

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

CORSAIRS: PIRATES OF THE BARBARY COAST

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INT. OPHIDIAN ROOM, CITY OF THE SERPENT - EVENING

We see the back of SOPHIA DRISCOL'S head, she is naked save for a GOLDEN CIRCLET fashioned like OUROBOROUS - a serpent swallowing its tail - holding back her long red hair. *We cannot see her face.* She is sat upon an IVORY THRONE-LIKE STOOL adorned with serpent motifs. HUGE SNAKES writhe around her feet and glide across her body.

The golden-walled and shadowy OPHIDIAN ROOM is alive with slithering serpents covering every inch of the floor.

From somewhere comes the slow thud of a resonant drum, its beats like that of some monstrous heart.

Slowly, we draw closer to the back of Sophia's head: it is as if we move through her and see out of her eyes - but what we see is...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FISH MARKET, BALTIMORE, COUNTY CORK, IRELAND - DAY

Sun glints through white clouds, the market place is crowded with stalls and shoppers. Fish are everywhere. Beyond the tumble-down rooftops of cottages and warehouses, the masts of fishing vessels bob in the nearby harbour.

SUPER: Baltimore, County Cork, Ireland, June 1631

As if we are still seeing through Sophia's eyes, we watch a GROUP OF TEENAGE RAGAMUFINS push DIARMUID, a poor barrow-boy of about eleven, roughly to the cobbles. He drops the TRAY OF EELS he carries.

As we draw closer to the boys, the camera pans. We are no longer looking out of Sophia's eyes, but rather at her. She is a red-haired, striking, young Anglo-Irish woman in her early twenties wearing a blue-dress blotched with fish-guts.

Behind her is the FISH STALL she runs with her brother THOMAS, a tall, fair-haired, shy young-man about nineteen years old and as temperamentally wet as the cod he is gutting.

THOMAS
Leave it, Sophia.

Sophia strides towards the boys, scowling at Thomas over her shoulder.

SOPHIA
(to the Ragamuffins)
Leave him alone! You should be
ashamed, look at the size of you.

One of the Ragamuffins squares up to Sophia with a cheeky grin.

SOPHIA (cont'd)
If it's a fight your after, I'll
give you one. I gut fish all day
and I can gut you too.

She holds up one hand covered in FISH BLOOD.

With mumbled insults, the Ragamuffins walk away, kicking Diarmuid's dropped tray across the COBBLES.

Diarmuid wipes his nose with a tattered sleeve.

SOPHIA (cont'd)
You alright, Diarmuid? You
shouldn't let them treat you like
that.

DIARMUID
I can't stop them.

SOPHIA
Maybe not, but you can make them
think twice.

She leans close to Diarmuid and whispers in his ear:

SOPHIA (cont'd)
Give them a kick in the cockles.
Sure they'll give you a beating,
but they'll know you can bite.

Grinning, Diarmuid picks up his tray and grabs an eel. Sophia starts to walk away.

DIARMUID
Miss Sophia?

She turns and smiles.

DIARMUID (cont'd)
Is it true your da was a pirate?

SOPHIA
Not my dad, but my grandad. Terror
of the seven seas, he was. So those
louts should watch out, eh?

Back at the stall, Sophia picks up a DESCALING KNIFE.

THOMAS

Do you remember Grandad?

SOPHIA

Sort of. I remember him setting off on his last voyage. That's about all.

THOMAS

Dad said he was drowned or hanged but preferably both.

SOPHIA

Who knows?

EXT. DECK OF JAN JANZOOM'S PIRATE SHIP - DAY

The ship is a 24-gun POLACCA-STYLE vessel with a crew of 75 pirates - a mix of Dutchmen, Algerians and Ottoman Turks.

JAN JANZOOM, forty-year-old Dutch pirate-captain and infamous corsair, saturnine features as sharp as the scimitar hanging from his bejeweled belt, leans on the ship's rail and watches the green Irish coast roll by.

Beside him is his captive, JOHN HACKETT, a thirty-year-old Irishman, dressed in ragged clothes and hooded cloak.

JANZOOM

How much further?

HACKETT

I have your word? You'll take no Irish? Just the English?

Janzoom stares at Hackett.

HACKETT (cont'd)

I mean... you said it... but I need to be sure.

JANZOOM

You doubt my word?

HACKETT

No. No, I don't.

JANZOOM

Then you have your answer.

EXT. FISH MARKET, BALTIMORE - LATE AFTERNOON

Sophia and Thomas pack up their stall. There is a sudden commotion, screams and shouts from the harbour. Above the rooftops, taller masts are seen.

A cacophony of cannon fire sends CROWDS rushing from the harbour across the square.

THOMAS
What's happening?

MAN IN CROWD
Raiders! Run!

THOMAS
Jesus! Come on Sophia!

Sophia looks across the cobbled square. Diarmuid is knocked over, a PANICKED MAN tramples his arm.

Diarmuid cries out.

Sophia fights against the crowd, pushes her way towards DIARMUID.

THOMAS (cont'd)
Sophia! No! Come on!

Thomas dithers, looking at the retreating crowd and back towards Sophia as she reaches Diarmuid and scoops him to his feet.

SOPHIA
(to Diarmuid)
Come on now, we've got to run.

A GROUP OF CORSAIRS, swords drawn, enters the market place. They are led by OLFERT, a stocky Dutch pirate with a greying beard and broken, yellowed teeth.

THOMAS
Sophia!

Supporting Diarmuid, Sophia runs across the square. The Corsairs shout and give chase.

THOMAS (cont'd)
Run!

Grabbing his sister by the arm, Thomas leads her and Diarmuid around the corner of a WAREHOUSE, the Corsairs close behind.

Sophia points towards an open WAREHOUSE DOOR. The three hurry inside and shelter behind BARRELS OF SALTED FISH.

SOPHIA
Quiet now!

Peering through a gap between the barrels, Sophia sees the Corsairs enter. Looking around, she spots a SMALL GAP in the warehouse wall.

SOPHIA (cont'd)
(whispering)
Crawl through, Diarmuid. Then run,
run as fast as you can.

DIARMUID
What about you?

SOPHIA
Ah, we'll be okay. Now go!

Thomas looks at his sister wide-eyed as Diarmuid escapes through the hole. Sophia puts a finger to her mouth.

OLFERT
(O.C.)
Search the warehouse!

A Corsair looks over the barrels, sees Sophia and Thomas, and grabs at them. Sophia kicks over the top barrel, it falls on the Corsair, knocking him to the ground.

Sophia pulls Thomas to his feet, looks around desperately as Corsairs close in on all sides.

SOPHIA
The ladder!

