

SCENE I. THE PYRATE MILL LIVING SPACE
INT -DAY I

**WOODY IS SITTING AT A COMPUTER
SCREEN TAPPING THE KEYS WITH HIS 'PEG
HANDS.' ENTER CAPTAIN NICE WHO IS
VERY MUCH ON EDGE.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

Have you finished the Java script for the Jump Page Woody?

WOODY:

I be trying...

CAPTAIN NICE:

I am trying. We have to finish that Web site today!

WOODY:

My head hurts

**WOODY HOLDS HIS HEAD IN HIS 'PEG
HANDS.'**

CAPTAIN NICE:

You shouldn't drink on an empty head. Where's Granite?

WOODY:

What you trying?

CAPTAIN NICE:

I'm trying, not. ..to... have... hell...
unleashed...(SHOUTING) In Hertfordshire.

WOODY:

Aye Captain.

CAPTAIN NICE:

If this Web site is not up and running by end of play, then
Woody, my shipmate, my little wooden Barracuda, then the
Captain General of the Northern Fleet will descend on this
home county back water and lay it and us to waste.

WOODY:

I can't click Captain.

**WOODY IS HAVING TROUBLE WITH THE
COMPUTER MOUSE.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

What? Where's your plug-in gripping hand?

WOODY:

It...

**CAPTAIN NICE LOOKS AT WOODY IN A
FURY.**

WOODY:

I left it somewhere.

CAPTAIN NICE:

I left it somewhere. When the Captain General leaves your
plums on a...

**THERE IS A ROAR AS GRANITE STEPS INTO
THE LIVING SPACE. CAPTAIN NICE JUMPS
AND WOODY FREEZES. GRANITE WEARS A
CUTLASS ON HIS BELT.**

GRANITE:

Me gusta COFFEE! JOSE!

**CUT TO AN OPEN HATCH IN THE MIDDLE
OF THE LIVING SPACE. WHERE JOSE KEEPS
THE GALLEY.**

JOSE: (O.O.V.)

Cappuccino?

GRANITE:

A pint and make it frothy.

STEAM RISES FROM THE GALLEY HATCH.

**Captain Nice
Meets
The Fin**

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WOODY:

I had the dream again.

GRANITE:

No me gusta.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Are you alright Camarado?

GRANITE:

Aye Captain.

GRANITE STIFFENS.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Woody needs you on the mouse.

GRANITE:

I loves mammals.

CAPTAIN NICE:

It's a rodent.

WOODY:

I can't click.

GRANITE:

I loves mammals.

CAPTAIN NICE:

We're not at sea now Granite. It's a rodent. Its family name is Muridae.

GRANITE:

I need Coffee. JOSE!

**A HAND APPEARS FROM THE GALLEY
HATCH HOLDING A PINT MUG OF FOAMING
CAPPUCCINO. GRANITE TAKES THE MUG.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

What dream?

GRANITE:

'Twas it the one where you're flying over the Indies with your mother and a wedding party?

GRANITE LAUGHS. WOODY LOOKS EVIL AND HAS A THOUGHT.

WOODY:

What be the time Granite?

GRANITE, WITH HIS FIRST SIP OF COFFEE ON THE WAY, LOOKS AT HIS WATCH AND SPILLS THE CONTENTS OF THE MUG INTO THE GALLEY.

JOSE: (O.O.V)
(Shouting) Malo!

GRANITE:

(Screaming) You fornicating haddock!

CAPTAIN NICE:

Now men, that won't do.

JOSE HANDS UP ANOTHER MUG.

WOODY:

Did you say ten past?

GRANITE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH WITH THE SAME RESULT.

JOSE: (O.O.V)
(Shouting) Malo!

GRANITE DROPS THE MUG DOWN THE HATCH.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Men, let us think of the fine time we had at the awards last night.

ENTER BRIDGETT WITH HER SHOPPING. INCLUDING A BURBERRY SKIRT ON A HANGER. JOSE HANDS UP ANOTHER MUG.

BRIDGETT:

Morning boys. Did you enjoy the Kensington Roof Gardens last night?

ALL:

Morning Bridgett! Aye!

BRIDGETT:

Look at the time.

**GRANITE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH. THE
COFFEE SPILLS INTO THE GALLEY.**

JOSE:

(O.O.V) How about a coke?

GRANITE IS ALMOST FIT TO EXPLODE.

BRIDGETT:

Look at what I bought.

WOODY:

Captain shouldn't we be getting ready for the Web cast?

CAPTAIN NICE:

Jumping Marlins. The Captain General's Web cast. Granite get on that mouse! Bridgett prepare the lights. Woody full clicks ahead.

GRANITE IS HANDED ANOTHER MUG.

JOSE: (O.O.V)

Run for it.

GRANITE TAKES A SIP.

GRANITE:

(SHOUTING) Semi skimmed milk! Satan's sow!

CAPTAIN NICE:

Now Granite.

WOODY:

I...

**GRANITE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH. THE
COFFEE IS SPILT.**

GRANITE:

Now be...Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhh!

**GRANITE DRAWS HIS CUTLASS AND SETS
TO A SETTEE, PULLING AT IT WITH ONE
HAND WHILE SLASHING WITH HIS
CUTLASS, HE BITES INTO BITS OF CUSHION.
THE SETTEE IS DESTROYED IN SECONDS.**

SILENCE.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Granite I've told you about this sort of thing before.

**BRIDGETT RETURNS WITH MORE
SHOPPING.**

BRIDGETT:

I'm not cleaning that up.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Granite fetch a bucket. Bridgett, have you seen Woody's
plug in gripping hand?

**GRANITE JUMPS DOWN THE HATCH WITH
A ROAR.**

BRIDGETT:

The last time I saw it, was at the awards. Woody had just
waded into one of the ponds...

CAPTAIN NICE:

(SHOUTING) Woody!

WOODY:

(SHOUTING) Sharon!

BRIDGETT:

Sharon?

WOODY:

My love, my sliver of moonlight, my winged wonder.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Woody, Sharon is a fish and she's gone back to sea. Two solid years of counselling has taught you nothing.

GRANITE RETURNS FROM THE GALLEY WITH A BUCKET.

GRANITE:

Get yer' self a woman. Fishy! Fishy! Fishy!

GRANITE LOOKS IN THE BUCKET AND PRETENDS TO PLAY WITH A FISH.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Tell me you haven't got a fish in there Granite.

CAPTAIN NICE POSES WITH WORRIED.

