

# ISLAND MACABRE

by  
PHILIP DAVETAS

WGA Registration # 1269732

Philip Davetas  
227 Main St. #2, Pittsburgh, PA. 15201 | [punknoir@hotmail.com](mailto:punknoir@hotmail.com) | (412) 880-9892  
[www.WillmoreCity.com](http://www.WillmoreCity.com)

EXT. THE DUM DUM CLUB - NIGHT

An old Irish folk tune emanates from a dilapidated bar that sits on a rickety boardwalk. An eclectic collection of boats regurgitated by the sea gather at the pier like flies to shit.

INT. THE DUM DUM CLUB

ROOKE (30's, female) enters the smoke-filled joint packed in by the sea's scurvy wretch. Aged and beaten OLD SEA DOGS packed in tight ROAR at a Flogging Molly tune.

Rooke feels out of place, but tries not to let it get to her. She tightens her grip on her backpack and makes for the bar.

INT. THE DUM DUM CLUB - BAR

She waves over the barkeep, ARSON NICK (40's, male), who hobbles on his peg leg and wipes up a tooth and blood spatter off the bar.

ARSON NICK

What'll be, ma'am?

She lays down a couple of yen.

ROOKE

A bottle of your finest scotch.

Arson Nick snatches up the money.

ARSON NICK

Ye be gettin' the finest scotch, young miss. But I be fixin' to ponder why ye be throwin' around yen like?

Rooke pulls out a Google Maps printout showing an island.

ROOKE

Would you know anything about this island?

Arson Nick's toothless grin droops as he recognizes the place. He looks around the bar.

ARSON NICK

What ye be wantin' from that morbid isle?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROOKE

I'm trying to acquire something  
that's quite valuable to me.

ARSON NICK

No one travels to Island Macabre!  
Only one brave and saddened mate  
survives that island of death.  
Chewed up and spit out his soul  
only to be cursed by the Rotten  
Sea and plagued by torment. With  
Death's bony hand on his shoulder  
and the Devil's grip on his soul,  
only one be foolish to tell the  
tale!

Arson Nick's nostril's flare and eyes bug.

ROOKE

Well, that's the person I have to  
talk to then.

Arson Nick points to a crowd chanting the name "ORION!"  
ORION (40's, male) beer-bongs a bottle of the Dum Dum  
Club's finest scotch.

ROOKE

Deja vu, you.

Then she recognizes, TEACH (40's, male), a preppy bag of  
bones chanting Orion's name. Teach collects damp yen  
from disgruntled bar flies.

TEACH

I say, good lads. If you want  
another go 'round, my mate, Orion,  
we'll be more than glad to take  
your yen.

Orion's victorious grin droops as his cheeks bulge with  
vomit. Orion sways and shakes his head.

TEACH

Uh, amend that. We need a loo  
break.

Orion throws down the beer bong and foists a bottle of  
scotch from his cargo pants pockets and shoves it against  
Teach's chest.

ORION

Take a swig, Professor. You  
earned it. Every damned, dirty  
swig.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Orion thumbs through half the clump of yen and takes his share.

ORION

It's been fun, Professor, but I gotta go. Tally ho and all that hunk of rut.

TEACH

But, hey--

Orion's about to take off when Rooke walks up to Teach.

ROOKE

Fancy seeing you here, Professor.

Teach nervously adjusts his fogged up glasses and clears his throat.

TEACH

Rooke?

Teach drums his fingers against the bottle while trying to think of something to say.

TEACH

You won't quite guess what happened.

ROOKE

Oh, I believe I know what happened.

She watches Orion pat down his greasy hair. He staggers over, grabs hold of Teach's bottle of scotch and shoves it against her chest. He sucks his teeth and backs away with a sloppy wink.

ORION

Orion.

ROOKE

Much obliged.

TEACH

My manners have escaped me in my temporarily inebriated state? Rooke, have you met Captain Orion? My brand-new best mate.

ROOKE

I've not. How do you do?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ORION

I do... maybe not as fine as you,  
but I do just fine, Honeycomb.

ROOKE

Rooke.

ORION

That's what I said. Honeycomb.