Pulling her brother behind her, Sophia rushes to a ladder leading up to a second storey. As they climb, a Corsair grabs Thomas' foot, after a moments struggle, his boot comes off and they continue to climb.

Olfert points a FLINTLOCK PISTOL.

OLFERT
Stop there little birds!

Sophia reaches the top of the ladder, leans down and tries to pull her brother up.

The Flintlock fires, the ball sends shard of wood flying from the ladder inches from Thomas' head.

THOMAS

Christ!

Sophia hauls him up, they run across a wooden landing. There is nowhere to go save for a square window-like opening looking down on the cobbles below.

In the market square, Corsairs are dragging CAPTIVES back towards the harbour.

Thomas and Sophia look at each other, then down at the drop to the cobbles. Thomas shakes his head.

The Corsairs come up the ladder with swords drawn. Olfert is reloading his FLINTLOCK.

SEURT, a younger Dutchman, mouth pulled into a permanent half-grin by a sword scar, gazes at Sophia.

SEURT

So this town does have treasures.

EXT. FISH MARKET, BALTIMORE - LATE AFTERNOON.

Surrounded by swaggering Corsairs, Sophia and Thomas are herded across the square towards the HARBOUR. Other Captives are driven along with them.

A RIFAAT, a tall, turbaned Ottoman corsair, looks at Sophia.

RIFAAT

Now that's a fair wench. I'll have her for my share.

Olfert turns on him in mock anger.

OLFERT

You'll wait your fucking turn!

EXT. HARBOUR, BALTIMORE - DUSK

Guarded by Corsairs, Sophia, Thomas, and a CROWD of more than one-hundred-and-fifty Captives wait at the WHARFSIDE. Jan Janzoom's PIRATE VESSEL is moored nearby. FISHING BOATS are burning and SMOKE rises from the town.

Looking around, Sophia spots Diarmuid hiding behind an UPTURNED BOAT. Catching his eye, she jerks her head to one side and silently mouths:

SOPHIA
(silently)
Get away!

Reluctantly, Diarmuid sneaks back towards the town.

At the bottom of the pirate ship's GANGPLANK, a desperate-looking John Hackett pleads with Jan Janzoom.

HACKETT
But they will know I led you here!

JANZOOM
You think I know English from
Irish?

HACKETT
I've kept my bargain, haven't I?

JANZOOM
And you are free to go.

HACKETT
Yes, but... Only the English...

JANZOOM
If you will not show us, then all
will be taken. Let God sort the
lambs from the goats.

John Hackett looks at the ground despondently.

EXT. DECK OF PIRATE SHIP MOORED IN BALTIMORE HARBOUR - DUSK

Captives are driven up the gangplank where John Hackett, hood pulled up, speaks to each briefly in GAELIC.

HACKETT
(in Gaelic)
Where does your father hail from?

IRISH CAPTIVE
(In Gaelic)
Sherkin Island

Hackett nods to the CORSAIR GUARDS who let the Irish Captive go - he descends the gangplank as TWO FEMALE CAPTIVES approach.

HACKETT
(in Gaelic)
What trade do you follow?

The Two Female Captives look at him blankly, Hackett shakes his head and the Corsair Guards shove the women towards a hatch leading below decks.

FEMALE CAPTIVE 1

No, please!

Hackett looks away and rubs his hands over his face.

Further down the gangplank, Sophia and Thomas strain to hear what is happening.

SOPHIA

He's asking them something in Gaelic. If you can answer, you go free. If not...

THOMAS

What is he asking?

SOPHIA

I can't make it out. Besides, I don't know the tongue any better than you.

Sophia and Thomas come to the head of the queue.

HACKETT

(In Gaelic)

How long have you lived in Baltimore?

SOPHIA

(in halting Gaelic)

My name is Sophia Driscoll

HACKETT

Driscoll? You're related to the chief, Sir Fineen O'Driscoll?

SOPHIA

My father was his second cousin.

The Corsair Guards appear puzzled by this long exchange. Hackett nods towards the gangplank.

As Sophia and Thomas turn to leave, Olfert grabs Sophia's arm.

OLFERT

(to Hackett in Dutch)

This one stays!

Hackett looks at the Corsair blankly.

Olfert pulls Sophia further on deck

OLFERT (cont'd)
(in Dutch)
English or Irish, this one we keep!

The assembled corsairs cheer their approval. The commotion draws Jan Janzoom's attention from the POOP DECK above. He leans over the rail.

JANZOOM
What is this?

HACKETT
She's related to a chief. Let her go.

JANZOOM
She's Irish?

OLFERT
(In Dutch)
She's the best prize we've won,
Captain. Besides, if she's Irish,
why did he speak to her in English?

Sophia struggles to break free but is grabbed by her hair and yanked down onto the deck, where the Olfert holds her in place with his foot.

JANZOOM
(To Hackett)
Why doesn't the wench speak your
tongue?

Hackett doesn't reply.

JANZOOM (cont'd)
(To Thomas)
Boy, speak truthfully or lose your
tongue. Are you and the girl
English?

THOMAS
Our father was Irish, Sir.

JANZOOM
And your mother English? Well, what
do you say, Hackett? Their Irish
half can stay in Ireland, but the
English half comes with us?

Smiling slyly, Janzoom draws his scimitar and nods down meaningfully towards Sophia.

Hackett shakes his head.

JANZOOM (cont'd)
(In dutch)
Take them below decks!

Still kicking and struggling, Sophia is dragged towards the hatch as Thomas is shoved along behind her.

INT. BELOW DECKS ON THE PIRATE SHIP - DUSK

A little over one-hundred Captives are crammed in the DARK HOLD. WOMEN and CHILDREN are weeping. MEN are praying. Sophia and Thomas sit side by side, shocked and silent.

The ship begins to move and the wailing of the prisoners increases.

THOMAS
How have we sinned to bring this on us?

Sophia runs a shaky hand over her face.

THOMAS (cont'd)
Where do you think they're taking us?

Sophia says nothing. The hatch opens and Olfert, SEURT and Rifaat descend the stairs, holding a lantern aloft.

Olfert scans the faces of the frightened prisoners until he spots Sophia.

OLFERT
There you are, my pretty.

Seurt swigs from a BOTTLE OF RUM while Rifaat looks on in disapproval.

RIFAAT
Whatever intoxicates in large quantities, a small quantity of it is forbidden.

Seurt scowls while Olfert holds the lantern over Sophia's head and leers at her.

OLFERT
Come! it is time to pay for your passage.

Sophia looks at the other Captives in horror.

SOPHIA

Don't let them take me!

The other Captives look away.

