

RENEGADE SKIES

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TEASER

1 EXT. NUSQUAM'S SHIP - EVENING 1

A lone ship is approaching a storm, ahead of them towers a cumulonimbus cloud, alive with lightning flashes. The cloud sea below them appears to be spinning, much like a whirlpool, and viscous winds tear at the sails.

An old leather-bound book is open to a page with an illustration of The Great Kraken, complete with directions to its location.

NUSQUAM
We're nearly there! Prepare the
soul!

NUSQUAM (50s, a pirate captain in a black tattered coat with eyes like shards of ice) stands at the fore of the ship facing the oncoming storm. He closes the book and hands it to someone behind him without glancing back.

NUSQUAM (CONT'D)
Return it to my quarters.

Blood drips onto the book cover as someone takes it...

GRIMACE (30s, a woman with dark hair and a freshly bloodied empty eye socket) takes the book and heads to the captain's quarters.

2 INT. NUSQUAM'S QUARTERS - EVENING 2

Grimace is visibly nervous as she enters the quarters. Once inside, she looks around frantically, making sure she is alone. She re-opens the book to the page with The Kraken, hastily tears it out, and stuffs it in a sheathe attached to her belt. She closes the book and returns it to a large locked chest at the foot of a bed.

3 EXT. NUSQUAM'S SHIP - EVENING 3

As she leaves the captain's quarters, the deck is alive with activity as the crew prepares. There is an air of urgency and stifled fear as Grimace moves across the deck. She tries to slink by unnoticed, acting casual as she leaves the deck and moves downstairs.

4 INT. LOWER DECK - EVENING

4

She hurries to a cluster of one-man powerboats, small steam-powered paddle steamers, carefully stored. She begins hurriedly preparing one, occasionally glancing over her shoulder to make sure she is alone.

CREWMATE

Hey! What do you think you're-

Grimace turns to see a crewmate at the stairs. He starts to approach and she launches a harpoon through his neck. As he collapses, a commotion sounds from above and Grimace throws open a side hatch of the ship and shoves the boat out of it, leaping inside.

5 EXT. DEEP SKY WHIRLPOOL OUTSKIRTS - EVENING

5

As she starts to speed away, a particularly bright bolt of lightning illuminates the cumulonimbus behind her, casting the massive shadow of The Great Kraken across Grimace and the surrounding clouds. She looks up at it in horror.

CUT TO BLACK.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

6 EXT. TAVERN - NIGHT

6

A raggedy old tavern sits not far from the lower docs. A low fog is creeping along the cobblestone paths and dirt paths, and all around it are run-down and abandoned buildings. A cloaked and hooded figure is approaching the tavern, one of the only buildings with lights on. The man nearly blends in with the surrounding darkness.

LEGEND: "ONE YEAR LATER."

7 INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

7

Inside the tavern is crawling with pirates, criminals, and other unsavory sorts. It is crowded tonight, and drinks, gold, and games are abundant. The hooded man is making his way through the press. As he goes by, he passes a company of mercenaries in matching cloaks sporting their insignia. He deftly swipes an engraved dagger from one, and moments later uses it to slice a piece of fabric off another's cloak.

The hooded man reaches the center of the crowd and looks up. Above him LOBSTER LEGS(40s, a shabby-looking pirate with a lobster claw in place of a hand) is poised atop a table, cup of grog raised on high, relaying his latest venture to a rapt audience.

LOBSTER LEGS

We had 'em right where we wanted
'em. Me an' me hearties swung down
on their deck and got to mincin'.
That was when I saw the lad. Duke
Rainguard's own son, and he went at
me with a cutlass! Needless to say,
I cleaved him to the brisket and
sent him off to feed the fishies.
Sure left behind some nice
trinkets, though.

Lobster Legs pulls out a gold pendant inlaid with precious jewels. It bears a serpent, the symbol of House Rainguard. The crowd whistles and murmurs at the sight of it.

LOBSTER LEGS (CONT'D)

LOBSTER LEGS (CONT'D)

With all his loot maybe I'll buy
meself a new ship. One with at
least 20 cannons, and a gold trim.