GRANITE:

I hav' not got a fish in here Captain.

GRANITE ATTEMPTS TO PUT BITS OF THE SETTEE IN THE BUCKET.

WOODY:

(SOTTO VOCE) Sharon.

CAPTAIN NICE:

You know what would happen if the Captain General even suspected we had a fish finger on the premises let alone a large salmon.

BRIDGETT IS ADMIRING HER SKIRT

BRIDGETT:

Was that the chap who was upset last night and dropped the waiter over the balcony...

WOODY & GRANITE:

Aye!

BRIDGETT:

(CONTINUING) ...who landed on the taxi sponsored by Novell...

WOODY & GRANITE:

Aye!

BRIDGETT:

(CONTINUING) ...With the flamingo stuffed in his trousers?

CAPTAIN NICE:

What happened then?

WOODY:

The flamingo caught a bus.

BRIDGETT:

So, mentioning fish to the Captain General is not a good idea?

GRANITE:

Mentioning, seeing, or hearing fish is most like to cause the Captain General to enter a frenzy of...MADNESS!

BRIDGETT:

I see. (PAUSE) Who's Sharon?

WOODY:

She was...

CAPTAIN NICE:

She's gone Woody. Now get on with the Java scripting. Global Modules Inc want to see the page today. They'll be no mention of fish, lover or not, smell of fish, fish pictures, or any fish like puns...on my watch. We'll win the contract, Hurrah!

**BRIDGETT LEAVES, GRANITE SITS NEXT TO
WOODY WHO IS STARTED TAPPING AT HIS
KEYBOARD.**

JOSE: (O.O.V)

Perdon?

CAPTAIN NICE:

(DELIBERATELY CHANGING THE SUBJECT) I had a dream last night...

WOODY:

Me too, Captain Blood swung through the window.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Captain Blood?

GRANITE & WOODY:

(ROARING) You can take him Captain. Hurrah!

CAPTAIN NICE:

(ROARING) Hurrah! What else happened in your dream?

WOODY:

That's all I remember. O' apart from feeling fiercely itchy.

GRANITE:

Tis' a poxy Captain, that Blood. He won the 'Outstanding Pyrate Newcomer to The High Street' award...

CAPTAIN NICE:

Yeah...

WOODY:

And the 'eCommerce for Committed Christians'...

CAPTAIN NICE:

Well...

GRANITE:

And he got the 'Silver Cutlass' for his contribution to piracy in the Small Medium Enterprise...

CAPTAIN NICE PULLS A POSE OF DIGNITY.

BRIDGETT RE-ENTERS.

BRIDGETT:

Was that for his chain of Captain Blood print reproduction and coffee shops?

GRANITE & WOODY:

Aye.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Who won the award for 'Outstanding Hair Cut in the 'Breakdown Recovery Pyrate' category?

BRIDGETT:

That was that nice German, Captain Audi, the one on anti-depressants. And that very nice Captain Hope won 'Nicest Pyrate in Media Sales.'

CAPTAIN NICE:

Set up the Webcam Woody.

WOODY TAPS ON THE KEYBOARD. GRANITE MOVES THE MOUSE AT WOODY'S DIRECTION.

BRIDGETT:

Why does the Captain General have such an aversion to fish?

CAPTAIN NICE:

Woody?

THE LIGHTS GO DOWN. THE SOUND OF CREAKING TIMBERS AND WIND.

WOODY:

'Twas a dark and pitiful night, fit only for the gods of Wind and Sea. The Captain General was running bananas out of British Hondruas, him and a gang of mulatto dwarfs. The boat, the Good Ship 'Quirt' ran onto a rock placed by Satan, the dwarfs were hurled ashore but the Captain General was trapped amongst the rigging for three days, three nights, and a morning.

WOODY PERFORMS A DRUM ROLL WITH HIS PEG HANDS

BRIDGETT:

Oooo!

WOODY:

Through out that time he was...nibbled. Aye nibbled by the blowfish of the reef. Since then the Captain General has had a violent reaction to all things fish. I be itchy.

BRIDGETT:

He should get counselling.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Aye. Council the Captain General and he'll...

BRIDGETT:

No. Woody has an imaginary itch and tends to dramatise the simplest things,

**CAPTAIN NICE AND BRIDGETT'S P.O.V.
WOODY IS SLOWLY GOING INTO REVERSE.
HE GETS UP, AT HALF SPEED, PUTS HIS HAT
ON AND STARTS TO WALK BACKWARDS
OUT OF THE DOOR.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

There's nothing wrong with him a good swim er, or float couldn't cure.

BRIDGETT:

Look he's at it again.

CAPTAIN NICE:

What in the name of Heggaty is he...

BRIDGETT:

It's his inability to connect with the present that manifests in him going into reverse.

WOODY:

(TO GRANITE) So Jane's father walks in, just as I've finished the opening to Hamlet, she's doing her impression of a greedy Gannet.

GRANITE:

RRRRRRR. Go on.

WOODY:

So I pretend that everything has gone into reverse, I zip myself up, put my hat on and walk backwards slowly out the door.

GRANITE LAUGHS.

BRIDGETT:

I wonder what goes on inside his head?

CUT TO:

INSIDE CAPTAIN NICE'S HEAD AND SEE HIM ON THE PROW OF A SHIP, HIS ARM AROUND AN UNIDENTIFIED WOMAN, THE WIND AND SPRAY COVER THEM TO AN UPBEAT RENDITION OF ARE YOU STRONG ENOUGH TO BE MY MAN BY SHERYL CROW.

CUT TO:

CAPTAIN NICE:

(WISTFULLY) Are we ready for the Web cast men?

WOODY & GRANITE:

Hurrrrah!

WOODY STARTS TO GUIDE THE MOUSE USING GRANITE. BRIDGETT EXITS.

WOODY:

Grip tight.

GRANITE:

Grip tight!

CAPTAIN NICE ADMIRES BRIDGETT'S NEW SKIRT.

WOODY:

Up an inch.

GRANITE:

Up an inch, Belike!

CAPTAIN NICE:

Granite.

GRANITE:

Sorry Captain. Up an inch.

BRIDGETT ENTERS WITH YET MORE SHOPPING AND A LAPTOP IN A CASE. WOODY AND GRANITE CONTINUE THE SETTING UP OF THE WEB CAM.

BRIDGETT:

Captain, I've got the year end presentation and your pineapple.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Excellent and no fish I hope, ha ha!

BRIDGETT:

No Captain.