As Olfert yanks Sophia violently to her feet, Thomas looks at the sword at his waist.

Seurt grabs Sophia's arms and pulls her towards the steps.

SOPHIA (cont'd)

Thomas!

Thomas sits still, eyes wide, as Sophia is manhandled up the steps and through the hatch.

EXT. BALTIMORE HARBOUR - SUNSET

Diarmuid and TOWNSFOLK watch silently as the PIRATE SHIP sails towards the horizon.

Alone on a nearby HILLSIDE, John Hackett watches too.

HACKETT

God forgive me.

EXT. DECK OF PIRATE SHIP - SUNSET

The corsairs drag Sophia up through the hatch. She is surrounded by a baying MOB OF CORSAIRS.

From the POOP DECK above, Jan Janzoom watches on in amusement.

Seurt grabs the collar of Sophia's dress and tries to rip it off. Pulling free, Sophia backs into Rifaat who gropes at her body lasciviously.

As Sophia escapes his clutch, Olfert slaps her across the face.

OLFERT

She's a feisty slut.

As Olfert grabs at Sophia, she snatches the SWORD from his waist. She brandishes it at the circle of men around her, forcing two to back away, but most laugh and jeer.

OLFERT (cont'd)

Put your claws away, little kitten.

As Olfert steps forward confidently to knock the sword aside, Sophia slashes his shoulder and chest, drawing blood. He staggers back, the assembled men shout angrily, several draw weapons.

Rifaat unsheathes his SCIMITAR and prepares to strike.

JANZOOM

Stop! Sheathe your blades.

Seurt puts a hand on Rifaat's shoulder and draws him back as the others lower or sheathe weapons.

JANZOOM (cont'd)

(To Sophia)

You are a fighter. I'd fight, too.

Panting, Sophia looks around her, eyes focusing on the SHIP'S RAIL and the dark sea beyond.

JANZOOM (cont'd)

You could jump. That would end it for you.

Sophia looks at the dark sea again, then up at Janzoom.

SOPHIA

Please! I just want to go home.

JANZOOM

Lower your sword. I won't let them harm you.

Reluctantly, Sophia lowers the blade. It is quickly snatched from her by Seurt.

JANZOOM (cont'd)

Bring her to my cabin.

As the sun goes beneath the horizon, Sophia is hustled towards the steps leading up to the AFT DECK. She steps over Olfert's legs as he writhes in a POOL OF BLOOD.

INT. JANZOOM'S CABIN - NIGHT

The cramped cabin is festooned with SILKS and luxuries. CARVED WOODEN BOXES hold TRINKETS and TREASURES. MAPS are scattered on a TABLE. A BED is piled with CUSHIONS.

Sophia stands silently, eyes downcast, one hand clasping the other in nervous agitation.

Janzoom inspects her, then sits upon the bed.

JANZOOM

My wolves would have raped you, but not killed you. They value coin, and you are worth plenty. But now...

Sophia looks up at him defiantly.

JANZOOM (cont'd)

Now, they will kill you too... Do worse than kill you.

SOPHIA

You said you'd not let them harm me.

Janzoom nods slowly.

JANZOOM

Hackett said you are kinswoman to a chief?

SOPHIA

Sir Fineen O'Driscoll. My father's second cousin.

JANZOOM

O'Driscoll? Any kin to Cap'n Driscoll?

SOPHIA

That's how my grandfather was called.

JANZOOM

Called? He is dead, then?

SOPHIA

We've heard nothing of him for twenty years. You knew him?

JANZOOM

Aye, long ago. But he was very much alive then.

Janzoom pours WINE from a GOLDEN JUG into two CRYSTAL GLASSES and offers one to Sophia. She shakes her head.

JANZOOM (cont'd)

I have a mind to keep you. Maybe this chief of yours, or even your grandfather, if he isn't in hell, will pay a ransom for you.

Sophia looks hopeful.

SOPHIA
And my brother too, Sir.

Janzoom offers the wine again and, hesitantly, Sophia takes it.

JANZOOM
So, you have a choice. The pack or the huntsman.

SOPHIA
I don't understand.

JANZOOM
You can choose my bed or to go back out on deck with my men.

SOPHIA
No! No, please. Let me go back to my brother. There might be a ransom, like you said. You could take us home and...

JANZOOM
Choose!

Janzoom lies back on his pillowed bed. Sophia looks at the CABIN DOOR, then back to Janzoom.

Reluctantly, hesitantly, she steps towards him.

CUT TO:

INT. BELOW DECKS ON THE PIRATE SHIP - NIGHT

Sat on the floor, head in hands, Thomas rocks back and forth weeping.

EXT. IRISH COUNTRYSIDE - EARLY MORNING

Hackett, breathless, runs along a track, trying to escape pursuing TOWNSFOLK and HOUNDS.

Desperately, he turns off into a wood thick with briars. A Hound leaps at him, Hackett's foot snags in a root, falling, he lands amid the thorns.

The Hound's jaws clamp on Hackett's leg, as he puts his hands to the ground to lever himself free, thorns lacerate his palms.

Grabbing the Hound's head with bloody hands, he tries to wrench his leg free.

Townsfolk surround him, jeering.

A BRAUNY MAN in a blacksmith's apron brings a cudgel crashing down on Hackett's head.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. JANZOOM'S CABIN - MORNING

Sophia is in Janzoom's bed. He sits on the edge, lacing up his boots, back turned to her.

Sophia is drawn and pale. She glares murderously at Janzoom's back.

JANZOOM
Stay in the cabin.

He turns to look at Sophia. She tries to compose her face.

JANZOOM (cont'd)
What? You want food?

SOPHIA
I need to see my brother.

Janzoom stands up, buckles on his sword.

SOPHIA (cont'd)
Could he come up here?

Janzoom walks to the door.

SOPHIA (cont'd)
Wait. My brother?

JANZOOM
(opening the door)
Forget him.

Janzoom leaves. Sophie stares at the door, her murderous look returning.

EXT. OAK TREE OUTSIDE BALMORAL - DAY.

A CROWD surrounds a beaten and bloody Hackett as he is dragged beneath an oak tree bearing a hangman's noose. Diarmuid is amongst them, watching silently.

He falls to his knees, the Burly Man kicks him until he half-stands, stumbling forward beneath the rope.

HACKETT

Please! Please listen to me.

Townsfolk hold Hackett's shoulders as the Burly Man puts the noose around his neck.

HACKETT (cont'd)

They took me from my ship. They were going to attack my town. I had to steer them away.

A young TOWNSWOMAN with a tired, tear-streaked face punches Hackett.

TOWNSWOMAN

So you led them here? You bastard. God rot you!

