

# David Jenkins Bsky OFMD Christmas Special

02/18/2025 4:41 pm EST



**David Jenkins**

@david-jenkins.bsky.social

1775. An editor comes into work on Christmas eve to find a manuscript on his desk. The title: A HISTORY OF PYRATES by Charles Johnson. (We have no budget so we'll say the editor is played by Michael Stuhlbarg).



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 3h

He thumbs through the draft: a scene where a silly fancy pirate robs a fern from some fishermen. Another where he crosses blades in the moonlight with the legendary Blackbeard. Another where they pine for each other from a great distance.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 3h

He thumbs further, grudgingly interested. These two pirates settle down with each other. They start a B and B. Huh. The editor is interested now. He reads the last third of the manuscript in detail.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 3h

Open on a beach. Nancy Sinatra's "You Only Live Twice" plays (the track from the movie, this is important. It has the best intro and for some reason is only sporadically available on Spotify). We use the classic James Bond opening iris to find a now established inn on a beautiful stretch of beach.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 3h

White linen flows beautifully as it's laid out on a table. Laid by co-innkeeper Ed, with great satisfaction. He lays out glassware. Perfect. Flowers. Perfect. He is content in this working meditation. He is precise in his adjustments to create beauty.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 2h

Over the following: "You only live twice or so it seems. Once for your life and once for your dreams."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 2h

Meanwhile, a cluster of frustrated guests attempt to check in with a flustered Stede. The inn has become quite popular. A well-heeled family has hired it out to host a wedding banquet.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 2h

They're dicks. Very demanding. This is a Christmas event and they want everything to be perfect. Stede's overwhelmed and put upon at the front desk, Ed's nowhere to be found. (Song: "You drift through the years and life seems tame.") The year is 1719, two years after the events of the second season.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 1h

The inn has become a bit of a bougie destination. A kitschy remnant of the bygone golden age of piracy run by two eccentrics who were apparently involved somehow.



**David Jenkins**  
@david-jenkins.bsky.social

Stede assures the guest of honor that their stay will be smooth. They've rented out the entire inn after all. The guest asks him if the rumors of his pirate days were true. Stede says they're largely embellished. A marketing hook that has worked to attract attention.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 1h

He looks at a model of a pirate ship on the front desk. Crossfade to: The Revenge, powering through the seas.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 1h

First mate Jimenez (Jim to a lucky few) berks orders to the crew. Now

First mate Jimenez (Jim to a lucky few) barks orders to the crew. New faces (tbd) in addition to old (Archie, Fang, The Swede, Lucius, Black Pete, Roach). Jim very much resembles Izzy in style with them own unique flair.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 1h

We see the ship has been rechristened "Izzy's Revenge."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 1h

Jim reports to the Captain's quarters. They are approaching the English fleet, as instructed. "Yeah, well, great, fantastic," says Captain Frenchie. "Initiate plan A."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 1h

The English fleet looks at the approaching ship. Surely it can't be pirates. No pirate captain is dumb enough to approach warships. They spy a white flag on the ship. The bridge appears to be on fire. The occupants seem to be merchants in distress.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 1h

Once aboard an English ship, Black Pete confirms they were indeed attacked by pirates. A Christmas Day attack no less. Clearly these pirates were godless and had no regard for a holy day. Lucius says they were bringing food and clothing to the poor on behalf of a Dutch merchant.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 1m

\* Tired and building a crib. Goodnight and merry Christmas Eve you beautiful bastards. To be continued... \*



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 1h

The rest of the English fleet is dispatched to find and destroy the "pirate attackers." The captain of the English fleet consoles our crew. Prince Richard has mostly cleared the seas of piracy. He's parlayed the



destruction of the Republic of Pirates into becoming Governor of nearby New York.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 1h

Jim says they're huge fans of Prince Ricky. The captain tells them they're headed to his Christmas festivity in New York City. Frenchie feigns surprise at this. He'd love to meet the Prince Governor. The captain laughs. His Highness doesn't make a habit of granting average merchants an audience.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 1h

Roach holds a knife to the captain's throat. Perhaps he'll make an exception for these merchants. Captain Frenchie explains the survivors of the Republic of Pirates Massacre would like to send the Prince a Christmas gift. Pirates haven't been abolished. "We've just become more cautious."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 1h

The English captain laughs. No matter what they do, these pirates are dead. Smoke appears in the horizon. The rest of the English fleet burns in the distance. They've been ambushed by the other survivors. Five other pirate crews who've been biding their time since Ricky's attack.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 1h

Jim invites the captain and crew to join or die. "You silly puta bitches. We can't be wiped out. We have too much work to do." Roach releases a carrier pigeon. The mainland should be alerted, the plan is in motion.



