

WEETAMOO

BY

JAMES LEE & ROBYN LEE VAN VECHTEN

BASED ON A TRUE STORY

42 Acorn Road  
Wrentham, MA 02093  
Ph. 508-384-7483 email, [scripts@jrscripters.com](mailto:scripts@jrscripters.com) Registered WGAw  
Ph. 603-616-8618

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 is his wife, WOOTONEKANUSKE, (28), their son, AHANU (9), and Wootonekanuske's 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 look behind them and see the ragged band of just over three hundred survivors, mostly women and children. Many are wounded, bleeding and struggling to keep up. They are exhausted after having barely escaped an attack by the English.

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

Weetamoo looks beyond the survivors 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... My people 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 Wootonekanuske 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 last remaining  
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 HOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

MARY ROWLANDSON, (30's), busily fusses about her kitchen as she and her Native American servant, HANINA, (40'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 puts the final touches on a pot of stew that's sitting on a serving tray.

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)  
Ignorant savage.

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

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

Seated at the table are 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 tray down and begins to serve the stew.

MARY ROWLANDSON  
Sorry for the lateness, Husband. I simply cannot get an honest day's 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. 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, MATCHETEHUW, (17), cautiously steps out from behind a stall carrying a musket. His face is darkened with war paint.

HANINA'S SON  
 Yes, Mother, I'm here.

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

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

MATCHETEHUW  
 (chuckling at the insult)  
 Thank you, Mother.

HANINA  
 (apprehensive)  
 You go to Menameset?

MATCHETEHUW  
 (his face beaming)  
 Yes, 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 - LATER

The Rowlandson's have finished their supper. Mary places her napkin on the table and rises.

MARY ROWLANDSON  
 Hanina!

When no reply comes, she goes to the kitchen door and pokes her head in, but Hanina is still in the barn.

MARY ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)  
 There. You see husband? Nowhere to be found.

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.

Joseph watches Mary fussing with it, taking extra care that it drapes perfectly.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON  
 Perhaps, Mary, we can learn some things from the savages.

MARY ROWLANDSON  
 What could we possibly learn from them...? 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.

MARY ROWLANDSON

(to her son)

Time for bed. Get your sisters and  
I'll meet you upstairs.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - CHILDREN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The room is warmly lit by lantern light. The girls are tucked  
into bed. Joseph Jr. And Mary sit on either side. Mary closes  
the Bible that she's been reading.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Now, who can tell me why God  
punished Jonah?

SARAH ROWLANDSON

Because he ran away?

MARY ROWLANDSON

That's right. God ordered him to  
preach to the wicked people of  
Ninevah. But Jonah defied God...

Mary smiles and jiggles the girls on the bed as she tucks  
them in tighter.

MARY ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)

And found himself in the belly of a  
whale!

The girls giggle. After a moment, Mary rises, takes the  
lantern and heads for the door as Joseph Jr. climbs into his  
bed.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON JR.

Mother, are the Indians like the  
people of Ninevah?

MARY ROWLANDSON

Yes, that is why we must teach them  
the word of God... No matter how  
difficult.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON JR.

Even if they don't want us to?

MARY ROWLANDSON

(smiling)

Of course. You don't want to be  
swallowed by a whale do you?

The children giggle as Mary turns down the lamp and softly  
closes the door.

EXT. NARRAGANSETT VILLAGE - DAY

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

Village life looks calm and picturesque in the Narragansett  
seaside village. Native children play, adults fish with nets  
or dig for clams in the shallows.

A severe looking NARRAGANSETT WARRIOR, (20s), escorts Weetamoo  
through the village toward a large wigwam at its center. She  
gets icy stares from most of the adults. A WOMAN  
VILLAGER, (30s) protectively holding a child, calls out to  
her.

WOMAN VILLAGER

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

Weetamoo quietly, 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.  
She does.

PUMHAM

Weetamoo, Squaw-Sachem of the  
Pocassets, I am Pumham, Sachem of  
this village....

(MORE)



PUMHAM (CONT'D)

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's eyes turns icy cold.

WEETAMOO

Our war? We did not start this war.  
The English did.

Weetamoo stands and walks over to Pumham.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)

But if you truly believe taking my  
head to the English will keep you  
out of this war, then go on... take  
it!