TEACH

What say we grab a table, have a  
few kettles and have a gab about  
days of yore.

ORION

Sure. I "fancy" talkin' about  
days of mine. But first lemme go  
have a gag at that toilet of mine.

Orion staggers off. Teach looks around nervously tapping  
his ten fingers together. Rooke stares at Teach  
suspiciously. He points to her bottle of scotch.

TEACH

May I?

Rooke swigs it and then shoves it at him.

ROOKE

Don't hurt yourself.

INT. THE DUM DUM CLUB - BAR

Arson Nick speed-dials a number on his cell and jams a  
finger into an ear.

ARSON NICK

There be a wench inquiren' about  
the island.

SHANGHAI MARS (O.S.)

A wench? Wench?

ARSON NICK

She be fixin' to hire Shamblerock.

SHANGHAI MARS (O.S.)

Come on, me flunkies, thar be  
action at the Dum Dum Club.

EXT. THE DUM DUM CLUB - PIER - NIGHT

Rooke follows Teach out to the rickety pier.

ROOKE

This is the part where you explain yourself.

TEACH

This is not the part where we greet each other with endearing salutations?

Rooke just stares at him scornfully as he shifts nervously.

ROOKE

How did you get here? I didn't let you make copies of my map.

TEACH

I have a photographic memory actually.

Teach forces a chuckle, but she's not having it.

TEACH

Yes, well. Besides, you would not be able to navigate your way around that island. You don't know the language.

Rooke digs up a pocket-sized book on the Japanese language.

ROOKE

I have this.

TEACH

That shan't help you when you arrive at the tomb. It's written in an ancient dialect that I've spent years trying to decrypt.

ROOKE

Well, the map *shan't* help you because I never showed you the other side.

Rooke slips off her backpack and digs out a wooden puzzle map held together by tiny slats of wood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROOKE

These pieces turn over and reveal the trail when you adjust the calendar.

TEACH

Ah, that's new.

ROOKE

Not new, but it's something I just discovered when I started going through Google Maps. I've found out that one can adjust the pieces of the map based on the calendar. It makes a new path.

TEACH

I see. Almost as if accounting for plate tectonics. May I?

Teach reaches for the map just as she yanks it away.

ROOKE

Start giving up some answers.

TEACH

Well, I'm not going for the reasons you think. I'm going to acquire the treasure.

ROOKE

What treasure?

TEACH

The Blood Saber of the Last Samurai Clan.

ROOKE

That's not a treasure.

TEACH

It is to an anthropologist. I will have discovered there was a society of great samurai beyond the Satsuma Rebellion.

Teach takes a swig from the bottle and begins to pace as if in professor mode.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TEACH

If it can be proven that this last samurai clan was hidden away from the text books, it proves that the Japanese government covered up that tid bit of history. It would lead to other more poignant questions such as...

(hooks index finger  
on chin)

Why? Pardon. Why are you mucking about out here?

ROOKE

Did I ever tell you, you look quite adorable when you pace like so.

TEACH

Bollocks.

ROOKE

*Bollocks?*

He pushes the glasses up the bridge of his nose and takes a proper stand.

TEACH

I am quite smashed and have a good mind be ridiculously surly.

Rooke smiles and feigns an angry pout.

ROOKE

Throw your shoulders back like so. It makes you tower and appear more menacing.

She throws her shoulders back making her chest stick out, but he slouches catching a glimpse of her cleavage.

TEACH

Bollocks.

ROOKE

If you must know. I'm rather curious about some of the mythology you were chatting me up about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TEACH

Those are just stories. Tall tales to ward off potential trespassers. Every island of death has them.

ROOKE

I don't think so. I think there is something to those stories and document it if possible. I must.

Rooke turns somber for a moment. Teach puts his hand on her shoulder.

TEACH

Be assured, Rooke. There are no monsters, ghosts or anything paranormal on that island. I implore you to return to the mainland.

ROOKE

I can't. I've heard of the healing powers of the island.

TEACH

Rooke, I understand your father's ill, but what he needs right now is you by his side.

ROOKE

I will not sit by his bed wishing I could have done something. If there is something on the island that can heal him, then I need to seek it out.