**David Jenkins**  
@david-jenkins.bsky.social

Meanwhile at the Inn, Ed regales guests about Stede's murder of Captain Badminton and Admiral Badminton. He's rewritten it to enhance Stede's cunning and ruthlessness. The guests hang on every word. Why did he murder both brothers? Ed supposes he did it for love.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 19h

Stede interrupts and calls Ed aside. Can he please help make up some of the rooms? Stede is drowning. They're at full capacity. Ed bristles at this. He's really more of a "front of the house guy," they've talked about this. Stede says that's not a thing. This is basically a two man operation.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 26m

Ed says Stede's being melodramatic. That's why they hired Applejack, an amiable drifter who helps with odd chores around the inn (again, as our budget is unlimited, Applejack is played by Kevin Bacon).



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 22m

A guest asks for an extra room key. Stede calls for Applejack, who runs to the front desk to help the guest. Stede says he wishes he had ten more just like him. Ed mutters "I bet." Stede asks what that's supposed to mean? Ed says Stede gets nervous whenever Applejack is around. For some reason.



**David Jenkins**  
@david-jenkins.bsky.social

Stede denies this, but it's clear he has an affinity for this handsome drifter turned handyman / bellman / bar back / chambermaid.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 24m

Stede: "Applejack's a good man and a solid employee." Still, even with the help, the inn has become a management feat. It's been two years since they discovered the place and renovated it, and a little over a year since it opened to customers. Ed and Stede never dreamed it would catch on so quickly.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 21m

Ed: "People like that we were pirates mate. It's one of the main things that draws a crowd." Ed sees it as his job to tell stories of their

buccaneering past even if he stops short of telling everyone he was the legendary Blackbeard.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 19m

For Stede's part, he'd just as soon leave that life behind. He'd quit just as he was making a name for himself, which had been his lifelong dream. Better alive as Ed and Stede than dead as "Gentlebeard" as the couple were starting to be known in pirate lore.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 15m

How much time can one spend as a lawless brigand before their ticket gets punched? Their brush with Ned Lowe followed by the untimely death of Izzy Hands soured Stede's romantic notion of piracy. Less and less in love with death, he was increasingly scared of losing whatever life he and Ed shared.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 12m

Ed bristles at the mention of Izzy. He clearly feels Izzy's death was his fault. And he was always worried that he'd pay for the horrible things he did to one of the only two people on earth who truly loved him unconditionally. Some not small part of him still feels cursed by the loss of Izzy.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 8m

Stede tells Ed it's better if they just let the past be and make this work. He thought the inn was their ultimate reward. They haven't even gotten to build the bait shop addition yet. Ed: "Bait shop?" Stede: "Yes. Remember?" Ed: "Why in the hell would we have a bait shop?"



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 6m

Stede: "You don't remember?" Ed: "I said something about a bait shop? Must've been loaded, mate." Stede tells Ed it doesn't matter. What matters is they have a full inn, an event to plan, and Ed needs to do more than obsess about linens (Ed loves the linen management aspect of innkeeping) and tell...



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 4m

... tall tales of their criminal past to guests. Ed doesn't know who any of these people are. What if someone is looking for them? No more "front of house / back of house" bullshit. They both need to do everything to make this place a success. Applejack can only help so much, he's drunk half the time.



