

PIRATE QUEEN
A GRAPHIC NOVEL

by
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PAGE 2

Panel 1:

Medium. Inside the dungeons of Limerick Castle c. 1588. Two guards are standing in front of a heavy oak prison door. They are looking through a small barred grill at the prisoner within. Guard 1 in profile, is sniggering and talking into Guard 2's ear. The Guards wear Elizabethan prison-guard clothing.

Caption: DEEP INSIDE THE DUNGEONS OF LIMERICK CASTLE, 1588...

Guard 1: SHE'S LOST IT GOOD AND PROPER.

Guard 2: HEY YOU SCABBY BITCH! WHERE D'YOU THINK YOU'RE ROWING TO?

Panel 2:

Medium. Shot of inside cell, from Guard's POV through the grill. GRACE sits on floor, her back to the door. Her brown hair is matted, filthy and full of lice and fleas. Her clothes are ripped and threadbare and covered in blood and dirt. She is in rowing position, her elbows out. The cell is damp, filthy and rat infested.

Grace: WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE ARE YOU, BLEEDIN' ENGLISH? IRISH CUSTOM DEMANDS THAT PRISONERS BE TREATED AS KIN!

Panel 3:

Tight on Guard 1 opening the door of the cell and about to walk inside. He looks at Guard 2 with a smirk.

Guard 1: DEMANDS WE TREAT HER AS FAMILY, DID SHE SAY?

Panel 4:

Establishing shot, medium. Guard 2 has entered GRACE'S cell and is urinating in her water bowl. We see this happening through the back of his legs, we see GRACE from the side, her hair obscures her face and she is hugging her knees and rocking from side to side and although we can't see her face, her posture is that of a madwoman. Her shoulders hunched, her fingers distorted into claws.

Guard: WHY DON'T I WARM YOUR WATER FOR YOU, AUNTIE!

Grace: ROW, ROW, ROW, ROW, ROW...

Panel 5:

Tight on Guard 1 as he leaves the cell and shuts the door behind him. In the foreground we see Grace's bright eyes behind her hair as she crouches on the floor waiting for the guards to leave.

Guard 2: COME ON MATE, STINKS IN HERE. LET'S THROW THE DICE!

PAGE 3

Splash (full page): A vivid portrait of flea-bitten, scabby GRACE . Her hair has fallen away from her face and we see a woman in her 50s who still retains her dark hair and although ravaged, is still beautiful. There is strength and determination in her face – nothing of the feigned madness alluded

to in the panels before. Grace writes a hidden letter to her son, TOBY. On the ground in front of her is a roll of parchment. There is a little bottle of ink on the floor, too. She has been obscuring these items from the guards.

Letter Caption top right:

Handwriting is shaky but still the lettering of someone who is literate. These captions, in handwriting font, to reappear throughout script on a parchment background.

MY DARLING TOBY

I PRAY THIS LETTER REACHES YOU. ONE OF MY GAOLERS HAS A YOUNG LAD HIMSELF AND WAS SYMPATHETIC WHEN I TOLD HIM I HAD A SON. HE AGREED TO ENSURE THIS LETTER ARRIVED IN YOUR HANDS.

SON, I FEAR THAT DEATH IS CLOSING IN ON ME AND I MAY NOT LIVE TO SEE ANOTHER DAY...

Letter Caption bottom right:

I WORRY ABOUT WHAT YOU MIGHT THINK OF ME WHEN I AM GONE. THAT I WAS TOO WILD A MOTHER, TOO CAUGHT UP IN THE TUSSELS OF THE SEA TO RAISE YOU. SO BEAR WITH ME, SON, AS I TELL YOU MY STORY IN MY OWN WORDS.

PAGE 4

Panel 1

Tight on Great Oak O'Malley at the helm of his ship. He is handsome, and powerful. A man in his early 40s with the same dark hair as Grace. He stares out to sea, one arm raised as he commands his men to turn for shore.

Letter Caption: I WAS RAISED BY MY FATHER, CAPTAIN BLACK OAK O'MALLEY OF THE CONNAUGHT CLAN. HE WAS A MIGHTY FORCE OF A MAN WHO RULED HIS MEN STERN YET FAIR.

Black Oak: READY ABOUT! LET'S HEAD HER IN BOYS! I'D SAY WE HAVE PLENTY OF CATCH FOR THIS RUN. THANKS BE TO GOD.

Panel 2:

Wide shot of Black Oak's ship. Muscular men on board ship, hauling fishing nets out of water. They are a colourful band of men, donned in the colourful drapes and clothing of the Irish tribes. Amongst them is the dark-skinned MORGAN; a big, burly and curly-haired First Mate. Morgan looks through a spyglass towards the horizon.

Letter Caption: HIS MEN WERE MADE LARGER THAN LIFE BY THEIR BACKBREAKING WORK – HAND OVER FIST THEY HAULED THOSE NETS, FILLED WITH COD, HALIBUT, HADDOCK AND HAKE.

Morgan: CAPTAIN. HANG BACK A MINUTE...

Panel 3:

Letter Caption: THE SEA DELIVERED ENOUGH CATCH FOR THE MEN'S SUPPERS, AS WELL AS PLENTY MORE TO SALT AND SELL TO THE CLAN. AND THERE WERE OTHER RICHES TO BE HAD FROM THOSE COLD NORTH SEA WATERS...

Two shot of Black Oak and Morgan, both looking through their spyglasses.

Black Oak: SHE'S PACKED TO THE GUNWHALES. LOOK HOW SHE MOVES LIKE A DEAD AND BLOATED PIG THROUGH THE WATER.

Morgan: I'LL WAGER SHE'S VENTURING TOO CLOSE TO OUR NETS...

PAGE 5

Panel 1

We see through the eyeglass, a Spanish Galleon, flying the Spanish flag.

Panel 2

Close up of Morgan, smiling wryly.

Morgan: YET ANOTHER VESSEL STRAYING FROM THE TRADE ROUTE, CHEATING OUR NETS OF THEIR CATCH.

-WHAT DO YOU THINK CAPTAIN? WHERE DOES SHE HAIL FROM?

Panel 3

Wide. In foreground Black Oak is standing at the helm of his boat. Behind him, his men are mobilising to turn their boat towards the galleon, they strain at the oars to speed towards it. All the men look excited. This is what they really get off on.

Black Oak: ABOUT TURN MEN!

- THAT SPANISH WHORE IS DRUNK AND SLOW WITH TOO MUCH GOLD!

Panel 4:

Wide angle shot of the pirates leaping aboard the unsuspecting Spanish Galleon, whose men look stunned. Black Oak and Morgan lead and are on board already. Some pirates are mid air as they jump aboard the other ship, some are dangling from the mast, waving their cutlasses. All of them look fully engaged with the lust of the assault; they are unbeatable.

Letter Caption: YOUR GRANDFATHER WAS KEEN TO ENSURE THAT TRADE TAXES WERE PAID BY ALL WHO CROSSED HIS PATH.

PAGE 6

Panel 1:

Medium. Shot framed from the side to take in both cliffs and sea. A young, beautiful GRACE waits for her father on the cliff top, wind running through her hair. One of the few times we see Grace in a dress.

Letter Caption: I WOULD WAIT FOR MY FATHER EVERY NIGHT AND SOON AS I SPIED HIS SHIP, HEAVY IN THE BOW WITH RICHES, A FIRE ROSE IN MY BELLY. TO BE SURE, I FELT LIKE A BEACON, GUIDING HIM TOWARDS SAFE HARBOUR.

Panel 2:

Two-shot of GRACE in BLACK OAK'S arms

Letter Caption: AND EVERY EVENING AS I BURIED MY HEAD IN HIS NECK, SMELLING THE OCEAN'S MUSK, WE WOULD HAVE THE SAME CONVERSATION.

Grace: FATHER, TAKE ME TO SEA WITH YOU TOMORROW.

Black Oak: LEAVING YOU ASHORE STONES ME COLD, LASS. BUT A SHIP IS NO PLACE FOR A GIRL, AND SUCH A BEAUTIFUL ONE AT THAT.

Panel 3

Close up of Grace, her beautiful features now contorted with the injustice of it all. She has pulled at her top so that one shoulder and cleavage are exposed.

Grace: BUT NOTHING HAPPENS ON SHORE!

- WHY WAS I NOT BORN A LAD! I'M NOT CUT OUT FOR PETTICOATS AND CHORES, CHORES, CHORES!

Panel 4

Three- shot. Two pirates grin at each other, clearly enjoying the cleavage. One 'whispers' to the other. Behind them we see Black Oak's face. He's overheard and he's not happy.

Pirate 1: SHE'S WELL CUT OUT TO MY EYE!

Pirate 2: AYE, THAT SHE IS!

Panel 5:

Medium. Morgan and Grace with a frowning Black Oak in the background. Morgan looks at Grace with kindly yet patronising expression and is extending a comradely arm to Black Oak. Grace, hands on hips, her garments still akimbo, looks furious and is pointing to a large pile of netted fish on the ground. The crew gathered around them are sniggering.

Morgan: CAPTAIN, YOU HAVE YOUR HANDS FULLER WITH HER THAN WITH YOUR CREW!

- SURE, I SAW HER FISHING IN HER CURRACH EARLIER. SHE IS A PIRATE QUEEN IN THE MAKING!

Grace: I BET I OUTFISHED YOU ALL TODAY, BUSHEL FOR BUSHEL!

Panel 6:

Silhouette of Black Oak retreating into the distance with GRACE hoisted over his shoulder.

Black Oak: I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS. TIME TO GET YOU CLEANED UP, LASS.

Grace: LET ME GO GODDAMIT!

Letter Caption, bottom of page: AS FATHER CARRIED ME AWAY LIKE A FRILLY SACK OF POTATOES, I COULD HEAR HIS MEN LAUGHING AT ME. THEY HAD NO RIGHT.

PAGE 7

Panel 1

Column-shaped panel to take up half a page running from left to right. It is night time, we see Grace in full body profile, in her bedroom looking out to sea - her fists are clenched, her eyes wide with fury and also full of tears. The scene is moonlit, dark...

There is symmetry between pages 7 and 8, framed on either side with column-shaped panel. On page 7: Panel 1, Grace is fully clothed. On Page 8: Panel 3. She has knifed her clothes to shreds and is standing in same position as Page 7: Panel 1, naked. The smaller panels in between show the determined shredding of her clothing with BOak's knife.

Letter Caption: I WAS HUMILIATED. I KNEW I COULDN'T LIVE THE WAY MY FATHER HAD PLANNED FOR ME.

Panel 2

Close up of Grace's hands unfolding a package wrapped in material. Inside is Black Oak's prized working knife. Hand carved and beautiful, the metal gleams in the moonlight.

Panel 3

Grace cuts through her skirts with the knife.

PAGE 8

Panel 1

Grace cuts through her top.

Panel 2

Then her undergarments.

Panel 3

Half a vertical page. Grace is naked in the moonlight, having shredded her clothes. She stands at the window, tears still streaming down her face. Her expression is unfathomable. She holds Black Oak's knife up to her throat. A pearl of blood has appeared where skin meets metal. With her left hand she holds up her hair, exposing her neck.

Caption: I TOOK MY FIRST LIFE THAT NIGHT.

PAGE 9

Panel 1

Tight on Black Oak. Morning. He knocks on his daughter's door, it is very slightly open.

Black Oak: GRACIE?

Panel 2

Close up of Black Oak's face. He looks deeply shocked, mouth open, aghast.

Black Oak: HOLY MOTHER OF GOD, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

Panel 3

Medium. Grace stands before him, her hair shorn, in trousers, a rope lashed around her shoulders and her hair shorn like a boy's. Her father's knife fastened to her hip.

Grace: GRACIE IS GONE, FATHER, NOW TAKE ME TO THE BOATS AS YOUR SON.

Panel 4

Tight on Black Oak who has turned from Grace with disgust. His shoulders hunched, he gives up.

Black Oak: ACK, ONE TRIP OUT WILL KILL THIS AMBITION OF YOURS. A MONTH OF STINK AND ROT, FOUL CURSING AND CARRYING ON--

- YOU'LL BE BEGGING ME TO TURN THAT SHIP AROUND IN NO TIME.

Panel 5

Close-up of Grace's face showing delight at finally getting her way.

Grace: YOU WON'T REGRET THIS, I PROMISE YOU!

PAGE 10

Panel 1

Wide scenic panel at Clare Bay harbour. In the forefront is Black Oak's ship. Black Oak's men are getting ready to leave for the day.

Letter Caption: I COULDN'T WAIT TO GET ON THAT SHIP. TO PROVE MYSELF ONCE AND FOR ALL, EQUAL TO THOSE MEN. AND I KNEW IT WASN'T GOING TO BE EASY...

Panel 2

Tight on Morgan and a few of the men working with him. They are looking at Grace, bemused, exchanging glances, but unsure how to respond. Although she is dressed in men's clothes, GRACE is still sexy. Morgan addresses Black Oak

Morgan: SHE'S FOOLING NO ONE IN THAT GET UP.

Black Oak: LEAVE HER BE, SHE'LL TIRE OF US SOON ENOUGH.

Panel 3

Tight on MORGAN muttering to himself as he pulls at the rigging.

Morgan: WOMEN ON SHIPS ARE A BAD OMEN. THEY BRING STORMS AND SHIPWRECKS, AYE, THEY ARE THE DEVIL'S BALLAST.

Panel 4

Out to two-shot, Grace has her arm around Morgan in a comradely way.

Grace: THE SEA DROWNS AND SEDUCES MEN AND WOMEN WITH EVEN MERCY.

- SO INSTEAD OF BELIEVING IN ALL OF THAT BULLSHIT, YE OLD DOG, WHY NOT TEACH ME THE WAYS OF THE RIGGING AND HAWSERS?

Panel 5

Tight on Morgan standing on deck holding a bucket of water and a bar of soap.

Morgan: YOU CAN START BY SWABBING THE DECKS. AND WASHING OUT THAT FOUL MOUTH WITH SOAP.

Panel 6

Medium. GRACE reaches for the bucket and opens her mouth wide to receive the soap. The men are laughing, including BLACK OAK who looks amused despite himself.

PAGE 11

Panel 1

Wide. Half page of ship with all men busy on it, fishing, swabbing the deck. Black Oak is at the ship's wheel. Grace her hair a little longer now, is pulling at an impressively sized catch of fish. Muscles on her arms ripple. Morgan looks at Grace and is impressed.

Caption: THAT SUMMER, MY BODY GREW HARD WITH MUSCLE, MY FINGERS CRUSTED WITH CALLOUSES AND MY LIPS CRACKED WITH SALT... BUT I DIDN'T CARE, WHAT WAS IMPORTANT, WAS THAT I WAS BETTER AT SEA THAN BLACK OAK'S BEST MAN.

Panel 2

Medium, long. Morgan looking through his spyglass at a ship on the horizon and Black Oak looking in the other direction.

Caption: BUT I KNEW MY FATHER WAS AVOIDING THE ONE THING ALL HIS MEN HUNGERED FOR. RAIDING.

Panel 3

Two shot of Morgan and Black Oak.

Morgan: CAPTAIN, YOUR MEN ARE RESTLESS. YOU'LL RISK A MUTINY!

Black Oak: I KNOW. IT'S BEEN TOO LONG AND I MUST ADMIT I'VE A HUNGER FOR SOME SPORT, MYSELF!

Panel 4

Medium. Black Oak holds up his cutlass, his face dark with intent and his eyes bright with anticipation. He stands at the helm of his ship, his men straining at the oars, as they turn towards their prize.

Black Oak: SHIFT THE SHIP NORTHWARDS!

Panel 5

Close-up panel of Black Oak's face.

Black Oak: GRACE, I WANT YOU BELOW DECK.

PAGE 12

Panel 1

Aerial shot of the small fleet of Black Oak's ships skimming the waves towards the galleon.

Panel 2

Medium. The pirate ships and the English galleon are side by side, men on both sides are at the ready, snarling and poised to fight. Black Oak and the Captain stand on their respective bows.

Black Oak: YOU HAVE ENTERED OUR FISHING GROUNDS. ALLOW ME TO INFORM YOU OF YOUR RIGHTS.

- WE LEVY A TOLL FOR SAFE PASSAGE AND ANOTHER TO SELL YOU THE RIGHT TO FISH.

English Captain: WE ARE NOWHERE NEAR YOUR FISHING GROUNDS AND WE ARE WITHIN THE TRADE ROUTES!

- CLEAR OFF!

Panel 3

Close up of Black Oak, holding up his cutlass looking frightening.

Black Oak: FAIR WARNING GIVEN AND NOT HEEDDED.

- PREPARE TO BE BOARDED!

Panel 4

Wide. Zoom out to see pirates leaping aboard the Galleon, some are mid air, others on board already and looking ferocious. In and amongst them is Grace having not paid any attention to her father. (She's not the focus of the shot). She holds aloft a cutlass and looks every bit as frightening as the others. The English looking surprised fight back.

PAGE 13

Panel 1

On board the English ship, the Captain and his men have been restrained. A young pirate, JONESY BOY has taken the Captain's jewellery, and it dangles from his fingers.

Jonesy Boy: THAT SHOULD DO IT! STRIP THESE IDIOTS BARE AND LET'S BE OFF!

