**Fall of the Ghost Marauder**

**EXT. OUTER SPACE**

A medium-sized starship, about half the size of the titanic, having a cigar-like shape, and armed like a 1940’s battleship, sails across the vast, infinite ocean of space; it sails with an array of solar sails, arranged and shaped like the fins of a fish. The view has a baroque painting feel, with a red-orange planet in the background.

A Closer look at the sailing ship reveals that there is substantial damage, but not enough to breach the hull. Three floating men in spacesuits attempt to repair the most critical damage near the ship’s name, THE CAMEL LORD.

**INT. THE BRIGDE ON A DIFFERENT SHIP [LATER FOUND TO BE THE GHOST MARAUDER]**

Three men, dressed like naval officers with copper-colored armor, are at their stations surrounding a futuristic helm. Two of these men are moving steam levers and watching various glowing screens, while the third, being the navigator, pays close attention to radar and various camera screens.

The navigator presses a button near a speaker, and leans over to speak.

**NAVIGATOR**

Ship detected, repeat, ship detected, requesting the Captain on the Bridge.

**INT. THE CAPTAIN’S QUARTERS**

The Captain is sitting at his desk, containing an in-built computer, and a rack of dueling blades. He is busy cleaning one of them, when a knock is heard on his door. The door opens and a cabin boy steps in.

**CABIN BOY**

Sir, the navigator requires your presence.

The Captain puts his blade back gently on the rack.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I trust that this is important?

**CABIN BOY**

Something’s on the Navigator’s radar.

The Captain gives a sly smirk.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Is it pay-day already?

**INT. THE BRIDGE ON THE SHIP**

The Captain confidently enters the bridge, armored up and armed to the teeth.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Navigator, what do you have for me?

**EXT. OUTER SPACE**

The Camel Lord sails slowly across the calm “waters” of space.

**INT. THE BRIDGE ON THE GHOST MARAUDER**

The Captain is at the helm, slowly guiding his vessel. He pulls out a small communicator.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Attention crew, this is your captain speaking. All personnel to their battle stations, repeat all personnel to their battle stations.

The Captain turns to the navigator.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Navigator, turn off the shadow curtain and switch to attack mode.

**NAVIGATOR**

Aye, sir.

**EXT. OUTER SPACE**

The Camel Lord drifts unaware of the danger lurking, when out of its stealth curtain, comes a larger ship; this ship is similar in style, save that this one is more akin to a shark than a fish, is more heavily armed, and bears two panels, one on each side, for its stealth function.

This new predatory ship sails right near the Camel Lord, lining up its own broadside with that of the Camel Lord. It then retracts its sails and has its guns pointed right at the Camel Lord.

**INT. THE BRIDGE ON THE GHOST MARAUDER**

The Captain still holds his communicator and the other hand on the helm.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You may fire when ready.

**EXT. OUTER SPACE**

The predatory ship fires a volley of shots that are as flashy as green lasers, yet as solid as one-hundred-pound cannonballs; this all happens, as the Camel Lord slowly turns its cannons to retaliate.

**INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE CAMEL LORD**

Four men are frantically fighting their fate. Two of them are pulling and pushing steam levers, one is tapping on a keyboard near a radar screen, and one is trying hard to hold the helm steady.

**MERCHANT NAVIGATOR**

Sir, our shields have less than fifty percent integrity. It will take but a few volleys to penetrate it, and two more to punch it like tissue paper.

**MERCHANT CAPTAIN**

Just what I needed! First, the Asteroid Isles, then this!

**EXT. OUTER SPACE**

The predatory ship fires three to four volleys of its broadside attack.

**INT. THE BRIDGE ON THE GHOST MARAUDER**

The Captain is still holding his communicator, but starts to back away from the helm.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Alright, cease fire, and prepare to board.

He turns to his navigator.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Mr. Crawley, Divert power to defenses. They will try to hit hard.

**NAVIGATOR**

Aye, sir.

The Captain starts to leave.

**NAVIGATOR**

Sir, are you sure you want to go out there…again?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

What? You want me to miss out on all the fun?

**NAVIGATOR**

One of these days, you’ll get yourself killed.

**EXT. OUTER SPACE**

The Camel Lord is in such a bad state, that flames are flying out of various spots. Its current state makes its prior state look amazing.

**INT. BOARDING TORPEDO BAYS ON THE PREDATORY SHIP**

Various crewmembers, dressed similarly to nineteenth century British Marines overlaid with copper armor, climb into three-foot-wide torpedoes for boarding. They take up futuristic blasters equipped with bayonets. The Captain joins them, climbing aboard a torpedo with the words DONATIONS GLADLY ACCEPTED written on the side of the torpedo.

The Captain and crewmembers climb in the torpedoes while opaque, silver canopies close over them. The crewmembers not in the torpedoes begin to evacuate the room.

**INT. THE CAPTAIN’S TORPEDO COCKPIT**

The Captain sits strapped in, starts to sweat, and makes another tally mark at the end of a lot of tally marks.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Alright, here another for the coffers…I hope.

**EXT. OUTER SPACE**

The predatory ship fires the aforementioned torpedoes, one by one, towards the Camel Lord. They fly at high speed towards the Camel Lord, dragging tails of chain behind them, for the purpose of retracting the torpedoes. One by one, the torpedoes puncture deeply into the side of the Camel Lord.

**INT. ARMORY OF THE CAMEL LORD**

Two of the boarding torpedoes have punctured through the hull in this area. Caravan guards, dressed like nineteenth-century British marines in royal purple frock coats, with copper armor, prepare for invasion by readying their musket-like blasters with bayonets. They are formed in four rows of seven men, with the front holding a line of shields similar to that of riot shields.

As the other Caravan soldiers rush to get into some form of order, more boarding torpedoes punch in and take out one or two Caravan guards. After the last one punches through, there is silence.

**INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE CAMEL LORD**

The Merchant Captain and his men are at this point sweating oceans of panic-ridden sweat; they try to hide their anguish to no avail.

A Caravan Soldier rushes in, with the feeling of doom apparent on his face.

**CARAVAN SOLDIER**

Sir, they have initiated boarding.

After so much pressure, the captain cracks.

**MERCHANT CAPTAIN**

Yes, yes, I got that from the navigator. Question is…WHY AREN’T YOU DOWN THERE!

The Caravan Soldier starts to lose his composure at his superior’s lack thereof.

**CARAVAN SOLDIER**

Yes, well um, I uh beg your forgiveness, sir, I…

**MERCHANT CAPTAIN**

ENOUGH! GET BACK THERE OR I WILL MAKE YOU MISERABLE! I HAVEN’T LOST MY PROFITS TO PIRATES YET, AND TODAY SHALL BE NO EXCEPTION! GO!

**CARAVAN SOLDIER**

Ye-yes, sir, right away!

The Caravan soldier leaves, trembling.

**INT. THE ARMORY OF THE CAMEL LORD**

Tension rises as the rows of Caravan Soldiers brace for what horrors lie within the boarding torpedoes. All is quiet at first, until quiet shifting of the torpedo canopies starts to cause ripples in the silence.

**CARAVAN SOLDIER LEADER**

Do not falter! Whatever you do, hold the line.

After a loud rumble, the canopies of the torpedoes pop off, with the marines using them as shields to protect them as they advance. Among them is the CAPTAIN, who is likewise carrying a canopy as a shield in one hand and a PISTOL in the other. He moves about towards an exit in a nimble and confident manner.

Shots are fired all over the place bouncing from here to there. Both a few of the Caravan Soldiers and a few of the Marines start to drop here and there.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You there! Cover me!

One of the marines comes to the Captain’s aid, carrying a canopy shield. The two exit the armory into a hallway.

**INT. HALLWAY TO THE BRIDGE OF THE CAMEL LORD**

The Captain runs up the hallway leading to the bridge, and takes out two or three people via a quick shot with his pistol. The marine accompanying him watches his back, and likewise takes out a few enemies himself.

As he gets to the end of the hall and right before he enters the bridge, the captain tosses aside his canopy shield; with his free hand, he draws out a CUTLASS. Once he readies himself with a couple of deep breaths, he charges in to the Bridge.

**INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE CAMEL LORD**

The Captain enters the bridge, takes out the MERCHANT NAVIGATOR and the extra officer with the pistol, and knocks the MERCHANT CAPTAIN unconscious with the back of the hilt of his cutlass. This is done like a quick single move.

The accompanying marine enters the bridge, and looks around to inspect the area.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Tie him up.

**MARINE SOLDIER**

Aye, sir.

The marine proceeds to tie up the merchant captain, as the Captain pulls up the ship’s communicator.

**INT. THE ARMORY OF THE CAMEL LORD**

The fight in the Armory between the Caravan guard and the Marines degenerates into a bayonet fight, with occasional firing. This continues uninterrupted for a few seconds.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK (OVER THE INTERCOM)**

Attention all, attention all, this is…your guest of honor speaking. I ask that you kindly lay down your weapons, for I have your Captain under my talon and can snuff out his life on the spot. If you would be so kind as to lay down your arms, that would be most appreciated. If these demands are not met, let’s just say that your Captain will soon breathe his last. The choice is yours.

As this announcement happens, the battle slowly dies off, as the Caravan soldiers gradually throw down their arms, and surrender. Once the surrender is complete, the marines cheer.

**FADE TO:**

**EXT. THE ARMORY OF THE CAMEL LORD**

As they move back toward their boarding torpedoes, most of the Marines are carting off whatever shiny objects they can get their sticky hands.

Most of the Caravan soldiers are tied up near the supports of the Armory. A few Marines are standing guard weapons in hand.

Among the captured is the MERCHANT CAPTAIN, who is being slapped awake by the CAPTAIN. Eventually the Merchant Captain comes to, and he moans a little in pain.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Captain Jonathan Du Bois, I presume? I hear that the Camel Lord is one of the most profitable ships this side of the empire. Tell me, why are you not with a Caravan of trade ships? Honestly, taking your ship wasn’t that hard, considering you were damaged to begin with.

The Merchant Captain looks up and his face goes flush with horror as he sees who is talking.

**MERCHANT CAPTAIN**

You? Can it be?

The Captain gives a hearty chuckle.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I can see that I have forgotten my manners. Allow me to introduce myself. I am Igor James Yorrick, Captain of the GHOST MARAUDER, and your self-appointed guest of honor. Let me tell you, for a merchant, you have been so generous and kind to our cause. My men will now eat, drink, and enjoy the finer things in life, all thanks to you.

**MERCHANT CAPTAIN**

I assure you that while you may have my gold and goods, my welcome is one thing that you will never have, pirate.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Pirate? I’m afraid that you have been sorely mistaken. I am but a humble privateer in service to her majesty, the Empress of the Seven Circles.

**MERCHANT CAPTAIN**

Pirate, Privateer, thief, it’s all the same. You have Damnation written on your face and soul.

The Captain rolls his eyes.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I have heard this speech a million times over. The least you could do is freshen it up, or give it a twist.

**MERCHANT CAPTAIN**

I assume you aren’t here to flaunt your victory. What do you want?

The Captain leans on an adjacent wall, with a puzzled look dominating his face. After a moment or two, his face lights up.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Ah yes! It appears that my men have come across a vault, and I would like to know its combination.

The Merchant Captain chuckles in a condescending way.

**MERCHANT CAPTAIN**

If you think I will give you the combination, pirate, then you have lost your grip on reality. Besides, why don’t you blow it up?

The Captain glares at him.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Just because I live a life that you do not condone, doesn’t mean that I am stupid. Once again, I ask you, what is the combination to the vault?

**MERCHANT CAPTAIN**

Kill me if you like. You have taken all that is valuable, and so I cannot be forced against my will.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Is that so?

The Captain proceeds to push the Merchant Captain’s chin up in a seemingly painful manner, and reaches down his shirt. The Captain then manages to pull up a small golden LOCKET with an intricate feathery design, and the initials “J.D.B.” on the front.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Ah, here it is!

He opens the LOCKET. It has a picture of the Merchant Captain’s WIFE and SON.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Well, look who we have here!

The Merchant Captain gets a horrified look on his face.

**MERCHANT CAPTAIN**

You wouldn’t dare go after them? Please!

The Captain’s face lights up, and smiles slyly.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Well, I was going to just sell this on the black market. You would not believe who would pay for an item like this, especially with the history that would come with it. Just imagine, “the great Jonathan Du Bois who was so proud to never have been thieved by a pirate, was swiped clean by the Ghost Captain Yorrick.” Now, right as you stand, you might be able to cover up this by bribing, starting with the code to the vault. Or, I could just find these two; it’s all the same to me.

The Merchant Captain grimaces at his fate, but the feeling of hopeless surrender floods his face.

**MERCHANT CAPTAIN**

Fine. The code is five zero four zero.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Now, was that so hard?

The Captain tosses the LOCKET into the lap of the Merchant Captain, and starts to walk away.

**MERCHANT CAPTAIN**

Take what you want! But know that if I find you again, you’ll discover fury in its purest form!

The Captain stops abruptly, and then turns around.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Oh good, because this raid was way too easy.

The Captain proceeds towards the vault room, in the corridor opposite the bridge.

**INT. THE VAULT ROOM OF THE CAMEL LORD**

After walking down a flight of stairs, the Captain comes across two of his own men trying to open the vault. The Captain sighs, as he can see that they are more likely to hurt themselves trying to pry the vault open, than to actually open it. He waves them aside.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Out of my way! Let me handle this!

The Captain enters the combination FIVE ZERO FOUR ZERO, and presses the ENTER button.

The vault opens, and reveals its lot of treasure, items like a gold bowl, statues, paintings, fine wine, and other valuables.

The Captain comes in, accompanied by his troops, and he fingers through the heap of items. Everyone else present starts bagging pieces. The Captain, however, starts to feel mesmerized at his new found spoils.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Such a king’s ransom could never fill an empty heart. Yet I find that I desire it all the same.

**MARINE**

‘Scuse me. Did you say something, sir?

The Captain snaps out of his melancholy trance.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Oh no. Nothing worth noting.

The Captain starts to walk among the various treasures that blanket the room, as his men continue to stuff bags.

The Captain then chances upon something unique: a rack of fine wine. He pulls out one bottle, looks at the label, and then smiles his sly smile.

**INT. THE ARMORY OF THE CAMEL LORD**

The Captain arrives at the armory from the corridor leading to the vault. In his hand, he is carrying THE BOTTLE OF WINE, from the previous scene. He approaches the Merchant Captain with the bottle.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I must say, I had no idea that you had such high tastes. I mean look at this. “Ninety-Nine Fortnight Black Rose Red Wine!” This stuff can only be found in the outer rim! I say, I am impressed with how far you travel.

The Merchant Captain shoots him a look of Death.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I am even more impressed at the fact that you have been very accommodating or hospitable. I wouldn’t even mind having a drink myself.

The Captain pops the cork.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

To our beloved host, who is so tolerant and so thoughtful…Wait a moment! I forgot that you could use a drink as well! So, how about it?

The Captain offers the Merchant Captain some wine, but The Merchant Captain remains silent in disgust.

The Captain then shrugs his shoulders, and takes a swig. His eyebrows rise up as he drinks a little. Finally he lowers it with a face like he just kissed a woman for the first time.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Wow that was lovely! I’d say fit for a king here that’s what…oh.

The Captain takes notice of the Merchant Captain’s face, now billowing with anger and steam.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Alas, you seem stressed, my friend. Here, have a little wine!

The Captain pours a few ounces on the Merchant Captain’s face.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Isn’t that a little better?

The Captain then corks the bottle and puts it on a nearby shelf. Then he takes the nearest SPACE HELMET, and places it on the Merchant Captain’s head.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You might want to use this, because, in case you haven’t noticed yet, you have got seriously big holes in your ship—or at least you will.

