

Gunpowder

by:
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revision 06

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FADE IN:

1 INT. SHIP DECK - DAY

1

Sinewy hands grab the grating covering the entrance to the lower deck of the galleon. The wooden cover seems stuck, but is finally moved aside. The light coming in through a hatchway reveals a tangle of damaged masts with tattered sails. Two heads look inside. One of them belongs to an OLD SAILOR, who takes a peek down, scared. The second face, far younger, expresses more of an interest. The man looks around the room, but takes a step back having smelled the odor of dead bodies.

OLD SAILOR

Can't let ye in, sirs. Been told to keep the... uhm... quarantine. Please forgive me, reverend.

MONK

I'm not a clergyman. They just call me Monk. The quarantine doesn't apply to us.

OLD SAILOR

Sir Monk, but I have orders from th' city.

HOLTZ

The city has agreed to conduct an investigation and I am here to warrant it.

Two more silhouettes appear in the light of the hatchway, covering their faces from the stench. Holtz, a senior, well-dressed townsman gives the sailor a stern look. The latter bows hastily.

OLD SAILOR

Good day, Mr Holz. O'course, if ye insist. But 'tis plague down there.

HOLTZ

That is for us to determine.

Meanwhile his companion, ALLAN GUNPOWDER, takes a scarf off his neck and over his face, watching the staircase carefully. His traveler's garb is worn. He has a rapier and a main gauche tucked behind his belt, as well as two flintlock pistols. Monk checks the locks on another two and hands them over. The man hides them behind his back. Monk gives him two more, connected with a rope that the man puts around his neck. Monk gives him a lit lantern.

HOLTZ

Gunpowder.

OLD SAILOR

We ain't got no gunpowder left, sir. Everythin's under th' deck. I can fetch some from me home.

HOLTZ

Silence, man, I'm not talking to you. Gunpowder, are you sure? Allan!

MONK

What's there not to be sure about? If the captain barricaded himself in the storeroom and he's still alive than it can't be the plague.

HOLTZ

Are you always so outspoken? I wonder whom did you take that after.

OLD SAILOR

Ten men tried t' pull him out o' there but he's got a stockpile o' guns 'nuff for th' whole crew for three days o' battle.

MONK

I'm just trying to use the head my parents put on my shoulders. The crew's been poisoned.

HOLTZ

Shouldn't you, perhaps, address me 'sir'?

OLD SAILOR

He hit th' lads hard. But they've seen 'tis full o' corpses down there. Even th' rats be all dead.

MONK

I may be a mere servant to Mr Gunpowder, but since you, dear SIR, happen to visit our house emptying my wine cellar every other day...

HOLTZ

Your wine cellar? Wasn't that Allan's, by any chance?

Allan ignores the argument and descends the stairs.

The gun deck is absolutely dark. Apart from the hatchway, the only source of light, is the lantern held by Allan in his hand.

An oblong, light shape appears in front of him, hanging in the air.

Allan looks closer. It is a dead body sewn in a hammock hanging from the ceiling. The hammock is pierced by bullets in a few places but there is little blood.

Gunpowder changes direction cautiously and reaches a cannon. He puts away the lantern and grabs one of the lines opening the cannon hole.

He pulls the rope, letting bright daylight in. When it falls on one of the hammocks, the stitching rips and a corpse appears.

Gunpowder draws his main gauche instinctively, pointing it at the bundle. The corpse hangs limply. It is one of the deck hands, merely a teenager with gentle facial features.

Allan sheathes his blade and approaches the boy. He runs his hand through the boy's unruly hair with paternal care. He closes his eyes gently, but they resist his efforts. Allan sighs, takes the boy's hanging hand and carefully places it back in his cocoon.

A flash of a flintlock from the far end of the deck refocuses Gunpowder's attention. A bullet hits the boy's head splattering Allan with blood and brains. He jumps behind the cannon's gunshield. The lantern, extinguished, falls on the floor.

Gunpowder draws a gun from his belt and shoots into the darkness of the deck.

After another shot from the other side Allan crawls out from behind the trail and heads towards the darkness of the deck, sneaking under the hammocks. More bullets whizz around his head.

Gunpowder hides behind a barrel standing near a small animal pen. From the inside, a goat looks at him, chewing his food calmly.

Allan's eyes are on a bucket filled with goat's milk. He raises the ladle. Sniffs.

The wild eyes of the MAD CAPTAIN watch through a small grated window of the storeroom. The muzzle of a gun appears, a shot is fired and the eyes of the madman reappear.

MAD CAPTAIN

Get off my ship! I deny
entrance! Who let you in? It
were those plotters, no doubt!
Blasted councilmen! I know what
they told you! They said I'm not
all there! You think I'm mad?
And how do you know you're not
the one who's insane and I'm
seeing the truth? But I was
faster than them, they thought
they'd get me in my sleep and
bury me with honours! I thwarted
their plans and now they lie! I
know what they did! I have
proof! They made this city rot!
Bloody bastards!

The captain punctuates his monologue with shooting, reaching for another loaded gun and peering on the deck through the window. After a while he falls silent.

The deck seems empty.

The captain slightly opens the door, cautious. He gazes hesitantly through the crack. He reaches out, a gun in his hand. Suddenly, another cannon door opens and bright daylight blinds the madman.

Allan springs towards the door and shuts it, crashing captain's hand. When the gun falls down, he throws the door open. He draws his rapier. Moments later, a hand with a cutlass appears. They exchange some swift blows. Allan skilfully avoids his opponent's inept strikes and drives his blade through the body hidden behind the door.

He lets go of the rapier and reaches for his pistols. He tries to finish his opponent, shooting. The captain starts to scream again, but most of the shots hit the wood. Allan frowns each time he shoots, obviously irritated by his own inaccuracy, even at such a short distance. He takes the last gun in his left hand. The shot silences the captain.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Damn it, every bloody time...

Allan searches the cabin. There is a pile of leaves on the table. Allan picks up one and smells it. Beside it he notices a cylindrical leather container. He reaches for it and takes out a bundle of documents. He scans them with growing bewilderment.

3

EXT. SHIP MAIN DECK - DAY

3

Allan watches the sailors carry the dead sailors' bodies sewn in sacks onto the ship's deck and arrange them in a row. The Royal Commissioners walk among them.

Allan stops at a smaller sack covered with blood around the head from which the child's unruly hand protrudes. He kneels and again gently puts his hand inside.

HOLTZ

Did you know him?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Such an annoying brat. From the north port. Orphan. Sometimes I bought apples from him, which he stole in the church garden.

Allan gets up frowning.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

He dreamed of swimming on the oceans.

Sailors drag the dead captain's body out. His face looks calm and blissful, despite a shot hole in the middle of his forehead.

HOLTZ

Still having some aiming problems?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I don't know how it's even possible, but I never seem to hit before the last shot.

MONK

Or not at all.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Hand me that handkerchief.

Monk wants to protest, but Allan takes a pretty, patterned kerchief out of his pocket and wipes his bloodied face with it.

MONK

It was a gift.

Gunpowder shows him a few leaves that he took from the table. Monk sniffs them and nods in confirmation.

MONK

How?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

The goat.

MONK

Clever.

Gunpowder goes ashore. Holtz nods to him in farewell.

HOLTZ

Did you find anything on him?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Nothing of note. Maybe he really did crack up. He always seemed odd to me. Did he have any enemies?

MONK

Nobody really liked him. Especially the councilmen. He owed money to everybody. Including us.

HOLTZ

I'll drop by the school to settle your payment.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Bring that new rapier of yours, we'll test it.

Allan looks at the Crazy Captain for a moment.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Sometimes I have the impression that it is a fight with windmills.

Allan walks away, and Monk looks at him, surprised.

MONK

With windmills? Something he suspects of millers? They are always involved in something. Maybe he discovered their plot, huh?

Monk looks at Holtz, who ignores him.

MONK

No farewells for me? No? Just as I thought.

Holtz gives him a steely stare. Monk wanders off behind Gunpowder, carrying all his weapons. Allan leaves Monk's kerchief on some crates in the waterfront. Monk reaches for it, disgusted by the bloodstains.

4

EXT. WHARF - DAY

4

Allan approaches the stall opposite the ship. A poor family, dressed in rags, sells bread on it. Allan buys a large loaf. The family is clearly grateful.

MONK

Why do you always buy bread from them? We have bread at home.

Allan's mouth is full of bread.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Because it's delicious. And the one you buy is terrible.

MONK

So this is not your typical kindness to all the poor and in need? No wonder we have no money.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Try it.

Monk reluctantly takes a piece of bread. Is surprised by its taste.

MONK

It is delicious.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I told you.

5 EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

5

Gunpowder and Monk walk the streets of a bustling port city. Some vibrant wayfarers pass them by, vendors praise their stocks, beggars ask for money.

MONK

That was quite a tragic story, actually. Those sailors put their trust in their captain, and he repaid them by poisoning and butchering them. What can you do when the threat comes from one of your folks? Someone you suppose to trust?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

It wasn't him. Someone else poisoned them. How much do we get for this task?

MONK

Think what their families must feel...

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Monk! How much?

MONK

What? Oh... 200 orts.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Two hundred? The city's getting more stingy every month.

MONK

Mr Holtz said he's sorry and promised they'll make it up to you next time, it's hard times now.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

That's rubbish, bloody bastards say that every time. But it'll fix us up for a while.

MONK

After paying your debts, the rent, the servants and the taxes, it should be enough for the firewood for the winter. Barely.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

What firewood? Winter's still far away!

MONK

That's why it's better to buy it now, while it's cheap. We won't be able to afford it later.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Drop it already. I'll take care of the bills, you don't need to school me all the time. Are you my servant or my mother?

MONK

God have mercy on her soul. At least your mother knew how to handle money.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Smart mouth... You didn't even know her. Remind me, why did I ever agree to hire you?

MONK

Because I know my numbers? Why do you expect me to clean your shoes and arms? There are lesser servants for that, ones who didn't graduate from university.

Allan stops in the way of a crowd bustling along a trading alley they happen to be in. He turns to Monk with a sigh.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 Alright. I'll go get that
 payment tomorrow and I'll buy
 that firewood.

MONK
 Not tomorrow. They're still
 waiting for a resupply, the
 prices are dreadful now. In two
 weeks' time.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 You're unbelievable. What did I
 do, why do I have to put up with
 you?

Gunpowder moves along, irritated. Monk follows him meekly.

MONK
 Because you have a good heart,
 sir, that's why. You give people
 a chance to redeem their sins.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 Wiseacre.

Monk rolls his eyes, sighs and clumsily strolls after Gunpowder.

6 EXT. NARROW CITY STREET - DAY

6

Allan and Monk approach the tenement house. There is a little crowd blocking the way, watching an elegant, proud woman, BETTY (30) standing on the high porch, looking down on the people. The boxes and chests with her belongings stand next to her.

There are people watching the scene from the windows and small groups gossiping on the street. Mostly women are staring at her, men are not interested about a newcomer, just short glances to admire her beauty before their wives notice.

Just as Allan tries to move through the crowd a hand grabs his arm.

The COLLECTOR (50) stops Allan and puts a parchment in front of his face.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 I see you finally learned to
 write.

The collector is clearly offended.

COLLECTOR

I see you are in a good mood. I have people to write for me, mister. You owe me, Gunpowder. Again.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

You know I always pay my debts. Eventually.

COLLECTOR

I want you to pay on time. You have a week Gunpowder. Then I'll take that shack from you.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

How do you plan to do that my friend?

COLLECTOR

Next time I will bring men with me.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Oh. How many?

COLLECTOR

What? I don't know... Two?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Good luck with that.

Allan pushes him aside and move toward the woman on the porch.

COLLECTOR

What do you mean by that?

Monk stops beside the Collector.

MONK

He means that you will have to take more men with you. He can take down two men in a blink of an eye, without his sword leaving the scabbard.

COLLECTOR

Oh... How many should I take then?

MONK

Hm... Ten? Yeah I think ten would be sufficient enough.

COLLECTOR

I will take ten then.

MONK

We both know you can't afford
ten men.

Monk takes the parchment from his hands and walks toward
the house, smiling.

COLLECTOR

You have a week, you hear?! And
not a day longer!! Impossible
people...

Allan finally reaches the porch.

BETTY

Hello, Mr Gunpowder.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

It's good to finally see you,
Mrs Ryal.

BETTY

Oh, you know I no longer use
that name, Gunpowder. Now I use
yours, remember?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I do have a first name, if you
please.

BETTY

Alright, Allan.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I'm sorry you had to wait,
Betty.

Betty notices that Allan is covered in blood. She is
clearly disgusted.

BETTY

Yeah, a warm welcome to your new
wife.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

This was an emergency, we were
called to...

Monk rushes up the stairs.

MONK

I will handle the luggage while
our dear lady of the house can
rest in her chamber after the
long journey.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 She was living just on the other
 side of the city..

Monk gives him a look. Allan stops in mid sentence.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 Of course. Welcome in our humble
 house.

He opens the door. Betty enters. Allan turns to the crowd
 observing him. He forces a smile and waves.

After he enters the house, women gossip even more.

7 INT. GUNPOWDER'S HOUSE - DAY

7

Allan enters his office. Monk puts a bowl with water on
 his desk.

Allan intently washes the blood off his face.

Water in the bowl turns red.

Monk sits on the bench and starts to clean up his masters
 weapons, with a sigh.

Betty opens the door to the office. She enters and look at
 her new husband. He looks tired. She leans back into the
 corridor.

BETTY
 Eleanor! Eleanor! Where's that
 wench? Bring us... wine!

Betty's last words make the servant girl appear in the
 doorway with a tray, wine and two glasses. Betty gives her
 a stern look and grabs a glass.

Eleanor approaches Gunpowder, who takes the other glass.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 Thank you my dear, you may go.

The servant smiles at Monk and leaves hastily. Betty
 frowns.
 Monk follows Eleanor with a sigh. He notices Betty's
 disapproval. He takes Allan guns and starts to clean them.

BETTY
 He is always at your side?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 Monk, can you leave us?

Betty looks at Monk piercingly. He tries to avoid her gaze. She turns to Allan with a forced smile.

BETTY

No, no. Let him do his routine.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Now as you are here, I don't want to borrow anymore from your family. They ask to be paid interest like some Jews. Usurers.

Betty is clearly surprised by this sudden attack. She forces herself to stay calm and forces another smile.

BETTY

Oh, stop it, Allan, you sound like some Lutheran zealot. You have to keep up with the times if you want to do business.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Please, don't lecture me on how to make business.

Betty rises, furious and speechless.

BETTY

For now, it seems that I'm the one who saves this household, Mr Gunpowder. Those fool's errands of yours earn peanuts.

Allan turns to her, irritated, but he doesn't comment, causing some awkward silence.

BETTY

Listen, Gunpowder. I know this is an arranged marriage. More of a business deal. But I can always go back to my aunt and tell her that you don't like her money. I provided a means for us to start fresh. I saved your ass. So I won't be your meek bride who darns your socks, you hear me? You owe me that.