**David Jenkins**  
@david-jenkins.bsky.social

Ed, chastened, says he'll do what he can. Stede says he better. He's not changing his life a third time, this place needs to work. He marches off to deal with a wedding cake delivery. The icing is melting in the hot Caribbean sun.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 3h

Ed decides to take a smoke break. He puffs his pipe outside, talking to someone off camera. "I don't know, mate. Thought this was the thing. And I do love aspects of it. Flower arrangement. Linens. We spent a fortune on the linens, but god they're lovely. But it seems like we're almost... roommates."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 3h

"Coworkers definitely. We built the place together and that was fun. But the whole customer service aspect. And you know, I don't think he even loves it? Spends half his time muttering in his sleep about The Revenge."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 3h

Reverse to find Ed is talking to "Izzy." Or his grave at least. Ed's cordoned it off with a white picket fence and keeps it well. "I guess you're right. I have a hard time just being content." Ed explains that he does want the place to succeed, but he wants to do it with his partner.



**David Jenkins**

@david-jenkins.bsky.social

He didn't want the stress of the thing and the daily drudgery to pull them apart. The whole point of the thing is they could do it together without getting murdered. It was the ultimate retirement plan.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social · 1d

"Pff. You didn't even know what retirement was ya twat." Izzy's voice, clear as day. Ed looks up quickly. No one is there.





**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social  
Meanwhile, a pigeon flies through the rain



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social  
Over the sea



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social  
To land



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social  
To a city. New York City. It lands at a humble soup kiosk at what is now probably Doyers Street in southern Manhattan (aka Doyers Street Angle, great dim sum here in the year 2025 btw)



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social  
Auntie, serving several customers, spots the note on the bird's leg before shooing it away. She scoops it up and opens a trap door in the kiosk's floor.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social  
A ladder goes deep down into the ground. Sounds can be heard. Party sounds. Bar sounds. Gambling sounds.



**David Jenkins**  
@david-jenkins.bsky.social

The colonies have been good to Jackie and Zheng, now business partners in the largest underground gambling den and speakeasy in history

January 6, 2025 at 6:34 PM



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

The note is passed through the packed club. Wee John Feeney performs a Christmas number as fabulous his alter ego, Bloody Nellie Blaye



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

The note finds its way to The Swede. He can't read but Auntie wouldn't be hand delivering it if it weren't important



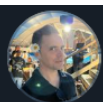
**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Jackie opens the note at her table. It reads: "Today." She passes it to Oluwande who puts it in Zheng's hands at the roulette wheel.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Meanwhile, Governor Prince Ricky prepares his Christmas address to a wealthy audience. He reviews his remarks and wants to make more of a point of eradicating piracy globally. "It really was quite easy. Even China's "greatest pirate" turned out to be no more than an easy mark.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Back on the Revenge. Jim plays with the ring around their kerchief, left to them by Izzy. They look at the ring from time to time. Silver and emerald. The emerald seems to grow brighter when the sea is choppy and the clouds set in.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

They spot a simple, worn engraving inside the band of the ring: Teddy



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

No reference to Teddy among Izzy's spartan belongings. Frenchie was given his scope and dagger, Roach his boots (though they didn't fit), but the prize for Jim was kerchief and ring. Sometimes, oftentimes, they'd wear just that for Archie.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

"Wonder if that was his father?" Lucius inspects the ring with Jim. "Maybe he was mated," surmises Black Pete. Oh that poor bastard. The Izzy they knew was a lot of things but would have been a handful as a spouse. "Maybe Teddy's why he became a handful."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Roach "It's Ed. Teddy's another form of Edward. Or sometimes Tedward." Fang shakes his head: "Captain never went by Ted. He'd rather be called shithead." Jim catches a look in Fang's eye: "You knew Izzy longer than any of us." Fang nods. He knew Izzy longer than Blackbeard.



**David Jenkins**  
@david-jenkins.bsky.social

Jim: "Who's Teddy?" Fang: "I'll never say. No one's business but Izzy's." Before they can press further, Captain Frenchie stands at the bridge. "Merry Christmas everyone. Welcome to the harbor of New York. Costumes on, we've some shit to wreck." The Revenge indeed is closing in on New York's harbor.





**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Stede has a cake emergency on his hands. Buttercream and hot sun don't mix. At least, not without considerable effort. Applejack fans the wedding cake as Stede tries to remold it into something passing for elegant



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Applejack tells Stede he's doing a good job. Stede is literally sweating it: "Thanks Applejack. We really need this. They booked the entire inn out of nowhere. If this event works there'll be others." Applejack: "Do you like this? Running an inn?"



