

Merrymount: A True Adventure Comedy

---PART 3---

SCENE 20

GRAPHIC: *Autumn 1643*

Sunrise pours over the Atlantic horizon. A 3-masted English ship makes for Plimoth Harbor. A Red Tail Hawk soars the seacoast, and lands atop a cabin's thatched peak. It pauses, as if to watch---but suddenly flies.

THOMAS MORTON watches SAILORS heave his trunk up onto Plimoth's pier from their boat. He's thinner but rosy at 67, in a handsome forest-green suit and cape, rings, a beaver hat and long Cavalier hair, leather satchel with a black document tube/case sticking out.

MORTON takes a big view of American morning skies above the Autumn foliage. A PEQUOT BOY starts to struggle with Morton's trunk (a boy we saw with FIRE above: now 8 years older, with shaved head and clothes half skins, half cloth). MORTON accepts and gives the BOY a coin first.

MORTON (wary but elated to be back) strolls down the pier with the BOY laboring behind. They pass along a line of staring PURITAN FAMILY EXTRAS waiting with their baggage to board another ship for England. They include REVS. SKELTON and HIGGINSON, who each stands reading his own Bible; and the dessicated, scowling MRS. HIGGINS (Bubble's mother Scene 4). OFFICERS process their papers. As MORTON passes, PURITAN WOMEN look down, and a defeated-looking FATHER

snatches a coonskin cap from his SON's head.

MORTON smiles his way along saying *Bon Voyage, Bon Voyage now*; but suddenly he suffers a dizzy-spell and the PEQUOT BOY brings the trunk to prop him up. MORTON clings to it, gazes at the BOY---but, in place of the boy, we now see BIG WOLF, as he first looked (Scene 1). BIG WOLF smiles, and offers a fat bunch of green grapes across the trunk; and to Morton he says their name, *Wey-no-MIN-e-ash...*

MORTON looks baffled, afraid, yet "willing to go along" and reaches out. We see the PEQUOT BOY waiting gently as PURITANS look away. MORTON resumes, makes his way up Plimoth's "Main Street" of tradesmen, farmers, wives, NATIVE PORTERS and laborers in calico with short hair, crosses round their necks. In the details of small herb-gardens, antlers over a neat house, he still admires a home.

MORTON lunches at a table inside Plimoth's dim Tavern (full of white-male YEOMEN EXTRAS; with wolf-pelts and Native war-trophies on the walls). MORTON eats bread/cheese, apples. The door opens: EXTRAS step aside and doff their hats for GOV. WILLIAM BRADFORD and EDWARD WINSLOW, who enter "all business," both in their 60s with short gray hair/beards, in fine but worn-out clothes.

MORTON looks up, an old man afraid (he put Winslow in prison), and tries to tuck away his long hair. Then he sees the black document-tube on his table, and MORTON resumes with a big bite of apple as his foes come thumping over to him:

BRADFORD

You again. Thirteen years. Papers, documents?

Letters of reference from our good King's rotten
court, no doubt!

WINSLOW pulls a royal Charter from the tube. BRADFORD pauses.

MORTON

(Sipping water) Read it. Charter, from His Majesty, to be delivered by me as counsel, to Agamenticus. Heard of it? Little trade-entrepot some miles north, good West Country people. Also here, but I'm afraid sealed for others, gentlemen, letters patent under the Earl of Warwick, other good men of Parliament affiliation. (He sees BRADFORD/WINSLOW steaming.) It all goes simply to take, if we can, some of these political thorns from your sides, gentlemen. Settle them where they won't bother you. Like to find myself lodging for winter first. Can pay, modest. I don't drink, doctor's orders! But I shoot as ever. Meat for you.

WINSLOW

You have hung like a shadow for years over every decent God fearing family of us. Are you aware that your patron in tyrrany, Bishop Laud, is now in the Tower of London, begging our leaders in Parliament for his life? (Points outside toward ships) Those people are risking voyage home to defend even your English rights. Does your King want civil war? What poor mother Plimoth has suffered, you can scarce imagine. Why, we even hanged three Englishmen who murdered a savage. That satisfy your liberality?

MORTON

What? Chaps, King Charles has granted good
Laud his head. More tasteful than Parliament's
rope and disemboweling. Bishop to King's block.
Or what are friends with crowns for?

WINSLOW and BRADFORD look baffled as ever...

