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Pete Winning and the Pirates

By James Christopher

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After the great flood of 2029
and the ensuing war, food and
drinkable water became scarce.

Radiation pockets made sea travel
the only method of transportation.

Both difficult and dangerous.

A self-crowned queen holds a monopoly
over the safe zones, paid for through
outrageous land taxes.

These are the commoners' only way
to keep their families clear
of the horrid mutations by radiation.

The queen's personal
map, detailing the known
safe zones for travel, was stolen,
torn into three pieces, and
scattered across the country.

A generous bounty stands
offered for their return.

A cutthroat lifestyle of
piracy has taken over the seas.

But a noble few, armed
with laser guns and wit,
travel the globe in search of these maps.

An attempt to remove the queen from power,
the hope to end her reign of tyranny,
the plan to bring freedom to the people.

- That explosion, huge!

- Well, you sure love your
understatements, Carmen.

But considering size doesn't matter,
the question is, did you get the map?

- Two out of three.

Check.

The queen's gonna kill us.

- Well, that's only assuming we don't win.

And I am--

- Pete Winning, I know.

- Carmen?

It's never easy.

- We'll get those maps for the west.

All three.

You hungry?

I'm hungry.

Starved, really.

Famished.

- Clearly, you're hungry.

- Deathly so.

- Well, if we could get
some money, maybe we could--

- Uglies!

Incoming!

Eva, I will never

get used to seeing uglies.

- Radiation from the war,
that'll get 'em every time.

- Sloth want your food.

- Well, Sloth can want in one hand,
spit in the other, and then tell me
which one fills up first.

Have you any idea hard

hard those are to come by?

- Pete, forget about the stogey.

- Sorry, mates.

So now, where's your food.

- That's why we was attacking you.

- And you probably don't'
even have any lasers.

- No lasers.

We try.

- Remy, how much is the
queen's tariff these days?

- Probably more than we got.

- Somehow I doubt that.

You look a little tired.

Why don't you let me take over?

- You know, we could just try docking
without paying the tariff.

- That would be insane, Eva.

- Oh jeez.

- You're absolutely right.

Then we'd have to avoid the shore guards.

- No one can avoid them.

- Well they're the best.

- Of course they are.

- Of course.

- We'll just pull in over here, right?

- Ahoy there!
You've the need to pay!
Finch.
Fire 'em up.
- Well.
So much for a quiet day.
Give us your
weapons and get on your knees!
- I guess we do the usual thing?
Ow.
- You're holding it wrong.
- Huh?
- Thanks.
- What exactly were you thinkin', mate?
- Suppose I hadn't planned that far.
- Hey, Jane!
Is that what I tink it is?
- Make mine a double!
No, a triple.
No, quadruple X of your finest, ma'am.
- Does that mean Carmen is here?
Hey, Carl,
that's Pete Winning over there.
Naw, can't be him.
On this island?
- Oh Pete.
Pete Winning?
Good!
That guy owes me money!
- Pete Winning, hey?
- There's some interest
in harbor for some,
queen-lovers everywhere.
- If they knew what we know.
- Nice outfit, queenie.
- Yeah, bills need to be paid, hoser.
Yeah?
- Stop!
Come on, boys.
So.
Pete.
I hear you're lookin' for a navigator.
- We're heading straight into the east.
Carmen used to be the pro.

- Mm, I heard rumors about what happened.

A loss.

- Well, if you're lookin'
for a navigator in this town,
there's only one guy worth the effort.

- Well, the trick is to avoid the queen
and the radiation, I don't think we plan
on becoming uglies any time soon.

- Nah, there's one thing about this guy,
you'll never find a prettier sailor.

He's got a hell of a memory.

He's been patrollin' these waters
ever since the first big flood.

- The Charmer.

- Charmer?

Well, it sounds like we'd
be safe with him for sure.

Where do we find this guy?

- Right over here.

Pete Winning.

Put that away before you hurt someone.

You could really put an
eye out with that thing.

