The Black Swan

By Ben Hecht
The night is fair!
The wind is down!
And the commander's daughter has
recovered from the sickness!

and the people of Guadela are
grateful for a night of peace!
God be thanked in his heaven
that midnight strikes
and all is well!

A poor haul, but an easy one.
We'll do ourselves better
in Maracaibo.
What are you moping about?
Here. Drink this.
No?
It was an easy scuffle, Jamie-Boy.
Aye, it was.
Hey, what are you rubbing
your nose for?
- I'm thinking on something.
- Out with it!
They're hanging Captain
Morgan this week...
hanging him on the
docks in London.
- That's what I'm thinking on.
- Anybody lets himself get...
caught and hung is nobody
to drink to.
To Captain Morgan, I say!
Hanging or walking, he's a better man than the pack of us.
Give me that comb.
Let go of that, you! Blast it!
I must drink to this occasion, Captain Waring.
We are not often honored by such a distinguished visitor.
What a magnificent record.
Second in command to Henry Morgan...
in the raid on Panama...
the sack of Maracaibo, Portobelo, Trujillo!
Quite a busy little cutthroat we have here.
But there is no mention of you at the attack on Granada.
I was there... killing Spaniards.
The English dog still barks! Is your memory improving?
Have you remembered where...
- Captain Morgan is?
- Perfectly.
- Where is he?
- In England.
You lie.
I grant you England is where he should be...
hanging from a gibbet with the rest of you scum of the sea!
But I have word from our ambassador...
that he escaped.
Your news delights me, Don Miguel.
Oh. And perhaps this will delight you too.
A quarter of a turn!
Where were you planning to meet Morgan?
On the far side of the moon.
Where is his ship?
Hull down and sailing through your whiskers, Don Miguel.
A full turn!
Speak, you devil spawn,
before I quarter you!
- What is that?
- The devil looking after his own.
Easy, my brave bag of wind!
Tommy Blue! Welcome to Corrientes!
Be with you in a minute,
Captain Jamie.
Hand over that sticker while I'm...
in this loving mood. March!
Ho-ho! You're outnumbered.
Me and Jamie...
could outnumber your whole empire!
Take those stickers away before
they hurt themselves!
Came into the harbor to get
a barrel of water...
and says to a fellow, says I...
"How's me old friend Don Miguel?"
"Well," says he, "the noble Spaniard
is entertaining people."
"Who?" says I. "Well,
among his guests,"
says he, "is Jamie Waring."
"Well," says I, "that's a party
I've got to attend."
- So up we came.
- Ah. I'll thank you later.
But tell me, Tommy, who's with you?
- How many ships have you got?
- Oh, two pretties, Jamie.
The second one's tacking in, but let
me tell you the good news first!
Never mind the news. Get me
that bottle of wine.
- Huh? Oh.
- Quick.
There's nothing like a stretch
on the rack to raise a thirst.
Would you want to be laying
down a minute, Jamie?
No.
Keep a clear head, Tommy.
We've got work to do...
Nice, pleasant work.
I'm a better man drunk than
sober for any kind of work!
You were admiring my bark,
Don Miguel.
- We'll see how you like my bite.
- But I'm unarmed.
It's lucky you are. If you had
a sword in your hand...
you'd be dead by now and
stiffer than the devil's tail.
Give me a hand! Put him on the rack!
- Here.
- Move! Get a move on!
Go on!
Have mercy, senor! What are
you going to do now?
I'm eager to return your
hospitality, Don Miguel.
- On the rack!
- Oh, no, no. Please, no.
You'll hang for this! You'll hang
for this, all of you.
Your English governor...
In the name of God, let me go!
Let me go!
- Lord Denby! Lord Denby!
- A musical fellow, ain't he?
Your bark, Don Miguel, is a
little louder than mine.
Turn the wheel, my lads.
What say the poets? "One good
turn deserves another."
Stop that, you bloody thieves!
Unchain this man! I command you
in the name of King Charles.
And who may you be, you
bellowing rabbit?
I'm Lord Denby, governor of Jamaica.
Oh, Lord Denby.
You're the gentleman who brought
Captain Morgan to trial.
I'm delighted to meet you.
And I'll see you hanging on Wapping
Executional Dock beside him.
- I'm laughing me sides out!
- March out, you renegade louts!
Renegade! You yellow turncoat!
Befriending the Spanish and hanging
your own countrymen!
Lay down your arms!
England and Spain...
are at peace. A treaty
has been signed.
Where was it signed, Lord Denby,
on that rack?
Men, here's a rope-maker
for your necks...
the little English hangman
from Jamaica.
Up the rope he goes!
Up he goes.
Oh, I'm glad to see Jamie is here.
- Give me a rope, somebody!
- No, no, Tommy.
- No rope for him.
- Oh, let me hang him, Jamie.
No. The rope's for gentlemen
with brave hearts.
The vault's the place for
this English traitor.
Lock him away with all his
Spanish friends.
You'll hang, all of you!
March him off! Chain him
to the wall!
Let him rot in the Spanish damp.
You sea rats! I command you
in His Majesty's name!
Your commanding days
are over, my lord.
I'm laughing me sides out!
Put away that bottle, Tommy.
There's treasure to load.
This is a ripe and juicy castle.
Here, you guzzler! Take this!
Make yourself a pretty
pair of drawers!
Two ships, you said, huh? We can load 'em both from this castle...
and sail for Maracaibo!
Gut the whole Spanish Main strip it and leave it like a...
horse's skull on the desert.
Look at him.
Look at him.
He's fainted.
Or is he just bored with our presence?
- Close your eyes, Don Miguel.
- Father!
- The devil's asking for you.
- Father?
Where's my father?
The captain's share, gentlemen.
I bespeak it.
Where is he?
Stay away or I'll shoot! I'm Lord Denby's daughter.
Ohhh. This is a windfall.
Lady Margaret, eh?
- Who are you?
- A sea rat...
a bit of ocean scum doing His Majesty's dirty work...
killing the Spaniards to make room for...
fat Englishmen and their nasty daughters.
Waring is my name, but those who...
love me call me Jamie-Boy.
I'm not afraid of you gallows dancers.
"Gallows dancers"? A pretty phrase, milady.
Yes. I've seen your kind dancing in the wind...
with their necks stretched like a lot of geese flying.
And I'll see you that way too!
Where's my father? Tell me
or I'll shoot.