MORTON

May I suggest, since our suit extinguished
charter to this country, that we simply
abide, till this national tragedy of Briton
against Briton is done? You should know, the
courts grant me 200-pounds damages on Boston.
I am content to wait the royal governor to come...

WINSLOW

We want no more serpents in our garden,
Mortonites, Gortonites, Diggers, Anabaptists,
Familists, fornicators, Antinomians, heretics,
lunatics---We have crushed your friends, from
Pequot to your "Merrymount." Sassacus, Mian-
tonomo, Williams, Hutchinson, gone, their
names trod under. Go on, like the rest, out there
to line your pockets---

BRADFORD

(Stops WINSLOW) We do not impugn your high-court friends as any of this "Family of Love." But I am governor still. Winter here, old man, there will be no Royalist agitations. We want no bloodshed, as our motherland's sure to see before The Rapture. (Turns to go) And, whatever you may write in a book, sir, our worship here is never compulsory.

Suddenly MORTON sees young, chipper WALTER BAGNALL in BRADFORD's place and clothes; and WALTER says, *'Course not! Not unless you want to eat!*

MORTON

(Love in his eyes, confused) Sounds good...

Now we hear/see the PLIMOTH CONGREGATION at church-services in the fort, with shut gun-ports/bare walls, long benches before a pulpit with staring eye. BRADFORD and WINSLOW lead at front as all sing "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God": MEN/WOMEN and CHILDREN are separated, all in wraps, with frosty breaths as each sings at his/her own pitch. MORTON, tall gray HOBHAMOCK, and bored ENGLISH BOYS stand at the back amid this musical mayhem, and share a look of pain...

In January sunshine MORTON walks and revels in the icy marshes and gold-grassy dunes near Plimoth, a fowling-gun and three shot ducks strung on his back. MORTON stumbles onto CAPT. MYLES STANDISH, skinny and gray, his coat garish with brocade and epaulets, a big blunderbuss on his arm. STANDISH fumes, hand on hip, and signals MORTON off his land. MORTON turns away laughing...

Spring is come: we hear birds as Plimoth's front gate rattles open; and there stands MORTON ready to leave in green suit, with satchel and walking-stick. He gazes out the gate, dizzy, daunted, but bright to see his beloved "wilderness" again. BRADFORD, "old and alone" in his face, is seeing Morton out...

MORTON

Spring again! Well. Without service or mount
I'll send for my trunk. Thank you. Cheerio.

BRADFORD

The hand that scribbled *Canaan*, that pack of pagan
lies? (He disdains the handshake)

MORTON shrugs, walks out, the gate slams. Alone, he looks up to see a red cardinal on a branch. MORTON whistles the bird's quick note, and walks...

MORTON walks a rutted mud-road along the sea at his right (headed north). He "holds forth" his arms to the land as to a woman. But next moment, he sees little more than hills covered with sawn-off tree stumps. His face shows shock and guilt as he looks into the sun:

MORTON

I helped to do this. "Let Thy Hand...be against me
and my father's house..."

The shadow of a Red Tail Hawk crosses the sun. MORTON sees it and, thrilled but in distress, tries to hurry after it. But he can't keep up and, puffing beside a tree, suddenly sees MANY ARROWS young and strong (as in Scene 2). MANY ARROWS holds forth his arms, but their flesh is horribly chewed with burst plague-blisters.

MANY ARROWS says, *WE-sau-ASH-au-mitch*. His wistful look changes and he finger-slits his throat, saying: *CHA-qua-kok!* (words mean “plague” and “Cut-Throats!”)...

MORTON (sleeping outdoors) sits bolt-upright in darkness, not knowing if he wakes or dreams. We watch him feed his fire, handle his document-tube for comfort, and gaze up into vast night sky...

Next bright morning MORTON walks the same rutted road as horsemen, rattling wagons go by on business. Debris, litter lie all over (rotten wood, gapped fence, papers, broken wheels). MORTON walks timidly up the path to Weymouth’s small main-cabin door (from Scene 10, his first arrest). The gaunt gray planter BILL JEFFREYS answers and “starts,” then hacks a smoker’s cough as he sees/embraces MORTON:

JEFFREYS

(Haggard, 2 teeth, tickled) Why, if it ain’t---No hard feelin’s? Hold on now! (He’s back with a little book.) You old Canaanite! Look here, a copy of your god-damned *Canaan*. Fine title, Tom! Come in, you have to sign her with a drink. Hee-Hee! (Hack-Hack) Cap’n Shrimp it calls Standish, that ol’ Injun Expert! Cap’n Littleworth Endecott! Joshua Winthrop! Banned in Beantown, you are! Don’t tell anybody. Come on in, I don’t even care what it says ‘bout me...

