

THE PASSENGER

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

Early morning. Fog rolls across the water. No waves.

A ship drifts through the mist, barely visible in the rising sun. "CORMORANT" across the back.

SUPER: "JUNE, 1589"

EXT. CORMORANT QUARTERDECK - DAY

CAPTAIN ROWLAND EDWARDS (50) pulls his coat tightly around him, scans the horizon. ARTHUR (20) stands next to him.

ARTHUR

Have you ever seen it this still before, sir? This far out at sea?

EDWARDS

It's distressing. As though God decided to sit the day out.

ARTHUR

Maybe the devil is sitting this one out as well. There's no storm.

EDWARDS

It's the calm before the storm.

CORMORANT CREW MEMBER (O.S.)

Captain Edwards!

Edwards glances to the deck. A group of men gather as a CORMORANT CREW MEMBER (25) motions to him.

CORMORANT DECK

Edwards quickly steps through the group, freezes.

PARKER (20) twitches on the deck. Black liquid pours from his mouth as he gags.

INT. CORMORANT HULL - NIGHT

Edwards passes several crew as they COUGH in their hammocks.

He enters a sectioned off area near the back.

CORMORANT QUARANTINED AREA

RICHARDS (40), the surgeon, cleans his hands. Men lie on makeshift beds.

EDWARDS

How are they?

RICHARDS

Three more sick. I've checked my medical text and I can't find anything that matches these symptoms.

He motions to Parker in one of the beds.

RICHARDS

Parker has an infection I've never seen before. I may need to amputate the arm.

Black veins spiderweb across Parker's forearm.

RICHARDS

If we don't get everyone off this boat soon, we'll all--

EDWARDS

We're in the middle of the Atlantic. The best thing we can do is reach the colony as fast as possible.

Edwards motions to Parker.

EDWARDS

If he needs to lose the arm to survive, do it.

INT. CORMORANT QUARANTINED AREA - NIGHT

Parker lies unconscious, a strap secured around his arm.

Richards snatches a small saw, glances to another SHIPMATE as they secure Parker's legs.

RICHARDS

Ready?

Richards presses the saw against Parker's skin--

Parker's infected hand twitches.

RICHARDS

Did you see that?

The shipmate shakes his head. Richards cuts into the arm--
Black liquid explodes. Richards is covered.

The shipmate steps away as Parker's arm bends unnaturally.

RICHARDS

Hold him down!

Parker sits up. Black eyes. He tumbles to the floor, moves
toward Richards as his body contorts.

Richards SCREAMS as Parker snatches his face. Black liquid
pours from Parker's mouth as he pulls Richards close.

Parker's facial bones CRACK. Flesh TEARS as his skull opens.

Jagged teeth. He attacks Richards.

The shipmate SCREAMS, scrambles for the exit. Black bones
rocket from Parker's hand, stab through the shipmate's leg.

CORMORANT HULL

Chaos. Crew members YELL as they scatter. Parker, barely
visible in the lantern light, slaughters his shipmates.

Edwards exits the captain's cabin as men climb to the deck.

EDWARDS

What the hell is going on?!

Parker stands silhouetted at the end of the corridor, soaked
in blood and black liquid.

He releases an INHUMAN YELL.

EXT. CITY - DAY

Cityscape. Smoke rises from countless chimneys.

SUPER: "LONDON"

Crowded pedestrians. Horse-drawn carriages. Mud.

WILLIAM ATWOOD (15) keeps his head down as he pushes through
the crowd, dirt etched into his skin.

He brushes past CIVILIANS, reaches into their pockets. Coins, jewelry, anything he can find. He's fast. No one notices.

He pauses as he sees a MOTHER with a YOUNG BOY.

William passes them, drops coins into the mother's pocket.

ALLEYWAY

He ducks away, scans his loot.

He notices GERARD (70) lying against the wall.

MARTIN (O.S.)

Let's see it.

William's gaze darts over his shoulder--

MARTIN (55) stands behind him, a sinister smile.

William secretly pockets a couple coins, hesitantly shows him the rest of his loot.

MARTIN

I taught ya well, boy, but ya can do better.

He CHUCKLES, snatches the coins. William watches Gerard as Martin inspects every item.

MARTIN

Hit the west side tomorrow mornin' by the courthouse, but be careful. I saw a couple constables makin' the rounds.

WILLIAM

They can't catch me. They're too slow. Something special going on?

MARTIN

Has to do with Sir John Walker's passin'. Fancies with fat pockets, tryin' to get a piece of the fortune. Why should we be left out?

He tosses a couple coins to William.

MARTIN

Get yerself somethin' to eat. Ya've earned it.

William glances between the coins and Gerard.

MARTIN

Hey!

Martin violently grabs William's face, pulls him close.

MARTIN

Why ya wastin' yer money on him?!
He's a nobody! If ya don't want to
be a nobody, ya look out for
yerself, ya understand?!

William nods, rubs his cheeks as Martin releases him.

MARTIN

I'm just tryin' to look out for ya,
kid. Ya know?

William glares at Martin as he forces a smile.

WILLIAM

Whatever it takes to survive.

EXT. STREET - DAY

William purchases two apples from a street vendor.

ALLEYWAY

He slumps against the wall, takes a bite of his apple.

Gerard sits up as William reveals the second apple, tosses it
to him.

Tears swell in Gerard's eyes.

GERARD

You're a savior, son.

He takes a bite of his apple, wipes his mouth.

GERARD

God often answers our prayers
through others.

WILLIAM

God had nothing to do with it.

He stands, tosses the extra coins he kept to the man.

WILLIAM

I did this on my own.

