

# MERRYMOUNT



a true adventure comedy

by  
JACK DEMPSEY

*Merrymount: a true adventure comedy.*  
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## *Related Productions, Audiences & Ready Resources*

Dear Reader,

In 1970, Oscar-winning *Little Big Man* transformed understanding of General Custer and The West. Dustin Hoffman's eccentric charisma and Chief Dan George together spoke comic truth to power. *Merrymount* takes this back to the beginning with the true life-story of America's first "rascal" (and first poet in English), Thomas Morton: a bold, educated adventurer whose good-humored success here posed a threat (as the

story goes) to The Pilgrims of Plimoth and the Puritan founders of Boston.

*Merrymount* is a fast-paced Shooting-Script of 2 hours, shorter than *Dances With Wolves* (1990). While “true adventure comedy” points to three large audiences for *Merrymount*, in April 2001 C-SPAN’s *American Writers* series registered 78 million households tuned in for readings of Pilgrim texts (*Boston Globe* 4/15/01). Yet, what has been done with their fundamental story? In 1952, MGM’s *Plymouth Adventure* won a Special Effects Oscar for the ocean-storm endured by Pilgrim families: happy Natives chopped wood for them in the last 6 seconds. Besides *Little Big Man*, only the 1973 small-release *Squanto’s Story* came even close to the facts, eccentric characters and drama of Morton’s times. His misadventures are the transatlantic *contexts* of the traditional “Story of the Pilgrims” taught in every school.

In 1991 Bruce Berenson’s *Black Robe* proved the Northeast’s visual appeal but worked the myth of self-destructive “savagery.” In 1992, *Last of the Mohicans* played on Cooper’s juvenilia, and 1995 brought Demi’s *Scarlet Letter* and Disney’s *Pocahontas*. While disappointments, these films (and the success of *The Crucible* in 1996) proved mainstream interest in *Merrymount*’s frontier subjects, to increase with run-ups to the 400th anniversary of The Pilgrims’ landing (1620). Rather than spoiling the party, Morton’s story enriches it on every side, because *Merrymount* literally happened all around the supposedly-isolated Pilgrims and Puritans.

PBS’ 2004 series *Colonial House* portrayed a needless “wilderness struggle for survival” when the hard facts of Morton’s prosperity mock such melodrama. (The word “needless” is his.) National Public Radio concluded that Morton “begins to look like our true, long-lost American ancestor.” In 2005, an abysmal script and grunting Indians sank Colin Farrell’s *The New World*. And the 2009 PBS series *We Shall Remain* harps the same old song of “tragic necessity” turning the English against their neighbors.

The definitive Early American film remains to be accomplished.

*Merrymount* can be produced as well on radio or a bare stage. Each line is not to “direct the director” but to cull the facts, personalities and drama from the records and show how this world worked. Every production-resource is here and ready across a 4-season landscape from mountains to seacoasts. *Merrymount* requires only 3 sets: 1) forests and hills along the sea, 2) Native and colonists’ small homes and villages like today’s at Plimoth Plantation and other built sites, and 3) Sound Stage for simple interior scenes. Authentic Extras of all types stand ready with the region’s network of Interpreters---even the ships.

*Merrymount* is a fact-based twist on “the” familiar tradition, and 78 million people know it’s time. Till then, as “Mine Host” Morton says, Drink And Be Merry---

Your Wellwisher,

*JACK DEMPSEY*

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## **The True Story: Plot Summary**

### **--Part 1: Morton's Rise--**

**From Thomas Morton's arrival in New England to his May Day Revels with Native people and planters in 1627.** How does a witty Elizabethan outdoorsman and lawyer take care of six boys when they're marooned on the frontier? How do they come to terms with Native American women and men devastated by plague, how do the tribes handle them? What longings for a *home*, friendships, romances and trade bring cooperative success in what Morton calls "paradise"? And, what will The Pilgrims of Plimoth Plantation do about this fast-rising rival, Merrymount? By May 1627, Morton's many friends raise a Maypole to celebrate and grow their prosperity: the pageant also stages America's first English poetry and drinking-song, to offer the country a new manifesto of love. It's not Utopia---just mutual respect. And it's working.

### **--Part 2: Exile and War--**

**From Plimoth's and Boston's assaults on Merrymount to their Pequot War and The Battle of Mystic, 1637.** Captain Myles Standish leads Plimoth's slapstick campaign to foil Morton: they arrest, maroon and exile him, but he comes back full of scathing sense. As more Puritans found Salem and Boston, how do Morton's boys and Native friends cope with change nobody wants? What happens when Boston hoists Morton like a cow onto a ship as the country's first "political exile," and chops down the Maypole to bring his boys and Native friends to heel? Who cooperates, who resists? As Morton wins his suit in court, the Puritan colonies move to crush both dissent and Native tribes in Morton's web. Ten years after the May Day Revels, The Pequot War explodes across this array of individuals, and Merrymount's people need every trick to save themselves. Their best weapon: the Puritans' own comic ineptitude. Any film can



include an exploding fortress --- history gives us a fortress melting in the rain.

### --Part 3: The Price of a Home--

**From Morton's final return, arrest and banishment to the secret survivals of his Native and English-planter friends.** Beleaguered King Charles can't enforce Morton's legal victory: the English Civil War is near, and Morton (at 70) sails back to America. He still craves a home and family of his own and, hunting old friends, discovers what the Puritans have done (and what they *think* they've done) to his "paradise." As the colonies clamp down, Merrymount's friendships and romances, rivalries and hatreds reach good and bad resolutions. Boston reviles Morton as a traitor and mocker: they arrest and jail him through a brutal winter. But Morton, who taught others "to cherish a friend," discovers secret helpers in the colonies. At last he escapes to join surviving Native and English friends in Maine "wilderness." There, Thomas Morton and his mixed American family find a place to build anew.







## CAST OF CHARACTERS (43 speaking parts, & Extras)

### MERRYMOUNT

Thomas Morton	Walter Bagnall	Edward Gibbons	Jack Sawyer
John, William & Gilbert (boys)		David Tompson	Sam Maverick
Bill Blackstone		Bill Jeffreys	Edward Ashley
Sir Ferdinando Gorges		Councilmen	High Judges
Archbishop Laud	Mrs. Alice Morton, English children & domestics		

**EXTRAS: English, French, Scot, Dutch Coastal Fishermen, Wives & Children**

### NATIVE AMERICANS

**Massachusetts:**



Sachem House Afire	Woman of the Rock (Rock)	River (F)
Many Arrows	Big Wolf	Willow
Crazy Bear	Likes the Fire (Fire, F)	Sweet Grass
Seven Thumbs	Cutshamekin	Wishon Josias
		Little Moon

**Pequot, Narragansett, Mohegan, Nipmuc, Abenaki, Niantic**

Sachem Sassacus (P)	Sachem Miantonomo (N)	Sachem Uncas (M)
Tatobem (Sassacus' father)	Mamoho (P, male Sachem of Mystic Fort)	
Samm (P, big brave)	Little Owl, Bright Star (Pequot mothers) and 3 boys	
Robin Cassasinamon (P)		

**EXTRAS: Dozens of Braves and Family Groups of all Ages & Tribes**

**PLIMOTH PLANTATION**

William Bradford	Captain Myles Standish	Edward Winslow
Isaac Allerton	Hobbamock (Wampanoag)	Jack Oldham
William Brewster	Temerity Higgins & Mother	Sara, teen servant

**EXTRAS: Yeomen, planters, some with arms, Wives and Children; Stevedores**

**BOSTON, SALEM & CONNECTICUT**

Gov. John Winthrop	Vice-Gov. Edward Dudley	Captain Daniel Patrick
Captain John Endecott	Captain John Mason	Captain John Underhill
Rev. Samuel Skelton	Philip Ratcliff, planter	Law court Elders, etc.

**EXTRAS: Puritan Family Groups, Planters, "regular" Soldiers, Yeomen, Seamen**

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# MERRYMOUNT

## A True Adventure Comedy

*"What, could ye not watch with me one hour?"*  
---Matthew 26:40

### ---PART 1---

### SCENE 1

GRAPHIC: *Massachusetts Bay, Spring 1625*

The sun climbs huge and bronze out of the dark Atlantic horizon. The ocean's waves are rolling, and springtime's birds and peepers fill a wild forest-country. Morning sun shines on acres of tall green grass and peaceful estuary.

Countless seabirds soar the bay's green white-sandy islands. In deep woods, a drinking stag looks up. A red fox dashes into swampy thickets; and a Red-Tail Hawk lands atop a tree. It perches above the wild shore, to watch what happens next.

A shallop or English trading-boat cuts the sunny waves. Gentleman THOMAS MORTON (a robust 45) sits amid his SIX YOUNG INDENTURED MEN, who manage the tiller and sail as MORTON sips from a silver flask, and points ahead to a beach.

Atop a sand-dune, 3 NATIVE BRAVES track the boat. Behind them, the MAIN

MASSACHUSETT CAST hurry each other along (with Extras and BRAVES). MANY ARROWS (a barechested burly “war leader”) moves to block WOMAN OF THE ROCK (or, ROCK) from the beach. She, ROCK (a stolid-faced Elder of 45 in turkey-feather robe) tries to slip past him.

### **ROCK**

Let go, Many Arrows. I talk better English than you.

### **MANY ARROWS**

(He turns her to look at their people.) Woman of the Rock, talking with lost boat people did this. Was it yesterday we were a thousand people? Curse their pox, these bleeding bubbles in the skin. Neponset Massachusetts, the talking times are over.

We see the crouched Elder couple SEVEN THUMBS and SWEET GRASS; adults BIG WOLF (on his shoulder a Beaver-Clan-tattoo) and spouse RIVER; WILLOW, wife of MANY ARROWS; and teens CRAZY BEAR AND LIKES THE FIRE (both with long green serpents scarred and painted into their forearms). All are grieving survivors of a massive epidemic. RIVER looks the most shattered, her skin scarred by blisters.

### **MANY ARROWS**

Enough hiding, enough death. Do we run when Micmac cousins come south here, to steal our corn? Trade for what, Rock? These bubbles in the skin kill 9 of 10 of us. Grandfather Seven Thumbs helped them hunt: they stole our children. Women

fed them corn all winter: spring, they said we plot to murder them. Not two years gone, they kill us for talking-back to this, in our country. They keep your cousin's head piked up on their house of God. It is there for us to see, with guns called murderers. A "flag" dipped in our cousins' Wessagusset blood.

We see a Native man's rotted head on a pike atop the jerry-built roof and cannon-deck of Plimoth Plantation's fort. A bloody sheet flies as a flag beside the head.

### **ROCK**

These English are not from that Plimoth place,  
Many Arrows. These men got dumped here. Their  
old Captain Wall-of-Stone shipped home with his  
barrels of cod. These want to stay. Better we learn  
to use them. If we don't, they'll get killed somehow.

### **MANY ARROWS**

Good! They die, and no more come.

### **ROCK**

There are Micmac who never bring trouble. The  
English too are many kinds. These are not men to  
work and pray all day, like Squanto's friends.  
These learn from the old comers. These trade good  
things, a kettle or a knife for just a dance around  
their flower-pole. Our mothers married them in, to  
tie up their worst with trade. Many Arrows, their



Captain won't be back. If trouble starts---

Many Arrows signals the BRAVES to "Get Ready!"

### ROCK

I am the last wife of our Sachem, House Afire.

Him you hear. *He* has Seven Thumbs watch these

English. They build no walls where they camp

our little hill. They are not so starving-crazy. They

walk around easy, hunt up deer and turkey...

We see (1) future Merrymount Hill with raw cabin-frames, no "fort"; (2) MORTON, WALTER, EDWARD and GILBERT in worksleeves, gorging on turkey at a big outdoor table; and (3) MORTON, his DOG Elizabeth, and gun-boy WALTER crossing an ocean of wildflowers.

### MANY ARROWS

Yes. So they must not stay. Our cousin's head says

so. Lost boys to make a mess of us! They fear guns,

we have no guns; and if we jump them with knives,

guns are too slow to save them. You think like them!

Go, fetch more what we don't need, make them at

home. Go, the guns, Woman of the Rock. Fetch a

new crazy husband, and you scare them away.

Even so, the 20 BRAVES press forward past them both...

## ROCK

Brothers, not first, this way. Look where the boat runs. Squa Rock is the place to see what men these are. We can put them to our needs. And if they are slave-takers--- (She reveals an ugly steel knife strung between her breasts.)

The NATIVE CAST share worry for Rock, but they agree. LIKES THE FIRE gazes hard in study as ROCK calls up courage. MANY ARROWS and BRAVES shake their heads. ROCK signals, "Come...."

## SCENE 2

With rhythms of a grief-song, ROCK comes shaking a birch rattle along the bay's sandy shoreline. She lifts her face to Squa Rock's "natural profile" above her, stops; wipes tears and lifts her arms out to the Face...

## ROCK

Oh, Grandmothers, won't you help us now...

As ROCK SINGS, we see a thriving Native New England village by the sea, a broad round camp of well-made wetus (bark lodge-homes) amid Autumn/Harvest-time's brilliant foliage. It's the past, and (1) MANY ARROWS sits younger, relaxed as he wraps a new stone point to a spear, BOYS with them, and past their group stroll SEVEN THUMBS, SWEET GRASS, WILLOW. (2) BIG WOLF trades a mess of silver eels for chestnuts with NARRAGANSETT and NIPMUC EXTRAS. (3) RIVER, CRAZY BEAR and LIKES THE FIRE share shellfish with many TRIBE EXTRAS. (4) Dogs run playing

across the whole prosperous village, and we see not a doorway without people. (5) Fat fish smoke over fires, new lodges stand half-ready, and (6) Bare-breasted WOMEN of all ages pour baskets of corn into huge woven bins, and it pours like gold through ROCK's and SACHEM HOUSE AFIRE's hands. They share a smile...

ROCK's SINGING on the beach breaks to an open sobbing. We see ROCK in ragged terrified shape, her face black with ash-streaks as she stumbles alone in horror through the same village, but all is empty and winter-bare under dark sky. Corn and heaped vegetables rot, and ROCK trips on bones, skulls, corpses as she tries to scatter rats. Corpses in lodge-doorways show dripping sores. ROCK finds RIVER cowering in a lodge, but in the dark ROCK stumbles on a corpse beneath a mat. ROCK pulls it back: most of the body's skin comes with it, and RIVER shrieks and wails.

ROCK's hands clutch the birch rattle, trembling. Alone on a log beneath Squa Rock, she nestles like a child in its craggy comfort. Her eyes catch movement down beach. Rock sits up and starts to sing again.

THOMAS MORTON and his SIX YOUNG MEN make their wary way up the shore. MORTON is a robust Elizabethan outdoorsman about 45, with Cavalier beard and long hair tied back under a jaunty soft hat, in bright patched clothes incl. topboots, elegant sword/dagger belt and pistol, a satchel and bandolier. His MEN are hardy servants in 20s: cleanshaven EDWARD GIBBONS wears all English clothes full of stitches, bearded WALTER BAGNALL wears all buckskins: JACK wears a misplaced scholar's shabby black, and GILBERT wears old English clothes with a Native-style headband. Youngest JOHN and WILLIAM carry along a trunk of trading-truck: they look schoolboy-scared and wear awkward feathers as if to "make Indian friends."

EDWARD, WALTER and GILBERT carry matchlock rifles with smoking “match” ready, and eye the dunes/woods as they follow. Now all can hear ROCK’s song and rattle. MORTON sees her, looks wary but glad. He signals “easy now” and then beholds Squa Rock itself. ROCK falls silent as MORTON eases closer and offers a smile. ROCK’s hand moves to her breast. MORTON fumbles to doff his hat and give a manly bow.

**MORTON**

Uhh, Good Day, Mother! Netop! Friend! Netop  
Massachusett! That is of course if *you* be Netop  
with that particular nation?

**ROCK**

Netop? Netop Neponset Massachusett?

**MORTON**

Yes, yes Mother, friends! Now, my name is Thomas  
Morton, uhh, His Majesty’s gentleman, attorney at law---

**EDWARD**

Brilliant! Aye, we’re the dregs of a fish-barrel, H.M.S.  
*Unity*, dumped here last winter by Captain Bastard  
Wollaston and The Transatlantic Negligence Corporation.  
(Manic with “too much wilderness.”) Which way the  
Inns of Court, ma’am? Bit of a walk?

**MORTON**

Did I tell you hold your tongue? Insult her and



we're dead before you can shoulder that. (With an eye to Rock, he scolds.) Indeed, I may cash in the lot of your indentures down Virginia, with those other unfortunate boys our Captain took off. Jamestown means martial law, is that better than making our own way of it here? Do I read you the mail comes every ship? Go on, farm tobacco in a swamp! Behave yourselves! Look smart!

The YOUNG MEN better their fearful disarray as ROCK smirks.

#### **MORTON**

(Digs out a parchment.) Now, here's that list of Indian words the good Governor Bill Bradford gave us at Plimoth. English first. Netop, Mother! Where, are, your, people?

When ROCK gets the question, she has to fight back new tears; and MORTON takes a step nearer with an outstretched hand...

#### **EDWARD**

Don't touch, Mr. Morton. The last of them popping off you'll catch us bloody plague. You can't help them.

#### **WALTER**

And you know what about it, Edward errand-boy? Maybe just leave her, Mr. Morton. Mark

that robe: she's close as they come to a queen here.

They visit the old graves of the clan-folk. Like  
under them shell-heaps we seen, as old as  
Croesus. They must have been thousands, once.

**MORTON**

Hmm. First, observe. I say that, and she cries.  
Wonder if our competitor Saint Bill Bradford  
gave us just the words to gum up our trade.  
(He grins.) That's what I'd do.

ROCK shakes her rattle for strength; and as MORTON feels a shiver up his spine,  
we see the same devastated village with MORTON stumbling over skulls and bones, a  
cloth over his mouth, eyes horrified---

**MORTON**

Wait. My God. Remember your Ovid story,  
that ancient Greek queen who got turned into  
a rock---She lost all her children. Skilla, was it?  
Niobe! Aye, Zeus killed them all, for her boast how  
beautiful they....Aye, that was all her sin. (Snaps his  
fingers.) Gilbert, the Nectar. The brandy, boy!

MORTON takes the bottle (NOT his personal silver flask), uncorks it, shows it to  
Rock, and drinks:

**MORTON**

Ahh, Mother, good medicine! Am-bro-see-ah,

Nektar, Aqua Vitae, Waters of Life? Now, Netop!

ROCK takes/sniffs the bottle; and then her hand pours the liquor out. MORTON purses his lips and tries for a wistful patience...

**EDWARD**

Oh, there's a welcome! That was the only doctor  
between Cambridge and these mudflats. Pounds  
in beaver, that! We have had it.

**MORTON**

Mother, what ails thee? Must be something we can do.

ROCK's canny eyes are not weeping now.

**SCENE 3**

GRAPHIC: *On the Neponset River, Massachusetts Bay*

ROCK leads MORTON, his MEN and an ESCORT of BRAVES on forest trail to Neponset Village. Hand-drums there beat "Attention" if not Welcome, and VILLAGE EXTRAS look scornful/turn away---this place is clearly "post epidemic." The ESCORT includes MANY ARROWS, CRAZY BEAR, BIG WOLF; SEVEN THUMBS, SWEET GRASS, RIVER, WILLOW; and LIKES THE FIRE follows up CHILDREN with baskets.

MORTON and MEN walk nervously amid BRAVES with their body-tattoos and

paints, ruffs, scars, clubs and bows. At the Village, ROCK is met by MEDICINE WOMEN and MEN EXTRAS with smoky twists of sweet-grass: they waft spirals about her, wave bird-wings, sprinkle water and cleanse: then the BRAVES and ENGLISH.

**JACK**

(Bats away the gestures.) Westminster it is not.

**MORTON**

(All smiles.) Why, Jack, you're right, we're not in England! That's my boys, comply as the fishermen said, comply with the local custom, as ye do in Devonshire. A world to gain for indulging the local hospitality. (He coughs/gags)

**EDWARD**

(Enduring things.) That meat I smell? Christ, I starve and I sweat lobster-grease. This be the "new church" you talk all bloody day Jack, your "unfallen natural Creation"? Let's build a Parthenon, to the sea-wormy bugger dumped us here. Help, I'm lost in the woods with a drunken lawyer! "Massachusetts is the paradise o'them parts," Oh!

MORTON and MEN follow ROCK into the main circle of lodges: most EXTRAs make warding-off gestures, back into doorways as others get on with summer jobs, hoe side-gardens, shuck clams: bare-breasted women work deer/black-bear carcasses...

MORTON crosses a spot of sunshine; and the shadow of a HAWK crosses his



face. He looks up and the HAWK crosses the sun with open wings, red tail: MORTON feels its power, he loves falconry, and looks around with pleasure. But he sees grouped empty lodges, fires cold; a weaving-frame with mat fibers askew; a pile of "lacrosse" sticks; a cedar flute hung in a doorway. Clearly, most of the Village has died.

MORTON, grave behind ROCK, approaches the MAIN LODGE. MORTON doffs his hat as MANY ARROWS and SEVEN THUMBS walk in through the lodge-flap--- which is painted with a great black Beaver.

Out comes LIKES THE FIRE, who nods to ROCK to "wait here." FIRE and ROCK embrace: FIRE is maybe 20, bare-breasted with a white shell necklace, deerskin skirt, muscular, bright-faced and gently proud. MORTON's MEN nudge each other---JACK looks smitten, even in awe.

#### **FIRE**

House Afire is pleased with my new mother.

I should be so brave!

#### **ROCK**

We look at you, my new child, and many  
things feel better.

JACK stares at FIRE, and young CRAZY BEAR bumps into him:

#### **CRAZY BEAR**

Scoo-zay moi. She's medicine, white boy.

Don't look so strange we talk your words,  
fisher-man. (He grins like a skull.) How else  
get back the children you steal? (He holds

forth his serpent-scarred forearms.) She wears  
this sign too. We're medicine, she and me.  
Trade your trinkets and then Bon Voyage, eh?

**WALTER**

(to mates) I tell you, they see the emperor's clothes!

ROCK and FIRE enter the lodge leaving MORTON to wait: he looks about with interest, warmth, opportunism, and stirs up his MEN to pull their trunk out into prominent Village space:

**MORTON**

Come on boys wake up, show the wares, get  
the blankets out and the cups, that's right the  
mirrors, Hello, Good Day!

A few EXTRAS pause, stare and move on. Now from the main lodge comes an EXTRA NEPONSET Elder man with BEAR-clan tattoo: then ELDERS each with a DEER, HAWK, BEAVER tattoo etc.; then SEVEN THUMBS, SWEET GRASS, MANY ARROWS come out; and last, SACHEM HOUSE AFIRE to their midst. His face/upper body bear ALL clans' tattoos and more. He's a grave clear-eyed man, 60s in a black wolf-pelt mantle, hide trousers with shell trim, copper earrings and gorget, crimson-painted eyes. Nobody, including CUTSHAMEKIN (Sachem's minor brother), smiles at their guests...

MORTON sees and stops the sales-appeals. He snatches a red blanket, puffs "Good Luck" and makes way toward the Sachem. But there, he doffs his hat and out falls a leather hood-and-bells used in Falconry-training. We see this "harness for the wilderness" as MORTON stoops to tuck away the somehow-offensive thing:

## MORTON

Whup! A little present, that, should I manage to trap and master one of your magnificent American birds of prey. Am quite a sportsman you know! Uhh... (He fumbles between his hat, blanket and a half-bow, and sees that nobody reaches for the present.) Thomas Morton, at your service. Gentleman, son of a soldier of The Queen, Agent for the Crowned King of England James The First. And for The Council for New England; and His Excellency, Sir Ferdinando Gorrrr-hess. Perhaps you speak English? I recall one or two of you, from a spot of our good Captain's fur-trade. He will be back, of course. Cheek-a-*taw*-back, is it? "House Afire"?

## HOUSE AFIRE

Thomas Morton. It is not custom to trade before a smoke together. You must keep the blanket. These things you people bring---Good to have, but they make us die. So I speak now for these people. You camp our little hilltop?

## MORTON

My word... (AS EDWARD covers his eyes)

## HOUSE AFIRE

Our women know your fathers many years. We wonder why it is so much for you, to speak our words in our house. (Shrugs) So long as you listen. Thomas Morton, our cousins live all over this country. We know that where you English want the fat furs, you trade what people want. Maybe yonder north, at Kennebec, you get good beaver for your Waters of Life. But here is Neponset Massachusett. (He looks past Morton.) Good guns your men carry. Look new. Bring those for beaver. Hunt what you can eat, but no furs until. (Smiles) Then, when our Micmac cousins come south here to steal our corn, you will be glad every man of us has one.

**EDWARD and JACK**, come closer, exclaim: *Guns?*

## MORTON

Saw me coming, what? Well, my good Sachem. We'd like to comply. But you see, there's our King's Proclamation. I mean, thank God and English lawyers, a King's word is not law. But---Our King ye might say, asks us, well, not to do that. You see, it, it spoils...spoils the trade...

And MORTON sees what he'll call "the other side of the world," that his profits

affect these people: he looks disappointed, self-embarrassed, and starts to think...

### **HOUSE AFIRE**

You do not know our words, so you cannot know  
the fear in names of old enemies. Narragansett, Pequot  
---But now, the people here, all my wives but one  
die, of your bubbles in the skin. Our enemies begin  
to have these guns. Even Pequot, our brothers on a  
river so big you cannot say the name. Guns for  
beaver and your camp. This we hear you call Indian  
Giving. But here, it is just custom: something for  
something. (Grins) We should give you our pretty  
hill because you are English? Your holy-planter  
brothers who build Plimoth tell us, No guns. We  
know what it is we want.

### **MORTON**

(Daunted) Guns, eh?

Now we see LIKES THE FIRE and CRAZY BEAR:

### **FIRE**

(Feels stared-at) Don't they see women at home?  
Men get sick without women. (Toys with Crazy's  
necklaces) Still, if you wonder too much about  
new things, you can lose out...

## **CRAZY BEAR**

Grandfather Seven Thumbs has the skin for  
these people, seven thumbs thick. Many Arrows  
says they bring no women because they mean war.  
Don't look at them. Or, do then! How does a man  
protect his people? You learn so fast. You're like a  
raven in the highest tree I know, drunk with  
the sun, seeing all around at the same time...

FIRE loves CRAZY BEAR, but RIVER across the Village catches her eye. RIVER  
with furious eyes sits away from the GROUP around their big kettle, rejects attentions  
and glares at Morton's MEN...

## **FIRE**

Her family was 37 people. Now Big Wolf tries  
to be husband, in place of his dead family. River---  
She is confused because she still sees her family  
here, behind the sunshine. (FIRE shivers.) I feel  
their spirits too. (Turns from her sadness) Look at  
that yellow-hair English all in black! Queer they  
are, the most handsome looks the most sick.

CRAZY BEAR plays indifferent. MORTON lets the trunk fall shut.

:

## **MORTON**

That's that. We're on our own for Wollaston that  
drunk, and if we want to stay, it's got to be  
contraband. Well, here at least we know the

devil. Do you know? I trust them. We're meat at their whim now. They're in a spot.

**EDWARD**

Spiffing! Arm cannibals, or my head on the king's pike.

**MORTON**

Edward, dig out your ears. A king's proclamation is not a statute. What you know, I taught you. That gun is more like to kill you than your man. They want guns to scare people with. Other people, not us, boys.

**BIG WOLF**

Psst! You Thomas Mor-on? I talk the Church of English, aye, with good-neighborlies Bill Blackstone, Sam Maverick---*Ecoutez!* If our Sachem says No, my nephew Crazy Bear and me can help you trap. (He shows off his BEAVER clan-tattoo.) Ohh, big money! But *Ecoutez!* Only we can make it safe for you, up country. The beaver plantations, eh? Up country, ohh, Nipmuc savages! *Tres dangereuse!* (He mugs "monsters.")

MORTON looks around annoyed. And now, MORTON sits passing a stone pipe with ROCK and HOUSE AFIRE, with ELDERS in main lodge; a home of fine pelts, woodware and weavings, hunt-gear, basketry, and scalp-locks hung up too...

### HOUSE AFIRE

(With tobacco savor) We have a cousin sends  
this our best from the south beyond Pequot.  
Now, Thomas Morton. We like that you talk  
not from a book. With the guns, bring the  
little tool, the press, to make bullets. The screw-  
pins, to fix the locks on the guns. And much  
match, to make the powder thunder.

### MORTON

The screw-pins to fix....The match. Game *and*...

### HOUSE AFIRE

(presents pipe to Morton) My voice is the voice  
of these people. The land you may camp has great  
ground broken for gardens. Those who broke it we  
will not see again. That land bears the name of my  
mother, Passonagessit. Her grave, we honor as theirs.  
She will say if any more wild people disturb her.  
If you be different from your English who work and  
pray all day, who killed over talk---different we expect.

Morton gravely accepts the pipe, and smokes.

At last we see AN ENGLISH HAND draw back a leafy branch. The unseen  
owner watches MORTON, MEN and NATIVE WOMEN in the Village center, trying  
introductions and talk. The HAND shows scars, the CUFF bears faded soldier-



embroidery: it is the hand of Plimoth Plantation's Captain MYLES STANDISH.

NATIVE NEW ENGLAND MUSIC rises in strong rhythms of drum, rattles and voices: we see the summer-weeks that follow through this sequence of images:

Morton's men EDWARD, WALTER, JACK, GILBERT, JOHN & WILLIAM are hard at work cutting/carrying timber up their green hill for houses, past corn that's knee-high. NEPONSET BRAVES with MANY ARROWS lounge after hunting and mock "women's" labor...

SWEET GRASS and WILLOW ask RIVER to show MORTON, WALTER, JACK, EDWARD how to hill corn, train beans: LIKES THE FIRE shakes a rattle close by. JACK makes her a grass chaplet and she tries it on...

BIG WOLF, MORTON, WALTER crouch over a trap beside beaver dams in a woodland pond, and BIG WOLF demonstrates sprinkling musk-oil on the trap. He grins, mimes a male-beaver sniffing love-scent. His hands clap shut like a trap...

MORTON, WALTER pull their first trap-drowned beaver out of a pond and delight in its weight. Then, MORTON's hands write in a big parchment ledger-book--a long list of otter, beaver, marten, and "Prices In London." Clearly BESIDE the ledger sit the hood, tether and bells that Morton hopes to use...and then MORTON's hand takes up its tankard of "claret sparkling neat" and lowers it empty...

An ENGLISH SHALLOP rows in from a supply ship in the summer-green harbor by the camp's hill, its cargo wooden gun-crates as MORTON and EDWARD watch from the beach with bales of furs. We see a crate cracked open and brassy new matchlock guns inside, white fuse-matches neatly coiled, gun-rests, shot, tools and oils etc. NATIVE and ENGLISH HANDS seize hold of these things...

With houses “building” in the background, MORTON with sword directs a line of MEN at training-day musketry. The line includes CRAZY BEAR beside EDWARD, BIG WOLF and WALTER, MANY ARROWS and GILBERT, JACK and CUTSHAMEKIN. When MORTON shouts orders, all fire; but only MANY ARROWS’ gun fails. He shows resentment as MORTON fusses over his error...

MORTON in full gear manages to sit in a dugout-boat and gets paddle-coaching from MANY ARROWS onshore with BRAVES. MORTON has trouble, stands up in frustration (against Many Arrows’ “Sit!”) and MORTON flips over. MORTON comes up indignant and doffs his soppy hat as they enjoy themselves...

JACK shows WILLIAM, JOHN, WALTER a beaver-trap’s stake in a pond. They haul in, the beaver is not drowned, and JACK must club it. JACK detests this: he wipes blood with angry shame, and JOHN/WILLIAM share looks about Jack as WALTER takes charge...

WILLOW, ROCK, SWEET GRASS wade back from the sea with a pair of lobsters each: they “scare” EDWARD and JACK with them, and then we see them with ROCK beside a big sandy pit laid with hot stones for baking seafood. MORTON and MEN watch as ROCK coaxes RIVER to pass her down a big fresh sea-bass wrapped in seaweed. RIVER almost smiles, looks a bit more “in the world” and cooperates...