(MORE)

LOBSTER LEGS (CONT'D)
 Maybe even one that'll travel down
 to the Deep, find myself some real
 treasure.

PIRATE 1
 Like you'd ever have the guts to go
 down there, Lobster. Not unless you
 want a few more lobster limbs.

LOBSTER LEGS
 Who said anything 'bout me going?
 With the dukeling's fortune I'll be
 able to send some poor idiot like
 yourself down there for me.

PIRATE 1
 Not a chance.

LOBSTER LEGS
 Just you wait an' see. Few more
 scores like this one an' I'll have
 me own fleet to command.

PIRATE 1
 Ha! A fleet of crustations, sure.
 I'll drink to that.

LOBSTER LEGS
 Aye, let's not let the dukeling's
 sacrifice go to waste!

The gathered listeners cheer as more drinks make their way
 through the crowd, and Lobster Legs draped the pendant over
 his neck.

LOBSTER LEGS (CONT'D)
 Now if you sorry lot'll excuse me,
 I've got some more fancy cufflinks
 to spend.

Lobster Legs pulls some cufflinks out of his pocket and
 tosses them to the enthusiastic crowd. He makes his way
 through the patrons, unwittingly bumping shoulders with the
 hooded man, and leaves the tavern.

8 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

8

Lobster Legs leaves the tavern and stumbles down an alley,
 drunk and whistling a shanty.

He steps into the light of a red lantern hanging over a
 brothel door, and he reaches for the door handle.

A shadow detaches from the darkness behind him, and a dagger pierces his neck. As blood spills out of his shocked face, he falls forward, revealing EREBUS (30s, clad in dark leathers and his hooded cloak, his rugged red hair and bearded face now visible in the lantern light).

EREBUS
Some advice, from one unfortunate
soul to the next-

Erebus kneels and retrieves the bloodied pendant from Lobster Legs' corpse. The dagger sticking out of his neck is the one Erebus stole in the tavern.

EREBUS (CONT'D)
-stay away from Them, it never ends
well. Bottom feeders like you and I
should know our place.

He places the stolen scrap of fabric in Lobster Leg's claw.

EREBUS (CONT'D)
Right, Crabby?

He pats the body, then steps back.

EREBUS (CONT'D)
...Or whatever your name was.

He leaves, walking back into the darkness.

9 EXT. HOUSE OF FIRE - NIGHT 9

A run-down building is nestled in the slums near the Southern Docks. A red circle is painted on its door. Erebus enters the building.

10 INT. HOUSE OF FIRE - NIGHT 10

Inside is a mostly empty single room, ripe with cobwebs and dust. Erebus kicks aside a moth-eaten rug, revealing a trap door. He opens it, and climbs down the ladder, shutting the door and rug above him.

11 INT. HOUSE OF FIRE CAVE - NIGHT 11

Below the hatch is a short tunnel leading to a cave. Within is a gathering of mercenaries, many gambling or drinking or passed out. Erebus walks in and dumps the pendant and a red card on The Dealer's desk.

EREBUS
Bounty for Duke Rainguard.

THE DEALER(a hulking man shrouded in shadows with piercing orange eyes) accepts the items and returns a bag of coins. Erebus counts them.

EREBUS (CONT'D)
This is barely half the bounty.

The Dealer watches him silently.

LOGI
"K" is taking a larger cut.

LOGI (40s, a man with long black hair who's clad entirely in red) approaches The Dealer's desk. He stands uncomfortably close to Erebus.

EREBUS
Logi.

Logi does a mock bow and grins, but the smile does not reach his eyes.

LOGI
He needs it for a project. Of course, if you have a problem with that, you're welcome to take it up with Kazimir. I'll see him myself in a few days, I'm sure he'd love to hear from you.

Erebus flinches at the name. He reluctantly turns back to The Dealer.

EREBUS
Fine. I'll need another job then.
Whatever you have.

The Dealer fans out a few bounties on the desk. Logi leans over Erebus.

LOGI
Tch, tch. Looks like there's no more jobs for you. Ooh, plenty of political hits and petty criminals, though.

Erebus scowls.

EREBUS
I don't kill innocents.

LOGI

Well, looks like you don't have
much of a choice.