Pumham angrily stands, but an elderly warrior,  
CANONICUS, (60's), stops him with a deep, authoritative voice.

CANONICUS

Pumham... sit down.

Scowling, Pumham 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 are 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 Pumham)  
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

(unsure)  
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  
(skeptically)  
Perhaps not such a bad choice.

MONTAGE - FRONTIER BATTLES

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

MONOCO, (40's), wearing an eye patch, known to the English as "One-eyed John" looks fierce in his war paint. He slowly rises out of the misty swamp, takes careful aim 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.

-- Captain SAMUEL MOSELY (30s), leads a company of English militia, made up of mostly ruffians and outlaws through a Native village, slaughtering every man, woman and child before looting and torching their houses.

-- Monoco watches, smiling in amazement at the stupidity of another English militia as it 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.

-- Capt. Mosely and his ruffians attack a group of women fishing in a river. They try to flee but most are cut down. Some are caught, their clothes ripped off and raped.

-- Monoco calmly leads his warriors away from a burning town with women and children captives in tow, their eyes glazed over in shock.

END MONTAGE

EXT. SPRINGFIELD - TOWN CENTER - DAY

SUPER: Captain Samuel Mosely's Company, Springfield.

Mosely gets down from his horse and joins his men. He seethes with barely restrained fury, surveying the still smoldering town. His rough looking men share their captain's outrage. Bodies of men, women and children litter the streets. Many are scalped.

With Mosely is his second in command, 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 sounds of one of his ruffians half-dragging a struggling, terrified NATIVE SQUAW, (20's), by her hair.

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 looking 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  
You... you...want Monoco? He... he  
wears eye patch.

CAPTAIN MOSELY

Don't rightly care what you call him, savage. But you'll tell us where he is or I'm gon sick these here dogs on ya.

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.

NATIVE SQUAW

No, wait! Please! You said--

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: Governor Josiah Winslow's office, Plymouth Colony.

Captain BENJAMIN CHURCH, (30's), stands in the office of JOSIAH WINSLOW, (40's).

Winslow hands Church a document and gestures toward a chair.

JOSIAH WINSLOW

(with a heavy sigh)

These are your new orders, Captain Church.... It pains me to say that the war does not go well for us. Mendon, Hadley, Deerfield, all gone! And now Springfield... three hundred homes burned... good Christian homes.

BENJAMIN CHURCH

I 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 continue.

JOSIAH WINSLOW

Go on, Captain.

BENJAMIN CHURCH

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

JOSIAH WINSLOW

Do you believe that?

BENJAMIN CHURCH

No, Governor, (his eyes say otherwise) but many others do.... I would also say that despite her hatred for you, I think she wishes peace.

Winslow pauses a moment, studying Church.

JOSIAH WINSLOW

What if I told you Weetamoo 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 you're 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.

(MORE)

JOSIAH WINSLOW (CONT'D)  
 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 and the Pocassets?

JOSIAH WINSLOW  
 I expect you to do God's will,  
 Captain... Remember Jerimiah 10,  
 "Pour out thy fury upon the  
 heathen, that know thee not, and  
 upon the families that call not thy  
 name".

He gives Church a creepy smile.

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. Inside, five hundred wigwams are  
 packed into the overcrowded, snow covered, five acre fort.

Weetamoo grins, cautiously sneaking around a wigwam, snowball  
 in 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 feigns  
 anger as she chases them around the wigwams.

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

WEETAMOO  
 What is it?

QUINNAPIN  
 The English.



Weetamoo, surprised, takes a moment, furiously thinking.

WEETAMOO  
What? They're coming?

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  
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 earshot.

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 what we need.

MARY ROWLANDSON

What if we're attacked while you're at the Bay?

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON

(continuing to prepare)

I shan't 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 children and kneels down.

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 it. 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 of the frontier beyond.

EXT. NARRAGANSETT FORT - DAY

Along the fort's outer wall, warriors silently extend their muskets through gun ports at ground level. 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 wall's defensive positions.

Quinnapin meets Weetamoo as she guides women and children to shelters. They clasp each other by the elbows. Their eyes tenderly meet and Weetamoo gives him a forced smile. 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 drives 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 open fire.

Musket balls thud into a dozen militia, spraying the pristine snow crimson. Those not hit scramble for cover. One of Anderson's dogs is killed instantly.

