

## TEASER

### EXT. PRIMEVAL JUNGLE - NIGHT

A dense, otherworldly jungle illuminated in moonlight. A brilliantly colored macaw perches on a thick tree branch. An iguana-like creature creeps up behind it, ready to attack its prey.

<THWAP>! The macaw turns and shoots out its tongue like a frog at the iguana. In one quick motion, the iguana is flung into the macaw's mouth, who <GULPS> it down in one bite. <BURP>!

Camera pushes past the macaw, through vines and giant carnivorous plants, to the entrance of an ancient stone temple nestled in the jungle.

### INT. ANCIENT TEMPLE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A tranquil hallway. Hieroglyphics etched into the stone walls, barely visible through vines and moss.

Then, commotion. <SHOUTS> and the echoes of <RAPID FOOTSTEPS>.

SERGEANT (O.S.)  
Don't let them get away!

Cue the <MUSIC>. Sprinting down the hallway come DESMOND and FORTUNA, late 30s, treasure hunter extraordinaries.

In hot pursuit: a SERGEANT with a crew of SOLDIERS clad in suits of armor with their swords drawn.

Desmond and Fortuna spot a pressure plate up ahead. They jump off the walls to avoid the trap, synchronized. The soldiers behind them step on the pressure plate, opening a pit. Most of the soldiers fall in, but four along with the sergeant jump over and continue the chase.

### INT. ANCIENT TEMPLE - ATRIUM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The hallway opens up to a giant atrium. The floor has collapsed, leaving a dark, bottomless abyss. On the other side, the only part of the floor left standing is an altar, carved out of faintly luminous lavender rock, supporting a shiny chest. The soldiers and sergeant catch up.

SERGEANT

Desmond and Fortuna Oronoco.  
Treasure hunting power couple at  
large.

The soldiers point their swords at the couple. Desmond and Fortuna hold hands.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Ahem. Formerly at large. And I'd  
wager the Governor will be excited  
to see you two.

The soldiers take two steps forward as Desmond and Fortuna edge closer to the abyss. Desmond and Fortuna exchange a sad glance: it's over.

Suddenly, Fortuna throws a boomerang behind her, towards the high ceiling of the atrium. The soldiers flinch at this sudden movement, but quickly recover.

SOLDIER

Ha! You missed! What a loser.

The boomerang cuts through a vine on the ceiling and starts to return. Fortuna and Desmond duck. The boomerang <WHACKS> the soldier that spoke in the head, knocking him out.

The vine swings down toward the couple. They grab on, swinging towards the altar. They jump and make it to the other side. The soldiers try to grab on as the vine swings back their way, but it immediately <SNAPS>. They cling to each other's legs like monkeys in a barrel, and the sergeant grabs them before they fall into the abyss.

By the altar, Desmond and Fortuna approach the chest. There is an insignia of a sea turtle within a circle. The couple look into each other's eyes, nod, and open it. Blissful wonder on their faces for a second.

Then, suddenly, terribly, they get sucked into the chest, with barely any time to <SCREAM>. The chest <SLAMS> shut. The sergeant on the other side is in shock, despite being in the middle of helping the other soldiers up. Dumbfounded silence for a beat.

SERGEANT

I guess that works.

A cruel smile creeps along his face as he goes back to helping the soldiers up. We look back at the now placid chest.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. LIBERTALIAN SEA - DAY

TITLE: "Somewhere on the seas of Libertalia, One Year Later"

The roaring, open waters of Libertalia. Waves <CRASHING>, thunder <RUMBLING>, <MUSIC> thumping. The *Ballyhoo*, a rickety old wooden ship, crests over a wave and crashes back down into the stormy sea.

Standing on deck is PORTIA, 14, our hero, wearing a fancy pendant with the same turtle insignia as the chest. She's fierce, tall, and looks a lot like Desmond and Fortuna. She runs down below to

INT. BALLYHOO - LOWER DECK - DAY

The interior of the ship is dark and cramped, grey light poking in through the portholes. COOKIE, 80s and scruffy, paces as he barks orders at the crew.

COOKIE

Powder! We need more powder!

SALLY, 20s, peppy and impulsive, screams without looking up from her work. She is being aided by ASTRYD, 40s, brilliant but hesitant.

SALLY

More supplies on the port side!

BAPTISTE, 20s, gentle giant, arrives with two crates of supplies on each shoulder. A rogue wave <CRASHES> against the boat, sending Baptiste tumbling to the floor, crates and all. DOGSBODY, the crew's smelly old mutt, comes to lick the supplies off the floor.

COOKIE

I need a status report!

SALLY

Ready to fire, cap'n!

COOKIE

Baptiste, ye have the honors.

Baptiste produces the lighter and sets a wick on fire. Cookie, Baptiste, and Sally all look at what they've lit with a mixture of anticipation and fear. The music <SWELLS UP> until

PORTIA (O.S.)  
What are you doing?

