

THE NEW WORLD:

A STORY OF THE INDIES

Written by
Terrence Malick

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

The English

Capt John Smith, an English adventurer
John Rolfe, a tobacco planter
Capt Newport, first President of the Jamestown Colony
Master Wingfield, a gentleman
Capt Argall, a soldier of fortune
Mary, a maid
Ben, a friend of Smith's
Wilf, a cabin boy
Capt Ratcliffe, Newport's aide
King James and Queen Anne
Ackley, Jonson, Selway, Emery, Robinson; colonists

The Indians

Pocahontas, a young princess
The Great Powhatan, her father, Emperor of the Indians
Opechancanough, Powhatan's brother
Parahunt, Pocahontas' brother
Patowomeck, King of Pastancy, her treacherous uncle
Wobblehead, a lunatic
Tomocomo, Powhatan's interpreter

With various fortune-seekers of the Jamestown Colony,
court officials of Werowocomoco, Chiefs of the Pamunkey
Armies, etc.

"Pocahontas easily prevailed with her father and her countrymen to allow her to indulge her passion for the captain, by often visiting the fort, and always accompanying her visits with a fresh supply of provisions: therefore it may justly be said, that the success of our first settlement in America, was chiefly owing to the love this girl had conceived for Capt Smith, and consequently in this instance, as well as in many others,

LOVE DOES ALL THAT'S GREAT BELOW!"

"A Short Account of the British
Plantations in America,"
London Magazine, 1755

The Indians all defer to her. She is the favorite daughter of POWHATAN, their Emperor, who sits along the shore in a mood of philosophical delight. She has a love of life and a wanton, mischievous way that makes her irresistible to them all.

4 EXCITED SCOUT

A scout suddenly breaks into the Indians' midst, gesturing towards the east with breathless excitement.

5 EXT. VIRGINIA SHORE

The Indians rush through the pine woods and down to the shore, where they stop and gape. Three English merchant ships loom on the horizon.

What are these apparitions? Birds? Floating islands? Messengers of the gods? At a signal from their leader, they hurry back to their camps.

6 TIGHT ON POCAHONTAS

The Indians run past Pocahontas and into the woods. Messengers beat drums and blow sea-shell trumpets. Puzzled, she drifts down toward the shore. She stands in the woven shade at the water's edge, gazing at the English sails. She is in no way alarmed. It is as though she knew they were coming. A mysterious smile appears on her lips.

7 EXT. CHESAPEAKE BAY - ABOARD THE *SUSAN CONSTANT*

A sounding line plunges into the dark waters of the bay.

VOICES (O.S.)

Ten fathom. Sweeper bearing right,
Cap'n. Right full rudder.

Aboard the eight-gun *Susan Constant*, flagship of the three-vessel fleet, CAPTAIN CHRISTOPHER NEWPORT breathes in the first sweet fragrance of the land. They have spent three months at sea, wracked by tempest and disease. Not one of the seventy men on board is entirely fit. Still, most have managed to drag themselves on deck, where they gaze in prayer and silence at the heart-stirring green band on the horizon.

Unlike the Puritans who will follow them thirteen years later, they are a rough, quarrelsome lot of desperadoes -- the refuse of society, America-bound because England would not have them. In this new land they have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

Newport, their leader, is a gentleman of fame. With Drake he raided Cadiz harbor in 1587 and single-handedly captured the *Madre de Dios*, the richest Spanish galleon ever to fall into English hands.

8 INT. HOLD - CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

One young adventurer, CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, is not on deck but sits in the hold. He has been cast in irons to await hanging on a charge of mutiny.

Smith is a boisterous man of great strength, a warm-hearted rebel, a lover of play and song. He speaks his mind without mincing words, convinced he must always be right, in small matters no less than in large. He is long accustomed to the disfavor of his superiors and does not have a politic bone in his body.

He wears the earring of a Moorish woman to whom he was once a slave. He has been a prisoner of the Turks, a beggar in Moscow, has fought the Tartars in Transylvania and been shipwrecked in three seas. With no rank or property, no education or connections, he can only win fame or fortune by his daring. The career he has taken up is the single one open to a person of his ambition.

He is a true pioneer, forever leaving the past behind, bearing the brunt of danger, contemptuous of fear -- a conqueror who lets down anchor when the whim seizes him, makes the shore his home for a while, then inevitably grows bored and moves on, to seek his luck elsewhere.

9 EXT. ENGLISH SHIPS - FLAGS

The *Susan Constant* signals her two sister vessels to come about and fall in behind her. They are tiny things, decked with flags and painted with bright markings as a defense against sea monsters. They look as though they had been built for children, hardly seaworthy.

10 EXT. JAMES RIVER

The ships leave the sparkling waters of Chesapeake Bay and turn up the James River, in search of a harbor beyond the reach of Spanish privateers. A man dangles over the side to taste the water.

MAN

Sweet water, Captain!

11 EXT. JAMESTOWN MOORAGE

The English moor the ships to the long branches of an oak tree that hangs out over the banks.

With Newport in the lead, they wade ashore. They speak to one another in hushed voices, as though they had entered a great temple.

Here, on this strip of marshy land, America is born. Jamestown will be England's first permanent settlement in the Northern Hemisphere, for that matter her first colony anywhere.

12 OTHER ANGLES

The English explore the land, enjoying their new freedoms after months on the Atlantic. They pick the plants and inspect them, amazed by the bounty of this new world. Everything is splendid and rare.

VOICES (O.S.)

There's oysters on the shore as thick as stones. Fish everywhere. They look into your eyes. We'll live like kings! Kings!

They feint at one another with their swords, practice parries and thrusts, chop at branches and flowers to test the edge of their steel, stab vainly at the fish that flash through the streams. There are a few women in their company; two or three.

SAILOR

Captain Newport!

The sailor calls Newport's attention to a dugout canoe floating down the river. Inside the canoe, fully erect, sits a skeleton draped with pearl necklaces.

NEWPORT

Muskets!

Newport pricks his ears as a strange, haunting song comes wafting to him on the wind from far away. The men are keen with apprehension and excitement. Far away, Pocahontas watches from her perch in a tree.

13 EXT. HANGING TREE

Elsewhere, unaware of this apparition, CAPTAIN WINGFIELD prepares the noose in which, as a first order of business, Smith must hang. Smith stands on a stool, unperturbed.

SMITH

I admire you, Wingfield. Yes, I admire anybody who dares to enjoy himself. After all, most things are set up so you won't.

(MORE)

SMITH (cont'd)

They hold you by the nose and make damn sure you won't misbehave. Well, God will take care of them, right?

WINGFIELD

If I were you, Smith, I would take advantage of these precious minutes to compose my prayers.

SMITH

He has no intention of hanging me. Why should he? He follows the path of logic, Wingfield. He uses his mind.

WINGFIELD

I think, in this fateful instance, you might be wrong.

SMITH

I don't know why I waste my breath. Let people be. Don't open their eyes. Supposing you did, what'd they see? Their misery. Man is a brute -- a great brute. If you are cruel to him, he respects and fears you. If you are kind to him, he plucks out your eye.

WINGFIELD

Good, very good. I intend to make a collection of your sayings, if you will permit me.

Capt Newport walks up.

NEWPORT

Let him go.

WINGFIELD

You said to hang him.

NEWPORT

Remember, Smith, that you are under a cloud and that it will darken if I hear any more of your mutinous remarks. Now make yourself useful.

Newport has only wanted to throw a scare into him, as Smith guessed. The men raise a cheer as Smith's hands are untied. He is an immensely popular figure.

WINGFIELD

I think you should reconsider this decision, sir.

NEWPORT

Wingfield, not everybody in this world is able to keep his mouth shut, and you might perhaps be one of those who can't. They find they have crossed the subtle line between independence of thought and sheer insolence. Now that might be happening to you, don't you think?

Smith gives Wingfield a broad smile.

14 EXT. VIRGINIA SHORE

Smith swaggers around, ignoring his shipmates' congratulations. He has a hardy confidence in himself that inspires respect. His eyes are alive with a cunning intelligence. He wears a bright uniform and a steel chestplate embossed with a rampant dragon, despite the heat that has caused the others to strip down to their singlets. There is something convincing about his bold, outlandish manner. He has a way of carrying it off.

BEN, the ship's cook, salutes his friend.

BEN

They let you go! A terrible mistake they made there. Come, sit like a gentleman, be idle. I thought surely they would hang you.

SMITH

Why would they do that?

BEN

Why, for the 'arm you done us all! I can only speak for myself, but before I met you, I knew nothing and now I am, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked, lying about the whole day, dreaming of gilded palaces and the like, caring nothing for the world's business. You could corrupt a saint, Capt Smith.

Smith smiles. He likes his mates and the place he enjoys in their hearts.

BEN

Lend me a pinch of tobacco, would you? No? Not a pinch? I have friends and I have acquaintances. I will piss in your bedding.

(MORE)

BEN (cont'd)

I will see dog's meat made of your
flesh and dice of your bones. Work on
that!

(to the others)

You see, gentlemen, there is no
defense against wit.

SMITH

Pity you haven't found a way to live
by it!

He walks off.

BEN

Hold your tongue! As I am a gentleman
born, I will get drunk, grow valiant
and beat you within an inch of your
life.

Smith stands with a man named ACKLEY, gazing at the woods.

ACKLEY

There's something out there, Smith.
You can feel it. I don't like it that
the trees run down so close to the
shore. The boat's not protected.

15 NEWPORT AND SCOUTS

A scout has sighted the Indians.

SCOUT

Naturals, sir. See there? They was
making quite a fuss, too.

Three Indians run down the opposite shore of the river,
calling to one another in strange, bird-like syllables.

NEWPORT

Prepare the pinnace and a war party.
Twenty men.

The three Indians run past Pocahontas.

16 EXT. VIRGINIA WOODS - SMITH

Smith enters the virgin forest, awed but unafraid, like
someone entering a great cathedral. He has slipped away
from the others.

The trees are full of cool drafts, like a spring-fed pool.
They seem to roll on forever, flat and park-like,
partitioned by creeks and streams that at low tide become
slicks of black mud. Clusters of grapes hang from vines
that twine through their boughs.

Softwoods grow side by side with oaks and poplar, a contradictory sight to European eyes. Turkeys dust themselves in the sand. Their nests lie open, brimming with eggs, as though they had no fear of marauders. The call of each bird stands out sharp and clear in the calm of this April afternoon.

17 POCAHONTAS AND PARAHUNT

Pocahontas and her brother, PARAHUNT, steal through the trees to get a closer look at the visitors.

Pocahontas wears a wreath on her head and a short buckskin apron. Except for the long strands of pearls and shells that hang around her neck, she is bare above the waist. Below her knees and above her elbows, her arms and legs are ornamented with tattoos, giving her a vaguely Polynesian appearance.

She sees Smith and freezes in her tracks. Parahunt wants to go back, but impatient with her brother's timidity, she ventures closer.

Smith turns and sees her, all at once. She gazes at him as though he were a visitor from the sky. With his beard and his glinting armor, alone in the stillness of the forest, he seems so handsome, so unafraid -- a blue-eyed, fair-haired god. She turns a cartwheel. Then, with an odd laugh, she is gone.

18 EXT. OPPOSITE SHORE OF THE JAMES

The pinnace, a small sailboat, strikes the opposite shore. Newport and his men jump out and, weighted down with their casques and armor, crossbows and pikes, wade clumsily ashore. Quickly they find footprints, at first only footprints. Tension mounts as they advance into the woods. They sense they are being watched.

SAILOR

Ssssst!

Newport looks around to behold a magnificent Pamunkey brave standing at the edge of a clearing a hundred feet away. The brave lowers his bow and gives two loud shouts. The English jump back, startled.

Newport steps forward and puts his hand over his heart, as a sign the English mean no harm. The brave nods, as though to say he understands. He raises his hand and two hundred battle-dressed warriors step out from the woods.

They are a handsome people, a full head taller than the English.

Unlike the severe, aquiline Indians of the Great Plains to whom we are accustomed, they have round faces, broad cheekbones and straight noses. Their skin is the color of burnished gold, their eyes jet black, in shape almost Chinese. Buffalo tails dangle from their belts on the ground behind them. Dead blackbirds hang from their ears. They chalk their cheeks and arms with root dyes and shave the right side of their heads, to keep their hair clear of their bowstrings, giving each man two completely different profiles -- one frightful, the other soft and noble. The English have never seen beings remotely like these and murmur with astonishment -- astonishment, then gradually fear, as they realize they could easily be overwhelmed.

The brave strikes his head and chest, then reaches out to strike Newport's the same way. Newport shies back, distrusting his intentions. The brave smiles and repeats the gesture.

NEWPORT

Mr. Ackley?

The brave pulls his hair, then with a jovial look points at Newport's own.

ACKLEY

He does not know how to make his meaning plain, but it appears he means we are all made of the same flesh and blood.

Again, Newport puts his hand over his heart. The brave comes forward, nodding with great satisfaction, and asks permission to touch Newport's skin. The Indians are fascinated above all else by the Englishmen's white pallor, exaggerated by their long months at sea. Newport laughs and holds his arm out for inspection. The brave touches it with a little gasp of awe. Pocahontas looks at her brother and smiles.

19 EXT. ALONG THE JAMES RIVER - A GOLDEN AGE

The Indians have grown more trusting. They dance with panpipes on the shore and wade out into the shallows to greet the English longboats with songs of welcome. Some paddle ahead in their long canoes to warn Newport's helmsman of snags in the water.

"We have never in the world so far encountered a kinder people," wrote James Barlowe, captain of Raleigh's ill-fated 1584 expedition. "We were entertained with friendship and were given everything they could provide. We found (them) gentle, loving and faithful, lacking all guile and trickery. It was as if they lived in a golden age of their own."

A sailor rushes up to Smith, breathless with excitement.

SAILOR

I gave this Indian woman a broken plate, and she give me four rows of her pearls. I tell you, we come to the richest country in the world.

The ship's BOSUN, a great hulking man, spots one of the Indians stealing a hatchet.

BOSUN

What do you think you're doing?

The Indian backs away, uncomprehending. His people have communal ideas about property which the English do not share.

BOSUN

Drop it!

Alarmed by the bosun's tone of voice, the brave turns and runs. The bosun levels his musket and sends a volley crashing through the underbrush, stinging the fleeing Indian's shoulder with a spray of pellets. His fellows gape at this display of the Englishmen's power. Smith knocks him to the ground.

SMITH

You fool! Tie his hands behind his back.

The bosun strikes back at Smith, who with a swift display of physical courage quickly subdues him. The Indians retreat to the tree line. Pocahontas watches as Smith tries to call them back, but they no longer trust the visitors from heaven.

BOSUN

He stole my hatchet!

Smith drags the bosun down into the water, and in full sight of the Indians, shoves his head underwater again and again, as though to show them he will punish the offender. They do not understand the meaning of this display, however, and shying off like deer, they disappear into the woods. Pocahontas is the last to retreat, her eyes still detained by the English hero.

20 NEW ANGLE

Newport harangues the assembled English company.

NEWPORT

Capt Smith did well today and went a considerable way towards reinstating himself in our good opinion. But the hardships we face are greater still for the actions of a fool. Tonight we shall sleep aboard the ships, every man in full armor. In the morning we shall chop down every tree within half a mile of the moorage and use the straightest timbers to palisade a fort. When we have done that, we must set corn, put up houses and lay in firewood. Slackers will be executed at the site of their transgression. Yes, Selway?

SELWAY

Sir, when are we going out to -- poke around?

NEWPORT

We are not here to pillage and raid but to expand England's domain of reason and light. We have it in our means to make a fresh world here, one where the lion might lie down with the lamb and the wolf with the sheep, where there might be plenty for all. Every man who works hard in time will be rewarded. But we must work, too, for the good of those who are to come. We shall enjoy the good things of the earth, and we shall be happy to think that after us, and thanks to us, men will recognize themselves as being happier, better and more free.

SELWAY

Begging your pardon, but if we'd wanted to farm, we could 'ave stayed in Devon.

NEWPORT

Perhaps you've made a terrible mistake. Gold will do you no good six months from now, when the snows fly. We want to live in peace with these people. Our survival depends upon keeping that peace. We shall at some point explore the land, but we shall not plunder it. Do I make myself clear?

When nobody speaks, Newport lowers his head and offers a prayer of thanksgiving.

NEWPORT

Lord, we have the Devil and all the Gates of Hell against us, but if Thou art with us, we care not who is against us. Grant us, therefore, a healthy portion of Thy mercies. We ask it in the name of Thy son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

21 EXT. JAMESTOWN SETTLEMENT - MONTAGE

At dawn the next morning, the English strip off their doublets and set to work. The forest rings with the bite of their Kentish axes. Sweat glistens on their tattooed backs. After months at sea, the work is a joy.