Erebus gets up to leave. He shoves past Logi and heads for
the ladder.

LOGI (CONT'D)

Well, well. And here I thought you
still had some loyalty to your
clan. A debt to pay, if I recall.
Mouths to feed, medicines to buy.
How easily you give up on them.

Erebus freezes in his tracks, and Logi smiles. He motions for
The Dealer to pull out one last bounty.

LOGI (CONT'D)

Of course, there is still one job
that fits with your...moral qualms.
It is, however, rather unorthodox-

Logi grins wider as Erebus returns to the desk, pointedly
ignoring him as he faces The Dealer.

EREBUS

Show it to me.

The Dealer takes out a wanted poster and places it on the
desk. It reads "Captain Atlas", with an illustration of him
and a bounty of 500 R.

EREBUS (CONT'D)

You're kidding. Who posted this
hit, the king? Half the Guard is
already looking for this guy, how
am I supposed to find him?

LOGI

And here I thought you were up for
a challenge.

The Dealer places a red card on the desk. It reads: "Target:
Pirate Atlas
Location Provided: Abandoned South Docks at dawn"

LOGI (CONT'D)

Looks like he's made an enemy out
of more than just His Highness.

EREBUS

And someone close to him, who won't
do the job themselves. I don't like
this.

The Dealer flips the red card and taps where it shows the
client's bounty. 1,041 R.

EREBUS (CONT'D)

...I'll take it.

12

EXT. ABANDONED SOUTH DOCKS - PRE-DAWN

12

Decrepit, abandoned piers sprawl out along the edge of the
island. A tide of fog has swallowed the entirety of the empty
buildings bordering the docks. A lone wooden lighthouse
penetrates the mist, though it looks as though it has not
shed light in a very long time.

Erebus is perched atop a nearby cliff, crouching in the
shadow of a tree as he surveys the docks below him.

A shadow moves amidst the fog, not far from the lighthouse.
Erebus scales down the cliff in seconds, landing silently on
the ground. He begins slinking towards the tower, hugging the
sides of buildings with his hand at the ready on his sword.

The fog becomes denser as Erebus advances, and soon he can't
see more than a couple of meters ahead. The vague silhouettes
of immediate buildings and the lighthouse are all that is
visible.

Erebus ducks behind a building and produces a firepot, a type
of volatile hand grenade, from a pocket and turns to launch
it toward the lighthouse. It explodes on impact at the base
of the lighthouse, causing it to catch fire and illuminating
briefly the silhouette of a man before he runs away towards
the piers.

Erebus immediately pursues, drawing his sword as he follows.
By the time he rounds the last building before the docks, he
has lost sight of the man. He looks frantically around the
empty docs, until a haunting melody begins to travel through
the mist.

Drawn by the melody, Erebus approaches one of the piers. As
he continues cautiously forward, the melody shapes itself
into a song, and the silhouette of a figure becomes visible
through the fog, just beyond the edge of the pier.

Erebus reaches the edge of the pier, seemingly in a trance. Just as he begins to step over the edge into empty sky, a second shape appears behind him. He is struck over the head.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

13 EXT. ATLAS' SHIP - MORNING

13

Erebus regains consciousness tied to the bowsprit of a ship. He is far out in open sky, fish swim in the air not far away, and all around him is an endless sea of clouds. Erebus begins to struggle violently.

ATLAS (V.O.)

Ah, so you're awake! About time.

ATLAS (30s, a man with sky-blue hair, an elaborate coat, and an even more elaborate mustache) is posed at the front of the ship above Erebus, his chin in his hands and his boots kicking idly in the air.

ATLAS

You know, I've always wondered what it must be like to be a figurehead. Do tell me, the view must be to *die* for.

EREBUS

Ugh- what happened?

ATLAS

A siren happened- after you tried to assassinate me, that is.

Atlas stands up and walks down the bowsprit until he is just above Erebus. He produces the wanted poster from his coat pocket and squats to show it to Erebus.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

Found this on you after I went through the trouble of saving your life. I must say, I am disappointed. I had hoped I'd be worth more.

(Sigh)

Guess I'll just have to commit some more crime to really get my value up there.