Teach recognizes the sadness and desperation in her face.

TEACH

Fair enough. Far be it from me to interfere with your journey.

He passes her the bottle. She swigs.

TEACH

Ah, here comes our great captain. The sole survivor of the island.

Orion staggers across the pier towards them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ORION

I've done cooler things than survive some lame-ass island on the Rotten Sea.

TEACH

What might that be, Captain?

ORION

A pair of triplets in the Philippines.

ROOKE

Twin triplets?

ORION

One of them ODeD half way through the sex carnage and we didn't find out till morning. Thought she just passed out.

Orion scratches his head and holds up a bottle to the moon.

ORION

To Josefina!

TEACH

Here, here!

Orion wipes a tear from his face and staggers toward an old WW II landing craft with a mermaid bound and gagged in S&M gear painted along the side called Orion's Bitch.

ORION

You're comin' with us right, Honeycomb?

Teach studies the boat.

TEACH

Say, is this one of the Higgins boats that stormed the beaches of Normandy?

ORION

Hell no. I wouldn't want one of those hunks of maritime bullet-catchers. This here hunk of beauty stormed Iwo Jima.

TEACH

Were you in the Marines, Captain?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ORION

Army.

INT. ORION'S BITCH

Orion, Teach and Rooke walk up the landing craft's ramp. The cargo hold is decorated with decades of luau party lights and tiki torches. There's an old sand-colored Deuce and a half and a 1990 Land Rover Defender parked in the middle of the cargo hold.

ORION

Don't mess with the Rover. It's a classic. Best in the world. They don't make 'em like that anymore.

ROOKE

Not much logic on halting production on something that's the best in the world.

ORION

Actually, I think old Temba screwed me on it. Every time I see that guy he's always got that checker-tooth grin on his mug. One of these days, I'd like to drive by his little hut and show him how sweet this baby runs.

Orion punches the Rover as the rearview mirror falls off.

ORION

All right. I hate to sound like a shore whore, but I gotta get paid up front.

TEACH

One moment, Captain.

Teach turns to Rooke and whispers.

TEACH

What say we merge our expenses?

ROOKE

How much?

TEACH

A million yen.

Rooke counts on her fingers trying to convert it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEACH

Five thousand pounds. 2.5 each.

ROOKE

I almost had it. But okay. Fine.

Rooke digs into her backpack as Teach takes off his knee high boot dumping out a stack of cash. Rooke hands him the money.

TEACH

One million yen, Captain. As agreed.

Orion stands there taken aback.

ROOKE

Is it too little? Have we insulted you?

ORION

Hell no.

Orion snatches the cash and stuffs it into his cargo pocket.

ORION

Just a lot of cash for some romantic island hopping. I still can't believe you fell for it.

ROOKE

Island hopping?

ORION

Yes, sir. You're gettin' the finest treatment and the prettiest little pictures your little cameras can take. Not only that, meals are on the old Captain here. That way you two can get groovy later in the evening.

TEACH

We're not a couple.

ROOKE

We certainly don't get groovy!

Orion adjusts his crotch.

ORION

Well, lift my leg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TEACH

Uh, say, Captain, just to clarify,  
you are taking us to Island  
Macabre?

Orion is stunned. A bit spooked in fact.

ORION

I don't know of an island by that  
name.

ROOKE

I assure you we want to go there.

ORION

(to Teach)  
You said you wanted to island hop,  
Professor.

TEACH

Island Macabre.

Orion digs into his pocket and tosses them back the cash.

ORION

Not with me and not on my boat.

Teach pouts and looks at him with sorrowful eyes.

TEACH

But you're our last hope.

ORION

Don't grease me with those puppy  
dog eyes, Professor. It'd be more  
convincing coming from her.  
There's nothing for you there. I  
floggin' assure you. Check that.  
I motherscratchin' guarantee you  
that.

ROOKE

But you're the only survivor of  
Island Macabre.

ORION

Not if I go back and get my stupid  
ass killed.