Portia stands, arms on hips. Cookie speaks with his back to her.

COOKIE  
We're making...cake!

Cookie, decked out in oven mitts, triumphantly raises the tray of batter. Baptiste and Sally <CHEER>.

EXT. BALLYHOO - UPPER DECK - DAY

The storm has cleared, and the *Ballyhoo* slowly sails on the calm sea. Portia's staring at the water, glancing down at her pendant. She walks over to a bell and <RINGS> it. The crew members from below gather around carrying plates of cake. PRINCE, 10, Portia's feisty brother, comes down from the rigging.

SALLY  
What's with the ringing? Can I ring the bell? It looks fun!

PORTIA  
I'm calling a crew meeting, Sally.

COOKIE  
Now what's the meaning of this, Portia? I'm captain o' the *Ballyhoo*, I reserve bell-ringing privileges.

PORTIA  
You might be captain, Cookie, but instead of looking for plunder or adventure, you've been making us cake.

COOKIE  
Me crew's gotta eat!

PORTIA  
But we had cake for breakfast. And that was an hour ago!

COOKIE  
Aye!

PORTIA

Are we just going to sit around and eat junk food, or are we going to sail the high seas for treasure, fame, and forbidden knowledge?

ALL

Junk food!

PORTIA

No! The closest we've gotten to "treasure" in the past month was when we found Baptiste's lost coin pouch.

BAPTISTE

Uh, actually I lost it again.

SALLY

See, we already have a new call to adventure!

PORTIA

I have an even grander quest, fit for the greatest pirates in all of Libertalia!

BAPTISTE

Who're they?

Portia rolls her eyes and gathers everyone in a huddle.

PORTIA

It's a year to the day since me and Prince's parents vanished. They were hunting for a mysterious treasure of untold riches, and I think they're still out there. If we find them, we get my parents back, and you guys all become legendary pirates.

Prince looks down at the mention of their parents. Everyone's a little more somber.

PRINCE

Portia, of course I wanna find Mom and Dad. I just don't think they're there to find. We'll just get hurt again. Why harsh our piratey mellow?

PORTIA

Even if they are gone for good,  
Prince, they would want us to  
explore Libertalia, go on real  
adventures, and not eat raw cake  
batter, Baptiste!

Baptiste is face-first in the tray of cake batter. He looks up with a guilty smile. The huddle breaks, and Cookie steps forward.

COOKIE

Alright lass. As yer guardian, I  
can quench yer thirst for  
adventure. I know of me own  
treasure we could hunt for, a  
secret booty ripe for the takin'.

INT. TREASURE MAP [FANTASY SEQUENCE]

As Cookie starts tells his tale, we swirl into a treasure map, an ink doodle aesthetic against a crinkly parchment background. A doodle ship floats along the sea.

COOKIE (V.O.)

Any sailor worth his spit will have  
heard of the wreck of the *Ornata*, a  
towering merchant ship carrying a  
cargo more precious than any amount  
o' gold.

PRINCE (V.O.)

Diamonds?

COOKIE (V.O.)

No.

ASTRYD (V.O.)

Sapphires?

COOKIE (V.O.)

No!

BAPTISTE (V.O.)

Gold?

COOKIE

Stop stepping on me lines! No, you  
see, the *Ornata* was commissioned by  
a governor with a sweet tooth and a  
fat wallet. And he ordered a boat-  
ful of the finest barrels of cream  
soda available.

An ink doodle of a governor eating candy and drinking soda orders other ink doodle people around until a boat filled with crates appears.

PORTIA (V.O.)  
(huh?)  
Soda?

PRINCE (V.O.)  
(yay!)  
Soda!

COOKIE (V.O.)  
Aye, specially crafted by the finest brewmasters across the islands of Libertalia. It's crisp, golden, and flows down your throat like swallowing a sweet song of vanilla goodness. But the *Ornata* never arrived in port.

The whole process is displayed through the map aesthetic and should definitely make you thirsty.

BAPTISTE (V.O.)  
(gasps)  
No!

PORTIA (V.O.)  
He's talking about a shipwreck, how is that surprising?

The doodle ship is crossing the ocean avoiding the sea monsters and compass rose until an ominous storm cloud looms over and sinks the ship.

COOKIE (V.O.)  
She went down in a terrible typhoon, but her cargo was kept cool and carbonated under the pressure of a thousand leagues of water. Only one man survived the wreck, and he jotted its location down on a map. I then won that map in a game of cards, lost it in a game of dice, then won it back in a controversial game of hopscotch.

Each step is acted out by doodle Cookie as we transition back to

INT. BALLYHOO - UPPER DECK - CONTINUOUS

Prince puts his arm around his sister.

PRINCE

There we go, Portia, proper pirate hijinks.

PORTIA

I guess. At least we can sell the soda to help fund the search.