Your father is ornamenting
a dungeon wall, milady.
But you'll forget about him
as soon as you learn to...
call me Jamie-Boy.
Let go of me, you brute!
I always sample a bottle of
wine before I buy it.
Let's have a sip, see if you're
worth taking along.
Oh! You wench! Bite me, will you?
Strike me blind! It's a ghost.
- Hello, Jamie-Boy.
- Captain Morgan!
Don't stand there gaping like
a halibut on a pier.
Henry! What in the name of thunder?
- So you weren't hanged!
- Not successfully.
You escaped!
No. A king's pardon and more.
I'm swooning like a bride.
I was telling you,
Jamie, I had news for you.
Aye, a packet of news it is, me boy.
Now put your shirt on. You look much
too naked for a decent Englishman.
And now find me my great admirer...
the so-called governor of Jamaica.
And if this sad little wench be
his daughter, fetch her...
some smelling salts.
And you, Tom Blue, tell all
me old captains...
- to meet me tonight at the Porker's
Sterne.
- Aye.
- But I...
- Jamie-Boy, I got a lot to tell you.
Silence!
Now listen to me.
If there's anybody wants
to tell me different...
let him stand up and get
his head broke in.
I say Captain Morgan's a king's spy.
He bought his life by
offering to put all...
his old cronies on the
end of a rope.
I say Morgan's a yellow dog!
Now, wait there, Captain Leech.
We ought to hear what...
Morgan's got to say.
Are you calling me a liar?
No, but I'm saying we oughta
hear Morgan out.
And nobody's calling me a liar.
Now, then, anybody else want
their head broke in?
I say Captain Morgan's a two-faced
cur with the king's brand on him.
And I say Captain Leech is
a gibbering ape...
fit only for the company of baboons.
Ah, gentlemen, Captain Leech
is in a temper.
Aha! Morgan's fetch-and-carry.
Don't cross with him, Jamie. You're
too drunk to do yourself justice.
- A little room, please.
- I always wanted to cut that...
oily tongue out of you.
Leech! Jamie! Stop it!
Stop it, you lubbers! Stop or
I'll blast the both of you!
I told you he was coming!
Sit down, you two.
Over there, Captain Leech.
Your seat, Captain Waring.
Ale for all hands, Barney...
and keep it pouring till
we're all drowned.
Gentlemen, I am delighted to see
you all still alive and kicking.
You were all my captains once...
and I have called you together to
know if you will still follow me.
Where to? The gallows at
100 guineas a head?
Your head, Captain Leech...
were it filled with gold instead
of slops, wouldn't fetch that.
Gentlemen...
I have come from England
with an offer from...
His Majesty King Charles.
A king's pardon and a hundred
acres of land...
to each of you who will
settle down ashore...
or take your ships into
peaceful trade.
Oh, they'll clap us in jail
the minute we dump...
our cannon.
It's a trick.
And who's going to give us
the hundred acres of land?
- The new governor of Jamaica.
- The new governor?
- And who is the new governor?
- Henry Morgan...
Sir Henry Morgan...
knighted by His Majesty and assigned
the island of Jamaica for his ruling.
I said it before and I say it again.
A king's spy.
No, Captain Leech. A king's right
arm in the Caribbean...
and a strong one.
Gentlemen, England has signed
a peace with Spain...
The long fight is over.
It's a trick.
Spain wants a breathing spell
from our attacks...
so she can strengthen
her forces here.
- Quiet, Jamie.
- It's a scurvy trick, I say!
Sit down!
They'll bring over armies and ships to murder us if we...
give them peace.
- Aye, they will.
- Quiet, you bubbleheads!
The privateers are done for.
They're in the past.
They must give way now to progress and the making of...
law-abiding colonies.
England wants peace and time to build her empire.
Will you join me for that, Brother Leech?
I sailed the Main with you, Morgan...
and if you're crawling under the king's flag...
I'll keep sailing it without you!
- Who's coming along to Maracaibo?
- There's a lot of gold in Maracaibo.
As governor of Jamaica, I make my first pronouncement.
I'll run every pirate and privateer into the bottom of the Caribbean.
I give those of you who don't join me...
a month to clear out of English waters.
My ship, the Black Swan, don't drop...
her sails for any king's spy.
That's my answer to you, Captain Morgan.
And if any of you yellow-livers get the blood...
back in you, I'll lead you against Maracaibo!
Who's coming with me?
- I, sir!
- And I, sir!
Jamie Waring. Come on, Jamie-Boy.
He's got the king, but we've got the wind on our side.
And a captain's share of Maracaibo.
Get down, you drunken fool. You're
my second in command.
Hey, Barney. More ale for
Captain Waring.
- Aye, sir.
- Gentlemen, to Captain Waring...
my loyal right hand at
Government House.
Come on, Jamie. You were never
meant
to suck your thumb in a king's collar.
- We'll get you a new ship.
- To Jamie Waring!
May his neck never grow longer!
The occasion seems a little lacking
in enthusiasm, Henry.
I imagined we'd meet with
some slight disapproval.
At least we don't have to
shoot our way in.
Whom do you wish to see?
We are waiting upon Lord Denby.
His lordship is busy, sir.
He'll be busier in a few minutes.
Mr. Ingram, these gentlemen are
waiting upon his lordship.
- Gentlemen?
- I am Sir Henry Morgan.
From the looks of you, it
could be nothing else.
Your Excellency, there are
some gentlemen here...
with muddy boots.
I have removed all my effects.
The premises are at your disposal
for looting or burning.
I can appreciate your
discomfort, milord.
It's not pleasant having
a man you tried...
to hang return as your superior.
But for the sake of the empire
we both serve...
I am willing to forget your
distaste of me.
The ceremony making you official
governor will take place tomorrow.
I shall perform all duties required...
of me as an officer of the Crown.
But my personal life is my own, sir.
It does not include associating
with blackguards.
Well, Sir Henry, do we run him
through hang him...
from the yardarm...
or start dancing the minuet?
Being governor is going to
require some restraint.
There's always Maracaibo.
Get to your quarters, you
blockheads! Both of you!
- What quarters, sir?
- How do I know? Find them!
Take any rooms you want.
- No, you don't! That's mine!
- I saw it first!
Oh, no, sir! No, sir!
Don't kill me! Don't kill me.
I's going. I's going.
- Pick that up.
- Yes, massa. Yes, sir.
- Pick it up!
- Yes, sir. Oh, you...