Mosely looks left and sees Church and some of his men have taken cover behind a pile of boulders. They frantically signal 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 fire slams 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 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 them.

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

Quinnapin points to them.

QUINNAPIN

There... shoot them!

EXT. BOULDER PILE - OUTSIDE FORT - CONTINUOUS

The air snaps and crackles from close hitting musket fire. Mosely makes one last, desperate dive behind the rocks, quickly followed by his men. 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 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 lay down covering fire.

EXT. NARRAGANSETT FORT - INSIDE WALL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

One of Quinnapin's warriors is slow to duck behind the wall and is struck through the eye. He is thrown ten feet to the ground, dead.

When Church and his men pause to reload, Quinnapin and his warriors leap up and see 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.

CAPTAIN MOSELY

Fall back! Fall back! Retreat!

What's left of his men race back toward the rock pile, dodging musket fire as they go. A few more drop.

EXT. BOULDER PILE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

When Mosely gets back to the boulders he finds Anderson, his dogs, along with dozens of arriving militia.

Over the sound of ricochets and musket balls whizzing by.

CAPTAIN MOSELY

You're 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!

A 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. Weetamoo and four other women try to calm the crying children. Beams of light start to illuminate the interior from musket balls zipping through.

The women dive onto the screaming children, using their bodies to shield them. Two of the women cry out in pain when they are hit. The children scream louder.

Weetamoo is 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, her papoose at her back, gather the survivors, They urge 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 as Weetamoo leads the survivors away.

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. We hear only his breathing as 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. The battle becomes loud again as Quinnapin raises his and fires. The musket ball hits Church in the hip, spinning him around like a top as he falls.

EXT. NARRAGANSETT FORT - FAR WALL - DAY - CONTINUOUS

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

Weetamoo and Quinnapin usher the survivors through and then dash after them.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING FORT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Weetamoo and Quinnapin join the other survivors at the top of the small hill. Most huddle together, exhausted, shivering from cold and shock. Others are torn by grief, silently mourning their lost kin.

Below them they hear the screams of the women, children and elderly still trapped. The English militia torch the wigwams and cut down any who try to escape the roaring flames.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The roaring flames in the fireplace keeps the inside cozy as Mary sits in her living room. She smiles and 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 quite elegant. The good Minister must love it.

Mary beams in pride from the compliment.

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?

Mary's older sister, Elizabeth quickly interrupts, hoping to change the subject.

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 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 her.

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.

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

INT. PRINT SHOP - BOSTON - DAY

SUPER: Samuel Green's Print Shop, Boston.

JAMES THE PRINTER, (35), dressed as a typical English colonist though he was born a native of the Nipmuck tribe. He expertly typesets a document on the printing press.

Beside him is a stack of recently printed news posters.

INSERT - NEWS POSTER, which reads: "Great Victory!", "Narragansetts Defeated In Great Swamp!", "Heathen Survivors Flee North!", "Capt. 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 shop's owner, SAMUEL GREEN, (60), walks in with 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

Go back to where you came from,  
Injun!

James says nothing, despite the irony. He flips up his collar against the cold, bitter wind and walks away just as the old woman wanted.

EXT. LANCASTER - OUTSKIRTS - NIGHT

SUPER: Lancaster, Massachusetts, 10 February, 1676

Monoco and his four hundred warriors, in war paint, cross 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 rooftops.

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. Irritation turns to anger when she finds that Hanina is nowhere to be found, has let the fire go out and 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. 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 townspeople 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 people flood in, many of them armed. Among them are her sisters and their families.

The musket fire and warrior's war cries mix with the primal screaming inside to create bedlam.

Mary peeks out the window and sees Elizabeth Ball and her family, clubbed, chopped with tomahawks and stripped naked.

Men with muskets run upstairs. Mary desperately looks around for her children and finds 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 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 and 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.

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 calmly studies 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 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, 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 (30's), 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, clutching at his throat, blood streaming from between his fingers. He crumples to the floor gasping for breath.

HANNAH DIVOLL

John!

Hannah runs to her husband and tears her gown to wrap around his throat.

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

EXT. MARY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Matchetehew lights a cart full of hay with sparks from his musket. He and the two warriors, yelling war cries, charge the flaming cart toward the wood pile.

The cart smashes into the house and it quickly lights.