William marches away.

INT. COURTHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Sunlight breaks through windows. Wall-to-wall people.

GOSSIPING women. Cold glares. Low MUMBLES. Pointed fingers.

HUMPHREY WALKER (40) sits near the front. He checks the time on a gold pocket watch.

HUMPHREY

He could at least extend some
courtesy by not making us wait.

ZACHARY WALKER (10), his son, awkwardly sits next to him, unnervingly pokes at the back of his hand with a small knife.

HUMPHREY

Zachary, stop that. The family will
think you're demented.

Zachary LAUGHS ODDLY. Some people stare, point.

The door opens. OSWALD (40), an attorney, enters followed closely by JAMES WALKER (13), a cross cradled in his hand.

JAMES

Thank you for coming on such short
notice.

He shoves the cross into his pocket.

HUMPHREY

We've been here for almost an hour!

JAMES

Is there somewhere else you needed
to be, Uncle Humphrey? Some
pressing engagement you need to
attend?

Humphrey falls silent. Oswald CLEARS HIS THROAT.

OSWALD

Since the passing of Mr. John
Walker, We've been reviewing your
family's estate.

HUMPHREY

Why has it taken this long, James,
to determine--

JAMES
Mr. Walker.

Humphrey eyes James curiously.

HUMPHREY
What?

JAMES
From now on, you will refer to me
as Mr. Walker.

Humphrey's jaw tightens.

HUMPHREY
I will not refer to my own nephew
who isn't even a man yet as--

OSWALD
Mr. Walker has reviewed your
family's assets and determined
where funds will be allocated.

Humphrey shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

JAMES
My family's fortune will be
invested in its entirety in support
of the colony.

Low MUMBLES.

HUMPHREY
Even if it bankrupts the family?!
After everything we've built?!

JAMES
My father built his empire without
you, Uncle Humphrey. All you did
was ride his coattails.

Humphrey's grip on his cane tightens.

HUMPHREY
So what does that leave us, boy?!

JAMES
As of this moment...nothing.

The room ERUPTS. GASPS. YELLING. Humphrey stands.

Zachary LAUGHS AWKWARDLY.

HUMPHREY

This is an absolute outrage!

JAMES

Of course you would think that. My father has provided for you all these years. But now it's time to forge your own path.

The room falls silent. Some women SOB.

JAMES

Look at you. What have you all done with your lives? Like sharks circling my father's corpse. Hoping for a bite.

Humphrey clenches his fists as he steps toward James.

HUMPHREY

Listen carefully, boy. You'll regret this moment.

JAMES

I leave for the colony immediately and I won't return anytime soon.

James turns to leave, smiles as the room behind him ERUPTS INTO ARGUMENT. Zachary CLAPS in amusement.

HALLWAY

Oswald follows behind James.

OSWALD

Sir, it's ultimately your decision, but I would encourage you to consider your mother's best interests as well.

JAMES

I intend to follow through on my father's request, Oswald. No matter the cost.

OSWALD

Even if it means throwing the rest of your family in the streets?

James turns.

JAMES

They're not my family. Not anymore.
And as of this moment...you are
also relieved of your duties.

OSWALD

What?! Why?!

JAMES

We both know how well you've
been...managing the books.

Oswald's face burns red.

JAMES

Not to mention my mother's missing
jewelry and no obvious signs of a
break in. You wouldn't happen to
know where her favorite diamond
pendant ran off to, would you?

Awkward silence.

OSWALD

You have no proof.

JAMES

We all eventually have to atone for
our sins, Oswald.

OSWALD

I hope that colony of yours burns
to the ground.

JAMES

God will take care of my mother and
the other colonists. He'll never
abandon them.

EXT. COLONY - DAY

Early morning. Fog. Small dilapidated homes. Farm animals
scatter in different directions.

The walls of the fort surround the entire area.

SUPER: "NEW WORLD"

FOREST

ELIZABETH WALKER (33), James's mother, HUMS as she picks
berries, places them in a basket.

A twig SNAPS. Her eyes dart over her shoulder--
Nothing. She scans the trees.

ELIZABETH
Hello?

No response. Leaves RUSTLE. She quickly turns--
A figure darts through the mist, disappears behind trees.

ELIZABETH
Is someone there?

Nothing. She reaches under her dress, retrieves a small knife as she steps away from the figure.

Another twig SNAPS. She glances to the side--

LONG HAIR (25), a Secotan Indian, stands in the shadows, glares at Elizabeth.

She takes a step back, scans the forest. Two more SECOTANS step from the shadows.

Elizabeth drops her basket as she sprints for the fort. The Secotans YELL, race after her.

She doesn't make it far.

She swings the knife in all directions as they surround her.

ELIZABETH
Stay away!

One of them disarms her, shoves her to the ground while the other two YELL. He cuts her arm. She SCREAMS.

GUNSHOT!

One of the Secotans drops. Dead. The other two turn as--

EZRA COOPER (35) bursts through the trees. Smoke trails from his gun. The remaining two assailants flee.

Cooper scans the forest, hoists Elizabeth from the ground.

COOPER
Are you all right?!

Elizabeth trembles, glances to the cut. Distant YELLS echo through the woods.

COOPER
Let's get you back to the fort.

EXT. FORT WALL - DAY

Cooper steadies Elizabeth as they approach. PHILLIP (25) stands guard along the catwalk.

COOPER
Open the gate!

Phillip disappears behind the wall. The fort doors CREAK open. He rushes out, rifle ready.

PHILLIP
What happened?!

COOPER
Natives. In the woods.

Phillip scans the forest as Cooper helps Elizabeth through the entrance.