Now the CAST SO FAR sit around a good fire with empty clam and lobster shells, joints of venison, turkeys on spits and more. They all recline at ease, but look more weary than festive...

MORTON in “frontier Sunday best” reads The Book of Common Prayer to his

MEN before their big outdoor table and cabins. We can see TALL corn...

HOUSE AFIRE, ROCK, and ELDERS watch a round of musket-fire from the same improved FIRING-LINE of MEN---but we see the shock of thunder in all their faces, and their hard-biting looks...

The MUSIC reaches its peak as ALL NATIVE CAST share a game of Rugby-like "Football" with ALL ENGLISH CAST (including slow-pokes MORTON and HOUSE AFIRE). They fight for the fur-wrapped ball coming up a wide blue-sky beach with the goal-posts far behind: those are hung with presents, all good things we saw "lying about" the Village, from arrow-quivers to woven mats. Everybody's having fun as they mix it up. JACK breaks away with the ball but gets hit by CRAZY BEAR, who takes off with it. As CRAZY looks back he sees FIRE preoccupied with teasing the flattened Jack...

As the MUSIC fades, MORTON (looking even more seasoned to the life) and his dog Elizabeth sit at leisure amid of field of late-summer grass, his day-book open in his lap. He strokes the dog, toys with his quill, and we HEAR him thinking:

### **MORTON**

Look at us, Elizabeth. 20 years a down-at-heels  
West Country barrister riding the endless circle  
of the petty court circuit. Runt of the family, not a  
scrap of land falls my way. A widow I marry,  
there's a home, and the good Lord takes her.  
So why not, off to this New England on a 20-  
pound investment. Now? As if we can refuse

House Afire's pipe. Our shoulders turn a  
wheel of profit for Sir Ferdinando and a vipers'  
nest of aristocrats, pumping the country with  
guns. The capital venture, built on illiterate  
boys. Never did feel so well, though! We  
breathe big here, eh? When did I live better, on  
so few lies? (He takes out and fondles the hawk-  
hood/harness.) I wish I had a home. I don't know  
that a family's much to ask. Can it be here, some-  
how, old man of the sea Odysseus, Aeneas of  
the refugees of Troy? (He looks for falcons.)  
God, these American birds. (Breathes, stretches)  
Ohh, America is a woman in your arms! (Writes)  
God Save The King. And The Squa Sachem too!

## SCENE 4

Sunrise over the sea and islands, the trees' FOLIAGE in Autumn color. MORTON sets a "Bow Trap" for a migrant hawk (stakes a pigeon in the open, on a net spread out and connected to a bent-back pole). We see the growing camp on Merrymount Hill by the sea (small cabins, firewood, morning's cookfire, big "keg with legs" etc.). Native baskets fat with corn, squash, beans wait storage. CAST below are packing for a trade-trip, crouched in a row: BIG WOLF and RIVER tighten bundled pelts, EDWARD and JACK stuff satchels with biscuit. MORTON comes out from his large central cabin in full dress, with GILBERT in buckskins.

**MORTON**

(As GILBERT brushes him down) Watch my falcon-trap, Gilbert. Some first take! This can fetch you clothes if you like. Well, all? They pay when London lays her lion-paws on 'em. I knew that drunken imbecile fishing-captain would botch another rendezvous! (His dog Elizabeth jumps on him.) Good morning, Elizabeth! Shall we have a grand walk, girl, see the sights and visit the brave Christian Soldier puppy-dogs?

JOHN and WILLIAM bring the silver brandy-flask and a fat book.

**JOHN**

Flask is full, sir. Thought you'd want your Cicero, going to Plimoth. We'll mind Walter spot-on.

**JACK**

Gilbert, if that female Likes The Fire comes down from Neponset, say I'm on long journey.

**GILBERT**

Will I! Oh, Jack, what's this then, more dregs of your churchy scruples with the lasses? Let Grandmama reform the parish, Jack, it's a new world. Besides, Master says to make our guests at home. Mind if I....?

**JACK**

(He sneers, flicks at Gilbert's tattered buckskins.)

Pan, your thighs rub us raw. Take her. There are no rules, here, Gilbert. No limits...

We see RIVER re-packing one of BIG WOLF's pelt-bundles:

**RIVER**

I come with you. (Sees BIG WOLF's new silver gorget pendant) Good boy for the English?  
Used to be, you were home when you hunted just to eat. What spell on you, the way you fawn?

**BIG WOLF**

Do not scold in their---Dear one, I promise,  
guns are nothing, whatever Many Arrows says.  
When the time comes, guns will not be power.  
People I know. I think ahead of the English.

**RIVER**

That's what I was afraid of. I cleaned all these,  
I made them soft. I come with you, to make sure  
you don't be a fool with them. Too many, Big  
Wolf, we never took so many. How many English  
can there be without a hat? We'll get a bad dream  
for this. Another sickness. I am not like Willow!

## **BIG WOLF**

(Rolls his eyes under Morton's gaze) Good,  
you come, you carry. Also be quiet, or someday  
I will make her another wife I care for, like  
you. (RIVER glares.) You will see, good things,  
good things we shall have!

They depart down-hill (MORTON/Dog, BIG WOLF, RIVER, EDWARD, JACK),  
take wooded seaside trail. As they pass, MANY ARROWS appears ahead. He lifts one  
open hand, new gun in the other. Then come WILLOW (in a new wampum necklace),  
SWEET GRASS, and CRAZY BEAR:

## **MORTON**

Many Arrows! And Willow, my my, this  
costly wampum becomes you! Good Morning,  
Sweet Grass, how's the kneejoint, well? Uh...  
(Touches gun) Do you need this, now?

## **MANY ARROWS**

(Touches Morton's book) Who told me a man  
does not worry opinion? No, Thomas, Sweet  
Grass and I go visit Nipmuc family up country:  
then to Pequot. (Laughs) Yes, Thomas, to give  
them a good see too. I send men other places,  
just to make our Narragansett cousins think  
twice to steal. (He reaches proudly for CRAZY  
BEAR.) You know my adopted son, Crazy

Bear. Rock is right: it is for all of us to help these with no families anymore. I think that is why Rock likes you, Thomas. Your men look fat and sleek.

### **MORTON**

Pequot, eh? On a map shown me once, that was a name of fear. A nation most puissant, and honorable. Listen, trim the heels of any Dutchmen along that river what's-the-name? Connecticut? Dutchmen make trouble faster than we do.

### **MANY ARROWS**

(Nudged by RIVER) And you, take Willow my wife, to learn better trade. River says Willow behaves like drunk, when she sees shiny trade-truck. Between men, Thomas? I took my lovely Willow in a raid against Nipmucs up country. Big family there. So she tries to be "winnaytoo" here, such a person for standing. I tell her, I am already House Afire's Red Chief, War Leader. She has yet to run away!

### **WILLOW**

A woman likes what the country offers. Men never think of tomorrow, what a family is.



## **MORTON**

Really.

## **RIVER**

We should have what the country gave us. A generation. (RIVER stalks off: ALL look after her)

Now a lively ELIZABETHAN MUSIC rises, and we follow MORTON/Dog, EDWARD, JACK, BIG WOLF and RIVER, MANY ARROWS and WILLOW, CRAZY BEAR and SWEET GRASS enroute. They (1) cross the tops of shore dunes; (2) ford a wide stony stream; (3) trudge across mudflats, then tide-marsh neck-high in sawgrass. And (4) as BIG WOLF leads along meadow trail, MORTON reads aloud, CRAZY BEAR watching. Their world is Autumn's gold light, wide skies, birds...

## **MORTON**

"So, logically, you see, my young friend, that Man is far from a state of perfection. But, for all that, he is a little particle of perfection. The Universe, seeing that there is nothing which lies beyond its reach, is utterly perfect. How, then, can it lack the most excellent of all endowments? Now, there is nothing more excellent than reason, and wisdom. Therefore, it is inconceivable that they do not permeate the Universe. The Universe, therefore, is endowed with Virtue; and consequently, with Wisdom; and with Divinity...."

At MORTON's last sentence from Cicero, we see him crest a hill. On the other side he finds RIVER seated staring into the glory of sun on the water, the forest-foliage all before her. RIVER turns and gives Morton a "Where have you been?" brighter look, brief but there. Then she sees his offered hand, slowly she takes it and comes along. The company march the darkening hills against a salmon and crimson New England sky.

At night-camp under a huge oak tree their small fire burns. MORTON sits with Elizabeth among pelts and packs, his back to the tree, exhausted. JACK pours cheap wine and EDWARD unwraps a cheese. NATIVE CAST are "off by themselves," holding hands and turning as they sing a quiet song with day's end, moon's rise. We see their FACES turn by, luminous and calm. EDWARD drops cheese in MORTON's lap.

**EDWARD**

There. My feet ache. I told you business by boat.

**MORTON**

You don't see the land that way. Shh! That song is probably older than England. Eh? Circles, the sun, the moon....It's a tougher tongue than Greek.

**EDWARD**

Ring Round The Rosie. That's religion then?

**MORTON**

No, no-no. But you can read, Edward. Says the Prayer Book (as he draws knife/cuts cheese), "Our Lord creates communion between Himself and Mankind by acts of the body. A

man's actions are the bodily signs of his spiritual worship." (He hands out chunks of cheese, tosses bits to dog Elizabeth.)

EDWARD sneers, as JACK reappraises Morton. ALL share two rabbits on spits, hard cornbread, drink. MORTON watches as MANY ARROWS wipes his gun down:

**MANY ARROWS**

Thomas. I said no English will see it. Most do not need to.

**EDWARD**

How long can you hide the magic formula,  
Mr. Lawyer?

**MORTON**

They told you what they want for beaver. I told you the law. Who sends us the guns, but your King's Council? Think we're over here to save souls? Peddle green cod to French Catholics?

**JACK**

Ahh, the voice of our elders. That your best lie?

**CRAZY BEAR**

You talk backwards. Is that what you do for it?

**JACK**

Do for what?

### **CRAZY BEAR**

For...the broken world. The words inside that are  
broken. They do not make one as I remember.  
Since the sickness. Like...a broken thing in your hand.  
A bee caught inside the head. A hole, here (chest).

### **JACK**

(To the fire) In England I had no one. Here, you  
feel that worse. You people dance. Hold hands...

### **SWEET GRASS**

(Puts an arm around CRAZY) Near our graves, I  
bleed like River does. Thomas Morton, yesterday,  
I was a girl holding a hundred hands watching  
your ships go by. My father was such a player  
of our ball-game that nobody ever, ever troubled  
our village. Can you see, in that little thing, how  
much is gone?

Flames flicker on them all beneath the great tree. SWEET GRASS looks most  
downcast: she begins to cut cheese and pass out more.

### **SWEET GRASS**

A person can feel so small.

The people eat and brood under the great fire-flickering tree.

In sudden broad daylight three fierce mastiffs on chains bark in front of Plimoth Plantation's palisade-wall and stout gate. From within the roofed upper gun-deck of the fort and church we see MORTON AND CAST approach (without Many Arrows/Sweet Grass), led by dog Elizabeth. And we see them "over" the faded military sleeve (seen above) of CAPT. MYLES STANDISH. At his side is Plimoth's resident Wampanoag friend HOBHAMOCK, as STANDISH alerts two EXTRA GUARDS.

**STANDISH**

Not him again!

As STANDISH snorts, MORTON sings Hello's, and the GUARDS (with different "pick-me-up" helmets and gear) crowd in to see him.

**STANDISH**

Watch your sides, you fools, did I tell you  
about sappers? (Leans out over Morton  
below) Your business! Get that bitch away  
from our dogs! It's a curse to train them,  
now they'll be howling all day!

Morton's dog Elizabeth nuzzles the happy mastiffs. MORTON does what he can but a mastiff jumps him and he scratches its ruff with gusto. Time to have fun:

**MORTON**

Pleased to see your curfew over, Captain  
Standish. Or is it? Those pagan French still  
about? The gate, sir, *s'il vous plait*?

**STANDISH**

(Thrusts out his gun-barrel) State your business,  
ye book-toting sot! (His head pops out into view.)  
Are you aware that it's Sabbath Eve?

**MORTON**

Yes of course, but---It is? What day...Oh dear...

BIG WOLF steps up and drops fur-bundles with attitude.

**BIG WOLF**

You scare your brothers when you eat wild meat.  
When will they take down our cousin's head?

MORTON looks up at the piked head rotting in the sun.

**MORTON**

Captain Standish sir. There's been only regret  
on all sides, you know that, and no trouble since.  
No trade, either, what? My first visit your gov-  
ernor served me egg salad, dainty dish in a  
wilderness. Come, welcome your countrymen.

**STANDISH**

Do you hear this palaver, men? Sir, you are  
warned! Your business here!

**MORTON**

(Smiling up with two fat bundles of furs high)  
Captain Standish, I've made good at last! Now  
I can ask your father for your hand, in marriage!

We face the blank gate, hear rattles of chain as a GUARD cries "Gate Open!" It moves a crack: STANDISH stands florid in his green felt hat, dark green suit, worn coat with sword/2 daggers, full red beard. He looks 8 years Morton's junior, a foot shorter than all others, the reputed "little chimney." Lanky HOBHAMOCK watches from behind him, about 40 with very "plain style" buckskins and grim demeanor.

**STANDISH**

Not all of you. You'll have to see the Governor.  
I told you, Sabbath sundown's on us. He won't  
truck now, even if Allerton would---Aargh.  
(Past Morton) You can't all come in. What's this,  
a year of trappin'? We have so much to do!

**MORTON**

(Breezing past) How exciting for you.

**STANDISH**

Bloody trade. With me. Hobbamock, watch  
them others!

STANDISH and taller/older MORTON stride down the slope of "Main Street" Plimoth, the fort and church up behind them. They pass two rows of board or thatch houses with crude stock-pens, raised box-gardens, a sunflower or two, all this between

sharp-staked wooden walls beyond which the Autumn foliage tosses and swirls. Two white-capped GIRLS crowd a window till an OLD MATRON shuts the blind. A hard-looking YEOMAN pens in sheep as a horned goat trots freely by. Two YOUNG MEN drag fishnets up from the beach. MORTON and STANDISH share uneasy looks...

Inside one cramped house, EDWARD sits devouring corn mush and a hunk of bread, as "Pilgrim" matron MOTHER HIGGINS watches his "savage" hunger. JACK nudges a spinning-wheel, his back to a tiny window. Beside EDWARD sits TEMERITY HIGGINS, a gangly nearsighted youth of 20, like Edward but far less sophisticated.

#### **EDWARD**

Oh, bread, bread! Good to see you all,  
"Stranger" that I am to the congregation.  
A man doesn't forget people help him in a  
wilderness. You should let Temerity here  
visit us, ma'am. Teach him the land, he'll fetch  
you a fortune. Not so bad out there. Last  
night? These traveling junkets Mr. Morton  
likes, from his Devonshire days. We sang....  
He's got a decent way.

#### **HIGGINS**

There, mother! I can read 'em Scripture, them  
savages they keep tame. Mother, let a man  
reach for The Lord's help.



**EDWARD**

Aye! Your corn is near-proper. Brother Jack'll help.

**JACK**

Some of your brethren are coming out and walking up to the fort. So your Sabbath begins? I think I might like---

**EDWARD**

No, no! I mean, we're off straight. (Stuffs himself) Huh! These Plimoths "sing by note," Jack. Each one sings at his soul's private pitch, straight to The Lord like in the parish 'o Bedlam. First time I heard it on ship? Good God, the Devil jumped into the sea.

EDWARD laughs and just then in walks EDWARD WINSLOW with a careless knock: he's a tall, well-groomed Puritan gentleman about 40 (still younger than Morton) in a black suit/white collar, short black hair.

**EDWARD**

(He withers and stands.) Mr. Winslow himself!

**WINSLOW**

(Haughty) Why, if it isn't Edward Gibbons. Most we turn away quite by this hour. Mm. I wonder can it be the will of God. We've a proposal. For a man religious as well as industrious. Or, two men, with reasonable brains...

Now we see MORTON waiting seated in the cramped front room of GOV. WILLIAM BRADFORD's house, dim with one oil-papered window, small bookshelf, wash-basin, farm-tools on walls. Morton sits before a table with red carpet splayed over it and one "elder's chair" for the Governor, behind it a plain wall and back-room door. MORTON shakes his head, smiles touching the empty pans of a balance-scale.

STANDISH brings out WILLIAM BRADFORD; but behind them we glimpse the gray head of spiritual leader WILLIAM BREWSTER (in black robe/skullcap/white collar), in thought at a table by the back window with one ray of sunset-light on his Bible. BRADFORD looks at MORTON as STANDISH shuts that door: BRADFORD signals Standish out. BRADFORD sits, about 33 with black beard, short hair balding, in a blue suit less "dressy" than Winslow's. Bradford is 15 years younger than Morton, weary, wary. BRADFORD sees the empty scale-pans swing and stills them, annoyed.

### **BRADFORD**

Well, Mr. Morton and your noble colleagues,  
our supply puts no eggs before you this time.  
With Sabbath upon us this is only the good-  
ness of our elders. So, to it. We understand  
you wish, for your entire burden, gunpowder?

### **MORTON**

Ahh, it's good to know a man of law and  
order is in the neighborhood. To hunt, man,  
we'll put meat on your tables and furs in the  
countinghouse. Come and see the quality, naught  
but the fat upland beaver. And every one of them  
pays a yeoman's year of labor for yourselves.

**BRADFORD**

Shot all the animals yourself, of course.

**MORTON**

(Breezy) Oh, my share. Acquiring the right  
trustworthy help is the game. Our bind  
is steady gunpowder, and steady road to  
market. We want honest business, and that's  
your good Christian hands and ships, sir. These  
fishermen, a disgrace! Now, heaven forbid  
that two gentlemen, in service of God and His  
Majesty, need see eye to eye all the way to success.

**BRADFORD**

(half-hiding his scorn) God and His Majesty.

Yet, BRADFORD's hand toys with the scale. And in his "memory" we see the  
dark insides of a crude plank-and-sail shelter that shows the horror of Plimoth's first  
winter. YOUNGER BRADFORD, STANDISH, WINSLOW, BREWSTER, HIGGINS  
breathe frosty air as they work to nurse and warm trembling-sick COLONISTS.  
BRADFORD covers a dead GIRL-CHILD and weeps: *Dear God! Dear God!*

**BRADFORD**

We are here at all to help you because we  
separate those things. That is to say, through  
God alone. It is not clear you understand the  
hardships. We few souls left have more debt

to our merchant-backers than you are worth.  
We find Indians wanting corn, and these blasted  
irregular fishermen trade them twice so many  
bushels. Not for beads and mirrors, for---useful  
things. We are families, man. There can be no  
going back. Rumors come to us---disgraceful, our  
“brother-English” about the woods day and night.  
Do you understand we’ve women and children?  
You ask powder. You’ve no minister. That fellow  
Jack is a prison bastard, and fits more than one  
sheriff’s notice of run-off indentured men. You  
apparently helped them all dishonor contracts,  
when your camp under Wollaston came to naught.

#### **MORTON**

Precisely, a freebooter neither of us wants about.  
Governor, no one can admire your achievements,  
so very plain to see here, and assume that the  
lack of a minister measures anything amiss? Scrip-  
ture says, “If ye do not well, sin lieth at the door.”  
Wait a moment. I meant---

#### **BRADFORD**

God and His Majesty. Was that a Christian church  
put men of conscience in chains? And still chains  
them with pagan poperies, a Prayer Book  
invented by clerics for a pension? We know

your mocking talk of us. We try and do our best. (He's toying with the empty scales again, stops.) We are not at ease with your request. Five years here just to build what we are. We even slew the savages outright-against us, and they---and you stumble into the prize...

### **MORTON**

Governor. You are young. We mean you well and, God's truth, we admire your homes. I am a lawyer for the common law, and, between us, no man for a king's wish by edict. As things are, sir, let them prosper us. It's cash you people need, and a few influential sannups, the squaws of these local people. To help repair---Well. Perhaps that is just how we can serve...

BRADFORD hears, sighs, a cross of compromise in his face. He eyes the scales...

Now we stand inside Plimoth's Store-House with its goods stacked wall to dim windowless wall. Over a barrel spread with beaver and fox-pelts stands ISAAC ALLERTON (a "middling sort" in 30s with sharp brows, balding comb-over, in shop-keeper's vest). He presents RIVER, WILLOW and BIG WOLF a box of tin trinkets:

### **ALLERTON**

(Quick eyes, facile) Now, Big Wolf is it? These are precious metal: tin! All your leading Sagamores wear these now, like the lovely madame's

wampum there. Good medicine. See it catch the light? And these also, ladies, you can drill, or we drill them for a small fee---Why, they're earrings! Or look, pretty lures, for the fishies! Now you, your very own selves, as our friends, can have this whole box, for just the two (furs)...

BIG WOLF sees WILLOW nod and reaches for the box, but RIVER grabs it and slams it on a bench behind them:

**BIG WOLF**

We can fish with them, woman! Up country with your cousins, these are worth better things. Fair's fair. They never know!

**RIVER**

Ike Allerton, bring us your parchment and a dirty feather. You like these furs? Make us parchment for baskets of corn. (BIG WOLF moans.) You and the other children bellyache four weeks every Spring, with nothing left to eat. Buy corn later, you pay like a fool.

ALLERTON laughs, claps RIVER's arm, but she reviles his touch:

**ALLERTON**

Oh I beg your pardon! It's just that I admire---My, Big Wolf,

your wife has a gift for it! And such a quiet one. What hasn't got into her, eh?

**WILLOW**

Show me nice dark cloth, no sailor duffel. Oh, what is that? (She rushes over to bask in a full-length mirror in a carved stand.)

**RIVER**

Argh. Now we all starve. Big Wolf, she's for you.

BIG WOLF, hurt, touches RIVER. ALLERTON turns to WILLOW:

**ALLERTON**

Now, that monstrosity, don't ask me how that got over here. That should adorn some lucky High Sachem's wife. What about axes? England's best chop-chop! From Ike Allerton, you mark that name, and tell your people, won't you...

Finally we're back just-inside Plimoth's gate, in fading gold sunset.

**STANDISH**

Hobbamock! Fetch those detachments back from the corn. Ain't pilgrimage to get back before sundown.

STANDISH glares over MORTON's people packing up, with EDWARD and JACK to bear two powder kegs. BIG WOLF, RIVER and WILLOW wait to one side of

BRADFORD and WINSLOW, who confer. ALLERTON brings MORTON a wet-ink "I.O.U." paper: they trade "See You Later" pats on back, and then ALLERTON rejoins BRADFORD. WINSLOW gives ALLERTON a snotty look.

**EDWARD**

(To JACK, and BOTH glance Morton's way) Leave it to me, when. Come on, be not afraid. The Good Book says a man prospers, doing right. Oh, shite and onions, here comes Tom o' Bedlam.

TEMERITY HIGGINS brings bread with a "not bright but eager" grin:

**EDWARD**

Why, thank you, Temerity! And who is this?

Young Puritan woman SARA comes up (22 in white cap, gray jacket, long dark skirt, apron, two round loaves in her hands):

**HIGGINS**

This is Sara. She's servant of our gentleman, Mr. Fells. They came here by shipwreck, huh! Sara bakes good. We have to go in now. (Sing-song) I'll visit. I'll turn twice your trade, Edward.

**EDWARD**

(Grinning he grasps Sara's loaves with both hands, squeezes till she "gets it" and lets go) Thank you. For certain, Temerity! Bring a guest!



**SARA**

Our mistress says you camp without the  
walls tonight, Mr. Gibbons. And have a Sing  
by the seashore? What is your favorite psalm?

EDWARD guffaws in Sara's face. STANDISH strides over to MORTON, who's  
hefting their third powder keg onto BIG WOLF's back.

**STANDISH**

Pity men cannot perceive their danger.

**MORTON**

Indeed sir. Couldn't agree more. 'Liz? Come girl!

WINSLOW signals GUARDS to open the gate. As MORTON leads out, 20  
PLIMOTH EXTRAS troop in exhausted from the fields with heavy tools, flanked by  
GUARDS with guns, halberds. A MAN has a wood gag in mouth, court-paper on chest,  
"Whispering." EXTRAS look twice at Morton's company but "mind" Bradford. They  
scatter to houses along Main Street, go in, shut things down. At the street's bottom, a  
DRUMMER and two ELDERS in black come uphill, with summons to services.

**MORTON**

God save you, gentlemen! Evening, all!

SARA and HIGGINS feel the gate shut, the rattle of chains...

**SARA**

Savage women have an awful life. Isn't that  
true, Temerity.

MUSIC rises (English tune “John Barleycorn”), and as MORTON speaks we watch his company walk out into the seaside land with a vast crimson sky above them:

**MORTON**

I must approve of the endeavors of my countrymen, that have been studious to enlarge the territories of His Majesty’s empire. Whatever their church or governmental practices, which I intend not to justify, they do deserve some commendations. Though it hath been but for their own profit, posterity will taste the sweetness of it; and that very suddenly, I think...

MORTON’s voice continues; and what we SEE (matched to each numbered image below) shows us what he’s talking about:

**MORTON**

But, the more I look (**VISUAL #1**), the more I like it. And, when I more seriously consider the beauty of the place, with all her fair endowments, I do not think that in all the known world it can be paralleled. (**#2**) For so many goodly groves of trees, dainty fine round rising hillocks, delicate fair large plains, sweet crystal fountains and clear-running streams (**#3**) that even delight your senses when you sleep. Fowls in abundance, fish in multitudes,

(4) full, ripe, pleasant grapes supported by the  
lusty trees. And lilies, and (5) the Daphnean tree  
---It makes this land, to me, seem paradise. In mine  
eye, 'tis Nature's Masterpiece, and more. (6) If this  
land be not rich, then is the whole world poor.

**VISUALS FOR ABOVE:** (1) MORTON writes in his day-book beside his company's driftwood-fire on a beautiful beach, blanket on shoulders, silver flask at hand: beside him BIG WOLF cracks a lobster-claw for RIVER, hands her meat. (2) MORTON with small telescope looks up a New England valley to Blue Hills country, hands it to WALTER. (3) A trio of dugout-boats full of LEAD NATIVE and ENGLISH CAST paddle a river's bend between meadowlands. (4) MORTON with day-book under arm tastes fat grapes off the vine, given him by BIG WOLF, and MORTON admires the "lusty tree" where they hang. (5) MORTON plunges his face into huge white Rosebay Rhododendrons, tangled with honeysuckle; and (6) MORTON writes by the fire as above, smiling. THIS time, WILLOW in a new trade-blanket and CRAZY BEAR (shaking a birch-rattle) dance past Morton, then BIG WOLF: they're enjoying themselves. We see their fire grow smaller, smaller amid dark land and starry sky.

## SCENE 5

GRAPHIC: *"Little Harbor," Piscataqua River Trading Post  
on the "New Hampshire" coast, Summer 1626*

JACK and EDWARD pilot MORTON in their trading-shallop toward a wild seacoast thick with daunting old-growth forest. As they near shore we see a crude new boat-dock at a clearing, with two boats; and a "lone planter's" cabin with a shabby

warehouse beside it.

JACK and EDWARD tie off their shallop. MORTON is helped from the boat by DAVID TOMPSON, a rugged neat Scotch "old comer" in 40s with red beard/hair, wool cap and mixture of buckskins/clothes; as are WILLIAM JEFFREYS, a gaunt English of 35; WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, a grave dry "Church of England man" in black thread-bare suit; and SAM MAVERICK, a cleanshaven 30 in red vest, mellow with always an Indian pipe in his teeth. They are survivors of broken colonies, shrewd "proto-Yankees." Here, MORTON looks almost genteel...

### **MORTON**

Boys, you recall Mr. Jeffreys, Mr. Blackstone,  
Mr. Maverick; and of course this is our redoubt-  
able Scot, Mr. Tompson. Survivors all of many  
a noble's dream! Heading home we are, from up  
Kennebec country. My Walter does well there  
these days, very well. Had a late start, can we  
shelter? Good cask of claret aboard. Now, is  
this a gathering? What turns you bachelors  
into a congregation?

### **BLACKSTONE**

(Snooping) Smells like a load 'o somethin' big,  
undah them tahps. Half the Kennebec trade?  
Fancy Mr. Winslow and the Guvnah be right  
upset you snitched the main trade.

### MAVERICK

And when did our Saints of Plimoth take  
out a patent against our living? Mark me,  
brothers, them pilgrims learned their tricks  
in Amsterdam, the years they hid there from  
the King. Cute as a shit-house Dutchman. Tom  
Morton, you snitch away them pelts. I seen you  
trade people twice Plimoth corn for what-ye-  
got. There's only one Bill guvnah Bradford pays!

### TOMPSON

(Steps up "lilting" to MORTON) Oh, but we're such  
a wee nation here a' Plimoth, Oh, We've our grand-  
mamas with us! (Spits) Thomas, how are ye.  
Think I be movin' me operation up these parts, off  
me island on your bay. Want to tell you why too,  
but---Ye recall that Roger Conant fellow, another  
Saint o' this Separation can't bait a hook? Took  
over a heap o' pilings at Cape Anne south o'here  
---and he calls it Shalom. Where does he think  
he is, northern Syria? Man couldn't catch a snag.

As ALL laugh, a scabrous HALLOO! comes from the cabin---and "MAD JACK"  
OLDHAM comes out with pants half-on, a potbellied 45, black beard and wild eyes.  
OLDHAM sees Morton, laughs and hurries: his cracked glee hides a man of appetites...

**MORTON**

Oh, melancholy God...

**JEFFREYS**

Mad Jack Oldham! Never was right after  
his trouble at Plimoth: that Standish cracked  
his crown with a gun-butt, Unh! Our Mr.  
Tompson won't complain, but he's got Old-  
ham's duchess and kids in his house, a week  
now, on the mooch while he flounders about.  
Better hide that claret, boys.

**OLDHAM**

(All recklessness he comes up, shakes hands and  
eyes the boat) Y'old Canaanite by God, how  
are you Morton? 'lo Edward, 'lo Jack! Let me  
look at this Utter Barrister, God bless a man packs  
a pistol! Thine hogshead aboard there, cometh in  
answer to my recent novena, against the drought  
upon our land of bondage. Mine own true thirst!

**MORTON**

Uhh, we should take our rest, David. Early tide...

**OLDHAM**

You're behind the tide, my friend, for what I  
came to tell you.

## **MAVERICK**

We were about to warn you ourselves, Thomas.

## **OLDHAM**

(Desperate for drink, he capers about the dock to entertain) 'Tis I, Gypsy Jack Oldham sir. Your future, for a good pussful? Poof! (Produces a string of purple/white wampum) See this? Wampum. Heard o' Niantics, Pequots? There are nations Long Island to Mohawk turning crazy for this stuff. Worse all the time showin' it off to each other. Bloody children, eh? Well sir, this trinket's about to skin more fur than you do, Mr. Morton, with your naughty guns. Now, don't stiff the messenger, sir, but God knows how you missed them two Plimoth boats just through here. More teeth than your mother's regiment. On their way north, aye, to clap iron on your own inside-man o' the north country? His Honor, Mr. Edward Ashley?

AS OLDHAM TALKS ON, we see a trashy old fishing-station in Maine country and the grizzled English trader Ashley, "frisking" naked/drunk with 3 stand-offish ABENAKI WOMEN, around a small crude maypole. Of 10 ABENAKI BRAVES here, we see 3 out-cold or sick with drink, 2 others firing wild guns, and 5 watch all, angrily...