You is one of them pirates, is you?
Or... Or ain't you?
- What do I look like?
- Yes. I mean, no, sir.
- What are you doing here?
- Oh, nothing, sir. Just going...
going fast.
- Stealing, eh?
- Oh, no, sir.
I was just looking for a locket that
belonged to Miss Margaret.
- But it ain't here, sir. It ain't here.
- This is Lady Margaret's room?
Yes, sir.
How's her bed? Soft enough for me?
Yes, sir! Yes, sir!
"And 10th, we do hereby give and
grant unto Sir Henry Morgan...
"full power and authority to...
"levy, arm, muster...
"command and employ all
persons whatsoever...
"residing within our said
colony of Jamaica,
"to march from one place to another
or to embark them...
"for the resisting and withstanding
of all enemies...
"pirates and rebels, both
at sea and land.
"Given at our court at Whitehall...
"the sixth day of November, 1674...
"in the 16th year of our reign.
- "God save the king."
- God save the king.
"We, duly elected to the Assembly...
"by all the peoples of Jamaica...
"renew our pledge of fealty
to his most gracious...
"Majesty King Charles II...
"through the person of his appointed
representative...
"His Excellency, the governor of
Jamaica, Sir Henry Morgan."
"Almighty and everlasting God...
"creator and governor
of all the world...
"by whom kings do bear rule...
"and under whose providence they
are wonderfully...
"and mightily...
"often times protected from
many fearful dangers...
"by which the malice of Satan
and his...
"imps do seek to entrap them.
"We give unto thy heavenly
majesty most...
"humble and hearty thanks.  
"For that it hath pleased  
thee of thine infinite...  
"mercy and goodness in Jesus  
Christ...  
"so wonderfully to uphold"...  
Whew. That was the longest, dullest  
ceremony I ever heard.  
I don't blame you for walking out.  
You can lower your pistols,  
Lady Margaret.  
Unfortunately, I have no pistols.  
Your eyes I've looked into pistol  
barrels that are kinder.  
- Get out of my way.  
- Please, do me a favor and...  
don't make me angry.  
I'm trying my hardest to behave  
like a gentleman.  
- A gentleman?  
- Well, perhaps not entirely.  
I only meant that my new character  
keeps me from seizing women...  
and hugging and squeezing  
them into submission.  
Instead, I... I woo them  
with politeness...  
and with gifts.  
Here.  
Where did you get this?  
I found it in your bed.  
- You have my room?  
- Yes.  
And you haunt it sweetly each night.  
Not an evening passes  
but I find some...  
new and fascinating souvenir of you...  
a stocking, a garter, a bit of lace.  
In Tortuga, when a woman  
slaps a man's face...  
it means she wants him to grab her...  
overpower her and smother  
her with kisses.  
I understand in Jamaica
a gentleman must refuse such overtures.
- Out of my way.
- You're much too angry for... public appearance.
Give me your arm. A turn around the garden will cool you off.
I promise not to kiss you unless you ask for it like a lady.
Roger. Roger.
Oh. The idiot whose face I took the liberty of removing... from your locket.
Darling, I've been hunting everywhere for you.
Take me home, please.
- Has this fellow been insulting you?
- Yes.
Oh, the hero to the rescue. It's time one of you lackeys was taught a lesson.
No, I'm under oath as a gentleman not to kill any tame rabbits.
- I'll have you for that.
- Leave the coward alone, Roger.
No, I'm going to make an example of him.
I'll run him through as a common thief.
Oath or no oath, you'll have to learn... not to offend your betters, Ingram.
Now, tell me, what the devil do you see in this weasel?
Oh, darling are you hurt? I'm sorry. It was all my fault.
If you're in love with him, you're too big a fool for a... man like me.
You black-hearted bully.
What do you know about men or women or anything human?
All you can do is shoot and kill and prey on women...
with your beastly senses slobbering
at the sight of anything fine.
I repeat, my lass, you'll
have to choose...
between us and very soon too.
There you are, my beauty.
Seeing is believing.
Made for a queen, it was.
And easy to accommodate five...
if you'll sleep them crosswise.
Come on. Get that albatross
out of here.
Now, hold your fire, Jamie-Boy.
I promised her she could
spend the night...
in the governor's daughter's bed.
Get back to your trough,
both of you.
I never thought I'd live to see
Jamie Waring play the snob.
- Get out.
- Why, Jamie...
It's a heart of stone you got!
Jamie, open the door!
She's crying her head off.
Jamie, she's crying like a baby.
Massa, does you want to
put your head on this?
- What's that?
- It's a pillow, massa.
Lady Margaret's own little pillow.
She always sleeps on it.
Then take it out and burn it up.
- Yes, massa.
- Wait a minute.
Never mind.
- That's all.
- Yes, massa.
Sweet dreams, massa.
- Good morning, milady.
- You're trespassing here.
This is my land.
I set my mind on having a friendly
little talk with you this morning.
Are you all right?
Why didn't you fall on the horse
instead of letting the...
horse fall on you?
You'd think anybody's have
sense enough for that.
- Let me down.
- Well, good morning.
You've put on a little weight, as I remember.
Put me down!
- Think you can stand?
- Yes. I'm quite all right.
Easy now. You'll only
start a convulsion.
There's a cozy little spot.
There you are.
Oh! Oh, you see?
You're scuttled fore and aft.
I think I'll have to put you to bed.
What?
I suggest that you lie
down for a spell.
Ah. There.
- You may go now.
- Oh, nonsense.
If the eyes fill with blood,
it's a sign...
the head's broken.
No, they're clear.
Although they seem a little
brighter than usual.
Don't touch me.
Now, my gal, I'm an expert
on broken heads.
I've seen thousands of them.
Couldn't have picked a better
doctor in all Jamaica.
Oh, a fine, hard skull.
Couldn't crack it with
a bung-starter.
Let's have a look at your ankle.
Go find my horse!
No gentleman would think of
leaving a lady at a...
moment like this.
Just lie still, please, and
behave yourself.
This oughta teach you to be
more sociable in the future.
No bones broken.
A muscle twisted.
- Does that hurt there?
- No.
Fetch me some water, please.
I feel faint.
You may have thrown your knee out.
I ought to investigate.
No! Go fetch me some water, please!
Well, that proves what
I've always said...
a woman's place is not on a horse.
There. Now, my gal, I suggest
that you stay like that...
until your color comes back.
What are you going to do?