The Captain then picks up the bottle he just put down and stashes it in his boarding torpedo. Then he approaches the Merchant Captain to make one final address

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Now then, as much as I like being the guest of honor at your fine dining party, I have promises to keep and many parsecs to sail before I sleep.

The Captain Starts to walk towards the torpedo, when he is abruptly stopped by a passing thought.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I almost forgot.

He comes back to the tied up merchant captain and yanks a RING out of his finger.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Another prize for my collection…

He puts it on his RIGHT RING FINGER.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

…And a perfect fit too. It’s gorgeous!

He then goes back to his boarding torpedo.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Now, before I leave you, have you any last words?

The merchant captain is silent, though in his eyes is a livid ocean of rage.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

No then? Well, my good sir, Adieu, and thank you.

The Captain smiles, gives a half-hearted salute, and goes back into his boarding torpedo. He puts the Canopy-shield back on the torpedo, and prepares for departure.

**EXT. OUTER SPACE**

The predatory ship yanks out the boarding torpedoes and reels them in.

With the torpedoes yanked out, The Camel Lord starts to spill out various items from its newly formed openings, as the predatory ship starts to raise its solar sails, and fly fast and far to the deep reaches of space.

**INT. THE CONFERENCE ROOM OF THE PREDATORY SHIP**

The members of the ship are enjoying their newly acquired spoils. Some are dancing, some are laughing, and a few are playing instruments and singing. At the center of the room are three members, playing cards and betting with their treasure.

**DEALER**

Oi! Jenkins! Play something upbeat!

The musician nods, and clears his throat.

**JENKINS**

*(Sings)*I sat one day

After work

And I pondered how,

I could live

Like a cog

And somehow not be down,

Well today

I’ve got my way

Thanking Luck that Lady,

With my new

Golden Goose

My life is now less shady.

Spin the wheel,

Let’s make a Deal,

Spin it round and round!

I’ve earned my lot,

Cream of the crop,

And I feel lucky now!

Everyone joins in, singing and clapping their hands.

**CREWMEMBERS**

*(Singing)*Spin the wheel,

Let’s make a deal,

Spin it round and round!

I’ve earned my lot,

Cream of the crop,

And I’m feeling lucky now!

The Captain walks in, with an air of a stormy cloud on a sunny day. Everyone stops what they are doing as soon as they see him, the music dies, and they start to panic. The Captain looks angry.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Look at all this irresponsible behavior! Drunkenness, debauchery, sloth, and, gambling! You know what disciplinary actions a captain must take for such deplorable ones, don’t you?

The members all shake in fear as they nod quickly.

**DEALER**

Y-yes, sir. I-I can explain, sir, please…

The Captain raises his right arm

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

No more, Tennyson, I have seen enough. I will let this slide ONCE! And only on one condition!

The Crewmembers wait in anticipation for the captain’s response to his own question. The Captain’s anger starts to melt.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You will not tell the captain of this!

The Captain starts to smile, and then he chuckles.

**JENKINS**

But…isn’t…he…the…

The Dealer turns to Jenkins, and put his finger on his lips.

**DEALER**

Shhhh!

The Captain walks to the poker table, and takes a seat. He then throws a few coins on the table.

**CAPTAIN YORRICKS**

Set me up good sir, I feel lucky!

The Dealer deals a few cards to each and every one of the players.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

And Jenkins, play that song you were playing, will ya?

**FADE TO:**

**INT. THE CAPTAIN’S CABIN**

The Captain slowly walks to his cabin carrying a small sack of gold, with a smile that is wilting. As he closes the door, it becomes a full on frown, as he shows great exhaustion.

He takes off his armor, and gets on his bed at the end of the cabin. He looks out the window, viewing the heavens. He picks up a black and white picture of his father, and he starts to shed a tear. He looks back out of the window to the heavens.

**INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE GHOST MARAUDER**

The Captain enters the Bridge to tend to the ship’s helm. The Navigator is there, plotting courses.

The Captain tries to maintain his air of confidence, but something is showing between the cracks.

**NAVIGATOR**

You seem up rather early, even for a captain.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Couldn’t sleep. And you’re not a captain. Why are you up so early?

**NAVIGATOR**

Still plotting courses,while you were partying.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Being captain isn’t a walk in the park, you know. I have to relax from time to time.

**NAVIGATOR**

I understand that, but I doubt that being captain is your only worry. I get the feeling that you have something hidden in the depths of your seemingly charming personality.

The Captain gives a dismissing sigh.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Mr. Crawley, I believe you are reading into things.

**NAVIGATOR**

Well, Captain Yorrick, you may have convinced the others on board that you’re fine, but I have spent much time with you. I also know for a fact that you seem rather off when you’re alone.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Are you sure it’s a problem and not simply the quirks of a man?

The Captain seems a little agitated as he starts to leave, but the navigator puts a hand on his shoulder.

**NAVIGATOR**

Your deepest flaws cannot be simply filed away, like your captain’s log. Such emotional cargo will eventually grow too burdensome to bear.

The Captain turns around trying his hardest to not expose any defensive anger.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Keep your nose to your duties, Mr. Crawley, and set a course for The Floating Harbour of Rennigan’s Aisles.

**NAVIGATOR**

Aye, sir.

The Captain leaves the bridge.

**EXT. OUTER SPACE**

The Ghost Marauder flies at full speed into the distance.

**INT. THE CAPTAIN’S CABIN**

The Captain counts his money, and then sharpens his sword. Next, he sleeps. Then awakes and does paperwork.

As the Captain does these things, the background window changes from the view of space to the face of an analog clock, winding forward; while doing so, the clock brightens and darkens over and over. This is to signal the passage of time over the mundane days sailing towards the harbor.

**EXT. THE FLOATING HARBOUR OF RENNIGAN’S AISLES—DAY**

The Ghost Marauder flies towards a city in the sky of a planet.

**INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE GHOST MARAUDER**

The Captain is at the helm, whilst his navigator is at his station, and the other officer is at his levers.

The Captain picks up his communicator and speaks into the intercom.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Attention, all crew. Prepare to retract the sails, and get ready to dock.

**EXT. THE FLOATING HARBOUR OF RENNIGAN’S AISLES—DAY**

The Ghost Marauder sails closer to the harbor in the sky. The ship starts to reel in its sails, and head towards an empty dock.

The Dock emits the feel of a gateway to a bustling landscape of semi-baroque people. Within the dock’s confines are a plethora of space-sailing ships of all sizes, from the small, one-man speeder to huge juggernauts.

Beyond the walls and gate of the docks is a hodge-podge of various structures on top of each other; They look like a mix of baroque, industrial, and futuristic styles. A few structures pile upon top of each other, and are connected by bridges from time to time.

The Ghost Marauder squeezes in to a space in the docks, with attendants standing by to secure the ship in cranes with electromagnet arms to secure the ship.

At the end of the dock space is an attendant on a platform signaling to adjust the position of the ship. Once the ship is in place, the Attendant gives a signal and the Electromagnets clamp on the ship with a deep clang.

At last, a door on the front left side of the Ghost Marauder opens up, and a ramp deploys. Finally, the Captain comes out with all his glory along with his crewmates.

One of the attendants of high status, the CUSTOMS OFFICER, goes to the captain with a TABLET in hand.

**CUSTOMS OFFICER**

Sir, I do not wish to stir up trouble, but of all the ships docked here, yours does not seem scheduled to come at this time.

The Captain smirks, and hands out a small bag of coins.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I believe that this shall be satisfactory in solving the problem.

The Customs Officer takes the bag and looks in it.

**CUSTOMS OFFICER**

Of course, Rennigan’s Aisles is always open-minded. And do you wish me to do anything with your ship, sir?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

We do have a bit of cargo to haul away, and she looks like she could use a little repair or two.

**CUSTOMS OFFICER**

Very good sir. Anything else?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I do have one thing. Try to keep your sticky hands away from the more…precious cargo. Remember that I need to make money, too.

**CUSTOMS OFFICER**

I will keep that in mind, sir.

The Captain gives a content look.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Good, I’m sure you will.

The Captain exits through the gate, along with his men.

**EXT. THE MAIN SQUARE OF RENNIGAN’S AISLES—DAY**

The Captain and his crew gather near the gate. The streets here are lined with shops. Some of them are simply counters, and others are proper shops with many of them featuring display windows.

The Captain forms up his troops to give an announcement.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I want all of you to report to the barracks by twenty-one hundred hours. Until then, you may do as you please, but may I remind you that there will be serious consequences for failure to return. Am I clear?

The Captain’s men straighten up to attention.

**MARINES**

Sir, yes Sir!

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Good. You all dismissed until then.

All of the Captain’s troops leave in one direction, acting excited. However, Crawley, the navigator remains, and takes notice that the Captain is not joining his crew, but is taking a direction towards a poorer section of the Aisles. The navigator perceives this as if the captain is trying to get infected with some sort of disease.

**NAVIGATOR**

Where are you going? You know that Flynn Avenue is a rat’s den! There’s nothing but scraps there!

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I have some business to attend to, of which none of it belongs to you.

**NAVIGATOR**

There…In the land of hovels?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Just leave me be, Mr. Crawley. It’s very important…

The Captain starts to walk away.

**INT. THE BAR OF THE INN, KNOWN AS THE SLY SPARROW INN**

The Captain sits at the bar counter, trying to contain his sadness, as he drinks a red-wine like liquid. The bar portion of the inn is messy, full of chaos, and has a feel of general cheap sleaziness. In addition to the noise are some musicians in the background, playing mediocre sea shanties. The Captain looks around, and looks disgusted at the place, as if he had been pranked.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I could have sworn I left this place last year in a hell of a lot better state. What happened?

The Captain takes another sip of his wine, and a female bartender approaches him from behind. She seems angry at first.

**TANIA**

YOU!

The Captain turns around startled, and recognizes an old “friend.”

**TANIA**

You aren’t supposed to be in this bar!

The Captain acts a little scared and puzzled. After all, he doesn’t remember her acting like this. Tania’s “anger” melts into joyous laughter.

**TANIA**

Without saying “hi” to me first! (Laughs) How are you doing, Igor?

The Captain feels unsure, but starts to laugh along. The two hug.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Oh, you and your humor, Tania! (Laughs) I always hated it…

**TANIA**

That is not true and you know it!

Tania sits down alongside the Captain. Clearly, the joy has not left Tania’s face.

**TANIA**

So, what are you doing here in a backwater inn like this? Shouldn’t you be living the high life of a sea Captain?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Well, First of all, I came to have a nice shot of Rimfern wine, obviously.

Tania turns her head in a “yep” sort of manner.

**TANIA**

You are ever the same, Yorrick. Even a year later!

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Yes well, anyway, while as captain, I did get a lot more than when I was looking for work, and I did get to taste some Ninety-Nine Fortnight Black Rose Red Wine, and it was really good. But even the finer things don’t hold a candle to the nostalgic ones.

**TANIA**

I remember how you always came here when you were looking for work.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

That does remind me, what happened here? I could have sworn that this place was a least a notch better.

**TANIA**

Well, it appears that talk of pirates have discouraged merchants coming here, save for the members of the Outer Rim Trading Company.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

That explains why I could still get a Rimfern wine.

**TANIA**

Yes, well with a lack of merchants, this place could not get many of the imports it needed for its richer customers. Without that revenue, we lost money for extra workers, and now here we are.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Curious. How fleeting are the pleasures in life.

Tania goes behind the counter.

**TANIA**

Hmm. Yeah, well, I think that you always were quite a negative fellow.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

My father wasn’t necessarily a helper in that problem.

**TANIA**

Right. Speaking of your father, he came by six months ago to give you something.

Tania reaches down and retrieves an EPIKOPHONE, a flat, circular, copper-colored, circular device with a few buttons on the edge. The flat top bears a resemblance to a grate. Tania hands the Captain this device, and he casually tosses it in his pants pocket.

**TANIA**

He said that you should see it in private.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I’ll keep that in mind.

**TANIA**

(Under her breath) Always had to be the rebel.

The Captain sighs sarcastically, and takes another sip of his wine as Tania goes to the kitchen.

In the corner of the inn is a figure in dark clothing. He approaches the Captain with seemingly dark intentions. Oddly enough, the Captain has that feeling, and slowly puts down his drink. The pressure mounts as the dark figure comes closer. Just when the dark figure touches the shoulder of the Captain, he denies the dark figure by drawing out his sword; Finally, in a single flowing, spin-like move, puts the dark figure on the point of his blade, with his free hand upon the neck.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You’d better tell me what who you are, what you are doing here, why you are doing it, and soon. Unless you want a new piercing!

**DARK FIGURE**

Wait, wait, wait! I didn’t come to rob you, I swear!

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Then why are you here?

**DARK FIGURE**

A man named Harold sent me. Very important matters!

The Captain lets him go and sheaths his sword. The dark figure turns toward the Captain.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You know, if the Admiral of the entire navy wanted to see me, why did he send a character in a shady set of clothes?

**DARK FIGURE**

Admiral Harold wishes to talk to you alone. He told me that he had big plans that neither the navy nor the Empress of the System know.

The Captain gives the dark figure a suspicious look. His curiosity, however, overtakes his suspicion.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Take me to him.

**EXT. THE DARK SHADY STREET OF DARRAN’S WAY**

The Captain and the Dark Figure walk down a less grand street of Rennigan’s aisles that seems almost in complete disrepair. There are beggars, vendors and streetwalkers populating the road here and there. In a nutshell, the Sly Sparrow Inn looks a million times classier than this street.

The Captain and the Dark figure come to a door with a small window slot at about eye level. The dark figure proceeds to knock in a certain pattern on the door. The window slot opens to reveal a menacing pair of eyes.

**BOUNCER**

State yer business.

**DARK FIGURE**

We are here to see the Admiral.

The bouncer chuckles at the Dark figure’s words.

**BOUNCER**

And why would an Admiral frequent such a place that he would consider uh…beneath his lot in life?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

(To the Dark Figure) I will handle this.

The Captain whips out a couple of coins.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I believe that this says that an Admiral is here and that he is looking for a certain Captain Igor James Yorrick.

The bouncer behind the door looks closely at the coins to think a little.

**BOUNCER**

Three coins confirm what you said.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Deal.

**INT. THE SAFEHOUSE—DAY**

The Bouncer closes the window of the door, and opens said door. The place is cramped and dirty; it is the ultimate nightmare of many naval officers. The Captain gives the bouncer three coins.

**BOUNCER**

He’s upstairs, first room to your left.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Thank you.

The Captain and the Dark Figure enter and follow upstairs, as directed by the Bouncer.

**INT. THE SPARE ROOM OF THE SAFE HOUSE—DAY**

The Captain meets up with the admiral and his childhood friend, Harold Fargis. The Captain notices that the admiral has a BRACE AND GUANTLET on the left arm, and that he is walking with a CANE.

As the Captain walks in, Fargis signals him to sit down.

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

It’s been a long time, Yorrick. I trust that the…donations have been taken care of.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Yes, and you will get your cut soon. Is that what you were asking all this time?

The Admiral takes notice of the RING that Yorrick acquired from the CAMEL LORD’S CAPTAIN on his right ring finger.

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

I assume that you made quite a run this voyage. Who was the former owner of that ring?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

It was none other than Captain Jonathan Du Bois, Pilot of the Camel Lord, and hopefully my last…client.

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

I see that it bears the crest of the Merchant’s Guild! I hear that their ships are well protected! How did manage a raid like that?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I guess I never noticed. After a while they all look the same to me and besides, their ships usually not alone. I guess it was luck. Anyway, I would like to take about—

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

Yes, yes I know! But before you leave the navy, you must hear that I have a proposal.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

But, did you not tell me that I would be free to go, sir?

