel honour-bound to devote
myself heart and soul to your extermination!

The King puts his arm about Frederic. There is a hidden menace in his manner.

35. cont.

35. cont.

KING
Extermination?

FREDERIC
(fervently)
Such is my sense of duty!

DWARF
(a raspberry)

The King winks at Samuel, who sends the Dwarf scurrying on some errand.

KING
Well, Frederic, if you conscientiously feel it is your duty to destroy us, we cannot blame you. It's the way I've raised you. Always act according to your conscience, my boy --
(with a leer to his men)
-- and chance the consequences.

FREDERIC
The pity is, it will be so easy.
You're such incompetent pirates.

A pirate raises a club to Frederic for this insult. The King brushes it aside and it shatters a stained-glass cabin window.

KING
Us? Incompetent?

FREDERIC
For one thing, you're always singing!

The King and Samuel put their heads together in perfect harmony.

KING/SAMUEL
(sing)
Non--sense--!

35. cont.

35. cont.

FREDERIC

And you're so tender-hearted
you can't bear to hurt an orphan!

KING

Of course. We're all orphans ourselves.

FREDERIC

And everyone takes advantage of it!
Those bilge-rats you set free today --
did you really believe they were orphans?

KING

You mean -- they lied? But they were
such good singers.

Frederic shakes his head, despairingly.

FREDERIC

I'll miss you -- I'll miss you all.

The Dwarf waves a signal to Samuel, who nods to the
King. Conspiratorial smirks.

KING

Well, it's the top of the tide
and we must be off. I know
you'll think me much too tender-hearted..
but in return for all your years of
loyal service, I make you captain of
your own ship!

A magnanimous gesture. Frederic peers over the
gunwale.

CUT TO:

36. EXT. OCEAN - DAY. 2nd CAMERA

36.

From their POV we can see a tiny rowboat bobbing
in the wake of the ship.

CUT TO:

37. EXT. PIRATE SHIP DECK. ENDEAVOUR. SYDNEY.
DAY.

37.

KING

A "small" token of our esteem.

General laughter.

FREDERIC

(with dignity)

I shall command her with pride
and someday

He reaches for his sword. It is gone.

Samuel holds it teasingly.

The King touches his own sword-hilt.

KING

Someday ...

Frederic meets his eye. Friends no more.

Frederic find himself confronted by a walking-
the plank-type plank. Samuel prods him with the
sword.

SAMUEL

Hang five, honky.

Frederick strides bravely to the end of the plank,
rises on tiptoe, springs twice and soars through
the air in a perfect swallow-dive with pike.

FADE UP the musical introduction to "CLIMBING OVER
ROCKY MOUNTAIN".

DISSOLVE TO:

38. EXT. DUNES TO BEACH/COVE. LOCH-ARD. DAY.

38.

A gaggle of Victorian maidens trip into view: TWELVE SISTERS disporting themselves on a typical young ladies' outing, singing gaily as they meander to the waterside, carrying picnic baskets, deck chairs and parasols. They are plain peas-in-a-pod, Rubenesque bodies overdressed in frills and flounces and high-button boots. The oldest, EDITH, picks wildflowers to weave into a wristful of garlands.

APHRODITE, a pleasant-looking fat girl, devours a triple-decker sandwich. KATE and ISABEL, big-breasted and broad-hipped, wear too much makeup.

Other sisters variously preen themselves, frown over needlework and try to launch a colorful kite.

Their voices are shrill, legit and instantly irritating.

GIRLS

Climbing over rocky mountain,
 Skipping rivulet and fountain,
 Passing where the willows quiver
 By the ever-rolling river,
 Swollen with the summer rain ...

On a bluff above and beyond them, a tiny figure is silhouetted against the sky.

Aphrodite waves and calls to her.

APHRODITE

Mabel ---! Mabel ---!

EDITH

(bossily)
 Let her be! Who needs her!
 A disgrace to the noble name
 of Stanley! Look at her!

Aphrodite, Kate and Isabel gaze off with undisguised envy.

CUT TO:

39. EXT. BLUFF (LOCH-ARD). DAY.

39.

MABEL stands on the cliff-edge looking moodily out to sea, the wind whipping her white dress against her slender suntanned body, its buttons undone from thigh to hem. She is barefoot --- a young Victorian maiden, but with a wildness to her -- a free spirit.

From the grassy slope below still wafts the sound of the girls singing. Mabel heaves a melancholy sign and starts to descend the steps to the beach.

CUT TO:

40. EXT. BEACH. LOCH ARD. DAY.

40.

EDITH

I wouldn't wear a dress
like that to bed!

KATE

I think that's the whole idea.

EDITH

Wash your mouth out!
What is she looking for?

ISABEL

(laughing scornfully)
Love!

The others join in, cruelly.

EDITH

She'll have a long wait!
She's the youngest, and by noble custom,
the oldest marries first!
Which makes me first ...

KATE

... me second ...

ISABEL

... and me third.

40. cont.

40. cont.

APHRODITE
 (aside to herself)
 Jesus, we'll all be fifty ...

CUT TO:

41. EXT. STEPS DOWN TO BLUFF. LOCH ARD. DAY.

41.

The girls' chorus is closer now, and even more shrill.

Mabel loosens her hair ribbons and tosses them to the wind. She shakes her tousled hair free and unexpectedly turns to the CAMERA.

MABEL (to CAMERA)
 Do you believe that song?

SISTERS (O.S.)
 Threading long and leafy mazes
 Dotted with unnumbered daisies ...

She continues on to the beach in a direction away from her sisters.

CUT TO:

42. EXT. BEACH. LOCH ARD. DAY.

42.

The sisters clamber down a rocky slope to the beach, and dash into a handy changing-tent.

SISTERS
 ... Dotted, dotted with unnumbered daisies,
 Scaling rough and rugged passes
 Climb the hardy little lasses
 Till the bright seashore they gain!

They emerge -- Aphrodite last -- in bright neck-to-knee costumes, with parasols, and go into a Busby Berkeley routine.

SISTERS (cont.)
 All polite refined aristo-
 Crats except our little sister --
 Mabel waits for love in vain.

CUT TO:

43. EXT. OCEAN - DINGHY. SYDNEY. DAY.

43.

Frederic sits wanly in his tiny boat, a little worn from sun and wind.

His oar suddenly snags on something. He pulls it free and Ruth surfaces, clinging for dear life to the blade.

(We see the Pirate ship in b.g.)

RUTH

Was that a definite "no" back there?

Frederic seems strangely oblivious to the fact that Ruth is in the water. And cannot swim.

FREDERIC

Ruth, I don't want to hurt your feelings ...
but tell me honestly ---
compared to other woman,
are you beautiful?

RUTH

I have been told so.

The truth is she looks like a drowned rat.

FREDERIC

Ah, but lately?

RUTH

Yes; by Samuel
(aside to herself)
'Course, he was drunk and has his
eyepatch over his good eye.

After a moment's reflection, Frederic puts out his hand to help her aboard -- but he drops her with a splash when he hears:

GIRLS (O.S.)

Let us gaily tread the measure,
Make the most of fleeting leisure,
Worship nature while we can ...

Frederic whips out a tiny telescope and looks.

CUT TO:

44. EXT. BEACH. LOCH ARD. DAY.

44.

From FREDERIC's POV through the IRIS MATTE of the telescope, the sisters appear, posing one by one, as he PANS along their chorusline.

SISTERS

... far away from any man.
Let us gaily tread the measure,
Make the most of fleeting leisure,
Far away from any man, from any man!

CUT TO:

45. EXT. OCEAN. SYDNEY. DAY.

45.

Frederic's telescope suddenly stretches to four feet long. He flings it down, hastily strips off his shirt, ties it about his waist and dives into the water.

Ruth surfaces, clinging to the side of the dinghy, in time to see him swim away. UNDERCRANK his swimming.

CUT TO:

46. EXT. BEACH. LOCH ARD. DAY.

46.

A Victorian idyll. Garlanded with flowers, the girls are paddling in the water or watching lazily from the beach. Edith plunges in and begins to swim, her garland floating on the water.

We hear the menacing THRUM-THRUM-THRUM of the "Jaws" theme.

Frederic surfaces alongside Edith, bronzed chest glistening and plucks the garland from the water.

FREDERIC

(guilelessly)
Ladies -- forgive me -- I seem to have
deflowered you.

GIRLS

(scream)
Eek -- a pirate!

46. cont.

46. cont.

They scatter.

Frederic runs a step or two after them.

FREDERIC

(calls)

I'm not ... not any more ... ladies ---

Frederic is left alone, crestfallen. He walks along the beach, forlornly. He rounds a tongue of rock, glances along the beach in front of him -- and is spellbound.

Frederic's POV on Mabel, who stands at the water's edge -- where we left Kristy in our Prologue -- chin tilted to the breeze, hair like rimfire on the sun -- softly humming a harmony to Frederic's thoughts.

In that moment, Frederic falls in love forever.

He utters no sound, but we hear him sing his soliloquy: "FIRST LOVE". (Note: VO)

We linger caressingly on Mabel. She suddenly senses his presence -- turns -- and looks up at Frederic, rapt.

Mabel's POV on Frederic, his face sun-burnished, the wind billowing the deep V of his soft white shirt, his eyes translucent green.

She is heard to SING her soliloquy of "FIRST LOVE". (VO).

Closer and closer they come together on a HIGH LONG FOCUS ZOOM SHOT, until their voices merge in a THOUGHT DUET.

CUT TO:

47. MONTAGE (SHOT AT LOCH ARD, WERRIBEE AND SYDNEY). DAY.

47.

Lyrical images of young love, sea, sky and shore ... simple things like FREDERIC picks up a seashell and shows it to MABEL ... their foreheads touch, eyes meet; she points to something in a pool, he bends, she tips him over ... he chases her, they roll in the sand. They look at their reflections in a rock pool and try to superimpose one face on the other. The two of them are riding white horses on a beach (SLOW MOTION); they are in a garden. FREDERIC hands MABEL a flower; she takes it ... something precious, she puts it under his nose ... he sneezes; they both laugh. Run off hand in hand ... the wind tangles hair over his eyes, MABEL gently pushes it away ... flips sand from his brow ... their eyes hold ... they kiss.

CUT TO:

48. EXT. BEACH. LOCH ARD. DAY.

48.

CLOSE TWO SHOT

As their lips part, the song ends. MABEL catches her breath.

MABEL

Not bad ...

FREDERIC

Thanks ...

She takes his hand and they stroll away.

MABEL

Do you live around here?

FREDERIC

Well not exactly.

Their voices fade away as we:

CUT TO:

49. MATTE SHOT OF PIRATE SHIP. SEA.

49.

50. HEADLANDS. LOCH ARD FOR MATTE SHOT

50.

51. RESUME MABEL AND FREDERIC WALKING ON BEACH.
LOCH ARD. DAY.

51.

FREDERIC

... and so the good Pirates
arrived too late to save my parents,
rest their souls -- but my Mother
hurled me through the flames into
the King's arms and he raised me as
his own apprentice.

MABEL is looking into his eyes not really listening.

MABEL

You poor thing.
(sudden double take)
Pirates! Like walking the plank!
Buried treasure! Hack, slash,
off with his head, and the
Jolly Richard and everything --

FREDERIC

--- Roger ---

She shakes his hand formally.

MABEL

--- Mabel---. I love it, Roger,
I love it.

FREDERIC

-- Frederic. Without a K.

She shakes his hand again.

51. cont.

51. cont

MABEL

-- Mabel. Also without a K.
God, we've got so much in common.

FREDERIC

Mabel ...?

MABEL

Pretty bad, huh?

FREDERIC

Mabel ... I know this is going
to sound silly. But I think
I love you ... and I think I
might even want to marry you.

MABEL takes his hand and leads him along the beach.

MABEL

God, that was a short love scene,
but YES ...

(a sudden terrible thought)

No! Oh, God, I can't ...
we've got this dumb custom ...
there must be a way!

Come on -- we've got to see my father!

She pulls him towards the steps.

FREDERIC

(bewildered)

I haven't had much practice
at seeing fathers.

MABEL

Silly. He's just the same
as any other ordinary Major-General.

FREDERIC

(mouths)

Major-General?

MABEL

It'll be all right.

51. cont.

51. cont

She kisses him reassuringly. He kisses her back, harder. They caress each other. It becomes a passionate, abandoned embrace. A TIGHT TWO-SHOT. They slide down almost out of FRAME.

The piercing shrill of a SHIP'S BELL suddenly shatters the mood.

They rise slowly back into SHOT and share a puzzled double take.

FREDERIC
I thought the bells came afterwards?

CUT TO:

52. EXT. BEACH CLOSE TWO SHOT. DAY

52.