HACKETT

I just wanted--

TOWNSWOMAN

You gave the people we love to the Devil. You're worse than Judas. How could you?

HACKETT

The English took over in Baltimore. I thought if some folk had to go, then better them than us.

The Brawny Man pulls Hackett's bloodied hands behind his back and binds them.

TOWNSWOMAN

Took over? Damn you! English, Irish, protestant, catholic, we were all born here.

The Brawny Man pulls the noose tight.

HACKETT

Wait! No! I've not made confession. You've got to let me see a priest.

The Brawny Man hefts on the rope, pulling Hackett's feet off the ground as the Crowd cheers.

Hackett's legs kick, his eyes bulge in an increasingly purple face. He tries to speak, his lips writhe, hardly a sound beyond choking...

HACKETT (cont'd)
I'm damned.

Diarmuid looks on as Hackett convulses and dies. Turning to walk back to town, he is jostled by the Group Of Teenage Ragamufins and looks at them sadly.

INT. JANZOOM'S CABIN - EVENING

Sophia lies in bed, pretending to sleep. Through half closed eyes she watches Janzoom take a small SILVER MIRROR from a chest. Its glass is black and the rim is fashioned like intertwining serpents.

Janzoom looks at Sophia, checking she is asleep. Satisfied, he sits, lays the mirror on his knees, places his fingertips on the serpents' heads, and closes his eyes. His breathing becomes deep and steady.

JANZOOM
(quietly)
Lord of the good tree.

A dot of silver-green light swirls in the mirror's black depths.

JANZOOM (cont'd)
Apophis.

Streaks of fluorescent light spread across the mirror like cracks. Sophia's eyes widen as she silently watches.

JANZOOM (cont'd)
Serpent from the Nile. Show your
son that which he must know.

The cracks of light widen until the mirror shows a war-damaged galley making slow headway along a castle-warded stretch of Spanish coast.

Janzoom's eyes open, glazed and trance-like. He looks into the mirror, studying the coastline.

JANZOOM (cont'd)
Yes... Yes--

There is a sharp knock at the door.

Janzoom jolts out of his trance. Sophia, startled, quickly closes her eyes and feigns sleep.

Janzoom puts the mirror on a table and pulls a chart over it.

JANZOOM (cont'd)
What is it, damn you?

Rifaat opens the door.

RIFAAT
A sail, Captain. A merchant cog, by God!

Grinning wolfishly, Janzoom snatches up his scimitar.

JANZOOM
Then let's be at her quickly, for we must soon change course. We are needed elsewhere.

Sophia feigns sleep for a few more moments, and then jumps out of bed, an eye on the cabin door. She pulls aside the chart and looks at the mirror, running one finger along its serpentine frame.

INT. BELOW DECKS ON THE PIRATE SHIP - DAY

Vomit and urine-stained Captives wail as the ship lists and the report of cannons sounds from the deck above.

Thomas, hands clasped, prays.

THOMAS
Lord, you delivered Jonah from the belly of the whale. Save me and Sophia from our plight. Rescue us, please, oh Lord.

EXT. DECK OF PIRATE SHIP - DAY

Just out of cannon range, a MERCHANT COG with DAMAGED RIGGING seeks to evade Janzoom's pursuit. Janzoom's cannons fire, the balls splashing harmlessly short of the cog.

Janzoom throws up his arms in frustration.

Rifaat is reloading a cannon.

JANZOOM
Cease fire!

Rifaat looks at Janzoom in surprise. Janzoom beckons him over.

JANZOOM (cont'd)
Make ready to change course.

RIFAAT
Change course?

Casually, Janzoom rests his hand on the hilt of his scimitar, looking at Rifaat.

RIFAAT (cont'd)
The cog has the wind now, Captain,
but we hit her rigging. By God, she
will carry a fair prize. We can
chase her down!

Janzoom's face takes on an icy, threatening expression.

RIFAAT (cont'd)
But as you will it, Captain. I will
make ready. What heading?

JANZOOM
South by south-east.

Rifaat walks towards the ship's wheel, gesturing at THE HELMSMAN - a turbaned corsair with an immense pot-belly. Janzoom watches, his expression still icy.

INT. JANZOOM'S CABIN - DAY

Sophia holds the mirror, looking at its black surface as she runs her fingers around its rim, her eyes have taken on a sleepy, trance-like expression.

The cabin door opens, snapping back to reality, Sophia hastily pushes the mirror back under the chart, but not so quickly that Janzoom, entering, doesn't see the movement.

JANZOOM
What are you doing?

SOPHIA
Nothing.

Janzoom walks to the table and pulls the chart aside, revealing the mirror.

JANZOOM
Beautiful, is it not?

Sophia, saying nothing, shrugs innocently.

JANZOOM (cont'd)
Do not touch it. Do not look at it.
I say this for your own good.

SOPHIA
I just thought to braid my hair.

Janzoom scoffs.

JANZOOM
Some things need to be learned.
Obedience, for one.

SOPHIA
Really, I--

Janzoom strips off his sword belt, folds it in half, slapping it against his palm.

SOPHIA (cont'd)
What are you doing?

Janzoom steps towards her, whipping the belt up above his head.

EXT. DECK OF PIRATE SHIP - DAY

At the sound of Sophia's cries and screams from Janzoom's cabin, Rifaat raises his eyebrows at the Helmsman. The pair shake their heads and laugh.

INT. BELOW DECKS ON THE PIRATE SHIP - DAY

Thomas sits in silence, completely still, faintly, he hears Sophia's screams. Closing his eyes tightly, he puts his hands over his ears.

EXT. DECK OF PIRATE SHIP - NIGHT

A gull flies above the pirate ship in the moonlight. As if from its eyes we see Corsairs asleep on the deck, wrapped in blankets, bottles and weapons beside them. Only the Helmsman and LOOKOUTS awake.

The gull sweeps alongside the vessel, up and past Janzoom's cabin window. We glimpse Sophia, scimitar in hand, stood above a sleeping Janzoom.

INT. JANZOOM'S CABIN - NIGHT

Sophia is bruised, cut, covered in lash marks. She holds Janzoom's scimitar above him as he sleeps, her expression maddened, furious. She trembles, looks down at him and to the cabin door.

Gritting her teeth, shaking her head wildly, she sheaths the blade and puts her hands over her face.

EXT. DECK OF PIRATE SHIP - DAY

The ship sails alongside the castle-warded stretch of Spanish coast Janzoom saw in his mirror. Sophia, still covered in bruises and lash marks, stands beside Janzoom on the FORECASTLE deck as he scans the horizon with a SPY GLASS.

Corsair crewmen give her curious glances.