[OP] Grace: WAIT!

Panel 2

Medium on Grace, she is stamping around the aft of the ship. Surrounding her are English seamen restrained by Black Oak's crew.

Grace: THIS SHIP RIDES LOW IN THE AFT CABIN.

Panel 3

Jonesy Boy has joined Grace, and is looking at her disbelievingly, his nose wrinkled in disgust. Grace has bent over the aft door and pulled it open. We see a glimpse of filthy, stinking livestock.

Jonesy Boy: NOTHING BUT ANIMALS AND SHIT DOWN THERE.

Grace: OH, GO PLAY WITH YOUR BAUBLES, JONESY. I'M AFTER BETTER FARE.

Panel 4

Medium. Grace is burrowing under a pile of shit and animal detritus. She is covered in grime. Jonesy Boy looks on, perplexed. A pull-ring is barely visible underneath the muck.

Jonesy Boy: ARE YOU RAVING MAD, GRACE? WHAT IS IT YOU THINK YOU'LL FIND DOWN THERE?

Letter Caption: I COULD FEEL THE MEN'S EYES BORING INTO ME. MY FATHER'S ESPECIALLY. I WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE THERE AFTER ALL.

Panel 5

Tight on Grace as she heaves up the trapdoor and underneath the glimmer of gold shines through.

Grace: WHY LOOKY HERE! THERE IS MORE GOLD ON THIS SHIP THAN BRAWN!

Panel 6

Close-up shot of Jonesy's face, he's shouting at Grace, trying to warn her.

Jonesy shouting: **GRACE, LOOK OUT!**

PAGE 14

Panel 1

Hi-action, medium shot. The Captain has broken free and is leaping for Grace. He must stop her from stealing his treasure. As the Captain pounces, Grace twists her head around.

Captain: DON'T TOUCH THAT YOU FILTHY HUSSY!

Grace: WHA--

Panel 2

Tight on Grace and the Captain as she ducks his advance.

Captain: AARGH.

Panel 3

Tight on Grace as she whirls around to grab the wrong-footed Captain.

Grace: WHY YOU --

Captain: URFF

Panel 4

Grace has pinned the Captain to the side of the boat. One hand holds a knife to his throat, the other is between his legs grabbing his crotch. Black Oak looks on stroking his beard with a bemused expression on his face.

Grace: I'M FEELING GENEROUS CAPTAIN. I'LL SPARE YOUR LIFE AND HASTEN YOUR JOURNEY HOME—

- BY RELIEVING YOU OF YOUR CUMBERSOME LOAD.

Panel 5

Close up of Grace's face as she grins and turns to address the men.

Grace: TO THE AFT CABIN, LADS! FILL YOURSELVES UP.

Panel 6

Wide. Morgan takes the humiliated Captain from Grace, he wrinkles his nose with distaste.

Morgan: I'll TAKE OVER FROM HERE, LASS.

- OH AND BY THE WAY, YOU STINK.

Panel 7

Tight. Balancing on the edge of the galleon, Grace strips off her shit-riddled clothing down to her very brief underclothes.

Panel 8

Tight. We see Grace diving off the boat.

PAGE 15

Panel 1

Medium: On deck Black Oak teaches Grace how to fight with a cutlass. She lunges at Jonesy Boy's heart, he looks worse for wear

Letter caption: AFTER THAT, FATHER INVESTED SOME TIME IN TRAINING ME HOW TO FIGHT.

Black Oak: ALWAYS GO FOR THE HEART OR THE THROAT. NO MAN CAN PROTECT BOTH AT THE SAME TIME.

Grace: HI YAH!

Jonesy Boy: OUCH! THIS IS JUST PLAY, GRACE!

Panel 2

Wide. On deck, this time Black Oak teaches Grace how to shoot with pistols. They shoot seagulls out of the sky. There is a small pile of bloody carcasses on deck. Grace points and gets her bird, it falls from the sky. Morgan is in the background picking his teeth, trying not to be impressed.

Morgan: FOLLOW, AIM, SHOOT!

Gun: BANG!

Gull: SQUAAWK!

Morgan: AT THIS RATE, SHE'LL BE THE SCOURGE OF THE SKIES AS WELL AS THE SEAS.

Panel 3

Wide. The spotter in the crow's nest had spotted an English warship in the distance. He calls to Black Oak, Morgan and Grace below, who look up at him.

Spotter: PREPARE YOUR ARMS. AN ENGLISH WARSHIP, 12 KNOTS AND CLOSING!

Panel 4

Tight on Black Oak, cocking his pistols and shouting at Grace.

Letter caption: YOU WOULD HAVE THOUGHT, FATHER WOULD HAVE LET ME FIGHT BY NOW, BUT HE STILL RESISTED...

Black Oak: DOWN BELOW, GRACE. THIS ONE IS TOO DANGEROUS.

Grace: AW!

PAGE 16

Panel 1

Wide. The approaching warship overtakes Black Oak's and comes alongside. On board Black Oak's ship, Morgan has pushed Grace down through the trapdoor into the hold.

The English Soldiers prepare to board Black Oak's vessel.

Morgan: STAY THERE!

Panel 2

Tight on Grace as she looks at events taking place on deck through a hatch. We see her from behind.

Letter Caption: BUT SOMEHOW, INTUITION TOLD ME NOT TO GO TOO FAR.

Panel 3

Medium. On deck, the English lose no time in boarding Black Oak's boat and both crewmen are fighting savagely. Black Oak has the edge on a soldier who he is pinning down with his sword, however he does not see the captain behind him.

Black Oak: I'VE GOT YOU NOW, YOU ENGLISH SWINE!

Panel 4

Tight on the man behind Black Oak's, who holds his sword up

Captain: Not so fast, scoundrel!

PAGE 17

Panel 1

Tight on Grace has leapt out of hiding and we see her mid-air, her face ferocious with rage.

Panel 2

Tight on Grace from behind as she grabs at the Captain's face.

Panel 3

Close-up of Captain who has Grace's forefingers in his eyes. Blood seeps from the sockets.

English Soldier EEEAAARGH!

PAGE 18

Panel 1

Medium, Grace has whipped out her cutlass. She holds the Captain by the hair, looking into Black Oak's eyes.

Panel 2

Close up of Captain as Grace's sword slices through his neck.

Sword: WHOOSH!

Panel 3

Wide. The battle has stopped, the men stare at Grace in silence. Morgan shouts across deck. Black Oak looks shocked and stares at the Captain who lies dead on the floor. Grace wipes her sword on her trousers.

Morgan: THE PARTY'S OVER. WHOEVER'S LEFT ALIVE, LEAVE THIS SHIP. AND TAKE THE BLIND MAN WITH YOU.

Black Oak: GRACE...

Grace: THINK NOTHING OF IT.

PAGES 19/20

Double Page Splash: Double page spread of bloody warfare between clans. It is a scene of carnage. The basic village dwellings with their thatched roofs have been set alight. There are dead bodies everywhere, including women and children. In foreground on page 16 charging towards us is DONAL OF THE BATTLES, he is covered in blood and gore. He is in his element and his face expresses his blood lust. He bellows for war, he has one arm raised as he leads his men, the other hand clutches at the hair of a dead clansman...

Letter caption: Top left

YOU WOULD THINK THAT AFTER SAVING HIS LIFE, MY FATHER WOULD KEEP ME AT SEA, BUT WHEN WE RETURNED HOME, WE FOUND THE CLANS WARRING TO CONTROL MORE TERRITORY.

Letter caption: Bottom right

OUR LAND WAS UNDER THREAT FROM OUR NEIGHBOURS, THE O'FLAHERTYS. LEADING THE ASSAULT WAS THE CHIEFTAIN'S SON, DONAL OF THE BATTLES, WHOSE BLOODLUST STAINED THE WEST COAST.

PAGE 21

Panel 1

Wide, establishing scene, running across page vertically. Silhouette of Black Oak and Grace who fish from a two-man boat beyond the breakwater. It's early morning, steam on cool water rises. Serenity pervades.

Panel 2

Tight two-shot on fishing boat. We see Grace from behind and focus on Black Oak who is staring at his daughter intently, frowning. Grace hurls a codfish out of the water.

Grace: WHAT IS IT, FATHER? MY INTUITION PRICKLES.

Panel 3

Close up of Black Oak's face. It is overshadowed by his message. His eyes are lowered, it is difficult to look his daughter in the eye.

Black Oak: GRACE, IRELAND IS CHANGING, CLEW BAY IS IN DANGER AND WE ARE NOT SAFE STANDING ALONE.

- LAST WEEK, I VISITED WITH THE O'FLAHERTY CLAN--

Panel 4

Opposite view from panel 3. Tight, two-shot. We are now looking at Grace and we see Black Oak from behind. Grace knows what's coming next and her face is beginning to register the terrible news.

Grace: NO--

PAGE 22

Panel 1

Close up of Black Oak's face, it is anguished yet determined.

Black Oak: IT IS DECIDED. YOU WILL MARRY DONAL TO SECURE OUR LAND AND THE SAFETY OF OUR CLAN.

Panel 2

Tight on Grace standing in the boat and leaning towards BOak, the boat lurches dangerously. Bitter tears stream down her face.

Grace: YOU WOULD TAKE ME FROM THE SEA? DELIVER ME TO THAT BRUTE?

- HOW COULD YOU?!

Panel 3

Letter Caption: FURIOUS AS I WAS, I KNEW THIS WAS A DAUGHTER'S DUTY. MY FATHER WAS A CHIEF AND BEING BORN A WOMAN, I WAS HIS MOST VALUABLE NEGOTIATING TOOL. STILL, I VENTED MY RAGE...

As Grace wails, her face set in crazed fury, she uses her working knife and stabs madly at the codfish. Blood spatters everywhere all over her face and clothes.

Grace: NO! NO! NO!

Panel 4

Black Oak restrains his daughter, holding her close.

Black Oak: HUSH NOW, MY BEAUTIFUL SEAHORSE. THE O'MALLEY SPIRIT COURSES THROUGH YOU, SHREWD AND BRAVE. NO ONE WILL EVER TAKE THAT AWAY FROM YOU.

PAGE 23

Panel 1

Wide. Half page panel. Wedding scene of feasting. Centre back is the head table, 'last supper' like. Grace sits in the centre, and looks beautiful but her face is blank. Donal looks drunk, he is lugging at mead and chomping on a lump of meat, his free hand is clamping his young wife's wrist to the table. Black Oak and Morgan are also at the head table, looking sombre. The groom's family look both merry and smug. In the foreground curved around the table are wedding revellers. The handsome young TIGERNAN (a man in his 20s, with hooped earring) is one of them. His arm is casually draped around a young girl, but he stares sideways at Grace.

Letter caption: SO THERE IT WAS, AT 16 I BECAME A WIFE AND A DOWRY, MY ADVENTURES ON THE HIGH SEAS, WERE NOTHING BUT A MEMORY I HAD TO FORGET.

Panel 2

It is dusk and Grace has stolen away to say goodbye to the sea. She stands in profile before the crashing waves, letting the salty spray cool her down. Her eyes are shut.

Letter caption: AS DARKNESS FELL, I STOLE AWAY FOR A SOLITARY MOMENT WITH THE WAVES.

- TO SAY GOODBYE.

Panel 3

We see Grace from behind. She is looking into the mist where a vision has appeared. It is of an old woman who looks like an older version of Grace. The old woman washes blood from clothes and looks straight at us. Her expression is severe.

Letter caption: THAT WAS WHEN I SAW HER. WAS SHE MY FATE? TO GROW OLD, SCRUBBING THE BLOOD FROM MY HUSBAND'S CLOTHES?

- I SHUDDERED AND SHUT MY EYES. WHEN I OPENED THEM, THE CRONE WAS GONE.

PAGE 24

Panel 1

Wide, establishing scene. Connaught Castle, its ramparts facing both the sea and the land. Between them we see the silhouette of Grace staring seawards. On land we see humble fishing shacks that are all but falling down. Skinny, bedraggled women, children and men in torn clothing, standing around aimlessly.

Letter Caption: DONAL'S LUST FOR WAR WAS INSATIABLE AND HE WAS ALWAYS AWAY. WITHOUT A LEADER HIS CLAN WAS LEFT NEGLECTED AND STARVING, BUT I WAS TOO DEPRESSED TO THINK MUCH ABOUT THEM. I LIVED AT CONNAUGHT CASTLE, UNDISTURBED BUT BORED AND MISERABLE.

Panel 2

Wide. Grace in her boots and dress marching along seafront, buffeted by the wind. The dress is sodden with sand and sea, but she is oblivious. Two bedraggled children, point at her and laugh. Her mouth is slightly ajar, her eyes half-closed...

Caption: I TOOK LONG WALKS ALONG THE COAST EACH DAY, TO GREET THE SALTY WIND WITH MY LIPS.

Children. HEE HEE!

Panel 3

Wide. Grace discovering a pile of large fishing boats strewn on the shoreline. They are abandoned and worn down by the elements.

Letter Caption: THEN ONE DAY, I WALKED FURTHER ALONG THE COAST THAN USUAL. HIDDEN FROM SIGHT, I DISCOVERED TREASURE.

PAGE 25

Panel 1

Wide. Grace has taken her shoes off, rolled up her sleeves and is inspecting the hulls. She has her trusty working knife out and is scratching the barnacles from the wood. TIGERNAN approaches with a naughty glint in his eye and he is standing behind her. GRACE does not pay him any attention, engrossed as she is in her task.

Grace: THERE'S STILL LIFE IN THESE BOATS.

Panel 2

Close up of Tigernan's face, looking serious now.

Tigernan: INDEED, IT IS THE PEOPLE HERE THAT HAVE THE LIFE RUN OUT OF THEM.

Panel 3

Tight. Grace ignores him, although her eye looks backwards. She continues to occupy herself with the boats.

Grace: IN THIS HELLISH PLACE PEOPLE MOAN WITH THE HUNGER BUT DO NOTHING FOR THEMSELVES.

Panel 4

Tight. Tigernan stands with hands on hips, his expression haughty.

Tigernan: WHEN THE GREAT LORDS OF THE CASTLE LIVE FAT ON FLESH AND DRUNK ON BATTLE, THE PEOPLE GO HUNGRY.

Panel 5

Tight, on Grace has turned around now and her face is full of fury and disdain. She points her knife at Tigernan as she shouts.

Grace: WHAT KIND OF IDIOT ARE YOU?

-I'VE HAD ENOUGH BULLSHIT. AT YOUR BACK IS THE GREATEST PROVIDER OF ALL, THE SEA. HOW DO YOU YELLOW-BELLY NOT SEE THIS?

PAGE 26

Panel 1

Tight. Body shot of Tigernan who holds up his hands in mock surrender, sporting his cheeky smile again.

Tigernan: NICE TO MEET YOU TOO. I'M TIGERNAN.

Panel 2

Tight. Body shot of Grace, she's blushing and smiling but trying to hide it. Hair in front of face, looking at Tigernan sideways.

Grace (small print, mumble): I'M GRACE, FROM CLEW BAY.

Panel 3

Tight on Tigernan who bows low to Grace, but keeps his head high and his eyes on her.

Tigernan: ONLY ONE WOMAN ROUND HERE WOULD FIND HERSELF UP TO THE EYES IN MUCK AND TAR, TENDING OLD SHIPS LIKE THEY WERE BABIES.

- GRACE O'MALLEY, I AM AT YOUR SERVICE.

Panel 4

Wide. Grace points to the old ships as Tigernan gets up from his bow.

Grace: WELL THEN, DON'T JUST BE PRANCING ABOUT LIKE SOME LIGHT-WEIGHT. GET YOUR HANDS DIRTY!

- LET'S GET THESE BOATS BACK IN THE WATER!

Tigernan: AYE AYE CAPTAIN!

PAGE 27

Panel 1

Wide. Half page. Grace and a small fleet of boats are hand over fisting the fish aboard the boats. Tigernan is on a separate boat, which is low in the hold. Bountiful fish are slapping at the decks. Grace is looking towards Tigernan's boat with a jealous and competitive eye.

Letter Caption: TIGERNAN AND I RESTORED THE OLD BOATS AND MANY MEN FROM THE CLAN JOINED US. AS SOON AS WE WERE SEAWORTHY WE TOOK THE VESSELS OUT.

Tigernan: SEEMS WE ARE LOWER IN THE HOLD THAN YOU, CAPTAIN! WHO'S THE POOF/MARY NOW?

Panel 2

Half page. Grace hangs off the mast, which bleeds off panel, as she commands her men. The men are laughing, clearly enjoying themselves.

Grace: READY ABOUT, MEN! ALL LINES IN AND HARD ON THE LEEWARD OARS.

- LET THERE BE NO LIGHT-WEIGHTS ABOARD THIS BOAT!

PAGE 28

Page is divided into 4 horizontal slices. Panel 1 to be the establisher. The other panels are more like scenic slivers. Shoreline, Slyne Bay, dusk.

Panel 1

Wide. Villagers are gathered smiling and pleased to see the boats returning with their cargos of fish. Tigernan and his crew unload their bounty. Tigernan's gaze is set to the distance where he is looking for Grace's ship. He can't see it and he's worried.