BRIDGETT MOVES TOWARDS THE KITCHEN. CAPTAIN NICE PICKS UP THE SKIRT AND HOLDS IT AGAINST HIS WAIST.

BRIDGETT: (O.O.V)

Did you see that documentary about vagina modification.

CAPTAIN NICE PUTS THE SKIRT BACK.

CAPTAIN NICE:

I just need to change my trousers.

BRIDGETT: (O.OV)

It's only available in the US at the moment, but I'm sure we'll have it over here soon and be able to pick and choose what ever shape we please.

WOODY & GRANITE PRETEND NOT TO LISTEN.

CAPTAIN NICE:

I think I'll wear the combats for the broadcast

BRIDGETT: (O.O.V)

I think I'm in good shape but perhaps a little snip...

CAPTAIN NICE:

How much was the pineapple?

BRIDGETT:

Seventy-five pence. I could have it lengthened.

WOODY:

(SHOUTING) Right click!

GRANITE:

(SHOUTING) Right Click! Belike!

CAPTAIN NICE:

(SHOUTING THE LOUDEST) Belike!

BRIDGETT ENTERS FROM THE KITCHEN.

BRIDGETT:

Where will it all end. I wonder if they can match my favourite shoes?

CAPTAIN NICE:

How we doing men?

WOODY:

Slow Captain, the connection's fallen over twice. Back an inch!

GRANITE:

Back an inch!

WOODY:

Left click.

GRANITE:

Left click!

BRIDGETT:

What's that on your back Woody?

WOODY:

Might be a hair.

WOODY TRIES TO LOOK OVER HIS SHOULDER, DOESN'T QUITE REACH AND TURNS SIDE ON. A LARGE SHINY FISH FIN PROTRUDES THROUGH HIS SHIRT.

CUT TO:

AN OUTSIDE VIEW OF THE MILL. WE HEAR CAPTAIN NICE SCREAMING "HOW COULD YOU GROW A FORNICATING FIN!"

MIX TO:

SCENE 2. THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE CAPTAIN GENERAL. INT/DAY I

THE CAMERA PANS THROUGH A TRANSPARENT MAP OF NORTHERN EUROPE, WITH VARIOUS CITIES MARKED WITH RED DOTS. THE CAPTAIN GENERAL IS SITTING IN FRONT OF HIS LAPTOP. ROWENA IS PERCHED ON THE EDGE OF HER CHAIR IN FRONT OF THE CAPTAIN GENERAL'S DESK. SHE IS USING A PALM PDA WITH A FOLDABLE KEYBOARD.

PAN UP TO A 'SILVER CUTLASS' AWARD HANGING FROM A WALL, PAN OVER A PLAQUE UNDER THE 'SILVER CUTLASS' WHICH READS '13TH JULY AWARDED TO THE CAPTAIN GENERAL OF THE NORTHERN FLEET FOR UNREMITTING HOSTILITY, WITHOUT PROVOCATION, TO A SUBORDINATE.'

PAN DOWN TO THE CAPTAIN GENERAL. HIS LAPTOP CHIMES AS AN EMAIL ARRIVES. HE TYPES THROUGHOUT AND DOES NOT TAKE HIS EYES OFF THE SCREEN.

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

I've a mail from Captain Audi, he sounds cheerful, wanting to know about the press release for his Black Flag breakdown recovery overcharging scandal.

ROWENA:

I've just finished it Captain General.

**ROWENA TAPS AT THE KEYS OF HER PALM.
THE CAPTAIN GENERAL'S LAPTOP CHIMES
AS ANOTHER EMAIL ARRIVES.**

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

And?

ROWENA:

(READING) Black Flag Breakdown is very, very sorry.

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

Fine. Next.

ROWENA:

(READING) Northern Fleet Computer mail order...

**ROWENA'S MOBILE RINGS AND SHE
ANSWERS.**

No.

ROWENA ENDS THE CALL.

(READING) ...is a rip off, says Iain Campbell of the Daily News.'

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

We could string him up by his thumbs till the skin falls off his bones.

ROWENA:

Or we could let it be known that Iain Campbell is a transvestite in the pay of the Daily Herald.

**THE CAPTAIN GENERAL'S LAPTOP CHIMES
THREE TIMES.**

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

(ROARING) Email!

THE LANDLINE RINGS, CAPTAIN NICE PICKS IT UP AND HANDS IT TO ROWENA

ROWENA:

No.

THE FAX MACHINE SPEWS OUT MORE PAGES.

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

Alright. Next.

THE FAX MACHINE BEEPS AND STARTS TO SPEW OUT EVEN MORE PAGES. THE CAPTAIN GENERAL'S LAPTOP CHIMES. THE CAPTAIN GENERAL'S MOBILE RINGS. HE PICKS IT UP, READS THE SCREEN AND THROWS IT OVER HIS SHOULDER, THROUGH THE WINDOW, WE FOLLOW ITS PATH TILL IT SPLASHES INTO A RIVER.

ROWENA:

Captain Nice and his company 'thegoodshipgreenmango.com' are up for the Global Module Inc contract. We need to expose him to some key influencers. Where are they based?

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

In a mill in the middle of Hertfordshire, nowhere near a boat.

ROWENA:

Were they at the awards?

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

Aye, I narrowly missed them with a waiter. The baldy Captain Nice, with his crew, one of wood, one of fur...

ROWENA:

They're not corporate? Not even the very large hairy one with fireworks in his beard?

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

They'll be marooned in Hertfordshire until the Pope's children can vote.

THE CAPTAIN GENERAL THUMPS HIS FIST ON HIS DESK. ROWENA'S PALM FLIES UP IN THE AIR

ROWENA:

(TYPING FURIOUSLY) O'...

THE CAPTAIN GENERAL CATCHES THE PALM AND HANDS IT TO ROWENA. SHE INSERTS IT IN THE KEYBOARD.

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

Aye, get the PR company down to the Mill. They better win the Global Modules contract.

SOUND OF EMAIL ARRIVING.

THE CAPTAIN GENERAL THUMPS HIS FIST ON HIS DESK. ROWENA'S PALM FLIES UP IN THE AIR AGAIN.

ROWENA:

O'

THE CAPTAIN GENERAL CATCHES THE PALM AND HANDS IT TO ROWENA. SHE INSERTS IT IN THE KEYBOARD AND HOLDS IT WITH ONE HAND AND TYPES WITH THE OTHER.

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

Tell the agency to give them a makeover. I want them to look less (WITH GREAT SARCASM) 'artistic.' I don't want a homosexual orgy on my watch!