ROOKE

Is it because it's haunted?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ORION

Haunted? Psh. If, capital "if", we survive the Rotten Sea, it's got insects that lay eggs in your skin and hatch in your brain, storm patterns that rain poisonous frogs. The geography constantly shifts making all maps useless! Not to mention that if you step one foot on the beach, you can kiss your soul good-bye. And this here babe's worried about ghosts?

ROOKE

There's a treasure!

Teach shoves her.

ORION

What am I gonna do with a treasure? Do I look like a person who knows anything about walking into the Buried Treasure Bank of Japan and converting it to yen? And I got news for you. Japan gets a little goofy when it comes to diggin' up lost treasure in their backyard.

ROOKE

That's what you have us for.

Teach shoves her again, but she shoves him back.

TEACH

We'll double it! 2 million.

Orion stands there thinking about it. The sea breeze flips the top part of his shirt open. Rooke eyes his tattoo of a Japanese character over his heart.

ORION

Sorry, kids. I'm not gonna have two more people's lives weighing on this here conscience.

Orion is about to walk away.

ROOKE

I can tell you why the Bushido's Breath didn't take you.

Orion looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ROOKE

That kanji over your heart. It protects you from the Bushido's Breath.

TEACH

Myths. Don't insult the Captain.

ORION

It's cool, Professor. I don't even know what this kanji means. But I do know no one sails the Rotten Sea without it. So, insult me already, Honeycomb. G'head.

ROOKE

It's the ancient symbol for brave and honorable warrior. No harm shall come to you or those under your protection.

Orion nods.

ORION

That sounds about right. Hold that thought while I consult with my partner.

Orion grabs the bottle of scotch and swigs it. He turns to pace. Teach leans close to Rooke.

TEACH

I don't think it's quite ethical to manipulate our guide. That's not what that kanji means.

ROOKE

It's all he needs to believe.

She mouths a "shush". Orion walks up to Teach and Rooke.

ORION

Here's the deal. Your treasure is your claim. All I ask is that you drop me off with 2 mil and a case of scotch and we'll call it square as Rubik.

ROOKE

I believe Rubik is a cube.

TEACH

Uh, I do believe that's an accord, Captain!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ORION

But first, you two are gonna need tats.

TEACH

We already have them.

Teach pulls down his collar revealing a tattoo of the kanji over his heart. Orion raises his eyebrow at Rooke, who thinks better of showing her's.

EXT. THE ROTTEN SEA - NIGHT

A wave SMASHES up against Orion's Bitch as a bolt of lightning CRASHES across the blackened and stormy sky of the Rotten Sea.

INT. ORION'S BITCH - CARGO HOLD

The Deuce is chained to the hull, but the Rover's chain breaks and sends it smashing against the landing ramp.

INT. ORION'S BITCH - PILOT HOUSE

Orion cranks the wheel while throttling the engine as the boat climbs a tall wave.

ROOKE

Rough sailing tonight, Captain.

ORION

We're on a collision course with an island of death, Honeycomb. It ain't gonna roll out the tea party welcome wagon.

A wave throws two sharks up against the pilot house window startling Rooke and Teach.

ORION

There's a thing you don't see everyday.

TEACH

(voice cracks)  
It isn't?

ORION

No. Check that. Hell no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Orion turns to the radar. He notices a BLIP coming at them.

TEACH

I say, what is that you reckon?

ORION

Shit, shit, shit!

ROOKE

You should've gone before we left.

ORION

Hold on to that sense of humor,  
Honeycomb, because you're gonna  
find this next bit hysterical.

EXT. THE ROTTEN SEA

The Big Red Cock, a Hercules C-130 with a big red rooster painted on the side, spits counter measure flares into the cargo hold of Orion's Bitch to illuminate it.

The rear ramp lowers on the Big Red Cock as TWO PIRATES on a jet ski slides out and drop along side Orion's Bitch.

INT. ORION'S BITCH - PILOT HOUSE

SHANGHAI MARS (O.S.)

Avast, ye mothergrabbin'  
hornswoggle!

Orion picks up the radio.

ORION (O.S.)

Well, shiver me timbers. If it  
ain't Shanghai Mars and his sky  
pirates. How are you doin' this  
fine evening? Never thought I'd  
see you on this side of Hell on a  
clear day.