COOKIE

Sell it? Did you not hear how tasty I made it sound?

PORTIA

But we need money, not junk food!

SALLY

I've never not needed junk food.

ALOYSIUS (O.S.)

I know a way to get your coin.

Everyone looks over at ALOYSIUS, the crusty old navigator, with a peg-leg for a hand and an oversized hook for a leg. He emerges from his room, hobbles over to Portia, and taps at her pendant with his peg-hand. Its jewels glisten in the sunlight.

ALOYSIUS (CONT'D)

I know some folk who'd make more than a fair offer for this trinket. You'd stand to make a pretty penny. Minus my finder's fee, of course.

Portia covers the pendant with her hand and looks at Prince. They're not sure.

PORTIA

Our parents told us never to lose it. It was the last time we saw them.

ALOYSIUS

Your parents would've wanted you to live well. And to do that, you need money, not memories.

Portia and Prince look at the pendant. They look back at Aloysius.

PRINCE

It's all that's left of them. It's all we'll ever have.

Beat.



ALOYSIUS

Very well.

Cookie steps in, and puts his arm around Portia.

COOKIE

Set sail for Swindler's Point to pick up some supplies! Remember, only the necessities.

The crew salutes, and gets to their stations. The sails of the *Ballyhoo* unfurl and she glides along the sea.

EXT. SWINDLER'S POINT - MARKET - DAY

The pirate haven of Swindler's Point, a shantytown on a small rocky island. The market is filled with rickety shacks and stands along a dirt road, and more than a fair share of SHADY CHARACTERS and ROWDY PIRATES. Cookie barter with a vendor holding a pair of oven mitts.

COOKIE

And these are hand-woven oven mitts you say? No, price is no object.

Portia makes her way through the market down the dirt road.

In front of one stall, Astryd has a tall pile of books and is in the process of buying more.

Portia keeps walking, and sees Baptiste and Prince <SLURPING> on big bowls of soup.

Portia is approached by a SALESPERSON holding a bundle of peg-legs.

SALESPERSON

Missing a limb, or want a few extra? Genuine pirate-approved peg-legs, interchangeable for peg-arms, peg-fingers, or pool cues. Competitive prices!

Portia holds up a hand with a smile, shaking her head. A SHADY CHARACTER standing in front of an alley notices Portia, and beckons her over.

SHADY CHARACTER

'Ello miss. You seem like you have a knack for good business and great adventure.

Portia tries to ignore him, but stops walking.

SHADY CHARACTER (CONT'D)

I have something special on offer.  
Would need a very capable client to  
take it away from me, and I think  
yer such a client.

PORTIA

What is it?

The shady character looks around, and produces a parchment.

SHADY CHARACTER

Ancient treasure, miss. The wreck  
of the *Esruc*, from the Agwe  
society. Some say the ancient  
Agweans had magic powers, contained  
in priceless artifacts. Others  
refute their existence entirely. 10  
gold Beans.

Portia examines it. She's tempted.

PORTIA

You want me to buy a map that  
supposedly leads to a treasure from  
an ancient magical society that  
might not exist?

SHADY CHARACTER

Five gold Beans.

PORTIA

Deal.

She gives him a handful of coins. He hands over the  
parchment, tips his hat, and then runs away. Portia looks  
around, and stuffs the map in her pocket. She's got a plan.

EXT. BALLYHOO - UPPER DECK - DAY

The crew members walk onto the deck carrying their purchases:  
Cookie's cooking supplies, Astryd's books, Baptiste and  
Prince's junk food, Sally's bundle of swords.

SALLY

Anyone want swords? I got a bunch  
of swords.

Portia sneaks over to

INT. BALLYHOO - ALOYSIUS' ROOM - DAY

A dusty old room. The map to the *Ornata* is kept in a locked glass case, with navigational equipment nearby. Portia looks around to make sure the coast is clear.

She pulls out a bobby pin from her hair, and starts to pick the lock. She can hear <CHATTER> outside, and hurries. <CLICK!> The case opens; Portia snatches the map but it gets caught on something. A sizable portion of the map <RIPS> off. Uh-oh!

COOKIE (O.S.)

Aloysius, set course! The rest of ye, might anyone be interested in thirds? Plenty of cake left to go around!

Portia hurriedly stuffs the map to the *Ornata* under Aloysius' bed, and puts her map in the case. She grabs the piece of the map that ripped off, stuffs it into her pocket and jumps out the porthole onto the deck.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. TREACHEROUS LAGOON ENTRANCE - DAY

A creepy lagoon that serves as a ship graveyard. A labyrinth of jagged rocks jut out of the swampy waters. The *Ballyhoo* moves slowly through the eerie fog. A swarm of crows flies overhead. Astryd jots something down in a notebook.

ASTRYD

That swarm of crows makes it 7 bad omens in the past hour.

PORTIA

Yeah, well, seven's a lucky number right?