When the felling gang is done, the sawyers drag the logs off to hew them into timbers. Soon a small fort is under construction.

Pocahontas watches from afar. From time to time she allows the cabin boys to approach her. They soon are teaching her English words.

Foragers attempt to catch fish and wildfowl but without the help of the Indians have little success. Carpenters put together a shallop, a shallow-draught vessel for navigating the rivers, pitch the tents and stake out gardens. Yeomen sow oats and barley.

Newport is a wise leader. He gives every man a job, though the gentlemen are exempt from physical labor. He goes around keeping up their spirits and, where necessary, lending a hand. But when he comes upon two of their company plucking a wild goose, he is inflamed to wrath. The men are hauled to the ground, and their hands are bound behind their backs.

NEWPORT

Clever dogs! Staunch to the last!
Never told us how they managed to look
so fit. And why should they? No,
fine fellows, fine fellows!

(turning to his adjutants)

Wait until the sun goes down to bury
them. I don't want the Savages to
think our numbers are dwindling.

22 INDIANS' POV

Overcome by curiosity, the Indians have returned to the vicinity of the camp. From across the river, they witness the execution of the poachers. It seems not to deter their curiosity. A brave named TOMOCOMO talks with the sentries, a distinctive man, dyed black from head to toe and covered with tattoos.

23 EXT. HALF-FINISHED FORT AT JAMESTOWN - SMITH

Smith sits with a sketch board, drawing the strange varieties of plants he has turned up. The fort is now half-finished. At one point, standing watch by the wall, he sees Pocahontas cavorting with the cabin boys -- walking on her hands, challenging them to follow her example in the English phrases they have taught her. He notes how, finding herself alone, she looks up into the clouds above. Her lips move as though she were speaking with someone.

She seems to feel his eyes on her, stops, turns and looks evenly at him. He waves to her. She waves back, as though urging him to come out and play. He smiles and shakes his head; he is on guard and must stay where he is. But the incident makes its impression. His nerves tingle with a strange delight. Will he go away into the blackness of death never having known the mystery of her free, fresh life?

24 EXT. COMPANY STORE

Ben shows Newport that the kegs of grain and hardtack they have brought from England are infested with worms.

NEWPORT

The damp got in.

BEN

-- The damp's not your problem. Some of the kegs was good, but they're gone now. Somebody filched 'em. I know what you're thinking, but it couldn't have been the Naturals. They couldn't get through the lock. Had to be one of our own.

ACKLEY

The frost has nipped our oats. We set them in too late. The natives know how to catch these fish. They won't come to a hook.

NEWPORT

Speak softly. Tell no one of the condition of our stores.

25 EXT. HALF-FINISHED FORT - SMITH'S POV'S

Smith watches the cabin boys imitate their Indian playmate. Her cinnamon breasts have inflamed their young imaginations. Then he sees that an English party under the leadership of CAPT ARGALL, an adventurer like himself, has captured two Indians who ventured too closely to the fort and brought them to Newport for interrogation. One of them is Tomocomo.

ARGALL

They can tell us what we can't find out for ourselves.

26 INT. SAILCLOTH LEAN-TO

A council of the Jamestown elders sits in the shade of a slung sail. Hogs forage for scraps of food in the rutted lanes. The captured Indians stand next to Newport.

NEWPORT

(presiding)

We are here by the will of Providence. Had we not sighted land the day we did, I would have turned back. We've eaten the best part of our stores. Our best men are sick with fever; the rest will soon breathe mutiny. We might as well be shipwrecked. Now the Naturals tell me of a city up the river, and a mighty King who lives there. I propose we send an envoy to him, to see whether he can be persuaded to trade with us. Meanwhile, I shall return to England for fresh supplies. I will not be back until the spring. You will be utterly alone until then, but my leaving will free the men, when adversity strikes, of any temptation to return. Ratcliffe here will be in command. As to who shall approach the Savage King, I needn't tell you that it will be a hazardous mission.

A silence follows.

ARGALL

Captain Smith is the only professional soldier among us. He alone is suited to the task.

There are noises of agreement. Smith bows:

WINGFIELD

(leaping up)

I should very dearly like to know one thing. What is to prevent this friend of the hangman from making league with the Naturals, then turning upon us, only under the extremity of torture, I should like to assume? Or instructing them in the conduct of war and English strategies, if I may make so bold? His right to the title of Captaincy is dubious at best. The low-born son of a yeoman cannot be *expected* to behave with a gentleman's sense of propriety.

ARGALL

Perhaps *you'd* like to go, Wingfield!

The others laugh.

NEWPORT

The sentiment of the council is clear. Moreover, it conforms with my own.

(to Smith)

This will be your opportunity to repair your reputation for discipline and obedience. I expect you to welcome it.

SMITH

(with a bow)

I do.

27 EXT. JAMESTOWN DOCK

Smith walks along the Jamestown dock with Newport as he prepares to set off in the shallop the carpenters have built. Meanwhile the principal ships are being provisioned for Newport's return to England.

NEWPORT

Are you afraid?

SMITH

No.

NEWPORT

I would be.

SMITH

I've always believed that sooner or later something good, something special, was in store for me. A destiny all my own. I suppose I am a Musselman in that way.

NEWPORT

A Musselman?

SMITH

I begged in Moscow when it was blowing snow in eight-foot drifts. I was the only man to come out alive when my regiment was overrun by the Turks in Transylvania. They put a chain around my neck and gave me as a slave to a Stambuli lady -- her name was Tragabonza -- and she ordered me around like her sit-up dog, until she got bored and poisoned me, to see if I could take it. I never lost hope. Even when it looked bad, you know, I never even felt in *danger*. I had this feeling, through it all, that there was something waiting for me -- my life would not end until I had found it -- achieved it. I never knew where it lay or what it was exactly.

(over a river, winding
its way into the interior)

Ruling huge countries for myself and the King, doing things that seem impossible to the world, making the heathen fly like the wind -- I had all manner of ideas. Then I came to the conviction it was in the East. I thought that must be it -- to find the way through to the Indies. No one has done it. I mean to, and I will.

Newport smiles through all this, with an indulgence that seems almost paternal.

NEWPORT

Interesting. You must always keep in mind your responsibilities to the rest of your countrymen, however. Most of them are idiots and fortune-seekers, but even so they are under your protection.

(MORE)

NEWPORT (cont'd)

You have the makings of a leader,
Smith. You have a future here. So,
the boat is ready. Make England's
name formidable.

Smith bows and boards the shallop. They have laid on provisions of cloth, beads, food and books. The rest of Jamestown waves goodbye from the shore.

28 EXT. CHICKAHOMINY RIVER - SMITH'S POV'S

Smith makes his way up the Chickahominy River in search of the King. With him are nine Englishmen, heavily armed, and the two captured Indians. They sing as they row, to steady their nerves.

The river winds through vast floating gardens of water lilies and sedges. The shores thrum with cicadas. Little by little the land reveals itself to them.

They pass an Indian town. The people come down from their fields to raise up their peculiar shouts of greeting but they no longer offer help or gifts.

At night they see braves spearing eels in the shallows by the light of flaming torches.

The land grows still more mysterious, more magical, as they work their way up the river. Dragonflies dart about like pixies. Huge carvings of otherworldly beings appear in the rocks along the bank. The skeletons of ancient Pamunkey chiefs hang from the rafters of sacred huts. It seems the scenes of visionary enchantment will never end. Yet gradually the channel narrows. The overhanging branches of the trees make the going difficult, and strange cries reach their ears. The English company soon is showing distinct signs of unrest.

HELMSMAN

Captain, we haven't the draught to go any further.

(Smith is silent)

I can't stand out in the river. They can reach us with their weapons now. You hear me, Captain? We're in bowshot.

Smith signals that they should put in to shore.

29 EXT. SHORE

Two Indian women tempt a sailor who has wandered off from the rest of the English party to follow them into the woods. He is cautious at first, but curiosity or lust gets the better of him.

His distant cries of pain send shivers through the English.

FIRST ENGLISHMAN

Let's go back, sir.

SECOND ENGLISHMAN

We could gather a larger party. We're lost. You know it, and we know it, too.

THIRD ENGLISHMAN

Let's put it to a vote! I'd rather die on the gallows than have my throat cut by these monsters.

Smith feels a mutiny brewing.

SMITH

The Naturals say that we shall come to wide lakes and a mighty river falling west into the Indian Ocean. I thought I shouldn't tell you. The people there are unlike any we have ever seen. Gold is more plentiful with them than copper is with us, and for as much red copper as you can bring, you'll have three times its weight in gold. Why, their chamber pots and dripping pans are pure gold, and the chains they chain their streets up with, and even the prisoners they take, are bound in gold, and as for rubies and diamonds, they go forth on holidays and gather them by the seashore to hang on their children's coats and stick in their caps.

He continues over scenes of the original America, the infinite land of primeval beauty, over its lakes and mountains and streams.

SMITH (O.S.)

I don't know whether to credit this. You decide. But I think we shall live freely there, without sergeants or lawyers or courtiers, only a few industrious Scots, perhaps, who indeed are scattered over the face of the whole earth. I think they will lay their treasures at our feet. You will be noblemen, never slaves.

(MORE)

SMITH (cont'd)

Each man shall have his fig tree to lie beneath. They will favor you without your having to pander, scrape or steal. The things we value to them are worth no more than straw. There's danger, but what is danger compared with seeing those cities -- magical capitals that stretch for miles and rise into the clouds, glancing in the evening light. Would the like ever happen to you in England? Your freedom's at hand, men. Make your choice. Go back and muck about the rest of your lives -- die like cattle, never lifting your eyes from the ground -- or come with me -- to the East.

He points west, toward the Indies. Only two men step forward, a young carpenter named THOMAS EMERY and a sailor, JEHU ROBINSON.

EMERY

Look!

One of the Indian guides, Tomocomo, has taken to the woods.

SMITH

Let him go. I could have the rest of you hanged as deserters. But I'd rather go on with these two men than with a flock of ducks.

31 EXT. SHORE - FOG

Smith continues on with a canoe, the remaining guide and the two English volunteers.

ROBINSON

Very good, Captain.

SMITH

Was I impressive?

The wilderness closes around them.

32 SMITH'S POVS - FOG

The country has a supernatural mystery. Beavers crack their tails and slip beneath the surface. Flights of wild ducks pass overhead. Were the canoe to capsize, they would probably drown under the weight of their armor. Against an attack they would be defenseless. But Smith feels himself being drawn on; he does not know quite why.

Somewhere, dimly, he feels there is something waiting for him, something fine and unspeakable, infinitely more exalted than the prospect of fame and fortune that draws the other English on.

EMERY

You know where we are, Captain?

Smith does not reply.

ROBINSON

What are we doin' this for?

EMERY

I'm after the coin. Newport can talk, but I laid my Jesus on the shelf for the time bein'. Instead I brought a compass and a rule, to make a map. Now tell me I don't look a'ead and use me brains!

They jump out of their skins as Smith discharges his musket into a bush along the shore. The shot echoes down the waterway, until it fades away and the birds resume their twittering.

SMITH

Put in here.

EMERY

But it's thick as a jungle, sir. We don't know the trails.

ROBINSON

It's a bleedin' evil place, even in daylight. You don't know what might 'appen in there, it's that rotten still.

Ignoring their protests, Smith straps on his siege helmet.

33 EXT. CHICKAHOMINY SHORE - SECOND LANDING

Robinson and Emery load their matchlocks.

SMITH

Keep your matchlocks lit. Signal if you see anything.

EMERY

What if they start peltin' us with arrows?

SMITH

Imagine they won't hit you.

Smith moves down the trail into the wilderness, accompanied by the remaining Indian guide. Soon his friends have vanished from sight.

34 SMITH'S POVS - BEAR, ETC.

He sees a hummingbird. He sees a bear feeding on a blueberry bush. It watches him for a moment, then moves off.

While he is thus absorbed, his guide deserts him. Smith sees him retreating through the woods but does not pursue him. The music builds a mood of tension. He is utterly lost, and he knows it.

Mockingbirds fly down to attack him when he comes too near their nest. He presses on, entranced. Now, in the distance, he hears a cry.

35 POVS ON SMITH

Suspecting his mates have run into the Indians, Smith turns back. The clanking of his armor is loud in the stillness of the forest, his bright silks conspicuous. Gradually, we begin to observe him from the point of view of Pamunkey warriors stealing up from the depths of the forest.

36 EXT. DEEP FOREST

From out of nowhere, a flight of arrows descends on him. Two ricochet off his breastplate. One plunges into his thigh. He plucks it out, inspects it curiously and breaks it in half. He slips down the face mask of his burgonet and prepares his halberd, a spear with the head of an axe. A hundred Indians appear from the trees. They do not come at him directly but run around him in circles. In their manner of warfare the object is not to kill the enemy so much as to humiliate him into surrender, a display of superior force demonstrating that resistance is futile.

As they get closer, the Indians race in and touch him, like children playing tag. Smith shoots the boldest of them in the hand with his pistol. The others step back, amazed at this device that fires thunderbolts and lightning.

Holding the entire party at bay, he walks backward to the point on the riverbank where he left his comrades.

37 EXT. BOG

Distracted, Smith stumbles into a bog and quickly sinks up to his waist. His thrashing about only causes him to sink deeper into the mire.

The Indians close in. His hopes of escape gone, Smith puts the blade of the halberd to his chest, as though he were preparing to take his life. He soon thinks better of this course of action, however -- life is too sweet -- and offers his weapon to the leader of the Indian party with great flourish, as though he were surrendering a whole army. He does not beg for mercy. He does not expect it. Two braves drag him out of the bog.

OPECHANCAHOUGH steps forward, a chief seven feet tall, so stately in his manner that Smith at first takes him for a fool. He reaches out, touches Smith's beard and explodes in laughter.

Another Indian removes Smith's shoulder bag, smells it, then throws it away in disgust. The English strike these people as incredibly dirty and foul-smelling.

Suddenly, to Opechancanough's great surprise, his prisoner leaps to his feet, and taking a small box from his pocket, presents it to the chief with a deep bow. Opechancanough is wary of the mechanism at first, but upon inspecting it more closely, he discovers inside an iron needle which points the same direction whichever way you turn the box.

When he tries to touch the needle, his finger is stopped by the glass, further cause for astonishment. The Indians are unacquainted with this legacy of the Phoenicians.

He turns the box upside down and looks at it from underneath, taking care to preserve an air of dignity in the presence of his soldiers.

SMITH

Would you mind fetching my musket from the canoe?

Opechancanough wonders at his effrontery. He has never met a man like this. He orders the prisoner's hands tied behind his back.

The Indians conduct Smith through the woods with his arms lashed to a pole.

38 EXT. CITY OF WEROWOCOMOCO

Smith rounds a bend in the trail and stops in his tracks, astonished. Before him rises Werowocomoco, the seat of the Powhatan Empire.

The magical city stands on a bluff above the swirling mists of the Pamunkey River, hundreds of tree-bark houses of every shape and description surrounded by a palisade of immense logs. Beyond the town lie well-cultivated fields of beans and corn, tobacco and squash.

The inhabitants are a far cry from the savages the English imagined they had found. Smith is delighted.

39 INT. POWHATAN'S PAVILION

Smith is led into a longhouse and made to sit down. The house is covered with rush mats laid over an arched framework of bent saplings. The sides are trellised with vines, like a pergola, and laid over with strips of bark that can be rolled up on nice days to let in the sun and the breeze.

Now a host of warriors suddenly appears around him, dancing and singing frenzied songs. They are incomparably more majestic than the Indians he saw at the landing. Each has a quiver of arrows and a club. Over their arms they wear fox and otter skins. Their heads and shoulders are painted red and smeared with bear oil to make them glisten. Now and then they stop and look at their bewildered prisoner as though he were a monster.

Chiefs and Great Ones from the far-flung corners of the Empire approach to inspect the prisoner, the first white man they have ever seen.

Then, all at once, they fall silent.

40 THE GREAT POWHATAN

In the roaring torchlight at the far end of the pavilion appears a dignified man of sixty, the GREAT POWHATAN, ruler of Virginia. His robe is made of raccoon skins and painted in incomparable colors. Chains of pearl hang about his neck. His head is crowned with brilliant feathers and tresses of moss.

To his left and right sit the ranks of his councillors, his wives and court officials, their heads and shoulders painted red and pounced with polka dots of gold-flecked sand. At his side two young hermaphrodites wave fans to make a breeze. Yet the ruler's majesty lies less in his attire than in the gravity and omniscience of his manner.