Allan look her in the eye for a moment.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

All right. Let's start fresh. I want you to feel like home. To have a new home.

She is surprised by his tenderness.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Monk, make sure Eleanor fixes a good meal for our lady of the house.

MONK

Right away, sir.

Monk rushes away. Betty looks at Allan. He is clearly tired. She walks away in silence.

8

INT/EXT. GUNPOWDER'S HOUSE/STREET - LATER

8

Allan is on the sofa. On his chest lies an open book - "Don Quixote" by Cervantes. His shirt is still bloodied. Betty stands above him. She watches her husband's face.

Her hand rests on the hilt of Allan's dagger lying on the table. The dagger is clean, she can see her face in the reflection.

Allan sighs in his sleep and turns to the other side. Eleanor enters the room, with Allan's clean clothes.

Betty discreetly takes her hand from the dagger.

BETTY

I'm going to town. Tell him to throw away this dirty shirt or I'll write to the Pope himself for divorce. Hand Monk the shopping list.

Betty squeezes a piece of parchment into her hand and goes out furiously. Eleanor runs after her and disappears behind the door.

BETTY

(off)

I can handle this alone girl!
Hands off.

Eleanor appears in the doorway, head bowed. Hearing the door slam.

Allan wakes up.

He sits on the sofa for a while. He notices his shirt is stained with blood. He undresses it. He walks to his desk.

He catches a movement behind the window. He sees his wife on the other side of the street talking with neighbors, smiling, laughing at their jokes.

Monk enters the room with a tray of food.

He also looks at Betty.

MONK

She seems to enjoy herself.

Monk puts the parchment from Collector on the desk.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

How much?

MONK

They say winter can be harsh
this year. We can forget about
the wood.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

It's still few months until
winter.

MONK

Three months.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

She is right. We are earning
peanuts.

MONK

Master. If you just let me
handle...

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I will handle it.

Gunpowder frowns. Monk is clearly frustrated.

MONK

As you wish.

9

EXT. MARKET - DAY

9

Betty walks through city streets. She smiles. Nods to
people. Enjoys the day.

She takes a turn and approaches a dark alley. She takes a
look around, gathers her bourgeois dress and approaches a
ruined door to some neglected tenement house. She knocks
twice, waits and knocks again. Someone finally opens the
door. Only some male hands are visible, receiving a coin
from her.

BETTY

Lead me to him.

Old Sailor is looking at her from the entrance to the
tenement house. He nods to show her to follow him.

10 E/I. STREET/TENEMENT HOUSE - DAY

10

Betty follows Old Sailor deep into the shady street leading to the port. At one of tenements, three men play dice at a small table. The Old Sailor shows them with a movement of his hand and immediately turns and disappears around the corner.

Betty is confused. When she stands in the middle of the street thinking about the next move, one of the men notices her and shows her to his colleagues. Betty immediately moves towards them.

The men stand up and surround her.

BEAR MCCREARY

Ho ho what a beautiful young lady visited us. Are you looking for an adventure?

The rest of the men cackle. Betty looks straight into Bear's eyes.

BEAR MCCREARY

Do you want to have fun? We will go to the attic...

BETTY

Shut up. Be quiet. Yes? Shush. Now.

Bear falls silent under her gaze, completely confused. The other two look at each other in surprise.

BETTY

Thank you. Now lead me to Jan. Did I remember his name well? He is expecting me.

BEAR MCCREARY

As you wish, milady.

Bear, completely contrite, opens the door to the house in front of her. In the window above, the man who watched the whole situation hides in the shadow of the room.

11 INT. TENEMENT HOUSE HALL - DAY

11

Betty enters the old dirty hall. The door closes behind her. JAN OF GNIEW is waiting inside.

BETTY

So are you able to help me in my need?

JAN OF GNIEW

Who do you need to get rid of?

Betty hands him a folded piece of parchment. Jan watches it, but he looks very uncertain. It looks like he can't read Betty's letter.

ANGUS

I'm afraid our friend here can't read.

ANGUS goes down the stairs from the upper floor.

BETTY

Angus! What the hell are you doing here?

Betty suddenly loses all confidence.

ANGUS

When we first met, you couldn't read either. I see you are doing well.

Angus reaches for her dresses and checks the fabric, trying to lift it as high as possible. Betty backs away.

BETTY

How did you find me?

Angus looks at her acutely. Then he punches her in the face with full strength.

Betty staggers over the wall. Angus reaches her and grabs her by the neck, pressing her closer to the wall.

ANGUS

You bitch. My brother died because of you.

BETTY

Your brother died because of his own stupidity. Come on. Hit me again. You know I like it. Your brother liked it too.

ANGUS

I should kill you on the spot.

BETTY

You won't do it. I know what you really want. You always wanted to.

Betty wraps her leg around his hips and pulls him close.

BETTY

But if you want to get it again, you have to do something for me first.

Angus moves away from her and looks at the parchment.
Betty looks at him triumphantly.

ANGUS

Your new husband? So you are a
con artist now? You have not
changed a bit. Always the same
tricks.

BETTY

Do you take this job or not?
There are others in this city
who will be more than happy to
take it.

ANGUS

You will owe me much more than
money.

BETTY

What do you mean?

ANGUS

I work for some people now.
Powerful people.

BETTY

Swedes? A thief and a spy. My,
My.

ANGUS

The deal is simple. You sniff
around for me and I will make
you a widow.

Betty exhales. Her confidence returns.

BETTY

You have a week. Or there is no
deal.

Betty heads for the exit.

ANGUS

I didn't come back for you.

Betty turns around for a moment but says nothing. She goes
outside, with a smirk.

12

EXT. BACK ALLEY - LATER

12

Angus and Jan enters a dark alley. Suddenly some thugs get
in their way.

Angus eyes narrow. The group hide their faces in the
shadows.

BEAR MCCREARY

Say goodbye to your money,
sailor.

ANGUS

Shut up, McCreary. Did you get
what I asked for?

BEAR MCCREARY

What, you don't know a joke? We
are working on it, Angus.

ANGUS

The högkvarter pisses on us for
months, and now we get this
skit. Can't you just steal it?

BEAR MCCREARY

I never thought of that.

ANGUS

It's just some damned papers.
You'll bring it back once we've
added some more names. Why do I
always have to do your thinking?
Come on, we've got work to do.

Angus leaves, leading the group further into the alley.

13

EXT. SMALL SQUARE BY THE CITY WALLS - DAY

13

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT walks the street surrounded by armed
servants. They pass two prostitutes: SASKA and LENA. The
girls laugh and tease the councilman and his entourage.
One of the men stops to take a look at them. Suddenly
Saska stabs him with a knife. The girls stop laughing and
go after the group. They whisper to each other.

SASKA

So who do we take first?

LENA

The one with nice ass.

SASKA

That's none of them.

LENA

The one on right then.

SASKA

Oh, he definitely has no nice
ass.

LENA

You have a nice ass.

Lena grabs Saska's bum. Saska giggles and licks her lips.

The servants notice them and grow nervous. The rest of Angus's gang emerge from various nooks and crannies along the street. The servants draw their weapons.

A brutal and chaotic fight breaks out. The prostitutes join in, finishing off the wounded and backstabbing the men engaged with their comrades.

Angus calmly heads for Adalbert. One of the guards attacks him. Angus easily parries his blows and kills him effortlessly.

Councilman Adalbert panics.

His guards are finally defeated. The band takes their pouches and any other valuable items.

Old Sailor is on the lookout. He sees a two-man city guard patrol. The guards see what is happening on the square and want to react, but they stop when they look at Old Sailor. The man produces two silver coins and throws them to the guards. They collect them from the ground and disappear around a corner.

Angus approaches Adalbert.

ANGUS

Our common friends send their regards, Adalbert.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

Why won't you leave us alone?!
We've signed the declaration!

ANGUS

I'm just here to make sure you
keep your promises.

Jan of Gniew grabs Adalbert's arm and breaks his little finger. The councilman screams ear-piercingly.

ANGUS

This is just to make sure you
remember. Let the others know.

14

EXT. FENCING SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

14

A troupe of actors is rehearsing an execution scene on a wooden stage. The SOUNDS of arms clashing and gunshots can be heard. The Old Sailor, dressed as the executioner, turns away disgusted.

OLD SAILOR

How do they expect us to work in
this racket?

The rest of the group shake their heads with irritation, but they go back to rehearsing. There are some fencers practicing in the yard in front of the stage. Behind them, in a small shooting-range, some people are reloading their guns and shooting at a target.

Holtz, in shirtsleeves, deals some rather clumsy thrusts with a rapier. Gunpowder, similarly dressed, parries his blows easily and retaliates. Holtz avoids the riposte with difficulty. Monk watches them, holding Allan's clothes.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Don't spread your legs so much,
you're losing reach.

HOLTZ

How much are you missing?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Monk!

MONK

523 orts, 52 groszes.

HOLTZ

When did you manage to get into
such debts again?

MONK

My master adamantly rejects to
accept any help with his
finances.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Nobody asked for your opinion.

HOLTZ

You're just as stubborn as your
father. The boy's right. Why are
you dealing with it on your own?
He can help you, your new wife
can help you...

MONK

I sense our new Mistress has a
knack for it.

HOLTZ

Nobody asked for your opinion.
Who pushed this servant on you?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

You did.

HOLTZ

Wait a second, if I recall
correctly, you insisted on it
yourself...

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 Better tell me about that new
 assignment. Could you do
 something about it?

They hand their rapiers to Monk and pass on to the
 shooting-range. Gunpowder takes a pistol and aims at the
 target.

He shoots and misses.

HOLTZ
 How are you able to do this job
 when you shoot like that?

MONK
 Master goes for strength in
 numbers.

HOLTZ
 Do you mind, boy?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 What of the assignment?

HOLTZ
 Drop by the Artus Court today.
 We'll see what can be done.
 Don't close your eyes, hold your
 breath, don't yank the trigger.

Gunpowder shoots. He misses.

15 INT. GUNPOWDER'S HOUSE - DAY

15

Betty is sitting at her vanity table in front of the
 mirror. She is examining her face. The hit left a small
 bruise and redness. She is not happy. She takes a bit of a
 charcoal from the fireplace, and paints a black eye. She
 is clearly experienced with it, it looks very believable.
 She hears men entering the house. She goes downstairs and
 enters Allan's office.

Allan looks at her face.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 What happened to you?

BETTY
 I found a job for you. I was
 attacked right under my aunt's
 house. She's was furious, and
 she wants you to take care of
 those thugs. She'll pay well.

Allan walks over to her and raises her face to the light. He strokes her cheek with a tender gesture that surprises Betty.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Who attacked you?

BETTY
The attackers didn't even try to hide it. They said they're Angus Griefsonn's men.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Of course. They're on the bounty list. Large group. Brutal. Very dangerous.

BETTY
See? Allan, you can earn! The city will pay for them too.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Most likely. Why did they introduce themselves so willingly?

BETTY
They threatened me. They said you were to stop meddling in their affairs or they would kill me.

Allan sits on the sofa. Intensely thinking.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Will I finally meet your aunt some day?

BETTY
Oh come on, she'd bore you to death. I'll tell Eleanor to hurry up with dinner.

Allan reaches for his main gun.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Can you prepare gunpowder?

BETTY
What? Like you? Now?... Wait you mean an actual gunpowder? Of course I can.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Prepare a pound, or even pound and a half. And get ready to travel.

BETTY

You are kidding me? I just arrived... unpacked... It will take me whole day to pack my coffins...

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

We will travel light and on foot.

BETTY

You expect me to walk? On dirt roads? In this weather?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

It's too dangerous for you to stay here. Who's going to watch for you? Monk?

BETTY

Listen, Gunpowder. I can always go back to my aunt, but I'm not going to be drag along while you hunt for some bandits!

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Betty...

BETTY

You could just... oh whatever...

She wants to walk out but suddenly a rock hits a window. Glass shatters right in front of her.

Allan jumps to her and pushes her to the sofa. He glances through the window with his gun ready. Some young boys run away down the street. He reaches for the rock wrapped with paper. The writing says "be dead".

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I know this people. You're coming with me.

Gunpowder watches her getting furious. But she does not speak. She gets up, goes out of the room and slams the door behind her.

Allan looks through the broken window. He sighs heavily.

16

EXT. BROTHEL - DAY

16

Angus is sitting at a table surrounded by his men. They drink. Some prostitutes hang around them, Lena is sitting in Bear McCreary's lap and Saska lays her head upon Angus's shoulder, but he moves away from her. Jan of Gniev enters.

JAN OF GNIEW
It is not dere.

ANGUS
What the hell did you say?

JAN OF GNIEW
We look in city hall. Document
is not dere. So I beat the
clerk...

ANGUS
Baldwin? Wait, Baldwin! Are you
still working at the town hall?

Old Sailor - Baldwin, turns away from the mug. He is
wearing a clerical outfit. He looks at his boss with a
skeptical look.

BALDWIN
Part time.

JAN OF GNIEW
I beat the other clerk, he say
it swim to Sweden.

ANGUS
För helvete. You've fooled
around for too long.

JAN OF GNIEW
Wait. The ship on which it go is
still in port. It's plagued
ship. I search it too.

ANGUS
And?

JAN OF GNIEW
Someone was faster.

ANGUS
Who?!

17 EXT. ARTUS COURT - DAY

17

Allan approaches a huge, richly detailed building - Artus
Court. Two servants stops him at the gate.

SERVANT
No entry for commoners!

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Come on Olav. It's me.

SERVANT
Ah, are you expected?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Yes, by Holtz. As usual.

SERVANT
Well, make it quick.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Next time I'm not saving your
ass from muggers, Olav... you
brat.

18 INT. ARTUS COURT - DAY

18

Allan enters a huge ballroom inside the Artus Court. The room is full of small groups of rich men who talk loudly, laugh, argue and drink beer distributed by servants with long beards and white linen aprons.

The first table is occupied by hazard games players, bids are obscene high. The rest of the room is a regular party. A group of drunken nobles sing.

NOBLES
Hic sudores fratres, spumantia
tectata, hauriunt Pocula. Hic
vivere significat bibere!

There is a circus men doing ticks around - a man walking on a line near the ceiling, jugglers and a joker trying to disturb them.

At the main table there is a fierce discussion.

WEALTHY TOWNSMAN
We can't tolerate this anymore!
We are on the verge of
bankruptcy!

COUNCILMAN
The Swedes still stand behind
Oliwa, the marauders plunder the
roads, almost up to the walls.
Gates must remain closed!

WEALTHY TOWNSMAN
Bullshit, you do it to raise
prices! We will come to the King
with this!

COUNCILMAN
You can look at the King from a
distance from your gutter! No
one will listen to someone like
you at the court!

The quarrel begins, everyone exclaims.

Allan approaches a group of wealthy merchants among whom he spotted Holtz.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

Ah, Gunpowder! How delightful of you to come visit us in such charming circumstances. In your finest clothes as usual.