COOPER
I need more guards at the gate!

Guards rush toward the entrance. Cooper turns to Phillip.

COOPER
No one goes into those woods alone.
Do you understand?

PHILLIP
Yes, sir.

COOPER
They'll be coming for us.

FOREST

Someone watches from the shadows as the fort doors close--
Long Hair. He disappears through the trees.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - LONDON - DAY

William glances over his shoulder as he moves between several crates stacked against the brick walls.

HIDEOUT

It's not much. Makeshift bed. A thin, worn blanket stretches over his head.

He wiggles one of the bricks loose, retrieves a tiny jewelry box. He pulls out a ring and necklace.

He grabs a small ribbon from the box, presses it to his nose.

Tears stream down his cheeks.

EXT. PIER - DAY

James scans the crowded area. Dock workers and supplies shift in different directions.

He notices dirt on his jacket. He retrieves a handkerchief from his pocket, carefully brushes it away.

He marches to a massive ship on the other side of the dock; "SOLITUDE" across the back.

DECK

SIMMONS (30) motions to other crew members.

SIMMONS

Get that beam in place! And make sure the shrouds aren't worn!

He waves as James boards the ship.

SIMMONS

Greetings, Mr. Walker.

He extends his hand, but James just marches passed him.

JAMES

Where's Captain Larke?

SIMMONS

Haven't seen him. May still be in his cabin. Wild night, I'm afraid. Getting back to London and all.

CAPTAIN'S CABIN

CAPTAIN GEORGE LARKE (42) lies passed out on his bed. An empty bottle dangles from his hand.

Water SPLASHES against his face. He rockets from the bed, shakes his head.

James snatches a bottle from the floor.

JAMES

As always, I can see that you're spending my family's money wisely.

Larke rubs his eyes.

LARKE

Bugger, what time is it?

JAMES

Almost noon.

Larke LAUGHS, slumps back onto the bed.

LARKE

Damn. It's too early.

JAMES

Get up. Supplies need to be loaded.

LARKE

We still have to unload the ship.

JAMES

You haven't unloaded the cargo yet?

Larke grabs a bottle, downs the last of the alcohol, COUGHS.

LARKE

Just pulled in yesterday, James.

JAMES

It's Mr. Walker from now on.

LARKE

Cheeky little thing, aren't you?
I'm not callin' you "Mr. Walker."

JAMES

Then pack your belongings and leave.

LARKE

Fine.

He pulls himself from the bed, stumbles slightly as he gets his bearings.

LARKE

Best of luck findin' another capn'
willin' to brave the Atlantic and
the Spanish armada by tomorrow
mornin'.

He steps toward the door.

JAMES

Wait.

James glares at Larke as he stops.

JAMES

One last trip to the New World. And
then you're done.

LARKE

Then my price just doubled.

JAMES

What?!

LARKE

You let me go. Remember?

Awkward silence.

LARKE

If you're gonna negotiate,
lad...make sure you're holdin' the
right cards. Cuz I've got nothin'
to lose.

JAMES

Fine. Double.

He shakes his head.

JAMES

I don't know why my father hired a
drunk like you to begin with.

Larke smiles.

LARKE

Cuz I'm the best.

JAMES

I thought Captain Edwards was the
best?

LARKE

I'm a close second.

James retrieves documents from his jacket, hands them to Larke. He scans the papers.

LARKE

Didn't Edwards take supplies two weeks ago?

JAMES

My father wanted both ships to transport supplies to the colony to ensure they have adequate food for winter. Just in case.

LARKE

Sorry bout your father, James. He was a good man.

They stare at each other awkwardly.

JAMES

Thank you.

James pulls an envelope from his jacket.

JAMES

He left this for you.

He hands it to Larke. The captain eyes the letter curiously as he opens it.

LARKE

What's this?

JAMES

I'm not sure.

Larke reads silently.

JAMES

What's it say?

Larke's eyes widen.

LARKE

Damn. I need to take care of a few things in town.

He steps toward the door.

JAMES

What about the cargo?! And the supplies that are waiting?!

LARKE
I'll make sure it's attended to.

JAMES
We need to leave tomorrow.

LARKE
We'll be ready, James.

JAMES
Larke?

Larke glances over his shoulder as he opens the door.

JAMES
Take a bath. You stink.

Larke smirks.

LARKE
Of course, Mr. Walker.

He exits.

JAMES
And stay away from the pub!

INT. PUB - DAY

The BARTENDER (45) pours a glass, slides it to Larke.

LARKE
Leave the bottle.

The bartender smiles, sets the bottle in front of Larke.

BARTENDER
I hear you're headed out again.

Larke takes a drink, slams the empty glass down.

BARTENDER
I think you prefer the sea to
London.

Larke smiles.

LARKE
It's less complicated.

BARTENDER

The Spaniards are getting restless.
Queen Elizabeth is sending every
ship their direction.

LARKE

Glad I got out of that business.

BARTENDER

Best to leave before the entire
Atlantic becomes a battleground.

Larke snatches the bottle, takes a drink.

LARKE

Rather not tangle with dirty
Spaniards. Maybe the smoke'll clear
by the time I get back.

BARTENDER

Or maybe it will be worse.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Larke emerges from the water. He pushes his hair back, washes
himself. Several scars cover his chest and arms.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Larke purchases a small flower from a vendor.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWELL - DAY

Broken stairs. Cracks snake across the walls. A dog BARKS.

Larke steps past different TENANTS sprawled across the steps,
the flower cradled in his hand.

Several people COUGH. He reaches a dilapidated door, KNOCKS.

He smooths his hair back as he waits.

