

CAPTAIN BLOOD, ISSUE FIVE

by

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SECOND DRAFT

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ISSUE FIVE, PAGE ONE

PAGE DETAILS: 1688-1689, in case you're keeping track.

A pretty complex arrangement. Like most other issues, we're taking a jump forward, but this time only a couple of weeks instead of months. Captain Blood is front and centre as always, but this time dressed as a British sea captain (with some Blood-esque accouterments, like a sash and a jauntier hat).

PANEL ONE

Blood on the docks, surveying the action at the Jamaican port where Bishop holds court. Bishop is there, fuming and full of hate; so is Pitt, staying by Blood's side.

CAPTION

This, then, is Peter Blood:

CAPTION (2)

Once a soldier, then a doctor! Once a slave, then an outlaw! Once a pirate...

CAPTION (3)

...now in the service of His Majesty James Stuart!

BLOOD

Well, the UNIFORM is adequate.

ISSUE FIVE, PAGE TWO

PANEL ONE

Bishop blusters up beside Blood, who half-ignores him.

BISHOP

Don't get too COMFORTABLE, Blood. A pretty uniform won't save your neck from the noose.

BLOOD

True, Governor Bishop. But Lord SUNDERLAND can.

BISHOP (2)

Hmmph.

PANEL TWO

Also on the docks, Lord Julian is trying to keep Arabella's attention.

LORD JULIAN  
A MAGNIFICENT day for a walk, Miss  
Bishop! Would you care to join me  
for--

ARABELLA  
Thank you, Julian, but no.

PANEL THREE

Arabella's over-the-shoulder POV of Captain Blood and Pitt  
further up the dock.

ARABELLA  
I have another engagement.

PANEL FOUR

Blood is surprised by Arabella walking up beside him.

ARABELLA  
Good afternoon, NAVAL Captain  
Blood.

BLOOD  
Miss Bishop!

PANEL FIVE

Lord Julian looks after the two of them, fuming silently.

PANEL SIX

Governor Bishop looks after the two of them, also fuming...

PANEL SEVEN

...then Bishop notices the furious Lord Julian.

BISHOP  
Hm.

ISSUE FIVE, PAGE THREE

PANEL ONE

Blood and Arabella, walking together, converse.

BLOOD

I had hoped we might have a chance  
to talk.

ARABELLA

The uniform of the Crown fits you  
well.

PANEL TWO

BLOOD

Aye...

BLOOD (2)

But it wears heavy on the soul.

PANEL THREE

BLOOD

But now that I might return to  
England -- I had hoped that you  
might join me.

ARABELLA

I-- what?

PANEL FOUR

ARABELLA

Captain Blood -- Peter -- I can't  
just FORGET all that you've done.

BLOOD

You know me once, Arabella. You  
knew me as a good man.

PANEL FIVE

ARABELLA

When you were a slave, a man  
unjustly accused. But now...

BLOOD

Now I am an officer! In the ROYAL  
NAVY! What more do you WANT?

PANEL SIX

ARABELLA

You were a BUCCANEER, Peter! A  
pirate! You killed a man for --  
for--

BLOOD  
 For the same things as the CROWN,  
 Arabella, but with less ARTIFICE  
 behind it.

ISSUE FIVE, PAGE FOUR

PANEL ONE

Arabella turns her back on Blood.

ARABELLA  
 It's not my affair. Nor will I let  
 it be.

BLOOD  
 Is it Lord Wade?

PANEL TWO

Arabella turns, vexed. Yes, I said vexed.

ARABELLA  
 What?

BLOOD  
 Julian Wade! I have seen you  
 together, the two of you, seen how  
 the fop looks at you.

ARABELLA (2)  
 WHAT?!?

PANEL THREE

Blood turns on his heel and stalks off.

BLOOD  
 Never. Mind.

ARABELLA  
 Peter!

PANEL FOUR

The solicitious Lord Julian approaches Arabella.

LORD JULIAN  
 What did the cur do, Arabella?

ARABELLA

Nothing.

PANEL FIVE

Lord Julian tries to grab her wrist, but Arabella pulls away.