Allan bows deeply. His clothes are dirty and rugged. He uses his hat to dust his boots off in a theatrical gesture. The councilmen respond with nods and smirks. Councilman Adalbert snaps his fingers and flinches, feeling pain in his broken finger. A servant approaches them carrying beers. He hands Allan a cup with a description in latin - "Quicumque me duodenis biberit temporibus, indulgentiam accipiet a Sancto Reinoldo"

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

You probably expect payment, but as you hear, the situation is quite tense..

Allan frowns.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

My dear lad, don't look at me like that. We'll add something extra this time. In recognition of exposing yourself to the plague source. We wouldn't appreciate the news of it... spreading across the city and causing unrest among the citizens.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Mister Councilman, it is my understanding that the ship's captain had lost his mind... Maybe even poisoned the crew himself and finished them off with a knife in their sleep. But it is possible that someone else..

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

Nonsense! Councilman Holtz warned us that you might have this ridiculous idea! You'll all agree, gentlemen, that the evidence clearly points to plague and we will have to quarantine the city. Plus, the bloody Swedes are coming up to the walls! Gates must remain closed!

HOLTZ

This Swede landing is indeed unfortunate and disrupts our trade, but so far we have managed to keep them at Zoppot manors line. Let's not panic.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

You Lutherans are so laid-back.

HOLTZ

I'm catholic.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

Even worse. How would we be able to enjoy the Zoppt's baths if there is enemy there? We need to get rid of those pests!

Allan wants to say something, but Holtz stops him with a look.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

My dear, don't worry about payment, I think I'll have something for you ... in two weeks.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Could it be accelerated a bit?

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

You didn't happen to find anything peculiar on him, have you? Something that could... cause his... state?

Allan takes a look at Holtz. He wants to respond, but Holtz interrupts him.

HOLTZ

Mister Gunpowder would like to tell you about his latest discovery, as I've mentioned earlier.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

Yes, Gunpowder? What did you bump into?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I am on a trail of Angus Griefsonn's gang. They are the most vicious outlaws to plague this noble city, sirs. They're on the bounty list.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT
 Godforsaken Swedes.

Gunpowder's words cause a stir among the councilmen. They whisper to each other for a while.

HOLTZ
 He should find his way to the gallows. That'd make a fine example.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT
 No one would care for some hanged brigand with your sailors being condemned for brawls every other day, Holtz.

HOLTZ
 They are not my sailors, they are King's sailors. The fleet is bored and we've fallen behind with their pay. Besides, they're overjoyed by us having denied them entrance to the city.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT
 Alright, Holtz, dear Mr Gunpowder doesn't need to hear your grumbling. Take care of Griefsonn. Immediately.

HOLTZ
 I am sure you must be very busy, fellow councilmen, so allow me to determine the details of the prize with our secretary.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT
 Yes, yes, spare no expense. This gang has been a thorn in our side for far too long.

Gunpowder bows deeply, while Holtz pulls him away by his sleeve.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 That went better than I expected.

HOLTZ
 You can thank me later, I've laid the groundwork for you. You'll earn.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 What's with that gate closing thing? Monk discovered that some gang members are outside the

(MORE)

ALLAN GUNPOWDER (CONT'D)
 city. It'll be hard for me to
 move around.

HOLTZ
 What do you think it is? Those
 greedy fools count on some
 handsome bribes and tolls
 that'll allow 'healthy'
 merchants to enter or leave the
 city.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 So I thought. What money does to
 people...

Holtz stops Allan midway.

HOLTZ
 You really want to take her with
 you on that hunt?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 It's not like I have any choice.
 I cannot protect her if I'm not
 around.

HOLTZ
 Be careful, Allan. Be very
 careful.

19 EXT. CITY STREET AND GATE - NIGHT

19

Monk is walking down the street at a fast pace. A city
 gate is visible behind him, dimly lit with lanterns.

He joins Allan and Betty who stand nearby. They all wear
 traveler's garbs. Betty is dressed up as a commoner.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 So?

MONK
 He refused.

BETTY
 Why are we doing this in the
 middle of the night?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 You said you'd fixed this!

MONK
 It's not my fault, my man fell
 sick. This guard wants more.

BETTY

Would someone please respond to my question?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

We are doing this in the middle of the night so that nobody knows we've left the city. We'll use the element of surprise. But we can't afford to pay more just to pass a stupid gate.

BETTY

You boys always manage to botch even the easiest tasks. Give me that.

Betty snatches the coins from Monk and heads towards the gate.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Hey, get back, you were supposed to stay behind!

Betty ignores him.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Bloody wenches.

MONK

Well...

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Don't even start. One more word and I'll kill you.

Betty approaches the guard baring her shoulders.

She leans towards him and whispers in his ear. Her face expression suddenly turns intimidating.

She takes a step back after a while and gives the guard a bright smile. The latter grabs the money hurriedly and opens the wicket gate.

MONK

Well I'll be damned.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Why does it always have to be so easy for them dames?

All three board a small boat. The Old Sailor grabs the oars and starts rowing down the canal. Monk takes a seat beside Gunpowder.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Would you be so kind as to explain to me why we are taking a boat instead of riding down the road? Oliwa is in spitting distance on horseback. We'd be there before sext.

MONK

You dislike the fees, my dear master? Imagine how much they ask at the main gates, added it's nighttime. That goddamn quarantine is the perfect instrument of robbery.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Bloody buggers. The older they get the greedier they become.

MONK

The whole city lives in constant sin of avarice. The surrounding villages are no better, every backwater has closed its roads and bridges and flays the travelers for toll.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Then how do you intend to get us to Oliwa? Are you sure we'll find something there? Is it worth wasting our time and money?

MONK

It is. I got a cue from my man that we'll find a few of the gang there. This company is making the lives of Oliwans a misery.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

These tolls will make our lives a misery.

MONK

Relax, my man's cousin is guarding the bridge, he won't charge us for passing.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Yeah. You just hope my wife won't have to do your job for you this time. Is that what I think it is?

A rather small, yet sleek sailboat emerges from the fog.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 You rented Libava? A bloody
 luxurious yacht?

MONK
 The captain owes me a favor. If
 we're sailing, we might just as
 well do it with style. Besides,
 he is an old smuggler, if
 someone can drive us through the
 Swedish blockade, it is only
 him. At least on our modest
 budget.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 You'll get it someday.

The boat arrives at the ship and it's passengers climb
 aboard.

21 EXT. GDANSK BAY - DAWN

21

Allan Gunpowder is standing on the prow of a yacht sailing
 steadily through the calm waters of the bay. The landscape
 of Gdansk is visible in the background, as well as the
 cathedral towers in Oliwa far ahead. The bay is bustling
 with life as numerous boats and ships are sailing in all
 directions.

Betty strolls along the deck, breathing in the sea air.
 She approaches Monk, who doesn't seem too pleased with the
 ship's rocking.

BETTY
 I could travel like this! Sail
 beyond the horizon!

MONK
 I've no idea what you see in it.

BETTY
 I'd go back to England. I'd buy
 myself an estate with an
 enormous garden and I'd receive
 young gentlemen from good
 families in my salons.

Monk looks at her with doubt.

MONK
 I don't suppose a meager
 townswoman could buy herself an
 estate like some noble lady.
 Besides, you are a married woman
 now.

BETTY

Oh, you know nothing. The world is changing. Today someone with a knack for money can have everything they want. Someone like you and me. Only my boor of a husband doesn't seem to appreciate our talents. How did you come to serve him anyway?

MONK

He saved my life.

BETTY

Monk. Why's he calls you that?

MONK

Let's just say that my real name would better stay secret.

BETTY

Did you at least have something to do with actual monks?

MONK

Yes. I had been in a monastery.

BETTY

Then what happened?

MONK

I was convicted for something I hadn't done. I ran away, so they sent for a bounty hunter. Gunpowder.

BETTY

And he spared you? That's so him.

MONK

I owe him a debt I can never repay.

BETTY

He doesn't look very pleased with your services. I'd treat you better.

MONK

You've only known him for three months.

BETTY

Can't you see the possibilities he's wasting? We could be sailing our own yacht if he'd

(MORE)

BETTY (CONT'D)
just let us in. In a few years
we'd be running the whole city.

MONK
His mother would have liked you.
Master is what he is, who are we
to change him?

BETTY
Just my luck. And I'd been
complaining about my last
husband, God have mercy on his
soul. Sometimes I wish he wasn't
there at all.

Allan appears behind Betty.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
We have a problem.

All three come to the side. A warship is sailing towards
them.

MONK
Swedish blockade. I was hoping
they were still asleep.

Alan looks around at the masts of the yacht, evaluates the
strength of the wind expertly. He looks at the captain of
the YACHT, who is watching the Swedish ship in fear.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Why has this fool haven't luffed
up yet? We have a good course
and we are faster. Smuggler my
ass.

The Swedish ship shoots from a cannon. The cannonball hits
the water at a considerable distance from the yacht.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Luff her damn it.

The captain is doing exactly the opposite. Allan runs over
to him.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Luff her!

YACHT CAPTAIN
Can't outrace the Swede. We are
doomed. They'll kill us.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
I will kill you if you won't
luff her right now!

The captain froze in a panic. Allan pushes the helm, almost knocking over the Captain with it.

The sails are tightening and the yacht is leaning. Betty loses balance and catches the mast at the last minute. The yacht is accelerating rapidly.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Sheet home! To the ropes you lazy bastards!

Two crew members hesitantly look at their captain but after Gunpowder's scream they rush to the ropes.

Water splashes in front of the bow and the yacht moves away from the Swedish ship.

Betty is clearly surprised by Allan's confidence and charisma. She watches him standing on the shroud, leaning over water, balancing like an experienced sailor, smirking on the swedes ship gaining distance.

MONK

Well, once a sailor always a sailor.

22

EXT. BAY SHORE - DAY

22

A boat with all three of them lands in a small haven by the beach. The yacht rocks lightly in the background. They disembark onto a jetty.

The yacht captain looks at his ship in disbelief. Allan pats him friendly on the back.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Fine ship she is.

When Betty passes Allan, he grabs Monk aside.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

What did you and my wife talk about so much?

MONK

It would seem to me that your wife would gladly join in managing your property.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Over my dead body.

MONK

I'm afraid that leaving this mortal coil might actually be quite imminent in your case, sir. I'm afraid your death would

(MORE)

MONK (CONT'D)
 be very convenient for your new
 wife. I don't trust her.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 Hey, watch it. You're crossing
 the line...

MONK
 I just want to say that you
 should be careful. I don't like
 it that you are about to face a
 whole band known for their
 brutality alone.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 That's why you'll help me.

MONK
 I did already establish where we
 could find them, didn't I?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 You'll help me in the fight, if
 it's necessary.

MONK
 Me? I'm just a scribe.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 Stop whining, you say that every
 time.

MONK
 Because it's true...

23 EXT. OUTPOST - DAY

23

Peasant carts with goods drive along a bumpy road winding
 among fields. Among them are local residents, sailors,
 soldiers and monks, traveling on foot.

BETTY
 This is outrageous. My feet are
 killing me.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 You prefer to be killed by the
 road or the gang?

BETTY
 Why won't we rent at least a
 wagon? Or a horse?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 Where do you get those ideas?
 The least we want is to make a

(MORE)

ALLAN GUNPOWDER (CONT'D)
sensation out of the common
woman riding a horse...

BETTY
I'm not a peasant mister.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
My dear. Nobody knows that here.
Just keep the low profile.
Please do not shout at your
husband, it's not how women
behave in these parts. Enjoy the
view. At least the weather is
not that bad.

BETTY
Don't you lecture me you brute.

Allan sighs. Betty stops for a second to catch her breath. She notices the view of the bay. A vast open space of fields and meadows, small villages and towns, full of village folks working and carrying on their business. The calm sea on the left, the great city of Gdansk in its glory sitting on the far side, and the Oliva monastery on the right, surrounded by hills and woods. It makes her gasp in awe. Her mood lightens up, and she rushes to catch the boys.

Allan, Monk and Betty pass through the royal army outpost. Gunpowder shows the officer a safe-conduct from the city. Monk greets his friend's cousin guard and nods to the officer. He lets them through.

24 EXT. FRONT OF THE MILL - DAY

24

Allan, Betty and Monk reach a charmingly situated mill.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Since we're already here, I have
to take care of something.

Betty gives him a questioning look, but Allan leaves for the compound. She moves her gaze to Monk.

MONK
It's our mill.

BETTY
I'll kill him. Why does he never
say anything? We have a mill.
Nothing to brag about.

A richly dressed MERCHANT MARTYN is talking to the miller in front of the mill. Noticing him, Allan flinches.

MARTYN UPHAGEN
Allan! What a coincidence!

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Greetings Uphagen.

MARTYN UPHAGEN
Now now, son, I told you, you
can call me Martyn. Have you
thought my proposition through?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
I'm not selling you this mill.
My father built it.

MARTYN UPHAGEN
Come on, we both know that it
was your mother who arranged it
all. Your father was out at war
at the time.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Tobias, how are the repairs
going?

TOBIAS THE MILLER
Not so good, dear master. Me
wife's ill and I needed t'help
me son with...

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Alright, alright. Try to take
care of it as soon as possible.

MARTYN UPHAGEN
You see, Allan? You're no good
at it. You're too forgiving and
the mill's just standing here,
not making any money. The only
gunpowder mill in the bay not
working in the time of war. And
you're running around chasing
muggers. Your mother is turning
in her grave.

Gunpowder wants to say something, but Betty interrupts
him.

BETTY
We thank you for your remarks,
but we can handle managing our
wealth ourselves.

MARTYN UPHAGEN
And who's going to do it? You?
My dear, don't be ridiculous.
It's not a sport for little
girls.

BETTY

Oh really? I can manage it better than you would.

MARTYN UPHAGEN

Listen girl, I don't need your competition here. I will control all the mills in this valley and I'll get yours before you know it.

BETTY

Oh yeah? We'll see what the Cistercians have to say about it.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Alright Betty, that's enough. Forgive me, Martyn.

MARTYN UPHAGEN

You've got yourself a nice piece of work here, Allan. The town is already full of gossip.

BETTY

I'll kill this fat pig.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Come on, stop embarrassing me.

Allan drags the furious Betty away. Suddenly he notices that merchant Martyn is approaching and talking to two armed men. He looks intensely towards Gunpowder.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

That looks like trouble.

The men are starting to run towards him. Allan pulls out a gun and shoots. He misses.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Damn it! Monk, get her out of here!

Monk drags Betty with him. The bandits get to Allan and attack immediately.

BANDIT

Greetings from Angus Grieffson!

Gunpowder effectively defends against attacks. After brief exchange, he hits one of them in the neck. The other pushes him onto the bridge.

Allan clinches with his opponent and pushes the bandit behind the railing. The man falls into the water. Allan pulls out a gun and shoots. He misses again.

BETTY

What's with him? Why is he missing?

MONK

That's just his thing. It's perfectly normal.

BETTY

Normal?!

Allan runs down the embankment.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Monk! Come down here! Grab the paddle!

The bandit is panicking, he can't catch the air. Water carries him to the center of the pond.