And now we see a “Sunday-best” PURITAN CROWD (M/F family-groups) leaving and milling about their whitewashed steeple-church overlooking the coast. Many MEN (YEOMEN in groups distinct from GENTLES) light up pipes right away,

cough, button coats that reveal guns too. NATIVE MEN (Massachusett, Narragansett, Pequot, all in European haircuts/clothes) wait to drive wagons, brush the horses. MORTON and JEFFREYS stroll away to sit under a great tree. JEFFREYS packs and puffs his pipe. MORTON pats his back as he coughs:

MORTON

You're right of course, Bill. I shan't give Boston the least cause against me. The Crown, my own backers' censors burned most my books. Printed it cheap in Amsterdam, and the imbeciles took it for some Puritan broadside. Oh, that's rich! (Sighs) I don't think I want to see Merrymount.

JEFFREYS

Posted Keep Out now. Clan name of Adams.

MORTON

Well I'll be an Indian. Dear-dear, Bill. Listen. I need your help just to quietly circulate Warwick's message: champion land to be had, north and south of here. Legal title, sound as the King's Bench, for the planting. That's my business now (looks around, touches his tube), and my protection. I won in court, do you understand? But it's going to be war on Charles. Piety plenty, tact he has none. Hasn't got two pennies to govern, let alone a colony.

JEFFREYS

(Hacking) Ye must be a fool t' come back here at all!

MORTON

Been a fool before. I love this place. My word!

We see what MORTON sees, and HEAR JEFFREYS' WORDS (below). It's portly, bearded, bald JACK showing off a smart suede suit/lace ruffs, beside his 2-horse, 2-bench buggy with its own fancy-cloth frills, cozy cushions etc. On the backseat sit 3 dour, pasty CHILDREN (a BOY with hard darting looks; GIRLS with eyes down).

JACK beams and rubs his red drinker's gills, as his wife SARA (from Part 2) is helped up to her front seat by a NATIVE WOMAN-SERVANT, whose back is to us. SARA looks brittle despite a hooded cape of white silk, clumsy high shoes, and she glances about with a black eye powdered-over. JACK takes a pistol from his belt, sets it on the seat and climbs aboard oblivious to SERVANT.

JACK coughs, SERVANT climbs on; and we see that her face cannot be more like that of LIKES THE FIRE. JACK cracks his whip and the horses start away...

JEFFREYS' VOICE

That's him, Tom. Mr. Jack Sawyer now, with properties real 'n unreal. Made a killin' in fire-wood he did, for Boston's newcomers after that squaw o'his run off. Huh! Old Jack came home from Pequot and burned his books. Oh, your Ed Gibbons is a decent sot, d'y'know he's a bloody General now? But my my, Jack. Ain't we the dirt on 'm, Tom! Jack had a breed by that squaw,

y'know, be livin' these years with ol' Gilbert---

MORTON

(Face alight) Gilbert? Walter? Where! (JEFFREYS hacks again yet still puffs his pipe) Put that down and tell me where. Bill!

JEFFREYS

(Purple) Rock's...old village...

MORTON

(With new strength) Rock. Woman of the Rock...

MORTON alone again walks the road under big New England skies, blue sea at his right, marsh and estuary. More tree-stumps cover the stripped land, seagulls fight over road-trash. A top-heavy wagon's DRIVER whips horses and careens past MORTON, going his way...

MORTON walks with tears on his face. We see ROCK's face as he first saw her (Scene 1), with tears of her own; and her eyes as she once came to rescue marooned Morton (Scene 11). MORTON pushes himself up coastal road, at sunset. Next we see him, it's sunrise; and he chews bread walking, smiling for the cobalt waters and green, white-sandy isles of Boston Bay, white herons on the mudflats, ducks, swoops of gulls. The few trees are alive with jays, tiny yellow finches; a hummingbird...