They make to kiss again, but before their lips meet, the Pirate ship ghosts into SHOT framed by their slowly turning heads. Its sides and sails fill the screen, seemingly close enough to touch.

53. MATCHED TWO SHOT ON BLACK VELVET FOR OPTICAL EFFECT.

53.

(For this and earlier sequence).

54. EXT. PIRATE SHIP DECK ("Avenger"). ENDEAVOUR. SYDNEY. DAY.

54.

As the ship glides by a cliff matching LOCH ARD, the ship's KLAXON hoots and alarm BELLS ring as the Pirates scramble to the bow-rail, clutching telescopes, preening and primping.

PIRATES
(ad lib)
Girls!

54. cont.

54. cont.

But not the Pirate King. He's on the bridge
 declaiming to the helmsman, totally unflustered,
 as the ship heads for shore.

KING

Hard a -- what's that term again?
 Backward? No. Reverse? No ...

The King looks for'ard. A fleeting recognition
 of the problem.

KING

(shrugs)
 Forget it.

CUT TO:

55. EXT. BEACH. LOCH ARD. DAY.

55.

MABEL and FREDERIC watch from a rock near the cliffs.

55A. EXT. BEACH. LOCH ARD. DAY.

55A.

THE SISTERS are shrieking girlishly and running up the
 beach towards the steps. (O.S. we hear a grinding
 crash).

55B. CLOSE SHOT PROW OF PIRATE SHIP. DAY.

55B.

The prow is stuck in the sand. (CAMERA PANS
 against it and gives a wobble to simulate moment
 of crash).

55C. RESUME CLOSE SHOT MABEL AND FREDERIC.

55C.

FREDERIC

Pirates -- with lust at heart!
 Your sisters are in danger of
 their virtue and their very lives!
 Mabel -- don't move!

He leaps away across the rocks. PAN to girls
 and Pirates across dunes to steps.

56. EXT. BEACH AND STAIRS. LOCH ARD. DAY.

56.

Too late: the GIRLS have been seized by the PIRATES.
 The DWARF is trying to grab the fat sister (APHRODITE).

CUT TO:

57. CLOSE SHOT PROW OF SHIP IN SAND. BEACH.
LOCH ARD. DAY.

57.

The Pirate King stands heroically on the prow of the beached ship. He leaps lightly to the sand.

He eyes the prow buried deep in the beach, and kicks it tentatively.

KING

A little close to the kerb ...

As he turns in the direction of the girls, FREDERIC runs boldly from concealment and bars his path, reaching for his sword.

FREDERIC

Stop! This is one time
when you're not going to rape,
pillage and plunder.

He reaches in vain. He has no sword. The DWARF roars with mirth.

CUT TO:

58. EXT. BEACH AND STEPS. LOCH ARD. DAY

58.

The King hurries after the GIRLS & PIRATES, FREDERIC looks around for MABEL. She isn't there. He runs to the bluff, and leaps onto a rock.

CUT TO:

59. TOP OF STEPS AND BLUFF. LOCH ARD. DAY.

59.

Pirates are grabbing the SISTERS, carrying them, caressing them (and they love it). As the KING reaches the top step, FREDERIC leaps out at him from the cliff top and faces him with his bare hands. Several PIRATES quickly overcome him.

59. cont.

59. cont

KING (teasingly)
 Ho! Ho! Frederic -- are your loins
 so hot you'd have them all, and none
 for us?

He holds his sword at Frederic's throat.

KING (cont.)
 Now ... who dares disturb our
 dalliance?

CUT TO:

60. EXT. LAWN & SHRUBBERY. WERRIBEE. DAY.

60.

MABEL (O.S.)
 I do.

Mabel bursts among the Pirates and Girls, snatches a cutlass from a careless hand and confronts the King. Her skirts are hitched, her eyes blazing, though we sense she's frightened. The King regards her with amusement and disbelief, his sword lolling as if self-defense were beneath his dignity.

KING
 (savoring what he sees)
 Well, now, we've kept the best
 till last ...

Frederic struggles harder against restraining hands, out of his mind with fear and frustration.

FREDERIC
 Mabel, no ---!

KING
 (grimacing, mimes to his men)
 Mabel?
 (what a hokey name)

FREDERIC
 I said the same when I first heard it.
 (to MABEL)
 Keep out of this Mabel.

60. cont.

60. cont

MABEL

I certainly won't.
 (to King)
 You'll be hung!

KING

(immodestly)
 I am ... I am ... and very well,
 thank you.

For Mabel, there's no turning back now.

MABEL

Set Frederic and my sisters free,
 or die!

The King laughs, echoed by the Pirates.

A lightning thrust and Mabel sends the sword spinning from his hand. A second lunge, a fatal blow, but the King dances nimbly aside like a toreador and Mabel stumbles past him. She resumes her swordsman's stance and presses at him again. A low roundhouse slash. The King leaps over it and throws a jaunty grin to his men. He's enjoying this and so are they. Mabel comes at him again, once, twice more, but each time he eludes her with disdain. He grins at Samuel, but she's anticipating him now and the next thrust forces him into indelicate haste.

The King inspects his wrist: a fine thread of blood.

MABEL

Ole.
 —

FREDERIC

(correcting her)
 Touche.

No loss of confidence on the King's part -- a mere accident. But it does seem foolish to be unarmed against this hellion.

60. cont.

60. cont

SAMUEL

(calls)
Captain --!

From the far side of the pirate circle, Samuel tosses his sword, hilt first, to the King, who reaches a languid hand to catch it, not even looking. His hand comes down empty. The sword sails past and fells the pirate behind him.

Mabel comes in low and the King retreats. A slash mark on his thigh.

KING

(taunting)
The blade grows heavy, see,
she cannot raise it to my heart.

MABEL

I'm not aiming at your heart.

The King blanches and steps quickly to the nearest pirate, who clenches a dagger between his teeth. The King snatches it. He eyes the dagger. The pirate's false teeth are still attached to it. He flicks them away and drives at Mabel, fiercely. She retreats, but holds him off. The pirates give her ground, with grudging respect. The King and Mabel lock hilts. He towers over this wisp of a girl.

MABEL

I'll see you get a thousand lashes!

KING

(with a twinkle)
Promises, promises.

We CUTAWAY to Frederic, dumbfounded, terrified and proud all at once.

60. cont.

60. cont

Mabel is tiring, an effort now to raise the sword -- she employs both hands, puffing, perspiring, hanging on by heart and will.

Now the King is teasing her, content to tire her out. She stops, slumps, props herself up on her sword. He kicks it out from under her and she falls to her knees.

The King stands over her, licking at his wounded hand.

KING

If you love half as well as you fight --

FREDERIC

No! Mabel! Tell him!

KING

What could she say to foil our sport?

Mabel gathers breath enough to speak.

MABEL

(puff)
My father --
(puff)

PIRATES

Yes?

MABEL

(puff)
-- is --
(puff) —

PIRATES

Yes?

MABEL

(puff)
A Major-General!

60. cont.

60. cont

PIRATES
A Major-General!

SAMUEL
That'll do it.

FREDERIC
Yes, yes, he is a Major-General!

GIRLS
Yes, yes, he is a Major-General!

GENERAL (O.S.)
Yes, yes, I am a Major-General!

CUT TO:

61. EXT. LAWN & SHRUBBERY. WERRIBEE. DAY.

61.

All turn to see the Major-General being carried
in on a litter by FOUR INDIAN SERVANTS.

Mabel rushes to intercept her father as he steps
into the semi-circle of GIRLS and PIRATES.

MABEL
Papa -- !

He brushes her aside.

GENERAL
Not now -- I'm on.

SONG (Major-General and Chorus)
'I Am the Very Model of a Modern Major-General'

61. cont.

61. cont

GENERAL

I am the very model of a modern
Major-General;
I've information vegetable, animal,
and mineral;
I know the Kings of England,
and I quote the fights historical,
From Marathon to Waterloo,
in order categorical;

I'm very well acquainted, too,
with matters mathematical,
I understand equations, both the
simple and quadratical,
About Binomial Theorem I'm teeming
with a lot of news.
With many cheerful facts about the
square of the hypotenuse.

CHORUS

With many cheerful facts about the
square of the hypotenuse,
With many cheerful facts about the
square of the hypotenuse,
With many cheerful facts about the
square of the hypotenuse.

The pirates stand in military file, immaculately
at attention, swords at "shoulder arms". The
Major-General struts along the line, inspecting
each with a gimlet stare. The Dwarf Pirate
marches a step behind him, mimicking his every
movement.

Mabel intercepts the Major-General again.

MABEL

Papa --
—

He brushes her aside.

GENERAL

Mabel -- this is my big number!

61. cont.

61. cont

She grabs him again.

MABEL

I must tell you about F ...

GENERAL

(corner of mouth)
Mabel, play along with this.
Our lives depend on it.

MABEL frowns in puzzlement. He turns smiling at the PIRATES.

GENERAL

I'm very good at integral and
differential calculus;
I know the scientific names of
beings animalculous.
In short, in matters vegetable,
animal and mineral,
I am the very model of a modern
Major-General.

CHORUS

In short, in matters vegetable,
animal and mineral,
He is the very model of a modern
Major-General!

Mabel tries again.

MABEL

Papa -- please.

He sidesteps her.

GENERAL

Not now!
(aside)
Verse two ...

The DWARF sidesteps Mabel.

61. cont.

61. cont

GENERAL (cont.)

I comprehend contemporary culture
 North American
 I straighten more piratical erections
 than Bo Derek can
 (STANDING PIRATES TO ATTENTION)
 I'm into est and all the rest, I've
 undergone analysis
 I've jogged beyond decrepitude to
 permanent paralysis
 My muse is into music, with my credits
 I'll not trouble you --
 From R&B to S&M crossover C&W
 To grooving with the Doobies in my
 Malibu White-Souling tones --
 I'm older than the Beatles but I'm
 younger than the Rolling Stones!

CHORUS

He's older than the Beatles but he's
 younger than the Rolling Stones!
 He's older than the Beatles but he's
 younger than the Rolling Stones!
 He's older than the Beatles but he's
 younger than the Rolling Stones!

The lyrics of the verse appear line-by-line on
 screen with a BOUNCING BALL. The Major-General's
 eyes follow the bouncing ball.

GENERAL

And my military knowledge, for I'm
 plucky and adventury,
 Extends to MASH and "Star Wars"
 in the twenty-second century,
 Yessir, in matters vegetable, animal
 and mineral,
 I am the very model of a modern
 Major-General.

Mabel catches the bouncing ball.

CHORUS

Yessir, in matters vegetable, animal
 and mineral,
 He is the very model of a modern
 Major-General!

61. cont.

61. cont

All freeze in a spectacular tableau. Without a glance, the Major-General backheels the DWARF and sends him tumbling.

GENERAL

And now that I've introduced myself
I should like to have some idea of
what's going on.

Mabel hauls Frederic forward out of the line-up,
which he has joined during "the inspection".

MABEL

Papa -- we -- Frederic and I --

The King cuts her off.

KING

Permit me. I'll explain in two words.
It's a beach party. I'm Frankie Avalon.

SAMUEL

I'm Annette Funicello.

EDITH

Don't believe them, Papa!
They're pirates - the famous
Pirates of Penzance!

GENERAL

The Pirates of Penzance!
The very rogues who stole my
family's fortune on the high seas
a score of years ago!

SAMUEL

Our last score was years ago.

Mabel forces her way to her father's side.

61. cont.

61. cont

MABEL

All except this gentleman, papa --
(indicating Frederic)
he was a pirate, but means to go
straight from now on. As my husband!

The SISTERS react with outrage to this bombshell.

The King and Samuel slap Frederic on the back.

SAMUEL

You fox!

KING

I'll be best man. Naturally.

The Major-General sums up the situation in a flash.

GENERAL

(aside to Mabel)
An idea ...

He falls to his knees before the King.

GENERAL (cont.)

(with great weight)
Tell me, have you ever known what
it is to be an orphan?

PIRATES

Oh, shit!!

They fall about in despair.

The King and Samuel exchange a look.

KING

An orphan? Why didn't you say so!
You may go. You're all free.

Pirates and girls part reluctantly.

CUT TO:

62. EXT. REVERSE ANGLE. TOP OF BLUFF. LOCH ARD.
DAY.

62.

KING
(to his men)
Come, lads, we've a ship to float!
Free her keel and raise the chain
doodad.

SAMUEL
Anchor.

KING
(with a farewell glance to the girls)
No, Samuel, only disappointment.
(rallies his men)
Another twenty years at sea will
erase this melancholy!

He gives a broad wink to his men. They pick up on it and strike up a new refrain to the PIRATE KING'S SONG.

KING (cont.)
For I am a Pirate King
I'll buy this "orphan" thing
We'll go away
Without dismay
(SOTTO VOCE)
But we'll be re-turn-ing ...