Allan jumps into a boat tied to a tree, Monk jumps behind him. Allan crosses the rope. He tries to cross the bow over Monk, almost falling overboard.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Row!

Monk pushes against the oars. The boat moves slowly. Allan is in the bow. He shoots the gun. Yet another miss.

MONK

I don't know why you are wasting time shooting at all.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Don't talk, just row!

The boat is coming to Bandit. He suddenly stops flowing. He frowns. When Allan is a few meters away from him, he suddenly gets up. Water reaches just his knees.

The bandit and Allan look at each other in surprise.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Monk! Full astern!

MONK

What?!

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Make her stop!

The boat slows down. Allan attacks with his rapier. There is a fast exchange of blows, but Allan has a problem with maintaining balance. The boat starts throwing sideways. Finally, Gunpowder jumps into the water. The bandit backs away, assesses his chances and begins to run away. Allan moves with him.

Betty waves to Monk from the bank.

BETTY
Hey don't leave me here!

Monk turns the boat.

25 EXT. PASTURE - DAY

25

The bandit runs to the pasture where a herd of horses grazes. He efficiently jumps on the mount and rides towards the gate.

Allan has a problem to catch a horse for himself, because the herd frightened before the galloping horse.

In the end, he manages to climb one of the larger horses and runs in pursuit.

This is all observed by a group of farm workers on the cart. Betty and Monk run up to them.

MONK
Guys, we need a ride to the town. You'll pick up your horses, by the way.

26 EXT. ROAD - DAY

26

The bandit falls out of the pasture onto the road and goes towards the monastery in the distance. A small settlement lies nearby.

Gunpowder follows him. He pulls out a gun. Shoots. The bullet whines above the bandit's head. He pulls out another gun. He misses again.

The bandit falls into the narrow streets of the town. Gunpowder pulls out the last gun with his left hand. He shoots and hits the bandit on the shoulder. The fugitive turns sharply and disappears around the corner of the building.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Always the same.

Allan follows the bandit and falls into the middle of a market full of people. He stops the horse.

There is no sign of the bandit anywhere. On the other side of the square stands the horse on which he rode. People look at Gunpowder, froze in half motion. There is silence.

Alan circles around in place, looking for the man he was chasing.

Suddenly a small unit of soldiers bearing Cysterians colors squeezes through the crowd. They are led by a colorfully dressed OFFICER.

OFFICER

Your grace will come down from this stead which is not yours. I am asking you politely. We are taking you for questioning because there is no place here for brawls or escapades.

After a moment's hesitation, Allan dutifully jumps off the horse.

27 EXT. MONASTERY - DAY

27

Gunpowder stands surrounded by guards near the magnificent palace, next to which another wing is created. Work is on the building site.

Allan sees the two horses they borrow from the pasture being escorted by a bollard to the owners who stand at the gate with the cart. Betty and Monk dismount.

Nearby, the officer reports to PRIOR. He looks skeptical at Allan. Then, with a gesture of his hand, he orders his men to lead him in. They enter the palace.

28 INT. MONASTERY CHAPEL - DAY

28

The guard leads Allan to the chapel in which the ABBOT prays. Prior stands before him.

PRIOR

Reverend, this despicable man, stole two horses from our pastures and ...

The Abbot silences him with a gesture.

ABBOT

What have you been up to, Allan? Another escapade of yours? Good to see you my friend.

The Prior is completely surprised. Allan gives him a smile.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I was chasing down a member of Angus Grieffson's gang.

ABBOT

Ah, Grieffson. Yes Yes. Of course, the abbey supports the

(MORE)

ABBOT (CONT'D)
 city in these godly activities
 and willingly lends its horses
 to chase the bandits.

The Abbot clearly emphasizes the last words. The Prior looks sour.

PRIOR
 Gunpowders should be held
 responsible for the neglect of
 the mill, which is extremely
 important in times of war
 turmoil. The monastery should
 take over it.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 Over my dead body.

ABBOT
 Pax, pax, gentlemen. Nobody will
 take his property from anyone.
 We are bound by a contract
 written with the father of the
 honorable Allan present here,
 when he was just a young man.
 And I'm not going to break it.
 Allan, let's walk, the air
 became stuffy here.

The abbot gives the prior a skeptical gaze.

29 EXT. MONASTERY GARDEN - DAY

29

Abbot and Allan are walking along the park alley.

ABBOT
 I would like to get rid of this
 fool, but his family is
 influential and will put large
 sums into the monastery. I guess
 they really want to keep him
 away from home.

Allan smiles. The Abbot sighs.

ABBOT
 I don't know what will happen to
 this place when I leave, and I
 feel I won't be able to pull it
 for long. The Swedes landed
 under our breath. We don't have
 enough people to fill out posts
 on all roads, but I don't think
 the Swede is willing to visit us
 yet. But they prevail over us,
 they disturb trade with the
 city, and the prices rise so
 (MORE)

ABBOT (CONT'D)

much that we will soon be eating our own shoes. Added up is this construction site and all its problems...

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Reverend, I'm looking for Grieffson men. You know something about them you can share to help me track them down?

ABBOT

Oh my dear. This is a complicated matter. We usually have no trouble with bandits ... because we pay them.

Allan stops.

ABBOT

Don't make such a surprised face. I can't set up a private militia here, because we can't afford it. And nobility would whip us that we were arming ourselves. So we got along with local bands that if they keep the streets clear, avoid brawls in the inn and will rob our competition instead of us, we will not be offended and we will share what the gracious god gives us. And all was well for years.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

And it changed six months ago.

ABBOT

And it changed six months ago. A man named Jan from Gniew appeared and removed all our herd of familiar thugs. And he took over the streets and he didn't want to get along with us. Grieffson joined him recently and immediately took over the band.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Why didn't you ask the city for help before? Or the King? Or me?

ABBOT

Unfortunately, the city is not fond of us. This whole tumult between Catholics and

(MORE)

ABBOT (CONT'D)

Protestants... every now and then another heretic tries to confuse the flock and mess in their heads. And the King has his own problems. It's good that God has sent you to us.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I will try to get rid of this gang, but I could use some help.

ABBOT

Well, I can only not disturb your efforts, but I'm afraid that some of my pupils want to get rid of me very much, and they got along with bandits on the side. You see, the monastery has lands from the Main City to Zoppot, taverns, latifundia, brewery and a monopoly on almost everything. And mills, more than twenty mills. Your powder mill is the last one that doesn't belong to us yet. Whoever manages this wealth has enormous power in the region. And some people dream of this power, instead of focusing on God and supporting our flock. Some are too ambitious. And my hands are tied to them. They won't let me officially support you. Chaos suits them.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I understand.

ABBOT

My boy, you can't lose this mill. Your mother has done so much work to get it running, and your father to make a profit for your family out of it. Do not waste it.

The abbot looks from afar at Betty and Monk waiting at the gate.

ABBOT

Ach, Monk. Good boy. I'm happy you gave him the chance for redemption. Who is the girl?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

My wife.

ABBOT

Ah. I've already had heard of her. She is a... smart woman../ God has given you a talent to get rid of parasites from this land, but you have no talent for business my dear boy. Let others deal with it. Women rule the world, they say. Your father knew it, and it was your mother who looked after your family business when he fought in the war. Maybe you should let your loved one's help you. Let them in. You can't mourn your previous wife forever. It was a wonderful girl. But it's time to live on. Allow it.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

It's not so easy.

ABBOT

I know my dear. Go with God, let him lead your arm. And justice will triumph. In nomine patris et filii et spiritus sancti.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Amen.

The abbot makes a sign of the cross and pats Allan on the shoulder with a father's gesture. Gunpowder bows low and walks away.

30 EXT. OLIWA STREET - DAY

30

A busy street of a tiny city overshadowed by the Oliwa Cathedral. Market day - the street is full of stalls and commoners doing their shopping.

Gunpowder interrogates the merchants.

CUT TO:

31 EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

31

Gunpowder is beating some shady man, pausing from time to time, to ask him questions.

Monk and Betty are watching them from around the corner. Monk is sickened by it, Betty seems to be agitated by it.

CUT TO:

Monk and Gunpowder push their way through a crowd, trying to outflank two skinny sailors, who are running away from them. Allan finally gets one of them right in front of Betty. She's sitting on a barrel and eating an apple with a bored look on her face.

Monk rejoins them, panting. He takes a look at the crowd gathering around them, straightens quickly and addresses the people.

MONK

City business, get back to your work!

The crowd disperses slowly. Allan looks at Monk with anger.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

How is it that it's always me who finally gets them, even though I'm way older than you are?

MONK

What? He was very fast!

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

My mother used to run faster than you do. And I never saw her run.

BETTY

Hahaha, are you boys always like that? I have to hang with you on these 'jobs' more often.

The sailor tries to escape, but a swift kick from Gunpowder dissuades him from that idea.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

And where are you going, laddie? We've lots to talk about.

Allan drags the sailor behind a stall.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Talk. Jan from Gniew.

RUNNING SAILOR

Jan comes to the tavern to collect once a week. He's a big man, strikes first and then asking questions, everyone's afraid of him.

MONK

Does he have any company?

RUNNING SAILOR

He never did. I told you
everyone's afraid of him, right?

33 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE TAVERN - NIGHT

33

It is raining. Light spills out of small windows of a low building. The buzz of drunken conversations and songs, the barmaid's squeal and the patrons' repeated bursts of laughter can be heard from the inside. A silhouette in a hat steadily approaches the building. Allan looks around carefully before opening the door.

Betty, hidden nearby in the shadow of the building, catches his gaze.

BETTY

Are you sure he can do it?

MONK

I didn't think you could worry
about him.

Betty doesn't respond. She watches Allan disappear behind the door, concerned.

34 INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

34

The tavern is full of people. Sailors, shady types and some local drunkards surrounded by prostitutes and barmaids. Nobody pays attention to Allan, sitting in the corner of the room. Everyone's eyes are on Jan of Gniew as he approaches the counter. The innkeeper is clearly frightened.

Jan stops at the counter and starts to speak in a loud voice, still looking at the innkeeper.

JAN OF GNIEW

I hear you looking for me,
Gunpowder.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

You've quite a list of crimes
putting a bounty on your head.

Jan approaches Allan's table.

JAN OF GNIEW

I didn't do it.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

That's what everyone says.

JAN OF GNIEW

You have something. It is not
your.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I've no idea what you're talking
about.

JAN OF GNIEW

Something you take from ship.

Allan drinks his beer unhurriedly, ignoring Jan.

JAN OF GNIEW

Guys like you piss me off. You
come like mosquitoes, you try to
bite, and I just catch you in my
fingers...

The swish of Allan's rapier turns the bandit's words into
a scream. A nasty gash in his arm bursts with blood.

Allan is about to strike again, but suddenly Jan's men
attack him from all sides. Jan himself turns out to be
surprisingly fast for his imposing stature. Allan has to
avoid hits from every direction. An unerring throw crashes
a tankard on Allan's chest, exploding with bits of ceramic
and beer. Jan strikes a series of blows. Allan tries to
parry his attacks with the hilt of his sword and to
retaliate.

Jan throws him on the benches. Allan kicks him in the
face.

The patrons scatter before the fighters. Most of them
cheer for Jan of Gniew.

35

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE THE TAVERN - NIGHT

35

Betty listens to the sounds of combat and the uproar.
Suddenly the door flies out of the jamb with Gunpowder on
top of it. Jan of Gniew staggers out of the tavern,
somewhat stunned.

Betty wants to run towards the fighters but Monk stops
her.

MONK

He dragged him outside. Watch
now.

Jan grabs a bench standing outside the tavern and takes a
swing at Allan. The latter clumsily gets to his feet from
the mud.

When Jan exposes himself Gunpowder deals a series of
lightning-fast strikes. Jan collapses into a puddle, the

tendons in his arms and legs slashed. Gunpowder leans to him and whispers some questions to his ear. Jan replies, hardly able to catch his breath.

Allan stands up after a while. Jan gives him a begging look. Gunpowder takes a graceful swing with his rapier and cuts the bandit's throat. Jan drops dead.

Betty is breathless, shocked by her husband's ability.

Monk runs up to the corpse and drags it behind the building.

BETTY

I see you did very well.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Very well? I did awful. He was expecting me. My plan to lure him out discreetly came to naught. The council will rip my head off.

MONK

I'll have Holtz's men dispose of him. What took you so long, sir?

Gunpowder points his thumb to the inside of the tavern. It's completely trashed, there are a couple of dead bodies on the floor, tables and the counter. The innkeeper wanders about, stunned, not knowing where to start cleaning up.

MONK

Did you really have to kill half the patrons, sir? Holtz is going to eat us alive for that.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Oh, shut up, you fool, or you'll lose your tongue.

Allan searches the pockets of the corpse. He finally finds a parchment. The page has a written sentence on it - "Allan Gunpowder will be in the tavern today for Jan of Gniew". Allan leaves, furious.

BETTY

What came over him?

MONK

He takes it to heart. Every man he's slain changes him in some way. Those tormented souls aren't actually indifferent to him.

Monk crosses himself. Betty looks at her husband as if she's seen him for the first time. Allan, enraged, kicks a puddle and fades into a rain swept alley.

36

EXT. ROAD THE WOODS - DAY

36

Allan and Monk walk down a road in the woods. High trees planted along the road and a pond point to the area once being the garden of some Oliwan estate.

Allan is wearing a rugged dirty coat, limping and slouching. Monk, dressed as a monk, is supporting him.

Betty, hidden deep inside the alley, is watching them. She has a gunpowder belt on her shoulder. Monk's rapier and some guns lie against a tree beside her.

MONK

Are you sure this is a good idea, sir?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

He's a coward. A pistol is enough to deal with the likes of him.

MONK

Surely he'll see this!

Monk nervously nudges the rapier hidden on his back underneath his habit.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Don't be foolish. We have to surprise him, so it doesn't turn out like last time. Then he'll be just one gaunt guy. I've checked him. He's no danger.

A gaunt man in tartan trousers steps forward from behind a tree.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Let's get on with it.

Several other men step on the road. They are all dressed in kilts, robust and armed to the teeth.

MONK

Good heavens.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Bloody bastards.

BEAR MCCREARY

Good evening, gentlemen. I'm afraid we'll have to charge you

(MORE)

BEAR MCCREARY (CONT'D)
for using this road. Hand over
your...

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Bear McCreary?

BEAR MCCREARY
Gunpowder! I've been waiting for
you. You have something we....

MONK
A bear? You must have come up
with that name yourself. I hear
you're a little coward hiding
behind your mother's skirts.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Monk, what the...

Monk winks and Allan understands. McCreary stares at them in disbelief. This while of confusion is enough for Allan to get what Monk wanted to achieve. He draws two guns from under his coat and shoots at the nearest opponents. The bullet misses the first one, though the shot sprays his face with sparks. The other bullet slides rather harmlessly along another bandit's arm. Monk shoots at one of the smaller robbers and brings him down instantly.

Allan reaches under Monk's habit and draws the rapier hidden beneath on his back. Monk recovers the weapon of the Scot he felled and clumsily tries to defend from the other band members.