A small geyser <SPURTS> out a puff of purple smoke, which briefly takes the shape of a skull and crossbones before dissipating into the air. Portia, nervous, paces past Prince, who's fencing with Sally.

PORTIA (CONT'D)

I'm changing into my wetsuit.

As she ducks into her cabin, Portia leaves her pendant on a hook next to her door.

Cookie peers out at the lagoon from behind the helm, a look of concern plastered on his face.

COOKIE

I'd wager no ship has braved these waters for some time. Everyone be vigilant. There's danger in fog.

Aloysius sneaks up to the pendant on the hook. He picks the pendant up and puts it in his pocket.

COOKIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Evil can arrive without ye even realizing it.

Aloysius sneaks away with a <DASTARDLY CHUCKLE>.

EXT. TREACHEROUS LAGOON - DAY

The fog is even thicker now. Sally, up in the crow's nest, spots something in her spyglass.

SALLY

Cap'n! Vague silhouette ahead!

BAPTISTE

Oh no!

COOKIE

I'm bringing 'er in closer.  
Aloysius, Prince, Portia, prepare  
the dinghy.

PORTIA

Don't laugh.

PRINCE

Ha. Dinghy.

Prince, Portia, and Aloysius follow Cookie into the dinghy.

EXT. TREACHEROUS LAGOON - SHIPWRECK - DAY

Prince and Portia row towards the vague silhouette. The fog clears up, and the bow of a ship pokes through the water, covered in barnacles and coral.

The dinghy pulls up alongside the wreck. Cookie spots a nameplate on the bow, obscured by barnacles and algae. Cookie swipes them away to reveal a single word: "ESRUC".

COOKIE

*Esruc?* Never heard of 'er.

PRINCE

Isn't that different from the ship  
you said, Cookie?

COOKIE

Aye, lad. There's somethin' foul  
about.

There's a slight <HUM>. A soft orange glow is pulsating from  
Aloysius' pants.

PORTIA

Um. Aloysius? Your pants are  
glowing?

Aloysius quickly turns around.

ALOYSIUS

What? That's only because of last  
night's dinner.

COOKIE

One time it happens and suddenly  
I'm to blame for everything!

Prince fishes the glowing thing out of Aloysius' pocket. It's  
their pendant.

PRINCE  
Our pendant? Why is it glowing?

PORTIA  
Why was it in your pants?

COOKIE  
Why did you just stick yer hand in  
there like that?

Aloysius stands up and holds his arms out, trying to calm things down.

ALOYSIUS  
Now let's be civilized like good,  
respectable pirates.

PORTIA  
Prince, do you remember what Mom  
told us about that pendant?

PRINCE  
That it complimented my eyes?

PORTIA  
No. She said if we were wearing it  
near adventure, we would know.

All four of them stare at the glowing amulet.

PRINCE  
Soda isn't really adventure, is it?

Prince grasps the pendant tighter, fuming at his sister.

EXT. BALLYHOO - UPPER DECK - DAY

The four of them return to the *Ballyhoo*. On the main deck, the rest of the crew has laid a table out with several cups. Baptiste is wearing a bib, eagerly holding a knife and fork.

SALLY  
So, where's the stuff? I'm ready to  
make some mistakes and blame it on  
the sugar rush.

PRINCE  
There is no stuff, Sally. Portia,  
do you happen to know why?

PORTIA  
It might have something to do with  
(quieter, faster)  
(MORE)

PORTIA (CONT'D)

Me-switching-the-map-out-for-one-with-ancient-treasure?

PRINCE

Why would you go against Cookie's orders? Why would you lie to us about it? And why would you need a fork and knife for soda, Baptiste?

Baptiste puts his fork and knife behind his back.

BAPTISTE

What? Uh, yeah, bad Portia, angry stuff.

PRINCE

You lied to me, Porsh. You lied to Cookie. You lied to the crew. Mom and Dad are gone, and it sucks. We're pirates now, and we have to follow the piratey code.

PORTIA

We can be so much more than pirates!

She turns around to face the rest of the crew.

PORTIA (CONT'D)

As long as we stick together, I know we can bring the best out of ourselves and--

ASTRYD

Prince stormed off.

Portia turns around. It's true. She <SIGHS> as Cookie approaches.

COOKIE

I haven't been this disappointed in me crew since the fiasco at the chili eating contest. Portia! Yer on mop duty for the rest of the day.

Portia <GRUNTS>.

COOKIE (CONT'D)

As for you Aloysius. Stealin' from a crewmate. Who ever heard of a thievin' pirate?

ALOYSIUS

Well...

COOKIE

Astryd! Sally! Prepare the brig!  
Ol' Aloysius here is gonna have the  
rest of the day to think about what  
he's done.

ASTRYD

We don't have a brig. You had it  
turned into a ball pit.