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

Hear me out, Yorrick. I can get you to an even better position, going out of the navy.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I don’t think that really appeals to me, given that you gave me a glorified position of thief. Innocents have been harmed, and I almost have had enough.

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

I assure you that you will have much more than that. But I require you to do one more job.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Just one more job, and I will be free?

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

Well, yes, but I do have a stipulation.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

By all means, tell me.

The Admiral takes out a CONTRACT and a PEN.

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

The Contract. I need you to sign this before I give the job.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

And what if I don’t? What is to stop me?

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

Then I’m afraid that I cannot release you from your position unless you sign and do the job.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

But you didn’t mention this…

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

(Interrupting)DO YOU WANT YOUR FREEDOM OR NOT!?

The Captain gives a hostile glare, but then resigns himself.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Fine!

The Captain signs the contract in a passive-aggressive manner. The Admiral then takes the contract and puts it away.

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

Now, was that so hard?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Just give me the task!

The Admiral takes out a picture of the EMPRESS OF THE SYSTEM.

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

I trust you know who this is?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Empress Maria the second? Who hasn’t?

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

She will make an appearance at the Bay of Kronos, knighting several…heroes…of the system. She will be making an appearance in the public square, and you will be there to escort her to a destination.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

So you want me to kidnap the Empress?

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

What? No, don’t be stupid. I want you to eliminate her, while the system is under the impression that you merely captured her.

The Captain gives the Admiral a look of fear and suspicion.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Why would you let this happen? Have we not sworn an oath to serve the Empress?

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

Correction: *I* serve the Empress. No one really knows that you exist. The fact that the System is huge and has hundreds of ships helps you blend in, and unlike me, you only have infamy surrounding you, which means that this would be fitting for your image.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

And you want to do this because?

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

Because, dear Yorrick, my childhood friend, I want the system. It is falling apart. The Empress’ old regime is dying, and will not serve its purpose much longer. I do this for my country. Will you be a patriot, or will you force me to fight you!

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You want me to be a scapegoat, don’t you?

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

I’ve considered this risk, and I can assure you that I have accounted for this problem. Once the deed is done, I can arrange for you to disappear from the public eye forever! Your safety will be assured.

There is a slight pause, with the Captain slightly turning his head in disapproval.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

No.

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

What?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I cannot.

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

But you signed a…

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

(Interrupting)I have sold my honor for long enough! How much longer must I mine my innocence for your benefit?

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

Yorrick? Are you suggesting that you wish to commit insubordination?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

No, I am telling you that I am committing insubordination right now! Good Day!

The Captain starts to storm off.

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

You realize that what you are doing violates the very contract you just signed?

The Captain stops and turns around.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I’ve broken ships, banks, hearts, souls, and civilians for five years. A contract is nothing.

The Captain leaves the room.

**INT. SAFEHOUSE—DAY**

The Admiral briefly follows the Captain, stopping two or three steps from the spare room that he exited.

An officer Approaches the Admiral, and looks puzzled at the events.

**NAVAL OFFICER**

Is everything alright, Admiral?

The Admiral tries to contain his inner rage through composure.

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

I’m afraid that this man has committed insubordination. He’s a loose cannon, and a potential threat to the System.

**NAVAL OFFICER**

I can arrange for his arrest, if you wish.

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

No, I don’t just want you to arrange it. I want you to see to it PERSONALLY. I cannot afford risks here, understand?

**NAVAL OFFICER**

Yes, sir. Right away.

The Officer leaves, as the Admiral smirks confidently.

**EXT. FLYNN AVENUE—DAY**

The Captain is trying to return to the Sly Sparrow Inn, when the Naval Captain comes in from behind him, with a pair of bodyguards tagging along.

The Captain senses the footsteps of the three, and turns around, preparing for trouble. However, once the Captain turns around, he finds himself restrained by the two bodyguards.

**NAVAL OFFICER**

Of all the words I could describe Captain Igor James Yorrick, I never thought it could be a threat to the system.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I knew that contract would bite me, but I didn’t think it would be so soon.

**NAVAL OFFICER**

So that’s the insubordination I hear about. I’ll take that as a confession.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You realize that the Admiral is a snake in the grass, and not to be trusted.

**NAVAL OFFICER**

Sure. Tell that to the court. Take him away.

The officer and the bodyguards start to take away the Captain rather forcefully.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I feel so sorry for you right now…

The Naval officer stops, with the bodyguards holding the Captain stopping shortly afterward. The Officer turns around and gives a suspicious look towards the Captain.

**NAVAL OFFICER**

Why do you say that?

The Captain smirks, and then makes his escape. First, he leaps up and kicks the Naval Officer in the chest, followed by a flip propelled by the kick.

The flip forces the bodyguards to fall on their backs. The Captain lands, crouching.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I sincerely apologize, but I must do what I must do.

He smiles, gives an informal salute, and runs away.

**NAVAL OFFICER**

STOP HIM! STOP HIM!

The Captain runs around a corner, then towards a narrow alley and he finds a vent. He takes out his blade and uses it as a lever to open the vent; finally, he crawls in the said vent, struggling to do so. He hears the rustling of troops in the distance. A chill races up his spine as he frantically makes his escape.

**EXT. A SMALL COURTYARD—DAY**

The Captain tries to kick through the grate on this side of the vent. He finally kicks through and crawls out quickly. Next, the Captain crams to a corner as troops are heard in the background running and shouting.

The Captain next looks around, and sees that he is in a closed courtyard. Next, he looks up, and finds his route of escape: the roofs.

He climbs the walls by using the windows and sills as footholds. Finally, the Captain reaches the rooftops.

**EXT. THE ROOFTOPS OF RENNIGAN’S AILSES—DAY**

The Captain stands tall atop the rooftops of the streets, as if he sees the canopy of a jungle: freeing and liberating of the crowd below.

The Captain takes notice of a gathering of about thirty soldiers below him, and ducks down. He peeks over the roof to see the admiral addressing the troops.

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

Unbelievable! I gave Officer Garret a simple task, and he failed me! I asked for just one thing: To have Captain Yorrick in jail, until trial! Is this too much to ask? IS IT?

**SOLDIERS**

Sir, no sir!

**ADMIRAL HAROLD**

Then why don’t we help Garret fix his idiotic mistake and FIND THAT SLIPPERY SCOUNDREL! GO! GO!

The soldiers scatter as his command, determined to find the Captain.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I can’t believe he was ever a good man. What was wrong with me five years ago? Hell, I didn’t quite get him two hours ago!

**SOLDIER**

(From a distance)Come out wherever you are! We know you are near!

The Captain is startled at this line, and then calms down.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I need to leave.

The Captain starts to run from rooftop to rooftop towards the docks. He dashes from rooftop to rooftop. Eventually, a soldier takes notice of him.

**SOLDIER**

There he is! Fire!

The soldiers on the ground begin to fire on the Captain.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Lovely! Why don’t we have some attack dogs as well!

**EXT. THE FLOATING HARBOUR OF RENNIGAN’S AISLES—DAY**

The Captain comes to the dead end of his rooftop highway, and looks for a way down. He spots a clothesline connected from a roof adjacent to him and that of the docks.

The Captain runs to the clothesline and uses it to cross towards the docks. About three-quarters of the way, the Captain takes out his blade and cuts the rope of the clothesline and descends a full story upon a pile of crates.

After recovering from the landing, the Captain gets up and runs through the gate. He then takes notice of the soldiers coming after him.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Close the Gates! Lock down the docks! A fugitive is coming!

The Captain runs to the nearest merchant vessel. Along the way, he spots a rich merchant, and his lackeys carrying bags of jewels. The Captain “bumps” into one of the jewel carriers, knocking him over and spilling his contents. The Captain begins to apologize, but his apologies get drowned out by incessant yelling by the merchant. The Captain tries to “help clean up” the mess, but he gets pushed aside by the Merchant’s bodyguards.

The Captain departs and quickly stashes TWO OR THREE GEMS into his pocket; he continues to run off to the nearest small merchant ship.

The Captain stops before a ship, labelled “THE BOUNTY BARON.” This ship is about the length of two suburban blocks, fish-like in design, and carries four small one man turrets; two of them are on the top, and two on the bottom. It is held aloft by two magnetic arms.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Looks like a good enough place to start, I suppose…

The Captain heads off towards the Bounty Baron, going to its side entrance and finds an idle crewmember.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Pardon me, sir, do you know where your captain is?

**CIVILIAN CREWMEMBER**

Um…well I think he may be at the hold, inspecting goods.

The Captain nods and then runs off. Next, he runs back.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Thanks!

The Captain runs off.

**INT-THE HOLD OF THE BOUNTY BARON-DAY**

The CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON is amid piles and piles of hexagonal-shaped crates, stacked neatly. Over these piles is a small claw, attached to the ceiling, moving a crate to its destination slowly. Here, the Captain of the Bounty baron is tapping on a small keypad on a crate, and writing on a clipboard. In the background is the rustling of feet on metal steps, which piques the view of the captain.

In the hall to the left, CAPTAIN YORRICK falls off the stairs. He gets up and, while panting, approaches the Bounty Baron Captain.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Sorry, I’ve been meaning to fix that step. It always escapes my mind.

Captain Yorrick looks back at the hallway stairs, then he looks back at the Bounty Baron Captain.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Whatever, I-I need to charter a ship. Your ship. To the Capitol City.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Whoa. What makes your think that…

Captain Yorrick interrupts the Bounty Baron Captain by shoving one of the gems in the latter’s chest.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I have a few more…

The Captain of the Bounty Baron smirks.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

I’m listening…

**CUT TO:**

**INT-THE HOLD OF THE BOUNTY BARON [A LITTLE LATER]-DAY**

Three Marines come in, one of them carrying the civilian crewmember, barge in to confront the Captain of the Bounty Baron. The marine carrying the civilian crewmember throws him violently down on the hold.

**MAIN MARINE**

Thanks to the wisdom of your *friend* here, I’ve received word that the vile Captain Yorrick is being harbored here. Where is he?

The Captain of the Bounty Baron gives the marine an indignant look.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Are you sure that you have solid evidence of this accusation, and that you didn’t just rough my crew up to get the answer you want?

The main marine chuckles a little bit, while the crewmember gets up.

**MAIN MARINE**

It didn’t take much to convince your friend here to confess what was going on. So, are you going to tell me where he is, or not?

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

I think my friend here has worked way too much out in the sun, because I don’t know what you’re talking about.

The main marine’s expression sours in a black mood, as he slaps the Captain of the Bounty Baron across the mouth.

**MAIN MARINE**

You will learn to pay your respect to trained marines like me. I’m not going to say this again; WHERE…IS…HE!?

The Captain of the bounty baron slowly recoils from the rather unsavory blow.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Go rough up someone who actually cares about your ilk. (under his breath) protect and serve my ass!

The main marine gives off a smile with buried frustration like a tightly tied bag with too much stuff in it

**MAIN MARINE**

Fine. Fine, fine. If you won’t show where he is, then I’ll drag the fool out myself!

The main marine approaches a container, the same one containing Captain Yorrick; The Captain of the Bounty Baron reacts with an air of alarm.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

What are you doing!? Do you even know what is in that case!?

The Captain of the Bounty Baron physically cuts off the main marine.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Those are paintings by artist Jean-Paul milieus! Oil paintings! Still wet, too!

The main marine looks at him in a dismissive manner.

**MAIN MARINE**

Sure.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Fine, since you can’t respect art, how about the law?

**MAIN MARINE**

Really. On what grounds?

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

On the grounds of the Privacy of Cargo Act! You neither had my permission, nor a warrant to search my ship!

The main marine again gives a frustrating smile.

**MAINE MARINE**

Fine then. We will be back with a warrant, you sniveling little rat.

The main marine starts to leave, but stops for a moment.

**MAIN MARINE**

Did I say we? Sorry, I meant *I* will go get the warrant.

The main marine exits the hold. The other two marines stay near said exit like caryatid columns on either side, with stiff and stern looks. There is an awkwardness that builds between the marines and the merchant.

**LEFT MARINE**

Don’t you dare try anything funny.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Thanks, I kind of got that from your…standing here…

The crewmember looks around, unsure of what to do.

**CREWMEMBER**

I think I’m going to resume my duties.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

And I need to use the facilities. I trust that I don’t need you two to watch me?

The two marines look at each other and then at the merchant.

**LEFT MARINE**

Yeah…we’ll wait here.

The Captain of the Bounty Baron gives a slight smile.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Good. I’ll be back.

The Captain of the Bounty Baron starts to head towards the exit, but when he passes the two marines, he quickly turns around, draws his blades and stabs them both in the back. Next, he goes to the “Paintings” box, and he opens the box by typing in the keypad.

Out of the box comes a cramped Captain Yorrick, as he somewhat struggles to get out.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

I sure hope you can pay for this as well. They’ll soon be breathing down my neck!

Captain Yorrick pulls one of the marines towards the box.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Rest assured, I have friends in goods places.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Right then. I’ll start the ship.

**EXT. THE FLOATING HARBOUR OF RENNIGAN’S AISLES—DAY**

The Bounty Baron starts to fly outward, but the magnetic arms give resistance to her departure.

**INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

The Captain of the Bounty Baron is at his helm while Yorrick sits at the navigator’s seat. The Captain of the Bounty Baron is trying to communicate through his intercom set to the outside.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Baron to Dock, I request detachment of the arms… Repeat, I request detachment of the arms.

**EXT. THE FLOATING HARBOUR OF RENNIGAN’S AISLES—DAY**

The Bounty Baron tries to fly once again, but to no avail from the arms.

**INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

The Captain of the Bounty Baron starts to feel the pressure of exasperation.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Dammit, the marines must have locked down my ship.

Captain Yorrick gets up and approaches the Captain of the Bounty Baron.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I can fix this. Just tell me where the external repair suits are.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Down the hall to the left.

Captain Yorrick nods and leaves.

**EXT. THE FLOATING HARBOUR OF RENNIGAN’S AISLES—DAY**

Captain Yorrick climbs out of the Bounty Baron via a top hatch to its port. He is wearing an external repair suit, and attaches two magnetic grips upon the hull; these grips are attached to the suit via the harness.

Captain Yorrick slowly walks closely towards the hull top below him. As he walks, he picks up one of the grips and tosses it towards his destination: the stern magnetic arm. As his grip lands, it makes a meaty thud. He continues to walk and sling, eventually making it to the stern arm.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

All right, you! Time to make haste and LET GO!

Captain Yorrick takes out his blade and pries open the panel. He then takes a look through the wires, and cuts a yellow one. Small cackles and zaps emit and the electromagnet lets go of the back ship.

This results in the Bounty Baron’s stern swinging downward, hanging by the bow.

**INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

The Captain of the Bounty Baron experiences the shift in gravity as a result of the aforementioned downward swing. As the swing approaches 90 degrees, the captain of the Bounty Baron, begins to hang by the helm.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

This had better be worth the expense.

**EXT. THE FLOATING HARBOUR OF RENNIGAN’S AISLES—DAY**

The downward turn forces Yorrick to fly outward, and hits the stern. Yorrick groans in pain from the blunt force.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

At least it can’t get much worse…

The bow magnetic arm starts to creak and groan loudly, as if it is in deep pain. The electromagnet component of the arm breaks off, tired of its load. The Bounty baron falls and balances out the weight back to its proper position.

During this rotation, the electromagnet lets go of the hull. Next, the electromagnet falls sternward, bouncing off the hull towards Yorrick; it flies past him, by a few inches.

Yorrick clings to the stern, hyperventilating as if he just nearly got his face wiped off by a giant, heavy piece of machinery (because it almost did).

**INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

The bridge is right side up, but the Captain of the Bounty Baron is on the ground. He slowly, but surely struggles to get up and take the helm.