LANDLORD (O.S.)

No one lives there.

Larke glances over his shoulder as LANDLORD (60) approaches.

LARKE

Where's Miss Atwood? And her son?

LANDLORD

Miss Atwood passed two weeks ago.

Confusion crosses Larke's face as he pushes back tears.

LARKE

What the hell happened?

LANDLORD

She got sick. It happened quickly.

Larke falls silent, slumps against the wall.

LANDLORD

Sad. She always paid on time.

LARKE

The boy. Where is he?

LANDLORD

How the hell should I know?

Larke grabs him by the shirt, pulls him close.

LANDLORD

Look, I'm sorry! I've seen the boy
on the streets a couple times!

LARKE

Where?

The landlord thinks to himself.

LANDLORD

East side. Near the bridge. Hanging
out with some questionable looking
fellow.

Larke's eyes narrow.

LARKE

What did this man look like?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Martin casually strolls, pickpockets as he brushes past
pedestrians. He smiles.

Strong hands grab him from behind, shove him into a nearby
alleyway.

ALLEYWAY

He slams against the wall, winces, glances at his attacker--
Captain Larke.

LARKE
Where's the boy?!

Martin smiles.

MARTIN
Which one? There's so many.
Remember?

Larke punches him, slams him against the wall again.

LARKE
William Atwood!

MARTIN
Not sure.

Larke raises his fist.

MARTIN
Yer not gonna beat it outta me,
Larke. I don't know where he is.

Larke releases him. Martin fixes his coat.

LARKE
You never should've dragged him
into this again.

MARTIN
They needed the money. It's a
shame, really. Miss Atwood was such
a...fine woman.

LARKE
Don't!

MARTIN
Ya never had her? Everyone else
did.

LARKE
Shut the hell up, Martin.

MARTIN
Ya've always cared about her kid
fer some reason. Why?

Larke hesitates.

LARKE

I just need to find him.

Martin CHUCKLES.

MARTIN

Ya think showin' up on his doorstep once every three months makes ya some kinda father to him? Face it, Larke. I was there fer him when he needed it.

LARKE

If he stays here, he'll end up just like you. An old codger waitin' to die. You're no father.

MARTIN

Ya turned out all right, didn't ya?

Larke is about to speak, catches himself.

MARTIN

He was workin' the east side earlier, but I'm not sure where he's at now.

Larke paces as he thinks to himself.

LARKE

Does he ever go to Perdiction Street?

MARTIN

I wouldn't go down there if I was ya, Larke. It's changed. Constables don't even go there.

Larke marches away.

EXT. PERDITION STREET - DAY

A run-down building. LAUGHTER. MUSIC echoes. Shady characters by the entrance. A man stumbles outside, VOMITS.

Larke approaches, bumps into a man as he exits.

LARKE

Sorry, mate.

The man doesn't respond, briefly glances over his shoulder--

It's Humphrey. He quickly shuffles away.

PERDITION HANGOUT

Larke enters, scans the crowded room. People play cards, drink at the bar. Someone plays the PIANO.

Scantily clad women stand near the stairs, LAUGH, bat their eyes at passing men. ISABEL (38) stands among them.

Larke keeps his head down as he approaches.

LARKE

Isabel.

Her eyes widen.

ISABEL

You shouldn't be here.

LARKE

I know. I just...

He scans the room, pulls her to an empty table in the corner.

LARKE

Have you seen William?

Isabel cautiously glances around the room.

ISABEL

Not in a few days. He doesn't come here often.

Larke motions to the room.

LARKE

Good. He doesn't need to be a part of this. Where I can find him?

Isabel thinks to herself.

ISABEL

The last few times he stopped by, he said he was coming from the cemetery.

LARKE

Which cemetery?

ISABEL

I don't know.

LARKE

Damn it.

Isabel takes his hand.

ISABEL

I'm sorry, Larke. About Catherine.

Larke is about to speak when--

HECKLER (O.S.)

Well, well, well! Ladies and gentlemen, look who we have here!

The MUSIC stops. The room falls silent. Larke glances over his shoulder.

HECKLER (35) raises his glass as he motions to Larke.

HECKLER

If it isn't Captain George Larke himself!

MUMBLES. People glare, point.

HECKLER

The man who abandoned us and went to work for Sir John Walker!

Isabel keeps her head down as Larke stands.

LARKE

Didn't come here for a fight.

Heckler CHUCKLES, tosses his drink to the floor.

HECKLER

Then you came to the wrong place, mate.

More men stand from their tables as the heckler steps closer.

HECKLER

It's a shame about Catherine. She was good. To all of us.

LARKE

Don't speak of her that way. She was worth a hundred of you.

HECKLER

No. She was worth about ten shillings, am I right, boys?

Everyone LAUGHS.

HECKLER

I don't think there's a fella in
here who didn't have her, captain.

Larke's face burns red as he glances over his shoulder to Isabel. She shakes her head. She knows what's coming.

Heckler removes his jacket, tosses it over a chair.

HECKLER

And to think. I wasn't plannin' on
comin' here today.

LARKE

You should've stayed at home. Mate.

Heckler throws a punch. Larke dodges, punches, connects.

He slams the heckler's face into the counter. He drops.

Three more rush him. Larke trades blows, dispatches two of them. The third slams him to the floor, pulls a knife and--

GUNSHOT!

FINCH (O.S.)

That's enough!

Larke and his attacker both look up to find--

FINCH (50), gun pointed at the ceiling.

FINCH

Ya'll right, captain?

Larke nods. Finch aims at the man on top of Larke. The man moves away.

