

SCRIPT TITLE

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INT. FLORIDA COLLEGE - DAY

The camera zooms over a lecture hall, sadly, not as full as one would hope. On the whiteboard can be seen "Women of the Sea" in Bold, scrawled handwriting, as the camera lands on CASSANDRA "CASSIE" KILLAGREW, 30's, dark auburn hair, beauty and brains (but the brains are what she always focused on), lover and Professor of History, someone that would get too excited about the mention of Napoleon (or Neapolitan Ice cream - as a segue) so she could tell you how he was once attacked by bunnies.

The students in the room are enthralled. It's a shame there are so few.

CASSANDRA

And, to complete the list of our sirens of the seas, Jacquotte Delahaye. Or, "Back from the Dead Red", as she was so lovingly known. Her nickname hints at just how fascinating her life was, even if relatively little is actually known about her.

CASSANDRA clicks the projector to show pics of "Back from the Dead Red".

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

What *is* known and written as fact, is that Jacquotte was born in modern-day Haiti in around 1600. Her legend spins from there. Her mother died in childbirth and her father was brutally murdered when she was just a young girl. She was then left alone to care for her disabled brother. Since there were very few professions open to adventurous and strong-willed ladies at that time, she turned to piracy.

HILLARY

Question.

CASSANDRA

Go ahead.

HILLARY

So, women had absolutely no rights, but they could become pirates? How?

CASSANDRA

Well, mostly, as I said earlier about Anne Bonny and Mary Read, they disguised themselves as men. Bad luck to have a women on ship and all.

CALLIE (STUDENT 2)

Well that's ridiculous.

CASSANDRA

To us today it is, but then superstitions were answers to a problem, and they held on to them very tightly. With Jacquotte though, this wasn't so easy, or so the romanticized legend tells us. Her striking beauty and flowing bright red hair easily gave her away, but *this* was only *after* she was thought to be dead. It was her disguise. The men did not like how successful she was and a bounty was placed on her head. So she did what any one would, she faked her own death. But she got bored pretty quickly. She tiptoes back into society dressed as a man, but when that didn't work, she gave the idea up all together, returning to Piracy, and that's how she got her nickname "Back from the Dead Red". She quickly returned to leading hundreds of outlaws and dozens of boats. She even managed to establish a "freebooter republic", taking over a small Caribbean island. It was here, so the legend goes, that she died, defending her pirate utopia from attackers. She's always been one of my favorites.

CASSANDRA looks at her watch as the students begin to pack up.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Alright. Tuesday we will delve into Black Caesar and the supposed treasure he left behind in the Keys.

HILLARY comes up to CASSANDRA.

HILLARY

(excited) Professor Killagrew? Did you hear that Hudson Drake might be doing a show here?

CASSANDRA

I'm sorry, Hudson, who ?

HILLARY

Hudson Drake. He's the host of that show *Lost to History*. He goes around the world and finds these long lost treasures. It's awesome.

CASSANDRA

Well, with such high praise, perhaps I will have to give it a watch.

HILLARY

Maybe he's going to come here to find Black Caesar's treasure. If anyone can, he can.

CASSANDRA is skeptical, but never discourages her students.

CASSANDRA

Well, I will definitely check it out then. Now go, or you'll be late for your next class.

HILLARY

Ok. C-ya Professor.

CASSANDRA waves as her student leaves and she packs up her bag.

CUT TO:

INT. CASSANDRA'S OFFICE AT FLORIDA COLLEGE - MOMENTS LATER

CASSANDRA enters her office. It's old. You can smell the musk from the books that line the shelves. Every thing has a place. There is something old world about the office. She likes it that way. She walks to the desk and checks her voicemail.

ALBERT (V.O.)

Hey Doc. My daughter, the PH.D..(beat) I'll never get tired of saying that. I hate to do this last minute, but we are going to need to reschedule family night.

(MORE)

ALBERT (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Mom, Brig and I are stuck at the
 museum. We have a pretty big
 opportunity, and I may need my
 Doctor Daughter's help. I'll tell
 you all about it, but tomorrow?
 Stop by for coffee before class.
 Love ya kiddo.

CASSANDRA
 Doctor or not, forever his kiddo.

She smiles and we see a picture on her deck of her family,
 smiling.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
 And that's ok with me. Alright.
 Take out it is. Can't say I'm too
 upset about that.

