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(Accessed on October 15, 2018)



APPENDIX

Pirates of the Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest

SCENE 1: The interrupted wedding

Elizabeth: Will. Why is this happening?

Will: I don't know. You look beautiful.

Elizabeth: I think it's bad luck for the groom to see the bride before the wedding.

Governor Swann: Make way. Let me through! How dare you! Stand your men down at once! Do you hear me?

Beckett: Governor Weatherby Swann, it's been too long.

Governor Swann: Cutler Beckett?

Beckett: It's Lord now. Actually.

Governor Swann: Lord or not, you have no reason and no authority to arrest this man.

Beckett: In fact, I do. Mr. Mercer?

Beckett: The warrant for the arrest of one William Turner.

Governor Swann: This warrant is for Elizabeth Swann!

Beckett: Oh, is it? That's annoying, my mistake... Arrest her.



Elizabeth: On what charges?!

Will: No!

Beckett: Aha, here's the one for William Turner. And I have another one for a Mr. James Norrington. Is he present?

Elizabeth: What are the charges?

Governor Swann: Commodore Norrington resigned his commission some months ago.

Beckett: I don't believe that was the answer to the question I asked.

Will: Lord Beckett, in the category of questions not answered –

Elizabeth: We are under the jurisdiction of the King's governor of Port Royal and you Will tell us what we are charged with.

Governor Swann: The charge... is conspiring to set free a man convicted of crimes against the Crown and Empire and condemned to death for which the...

Beckett: For which the punishment, regrettably, is also death. Perhaps you remember a certain pirate named Jack Sparrow.

Will and Elizabeth: Captain!

: Captain Jack Sparrow.



Beckett: Captain Jack Sparrow. Yes, I thought you might.

SCENE 2: Jack's entrance and a drawing of a key

Gibbs: 50 men on a dead man's chest. Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum. Drink and the devil had done for rest. Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum. Ha ha ha ha ha!

Jack: Sorry, mate. Do you mind if we make a little side trip? I didn't think so.

Gibbs: Not quite according to plan.

Jack: Complications arose, ensued, were overcome.

Gibbs: You got what you went in for, then?

Jack: Muhuh. Gibbs: Captain, I think the Crew – meaning me, as well – were expecting something a bit more... shiny. What with the Isla de Muerta going all pear-shapes, reclaimed by the sea and the treasure with it.

Pirate #1: And the Royal Navy chasing us all around the Atlantic.

Marty: And the hurricane!

Gibbs: All in all, it seems some time since we did a speck of honest pirating.

Jack: Shiny?

ye, shiny.



Jack: Is that how you're all feeling, then? Perhaps dear ol' Jack is not serving your best interests as Captain?

Cotton's parrot: Awk, walk the plank.

Jack: What did the bird say?!

Pirate #1: Do not blame the bird. Show us, what is on that piece of cloth there.

Gibbs: You know that don't do no good.

Jack: It does me.

Marty: It's a key.

Jack: No, much more better! It is a drawing of a key. Gentlemen, what do keys do?

Pirate #1: Keys... unlock things?

Gibbs: And whatever this key unlocks, inside there's something valuable. So, we're setting out to find whatever this key unlocks!

Jack: No. We don't have the key, we can't open whatever it is we don't have that it unlocks. So, what purpose would be served in finding whatever need be unlocked, which we don't have, without first having found the key what unlocks it.

o, we're going after this key!

u're not making any sense at all. Any more questions?



Marty: So... Do we have a heading?

Jack: Ah! A heading. Set sail in a... general... that way direction!

Gibbs: Captain?

Jack: Come on. Snap to and make sail, you know how this works. Oi, oiMarty: I've notice lately, the Captain seem to be acting a bit strange...er.

Gibbs: Setting sail without knowing his own heading, something's got Jack vexed. You mark my words, what bodes ill for Jack Sparrow, bodes ill for us all.

SCENE 3: Negotiations and time's up

[back in Port Royal a map is being painted; Will is led into Beckett's office still shackled]

Soldier: Lord Beckett, the prisoner as ordered, sir.

Beckett: Those won't be necessary. The East India Trading Company has need of your services. We wish for you to act as our agent in a business transaction with our mutual friend – Captain Sparrow.

Will: More acquaintance than friend. How do you know him?

Beckett: We've had dealings in the past. And we've each left our mark on the other.

Will: What mark did he leave on you?



Beckett: By your efforts, Jack Sparrow was set free. I would like you to go to him and recover a certain property in his possession.

Will: Recover. At the point of a sword?

Beckett: Bargain. Letters of Marque. You Will offer what amounts to a full pardon – Jack Will be free, a privateer in the employ of England.

Will: Somehow I doubt Jack Will consider employment the same as being free.

Beckett: Freedom. Jack Sparrow is a dying breed. The world is shrinking. The blank edges of the map filled in. Jack must find his place in the New World or perish. Not unlike you, Mr. Turner. You and your fiancée face the hangman’s noose.

Will: So you get both Jack and the Black Pearl.

Beckett: The Black Pearl?

Will: The property you want that he possesses.

Beckett: A ship? Hardly. The item in question is considerably smaller and far more valuable. Something Sparrow keeps on his person at all times: a compass? Ah, you know it. Bring back that compass, or there’s no deal.

Jack: Why is the rum always gone? Oh... that’s why. As you were, gentsBootstrap:

in out, Jack.

otstrap. Bill Turner?



Bootstrap: You look good, Jack.

Jack : Is this a dream?

Bootstrap: No.

Jack: I thought not, if it were, there'd be rum.

Bootstrap: You got the Pearl back, I see.

Jack: I had some help retrieving the Pearl, by the way. Your son.

Bootstrap: William? Ended up pirate after all.

Jack: And to what do I owe the pleasure of your carbuncle?

Bootstrap: He sent me. Davy Jones.

Jack: Ah. So it's you, then. He shanghaied you into service, eh?

Bootstrap: I chose it. I'm sorry for the part I played in the mutiny against you, Jack. I stood up for ya. Everything went wrong after that. They strapped me to a cannon, I ended up on the bottom of the ocean, the weight of the water crushing down on me. Unable to move, unable to die, Jack, and I thought that even the tiniest hope of escaping this fate, I would take it. I would trade anything for it.

funny what a man Will do to forestall his final judgment.



Bootstrap: You made a deal with him, too, Jack. He raised the Pearl from the depths for you, thirteen years you've been Captain.

Jack: Technically, I –

Bootstrap: Jack. Won't be able to talk yourself out of this. The terms would apply to me, apply to you, as well. One soul, bound to Crew a hundred years upon his ship.