The three warriors turn to run but one is shot down.

After the fire has engulfed the back of the house, Monoco and his warriors position themselves at 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 filling the room. Outside, the warriors musket fire has almost stopped.

ELIZABETH KERLEY

Lord, what shall we do?

Elizabeth Kerley's son WILLIAM (15), cautiously looks out the window and sees Monoco 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 temperature rises.

MARY ROWLANDSON

We must run!

Mary scoops up her youngest daughter, and turns to her other two children.

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'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's belly.

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

William, leg broken, struggles to crawl away and is brutally clubbed to death. Her other teenaged son is chopped in the head with a tomahawk.

Elizabeth Kerley stands at the doorway and sees her two sons 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 and leading them away in two separate groups.

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 the dark forest beyond.

#### MONTAGE - THE HUNGRY MARCH

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

-- Far to the south the same storm blasts the Narragansett refugees as Weetamoo and Quinnapin struggle to lead them North.

-- Mosely leads the militia in hot pursuit of Weetamoo.

-- Joseph Rowlandson, sheltering from the storm in a tavern, face turns ashen as he reads the papers headline. He bolts out of the tavern as the paper falls to the floor. INSERT: Newspaper, "One Eyed John Sacks Lancaster".

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

-- Benjamin Church and 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

Mary toils her way through the knee deep snow, her arms straining to near exhaustion as she carries her daughter. 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 onto 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.

Sarah wakes, weakly looks around and then up at Mary.

SARAH ROWLANDSON  
Mama, I'm so cold... my belly  
hurts.

MARY ROWLANDSON  
I know, my babe. The Lord will save  
us soon.

She wraps Sarah in her apron and rubs her arms, trying to warm her. Sarah drifts off again.

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 (CONT'D)  
(with difficulty)  
Oh, Lord, why have you forsaken me?

INT. METACOM'S WIGWAM - MENAMESET DAY

Metacom, lying down inside the wigwam, winces in pain as his wife tsk tsk's to him in mock pity as she bandages a minor wound in his leg. Their son 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 sound of whooping and hollering from outside.

WOOTONEKANUSKE  
An attack?

METACOM  
(unsure)  
There's no shooting.

Wootonekanuske grabs her son's hand and all three head outside.

EXT. MENAMESET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Outside, Metacom and his wife see dozens of Nipmucks running down the path toward a tattered column of exhausted Narragansetts and Pocassets slowly shuffling towards them. Many people are being dragged behind on litters, wounded from the battle or from frostbite.

Wootonakanuske 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. MENAMESET - 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.

The sisters 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

James the Printer trudges along a 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, he falls to the ground.

Cornelius Anderson smiles down at him, amused.

EXT. BURNED OUT HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

James awakes groggy and confused. WHACK! Mosely slaps him hard.

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

Mosely shoots Anderson 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 bastard!

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

James cries out.

JAMES THE PRINTER  
I am Christian... please, I murder  
nobody!

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

Mosely gets in James' face.

CAPTAIN MOSELY  
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.

Anderson 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 has become  
infected. She's sick and feverish.

Mary looks behind her and sees Matchetehew 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 and they immediately start to make 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. He carries them to a fallen tree and begins to build a fire.

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

EXT. WILDERNESS TRAIL - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

Mary is in the 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.

EXT. WILDERNESS TRAIL - DAY

Monoco and his warriors have nearly packed up camp. Mary grieves under a tree. Monoco watches as she weeps. After a moment, 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 who gives him a nod. Matchetehew holds Mary down while Monoco rips Sarah's lifeless body from her mother's 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

My sweet Sarah! "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, are sitting outside enjoying each others company. They string together colored beads to make belts of wampum. Plumped down 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 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.

WOOTONEKANUSKE

(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.

WOOTONEKANUSKE

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

They 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 (CONT'D)

(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 his captives. Beaten and exhausted, they are being jerked along by Anderson.

The crowd hurls snowballs and insults at them. Others punch and kick them. The captives are so exhausted they are barely able to shield 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. 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.

CORNELIUS ANDERSON  
Soon you swing, Savage.

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

EXT. MENAMESET - EDGE OF TOWN - DAY

Dozens of Natives whoop and holler as they rush toward Monoco and his band of warriors welcoming 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.