INT. THE BIG RED COCK (COCKPIT)

The pilot, SHANGHAI MARS, (50's, male) a squalid, scar-ravaged, golden-tooth grinning sky pirate speaks into the radio.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHANGHAI MARS

I hear ye be lookin' for that island, Shamblerock. Ye ain't be lookin' to skip out on what ye be owin' me.

ORION (O.S.)

We settled that. I owe you shit. In fact, I think a got a couple loaves floatin' around here for ya.

SHANGHAI MARS

I be takin' it out on ye arse then.

Shanghai Mars turns to the cargo hold and motions to two of his INTERCEPTOR PIRATES in scuba gear mounted on jet skis.

INT. ORION'S BITCH - PILOT HOUSE

They see the two interceptor pirates plop into the water.

A wave peaks over the landing craft carrying one of the pirates into the cargo hold. With a blade between his teeth, the pirate maneuvers the jet ski towards the pilot house, but the two sharks jump him and pull him apart.

Orion cranks the wheel to the side as a wave is about to come down on them from up ahead.

ORION

Professor, collect the firearms in the cabinet behind me. Looks like we're takin' the hard way to Hell. You know how to fire a weapon don't you?

TEACH

I've been ranked Hawkeye at the Molesworth Underground Sharpshooter Academy, but I've never implemented it on someone.

ORION

You're about to implement the shit outta them.

TEACH

You want that we fend them off?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ORION

Unless you know some really kick-ass maritime piloting skills that could come in handy right about now.

TEACH

I'm afraid not.

ORION

Well, I'm afraid so.

Rooke opens the cabinet finding a WW II-era Browning Automatic Rifle and an M-1 Garand.

ROOKE

Did these come with the boat?

ORION

Hey, don't knock 'em, Honeycomb. Those things'll do the job nice and pretty. They blow out the same kind of brains. Just don't open fire in the cargo hold or you'll be playing tag with your own bullets.

Hesitating, Teach holds the scrawny M-1 Garand while Rooke cradles the hefty BAR.

ORION

Hand me the John Browning.

ROOKE

Which?

Teach hands Orion a holstered 1911 Colt. 45.

TEACH

He's referring to the Colt.

Teach and Rooke just stand watching the pirates skiing around the Bitch's cargo hold. Orion double-takes Rooke and Teach just standing there.

ORION

Those pirates ain't gonna shoot themselves! Scoot, scoot, scoot!

A jet ski ZOOMS past the pilot house and lands in the cargo hold.

EXT. ORION'S BITCH - ARMOR TURRET

Teach and Rooke hide behind an armored turret as water SPLASHES over them.

ROOKE  
Are you going to shoot?

TEACH  
You first. I've never killed a man.

ROOKE  
I thought you--

TEACH  
I never shot at a person!

ROOKE  
I guess I'll have to make like I did in the UKSF.

TEACH  
You were in the special forces?

ROOKE  
I was being waggish.

Teach takes notice to a cargo strap slapping against the armor turret.

TEACH  
Say, Rooke, I believe you're supposed to strap this on...

Rooke heaves the BAR over the turret and blindly BLASTS AWAY at the pirates jet skiing in the cargo hold. A strong wave WASHES over their turret.

Teach shakes off the water while holding onto the cargo strap. Rooke's gone.

INT. ORION'S BITCH - CARGO HOLD

Rooke falls on to the tarp of the Deuce and a half, then bounces off and into the floor of the cargo hold. The water is already knee-deep.

Two jet-skiing pirates bee-line for her and take aim. They FIRE as she takes cover under the Deuce. The water suddenly rises to her neck due the angle of the boat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A bullet hits the Deuce's gas tank a fuel starts to leak.

INT. ORION'S BITCH - PILOT HOUSE

Orion slams the throttle as the landing craft climbs another wave.

SHANGHAI MARS (O.S.)

Hell, ain't be hot enough for ya,  
matey!

Orion picks up the radio.

INT. THE BIG RED COCK (COCKPIT)

The co-pilot, CYCLOPS MIGUEL (30's, male), eyeballs a streak of lightning SNAP close to one of the engines.

ORION (O.S.)