It seems to Smith that he has stepped out of his everyday world and fallen in with a race of fawns, satyrs -- mythical people.

A messenger prostrates himself before the Emperor. From a satchel he produces the hearts and heads, hands and feet of Smith's late comrades, Emery and Robinson. The Indian Great Ones examine them with curiosity, then turn to look at Smith. Smith shows no emotion, though it appears the same fate now awaits him.

GREAT ONE

They are mortal.

The natives speak Algonquin; subtitles translate their words, here and in the future. Tomocomo, the guide who escaped at the river, acts as Powhatan's interpreter. Pocahontas looks on.

INTERPRETER (TOMOCOMO)

Where have you come from?

He points up to the sky, inquiringly.

SMITH

The sky? No. From England -- a land to the east.

INTERPRETER (TOMOCOMO)

Why have you come here?

SMITH

Exploring. I hope you don't consider it a crime for a man to labor in his vocation. We had an encounter with the Spaniards, our enemy, and were overpowered, put to retreat, then by extreme weather forced to this shore. The boats had leaks, so Captain Newport, my father as you might say, left for England to get them repaired and pick up supplies.

INTERPRETER (TOMOCOMO)

When do you leave?

SMITH

Leave? I intend to push on. I can't speak for the others. There won't be any leaving before the spring. The ships won't be back till then.

They have set a great repast of bread and venison in front of Smith, food enough for twenty men. Music enters. And now we start jump-cutting from the interpreter to Powhatan himself, until we establish the conceit that Powhatan is communicating with Smith, and even with the other members of his tribe, in English, directly.

SMITH

You aren't trying to fatten me up, are you? That would be a poxey trick.

INTERPRETER (TOMOCOMO)

Why have you come up the river if you stopped only to send the ships back for supplies?

SMITH

Because it pleased me to. My official mission, however, is to pay my respects and to trade for food and other comforts. I should also be interested to speak with you about the back sea, over the mountains, on the other side of the main, where I hear there is saltwater.

INTERPRETER (TOMOCOMO)

Why should we help you?

SMITH

(directly to Powhatan)

Don't you love your neighbors?

POWHATAN

Some. Others -- how can you love them? They steal from you before your very eyes. They have no shame. They would gladly burn this slight roof above my head and kill me and my children, if they had the courage. But they are cowards and fear to approach me, even to come into these woods. You would laugh to hear what they are afraid of. A child would laugh to hear it.

(laughter)

Why should we help you?

SMITH

We have articles that might interest you. Powers you do not possess, unless I am mistaken. Things we might teach you.

With a coal from the fire, Smith ignites a pile of gunpowder. The Indians stare at him like country people -- this man is a true magician. Powhatan leaps to his feet.

POWHATAN

My inferior in years and judgment, presuming to instruct me!

(MORE)

POWHATAN (cont'd)

Manacle his feet. Give him sea water to drink. Feed him withered roots and acorn husks.

Smith snatches up his sword. His captors have left it lying carelessly nearby, as though they imagined it were a decorative part of his costume. Pocahontas looks on, overcome with awe.

POWHATAN

Put that away. You look ridiculous. I could disarm you with this stick.

He advances confidently on the Englishman. They stand facing one another for a long moment. Then, with inhuman speed, Powhatan raps him on the wrist, and Smith's sword goes flying from his hand.

A brave stands up and levels his bow at Smith's armor, hanging from the ceiling. The arrow shoots clear through the steel. Suddenly a host of conjurers and medicine men enters the court. They dance around Smith with strange gestures and fall to the ground in paroxysms of delight.

The Chief Priest looks deep into Smith's eyes and lets out a piercing wail. His body is covered with coal and oil. He wears a coronet of feathers and weasel skins. Six virgins arrange circles of cornmeal, grain and sticks around Smith's figure. Great wooden idols look down at him with a scowl.

WOBBLEHEAD, a lunatic with the habit of rolling his head, gestures to Smith that his story has failed to convince anyone -- he will die. Other natives reach out and touch his face in sympathy.

41 POCAHONTAS - SMITH'S POVS

Smith sees Pocahontas. He wonders why she is here. Her hair is woven with strands of moss, her mouth painted azure blue. She is the very image of earthly beauty.

At a signal from the Chief Priest, the longhouse falls silent. Powhatan offers a prayer to his divinities, then throws his scepter in the dust at Smith's feet. The audience gasps. Without a moment's hesitation, his attendants bring in two large stones and set them down in front of the Emperor's throne.

A dozen braves grab Smith, drag him to the stones and lay his head across them. Smith sees the end has come. The braves raise their huge clubs over his head. The tips are studded with bear fangs and flints.

Suddenly, Pocahontas breaks out of the crowd by her father's side, runs to Smith and puts her hand on his head.

The audience is astonished. She winds her arms around Smith's shoulders. She presses her head close to his. Her hair streams across his face.

POWHATAN

Come here.

Pocahontas kneels in front of her father.

POWHATAN

How can you stand up for this creature?

POCAHONTAS

What has he done to you? He's gentle. He's not afraid.

POWHATAN

Silence. One more word and I will chide you. You've only seen your own people. This man is common as clay.

POCAHONTAS

I must be humble in my tastes, then.

POWHATAN

Hush! What do you know? A child!

POCAHONTAS

(whispering now)
Let me have him.

POWHATAN

Why?

POCAHONTAS

Because I ask it of you.

POWHATAN

They know you are my favorite child. Would you embarrass me?

POCAHONTAS

If I have to. He might be a spirit.

POWHATAN

A spirit?

POCAHONTAS

Tell me -- have you ever seen his like?

POWHATAN

He eats and sleeps as we do. He came from the same place as the others.

POCAHONTAS

Why do you speak this way, father? Does pity never move you? Look at him. A good and noble man.

Powhatan smiles. She is a stubborn, willful girl, but her defiance only endears her to him. She is his favorite child. Except for Smith, everyone in the longhouse knows it. Opechancanough, Powhatan's militant brother, gestures fiercely that Smith should be killed.

OPECHANCAHOUGH

They are building a fortress! Drive them off now, while they still are weak, or they will think we instead are weak and come in numbers.

Parahunt urges his father to exercise restraint.

PARAHUNT

Don't be harsh, father. Why should you care about them as long as they do not harm us? They only want a little swampland. It does us no good. If they try to stay, you can drive them off, whenever you want. We outnumber them a thousand to one.

OPECHANCAHOUGH

For now. We cannot tell what will happen later.

POWHATAN

We shall find out what their intentions are. There is no reason to waste lives. If they do not leave, then we shall attack.

Powhatan raises his hand to signal that Smith will be spared and, nodding at Pocahontas, declares:

POWHATAN

He can make her beads and bells.

One by one the Indians explode with laughter. They rush forward and slap him on the back, pummel him, make him eat, stand up and sit down.

They carry him around on their shoulders as if he were a conquering hero, strip off his clothes, dangle their strands of pearl around his neck, heap raccoon pelts on his shoulders and thrust a crown of feathers on his head. Smith has no idea what to make of all this. The moment before they were ready to slaughter him and now they treat him like their bosom friend. His look of perplexity only causes them to laugh the more. Meanwhile, Powhatan confers with his advisors.

POWHATAN

We shall watch them and wait.

OPECHANCAHOUGH

For what?

POWHATAN

For whatever comes. A dream.

42 SMITH AND POCAHONTAS - LATER - DAY-FOR-NIGHT

Smith comes upon Pocahontas in the moonlight. She shies away, and still it seems that she trusts him.

SMITH

Don't be afraid. Your father says that I'm to teach you --

He follows her deeper and deeper into the flickering darkness. She says something to him in pantomime, but he does not understand what she means.

SMITH

They might chop off my head if I don't put sense in you.

She swings back and forth on a rope strung from a high branch. The wind flutters her short skirt, and his heart skips a beat.

43 SCENES OF INDIAN LIFE - MONTAGE

Led by Pocahontas, Smith walks through Werowocomoco, marveling at the Indians' way of life. She is constantly shooing away her host of simpering maids. She points when she wants him to do something: sit down, get up, etc. She drops a leaf from her hand.

POCAHONTAS

Pick that up, please.

(he does)

And if I dropped it again?

SMITH

I would pick it up again.

(she smiles)

Would you like me always to do what you wish, Princess? -- to follow you in the woods when you say "come" -- to chase you round the tree to catch you, and to lie down for you to throw leaves on me, and to be glad when you are glad?

POCAHONTAS

Yes!

He is no longer the enlightened, creedless man. She is a being sacred and apart. She is so near that new world whose existence he has only guessed at, that it seems brought near to him.

Two young braves loll in a hammock smoking a pipe. They smile pleasantly at Smith and return to their tobacco visions. By nature they are a silent people. The scolding of a crow is loud above the normal sounds of the village.

Powhatan sees Smith with his daughter. He does not scowl as an English father might. In fact, he feels a certain amusement -- that she should let herself be amazed this way, as though by a strange bird. He is a man free of jealousy, a man of deep understanding. Yet while he does not take her infatuation seriously, he still must keep a close watch on Smith to measure his utility to the Indian cause.

Youngsters play basketball on a strange court surrounded by posts with nun-like faces carved in them. Their elders hunt stag in the groves between their gardens, costumed in the skins of their prey so that they can approach them quite closely.

They show Smith rabbit and fox tracks and speculate about what transpired at their intersections. They catch fish in traps made of bound sticks and broil them with their venison on hurdles over outdoor fires.

In the center of the corn fields stand high towers, where watchmen stand guard against the crowd. Their cries and the noise of their rattles ring constantly through the air.

Indian mothers take to the water with their children on their shoulders. The men keep their bows with them. When they are in the water, they tie their quivers to their hair so their hands will be free. They light great fires at night, to show their joy.

Smith exchanges greetings with Parahunt and Wobblehead. Except for Opechancanough, the Indians receive him as a brother. Gradually he comes to find his English dress constricting and, piece by pieces, he substitutes for it a deerskin robe and headdress.

Often they tease him, mocking his English manners, especially his swordsmanship in the woods the morning he was caught. They hold no grudge against him. They are naked, frolicsome, full of good humor, always inclined to laugh, which they do with irresistible grace.

It is a pleasant sight to see them wading in the rivers in the cool of the evening, free of care, living cheerfully and at their hearts' ease. They do not seek more than they need. They share with their neighbors. They overflow with mercy and loving kindness. They have no wants beyond what the day provides. Like the lilies of the field, they neither toil nor spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these.

44 TIGHT ON SMITH - "OTHER SIDE" MUSIC

It strikes Smith that there is some other way of existing in this world, outside the eternal circle of struggle and desire. Little by little he parts with the ideas that clothe the soul of the European, above all the idea that a man attains strength through force. He assumes, in some measure, the dress and manners of the Indians as he discovers a self he never knew he had. His civilized brothers have lost something these Indians enjoy like the very air they breathe. Why should he ever wish to leave this Eden?

But even as he entertains these thoughts, he half-knows he will not honor them -- that the passionate conviction of this autumn afternoon will one day seem a dream, a passing fancy. For the moment, however, he is a free man. He has opened his eyes. He can follow his vision or betray it.

45 EXT. CLEARING - POCAHONTAS AND SMITH

He sits with Pocahontas in a clearing. He is giving her an English lesson. Her words have by now acquired a soft Algonquin lilt.

POCAHONTAS

You come from that way? Yes? What is that way?

SMITH

Nothing but ocean, for months and months.

POCAHONTAS
Months? What are they?

SMITH
No matter. The world is so large that we only see a small part of it from any one place. Look.

He traces a circle in the sand and puts a pebble in the middle.

SMITH
This is the spot we are standing on. And this is all that we can see from here. This is Virginia, and these woods, if you walked in them for years, would be the world.

POCAHONTAS
Do you know all the world? All the mountains and rivers and all the people in the world?

SMITH
That would be impossible. You imagine the rest of the earth is like this little part here. But it's not all the same. There are rivers and mountains and...

POCAHONTAS
(interrupting)
I can swim.

SMITH
Across these rivers, no. There are mountains that none can climb. Beasts that would gulp you down. And with great pleasure, too.

Astonished, she runs out to the edge of the woods.

POCAHONTAS
Tell me, what's there? And there and there? Tell me.

SMITH
Even if I knew, it would take too long to tell.

POCAHONTAS
Hurry! There is time. What is beyond the world?

SMITH

Water, only water. Didn't I say?

POCAHONTAS

All around?

(he nods)

Water, no beyond? Only water?

SMITH

Look at the moon. It is like that with the world. We cannot touch it. We cannot put our hands on it. Beyond the water that flows around the world, but far away -- so far that it would take months and months in a ship to reach them -- there are islands, some small, others as large as this land here -- some where the people live in snow and ice the whole year round, others where they go naked as a calf. But they are so far away, so impossible to reach, that it's useless to speak of them. They are like the moon. You don't know it yet, but there are a thousand kings, dukes, emperors and petty princes whose state is greater than your father's. You're a wild creature that belongs to a bygone age.

POCAHONTAS

Can you keep a bird on your finger?

SMITH

No.

POCAHONTAS

Can you catch a fish with your hands?

Smith shakes his head; no.

46 THE SARCOPHAGUS OF HER ANCESTORS

Pocahontas has brought Smith to a long, dim hut filled with the bones of her ancestors. Skeletons lie in perfect silence on wicker platforms.

SMITH

Who are they?

POCAHONTAS

My ancestors. Our fathers and mothers. All. Their bones are here.

She points to one of the skeletons.

POCAHONTAS

My mother. But not she. Only her
body is turned to dust.

(she toes the ground)

But she is away -- up there, where the
stars are. We do not die, but go on,
and on. No one is lost. I talk to
her. Sometimes I say, "Why do you
never answer when I speak?" And when
I think she is quiet, then she
whispers so. Turn away.

She imitates the voice of her mother's spirit, a ghostly
sound like the wind in the pines.

POCAHONTAS

She lives in the clouds.

SMITH

Oh yes?

POCAHONTAS

Didn't you know? All those books you
read, what good are they? Why do you
read them? If they don't teach you
this, what do they teach you?

SMITH

Other things.

POCAHONTAS

What things? Do they say who made the
clouds -- or why? Why your nose is
here, not there? Why you are you, and
I am I?

She looks up at the sky with an open mouth, in a sort of
ecstasy, as though she were seeing it for the first time.

POCAHONTAS

(series of jump cuts)

Tell me, John -- why can't the wind
blow backwards? Why do the trees love
the sky?

(astonished)

You don't know?

(after a pause)

Turn away.

She comes up behind him, bends over and whispers:

POCAHONTAS

Are the people in London as we are?
Would they understand me?

SMITH

No, there's none like you. Not one.

She laughs and runs off. Smith follows her. The Great Rabbit, the Pamunkeys' fierce god, looks on.

47 POCAHONTAS AND SMITH - MONTAGE

Time passes. Fall colors have appeared in the trees. Pocahontas takes Smith to the river with her when she bathes. They swim together, naked. She gives him breakfast out of her own bowl and shows him her favorite trees in the woods.

She sits enthroned and watches the sham wars of the braves as they hunt one another with headless arrows, practice feints and attacks.

Passing her hands over a fire, she gathers its light into her heart.

She tells Smith about the migrations of the birds, shows him where to find the turkeys' nests and the blueberries, what bark to use for remedies. Wild creatures come fearlessly to her outstretched hand.

She looks through a book of drawings of London that he brought along in the boat.

SMITH (O.S.)

Those are the bells that call the
people home and those are white birds
-- they fly around the steeples.
Those are the ships that sail along
the river. That is a flag that
streams in the breeze. And that a
great clock; the greatest in all
England.

She is astonished. Smith has set her imagination on fire. Each is strange to the other, each intrigued by the other's differences.

POCAHONTAS

Will I ever see these, John? I have
dreamed of them, the steeples and the
boats on the river. Will I die before
I see them?

SMITH

Probably.

(after a pause)

Now that I have come here, I will never be able to live in that world again.

(catching her hand)

Do you like me to hold your hand?

POCAHONTAS

Yes.

She looks at herself in a mirror as she combs her hair. The comb is a device the Indians are unfamiliar with and quite fascinated by.

SMITH

Do you intend to spend the rest of your life admiring yourself?

POCAHONTAS

If I can!

Nothing so lovely has ever been created. He loves her as he has never loved before, never could love any other being. His former ambitions seem as nothing now; paltry, commonplace, unworthy of him. He is a changed man, and this change is the proof that that old artificial life never was and could not be the real one, in harmony with his true nature.