ROWENA LOOKS SURPRISED BUT SAYS NOTHING.

ROWENA:

OK.

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

(SPEAKING INTO PHONE) Get me Hertfordshire!

CUT TO:

**SCENE 3. THE PYRATE MILL LIVING SPACE
INT/DAY I**

CLOSE UP ON A LARGE GREEN AND WHITE BEACH BALL, THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL THE BALL IS STUCK TO THE BACK OF WOODY, HIDING HIS 'FIN.' HE IS LYING FACE DOWN ON A DESK AS GRANITE APPLIES SOME MORE GLUE. ENTER CAPTAIN NICE.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Excellent Granite. Really fornicating brilliant.

GRANITE:

(UNABASHED) Thank you Captain.

CAPTAIN NICE:

What the hell is that supposed to be?

WOODY:

It's a mango Captain.

CAPTAIN NICE:

How many fornicating mangoes have you seen?

WOODY & GRANITE:

Just the one Captain.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Any minute now the Captain General will call and you've stuck a beach ball to his back.

WOODY:

It looks like a mango Captain.

CAPTAIN NICE KNEELS DOWN AND SPEAKS QUIETLY TO WOODY.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Yes Woody, from a distance we could get away with it being a very large, prize winning mango from a giant mango growing colony in the Indian Ocean. How do we (HE INDICATES HIMSELF, GRANITE & WOODY) explain it being stuck on your back?

PAUSE.

GRANITE:

Tw'ere an accident.

**THE COMPUTER RINGS. CAPTAIN NICE
SPRINGS TO HIS FEET.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

Hide him Granite.

GRANITE:

Where?

CAPTAIN GENERAL: (V.O.)

Is that Nice?

**CAPTAIN NICE PUTS HIS HAND OVER THE
COMPUTER MICROPHONE**

CAPTAIN NICE:

Just leave him there and get a sheet...

**CAPTAIN NICE TAKES HIS HAND OFF THE
MICROPHONE AND MOVES THE WEB CAM
SO HE'S LOOKING IN IT. HE SITS AT HIS
DESK.**

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

There you are.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Good morning Captain General.

**GRANITE ENTERS WITH A SHEET. HE
CATCHES SIGHT OF A BOWL FULL OF
ORANGES.**

GRANITE:

(SOTTO VOCE) Treasure!

**GRANITE STARTS TO LOAD HIS TROUSER
POCKETS WITH THE ORANGES.**

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

...and that media triumph idea for the Big Brother contract.

CAPTAIN NICE:

It could have worked.

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

(READING) Ten contestants, eight weeks, one house and one leopard.

CAPTAIN NICE:

It wasn't a fully-grown leopard.

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

Have you got the Global Module Inc contract?

CAPTAIN NICE:

Erm.

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

What's that on the table behind you?

CAPTAIN NICE:

(PANICKING) Yes they signed this morning!

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

Good.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Captain General, Sir. Can we have a ship?

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

No.

**GRANITE THROWS THE SHEET OVER
WOODY.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

Please...

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

What was that?

CAPTAIN NICE:

It's Granite doing some dusting.

**GRANITE STARTS TO WAVE AT THE
COMPUTER SCREEN.**

GRANITE:

Cooooeeeee!

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

What?

CAPTAIN NICE:

Granite says hello.

**GRANITE WAVES AGAIN. THE CAMERA IS
BEHIND HIM HIS TROUSERS FALL DOWN. HE
IS NOT WEARING ANY UNDERWEAR.
CAPTAIN NICE PUTS HIS HAND UP TO HIDE
THE ' OFFENCE ' FROM THE WEBCAM.**

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

Why have you put your hand up.

CAPTAIN NICE:

I was just pointing...

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

Pointing at what?

CAPTAIN NICE:

(THINKING BADLY) That lovely skirt...

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

(ROARING) Nice! Try and act like a man.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Sorry. Yes, Captain General.

**GRANITE HAS PULLED UP HIS TROUSERS
AND IS ADJUSTING THE SHEET COVERING
WOODY.**

GRANITE:

It be a bit dusty.

**GRANITE SNEEZES AND PULLS THE SHEET
TO HIM, REVEALING WOODY.**

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

Nice. What in the name of Hove is that?

CAPTAIN NICE:

That's our logo sir. A Green mango.

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

And why is it on the back of one of your men?

WOODY:

(SOTTO VOCE) He be...

CAPTAIN NICE:

He be, er...is. He is...

WOODY:

Going to wear it

CAPTAIN NICE:

...going to wear it...

WOODY:

...at the next company event.

CAPTAIN NICE:

...At the next company event.

WOODY:

...for publicity.

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

It's stupid tell him to take it off.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Yes sir.

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

I'm sending you a PR person to make sure you do nothing stupid with Global Modules Inc.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Do I have to?

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

Yes you have to. Or would you prefer if I came along?

CAPTAIN NICE:

No, no, no, no, no...

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

Signing off!

**THE COMPUTER SCREEN GOES BLANK.
WOODY GETS UP. THE BEACH BALL FALLS
OFF.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

Can you adjust the camera Woody?

**WOODY GLANCES AT HIS 'PEG HANDS' AND
THEN BENDS DOWN AND USES HIS MOUTH
TO PICK UP THE WEB CAM AND MOVE IT SO
IT'S POINTING TO ITS ORIGINAL POSITION.**

WOODY:

That went well.

CAPTAIN NICE:

(LOOKING AT THE 'FIN') Like a fish to water or an MP to a fundraiser.

CUT TO:

**SCENE 4. I THE PYRATE MILL LIVING SPACE
- THE FRONT DOOR NT/DAY 2**

**SOUND OF A DOOR CHIME. CAPTAIN NICE
CROSSES TO THE DOOR AND OPENS IT.**

MULWENA:

I'm your PR. Mulwena McHoggart.

**SHE WALKS IN AND STARTS MAKING
HERSELF FAMILIAR WITH THE ROOM AND
ITS OCCUPANTS,**

CAPTAIN NICE:

Welcome.

MULWENA:

You can call me Mully, as in Scully.

ENTER WOODY.

WOODY:

Not Mull, as in Solihull is a shit hole?

CAPTAIN NICE:

Stand down that man.

MULWENA:

You have no hands. Can I help you?

WOODY:

Aye. I'm dying for a Wan...

CAPTAIN NICE:

Woodbine.

MULWENA:

You dirty wooden top.