CUT TO:

63. EXT. CLOSE SHOT MABEL & FREDERIC. LAWN
WERRIBEE. DAY.

63.

As the pirate chorus fades, Frederic takes Mabel in his arms, with tender concern.

FREDERIC
I don't trust them.
Are you all right?

Mabel responds with enthusiasm.

MABEL
Mmm ... fine.

63. cont.

63. cont.

He releases her. She presses back against him,
head on his chest.

MABEL (cont.)

Not that fine.

FREDERIC

I thought I'd lost you.
I'll light a thousand candles
for the luck that kept you safe.

MABEL

Luck? I almost took that putz!

FREDERIC

You did well, for a woman.

He means it as a compliment. Mabel takes it as
sexist and eyes him narrowly. He fails to notice.

FREDERIC (cont.)

But now there's man's work to be done.

He exits shot.

CUT TO:

64. EXT. BLUFF TOP. LOCH ARD. DAY

64.

FREDERIC bounds onto the promontory and poses
heroically.

FREDERIC

I'll keep watch till their ship
is safely over the horizon

CUT TO:

65. RESUME MABEL. LAWN. WERRIBEE. DAY.

65.

MABEL
(to herself)
Woman!

She turns to see the MAJOR-GENERAL quaffing a stiff drink at a safari table, provided by his Bearers. The SISTERS are chattering excitedly nearby.
MABEL stalks over to him.

MABEL (cont.)
Papa, about this custom --

Twelve sour faces turn on her -- the sisters.

EDITH
Yes -- about this custom!
I'm the oldest --
(coily)
-- at twenty-three.

Mabel flashes a number to camera with her hands: "35".

The Major-General turns Edith aside and shoos the sisters away.

GENERAL
All right, back to the Castle,
all of you! Come along!

The girls skulk off, muttering. The General turns to Mabel. She's got a speech all worked out.

MABEL
Papa --

GENERAL
The custom is irrelevant.
Youngest or oldest, I cannot
let you marry this penniless adventurer.

MABEL
Say what?

65. cont.

65. cont.

GENERAL
He's a nasty pirate person.
Even worse, he's poor.

CUT TO:

66. CLOSE SHOT FREDERIC ON BLUFF. LOCH ARD. DAY.

66.

Up on the rocks lookout, Frederic flings his
headband down in frustration.

FREDERIC
(calls, angrily)
They've anchored in the lagoon!

CUT TO:

67. RESUME MABEL & MAJOR-GENERAL. LAWN. WERRIBEE
DAY.

67.

MABEL
(thinking on her feet)
But if he wasn't poor?

GENERAL
(a hint of greed)
Hmm?

MABEL
Diamonds, rubies, gold, soya bean
futures.

GENERAL
Such a nice boy!

MABEL
Even if it wasn't his money?

GENERAL
Well ... for your happiness ...
(suspicion dawns)
Whose money?

67. cont.

65. cont

MABEL
Yours.

GENERAL
Mine!

MABEL
The family treasures,
stolen from you by the Pirates?
Supposing Frederic were to recover
them ... minus salvage rights,
expenses, attorneys' fees,
my commission ...

GENERAL
And if he fails?

MABEL
We'll shack up.

GENERAL
(far from convinced)
Wel-l ...

WIPE TO

68. EXT. BEACH. SYDNEY. MAGIC HOUR.

68.

It is late afternoon; the magic hour.
In the lagoon the pirate galleon rides at
anchor some distance out.

On the beach, Mabel and Frederic are undressing --
Frederic to a loincloth, Mabel to frilly, pretty
long underwear.

MABEL
-- so here's what we do. We swim
out to the ship, board it, get the
treasure they stole from my father,
sink the ship and swim back. Simple.
What's wrong?

68. cont.

68. cont.

Frederic is averting his eyes.

MABEL (cont.)

Frederic, look at me when I'm
being brilliant!

FREDERIC

I've never seen a woman's legs before.

MABEL

(sternly)

Frederic -- the legs are an eight ...
maybe nine ...

(taps her temple)

... the brain is a ten. So let's go.

She grabs his hand and runs with him into the sea.

CUT TO:

69. EXT. PIRATE SHIP. SYDNEY. NIGHT

69.

The Pirates are strewn about the deck in drunken stupor, flagons and tankards empty beside them. Long John Silver's parrot is slumped against his cheek, snoring. The elderly pirate's monkey is asleep in his lap, a miniature rum-bottle cradled in his arms.

Frederic clambers over the gunwale, stealthily, turns and signals to Mabel, "All clear". She climbs over and joins him.

MABEL

(whisper)

So where is it?

FREDERIC

It's not here.

69. cont.

69. cont.

MABEL

What!

FREDERIC

It fell overboard on an
uncharted reef.

MABEL turns away in disgust.

FREDERIC

(brightly)
But there's a map.

MABEL

Where?

FREDERIC

The King's got it.

MABEL

How do we get it?

FREDERIC

It's tattooed on his back!

MABEL

On his back, huh?

FREDERIC

No one's ever seen it.
He never takes his shirt off --
in public.

MABEL looks around. —

MABEL

I'll make him take his shirt off.

FREDERIC

How?

69. cont.

69. cont.

MABEL gives a small smile

MABEL
(a small smile)
You grab something to write on.
See you below.

They squeeze hands and part into the darkness.
Mabel grabs a shirt from a line of washing as
she disappears.

(NOTE: The whole scene is played sotto voce and
fast)

CUT TO:

70. EXT. PIRATE SHIP. SYDNEY. NIGHT

70.

The side of the ship, cannon ports projecting below
the gunwale. Frederic swings from hand to hand,
flips over a flagpole like Nadia Comaneci, and
soars to safety -- one hand slips, the other holds,
he swings giddily, and is there.

CUT TO:

71. EXT. PIRATE CABIN. SET. NIGHT

71.

FREDERIC peers into the cabin. He is holding a
scroll and quill pen.

CUT TO:

72. INT. THE PIRATE KING'S CABIN. NIGHT (SET)

72.

Candlelight. The Pirate King, dishevelled, tipsy, is slumped in a chair facing his bed, his back to the bulkhead. A row of empty stone tankards on the bed-head. He holds his sword at his hip, and points it at the tankards one by one. In quick succession, they shatter. He blows on the point of his sword.

His cabin door CREAKS. He starts.

The KING springs to his feet, tottering a little, and aims his sword into the shadows.

KING

Sam -- ?

No answer.

KING (cont.)

Reveal yourself or die.

Mabel steps silkily into the candlelight. She is wearing one of the King's white shirts, which reaches to her slim brown thighs. Her honeyed hair cascades over one bare shoulder. Her eyes are downcast, long lashes fluttering.

KING (cont.)

A nymph?

(sees a touch more clearly)

Nymphet?

MABEL

(a frank, sexy stare)

Nympho?

The King recognizes her and readies his sword. She spreads her hands disarmingly.

MABEL (cont.)

I was in the neighborhood
and saw your light.

CUT TO:

73. EXT. THE PIRATE KING'S CABIN. SET. NIGHT

73.

Frederic stares through the cabin window,
goggle-eyed.

CUT TO:

74. INT. THE PIRATE KING'S CABIN. SET. NIGHT

The King appraises Mabel with lust tempered by
curiosity.

KING

But ... today, you tried to kill me?

MABEL

Some people send flowers.
I fancy a chap, I try to kill him.

CUT TO:

75. EXT. CABIN. SET. NIGHT

75.

Frederic, frustrated that he cannot hear, prises
the cabin window open a fraction.

CUT TO:

76. INT. PIRATE KING'S CABIN. SET. NIGHT.

76.

Mabel plays with the hair on the King's chest and
nibbles at him.

MABEL

(as Mae West)

Is that a dagger in your pocket,
or are you just glad to see me?

KING

Oh. Pardon --

He plucks a dagger from his pocket and tosses it
away. A momentary frown. NO SOUND of it landing.

CUT TO:

77. EXT. CABIN. SET. NIGHT

77.

The dagger quivers in the woodwork an inch from Frederic's face. He closes the window, gingerly.

CUT TO:

78. INT. THE PIRATE KING'S CABIN. SET. NIGHT.

78.

MABEL

Take off your shirt ...

Mabel catches sight of Frederic, his face pressed against the window, his eyes wide. She turns the KING away from the window gesturing FREDERIC to vanish.

The KING starts to take off his shirt and turns towards the window.

KING

(suddenly)

No ...

Frederic is gone.

KING (cont.)

... first tell me, what's the age of consent around here?

MABEL

(caressing his shoulders)
Eighteen.

He turns and embraces her.

KING

Good --- I'm old enough! Well,
you never know, with the Moral Majority.

He crushes her to him and fumbles with the buttons of her shirt. Her hand chases his, buttoning as fast as he can unbutton.

78. cont.

78. cont.

MABEL

(stalling)

Uh ... how about a drink?

KING

(sighs, impatiently)

Help yourself ... there's some
on the window-sill.

Mabel scurries to the window. She peers out.
No sign of Frederic. His face appears upside
down from the top of the window, giving her a
start. She snatches up a tankard and turns
back to the King.

MABEL

Bottoms up.

He leaps at her again.

KING

Any way you wish!

Her drink slops over.

MABEL

You're spilling it!

KING

So hurry!

CUT TO:

79. EXT. THE PIRATE KING'S CABIN - NIGHT

79.

Frederic, back in his normal vantage point. He tries
to see in and rubs at the window. His breath is
steaming it up.

CUT TO:

80. INT. THE PIRATE KING'S CABIN. NIGHT.

80.

The King pulls Mabel's shirt down over one shoulder. She clings to it for dear life.

MABEL

You go first.

KING

But why?

MABEL

(thinking desperately)
Uh ... I've got a bellybutton
fetish.

The King smiles -- more of a leer. More of a King leer. He peels off his shirt and stands, muscular and magnificent, in the candlelight. But side-on to the window. Mabel reacts to his build. Is she getting turned on?

KING

Two hundred pushups a day.

He backs her against the bed, all over her, breathing heavily.

MABEL

I need some fresh air!

Exasperated, the King strides to the window.

CUT TO:

81. EXT. THE PIRATE KING'S CABIN. NIGHT.

81.

Frederic's POV on the King, approaching. He opens the window again and plucks the dagger from the woodwork and readies it to strike.

CUT TO:

82. INT. THE PIRATE KING'S CABIN. NIGHT

The King opens a window and turns back towards Mabel. Frederic's hand appears through the opening, knife aimed at the King's throat.

MABEL
(calls to Frederic)
No!

The King turns on her, suspicious.

MABEL
I've got goosebumps.

The King eyes her cleavage.

KING
Pushups. I recommend pushups.

He slams the window. No sign of Frederic.

KING (cont.)
Now ...

This time he's serious. He forces her back against the bed. She slips out from under him with studied nonchalance. He lunges for her again. She dodges and pretends to admire his portrait on the wall.

MABEL
I know all about art. I just
don't know what I like.

He leaps at her again.

(Note: through all this manoeuvring, Frederic is in the B.G., moving crablike back and forth along the window-ledge to get an angle on the King's back).

82. cont.

82. cont

Mabel is cornered. No escape. The King's hot breath is on her.

KING
(menacingly)
Surely you don't tease?

MABEL
I'm sorry
(thinks fast)
Look, there's one thing never
fails to turn me on.

She whispers in his ear. His eyebrows shoot up in surprise. A lopsided grin. He releases her and she flops on the bed.

KING
Ready?

MABEL
Go for it.

The King begins to flex his pectoral muscles, Arnold Schwarzenegger-style.

MABEL
(indicates)
A little to the left ... hold it.

Now the King pumps his biceps, cheating left -- which brings his back to the window.

Mabel's eyeline to Frederic, who is gaping, transfixed. So this is sex!

She signals him urgently to draw. He sketches rapidly, nods and gestures "keep it going".

The King palpitates his stomach muscles. Mabel feigns ecstasy.

82. cont.

82. cont

MABEL

Oh, God ... more ... more ...
 you're wonderful ... more ...
 I can't stand it ...

The King flexes on. Sex used to be different
 twenty years ago, but one must keep up with the
 times.

CUT TO:

83. EXT. THE PIRATE KING'S CABIN - NIGHT

83.

CUTAWAY to Frederic, bemused.

CUT TO:

84. INT. THE PIRATE KING'S CABIN. NIGHT.

84.

The King is wearying of this.

KING

Are you ready yet?

MABEL

Just one more thing ...

CUT TO:

85. EXT. THE PIRATE KING'S CABIN. NIGHT.

85.

Frederic stares in through the window. He does
 a double take at what he sees.

CUT TO:

86. INT. THE PIRATE KING'S CABIN. NIGHT.

86.