COOKIE

Arr. Then fashion the ball pit into  
something more brig-like. Play down  
the ball part, accentuate the pit,  
if you will.

SALLY

Aye aye!

Sally and Astryd salute run down to the lower deck. Cookie  
walks Aloysius over, and hands Portia a mop with a stern gaze  
along the way.

INT. BALLYHOO - LOWER DECK - BRIG

Aloysius is in the "brig": a ball pit behind some crudely  
placed iron bars. Cookie stands across, arms on hips.

COOKIE

'Tis a sad sight indeed.

ALOYSIUS

At least you can appreciate my most  
pitiful moment. How low I've come.

COOKIE

No, not that, it's just such a  
waste of a good ball pit.

ALOYSIUS

Oh snap out of it, Cookie. Don't  
you see the power that pendant  
holds? It's even more valuable than  
I thought.

COOKIE

Why should I listen to you? We had  
to make a prison specifically for  
you!



Cookie starts to walk away.

ALOYSIUS

Because, dear Cookie. That pendant is the key to improving your recipes, the key to making you the most legendary chef in all of Libertalia.

Cookie stops, without really wanting to. But he's hooked. He faces Aloysius.

ALOYSIUS (CONT'D)

That pendant can detect magical treasures, long lost to time. Imagine the ingredients you could find. I don't need to tell you the tales of the feasts ancient Libertalians prepared.

Aloysius grabs Cookie with his good hand.

ALOYSIUS (CONT'D)

We can bring that back. We just need to save that pendant from those brats before they play booger tag with it, or whatever kids do these days.

Cookie has a long think about it, and a slight smile creeps along his face.

EXT. BALLYHOO - UPPER DECK - DAY

Portia is swabbing the deck, with Dogsbody following. Most of Portia's duty is cleaning up Dogsbody's drool.

PORTIA

You know I did the right thing Dogsbody. Yeah?

Dogsbody looks up at Portia, <PANTING> with a big, stupid, happy smile.

PORTIA (CONT'D)

I've been on this ship for what, eight months now? We haven't been on one good adventure.

Dogsbody keeps <PANTING>, his expression never faltering.

PORTIA (CONT'D)

I have to look out for my family.  
If there's any chance my parents  
are out there, we have to look for  
them. Why can't Prince see that?

<PANT, PANT, PANT>. Portia stamps her mop against the floor.

PORTIA (CONT'D)

I didn't betray anyone. They all  
would have done the same if it  
meant it could help their family.

Dogsbody <BARKS> once, then keeps <PANTING>.

PORTIA (CONT'D)

I guess these people don't really  
have family anymore. Besides the  
other crew members.

She looks at Dogsbody, who looks back with the same empty,  
happy stare.

PORTIA (CONT'D)

Like me. Because this crew is my  
family now, too. You're right,  
Dogsbody. You're always right. I'm  
gonna go apologize to everyone.

She goes off. Dogsbody laps up water from the bucket she was  
using to clean.

INT. BALLYHOO - ALOYSIUS' ROOM - DAY

Prince, Baptiste, Sally, and Astryd are all trying to make  
sense of the original map, despite its big tear. It's chaos.

BAPTISTE

Clearly this is the X.

ASTRYD

That's a curry stain.

PRINCE

Wait, are we holding it upside  
down? Where's the compass rose  
thingy?

Portia walks in.

PORTIA

I think I have it, Prince.

Everyone turns to look at Portia with a smile, save for Prince.

PRINCE

Haven't you done enough?

PORTIA

Let's just be past all this, huh guys? We're all one big Ballyhoo family. I didn't know I was leading us to Spookyville. But I have the piece of the map that's missing, and we can all get that soda!

They all <CHEER>. Even Prince is able to smile. Portia triumphantly produces her map piece from her pocket. It's absolutely covered in dog slobber. She unfolds it and places it on the table. The ink is completely unreadable.

BAPTISTE

Was it like that before?

PRINCE

(to Portia)

None of this would've happened if you listened to your captain! Do you want to get us kicked off the ship?

PORTIA

I didn't mean to.

PRINCE

I hate being stuck on this boat with you. I wish I could just get away.

Prince walks towards the door.

EXT. UNDERWATER - SHIPWRECK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Deep, deep down we go to the bottom of the *Esruc*. Beneath the coral, kelp, and barnacles, inside the ship, we see some sort of orb glow bright purple. Then out shoot some GHOST PIRATES, like steam from a kettle. The ghost pirates shoot up through the water, <LAUGHING>, straight into

INT. BALLYHOO - ALOYSIUS' ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Prince is almost out the door.

PORTIA

Prince, you don't mean that.

Suddenly, the ghost pirates phase through the floorboards, grabbing Prince by the arms.

PRINCE

What the?

GHOST PIRATE

Your wish is graaaaaanted.

