

WEETAMOO

BY

JAMES LEE

42 Acorn Road
Wrentham, MA02093
Ph. 508-384-7483 jimacorndetailing@gmail.com

Registered WGAw

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: "Puritans live among the heathen people... whose land the Lord God of our ancestors hath given us for a rightful possession!"

SUPER: "Puritan Minister, Increase Mather", "Boston, 1676"

FADE IN:

EXT. HILL TOP - DAY

Staccato sounds of musket fire are heard as pillars of black smoke rise. METACOM, (38), known to the English as King Philip, Chief of the Wampanoag, Pokanoket tribe, crests a hill, tired and out of breath.

Close behind him is his wife, WOOTONEKANUSKE, (28), with their son, AHANU (9), and her sister, WEETAMOO, (38), chief of the neighboring Wampanoag, Pocasset tribe. She carries her one year old son, MUKKI, in a papoose on her back.

Weetamoo and her sister turn to look behind them and see the ragged band of survivors, mostly women and children. Many of them are wounded, bleeding and struggling to keep up. They are exhausted after having barely escaped the English attack.

SUPER: "King Philips War: Battle of Nipsachuck Swamp. August, 1675 (Present day North Smithfield, Rhode Island)

Weetamoo looks toward the gunfire, a tear in her eye.

METACOM

Weetamoo, there was nothing you could do.... Come, we must reach Nipmuck land by nightfall.

Metacom turns and begins to walk away.

WEETAMOO

No... the Pocassets will not come with you.

Metacom turns to her, puzzled.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)

The Nipmucks are not strong enough against the English (nodding toward the sound of battle). We need the Narragansetts.

METACOM

Weetamoo, I forbid it! The
Narragansetts are friends of the
English...! They will kill you!

Weetamoo steps forward, aggressively getting into Metacom's
face. Her eyes flash in anger.

WEETAMOO

Do not dare to command us! You
above all have no right...! I will
go to the Narragansetts.... Perhaps
they can help us make peace with
the English.

METACOM

(disgusted)

They will kill you all and sell
your scalps for wampum.

WEETAMOO

I have decided.

Weetamoo steps over to Wootonakanuske and her young son and
hugs them both.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)

Take care little sister... and you
my young warrior. Keep your mother
safe.

WOOTONEKANUSKE

Weetamoo, please... come with us!

METACOM

Wootonekanuske... let her go.

Weetamoo turns away sadly, and her people, the Pocassets,
numbering about forty, follow her as she begins her long
march south to Narragansett country. Metacom and his three
hundred people of the Pokanokets turn north, to the Nipmucks.

EXT. LANCASTER - MARY'S HOUSE - DUSK

A typical two story colonial garrison house, specially
fortified to defend against attack, with a separate barn,
sits beside a small hill.

SUPER: "Frontier Town of Lancaster", "Massachusetts Bay
Colony."

INT. MARY'S KITCHEN - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

MARY ROWLANDSON, (30's), busily fusses about her kitchen as she and her Native American servant, HANINA, (50's), prepare supper.

MARY ROWLANDSON
(irritated)
Hanina, I told you to take out the bread. Hurry, before it burns!

HANINA
Yes, Mistress.

Hanina rushes to get the bread out of the oven and puts it on a table. Mary is puts the final touches on a pot of stew that's sitting on a platter.

MARY ROWLANDSON
(like a petty tyrant)
Go and fetch more fire wood, then clean up.

HANINA
Yes, Mistress.

MARY ROWLANDSON
Go... now!

Hanina rushes from the room.

MARY ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Lazy heathen.

Mary takes extra care in smoothing out the embroidered, fancy, white apron she proudly wears over her gown as if it were a part of a uniform. She then picks up the platter, puts on a smile and with her shoulders held back, she struts into the dining room.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - DINNING ROOM - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

Sitting at the dining room table is Mary's husband and town minister, JOSEPH ROWLANDSON, (44), and their children, JOSEPH ROWLANDSON JR., (16) MARY ROWLANDSON JR, (10) and SARAH ROWLANDSON, (6).

Mary places the platter down and begins to pass out the stew.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Sorry for the lateness, husband. I simply cannot get an honest days work out of that soulless heathen.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON

Mary, must you always torment her? We need to keep peace with our neighbors.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Yes Husband, I'll try.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON

Come Mary, let us say grace.

Mary takes off her fancy apron and carefully hangs it up. She takes her seat and they all join hands.

INT. LANCASTER - MARY'S HOUSE - BARN - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

Hanina opens the barn door and quickly closes it behind her. She peers into the dark and softly calls out.

HANINA

Son, are you there?

A Nipmuck warrior, Hanina's son, MATCHETEHEW, (17), his face darkened with war paint, and carrying a flintlock musket, cautiously steps out from behind a stall.

HANINA'S SON

Yes Mother, I'm here.

Hanina runs to her son, urgently takes his hand pulls him over to a pile of hay. She retrieves a hidden satchel buried within it.

HANINA

I stole some food for you from that... Pukwudgie woman.

MATCHETEHEW

(chuckling at the insult)
Thank you, Mother.

HANINA

(apprehensive)
You go to Menameset?

MATCHETEHEW

(his face beaming)
Yes, Mother.

(MORE)

MATCHETEHEW (CONT'D)

It will be the greatest gathering of warriors ever! The Nipmucks and the Wampanoags, Maybe even the Narragansetts. Soon we'll drive the English back into the sea.

HANINA

(smiling)

No more Pukwudgies?

MATCHETEHEW

(smiling back)

No more Pukwudgies.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

When the Rowlandson's are done with their supper, Mary gets up and calls out.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Hanina!

Mary pokes her head in to the kitchen but Hanina is still in the barn with her son.

Irritated, Mary begins to put her apron back on while muttering a prayer under her breath.

MARY ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)

Oh Lord, grant me strength, for I know not how to teach this savage.

Her husband watches as Mary puts her apron back on, fussing with it, taking extra care that it drapes perfectly.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON

Perhaps, Mary, we can learn somethings from the savages.

MARY ROWLANDSON

What can we learn from savages...? They don't even have souls.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON

(gesturing to her apron)

A little humility perhaps. Remember your Proverbs, Mary. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

Mary takes a moment to consider this.

MARY ROWLANDSON

(smirking)

Of course, dear husband... do not
the Proverbs also tell us that,
"She who dresses herself with
strength, makes her arms strong"?

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON JR.

Father, what does that mean?

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON

It means your mother knows her
scriptures.

Mary smiles, a gleam in her eye.

EXT. NARRAGANSETT VILLAGE - DAY

Village life looks calm and picturesque in the Narragansett
seaside village. Children play as their parents fish with
nets or dig for clams in the shallows.

SUPER: "Narragansett village of Shawomet, (Present day
Warwick, Rhode Island)."

A severe looking warrior escorts Weetamoo through the village
toward the large wigwam at its center. She gets icy stares
from most of the adults. A woman, protectively holding a
child, calls out to her.

FEMALE VILLAGER

We know you, Pocasset.... Leave
us... take your war with you!

Weetamoo says nothing as she stoically walks past. When they
reach the wigwam, the warrior steps aside and rudely motions
her in.

INT. WIGWAM - COUNSEL MEETING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

When Weetamoo's eyes adjust to the dim light, she sees a
dozen warriors, mostly elderly, sitting around the inside
perimeter. Some look hostile, others look curious.

One of the warriors, PUMHAM, (30's), Gestures for her to sit.

PUMHAM

Weetamoo, Squaw-Sachem of the
Pocassets, I am Pumham, Sachem of
this village.... Tell us why we
should not cut off your head and
send it to the English?

WEETAMOO
 (with authority)
 Where is Grand-Sachem, Canonchet.
 It is he I shall speak with.

PUMHAM
 He is with the English, at Boston,
 trying to keep us out of your war!

Weetamoo, her face livid, snaps back.

WEETAMOO
 We did not start this war! The
 English did!

Weetamoo stands and walks over to Pomhum.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)
 If you truly believe taking my head
 to the English will keep you out of
 this war, then go on... take it!

Pomhum quickly stands but before he can reply, an elderly warrior, CANONICUS, (60's), with a deep, commanding voice that tells everyone that he's the one in charge, tells Pomham.

CANONICUS
 Pomham... sit down.

Scowling, Pomham sits.

Canonicus politely gestures for Weetamoo to sit down.

CANONICUS (CONT'D)
 (to Weetamoo)
 I am Canonicus. Canonchet is my
 brother. I will speak for the
 Narragansetts while he is away.

WEETAMOO
 (sarcastically)
 Will you butcher us as the English
 have? We're now so few, you easily
 could.... But if you want our land,
 I'm afraid you'll have to steal it
 from the English... as the English
 have stolen it from us!

Canonicus smiles, instantly liking Weetamoo's scrappy spirit.

CANONICUS
 The council has decided. No one
 will harm you or your people.

WEETAMOO
 (glaring at Pomham)
 But not all agree?

CANONICUS
 Some among us fear that the English
 will think we are allies if we give
 you shelter and will then make war
 upon us.

WEETAMOO
 They will make war upon you no
 matter what. They want our land...
 All of our land!

CANONICUS
 Most of the council believes as
 you. That war will come for us
 soon. Many of our young warriors
 have already left to join Metacom's
 war.

WEETAMOO
 Then what will the Narragansett do?

CANONICUS
 There is only one choice, prepare
 for war... you also have only one
 choice.

WEETAMOO
 Which is?

CANONICUS
 Marry into the tribe and become our
 kin. Perhaps the English will think
 that the Pocasset have split from
 the Wampanoag.

WEETAMOO
 (skeptical)
 That might work.

CANONICUS
 As I have said, you have no choice.
 This is my nephew, the grandson of
 Canonchet, QUINNAPIN, (30's). It has
 been decided that he shall be your
 husband.

A very handsome Quinnapin stands and smiles at Weetamoo.

WEETAMOO
(smiling back)
Not such a bad choice.

MONTAGE - NATIVE VICTORIES

SUPER: 'Captain Wheelers surprise, Brookfield, Massachusetts Bay Colony".

-- A column of English militia walks down a narrow path next to a swamp on one side and a steep hill on the other.

MUTTAWMP,(40's), looking fierce in his war paint, slowly rises out of the tall grass, carefully aims his musket and fires. The rest of his warriors quickly follow suit. Most of the militia go down with the first volley, others try to run back but are quickly cut down. Some try running up the hill, some make it, most don't.

SUPER: "CAPTAIN BEERS AMBUSH, NORTHFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS BAY COLONY".

-- MONOCO,(40'S), known to the English as One-Eyed John because of his eye-patch, watches, smiling in amazement at the stupidity of the English militia as the company noisily makes its way through the woods. When they're in range, he and his warriors open fire. The company of sixty men is wiped out.

SUPER: "BATTLE OF BLOODY BROOK, SOUTH DEERFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS BAY COLONY".

-- Muttawmp and his warriors relentlessly shoot the militia trying to defend a long wagon train that has stopped to get water, mercilessly slaughtering seventy six militia.

SUPER: "DESTRUCTION OF SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS BAY COLONY".

-- Monoco calmly leads his warriors away from the burning town with women and children captives in tow, their eyes glazed over in shock. In the background, dozens of houses are on fire.

END MONTAGE

EXT. SPRINGFIELD - DAY

Captain SAMUEL MOSELY, former pirate, (30's), leading a company of militia, seethes with barely restrained fury as he surveys the still smoldering town. Bodies of men, women and children litter the streets, many of them scalped. His men, mostly ruffians made up of pirates and released convicts, make for a rough looking bunch as they share their captains outrage.

SUPER: "CAPTAIN SAMUEL MOSELY'S COMPANY" "SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS" "OCTOBER 5TH, 1675".

With Mosely is his second in command, also a former pirate, a huge man named CORNELIUS ANDERSON, (30's), known as the Dutchman. Anderson struggles to hold back five large, vicious looking dogs straining at their leashes.

CORNELIUS ANDERSON
(heavy Dutch accent)
Jus miss em, Captain.

Mosely's fists clench. His rage simmers, threatening to boil over.

CAPTAIN MOSELY
(to himself)
God help me, I will hunt down and
slay every last savage... this I
swear before God.

Mosely turns to the approaching sound of one of his ruffians half-dragging a struggling, terrified NATIVE SQUAW, (20's).

The ruffian throws the squaw to her knees at Mosely's feet. Anderson's dogs bark and snarl at her.

She desperately reaches for the cross hanging from her neck and holds it up while she looks at the ground.

NATIVE SQUAW
Please, I'm Christian! Look,
Christian!

Moseley and his men coldly look down upon her.

CORNELIUS ANDERSON
She no Christian, Captain.

CAPTAIN MOSELY
If you are truly Christian, you
will tell me where your treacherous
heathen friends have gone.

She says nothing, just whimpers in fear.

CAPTAIN MOSELY (CONT'D)
Tell me, where's One-Eyed John!

Anderson lets the dogs get within inches of her face and she shrieks in terror.

NATIVE SQUAW
Menameset! They from Menameset!

CAPTAIN MOSELY
Where is that?

She's too terrified to answer.

CAPTAIN MOSELY (CONT'D)
(louder)
Where?

She holds out her arm and timidly points in the direction they went.

CAPTAIN MOSELY (CONT'D)
(as he walks away)
Cornelius... your dogs look hungry.

Cornelius Anderson's eyes light up in delight as he lets loose his dogs. We hear her scream in terror and pain as the dogs rip her apart.

INT. GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: "DECEMBER, 1675" "JOSIAH WINSLOW'S OFFICE, GOVERNOR OF PLYMOUTH COLONY"

Captain, BENJAMIN CHURCH, (30's), enters the office of JOSIAH WINSLOW, (40's),

BENJAMIN CHURCH
Governor, you sent for me?

JOSIAH WINSLOW
Yes Captain. I have new orders for you.

Winslow hands Church his orders and gestures toward a chair for him to sit.

JOSIAH WINSLOW (CONT'D)
(with a heavy sigh)
It pains me to say, Captain, that the war does not go well for us...
(MORE)

JOSIAH WINSLOW (CONT'D)
 Mendon, Hadley, Deerfield, all
 gone! And now Springfield... three
 hundred homes burned... good
 Christian homes.

BENJAMIN CHURCH
 Yes, Governor, I've heard. Terrible
 news.

The governor walks back to his desk and sits. His face takes
 on a pained expression.

JOSIAH WINSLOW
 The news is even more terrible than
 you think, Captain... I understand
 that you're acquainted with the
 Squaw-Sachem of the Pocassetts?

BENJAMIN CHURCH
 Yes, Governor. Weetamoo. I've met
 her many times.

Winslow leans back in his chair and steeples his fingers
 together.

JOSIAH WINSLOW
 Tell me about her.

BENJAMIN CHURCH
 Well... she's smart, proud... and
 cares deeply for her people.

JOSIAH WINSLOW
 (scornfully)
 You sound as if you admire her.

BENJAMIN CHURCH
 I respect her. She's always been
 fair to me.... She also believes...

Church hesitates, unsure if he should go on.

JOSIAH WINSLOW
 Go on, Captain.

BENJAMIN CHURCH
 She thinks you poisoned her
 husband, Wamsutta, to get their
 land.

JOSIAH WINSLOW
 Do you believe that?

BENJAMIN CHURCH
 No, Governor, (his eyes say
 otherwise) but many others do...
 But despite her hatred for you, I
 still think she wishes peace.

Winslow pauses a moment, studying Church.

JOSIAH WINSLOW
 What if I told you Weetamoo now has
 a new husband... Quinnapin... of
 the Narragansetts.

Church's face turns ashen as he absorbs the implications of
 the news.

BENJAMIN CHURCH
 That could mean that...

JOSIAH WINSLOW
 The Nipmucks and Wampanoags are
 formidable enough, but with the
 Narragansetts...

BENJAMIN CHURCH
 Against such an alliance,
 Governor... we lose.

JOSIAH WINSLOW
 That's why your here, Captain. The
 United Colonies have decided that
 the Narragansett threat must be
 dealt with. Your orders are to sail
 ahead to the Smith garrison at
 Wickford and scout for the
 Narragansett stronghold.... The Bay
 is sending Captain Mosely to
 accompany you... Do you know
 Captain Mosely?

Church's face darkens.

BENJAMIN CHURCH
 Mosely? He's nothing more than a
 pirate! A brigand!

JOSIAH WINSLOW
 He's also husband to the niece of
 the Massachusetts Bay Colony's
 governor.

The implications of the political situation dawn on him.

BENJAMIN CHURCH

I see.

JOSIAH WINSLOW

Good. As I said you'll sail for Wickford. You'll be joined later by militia traveling by foot from Plymouth, the Bay, and Connecticut. Numbering perhaps a thousand. I'll be in command.

BENJAMIN CHURCH

What of Rhode Island?

Winslow leans back in his chair and sneers.

JOSIAH WINSLOW

We'll reduce the heathen to good order on our own. We don't need help from Pagan loving Quakers or Baptist heretics.

BENJAMIN CHURCH

And Weetamoo?

JOSIAH WINSLOW

Her existence threatens all the colonies, Captain... remember Jerimiah 10, "Pour out thy fury upon the heathen, that know thee not, and upon the families that not call upon thy name".

EXT. NARRAGANSETT FORT - DAY

SUPER: "NARRAGANSETT FORT, GREAT SWAMP", "PRESENT DAY, SOUTH KINGSTON, RHODE ISLAND".

The Narragansetts fortified village is surrounded by swamp. The village is protected by an almost complete, ten foot high wooden stockade fence with attached block-houses. Inside, five hundred wigwams are tightly packed into the overcrowded, snow covered, five acre fort.

Weetamoo grins as she cautiously sneaks around a wigwam with a snowball in her hand. She peers around a corner and cries out in surprise as she is pelted by snowballs from behind. Badly losing a snow ball fight with a bunch of laughing children. She pretends to be angry and chases them around the wigwams.