EREBUS

Look, I'm worth more alive than dead. If you kill me, more will come after you. But in exchange for my life, I'd be willing to hunt down your enemy, free of charge-

ATLAS

Oh, don't worry about it! All is forgiven.

EREBUS

I- what?

ATLAS

In fact, since you're here, and you made such an impression with your technique--I mean, arson, really, quite the novel technique for a stealth operation--I've decided to offer you a job! A place aboard my ship! An adventure ripe with daring, danger, and doubloons!

EREBUS

...I don't think I follow. I just tried to kill you, why offer me a job?

ATLAS

I said I was impressed. Besides, everyone aboard this ship has tried to kill me at least once.

Atlas draws his sword lightning-fast and holds it under Erebus' chin.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

But once is all you get, else I'll carve a treasure map in your flesh and use your organs as fishing line. Savvy?

EREBUS

...savvy.

Atlas sheaths his sword.

ATLAS

Great! Ready to meet the crew?

EREBUS

(reluctantly)

Aye.

Erebus, now untied from the bowsprit, follows Atlas onto the deck facing the crew.

ATLAS

Ahoy, scallywags! Prepare to meet
our newest stray...

(to Erebus)

Do you have a name?

EREBUS

Yes-

ATLAS

Nice! Anyways, this is our
assassin. Assassin, meet the crew!

BIG JOE (40s, a hulking man with prominent scars and a network of tattoos, mostly fish-related) waves, and FISH FACE (20's, a man with a hook and a decided lack of fish-related paraphernalia) gives a thumbs up.

BIG JOE

Hello!

Erebus hesitantly waves back, as Atlas grabs his other arm and tugs him along.

ATLAS

And this of course is First Mate
Grimace. You can go to her if you
have any questions, and she might
even help you!

Grimace, the woman from the teaser, glares at Erebus. She now wears an eyepatch with a faded scar still visible beneath it, and she carries with her an aura of intimidation.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

You'll have a chance to meet all
the others tonight. Speaking of-
(to the crew)

Alright, maties! We're approaching
land. Now that we've collected our
murderous soul, let's see how
useful he really is.

Atlas elbows Erebus.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

Get yourselves ready for a supplies
raid and some light pillaging,
'afore we head off to conquer The
Deep!

The pirate crew cheers uproariously, while Erebus' face contorts in horror.

EREBUS
We're going *where*?

Atlas is grinning like a madman.

ATLAS
I promised you adventure, didn't I?
(to the crew)
To your stations, and prepare the
canons!

The ship comes alive with the frantic, excited activity of the crew as Erebus' expression settles into one of dread.

15 EXT. GUARD DOCKS - DAY

15

The ship stops at a pristine harbor, filled with the classic white-and-gold painted ships of The Guard. The fog is unusually thick, obscuring Atlas' ship from The Guard compound.

ATLAS
Drop anchor, hearties! We've
arrived.

EREBUS
Hang on, you're stealing the
supplies from *The Guard*?

ATLAS
Of course! They don't need it.
What, did you think I would steal
from some poor, defenseless
civilians? Tsk, where are your
morals, Assassin.

Atlas swings down from the ship with a rope and begins issuing orders as the others follow suit.

ATLAS (CONT'D)
Alright you lot, load up the ship
with everything you can. Grim's in
charge until I return, I've got an
errand to run in the compound.

Erebus' eyes widen, he's got a plan.

EREBUS
Wait-

Erebus lands clumsily on the shore and catches Atlas' arm.

EREBUS (CONT'D)

Let me help. You shouldn't go into the heart of The Guard's compound alone, and you could use someone with my skills in there. Besides, I don't know what to... steal.

ATLAS

Look at you, proving yourself useful already! And call it long-term borrowing. We're not criminals! It's all paid for by taxes anyway.

EREBUS

You pay taxes?

ATLAS

...no.

Grimace appears by Atlas' side, shooting Erebus a look.

GRIMACE

I'll go, too.

ATLAS

Nonsense, Grim! I need you to take charge of the crew while I'm off.

Atlas is already striding away, Erebus in tow. He waves goodbye to Grimace as he goes. Grimace watches him leave silently, as various crew members pass by her hauling random crap.