Watching from the AFT DECK are Rifaat and Seurt.

RIFAAT

Even marked, she is a rare beauty.

SEURT

With enough ale, all women are beauties.

RIFAAT

God forbids strong drink.

SEURT

You should try my god. He gives us wine on Sundays.

RIFAAT

Infidel.

EXT. DECK OF PIRATE SHIP - LATER

Wind whips at Sophia's tattered dress. She shivers. Janzoom, still studying the horizon, snaps to attention, pointing at a distant vessel as he calls out to the Helmsman.

JANZOOM

There! Make for that ship.

He puts an arm across Sophia's shoulders and pulls her close to him. Her face shows repugnance but Janzoom is looking towards the distant ship.

RIFAAT

Shall I ready the cannons, Captain?

JANZOOM

No need. We meet with a friend.

EXT. DECK OF PIRATE SHIP - LATER

Janzoom's ship ploughs through the waves, sped by a good wind, closing in on a damaged war-galley.

Sophia stiffens. It is the galley seen in Janzoom's mirror, sailing along the exact stretch stretch of coast it showed.

EXT. DECK OF CAPTAIN YAKKUPS GALLEY - DAY

CAPTAIN YAKKUP, Mediterranean in appearance, blind in one white-eye, clutches a blunderbuss as he looks angrily towards Janzoom's approaching ship.

Around him, his CREW of FORTY CORSAIRS, a mix of Europeans, North Africans and Turks, ready the galley's cannons.

One of the Crew, IBRAHIM, a large West African man with a tattooed face and broad-bladed knife, holds a SPYGLASS to his eye. He claps his hand against his thigh.

IBRAHIM

God is great!

Yakkup stares at him.

IBRAHIM (cont'd)

That is no Spanish foe, Captain.
Look!

He passes the spyglass to Yakkup.

IBRAHIM (cont'd)

Is it not written that angels watch
over us?

With the spyglass to his good eye, Yakkup grins, shouting to the crew:

YAKKUP

God blind me if it isn't Janzoom's
crew of jackals!

The Crew cheer.

EXT. DECKS OF JANZOOM'S AND YAKKUP'S VESSELS - DAY.

The two ships have weighed anchor alongside each other. Decks lashed together. The combined crews swill rum, wrestle and gamble.

The two captains talk together on Janzoom's forecastle.

YAKKUP

I had thought the harbour
unguarded. T'was as if a fox
mistook a kennel for a hen house.

Janzoom nods, passing Yakkup a goblet of wine.

YAKKUP (cont'd)

Three galleys we faced. I have lost
crew and many oarsmen.

JANZOOM

With that I can help.

YAKKUP

How so?

JANZOOM

I took many slaves. Take your pick.
They can man your oars.

YAKKUP

And what will I owe you for this
favour?

JANZOOM

When next we meet in counsel with
the other captains, I have a mind
to put a fleet together. You will
speak in favour of my plan.

Yakkup nods.

JANZOOM (cont'd)

And when you next take plunder, you
can pay for the slaves too!

YAKKUP

You are a dog, Janzoom, but one I
am pleased to hunt with.

INT. BELOW DECKS ON JANZOOM'S PIRATE SHIP - DAY

Ibrahim, holding a lantern aloft, inspects the Captives.
Looking at their eyes, gums and squeezing their arm muscles.

IBRAHIM
(in Arabic)
Little mice, no strength, but they
will do.

RIFAAT
(in Arabic)
Beggars shouldn't turn away coins.
Want to man an oar yourself?

Ibrahim catches site of Thomas.

IBRAHIM
(in Arabic)
Skinny, but young, at least. We'll
take him too.

Rifaat pulls Thomas to his feet.

THOMAS
What do you want of me?

Rifaat shoves and kicks Thomas towards the ladder leading
above deck.

EXT. DECKS OF JANZOOM'S AND YAKKUP'S VESSELS - DAY

Sophia looks down at the roistering corsairs from the poop
deck. She sees Thomas as Rifaat shoves him up from the hold.

SOPHIA
Thomas!

Thomas, blinking in the sunlight, looks around for Sophia,
but Rifaat shoves him forward towards the deck of Yakkup's
galley.

SOPHIA (cont'd)
Thomas!

THOMAS
Sophia! Thank God, I feared they'd
killed you.

SOPHIA
Where are they taking you?

THOMAS

I don't know.

Rafaat pushes Thomas to the ship's rail, forcing him to clamber across to Yakkup's galley.

SOPHIA

No!

Sophia runs down to the main deck, dodges a DRUNK CORSAIR trying to grab her, and heads up to the FORECASTLE where Janzoom talks with Yakkup.

SOPHIA (cont'd)

Where are they taking him?

YAKKUP

Now who is this?

JANZOOM

(to Sophia)

Have you no manners?

SOPHIA

Manners? Manners?

JANZOOM

Forgive the interruption, Yakkup.

YAKKUP

It is forgiven! One such as this is free to interrupt whenever she chooses.

SOPHIA

My brother. Your men, they're taking him over to the other ship.

YAKKUP

Ah, then he has been chosen to man my oars.

SOPHIA

Man your oars? As a galley slave?

YAKKUP

Our fate is written before we even leave the womb.

SOPHIA

(to Janzoom)

Please, no. Keep him here. You can't send him away. No man survives the galleys.

JANZOOM

I told you to forget him.

SOPHIA

He's my brother. Please. Look, he isn't strong. He needs me. I... I need him. Please.

YAKKUP

A simple remedy. Let her join me, Janzoom. Her brother can row, and she, well...

JANZOOM

(to Sophia)

What's done is done.

SOPHIA

Please! I'm begging you. I'll do anything, just don't send him to the galley. he won't survive.

JANZOOM

Well, let us see how good you can be. It will not be many weeks before Yakkup and I weigh anchor together again. Maybe I will take your brother back then.

SOPHIA

No, but--

JANZOOM

That's a bad start. You will not say no to me. Let us see if this can be a good lesson for you. Now, away to the cabin.

Sophia hesitates.

JANZOOM (cont'd)

Away to the cabin or I'll have Captain Yakkup flog your brother every day before sun-up.

Crying tears of frustration, Sophia walks back towards the cabin. On the poop deck, she looks down at the galley and glimpses Thomas being pushed below deck by Ibrahim.

SOPHIA

No. No.

INT. ROWING DECK, YAKKUP'S GALLEY - DAY

Ibrahim pushes Thomas and the other Captives from Janzoom's hold along a gangway between two rows of benches. Chained here in the gloom are forty GALLEY SLAVES of diverse nationalities.