Her playfulness sobers when she finds herself face to face with her new husband, Quinnapin. Weetamoo can see by his expression that he bears bad news.

WEETAMOO

What is it?

QUINNAPIN

War is here. The English are coming.

Weetamoo, surprised, takes a moment, furiously thinking.

WEETAMOO

How do you know?

QUINNAPIN

I saw them... At least a thousand.
At Smith's garrison.

WEETAMOO

Why now, in winter?

QUINNAPIN

Maybe they fear we join with
Metacom... maybe they just want our
land.

WEETAMOO

I'll find Benjamin Church, talk to
him, maybe we can still make peace.

Quinnapin puts his hand on her shoulder, earnestly looking into her eyes.

QUINNAPIN

Your friend, Benjamin Church, is
with them.

WEETAMOO

(surprised)
Are you sure?

QUINNAPIN

Yes... he is with Mosely.

WEETAMOO

Mosely?

Hearing that name, Weetamoo cringes and hugs herself tightly.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - DAY

Mary is morose, standing in the snow, as she watches her husband prepare his horse. Their children are a short distance away, just out of ear shot.

MARY ROWLANDSON

(whining)

Must you go? You're the town minister. We need you.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON

The attacks are getting closer by the day, Mary. Right now the town needs militia more than a minister.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Send someone else.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON

(reassuringly)

My dear wife, it must be me. I'm the only one who knows the Governor. And he's the only one who can send us the militia we need.

MARY ROWLANDSON

What if the savages attack while your at the Bay.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON

(continuing to prepare)

I shalt not be gone long. Until then you'll have both your good sisters to look after you.

Joseph takes Mary by her shoulders and looks intently into her eyes.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)

Be brave, Mary, for the children.

Joseph walks to his kids and kneels down to eye level.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)

Children, now what do we do if the savages attack?

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON JR.

Run to the house.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON

That's right. And remember you must be quick. And never stray too far from the house. Promise?

They all nod.

Joseph tightly hugs the children.

Mary nervously smooths down her apron as she and her children watch Joseph mount his horse.

Joseph looks down affectionately at his family.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)

Mary, it will be alright. The Lord will look after you.

Mary, having run out of arguments, says nothing.

Joseph spurs his horse forward and calls back.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)

Children, obey your mother and remember, the Lord watches over you.

Mary protectively hugs her children, watching her husband trot away. She fearfully turns around, peering toward the dark, foreboding woods beyond.

EXT. NARRAGANSETT FORT - DAY

SUPER: "GREAT SWAMP FIGHT, PRESENT DAY" SOUTH KINGSTON, RHODE ISLAND"

Along the fort's outer wall, warriors silently extend their muskets through gun ports at ground level as others take positions along the top.

Inside the fort, anxious women hold the hands of crying children, desperately rushing them to shelter inside the wigwams. Warriors, armed with muskets, hurry to the walls defensive positions.

Quinnapin, while rushing to the wall with his musket, meets Weetamoo as she guides women and children to shelters. They clasp each other by the elbows. Their eyes meet for a moment and Weetamoo gives him a forced smile, telling him without words to be safe. Quinnapin returns the nervous smile for a moment and then dashes off for the wall.

A warrior aims his musket through the rectangular gun port at the Englishman who trudges through deep snow at the head of the column of militia. When The man looks up, we see that it's Mosely.

EXT. MOSELY'S POSITION - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mosely relentlessly leads his men forward. Steam rises from their breath as they struggle through the snow. Behind him is Anderson and his dogs.

The dogs are having even greater difficulty getting through the snow than the militia. They stop and begin sniffing the air. With out warning, they excitedly start to bark.

Mosely's eyes widen in surprise when he grasps the meaning of the barking.

CAPTAIN MOSELY

Take cover!

Mosely dives behind the nearest tree. The cold air cracks with the sound of musket fire when the warriors behind the wall open fire.

Musket balls thud into a dozen militia, spraying the pristine snow crimson. The men not hit scramble for cover. One of Anderson's dogs yelps in pain, killed instantly by a musket ball.

Mosely looks left and sees Church and some of his men frantically waving their arms at him. They have taken cover behind a pile of boulders and are signaling for him to come over.

Mosely rallies the men closest to him.

CAPTAIN MOSELY (CONT'D)

(pointing to the rocks)

The boulders! We got to get to the boulders...! Ready... now!

Mosely and his men make a break toward Church's position. Loose snow shaken from tree branches dust the militia as musket balls meant for them, slam into the nearby trees. Other shots leave streaks through the knee deep snow. A few militia men go down, crying out in pain.

EXT. NARRAGANSETT FORT - INSIDE WALL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Quinnapin and his warriors stand atop makeshift scaffolding as they shoot over the wall.

Other warriors standing beneath, reload muskets and hand them up as needed to maintain a high rate of fire. Church's position behind the boulders is directly in front of him.

Bursting into his view from his left, Quinnapin spots Mosely and his men struggling through the snow to get to Church.

Quinnapin points to them.

QUINNAPIN
There... shoot them!

EXT. BOULDER PILE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The air snaps and crackles from musket balls hitting close to Mosely as Church watches him charge toward him through the snow. He makes one last desperate dive behind the rocks, quickly followed by his men as the area behind them erupts in little columns of powdery snow from dozens of misses.

BENJAMIN CHURCH
(to Mosely)
Look... over there!

Mosely cautiously peeks around the rocks to where Church is pointing and sees a small section of unfinished wall. The small opening is protected by a large tree stump that partially blocks the gap.

Mosely nods his understanding to Church.

CAPTAIN MOSELY
(to Church)
Have savages ever built forts before?

BENJAMIN CHURCH
No... never.

CAPTAIN MOSELY
(to his men)
Load and check your weapons!
Prepare to charge!

His men do as they are ordered.

CAPTAIN MOSELY (CONT'D)
(to Church)
I'm going in. Can you cover us?

Church nods and he and his men rush to take firing positions.

BENJAMIN CHURCH
 (to Mosely)
 Ready!

CAPTAIN MOSELY
 (to his men)
 Charge!

Mosely and his men charge toward the gap as Church and his men fire at the warriors on the wall.

EXT. NARRAGANSETT FORT - INSIDE WALL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

One of Quinnapin's warriors is slower than the others to duck behind the wall and is struck through the eye and thrown from the wall as Church and his men lay down covering fire for Mosely and his men.

When Church and his men pause to reload, Quinnapin and his warrior's leap up to find Mosely and his men are almost to the gap.

The warriors lay down a withering barrage of musket fire, obliterating half of Mosely's men. Mosely, miraculously unhurt, retreats with what's left.

EXT. BOULDER PILE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

When Mosely gets back to the boulders he finds Anderson and his dogs, along with dozens of militia, just starting to arrive.

Over the sound of ricochets and musket balls whizzing by.

CAPTAIN MOSELY
 Your late, Dutchman!

CORNELIUS ANDERSON
 Sorry, Captain. Dogs don't run so good.

One of Mosely's men, badly wounded and crawling back, weakly calls out.

WOUNDED MAN
 Help...! Mosely... someone... help me!

EXT. NARRAGANSETT FORT - INSIDE WALL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Quinnapin hears the wounded man call for Mosely.

QUINNAPIN

(calls out in thick
accent)

Mosely, that you...? Coward Mosely,
come, take our scalps... You
afraid, Mosely...? Do you tremble,
Mosely...? I don't think that from
cold!

EXT. BOULDER PILE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mosely's face turns red listening to Quinnapin's taunts.

BENJAMIN CHURCH

(to everyone)

Prepare to charge! Everyone this
time!

CAPTAIN MOSELY

(to Church)

That savage, the one who likes to
chatter... he's mine!

Church nods to him.

CAPTAIN MOSELY (CONT'D)

Cornelius, let em loose!

Anderson lets loose the dogs and they take off for the gap.

CAPTAIN MOSELY (CONT'D)

Charge!

The massive barrage from the warriors cuts down dozens of
militia men as they charge for the gap, but dozens more make
it through.

EXT. NARRAGANSETT FORT - INSIDE WALL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The fighting turns hand to hand. Tomahawk, sword and
flintlock clash. Smoke from the gunfire fills the fort with a
dense fog. Both militia men and warriors mistake each other
and fire on their own men.

INT. INSIDE WIGWAM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The wigwam is dark and crowded inside as Weetamoo and four
other women try to calm the crying children. Beams of light
start to illuminate the interior as musket balls start
zipping through. The women dive onto the children as they
start to scream, using their bodies to shield them.

Two of the women cry out in anguish when they are hit. The children scream louder.

Weetamoo cries out, startled, when the flap of the wigwam flips up. It's Quinnapin.

QUINNAPIN

Weetamoo! Come, we must run!

EXT. NARRAGANSETT FORT - INSIDE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Quinnapin and Weetamoo with her papoose at her back, gather the survivors, urging them to run faster, away from the fighting and toward the far wall.

One of Anderson's dogs spots the children. Sensing an easy kill it charges, then leaps, but Quinnapin tackles the dog midair and chops it down with his tomahawk.

EXT. NARRAGANSETT FORT - INSIDE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Church, bloody and in shambles, reloads his musket. Amid the chaos, he looks up and sees Weetamoo in the distance trying hard to herd a bunch of children to the far wall.

For Church, the battle suddenly becomes quiet. He calmly raises his musket and takes careful aim. He hesitates, watching Weetamoo with her child strapped to her back as she bravely tries to rush the children to safety.

Church lowers his musket, unable to shoot. Quinnapin raises his and fires. The musket ball hits Church in the hip and spins him around like a top as he falls.

EXT. NARRAGANSETT FORT - FAR WALL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Quinnapin races after Weetamoo and catches up just as they reach the far wall. He knocks away a few boards with the butt of his musket and exposes a secret door through the wall.

Weetamoo and Quinnapin usher the survivors through until there are none left and then dash through.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING FORT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Weetamoo and Quinnapin join the other survivors at the top of a small hill overlooking the fort. Below them they hear screams from inside the wigwams as the English militia torch them with women, children and elderly still inside. Some try to escape but are cut down by muskets and swords.

Most of the survivors huddle together, exhausted, shivering from cold and shock. Others are torn by grief, wailing for their lost kin.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The roaring fire in the fireplace keeps the inside cozy as Mary sits in her living room, smiling as she enjoys the town gossip from her two married sisters, ELIZABETH KERLEY, (38), and HANNAH DIVOLL, (30). With them are two other neighborhood women, ANN JOSLYN, (30's), and ELIZABETH BALL, (30's). All the women are sitting and working on their fancy needle work.

ANN JOSLYN

(to Mary)

Mistress, your apron is lovely. The good Minister must love it.

Mary beams in pride from the complement.

MARY ROWLANDSON

I'm afraid my dear husband thinks me too proud having such fancy things.

ELIZABETH KERLEY

Sister, husbands can be so silly. You're the wife of the minister. To have such things reflects your station.

Mary smiles in agreement with her sister.

ELIZABETH BALL

(to Mary)

Mistress, did you hear what the savages did to the good Christians at Springfield?

Before Mary can answer, Mary's older sister, Elizabeth interrupts, hoping to change the subject, knowing how much Mary fears the Native people.

ELIZABETH KERLEY

(furtive look to Mary)

Yes, Goodwife Ball, we've all heard, but...

HANNAH DIVOLL

(face beaming)

I have not. What has happened?

ANN JOSLYN
 (chiming in)
 The ruthless savages burned the
 whole town. Butchered everyone.

Mary's eyes widen.

ELIZABETH BALL
 I heard the savages scalped the men
 and took their wives and children
 captive.

HANNAH DIVOLL
 Was their chastity abused by the
 heathen?

Elizabeth Ball solemnly nods to Hannah.

Mary listens intently to the talk and is starting to have a
 panic attack.

MARY ROWLANDSON
 I would sooner die than be taken
 captive!

Mary's older sister Elizabeth tries to comfort Mary.

ELIZABETH KERLEY
 (soothingly)
 Sister, do not be concerned. This
 house is a garrison. You'll be
 plenty safe.... Besides our
 husbands will soon be back with the
 militia.

Mary calms down a little and gives her sister a false smile.

MARY ROWLANDSON
 (trying to convince
 herself)
 Sister, you're right of course. Our
 faith in the Lord will keep us
 safe.

Just then, Hanina walks in and offers Mary a piece of cake
 from a pile she has on a platter. Mary takes one and tries
 it. Her face scrunches and she tosses it back on the platter.

MARY ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)
 Take this away!

Hanina, taken aback, quickly retreats back to the kitchen.
 Mary's guests look at her in surprise.

MARY ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)
 Disgusting, not fit for even a
 heathen.

Mary turns and anxiously stares out the window, unconsciously smoothing her apron as she looks out, forlorn for her husbands return.

INT. PRINT SHOP - BOSTON - DAY

SUPER: "SAMUEL GREEN'S PRINT SHOP", "BOSTON"

JAMES THE PRINTER, (35), dressed as a typical English colonist, was born a native of the Nipmuck tribe and is a graduate of the Harvard Indian College. He expertly typesets a document on the print shops printing press.

Beside him are a stack of recently printed news posters.

INSERT - NEWS POSTER, which reads:

"Great Victory!"
 "Narragansetts Defeated In Great
 Swamp!"
 "Heathen Survivors Flee North!"
 "Captain Mosely And His Brave
 Buccaneers In Hot Pursuit!"
 "Many Brave Militia Captains Lost
 Or Wounded!".

BACK TO THE PRINT SHOP:

James finishes his work and starts to put on his thick winter clothes when the shops owner, SAMUEL GREEN, (60), walks in with his friend, DANIEL GOOKIN, (63).

SAMUEL GREEN
 Ready for your journey home, James?
 Will you be warm enough?

JAMES THE PRINTER
 Yes, Master Green.

DANIEL GOOKIN
 (Irish accent)
 I'm sorry we couldn't find you a
 horse, James. Those Bibles will be
 a burden.

JAMES THE PRINTER
 It's only a four day walk, Sir. The
 Lord knows how much burden I can
 bear.

DANIEL GOOKIN
Of course. Go with God, James.

SAMUEL GREEN
We'll see you in the spring.

James shoulders his heavy sack and steps out into the cold, snow covered street. He pauses a moment to let an OLD WOMAN, (60's), pass by.

OLD WOMAN
(ironically to James)
Go back to where you came from,
heathen!

James says nothing. He flips up his collar against the cold, bitter wind and walks away, toward his home. Just as the old woman wanted.

EXT. LANCASTER - OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

SUPER: "Lancaster, Massachusetts, 10 February, 1676"

Monoco, or as the English call him, One-Eyed John, and his four hundred warriors, all armed and dressed in war paint, stealthily make their way over the snow covered ground and fan out among the outlying houses and barns.

Monoco watches his warriors conceal themselves behind trees and fences. Others hide in barns and on roof tops.

Satisfied with how his warriors are deployed, he settles down, looks toward the east and waits for the light of dawn.

INT. MARY'S KITCHEN - DAWN

Mary, shivering and annoyed, walks into her cold kitchen. Her face turns red as irritation turns to anger when she finds that Hanina, no where to be found, has let the fire go out in the fireplace and that she hasn't started breakfast.

Mary puts on her fancy apron and starts throwing logs into the fireplace.

MARY ROWLANDSON
(muttering to herself)
Hanina, thy tool of Satan...
knowing I hate the cold, you
rejoice... Oh Lord, how I shall
punish thee.

The fire starts to snap and crackle as it finally catches from the nearly dead coals. Mary then turns to starting breakfast.

She turns to the fire, puzzled, when she hears the distant sound of rapid musket fire, mistaking the sound for the crackling fire.

Her eyes widen when she hears the church bell sounding the alarm. She rushes to the window and sees dozens of men, women and children running toward her garrison house. In the background columns of dense, black smoke rise.

MARY ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)
 (to herself)
 The Indians are upon us.

Mary runs to the living room and yells up the stairs to her children.

LIVING ROOM

MARY ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)
 The Indians... they are upon us!

Mary's front door bursts open and a dozen frantic townspeople flood in, many of them armed. With them is her sister, Elizabeth and her two sons, WILLIAM, (17), and JOSEPH, (7) and her sister Hannah, her husband, JOHN DIVOLL, (36), and their two sons (12) and (7) and their daughter, (9).

The warriors war cries, mixing with the sound of musket fire, gets louder and more rapid as they get closer, adding to the bedlam of the screaming and yelling of the people panicking inside.

Peeking out the window, Mary cries out in horror as she sees her friend, Elizabeth Ball with her husband and son being run down and surrounded by a dozen warriors. The screaming family is clubbed, chopped with tomahawks and the bodies stripped naked.

Mary desperately looks around for her children as men with muskets run upstairs.

Mary runs to her children when she sees them huddled together near the fire place, scared and crying.

MARY ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)
 Children... Oh, thank the Lord! Are you alright?

SARAH ROWLANDSON
 Mama... What's happening? I'm
 scared!

Mary, on her knees, tightly hugs her son and two daughters.

MARY ROWLANDSON
 Oh, my darling babes. The goodness
 of the Lord will protect us. You'll
 see.

SARAH ROWLANDSON
 (screaming)
 Where's Daddy.... I want my Daddy!

Mary flinches as the girls screams turn shrill as musket balls thud against the house like rain, shattering the windows, spraying the inside with razor sharp shards of glass and wooden splinters.

The men upstairs shoot back but the effort sounds feeble and futile.

The sounds of groans and cries are everywhere from the suffering of the wounded men, women and children, some wallowing in pools of their own blood.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - OUTSIDE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The racket outside is deafening. Monoco's warriors hoot and holler, pouring a constant stream of musket fire into the house.

Monoco peeks from behind the barn, calmly studying the battle. He quickly sees his opportunity. The Rowlandson's have foolishly stacked a large pile of firewood against the back of the house.