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Stede: "Of course." But the moment he says it, he realizes he might not. Applejack: "Ed seems to love it." Stede: "Really? What tells you that?" Applejack notes how Ed handles the linens, arranges the fine glassware. He's quite adept at it. Stede: "If inconsistent. Interest isn't Ed's problem."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

"Maintaining interest. That's his issue." Applejack: "And what's yours?" Stede: "I get myself into jams."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Applejack: "Like running an inn on a small deserted island?" Stede changes the subject. The cake has become less than stable. Perhaps they can scaffold it somehow?



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

As Stede and Applejack attempt to right the cake, start Blondie's Out in the Streets: "Ooooooh"



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Blackbeard wistfully studies Stede from the bar as he wraps silverware in napkins: "He don't hang around with the gang no more. He don't do the wild things that he did before."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Ed thinks about Stede's crazy pirate days. Sword fighting, treasure hunting, lighting dudes ablaze. Blondie: "He used to act bad, used to but he quit it. It makes me so sad. 'Cause I know that he did it for me. And I can see. His heart, his heart is out in the street."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Stede thinks he catches Ed glancing at him, but Ed appears to be just wrapping silverware. He watches his fingers work delicately: "He don't comb his hair like he did before. He don't wear those dirty old black boots no more."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Stede looks at Ed's lips, pursed in concentration: "But he's not the same. There's something about his kisses." (Flash to Ed and Stede kissing passionately aboard the Revenge....



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

... then flash to Ed snoring, asleep in the in, while Stede lies awake next to him much like his days with Mary) "I know there's something missing inside. Something died. His heart. His heart is out in the streets."

Source: [David Jenkins Bluesky](#)



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Ed and Stede make eye contact from across the room. Blondie suddenly stops. Ed: "What?" Stede: "What?" Ed: "Nothing. Just finishing place settings." Stede: "Well hurry up this cake is fucked." Ed: "Looks like you and Applejack have it in hand."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Applejack: "Actually, could you get in here for me? I'm kinda making a hash outta this." Ed thinks about it, then: "Nah mate you've got it. This silvers not gonna wrap itself." Applejack says he'll take over silverware duty. Ed comes over to help with the cake.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Stede and Ed manage to steady it, buttercream on their fingers. Stede: "Whoop." Ed: "Thing's a bleeding liability." Stede: "Let's get this thing over with. Maybe no more large functions." Ed: "At least none with massive fragile desserts. Icing's not bad though." Stede: "Might give you the shits."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Stede: "The Carribbean's not known to be kind to cream based thingies." Ed: "You did alright tho." Stede smudges icing on Ed's beard: "Ha." Ed returns fire: "Don't escalate this Bonnet." Stede: "Don't trifle then."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

They're interrupted by a throat clearing. The groom's mother, Hypatia, a wealthy, eccentric old crone glares at them. "If you've finished your flirtation?" Stede: "Oh. Yes ma'am. Just making sure this hasn't spoiled."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Hypatia looks unenthused. This inn wasn't her choice for the function but she intends this to go off without a hitch. Stede notices that he hasn't yet seen the bride or the groom. Hypatia insists they'll be there. Most of the family has already checked in.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

The family and friends have indeed checked in. They are an odd looking bunch. Moneyed, but eccentric moneyed. Some even look a little grizzled. Ed surmises most wealthy people look this way. Stede knows better. But who else is booking a wedding at a small inn in the Caribbean?



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Stede says their money was good and they paid in advance for the entire place. So fine. Hypatia insists Ed and Stede be there for the ceremony, which starts in hours. Ed wonders why she wants both of them to be there. Rich people. They want the world he guesses.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Again, Stede is doubtful about their status. Their "uncle" just lit a match on his own stubble.





**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Meanwhile, Governor Prince Ricky finishes his glass of water and readies himself to walk out on stage. He strides out to greet the packed crowd, who cheer their tough on piracy Governor Prince. Jim handles a throwing knife. Frenchie plays with a pistol, at his side.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

A long barreled rifle has Governor Prince Ricky in its sights. Spanish Jackie holds it, aiming carefully at Ricky's forehead.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Ricky welcomes the crowd, and clears his scratchy throat. He takes out cards for his speech, but the first one seems to have been replaced. It simply reads: "Feeling ill?"