48 OTHER ANGLES - POCAHONTAS AND SMITH - COMPASS

Pocahontas sits in the moonlight touching the palm of Smith's hand, studying his fingers. Her eyes are fixed on him with a look he finds strangely soft and flattering. She loves everything. She has a soul of innocent zest. She listens to his heart and laughs with delight. She looks at his compass, the magic little box, utterly awed, as though she believed you could make wishes on it.

POCAHONTAS

Am I dreaming?

He sees that she is asking in earnest, but when he attempts to reply, she touches his lips with her finger and asks:

POCAHONTAS

Why do you not answer me -- speak to me -- speak to me, like this?

He understands. He is learning to speak this new language of the eyes, as gradually the ideal becomes real to him.

POCAHONTAS (O.S.)

Is he a god? What are these feelings that I have? He has come into my heart. His eyes are like a lake, and I am his.

Smith gives her lessons in astronomy. He explains the motions of the sun, the earth and the moon. He plays the moon, running circles around Pocahontas, who plays the sun, while her maids, the stars, move along beside them in stately procession. She loves it when he cuts up for her friends. He watches them cavort through the trees above, like spirits of the forest.

POCAHONTAS (O.S.)

He has no evil in him, and is beautiful to look at. His words are gentle, and his desire is to be always with me. We shall go beyond where the world ends.

One afternoon, while alone, she finds him carrying logs.

POCAHONTAS

Rest a moment. My father is away this afternoon. Here, I will help you.

SMITH

Under no circumstances! I will not see you dishonored.

POCAHONTAS

It would dishonor me less than you. I would do it more easily. I want to. You do not.

SMITH

I don't know if the young men ever tell you, but you're -- a little pixie is what you are, actually. A sprite.

He sets down his load. She puts her hands on her shoulders, to cover her breasts, and closes her eyes. She cannot believe the grace and beauty these gods have.

POCAHONTAS

(embarrassed)

How people are where you live, I do not know.

(he smiles at her)

Are you a prince?

SMITH

No.

She rolls her eyes. She does not believe him.

POCAHONTAS

Do you love me?

SMITH

At this moment, more than anyone in the world.

(she stares up into the trees)

Why are you doing that?

POCAHONTAS

Because I do not deserve you. Why should men like to kiss?

SMITH

Let me show you.

POCAHONTAS

(after they kiss)

Now I see. I am afraid. I am your wife, if you will marry me. If not, then I am your servant -- whether you like it or not.

(suddenly alarmed)

I don't know why I talk this way. Sometimes I seem younger than I am.

Smith stumbles. She frowns.

SMITH

I lost my balance.

POCAHONTAS

Where did you lose it?

Smith looks at her and marvels.

SMITH

What a mystery woman is! Sometimes I wish all you pretty creatures would die the same time I do, but alas, you'll go on living and having a high old time. Men will be taking you in their arms when I'm just dust for you to walk on.

POCAHONTAS

You will not deny me?

SMITH

How could I? Do you not see it in my face -- all that I feel for you, the love that makes me happy? For this is love, my sweet, that makes our two souls one.

POCAHONTAS

Shall it always be so?

SMITH

Yes!

She offers her hand to him as a pledge. He kisses it and presses it against his forehead. A thrush sings in the pines.

49 EXT. POWHATAN'S LODGE

Outside his lodge the Emperor sees Smith's armor hanging from a tree. He shrugs off his long robes and lights his pipe. When the tobacco has taken its effect, he lies back and closes his eyes.

50 POWHATAN'S DREAM - STRANGE LANDSCAPE, TREE, STAIRCASE

Powhatan finds himself in a land he has never seen before, surrounded by strange flowers and animals. Ranks of clouds move through the sky.

A man stands before him and shows by a gesture that he has come from the west and that he means to marry his daughter. They will spawn a new race.

All at once a tree takes root in front of him and begins to grow at astonishing speed, higher and higher, until it reaches into the heavens. Powhatan steps through the bark of the tree. Inside, he discovers a winding staircase. He climbs the staircase, his shadow climbing ahead of him.

51 EXT. RIVER

The afternoon is sweet and drowsy. Smith and Pocahontas lie in a peaceful spot along the river. They have managed to elude her retinue.

POCAHONTAS

No one knows where we are. You can escape if you want to. They'd never catch you. Go!

Smith shakes his head. He does not wish to.

POCAHONTAS

I was testing you!

Yielding to a swift impulse, Smith puts his arms around her, presses her to him and kisses her forehead. Then he is frightened -- when she goes so pale, closing her eyes, so that the long, dark lashes lie still on her cheeks; when she sighs with answering love. He runs his hand over her young shoulders, wondering how much she knows. She unhitches her apron. She is without shame. Smith has never seen anything so beautiful. She sinks to her knees and draws him gently down beside her.

SMITH

Do you know what you're doing?

POCAHONTAS

Do you?

(he nods)

Then why are you afraid?

SMITH

Afraid?

They are silent for a time. Then she gets back up and slips her apron on, smiling at him mysteriously.

She takes his hand, puts it to her heart, her forehead. She rubs her nose against his, then quietly slips off into the pines. At last they close around her, and she is gone.

Smith feels happy and triumphant. Shivers run through his limbs and a vague alarm. This is the beginning of -- what? He walks around to get on terms with these new sensations. To hold in his fingers such a wild flower, to put it to his lips and feel it tremble with delight against them! What intoxication and -- embarrassment! What to do with her -- how to meet her next time?

Returning through the woods, he sees his guards waving to him. The Emperor has summoned him.

52 INT. POWHATAN'S LODGE - SMOKE - CG PARAKEET

Smith enters Powhatan's lodge. He understands Algonquin now and does not have to wait for an interpretation, though he replies to Powhatan in English.

POWHATAN

I think your people come to take our land away.

Smith has come to feel a bond with Powhatan's people that he did not feel before. He wants to speak honestly. Because he cannot, he keeps silent.

POWHATAN

Go back to them and tell them what you have seen. You can say that we are weak, that we lie around in our hammocks the whole day long and can be taken with your muskets. Or you can say that, though we live in peace, we yet are strong, that you have seen an Empire all of whose sons and daughters, nephews and nieces are ready to die to preserve their land, at their King's command. You can say that his kingdom is very great, that it extends for many weeks' journey, that he has green fields and great storehouses of corn. What you all them will either discourage them or arouse their lust. Tell them what you know.

SMITH

I shall.

POWHATAN

You Tassantasses ask what lies to the west, beyond the mountains and the falls. Believe me, there is no saltwater. The rivers dwindle into streams. The hills rise up in forests. But there is no sea to the west, only the land stretching away forever in great meadows, where wanderers follow the buffalo herds.

SMITH

Has anyone gone so far he can say that?

POWHATAN

Remember that while you are a Tassantasse, and the son of your King, you are my son, too. We must not spend our lives fighting one another. There is no sense in taking by force what you may have for love or destroying those who provide you with food. What can you get by war when we can hide our stores and fly to the woods? You would famish for wronging us, your friends.

(MORE)

POWHATAN (cont'd)

Do you think I am so foolish not to know that it is better to eat good meat, to sleep peacefully with my women and children, to laugh and be merry with you, to have copper and hatchets and other goods, than to be forced to flee, to lie cold in the woods, to feed on acorns and roots and be hunted by you so that I can neither rest, nor eat nor sleep? What I say is true. The earth hears me. The sea hears me. Shall I lie?

SMITH

I trust not.

POWHATAN

My councillors tell me that I should have you killed. You have gained a knowledge of our arms and our strong places. But my daughter assures that you are a good man, and I do not like to kill. Men should live in peace. What need is there to hate and kill and steal? We take what we need. We ask no more. We belong to this earth. We were made when this earth was made. Why do you bother us? What kind of people to you think we are? Let the streams of life flow in peace. Let us change this earth and make it better. All the people in the world ought to love it and speak well of it, always. Then it will last forever, and the trees will never cease to bloom.

SMITH

I hope, as you do, for quiet days and long life. I believe we can live in peace.

POWHATAN

Then leave us. You will turn the world upside down. Looking for what you might have found at home. Go back where you came from. We are stronger than you. We shall destroy you if you don't. I will send you back with a supply of food. We give you this and no more.

Powhatan dips his hands in ashes and washes them thoroughly, then rinses them in another bowl and dries them on a bunch of feathers.

An attendant steps forward and gives him a pipe. He inhales deeply and passes it to Smith.

POWHATAN

I wonder who you are, Smith. I look at you and I think, "There's nothing ill can dwell in him." I hope the time will never come when I shall say, I should have killed this fine man. Can I trust you more now than when you first came to this city?

Smith smiles at Powhatan, more than an admirer -- in awe of him.

SMITH

I believe so. I believe, anyway, that we can work out our differences. I will do all that I can to see that it is done.

POWHATAN

(nodding)

Before you leave, I offer you this vanity of mine. It was brought to me from a land to the South.

Indian dancers enter, singing wild melodies, and present him with a brilliant Carolina parakeet.

53 EXT. POWHATAN'S LODGE

The Indians bid Smith a fond farewell. They have gained a deep respect for him, and he for them. Opechancanough alone does not smile.

54 EXT. WOODS - SMITH AND POCAHONTAS - LATER

Smith walks along with his arm over Pocahontas' shoulder.

POCAHONTAS

I imagined you would never leave us. I had no right to think so. There are many things I want to say. What is going to happen?

SMITH

What do you mean?

POCAHONTAS

You won't forget me?

He looks at her. It strikes him that he has fallen in love with a near child.

SMITH

You trust me?

POCAHONTAS

Yes -- I do. Think of me alone, days and days, in the wood, waiting for you, all the time saying, "Come quickly, John. How long you are." O John, how happy we shall be!

SMITH

I must go. The favor of kings is a slippery boon. They withdraw it as lightly as they grant it.

POCAHONTAS

I will not be troubled. As little as the sky. I will watch for your signal.

She walks quickly off.

55 NEW ANGLE

Smith picks up his armor and slings it over his shoulder. The braves who will conduct him to the fort tie a blindfold around his eyes.

Pocahontas watches him go, confident things will work out for the best. When her father comes upon her, she gives him an uneven look.

POWHATAN

I want you to promise me one thing. That you will put your people before all else in the world -- even your own heart.

She nods.

56 EXT. A PATH THROUGH THE WOODS

Blindfolded, Smith follows the caravan of Indians through the woods.

57 EXT. JAMESTOWN FORT

Smith walks down the road to the Jamestown fort. It is just after sunrise. The English sentries are fast asleep. The Indians stop a hundred feet away. Smith looks up. The gates are decorated with the skulls of deer and bear. What will stepping back into this other world mean? Will he forget? It seems he goes forward by a conscious act of will.

A sentry wakes up. He gasps at the Indian caravan, then at Smith himself -- this man whom they had given up for dead, to discover him so utterly changed.

SENTRY
Captain Smith!

He goes running through the colony to announce Smith's arrival.

SECOND SENTRY
The Savages will have to stop here,
Captain. Reasons of security.
(under his breath)
We don't want 'em to know we're
mortal.

Smith gestures to the Indians that they should set their gifts down. They are only too glad to leave.

58 NEW ANGLE - SMITH ASTONISHED AT THE CHANGE

Within the walls of the fort everything is topsy-turvy. Along the street of sailcloth roofs the houses are falling down, the few that have been completed. The men limp out of their tents and dugouts, pale with rickets and dysentery, like the inmates of a concentration camp.

Smith finds WILF, the cabin boy, drawing water. His feet are dusty and bleeding. He has bowed legs and sharp, ugly eyes. Yet still he is as swaggering a boy as ever stood four feet, six inches tall. He offers Smith a drink.

WILF
You have to quaff it now. Somebody
else wants the tumbler.

SMITH
What's happened here? Where is
Captain Newport?

WILF
Gone back to England, sir, with all
three ships -- to get supplies, new
men. He left Captain Ratcliffe in his
place.

SMITH
And Ratcliffe, where is he?

WILF
(evasively)
Why -- he's gone, sir. We expect he
perished. Nobody knows.

(MORE)

WILF (cont'd)

I mean, there's *talk* about this and that, but nobody *knows*, in the proper sense of the word. One day he just vanished like a ghost!

Ill-looking faces jut out of doors, register amazement, then withdraw into the darkness. The dirty juvenile with the manners of a man begins to whisper, worried he will be overheard.

WILF

Since you left half of 'em has died. Crops all failed. Seeds won't take root. We got nothing to eat. This morning there's another four gone. You find them laying out on the doorstep, dogs sniffing them, the ones they still hadn't set to eatin'. I grew up in Brighton, but I swear before Almighty God, I never seen the like. The gangs, they bully around and steal from the store, gamble and keep us all on short rations whilst they have their fill.

(over such scenes)

They don't fool me. They cuff me about but I just looks at them cold-like, you see. They know what I'm thinking. Hoho! Don't they imagine I got my own ways of dealing with things? No, oh no, by no means!

He slyly removes a knife from the crown of his hat.

WILF

Don't fret your eyelids on that score! They bowl while the houses fall down. Nobody pays attention or obeys the other's commands! Be a charmer, don't noise it about I told you so.

Suddenly, Wingfield walks up and cuffs the boy aside.

WINGFIELD

Winsome boy. I feel about him as though he were my own son.

He struts around like a Japanese swordsman, all glower and bluster, backed by six other pirates armed with swords and matchlocks.

WINGFIELD

You look quite well, Smith. Been enjoying yourself, have you? Been enjoying yourself mightily, I expect.

From his regimen of venison and corn, Smith looks shockingly healthy next to the other Englishmen, even Wingfield and his henchmen, who have fared better than the rest.

WINGFIELD

You were sent to relieve our situation, not to pleasure yourself. We here have suffered.
(nodding at Wilf)
Been telling you a lot of stories, has he?

SMITH

As a good citizen, I ignore the stories which bring officialdom into disrepute.

WINGFIELD

No speeches, Smith. Things are different now. We can't get away with cheek. Allow cheek, and we shall have chaos. I wear a medal now. I am the President. You were stripped of your captaincy.

SMITH

May I know why?

WINGFIELD

Someday, yes, but let's not talk about that now. As a matter of fact, you'd be considerably happier if you didn't make my job more tiring than it already is. You shortly will be arrested in the name of His Lordship, King James, and confined to the fortress.

SMITH

What is the charge against me, if I may know?

WINGFIELD

Caused the death of two good Englishmen. Then you deserted. Furthermore, you have allowed the Naturals to see the state of our extremity.

SMITH

Are you qualified to pass judgment on me?

WINGFIELD

That needn't concern you at present. Pity you were not here to defend yourself in person at the trial. I assume your guilt made you afraid to return.

He waits to see if Smith will be provoked into defiance, but Smith only stares at him.

SMITH

My trial?

WINGFIELD

You were tried during the period of your desertion.

SMITH

This does not amuse me.

WINGFIELD

Then you will be even less amused to learn that you were condemned to death.

Crazy with hunger, the English fall madly on Powhatan's gifts, cheering Smith as a hero. His parakeet flies away.

WINGFIELD

What did you offer them in return for these bats' tails and what-have-you?

He gestures contemptuously at Powhatan's gifts, while his cronies bully the others out of the way to make sure they get the lion's share.

WINGFIELD

Nocturnal creatures!

He sticks his sword into a raccoon and throws it to a man to whom he owes a favor.

WINGFIELD

(to his henchmen)

Send them a dozen of those red top hats. And the bed in which Master Godfrey died, since none will sleep in it. And Nelson's cur. The ever so poxey one. They haven't one of those, I suppose.

He points to a sickly greyhound. Argall steps forward and speaks directly to Smith, ignoring Wingfield.

ARGALL

He keeps the best food for himself, Captain, and gives us rotten corn. Being an atheist, he has no Bible, which you can go down there right now and prove. You'll find he also has a Spanish grammar, for reasons which are unclear, except perhaps to a Papist scholar.

Smith studies the motley crew. He has just come from people who asked for nothing and gave away everything in return. He feels a disgust with their selfishness, greed and complaint. He sees in them the person he was four months ago and must never allow himself to be again.

ARGALL

He was planning to take the boat and leave us here while he ran off to Newfoundland. His name is not even Wingfield. Woodson -- Woodson's the name. Charming. Left England under a cloud of disgrace, he did. A master forger. Charming in the extreme. Ever so charming.

WINGFIELD

Seize them. Anyone impeding the punishment of these rogues will be dealt with harshly.

Wingfield's men move to arrest Smith and Argall. Smith draws his sword. They challenge him with theirs, but they are no match, even in numbers. With dazzling skill, he dispatches three of them. As the crowd sees his strength and the chance to turn the tide of things at the fort, they join him. Wingfield's men are soon overpowered.