He backs away from the corner and motions the three nearest warriors to him. One of them is Hanina's son, Matchetehew.

MONOCO
 Find a cart. Fill it with hay and
 wood, and bring it here.

The three warriors realize his plan and smile and run off to do as he ordered.

Monoco goes back to studying the house.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mary's brother in law, John Divoll, cautiously peeks out the back window and sees a portion of a cart sticking out past the corner of the barn. It shakes a little from being loaded.

JOHN DIVOLL

They're up to something...! They're loading a...

John suddenly staggers back, gurgling as he clutches at his throat, blood streaming from between his fingers.

HANNAH DIVOLL

John!

Mary's sister, Hannah Divoll runs to her husband and tears her gown to wrap around his throat as he lays there, gasping for breath.

A loud thump against the back of the house causes a new round of screams. Smoke pours in through the broken window.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hanina's son lights the pile of hay and wood on fire with the sparks from his flintlock musket. Yelling war cries, the three warriors roll the smoking cart from around the barn and charge toward the house.

The cart smashes into the house with its pile of firewood stacked against it. It quickly lights.

The three warriors turn to run but one is shot down by a musket, fired from the second floor.

After the fire has engulfed the back of the house, Monoco and his warriors go to the front of the house to wait for the inevitable.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Inside, the survivors choke and cough from the thick, acrid smoke as it fills the room. Outside, the warriors musket fire has almost stopped.

ELIZABETH KERLEY

Lord, what shall we do?

Elizabeth Kerley's son William cautiously looks out the window and sees One-Eyed John with dozens of warriors, just waiting, their muskets pointed at the front door.

WILLIAM KERLEY
It's One-Eyed John, he's out
there... waiting for us!

The panic grows as the inside temperature rises.

MARY ROWLANDSON
We must run!

Mary scoops up her youngest daughter, Sarah, and says to her other two children, Joseph and Mary.

MARY ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)
Hold hands. When the door opens run
for the trees! Run as fast as you
can!

Her son, eyes wide in fear, nods his head and takes his sister Mary's hand.

With her free hand, Mary, coughing and gasping, whips open the door and runs out amid a cloud of dense smoke. A stampede of desperate, choking people are right behind her.

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

A massive barrage of musket fire cuts down most of the survivors before they get far. Mary cries out and goes to one knee when a musket balls tears through her side and into her daughter Sarah's belly.

Mary's sister, Hannah Divoll, struggles to help her wounded husband and gets pulled down with him after he gets shot dead.

Mary's nephew, William Kerley, leg broken, struggles to crawl away and is brutally clubbed to death.

Mary's sister, Elizabeth Kerley, stands at the doorway and sees her two sons William Kerley and Joseph Kerley lying dead on the ground. She cries out.

ELIZABETH KERLEY
Lord, let me die with them!

She is immediately shot in the head and falls dead on the threshold.

The warriors rush forward and shoot or club to death all of the adult male survivors.

Mary stands in shock, blood from both her and her daughter running to the ground. The warriors have stopped shooting and are busy separating the children from their mothers.

Monoco sees Mary standing there in shock, her wounded child whimpering in her arms.

MONOCO
Come along with us.

MARY ROWLANDSON
You will kill me.

MONOCO
If you obey, we will not.

Mary, carrying her daughter, staggers after the warriors. She struggles to keep up. Her blood leaves a red trail through the snow towards, what seems to Mary, the ominous looking forest beyond.

MONTAGE - THE HUNGRY MARCH

-- Mary struggles through the blinding snow while carrying her wounded daughter.

-- A bitter, cold wind blasts the Narragansett refugees as Weetamoo and Quinnapin struggle to lead them North.

-- Captain Mosely, with single minded determination, leads his militia, battling his way through the same storm, in hot pursuit.

-- James the Printer braces himself against the wind as he trudges his way west through the deep snow.

-- Benjamin Church with dozens of wounded survivors of the Great Swamp Fight, lie bandaged on stretchers. Many writhe in pain as they are offloaded from a ship in dock.

EXT. WILDERNESS TRAIL - DAY

SUPER: "NIPMUC TRAIL TO MENAMESET"

Mary toils her way through the knee deep snow, her arms straining to near exhaustion as she carries her daughter in her arms. Dried blood, frozen to her side, crinkles off her gown in flakes and falls to the snow. Unable to wipe her nose, a translucent green fang of frozen snot protrudes from her nostrils.

Little Sarah cries out in pain when Mary stumbles and falls to her knees in the deep snow.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Oh, my babe, forgive me.

Monoco watches Mary from his horse as she stumbles more and more. When they begin to climb a hill, Mary starts to wheeze, out of breath, desperately trying to claw her way up.

Monoco jumps down from his horse.

MONOCO

Give her to me.

MARY ROWLANDSON

I will not!

MONOCO

(in broken english)

I put her on horse.

Monoco takes Sarah from her arms, puts her on his horse and has her hold on to its mane.

MONOCO (CONT'D)

(to Sarah)

Don't fall.

MONOCO (CONT'D)

(to Mary)

You... Keep up!

EXT. WILDERNESS HILL TOP - DUSK

Mary, her legs wobbly from the effort, finally reaches the top of the hill. Monoco hands her Sarah and points to a tree.

MONOCO

Sit there.

Mary does as she is told and takes a seat in the snow at the base of the tree, Sarah in her arms. The laughing, victorious Natives offer her no food or water as they get busy lighting fires and preparing meals.

Mary looks to the east and sees the soft glow from what remains of her burning town. A single tear falls and freezes to her cheek.

Mary shivers, her jaw sore from constant teeth chattering, prays aloud.

MARY ROWLANDSON
 (with difficulty)
 Oh, Lord, why have you forsaken me?

INT. METACOM'S WIGWAM - MENAMESET DAY

SUPER: "Nipmuck town of Menameset, (Present day New Braintree, Massachusetts)"

Metacom, lying down inside the wigwam, winces in pain as his wife, Wootonekanuske, tsk tsk's to him in mock pity as she bandages a minor wound in his leg. Their son, Ahanu, is also there, playing with a toy.

WOOTONEKANUSKE
 (grinning)
 You cry more than your son.

METACOM
 (returning her grin)
 Maybe he should lead the next attack.

They look at each other in alarm when they hear the sudden sound of whooping and hollering from outside.

WOOTONEKANUSKE
 An attack?

METACOM
 (unsure)
 There's no shooting.

Wootonekanuske picks up her son and all three head outside.

EXT. MENAMESET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Metacom and Wootonekanuske step outside and see dozens of Nipmucks running down the path toward a tattered column of exhausted Narragansetts and Pocassets as they slowly shuffle towards them. Many people are being dragged behind on litters, wounded from the battle or from frostbite.

Wootonekanuske sees her sister Weetamoo and her husband Quinnapin leading the column and cries out in joy. She breaks into a run, joining the others racing toward the pitiful looking Narragansett refugees.

EXT. MENAMESSET - REFUGEE COLUMN - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Many of the refugees break out in tears as they are engulfed by a swarm of welcoming Nipmucks who throw blankets around them as if they were kin and begin to see to their sick and injured.

Weetamoo, her face ragged and red from windburn, her lips dry and cracked, breaks out in tears when she sees her sister running towards her. Weetamoo's child, Mukki, heavily bundled, is strapped to her back, sound asleep, not a care in the world.

As they embrace, crying in tears of relief and joy, we see in the background hundreds of wigwams and campfires from the two thousand Nipmucks who live there.

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

SUPER: "Trail to Christian native town of Hassenameset, (Present day Grafton, Massachusetts)".

James the Printer trudges along the path through the deep snow. He suddenly stops when he hears screams followed by laughter coming from directly ahead.

James cautiously makes his way up the trail. Ahead he sees a small clearing and the remains of a small, burnt out house.

He gets behind a tree and tentatively looks around it to get a better view.

He sees a group of fourteen Christian Natives, both men and women, dressed in English clothes. They are tied up and on their knees. Most have been beaten bloody. Some are still waiting their turn, terrified.

Close by, Mosely and his men have tied their next victim to a large tree and are savagely beating a YOUNG NATIVE MALE, (18), senseless.

CAPTAIN MOSELY
Where is Menameset?

YOUNG NATIVE MALE
(weakly)
I told you, I don't know.

As stealthily as he can, James slowly backs away. When he turns he just catches a glimpse of the butt of the musket before it smashes into his face. Knocked senseless, James falls to the ground.

Cornelius Anderson smiles down at him, amused.

EXT. BURNED OUT HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

James awakes from the slapping to his face, groggy and confused.

CAPTAIN MOSELY
Wake up now, my perfidious little
spy.... Come on.

Mosely shoots Cornelius an irritated look.

CAPTAIN MOSELY (CONT'D)
Cornelius, next time, not so hard.

CORNELIUS ANDERSON
Sorry Captain.

James tries to move his arms but finds they are tied together behind his back.

CAPTAIN MOSELY
Do you know where Philip is? You
know... the one you call Metacom?

James weakly shakes his head no before Mosely punches him in the gut, Knocking the wind out of him.

CAPTAIN MOSELY (CONT'D)
What about Weetamoo? Do you know
Weetamoo?

JAMES THE PRINTER
(gasping for breath)
Please, I don't know her.

CAPTAIN MOSELY
(pointing to burned house)
What about this? Did you do
this...? Did you?

Mosely grabs James by the jaw and screams into his face.

CAPTAIN MOSELY (CONT'D)
Tell me.... Did you burn Lancaster!
You murderous heathen!

James's breath explodes out of him when Mosely gives him a another hard punch to the gut.

James, struggling to breath, cries out.

JAMES THE PRINTER
 I am not heathen... I am
 Christian... please, I murder
 nobody!

Cornelius Anderson , who has been rummaging through James' belongings, holds out one of the Bibles.

CORNELIUS ANDERSON
 Lookee here, Captain

Mosely takes the Bible and sees that it is written in the Native language and tosses it aside

CAPTAIN MOSELY
 (scornfully)
 A Bible... written for savages?

Mosely gets in James' face.

CAPTAIN MOSELY (CONT'D)
 Why would a savage without a soul
 need a Bible?

CORNELIUS ANDERSON
 You want I kill him, Captain?

Mosely studies James for a moment.

CAPTAIN MOSELY
 No... we'll take him to Boston with
 the others. Many there will be
 wanting to take out their vengeance
 upon them.

Cornelius looks disappointed.

EXT. WILDERNESS TRAIL - DAY

Too weak to walk, Mary now rides with her daughter on a horse being pulled along by Monoco. Mary's wound from the musket ball has become infected and is making her sick and feverish.

Mary looks behind her and sees Matcheteheew casually walking along behind them chewing on a piece of jerky. When he sees the hunger in her eyes, he cruelly mocks her, smirking, pretending to relish his meal.

The trail starts to head down the slope of a small hill. Mary, barely conscious, clumsy and numb from the cold, loses her balance and falls hard to the frozen ground.

Monoco, acting quickly, grabs hold of Sarah and keeps her from falling off as well.

Matchetehew, following behind, laughs at Mary when she hits the ground.

HANINA'S SON
Pukwudgie woman can't ride!

MONOCO
(irritated)
Put her back on.

Matchetehew scowls at Monoco, reluctantly picks up Mary and roughly puts her back on the horse.

MONOCO (CONT'D)
(to Mary, showing her his
war club)
Fall again, I knock you on head.
Girl too.

Mary gives him a terrified nod and once again they are on their way.

EXT. WILDERNESS TRAIL - DUSK

Monoco stops his band of warriors for the night and they immediately start to make their camp. Mary, stiff from her wounds and from the cold, tries to get off the horse but can't. Monoco gently lifts both Mary and Sarah from the horse and carries them to a fallen tree for her to sit on and begins to build her a fire.

Mary rocks back and forth, trying in vain to comfort her pale and unconscious daughter. She closes her eyes and begins to pray.

MARY ROWLANDSON
Oh Lord, I beg you, grant my child
mercy. Surround her with thy
grace... my sweet babe is innocent
and we are oppressed! Oh Lord,
Please! Free us from this evil!

Mary opens her eyes and finds Monoco studying her. He hands her a cup of melted snow.

MONOCO
English start war. Not us.

Mary drips the cold water into Sarah's mouth as Monoco uses his tomahawk to cut pine boughs for Mary to sleep on and keep them dry.

EXT. WILDERNESS TRAIL - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

Mary is in a fetal position with Sarah in her arms when she wakes up the next morning. She cries out when she sees Sarah's lifeless eyes staring back at her.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Oh no... my darling babe, they have
taken you from me. My sweet little
Sarah

Mary sits in the snow, rocking back and forth with Sarah in her arms and softly cries.

LATER

Monoco and his warriors have allowed Mary to grieve while they got busy breaking camp. When they are almost done he and Matchetehew go to Mary.

Monoco is somewhat sympathetic. Matchetehew is indifferent.

MONOCO

Give her to us. We bury.

Mary glares at him, weak but defiant.

MARY ROWLANDSON

No... I will not!

Matchetehew looks at Monoco and Monoco gives him a nod. Matchetehew holds Mary down while Monoco rips Sarah's lifeless body from her mothers arms.

MARY ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)

No!

MONOCO

(as he turns away)

We bury.

Too weak to resist, Mary can only watch as Monoco and Matchetehew turn away to bury her child. She cries after her.

MARY ROWLANDSON

(she recites Deut:31.8)

My sweet babe!

(MORE)

MARY ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)

"The Lord himself goes before you
and will be with you; he will never
leave you or forsake you... Do not
be afraid".

Mary sits in the snow looking down at her empty lap and her
blood stained apron. Her body shudders from grief and pain.

EXT. WEETAMOO'S WIGWAM - MENAMESET - DAY

Weetamoo and her sister, Wootonekanuske, are sitting outside
their wigwam enjoying each others company. They string
together colored beads to make belts of wampum. Plumped down
and sitting beside them is Weetamoo's cute infant son, Mukki,
amusing himself with a rattle made from a gourd. Running
around them like a nut is Wootonekanuske's annoying and
highly energetic nine year old son, Ahanu.

Wootonekanuske sees Quinnapin speaking to group of warriors
nearby.

WOOTONEKANUSKE

(nodding toward Quinnapin)
Your husband is very handsome. Is
he a good man.

WEETAMOO

(slyly smirking)
He's a very good man.

Both sisters laugh.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)

Me married to a Narragansett. Our
Father would not have been pleased.
He hated the Narragansett, even
more than the English.

WOOTONEKANUSKE

More than the English?

WEETAMOO

The English weren't so bad then...
except for the smell.

Wootonekanuske scrunches her nose and laughs in agreement.

WATOONAKANUSKE

(suddenly serious)
What happened to them? Why have
they gone insane?

WEETAMOO

Their greed for land has made them mad... they claim their god gives them the right to all of it.

WATOONAKANUSKE

All of it? Do they own the sky as well? How can you reason with such people?

WEETAMOO

I no longer think we can.

Weetamoo and Wootonekanuske look up when they hear whooping and hollering. They see Monoco's band of warriors just entering town and people rushing to welcome them back.

Sitting on the horse, still being led by Monoco is Mary, wide eyed and terrified by the sight of so many Native people.

WOOTONEKANUSKE

(looking at Mary,
fascinated)

Why have I never before seen an English woman?

WEETAMOO

Their men never let them leave their houses.

WOOTONEKANUSKE

They really are insane.

EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY

Mosely, on horseback, leads his company of militia, about sixty strong, through cheering crowds as he makes his way down the narrow, snowy streets of Boston.

Bringing up the rear of the column is James the printer, his hands bound in front of him, desperately holding the rope that ties him by the neck to the other captives.

On the other end of the rope is Cornelius Anderson, sitting on his horse, basking in the attention from the cheering crowd, yanking along his fourteen bruised and battered captives.

The crowd cheers in celebration for Mosely's return. Their mood turns to rage when they see the beaten and exhausted captives being jerked along by Anderson. The crowd hurls snowballs and epitaphs at them. Others punch and kick them.

The captives are now so exhausted they are barely able to protect themselves.

A YOUNG WOMAN hurls a snowball and it hits James hard in the face.

YOUNG WOMAN
Go back to thy fiery furnace,
heathen!

A DRUNKEN MAN, standing in front of a tavern, watching the column march past, staggers up to James and smashes him hard in the face. Both he and James stumble and nearly fall. Anderson sees this and laughs.

DRUNKEN MAN
For Lancaster!

INT. BOSTON JAIL CELL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The jail is dark, dank and squalid. Moans of misery come from every cell as dozens of Natives pack every inch of space.

James, last in line, is led to the cell at the far end and roughly shoved in by Anderson. When the cell door slams shut, Anderson says to him.

CORNELIUS ANDERSON
Soon you swing, Savage

Anderson pantomimes holding a rope and getting hung before turning away, laughing.

EXT. MENAHESET - EDGE OF TOWN - DAY

Dozens of Natives whoop and holler as they rush toward Monoco and his band of warriors to welcome them home. Mary, wide eyed, her lips trembling, grips the horses mane so tight her knuckles turn white as she looks out over a vast sea of Native people.

RIDING THROUGH VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

As his warriors joyfully greet their kin and disperse into the village. Monoco leads Mary through a maze of wigwams and past openly hostile Natives.

Mary scrunches her eyes shut in terror and begins to recite Psalms: 23.4 over and over again, her voice trembling.

MARY ROWLANDSON
 Yea, though I walk through the
 valley of the shadow of death, I
 will fear no evil...

She suddenly yelps, startled when a smiling child runs to her and touches her leg before being yanked away by its mother.

MARY ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)
 (faster, higher pitch)
 "I will fear no evil; for thou art
 with me; thy will and thy staff
 comfort me".... "Though I walk...

MONOCO'S WIGWAM - CONTINUOUS

MARY ROWLANDSON
 "For thou art with me"...

Mary stops her praying when they come to a halt.