The Pirate King is still flexing, but now he wears a blindfold. Behind him, Mabel tiptoes to the door and vanishes.

A beat. Ruth, in negligee, slips into the cabin, takes the King's hand and leads him towards the bed.

KING

You're right. It does add a certain je ne sais quoi ...

CUT TO:

87. EXT. PIRATE SHIP DECK. NIGHT. SYDNEY.

87.

The sleeping Pirates lie on deck: mass snoring. Each now has a life preserver snug around his armpits, including the parrot and the monkey.

Mabel tiptoes between them. A hand snakes out and grabs her wrist.

She stifles a scream. It is Frederic.

FREDERIC

(whispers)

So that was sex. I don't see what there is to get so excited about.

MABEL

(whispers)

The map?

Frederic brandishes the parchment in triumph. He has drawn a very artistic sketch of the entire cabin, the Pirate King and Mabel. The map is on the King's back.

Mabel indicates the life preservers.

MABEL (cont.)

(whispers)

What's with these?

87. cont.

87. cont.

FREDERIC

We're sinking the ship ...
and they were my friends.

MABEL

Frederic, I love you.

He snatches up an axe and tiptoes away.
Mabel is left alone on the poopdeck, peering
about her anxiously.

In the f.g., Samuel lies curled within a coil
of rope. He opens one eye. He has only
been feigning sleep.

A furtive signal: other pirates stalk Mabel
from behind, soundlessly.

Angle on Mabel, very edgy. A hand snakes about
her waist.

MABEL

(whispers, coyly)
Frederic ... this is not the
time or place.

A leering, stubbled, toothless pirate face
grins into hers.

MABEL (cont.)

(screams)
Frederic!

CUT TO:

88. INT. THE BILGES.- NIGHT

88.

Frederic pulls the bung. Water spurts in.
Suddenly he hears:

MABEL (O.S.)

(screams)
Frederic!

His blood runs cold.

CUT TO:

89. EXT. DECK. NIGHT.

89.

Mabel, held in a bearlike embrace. She slips a finger into the pirate's ear-ring and jerks. He bellows and releases his hold.

Pirates come at her from all sides. She kicks loose a pyramid of cannonballs and trips them up.

ANGLE on Frederic, up from the bilges, axe in hand, aghast at what he sees.

MABEL
(screams)
Frederic -- help!

Two pirates come at Frederic, one of them Pegleg. He pole-axes the first and slices Pegleg's wooden leg clean through. Pegleg topples over.

FREDERIC
(yells)
Mabel -- here!

He leaps to a festoon of halyards and hacks them in one blow.

In a hail of splinters, a shattered plank lands alongside Mabel, a round pulley fixed to either end. She snatches it up.

FREDERIC
(yells)
Catch!

He swings a weighted rope to Mabel, who hitches a ride to the high end of the fallen beam, slips the plank beneath her feet and skateboards into Frederic's arms.

The Pirates gape in amazement.

Frederic and Mabel shake hands, matter-of-factly.

MABEL
Plan B ... good thinking.

They join hands and dive over the side.

WIPE TO:

90. EXT. OCEAN. NIGHT

90.

Mabel and Frederic swimming away, the map clenched between Frederic's teeth.

Behind them, cannon BOOM. Cannonballs SPLASH into the water beside them, HISSING and steaming.

Out of range, they turn and watch the pirate ship founder.

PIRATES (O.S.)
We'll get you for this!

FREDERIC
(to Mabel)
There goes the neighborhood.

Fade up the hard rock tempo of PUMPING and BLOWING.

WIPE TO:

91. EXT. THE REEF. SYDNEY. DAY.

91.

A glorious early morning. Seabirds whirl and cry. Sunlight glistens on the shallows of the reef. On a WIDE SHOT, we see the dinghy bobbing at anchor. Only Mabel is in it.

The PUMPING and BLOWING BEAT builds.

CUT TO:

92. EXT. REEF SURFACE/UNDERWATER. SYDNEY. DAY.

92.

A FLAT ANGLE on this scene, almost two-dimensional like a comic-strip, half frame above the waterline, half below.

Above: Mabel sits in the dinghy, pumping furiously on a small hand-cranked air pump.

Below: Frederic in his loincloth and a big brass 19th century diving helmet, combs through the coral.

92. cont.

92. cont

SONG (Mabel, Frederic and the Fishettes)
 "Pumping and Blowing".

Half-length version of a catchy rock song which relates to their situation. Within it, this action occurs:

Mabel pumps vigorously, but this is no work for a Victorian maiden's hands. She pauses, wrings her fingers and blows on them.

In CLOSEUP, through the helmet faceplate, Frederic suddenly gags, his eyes bulge, he grabs his throat.

MABEL yawns, stretches and starts to pump again in strict temp.

ANIMATED FISH sing back-up vocals.

Frederic scrabbles at the coral to the same beat. He picks up an object and scrapes it. It gleams softly: a gold plate embossed with the elevated design of Tremorden Castle.

FADE MUSIC and:

WIPE TO:

93. EXT. TREMORDEN CASTLE. WERRIBEE. DAY.

93.

On a MATCHING SHOT, establish the Castle: really a stately English manor with a tower and battlements, surrounded by acres of manicured gardens.

CUT TO:

94. INT. BILLIARD ROOM. WERRIBEE. DAY.

94.

The MAJOR GENERAL is bent over a game of solo snooker on a handsome antique table, his uniform awry, decanter and shot glass at his elbow.

94. cont.

94. cont.

The door bursts open to admit FREDERIC and MABEL (and the coda of 'Pumping and Blowing'). FREDERIC is bent double under a massive treasure chest. He is a mess, muddy, ragged and exhausted. MABEL, leading the way, is dew-fresh and immaculate, once more the prim Victorian maiden her father believes her to be.

The MAJOR GENERAL barely glances up from his shot.

GENERAL
(to himself)
Right on cue.

MABEL
Papa, we're home!
(directing Frederic)
Over there, Frederic.

Frederic makes to deposit the chest inside the door with much relief.

MABEL (cont.)
(changing her mind)
Frederic, over here!

The MAJOR GENERAL misses the pocket, but slyly awards himself six points on the score-counter as MABEL embraces him.

FREDERIC rolls his eyes and lugs the chest to them.

MABEL (cont.)
See, papa, we've restored the family fortune -- all your sentimental treasures -- gold bars, kruggerrands --

The MAJOR GENERAL gives the chest a cursory glance and hands a cue to Frederic.

GENERAL
Break?

94. cont.

94. cont.

FREDERIC
 (holding his back)
 No, just a little bent.

The MAJOR GENERAL lines up a shot, scarce containing his smugness.

GENERAL
 And the Pirates -- you sank their ship?

FREDERIC
 We did --

GENERAL
 What a senseless waste of human life,
 pink ball in the corner pocket.

FREDERIC
 (cheerfully rolling on)
 -- so they're at least twenty minutes
 behind us. Time for your army to ambush
 them.

The MAJOR GENERAL's cue rips a yard of baize.
 MABEL slides the counter back six points.

GENERAL
 (aghast)
 Army? What army? Do you know
 now much extras cost these days?

He swallows straight from the decanter.

FREDERIC
 (to Mabel)
 I blew it.

MABEL
 (a proclamation)
 Then Frederic will raise an army!

Frederic looks bemused.

94. cont.

94. cont.

GENERAL

Well ... in yonder village there's
a force of yeomen stout in limb and
spirit, dedicated to the rule of law.
But they lack a leader.

MABEL

So, papa, of course, you'll lead them!

The MAJOR GENERAL almost has a stroke.

GENERAL

I ... ? Lead ... ? Ahem,
of course, but --
(aside to himself)
-- behind the eight ball --
I've reaped my share of glory!
Why be selfish?

He claps his arm about Frederic's shoulders.

GENERAL (cont.)

My boy, you've got the job!
(aside to Frederic)
Rid me of these villains and
Mabel's hand is yours ...
not to mention the best parts.

MABEL

Frederic, no -- it's too dangerous!
You can't fight pirates on a day of
critically low biorhythms!

x 15'00-1

But Frederic's blod is up.

FREDERIC

This is the battle I was born to fight!
(to the General)
I'll ride to lead these good men
straight away!
(beat)
But first --

MABEL closes her eyes and puckers. Frederic seems
not to notice. He chalks the tip of his sword and
cues the white ball.

94. cont.

94. cont.

FREDERIC (cont.)
 (taking his leave)
 Mabel! Sir!

And he is gone. Mabel and the Major General watch
 all the colours drop into the pockets.

The sound of furious HOOFBEATS.

CUT TO:

95. EXT. REAR OF STABLES. WERRIBEE. DAY

95.

A riderless horse bolts into the distance.

FREDERIC sits on the cobblestones, rubbing his
 rump.

FREDERIC
 (to himself)
 I've been at sea since I was one
 -- how the hell would I know how
 to ride a horse?

CLOSE ANGLE on Frederic. We see the flintlock
 pistol pointing at his temple before he does.

FREDERIC (cont.)
 (signs)
 Still, I gave it my best shot.

KING (O.S.)
 Famous last words.

Frederic turns and looks down the barrel.

His POV on the PIRATE KING. The KING smirks.

CUT TO:

96. INT. THE CASTLE CHAPEL. WERRIBEE. DAY. 96.

A tiny soft-lit chapel. A halo of light about an altar dressed with tiers of tall candles. In the f.g. a burnished coffin lies open, richly lined.

The KING frog-marches his captive in. Frederic regards the coffin with exaggerated fright.

FREDERIC

If it's all the same to you, I'd rather be buried at sea.

The KING glances in the coffin. FREDERIC snatches an altar candle and thrusts it at the KING'S gun-hand. The pistol CLATTERS to the floor.

Frederic leaps through a stained-glass window.

CUT TO:

97. EXT. WINDOW-LEDGE. DAY.

97.

Frederic teeters on tiptoe upon a narrow window-ledge. His POV to the ground, thirty feet below. He glances sideways: another window. He draws a deep breath.

CUT TO:

98. INT. CASTLE LIBRARY. WERRIBEE. DAY

98.

Frederic comes crashing in through a window. As he brushes himself off, we hear ...

RUTH (OS.)

Ssshh.

REVEAL RUTH, dressed as a male pirate, finger to her lips. She indicates a sign which says "LIBRARY". A large volume is pressed to her chest.

98. cont.

98. cont.

FREDERIC
(astonished)
Ruth!

She lowers the book to expose a pistol, cocked and aimed at Frederic's heart.

RUTH
Plain old Ruth.
(calls)
Here, commander!

The KING steps through the window, tut-tutting at the damage.

FREDERIC
(genuinely contrite)
Oh, Ruth, I treated you so badly --

Ruth brushes his regrets aside.

RUTH
You sexist macho types are all the same.

She seems to include the KING in this insult. He is blowing tenderly on his burnt hand.

RUTH (cont.)
Wasn't it Joan of Arc who said ...
(in one breath)
"Repression of inherent feminine consciousness and/or stereotyping women as objects submissive to the masculine id is most acute in the attitudes of jocks, spics, wops, yids, greasers and coons"?

KING
(to CAMERA: in Spanish)
Apologesias per esto.

As a subtitle we SUPER:

I'D LIKE TO APOLOGIZE FOR THIS TO ALL MY FRIENDS OF ETHNIC ORIGIN, ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO CAN READ.

98. cont.

98. cont.

RUTH puts her pistol to FREDERIC's temple.

RUTH
Able Seaperson Frederic,
prepare to die!

The KING pushes Ruth's gun away.

KING
Enough!

FREDERIC
You'd better! For I've sworn
to vanquish you all!

KING
Frederic -- reconsider. We're your
comrades. Come back to us.

FREDERIC
But I sank your ship --?

KING
That? It was insured with Lloyds
of London. And this --

He takes Ruth's pistol and hurls it with his own
CLATTERING far off.

KING (cont.)
Who'll throw one to your soul in hell?

He leaps back, drawing his sword.

The KING almost responds, then lets his blade fall
back into its scabbard.

98. cont.

98. cont

KING

Frederic? My once-apprentice?
I taught you all you know. Don't
make me teach you how to die.

FREDERIC

I'll do the teaching!

FREDERIC thrusts: an elaborate lightning-snap
of the wrist and the King's leather tunic is
branded in classic copperplate: "Cowerd"
(Note: deliberately mis-spelled). Steam rises
from the letters.

KING

That was a mistake ...

The King's sword is in his hand. He springs
at Frederic and drives him back through the
shattered window and leaps after him.

CUT TO:

99. EXT. LEDGE. DAY.

99.

The KING and FREDERIC inch along the narrow ledge.
The KING slips. Frederic grabs his outflung hand
and hauls him clear.

KING

Can't we kill each other
somewhere safe?