MORTON, tired and wobbly at Boston's edge, fails to wave down the DRIVER of a wagon heavy with firewood. A sign on its rickety rear says *Jack Sawyer, Esq.*

Ahead of MORTON, about 12 PURITAN SCHOOLBOYS (ages 7-8, middling-

class w/books) come romping across this rural crossroads. The BOYS stop at the public gallows where 3 PIRATE CORPSES hang by their necks in chains. The BOYS spin the corpses, laugh and read the paper warrants; then move on to fling mud at two SAILORS who sit bent in real pain with their necks, hands and feet in public stocks, a sign posted Drunk and Disorderly. MORTON waits till the BOYS move on; and then he takes out a tiny silver flask, and gives each crying-grateful SAILOR a small drink.

MORTON walks again; but grows dizzy and takes a knee at the roadside. He hears a horse and SIX SOLDIERS running; and suddenly Puritan senior officer JOHN ENDECOTT is barking into MORTON's face. ENDECOTT is gray and sallow with black teeth, a shrunken little head too small for his Spanish-style war helmet:

ENDECOTT

By, God---Are you him?

MORTON

Wh...What?

ENDECOTT

(Eager SOLDIERS at his sides) Arrgh! I said,
have you seen a brown cow! Consorting with
a wanton man, much younger?

MORTON is unable to process this. Suddenly this whole scene disappears; and we see RIVER, seated peaceful on an Autumn hillside (as in early Scene 4). Here, RIVER holds a tiny owl cupped in her hands, and says, *Ko-KO-ke-HOM...*

MORTON is looking up, lost and frightened. SOLDIERS laugh, and move to go:

ENDECOTT

Why do I think you're him? You watch the
Governor's docket, by God we'll stretch necks.
(His eyes pop) Wait. You. You're---

And with a Special Effects/*Whoosh!*, we are up close to the *Rap!-Rap!-Rap!* of a Judge's gavel. It silences a restless COURT GALLERY of PURITAN MALE, YEOMAN MALE, and NATIVE MALE/FEMALE EXTRAS. GRAPHIC: *Boston, September 9, 1643.*

This Court is now a fine paneled/draped Chamber, with 2 quill-pen RECORDERS, HALBERDIERS at the ornamented entrances. The "Company Seal" above the Judges shows a "savage" wearing leafy shorts, and over him the cartoon-motto, *Come Over And Help Us*. Judge JOHN WINTHROP has short silver hair now, a ruff collar and black velvet suit with old medallion, eyes limpid and cold. At lesser desks, red-gilled DUDLEY and ENDECOTT (in helmet) glower in black sable robes...

Before the Court stands a humpbacked old CUTSHAMEKIN (brother of Chikatawbak); and the young man JOSIAS (his son, 18) in calico and deer-leggings. Between them stands a strong "dangerously proud" PEQUOT BOY of 13, ROBIN CASSASINAMON: in "Mohawk" hair, earrings, wampum, red blouse/leggings, lanky not defiant---the opposite of the "savage" on the wall.

As WINTHROP speaks, 2 SOLDIERS drag in MORTON in shackles, and one holds his hat/stick/satchel etc. The GALLERY laughs:

WINTHROP

Order, order! (Seizes a paper) We've so much to do,

we've no time for unruly domestics. Mister what?
Cassa....Mr. Dudley? (Doddering DUDLEY cannot
begin the Indian syllables...)

ROBIN

Cas-sa-sin-ah-mon. English, Robin. Pequot.

WINTHROP

Oh dear, another Robin Hood. How you do in
your masters' Connecticut, we do not pretend
to comprehend. In Boston, we've a law. The name
Pequot is no part of our tongue. Speaking it, flaunt-
ing it here on your masters' errands. Saying there
was no victory, outrageous. Unlike our next guest,
you have one good testimony, from our apostle
to you people, Mr. Eliot. One good word between
you and a hot iron to the cheek. I suggest you all
make a friend of Mr. Eliot. Dismissed. This time.

WINTHROP gavels, ROBIN and fellows exit "showing" gratitude; and
MORTON is dragged forward amid GALLERY laughs:

WINTHROP

That letter! (He unfolds it deliciously.) I daresay
history is seldom so neat.

WINTHROP glowers at the RECORDERS, who put down their quills. MORTON
stands dizzy between SOLDIERS, and sees WINTHROP with bleeding holes where his

ears are cut off, blood on his white-ruff collar. MORTON gapes, and begins to tremble...

WINTHROP

(Appears normal again) Thirteen grand years. Not a number of good omen, Mr. Thomas Morton, Mine Host of "Merrymount." Man of letters. Admiral of the Ocean Sea. (He looks for laughs, but DUDLEY and ENDECOTT are dozing. LOUDER, he goes on) Drunkard, gun-runner to savages, pervert, rapist of poor Indian girls. Corrupter of youth. Libel in word, print, court of law. Disgrace to England. Subverter of morality. Enemy of God's church and state! (DUDLEY stirs, wags his wattles)

But now in WINTHROP's full place and clothes, we see WILLOW as in late Part 1 scenes, her wampum and finery added. She preens the pox-bubbles in her face with a French hand-mirror, between snoozing DUDLEY and ENDICOTT in helmet:

WINTHROP

(Again normal, towering up) Well, Mr. Merrymount. You filed a suit against this Court, public and private, with The Council For New England. And to gain your selfish retribution, for a few things denied you for the good of all Christian people, you destroyed the Charter. You destroyed a whole people's right to their hard-won homes. You, Mr. Morton (he rattles the old letter), spiked your maypole in the heart of the hope of the world! New England is marooned.

MORTON

(So tired, and careful) I was a lawyer. To Ferdinando.
He's dead. Fancy, 80 he was, riding with cavalry.

WINTHROP

(As DUDLEY hands him a book) For your King! And
did Gorhess write this, *New English Canaan*? "Gent"?

MORTON

(Shakes his head) I did not know it was a crime.
Nor did the Stationers Register. Most confiscated!
Bureaucratic error. They thought it was--- I mean,
the imprint to make it look...I mean...

WINTHROP

The rest will burn with this. And this filth, this
letter you wrote 10 years ago to a planter here, a Mr.
Jeffreys? Talk of cropping my ears---How dare you
frighten my wife and family!

MORTON can't conceive that his mocking "victory letter" had its impact. His
brow furrows, and he starts to say "I'm sorry." Instead we hear WINTHROP's gavel
and his voice: *Lock him up, till further evidence arrives!*

Amid GALLERY catcalls, MORTON slumps to the floor.

SCENE 21

“MORTON’s DREAM”---We see an elegant silver service-set at center of a proper 17th-century dining table, red napkins, wine-glasses and all, set up on the lawn of a “modest” English West Country house. All is perfect as can be. SERVANTS stand by, family cats and dogs sit side by side, a big female Falcon sits tamely proud on a perch. At mid-table reigns MRS. ALICE MORTON (40, aglow in fine dinner-dress), with 6 groomed bright CHILDREN ages 5 to 18, the eldest a virile “YOUNG THOMAS JR.” At last in comes MORTON to claim the table’s head, a gentleman-prime with fishing-gear and fat book, joyful among jumping dogs including Elizabeth. The whole FAMILY rises to welcome Papa home from afield...

Suddenly we’re in Boston’s dim wretched jail. An ELDERLY NATIVE HAND pokes through (Morton’s) cell-bars with a ladle of old cold bread pudding with lumps of raw meat, which it dumps into a bucket. Prisoner MORTON is asleep on wood planks chained at one hand and foot, shivering in just his suit (no hat/satchel but he yet wears a few rings). He awakens, finds himself shivering still in irons, and curses the small barred window open to gray September sky...

MORTON smells a foul thing; checks his pants, but finds it’s his dinner, and throws it at the bars. He charges the window to scream outside, is hurt by the chains, curses; then takes deep breaths, stands on his “bed,” tries to hop for a look or a friend outside. He starts to sing his old May Day Song’s Chorus (*Drink and be merry, merry, merry boys...*) ; but he tires, gets down dizzily and laughs at his “madness.” And then, he nearly cries, and screams:

MORTON

Guard! Warwick! Aargh. Fear nothing, Hope for
nothing---Hell is in Westminster, under the
Exchequer Office! Will somebody tell me---Why?

As we hear Morton's long cry fade, we see the Boston Bay islands change from green, white islands and blue sea to Autumn's foliage, then browns amid a gray sea with whitecaps and sharp wind. Snow begins to fall. We see moonlight on Morton's cell-window, and the GRAPHIC: *November 1644*.

In the dark MORTON's wretched body trembles in delirium, with gray beard, scurvy-sores, no blanket. A full toilet-bucket sits by his half-bucket of dinner-slop. In his trembling he's saying, *So alone....*

Now we see Sachem HOUSE AFIRE, in a dream's "bright nowhere" looking strong as in Scene 2. He gives a tough-guy's "You can hack it, Thomas" nod of his head. He holds out a Black Wolfskin, and says, *Mo-AT-to-kwus. Netop*. And then HOUSE AFIRE turns his back; and his bright background darkens into the night sky full of Milky Way stars. He holds the skin out high, and dissolves among them.

MORTON sits up in darkness, freezing, sure he's losing his mind. He curses the chains' "decay of his limbs," and has some panic. He fights with deep frosty breaths; and smells the dinner-slop. He kicks away the toilet bucket; shuts his eyes, and makes himself eat. Half in tears he says, "Thank you, my friends. Thank you. Netop...."

MORTON sleeps better. We hear keys rattle, a door booms; and then toward us down the dank corridor comes a dark, faceless silhouette of a PURITAN in big buckled steeple-hat, dark cape, heavy boots, sword rattling. MORTON, his face striped with shadows of his bars, is in sweaty terror...

EDWARD GIBBONS, pale and porky with a drinker's boiled looks, comes to the bars, covers his nose and mouth and yells "My God! Stay here, Back directly!"

Now MORTON, wretched but warm under a bearskin, watches EDWARD hold up a lamp as an ELDERLY NATIVE SERVANT (short hair, poor English clothes, cross) cleans up the cell, changes the toilet-bucket. EDWARD helps stuff paper across the window as MORTON sips mugs of soup and toddy. EDWARD pulls out an "Indian bag" and strike-a-lights a brazier for heat, daubs Morton's face with sore-salve. At last EDWARD sits on the floor with his own flask open; and suddenly hides his face at Morton's knee. MORTON runs his fingers in EDWARD's hair.

MORTON

Old man, what ails thee?

EDWARD

I'm so sorry, Mr. Morton. I came first opportunity, once I heard. You have to be so blasted careful. (Wipes his eyes, picks up his flask; then puts it down.) You know, that little brown porter is the only person I trust. Major General Gibbons of the United Colonies Militia. Decorated drunk, upstanding merchant-pirate: fetches his Guv a stuffed aligarto from the Indies. I am also one of these. (Holds up a "Zero" with fingers.) A "me-then-eh-stees." This, in your old Greek, is Life, sir. Zero, *Me-then*, Naught, Nothing. Yet, in a bubble, everything. A dream. Slips through your fingers before they tell you it is yours. Then? Pop!

MORTON

I know you took chances to help. I'm catching rot
o'these chains, Edward. Deep winter's coming. Got to
get a hearing. I shan't last more than a bird in...a trap....

MORTON dizzies, and we see a Red Tail Hawk soaring in sunlight...

EDWARD

Well, at least I ain't Jack Sawyer. Jack fits in by
burnin' the house down. Walter---He loved you,
Mr. Morton. I'm sorry. Some Abenakis killed him,
with little John, up on Richmond Island. Them In-
dians dyin' of his second-hand barrels o'beans off
the fishermen. Jesus Christ. I killed some. Pequots.
They near killed us all! Sometimes I wish they had.
I swear, Thomas --- It was pure once, before we,
fucked it! All this, and we have no religion. Talk.
Talk to me, for Christ's sake. Your secret...

MORTON

Dear Walter. Great Wat. Oh, Edward. My mother,
my father. They didn't say, Do this. They...showed
us to cherish a friend...

EDWARD lays his head back against MORTON's knee...

And now we see TWO SOLDIERS stand MORTON again before WINTHROP's

Court.

GRAPHIC: *Boston, Spring 1645.*

MORTON, rumped, coughing and weak, sees his hat, satchel, stick and black document-tube on a nearby table. The gavel booms, and this time the Court GALLERY looks on with sympathy for him...

WINTHROP

(Folds his hands on Morton's Petition before him, dryly cordial) Recorders? (THEY STOP.) Mr. Morton, I believe. Well, sir, it seems no new----Hm. Well. Your meals and lodging are a constant expense. You have nothing. You look old and crazy, scarce fit for corporal punishment. (Reads) "A poor worm, trying to crawl out of this condition." Well, Mr. Merrymount, you may crawl out of New England. Understand, to procure your fine: Nnn, say 100 pounds. (GALLERY EXTRAS MUTTER.) Those rings you wear, to the Bailiff. Mark, sir: to aid and abet the King and his murdering Cavaliers, in this time of war, is capital. Dismissed, and good riddance.