Once he gets back up, he starts to set the Bounty Baron sailing.

**EXT. THE FLOATING HARBOUR OF RENNIGAN’S AISLES—DAY**

The Bounty Baron flies majestically out from its falling path, soaring from the depths of the lower sky, as soon as its solar sails unfurl with the great majesty of a bald eagle. It begins to fly to its destination: the Capitol of the System.

Meanwhile, the Main Marine walks toward the dock where the Bounty baron used to be, with a warrant in his hand.

**MAIN MARINE**

If he wants a bloody search warrant, he’ll have a bloody search warrant!

The main marine approaches the dock where the Bounty Baron was, and is livid with the fact that it is gone.

**MAIN MARINE**

Why that dirty, double-crossing, loudmouth, BASTARD!!!

Three other marines approach him.

**HARBOUR MARINE 1**

Something wrong, sir?

The Main Marine turns towards Harbour Marine 1. He points angrily towards the fleeing Bounty Baron.

**MAIN MARINE**

Why are you letting them get away!? Get the turrets! Fire on them!

**CUT TO:**

Turrets at the edge of the harbor begin to fire at the Bounty Baron.

The Bounty Baron, in response, banks left and right, as half of the turrets’ shots fly past, and the other half nicks the hull.

**INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE BOUNTY BARON—DAY**

The Bounty Baron rocks violently back and forth. Both the Captain of the Bounty Baron is struggling to stay upright. Next, there comes a loud BOOM! All of a sudden, the Bounty baron dives

Yorrick comes out of the hallway leading to the bridge, and he approaches the Captain of the Bounty Baron.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

I don’t suppose you can find a way out of this, do you?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Tell me where the problem is…

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

I think it might be one of the cylinders. I’ll get to it…

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Alright, then I presume that I’ll take the wheel?

Yorrick grabs the wheel, with the Captain of the Bounty Baron allowing him to do so.

**EXT. THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET—DAY**

The Bounty Baron takes a steep dive towards the surface of the planet, still taking shots from Rennigan’s Aisles.

This time, however, The Bounty Baron has some noticeable smoke billowing out towards the rear.

**INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE BOUNTY BARON—DAY**

Yorrick holds on to the wheel, determined to fight its desire to rebel under his fingers, complete with a look of determination and alertness rolled into one face.

**INT. THE ENGINE ROOM OF THE BOUNTY BARON—DAY**

The Captain of the Bounty Baron, climbs in to an intricate machine, complete with pistons, motors, generators, gears, cams, and cranks, filled to the ceiling.

The Captain looks up, and sees the billowing source: a large metal box, with a damaged hole in the center.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Of course—I should have gotten that replaced…

The Captain climbs up towards the source.

**EXT. THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET—DAY**

The Bounty Baron screams towards the ground, as heat builds up a little on the bow.

**INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE BOUNTY BARON—DAY**

Yorrick concentrates hard and fast. He tries desperately in in vain to pull the wheel up.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Come on, you little Bas-

The wheel pulls up unexpectedly.

**EXT. THE SURFACE OF THE PLANET—DAY**

The Bounty Baron, right at its peak, does a swift, jerky turn, and deploys its sails, sailing to space.

**INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE BOUNTY BARON—DAY**

Yorrick climbs up the wheel after an off-screen fall. He recovers himself.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You are a *very* moody…ship!

The Captain of the Bounty Baron comes back in the bridge, covered in ash.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Next time we need to leave in a hurry, at least let’s complete the inspection.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

What happened?

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

One of the gearboxes was leaking oil, and nearly caught fire.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Alright, I won’t interrupt inspection next time.

Captain Yorrick starts to leave the bridge, but the Captain of the Bounty Baron speaks out.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Where are you headed?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I wish to retire to a spare room.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

You realize that we don’t have a spare room, being a cargo ship?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Yes you do; it’s called the hold.

The Captain of the Bounty Baron looks at him funny.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

You wish to sleep…in the hold?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I need to be alone…

Captain Yorrick takes a few more steps.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

…Besides, I have slept in worse places.

**EXT. OUTER SPACE**

The Bounty Baron sails majestically, free from its earlier plights.

**INT. THE HOLD OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Captain Yorrick pushes some of the hexagonal crates around to make a makeshift corner; some, he pushes to the side, one small cube he makes for a desk, and one rectangular one he uses for a bed.

Once he is done, he sits down and puts his head in his hands, breathes a sigh of relief, and then pull out two EPIKOPHONES, one that he received from the bar, and one sporting a blue and gold naval-theme—his captain’s diary. He looks at the EPIKOPHONE given to him by Tania, and sighs.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

What could you possibly offer me at this point, father?

He puts down this EPIKOPHONE, and positions his Captain’s Diary for another recording. He holds it up across from his chest and pushes and holds a button on the side with his index finger. A soft green light with a mixture of a grid illuminates his face as he begins to speak his mind.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Captain’s log—well former captain, anyway—thirty-second day of Midwinter…A twist of fate. The predator has become the prey. I lost my ship, crew, position and what reputation I had. I don’t know if I have found a path to freedom, or a pitfall to a deeper nightmare than the one I have had in my previous years…

Captain Yorrick goes into a melancholy trance as he lets go of the recording button. He puts down the diary EPIKOPHONE. A distant voice rings out in his mind.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

*(Off-screen)* AND WHAT SON OF MINE WOULD STOOP SO LOW FOR COIN!? WHERE IS YOUR INTEGRITY? YOU SELL THAT TOO?

Yorrick hears some footsteps which ends his melancholy trance. He looks and sees a crewmember of the Bounty Baron, carrying a few blankets and sheets.

**MARCION GRAVES**

The Captain ordered me to get you some bedding.

Captain Yorrick gets up to take the blankets from the crewmember, and he sets them down on the crate he wishes to use for a bed.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Thank you Mr…

**MARCION GRAVES**

Graves. Marcion Graves.

Captain Yorrick extends a hand.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Igor James Yorrick.

Marcion widens his eyes at the mention of the name. He looks at Yorrick, then Yorrick’s hand, then Yorrick. Captain Yorrick responds with signal to shake his hand. Marcion eventually relents.

**MARCION GRAVES**

Captain Yorrick…*The* Captain Yorrick?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Yes…and?

**MARCION GRAVE**

I knew a man whose cousin claimed to have been on a ship raided by a Captain Yorrick. What are you doing here?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Let’s say that I once was serving someone else’s interests; now I seek to serve another.

**MARCION GRAVES**

Is true then?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

What do you mean?

**MARCION GRAVES**

Is it true that you killed people for mere money?

Captain Yorrick gives a smirk.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I like that you are a curious fellow. Don’t give that up. Just don’t use on me.

A slight awkward silence develops.

**MARCION GRAVES**

Well, I think I shall be going now.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Sure…

Marcion leaves the hold. Captain Yorrick sets up some bedding on his long crate for the night. He next removes his armor and lies down for sleep.

**EXT. THE PARK GROUNDS OF ST. HUBERT’S SCHOOL—EVENING**

Yorrick wakes up, ten to fifteen years younger, has hair, and has no eye patch. He is wearing a face mesh, a fencing suit, and is on the ground, with a fencing saber beside him. Several children approach him, as he slowly gets up.

**VINCENT**

Are you alright, Igor?

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Yeah, I’ll be fine.

**VINCENT**

Hey, Danny! Could you take it a little easy with your saber?

Yorrick stretches and shakes off his pain.

**VINCENT**

You still up for another round?

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

I think I could use a break. I could use some water.

**VINCENT**

Right…Hey, Danny, I think I’ll fight you!

While Vincent begins to face off with Danny in a sporting duel of sabers, Yorrick gets a drink of water from a canteen. After being refreshed from the drink of water, Yorrick opens his eyes, and sees a stocky boy sitting on a bench, waiting. Though the sky is clear, Yorrick sees that the boy sits like he is in the middle of heavy storm. Yorrick feels the child’s disturbance, and thus approaches him.

The stocky boy has an uneasiness written upon his brow, with a look of almost colorlessness about him. He stares at ground, almost as if someone is watching his behavior. After taking some water, Yorrick approaches the child.

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Is there any reason why you are so glum.

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

Do…Do I know you from somewhere?

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Well, for one thing we *do* share an arithmetic class together.

Younger Fargis looks around and then back to Yorrick.

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

Are you the kid who keeps flying paper airplanes out the window, when Mr. Harris was not looking?

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Sometimes I don’t even bother to make a plane. Sometimes I just crumple it up and throw it out. Just like that.

Fargis chuckles a little bit. Yorrick follows with his own small chuckle.

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

Yes, well, remember when you threw out a sheet and out of the window came a loud “dumb kids!”

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Ha, ha, yes.

Fargis chuckles briefly, then he drops his jovial tone.

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

Yes, well I got into detention because of you!

A short moment of awkwardness ensues.

**YOUNGE YORRICK**

Heh, heh, oops.

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

No. Oops does not excuse anything.

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Well…sorry. I…I panicked! I didn’t want to tell my father! He’d kill me!

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

Why are you even here?

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Well I *was* gonna invite you to fence, but you seem to have gotten rather ill-tempered as of late, so I guess I’ll on my way.

Fargis watches him walk away for a few seconds, and then runs after him.

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

Wait! Stop!

Yorrick stops in its tracks.

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

You don’t want to learn to fence.

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

No, no, I would!

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

I thought that you were pent up on how much of bad, bad boy that I am!

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

Well, you did get me in detention!

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

And apparently that alone shows that you want nothing to do with me.

Fargis tries to come up with a good rebuttal to Yorrick’s sophistry, but finds none.

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

Alright, fine. I’m sorry. Now will let me fence?

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Such Callous manners that you have. What’s the magic word?

Fargis sighs.

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

*Please* can you teach me to fence?

Yorrick acts like he is making a difficult choice, and finally “Capitulates.”

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Tell you what: You have a deal. Just don’t hold back, okay?

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

Okay.

Yorrick hands him a fencing saber.

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Good. This first thing to do is to assume a fighting stance. Like this.

Yorrick assumes his fighting stance. Fargis attempts to do the same, but it is not as strong.

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Not Quite. Your feet need to be straighter.

Yorrick taps on Fargis’ front foot to adjust it.

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Your back foot needs to perpendicular to your front.

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

Huh?

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

See my back foot?

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

Oh.

Fargis adjusts his back foot to the correct position, struggling to keep balance in the process.

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

You’re too spread out. Bring your legs in together a little, and don’t forget to bend your knees.

Fargis readjusts his feet.

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Good. Now point your blade at me.

Fargis meekly raises his blade.

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Come on, do you expect me to fight that?

Yorrick walks over and corrects Fargis’ position. Yorrick then proceeds to reassume his position.

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Alright, now that we got everything set up, you ready to fight?

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

Uh…sure.

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

All you got to do is hit me with the blade. It’s that simple.

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

Alright.

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

You sure you’re ready?

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

Yeah.

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Then let’s fight! En Garde!

They begin to fight and after a couple of parries, Fargis hits Yorrick. Both drop their fighting stances.

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

Was that a hit?

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

*(Out the side of his mouth)* Yes…

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

I did that?

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

*(A little louder)* Yes.

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

I did.

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

YES! *(Under his breath)* Beginner’s luck…

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

I admit I felt a little nervous. I like it.

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Best two out of three?

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

Sure.

Both assume fighting positions, and after a few more parries, Fargis once again hits Yorrick.

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Blast! Not again!

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

Admit it! I am a natural!

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

I should do this more often.

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Sure. Best three out of five?

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

You’re on!

Once again they assume fighting positions, but just when they are about to fight, a large shadow of a figure begins to eclipse Fargis. Yorrick reflects what is about to come, by how his face begins to freeze in fear, and how he lowers his saber.

Fargis notices this, but just when he is about to ask, he gets interrupted by the shadowed figure: It is Fargis’ father, who is not impressed.

**CONRAD FARGIS**

And why, may I ask, was this in your hand?

Young Fargis spins around, caught off guard, and is about to break down.

**YOUNG FARGIS**

I…I was just playing a game. He invited me.

**CONRAD FARGIS**

And exactly what did I say about associating with these pathetic lowlifes?

**YOUNG FARGIS**

But I’m good at this one. I can easily—

**CONRAD FARGIS**

NO! I sent you here because you failed out of Red League, NOT…TO…MAKE…FRIENDS! You already embarrassed me once! I will not have it happen again. Am I clear, Harold?

**YOUNGER FARGIS**

But I…uh…

**CONRAD FARGIS**

AM…I…CLEAR!?

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

You can’t do this to him; he and I were just having fun!

**CONRAD FARGIS**

You stay out of this, you pathetic sack of rat feces!

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Hold on, there, I don’t think—

**CONRAD FARGIS**

I told you to stop!

Conrad Fargis snatches his son’s saber, and holding it by the blade, begins to beat Yorrick on the torso, using the handle as the business end. Try as he might, he is powerless to stop his own chastisement. Conrad Yells out a word every time he strikes.

**CONDRAD FARGIS**

I…SAID…TO…NOT…INTER…FERE!

Yorrick ends up on the ground, heavily hurt. Conrad Angrily throws aside the saber, but continues his barbarous rage as if he was still wailing on him.

**CONRAD FARGIS**

Apparently you don’t listen to words. How about I try FISTS INSTEAD!?

Conrad takes off Yorrick’s helmet, and picks him up by the collar of his shirt. At this point, Yorrick is bawling; He’s just a Kid! Just when Conrad starts to wail on him some more however, an outside force intervenes.

**PROFESSOR PHINEAS NEVILLE**

ADMIRAL CONRAD FARGIS! HAVE YOU NO SHAME!?

Conrad snaps out of his rage and he turns to the Professor.

**PROFESSOR PHINEAS NEVILLE**

This might fly in your household, but while you are on a public establishment, you better behave like an adult man!

Conrad lets go of Yorrick and turns to the Professor in question.

**CONRAD FARGIS**

Oh, I’m sorry. I’ll keep that that mind…or maybe the next time you interrupt me, I’ll simply remove my financial support, *which* is the only thing that is keeping your sewage cesspool of a school. Keep that in mind when *you’re* on this “public” property. We’re going, Harold!

Conrad forcefully throws off Harold’s helmet, and he drags his son away from the school.

The Professor helps Yorrick up.

**PROFESSOR PHINEAS NEVILLE**

Are you alright?

Yorrick is in tears.

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Don’t hurt me…*please* don’t hurt me!

**PROFESSOR PHINEAS NEVILLE**

It’s alright. It is only I, your teacher, remember?

The professor approaches Yorrick and helps him up. Vincent, Danny, and the other children run up to the two.

**VINCENT**

Woah!? Did I just see what happened?

**DANNY**

Is he okay? Should we call the ambulance?

**PROFESSOR PHINEAS NEVILLE**

Alright, back off! Away with you! This isn’t a stage show.

The Children depart and the Professor helps Yorrick along to the school building.

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

Why…Why…Why?

**PROFESSOR PHINEAS NEVILLE**

Some people just choose to be cruel. Don’t worry, I will let you father know. You just need to do one thing.

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

What is that?

**MARCION GRAVES**

(Through the Professor’s mouth)WAKE UP!

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

What?

Sirens start flashing and sounding off in the school in a way that seems out of left field.

**MARCION GRAVES**

WAKE UP!

**INT. THE HOLD OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Yorrick wakes up in a cold sweat to flashing lights and Marcion Graves shaking him to wake him up.

**MARCION GRAVES**

We need you in the bridge!

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

What’s going on?

Marcion ignores him, as he dashes away.

**MARCION GRAVES**

Hurry!

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Where’s the captain?

Yorrick gets up, takes a quick glance at his armor, and realizing that he has no time, runs to the bridge.