I'm going to enjoy your society.
You seem much nicer
than I thought.
Really, it occurs to me
you probably have...
a mother somewhere...
a nice, gentle, old lady.
- No, she died when I was a baby.
- Possibly a sister?
No, no, no. No kith or kin.
Oh, I'm sorry to hear that.
Is that why you... I mean,
why you went to sea?
- Would you like to hear about me?
- Oh, of course I would.
Well, it's quite a story.
I haven't thought about it
for a long time...
but I'd like to tell it to you.
I was 14, living alone
in London, when...
the smell of the sea
got a hold of me.
I was apprenticed to
an old law firm.
You're sure I'm not boring you?
- Oh, no. Not at all.
- Well...
Roger. Roger!
I give you my word on this,
Captain Leech.
I'll get you news of every English
treasure ship that sails...
when it's leaving and the
port it's making for.
It's a pretty offer, Mr. Ingram.
The nicest, prettiest offer
I ever had...
if you ain't lying or setting
a trap for me.
Judge for yourself. The
Prince Consort is...
due at Port Royal in three days...
carrying English gold.
It'll layover first at Port Lobos
to disembark passengers.
Prince Consort, eh? How many guns?
Forty.
- No escort?
- None.
We've got two ships and
a hundred guns.
We could chop her into kindling.
What are you asking for this
tidy piece of news?
A captain's share.
You'll hand it over to
Mr. Fenner here.
When I receive it, he'll return to
you with further information...
government information.
I'll send you back in a week,
Fenner, smothered...
in gold. Here you are, Mr. Ingram.
You're a dead man if you're fooling...
me and a rich man if you ain't.
It's the Prince Consort, all right. Give her a blast and we'll board her. They were waiting for us on the award side of Point Lobos... three of them. The Black Swan engaged us first. We fought till we were ripped to ribbons. We lost a 130 dead, 15 of them women. And the gold gone, every box of it! Gentlemen, this crime is fouler than you know. There's not only murder here, but treachery. Go on with your tale, Captain Blaine. There are others who could tell it better, Your Excellency. And who are they, milord? The friends of Pirate Leech who supplied him with the news... of where to fall upon the Prince Consort. Mr. Speaker, honorable members... Leech has many old friends in Jamaica... friends in high position. There they are. Morgan, Waring, Graham, Blue... the whole lot of them. Who else makes the charge that I and... my captains are traitors to the Crown? I do. Milords and gentlemen... I say that so long as Morgan sits as governor... so long will English ships be fed to his pirate friends. - I call for a vote of impeachment! - I vote for that! Quiet! You do not vote
pirates off the seas.
You engage them, rake
and scuttle them.
Milords and gentlemen,
we have ships,
brave captains and fine crews.
How do you stand on that, lads?
Are you ready to do a little
law-abiding killing for...
king and country?
- It's better than none!
- You sail tomorrow night...
with three ships.
- Captain Waring, take the Revenge.
- Aye, sir.
You're in command of the expedition.
Captain Graham.
- Aye, sir.
- You take the Reckless.
- Captain Higgs.
- Aye, sir.
Sail the Lady Bess. There's no
ship for you,
Tom Blue.
Aye, sir. I'll first-mate Jamie.
Good.
And now, my lads, will one of you
take a look in your crystal globe...
and tell these lords and
gentlemen where...
our old friend Leech is hiding?
Ha! I can see him as plain as the
nose on your face, Sir Henry.
- Tortuga!
- Right!
- And what do you think, Graham?
- I say Tortuga.
We are of a mind. That's where
he always went...
when he was shining with gold.
I can see him plain, standing head
down in a barrel of ale...
and hollering for more women.
Bottle him up in Tortuga Harbor.
Sink him, my lads!
And wipe Leech and the
black flag off the seas.
You can tell these lords
and gentlemen...
they can rest easy in their
plush chairs, Sir Henry.
I'll bring you back a necklace
made of his teeth.
I told you when I took office...
that I would clean the Caribbean.
And clean it I will. And if I fail,
you can start your voting then.
Get to your ships, my lads,
and hoist your sails!
- Aye, sir!
- Aye, sir!
Milords and gentlemen, this
sitting is adjourned.
- I sent for you two hours ago.
- I come as soon as I heard, sir.
They're sailing for Tortuga tonight...
three ships.
- Can you get there ahead of them?
- Easy.
I can take the tide out in an hour.
Tell Leech to get out of Tortuga...
and to wait for the Royal Treasurer
off St. Thomas.
She's sailing for England
in a few days.
And tell Leech I know just
how much she's...
carrying and not try skimping
my share.
- Aye, sir.
- No, thank you.
- Get on! Stretch all your canvas.
- Aye, sir.
Sorry I was so long, Roger.
Who's that? He's been bothering
you a great deal lately.
Nothing troublesome, I hope?
No. The fellow wants some
government work.
I told him to try Morgan.
He looks like his kind.
Finished your shopping?
Oh, there's nothing to buy
in all Jamaica.
Oh, Roger, that man can it be
that he's following you?
I'm certain I've seen him before.
He has the most amusing notion.
He wants to be my valet.
A valet with one ear?
- Oh, he must be a lunatic.
- He is.
Oh, it's nothing against him.
The most famous valet in
London was a lunatic.
- Oh, Roger, you jest.
- No jest. Lord Londonry's valet.
It's a good thing you're not
going to London.
Oh, it's a good thing I am.
Lady Margaret, I have melancholy
news for you.
The proverbial aunt whom
I've never seen...
has proverbially gone to her rest...
and left me a rich man,
a very rich man.
Can that be the reason why
you've been so gay lately?
Yes. I'm afraid it hasn't
grieved me properly...
to know that I can have
the finest estates...
I want anywhere I choose
in the Empire...
and all the fancy vests
in London and...
And all the crackpot servants
with one ear.
I was going to speak of someone
with two tiny little ears...
that aren't listening.
Tortuga.
Point and a half off the starboard bow, sir.
Larboard a little.
Aye, sir.
Can you make out the harbor yet?
Not yet, sir.
Steady. Steady her up.
Steady it is, sir.
Leech will anchor his ships well inshore.
Shorten sail until the other ships come abreast.
Aye, sir.
- In gun sails!
- In gun sails! In gun sails!
Tortuga dead ahead!
- Powder on deck?
- Aye, sir.
We'll sail in until we sight them, make a larboard tack...
and rake them with broadsides as we cross the harbor.