The Charmer, eh?

- People have many sides.

- You, my friend, have seen a few.

But not all.

Victor Rathboat, the Charmer, yes.

Most definitely.

And would you believe I have
a wonderful singing voice?

- Well, you're the only one who can get us
where we need to go.

- You have to tell me where that is first.

We are playing with real money, yes?

- Assuming we're not a group of uglies
when we get back to the west safely,
absolutely.

- I would expect no less, captain.

- Here's the tough part, sweetie,
you and your crew, you're nice and all,
but the queen'll be
comin' for that tariff.

We know you're broke,

but that fancy wrist gizmo you go there
will do you just fine.

- Oh this old thing?

She can take it off me herself
when we pay her a visit.

- It's fine by us, mate, but just watch
what you're saying out loud around here.
The queen needs her coin.

- You know, I may have
something you'd fancy.

In the bilge, brown satchel.

- Oh, ah,
you know, I may a landie, there boy,
but boy looks like an awful lot of water
comin' in there.

- You see that?

That's an auto-pump.

Gets wet, it kicks in.

If the engine's runnin',
the pumps a-pumpin',
so just don't run out of gas.

- Gas?

You know, the queen's good
for somethin', my friend,
her water engines have
saved lives out there.

- Sure they have.

- They have.

- Get the satchel.

- Are those what I tink they are?

- They certainly are.

You interested?

- What exactly are you
tryin' to do, Mr. Winning?

- All this talk about
safe zones and radiation,
but these two maps are proof enough
that at least one damn fool
made it there and back.

- Which is obvious.

- Are you saying you know
where the missin' map is?

- The map of the east, queen's home turf?
Could be worth millions.

- Exactly.

- So, where are we headed?

- Out there.

- We don't know yet.

- We'll think of something.

- Listen, pal, it's gonna be a little bit tough with just the four a ya. Uh, three of you.

- What?

- Three of you.

This is insane, and please give me a minute to clarify, if I got this right, you're planning to go on a wild journey into the lion's den to steal an invaluable map, and then plan to make it back to the west coast all in one piece, without turning ugly, just so you don't have to pay the queen to live on her land anymore.

Well great.

What about the Crimsons?

Those suckers are viscous.

I don't have the stones for that anymore.

And besides, the queen, she ain't that bad.

You really should consider upgrading to one of her water engines.

Gas is what got us into this trouble to begin with.

Well, it was nice knowin' ya, Pete Winning, and Eva, and Victor and what's your faces.

- Finch, it's Finch.

Toodles.

Good luck savin' the world.

Those guys are dead meat.

Mutant, dead fish meat.

- Hang the tariff.

God knows you guys'll be needing as much help on that ship as you can get.

I may be no Carmen,
but you can count on me, mate.

- Jane, are you sayin' you're gonna--
Stay.
Tell the queen you let me get away.

- Well--
- Or you can shoot me
like you're supposed to.
- Dammit.
Are you sure that water pump is workin'?

- Now's our chance.
Let's get that map.

- When do we get this over with?
- Hey, what's the rush?
If that's Pete Winning,
we're gonna have to do a Carmen.
We want this to go as
easy as a coal hitch.

- Quit your complainin'.
I've heard rumor that she's got
one of the queen's maps.

- Aye, but you can't believe
everything you hear, Captain.
- Perhaps.
But I can believe how
many of these we've got.

- Fuel's getting low.
- Yeah.
I'm beginning to forget
what shore looks like.
I'm getting hungry.

- Thank you.
- Why don't you take a rest?
- You really should talk to the queen
about one of her engines.
Look, there's an island
upwind where we can refuel.

- Get down!
- Finch, into the cabin!
I'm movin'!
- I'm tired of people
taking potshots at my boat.
Jesus.
Come on.

Oh, you're kidding.

- Huh.

- This is quite the amusing scenario.

- It's usually customary to ask for permission to come aboard.

- We all like the bounty from the queen, and the respect of the Crimsons.

