

SKULLIVAN

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INT. 18TH CENTURY BEDROOM

A woman lays in bed, breathing heavily, mid-childbirth. She is surrounded by other women, all encouraging her. The woman yells in pain as she does a final push, but is then overshadowed by the midwife's SHRIEK of terror.

A hollow thud can be heard as something hits the ground. The women, stunned, crowd in, only to let out their own chorus of shrieks. They together hoist up the mother and carry her out of the room in a hurry.

With the room now empty, the camera slowly pans down to reveal the subject of their terror. On the floor lies a baby's SKELETON with pitch black bones and a misshapen head. Suddenly two glowing green pupils materialize like flames in the skull's eye sockets.

The baby skeleton sits up and looks around and is dismayed to see no one there.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT OF BRITISH MERCHANT SHIP

The small outlines of people can be seen rushing off the ship and piling into a dingy. The dingy then lowers into the water and speeds away off screen.

The day/night cycle starts to increase in speed until the sun and the moon are just blurs in the sky. It then abruptly stops, landing on noon.

A SEABIRD flies past the camera then swoops down toward the bow. The camera follows behind it.

As it flies down the center of the ship, skeleton PIRATES can be seen doing various tasks about the deck. Some snarl at the bird. The bird flies directly into the door near the stern of the ship labeled "Captain's Quarters" and it swings inward.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

Slouched at a desk, twiddling a knife, is a seven-foot-tall skeleton with pitch black bones, a fancy black coat and pirate hat combo to match, and glowing green eyes. (CAPTAIN SKULLIVAN)

The seabird staggers on the floor, trying to recover from the impact it made with the door.

Just as the door swings back shut, it bursts open again. In the doorway stands a stocky skeleton with long bushy ginger hair and beard, and a machete through his belt. (MR. GRUMBY) He salutes.

MR. GRUMBY

Cap'n!

His eye catches the seabird on the floor. He draws his flintlock.

MR. GRUMBY (CONT'D)

Oh, lemme just take care a that for ya, cap'n...

CAPTAIN SKULLIVAN

Oh, just leave it, will you? It's not doing anyone any harm, is it?

MR. GRUMBY

Oh, uh, no, cap'n.

Skullivan rests his head in his hand, obscuring his face. Mr. Grumby puts away his flintlock and shifts uncomfortably. Skullivan looks up at Grumby through his fingers.

CAPTAIN SKULLIVAN

Sooo, you came here for...?

Grumby straightens up and salutes again.

MR. GRUMBY

Aye, cap'n, the new recruits are here, cap'n!

CAPTAIN SKULLIVAN

Thank you, Mr. Grumby, I'll be right out.

Grumby leaves and Skullivan stands up from his desk. He walks over to where the seabird is laying. As he approaches, the bird begins to panic and try to fly away, but it has a broken wing. Skullivan scoops up the bird and it is in obvious distress.

CAPTAIN SKULLIVAN (CONT'D)

Oh, what a cute little bugger you are. Y'know, sometimes I think about being able to fly freely through the sky like you. Nothing to hold you back.

Skullivan sighs wistfully. He walks over to a window, opens it, and lifts the distraught bird outside the ship.

CAPTAIN SKULLIVAN (CONT'D)
Be free once more!

He lets the bird go and, it having a broken wing, falls down into the water upon which a shark instantly surfaces and eats the bird whole.

Skullivan steps back from the window, stunned.

CUT TO:

THE DECK OF THE SHIP

Three skeletons stand in a line. One with a three-cornered hat, looking overjoyed. One with a top-hat and coat, looking extremely depressed. And one with long black braids and a red bandanna, looking stoic.

Crowded around these three is the rest of the skeleton crew.

OVERJOYED SKELETON
I cannot believe I actually made it onto THE Evil Captain Skullivan's crew! I mean, I can believe it, because I'm here! Unless I'm not here and this is all a dream. I guess I should probably pinch myself just to be sure.

