Jack : You don’t want to be doing that, mate.

Barbossa: No, I really think I do.

Jack : Your funeral.

Barbossa: *Why* don’t I want to be doing it?

Jack : Well, because *[pushed a pirate’s arm off his shoulder]* …because the *HMS Dauntless,*pride of the Royal Navy, is floating just offshore. Waiting for you.

 *[in the cave]* Jack : Just hear me out, mate. You order your men to row out to the *Dauntless*. They do what they do best. Robert ’s your Uncle, Fannie ’s your Aunt, there you are with two ships. The makings of your very own fleet. ‘Course you’ll take the grandest as your flagship, and who’s to argue? But what of the *Pearl* ? Name me Captain, I’ll sail under your colors, I’ll give you ten percent of me plunder and you get to introduce yourself as…Commodore Barbossa. Savvy?

Barbossa: I s’pose in exchange, you want me not to kill the whelp.

Jack : No, no, not at all by all means, kill the whelp. Just not yet. Wait to lift the curse until the opportune moment. For instance… *[picks up a few medallions]* after you’ve killed Norrington’s men… *[throws them back as he speaks]* every… last… one. *[pockets one]*

Will : *[sees Jack* *take a piece of the gold]* You’ve been planning this from the beginning. Ever since you learned my name.

Jack : Yeah.

Barbossa: I want fifty percent of your plunder.

Jack :  Fifteen.

Barbossa: Forty.

Jack : Twenty-five. And I’ll buy you the hat. A really big one…Commodore.

Barbossa: We have an accord. *[they shake hands]*

Jack : All hand’s to the boats! *[sees Barbossa look at him askance]* Apologies. You give the orders.

Barbossa: Gents…take a walk. *[the pirates walk away]*