**David Jenkins**  
@david-jenkins.bsky.social

Ricky turns white. He looks over to find his valet staring at him from the wings. He flips another to another card: "It won't be long now." Ricky grabs his throat. He's choking.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

The crew members of the Revenge exchange confused looks. Jackie, to herself: "The fuck?" Ricky falls to the ground foaming at the mouth and shaking. The crowd panics.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

One of the last things Ricky sees as he dies is his valet turning to leave. He flashes on the glass of water he just drank. We see another flash of the Valet poisoning it before handing to to Ricky.



**David Jenkins**  
@david-jenkins.bsky.social

Jim tries to get to the stage. "No no no it was supposed to be us!" Archie pulls them away. It doesn't matter who did it does it? The job is done. Jim: "It matters." But it's too late. Authorities are surrounding the body. Even a symbolic strike would be suicide.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Meanwhile at the inn, the guests mingle. Ed scans the room, and mutters to Applejack. "These rich wankers are exhausting. Can't wait to get this over with." Applejack nods. Yeah the Inn business must be hard. All of these people with all of these demands. He asks Ed if he misses the sea



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Ed shrugs. Sometimes. His leathers felt were feeling pretty heavy there for a while. He didn't mind trading them for the crisp white linen suit he's wearing now. Applejack: "Blackbeard in a linen suit. Who'd have guessed." Ed becomes cagey. "Blackbeard? Where'd you get that?"



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Applejack: "C'mon, it's obvious. You have the hair, the same tattoos, it's obvious." Ed: "Dunno what you're on about mate. You flatter me. I never rose above scallawag. Mine was a short career, that's how I survived." Applejack: "My mistake. Over active imagination I guess."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Ed excuses himself to find a flustered Stede. The ceremony is about to start. Ed: "Well that's good isn't it?" Stede: "I haven't seen a groom. Have you? Or a bride." Ed: "S'bad luck though, seeing the bride isn't it?" Stede: "I don't even know who the bride and groom's parents are. Isn't that odd?"



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

The priest speaks up. A sober grey haired man with a glass eye, he's massive in size. Almost a giant. Clears his throat: "If we might get started?" Stede looks around. Started? How? Ed notices everyone looking at them. Every guest. Their eyes are hard.



**David Jenkins**

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Ed and Stede are surrounded by fifty armed guests. Ed: "What the fuck is this?" Priest: "Recompense. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." An old woman slashes Stede. Her husband fires at Ed and misses. Stede punches the woman in the face. Ed kicks her husband in the chest, and pulls Stede out of the room.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Breathing heavily, blood running down Stede's face, a fire poker jammed through the handles of the doors to the communal room. Stede: "Who slashes someone at a wedding?" Ed: "A fucking dead woman. You alright?" Stede: "I mean... no. But yeah." The doors lurch. They're coming down.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

"You guys are the fucking coolest. Gentlebeard." Stede and Ed turn to find Applejack. Stede: "What in the hell is happening?!" Applejack: "Are you or are you not Gentlebeard?" Ed / Stede: "Yes fine fuck whatever." Applejack: "Knew it." Applejack throws each of them a sword, and draws two pistols.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Applejack fires through the doors at the next big push. Ed: "Mate are these folks with you or what?" Applejack: "Tell you later. We probably gotta kill the lot of them." Stede: "What?!" The doors lurch open. Ed, Stede and Applejack do hand to hand combat with some forty remaining guests.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Reprise of you only live twice as Stede, Blackbeard and Applejack lay waste to a room full of hired killers. "You only live twice or so it seems. One life for yourself and one for your dreams." It's an ugly fight. Stede and Blackbeard end up slashed and punctured. Applejack as well.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social





"You drift through the years, and life seems tame. 'Til one dream appears and love is its name." Blackbeard grabs a lantern and smashes it, lighting several of their assailants, and the inn, ablaze. "This dream is for you, so pay the price. Make one dream come true, you only live twice."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Ed and Stede run while Applejack covers them. They crash through the window onto the beach. Several assailants follow but Ed and Stede manage to lose them. "And love is a stranger, who'll beckon you on. Don't think of the danger or the stranger is gone."