Everybody knows Carmen has one of the maps.

- You know where they are?

- What's it to you?

Everybody knows who has the maps, it's a matter of finding where.

Where is Carmen, by the way?

- Who has the map of the east?

- Well, that would be One-Eyed Bill, in three days tops.

- This wannabe-Crimson is still alive.

- You'll let me go?

- 'Course we will.

But don't think you'll be keeping any of your lasers.

- One-Eyed Bill has the other map.

He was last seen headin' straight for the queen's palace.

Three days.

And if you get movin', you could probably intercept them.

He's just one man, clever as all hell, but just one man.

- One man?

I can respect that.

But a man who doesn't need a crew is a man I'd worry about.

- Anything else you'll be wanting?

- Well sure, we'll take your fuel.

- Ha!

I could smell that exhaust from a kilometer away.

We don't use that stuff.

Our engines run on water.

- Run on water?

- Got it.

- What am I?

An ugly?

We don't touch that oil garbage.

It's what got us into this
mess in the first place!

Captain!

How do I get that bilge pump workin'?

- You don't.

We're out of fuel.

What now, Captain?

- Hoist the sail, we'll have
to tack our way to shore.

- You mean the sail I
was using as my shield?

- That looks like a fishnet now.

- Yeah, that sail.

- Isn't this the part where you say
you'll think of something?

- How's your backstroke?

- Uh, Pete.

- We're gonna need a bigger boat.

- Don't worry, it's just one shark.

- Uh, boss, boss!

- There's another one over here too, guys.

- Well, this is not ideal.

What?

Who the?

- The name's Grace, and you are?

You better tell me your name,
or I'll just write Drenched
Sea Rat on your tombstone.

- Well I suppose you could call me.

So where are we, exactly?

- You're in the town of Ilie.

A haven for the roughnecks
and the vagabonds.

And since you look more like a character
from Oliver Twist than a
daring rider of the waves,
I figure it suited us.

I'd let that dry off if I were you.

You know, before you blow your arm off.

Where are the others?

- You're the only refugee I
found on this godforsaken beach.

- Crew.

I--

- Don't.

We don't have the luxury
to feel sorry for ourselves
here, Mr. Winning.

You have to look out for yourself.

- Why'd you save my life?

- Don't get all warm and
fuzzy on me now, Pete.

Luck is all that brought us together.
I didn't want it.

It clashes.

- There are--

- Civilization, good sir.

I need a drink, and you need a towel.

- Snap out of it.

I need help tying this off.

He's gonna be all right.

- Saved me.

- That's what we do, dear.

We're a crew.

Now it's your turn to help.

- Now what?

- We wait.

- For?

- I'm not a doctor.

We need to find a way to boil some water.

He needs to re-hydrate.

- Any chance you can boil
me a steak with that?

Oh there, there, lass.

You're not gettin' rid of me that easy.

- I'll have a nice glass of red wine,
and my friend over here
will have a claw-decks rum.

- So what are we doing here?

- We're looking for One-Eyed Bill.

And someone in here is
bound to know who he is.

So we ask.

Remember the water?

- Yeah, it's dry enough.

Where are the maps?

- Maps?
- I think he means the maps.
Really, mate?
You lost your boat.
You lost your crew.
And now you've lost
your all-important maps.
What next, huh?
Your manhood?
Your marbles?
- Outside, now.
- That fish was a big'un, you know?
And sure he took me hand, but I took
a bunch of the beast's teeth.
I think I'm gonna make a
bracelet out of it or something,
I don't know what.
But I'll tell you, it was a rush.
- I can't thank you enough.
- Ah, it was nothing, darlin'.
Like I said, I'm just
glad I was there for you.
But those sharks, I tell you.
Overrated.
They should have sent
five or six after me.
That might have been a fair fight.
Hey wait a minute, where the Charmer?
And the Captain?
- We don't know.
- It's all right, Evie.
His name's Winning, not Bait.
We'll find him.
Over there!
- We've got a bigger problem than that.
But I think that's where you two come in.
- Start talkin', dearie.
- Where are the maps?
- I told you, I don't have them.
- What about you?
I was knocked out for quite a while.
- You're outta sorts.
Is this the way it was
when you lost Carmen?