Jack: Yes, but The Flying Dutchman already has a Captain, so there's really –

Bootstrap: Then it's the Locker for you! Though this is terrible, the leviathan Will find you and drag the Pearl back to the depths and you along with it.

Jack: Any idea when Jones might release said terrible beastie?

Bootstrap: I already told you, Jack. The time is up. It comes now. Drawn with ravenous hunger for the man what bears the black spot.

Jack: On deck all hands! Make faster—gasket! On deck! Scurry! Scurry on! Move it! Move it!! I want movement!

Gibbs: Mr. Skinner, pick it up! (??)

Jack: I want a— (??), plenty running. Run as if the devil himself and itself was upon us! [wraps his marked hand with a strip of cloth]



o we have a heading?

Rum! Land. Ah!

Gibbs: Which port?

Jack: I didn't say port. I said land, any land Ah! Gibbs: Jack's hat! Steer about!

Jack: No, no, leave it. Rum.

Gibbs: Back to your stations, the lot of ya! Jack?

Jack: Shh!

Gibbs: For the love of Mother and Child, Jack, what's coming after us?

Jack: Nothing.

SCENE 4: The search for Jack

Prison guard: You're not... you can't be here.

Governor Swann: I think you'll find he can.

Prison guard: Mr. Swann.

Governor Swann: Governor Swann, still. Do you think I wear this wig to keep my head warm?

Elizabeth: Jack's compass? What does Beckett want with that?

Prison guard: It doesn't matter. I'm to find Jack and convince him to return to Port Royal and
Elizabeth: I hope the charges against us will be dropped.



Governor Swann: No, we must find our own avenue to secure your freedom.

Will: Is that a lack of faith in Jack... or in me?

Governor Swann: You would risk your life to save Sparrow's does not mean that he would do the same for anyone else. Now, where's that dog with the keys? Elizabeth: I have faith in you. Both of you. Where will you find him?

Will: Tortuga. I'll start there and I won't stop searching 'till I find him. And then I intend to return here to marry you.

Elizabeth: Properly?

Will: With your leave, if you'll still have me.

Elizabeth: If it weren't for these bars, I'd have you already. I'll wait for you.

Will: Keep a weather eye on the horizon.

Sailor #1: Captain Jack Sparrow? Hadn't been thought about, heard he was dead.

Sailor #2: Singapore, that's what I heard. Drunk, with a smile. Sure as a tide, Jack Sparrow, turned up in Singapore.

Giselle: Jack Sparrow?

I haven't seen him in a month.

When you find him, you give 'im a message.



Sailor #3: Can't say about Jack Sparrow, but this island just south of the straits where I trade spice for... delicious, long pork. Cannot say about Jack. But you'll find that ship there. A ship with black sails.

Captain: My brother Will take you ashore.

Will: What's wrong, the beach is right there?

Sailor: Ne bougeais pas, c'est beaucoup trop dangereaux.

Will: What?

Sailor: Je ne puis, c'est trop dangereaux, j'avais le dit. [Will makes ready to dive]

Bon voyage, monsieur.

Will: Jack! Jack Sparrow! Marty! Cotton! Anybody Ah, a familiar face.

Cotton's parrot: Awk, don't eat me!

Will: I'm not going to eat you.

Cotton's parrot: Don't eat me. Don't eat me. Awk!

Will: Gibbs. Come on! Let's go! Come on, who wants it?! I can do this all day!

Cannibal #1: Kali kali ten dah dah.

Jack? Jack Sparrow. I can honestly say I'm glad to see you. Jack, it's me, Will



Jack: Pah se ko?

Cannibals: Teen dada, eeseetis. Eeseetis.

Will: Tell them to let me down.

Jack: Kele lam. Nom piki piki, nom minsi winsi. Lam seisei, eunichi. Snip snip.

Cannibals: Eunichi.

Will: Jack, the compass, it's all I need. Elizabeth is in danger. We were arrested for trying to help you. She faces the gallows!

Jack: Seiserom shup shup sha smame mame shuku, savvy? Maliki liki.

Cannibals: Maliki liki! Maliki liki!

Jack: Save me.

Will: Jack, what did you tell them? No! What about Elizabeth? Jaaack!

SCENE 5: The escape, more negotiations and salvaging

Governor Swann: Come quickly.

Prisoner: Where are ye goin'?

Elizabeth: You've got to tell me what's happening.



Governor Swann: I may still have some standing in the keep. I've arranged passage to England. The Captain is a friend of mine.

Elizabeth: No! Will's gone to find Jack!

Governor Swann: We cannot count on William Turner. Come! Elizabeth: He's a better man than you give him credit for.

Governor Swann: Of course, this is no time for innocence. Beckett has offered one pardon only. One! And that is promised to Jack Sparrow. Even if Will succeeds... you're not asking me to endure the sight of my daughter walking to the gallows. Do not. Perhaps, I can ensure a fair trial for Will, if he returns.

Elizabeth: A fair trial for Will ends in a hanging.

Governor Swann: Then there is nothing left for you here. Wait inside. Captain? Captain! Oh...!

Mercer: Evening, Gov'ner. Shame, huh? He was carrying this It's a letter to the King. It's from you.

Governor Swann: Ah... Elizabeth. Oh! What are you doing?!

Mercer: Where is she?

Swann: Who?



Beckett: No doubt you've discovered that loyalty is no longer the currency of the realm as your father believes.

Elizabeth: Then what is?

Beckett: I'm afraid currency is the currency of the realm.

Elizabeth: I expect then that we can come to some sort of understanding. I'm here to negotiate.

Beckett: I'm listening. I'm listening intently.

Elizabeth: These Letters of Marque, they are signed by the King?

Beckett: Yes, and they're not valid until they bear my signature and my seal.

Elizabeth: Or else I would not still be here. You sent Will to get you the compass and buy Jack Sparrow, it will do you no good.

Beckett: Do explain.

Elizabeth: I have been to the Isla de Muerta, I have seen the treasure myself. There is something you need to know.

Beckett: Aah, I see. You think the compass leads only to the Isla de Muerta and so you hope to save me from an evil fate. But you mustn't worry. I care not for cursed things. My desires are not so provincial. There's more than one chest of value in the world. So perhaps you may wish to enhance your offer.



Elizabeth: Consider it in your calculations that you robbed me of my wedding night.

Beckett: So I did. Or fate intervenes. You're making great efforts to ensure Jack Sparrow's freedom.

Elizabeth: These are not going to Jack.

Beckett: Oh, really. To insure Mr. Turner's freedom? I'll still want that compass. Consider that in your calculations.