Monoco has to help Mary get down from her horse. She walks hunched over, grimacing in pain while holding her wounded side as Monoco leads her to a wigwam.

MONOCO
 Sit here. Don't move.

Monoco leads his horses away leaving Mary sitting on the bare ground, alone and terrified.

LATER

Mary, weak from hunger and barely conscious, looks up when she hears laughter and finds Hanina and her son, Matchetehehew, coldly staring down at her.

HANINA
 (sarcastically)
 Sorry Mistress, no bread for you
 today.

MATCHETEHEW
 (laughing)
 Pukwudgie woman!

HANINA
 (mockingly)
 No bread for Pukwudgie!

Hanina and her son stroll off just as Monoco walks past them and into his wigwam, completely ignoring Mary.

THAT NIGHT

Mary sits alone, shivering, her arms clasped around her, trying to ward off the bitter cold. She looks up at the night sky and quotes Psalm 38:1-2.

MARY ROWLANDSON

(with difficulty)

"My wounds fester and are loathsome because of my sinful folly"... Oh Lord, please spare my babes, where ever they may be. They are innocent of my sins.

THE NEXT DAY

Mary wakes up the next morning from Monoco roughly shaking her with his foot. She looks up at him from her fetal position, groggy and confused.

MONOCO

Come... we go.

Mary struggles to get up. Monoco takes her by the hand and pulls her to her feet and leads her away.

EXT. WEETAMOO'S WIGWAM - MENAMESET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Monoco stops pulling Mary along when he reaches Weetamoo's wigwam. Weetamoo and Wootonekanuske are waiting for them.

Mary, knees wobbling, is barely able to stand as she unconsciously smooths her blood stained apron. Weetamoo slowly walks a circle around her, scrutinizing her.

WEETAMOO

(to Monoco)

What is she called?

MONOCO

Most call her Pukwudgie woman.

Weetamoo looks at him, puzzled. He just shrugs.

WEETAMOO

(to Monoco)

Her wound stinks... She might not live.

MONOCO

Maybe... maybe not.

Weetamoo pauses, giving Mary another look, deciding whether to buy her or not. She looks at her sister who gives her a skeptical shrug. She finally gives Monoco the belt of wampum she had been working on.

Weetamoo and her sister help Mary to the front of the wigwam and set her down. In broken but understandable English Weetamoo says to her in a stern, no nonsense tone.

WEETAMOO
(searching for the right
words)
I am Weetamoo, Squaw-Sachem of the
Pocassets. I am your Mistress...
you now do as I say, when I say.

Weetamoo waits for a response but Mary says nothing, just stares at the ground. Weetamoo gives her a little kick.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)
Do you hear?

MARY ROWLANDSON
Yes, Mistress.

Weetamoo, satisfied with Mary's compliance, walks into the wigwam and returns with some corn porridge and offers it to Mary. Having not eaten in days, Mary greedily wolfs down the food.

LATER:

Mary is alone, miserable and still sitting in the snow just outside Weetamoo's wigwam. She looks up in confusion and disbelief when she suddenly finds herself looking up at the smiling face of an Englishman. (ROBERT PEPPER, (30's).

MARY ROWLANDSON
Are you truly a Christian Man?

ROBERT PEPPER
Yes Mistress, I truly am. I'm
Robert Pepper of Roxbury. Captured
during Captain Beers ambush. Are
you Mistress Rowlandson... of
Lancaster?

Mary weakly nods.

MARY ROWLANDSON
Please Sir; Have you news of my
children? I know not what has
become of them.

ROBERT PEPPER

Mistress, they are both here and in good health.

Mary moans in relief. Overwhelmed by the news, she starts to sob. She tries to thank Robert Pepper but she's unable to speak.

ROBERT PEPPER (CONT'D)

I met your son yesterday and he tells me your daughter is in good health.... I was sorry to hear about your other daughter.... I'll pray for her.

Robert Pepper sees Mary's infected wound.

ROBERT PEPPER (CONT'D)

Your son told me you were wounded. May I see?

Mary leans to the side and Robert takes a closer look.

ROBERT PEPPER (CONT'D)

The wound has become foul.... This will help.

Robert Pepper pulls out a hand full of oak leaves and a bandage from his pocket. He applies the leaves to her wound and wraps it with the bandage as Mary winces in pain.

ROBERT PEPPER (CONT'D)

Old Indian trick... should help cure the corruption. Sure saved me after I got wounded at the ambush.

MARY ROWLANDSON

God bless you, Sir. The good Lord has surely sent you to revive my body and spirit.

ROBERT PEPPER

Now, when you've healed up some, they'll let you walk around. Just make sure you ask for permission. Then you can go look for your kids... but don't run off. This is their country. Believe me, you won't get far.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Sir, your words and kind deeds preserveth me.

(MORE)

MARY ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)

I am most grateful... will you see my son again?

ROBERT PEPPER

It's possible. If I see them or any of your other kin, I'll let them know you been asking about them.

Her eyes tear up and she stares off into space for a moment as a wave of memories of the attack wash over her.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Other than my children, sir, I fear none are left. I believe them all butchered by the merciless heathen.

Robert Pepper nods his understanding to her and then looks toward the afternoon sun.

ROBERT PEPPER

I'm afraid I must leave you now, Mistress. The heathen get awfully angry when you're late getting back... may God be with you.

MARY ROWLANDSON

And you kind sir.

Robert Pepper gives her a kind smile and disappears into the crowded mass of wigwams.

INT. COURTROOM - BOSTON - DAY

The courtroom erupts in boos and taunts as James, shackled to the other Native prisoners, is pulled into the crowded courthouse by Captain Mosely and Cornelius Anderson.

James finds himself looking up at the faces of five men. Four of the five glare at him and the other captives. Among them only Daniel Gookin gives James a sympathetic look. Sitting at the center is GOVERNOR LEVERETT, (50's). To either side of him sits EDWARD TYNG, (40's), SIMON BROADSTREET, (40s), WILLIAM HAWTHORN, (40's), and at the end of the bench sits Daniel Gookin.

Governor Leverett pounds his gavel until the clamor dies away.

GOVERNOR LEVERETT
 I, John Leverett, Governor of the
 Massachusetts Bay Colony, due
 hereby call this Board of
 Magistrates to order.

The governor looks at his niece's husband, Samuel Mosely.

GOVERNOR LEVERETT (CONT'D)
 Bring forth your business and God
 grant us justice under the law.

Mosely steps forward.

CAPTAIN MOSELY
 I, Captain Samuel Mosely, am
 pleased to bring before this
 esteemed board, the most vile and
 perfidious beings... these so
 called Praying Indians are accused
 of the crime of being instigated by
 the Devil to murder the good
 Christian settlers of Lancaster!

The roar from the mob is deafening as it erupts into chaos and rage. Governor Leverett rapidly smashes the gavel down hard until the uproar quiets down.

GOVERNOR LEVERETT
 Order... order I say... present
 your evidence, Captain Mosely.

CAPTAIN MOSELY
 I myself captured these
 treacherous, blood thirsty heathens
 near Lancaster, just after their
 murderous attack...! They had on
 their persons both muskets and
 hatchets!

The mob again erupts in chaos and Leverett again repeatedly smashes down his gavel until the mob quiets down.

DANIEL GOOKIN
 Captain Mosely, could not these
 weapons of the accused be intended
 for hunting?

CAPTAIN MOSELY
 Yes, Magistrate.(to the mob) For
 hunting and butchering the good
 Christians of Lancaster!

The clamor from the mob becomes deafening. They want blood. Governor Leverett motions forward two armed constables who cock back their flintlock pistols when the mob threatens to rush at them.

After some more prolonged gavel smashing.

GOVERNOR LEVERETT

(loudly)

Any man here who intends to disrupt this court or cause it ill will or violence, will - be - shot - dead!

DANIEL GOOKIN

Captain Mosely, did you not also find a satchel full of Christian Bibles? And were not these Bibles translated to the Indian language by one of the very Indians that now stands before us... him being beaten and unjustly accused!
(gestures to James)

Before Mosely can reply, a member of the mob gets up and shouts hysterically.

MEMBER OF THE MOB

Indians are tools of Satan!
Unleashed by God to punish us for our sins!

Gookin stands up, his face livid.

DANIEL GOOKIN

Perhaps Sir, God is punishing us for our treatment of the Indians!

Another member of the mob shouts out.

MEMBER OF THE MOB 2

Perhaps Gookin should be among his heathen friends rather than be allowed the honor to sit on this bench!

DANIEL GOOKIN

These are God fearing, Christian Indians!

Gookin to Leverett

DANIEL GOOKIN (CONT'D)
 They are also subjects of the Crown
 and as such are entitled to English
 justice.

Gookin to Mosely.

DANIEL GOOKIN (CONT'D)
 They having the right to not be
 beaten, tortured and imprisoned...
 by a pirate!

CAPTAIN MOSELY
 (to Gookin)
 May God rot your Irish soul, you
 unfaithful son of a whore!

Once more, Leverett pounds the gavel to quiet the court

GOVERNOR LEVERETT
 Captain Mosely, do you have any
 other evidence you wish to bring
 against the accused?

CAPTAIN MOSELY
 (glaring at Gookin)
 No, Governor. I do not.

GOVERNOR LEVERETT
 Very well, the board will now vote
 on the guilt or innocence of the
 accused.... Mister Gookin, how say
 you?

DANIEL GOOKIN
 Innocent!

The Governor looks to the other board members and they all
 nod in agreement.

GOVERNOR LEVERETT
 The board finds the accused
 innocent.

The mob cries out in protest and rage as Leverett smashes
 down his gavel.

Gookin sighs in relief.

Mosely's face turns red with fury.

GOVERNOR LEVERETT (CONT'D)

The Praying Indians standing before us will now be remanded to Deer Island for both their protection and for ours as well as all other praying Indians in the Bay colony for the remainder of the war.

Gookin's jaw drops in shock.

Mosely smiles, knowing it to be the death sentence it is meant to be.

DANIEL GOOKIN

Governor! This is outrageous... when was this decided?

GOVERNOR LEVERETT

Mister Gookin, your out of order!

DANIEL GOOKIN

Governor, how will they be able to sustain themselves? There's no food or shelter there... you may as well sentence them to death!

With out giving him an answer, Leverett smashes down his gavel.

GOVERNOR LEVERETT

These proceedings are closed.

James gives his friend Gookin the look of a man betrayed as he and the other prisoners are led out, still in chains, by a laughing Anderson and Mosely.

EXT. MENAMESET - STREAM - DAY

Mary finishes filling the two deer skin bags of water that Weetamoo has sent her to fetch. She sits in the snow beside the small running stream and carefully unwraps her bandage. Wincing in pain, she slowly peels off the oak leaves that have become glued to her festering wound.

Using her apron, she soaks up some water from the stream and squeezes it out onto the wound to wash it out. She cries out when she dabs it with the damp cloth, her hands shaking from the pain but she clenches her teeth and doesn't stop until she's done.

Mary presses fresh oak leaves to her wound and rewraps it and then with great effort, struggles to get up.

Once the pain has mostly passed, she picks up the two deerskin bags of water and trudges back up to the wigwam.

EXT. WEETAMOO'S WIGWAM - MENAMESET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Weetamoo is sitting outside her wigwam working on stringing together some wampum when Mary, struggling with her heavy load, arrives with the water. Out of breath, she carefully sets them down.

WEETAMOO

If you finish work, I give you food... Maybe you sleep inside. Do you know what I say?

MARY ROWLANDSON

Yes, Mistress.

WEETAMOO

Good, fetch more wood for fire.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Where?

WEETAMOO

You go find... now!

MARY ROWLANDSON

Yes, Mistress.

Mary goes off to find more wood.

WEETAMOO

(under her breath)
Lazy Pukwudgie woman.

MONTAGE: MARY AT MENAMESET

- - Mary having a nightmare inside Weetamoo's wigwam.
- - Natives laugh at Mary as she struggles to carry water from stream.
- - Weetamoo yells at Mary for dropping wood.
- - Mary treating her wound.
- - Weetamoo gives Mary small ration of food inside the wigwam.
- - Mary gently touches her daughters bloodstain on her apron and cries.

EXT. GARRISON HOUSE - MEDFIELD - DAWN

SUPER: "Frontier town of Medfield, Massachusetts Bay Colony."

Monoco and Quinnapin aim their muskets at the front door of the garrison house while hiding in the nearby brush. With them is Matchetehew. Behind them are a dozen warriors. Other warriors are dispersed through out the town, all waiting for the signal to attack.

Monoco nods to Matchetehew who scoops up some pebbles and tosses them one at a time at the door. After a few moments, an ENGLISH SETTLER, (30), curious about the noise, opens the door wide and takes two musket shots to the chest. He dies almost instantly with a bewildered look on his face. The warriors rush past his body and into the house.

The moment the signal is given by the musket shots, hundreds more erupt from all over town.

There's loud commotion from inside as the warriors ransack the house. An instant later Matchetehew drags a WOMAN CAPTIVE, (30), out the door by her hair.

The woman sees her dead husband lying on the ground and screams in agony as Matchetehew drags her away.

Monoco and Quinnapin join their warriors inside to look for loot as the first columns of black smoke rise from the burning town.

INT. WEETAMOO'S WIGWAM - MENAMESET - NIGHT

Mary's wound is still not healed but is looking much better. As she applies new leaves and rewraps it, she watches Weetamoo and Wootonekanuske play with Weetamoo's toddler son, Mukki, who is happily crawling around. He looks adorable with his big eyes and even bigger smile.

Mary watches with interest, never before having seen the family life of Native people.

Weetamoo claps her hands in delight when Mukki pulls himself up a table leg and stands for the first time. The child wobbles a bit, proudly looking at his mother with a goofy grin.

Weetamoo holds out her arms, encouraging him to walk to her.

WEETAMOO

Come to me, my little Mukki... come to me. You can do it.

Weetamoo's son bravely lets go the table leg and clumsily staggers his way to his mothers waiting arms.

Weetamoo gives Mukki a big hug as Wootonekanuske claps.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)

My brave Mukki! You did it! I'm so proud of you!

Weetamoo lets go her child and he laughs as she tickles him.

Mary smiles despite the pain from her wound. After a moment she looks down and sees the blood stain on her apron. Her smile turns to sadness as she gently touches it, realizing the blood stain is all that she has left of her daughter. She again looks at Weetamoo and her child. A single tear runs down her cheek as she remembers her own children's first steps.

EXT. DEER ISLAND - DAY

SUPER: "Deer Island concentration camp"

Dark grey clouds hide the sun and drop light snow flurries on Daniel Gookin and Samuel Green as they're rowed across the short distance of Boston Harbor to the concentration camp on Deer Island.

The inside of their small boat is stacked full with food and blankets.

Two armed militiamen and their SERGEANT, (20's), help tie up their boat to a small, rickety dock.

SERGEANT

Sir, please state your business.

DANIEL GOOKIN

By order of the Governor, I'm to see to the release of the Indian, James the Printer, and to distribute these supplies.

Daniel hands the Sergeant the written orders. After a quick glance he stands aside to let them pass.

Gookin and Green look at each other in shock. Everywhere people are lying on the bare ground huddled around small camp fires, slowly starving to death. Others moan in pain from the frostbite as they huddle together to share what little body heat they have left.

Gookin's eyes well up when he sees dozens of graves marked by crude Christian crosses made from driftwood.

DANIEL GOOKIN (CONT'D)
 (in awe)
 Their faith sustains them... even
 now.

Samuel Green hands him a stack of blankets to hand out.

SAMUEL GREEN
 Right now they need more than
 faith.

EXT. DEER ISLAND - OPPOSITE SHORE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Daniel Gookin and Samuel Green hardly recognize James when they find him on the far end of the island. His clothes are in tatters, his face chapped, wind burnt and thin from weight loss. He and other Native people are digging in the mud at the waters edge with their bare hands, looking for shell fish and crabs.

DANIEL GOOKIN
 James, it's me... Daniel.

Samuel throws a blanket around James and helps him stand as he teeters, struggling to get up.

DANIEL GOOKIN (CONT'D)
 James, I persuaded the Governor to
 release you. We're here to take you
 home.

JAMES THE PRINTER
 Home... what home?

SAMUEL GREEN
 Our home, James.

A glint of anger flashes in his eyes.

JAMES THE PRINTER
 (sardonically)
Our home.

Daniel and Samuel help James up the path toward their boat.

EXT. WEETAMOO'S WIGWAM - MENAMESET - DAY

Mary is hard at work scraping a deer hide stretched out on a rack when Quinnapin approaches the wigwam carrying a large sack. He says nothing as he pauses a moment, studying her before going inside. A moment later we hear Weetamoo squeal in delight from his return.

INT. WEETAMOO'S WIGWAM - MENAMESET - NIGHT

After the sun goes down, Mary enters the wigwam and finds Weetamoo and Quinnapin in intimate conversation. Weetamoo scowls at her, irritated at Mary for interrupting their alone time.

WEETAMOO

Get out.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Mistress, where should I go?

WEETAMOO

Somewhere else.

Quinnapin whispers something to Weetamoo. She nods to him, gets to her feet and grabs Mary by the shirt.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)

(to Mary)

Come.

EXT. WEETAMOO'S WIGWAM - MENAMESET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Weetamoo pulls Mary outside and leads her quickly through the wigwams until she finds the one she's looking for and barges right in.

INT. HANINA'S WIGWAM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mary's face turns ashen when she sees Hanina and her son, Matchetehew. In the corner sits the captive English woman caught in the Medfield raid. She stares at nothing, her eyes vacant from shock.

Hanina and her son get up in surprise at Weetamoo's intrusion.

WEETAMOO

(to Mary)

You stay here tonight.

(MORE)

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)

You talk to her (pointing to the captive) Comfort her. Make her better.

Weetamoo flips Hanina a one shilling coin.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)

(to Hanina)

Feed them.