Larke wipes blood from his mouth as he stands. Finch motions to the room.

FINCH

Captain Larke was just leavin'!
Unharm'd! Isn't that right,
captain?!

LARKE

That's right.

FINCH

Anyone who messes with him will
have to fight with me and me boys!

Finch SNAPS HIS FINGERS. Two men step behind him--
 Simmons and AMBROSE (25).

Larke steps close to Finch.

LARKE
 Thank you.

FINCH
 Anytime, captain.

LARKE
 See you all back on the ship.

He scans the awkwardly silent room.

LARKE
 Don't have too much fun, Mr. Finch.

Larke exits. All eyes on Finch. He holsters his gun.

FINCH
 As you were!

PIANO MUSIC plays. Everyone returns to their activities as though nothing happened.

EXT. PERDITION STREET - DAY

Larke straightens his coat, touches near his eye, winces. He paces away from the building. Behind him--

WILLIAM (O.S.)
 What're you doing here?

Larke glances over his shoulder.

LARKE
 Lookin' for you.

LAUGHTER echoes from the entrance.

LARKE
 You shouldn't be here, William.

WILLIAM
 Judging by your face, you shouldn't be here either.

LARKE
 I need to tell you somethin'.

EXT. DISREGARDED CEMETERY - DAY

Crooked headstones. Unmarked graves. Foliage twists in different directions.

Larke sits in front of a cross: "CATHERINE ATWOOD" etched into the wood.

He takes a swig from his flask.

LARKE

I'm sorry, William. I just found out today.

William props himself onto a nearby tombstone.

WILLIAM

That's because you've been gone for five months.

Silence as they both stare at Catherine's cross.

LARKE

I cared about your mother. Deeply.

William LAUGHS.

WILLIAM

Of course. That was her job, remember? But she didn't feel the same about you. Especially after what you did.

LARKE

What I did?! You were--

Larke hesitates, swallows hard.

LARKE

I'm leavin' again. Headin' for the New World. And I want you to come with me.

WILLIAM

You think that, just because my mother died, you can try to be my father?

LARKE

That's not what I--

WILLIAM

You already tried that, Larke! It didn't work! You're not my father! He's still out there and--

LARKE

I know who your father is, damn it!

William freezes.

WILLIAM

How did you find him?

LARKE

Doesn't matter, but he's at the colony where I'm goin'.

WILLIAM

What's his name?

LARKE

Come with me and I'll tell you.

WILLIAM

What's his name?!

LARKE

There's nothin' left for you here!

Both of them glare at each other in silence.

LARKE

This is your chance, William.

WILLIAM

I'm doing just fine on my own. And I have Martin.

LARKE

Martin cares bout you as much as a fly cares bout which pile of dung to land on. He's usin' you.

WILLIAM

Maybe I'm using him, too. At least he doesn't get drunk and...

He trails off. Larke sighs, glances to the setting sun.

LARKE

Ship leaves at noon tomorrow. Just think bout it. Please.

WILLIAM
I have. I'm not going.

Silence.

LARKE
Take care of yourself, William.

Larke touches Catherine's cross one last time, glances over his shoulder as he's about to leave.

LARKE
Your father's name is Ezra Cooper.

William is about to speak, catches himself.

WILLIAM
It doesn't matter.

LARKE
I pray that God watches over you.

WILLIAM
I hope the devil himself finds you on that ocean.

Larke walks away.

William slumps in front of his mother's grave.

INT. ELIZABETH'S HOUSE - COLONY - DAY

Cooper bandages Elizabeth's arm. She winces.

COOPER
You shouldn't be in the woods alone. They're coming closer each day.

ELIZABETH
You didn't have to kill him.

COOPER
It was him or you.

Elizabeth is about to speak, pauses.

COOPER
They'll be back. Soon. We need to move the colony to--

ELIZABETH

We're not going anywhere. John and James--

COOPER

Have been gone a long time. Rations are running low. People are scared. We need to start considering the possibility--

Elizabeth jerks her arm away, paces. Awkward silence.

ELIZABETH

I have no doubt that my husband and son will return.

COOPER

And if they don't? What then?

ELIZABETH

Then we do whatever is needed to protect the colony, but we're staying here.

Cooper stands.

COOPER

Very well. I shall inform the others about what happened. We'll need to be prepared for any retaliation.

He steps toward the door, opens it.

ELIZABETH

Mr. Cooper.

COOPER

Yes?

ELIZABETH

Thank you. For saving me.

Cooper nods. Elizabeth closes the door behind him.

EXT. STREET - LONDON - NIGHT

Oswald exits a building, quickly steps through the rain as he approaches a carriage.

Two bodyguards wait outside. One opens the door for him.

CARRIAGE

Oswald shakes rain from his coat. A man sits on the other side of the carriage, cloaked in darkness.

OSWALD

He knows I've been changing the books. If he has any evidence...

He trails off.

OSWALD

He leaves tomorrow. Tonight is your only chance to take care of him.

The man leans forward as moonlight catches his face--

HUMPHREY

He embarrasses me in front of the entire family and then thinks he can simply escape? He has no idea what I'm capable of.

OSWALD

This isn't the time for arrogance. I've done my part. You need to--

He freezes as he notices a boy asleep next to Humphrey--

Zachary. Humphrey gently rests his hand on his back.

HUMPHREY

Don't mind him. He's asleep. And besides, he's not exactly... straight in the head.

OSWALD

You need to take care of James.

HUMPHREY

Remember your place, Oswald. Just do your job. All of John's assets should be transferred to me. And in return, I'll make sure you're compensated.

OSWALD

And the boy?

Humphrey glances out the rain-covered window.