16 INT. GUARD COMPOUND - DAY

16

Atlas and Erebus stow into the compound through a window. Within, they sneak silently down the halls, Atlas in the lead. They come upon two Guard, facing away down a hall. Before Atlas can act, Erebus is upon them. He strikes one over the head with his pommel and chokes the other until they collapse.

Eventually, they reach a heavy wooden door, clearly locked.

Atlas lifts his foot, ready to kick down the door. Erebus hurries in front of him, arms outstretched.

EREBUS

(shout-whispering)

Woah woah, what are you doing? Are you trying to get us caught?

Atlas crosses his arms, his chest puffed out.

ATLAS

Well, do you have a better idea?

Erebus silently takes out a set of lockpicks and begins working at the door. Within seconds it clicks unlocked and he gently pushes the door open. He crosses his own arms, giving Atlas an unimpressed look.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

Oh, well, bravo! That is a neat trick.

Atlas mimes clapping as he steps past Erebus into the room. Erebus lets the door catch him on the way in.

17 INT. GUARD WAR ROOM - DAY

17

Inside the room is dominated by a massive table dotted with miniature units and flags atop a large map. Atlas makes a beeline to the table. Erebus glances around the room, taking note of the thick walls and dead quiet of the insulated room. He is alone with Atlas, and he draws his dagger.

ATLAS

Here we are! The most up-to-date map of the world- at least here in Lanticus. Ooh, and a fancy paperweight to go with it!

Atlas rolls up the map along with a particularly elaborate paperweight, as Erebus draws closer with his dagger. Erebus is mere inches away from Atlas, who is busy inspecting one of the miniatures, when a commotion sounds from outside and the building shakes with the impact of a cannonball.

Moments later, a squad of Guard burst through the doorway, weapons at the ready. Without hesitation, Atlas hurls the paperweight through a window and grabs hold of Erebus.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

Run! Now!

Erebus follows Atlas through the window.

18 EXT. GUARD DOCKS - DAY

18

Outside the crew is engaged in battle by the now-exposed ship. Cannonballs are flying from both sides.

Atlas and Erebus land just outside the fray, and Atlas immediately charges into the midst of it. Erebus curses under his breath as he follows.

Atlas moves through the melee with ease and flair, like a dancer moving across a floor. He spins to parry one blow and turns back just as fast to drive his blade through another.

In contrast, Erebus fights like a cornered animal. His blows are heavy and seemingly sporadic, though he fights with skill and practice.

Together they carve their way through the combat, until there's enough of an opening for Atlas to dash ahead. Erebus follows as they head towards a collection of docked powerboats with steam-powered paddlewheels.

Atlas slides to a halt by an especially nice model, and begins to hotwire it.

ATLAS

We'll lead a good chunk of them
away, make it a more even fight.

Atlas finishes as a sizable group of Guard break off from the fray and charge towards them. Atlas gestures to the boat.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

Hop in, mate.

Erebus climbs into the boat and holds on to Atlas for dear life as he starts the engine and tears off from the docks at full speed. The Guard squad that followed them frantically begin to board their own boats.

19

EXT. SHATTERED SKIES - DAY

19

Atlas steers their vessel into a nearby network of canyons known as the Shattered Skies. Many of the chasms are narrow and the occasional rocks tumble down from above to tear a hole in the blanket of clouds below them.

The Guard are hot on their tail, and Atlas is steering like a madman.

EREBUS

They're gaining on us.

ATLAS

(cheerfully)
Sure are!

Behind them, guns begin to fire. Erebus looks at Atlas, very concerned.

ATLAS (CONT'D)
What? You think this is the first
time I've stolen from The Guard?

Atlas tears around another bend of the canyons. He is intentionally cutting corners close, as well as avoiding falling rocks. His steering does cause a pursuant or two to crash, but there are still several chasing them.

Erebus begins taking out his throwing knives and launching them at the Guard on the nearest boats, doing his best to aim despite Atlas' wild steering. He manages to take out two more before Atlas makes a series of abrupt turns through a particularly narrow tangle of chasms, ultimately flying into an almost indistinguishable crack in the canyon stone, which soon opens into a wide cavern.