WINGFIELD

You want to get rid of me, eh? Give me the old heave-ho? Let me tell you, there's not a square-head here man enough to get away with that. Don't start anything you can't finish. Will you all be witnesses to this? Stop now or I shall report this mutiny to London. It could be ugly.

ARGALL

Quite ugly.

A sword tip explodes through Wingfield's armor. Argall has come up behind him and run him through. Smith stares at Argall, stunned by this naked act of murder.

The others seem accustomed to such goings-on and grateful for the entertainment.

FIRST MAN

Dead as a 'erring. Serve 'im right.
Puttin' on airs!

With a flick of his sword, Smith sends the murder weapon flying from Argall's hands.

ARGALL

I was only trying to help you.

SMITH

Arrest this man.

A man named Small steps forward.

SMALL

I can ratify what Mr. Argall said.
(toeing Wingfield)
He refused to give me a chicken or return the whistle I gave him in payment for it. In fact, one morning while conniving with his friend Mr. Ackley here, he even refused to give me a spoonful of beer. Were we in England, I should be ashamed to let my servant keep company with such fellows.

ACKLEY

You never had a servant. You were one. I ate a single chicken, and that when I was very ill. Small here 'as eaten six, a number of which he could not be troubled to cook. For myself I can prove that he begged in Ireland like a rogue, without a license. I know his games. I know the criminal mind.

Argall steps forward, swallowing his pride.

ARGALL

I say it's Captain Smith should lead us.

The men raise a cheer of agreement. After all, he has saved them from starvation. Ackley strips the President's medallion off Wingfield and puts it over Smith's neck. With a wave of his hand, Smith rescinds the order for Argall's arrest.

SMITH

If I lead you, you'll listen to me and respect my orders. The gentlemen will be obliged to bend their backs and obey with the rest. I haven't had the opportunity to look into it, but it seems that quite a few of you imagine that you're still in London. I'll be a worse tyrant than this man was.

(nodding at Wingfield)

So make up your minds. We are not going to have an easy time with the Naturals. We are superior to them in arms but not in numbers, nor in character. They are a formidable enemy. Unless we leave by spring, they will attack us. If you don't put things in order, they will see how great our need is and be tempted to attack before then. It appears we might have picked a poxey spot to land. And you thought you'd come to the land of Cockaigne! But that's a matter I'll take up with Captain Newport when he returns. Meanwhile, it will be all we can do to survive. These gifts will last a month. And soon the snows will fly. But with a united will we can hold out, and shall. What say you, then?

The men raise a great cheer. Smith finds himself beaming with pleasure at their approbation. They snatch up his gifts and carry him off on their shoulders.

59 INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

Smith enters the office reserved for the President of the Colony. There is a bust of King James, a crucifix, a globe and astrolabe -- serious badges of office and English refinement in primitive Jamestown. He caresses them with his hand. Suddenly he laughs out loud. So fortune has tossed him up for a while! How long will he ride the wave?

60 EXT. JAMESTOWN - MONTAGE, INC POCAHONTAS' POV

Smith walks around the fort, supervising its restoration. New buildings go up: a brickworks, a potter's shed and a pit saw. He is not above rolling up his own sleeves to help in the work.

The men quarrel over everything: building a wall, portions of food, the date of the year.

(These scenes will be improvised.) Smith settles their disputes in a wise, clever way. His qualities of leadership make all the men look up to him. He continues to wear his unconventional wardrobe -- feather headdress, buckskins, war paint. He even insists on sleeping outside, on the ground, as he did at Werowocomoco. The routine of his life, his former thoughts and ambitions, seem futile now, and artificial. What shall he do?

61 NEW ANGLE

Smith is joking with Ben, Ackley and some of the other men when a fellow with a serious look interrupts him.

FIRST MAN

What about the gold, Captain?

SMITH

What do you mean?

FIRST MAN

Have you told us everything? I mean, did you see anything that raised your hopes of a better life?

SMITH

Gold, you mean? What do you care about gold? You're on the verge of starving. This is the most valuable thing I brought you back.

He holds out a handful of corn seed.

FIRST MAN

Who gave it to you?

SMITH

A friend.

SECOND MAN

What about the soil, Captain? Is it good as we thought?

SMITH

(avoiding their eyes)
Not really. In fact, I've rarely seen so ill-appearing a pesthole. Look about you. Everything's gone to swamp, with water standing in lakes and pools, so the ground gives way beneath your feet. I suspect there's more puddles than dry land, producing more mosquitoes in their slime than there are beads in a nunnery -- and each mosquito as hungry as a priest!

(MORE)

SMITH (cont'd)
 None but a savage could inhabit the place, unless he was a bloody fool or some other manner of ass. But west of here, towards the mountain, or south -- that is something else.

It still is not clear what line Smith will be able to walk between his duty to the English and his sympathy for the Indians. He looks off toward the woods. The pines sway back and forth in ecstasy.

62 EXT. CHICKAHOMINY RIVER - SHALLOP

Smith runs a flag up into the rigging of the shallop and prepares to set sail. The English wonder at this action.

ARGALL
 Where are you going?

SMITH
 (avoiding their eyes)
 Where you would not dare to follow.

ARGALL
 Don't you think you should take some men with you? It would be dangerous sailing by yourself.

SMITH
 Let them come, if they please.

Ackley speaks with Smith privately.

ACKLEY
 Watch them, sir. They are a dangerous lot.

SMITH
 Are you all right?

ACKLEY
 To tell the truth, I don't know how much longer I can last, Captain. I seen too much.

SMITH
 You'll last, my friend. Have hope.

Smith boards the shallop and, with a squad of English soldiers, sets out up the river.

SMITH
 Post a sentry at the point. The rest of you wait for me here. If they come to look at you, leave them alone.

He collects a sack of copper hatchets, beads, combs and red hats -- the English wares most popular with the natives.

63 EXT. DEEP FOREST - SMITH'S POVS

Smith stops and looks around. The half-moon has just risen. The trees beckon him on. They seem to run off to the uttermost ends of the earth.

His romance with the Indian girl seems far off, unreal. Has he put himself in a false position? What are his intentions? He almost dreads seeing her -- would it not be almost a relief if she did not appear? -- and yet, when she does not come right away, he feels vexed and disappointed. By the confidence with which she walks her path, she convinces him that another way exists than that which his feet have known. She releases his soul from its captivity. She breaks up the frozen sea of his heart. He conceives hopes that he never imagined it was in his power to conceive; the walls of his habitual life fall away and leave him in a wide field, in that new world which he hitherto sought in vain, and which he now knows, not by setting his foot on the Virginia shore, but in the sight of her, in her touch, in the joy and grace she radiates.

By and by he hears the sound of footsteps. He sees her coming toward him and, in a voice that seems not quite his, he says her name. She seems to look right into him. He never before realized the depth and purity, the touching faithfulness, of her dew-bright eyes. He feels his heart and senses unfolding. She is all simple nature and beauty, as much a part of this October evening as the falling leaves. How should he not take all that she would give him, how not fulfill the spring in her heart and his? What did he know of love, until he seized her hand and kissed it? And now -- what does he not know?

Their lips seek each other's, and still they do not speak. The moment speech begins all will be unreal.

SMITH

Why did you come here?

She looks up, hurt, amazed.

POCAHONTAS

Sir? You asked me to.

SMITH

Don't call me sir, my pretty sweet.

POCAHONTAS

What shall I call you?

SMITH

John.

POCAHONTAS

What have you seen? Your eyes are like -- stones.

SMITH

(after a pause)

I've had nothing but aggravation. Half are sick, the others lunging at each other's throats like they were in Brighton Way. They'd do anything for money. They'd risk damnation in this world and the next. And me, a good man by any lights, moving among such people!

POCAHONTAS

Send them away.

SMITH

Away?

(after a silence)

How many lands behind me! How many seas! What blows, dangers! My soul hungered after far horizons. Now there is only this contention with fools, this ignoble war with little things.

(pacing)

It has always been so. I can never stay on land for long. It scorches my feet. It always disappoints. There is comfort and safety in the port, hearthstone and supper, warm blankets, friends. But always I find that I still am not where I must be. Always shut up somewhere. Cut off. Starved.

POCAHONTAS

Look before you. We could live in the woods. I know a place. There is a waterfall there. A bed of moss. I've never shown it to anyone. I waited.

(caressing his face)

My brother will take care of us. He told me that he would. Make a sign, John. Tell me if I should keep on.

(suddenly alarmed)

I wish for you when you're gone. I look for you. I wonder if the others can tell.

Smith reaches for her, but she skips back out of reach.

POCAHONTAS

It was never so before.

Smith looks at her with love rising in his heart like the scent of a crushed herb. Her heart is a nest, untouched by grief.

SMITH

Can it be that we have met again?
That I can look again into your eyes --
hold you again in my arms at last?
And I so changed -- so different!
Have I answered you -- have I come to
you?

POCAHONTAS

(in a whisper)

Yes...No, it is not you.
(after a moment)
Is it you?

SMITH

Say it again, my sweet. Speak. I
cannot live or breathe until I am next
to you, and I can feel your hand.

POCAHONTAS

I waited -- watched -- so many days --

SMITH

And I treated you so unkindly! Ah, my
guardian angel, my light in the
darkness, how I hate myself for giving
you pain! There is something I know
when I am with you that I forget when
I am away. Tell me, my sweet, did you
wish me to come back and live with you
again?

POCAHONTAS

(suddenly afraid)

You must not look into my eyes. You
must not touch me.

SMITH

I must hold your hand when I speak
with you.

He at last has found a passage to the other sea. He steps
up to her and touches her belly. She is -- so open, so
unafraid. He bobs like a cork on the ocean of her
movements.

64 EXT. TREES OVERHEAD - SMITH'S AWAKENING

The world spins to a stop. The moon peers at Smith through the pines. Flecks of moss drift down from the upper branches.

SMITH

We can't go into the forest. Could I show you England? I would take care of you, I promise. I would never be a brute to you. But no, it is too far. You would perish there.

POCAHONTAS

If I can be with you, that is all.

He gazes at her. She is a lady, a flower, a jewel. The woods murmur about them. He looks out on a new creation; a landscape as lovely as a lost Eden. O his America, his new found land, how blessed he is in discovering her, and in full nakedness; unbound. The curtain is lifted, and he sees with the eyes of his soul. But even as he does, and knows this is what he has always been waiting for, striving for, he fears that he might be overwhelmed -- that he might not be equal to what he has known but disintegrate under its pressure. There is a temptation to rush back into the comforting darkness of his former life.

65 EXT. INDIAN CAMP

Smith has no luck trading at a nearby camp. Huddled in their fur robes by a blazing fire, the Indians point to the sky. Soon winter will be here.

66 EXT. CHICKAHOMINY RIVER

On his way back to the boat, Smith runs into one of the English sentries.

SMITH

What are you doing here?

SENTRY

I beg your pardon, sir. You were gone longer than we expected. Appears I let myself wander a bit. Things go badly?

Like the others, he is under the impression that Smith's purpose here was to trade with the Indians. Smith does not reply. The sentry smiles, vaguely aware that his captain is hiding something.

67 EXT. SHALLOP MOVING DOWNRIVER

Smith watches his English friends. After his time away in the woods, their crisp, slangy talk is queer at first, then so natural that the scene he has come from begins to seem remote and incredible.

68 EXT. FOREST, CLOUDS

Pocahontas moves through the noonday darkness of the woods. They are vocal with the songs of birds and running water.

69 EXT. JAMESTOWN FORT

During Smith's absence, there has been a stabbing.

SMITH

And what was your disagreement about?

STABBED MAN

He said it was the fifteenth of November, I said the seventeenth.

SMITH

You were fighting about the date of the year.

ASSAILANT

Not entirely. He made comments to the effect that my education was something less'n his.

SMITH

I am gone two days, and you fall right back into your old ways! What has been going on here? Didn't I tell you to dig a new well -- farther from the river? Why hasn't this been done?

They offer their excuses. Smith feels uneasy. Has his romance with Pocahontas caused him to shirk his duty? This feeling of guilt -- utterly unjustified guilt -- sends him into a rage.

SMITH

Every man will stop what he is doing right now and start digging the well. Those that can't carry the dirt in buckets will carry it off with their hands.

70 EXT. WELL (INCLUDING POV FROM BOTTOM)

Every man in the colony works at digging the well in the impractical way that Smith has insisted upon.

SMITH

(to Ben)

See what men they've sent us. A headless multitude! They will not sow corn for their own bellies. They would rather eat their fish raw than go a stone's cast to fetch wood and dress it.

(after a pause)

Are there yet blissful isles one might steer for from England's wreck? How could one know happiness there, where all is false and in decline?

70B EXT. A CLEARING IN THE PINES

The wind flows in melody through the sky-loving trees. Pocahontas looks up.

POCAHONTAS (O.S.)

(to her mother)

He makes my heart like water. He drinks from my heart like a deer from a stream.

DISSOLVE TO:

71 EXT. VIRGINIA LANDSCAPES - SNOW - POCAHONTAS

The winter snow tumbles down, veiling the fort and the fields beyond, the woods and rocky shores in white, seeming nowhere to alight. It falls, too, on the Indian longhouses and the dark Chesapeake waves. It lies thickly drifted on the crooked crosses and headstones of the Jamestown graveyard, on the spears of the little gate and the thorns that lie beneath it.

WILF

(to Smith, afraid)

The oysters are gone from the shore, sir, and the birds that were in the trees.

Drawing Smith's jacket tight about her shoulders, Pocahontas watches the snow. Presently she looks up as a white owl flies overhead.

POCAHONTAS (O.S.)

Where is he now? His head lies on my heart. Carry my love to him.

72 EXT. JAMESTOWN FORT

Smith watches, too, as the English wander around in the grip of malaria and blackwater fever, raving like madmen. Epidemic has done in more than half of them, starvation the rest. Less than fifty people remain alive of the original two hundred. Every morning there are half a dozen new deaths. The corpses are dumped in the river; no one has the strength to dig in the frozen ground.

ANGRY MAN

Somebody should shoot Jonson there. He hasn't got a ghost of a chance, and he's going to contaminate us all. He used Wortham's spoon -- now Wortham's gone. My friend! Have we got to wait till all is dead? Here he comes now.

The men dodge out of Jonson's way and pick up rocks to throw at him in case he comes too close.

JONSON

I've only got a couple more days, Captain. The men can eat me if they like. I should like to be helpful in whatever way I can.

SMITH

Thank you, Jonson. We shall call upon you if we have to.

73 OTHER ANGLES

Brawls erupt over food and small possessions. The settlers boil their belts and harnesses and eat them. They commit murder for matches. They eat dogs, cats, even rats. But civilization, even such as it exists, begins to work its effect on Smith. Every one of his compatriots is an avenue that leads him back into his former ways of thinking. Wilf, the cabin boy, cheers him with memories of youth and home.

SMITH

Are you happy?

WILF

Why shouldn't I be?

SMITH

What makes you happy?

WILF

The sunshine. The sky at night. But especially, I likes it when things goes my way.

SMITH

What did you do before you came here?

WILF

My eyes -- how green, how green!
Asking all these questions!

Smith laughs. The domestic intimacy of the fort brings him around and makes the magic city and even Pocahontas seem unreal. Did he really make love to her, really promise to take her away to live with him? The notion that he could make her his mistress fills him with a sort of horror, even while it still whips and stings his blood. He wonders what came into him. He feels he has been awful, then in the next moment that his behavior was quite sane.

SOLDIER

Sir, Ackley's dead. And, directly, somebody ate his hands.

74 NEW ANGLE

Smith finds Ackley sitting in a chair in his Sunday best, the end of a musket in his mouth.

SOLDIER

(pilfering Ackley's things)
Went out in the 'eight of style,
anyhow. Such tranquility -- look at
him! You'd think he could speak.

His hands have been chopped off and taken for food. The sight of it turns Smith's stomach.

SECOND SOLDIER

I shall miss him. I think we all shall.

SMITH

Bury him. And put this in the morning report.

SECOND SOLDIER

Are you quite sure, sir?

SMITH

Spare no detail.

75 TIGHT ON SMITH

Again he thinks about her. He agonizes over what he should do. Only a few months ago, he held her to him under the blue strong sky, kissing her eyes and lips. He gasps, swept by this rush of remembrance, and is back with her again, back in the rapture of his kisses on her upturned face of innocence and humble passion, back in the suspense and beauty of that pagan night.

He looks around him. What would the others think of such wild, unlawful loving? He wonders if he really loves her, or if he only wants her because she is so pretty and loves him.