I don't know what you want with  
me. We ain't got nothin' you'd  
wanna jump. So help me John  
Browning.

SHANGHAI MARS

Ye best not be threatenin' me,  
Shamblerock. Thar be riches  
aplenty for ye to pay me back. If  
thar be diggin' to be done, you be  
doin' it.

A lightening bolt SNAPS at one of the Big Red Cock's engines. The engine starts to flame.

SHANGHAI MARS

Uh... be holdin' that thought. I  
be havin' engine troubles.

INT. ORION'S BITCH - PILOT HOUSE

Suddenly, a jet ski CRASHES through the side of the pilot house wall forcing Orion to dive out of the way. A MACHETE PIRATE emerges from the wreckage wielding a machete.

MACHETE PIRATE

Oi! I be eatin' ye for breakfast!

Orion pulls out a road flare from his cargo pocket and ignites the magnesium.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ORION

Always cook the meat.

The machete pirate lunges at Orion.

INT. ORION'S BITCH - CARGO HOLD

Rooke reaches around underwater for her BAR while also taking notice to the two jet skiing pirates trying to avoid a couple of sharks flopping around in the water.

Rooke finally gets a grip on the barrel of the BAR when suddenly the Rover SMASHES into the grill of the Deuce making her drop it.

EXT. ORION'S BITCH - ARMOR TURRET

Teach clips the cargo strap around his belt loop. He FIRES one shot after another to try and fend off the pirates heading for Rooke.

MACHINE-GUN FIRE SNAPS all around Teach's turret as he takes cover. As he cradles his rifle, he looks over at the ruckus in the pilot house.

TEACH

Captain!

INT. ORION'S BITCH - PILOT HOUSE

The machete pirate swings the blade, but Orion catches his wrist and shoves the road flare into the pirate's mouth.

ORION

You have a purdy mouth, boy.

Orion confiscates the machete.

The landing craft CRUNCHES against the base of a wave as both they and the jet ski CRASH through the window and fall into the cargo hold.

INT. ORION'S BITCH - CARGO HOLD

Orion struggles to his feet in the waste-deep water. He sees a shark flopping around in red sea foam. The machete pirate's legs protrude from the shark's munching jaws. He sees the pirate's silhouette lit by the magnesium flare sliding into the shark's belly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ORION

*Bon appetit.*

Orion kisses his fingers like a chef.

He quickly notices Rooke climbing into the Rover as it rolls away from the Deuce. One jet skiing pirate wearing day-glow camouflage follows her. The other pirate wears a T-shirt sporting the word "UZI" makes for him.

Orion mounts the machete pirate's jet ski, starts it and heads straight for the Uzi pirate. He points his machete right at the Uzi pirate like he's in a joust.

ORION

Tallyho, bitch!

The Uzi pirate grins while whipping out a Micro UZI. The two ZIP past each other as Orion wedges his machete into the pirate's jet ski fuel tank. Gasoline sprays out of its hose.

Orion looks around at all the counter measure flares around them and U-turns and heads straight for Rooke in the Rover.

The jet skiing pirate chases after Orion.

INT. ROVER

The day-glow pirate PLUNGES an ax through the windshield as Rooke takes cover inside. She pulls the ignition plate from behind the steering wheel.

Orion's jet ski BUMPS into the side of the Rover, launching him onto the hood to tackle the day-glow pirate.

EXT. ORION'S BITCH - ARMOR TURRET

Teach watches the scene helplessly from above. He sees the Uzi pirate heading straight for the Rover as the shark continues to gnaw on the machete pirate. The gas trail ignites from the machete pirate's flare, setting both the shark and the pirate ablaze. The Uzi pirate depresses the trigger on the Uzi. UZI-FIRE RICOCHETS all over the inside of the cargo hold.

INT. ROVER

Rooke brushes the two ignition wires together as the Rover STARTS. She doesn't see the other jet ski pirate sneak through the back. A Navy SEAL pup knife is clenched between his teeth.

EXT. ROVER

Orion manages to get a lucky PUNCH into the day-glow pirate's face as RICOCHETING bullet bites Orion in the ass.