CUT TO:

100. INT. CHAPEL. DAY.

100.

Frederic backs in through the window. The King
steers him past an outcrop of jagged glass --

KING

Careful -- might cut yourself.

100. cont.

100. cont.

--- and in the same breath aims an overarm slash at Frederic, who leaps aside. The blade cleaves an altar candle vertically.

Frederic delivers a backhand stroke to an entire row of candles, so sharp and swift they fail to fall.

He blows gently. They topple.

Not to be outdone, the King matches Frederic's stroke, and blows. Nothing happens.

FREDERIC
Out of breath?

KING
Save yours! The next may be
your last!

Ferociously, the King drives Frederic back against a wall and aims a lethal slash. Frederic ducks and the King decapitates a bust on a plinth.

KING
The head of the family?

FREDERIC gains the upper hand and backs the King against the open coffin. He thrusts: The KING falls flat on his back in the casket. Frederic pounces and slams the lid shut.

A rack of swords on the wall: Frederic thrusts them through the sides of the coffin like some demented magician.

A beat: Frederic surveys his handiwork, trembling.

The flat of a blade slaps his across the butt.

KING
(camp)
Hello, sailor.

100. cont.

100. cont.

He stands grinning. Frederic looks to the coffin, bewildered. The King gestures and a white dove flies from his sleeve.

Frederic snatches a sword from the coffin. The blade telescopes into the hilt. The KING draws another from the adjacent slit and tosses it to Frederic ... perfect working order.

CUT TO:

101. EXT. STONE STEPS. DAY. 101.

The fight continues, CROSS CUT WITH SHORT SHOTS from the classical Fairbanks, Rathbone sword fights.

CUT TO:

102. EXT. CLOISTERS. DAY. 102.

Frederic's brilliance drives the King into a retreat and spectacular recovery.

CUT TO:

103. EXT. FLAG TOWER. DAY. 103.

Frederic and the King lunge and parry on a spiral staircase in the open flag tower.

The King glances up at the fluttering Union Jack and slashes the halyard.

Frederic catches the rope.

FREDERIC
Half-mast ... R.I.P.

103. cont.

103. cont.

The King severs Frederic's waistband. Frederic clutches his drooping breeches.

KING
Half-assed ... B.V.D.

CUT TO:

104. INT. LIBRARY. WERRIBEE. DAY.

104.

The King and Frederic burst in at ground level. The King aims a death thrust. Frederic evades it and the King's sword shatters on a column.

From the first gallery above, Ruth tosses the King her rapier. This time he catches it. By the blade. That smarts.

They skirmish their way upstairs, along the first gallery, onto the second.

The King forces Frederic against the rail -- he lunges -- Frederic vanishes backwards out of SHOT.

We find him clinging to a chandelier twenty feet above the floor, sword at the ready.

The King leaps to a second chandelier.

Hanging by one hand, they clash blades with undiminished vigor.

Frederic strikes a vicious arc, but well above the King's head.

KING
Not even close.

He glances up. His POV on the chandelier cord, about to part.

Frederic grins.

104. cont.

104. cont.

The King plummets out of FRAME.

Frederic's grin freezes. He glances down.

CUT TO:

105. INT. FLOOR OF LIBRARY. WERRIBEE. DAY.

105.

Frederic's POV. The King's sword, aimed upward at his crutch, and a dagger poised at the cord securing Frederic's chandelier.

KING

Drop it, or ...

He gestures with the dagger.

FREDERIC

Nuts!

The King gestures with the sword.

KING

Them too.

Frederic lets his blade fall. He drops, catlike, before the King, and stands ready to take it like a man.

KING (cont.)

Heart or throat?

FREDERIC

(boldly)

Heart!

The King draws back his sword for the coup-de-grace.

105. cont.

105. cont.

Frederic's POV on his sword ... three feet away.
How will he get out of this one?

Suddenly we hear the voice of:

SIR ALEC GUINNESS (O.S.)
The force, Frederic --
remember the force!!

Frederic flicks his wrist and his sword leaps from
the floor into his hand. He sends the King's
sword RINGING into the shadows and presses his
blade to the King's throat.

KING
Did I teach you that?

Frederic prepares himself for the fatal thrust.
This is tough for him, but we believe he'll go
through with it.

RUTH (O.S.)
(shouts from above)
Mercy!

Frederic half-glances upward; a tremor of doubt.

RUTH (cont.)
Men!
(to Frederic)
Kill him now, you'll never hear
his secret!

FREDERIC
Secret?

He releases his sword. It dangles from his wrist
on a length of black string. The King produces
the small scroll we saw earlier.

105. cont.

105. cont.

KING

Your deed of apprenticeship.

FREDERIC

(puzzled)

Yes?

The King snaps his fingers. From the gallery above, Ruth unfurls a massive scroll to the floor beside them.

KING

The fine print.

At this eye level, a passage is underlined. He uses his sword as a pointer.

KING (cont.)

Your date of birth?

FREDERIC

February 29th, 1856.

KING

-- a leap year ---

FREDERIC

-- I don't get it ---

KING

(as if to a cretin)

-- you were apprenticed to us ---

FREDERIC

-- until I reached my twenty-first year ---

KING

-- uh-uh ---

(points)

-- until you reached your twenty-first birthday. And going by birthdays, you're still only five-and-a-quarter.

105. cont.

105. cont.

FREDERIC
(dumbstruck)
What!

KING
.. we merely remind you of it
and leave the rest to your
sense of duty!

Ruth appears beside Frederic, sliding down a
tassled bell-rope.

RUTH
Duty!
(cheerfully)
Sexist pig!

Frederic comes to a decision.

FREDERIC
(stiffly)
Duty and honor are all I have.
That's the one good thing you
taught me (a beat). So whatever
it costs me, I will do my duty.

KING
Good lad!

FREDERIC
(like automation)
So I must tell you.
(beat)
General Stanley -- Mabel's father --
he's got your treasure hidden here.
And he's raising an army to
slaughter you --
(glumly)
-- us.

KING
(jovially)
A fight? Splendid!
We haven't had a decent fight
since breakfast.

105. cont.

105. cont.

RUTH
 (into Frderic's ear)
 Nobody loves a stoolie.

Frederic, as though coming out of a trance ...

FREDERIC
 Love! Oh, my god, Mabel
 (to the King)
 An hour, to say farewell forever.

KING
 Hell, when I was your age
 I could say farewell three times
 in an hour!
 (grins)
 But not forever ...
 (beat)
 ... we'll be taking the ladies with us.

FREDERIC
 Mabel would rather die!

KING
 Oh, that can be arranged ...

He reaches up and a tasselled rope drops into
 frame which flies him up. Ruth repeats the gag.

KING (O.S.)
 We march on Tremorden Castle tonight!

Frederic tries to make the same exit but no rope
 comes to his hand.

KING
 (from balcony)
 They are doomed!

The word ECHOES and reverberates with ominous
 finality.

Frederic moves away, intensely sad.

CUT TO:

106. INT. CHAPEL. DAY.

106.

Frederic comes in to the Chapel. His cup of happiness dashed from his lips. As he begins his SOLO "How Will I Live Without Her", he stops beside the font and looks down. MABEL's face appears up in the water. FREDERIC tries to hold it but it spills through his fingers.

As the water settles, flashback visuals appear on the surface ... moments we haven't seen before.

CUT TO:

107. MONTAGE

107.

- (a) A picnic on a grassy bluff ...
- (b) Frederic lying in Mabel's lap ...
- (c) Mabel laughing ...
- (d) Frederic giving Mabel fencing lessons ...
- (e) Mabel breaking up ...
- (f) Loving looks and touches and embraces ...

CUT TO:

108. RESUME FREDERIC IN CHAPEL. DAY.

108.

Half way through the song, FREDERIC moves to sit on the coffin which seems to mesmerise him. Perhaps remembering ROMEO in the tomb scene, he lays himself down in the plush coffin.

Mabel bursts into the Chapel.

MABEL
(calls)
Live without who?

A hand appears over the edge of the casket.

108. cont.

108. cont.

MABEL (cont.)

Yikes!

Frederic appears, looking sheepish.

MABEL

What are you doing in there?

FREDERIC

(lying)
Hiding.

MABEL (cont.)

(aside)
My Frederic, hiding?
It cannot be the lion-heart
trembles at the coming conflict?
(to camera)
My love, a wimp?

FREDERIC

No, Mabel, no! A terrible
disclosure has just been made!

MABEL

(blithely)
Then zip it up.

WIPE TO:

109. EXT. GROTTO. WERRIBEE HALL. DAY.

109.

A rustic walkway to a gem of an island,
overgrown with vines and flowers. Mabel and
Frederic meander along a leafy path.

MABEL

-- you mean, when I'm ...
eighty-four,
you'll still be twenty-one?

FREDERIC

(in despair)
Yes!

MABEL

Could be fun.

109. cont.

109. cont.

FREDERIC

No, no --- the tragedy
 eludes you.
 I won't be free to marry you till ...

A pedestal beside the path, topped by an open
 stone book, inscribed "1877". Frederic turns
 the page. Overleaf: "1940".

FREDERIC (cont.)

... nineteen forty!

A thought strikes Mabel. She halts.

MABEL

Frederic -- you're not gay, are you?

FREDERIC

(indignantly)

No!

MABEL

-- I mean, the way you and that
 Pirate King get around in those
 faggy pleated shirts and all
 that leather ... year after year
 alone at sea ...

FREDERIC

(peeved)

Mabel!

MABEL

(to camera)

Okay, I'm not prejudiced. I mean
 what has this country got a Navy for?
 Screw 'em if they can't take a joke.

The exit shot.

CUT TO:

110. EXT. ROCKS TO TOP OF ISLET. DAY.

110.

MABEL leads FREDERIC upwards.

MABEL (cont.)

(gently)

All kidding aside, Fred ...
tell me this ...
are you a virgin?

FREDERIC

(after a moment's consideration)
I don't know.

MABEL

Near enough.

(beat)

But you'd have me die one?

FREDERIC

No!

MABEL

But you put your "sense of duty"
before me ... before the
lives of my whole family.

FREDERIC

But I have to -- it's my duty ...
that's all I know.

MABEL

Frederic, these are the 1880's.
You can't live your life by the
outmoded class conventions of a
neo-imperialist society.
Find your true center.

FREDERIC

You mean ... Zen piracy?

Mabel tears at her bodice.

110. cont.

110. cont.

MABEL

Frederic, have you ever worn a
 whalebone corset? --- well, no,
 we established that ---
 it chokes and strangles, Frederic.
 I won't live my life choked and
 strangled by someone else's dumb
 ideas of custom and duty ...
 not even yours! Never to know the
 rich and deep and real and wonderous
 person beating, throbbing here inside
 me ---
 Frederic, can you see me throbbing!?

His eyes are on her bodice.

FREDERIC

I see! I see! I'm throbbing too!

MABEL

Your duty is to us ... to our love!

FREDERIC

Mmm ... you're right ... Love is everything!

MABEL

Love is everything.
 Now go and massacre these oafs!

She offers him his sword. He takes it, turns
 to go, a step or two, he falters -- and flings
 it from him.

FREDERIC

I can't.

He turns and takes her hands. Two can use this
 kind of emotional blackmail.

FREDERIC

(into her eyes)
 Mabel ... you say you love me?

MABEL

As midnight loves the moon.

110. cont.

110. cont.

FREDERIC

Who am I? You've only known me
for a day or two. A sailor who's
spent all his life at sea ...
who knows nothing about life,
or ladies ... only love.

She makes to protest. He covers her lips.

FREDERIC (cont.)

But that's "me" you love.
If I should change to keep
your love, in changing I might
lose it.

MABEL

And that's the bottom line!

Frederic nods.

MABEL (cont.)

To hold you I have to let you go?

Frederic nods.

A long sad look. Mabel knows she has lost.
Frederic turns to go.

FREDERIC

See you in 1940.

He kisses his fingers and touches them to her lips.
Her tongue and teeth start on them.

FREDERIC (cont.)

(getting turned on)
I'll try for 1939!

110. cont.

110. cont.

He steps away from her, turns and walks away ...
over the surface of the lake.

MABEL stares, unbelieving, then recovers herself
and sings a song that celebrates the love she's
known, however brief --- and becomes a declaration
of strength, that she will never lose him or their
love.

We see Mabel in EXTREME CLOSEUP, SOFTLY MIXED
with a WIDE SHOT of Frederic as he makes his
way across the fields -- first slowly, then
picking up his step, then like a soldier off to
battle -- and finally, looking out to sea and
the pirate ship.

To cover this MONTAGE we shoot ...