Prince starts to levitate as a glowing, spectral cage forms over him. Prince gets ghost-ified, and looks like the other ghost pirates. With one quick swoop, Prince and the ghost pirates disappear under the floorboards towards the sunken ship. A beat of stunned silence.

ASTRYD

You all saw that too, right?

They all rush out to

EXT. BALLYHOO - UPPER DECK - DAY

The crew rushes out onto the deck. Cookie appears from down below, concerned.

COOKIE

What's with all the commotion?

ASTRYD

Ghosts!

BAPTISTE

Pirates!

SALLY

Ghost pirates!

PORTIA

And they took Prince!

COOKIE

What? Where'd they take the lad?

ASTRYD

My guess is down to the bottom of the shipwreck. That's about as ghost pirate-y as it gets.

COOKIE

Arr. It's too dangerous for us to go below by ourselves. Let's stop in a nearby port and get some help.

PORTIA

We should go now!

COOKIE

I'm not riskin' any more damage to me crew. That's an order!

A ship's bell <RINGS> twice in the distance. A loud, manly voice can be heard calling to them from a speaking horn. It belongs to JOCKBEARD, handsome and he knows it.

JOCKBEARD (O.S.)

Ship ahoy!

In pulls Jockbeard's ship, the *Broseidon*. It dwarfs the *Ballyhoo* and is better in every way. Even their anchor is nice.

JOCKBEARD (CONT'D)

Oh how cute. It's the *Ballyhoo* playing treasure hunter again.

COOKIE

The *Broseidon*?! How'd you find us again?

JOCKBEARD

It's easy, we just trust our noses.

COOKIE

We were here first, Jockbeard. Respect the piratey code and leave us to it!

JOCKBEARD

Ah, ah, ah. Check it.

He points to a gaudy plaque on the side of the hull that reads "Privateer."

JOCKBEARD (CONT'D)

That says "Privateer" for those of you who can't read.

BAPTISTE

Thank you.

JOCKBEARD

Which means I'm working for the  
Empress of Imperia herself. So  
we'll be taking that treasure now,  
nerds.

COOKIE

Over me crew's dead bodies!  
(to Portia)  
Yer going down and getting  
everything of value in that ship,  
especially that pendant. Bring yer  
brother too, if you can, he's a  
good lad.

Portia, for a moment, looks overwhelmed, until stern  
determination takes over. She salutes her captain.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. BALLYHOO - UPPER DECK - DAY

Portia is treading water directly outside the ship, next to the diving bell. She looks up at the crew of the *Ballyhoo*.

COOKIE

Be careful, Portia. Who knows what kind of spooky ghostly terrors await ye?

PORTIA

I know. I'll be fine.

COOKIE

Who could've foreseen such horror, a situation so terrible it defies mortality?

ASTRYD

I mean, the ship's name is "Curse" backwards.

COOKIE

(desperate)

What kind of cap'n am I, lettin' this poor lass dive right into the face of certain death?

Jockbeard scoots by in a steampunk-esque mini submarine next to Portia. He scoffs.

JOCKBEARD

'Sup ladies. Still got the ol' bell, huh? You guys crack me up.

He ducks down as his hatch closes, and descends towards the wreck.

COOKIE

Make him cry, Portia.

She nods, and gets under the diving bell as it descends.

EXT. UNDERWATER - SHIPWRECK - DAY

Portia swims out from under the bell, and towards the sunken ship.

A HUGE SHARK passes by, and she frantically swims back to the safety of the bell.

The shark spots her, swims over, and starts <SNIFFING> near the bell. Portia is petrified, not moving. The shark takes a BITE out of the bell, CHEWS it over, and swallows, before GRUNTING in a "meh" kind of way and leaving. Portia SIGHS, and starts swimming back towards the *Esruc*. She swims through a gap in the hull into

INT. SHIPWRECK - DAY

The remains of the crew's quarters. A dining table and chairs are almost completely reclaimed by kelp and barnacles. A SCHOOL OF FISH are all swimming above the chairs as if they're sitting, but scatter when Portia swims by.

Portia spots a small chest, swims over, and opens it. A GHOST PIRATE pops out like a jack-in-the-box.

Startled, she swims backwards and <CRASHES> into a skeleton. She catches the skull, which promptly winks at her. Ahh! She drops it in terror, and swims up to a small pocket of air.

She gasps for air and catches her breath. Portia looks over her shoulder; there's another GHOST PIRATE right next to her.

GHOST PIRATE #2

Yo.

Portia YELPS, and dives back down. WHACK! She smacks against the windshield of Jockbeard's mini-sub.

JOCKBEARD

Whoa, careful. I just had this washed.

Portia looks at him like *who gets an underwater vehicle washed?*

JOCKBEARD (CONT'D)

Don't look at me like that.

He turns on his windshield wipers which swipe Portia away and send her to the floor.

JOCKBEARD (CONT'D)

Go back to your floating toilet and eat some cupcakes.