Tigernan (small text, speaking to himself): WHERE IS THAT WOMAN?

Panel 2

Tigernan's POV. Wide. Dusk at sea, the sea is medium-rough with some white water. There is no boat visible on the horizon.

Panel 3

Same as Panel 2, Tig's POV. Wide. The tiny form of a boat has appeared on the horizon.

Panel 4

Wide. Grace's boat is in full view. It's low in the water with fish slapping about its deck. Grace is hanging off the mast calling to Tigernan who we see standing on shore hands on hips. The clan around him are cheering Grace ashore.

Grace: AHOY, LIGHT WEIGHT!

PAGE 29

Panel 1

Tight, two-shot. Grace is mid leap from boat to beach. Tigernan awaits her.

Grace: WORRIED WERE YOU?

Panel 2

Two shot, close up. Grace has leant in towards Tigernan, so close he can feel her breath against his cheeks. Her fingers twiddle with his hooped earring.

Grace: TELL ME, LIGHT WEIGHT. THIS WOMAN'S TRINKET YOU WEAR – SUPERSTITION HAS IT THAT IT IMPROVES A MAN'S EYESIGHT.

- YET, I OUTFISH YOU SO EASILY.

Panel 3

Close up. Tigernan's face, full of admiration and something deeper, a primal yearning he must keep in check.

Tigernan: CAPTAIN, YOUR EYES PIERCE THE WATER AND EVEN THE FISH BEG TO BE TAKEN BY YOU.

Panel 4

Wide. Grace has thrown back her locks and stands on one of the boats above the happy clan. The people cheer her.

Grace: TONIGHT FRIENDS, WE FEAST AND WE DRINK!

Panel 5

Wide. A vision of feasting and merriment. Grace is holding her cup of mead aloft joining men as they sing. Tigernan has two pretty women draped around him.

Grace and men: (MUSICAL NOTES) HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS...

Tigernan: WHAT ARE YOU LOVELY LADIES UP TO LATER?

PAGE 30

Panel 1

Caption: BEFORE LONG, WE WERE ABLE TO TRADE OUR FISHING BOATS FOR A FINER SET OF SAILS, GIVING US MORE WINDPOWER AND MANY MORE SEA MILES AT OUR DISPOSAL. NEED I TELL YOU, TOBY, THAT FISHING IS NOT ALL MY LITTLE FLEET GOT UP TO?

Wide, taking in Grace's little fleet of three sail ships, which have run alongside a Spanish Galleon. (Grace's ship in foreground, Tigernan's ship in background, bow of 3rd ship further away.) Grace leans an elbow on her knee, which is up on the edge of the deck, looking relaxed and full of smiles. She addresses the Spanish Captain, who in turn looks smug and amused.

Grace: GREETINGS, DEAR CAPTAIN.

- IT APPEARS YOU HAVE STRAYED FROM THE TRADE ROUTE. YOU ARE NOW IN OUR FISHING GROUNDS. THERE IS A FEE FOR YOUR SAFE PASSAGE, GOOD SIR.

Captain: HA! TO HELL WITH SOME SEA HAG TELLING ME WHERE I CAN STEER MY SHIP!

Panel 2

Tight. Grace holds her arms out as if she is about to embrace the Captain, her face is filled with glee!

Grace: YOUR INSULTS INSPIRE ME!

Panel 3

Close up of Grace's face, she looks hard as hell and wild in the eye.

Grace: READY BOYS?

Panel 4

Inset to Panel 5, tight on Tigernan as he takes aim.

Tigernan: CAPTAIN, THIS IS ONE WOMAN YOU'RE GONNA WISH YOU'D SHOWN MORE RESPECT!

Panel 5

Wide. Grace blows a hole through the Captain's hand. The Captain is crying with pain. His men are shocked that a woman would be so bold and accurate with a gun.

PAGE 31

Series of three tight, high action shots of pirate v. Spaniard.

Panel 1

Tight on Tigernan who takes on the Captain.

Panel 2

Tight on Grace who takes on the Captain's first mate. She dominates with a gleeful expression.

Panel 3

Tight on another of Grace's men leaping onto a Spaniard and pushing him onto the floor with his heel on his neck.

Panel 4

Wide. On the deck of the galleon, the Spaniards have been beaten, Tigernan is tying up the Spanish Captain, as Grace wipes the blood from her cutlass. In the background, Grace's men carry chests of treasure off the boat.

Spanish Captain: WOMAN! YOU ARE A FOOL! I'M NOT YOUR ENEMY.

- WE SHOULD FIGHT TOGETHER AGAINST THE ENGLISH!

PAGE 32

Panel 1

Wide. Grace leaps from the Galleon to the deck of her own boat.

Grace: HA! I NEED NO ALLIES, CAPTAIN, LEAST OF ALL A COWARD SUCH AS YOURSELF!

Panel 2

Wide. The ships sail home at dusk.

Letter caption top left: I WAS SO FULL OF PRIDE, TOBY. I LISTENED TO NO ONE, I THOUGHT MYSELF ANSWERABLE TO NO ONE, I WAS INVINCIBLE.

Letter caption, bottom right: I HAD A LONG WAY TO FALL ...

Panel 3

Wide, on board the boat. The men and Grace are partying hard, celebrating their latest haul. In the forefront, Grace is having a crucifix tattooed on her breast. Tigernan swigs at mead with his men behind her and then swipes her shirt back holding it back while the sailmaker tattoos Grace's breast. Some men play dice. Others sing.

Letter caption: BUT THAT NIGHT AT LEAST, WE DID WHAT WE DO WELL. CELEBRATE.

Grace: I'LL JUST BE A MINUTE, BOYS! I INTEND TO ROB YOU OF YOUR FAMILY JEWELS TONIGHT!

Group of men singing: "NO ONE SO PRETTY, SO PRETTY, AS THE LASSIE FROM KERRY..."

Panel 4

Wide. It's night and we see Grace's boats approach the port. We see silhouettes of drunken sailors. On the ramparts of Connaught Castle, stands the silhouette of Donal.

Caption: I WOULD NOT HAVE CELEBRATED QUITE AS HARD, HAD I KNOWN MY HUSBAND DONAL HAD RETURNED AND WAS WAITING FOR ME.

Donal emanata: discontent

PAGE 33

Panel 1

Medium shot. Inside Connaught Castle at the dinner table. Grace is drunk, barely able to keep her eyes open, slumped in her seat at one end of the table. In the middle sits the elderly Chief O'Flaherty also listening to his son Donal. Donal is boasting of his exploits and pounding the table with his fist, aware of how unimpressed his wife seems.

Letter caption: DONAL WAS KEEN TO BORE ME TO DEATH WITH HIS TALES OF BLOOD AND GORE.

Donal: MURROGH OF THE BATTLE AXES, WAS SOFT. HE DIDN'T RECKON ON A MAN LIKE ME. WE RAIDED HIS VILLAGE AND SALTED HIS LAND. THEN ONE OF MY MEN TOLD ME THE SHYSTER WAS STILL ALIVE...

Panel 2

Wide. Need to differentiate this panel from the other as it relays Donal's words. Perhaps remove panel lines? This is the scene of carnage that Donal is talking about. A village is burning. Donal stands in the forefront with MURROGH at his feet, he is badly mutilated, bleeding from one eye, his nose and one ear cut off. There are lacerations all over his body. Donal has rammed a flagpole with the English flag through Murrogh's mouth and throat.

Donal Caption: I PICKED UP A FLAGPOLE AND SAW IT WAS ENGLISH. THE FOOL HAD SURRENDERED HIS LANDS FOR A TITLE, TO BE AN ENGLISH EARL!

Donal: CHOKES ON IT, TRAITOR!

Murrogh: URGH

Panel 3

Medium. We are back in the castle and Donal is red in the face from his efforts. He leans across the table toward Grace who has fallen asleep. His father looks on amused.

Donal: WOULD YOU SLEEP, BITCH?

Grace: ZZZZ ZZZZ

Panel 4, inset to panel 5

Close up. Chief O'Flaherty

Chief O'Flaherty: LEAVE HER BE, SON. SHE HAS TAKEN CARE OF OUR PEOPLE SINCE YOU LEFT AND IS MUCH LOVED.

- INDEED THEY CALL THIS HEN'S CASTLE NOW, IN HER HONOUR.

Panel 5

Medium. Donal is livid, he has scooped up Grace and is leaving the room, she is slumped over his shoulder, still groggy.

Donal: HEN'S CASTLE BE DAMNED! THIS IS, AND ALWAYS HAS BEEN, MY CASTLE.

- COCK'S CASTLE!

PAGE 34

Panel 1

Tight on Donal's back as he pins Grace against the wall. She is now awake and is looking horrified as well as semi-choked. She is using both hands to attempt to stop him from choking her. With his free hand, Donal has ripped through Grace's clothing and has exposed a breast.

Donal: I COME HOME TO YOU STINKING OF FISH!

- ARE YOU FUCKING THOSE SAILOR-BOYS, WHORE? TIME TO SERVICE YOUR HUSBAND!

Series of 4 horizontal panel sequences tight on Donal forcing himself on Grace. The bed is four poster.

Panel 2

Letter caption: IT PAINS ME TO SHARE THIS WITH YOU, TIBBETT. BUT YOU NEED TO UNDERSTAND WHY I AM THE WOMAN I AM...

Donal has thrown her on the bed and with one hand pins Grace's hands down. She is helpless as he thrusts into her. Tears stream down her face.

Donal: I WILL FUCK MY WOMAN, TOO!

Panel 3

Tight on Donal and Grace on the bed.

Grace, small letters: NO

Panel 4

Tight on Donal and Grace - one last violent thrust...

Donal: EURREDH

Panel 5

Medium panel of Donal alongside Grace. He has finished and is spent, his eyes shut. We see Grace's face, she is furious. Her eyes are set in grim determination. Both her fists are clenched.

PAGE 35

Panel 1 SPLASH

Medium, action. Grace is standing on the bed with one knee in Donal's groin. He is sitting up in agony. Grace's hand has come down hard on his face. (MOTION LINES) In her other hand she holds the sheet with which she is about to tie up Donal.

Grace shouting: FUCK WHAT YOU CAN FIND, MAN, WOMAN OR ANIMAL.

- BUT YOU WILL NEVER USE YOUR STINKING MEMBER ON ME AGAIN!

Inset panel 2

Close up of Donal's hands being tied to the bed posts.

Inset panel 3

Grace leaving through door with speech bubble appearing behind her.

Grace: I SLEEP WITH ONE EYE OPEN, MY KNIFE IN HAND. BELIEVE ME I'D TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN FILLETING THAT MINNOW BETWEEN YOUR LEGS.

PAGE 36

Panel 1

Wide. Grace is on the ramparts of Connaught Castle, facing the town. She has lit a lantern and is signalling her men.

Letter caption: A FEW BEDSHEETS WOULD NOT HOLD DONAL BACK FOR LONG. I RAN FROM THE BEDROOM TO THE RAMPARTS AND LIT THE BEACON. DRUNK OR NOT, I KNEW MY MEN WOULD COME TO ME.

Panel 2

Medium. Inside Tigernan's shack, he is asleep with two beauties draped over him. His window is open and a beam of flashing light wakes him. He has one eye open.

Panel 3

Long from ladies' pov, we see the form of their bodies running along the bed. They watch Tigernan who has jumped out of bed and is dressing in a dishevelled manner. He's grinning down at his girls.

Tigernan: APOLOGIES, LADIES. DUTY CALLS!

Panel 4

Long. We see Tigernan's back as he holds up a lantern to his window and signals the men to get going. Through the window we see one or two huts with lights signalling back to him. In the distance we see the castle ramparts where Grace's beacon flashes.

Tigernan: WAKY WAKY!

Panel 5

Wide shot of the shoreline with blinking lights in huts. Grace's men are awake and mobilizing.

Panel 6:

Medium. It is still dark, Grace stands at the helm of her ship scanning the dark waters. Her hair streams behind her, she looks liberated and at peace now she is back at sea.

Letter caption: THAT NIGHT AS WE LEFT ROCKFLEET FOR CLEW BAY, I RESOLVED NEVER TO BE DOMINATED AGAIN.

PAGE 37

(9 panels on page, divide equally re space? ie: Watchmen)

Panel 1

Medium. Grace, Tigernan and her men arrive at Black Oak's door. He is surprised to see her.

Black Oak: GRACE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

Grace: LONG STORY, FATHER.

- WOULD YOU OFFER THESE WEARY TRAVELLERS FOOD AND REST?

Black Oak: OF COURSE, T'IS GOOD TO SEE YOU, MY LOVE!

Panel 2

Medium. They are inside the castle, Black Oak motions to the kitchen downstairs.

Black Oak: MEN, THERE IS ENOUGH SUCCOUR IN THE KITCHEN TO KEEP YOU EATING TILL YOU BURST.

- GRACE, MORGAN IS UPSTAIRS AND OUR NEIGHBOUR, RICHARD BOURKE. COME UP, THEY WILL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU AFTER ALL THIS TIME.

Panel 3

Medium. Morgan and Richard Bourke are seated at a table. Grace and Black Oak enter the room to the right. Richard Bourke is in armour. He is a massive man in his late 40s his face scarred and hardened from years of battle. Both Morgan and Richard look at Grace.

Morgan: WELL, I'LL BE! IF IT ISN'T THE LITTLE SEAHORSE, ALL GROWN UP!

Grace: ACK, IF IT ISN'T THE SEADOG GROWN OLD!

Panel 4

Medium. Richard Bourke and Morgan are standing. Grace has thrown her arms around Morgan and is smiling up at him. Richard Bourke is blushing, he's seen something he likes and is not sure how to deal with it. Black Oak stands with one arm around Richard getting ready to introduce him.

Black Oak: GRACE, MEET RICHARD BOURKE. HE COMMANDS A FLEET OUT OF ROCKPORT. HIS LATEST VICTORIES OVER THE CLANS HAVE EXTENDED HIS REIGN FROM UMHALL TO GALWAY.

- RICHARD THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, GRACE.

Panel 6

Close up of Richard Bourke's face, the scarred, tough exterior smiles like a boy. He is tongue-tied.

Richard Bourke: IT... IT'S A PLEASURE TO MEET YOU.

Panel 7

Close up of Grace who knows her power and there is fire behind her eyes. She smiles but is vigilant.

Grace: ROCKPORT AND THE SURROUNDING COAST PROVIDE GOOD LOOKOUTS. YOU HAVE EYES EVERYWHERE TO SEA.

Panel 8

Tight on Richard Bourke kissing Grace's hand, his eyes still raised towards her.

Richard: RIGHT NOW, I HAVE EYES ONLY FOR YOU.

Panel 9

Tight on Black Oak, this is his cue to interrupt such flirtation as there are serious things to discuss. He places a firm hand on RB's shoulder and leads him away. RB continues to attempt to lock meaningful eyes with Grace who returns his gaze with narrowed eyes, on high alert.

Black Oak: COME NOW, LET'S SIT. GRACE, JOIN US, WE HAVE IMPORTANT ISSUES TO DISCUSS.

PAGE 38

(Another 9 panel page, *mostly* comprised of headshots having conversation)

Panel 1

Morgan, Black Oak, Grace and Richard Bourke sit at a table. They are deep in conversation.

Richard Bourke: I'M FIGHTING THE MacMAURICES TO THE NORTH AND THE MacWILLIAMS TO THE SOUTH. I AM SURROUNDED BY ENEMY CLANS!

Black Oak: AND I HEAR THE ENGLISH ARE MOVING WEST, BEYOND THE PALE.

Richard Bourke: PAH! THEY'RE NO THREAT TO US. THEIR HANDS ARE FULL WITH THE COWARDS? NEARER DUBLIN.

Panel 2

Close up of Richard Bourke

Richard Bourke: BUT THE POINT IS STILL THAT WE NEED MORE FIGHTING MEN.

- THE CLANDONNEL GALLOGGLASS FIGHT HARD AND MEAN...

Panel 3

Close up of Grace

Grace: I'D BE HAPPY TO COLLECT THEM. A TRIP TO THE HEBRIDES WOULD BE REFRESHING!

Panel 4

Tight on Richard Bourke and Black Oak exchanging a worried glance.

RBourke and BOak: emanata

Panel 5

Close up of BO

Black Oak: NO GRACE, THOSE WATERS ARE PERILOUS.

Panel 6

Close-up of Morgan, one eyebrow raised, grinning and raising his cup of mead to Grace.

Morgan: WHY NOT? WE KNOW HER REPUTATION ON THE HIGH SEAS.

- HER HOT BLOOD WILL BURN A COURSE THROUGH THOSE ICY WATERS. I SAY GODSPEED YOU, GRACE!

Panel 7

Close up Grace, grinning.

Grace. IT IS SETTLED THEN, I LEAVE TOMORROW.

Panel 8

Tight on RBourke and BOak who exchange another glance and are clearly not happy. Emanata from both.

PAGES 39/40

Panel 1

Wide, inset to Panel 2 (DPS). Early morning, dawn. Grace's men are preparing to leave. Loading supplies and preparing the ships. Black Oak and Morgan have come to see her off. Tigernan is by her side.

Black Oak: I'M NOT HAPPY ABOUT THIS. BLACK CLOUDS ARE GATHERING IN THE NORTH.