CUT TO:

-
- | | | |
|------|--|------|
| 111. | CLOSE SHOT MABEL against black velvet. | 111. |
|------|--|------|
-
- | | | |
|------|---|------|
| 112. | FREDERIC away down the homestead road.
(WERRIBEE). | 112. |
|------|---|------|
-
- | | | |
|------|---|------|
| 113. | FREDERIC picking up his step beside the
river. (WERRIBEE). | 113. |
|------|---|------|
-
- | | | |
|------|--|------|
| 114. | FREDERIC climbing over a dune and looking
out to sea (COVE - LOCH ARD). | 114. |
|------|--|------|
-
- | | | |
|------|---|------|
| 115. | PIRATE SHIP ANCHORED off beach. SYDNEY.
Frederic appears to walk out towards it.
(OPTICAL). | 115. |
|------|---|------|
-

116. INT. CHAPEL. WERRIBEE. DAY.

116.

MABEL enters the chapel for the last eight bars of her song. She takes a small candle and holds it in front of her face at the altar ... for her love.

She gently blows it out. Two feet away, the entire front row of altar candles collapses. They were lopped in the sword-fight, remember?

CUT TO:

117. INT. DINING ROOM. CASTLE. WERRIBEE. DAY. 117.

The MAJOR-GENERAL sits alone at a vast refectory table eating chicken legs, a la Henry VIII and getting thoroughly sloshed.

MABEL strides in dressed for action and spoiling for the fight.

MABEL

Frederic has crossed over to the enemy! Papa, there's barely time for you to reach our force and lead them!

The Major-General fumbles for his glass and knocks it over, spilling grog across the table.

GENERAL

Lead ...? I can't ...
I'm planning strategy ...
you know ...

MABEL

(sniffs)
Papa!

GENERAL

Just a snort or two ...
for courage ...

MABEL

(scornfully)
Courage!

117. cont.

117. cont.

His eyes plead with her.

GENERAL

(pathetically)
I'm just a theoretical soldier,
you see ... the very -- very model --
of a modern Major whatsit ...
vegetables and mineral ...
I am ... I am the very very very ...

He staggers to his feet and reaches for a dagger
fixed on the wall. He holds it to his temple.

GENERAL (cont.)

... never used one of these damn
things in my life ... oh don't worry,
it won't go off, it isn't loaded.

MABEL

(aside to herself)
But you are.

Mabel takes the dagger from him, gently,
and hugs him.

MABEL

Papa. One soldier in the
family is enough.

GENERAL

Your young man ...

MABEL

No ... me!

She flourishes the dagger boldly.

MABEL (cont.)

How much to keep this quiet?

The General is shocked.

117. cont.

117. cont.

MABEL (cont.)
 No, I'll tell you ..
 if we win, a full pardon for
 Frederic!

The General makes a show of resistance ... then nods.

Mabel strides to the door.

MABEL (cont.)
 (calls)
 A full pardon!

GENERAL
 (to himself)
 Women may never be the same
 after today.

Mabel turns.

MABEL
 Believe it.

JUMP CUT TO:

118. EXT. YARD & STABLES. CASTLE. DAY. 118.

In a running jump, Mabel mounts a snorting, skittish black stallion. Skirt hitched, barelegged, sword and reins in hand, she thunders away.

CUT TO:

119. EXT. FORD NEAR CASTLE. DAY. 119.

Mabel thunders across.

CUT TO:

120. EXT. THE OPEN ROAD. HOMESTEAD CORNER.
DAY.

120.

TWENTY LONDON BOBBIES come marching in single file over a rise, their truncheons at "shoulder arms". Except for their leader, the SERGEANT, striding briskly, muttonchop whiskers bristling, twirling his truncheon like a baton virtuoso.

The CAMERA rushes to join their mock heroics and DOLLIES back as they sing:

CHORUS OF POLICE (with Solo-Sergeant)
'When the Foeman Bares His Steel'

SERGEANT
When the foeman bares his steel,

CHORUS
Tarantara, tarantara!

SEARGEANT
We uncomfortable feel!

CHORUS
Tarantara!

SERGEANT
And we find the wisest thing,

CHORUS
Tarantara, tarantara!

SERGEANT
Is to slap our chests and sing,

CHORUS and SERGEANT
Tarantara!

SERGEANT
For when threaten'd by the brutes,

CHORUS
Tarantara, tarantara!

120. cont.

120. cont.

SERGEANT

And your heart is in your boots,

CHORUS

Tarantara!

SERGEANT

There is nothing brings it round,
Like the trumpet's martial sound,He puts his truncheon to his lips, piccolo-style,
and trills a few notes.

CHORUS

Like the trumpet's martial sound!

SERGEANT

Oh.

They pass a post-and-orb fence. The Sergeant
pots each orb with his truncheon like Minnesota
Fats.CUT TO:121. EXT. REVERSE ANGLE. DAY.

121.

Suddenly, Mabel comes thundering in and reins her
horse among them, scattering them. For a moment
she looks like Joan of Arc.CUT TO:122. EXT. RESUME SERGEANT AND POLICE.

DAY. 122.

MABEL

Sergeant, approach! Pirates are
at large!

POLICE

(In perfect unison)
P - P - P - P - Pirates!!

122. cont.

122. cont.

MABEL

It's a day for death or glory!

POLICE

That is not a pleasant way
of putting it.

MABEL

Take heart! Frederic should have
led you -- but now I shall!

SERGEANT

Not bleedin' likely! You're a girl!
Now nick off!

POLICE

Yes, nick off!

They march away at double tempo, singing, and this
next scene is underscored by a large slab of
"TARANTARA" in the distance.

Mabel calls after them.

MABEL

(angrily)
I'll see what your Inspector
thinks of this!

She makes to wheel away. Instantly we hear the
unmistakeable "Hee Haw" of a French police siren (O.S.)

Mabel turns to see:

CUT TO:

123. EXT. HOMESTEAD CORNER. DAY.

123.

POV. THREE MEN RIDING BICYCLES. DAY.
INSPECTOR CLOUSEAU is front and centre, in trench
coat, trouser clips and trilby: he is flanked by
two uniformed GENDARMES, winding mechanical sirens
fixed to their handlebars.

CUT TO:

124. EXT. RESUME MABEL. DAY.

124.

Mabel looks with disbelief. CLOUSEAU and the GENDARMES dismount in front of her. CLOUSEAU's trenchcoat catches the saddle, pulling his bike over. He puts his foot through the spokes and crosses to Mabel, with an air of self-importance undiminished by the fact that he's dragging a bike behind him.

GENDARMES
(humming)
Bom-ba-dom-ba-dom,
bom-ba-ba-dom,
bom-ba-ba-dom
(The Pink Panther theme)

CLOUSEAU
One merment.

He steps free of his encumbrance, jauntily, and inspects Mabel with a lascivious eye. Something still bothers him, down out of FRAME. He twitches. Whatever it is won't come. He reaches down surreptitiously. We hear: SNAP!

He wrings his hand, with a trouser clip attached to it.

CLOUSEAU
(in pain)
I must take some nerts.
(snaps his fingers at a Gendarme)
My nertbook.

Gendarme hands him his nertbook.

124. cont.

124. cont.

CLOUSEAU
 (pen poised)
 Nem of the ferzjeteef?

MABEL
 Ferzjeteef?

CLOUSEAU
 (impatiently)
 Ferzjeteef ... F - U - ---

MABEL
 Up yours too, Froggy!
 (gets it)
 Oh ... "fugitive". Frederic.

CLOUSEAU
 Strange nem fer a gel.

MABEL
My name is Stanley.

CLOUSEAU
 Still a stenge nem fer a gel.

MABEL
 Mabel -- Stanley.

Clouseau licks his pen. A black streak on his tongue.

CLOUSEAU
 (writing)
 ... Mebble.
 (to Mabel)
 Mebble ... tell me abert zese parrots.

MABEL
 Parrots?

CLOUSEAU
 Parrots.

124. cont.

124. cont.

He brandishes his pen as if it were a sword.
 PULL OUT to reveal he has scribbled all over
 the face of the nearest gendarme.

CLOUSEAU (cont.)
 (as if to a moron)
 ... parrots!

MABEL
 The Pirates are on their way to the
 Castle right now, led by the
 Pirate King.

CLOUSEAU
 Zis Párrót Kink ... does he 'ave
 an 'urse?

MABEL
 A nurse! Yes: Ruth.

CLOUSEAU
 Ey dern't went to kner its nem.
 Oh ferst ders it rhern?

MABEL
 How fast? You want to know how
 fast a nurse runs?

He slaps her horse's shoulder.

CLOUSEAU
 (infuriated)
 An 'urse! Whet do you think this is --
 a perret?

MABEL
 Perret?

Clouseau flaps his arms and screeches.

124. cont.

124. cont.

CLOUSEAU

A Perret! "Perly wernts a crecker!"
 (calming himself, with an effort)
 The erther parrots ... their nems?

MABEL

Long John Silver. Guy with a
 wooden leg -- wears a pirate on his
 shoulder.
 Ruth -- she's a horse.
 (to her horse, wheeling him)
 Come, nurse!
 (to Clouseau)
 Follow me to the fort!

Mabel gallops away. A trail of steaming horse-
 turds in her wake. Clouseau sniffs the air,
 puzzled.

CLOUSEAU

Fert?

He turns to his men.

CLOUSEAU

Pick erp zose 'erfprints fer evidence.

The Gendarmes begin sweeping the hoofprints into
 their handkerchiefs. Clouseau mounts his bicycle.
 The seat swivels to face the wrong way. He pedals
 in space.

CUT TO:

125. EXT. FORD NEAR CASTLE.

DAY.

125.

The Police are marching across the ford oblivious
 of the water. MABEL comes riding after them and
 reins her horse across the road out. Brandishing
 her sword, she turns them back towards the Castle.

MABEL

To the Castle -- !

125. cont.

125. cont.

The Police react apprehensively -- but they're more frightened of her than any potential danger elsewhere, and now they notice the water and don't want to get their feet wet.

They TARANTARA reluctantly back across the ford with Mabel prancing at their head.

MABEL

(to Sergeant, as they reach the other side)

These pirates won't know what hit 'em. We'll put an end to their reign of terror, butchery, arson, and rape. Not to mention robbery, flogging, kidnapping, keel-hauling, murder, mayhem and massacre. (BEAT) Those dirty cop killers!

These sentiments terrify the Police.

Their batons all droop.

CUT TO:

126. EXT. PATH THROUGH WOODS.

DAY.

126.

Under MABEL's unrelenting look, the Sergeant, and Police set off again, geared down into a formal slow march.

SERGEANT

Though it's very evident,

CHORUS

Tarantara, tarantara!

SERGEANT

These intentions are well meant,

CHORUS

Tarantara!

126. cont.

SERGEANT

Such expressions don't appear,

CHORUS

Tarantara! Tarantara!

SERGEANT

Calculated men to cheer.

CHORUS

Tarantara!

SERGEANT

Who are going to meet their fate
In a highly nervous state.

CHORUS

Tarantara, tarantara, tarantara!

SERGEANT

Still to us it's evident
These intentions are well meant.

CUT TO:

127. EXT. CASTLE GATES. DAY.

127.

Riding ahead of them, Mabel herds her reluctant
army of Police through the Castle gates.

POLICE

Yes, it's very evident
These attentions are well meant,
(Evident)
Yes, well-meant;
(Evident)SERGEANT AND POLICE

All, yes well meant!

127. cont.

127. cont.

In a moment, while MABEL prances a few paces ahead, the SERGEANT and POLICE scatter (undercranked) and vanish behind the gatehouse. MABEL turns, looks puzzled, then advancing, puts her fingers to her lips and gives a shrill whistle. The POLICE appear shamefaced, re-form ranks and march past her singing:

POLICE

We go, we go!

We go, we go!

We go, we go, we go, we go!

MABEL looks after them a little dejected. Another chorus, however, snaps her back into action.

PIRATES (O.S.)

With a ho-ho-ho

And a yo-ho-ho

We are the pirates!

We are the pirates!

CUT TO:

128. EXT. STEPS UP CLIFF (LOCH ARD). DAY. 128.

The Pirates appear above the clifftops, hauling enough cannon, ladders, rope, swords, blunderbusses, grappling irons, armament, ammunition and provisions for the seige of Leningrad.

PIRATES

Out on the ocean wave

We instill fear and loathing

(Loathing -- we are very well loathed) --

Marauders with shiny swords

And very fancy clothing

(Clothing -- we are very well clothed) --

CUT TO:

129. EXT. PATH THROUGH TREES TO CASTLE. DAY. 129.

INTERCUT.

The POLICE freeze in mid-march, terror-stricken. Their helmets rise two inches as their hair stands on end.

CUT TO:

130. RESUME PIRATES AT TOP OF CLIFF. DAY. 130.

We now see the crew carry a massive battering ram between them. The Pirate King strides out in front, carrying only a musical score and merrily conducting. Ruth lopes beside him. Frederic trails behind, looking miserable.