He scoots away. Portia lies on the kelp-covered floor, defeated.

But then, a slight HUM. She looks up, and cautiously swims towards the noise until she can see the soft orange glow of the pendant.



INT. SHIPWRECK - BRIG - DAY

The decaying remains of the ship's brig. In the corner, Prince sits in his ghostly cage in his ghostly form. He waves at Portia.

PRINCE

Hey, Porsh.

She waves and swims over to the cage. When her hand gets close, a beam of energy shoots out and shocks her like STATIC ELECTRICITY.

PRINCE (CONT'D)

Yeah. Ghost magic.

Portia spots the glow of the pendant again in the corner of the room. She swims over to it and grasps it firmly as she looks around for anything to help her free Prince.

PRINCE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I got mad at you. I did get imprisoned by the haunted souls of sailors past, so I wasn't, you know, wrong. But I shouldn't be so against your ambitions and stuff. I just don't want it to become you.

Portia opens a cabinet. A dozen SKULLS fall out.

SKULLS

Whoa!/Look out!

PRINCE

We're lucky that Cookie took us in, and we gotta repay him. Live by the piratey code. Our family is the crew now. We're Ballyhooers. Ballyhooists? Bally, bally. Pallyhoos, that's cute!

Something in the cabinet catches Portia's eye: a small orb, like a giant glistening pearl. As she gets closer, she sees a small engraving. It's the shape of a turtle in a circle. Portia looks at the pendant in her hand: the same shape.

Slowly, she moves her hand toward the orb.

PRINCE (CONT'D)

Portia, what do you think about "Pallyhoos"? I could get shirts made.

Portia touches the pendant to the orb. Bright yellow lights emanate and swirl around Portia, until one blinding yellow light fills the whole room and <WHOOSHES> us into

EXT. DREAM WORLD - DAY?

Some other world, in some other dimension. Viewed in a hazy yellow hue, we can see step pyramids, waterfalls, trees ripe with fruit. It's some kind of settlement, with roads, houses, lampposts.

Portia, dazed, looks around in wonder, until a ROBED FIGURE approaches her, two bright eyes poking through the darkness under its hood.

ROBED FIGURE

We have been waiting for you with diligence, young Portia.

PORTIA

Thanks for your patience. Also, who are you, where am I, and all the other questions anyone would ask?

The figure beckons Portia to follow it. They walk down a road between pyramids. Other FIGURES are talking, playing, walking their ROBED DOG FIGURES, like any other town.

ROBED FIGURE

There are many things that must be said, but only when it is time to say them. For now, the basics.

PORTIA

Am I dead? I figured the afterlife wouldn't be so yellow.

ROBED FIGURE

"Life" is not a term that applies to my kind.

PORTIA

Psh. Same.

They walk around the corner of a pyramid and walk towards

EXT. DREAM WORLD - PLAZA - DAY? - CONTINUOUS

Portia <GASPS>.

They're in a large stone plaza that holds a mountain of gold, jewels, and other valuables. Portia stands in awe, before running over to feel the gold in her hands.

PORTIA

What is this place?

ROBED FIGURE

This place was once called Agwe. We are what remains of her citizens.

PORTIA

Agwe? The map was real! You really can trust shady men selling you things in alleyways after all.

ROBED FIGURE

Artifacts from Agwe, like your pendant, hold immense power and value.

A CROWD of robed figures silently walk closer, and form a circle around Portia and the giant mound of treasure.

ROBED FIGURE (CONT'D)

It took great power to bring you here. Once you leave, you won't be able to return until you find all the Artifacts.

PORTIA

And there are how many?

The robed figure shrugs.

ROBED FIGURE

I 'unno. I know they are located in the most treacherous hiding places. It would take a master treasure hunter to retrieve them. But you have that potential, Portia.

Portia straightens out her posture a bit.

PORTIA

Well, I wouldn't say "master" treasure hunter.

She twirls a couple gold coins between her fingers.

PORTIA (CONT'D)

And if I find them all, I get these sweet shinies?

The robed figure nods.

ROBED FIGURE

The orb you've found has the power to grant you three wishes. Bit of a trope, I know, it was made during our younger days. It is best that you wish for things small, with immediate payoff. On a larger scale, many things are in motion, and it'd be best not to disturb them. You saw what it did to the crew of the *Esruc*.

PORTIA

I guess I'll wish for Prince to get out of that ghost cage and back to his normal annoying self.

ROBED FIGURE

When you wake, your wish will be granted.

Portia looks down at her pendant.

PORTIA

I still don't see how I'm connected to all of this. Why we have this pendant, why you're talking to me.

ROBED FIGURE

There is evil looming in your world. Eventually your destiny will reveal itself to you. Isn't that right?

Two figures approach Portia, and lower their hoods. It's Desmond and Fortuna.

PORTIA

Mom? Dad?

<WHOOSH>.