HUMPHREY

A voyage across the Atlantic has been known to be treacherous. I hope "Mr. Walker" has a safe journey, but who knows what might happen.

He smiles.

HUMPHREY

I have the perfect man for the job.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

HADLEY (35) steps through mud, WHISTLES. There's something unnerving about him.

He reaches an alleyway, glances both directions before he enters.

ALLEYWAY

He scans the dark, empty corridor, LAUGHS.

HADLEY

Could we please hurry this up?! My stones are freezin' out here!

CONTACT (30) emerges from the shadows.

CONTACT

"The rain is cold in London."

HADLEY

"But the night is always warm."

CONTACT

I was debating whether or not someone would come.

He glances past Hadley.

HADLEY

I'm alone.

CONTACT

Were you followed?

Hadley gives him an odd look.

CONTACT

I don't like surprises. Where's the other guy?

HADLEY

He couldn't make it, but he sends his regards. Has the container been arranged?

The man nods.

CONTACT

You'll acquire it from a man named Salvador. He'll be expecting you.

HADLEY

How will I find him?

CONTACT

He'll find you.

Hadley tosses him a bag of coins, turns to leave.

CONTACT

Such a curious request. The container. Why do you need it?

HADLEY

No questions asked. Remember.

Contact weighs the coin bag in his hand.

CONTACT

Someone in Spain is going to ask questions. Maybe pay more money. And it's like I said. I don't like surprises.

Hadley glances over his shoulder, scans the street.

HADLEY

You really want to know?

CONTACT

Yes.

Hadley steps close to him, is about to whisper and--

Jerks the man close as he stabs him in the stomach.

HADLEY

Surprised?

He stabs him several times before he tosses his body against the wall. He cleans his blade on the contact's coat.

He retrieves the bag of coins.

Hadley marches toward the street, notices blood on his hand.

He licks it off, WHISTLES as he leaves.

EXT. BAKERY - NIGHT

The BAKER (50) steps outside, scans the empty street. Someone YELLS at him from inside. Probably his wife.

William waits in the nearby shadows, watches.

The baker tosses old loaves of bread into the mud, shakes his head as he returns inside.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

William marches down the corridor, bread under his arm.

He finds Gerard lying against the wall.

WILLIAM

Hey, old man. I brought you something.

No response.

Impatient, William grabs his shoulder, rolls him over, and--

Freezes. Gerard stares at him. Dead.

Black veins spiderweb across his face.

William drops the bread, backs away. Lightning flashes. He doesn't notice--

A dark figure at the end of the alley. William quickly looks.

It's gone.

EXT. OSWALD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Oswald keeps his head down, scans the street as he ascends the steps of his upscale home.

FOYER

Darkness. He shakes rain from his coat, hangs it on the wall.

The TICKING OF A CLOCK echoes.

He lights a lantern. WOOD CREAKS upstairs.

He glances to the ceiling. Nothing.

BEDROOM

He sets the lantern down, pulls the dresser away from the wall. Oswald reaches into a small opening and retrieves--

A diamond pendant.

He admires it, pulls more jewelry from the hiding spot. He tosses all of it on the bed, starts to undress. Pauses.

WIND HOWLS through the window. It's slightly ajar. He scans the rooftops, closes the window. He turns--

Odd-shaped muddy footprints dot the floor.

He snatches the lantern, kneels as he examines them. He grabs a knife from the nightstand.

HALLWAY

He follows the trail. The knife trembles in his hand, lantern extended in front of him. The floor CREAKS as he steps.

TICK. STEP. TICK. STEP.

He stops. The trail ends. TICK. TOCK. TICK. TOCK.

WOOD CREAKS. He quickly turns in all directions. Nothing.

He glances back to the footprints. Water drips onto the floor next to him, but he doesn't notice.

A dark figure claws across the ceiling.

Oswald slowly glances above and--

SCREAMS as he's yanked into the air. The lantern crashes to the floor. Fire spills across the wood.

Oswald's body CRASHES against the floor repeatedly, extinguishes the flames.

His broken body lies still. Blood mixes with rain and mud as it drips down the stairs.

BEDROOM

WIND HOWLS. Rain trickles through the open window.

The diamond pendant is gone.

EXT. FORT WALL- COLONY - NIGHT

Rain splashes against the wood. Men huddle around smoldering fires, rifles clenched in their hands.

Cooper ascends the ladder up the wall, stands next to Phillip as he watches the forest.

COOPER

Anything?

PHILLIP

No, sir. It's been quiet the last three nights. Perhaps you scared them off.

COOPER

Perhaps they're just patient.

ELIZABETH (O.S.)

Mr. Cooper?

Cooper peers to the ground below. Elizabeth stands in the rain, a small basket cradled under her arms.

Cooper kneels, looks over the catwalk. Just out of view of the forest.

COOPER

What are you doing out at this hour?

ELIZABETH

I heard you were on watch again, so I brought you some bread.

She scans the men huddled around dying campfires.

ELIZABETH

I'm afraid I don't have enough for everyone, though.

COOPER
Thank you. Let me come--

THUNK!

Cooper's eyes dart to Phillip.

COOPER
Phillip, what was that?

He doesn't respond.

COOPER
Phillip?!

Phillip turns. Cooper's eyes widen as he notices--

An arrow protruding from Phillip's chest.

Phillip tumbles from the catwalk to the ground below. Dead.

The waiting men jump to their feet, rifles ready.

Cooper stands, scans the woods.

THUNK! An arrow impales the wood next to him.

He quickly ducks. YELLS echo through the trees. He motions to Elizabeth.