76 EXT. JAMESTOWN FORT - INDIAN PROCESSION - MUSIC

The English line the walls of the fort. Beyond it lies a sight to astonish them. Pocahontas is leading a great procession of Indians toward the gates -- braves with carcasses of deer and braces of turkey slung from poles over their shoulders, women with large reed baskets of cornbread and raccoon.

77 NEW ANGLE

Pocahontas and Smith find themselves alone for a moment as the English fete their red saviors, overwhelmed by this gratuitous act of generosity.

POCAHONTAS

They all bow to you. The President!
My father will not let me bring you
anything more. He says we hardly have
enough for ourselves.

SMITH

I understand.

POCAHONTAS

I will do what I can.

SMITH

Don't put yourself in danger. You
needn't do anything more -- for us.

POCAHONTAS

If your people are hungry, they can
find shellfish under the ice.

Pocahontas looks puzzled. Smith casts about for the thing he wants to say. What does he risk doing to her? Has he done it already?

Somewhere in his heart he knows he will betray her, and though he does not wish it, he knows it with an utter certainty.

SMITH

Don't trust me.

POCAHONTAS

Why do you say that?

SMITH

You don't know who I am.

POCAHONTAS

Of course I do. John. Why shouldn't I do anything I can for you? I love you. I like to show you that I do. Does it make you uncomfortable when they see you with me?

SMITH

Sometimes.

POCAHONTAS

I would be near you. You know that from the way I look at you, don't you?

SMITH

Yes. Yes I do, my love.

POCAHONTAS

Why have you not come to me?

SMITH

There are people dying around me here.

POCAHONTAS

I know it is a terrible thing to say, but how can you stay with them, John? They're so fierce. They're so dirty, too. No wonder they die.

(after a silence)

What can you have to do, love?

Living at the fort, Smith has come to see things with English eyes again. Her age and her openness, the very things that he treasures, embarrass him somewhat. He remembers that at certain times he adores her; at other times he can hardly recall who the person was that felt this way. He is aware of a new world, a reality whose existence he never had guessed or penetrated through to. The whole scheme of his former life has been called into question and seems to him now like an illusion. But that does not make it any less problematic; rather far more so.

SMITH

Does your mother speak with you still?

POCAHONTAS

Yes. She speaks in silence, like the stars. And if I do not answer, she says, "What could I say to you that I have not told you in my own language? Is it my fault that you have not understood me? You think I wished to speak to your eyes and ears, and it was my heart that spoke to you. In truth, it was the heart of all the earth that spoke to you through mine." She is not here, but up there -- far!

SMITH

She is dead and cannot hear you. Speak with me, dear -- I am living and can answer.

78 NEW ANGLE

The English give the Princess a round of applause as she leaves. Passing back through the gates of the fort, Smith comes to a stop. Wobblehead, the lunatic Indian whom Smith met long ago in the longhouse at Werowocomoco, has come to the fort during the night and is entertaining the men.

Smith watches as the fool, an excellent mime, pretends to mount an imaginary beast. One by one, the colonists break into laughter. They seem to know nothing of Smith's romance and would not even hold it against him if they did. They respect him; they depend on him.

BLACKSMITH

He's coming to England with us! I 'ave agreed to become his manager. I expect I shall soon be entertaining divers offers.

Wobblehead nods and points over the seas, England's direction. A suspicious dog answers in the distance. The crowd melts away. It is their uneasiness, more than anything else, which causes Smith to ask if they were amusing themselves at his expense.

He strides around, as though looking for a confrontation. Why should he feel any tie to this sorry lot and their selfish plans?

SMITH

You, what were you laughing at?

SMIRKING FELLOW

Why, I can't be sure. An idea that I
'ad in me 'ead. Did I offend, sir? I
must be going. I got me chores.

He slinks off. Smith wonders how much he knows.

79 POCAHONTAS

Pocahontas walks along with a frown. What is she to make
of Smith's words?

80 EXT. A CORN FIELD NEAR THE FORT - LATER

Spring has come, bringing sunny weather.

Indian scouts sneak up to a field near the fort, a sunken
enclosure camouflaged with vines. They strip the vines
back and peer inside. Before them stand row upon row of
green shoots six inches high -- baby corn plants. The
Indians' leader darts inside and uproots one to take back
to the Emperor.

81 INT. POWHATAN'S LODGE

Powhatan tosses the corn plant down in front of his
daughter. His voice is soft and loving.

POWHATAN

They do not mean to leave.

(pause)

This does not surprise me. What *does*
is how they found the seed and where
to plant it. This the Tassantasses do
not know. And how did they find the
other things -- the oysters, the
turkeys' eggs?

When Pocahontas starts to speak, he cuts her off. He does
not require an answer to these questions.

POWHATAN

He will forget you.

POCAHONTAS

Have you no kind word for me, father?

POWHATAN

No.

She jumps to her feet and leaves.

82 EXT. POWHATAN'S LODGE

Powhatan throws open the door of his lodge. Opechancanough and the Chiefs of his Armies understand him and, with a great shout, repair to their units.

83 EXT. JAMESTOWN FORT

A single native scout observes a cross standing in the midst of the wilderness. Then, coming into sight of the fort, he solemnly plants three arrows in the road outside its walls, to serve warning of the Emperor's intentions. The English are by now accustomed to strange antics from the Indians and give the business no thought.

SENTRY
Spearing gophers?

The Indian reaches into a pouch, mumbles an incantation and casts a handful of dust in the sentry's direction.

84 EXT. RIVER - INDIAN CAMPS

Powhatan casts tobacco leaves on the streaming grey waters of the Chickahominy, to satisfy himself that the omens are good. The camps are a hive of silent activity as the Indians prepare to make war. Braves plunge their spears into a log, working up their courage with whoops and cries. They put on paint and smoke tobacco, say prayers and bid goodbye to their children. Allies gather from distant camps. Streams of warriors become whole rivers.

Pocahontas looks on with alarm.

85 EXT. WEROWOCOMOCO - DUSK

As dusk settles, Pocahontas walks around Werowocomoco, shivering like a frightened deer.

86 INT. POWHATAN'S TEMPLE - DUSK

Powhatan has come to his principal temple to meditate before the sacred hearth. The dancing firelight gives him the appearance of a great conjurer.

POWHATAN
Find my daughter.

A brave clacks a hollow log.

87 EXT. TOBACCO FIELDS - POCAHONTAS - DUSK

Pocahontas hears the drums. Suddenly, she makes a decision.

With an air of nonchalance, she ambles through the main gate into the tobacco fields beyond. Only the great wooden idols see her go.

Looking back from the cool dark rows of tobacco, her kinsmen seem to her like people she knew in some time long past. With a sob rising to her throat, she turns and runs off into the woods.

88 EXT. WOODS - DUSK

Pocahontas crashes through the moonlit woods in a panic. The pines sway back and forth like a wild sea.

She stops for a moment to listen to the drums, but they only harden her determination, and she starts running again.

89 EXT. JAMESTOWN FORT - DAY-FOR-NIGHT

Pocahontas wakes up the English sentry at Jamestown.

SENTRY

The Princess!

POCAHONTAS

Please get him! Hurry!

SENTRY

You won't say that I was drowsing, will you, Highness? No sooner did I shut me eyes than I was lifted out of this wretched world and forgot me duties!

90 EXT. A FIELD BEYOND THE FORT - DAY-FOR-NIGHT

Smith leads Pocahontas into a field of leveled ground beyond the fort. The twisted shapes of burnt-out tree stumps loom up about them in the light of Smith's hurricane lantern.

SMITH

How do you know?

POCAHONTAS

The corn. He sees you mean to stay. Do you? Do *they*?

Smith does not answer. She is terribly upset about what she is doing.

POCAHONTAS

Make peace with him before he comes.

SMITH

He won't accept peace. He'd be a fool to.

POCAHONTAS

You're going to fight a war with him? Send them away. So many will die!

SMITH

I won't do that. They wouldn't listen to me even if I did. Why should they? This earth is theirs as much as it's yours. You own it, I know. Well, I suppose you could say you've owned it long enough. Now others are having their turn.

(after a pause)

Besides, they have no boats to leave in.

She is steadfast in ignoring the drift of what he says.

POCAHONTAS

We can go away. We can go where nobody could find us.

SMITH

Where? For how long? We can't live out in the woods. And the truth is I could never take you to England with me, either. You don't belong in that world. You'd be like a plaything. A curiosity. They make you over there. They make you their own. They press you small, like Chinese feet.

Smith looks off into the woods. All at once it strikes him how terribly he has compromised her -- and that now he must take a stand.

POCAHONTAS

This isn't you, John. Don't you remember?

But when she looks at his face, she sees that he remembers nothing of those other times.

SMITH

(shouting)

Watchman! How many hours till the dawn?

SENTRY (O.S.)
(faintly)
Two, Captain!

Impulsively, Smith draws some beads and bells from a pouch on his belt and offers them to her.

SMITH
Here.

Bells? She looks at him, unbelieving. He himself seems horrified at what he is doing.

POCAHONTAS
Why do you give me these?

SMITH
You've done the English a service.

POCAHONTAS
Let me see your face.

SMITH
They should be thankful to you. You have extended yourself for them -- now more than once.

POCAHONTAS
(very proud)
I have betrayed my father! Nothing can reward me for that. If...he saw me with these, he would take my life. Here. Take them back.

SMITH
I can't do what you wish.

POCAHONTAS
They care nothing for you. I can stop my father. Tell them to leave.

SMITH
They wouldn't listen to me.

POCAHONTAS
Never until this moment have you spoken falsely. Why have you said such things to me?

SMITH
Truthful, pure as you, I cannot be.

POCAHONTAS

I know that you would never deceive me. I ran here through the forest. Now I feel I've done something very wrong.

(horrorified)

Will you warn them?

Suddenly he regrets his cruelty. He takes her by the hand.

SMITH

You have to come with me.

POCAHONTAS

Where?

SMITH

Into the fort. Your people will know you came. They'll find out soon enough.

POCAHONTAS

What will *you* do?

SMITH

My sweet, my woodland fairy, my saviour, why do you fear me? Do I now seem to you dark and evil, but too late for your peace, after the sweet sickness of love has infected you?

He reaches out towards her, but she wrenches free and retreats to the edge of the woods, stopping now and then to look over her shoulder in a proud, confused way.

SMITH

Stay! I must not let you go alone. They will punish you.

When he starts toward her, she turns and runs away.

91 EXT. WOODS

Smith follows her. She is like some little dog which has lost its master and does not know whether to run on, to run back -- where to turn. He seems on the verge of coaxing her back when he sees a squad of Indian scouts advancing through the woods.

He hides behind a tree. When he looks back, she is gone. He has no alternative now. He turns back.

Meanwhile, Pocahontas abandons herself to her grief.

92 EXT. FORT - DAWN

Smith walks back into the fort. He cannot think clearly. He does not know where his duty lies or whether he even cares anymore. He wonders what has made him change. He remembers making vows to her, but they seem like the words of a stranger.

SENTRY

Captain? Is anything wrong? Excuse me if I worry too much, but the ships should've been 'ere weeks ago, and now the men are talking -- 'ave they forgot about us?

Smith stares at him a long time before speaking. Shall he obey the voice that in the forest commanded him? Shall he live in this world or that other?

SMITH

Wake the men up. Silently. Have them report here. Don't stand there. Go!

93 INT. SMITH'S TENT

Smith throws himself on his straw bed. For a moment's passion, he has cut her life to ribbons, perhaps sent her off to her death. What would it mean, going to her now? It would be madness.

Then, the memory of the poor, bewildered figure, of those anxious eyes, digs into him again. In a seizure of longing, the kind that comes upon one when life seems to be carrying something out of reach, he leaps up. He wants her again; her kisses, her soft body, her abandonment, all her warm, pagan emotion; wants the wonderful feeling of that night under the sighing pines; wants it all with a horrible intensity.

94 EXT. FORT

Smith walks out toward the woods beyond the fort.

SENTRY

Captain? The men are ready.

What is it that struggles against pity and this feverish longing and keeps him rooted here? He turns back. He will think about it later.

95 EXT. WOODS NEAR FORT - SUNRISE

As the sun rises through the cool blue canyons of the pines, Pocahontas wanders along in a daze.

Under the generalship of Opechancanough, the Indians move quickly through the woods until they have surrounded the fort.

A scout slips up through the wet marsh grass to the palisade. At his signal, the Indian soldiers advance, brandishing their spears and war clubs.

The English have been waiting for this moment. They roll out their cannons and send a sickle of grapeshot through the Indians' front ranks.

Astonished, the Indians fall back, but the second and third waves press blindly on. Before the English can reload, they are upon the walls. They fight with a blind determination, but their light weapons are no match for English steel. They retreat back into the field, where again they are beset by the cannons. Yet still they rally and make a second charge. Fresh troops constantly replace those who have retired. In the same way that the English pass orders by trumpets and drums, the Indians use heralds to cry out when to attack and when to retreat.

When an Englishman falls, the Indians stuff arrows up his rectum and hack him to pieces, lopping off heads and hands and private parts, waving the trophies aloft, laughing.

Musketeers advance into the field, each protected by a pikeman. They rest their heavy weapons on a stand, then light off their hundred-caliber loads in a great cloud of smoke.

Opechancanough is puzzled. How could the enemy have known of the attack, as clearly they did?

The Indians shout curses and accusations of betrayal at Smith in Algonquin. He does not reply. His comrades look to him for an explanation.

With his sword and bullwhip, Smith ranges out beyond the fort to engage in single combat. Tears stream down his face. His eyes are crazy and ferocious. He shrugs off his wounds. He proves himself the bravest of the English, a law unto himself.

Powhatan, sick at heart, watches the progress of the battle from a cliff half a mile from the fort. Things do not go well for the Indians; they are used to fighting in ambushes and skirmishes, not pitched battles. Still, they vastly outnumber the English and hope to wear them down.

96 EXT. INDIAN DRESSING STATION - POCAHONTAS

Pocahontas watches the Indian wounded being taken to the rear. They bear their sufferings in silence.

She wanders about in a turmoil of shame and bewilderment. She cannot go back to her father -- what should she do? How many yet will die on her account?

Her cousins and brothers look questioningly at her, knowing she likes the English but hardly guessing the full extent of what they would consider her treachery.

Suddenly she sees her brother Parahunt among the wounded. A piece of shrapnel has torn through his belly; he will not survive.

PARAHUNT

Something stung me, then I couldn't walk. Now I can't move my shoulder, sister. I'm cold. Cold!

POCAHONTAS

Here, rest. Help him!

PARAHUNT

Sit down. Talk to me. There's nothing you can do.

POCAHONTAS

Don't say that. Wait. Help him!

She runs off to look for help, but she does not get far. Two Indians seize her on order from the Emperor. They ignore her protests -- that her brother is dying, that her father will punish them when he finds out how they have treated her.

97 EXT. JAMESTOWN FORT

The attack seems to have abated, though a few Pamunkey braves steal into the fortress through chinks in the wall and tunnels they have dug. They fight blindly with knives and tomahawks until they are contained and killed.

Lookouts search the horizon. Smith knocks them from their perch.

SMITH

What are you looking for? There's no one coming to rescue you.

Flecked with blood, he walks through the stockade, sneering at his soldiers.

BEN

You seem pretty 'appy.

SMITH

Nothing intoxicates me like disaster.
My past mistakes seem very small.

A wounded man pulls an arrow from his hand and waves it hysterically at Smith.

WOUNDED MAN

I'm not entirely sure I shall have the use of this hand again. I liked it while I had it. You see, I was a clerk when I left London. I never thought I'd have any trouble with it. Don't walk off. What was they shouting at you?

(Smith turns around)

You heard me! Don't give me that poxey look. What did you do to them? What did you do to get them so oggly about us? Why 'ave I got to pay for it?

(Smith does not answer)

He's not telling us something, and I got a right to know. They won't respect our white flag. They won't receive our emissaries. There's something he's not telling us!

SMITH

Stupid as hogs, the lot of you.

SECOND MAN

Now we're fighting with each other. When the enemy's out there preparing to cut our throats!

Smith strides around, bristling with contempt.

SMITH

Stupid as hogs.

(under his breath)

Always shut up somewhere.

Wobblehead, who knows no sides, gives Smith an apologetic look. It is not in his nature to be sad for long, however. He leaps in the air and runs off through the lanes, hooting maniacally.

98 INT. SMITH'S TENT

Smith sulks in his tent like Achilles. Has he betrayed her from a fear of his peers' opinions, he who prides himself on bending to no man? What need has he to justify himself to the likes of them?

A man with his fine sense of honor cannot forgive himself for acts that lesser men might consider trivial. Ben enters.

BEN

You must be more diplomatic.