ENTER GRANITE

GRANITE:

Aye, aye. Make way for the MAN O' War!

MULWENA:

I'd prefer a pit pony.

GRANITE IS CRUSHED.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Stand down men. It's time for his bath. A seat?

WOODY TURNS AND WE SEE HIS FIN.

MULWENA:

Thank you.

CAPTAIN NICE:

(ATTEMPTING SEDUCTION) You look very...nice.

MULWENA:

A pit pony with one leg.

CAPTAIN NICE:

So we're going to an 'influencing' event?

MULWENA:

Yes. Global Modules Inc want you to see you in action. It will be a low-key event for journalists and media types. Global Modules Inc has a certain reputation in the US and wants the exposure to the UK press. GM Inc have taken over the market in biologically re-engineered body parts for the media industry and...

GRANITE AND WOODY ENTER AND TAKE UP A POSITION WHERE CAPTAIN NICE CAN SEE THEM BUT NOT MULWENA.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Biologically re-engineered?

MULWENA:

They can give you anything you want for the lifestyle or career you choose.

WOODY STARTS SHAKING HIS FIN.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Erm...

MULWENA:

You're a tennis player and you want a stronger serve, they'll give you a chimps arm, and the clever bit is no one will ever know. You want your child to have a healthy diet and they'll graft spinach genes onto his or her chips. Walt Disney Inc has recently grafted sea lion genes onto their middle managers, one sprat and they're clapping in all the right presentations.

**CAPTAIN NICE LOOKS TO HIS MEN.
GRANITE HAS SAT WOODY ON HIS
SHOULDER.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

I must speak to the men.

CUT TO:

**SCENE 5. THE PYRATE MILL LIVING SPACE
INT/DAY 2**

GRANITE AND WOODY LOOK EXPECTANT AS CAPTAIN NICE ENTERS. CAPTAIN NICE IS HOLDING A CLOSED GOLF UMBRELLA. HE LEAPS ON A DESK. ALL THROUGH HIS SPEECH HE USES THE UMBRELLA FOR A NUMBER OF HEROIC POSES: JAMES DEAN (RIFLE ACROSS THE SHOULDERS), KEVIN COSTNER (LIKE A BASEBALL BAT), LIKE A SWORDSMAN ETC.

CAPTAIN NICE:

We can go back to sea!

GRANITE & WOODY:

(ROARING) Hurrah!

CAPTAIN NICE:

We can win the contract!

**Captain Nice
Meets
The Fin**

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GRANITE & WOODY:
(ROARING) Hurrah!

CAPTAIN NICE:
We can...

GRANITE & WOODY:
Hurrah! HURRAH!

CAPTAIN NICE:
We can...

GRANITE & WOODY:
Hurrah!

CAPTAIN NICE:
I haven't got...

GRANITE & WOODY:
Hurrah!

CAPTAIN NICE:
...to my point...

GRANITE & WOODY:
Hurrah!

**THE SOUND OF A SHIPS BELL RINGING.
GRANITE AND WOODY TURN TO LEAVE.**

CAPTAIN NICE:
Where the hell are you going?

WOODY:
Tis' lunch time Captain.

**THE CAPTAIN JUMPS DOWN. HE PULLS
GRANITE TO ONE SIDE**

CAPTAIN NICE:
Granite. What ever you do. Don't let Woody near any fish.

GRANITE:
Aye Aye Captain.

WOODY HAS PUT ON A LARGE COAT. HE PUTS HIS FOOT IN THE LOOP OF A ROPE AND GRIPS WITH HIS ARMS AND TEETH. HE SWINGS OUT A LARGE OPEN WINDOW. GRANITE FOLLOWS ON ANOTHER ROPE SHOUTING:

GRANITE:
(LOUD GROWLING) Pasties!

MIX TO:

SCENE 6. THE TURTLE LOUNGE – THE LOCAL CAFE/DELI’ AND INTERNET LOUNGE-INT/DAY 2

JAKE IS AT THE COUNTER BUTTERING A CIABETTA. JAKE IS WEARING A LONG STRIPPED APRON. LUDMILLA HOVERS IN THE BACKGROUND. ENTER GRANITE AT A RUSH FOLLOWED BY WOODY.

JAKE:
Morning lads. What can I get you?

GRANITE:
Pasty!

WOODY:
A salad.

JAKE:
We’ve just had some fresh cod arrive.

GRANITE:
Pasty!

WOODY:
Fish?

JAKE MOTIONS TO A TANK WITH A LARGE FISH SWIMMING IN IT.

JAKE:

Arrived twenty minutes ago. The first time we've had free swimming cod in the village.

GRANITE STARTS TO GROWL LIKE A HUNGRY DOG.

WOODY:

Sharon?

JAKE:

Pasty with red?

GRANITE:

Aye Jake me lad. Plenty of red.

WOODY WANDERS OFF. CAMERA P.O.V. BEHIND JAKE AND PANS DOWN TO REVEAL HE IS NAKED BELOW THE WAIST.

CUT TO:

SCENE 7. THE MILL – BEHIND A DOOR TO THE CAPTAINS OFFICE INT/DAY 2

MULWENA IS DUSTING DOWN CAPTAIN NICE'S JACKET.

MULWENA:

So what do we do?

CAPTAIN NICE:

I keep saying to myself "I must like them, I must like them, I must like them."

MULWENA:

What mustn't we say?

CAPTAIN NICE:

Shallow bastards.

**Captain Nice
Meets
The Fin**

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MULWENA:

That's right. Ready?

CAPTAIN NICE:

Aye.

**MULWENA OPENS THE DOOR. A CROWD OF
JOURNALISTS TURN AROUND AS ONE.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

(SHOUTING) Bastards!