EXT. RIDING THROUGH VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

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

Mary scrunches her eyes shut in terror.

MARY ROWLANDSON  
(voice trembling)  
"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 horse away leaving Mary sitting on the bare ground, alone and terrified.

EXT. MONOCO'S WIGWAM - EVENING

The sun is setting as 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!

They stroll off. 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 prays.

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, passed out on the ground, is awakened by 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, pulls her to her feet, and leads her away.

## EXT. WEETAMOO'S WIGWAM - MENAMESSET - 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 him 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.

He 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.

He 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  
 children... 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. I am most grateful.  
 Will you see my son again?

ROBERT PEPPER

It's possible. If I see him 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.

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.

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. Joseph  
Rowlandson is in the gallery and watches as the prisoners are  
dragged toward the bench.

James finds himself looking up at the faces of five  
magistrates. 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, (50s).

Governor Leverett pounds his gavel until the clamor dies  
away.

GOVERNOR LEVERETT

I, John Leverett, Governor of the  
Massachusetts Bay Colony, do 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. Joseph, in front of the mob, grabs James the  
 Printer and spins him around.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON  
 Where is my family? What have you  
 done with them...? Tell me!

Anderson forcibly separates them.

Governor Leverett rapidly smashes the gavel down hard until  
 the mob 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!

Again 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, Joseph gets up and shouts hysterically.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON

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

Gookin stands up, his face livid.

DANIEL GOOKIN

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

Another member of the mob shouts out.

MAN #1

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 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!

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.

Joseph calls out to the departing magistrates.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON

What about my family?

EXT. MENAMESET - STREAM - DAY

Mary fills two deer skin bags of water.

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.

She uses her apron and water from the stream to wash out the wound.

Her hands shake from the intense pain and cold water, but she clenches her teeth in determination and doesn't stop until it is clean.

Mary presses fresh oak leaves to her wound, 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 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.

EXT. MENAMESET - STREAM - DAY

Sitting on a log by the stream, Mary gently touches her daughters bloodstain on her apron and cries. Lost in thought she is startled by someone approaching.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON JR.

Mother! Oh, Mama, at last!

MARY ROWLANDSON  
Joseph! My sweet son! My prayers  
have been answered.

They embrace, tears flowing, then sit together on the log.

MARY ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)  
Joseph, are you well? Has God  
preserved you from these evil  
fiends?

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON  
Yes mother, I am unhurt.

MARY ROWLANDSON  
Are you sure?

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON JR.  
Yes Mama. My master treats me well.

MARY ROWLANDSON  
And your dear sister?

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON JR.  
She is well. Her master and his  
family have taken her west.

Mary sighs in relief.

MARY ROWLANDSON  
Oh, Joseph. These villains are my  
nightmares come alive!

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON JR.  
Will anyone come for us?

Mary hugs her son.

MARY ROWLANDSON  
Of course. Your father knows the  
Governor.

INT. GOVERNOR LEVERETT'S OFFICE - DAY

Joseph Rowlandson sits before the Governor's desk, full tea  
cup untouched in front of him. He is unshaven, tired and  
distraught. Governor Leverett, bored, uses a letter opener to  
clean his nails.

GOVERNOR LEVERETT  
By now, Minister, if they are still  
alive, the captives will be deep in  
the wilderness.

JOSEPH ROWLANDSON

Please Governor, they're more than captives, they are my family. I beg you, there must be something we can do.

GOVERNOR LEVERETT

Rest assured, Minister, I am doing everything in my power to restore your good wife and children.

Joseph's shoulders droop in resignation. Governor Leverett comes around and ushers Joseph to the door.

GOVERNOR LEVERETT (CONT'D)

Have faith, Minister, Captain Mosely will find your family... and the murderous scoundrels that have them... Good day.

Joseph stares at the door stupidly when Leverett closes it without waiting for a reply.

INT. MENAMESET - WEETAMOO'S WIGWAM - NIGHT

Mary's wound is still not healed but is looking much better. She applies new leaves and rewraps it while watching Weetamoo and Wootonekanuske play with Mukki. He crawls around, looking 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. She looks down and sees the blood stain on her apron. Her smile turns to sadness as she gently touches it. She again looks at Weetamoo and her child. A single tear runs down her cheek.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

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.

Their small boat is stacked full with food and blankets.

