



SEA  
BORN

WRITTEN BY M. LATHROM

SEA BORN

Written by

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**OVER BLACK**

**SUPER: "The sea-born soul consumed by fog will walk the rattled gallows."**

**EXT. SEAPORT - NIGHT**

Two dirty men dressed in 1700s colonial rags, JACK (30s) and COLE (30s), sneak down a the wood doc to a small fishing boat. A fine boat for one man crew, aged and built stocky. The curve of it's bow smiles. The name "MARRLOW" hand-painted in blue across its side.

COLE

They're gonna catch us. You watch.

JACK

Nah, they're too busy up at the courthouse with the wizard.

The men duck behind some barrels next to the boat. Light waves pound the doc, rocking the boat.

Cole pulls a flask from his shirt. Jack grabs it. Douses a piece of cloth, then stuffs it in the bottle

JACK

They can hang him a hundred more times and ain't nothing gonna change. We're gonna draw em out, then we're gonna take him ourself.

COLE

You think this is gonna work?

JACK

I got a man inside. And hell, if it doesn't, there's always tomorrow, and the next day, and the next.

COLE

I don't think this is what he meant by distraction.

JACK

I reckon you got something better.

Jack chuckles. Cole exhale his nervousness.

Jack pulls a flint stone and knife from his pocket. Strikes the stone over the molotov cocktail. It lights. He tosses the bottle onto the boat.

A splash of flames erupts on the boat. The sale sets ablaze.

**INT. COURTROOM - SAME TIME**

The court is packed to the brim. Colonial men and women, some in rags, some riches watch the distressed sailor at show stands before the JUDGE (50s)

The people wear morbid expressions.

The sailor, JONATHAN (30s) stands with his hands bound in tight ropes, awaiting word from the judge. His face is long and eyes dark and tired. There's a kind and handsome face under the dirt and distress.

JUDGE

Jonathan Seaborn, I find you guilty of the crime of heresy. You have brought great evil upon this town and--

Townsfolk jeer from the pews.

JUDGE

Silence!

(beat)

If you want to see the light of tomorrow, you will tell us right here and before God how to end this once and for all.

Jonathan leans to the lawyer beside him, Mr. Abbot.

JONATHAN

What should I do?

The lawyer leans over, eyes fixed on the judge.

MR. ABBOT

(whispers)

Take me with you.

JONATHAN

What?

MR. ABBOT

Whatever netherworld you go to every night is better than this place with these people. If I get you out, you take me with you.

Jonathan glares at the lawyer, shocked, confused.

JUDGE

Well, Mr. Seabourn. Will you deliver this town from the eternal damnation you've brought upon it, or would you prefer the gallows.

Jonathan looks around at the sullen and angry faces.

He turns to speak to them.

JONATHAN

I don't know what's happening here. I left port yesterday morning. This is the first and only time I've been back to--

JUDGE

We've heard your story dozens of times, Mr. Seaborn. Will you end this, or will we end you.

JONATHAN

I... I'm no devil...

The courtroom doors burst open. Two armed guards rush in.

GUARD

It's burning! The cursed vessel has been set aflame!

JONATHAN

(sotto)  
Marrlow...

The townsfolk swarm to the exit. The guards lead the way.

JUDGE

Order. Order! I demand--

Mr. Abbot yanks Jonathan toward the back door, opposite the entrance. They're cloaked by the frantic crowd.

**EXT. COURTROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Mr. Abbot pulls Jonathan around the back of the courtroom, they run into the town road, duck into the dark corner.

MR. ABBOT

Where do we go? How do we get out of here?

JONATHAN

What is happening in this town?

Mr. Abbot grabs Jonathan by the collar, shoves him against the wall, gets in his face.

MR. ABBO

You listen to me. I killed a man yesterday, and today he walks. I have sought death, and it eludes me. You are the only way out, don't you understand.

The judge appears on the street. He along with a guard spot Mr. Abbot and Jonathan.

JUDGE

Over there!

Mr. Abbot spins to see them. Jonathan rams his shoulder into Mr. Abbot, who hits the ground.

Jonathan bolts off down the street, hands still bound in front of him.

**EXT. SEAPORT - NIGHT**

100 feet out from the port, towering flame rise from the small boat. The painted name half underwater. The vessel sinks. The villagers watch in terror.

Jonathan round the corner of a house, stops at the light of the fire hits his face.

JONATHAN'S POV

The towns people gathered at port watch the boat sink in flames.

BACK TO SCENE

JONATHAN

No!

He rushes to the port. The townspeople move away from him in fear. As if he was a leper.

JONATHAN

Marrlow, no!

Jonathan runs full speed to the end of the port, leaps off the edges, dives into the sea.

UNDERWATER

Jonathan swims toward the burning boat. The flames light up the underwater world. His eyes fixed on the vessel.

**EXT. SEAPORT - SAME TIME**

Mr. Abbot rushes to the dock. Jack and Cole watch the fire.

MR. ABBOT

You idiots! Not the vessel, we needed it!

JACK

You ain't goin' nowhere, and neither is he.

**UNDERWATER**

Jonathan peeks down, then freezes.

Scattered across seabed, illuminated by the light of the fire, a graveyard of identical boats. Dozens of Marrows, some burned, some whole, some in pieces.

Jonathan's peers up at Marrow. The water swallows the last of the flames as it sinks.

Still, motionless in the water, Jonathan turns. Behind him, at the base of the doc. Dozens of bodies. A graveyard of Jonathans, feet bound to boulders, arms bound by rope.

**CLOSE ON JONATHAN**

A few bubbles escape his lips. Then

Jonathan screams as Marlow sinks behind him.

SMASH TO BLACK.

THE END