SMITH

What have I got to say? I can't bring my tongue to say it. What should I do? Show them my wounds and tell them how I got them in their service, while they ran from the noise of their own drums. Hang 'em. I'd rather die than crave their favor.

BEN

They say you mock them. When our patrols returned unharmed, you expressed your regret. You call 'em enemies of true nobility.

SMITH

Yes.

BEN

Why do you want to lead them?

SMITH

I deserve to.

BEN

You have no desire to?

SMITH

I have no desire to trouble the poor with begging. Maybe you can give me a box on the ear so I may look penitent.

BEN

Take care they don't plant a deep enough rage in you they make you one of their own.

Smith walks outside. The Indians have broken off their attack.

99 EXT. RIVER

Stripped to his underwear, Smith plunges into the river. The puzzled looks of the English give him an odd pleasure. He swims farther and farther out, defying the danger of the fast current and the hostile Indians on the other bank.

To go back and love Pocahontas in the woods, with everything around wild and fitting -- that, he knows, is impossible. To transplant her to a great town, to keep in some little room one who belongs so wholly to nature -- he shrinks from this. In London her very simplicity, her lack of all sophistication, would make her life a misery of exile and alienation. But now that she is gone, he hates himself and the English, with their smug ideas of right and duty.

An ache for lost youth, a hankering, a sense of wasted love and sweetness, grips him by the throat. Surely, on this earth of such wild beauty, one is meant to hold rapture to one's heart as the earth and sky hold it. And yet it seems that one cannot, or not for long.

What did he do that was wrong? Where is that new world in which he found such happiness? Those woods, with their sky-loving pines?

100 EXT. POWHATAN'S CAMPAIGN TENT

Pocahontas is conducted to Powhatan's campaign tent by an official of the court. She takes a moment to compose herself before she enters. She knows her father is aware of her offense.

101 INT. TENT

Pocahontas sits before Powhatan in the hazy darkness of the tent. The Emperor is thickly painted and oiled all over -- his arms and shoulders red, his face blue, his body jet black. From his ears hang the dried claws of a kingfisher.

POWHATAN

You've brought me great sadness. You could have married other chiefs and worked for your nation. You could have helped to bring us peace. You have forgotten your duty.

(pause)

So have I. I loved you more than my people. I put you, my heart and soul, ahead of them. I did that thing which I forbade you to. You have been a fool, but I have been a very great fool. These people come to take our world away. We must defend ourselves against them. Many more will die because of our folly. I shall tell nobody of this. Not because I love you but because I am weak.

From outside come the noises of new preparations for battle.

POWHATAN

I can no longer speak with my ancestors, nor with my people. Someday, if I have any honor, I shall tell them what I have done and offer them my life. Today I cannot.

POCAHONTAS

Forgive me, father!

POWHATAN

You have been the light of my life. I cannot give you over to die. I banish you instead -- I take your name away and send you to your uncle. I am too old to see you die, but if I see you again, I might feel the love of you again. You are already dead. I cannot love one that is dead. I cannot love a ghost. So leave me now, ghost girl, and may the Father of our people give you happiness in the hereafter.

Pocahontas stands up. He sits with his head bowed. Despairing of a further word from him, she leaves.

102 EXT. CEREMONIAL FUNERAL

The Indians hold a ceremonial funeral for Pocahontas at a pavilion near the battlefield. Once the joy of her people's eyes, they will no longer look at her except in their mirrors. They behave as though they genuinely believed she were gone -- a ghost.

Still, the ritual is one to befit a princess. Heralds play dirges on trumpets of tree bark. Eight strong braves bear the palanquin that will carry her off to exile. Two hermaphrodites walk ahead with fans at the ends of long poles, to protect her from the sun.

103 EXT. WOODS

An English scout sees Pocahontas' train moving through the woods. He recognizes her.

103B EXT. WOODS - SMITH AND TOMOCOMO - NIGHT

Tomocomo has come to Smith as a spokesman for Powhatan, his emperor. They are alone in the moonlit woods.

TOMOCOMO

The great Powhatan speaks thus: "You, destroyer of peace, a man I saved, and sheltered, and fed -- treated like a son! -- have you not injured me enough? You have stolen my child's heart from me. With a thousand inventions you have driven her mad. With your lying tongue you have changed her into a demon to persecute me." I was to say no more, but see --

Catching hold of the top of a sapling, he bends it to the ground.

TOMOCOMO

We shall treat you in the same way.

He turns and leaves.

104 EXT. VICINITY OF THE FORT - DAWN

At dawn the Indians resume their attack. They twist moss around the points of their arrows, set them alight and shoot them over the walls of the fort onto the thatch roofs of the English houses, which burst into flame.

The English rush around trying to put out the fires. Their situation grows more desperate from hour to hour. A soot-blackened soldier reports to Smith.

SOLDIER

The east wall is burned through, sir. We cannot close it without exposing ourselves to their missiles.

Argall leads in the scout who spotted Pocahontas in the woods.

ARGALL

Tell him.

SCOUT

The Princess is up the river at Pastancy. They sent her to her uncle Patowomeck, Lord of the Naked Devils of that region and, by the by, an acquaintance of mine. So I get to talking to his Nibs and he proposes to sell her. He says with her at the fort, the Emperor will not dare attack us. He dotes on her.

SMITH

You're certain she's the one you saw?

SCOUT

With these eyes! I spoke to the King directly.

SMITH

And what does this rogue propose to sell her for?

SCOUT

I was getting to that. His most favorite thing is combs, but in this case he appears to have his heart set on a kettle. A hob, you know -- a copper kettle, like me mother uses for making tea. What use he means to make of the instrument I cannot say.

ARGALL

Well?

SMITH

We don't take hostages. King James would not approve.

ARGALL

You would rather see us annihilated?

It is the first direct challenge to his authority that Smith has faced.

SMITH

She has done enough for us. She risked the beating out of her own brains to save mine. She kept the rest of you from starving. We shall not answer her kindness by making her a captive.

Argall presses Smith, confident the others are on his side, that they will see this as their last hope.

ARGALL

She and her flock are on the verge of killing us all. I expect there will scarce be a handful alive when the boats return, if they ever do. You told us yourself that her father regards her as no one else.

(Smith says nothing)

Do you have private reasons for this attitude of yours?

SMITH

Return to your post.

Smith's behavior feeds the flame of Argall's suspicions. He stands his ground.

SMITH

The penalty for disobeying an order of the President is hanging. You're breaking the laws. This is mutiny.

ARGALL

Me breaking the laws? You've broke them all yerself, as fast as you made them.

(to the men)

I have information Smith here was planning to marry the wench and make himself King of Virginia! I have the proof! The crazy one told me. Listen to what he says!

Fearing their wrath, Wobblehead retreats into the shadows. Smith strides up to Argall until they are face to face. His eyes blaze with anger.

ARGALL

Strike me and you break the laws of this colony. Those are the laws! You've got to protect these men.

SMITH

Strike you?

He looks at him for a moment, then reaches out and gives his ear a violent twist.

ARGALL

Jesu!

Suddenly, six of Argall's cohorts fall on Smith from behind and wrestle him to the ground.

ARGALL

(triumphantly)

You're no longer in command, Smithy. I shall have the medal now. You have been derelict in your duties to the King. You've betrayed the citizens of Jamestown. The medal, please! You've shamed the investors of the London Company. I therefore pronounce you unworthy of being a member of this colony.

(MORE)

ARGALL (cont'd)

As Chief Spokesman for His Majesty in the New World, I sentence you to corporal punishment until you admit your guilt.

105 SMITH AND SOLDIERS

Smith is conducted to the docks by a brace of guilty soldiers. Among them is the sentry who greeted Pocahontas the morning of the first attack. He has reason to feel guiltiest of all.

SENTRY

Sorry, Captain. We must do as Argall says. We men 'ave got no power.

SECOND MAN

I advise you to admit your fault. Otherwise he will kill you. He can't afford to be considered a mutineer, without legal authority.

106 EXT. SHALLOP - INC UNDERWATER SHOT

Smith is keelhauled -- dragged by a rope beneath the ship, so that his back is raked along the jagged barnacles encrusted on the hull. He bobs to the surface, gasping for breath.

ARGALL

You want to say your piece? No? Very well. I sentence you to hard labor at the brickworks.

107 EXT. JAMESTOWN DOCK

Argall and a party of ten soldiers sail the shallop upriver to kidnap Pocahontas.

108 EXT. PASTANCY INDIAN CAMP

PATOWOMECK, the treacherous King of Pastancy, watches out of the side of his eye as an English sailor sets a copper kettle down in front of his lodge. He must be careful not to appear complicitous with the kidnapping.

ARGALL

No use trying to hide her. I know she is here. Help me, and I will be your friend!

Patowomeck's eyes flit nervously around. Argall bows to Pocahontas, who is surprised that he seems to know who she is.

POCAHONTAS

Who sent the boat?

ARGALL

Why, nobody sent it, milady. I was just passing by when I thought it diplomatic to stop and pay a visit.

POCAHONTAS

You don't seem like someone to trouble himself about diplomacy.

ARGALL

(slyly)

Does Captain Smith?

POCAHONTAS

I could not say. I am sure he does not tolerate insolence from his subordinates.

Two Moons, a sympathetic Pastancy Indian, appears beside Pocahontas and bows to her. They are out of Argall's hearing.

TWO MOONS

Princess, they mean to get you on board and kidnap you.

POCAHONTAS

What makes you say that?

But there are tears in her eyes. She knows full well what is going on.

TWO MOONS

I saw your uncle dealing with the Tassantasse. They're planning to take you back to their camp. Watch out!

POCAHONTAS

Nonsense!

Pocahontas looks at the shallop, its mast wobbling back and forth in the lazy current of the Chesapeake. Could Smith really have sent it? Could this be a grand gesture from her lover? The music hints at such a hope. Should she swallow her pride, betray her father yet again and give Smith another chance? She cares nothing for her dignity anymore. She is ruined. What is left to save -- except, if possible, a last glance at one who once loved her?

Patowomeck's wife approaches. Her guile is heart-wrenchingly transparent.

PATOWOMECK'S WIFE

Please come. I am afraid to go all by myself. My husband told me I could go only if you go with me.

POCAHONTAS

You think it will be safe?

PATOWOMECK'S WIFE

Of course. You live in our house. We take care of you.

Pocahontas smiles pleasantly.

109 EXT. GANGPLANK TO SHALLOP

PATOWOMECK'S WIFE

You go first.

Pocahontas walks up the gangplank ahead of the wife.

POCAHONTAS

You see?

All at once the English seize her, pull the gangplank aboard and shove off. A display of their muskets is enough to discourage the Indians from retaliating, though a few throw rocks and spears. Pocahontas feels a rudeness in Argall's grasp that tells her she is not being brought to Jamestown as a guest of the President's. Now she starts to struggle in earnest.

ARGALL

You won't be hurt, Highness.

POCAHONTAS

You wouldn't dare!

On the shore Patowomeck rushes about giving contradictory orders, never letting go of his kettle, bristling with indignation, yelling words of encouragement to Pocahontas and knocking his wife about. The English soldiers laugh, no longer able to keep up their end of the charade. Pocahontas covers her face with her hands. She burns with shame.

110 EXT. JAMES RIVER

As the shallop drifts along the river, the English raiders study their captive sympathetically. They know they owe their lives to her and that they have caused her to suffer terribly in return. Argall comes up beside her and drapes a shawl over her bare shoulders.

POCAHONTAS

My father will not ransom me. He does not feel toward me as he did before. I tell you this so you do not risk the lives of your men further than you already have.

ARGALL

One must hope, Your Majesty. I apologize for this discommoding of your person. Such are the necessities of war.

(philosophically)

I came out here because I had nowhere else to go. They took away my land, though I owned it outright and had papers to prove it. My father told me honor wasn't going to help me get it back. And it doesn't help you in the grave. He was wrong about all else, but right about that.

POCAHONTAS (O.S.)

O Mother, has he sent this ship for me?

111 EXT. JAMESTOWN DOCK

Disembarking at the Jamestown docks, Pocahontas is dismayed to find that Smith is not on hand.

POCAHONTAS

Where is the President?

The English, knowing that their fate may depend upon her, treat her with great deference.

ARGALL

President? Yes -- I neglected to tell you. The Captain's no longer occupying that post. He can explain the reasons better than I. You will only be kept here long enough for us to arrange a truce. In the meanwhile I hope you won't mind being -- looked after.

He nods at a guard of pikemen.

112 EXT. JAMESTOWN STREETS

Argall conducts Pocahontas through the streets. Wobblehead bows to her.

113 INT. REVEREND WHITAKER'S HOUSE - MONTAGE

Pocahontas enters the Reverend Whitaker's clapboard house, the single frame dwelling in the colony. Her guards take up their posts outside. Slats have been nailed across the windows.

She looks distractedly at the English appurtenances -- the oil lamps, the white pine furniture and the porcelain figures on the mantel. MARY, Whitaker's maid, a middle-aged woman from Devon, appears to greet the royal guest. Great care has been taken to ensure that she will be comfortable.

MARY

This will be your room, milady.

Pocahontas acts as though she did not hear her.

ARGALL

She says that's not her name anymore.
She has no name.

MARY

How unfortunate! Well, we shall have to give you one. Perhaps...Lady -- you are of royal blood -- Rebecca! My mother's name was Rebecca. Would that be suitable? Does she like it? You may leave us, Captain.

Argall leaves. Beneath a single window there is a bed of rough planks covered with a pallet of straw. Pocahontas' guards stroll back and forth outside. Mary can plainly see that she is utterly distraught and crazed with grief.

MARY

This is the basin, for when you want to wash. The water is outside the window, in the rain barrel.

She demonstrates the use of the wash basin.

MARY

This is soap!

She shows Pocahontas by pantomime how the soap is used. There is not a trace of pleading or complaint in her guest. She appears determined to face each new hardship with courage.

MARY

I think you are most elegant, excusing the liberty.

Mary tries to get her to eat, but she will not take food.

Mary gives her a bath. She is limp and indifferent even as a pail of hot water is poured over her shoulders. She is like a wild animal that has been brought into captivity.

She puts on Mary's cast-off clothes. First a corset, then a tattered camisole, then a long calico gown.

Mary makes her look at herself in the mirror. She is beautiful, yet Mary's cries of admiration do not cause her to feel less forlorn.

Mary shows her how to sit and walk like an Englishwoman. She must keep her back straight and her knees together, smoothe out her skirt, etc. Outside a new battle rages.

MARY

Go ahead. Take a few steps. Walk.
That's right. The shoes hurt your
feet, don't they?

Pocahontas' movements, naturally free, seem constrained in these new garments. They weigh on her like papal vestments. But she continues to accept Mary's efforts to teach her English ways with a fierce stoicism. If this is to be the form of her damnation, she will throw herself into it head first. She will relish her perdition.

114 EXT. JAMESTOWN FORT - BATTLE - POV ON ENGLISH SHIPS

The Indians pelt the fort with flaming arrows as the English, their defenses crumbling and their walls on the verge of being wholly breached, wait to see if Pocahontas will ransom them.

Then, all at once, they leave off their attack, and we stand with Powhatan as they behold with astonished eyes the return of Newport and the English ships.

115 POCAHONTAS AND MARY

Mary shows Pocahontas how to use a door key. It seems to her that the Princess' mind has been damaged.

MARY

Not that way. Hold it like this.
(abruptly)
Will you see Captain Smith?

Pocahontas does not reply. Pity for Smith's approaching sufferings at her hands surges up inside her together with a smaller measure of pity for herself. Outside they hear loud, boisterous noises.

116 EXT. WHITAKER HOME

Mary rushes out to see what is going on. Pocahontas lingers inside, her heart pounding with expectation. Cannons thump in the distance. English soldiers rush through the streets, celebrating wildly.

MARY

What is it?

PASSERBY

The ships 'ave come. The war's over. The Chief of the Savages has offered us peace.

117 NEW ANGLE

Pocahontas chops her hair off with a broken conch shell.

118 EXT. WHITAKER BACK DOOR

With her guards distracted by the festivities, she sneaks out the back way. She wanders around for a while as she considers whether she should swallow down her pride and go to Smith. She looks at the back woods, considers going back to her own people, then thinks better of it.

119 EXT. BRICKWORKS

She finds Smith at the stockade, hard at work making bricks. He looks around and sees her standing before him, dressed in English clothes.

POCAHONTAS

Did you know I was here?

SMITH

They said they were going to fetch you. I was against it.

POCAHONTAS

Oh.

Her cheeks burn with shame and disappointment. But this, it seems, is what she wants -- to feel humiliated to the point of drastic action. Smith starts to speak, but hesitates.