CUT TO:

SCENE 8. THE TURTLE LOUNGE INT/DAY 2

**CLOSE UP ON WOODY. THE CAMERA PULLS
BACK TO REVEAL HIM THROUGH A FISH
TANK, STARING TRANSFIXED BY A
SWIMMING FISH.**

**GRANITE IS COLLECTING FOOD IN A LARGE
BUCKET.**

**JAKE IS LOOKING ADORINGLY AT THE
MUCH TALLER LUDMILLA.**

**THE CAMERA PANS AROUND TO SEE A
BAND. THE BAND STARTS TO PLAY.**

**CUT TO LUDMILLA LOOKING DOWN AT
JAKE AND SMILING.**

CUT TO:

**GRANITE AND WOODY MIMING TO THE
LYRICS OF THE BAND'S SONG. THEY CREATE
TABLEAUX TO THIS WELL KNOWN BANDS
LATEST SINGLE**

CUT TO:

SCENE 9. THE MILL LIVING SPACE INT/DAY 2

CAPTAIN NICE IS WORKING AT A COMPUTER. THERE IS A WILD CRY AS WOODY, WHO IS DRUNK, SWINGS THROUGH THE WINDOW ON A ROPE HE IS 'LASHED' TO. HE ENTERS THE ROOM AND THEN, BECAUSE HE CAN'T UNTIE HIMSELF, SWINGS BACK OUT. GRANITE SWINGS IN AS WOODY SWINGS OUT. GRANITE IS CARRYING A LARGE BUCKET (WRITTEN ON THE BUCKET IS MCMACMUCK). GRANITE ALSO HAS A KNIFE BETWEEN HIS TEETH. HE HITS THE FLOOR AND WAITS FOR WOODY TO RE-ENTER. WOODY SWINGS BACK IN AND GRANITE TAKES THE KNIFE, READY TO CUT WOODY DOWN.

CUT TO: CAPTAIN NICE WHO IS STUNNED BY THIS FELLOW PYRATES RETURN.

CAPTAIN NICE:

What the hell happened?

WOODY STARTS TO SING 'BUFFALO SOLDIERS'

GRANITE:

Heavy traffic in the High Street Captain.

WOODY:

(SHOUTING) Lash yourselves men! Breaker coming in!

WOODY STARTS SINGING AGAIN.

CAPTAIN NICE:

We've a Web site to finish and you've gone ashore and come back drunk.

CLOSE UP ON THE WAISTBAND OF WOODY'S TROUSERS, A FISH TAIL PROTRUDES AND WRIGGLES.

GRANITE:

He be...

CAPTAIN NICE:

He is...

GRANITE:

He is, er, under the weather.

WOODY:

Lash yourselves! (SHOUTING) Sharon!

GRANITE PUTS WOODY ON A CHAIR.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Did anyone mention his fin?

GRANITE:

In Hertfordshire?

CAPTAIN NICE:

Well we'd better get him sobered up so he can finish the Web site and I can finish the proposal. Get some coffee and some fruit from Jose and get him ready for action.

WOODY:

Sharon!

CAPTAIN NICE:

Shut the swab up about your fish friend. If the Captain General turns up we could all be dead. (SHOUTING) Granite!

GRANITE IS TIPPING THE CONTENTS OF HIS BUCKET INTO HIS MOUTH.

FADE OUT:

TO SOME SEAGULLS IN A TREE OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

FADE BACK: INTO THE MILL LIVING SPACE.

GRANITE IS TAKING A FUNNEL OUT OF WOODY'S MOUTH AND HAS AN EMPTY CAFETIERE IN THE OTHER HAND. CAPTAIN NICE IS SLAVING AWAY AT THE COMPUTER.

VOICE OF COMPUTER:

Error. You do not have enough privileges to perform this action.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Ahhhhh! Granite have you filled him up?

GRANITE:

He's had a six pints of coffee and eight pints of water.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Give him some fresh orange juice.

GRANITE:

(SHOUTING DOWN THE GALLEY HATCH) Jose!

Oranges por favour!

SEVERAL ORANGES ARE THROWN UP THROUGH THE HATCH. GRANITE CATCHES THEM AND PUTS THEM IN HIS POCKETS. HE TAKES A SMALL ONE AND LOOKS AROUND FOR A JUICER. HE LOOKS AT THE ALMOST COMATOSE WOODY, SHRUGS, OPENS HIS MOUTH AND PUTS THE ORANGE IN. HE TAKES WOODY'S HEAD IN BOTH HANDS AND SQUEEZES.

VOICE OF COMPUTER:

Error. The file cannot be found.

GRANITE:

Well at least the Captain General hasn't turned up.

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

VOICE OF COMPUTER:

Error...

CAPTAIN NICE:

Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!

WOODY:

Sharon?

GRANITE:

(TO WOODY) More fruit?

WOODY:

Cursed by fish love!

THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN.

GRANITE:

A banana?

WOODY:

Shall I get that Captain?

WOODY GETS UP AND MAKE TO THE DOOR.

CAPTAIN NICE:

I'd sooner send Flipper with a Parrot Fish in his beak,
wearing gloves made of Herring.

**WOODY STOPS JUST IN FRONT OF THE
HATCH TO THE GALLEY.**

GRANITE:

That be a no.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Granite.

**CAPTAIN NICE INDICATES THE OPEN
HATCH TO THE GALLEY. GRANITE
GRIMACES WITH A 'THINKING HARD BUT I
DON'T GET IT EXPRESSION. HE PICKS UP
WOODY. THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN.
CAPTAIN NICE MAKES A BIG GESTURE
INDICATING DROPPING WOODY DOWN THE
HATCH. GRANITE GRINS AND NODS, HE
DOESN'T UNDERSTAND.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

(SHOUTING) Shove him down the hatch you fornicating idiot!

GRANITE:

Which one?

CAPTAIN NICE:

(THINKING QUICKLY) Granite. What's the time?

GRANITE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH AND DROPS WOODY DOWN THE HATCH. CAPTAIN NICE BRUSHES HIMSELF DOWN ON THE WAY TO THE DOOR, WHICH HE OPENS. ENTER BRIDGETT WHO WALKS PAST INTO THE MILL.

BRIDGETT:

I forgot my keys.

A VERY RELIEVED CAPTAIN NICE STANDS HOLDING THE DOOR. THE LIGHTS FLICKER AND ENTER ROWENA.

CUT TO:

**SCENE 10. THE MILL – THE BALCONY
EXT/DAY 2**

ROWENA IS ALONE WITH GRANITE. CAPTAIN NICE CAN BE SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND TYPING BUT LOOKING ANXIOUS.

ROWENA:

Granite, why did you have fireworks in your beard the other night?

GRANITE:

Tis for lighting up the sky when I goes into battle, my treasure.

ROWENA:

You mean you actually light them, in your beard?

GRANITE:

Aye, just a'fore a battle.

**ROWENA IS IMPRESSED. SHE GOES
STRAIGHT FROM FLIRT TO SEDUCTION.**

ROWENA:

Granite?

ROWENA TOYS WITH GRANITE'S BEARD.

GRANITE:

Aye?

ROWENA:

Do you fancy some uncomplicated sex?

GRANITE IS SHOCKED.

GRANITE:

No.