INT. ROVER

The pup knife pirate yanks Rooke back by the hair, bringing the knife to her throat, but the vehicles begin to roll. Another Uzi round RICOCHETS into the Rover pegging the pup knife pirate's forehead.

EXT. ORION'S BITCH - PILOT HOUSE

Teach trudges back to the pilot house to regain control of the wheel, but it's spinning violently. He grabs the fire extinguisher and shoves it between the spokes of the wheel to stop it.

He grips the wheel and looks out to the sea as a larger wave rises above them.

SHANGHAI MARS (O.S.)

Avast, Shamblerock! Ye be gettin'  
a hefty wave comin' at ye.

The Big Red Cock tries to fly off to avoid the wave, but another engine EXPLODES.

The wave rises higher and higher. It's gonna hit no matter which way Teach turns.

TEACH

Dear me.

Teach braces himself as the wave CRASHES into the pilot house.

EXT. ORION'S BITCH - PILOT HOUSE - DAY

A gentle splash of water washes up against Teach's unconscious face. He wakes up to a bright beam of sunlight cascading over him.

He struggles to his wobbly feet.

INT. ROVER

Rooke wakes up in the back of the Rover realizing Orion is spooning her with one of his hands tight on her bare breast. She tries to break free without waking him. Then the pup knife pirate with a bullethole through his head floats by startling her.

Orion groggily wakes up.

ORION

Oh, man, did I have this wicked dream last night.

She jumps up adjusting her tank top.

ROOKE

That was no dream. We were attacked by a horde of rank-breathed pirates.

ORION

I was talkin' about the dream about you and me, Honeycomb.

ROOKE

Why do you keep calling me Honeycomb? My name is--

TEACH (O.S.)

Oyay! Land!

EXT. ROVER

Rooke stands on the hood of the Rover as Orion climbs out. The cargo hold still has a few feet of red water and various body parts floating around.

Rooke sees Teach waving from the pilot house.

TEACH

Good to see you survived the squall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Orion cradles his shot up ass as he looks over the loading ramp seeing a beautiful tropical island and a billow of black smoke coming from the side of a large mountain called Freak Mountain.

ORION

I guess that's bad news.

ROOKE

Bad news? That's terrific news.

ORION

Out here, Honeycomb, there's only bad news and worse news.

Rooke looks down at Orion's morning wood. She feigns a smile.

ORION

Wanna hear the bad or the worse news?

EXT. THE LAGOON OF THE DAMNED - DAY

Orion's Bitch cruises through the lagoon of Island Macabre. Many limestone mini island pepper the lagoon. Leaning over the side, Rooke is impressed by the 360-degree postcard perfect tropical paradise.

INT. ORION'S BITCH - PILOT HOUSE

Orion and Teach stare out the broken window enjoying the peace.

ORION

You have to love the way this place looks from a far. These little limestone rock islands can be tricky though. They seem to drift farther and farther from the core island. I can't tell you how many times, they've sent out cartographers that never return, because they got lost. Imagine that. You make maps and you get lost.

Orion lets out a slight chuckle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEACH

I'm curious, Captain.

ORION

I don't swing that way, Professor,  
but I'm flattered.

Teach blinks in confusion.

TEACH

Oh no. You don't understand.

ORION

I understand just fine. I was  
just dorkin' ya. I'm bondin' with  
ya, dammit. What's your boggle,  
Professor?

TEACH

Oh. Humor. I see. I've been  
known to jest a bit.

Teach smiles, but doesn't say anything.

ORION

Uh, what were you gonna say,  
Professor?

TEACH

Oh. I was wondering since you  
ostensibly don't believe in  
ghosts, why do you have that  
tattoo?

ORION

I'm just a little superstitious.  
And ya need all the help you can  
get out here on the Rotten Sea.

(beat)

As long as we're swappin'  
curiosities, what's with you and  
this rock?

TEACH

I'm seeking the Blood Saber of the  
Last Samurai Clan. Many have  
speculated that it doesn't exist.

ORION

You tellin' me we almost got  
ourselves killed for a sword that  
might not exist?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TEACH

I assure you. It exists.

ORION

And you know this because...?

