

Merrymount: A True Adventure Comedy

---PART 2---

SCENE 10

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

WINSLOW

Alright, alright. Mentions "Job" here, anyhow. What?
Job, with "Cupid's Mother"? He doth make love to
this employment...

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

WINSLOW

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

WALTER

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

WINSLOW

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

WALTER

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

WINSLOW

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

WALTER

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

WINSLOW

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

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

MORTON

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

WINSLOW

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

MORTON

An English woman, here? Lad, she'd be Mrs. to
six fishermen, if not myself! (Nobody laughs.)
I assure you I know of no such party. Howsome-
ever, gentlemen, we are about to begin lunch,
we've the daintiest duck. I find a bit of a swim
healthful, mornings here. And just today? I come
round a spit of rock and see a flock of sea-fowl,
gentlemen, a mile long...

HOBHAMOCK

Honk-onk. Geese. Eat.

WINSLOW

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

MORTON

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

WINSLOW

Boats? You said to dine...

MORTON

The sport, young man, it's good for you. What
easier practice with the supper in? A chap's own
shot makes flavor. Live like a lord! I try to teach
that youth of yours did come here. The boys
style him Master Bubble. Off we go then! (MOR-
TON claps HOBHAMOCK's shoulder and HIS
delight with a hunt drags WINSLOW along)...

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

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

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

oars, and WINSLOW shakes a gun back at him...

MORTON

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

SCENE 11

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

HOUSE AFIRE

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

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

MORTON

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

Made your plans?

SARA

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

MORTON

Oh, stop! You sat indoors the week of Revels. How
many good men asked your company? Strong English,
this, my friends. Shipwrecked, she even dared turn her
back on a despicable master. Well then, my Barren Doe.
You found your own way here. Put up your pipes, and
get on. Never could please an English bitch without an
estate in my pocket. And after all, you still prefer a well-
heeled scoundrel to a poet in buckskin. Take your
sentiment from out my party. We've enough o' that....

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

Now, at dawn along Merrymount shore with its boats and dugouts, MANY
ARROWS and CUTSHAMEKIN haul up a dugout heavy with furs. CUTSHAMEKIN

slaps MANY's shoulder, heads for camp---but we see MANY's troubled look at the fur-bundles. The dry black face of a raccoon sticks out, a fox's fore-leg. MANY ARROWS sees a woman up-beach, a flower in her hair. He thinks it's WILLOW, is happy; but as he gets close, it's RIVER...

MANY ARROWS

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

RIVER

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

MANY ARROWS

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

RIVER

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

MANY ARROWS

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

RIVER

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

MANY ARROWS

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

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

MORTON

Hear-ye, Hear-ye! Seems our sanctified neighbors wish us to quit the country. To "cease and desist your irregular practices in defiance of His Majesty King James." Ho, Plimoth, and you? Saint Paul running to the Romans! (Drinks) I assure you, boys, they've no charter. No legal powers. Fold up three years' travail,

to spare Bill Bradford's grandma? Edward, a crown
to run them this reply: "As it seems you haven't heard,
the King is dead, and his displeasure with him."

EDWARD

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

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

SWEET GRASS

(Tousles him) Just like your fathers when I was
a girl. You English take this life, look like this and
you want to hide out from shore. Why do you always
like where no people are?

JACK

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

FIRE

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

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

FIRE

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

JACK

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

FIRE

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

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

As we now see MORTON, this Graphic: *Wessagussett, or "Weymouth" south of*

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

MORTON

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

JEFFREYS

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

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

STANDISH

You are under arrest. Take his arms.

MORTON

(As they struggle) What---arrest? How dare you. What charge! You have no---Jeffreys, witness this!

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

MORTON

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

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

MORTON

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

STANDISH comes up and smashes MORTON in the face.

STANDISH

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

(He goes to the keg for remedy.)

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

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

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

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

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

It's misty dawn at Merrymount's main table. WALTER and GILBERT sit groggy

as MORTON and dog burst from woods beyond the Maypole...

MORTON

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

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

WALTER

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

MORTON

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

GILBERT

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

MORTON

Alright, alright, recover your seasoning, men.
It's those deranged evangelists. (Drinks) I do not understand what they hope for, harassing the profits of The Council. Really! "Reform" this place,

like auntie's parish. The Nine Worthies!

GILBERT

What now, Mister Morton?

MORTON

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

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

MORTON

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

WALTER

Puh! He says, Surrender all your arms.

MORTON

Ever hear of legal authority, lawful charges?
Ahh, you might ship me home, Captain! A man's
arms needful at sea, French about! Perhaps we
can speak? Come, show yourselves! Aye, Captain

Shrimp, come walking up again, like colts tailed
together at a fair.

WALTER

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

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

MORTON

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

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

TOMPSON

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

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

green grass:

MORTON

What is this!?

SCENE 12

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

BRADFORD

You again. Employment for locals, this? Sports, bowling, frisking like fairies, or Furies rather. We know your treasonous secret. You not only break your King’s Proclamation. You flaunt it, lascivious, without fear of God, before women and children. The country, sir, will not bear this---

MORTON

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

for The Council. My advice to you---

STANDISH

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

BRADFORD

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

MORTON

Well, at least you see your problem---

BRADFORD

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

MORTON

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

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

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

MORTON

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

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

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

Naumkeag Fishing Station (“Salem”), Cape Anne

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

EDWARD peeks to the sunny door, and up the aisle come BRADFORD,

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

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

EDWARD

(Batting his eyes to fake bright light) Such
brightness, please, my eyes! Ohh, I knew!
Unworthy I am, but I knew the Lord would
strike me came I here! It was to be, here and
now, New Iz-Rye-Ell...Why, it's these very
gentlemen! Oh, the eyes to shake a sinner!
(RATCLIFF comes closer, AMUSED, amazed.)
Well at least some white men here stands for
The Lord. Oh brothers, I saw it in a flashin'
incantation---These men, these strangers to
my eyes, dear brothers, these are the men that
walk with The Spirit. And I, poor pagan o'the
Maypole, The Spirit has its hands, its hands I
say, upon my heart!

RATCLIFF is revolted, and shouts "Hallelujah!" as a joke. EDWARD fakes offense: BRADFORD, WINSLOW and MINISTERS glare RATCLIFF down, and ALL the

MEN take a sheepish look at each other---and then shout "Hallelujah!" too...

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

WINSLOW

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

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

EDWARD in the shade sips his canteen, lies back:

EDWARD

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

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

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

ROCK

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

CRAZY BEAR

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

ROCK

Crazy Bear is saying something, Thomas. You don't know how he worked to make right. How angry our men can become. In our back country he was even asked to shoot a Dutchman pushing up the great river. But this son, Thomas--- With medicine teachers there, he has danced the back of a white serpent as big as a mountain. The Serpent teaches patience, the long cunning that finds the way out of the trap...

CRAZY BEAR

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

ROCK

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

MORTON

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

ROCK

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

CRAZY BEAR

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

ROCK

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

MORTON

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

ROCK

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

MORTON

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

CRAZY BEAR

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

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

OLDHAM

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

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

SCENE 13

GRAPHIC: *Merrymount, Autumn 1629*

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

BIG WOLF

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

JACK

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

BIG WOLF

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

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

CAPTAIN JOHN ENDECOTT struts around looking at everything as "evidence," a pasty man of 35 with pointed red beard, buffed armor-plate, helmet, ruff-collar, weapons under his big dark cape: a rigid gangly man. Under his arm he holds a hard-shell case for documents (about violin-size). ENDECOTT turns/snaps fingers to

call in ALLERTON, TEMERITY HIGGINS, REV. SKELTON and RATCLIFF. All of them except RATCLIFF (in civilian clothes) look eager for what's going to happen now...

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

JOHN

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

ENDECOTT

You live because you look a fool. This is the Charter, from King Charles, to this ground. I am Captain John Endecott, the appointed governor of this place now. Here on first order of business, and in good time! More than enough to prove a charge. Sergeant-at -arms! See to that pagan monstrosity (the Maypole). There will be better walking here, I assure you all...