She puts a few things into her bag. Stops.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
 Who am I talking too?

She laughs at herself and leaves the office.

CUT TO:

INT. PIRATE MUSEUM OFFICE- EVENING

ALBERT KILLAGREW, 60's, the epitome of a history nerd, elbow
 pads, glasses, puns, and all, but handsome and charming with
 a charisma all his own, is at his desk.

He is sitting. He fidgets. That's not right. He stands. Nope,
 that doesn't work either. He leans on his desk and takes out
 a pipe. He doesn't smoke. The pipe goes away and he moves to
 his bookshelf looking for a book to ease his nerves.

Unknown to him, HELEN KILLAGREW, 60's, a stunning beauty,
 with the grace and elegance of royalty, floats into the room.
 She sees him and sneaks up behind him and taps him on the
 shoulder. He jumps.

ALBERT
 (exclaims) Robin of Locksley!

HELEN
 (laughing) Someone's nervous.

ALBERT
 I'm...not (he is).

HELEN

You only use Robin Hood's *full* name
when you're nervous.

ALBERT

I'm not..nervous.

HELEN

My darling Albee, we've been
married for 40 years...

ALBERT

Is it 40?

HELEN

37. I know you.

ALBERT

Is there no mystery left...

ALBERT pulls HELEN into him flirtatiously as BRIDGETTE
KILLAGREW, 30's, graceful and elegant like her mom, but a
sense of humor like her dad, enters.

BRIDGETTE

Ew, alright you two. Knock it off.
He just pulled up!

ALBERT kisses HELEN'S forehead and they part. The family
lines up in front of the desk like a receiving line.

HELEN

Does he know where to go?

BRIDGETTE

Oh. Right!

BRIDGETTE glides out of the room to find the guest of honor.
HELEN looks at ALBERT.

HELEN

Breathe, Sweetheart.

ALBERT lets out a breath. We hear BRIDGETTE in the hall with
a few other voices. She appears at the door.

BRIDGETTE

Here we are.

BRIDGETTE presents her parents as HUDSON DRAKE, 30's, movie-
star good looks, 5 o'clock shadow, and an arrogance that is
found in celebrity, but a kindness and charm that shines
through when he smiles, appears in the doorway.

HUDSON

Quite a place you have here Albert.

HUDSON reaches out and shakes ALBERT'S hand. As he does, his assistant and childhood best friend ZEKE CALLIHAN, 30's handsome in an understated way, funny, full of life, but you can tell he is tired, enters behind them.

ALBERT

(leaning into HELEN and whispering)
He knows my name.

HUDSON

Of course I do. You invited me here. I would never not know my host. And you must be Helen.

HUDSON kisses HELEN'S hand. He turns to BRIDGETTE.

HUDSON (CONT'D)

And Bridgette. Pleasure.

HUDSON kisses BRIDGETTE'S hand. She blushes.

HELEN

What would Elijah say?

HUDSON

Elijah?

BRIDGETTE

My fiancé. And he would blush too.

HUDSON laughs.

HUDSON

Forgive me, this is Zeke Callihan, my right hand man.

ZEKE

Hi, we spoke on the phone, Albert.

ALBERT

Yes, nice to put a face to the name. Welcome.

As ZEKE shakes everyone's hand, HUDSON is looking around the office.

HUDSON

You have some real treasures here.

HUDSON picks up a picture of the family.

HUDSON (CONT'D)
Your other daughter?

HELEN
Cassandra

ALBERT
Doctor Cassandra Killagrew.

BRIDGETTE
Historian extraordinaire.

HUDSON
And where is the Doc?

ALBERT
She was teaching today. So I asked for her to come by tomorrow morning. You should really speak with her. She is an expert on Black Caesar.

HUDSON
I look forward to meeting her.

HELEN
Can we give you the grand tour?

HUDSON
Yes, please, and then I will get out of your hair for the night. Early start tomorrow. "What is lost to History"

ALBERT
"Will be found!"

BRIDGETTE and HELEN look at ALBERT and smile. They all walk out of the office.

CUT TO:

INT. CASSANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

CASSANDRA is curled up on her couch with a smorgasbord of take out on the table in front of her. She opens the containers, makes a plate, and sits back with the remote.