TEACH

I'm an avid connoisseur of Asian cultural artifacts.

ORION

This sword better be made outta gold.

TEACH

It is worth much more than its weight in gold. It's archeological significance is unparalleled. The sword itself was forged with the blood of the last samurai clan. The samurai swore an allegiance to this sword and to the leader of the one who wields it. It is quite valuable, Captain.

ORION

This sword better sing, dance and call me daddy, Professor. That's all I gotta say.

Teach looks at the gruff uneducated man and turns away.

TEACH

You wouldn't be interested.

ORION

Hit me, Professor. I wanna know why this thing is worth risking all our lives.

Teach grins and straightens back up and paces in professor mode.

TEACH

At the turn of the twentieth century modern Japan no longer had a use of they called barbarism of the Samurai. Samurai clans had been broken into ronin. Samurai who served no single lord, but still loyal to the bushido. The samurai code if you will.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TEACH (CONT'D)

The Japanese government manufactured a threat of an island of horrors. They found this remote island that was ridiculously difficult to get to. The government said there was a village in peril from an onslaught of nasty beasts. Inhuman in every way. If the samurai were good for anything, they would be tailor made for fighting creatures of this ferocity. The Japanese government gathered up all the ronin and appointed one daimyo, Lord Hideyoshi.

INTERCUT PAST/PRESENT SERIES:

LORD HIDEYOSHI (50's, male) sits deep in meditation.

TEACH (V.O.)

He was no real lord, but he would be to this newly formed clan.

50 SAMURAI led by Lord Hideyoshi walk into town as the VILLAGERS look on with a sense of pride.

TEACH (V.O.)

A special sword was made to honor Lord Hideyoshi and his newly formed band of brave samurai. They summoned the best swordsmith to forge this special sword. The swordsmith prayed under a waterfall for 10 days.

A SWORDSMITH (70's, male) holds a red hot piece of metal at the end of a rod while his APPRENTICES (40's, male) HAMMER it repeatedly.

TEACH (V.O.)

The samurai swore a blood oath to the ruler of this sword.

One by one, Lord Hideyoshi and his samurai cut a kanji into their chests. The same kanji as the Orion's. Their blood drips onto the sword.

TEACH (V.O.)

When Lord Hideyoshi received this magnificent sword. He accepted it with great pride.

The swordsmith bows his head handing Lord Hideyoshi the sword. The lord bows his head accepting it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

TEACH (V.O.)

But Lord Hideyoshi said something that shocked his samurai. He said, he would not be buried with a sword of such awesome strength and majestic beauty. A samurai would never be buried without his sword. It was equivalent to his soul.

Lord Hideyoshi holds the sword up to his samurai.

TEACH (V.O.)

But Hideyoshi hoisted the sword above the crowd and said, "We are to face a most formidable enemy of inhuman proportions. If I should fall in the thick of battle, the nearest one to hoist the sword will be ruler of this clan and all will obey!" Lord Hideyoshi was convinced that any samurai that would brave this mission was worthy of carrying the sword.

Teach takes a breath as he gets a little choked up.

TEACH

The Japanese government gathered up Lord Hideyoshi's clan and set sail across the Rotten Sea to this very island. The samurai disembarked onto the island. But there were no peasants. There was no village. Nothing, but a lush tropical island paradise.

Lord Hideyoshi and his samurai look on as the ships head back out to sea.

TEACH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Lord Hideyoshi watched the ships turn around and head back to the modern world. But one seaman looked back and heard a monstrous roar that frightened the birds from the trees. Some say it was Lord Hideyoshi expressing the government's betrayal. And the believers of the creatures on that island suspected the beasts themselves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

A SEAMEN (40's, male) looks back in shame at what his government had to these brave warriors. The Japanese sailors BUSTLE as a fog bank rolls in on them all of the sudden.

Nothing but SCREAMS OF TERROR.

END INTERCUT SERIES:

ORION

What happened after that?

TEACH

Well, the rest is the history's mystery. But can you imagine. Being betrayed by your own government like so?

ORION

(somber)

I don't have to imagine it.

Teach ponders his response taking notice of the sorrow in his eyes. Teach eases back into this story.