**INT-THE BRIDGE OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Yorrick runs into the bridge to Marcion and an intimidating view out the bridge’s window: a sizable vessel, about one and a half times as large as the Bounty Baron.

It slowly sails past the bounty baron as it displays a Jolly Roger emblem on its sides and its turrets pointed at the Bounty Baron.

**MARCION GRAVES**

What should we do?

Yorrick looks over the situation, and then calmly makes a decision.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Send a communication request.

Marcion sits down on a seat, pushes buttons, and turns a dial or two. After a little while, a red light shows up on the display.

**MARCION GRAVES**

Our Request has been granted!

Yorrick pulls down a small monitor, located near the helm

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Pull him up on the main screen.

Marcion pushes a button, and a person displays on the monitor. He is in his early forties, and his face has seen much abuse in his lifetime. Despite this, the man on the screen has a rather mafia-like feel to his behavior, casually holding a burning pipe, and speaking in a nonchalant manner.

**TALON JACK**

I presume you know where Captain Rutherford is? I was about to tear you to shreds, but if I can hear what he has to say, I *might* spare his—and yours—pathetic lives.

Yorrick winces at this.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I don’t know a Rutherford, sorry.

**TALON JACK**

Don’t you dare start playing dumb with me! I know he owns the Bounty Baron! And I know he’s on board there right now!

Yorrick, knowing the situation, attempts to counter the situation.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

So that was the name of the dumbass sod that used to own this ship. Frankly, I think I just did the moron a favor by taking it from him.

Talon Jack is confused with his response.

**TALON JACK**

You mean to tell me that Rutherford is not there.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Yes. And I think you need to be careful with whom you are picking fights with. You may have survived battles, but I guarantee you won’t survive me!

Talon Jack laughs at such a statement.

**TALON JACK**

You think you can take me with nothing but a dinghy? Honestly, are you drunk? I’ll enjoy seeing your face when you float helplessly away…

Talon Jack is about to close out the main screen when Yorrick Interrupts him.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Before you go, I have one last question to ask. Do you even know who you’re messing with?

**TALON JACK**

*(Sarcastically)*I’ve a few ideas, but please enlighten me.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I am called the Bane of Merchants, the Scourge of the Rim’s Route, and the Black Mark of the House of Aleed, one of the richest trading families in the system. I am CAPTAIN…IGOR…JAMES…YORRICK!

As Yorrick mentions his name, whispers are heard on Talon Jack’s screen

**TALON JACK**

Really now? I didn’t expect such a notorious pirate such as yourself to have such a pathetic excuse for a ship. Perhaps your head would make an excellent trophy in my cabin!

Yorrick winces, taking notice of the whispers of the back ground. He then proceeds to remove the RING from his RIGHT HAND FINGER, and holding it in the palm of his hand, looks at the details, being seemingly unconcerned at the threat around him.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You know, I *can* hear your men whispering in the background in a nervous manner. They seemed scared of me. Really, really scared.

**TALON JACK**

Do you call that intimidation? My men have faced much worse than the likes of you!

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Really now? What if I told you that I had successfully raided a Merchant Guild Ship?

Talon Jack makes a hearty laugh.

**TALON JACK**

Right. No raider of the Astral Seas would ever *think* of touching a Merchant Guild Ship!

Yorrick holds up the RING for Talon Jack to see.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Well, for a liar, I seemed to have acquired quite the facsimile of a Merchant Guild ring, worn by the captain I defeated. WITH THIS VERY SHIP!

Talon Jack glares at him, his amusement worn off completely.

**TALON JACK**

Even *if* you managed to use that very ship you’re on to get such a ring, which I doubt that you did, how are you going to use that piss poor excuse of a dinghy to fight me? I have you outgunned.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You realize that guns aren’t the only weapons, right?

**TALON JACK**

I’m not sure exactly what you mean…

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Tell you what; I’ll give you ‘till twenty to piss off…

**TALON JACK**

Or what?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Or I unleash the largest ballistic nonexplosive missile the System has ever seen: THIS…VERY…SHIP!

Marcion, who had been sitting in background for a while, notices Yorrick’s threat and is petrified with fear, clearly written on his face. Talon Jack, however, is finally bored of Yorrick’s Antics.

**TALON JACK**

Really now? No man, not even you can be so stupid…

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Watch me!

Yorrick takes the helms wheel and steers the Bounty Baron towards Talon Jack’s ship.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Are you sure you don’t want to reconsider?

At this point Marcion runs towards Yorrick to apprehend and prevent the crash of the Bounty Baron.

**MARCION GRAVES**

What are you doing, you maniac?

Yorrick draws his blade and points it at Marcion to keep him at bay.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Be quiet you! *(To Talon Jack)* I’m waiting…Are you sure that you are willing to risk your ship’s integrity?

**TALON JACK**

Are you sure that you ae willing to risk yours?

Yorrick cleaves his blade into the wheel’s fixture, as if he was going to pry it off.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

With no regrets!

Marcion takes note of this and begins to run at Yorrick. Yorrick punches him in the stomach, forcing Marcion to bend over. Then, he hits Marcion hard in the back.

Talon Jack sees the action unfold and does not take this to well.

And then just when the chaos reaches its summit, Talon Jack finally submits to panic.

**TALON JACK**

ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT! I’ll let you go!

Yorrick pulls out the blade, and steers away from the Pirate’s ship.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I’m finally glad that you see reason.

**TALON JACK**

Only because you seem to lack it yourself!

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

So you have come to your senses and decided to let me go then?

**TALON JACK**

Agreed, but do not push your luck! It is only the fear of my crew that has saved you. Pray that we do not meet again!

At those chilling words Talon Jack signs off and sails his large, menacing ship away, still hungering for prey.

After such an unorthodox encounter, Yorrick backs away and leans toward a wall, and goes to sit where the wall and floor meet, sighing with relief. It was pure insanity. While Yorrick is relaxed, Marcion is more than beyond tense.

**MARCION GRAVES**

WHAT IN THE LIVING HELL WAS THAT!? ARE YOU INSANE!? YOU NEARLY KILLED US ALL!

At this point, Marcion is about to strangle Yorrick for nearly killing everyone on the ship, but yorrick grabs him tightly on the throat before Marcion can do anything.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You listen to me. You listen to me right now! What I did was a bluff. I heard his crew starting to panic, and so I took the opportunity. It was the only thing I could do at the moment, and it saved our asses. This is real life, Marcion. It doesn’t care about rules. It doesn’t care about regulations. And it sure as hell doesn’t care about safety! You keep that in mind. I saved your ship while your captain was on his DEAD ASS! You tell me then, Graves, why did you come to me if you’re not happy with my methods? Why did you not tell your Captain about this? Well?

Marcion, still grasping for air, points towards the stern of the ship.

**MARCION GRAVES**

Ulp! He’s…He’s

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Well?

**MARCION GRAVES**

Drunk! In his Cabin…Drunk!

Yorrick drops him and starts to head for the cabin, stopping briefly as he addresses a postscript to Marcion.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

If you do anything like that again, I’ll damage more than just your throat.

Yorrick storms out to bring a storm upon the captain.

**INT. THE BOUNTY BARON’S CABIN**

The Captain of the Bounty is at his desk, filling up another glass of wine to drown himself deeper and deeper in sorrow. The place is dimly lit and yet it has a wrm atmosphere. Near the door is a small record player, playing a somewhat calm, enchanting music. The Bounty Baron Captain starts to drink.

The Captain of the Bounty Baron then takes out a logbook and looks at the amounts that he owes to various banks and individuals, including most notably TALON JACK. These words and numbers live to mock him, as if he could hear the ink in the book loudly jeering at him. This log book is life a control freak of a spouse, way too overbearing.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

I know what yer thinkin’ you black an’ white piece of rat turd! Don’t think that I can’t get away from you, you bastard! Ya stole my life, an’ now, I’ll soon steal it back!

He takes out a couple of gems in his pocket, and places them on his desk, placing the logbook next to it.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

You see this, you living sack of crap! I’ve got my freedom, and soon, I won’t need you. D’you hear that WELL? DO YOU?

He flies into a rage, picks up the logbook, throws it down, and he repeatedly stomps on it and then rubs it on the ground.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

We’ve all had our fun, but I’m going to win in the end! Just you wait and see!

He raises his glass in a self-toast.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

For the chance of a care free life!

He drinks. This particular swig leaves him in such a state of bliss that he becomes oblivious to all that is around him.

The music around him is building up in a happy way almost to a climax, and yet at the same time there is a faint knock, followed by several knocks, growing louder with each succession, and finally the door barges open, knocking the record player, as if this was the climax to the cheery music. Because of the dimly lit environment, it looks dark in comparison to the much better lit hallway, and in the ominous light is a silhouette of Captain Yorrick. The face of Captain of the Bounty Baron melts from joy to abject fear as he parts his glass from his lips.

**INT. A HALLWAY WITHIN THE BOUNTY BARON**

Yorrick throws the Bounty Baron Captain across the hall, and then walks up to him, picking him up by the front of his shirt.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Is *this* what you call BEING A CAPTAIN!?

He punches the drunk Captain in the stomach.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Some captain you are!

Yorrick throws down the drunk captain.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Will you were pissing away the hours with your pathetic revelry, I had to save your ass, and every ass on this ship. You know that!?

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

I’m sorry, man. I’m sorry! Just…shut up!

Yorrick kicks the drunk now lying on the ground. He is about to wail on the drunk captain some more, but then he remembers the man who beat him.

**CONRAD FARGIS**

*(Off-screen)*Apparently you don’t listen to words. How about I try FISTS INSTEAD!?

**YOUNGER YORRICK**

*(Off-screen)*Please don’t hurt me!

Yorrick closes his eyes and turns away his head. He realizes what he has become, but his wrath still pulses through one more time.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Get yourself cleaned up, you disgusting wretch!

Yorrick spits on him and walks away.

**INT. THE HOLD OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Yorrick is angrily sharpening his blade, muttering under his breath. After a few swipes, Yorrick looks closely at the blade, takes a swing or two, and then stabs a container with it to test it out.

He sheath it and puts down his whetstone next to the two EPIKOPHONES, namely the one he got from the bar. He stays still, unsure if he should play the message that his father sent.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

*(Off-screen)* Son, I didn’t raise you to be dirty, double-crossing—

**YORRICK**

*(Also Off-screen)* I know, dad, but I had no choice, okay? It’s just that I…

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

You were willing to give up! That’s what! You don’t care about anything do you? DO YOU!?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

*(On-screen)* I guess I was willing…

Yorrick buries his hand in his face.

He then looks at the EPIKOPHONE from his father. As he stares upon it, he wells up with rage. He then raises his fist to pound the device.

He begins to lower his fists and…

**INT. THE HALLWAY OF THE MINING SHIP**

A LARGE DUFFLE BAG is dropped on top of a grate in the middle of a hallway lined with lockers. There, a MINER YORRICK, a few years younger, and again no eye patch, opens up the duffle bag to reveal a small chunk of IRON ORE, Standing at LOCKER FORTY.

Miner Yorrick picks up the chunk of rock and holds it up to get a close look at it, sighing in disappointment afterwards.

**MINER YORRICK**

Hours and hours of digging all damn day, and I only got you to show for it. Pathetic.

He returns the rock to the duffle bag and takes out a rather less-than-clean rag to wipe his face off.

**MINER YORRICK**

Whatever. I’ll just get it over with.

He puts away the cloth, picks up the duffle bag, and goes to the refinery room.

After a few more steps, he runs into PARACELCUS, a co-worker on the mining ship. Paracelcus is startled at the fact that Yorrick is there.

**PARACELCUS**

Yorrick! A bit late to be out in the hallway, isn’t it?

**MINER YORRICK**

Well, yes. Yes it is. I’ve just come to insert my…paltry…earnings into the refinery.

**PARACELCUS**

I told you, Yorrick that strain had nothing left.

**MINER YORRICK**

Forgive me father, for I have sinned, I don’t have a miner’s intuition.

**PARACELCUS**

I told you countless times, it’s all pure geology. Intuition’s got nothing to do with it.

**MINER YORRICK**

Well, *Doctor* Paracelcus, I did find a small chunk of iron ore. How’s that for a barren strain.

Paracelcus looks doubtful.

**PARACELCUS**

Really? Show me.

Yorrick pulls out his rock of iron ore from his duffle bag, and presents it to Paracelsus.

**MINER YORRICK**

Don’t consider me a hopeless case yet, Paracelcus. I did after all manage to find this much.

Paracelcus takes it and he examines it.

**PARACELCUS**

So you did…so you did. Tell you what. I’ll take this off your hands, and you go get a good night’s rest. You don’t want to go home with bags under your eyes now, do you?

**MINER YORRICK**

Thanks, but I think I want to drop this in myself. I always liked watching the refinery do its work.

**PARACELCUS**

I know you do, Yorrick, but it is late. I know you’re tired, *you* know you’re tired, and I have a night watch anyway, so I’ll take care of it, okay?

**MINER YORRICK**

I am not a child, Paracelcus, I can take care of myself.

**PARACELCUS**

Look if you’re not going to do this for me or for you, at least do it for your father…please. He would want to see you in pristine condition.

Miner Yorrick pauses for a moment, and then he begins to speak.

**MINER YORRICK**

All right, fine.

He begins to smirk, and starts to walk another way.

**PARACELCUS**

I see your smirk, and I know what lies underneath it. Don’t let me catch you snooping around. Protocol forbids that kind of behavior, you know.

Both begin to go their separate ways.

**INT. A LADDER TO THE UPPER FLOOR OF THE REFINERY ROOM**

Yorrick goes forth and sneaks up to the ladder in question.

**MINER YORRICK**

Sorry, Paracelcus, I just like the refinery too much. It’s kind of like a work of art.

Yorrick then proceeds to climb up the ladder to see the refinery in action.

**INT. THE REFINERY ROOM OF THE MINING SHIP**

Yorrick stands on the catwalk that overhangs a small portion of a huge room, dominated by a smokestack that leads up to the ceiling and to the outside.

Yorrick looks at the refinery proper, as it makes ore into steel. He watches as the flames breathe on the chunks of iron, their smoke flying up into an antechamber that connects to a higher chamber that leads outside of the ship. The smoke builds up in the interior of the antechamber and is then shut off to be released in the secondary chamber above it.

Meanwhile, the metal itself goes in as barely unrecognizable ore, and is spewed out the other side as a molten iron river, being poured out into bullion molds before the molten iron dries.

As Yorrick looks intently at the hypnotic movements of the refinery, three disproportionately large shadows emerge at opposite end of the room where Yorrick lies; he hides in response at first, but then his curiosity overtakes his fear, and he pauses to listen.

**SHADOW ONE**

Are you sure that no one’s around?

The third shadow nods.

**SHADOW ONE**

I have what you need. Ten pounds of Rimleaf. It’s gonna cost you many a credit.

**SHADOW TWO**

Worry not, for I’ve the means to pay for your goods, and I will happily do so. However, I need to see your product first. After all, my specific brand of customers have a rather…picky demand.

**SHADOW ONE**

Don’t worry, don’t worry. Have a taste.

The first shadow gives the second shadow a case-like object to examine carefully. It looks like the second shadow takes a quick dip of the pinky finger, and tasting it from there.

**SHADOW TWO**

Everything is satisfactory. I believe my clientele will be most thrilled.

**SHADOW ONE**

Good.

**SHADOW TWO**

Once we are no longer enlisted here, I will provide you with the recompense that you require.

Yorrick is taken aback at the events going on, as if he was on a ship of lies, like he has found his bread to be moldy. His morbid fascination, however allows him to watch this deal further.

**SHADOW ONE**

And I did bring a little something for you, too.

The first shadow then gives the third shadow a small bag. The third shadow then nods and pockets the bag.