PIRATES

Global supremacy is what we gun for,
We raise our flag and watch the
cowards run!

CUT TO:

131. EXT. FLOWER BEDS BESIDE CASTLE. WERRIBEE DAY 131.

The POLICE are now in confusion. They run into each other, bump, turn and fall, dodging and weaving, KEYSTONE KOP fashion. MABEL rides up and looks on, utterly confused and frustrated.

CUT TO:

132. EXT. CASTLE GATES. WERRIBEE. DAY. 132.

The Pirates march up, still singing; tramp on the spot as they survey the heavy wrought iron gates; deposit their battering ram on the ground; and march up against the gates.

PIRATES

For we are the Pirates --
Batten down the hatches!
We can be irate --
Aye-eye-patches!

CUT TO:

133. EXT. CASTLE - DAY TO NIGHT 2nd UNIT

133.

The Castle stands silhouetted against the sky.
We hear DOORS SLAMMING and a frenzied HAMMERING,
as if the POLICE are barricading themselves in.

On a TIME LAPSE SHOT, night falls.

POLICE (O.S.)
(timidly)
Tarantara!

CUT TO:

134. EXT. FRONT OF CASTLE. WERRIBEE. NIGHT.

134.

The Pirates are still marching, now a procession
of fiery torches.

PIRATES
(to a marching tempo)
Ah, ah, ah, ah, stayin' alive,
Ah, ah, ah, ah, stayin' alive,
Stayin' ali-i-ive, Stayin' alive!

CUT TO:

135. EXT. POV OF CASTLE BATTLEMENTS. NIGHT

135.

The battlements look eerie and deserted in the
flickering light from the torches.

POLICE (O.S.)
(timidly)
Tarantara!

CUT TO:

136. EXT. CASTLE FRONT DOOR. NIGHT.

136.

The Pirates march up to the orante front door, still carrying their battering ram.

They find a battering ram as big as their own, laid out on the ground in front of them.

SAMUEL

(deadpan)

I suppose we'll have to take this one back, then.

CUT TO:

137. INT. A SITTING ROOM IN CASTLE. NIGHT.

137.

Led by a determined MABEL, the SISTERS, in various undress attire, rush into the room carrying lanterns. They move a table in front of the window and set down three lanterns.

CUT TO:

138. EXT./INT. FRONT DOOR CASTLE. NIGHT.

138.

Angle on FREDERIC, a picture of misery as he watches the Pirates, massed to assault the doors. Both battering rams are aimed at the entrance.

On the King's signal, the first battering ram brigade attacks. They charge up to the front door and with careful deceleration, manage to gently press the doorbell. It rings, DING-DONG.

SAMUEL

Avon calling.

The KING gestures. The second ram hurtles at the door. A split-second before contact, the door is opened by a UNIFORMED BUTLER and they career on through to a shattering CRASH (O.S.).

The KING steps blithely through the door, hands his cloak and gloves to the butler, and enters.

CUT TO:

139. CLOSE SHOT FREDERIC, pauses, looking 139.
upwards. Several tremendous crashes,
and sounds, of the battering ram smashing
things inside make him wince, but he is
clearly fascinated by something off-screen.

CUT TO:

140. EXT. WINDOW IN CASTLE. WERRIBEE. NIGHT 140.
FREDERIC's POV of a high window and the
silhouettes of three voluptuous ladies undressing.

CUT TO:

141. INT. GIRLS' SITTING ROOM. WERRIBEE. NIGHT. 141
The SISTERS are grouped intently about MABEL,
EDITH and KATE who sit between the bright lanterns
and the window, casting hand-shadows on the blind.

(NOTE: Possible ANIMATION.)

CUT TO:

142. INT./EXT. HALLWAY & STAIRS. WERRIBEE. NIGHT. 142.
The KING returns to pull FREDERIC inside.
The sound of the PIRATES' clumsy destruction makes
him blanch.

CUT TO:

143. POV OF STAIRWAY.NIGHT.

143.

The magnificent ornate staircase, overlooked by etched windows, is a shambles. Statuary, vases, pedestals, portraits and tapestries and suits of armour and torn flags, lie spread all over the bannisters and stairs.

PIRATES (O.S.)

(very loudly)

With cat-like tread,
Upon our prey we steal;
In silence dread
Our cautious way we feel!
No sound at all,
We never speak a word;
A fly's footfall
Would be distinctly heard --

The PIRATE KING hops blithely up the stairs, beckoning FREDERIC to follow.

CUT TO:144. INT. UPPER STAIRCASE. NIGHT.

144.

Oblivious to all the damage they have caused, the PIRATES carry their battering ram through the shot singing:

PIRATES

Come friends who plough the sea
Steady navigation
Shirking devastation ...

CUT TO:145. REVERSE ANGLE. UPPER STAIRS AND LANDING. NIGHT.

145.

NOTE: This is a set-piece duplicating a segment of the location staircase.

The Pirates appear around a corner (their battering ram bends) -- a human tidal wave of accidental vandalism.

PIRATES

... Let's vary piracee
With a little lecheree!

145. cont.

145. cont.

They pass through leaving not one thing intact.
Except for a suit of armour in one corner.

CUT TO:

146. CLOSE SHOT FREDERIC. WERRIBEE HALL.
NIGHT.

146.

FREDERIC tracks forlornly up the stairs still aching
for MABEL. Suddenly an armoured hand reaches out
and grabs him. The visor flies up. It's Mabel.
FREDERIC is stunned and delighted.

NOTE: ("Catlike Tread" continues O.S. under this
scene).

FREDERIC

Mabel! Oh, my love, I missed you!

MABEL

(coolly)

That's nice. How've you been,
Frederic?

FREDERIC

How've I been? Come out of there
and let me hold you.

MABEL

Uh-uh.

FREDERIC

At least a kiss --

He makes to kiss her. She flips the visor shut.

FREDERIC

(to the blank visor)
Mabel, what is this?

MABEL

(muffled, through the visor)
We're enemies now. Frederic.
I thought you'd remember.

146. cont.

146. cont.

FREDERIC
You don't think I want it this way!

MABEL
(still visored)
It's up to you.

Frederic: two can play these games.

FREDERIC
O.K. ... if that's what you want.

He stamps away, noisily, then unlashes a drape sash and swings silently back to stand behind the suit of armour.

A beat or two.

The visor pops up and Mabel peers out. FREDERIC's lips dart onto hers. MABEL's eyes open wide, then close in rapture. As their lips part:

MABEL
Damn you.

FREDERIC
I love you. I'll always love you
come what may.

MABEL
(agitated)
"Come what may?" We'll all be
murdered in our beds "come what may!"

FREDERIC
Then run, for God's sake, run!

MABEL raises a tin-plated arm clutching a sword high above her head.

146. cont.

146. cont.

MABEL
 Death before dishonour! Besides,
 have you tried running lately in
 one of these?

KING (O.S.)

(near, calls)
 Frederic -- ?

Frederic reacts with dismay.

MABEL
 Duty calls.

Frederic brings his lips to hers, in a poignant,
 lingering kiss.

MABEL
 (lovingly)
 Enemies?

FREDERIC
 (breathless)
 Enemies.
 (turns and calls off)
Coming!

He turns back to Mabel. The visor is empty.

CUT TO:

147. EXT. CLOISTERS. WERRIBEE. NIGHT.

147.

As the music swells to an operatic crescendo,
 the Pirates enter in massed formation about
 their battering ram and career towards the CAMERA,
 demolishing all in their path.

PIRATES
 (fortissimo)
 Come friends who plough the sea
 Steady navigation,
 Shirking devastation,
 Let's vary piracee
 With a little lecheree!

147. cont.

147. cont.

FREDERIC rounds the far corner behind them,
looking backward longingly.

CUT TO:

148. EXT./INT. LIBRARY ENTRANCE FROM CLOISTERS. 148.
NIGHT. WERRIBEE.

The PIRATES hit their big note outside the doors
of the Library.

DWARF

Sshh ...

He pushes a door open far enough to peep in.

CUT TO:

149. INT. LIBRARY. WERRIBEE. NIGHT. 149.

The MAJOR-GENERAL, in nightshirt and nightcap,
is perched atop a bookcase ladder on the first
gallery, enjoying a nightcap of a different
sort from a decanter hidden behind the books.

The doors burst open and the Pirates stand in
menacing pose, their shadows flung across the
floor by torchlight behind them. The KING spots
the MAJOR-GENERAL.

KING

(turns to Samuel)

Seize him!

Rough pirate hands grab Samuel and drag him to
the ground, kicking and punching. The KING sighs.

KING

No. Him!

149. cont.

149. cont.

He wanly indicates the MAJOR-GENERAL, his big moment utterly deflated.

The Pirates hurl grappling irons to the railing above and swarm up their ropes.

CUT TO:

150. CLOSE SHOT MAJOR GENERAL
(MATCHING SET PIECE). NIGHT.

150.

The MAJOR-GENERAL tweaks the nose of an ancestral bust and the bookshelves swing around, transporting him to safety - momentarily. The far side swings into view to reveal Mabel and her sisters, armed and determined.

MABEL slashes the climbing ropes with one arc of her sword, sending pirates plummeting. Her father appears behind the GIRLS and peeps fearfully over their heads.

CUT TO:

151. INT. LIBRARY. NIGHT.

151.

The climbing PIRATES outnumber MABEL

MABEL
 (calls, desperately)
Frederic! Help us!

But Frederic, looking up from below is momentarily frozen. Catching the KING's smirk he looks away.

MABEL swipes the PIRATES with a whirling blade.

MABEL (cont.)
 Will no one save us!
 (louder -- a cue)
 WILL NO ONE SAVE US!

151. cont.

151. cont.

She puts her fingers in her mouth and whistles piercingly.

Along the galleries and from behind the book shelves, the place erupts with POLICEMEN. All blowing whistles. The SERGEANT steps through the ground floor door.

SERGEANT

Even' all! 'Ullo, 'ullo. 'ullo,
what's goin' on 'ere then?

(reads from a card)

It is my duty to warn you that
anything you say may be taken down ...
and don't nobody say "knickers" ...

ALL

Knickers!

The SERGEANT hefts his truncheon menacingly.

It spurts from his fingers and flies around the room with a LONG, LOUD RASPBERRY.

All eyes follow its elaborate orbit.

It lands at the SERGEANT'S feet, a limp, shrivelled black balloon.

SERGEANT

Knickers.

A PIRATE fist fells him.

CUT TO:

152. CLOSE ON MABEL AND GIRLS AND MAJOR-GENERAL.
NIGHT.

152.

One or two attacking PIRATES are sent sprawling, but the situation looks desperate.

152. cont.

151. cont.

With a shout of "Run, girls!" ... the MAJOR-GENERAL turns and opens a door behind him and flees.

MABEL bustles her SISTERS through to safety, flips an advancing pirate over the wrought iron balustrade and sneaks through as the door closes.

CUT TO:

153. INT. GYMNASIUM. WERRIBEE. NIGHT.

153.

The MAJOR-GENERAL, followed by the GIRLS, scurries across the empty military gymnasium. Punching bags, wrestling mats, vaulting horses, parallel bars; heavy drapes line the walls, with medieval shields, Zulu spears and other memorabilia of colonial wars. At the far end, a small stage is screened by a painted backdrop of Waterloo.

As her father and the GIRLS vanish behind the curtain and under the stage, MABEL readies her sword and waits: small, alone and fearless.

FREDERIC's VOICE (O.S.)
Mabel ... no ... this is suicide!

CUT TO:

154. INT. GYMNASIUM.WERRIBEE. NIGHT.

154.

Once again the place explodes into action. PIRATES crash through a door swinging the horizontal figure of the SERGEANT. POLICE jump through windows. PIRATES swing from rafters. They engage in a wall-to-wall brawl that seems to involve many more POLICE and PIRATES than we've seen before.

CUT TO:

155. INT. GYMNASIUM. WERRIBEE. NIGHT.

155.

Interspersed with comic incidents, we follow FREDERIC and MABEL, fighting ferociously, drawn ever closer together into vortex of the battle.

CUT TO:

156. INT. GYMNASIUM. WERRIBEE. NIGHT.

156.

The POLICE remove their numbers. As a Policeman beats a PIRATE with his truncheon, other POLICE try to cover the CAMERA with outspread hands.

CUT TO:

157. INT. GYMNASIUM. WERRIBEE. NIGHT.

157.

A POLICEMAN squares up to FREDERIC with his truncheon. FREDERIC whittles it down to nothing in a series of lightning strokes.

CUT TO:

158. INT. GYMNASIUM. WERRIBEE. NIGHT.

158.

The SERGEANT confronts a hulking PIRATE. He's on his feet again reading earnestly from his card.