Allan skillfully fends off several enemies. McCreary tries to get away from the fighting. He runs towards Betty.

Betty springs up. He looks at her with a frown. Betty turns back to grab the weapons. She covers her face with a scarf.

Allan moves after McCreary. The fight moves with him.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
McCreary!

Bear looks behind. Suddenly, a bullet whizzes by his ear. He sees Betty aiming at him from her second gun. He's terrified.

Betty shoots again but the bullet hits one of the Scots. McCreary falls down anyway.

Betty runs towards him, but she is forced to join the fight. It's clear she's done it before, though she's nowhere near as good as Allan. She tries to avoid direct combat and breaks through to McCreary.

She drives her rapier through the back of a brute harassing Monk and gets to McCreary. She draws a dagger from his own belt. The scarf falls off and reveals her face.

BEAR MCCREARY

Tis you!

BETTY

I'm sorry, little man, you didn't prove useful.

Betty sticks a knife in his throat. McCreary growls trying to scream. Betty puts a finger to his lips. The man's eyes dim slowly.

Allan finishes off the last opponent. When he looks at Betty she's already on her feet, helping Monk to get up.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I told you to stay away!

BETTY

I was scared for you!

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

You were scared? And did you pause to think how much I was scared for you?

Betty is surprised.

BETTY

Since when do you care for me so much?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Are you suggesting I don't care for you? When did I ever give you a reason to believe that? You are my wife!

BETTY

I'd rather be here and keep you from being caught like a rat in a trap just like a moment ago.

MONK

This indeed was a trap. They knew about us as again. This couldn't have been a coincidence.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Oh, really? Why won't you do something useful for a change?

Monk leaves to loot the corpses, offended.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

If you are about to join us on a fight, you can't just swing your weapon like a club. How do you even know how to use it?

BETTY

You think that there's no way I could know anything about fencing just because I'm a woman? If you had three brothers you'd have to now how to defend yourself too.

MONK

Well, technically, he had four.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Will you shut up?

Betty looks at him, surprised again. Allan clearly grew sullen at the mention of his brothers.

BETTY

Hey, just teach me, then. So I can defend myself, if it comes to that. I'll keep my distance, I promise, but I'll be able to help if things ever get out of hand again.

Allan hesitates for a moment. Betty looks at him in suspense.

37

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

37

Gunpowder practices fencing with Betty. Surly Monk sits nearby, cleaning weapons.

MONK

He just won't teach me, no. Just keep cleaning and polishing.

It's clear that Betty is a clever and content student. She flirts with her husband and teases him.

Allan is somewhat surprised with her wooing.

MONK

We have to reconsider our next move.

BETTY

Hiding in the woods will never get you anything.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
I need time to think.

MONK
They expected us. That Bear started to say something. What was that?

Allan produces the document case from his coat. He takes the documents out.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
This is a declaration of loyalty to the Crown of Sweden. Signed by most of the councilmen.

Monk stares at Gunpowder questioningly.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Holtz's name is not there.

Monk exhales with relief.

BETTY
Whoever holds this document has power over the city.

Her eyes are glittering with excitement.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
The old captain was a smart man. When the Royal Commissioners let him know that they wanted to check his ship, he figured out what they were looking for. He read the document and decided to turn back to warn the traitors. Still, the council tried to get rid of him quietly so that there were as few witnesses as possible, poisoning his crew and spreading rumors of the plague. They did not know that the old man was a gardener by passion, he recognized the poison and barricaded himself in the cabin. So they hired me. Those bloody bastards used me to get rid of the people who got in their way. Again.

MONK
What does Griefsonn have to do with this?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
We need to find out. I wonder which member of his gang could
(MORE)

ALLAN GUNPOWDER (CONT'D)
we question a bit before getting
rid of him.

MONK
What did Jan tell you?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Fuck off.

Monk looks surprised and offended.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Literally. He said, and I quote
"Fuck off".

MONK
For a moment I thought ...

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Oh, stop it already. Have I ever
swore on you like that?

MONK
Well...

Allan sighs and shakes his head. Betty giggles on the
joke. Monk is still grumpy, so they laugh on him even
more.

They move on to shooting practice. Allan points to a
flintlock to show how it works.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
So this is a lock...

Betty can't stop giggling.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
What is it?

BETTY
Oh come on.

She takes the gun from his hand, cooks the lock and
shoots. It is a perfect hit.

MONK
You are a far better shot than
he is, ma'am.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Didn't I tell you to...

BETTY
Come on Allan, leave the boy be.
Admit it, I'm better than you in
this. Just say it.

Betty leans to him flirtatiously. Allan is sullen, amusing Betty even more.

BETTY

How about I teach you something,
eh?

Allan takes a loaded gun from Monk. Monk is smiling insolently.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Don't say a word.

All three shoot at the target. Allan misses again.

38

INT. BROTHEL - DAY

38

Inside the garishly decorated room of the brothel a colorful crowd of rich townsmen are enjoying themselves in the company of half-naked prostitutes. Nobody pays attention to Monk as he leaves a room and looks around nervously. The room he just left is dark. Inside Allan leans to a wall, pushing Betty against it. She smiles.

BETTY

Is this a joke?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Don't expect too much. We will
play another time. Look.

Allan pulls away a curtain and reveals a hole in the wall spilling warm light. Intrigued, Betty peeks inside.

Inside the room an attractive prostitute does her hair. Monk enters, dressed in a kilt.

LENA

I'm not ready yet.

MONK

I have a message for you.

Betty turns to Allan. Their cheeks meet. Betty smiles playfully.

BETTY

And here I thought you just
wanted to make Monk happy. He
looks funny. What's the plan?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Monk will feed her false
information, claiming the
document's been recovered. Maybe
she'll lead us to Angus.

BETTY

Won't they recognize him?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I doubt it. He's good at
dressing up.

A loud CRACK of a shattered cup redraws Betty's attention to Lena's room. Monk dodges another object thrown at him.

MONK

I am very sorry to bring such
unfortunate news...

LENA

Liar! Bear is fine! I saw him
this morning!

MONK

I can explain...

LENA

Who will take care of me now?

The girl bursts out crying. Monk approaches her and hugs her cautiously. The girl gives in, sobbing.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Perfect. She fell for it.

A barely dressed girl storms into the room. She has a pretty scar on her cheek.

SASKA

Lena, he did it! He was one of
them who killed our boys!

LENA

What?!

Monk immediately steps back from Lena. Saska draws a gun and shoots at him, missing by a hair. She takes out a long dagger and charges at Monk. She stops suddenly when Lena shoots at Monk with a small pistol, but the bullet fly by Saska's head.

SASKA

Kurwa! You almost hit me!

LENA

I'll kill him.

SASKA

All right! That's my bitch!

Lena grabs a small sword from under the bed. They circle around Monk like angry cats and engage him. Blows are

struck at him from two sides and he barely manages to avoid them.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
I should get going.

BETTY
Let me help you!

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
No! You'll be safer here.

BETTY
Allan! Gunpowder, you wretch, we had a deal!

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Next time! Stay here!

Betty wheezes with anger, but she stays. COMBAT SOUNDS are heard from the neighboring room. Betty leans to the hole in the wall when the door suddenly opens. A drunk Marquis appears.

MARQUIS
Finally, a free one.

BETTY
You've mistaken the rooms, mister.

MARQUIS
It's a brothel, right? I pay up and I take what I like.

BETTY
But... I'm just a servant.

MARQUIS
Oh, a servant girl... My wife doesn't let me... Your Madam knew what I'd like... She likes to surprise me like that...

Marquis approaches her, swaying. Betty hides behind the table. She notices Monk's rapier lying on it. Marquis sees her intentions and frowns. He reaches for the weapon too, but Betty proves faster. She strikes a blow at him, but he steps back instinctively and draws his small sword. They exchange blows. Even though he's drunk, his weapon is lighter, giving Betty a hard time parrying his strikes.

Allan gets hit with a stool. He's a bit stunned. Monk uses a candelabrum to shield himself against Saska's attacks. The girls fight hand in hand now.

Betty dodges Marquis's slashes. He pushes her against a wall and finally disarms her with a swing of his blade. He

tries to drive his small sword into her face, but she manages to evade.

The small sword gets stuck in the hole in the wall and sticks out right next to Allan's head. He looks at the blade, surprised. He hears Betty's scream from behind the wall.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Monk! Let's finish this minuet!

Monk doesn't look very pleased. He's cornered by Saska.

Marquis is wallowing in pain after a kick in his groin. He withdraws to the center of the room. He reaches for Monk's rapier which is lying about on the floor.

Betty draws his small sword from the wall. She's clearly pleased with the perfect balancing of the weapon.

BETTY

Alright, you piece of shit. Now we can play.

Allan skillfully parries Lena's blows, grabs Saska by her clothes and pulls her away from Monk. He throws her at Lena, swiftly slitting her throat. Lena screams hysterically. Gunpowder silences her, driving his rapier through her chest.

MONK

What a mess.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Someone's telling on us. They're always one step ahead.

Allan runs out of the room. When he's in the corridor, the door to the next room opens. Betty leaves the room in torn clothes and showered in blood. She holds the Marquis's small sword in her hand. The man lies behind her in a puddle of blood.

BETTY

You call this is safer?!

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Betty...

BETTY

Don't you dare even talk to me, Gunpowder.

Monk leans from behind the door.

MONK

We're in trouble.

39 EXT. OUTSIDE THE BROTHEL - NIGHT

39

Gunpowder and Monk go outside the brothel. Betty leans above a rainwater barrel and tries to wash blood off herself.

BETTY

You've got some more brilliant ideas?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

The trail breaks off.

MONK

So who's on the list?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

What?

MONK

Who signed the declaration?
They'll definitely know something.

Allan draws the document. He smiles at Betty.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

You'll like this.

40 INT. MERCHANT'S HOUSE - EVENING

40

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Open up! In the name of the City Council!

A servant flinches at the POUNDING SOUND. She holds a lamp in her trembling hand. She hears the host's voice from upstairs.

MARTYN UPHAGEN

Open that damn door, girl, the whole street can hear them! I'm coming.

Before the girl gets to the door it is bashed in with a loud crack. Seeing the silhouette of Gunpowder with a gun in his hand makes her scream.

MARTYN UPHAGEN

Silence! What is the meaning of this, Gunpowder?!

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I hereby accuse you of collaborating with Angus Griefson, fencing the wares stolen by his gang, financing
(MORE)

ALLAN GUNPOWDER (CONT'D)
the assassinations of several of
your trade rivals. And that
you've sold your soul to the
Swedes.

MARTYN UPHAGEN
This is libel! I am an honest
businessman. You have no proof!

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
You know I wouldn't be here if I
didn't, Martyn.

Monk and Betty enter. The woman is still wearing marks of
the last fight.

MARTYN UPHAGEN
What the hell are you doing,
Allan? Cleansing the city?
Getting rid of rivals? Is this
your wife? Did she make you do
this?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Monk.

The boy hands Allan a stack of letters. The merchant looks
at them, startled.

MARTYN UPHAGEN
Come in to my office, there's
more light in there.

The merchant leads Allan to a room full of manuscripts and
books. He lights some candles, far more numerous here than
in other parts of the house.

MARTYN UPHAGEN
Close the door, please.

Allan closes the door. When he turns back to the merchant
he sees a gun pointed right at him.

MARTYN UPHAGEN
I won't be intimidated,
Gunpowder. How low have you
stooped, eliminating your
competition with a rapier, not
honest work. I know I was always
a rival to your father, but I've
always run my business fair
while you just squandered what
he had built.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Stop that horseshit nonsense,
Martyn. Everybody knew my father
had no head for business.

MARTYN UPHAGEN

Yes. But she did. Did you know I always loved your mother? You know that saying? Don't look for a princess in need of saving, search for a queen willing to fight by your side?

Silence ensues.

MARTYN UPHAGEN

Every man should have his queen. But you've let the devil under your roof, Gunpowder. I'm sure she's the one who set you on this errand. I've heard a lot about her. I have ears everywhere in this godforsaken city. And you will not like what I know about her.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I don't give a shite about competition and your trade. And you leave her out of this Martyn. I want Angus and his gang. And you know where to find them.

Someone KNOCKS at the door.

BETTY

Allan? Is everything alright?
The guards are coming.

Allan stands by the window and leans out. Deep inside the street he sees a city guard squad. The mob parts before them reluctantly.

MARTYN UPHAGEN

That's it for me then, isn't it? Whatever I do, these letters leak out and throw me in the gutter. So many years of hard work... Perfectly orchestrated, Allan. It's practically my handwriting, my seals. Only I didn't write it. I don't know Angus. If you're not the one who's after me, Gunpowder, then someone's using you and you're just dancing to their tune.

Allan looks him in the eye, searching for treachery. The merchant's apparent honesty surprises him.

MARTYN UPHAGEN

Please don't let my wife know of these accusations, I don't want to shame my family. They don't deserve it.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

You'll serve what's due. Then you'll take your family and go someplace far away.

MARTYN UPHAGEN

As if this never happened? No, Gunpowder. There's a thing called honor, you know. I'll see you in hell.

The merchant points the gun at his own temple and shoots.

41 INT. GUNPOWDER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

41

Allan and Monk enter Gunpowder's living room. Sounds of running on stairs and bustling are audible from other parts of the house, as well as Betty's shouting.

BETTY

Eleanor, a bath! Be quick about it, girl!

Allan frowns on the sounds. While Monk takes his weapons from him and helps him undress, Allan's gaze falls on a chess board on the table. Only the king, a bishop and a knight remain of the white pieces. Black ones outnumber them greatly.

Allan approaches the small table pensively and accepts a glass of wine from Monk. He starts to topple black pawns with the glass' foot.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

We've culled them good. But the trail brakes.

MONK

You think they'd manage to persevere, sir?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

We've got their pawns and knights. We've got two of their rooks.

Monk looks puzzled.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

The girls, Monk. Try to keep up.

MONK

Uh, the thought of them still makes me tremble.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

We've taken one bishop. Which means we've cut their finance sources.

MONK

That merchant... I can't stop thinking we've gone too far in his case. He weighs on my conscience.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I have my doubts too. But they're finally losing their advantages. Especially since I know who's the other bishop. They think he's their mole in the city.

Allan replaces the remaining black bishop with a white one. Monk looks at him, surprised.

MONK

Holtz?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Councilman Adalbert. Holtz is keeping an eye on him. But they must still have someone in the town hall. They know too much about these documents.

MONK

If Angus is the king, who's the queen?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

The queen's the one who pulls the strings. She Manipulates the King to achieve her goals.

MONK

If you'd like to know my opinion, sir...

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

You ask leave to speak? You? The world is coming at an end.

Monk gives him a sullen look and remains silent.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Alright, I'd like to know what you're thinking... this time.

MONK

I think Griefsonn knows we are hunting for him. He'll come to us himself.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Exactly, my boy. Because he hunts for us too. That's how we'll take him out. And then we'll be free to take care of the queen.