Ragetti: Well, I say it was divine providence what escaped us from jail.

Pintel: And I'll say, it was me being clever. Ain't that right, poochy?

Ragetti: Well, how d'you know it weren't divine providence what inspired you to be clever. Anyways, I'm no' stealing no ship.

Pintel: It ain't stealing, it's salvaging. And since when did you care?

Ragetti: Since we're not immortal no more. We've got to take care of our immortal souls.

Pintel: You know you can't read.

Ragetti: It's the Bible, you get credit for trying.

pretending to read the Bible's a laugh! That's a mark against the... Look.

s. Ragetti: It's gonna swim?



Pintel: Must've seen a catfish.

Ragetti: Stupid mongrel!

Pintel: Come on! It's ours for the taking!

Ragetti: Tide's coming in, that should help. Salvaging is saving, in a manner of speaking.

Pintel: There's the truth of it!

Ragetti: Suppose we'd better save it as soon as we can. What with us in such a vulnerable state, y'know?

Pintel: Amen to that.

SCENE 6: The interrupted feast

Jack: Thank you.

Will: Why would he do this to us? If Jack is the chief –

Gibbs: Aye. The Pelegostos have made Jack their chief. But he only remains chief as long as he acts like a chief.

Will: So he had no choice. He's a captive there as much as the rest of us.



Gibbs: Worse, as it turns out. You see, the Pelegostos believe that Jack is a god in human form. And they intend to do 'im the honor of releasing him from his fleshy prison. They'll roast him and eat him.

Will: Where's the rest of the Crew?

Gibbs: These cages we're in weren't built 'till after we got here. The feast is about to begin. Jack's life will end... when the drums stop.

Will: Well, we can't just sit here and wait then, can we?

Jack: No! No no. Oi, no no! More wood. Big fire. Big fire! I am chief, want big fire! C'mon then. Oi Maboogey snickle snickle. Toute suite. C'mon. More wood. Oh, bugger A little seasoning, aye?

Jack: Well done.

Gibbs: Put your legs through! Start the climb!

Will: Come on men, it'll take all of us to Crew the Black Pearl!

Pirate #1: Actually, you wouldn't need everyone. About six would do. Oooh, dear.

Will: Hurry! Marty: Heave! Is that all you've got?

Will: Stop, stop. Stop!

: Shh.



Will: Stop.

Pirate #1: Snake! Aaaaaa!

Will: Move!

Cannibal: Aii, fai fai!

Young Cannibal: La esta so, la pelesa so. Eva kaka seisei. [everyone pauses and stands around in confusion]

Jack: Well, go on, go get them! Helalla!

Cannibals: Helalla!

Jack : No no, oi! No no. Not good

Will: Pull it loose, find a rock!

Will: Roll the cage! Lift the cage!

The Crew: Hurry!

Gibbs: Lift it high like a lady's skirt.

Gibbs: This way lads.

Jack: Stop it!

anka! Ma estoto. Ma estoto.

oman #1: Anifi.



Native Woman #2: Aboogey.

Jack: Bugger. Ooh. Ah.

Pintel: Pull loose the mooring line. The mooring line!

Ragetti: Hey! Little hairy thing. Give it back! Don't bite it!

Pintel: Pull loose the mooring line!

Ragetti: It's got me eye. It won't give it back.

Pintel: Well, how'd you get it back last time?

Gibbs: Excellent! Our work's half done!

Pintel: We done it for you! Knew you'd be coming back for it.

Gibbs: Make ready to sail, boys!

Will: What about Jack? I won't leave without him.

Jack: Oi!

Will: Time to go.

Gibbs: Cast off those lines!

Make ready to cast off!



Jack: Oi! Good doggy. Alas, my children, this is the day you shall always remember as the day that you almost — Captain Jack Sparrow.

Gibbs: Let's put some distance between us and this island and head out to open sea.

Jack: Yes to the first, yes to the second, but only as so far as we keep to the shallows as much as possible.

Gibbs: Now, that seems a bit contradictory, Captain.

Jack: I have every faith in your reconciliatory navigational skills, Master Gibbs. Now, where is that monkey? I want to shoot something.

Will: Jack.

Jack: Ah.

Will: Elizabeth is in danger.

Jack: Have you considered keeping a more watchful eye on her. Maybe just lock her up somewhere?

Will: She is locked up in a prison, bound to hang for helping you.

Jack: There comes a time when one must take responsibility for one's mistakes.

ed that compass of yours, Jack. I must trade it for her freedom.

Gibbs?



Gibbs: Captain?

Jack: We have a need to travel upriver.

Gibbs: By need, do you, mean a trifling need, fleeting, as in, say, a passing fancy?

Jack: No, a resolute and unyielding need.

Will: What we need to do is make sail for Port Royal with all haste.

Jack: William... I shall trade you the compass, if you Will help me... to find this.

Will: You want me to find this.

Jack: No. You want you to find this. Because the finding of this, finds you incapacitorially finding and/or locating in your discovering the detecting of a way to save your dolly belle ol' what's her face. Savvy?

Will: This is going to save Elizabeth.

Jack: How much do you know about Davy Jones?

Will: Not much.

Jack: Yeah, it's going to save Elizabeth.

SCENE 7: The stowaway and visiting Tia Dalma



What's all this? If you both fancy the dress, you'll just have to share and
one after the other.

Sailor #1: It's not like that, sir. This ship is haunted.

Captain: Is it now? You?

Sailor #2: There is a female presence amongst us here, sir. All the men, they can feel it. Sailor #3: Belongs to a lady widowed before her marriage, I figure it. Searching for her husband lost the sea.

Sailor #4: Virgin, too, likely as not. And that bodes ill by all accounts.

Sailor #1: I say that we throw the dress overboard and we hope the spirit follows it.

Sailor #2: No! That Will just anger this spirit, sir. What we need to do is to find out what the spirit needs and then just get it back to her –

Captain: Enough! Enough! You're a pair of superstitious goats and it's got the best of ye. Now this appears to be as no more that we have a stowaway on board. A young woman, by the look of it. I want you to search the ship and find her. Oh, and, eh, she's probably naked.

Will: Why is Jack afraid of the open ocean?

Gibbs: Well, if you believe such things, there's a beast does the bidding of Davy Jones. A fearsome creature with giant tentacles that suction your face clean off and

entire ship down to the crushing darkness. The Kraken. They say the stench
ath is... ooh. Imagine, the last thing you know on God's green earth is the



roar of the Kraken and the reeking odor of a thousand rotting corpses. If you believe such things.

Will: And the key Will spare him that?