**GRANITE VAULTS OVER THE BALCONY.
CAPTAIN NICE ARRIVES ON THE SCENE.**

CAPTAIN NICE: (O.O.V)

Are you alright?

ROWENA VAULTS OFF THE BALCONY.

PAUSE

GRANITE: (O.O.V)

'Tis not a fair fight.

MIX TO:

SCENE 11. THE MILL INT/DAY 2

**CAPTAIN NICE SITS AT HIS DESK AND IS
TYPING. AS HE TYPES , HE READS WHAT HE
HAS WRITTEN.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

Captain's Blog, Day of our Lord 13th July. Three years, two hundred and eight days since 'The Great Storm.' Today's been a bit of a bastard. Still in couldn't get any worse.

HE STOPS TYPING AND LISTENS.

WOODY: (O.O.V)

Sharon!

CAPTAIN NICE:

Woody got drunk again. Granite fought a settee and won. Bridgett talked about, well talked about those things again and I lied to the Captain General of the northern fleet. And, o' yes didn't get a ship. I'm really, really, really, really, really...

**CAPTAIN BLOOD SWINGS THROUGH THE
OPEN WINDOW.**

CAPTAIN BLOOD:

Captain Nice my friend. How nice.

CAPTAIN NICE STANDS UP.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Captain Blood. (SOTTO VOCE) How fornicating wonderful.

CAPTAIN BLOOD:

Sorry?

CAPTAIN NICE:

I said. Nice to see you again Toby.

CAPTAIN BLOOD:

I see. I just popped in to show you my award. Were you there?

CAPTAIN NICE:

Aye, my crew and I popped in.

**CAPTAIN BLOOD TAKES A SMALL
STATUETTE FROM HIS JACKET.**

CAPTAIN BLOOD:

Here it is my Moby. You can touch it if you like.

CAPTAIN NICE:

No thanks. I touched one earlier.

CAPTAIN BLOOD:

Where are your crew?

**CAPTAIN NICE MOVES AROUND HIS DESK
TO INTERCEPT CAPTAIN BLOOD WHO IS
WALKING TOWARDS THE FAR DOOR.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

They're out.

CAPTAIN BLOOD:

Well, I'll show it to them another time. Here's my card.

**CAPTAIN NICE TAKES A CARD FROM
CAPTAIN BLOOD.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

(READING) Captain Blood of the Blood Group, Hoxton,
the only fear is insolvency, (SOTTO VOCE) and not enough
moisturiser.

CAPTAIN BLOOD:

Sorry?

CAPTAIN NICE:

The only fear is insolvency, fancy a coffee?

CAPTAIN BLOOD:

Have to rush, grab some carbs and get to the gym for a
meeting.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Shame.

CAPTAIN BLOOD:

Yes. It is.

**CAPTAIN BLOOD PREPARES TO SWING OUT
THE WINDOW.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

(SOTTO VOCE) Captain Barbie boy.

CAPTAIN BLOOD:

Catch you latter, have a swim, maybe have a race with
Woody.

**CAPTAIN BLOOD SWINGS OUT THE
WINDOW.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

(SHOUTING) He's made of wood.

VOICE OF COMPUTER:

You have mail.

CUT TO:

**SCENE 12. THE MILL - THE LIVING SPACE
INT/DAY 2**

**WOODY IS SOBBING ON THE SHOULDER OF
BRIDGETT.**

BRIDGETT:

Woody you can come to terms with your fin in a positive
manner. Think of the good you can do...

CUT TO:

**A SEQUENCE OF WOODY USING HIS FIN.
FIRST HE'S A COAT RACK, THEN A CHILD'S
SWING, NEXT HE'S PLOUGHING A FIELD,
FOLLOWED BY WALKING DOWN A FASHION
SHOW CATWALK. HE WAKES UP TO
BRIDGETT STROKING HIS FOREHEAD.**

...think of all the soft things in the world; lambs, velvet, a
woman's smile on a summer's day. Soft, soft, soft.

**WOODY LOOKS UP. WE SEE A WIDE SHOT
OF THE MILL WITH THE BURBERRY SKIRT
HANGING FROM A COAT HANGER.**

MIX TO:

**SCENE 13. THE MILL -THE CAPTAIN'S DESK
INT/DAY 2**

**CAPTAIN NICE IS SITTING TYPING AT HIS
DESK. WE SEE WOODY EMERGING FROM THE
GALLEY HATCH IN THE FLOOR.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

(TYPING) Sold!

**WE HEAR THE CAPTAIN GENERAL'S VOICE
OFF STAGE**

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

(SHOUTING) Nice! Niccccccce!

**CAPTAIN NICE LEAPS UP AND RUSHES TO
THE DOOR. ON HIS WAY HE STEPS ON THE
HEAD OF WOODY, PUSHING HIM DOWN
INTO THE GALLEY.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

O' my GOD!

MIX TO:

**SCENE 14. THE MILL - THE LIVING SPACE
INT/NIGHT 2**

**THE CAPTAIN GENERAL IS SITTING ON A
COMFY CHAIR FINISHING A TANKARD OF
COFFEE. CAPTAIN NICE IS IN ATTENDANCE.**

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

Where's my cabin?

CAPTAIN NICE:

I'll show you.

CAPTAIN GENERAL:

Just tell me where it is Nice.

CAPTAIN NICE:

(POINTING) It's through that door.

THE CAPTAIN GENERAL EXITS

Granite?

**GRANITE APPEARS FROM THE DOOR AT THE
OTHER END OF THE SPACE**

GRANITE:

I can't find him Captain.

CAPTAIN NICE STARTS SHAKING.

CAPTAIN NICE:

He can't have gone far.

CAPTAIN GENERAL: (O.O.V)

Put that light out!

THE LIGHTS GO OUT.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Granite get a torch.

GRANITE:

Got one here Captain.

**S/FX OF A TORCH BEING LIT. GRANITE HAS
LIT A FLAMING TORCH.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

Fornicating brilliant.

CUT TO:

**SCENE 15. THE MILL – BELOW DECKS -
INT/NIGHT 2**

**CAPTAIN NICE IS FOLLOWED DOWN A
NARROW CORRIDOR BY GRANITE. HE
HOLDS THE FLAMING TORCH. THE LIGHT
REVEALS WOODY SLUMPED ON A BARREL.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

Woody! Woody!

**CLOSE UP ON WOODY’S TROUSERS, WHICH
ARE VIBRATING. WOODY WAKES.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

Woody why do you smell of fish and why are your trousers
vibrating?