SERGEANT

--- you have the right to remain
silly. Uh, silent ---

Beside him, the KING has a broken sword. He reaches up to catch the replacement and, of course, misses. It knocks the SERGEANT down. Angle on Samuel, grinning. The SERGEANT hurls his truncheon and knocks him over.

CUT TO:

159. INT. GYMNASIUM. WERRIBEE. NIGHT. 159.

Mabel skewers a PIRATE but fails to see Hookhand behind her, set to maul. From out of FRAME, a hand slips a chain over his hook. He smites -- and drags an avalanche of masonry and a chandelier onto his head. The intercepting hand belongs to Frederic.

CUT TO:

160. INT. GYMNASIUM. WERRIBEE. NIGHT. 160.

Long John Silver, parrot on his shoulder, duels a POLICEMAN with his crutch. A second POLICEMAN makes to club him.

PARROT

Look out!

Long John clobbers his assailant. A third policeman menaces him.

PARROT

Look out!

Long John scores a crushing hit. A fourth POLICEMAN raises his truncheon -- knocks the PARROT out of shot in a shower of feathers.

Long John goes down beneath a hail of blows.

CUT TO:

161. INT. GYMNASIUM. WERRIBEE. NIGHT. 161.

A POLICEMAN fends off a PIRATE with a blazing torch. The PIRATE is wreathed in flames. His comrades surround him, singing:

PIRATES

Happy birthday to you!

Then they blow him out.

CUT TO:

162. INT. GYMNASIUM. WERRIBEE. NIGHT.

162.

A figure in turban and flowing black robes confronts MABEL, whirling a scimitar -- Indy's assailant from "Raiders". Mabel is unarmed, helpless. She looks about desperately, for help. The blade is about to fall. A SHOT rings out and the assassin goes down. MABEL turns. Her POV on a rugged, square-jawed figure in leather jacket, hat pulled down over his eyes, bullwhip coiled about his shoulder. Indy touches his hat-brim. MABEL does a double take which includes the CAMERA.

CUT TO:

163. CLOSE SHOT DOOR AND CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

163.

A PIRATE and a POLICEMAN crash, wrestling, through a door into the Castle Kitchen, just as a plump ITALIAN CHEF pushes forward a huge pile of custard pies on a trolley.

PIRATE

Oh no ... we're not going to have
a pie fight ...

CHEF

(beaming)
No ...

He produces a long-handled scoop holding a giant pizza.

PIRATE

No, no -- not anchovies!

The CHEF flings the pizza.

CUT TO:

164. INT. GYMNASIUM. WERRIBEE. NIGHT.

164.

The air is thick with flying pizzas. A POLICEMAN staggers blindly, sheathed from head to toe in melted cheese. But the pizza fight is a mere backdrop to the efforts of MABEL and FREDERIC to come together.

CUT TO:

165. INT. GYMNASIUM . WERRIBEE. NIGHT.

165.

The KING is trying FREDERIC's "look-no-hands" sword trick. His sword lies on the floor way out of reach. He indicates it amiably to the POLICEMAN who is preparing to club him down. He flicks his wrist. The sword sails past his ear and drops a second POLICEMAN who is about to club him from behind, re-bounds and pierces the first POLICEMAN. The KING peers at his sword; it yo-yo's up and down on a length of elastic.

FREDERIC

(aside)

String. I said "string".

CUT TO:

166. INT. GYMNASIUM. WERRIBEE. NIGHT.

166.

As the battle reaches fever pitch, from a HIGH ANGLE we observe FREDERIC and MABEL fighting their way toward each other from opposite directions until they are back-to-back.

In the same instant, they turn to confront yet another foe -- and find themselves face-to-face.

We FADE DOWN the din of battle totally, to a shimmer of white sound, then silence.

CUT TO:

167. CLOSE SHOT FREDERIC AND MABEL.

167.

Backgrounded by dreamlike, out of focus fighting, they gaze into each other's eyes. They tangle swords, with the barest of motion.

Now they lock hilts and come close together. Their eyes hold.

We hear a brief REPRISE of the song "FIRST LOVE".

167. cont.

167. cont.

Behind them, POLICE and PIRATES fly horizontally; chairs and bottles smash on heads; POLICE are skewered and stagger; the DWARF PIRATE and a DWARF POLICEMAN swing from opposing ropes until they collide in mid-air.

FREDERIC and MABEL close their eyes. Their lips all but meet in BIG CLOSE TWO-SHOT.

FREDERIC's eyes suddenly open wide, registering pain. PULL OUT to see him crumple, his knees pressing together in the conventional response to being kneed in the groin.

MABEL
War is hell.

CUT TO:

168. FULL SHOT. GYMNASIUM. NIGHT. 168.

From this tender moment, Mabel turns to face a wall of cold steel; sword-points hem her in from every angle. She glances about her: Policemen litter the floor and her sisters are in PIRATE hands. No sign of the MAJOR-GENERAL. MABEL lets her sword fall.

FREDERIC breaks the circle, walking very gingerly, and picks it up. A look between them.

ANGLE on MABEL and FREDERIC: allies again, but too late.

MABEL thinks desperately.

Suddenly the painted backdrop of Waterloo bursts asunder and the MAJOR-GENERAL enters in full military splendor -- or armourplate over nightshirt -- astride a white draught-horse, a cavalry sabre in his hand. Tottering and teetering, he lumbers down the steps to the PIRATE KING, but is pulled from the saddle by rough enemy hands.

168. cont.

168. cont.

The MAJOR-GENERAL is held, the KING's sword-point at his heart.

FREDERIC

No!

GENERAL

(hopefully)

We are all orphans?

KING

Enough! No more Mr. Nice Guy!
You've taken advantage of my
better nature -- my compassionate
humanity -- my gentle kindness to
all creatures great and small!
(to his men)
Rip their lungs out! Feed them
to the sharks! Beginning with her!

PIRATES seize MABEL and make to drag her away.
FREDERIC leaps to save her but is overpowered.

MABEL

Wait a minute! Wait a minute!
(eerily, to herself)
This is my dream!

She shrugs her shoulders and the Pirates release
her without resistance. Everyone is frozen
but Mabel.

MABEL (cont.)

I want a happy ending!

All burst into life: great animation and
excitement.

MABEL/ALL

A happy ending!

All cheer. Police and Pirates shake hands. The
dead rise and dust themselves down.

168. cont.

168. cont.

KING
(aside, unconvinced)
A happy ending?

Mabel turns to the Major-General.

MABEL
Papa! A full pardon for Frederic!

GENERAL
No ...

A sudden hush. Mabel looks shocked.

GENERAL (cont.)
(smiles)
Frederic has done nothing to be
pardoned for. At every turn of
fate and fortune, he has simply
done his duty. Step forward,
Frederic!

Frederic does so. The General motions him to
kneel and touches him on each shoulder with
his sword. (Possibly scored by a reprise
of the VICTORY SONG).

GENERAL (cont.)
Arise, Sir Frederic! I reward
you with the fairest prize at
my command.

His eyes search out Mabel.

GENERAL (cont.)
That is, if she is still at my
command.

Mabel nods, eagerly.

168. cont.

168. cont.

GENERAL (cont.)
My youngest daughter --

Mabel flings herself at Frederic and they
embrace before the words are even out.

GENERAL (cont.)
-- Mabel.

ALL
(a cheer)

MABEL
(a horrible thought)
"Youngest!"

She turns to her father and to the Pirate King.

MABEL (cont.)
The custom! Papa -- Sir -- do
something! I can't be married
till they are!
(indicating her sisters)

GENERAL
(gently, sadly)
We are helpless.

KING
(sympathetically)
It's your dream.

Somewhere, close at hand, a clock strikes twelve.
With each strike, Mabel whirls to face her
sister -- the pirates -- the police.

A black hand touches Mabel on the shoulder.
She starts.

SAMUEL
I found your glasses.

168. cont.

168. cont.

MABEL
(unthinking)
Thank you ...

Suddenly she stares at them, horrified.

MABEL (cont.)
Oh, no!

She realizes she's beginning to wake up.
Everyone watches her, expectantly.

He face lights up. She dashes to and fro, from group to group, grabbing people, shifting them around -- matching her sisters with Pirates and Police -- a whirlwind at work, racing against time, but still caring enough to try and get each couple right.

MABEL (cont.)
(with appropriate action)
You and you -- you and you --
you and you -- you and you --
no, you and you -- you and you
-- too tall -- a few more
moments, please! You and you
and you and you --

She comes face to face with the Pirate King.

MABEL (cont.)
You're a problem.

He regards her affectionately.

KING
That was no dream I had last
night. I loved a woman. I
want that woman for my wife.

He means Mabel! She and Frederic turn to each other aghast.

168. cont.

168. cont.

WIDE SHOT: an expectant tension.

Broken by:

RUTH

I accept.

She steps forth, feminine, radiant, beautiful.

The KING has never seen her like this:
he is smitten.

KING

So it was you ... I should have known.

He embraces her.

FREDERIC

(to Mabel)

I thought you ... you and he ...
I don't get it.

MABEL

You will, Frederic, you will.

The SCREEN is blotted out by a blinding flash of
light.(FOUR QUICK CUTS fitting into bars of the "HAPPY
ENDING" intro.)

CUT TO:

169. INT. LIBRARY.NIGHT.

169.

The GIRLS run in from three sides grabbing up
pieces of their finale dresses.

CUT TO:

170. INT. CLOISTERS. WERRIBEE. NIGHT. 170.

The PIRATES come out of doorways and fall into line behind the KING. They march to CAMERA grabbing pieces of their dress clothing from arms reaching out from behind columns.

CUT TO:

171. INT. UPPER STAIRWAY. WERRIBEE. DAY. 171.

MABEL appears from the left pulling on a piece of her finale costume. She beckons right and FREDERIC appears. They slide down opposite bannisters.

CUT TO:

172. EXT. COLANNADE TO FRONT OF CASTLE. DAY. 172.

The POLICE come marching around the corner following their SERGEANT. They are spic and span again.

CUT TO:

173. EXT. FRONT OF CASTLE. WERRIBEE. DAY. 173.

The whole cast run into position for the "Happy Ending" Production Number. MABEL and FREDERIC come out together from the front doors ... and we cover with several cameras the rehearsed choreographic movements.

CUT TO:

174. EXT. BALCONY. WERRIBEE. DAY. 174.

(INTERCUT) The MAJOR-GENERAL sits on a dais eating chicken and drinking to his heart's content, attended by his Indian bearers.

CUT TO:

175. RESUME DANCE AND SONG. FRONT OF CASTLE. 175.
DAY.

As the number comes to an end, the CAMERA lifts
 and zooms back....
 without interrupting the rhythm of "Happy Ending"
 we ...

DISSOLVE TO:

176. EXT. BEACH. SUNSET TIME. 176.

A lovely luminous CLOSE-UP of our contemporary
 MABEL, eyelids fluttering as she wakes.

Chris' mouth softly leaves hers.

She gropes for her glasses, puts them on, and
 drinks him in.

She is lying in his arms at the water's edge,
 the sails of his boat visible over his shoulder.

She closes her eyes and offers her lips for more.

In between kisses:

MABEL
 (dreamily)
 Your name wouldn't ... by any chance
 be ... Frederic?

CHRIS
 (ingenuously)
 No.

MABEL
 Don't suppose you came looking for
 me out of a sense of duty.

He lifts her lightly.

CHRIS
 Not exactly.

176. cont.

176. cont.

They share a sensual glance and he turns to carry her towards the sunset. The music swells and soars to an exuberant contemporary climax as we ...

CUT TO:

177. EXT. MARINA. DAY. (POLLY WOODSIDE WHARF) 177.

The museum brigantine teems with a new crew -- today's kids, scores of them, vibrant and handsome in New Romantic-Apache-Hippie style -- one seething, gyrating mass, spilling from rigging, deck and railing to the pier -- a party -- a celebration -- lots of confetti ...

A wedding in fact -- with Frederic and Mabel its centrepiece as he whirls her in his arms. A horde of fresh-faced youngsters in McDonald's uniforms dispense Big Macs and break into a frenzied tapdance routine. Buskers and mimes surround the happy couple. A cannon blows forth a cascade of bubbles. A rock beat; frenetic dance, abandonment and ecstasy as all sing:

ALL

And give me a happy ending every time
We'll kiss and make up
That's a satisfying sign
Give me a happy ending every time ...

The CAMERA HELICOPTERS high, and higher, pulling back to lights and crew -- and beyond them, the cast of Mabel's fantasy, in costume and higher still, till we see the city skyscrapers, railway yards, traffic, creeping trams, and people in their everyday world.

ALL

Don't be unhappy
Everything will work out fine!

FREEZE: END TITLES OVER

FADE/MUSIC