Gibbs: Now that's the very question Jack wants answered. Bad enough even to go visit... her.

Will: Her?

Gibbs: Aye.

Jack: No worries, mates. Tia Dalma and I go way back. Thick as thieves. Nigh inseparable we are. Were. Have been. Before.

Gibbs: I'll watch your back.

Jack: It's me front I'm worried about.

Gibbs: Mind the boat.

Will: Mind the boat.

Ragetti: Mind the boat.

Pintel: Mind the boat.



Mind the boat.

Mind the boat.

Tia Dalma: Jack Sparrow.

Jack: Tia Dalma.

Tia Dalma: I always knowed the wind was going to blow you back to me one day.
[she approaches Jack, then spots Will and points to him] You. You have a touch a'
destiny about you. William. Turner.

Will: You know me?

Tia Dalma: You want to know me.

Jack: There'll be no knowing here. We've come for help and we're not leaving
without it. I thought I knew you.

Tia Dalma: Not so well as I'd hoped. Come.

Jack: Come.

Tia Dalma: What service may I do ya? You know I demand payment.

Jack: I brought payment. Look... an undead monkey. Top that!

Gibbs: No. You've no idea how long it took us to catch that.

Tia Dalma: The payment is fair.

Are you looking for this. And what it goes to.

a: The compass you bartered from me, it cannot lead you to this?



Jack: Maybe. Why?

Tia Dalma: Aah. Jack Sparrow does not know what he wants. Or do you know but are loath to claim it as your own. Your key go to a chest. And it is what lay inside the chest you seek. Don't it?

Gibbs: What is inside?

Pintel: Gold? Jewels? Unclaimed properties of valuable nature?

Ragetti: Nothing bad, I hope.

Tia Dalma: You know of Davy Jones, yes? A man of the sea. A great Sailor. Until he run afoul of that which vex all men.

Will: What vexes all men?

Tia Dalma: What indeed.

Gibbs: The sea?

Pintel: Sums.

Ragetti: The dichotomy of good and evil.

Jack: A woman!

Tia Dalma: A woman. He fell in love.

Pintel: No no no, I heard it was the sea he fell in love with.



Tia Dalma: Same story, different version and all are true. See it was a woman as changing, and harsh and untamable as the sea. He never stopped loving her. But the pain it caused him was too much to live with. But not enough to cause him to die.

Will: What exactly did he put into the chest?

Tia Dalma: Him heart.

Ragetti: Literally or figuratively?

Pintel: He couldn't live, putting his heart in a chest. Could he?

Tia Dalma: It was not worth feeling what small, fleeting joy life brings. And so, him carved out him heart, lock it down in a chest, and hide the chest from the world. The key he keep with him at all times.

Will: You knew this.

Jack: I did not. I didn't know where the key was. But now we do. So, all that's left is to climb aboard the Flying Dutchman, grab the key, you go back to Port Royal and save your bonnie lass, aye?

Tia Dalma: Let me see your hand.

Gibbs: The black spot! The black spot.

and Ragetti: Black spot.

eyesight's as good as ever, just so you know.



Tia DalmaDavy Jones cannot make port. Cannot step on land but once every ten years. Land is where you Will be safe, Jack Sparrow, and so you Will carry land with you.

Jack: Dirt. This is a jar of dirt.

Tia Dalma: Yes.

Jack: Is the... jar of dirt going to help?

Tia Dalma: If you don't want it, give it back.

Jack: No.

Tia Dalma: Then it helps.

Will: It seems... we have a need to find the Flying Dutchman.

Tia Dalma: A touch... of destiny. _____

SCENE 8: The Flying Dutchman and 99 souls

Will: That's the Flying Dutchman? She doesn't look like much.

Jack: Neither do you... do not underestimate it.

Gibbs: Must've run afoul of the reef.

at's your plan?



Will: I row over, search the ship until I find your bloody key.

Jack: And if there are Crewmen?

Will: I cut down anyone in my path.

Jack: I like it. Simple, easy to remember.

Ragetti: Your chariot awaits you. Ahahaha!

Jack: Oi! If you do have to get captured, just say Jack Sparrow sent you to settle his debt. Might save your life.

Ragetti: Move on out, ahahaha!

Jack: Douse the lamps.

Will: Sailor. Sailor! There's no use, you've run aground.

Sailor: No, many of us, without a prayer. (??)

Will: Hey! Hey!

Undead Sailor: Go on your whereabouts and pray.

[when they wish to take Will, he fights them; his sword is dipped in oil and when he breaks his lantern with it, it lights up; the Undead pirates back away]

head shark Pirate: Five men still alive, the rest have moved on.



Davy Jones: Do you fear death? Do you fear that dark abyss? All your deeds laid bare. All your sins punished. I can offer you an escape.

Sailor at the front of the row: Don't listen to him!

Davy Jones: Do you not fear death?

Sailor at the front of the row: I'll take my chances, sir.

Davy Jones: To the depths. Scared Sailor: Cold blood!

Davy Jones: Life is cruel. Why should the afterlife be any different? I offer you a choice. Join my Crew and postpone the judgment. One hundred years before the mast. Will ye serve?

Scared Sailor: I-I-I Will serve.

Davy Jones: That-a. You are neither dead nor dying. What is your purpose here?

Will: Jack Sparrow sent me to settle his debt.

Davy Jones: What is your purpose here?

Will: Jack Sparrow... sent me to settle his debt.

Davy Jones: Ha. Did he now? I'm sorely tempted to accept that offer.



Davy Jones: You have a debt to pay. You've been Captain of the Black Pearl for thirteen years. That was our agreement.

Jack: Technically, I was only Captain for two years, then I was viciously mutinied upon.

Davy Jones: Then you were a poor Captain, but a Captain nonetheless. Have you not introduced yourself all these years as 'Captain Jack Sparrow'?

Jack: Yeah, I gave you payment. One soul to serve on your ship is already over there.

Davy Jones: One soul is not equal to another.

Jack: Aha! So we've establish my proposal is sound in principle, now we're just haggling over price.

Davy Jones: Price?

Jack: Just how many souls, do you think, my soul is worth?

Davy Jones: One hundred souls. Three days.

Jack: You're a darling, mate. Send me back the boy, I'll get started right off.

Davy Jones: I keep the boy, a good, faith payment. That leaves you only ninety-nine to go. Uha, haha.

Have you not met Will Turner? He's noble, heroic, a terrific soprano. Worth at least three and a half. And did I happen to mention... he's in love. With



a girl. Due to be married. Betrothed. Dividing him from her and her from him would only be half as cruel as actually allowing them to be joined in holy matrimony. Aye?