Monk looks expectantly at Gunpowder. Allan scans the chess board quickly.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

What if I told you this is not a bloody game of chess? This isn't some local affair. We've let them deceive us.

Allan throws all the figures off the board. He unfolds a map of the city and nearby coast. He takes some small ship models and deploys them on the sea, all pointing at the city.

MONK

The bay blockade. The troops landing near Oliva... They're preparing for an invasion!

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

The Swedes are trying to weaken the city. Bit by bit. Angus and his band cripple trade. They bought the councilmen. And Angus is guarding them. Whoever has this document has power over the city.

MONK

Maybe we should just expose them right away?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I'm not sure if it would work. The Swedes would just bribe someone else and Angus would still be a pain in this city's arse. We need to get rid of him first, then take care of the councilmen. And we'd best do it quietly. But I have a feeling that I missed something. I don't know what the queen's goal is.

Betty listens to their conversation from behind closed doors.

She stares intently at the document case that Allan left on the table.

42 INT. GUNPOWDER'S HOUSE - LATER

42

Allan is sitting by the table, lost in thought. Eleanor lays the table for dinner. Monk pours him more wine.

Betty enters dressed in an evening gown. She sits down and stares expectantly at Allan.

BETTY

Come now. I'm not mad. It was very exciting.

Allan is silent.

BETTY

I told you I'd be of help. There's no need for your exuberant gratitude, Gunpowder.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I'm sorry. Thank you, Betty. You were of help. And this has been an exceptionally tough day.

BETTY

I didn't expect you to be so good at it.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

There'll come a time for me too one day, I'm afraid. It was close today. That's why I realize we'd better think of your future.

Betty is clearly, but pleasantly surprised.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I'd like to include you in our business. Monk will help you. That way, if anything happens to me, you'll be left with assets to manage and provide for yourself properly.

BETTY

Oh Allan...

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

But don't worry about me, I don't expect to drop off just yet.

BETTY

You won't regret it, you'll see.
I have a knack for business,
I'll get us back up in no time
and... You won't have to chase
those bandits all the time.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

You know I won't give it up.

BETTY

Of course love, I understand
what you see in it now. And you
know what? I'll help you get
your marks.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Betty...

BETTY

But that's enough talking
business for one evening. I'm
not hungry. Come. Let's go to
sleep.

43 INT. GUNPOWDER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

43

Eleanor finishes taking off Betty's dress and leaves.
Betty, now only in her under dress, sits by her vanity.
She combs her hair.

Allan undresses routinely, but Betty catches his eye. She
looks at him fleetingly, lost in her thoughts.

Allan looks at her as if he'd never seen her before. He
admires her beauty and her graceful moves.

He approaches her and takes the brush from her hand. He
starts brushing her hair. Betty is surprised by her
husband's affection.

Allan kisses her neck. Betty closes her eyes and embraces
him.

44 INT. GUNPOWDER'S HOUSE - DAWN

44

Betty leaves the room, hair unkempt, and reaches for a
wine carafe. She smiles to herself. She empties a glass in
one go. Only then does she realise the carafe is nearly
empty. She frowns and sets for the kitchen. She finds a
barrel of the drink and starts to refill the carafe when
she notices that Monk's door is ajar.

She slips inside quietly, sipping wine. She's a little
drunk.

She sits astride the boy and kisses his chest. Monk wakes up and looks at her, terrified. Betty puts a finger on his lips.

BETTY

Don't say a word.

She starts kissing his neck. The boy is trying to break free.

MONK

What are you doing?

BETTY

I'm taking what belongs to me.
Haven't you heard? I'm in charge
here now.

Monk looks at her with growing fear. Despite all his efforts Betty takes off his breeches.

BETTY

Stop fighting me, boy! My one
scream is enough to have you
gutted for trying to take your
lady by force...

MONK

You're mad!

Betty takes off her nightgown and forces Monk to grab her breast. She starts to budge on him rhythmically.

BETTY

I'm farsighted. My husband will
soon leave this mortal coil,
stabbed by some brigand who'll
turn out to be a better
swordsman. And I'm sure he'll
run into one, I took care of
that. Then you'll be taking me
every night, boy, because that
will be your lady's command.

Monk tries to escape from under Betty one last time, but she slaps him and starts to push on him with even more vigor.

A silhouette appears in a small window. It is Baldwin, the Old Sailor, watching them.

The bed is creaking rhythmically. The cold light of dawn slowly spills over the kitchen and gives an unhealthy tint to the two bodies intertwined in an uneven match visible through the door, left half-open.

Allan sits down for breakfast. Monk is serving him as usual, but he's silent, his mouth is pursed and he never looks at his master. His hands are trembling and he bumps into something all the time.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

What is this, you're mute now?
Are you ill or is this some
miracle?

Monk doesn't react. Betty and Eleanor enter, the latter takes over serving at the table. Monk retreats to a corner and stands there, head down. Betty warmly greets Allan.

She gives Monk a provocative look. The boy feels her gaze and withdraws even further.

Betty tries the wine and frowns.

BETTY

I would think we deserve
something better on a morning
like this.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

You would? Eleanor, could you
bring us...

BETTY

I'll choose something fitting.

Betty gets up and heads towards the kitchen. Passing Monk, she pierces him with her gaze. She stops before closed door and waits for him to react. It takes Monk a while to realise she expects him to open the door for her. She forces him to move very close to her to further torture him. She fixes her hair, exposing her neck to him.

She returns with a bottle and hands it over to Monk to open. When he turns his back at her she pinches his buttock. Monk drops the bottle and topples over a couple of dishes that fall on a pewter plate with a loud clatter.

Allan turns towards him, concerned. Monk fixes the dishes quickly and goes back to opening the wine. Betty sits at the table as if nothing had happened.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

What's wrong with the boy today?

Betty gives Allan a shrug and a smile.

46 INT. CLERK'S OFFICE - DAY

46

Allan and Betty are sitting in a bright room, well-dressed. Baldwin, the Old Sailor, dressed as a clerk, is writing down a document opposite at the table.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

This should be enough to give you full control over our business in case I'm no longer there.

BETTY

Love, don't talk like that...

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

You know how dangerous my job is.

BETTY

Then why won't you just take care of multiplying our fortune with me? We could be rich, leave this backwater and enjoy our lives. We could go back to England, you know?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Scotland. My father was a Scott and I'm too similar to him to just sit around in one place.

BETTY

You know how I hate Scotland.

Betty frowns in a sulk. Allan wants to say something but Baldwin interrupts him handing him the document to seal. Allan presses his signet ring into the laqueur and signs the document with his name.

Betty stares at Baldwin.

BETTY

Don't you work in the theater?

BALDWIN

Part time.

47 INT. BROTHEL - DAY

47

Baldwin approaches Angus, who is sitting at a table. He tells him what he saw. Angus is furious. He turns over the table.

ANGUS

Get me everyone who want to
work. We will finally get rid of
Gunpowder.

48 INT. PRISON, WARDEN'S CANTOR - DAY

48

Baldwin enters the raw furnished room. GUARD CAPTAIN leads him. Counsel Adalbert sits behind a wide table filled with documents, seals and other utensils. The counselor signals the captain to retreat.

Baldwin approaches his chair and begins to whisper in his ear. The counselor frowns. After a while he reaches into the casket and pulls out two gold coins. He holds them in his hand, Baldwin takes them quickly and retreats in a bow. The counselor gets up and heads for the door.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

Gather all the guard for me!
Immediately!

49 INT. GUNPOWDER'S HOUSE - DUSK

49

Allan and Betty enter the living room. Monk and Eleanor help them take off their outer garments.

BETTY

I'll go refresh myself before
dinner. Eleanor!

Betty leaves with her servant. Monk pours wine for Allan, who stares at him intently.

Holtz suddenly bursts into the room.

HOLTZ

Allan! They're coming for you.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

You knew?

HOLTZ

About what?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

The declaration signed by the
councilmen.

HOLTZ

I did.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Why didn't you tell me about it?

HOLTZ

Why didn't you tell me you found
it on that ship?

Allan is silent.

HOLTZ

We're even. This is a nest of
vipers, Allan. Vicious vipers.
They found out that you have it
after you've gotten rid of
Martyn. You have to run.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I have to stay. We're expecting
someone.

HOLTZ

I can try to buy you some time.

Allan looks at the chessboard. After a moment, he notices
a piece of paper with writing on it. He picks it up.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Monk, what is that?

MONK

Oh, it's just a shopping list
milady wrote. She makes it for
me every day, as if I couldn't...

Allan doesn't listen. He takes another piece of parchment
out of his pocket, which he found next to Jan of Gniew.
The handwriting is identical.

50

INT. GUNPOWDER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

50

Betty is standing in front of her vanity with her
overdress loosened. She's washing herself in a bowl.
Eleanor leaves.

Angus emerges from a dark corner of the room. Betty
notices his reflection in the mirror and turns violently.

ANGUS

Kuksugar hora. It's all your
fault. That hor unge killed my
men. And you're fucking him.

BETTY

I will fuck with whom I want.
You were supposed to get rid of
him in a week. That was the
plan. You agreed.

Angus launches at Betty and grabs her throat.

ANGUS

You belong to Me! I've been
waiting too long!

BETTY

Shut up, fool. You had one job
and you made a botch of it.

ANGUS

Gunpowder wiped out my best men!

BETTY

You'll find yourself new ones.
It's not my fault he's better
than you. I can handle it myself
if you can't.

ANGUS

Why am I even talking to you,
you hora?

BETTY

Because I can make you rich and
because no one's will ever suck
you like I did.

Angus tightens the grip on her neck.

BETTY

Go on! You know how I like it.

Angus frowns and kisses Betty. She bites his lip.

BETTY

I want you to kill Gunpowder. I
already have what I needed. If
you don't I'll get rid of you
myself and stay with him.

Betty picks up a jug and drops it intentionally. The
container smashes loudly.

BETTY

Ups!

CUT TO:

51 INT. GUNPOWDER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

51

Allan, Monk and Holtz hear the sound and look at each
other meaningfully.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

So, after all...

Monk hands Allan his rapier and all three head for the door of the bedroom.

CUT TO:

52 INT. GUNPOWDER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

52

Betty gives Angus a provocative look.

BETTY

Oh. It broke.

ANGUS

Dumhora!

He punches Betty in the face. She licks her lip lustfully.

BETTY

You're making it so easy. Allan!

Gunpowder bursts into the room. Angus draws his weapon and an exchange of blows ensues. Betty acts scared.

The combat is balanced. Finally, Allan hits Angus with a powerful kick. The latter is pushed backwards and falls out the window. He smashes into the garden floor. He is stunned and he tries to get up clumsily.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Monk, quick.

Monk hands Allan his coat and hat. He also gives him four pistols and Allan sticks them wherever he can. Monk leaves the last two guns for himself and hangs them over his neck on a string.

MONK

If we don't happen to get out of this alive, I want you to know how sorry I am.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Will you shut up? What's wrong with you today? Give me my guns.

MONK

Sir, you need more time, I have a plan.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

You have a plan?

Allan looks out of the window and sees Angus limping into the alley. When he looks the other way he sees a unit of guardsmen with torches coming towards his house.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 Alright. What's the plan?

53 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

53

Allan is running down the street in which Angus disappeared earlier.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 You can't run forever,
 Griefsonn! The gates are shut!

Angus's silhouette is visible down the street. He is limping heavily.

ANGUS
 Who said I want to run,
 Gunpowder?! It is your problem!
 You stepped on too many people's
 toes! The city will have revenge
 tonight! A bounty hunter with a
 bounty on his head! This will be
 painful.

Someone dashes out from an alley and attacks Allan. Gunpowder evades his strike and slays him with a single blow. He continues down the street and is attacked again. The combat is just as short.

Allan runs into a narrow alley. Several attackers come at him. The fight is cramped and brutal. Allan steadily cuts through subsequent enemies.

54 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

54

Holtz walks down the street and stumbles upon a squad of city guards. He stops them.

HOLTZ
 You kept me waiting! Find Allan
 Gunpowder and take him into
 custody. He was seen heading
 towards the Oliwa Gate. I want
 him alive!

GUARD OFFICER
 But Councilman Adalbert said...

HOLTZ
 I don't care what Adalbert said!
 Bring him alive! Move!

The squad moves on. Holtz follows them with his eyes, angry.

The captain leans over to one of his people.

GUARD OFFICER
Damn councilmen.

Holtz, after a moment's thought, follows them.

55 EXT. CITY STREETS - MOMENT - LATER

55

The guards search the streets. They finally spot a silhouette in a coat and a hat slipping through the streets. They start to chase him.

The character shoots at and disappears behind a corner. The squad follows.

GUARD OFFICER
In formation!

A townsman leans out of a window.

TOWNSMAN
What's that racket in the middle
of the night?

GUARD OFFICER
Stay inside! Close your windows
now! Fire!

The squad fires a fusillade.

The character disappears behind another corner in a cloud of dust from ricochets.

GUARD OFFICER
Pistols! Follow him! Fire at
will!

The guard officer dispatches his men to spread across the alleys. Occasional shots are fired. The runaway character weaves through the streets and returns fire inaccurately.

The officer seizes the opportunity and sets up for a precise shot. The bullet fells the fugitive.

The guards close in upon the man lying on the ground. Holtz appears behind them.

HOLTZ
What are you doing, I told you I
want him alive!

One of the guards turns the body over. It's Monk.

HOLTZ
No! No! Not you...

Holtz gets to Monk and checks where he was hit.

MONK

Stop, you'll ruin everything...

HOLTZ

Get him to a barber, quick!

GUARD OFFICER

It's nighttime.

HOLTZ

Then you'll wake him! Move, you fools!

The guards get a cart and they lay Monk on it. They drag the cart down the street.

56 EXT. MARKETPLACE - NIGHT

56

Allan runs into a market place. He sees the torches of guards closing in from every street. He wanders in the mist, looking around. Suddenly he hears a flintlock hiss on the other side of the square and a shot. The bullet ricochets off a stall next to him.

Gunpowder fires one of his guns. A dark figure detaches from the shadow of the stall and starts to run.

Allan fires another pistol.

The guards react to the bangs of his shots and head towards him.

57 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

57

Allan pursues limping Angus through narrow alleys. He shoots again and misses.

The guards are getting closer.

Angus gets to a wide street ending with an open gate. Several harbour workers are carrying some goods to wagons parked in front of the gate, overseen by city guards.

Ignoring the pain, Angus sprints towards the gate. Gunpowder sprouts from the street behind him. The guards following Allan notice him and run at him.

Angus approaches the gate. The guards at the gate haven't noticed what's happening yet.

Allan takes his last gun into his left hand. He sets up for a shot very carefully.

Angus passes the gate. He can see the water of the canal now.

Angus jumps off the bank. He hears a shot. He turns in mid-air to shoot back but the enemy bullet hits his shoulder. His own pistol shoots showering his face with sparks. His body plunges into water heavily.

Allan is surrounded and seized by the guards.

58 INT. PRISON - NIGHT

58

Allan is being led by guards across the prison yard. He sees Monk taken off the cart and carried inside, unconscious.