LORD JULIAN

I don't see why you waste time on him. He's been spurning you for a MONTH, while I--

ARABELLA

ENOUGH, Julian!

ISSUE FIVE, PAGE FIVE

PANEL ONE

Lord Julian chews on his lip. A meaty hand falls on his shoulder.

BISHOP

(off, the hand's owner)

Lord Julian. It seems Blood is a thorn in your side as well.

PANEL TWO

Bishop looms over Lord Julian's shoulder, leering and porcine.

BISHOP

We need to talk.

PANEL THREE

Blood storms into his quarters. Pitt is there.

PITT

Captain? Is something amiss?

BLOOD

I -- she -- NO, Pitt. All's well.

PANEL FOUR

Pitt looks out the window.

PITT  
Well, we have problems.

BLOOD  
What is it?

PANEL FIVE

PITT  
Bishop. He's been asking questions  
around the docks this past month.

ISSUE FIVE, PAGE SIX

PANEL ONE

Blood joins Pitt by the window.

BLOOD  
What sort of questions?

PITT  
About Wolverstone, the Arabella.  
Where they went. Whether you let  
them go.

PANEL TWO

Blood shrugs.

BLOOD  
Lord Julian was there when I  
released Wolverstone. He voiced no  
complaint.

PITT  
It strikes me wrong, Blood.

PANEL THREE

Blood sits down at the table.

BLOOD  
What can Bishop do? I signed on  
with Lord Julian, who in turn has  
the weight of Lord Sunderland  
behind him.

BLOOD (2)  
Against such authority, even  
Bishop's hands are tied.

PANEL FOUR

Pitt is still concerned.

PITT

He wields much power, Captain. He was appointed to flush out pirates and given near autonomy to do it.

PANEL FIVE

Blood is pouring himself a big glass of wine.

BLOOD

Still nothing compared to Sunderland. You worry too much, Pitt. Now leave me to change.

PANEL SIX

Blood looks down at his uniform with disdain.

BLOOD

This uniform chafes.

ISSUE FIVE, PAGE SEVEN

PANEL ONE

The next morning. Blood steps out of his quarters...

BLOOD

Another day in the service, Pitt. Another--

PANEL TWO

Blood's POV: Pitt, being held by some soldiers.

BLOOD

Pitt? What--

SOLDIER

(off)  
Captain Blood.

PANEL THREE

Soldiers on either side of Blood. They're nervous, on edge, because this is legendary. Imagine being a cop sent to arrest Mike Tyson or something.



SOLDIER  
You're to come with us, sir.

SOLDIER 2  
Governor's orders.

PANEL FOUR

Blood draws his sword!

BLOOD  
So that fat wastrel chooses to  
flaunt Lord Sunderland? Take me if  
you can, you mongrels! We'll see  
how this plays out--

LORD JULIAN  
(off)  
BLOOD!

PANEL FIVE

Lord Julian has appeared next to the soldiers and Pitt.

LORD JULIAN  
D'you think I'll be TENDER to the  
lives of traitors?

PANEL SIX

Blood has his sword ready. He and Julian stand facing each other.

BLOOD  
So you have a new master.

LORD JULIAN  
Bishop has concerns that need be  
addressed, Blood. Your theatrics  
are not necessary.

BLOOD (2)  
Theatrics?

ISSUE FIVE, PAGE EIGHT

PANEL ONE

Blood and Lord Julian clash swords.

BLOOD  
Is THIS theatrics, lapdog?

LORD JULIAN  
It may well be.

PANEL TWO

Lord Julian twists Blood's sword away (not out of his hand, just off to the side).

LORD JULIAN  
You're getting older, Captain. Your skills are waning. While I--

PANEL THREE

Another press of swords, but this time Blood has barely parried a slash at his face. The swords are crossed close to Blood's face (kind of at neck-chin level; keep the forehead-to-forehead path clear for the headbutt next panel) and Julian appears to have the upper hand.

LORD JULIAN  
I am in my PRIME.

BLOOD  
Your prime?

PANEL FOUR

Between the crossed swords, Blood delivers a smashing headbutt to Julian. This is not kosher swordplay, by the way. If you ever get in a sword fight with a British dandy, he will consider this exceptionally poor form.