Grace: STOP YOUR WORRYING FATHER. NOTHING I CAN'T HANDLE.

Panel 2

DPS of a harrowing storm. Grace's fleet of ships are tossed about like miniature toys amid the enormous swell.

Letter caption top left: MY FATHER WAS RIGHT. THAT DAY WE ENCOUNTERED THE WORST STORM I HAD EVER EXPERIENCED IN ALL MY DAYS AT SEA.

Three inset panels running along the bottom of the DPS with detail of breakages.

Panel 3

Close up of sails being ripped by the winds

Letter caption: THE WIND SHREDDERED OUR SAILS.

Panel 4

Tight on hull of boat cracking under wave pressure.

Letter caption: OUR BOATS WERE BRITTLE AS AN OLD HAG'S BONES.

Panel 5

Tight on man falling overboard.

Letter caption running underneath the inset panels 3-5: OUR LOSS WAS GREAT. BUT, STILL THAT STORM WAS ONE OF THE BEST THINGS THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME...

PAGE 41

Panel 1

Wide. It is dawn, the water is flat and glassy. Grace's ships are badly damaged. They salvage what they can from the water including the bodies of the men they have lost. The water is full of debris. Grace stands aboard her ship pulling at the rigging, with her head turned towards Tigernan who is calling her from a small boat in the water. Tigernan is pulling a body from the water with another crew member.

Letter Caption: BY THE TIME DAWN BROKE, THE SEA WAS SPENT AND FLAT AS GLASS. WRETCHED AND SHATTERED MY CREW AND I TRIED TO SALVAGE WHAT WE COULD FROM THE WATER AND PUT OUR BOATS BACK TOGETHER. WE ALSO HAD THE TERRIBLE TASK OF RECLAIMING THE BODIES OF OUR CREW.

Tigernan: GRACE! THIS MAN IS NOT ONE OF OURS.

Panel 2

Close up of Tigernan.

Tigernan: WE MAY NOT HAVE BEEN ALONE OUT HERE LAST NIGHT.

Panel 3

Tight on Grace. She looks through her spy glass into the distance trying to verify Tig's words.

Grace: YOU'RE RIGHT. I THINK I SEE A WRECK IN THE DISTANCE, HALF SUBMERGED. LET'S CHECK IT OUT. THERE MAY BE GOLD ABOARD.

Panel 4

Medium. Grace uses a rope to lower herself onto Tigernan's rowboat.

Tigernan: YOU SURE WOMAN? THE MEN ARE TIRED AND WANT TO FIND SAFE HARBOUR AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

Grace: NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT I LET AN OPPORTUNITY PASS, POOF/MARY.

Panel 5

Medium. Tigernan and Grace have rowed nearer the half-submerged wreck. The ship is vertical with its hull poking over the waterline. Grace is scanning the surrounding water.

Grace: I SEE SOMETHING. SOMETHING SHINY...

Tigernan: ACK, NO, IT'S TOO RISKY TO DIVE INTO, THE BOAT'S STILL SINKING, YOU'LL BE SUCKED UNDER!

Panel 6

Medium. Grace dives from the rowboat into the sea. Tigernan stands on the prow, annoyed.

Tigernan: FOR FUCK'S SAKE!

PAGE 42

Panel 1

Medium: Underwater shot of Grace swimming towards the form of a man. We can only see his torso as his neck seems to be stuck between two planks. **He wears a belt with a jewelled buckle.** Blood leaks from several wounds on his body.

Panel 2

Tight on Grace underwater as she listens to the man's heart. And places a finger on the pulse near his neck. Bubbles coming from her mouth.

Panel 3

Tight on Grace as she pulls hard at one of the planks under the man's head. Her face is contorted with the effort. Huge amount of air bubbles from her mouth.

Grace: (EMANATA OF EFFORT)

Panel 4

Close up of the plank shifting and freeing the man's head that was stuck in an air pocket just above the plank. The man is unconscious. He is HUGH DE LACY. Young, in his early 20s, blonde and handsome. He bleeds from various wounds.

Panel 5

Tight on Grace swimming with Hugh back to the boat, in classic rescue style (swims backwards, one arm crooked under Hugh's neck.) she looks out of breath. We can see the rope from the prow just in front of her.

Grace: HUFF HUFF

Panel 6

Medium panel. Both heads are above water. Grace is gasping for breath, holding onto the rope from the row boat with one hand and Hugh with the other. Tigernan has his arms under her armpit heaving her in, looking irate.

Tigernan: WHAT THE HELL? YOU DIVE FOR GOLD AND BRING BACK A LUMP OF DEAD MEAT?

Grace: HUFF HUFF

PAGE 43

Panel 1

Medium. Tigernan is hauling Grace onto the prow and she continues to cling to Hugh.

Tigernan: LET GO! LET HADES HAVE ITS KEEP, WOMAN!

Grace: SHUT UP, HE'S ALIVE!

Panel 2

Tight on Grace leaning over Hugh about to give him mouth to mouth. We see the bottom of Tigernan's trousers.

Tigernan [OP]: BEJAYSUS, YOU'RE HARD HEADED TO THE DEATH!

Panel 3

Two shot. Grace gives Hugh mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

Panel 4

Close up of Hugh vomiting out water.

Hugh: BLUG

Panel 5

Medium. Grace looks tenderly down on Hugh, whose eyes are open now. She cups his cheek with one hand. Tigernan's feet are in shot.

Grace: WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

Hugh: HUFF, HUGH, HUFF, DE LACY

Tigernan [OP]: WHAT KIND OF A PONCY NAME IS THAT?

Panel 6

Medium: Same as Panel 5, except Grace smiles down at Hugh.

Grace: LET'S GO BACK TO THE SHIP. WE CAN PUT HUGH IN THE CABIN NEXT TO MINE.

Tigernan small muttering text [OP]: HUGH DE FUCKING LACY KNICKERS, I'LL WAGER.

PAGE 44

Panel 1

Aerial view of Grace's desk. There is a map of Hebrides, a compass and any other naval instruments used at this time. (not an astrolabe)

Letter Caption: WE PATCHED UP OUR SHIPS AS BEST WE COULD AND SET SAIL AGAIN FOR THE HEBRIDES WHERE THE NOBLE GALLOGLASS WARRIORS WOULD BE WAITING FOR US. IT WAS A PERILOUS JOURNEY BUT...

Panel 2

Medium. Tigernan and Grace are poring over charts in her cabin. Hugh has just walked through the cabin door holding an astrolabe.

Letter Caption: WE HAD HELP FROM UNEXPECTED PLACES...

Tigernan: WE SHOULD VEER WEST OFF MALIN'S HEAD--

Hugh: GRACE! LOOK AT WHAT I FOUND.

Panel 3

Close up of Hugh's hands holding an astrolabe.

Hugh off panel: IT'S AN ASTROLABE!

Panel 4

Medium: Tigernan is rolling his eyes and addressing Grace. Hugh also looks at Grace, and Grace returns his gaze, that soft smile playing about her lips...

Tigernan: NOTHING BUT BALLAST THAT CONTRAPTION IS. NO GOOD ON A SHIP'S DECK. TOO MUCH LIST AND HEAL.

Grace: AN ASTROLABE? TEACH ME HOW TO USE IT, HUGH.

Panel 5

Medium: Tigernan is not happy. He is leaning in towards Grace trying to get her attention, but her gaze remains on Hugh and she has reached out to cup his hands around the astrolabe.

Tigernan: GRACE, THAT THING IS A WASTE OF TIME!

Grace: TELL ME TIGERNAN, WHERE IS THE DIRECTION OF YOUR BUNK? WE HAVE A LONG DAY AHEAD OF US TOMORROW, SO BEST YOU SET STRAIGHT COURSE INTO THE ARMS OF MORPHEUS.

Page 45

Panel 1

Medium. Tigernan has slammed the door shut. Hugh and Grace are standing very close to each other. Staring into each other's eyes.

Hugh: I HAVEN'T HAD THE CHANCE TO PROPERLY THANK YOU FOR SAVING MY LIFE.

Panel 2

Close up of Hugh's hands unbuckling his silver-buckled belt.

Panel 3

Two shot. Grace is blushing as she looks at him from under her eyelashes. Hugh looks at her with intensity.

Grace: YOU DON'T HAVE TO—

Hugh: I WANT TO.

Panel 4

Tight on Hugh as he straps the belt around Grace's waist.

Panel 5

Medium. Hugh has stepped towards the cabin door. We see Grace from behind as she watches him leave. We see that she is holding the silver buckled belt. (Which from now on Grace will wear at all times.)

Grace: BUT HOW WILL I FIND YOU SHOULD YOU GO ASSUNDER AGAIN?

Hugh: I'LL ALWAYS BE WITH YOU, GRACE.

Panel 6

Close up. Grace's face. A faint dreamy smile plays on her lips.

PAGE 46

Panel 1

Wide: Grace walking the plank from ship to pier. Behind her are her men carrying chests (full of treasure). The Galloglass await her with the mighty Argus in front. He is dressed in traditional Galloglass (Viking-like) attire and is a towering mass of man. He smiles broadly and holds his arms out to Grace.

Letter Caption: WHEN WE REACHED THE HEBRIDES FATHER'S OLD FRIEND ARGUS WAS AT THE HARBOUR TO GREET US.

Argus: WHEN WORD CAME THAT O'MALLEY WAS COMING, WHY DID I THINK IT WAS BLACK OAK AND NOT HIS DAUGHTER?!

Panel 2

Tight on Argus as he hauls Grace into a crushing hug.

Argus: ONCE YOU WERE A GLIMMER OF BAD, NOW LOOK AT YOU. BOUDICA IN THE FLESH.

Panel 3

Grace addresses Argus as her men carry out chests of gold and lay them around Argus' feet. Grace is holding her hand so as to present the loot to Argus. Argus rubs his chin, looking at the chests, eyebrows raised.

Grace: GOOD TO SEE YOU, ARGUS. IT'S BEEN TOO LONG.

- I COME BEARING A HUMBLE OFFERING FROM THE O'MALLEY CLAN. YOU KNOW WHY WE'RE HERE. TO ASK YOU FOR ASSISTANCE IN PROTECTING OUR LANDS.

Panel 4

Close up: Argus' face is furious.

ARGUS: BLACK OAK UNDERESTIMATES ME!

PAGE 47

Panel 1

Medium: Argus roars with laughter one foot on the chest of gold. His knee raised and his elbow leaning against the knee. His head is crooked and resting on his palm. He smiles broadly. His men are laughing.

Argus: IT'S FOR THE GLORY, O'MALLEY! AND TO FIGHT WITH YOU, THE MOST NOTORIOUS DIRECTOR OF THEIVES AND MURDERERS AT SEA!

Panel 2

Tight on Argus as he puts an arm around Grace.

Argus: COME NOW, LET'S EAT AND DRINK. TOMORROW WE SAIL, READY FOR BATTLE.

Panel 3

Panoramic feasting scene to run vertically across middle of page, pigs roasting on spits, men and women carousing.

Panel 4

Medium on Grace as she walks away from the party, calling to Tigernan. In the background we can see Tigernan's back. His legs are wide as if he is urinating.

Grace: POOF/MARY, YOU STAY HERE WITH THE MEN. I WON'T LEAVE THE SHIP.

Tigernan: UNGH

Panel 5

We see Tigernan from the front, he is looking blissful, eyes shut, while a woman kneels in front of him, we see the back of her head bobbing up and down.

Tigernan: AYE, AYE MY CAPTAIN.

PAGE 48

Four vertical panels running along width of page. Evenly sized. Night time, full moon, sky full of stars.

Panel 1

Grace walks the plank from pier to her boat.

Panel 2

Grace is at the boat's bow, she has taken her shirt off and is tossing it to one side.

Panel 3

Grace is naked and diving off the bow.

Panel 4

Wide. Grace is lying in the water, her body phosphorescent in the moonlight staring up at the sky. Aboard the boat in the shadows is the form of a watching man.

PAGE 49

Panel 1

Medium. Grace climbs up the ladder back to her ship, her muscles gleam and her body steams against the cold night.

Panel 2

Medium. Wrapped in a blanket at the bow, Grace stares at the stars.

Grace: WE THINK OURSELVES SO GRAND, BUT REALLY, WHAT ARE WE? NOTHING BUT DRIFTWOOD IN AN OCEAN OF SILENT STARS.

Panel 3

Medium. We see Grace from behind, as if somebody else is watching her.

Grace: HERODOTUS WROTE OF THE USE OF LEAD AND LINE TO TELL OUR BEARINGS AT SEA. HE SAID, 'WHEN YOU GET 11 FATHOMS AND OOZE ON THE LEAD, YOU ARE A DAY'S JOURNEY FROM ALEXANDRIA.'

Panel 4

Medium. We see the trouser leg of a man as he steps into the panel, behind Grace.

Inset Panel 5

Close up. Grace looks back over her bare shoulder. Sultry eyes.

PAGE 50

Panel 1

Hugh De Lacy steps out of the shadows, his eyes ablaze with desire.

Panel 2

Grace is standing up, facing him. The blanket has fallen away from her shoulders...

Panel 3

Hugh and Grace are locked in a passionate embrace.

Panel 4

Lovemaking, must be sexy, tender and gentle and in stark contrast to the one we witnessed between Grace and Donal.

Panel 5

A close up of Grace's face. Tears stream down her face, she knows now, how it feels to be loved. Hugh kisses the tears away.

PAGE 51

Panel 1

Wide angle scene of Argus and his fleet along with Grace and hers, leaving the Hebrides. It is an impressive fleet of marauders.

Caption: WE SET SAIL FOR IRELAND THE NEXT DAY. I THOUGHT OF THE O'FLAHERTY CLANSMEN AND WONDERED ABOUT THEM. I HAD FORSAKEN DONAL, BUT NOT HIS PEOPLE. I DECIDED TO CALL ON CONNAUGHT ON OUR WAY HOME.

Panel 2

Grace and Tigernan are at the helm of the boat, steering. Hugh is nearby holding his astrolabe, he looks up when he hears the word, 'Donal'.

Tigernan: THE FOLKS WILL BE HAPPY TO SEE YOU. DONAL'S MOST LIKELY OFF PILLAGING SOME POOR BASTARD'S CASTLE...

Grace: I HOPE SO, HE'LL NOT BE FIT TO PILLAGE IF I RUN INTO HIM.

Panel 3

Close up of Hugh's interested face.

Hugh: DONAL?

Panel 4

Two shot of Grace looking up at Hugh.

Grace: HE WAS MY HUSBAND. WAS.

Panel 5

Close up of Tigernan's face, furious, vengeful.

Tigernan: IF THAT BASTARD COMES WITHIN A SHIP'S LENGTH OF YOU, I'LL KILL HIM.

PAGE 52

Panel 1

Wide, panorama. The front of Grace's ship, land in the distance (that we can only see as a blur)
Grace is looking through her spyglass.

Letter Caption: I WAS TAKING NO CHANCES. I KNEW THAT IF DONAL WAS HOME, HIS FLAG WOULD
BE FLYING AND IF HE WAS BACK, THEN CONNAUGHT WOULD HAVE TO WAIT FOR MY NEXT VISIT.

Grace: WHAT THE...

Panel 2

Close up. Grace's horrified and astonished face.

Grace: TIGERNAN!

Panel 3

Tight on horrified Grace as she hands the eyeglass to Tigernan.

Panel 4

Large round panel seeing through the eyeglass. Connaught is ablaze and razed to the ground. In the harbour a fleet of English ships are anchored. English soldiers are finishing off their onslaught of the village. Men, women and children are lying in pools of blood in front of their ruined homes. The people who are alive are on their knees begging to for their lives. It is a terrible scene. From the ramparts of Connaught Castle, an English flag blows impertinently in the wind.

PAGE 53

Panel 1

Inset Close up Grace.

Grace: RAISE THE BLACK FLAG, CALL ARGUS FORTH!

Panel 2

Long shot aboard Argus' ship, he has seen the black flag and beyond Grace's ship, he can see the fleet of English ships. He addresses his men.

Argus: MAN THE OARS, PREPARE THE SHIPS. PULL BOYS, GET US IN THERE!

Panel 3

Aerial shot of Grace and Argus' fleets ripping through the water towards the Connaught Harbour where the English ships are anchored.

Panel 4

Long. On board Grace's ship, the men are mobilizing for attack. Hugh is by Grace's side, their faces are serious.

Grace: GUNS AT READY, MEN! THIS IS NOT GOING TO BE EASY.

PAGE 54

Panel 1

Half page. The Galloglass have reached the English ships, they are leaping off their boats and scaling the galleons with their axe-like weapons. The English are aiming their guns, but some are hit by the flying axes. The galloglass deliver crushing blows but fierce hand to hand battle means loss of lives and casualties on all sides.

Panel 2

Close up of Grace looking through spyglass.

Panel 3

Round spyglass panel. Tight on fully uniformed Sir Richard Bingham aboard his ship, drinking a cup of tea, a wry smile playing about his lips. It's as though he's looking straight at her.

Panel 4

Close-up of Grace's incredulous face.

Grace: THAT PISS-DRINKING BASTARD...