There is a ROUGHLY PATCHED HOLE IN THE HULL. The benches beside it are empty but stained with BLOOD. Ibrahim chains Thomas and the others here.

IBRAHIM

You understand my words?

THOMAS

Yes.

IBRAHIM

This is your life now. You row. You do well, you eat, rest at times. Do poorly, you get whip. Wounds, infection, death.

Thomas looks at the emaciated, bearded faces of the Galley Slaves.

IBRAHIM (cont'd)

life is better than death. Even this life. Death here comes with pain.

As Ibrahim walks away, MALACHI, a small, wiry, middle-aged man with a wispy Catweazle beard, leans forward to whisper to Thomas.

MALACHI

Don't you believe it.

Thomas turns, but his chains stop him facing all the way around.

MALACHI (cont'd)

Death and life here are the same. I am dead, yet I live. I live, yet I am dead.

THOMAS

How long have you been kept here?

MALACHI

How long? I counted, I counted... for three years I counted. Then I realised I was dead. The grave is eternal, so I stopped counting.

THOMAS

Where are you from? How came you here?

MALACHI

At first I thought God brought me here. That like Job, he was testing my faith.

THOMAS

Maybe. We are like Jonah. Swallowed up.

MALACHI

No, no. I was mistaken. Mistaken. God did not bring me here. My faith realised it was dead before I did. Here, Yakkup and Ibrahim are gods.

THOMAS

Yakkup and Ibrahim?

MALACHI

He that chained you thus is called Ibrahim. Yakkup is the master who dwells above.

THOMAS

The captain, you mean?

MALACHI

You are a Christian?

THOMAS

Aye.

MALACHI

Then it is like this, Yakkup is God the Father, Ibrahim the Son and Ibrahim's whip the Holy Spirit. And for certain, here the spirit moves us.

EXT. DECKS OF JANZOOM'S AND YAKKUP'S VESSELS - EVENING

Torches flame on the deck, in their lurid light the Corsair Crews compete in an axe throwing contest, forcing a MALE CAPTIVE, an older, wizened man in a farmer's tunic, to hold a small cask above his head as a target.

Janzoom watches from the darkened poop deck, unseen by those below.

Rifaat takes aim at the cask, the old man closes his eyes, the axe shatters the cask, spilling ale on the Male Captive's head.

He blinks and tries to grin at the Corsairs' laughter.

SEURT

You waste good ale, Rifaat.

RIFAAT

God has decreed there is no such thing as good ale.

SEURT

Better to have used the old man's head for a target. What worth does he have? The dregs we took from Baltimore won't bring much at market.

RIFAAT

Janzoom's new wench would fetch a fine price.

SEURT

Aye, if he doesn't wear her out first.

RIFAAT

we should have taken that merchant cog today. Then there would be a fat purse for all of us.

SEURT

She had the wind. There was no catching her.

RIFAAT

Not so. Her rigging was hit, we would have gained on her soon enough. But the Captain--

JANZOOM

(from the poop deck)

But what, Rifaat?

RIFAAT

Nothing, Captain. You gave your orders and I obeyed.

Janzoom drops himself over the poop deck rail, landing cat-like near Rifaat.

RIFAAT (cont'd)

Captain--

JANZOOM

You challenge me?

RIFAAT

No, Captain.

JANZOOM

It is your right. Challenge me and take the captaincy.

RIFAAT

You are my captain, Sir.

JANZOOM

So, you are afraid. Brave enough to speak against me when you think yourself unheard, but too fearful to act.

RIFAAT

I am not afraid. I fear none but God.

JANZOOM

Prove it, then.

RIFAAT

Captain--

JANZOOM

(unsheathing his scimitar)

Prove it!

Rifaat looks appealingly at the other Corsairs, already closing in to make a square around them. Their faces are excited, eager.

Rifaat takes his axe in his left hand and draws a scimitar with his left.

RIFAAT

I am now coward.

Janzoom crouches, a tight, thin-lipped smile on his face, torchlight reflecting in his eyes.

Like striking serpents, Rifaat and Janzoom lunge at each other. Scimitars clash, Janzoom ducks a sweep from the axe, counter-strikes, Rifaat jumps back, a gash on his cheek.

They circle warily, the Corsair crews cheering them on. Rifaat throws his axe, Janzoom turns aside, Rifaat leaps in, slicing Janzoom's left arm.

The scimitars meet, grinding against each other as each combatant seeks to force the other back. Janzoom abruptly steps back, caught off guard, Rifaat stumbles forwards and Janzoom slashes his throat.

Rifaat falls to the deck, gurgling blood, giving Janzoom a confused, accusatory look.

The Corsairs cheer, clapping Janzoom on the back, but Seurt kneels beside his fallen comrade.

SEURT

Go to your God, my friend.

Seurt watches Janzoom walk back up to his cabin, blood dripping from his wounded arm.

SEURT (cont'd)

I'll get vengeance for you.

INT. JANZOOM'S CABIN - NIGHT

Janzoom sits stripped to the waist, looking at his bloodied arm.

JANZOOM

You know how to dress wounds?

SOPHIA

No.

JANZOOM

Time for you to learn, then. If I'm to keep you with me, it's a skill you'll often practice.

SOPHIA

Keep me?

JANZOOM

You'd rather I sold you?

SOPHIA

I'd rather you let me go. Me and my brother both. Could you not bring him off that other ship?

JANZOOM

My wound?

Janzoom gestures at a bowl and some cloths.

JANZOOM (cont'd)
Cleanse it first, then bind it. I
will show you how.

Sophia kneels beside him and begins to clean the wound.
Janzoom winces. She looks up at him fearfully.

JANZOOM (cont'd)
Go on.

She returns to her task and Janzoom looks down at her with a
softer expression than his face usually wears.

JANZOOM (cont'd)
Your bruises and cuts will heal
soon enough.

Sophia looks up again, her face impassive.

JANZOOM (cont'd)
Obey me, and I will not hurt you
again.

SOPHIA
Why did you do it?

JANZOOM
Beat you?

SOPHIA
No. Why did you fight with that
man?

JANZOOM
You saw?

SOPHIA
I heard.

JANZOOM
A man must kill a scorpion before
its eggs hatch.

Sophia looks perplexed.

JANZOOM (cont'd)
My crew is loyal. Rifaat was loyal
enough. But with such dogs you must
show your teeth from time to time.

SOPHIA
I don't understand.

JANZOOM

I know men. Better to teach a
lesson before a plot is hatched
than after

INT. ROWING DECK, YAKKUP'S GALLEY - DAY

Thomas and the Galley Slaves labour at the oars under the watchful eye, and whip, of Ibrahim.