RATCLIFF

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

ENDECOTT

(Pulls away, draws sword) "Merrymount" of New Canaan is done! As of today, this place stands within New Israel; and is henceforth Mount Dagon, in testament to your philistine,

fish-tailed fishermen's depravities. (To BIG WOLF, CRAZY and WILLOW) You, you, off to your dens, we'll call by and by. Shoo, Shoo!

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

WALTER

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

ENDECOTT

You are not spoken to. Sit!

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

ENDECOTT

I'd burn this place and sell the lot of your
contracts. But alright then. Higgins, come here!
This is your proper Indian agent. (As ENDECOTT
speaks, WALTER "sees danger" behind him
where the Maypole may fall, and raises his hand.)
Yes, yes, yes, you may ask questions in a moment!
I understand. You may not like Mr. Higgins quite.

But we do well-mean these changes. (Sing-Song)
Also, we come to learn from you old-timers. As
you have met already, we'd like you to take him
up country, as your custom is. Let him learn.
(WALTER raises hand urgently.) We'll make it
worth your while, every Jack of you. And we'll
all be like one great, big family. Won't that be---

SOLDIER EXTRA

Look out, Captain Endecott!

ENDECOTT whirls, ducks aside---and the Maypole (antlers, tethers and all)
comes crashing down into the cookfire's kettles and stones. RATCLIFF alone laughs
aloud: ENDECOTT takes note of that, and WALTER's group sits melancholy...

ENDECOTT

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

WALTER

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

JOHN

Me with you then? William, you'll stay?
(WILLIAM nods as JOHN caresses his fiddle.)
God damn it. Here, Willy, Gilbert, you two keep

this for us, whoever stays on. Play it like I showed
ye. A part of us, to keep home a home. Blasted
blue-assed apostles. Heart's blood built this!

JACK

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

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

And now we see a large dugout-canoe headed up-river, with CRAZY BEAR
paddling front, HIGGINS in middle with gear/traps/gun "wide-eyed with wilderness,"
BIG WOLF paddling stern. Green country passes along the (upper Charles or
Merrimac) river. Then these three carry gear along deep-woods trail. As they trudge
and climb hills, HIGGINS falls behind. At a clearing, CRAZY BEAR and BIG WOLF set
their burdens down.

CRAZY BEAR

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

BIG WOLF

(Hollers back down-trail) Hurry up Higgins!
Bad Indians all over, this Nipmuc country! See,
Crazy Bear, you tell them that, and they pay
better just to get home. Also, they keep out,
unless you're around. (HIGGINS catches up
and collapses with packs: BIG WOLF "becomes"
a cigar-store Indian.) Ungh! Good day voyage,

Higgins. Sleep here, heap good! Tomorrow,
the beaver plantations. No fire, eat cake. Ungh,
Nipmuc *Cha-qua-kok*, Cutthroats drink your
blood. Like this, eh? Heap bad good, eh?

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

HIGGINS

Well, uh---I guess I'll, uh---take my shoes off.
Yes, can't go anyplace without your shoes, what?
And we'll all go to sleep then. Yes, I'm right here
if you need me. A man needs shoes, good shoes!
Friend, right?

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

BIG WOLF

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

CRAZY BEAR throws a rock, they shout more; but HIGGINS flees, screaming *Avoyd, Satan, What have ye to do with me?* through the woods. THE ROCK skips through

trees above: HIGGINS screams *Jesus! Arrows!* and stops behind a tree. He takes his pants off, puts them on his head, and bolts into briars and darkness, screaming...

CRAZY BEAR

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

BIG WOLF

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

CRAZY BEAR

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

BIG WOLF

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

CRAZY BEAR

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

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

BIG WOLF

Bid Dubble Bubble Dack? I mean, did Bubble

---Oh, *sacre merd*, did Higgins come home?

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

BIG WOLF

Listen to me, your "proper agent" bolted

camp two nights ago. He did not---double back?

The man is crazed in his brain!

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

SKELTON

(Disdains the shoes) And I suppose even a madman would run off without his shoes.

(Takes up Bible) Do not imagine I stand here alone. You will return Master Higgins. Or, I can

assure you, as this Word assures all England---
If he come to harm, your wives and your
children will be destroyed.

BIG WOLF

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

CRAZY BEAR

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

BIG WOLF

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

JACK

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

SKELTON

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

BIG WOLF

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

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

CRAZY BEAR

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

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

SKELTON

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

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

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

FIRE

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

RIVER

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

RIVER laughs, then almost sobs. FIRE hugs her; and JACK lays hands on both.
He is "trying to be part of things"---and then he hears an outside commotion of voices
and cheers, and backs away...

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

MANY ARROWS

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

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

MANY ARROWS

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

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

FIRE

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

RIVER

There is only one measure of a man.

JACK

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

Now we see an English fishing-ship off the coast of Cape Cod. Its landing-boat
with MORTON, ALLERTON and baggage rows in toward one big warehouse and a

slovenly wooden quay. GRAPHIC: *Plimoth Plantation, Late 1629*. ISAAC ALLERTON (fresh from London, with satchel) hops from the boat onto the dock, thanks Heaven; and turns to help MORTON, who climbs up in a new greatcoat, hat, boots, sword (clearly in best of shape). PLIMOTH BOYS, YEOMEN circulate around them. MORTON whispers to ALLERTON who nods and goes off ahead. MORTON revels in the sunshine, the air and country before him...

GOVERNOR BRADFORD

Not you again!

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

STANDISH

What are you doing here? State your business!

WINSLOW

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

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

parents again. He simply smiles:

MORTON

Cheerio...

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

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

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

ROCK

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

SEVEN THUMBS

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

MORTON

Their reform, their religion is to make us all
“not my English.” I’m told very little, Seven
Thumbs my friend. But at least, if this new
Company buys a charter from poor King
Charles, that should bring a governor, a real
governor. A bit of--well, law and order. Now
where is my dear man David Tompson, he
saved my life!

ROCK

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

MORTON

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

ROCK

(Looks at SEVEN THUMBS disappointed.) Your

dog. Nursing wolf pups, somewhere.

MORTON

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

ROCK

Yes. We lost Willow. Thomas, not one moon ago, forty Abenaki braves came here in boats, to raid for corn. Like old times, but now they come with guns, and better aim. They took Willow. They need women. Pox and brandy kill them worse than here. In time I know Willow can live well, they took her to make family. But here, Willow took up English things to---come out from among us. And all she found was no-place. Big Wolf, now he is crazy. Give him no drink, Thomas! He made his big love, Willow, into something more worth stealing! How can one people make this happen in another. Well ---Tell us, Thomas, what friends you bring.

MORTON

The only help I know---I'm afraid it's...salt. Look, almost no men you call my English can leave their King just now. His enemies, like here, make

trouble every day. And, if our King falls, no one's lands will be safe. What I mean---You must...settle down. With salt you can dry more meat, preserve things, stay where you are in winter, have no hard time every spring. If these new English see you like ordinary people in their own country, always in one place, farming and such, I'm sure many---

SEVEN THUMBS

We are not in their country! No winter camp? What about firewood? Gardens get tired. You haven't been here long. Don't you remember the Great Serpent-stones up country? That is not the evil one in your book...

ROCK

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

MORTON

My friends, dear friends, I am almost br---(broke). Let me confess. I am nobody in England. A petty lawyer. I have no power, no say, just a few clients with big friends, who use me for pennies. But this is my heart. I am here because I love this

place, as a home. And you. Those “not my English” we call Puritans. They despise our home, as a place of sin---So what can they possibly love here? My English say, “Marriage and Hanging Come by Destiny.” Where you make your home, you meet your doom. Well, they may get rich, but they will never be at home, because they have no answer for death. (MORTON ponders himself, and takes up their hands.) By God, I’m going to write it, a memorial. To the taste of this air. To my friends, my friends here with me, what we were beneath this sky, by these waters...

SEVEN THUMBS

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

ROCK

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

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

This sky “fades” to winter night, millions of stars bright along The Milky Way. Many soft voices sing “*God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen*” to one fiddle, as we come near Merrymount’s hilltop/cabins, with bent-over trees, deep snow to the doors, snug oil-

paper windows bright with lamps and (in MORTON's crowded cabin) many candles at once. Christmas wreaths with berries festoon the camp, and many footprints cross to Morton's door. Close by, two big kettles of sea-chowder smoke, a half-eaten deer and ducks roast on spits (*Ohh, tidings of comfort and joy*)...