Davy Jones: I keep the boy. Ninty-nine souls-ah. But I wonder, Sparrow... can you live with this? Can you condemn an innocent man – a friend – to a lifetime of servitude in your name while you roam free?

Jack: Yep. I'm good with it. Shall we seal it in blood, I mean, uh, ink? Ah.

Davy Jones: Three days-ah.

Jack: Uh, Mr. Gibbs?

Gibbs: Aye.

Jack: I feel sullied and unusual.

Gibbs: And how do we intend to harvest these ninety-nine souls in three days?

Jack: Fortunately, he was mum as the condition in which these souls need be.

Gibbs: Aah, Tortuga.

Jack: Tortuga.

SCENE 9: Finding a Crew and Norrington in Tortuga



It's an outrage. Port Tariff's buried (??) in fees, war handling and, heaven pilotage. Are we all to work for these India Trading Company, then?

Sailor #2: I'm afraid, sir... Tortuga is the only free port left in these waters.

Captain: A pirate port is what you mean. Well, I'm sorry, an honest Sailor is what I am and make my living fair and I sleep well each night, thank you.

Sailor #1: Sir!

Sailor: She wants you to do something.

Captain: She's trying to give a sign. Over there! Onto the side!

Elizabeth: sighs.

Sailor #2: Look, there! There it is! There's the sign.

Sailor #3: I seen it.

Sailor #2: So we can be saved. Looks like entrails.

Captain: That'd be a bad sign.

Elizabeth: What's that over there?

Gibbs: And what makes you think you're worthy to Crew the Black Pearl?

Sailor hopeful #1: Truth be told, I never sailed a day in me life. I figure I should get out and see the world while I'm still young.

ou'll do. Make your mark. Next!



Sailor hopeful #2: My wife run off with my dog, and I'm drunk for a month, and I don't give an ass rat's if I live or die.

Gibbs: Perfect! Next!

Jack: I know what I want, I know what I want, I know what I want.

Sailor hopeful #3: Me have one arm and a bum leg.

Gibbs: It's the crow's nest for you.

Jack: I know what I want.

Gibbs: Next!

Sailor hopeful #4: Ever since I was little, I've always wanted to sail the seas. Forever.

Gibbs: Sooner than you think. Sign the roster.

Sailor hopeful #4: Thanks very much.

Jack: How are we going?

Gibbs: Including those four? That gives us... four. And what's your story?

Norrington: My story? It's exactly the same as your story, just one chapter behind. I

chased a man across the seven seas. The pursuit cost me my Crew, my commission,

fe.

ommodore?



Norrington: No, not anymore, weren't you listening. I nearly had you all off Tripoli. I would've, if not for the hurricane.

Gibbs: Lord. You didn't try to sail through it?

Norrington: So do I make your Crew or not? You haven't said where you're going. Somewhere nice! So am I worthy to serve under Captain Jack Sparrow? Or should I just kill you now?

Jack: You're hired.

Norrington: Sorry. Old habits and all that.

Pirate: Easy Sailor!

Jack: Time to go.

Gibbs: Aye.

Jack: Thanks, mate. Ooh. Carry on.

Norrington: Come on, then! Who wants some? For my lordly line, I'll have you one by one. Come on, who's first?

Elizabeth: I just wanted the pleasure of doing that myself. James Norrington. What has the world done to you?

0: Will meets his father



Crew: Heave! Heave! Heave!

Undead pirate: Secure the mast, man called Mr. Turner. Secure it! Will: Step aside!

Bootstrap: Hey, mind yourself! Let go, boy] No.

Boatswain: Haul that weasel to his feet. Five lashes are in my due. To stay honor.

Bootstrap: No.

Boatswain: Impeding me in my duties? You'll share the punishment.

Bootstrap: I'll take it all.

Davy Jones: Will you now? And what would prompt such an act of charity?

Bootstrap: My son. He's my son.

Davy Jones: Ahahaha ha! What fortuitous circumstance be this. Five lashes be owed, I believe it is. Bootstrap: No. No, I won't!

Davy Jones: The cat's out of the bag, Mr. Turner. Your issue will feel its sting be it at the Bo'sun's hand or your own.

Bootstrap: No.

Davy Jones: Bo'sun!



: No!

Undead pirate: You've had it easy boy.

Bootstrap: Will!

Will: I don't need your help.

Bootstrap: The Bo'sun prides himself on cleaving flesh from bone with every swing.

Will: So I'm to understand what you did was an act of compassion.

Bootstrap: Yes. One hundred years before the mast. Loosing who you are, bit by bit. 'Till you end up, end up like poor, Wyvern, here. Once you've sworn an oath to the Dutchman, there's no leaving it. Not until your debt is paid.

Will: I've sworn no oath.

Bootstrap: Then you must get away.

Will: Not until I find this. The key.

Whidden: The Dead Man's Chest.

Will: What do you know of it?

Wyvern: Open the chest with the key and stab the heart. No, don't stab the heart. The Dutchman needs a living heart or there'll be no Captain. If there's no Captain, there is

have the key.

the Captain has the key. Where is the key?



Wyvern: Hidden.

Will: Where is the chest?

Wyvern: Hidden.

SCENE 11: The Pearl gets a heading and Beckett negotiates

Elizabeth: Captain Sparrow?

Jack: Come to join me Crew, lad? Welcome aboard.

Elizabeth: I'm here to find the man I love.

Jack: I'm deeply flattered, son, but my first and only love is the sea. Elizabeth:
Meaning William Turner, Captain Sparrow.

Jack: Elizabeth? Hide the rum. You know these clothes do not flatter you at all. It
should be a dress or nothing. I happen to have no dress in my cabin.

Elizabeth: Jack. I know Will came to find you, where is he?

Jack: Darling, I am truly unhappy to have to tell you this, but through an unfortunate
and entirely unforeseeable series of circumstances that had nothing whatsoever to do
with me, poor Will has been press-ganged into Davy Jones's Crew.

: Davy Jones?

on: Oh, please. The Captain of the Flying Dutchman?



Jack: You look bloody awful, what are you doing here?

Norrington: You hired me. I can't help it, if your standards are lax.

Jack: You smell funny.

Elizabeth: Jack!

Jack: Hmm.

Elizabeth: All I want is to find Will.

Jack: Are you certain? Is that what you really want most?

Elizabeth: Of course.

Jack: Because I would think, you'd want to find a way to save Will most.

Elizabeth: And you'd have a way of doing that?

Jack: Well, there is a chest.

Norrington: Oh, dear.

Jack: A chest of unknown size and origin.