COOPER
Get back to your home and barricade
the door!

Elizabeth sprints away as Cooper readies his rifle.

COOPER
Get ready, men!

He aims. GUNSHOT!

ELIZABETH'S HOUSE

Elizabeth quickly enters, SLAMS the door closed. She shoves the table and chairs against the door.

She snatches a knife, crouches in the corner. Waits.

FORT WALL

Cooper FIRES, ducks. Reloads. More men FIRE from the catwalk.

Arrows strike the wood. Impaled men tumble to the ground.
 Something BANGS against the barricaded door below.

COOPER
 Hold the doors!

Men shoulder the entrance. BANG!

Cooper FIRES over the wall as Secotans rush the fort, push against the door. There's too many of them.

BANG! GUNSHOTS! It's chaos.

The doors bend. Wood CRACKS.

Cooper's eyes dart to the doors.

COOPER
 We can't let them--

The barricade breaks. Men and wood CRASH into mud.

They barely have enough time to stand before they're slaughtered by Secotans.

Cooper draws his knife, glances below as attackers flood through the entrance. He leaps from the catwalk.

ELIZABETH'S HOUSE

SCREAMS echo from outside. Elizabeth trembles, peeks through the window.

Children SOB as their mother is pulled from their home by a Secotan, dragged through rain and mud.

Elizabeth glances between the knife in her hand and her barricaded door.

FORT WALL

Cooper dodges, slashes in all directions. Secotans fall. Blood mixes with mud.

Some flee back through the gate as Cooper is joined by other men. They FIRE at the escaping attackers.

Cooper motions to the colony.

COOPER
 They're in the homes!

HOMES

The assailant stands over the mother, draws a knife.

The mother covers her face and--

He freezes, collapses into the mud. Dead. A knife protrudes from his back.

Elizabeth stands behind him, reaches for the mother.

The mother SOBS as Elizabeth hoists her from the ground. They embrace.

Long Hair, the Secotan from earlier, eyes her from the shadows.

He readies an arrow, aims, and--

Lets it fly.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Early morning. William scans the crowded street. Humphrey steps from a carriage directly into mud.

William LAUGHS.

Humphrey reprimands the driver before he retrieves the gold watch from his pocket.

William eyes the watch as the man slips it into his pocket.

He quickly moves toward Humphrey, bumps into him.

WILLIAM

So sorry, sir.

He keeps his head down as he quickly walks away. He briefly glances to Zachary waiting in the carriage.

HUMPHREY

Be more mindful of where you're going, peasant!

Humphrey steps toward the nearby building, pats his pocket--

Stops. His eyes quickly dart to William, motions to him.

HUMPHREY

Thief!

William briefly glances over his shoulder, notices a
CONSTABLE (30) across the street.

CONSTABLE
Stay where you are!

William races in the opposite direction as the constable
rushes toward him, weaves through the crowd.

SHOP

William ducks in, sprints for the backdoor. He glances over
his shoulder as the constable passes.

ALLEYWAY

William pushes through the backdoor, sprints down the
corridor. He's free.

Strong hands snatch his arms, hoist him into the air, and
slam him against the brick wall.

William winces, glances up to find--

Humphrey. Rage burns in his eyes.

HUMPHREY
Where do you think you're going,
boy?!

He drags William toward the street.

HUMPHREY
Thought you could steal from me,
did you?! You'll be in a prison
cell for the rest of your life!

William struggles against his grip.

WILLIAM
Let go of me!

Humphrey LAUGHS.

HUMPHREY
You brought this on yourself, boy.
Trust me, I'm doing you a favor.

William pushes against the wall with his feet.

Humphrey stumbles. He cracks his head against the opposite
wall as he falls, releases William.

William hops to his feet.

Humphrey lies still on the ground. Blood pools from his head.

William's entire body trembles as he slowly reaches for him.

CONSTABLE (O.S.)

There you are!

William's eyes dart over his shoulder. The constable rushes toward him.

Fear flashes across William's face. He sprints in the opposite direction, abandons Humphrey.

STREET

William exits the alley, glances both directions and--

Hadley stares back at him, a curious look on his face.

William flees. The constable exits the alley, glances to Hadley as he motions over his shoulder.

CONSTABLE

Help him!

He races after William.

Hadley glances into the alleyway, scans the injured Humphrey lying face down in the mud. His body twitches.

Hadley checks his pockets, snatches a few gold coins. He marches away, never looks back.

STREET

William ducks into shadows, catches his breath. His hands are shaking.

He paces as he thinks to himself. Pauses. He quickly glances at the time on Humphrey's pocket watch.

EXT. SQUARE - DAY

The constable scans the crowd as he runs. He's turning in all directions when he--

CRASHES into Martin.

MARTIN

Easy there, good sir. It seems like
ya're lookin' fer someone.

CONSTABLE

A boy. He's about this tall.
Skinny. Looks like he hasn't bathed
in a year.

Martin's eyes narrow.

MARTIN

What'd he do?

CONSTABLE

Stole from Humphrey Walker and then
attacked him. When I find him,
I'll--

Martin motions over his shoulder.

MARTIN

Think I saw him headed north.

The constable tips his hat.

CONSTABLE

Thank you.

The constable sprints away.

Martin's smile fades as he marches in the opposite direction.

INT. HIDEOUT - DAY

William quickly gathers his belongings, peers outside the
makeshift cloth roof.

It's almost noon.

He pulls the tiny jewelry box from the wall.

He shoves everything into a worn satchel, turns to leave.

Freezes.

ALLEYWAY

Martin stands ten feet away, a wry smile etched on his face.