- Them's happy words, Jamie.
- Deep six and rocky!
Deep six and rocky!
Stand by with your matches ready to fire.
Stand by with your matches ready to fire.
Stand by with your matches ready to fire!
And a half seven!
And a half seven!
A quarter less eight and rocky!
A quarter less eight and rocky.
Harbor clear! Not a ship in sight!
Not a ship in sight?
Where are they?
- Slid out on us. Thomas!
- Aye, sir.
Signal the captains to drop anchor and join me aboard.
- And Thomas!
- Aye, sir.
Get ashore and do some prowling
through Tortuga.
Find out what frightened
Brother Leech off.
Aye, sir.
Milords and gentlemen
of the assembly...
three weeks ago, our
governor told us...
that actions speak louder
than votes.
He vowed to clear the Caribbean
of its sea butchers.
And what are his actions? How has
he kept his vow? I'll tell you!
Another British ship has
been ravaged...
and sent to the bottom by the
brotherhood of the black flag.
The Royal Treasury, with 100
passengers to England...
and a cargo of gold and silver
valued at $1,000,000...
has been destroyed, murdered
and gutted!
I call again for a vote
of impeachment!
And gentlemen, Morgan
has proved himself...
unable to meet the menace of
his old friends, the pirates.
As I have suggested from
the beginning...
perhaps he loves them too
well to bring them harm.
Who seconds Lord Denby's motion?
- I do.
I second the motion for an
impeachment vote.
Your fulminations, milords
and gentlemen...
are full of bilge and blather.
You can vote yourselves purple
in the face, look you...
but you'll not impeach me.
Before you can take me
off this seat,
I hold you need a letter
from the king...
and before you can get a
letter from the king,
I'll have Leech's head for you.
I'll serve it up to you on a platter
with an apple in its mouth.
My captains will bring Leech and
his buccaneers back...
to Port Royal.
And I promise you this.
I'll hang a pirate in each of
your bedrooms...
to dangle over your heads
and give you the lie.
Ah! There's your answer,
you popinjays!
Captain Waring, You come
in the nick of time.
Come up here, Jamie-Boy.
Now, give us the full news
of your victory.
My report is of a private nature,
Sir Henry.
- I landed only a half hour ago.
- This is no time for modesty!
Out with it! Your full report.
How many of the rats did
you send to the bottom...
and how many did you save up
to hang here at Port Royal?
We don't see any rat, neither catch
them, neither killer, Sir Henry.
And that's how you keep
your vow, Morgan?
Three weeks and not
a pirate touched...
and our fleet sailing around,
quacking at the...
wind like a line of ducks
in a mill pond.
My lords and gentlemen,
I charge treachery.
- Right you are, Lord Denby.
- Treachery's the word.
Leech was warned of our coming.
Someone from Port Royal sent
a sloop racing to Tortuga.
The same ship that brought
them news of the...
Prince Consort and the
Royal Treasurer.
This is the final insult.
The brave captain hides
his bungling...
behind accusation against us.
I demand proof of this
foul accusation.
I'll bring you proof
before I'm done.
I've come back for supplies.
I'm rejoining my ships, and then
we're going to search the Caribbean
until we find Leech.
Where are your ships hiding now,
Captain Waring?
That I'll not answer in this place.
My lords and gentlemen...
if you'll appoint me messenger,
I'll take this matter to the king.
Hear, hear.
I'm embarking for England
in two days with...
my bride the Lady Margaret.
They commissioned me to
present the case...
of Pirate Morgan, Pirate Waring and
Pirate Leech to His Majesty.
And I'll bring back the royal
signature upholding the impeachment.
I move we approve the impeachment
of Morgan.
I second the move.
The move for impeachment has been
made and been seconded.
Mr. Speaker, I ask you to
call the members.
- Lord Jarnegan.
- I vote impeachment of...
Henry Morgan.
Mr. Geoffrey Clive.
Get back to your roosts,
you popinjays.
- Sir William Courtenay.
- I pronounce this sitting adjourned!
I vote impeachment of Sir Henry
Morgan, governor of Jamaica.
- Mr. Stuart Marshall.
- I vote impeachment of Sir...
Henry Morgan.
I wish my nature hadn't changed.
I'd have made that whole
assembly walk the plank.
You can't go wrong drowning
politicians, Henry.
No, no. We're just daydreaming,
Jamie.
How soon will you have your
ship loaded, Thomas?
Another 3 hours, sir.
- You can take the tide out tonight?
- Aye, sir.
Good. It's four days to Maracaibo.
Five.
And how do you make that out,
Jamie?
Because I'm not sailing tonight.
I'm sailing tomorrow night.
- And why?
- I have a call to make.
- Where?
- It's a personal matter.
You're on that tack, are you?
That idiot child of Denby's.
- Well, my lad, you leave her alone.
- I'm having a talk with her.
And getting your face slapped again!
No, Jamie-Boy, the girl's
a bride tomorrow.
- Good riddance for you.
- I'm staying in Port Royal tonight!
You'll get on your ship
tonight and sail...
her out, or you're no
captain of mine!
If I see the Revenge in port
when the tide's running.
I'll board her myself.
And you can stay behind
and get your...
face slapped pink and blue...
by as many hussies as you like!
Now, go on, Jamie-Boy.
You've got your orders.
I'll be watching your topsails.
And don't forget, it's not
Margaret with...
an apple in her mouth
I want, but Leech.
I never see you like
this before, Jamie.
Hanging your head like a
pelican over a wench.
And if you ask me, a flouncy wench...
with no more feeling than
a load of clams.
If you kick her in the heart,
she'll break your leg.
Aw, Jamie-Boy...
there's hundreds of wenches
prettier than her...
al ready to leap into your arms
if you give them a whistle.
- Church bells.
- Aye.
Some people likes to hear them.
I like trumpets better.
- I can see her now.
- Who?
The Lady Margaret standing
up in church...
tomorrow beside that
goose-faced Ingram.
Hey, you're going down the wrong road, Jamie.
Will you lend a hand, Tommy?
Jamie, by land or sea, you can always rely on...
Tom Blue for wrongdoing of any nature.
What do you want?
I didn't know you were a thief and a housebreaker too, Mr. Waring.
Oh. Still barking at me, eh?
I expected to find the bride cooing,
and with a soft light in her eye.
But I suppose you're saving that up for the ceremony tomorrow.
You suppose correctly.