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

People sit packed into Morton's cabin amid countless tiny candles. MORTON and HOUSE AFIRE (thin, grinning) sit opposite at table, ROCK between: others include WALTER w/LITTLE MOON pregnant on his lap, JOHN/WILLIAM eager for the fiddle, GILBERT making toasts, SEVEN THUMBS, SWEET GRASS, FIRE (near birth now), RIVER, and ALL with a cup plus EXTRAS who crowd the floor. MORTON with silver flask holds forth from a scratchy parchment with the title "Bacchanall Triumph" legible above verses. He declaims with broad "ghost story" style...

MORTON

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

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

WALTER

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

ENDECOTT

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

MORTON

No, wouldn't want to be mistaken for thieves.
Do close the door, Father Time?

PHILIP RATCLIFF

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

ENDECOTT

Away, this madman! Well, he had that last right.

These winters killed half Plimoth's good people.
In a wilderness, we must be hard, to survive.

MORTON

Close the door?

ENDECOTT

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

MORTON

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

Outside, ENDECOTT slams the door and roof-snow pastes him. He shouts "Get under way!" As SOLDIERS run by with baskets of corn/beans, he looks around, cuts and stuffs a chunk of venison into his mouth.

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

ROCK

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

HOUSE AFIRE

Why can't they just ask, Thomas?

SCENE 14

GRAPHIC: *Massachusetts Bay, June 1630*

Spring: We see a wide view of "Boston Harbor" shores and white-sandy, green

islands, herons and sea-birds in the cobalt-blue shallows.

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

Now we see a fleet of 7 English ships at anchor (fishing-vessels, galleon-style merchanters). Small boats ferry PURITANS (middle-class, most in dark green/cloth collars) and supply-crates to a stony beach. There, fires burn, people sprawl or help each other, wait on line for soup. Men dig shelters, help with tents, a youth blasts away at shore-birds. Closer, we see a PURITAN FAMILY on their knees kissing sand, and FOUR BODIES under tarps. Horses painfully try their sea-legs. SIX PURITAN ELDER GENTLEMEN supervise round a planted English flag. They are JOHN WINTHROP (in Governor’s red sash, steeple hat, medallion); ENDECOTT; and THOMAS DUDLEY among EXTRAS. They talk and look around, queasy, uncertain of anything...

MAVERICK

(Chews pipe as they watch) Had breakfast, Tom?

Don’t like the smell o’ theirs.

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

MORTON

Oh dear God... Handsome thing, I never could...

What? Well, Sam. Those are not my English. Bill

Blackstone already asked could he hunt up fresh vittles for their sick. "Nay, thou art a carnal man, not of the Congregation." Help me again, what century is this?

MAVERICK

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

JACK

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

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

MAVERICK

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

MORTON

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

MAVERICK

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

MORTON

Really? They seem to have a plan---

Now a Special Effect/Edit adds a Whoosh! like a whirlwind (as before); and we see a back-row view inside a SETTLER-crowded, hewn-timber Puritan meeting-house (NOTE CAST-positions below). This building has gun-port windows and at front, a long table up on a dais; while behind the table stands a crude preaching-pulpit with a great Eye staring out.

GRAPHIC:

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

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

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

EDWARD

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

MORTON

A what...

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

WINTHROP

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

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

WINTHROP

(His gaze to RECORDERS starts them.) Ah-hm.
Mr. Thomas Morton. It is ordered by this Court that you be set in the bilbows, and after, sent prisoner to England. All your goods shall be seized to defray charges of transport, payment of debts,

and to satisfy our Indians, for a canoe you took. As well your house, with the goods taken out, shall be burned to the ground. For their satisfaction. For many wrongs you have done them.

DUDLEY hands WINTHROP a dipped quill and WINTHROP signs.

MORTON

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

DUDLEY

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

MORTON

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

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

MORTON

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

And with a Whoosh! we see Merrymount Plantation, cabins and all in flames against gray winter sky and sea. WINSLOW, ENDECOTT, DUDLEY, BRADFORD, EDWARD (as soldier) watch "REGULAR" SOLDIERS chop up the main table, rifle trunks/boxes. Guns and bottles lie spread out as in a raid, along with junk from wading-boots to sacks of corn, traps, a flea-market of gear and clothes. Flames roar, sparks fly...

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

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

A final Whoosh! takes us to the crude icy dockside of this new "Boston," no more than lean-to's, sail-covered holes, a locked storehouse. We HEAR a constant hammer-sound of carpenters. An ice-caked fishing-ship (*The Whale*) is taking on cargo. And a

CROWD of PURITANS (men/women/children), plus JACK and SAM MAVERICK watch as MORTON is hoisted, thrashing, in a cow's harness onto the ship...

MORTON

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

As MORTON protests, MAVERICK and a "low-profile" JACK get some distance but keep watching, as EXTRAS go by on business...

MAVERICK

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

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

JACK

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

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

BIG WOLF

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

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

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

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

GORGES

Thomas! Is that you? It's Ferdinando! Nine

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

MORTON

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

SCENE 15

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

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

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

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

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

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

MANY ARROWS

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

CRAZY BEAR

I had many friends in braves. We learned that
being alive is vision. No: It's about wampum
and knives, parchment that says only you may
walk land. I don't know why The Powers
ask so much loneliness, Many Arrows. I left
people sick, hurt, and now they are here. I run
because I want to kill people who kill The Spirit,

for nothing! I cannot find how to serve. She took
a Yellow-Head, and let be! But I am a Neponset
brave! Shadows I fight, in strange country...

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

MANY ARROWS

Everybody thinks fight is the only way. Except
you. I do not need to kill Big Wolf. You know
why. We think at home you are a Peace Chief.
I have a path; but your kind, each finds his own.
How many days have I learned, because you
were leading me---If a man cannot find in his heart,
is he not forever lost? We want you home, when
I finish here. Argh! Up and down, they told
me this Sassacus, that he is a spirit. And I thought,
that will be for you. But listen. Rock says, We were
the first to be shattered by the English. Now Rock
says no Narragansett, no Nipmuc either will
stop them. If we help keep Pequot strong, their
great River is our backbone. See? Then we Massa-
chusett can help ourselves.

CRAZY BEAR

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

MANY ARROWS

No! I asked Pequot help for you, and now we

fall in their trouble. (Moves closer) These Pequots are at feud with Narragansetts more years than we. All for this wampum. But Crazy Bear, they both welcome Dutch and English. The whites are sick for beaver. The Sachem here, Tatobem? He opened their Connecticut to trade. His trade. That's why their fort is big. Tatobem killed a few Narragansetts creeping in to work old ties. So, for that, some Dutchman kidnapped Tatobem. They have him hostage now, on a boat up this river. I'm sorry. To get help, I offered it, to help them show numbers of men tonight. Sassacus will pay ransom. Not kill them. I would.

CRAZY BEAR

You go only to be seen, with your gun.

MANY ARROWS

Morning, we go home.

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

SASSACUS

(Raging up and down) Who shall I kill, that put this Massachusetts wanderer in the middle of

my orders? Who is so stupid still to think a Dutch
can tell Neponset from Niantic? Ohh, my father!
Cover him. How can they take ransom, and then...

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

SASSACUS

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

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

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

ROCK

Half the country black their faces for him. Who
now to hold against Boston? My husband tries.
This Winthrop likes big dinners. But not a feast.
He is angry that most beaver is gone, here to
Merrimac. Jack, do you hear? What will you do,
for your wife and child Wishon? For your clan?
Are you so much as we hold a poet? Or do you
sing on the shoulders of blind captains?

FIRE

My mother, you need not hurt the man.

ROCK

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

SWEET GRASS

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

FIRE

(WISHON clammers on her.) I ask River where she goes. She says, to old places, where worry has no farm. You, my boy, make me well while Uncle Crazy Bear comes home. Do you think he and Big Wolf remember our good day, when we all held hands? That day brought Wishon to us...

JACK

Big Wolf remembers me. I've seen him at my back. I can't sleep if I hear a twig. Wishon, stop fawning and chop those branches I told you...

Old HOUSE AFIRE, beside ROCK, looks blankly at JACK...