Weetamoo abruptly walks out. Mary, Hanina and her son, Matcheteheew, uncomfortably stare at each other.

LATER:

Mary tries to give her fellow captive some food but she blankly stares off into space.

MARY ROWLANDSON

What is your name. Goodwife?

The captive continues to stare off into space.

MARY ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)

Goodwife... can you hear me?

Hanina's Son laughs at Mary.

MATCHETEHEW

You waste your time, Pukwudgie... she broken.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Then why keep her? Can't you just let her go?

MATCHETEHEW

We let her go when English pay. If English no pay we knock her on the head and eat her.... Like we did your son.

Hanina's son laughs when Mary's eyes widen in horror.

MATCHETEHEW (CONT'D)

We roast him. His meat was very good.

MARY ROWLANDSON

You lie!

Matchetehew chuckles when his mother lightly backhands him on the shoulder in a gesture telling him to quit screwing around. Mary realizes he's taunting her and shudders in relief.

LATER:

It's a cold night and everyone in Hanina's wigwam are lying as close to the fire as they can get. Mary moves a piece of wood in the fire that's blocking some of the heat from reaching her.

Hanina becomes furious. She grabs a handful of ash and throws it into Mary's eyes.

HANINA
Selfish Pukwudgie!

Blinded, Mary panics and jumps up, waving her arms, stumbling around, searching for the door.

EXT. HANINA'S WIGWAM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mary bursts out of the wigwam, drops to her knees and scoops up some snow. In a frenzy she scrubs her face, desperate to clear the ash from her eyes.

Mary rapidly blinks. Still somewhat blinded, she gets up and stumbles back to Weetamoo's wigwam.

EXT. WEETAMOO'S WIGWAM - MENAMESET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mary at last finds Weetamoo's wigwam. She sits down in the snow and leans against it.

MARY ROWLANDSON
(cries out)
Oh Lord, I am oppressed. Undertake
for me.

EXT. WEETAMOO'S WIGWAM - MENAMESET - DAWN

The next morning Weetamoo exits the wigwam and finds Mary looking pathetic. Her eyes red and her face stained with ash. She looks up at Weetamoo and begs.

MARY ROWLANDSON
I want to go home.

WEETAMOO
 (harshly)
 So do I.

Mary watches as Weetamoo walks off with her Mukki strapped to her back.

LATER:

Quinnapin walks out and finds Mary still sitting in the snow. He considers her for a moment and then holds open the flap.

QUINNAPIN
 Come.

INT. WEETAMOO'S WIGWAM - MENAMESET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mary enters and Quinnapin gestures for her to sit. He starts rummaging through the sack of loot from the Medfield raid until he finds what he is looking for.

When he turns back to her, he holds out a Bible for her.

QUINNAPIN
 Here, you take.

Mary's eyes well up in tears as she tentatively takes the Bible, kisses it with reverence and holds it against her cheek.

MARY ROWLANDSON
 Thank you, Master. Will you allow me to read from it?

QUINNAPIN
 Yes.

Quinnapin points to Mary's fancy apron.

QUINNAPIN (CONT'D)
 You make?

MARY ROWLANDSON
 Yes, Master

QUINNAPIN
 You make shirt for Papoose?

MARY ROWLANDSON
 I have no needle or thread.

Quinnapin again rummages through his sack of loot and finds needle and thread and gives them to Mary. He also gives her a bundle of English clothes, some with blood stains.

QUINNAPIN

If you make good shirt I give you
one shilling.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Yes Master.

QUINNAPIN

Good, you start.

Quinnapin walks out as Mary sorts through the blood stained clothes, looking for what's salvageable.

INT. PRINT SHOP - BOSTON - NIGHT

James is making copies of a poster on Samuel Green's printing press. With James is Daniel Gookin and Samuel Green.

INSERT - NEWS POSTER, which reads:

"Savages Ten Miles From Boston!" "One-Eyed John burns
Medfield, Wrentham and Groton!" "Many Deaths, Captives
Taken!" "Bay Colony Threatened!" "Conscription Quota to
Increase."

"Council Debates Building Wall Around Boston"

"The good Reverend William Hubbard declares, "All Indians The
Children Of The Devil, Full Of All Subtlety And Malice!"

BACK TO THE PRINT SHOP:

Daniel Gookin watches James as he reads the last part of the poster.

DANIEL GOOKIN

I'm sorry James. The Governor
himself wrote it. He's trying to
recruit more militia.

JAMES THE PRINTER

Children of the Devil... all
subtlety and malice.... All of us!

James tosses the last copy onto the pile in disgust.

SAMUEL GREEN

Fear has overtaken them.

JAMES THE PRINTER

To the English I will never be more
than a savage.

DANIEL GOOKIN

Jesus once said, "Father, forgive
them; for they not know what they
do.

JAMES THE PRINTER

Master Gookin, Jesus was nailed to
a cross... what will they do to me,
a child of the Devil... a heathen
without a soul.

Daniel Gookin offers him a weak, apologetic smile, uncertain
what to say.

EXT. PRINT SHOP - BOSTON - NIGHT

Dressed in his warmest clothes and carrying a small sack,
James exits the print shop and eases the door closed, careful
to not make any noise.

James lifts his collar against the cold and walks down the
dark, snow covered street. In the background, unseen by
James, Cornelius Anderson and a MOHEGAN WARRIOR, (20's), armed
with a flintlock, step out of the shadows.

Anderson nods to the Mohegan warrior and the warrior
stealthily follows James down the street. Cornelius smiles as
he watches him go.

INT. MENAMESSET - METACOMET'S WIGWAM - DAY

Metacom is in his wigwam with his wife, Wootonekanuske who is
busy cooking, and their young son, Ahanu. Weetamoo enters
followed by Mary. A severe hunger pang twists Mary's stomach
when she smells the food. She constantly swallows, looks
longingly at it, her jaw aching as she tries to suppress the
urge to salivate.

WEETAMOO

Do you know who this is?

Mary tears her eyes away from the food.

MARY ROWLANDSON

(looking down, submissive)
Yes Mistress. He is King Philip.

WEETAMOO

(insulted)

No! That is an English name. He is
Metacom, Chief of the Wampanoag,
The People of the First Light!

MARY ROWLANDSON

(cringing)

Yes Mistress.

WEETAMOO

Come back when he done with you.
You have more work.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Yes, Mistress.

Weetamoo leaves and Metacomet gives Mary a friendly smile and gestures for her to sit.

METACOM

I speak English. My wife a little.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Master, do you know of my children?
Are they well?

METACOM

I am told they are well.

Mary is so relieved that she forgets her hunger until Wootonekanuske hands her a plate with a thick pancake cooked in bear grease. She also hands one to Metacom.

He nods when she looks to him for permission to eat. She barely notices that she's burned her mouth when she greedily wolfs down the food. It's gone in seconds.

METACOM (CONT'D)

Do not the English pray before
eating?

Mary's eyes widen as she smooths her apron, horrified that she forgot to say grace.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Yes Master, I beg the Lord for
forgiveness. I humbly beg thee as
well. I forget my faith as well as
my manners.

METACOM

(making light)

You were hungry...

(MORE)

METACOM (CONT'D)

no need for forgiveness... Soon we will all be hungry... did you know Mohegans are now helping the English?

MARY ROWLANDSON

No, Master.

METACOM

The Mohegans hope to gain English favor by finding our hidden corn and burning it. It is almost gone.

MARY ROWLANDSON

I see.

Metacom picks up a long, ornate tobacco pipe and lights it with a small stick from the fire. He offers it to Mary who shakes her head.

METACOM

Weetamoo has said you do good work with cloth. Says the shirt you made for her papoose is very fine.

Metacom smiles at Mary's surprise from getting praise from Weetamoo.

METACOM (CONT'D)

Weetamoo very tough, but also fair. But she also very angry with the English. Her first husband, my brother, Wamsutta, was poisoned by Winslow of Plymouth. Did you know that?

MARY ROWLANDSON

No, Master.

METACOM

Her second husband then sold much of her land without her permission. Also to men of Plymouth.

MARY ROWLANDSON

What became of him?

METACOM

She let him go.

Mary nods her head.

METACOM (CONT'D)
 Would you make shirt for my son? I
 would also give you a shilling.

MARY ROWLANDSON
 It would be my honor, Master.

METACOM
 Good, you better get back. Not wise
 to make your Mistress angry.

MARY ROWLANDSON
 Yes Master.

Mary stands, walks to the door, and turns around.

MARY ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)
 Master, may I ask a question?

METACOM
 Yes.

MARY ROWLANDSON
 What is a Pukwudgie?

Puzzled, Metacom looks at Wootonekanuske who snickers.

METACOM
 Ah... It is what a Christian would
 call... a little demon.

MARY ROWLANDSON
 Oh... I see.

Mary walks out of the wigwam.

INT. WEETAMOO'S WIGWAM - MENAMESET - DAY

Weetamoo enters the wigwam and finds Mary reading her Bible
 and Quinnapin napping with Mukki.

WEETAMOO
 (to Mary, irritated)
 Why you not work?

MARY ROWLANDSON
 Mistress, it is Sabbath.

WEETAMOO
 You, go work!

Weetamoo's raised voice wakes Quinnapin and her child.

MARY ROWLANDSON
I can not. It is Sabbath.

WEETAMOO
You work or I break your face!

Hoping to keep Weetamoo from losing her temper, Quinnapin says.

QUINNAPIN
Weetamoo, it is their way.

Weetamoo snatches Mary's Bible from her and throws it out the door. Terrified, Mary runs out after it.

WEETAMOO
(angrily to Quinnapin)
That is my way.

EXT. WEETAMOO'S WIGWAM - MENAMESET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mary's Bible lands in the snow at the feet of James the Printer who happened to be walking by. With James are two armed, stern looking Nipmuck warriors being led by Muttawmp who are escorting him. James picks up the Bible.

Mary warily watches James dust the snow off of it, fearing he will not give it back to her.

They make eye contact. After a moment James holds it out to her. Mary gratefully takes it.

James turns and walks away with Muttawmp and the two warrior escorts.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING MENAMESET - DAY - CONTINUOUS.

Lying prone in the snow and hidden in the brush, the Mohegan warrior that has been following James watches him from a small hill overlooking Menameset.

With an evil smile, he crawls out backwards and slinks away.

INT. SANFORD HOME - NEWPORT, RI - DAY

SUPER: "Home of Peleg Sanford, Newport Rhode Island."

Benjamin Church is in bed and having his hip wound treated by his pregnant wife, ALICE CHURCH, (30).

ALICE CHURCH
No corruption... you may just live,
Husband.

BENJAMIN CHURCH
Thanks to you my love.

ALICE CHURCH
(irritated)
Do not thank me, thank God. Thank
him that the savage who shot you
was of such poor aim that your
manhood remains intact.

BENJAMIN CHURCH
(laughing)
Nearly gelded I was.

ALICE CHURCH
Nearly made useless you were.

A polite knock on the door interrupts them. Alice pulls up
the covers to Benjamin's waist and opens the door. Standing
there is a MAID, (30's).

MAID
A letter for you, Mister Church.

Alice opens the door and takes the letter and hands it to
Benjamin. He opens it and starts reading it.

ALICE CHURCH
Is it from Governor Winslow?

BENJAMIN CHURCH
Yes, he asks my condition and prays
for my speedy recovery.

Benjamin reads a bit more.

BENJAMIN CHURCH (CONT'D)
He says that Mosely may have found
the heathen town, Menameset. And
that the Bay is assembling a large
force to assault it.

Alice's face turns red with anger when she sees the
disappointment in her husbands eyes at not being able to join
the fight.

ALICE CHURCH
Tell me, Husband. Does fame and
glory mean more to you than your
wife and unborn child?

Benjamin puts down the letter and takes Alice's hand.

BENJAMIN CHURCH

Alice, my dear wife, of course not.

ALICE CHURCH

Good, because I require you to furnish me many more children, Mister Church... You leave the Indian fighting to that pirate, Mosely.

EXT. TRAIL TO MENAMESET - DAY

The Mohegan warrior is leading Captain Mosely and Cornelius Anderson along a trail on horseback through a dense, snow covered forest. Following them is a column of one hundred militia on foot.

INT. WEETAMOO'S WIGWAM - MENAMESET - DAY

Mary is busy sewing while Weetamoo strings together beads of wampum. Mukki looks adorable as he comically lurches around, clumsily bumping into things. Mary smiles at his cuteness.

Quinnapin walks in, his expression is grave. Weetamoo and Mary can see the tension within him and both look at him with a sense of foreboding.

QUINNAPIN

(to Weetamoo)

Mosely is two days away... He brings with him Mohegans from Connecticut.

Mary's eyes widen and she cracks a hopeful smile at the thought that she might be rescued. She quickly tries to hide her feeling of hope when she sees Weetamoo's anger beginning to boil. She looks furtively from her to Quinnapin.

WEETAMOO

Can we beat them?

QUINNAPIN

No, most warriors are with Monoco's war party.

Weetamoo glares at Mary.

WEETAMOO

So yet again we are driven from our homes by the English.

QUINNAPIN

Yes... You will need to gather everyone and flee north. Me and Metacom's warriors will attack and lead them south.

WEETAMOO

That will not fool the Mohegans.

Quinnapin can only shrug. He grabs his musket and sack. He and Weetamoo silently hold each others gaze for a moment to say goodbye before he walks out.

Weetamoo glares at Mary.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)

(to Mary)

There is much work to do.

EXT. WEETAMOO'S WIGWAM - MENAMESET - DAY

Outside the wigwam frantic people race to gather their families together. Make-shift litters are built for the elderly. Infants and toddlers are strapped to their mothers backs.

Long trains of people, mostly women and children, all carrying heavy burdens, snakes its way up multiple trails and into the woods.

Weetamoo, her child strapped to her back, and her sister, Wootonekanuske, rush to fill their satchels with supplies. Weetamoo stuffs one of the satchels full and motions Mary to pick it up as she and her sister pick up theirs.

Mary falls to her knees clutching her side as the wound sends stabbing bolts of pain into her as she struggles to lift the heavy load.

She pleads with Weetamoo.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Mistress, the burden is too great.
I cannot lift it.

WEETAMOO

You no work, you no eat.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Mistress, my wound is not yet
healed.

Weetamoo, anxious to leave and in no mood for excuses, slaps Mary hard across the face. Mary staggers from the blow. Weetamoo yells at her.

WEETAMOO

You pick up! No more complain!

MARY ROWLANDSON

Yes, Mistress.

Mary trembles in fear, her legs are shaky. Using the last of her strength she picks up the heavy satchel.

Mary meekly follows Weetamoo and her sister as they join the others on the path.

WEETAMOO

(quietly to her sister)

Massasoit should have let the English die when they first got off that boat.

Wootonekanuske, holding Ahanu's hand, nods in agreement.

EXT. MENAMESSET - DAY

Mosely is furious as he wanders among the abandoned wigwams at Menameset. With him is Anderson and the Mohegan warrior.

MOHEGAN WARRIOR

They left most of their corn.

CAPTAIN MOSELY

(to Mohegan warrior)

When did they flee?

MOHEGAN WARRIOR

Two days past... women and children went that way (Nodding toward the North) Warriors went that way (he points south. Warriors will attack soon.

CORNELIUS ANDERSON

(to Mohegan)

How you know this?

The Mohegan looks at him like he's stupid.

MOHEGAN WARRIOR

Woman and children leave small tracks in snow.

CAPTAIN MOSELY

And the warriors will attack to
keep us away from them.

CORNELIUS ANDERSON

What you do now, Captain?

CAPTAIN MOSELY

We go after the women and children
of course... but first, we burn the
town.

Cornelius Anderson smiles in delight.

MONTAGE - THE LONG MARCH.

- - Mary struggles up a hill through deep snow gasping for
breath. A long line of refugees stretch off in front of her
and behind her. Many of the elderly are being carried.

- - Mosely and his militia pursue the refugees through the
wilderness.

- - Mary helps Weetamoo and her sister to build a wigwam.

- - Mary wearily marches into a cold wind along with the
other refugees. They pass a dead English settler in the snow,
a look of horror frozen on his face.

- - Weetamoo shows Mary how to find and dig for ground nuts.

- - Mary and the refugees are covered in ice as they battle
their way through a sleet storm.

- - Mary and Wootonekanuske with ice hanging off of them,
shiver uncontrollably, waiting for Weetamoo's fire to finally
light.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

At the icy bank of a wide river, the women refugees have
built crude rafts and are ferrying the refugees across. They
use long poles to propel them. Many have their papoose's
strapped to their backs. Mary is with Weetamoo's and
Wootonekanuske's kinswomen who are looking after their
children. They are among those that have already crossed.

Weetamoo and Wootonekanuske wait anxiously. They are last in
line to make sure everyone makes it across.

The river crossing is almost complete. Weetamoo gasps in surprise from the sudden sound of gunfire coming from behind them. Weetamoo and her sister look at each other, wide eyed with fear.

Weetamoo looks up the trail and sees in the distance two Mohegan warriors. They both point their muskets in the air and fire again. They hear more distant shots in answer.

WEETAMOO

(to Wootonekanuske)

It's the Mohegan scouts. They tell
Mosely that they have found us.

The refugees that have already cross the river race away to safety.

A raft touches the bank and the last of the terrified refugees gets on.

Weetamoo and her sister wade into the icy water up to their knees and shove the raft away from the bank and quickly jump on.

EXT. RIVER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The raft is halfway across when Weetamoo looks down the trail. She sees Mosely's militia running towards them.

WEETAMOO

Hurry, the English are almost upon
us!

The refugees pole the raft into the river as fast as they can. The rest use their hands to paddle.

The air cracks with the sound of musket fire as Mosely's militia begins firing. Soon small geysers of water erupt around the raft from the near hits.