Yorrick, however realizes the horror and gets up to sneak away, but he slips and causes a racket.

**SHADOW ONE**

What was that?

Yorrick starts to run away in panic in an attempt to hide.

**MINER YORRICK**

Damn…

Yorrick runs, attempting no effort at stealth.

**SHADOW ONE**

We’ve got a mole nearby. Find him and GET HIM!

**INT. A LADDER TO THE UPPER FLOOR OF THE REFINERY ROOM**

Yorrick descends the ladder as he hears running, as if he is being hunted by a large predator.

**SHADOW ONE**

Don’t think we can’t find you, bastard!

**INT. THE HALLWAY OF THE MINING SHIP**

Yorrick makes a run across the hall, desperate for some sort of solace, when he runs into PARACELCUS; he, in turn, is looking quite shocked to see Yorrick.

**PARACELCUS**

Yorrick!? You…What are you…

**MINER YORRICK**

Paracelcus! Oh thank God you’re here! I came across some bad men at the refinery and—

**PARACELCUS**

I know. I saw them too.

**MINER YORRICK**

What are we going to do?

**PARACELCUS**

The first thing that we’re going to do is to calm down. Then we wait quietly until we are able go to the authorities, which, if I am not mistaken, will be in three days, once we land at Rennigan’s Aisles. If anyone will help, they will.

**MINER YORRICK**

And what of the meantime?

**PARACELCUS**

Get some rest. We’ll worry about this tomorrow.

**MINER YORRICK**

You expect me to sleep, knowing that I’m being chased within the confines of a ship?

**PARACELCUS**

I’ve been in situations like this before, Igor, I can easily solve this one. You sleep. I’ll fix. Can’t you trust a friend?

A small pause, Yorrick looks at Paracelcus, his doubt fighting his faith in his friend.

**MINER YORRICK**

Fine. I won’t rest easy, though.

**PARACELCUS**

I’m not asking you to. I’m just asking you to rest.

Yorrick nods and he walks towards the rest chambers of the mining crew. Just as he enter the doorway there, however, he stops for a moment.

**MINER YORRICK**

Goodnight, Paracelcus…and thank you.

Paracelcus nods and gives a small smirk as yorrick leaves to sleep. Then he pulls out A SMALL BAG, exactly the size and shape as the one belonging to the third shadow (because he IS the third shadow).

**EXT. THE FLOATING HARBOUR OF RENNIGAN’S AISLES—DAY**

The Mining ship, docked on one of the decks, has disembarked its crew, and they are all busy unloading their things, so that they may go home.

Yorrick, however is running hard and fast to the customs office. He remembers the shady dealing that happened a while back on the mining ship, and he is determined to stop it!

**INT. THE CUSTOMS OFFICE OF THE HARBOUR—DAY**

A man in naval uniform is sitting at a deck, carving a green apple with a knife and the intention to eat it, when he is stopped by the pounding of open palms of YORRICK’S hands.

The customs officer, in turn freezes in anticipation of what Yorrick will do next.

**MINER YORRICK**

I need you to inspect my ship.

The customs officer glares at him and resumes eating his apple.

**CUSTOMS OFFICER**

And may I ask why?

**MINER YORRICK**

Let’s just say that the ship seems to be reaching way to high these days.

The customs officer puts down his knife and apple, sensing something wrong.

**CUSTOMS OFFICER**

You don’t mean…

**MINER YORRICK**

Yes. Every. Word.

**EXT. THE FLOATING HARBOUR OF RENNIGAN’S AISLES—DAY**

On the dock where the mining ship is, Yorrick is leading the Customs officer to the side boarding door of said mining ship.

**MINER YORRICK**

I’m sorry to waste your time, but I did see some shady things going on and…

**CUSTOMS OFFICER**

I know, I know. I’m not an idiot. I got your innuendos earlier.

The Customs Officer passes Yorrick.

**CUSTOMS OFFICER**

Don’t worry about it. It’s my job.

The Customs officer then enters the ship.

**INT. THE HALLWAY OF THE MINING SHIP—DAY**

One by one, the Customs Officer opens the locker doors to carefully inspect the lockers themselves, making sure that there is no contra band in any nook or cranny.

He then moves on to LOCKER FORTY; here he opens up the door and finds THE SMALL BAG, the same one that Paracelcus had.

He opens the bag, takes a pinch of the contents inside and takes a whiff. He recognizes it, and exits back out to get Yorrick.

**EXT. THE FLOATING HARBOUR OF RENNIGAN’S AILSES—DAY**

The Customs officer comes out of the ship to talk to Yorrick.

**CUSTOMS OFFICER**

Hey, Mister um…

**MINER YORRICK**

Yorrick. Igor James Yorrick, sir.

**CUSTOMS OFFICER**

Right. Mister Yorrick, I found what you were suspicious of, if you would come along, so as I can gather clues to this criminal case, I can have your little trouble sorted out in no time.

**MINER YORRICK**

Sure.

**INT. THE INTERSECTION OF THE MINING SHIP—DAY**

In the intersection between the airlock and the hallway of the mining ship, the customs officer talks about what is going on.

**CUSTOMS OFFICER**

…So what you’ve seen is an ongoing struggle for an illegal drug, made out of a certain leaf from certain systems in the outer part of the solar empire that we call “The Rim”. Many interesting things come from there, including Rimern Wine, and some of the best wooden carvings you will ever see…

**INT. THE HALLWAY OF THE MINING SHIP—DAY**

The two are walking near to the site of discovery, which is unbeknownst to Yorrick.

**CUSTOMS OFFICER**

…But not everyone in the Rim is happy about the Empire’s presence there. One of the traditions of the people there was to smoke the leaves heavily in honor of the solstices they had on the planets. You know, hippie god worship. But the empire didn’t take it too well, and so they banned the leaves, and made it illegal to own or use them. So, smugglers came in and now make scads of money making this stuff, and part of it’s to spite the Empire…

The Customs Officer and Yorrick Approach LOCKER FORTY.

**CUSTOMS OFFICER**

And that brings us to here. I found some Rimleaf powder in locker number forty. You know anything about this locker?

Yorrick just reels from the shock.

**CUSTOMS OFFICER**

Well?

**MINER YORRICK**

That…That Can’t be!

**CUSTOMS OFFICER**

What?

**MINER YORRICK**

That’s MY Locker!

An awkward pause begins to develop as the Customs officer tries to process what had just happened.

**MINER YORRICK**

No…No that can’t be. There must be some mistake!

The Customs officer takes out a pair of manacles. He knows that something doesn’t add up, but he’d rather do something irrational than nothing at all.

**CUSTOMS OFFICER**

Look, I don’t know if you’re stupid, high or crazy, but the only thing funny going around here is with you.

**MINER YORRICK**

BUT I DIDN’T—

**CUSTOMS OFFICER**

DON’T YOU yell at me, Delinquent, and put your hands behind your back.

Yorrick just freezes and droops his shoulders, petrified at the fact that he may be punished for something he didn’t do.

The Customs officer applies the manacles to Yorrick…

**INT. THE JAIL ROOM OF THE CUSTOMS OFFICE—DAY**

…and Yorrick then sits behind bars. Frustrated, his rage breaks through his stoic submission and he gets up, going towards the bars.

**MINER YORRICK**

I’m telling you… I’m no drug customer! I’m innocent!

**CUSTOMS OFFICER**

*(Off-Screen)*Yeah, well, why don’t you go be innocent over there, while I file some paperwork, okay?

Yorrick then bangs his head against the jail bars. Desperate for some solace, he slides down, going on his knees.

**MINER YORRICK**

Please…I’m innocent…I don’t do these things…please…

Yorrick closes his eyes for a moment and then a large shadow approaches him. Yorrick then opens his eyes, looking at the source of the shadow.

Looming over him is ADMIRAL FARGIS, brandishing a cane and swinging hard at Yorrick, and BAM!

**INT. THE HOLD OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Yorrick reels back as he tries to recover from both the memory and the fact that he just got slapped by the CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON. He is joined by a couple of crewmembers.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

So you think it’s funny to slap me around, do you?

He picks up Yorrick, who is still recovering for a moment or two.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

You think it’s funny to toss me and my crew aside? All for YOUR STUPID ASS STUNT?

He shoves Yorrick into the piles of crates in the hold, which collapse on him.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

YOU THINK YOU CAN PUSH ME AROUND!? WELL!?

Yorrick slowly rises, trembling from the quickly inflicted damage of the aforementioned actions. He, in turn, attempts to punch the Captain of the Bounty Baron but the blow is caught by the said Captain.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I had to do what I had to do, while you were getting your ass drunk! We were being hunted!

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

I DIDN’T ASK YOU TO “HELP” ME! I DIDN”T ASK YOU TO RISK A SUICIDE MOVE TO “SAVE” ME AND MY CREW! I AM NOT UNDER YOUR COMMAND, YOU SAD EXCUSE FOR A CABIN BOY!?

Yorrick finally gets up and then lands a punch in the Bounty Baron’s stomach. The two crewmembers then charge him, and pin him to the ground. The Captain of the Bounty Baron recovers, and then he walks to a nearby crate.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Don’t get me wrong; I appreciate the payment you gave me. However, I find that you have become quite the albatross around my neck, and it’s time I threw you away.

The Captain of the Bounty Baron picks up a heavy metal wrench and slowly lumbers towards Yorrick.

**CAPTAIN OF THE BOUNTY BARON**

It’s about time that you got a flight transfer…

The Captain of the Bounty Baron then raises the metal wrench and swings it hard on Yorrick’s head.

**CUT TO:**

**BLACK**

**FADE IN:**

**INT. THE INSIDE OF A CRATE OFF THE BOUNTY BARON**

Yorrick suddenly wakes up within a crate floating in space. He hits his head on the top, as he is at first unaware of the fact that he is in said crate.

He holds his head as he gets his bearings on the situation.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Okay, lovely. I charter a ship, and now I get a crate.

Yorrick waits for a moment to realize exactly what he just said.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Of course, I probably wouldn’t have BEEN here, if I didn’t hit him. But he WAS drunk. And—WHY AM I TALKING TO MYSELF!?

Yorrick starts to breathe heavily.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Lovely. I don’t even have a lot…of…air…

Yorrick starts to slowly doze off, despite trying his best to stay awake. The lack of oxygen is slowly overtaking him, however, and he soon closes his eyes when the crate is hit really hard from an unknown outside force.

He soon feels the force of being reeled in, and soon lands a rough landing…

**INT. THE HOLD OF THE GHOST MARAUDER**

…And his crate opens to an overpowering light. After holding up his hands, and eventually adjusts his eyes to the sudden light, he recognizes the ship that he is on—his own.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Huh…Wait, what?

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

*(Off-Screen)*Yorrick! So glad you could join us! I have been looking EVERYWHERE for you!

Yorrick turns around to the sight of ADMIRAL HAROLD FARGIS, sitting at a table with two chairs and a tea set. In the admiral’s hands is a contract for the “Final Job” that Yorrick was “offered” earlier.

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

Let’s have a chat, shall we?

Yorrick approaches the table, his eyes darting to and fro, fully aware that he is on thin ice.

He then sits down, waiting for what Fargis is about to do. Fargis pours a cup of tea, keeping at least one eye on Yorrick.

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

Fancy a cup of tea?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I don’t drink tea.

Admiral Fargis cracks a smile.

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

I had a feeling you would say that…

He pulls out a bottle of the “Ninety-Nine Fortnight Black Rose Red Wine!”

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

…So I saved a little something that you left. I must admire your tastes. “Ninety-Nine Fortnight Black Rose Red Wine.” I am impressed. I never knew you had such high standards.

Yorrick winces at the comment.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Spare me the pleasantries and cut to the chase; what do you want?

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

How very rude. Is this how you treat a former boss and childhood friend?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I’ve made deals with you before. You do not move without an agenda.

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

Yorrick, Yorrick, Yorrick. Your cynicsm wounds me. Don’t you trust me? After all, I *did* offer you that final deal with you in mind.

Yorrick stands up and clenches his fists.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I *did* take your offers before. And I took them, because I wanted independence from my father, both physically and financially. You showed some promise of this, but only deliver the manacles of servitude. So no, I don’t trust you.

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

You depress me, old friend…

Fargis signals for several marines on board, to which they come in and restrain Yorrick.

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

…But I’ll be a gentleman nevertheless, and escort you to the capitol, where you’ll be taken care of…Take him away.

The Marines take Yorrick away.

**INT. THE BRIG OF THE GHOST MARAUDER**

Yorrick is dragged into a cell by two marines as he tries to break free with no avail.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Don’t you know what’s really going on? THIS IS MADNESS!

The two marines throw Yorrick into the cell and lock it. Yorrick, after recovering from the throw, gets up and run to the bars, crying in desperation.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

DO YOU HEAR ME, FARGIS!? I’M NOT DONE WITH YOU YET!

Yorrick slaps one of the bars of the cell, and he sits on the small bench in the prison.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Well, what else can go wrong?

Yorrick buries his face in his hands. He is in dire straits…that is until a familiar character appears, casting a shadow over Yorrick.

**NAVIGATOR**

I knew everything wasn’t peaches and cream with you.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Crawley! I…I…mean I…

**NAVIGATOR**

Spare your pleasantries for those who appreciate their feet being licked.

A slight pause.

**NAVIGATOR**

All this time, I knew you had secrets. Something to hide and a sense of guilt that served as clouds in your constant shine. Frankly, I’m impressed by the way you managed to keep such a façade. But now, your empty tricks have landed you here. I’m not surprised…

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Are you just going to gloat about how morally inferior I am, or do you have a point?

**NAVIGATOR**

Hear me out; as much as I found you off-putting, things haven’t exactly been going well since you left. Much of the crew, having previous loyalties to you, have either submitted to Fargis after many lashings, thrown in prison, or executed. He says that it’s going to help tighten the ship’s discipline, but I’m not so sure…

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Am I hearing this clearly? It almost seems that you *don’t* like Fargis.

**NAVIGATOR**

No, no, no, don’t be stupid, I actually want him prosecuted. He is headed for the capitol, and he won’t say why. I look at his face and all I see is rage. I would take him on myself, but I sincerely doubt the crew’s loyalties at this time.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Say what you will, the fact of the matter is I’m done for. It’s over…

A slight pause as he slowly lowers his head in shame. The navigator takes out an EPIKOPHONE, the same one given to him by TANIA.

**NAVIGATOR**

I had to remove all your belongings and so I came across this…

The Navigator tosses the EPIKOPHONE to Yorrick.

**NAVIGATOR**

I played it back, and I think you should, too.

Yorrick glares at the navigator.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You know, you really shouldn’t be nosy…

**NAVIGATOR**

And you are missing the point. Just play it back.

Yorrick pushes a button on the side of the EPIKOPHONE, and a small hologram of Yorrick’s Father appears, looking desperate.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

This message is for the naval privateer Captain Igor James Yorrick. I only have this to say…

Yorrick’s heart begins to harden, this reflected by the expression in his eye.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

I’m sorry.

Yorrick softens once more.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

Yes, you heard right. I’m sorry. I was indeed angry at you, almost to the point that I did have a mind to forget you. I now realize that I have been more than sufficiently cold, and possibly alienating with such behavior.

Yorrick’s Father takes a sighing breath, and coughs a hacking cough.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

The thing is son, I didn’t want you to become a privateer because I saw so much in you. I didn’t want to see the bright, young honorable man that I was proud of go into a profession that was laced in corruption. I wanted you to be so much more than what you ended up settling with.

Yorrick starts to crumble inside.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

And look, I…I was never perfect myself. In fact, if there was one regret that weighs heavily on my soul, it was when I, through my recklessness, killed a close friend of mine. I was determined to never make such a mistake ever again. I was also afraid, however, that you were doing the same, but with yourself. And that’s what is especially hurtful; you are making a similar mistake to mine.