20

INT. ATLAS' STASH - DAY

20

The cave is massive and crowded with boats and ships of almost every size and make imaginable. Some look ancient, others brand-new.

As their stolen boat cruises to a stop, Atlas parks it near the entrance and hops out, offering Erebus a hand. Erebus is taking in the cavern in wide-eyed disbelief.

EREBUS
What is this place?

ATLAS
I decided long ago that I would
need a place to stash my...
borrowed items.

Atlas gestures widely to the horde of ships, grinning, and begins to lead Erebus further into the depths.

ATLAS (CONT'D)
It's an impressive collection,
right?

As he follows, Erebus' eyes drift from the imposing brigantine and ketches down to a particularly shabby and decrepit dinghy.

EREBUS
What reason could you have possibly
had to steal a Codbrow?

Atlas shrugs.

ATLAS

I was in a stealing mood.

Erebus eyes him.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

I hadn't stolen anything in a whole month! And it was just there, unattended, beckoning me. Honestly, I did its owner a favor.

EREBUS

Tsk. Where are your morals, Pirate.

ATLAS

(Atlas laughs)

Oh, lost somewhere far, far down in The Deep. Hey, maybe I'll find them while we're down there.

Erebus is noticeably uncomfortable at the mention of The Deep.

EREBUS

Speaking of, what're we looking for down there, exactly?

ATLAS

(Atlas hesitates)

Treasure, of course! There are untold riches down there, ripe for the taking. The best of the pirates and kings of yore hid their treasure down there, or lost it in battles with the monsters of myth. There are ruins of long-fallen kingdoms, and old cities built entirely of gold and aversite.

(Atlas gestures again to the surrounding boats)

Enough aversite to levitate a thousand ships, or buy an entire fleet.

EREBUS

If they're built all of aversite, how could they have sunk to The Deep?

ATLAS

A- oh, huh.

(beat)

(MORE)

ATLAS (CONT'D)
Well, they're all pirates' legends
anyway, we are known to exaggerate
a bit. Maybe we're even a little
prone to dramatics.

EREBUS
Really, you? Nooo.

Atlas tosses a stray moldy orange at his face.

ATLAS
Okay, sure, Pyro.

Atlas disappears behind a ship.

EREBUS
Now wait, that was just strateg-

ATLAS
That was theatrics.

He reappears atop a ship, holding a rope.

EREBUS
The fog-

ATLAS
Face it, 'Ssassin, you're already
more like us than you care to
admit.

Atlas tosses the end of the rope down to Erebus.

ATLAS (CONT'D)
You'll make a ruthless,
overdramatic, bloodthirsty marauder
in no time.

Erebus begins scaling up the rope. He climbs over the ship,
where Atlas is lighting the various lanterns on deck, facing
away from him.

EREBUS
I'm not bloodthirsty.

His hand reaches down to grip his sword hilt.

EREBUS (CONT'D)
(Under his breath,
reluctantly)
I have to do this.

Atlas is still facing away, mid-lighting a lantern, as his
expression darkens.

He is lost in thought, while over his shoulder Erebus has silently drawn his sword and begun to approach.

He moves slowly, slower than he has any need to. His heartbeat is heavy as he approaches, and his shadow cast by the light of the lanterns seems to take on a life of its own. It appears far more menacing than he as it follows alongside him, lifting its own blade.

Erebus does not want to do this, but needs to. As he hesitates, blade raised, his shadow seemingly takes control, forcing him onward. It appears to creep up his limbs and caress him forward, its own shadowy arms pushing Erebus', and his blade, towards their target.

A loud caw and a flash of firelight tears Erebus' attention away, the light dispelling the shadow, though its source is unclear. An unusual-looking ashen bird soars down from above, circling around Atlas.

Erebus shouts and jumps back, pointing his sword at the circling bird.

ATLAS

(Amused)

Relax, it's just Cinder. She's with me.

EREBUS

(Shakily)

Bird.

ATLAS

Sort of.

(He shrugs)

Anyways, Cinder's arrival means it's safe to return to the ship.