Panel 5

Tight on Grace, holding up two pistols and shooting them in a fury as she leaps aboard a rowboat. Hugh leaping in after her.

Grace: LET ME AT THAT FUCKER!

Hugh: NOT WITHOUT ME, LADY!

PAGE 55

Panel 1

Medium. Sir Richard Bingham looks through his spyglass. Alongside him is one of his men, armed with an Alderney gun.

Bingham: THAT'S IT, MY LOVELY, COME A LITTLE CLOSER...

Panel 2

Close up of Bingham's face. He's looking sly and superior, smiling.

Bingham: SEE THAT LITTLE ROWBOAT, TWO PEOPLE ABOARD?

- AIM TO KILL.

Panel 3

Tight on soldier as he takes aim.

Panel 4

Close up. There is a flash of gunshot from the gun.

Gun: BANG!

Panel 5

Close-up of the bullet piercing fabric and skin. We cannot tell whose skin.

Panel 6

Close up of Grace's face grimacing with pain.

Grace: AARGH.

Panel 7

Close up of Hugh's face also grimacing with pain.

Hugh: UNGH!

PAGE 56

Panel 1

Wide and tight on Hugh and Grace being thrown from the rowboat into the sea after the bullet's impact.

Panel 2

Wide. Argus is aboard his ship, waving at his men. Tigernan is aboard Grace's ship. He sees the couple fall out of the boat.

Argus: RETREAT!

Tigernan: CAPTAIN!

Panel 3

Medium. Tigernan dives into the water to help the couple. The water is strewn with bodies and debris.

Panel 4

Medium. Tigernan reaches the couple, they are half submerged in blood-stained waters, neither look conscious.

Panel 5

Tight headshot of Tig, Hugh and Grace. Tigernan is shaking Grace.

Tigernan: GRACE! ARE YOU ALIVE GRACE?

PAGE 57

Panel 1

Wide. Tigernan is in the water, coughing and straining to pull Grace to the boat. She has her eyes half open and is coughing. She clutches Hugh who has a trail of blood leaking from his heart.

Tigernan: GRACE, PLEASE LET GO!

Panel 2

Medium. Tigernan has reached the ladder to her ship but cannot hoist Grace up as she's carrying the dead weight of Hugh. Her free shoulder has been dislocated and is slack and useless by her side. Hugh is clearly lifeless and also covered in blood.

Tigernan: GRACEY, YOU HAVE TO LET GO NOW. HUGH IS DEAD.

Panel 3

Close up of Tigernan's foot as he kicks Hugh's body away.

Panel 4

Tight on Grace as she slumps into Tigernan's arms. He carries her up the ladder, back to the ship.

PAGE 58

Panel 1

Wide. Tigernan is kneeling over Grace's body on deck. Her men are gathered round, looking worse for wear. They are all concerned about their captain who is inert although her eyes are open.

Tigernan. HER SHOULDER IS BROKEN. WE'LL NEED A SLING.

- GRACE, TALK TO ME. ARE YOU WITH US?

Panel 2

Close-up of Grace who is in a world of pain and is muttering half to herself.

Grace: GET HIM.

Panel 3

Tight on Tigernan as he cups Grace's face, a tear falls down his cheek.

Tigernan: GRACE, IT'S OVER, AND THERE ARE NO WINNERS. HUGH IS GONE.

Panel 4

Close up of Grace's anguished face.

Letter caption: AND SO IT WAS OVER BEFORE MY HEART COULD SING. DEATH'S DANCE HAS NO TEMPO. AND FOR THOSE WHO SURVIVE, THE PAIN IS A LIFETIME LONG.

PAGE 59

Panel 1

Grace is at the helm of her ship, her arm in a sling and looking bedraggled in a nightdress. Tears stream down her face. Tigernan stands behind her looking worried.

Letter caption: I SENT THE MEN HOME TO THEIR FAMILIES AND DRIFTED. TIGERNAN, THAT FAITHFUL DOG, STAYED WITH ME, BUT I BARELY NOTICED HIM. I WANTED ONLY TO BE AT SEA WHERE I KNEW THAT HUGH WAS RESTING.

Tigernan: GRACEY, WE COULD REACH LAND TOMORROW. HAVE YOU NOT HAD ENOUGH TIME? YOU HAVE A DESTINY AND IT IS TO BE A LEADER OF MEN.

- LET'S TAKE LIFE BY THE BALLS AGAIN!

Grace: WILL YOU NOT JUST LEAVE ME ALONE? YOU LEAD IF YOU WANT TO. I'M DONE WITH IT ALL!

Panel 2

Medium. Grace in her cabin, in bed, looking out of the porthole at the sea.

Letter caption: SOME DAYS, I COULD BARELY GET OUT OF BED. I WAS SICK WITH LOSS.

Panel 3

Medium. Tigernan has popped his head into the cabin to find Grace retching into a bucket.

Tigernan: GRACE?

- YOU ARE NOT ONE FOR SEASICKNESS GRACE.

Grace: EURRRGH

Panel 4

Medium. Tigernan sits on Grace's bed. She looks green.

Tigernan: - I'VE BEEN HEARING YOU RETCH FOR DAYS, LASS.

- I'VE KNOWN ENOUGH WOMEN IN MY DAY AND MOST LIKELY HAVE LEFT THEM WITH A PARTING GIFT. ..

Panel 5

Close up of Tigernan.

Tigernan: PERHAPS HUGH HAS LEFT ONE FOR YOU?

PAGE 60

Panel 1

Close-up of Grace's face as she takes in what she has just heard. She is pregnant. As soon as Tigernan suggests it, she knows it's true.

Grace: HOLY MOTHER OF GOD! HOW COULD I HAVE NOT KNOWN?

Panel 2

Medium. Grace is sitting up in bed, clutching her belly. Tigernan looks at her smiling kindly.

Letter caption: THIS WAS HOW I FIRST CAME TO KNOW OF YOU MY PRECIOUS SON. AS HE HAD PROMISED, HUGH HAD BEEN TRUE TO HIS WORD AND HAD NOT ABANDONED ME.

Grace: WILL YOU STOP GAWPING AT ME LIKE I'M SOME SORT OF INVALID, LIGHT WEIGHT?

- SET SAIL IMMEDIATELY FOR ROCKFLEET CASTLE!

Panel 3

Close-up of Tigernan looking surprised.

Tigernan: ROCKFLEET?

Panel 4

Close-up of Grace looking determined.

Grace: YOU HEARD ME.

PAGE 61

Panel 1

Wide. Outside Richard Bourke's square castle, 4 storeys high spiral staircase, surmounted by ramparts and a wall walk. A stone privy with an outflow down a shaft to the sea, which at high tide encircles the three sides of the castle. Grace and Tigernan are at the castle door. Grace is knocking and Tigernan looks perplexed.

Tigernan: WHAT ARE WE DOING HERE?

Grace: RICHARD BOURKE! OPEN UP!

Panel 2

Close-up. Richard, startled, pops his head up and over the parapet on high.

Richard: GRACE?

Panel 3

Medium. Richard has come to the door, still in his armour, looking surprised but happy. Tigernan is cross-armed with a 'what next' expression.

Richard: GRACE! WHAT AN UNEXPECTED SURPRISE—

Grace: RICHARD AN AIRANN BOURKE, I'VE COME TO ASK YOU TO MARRY ME.

- ON MY TERMS, MIND. THIS WILL BE A CELTIC MARRIAGE, SO WE'LL TRIAL EACH OTHER FOR ONE YEAR...

Panel 4

Two shot of Grace and Richard. Richard looks utterly dumbstruck.

Richard: WHA—

Grace: I BRING WITH ME A DOWRY OF CATTLE AND IN RETURN I WISH YOU TO LEAVE ME THIS CASTLE TO LIVE IN.

- IT WILL SERVE ME WELL IN MY CAMPAIGNS AT SEA – YOURS IS A LAND CAMPAIGN AFTER ALL.

Panel 5

Three shot, close up. Richard looks smitten and Grace grins at a job well done. Tigernan looks disgusted.

Richard: FOR ME, YOU ARE FINE TO LOOK AT, GRACE.

Grace: IT IS SETTLED THEN!

PAGE 62

Panel 1 Tight on Grace, Richard and Tigernan. Grace has cocked her head and stepped forward with open arms. Richard is leaning forward awkwardly in his armour to embrace her. Tigernan has turned his back on the couple in disgust and is about to walk off panel to the right.

Grace: BESIDES, YOU DON'T DISPLEASE ME, RICHARD...

Richard. PERHAPS WE COULD UNITE FURTHER INDOORS?

Tigernan, muttering: I'LL SEE TO THE SUPPLIES THEN.

Panel 2

Tight on Grace and Richard, kissing awkwardly indoors.

Panel 3

Close-up, two shot of Grace and Richard post kiss, looking at each other.

Grace: SHALL WE CONTINUE THIS IN THE BED CHAMBER?

Richard: THIS IS MORE THAN I CAN EVER HAVE DREAMT OF.

Panel 4

Medium, aerial shot of bed. Grace looks away from Richard, her expression blank. Richard has his eyes shut, with dreamy smile on his post-coital face. Richard's armour lies discarded by the bed.

Grace: RICHARD, MUCH AS I HATE TO BRING THIS UP SO SWIFTLY, I HAVE LEARNT WE ARE UNDER ATTACK.

- THE ENGLISH ARE HEADING TOWARDS CLEW BAY AND I FEAR MY FATHER'S SAFETY. WOULD YOU JOIN FORCES WITH HIM?

Richard: ZZZ.

- YES DEAR.

Panel 5

Two-shot. Grace has turned towards Richard and Richard's eyes have popped open.

Grace: THIS IS URGENT. IT CAN'T WAIT TILL MORNING.

Richard: I SEE.

Panel 6

Medium on Grace at the castle window waving goodbye to Richard on his horse outside. Dusk.

Grace: SEND LOVE TO MY FATHER.

Richard: FARE THEE WELL GRACE.

Panel 7:

Medium. Grace still at the castle window, but now it is Tigernan who stands below, hands on hips. Dusk.

Grace: HEY THERE POOF/MARY! BRING ME THE LINE TO MY SHIP. I WILL HARNESS IT TO MY BED LIKE THE FAITHFUL HORSE SHE IS.

Tigernan (to himself): AYE, AND I KNOW HOW THE HORSE FEELS.

PAGE 63

Panel 1

Wide. Panorama shot of Grace's ship, its line reaching into a window at Rockfleet Castle at night.

Letter Caption: THAT IS HOW I SLEPT THAT FIRST NIGHT. WITH MY SHIP TETHERED TO MY BEDPOST AND THE KNOWLEDGE OF YOU INSIDE. THE TWO THINGS I LOVED THE MOST WERE SAFE AND MY FUTURE SECURED.

Panel 2

Wide: Battle at sea between a Dutch trade ship and Grace's pirates. She is 4-5 months pregnant.

Letter Caption: FROM MY BASE AT ROCKFLEET, I RECALLED MY MEN AND RENEWED MY CAMPAIGNS AT SEA. DARE I SAY IT, I AMASSED GREAT WEALTH...

Panel 3

Medium. Pregnant (6-7 months) Grace aboard a Spanish galleon, its captain bowing low to her. In the background are English seamen tied up and bloodied. There are chests of treasure at her feet.

Letter caption: I FORGED AN ALLEGIANCE WITH THE SPANISH, WHO I KNEW TO BE PLANNING AN ATTACK ON THE ENGLISH. IN RETURN, I PROTECTED THEIR TRADE ROUTES...

Inset Panel 4

Close up of Bingham sipping his cup of tea.

Letter caption: AND ALWAYS IN MY MIND'S EYE I KEPT THE DEVIL IN SIGHT.

PAGE 64

Panel 1

Wide shot of Richard in armour, Black Oak and Argus at the head of a large army of men. They are all on horseback and are covered in dirt after months of battle.

Letter Caption: MY HUSBAND RICHARD BOURKE SENT WORD OF HIS BATTLES ON LAND. HE HAD JOINED MY FATHER AND OUR FAITHFUL FRIENDS, ARGUS AND HIS WARRIORS.

Panel 2

Wide. Terrible scenes of carnage at the hands of English soldiers (flag to be flying above it all). Children, women and livestock lie in pools of blood. Huts burning. In forefront a beautiful Irish woman is held down by two English soldiers. An English soldier stands above her, pulling down his trousers.

Letter caption: THE CRIMES THEY WITNESSED WERE BRUTAL. THE ENGLISH INVITED OUR CHIEFTANS TO SURRENDER THEIR LAND AND BE GRANTED A FALSE TITLE OR FACE THE CONSEQUENCES...

Irish Woman: PLEASE, HAVE MERCY!

English Soldier: LOOKY HERE, SHE'S BEGGING FOR IT!

Panel 3

Wide. Full-scale battle between Argus and his men and Bingham and his soldiers.

Letter Caption: THEN NEWS REACHED ME THAT DROVE YET ANOTHER STAKE THROUGH MY HEART. ARGUS AND HIS MEN HAD FORMED A SPLINTER GROUP AT SEA AND WERE BEARING DOWN ON THE WESTERN COAST IN ORDER TO SURROUND A FLEET OF ENGLISH SHIPS WHO HAD ANCHORED NEAR GALWAY.

Letter Caption below right. THEY WERE AMBUSHED.

PAGE 65

Panel 1

Medium. Bingham sits on his throne-like chair aboard his ship, looking pleased, rubbing his chin. In front of him, Argus and his men are bloodied and tied up, arms behind them. Above them stand smug English soldiers.

Bingham: DEARY, DEARY ME. AIDING AND ABETTING THE IRISH MARAUDERS WERE YOU?

- FOR ACTS AGAINST THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND, YOU MUST BE SENTENCED TO A PUNISHMENT BEFITTING THE SEVERITY OF THE ACT...

Panel 2 Close-up Bingham looking evil.

Bingham: LET THE LIVING JOIN THE DEAD IN A WATERY GRAVE!

Panel 3

Wide: On board Bingham's ship Argus's men are being tied to their dead fellow mates. Those that have been already attached to the dead are being thrown off deck and into the sea. The men are

sucked into the depths by the dead weight and their faces are anguished as they suck in their last breath. Argus is on deck, forced to watch. Bingham stands behind him smirking.

Man in water: GASP!

Man in water: URGH!

Man in water: HELP!

Panel 4

Wide. Argus stands on the bow of the ship looking broken. Bingham has put a hand on one shoulder. Below, the last man is pulled under the waterline by the dead weight of his mate...

Bingham: THAT DIDN'T TAKE LONG, DID IT?

- AS FOR YOU, MY FRIEND, I HAVE A MUCH SLOWER TREAT AHEAD...

Panel 5 inset to panel 4 bottom right.

Close up Bingham

Bingham: KEELHAUL HIM!

PAGE 66

Panel 1

Tight on Argus being stripped naked by a couple of soldiers. Both hands are being tied by two separate ropes.

Panel 2

Medium. Two soldiers hold the ropes either side of Argus as they push him off the bow and into the water at the front of the boat.

Panel 3

Wide. Argus under water being pulled the entire length of the boat's keel. His skin is shredded by barnacles stuck on the keel and hull of the galleon.

Panel 4

Medium. Argus is pulled up at the back of the boat. He is unrecognisable, blood streams into the water.

Panel 5

Close up of Bingham, looking bored.

Bingham: IS HE DEAD YET?

Panel 6

Close up of English Soldier:

English Soldier: AS GOOD AS...

Panel 7

Medium. Argus is cut loose and his body falls into the water.

Bingham: TIME TO FEED THE FISH!

Panel 8

Wide. We see the back of Bingham's ship sailing off. In the bloodied wake there is the slightest flick of Argus's hand in the cold water.

PAGE 67

Panel 1

Wide. Jonesy Boy is aboard the deck of Grace's ship. He is telling her the news of Argus. Grace stands, heavily pregnant, looking shocked and angry. Tigernan is behind her grim-faced.

Letter Caption: NEEDLESS TO SAY, WHEN I HEARD HOW THE GREAT WARRIOR HAD DIED, I WAS FURIOUS.

Jonesy Boy: NO ONE IS SAFE. THE LONG ARM OF THE QUEEN EXTENDS TOWARDS US ALL!

Grace: ENOUGH! WE WILL ATTACK! WE WILL CHOP THAT LONG BONEY ARM OFF THAT ELIZABETH AND WE WILL SLAUGHTER THAT BASTARD, BINGHAM!

Panel 2

Tight on Grace and Tigernan. She looks at her feet where her waters have broken into puddle. Tigernan has an 'oh no' expression.

Letter Caption: DID YOU HEAR ME, SON? FOR YOU CHOSE THIS MOMENT TO ANNOUNCE YOUR ARRIVAL.

Grace: OH!

Tigernan: OH NO!

Panel 3

Tight on Grace as she falls backwards clutching her stomach and screaming with the pain of contractions. She falls backwards into Tigernan's arms. Jonesy Boy looks on, unsure of what to do.

Grace: AAH!

Tigernan: LORD ABOVE, THIS TOO? I DID NOT SIGN UP TO BE A MIDWIFE!

- JONESY, HOT WATER, CLEAN SHEETS, PLEASE. BRING THEM TO THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN. NOW!