Yorrick’s Father makes a large hacking cough this time.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

Well, I don’t care about what happed anymore, and here’s why: I’m dying. The doctor says that I’ve got less than a year to live. If I could have just one wish, just one, it would be to see your face one last time. I’m sorry for what I’ve did. And I feel like I recklessly severed another life from me again. If you can find it in your heart, please…come see me one last time…

The playback ends, and Yorrick takes the EPIKOPHONE and hugs it to his chest, nearly weeping when he realizes that there are pressing matters to attend to.

Yorrick gets up, finally alarmed at what is going on and revitalized by a second wind.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Listen to me Crawley, I was assigned a final contract that would have promised my freedom, hoping that I would have finally rid myself of this dishonorable profession. He, Admiral Harold Fargis, told me to go and kill the Empress, in an act of revolution.

**NAVIGATOR**

If that’s the case, then you’ve not much time. I’m willing to help, but that means that you need to have some sort of plan.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Don’t be ridiculous; I don’t have “some sort” of plan, I have an actual plan!

**INT. THE ARMORY OF THE GHOST MARAUDER**

The Navigator goes to the armory and retrieves a few items, namely, a GAS MASK, RAPIER, and a CUIRASS. He then tries to carry these items off and leaves.

**INT. A HALLWAY ON THE GHOST MARAUDER**

In the midst of a few marines is Yorrick, wearing a standard marine uniform, complete with red frock coat, white pants, and the Garrison cap. However, in order to disguise his identity, Yorrick is wearing a GAS MASK, and a thick pair of round sunglasses to disguise the fact that he has removed his eye patch, POCKETING SAID EYE PATCH IN HIS POCKET instead.

Yorrick is marching forward, determined to take back his ship and life. One of the marines, however, approaches him, curious as to what a marine is doing wearing a gas mask.

**MARINE**

Excuse me…

Yorrick stops in his tracks and turns around slowly. Hopefully he hasn’t been caught…

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Um, yes?

**MARINE**

What’s with your gas mask?

Yorrick thinks up a lie quickly.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Didn’t you hear? There is something foul and toxic aboard the ship! You either need to get a gas mask on, or stay in an unaffected are…like the hold.

The Marine shows concern.

**MARINE**

How toxic is this, exactly?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Well, you know, nothing much. Just an airborne terminal plague…

**MARINE**

Surely you’re jesting!

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Look at my eyes and ask me if I am jesting.

The Marine widens his eyes, then he regains his composure, and smiles and uneasy smile.

**MARINE**

Right…I’ve got to go.

He marine begins to depart.

**MARINE**

Joel! Let’s go! I have a bad feeling about this!

The marine and his colleague the leave. Satisfied, Yorrick proceeds to the bridge of the Ghost Marauder.

**INT. THE BRIDGE ON THE GHOST MARAUDER**

The room is operating normally sans Navigator and instead of Captain Yorrick at the helm, it is Admiral Fargis controlling the wheel. The room has a more Orwellian feel with the admiral at the helm.

The uneasy tension of the room is broken by the arrival of Yorrick, still in disguise.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Sorry to bother you, but there is a problem within the ship. Because there are toxins in the air, we need to evacuate.

Everyone starts to get up from their posts, save for the Admiral, who simply raises his arm in defiance, causing the others to cease.

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

And on what grounds do you have authority to order everyone out?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Under the order of the marine handbook, under emergency threats, code red, section ninety-four, paragraph six, sir.

The admiral smiles.

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

Very well, lead the way.

**INT. A HALLWAY ON THE GHOST MARAUDER**

Everyone from the bridge is walking quietly and peacefully to the back of the ship, with the Admiral right behind Yorrick, and the rest following.

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

You know, for a lowly marine, you sure know enough to rival that of a captain…

Yorrick senses something off, and puts a hand on his blade.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Um, yes, well, I try my best to master diligence…

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

Not bad for a marine…or should I say A CAPTAIN!

The Admiral Signals for his men to fire, but Yorrick instead whips out his blade, and catches the Admiral, holding him with the blade across the throat.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Lower your weapons or he dies!

The marines there hesitate, but then they comply.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Stay where you are, or else! *(To Admiral Fargis)* Come along!

Yorrick Forces Fargis to go with him.

**INT. THE CAPTAIN’S QUARTERS**

Yorrick forces the door of his former quarters open. The place, once neat and organized, now has various papers here and there; some of these papers are plans with detailed black ink, and scrawled on red ink, while others are simple written pages. One sheet in particular is a SKETCH of ADMIRAL HAROLD FARGIS wearing IMPERIAL CLOTHES and POSING AS IF HE IS THE EMPEROR OF THE SYSTEM.

Yorrick releases his death-like hold on him and throws him in the Captain’s quarters, closing and barring the door with his blade.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Now let’s reopen negotiations, shall we?

The Admiral’s eyes light up with hatred.

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

It is far too late for such negotiations!

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You are alone with no escape. I have been on numerous raids for six years, and you’re telling me that I can’t settle something with you? What do you take me for, a child?

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

I HAVE HAD IT WITH YOUR ANTICS, YOU LOW CLASS PIECE OF RAT-FILTH!

Admiral Fargis Raises his CANE.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

*(Nonchalantly)*Oh yes, beat me with a cane, and see what happens…

Admiral Fargis draws out the head of the cane, revealing that it is a CANE SWORD instead.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

*(Still Nonchalantly)*Oh, Damn.

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

AAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRGHHHHHHHH!

The Admiral charges in on him, making a forward diagonal slash at him, to which Yorrick ducks and rolls out of the way. The Admiral makes another slash that Yorrick blocks with his bracer; He counters by punching the Admiral in the stomach, and runs to the blade barring the door. Next he grabs it, but doesn’t move it.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Oh, right. Can’t let him escape.

The Admiral then recovers, and continues his charge towards Yorrick.

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

I’LL KILL YOU, I’LL RIP YOU TO PIECES!

Yorrick, in a quick moment of action, picks up a few sheets of paper, and flings them to the Admiral, while slowly going for his blade rack.

Yorrick then flashes out the SKETCH OF THE ADMIRAL, to which the admiral stabs, and Yorrick pulls the Sketch below to prevent himself from being stabbed.

Holding the blade down again, Yorrick Punches the Admiral in the face. And makes a beeline for the Blade Rack, grabbing a blade for his needs.

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

Why can’t you just DIE!

Yorrick assumes an “en garde” stance and parries Fargis’ next attack.

Yorrick then performs an envelopment on Fargis’ sword cane, advancing upon Fargis.

The two are really close, when Fargis takes his GUANTLET COVERED LEFT HAND, and begins to choke Yorrick.

Being held up high, Yorrick is slowly choking and suffocating, and after a while, he takes his blade, and he slashes one of the tubes powering the Guantlet.

Yorrick then smacks Fargis’ right arm with the flat end of the blade, resulting in Fargis losing his sword cane blade.

Fargis, using his left arm, now disabled from the elbow down, smacks Yorrick across the face, and he heads for the door leading out of the Captain’s Cabin. There, he takes out the blade that was barricading the door.

Yorrick then runs up to Fargis, and tries to lunges, only to be parried. Fargis then ripostes, stabbing Yorrick in the thigh, and drawing out the blade. Yorrick then takes a knee, bleeding pretty badly.

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

Hope you have some fun! Heh, Even as adults, I still outmatch you with a blade.

Yorrick tries to strike once more, but Fargis parries, and then he strikes Yorrick on the head with the flat of his blade.

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

I used to like you, Igor. So, I’ll just let you die slowly here, in the comfort of your cabin! Farewell.

Fargis then tucks the blade in his belt, thus freeing his hand to open the door. He proceeds to exit.

Yorrick, meanwhile, is struggling to get up, with his leg bleeding, and his head hurting significantly.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I…I failed…damn…

In an odd twist of events, Yorrick is then approached by his father, who kneels down and puts a hand on Yorrick’s back.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Father?

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

I’m here for you…

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

What? I…How?

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

Don’t worry about me. Right now you are in a deep hole, in the middle of something urgent, no less.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I know…

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

The question is…are you going to lay down and take the easy way out, or you can get up and do the right thing and stop what evils lurk within that man’s mind.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I get it. Why can’t you just help me?

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

Because YOU have to do it, Igor. Six years ago, you took the easy way out of your problems, with no help from anyone. And now you have the opportunity to fix it.

Yorrick grabs his father’s hand, squeezing his wrist in rage.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

And what kind of moral father lets his son slowly die before him?

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

You’re right. I’m not even a real person.

Yorrick furrows his brow.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

What do you mean?

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

You don’t get it, do you? After all, you’re dying, remember.

Yorrick looks on the ground, slowly realizing the reality of things. Yorrick’s father is gone by this point.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I’m coming for you, Fargis!

Yorrick cuts a strip of his frock coat and binds his wound, and taking Fargis’ Cane half of his Sword Cane to support himself.

Finally, supporting himself with his left hand and cane, and with his blade on his right, Yorrick heads out the door, hot on Fargis’ heels.

**INT. A HALLWAY ON THE GHOST MARAUDER**

Yorrick is limping heavily, trying to get to Fargis as fast as he can, but his bleeding is slowing him down.

Just as he is getting almost halfway across, Yorrick spots a shadow approaching, both large and menacing. Yorrick then raises his blade in anticipation of the menace imminently approaching.

And just when he was about to fight, it turns out that the shadow in question is in fact the Navigator.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Crawley? What are you doing here?

**NAVIGATOR**

I was gathering the crew. What happened to you?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

It’s irrelevant. Right now, we need to find and stop Fargis!

**NAVIGATOR**

Well, I was going to issue an arrest for the admiral, given that I DID find evidence of his betrayal to the Imperial System, while you were fighting him, but looking at you, I…

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Talk to the crew. I’ll handle Fargis.

Yorrick starts limping, and subsequently falling, when the Navigator catches him.

**NAVIGATOR**

But sir, you are anything but fit to fight. Wouldn’t it be better for me to fight in your stead…

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

And have me try to convince my newly made enemies that I am not a lying, cheating criminal? I can assure you that is a fool’s errand. If anyone can convince them now, it’ll be you.

**NAVIGATOR**

Yes, well, but…

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

That is an order!

The Navigator pauses, his eyes showing a dying smolder of protest. Finally, he nods.

**NAVIGATOR**

Right, then. You fight, and I’ll talk…

Yorrick smiles, nods back, and he limps away, then he stops.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

By the way, have you seen him?

The navigator cocks his head, and then responds:

**NAVIGATOR**

I believe that he was headed to the armory.

The Navigator then runs off in the other direction, to go forth and convince the crew on board of the truth.

**INT. THE ARMORY OF THE GHOST MARAUDER**

Admiral Fargis is assembling a gun from the various parts stored in the armory. He is seething in anger.

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

Why can’t I get some damn help when I need it?

Yorrick then limps in, determined to fight Fargis. As soon as he goes in, Fargis shoots Yorrick in the left shoulder, and at the same time, Yorrick throws his blade at Fargis.

Yorrick, due to the hit on his shoulder, collapses (due to the loss of his supporting arm), and Fargis tries to recover from his gun arm being damaged by the blade being thrown.

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

You were always a blight on me, you pathetic lowlife! Why won’t you just DIE!?

Yorrick is slowly getting up and so, he runs forward, trying desperately to contain the ocean of pain in his ever-increasingly frail jar of constitution.

Fargis too, gets up, but he instead attempts to reload one-handed, only to be tackled by Yorrick.

Yorrick finally pins Fargis down.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I only have six words for you…LEAVE. MY. SHIP. AND. CREW. ALONE.

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

You were only a naïve moron, who fell for everything!

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

And you, sir, are a Bastard!

Yorrick punches Fargis squarely in the jaw.

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

After all I did for you…After the position of power I gave you…

Fargis starts to lose composure, and Yorrick nods his head in disgust.

Just then, the Navigator comes in with a detachment of marines, and they approach the two.

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

Finally, someone who can bring some justice!

The navigator points to the two.

**NAVIGATOR**

Marines! Arrest the Admiral for High Treason and Conspiracy!

The Admiral’s Mind starts to break. To him, this is impossible.

**ADMIRAL FARGIS**

No…no…

The marines then surround the two, but as Yorrick gets up, the Admiral tries one last time to kill him. The marines there, however, end up apprehending the admiral.

**FADE TO:**

**INT. THE CAPTAIN’S QUARTERS**

It is about half an hour later, and Yorrick is sitting down, being examined by two medical marines, who are tending to his wounds.

The Navigator then comes to Yorrick.

**NAVIGATOR**

I have both the Admiral and the evidence of his villainy safely secure.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Thank you, navigator…

**NAVIGATOR**

Will that be all?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Just one more thing.

**NAVIGATOR**

Ask, and ye shall receive.

Yorrick smiles.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Set a course for Rennigan’s Aisles.

**NAVIGATOR**

Very good, sir.

**EXT. OUTER SPACE**

The Ghost Marauder makes a wide turn and starts to sail full speed ahead to the Aisles.

**EXT. THE FLOATING HARBOUR OF RENNIGAN’S AISLES—EVENING**

The Ghost Marauder slowly docks at the harbor in the same location, with the magnetic arms attaching to where they are meant to be.

The doors of the front left side open up again, and subsequently the ramp deploys as well. Coming out of the ship is CAPTAIN YORRICK and THE NAVIGATOR; the latter is assisting the former out of the ship.

They proceed to walk towards the exit of the docks.

**EXT. THE MAIN SQUARE OF RENNIGAN’S AISLES—EVENING**

The Captain and Navigator take a walk towards the nearest bench, in order to take a break from the traveling.

Both are seated and soon, the Captain takes both his sword and scabbard, and gives them to the Navigator.

**NAVIGATOR**

Wh…What are you…doing?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I thank you for your assistance, even in my darkest hour, but now, I must walk alone.

**NAVIGATOR**

What do you mean?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

My blade is yours, and consequently so is my ship.

**NAVIGATOR**

I…can’t accept this.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I’m not going to debate this with you, Crawley, you are Captain now; I am retired.

**NAVIGATOR**

Look, I know that I was suspicious of you, and I’m sorry. I was afraid that we were doing something wrong.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

We *were* doing something wrong. I only became a privateer in order to get a job, to get money. I may be rich now, but I still stole from many innocent lives and…

**NAVIGATOR**

*We* did. The sum of you, your crew and I were responsible for these…endeavors.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Don’t sugar coat it, Crawley; they were crimes, offenses to Morality, Law, Innocence and my own conscience.

A slight pause.

**NAVIGATOR**

So what do you plan on doing?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I plan on visiting my dying father and making peace with him. I do have one request for you, though.

**NAVIGATOR**

Name anything, and it shall be done.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Do you swear upon it?

A slight pause.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Crawley. I need you to swear that you will carry this out.

The Navigator lowers his eyes.

**NAVIGATOR**

Aye. I swear upon my honor that I will carry out what you wish.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Good.

Yorrick takes a deep sigh. This is the end and he knows it.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I am going to make peace with my father. In the meantime, I need you to take my…*your* ship, and fly to the Capitol.

**NAVIGATOR**

Okay.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

There you will seek and audience with the Empress of the system, and explain what has transpired these past few days. And finally I want you to seek out my arrest.

The Navigator looks up, darting his eyes at him.

**NAVIGATOR**

What?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You heard me.

**NAVIGATOR**

I…I…can’t do that. I won’t—

The air seems to fill with aggression.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You promised! Don’t you dare go back on it!

**NAVIGATOR**

No, no! I can’t do this! Not to you…

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Come on, Crawley, don’t start. You heard me, now do it!