Cinder lands on Atlas as he takes a lantern and swings down from the ship. Erebus has yet to sheathe his sword, and continues to eye Cinder with the intensity of someone terrified of birds.

ATLAS (CONT'D)

Of course, we'll need something to get back in...

Atlas wanders over to VenAerus, a high-end sporty powerboat, which he leans against as he grins up at Erebus' raised eyebrows.

21 EXT. SHATTERED SKIES - SUNSET

21

Atlas and Erebus tear out of the cave on the VenAerus, blasting through the sky at full speed and leaving a scattering of clouds in their wake. Atlas steers through the canyons as wildly yet masterfully as he had done on the way there, laughing hysterically. Even Erebus, still shaken and hanging on once again for his life, manages to chuckle along with Atlas. They disappear into the clouded, red-and-gold horizon.

FADE TO:

22 EXT. OUTSIDE ATLAS' SHIP- DUSK

22

The VenAerus is parked outside Atlas' ship, with a rope hanging down from above and Cinder circling overhead.

23 EXT. ATLAS' SHIP - DUSK

23

Atlas vaults over the side of the ship with ease, landing amongst haphazard piles of stolen supplies. Erebus follows him more clumsily, more falling than landing over the gunwale.

Following Atlas' lead, they head through the maze of loot. The ship is laden with an impressive amount of "borrowed" items, including but not limited to: a carved statue of the infamous commander of the Guard, a skull of some strange creature from far away, a jar of severed hands once belonging to thieves, and a pile of assorted fancy cutlery.

An array of mismatched tables and chairs, many of which seem to be DIY jobs made of various barrels and planks, has been set up on deck and covered in numerous foodstuffs and delicacies. Beside the tables are barrels and jugs filled with various libations.

On board SIREN (androgynous, the crew's resident bard) is playing a heavily modified accordion, and many pirates are already gathered around the table while others riffle through the goods. Atlas leads Erebus to a spot at the table across from Grimace. The seat Atlas chooses is some kind of stollen throne-like chair at the head of the table, which he props his legs up on. Erebus sits on a barrel.

ATLAS

Looks like a good haul!

Grimace groans and palms her face in defeat, clearly disagreeing with his assessment.

EREBUS

Why the, um, statue? Of the
commander of the Guard?

Fish Face slides into the seat next to him, snacking on some
cherries from a bowl on the table.

FISH FACE

It's an art project.

(to Erebus)

Fish Face, at yer service.

Fish Face extends his hook for a handshake, grinning ear-to-
ear. Erebus awkwardly shakes it, quirking a smile.

FISH FACE (CONT'D)

(to Atlas)

Hey Cap, Chef says dinner's ready.

ATLAS

Then let us feast!

Atlas waves his arms in a grand gesture and the pirates cheer
as more food is brought out. The plate that lands in front of
Erebus has an unidentifiable mush with too many eyes. Erebus
discretely pushes it aside and goes for one of the table
fruits instead as Atlas makes a delighted sound and steals a
bite from his mush.

GRIMACE

(to Erebus)

What's wrong, not a fan?

EREBUS

Of food that watches me eat it?
Guess not.

Erebus chuckles, but Grimace's glare does not waver.

GRIMACE

So, *Assassin*, what made you agree
to change professions so easily?

EREBUS

What can I say? I guess my life was
missing a certain amount of daring,
danger, and- what was it?

ATLAS

Doubloons!

Atlas throws an arm around Erebus as Grimace maintains
unflinching eye contact with him. Erebus startles as a rat
climbs up his cloak.

Several more appear at the table as VERMIN (a scruffy man in a tattered cloak with rats on his shoulders) and Big Joe clamber onto seats across from Erebus.

ATLAS (CONT'D)
Ah! Assassin, this is Big Joe and Vermin

BIG JOE
Hello!

ATLAS
Joe and Vermin this is the Assassin.

EREBUS
I'm not an assassin, I'm a mercenary.

ATLAS
You're a pirate now!

FISH FACE
Welcome to the life of debauchery.

Fish Face waves a hook-impaled cherry.

EREBUS
Heh. Pretty sure I've already been living that.

BIG JOE
Not like this!

FISH FACE
There's nothing like this.