EXT. DEER ISLAND - BOSTON HARBOR

SUPER: Deer Island Concentration Camp, Boston Harbor.

Two armed militiamen and their SERGEANT, (20's), help tie up the 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, huddling 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. 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 in tatters, his face chapped, and wind burnt and thin from weight loss. He and other Native people are digging in the mud at the water's 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. 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. MENAMESET - WEETAMOO'S WIGWAM - DAY

Mary is hard at work scraping a deer hide stretched out on a rack. Quinnapin approaches the wigwam carrying a large sack. He pauses a moment, silently studying her before going inside. A moment later we hear Weetamoo squeal in delight from his return.

INT. WEETAMOO'S WIGWAM - 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.



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 - 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 a captive English woman caught in a 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. She captured in Medfield raid. 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, Matchetehew, 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?

Matcheteheew 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.

Matcheteheew laughs when Mary's eyes widen in horror.

MATCHETEHEW (CONT'D)  
We roast him. His meat was very  
good.

MARY ROWLANDSON  
You lie!

Matcheteheew chuckles when his mother lightly backhands him on the shoulder with a smile. Mary realizes he's taunting her and shudders in relief.

LATER:

It's a cold night and everyone in Hanina's wigwam is 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 away.

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 - 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 - 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 along with 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. BOSTON - PRINT SHOP - NIGHT

James is making copies of a poster on Samuel Green's printing press. With James are 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 - 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 TRACKER, (20's), armed with a flintlock, step out of the shadows.

Anderson nods and the warrior stealthily follows James down the street. Cornelius smiles, watching him go.

INT. MENAMESET - METACOM'S WIGWAM - DAY

Metacom relaxes while his wife is busy cooking. Weetamoo enters, followed by Mary. A severe hunger pang twists Mary's stomach when she smells the food. She constantly swallows, and looks hungrily at it.

WEETAMOO

Do you know who this is?

Mary tears her eyes away from the food.

MARY ROWLANDSON

(looking down, submissive)

Yes, Mistress. '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 Metacom gives Mary a friendly smile, gesturing 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 greedily wolfs down the food, barely noticing that she's burning her mouth. 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... 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 - 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 the Sabbath.

WEETAMOO

You, go work!

Weetamoo's raised voice wakes Quinnapin and her child.

MARY ROWLANDSON

I can not. It is the 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 - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Mary's Bible lands in the snow at the feet of James the Printer, who happened to be walking by. Escorting James are two armed, stern looking Nipmuck warriors. 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 the two warrior escorts.

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING MENAMESET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Lying prone in the snow and hidden in the brush, the Mohegan tracker watches James.

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

INT. BENJAMIN CHURCH'S HOME - DAY

Benjamin Church is in bed, 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 brute 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.

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 tracker 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. MENAMESET - WEETAMOO'S WIGWAM - 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.

QUINNAPIN

(to Weetamoo)

Mosely is two days away...

(MORE)

## QUINNAPIN (CONT'D)

He brings with him Mohegans from Connecticut.

Mary's eyes widen and she cracks a hopeful smile. 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. Metacom's warriors and I 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. MENAMESET WIGWAMS - DAY

People frantically race to gather their families together. Make-shift litters are built for the elderly. Infants and toddlers are strapped to their mother's backs.

## EXT. MENAMESET - WOODLAND TRAIL - LATER

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

INT. MENAMESET - WEETAMOO'S WIGWAM - CONTINUOUS

Weetamoo, her child strapped to her back, and her sister rush to fill their satchels with supplies. Weetamoo stuffs another one full and motions Mary to pick it up.

Mary struggles to lift the heavy load and falls to her knees, clutching the wound on her side.

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.

EXT. MENAMESET - WOODLAND TRAIL - MOMENTS LATER

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. MENAMESET - DAY

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

MOHEGAN TRACKER  
They left most of their corn.

CAPTAIN MOSELY  
(to Mohegan tracker)  
When did they flee?

MOHEGAN TRACKER  
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 tracker)  
How you know this?

The Mohegan looks at him like he's stupid.

MOHEGAN TRACKER  
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  
village.

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, battling their way through a sleet storm.

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

EXT. RIVERBANK - 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 papooses strapped to their backs.