The guards lead him through some corridors and throw him in a cell.

Monk is laid on a table. A barber surgeon is preparing his tools next to him. The boy regains consciousness. The barber starts to work on his wound, causing splatters of blood. Monk starts to scream ear-splittingly.

Allan sits in his cell, head down, listening to the boy's screams.

59 INT. GUNPOWDER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

59

Betty picks the document case up from the table.

She sits by Gunpowder's desk, caresses the arm of the chair and smiles triumphantly.

Eleanor enters the room and stands before her, head down.

BETTY

Eleanor. Pack your things.

ELEANOR

But... Why?

BETTY

You dare ask why?!

ELEANOR

But... My mother served here...
I've been here for years! Master
Gunpowder would not allow it!

BETTY

Gunpowder is no longer the
master of this house! Get out.

Betty smiles triumphantly, but after a while she listens. She hears the pounding of the door coming from behind the wall.

After a while, Eleanor enters the room again, pushed by two city guards. Betty looks at them anxiously.

60

INT. PRISON, WARDEN'S CANTOR - NIGHT

60

Adalbert reads the reports sent to him by the Guard Commander. He also has a copy of Gunpowder's will in front of him. Betty enters, led by two guards who bow down and leave. Betty looks expectantly at the councilman.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

Allan Gunpowder is accused of murder in cold blood of the merchant Martyn and Marquis de Lusten, two harlots, several Scottish manufacturers and a random sailor in Oliwa. He crossed the line.

Betty exhales audibly.

BETTY

What will happen to him?

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

He will be executed.

Betty is aghast. She tries to keep a straight face, but she's barely able to.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

What was your part in it?

BETTY

I have no idea what you're talking about, sir.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

Committing these crimes, he was accompanied by a woman. By you.

BETTY

Just how do you imagine a respectable burgher chasing some bandits?

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

It turns out quite well for you, doesn't it? You take over all of his business.

BETTY

My husband would squander his wealth anyway.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

Just like your previous husband.

Betty freezes. She's truly shocked.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

You thought nobody knew? Your friend Angus told me everything about you. Remember one thing - this city belongs to me. I know everything about it. And whoever does business here only does so with my consent.

Betty is silent with pursed lips.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

Gunpowder started to rock the boat. He was useful once, but he's turned burdensome, so we'll get rid of him without sentiment. Now you will be useful or you'll share his fate. Until we clarify your part in this cull of his I suspend your rights to administrate Gunpowder's wealth.

BETTY

What?! You can't do that!

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

Can't I? How about you tell me everything right away, then. Who was your late husband? Who is Angus Grieffson to you? What do you know about the declaration?

BETTY

I want to see my husband.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

Which one?

BETTY

Current one. My previous husband is dead. From his own hand!

Adalbert looks at her piercingly. Betty endures his gaze. The Guard commander leans forward and whispers something in the ear to the councilman.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

You will appear here every week and answer every question I ask you. And I dare you better know the answers. And one more thing. Grieffson is dead. Gunpowder shot him.

Betty leaves. Adalbert looks at the door she closed behind her, thinking about what he's just seen.

61 INT. PRISON CELL - LATER

61

Allan is sitting in his cell, calm, looking at the window. A guard lets Betty in. She stands in a corner, as if afraid of the light coming through the bars.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

See? You put a curse on me. I'll bite the dust sooner than I thought.

BETTY

So you know?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

They're in a hurry. I've stepped on someone's toes. You must be pleased, huh? You're getting rid of one problem.

BETTY

Don't say that. You're my husband.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Oh, come on. My death will benefit you.

Betty finally looks at him. She's angry.

BETTY

You have no idea how I feel now.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

You seem satisfied with how things turned out.

BETTY

You men are all the same! You think you did me a favor by marrying me? You think I would let you roam the roads, chasing bandits, waiting for you with a meal, satisfied with sitting alone in an empty house while you roamed the brothels?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

It's my job.

BETTY

Indeed a job worthy of a respectful burgher! And how convenient! A job that lets you

(MORE)

BETTY (CONT'D)
know every tap and every
whorehouse around!

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Are you jealous?

BETTY
Jealous? I'm your wife and you
don't care about me! As if I
were some atrocity dwelling at
the borders of your house! I am
young and beautiful, Gunpowder,
and I deserve something more
from my life!

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Is that why you wanted to kill
me? Because you wanted something
more from your life?

BETTY
How can you...!

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
So it's just my luck that my
every encounter with Griefsonn's
men turns out to be a trap? On a
commission I get from you and
Holtz at the same time? Which
one of you set me up? Or maybe
it's him that you sneak out to
see? Maybe your auntie just
doesn't exist? And I was
supposed to end like your last
husband from the very beginning?
Are you even a widow? Or was it
all just lies?

Betty draws her breath. She withdraws to the corner of the cell even more now, despite Allan being chained to a wall and unable to approach her.

For a moment, the face of Councilor Adalbert appears in the grille of the door, listening to the conversation.

BETTY
Back then, I just wanted a good
life. Better than the gutter in
which it had started. I thought
Angus's brother would get me out
of this. I loved him. And he
humiliated me, used me, and then
started beating me unconscious.
And Angus watched. It turned him
on. So I used them both as best
as I could. But I didn't kill my
husband. I only helped him a

(MORE)

BETTY (CONT'D)
 little to die because of his own
 stupidity.

Betty pauses to wipe her tears.

BETTY
 I realized that my only chance
 for a better life was to wed
 into a higher class. I thought I
 would finally be respected, rich
 and free to make my dreams come
 true. But instead I got a loser
 chasing bandits, who felt
 nothing for me.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 That isn't true.

BETTY
 How can you deny it? You'd call
 yourself a fine merchant, a man
 of success?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 It isn't true that I feel
 nothing for you.

Betty freezes. Allan tries to come near her, but his
 shackles stop him.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 Betty, I don't always know how
 to...

BETTY
 I hate you, Gunpowder! You've
 never showed me the least bit of
 affection and you say it to me
 now?!

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 Betty...

BETTY
 I hope you die a painful death.

Betty punches the door and the guard lets her out.

Allan tries to pull out the chains, mad he can't follow
 her.

62 INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - NIGHT

62

Betty, escorted by a guard, walks through the dark
 corridor.

Suddenly Adalbert steps in her way.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT
 And yet. I suspected someone was
 pulling the strings on which
 this Swede was jumping. I just
 didn't think it could be a
 woman. Take her.

BETTY
 If you touch me, you won't know
 where the declaration is!

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT
 So you have it ... It will be
 found. This is a small town
 after all.

Adalbert turns to the guard.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT
 To dungeon with her and run to
 wake the hangman.

Betty is brutally led down the hall.

63 INT. PRISON CELL - LATER

63

Allan tugs at chains.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 Guard! Damn it! Guard!

The sleepy guard peeks into the cell.

GUARD
 What?!

64 INT. BETTY'S PRISON CELL - DAWN

64

Betty is huddled against the wall. Baldwin walks inside.
 Behind his belt is a hangmans hood.

BETTY
 Do you work here too? As an
 executioner?

BALDWIN
 Part time.

Betty smiles slightly.

65 INT. PRISON INFIRMARY - NIGHT

65

Enchained, Allan is led into a small, damp chamber. The
 prison physician is cleaning his tools. Monk, pale, is
 lying on the table.

MONK

I'm glad they agreed to bring you here.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

How are you, boy?

MONK

It hurts me when I speak.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

For once you'll be quiet.

Monk laughs and immediately flinches from pain. Allan laughs too, but Monk's suffering quenches his merriment.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I failed you.

MONK

You never failed me. You gave me a chance to redeem my sin.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

You deserve something more.

MONK

I don't need anything more. I really don't. It's just empty talk. I know it amuses you, sir. You never smile unless I talk my nonsense. And so I do it, for I know what a burden it is to kill a man. But you at least do it for a good cause.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

It will end soon enough.

The guards lead Allan to the exit.

MONK

Sir, everyone deserves a second chance. Even her.

Allan stops halfway there. He gives Monk a long look. The guards push him toward the door.

66

INT. PRISON CORRIDOR - DAWN

66

Allan is led through the corridors when Holtz comes from the opposite direction.

HOLTZ

How is he?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
He'll live. He's a strong lad.

Holtz is clearly relieved.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
It's my fault. I shouldn't have put him in danger.

HOLTZ
Don't blame yourself, Allan. It was his decision.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
How can you say that? I set him out as bait! He could have died.

HOLTZ
It was his decision to serve you. You saved his life and you gave him a chance. You forgave him. No one's ever done anything like that for this boy.

Allan falls silent.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
I guess we've stepped too far. Look where it led us.

HOLTZ
Adalbert has crossed the line, but I think I can stop him. If only you told me where you put the declaration ...

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
All the games of yours ... You know... It always strikes me when I see someone suffer. Even when I see a kid fall, it vexes me. Even when he gets to his feet and goes on playing. Nobody cares about ordinary people in this city. Isn't that what being noble actually means? God gave us our weapons and skills so that we could defend the weak, not fight for somebody else's profit.

HOLTZ
Your mother would be proud of you, Allan.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
She hated guns.

HOLTZ

And yet she was taking care of
gunpowder in your household. And
it never failed.

A DRUM SOUND comes from outside.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Holtz. I left the declaration at
home...

HOLTZ

Wait... An execution?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

It's for me?

Allan looks at the guard questioningly, but he shakes his
head in surprise.

67 EXT. PRISON YARD - DAWN

67

Betty is led towards the scaffold. Allan and holtz are
trying to push through the guards.

HOLTZ

Let us through at once!

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

Stay where you are!

A herald gets ready to read the sentence, but Adalbert
stops him.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

Don't waste time.

The executioner pushes Betty towards the stump. The girl
kneels before it. Baldwin puts on the executioner's hood.

Betty tries to see Allan, but guards block her view. A
guard stops him from getting closer.

The executioner takes a swing. The THUMP of the axe
hitting the stump can be heard. The executioner grabs a
severed head from behind the stump and tosses it to a
nearby basket.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Betty! No! You bastard, I'll
kill you.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT

You indulged this band for too
long Holtz. You said yourself
that we must set an example. Be

(MORE)

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT (CONT'D)
 glad that you both are not in
 her place.

Allan doesn't listen. He is still trying to break free from the guards, but he can no longer see Betty's body dragged along the ground into the prison.

68 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

68

Gravediggers bury the coffin. Allan is standing in the company of a priest and the city guard officer. Several more guards stand nearby.

Allan is in tears, with a clenched jaw. Holtz stands behind him in silence.

Adalbert approaches them.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT
 Remember this day. This is what
 happens to everyone who dares
 interrupt the affairs of the
 city.

Allan takes a deep breath. Clenches the jaws even more. Holtz puts a hand on his shoulder.

COUNCILMAN ADALBERT
 You may operate, but you will do
 so under the supervision of my
 men. You will pass half of your
 income to me. Without question.
 Be glad you're not back in the
 gutter.

Adalbert leaves. The last shovel of dirt lands on the grave. Allan stands above it, overwhelmed by the storm of mixed feelings.

69 EXT. HARBOUR CANAL - MORNING

69

A cold morning. It is snowing lightly. Monk watches firewood stacked on the waterfront. He has his arm in a sling.

MONK
 You have to be joking. It's just
 the first snow and you raised
 the prices twice? For this piece
 of garbage?

The seller wants to say something, but Monk suddenly notices something deep inside the port.

MONK

What a piece of junk. Where is the old girl going?

SELLER

My boy, with that type of ship is how Mr. Columbus discovered the New World. It's a good boat, even though it's a hundred years old. No one has ever made a fortune without risk, and this guy can't afford better ship. All these prices before winter ...

MONK

Where is she going?

SELLER

Well, they say that the storm is coming and this is one is pushing right through it. To Konigsberg, and then they'll probably try to smuggle to Sweden. They think that they will have goods in the winter, and probably end up at the bottom...

Monk is not listening anymore. He goes towards the ship. After a moment he stops and opens his eyes in amazement. He turns on his heel and starts running towards the city, pushing through the crowd.

MONK

Get out of the way!

BOSTWAIN stands at the squat old ship and rushes his men.

BOATSWAIN

Move you lazy brats! We set sail in an hour.

A woman passes him and climbs up the gangway. Bostwain bows to her casually. The hood covers her face. A tube for documents is hung over her shoulder.

70

EXT. CITY BACK ALLEY - DAY

70

An Old Sailor - Baldwin walks down a narrow alley. A silhouette in a hat watches him. Baldwin almost bumps into the stranger. He raises his gaze and his eyes open wide in fear.

MAN IN A HAT

Traitor.

Baldwin retreats in terror. He reaches for the cutlass but instead of inflicting a cut he must defend himself against violent attacks. The duel lasts a moment, but Baldwin is unable to defend himself and gets a hit in the chest.

Baldwin falls to the ground. The man searches his pockets. He finds a safe-conduct.

71 EXT. FENCING SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

71

Monk barges into the fencing school.

He notices Holtz practicing the rapier thrusts that Gunpowder showed him. He has no opponent.

Monk approaches him with an angry face.

MONK

She's sailing to Sweden.

HOLTZ

Who? What? When?

MONK

Her. She's alive. I don't know how. And sails away. Now. And she has the council's declaration.

HOLTZ

Oh my god. She wants to make an agreement with Swedes. She wants to take over the city! MONK How will we manage to move him? He doesn't break away from the bottle.

HOLTZ

We owe it to Allan. We need to act. Quick!

72 INT. GUNPOWDER'S BEDROOM - DAY

72

Allan is sitting at Betty's dressing table. He holds her comb in his hand. After a moment, he takes a sip from the bottle.

The DOOR BANGS come from behind the wall.

HOLTZ

Allan! Open the door! For Christ sake! Allan!

73 EXT. HARBOUR - DAY

73

The character in a hat reaches the gangplank of a ship. He meets BOATSWAIN and passes him the safe-conduct.

BOATSWAIN

Ye be th' new steersman? Aye,
get aboard. Ye do what I ask and
learn. Understand? Th' sea's no
bloody lake, big boy.

The character in a hat sees Betty talking to the captain. He looks over the shoulder, revealing his face. It's Angus.

Angus's eyes narrow, as always when he's in anger.

74 EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

74

Monk and Holtz drive a carriage across the city. Townsfolk run away from the rushing car. On the wagon behind them lies Allan, drunk. Holtz spurs the horses.

MONK

This plan of his was bound to
fail from the beginning.

HOLTZ

Who would have thought she could
break free from prison like
this? What a smart bitch.

Allan appears staggering behind them.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Don't talk about her like that,
she is my wife.

HOLTZ

I also learned that Angus
Griefsonn is still on the loose.
He was seen hanging around in
the port.

MONK

I thought Mr Gunpowder shot him?

HOLTZ

Do you really think he could
have shot anybody?

MONK

Good point.

HOLTZ

Griefsonn hid well, but you
know... This is my city, after

(MORE)

HOLTZ (CONT'D)

all. I will know everything sooner or later.