ROCK

(As WISHON ignores Jack) I know where Gilbert and Willy hide. It sharpens my teeth to hear the English worry now: their King may send Thomas Morton for their governor. We should pray. Even Cutshamekin, your own brother, husband, makes love to the new Jesus-town, Shalom. He takes a Jesus-name...

LIKES THE FIRE, tears on her face, looks down and we see (1) the green Serpents

on her arms; (2) how roaring-strong MANY ARROWS looked as they played “football” at the Revels; (3) MANY ARROWS young, making a spear as in Scene 2...

FIRE

We know a great brother is dead, and not where to find Crazy Bear. If he was near what happened, he'll blame himself. I bleed when I think of him. (She strokes WISHON, then “stands him up stoutly,” and herself.) Go and chop the wood your father says. We'll make a feast. Then Mama will fetch a man home.

JACK

You'll what? How, the name of some back-bog Sagamore? The whole Connecticut is up in arms. There's not a captain in the colonies knows where he's going.

FIRE

Winthrop gets lost a mile from his house, shall I wait till they learn? Jack, I would take care of things to help your family. This place under your nose will help you. You tell Winthrop you live here to spread Good News. You don't have any, I get some. Will my man help us?

JACK

And if I say Go, what am I?

JACK sees ROCK bearing down with that question.

At the BOSTON dockside with PURITAN and YEOMEN EXTRAS about, JACK OLDHAM in that god-awful green suit (soiled, but a fine beaver hat, carved pipe) helps FIRE in journey-dress down into his laden shallop. JACK, in buckskin mantle and old London blacks, is sullen, as WISHON makes-smiles at FIRE's going. RIVER gives them all courage-gestures, best she can. Her cheeks show new tattoos (red serpent, green star) born of her bonds with FIRE, who touches them farewell.

JACK hugs FIRE coldly. FIRE, RIVER embrace, pull in WISHON...

OLDHAM

(As JACK pays him a wampum-string) Ain't much for a body, but for the old times, eh? Like I said, I take her far as my trade, Narragansett. Been to Pequot before all you white men. But I ain't connived my safety there, yet. Cast!

The boat is sliding away. JACK whispers: *I loved you, and you'll never be back. You fool.* He squats down to WISHON, RIVER beside them ready to help:

JACK

Now, Wishon. There comes a time every man born must be one. Grandmother River here is the best person in the world to help you. Because--- your mother, out there, answers Great Spirit. Wishon, I too. For the good of everyone. And then,

one day, we'll all be together again happy all of
us happy forever and ever. There's a good chap.
(JACK stands up quick, breathes, and runs---
looks back once, and keeps running.)

RIVER

What? You're---Hey. Hey! You'll answer this!
Dog! Dog!

And there stand old RIVER and 6-yr.-old WISHON on the Boston dock. He wraps his arms round her hips as PURITANS and burly YEOMEN stride by.

Inside HOUSE AFIRE's lodge, the Sachem looks sick, old and wan. ROCK spoons him broth, and sees RIVER suddenly outside in mid-village, wildly haranguing FAMILY EXTRAS, who shy from her power:

RIVER

The dog, the dog! He shall not live. Not fit for the dirt! I got the Good News. I never needed death to make me love! I spit you out! Who are these stinking foreigners? Papers on trees, "No Irregular Living! No Trade Without Magistrate!" A dog comes when he's called, bites who he's told. (She turns) Wishon will know things deep as blood watch over us. Here, right here, behind the sunshine! I tried, Rock. You teach him, not this grandmother.

ROCK

Wait, what happened, where is he? River!

JACK is plunging through crude streets of Boston---mud and tree stumps, one-room cabins, market-stalls, stock pens. He passes a gallows and stocks where a PURITAN EXTRA mopes with feet shackled under a "Drunk" sign. As JACK goes by the man is hit by mud from a second EXTRA. JACK flees past the gate of the big 2-story log-house that is church, meeting-house and fort. Beyond, the land is a saw-works where pitch boils in tubs. Green forest looms behind, embattled and ignored...

JACK looks behind and shoves open a tavern's plank-door. He enters a place with low ceiling, log-tables: an obese BARKEEP serves grogs and sugar-pastries to CAPTAIN JOHN UNDERHILL (a grizzled officer of 40), and CAPTAIN DANIEL PATRICK (younger, armed to the teeth). A sharp Spanish-style helmet decks their table, and now JACK sees the place filled with a DOZEN seasoned motley-English MERCENARIES with "serious" guns, pikes, swords everywhere. Drinking and grumbling, they give JACK a derisive laugh in his confused half-and-half clothing...

CAPTAIN UNDERHILL

There now, Captain Patrick. Ask the God of your Irish
to send men with a bit of the back-country, and---What
are you, anyhow?

The MERCENARIES laugh. JACK jerks off his buckskin mantle.

SCENE 16

We see the grand facades of Westminster amid 1630s London.

GRAPHIC: *Westminster: London, England, 1636:*

Hearing before the Royal Commission for Foreign Provinces

Three wigged, stony JUSTICES in red robes preside atop a High Court Bench in this court of marble pillars and high windows. To their right (like a jury) sit 12 COUNCILORS and ARISTOCRATS at both sides of the gray, scowling Archbishop of Canterbury WILLIAM LAUD in Anglican regalia and beaver hat. Before all these men at the Prosecution-table sit MORTON (healthy, confident, in barrister's equipage) with GORGES beside him in a mantle of beaver and sable. At the Defense-table sits ferret-eyed ALLERTON as WINSLOW declaims before the Bench: they are both in run-down but "best" suits.

WINSLOW

M'Lords have heard the Prosecution witnesses.
Ye have heard His Grace, Archbishop Laud on our King's New England policy. Yes, Plimoth Plantation stands flawed. And vulnerable. It stands, m'Lords, proof of the centrality of God to all Englishmen. Our beloved minister never was permitted to succor our pilgrim spirits in savage country. But consider: Does one surrender to a heathen life, or stand as best one can? We cannot afford to abandon wealth unmeasured to French priests and corsairs, to Dutchmen eager to divest us by default. Consider, m'Lords, these witnesses, who find their church round a maypole: these mercenary interlopers with indeed no higher

mission to paint our country's reputation. M'Lords,
we own the severity of correction meted out to
this unfortunate and disturbed Mr. Ratcliff...

As WINSLOW goes on, we see the Boston public scaffold and servant RATCLIFF held by SOLDIERS. Gov. WINTHROP and ENDECOTT watch as they cut RATCLIFF's ears. He fights like an animal, shrieks in agony...

WINSLOW

But, m'Lords, only the disaster prevented by
our action could prove the price of laxity in America.
Indeed, as exiles, we welcome new brothers. We
welcome any men, capable of the simplest laws
of civilization. (He bows, sneers at MORTON, and
retires to his table. The three JUSTICES confer)....

GORGES

(to MORTON) They'll dismiss. They're going to
dismiss. God-damned Boston got their Charter
promising King Charles profit. Now he's bankrupt
and where am I? Use that! What do we pay you for!

COUNCIL MEMBERS stir to go. But MORTON catches LAUD's eye to provoke
him, hand-charades a wedding-ring, then a minister's collar round his neck...

CHIEF JUSTICE

Uhh, the Bench must advise the Council, that...

ARCHBISHOP LAUD

Mr. Winslow! Do you consider this Council a band of mercenary intruders? What say you to charge that you performed marriages there without a minister. Baptisms, Last Rites, while such are expressly illegal. How does a colony proceed to cut ears from a man who demands a simple debt?

WINSLOW's chair screeches as he stands: MORTON gives a savage grin. A *Rap!* of the gavel and a Special Effects/*Whoosh* slam a Fleet Street prison-door shut on the horrified WINSLOW...

Winslow's face "fades into" that of Gov. JOHN WINTHROP, whose brooding eyes we see reflected in his window's second-story view of Boston's cabins. In velvet vest/medallion he stares down at the platform where Ratcliff suffered. Below he sees now-Lieutenant EDWARD receiving CRAZY BEAR like a friend: CRAZY wears facial-ash and a heavy, rich mantle of purple/white wampum, his sign as ambassador of Pequot Sachem Sassacus. EDWARD and CRAZY enter the building. WINTHROP turns to Vice-Gov. JOSEPH DUDLEY at the table.