Panel 4

Tight on Tigernan carrying Grace to her cabin.

Tigernan: COULD YOU NOT HAVE WAITED TILL WE WERE ON LAND?

Grace: SHUT UP, EEEEEJIT!

Panel 5

Medium. Tigernan stands with his back to us, between Grace's spread legs. (And obscuring our vision of the emerging baby's head). Grace is scraping bedposts, making long scratch marks down the length of them.

Tigernan: PUSH!

Grace: EURGH!

Panel 6

Medium, same shot as above.

Tigernan: ONE MORE TIME, CAPTAIN! PUSH!

Grace: EEEEEEEEEEEEEUUUURGH!

PAGE 68

Panel 1

Wide. Tigernan is exhausted, eyes rolled upwards almost passed out on a chair near Grace's bed. Grace is sitting up in bed, holding her son, who we see is a boy. She is smiling down at him.

Letter Caption: THERE YOU WERE, SON, PERFECT LIKE YOUR FATHER. I CALLED YOU TIBBETT NE LONGH, TOBY OF THE SHIPS.

Tigernan: TAKE US ASHORE. IMMEDIATELY.

Grace: LITTLE PERFECT TOBY. WOULD YOU LOOK AT YOUR UNCLE POOF/MARY PASSED OUT IN THE CORNER?

Panel 2

Medium, Grace stands on deck, looking out to sea. She is happy. She carries Toby in a sling wrapped tightly to her.

Letter caption: FROM THAT MOMENT ON, YOU WERE NEVER AWAY FROM MY SIDE. WE SAILED TOWARDS ROCKFLEET CASTLE, TO INTRODUCE YOU TO YOUR KIN.

Panel 3

Letter Caption: BUT EVEN ON OUR SHORT JOURNEY HOME, WE WERE BESET BY SCOUNDRELS.

Medium. Grace's ship alongside an Algerian pirate ship. Grace stands on deck, cutlass in hand, baby in sling. She shouts across to the fearsome Algerian Captain.

Grace: YOU ARE A LONG WAY FROM HOME, ARE YOU NOT? HAVE YOU RECEIVED PERMISSION TO CHURN THIS WATER?

Algerian Pirate: PERMISSION FROM WHOM? A SUCKLING WOMAN?!

Panel 4

Wide. Grace and her men have boarded the Algerian's ship. They battle it out, clearly stronger than their opponents, Grace relishes the battle and rams her cutlass down the Algerian's throat. Little Toby looks at peace in his sling. Tigernan fights behind her.

Tigernan: OH, YOU MESSED WITH THE WRONG WOMAN, TODAY!

Grace: SUCKLE ON THIS!

Algerian Pirate: ARKHH

Panel 5

Grace is back in her cabin suckling her son. She is covered in blood. Tigernan looks on, in awe.

Letter Caption: YOU WERE FED ON BLOOD AND MILK, SON.

Tigernan: I AM IN THE PRESENCE OF EITHER GREATNESS OR INSANITY. MY CAPTAIN,

- YOU BIRTH AND BATTLE, AND ALL WE MEN DO IS FORNICATE AND FIGHT...

Grace: HUSH NOW, THE CHILD SLEEPS.

Page 69

Panel 1 Wide. Shoreline. Grace's ship is anchored and she is wading through the shallow water holding the baby above her head. The baby is crying. On the beach, Richard (in armour) and Black Oak wait astride their horses. Both look at her with confused expressions.

Grace: AHOY BOYS!

Tibbett: WAHHH!

Richard: WHAT THE--

Panel 2

Tight on Richard Bourke on his horse.

Richard: A BABY? HAVE YOU GONE SOFT IN THE HEAD? OFF WHOSE SHIP DID YOU COMMANDEER THIS PARCEL?

Panel 3

Medium. Tigernan is behind Grace, who hands Toby over to Richard. Black Oak stands behind Richard, looking bemused.

Grace: HERE IS YOUR SON, TIBBETT NE LONGH. HE WAS BORN AT SEA.

Richard: THIS IS MY SON?

Grace: YES. I KNEW I WAS WITH CHILD BUT HAD I SENT WORD TO YOU, YOU WOULD DENY ME TRAVEL. AND THAT WAS NOT AN OPTION.

Richard: IMPOSSIBLE!

Panel 4

Close-up Tigernan: NOT IMPOSSIBLE AT ALL! I CONGRATULATIONS TO THE NEW FATHER!

- AND NOW IF YOU EXCUSE ME, THE MEN AND I WILL CELEBRATE ON YOUR BEHALF!

Panel 5

Wide. Grace's men leap from the ship and wade to shore, cheering. They are off to party led by Tigernan. In the distance, Richard holds the baby awkwardly in his armour, while a beaming Black Oak peers over his shoulder, stroking the baby's cheek with a finger.

Tigernan: COME ON BOYS, WE HAVE WORK TO DO!

Pirate 1: I'LL SAY! DRY LAND MEANS WET WOMEN!

PAGE 70

Panel 1

Tight on Richard, Grace and Black Oak. The child is still in Richard's awkward embrace, while Grace and BOak look down on him.

Grace: I PLAN TO BASE MYSELF AT ROCKFLEET WHILE TOBY IS SMALL. HE HAS MUCH TO LEARN AND PERHAPS IT IS BETTER FOR HIM TO LEARN IT ON HARD GROUND.

Black Oak: AN EXCELLENT PLAN, LASS. RICHARD AND MYSELF MUST CONTINUE OUR BATTLES, WE ARE BESIEGED BY BOTH CLAN AND QUEEN. WE CANNOT TRUST ANYONE.

Panel 2

Close-up Grace:

Grace: FATHER, WILL YOU SEND A COUPLE OF MEN TO MY SHIP TO OFFLOAD THE CARGO?

- MAKE SURE EVERYTHING IS ACCOUNTED FOR BY A CLERK. TOBY AND I WILL LIVE COMFORTABLY WHILE WE ARE HERE!

Panel 3

Close-up baby Toby, crying in Richard's hands.

Toby: WAAA WAAA!

Panel 4

Tight on Richard handing the baby to Grace.

Richard: I FEAR YEARS OF BATTLE HAVE MADE ME A BETTER WARRIOR THAN A NURSEMAID, GRACE.

Grace: I KNOW, MY HUSBAND

Panel 5

Tight on Grace holding Toby and Richard. Grace looks at Richard tenderly.

Grace: IN BATTLE THE DAYS PASS IN DEATH AND IN DYING. HERE THERE IS LIFE, LET'S REST AND ENJOY IT FOR A WHILE.

PAGE 71

Panel 1

Medium. Scene of domestic bliss. Grace plays with Toby on the floor of the castle's living area. They play with two small wooden boats in a tub of water. Toby is about 4 years of age.

Letter Caption: OUR TIME AT ROCKFLEET CASTLE WAS WELL SPENT. I TAUGHT YOU EVERYTHING I KNEW.

Grace: WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THE BIG BAD SHIP?

Toby: PAY ME NOW!

Panel 2

Medium. Toby, now about 7yrs old and Grace are play fighting with wooden cutlasses. Grace points her sword to Toby's throat and he points his sword to her heart.

Letter Caption: WE HAD LESSONS IN MATHS, GEOGRAPHY AND BIOLOGY.

Grace: THE TRACHEA IS SITUATED IN THE THROAT.

Toby: THE HEART IS UNDER THE RIBCAGE HERE.

Panel 3

Wide. Grace's ship, Toby is now 12 and has climbed up the masthead. He looks down at Grace and her men fighting and overcoming pirates that have attempted to board her ship. Grace has punched the lights out of one of the pirates. Tigernan fights in the fray, too.

Letter Caption: WHEN YOU WERE OLD ENOUGH, I TOOK YOU OUT ON FIELD TRIPS.

Grace: TAKE THAT, YOU BASTARD!

PAGE 72

Panel 1

Wide. Richard Bourke (in armour and flanked by his men on horseback) has ridden out to meet Earl MacWilliams, in front of his village, where an English flag hovers over the dwellings.

Letter Caption: RICHARD BOURKE CONTINUED TO PATROL AND PROTECT OUR LANDS. VIGILANCE WAS NEEDED AS A NEIGHBOUR ONE DAY COULD BECOME AN ENEMY THE NEXT.

Bourke: ENGLISH FLAGS FLY HERE? WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

MacWilliams: GET LOST, BOURKE, I MUST PROTECT MY PEOPLE.

- INSTEAD OF SLAUGHTERING MY CLAN, EARL DESMOND FITZGERALD HAS MADE ME AN EARL AND HAS GRANTED ME MY LANDS.

Panel 2

Close up. Bourke, sneering.

Bourke: YOU ARE NO EARL, YOU ARE A COWARD! YOUR LAND NO LONGER BELONGS TO YOU, IT BELONGS TO THE TUDOR QUEEN!

- YOU ARE A FOOL! AND YOUR SONS WILL PAY THE PRICE!

Panel 3

Tight on Bourke as he kicks MacWilliams (caught off guard) from his horse.

MacWilliams: WHAT THE HELL?

Bourke: THIS IS HOW EASY IT WILL BE TO UNSEAT YOU FROM THE EARTH BENEATH YOUR FEET!

Panel 4

Close up. Earl MacWilliams is humiliated and in a fury.

MacWilliams: HOW DARE YOU...

Panel 5

Tight on Richard who leans down towards MacWilliams and extends his hand to help him up.

Bourke: COME ON, UP NOW MAN! SHOW US YOU'RE STILL IRISH AND LET US EAT TOGETHER. WE WILL TAKE DOWN THAT FLAG AND THE ENGLISH TO BOOT.

Panel 6

Close-up of MacWilliams, narrowed eyes.

MacWilliams: PLEASE. BE OUR GUESTS.

PAGE 73

Panel 1

Medium. Night. Grace and Toby are lying in separate beds. Toby is 12 yrs old his eyes half open. Grace's eyes are fully open as she listens to the banging at the door.

Letter Caption: I WONDER IF YOU REMEMBER THE NIGHT THAT A STRANGER CAME CALLING. THE HAMMERING OF THE DOOR AT MIDNIGHT...

Door: KNOCK KNOCK!

Panel 2

Medium. Grace is at the door and has opened it in her nightgown. She holds a pistol firmly in one hand behind her back. At the door is Podrick, a young MacWilliams clansman. He is out of breath and in distress.

Grace: WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY CALLING AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT, BOY?

Podrick: HUFF HUFF. I'M PODRICK OF THE MACWILLIAMS CLAN. HUFF

Panel 3

Medium. Grace steps back from the door, relaxing. Podrick continues, breaking down...

Podrick: THE EARL OF DESMOND IS BEHIND THIS! THEY WERE UNSUSPECTING AS THEY ATE!

Grace: WHO? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? START AT THE BEGINNING!

Panel 4

As Podrick speaks, we witness the scene (flashback)

Wide. Night, outside the MacWilliam Castle. Richard Bourke and Earl MacWilliams sit at a table eating dinner apart from the other men. They are in conversation. Podrick serves mead into their jugs. Bourke's men sit around a campfire, eating food brought on plates from tents in the background. Mead also flows amongst them.

Podrick caption: RICHARD WAS ANGRY WITH OUR CHIEF FOR SURRENDERING TO EARL DESMOND. HE WAS IMPLOING HIM TO FORSAKE THE ENGLISH TITLE AND TO FIGHT WITH THE BOURKES.

Richard Bourke: DO YOU NOT SEE? THEY HAVE GRANTED YOU YOUR OWN LAND! SOON THEY WILL HAVE YOU SPEAKING ENGLISH AS WELL AS PAYING THEM A YEARLY TAX.

PAGE 74

Panel 1

Tight on MacWilliams, he looks down at his plate.

Panel 2

Tight on MacWilliams, he looks Richard in the eye, his face tortured.

MacWilliams: I HAVE PROTECTED MY PEOPLE. I'M SORRY OLD FRIEND.

Panel 3

Medium. MacWilliams rises from the table. Podrick is still there, waiting on them. Richard Bourke looks up surprised.

MacWilliams: MY HAND IS FORCED.

Panel 4

Medium. Richard Bourke is half standing, clutching his stomach. Podrick looks on surprised, MacWilliams is grim faced.

Richard: MY GUTS! EURGH!

PAGE 75

Panel 1

Close-up Podrick's face, back at Rockfleet, tears streaming down his face.

Podrick: RICHARD BOURKE IS DEAD. AND ALL HIS MEN. POISONED BY MY OWN CHIEF.

Panel 2

Close-up Grace's anguished face.

Grace: NO! NO!

Panel 3

Medium. Tigernan has come to the door to see what the commotion is about. Grace has her head in her hands, clutching at her hair. Podrick has one hand on her shoulder, beseeching her.

Tigernan: I HEARD A SCREAM. IS EVERYTHING ALRIGHT?

Grace: NO!

Podrick: LISTEN, YOU MUST PREPARE. THEY ARE COMING TO CLAIM THE BOURKE LANDS AND WILL BE HERE AT FIRST LIGHT!

Panel 4

Medium. Grace mobilizes and turns to trusty Tigernan to help her.

Grace: RICHARD AND HIS MEN ARE ALL DEAD. MURDERED WITH HIS MEN BY MACWILLIAM'S OWN HAND.

- NOW EARL DESMOND AND THE MACWILLIAM'S CLAN ARE ON THEIR WAY TO US, TIGERNAN. AND THEY MUST DIE TRYING TO CLAIM US!

Tigernan: BUT WE HAVE ONLY HALF OUR MEN, HERE!

Panel 5

Close-up of Grace: I HAVE A PLAN, CALL UP THE SERVANTS AND LET'S GO UP TO THE ROOF!

PAGE 76

Panel 1

Wide: Grace and Tigernan along with a few male servants are on the castle roof. Grace is pointing at the floor as Tigernan et al look at her confused.

Grace: FETCH ALL OUR LARGEST CAULDRONS AND BRING THEM HERE. PLACE THEM NEAR THE REAR PARAPET. STOKED UP FIRES UNDERNEATH THEM. THEN PRY THE LEAD FROM THE ROOF AND MELT IT.

-TIGERNAN, WE WILL NEED HELP FROM THE SHIP'S CANONS, PREPARE AN ATTACK FROM THE SEA.

Panel 2

Two shot Tigernan looking concerned and Grace surprised.

Tigernan: AND TOBY? HE MUST BE CLEAR OF HERE.

Panel 3

Close-up of Grace. She's struggling with what she has to say.

Grace: YOU TAKE HIM, TIGERNAN. HE WILL BE SAFER AT SEA THAN HERE.

Panel 4

Two-shot, Tigernan looks down at Grace, tenderly.

Tigernan: I WILL PROTECT TOBY AS I PROTECT YOU. I'LL COVER YOU FROM THE SEA, AND THOSE TRAITORS WILL KNOW THE FULL RAGE OF OUR IRISH WRATH.

Panel 5

Medium shot of Tigernan and Toby disappearing into the night. We are seeing this through Grace's eyes.

Letter Caption: THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME WE WERE SEPARATED. I KNEW THAT IF I WANTED TO SEE YOU AGAIN, SON, THIS WAS A BATTLE I HAD TO WIN.

PAGE 77

Panel 1

Wide. Men and women on foot with guns heading for the woods just ahead of the Castle.

Letter Caption: WE HAD LITTLE TIME TO PREPARE, BUT WE KNEW THAT SURPRISE WAS ON OUR SIDE AND AMBUSH WOULD BE OUR METHOD.

Grace: WAIT IN THE WOODS TILL THEY HAVE PASSED YOU BY. WHEN THEY REACH THE CASTLE WALLS, SURROUND THEM!

Panel 2

Wide. Tigernan on his ship, flanked by others. The men prepare their canons.

Letter Caption: TIGERNAN WAS TO TAKE UP THE REAR, HE WAS TO PICK OFF ANY MEN WHO MADE IT BEHIND THE CASTLE.

Tigernan: PREPARE THE CANONS AND TAKE UP YOUR POSITIONS!

Panel 3

Medium. Grace on the roof standing behind the cauldrons. There is one strong man behind each of the 5 cauldrons.

Letter caption: I STAYED BEHIND IN THE CASTLE. WITH FIVE OF MY STRONGEST MEN.

PAGE 78

Panel 1

Wide panorama to include ships at sea, the castle, the woods and hills beyond. Dawn. The mist rises off the land and there is an eerie stillness about the scene. There is no sign of human life.

Letter caption: THEN THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT WAIT.

Panel 2

Wide. A battalion of men pour over the hills and past the woods.

Letter caption: BUT AT FIRST LIGHT, THERE THEY WERE, THE COCKSUCKERS, SWAGGERING TOWARDS US.

Panel 3

Medium of MacWilliams and Earl Desmond, astride their horses and looking proud and vain, and very sure of themselves as they near the castle walls.

Desmond: THIS WON'T TAKE LONG.

MacWilliams: NO. WE'LL JUST BREAK DOWN THE DOOR AND GRAB THE WOMAN. ONCE WE HAVE HER, THE REST WILL SURRENDER.

Panel 4

Medium. MacWilliams and his men at the door of the castle, MacWilliams has one arm raised and is about to knock on the door.