- We got her, mates, we got her.
- But she ain't got no coin.
- Is that so?
- Tie her up.
- We'll take it from here.
- What's that now?
- That wasn't part of the plan, was it?
- No, stumpy, it wasn't.
- Down, Pete, we don't have the luxury
to carry grudges out here.
- Carmen did all the
heavy lifting, didn't she?
Must be nice to get to live off her sweat.
I may not be perfect,
mate, but I am who I am.
And you're Pete Winning.
But what does that even mean?
Did that your crew could
have meant something, mate.
But you'd rather wallow.
Makes me think we should
call you Pete Losing.
- You might wanna stop it.
What is that you're even after?
Hmm?
- One-Eyed Bill.
- Oh, a couple a sailors
searchin' the land.
They seek far and wide
for this great pirate man,
One-Eyed Bill, they seek, never to pray,
but it looks like their quarry
has the advantage this day.
Heh.
You come be searchin' for
One-Eyed Bill, I take it?
Looks like you found him.
Best be puttin' your laser on deck.
- So what now?
- I'll think of something.
- Hmm.
- Hmm, well that's what I like to hear.
Petey Winning.
- It's Pete.

- Oh, I think Petey'll do for now.

Don't you, Petey?

So you lost your coveted maps.

Looks like we're gonna
have to go and find them.

- We can trust you?

- We?

- Yeah.

- Right.

How do we know we can trust you?

- Seems like you're out of options, Petey.

That Stubin character you found
yourself in fisticuffs with,
he is slippery as an eel.

And he'll be back quicker
than you can blink an eye.

And in greater numbers too.

So, we'd best get movin'.

We got a boat to load.

- All right, pirate wench.

Supper.

Hate for you to continue wasting away.

- We did what you asked, Eva.

There's no sign for Pete or Victor
on Her Majesty's transit list.

- But.

- But?

- But we saw this Jacques
Cartier on the register.

I thought it sounded suspicious.

- Tried to tell this dunderhead here
that a Cartier patrolled these waters
like 500 years ago.

- A fake name.

Do you think?

- One-Eyed Bill?

- If it's him, we're close.

Means we washed up further
east than I thought.

If he's heading to the palace,
we can still catch him.

- Yeah, but we don't
know where the palace is.

And doesn't look like

you're goin' anywhere soon.

- Let me worry about that.

- Take that, you treasonous she-dog!

- You sure about that now?

- I said I heard the

Crimsons stole your maps.

You know, heard?

Stories change all over the place, Petey,

and it's not just the

two maps that you stole.

We're talkin' about all three.

- What?

- Eh.

Um, yeah.

They kinda stole mine too.

But they didn't get it

without a fight, okay?

I, oh man, we're not

done here yet, all right?

- What is it?

- Done this before.

Setting sail with a

crew that's unprepared.

And now where are we?

- Yeah, but have to get those maps.

And besides,

I believe in you, Pete Winning.

- Let's go, you barnacles!

Come on!

- Crimson Island.

- And the only two thing on Crimson Island

are the Crimsons and the dead people

who invade Crimson Island.

- Well, you know what they say,

you got a date with

death, it might as well

be on your own terms, right?

- You okay?

- Course I am.

I am--

- Come on!

We don't got all day!

- I don't think we got

time for a pint, darlin'.

- We're not here for a pint.
We're looking for One-Eyed Bill.
Jacques Cartier never signed
out on the transit log.

- Yeah, but we don't even know
what One-Eyed Bill looks like.
Yeah, but somethin' tells me
he might just stand out.

- Wait, what?

- Uh, guys?

- That's our cue!
Whose vessel is this, anyway?

- It's ours now, honey!

- Sure sounds like it could be Pete,
but with some short-haired cutie, huh?