## **OLDHAM [cont'd]**

Your secret's known, Mr. Morton, and ain't

old Guvnah Little-Bill writ his letters home to  
the mighty Council o' New England. Ashley's all done. Them Saints ain't going to allow  
none o' that irregular trade no more. Ye have to  
understand, sir, Plimoth's here because they're  
our nation's model Christians. Like it or not, by  
Jesus! Hereabouts, that's a new creed. Now, on  
the real inside, sir? Christ I'm dry. Them Chosen  
Few have just set their own names to the company  
spreadsheet. See? Signin' up personal debt that big  
gives 'em keen interest, don't it. Madam Jack  
Oldham's crystal ball saith, Debtors' Prison the lot.  
So mark how fast Mr. Ashley got religion! Sends  
his fat Abenaki beaver home care o' Bristol City,  
and that's no help to Plimoth at the company  
store. My friend? A flea in me ear says, quit  
while you're ahead. (Rubs his noggin) Mad Jack  
knows the pain it is "without" that congregation.

MORTON turns, thinking. He signals EDWARD to serve a round.

### **TOMPSON**

We're your friends, Thomas. You know some  
Dutch pantaloons sold Plimoth a bushel o' this  
(wampum), up from New Amsterdam on Hud-  
son. None o' your nerve for the ways o' the  
country. They figure Indians'll take this up to



feel heap-big, not a gun to give 'em say what  
goes here. The old switch, eh? But you see,  
Thomas, those Dutch came here to tell the lot  
of us, Keep Out of "their" claim southwards. So,  
a Plimoth Separatist has nowhere but this way to  
turn, north, to find any trade not mucked up...

**BLACKSTONE**

Puts your camp 'twixt and 'tween. David's  
bringin' his up-heah.

**MORTON**

Yes, yes. Edward, more around. Home in the morning.

**OLDHAM**

No need to hurry the evenin'!

EDWARD looks over to JACK: their eyes say, "Now? Do we dare?"

## **SCENE 6**

Next blustery afternoon Morton's boat plies home. He faces the stern with a  
book, EDWARD at tiller, JACK on the lines. The shallop scuds between rocky main  
shore and a small pretty islet of dunes and trees.

**EDWARD**

Cape Anne, sir! (Suddenly he crumples.) Help  
sir! Must be bile, feels like I'm burst! Oh my

God! Please, put in, that island! Ohh!

**JACK**

Looks bad sir! I don't like those clouds south!

**MORTON**

What? Where? (and EDWARD moans louder)

MORTON and JACK haul in the shallop: EDWARD struggles along. MORTON drives a stake to moor the boat. JACK crouches down over EDWARD, then turns:

**JACK**

Mr. Morton! Might be...good service to the  
Council to spy this place out. As we're here sir.  
See what's over those dunes won't you?

**MORTON**

(Drives the stake full-deep) Splendid thinking,  
Jack! Let's dig shellfish and I'll make him a broth.  
Smell rain. The other keg, Jack, and put up a tilt  
of the sail. How now, Edward? If you should...  
Well, all this, we'll name for you, how's that.

EDWARD glares at Jack. Soon, a sandy MORTON delivers pails of quahogs/  
clams, JACK feeds a fire before the sailors' tent and EDWARD fakes sick. MORTON  
stirs a broth, feeds EDWARD some. Now they all roast and eat, suck the shells, grab  
more, nod together at the goodness: MORTON clinks his cup to theirs, smiles as they  
toast and laugh uneasily. JACK and EDWARD guzzle, but not MORTON.

A heavy bronze sun rises from the sea. MORTON walks along pewter-blue waves among the birds. A great HAWK swoops over on its hunt and he waves his hat...

JACK and EDWARD snore under the tilt. MORTON's boot kicks EDWARD's. Then JACK is kicked awake to see EDWARD's sneer at him.

It's now a bright summer afternoon at the center of Merrymount. At its big outdoor table before rough finished cabins WILLIAM and JOHN sit fixing John's fiddle, as GILBERT and WALTER chat. EDWARD and JACK at the cook-fire fry some fish together---and a pistol-shot knocks the pan away. EDWARD screams, JACK louder:

**EDWARD**

Jesus, Indians!

MORTON comes across the hill "dressed for power" in best hat/coat, sword and dagger, second pistol in sash. He draws his sword...

**MORTON**

You'll wish Indians! On your knees too,  
Jack-Ass of the Mysteries. Let me explain  
this thing indenture. (He cuts the air and  
EDWARD cringes.) Tell us, which ear leaks so  
much of your brains?

**EDWARD**

Oh don't cut me like a Spaniard, Mr. Morton---

**MORTON**

(Stamps his foot in anger) What is it? Too good

for us infidels? A bit of prosperity on Earth not  
what you---Oh, what did I expect then. Argh!  
Walter, what's the rule under Virginia's code,  
martial law isn't it?

**WALTER**

For treason-talk alone, a knife through the tongue.

**JACK**

Mr. Morton! The Council---

**MORTON**

Shut up. Gentlemen of the jury. They conspired to  
maroon me. That strikes at a man's life...

**EDWARD**

Sir, Plim---They make you smell Hell!

**MORTON**

Ahh. There's a good chap. Now, beheading?  
Nn, not to your station. What would it change?  
Shoot you then. Did you pick some nice plots for  
yourselves when you shook hands over mine?  
Servants die over here all the time.

MORTON draws his other pistol, cocks and aims at JACK. EDWARD and JACK  
scream, JOHN/WILLIAM also: MORTON fires in the air. JACK and EDWARD collapse.

**MORTON**

Our host Many Arrows says, A man gets one  
warning. (He stalks off to his cabin.)

**WALTER**

(Up to follow) Please, ye poor Saints,  
Separation! "Come out from among us."

He leaves them panting---John and William too. Inside MORTON's cabin as he rummages we see three chairs and table, mattress on a hewn frame, upright trunk for a bookshelf (Gerard's Herbal, Macchiavelli, Cicero, Bible, Prayer Book); candles, bottles, casks, fowling-guns, a blue-satin hanging with escutcheon "Clifford's Inn"; dry herbs, odd rocks, tools, clothes, junk. We see Morton's silver flask as his hand slams a cup down. He fights to pour. With two gulps he touches his mass of parchments; sits, trembles, calms; sees WALTER, offers a chair. He pours...

**WALTER**

You went easy. Hope it don't come back  
to haunt you.

**MORTON**

Argh! Those town-boys are terrified every  
way. Yeoman Edward ran errands for land-  
speculators back home. He's a sheep eats men.  
A few dispossessed families is room for his  
gentility. And The Good Father Jack O'Lan-  
tern, our misguided mystic. The more he prays  
the more you watch him. Well. Tomorrow we'll

shoot duck, you and I, and win them back with  
good meat. Drink with your mighty Sachem.  
You're my best, Walter Bagnall, and I shan't  
forget when I see Ferdinando and The Council.  
God knows when I'll get home. (Drinks) Home.  
I wanted to help you boys when Captain Wol-  
laston started turning you into cash. Ferdinando  
told me in the map-room, Virginia kills half of  
you. Tobacco. I was born to be a father. I loved  
the Master of Studies at law in London. Made it  
his life to care for us, country scarecrows. When  
I was a blade I thought a good wife would find  
me. Then these sheep ate the bottom out of  
England for quick shillings. Truth is, that's the  
first I've seen that sword angry. I hunt thanks  
to my father. But I come blood of my mother's  
side, picked up the devil's tongue from them,  
Devon market-crowds, the May-fairs. Be a  
balanced man, they said. Take your books out  
into the dusty sunlight. She gave me this silver  
flask. My mother's pennies. Because I came into  
no lands. Poor Plimoth! It's hard, to want a home.  
Well (he pours), God bless, and my elder brother  
Abel. Hear Hear, Walter: To the Ancients:  
"Bear as you must, forbear as you can: Fear  
nothing, hope for nothing, turn always the  
same face to fortune."

MORTON drinks, looks heartsore-lonely, then sings. WALTER joins in these lines from “The Padstow Mayers’ Song”:

*Unite, and unite---Now, let us unite, for Summer is a-comin’ today,  
And whither we are going, we all will unite---in the merry morning of Maaayyyy...*

**WALTER**

First time I saw you, you were singing that. On deck when I came aboard the *Unity*....Whither are we going, Mr. Morton?

**MORTON**

(a hand on Walter’s arm) Well...The *whither* means, the grave. *We* are going...beyond the wilderness. Home.

MORTON takes up Walter’s hand, and slides a finger in his mouth.

As NATIVE MUSIC rises we see along the Autumn-colored back of Merrymount Hill: broad, dense, withered gardens of hilled corn, beans, squash, pumpkins; from which ALL SIX Morton-servants lug the last baskets up to storage. MANY ARROWS, BIG WOLF, CRAZY BEAR, SEVEN THUMBS, BRAVE-EXTRAS file past with deer, fowl on poles: they laugh at “women’s work” as CRAZY mimics a curtsy-bow...

JACK, soaked by cold rain, bangs on a Neponset Village lodge: FIRE answers without a smile, bids him in. JACK expects welcome but goes inside, and there sits CRAZY BEAR warm and dry, eating. As FIRE sits uncertainly, CRAZY stares at Jack;

then he gives a wry “big welcome” to outdo Jack however he can...

WILLOW, RIVER and SWEET GRASS show WALTER, JOHN and WILLIAM how to parch chestnuts and corn. ROCK and HOUSE AFIRE come up and share some; and ALL see FIRE and JACK walk by arm in arm, deep in conversation...

MANY ARROWS and BIG WOLF watch MORTON repair a gun’s trigger. With “that clear,” MORTON reaches for his self-made snowshoes, botches both. BIG WOLF pounds the table laughing, but MANY ARROWS points right to the problems...

MORTON, EDWARD, GILBERT, JOHN mount a snowy trail with trap gear. Again they pass a NATIVE GROUP (EXTRAS and MANY ARROWS). As Hello’s pass along between them, the NATIVE men take their women’s hands, cast one arm about them etc. WILLOW goes by in a new white-satin-trim blanket meant for a boudoir. But MORTON and MEN gaze, gaze on the women passing by...

From ambush along a snowy trail, MANY ARROWS and BRAVES fire guns’ warning-shots against NARRAGANSETT BRAVES---who drop stolen baskets of corn, the poached game on poles, and flee the guns’ awful explosions...

MORTON sits puffing between HOUSE AFIRE and SEVEN THUMBS in their steamy sweat-lodge. Now, we see the Neponset Village where NATIVE EXTRAS play and watch “Snow Snakes” (people hurl smooth sticks down a snowy track). WILLOW, RIVER, ROCK enjoy: ROCK nudges RIVER in the fun. FIRE comes up to point: ALL turn and laugh at MORTON---who bursts naked steaming-red from the sweat-lodge and up a snowy hill. With MUSIC at its rhythm-peak, MORTON skids down into the snow, washes himself with it, jumps up exultant, steaming and turning in place, turning. His frosty breaths float among icy branches that sparkle in the trees.



## SCENE 7

A winter sunset: CRAZY BEAR with his hunting-bow steals along through snow-patched sand-dunes, the windy grass dull gold...

LIKES THE FIRE (warm in beaver and raccoon) storms out of Neponset's deserted Village for the shore. We see only one smoke from a lodge behind her, and JACK comes out pulling on a black bearskin.

### FIRE

Normal people winter up country. They told me,  
didn't they (pulls at her hair). Oh, winter camp,  
along our stream that talks all year! My cedar trees  
that bend with snow, where you're warm, and  
breathe good air, and hear your heart. No! So I  
stay here, freezing, because you have to live in  
one place. "Teach me," you say. You think we  
have secrets to make a man like Many Arrows.  
Then you want passion, and after that, you snore!  
You forget what you wanted to know, and I get  
an English look to hate me. So go home. I was  
told! They told me, didn't they!

### JACK

Likes The Fire, Likes The Fire, hate you never!  
I know, I know! I'm sick in my spirit. Half a  
monk, half a pirate and all a nothing nowhere.

Wait! I try. I lose myself because your country  
is so big, and your spirit....England is dead! I  
conjure, I am what my life is, here, now---Argh!  
All English are liars! Kill all fanatics! This is  
the wilderness....What am I...

### **FIRE**

Argh! I liked his hair.

FIRE climbs a dune, sits. Stars and planets shine. JACK below watches her  
breathe, then climbs; and she takes his head in her lap.

### **JACK**

None of us knows what we're doing here.  
It's all fucking money. I feel sick all the  
time. It's my "humor." I went to a cunning  
man in London once. My humor is Mercury,  
cold, and dry, melancholic he said. Mer-  
curies lose their bodies. I bought his book...

### **FIRE**

Our book we have for no money. The sky...is  
the great river. See the millions coming out.  
They flow across the great Forever, the Great  
Mystery---and all together, as they traveled  
in life. I will travel with them one day. It is a  
great comfort, Jack. Look. To be one of them...

### **JACK**

I watch Mr. Morton. He lives a prayer. America can answer him. He wants just one beautiful bird to come and grace his momentary life. He wants his happiness to touch yours, for no reason. Why do I rape everything? I must find the world, Likes The Fire, the world without me, that lives like him, happy, whole, like you, beyond my grubby fingers! Can you even think what a Prison is? The most horrible place---and that's inside another one called London. A city; and even that you can't imagine. I was born in a prison. All I remember is hunger...

### **FIRE**

(Stands up, stalks off) And my mother Woman of the Rock has hopes for us. Who taught you not to trust The Creator? I would burn a book that hurts.

### **JACK**

I wanted my life to mean something in God's eyes---What? Wait, Rock said that? About me? At least somebody thinks you might love me. And Crazy Bear. He has hopes too: my head, your bed. Strong. An honest man...

FIRE's face says she's simply losing interest. JACK rushes up, turns her around and holds her as warmly as he can:

## JACK

Fire! Hear my heart then. I read bad books  
because my masters told me not to. But they  
were good books---Ficino, Mirandola, the  
drinking songs, *trattati d'amore*. Sex and  
Spirit one, I mean. Likes The Fire, imagine  
what we can build here in each other.  
Imagine---a kiss between us full of God,  
Ambrosia, Life-Eternal. That's what this country  
wants to be. Everything I know confuses me,  
but not you! Most our men want wives, but they  
won't ship home, nor I. Likes The Fire, how do  
Americans marry?

## FIRE

There is much to confuse a person. Crazy Bear  
is a medicine brother. He understands the offer-  
ings, those together we make first...

JACK turns away. FIRE looks upward again, and all around:

## FIRE

Come, Jack. You are here. My mothers have  
faced it. I want to live my days to their honor.  
Look up there, yellow-head. It is...to be in  
harmony with so much. Nobody is born with  
serpents on their arms...

JACK takes hope, and they walk off together...

Soon it is sunrise: CRAZY BEAR climbs a dune and beholds the cloudy coast. He gazes over wide empty waves and grasses, and slams down his bow and rabbits:

### **CRAZY BEAR**

All night. Where are they! Do I want to know?  
Do I need to see him top her, to understand? These  
gnats, these English are not going to die off, River!  
Fire cannot want somebody whose hair is like  
dry grass! (He weeps and rips up two tufts: next he  
knows, he's trying to re-plant them.) What did I hurt  
you for? Great Mystery, free me! Help me to help! Let  
her use me like a shield!

The beach looks empty.

### **CRAZY BEAR**

We drank and drank our shamans' bitter  
waters till our stomachs cast up blood.  
And you showed me my name! Nothing  
can conquer this. She and I were born to  
dream the world. A man alone breaks in  
pieces! Oh, Likes The Fire, years and years!  
What am I then!

CRAZY BEAR sees a small neat pile of stones where people leave prayers. He

finds a stone, places it, but gets angry and kicks the whole pile down. He can't believe his own behavior, writhes as if maddened by flies, wipes his eyes and makes two fists:

### **CRAZY BEAR**

The answer to pain is vision. If You will  
not come to me...

JACK OLDHAM gathers his clam-buckets into his boat on the mudflats. He sees a figure (CRAZY BEAR) running toward him, gets his pistol and cocks it behind his back as CRAZY approaches. Each raises one open hand.

### **OLDHAM**

Good day now, Netop. Neponset ain't ye?  
Jack Oldham, friend o' your House Afire. Got  
yer Sachem's leave to camp that spit o'sand  
yonder, with the poor wife and lambkins...

### **CRAZY BEAR**

(Sees the fear.) You carry Waters of Life for  
Sachems. Not even Morton trades that, not  
for three beaver. We know you, Mad Jack!  
(Tries to look dangerous) Give me a keg of  
Nectar? Whole keg. Six beaver.

### **OLDHAM**

A keg would kill a cast-iron Irish! You can  
lay your paws on six fat beaver?

CRAZY BEAR nods gravely, but sees it isn't enough. He sets his free hand on the knife strung round his neck; but its strap snaps. OLDHAM sees the faltering and the smudges of his tears...

**OLDHAM**

Well, tell you what. My camp, I've a bottle  
o' the best. One bottle o' that is *like* a keg. We'll  
make a nice paper for it, and drink to the deal. Six  
beaver by new moon. That help you out? Fair's fair.

OLDHAM uncocks his pistol and shows it with a cracked laugh. CRAZY BEAR looks "in over his head" but can't back out. He flings his bow and rabbits in the dory and starts to shove along.

**OLDHAM**

So what is your pagan name, anyhow.

## **SCENE 8**

The rolling forest-country of deep-inland New England fills with fat white snowflakes. A HAWK dives on a running vole. A BUCK with big antlers drives three Doe ahead of him, tosses his head. Faint NATIVE MUSIC of Ceremony rises, as now we see a "bottom" deep between two hills, a rocky stream and nine bark lodges with smokes rising. NEPONSET EXTRAS do chores of Winter Camp. A Deer-Drive is on, with Ancestor-ceremonies too. But we see that six other lodges are empty.

CHILDREN point excitedly to deer-tracks and ROCK smiles, "makes antlers" on her head. SEVEN THUMBS/SWEET GRASS open a lodge-roof to bright day. WILLOW

and RIVER pound chestnuts in wooden mortars, pinch some out to the CHILDREN...

MANY ARROWS and BIG WOLF with EXTRA HUNTERS talk and point up a valley that narrows and down-slopes toward them. With them are MORTON and dog, ALL his men except JACK and EDWARD; Planters MAVERICK, BLACKSTONE, JEFFREYS and TOMPSON. As MANY ARROWS signs "Deer" for them, BIG WOLF gestures the layout of this Deer Drive using the valley as a trap. Now, ALL of these people chop and trim branches for "fence" pickets, and share the work of building a huge "V" with them along the valley-sides: others set up pine-bough hunters' blinds at the Kill-place. NATIVE CAST wear signs of ceremony, ashes on brows, fresh paint, blood-smudges to appease the "Keepers" or Spirits of the Game. MORTON and some wear holly-berries, pine-sprigs...

MORTON and SAM MAVERICK stroll the pretty stream in their furs, cradling guns. They pass NATIVE CAST and EXTRAS who dance, watch, shake rattles: an Elder MALE, before an antlered Deer-skull on a post, casts corn-meal on a smoky fire...

### **MAVERICK**

(Chews pipe) They don't ask everybody to make an offering at winter camp, Tom. You're a Winnay-too now, a man of substance. God bless, nobody yet's done such a trade. But y'know? Say these people hand you such a profit for the Council guns. Oh, Plimoth need treat 'em better now. But faith, I think they're guilty about it. The animals, y'know. We must leave a sight of 'em bloody in the snow, Tom. Ships and tanners



don't want carcass. Beaver eats like lamb but  
these won't eat it. "We are almost Beaver's  
Brothers!" says one at my house. Imagine!

**MORTON**

Mm. It was Seven Thumbs invited me. No  
harm. A touch of ashes isn't too Catholic.

**MAVERICK**

Those drums get into your bones. Feel that,  
Morton. They breathe how we feel in church.  
Whatever it is, it's the opposite of Separatism.  
Did they smudge your sins away? Many  
Arrows says, "Don't do this if you bear bad  
spirits." Got spirits at all, Tom?

**MORTON**

Only for you, from this (his flask).

As MORTON and MAVERICK drink, we see: (1) MORTON in summer clothes  
clubs a trapped otter to death; (2) He crams Autumn's fat grapes in his mouth; (3) We  
see the present's Deer-Skull pole, with smoky tobacco/sweet grass offerings; and (4)  
MORTON, here, turns back to gaze on this face of death and life...

**MORTON**

My turn will come. Sam? Argh, just that Edward  
Gibbons. I pay off his indenture, and he winters  
at Plimoth. Sent him there with a Christmas tip

that they should find their way up here. Separatism, I don't know how they expect to learn, huddled up around parched corn and *Exodus*. Plimoth must be 180 souls now, across the Jordan...

### MAVERICK

Into The Promised Land! And a wail went up among the Canaanites. Oh! Here, this came in my Fall mail. (He digs out a pamphlet, we see TITLE PAGE.) How's your French? "The Theatre of Neptune" it says. A masque no less, by some French lawyer-planter name of Lescarbot. Look, it says they staged this here, 20 years ago. Fancy! Songs, dances, revels. Them French, they know the old red-Phoenician touch o'business eh? All hail the well-greased palm of thy neighbor. Under this sign, conquer!

MORTON gazes on the Deer-Skull, on the pamphlet...

Amid the ONGOING MUSIC (Drums, Rattles, Keening Voices), we see SEVEN THUMBS and SWEET GRASS bring MORTON out from his friends, and along a path of snow-shadowed quiet. They pass mysterious low round burial hillocks, and between two great boulders carved with Serpent-eyes and mouths, EXTRAS make smoky offerings, gifts of thanks and appeal. MORTON grows grave, and takes off his hat as if in church despite the cold...

They lead MORTON up an incline that brightens as they go. SEVEN THUMBS/

SWEET GRASS first reach a clearing at the base of a low hill: they join TWO CROWDS of EXTRAS, and many EXTRAS are NIPMUC, NARRAGANSETT and OTHER “cousins.” MORTON pauses as ALL attend ROCK (in black face-paint, feather-mantle, almost a “stranger’s” look) and HOUSE AFIRE (black wolf-robos, a startling white face with Clan-tattoos in red), at ceremonies here.

Light snow falls: The EXTRAS are filing past ROCK to give things, and she lays them in a small rocky crevice behind her in the hillside. Tobacco burns all around. A PEQUOT MAN brings a polished Thunderbird of silver mica; others, exotic shells, locks of hair, bright-stone gorgets, wampum-beads, a child’s bag of chestnuts. HOUSE AFIRE facing the hill lifts both arms, cries out, shakes the rattles hard: ROCK and OTHERS lift their palms to the hill with solemn clamor:

### **ROCK**

Powers, Mothers and Fathers, behold these  
children! Your ways we shall see! Work with us,  
Work with us, Work with us! Every honor we have,  
we give---Give you back!

MORTON shivers, shuts his eyes for a vision. ROCK waits. MORTON steps up, knows what to offer, but hesitates with the little hood/bells for his desired Hawk...

### **MORTON**

This country gives us life. New life, every man  
of us. (Turns in place once, arms high to all.)  
Thank you, for this home! And now---Well, it  
seems not to be. With this, my friends, I thank  
you; and God---The Great Mystery!

ROCK, CHIKATAWBAK look pleased: EXTRAS answer with a gentle rattling, as ROCK hangs one string of purple wampum round MORTON's neck.

Suddenly we're inside a large dark Native lodge---and follow wildly-dodging CRAZY BEAR as he fights to get away from MANY ARROWS, at him hard with a stick. BIG WOLF (face with ashes etc.) blocks the door with a big steel knife...

### **MANY ARROWS**

You dog, you dog, you steal? From a Neponset?  
From the man made you family? (Stick breaks;  
kicks him etc.) I never in my life kicked a man.  
You dog, cry over a woman! In the sight of our  
Dead you puke white man liquor? (He grabs  
another stick.) People say you talk with the  
English Manitou. I am The Devil, his brother!

### **CRAZY BEAR**

Many Arrows I don't---There was no other  
answer, Big Wolf help! I can get your skins back!

MANY ARROWS is in rage but wipes tears off: BIG WOLF comes up to say Enough. MANY ARROWS' body doesn't know whether to comfort CRAZY or what. He sees Big Wolf's Beaver-tattoo, grabs and turns the big knife on him:

### **MANY ARROWS**

What about you, Greedy Gut! Why not sell them  
the flesh of your family? (Pokes the tattoo) You  
tried to help River, because you had nobody.

And now you find her too much in our world  
for this new one you make with English. Stay!  
Do I care, Greedy Gut? Only because I see you,  
Big Wolf, in my Willow's eyes. If you live since  
the first time I find you on her tongue---

### **BIG WOLF**

Is it because you are Red Chief of all 20 Neponset  
braves? Because I have cousins now to scatter you?

### **MANY ARROWS**

Because this moment I am merciful! (Throws knife,  
it sticks in a post: now to CRAZY) If you want Fire,  
challenge Jack and rip his scalp off. We have Pequot  
ambassadors outside. They can lift an arm and rule  
their river to this sea. What do I say, Crazy Bear?  
“Our many braves are home, lovesick?” (EXIT)

### **BIG WOLF**

(Fetches knife, steps over CRAZY) In you, I had a  
son again. We all have our ways for---you called it  
an empty thing, here (his chest). By time the ships  
come back, I want six good beaver, like you took  
from my stores. Seven, if you care what you did.

BIG WOLF walks out: CRAZY BEAR has hit bottom.

Now we see MORTON and ENGLISH CAST at log-seat lunch around a fire:

JOHN and WILLIAM fill cups. BLACKSTONE nudges MORTON to look yonder. We see a large upland hunting-lodge fit for Sachems. Before it, MANY ARROWS, SEVEN THUMBS, HOUSE AFIRE and ROCK (in their “best”) welcome delegations inside. Two NIPMUC MEN (with hair-knots, beaver mantles) go in; two NARRAGANSETT MEN (one with all-red face paint), and three PEQUOT males (wealthy, with Mohawk styles)...

Last to go in is Pequot Sachem TATOBEM: proud and muscular at 50, tattooed arms outside his moose-robe, showing his bright-silver gorget with Dutch heraldry at his collarbones, purple wampum. TATOBEM is every bit the reigning Supreme Sachem.

### **BLACKSTONE**

Bloody Whitehall. Look at Rock and House Afire  
play the strings with sport an’ tobacco. That  
fella’s name is Tatobem. Pequot, worst of ‘em  
all twixt Mohawk and the sea. They run the Con-  
necticut like a bank, and play the creepin’ Dutch  
for boys. Don’t be jokin’ him, Thomas. Ye think  
old Massasoit’s got men behind his Plimoth.  
Hear-tell 26 villages send that fella what he  
whistles. Mahk you the red-faced one? That was  
Miantonomo, another royal son. Christ, he’s  
Narragansett, and Pequot’s old fightin’ words to  
them. Now they’re heah for a smoke?

MORTON taps his chin with the pamphlet and gazes on the Deer-Skull pole.

We now see ALL the above NATIVE LEADERS inside the great lodge, passing a pipe carved with serpents. Then we return to where MORTON sits with his friends:

**MORTON**

(Stands up amid lunch) There's just so much to learn. How many days this Connecticut. How do they hold it together. How press it in your arms, my friends. It's like your first look over the last hill of wilderness, out of bondage into the land...Why, I've an inspiration for Spring...

**JEFFREYS**

(Haggard in his coon-hat) Christ it ain't February!  
(ALL LAUGH, as JACK joins them) What ho, it's Happy Jack! Come to get blooded, Squaw-man?

**MORTON**

Now now, it's a good thing they have marrying up the trade. Shave a shilling and you bring down hordes of untamed mother-in-law. No Newgate needed, boys.

**JACK**

(Ashes on his brow) Jeffreys. She's better than yours, at least. (He makes a "jerk-off" gesture.)

**JEFFREYS**

(Laughs as ALL whoop it up) 'Least I know where she goes after dark! No whinin' neither!

The Deer-Drive starts. TWO GROUPS each of 25 people (CAST/EXTRAS) go opposite ways out of camp, BIG WOLF with one, MORTON/SEVEN THUMBS the other. Each hikes some miles quietly, then turns to clack sticks, sing and shout the way back; where MANY ARROWS with ALL GUESTS wait half-hidden, arms ready. Men show off the guns: men with bows watch them touch-light their fuses...

We “drive downhill” with the people, and see a badger, turkeys, other game slip through pickets; but DEER turn down-valley. Now we see MANY ARROWS and HUNTERS let rabbits and game through the Drive’s “V” for BOYS with bows behind. The DEER begin to find themselves near the Kill-point, some bolt through, and MANY ARROWS fires his gun and drops the first. The DEER’s face slams to earth, tongue out...

The Kill goes on: NATIVE LEADERS together here enjoy the plenty, though PEOPLE are solemn and beckon ROCK with burning sweet-grass, before they butcher. And now through their doings, a SINGLE DOE bolts unlooked-for through their midst. PEOPLE whoop, but suddenly JACK (gun) and CRAZY BEAR (bow) are in a dead-heat after it. Each falls, mocks the other’s fall and they tear off into the woods after it.

We see the Doe trapped on a dead-end above a rocky waterfall. She jumps into boulders and breaks a leg, washes tumbling away. CRAZY BEAR screams and fights into the brush to follow. JACK stands staring at the waterfall’s crushing power.

## SCENE 9

The Winter waterfall changes to a Spring-time one. And now we’re looking straight up into the sunny branches of an 80-ft. pine tree. We HEAR spring’s birds and then a rising human noises of work and play, a broken “warm-up music” that’s old-English and Native trying together. We hear the chop-chop, chop-chop of two axes at



this tree, and birds dart out of its branches....LIVELY MUSIC shows us these 10 scenes:

(1) MORTON/SEVEN THUMBS chop at the tree amid a great mixed crowd of ALL CAST except EDWARD; but even the “Lone Planters” group is in respective holiday regalia, paint, costumes as below. (2) SWEET GRASS/WILLOW spill a basket of silver herring next to GILBERT and WILLIAM chest-deep in a baking-pit. With them JOHN fills green “sack” bottles with home brew, as MANY ARROWS gives WALTER a prime rack of deer-antlers. (3) MORTON/SEVEN THUMBS keep chopping the Maypole-tree; (4) FIRE and JACK burn sweet-grass around the antlers; (5) MORTON at his cabin-table racks his brain for a poem-line.

(6) WALTER, JOHN, GILBERT and WILLIAM get “drama-coached” by MORTON with a “script” in hand (See The Poem below). (7) The Maypole tree begins to fall, the CROWD screams and claps; (8) WILLIAM tries on a big black Hobbyhorse costume with cone-hat and birch-mask like a skull---and GILBERT and WALTER look daunted by the mask; (9) RIVER delights ROCK and HOUSE AFIRE with a big basket of Plimoth corn she’s kept a year; and (10) CRAZY BEAR paints a fierce face on amid BRAVE EXTRAS as they hear the Maypole-tree’s crackles, snaps and crash.

The tree falls like a groaning god.

### SEVEN THUMBS

First we asked pardon. Now Thanks, and for  
Good Luck. (He anoints their brows with sap.)

### MORTON

(Bright with hope) Yes, my friends! We have

magic. And medicine. But understand. All this to  
come, it is---not cure, but...comfort. Our promise,  
that life will go on!

The CROWD gives a fierce mix of HURRAH and “Manitowwak!” (Behold A Wonder!). DRUMS resume both English and Native, and not without a dark note as ALL fall to dismembering the god, twist and hack off branches, roll and strip bark to the yellow wood that bleeds. They leave the green TOPS on. ELDERS point CHILDREN to gather wood and bark for fires, as WOMEN gather boughs for festive bowers...

The CROWD becomes a long serpentine procession bearing the Maypole along a seaside trail up to camp and cabins, MORTON, ROCK and HOUSE AFIRE in the lead. Drums, guns, pistols boom, dogs prance with children, rattles and voices and birds fill the air as EXTRAS carry baskets of clams, eels, chestnuts, pelts and goods to trade...

As the CROWD crosses the beach below camp-hill, THREE BOATS of FISHERMEN EXTRAS (5 men to 1 woman) beach and eagerly show off kegs, furs and more they bring as they join up. The CROWD mounts the hill up into camp: many hands tie flowers and greens in spirals along the Maypole, add colored rag-strip tethers, lash the great antlers to its top, ready the hole its “bed.” ROCK and HOUSE AFIRE circle ALL of this with rattles and smokes. They “anoint” the antlers as the CROWD HEAVES!---and up goes the Maypole. It sways, and comes to solid rest straight-up, the branch-stumps like dripping breasts, flowers and tethers unfolding in the sun. We HEAR one great human shout, HOORAY!

### **MORTON**

By God, that’s a sea-mark! Home! This is home!

**EDWARD**

Those things fetch lightning, too.

MORTON turns to glare at EDWARD, just arrived with TEMERITY HIGGINS and SARA. They smile as if at a job-interview but look thinner: SARA most, for she has miscarried and been shamed. EXTRAS meet and greet in the background:

**EDWARD**

No offense of course. Good luck, all, God bless!

(He puts an arm around HIGGINS and SARA.)

But then, who needs luck where there's charm and numbers? It's good to see you---Master.

**MORTON**

Ahh, how Spring changeth the heart. Well, be welcome. Though you'll find there's work to do in paradise. Most people bring things to share. My lady, are you well for the wilds, and May-time?

**HIGGINS**

(As SARA looks down) She had to come. I mean, Sara had a swolled-up belly and then---I mean...

**EDWARD**

She needs healthy vittles. For God's sake, Temerity.

**MORTON**

Of course, how kind of you to translate. Walter!

Help our first English lady to food and rest. If it's  
in you, ma'am, you'd make a lovely maid to our  
Queen and Jack Barleycorn. Now, gather up, all!  
R-r-r-rogation time!

SARA finds it all coarse and shrugs "Maybe," goes off in WALTER's care. Behind them MORTON fires a pistol high: The Revels are on! MUSIC rises: a deep Native drum-beat keeps time within old England's tune "Now Is The Month Of Maying...."

CROP-ROGATION takes this whole ENGLISH/NATIVE community in a wild parade "for luck" around Merrymount: down to the beach with its boats/canoes of many kinds, and then along trails that circle the whole plantation's May-green crops, gardens and knee-high corn. On the beach, his horned Maypole visible on the hill, MORTON gives out blessings (in new dark-green suit w/slashed sleeves, hat/boots, red sash w/all his arms, plus a rolled Parchment)---He swings a cup and bucket of sea-water over the passing crowd and laughs *Repent, Repent and Be Purified!* And this way, we see all the CAST each in flowers, greens and improvised "May Day outfits" going along...

First GILBERT with drum, JOHN with fiddle, FISHERMAN-EXTRAS with flutes/whistles/ bells; HOBBYHORSE/WILLIAM plays-dances all about the main group with an up-down/up-again dance style that by custom is "Life itself." Next come NEPONSET BRAVES, EDWARD "strolling" coolly, MAVERICK, BLACKSTONE, JEFFREYS and FISHERMEN EXTRAS (10 men, 2 women, 8 children) who enjoy and try the song (*Fa la la la la...*) in hearty French.

Just in front of JACK and FIRE (below) walk other betrothed's sharing glory: WALTER and young ABENAKI BRIDE LITTLE MOON; and BIG WOLF with WILLOW (the richest ones here: he in a new blue overcoat, wampum in hair-lock; she in

wampum, a pewter Christian cross and a blue-velvet cape).

EXTRAS in animal-masks pull the little wagon in which JACK and FIRE sit on greens, their sceptres green boughs. JACK is May Lord with leafy crown: FIRE wears a mantle, bandolier of turkey-feathers across her breasts, flowers, wampum, her face with Clan Tattoos in red/white/black and yellow. BOTH look full of hope...

### **FIRE**

Look at the gardens, Jack! These things I wear  
come down from our mothers. Rock, and River  
and all were there to dress me. From each one a  
wish, a hope....Jack, let us give it everything!

### **JACK**

And God bless, we will honor them. I believe he  
can. I think Morton can make this work. (He  
stands up) Great Kiehtan, burn the lies from my  
soul! From today, this is how I pray. (Kisses FIRE  
wildly.) Rejoice, ye Babel of broken nations, in  
The Lord His Providence!

ALL CROWD cheer, sing, whoop it up, guns go off. We see old SEVEN THUMBS  
in the crowd between CRAZY BEAR and MANY ARROWS:

### **SEVEN THUMBS**

Are you both my sons, and Massachusett? We  
Neponsets do not fall apart over beaver. Not  
while others join together around you. Crazy

Bear, I know how big is Big Wolf's heart for  
you. You are the chance for things to go right...

As CRAZY and MANY ARROWS nod, a very loud gun booms...

Back atop Merrymount Hill, ROCK and HOUSE AFIRE are "smudging" the  
camp (big beer/wine casks and all) as RIVER comes up, SWEET GRASS after her...

### **RIVER**

Have you seen my husband today? Last  
night he says divorce, today a new man.  
(Spits) Tell that smelly wolf to let Willow chew  
his pelts soft. Rock, I wanted to believe we'd  
get through this. I love that you two can believe.  
Give Likes The Fire my big basket of corn! And  
Willow take Greedy Gut, sells us for shiny metal!

### **ROCK**

(Watches RIVER go, SWEET GRASS after her.)  
We cried this morning, dressing all our daughters  
in the one. Now...I feel a great fall before my feet.  
But I cannot see it...

### **HOUSE AFIRE**

Rock, hold on, and we gain a thousand kinsmen.  
Oh, Fire is a daughter, swimming waters over  
her head, for you. But River. What choice is  
there? (to the Maypole) This is a strong sign of a

people. This is the way. He understands you. It's  
you, Rock, leading us.

### **ROCK**

(fondly) Since one afternoon at Squa Rock...

Now MORTON in all his glory with the rolled Parchment like a sceptre leads GILBERT/drums and the whole procession back up Merrymount Hill into camp. This is "Grand Entry," and with drums/guns/cheers and racket ALL people create a great circle around the Maypole, HOBBYHORSE jumping as they set up log-thrones for FIRE and JACK. People lay greens and good wishes around them as BIG WOLF/ WILLOW and WALTER/LITTLE MOON keep close to share the nuptials...

### **MORTON**

"Make room, Make rrrroooooom for the bouncing belly!

First father of sauce, and deviser of jelly!

Come, eat and drink, until thou dost nod---

Break'st all thy girdles, and break'st forth a god!"

MORTON scans the circling faces, the sheer variety of about 100 Native and European "types" as the music/racket begin to fade. PEOPLE are just looking at each other, wondering what to expect this bright day...

### **MORTON**

Welcome, Netop, Welcome, Friends All! Christ,

come on, Edward! (EDWARD brings over

two big crowns of flowers: MORTON waves

the Parchment over seated JACK) Gentles! I

here present unto you, Barleycorn your king;  
wherefore you are come this day, to do homage  
and service. Are you willing to do the same?

ONLY Europeans answer, but loudly: "WE ARE!"

**MORTON**

Well Jack, it's a start. Gentles! I here present  
unto you, Summer, your queen; wherefore you  
are all come this day to do homage, and ser-  
vice. Are you willing to do the same?

MOST of the PEOPLE now answer: "WE ARE!"

**MORTON**

All Hail, Seed and Summer! May your union  
be fruitful!

Cheers as MORTON hands JACK and FIRE each a crown: JACK crowns FIRE,  
she him, and they join hands. All other COUPLES do likewise...

**MORTON**

(Beaming) And now, all, bring near your sick  
ones, come close with what ails---Oh, damn...

As MORTON growls, the scabrous JACK OLDHAM and two mean-looking  
TRADER-ENGLISH shove into the circle. They and CREW-EXTRAS find places, eye the  
young girls in beaver and drinking-casks. DAVID TOMPSON brings up their rear and  
shrugs apology to MORTON. OLDHAM starts clapping alone to "get on with it" ...



MORTON beckons GILBERT, and PEOPLE gape as GILBERT appears in “Native Drag” (a long skin over his head/body, face painted w/pox-sores and weep-lines), and sits hunkered in grief near the Maypole. MORTON opens his Parchment...

**MORTON**

God help me, if there is a Power in the blessed  
world. Yes! Every man who will, prime your  
gun, and together let us shoot to honor the sun.  
For good fortune in our friendship. At the ready!

PEOPLE nervously spread out as every MAN with a gun hurries to comply.  
MANY ARROWS/CRAZY BEAR share a faint cooperative look. CHILDREN whine...

**MORTON**

(with GILBERT ready) Now! Let me tell you a  
story! Let us remember how we met our friends,  
Woman of the Rock, great House Afire! How  
we feel, and what we hope for this beautiful  
day. We shall call upon our ancestors, and  
make this a day to remember. We shall feast  
this day every year. And, when we tell our  
children how we cared for each other---

**EDWARD**

Christ-a-mighty, Pericles, read the poem!  
Folks are dry!

**JACK**

Dog, put your tongue in your head!

**MORTON**

Your Majesty...Your guns at my signal,  
gentlemen! This is for great good luck and  
must be done properly...

MORTON wafts his arms like a conjuror, and acts out "The Poem" with "Indian Woman GILBERT" weeping as MORTON "encounters" him/her. MORTON is trying to "raise" her to new spirits, but it happens only at the Poem's end; at which GILBERT drops his costume grief, joins JOHN and MUSICIANS to beat rhythm on a washtub...

**MORTON**

Rrrrrise, Oedipus, and if ye can, unfold  
What means this whirlpool, Death, beneath the mold  
When woman, solitary on the ground  
Sitting and weeping her children is found?  
'Twas the Goddess of human lovers did acquaint  
Grim King James, Neptune, with her plaint,  
and made him send forth heroes, to the sound  
of trumpet loud! At which, those seas were found  
so full of shifting shapes, that this bold shore  
presented Woman a new paramour,  
as strong as Samson! Wasn't. And so patient  
As Job himself --- at times. *Directed* thus, by Fate  
To comfort Woman, so unfortunate.

I do profess, by Love's own beauteous Mother,  
That here's a wise fool's choice---for her, none other!  
Even though she's sick, because no sign  
Till this our Revels heals her race---and mine!  
Oh, healer Asklepios, come! We know right well,  
All our work's lost, if we should hear her knell---  
The great Earth Mother's call none ever withstand!  
Aye, but that same Love points us this land,  
With Proclamation, friends! The first of May  
Shall here, at Merrymount, be holy day!

As GILBERT sheds his costume, shows himself "cured" and joins the MUSICIANS, MORTON draws his pistol and yells "FIRE!" All GUNS FIRE with a boom. PEOPLE cover ears and give a half-scared HOORAY. But MORTON's pistol has not fired. He tries again, nothing; and PEOPLE mutter at the sign of bad luck. MORTON hurls the gun down, stomps it---

#### **MORTON**

God fuck you, you ill-omened bastard! Spoil my  
day, and no falcon either! Piss on Pizgah, I am  
in the Promised Land! Long live Canaan! It's  
in me, and you, and you---Here or nowhere!  
Do you see that...(He sobs)...

#### **WALTER**

There there sir, newfangled dog-locks do that, eh?  
John, your fiddle, play! Gilbert, pound that tub and  
wake up Edward. Chorus, Chorus! Come on

Hobbyhorse, show 'em the dance. Everybody now,  
take a hand, that's right---Now turn, this way, this  
way, in honor o' the Moon, and Maya The Lady of  
Learning---Aye, there you go...

The PEOPLE slowly take hands: they know that "touch" has something to do with "plague." But we see NATIVE and EUROPEAN HANDS cautiously joining; and ALL begin to turn the great circle as MORTON recovers and starts to clap time for "The Song" (below). JOHN fiddles, MUSICIANS and GILBERT begin, EDWARD shows a few morris-dance steps w/bells on legs. HOBBYHORSE reels, jumps around again...

### **HOUSE AFIRE**

What is that thing? It bothers me, but I like it.

Is this Morton's religion, or what?

### **ROCK**

Feels familiar. Merrymount, he said the name.

Nectar, Friendship. Look at all these people...

WALTER finishes nailing "The Poem's" Parchment up on the Maypole just as MORTON begins to sing the first Chorus below. We also see (1) MANY ARROWS with gun among BRAVES as he looks with anger at his former WILLOW; (2) WILLOW takes his look with fear, touches her jewelry with false calm, looks to BIG WOLF; and (3) BIG WOLF sees them both with fear. (4) MANY ARROWS glares across the crowd...

The CROWD begins to stamp and clap as MORTON's SONG begins ('Hymen' a m/f spirit of marriage). More voices join with each verse and Chorus:

**Drink and be merry, merry, merry boys,  
Let all your delights be in Hymen's joys:  
Yo! to Hymen, now the day is come:  
About the merry Maypole take a room...**

Make green garlands, bring bottles out  
And fill sweet Nectar freely about:  
Uncover your head, and fear no harm,  
For here's good liquor to keep it warm.

**So drink and be merry, merry, merry boys...**

Nectar is a thing assigned  
By the Deities' own mind  
To cure the heart oppressed with grief  
And of good liquors is the chief.

**So drink and be merry, merry, merry boys...**

Give to the melancholy man  
A cup or two of it now and then:  
This physic will soon revive his blood  
And make him be of a merrier mood.

**To drink and be merry, merry, merry boys...**

Give to the Nymph that's free from scorn  
Nor Irish cloth nor Scotch o'er-worn:  
Lasses in beaver coats, come away,  
Ye shall be welcome to us night and day.

*To drink and be merry, merry, merry boys...*

MUSIC takes up and elaborates "The Song," as we see (1) LIKES THE FIRE at

“fancy-dance” with ROCK, WILLOW, SWEET GRASS; (2) RIVER looks on with hope struggling in her eyes; (3) SARA peers from a cabin-window, turns from the festivities; (4) WHOLE CAST lines up to lay green boughs etc. at feet of JACK and FIRE on their thrones; (5) the MAIN FEAST as people eat in groups, drink from casks, and soon (6) loll napping in the green shade;

(7) MORTON sits amid a splendid picnic with HOUSE AFIRE, who feeds the dog Elizabeth; (8) We see a TRADE CIRCLE with MORTON, HOUSE AFIRE, ROCK, BIG WOLF, and new guest the Narragansett Sachem MIANTONOMO, and some wary BRAVES earlier scared off by guns; (9) MAVERICK and TOMPSON help keep order among trading but raucous FISHERMEN and NATIVES. Guns, broken swords, weapons and FURS change hands, and the Narragansetts “defer” to BIG WOLF as “expert with the English”;

(10) Under a vivid sunset the WHOLE CAST shares a wild game of “football” up and down a mile of torch-lit beach. Booms of guns split the night, laughter, ribald screams, drunken brawls: couples roam arm in arm; (11) We see Merrymount Hill with a huge bonfire blazing amid a sea of smaller torch-lights. The MUSIC modulates from “The Song” above to “The Padstow Mayers’ Song” (below)...and,

(12) Finally, we see dawn light and a huge bronze sunrise. Now, walking down Merrymount Hill toward it and the water, we see the WHOLE CAST come filing by, each person holding a torch high: their weary but gentle voices sing and repeat this chorus over and over:

*Unite, and Unite: Now, let us unite---for summer is a-comin’ today;*

*And whither we are going, we all will unite---in the merry morning of Mayyyy...*

The procession of torches snakes its way down to the waterside; and one by one people enter the water and douse their torches, lift their arms in prayer, or play about, just watching each other with a friend's arm about their waist...

MORTON's turn comes. He enters the water like an enraptured priest; then hesitates with his torch, mindful of mortality and his "bad luck" today. MORTON sighs, douses his torch; and there's a soothing sound of waters.

MORTON turns to "resume the world"---and suddenly, his whole face comes alive as he follows the flight of a magnificent Red Tail Hawk. It lands atop the Maypole. MORTON glows. As at the beginning, the Hawk "just perches" there in dawn light, to see what happens next.

## **---PART 2---**

### **SCENE 10**

Bright summer day at Merrymount: Plimoth's WINSLOW (tall/black suit, 40s) and ALLERTON (w/dark comb-over) face the Maypole and puzzle at the nailed-up Poem. HOBAMOCK (lanky in his buckskins) sets down all their baggage, leans on his hunting-bow. We see WINSLOW's finger skim lines of the Poem:

#### **WINSLOW**

Alright, alright. Mentions "Job" here, anyhow. What?

Job, with "Cupid's Mother"? He doth make love to  
this employment...

WINSLOW turns for service. ALLERTON knocks his pipe against a big cask and WINSLOW is scandalized it's all been drunk. WALTER and LITTLE MOON come by with fishing poles and fat trout on lines...

**WINSLOW**

You there! Come here. You I know from the north country. What is your name? Where is your master?

**WALTER**

Good day, sirs. Mr. Morton we just left fishing, that way. Hello Hobbamock. Sit sirs, break your fast with us...

**WINSLOW**

(He stops hungry HOBHAMOCK and blinks a "No")  
We seek transaction with one---Big Wolf, of these parts?

**WALTER**

(Takes a whisper from LITTLE MOON) Ohh, Big Wolf? To be sure, he was here, about a week, and a couple hundred others! Can't say, sir. M'lady says they're off to summer places...

**WINSLOW**

Yes, yes. Fetch your Master. Our scullion Sara at least will honor the terms of her indenture. (Looks for Sara.)



**WALTER**

Who sir? We've just a one here from Plimoth, Bubb---  
I mean, Higgins. Oh, he's a runaway sir, him I'll pack...

**WINSLOW**

(Too late) Actually, him you should keep...

MORTON sits fishing a quiet stream, dog Elizabeth by him and 6 trout. He is neat-bearded, barefoot, with long hair loose and his wampum necklace. MORTON stands, wipes hands, reaches out---but nobody wants to shake...

**MORTON**

Well, how are you Mr. Winslow, Isaac? And, uh, Hob-  
bamock? Well! The Lord's Day rest the weary.  
My Walter put some trout on for you? Good  
God they eat sweet. I'm afraid service never is  
what it should be!

**WINSLOW**

Sir, we travel north to Shalom, our fishing  
station. We are here to retrieve a certain woman  
under indenture. One Sara---

**MORTON**

An English woman, here? Lad, she'd be Mrs. to  
six fishermen, if not myself! (Nobody laughs.)  
I assure you I know of no such party. Howsome-  
ever, gentlemen, we are about to begin lunch,

we've the daintiest duck. I find a bit of a swim  
healthful, mornings here. And just today? I come  
round a spit of rock and see a flock of sea-fowl,  
gentlemen, a mile long...

**HOBHAMOCK**

Honk-onk. Geese. Eat.

**WINSLOW**

Are you aware that your Walter does not call  
you Master? Are you aware that close by this  
place there are vulnerable women and children?

**MORTON**

(Ushers them to camp) Must be a great comfort.  
To think of it, did Caesar taming German tribes let  
his men bring the wife and cradle? No doubt you find  
something to it. Come now sirs, the guns. We've  
just purchased new boats. Those infernal canoes!

**WINSLOW**

Boats? You said to dine...

**MORTON**

The sport, young man, it's good for you. What  
easier practice with the supper in? A chap's own  
shot makes flavor. Live like a lord! I try to teach  
that youth of yours did come here. The boys

style him Master Bubble. Off we go then! (MORTON claps HOBHAMOCK's shoulder and HIS delight with a hunt drags WINSLOW along)...

Now we see MORTON, dog and WALTER in a boat among bay islands, both with guns. A far *Boom* makes MORTON stand/wave his arms to signal "No, Not yet!" to those ahead---

WINSLOW and ALLERTON stand with guns in their boat (turning round and round) and flap their arms in a struggle not to tip over---as TEMERITY HIGGINS at the oars paddles "like a cow in a cage." Far beyond them a flock of ducks escapes.

HOBHAMOCK, out ahead in a canoe, shoots an arrow and brings a duck down. Then we see MORTON and WALTER giggle as HIGGINS splashes WINSLOW with the oars, and WINSLOW shakes a gun back at him...

## MORTON

Spying bastards. Fancy that sot Mad Jack was right. Their interest will cross us, he said, and here they be. (A GUN booms again, and MORTON laughs.) Ahh, we'll cook 'em corn-cakes! I fear these desert nomads, Brother Hiram, but---Why!

## SCENE 11

Merrymount, late summer night: MORTON and friends sit back from a messy lobster/venison feast at the camp's big table, the Maypole and lit cabins behind. ROCK has her arm around RIVER, as JOHN, WILLIAM, GILBERT and SWEET GRASS enjoy old HOUSE AFIRE's mood:

## HOUSE AFIRE

The English eat well. But, mustard? *Nnnh!* And what is this queer thing has me by the legs---A table!

The friends laugh, but notice MORTON's rare dark mood. He drinks, pours, drinks---and now SARA approaches (wan but healthier, in patched skirt, deerskin mantle). The friends make a space for her at table but SARA is intimidated...

## MORTON

Well, if it isn't her wild majesty Sara, out to brave the bugs. Hot summer to lie in a cabin chaste as pie. Made your plans?

## SARA

Well sir, not---Not really, sir. Disagree you may, there is a whipping-post for the likes o'me down Plimoth way. Don't you think it wrong, sir, a master seduces an honest servin' girl, on ship to Virginia, that. And then, as she's with child of him, he abandons her like a dog o'the woods. He's the only one ever but loved me. I'd like...to ask you, to write me him a letter proper? Make him....I may well kill myself...

## MORTON

Oh, stop! You sat indoors the week of Revels. How many good men asked your company? Strong English, this, my friends. Shipwrecked, she even dared turn her

back on a despicable master. Well then, my Barren Doe.  
You found your own way here. Put up your pipes, and  
get on. Never could please an English bitch without an  
estate in my pocket. And after all, you still prefer a well-  
heeled scoundrel to a poet in buckskin. Take your  
sentiment from out my party. We've enough o'that....

And MORTON flops back, bows his head to say, "I totally blew that, didn't I."  
HOUSE AFIRE looks down. RIVER has listened, too...

Now, at dawn along Merrymount shore with its boats and dugouts, MANY  
ARROWS and CUTSHAMEKIN haul up a dugout heavy with furs. CUTSHAMEKIN  
slaps MANY's shoulder, heads for camp---but we see MANY's troubled look at the fur-  
bundles. The dry black face of a raccoon sticks out, a fox's fore-leg. MANY ARROWS  
sees a woman up-beach, a flower in her hair. He thinks it's WILLOW, is happy; but as  
he gets close, it's RIVER...

### **MANY ARROWS**

River! Our good woman looks well. Is everybody  
alright? Crazy Bear stays up river to hunt up the rest of  
his debt. Praise old Seven Thumbs his help.

### **RIVER**

Strong men need it. (Her hand reaches for his: she  
lifts it to her face, where a tear hangs. She kisses his  
honorable hand.)

### **MANY ARROWS**

(His eyes “swoon”) I can’t remember the last time  
somebody did that. I was not brave, when Willow  
left me. I think you and I have more between us...

### **RIVER**

You are a brave. But our enemies are shadows. I  
turned my back, when all our sweet ones died. The  
Dead turn me now, this way. We must make answer  
to these people. In you I see a man to hold the worlds  
together, with many arrows. Maybe you can use help...

### **MANY ARROWS**

(almost sobs.) It’s the boy. He shouldn’t be without  
me now. There are angry people up country he can fall  
in with. They die of Dutch kill-devil brandy, eat pig-meat  
full of maggots. Crazy Bear said he made himself a slave.  
He says it comes to us all. I tell him, Stay Calm. And then  
I hear that Big Wolf tricks our cousins up country with fish-  
hooks, clay pots that break in your hands. When our  
people died, Crazy Bear went into my heart, and The  
Mystery made him my blood. He has a bad chance of  
being right. That is my life; to see him find his way...

### **RIVER**

I paddle pretty good. Help me be useful...

### **MANY ARROWS**

You are. And you honor me. I want us to---talk again...

Now MORTON in his cabin-door laughs and waves a parchment-letter, his silver flask in other hand as WALTER, JOHN, WILLIAM and GILBERT lunch at their table. EDWARD, the letter's messenger, wears hat/satchel and waits with quill/paper ready:

### **MORTON**

Hear-ye, Hear-ye! Seems our sanctified neighbors wish us to quit the country. To "cease and desist your irregular practices in defiance of His Majesty King James." Ho, Plimoth, and you? Saint Paul running to the Romans! (Drinks) I assure you, boys, they've no charter. No legal powers. Fold up three years' travail, to spare Bill Bradford's grandma? Edward, a crown to run them this reply: "As it seems you haven't heard, the King is dead, and his displeasure with him."

### **EDWARD**

(As others hide laughs) Now that's a Separation. You'll sign, sir?

Now we see empty lodges of the Neponset winter-camp (Scene 8), but with the land late-summer green. JACK (barefoot, in deer-trousers/rough shirt, with half-beard/longer hair) muses on a hill. He hears thunder, smells rain. FIRE and SWEET GRASS bear baskets of chestnuts: FIRE sees JACK, throws a nut and they join him. JACK touches SWEET GRASS' hand, kisses FIRE...

### **SWEET GRASS**

(Tousles him) Just like your fathers when I was a girl. You English take this life, look like this and

you want to hide out from shore. Why do you always like where no people are?

**JACK**

It's not that. Big Wolf says I try to be *Winnaytoo*, marrying in. He can keep the trade. You (FIRE) said it once: it's so quiet here, you can hear yourself. I never knew it was asking so much. So easy. I feel full, and peaceful, doing nothing. Admiring the good Lord's cedar trees! They shine, don't they, they stand there so slender, like women dancing in a line...

**FIRE**

That's not nothing, Jack. But, Jack. Sweet Grass and I like to go back now, with Rock and people at the summer places. News for them, news for you Jack ---We are going to have a little one!

JACK is in shock as we hear a rumble of thunder...

**FIRE**

And I had a dream. Remember I brought you near the marshes, at night, and we walked with the light that moves and flows and shines there? Then you understood my name. And I saw that fire in my dream, that you called Foxfire. That is a name, Jack! Boy or girl---



## JACK

What? As usual it's impossible to follow. "Foxfire"?  
Sounds like some do-good outlaw in a bad play.  
Why leave, why the others now, you don't even show.  
How do you know this, Sweet Grass? Black arts...

## FIRE

No, Jack. We just...we enjoy each other...

JACK gazes up. Sky thunders, and a drop of rain splats him in the face.

As we now see MORTON, this Graphic: *Wessagussett, or "Weymouth" south of Merrymount: June 1628*. It's late afternoon at this broken-down trading post (two houses with a fallen-down palisade between), as MORTON, dog Elizabeth, and WILLIAM JEFFREYS walk to a bolted outer door. JEFFREYS wears a sloppy shirt, breeches; MORTON a soft hat, loose coat, boots, fowling-gun and 3 fat Grouse on a line; plus his sword/dagger belt, silver flask, satchel. We hear loud thunder as they hurry...

## MORTON

Good, just made the rain! Good old Weecha-gaskas! Thine oysters eat sweet as a Westminster spinster. So you call this Weymouth now, eh Bill? You saved what was left of it. 'lizabeth? (His DOG sniffs by the door and seems alerted.)

## JEFFREYS

Ahh, a coon last night come beggin' like an Indian.

MORTON eyes Jeffreys at the door: MORTON doffs his hat, and goes in. Now we see the crude interior (a cot, rusty tools, table under an open-shuttered window) as MORTON enters through a second inner door with a latch. And there stand EIGHT PLIMOTH EXTRAS ("amateur soldiers"), and up to Morton steps CAPTAIN MYLES STANDISH, his pistol and dagger out:

**STANDISH**

You are under arrest. Take his arms.

**MORTON**

(As they struggle) What---arrest? How dare you.

What charge! You have no---Jeffreys, witness this!

JEFFREYS backs out, shuts the inner door. An EXTRA blocks it as the OTHERS strip Morton of gun and grouse, sword and all, his silver flask. Thunder booms and two EXTRAS start to "lay off":

**MORTON**

("Feels" loss of sword/flask) That was my---I  
am acting authorized---I am the authorized agent  
of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Knight, His Majesty's  
Governor of Plymouth! The Council for New England---  
The Earl of Dorset---The Council...

STANDISH grabs flask, finishes and flips it out the window.

**MORTON**

Mercenary monkey! Oh, you've done it, Captain Shrimp---

STANDISH comes up and smashes MORTON in the face.

**STANDISH**

Shut up. We ain't slept two days, waitin' you.  
Tarried for the gousin'-sport? Readin' the book  
o' the forest? You're all done, Mister Expert.  
Plimoth'll put ye in chains, Mister Gentleman  
with his sodomites. (He shoves MORTON onto  
the cot.) Now sit. I ain't about to march you  
there rainin'. (To MEN) Was he so much? You, clean  
us them grouse outside. (THUNDER) Christ, my gut.  
(He goes to the keg for remedy.)

We see the same room in two candles' light as thunder and rain hammer down. MORTON sits on the cot with hands over face as STANDISH, MEN and JEFFREYS gorge and drink at table. JEFFREYS offers drink to MORTON; and MORTON plays "Woe is me," watches them through his fingers...

The same room in darkness with flashes of heat lightning: STANDISH, MEN and JEFFREYS snore in "flop" positions, one GUARD snoring by the door. MORTON lies awake, face-up, listening. He lifts his head; sits up; draws up his knees; then stands, sees it's safe, and shakes with laughter. Heat lightning shows him that STANDISH hugs his sword and other gear. MORTON sneers...

MORTON stands right beside the door-guard, lifts the latch, slips out, closes the door. He eases back the outside bolt and shuts that door behind him too. Outside, his dog Elizabeth jumps on him and both "exit left." But MORTON comes back with his

silver flask in hand, listens, slams the door, and runs...

Inside (Slam!) STANDISH startles, wrestles with Morton's gun and sword as his MEN go into tumult. (*"What? Where is he? Oh Captain, he's gone, he's gone!"*) JEFFREYS cowers, GUARDS slam into each other, STANDISH screams...

MORTON laughs as he scampers up dark trail; crosses broad marshlands under crashes of thunder/lightning; wades a river's sandbar and stops panting in mid-stream. He tries his flask (empty), looks back to curse *Ye masterless whelps!*---laughs and departs from the obvious trail, up over weedy sand-dunes...

It's misty dawn at Merrymount's main table. WALTER and GILBERT sit groggy as MORTON and dog burst from woods beyond the Maypole...

### **MORTON**

Thank God! Savages, Savages! Get all your guns in  
here, no joke, and powder too! (rushes into his cabin)  
Savages! *"Ni foi, ni loi, ni roi..."* (without faith, law, or king)

In his cabin MORTON primes his biggest new gun, a bright-brassy "snap-hance" whose flint-trigger he tries twice, chortling. On the table are his ledgers/books, a jug and 3 cups, two big dishes of fat bullets. WALTER/GILBERT lug in a cask of gunpowder and MORTON points it to the rear floor. GILBERT rushes to barricade the door and WALTER primes older guns...

### **WALTER**

What tribe? What did you do? Damned others away  
for pelts all this moon. Oh, I can't wait to hear this.

**MORTON**

(Pouring) My dog safe? Your Dutch courage, boys.

**GILBERT**

What is this? You said it helped to know these people.

**MORTON**

Alright, alright, recover your seasoning, men.

It's those deranged evangelists. (Drinks) I do not understand what they hope for, harassing the profits of The Council. Really! "Reform" this place, like auntie's parish. The Nine Worthies!

**GILBERT**

*What now*, Mister Morton?

**MORTON**

(to each a cup) Well, I'm not quite sure...

Now we gaze up Merrymount Hill at Morton's cabin. With a rattling clatter of gear and guns MYLES STANDISH careens across-camera as if ducking heavy fire. He takes cover behind a shoe-sized rock on the slope, preps his weapon, signals *Come!* Now he cocks his gun---*Come on, already!* TWO MEN start forward, MORTON fires and the bullet *pings!* off the rock near STANDISH. They duck back, and STANDISH bolts too: a second Boom sends a bullet *zzzip!* just past him. In the cabin, MORTON and WALTER prime guns at a window each, while GILBERT guzzles drink...

**MORTON**

Like my new snap-hance, Captain? Let's call a parley,  
and I'll let you shoot it! Once....What?

**WALTER**

Puh! He says, Surrender all your arms.

**MORTON**

Ever hear of legal authority, lawful charges?  
Ahh, you might ship me home, Captain! A man's  
arms needful at sea, French about! Perhaps we  
can speak? Come, show yourselves! Aye, Captain  
Shrimp, come walking up again, like colts tailed  
together at a fair.

**WALTER**

Ship you home? Gilbert, get the *guns* loaded---

GILBERT faints. MORTON shakes his head "What next?" And nine *Booms* and  
bullets from STANDISH's men rip the cabin. When MORTON sees no harm he screams  
outside, *Bloody Savages!* But he sees friend DAVID TOMPSON strolling up Merrymount  
Hill with a walking stick...

**MORTON**

Hold, it's Tompson for his mail! David, clear off!

MORTON with best gun/pistol rushes outdoors: TOMPSON looks through the  
gun-smoke as STANDISH and MEN mount the hill in a horde, and pile past him for  
Morton...

**TOMPSON**

Thomas, what's this? Thought it was one of your  
Indian training-days---Oof!

STANDISH and SIX MEN take on MORTON: TWO MEN rush for the cabin. Here, the MEN wrestle MORTON down, one man sits on his chest and reaches back for a knife---but its scabbard breaks from his belt with it, and he tries to stab. TOMPSON swings his stick and whacks it away. Inside the cabin, WALTER sees all and rushes out with a gun---but his nose runs onto a sword's point. He falls back with a scream as TWO MEN burst in, see GILBERT on the floor, the guns, liquor etc. MORTON is on his back with bloodied face. A MAN on each arm, he looks crucified as he bellows from the green grass:

**MORTON**

What is this!?

**SCENE 12**

A Special Effect *Whoosh!* like a blast of wind says how fast Morton is "out" of the country---and so MORTON thumps down on the same chair before with Plimoth's Governor BRADFORD (black beard, short hair, patched blue suit/lace collar); who struggles to look stern with his 33 years to Morton's 48. Again we see the back-room door and ELDER BREWSTER's light. STANDISH stands sword-out at Bradford's right:

**BRADFORD**

You again. Employment for locals, this? Sports,  
bowling, frisking like fairies, or Furies rather. We

know your treasonous secret. You not only break your King's Proclamation. You flaunt it, lascivious, without fear of God, before women and children. The country, sir, will not bear this---

**MORTON**

Mr. Bradford. I have tried to tell you. A Proclamation is not law. The reason for that protects all of us, sir. You people here chastise dead James for making his own law. May I see the document of your authority? Traitor indeed. You are in no position to charge lack of patent, we work straight for The Council. My advice to you---

**STANDISH**

Here's my tip. (His sword at Morton's neck)

**BRADFORD**

Good heavens, put that away! Mr. Morton. At least we peasants maintain some kind of order. Does your London pettifogging conceive the value of a compact among people? You are no trader. A wild interloper. Our families come first---

**MORTON**

Well, at least you see your problem---



**BRADFORD**

And think ye can dance with these fiends, and  
drink, and lie abed with them, that this is some-  
thing Christian, going to last, man? We report  
you, we complain to The Council---

**MORTON**

And nothing is done. Because nothing need be  
done about ways of the country before our fathers  
together. Do you notice how jolly-fat The Council  
grows on us, sir? What does that tell you?

The “answer” is another *Whoosh!* and we see MORTON being dumped into the  
sea’s shallows from a Plimoth boat under STANDISH and TEN MEN. MORTON fights  
to hold on, grab supplies: a MAN snatches off his wampum-necklace.

GRAPHIC: *The Isles of Shoals, off the ‘New Hampshire’ coast, June 1628*

**MORTON**

Mind telling me the plan? Give me a knife, a waterskin!  
Where are my flask and sword, you petty bastards!  
Touch the plantation I’ll see the King’s rope around your  
necks! Moles! Ye cramped cretins! Captain Shrimp! (He  
staggers ashore with nothing) You fuckers. Bloody Odysseus!  
Yesterday I was a king. (Sees nothing but 100 yards of  
rocks, gulls, and empty ocean) Oh my God...

Now we see the dim inside of a Puritan New England church clearly under construction: a crude meeting-house with two aisles of log-benches, half-open sides. These face a raised preacher's lectern up front, with a huge Eye painted on it.

GRAPHIC: *Advance-Planters, Massachusetts Bay Company:*

*Naumkeag Fishing Station ("Salem"), Cape Anne*

We see about 25 YEOMAN LABORERS sing a hymn, including one PHILIP RATCLIFF (young, clean-cut) and EDWARD GIBBONS. Each man sings at his own "private pitch" to God with eyes shut. But many men look bored and peek around, including EDWARD and RATCLIFF...

EDWARD peeks to the sunny door, and up the aisle come BRADFORD, WINSLOW and ALLERTON. All shake hands/"lay hands upon" their host at front, REV. SAMUEL SKELTON (about 60), diminutive, tonsured, with big imposing eyes, in black frock/collar with Bible in hand. These leaders endure the YEOMEN's singing...

EDWARD seizes the moment. He shuts his eyes, resumes singing, then puts out his arms and sings louder, louder. He starts to shake, tremble, smile dizzily, and starts howling "Hallelujah!": he turns this into a frothing-fit on the floor, one that "nobody could fake or enjoy." ALL MEN draw close around EDWARD's foetal crouch...

### **EDWARD**

(Batting his eyes to fake bright light) Such  
brightness, please, my eyes! Ohh, I knew!  
Unworthy I am, but I knew the Lord would  
strike me came I here! It was to be, here and  
now, New Iz-Rye-Ell....Why, it's these very

gentlemen! Oh, the eyes to shake a sinner!  
(RATCLIFF comes closer, AMUSED, amazed.)  
Well at least some white men here stands for  
The Lord. Oh brothers, I saw it in a flashin'  
incantation---These men, these strangers to  
my eyes, dear brothers, these are the men that  
walk with The Spirit. And I, poor pagan o'the  
Maypole, The Spirit has its hands, its hands I  
say, upon my heart!

RATCLIFF is revolted, and shouts "Hallelujah!" as a joke. EDWARD fakes offense: BRADFORD, WINSLOW and MINISTERS glare RATCLIFF down, and ALL the MEN take a sheepish look at each other---and then shout "Hallelujah!" too...

Outside this place EDWARD rests, takes water under a tree. HYMNS continue inside, plus harangue from SKELTON, and BRADFORD watches the door. WINSLOW's shadow stirs EDWARD:

### WINSLOW

Mr. Gibbons, we are aware of your past. As  
well as of your experience, and efforts. Our  
new brethren, of the Bay Company feel  
your---incident a fortunate one. But I speak  
for others, men not persuaded by a single day  
well-done. We seek your advancement...

Now we see MORTON against the sea's horizon, sunburned, bearded, suffering with thirst: in blazing sun he bites open a clam, squeezes it over his mouth for a drop...

EDWARD in the shade sips his canteen, lies back:

**EDWARD**

I believe you can count on me, Mr. Winslow.

MORTON sleeps crumpled on a bed of seaweed. He opens his eyes to the sea, and spots a large dugout-boat approaching. He stumbles out to meet CRAZY BEAR, who pours a water-skin over Morton's blistered face and mouth as ROCK watches with BRAVES. The BRAVES jump out and caution MORTON, carry him back to shore.

There MORTON gorges on biscuit, ROCK and CRAZY BEAR seated over him on boulders. BRAVES unpack useful items: a shirt, big bag of raisins, jug, a stout knife...

**ROCK**

Captain Standish and his friends think maybe they moved too fast, putting you here to die. Maybe your King's Council likes you better. Boys and camp are well. Not "under arrest."

**CRAZY BEAR**

You people are trouble even to yourselves.  
Well, we have come to help you.

**ROCK**

Crazy Bear is saying something, Thomas. You don't know how he worked to make right.  
How angry our men can become. In our back

country he was even asked to shoot a Dutchman  
pushing up the great river. But this son, Thomas---  
With medicine teachers there, he has danced  
the back of a white serpent as big as a mountain.  
The Serpent teaches patience, the long cunning  
that finds the way out of the trap...

### **CRAZY BEAR**

(Enjoying ROCK's hug) The Guide of my spirit  
gave me my name: it means the only one who  
looks crazy, and the only one who isn't...

### **ROCK**

Maybe you boat-people should pray that way...

### **MORTON**

(Eats, rests) Bravo, Crazy Bear my friend. You  
are on the way to real power. I too am having  
a religious experience. Now, help me out of it,  
let's go. Huh! I never did see stars, till here---

### **ROCK**

Wait, Thomas. Plimoth men said you are  
going home to your King and country.  
Thomas, we need more of your Maypole  
English. House Afire is not well. The one  
son left him is a boy. I know you understand  
how a woman works to hold so much together.

### **CRAZY BEAR**

She holds us together even with Big Wolf. What  
is a man who buys his power? Stinking blue  
jacket. Without River we'd have no yesterdays  
and he takes a Willow to hang this wampum on.  
I want to know how it is that people despise Big  
Wolf, and every one wants his shiny things...

### **ROCK**

Thomas. Remember how happy our dances  
and how much we paid for them. We know  
how much goes into days like those. You  
know how much can be lost, quick as a dream...

### **MORTON**

(Wretched) Please, it's been months of summer...

### **ROCK**

We all need you to go, Thomas. And bring  
back civilized English. Till then, these enemies  
are willing to hurt us for power. We call you  
Sachem of Passonagessit. But we cannot fight  
Plimoth and their Wampanoags...

### **MORTON**

(In anguish at how much is gone, over already)  
What about my family! I wanted a family...

### **CRAZY BEAR**

Think we paddle so far for strangers? Season  
is over. Soon a fish-boat will come by. Thomas.  
(He stands and “bucks up” Morton, kicks a  
stone.) Look, how Rock holds you up upon the  
waters. (Lays a hand on Morton’s head.) Upon  
this rock, you will sink a church.

MORTON surrenders a painful smile. And now we see grizzly MORTON helped  
from a boat up the side of a fishing-ship that rolls on September waves. JACK  
OLDHAM is on deck: he cackles and smokes a pipe watching, now tastelessly dapper,  
shaved and duded-up for “London business” in a god-awful green lumpy suit. SAILOR  
EXTRAS help wretched MORTON up on deck. MORTON sees OLDHAM and winces...

### **OLDHAM**

Small New World. I bribed ‘em to look  
for you. Jesus, Morton, ye smell like Lazarus  
dug up fresh. (Turns in place) Look what a  
bit of Christian credit can do with six beaver!  
You’d think I’m the gentle here. (Pats his vest)  
Sorry, letters for The Council. No hard feelin’s.  
(A SAILOR shouts and we see a 3-masted  
vessel pass.) Lord’s Day! She’s the *Sparrowhawk*,  
due from London with more o’them Massachu-  
setts Bay Company folk. Serious bloody planters,  
families, patent, lock, stock and Bible. Game’s up  
for the likes of us, eh?

MORTON gazes after the ship as SAILORS cry, "Make Way!"

## SCENE 13

GRAPHIC: *Merrymount, Autumn 1629*

Bright-gold foliage shines in morning sun. The Maypole's horns point white clouds and blue sky over the islands. At the camp's main table, WALTER (his nose healed) gives a lesson in gun-repair to CRAZY BEAR and BIG WOLF (as wives LITTLE MOON and WILLOW look on). Also here are JACK, GILBERT, JOHN and WILLIAM. Furs, wampum, gun-locks and tools lie with dishes of a meal. New iron hoes/garden tools lean on baskets of harvested corn, beans: another day of trade. Morton's dog Elizabeth mopes for the man they miss...

### BIG WOLF

So, Jack, soon you are a father. You like  
your time-away from Mama and Baby. You  
are not so good at business. Maybe Likes The  
Fire is more wife than English enjoy?

### JACK

Talk, talk. She's off with River. Never enough  
talking. Of course women like River give you  
the same grief. Want my wife to heel? Stick to  
furs, Big Wolf. Logic is not your game.

### BIG WOLF

Logs? Oh, Monsieur Jack. See the man I am



for family. (He shows his Beaver tattoo under the fine blue coat.) Your beautiful child will be another of my sons, says your wife. A child feels good with many watching over. Shh! Listen, a bear looks for lunch! Good price bear now.

Suddenly, TEN "REGULAR" English SOLDIERS charge into the camp's midst and surround the table-group with guns, swords, halberds. Dog ELIZABETH growls, SOLDIERS chase her off. WILLOW makes BIG WOLF sit, and calms CRAZY BEAR...

CAPTAIN JOHN ENDECOTT struts around looking at everything as "evidence," a pasty man of 35 with pointed red beard, buffed armor-plate, helmet, ruff-collar, weapons under his big dark cape: a rigid gangly man. Under his arm he holds a hard-shell case for documents (about violin-size). ENDECOTT turns/snaps fingers to call in ALLERTON, TEMERITY HIGGINS, REV. SKELTON and RATCLIFF. All of them except RATCLIFF (in civilian clothes) look eager for what's going to happen now...

JOHN nudges WALTER, who keeps still. SOLDIERS rummage everything...

### **JOHN**

Why, I fiddle too, Cap'n! Take her out the case there, won't ye? It's years I ain't played a duet! Name your favorites...

### **ENDECOTT**

You live because you look a fool. This is the Charter, from King Charles, to this ground. I am Captain John Endecott, the appointed gov-

error of this place now. Here on first order of business, and in good time! More than enough to prove a charge. Sergeant-at -arms! See to that pagan monstrosity (the Maypole). There will be better walking here, I assure you all...

**RATCLIFF**

Sir, Sir. Till we talk the corn, and beans?

**ENDECOTT**

(Pulls away, draws sword) "Merrymount" of New Canaan is done! As of today, this place stands within New Israel; and is henceforth Mount Dagon, in testament to your philistine, fish-tailed fishermen's depravities. (To BIG WOLF, CRAZY and WILLOW) You, you, off to your dens, we'll call by and by. Shoo, Shoo!

ALL at the table look incredulous, and do not move.

**WALTER**

(Rises slowly: BIG WOLF touches him to go easy.)  
I'm afraid the only lawful governor here, sir, is The Council for New England, and our indenture to the master. This plantation is property of Mr. Thomas Morton, attorney, of Clifford's---

**ENDECOTT**

You are not spoken to. Sit!

As WALTER relents, SOLDIERS begin to chop at the Maypole. Leaves, garlands, petals begin to shower down with the blows...

**ENDECOTT**

I'd burn this place and sell the lot of your  
contracts. But alright then. Higgins, come here!  
This is your proper Indian agent. (As ENDECOTT  
speaks, WALTER "sees danger" behind him  
where the Maypole may fall, and raises his hand.)  
Yes, yes, yes, you may ask questions in a moment!  
I understand. You may not like Mr. Higgins quite.  
But we do well-mean these changes. (Sing-Song)  
Also, we come to learn from you old-timers. As  
you have met already, we'd like you to take him  
up country, as your custom is. Let him learn.  
(WALTER raises hand urgently.) We'll make it  
worth your while, every Jack of you. And we'll  
all be like one great, big family. Won't that be---

**SOLDIER EXTRA**

Look out, Captain Endecott!

ENDECOTT whirls, ducks aside---and the Maypole (antlers, tethers and all)  
comes crashing down into the cookfire's kettles and stones. RATCLIFF alone laughs

aloud: ENDECOTT takes note of that, and WALTER's group sits melancholy...

**ENDECOTT**

Idiots! You, I'll break at my pleasure. Now, men...

**WALTER**

(Quietly) Well, so long, mates. Without the master, she's done for. Been looking at north country, Richmond Isle. Little Moon's cousins say we're welcome up there.

**JOHN**

Me with you then? William, you'll stay?  
(WILLIAM nods as JOHN caresses his fiddle.)  
God damn it. Here, Willy, Gilbert, you two keep this for us, whoever stays on. Play it like I showed ye. A part of us, to keep home a home. Blasted blue-assed apostles. Heart's blood built this!

**JACK**

(With BIG WOLF scowling at him) We knew it couldn't last.

WILLOW reaches for this hand, that, but then draws back...

And now we see a large dugout-canoe headed up-river, with CRAZY BEAR paddling front, HIGGINS in middle with gear/traps/gun "wide-eyed with wilderness," BIG WOLF paddling stern. Green country passes along the (upper Charles or

Merrimac) river. Then these three carry gear along deep-woods trail. As they trudge and climb hills, HIGGINS falls behind. At a clearing, CRAZY BEAR and BIG WOLF set their burdens down.

### **CRAZY BEAR**

I wait to see how they make this “worth our while,” uncle Big Wolf.

### **BIG WOLF**

(Hollers back down-trail) Hurry up Higgins!  
Bad Indians all over, this Nipmuc country! See,  
Crazy Bear, you tell them that, and they pay  
better just to get home. Also, they keep out,  
unless you’re around. (HIGGINS catches up  
and collapses with packs: BIG WOLF “becomes”  
a cigar-store Indian.) Ungh! Good day voyage,  
Higgins. Sleep here, heap good! Tomorrow,  
the beaver plantations. No fire, eat cake. Ungh,  
Nipmuc *Cha-qua-kok*, Cutthroats drink your  
blood. Like this, eh? Heap bad good, eh?

HIGGINS looks around at the darkening woods. Soon, he sits with a blanket over his head: BIG WOLF/CRAZY BEAR stare and pass a big knife with strips of deer-meat. HIGGINS, disgusted with the service, smiles big and watches every move. Neither WOLF nor CRAZY disguise their dislike. HIGGINS’ fear shows, and they laugh...

### **HIGGINS**

Well, uh---I guess I’ll, uh---take my shoes off.  
Yes, can’t go anyplace without your shoes, what?

And we'll all go to sleep then. Yes, I'm right here  
if you need me. A man needs shoes, good shoes!  
Friend, right?

BIG WOLF/CRAZY BEAR taunt with "bogey" faces. Soon, we see CRAZY and WOLF snoring-asleep. HIGGINS sits up in the dark. And he up-and-bolts barefoot into the brush, which scratches till he screams. BIG WOLF/CRAZY BEAR sit up startled, and they start laughing...

### **BIG WOLF**

Oh no! Hey! Bubble! Higgins! Throw a rock  
out ahead of him, like to spook a deer your way...

CRAZY BEAR throws a rock, they shout more; but HIGGINS flees, screaming *Avoyd, Satan, What have ye to do with me?* through the woods. THE ROCK skips through trees above: HIGGINS screams *Jesus! Arrows!* and stops behind a tree. He takes his pants off, puts them on his head, and bolts into briars and darkness, screaming...

### **CRAZY BEAR**

Oh, my face hurts! What now though, he  
kills himself and it's our fault? What did you  
scare him for?

### **BIG WOLF**

I told you! Listen, there's his shoes. Get his  
traps and his basket, we'll go back and tell  
them. Walter and Jack know what he is. We'll  
be alright, they'll believe us. This could ruin me!

**CRAZY BEAR**

Blast, let him fetch his packs home! If we go  
back with no Higgins--- (He “cuts his throat”)...

**BIG WOLF**

Crazy Bear, which of us has traded years now  
with these people? You? The Serpent you danced  
for healing in Pequot country is great Manitou,  
and I am glad. But, the past...

**CRAZY BEAR**

(Knows what’s coming and takes up all their  
burdens) As you say, oh my Elder! This custom  
you still like! Ho! Bubble!...

Back at Merrymount we see another bright day, but with the Maypole cut up in  
sections by Morton’s cabin, the antlers broken like a pagan statue. GILBERT and  
WILLIAM sit morose with JACK (now barbered in all-black clothes again), as REV.  
SAM SKELTON (speckled gray head/skullcap, black frock) reads them The Bible. They  
ALL turn as BIG WOLF and CRAZY BEAR rush in, worried and worn-out...

**BIG WOLF**

Bid Dubble Bubble Dack? I mean, did Bubble  
---Oh, *sacre merd*, did Higgins come home?

GILBERT/WILLIAM laugh. SKELTON slams The Bible shut...

### **BIG WOLF**

Listen to me, your “proper agent” bolted  
camp two nights ago. He did not---double back?  
The man is crazed in his brain!

GILBERT and WILLIAM clap hands to heads: JACK confides “the story” to SKELTON. SKELTON gives CRAZY BEAR/BIG WOLF a one-eyed look as he listens. BIG WOLF, seeing the blame fall, drops his jaw, then pulls Higgins’ SHOES from the basket-bag. JACK takes the bag...

### **SKELTON**

(Disdains the shoes) And I suppose even a  
madman would run off without his shoes.  
(Takes up Bible) Do not imagine I stand here  
alone. You will return Master Higgins. Or, I can  
assure you, as this Word assures all England---  
If he come to harm, your wives and your  
children will be destroyed.

### **BIG WOLF**

(In shock) But we go way back! Jack!

### **CRAZY BEAR**

What? What did you say, you sick old sand-crab?

### **BIG WOLF**

You afraid because *you* steal! Alright, alright---



**JACK**

(With bag) Reverend Skelton sir, let me be first to agree, this (BIG WOLF) is not the most reputable person. But it seems Higgins' things are here, to the basket...

**SKELTON**

Nn. We can believe Cain, here, or---Yes yes, I see. Though you, Jack is it? are no example in these parts. Whatever your wiser friend Edward may excuse. (JACK lowers his eyes)...

**BIG WOLF**

(He rips off a silver earring and hurls it at JACK.)  
Sssservant-boy! I am better than you!

CRAZY BEAR feints at SKELTON, and BIG WOLF lets him:

**CRAZY BEAR**

I ought to crack your skull open, just for those words! You come near my family---(To BIG WOLF) And you take this? For blankets?  
When the Pequot have trouble, they answer for a man. Find him yourself, Mr. Jesus!

As CRAZY stalks off, BIG WOLF fixes all his malice upon JACK---

## **SKELTON**

(Breathes, smooths his frock) Do you see now, dear  
brothers, what we are trying to tell you?

Now, at Neponset Village with EXTRAS at everyday activities, WILLOW stands alone in a lodge-door, never more elegant. INSIDE is BIG WOLF (also dressed but drunk) with a bottle, as he watches rag-tag NATIVE and ENGLISH TRADER EXTRAS laugh, drink, weigh furs, snatch at wampum and coins that fall with dead clanks. WILLOW looks out, sees LIKES THE FIRE (late-term pregnant), JACK and SWEET GRASS welcomed-in by RIVER. RIVER sees WILLOW, then turns away: their welcomes show WILLOW what she's losing.

Now we watch LIKES THE FIRE and others inside RIVER's lodge:

## **FIRE**

Mother River! We come back to sit with you,  
and on the way, people say the whole village  
is in danger for a lost white man.

## **RIVER**

Is there any other kind? (She glories in FIRE's  
glow, pats her big belly) The truth is, I ate the  
man, just to make trouble so you'd come home.  
Alright, I ask my tongue to behave, for you  
(pats belly). I thought I could live alone! Let me  
see under, Fire, I think you trick me in!

RIVER laughs, then almost sobs. FIRE hugs her; and JACK lays hands on both.

He is “trying to be part of things”---and then he hears an outside commotion of voices and cheers, and backs away...

Outside, MANY ARROWS, SEVEN THUMBS and BRAVES troop into the Village with “Calm! Calm!” gestures for EXTRAS near the central fire. RIVER, FIRE, SWEET GRASS, and ROCK help an ailing HOUSE AFIRE to come out too:

### **MANY ARROWS**

It is alright now, alright. My Sachem, Rock,  
we found the lost English. They say, all is well...

The CROWD grumbles, queasy with fear. A NEPONSET ELDER EXTRA calls out, *No thanks to Big Wolf, Many Arrows!*

### **MANY ARROWS**

Who counts the bites of bugs? (CROWD laughs,  
moves to go) But---my friends. I leave again.  
Because of more than one fool, our son Crazy  
Bear....A man carries his people high, it gets him  
hurt. But I saw Crazy Bear's heart wiped clean  
when he danced between the worlds. I think he  
goes there again and I think we will need him  
tomorrow. But Connecticut country has trouble  
now. So I go to find him. Our son belongs  
here---and so do we.

The CROWD gather closer to wish MANY ARROWS well...

**FIRE**

(To RIVER) Now I know better why you...  
approached him...

**RIVER**

There is only one measure of a man.

**JACK**

(Comes up chomping a stew-bone) I'm off for  
some oysters, if you two are going to chat beans  
and bellies all day.

Now we see an English fishing-ship off the coast of Cape Cod. Its landing-boat with MORTON, ALLERTON and baggage rows in toward one big warehouse and a slovenly wooden quay. GRAPHIC: *Plimoth Plantation, Late 1629*. ISAAC ALLERTON (fresh from London, with satchel) hops from the boat onto the dock, thanks Heaven; and turns to help MORTON, who climbs up in a new greatcoat, hat, boots, sword (clearly in best of shape). PLIMOTH BOYS, YEOMEN circulate around them. MORTON whispers to ALLERTON who nods and goes off ahead. MORTON revels in the sunshine, the air and country before him...

**GOVERNOR BRADFORD**

Not you again!

BRADFORD (in shiny black suit/red sash) gapes: STANDISH too (in new brocaded coat with stagey epaulets), graying WINSLOW, with BUBBLE/HIGGINS a dirty yeoman now; and the well-heeled EDWARD. They can't believe their eyes:

**STANDISH**

What are you doing here? State your business!

**WINSLOW**

Since when are you spokesman? Mr. Morton,  
our Mr. Allerton informs us that, for some  
unimaginable reason, The Council For New  
England retains your affiliation. Not even  
rebuked! You rake, do you imagine some  
simple resumption of your criminality?  
What say you to your purpose here?

MORTON stares back. Then ALLERTON returns; and, though shame-faced, he  
gives back Morton's silver flask and sword. MORTON lights with joy, as if touching his  
parents again. He simply smiles:

**MORTON**

Cheerio...

With English WALKING MUSIC (lute/guitar/flute/drum) we follow MORTON  
as he strides along Massachusetts Bay's Autumn coastline. EDWARD his new-hired  
servant carries his fowling-gun and bags. (1) They pass through a wrecked fish-drying  
station that mars a beach with broken racks, shacks, garbage; (2) come up a river-bank,  
pass with heads bowed through a Native camp strewn with human bones; (3)  
EDWARD sits by their campfire with a secret smile and covers MORTON with more  
blanket; and (4) MORTON reads a Wolf Bounty-parchment on a tree, signed *Kaptin Ion  
Endycut, Akting Guv., etc., etc., Shalom.*

At Morton's Merrymount cabin we hear him angrily rummaging. MORTON comes out in shirtsleeves with precious Day-Book in hands. GILBERT and WILLIAM (w/John's fiddle) look numb, sneer at EDWARD. MORTON notices the bullet-holes in his cabin, and scowls at the chopped-up Maypole...

That late afternoon beside the ocean, MORTON, ROCK, and SEVEN THUMBS greet warmly. GILBERT accepts a shot turkey and goes off. The THREE walk the beach:

### **ROCK**

House Afire hardly eats, Thomas. Sickness  
is back some places. They cut our sacred tree.  
Did I say you'd understand?

### **SEVEN THUMBS**

These new English knock down every stone  
they see. Our land is old with stones, Thomas.  
Our fathers and mothers left them there to tell  
things. They talk. They heal people. Why do  
they do this? Thomas, Sam Maverick and Bill  
Blackstone say many more, these not-your-  
English, come over.

### **MORTON**

Their reform, their religion is to make us all  
"not my English." I'm told very little, Seven  
Thumbs my friend. But at least, if this new

Company buys a charter from poor King  
Charles, that should bring a governor, a real  
governor. A bit of---well, law and order. Now  
where is my dear man David Tompson, he  
saved my life!

**ROCK**

Son of Tomp has died. The English cabin-cough.

**MORTON**

Ahh. And they say my dear boy Walter is gone  
north. God bless Great Wat and his bride! God  
bless! Wait. My dog, Elizabeth my dog...

**ROCK**

(Looks at SEVEN THUMBS disappointed.) Your  
dog. Nursing wolf pups, somewhere.

**MORTON**

Argh, England makes a man---Forgive me, my  
friends. Yes of course, Many Arrows, and that  
wild young buck who was twice my Jack. Crazy,  
uh---He still with your young lady?

**ROCK**

Yes. We lost Willow. Thomas, not one moon ago,  
forty Abenaki braves came here in boats, to raid  
for corn. Like old times, but now they come with

guns, and better aim. They took Willow. They need women. Pox and brandy kill them worse than here. In time I know Willow can live well, they took her to make family. But here, Willow took up English things to---come out from among us. And all she found was no-place. Big Wolf, now he is crazy. Give him no drink, Thomas! He made his big love, Willow, into something more worth stealing! How can one people make this happen in another. Well ---Tell us, Thomas, what friends you bring.

### **MORTON**

The only help I know---I'm afraid it's...salt. Look, almost no men you call my English can leave their King just now. His enemies, like here, make trouble every day. And, if our King falls, no one's lands will be safe. What I mean---You must...settle down. With salt you can dry more meat, preserve things, stay where you are in winter, have no hard time every spring. If these new English see you like ordinary people in their own country, always in one place, farming and such, I'm sure many---

### **SEVEN THUMBS**

We are not in their country! No winter camp? What about firewood? Gardens get tired. You haven't been here long. Don't you remember the



Great Serpent-stones up country? That is not  
the evil one in your book...

### **ROCK**

(Touches SEVEN's arm) Thomas, that is the first  
time in my life Grandfather spoke across another  
man's words. When his skin is not thick enough,  
you know how it goes. Salt. Salt...

### **MORTON**

My friends, dear friends, I am almost br---(broke).  
Let me confess. I am nobody in England. A petty  
lawyer. I have no power, no say, just a few clients  
with big friends, who use me for pennies. But  
this is my heart. I am here because I love this  
place, as a home. And you. Those "not my English"  
we call Puritans. They despise our home, as a place  
of sin---So what can they possibly love here? My  
English say, "Marriage and Hanging Come by  
Destiny." Where you make your home, you meet  
your doom. Well, they may get rich, but they will  
never be at home, because they have no answer  
for death. (MORTON ponders himself, and takes  
up their hands.) By God, I'm going to write it, a  
memorial. To the taste of this air. To my friends,  
my friends here with me, what we were beneath  
this sky, by these waters...

## SEVEN THUMBS

Don't talk like we're gone. So, English think  
you poor, Thomas. We're used to it. Smell that  
turkey? Come. We take House Afire a broth.

## ROCK

My visions. Did guns save Willow? But an old man  
can hunt turkeys again.

At last we see all three, very small walkers holding hands on the beach beneath  
"American sublime" skies that are almost too spectacular...

This sky "fades" to winter night, millions of stars bright along The Milky Way.  
Many soft voices sing "*God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen*" to one fiddle, as we come near  
Merrymount's hilltop/cabins, with bent-over trees, deep snow to the doors, snug oil-  
paper windows bright with lamps and (in MORTON's crowded cabin) many candles at  
once. Christmas wreaths with berries festoon the camp, and many footprints cross to  
Morton's door. Close by, two big kettles of sea-chowder smoke, a half-eaten deer and  
ducks roast on spits (*Ohh, tidings of comfort and joy*)...

Two English boats beach at Merrymount, and over the icy-caked bows come  
English SOLDIERS equipped like Endecott's "regular" men before...

People sit packed into Morton's cabin amid countless tiny candles. MORTON  
and HOUSE AFIRE (thin, grinning) sit opposite at table, ROCK between: others include  
WALTER w/LITTLE MOON pregnant on his lap, JOHN/WILLIAM eager for the fiddle,  
GILBERT making toasts, SEVEN THUMBS, SWEET GRASS, FIRE (near birth now),

RIVER, and ALL with a cup plus EXTRAS who crowd the floor. MORTON with silver flask holds forth from a scratchy parchment with the title “Bacchanall Triumph” legible above verses. He declaims with broad “ghost story” style...

**MORTON**

The Magi told of a prodigious birth/That shortly  
should be found upon The Earth....(WE SEE  
SOLDIERS' BOOTS RUNNING UP THE HILL)  
...Seven heads it had, and twice so many feet/  
And more, a fork-ed tail heaved up on high/  
As if it threatened battle to the sky...

MORTON's front door kicks open, the wind kills candles and PEOPLE jump up, scream. WALTER pulls a pistol as CAPTAIN ENDECOTT shoves in, frosty, sword out, with starved SOLDIERS like “lobsters” in armor.

**WALTER**

The hell sort of captain are you? I could have shot ye---

**ENDECOTT**

Use that or put it down. This is a Sequestration!  
That means every one of you is not a member  
of the Congregation, and subject to confiscation of  
nefarious, uhh, items. (MORTON and ALL look  
amazed, then laugh.) Sergeant At Arms! Find the  
corn and take half. Not a capful more! You there,  
hands off that carcass!

**MORTON**

No, wouldn't want to be mistaken for thieves.

Do close the door, Father Time?

**PHILIP RATCLIFF**

(shoves inside in ill-fit armor) We're sorry  
sir, it's the Captain his wife's dying, sir. We're  
all us indentureds dying! (ENDECOTT and MEN  
shove RATCLIFF out but he clings to the door.)  
He trucked away all our corn in September, for a  
pile o' furs, to please the Company! Tell The Coun-  
cil, sir, we meant no harm! (He's dragged off.)

**ENDECOTT**

Away, this madman! Well, he had that last right.  
These winters killed half Plimoth's good people.  
In a wilderness, we must be hard, to survive.

**MORTON**

Close the door?

**ENDECOTT**

My wife is fine! We shall see to this irregular living.

**MORTON**

And what do you think "Separatism" is? Merry Christmas.

Outside, ENDECOTT slams the door and roof-snow pastes him. He shouts "Get

under way!" As SOLDIERS run by with baskets of corn/beans, he looks around, cuts and stuffs a chunk of venison into his mouth.

Inside the cabin, MORTON and ALL share bad looks...

### **ROCK**

Salt good for this? (MORTON winces)...

### **HOUSE AFIRE**

Why can't they just ask, Thomas?

## **SCENE 14**

GRAPHIC: *Massachusetts Bay, June 1630*

Spring: We see a wide view of "Boston Harbor" shores and white-sandy, green islands, herons and sea-birds in the cobalt-blue shallows.

Along the shore-path with this view come MORTON, dog Elizabeth with puppies, JACK, and LIKES THE FIRE nursing a 6-month BABY BOY to be called WISHON. SAM MAVERICK strolls into them with pipe and half-needed cane. ALL greet and MAVERICK sees the BABY, slaps JACK "good man." Then MAVERICK ushers the group to come see something...

Now we see a fleet of 7 English ships at anchor (fishing-vessels, galleon-style merchanters). Small boats ferry PURITANS (middle-class, most in dark green/cloth collars) and supply-crates to a stony beach. There, fires burn, people sprawl or help each other, wait on line for soup. Men dig shelters, help with tents, a youth blasts away

at shore-birds. Closer, we see a PURITAN FAMILY on their knees kissing sand, and FOUR BODIES under tarps. Horses painfully try their sea-legs. SIX PURITAN ELDER GENTLEMEN supervise round a planted English flag. They are JOHN WINTHROP (in Governor's red sash, steeple hat, medallion); ENDECOTT; and THOMAS DUDLEY among EXTRAS. They talk and look around, queasy, uncertain of anything...

**MAVERICK**

(Chews pipe as they watch) Had breakfast, Tom?  
Don't like the smell o'theirs.

But MORTON is watching a Red Tail Hawk climb the sky in slow spirals, ignoring the crows that squawk at her tail and fall backward...

**MORTON**

Oh dear God...Handsome thing, I never could...  
What? Well, Sam. Those are not my English. Bill Blackstone already asked could he hunt up fresh vittles for their sick. "Nay, thou art a carnal man, not of the Congregation." Help me again, what century is this?

**MAVERICK**

Won't be here long. Can't tell 'em naught. Good water near, says I. Hmph! Y'need lime to make bricks---won't melt in the rain, says I. The lot of us, Tom, we're not o'the right communion. New Israel. We be without. Tobacco on you?

**JACK**

(At MORTON's nudge) Here, a pinch. New Israel?

LIKES THE FIRE does not like what she sees in the harbor below...

**MAVERICK**

Oh, doesn't the little Wishon drag his papa about  
to all the smelly in-laws and outlaws? Marriage  
and hangin' come by destiny, don't you say so?  
A-woochie-coo...

**MORTON**

If this charter from our pious King Charles grants  
them the land you say, to the Pacific? Must be  
a proper governor...

**MAVERICK**

Wouldn't leap to that conclusion. Old Blackstone says,  
We're as good live in Turkey as under these Cru-  
saders. Gonna build them a city on those three hills  
used to be Bill's, old Trimountain. Bill says they got  
runners out first thing, too. Callin' for pahley with  
every Sagamore wants grog and a kettle for the wife.

**MORTON**

Really? They seem to have a plan---

Now a Special Effect/Edit adds a Whoosh! like a whirlwind (as before); and we

see a back-row view inside a SETTLER-crowded, hewn-timber Puritan meeting-house (NOTE CAST-positions below). This building has gun-port windows and at front, a long table up on a dais; while behind the table stands a crude preaching-pulpit with a great Eye staring out.

GRAPHIC:

*First Prosecution of a Defendant: Massachusetts Bay Colony, September 7, 1630*

Inside this place, Planters BLACKSTONE, MAVERICK and JEFFREYS share a log-bench (all 3 cough at times on pipes). By the head-table sit TWO COURT RECORDERS with quills/paper. And at table with stacks of books, scarlet draping, and GUARD-HALBERDIER at each end, sit the ELDERMEN seen above. They whisper, pass papers till WINTHROP bangs a carpenter's hammer. (He's about 40, clean-shaven, short black hair, black velvet coat/white ruff, medallion, eyes limpid and cold.) DUDLEY, OTHER COURT ELDERS (grayer gents with red bull-necks) assist, and ENDECOTT too (a martinet pleased as punch today).

WINTHROP nods to his right HALBERDIER: it is EDWARD under the helmet. He salutes, brings the prisoner---MORTON in tousled dirty shirt, pockets out, in shackles between TWO SOLDIERS. EDWARD feigns making Morton presentable:

**EDWARD**

Behave now, these chaps are for keeps! Got a  
capital warrant on you!

**MORTON**

*A what...*



At table, DUDLEY reads a parchment, hands it along to WINTHROP:

**WINTHROP**

Now then, Mr., uh, Thomas More-ton, of Mount---is this  
Wollaston, Mr. Dudley? You stand charged before the lawful  
court of His Majesty....(Reads on: then whispers up/down the table)  
...Into the record, Joseph?

DUDLEY whispers, nods: He passes WINTHROP's whisper down the line of  
ELDERS with waggling wattles, and last we see ENDECOTT's hearty approval...

**WINTHROP**

(His gaze to RECORDERS starts them.) Ah-hm.  
Mr. Thomas Morton. It is ordered by this Court  
that you be set in the bilbows, and after, sent  
prisoner to England. All your goods shall be seized  
to defray charges of transport, payment of debts,  
and to satisfy our Indians, for a canoe you took. As  
well your house, with the goods taken out, shall be  
burned to the ground. For their satisfaction. For many  
wrongs you have done them.

DUDLEY hands WINTHROP a dipped quill and WINTHROP signs.

**MORTON**

(Looks around carefully) Governor. I've not been  
honored with your name, sir. That was a Court  
Order, not a discovery or a trial. May I enquire...

**DUDLEY**

(Snaps fingers to stop RECORDERS) Do not abuse Court liberty to speak. You have done much harm. The Court has ample testimony.

**MORTON**

Sir, the Court itself records neither testimony nor charges. Are men deported because they owe money? This will be a crowded boat! (NOBODY laughs.) Gentlemen, I am a barrister, of Clifford's Inn, a known agent of The Council. Good sirs, what hear we to a charge but---canoe-rustling? I can explain that with able testimony---

ALL ELDERMEN but WINTHROP pound the table: *Hear the Governor, Hear the Governor!* MORTON turns to his friends, who cower...

**MORTON**

Gentlemen. Surely it is not consonant with English law, to transport people out of the country without some record of a charge under statute? What precisely is the jurisdic---

And with a Whoosh! we see Merrymount Plantation, cabins and all in flames against gray winter sky and sea. WINSLOW, ENDECOTT, DUDLEY, BRADFORD, EDWARD (as soldier) watch "REGULAR" SOLDIERS chop up the main table, rifle trunks/boxes. Guns and bottles lie spread out as in a raid, along with junk from wading-

boots to sacks of corn, traps, a flea-market of gear and clothes. Flames roar, sparks fly...

MORTON sits chained to the Maypole's stump, shivering in his shirt (it is December), hands/feet locked in stocks. He's dirty, enraged, tears wet his face. But his look is dark glee, for he knows the law; and he burns his eyes into HOUSE AFIRE's and ROCK's, who watch in disbelief with run-down BIG WOLF, SEVEN THUMBS, SWEET GRASS, LIKES THE FIRE and BABY (no JACK in sight)...

MORTON gives savage laughter as SOLDIERS use the stump as an anvil to crush his flask and break his sword. A SOLDIER presents Morton's parchments, books and Day-Book, then feeds them into the fires. More SOLDIERS pull cabins down. WINSLOW seizes two books: Cicero's *De Oratore* and Macchiavelli, *Il Principe/The Prince*. He tosses Cicero into the flames and tucks the other in his coat...

A final Whoosh! takes us to the crude icy dockside of this new "Boston," no more than lean-to's, sail-covered holes, a locked storehouse. We HEAR a constant hammer-sound of carpenters. An ice-caked fishing-ship (*The Whale*) is taking on cargo. And a CROWD of PURITANS (men/women/children), plus JACK and SAM MAVERICK watch as MORTON is hoisted, thrashing, in a cow's harness onto the ship...

### **MORTON**

Every one of you witness, no man with a brain  
let alone his rights takes ship in December, do  
you see that, ye sheep-faced illiterates? You  
remember Thomas Morton when your turn  
comes! This is a death-ship!

As MORTON protests, MAVERICK and a "low-profile" JACK get some distance

but keep watching, as EXTRAS go by on business...

**MAVERICK**

(Chews pipe) Ahh, what's that old tune,  
"Poor Tom o' Bedlam." Still, a chap  
shouldn't take his chances. Rough crowd.  
Me I plan to acquire a couple of Negroes. I  
hear they're more docile. Them you can breed.  
More money. (JACK looks revolted.) Well, you  
got that strappin' bitch and a breed papoose  
choppin' your wood.

Just now, TWO dessicated ELDERLY PURITAN WOMEN go by and give JACK severe looks. JACK feels "the Old World" arrived all around him. The hammering-sounds annoy and he turns to see a frame half-up: a house? A gallows? BOTH WOMEN turn and dig their disdain into him. JACK curses his half-woodsman's clothes...

**JACK**

Good day! What? Who? She's nothing. Camp  
follower. Was in the vanguard, I was! Happens  
too often back home, a decent man does some  
handsome---or *rather!* Some *homeless* woman  
the generous thing, and she turns round to  
charge he's the...uhh...

JACK turns to get away; and sees BIG WOLF staring up at him, from where he lies drunk against sawn logs, vomit down his blue coat...

## **BIG WOLF**

She's better than you, servant-boy. When I get  
up...When I get up, servant-boy....

Now we see MORTON's very weather-beaten ship passing up into the English Channel, draws near a fortified harbor and city.

GRAPHIC: *Plymouth, England, Spring 1631: Seat of Governor Sir Ferdinando Gorges*

At dockside, MORTON and WEAK SAILORS are all helped down-gangway by PORT EXTRAS. All are emaciated and ragged with full beards, scurvy-sores, trembling: EXTRAS wear kerchiefs against the ship's sick smell. MORTON is helped straight before "The Boss" SIR FERDINANDO GORGES with his AIDES: a man of 55 with salt/pepper beard, silk vest and ruffs, a King's medallion. GORGES is shocked and moved when he sees MORTON and comes out from under a servant's umbrella:

## **GORGES**

Thomas! Is that you? It's Ferdinando! Nine  
months of winter Atlantic, why in God's  
name? Did you bring---Not one fur in that  
hold? Fetch my physician.

## **MORTON**

Better...what's his name...Asklepios....

## **SCENE 15**

Slow NATIVE MUSIC helps suggest passage of time as we see CRAZY BEAR

(four years older) trudging summer woodland meadow in worn furs but his look strong. (1) A satchel, bow/quiver hang at his arm as he takes direction from the sun. We see him (2) wander the inland Connecticut “backbone of the country”: (3) he “smudges” by a night-fire; (4) walks in horror through another plague-destroyed village in Berkshire hill-country where he sees a Turtle-shell rattle painted with a Turtle-Clan design. (5) In deep winter he’s being pointed down-river by a NIPMUC BRAVE; and “just then” they BOTH see a BAND of INLAND-TRIBE REFUGEES who look sick. Some BRAVES are healthy but angry, and many wear the Turtle-sign just seen...

We follow CRAZY BEAR more: (6) at prayer by a waterfall; (7) by another campfire lifting his Serpent-painted arms to the starry night. (8) He wanders through green Spring rain; and suddenly he’s face-to-face on a trail with INLAND BRAVES w/Turtle tattoos. They point to their war-clubs, and sign that CRAZY join them. CRAZY carefully declines---The BRAVES flash their anger and disappear...

At last one late-Summer day CRAZY BEAR comes to a hilltop’s palisaded village: PEQUOT FAMILY EXTRAS notice him warily.

GRAPHIC: *Weinshauks, Connecticut, on the Pequot (Thames) River, 1634:*

*Village of Tatobem, Pequot Great Sachem, and Father of Sassacus*

BRAVES lead CRAZY through this huge fort’s narrow overlap-entrance---into a very rich, active PEQUOT VILLAGE. This is much like Neponset, but with far more WARRIOR MALES than all others, much Wampum on everybody, and many European tools/exotic goods. CRAZY BEAR searches; and we see MANY ARROWS (showing his 4 years of trail too) in talk with hard-looking PEQUOT BRAVES, plus the not-yet-Sachem SASSACUS (seen below). MANY and CRAZY see each other, and EXTRAS laugh as the two hug each other. Now they walk a slow path under willow trees...

### **MANY ARROWS**

Years, I make these journeys for you. I  
looked so long for you, and you find me!  
Ever see so many braves? 26 villages follow  
this Tatobem. That was his great son Sassacus.  
I see why you come to these places. I see the  
things you want to restore at home.

### **CRAZY BEAR**

I had many friends in braves. We learned that  
being alive is vision. No: It's about wampum  
and knives, parchment that says only you may  
walk land. I don't know why The Powers  
ask so much loneliness, Many Arrows. I left  
people sick, hurt, and now they are here. I run  
because I want to kill people who kill The Spirit,  
for nothing! I cannot find how to serve. She took  
a Yellow-Head, and let be! But I am a Neponset  
brave! Shadows I fight, in strange country...

MANY ARROWS comforts CRAZY, and guides him to sit by the river.

### **MANY ARROWS**

Everybody thinks fight is the only way. Except  
you. I do not need to kill Big Wolf. You know  
why. We think at home you are a Peace Chief.  
I have a path; but your kind, each finds his own.

How many days have I learned, because you  
were leading me---If a man cannot find in his heart,  
is he not forever lost? We want you home, when  
I finish here. Argh! Up and down, they told  
me this Sassacus, that he is a spirit. And I thought,  
that will be for you. But listen. Rock says, We were  
the first to be shattered by the English. Now Rock  
says no Narragansett, no Nipmuc either will  
stop them. If we help keep Pequot strong, their  
great River is our backbone. See? Then we Massa-  
chusetts can help ourselves.

### **CRAZY BEAR**

You fight the Dutch? I was asked to kill some.

### **MANY ARROWS**

No! I asked Pequot help for you, and now we  
fall in their trouble. (Moves closer) These Pequots  
are at feud with Narragansetts more years than  
we. All for this wampum. But Crazy Bear, they  
both welcome Dutch and English. The whites  
are sick for beaver. The Sachem here, Tatobem?  
He opened their Connecticut to trade. His trade.  
That's why their fort is big. Tatobem killed  
a few Narragansetts creeping in to work old ties.  
So, for that, some Dutchman kidnapped Tatobem.  
They have him hostage now, on a boat up this



river. I'm sorry. To get help, I offered it, to help them show numbers of men tonight. Sassacus will pay ransom. Not kill them. I would.

### **CRAZY BEAR**

You go only to be seen, with your gun.

### **MANY ARROWS**

Morning, we go home.

Instantly we see SASSACUS (near 60, richly robed) screaming in rage and grief before a night campfire council of PEQUOT ELDERS (male/female), at their large Sachem's lodge. TWO bloodied BRAVES hold in cloth the head of TATOBEM, and of MANY ARROWS. CRAZY BEAR gapes in shock...

### **SASSACUS**

(Raging up and down) Who shall I kill, that put this Massachusetts wanderer in the middle of my orders? Who is so stupid still to think a Dutch can tell Neponset from Niantic? Ohh, my father! Cover him. How can they take ransom, and then...

SASSACUS unleashes a blood-curdling "What Is This!" to the stars that makes everybody duck. He recovers, and orders CRAZY BEAR into his lodge. Inside, we see much white/purple wampum in belts and baskets, on EXTRAS: lodge-posts show many scalps. CRAZY BEAR fights not to cry, as SASSACUS cooks a steel knife in fire:

## **SASSACUS**

(slices a bloody line down his arm, eyes blazing)  
I am a spirit. When I bleed, this country bleeds.  
This is tomorrow. This makes my heart feel better.  
(He breathes, seeks out his best pipe.) Tomorrow  
we kill these hairy people who fight for our river.  
I smell Uncas too. A petty Mohegan who married  
my sister. Five times I forgave him selfish insults  
to our families. We will answer your father's death.  
And, you know English. You will try the waters.  
Wampum you will take to my brother, Mian-  
tonomo, at Narragansett. Then to the English.  
Make them understand: we kill according to the  
law. We want trade. Killings like these...This is...the  
the old feud. We shall make it up...

Now we see LIKES THE FIRE weep too, with ash-blackened face, as she enters  
the main Neponset Village lodge, where all wear the same.

HOUSE AFIRE, ROCK, SWEET GRASS receive FIRE, JACK (a smudge between  
his eyes), and 5-yr.-old WISHON (long light hair, beads/no shirt, deer-trousers, moose-  
skin boots). He loves ROCK's and the Sachem's arms. The "old blood" gazes on the new  
mixture...

## **ROCK**

Half the country black their faces for him. Who  
now to hold against Boston? My husband tries.  
This Winthrop likes big dinners. But not a feast.

He is angry that most beaver is gone, here to  
Merrimac. Jack, do you hear? What will you do,  
for your wife and child Wishon? For your clan?  
Are you so much as we hold a poet? Or do you  
sing on the shoulders of blind captains?

### **FIRE**

My mother, you need not hurt the man.

### **ROCK**

You have married us, Jack. What are you? Help  
us make your new English think they need us.  
Oh, my fierce brother! (more ash to her face)  
What if I had not listened to Squa Rock? For all  
we know, Jack, you people ruined the home  
The Creator gave you. And fools like me---We mark  
a paper and say, "Let this land be yours: Now please  
go away, into it..."

### **SWEET GRASS**

She hates you not, Jack. Today we stand in a  
great shadow. (JACK bows his head.)

### **FIRE**

(WISHON clammers on her.) I ask River where she  
goes. She says, to old places, where worry has no  
farm. You, my boy, make me well while Uncle  
Crazy Bear comes home. Do you think he and

Big Wolf remember our good day, when we all  
held hands? That day brought Wishon to us...

**JACK**

Big Wolf remembers me. I've seen him at my back.  
I can't sleep if I hear a twig. Wishon, stop fawning  
and chop those branches I told you...

Old HOUSE AFIRE, beside ROCK, looks blankly at JACK...

**ROCK**

(As WISHON ignores Jack) I know where Gilbert and  
Willy hide. It sharpens my teeth to hear the English  
worry now: their King may send Thomas Morton for  
their governor. We should pray. Even Cutshamekin,  
your own brother, husband, makes love to the new  
Jesus-town, Shalom. He takes a Jesus-name...

LIKES THE FIRE, tears on her face, looks down and we see (1) the green Serpents  
on her arms; (2) how roaring-strong MANY ARROWS looked as they played "football"  
at the Revels; (3) MANY ARROWS young, making a spear as in Scene 2...

**FIRE**

We know a great brother is dead, and not  
where to find Crazy Bear. If he was near what  
happened, he'll blame himself. I bleed when I  
think of him. (She strokes WISHON, then "stands  
him up stoutly," and herself.) Go and chop the

wood your father says. We'll make a feast. Then  
Mama will fetch a man home.

**JACK**

You'll what? How, the name of some back-bog  
Sagamore? The whole Connecticut is up in arms.  
There's not a captain in the colonies knows  
where he's going.

**FIRE**

Winthrop gets lost a mile from his house, shall  
I wait till they learn? Jack, I would take care of  
things to help your family. This place under your  
nose will help you. You tell Winthrop you live  
here to spread Good News. You don't have any,  
I get some. Will my man help us?

**JACK**

And if I say Go, what am I?

JACK sees ROCK bearing down with that question.

At the BOSTON dockside with PURITAN and YEOMEN EXTRAS about, JACK  
OLDHAM in that god-awful green suit (soiled, but a fine beaver hat, carved pipe) helps  
FIRE in journey-dress down into his laden shallop. JACK, in buckskin mantle and old  
London blacks, is sullen, as WISHON makes-smiles at FIRE's going. RIVER gives them  
all courage-gestures, best she can. Her cheeks show new tattoos (red serpent, green star)  
born of her bonds with FIRE, who touches them farewell.

JACK hugs FIRE coldly. FIRE, RIVER embrace, pull in WISHON...

### OLDHAM

(As JACK pays him a wampum-string) Ain't  
much for a body, but for the old times, eh? Like I  
said, I take her far as my trade, Narragansett. Been  
to Pequot before all you white men. But I ain't  
connived my safety there, yet. Cast!

The boat is sliding away. JACK whispers: *I loved you, and you'll never be back. You fool.* He squats down to WISHON, RIVER beside them ready to help:

### JACK

Now, Wishon. There comes a time every man  
born must be one. Grandmother River here is the  
best person in the world to help you. Because---  
your mother, out there, answers Great Spirit.  
Wishon, I too. For the good of everyone. And then,  
one day, we'll all be together again happy all of  
us happy forever and ever. There's a good chap.  
(JACK stands up quick, breathes, and runs---  
looks back once, and keeps running.)

### RIVER

What? You're---Hey. Hey! You'll answer this!  
Dog! Dog!

And there stand old RIVER and 6-yr.-old WISHON on the Boston dock. He wraps his arms round her hips as PURITANS and burly YEOMEN stride by.

Inside HOUSE AFIRE's lodge, the Sachem looks sick, old and wan. ROCK spoons him broth, and sees RIVER suddenly outside in mid-village, wildly haranguing FAMILY EXTRAS, who shy from her power:

### **RIVER**

The dog, the dog! He shall not live. Not fit for the dirt! I got the Good News. I never needed death to make me love! I spit you out! Who are these stinking foreigners? Papers on trees, "No Irregular Living! No Trade Without Magistrate!" A dog comes when he's called, bites who he's told. (She turns) Wishon will know things deep as blood watch over us. Here, right here, behind the sunshine! I tried, Rock. You teach him, not this grandmother.

### **ROCK**

Wait, what happened, where is he? River!

JACK is plunging through crude streets of Boston---mud and tree stumps, one-room cabins, market-stalls, stock pens. He passes a gallows and stocks where a PURITAN EXTRA mopes with feet shackled under a "Drunk" sign. As JACK goes by the man is hit by mud from a second EXTRA. JACK flees past the gate of the big 2-story log-house that is church, meeting-house and fort. Beyond, the land is a saw-works where pitch boils in tubs. Green forest looms behind, embattled and ignored...

JACK looks behind and shoves open a tavern's plank-door. He enters a place

with low ceiling, log-tables: an obese BARKEEP serves grogs and sugar-pastries to CAPTAIN JOHN UNDERHILL (a grizzled officer of 40), and CAPTAIN DANIEL PATRICK (younger, armed to the teeth). A sharp Spanish-style helmet decks their table, and now JACK sees the place filled with a DOZEN seasoned motley-English MERCENARIES with “serious” guns, pikes, swords everywhere. Drinking and grumbling, they give JACK a derisive laugh in his confused half-and-half clothing...

### **CAPTAIN UNDERHILL**

There now, Captain Patrick. Ask the God of your Irish  
to send men with a bit of the back-country, and---What  
are you, anyhow?

The MERCENARIES laugh. JACK jerks off his buckskin mantle.

## **SCENE 16**

We see the grand facades of Westminster amid 1630s London.

GRAPHIC: *Westminster: London, England, 1636:*

*Hearing before the Royal Commission for Foreign Provinces*

Three wigged, stony JUSTICES in red robes preside atop a High Court Bench in this court of marble pillars and high windows. To their right (like a jury) sit 12 COUNCILORS and ARISTOCRATS at both sides of the gray, scowling Archbishop of Canterbury WILLIAM LAUD in Anglican regalia and beaver hat. Before all these men at the Prosecution-table sit MORTON (healthy, confident, in barrister’s equipage) with GORGES beside him in a mantle of beaver and sable. At the Defense-table sits ferret-



eyed ALLERTON as WINSLOW declaims before the Bench: they are both in run-down but “best” suits.

### WINSLOW

M’Lords have heard the Prosecution witnesses. Ye have heard His Grace, Archbishop Laud on our King’s New England policy. Yes, Plimoth Plantation stands flawed. And vulnerable. It stands, m’Lords, proof of the centrality of God to all Englishmen. Our beloved minister never was permitted to succor our pilgrim spirits in savage country. But consider: Does one surrender to a heathen life, or stand as best one can? We cannot afford to abandon wealth unmeasured to French priests and corsairs, to Dutchmen eager to divest us by default. Consider, m’Lords, these witnesses, who find their church round a maypole: these mercenary interlopers with indeed no higher mission to paint our country’s reputation. M’Lords, we own the severity of correction meted out to this unfortunate and disturbed Mr. Ratcliff...

As WINSLOW goes on, we see the Boston public scaffold and servant RATCLIFF held by SOLDIERS. Gov. WINTHROP and ENDECOTT watch as they cut RATCLIFF’s ears. He fights like an animal, shrieks in agony...

### WINSLOW

But, m'Lords, only the disaster prevented by  
our action could prove the price of laxity in America.  
Indeed, as exiles, we welcome new brothers. We  
welcome any men, capable of the simplest laws  
of civilization. (He bows, sneers at MORTON, and  
retires to his table. The three JUSTICES confer)....

### **GORGES**

(to MORTON) They'll dismiss. They're going to  
dismiss. God-damned Boston got their Charter  
promising King Charles profit. Now he's bankrupt  
and where am I? Use that! What do we pay you for!

COUNCIL MEMBERS stir to go. But MORTON catches LAUD's eye to provoke  
him, hand-charades a wedding-ring, then a minister's collar round his neck...

### **CHIEF JUSTICE**

Uhh, the Bench must advise the Council, that...

### **ARCHBISHOP LAUD**

Mr. Winslow! Do you consider this Council a band  
of mercenary intruders? What say you to charge  
that you performed marriages there without a  
minister. Baptisms, Last Rites, while such are  
expressly illegal. How does a colony proceed to  
cut ears from a man who demands a simple debt?

WINSLOW's chair screeches as he stands: MORTON gives a savage grin. A *Rap!* of

the gavel and a Special Effects/*Whoosh* slam a Fleet Street prison-door shut on the horrified WINSLOW...

Winslow's face "fades into" that of Gov. JOHN WINTHROP, whose brooding eyes we see reflected in his window's second-story view of Boston's cabins. In velvet vest/medallion he stares down at the platform where Ratcliff suffered. Below he sees now-Lieutenant EDWARD receiving CRAZY BEAR like a friend: CRAZY wears facial-ash and a heavy, rich mantle of purple/white wampum, his sign as ambassador of Pequot Sachem Sassacus. EDWARD and CRAZY enter the building. WINTHROP turns to Vice-Gov. JOSEPH DUDLEY at the table.

#### **DUDLEY**

(At conference-table, a big letter in his hands)

John. Governor Winthrop. The King and Council would have to send troops. They cannot send for the charter back, tear down your work. What is this, one letter from that ridiculous nobody Morton, against how many of God's? Do not let your family fear another day. No sheriff will cut your ears for a Ratcliff's, this Morton is a drunk. We shall fortify the islands, John. Humiliation-days. John, I hear from Connecticut's Hooker they've a loyal Indian about. Uncas, I think. Out to play us for his own little Pequot game.

#### **WINTHROP**

(Turns, scans the room's cheap carpentry tricked

out in brass and red drapery) It's just that Morton has this way, of---We burn his house, and our people freeze in the worst winter in a squa's age. Our need is white men seasoned to this Devil's country. We can scarce find our way. Men in armor won't catch Pequots in swamp. Word I do have says they're slipping away, in scores. (He drops into his head-chair, crumples Morton's letter, then tucks it away.) Another visitor from the infernal regions. Do not smile, at all. This one wears our capital concern.

EDWARD knocks and brings in CRAZY BEAR, both grave. EDWARD salutes, states that *This is Ambassador from Great Sachem of the Pequot, Sassacus*. As WINTHROP has CRAZY sit, WINTHROP sniffs liquor off EDWARD:

### WINTHROP

Lieutenant Gibbons. Indeed, one of our old-time traders made good. How many fines paid, Gibbons, for your drinking? (EDWARD shows 3 fingers) It is four. The benefits you derive from your useful skills are about to expire. Go, the door. Sir, your message. Our Boston does not drink tobacco.

### CRAZY BEAR

(Scared of the whole place and cold faces, spooked by the chairs' carved lion-heads and claw-arms) I bring good news. Sassacus, Sachem of 26 villages, sends his full consent to plant your people on

the Connecticut. There will be no more trouble  
to your river-towns. Only, Sassacus is a governor.  
He must answer murder of his family. I come  
today also from Narragansett. Sassacus and Mian-  
tonomo, together, ask you send them both your  
best trader. This I wear is promise of wealth in  
our peace. The Sachems listen, sir.

### **WINTHROP**

That was fair English, Mr. Vice-Governor. We are  
constantly amazed by you people. Now. We've  
just the trader for that part, and when time comes,  
him you shall know by a mantle of scarlet. However.  
We have the terms we want with Miantonomo. He  
promises us Narragansett guides, when war comes.  
But how unfortunate, young man, that Sassacus  
deceives you. He says nothing of his murder of  
our good English traders on the Connecticut, Messrs.  
Stone and Norton. Boston and Hartford say yes to peace.  
Yes to trade. But he must deliver the murderers. And,  
500 fathom of wampum, 40 beaver, 30 otter; and six  
Pequot children, as hostage to his behavior. Clear? We  
want peace. We serve The Prince of Peace. But peace  
only with order.

### **CRAZY BEAR**

Children? Sir, Sassacus has spoken to those killings.

He must answer for his father, and his people. (He points to his own face, then stops, unsure.) With us, family---

**WINTHROP**

Excuse me, young man. What tribe are you?

**CRAZY BEAR**

(Flustered, then sees Winthrop really doesn't know; and he tests the water.) I am Pequot.

**WINTHROP**

Ah, I knew it. Lieutenant! We have our message. This is not a negotiation, so see our guest to whatever it is a Pequot eats, before he takes our words on. Good Day. Dismissed.

EDWARD lays a "Better Go" hand on CRAZY's shoulder, as he fumes. BOTH go out; and WINTHROP returns to his window, to see EDWARD consoling CRAZY below.

**DUDLEY**

I hope we shan't too anger them.

**WINTHROP**

(gazing out) Yes. But, seeing we have, and that we will, let it keep more of Boston right here. This thorn in our side Roger Williams, Hooker gone already with his Hartford newcomers. They prate till they smell pasture. Worst, the best fur

trade hangs on how much Long Island wampum  
goes up the Connecticut. Joseph, we have to hold  
hold them together. We must. Or what was this for?  
Gibbons, him I've seen across the way at Hutchin-  
son's, too. Oh, I've a job for a seasoned lieutenant.

Suddenly we see a snowy English palisaded fort near the icy bank of a river: its  
center is a high mound with two cannon firing, an English flag above a noisy skirmish.

GRAPHIC: *Pequot Siege of Saybrook Fort on the Connecticut River, Winter 1636*

EDWARD (bundled, bearded) ducks Pequot bullets at his crack in the palisade.  
REGULAR SOLDIERS cower as arrows rain down, and shout *Cover the gate! Open up for  
relief!* EDWARD manically primes his gun as FOUR ENGLISH COLONIST-MEN, and  
JACK, come running inside with guns/swords and odd body-armor from their river-  
boat. Whoops, shots, arrows and spears chase them...

CRAZY BEAR entertains with English insults from a wooded hill near this fort,  
with 25 PEQUOT and NIAHTIC braves (some wear the Turtle-sign seen before):

### **CRAZY BEAR**

Your mother has a turkey-neck! (he flaps and cackles)

Inside Saybrook Fort, EDWARD sees/grabs JACK aside:

### **JACK**

Good God, look at us! We're no relief, that's  
Captain Mason's men come spring, all amateurs.

Hartford---Stratford-on-Thames it's not! Bloody  
Hooker just had to leave for God and beaver. How  
did we get here, Edward? Time to get out!

**EDWARD**

(BOTH jump as both cannons Boom.) Bit of a walk!  
Mason, another greenhorn like that Underhill,  
and who's training men but old Standish, Endecott!  
Jesus, some relief. Gardener the chap running this  
place can't tell Mohegan from Massachusett.  
Mason slaps his Indians with yellow paint. If it  
rains, do we shoot them? (*Zip-Pang!*)

**JACK**

You don't know who's after me, and then some.  
I hate this! I was hid up these river-towns. Don't you  
men know the savages there took sides with us?  
Then we threw them out! Threw out the locals! (*Zip-  
Pang!*) Merry Christmas, Feast of Fools!

A SOLDIER goes down nearby with an arrow in his collarbone.

**EDWARD**

Somebody help him! I think 500 Pequot out there.  
A plan's cooking, though. It's going to get hot here  
come spring, in case you ain't the mettle. Miantonomo  
lost 700 Narragansetts to plague this year. What  
would you do, take the poxy English side? Take



Sassacus' head, you, me, this Uncas and all us  
second-rates? Or pull every savage together and  
hang our scalps? Welcome to safety, Jack! And  
grog's on ration. Shite! Morton gone, the only one  
makes out is Mad Jack! Ain't we the dirt on 'em.

**JACK**

(Face pressed to palisade) This is the Bedlam I came  
from. Ohh, someplace a man can hear himself---

**CRAZY BEAR**

(outside) Ahoy, English! Have you fought enough?  
You let women, children alone, and we let yours!

**EDWARD**

You leave them alone, don't you Jack?

**JACK**

You savages will soon find out!

As this Scene ends, we see: **(1)** MORTON out on his youth's West Country wild  
heath with two fowling guns and several dogs, "managing to enjoy that life goes on";  
and, **(2)** GOV. WM. BRADFORD at his Plimoth gate, anguished, Bible in hands, trying  
to smile Goodbye to whole PILGRIM FAMILIES, who set out for "elbow room."

## **SCENE 17**

GRAPHIC: *Weinshauks on the Pequot River, Village of Great Sachem Sassacus*

It's a bright Spring day with PEQUOT EXTRAS at tasks outside the great hilltop palisaded village. Inside its great lodge (the richest we've seen), SASSACUS (60, in silver, wampum and a feather mantle) paints his eyes deep red before 20 ELDERS, as a hand-drum beats slow. EXTRAS bring LIKES THE FIRE in before all of them. FIRE bows her head, waits without smile as the ritual ends.

### **SASSACUS**

My family, your words will come true. (smiles.)

You must be bad news, the first person I see as  
our word means war. Not another Massachusett  
in trouble. (Aside) Bring the other.

CRAZY BEAR and LIKES THE FIRE see each other again. They can hardly contain themselves. The PEQUOTS enjoy this after their council just now, but CRAZY and FIRE keep it "brother/sister" before them. Then, SASSACUS erupts:

### **SASSACUS**

(Lifts a war-club) Who is this Captain Endecott,  
Massachusetts, comes to punish and burn  
our gardens up and down my river and islands?  
Your Massachusett brother Cutshamekin led  
him his way. I am a spirit. Serpents on your  
arms. Last time they saw my mountains, we  
bled. Now, only English.

### **FIRE**

Spirit, I am good news, for the joy you put in

two hearts today. I bring the other too. May it help.  
I came to your country to find this one, on a boat  
of the trader Jack Oldham. Boston gave Oldham  
a red mantle for trading, because he learns the ways  
Boston won't learn. Mad Jack---It's strange to like  
a man and wonder why. Spirit, as we passed Block  
Island, six Niantic strangers jumped our boat, to rob  
Mad Jack. They cared nothing for these troubles---  
They killed him for wampum. And Boston says this  
makes war. They will kill all the Pequot for Oldham,  
and for two captains years ago.

### **SASSACUS**

Yes. We are to send them children, too. Massa-  
chusett, we thank you for this gratitude. But  
we have counceled for days over what we need  
to do. Now, listen, because trouble is begun. Our  
big-nosed kinsman, Miantonomo (ELDERS LAUGH),  
took 200 Narragansett braves to punish Block Island  
for Mad Jack. We sent 200 fathom wampum: a good  
blood-price, for nothing evil from this house. This we  
do all the time, and Boston sends Endecott. Shot  
people drying fish. Stabbed women through that he  
could catch. Well, Massachusetts, we killed-back the  
very same number, twelve English people in their  
Wethersfield, up-river. We know they look to hurt  
us now, with soldiers who fight the English way.

For that, we have a plan. Our kinsman, that  
ugly, dim-brained Miantonomo (ELDERS ENJOY)  
---He makes himself useful. He will pass just the right  
help to Boston, by a sad-face English squatter on his land.

### **CRAZY BEAR**

I watched their soldiers practice. It makes no sense,  
this drill, march! Six arrows to a shot. A rabbit wears  
them out.

### **SASSACUS**

Show us your arms. (CRAZY does so; then FIRE.) We  
have helped each other. Now we send you home,  
where those are needed. Do only that, and you can  
help us another way that easy. Nnn, maybe not.  
(ELDERS SMILE.) Massachusett, we ask you to take  
home some of our women and children. Three, four  
families, as your Nipmuc kinsmen, or Wampanoag.  
This other cousins do. Let them live as Massachu-  
sett, till war is done. (FIRE/CRAZY NOD.) The people  
to take, you will find at Missituc, close by east of  
here. In return, they are to help you every way.  
Massachusetts tasted these troubles first.

### **FIRE**

We have...a great deal of room.

Now CRAZY BEAR and LIKES THE FIRE are alone in bright-green forest with a loud stream nearby. They cover each other with kisses...

**CRAZY BEAR**

Anywhere I saw the sky I had my strength,  
because of you. Do you know what I am. I  
am your champion...

**FIRE**

You never hated me, trying to do like our mothers.  
I have a son, Wishon. He knows your name. When  
I had to find you, I thought Jack still a man to  
work beside me. (Shakes her head, "he wasn't")  
But you were. Every day, and you so far from us...

**CRAZY BEAR**

The world was not so sick when we were small.  
But how well I feel, how well, Likes The Fire---  
in you the honor, and the hope of our fathers...

They make love as the sun begins to go down. In time, both notice the light and rise to resume the trail to Missituc village, as Sassacus said. Climbing trail, they watch the sun sinking into the Atlantic, its light on waters of the Mystic River's mile-wide inlet below them.

GRAPHIC: *Missituc, or "Mystic" Village, May 1637 ...*

They climb further to this smaller palisaded Pequot village, smokes rising from within it. SIX PEQUOT BRAVES suddenly meet CRAZY and FIRE on this trail. They

talk, and CRAZY stops at Mystic's entrance:

**CRAZY BEAR**

Wait. Likes The Fire, one of us can take these people  
out of here and home. I, well...

**FIRE**

You need to go with those braves, don't I see that  
in your face! Why, Crazy Bear. Sassacus knows you  
are not for what is coming. There has never been a fight  
like this to come...

**CRAZY BEAR**

You know these people fight our war. Massachusetts'  
war, that the English think over, with our broken back.  
My father-gone, he tells me, Help those who help us.  
It's a small safe thing, to help their numbers. The  
new English think me Pequot!

**FIRE**

That makes you safe? Crazy Bear, these people---  
This is enough. Argh! (She blocks her ears.)

**CRAZY BEAR**

If we help them, just make this place a decoy, and  
kick English down the hill---we really will bring  
Pequot home. Not to please Elders. To be them.  
Likes The Fire, I owe it---They brought me you.

## **FIRE**

I don't know who's in worse trouble.

Next morning, again outside Mystic's palisade, FIRE and CRAZY say goodbye: FIRE falls in with her 20 PEQUOT WOMEN, CHILDEN, ELDERS (with "refugee" faces), and CRAZY goes with THREE BRAVES.

A crowd of PEQUOT BRAVES at Weinshauks cheer as they hear SASSACUS' plan, and see his lifted club...

Now we cut to see JACK come crashing out of dense Spring forest, lost and found, Heaven-grateful to find the deserted Neponset winter-camp among inland hills. Disheveled in his helmet/pick-up gear (with gun and pistol), he sheds things as he runs in (*I found you! Oh God in Thy Providence!*). But he stops, looks, then gathers his arms...

RIVER is watching from bushes above camp as JACK enters. RIVER shuts a fist as if around his heart, then lifts a broken English sword. But, also hunting JACK is BIG WOLF, ruined, suicidal: he exults in luck to see JACK from camp's other side, and stalks forward, pistol in hand...

In late daylight, JACK brings water to a lodge, makes a fire: he "strikes a light" with flint to dry punk, and says aloud, *These people taught me this. Lord, can I get her back?* Out in the fading light, BIG WOLF and RIVER are each working closer from opposite sides of the lodge...

Night: BIG WOLF rushes in the lodge, and curses to find only Jack's gear. We see JACK snapping up more wood at camp's edge. BIG WOLF hides just behind the door (deer-hide on frame). In darkness, he rests his barrel on its rawhide upper "hinge"...

RIVER comes round the lodge's front: she thinks it's JACK she's caught moving the door. Both hands to her weapon, she forces herself on. RIVER reaches the door, BIG WOLF cocks his pistol---and RIVER swings herself around to stab through the pulled-back door. BIG WOLF screams, shoots: the bullet comes out RIVER's back and knocks her flat. Inside, BIG WOLF is nailed to the door by her sword, and falls in the darkness.

At the shot JACK, at prayer, whips round with knife out. He creeps back, sees RIVER and dives into the lodge for arms. He falls across BIG WOLF's corpse. JACK "can't pull free" of it, stumbles out but can't quite run. He tries to touch RIVER...

### **JACK**

I did not do this. Not. Not. Oh God, in Thy---Aarrggh!

JACK rips his hair, fetches his gear, and runs clattering off into darkness. Above the trees, a vast night sky of stars.

## **SCENE 18**

HOUSE AFIRE is dying. With night's stars in the door of their Neponset lodge, we see ROCK bent over him as she bathes, caresses and comforts him. He runs his hand through her strong black-grayed hair. As the hand falls, we "fade to" Spring day at a many-tiered waterfall, that roars and roars as ROCK presides at the funeral.

ALL NEPONSET VILLAGE CAST and EXTRAS of many Tribes stand along the falls as his body, wrapped in fine grass mats, is given to the waters. His son, JOSIAS (age 10) watches between SWEET GRASS/SEVEN THUMBS, who take up his hands: he has long hair tied back, deer trousers and calico trade-shirt, wampum and tin cross. JOSIAS braves a farewell smile to his Sachem father. ROCK, apart, gazes into the



waterfall where the white water thunders on the stones.

The thunder becomes a glowering sky above the Boston Bay islands. A shallop, laden with WINTHROP and his party (in steeple-hats/capes), hurries to beach at (GRAPHIC: *Castle Island, Boston Bay*). Along are DUDLEY, ENDECOTT, the new Captain EDWARD (drunk), and JACK in fresh cleric's blacks.

On the island facing open sea, a sizable mud-brick fort reinforced with log-timber is under construction by 20 mixed SOLDIERS and YEOMEN. Thunder booms, as SOLDIERS work along a row of 6 ship-cannon, "turned upon England" and its threat to seize the colony-charter. YEOMEN saw logs, haul barrows of mud-brick, mortar...

WINTHROP leads through a Halberdier-HONOR GUARD: CAPTAIN PATRICK salutes welcome. PATRICK shouts ahead, *Ready for Governor's Inspection!* WINTHROP takes DUDLEY along. Sickly ENDICOTT trails after, snubs EDWARD/JACK; who "fall behind" to talk.

### WINTHROP

Joseph I could shake a fist at Boston. My poor wife  
is so sick. Can I tell her not to worry, the King won't  
hang me? Where Good Witch Hutchinson the healer?  
Listen to me, a civil servant once: the King is wrong,  
he does not know this place. He cannot take it back,  
over malcontents! I shake my fists both ways, one  
at my King. (Squints ahead) Have you met the new  
captains? This Captain Underhill is a fist to swing  
at Pequots. Just don't turn your back on his mother.

**EDWARD**

Argh, let them go on, Jack. Think I'm going to puke.  
Stomach's gone. (He staggers, then sports new rank.)  
Like it? Promoted for Connecticut service. (He  
laughs, sickens) I'd be Major, but they caught me stiff.  
You get about, eh reverend? Heap big low profile.  
(JACK helps him, silent.) Why then? You could be  
Winthrop's new man, runnin' home that map off  
Roger Williams and his friends at Rogues' Island.  
It's sure to find us plenty Pequot for a bloody good  
lesson. Huh! Gov's had a 2-year sulk since Morton  
wrote him love-letters. (Sing-song) Charlie wants  
his charter back, and Govnah's ears beside it!

**JACK**

(As they watch WINTHROP meet UNDERHILL  
to inspect all.) Another fort. To keep out pirates,  
and/or His Majesty.

**EDWARD**

(vomits in real pain, sneaks drink from a black  
flask.) You done good, fetchin' that map, Jack.  
I hear it comes of our one Indian friend, Mianto-  
nomo. Know why? They're sending me with  
Underhill's men, Patrick's got 40, and that Mason  
with his painted Indians is for Hartford. Not one  
of us knows two trees o' this Pequot country! Why

am I laughing? Do you know, Morton wrote a book  
on us? It helped him win in court. I'd kill for a  
read. I thirst for it, in this sanctimonious shit-hole!

Thunder booms over the Bay as JACK helps doubled-up EDWARD and they  
both fear being seen thus. JACK helps EDWARD limp on...

**EDWARD**

Imagine Morton back Vice-Governor! He can teach  
at the college these blue-arsed angels just got up.  
A fuckin' college, man, a mile back o'the Charles  
swamp. Morton Vice-Gov! Christ, with him who  
needs kill-devil?

**JACK**

A college? I wonder could I get in, study Divinity,  
I've read....Boston can't think me like that Williams...

Thunder brings on a heavy rain. As it starts we see WINTHROP storming  
downhill straight for JACK (with DUDLEY/ENDICOTT, and UNDERHILL behind):

**WINTHROP**

You there! Come here. Seasick again? (EDWARD  
nods.) You be silent. This is Captain Underhill.  
He reports desertions to me, and I brought you  
here to be identified. Your service in Connecticut  
was not indenture but martial enterprise. Are you  
aware of the rope the law puts around your neck?

JACK, thunder-struck, sinks to one knee.

**UNDERHILL**

Mason's report said several runoffs, Guvnor. Now I  
see this (EDWARD) chap, he don't look like the Jacks  
I had. Shame to hang now there's work o'the Lord.

**WINTHROP**

Nn. Well, Captain Underhill---turn every hand to it.  
(He pushes past ALL with elated steps: DUDLEY  
catches up) Feel the rain, Joseph? Isn't it good to do that  
for people? The fort...I feel the way we felt washed up  
here 7 years ago. The Pequot shall be bread for us.  
Bread for us...

But a SOLDIER's *Ho!* breaks in: the mud-brick fort is melting in this heavy rain  
(because, as said, they refused advice to add brick-lime). We see its bricks dissolve in  
place, in men's hands: bulwarks sag, then timbers slip and crash. SOLDIERS and  
YEOMEN take PATRICK's desperate "Fix that! Hold that!" orders and clamber into the  
muddy fray to shore things up. But the cannon-deck collapses, men founder in rubble  
and muck as lightning and thunder crack and boom. WINTHROP grits his teeth:

**WINTHROP**

(Rain pours down his hat's brim.) Bread for us....

## SCENE 19

GRAPHIC: *Narragansett: Seat of Sachem Miantonomo, late May 1637:*

*Captains Mason & Underhill assault Pequot Connecticut*

Bright May: A column of ENGLISH PLANTERS-turned-soldiers (their gear and weapons all different) marches out from this open seaside village into rolling sunny “broken forest” country, with the Atlantic Ocean far to their left. Watching them go, shaking “Good Luck” fist high, stands Sachem MIANTONOMO (as earlier, his face all red paint): about 25 NARRAGANSETT BRAVES flow around him to flank the English march-column on its way. MIANTONOMO turns away half-laughing...

Captain JOHN MASON (tall, portly at 45, bearded, red leader’s sash over his gear), with UNDERHILL at the head of their column, looks back to see the Sachem turn for home. UNDERHILL gives MASON an “Argh, Don’t worry” clap on the back: MASON halts their column and signs UNCAS to join him up front.

UNCAS---about 35, a sly-eyed and muscular MOHEGAN Sachem in deerskin, a beautiful wolf-mantle---leaves his 20 MOHEGAN BRAVES (with yellow paint-splashes on heads) to join MASON/UNDERHILL. Back in the sweaty nervous column of men, including BUBBLE/HIGGINS with arms, JACK and EDWARD rest with guns/heavy packs, JACK with a keg of gunpowder. Both watch UNCAS point routes as he guides the captains:

### EDWARD

Look at these greenhorns up front, do they know  
this Uncas? Why should he guide us proper, be-  
cause he’s a Mohegan wants to rise on Sassacus’  
fall? The man is brother-in-law to the beast. Tell

you Jack, this walks into something bad. 75 of us,  
and these cousins all in together. Look at Mason,  
in control, all 3 years of him fortifyin' Hartford.  
Professionals. Fine, if this is Saxony.

**JACK**

I'd feel better if he let us wait for those 40 Boston  
chaps, with Captain Patrick. Now, after this fight  
we have to keep going, find a river and meet their boats  
---where Sassacus lives. We didn't train for ambush-  
war. I feel watched. Go find out something.

**EDWARD**

Ten years this month, May Day.

EDWARD makes way up the sweaty, scared column of English, and sees  
NARRAGANSETT BRAVES turning the opposite way, home with haste. As EDWARD  
reaches MASON and UNDERHILL, UNCAS pats both captains' shoulders, laughs...

**UNCAS**

Narragansetts! Too afraid of Pequots ahead. I  
think some will stay and fight. But Uncas---Uncas  
will never leave you. (He takes Mason's hand,  
touches it to his yellow-paint brow.)

**MASON**

Ahh, there's a good one. What is it, Gibbons.

**EDWARD**

Beg pardon, sir. Can you give us a bit of the plan, sir. I mean, back there at council, Miantonomo said it's best to go by sea. This way, we'll be watched every---

**MASON**

Go, Uncas, good man! Soon we crush your enemies.  
(He waits till Uncas goes ahead.) Bloody wolf. What? Ye farmer, by sea is what they look for. That red-faced cuss back there thinks us children. Well, our own inside-man, that outsider Williams picked his brains. This way, catch them napping in the rear. (Wipes his sweaty burdened brow.) Our Uncas says there's a fort chock-full of Pequot, a day's march on. There, we're going to hurt them. This Wolf-chap is in for surprises. Trust him, Tosh! Go, just tell them not to shoot his kind who will help, the dogs marked-up yellow.

**UNDERHILL**

Not today, anyhow. Gentlemen, rise to the enterprise.

**EDWARD**

(grumbles) Never saw a village with a rear.

LIKES THE FIRE and PEQUOT FAMILIES with her climb a wooded trail eastward along a hillside, from which they can see the Atlantic far and bright.

ALL begin to stop and look; for a mile below they see a brave (it's UNCAS) leading the English column (flag flying) westward.

Everybody starts to laugh, to stifle their CHILDREN's cheers...

**PEQUOT WOMAN, LITTLE OWL**

(About 50, handsomely attired beside FIRE)

That's Sassacus' brother-in-law, Uncas. Oh, he's more than a rascal, that one. Sassacus near-kills Uncas twice a year for taking our men his own way. Today he doesn't mind! See the yellow-heads at their sides? As Pequot as my Mohegan aunt.

**FIRE**

I hope they look out for my man. Oh, my! He should be alright. Don't the English realize how many we---They're so few!

**PEQUOT WOMAN, BRIGHT STAR**

(FIRE's age) Look, look! That's not the good way south to Missituc. That way goes west, around the river's head. He's bringing them right to the front door!

**THREE PEQUOT BOYS**

Trap them on the riverbank! Chop them up good! Gack! Unh!

**LITTLE OWL**

That would settle a few crimes. Instead, wreck our village. But we need a decoy, it's what



they look for. That's where my son is, inside  
the wall. Welcome, English. *Weeg-wa-man...*

### **BRIGHT STAR**

Yours with the 50 braves waiting in there?  
Honor. What a lovely surprise!

### **PEQUOT BOYS**

We'll be home tomorrow! Why can't we go  
watch! Let us!

We see a wild May night with a big full moon.

Graphic: *May 26, 1637: Pequot Village Missituc*

Inside Mystic Fort, 50 PEQUOT BRAVES and CRAZY BEAR sing around a bonfire to raise hell-racket, pound hand-drums, beat logs, eat and enjoy as they can. CRAZY offers them his fiercest dance and holds out his Serpent-tattooed arms: at this, Mystic's Sachem MAMOHO unwraps a small beautiful black stone engraved with a spiral-tailed Serpent in gold-red ochre. The BRAVES behold, cover their faces, drop hands and scream, ready to give all in battle. Some kiss the stone (sign of their Guiding Spirit to the Other World)...

### **MAMOHO**

(Prime 40, a rich wampum headband) Time  
you go, Massachusett. See you outside with  
the big welcome. (His two hands come together)

## CRAZY BEAR

But in here you trap yourselves. Sachem, why  
not come down on them --- back them into the river  
where Uncas brings them two by two?

## MAMOHO

We do that if we're scared. Uncas just sent word  
that, if you can believe it, the English are asleep,  
so tired, at the big rocks a mile from here. Now,  
this is our glory, out. (BRAVES LAUGH.)  
Brothers, when he goes, close both entrances  
with brush. Make smokes, fires! Another sing...

Dawn: MASON, UNDERHILL and ENGLISHMEN wake up atop "Porter's Rocks" in mist. UNCAS looks down at cursing MASON. Rousting the men, MASON/UNDERHILL have looks for UNCAS; and, EDWARD for the CAPTAINS; but they *Shhh!* the men, yet hurry to the attack. JACK ditches the keg of gunpowder. As they clamber down and ALL form up near the Mystic River's edge, we see the faintest smiles on NARRAGANSETT and MOHEGAN faces...

Now, CRAZY BEAR crouches well-hidden on Mystic Hill above the riverbank, with simply-uncountable PEQUOT BRAVES either side, behind and everywhere. They ALL have a splotch of yellow paint on their heads. As ALL peer down on the sunny waterside-approach to their Village, they hear (clack, rattle, cough, clack) and then see the ENGLISHMEN come charging by ("silent" and wide-eyed) along this open path for the Hill, swords/pistols out, halberds lowered, fumbling with matchlock-guns, the flag high as more and more charge on.

JACK and EDWARD half-cling to each other. The “yellowed” MOHEGANS with UNCAS follow full; but half-way past, MOST NARRAGANSETTS stop, then run away as they see where death should have come...

The PEQUOT LEADER SAMM (a mean-eyed bruiser with notched club) signs for 20 BRAVES to chase the Narragansetts. The BRAVES slip off, and ALL share “Good” looks as the ENGLISH charge on. ALL wait: soon, they hear a loud Boom...

SAMM signs his BRAVES’ whole host to climb the Hill behind them, toward the “back” side of Mystic Fort. CRAZY (with bow) keeps up silently through the green trees, over boulders. Gunfire ahead at the Fort grows sporadic, then hotter...

PEQUOT BRAVES spy out that half the ENGLISH (about 30 men, JACK there) guard the Fort’s entrance this side: its palisade is too huge for their numbers. The other 30-odd ENGLISH are already inside with MASON/UNDERHILL: we hear shouts and shots in there. SAMM signs ALL to “Hold.” Suddenly the outside-ENGLISH, fumbling to re-load, cringe to hear from inside one terrifying PEQUOT war-cry; a ragged *Boom-Boom* of guns sounds, then screams as the fight inside turns hand-to-hand...

One wounded ENGLISH, then ANOTHER helped by TWO, then ANOTHER helped by ONE, limp out with bloody heads and arms. As these outside-ENGLISH bunch together under arrows from front and back, we see black smoke start to pour out above the Village-palisade. EDWARD rushes out, his head gashed:

### EDWARD

Mason says Get Out! Place is bloody empty! Only  
family in there is big bastards, with clubs!

Great flame and smoke erupt inside. As it does, MASON, UNDERHILL,

HIGGINS, ALL are driven out, swinging or shooting wildly at PEQUOT BRAVES, who also burst out past them, or are cut down by lucky strokes. (JACK makes no effort.)

As some BRAVES rush into the trees past CRAZY and SAMM, SAMM gives the sign; and dozens more PEQUOT ARCHERS let fly, volley after volley that rains down on the ENGLISH with their backs to the Village-wall. SIX ENGLISH take arrow-wounds. OTHERS call for powder, help, Jesus, mother; and *Which do we shoot, sir?*

**UNDERHILL**

Got to head west! Patrick's boats, Pequot River!

**MASON**

What? That way is Sassacus, and ten miles o' this!

Uncas! He must be gone after help. Argh, now the river cuts off the way back, too!

**UNDERHILL**

Uncas! You and I better make up something. Where then! Back to the Rocks, and hedgehog? Patrick won't find us up there. You told him Pequot River, not Mystic! You said we'd hit both forts. There's jest for today!

**MASON**

We killed our share in there! Only two of ours dead, and one that Higgins shot! This way, let's put our backs to the nearest water. Did they club our man with the gunpowder?

We see JACK go by helping dazed, bloodied EDWARD along...

## **UNDERHILL**

Here they come! Christ, like they knew we were coming...

UNDERHILL hears SAMM's hideous cry to Charge. PEQUOTS surge by CRAZY BEAR in the dozens. SOME fall, shot: MOST dodge and charge their way right into hand-to-hand fight with MANY ENGLISH, who struggle to clear the Fort and move down the Hill's "back" wooded side for Atlantic beach. The ENGLISHMEN's heads/bodies turn more to every side the further they hack, bluff and hurry away from their only "rear," the wall of the Fort, spiked with arrows...

The fight drags seaward across Mystic Hill. PEQUOTS are shot or slashed, they club and bloody almost every ENGLISHMAN. More than one ENGLISH goes down but the BRAVE runs off: a SECOND runs up to touch "coup" but leaves him there...

At last we see MASON/UNDERHILL in flight down a Hill path to a stony beach where fish dry on racks, a few wild swordsmen and halberds fanned out in front of them. At their backs walks UNCAS in a guard of MOHEGANS, pointing out "good" spots to shoot English guns at. We hear fewer and fewer guns because they're near out of powder. MASON, UNDERHILL splash out into the shallows and rake the seacoast for boats, as volleys of arrows splash down from PEQUOT hundreds closing in...

## **MASON**

(Waving arms to the sea) Here, Patrick, here! The  
smoke! A pillar o' cloud by day! Blind Irish bugger.

CRAZY BEAR and PEQUOT BRAVES cheer to see how it goes; but they see friends with holes blown out their backs. Together they charge the tree-line. Thirty

ENGLISH stand knee-deep in the waves round the CAPTAINS: the rest lie wounded on the stones. UNCAS and MOHEGANS lob arrows and spears back up the hill.

PEQUOTS, CRAZY BEAR too lob arrows, shout insults. But UNDERHILL's sword points this source of Pequot fire. His MEN's guns boom. Bullets rip the trees, and one of them takes CRAZY BEAR down.

Without sound, we watch MASON/UNDERHILL wave PATRICK's BOATS inshore---and the MEN, no longer pelted, exult at their luck to be spotted by the smoke of burning Mystic, above/behind them. JACK rips an arrow from his arm and hurls it back. What we HEAR is the voice of Plimoth's BRADFORD, reading his *History*:

#### **BRADFORD's VOICE**

Many of our men returned so fresh, that they  
confessed themselves ready for another such  
business. Very few escaped. The captains reported  
they destroyed at least 500 Pequot at this time. They  
said it was fearful to see them frying, trapped in  
fire, and the streams of Pequot blood quenching the  
flames; and horrible the stink and stench. But the  
victory seemed a sweet sacrifice, and they gave the  
praise of it to God; God, Who had wrought so  
wonderfully for them, thus to entrap the Indians,  
and to give them so speedy a victory---over so  
proud and insulting an enemy.

## ---PART 3---

### SCENE 20

GRAPHIC: *Autumn 1643*

Sunrise pours over the Atlantic horizon. A 3-masted English ship makes for Plimoth Harbor. A Red Tail Hawk soars the seacoast, and lands atop a cabin's thatched peak. It pauses, as if to watch---but suddenly flies.

THOMAS MORTON watches SAILORS heave his trunk up onto Plimoth's pier from their boat. He's thinner but rosy at 67, in a handsome forest-green suit and cape, rings, a beaver hat and long Cavalier hair, leather satchel with a black document tube/case sticking out.

MORTON takes a big view of American morning skies above the Autumn foliage. A PEQUOT BOY starts to struggle with Morton's trunk (a boy we saw with FIRE above: now 8 years older, with shaved head and clothes half skins, half cloth). MORTON accepts and gives the BOY a coin first.

MORTON (wary but elated to be back) strolls down the pier with the BOY laboring behind. They pass along a line of staring PURITAN FAMILY EXTRAS waiting with their baggage to board another ship for England. They include REVS. SKELTON and HIGGINSON, who each stands reading his own Bible; and the dessicated, scowling MRS. HIGGINS (Bubble's mother Scene 4). OFFICERS process their papers. As MORTON passes, PURITAN WOMEN look down, and a defeated-looking FATHER snatches a coonskin cap from his SON's head.

MORTON smiles his way along saying *Bon Voyage, Bon Voyage now*; but suddenly he suffers a dizzy-spell and the PEQUOT BOY brings the trunk to prop him up.

MORTON clings to it, gazes at the BOY---but, in place of the boy, we now see BIG WOLF, as he first looked (Scene 1). BIG WOLF smiles, and offers a fat bunch of green grapes across the trunk; and to Morton he says their name, *Wey-no-MIN-e-ash....*

MORTON looks baffled, afraid, yet “willing to go along” and reaches out. We see the PEQUOT BOY waiting gently as PURITANS look away. MORTON resumes, makes his way up Plimoth’s “Main Street” of tradesmen, farmers, wives, NATIVE PORTERS and laborers in calico with short hair, crosses round their necks. In the details of small herb-gardens, antlers over a neat house, he still admires a home.