A young woman screams when she gets shot in the back. She falls over the side into the icy water. Weetamoo reaches for her but she is swept away by the current.

EXT. RIVER - OPPOSITE BANK - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The raft reaches the opposite bank. The refugees scramble away for cover as musket balls whizz by.

From behind a tree, Weetamoo sees Mosely on horseback on the opposite bank staring at her as the militia continue to shoot. For a moment they stare, each studying the other.

The moment is broken when a musket ball slams into the tree she's hiding behind. She scrambles away to safety.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY - SAME TIME

Mosely stares at a regal looking woman across the river. There is a commanding air about her as she stares back at him that tells him she's the one in charge. That she's Weetamoo.

One of his militia take a shot at her which hits the tree she is hiding behind and she retreats.

CAPTAIN MOSELY
Stop shooting. Save your powder.

CORNELIUS ANDERSON
Ain't we goin after em, Captain?

Mosely looks at his Mohegan scout and then back at Anderson and gives the Dutchman an evil smile.

CAPTAIN MOSELY
No Dutchman. I have something else
in mind..

Mosely reaches into his pocket and takes out a small bag of coins and looks at his Mohegan scout.

CAPTAIN MOSELY (CONT'D)
I have a task for you.

The Mohegan looks at the bag and then across the river as Weetamoo escapes. He smiles in understanding.

CAPTAIN MOSELY (CONT'D)
Bring me back her head.

Mosely tosses him the bag of coins.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Weetamoo reaches the top of the hill where Mary has been watching from. Weetamoo sees Mary looking across the river at her would be English rescuers on the far bank.

WEETAMOO
(sneering)
No rescue today, Pukwudgie. River
too deep for horses.

Weetamoo walks past her. Mary continues to look longingly at the English, doing her best to keep her composure knowing how close she was to being rescued. She closes her eyes and prays

MARY ROWLANDSON

"Thus saith the Lord, refrain thy voice from weeping and thine eyes from tears, for thy works shall be rewarded, and thou shall come again from the land of the enemy."

INT. WIGWAM - WILDERNESS TRAIL - NIGHT

Mary enters the wigwam and wearily sets down an arm-load of firewood onto the dirt floor. Weetamoo and her sister are boiling a small meal of ground nuts.

Mary sits on a mat near the fire and pulls up her shirt to look at her wound, we see that it's almost healed.

Ahanu and Mukki are playing together with their toys.

The toddler decides that the nine year old child's toy is his as well and snatches it from him.

MUKKI

Mine!

Weetamoo sees this and takes both toys from Mukki and gives them to Ahanu. She admonishes the toddler.

WEETAMOO

No. We share!

Weetamoo sees Mary watching.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)

Do not the English teach their children to share?

MARY ROWLANDSON

Yes, Mistress. It is in our Bible.

WEETAMOO

What does your Holy book say?

Mary takes a moment to think.

MARY ROWLANDSON

That it is more blessed to give than to receive.

WEETAMOO

He was a very wise man.

MARY ROWLANDSON

He is much more than that,
Mistress, he is our Lord and
savior.

Weetamoo considers this for a moment.

WEETAMOO

Then why do English not do as he
say?

Mary doesn't know what to say. Weetamoo divides the meager portion of ground nuts equally among herself, Wootonekanuske and Mary. She gives larger portions to Mukki and Ahanu.

LATER:

Weetamoo wakes up from the cold. She sees the fire has almost burnt itself out. Everyone else is asleep inside the dimly lit wigwam.

Weetamoo is about to get up and throw more wood on the fire but freezes when she sees the door flap to the wigwam slowly being bent outward. She sees the shadowy figure of the Mohegan silently creep in. From his silhouette she can see he carries a tomahawk.

Time seems to stand still as fear grips Weetamoo. Without moving she scans her eyes around, looking for anything she can use as a weapon. She sees only a small log in the fire with a small flame on the end.

Like a ghost, the Mohegan warrior slowly edges his way toward Wootonekanuske who is the closest to him.

Weetamoo sees the warrior raise his tomahawk to strike. Before he can do so, Weetamoo with sudden fury jumps up and grabs the log and with a scream jams the flaming end into the Mohegan assassins' eyes.

The blinded assassin screams as he flails about, waving his tomahawk with one hand, covering his eyes with the other.

WEETAMOO

Assassin!

The inside of the wigwam turns to chaos. The children wake up and start to scream.

Mary sees the attacker and scoops up the children and retreats to the far end of the wigwam as Weetamoo ducks under a wild swing from the Mohegans tomahawk.

The Mohegan, unable to see, flails at Weetamoo as she bats him in the head with her log. Wootonekanuske scrambles around, looking for her tomahawk. She finds it within seconds.

WOOTONEKANUSKE

Sister!

She tosses it to Weetamoo. The Mohegan crumples to his knees after Weetamoo catches it and buries it into the attackers skull.

The Mohegan stares at her cross-eyed, his mouth silently trying to make words. With a primal scream Weetamoo wrenches the tomahawk from his skull and he falls over dead.

Weetamoo drops the bloody tomahawk, looks over and is surprised to see that Mary had positioned herself to protect the children.

Mary lets the children go and they run crying to their mothers.

Weetamoo, crying in relief, picks up Mukki. As she comforts him, Weetamoo gives Mary a grudging nod and a slight smile. Mary, surprised, smiles and nods in return.

EXT. WIGWAM - WILDERNESS TRAIL - DAWN

The refugees are breaking camp and getting ready to continue their long march. Weetamoo, Wootonekanuske and Mary are loading their satchels with supplies.

Weetamoo stops Mary before she can fully load her satchel to its usual weight. To lessen Mary's load, Weetamoo takes the left over items and stuffs them into hers and her sisters satchels.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Thank you, Mistress. I am grateful.

WEETAMOO

(half smile)

Can't have you slowing us down.

They look at each other in fear and surprise when they hear the distant, rapid fire of many muskets firing at once.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING RIVER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Weetamoo, her sister and Mary rush to the top of the hill and look out toward the opposite bank. Two separate clouds of dense, white smoke rise in the distance. Small pinpricks of light flash at the base of the two clouds as dozens of muskets blast away at each other.

WEETAMOO

Quinnapin is attacking... we must go.

Nervous for her husband, Weetamoo turns and walks away. Wootonekanuske and Mary follow her.

EXT. SUDBURY FIGHT - DAY

SUPER: "Captain Wadsworth Company, Town of Sudbury, Massachusetts Bay Colony".

Muttawmp and his two hundred warriors wait in ambush on the top of two hills. They watch the company of militia march toward them down the path that leads between them.

When the Militia are below them, Muttawmp and his warriors open fire. Most of the militia are cut down from the sudden, massive barrage from both sides. Among the warriors that is shooting is a very angry looking, James the Printer.

James survey's the carnage and smiles.

EXT. NATIVE TOWN OF PESKEOMPSKUT - DAWN

SUPER: "Turner's massacre", "Native village of Peskeompskut," "(Present day Turner Falls, Massachusetts)"

The small Native village sits on the bank of the Connecticut river. It's dawn as dozens of militia armed with swords and muskets creep silently among the wigwams. The village has no warriors, only women and children.

A young woman,(17) exits her wigwam and finds herself face to face with a young militiamen,(17). Surprised, they each hesitate a moment before she cries out and tries to run away. He shoots her in the back and she falls dead.

A split second later the entire force of militia starts shooting through the wigwams. Most of panicking Native women and children that manage to escape from the wigwams are shot or chopped down by men with swords. The ones that make it past the gauntlet of militia, run toward the river.

The attack leaves two hundred dead on the ground or in their wigwams. Mostly women, children and elderly.

When the attack is over the militia set fire to the wigwams and food stores.

EXT. WILDERNESS TRAIL - HILL - DAY

The column of refugees moves slowly, struggling to climb a steep, slippery, snow covered hill.

Mary reaches a small flat spot about halfway up and pauses to catch her breath. When she looks behind her she sees an elderly native woman, MEDICINE WOMAN, (60's), below her, near exhaustion and struggling to keep up.

Weetamoo watches from above as Mary holds out her hand to her and pulls her up. Out of breath, the elderly Medicine woman can only nod her thanks to Mary.

Weetamoo climbs down to help. With the old woman between them, she and Mary, together, using small trees to grab onto, help pull the old woman up the hill.

When all three have made it to the top, they collapse in the snow, panting, out of breath.

WEETAMOO

(still gasping for breath)

This is far enough. We'll camp here tonight.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Yes Mistress.

EXT. WILDERNESS TRAIL - HILLTOP - NIGHT

It's a clear, windless night and the refugees have split off into small groups on the wooded hilltop and have built for themselves campfires.

Weetamoo and her sister are cooking their usual small ration of ground nuts over the fire. Mary is almost done sewing together a shirt.

A young NATIVE MOTHER, (20's), arrives at the campfire holding the hand of her YOUNG CHILD, (6). Mary gives her the shirt and they both help the young child put it on. The young mother smiles at Mary, pleased with the fit and workmanship.

The young mother reaches into a small pouch and gives Mary a chunk of bear meat about the size of a fist.

Mary smiles back and says with a slight bow.

MARY ROWLANDSON
Thank you, Mistress.

The young woman and her child walk away happy and Mary gives the chunk of meat to Weetamoo. Surprised at Mary's willingness to share, she puts it on the hot coals of the fire to roast it. After a moment Weetamoo says to Mary.

WEETAMOO
Woman not Mistress, she is squaw.

MARY ROWLANDSON
Yes, Mistress.

Weetamoo flips over the meat.

WEETAMOO
And you... you no longer Pukwudgie.

Mary looks at her in surprise as Weetamoo divides up the small meal.

EXT. BURNT TOWN - DAY

The column of weary refugees exit the forest into the monochromatic scene of the burnt, snow covered ruins of an English town. Charred, blackened timbers loom through the thick ground fog that blends into the grey, dingy sky.

In the distant fields, Mary sees flocks of crows feeding on the frozen, snow covered carcasses of cattle.

SUPER: "Destroyed Frontier Town of Northfield,"
"Massachusetts Bay Colony."

Mary is somber as she mopes through the gloomy wasteland, heart-sick over the destruction of a town much like hers. She follows along behind Weetamoo and her sister.

Weetamoo turns to her.

WEETAMOO
English fled. No one killed here.

The refugees disperse throughout the ruins. Mary, Weetamoo and her sister join the rest as they start to dig through the snow and ash, scavenging for food. They find ears of corn and frozen wheat not yet threshed. Some carve up the carcasses of the cattle.

LATER

Mary is getting adept as she helps Weetamoo and her sister finish building a wigwam near the ruins.

MARY ROWLANDSON
Mistress, shall I fetch more wood
for the fire?

WEETAMOO
Yes... thank you, Mary.

Once Mary leaves, Weetamoo and Wootonekanuske look at each other in surprise.

WOOTONEKANUSKE
Do you think she's starting to
understand?

WEETAMOO
(skeptical)
I'm not sure. We'll have to wait
and see.

INT. WIGWAM - WILDERNESS TRAIL - NIGHT

The sound of coughing wakes Mary up from a deep sleep. She can barely see Weetamoo and her sister talking in the dim light. Weetamoo looks scared as she rocks Mukki in her arms, trying to comfort him as he weakly coughs.

Mary gets up and goes to them. Her eyes widen in surprise when she sees how sick the child is. She feels the high temperature from the toddlers forehead. She looks at Weetamoo, understanding now why she looks so frightened.

MARY ROWLANDSON
May I look?

Weetamoo gives her a frightened nod. With dread, Mary unbuttons the shirt she made for him and finds a large red rash on his skin. With even more dread, she gently opens the Mukki's mouth. She takes a quick look and flinches from what she sees inside.

Weetamoo becomes even more alarmed when she sees Mary's reaction.

WEETAMOO
Mary, what is it? Is it bad?

Mary gives her a sympathetic look.

MARY ROWLANDSON
It's scarlet fever, Mistress.

WEETAMOO
(to Wootonekanuske)
Sister, bring the Medicine woman...
hurry.

Wootonekanuske leaves. Weetamoo and Mary exchange worried looks.

LATER:

As the Medicine woman examines Mukki, Mary smooths her apron. Weetamoo paces back and forth and Wootonekanuske sits, rocking as she hugs her knees.

The Medicine woman stops what she is doing and says to Weetamoo.

MEDICINE WOMAN
The child must be cleansed of evil
spirits and the home purified of
all negative energy.

Weetamoo and her sister both shoot suspicious looks at Mary.

MEDICINE WOMAN (CONT'D)
The English woman is not the source
of the evil spirits.

WOOTONEKANUSKE
How do you know this?

MEDICINE WOMAN
I have looked into the English
woman's heart. No evil lives
there... only ignorance.

The women look on as the Medicine woman opens her medicine bag and takes out a large Quahog shell and a smudge stick. She lights the end of the smudge stick on fire and puts it on the Quahog shell, allowing it to slowly burn as incense.

MEDICINE WOMAN (CONT'D)
I will need hot water to make the
medicine.

Mary looks at Weetamoo who gives her a nod and Mary goes to work to heat the water.

The medicine woman takes out leaves and herbs from her bag and grinds them in a small bowl.

WEETAMOO

Please... you must save him!

The Medicine woman continues to grind the herbs, unable to meet Weetamoo's worried gaze.

MEDICINE WOMAN

I don't know if I can... it is an English disease.

Weetamoo eyes darken with rage.

WEETAMOO

You said it did not come from the English woman.

MEDICINE WOMAN

It did not. She has been with us for too long.

WEETAMOO

From where then?

MEDICINE WOMAN

I do not know. Perhaps it is an evil spirit from the burnt English town.

Mary returns from the fire with the hot water and gives it to the Medicine woman who pours it into the ground up herbs. After it steeps she adds some cold water to cool it and gives the tea to Weetamoo.

MEDICINE WOMAN (CONT'D)

He must drink all of it.

Weetamoo gently lifts Mukki's head and holds the cup to his mouth. He slowly drinks the tea and coughs.

The Medicine woman picks up the smudge stick and Quahog shell and reverently snuffs it out in the shell which causes it to smoke. She takes a large bird feather from her medicine bag.

MEDICINE WOMAN (CONT'D)

(to Mary)

Open the flap. The evil spirits must be allowed to escape.

Mary does what she is told and watches as the Medicine woman walks through the wigwam, waving the feather to fan the smoke while chanting a prayer.

When she is done she begins to put her things back into her medicine bag.

WEETAMOO

Your magic... will it work?

Again, the Medicine woman can not look Weetamoo in the eyes. With false optimism she says.

MEDICINE WOMAN

Do not give up hope... I will return tomorrow.

Close to tears, Weetamoo watches the Medicine woman leave.

INT. WIGWAM - WILDERNESS TRAIL - DAY

The next morning Weetamoo and her sister look tired and haggard from caring for Mukki through out the long night.

The pitiful child's condition is even worse. He is wrapped in blankets and is shivering.

When the Medicine woman enters, Weetamoo looks at her and implores.

WEETAMOO

We have prayed all night and he gets weaker. Please, I beg you, is there nothing more we can do?

The Medicine woman grimaces when she examines Mukki's swollen neck.

MEDICINE WOMAN

I need to make a poultice. I will need cloth to wrap the medicine in.

Weetamoo desperately looks around the wigwam until her eyes land on Mary's apron.

WEETAMOO

Mary, give me your apron.

Mary, wide eyed, shakes her head.

Weetamoo in a louder, sterner voice.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)

Mary... give me your apron.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Mistress, I cannot.

Weetamoo menacingly approaches Mary.

WEETAMOO

Give it!

MARY ROWLANDSON

(fearfully)

No!

Weetamoo, furious, picks up a large stick from the woodpile and swings it, narrowly missing Mary as she dives out of the way.

Weetamoo pursues Mary as she retreats to the far end of the wigwam. Mary cowers as Weetamoo, red-faced with fury, holds the stick like a bat

WEETAMOO

Give it... now!

MARY ROWLANDSON

Please, I can't... it's all I have left of my daughter!

Weetamoo, about to swing, pauses. She sees the apron stained by the blood of Mary's daughter. Understanding now why the apron is so important to Mary causes her rage to disappear. After a moment she drops the stick and sits down in despair. Mary, terrified, runs out of the wigwam.

EXT. BURNT TOWN - TREE STUMP - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Fleeing Weetamoo's wrath, Mary finds herself back at the nearby burnt ruins of Northfield. Alone and out of breath, she finds a tree stump to sit on.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Oh Lord, save me... for I know not what to do!

She looks down on her blood stained apron and gently touches it.

MARY ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)

My babe, how I miss thee.

Mary takes her Bible from the aprons pocket and opens it by chance to Matthew 5:40-44.

MARY ROWLANDSON (V.O.)

"And if any man sue thee and take away thy coat, let him take thy cloak also. And whoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

(MORE)

MARY ROWLANDSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Give to them that asketh thee, and
from them that would borrow of thee
turn not thou away (Mary starts to
cry). Love thy enemies, bless them
that curse you, do good to them
that hate you, and pray for them
which despitefully use you, and
persecute you".

Having a catharsis, Mary looks toward heaven and sobs.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Forgive me, Oh Lord! Long have I
been ignorant... I now see your
divine light!

Mary continues to cry.

INT. WIGWAM - WILDERNESS TRAIL - LATER

Mary cautiously enters the wigwam. She carries her neatly folded apron in her hands. She gets on her knees and presents it to Weetamoo who looks even more haggard than before.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Mistress, I humbly beg your
forgiveness.

Mary and her sister look at each other in surprise.

WEETAMOO

Mary, can you make it into a
poultice?

MARY ROWLANDSON

Yes Mistress.

WEETAMOO

Thank you, Mary... I am grateful.

EXT. WIGWAM - WILDERNESS TRAIL - DAY

Mary approaches the wigwam with an armload of firewood. She passes a couple of terrified young native women who give her a wide berth.