It would be much better for both of us,
me gal if I hated you as I should.
I am not interested in your emotions, Mr. Waring.
Unfortunately, I have a tender feeling for you.
Oh, I'm as annoyed with the fact as you are.
I doubt that.
Why I'm spending time on you, I don't know.
You're as arrogant and silly a wench as ever I've run afoul of.
I don't know which I'd rather see hanging from a yardarm, you or Leech.
If you'll go now, I promise to think...
over your tender declaration.
I didn't know a woman could do this to a man...
make him itch to strangle her one minute...
and marry her the next.
- Oh, so you want to marry me?
- We'll discuss that later.
I dislike having to call the
servants to throw you out.
Look at you... hating me...
and your eyes saying,
"Don't go away.
"I belong to you. Make me
belong to you.
"Keep me from marrying this oily
little jackanapes, Ingram."
- You're mad.
- No, I've read your eyes right.
I've known too many hellcats
not to know...
what's behind all that
blaze and bluster.
Confound it, you idiot, I'm telling
you that I love you.
And you'll call me "Jamie-Boy"
before...
you call that stick of
a man "husband."
Well, are you coming with me or not?
Your conceit, Mr. Waring, has
unhinged your mind.
I warn you. Don't make me angry.
I always knew you were a nasty,
vulgar rogue.
Don't touch me!
Be quiet! Lie still, I tell you!
Be quiet, or I'll crack that
iron skull of yours.
You make courtship a little more
strenuous than I like it.
Holy Moses! Jamie!
Grab her feet and help me
get her inside.
Stand by to cast off.
You're flirting with trouble, Jamie.
Cast off, I tell you!
- Lie still.
- Giddap.
Lie still, you...
- Where's that horse blanket, Thomas?
- I'm-a sittin' on it.
I can't understand why you give
her a second look.
- She's nothing to me, you fool.
- But she's mean, Jamie,
and she's ungrateful.
Morgan will bellow his brains out
when he hears of this.
It's for Morgan I'm doing it.
This'll keep Ingram anchored in
Jamaica and away from the king.
It'd be a lot prettier if you
could put Ingram...
in a sack and drown him.
I can see no good in drowning her.
I'm not drowning her, Thomas.
Not yet.
Stop your clacking and drive on.
- Potatoes?
- No, thank you.
- Meat?
- No.
- How about a little bread and cheese?
- I'm not eating with you.
- Oh, you'd rather starve, huh?
- Yes.
A little fasting wouldn't
hurt you any.
Also, it might improve
your manners.
My manners?
Look at it calmly. I kept you from
marrying a fellow you hated.
That's a lie.
Don't argue with me
while I'm eating.
I put you on a fine ship, give you
the best cabin and stick...
a bolt on your door.
Thanks for the bolt.
If you were really grateful, you'd
tell me something.
Someone in Port Royal has been
coming into a lot of money lately.
- What do you mean?
- Someone who hates Morgan...
and has been playing partners
with Leech...
giving him information and
collecting a captain's...
share of the booty, or
I miss my guess.
I can tell by your change of color...
that you know someone who's
had a windfall lately.
- Who is it? That fine father of yours?
- No, my f...
Ingram then. Well, why
don't you answer?
You're not after Leech. You would
like to make me believe...
something foul against a decent man!
You didn't answer me. Come in.
What is it, Thomas?
We just found a split in the
main brace, Captain.
Will you have a look at it?
- A split in what main brace?
- We also located...
- a barnacle on the cathead.
- What?
- Oh, uh, I'll be right up.
- Aye, sir.
And, uh, if you want to eat behind...
my back, I promise not to notice it.
There's two of them, Jamie.
It's Leech.
I knew it the minute I sighted
the topmast.
- The Black Swan.
- And the Hawk, I make it.
They've sighted us, all right.
We're no match for the pair of them.
We may as well run for it.
We can't outrun the Black Swan.
We'd be pounded to splinters
in a fight.
We can't fight with 100
guns against us.
We can't fight, and we can't run.
Nothing left to do but to disappear,
which ain't practical.
Run up the black flag and
head her around.
We're gonna join Leech.
But you can't fool Leech with a
baby trick like that, Jamie.
Hoist the Jolly Roger.
It's a beggar's chance,
but our only one.
By this time, our ships are at
Maracaibo waiting for us.
We'll join Leech and lead
him to Maracaibo.
He's not an easy man to lead, Jamie.
Main braces.
Back your main yards.
Come on. Get back to your
cabin and stay there.
Why? So I won't see that flag and
know what you are?
I'm captain of this ship, and
you're taking my orders.
That's Leech and his cutthroats.
We can't fight and we can't run.
There's only one way to
get out of this alive,
and that's to tell Leech
I've left Morgan.
That's exactly what I thought.
Mr. Ingram is right.
You are working with Leech.
You've got a head made of iron.
Get in there and think
what you want.
Come aboard, Captain. Come aboard.
And welcome.
We had a hard time finding you,
Captain.
Don't try any fancy tricks on me,
Waring.
You're under my cannon, and
I can blast you out of the water with a wink.
You chucklehead. Do you see anything on this ship that looks like we was planning to go into battle?
If you're smart, you'll stop jabbering and talk sense.
All right. Let's hear you make sense.
Why did you turn back?
To join you, if you're still interested in Maracaibo.
Oh. And I suppose the other ships are hunting me to join me too, eh? I never seen a man so suspicious.
- What's your answer?
- My answer is they're after your neck, Leech.
But I'm not with them.
I'm after gold.
Did you desert Morgan?
The way I look at it, Morgan deserted me... taking up with that pack of jackanapes.
I'm not of a mind to end up playing government... with a quill stuck behind my ear.
I stood it as long as I could.
But Morgan or no Morgan, I'm here.
You're lying, Waring, you were with him yesterday.
You told the assembly you were sailing off to capture us.
You get your tidings quickly, don't you?
Yes. And they've always been right.
You've a skull for thinking, Captain.
What else could I tell the assembly? I've no hankering to grow on a gallows tree.
Enough of jawing. Do we
sign articles or not?
There's a hole in it, Waring.
If you deserted Morgan and left...
the other ships to join me...
why did you go back to
Port Royal at all?
Well, come on. Out with it. Why?
To get my wife.
Oh, here you are, my dove.
These good gentlemen seem
to doubt that...
I have a pretty wife aboard.
Will you come out, my sweet,
and give them a look at you?