MORTON hides his joy, gives up his rings, takes his properties. EDWARD, florid at the back of the GALLERY, touches his steeple-hat's brim with a wink.

The prison door slams behind MORTON: he blinks and drinks the Spring sunshine, coughs bent-over, and sees a yellow dandelion at his feet. He bends and touches it, and sees gray old planter SAM MAVERICK (wry, pipe in jaw), waiting him

with two packs at his feet: clothes, food, blankets. They share warm smiles...

MAVERICK

Mind, I ain't helpin' no subversives. Edward done this...

Now MORTON and MAVERICK cross the crest of a stump-covered hill. Sheep and cows graze along the blue bay, pigs root up clams...

MAVERICK

(With a nervous look around) Goin' the wrong way for the Court. Got someone to see you, 'fore you head north. (Looks behind again, pulls out Morton's book and a pencil-tip.) Here's somethin' Jehovah missed. Do me the honor, Mr. Author, "to Sam," won't ye? Bravest goddam thing on the country, is all. (He's still looking around as MORTON scribbles inside it.)

MORTON

(To his book) How many Canaanites lived through Exodus? My little one. There, "To Sam, Drink and Be Merry." Friend, I won't forget today. Oh! May I show you here? Best line is up front, by Sir Christopher Gardiner, rest his soul. Listen:
*"This task is well-performed, and patience be
Thy present comfort and thy constancy:
Thine honor, and this book where it shall come,
Shall sing thy praises to the day of doom."*

MAVERICK lifts an enthusiastic eyebrow.

They camp by a fire near a gentle waterfall, lie close and pass Maverick's pipe (MORTON coughs), gazing up at magnificent stars. MORTON "sees" ROCK now, as she looked in the mellow light of a hundred Christmas candles (Scene 12)...

MORTON

Sam, I'm seeing things.

MAVERICK

Me too. You know I never realized, don't know what we'll do with these Indians. I tried breedin' a pair o'Blacks, y'know. Do you know they are not in heat most o'the time? That didn't feel right. Lost money, when I shipped 'em out on that slave-ship Boston built for the trade. First ship they built here, the Bay. *Desire*, think her name was.

MORTON

I saw the Indies when they hoisted me out of here. The Black Legend---My God, the suffering, Sam. They work Indians to death down there, so they ship Blacks in. Sam, those are death-camps. Sugar, for English rum. I'm not well...

MAVERICK

Well, you're lucky. That Court chewed up a lot o'people with you away. Strange how them Pequots are gone, or we say they're gone---over

and over. Oh, New England chased 'em a year
after the big fight. But 'twixt us and that tree? Ed-
ward was there. Told me, drunk one day, there
weren't no massacre. Pure fraud. But enough
real killin' to make lords of all the bumblin' Boston
bastards. Never did run down the devil Sassacus.
Nope. Only one way to get 'long here. (He mimes
out "See-Hear-Speak No Evil")

MORTON watches MAVERICK cough, gazes on the stars...

Spring day shines. We see once-servant GILBERT (in calico shirt/leggings, a
healthy 40) fishing a trout-pool with his HALF-NATIVE BOY and GIRL (age 10, 12).
GILBERT looks up, can't believe his eyes---and GILBERT, MORTON, and "little old"
WILLIAM greet heartily more than once. NEPONSET NATIVE EXTRAS and
CHILDREN watch SEVEN THUMBS and SWEET GRASS (very, very old) give their
welcomes too. MAVERICK looks away squeamish with these shows of affection...

Now MORTON, tearful among friends, is stilled as he sees ROCK (in feather-
mantle, her hair all silver) coming toward him through waist-high morning meadow.
The sea is blue behind her. ROCK lifts her chin, smiles; and as they meet, ROCK lifts her
hand, which MORTON takes and puts gently to his brow...

MORTON

All this time....I think you have been...the
Intended, of my spirit. Because of you, all of you,
there was a home, a good place, free. And I knew
it was real...

ROCK summons WISHON, now a lithe dark youth of 17 but with long light hair; barechested, wampum and a Serpent-tattoo, English trousers. His tickled smile says he knows “Morton stories”...

ROCK

This is Wishon, Thomas. Wishon is the child
of our old sacred tree.