Pintel: What contains the still beating heart of Davy Jones.

and whoever possesses that chest, possesses the leverage to command Jones to

whatever it is he or she wants. Including saving brave William from his grim fate.



Norrington: You don't actually believe him, do you?

Elizabeth: How do we find it?

Jack: With this. My compass... is unique.

Norrington: Unique, here, having the meaning of broken.

Jack: True enough. This compass does not point north.

Elizabeth: Where does it point?

Jack: It points to the thing you want most in this world.

Elizabeth: Jack. Are you telling the truth?

Jack: Every word, love. And what you want most in this world... is to find the chest of Davy Jones, is it not?

Elizabeth: To save Will.

Jack: By finding the chest of Davy Jones. Mr. Gibbs!

Gibbs: Cap'n?

Jack: We have our heading.

Gibbs: Finally! Cast off those lines, weigh anchor, and trough that canvas!

Swann.



Ragetti: Welcome to the Crew, former Commodore.

Beckett: There's something to knowing the exact shape of the world and man's place in it. Don't you agree?

Swann: I assure you... these are not necessary.

Beckett: I had you brought here because I thought you'd be interested in the whereabouts of your daughter.

Swann: You have news of her?

Mercer: Most recently seen on the island of Tortuga. The left in the company of the known pirate, Jack Sparrow, and other fugitives from justice.

Swann: Justice? Hardly.

Beckett: Including the previous owner of this sword. I believe. Our ships are in pursuit and justice will be dispensed by cannonade and cutlass and all manner of remorseless pieces of metal. I personally find it distasteful to even contemplate the horror facing all those on board.

Swann: What do you want from me?

Beckett: Your authority as Governor, your influence in London, and your loyalty to

India Trading Company.

to you, you mean.



Beckett: Shall I remove these shackles?

Swann: Do what you can for my daughter.

Beckett: So you see, Mercer, every man has a price which he will willingly accept.

Even for what he hoped never to sell.

SCENE 12: Waging years of service

Hammer-head shark Pirate: I wager ten years.

Undead pirate #1: I match the wager.

Undead pirate #3: Agreed.

Bootstrap: Wondering how it's played?

Will: I understand. It's a game of deception. The game includes all the dice, not just your own. What are they wagering?

Bootstrap: The only thing we have: years of service.

Will: So any Crew member can be challenged?

Bootstrap: Aye, anyone.

Will: I challenge Davy Jones.

Jones: I accept. The stakes?



Will: My soul. An eternity of servitude.

Bootstrap: No!

Davy Jones: Against?

Will: I want this.

Davy Jones: How do you know the key?

Will: That's not part of the game, is it? You can still walk away.

Davy Jones: What's this?

Bootstrap: I'm in, matching his wager.

Will: No. Don't do this.

Bootstrap: Die's cast. I bet three two's. It's your bid, Captain.

Davy Jones: Four four's.

Will: Four five's.

Bootstrap: Six three's.

Davy Jones: Seven five's.

ht five's.

es: Hehehe, welcome to the Crew, lad.



Bootstrap: Twelve five's. Twelve five's. Call me a liar, I upped the bid.

Davy Jones: And be called a liar myself for my trouble. Bootstrap Bill, you're a liar and you will spend an eternity on this ship. Master Turner, feel free to go ashore. The minute the next time we make port.

Will: Fool. Why did you do that?

Bootstrap: Because you'd lose.

Will: It was never about winning or losing.

Bootstrap: The key... you just wanted to know where it was.

Bootstrap: Captain says I'm to relieve you. Captain's orders.

Bootstrap: Here. Take this, too. Now get yourself to land and stay there. It was always in my blood to die at sea.

Will: It's not a fate you had to choose for yourself either.

Bootstrap: I... I could say I did what I had to when I left you to go pirating. But it would taste a lie to say it wasn't what I wanted. You owe me nothing. Now, go.

Will: They'll know you helped me.

: What more can they do to me?



Will: [holds up the knife] I take this with a promise, I'll find a way to sever Jones's hold on you and not rest 'till this blade pierces his heart. I Will not abandon you. I promise.

SCENE 13: Persuasion and the Kraken

Jack: Beckett.

Elizabeth: Yes, they're signed 'Lord Cutler Beckett of the East India Trading Company.'

Jack: Euhh.

Gibbs: Will was working for Beckett and never said a word.

Jack: Ah.

Gibbs: Beckett wants the compass. Only one reason for that.

Jack: Of course. He wants the chest.

Elizabeth: Yes, he did say something about a chest.

Gibbs: If the Company controls the chest, they control the sea.

Jack: A truly discomfoting notion, love.

aaad! Bad for every mother's son what calls himself pirate. I think there's a speed to be coaxed from these sails. Brace the foreyard!



Jack: Might I enquire as to how you came by these.

Elizabeth: Persuasion.

Jack: Friendly?

Elizabeth: Decidedly not.

Jack: Will strikes a deal for these and upholds it with honor, yet you are the one standing here with the prize. “Full pardon, commissioned as a privateer on behalf of England and the East India Trading Company...” As if I could be bought for such a low price.

Elizabeth: Jack, the letters, give them back.

Jack: No. Persuade me.

Elizabeth: You do know Will taught me how to handle a sword.

Jack: As I said... persuade me.

Norrington: It’s a curious thing, there was a time I would give anything for you to look like that while thinking about me.

Elizabeth: I don’t know what you mean.

on: Oh, I think you do.

: Oh, don’t be absurd, I trust him, that’s all.



Norrington: So you never wondered how your latest fiancée ended up on the Flying Dutchman in the first place.

Captain: Strange thing, to come upon a long boat so far out in open water.

Will: Just put as many leagues behind us as you can. As fast as you can.

Captain: And what are we running from?

Will: That dress... where did you get it?

Captain: It was found aboard this ship. The Crew thought it was a spirit bringing some omen of ill fate.

Will: That's foolish.

Sailor #2: Ah, yes, exceedingly foolish.

Sailor #1: It brought good fortune. The spirit told us... pull in at Tortuga. And we made a nice bit of profit there.

Captain: Off the books, of course.

Will: I imagine... some of your Crew may have jumped ship there.

Captain: Why do you ask?

Captain, a ship's been spotted.

Colors?



Sailor: She isn't flying any.

Captain: Pirates!

Will: Or worse.

Davy Jones: You will watch this. Let no joyful voice be heard. Let no man look up at the sky with hope. And let this day be cursed by we who ready to raise... the Kraken!

Bootstrap: Nooooo!

Will: I have doomed us all. It's the Flying Dutchman!