MONK

Adalbert probably was thinking otherwise. I can't believe you managed to put this old cap in his place.

HOLTZ

What, just because you're immune to any form of authority doesn't mean no one else will be impressed. Adalbert is a coward and he owes me a lot of money.

MONK

Wouldn't it be better to just let her pact with the Swedes and then expose her? There will be proof she was involved in all this.

HOLTZ

The Swedes still don't know that their plan failed. The declaration cannot reach them, because it's a signal to attack for them. And for us, the document is the only proof of the council's betrayal. We need it to finally deal with Adalbert and his lads. How's your arm?

MONK

Ah, don't even ask.

Monk winces at the pain of every bump.

75

EXT. HARBOUR - DAY

75

The wagon runs into the wharf. Holtz stops the horses. Monk gets up and looks down the river.

An old squat sailing ship exits the port.

MONK

We're late.

Allan looks around the wharf. He notices Libava standing nearby.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

You will have to do your magic.

MONK

Oh, this time it will cost us a fortune.

HOLTZ

I will handle that.

All three are heading towards a small yacht.

76 EXT. YACHT DECK - DAY

76

Allan, Holtz and Monk board the ship like it's their own. The captain tries to say something, but Allan glares at him.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I hope you will do what I say this time?

The captain nods, slightly frightened.

Allan goes out to the bow. Holtz approaches the captain. Throws a pouch at him.

HOLTZ

Do what he says.

The captain looks into the purse. He raises his eyebrows pleasantly surprised. Monk looks over his shoulder.

MONK

I told you it would pay off.

The captain hides the purse, makes a warrior face and gives orders to the crew. The yacht is bouncing off the shore and the sailors are unfolding the sails.

77 EXT. ESTUARY - DAY

77

Libava passes the fortress embedded in the mouth of the river and flows into the bay. An old stocky ship glides in front of her. Heavy storm clouds are gathering on the horizon.

78 EXT. THE GDANSK BAY - DAY

78

The bulgy ship smashes through storm waves.

Betty goes out the small door to the deck. The ship sways heavily and the woman struggles to balance on slippery boards. She approaches the side, looking blurry.

Suddenly she sees the outline of a small sailing ship overboard. In the fog dispersed by the wind of water and

snow, he sees a short flash of fire. After a while, she hears a BANG.

Boatswain on watch looks around and leans to Angus, who is steering.

BOATSWAIN

Did you hear something? Damn it, I'm getting old, I'm already deluded. I'll check on them lads on th' prow!

Angus nods in acknowledgment. The boatswain descends to the lower deck and pushes towards the prow.

79 EXT. YACHT DECK - DAY

79

Allan staggers over to Holtz standing on the bow, who with his arms folded in a tube tries to shout over the gale.

HOLTZ

On behalf of the city council, I order you to roll up your sails and get ready to be boarded!

A little further, on a leeward side, Monk vomits overboard. After a moment, he turns and approaches the others.

MONK

I don't think they heard it.

HOLTZ

We will not be able to board them in such weather. How are you?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I've been better.

MONK

Great. Thanks for caring, as always.

80 EXT. THE GDANSK BAY - DAY

80

Angus is watching Betty from the upper deck. He fixes the rudder with a rope and heads towards her.

Betty is still heaving. After a while she wipes her mouth and straightens up. She tries to see once again the ship she had seen before.

When she turns back she nearly bumps into Angus.

ANGUS

God morgon my dear.

BETTY

Angus! Don't you scare me like that!

ANGUS

You didn't forget about me, did you? I'm here, just as we planned! We'll sail over the horizon together, rich and happy!

BETTY

Of course, we will. I was waiting for you.

ANGUS

Don't pretend to be happy to see me, hora, you've planned it all!

BETTY

What are you talking about?

Betty looks at him with piercing eyes.

BETTY

Where is Baldwin? What did you do to him?

ANGUS

Gunpowder! You set me up against him!

BETTY

You were supposed to get rid of my husband! It's not my fault he turned out to be better than you.

ANGUS

I know you helped him!

BETTY

I was getting rid of unnecessary burdens and people who could have blown my new identity. Our new identities. You were supposed to join me after Gunpowder was dead. What did you do to Baldwin?

ANGUS

This two-faced bastard was selling everyone. The traitor, he bites the dust! Jan, the Bear, they were my friends! I

(MORE)

ANGUS (CONT'D)
 know you put a knife between the
 Scot's eyes yourself! And them
 girls! How could you do this to
 me?

BETTY
 Oh, quit that whining! It was a
 band of fools who couldn't do
 anything right!

Angus notices the document case on Betty.

ANGUS
 I was looking for that. You want
 to deal with the Swedes, right?
 That's quite ambitious.

BETTY
 If you had acted like I told you
 the whole city would have
 already been ours! We would have
 been rich!

ANGUS
 I still will be. You won't. I'll
 take that.

81 EXT. YACHT DECK - DAY

81

Holtz talks to the captain for a moment over the wind.
 After a while he approaches Allan and Monk.

HOLTZ
 The captain says he won't come
 closer!

MONK
 Maybe if he chose to home these
 rags a little, we could overtake
 them and block them.

HOLTZ
 Since when have you been a
 nautical expert?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 I can't listen to you two
 anymore. It's close enough for
 me.

HOLTZ
 Allan, what the hell are you
 talking about?...

Allan jumps overboard, grabs one of the ropes and cuts it
 off with a single rapier cut.

The ship crashes on the wave and tilts towards the other ship. Allan, suspended on a rope, flies towards the stern. He tries to reach for it but misses and falls down.

82

EXT. SHIP MAIN DECK - DAY

82

Angus dashes at Betty. At this point, Allan lands heavily on board behind him. Without stopping, he jumps on Angus and throws him on board.

BETTY

Allan?!

Gunpowder turns to her.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I'll deal with you later.

Allan draws a pistol but Angus uses his distraction to attack him. The gun falls on the deck. Allan deals a series of powerful punches. The rocking of the boat splits them apart. Allan draws another gun and pulls the trigger but the flintlock misfires and the bullet never leaves the barrel.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Bad luck.

Angus draws a light cutlass. Allan reaches for his rapier. The fight is chaotic, constantly interrupted by the rocking of the ship.

The crew taking care of the sails in front of the ship ignores them. One of the sails rips violently and throws a sheet-holding sailor into the sea with a scream.

Allan reaches for yet another gun with his left hand but Angus grabs his arm midway and snatches the pistol from his hand. He shoots at Allan, but he manages to evade at the last moment. Angus grabs the gun by the barrel to use it as a melee weapon. Allan draws his main gauche.

They both try to read each other and not loose balance on the deck of the ship swinging in the storm.

ANGUS

Do you know who your wife really is, Gunpowder? She's a whore from the gutters of London!

A short and careful exchange of blows ensues.

ANGUS

We got her out of there with my brother. We took her to Stockholm where nobody knew us and started to act like an

(MORE)

ANGUS (CONT'D)
honest citizens. No one ever
suspected us of ruling the
underworld.

Another exchange of blows ensues.

ANGUS
And then Swen took her as his
wife. But that wasn't enough for
her. She's a greedy little
whore, that one.

Angus tries to get past Allan to reach Betty. He manages to grab the string of the case, but the swaying of the ship knocks him down. Betty desperately grabs the shroud. They both slide along the deck. Allan uses it to get Angus away from Betty.

ANGUS
When my brother died, I had a
grip on her! I took her every
night! If you'd hear her scream
my name! But that whore had to
ruin it all! It was never enough
for her! She wanted nobility!
And she would claw her way!

BETTY
Angus, you son of a whore!

Angus attacks furiously. Allan slides on the wet planks. Angus snatches a gun from behind Allan's belt. The latter falls over at the base of a bulwark.

Angus shoots and hits his shoulder. The wound isn't severe but Allan screams in pain anyway as the salty water soaks him over the bulwark.

Angus turns to Betty who backs out to the other end of the deck in fright.

Angus springs at her, aiming at her chest. He is suddenly pierced by a bullet. He falls into Betty's arms, already dead. She is sprayed with his blood.

Allan is holding a smoking gun in his left hand.

Betty is breathing heavily never taking her eyes off him.

BETTY
Allan! I.. He didn't.. It's all
just...

Allan gets to his feet wearily. His right hand is trembling.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 You're good. Breaking out from
 under the scaffold ... I
 underestimated you.

BETTY
 You always underestimated me.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 I knew someone was pulling the
 strings. It's good that at least
 you did something useful. You
 pulled the string on which
 Grieffson came straight to me.

BETTY
 You bastard! How could you use
 me as a bait? And I started to
 feel something for you!

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 Feel something for me? You
 wanted to kill me! You put a
 band of Grieffsonn on me! My own
 wife!

BETTY
 But that was before! When I
 thought you were a failure! And
 you... You... I hate you!

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 Betty, the thing is...

Not listening to him, Betty reaches for Angus's cutlass
 and furiously attacks Allan.

Allan defends himself with strain. His rapier weighs
 heavily in his wounded arm. Betty uses that to her
 advantage.

The ship jolts suddenly.

They both lose their balance and slide down the tilted
 deck. Betty attacks again.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
 Stop! Betty, calm yourself!

Allan gets used to the pain and parries her blows with
 more and more ease. Finally, using her fumble during
 another jolt, he disarms her and throws her to the deck.

Betty lands with her face right next to a gun. She gets up
 to aim it at Allan while he's already holding his last
 pistol in his healthy left hand. Betty climbs the stairs
 to the higher deck.

BETTY

I'm a better marksman than you are, Allan.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I've just discovered I'm left-handed.

Betty pulls the trigger. Nothing happens.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Gunpowder fails sometimes, you know. It doesn't listen, it's stubborn. You need to care for it. Then it'll return the favor when you need it the most. You have to give it a second chance.

Betty is panting, barely able to catch her breath.

BETTY

Everything I dreamed about. Everything is now in ruins. I'm from a different world, Allan. In your eyes I will always be just an animal, a predator that needs to be taken out.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

What I saw was just a woman struggling to stay afloat in a man's world.

Allan lowers his gun.

Betty looks at him, unable to make up her mind whether to shoot at him again.

She then puts the gun to her own head.

BETTY

Maybe it'll work this time. I'll give it a chance!

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Betty, don't do this.

BETTY

Why would I live? To rot in jail? To be humiliated before the whole city before they chop my head off?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

That's not what will happen.

BETTY

That's your goal.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
I won't tell anyone. I don't
want to.

BETTY
I don't believe you! I'm a
criminal, a murderer, one of the
bandits you swore to hunt down!
It's your job, Allan. You can't
live with one of them.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Because I...

BETTY
What, Allan? Say it! You could
say it at least once!

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
I...

BETTY
Oh, come out with it! You always
just...

Allan flinches, vexed. He runs up to Betty and kisses her.
Betty is surprised, but she gives in to the kiss.

Suddenly, the ship leans to one side.

Betty grabs the rigging, but Allan loses his balance and
starts to slide down the deck. In the last instant he
instinctively reaches for the strap of the document case
on Betty.

The strap snaps and Allan slides away with the case in his
hand.

When the ship levels back, Betty sees the case in Allan's
hand.

Betty is struggling to catch her breath.

BETTY
You did it on purpose!

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
No! I don't care for these
bloody documents!

Allan throws the case back at Betty's feet.

BETTY
I don't believe you! How could
you trust me after all this? How
could you forgive me? And how
would I know it's not just your

(MORE)

BETTY (CONT'D)
another ruse to bring me to the
scaffold?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Do you want to know why I spared
Monk? He committed a terrible
crime. But he was the only one
who didn't beg mercy of me, he
didn't deny anything. I did well
to give him a chance.

BETTY
No Allan, I couldn't bear it! I
couldn't look you in the eye
every day! I couldn't bear all
this waiting while you're after
another wretch, knowing any
moment someone could kill you.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
We could still change it all.

BETTY
No, Allan. I couldn't bear
giving up all my dreams. With
you it wouldn't be possible. And
I don't want my life to be
anything else.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER
Betty, no!

Betty pulls the trigger. Nothing happens.

BETTY
To hell with you, Gunpowder!

Allan stops abruptly. He exhales with relief. Betty climbs
the bulwark.

BETTY
I've heard that you don't feel
anything if the water is cold
enough... Farewell, Allan.

She looks Allan in the eye, breaths in nervously and
throws herself into the water.

Allan runs to the bulwark. He looks around in panic, but
he sees nothing but the raging sea.

The document case is lying at his feet. Allan looks at it
for a while and takes it.

83

EXT. HARBOUR CANAL - EVENING

83

Allan is sitting on a crate next to a moored ship. A barber is tending to his wounds.

Holtz and Monk are standing over him and waiting for him to resume talking.

Allan is still holding the document case in his hand.

HOLTZ

I'll take that. Finally, I will be able to clean this city. And take care of your payment.

MONK

So now what?

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

I think it's about time your son did something reasonable. I saw how he handled the management when I was in... hiding. I would like him to take it over completely. I trust him.

Monk doesn't try to hide his satisfaction.

MONK

You see, I told you, you were wrong to abuse me. You kept repeating that I would end in the gutter, and now, see? Even Mr Gunpowder recognizes my talent.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

But I will change my mind if you keep disrespecting your father.

HOLTZ

Relax, I got used to that biting tongue of his. Like mother, like son.

MONK

Then you shouldn't have been chasing barmaids.

HOLTZ

Oh, enough already. How are you, Allan?

MONK

Master looks as if he could use some time off.

Allan sighs heavily. He's clearly tired.

A servant approaches Holtz with a letter.

Holtz scans the text.

HOLTZ

I've received word that Ravel
was spotted in the city. There's
quite a prize on his head.

Allan raises his eyes. He gets up and reaches for his rapier.

ALLAN GUNPOWDER

Monk. Get me some new guns.

He gets up and walks towards the gate. An old beggar rubs him slightly, and bows apologetically. When he raises his head, it turns out he is Baldwin. The Old Sailor rubs a wound on his chest with a dirty bandage and walks deeper into the harbor.

84

EXT. THE PRISON TOWER - DAY

84

The ramp set high on the wall of the Prison Tower is filled with council traitors in rugs and shackles. Among them Councilman Adalbert. Dirty. Crying.

A new young executioner is taking a swing on yet another head this day.

The crowd is cheering.

Monk, wearing finer clothes now, is watching from the side of the crowd. He frowns. Shakes his head and goes towards the theater.

He moves to the marine infantry unit training on the plaza in front of the theater.

Allan Gunpowder is in front of the unit. He is wearing his usual old clothes, but he has a bright orange silk officers scarf over his chest. He unconsciously keeps adjusting it, as it weight on him too much. He is training soldiers, shouting orders, adjusting their posture.

Monk approaches him, gives him a purse with coins and gives him parchments to sign.

Allan pats him on the shoulder, gives his second officer command on the unit, and goes with Monk.

They go towards the theater. Holtz is waiting for them at the entrance. All three enters the theater where there is a rehearsal ongoing and city nobles are training fencing.

The rest of the city is full of activity on every street like nothing ever happened.

FADE OUT: