

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 Gorrr-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 Massachusetts. (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 sippy 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 HOBAMOCK 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 Plimothers "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 redoubtable 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 Hudson. 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 offerings, 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-ropes, 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 fellah's name is Tatobem. Pequot, worst of 'em all twixt Mohawk and the sea. They run the Connecticut 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 fellah 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 rrrrooom 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 Mayyyyy...

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.

[end of Part 1]