He pinches himself

OVERJOYED SKELETON (CONT'D)
Okay, I didn't feel that at all. Does that mean I'm dreaming? Or is it just because I'm a skeleton now...

CAPTAIN SKULLIVAN
Evil? Is that how they think of me nowadays?

Skullivan steps dramatically through the crowd of skeleton crew.

CAPTAIN SKULLIVAN (CONT'D)
I don't think that's very fair. Do you think it's easy for me to earn an honest unliving looking like this?!

The crew laughs at this.

CAPTAIN SKULLIVAN (CONT'D)
 Anyway, you're really here, lad,
 it's not a dream...it's more like a
 nightmare!

Skullivan and the crew laugh heartily at this.

CAPTAIN SKULLIVAN (CONT'D)
 So! Mr. Grumby, causes of death?

Mr. Grumby steps forward.

MR. GRUMBY
 Aye, cap'n. This lively one here
 was sacrificed in your name for the
 sole purpose of arrivin' here.

Grumby looks to Skullivan for some kind of response, but gets nothing.

MR. GRUMBY (CONT'D)
 Er...This one here in the pompous
 attire had his head blown off by a
 cannonball right as he was sayin'
 his vows.

This skeleton whimpers a little. Grumby steals another glance at Skullivan before moving on.

MR. GRUMBY (CONT'D)
 And this last one, she was hanged
 for piracy, cap'n.

Skullivan steps closer to this skeleton (JANE), imposingly. She looks up at him with a defiant grimace.

CAPTAIN SKULLIVAN
 Excited to get a second shot at
 piracy, matey?

JANE
 (gruffly)
 I...

Her gaze shifts upward.

JANE (CONT'D)
 (genuine)
 Your hat is beautiful!

Skullivan is taken aback. He tries to conceal his glee at this compliment. He eventually regains his composure.

CAPTAIN SKULLIVAN
You! ...come with me.

He drags Jane by the arm into his quarters and slams the door. The rest of the crew watches on with a chorus of "oooooh" like when a student gets called to the principal's office.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS

Alone in the room together, Skullivan confronts Jane.

CAPTAIN SKULLIVAN
Did you mean that?!

JANE
What, about your hat?

CAPTAIN SKULLIVAN
Yes about the hat!!

JANE
Well of course I meant it. I'm not one to just go around willy nilly complimenting every hat I see. I'm a woman of standards!

CAPTAIN SKULLIVAN
(to himself)
That you are...

CAPTAIN SKULLIVAN (CONT'D)
And what do you think of this?

Skullivan grabs a goblet off his desk and thrusts it in front of Jane's face.

JANE
Oh my god! Are those your initials?
Just WHO is your engraver! That's wonderful, wonderful work, really.

CAPTAIN SKULLIVAN
(pleased with himself)
Well actually, I did this myself.

JANE
REALLY?!

CAPTAIN SKULLIVAN
(attempting humility)
Yeah, it's just a little hobby of mine.

Skullivan proceeds to whisk Jane around the ship, showing her all the cool things, to which her reactions are all of informed awe.

This continues until they end up in the room from the beginning.

INT. 18TH CENTURY BEDROOM

Skullivan's excitement drops when he realizes where he is. He doesn't look directly at Jane.

CAPTAIN SKULLIVAN

This is the room I was born in. My very first memories are of this room...empty. Nobody want to raise a skeleton baby, I guess.

Skullivan turns away to hide his sadness. Jane looks at him in awe.

JANE

You mean...you were BORN a skeleton?!

CAPTAIN SKULLIVAN

Yes! I know it's-

JANE

Skullivan...that's so badass!!

At this, Jane stands on her tiptoes, grabs Skullivan's lapels, and kisses him.

He is surprised at first, but then pulls Jane in closer and they share a romantic embrace. Skullivan is truly happy.

The camera zooms out fast from the two skeletons all the way to a wide shot of the ship. It is golden hour. A skeleton seabird flies past and caws happily.