**NAVIGATOR**

NO! You’re, You’re, YOU’RE BLOODY CRAZY! I CAN’T—

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

THAT IS AN ORDER!

The Navigator stops his impending tirade, crestfallen.

**NAVIGATOR**

Yes…Yes, sir.

The Navigator gets up, blade in hand, and faces the Captain.

He salutes the Captain, who subsequently does the same, and then he leaves.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Oh, and Crawley?

The Navigator stops abruptly.

**NAVIGATOR**

Yes?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Take good care of the ship, will ya? She’s been through a *lot* lately, and I’m gonna miss her.

The Navigator forces a smirk.

**NAVIGATOR**

I will.

The Navigator then heads towards the ship, and Yorrick heads to Flynn Avenue; the former resumes his crestfallen attitude, when doing so, while the latter limps away.

**INT. THE BAR OF THE INN, KNOWN AS THE SLY SPARROW INN**

‘Tis the same place that Yorrick visited the last time, only now it is largely empty. TANIA is still there, wiping the bar, and it is to her that Yorrick approaches.

Yorrick sits on one of the barstools, and Tania looks up, surprised at the former Captain’s presence.

**TANIA**

You’re already…back. So soon.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You seem so surprised.

**TANIA**

You had been away for three years, and *now* you decide to visit more often?

Yorrick sighs, ready for the floodgate of what he is about to say.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Listen, Tania, I’m kind of in a hurry.

**TANIA**

Oh?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I need…to see my father.

**TANIA**

Well, if he’s still alive, he should be at your old house in the lower decks of the Aisles.

Yorrick places down a few coins and begins to leave. Tania, confused starts to go after him.

**TANIA**

Leaving so soon?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Yes, why?

**TANIA**

So you’re just gonna walk out? You threw some coins, but you didn’t *buy* ANYTHING!

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You know that message that you told me to see in private?

**TANIA**

Yes?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I watched it—admittedly *not* in private—and yeah, he had big enough eyes that I couldn’t say “no.”

Tania smiles.

**TANIA**

Finally glad that you came to your senses.

Yorrick chuckles at the comment.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You’re right, I was indeed…blinded. I blame my eyepatch.

Both are in good spirits at first, but then Yorrick’s smile fades; he is a prodigal son, whose fate is still uncertain.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I must be going.

Yorrick starts to walk off.

**TANIA**

Uh, Igor?

Yorrick stops.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Yes?

**TANIA**

The house is that way.

Tania points to the door opposite of Yorrick’s direction.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Right.

**EXT. KAYE BVLD—EVENING**

Yorrick slowly limps away, toward one of the edges of the city. This particular district is struggling to survive; there is at least one thrift store, a few pawn shops, and a barber.

Captain Yorrick the goes to the end of the street, which comprises of an edge, and a TUBE ELEVATOR; this is made of a long glass column, a glass-like elevator cab within, and a booth in front.

Yorrick approaches the man in the booth, taking out a few coins.

**MAN IN BOOTH**

Destination, sir?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

The lower decks of the Aisles…near Jacob’s hill.

Yorrick place a few coins in front of the Man in the Booth.

**INT. THE TUBE ELEVATOR CAB—LATE EVENING**

Yorrick stands in a semi-egg shaped structure, with a flat bottom; this tube is slowly taking him down. The ride itself is mostly smooth, with occasional rough spots, but Yorrick is able to remain standing throughout the ride.

During the ride, Yorrick looks longingly towards his destination, though he does not actually see said destination. In his eyes there is a sense of fear and guilt, for he is hesitant to meet his father for the first time.

Meanwhile, Yorrick begins to take off his ARMOR, as he has no more need for such an apparatus.

**EXT. THE LOWER AISLES OF RENNIGAN’S AISLES—TWILIGHT**

Next to the tube elevator is a TRASH BIN containing Yorrick’s ARMOR. And in the far distance from the said bin is Yorrick himself limping away towards Jacob’s Hill.

**EXT. JACOB’S WAY—TWILIGHT**

Yorrick is limps towards his father’s house on Jacob’s hill in a street that has more nature like elements such as trees and fields. As he does so, a loud and ominous sound is heard, followed by a huge, shark-like ship hovering over him and the street. It is the Ghost Marauder.

Yorrick recognizes the ship and he salutes the ship in question.

**INT. THE BRIDGE OF THE GHOST MARAUDER—TWILIGHT**

Three men are at their usual stations, save for the NAVIGATOR, who is standing behind the wheel.

**NAVIGATOR**

Alright men, set a course for the Capitol.

A crewmember barges in, holding a spyglass.

**CREWMEMBER**

Captain! I think you need to see this.

The crewmember hands the navigator the spyglass in question and points to the ground.

The navigator sees Yorrick on the ground saluting.

**NAVIGATOR**

I’m gonna miss him…

The navigator lowers the spyglass, and he salutes back, even though he knows that Yorrick can’t see him.

**EXT. JACOB’S WAY—TWILIGHT**

While Yorrick salutes the ship, it starts to fly away, gaining in both volume of sound and speed as it flies away towards the sunset.

After it leaves, Yorrick leaves, limping toward the house on the hill.

**EXT. THE HOUSE ON JACOB’S HILL—TWILIGHT**

Yorrick walks to the hill in question, where the house is. It is a meager white house, complete with decorative pillars.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You better damn well be there…

Yorrick climbs up the hill, one step at a time.

**INT. THE BREAKFAST ROOM OF THE HOUSE—TWILIGHT**

The house here has wooden crates packed here and there. And in the middle of the Breakfast Room is an old man, sitting at a small table. His face is bearing the pain of sickness, both physically and mentally. He sits, biding his time holding a small DAMAGED CERAMIC ALBATROSS close to his chest, like it reminded him of someone; obviously, it is the FATHER, as Yorrick is his son.

The Father stares out the window deep in thought and concern, and soon after, he hears the opening of the door.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

I told you, I’m not selling this house while I live!

The one who entered the house, Yorrick, slowly approaches his father, in a humble manner.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I did not come to sell you anything, old man.

The Father turns around, his face is confused; who is this fool of a man? Six years, with a scar in the left eye included, have obstructed the Father’s recognition of his son’s face.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

And just who do you think you are, barging into my house?

Yorrick is taken aback; clearly, he is too late to reconcile.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Oh, I am but one who, in a desperate gamble for money, sold his honor.

Yorrick begins to walk away, broken. His father, however, is not going to let this end so quickly.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

Those words. Where did you hear them, young man?

Yorrick feels the spark that he just left his father. With that in mind, he turns around.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I heard them from a great man; one with whom I have wronged.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

What do you mean?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

As an ex-miner, I was desperate for money. So I sold my honor, or so he said. But after all, what father wants to see his son grow up a plunderer of the innocent’s riches.

Yorrick’s Father then drops the CERAMIC ALBATROSS. It is shattered beyond recognition.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

My…son…

Yorrick is having a hard time not falling on his knees in shame. His head however does give in.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I’m sorry…

Yorrick’s father walk up to him, putting his hands on his son’s shoulders. Joy is welling up within him like a water under high pressure, ready to break the dam in a few seconds.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

I have seen the years and seasons change. But it is only now that my winter has thawed.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I…I have no idea what you’re talking about…

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

Do you have any idea just how much I missed you?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

But I...I ran away thinking I could better myself…

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

It matters not anymore…

He coughs.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

I am just glad that I can see you for at least one last time…

**INT. THE BREAKFAST ROOM OF THE HOUSE—A LITTLE LATER IN THE NIGHT**

Yorrick is sitting down at the said table, tracing the contours of the wood grain, and wathing this rather mundane spectacle with eyes that speak of resignation.

While Yorrick is sitting and pondering, his father comes in, holding a tray full of breakfast items such as milk, toast and some oatmeal.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I don’t understand…

His father smirks.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

Look, I won’t live much longer. Can’t you just let me be a father one last time?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

But I killed many, and I ruined many more! Why must I be welcomed with open arms?

His father puts the items on the tray on the table.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

I remember quite clearly when you were born. I held you in my arms, and when I looked at those once beady and innocent eyes, I was enrapture with joy and fear all the same. You were the happiest thing to ever happen in my life, and yet you were the scariest as well. I still see that child’s face in you, and to know that you came back for me, it has filled a void that six years’ worth of sadness has dug. If there’s anything I want you to know here, it’s that I never saw you as anything less than a bright star in my night sky. After your mother passed away, you kept me going, filled with purpose.

Yorrick takes a bite of toast.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

And besides, it was fun to pick on you. You were always so…

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Gullible.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

Well, I wasn’t going to say that, but…

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

It is what it is…

A slight pause.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Remember when I was six, and I thought that there was a monster in my closet.

Yorrick’s father chuckles.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

Yes, boy do I remember! You had me walk the way there, and I ended up open the door only to have a damn hammer smack me on the head!

Yorrick, in turn chuckles.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

And then in light of this, you simply said…

**BOTH**

Daddy! You got hammered.

Both laugh hearty laughs and sigh. A short pause follows.

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

You know what I’d like to hear?

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

What?

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

A song…

Yorrick furrows his brow.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

What kind of song, exactly?

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

The very same that I once sang to you…

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You really don’t mean to have me…

**YORRICK’S FATHER**

Son, please…do it for me. You had a beautiful voice and I want to hear it again…

Yorrick nods.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

*(Singing)*Captain, O Captain,

A dark storm is headed straight towards our way,

And I fear that the crew here has lost all its heart…

If we dare continue,

Undoubtedly soon, we all shall pay,

And our vessel so precious willed be ripped straight apart…

His father feels the gusto of such music, and, sitting on an empty chair and taking a CUP OF HOT TEA, he begins to sing along.

**BOTH**

*(Singing)*First mate, dear first mate,

I understand all that you say,

But have some deep faith in myself for you see

I’ve sailed the roughest and whitest of waves,

Please understand that she’ll never sink with me.

It soon came, then soon went,

Tossing the ship every which way,

Many a plank and a panel were battered so hard,

But the ship stood so firm and lasted to the day,

And had gotten nary a deep-dark scar.

Yorrick’s Father’s Voice trails off towards the end; apparently, he has fallen asleep, slowly and gradually.

**BOTH**

*(Singing, with the Father gradually fading)*

Captain, O Captain,

I should have had more faith,

I could hug you, I could lift you,

But you are not in your place,

Nor anywhere else, for I cannot find you.

Yorrick takes note of the fading voice, and assumes that his father is sleeping. He walks over to him, and noticing his SMILE on his slumbering face, Yorrick mirrors it.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

It’s been a while since I’ve seen you like this…

In light of this, Yorrick tries to remove the cup of tea that his father has over his lap, burn in the process, burns himself and spills over said lap.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Ow! Dammit!

After such a reaction, Yorrick notices that his father isn’t reacting to the hot tea in his lap. Yorrick feels like a bomb has exploded in his mind, and he is stunned for a moment, complete with the deafening ringing of the ears and his eyes like they were lenses used to inscribe the moment in his very soul.

Yorrick comes to, but he doesn’t yet accept the fact that his father is gone. He begins to slap him to and fro.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Dad? Are you okay? DAD?

Yorrick starts to shake his father gently. His breathing gets heavy.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

DAD! Wake up…please…

Yorrick then begins to shake his father violently.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

DAD! WAKE UP!

Yorrick, having finally lost his reason, punches his father’s arm.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Dammit, dad, wake up…

The thought of his father’s death finally gets to him, and now that it dawns upon him, he backs up, until he hits a wall. The same man who managed to bluff his way out of Talon Jack’s talons is now completely broken by the death of his father.

With his back upon the wall, Yorrick buries his hand in his face and he begins to weep, as he is slowly sliding down. He can no longer stand in light of this.

**EXT. THE BURIAL GROUNDS OF RENNIGAN’S AISLES—DAWN**

Yorrick falls on his knees before the tomb of his father. He wears a black suit instead of his military outfit, and is a bit more composed and has recovered considerably, but he still feels the sting of the loss.

While he is sobbing a little, he leaves a rose, paying his respects, and then he leaves.

**INT. A BACK OF A CHAPEL—MORNING**

Yorrick is sitting on a pew staring at the ground. He feels the hole in his heart, just like the chapel that he is in.

After a while, a man in MILITARY GARB enters the chapel. After blessing himself, he approaches Yorrick, and he taps the former captain’s shoulder.

**MILITARY ENVOY**

*(Whispering)* Captain Yorrick?

Yorrick turns to him.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Why do you address me in such a manner?

The envoy simply signals for Yorrick to follow and begins to walk out of the chapel. Yorrick proceeds to follow; his face is in total resignation, and is ready to face the consequences of his illicit profession.

**EXT. THE FRONT OF THE CHAPEL—LATE MORNING**

Yorrick and the Envoy are walking away from the front of the chapel, when The Envoy gives him a LETTER, complete with a red envelope with gold trim, and an official looking seal.

Yorrick looks at the envelope, and then at the envoy.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

What is this?

**MILITARY ENVOY**

A letter of invitation…straight from the empress…

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

To?

**MILITARY ENVOY**

Return to the navy…

Yorrick raises his eyebrows, tilts his head slightly down, and nearly drops his jaw open.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You…cannot be serious…

**MILITARY ENVOY**

How about you read the letter.

Yorrick opens the letter and he reads the contents therein silently. It reads as illogical, given that Yorrick was expected to get arrested.

He looks up at the envoy.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

But…Why?

**MILITARY ENVOY**

Captain Crawley told everything to the Empress, and oddly enough, she was impressed. She wants you back as a captain, because she knows that piracy is rampant, and because you were one, you might make for the perfect pirate hunter…

Yorrick gives a look of death, like he was wronged and someone is going to die.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

The Incomparable BASTARD!

The Envoy is startled to the point of grabbing his blade instinctively ready to draw his blade.

Yorrick’s rage melts into a somewhat hampered chuckle.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I could kiss him!

The Envoy calms down, releasing his grip on his blade. He had held on it so tight, the one could almost hear the blade choke and cough once it was released.

Yorrick then hugs the Envoy, who, in turn is confused with the gesture.

**MILITARY ENVOY**

Oh. Hello there.

Yorrick then lifts him up, getting a little carried away.

**MILITARY ENVOY**

Okay. Please stop.

Yorrick realizes what he is doing, and he puts the envoy down, and releases his grip on said envoy. He then helps straighten out the envoy’s jacket, and even dusts him off.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

Sorry, this was the first time I had something *good* happen to me.

**MILITARY ENVOY**

I understand…

They continue to walk.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

What happens now?

**MILITARY ENVOY**

We go to the ship.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You mean my ship?

**MILITARY ENVOY**

That’s the one.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

You mean the Ghost Marauder?

The Envoy rolls eyes.

**MILITARY ENVOY**

Yeeeees.

Yorrick looks down.

**CAPTAIN YORRICK**

I…I don’t understand…

The Envoy looks at him. Clearly Yorrick is a complete weirdo.

**MILITARY ENVOY**

Cleary, I don’t either…

**EXT. THE MAIN ROAD OF RACKHAM WAY—DAY**

The two approach a RAIL CARRIAGE, a cross between a Victorian Carriage, and a small train, which has been waiting for them.

As they approach the rail carriage, the door opens and the military envoy signals for Yorrick to go first.

**MILITARY ENVOY**

Welcome back, sir.

Yorrick smirks as he enters the carriage, with the envoy following him in. The door then closes and they ride off to the docks in the upper levels in Renningan’s Aisles.

**INT. THE BREAKFAST ROOM OF THE HOUSE—DAY**

On the table in the breakfast room is a picture frame, containing Yorrick as a child, and his father, side by side, with the father around his son’s arm.

Over Yorrick’s face are several tears, as well as a tear between father and son, all now repaired by tape, though the marks are still visible.

**FADE OUT.**

**THE END**