DUDLEY

(At conference-table, a big letter in his hands)

John. Governor Winthrop. The King and Council would have to send troops. They cannot send for the charter back, tear down your work. What is this, one letter from that ridiculous nobody Morton, against how many of God's? Do not let your

family fear another day. No sheriff will cut your ears for a Ratcliff's, this Morton is a drunk. We shall fortify the islands, John. Humiliation-days. John, I hear from Connecticut's Hooker they've a loyal Indian about. Uncas, I think. Out to play us for his own little Pequot game.

WINTHROP

(Turns, scans the room's cheap carpentry tricked out in brass and red drapery) It's just that Morton has this way, of---We burn his house, and our people freeze in the worst winter in a squa's age. Our need is white men seasoned to this Devil's country. We can scarce find our way. Men in armor won't catch Pequots in swamp. Word I do have says they're slipping away, in scores. (He drops into his head-chair, crumples Morton's letter, then tucks it away.) Another visitor from the infernal regions. Do not smile, at all. This one wears our capital concern.

EDWARD knocks and brings in CRAZY BEAR, both grave. EDWARD salutes, states that *This is Ambassador from Great Sachem of the Pequot, Sassacus*. As WINTHROP has CRAZY sit, WINTHROP sniffs liquor off EDWARD:

WINTHROP

Lieutenant Gibbons. Indeed, one of our old-time traders made good. How many fines paid, Gibbons,

for your drinking? (EDWARD shows 3 fingers)
It is four. The benefits you derive from your useful
skills are about to expire. Go, the door. Sir,
your message. Our Boston does not drink tobacco.

CRAZY BEAR

(Scared of the whole place and cold faces, spooked
by the chairs' carved lion-heads and claw-arms) I bring
good news. Sassacus, Sachem of 26 villages,
sends his full consent to plant your people on
the Connecticut. There will be no more trouble
to your river-towns. Only, Sassacus is a governor.
He must answer murder of his family. I come
today also from Narragansett. Sassacus and Mian-
tonomo, together, ask you send them both your
best trader. This I wear is promise of wealth in
our peace. The Sachems listen, sir.

WINTHROP

That was fair English, Mr. Vice-Governor. We are
constantly amazed by you people. Now. We've
just the trader for that part, and when time comes,
him you shall know by a mantle of scarlet. However.
We have the terms we want with Miantonomo. He
promises us Narragansett guides, when war comes.
But how unfortunate, young man, that Sassacus
deceives you. He says nothing of his murder of

our good English traders on the Connecticut, Messrs. Stone and Norton. Boston and Hartford say yes to peace. Yes to trade. But he must deliver the murderers. And, 500 fathom of wampum, 40 beaver, 30 otter; and six Pequot children, as hostage to his behavior. Clear? We want peace. We serve The Prince of Peace. But peace only with order.

CRAZY BEAR

Children? Sir, Sassacus has spoken to those killings. He must answer for his father, and his people. (He points to his own face, then stops, unsure.) With us, family---

WINTHROP

Excuse me, young man. What tribe are you?

CRAZY BEAR

(Flustered, then sees Winthrop really doesn't know; and he tests the water.) I am Pequot.

WINTHROP

Ah, I knew it. Lieutenant! We have our message. This is not a negotiation, so see our guest to whatever it is a Pequot eats, before he takes our words on. Good Day. Dismissed.

EDWARD lays a "Better Go" hand on CRAZY's shoulder, as he fumes. BOTH go out; and WINTHROP returns to his window, to see EDWARD consoling CRAZY below.

DUDLEY

I hope we shan't too anger them.

WINTHROP

(gazing out) Yes. But, seeing we have, and that we will, let it keep more of Boston right here. This thorn in our side Roger Williams, Hooker gone already with his Hartford newcomers. They prate till they smell pasture. Worst, the best fur trade hangs on how much Long Island wampum goes up the Connecticut. Joseph, we have to hold hold them together. We must. Or what was this for? Gibbons, him I've seen across the way at Hutchinson's, too. Oh, I've a job for a seasoned lieutenant.

Suddenly we see a snowy English palisaded fort near the icy bank of a river: its center is a high mound with two cannon firing, an English flag above a noisy skirmish.

GRAPHIC: *Pequot Siege of Saybrook Fort on the Connecticut River, Winter 1636*

EDWARD (bundled, bearded) ducks Pequot bullets at his crack in the palisade. REGULAR SOLDIERS cower as arrows rain down, and shout *Cover the gate! Open up for relief!* EDWARD manically primes his gun as FOUR ENGLISH COLONIST-MEN, and JACK, come running inside with guns/swords and odd body-armor from their river-boat. Whoops, shots, arrows and spears chase them...

CRAZY BEAR entertains with English insults from a wooded hill near this fort, with 25 PEQUOT and NIAN TIC braves (some wear the Turtle-sign seen before):

CRAZY BEAR

Your mother has a turkey-neck! (he flaps and cackles)

Inside Saybrook Fort, EDWARD sees/grabs JACK aside:

JACK

Good God, look at us! We're no relief, that's
Captain Mason's men come spring, all amateurs.
Hartford---Stratford-on-Thames it's not! Bloody
Hooker just had to leave for God and beaver. How
did we get here, Edward? Time to get out!

EDWARD

(BOTH jump as both cannons Boom.) Bit of a walk!
Mason, another greenhorn like that Underhill,
and who's training men but old Standish, Endecott!
Jesus, some relief. Gardener the chap running this
place can't tell Mohegan from Massachusetts.
Mason slaps his Indians with yellow paint. If it
rains, do we shoot them? (*Zip-Pang!*)

JACK

You don't know who's after me, and then some.
I hate this! I was hid up these river-towns. Don't you
men know the savages there took sides with us?

Then we threw them out! Threw out the locals! (*Zip-Pang!*) Merry Christmas, Feast of Fools!

A SOLDIER goes down nearby with an arrow in his collarbone.

EDWARD

Somebody help him! I think 500 Pequot out there. A plan's cooking, though. It's going to get hot here come spring, in case you ain't the mettle. Miantonomo lost 700 Narragansetts to plague this year. What would you do, take the poxy English side? Take Sassacus' head, you, me, this Uncas and all us second-rates? Or pull every savage together and hang our scalps? Welcome to safety, Jack! And grog's on ration. Shite! Morton gone, the only one makes out is Mad Jack! Ain't we the dirt on 'em.

JACK

(Face pressed to palisade) This is the Bedlam I came from. Ohh, someplace a man can hear himself---

CRAZY BEAR

(outside) Ahoy, English! Have you fought enough? You let women, children alone, and we let yours!

EDWARD

You leave them alone, don't you Jack?

JACK

You savages will soon find out!

As this Scene ends, we see: (1) MORTON out on his youth's West Country wild heath with two fowling guns and several dogs, "managing to enjoy that life goes on"; and, (2) GOV. WM. BRADFORD at his Plimoth gate, anguished, Bible in hands, trying to smile Goodbye to whole PILGRIM FAMILIES, who set out for "elbow room."

SCENE 17

GRAPHIC: *Weinshauks on the Pequot River, Village of Great Sachem Sassacus*

It's a bright Spring day with PEQUOT EXTRAS at tasks outside the great hilltop palisaded village. Inside its great lodge (the richest we've seen), SASSACUS (60, in silver, wampum and a feather mantle) paints his eyes deep red before 20 ELDERS, as a hand-drum beats slow. EXTRAS bring LIKES THE FIRE in before all of them. FIRE bows her head, waits without smile as the ritual ends.

SASSACUS

My family, your words will come true. (smiles.)

You must be bad news, the first person I see as our word means war. Not another Massachusett in trouble. (Aside) Bring the other.

CRAZY BEAR and LIKES THE FIRE see each other again. They can hardly contain themselves. The PEQUOTS enjoy this after their council just now, but CRAZY and FIRE keep it "brother/sister" before them. Then, SASSACUS erupts:

SASSACUS

(Lifts a war-club) Who is this Captain Endecott, Massachusetts, comes to punish and burn our gardens up and down my river and islands? Your Massachusetts brother Cutshamekin led him his way. I am a spirit. Serpents on your arms. Last time they saw my mountains, we bled. Now, only English.