BLOOD  
HA!

PANEL FIVE

Blood stands over a dazed Lord Julian, sword pointed down at his chest. Lord Julian is bleeding from the forehead.

BLOOD  
Even when I'm DEAD, your prime won't be half enough.

BISHOP  
(off)  
ARREST THAT MAN!

ISSUE FIVE, PAGE NINE

PANEL ONE

Bishop has arrived, with an entourage of soldiers. He's pointing at Blood.

BISHOP

Traitor to the Crown! I'll have you hanged, Blood!

BLOOD

On what grounds?

PANEL TWO

Bishop sneers.

BISHOP

Conspiracy. You were an officer of the Crown when you let Wolverstone go, Blood.

BISHOP (2)

High TREASON, and no judge would deny it.

PANEL THREE

Lord Julian struggles to his feet, holding a kerchief to his bloody nose.

LORD JULIAN

You exceeded your authority, Blood. Not one minute after signing on.

PANEL FOUR

Blood holds his hands above his head, in mock surrender.

BLOOD

And this TRIAL, Bishop. I imagine you will preside.

PANEL FIVE

Bishop looms over Blood, sneering.

BISHOP

My duty as GOVERNOR, Blood.

ISSUE FIVE, PAGE TEN

PANEL ONE

Bishop grabs Blood, pulling him closer by the lapels.

BISHOP  
And I will punish you to the  
fullest extent--

PANEL TWO

An insert shot of Blood's hand pulling a dagger from a sheath on Bishop's belt.

BISHOP  
--the law will ALLOW--

PANEL THREE

Bishop jerks his head back as Blood suddenly shoves the dagger under his chin, the point jabbing into Bishop's double chin.

BISHOP  
Erk.

BLOOD  
Oh, will you, now?

PANEL FOUR

Arabella has arrived on the scene and is standing behind Lord Julian.

ARABELLA  
My GOD! What-- what is HAPPENING  
here?

PANEL FIVE

Blood has shifted behind Bishop, tugging his head back by the hair, holding the dagger into his throat.

BLOOD  
Release PITT! NOW!

PANEL SIX

Pitt has been released by the soldiers.

PITT  
Peter! What now?

BLOOD  
(off)  
Seek what remains of our crew. Have  
them prepare a ship. Tell them--

PANEL SEVEN

Blood stares at Arabella, who is next to Lord Julian.

BLOOD  
--tell them I made a MISTAKE.

ISSUE FIVE, PAGE ELEVEN

PANEL ONE

Blood shoves Bishop forward, still shoving the dagger up  
under his throat.

BLOOD  
MOVE, slave-master. We'll see what  
awaits us at the harbour.

PANEL TWO

Blood is at the harbour, still shoving Bishop in front of  
him.

BLOOD  
You'll see tomorrow, Bishop, if you  
do exactly as I say.

BISHOP  
I will see you hang for this,  
Blood. I swear it.

PANEL THREE

Blood yells past Bishop.

BLOOD  
Ship PREPARED, Pitt?

PANEL FOUR

Pitt yells down from the ship.

PITT  
Near, Captain!

PANEL FIVE

Lord Julian is being restrained by a group of soldiers. Not like pinned or anything, but a firm hand on his shoulder.

LORD JULIAN  
If we rush Blood, we could have him. I know it!

SOLDIER  
And he'd have the governor, sir. We can't chance it.

PANEL SIX

Blood backs up the gangplank to the ship, Bishop between him and the dock.

BLOOD  
You brought this on yourself, slaver.

BISHOP  
You -- you can't kill me. You wouldn't d-dare.

PANEL SEVEN

Blood whispers in Bishop's ear.

BLOOD  
Oh, I won't slit your throat, Governor. But I can--

ISSUE FIVE, PAGE TWELVE

PANEL ONE

Blood shoves Bishop off the gangplank.

BLOOD  
--make you swim!

BISHOP  
AAAAHHHH!

PANEL TWO

Blood kicks the gangplanks off the ship.

BLOOD  
Lord Julian!

PANEL THREE

Lord Julian standing on the dock, paralyzed with fury.