- Yeah, but with some
good-lookin' sailor-type, too?
That's gotta be the Charmer.
At least Eva will be happy.

- About Pete being alive
or the short-haired cutie?

- Well, I guess he is
Pete Winning, after all.

- I couldn't help but overhear.
Pete Winning?

- What business is it of yours?

- Yeah, what business is it of yours?

- What can I say?
The great Pete Winning,
I was hoping to find him.

- Oh, us too.
Hi and One-eyed...

- Bill?

- Oh, he's definitely here.
I've been tracking him for a while now.

- I'm not sayin' nuttin'
else.

- How can we trust you?
Does this help?

- Well, I'll be a sharks tooth.

- I'm Skyler.

- And it looks like we're
going in the same direction.

- I'd still like to figure

out how we can trust you.

- Who says you can?

Many a salty group were brought together
by mutual goals, wouldn't you say?

Wouldn't you say, Petey?

Don't worry!

Not gonna cut your throats yet.

Not until we find all three
pieces of the map, anyway.

'Til then, sleep well, me hearties.

- Just great.

- Telling you, Eva, she
has the same tattoo.

- Be that as it may, you
don't know what we know
about all of this.

- You're not giving me
a lot to go on here.

We have to find those maps.

- First we have to find Pete.

- Yeah, that's if he's even still alive.

And if he were, he'd want us
to continue on with the mission.

And to do that, the key is One-Eyed Bill.

- Don't assume Pete is dead.

- Look, there are bigger
things at stake here.

It's why we're going with her.

- What is this, mutiny?

You're leaving me here?

- No, I just, I wish there was
something else we could do,
but she can help us.

- I know a lot about you, Eva.

I don't think you'll
be mired here for long.

You'll think of something.

- Do I know you?

- Oh, um, I wouldn't think so.

- Crimson island!

There she be.

- How did you know this was here?

- Well let's just say that
I was an extended guest

of the Crimsons for the war.

I escaped using my cunning and my wits.

Something a little more valuable.

- What's that?

- My eye for detail.

Stick with me, my dearie,

and we may just survive this

with both your beautiful orbs in tact.

- Guard.

Guard.

Guard.

I think I heard something.

Did you?

I think it's coming from down there.

- If all three maps are in the same place,

I think that only leaves us one solution.

Yeah?

- Captain Crimson himself.

All roads lead to him.

- That is a dangerous and terrifying plan
you've concocted, Petey.

It's likely to get us all killed.

I love it.

- It's suicide.

- Oh, she loves it too.

- Look, he's the best

pirate in the business, yes?

- Now, what do all good pirates like
after a day of violence and plunder?

- Drinking and wenches.

- Yeh.

Drinking and wenches.

- We just amble on in.

You cover us.

- Yeah.

- Um.

- No, it's okay, son, I got it.

- Have you got anything
to drink in there, mate?

- Hey there.

It's a cute boat.

- Hmm?

- For a cute guy.

- Oh, you forgot your life jacket!

- I said, that's no lady, that's my wife!
To all the pretties who've loved us,
and to all the pretties
who've not loved us
yet.

Pete.

Winning.

- Who else?

Thought I'd bring some life to this party.

Well, you could shoot us,
or we could share this!

- I could cut you right now.

- You could.

- But why ruin such a pretty, pretty face?

Ah.

Ah.

- So.

We all know you have the map of the east.

- Do you now?

- But you know something precious?

I know where the other two are.

- You're telling me you
have the other two maps?

- Well, have, don't have.

They're not here with me, that's for sure.

That wouldn't be very savvy, would it?

But I know where they are.

All we have to do is join forces.

- I don't buy it, Winning.

I think you and I are playing
a game of Texas Hold'em.

And you are out of cards.

- Well.

Here they be!

I mean, are.

- I say we just take them!

- Micha.

I don't think that's any
way to treat our guests.

This is Pete Winning himself, after all.

But it does beg the question.

You have two maps.

Two.