Mary is with the kinswomen who are looking after the 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 back and sees two Mohegan warriors in the distance. 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 from Mosely's militia. Soon small geysers of water erupt around the raft from the near hits.

A young woman screams as she's 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 while 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. RIVERBANK - 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 tracker and then back at Anderson and gives him an evil grin.

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 tracker.



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. 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. WILDERNESS TRAIL - WIGWAM - 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 throw more wood on the fire, but freezes when she sees the door flap to the wigwam slowly being bent outward. The shadowy figure of the Mohegan tracker silently creeps in. From his silhouette she can see he carries a tomahawk.

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 tracker slowly edges his way toward Wootonekanuske, who is the closest to him.

Weetamoo sees him raise his tomahawk to strike. With sudden fury, Weetamoo jumps up, grabs the log, screams, and jams the flaming end into the tracker's eyes.

The blinded would-be assassin shrieks 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. Weetamoo ducks under a wild swing from the Mohegan's 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. Weetamoo catches it and buries it into the attacker's skull. The Mohegan crumples to his knees.

He 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 interrupts Mary's packing. She takes some of Mary's items and divides them between her sister and herself.

WEETAMOO

(half smile)

Can't have you slowing us down.

MARY ROWLANDSON

Thank you, Mistress. I am grateful.

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.

Monoco 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, Monoco 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.

He surveys 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, dozens of militia armed with swords and muskets creep silently among the wigwams. The village has no warriors, only about two hundred women and children.

A young woman, (17) exits her wigwam and comes face to face with a young militiaman, (17). Surprised, they each hesitate. 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 Natives that 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.

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. 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 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 built campfires.

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

A young native mother, (20's), arrives at the campfire holding the hand of her young child, (6). Mary offers her the shirt.

MARY ROWLANDSON

I've just finished, Mistress.

They both help the young child put it on. The young mother smiles at Mary, pleased with the fit and workmanship.

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

Mary smiles back and gives a slight bow.

MARY ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)

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 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.

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 digging 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. WILDERNESS TRAIL - WIGWAM - 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, rocking 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 and understands now why Weetamoo looks so frightened.

MARY ROWLANDSON

May I look?

Weetamoo gives her a frightened nod. Mary gently 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.

She leaves, and 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 finishes her examination.

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 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, causing it to smoke. She takes a large bird feather from her 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 bag.

WEETAMOO

Your magic... will it work?

Again, the Medicine Woman cannot look her 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 - DAY

The next morning Weetamoo and her sister look tired and haggard from caring for Mukki throughout 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 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 examines his swollen neck and grimaces.

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. She points at it.

WEETAMOO  
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 with Mary's daughter's blood. Understanding now why the apron is so important to Mary, her rage disappears. After a moment she drops the stick and sits down, defeated. 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 the English town. 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 apron's 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. 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 - 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 - 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.

The Medicine Woman exits the wigwam and stands next to Mary.

MEDICINE WOMAN

They think you are 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 - 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 cries silently 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 for 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.

(MORE)

## MARY ROWLANDSON (CONT'D)

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 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 - DAY

Mary sits alone outside the wigwam, listening to the ceremony  
inside. Native woman chant to the loud, rhythmic pounding of  
drums. Others wail and moan in sympathy for Weetamoo.

Mary stands up when the sound stops.

Weetamoo exits the wigwam carrying her dead child. She does  
her best to look stoic. Her face is painted black and she's  
in her finest clothes, jewelry and wampum belts.

Her mourners exit and form a line behind her. Mary watches  
the procession solemnly walk down the trail to bury Mukki.

## INT. WIGWAM - 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.

MARY ROWLANDSON  
I'm 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 looks to Wootonekanuske.

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

Mary hands over the meager ration of acorns 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.

Wootonekanuske and Ahanu look up, glad he's returned. 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 looks around the wigwam for the cause. All is quiet.



QUINNAPIN (CONT'D)

Mukki?

He looks at Wootonekanuske and she shakes her head, a tear falling.

Weetamoo doesn't react 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 a 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 an 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 OF 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. She takes a steadying breath, hope and anticipation on her face, but no fear.

INT. WACHUSETT - METACOM'S WIGWAM - DAY

Metacom is smoking his pipe when his wife and their son enter. He drops his pipe to the ground in surprise, hastily stomps it out and runs to them, wrapping his arms around them both.