BLOOD  
(off)  
I resign my commission. Don't  
pursue me.

PANEL FOUR

Blood tears the insignia off his uniform.

PANEL FIVE

Blood casually tosses the insignia off the side of the ship.

BLOOD  
You've seen what I'm capable of.

ISSUE FIVE, PAGE THIRTEEN

PANEL ONE

Lord Julian yells off-panel, but a soldier is dispassionate.

LORD JULIAN  
Guns! Fetch GUNS! Before he--

SOLDIER  
No point, sir.

PANEL TWO

Bishop, clambering up a ladder onto the dock.

BISHOP  
Help me, you damnable FOOLS.

PANEL THREE

Bishop, on his hands and knees and spluttering, is on the dock between the soldiers and Lord Julian.

BISHOP  
Lord Julian. Wire Lord Sunderland  
and tell him Blood has gone pirate.

LORD JULIAN  
 What-- what are we going to do?

PANEL FOUR

Bishop staggers to his feet.

BISHOP  
 Every ship. Every sailor, every  
 soldier, every gun. All of it.

PANEL FIVE

Close on Bishop, who has the fury of hell in his eyes.

BISHOP  
 We are going to wipe Tortuga OFF  
 THE MAP.

ISSUE FIVE, PAGE FOURTEEN

PANEL ONE

Blood and Pitt, Pitt at the helm. It's a couple of days  
 later, Blood's changed back to pirate garb.

PITT  
 Feels good to be a bad'un again,  
 Captain. These past days back on  
 the seas have restored my spirits.

BLOOD  
 Hm.

PANEL TWO

Pitt looks at Blood, grinning.

PITT  
 Are you seriously worried about  
 Bishop?

BLOOD  
 Not as worried as I am about  
 Wolverstone. He has been in Tortuga  
 a month now.

PANEL THREE

Captain Blood surveys the horizon.



BLOOD  
If he's told the Brotherhood that  
we took British coin, we're as good  
as dead.

PANEL FOUR

Blood squints.

BLOOD  
Our only hope is that he kept his  
own counsel and -- no. It can't be.

PANEL FIVE

Blood's POV: three ships on the horizon. One of them is the  
Arabella, if that's at all possible in silhouette in the  
distance.

BLOOD  
(off)  
The Arabella.

ISSUE FIVE, PAGE FIFTEEN

PANEL ONE

As the ship draws closer, Wolverstone is at the bow,  
hollering at Blood.

WOLVERSTONE  
HOY, CAPTAIN! YOUR TIMING IS  
PERFECT!

PANEL TWO

Wolverstone and Blood shake hands on the deck of the  
Arabella.

BLOOD  
Good to see you again, my friend.  
Where are you bound for?

WOLVERSTONE  
It has been an eventful month.

## PANEL THREE

Wolverstone recounts a chunk of exposition to get us moving.

## WOLVERSTONE

As you know, our fortunes were sorely depleted by our misadventure near Jamaica. So I've joined forces with a French captain, Rivarol, who privateers against the Spanish. He's headstrong, but well regarded. He received some secret news from Europe a fortnight past; we're on our way to raid a fort even now.

## PANEL FOUR

## BLOOD

And what did you and Ogle tell them at Tortuga of... us?

## WOLVERSTONE

Not a word. I must confess I didn't UNDERSTAND your scheme, but I knew you must have one. And here you are!

## PANEL FIVE

Blood grins.

## BLOOD

A raid on the Spanish, eh? Like old times.

## WOLVERSTONE

The Arabella is yours, Captain. Rivarol will surely welcome the addition of a man of your skills.

## ISSUE FIVE, PAGE SIXTEEN

## PANEL ONE

Utter chaos. Rivarol, a pompous little French jerk, is in front of a blazing city, his uniform in tatters, smeared with soot and blood. He is waving a saber above his head and out of his mind with rage.

## RIVAROL

I told you to TAKE that fort, Blood! Why are your men still HERE?

## PANEL TWO

Blood, in the face of the blustering Frenchman, remains calm.