MORTON’s and WISHON’s hands clasp. MORTON, astonished, lays on a second hand and WISHON does too. We now “see” the May Day Revels again: (1) The Maypole goes up in glory amid CAST and EXTRAS; (2) a gun-training day with MANY ARROWS and others, and their shot booms; (3) LIKES THE FIRE happy, proud in her regalia; (4) JACK happy beside her; (5) LIKES and JACK dance in beauty for the CROWD; (6) CRAZY BEAR watches them with a look of pain and generous courage; (7) HOBBYHORSE dances amid the multicolored CROWD, up-and-down, down-and-up...

ROCK

(Waving a hand) Thomas? Do you remember
his mother, Likes The Fire, and Crazy Bear?
He was hurt bad, in that fool-English war that
wasn’t. He lived, but not all our friends are
with us anymore. Those two? (ROCK clasps her
hands tight) One, since then. So I want to tell
you where they live now, Thomas. Because they
live well. We have decided...

Suddenly “something” is at MORTON’s leg: a young dog, the image of his old

dog Elizabeth, and it jumps up for MORTON to rub its ears. MORTON just cannot believe it. WISHON holds him up, and MAVERICK turns to leave.

Night, around the central campfire at Neponset Village: a meal of shellfish, duck and rabbit goes on with ALL THE ABOVE CAST and the FAMILY EXTRAS. MORTON looks better, holds the young dog close to him, grateful and still confused...

ROCK

Better, Thomas?

MORTON

Even in the dark I know every lodge. This is where you brought us that day we met....I came blustering into Canaan, and found the other side of the world. Rock, under our law, I left Boston not a stone upon a stone. There was going to be change here. But now there is no law. They are at war, and it never ends. Good people. Brave. Just so confused...

SEVEN THUMBS

(Smiles, points upward) Real laws still work.

ROCK

Listen, Thomas. Our mothers brought us into this land. They can lead us away from it, too. For a bite of your heart. Thomas, our men Cutshamekin, young Josias work with the new English forts for

praying Indians. God bless: we are not interested.
We are going to slip away, north, like the people
came and mixed in here with Likes The Fire. Boston
never knew the difference; they cannot leave us
alone; and they pray we all die. So, we go. (Lays her
hand on MORTON's arm) Our mothers say that in
a new country, one needs every friend.

MORTON can't get the YES past his throat. He grows the biggest smile of his life
and reaches out hands both sides to ROCK and WISHON. We see their hands join, and
all the others round the circle. MORTON gently starts their song from Scene 5:

*Unite, and Unite: now, let us unite, for summer is a-comin' today;
And whither we are going, we all will unite---in the merry morning of Mayyyyy...*

This MUSIC grows and stays spirited through to the end below.

Next day, their WHOLE GROUP help each other along a rugged coastal cliff-
trail, under enormous old-growth trees and blue sky.

We see the red-hot core of their campfire amid wild new country, and the
WHOLE GROUP "simply chatting" passing food. Then in morning's gold light their
hike brings them to a small Maine fishing village on a big-bouldered shore under cliffs,
with shacks, fish and fur-drying racks, boats and nets, and a handful of LOCAL
EXTRAS at chores.

GRAPHIC: *Agamenticus (York), "Maine" Territories, Summer 1645 and Beyond*

The CHILDREN point, for they see a Maine-sized Maypole, with a hundred

“breasts” (where branches were), a crown of moose-antlers and multicolored tethers on the breeze: they run to play around it...

Out from a cabin come LIKES THE FIRE, and CRAZY BEAR using a crutch: BOTH look strong if battered with the near-20 years that have passed. Before their cabin, “former” PEQUOTS (from Scene 19) are at chores too: the 3 BOYS now YOUNG MEN, plus women BRIGHT STAR (40s, Fire’s age) and LITTLE OWL (now 70)...

At last, we see the seaside Maypole with nobody around it: nearby are ROCK and MORTON on a log-bench, like two elders sunning in the park. MORTON, at stretch in his green suit, rests his head in ROCK’s lap, feet toward the Maypole. Suddenly, a Golden Eagle lands atop its antlers. MORTON points, and points! And then his arm falls. ROCK closes his eyes, and soothes his brow.

ROCK looks up at the Eagle atop the pole. It cries aloud, spreads its wings; and the screen fades as we follow its flight westward, green mile after mile.

[THE END]