You could have sailed on,

been treated to a pardon,
fortune, wenches.
Although, I see you've
got that part covered.
- For the glory, my friend, the glory.
That can never be taken away.
- Glory.
Glory.
Glory, the one thing
that can make anything
worth everything.
I toast you, Pete!
- If you were to join us, we would be
unstoppable on the seas.
Aye, that we would.
Except for one thing.
- You'll be joining us.
Welcome to the Crimson.
Yes.
- Come on.
- All you pirates dressed all in red.
You spend your time
drinkin' and tryin' to bed.
Too bad you're nappin'
and messed in the head.
Should have been guarding
these three maps instead.
- You like fighting dirty?
- Bill!
- Oh my God, boss.
Don't hit your friend!
- Hmm?
- Ow.
- Oh now, this is just unfair.
Really?
Huh?
- Yeah.
- Yeah, yeah?
Uh...
- Shall we?
- Well it is getting late.
Boss, wake up.
Let's get out of here!
You need to save us!

You sure you got the maps?

Well, if I didn't,

we would be up a creek.

- Um, wasn't there a boat here?

- Aw, my boat!

Well, some other guy's boat.

But.

- Well what now?

- We'll think of something.

Okay.

Get ready to run.

- What?

- Oh, One-Eyed Bill doesn't run.

- Well, run or swim, it's your choice.

There they go, the scum, let's get 'em!

Uh, coming?

- And they call me crazy?

- Oh, so you know Pete?

- I do.

We go back a long time,

Pete, Carmen and myself.

- And One-Eyed Bill?

- Bill.

Only by reputation.

You know, when we catch up

to him it won't be easy.

- Well, we're not exactly cupcakes.

I mean, how dangerous can he be?

He's only got one eye.

- Well, he's the best pirate on the seas,
and he's only got one eye.

- The next time I commandeer a ship,
it better have a water engine.

What the?

I know you.

- I know you, too.

Bet you wish you gave Sloth the food.

Food to Sloth.

- I do, but be that as it may,

I'm gonna need you to put the rock down.

- Got drop on Sloth again.

- Me keep doing that.

- Does it work?

- I don't know.

- Who wants some?

- I guess it does.

Hey, Jane, look what she got me!

I ain't useless no more.

- Bud, you were never useless before.

- Where'd you get it, Skyler?

- I know a guy.

After all, where do you think Pete got his wrist laser from?

- I thought we were running.

- It's an island.

At some point, we're gonna have to fight.

Um, like now.

- Sure we're okay leavin'

the boat tied up back there?

- Do you hear that?

- Laser fire.

It's to the west of us.

- Who would be crazy enough

to attack the Crimsons?

- You think it's?

Winning!

- You know what's harder than sneaking onto Crimson Island?

- Tell me.

- Stealing a Crimson boat.

- Uh, guys.

- Lasers down, both a' yas.

- Okay.

Okay.

Get your hands up!

Yeah!

- You okay?

- Don't get goin' all warm and fuzzy on me, Grace.

- Um, if, if you guys don't mind, we got, you know.

- Take me to your leader.

- Sloth am leader.

- Well then, take me to the rest of you.

- Eva?

I never thought I'd see your pretty little face again.

- Remy.

You look...

- Oh, you know, like mutant,
dead fish meat, I know.

Where's Pete?

- I don't know.

- So it's just you and us then?

Well I suppose you better
make yourself cozy,
'cause guess what?

- What?

- I learned somethin' about those maps.
And you ain't gonna like it.

- Oh, wow.

YOu okay?

- Yeah, well that depends
on how you feel about scars.

- Come on, you can have
your honeymoon later.

It's time to save our butts.

- Are we surrounded?

- Yeah, I think we might be fish sticks.

- Are you gonna think of something?

- It's Pete!

- Shh, hold it, big guy.

- Okay, so explain this to me again,
because this is a lot.

- I don't know how else to put it, babe.

Those maps are useless.

The only radiation hotspots
we need to watch out for
are the ones the queen
decides should exist.