My love, may I present
Captain Leech.
Madame Waring, daughter
of the former...
Governor of Jamaica, Lord Denby.
Now you know why I'm not too
welcome back in Port Royal.
- Captain Waring...
- Yes, my dear. What is it?
I'm pleased to meet you, ma'am.
My apologies, Captain.
I'd go back to Port Royal myself to
pick up a lady of such caliber.
Then we'll forget the
misunderstanding.
Do you want to join forces for profit,
or shall we be on our way?
Aye, we'll sign articles.
And just to guarantee that your
ship will come along to help us...
you and the lady sail with
me on the Swan, eh?
It'll make the trip jollier.
That's a fair bid.
But I don't fancy subjecting my wife,
who is a delicate creature,
as you can see...
to that riffraff crew you
have aboard.
Madame, you'll be treated
like the queen ya are.
I promise you I'll slit
the throat of the...
first dog that brings
a blush to you.
You can't ask for more
than that, Captain.
Are you agreed or not?
Agreed.
- Mr. Blue!
- Aye, sir.
Take over. And to assure
Captain Leech...
that you're an honest man...
sail abreast of the Swan
at all times.
Aye, Captain.
"All other officers to
get one share.
"Article eight. Each captain
has a right...
"to value all spoils before
they are divvied up."
That's what we all agreed
to at Tortuga.
Stick your name on it if you're
favorable.
I'm considering...
There's no denying that
you know the...
Gold Coast better than anybody
on the Main.
It'd be a shame for you to waste
your talents up at Port Royal.
- My share's always been 10.
- There's no arguing.
Five you'll get.
You'll nip enough out of the first 2
prizes to set you up for a year.
What's the sense of waiting around
for some lumbering merchantman?
Why not hit straight for Maracaibo?
It's still the richest spot on
the Spanish Main.
Maracaibo is the plum we're after picking, my lad.
Oh. I'll sign.
Stick you name right there.
Have a drink.
I'll do my drinking in Maracaibo.
Good night, gentlemen.
He's got some articles in his cabin what need signing.
Get out!
Get out!
You can't come in here!
With so beautiful a wife, they'd think it strange if I didn't.
I want to congratulate you for showing a spark of reason.
You saved both our hides, for the time being anyway.
All you got to do is keep on looking...
at me with adoring eyes...
and maybe we'll get out of this in one piece.
- You monster!
- Shh!
No love spats, my gal. Our friends may be listening.
Did you find out who the traitor is who warned these men?
Oh, you're not so certain anymore it's me, hmm?
I'm certain of nothing except that I'll be murdered...
before I get out of this, thanks to you.
We're not dead yet, my gal.
- You can't sleep here.
- I'm afraid I'll have to.
Are you very lonesome for Jamaica?
Don't shout when you answer me.
Yes.
And you still regard me as a beast unfit for human society?
Yes.
And you're still in love
with Mr. Ingram?
I said, are you still in love with
that darling man?
Don't you dare come near me.
Don't worry, my gal. I won't.
Not until you call me Jamie-Boy...
and ask me three times.
Be careful how you wake me up.
I'm ready to repel all boarders.
Sweet dreams.
Shh! Keep still. You'll get
your throat cut.
Lie down.
What do you want?
I have come to offer me apologies.
Me oldest friend gets married,
and I forget...
to give him a wedding present.
It's off the Royal Treasurer.
She was on her honeymoon.
Thanks for the gift, Leech.
As pretty a sight as I ever seen.
Lawful wedlock.
There's nothing like it.
Now, that's a strange place to
stick a sword right over...
the bride's head.
Are you trying to make her uneasy?
Your presence is more disturbing...
to Madame Waring, I assure you.
Now, Jamie, you're talking different
than you used to.
I recall your trading me
a gal in Portobelo...
for two barrels of rum.
Of course, this one's better
and worth more.
She's all in one piece. She's got
two ears, no fingers missing.
Worth three barrels of rum.
Why don't you offer him five?
Don't tempt him, darling.
I might take it.
That's teaching her, Jamie.
You seem to enjoy subjecting me to...
every kind of embarrassment possible.
No, my sweet. Now, don't be a snob.
We're pulling close to
Maracaibo, Leech.
You're gonna be little good to us if
you keep laying your head in a...
bottle every night.
I'm beginning to think you're
right, Jamie-Boy.
I'm gonna need my head
more than I figured.
- Get out of this bed.
- Do you think it's safe?
You didn't have to get in here.
You're very ungrateful, madame.
I'm sleeping with a
pistol after this...
and if you come near me,
I'll shoot you.
Here you are.
I give you permission to
blast my head off...
if I'm ever idiot enough to come
within a foot of you.
Hey, Captain, where'd you go hiding?
- We opened another keg.
- Aw, get away!
I'm thinking.
Thinking? Thinking what, Captain?
I don't know.
I won't know until the wind's
blown my head clear.
- Where is he?
- Oh, Sir Henry!
Jamie Waring! Where is
that toad of a man?
- How did you come here?
- Don't mince around!
Fetch the deserter out
of his hiding.
Captain Jamie dropped off to
Port Royal for supplies.
We've had no word of him.
Well, I will give you word of him.
He left Port Royal with Denby's puling child in a sack.
Stole her out from her home, look you, like a red Indian.
What, Captain Henry?
I am sitting in me new wig as lord of Jamaica... when 100 foaming parents come clattering...
and howling for me life's blood.
- They scuttled you?
- No, I cracked a dozen skulls... and fought me way to the waterfront with the whole...
of Jamaica heaving stones at me...
and hid myself in a stinking load of trout.
Hoisted sail that night, and for three days...
I've been chewing raw fish.
Well, don't gape at me. Fetch me some ale before I blow away to dust!
Get out of the way there, make room for Sir Henry.
Uh, sit down, Sir Henry.
Do you think Captain Jamie has deserted, or do you... count on him coming to Maracaibo?
I am only praying that Lady Margaret does not stab him in his sleep.
For I have my own plans for him.
Aye, I've dreamed them...
all the way from Port Royal.
The minute that drooling traitor sets his nose into Maracaibo...
I am taking his innards out and stringing...
them to the tops of his masts.
What about Leech, Sir Henry?
Do not call me Sir Henry.
Jamaica is lost, and
'my title with it.
Our only chance of getting them back
and keeping off...
the king's gibbet...
is to bring in the heads of Jamie
Waring and Billy Leech...
with Lady Margaret in good enough
repair to bespeak us...
as her saviors.