WOODY:

(THINKING QUICKLY) That’s my penis Captain.

CUT TO:

**SCENE 16. THE MILL – ANOTHER CORRIDOR
INT/NIGHT 2**

**GRANITE AND CAPTAIN NICE ARE
RETRACING THEIR STEPS.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

I said not to scare him. We’ll never catch him now.

CUT TO:

GRANITE. HIS BEARD IS SMOULDERING.

GRANITE:

I thought some fireworks would cheer him up.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Sssshhhhhh!

**CUT TO A FIGURE, WEARING A SKIRT,
SILHOUETTED IN A LARGE WINDOW AND
LOOKING OUT. THE FIGURE STARTS TO
OPEN THE WINDOW.**

GRANITE:

It be Bridgett.

**GRANITE MOVES FORWARD AND LIGHTS
THE ROOM TO REVEAL WOODY DRESSED IN
THE BURBERRY SKIRT. HE'S HOLDING A
LARGE FISH IN HIS TEETH.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

(SHOUTING) Get him!

**THE LIGHT GOES OUT. THERE IS A SOUND
OF A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE IN THE DARK.**

WOODY:

Sharon!

CAPTAIN NICE:

Woody!

GRANITE:

Campardo!

**THE LIGHT COMES ON FOR A MOMENT TO
REVEAL CAPTAIN NICE HOLDING THE FISH,
GRANITE HOLDING WOODY, AND WOODY
HOLDING THE TORCH. WOODY BLOWS OUT
THE TORCH.**

WOODY:

Granite!

GRANITE:

Captain?

CAPTAIN NICE:

Sharon?

WOODY:

Sharon?

GRANITE:

Treasure!

**SCENE 17. THE MILL – ANOTHER CORRIDOR
OUTSIDE THE CAPTAIN GENERAL’S CABIN
INT/NIGHT 2**

GRANITE PLACES THE GREEN BEACH BALL ON WOODY’S FIN. CAPTAIN NICE AND GRANITE WALK BEHIND WOODY WHO IS WALKING, UNSTEADILY, DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

WOODY:

(STILL DRUNK AND MAUDLIN) Captain love fish?

WOODY PASSES OUT AND IS CAUGHT BY GRANITE. GRANITE PICKS UP WOODY BY THE FEET AND CAPTAIN NICE TAKES WOODY’S HEAD. WOODY IS THEN CARRIED FACE UP DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

CAPTAIN NICE:

I love fish.

WOODY COMES ROUND.

WOODY:

Love I?

CAPTAIN NICE:

I love.

GRANITE TURNS WOODY OVER FACE DOWN WHILE NEGOTIATING A TABLE. HIS SKIRT IS PUSHED UP HIS THIGHS. WOODY NOTICES

**THE FISH STICKING OUT OF THE
WAISTBAND OF CAPTAIN NICE'S
TROUSERS.**

WOODY:

Fish!

**AN ORANGE FALLS FROM GRANITE'S
TROUSER POCKET.**

GRANITE:

My treasure!

**GRANITE PUTS OUT A HAND AND HIS
TROUSERS FALL DOWN. HE STEPS
FORWARD BETWEEN WOODY'S LEGS.
WOODY LOOKS ADORINGLY AT HIS
NEWFOUND FISH.**

WOODY:

Fish!

**WOODY OPENS HIS MOUTH TO GRIP HIS
FISH LOVE.**

GRANITE:

(ROARING) Captain!

**THE CAPTAIN GENERAL OPENS THE DOOR
TO HIS CABIN AND STANDS HORRIFIED.
WOODY LOOKS UP AND SEES HIM WITH
THE FISH TAIL IN HIS MOUTH.**

WOODY:

(SOTTO VOCE) Reverse shipmates.

**ALL THREE REPEAT THEIR LAST ACTIONS
AND 'DIALOGUE' IN REVERSE AT ONE AND A
HALF TIMES THE SPEED.**

GRANITE:

Captain.

**GRANITE STEPS BACK FROM BETWEEN
WOODY'S LEGS AND PULLS UP HIS
TROUSERS WITH ONE HAND.**

WOODY:

Fish!

**CAPTAIN NICE AND GRANITE TURN
WOODY FACE UP. WOODY'S SKIRT FALLS
BACK DOWN.**

GRANITE:

Captain, Treasure my...

WOODY:

Fish.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Love I?

WOODY:

I love.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Fish love I...

WOODY:

Fish love Captains.

**ALL THREE REVERSE DOWN THE CORRIDOR.
GRANITE TAKES OFF THE BEACH BALL AND
THEY ALL BOW.
THE CAPTAIN GENERAL IS STUNNED.**

CUT TO:

**SCENE 18. THE MILL – THE PYRATES CABIN
INT/NIGHT 2**

**CAPTAIN NICE, GRANITE, AND WOODY ARE
LYING IN A ROW OF HAMMOCKS. WOODY'S
FIN PROTRUDES THROUGH A HOLE.**

CAPTAIN NICE:

I think that went rather well.

GRANITE SWINGS A CUTLASS THAT CUTS THE STRINGS THAT SECURE CAPTAIN NICE'S HAMMOCK. BLACKOUT AND S/FX OF A LOUD THUMP.

CUT TO:

**SCENE 19. THE MILL – THE CAPTAIN'S DESK
INT/DAY 3**

CAPTAIN NICE SITS TYPING.

CAPTAIN NICE:

Captain's Blog, Day of our Lord 14th July, two hundred and nine days since 'The Great Storm'. Today's been a bit of a good one. The Captain General has been called away to set up an emergency junta in Wales and Global Modules Inc have signed a three year contract for the services of thegoodshipgreenmango.com...

ENTER WOODY FOLLOWED BY GRANITE UNSEEN BY CAPTAIN NICE.

All I have to do is pack Woody away for a trip to the US. Because I've sold him to a TV star called Flipper Boy, who has a prime time swimming and cookery show and needs the fin genes for a stronger swim and some food processing.

CAPTAIN NICE LOOKS UP. WOODY PANICS AND STARTS TO RUN. GRANITE GRABS WOODY'S FIN. THE FIN COMES OFF IN HIS HAND.

**GRANITE HOLDS THE FISH. A MOBILE RING TONE STARTS FROM THE FISH. GRANITE ANSWERS THE FISH.
CLOSE UP OF CAPTAIN NICE'S FACE AS HE SCREAMS SILENTLY**

END OF EPISODE