Ibrahim leads them in a chant, a song in a tribal tongue, that includes repeated guttural shouts. The shouts time the oar strokes and he adjusts its tempo as required.

Thomas, hands already bloodied, misses a stroke and Ibrahim strikes him with the whip.

The pain makes him miss a second stroke and this time Ibrahim lashes out repeatedly.

IBRAHIM

Learn! Learn!

MALACHI

See how the Holy Spirit moves you!
God the Son has spoken and now you
receive his Holy Spirit.

USSUF, an eighteen-year-old Berber boy dressed in white tunic and cap, assists Ibrahim by bringing the slaves food and water and emptying latrine buckets.

He looks at Thomas sympathetically.

As Ibrahim walks back down the line of oarsmen, Ussuf crouches beside Thomas.

USSUF

Listen to me, keep to the rhythm...
and pull... and pull... and pull...

Thomas matches his oar strokes to Ussuf's words, trembling in exertion.

USSUF (cont'd)

Yes, you have it. Listen to the
song, let your arms move to its
flow.

THOMAS

Thank you.

USSUF

Beware though, at times the oars on each side must move at different beats so the galley can turn. There are songs for such times.

Thomas heaves on his oar, barely managing to keep pace.

USSUF (cont'd)

You will learn. Be at peace. I will bring you something for the cuts later.

I/E. JANZOOM'S PIRATE SHIP - DAY

MONTAGE

We see weeks pass on the ship. Exotic harbours. Sophia watching as dolphins leap from the water in the vessel's wake. Janzoom with the mirror upon his knee. The corsair crew struggling against a storm. A burning merchantman. Janzoom distributing plunder to his men. Seurt glaring at Janzoom's back. And Janzoom looking down at a sleeping sophia with something akin to affection.

THIS IS INTERCUT WITH:

I/E. ROWING DECK, YAKKUP'S GALLEY - DAY

MONTAGE

The Galley Slaves labouring at the oars. Thomas being whipped again. Ussuf applying salve to Thomas' back. The Galley Slaves heaving at the oars as the ship prepares to ram a foe. Ussuf looking fondly towards Thomas but being cuffed aside by Ibrahim. Malachi raving. Thomas and Ussuf talking as the oars are at rest.

INT. JANZOOM'S CABIN - DAY

In bed, Janzoom rolls off of Sophia. We see a repulsed, angry expression on her face.

Janzoom stretches out.

SOPHIA

When will it be that you next meet with that ship?

JANZOOM

What ship?

SOPHIA
The one that carried off my
brother.

JANZOOM
Soon enough.

SOPHIA
You said weeks, and it has been
many already.

JANZOOM
You must learn patience. The sea
demands it, as do I.

SOPHIA
I worry so about him. Anything
could have happened. What if--

JANZOOM
Enough!

Janzoom rolls out of bed and begins to dress.

SOPHIA
The mirror...

Janzoom glares at her.

JANZOOM
What of it?

SOPHIA
I thought, perhaps...

JANZOOM
That perhaps I might scry out your
brother?

SOPHIA
Aye. Could you?

JANZOOM
I could.

SOPHIA
Oh, thank you. When? Now?

JANZOOM
I said I could, not that I would.

SOPHIA
Oh but--

JANZOOM

No more! You do not know what you ask. That mirror is no toy to use on an idle whim.

SOPHIA

An idle whim? He is--

Janzoom slaps Sophia across the face.

JANZOOM

Be silent, woman!

Sophia sits up in bed, head resting on her knees, weeping. Janzoom dons the last of his clothing and stalks to the door.

JANZOOM (cont'd)

Why do you test me so? Why make me strike you?

He leaves.

Sophia looks up.

SOPHIA

(to herself)

By God and the Devil both, I will kill you, Janzoom

Stepping out of bed, Sophia begins to dress. She spots the mirror beneath some silks.

Standing still, Sophia listens.

JANZOOM

(O.C. faintly)

You lazy dogs! What is this? Has it been rigged by men or apes?

Impulsively, Sophia snatches up the mirror. Sitting on the side of the bed, she rests it against her knees, places her fingers on the serpent heads and closes her eyes.

SOPHIA

Snake of the Nile... No, that's not it... Apo... Apofoth?

The mirror begins to glow, its surface striated with fluorescent green lines.

SOPHIA (cont'd)
Your daughter seeks... Your
daughter would see that which she
needs to see.

SWIRLING GREEN LIGHT envelopes Sophia.

CUT TO:

EXT. ASTRAL TEMPLE - NIGHT

Sophia opens her eyes. She is stood on a stone bridge suspended in space. All around her is starlight. In its iridescent glow she sees that the bridge arches towards a domed temple, its roof made of green tiles that overlap like a serpent's scales.

SOPHIA
By all that's holy!

An eerie whispering feminine voice speaks.

EERIE VOICE
(O.C.)
Come to me...

Sophia looks around but sees nothing save for the starlit void and the temple.

EERIE VOICE (cont'd)
You have taken your first steps.
Your first steps to power.

SOPHIA
Who speaks?

EERIE VOICE
Come to me...

Taking a deep breath, Sophia walks over the bridge to the temple's open entrance, warded by two LARGE SERPENT STATUES. Looking at these warily, Sophia steps within.

INT. ASTRAL TEMPLE - NIGHT

Beneath the temple's dome lies a chamber adorned with serpentine images and statues. At an ALTAR SHAPED LIKE A COBRA'S OPEN MOUTH, stands:

LAYYIDA. If a serpent could take on a woman's form, she would look and move like Layyida. Lithe, sinuous, her every movement flows.

Dark of skin with an Egyptian appearance, Layyida's eyes are emerald green, her straight hair long and black. She wears a cloak of peacock feathers, beneath it a suit of green chain mail, its links like serpent scales.

LAYYIDA

You have come, at last.

SOPHIA

You know me?

LAYYIDA

Yes, and you know me. You've always known me.

SOPHIA

Begging your pardon, but I do not. you have me confused with another. My name is Sophia.

LAYYIDA

A name close to your true name, for once.

SOPHIA

My true name?

LAYYIDA

They have given us many names. Noria. Eve. Lilith. Helen. But none know our true name save us.

SOPHIA

I do not understand.

LAYYIDA

No. You do not remember. But you will.

SOPHIA

Remember?

LAYYIDA

They lured us here from the Realm of Light. And from our essence forged the world you know. Forged it as a prison.

SOPHIA

A prison? What..? I mean who..?

LAYYIDA

Long and long ago we fell, and ever
are we here, life after life,
entombed in their prison of flesh,
each time forgetting.

SOPHIA

Forgetting what?