FIRE

Spirit, I am good news, for the joy you put in two hearts today. I bring the other too. May it help. I came to your country to find this one, on a boat of the trader Jack Oldham. Boston gave Oldham a red mantle for trading, because he learns the ways Boston won't learn. Mad Jack---It's strange to like a man and wonder why. Spirit, as we passed Block Island, six Niantic strangers jumped our boat, to rob Mad Jack. They cared nothing for these troubles--- They killed him for wampum. And Boston says this makes war. They will kill all the Pequot for Oldham, and for two captains years ago.

SASSACUS

Yes. We are to send them children, too. Massachusetts, we thank you for this gratitude. But we have counceled for days over what we need

to do. Now, listen, because trouble is begun. Our big-nosed kinsman, Miantonomo (ELDERS LAUGH), took 200 Narragansett braves to punish Block Island for Mad Jack. We sent 200 fathom wampum: a good blood-price, for nothing evil from this house. This we do all the time, and Boston sends Endecott. Shot people drying fish. Stabbed women through that he could catch. Well, Massachusett, we killed-back the very same number, twelve English people in their Wethersfield, up-river. We know they look to hurt us now, with soldiers who fight the English way. For that, we have a plan. Our kinsman, that ugly, dim-brained Miantonomo (ELDERS ENJOY) ---He makes himself useful. He will pass just the right help to Boston, by a sad-face English squatter on his land.

CRAZY BEAR

I watched their soldiers practice. It makes no sense, this drill, march! Six arrows to a shot. A rabbit wears them out.

SASSACUS

Show us your arms. (CRAZY does so; then FIRE.) We have helped each other. Now we send you home, where those are needed. Do only that, and you can help us another way that easy. Nnn, maybe not. (ELDERS SMILE.) Massachusett, we ask you to take

home some of our women and children. Three, four families, as your Nipmuc kinsmen, or Wampanoag. This other cousins do. Let them live as Massachusetts, till war is done. (FIRE/CRAZY NOD.) The people to take, you will find at Missituc, close by east of here. In return, they are to help you every way. Massachusetts tasted these troubles first.

FIRE

We have...a great deal of room.

Now CRAZY BEAR and LIKES THE FIRE are alone in bright-green forest with a loud stream nearby. They cover each other with kisses...

CRAZY BEAR

Anywhere I saw the sky I had my strength, because of you. Do you know what I am. I am your champion...

FIRE

You never hated me, trying to do like our mothers. I have a son, Wishon. He knows your name. When I had to find you, I thought Jack still a man to work beside me. (Shakes her head, "he wasn't") But you were. Every day, and you so far from us...

CRAZY BEAR

The world was not so sick when we were small.
But how well I feel, how well, Likes The Fire---
in you the honor, and the hope of our fathers...

They make love as the sun begins to go down. In time, both notice the light and rise to resume the trail to Missituc village, as Sassacus said. Climbing trail, they watch the sun sinking into the Atlantic, its light on waters of the Mystic River's mile-wide inlet below them.

GRAPHIC: *Missituc, or "Mystic" Village, May 1637 ...*

They climb further to this smaller palisaded Pequot village, smokes rising from within it. SIX PEQUOT BRAVES suddenly meet CRAZY and FIRE on this trail. They talk, and CRAZY stops at Mystic's entrance:

CRAZY BEAR

Wait. Likes The Fire, one of us can take these people out of here and home. I, well...

FIRE

You need to go with those braves, don't I see that in your face! Why, Crazy Bear. Sassacus knows you are not for what is coming. There has never been a fight like this to come...

CRAZY BEAR

You know these people fight our war. Massachusetts' war, that the English think over, with our broken back. My father-gone, he tells me, Help those who help us.

It's a small safe thing, to help their numbers. The
new English think me Pequot!

FIRE

That makes you safe? Crazy Bear, these people---
This is enough. Argh! (She blocks her ears.)

CRAZY BEAR

If we help them, just make this place a decoy, and
kick English down the hill---we really will bring
Pequot home. Not to please Elders. To be them.
Likes The Fire, I owe it---They brought me you.

FIRE

I don't know who's in worse trouble.

Next morning, again outside Mystic's palisade, FIRE and CRAZY say goodbye:
FIRE falls in with her 20 PEQUOT WOMEN, CHILDEN, ELDERS (with "refugee"
faces), and CRAZY goes with THREE BRAVES.

A crowd of PEQUOT BRAVES at Weinshauks cheer as they hear SASSACUS'
plan, and see his lifted club...

Now we cut to see JACK come crashing out of dense Spring forest, lost and
found, Heaven-grateful to find the deserted Neponset winter-camp among inland hills.
Disheveled in his helmet/pick-up gear (with gun and pistol), he sheds things as he runs
in (*I found you! Oh God in Thy Providence!*). But he stops, looks, then gathers his arms...

RIVER is watching from bushes above camp as JACK enters. RIVER shuts a fist

as if around his heart, then lifts a broken English sword. But, also hunting JACK is BIG WOLF, ruined, suicidal: he exults in luck to see JACK from camp's other side, and stalks forward, pistol in hand...

In late daylight, JACK brings water to a lodge, makes a fire: he "strikes a light" with flint to dry punk, and says aloud, *These people taught me this. Lord, can I get her back?* Out in the fading light, BIG WOLF and RIVER are each working closer from opposite sides of the lodge...

Night: BIG WOLF rushes in the lodge, and curses to find only Jack's gear. We see JACK snapping up more wood at camp's edge. BIG WOLF hides just behind the door (deer-hide on frame). In darkness, he rests his barrel on its rawhide upper "hinge" ...

RIVER comes round the lodge's front: she thinks it's JACK she's caught moving the door. Both hands to her weapon, she forces herself on. RIVER reaches the door, BIG WOLF cocks his pistol---and RIVER swings herself around to stab through the pulled-back door. BIG WOLF screams, shoots: the bullet comes out RIVER's back and knocks her flat. Inside, BIG WOLF is nailed to the door by her sword, and falls in the darkness.

At the shot JACK, at prayer, whips round with knife out. He creeps back, sees RIVER and dives into the lodge for arms. He falls across BIG WOLF's corpse. JACK "can't pull free" of it, stumbles out but can't quite run. He tries to touch RIVER...

JACK

I did not do this. Not. Not. Oh God, in Thy---Aarrggh!

JACK rips his hair, fetches his gear, and runs clattering off into darkness. Above the trees, a vast night sky of stars.

SCENE 18

HOUSE AFIRE is dying. With night's stars in the door of their Neponset lodge, we see ROCK bent over him as she bathes, caresses and comforts him. He runs his hand through her strong black-grayed hair. As the hand falls, we "fade to" Spring day at a many-tiered waterfall, that roars and roars as ROCK presides at the funeral.

ALL NEPONSET VILLAGE CAST and EXTRAS of many Tribes stand along the falls as his body, wrapped in fine grass mats, is given to the waters. His son, JOSIAS (age 10) watches between SWEET GRASS/SEVEN THUMBS, who take up his hands: he has long hair tied back, deer trousers and calico trade-shirt, wampum and tin cross. JOSIAS braves a farewell smile to his Sachem father. ROCK, apart, gazes into the waterfall where the white water thunders on the stones.

The thunder becomes a glowering sky above the Boston Bay islands. A shallop, laden with WINTHROP and his party (in steeple-hats/capes), hurries to beach at (GRAPHIC: *Castle Island, Boston Bay*). Along are DUDLEY, ENDECOTT, the new Captain EDWARD (drunk), and JACK in fresh cleric's blacks.

On the island facing open sea, a sizable mud-brick fort reinforced with log-timber is under construction by 20 mixed SOLDIERS and YEOMEN. Thunder booms, as SOLDIERS work along a row of 6 ship-cannon, "turned upon England" and its threat to seize the colony-charter. YEOMEN saw logs, haul barrows of mud-brick, mortar...

WINTHROP leads through a Halberdier-HONOR GUARD: CAPTAIN PATRICK salutes welcome. PATRICK shouts ahead, *Ready for Governor's Inspection!* WINTHROP takes DUDLEY along. Sickly ENDICOTT trails after, snubs EDWARD/JACK; who "fall behind" to talk.