Sailor #1: Mother Clarice's chickens, what happened?

Sailor #2: Must've hit a reef.

Captain: Reel the rudder, help the port the—(??) starboard.

Sailor #4: Reel in rudder!

Sailor #5: Help the port!

Sailor #4: Kraken!

Hammer-head shark Pirate: The boy's not here, he must've been claimed by the sea.

es: I am the sea.] You need time alone with your thoughts. Brig!

head shark Pirate: What of the survivors?



Davy Jones: There are no survivors. The chest is no longer safe, chart a course to Isla Cruces. Get me there first or it'll be the devil to pay.

Blowfish headed pirate: First?

Davy Jones: Who's shoved that thieving charlatan onto my ship. Who told them of the key? Jack Sparrow. SCENE 14: A good man and the pursuit

Jack: My tremendous intuitive sense of the female creature informs me that you are... troubled.

Elizabeth: I just thought I would be married by now. I'm so ready to be married.

Jack: You know... Lizzie, I am Captain of a ship and being Captain of a ship I could, in fact, perform a marriage right here. Right on this deck. Right now.

Elizabeth: No, thank you.

Jack: Why not? We are very much alike you and I. I and you... us.

Elizabeth: Except for a sense of honor and decency and a moral center. And personal hygiene.

Jack: Trifles. You Will come over to my side, I know it.

Elizabeth: You seem very certain.



Jack: One word, love: curiosity. You long for freedom. You long to do what you want to do because you want it. To act on selfish impulse. You want to see what it's like. One day... you won't be able to resist.

Elizabeth: Why doesn't your compass work?

Jack: My compass works fine.

Elizabeth: Because you and I are alike. And there Will come a moment when you have a chance to show it. To do the right thing.

Jack: I love those moments. I like to wave at them as they pass by.

Elizabeth: You'll have the chance to do something... something courageous. And when you, you'll discover something. That you're a good man.

Jack: All evidence to the contrary.

Elizabeth: No, I have faith in you. You want to know why?

Jack: Do tell, dearie.

Elizabeth: Curiosity. You're going to want it – a chance to be admired – and gain the rewards that follow. You won't be able to resist. You're going to want to know what it tastes like.



Want to know what it tastes like.

Elizabeth: But seeing as you're a good man, I know that you'd never put me in a position that would compromise my honor. [Jack is ready to kiss her when he sees the black mark return to the palm of his hand and snatches his hand away] I'm proud of you, Jack.

Gibbs: Land-ho!

Jack: I need my jar of dirt.

Pintel: You're pulling too fast.

Ragetti: You're pulling too slow.

Pintel: We don't want the Kraken to catch us. I'm saving me strength for when it comes. Just don't think it's Kraken, anyways. Always heard it says Kray-ken.

Ragetti: What with the long 'a'?

Pintel: Aha.

Ragetti: No no no no no. "Kroken"'s how it's pronounced in the original Scandinavian, and "Kraken"'s closer to that.

Pintel: Well, we ain't original Scandinavians, are we? Kray-ken.

Ragetti: It's a mythological creature; I can call it what I wants!

Pintel: Toward the boat; mind the tides... don't touch my dirt.



Elizabeth: This doesn't work. And it certainly doesn't show you what you want most.

Jack: Yes, it does, you're sitting on it.

Elizabeth: Beg pardon?

Jack: Move.

Pintel: Guard the boat, mind the tide...

Ragetti: I can join the circus.

Pintel: Mind if I shine your shoes, sir?]

Davy Jones: They're here. And I cannot set foot on land for near of a decade.

Hammer-head shark Pirate: Trust us to act in your stead?

Davy Jones: I'll trust you to know what awaits you should you fail! Down then.

SCENE 15: The fight over the chest and the key

Elizabeth: It's real.

Norrington: You actually were telling the truth.

Jack: I do that quite a lot, yet people are still surprised.

h good reason.



Elizabeth: Will. You're alright, thank God! I came to find you. Jack: How did you get here?

Will: Sea turtles, mate. A pair of them strapped to my feet.

Jack: Not so easy is it?

Will: But I do owe you thanks, Jack.

Jack: You do?

Will: After you tricked me onto that ship, to square your debt with Jones.

Elizabeth: What?

Jack: What?

Will: I was reunited with my father.

Jack: Oh, well, you're welcome, then.

Elizabeth: Everything you said to me, every word was a lie!

Jack: Pretty much. Time and tide, love. Oi, what are you doing?

Will: I'm gonna kill Jones.

Elizabeth: Don't let you do that, William. 'Cause if Jones is dead, who's to call his terrible name? Off the hunt, eh? The key.



Will: I keep the promises I make, Jack. I intend to free my father. And I hope you're here to see it.

Norrington: I can't let you do that, either. So sorry.

Jack: I knew you'd warm up to me eventually.

Norrington: Lord Beckett desires the contents of that chest. I deliver it: I get my life back.

Jack: Ah. The dark side of ambition.

Norrington: Oh, I prefer to see it as the promise of redemption.

Elizabeth: Stop it! Will!

Will: Guard the chest.

Elizabeth: No! This is not funny! This is no way for grown men to – Oh, fine! Let's just pull out our swords and start banging away at each other, that's all there ever is. I've had it! I've had it with wobbly-legged, rum-soaked pirates!

Pintel: How'd this go all screwy?

Ragetti: Well, each wants the chest for hisself, don't 'e? Mr. Norrington, I think, is trying to regain a bit of honor. Ol' Jack's looking to trade it, save his own skin. And here – I think 'e's trying to settle some unresolved business twixt him and his sed pirate father.



Elizabeth: This is madness!

Pintel: Sad. That chest must be worth more than a shiny penny.

Ragetti: Terrible temptation.

Pintel: If we was any kind of decent, we'd remove temptation from their path

Elizabeth: Enough! Oh. Oh! The heat.

Jack: Bugger.

Norrington: By your leave, Mr. Turner.

Will: By your leave, Mr. Norrington.

Norrington: Do excuse me while I kill the man who ruined my life.

Will: Be my guest.

Jack: Let us examine that claim for a moment, former Commodore, shall we? Who was it that at the very moment you had a notorious pirate safely behind bars saw fit to free said pirate and take your dearly beloved all to hisself... aye? So whose fault is it really that you've ended up a rum-pot deckhand what takes orders from pirates?

Norrington: Enough! Unfortunately, Mr. Turner... he's right!

I rooting for you, mate. Oof. Oh.

e've got it! 'Ello, poppet.



Elizabeth: Sword!

Pintel: Sword!

Ragetti: Sword!

Jack: Hmm.