She looks back at them, confused by their reaction. They see her watching them and they quicken their pace.

Mary doesn't see the Medicine woman exiting the wigwam.

MEDICINE WOMAN

They think you are a sorceress.

MARY ROWLANDSON

(startled)

I am not... I am a Christian.

MEDICINE WOMAN

Some believe Christians can wield disease as one would shoot an arrow from a bow.

MARY ROWLANDSON

I have no such power.

MEDICINE WOMAN

If you had, would you have used it?

Mary ignores the question and walks into the wigwam with her firewood.

INT. WIGWAM - WILDERNESS TRAIL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mary puts down the wood and sees Weetamoo and her sister praying over Mukki. Mary comes closer and stifles a gasp when she sees how much worse the child's illness has become. Mukki's neck has swollen to twice its normal size and he wheezes when he breathes.

Weetamoo looks like hell. Her eyes are puffy and red. She hasn't slept for days and is in danger of falling over from exhaustion.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Mistress, is there anything I can do?

Weetamoo, with her child in her arms, looks weakly at Mary.

WEETAMOO

Mary, can you say an English prayer for him...? My prayers do not work.

MARY ROWLANDSON

I have already done so, Mistress, many times.

Weetamoo nods to Mary and looks down upon her sick child and weeps in despair.

LATER:

Weetamoo still has her child in her arms and is quietly praying. Mary and Wootonekanuske watch as the Medicine woman prepares a fresh poultice.

Weetamoo lays her child down on a mat and the Medicine woman applies the poultice to his neck.

MEDICINE WOMAN

(to Weetamoo)

This is the last of the medicine.
There is nothing more I can do.

MEDICINE WOMAN (CONT'D)

(to Mary)

Are there words in your magic book
that can save this child?

MARY ROWLANDSON

I am not ordained. Only men may
minister the Holy Bible.

WEETAMOO

Please Mary. My child is dying!

Mary, unsure, opens her Bible to Psalms 23:1

MARY ROWLANDSON

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall
not want. He maketh me lie down in
green pastures: he leadeth me
beside still waters. He restoreth
my soul: he leadeth me in the paths
of righteousness.

Mary looks up and sees the women listening intently. Weetamoo nods to her to continue.

MARY ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)

Yea, though I walk through the
valley of the shadow of death, I
will fear no evil: for thou art
with me; thy rod and thy staff
comfort me. Thou preparest a table
before me in the presence of mine
enemies: thou anointest my head
with oil; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall
follow me all the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house of
the Lord forever.

Mary closes the Bible and looks up to see the puzzled expressions of the other women.

Their expressions turn to alarm when the child starts to convulse. Weetamoo picks him up in her arms and cries out.

WEETAMOO
(to Medicine woman)
Please, do something!

MEDICINE WOMAN
I am sorry... There is nothing I
can do.

Mukki's seizure stops and he goes limp. Weetamoo sees that he is dead and cries out in anguish.

WEETAMOO
No!

Weetamoo sobs as she rocks back and forth with her child in her arms.

EXT. WIGWAM - WILDERNESS TRAIL - DAY

Mary sits outside the wigwam listening to the loud, rhythmic pounding of the drums coming from inside as Native women chant to its beat. Other women wail and moan in sympathy for Weetamoo as she mourns for her dead child.

Mary stands up when the sound stops. Weetamoo, carrying her dead child, does her best to look stoic as she exits the wigwam. Her face is painted black and she is dressed in her finest clothes, jewelry and wampum belts. Her mourners also exit and form a line behind her. Mary watches the procession solemnly walk down the trail as they go to bury the child.

INT. WIGWAM - WILDERNESS TRAIL - NIGHT

Weetamoo looks broken as she sits near the center of the wigwam. She stares into the fire, numb with shock and emotionally shattered. In her hands, she clutches her dead child's rattle.

She doesn't notice when her sister places a blanket around her shoulders.

Mary enters the wigwam and says to Weetamoo.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Sorry, Mistress, all I could find
was a few acorns and some ground
nuts.

Weetamoo doesn't respond. She continues to stare into the
fire, mesmerized.

Mary gives Wootonekanuske a confused look.

WOOTONEKANUSKE

It is all right, Mary. Give them to
me... I will cook them.

Mary hands over the meager ration of acorns and groundnuts to
Wootonekanuske and looks sympathetically at Weetamoo.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Mistress... our Lord tells us in
the Bible that "Blessed are they
that mourn: for they shall be
comforted"

Weetamoo remains still as a statue.

Mary, not knowing what to do, goes to smooth her apron and
realizes with sadness that it too is gone.

LATER:

Mary is doing her best to read her Bible in the dim light of
the fire as Wootonekanuske plays with her young son. Weetamoo
continues to stare into the fire.

The fire flickers when the door flap of the wigwam flips up
and Quinnapin walks in.

Mary, Wootonekanuske and Ahanu look at him in surprise. Even
Mary seems pleased to see him.

Quinnapin smiles at them. His smile disappears when he sees
Weetamoo and the shape that she's in.

QUINNAPIN

Weetamoo?

He realizes what has happened when he notices that Mukki
isn't there.

Quinnapin looks at Wootonekanuske and she nods in
confirmation.

Weetamoo doesn't notice when Quinnapin kneels beside her.

QUINNAPIN (CONT'D)
Weetamoo it's me, Quinnapin.

He places his hand on her shoulder, after a moment she turns her head and looks up at him. Recognition slowly begins to creep into her eyes followed soon after by tears. She wraps her arms around him and breaks down, sobbing.

WOOTONEKANUSKE
(quietly to Mary)
Come Mary, we will find another
place to sleep tonight.

Wootonekanuske takes her child's hand and they all leave.
Weetamoo cries in Quinnapin's arms.

EXT. BURNT TOWN - TREE STUMP - DAY

It's a sunny day and Mary is sitting on the tree stump reading her Bible. She is surprised when she finds Weetamoo standing next to her.

MARY ROWLANDSON
Mistress?

Mary begins to stand and Weetamoo gestures for her to sit back down.

Weetamoo casts a solemn gaze out at the ruins of the town.

WEETAMOO
Your town, is it like this one?

Mary looks sadly at the ruins.

MARY ROWLANDSON
Yes, Mistress.

Weetamoo turns her gaze to Mary.

WEETAMOO
Your daughter, she die in war?

MARY ROWLANDSON
Yes, Mistress.

Weetamoo turns her gaze back to the ruins.

WEETAMOO
Children should not have to suffer
and die in war.

Weetamoo takes a moment, contemplating the ruins.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)

When I was a girl, Massasoit told us of the time when the English first come to Patuxet, what you call Plymouth. He found them cold... starving, many of them sick. He gave them food and friendship and they became friends... He saved them.

Weetamoo's gaze hardens and turns back to Mary.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)

But their children, they are different. They will not share the land. They give fire water to foolish Sachems and steal their land in exchange for worthless trinkets. They chop down the trees and drive away the deer. Their cattle wander into our fields and eat our corn... now it is us who starve.... The children of Plymouth bring nothing but war, disease and death.

Weetamoo turns contemplatively back to the ruins.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)

I fear the English will war upon us until we are wiped out.

MARY ROWLANDSON

I pray that does not happen, Mistress.

After a long moment.

WEETAMOO

Tomorrow we leave... Quinnapin has brought word. We go to great council at Wachusett.

Weetamoo turns back to Mary.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)

Your governor is sending an emissary to negotiate for your return... Maybe soon you be Mistress again.

Mary's eyes widen in surprise.

Weetamoo looks up into the sky.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)
 (off handedly)
 Today first day of spring.

Weetamoo turns and walks away leaving Mary stunned.

MONTAGE - SUNNY SPRING DAY

- - Water dripping from icicle.
- - leaf buds sprouting from branches on Maple tree.
- - Woodpecker drumming on tree.
- - Bumble Bee landing on flower.
- - Blue birds chirping.
- - Grass sprouting through snow.
- - Deer drinking from swollen river.

EXT. WILDERNESS TRAIL TO WACHUSETT - DAY

There is an impatient spring in Mary's step as Quinnapin, carrying his musket, leads the refugees down the trail to Wachusett.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING TOWN - WACHUSETT - DAY

Mary and the rest of the refugees crest a small hill and pause to catch their breath. Before them, nestled in a valley between two hills and a pond sits the Nipmuck town of Wachusett. At the center, surrounded by dozens of smaller wigwams, is the large, great wigwam of the council.

The sight of so many Natives causes Mary to clutch her Bible tightly. This time though she is not afraid. She bites her lip and looks to heaven, a cautiously hopeful look in her eyes that now she may be one step closer to freedom.

INT. METACOM'S WIGWAM - WACHUSETT - DAY

Metacom is smoking his pipe when his wife, Wootonekanuske and their son enter his wigwam. He drops his pipe to the ground in surprise when he turns around and he sees them both standing before him, smiling. He runs to them and wraps his arms around them both.

Metacom doesn't notice when a moment later, Weetamoo, Quinnapin and Mary also enter the wigwam.

METACOM

My brave wife, My spirit soars like a bird... for so long I feared that Mosely had killed you.

Wootonekanuke cups his cheek with one hand.

WOOTONEKANUSKE

Husband, with you and Quinnapin protecting us, how could that ever happen?

Metacom smiles proudly at his son and gently shakes his shoulder.

METACOM

And of course our brave son was there to protect you.

Ahanu's face beams.

Metacom turns to Weetamoo and Quinnapin and an anxious looking Mary.

METACOM (CONT'D)

Welcome sister. I am happy to see you, yet I am saddened by your loss.

Weetamoo stoically nods to him.

Mary, shifting back and forth, impatiently blurts out.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Pardon me, Master, do my children yet live? Are they here?

METACOM

I do not know. Perhaps there are others here who may know where they are.

Mary winces and her shoulders droop as her spirit falters.

METACOM (CONT'D)

(to Weetamoo)

The council meeting is soon. There is much to talk about.

Weetamoo understands that Metacom does not want Mary to hear.

WEETAMOO

Mary, go through the village. Maybe
find your children.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Thank you, Mistress.

Mary, hope in her eyes, leaves the wigwam.

EXT. WACHUSETT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mary wanders among wigwams looking for her children. She
stops when she sees Matchetehew walk by her.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Matchetehew.

Matchetehew turns around.

MATCHETEHEW

What do you want, Pukwudgie?

MARY ROWLANDSON

My children. Have you seen them?

Matchetehew shows her an evil smile.

MATCHETEHEW

Yes, in last nights stew.

This time Mary is not so gullible. She steps toward him and
gives him a steely look.

MARY ROWLANDSON

And the English woman from
Medfield? Did you eat her too?

Matchetehew gets defensive from Mary's new found confidence.
He takes a step toward her.

MATCHETEHEW

I knock her on head. Maybe do same
to you.

Mary smiles defiantly at him.

MARY ROWLANDSON

You cannot. My Mistress would kill
you if you dared.

Matchetehew scowls in frustration and turns and walks away.

Mary watches him go in contempt. She bends down and quickly scoops up a hand full of snow and mud from the ground and compresses it into a snowball. With an evil grin of her own, she hurls it.

EXT. WACHUSETT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mary's snowball slams into the back of Machetehew's head. He whirls around in fury but Mary is gone. He sees no one but laughing Natives. He stomps off like an embarrassed child.

INT. WIGWAM OF THE GREAT COUNCIL - DAY

Inside the dimly lit wigwam sits Metacom, Weetamoo, Quinnapin, Monoco, Muttawmp and about ten other Sachems and Sagamores representing all the major allied Native tribes.

James Printer enters the wigwam. Most cast suspicious looks at him.

MONOCO

Is it true you still pray to the English god?

JAMES THE PRINTER

Yes.

MONOCO

How are we to trust you?

METACOM

You cannot! They speak with forked tongues and false hearts. They are loyal only to the English. It was another of his kind, John Sassamon, that caused this war... this one is the same.

MUTTAWMP

I know this warrior well. We fight in many battles. He is Christian but his heart is true.

MONOCO

(to James)

You are here to tell us the words of the Grand-Sachem of the Massachusetts English. Will you speak his words in truth?

JAMES THE PRINTER

It is they who have betrayed me. I
will speak truth.

Monoco hands him the letter from Massachusetts.

MONOCO

Tell us what this say.

INT. METACOM'S WIGWAM - WACHUSETT - DAY

Mary enters and finds only Wootonekanuske and Ahanu in the wigwam. She notices a wash basin with a pitcher of water and a small hand mirror.

WOOTONEKANUSKE

Metacom bring this. Wash up.
Council may want to see you.

Mary walks to the basin and picks up the mirror. The reflected image stuns her. She blinks. The woman staring back at her in disbelief looks nothing like the frail, fearful woman from Lancaster. Her face is dirty and lean and there is an older, wiser look in her eyes, from new knowledge, hard won.

Mary scoops up some water and washes up.

INT. WIGWAM OF THE GREAT COUNCIL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The great council is convened with the same people as before. This time they wait for the English emissary. When the door flap opens, James the Printer is shocked. Daniel Gookin enters, accompanied by two Christian Native guides dressed in English clothes. He and his guides are escorted by two armed Nipmuck warriors.

Gookin sees an uncomfortable looking, James the Printer sitting among the council.

DANIEL GOOKIN

(smiling uncomfortably)
Hello James, I am pleased to see
you are well.

James says nothing. He looks away, unable to meet his gaze, partly from shame, partly from anger. Gookin gives him a pained look.

METACOM

(to Gookin)
I know you, Daniel Gookin.
(MORE)

METACOM (CONT'D)

From before when there was peace
between us. Do you speak for the
Great Sachem of the Massachusetts
English?

DANIEL GOOKIN

Great Sachem, Metacom, I am here
merely as a messenger to bring you
the words of the governor... and to
bring your words to him.

Metacom takes a moment to scrutinize Gookin.

METACOM

The Sachem of the Massachusetts
English asks for us to free the
English captives... what price will
the English pay?

DANIEL GOOKIN

What price does the Great Sachem
desire?

METACOM

(to the escort)
Bring the English woman.

One of Gookin's escorts leaves to fetch Mary.

JAMES THE PRINTER

(bitterly)

And what of the Indian captives
suffering and dying on Deer Island,
Master Gookin? What is their price?

DANIEL GOOKIN

James, you know I am doing my very
best to free them.

Mary walks in and is surprised to see Daniel Gookin.

METACOM

Mary Rowlandson, how much English
pay to free you?

Mary is caught off guard and struggles a moment, trying to
think of a sum.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Twenty pounds... but I beg you ask
for less.

Metacom looks at Weetamoo who nods.

METACOM

The price is twenty pounds.

DANIEL GOOKIN

And the other captives?

METACOM

The other Sachems have them. You must ask them their price... Bring these words to your Sachem, Daniel Gookin... what price English pay for peace?

INT. METACOM'S WIGWAM - WACHUSETT - NIGHT

Weetamoo and Quinnapin are lying on their sides facing each other in the crowded wigwam. They talk softly so not to wake anyone.

QUINNAPIN

Metacom does not want peace with the English, no matter what price English pay.

WEETAMOO

It does not matter, English do not want peace so we must fight... But how can we wage war with no food and gunpowder?

QUINNAPIN

What should we do?

Weetamoo tenderly brushes a lock of hair from Quinnapin's face.

WEETAMOO

When Daniel Gookin returns with the ransom we will go home and gather the hidden seed corn. The Mohegans cannot have found it all.

QUINNAPIN

It is said that Benjamin Church once again prowls there, like a wolf.

WEETAMOO

Better for us to face Benjamin Church than Mosely.

QUINNAPIN

And then?

Weetamoo looks off for a moment to consider this.

WEETAMOO

Maybe go north, to the Abenaki.

QUINNAPIN

And Metacom and the Pocanoket?

WEETAMOO

Wootonekanuske and I will convince him to come with us. He will see reason.

Quinnapin pulls her in close and kisses her.

QUINNAPIN

It is decided then. The Narragansetts and Wampanoags will return home, together.

EXT. METACOM'S WIGWAM - WACHUSETT - DAY

All the snow has melted and Mary is leaning against the wigwam, reading her Bible, enjoying the warm sun from the beautiful spring day. Weetamoo exits the wigwam and surprises Mary when she sits down next to her.

WEETAMOO

It is good to feel the warm sun at last. Don't you think?

MARY ROWLANDSON

Yes, Mistress... there were days when I thought I would never feel warm again.

WEETAMOO

I felt that way too... sometimes war make my heart feel like ice... even in summer, then my rage would make it warm again... this war has become... tiresome.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Yes Mistress, very tiresome.

Weetamoo looks at Mary and they both sadly smile at each other in understanding.

Weetamoo takes out a small beautifully crafted purse made from wampum and holds it out to Mary.

WEETAMOO
Here, you take.

MARY ROWLANDSON
Mistress?

WEETAMOO
You sacrifice your apron for my
child, so now you take... to carry
your book.

Mary takes the purse and puts her Bible in it. It fits
perfectly.

MARY ROWLANDSON
Thank you, Mistress. It is
beautiful.

WEETAMOO
You'll need it soon for your
journey home.

Mary's eyes widen.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)
Daniel Gookin has sent a messenger
with your ransom. He will take you
to Boston... to your husband.

Mary sits up straight.

MARY ROWLANDSON
(excited)
When Mistress?

WEETAMOO
I will bring you to Gookin
tomorrow, maybe... If Metacom
doesn't botch things up.

MARY ROWLANDSON
(puzzled then alarmed)
Will he botch things up?

WEETAMOO
He has not always been a wise man.

Weetamoo stands up.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)
This war not his fault, but he make
mistakes... a wiser man could have
stopped it.

Mary watches Weetamoo turn and walk away.

EXT. LAKESHORE - WACHUSETT - NIGHT

The entire village has turned out for the ceremonial dance. Mary watches Weetamoo, her face painted red and dressed in her finest clothes and jewelry, dance to the beat of drums and singing as she circles around a large bonfire. Dancing with her is Quinnapin and some of the other Sachems.

