

THE NIGHT CREW  
PILOT  
"FLESH AND GOLD"

Written by  
Jonah Droge

(818)-224-8151  
jdroge618@outlook.com

EXT. GALLEON'S GROVE - STORMY NIGHT

Lightning flares, thunder roars, and massive 30ft swells roll through the ocean. They crash into towering rock spires.

One particularly large swell pushes past these obstacles, heading for--

--a once-impressive three-masted galleon, THE CANOPY. Now mossy and rotting, the central mast is a thick trunk reaching up with the sprawling leaves and branches of a monkeypod tree. Four bodies hang from the fore-mast.

Tied to The Canopy is THE FIRST LIGHT, a large schooner.

The swell rages closer... then sinks below sea level. The wave completely disappears.

Amongst the leaves on the tree are five MOONSILK BLOOMS, glowing white lotus-like flowers, petals closed.

EXT. CANOPY DECK - CONTINUOUS

HE OF THE MOON AND STARS(MS), 8ft tall, with a body of dark brown powder and five white lights like stars within his chest, collapses onto the deck. He wields a sword with the blade of both transparent and mirror-like qualities.

Sand seeps from his face, whirled around by the storm winds.

Coating the deck are thousands of faded Moonsilk blooms.

MS rises to a kneel and looks ahead:

THE MOON AND STARS  
(with contempt)  
Thou cannot kill a god.

MAIA, 35, with a practical cloak, boots, and trifold hat, wields a sword with an embedded orange crystal ridge.

She expertly twirls and levels it with MS.

MAIA  
Get up.

Behind her, on the bow of The Canopy, is her crew - all battle-hardened and blood-hungry.

Scattered around the deck, we now see the bodies of MS's crew. Meek sailors, scrawny, aged young and old.

MS uses his sword as a cane to push himself up. Behind him, in the captain's cabin, is his remaining CREW OF FOUR. All are cowering except--

--YORDON, 50s, a weathered pirate with an air of respect and grace about him. He's anxious, gripping the hilt of his sheathed blade, eyes flicking about.

As MS stands, Maia dashes at him--

--slicing through his leg. Sand sprays on the deck as MS staggers again.

Yordon draws his sword and steps forward--

--but MS puts his hand out.

THE MOON AND STARS

(to Yordon)

No. Thy must live. Care for thy daughter.

Yordon reluctantly stays in the shadows.

MAIA

Death comes not only for you. All who bear your presence shall perish. The world will be rid of your corruption.

Tattoos of the moon glow faintly on the foremast bodies.

MS struggles to his feet again.

THE MOON AND STARS

Thou... cannot... kill...

Maia cuts both of his arms off in a quick swipe. They land as sand piles on the deck. MS's sword clatters to the ground, crisply reflecting the night sky.

MS's arm re-forms just in time to catch his fall, but he's exhausted. He stays down, catching his breath.

Maia paces around him.

MAIA

Mortality is life, so you have no life to take. But you can end.

Yordon looks at the three behind him. They nod together.

Yordon draws his sword--

--as do the others. They step out onto the main deck.

MAIA (CONT'D)

Finally.

THE MOON AND STARS

No! She must remain unchallenged!

Maia meets the four halfway, casually killing the first two.

Two stars inside MS go dark.

Two Moonsilk blooms flop into the deck, dead.

The third defends better, but goes down all the same.

A third star out and a third bloom down.

Yordon is almost an even match as they spar, although she keeps him on the backpedal.

THE MOON AND STARS (CONT'D)

Yordon! Heed my word!

YORDON

I'm sorry, captain. We owe you our lives, a debt we could not see go unpaid.

THE MOON AND STARS

Thy daughter...

YORDON

Lives because of you, sir.

Yordon's eyes flick to MS for a split second, but--

--it's too long. Maia locks his sword away with hers and stabs at his heart with a hidden dagger. Yordon catches her wrist, but the blade dips into his skin.

Yordon grimaces.

THE MOON AND STARS

No, captain! Spare his life! If not for me, then for your own humanity!

Maia considers, holding the trembling Yordon.

MAIA

His humanity was forfeit when he fell to you.

Maia drops her sword, using the spare hand to slam the dagger into his heart.

She shoves him away as he collapses, his eyes on MS.

YORDON  
Be well... captain.

THE MOON AND STARS  
Thy story shall forever be written  
in the stars, good friend.