WINTHROP

Joseph I could shake a fist at Boston. My poor wife is so sick. Can I tell her not to worry, the King won't hang me? Where Good Witch Hutchinson the healer? Listen to me, a civil servant once: the King is wrong, he does not know this place. He cannot take it back, over malcontents! I shake my fists both ways, one at my King. (Squints ahead) Have you met the new captains? This Captain Underhill is a fist to swing at Pequots. Just don't turn your back on his mother.

EDWARD

Argh, let them go on, Jack. Think I'm going to puke. Stomach's gone. (He staggers, then sports new rank.) Like it? Promoted for Connecticut service. (He laughs, sickens) I'd be Major, but they caught me stiff. You get about, eh reverend? Heap big low profile. (JACK helps him, silent.) Why then? You could be Winthrop's new man, runnin' home that map off Roger Williams and his friends at Rogues' Island. It's sure to find us plenty Pequot for a bloody good lesson. Huh! Gov's had a 2-year sulk since Morton wrote him love-letters. (Sing-song) Charlie wants his charter back, and Govnah's ears beside it!

JACK

(As they watch WINTHROP meet UNDERHILL to inspect all.) Another fort. To keep out pirates, and/or His Majesty.

EDWARD

(vomits in real pain, sneaks drink from a black flask.) You done good, fetchin' that map, Jack. I hear it comes of our one Indian friend, Miantonomo. Know why? They're sending me with Underhill's men, Patrick's got 40, and that Mason with his painted Indians is for Hartford. Not one of us knows two trees o' this Pequot country! Why am I laughing? Do you know, Morton wrote a book on us? It helped him win in court. I'd kill for a read. I thirst for it, in this sanctimonious shit-hole!

Thunder booms over the Bay as JACK helps doubled-up EDWARD and they both fear being seen thus. JACK helps EDWARD limp on...

EDWARD

Imagine Morton back Vice-Governor! He can teach at the college these blue-arsed angels just got up. A fuckin' college, man, a mile back o' the Charles swamp. Morton Vice-Gov! Christ, with him who needs kill-devil?

JACK

A college? I wonder could I get in, study Divinity,
I've read....Boston can't think me like that Williams...

Thunder brings on a heavy rain. As it starts we see WINTHROP storming downhill straight for JACK (with DUDLEY/ENDICOTT, and UNDERHILL behind):

WINTHROP

You there! Come here. Seasick again? (EDWARD nods.) You be silent. This is Captain Underhill. He reports desertions to me, and I brought you here to be identified. Your service in Connecticut was not indenture but martial enterprise. Are you aware of the rope the law puts around your neck?

JACK, thunder-struck, sinks to one knee.

UNDERHILL

Mason's report said several runoffs, Guvnor. Now I see this (EDWARD) chap, he don't look like the Jacks I had. Shame to hang now there's work o'the Lord.

WINTHROP

Nn. Well, Captain Underhill---turn every hand to it. (He pushes past ALL with elated steps: DUDLEY catches up) Feel the rain, Joseph? Isn't it good to do that for people? The fort...I feel the way we felt washed up here 7 years ago. The Pequot shall be bread for us. Bread for us...

But a SOLDIER's *Ho!* breaks in: the mud-brick fort is melting in this heavy rain (because, as said, they refused advice to add brick-lime). We see its bricks dissolve in place, in men's hands: bulwarks sag, then timbers slip and crash. SOLDIERS and YEOMEN take PATRICK's desperate "Fix that! Hold that!" orders and clamber into the muddy fray to shore things up. But the cannon-deck collapses, men founder in rubble and muck as lightning and thunder crack and boom. WINTHROP grits his teeth:

WINTHROP

(Rain pours down his hat's brim.) Bread for us....

SCENE 19

GRAPHIC: *Narragansett: Seat of Sachem Miantonomo, late May 1637:*

Captains Mason & Underhill assault Pequot Connecticut

Bright May: A column of ENGLISH PLANTERS-turned-soldiers (their gear and weapons all different) marches out from this open seaside village into rolling sunny "broken forest" country, with the Atlantic Ocean far to their left. Watching them go, shaking "Good Luck" fist high, stands Sachem MIANTONOMO (as earlier, his face all red paint): about 25 NARRAGANSETT BRAVES flow around him to flank the English march-column on its way. MIANTONOMO turns away half-laughing...

Captain JOHN MASON (tall, portly at 45, bearded, red leader's sash over his gear), with UNDERHILL at the head of their column, looks back to see the Sachem turn for home. UNDERHILL gives MASON an "Argh, Don't worry" clap on the back: MASON halts their column and signs UNCAS to join him up front.

UNCAS---about 35, a sly-eyed and muscular MOHEGAN Sachem in deerskin, a beautiful wolf-mantle---leaves his 20 MOHEGAN BRAVES (with yellow paint-splashes on heads) to join MASON/UNDERHILL. Back in the sweaty nervous column of men, including BUBBLE/HIGGINS with arms, JACK and EDWARD rest with guns/heavy packs, JACK with a keg of gunpowder. Both watch UNCAS point routes as he guides the captains:

EDWARD

Look at these greenhorns up front, do they know this Uncas? Why should he guide us proper, because he's a Mohegan wants to rise on Sassacus' fall? The man is brother-in-law to the beast. Tell you Jack, this walks into something bad. 75 of us, and these cousins all in together. Look at Mason, in control, all 3 years of him fortifyin' Hartford. Professionals. Fine, if this is Saxony.

JACK

I'd feel better if he let us wait for those 40 Boston chaps, with Captain Patrick. Now, after this fight we have to keep going, find a river and meet their boats ---where Sassacus lives. We didn't train for ambush-war. I feel watched. Go find out something.

EDWARD

Ten years this month, May Day.

EDWARD makes way up the sweaty, scared column of English, and sees

NARRAGANSETT BRAVES turning the opposite way, home with haste. As EDWARD reaches MASON and UNDERHILL, UNCAS pats both captains' shoulders, laughs...

UNCAS

Narragansetts! Too afraid of Pequots ahead. I think some will stay and fight. But Uncas---Uncas will never leave you. (He takes Mason's hand, touches it to his yellow-paint brow.)

MASON

Ahh, there's a good one. What is it, Gibbons.

EDWARD

Beg pardon, sir. Can you give us a bit of the plan, sir. I mean, back there at council, Miantonomo said it's best to go by sea. This way, we'll be watched every---

MASON

Go, Uncas, good man! Soon we crush your enemies. (He waits till Uncas goes ahead.) Bloody wolf. What? Ye farmer, by sea is what they look for. That red-faced cuss back there thinks us children. Well, our own inside-man, that outsider Williams picked his brains. This way, catch them napping in the rear. (Wipes his sweaty burdened brow.) Our Uncas says there's a fort chock-full of Pequot, a day's march on. There, we're going to hurt them. This Wolf-chap is in for surprises. Trust him, Tosh! Go, just tell them not to shoot his

kind who will help, the dogs marked-up yellow.

UNDERHILL

Not today, anyhow. Gentlemen, rise to the enterprise.

EDWARD

(grumbles) Never saw a village with a rear.

LIKES THE FIRE and PEQUOT FAMILIES with her climb a wooded trail eastward along a hillside, from which they can see the Atlantic far and bright.

ALL begin to stop and look; for a mile below they see a brave (it's UNCAS) leading the English column (flag flying) westward.

Everybody starts to laugh, to stifle their CHILDREN's cheers...

PEQUOT WOMAN, LITTLE OWL

(About 50, handsomely attired beside FIRE)

That's Sassacus' brother-in-law, Uncas. Oh, he's more than a rascal, that one. Sassacus near-kills Uncas twice a year for taking our men his own way. Today he doesn't mind! See the yellow-heads at their sides? As Pequot as my Mohegan aunt.

FIRE

I hope they look out for my man. Oh, my! He should be alright. Don't the English realize how many we---They're so few!

PEQUOT WOMAN, BRIGHT STAR

(FIRE's age) Look, look! That's not the good way south to Missituc. That way goes west, around the river's head. He's bringing them right to the front door!

THREE PEQUOT BOYS

Trap them on the riverbank! Chop them up good! Gack! Unh!