Conch-head: Anido. Anido! Follow my voice, follow my voice! To the left. No!

Other left. Go... No, that's a tree.

Jack: Oh, shut it.

Jack: Jar of dirt!

Will: Great.

Elizabeth: Will.

Jack: Leave him lie! Unless you plan on using him to hit something with. Elizabeth:

We're not coming out of this.

Norrington: Not with the chest. Into the boat.

Elizabeth: You're mad.

Norrington: Don't wait for me. Jack: I-I say we respect his final wish.



ye!

Conch-head: Your bravery is wasted. I shall pry the chest away from your cold...
dead... hands.

Norrington: Here you go.

Conch-head: What... Anido, Anido! Pirates. Come back here. Hey,—??

SCENE 16: The Kraken attacks thrice

Will: What happened to the chest?

Elizabeth: Norrington took it to draw them off.

Pintel: You're pulling too hard!

Ragetti: You aren't pulling hard enough.

Gibbs: Where's the Commodore?

Jack: Fell behind.

Gibbs: My prayers be with him. Best not wallow in our grief. The bright side is:
you're back. And made it off free and clear.

Elizabeth: Ah, the F-

Gibbs: Lord, I done that.



Jack: I'll handle this, mate. Oi, fish face!] Lose something, aye?—?? Got it! Come to negotiate, eh, have you, you slimy git. Look what I got. I've got a jar of di-irt, I've got a jar of di-irt, and guess what's inside it?

Davy Jones: Enough.

Jack: Hard to starboard.

Elizabeth: Hard to starboard! Will: Raise up the foreyard!

Davy Jones: Rack the starboard! Send his beloved Pearl back to the depths.

Ragetti: She's on us! She's on us!

Davy Jones: Let them taste the triple guns.

Undead pirate: Aye, Captain.

Will: Make fast!

Pintel: Don't let me down. Show us what you've got.

Elizabeth: She's falling behind!

Gibbs: Aye, we've got her.

Will: We're the faster?



against the wind the Dutchman beats us, that's how she gets her prey. But
wind...

Will: We've got her advantage.

Gibbs: Aye.

Blowfish headed pirate: We're out of range!

Davy Jones: Break off pursuit, run on light and douse canvas!

Hammer-head shark Pirate: We've given up, sir?

Marty: They've given up. Yeaaaah!

Will: My father is on that ship. If we can outrun her, we can take her. We should turn and fight.

Jack: Why fight when you can negotiate? All one needs is the proper leverage. Where is it? Where is the thump thump?

Sailor: We must've hit the reef.

Will: No. It's not a reef! Get away from the rail!

Elizabeth: What is it?

Will: The Kraken. To arms!

Gibbs: Load guns, defend the mast!

attack the starboard, I've seen it before. Roll out the cannons and hold for



Will: Easy boys.

Elizabeth: Will?

Will: Steady! Steady.

Elizabeth: Will?

Will: Hold. Hold!

Pintel: I think we've held fire long enough!

Elizabeth: Will!

Will: Fire! It'll be back. We have to get off the ship.

Elizabeth: There's no boats.

Will: Pull the grates; get all the gunpowder onto the net in the cargo hold. Whatever you do, don't miss.

Elizabeth: As soon as you're clear.

Sailor: We are short-stocked on gunpowder. Six barrel!

Gibbs: There's only half a dozen kegs of powder.

Will: Then load the rum!

Gibbs: No, ye, the rum, too!



Elizabeth: Step to. You coward.

Marty: Not good.

Will: Haul away!

Gibbs: Heave! Heave like you're being paid for it!

Gibbs: I gotcha! I gotcha!

Sailor: Save me!

Will: Hyah! Come on! Come and get me! I'm over here. Come on!

Will: Shoot! Elizabeth, shoot!

Marty: Did we kill it?

Gibbs: No. We just made it angry. We're not out of this yet. Captain, orders!

Jack: Abandon ship. Into the long boat.

Gibbs: Jack, the Pearl.

Jack: She's only a ship, mate.

Elizabeth: He's right, we have to head for land.

s a lot of open water.

t's a lot of water.



Will: We'll have to try it. We can get away as it takes down the Pearl.

Gibbs: Abandon ship. Abandon ship or abandon hope.

Elizabeth: Thank you, Jack.

Jack: We're not free yet, though.

Elizabeth: You came back. I always knew you were a good man.

Gibbs: Prepare to cast off! No time to lose! C'mon, Will, step to it.

Elizabeth: It's after you, not the ship. It's not us. It's the only way, don't you see. I'm not sorry.

Jack: Pirate.

Will: Where's Jack?

Elizabeth: He elected to stay behind to give us a chance. Go!

Jack: Bugger, bugger, bugger, bugger, bugger. C'mon. C'mon, that's it. Ah. Not so bad. Oh. Hello, beastie.

Davy Jones: Jack Sparrow, our debt is settled.

Undead pirate: Captain goes down with his ship.

head shark Pirate: Turns out not even Jack Sparrow can best the devil.



Davy Jones: Open the chest. Open the chest, I need to see it! Damn you, Jack Sparroooooow!

Scene 17: Bargaining and to World's End[/b]

Mercer: The last of our ships has returned.

Beckett: Is there any news on the chest?

Mercer: No. But, one of the ships did pick up a man, adrift at sea. He had these.

Norrington: I took the liberty of filling in my name.

Beckett: If you intend to claim these, then you must have something to trade. D'you have the compass?

Norrington: Better. The heart of Davy Jones.

Tia Dalma: Against the cold. And a sorrow. It's a shame. I know you're thinking that with the Pearl, you could've—?? and free your father's soul.

Will: Doesn't matter now. The Pearl's gone... along with its Captain.

Gibbs: Aye. And already the world seems a bit less bright. He fooled us all, right to the end. But I guess that honest streak finally won out. To Jack Sparrow!

Never another like Captain Jack.

He was a gentleman of fortune, he was.



Elizabeth: He was a good man.

Will: If there was anything to be done to bring him back, Elizabeth...

Tia Dalma: Would you do it? Hmm? What would you? Hmm? What would any of you be Willing to do? Hmm? Will you sail to the ends of the earth and beyond to fetch back—(??) Jack and his precious Pearl?

Gibbs: Aye.

Pintel: Aye.

Ragetti: Aye.

Cotton's parrot: Awk! Aye.

Elizabeth: Yes.

Will: Aye.

Tia Dalma: All right, but if you're going to brave the weird and haunted shores at world's end... then, you Will need a Captain who knows those waters.

Barbossa: So, tell me, what's become of my ship?

THE END