- So she's poisoning everyone.

- Well, poisoning makes turning
them ugly sound nicer, sure.

- Now Sloth and the group have been
trying to figure it out on their own,
but it's not like we're
gettin' smarter every day.

We've got even bigger problems now, kid.

- So what's the point of it all?

The maps, the bounty?

- The maps might be useless to us,
but not to the queen.

I mean, though radiation zones are probably smaller than we thought, but if everyone's afraid of mutation.

- They'll pay through the nose.

- And.

- They're the perfect bait for anyone who challenges the queen's authority.

- No matter what your strategy, you gotta take a few pawns off the table. Hey, where you runnin' off to.

- To the queen's island. And you're coming with me.

- Oh, no I'm not.

- Remy.

There are times in life where you either stand up for something important, or you fall to the wasteland anyway. Now is one of those times.

- Aw, what the hell.

- You son of a gun!

You three sons of a gun.

- Petey!

- Finch, your hand is--

- Yeah!

It's a bloody laser cannon!

- Pete.

- Who's that?

- Oh, she's just a friend. She helped us find you all.

- Jane.

- Grace.

- Bill.

- Finch, they call me Finch.

- Hey.

And you are?

- Thank you, miss.

Hello, Your Majesty.

- Majesty?

- You know, I never really cared for these laser things.

One-Eyed Bill.

- Queen, I presume?

You always were a sea serpent to me.

- Half your sight and half your manners.

I like you.

And Grace.

So that's where you've run off to.

Load Winning, Bill, and my
frustrating little sister
onto the boat.

- Bloody stupid.

The queen.

How could we not have known?

- We have to find Pete before they leave,
and we have to get out of here.

- Well all right then, let's
get those guards in here.

- Shh.

Funny, let's think.

- Listen, those goons ain't
as smart as old Finchey here.

Look, all they did was cut the wire
to detach my musculature
to the firing mechanism.

We just need to make
a bridge or somethin'.

What?

- You said musculature.

Correctly.

Oh help me, help me, please!

Someone get this lug off of me!

Let's go.

- That was great.

I thought it was gonna be
a lot harder than this.

Oh look, a hat.

Finch, come on!

- Are you okay?

- I've been better.

- You wouldn't have let
me come along if you knew.

- This would have been a whole lot easier
if you just left me
drowning on that beach.

- Just because she's
my sister doesn't mean

that we're the same.

She's a tyrant and this country
has been under her boot long enough.

- I love it.

And I agree.

Well except for the last part.

I think it could stand to be under my boot
for a little bit longer.

You know, sis,
it's clear what you see in him.

Strong,

tough,

rugged.

And I'm sure he's the same way in...

Well, I'll let you know.

- What do you want with me?

- Oh, come now, Pete Winning.

Your value is impossible to measure.

The pirate of the people.

- I'm sorry?

- Oh yes.

Or maybe you've been too busy
running around making
life harder for me, huh?

Everyone knows who you are.

The fools who don't love
me see you as a hero.

So of course,

we have to end that.

- That so?

Tell me.

What have you got in mind?

- Oh Pete.

You haven't changed a bit.

Still want to read the last
page of the novel, don't you?

Well, Pete.

Got to wait and see.

Got to wait and see.

- Bill?

- Oh.

I've got bigger plans for him.

- Think we just need to
do this hard and fast.

Be through before they know what hit them.

- Sounds like a Winning plan.

Pete really rubbed off on you, eh?

- But there's a lot of men.

- That's the way things
are going anyway, isn't it?

I'd rather have a fighting chance.

But if you wanna back down, I understand.

- I did that once.

Not again.

- You know, you're a lot
worse than people say.

Don't you think this is a
bit extreme, even for you?

- Oh, you've not seen extreme.

Not yet.

- You're crazy.

- Don't worry, I'll make some new maps
and set them into the world.

And the next One-Eyed
Bill and Pete Winning
will chase after them.

All the while, this
queen will get her coin.