## BLOOD

The fort cannot be taken from this side, monsieur. As you saw when your ship was blown half to Hell. It would be suicide to--

## RIVAROL

So it is SUICIDE! I command you, Blood! And I say you TAKE THAT FORT!

## PANEL THREE

Blood, Wolverstone and Dyke confer.

## BLOOD

He is mad, Wolverstone. Madder than Lavasseur. But his men outnumber ours three to one. THEY will slaughter us if we do not take the fort.

## WOLVERSTONE

His reputation was sound. I have no idea what--

## DYKE

I have an idea.

## PANEL FOUR

The other two look at Dyke, who is pointing at the map.

## DYKE

We cross this stream, here, and wade through the gully to scale this ridge. The fort was constructed to repel raids from the sea and town, but they would never expect something from the bluffs.

## BLOOD

Excellent work, Dyke. We may escape this intact.

ISSUE FIVE, PAGE SEVENTEEN

PANEL ONE

Blood, Wolverstone, Dyke and a few others are rampaging across a rampart, swords flashing, in SUPER AWESOME PIRATE ACTION.

BLOOD  
HARR!

DYKE  
They're surrendering!

WOLVERSTONE  
Aye -- a sound plan, Dyke! Worthy of the Captain!

PANEL TWO

Blood sheathes his sword.

BLOOD  
We'll let the men mop up those that are left, and secure what's worth taking.

BLOOD (2)  
Rivarol will SPIT when he sees that we have not only thrived, but profited from it.

PANEL THREE

Blood looks out toward the ocean and stops talking in shock.

BLOOD  
I can't wait to see--

BLOOD (2)  
no.

PANEL FOUR

Over Blood's shoulder as he leans out over the rampart. There's a badly damaged ship in the harbour, and nothing else.

BLOOD  
WHERE IS THE ARABELLA?

PITT  
 (off)  
 Gone... cough...

## PANEL FIVE

Pitt, badly wounded, has dragged himself up to the ramparts.

PITT  
 He took it... Rivarol... as soon as  
 you were gone, he boarded, with his  
 men, and--

BLOOD  
 He STOLE my SHIP?!?

## PANEL SIX

Blood is going NOVA with fury.

WOLVERSTONE  
 He can't be far ahead of us,  
 Captain. We should--

BLOOD  
 HE-- STOLE-- MY-- SHIP?!?!!

## ISSUE FIVE, PAGE EIGHTEEN

## PANEL ONE

Blood, Wolverstone, Dyke and Pitt are at the harbour looking  
 at Rivarol's ship.

WOLVERSTONE  
 She'll sail, Captain. It will take  
 days of work, but she'll sail.

BLOOD  
 Set to it, then! Gather the crew.

## PANEL TWO

Pitt is at the wheel of Rivarol's ship, his face grim. Blood  
 is beside him, still furious.

PITT  
 Rivarol probably returned to  
 Tortuga, Captain.

BLOOD  
Then that's where he'll die.

SAILOR  
(from above)  
Captain! Ship in distress to  
starboard!

PANEL THREE

Wolverstone, gazing through a spyglass, informs Blood...

WOLVERSTONE  
'Tis an English ship, foundering.  
Attacked recently, it seems. There  
are still men on board.

BLOOD  
We sail on.

PANEL FOUR

Wolverstone looks at his kind-hearted captain, eyebrow  
raised.

WOLVERSTONE  
Those on board will surely die,  
Captain, unless--

BLOOD  
We. Sail. On.

BLOOD (2)  
I want RIVAROL, Wolverstone. I care  
naught for the English or their  
ships.

PANEL FIVE

Blood stands next to Pitt, still furious. Wolverstone stares  
at him curiously.

PANEL SIX

Blood sags. He can't do it. He wants to be the avenging  
devil, but he can't fight his doctor's nature.

BLOOD  
Turn the ship around.

PITT  
Yes, SIR.

ISSUE FIVE, PAGE NINETEEN

PANEL ONE

Blood is helping a well-uniformed man aboard "his" ship.

LORD WILLOUGHBY

Thank you, good sir. You are an Englishman, like myself?

BLOOD

I serve not the crown. I spit on King James and all his odious kin.

LORD WILLOUGHBY (2)

King -- JAMES? HA!