LAYYIDA

Our power. Our identity. They fear
us remembering.

SOPHIA

Who fears it?

LAYYIDA

Those beings common men call gods.

SOPHIA

Gods?

LAYYIDA

Blind craftsmen. As arrogant as
they are ignorant.

SOPHIA

I am sorry. I do not know what any
of this means.

LAYYIDA

You will, now that I have found you
again.

SOPHIA

Where is this place?

LAYYIDA

I forged it for us. A meeting
house. It exists in spirit. You
walk here in the mind.

Sophia looks around her, at the coiled serpent motifs, the
stars aglow beyond CROOKED SLIT-LIKE WINDOW OPENINGS.

LAYYIDA (cont'd)

Your clothing of flesh still sits
in the pirate's cabin. Soon, you
must return there.

SOPHIA

I must get free of him. Find my
brother... do you know, do you know
of my brother?

LAYYIDA

Your brother of the flesh still lives. Be at peace. I will come for you.

SOPHIA

To free me?

LAYYIDA

It is as you say. Free you and take you to my dwelling on the banks of the Nile where the false blind gods hold no sway. There you will truly be free.

SOPHIA

But my brother..?

LAYYIDA

Such things I will show you. Such power is yours. It merely waits for you to rediscover it.

SOPHIA

What power?

LAYYIDA

We shall remake this world, you and I. Remake it in our image.

SOPHIA

What are you speaking of?

LAYYIDA

The holy men of Christ and Allah say their blind god made man in his image, but they lie.

Layyida walks towards Sophia, it is as if she undulates, her movements rhythmic, sensual.

LAYYIDA (cont'd)

He made man in our image. Without us, he is as impotent as he is sightless.

SOPHIA

God?

LAYYIDA

There is a God above that which men call god. A God unknown, save to you and I. We are of its divine essence.

(MORE)

LAYYIDA (cont'd)
We are its wisdom and glory. You
are it, Sophia, we are it.

SOPHIA
Is this not blasphemy?

Layyida comes nose to nose with Sophia, their lips inches
apart.

LAYYIDA
Was it not blasphemy to lure us
down to a prison of darkness and
muck? To drag us through countless
lifetimes, abused as you have been
abused over countless aeons since
the world's foundation?

Sophia opens her mouth to speak but Layyida crushes their
lips together before she can talk. As they kiss, starlight
swirls around their bodies.

EERIE VOICE
(O.C.)
Behold, I will show you.

CUT TO:

I/E. PAST LIVES - NIGHT

MONTAGE

Dream like images of women with a resemblance to Sophia and
Layyida flash by. Eve is chased from Eden by an angel with a
flaming sword. Lilith is driven into the desert and sprouts
bat-like wings. In burning cities women cry out as their
homes are plundered, children murdered. Enslaved women are
dragged into brothels.

CUT TO:

INT. JANZOOM'S CABIN - DAY

Sophia starts back into consciousness, bewildered, she looks
around the cabin.

EERIE VOICE
(O.C.)
I will come for you. Be at peace.
Remember. Remember...

I/E. YAKKUP'S GALLEY - DAY

On the deck of Yakkup's galley, his Corsairs rush to man canons. There is a boom of canon fire and water sprays up alongside the hull.

Yakkup claps the SPYGLASS to his eye. Through it, we see three white-sailed vessels approaching, their decks crowded with armoured warriors.

YAKKUP

The Knights of the Holy Cross, by
God!

He looks again, and sees a blue banner emblazoned with both a cross and a sword fluttering from the ships' masts.

YAKKUP (cont'd)

Tell Ibrahim to bring us about. We
must make haste for the shore.
Quickly, quickly!

INT. ROWING DECK, YAKKUP'S GALLEY - DAY

IBRAHIM

Make speed you dogs, make speed!
Pull, pull, pull!

The Galley slaves row at a frenzied pace, sweat pouring, breath coming in gasps.

IBRAHIM (cont'd)

Row as you have never rowed before!
Remember, you are chained to your
oars, if the knights sink us, you
drown with the ship.

USSUF

Could we not loose their chains?
Let them have a chance at life, at
least!

IBRAHIM

Shut up, Ussuf. If you would be
useful, go above deck and give your
life to save the ship.

Ibrahim pushes Ussuf aside and he stumbles up against Thomas. The impact knocks Thomas off pace, so that he falls back suddenly, striking Malachi's oar, and knocking him off pace too.

The galley lurches and turns off course. A fusillade of cannon balls impact the galley. Shots plough through the hull, tearing a dozen Galley Slaves apart in a welter of limbs and blood.

Water gushes through the sundered hull.

From the deck above, Yakkup's voice is heard.

YAKKUP

(O.C.)

We are holed, we are holed, by God!

IBRAHIM

Damn you! Damn you!

Raising the whip, he lashes down at Thomas and Ussuf alike.

IBRAHIM (cont'd)

Sons of whores. Fatherless dogs.
You have doomed us!

Another shot hits the hull, the galley lists, and Ibrahim falls, landing atop Thomas.

For a moment Thomas just gazes at him, eye to eye. But then rage transforms Thomas' face. With an incoherent roar, he wraps his chains around Ibrahim's throat, pulling them tight.

As water floods in, Ibrahim and Thomas wrestle. Gasping for breath, Ibrahim grips the hilt of his BROAD BLADED KNIFE, raising it to strike down at Thomas's throat.

Coming to his feet, Ussuf launches himself upon Ibrahim, grabbing hold of his wrist and pulling back the knife.

USSUF

No! It is you who have doomed us,
Ibrahim.

Thomas continues to pull on the chains. Ibrahim gasps and flails his arms.

THOMAS

Die! Die! You godless monster.

Sea water rises above Ibrahim's head, his body goes limp. The galley Slaves shout in terror.

USSUF

He has the keys!

Ussuf puts his head beneath the water, his hands questing for a RING OF KEYS at Ibrahim's belt. He comes back up for air as the galley lists even more heavily to one side. The water flows up over Thomas' head.

Ussuf goes beneath the water again, his hands find the key ring, with difficulty, he pulls it loose.

The whole hull is submerged. Thomas' fair hair floats like seaweed, Ussuf, cheeks bulging at the effort of holding his breath, tries different keys against Thomas' padlock, severed limbs float by.

As the galley slips deeper beneath the waves, Ussuf manages to unlock the chains. He and Thomas swim up toward a circle of light and through a gaping hole in the hull. The surface is far above them, as they swim, Ussuf's eyes roll and he begins to sink, Thomas grabs his arm, kicks with his legs, claws at the water with his free hand, and looks desperately up at the shimmering surface far above.

END OF EPISODE