All right,
queenies, it's the captain!

In position!

- Come on, get those buttons buttoned!

And what's with those shoes?

Ever heard of a shine, boy?

- Don't' you thin it's time we move on?

- How do you address me, Ensign?

- Sorry, Captain, but we
need to be at headquarters.

- Yes, they probably need me
to fix some problem or another.

Captain's work is never done.

Move.

Come along, Ensign.

- Next time, I get to be captain.

- It's no my fault, Jane, I'm method.

- Would you have even
listened to me if you knew?

We don't have the luxury

to hold grudges around here, Mr. Winning.

You have to look out for yourself.

- I know that now.

- I just keep breaking
up this little love fest.

Don't I?

Off to your room now, sis.

And this time, your chaperones
won't be so easy to escape.

Finally.

Alone.

- Are we?

- Captain!

Prepare for battle.

There's a fight coming.

What are you sneering at?

- Nothing.

Just hope you have time
to think of something.

Oh, I'd stay a bit if I were you.

Things are bound to get
a bit sporty in here.

- I'll cut your neck before they have
a chance to touch mine.

- Well that worked out
fantastic, didn't it?

Is he dead?

- Nope, just passed...

Oh my god, it's okay.

It was set to stun.

- Eva.

- I thought he was someone else.

- Secured the south port.

They got One-Eyed Bill in the dungeon.

Pete

in the chamber.

- I'm gonna go get our captain.

- Eva?

I thought that you...

- No sir, I just continued on the mission
like you would have wanted.

- Course you did.

Untie me.

I have a queen to dethrone.

- Let her go.
We have to get out of here.
We can't hold this place for long.
- No.
It ends today.
- What are you...
- Well,
you know me.
I'll...
- Pete Winning.
Mm, look at you.
Going old school, I see.
- Well.
Nothing wrong with a classic.
- Not bad with the steel, Mr. Winning.
- I'm starting to get a handle on things.
- Ha.
- One-Eyed Bill.
- You must be one-armed Steve.
- I like this guy.
- Oh.
- How?
- I really like him.
- Yeah, he's beginnin' to grow on me, too.
- Come on.
- Well.
We have ourselves a predicament.
Don't we, my queen?
- Indeed we do, Mr. Winning.
Indeed we do.
- I could end the suffering of millions
with a flick of my wrist.
- Then do it.
Can't, eh?
Cold blood thing.
- No!
You won't do this, Pete.
- Grace, out of my way.
- No.
You can win, but not like this.
- Oh for heaven's sake.
This is boring me.
Guards!
He killed my sister!

- Don't get all warm and fuzzy on me now, Pete.

- Dammit, Grace.

- We don't have the luxury to feel sorry for ourselves out here. You have to look out for yourself.

Okay?

Okay?

- It's okay.

Pete, behind you.

Take cover!

- It's now or never.

We gotta go.

- Go!

Go, go, go!

Captain, she's gone!

Look, there's no time!

We gotta...

- Well?

- We spent the entire day searching the island, Your Majesty. No sign of Winning or his crew.

- Damn.

- Thank you, Pete.

For everything.

Farewell and adieu

To my dears, men and ladies

Farewell and adieu

To my ladies of Spain

- He didn't call me Petey.

- How are you?

You don't know that she's gone.

- Right.

- You set the queen back.

Her secret's out and now she knows you're out there, watching.

- Yeah, with half the country seeing me as public enemy number one.

- The truth will spread fast enough. And besides, I don't think you mind being public enemy number one.

In fact, I think you kind of like it, Captain.

- Eva.

Do you really want us to
take you back to Ugly Island?

- Well first we're gonna have to think
of a better name for it than that.

But yes.

You helpin' the uglies,
Jane and Finch workin' the
queen's guard from the inside,
what am I gonna do?

- Just be Pete Winning.

The rest will fall into place.

- All ready to go.

- So, now it's your
turn to stir things up.

Any ideas, Pete?

- Well, you know me.

I'll think of something.