Mary smells Metacom before she sees him staggering up to her reeking of whiskey. He offers Mary a swig from his bottle. She shakes her head in distaste and gives him a wary look.

METACOM

(friendly)

A gift from my friend, Daniel
Gookin.

Metacom's friendly smile turns into a frown and he starts to become angry.

METACOM (CONT'D)

Weetamoo got twenty pounds and I
get a bottle of whiskey...? I am
Grand-Sachem.

Mary's eyes widen in fear and she takes a step back.

METACOM (CONT'D)

I am the Grand-Sachem of the
Wampanoag! I must be paid more than
Weetamoo...! You cannot go home!

Mary's face turns ashen.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Master, please, you must let me go!
We have nothing left to pay you.
Our home is gone. We are destitute!

As Weetamoo dances around the fire, she sees Metacom drunkenly waving his arms as he gets in Mary's face.

She waves at Wootonekanuske and points to Metacom and a very frightened Mary. Wootonekanuske sees and nods in understanding.

METACOM

(slurring his words)

I must be paid two English coats or
you no go home...

(MORE)

METACOM (CONT'D)
and twenty shillings... And
tobacco, I want tobacco... And more
whiskey!

Before Metacom can think of any more demands, Wootonekanuske stands next to Mary and opens her shirt to expose her breasts to Metacom. His eyes widen and he becomes silent as he stupidly gawks at his wife's breasts. Mary now forgotten. He allows his wife to take his hand and lead him away.

Mary sits on a log, places her face in her hands and trembles.

INT. METACOM'S WIGWAM - WACHUSETT - DAWN

Metacom is snoring a few feet away when Weetamoo gently shakes Mary to wake her up. When she does Weetamoo presses her finger to her lips telling her to be quiet.

WEETAMOO
(whispering)
We must go... before he wakes.

Mary nods, quietly gets up and follows her out.

EXT. METACOM'S WIGWAM - WACHUSETT - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

Quinnapin and Wootonekanuske are outside waiting for them.

QUINNAPIN
Come, Gookin is waiting.

EXT. REDEMPTION ROCK - DAY

Weetamoo, Wootonekanuske and Mary are being lead down the wooded trail by Quinnapin. They stop when they come to a large, granite ledge with a vertical face and a flat top. Standing next to it, by a small campfire, is Daniel Gookin and one of his two Christian Native guides.

SUPER: "Redemption Rock", (Present day Princeton, Massachusetts)"

DANIEL GOOKIN
Greetings Quinnapin of the
Narragansett, Greetings Weetamoo of
the Pocasset...

Before he can go further his other CHRISTIAN NATIVE GUIDE, (20's) runs up to them in alarm.

NATIVE CHRISTIAN GUIDE
Master Gookin, it's Metacom! He's
running this way... He has a
musket!

Mary gasps.

MARY ROWLANDSON
Oh no!

Weetamoo and her sister look at each other in chagrin.

WEETAMOO
(to Mary)
We will stop him. But you must go,
now!

Mary hesitates and the two women clasp each other by the elbows and spend a silent moment to say goodbye.

Gookin holds out his hand to Mary.

DANIEL GOOKIN
Mistress Rowlandson, we must go.

Mary takes Gookin's hand. Weetamoo, doing her best to remain somber and dignified, watches as her friend quickly walks away into the woods and disappears.

MONTAGE - THE FIGHTING CONTINUES

- - Captain Pierce and his militia are chasing a group of Natives through the forest and come to a series of small, shallow waterfalls and are ambushed. Most of the 60 men are killed. SUPER: "Captain Pierce's ambush, (Present day Central Falls, Rhode Island)"

- - Native warriors executing nine English militia captives. SUPER: "Nine Man's Misery, (Present day, Cumberland, Rhode Island)"

- - Two large groups of English cavalry along with English and Mohegan foot soldiers surround a Native camp and begin slaughtering everyone. SUPER: "Major Talcott's Massacre at Nipsachuck swamp", "34 men killed, ninety two women and children". (Present day, North Smithfield, Rhode Island)."

- - (Night) Native warriors in canoes come ashore on the bank of a river. Behind them on the opposite bank is a large burning town. SUPER: Destruction of Providence, Rhode Island.

EXT. SOUTH CHURCH - BOSTON - DAY

Daniel Gookin drives a wagon with Mary sitting beside him. As he approaches the church, Mary spots her husband and two children waiting for her on the steps. Before Gookin can stop, Mary jumps out and sprints toward them.

When Mary's children see her.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON JR.
Look father there she is!

MARY ROWLANDSON JR.
Mother!

They both tear away from their father and run to her.

Mary holds out her arms wide and envelopes them both in a bone crushing hug. She cries out.

MARY ROWLANDSON
My darling babes! You're alive!

Mary and both her children sob as they tightly hug each other.

Mary stands when her husband draws near with tears in his eyes. They stare at each other for a moment before they too tightly embrace.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON
Oh, my darling wife, I have caused you such pain and suffering. I beg your forgiveness.

Mary gently cups the side of her husbands face.

MARY ROWLANDSON
Dear husband... it was the will of God... His goodness and grace have preserved us.

Daniel Gookin, with a tear in his eye, smiles, as the family once again embraces.

EXT. SMALL CLEARING - DAY

With the sound of intense gunfire nearby, Weetamoo and Wootonekanuske frantically brush away the dirt from the cover of a hidden underground cache of seed corn. Other women around them are doing the same with other hidden caches.

Wootonekanuske flinches and ducks down when there is another loud volley of musket fire.

WEETAMOO

Do not worry, little sister,
Quinnapin and Metacom will draw
them away.

EXT. FOREST - QUINNAPIN'S FIGHT - SAME TIME

Quinnapin and dozens of his warriors fire all at once at the charging Mohegan warriors. Many fall to the ground dead. Some take cover and return fire while others run to either side to try to surround Quinnapin. Quinnapin sees the danger and signals his warriors to retreat.

EXT. FOREST - METACOM'S FIGHT - SAME TIME

Metacom listens to the fight between Quinnapin and the Mohegans a short distance away as he waits in ambush for the English militia that his scouts have told him are coming.

Metacom sees a line of militia coming through the trees. He takes careful aim at the closest soldier and fires. His Warriors follow suit. The entire front rank of militia is cut down.

Metacom signals his warriors to retreat to draw the militia away from Weetamoo.

EXT. FOREST - QUINNAPIN'S FIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Quinnapin, with a dozen of his warriors, expertly reload while running through the woods, dodging musket fire from the Mohegans that are in hot pursuit.

Quinnapin spins toward the Mohegans to shoot as his warriors run past. He fires, killing a Mohegan warrior.

Quinnapin turns to chase after his warriors but has to dive to the ground when a massive volley of musket fire erupts from in front of him and cuts down all his warriors. A Mohegan is on him before he can get up and clubs him on the head and he goes unconscious.

An English militiaman runs up to the unconscious Quinnapin and we see that it is Benjamin Church. He turns to the warrior who clubbed him and nods to him. The warrior proudly smiles back.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

Weetamoo, Wootonekanuske and Ahanu are waiting at a small campsite alongside a river.

WOOTONEKANUSKE

Where are they? They should have caught up to us by now... are we in the right place?

Weetamoo looks around.

WEETAMOO

Yes. This is the place.

Weetamoo stands up and picks up a musket.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)

I will go look... you stay here.

Wootonekanuske watches as Weetamoo cautiously makes her way back up the trail.

EXT. TRAIL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Weetamoo flinches and her eyes widen with dread when she hears the loud crack of musket fire mixed with screams and war cries coming from the campsite that she had just left.

WEETAMOO

(to herself)

Oh no!

Weetamoo sprints back toward the sound of musket fire.

EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The musket fire has stopped and Weetamoo's people are now prisoners. Many of them crying and wailing as they are tied together by Benjamin Church's English militia and Mohegan warriors. Wootonekanuske and her son are among them. There are a few dead bodies on the ground.

Benjamin Church whirls around when he hears Weetamoo burst onto the scene. Their eyes lock, frozen for a moment in recognition. At the same time they raise their muskets and fire.

Weetamoo's shot misses Church's head by a fraction of an inch and slams into a tree.

Church's round is more accurate and hits Weetamoo in her side. She cries out in pain and goes down to one knee.

Weetamoo sees that Church is reloading his musket and that the other militia are overcoming their surprise and are preparing to shoot.

Weetamoo drops her musket and runs. Church's militia begin firing. The rounds hit all around her, barely missing her.

EXT. ROAD TO BOSTON - DAY

Mosely and Cornelius Anderson, both on horseback, smile as they watch the long line of Native prisoners being force marched to Boston. Among the prisoners is James Printer, Monoco, Muttawmp and a frightened looking Matchetehew.

CORNELIUS ANDERSON

Should fetch a good price, eh,
Captain?

CAPTAIN MOSELY

Yes, a very good price... who knew
my friend, that war could be so
profitable.

CORNELIUS ANDERSON

Better than being pirate.

They look at each other and laugh.

EXT. TAUNTON RIVER BANK - DAY

Weetamoo, gasping for breath and weak from blood loss, clutches her wound as she staggers down the trail, She stops when she reaches the bank of a large river.

WEETAMOO

(weakly to herself)
Almost home.

She looks behind her, startled, when she hears the Whooping and hollering of the Mohegan warriors chasing her.

She looks across to the far bank and then again toward the sound of the Mohegans. After a moment, with no other choice, she wades into the river and swims for the far bank.

EXT. TAUNTON RIVER - DAY

Weetamoo's gasps for breath as she swims, looking longingly to the far bank.

WEETAMOO
 (to herself)
 Almost home... almost home...
 almost home...

Little geysers of water shoot up all around her as the Mohegans shoot at her. She looks behind her and swims even harder.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)
 Almost home... almost home...

Weetamoo lets out a quiet gasp when she gets hit in the back by a musket ball. She gives her home on the opposite bank one last, longing look before she closes her eyes, stops paddling and dies.

Face down in the water, the current takes her away.

INT. HOUSE - BOSTON - EVENING

Mary's family sit around a small table with a carved turkey at its center. Mary, light smile on her face, serves a plate to each of her family. She takes off her new, plain looking apron and sits down with them after handing out the food. Hanging nearby is the wampum pouch Weetamoo made for her.

Mary's husband gives her a warm smile as they all hold hands.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON
 Let us give thanks... The Lord
 sayeth, "When thou hast eaten and
 art full, then thou shall bless the
 Lord thy God for the good land he
 hath given thee".

Joseph Rowlandson takes a moment and looks at his family.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)
 And let us give thanks to the Lord
 for blessing us by reuniting our
 family.

Joseph's eyes meet Mary's.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)

The Lord tells us in Jeremiah
31:16, " Refrain from tears, for
thy shall be rewarded, saith the
Lord: and they shall come again
from the land of the enemy"...
Amen.

Mary feels a wave of emotion well up from deep within. She looks into her husband's kind, sympathetic eyes. She gazes upon her two healthy, beautiful, smiling children, dressed in their finest clothes. She looks at the carved turkey and her plate of delicious food. She looks up and sees Weetamoo's wampum pouch that she made for her.

Tears well up in her eyes as she feels the wave of emotion begin to crest as if approaching a rocky shore. She shudders when it breaks and she bursts into tears.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)

Dear wife, what troubles you?

MARY ROWLANDSON

My cup... it truly runneth over.

She looks at her family and cries in gratitude.

Her family get up from their chairs and surround Mary, hugging her, before they too break out in tears.

EXT. TAUNTON RIVER - DOWNSTREAM - DAY

A group of a dozen armed militia find Weetamoo's body washed up on the river bank. When they flip her body over and recognize her, they smile and slap each others backs, celebrating.

From a distance we see one of the militia take out his cutlass and chop off Weetamoo's head. He holds it up high in victory.

EXT. SWAMP - DAY

Metacom looks behind him for his pursuers as he runs alone through the swamp with his musket. Behind him is the sound of musket fire.

Metacom doesn't realize that he is being driven toward Benjamin Church and a Native warrior lying on the ground, waiting in ambush.

Church cocks the flint on his musket as Metacom charges forward. Church carefully aims and calmly pulls the trigger but the gun does not fire. He re-cocks it and tries again as Metacom continues to charge at them but it misfires again.

Church pounds the ground in frustration. He angrily nods to his Native warrior companion who gets ready to fire.

Metacom is only a few yards away when the warrior fires and hits Metacom through the chest.

Metacom falls face down into the wet swampy ground, dead.

Church sighs in relief and smiles at his companion.

INT. BOSTON JAIL CELL - DAY

James the Printer clenches his fists in anger as he finds himself brooding in the same cell he was in months before. This time he is with Monoco, Quinnapin, Muttawmp, Matchetehew and a dozen other warriors.

James hears the heavy iron door creak open at the end of the hall followed by the clapping of footsteps. A moment later he sees Daniel Gookin with two guards on the other side of the bars.

Daniel Gookin smiles at James when he spots him sitting next to Monoco. He gestures for James to come to him as the guards unlock the door.

DANIEL GOOKIN
Come, James, your free.

James stays where he is and gives Gookin an angry look.

JAMES THE PRINTER
(scornfully)
English freedom.

DANIEL GOOKIN
Please James. Let me save you.

James stays put and says nothing. After a moment Monoco says to James.

MONOCO
James, you must go.

James looks questioning at Monoco. Monoco stands up and holds out his hand to James. Muttawmp does the same and they both haul James to his feet.

MONOCO (CONT'D)

Tell our story... tell the English
they cannot kill us all... you tell
them we will always be here.

They both guide James to the cell door. James gives his friends one last look as he is taken away.

EXT. BOSTON COMMON - DAY

In the distance we see Quinnapin, Monoco, Muttawmp and Matchetehew standing on a gallows. They are surrounded by a large audience.

The executioner pulls the lever and they all fall at once. There is an audible crack when the rope snaps tight.

The crowd cheers as they wiggle and squirm.

EXT. TAUNTON GREEN - DAY

SUPER: "Taunton, Massachusetts"

Wootonekanuske and Ahanu march down the road through the town of Taunton. They are under guard and are tied together in a long line of Native captives, mostly made up of women and children.

The column is brought to an abrupt halt in front of a tall pole with a woman's head stuck on top. She shrieks in pain and covers her sons eyes when she sees her sister Weetamoo's lifeless eyes staring down at her. Her screams are joined by the others when they see it is their Queen's head on the pole.

The armed militia poke and shove Wootonekanuske and the other crying captives to get them moving again.

EXT. CHURCH'S CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Benjamin Church is sitting by the campfire alone and enjoying a cup of coffee when one of his MILITIAMAN, (25), escorting a prisoner, an OLD NATIVE WARRIOR, (60), approaches him.

MILITIAMAN

Pardon me, Captain, caught this one heading north.

Church politely nods to the militiaman, dismissing him. The old warrior is surprised when Church gestures to him, inviting him to sit with him by the fire.

Church pours another cup of coffee and hands it to the warrior.

BENJAMIN CHURCH

I am Benjamin Church. May I ask your name?

The proud old warrior looks at Church as an equal.

OLD WARRIOR

My name is Conscience.

Church repeats the warriors name with an ironic smile then he becomes somber.

BENJAMIN CHURCH

Conscience... then the war is over, for that is what we have been looking for... it being much wanting.

EXT. PLYMOUTH WHARF - DAY

Wootonekanuske, holding onto her son, cries in despair as she and the other whimpering captives, now slaves, are forced up the gangplank to a ship.

We see the name on the stern of the ship. It is called "Seaflower", sister ship of the "Mayflower".

MONTAGE - MARY ROWLANDSON - NIGHT

(V.O.) Carries throughout

- - Mary wakes up from a nightmare

MARY ROWLANDSON (V.O.)

I can remember a time when I used to sleep quietly without workings in my thoughts. But now it is other ways with me.

- - Mary opens the door to the children's room to check on them.

MARY ROWLANDSON (V.O.)

When all are fast about me and no eye open, but his who is ever waketh, my thoughts are upon things past... Why am I so troubled?

- - Mary walks downstairs.

MARY ROWLANDSON (V.O.)

It was but the other day that if I had had the world I would have given it for my freedom. I remember when I was in the midst of thousands of enemies, and nothing but death before me.

- - Mary puts some logs into the fireplace.

MARY ROWLANDSON (V.O.)

I have seen the extreme vanity of this world: One hour I have been in health, and wealthy, wanting nothing. But the next hour in sickness and wounds, and death, having nothing but sorrow and affliction.

- - Mary sits in a chair near a window and stares into the fire.

MARY ROWLANDSON (V.O.)

I have learned to look beyond smaller troubles and be quieted under them.

- - Mary stares out the window and into the night.

MARY ROWLANDSON (V.O.)

As Moses said, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord."

END MONTAGE

EXT. OPEN SEA - DUSK

The Seaflower, with her cargo of slaves, sails off into the distance with the sun setting in the background.

FADE OUT

BLACK SCREEN:

SUPER: "King Philip's war devastated southern New England and still holds the grim record of having the highest per capita casualty rate in American history."

SUPER: "The war was even worse for the People of the First Light. Those not killed were driven out of their lands or sold into slavery to work on sugar plantations in the Caribbean."

SUPER: "Many of their descendants remain there today."

FADE IN

INT. PRINT SHOP - BOSTON - DAY

SUPER: "Six Years Later."

James Printer, dressed in English clothes, looks disgusted as he operates the printing press.

When he turns away we see what he is printing.

INSERT - BOOK COVER - which reads

"The Sovereignty And Goodness Of God"

"A Narrative Of The Captivity And Restoration Of Mrs. Mary Rowlandson"

"By Mary Rowlandson"

When he is done he puts on his English style winter coat and walks out into the snow covered street and closes the door behind him.

FADE TO BLACK