INT. SHIPWRECK - BRIG - DAY

Portia snaps out of it. Back in the shipwreck, Prince's ghost cage evaporates, and he retakes human form. Prince swims over to Portia and shakes her awake. Their eyes meet, and they smile.

JOCKBEARD (O.S.)

Awe, what a nice family moment.

His mini-sub charges in. From a small hatch, a mechanical claw extends and <WHIRRS>, reaching for the orb.

Prince chucks the orb farther away and Portia grabs one of the skulls. It looks scared, with good reason as she shoves it between the propeller blades of the mini-sub, jamming it.

SKULL

Ow!

Jockbeard's mini-sub stops moving. He angrily pulls at the controls, but nothing's working.

JOCKBEARD

C'mon you useless dud-marine. Right when the warranty wears out, you leave me stuck here with these stupid ghosts.

A bunch of ghost pirates appear and swarm the mini-sub, looking pretty PO'd.

JOCKBEARD (CONT'D)

Heh. Heh. You know I didn't mean that, ghost bros.

Portia and Prince hurriedly swim outside the ship as the ghosts menacingly approach Jockbeard.

EXT. SHIPWRECK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Portia and Prince swim into the diving bell, which starts to lift.

EXT. BALLYHOO - UPPER DECK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Prince and Portia desperately throw themselves back on the deck, relieved that it's all over.

SALLY

Prince!

ASTRYD

Portia!

COOKIE

The pendant!

The crew members (minus Aloysius) approach the twins with blankets.

ASTRYD  
How'd it all go?

SALLY  
Did you kick some spooky ghost  
butt?

COOKIE  
Did ye show that good-fer-nothin'  
Jockbeard a thing or two about real  
pirateering?

Portia stands up slowly, deliberately.

PORTIA  
I know my parents are still out  
there. I saw them.

Whoa. Everyone's taken aback, especially Prince.

PRINCE  
How? Are they alive?

PORTIA  
Yes. I think so. They're spirits.  
Or something. I'm working on it.  
But they were in a place filled  
with--

SALLY  
Swords?

COOKIE  
Brownies?

BAPTISTE  
Puppies?

PORTIA  
Treasure. A mountain of gold,  
rubies, assorted shiny things,  
ready for whoever finds it!

Cookie <LAUGHS>.

COOKIE  
I love me a good cryptic vision,  
'specially one with a mountain o'  
money!

PORTIA  
Astryd, do you know where we could  
learn more about Agwe?

ASTRYD

I, I guess so.

PORTIA

Then that's where we're headed.  
Cookie, I don't want to go against  
your orders, so Prince and I will  
find our own way to get it.

Cookie puts his arm around her.

COOKIE

Not a chance, lass. We're family.  
So long as we get the coin to keep  
us afloat, we'll help you look for  
yer folks and that big pile o'  
booty. Ain't that right everyone!

They all <CHEER>. Prince and Portia hug.

BAPTISTE

Man, I wish we could still get some  
of that soda.

PORTIA

No, don't--

POOF! Bottles of soda materialize on the deck. Portia shrugs,  
and everyone picks up a bottle. Cookie raises his in a toast.

COOKIE

To Prince and Portia!

PORTIA

To the Ballyhoo!

PRINCE

To the Ballyhoo!

They all take a swig, and immediately <SPIT> it out.

COOKIE

Maybe decades-old soda isn't so  
good after all.

Everyone <MURMURS> in agreement and drops their bottle to the  
floor. Dogsboddy happily laps everything up.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. PALACE - THRONE ROOM - DAY

An illustrious, gaudy palace. GUARDS line up along a red carpet as Jockbeard and some particularly mean-looking KNIGHTS walk up towards the throne.

Sitting in the throne but mostly obscured is GOVERNOR MACKIE, 60s, the root of all evil. He's one albino cat away from a Bond villain.

JOCKBEARD

Governor Mackie.

GOVERNOR MACKIE

I trust you're not here to bother me with trifling events, Jockbeard.

JOCKBEARD

Well, um, I wouldn't say "trifling" Your Governor-ness. It's just. Um. Remember Desmond and Fortuna? And their kids?

GOVERNOR MACKIE

Yes, unfortunately I am aware of them. What did those brats get up to? Drown in the kiddie pool, hm?

JOCKBEARD

No, sir, they, um, seem to have found out about the, the "thing", Your Awesomeness.

Everyone is shaking with fear. One of the guards passes out. But then Mackie starts to <CHUCKLE> a slow, evil laugh.

GOVERNOR MACKIE

Then we'll just have to destroy them before they find it. Am I understood?

Jockbeard, trembling, <GULPS> and salutes. Mackie <CLAPS>.

GOVERNOR MACKIE (CONT'D)

Wonderful. Now, I'm feeling ice cream. Can I get some ice cream?

Mackie <LAUGHS> even harder. Another guard faints.

END OF EPISODE