ATLAS
Abandon all prior notions of degeneracy!

FISH FACE
And welcome the outré.

Fish Face stabs an eye out of Erebus' mush and pops it into his mouth. A rat climbs onto Erebus' shoulder and stares deep into his soul.

ATLAS
Speaking of...
(to Grog)
Ahoy! Grog!

Atlas climbs atop the table and unsheathes his sword.

ATLAS (CONT'D)
Splice the mainbrace!

Atlas hurls his sword across the table. The cheer that meets his command is deafening.

GROG
Aye, aye Cap'n!

BIG JOE
Me first!

GROG(50s, a large pirate with a scar-laden chest and long greying hair) catches the sword and slices open a keg. Drinks begin to make their way around the table. The pirates begin banging their tankards on the table in rhythm.

ATLAS
Welcome to piracy, Mercenary.

Atlas clanks tankards with Erebus, and they drink. The shanty "Nimbus Nelson" begins to play.

BEGIN MONTAGE OF PARTY ON SHIP

--Erebus gets roped into a drinking game with Atlas, Big Joe, Grog, and Vermin.

--The music gets wild, and pirates start dancing and bellowing shanties.

--Erebus feeds his shoulder rat some mush.

--The statue of the Guard commander has been graffitied.

--Big Joe wins the drinking game, inexplicably still mostly sober. Vermin has started giving drinks to his rats. Grog has passed out.

--One of the dancers has donned the creature skull, Fish Face is ballroom dancing with the statue.

--Two pirates dressed in mismatched bloody Guard outfits are dueling with mops and brooms.

--Atlas drags Erebus into a very clumsy dance; the music swells and many others join the dancing around them.

--Grimace, completely sober, glares at Erebus from against a wall.

--The rats are drunk.

--Most of the pirates are passed out or part of the dancing, Atlas and Erebus are still going strong in the center of it all, Erebus is laughing and enjoying himself.

--There is a clap of thunder, and heavy rain begins to pour down.

END MONTAGE

Pirates clumsily scramble for cover. Atlas raises his fist and face to the sky.

ATLAS (CONT'D)
Tempestus! God of the Storm and
Sky, you are no match for I!

Thunder answers his challenge, and the storm worsens.

GRIMACE
Alright, Atlas, you've had enough.

Grimace appears behind Atlas, taking him by the shoulders.

GRIMACE (CONT'D)
C'mon, you've got an expedition to
lead tomorrow.

Grimace steers Atlas away toward the captain's cabin, ignoring his protests. She spares Erebus a final glare as she walks away. Erebus stares after them for a moment, before heading away towards cover. As he reaches the entrance to the crew's quarters, he stumbles and the red card falls out of his pocket. As he stoops to pick it up, his mood dampens and his smile fades.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

24 EXT. ATLAS' SHIP - NIGHT 24

The ship is quiet apart from the snoring of the crew. Erebus sneaks out of the crew's quarters, barely more than a shadow in the darkness. A lookout is perched far up in the crow's nest with a lantern, he does not see Erebus as he nears the captain's cabin.

25 INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN - SAME 25

He enters silently and approaches Atlas, asleep in his bed. As he approaches, his shadow grows. Erebus draws his sword and raises it above Atlas, the blade's shadows fall across his throat. He hesitates for a long moment, the shadow continuing to grow. Finally, he sheathes his sword, and the shadow with it.

26 EXT. ATLAS' SHIP - SAME 26

Outside the captain's cabin Erebus takes out the red card and looks at it.

EREBUS
I'm not an assassin.

He crumples it in his fist and tosses it overboard. He stalks away to the crew quarters as the sky begins to lighten with the coming dawn.

27 EXT. ATLAS' SHIP - DAWN 27

Atlas leaves his cabin, the ship still silent in slumber. He heads up to the helm and lays out the map, navigation tools, a letter, and a torn page with an illustration of The Great Kraken, the stollen page from the teaser, with the accompanying text:
 "...accepts 1 soul as payment."

Atlas ties the letter to the leg of Cinder, and sends her off. As she takes flight, she bursts into flames, revealing herself as a phoenix, and she soars into the sunrise.

END