PAGES 79-80

DPS SPLASH

Battle scene, to include, the ships firing canons, the scalding lead in the cauldrons being poured all over MacWilliams and the men at the castle walls. The men and women hiding in the woods to have charged and are shooting their guns and engaging in hand to hand combat. The Earl Desmond's horse rears up and he is in the process of being dislodged. Grace from the ramparts, sees this, and screams.

Grace: TAKE THAT MAN ALIVE!

PAGE 81

Panel 1

Wide. The aftermath of the battle. Grace is on the ramparts of the castle pointing at Desmond who is held, hands behind back by two clans people. At the castle walls are the messy remains of MacWilliams and his men covered in lead. There are dead English soldiers everywhere, some are held down by villagers.

Grace: BRING HIM TO THE ROOF!

Man holding Desmond: MOVE! YOU ENGLISH PIECE OF SHIT.

Panel 2

Medium. On the roof of the castle. There are several upturned cauldrons at the ramparts, but one remains alight and full of boiling water, have one of Grace's men pouring it in. Tigernan has joined Grace on the roof. Desmond is there, still held by the two hefty villagers. Podrick is there too.

Grace: EARL DESMOND! I'VE HEARD, RECENTLY, THAT A NEW PENALTY WAS CREATED TO PUNISH POISONERS. IT IS AN ENGLISH PENALTY NO LESS, SO A FITTING WAY FOR YOU TO REPENT...

- FOR MAKING FOOD FOUL, WE WILL MAKE FOUL FOOD OF YOU.

Panel 3

Tight on Desmond and hefty men. He realises his fate and strains against the men. His face is full of horror.

Grace, [OP]: BOIL HIM!

Desmond: NO, PLEASE NO!

Panel 4

Medium. The hefty men pull Desmond up by his arms and dunk him into the boiling water slowly, feet first.

Desmond: AAAAAAAAAAUURGH!

PAGE 82

Panel 1

Tight on the cauldron as Desmond has been fully submerged, with only his hands out of the water (they are being held by the men)..

Panel 2

Tight on the cauldron as Desmond is pulled out of the cauldron, most of his skin has been boiled off. He is half alive.

Grace: [OP]. LEAVE HIM IN THERE AND BOIL HIM DOWN, HE'LL MAKE GOOD CHUM FOR FISH.

Desmond: FSSSST

PAGE 83

Panel 1

Wide. Tigernan and Grace stand on the pier alongside her ship.

Tigernan: WE HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS, GRACE—

Grace: WE DO TIGERNAN, BUT FIRST WE MUST PAY RICHARD AND HIS MEN THEIR DUE RESPECTS.

Tigernan: AYE, THEY DESERVE A FORMAL BURIAL AT SEA.

Panel 2

Medium. Aboard Grace's ship the bodies of Richard and his men lie on white canvass. At their feet are stones to weigh them down. Grace and Tigernan stand over the bodies, Grace touches Richard's face. Two sombre looking pirates stand alongside one of which is the sail maker who holds a needle and thread.

Grace: GOODBYE MY HUSBAND.

- YOU MAY BEGIN TO SEW HIM UP. MIND THERE ARE ENOUGH BALLAST STONES TO LAY HIM DOWN. HE WAS A BIG MAN, MY RICHARD NE EIRRANN BOURKE.

Panel 3

Tight on the sail maker as he sews up the canvas coffin.

Panel 4

Close-up of the sail maker's last stitch which goes through the nose.

Panel 5

Wide. The bodies are pushed overboard as Grace, Tig and crew stand solemnly watching them sink.

PAGE 84

Panel 1

Medium/long. Tigernan and Grace sit, drinking mead on deck. Tigernan rests his hand on Grace's shoulder to comfort her as they solemnly contemplate the future. Behind in the distance Toby holds an astrolabe, showing an older crewman how to use it. But we can't see what he is holding at this point. He is about 12/13 years old.

Tigernan: GRACE, THIS ACT AGAINST THE CROWN, WE MUST BRACE FOR FULL RETALIATION. WE WILL SEE BINGHAM SOON ENOUGH.

Grace: WE'LL STAY AT SEA WHERE HE CAN'T FIND US AND WHERE WE ARE STRONGEST. I HEAR THE SPANISH ARMADA ARE READY TO SAIL. I SAY, LET'S JOIN THEM AND GET RID OF THE BLEEDING ENGLISH ONCE AND FOR ALL!

Tigernan: AND WHAT OF TOBY?

Panel 2

Tight on Toby as he shows the pirate how to use the astrolabe.

Grace off panel: I WILL HAVE TOBY FOSTERED WITH EDMUND McTALLEN. HE'LL BE SAFE IN THE SOUTH AND WILL GET A GOOD EDUCATION FROM THE FRIARS.

Toby: IF YOU TURN THE NEEDLE NORTHWARDS, YOU CAN SEE HOW THE POSITION OF THE STARS CHANGES...

Panel 3

Medium, as in panel 1, Tigernan and Grace continue their conversation. Grace looks upset at the thought of parting from her son.

Tigernan: THE BOY HAS INHERITED HIS FATHER'S SKILLS AND WILL ONE DAY INHERIT YOUR FLEET. HE WILL CARRY ON IN HIS MOTHER'S STEAD.

Grace: TOBY WILL LIVE ON IN THE BOURKE TRADITION.

- YOUR LOYALTY IN KEEPING HIS FATHER A SECRET IS NOBLE.

Panel 4

Close-up Tigernan. Serious.

Tigernan: NO CAPTAIN. TOBY WILL LIVE ON IN HIS MOTHER'S TRADITION, OF THE O'MALLEY CLAN TO THE DEATH!

Panel 5

Two shot, the back of Grace's head as she breaks the news to Toby. We can see his distressed and unbelieving face.

Letter Caption: I WILL NEVER FORGET YOUR FACE, WHEN I TOLD YOU THAT YOU WERE TO BE FOSTERED.

Toby: I DON'T UNDERSTAND. I CAN FIGHT, I CAN STEER THIS SHIP. I WANT TO STAY WITH YOU!

Grace: IT'S NOT SAFE, TOBY. BE A MAN, DON'T CRY.

Panel 6

Two-shot. Grace has turned away from Toby. Tears course down her cheeks. Behind her Toby looks down, trying not to cry.

Letter Caption: PERHAPS YOU THOUGHT ME COLD, WHEN I TURNED AWAY FROM YOU. BUT I HAD MY OWN TEARS TO HIDE.

PAGE 85

Panel 1

Aerial shot of map, showing trade routes of Atlantic

Letter Caption: MY FLEET AND I WERE AT SEA FOR ALMOST THREE YEARS. WE TRAVELLED FAR, REACHING THE BARBARY COAST AND RULING THE TRADE ROUTES OF THE ATLANTIC. MY REPUTATION GREW AND SOON ENOUGH I HAD ONE HUNDRED MEN AT MY DISPOSAL.

Panel 2

Medium. We are in the Tudor court with Queen Elizabeth and Bingham. Bingham is looking at a scroll of parchment. The Queen looks stern and dismissive.

Letter Caption: AND ALWAYS I FELT THE PRESENCE OF THAT ENGLISH QUEEN, LIKE A TERRIBLE SPIDER SPINNING OUT A WEB TO BRING THE WHOLE WORLD UNDER HER.

Bingham: WE HAVE MADE INROADS BEYOND THE PALE TOWARDS THE WEST. THERE ARE A FEW CHIEFTANS WHO STILL RESIST US--

Queen Elizabeth: KILL THEM ALL!

Panel 3

Wide of the Spanish galleons being built.

Letter Caption: SO I FORGED ALLIANCES WITH THE SPANISH. THEY WERE BUILDING AN ARMADA, OF 134 SHIPS AND 30,000 MEN. ONLY THEY WOULD BE CAPABLE OF DESTROYING THE ENGLISH NAVY AND GIVING THE LAND OF MY BIRTH ITS FREEDOM.

Letter caption bottom.

FINALLY, THE SPANISH KING GAVE THE GO AHEAD. WE WERE READY FOR WAR.

PAGE 86

Panel 1

Wide: A Spanish Galleon is alongside Grace's ship. In the background we can see the Spanish Armada. The Spanish Captain is calling out to Grace who is laughing.

Spanish Captain: GRACE O'MALLEY, WHO ONCE COMMANDEERED MY CARGO! I REMEMBER YOU MADAM!

Grace: AH YES, THERE IS NOTHING LIKE SPANISH STEEL, SIR!

Panel 2

Medium. Tight on the Captain and Grace.

Captain: TO BATTLE ALONGSIDE YOU NOW, WHERE IN THE PAST YOU HAVE SHOWN OUR TRADE FLEET NO MERCY! WHAT TIMES WE LIVE IN!

Grace: I HAVE SHOWN NOTHING BUT RESPECT FOR YOUR CARGO CAPTAIN!

Panel 3

Close-up of Grace, she looks very serious.

Grace: CAPTAIN, LOOK BEHIND YOU.

Panel 4

Wide, panoramic shot of the English navy.

Grace [OP]: GODSPEED TO YOU AND YOUR MEN, CAPTAIN. WE HAVE A HOLY BATTLE TO FIGHT.

PAGES 87-88

DPSplash

Wide: Stormy seas... The great Spanish galleons are taking a beating by the English fleet. The English launch fire arrows into the heart of the Spanish fleet, breaking its formation. In the battle a number of Spanish ships are sunk damaged and scattered. In and amongst the ships we see Grace and her men, bravely fighting. She need not be the focus of the scene.

PAGE 89

Panel 1

Medium, long. Aboard Grace's ship they are firing cannons and their own handheld guns at the navy. The sails are torn and ragged, her ship has clearly been badly hit by English fire. The men wear battle expressions, focussed but wild, too. Grace takes in the situation and shouts at Tigernan who is aiming his pistol while taking cover on deck and has turned to look at Grace as she shouts.

Grace: COME ABOUT! RETREAT!

Tigernan: CAPTAIN?

Grace: HANG BACK. NIGHT IS ABOUT TO FALL AND I WILL NOT GIVE THE ENGLISH THE PLEASURE OF MERCILESS CRUELTY UPON MY MEN'S BODIES. HANG BACK AND ASK ALL MY MEN TO SEND ME THEIR CAPTAINS.

Panel 2

Medium. It is almost night and Grace and her fleet have retreated to the back of the fray. She stands on a soapbox and addresses the captains of her fleet.

Grace: THERE IS NO WAY TO WIN. THE ENGLISH ARE DOMINATING AND THIS WILL END IN MASSACRE. WE WILL WAIT TILL THE COVER OF NIGHT AND COLLECT THE LIVING FROM THE SEA. THEN WE WILL HEAD BACK TO SHORE. IT WILL BE SAFE NOW THAT THE ENGLISH ARE DISTRACTED.

Panel 3

Wide. Night time, Grace and Tigernan are on a rowing boat, and there are 5 of so more rowing boats out, crewed by her men. They scoop the living and the injured from the sea. It is heavy work.

Tigernan: EURGH!

Grace: LET'S DELIVER THEM BACK TO THE SPANISH FLEET AND TAKE OUR LEAVE. WE NEED TO MEND OUR SHIPS AS A MATTER OF URGENCY.

Panel 4

Medium. Grace and Tigernan's boat is alongside the Spanish Galleon that we saw earlier. One of the wounded Spanish soldiers saved from the sea is climbing up a rope ladder, back to his boat, Tigernan helps him up. The Spanish Captain and Grace speak.

Grace: I'D ORDER YOUR SHIPS TO PULL BACK, CAPTAIN. IT IS NOT GOD'S WILL THAT YOU ALL BE SLAUGHTERED!

Spanish Captain: I HAVE WATCHED YOU FIGHT, O'MALLEY. YOU ARE A SHE-KING AND I THANK YOU. SOMEHOW I FEAR THAT WE, HOWEVER, MUST FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

PAGE 90

Panel 1

Wide: Clew Bay, dawn. Grace's fleet anchor. It is a bedraggled fleet of ships, worn down by battle and in desperate need of repair.

Panel 2

Grace's ships are grounded in a yard and men are busy mending the hulks. Tar vats bubble and spit and the men work the seams and timber. Grace walks with an aged Black Oak and Morgan, inspecting the work.

Black Oak: GRACE, HOW MUCH LONGER FOR YOUR REPAIRS?

Grace: NEARLY COMPLETE.

Morgan: EXCELLENT.

Panel 3

Three-shot. Grace, Black Oak and Morgan.

Grace: WHAT IS IT?

Black Oak: YOU ARE TOO VULNERABLE ON LAND. I FEAR THE ENGLISH WILL SEEK YOU OUT SHOULD THEY HEAR THAT YOU HAVE BERTHED.

Morgan: YOUR FATHER IS RIGHT, GRACIE. YOU KNOW THESE WATERS LIKE THE BACK OF MY HAND, OUT THERE, YOU WILL BE SAFE FROM HARM.

Panel 4

Wide back to panel 2, where the three stand together.

Grace: THE FULL MOON'S ZENITH BRINGS THE HIGHEST TIDE. WE'LL FLOAT THE SHIPS OUT TONIGHT.

PAGE 91

Panel 1

Wide. Grace and her men have put her fleet back in the water and are preparing to leave the estuary in Clew Bay, but as they reach the tip of the estuary, a volley of arrows, soaked in tar and ignited fly through the air towards the ships, some landing. The ship nearest to us is Grace's and we see her figure looking upwards towards the arrows.

Grace: WHAT THE HELL?

Panel 2

Wide, panorama, we see a fleet of English ships, guns a-blazing rounding the tip of land at the estuary. Grace's fleet is burning.

English ship: PREPARE TO BE BOARDED!

Panel 3

Medium. The English ships have closed in on the burning fleet and we see men jumping aboard and fighting any of the Irish that are still able to strike.

PAGE 92

Panel 1

Medium: Aboard Grace's ship. Grace's ship is alight and so is her shirt. She battles with an English soldier while ripping the shirt from her body. The English soldier is distracted by her breasts. There are two English soldiers behind Grace, who she hasn't seen.

Grace: TAKE THIS, YOU BASTARD.

English soldier: NICE TITS!

Panel 2

Tight on the two English soldiers who have grabbed both Grace's arms so that she is defenceless. Alden has seen what has happened and is running towards Grace to save her, while stripping his own shirt from his body.

Grace: LET GO OF ME!

Alden: CAPTAIN! NO!

Panel 3

Tight on Alden as he throws himself onto Grace, holding his shirt in front of him, trying clumsily to cover her up. The English soldiers are taken by surprise, but they keep hold of Grace's arms.

Grace: ALDEN!

Alden: I WON'T LET THEM TAKE YOU!

Panel 4

Long shot. Perspective is from the bottom of the boat and from the person who has just fired a shot. We see the barrel of the gun and we see that the bullet has hit Alden in the back where there is a bloody hole. Alden, Grace and the two English soldiers are thrown backwards from the force.

Gun: BANG!

Inset panel 5

Close-up of Bingham's face.

Bingham: WE HAVE WHAT WE WANT. KILL THE MEN AND BRING HER ASHORE.

PAGE 93

Panel 1

Medium. Grace's unconscious body is slung behind a horse that drags her along the ground. Her feet and hands are bound and blood is spattered all over her and leaves a trail behind her. She is surrounded by armed soldiers.

Letter Caption: I FELL IN AND OUT OF CONSCIOUSNESS ON THAT TRIP. ONE THING I REMEMBER WAS THE PAIN OF MY BONES BREAKING AS I WAS DRAGGED ACROSS ROCKY GROUND.

Panel 2

Grace is on all fours in front of a wigged English magistrate. She is barely able to keep in this position. Her ribs are broken and her face is distorted with pain. She is still surrounded by English soldiers. In the background, Bingham looks on.

Magistrate: IMPRISON THIS HARLOT FOR CRIMES AGAINST THE CROWN OF ENGLAND!

Panel 3

Grace is in the Limerick Castle dungeon, in the cell where we first meet her. She is finishing her letter to Toby.

Letter Caption: SO THAT IS HOW I CAME TO BE HERE MY SON. I THANK GOD, HE HAS GIVEN ME TIME TO COMPLETE THIS LETTER TO YOU AND I END IT NOW BY ASSURING YOU OF MY LOVE. KNOW THAT IT IS GREATER THAN ANY OTHER THING I HAVE EVER KNOWN.

YOURS ALWAYS, GRACE.

Panel 4

Medium. Grace has rolled and flattened the parchment and walked to the door. She calls through the keyhole.

Grace: LIAM, THE LETTER IS DONE.

Panel 5

Tight on a hand appearing through the open door and grabbing the letter from Grace's fingers.

PAGE 94

Panel 1

Tight on Grace lying on the prison floor. She is shivering, her eyes are shut and the exertion of writing has caught up with her. She is dying.

Grace: RRGH... URGH

Panel 2

Tight on the cell door opening.

Panel 3

Tight on Bingham at the door.

Panel 4

Tight on Bingham as he stands over Grace who is still shivering on the floor, barely noticing him.

Grace: TIGERNAN?

Panel 5

Tight on Bingham as he raises his boot.

Panel 6

Close up of Bingham's boot as it smashes into Grace's face. A tooth falls out and blood spatters out of her nose.