LITTLE OWL

That would settle a few crimes. Instead, wreck our village. But we need a decoy, it's what they look for. That's where my son is, inside the wall. Welcome, English. *Weeg-wa-man...*

BRIGHT STAR

Yours with the 50 braves waiting in there? Honor. What a lovely surprise!

PEQUOT BOYS

We'll be home tomorrow! Why can't we go watch! Let us!

We see a wild May night with a big full moon.

Graphic: *May 26, 1637: Pequot Village Missituc*

Inside Mystic Fort, 50 PEQUOT BRAVES and CRAZY BEAR sing around a

bonfire to raise hell-racket, pound hand-drums, beat logs, eat and enjoy as they can. CRAZY offers them his fiercest dance and holds out his Serpent-tattooed arms: at this, Mystic's Sachem MAMOHO unwraps a small beautiful black stone engraved with a spiral-tailed Serpent in gold-red ochre. The BRAVES behold, cover their faces, drop hands and scream, ready to give all in battle. Some kiss the stone (sign of their Guiding Spirit to the Other World)...

MAMOHO

(Prime 40, a rich wampum headband) Time
you go, Massachusetts. See you outside with
the big welcome. (His two hands come together)

CRAZY BEAR

But in here you trap yourselves. Sachem, why
not come down on them --- back them into the river
where Uncas brings them two by two?

MAMOHO

We do that if we're scared. Uncas just sent word
that, if you can believe it, the English are asleep,
so tired, at the big rocks a mile from here. Now,
this is our glory, out. (BRAVES LAUGH.)
Brothers, when he goes, close both entrances
with brush. Make smokes, fires! Another sing...

Dawn: MASON, UNDERHILL and ENGLISHMEN wake up atop "Porter's
Rocks" in mist. UNCAS looks down at cursing MASON. Rousting the men,
MASON/UNDERHILL have looks for UNCAS; and, EDWARD for the CAPTAINS; but

they *Shhh!* the men, yet hurry to the attack. JACK ditches the keg of gunpowder. As they clamber down and ALL form up near the Mystic River's edge, we see the faintest smiles on NARRAGANSETT and MOHEGAN faces...

Now, CRAZY BEAR crouches well-hidden on Mystic Hill above the riverbank, with simply-uncountable PEQUOT BRAVES either side, behind and everywhere. They ALL have a splotch of yellow paint on their heads. As ALL peer down on the sunny waterside-approach to their Village, they hear (clack, rattle, cough, clack) and then see the ENGLISHMEN come charging by ("silent" and wide-eyed) along this open path for the Hill, swords/pistols out, halberds lowered, fumbling with matchlock-guns, the flag high as more and more charge on.

JACK and EDWARD half-cling to each other. The "yellowed" MOHEGANS with UNCAS follow full; but half-way past, MOST NARRAGANSETTS stop, then run away as they see where death should have come...

The PEQUOT LEADER SAMM (a mean-eyed bruiser with notched club) signs for 20 BRAVES to chase the Narragansetts. The BRAVES slip off, and ALL share "Good" looks as the ENGLISH charge on. ALL wait: soon, they hear a loud Boom...

SAMM signs his BRAVES' whole host to climb the Hill behind them, toward the "back" side of Mystic Fort. CRAZY (with bow) keeps up silently through the green trees, over boulders. Gunfire ahead at the Fort grows sporadic, then hotter...

PEQUOT BRAVES spy out that half the ENGLISH (about 30 men, JACK there) guard the Fort's entrance this side: its palisade is too huge for their numbers. The other 30-odd ENGLISH are already inside with MASON/UNDERHILL: we hear shouts and shots in there. SAMM signs ALL to "Hold." Suddenly the outside-ENGLISH, fumbling to re-load, cringe to hear from inside one terrifying PEQUOT war-cry; a ragged *Boom-*

Boom of guns sounds, then screams as the fight inside turns hand-to-hand...

One wounded ENGLISH, then ANOTHER helped by TWO, then ANOTHER helped by ONE, limp out with bloody heads and arms. As these outside-ENGLISH bunch together under arrows from front and back, we see black smoke start to pour out above the Village-palisade. EDWARD rushes out, his head gashed:

EDWARD

Mason says Get Out! Place is bloody empty! Only family in there is big bastards, with clubs!

Great flame and smoke erupt inside. As it does, MASON, UNDERHILL, HIGGINS, ALL are driven out, swinging or shooting wildly at PEQUOT BRAVES, who also burst out past them, or are cut down by lucky strokes. (JACK makes no effort.)

As some BRAVES rush into the trees past CRAZY and SAMM, SAMM gives the sign; and dozens more PEQUOT ARCHERS let fly, volley after volley that rains down on the ENGLISH with their backs to the Village-wall. SIX ENGLISH take arrow-wounds. OTHERS call for powder, help, Jesus, mother; and *Which do we shoot, sir?*

UNDERHILL

Got to head west! Patrick's boats, Pequot River!

MASON

What? That way is Sassacus, and ten miles o' this!
Uncas! He must be gone after help. Argh, now the river cuts off the way back, too!

UNDERHILL

Uncas! You and I better make up something. Where

then! Back to the Rocks, and hedgehog? Patrick won't find us up there. You told him Pequot River, not Mystic! You said we'd hit both forts. There's jest for today!

MASON

We killed our share in there! Only two of ours dead, and one that Higgins shot! This way, let's put our backs to the nearest water. Did they club our man with the gunpowder?

We see JACK go by helping dazed, bloodied EDWARD along...

UNDERHILL

Here they come! Christ, like they knew we were coming...

UNDERHILL hears SAMM's hideous cry to Charge. PEQUOTS surge by CRAZY BEAR in the dozens. SOME fall, shot: MOST dodge and charge their way right into hand-to-hand fight with MANY ENGLISH, who struggle to clear the Fort and move down the Hill's "back" wooded side for Atlantic beach. The ENGLISHMEN's heads/bodies turn more to every side the further they hack, bluff and hurry away from their only "rear," the wall of the Fort, spiked with arrows...

The fight drags seaward across Mystic Hill. PEQUOTS are shot or slashed, they club and bloody almost every ENGLISHMAN. More than one ENGLISH goes down but the BRAVE runs off: a SECOND runs up to touch "coup" but leaves him there...

At last we see MASON/UNDERHILL in flight down a Hill path to a stony beach where fish dry on racks, a few wild swordsmen and halberds fanned out in front of

them. At their backs walks UNCAS in a guard of MOHEGANS, pointing out “good” spots to shoot English guns at. We hear fewer and fewer guns because they’re near out of powder. MASON, UNDERHILL splash out into the shallows and rake the seacoast for boats, as volleys of arrows splash down from PEQUOT hundreds closing in...

MASON

(Waving arms to the sea) Here, Patrick, here! The smoke! A pillar o’ cloud by day! Blind Irish bugger.

CRAZY BEAR and PEQUOT BRAVES cheer to see how it goes; but they see friends with holes blown out their backs. Together they charge the tree-line. Thirty ENGLISH stand knee-deep in the waves round the CAPTAINS: the rest lie wounded on the stones. UNCAS and MOHEGANS lob arrows and spears back up the hill.

PEQUOTS, CRAZY BEAR too lob arrows, shout insults. But UNDERHILL’s sword points this source of Pequot fire. His MEN’s guns boom. Bullets rip the trees, and one of them takes CRAZY BEAR down.

Without sound, we watch MASON/UNDERHILL wave PATRICK’s BOATS inshore---and the MEN, no longer pelted, exult at their luck to be spotted by the smoke of burning Mystic, above/behind them. JACK rips an arrow from his arm and hurls it back. What we HEAR is the voice of Plimoth’s BRADFORD, reading his *History*:

BRADFORD’s VOICE

Many of our men returned so fresh, that they confessed themselves ready for another such business. Very few escaped. The captains reported they destroyed at least 500 Pequot at this time. They

said it was fearful to see them frying, trapped in fire, and the streams of Pequot blood quenching the flames; and horrible the stink and stench. But the victory seemed a sweet sacrifice, and they gave the praise of it to God; God, Who had wrought so wonderfully for them, thus to entrap the Indians, and to give them so speedy a victory---over so proud and insulting an enemy.

[End of Part 2]