MORTON lunches at a table inside Plimoth’s dim Tavern (full of white-male YEOMEN EXTRAS; with wolf-pelts and Native war-trophies on the walls). MORTON eats bread/cheese, apples. The door opens: EXTRAS step aside and doff their hats for GOV. WILLIAM BRADFORD and EDWARD WINSLOW, who enter “all business,” both in their 60s with short gray hair/beards, in fine but worn-out clothes.

MORTON looks up, an old man afraid (he put Winslow in prison), and tries to tuck away his long hair. Then he sees the black document-tube on his table, and MORTON resumes with a big bite of apple as his foes come thumping over to him:

**BRADFORD**

You again. Thirteen years. Papers, documents?

Letters of reference from our good King’s rotten  
court, no doubt!

WINSLOW pulls a royal Charter from the tube. BRADFORD pauses.

**MORTON**

(Sipping water) Read it. Charter, from His Majesty,  
to be delivered by me as counsel, to Agamenticus.



Heard of it? Little trade-entrepot some miles north,  
good West Country people. Also here, but I'm  
afraid sealed for others, gentlemen, letters patent  
under the Earl of Warwick, other good men of  
Parliament affiliation. (He sees BRADFORD/  
WINSLOW steaming.) It all goes simply to take,  
if we can, some of these political thorns from  
your sides, gentlemen. Settle them where they  
won't bother you. Like to find myself lodging  
for winter first. Can pay, modest. I don't drink,  
doctor's orders! But I shoot as ever. Meat for you.

#### **WINSLOW**

You have hung like a shadow for years over  
every decent God fearing family of us. Are you  
aware that your patron in tyranny, Bishop Laud,  
is now in the Tower of London, begging our  
leaders in Parliament for his life? (Points outside  
toward ships) Those people are risking voyage  
home to defend even your English rights. Does  
your King want civil war? What poor mother  
Plimoth has suffered, you can scarce imagine. Why,  
we even hanged three Englishmen who  
murdered a savage. That satisfy your liberality?

#### **MORTON**

What? Chaps, King Charles has granted good

Laud his head. More tasteful than Parliament's  
rope and disemboweling. Bishop to King's block.  
Or what are friends with crowns for?

WINSLOW and BRADFORD look baffled as ever...

**MORTON**

May I suggest, since our suit extinguished  
charter to this country, that we simply  
abide, till this national tragedy of Briton  
against Briton is done? You should know, the  
courts grant me 200-pounds damages on Boston.  
I am content to wait the royal governor to come...

**WINSLOW**

We want no more serpents in our garden,  
Mortonites, Gortonites, Diggers, Anabaptists,  
Familists, fornicators, Antinomians, heretics,  
lunatics---We have crushed your friends, from  
Pequot to your "Merrymount." Sassacus, Mian-  
tonomo, Williams, Hutchinson, gone, their  
names trod under. Go on, like the rest, out there  
to line your pockets---

**BRADFORD**

(Stops WINSLOW) We do not impugn your  
high-court friends as any of this "Family of

Love.” But I am governor still. Winter here, old man, there will be no Royalist agitations. We want no bloodshed, as our motherland’s sure to see before The Rapture. (Turns to go) And, whatever you may write in a book, sir, our worship here is never compulsory.

Suddenly MORTON sees young, chipper WALTER BAGNALL in BRADFORD’s place and clothes; and WALTER says, *‘Course not! Not unless you want to eat!*

### **MORTON**

(Love in his eyes, confused) Sounds good...

Now we hear/see the PLIMOTH CONGREGATION at church-services in the fort, with shut gun-ports/bare walls, long benches before a pulpit with staring eye. BRADFORD and WINSLOW lead at front as all sing “A Mighty Fortress Is Our God”: MEN/WOMEN and CHILDREN are separated, all in wraps, with frosty breaths as each sings at his/her own pitch. MORTON, tall gray HOBAMOCK, and bored ENGLISH BOYS stand at the back amid this musical mayhem, and share a look of pain...

In January sunshine MORTON walks and revels in the icy marshes and gold-grassy dunes near Plimoth, a fowling-gun and three shot ducks strung on his back. MORTON stumbles onto CAPT. MYLES STANDISH, skinny and gray, his coat garish with brocade and epaulets, a big blunderbuss on his arm. STANDISH fumes, hand on hip, and signals MORTON off his land. MORTON turns away laughing...

Spring is come: we hear birds as Plimoth’s front gate rattles open; and there stands MORTON ready to leave in green suit, with satchel and walking-stick. He gazes

out the gate, dizzy, daunted, but bright to see his beloved “wilderness” again. BRADFORD, “old and alone” in his face, is seeing Morton out...

**MORTON**

Spring again! Well. Without service or mount  
I'll send for my trunk. Thank you. Cheerio.

**BRADFORD**

The hand that scribbled *Canaan*, that pack of pagan  
lies? (He disdains the handshake)

MORTON shrugs, walks out, the gate slams. Alone, he looks up to see a red cardinal on a branch. MORTON whistles the bird's quick note, and walks...

MORTON walks a rutted mud-road along the sea at his right (headed north). He “holds forth” his arms to the land as to a woman. But next moment, he sees little more than hills covered with sawn-off tree stumps. His face shows shock and guilt as he looks into the sun:

**MORTON**

I helped to do this. “Let Thy Hand...be against me  
and my father's house...”

The shadow of a Red Tail Hawk crosses the sun. MORTON sees it and, thrilled but in distress, tries to hurry after it. But he can't keep up and, puffing beside a tree, suddenly sees MANY ARROWS young and strong (as in Scene 2). MANY ARROWS holds forth his arms, but their flesh is horribly chewed with burst plague-blisters. MANY ARROWS says, *WE-sau-ASH-au-mitch*. His wistful look changes and he finger-slits his throat, saying: *CHA-qua-kok!* (words mean “plague” and “Cut-Throats!”)...

MORTON (sleeping outdoors) sits bolt-upright in darkness, not knowing if he wakes or dreams. We watch him feed his fire, handle his document-tube for comfort, and gaze up into vast night sky...

Next bright morning MORTON walks the same rutted road as horsemen, rattling wagons go by on business. Debris, litter lie all over (rotten wood, gapped fence, papers, broken wheels). MORTON walks timidly up the path to Weymouth's small main-cabin door (from Scene 10, his first arrest). The gaunt gray planter BILL JEFFREYS answers and "starts," then hacks a smoker's cough as he sees/embraces MORTON:

**JEFFREYS**

(Haggard, 2 teeth, tickled) Why, if it ain't---No  
hard feelin's? Hold on now! (He's back with a  
little book.) You old Canaanite! Look here, a  
copy of your god-damned *Canaan*. Fine title, Tom!  
Come in, you have to sign her with a drink.  
Hee-Hee! (Hack-Hack) Cap'n Shrimp it calls  
Standish, that ol' Injun Expert! Cap'n Littleworth  
Endecott! Joshua Winthrop! Banned in Beantown,  
you are! Don't tell anybody. Come on in, I don't  
even care what it says 'bout me...

And now we see a "Sunday-best" PURITAN CROWD (M/F family-groups) leaving and milling about their whitewashed steeple-church overlooking the coast. Many MEN (YEOMEN in groups distinct from GENTLES) light up pipes right away, cough, button coats that reveal guns too. NATIVE MEN (Massachusett, Narragansett, Pequot, all in European haircuts/clothes) wait to drive wagons, brush the horses.

MORTON and JEFFREYS stroll away to sit under a great tree. JEFFREYS packs and puffs his pipe. MORTON pats his back as he coughs:

**MORTON**

You're right of course, Bill. I shan't give Boston  
the least cause against me. The Crown, my own  
backers' censors burned most my books. Printed it  
cheap in Amsterdam, and the imbeciles took it  
for some Puritan broadside. Oh, that's rich! (Sighs)  
I don't think I want to see Merrymount.

**JEFFREYS**

Posted Keep Out now. Clan name of Adams.

**MORTON**

Well I'll be an Indian. Dear-dear, Bill. Listen. I  
need your help just to quietly circulate Warwick's  
message: champion land to be had, north and south  
of here. Legal title, sound as the King's Bench,  
for the planting. That's my business now (looks  
around, touches his tube), and my protection. I won  
in court, do you understand? But it's going to be  
war on Charles. Piety plenty, tact he has none.  
Hasn't got two pennies to govern, let alone a colony.

**JEFFREYS**

(Hacking) Ye must be a fool t' come back here at all!

## **MORTON**

Been a fool before. I love this place. My word!

We see what MORTON sees, and HEAR JEFFREYS' WORDS (below). It's portly, bearded, bald JACK showing off a smart suede suit/lace ruffs, beside his 2-horse, 2-bench buggy with its own fancy-cloth frills, cozy cushions etc. On the backseat sit 3 dour, pasty CHILDREN (a BOY with hard darting looks; GIRLS with eyes down).

JACK beams and rubs his red drinker's gills, as his wife SARA (from Part 2) is helped up to her front seat by a NATIVE WOMAN-SERVANT, whose back is to us. SARA looks brittle despite a hooded cape of white silk, clumsy high shoes, and she glances about with a black eye powdered-over. JACK takes a pistol from his belt, sets it on the seat and climbs aboard oblivious to SERVANT.

JACK coughs, SERVANT climbs on; and we see that her face cannot be more like that of LIKES THE FIRE. JACK cracks his whip and the horses start away...

## **JEFFREYS' VOICE**

That's him, Tom. Mr. Jack Sawyer now, with properties real 'n unreal. Made a killin' in fire-wood he did, for Boston's newcomers after that squaw o'his run off. Huh! Old Jack came home from Pequot and burned his books. Oh, your Ed Gibbons is a decent sot, d'y'know he's a bloody General now? But my my, Jack. Ain't we the dirt on 'm, Tom! Jack had a breed by that squaw, y'know, be livin' these years with ol' Gilbert---

**MORTON**

(Face alight) Gilbert? Walter? Where! (JEFFREYS hacks again yet still puffs his pipe) Put that down and tell me where. Bill!

**JEFFREYS**

(Purple) Rock's...old village...

**MORTON**

(With new strength) Rock. Woman of the Rock...

MORTON alone again walks the road under big New England skies, blue sea at his right, marsh and estuary. More tree-stumps cover the stripped land, seagulls fight over road-trash. A top-heavy wagon's DRIVER whips horses and careens past MORTON, going his way...

MORTON walks with tears on his face. We see ROCK's face as he first saw her (Scene 1), with tears of her own; and her eyes as she once came to rescue marooned Morton (Scene 11). MORTON pushes himself up coastal road, at sunset. Next we see him, it's sunrise; and he chews bread walking, smiling for the cobalt waters and green, white-sandy isles of Boston Bay, white herons on the mudflats, ducks, swoops of gulls. The few trees are alive with jays, tiny yellow finches; a hummingbird...

MORTON, tired and wobbly at Boston's edge, fails to wave down the DRIVER of a wagon heavy with firewood. A sign on its rickety rear says *Jack Sawyer, Esq.*

Ahead of MORTON, about 12 PURITAN SCHOOLBOYS (ages 7-8, middling-class w/books) come romping across this rural crossroads. The BOYS stop at the public



gallows where 3 PIRATE CORPSES hang by their necks in chains. The BOYS spin the corpses, laugh and read the paper warrants; then move on to fling mud at two SAILORS who sit bent in real pain with their necks, hands and feet in public stocks, a sign posted Drunk and Disorderly. MORTON waits till the BOYS move on; and then he takes out a tiny silver flask, and gives each crying-grateful SAILOR a small drink.

MORTON walks again; but grows dizzy and takes a knee at the roadside. He hears a horse and SIX SOLDIERS running; and suddenly Puritan senior officer JOHN ENDECOTT is barking into MORTON's face. ENDECOTT is gray and sallow with black teeth, a shrunken little head too small for his Spanish-style war helmet:

**ENDECOTT**

By, God---Are you him?

**MORTON**

Wh...What?

**ENDECOTT**

(Eager SOLDIERS at his sides) Arrgh! I said,  
have you seen a brown cow! Consorting with  
a wanton man, much younger?

MORTON is unable to process this. Suddenly this whole scene disappears; and we see RIVER, seated peaceful on an Autumn hillside (as in early Scene 4). Here, RIVER holds a tiny owl cupped in her hands, and says, *Ko-KO-ke-HOM....*

MORTON is looking up, lost and frightened. SOLDIERS laugh, and move to go:

## ENDECOTT

Why do I think you're him? You watch the  
Governor's docket, by God we'll stretch necks.  
(His eyes pop) Wait. You. You're---

And with a Special Effects/*Whoosh!*, we are up close to the *Rap!-Rap!-Rap!* of a Judge's gavel. It silences a restless COURT GALLERY of PURITAN MALE, YEOMAN MALE, and NATIVE MALE/FEMALE EXTRAS. GRAPHIC: *Boston, September 9, 1643.*

This Court is now a fine paneled/draped Chamber, with 2 quill-pen RECORDERS, HALBERDIERS at the ornamented entrances. The "Company Seal" above the Judges shows a "savage" wearing leafy shorts, and over him the cartoon-motto, *Come Over And Help Us*. Judge JOHN WINTHROP has short silver hair now, a ruff collar and black velvet suit with old medallion, eyes limpid and cold. At lesser desks, red-gilled DUDLEY and ENDECOTT (in helmet) glower in black sable robes...

Before the Court stands a humpbacked old CUTSHAMEKIN (brother of Chikatawbak); and the young man JOSIAS (his son, 18) in calico and deer-leggings. Between them stands a strong "dangerously proud" PEQUOT BOY of 13, ROBIN CASSASINAMON: in "Mohawk" hair, earrings, wampum, red blouse/leggings, lanky not defiant---the opposite of the "savage" on the wall.

As WINTHROP speaks, 2 SOLDIERS drag in MORTON in shackles, and one holds his hat/stick/satchel etc. The GALLERY laughs:

## WINTHROP

Order, order! (Seizes a paper) We've so much to do,  
we've no time for unruly domestics. Mister what?

Cassa....Mr. Dudley? (Doddering DUDLEY cannot begin the Indian syllables...)

**ROBIN**

Cas-*sa*-sin-*ah*-mon. English, Robin. Pequot.

**WINTHROP**

Oh dear, another Robin Hood. How you do in your masters' Connecticut, we do not pretend to comprehend. In Boston, we've a law. The name Pequot is no part of our tongue. Speaking it, flaunting it here on your masters' errands. Saying there was no victory, outrageous. Unlike our next guest, you have one good testimony, from our apostle to you people, Mr. Eliot. One good word between you and a hot iron to the cheek. I suggest you all make a friend of Mr. Eliot. Dismissed. This time.

WINTHROP gavels, ROBIN and fellows exit "showing" gratitude; and MORTON is dragged forward amid GALLERY laughs:

**WINTHROP**

That letter! (He unfolds it deliciously.) I daresay history is seldom so neat.

WINTHROP glowers at the RECORDERS, who put down their quills. MORTON stands dizzy between SOLDIERS, and sees WINTHROP with bleeding holes where his ears are cut off, blood on his white-ruff collar. MORTON gapes, and begins to tremble...

### WINTHROP

(Appears normal again) Thirteen grand years. Not a number of good omen, Mr. Thomas Morton, Mine Host of "Merrymount." Man of letters. Admiral of the Ocean Sea. (He looks for laughs, but DUDLEY and ENDECOTT are dozing. LOUDER, he goes on) Drunkard, gun-runner to savages, pervert, rapist of poor Indian girls. Corrupter of youth. Libel in word, print, court of law. Disgrace to England. Subverter of morality. Enemy of God's church and state! (DUDLEY stirs, wags his wattles)

But now in WINTHROP's full place and clothes, we see WILLOW as in late Part 1 scenes, her wampum and finery added. She preens the pox-bubbles in her face with a French hand-mirror, between snoozing DUDLEY and ENDICOTT in helmet:

### WINTHROP

(Again normal, towering up) Well, Mr. Merrymount. You filed a suit against this Court, public and private, with The Council For New England. And to gain your selfish retribution, for a few things denied you for the good of all Christian people, you destroyed the Charter. You destroyed a whole people's right to their hard-won homes. You, Mr. Morton (he rattles the old letter), spiked your maypole in the heart of the hope of the world! New England is marooned.

**MORTON**

(So tired, and careful) I was a lawyer. To Ferdinando.  
He's dead. Fancy, 80 he was, riding with cavalry.

**WINTHROP**

(As DUDLEY hands him a book) For your King! And  
did Gorhess write this, *New English Canaan*? "Gent"?

**MORTON**

(Shakes his head) I did not know it was a crime.  
Nor did the Stationers Register. Most confiscated!  
Bureaucratic error. They thought it was--- I mean,  
the imprint to make it look...I mean...

**WINTHROP**

The rest will burn with this. And this filth, this  
letter you wrote 10 years ago to a planter here, a Mr.  
Jeffreys? Talk of cropping my ears---How dare you  
frighten my wife and family!

MORTON can't conceive that his mocking "victory letter" had its impact. His  
brow furrows, and he starts to say "I'm sorry." Instead we hear WINTHROP's gavel  
and his voice: *Lock him up, till further evidence arrives!*

Amid GALLERY catcalls, MORTON slumps to the floor.

## SCENE 21

“MORTON’s DREAM”---We see an elegant silver service-set at center of a proper 17th-century dining table, red napkins, wine-glasses and all, set up on the lawn of a “modest” English West Country house. All is perfect as can be. SERVANTS stand by, family cats and dogs sit side by side, a big female Falcon sits tamely proud on a perch. At mid-table reigns MRS. ALICE MORTON (40, aglow in fine dinner-dress), with 6 groomed bright CHILDREN ages 5 to 18, the eldest a virile “YOUNG THOMAS JR.” At last in comes MORTON to claim the table’s head, a gentleman-prime with fishing-gear and fat book, joyful among jumping dogs including Elizabeth. The whole FAMILY rises to welcome Papa home from afield...

Suddenly we’re in Boston’s dim wretched jail. An ELDERLY NATIVE HAND pokes through (Morton’s) cell-bars with a ladle of old cold bread pudding with lumps of raw meat, which it dumps into a bucket. Prisoner MORTON is asleep on wood planks chained at one hand and foot, shivering in just his suit (no hat/satchel but he yet wears a few rings). He wakens, finds himself shivering still in irons, and curses the small barred window open to gray September sky...

MORTON smells a foul thing; checks his pants, but finds it’s his dinner, and throws it at the bars. He charges the window to scream outside, is hurt by the chains, curses; then takes deep breaths, stands on his “bed,” tries to hop for a look or a friend outside. He starts to sing his old May Day Song’s Chorus (*Drink and be merry, merry, merry boys...*) ; but he tires, gets down dizzily and laughs at his “madness.” And then, he nearly cries, and screams:

**MORTON**

Guard! Warwick! Aargh. Fear nothing, Hope for

nothing---Hell is in Westminster, under the  
Exchequer Office! Will somebody tell me---Why?

As we hear Morton's long cry fade, we see the Boston Bay islands change from green, white islands and blue sea to Autumn's foliage, then browns amid a gray sea with whitecaps and sharp wind. Snow begins to fall. We see moonlight on Morton's cell-window, and the GRAPHIC: *November 1644*.

In the dark MORTON's wretched body trembles in delirium, with gray beard, scurvy-sores, no blanket. A full toilet-bucket sits by his half-bucket of dinner-slop. In his trembling he's saying, *So alone....*

Now we see Sachem HOUSE AFIRE, in a dream's "bright nowhere" looking strong as in Scene 2. He gives a tough-guy's "You can hack it, Thomas" nod of his head. He holds out a Black Wolfskin, and says, *Mo-AT-to-kwus. Netop*. And then HOUSE AFIRE turns his back; and his bright background darkens into the night sky full of Milky Way stars. He holds the skin out high, and dissolves among them.

MORTON sits up in darkness, freezing, sure he's losing his mind. He curses the chains' "decay of his limbs," and has some panic. He fights with deep frosty breaths; and smells the dinner-slop. He kicks away the toilet bucket; shuts his eyes, and makes himself eat. Half in tears he says, "Thank you, my friends. Thank you. Netop...."

MORTON sleeps better. We hear keys rattle, a door booms; and then toward us down the dank corridor comes a dark, faceless silhouette of a PURITAN in big buckled steeple-hat, dark cape, heavy boots, sword rattling. MORTON, his face striped with shadows of his bars, is in sweaty terror...

EDWARD GIBBONS, pale and porky with a drinker's boiled looks, comes to the

bars, covers his nose and mouth and yells "My God! Stay here, Back directly!"

Now MORTON, wretched but warm under a bearskin, watches EDWARD hold up a lamp as an ELDERLY NATIVE SERVANT (short hair, poor English clothes, cross) cleans up the cell, changes the toilet-bucket. EDWARD helps stuff paper across the window as MORTON sips mugs of soup and toddy. EDWARD pulls out an "Indian bag" and strike-a-lights a brazier for heat, daubs Morton's face with sore-salve. At last EDWARD sits on the floor with his own flask open; and suddenly hides his face at Morton's knee. MORTON runs his fingers in EDWARD's hair.

**MORTON**

Old man, what ails thee?

**EDWARD**

I'm so sorry, Mr. Morton. I came first opportunity, once I heard. You have to be so blasted careful. (Wipes his eyes, picks up his flask; then puts it down.) You know, that little brown porter is the only person I trust. Major General Gibbons of the United Colonies Militia. Decorated drunk, upstanding merchant-pirate: fetches his Guv a stuffed aligarto from the Indies. I am also one of these. (Holds up a "Zero" with fingers.) A "me-then-eh-stees." This, in your old Greek, is Life, sir. Zero, *Me-then*, Naught, Nothing. Yet, in a bubble, everything. A dream. Slips through your fingers before they tell you it is yours. Then? Pop!



**MORTON**

I know you took chances to help. I'm catching rot  
o' these chains, Edward. Deep winter's coming. Got to  
get a hearing. I shan't last more than a bird in...a trap....

MORTON dizzies, and we see a Red Tail Hawk soaring in sunlight...

**EDWARD**

Well, at least I ain't Jack Sawyer. Jack fits in by  
burnin' the house down. Walter---He loved you,  
Mr. Morton. I'm sorry. Some Abenakis killed him,  
with little John, up on Richmond Island. Them In-  
dians dyin' of his second-hand barrels o'beans off  
the fishermen. Jesus Christ. I killed some. Pequots.  
They near killed us all! Sometimes I wish they had.  
I swear, Thomas --- It was pure once, before we,  
fucked it! All this, and we have no religion. Talk.  
Talk to me, for Christ's sake. Your secret...

**MORTON**

Dear Walter. Great Wat. Oh, Edward. My mother,  
my father. They didn't say, Do this. They...showed  
us to cherish a friend...

EDWARD lays his head back against MORTON's knee...

And now we see TWO SOLDIERS stand MORTON again before WINTHROP's  
Court.

GRAPHIC: *Boston, Spring 1645.*

MORTON, rumped, coughing and weak, sees his hat, satchel, stick and black document-tube on a nearby table. The gavel booms, and this time the Court GALLERY looks on with sympathy for him...

**WINTHROP**

(Folds his hands on Morton's Petition before him, dryly cordial) Recorders? (THEY STOP.) Mr. Morton, I believe. Well, sir, it seems no new----Hm. Well. Your meals and lodging are a constant expense. You have nothing. You look old and crazy, scarce fit for corporal punishment. (Reads) "A poor worm, trying to crawl out of this condition." Well, Mr. Merrymount, you may crawl out of New England. Understand, to procure your fine: Nnn, say 100 pounds. (GALLERY EXTRAS MUTTER.) Those rings you wear, to the Bailiff. Mark, sir: to aid and abet the King and his murdering Cavaliers, in this time of war, is capital. Dismissed, and good riddance.

MORTON hides his joy, gives up his rings, takes his properties. EDWARD, florid at the back of the GALLERY, touches his steeple-hat's brim with a wink.

The prison door slams behind MORTON: he blinks and drinks the Spring sunshine, coughs bent-over, and sees a yellow dandelion at his feet. He bends and touches it, and sees gray old planter SAM MAVERICK (wry, pipe in jaw), waiting him with two packs at his feet: clothes, food, blankets. They share warm smiles...

**MAVERICK**

Mind, I ain't helpin' no subversives. Edward done this...

Now MORTON and MAVERICK cross the crest of a stump-covered hill. Sheep and cows graze along the blue bay, pigs root up clams...

**MAVERICK**

(With a nervous look around) Goin' the wrong way for the Court. Got someone to see you, 'fore you head north. (Looks behind again, pulls out Morton's book and a pencil-tip.) Here's somethin' Jehovah missed. Do me the honor, Mr. Author, "to Sam," won't ye? Bravest goddam thing on the country, is all. (He's still looking around as MORTON scribbles inside it.)

**MORTON**

(To his book) How many Canaanites lived through Exodus? My little one. There, "To Sam, Drink and Be Merry." Friend, I won't forget today. Oh! May I show you here? Best line is up front, by Sir Christopher Gardiner, rest his soul. Listen:  
*"This task is well-performed, and patience be  
Thy present comfort and thy constancy:  
Thine honor, and this book where it shall come,  
Shall sing thy praises to the day of doom."*

MAVERICK lifts an enthusiastic eyebrow.

They camp by a fire near a gentle waterfall, lie close and pass Maverick's pipe (MORTON coughs), gazing up at magnificent stars. MORTON "sees" ROCK now, as she looked in the mellow light of a hundred Christmas candles (Scene 12)...

**MORTON**

Sam, I'm seeing things.

**MAVERICK**

Me too. You know I never realized, don't know what we'll do with these Indians. I tried breedin' a pair o'Blacks, y'know. Do you know they are not in heat most o'the time? That didn't feel right. Lost money, when I shipped 'em out on that slave-ship Boston built for the trade. First ship they built here, the Bay. *Desire*, think her name was.

**MORTON**

I saw the Indies when they hoisted me out of here. The Black Legend---My God, the suffering, Sam. They work Indians to death down there, so they ship Blacks in. Sam, those are death-camps. Sugar, for English rum. I'm not well...

**MAVERICK**

Well, you're lucky. That Court chewed up a lot o'people with you away. Strange how them Pequots are gone, or we say they're gone---over and over. Oh, New England chased 'em a year

after the big fight. But 'twixt us and that tree? Edward was there. Told me, drunk one day, there weren't no massacre. Pure fraud. But enough real killin' to make lords of all the bumblin' Boston bastards. Never did run down the devil Sassacus. Nope. Only one way to get 'long here. (He mimes out "See-Hear-Speak No Evil")

MORTON watches MAVERICK cough, gazes on the stars...

Spring day shines. We see once-servant GILBERT (in calico shirt/leggings, a healthy 40) fishing a trout-pool with his HALF-NATIVE BOY and GIRL (age 10, 12). GILBERT looks up, can't believe his eyes---and GILBERT, MORTON, and "little old" WILLIAM greet heartily more than once. NEPONSET NATIVE EXTRAS and CHILDREN watch SEVEN THUMBS and SWEET GRASS (very, very old) give their welcomes too. MAVERICK looks away squeamish with these shows of affection...

Now MORTON, tearful among friends, is stilled as he sees ROCK (in feather-mantle, her hair all silver) coming toward him through waist-high morning meadow. The sea is blue behind her. ROCK lifts her chin, smiles; and as they meet, ROCK lifts her hand, which MORTON takes and puts gently to his brow...

### **MORTON**

All this time....I think you have been...the  
Intended, of my spirit. Because of you, all of you,  
there was a home, a good place, free. And I knew  
it was real...

ROCK summons WISHON, now a lithe dark youth of 17 but with long light hair; barechested, wampum and a Serpent-tattoo, English trousers. His tickled smile says he knows "Morton stories"...

**ROCK**

This is Wishon, Thomas. Wishon is the child  
of our old sacred tree.

MORTON's and WISHON's hands clasp. MORTON, astonished, lays on a second hand and WISHON does too. We now "see" the May Day Revels again: (1) The Maypole goes up in glory amid CAST and EXTRAS; (2) a gun-training day with MANY ARROWS and others, and their shot booms; (3) LIKES THE FIRE happy, proud in her regalia; (4) JACK happy beside her; (5) LIKES and JACK dance in beauty for the CROWD; (6) CRAZY BEAR watches them with a look of pain and generous courage; (7) HOBBYHORSE dances amid the multicolored CROWD, up-and-down, down-and-up...

**ROCK**

(Waving a hand) Thomas? Do you remember  
his mother, Likes The Fire, and Crazy Bear?  
He was hurt bad, in that fool-English war that  
wasn't. He lived, but not all our friends are  
with us anymore. Those two? (ROCK clasps her  
hands tight) One, since then. So I want to tell  
you where they live now, Thomas. Because they  
live well. We have decided...

Suddenly "something" is at MORTON's leg: a young dog, the image of his old dog Elizabeth, and it jumps up for MORTON to rub its ears. MORTON just cannot

believe it. WISHON holds him up, and MAVERICK turns to leave.

Night, around the central campfire at Neponset Village: a meal of shellfish, duck and rabbit goes on with ALL THE ABOVE CAST and the FAMILY EXTRAS. MORTON looks better, holds the young dog close to him, grateful and still confused...

### **ROCK**

Better, Thomas?

### **MORTON**

Even in the dark I know every lodge. This is where you brought us that day we met....I came blustering into Canaan, and found the other side of the world. Rock, under our law, I left Boston not a stone upon a stone. There was going to be change here. But now there is no law. They are at war, and it never ends. Good people. Brave. Just so confused...

### **SEVEN THUMBS**

(Smiles, points upward) Real laws still work.

### **ROCK**

Listen, Thomas. Our mothers brought us into this land. They can lead us away from it, too. For a bite of your heart. Thomas, our men Cutshamekin, young Josias work with the new English forts for praying Indians. God bless: we are not interested.

We are going to slip away, north, like the people  
came and mixed in here with Likes The Fire. Boston  
never knew the difference; they cannot leave us  
alone; and they pray we all die. So, we go. (Lays her  
hand on MORTON's arm) Our mothers say that in  
a new country, one needs every friend.

MORTON can't get the YES past his throat. He grows the biggest smile of his life  
and reaches out hands both sides to ROCK and WISHON. We see their hands join, and  
all the others round the circle. MORTON gently starts their song from Scene 5:

*Unite, and Unite: now, let us unite, for summer is a-comin' today;  
And whither we are going, we all will unite---in the merry morning of Mayyyyy...*

This MUSIC grows and stays spirited through to the end below.

Next day, their WHOLE GROUP help each other along a rugged coastal cliff-  
trail, under enormous old-growth trees and blue sky.

We see the red-hot core of their campfire amid wild new country, and the  
WHOLE GROUP "simply chatting" passing food. Then in morning's gold light their  
hike brings them to a small Maine fishing village on a big-bouldered shore under cliffs,  
with shacks, fish and fur-drying racks, boats and nets, and a handful of LOCAL  
EXTRAS at chores.

GRAPHIC: *Agamenticus (York), "Maine" Territories, Summer 1645 and Beyond*

The CHILDREN point, for they see a Maine-sized Maypole, with a hundred  
"breasts" (where branches were), a crown of moose-antlers and multicolored tethers on



the breeze: they run to play around it...

Out from a cabin come LIKES THE FIRE, and CRAZY BEAR using a crutch: BOTH look strong if battered with the near-20 years that have passed. Before their cabin, “former” PEQUOTS (from Scene 19) are at chores too: the 3 BOYS now YOUNG MEN, plus women BRIGHT STAR (40s, Fire’s age) and LITTLE OWL (now 70)...

At last, we see the seaside Maypole with nobody around it: nearby are ROCK and MORTON on a log-bench, like two elders sunning in the park. MORTON, at stretch in his green suit, rests his head in ROCK’s lap, feet toward the Maypole. Suddenly, a Golden Eagle lands atop its antlers. MORTON points, and points! And then his arm falls. ROCK closes his eyes, and soothes his brow.

ROCK looks up at the Eagle atop the pole. It cries aloud, spreads its wings; and the screen fades as we follow its flight westward, green mile after mile.

**[THE END]**