PAGE 95

Panel 1

Medium. Grace from behind still crouched on the floor, we're facing the door which is opening and there is the blurry form of man. The whole panel is blurry as we're seeing it through Grace's POV.

Grace Caption: AS I LAY THERE DYING, MY VISION WENT. BINGHAM CAME INTO MY CELL, AGAIN. I BRACED MYSELF FOR ANOTHER KICK. SURELY THIS ONE WOULD FINISH ME OFF.

Panel 2

Tight on the man is bending over her, we see him from behind as kneels over her and tries to pick her up. It's Tigernan, but neither Grace nor the reader knows this.

Grace Caption: BINGHAM HELD ME IN HIS ARMS. WHAT TRICKERY WAS THIS?

Grace: GET OFF!

Tigernan: SHH. KEEP QUIET!

Panel 3

Tight on Tigernan as he stands with Grace in his arms (we still see him from behind and are not aware it is him) but we can now see that his clothes are covered in shit.

Grace caption: I WAS OVERWHELMED BY THE STINK OF SHIT, HAD I DEGRADED MYSELF IN SOME WAY? WERE THE GUARDS TO CHANGE ME LIKE A BABY?

Panel 4

Medium. Tigernan as he exits the prison. The two prison guards are lying in pools of blood by the door. There is a mound of excavated dirt in the corner of the entrance to the dungeon – this is the tunnel built by Black Oak, Morgan, Toby, and Tigernan to get into the prison.

Panel 5

Tight on Tigernan from behind jumping into the hole with Grace in his arms.

PAGE 96

Panel 1

Tight on Tigernan and Grace sliding along the sewer. Grace's body still obscures Tigernan's face.

Grace: UNGH

Panel 2

Medium. Tigernan and Grace hit the sea with force. The icy water wakes Grace for a second and she opens her eyes, Tigernan is in front of her.

Grace caption. AND THEN I WAS IN THE SEA. THERE WAS NO MISTAKING IT. I RECOGNISED THE TASTE, THE SOUND THE SMELL OF IT. THAT WAS WHEN I SAW HIM. NOT BINGHAM, TIGERNAN.

Panel 3

Wide. Tigernan is swimming and pulling Grace towards a small rowboat that is tendered by Jonesy Boy.

Jonesy Boy: OVER HERE! HURRY!

Tigernan: UFF.

Panel 4

Medium. Tigernan has reached the boat and is pushing Grace out of the water while Jonesy Boy pulls her. Grace is unable to help herself.

Tigernan: SHE HAS BARELY AN UNBROKEN BONE IN HER BODY. BE GENTLE.

Jonesy Boy: CAPTAIN! THANK GOD SHE'S ALIVE.

Panel 5

Medium. Jonesy Boy lifts his lantern to signal to Black Oak, Morgan and Toby that they have Grace and are leaving for shore.

Jonesy Boy: I'LL SIGNAL TOBY SO THAT THEY CAN BE ON THEIR WAY...

Panel 6

Two-shot of Jonesy Boy and Tigernan as they hear shooting. Their faces are registering panic.

SFX: BANG! BANG!

Tigernan: SHOTS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

PAGE 97

Panel 1

Medium. Grace lies on a bed, her face still bruised, her eyes are half open. Morgan and Tigernan are sitting vigil by her side.

Grace caption: THE NEXT THING I REMEMBER CLEARLY WAS WAKING IN A BED. I COULD SEE MORGAN AND TIGERNAN SITTING NEXT TO ME. I TRIED TO OPEN MY MOUTH BUT MY JAW WAS LOCKED.

Grace: TOB?

Tigernan: DON'T TRY TO SPEAK GRACE. YOUR JAW IS BROKEN.

Grace: WHAA?

Panel 2

Close-up Tigernan:

Tigernan: NO DOUBT YOU'LL BE WANTING TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED?

- TOBY, BLACK OAK, MORGAN, JONESY BOY, AND MYSELF MANAGED TO HELP YOU ESCAPE FROM LIMERICK DUNGEON. WE GOT IN THROUGH THE SEWERS AND ESCAPED THE SAME WAY. JONESY BOY AND I SMUGGLED YOU AWAY BY SEA. BUT TOBY, BLACK OAK AND MORGAN WERE ON HORSEBACK...

Panel 3

Close-up Grace, eyes narrowed, she knows something's not right.

Grace: WHASH HAPED?

Panel 4

Close-up of Morgan with tears welling in his eyes.

Morgan: LASS, YOUR FATHER WAS SHOT. HE DIDN'T MAKE IT.

- AND TOBY WAS CAPTURED.

Panel 5

Tight on Grace as she tries to raise herself from her bed. Her face is full of anguish both at the pain of this new knowledge and from all the broken bones in her body.

Grace: NOOOO...

Panel 6

Tight on Tigernan as he gently lays Grace back on the bed. He brushes the hair from her forehead. His tenderness aches.

Tigernan: GRACIE, YOU MUST REST. WE WILL GET TOBY BACK, BUT FIRST, YOU MUST HEAL.

PAGE 98

Panel 1

Medium: Tigernan and Morgan on either side of Grace helping her to walk by the sea.

Grace caption: With Morgan and Tigernan's help, I regained my strength. But once again, my body healed faster than my heart. I missed my father every day, and my worrying for Toby was like an obsession.

Morgan: ONE STEP AT A TIME, GRACIE.

Panel 2

Tigernan and Grace are sitting at a table eating. Tigernan is telling Grace that a jail break for Toby is out of the question. Grace has her head in her hands.

Tigernan: I SENT MEN TO THE CASTLE. THEY HAVE GUARDS AT EVERY WINDOW, DOOR AND MOUSE HOLE.

Grace: OH TIGERNAN, WHAT ARE WE TO DO?

Panel 3

Grace is out in her old rowboat with her seahorse flag high. She is fishing.

Grace caption: AND THEN ONE DAY, IT CAME TO ME. I KNEW EXACTLY WHAT I NEEDED TO DO.

PAGE 99

Panel 1

Medium. Grace sits at her desk with quill and parchment in hand. She has just finished writing a letter. She looks determined. Tigernan stands over her.

Tigernan: WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Grace: BINGHAM WILL SURELY EXECUTE TOBY SOON. MY INSTINCT HAS NEVER FAILED ME.

Tigernan: KNOWING BINGHAM, YOUR INSTINCT PROBABLY ISN'T WRONG.

Panel 2

Tight on Grace, she holds up the letter to Tigernan.

Grace: I'VE A WRITTEN A LETTER.

- TO THE QUEEN.

Panel 3

Tight on Tigernan as he reads the letter. His expression registers surprise.

Tigernan: GRACE... I... ARE YOU SURE?

Panel 4

Close-up Grace still looking determined.

Grace: I HAVE NO CHOICE. FOR MY SON AND FOR MY PEOPLE. HOW MANY MORE MUST BE SLAIN BY THIS UNRULY EXECUTIONER?

Panel 5

Medium. Tigernan has placed a hand on her head. He smiles down at her. She still looks straight ahead. She has not made an easy decision.

Tigernan: WELL, IT'S AN INGENIOUS STROKE OF SORTS--

- YOU ACHIEVE THREE GOALS; FREE TOBY, MAKE YOURSELF UNTOUCHABLE TO BINGHAM AND SECURE YOUR OLD LINE OF WORK – BUT THIS TIME PRIVATEERING FOR THE QUEEN HERSELF!

Panel 6

Close-up of Tigernan: BUT TO OFFER TO GO TO HER IN PERSON, GRACE? IS THAT NECESSARY?

Panel 7

Close-up Grace who looks determined and unstoppable.

Grace: SHE IS A QUEEN AND A WOMAN. IF I AM THERE IN PERSON, SHE WILL LISTEN.

PAGE 100

Panel 1

Medium. Aboard her favourite ship, Grace, barefoot as always, is dressed in full Irish costume. Her heavy dress and warm woollen throw wrapped tight. With her troop of loyal and hardy crew, she cuts an outlandish figure aboard her ship as the ship sails into London Port.

Grace: A BIGGER CITY THAN I THOUGHT...

Panel 2

Wide. Grace's ship, dwarfed against the London skyline from London Bridge.

Panel 3

Wide. Grace walks from the ship to the pier. There is an armed guard standing there who seems to be waiting for her. Tigernan walks behind Grace and speaks in her ear.

Tigernan: PRAY THE QUEEN HASN'T AGREED TO YOUR AUDIENCE FOR THE SOLE PLEASURE OF ORDERING YOUR EXECUTION.

Panel 4

Close up of a dagger that Grace has hidden between her skirts.

Grace [OP]: I'LL RIP HER THROAT OUT IF SHE DARES!

PAGE 101

Panel 1

Medium. The armed guard that was standing on pier as Grace walks onto English land, addresses her.

Guard: GRACE O'MALLEY?

Grace: I AM SHE.

Panel 2

Close-up Guard: I HAVE INSTRUCTIONS TO DELIVER YOU TO THE QUEEN. ALONE.

Panel 3

Two-shot Grace in the foreground, Tigernan looking unhappy about letting her go alone.

Grace: FINE. SO BE IT.

Panel 4

Medium, the doors to the court are opened to let Grace and the guard in.

Panel 5

Long. Grace walks into the Queen's court. Attendants cluster round the monarch's throne. Her face is white as chalk and her heavy hair is pinned back with silver bodkins. She wears a red wig of the most unnatural hue. She wears a vast lace collar and the bodice of her gown is rigid. Jewels encrust her person from head to heels and her feet are in tiny jewelled shoes. She looks small and brittle whereas Grace looks wild and wholesome even in her 50s. The queen is looking towards Grace with an expression of scorn.

Guard: YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, MAY I PRESENT GRACE O'MALLEY.

Queen: AH, YES. GRACE O'MALLEY - THE NURSE OF ALL IRISH REBELLIONS, NO LESS!

PAGE 102

Panel 1

Wide. The Queen's courtiers have stepped aside and are ogling Grace. The Queen is smiling, intrigued, and tapping at a stool beside her. Grace is curtsying awkwardly before the throne.

Grace: YOUR HIGHNESS...

Queen: COME. YOU MAY SIT.

Panel 2

Medium. Elizabeth and Grace eye each other up. The Queen is smiling, but Grace looks as she feels, awkward.

Queen: WE THE SAME GRACE O'MALLEY, WITH THE POWER AND PECULIAR FORTUNE TO BE LEADERS OF MEN?

Grace: I AM ALSO A LOVER OF MEN, M'LADY. I AM TWICE WIDOWED AND THE MOTHER TO A SON.

Queen: WHEREAS I HAVE NEITHER MASTER NOR CHILD...

Panel 3

Close-up Queen: I HAVE THE HEART AND STOMACH OF A KING, BUT UNLIKE YOU, I HAVE NEVER LED MEN INTO BATTLE. DESPITE MY CLAIMS TO BE MISTRESS OF THE SEAS, I HAVE NEVER SAILED FURTHER DOWNRIVER THAN GREENWICH.

- YET YOU HAVE FEARLESSLY RULED BY LAND AND SEA IN PERSON!

Panel 4

Close-up Grace: T'IS TRUE MA'M. AND NOW I WOULD LIKE TO PUT MY SKILLS AT YOUR DISPOSAL.

- IN RETURN FOR MY SON, I VOW TO USE ALL MY STRENGTH TO DEFEND YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS AGAINST HER ENEMIES.

Panel 5

Close-up of Queen looking snooty and sceptical.

Queen: WOULD YOU REALLY? WORK FOR ME?

PAGE 103

Panel 1

Medium, the Queen has stood up, as has Grace. Grace's face looks a little contorted as she tries to control a sneeze.

Queen: RELEASE THE BOY.

Grace: YOUR HIGHNESS, I THANK—

Panel 2

Close-up Grace sneezing. ATCHOOO!

Panel 3

Close-ups of five courtier's faces, looking appalled and shocked.

Courtier 1: WELL I NEVER!

Courtier 2: APPALLING!

Panel 4

Medium. Queen looking a bit put out, but is kind enough to give Grace a handkerchief via one of the courtiers, who looks disgusted. Grace takes it.

Courtier: IF IT PLEASES YOU?

Panel 5

Close-up Grace as she loudly blows her nose into the handkerchief.

Grace: HONK

PAGE 104

Panel 1

Medium. Elizabeth and the courtier look on in horror as Grace tosses the handkerchief into the fire. Grace is oblivious.

Grace. THANKS

Panel 2

Close-up of courtiers same as p.99, panel 3, looking horrified and appalled again.

Courtier 1: DID SHE THROW IT AWAY?

Courtier 2: APPALLING!

Panel 3

Tight on the Queen, hands on hips, looking cross.

Queen: THE HANDKERCHIEF WAS MEANT AS A GIFT AND SHOULD HAVE BEEN PUT IN YOUR POCKET.

Panel 4

Tight on Grace, looking confused.

Grace: WITH ALL DUE RESPECT YOUR HIGHNESS, THE IRISH WOULD NEVER PUT A SOILED ITEM INTO THEIR POCKET!

Panel 5

Close up Queen, laughing.

Queen: HAHAAHAHAHA!

Panel 6

Close-up of courtiers same as p.99, panel 3, laughing.

Courtiers: HAHAAHAHAHA!

PAGE 105

Panel 1

Medium, Grace walks towards her ship where Tigernan is anxiously waiting for her.

Grace: LET US SAIL TOWARD LIMERICK! MY TOBY IS A FREE MAN!

Tigernan: GRACE, THANKS BE TO GOD!

Panel 2

Tight on Tigernan as in his relief and excitement he has grabbed Grace and holds her close smiling into her face, which is very close to his. Grace looks up at him adoringly.

Tigernan: GRACE, I—

Panel 3

Two shot of Grace looking at Tigernan slyly. He looks down at her and it's all he can do to resist her.

Grace: What is it, poof/mary?

Tigernan: I... NOTHING. T'IS NOTHING. I AM A LIGHT-WEIGHT AS YOU SAY.

PAGE 106

Panel 1

Wide half page panel. Two ships sail towards each other. At the helm of one is Grace with her hand aloft waving at her son. At the helm of the other ship is Toby also waving. Tigernan stands behind Grace and they both smile broadly. It is the moment that Grace has been waiting for.

Tigernan: THOSE YEARS IN PRISON HAVE MADE HIM NO LESS A MAN.

Grace: OH TIGERNAN, I AM AT A LOSS FOR WORDS.

Toby: MOTHER!

Panel 2

Medium. The two boats are alongside each other, Toby is leaping aboard his mother's ship where she stands with her arms wide ready to embrace him. Tears stream down her face. Tigernan stands behind her still with a hand on her shoulder as if to steady her.

Grace: MY DARLING TOBY...

Panel 3

Tight on Toby and Grace as they embrace.

PAGE 107

Panel 1

Medium. Toby and Grace are now together at the helm of their ship, homeward-bound. Toby has his arm around Grace's shoulders.

Toby: MOTHER, I KNOW WHAT YOU DID TO SAVE ME. I KNOW THE SACRIFICES YOU HAVE HAD TO MAKE. HOW CAN I THANK YOU ENOUGH?

Grace: IF I HAD MY TIME OVER, SON. I WOULD DO IT ALL AGAIN.

Panel 2

Close up of the Toby's face, he looks concerned.

Toby: BUT YOU WILL BE WORKING FOR THE QUEEN NOW?

Close-up of Grace's face, looking secretive, half smiling.

Grace: IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING.

Panel 3

Medium, Grace has turned away from Toby and is looking out to sea with her hand to her brow, shielding her eyes from the sun. Toby still looks down at her frowning.

Grace: READY ABOUT BOYS. THERE SHE SAILS, SLOPPY AND DRUNK WITH CARGO!

Panel 4

Two-shot Grace and Toby. Grace looks directly at her son, her meaning is clear. He looks down at her one eyebrow raised as he understands her message.

Grace: I WORK FOR THE QUEEN. BUT YOU DO NOT.

- TAKE THE HELM, I HAVE OTHER THINGS TO ATTEND TO.

Toby: YES MA'M!

PAGE 108

Panel 1

Medium. Barefoot, Grace steps down the step towards her cabin below decks.

Panel 2

Medium. Down in her state room, she sits in repose staring at the small wooden ship she had carved for her young son, Toby, now the Captain. Her face is calm and she is older now. She runs her fingers over the claw marks she had made when she gave birth to Toby on her bed.

Off panel noises coming from above deck: BIFF! POW!

Panel 3

Medium. We see Tigernan who has stepped into her state room, from behind. He lays his sword and gun on the dresser. From behind, his is a strong back and a glint of the earring on his left. Grace, still sitting on her bed looks up at him and after all these years, it is a different look.

Tigernan: GRACIE?

Panel 4

Medium. Tigernan sits on the bed beside Grace and cups her face in his hand. Grace looks up at him lovingly.

Grace: ALL THOSE YEARS AND NO WOMAN HAS CLAIMED YOU...

Close up of Tigernan: MANY WOMEN HAVE TRIED, BUT ONLY ONE HAS EVER SUCCEEDED.

PAGE 109

Splash.

Time rolls back as Grace and Tigernan kiss. His back aches of young, fine muscles. His arms and hands strong as he undresses Grace who greets him in her young and virile prime as well. He takes her down, their eyes locked in passion.