**David Jenkins**  
@david-jenkins.bsky.social

Applejack snipes the assailants from the porch with a rifle. Ed and Stede make their way to a nearby cave. They are chewed up, stabbed up, slashed, a bit burnt. But alive. Stede: "Well what in the fucking hell was that?!!" Ed: "Someone has it in for us."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Applejack: "Someone left this on the front desk." Stede opens it and reads. His eyebrows raise. A husky voice: "Dearest Bonnet. You don't know my. But I know you. Oh do I know you." CUT TO:



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

A fancy writing desk. Military and naval trophies adorn the walls. An elderly hand writes the letter: "You have taken so very much from me and mine. So now I will take all from you and yours." We scan the walls and pass a portrait. Captain Nigel Badminton, in better times (aka alive).



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

We pass a portrait of Admiral Chauncey Badminton. We pass many portraits of the other members of the Badminton family, all played by Rory Kinnear, men, women, and children, old and otherwise.



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

"We are a proud family Stede Bonnet..." We land on the letter writer. A verrrry elderly Sir Thomas Badminton. He is joined by his wife, Lady Eunice Badminton (both Rory). "And we will ride your kind directly into hell. After take everyone you love." Eunice: "Advise him we're taking his lover first."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Sir Thomas: "Yes dear."



**David Jenkins**  
@david-jenkins.bsky.social

Back at the cave, Stede reads: "By now your crew will be hunted for the murder of a high official." (In New York City, our crew slinks around trying to avoid detection). CUT TO



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

A stained glass window. A familiar voice, it's Mary Bonnet, arranging flowers in her Barbados home: "We know where your abandoned family lives. Where your children sleep."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

The cave. Stede looks up at Ed, ashen: "Mary. The kids." Ed: "Guess we'd better get going then." Stede: "This isn't your fight. It's not your family." Ed: "Your fight is my fight. Your family is my family."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Applejack: "You guys are the fucking best." Stede and zed turn to him. Stede: "Who exactly are you?" Ed: "Seriously mate, what the fuck?" Applejack: "I know I know, I'll tell you on the way."



**David Jenkins**  
@david-jenkins.bsky.social

Applejack: "You were good to a friend of mine. So I'm gonna be good to you." Ed: "Who?" Applejack: "You buried him on that beach. Let's get going."



**David Jenkins** @david-jenkins.bsky.social

Stede: "At least tell us your name. It can't be Applejack." Applejack: "Theodore. Or Ted. No one's called me either in ages." Ed: "Thanks Ted." Applejack: "All good mate. I'll be outside."



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As Applejack leaves,  
Ed and Stede regard each other. Stede: "Can we trust him?" Ed:  
"Dunno. If not we'll knife him quick." Reprise of Out in the Streets:  
"He grew up on the sidewalk  
Streetlight shinin' above  
He grew up with no-one to love  
He grew up on the sidewalk."



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Wide of Stede and Ed walking off with Applejack:

"He grew up running free  
He grew up and then he met me"

The inn burns, bodies litter the beach. We pan to Izzy's grave. A seagull  
lands on it. Blackout.



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We hear waves and gulls. And hollow sounding wind.



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A different beach. All looks grey and washed out. A gull lands,  
walks apace. The gull's tracks in the wet sand seem to morph  
into something other than webbed flippers. They eventually  
become imprints of human feet.





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A naked man with long white hair walks the beach. It's Nathaniel Buttons. But his eyes are icy blue now, his hair white as snow. He has no use for clothes.



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He comes upon a figure lying in the sand. Two feet. Two legs. A torso, dressed in black.



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The figure sits up with a start and a gasp. It's Izzy Hands.



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Buttons: "Dunna try t'talk. Yer in th' gravy basket ol' friend. Doggie heaven." Izzy does try to talk, but it's a useless rasp. Buttons: "Shh shh shh. We've much to discuss, luv."



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Back where we started, many, many years later. The editor looks at the manuscript, pages scattered on the desk. Thoughtfully: "This is some wild shit."

End of Christmas (Valentine's?) special episode    