PANEL TWO

Lord Willoughby draws himself to his full height, being noble and stuff.

LORD WILLOUGHBY

You are MONTHS behind on your news, sir! You address Lord Willoughby, loyal servant of King William of Orange, currently at WAR with the devil French!

BLOOD

James -- deposed? Dead?

PANEL THREE

Willoughby twirls his moustache.

LORD WILLOUGHBY

Good William holds the throne, sir. James stirs trouble from France, and has engineered a war. I imagine THAT was the reason that lunatic Frenchman attacked us...

BLOOD

Rivarol? It was Rivarol that sank you?

PANEL FOUR

Willoughby looks down at the ship.

LORD WILLOUGHBY  
 You have run afoul of him as well,  
 I perceive.

BLOOD  
 In a manner of speaking.

PANEL FIVE

Lord Willoughby grimaces.

LORD WILLOUGHBY  
 He took the time to mock us, from  
 his ship, to gloat over his plan to  
 attack and destroy our colony at  
 Port-Royal!

BLOOD  
 Port Royal? Aye, Rivarol could  
 probably take Bishop, even  
 outmanned--

LORD WILLOUGHBY (2)  
 HA!

PANEL SIX

Lord Willoughby waves his arms comically.

LORD WILLOUGHBY  
 I have just COME from Port Royal!  
 Your friend Bishop has ABANDONED  
 his POST!

ISSUE FIVE, PAGE TWENTY

PANEL ONE

Blood cocks an eyebrow.

BLOOD  
 NOT my friend.

LORD WILLOUGHBY  
 I was bringing news of King William  
 and the war with the French to  
 Port-Royal and docked there  
 yesterday. Bishop has taken his  
 whole fleet and embarked on some  
 mad rampage!



BLOOD (2)  
Tortuga. The idiot.

PANEL TWO

Blood is silent for a moment...

PANEL THREE

...then he grins.

BLOOD  
WELL then. If Bishop is incapable  
of fulfilling his sacred trust to  
the crown, it must then fall to US.

PANEL FOUR

A wide shot framed in a spyglass circle: the Arabella and  
two other ships sit in the Port Royal harbour.

CAPTION  
There she is.

PANEL FIVE

Blood looking through a spyglass, concentrating.

BLOOD  
The Arabella. Unguarded. Doubtless  
Rivarol knows that Bishop is at  
Tortuga and will not be back for  
days.

PANEL SIX

Dyke, standing beside Blood, smiles.

DYKE  
It recalls another incident several  
years past, doesn't it, Captain?

BLOOD  
Indeed it does, Mister Dyke...

ISSUE FIVE, PAGE TWENTY-ONE

PANEL ONE

Blood, Wolverstone, Dyke and Pitt, with some other pirates,  
dripping wet, are sneaking onto the deck of the Arabella,  
knives in their teeth.

CAPTION  
 (Blood)  
 ...indeed it does.

PANEL TWO

Rivarol is at the docks of Port Royal, talking and laughing with one of his men.

RIVAROL  
 I didn't expect MUCH resistance from the bastard English, but this was TOO easy. And Governor Bishop won't be back for days!

UNNAMED SAILOR  
 Time enough to take what we want and burn the rest. Why--

PANEL THREE

The dock explodes in a shower of splinters.

SF/X  
 WHABOOM!

PANEL FOUR

Rivarol is getting up, an expression of shock on his face.

RIVAROL  
 Who-- who would DARE--

PANEL FIVE

Rivarol is looking at the harbour, where the Arabella's cannons are still smoking. His former ship is visible past it.

RIVAROL  
 NO! My ship could barely sail! How did Blood know where I'd be?

PANEL SIX

Rivarol, being grabbed by Wolverstone and several other armed men.

RIVAROL  
 HOW DID HE KNOW?

ISSUE FIVE, PAGE TWENTY-TWO

PANEL ONE

Rivarol is captured, hands bound behind his back,  
Wolverstone with a massive hand on one of his shoulders.  
Blood is there, as is Lord Willoughby.

BLOOD

Your men SURRENDERED without a  
fight, Rivarol. Once they knew we  
had the HARBOUR.