The light from Yordon's eyes fade, leaving only the reflection of the starry sky to fill them.

A fourth star and bloom gone. One of each remains.

MS is on death's door. The single light pulses like a heartbeat--

--and a single star in the sky beats with it.

Maia inspects the final bloom, then looks down on MS.

MAIA  
That's you, isn't it? You're the  
last one... How does it feel to  
know there is not a soul alive to  
put faith in you?

MS crawls slowly towards the tree mast.

Maia looks back at her crew.

MAIA (CONT'D)  
Pathetic. Like I told you.

They laugh with her.

MS reaches the tree, placing a trembling hand on its roots.

Maia moves in for the kill--

--and STABS the last light in MS's body. It flares with the sound of shattering glass.

She twists the blade as MS grows weaker.

THE MOON AND STARS  
(gasping for air)  
The sky shall not die tonight.

The light inside MS moves from his chest to hand, then the tree. It climbs the trunk, blasting through the branches--

--finding the last Moonsilk bloom. Its light bursts into radiance, its petals unfurling to reveal a glowing white pearl. A MOONSILK SEED.

It SHINES onto the deck. Maia and her crew shield her eyes. A sudden strong wind berates them.

THE MOON AND STARS (CONT'D)  
But the seas shall no longer be  
tamed under the moon's eye.

The Moon and Stars melts into dark brown sand, gone.

A gentle PULSE emits from the boat like a shockwave.

The seed breaks free from its branch and spins through the air with the wind.

Maia angrily sheathes her sword, holding her hat to keep it from blowing away. She turns to her crew.

MAIA  
There it is! Back on board!

The crew scrambles back to The First Light.

Maia takes one last look at MS--

--his pile of sand is blowing away in the wind.

Suddenly, The Canopy violently LURCHES and lists to the side. Maia grabs the trunk-mast to stay steady.

Some of her crew are slammed into the gunnel and thrown overboard. The ropes holding the two ships together snap.

A massive swell ROLLS under them, playing with the boats.

MAIA'S FIRST MATE shouts from The First Light.

MAIA'S FIRST MATE  
Best get aboard, m'lady! The seas  
be stirring!

MAIA  
Aye!

Maia sprints to the edge of The Canopy's deck and leaps, catching a spare rope from The First Light, landing safety.

MAIA (CONT'D)  
Not m'lady. Captain, now.

## MAIA'S FIRST MATE

Aye, captain. What's our heading?

She looks into the distant storm--

--the seed can barely be seen, twirling about in the wind.

She levels her dagger with it - a declaration of the hunt.

## MAIA

South-southeast. Soon, the time of  
gods shall end.

## INT. NEPTUNE'S KNAVE SUPPLY DECK - DAY

- Soft snores and a light purr spout from four wrapping  
hammocks swaying from support beams.

- Grog droplets tap the floor from a fauceted keg.

- Wooden crates shift with the rocking of the boat.

- Stairs to an upper level at the end of the supply deck.

Suddenly, BANG! BANG! BANG! Cannon fire rips through the air,  
accompanied with gunshots, screaming, sword clashes...

...and the snoring continues. Someone shifts in their sleep.

Muffled from top-deck, we hear CLAES, captain of The Knave.

## CLAES (O.S.)

(muffled)

Go! Go! Quickly, now! Run their  
hold dry!

More pandemonium, but no hammock stirs.

## CLAES (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ah, brilliant! Yes, yes, bring it  
aboar-- Hey, look out!

A particularly loud GUNSHOT, followed by a shout of pain.  
Then the sound of limping footsteps across the supply deck's  
roof, yells of agony, and clanking of coins.

RAMSEY, a ragged, ugly sailor with a bleeding leg, appears at  
the peak of the steps. He trips and tumbles all the way down,  
ending next to one of the hammocks, screaming in pain.

The hammock shifts and out pops TANARO, 60s, scarred and  
gaunt as if he were undead... or had a bad night's sleep.

Without a second thought, Tanaro extracts a flintlock from the depths of his hammock and shoots Ramsey in the head.

There... all quiet..

CLAES (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
AHA! Brilliant, lads! Send more of  
your *measly* ships after us, we'll  
greet every single one equal  
fervor! HUZZAH!

Tanaro growls and curls into the hammock. Back to sleep.

**TITLE: THE NIGHT CREW**