MARTIN

Where're ya goin', boy? Were ya
just gonna leave me here all by
myself?

WILLIAM

I can't stay.

MARTIN

Oh, I know. The hounds are all out
huntin' fer ya.

He takes a step toward William.

MARTIN

The thing is, when they find ya,
you'll put the blame on me. And I
can't have that.

Another step.

MARTIN

And I don't appreciate ya tryin' to
skip out on me.

William swallows hard, grips the satchel tightly.

WILLIAM

I was going to tell you. I swear.

Martin LAUGHS.

MARTIN

Of course ya were.

He takes another step toward William.

William quickly scans the alley, notices logs stacked against
the wall.

MARTIN

Do ya know what the hardest part
about livin' on the streets of
London is? It's not the cold. It's
not scroungin' around fer food all
the time. No--

Another step.

MARTIN

It's learnin' how to tell when
everyone around ya is lyin'.

He brandishes a small knife, inspects the blade.

MARTIN

I can't let ya leave, William. And
I can't let ya speak to the
constables. Ya know that, right?

WILLIAM

Just let me go. You'll never see me
again.

MARTIN

Ya're right. No one will ever see
ya again.

Martin rushes toward William, knife clenched.

William swings the satchel as hard as he can, clocks Martin
across the head. Martin stumbles into the wall.

He turns just as William slams a log across his face.

Martin clenches his nose. Blood oozes between his fingers as
William drops the log, flees.

MARTIN

I'll kill ya when I find ya! Ya
hear me?! Ya can't run forever!

William doesn't look back.

EXT. DECK - DAY

Larke scans the crowded dock, anxiously taps on the railing.

He glances to the sun, back to the dock. James approaches.

JAMES

Are we ready to go?

Larke hesitates. Simmons approaches.

SIMMONS

Everything has been accounted for,
Captain. We're ready to leave.

LARKE

We're gonna wait a little longer.

JAMES

There's no reason for us to delay.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

William ducks between buildings, leans against the wall as he catches his breath.

He glances to the crowded dock ahead of him, over his shoulder at the street. A constable searches, spots him.

CONSTABLE
Come here, boy!

William dashes toward the dock, constable in pursuit.

EXT. DECK - DAY

James shakes his head.

JAMES
Larke, everything and everyone is accounted for. We need to leave.

LARKE
Wait.

JAMES
Don't forget who's in charge here, captain! I say we leave! Now!

Larke sighs, scans the pier again. He motions to the crew.

LARKE
Let's go, gentlemen.

The crew rush around the deck. Solitude pushes from the dock.

Larke steps toward the quarterdeck.

JAMES
What is that boy doing?

Larke glances over his shoulder.

William sprints across the dock, barrels toward the ship. He skids to a stop as he reaches the edge of the pier.

JAMES
Is he trying to get--

Larke snatches a rope, throws it over the side of the ship.

LARKE
You're gonna to have to swim!

The constable pushes through the crowd and reaches for William.

William plummets into the water, swims for the ship.

LARKE

Hurry!

William swims with everything he's got. The rope dangles in front of him.

LARKE

You can do it!

William reaches. Just a few more inches. The rope is within his reach, grabs it.

Larke and a couple crew members help pull William up the side of the ship. He spills onto the deck, a soggy mess.

Larke CHUCKLES, slaps him on the back.

LARKE

Welcome aboard.

William looks at James across the deck.

JAMES

Why is this boor on my ship?

LARKE

This is William.

JAMES

He looks like you just dragged him off the street.

Larke LAUGHS.

LARKE

I did.

WILLIAM

I'm only doing this to find my father. I didn't come for you.

LARKE

Fair enough.

Larke glances to the crew moving around the deck.

LARKE

Let's go, boys! Fate is on our side!

Wind catches the sails as Larke and William step onto the quarterdeck. James descends below deck.

Solitude pushes out to sea.

William glances over his shoulder at London. One last time.

QUARTERDECK

A gentleman stands near the railing. His back is to Larke and William.

LARKE

I'd like you to meet my lieutenant.

The man turns and--

William freezes, goes pale.

It's Hadley.

LARKE

This is Mr. Hadley.

Hadley and William stare at each other awkwardly.

LARKE

You two know each other?

Hadley shakes it off, extends his hand.

HADLEY

No. I don't believe we've been properly introduced.

William trembles as he shakes Hadley's hand.

LARKE

This is William. As you can see, he's had a bit of a rough start.

HADLEY

I'm sure it's been an...interestin' day for him.

Hadley smiles. That cold, sinister smile.

William's gaze falls to the deck as Finch approaches. Larke motions to him.

LARKE

Mr. Finch, find William a change of clothes and then put him to work.

CAPTAIN'S CABIN

James enters, eyes narrow.

LARKE (V.O.)

We have a long journey ahead of us.

He slowly steps toward his bed to find--

The diamond pendant.

He scans the room, confused.

INT. HULL - NIGHT

Hadley quietly steps through the cargo. He glances over his shoulder as he comes to a section of the wall, kneels.

He opens a small compartment at the base of the board, darkness on the other side.

HADLEY

Everythin' has been arranged as you requested. And I brought you somethin' to eat.

He tosses two dead rats onto the floor near the opening.

HADLEY

Next time, it'll be somethin' bigger.

He waits.

A black hand with long, sharpened fingers suddenly pulls the dead rats into darkness. Bones CRUNCH. Flesh TEARS.

Hadley kneels near the opening, peers in.

HADLEY

They have no idea what's about to happen on this ship.

White eyes stare back at him. Hadley closes the compartment.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY

London recedes in the distance as Solitude sails west toward the New World.

THE END