Post your lookouts around
the waterfront.
And wake me up at the first
sign of that wench-fancier.
  - Are you awake?
  - Yes.
  - Can you swim?
  - No.
That's too bad.
  - Have you ever seen a sea battle?
  - No.
Well, you're gonna see
one pretty soon.
A battle?
Then I'd better get dressed.
Don't look.
Me gal, I have other things on
my mind for the moment.
  - Who will be in the battle?
  - We will.
My ships, the Reckless and
the Lady Bess...
are waiting for me in Maracaibo now.
Why didn't you tell me?
You've been a little critical of me
ever since we started.
English ships.
Yes. Leech and his crew are
sailing into Maracaibo...
expecting to find a few cannon
and an old stone wall.
  - Instead, they're finding 100 cannon...
  - Stay as you are.
Don't move or I'll blast you!
Tie them up.
Have you gone mad, you scurvy idiots?
Quiet!
- We're an hour from battle.
- I'll crack your head for you.
Put 'em down...
You lied to me about having a bride.
What else did you lie to me about?
Are your friends...
waiting for me in Maracaibo?
Friends? What friends?
I've signed with you.
Aye, signed and bound, foxy Jamie.
I'm sailing the Revenge into
Maracaibo myself...
under English colors, with
my own crew aboard...
and I'm blowing whoever's waiting
out of the water...
while they're still whistling and
waving handkerchiefs at you.
And what's more, I'm taking
the gal with me.
- I'll not go with you.
- You'll fare better with me...
than with Jamie.
I promise you. I'll marry
you fair and...
stick no sword over your head.
He's safer out of the way now.
No, not yet. We may be
doing him an injustice...
and if we are, I shall want
to beg his pardon.
But if we aren't, I'll wanna
do more things...
to him than stick him clean
with a sword.
Come along, my gal.
No! Let me go! Let me go!
Now, be quiet.
You'll have to wait till after the
battle for your wooing.
I promise you. If you
start screaming...
you'll get the flat of a
sword across ya.
It's the Revenge, sir.
What are your orders?
Let her come in and moor.
But if there's a gentleman called
Jamie Waring aboard...
- bring him to me, alive if possible.
- Aye, sir.

Look at him, bringing her in
like a fumbling lubber.
Forgot all he ever knew
about sailing a ship.
I can't make it out.
He's sailing queer.
He is love-crazy.
That's very obliging of them...
coming down...
to the shore to bid us welcome.
Steady. Steady her up.
Well, you may lock me up in a hole,
you varmints, but you
can't sit on me.
Here's to you. Bottoms up.
You bloody jackanapes!
- They ought to be taking in sail.
- Blue must be drunk.
Roast me alive! He's coming in like
he was going to blast us!
Ready! Fire!
Jamie Waring, that black-livered
turncoat!
He's handed his soul back
to the devil!
Get to the ships and blow
the traitor to dust!
Get to the fort guns!
A broadside!
Fire!
- Hard over!
- She don't answer.
The tiller's gone.
She's gone.
Lose your sheets!
Lose your sheets!
Turn loose your braces!
Lively there!
Graham!
- Aye, sir.
- Keep pouring your fire...
to the Revenge.
And get me 20 men, I'm going
to board her, and with...
me own hands...
pull the gullet out of the mouth
of that traitor,
- Jamie Waring.
- Aye, sir.
Tommy Blue!
- Tommy!
- Jamie.
All hands stand by...
and when I tell you, heave the
hatch cover, come out fighting.
Get ready, boys.
Here, what are you d...
Captain Leech, look!
Heave!
You blasted king's spy!
- Where is she?
- Down in my cabin.
Jamie, we finished that
bunch of sea li...
I warned you myself about crossing
swords with Leech.
Here. Let me see, Jamie.
Missed your gizzard by an inch.
Rather a neat hole and squirting
blood like a bilge pump.
Is he done for?
Leaking a little, but on
even keel, Captain.
Good. I was afraid he would
be thwarting me...
by giving up the ghost prematurely.
Lady Margaret, my humble
apologies to you...
for the foul antics of this gentleman
who was once my friend.
I assure you that every indignity
you have suffered...
at his hands will be avenged.
I'm taking him back to Port Royal
and hanging him on the...
dock in chains...
and there he'll dangle to brood on
his crimes till he's stoned to death.
- Permit me to unfasten you.
- I don't understand you, Henry...
or what you've got against
poor Jamie.
I've been with him constant,
glued to his side...
and I've never seen him commit
anything in the way of a crime...
except maybe a little
weak-mindedness.
He stole this innocent child from
her parents' home, look you...
and forced his will on her
like a mad savage.
That, sir, is striking at the
roots of civilization.
And he'll speak his apologies
from the gibbet...
to this unfortunate girl
and all her kin.
- He did not steal me, Sir Henry.
- What did you say?
I came with him of my own will.
- You'll swear to that?
- Yes, on a bible.
He said he would like my
company on a sea trip...
and I told him I would be
delighted to go with him.
I feel exceedingly grateful to
Captain Waring for...
his hospitality.
- The girl is mad.
- Captain, we've just finished the count.
The pirates have suffered 200 killed, 70 wounded...
and we've taken 130 prisoners.
- What are your orders?
- Hoist sail.
I'm going to take this mad woman back to Jamaica.
Aye, sir.
Well, we've had a nice taste of fun,
Tom Blue.
Aye. That we have, Henry.
Nothing like it to keep your ears pink.
Look you, it wouldn't take much arguing...
to talk me out of Jamaica.
Who wants to be sitting around stuffed with lace...
and a wig shutting the wind from your head?
Look at that sea.
And the world stretched around you like...
a barrel of gold ready to drop in your lap.
It's the only life, Henry.
Say the word and the Caribbean is yours.
Captain Waring! Captain Waring!
Clear the deck for action, Henry.
Here comes the last broadside.
Jamie-Boy, you shouldn't be out of bed.
Haven't you caused me enough trouble already?
Get back to your bunk.
Oh, Jamie-Boy.
That's only twice. Once more.
I said, three times.
Jamie-Boy.
You're not going to leave me in Jamaica?
Oh, that I don't know.
I always sample a bottle of
wine before I buy it.
Come on. Let's have a sip to see
if you're worth taking along.
What, no bites?
There he goes. It's the end
of the Spanish Main.