A moment later, Weetamoo, Quinnapin, and Mary enter.

METACOM

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

Wootonekanuske 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.

Mary's 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 - MOMENTS LATER

Mary wanders among wigwams looking for her children. She  
 stops when she sees Matchetehew.

MARY ROWLANDSON  
 Matchetehew.

He turns around and scowls.

MATCHETEHEW  
 What do you want, Pukwudgie?

MARY ROWLANDSON  
 My children. Have you seen them?

Matchetehew shows her an evil smile.

MATCHETEHEW  
 Yes, in last night's 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. She bends down and quickly scoops up a handful of snow and mud from the ground and compresses it into a snowball. With an evil grin of her own, she hurls it.

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, 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.

WEETAMOO

Is it true you still pray to the  
English God?

JAMES THE PRINTER

Yes.

WEETAMOO

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.

MONOCO

I know this warrior well. We fight  
in many battles. He is Christian  
but his heart is true.

MONOCO (CONT'D)

(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 - DAY

Mary enters and finds only Wootonekanuske and Ahanu in the wigwam. She notices a wash basin, pitcher of water and a small hand mirror have been put out.

WOOTONEKANUSKE

Metacom bring this. Wash up.  
Council may want to see you.

Mary walks over and picks up the mirror. The reflected image stuns her. She blinks, fingertips lightly tracing her features. 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 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 sitting among the council.

DANIEL GOOKIN

(smiling awkwardly)

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. From  
before when there was peace between  
us.

(MORE)

METACOM (CONT'D)

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 - 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 either, so we must fight.... But how can we wage war with no food or 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 - 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 and Mary smile sadly 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. WACHUSETT - LAKESHORE - 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, dancing and singing to the beat of drums as she circles around a large bonfire. Dancing with her is Quinnapin and some of the other Sachems.

Mary blanches and brings her hand to her nose, smelling Metacom before she sees him staggering up to her. 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.

Weetamoo waves at her sister and points to Metacom and a very frightened Mary. Her sister sees, and nods in understanding.

METACOM

(slurring his words)

I must be paid two English coats or  
you no go home... 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, puts her face in her hands, and trembles.

INT. METACOM'S WIGWAM - DAWN

Metacom is snoring a few feet away when Weetamoo gently shakes Mary to wake her up. Mary opens her eyes and 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 - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

Quinnapin and Wootonekanuske are outside waiting for them.

QUINNAPIN

Come, Gookin is waiting.

EXT. REDEMPTION ROCK - DAY

SUPER: Redemption Rock, (Present day Princeton, Massachusetts)

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.

DANIEL GOOKIN

Greetings, Quinnapin of the  
Narragansett. Greetings Weetamoo of  
the Pocasett...

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, 92 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.

END MONTAGE

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.

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 husband's 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 he watches the family once again embrace.

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, trying 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. 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, and 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 in front of him, cutting down all his warriors. Before he can get up, a Mohegan is on him and clubs him on the head. 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 and picks up a musket.

WEETAMOO (CONT'D)

I will go look... 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 has 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. Among them is the Medicine Woman.

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, 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 a 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 back and is 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 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 swims 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 sits around a small table with a carved turkey at its center. Mary, serves a plate to each of her family.

She takes off her new, plain looking apron and sits down with them. Hanging nearby is the wampum pouch Weetamoo made for her.

Mary's husband gives her a warm smile. 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, 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 into tears.

EXT. TAUNTON RIVER - DOWNSTREAM - DAY

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, 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 and two guards on the other side of the bars.

Daniel Gookin smiles when he spots James. He gestures him forward as the guards unlock the door.

DANIEL GOOKIN  
Come, James, you're 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 nods.

MONOCO  
James, you must go.

James looks questioning at Monoco. Monoco stands up and holds out his hand. Quinnapin 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, 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 ropes snap taut.

The crowd cheers as the hanged 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 tied together in a long line of Native captives, mostly 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.

Wootonekanuske shrieks in horror 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, a cup of coffee in his hands, when a MILITIAMAN, (25), approaches escorting a prisoner, an OLD NATIVE WARRIOR, (60).

## 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.

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 warrior's name with an ironic smile then he becomes somber.

BENJAMIN CHURCH

Conscience...? Truly?

OLD WARRIOR

Yes.

BENJAMIN CHURCH

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: 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