RIVAROL

Damn you! DAMN you!

PANEL TWO

Lord Willoughby and Blood confer.

LORD WILLOUGHBY

It seems we're in your debt,  
Captain...

BLOOD

Blood. Peter Blood.

PANEL THREE

Lord Willoughby gapes.

LORD WILLOUGHBY

B-but you're the man that Bishop  
left to seek! The buccaneer!

BLOOD

Aye. Don't believe all you hear  
from Bishop's lips.

PANEL FOUR

Lord Willoughby grins ruefully.

LORD WILLOUGHBY

I haven't had a chance to speak to  
the man. Even his own NIECE tells  
me he's incompetent -- and that  
you've been hard done by, Mr.  
Blood.

BLOOD

His niece?

LORD WILLOUGHBY (2)

Oh, aye.

PANEL FIVE

LORD WILLOUGHBY

To hear her tell it, you saved all their lives back at Bridgetown, despite Bishop's incompetence. And here you've done it again.

ISSUE FIVE, PAGE TWENTY-THREE

PANEL ONE

Blood prepares to board a skiff.

BLOOD

Be that as it may, I'd best depart before the Governor returns...

LORD WILLOUGHBY

Oh, he's not Governor. Not any more.

PANEL TWO

Blood cocks an eyebrow.

BLOOD

No?

LORD WILLOUGHBY

Leaving his post undefended? Sailing off like a lunatic? I should say NOT.

PANEL THREE

Lord Willoughby scrutinizes Blood.

LORD WILLOUGHBY

But we WILL need a Governor, and I can only think of one man that I have met in these climes who is able enough for the position.

BLOOD

Faith, sir, 'tis appreciated, but I am no longer a member of the Royal Navy. King James--

LORD WILLOUGHBY (2)  
Is no longer king.

PANEL FOUR

Blood is stymied. He wants to be Governor, Willoughby knows he wants to be Governor, but he's still got his pride to think of.

BLOOD  
True.

LORD WILLOUGHBY  
I would consider it a favour. As would she.

BLOOD (2)  
She?

PANEL FIVE

Willoughby gestures toward the end of the dock, where Arabella stands, somewhat shy.

LORD WILLOUGHBY  
She asked me to try to save you. When I docked here. Said that you were the finest man she'd ever met, but she'd realized it too late.

BLOOD  
Excuse me, Lord Willoughby.

PANEL SIX

Lord Willoughby grins broadly.

LORD WILLOUGHBY  
Of course, Captain Blood.

BLOOD  
Please. I have a new title.

PANEL SEVEN

Blood is walking towards Arabella but looks back at Willoughby, smiling.

BLOOD  
GOVERNOR Blood.

ISSUE FIVE, PAGE TWENTY-FOUR

PANEL ONE

Blood walks down the dock.

WOLVERSTONE  
(off)  
HEY! GOVERNOR!

PANEL TWO

Blood's POV: Wolverstone, Dyke, Pitt and Ogle are on the deck of the Arabella.

WOLVERSTONE  
CONGRATULATIONS!

BLOOD  
Thank you, old friend. Coming ashore?

DYKE  
We think not, Captain. Too much sea to ignore.

BLOOD (2)  
Understood.

PANEL THREE

Blood waves his doffed hat.

BLOOD  
Best to you, buccaneers!

PANEL FOUR

Close on Blood's face. He's sad.

BLOOD  
Take care.

ARABELLA  
(off)  
Peter?

PANEL FIVE

Blood turns to Arabella, taking her in his arms.

BLOOD

I understand it's you I have to thank. For singing my praises to Willoughby and otherwise.

ARABELLA

All truth, Peter. I'm -- I'm pleased you returned.

BLOOD (2)

What choice did I have?

PANEL SIX

ARABELLA

So what happens now?

BLOOD

Now? Now we find some way to fill the time. Shouldn't be hard.

ARABELLA (2)

Fill the time to what?

BLOOD (2)

The last thing to make this life perfect, sweet Arabella.

PANEL SEVEN

Close on Blood's face. He's still rakish.

BLOOD

We wait for your uncle to come home.

END OF FIFTH ISSUE.