CASSANDRA
Alright, let's just see what this is all about.

She turns on her tv and searches *Lost to History*. We see HUDSON'S face, in his fedora, smiling through the television.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
Well, I can see how they hook the history haters.

She presses play and settles in.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
Here goes nothing.

Epic music plays as we...

FADE TO:

INT. CASSANDRA'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The food is still on the table. CASSANDRA has fallen asleep watching *Lost to History*. She wakes up disoriented. But the coffee is already brewing. She always has it set for 7am. The smell wakes her. Se looks around at her mess.

CASSANDRA
Uh...coffee first. Then I'll clean up.

She makes a cup and keeps looking back at the TV, which is just showing the title page of *Lost to History*. She walks over and hits play again. She watches as she cleans up. We hear the show in the background.

HUDSON (V.O.)
Somewhere here, near the Crosskeys Bridge in Lincolnshire, England, in 1216, 'Bad King John' - a monarch so incompetent and evil that his name is still preserved in folklore, films, and nursery rhymes - was running from his enemies. When his army tried to cross the mudscapes of the the Wash Bay, rising waters took their victims. The wagons and their contents, including the king's treasure, were lost.

More than 800 years later, King John's hoard has not been found. But it still lures believers. And today, we search to find that which has been...*Lost to History*.

The camera focuses from CASSANDRA to the TV, where we see HUDSON wink at the camera and place his fedora on his head.

CASSANDRA picks up the remote and shuts the television off.

CASSANDRA

And Hudson Drake, television host without, probably, even one class in any historically adjacent subject will find what has been lost for hundreds of years...right before our very eyes.

An alarm goes off on her phone. *"Meet Pops at the museum."*

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

I hate reality tv.

She heads upstairs to get ready for the day.

FADE TO:

INT. PIRATE MUSEUM OFFICE - MORNING

Coffee is brewing in the corner. ALBERT sits at his desk surrounded by books. A soft knock at the door as CASSANDRA enters.

CASSANDRA

I know you are providing coffee, but, I brought scones.

ALBERT

My weakness. Morning, Doc.

CASSANDRA

Pops, I've been a doctor for over 5 years, you don't have to keep saying it.

ALBERT

I will never stop addressing you as such. You know how proud I am of you.

CASSANDRA

(smiles) I do.

ALBERT pours her a cup of coffee. CASSANDRA sits on the couch.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)

Blueberry or Chocolate Chip?

ALBERT

Blueberry.

CASSANDRA

Thank goodness. They only had one chocolate chip.

ALBERT

Well, I'm trying to eat more fruits, so...

CASSANDRA laughs. There is a moment of silence. ALBERT is nervous.

CASSANDRA

Pops, what's up?

ALBERT

What? Nothing.

CASSANDRA

You said you had a favor to ask me.

ALBERT

A Father can't just want to have coffee with his daughter because he had to cancel their dinner.

CASSANDRA

Which he was extremally cryptic about on the phone, so his daughter knows something is going on. She is a PH.D., you know.

ALBERT

I have heard that, yes. (beat)

CASSANDRA

Dad. What? Are you ok? Is it Mom?

ALBERT

No, no no, nothing like that. I thought we could do a makeup family dinner tonight.

CASSANDRA

Great. Sure. I'll be there. That's all? *That's* the favor?

ALBERT

No. (beat) You know how you like to tease me about watching all of those history/adventure shows on the Explorer Channel?

CASSANDRA

I don't tease you.

ALBERT

You tease me.

CASSANDRA

I don't! I think it's sweet that you love history's mysteries as much as I do. I got it honest.

ALBERT

That you did. Well, one of my favorite shows, *Lost to History* asked to use the museum as a sort of command center for an episode. They are doing a piece on Black Caesar's treasure and they need an historian to talk about...

CASSANDRA

I'm sorry, Pops, did you say *Lost to History*?

ALBERT

That's the one. They are going to set everything up here, use our library, the main exhibit as a backdrop and I offered your expert...

CASSANDRA

Lost in History with that unwordly handsome, but has probably never opened a book host...Hudson...

HUDSON

Drake.

HUDSON has appeared in the doorway, leaning against in, he tips his hat in CASSANDRA'S direction.

CASSANDRA stand with her mouth agape, completely embarrassed and at a loss for what to say. HUDSON walks toward her.