POCAHONTAS

What?

SMITH

I forgot what I was going to say.

POCAHONTAS

It must have been a lie. Wait -- let me look at you.

(distraught)

I should not have come to you.

(her eyes plead with him)

You hear them singing, dancing? Turn. Close your eyes.

She draws a long kitchen knife out from under her shawl and brings it down with all her strength against Smith's heart. The steel corselet beneath his shirt causes it to ricochet away, and Pocahontas cuts her hand on the blade. She drops the knife and bursts into tears. Smith takes a moment to compose himself, then reaches out to touch her.

POCAHONTAS

No.

SMITH

It was your own choice. Was it not? Blame no one but yourself. You followed me of your own free will. Did I come looking for you? Did I lure you from your family's side? Did I force my love on you?

POCAHONTAS

I deceived my father, left my home -- where can I go now? Back to the people I betrayed? They hate me. As they should. I had no cause to harm them.

SMITH

Did I hand you over to these people or urge you to do any of those things you think so evil?

POCAHONTAS

It pains me to hear you lie.

SMITH

I didn't want to harm you -- and now there's disaster all around us. We should have stopped before it was too late. How can I go off with you? Where? Where would you belong? Barefoot. Tattoos. Running through the trees, talking to the clouds...

He decides to leave it there, then breaks his resolution.

SMITH

You're surprised that I don't have scruples. Well, I do, but it's not in my character to be stopped by them. I want no more chaos. I want peace.

POCAHONTAS

You will not have it.

(after a pause)

Let me stay with you. You will never be happy anyway. It can't matter to you one way or the other.

(seeing him hesitate)

I will never question you in anything. I will be like a bird in your hand.

(still he hesitates)

When you first came to our camp, you made me feel -- that we had always been looking for each other. You taught me how to name the stars. You showed me where the north was. Then I loved you and showed you all the good things of the land. Do you remember? The springs, the turkeys' nests, the places where the fish hide...

SMITH

And I expressed my appreciation!

(growing angry)

You might consider that in return for saving me, you might have got more than you gave. You left a barbarous place to come to a civilized colony. Don't make me talk this way.

But he cannot resist going on.

SMITH

I taught you how to speak. When you were a savage and didn't know your own meaning but whistled like a bird. May the gods blast me! You think I thank you for the things you've done? No -- I thank whatever foul, fiendish thing makes people fall in love.

(maniacally)

Love! I hate the name! There's no irons can make you more of a slave. You forget yourself. Your dignity, your freedom. You end up wondering what drove you mad. I was happier in a Turkish jail.

POCAHONTAS

I am sorry. I have no right to blame you. Don't leave this way. I don't want to remember you this way -- thinking what to tell me -- how to say it. Show a doubt. Pretend if you have to. You have a good heart.

Smith sees the guilelessness of her clear eyes and feels his feet meshed in a web of lies. He sees the damage he has done her, this child whose heart has never known true grief. A dam bursts inside him. Trembling with emotion, he rips open her blouse.

SMITH

Here, let me see you naked. One last time! So I can forget you.

He pushes her back into the darkness of a stable. His face is contorted beyond recognition. A demon rages inside him.

POCAHONTAS

I watched my brother die. I killed him. I know that I am vile. I lied, I stole. You cannot endure me anymore. That night when I asked you to take me away -- you hated me then. I hate myself a thousand times more. I could rip my heart from my chest. What is it doing there?

SMITH

You hate me. I don't blame you for it.

He offers her the knife she stabbed him with. Pocahontas looks at him, stunned. When she next speaks, she seems utterly changed.

POCAHONTAS

Oh, John, is this a dream? I never knew that life could be this way. I did not know what you call misfortune. I thought all was the best that it could be -- that men loved the truth -- that people didn't go away when they died, not forever -- that they were here listening and kept the snakes away! I thought you could talk with a stone. I was a foolish girl. I thought we wanted the same thing -- that we might have a child, and --

While she has been talking Smith has quietly come up behind her. Now, suddenly, she turns around and sees him. He takes her into his arms.

SMITH

I have injured you, and my own soul.
Those wounds that I have given you I
hope in time shall heal. Those wounds
I gave myself, they never can.

POCAHONTAS

I forgive you, John.

SMITH

Forgive me? I, who loved you, was
crueller to you than your cruellest
enemies. I've cast a shadow on your
life.

Immitigable, eternal. He sees it even if she does not.
Heaven itself could not undo what he has done.

He rocks her gently back and forth, and she pulls him down to the ground beside her, and they hold one another as they did long ago in the dark Chickahominy woods.

120 EXT. JAMESTOWN DOCK

New settlers disembark from the *Susan Constant* and peer about the pestilence-wracked colony, astonished.

With their fine clothes and healthy looks, they stand out from the original members, who wander around eating fresh meat, fruit and eggs for the first time in six months.

121 EXT. BRICKWORKS

Newport has come to the brickworks with Argall. He points to Smith.

NEWPORT

Set him free.

(to Smith)

Do you wish to bring charges against
this man?

Smith considers this for a moment, then shakes his head.

NEWPORT

Are you sure? Fine then, Argall. Be
off.

(Argall leaves)

I have news for you.

(MORE)

NEWPORT (cont'd)

The King wants you to return to England and prepare an expedition of your own, to chart the northern coasts -- to see if you might find a passage to the Indies.

Smith ponders the offer.

SMITH

Thank you, but I am obliged to decline.

NEWPORT

May I know why?
(no reply)

Come, Smith, this is not how the world works. Eh? This is not how things are done. Things must look different to you here than from out there in the woods. The King has great hopes for you. Plans, great plans! I spoke with him in person. What is there for you if you stay? Trouble. Ennui. The common lot. But I will not plead with you. Your life is your own. Is there anything I can do for you?

SMITH

She will not escape.

NEWPORT

No, not if she has her senses about her. Her father does not want her back. He would be obliged to take her life if she returned. Yes, they would kill her if she did. She understands that?

122 EXT. JAMESTOWN - SERIES OF ANGLES - HAPPY MOOD RETURNS

The colony is plunged into a fever of activity under Newport's direction. He addresses its assembled members:

NEWPORT

Unless the material sickness that has consumed the spirit of our colony is branded and checked, unless our lusts are outgrown and our rape of this earth and of each other stopped, we shall lose not only our life and land but, like Esau of old, our eternal birthright. Let not America go wrong in her first hour. If we use God's bounty for selfish purposes, then God will curse us.

(MORE)

NEWPORT (cont'd)

Let us remember what this country was when first we set foot upon these shores. Let us think what it still might be. Let us prepare a land of justice and liberty, where a man might rise to his true stature: a land of unprecedented faith, tolerating all, founded on the soul and loving its laws: a land that shall be the scene of the next mighty act in the history of man's redemption.

Over the course of the following weeks, Pocahontas and Smith manage to steal a few hours together. They skip stones and feed each other berries. She shows him a bird she has coaxed to land on her hand. He caresses her shoulders with a cattail and looks at her tattoos. Embarrassed, she covers them back up. She has grown more modest. She fears that she might seem like a barbarian to him.

Her wild, natural gaiety is gone out of her. The somersaulting is but an imitation. She no longer is the blithe, fantastic being he met in the forest, bright as an angel, innocent and affectionate as a child. What has he done? From a distance, Wilf regards him warily.

SMITH

You look sad. Have I made you so?

POCAHONTAS

Sad? No. I've never been sad. We have all we need. Even now. Why should I be sad?

123 SMITH AND NEWPORT

Newport and Smith are out for a walk. In the background there is the incessant note of frogs.

NEWPORT

I always thought you were meant for something more, Smith.

SMITH

More what?

NEWPORT

I don't know. Important.

SMITH

More important to whom?

NEWPORT

You could do your nation a great service. All nations! His Majesty is ready to finance a considerable expedition. Needless to say, it will be a very famous man who finds it -- the passage -- a way through. I know you do not care about such worldly things. Prestige! But still you might have a great future ahead of you. Why should it stop here? This is a beautiful land. It flows with milk and honey as surely as any Scripture ever promised. And yet it is not all we hoped to find, now is it?

(music enters)

Shall you be a discoverer of passages which you refused yourself to explore -- beyond the threshold?

Smith looks off down the shore to the place where they first landed, now quite changed.

124 EXT. DOCK - INDIES MUSIC

Smith walks through the colony. Across the bay he sees the ships being outfitted for their return to England. The new arrivals salute him. His reputation has spread.

He stops in front of the largest of the ships. He looks up at the taut spars and ropes, at the great waxed sails, and somewhere deep in his soul he again hears the Indies music that has called to him from the beginning and drawn him ever on.

The music whispers that there is no lasting haven of happiness. Life has moments of unbidden flying rapture, but they last no longer than it takes a cloud to move across the sun. They are as fleeting as the golden visions one has of the soul in nature, those glimpses of its remote and brooding sanity.

It whispers that the Indies lie always before us; everything is still possible; we can put tragedy behind us and make a new start. And now we no longer see Smith directly but seem to look out over his shoulder. We notice what he notices -- the sailors coming and going, the chatter of the new pioneers, the wind playing in the sails.

124B EXT. JAMES RIVER SHORE

Smith talks with Ben, his sole confidant.

Hedged by a margin of dark trees, the river winds off into the interior, shimmering in the evening light.

SMITH

A man cannot let himself be detained on Calypso islands, however inviting. He must sail on -- put off those arms which would hold him and keep the independence of the open sea. Heaven will not fault him. Heaven itself is shoreless. Better to perish in the howling infinite than crawl to the safety of the land. Unless you are ready with a savage will to break free, you stand to miss your own destiny. What is worse than that? To wake up and find you've been leading another man's life!

(Ben does not reply)

Wait two months, then tell her I am dead.

(seeing Ben hesitate)

It will give her strength. She must not despair of her future.

125 EXT. WOODS

Smith has come out with Pocahontas to the woods.

POCAHONTAS

Quick! They may follow us!

SMITH

No one has followed us.

POCAHONTAS

This way, come!

SMITH

We can't go farther. We might get lost. Tell me, my sweet, are you well today?

She wonders why he seems so solemn. The afternoon is lovely, and it is not easy for them to steal away.

SMITH

There's something I know when I'm with you.

She gazes at him. What does he mean?

SMITH

I've been a monster to you.

POCAHONTAS

What is that?

SMITH

Someone who doesn't care if he hurts other people.

She does not answer but looks at him in silence. Whatever the past has been, let them think rather of what lies ahead. Far away, the ships sway gently at their anchor.

SMITH

You know me as I was long ago, when the soul that looked from my eyes was not the accursed thing that it is now. Yet sometimes it seems -- I could be something still -- I've never yet been the man you thought I was, or had the right to expect that I should be.

POCAHONTAS

(shaking her head)

You're all I've ever wanted! Just as you are.

SMITH

Tell me, my sweet, do you still wonder if the wind could blow backwards?

She smiles. How lovable she is in her devotion, how childlike. Her look of adoration could move a stone. It is a fearfully painful thing, to love her as he does, and to have to be so cruel, though her stoicism makes it somewhat easier for him to discount what she might feel.

POCAHONTAS

Why do you bite your lip?

(he does not answer)

Why do you look at me that way?

SMITH

I cannot tell. One imagines that one is strong, when one is weak.

POCAHONTAS

You are very strong. Why worry about the rain when it is past? We waste the afternoon. Come away. Let's sit by the river and think of all the birds we can!

SMITH

Yes.

POCAHONTAS

O John, how happy we can be. We fit!
 Love will make us happy, in spite of
 the sadness we have known. Why mourn
 for what is lost? Why do we not
 quickly forget it, till we are glad
 again?

He looks at her with a sharp stab of longing. He loves her now, in leaving her, more than ever before.

126 EXT. SHIP CASTING OFF, DEPARTING - WILF (BACK FIGURE)

Sailors untie hawsers and cast them on the deck of the *Susan Constant*. Wilf stands on the shore and watches.

A wake spreads out behind the departing ship, flashing and frolicsome in the morning sun. The waves lift up their necks, pressing toward the deep-water currents. The mast points toward the clouds. High above flies a solitary bird.

127 POCAHONTAS ASLEEP

Nature breathes softly about Pocahontas as she lies beneath a tree, a nymph lost in her green dreams; an Ariadne. Gradually, she comes to consciousness. Wobblehead is tickling her lip with a spear of grass. Startled, she asks him what is going on. In a mischievous way, he pantomimes that her friend Smith may be giving her the slip.

128 EXT. JAMESTOWN STREETS

Pocahontas walks briskly through the streets of Jamestown. They are mysteriously deserted. Then she hears the noise of the crowd at the dock.

129 EXT. DOCK

Pocahontas rushes along the dock, looking for Smith. The English regard her with pity and embarrassment. She refuses to believe what their looks plainly say.

130 EXT. BRICKWORKS

From the brickworks, Pocahontas sees the sails parting in the distance, and that greatest of agonies comes over her -- the pain of having loved in vain.

131 EXT. WHITAKER HOUSE

Mary finds her friend.

MARY

He's left you, Princess. He told you a pack of lies. Forget about him.

Stunned, Pocahontas sits down on the boardwalk.

POCAHONTAS

I gave him everything I had -- my first, best...I am too poor, barbarian. Is that the word? O, I thought people loved each other always and forever!

(avoiding the eyes of passersby)

Look at them. They are talking about me. They are afraid of me. Oh yes! They look away when they see me now. They stare -- I don't know which is worse. I want to die.

MARY

You made a fool of a mistake about him, I tell 'ee again and the harm you done yourself by dirtying your own nest, it serves you right, excusing the liberty.

POCAHONTAS

What should I do? I've thought of a way to bring him back -- to astonish him -- or free me forever of desire.

MARY

Don't let it make you bitter. You're a Princess. You grew up in a palace. You're used to giving orders and having your own way. You must learn to live on a common level now.

132 TIGHT ON ROLFE

JOHN ROLFE, a gentlemanly planter who has recently shipped in, observes this scene. The Indian woman's disheveled beauty sends tongues of fire through his veins.

133 GROUP OF WOMEN HAVING TEA

Pocahontas serves tea to a group of newly-arrived women. She wears a glazed expression and seems utterly indifferent to their gaze. As soon as she leaves the room, they begin to talk about her.

FIRST WOMAN

The other day she stripped off her clothes on the landing, in front of the Plowman family. When they gasped, she turned and threatened to scalp them.

They are unaware that the creature who is serving them once enjoyed a very different life.

SECOND WOMAN

As soon as I go near her, she glares at me like a bull. She's going to do herself harm, she is. Good as my word. Says we should eat and sleep and love children, only children!

134 EXT. CLEARING - SMITH'S ARMOR

Pocahontas comes upon Smith's armor, still hanging in the clearing where they had their tryst the week before he left. She looks up at the clouds as inwardly she speaks with her mother.

POCAHONTAS (O.S.)

I am going mad again -- hear voices --
You no longer speak with me or walk
among the trees.

135 POCAHONTAS BY CANDLELIGHT

At night, by a candle, she resumes their communion. A moth flits about the flame. The windows buzz in their fittings. Her eyes dart right and left, waiting for Smith's spirit to make an appearance. Love and rage sweep over her in waves. Why can she not live like the simple moth?

POCAHONTAS (O.S.)

I want to do good, yet I do bad. You told me that if I loved truly, I would find true love in turn. I followed my heart; now I am lost. I thought there were no accidents, that every sorrow would turn to joy, and all at last to blessing. O Mother, why did you not tell me more?

136 POCAHONTAS BY MOONLIGHT

She listens to the wind in the pines. Fear grows in her at the thought of her fate. The sight of the sky, which once delighted her, now makes her heartsick and ashamed.

POCAHONTAS (O.S.)

People have been patient with me and kind beyond words. Help Mary if you can. Everything is gone from me -- everything but the certainty of your goodness. The time has come to join you, and my fathers --

137 EXT. RIVERBANK

Pocahontas makes her way across a wet meadow into the darkness of the forest. She picks a toadstool, a red amanita, and eats it, then lies down on a carpet of pine needles to await her death.

Luckily, Wobblehead has been following her. He rushes out, picks her up in his arms, shakes her, then carries her off to the river, to drench her and to seek an antidote.

138 EXT. JAMESTOWN STREET - MONTAGE - AUTUMN

Autumn leaves are falling. Pocahontas walks around dressed in rags and tatters. Her hair, which once shone like a raven's wing, now hangs down in matted tresses. She does not care how she looks. She has given up her attempts at looking like a civilized woman. Her reason for them just sailed away. She is dirty, distraught. She can barely be made to utter a word. She is like a wild creature that will not take to captivity. She makes no secret of her loss. When she does grow animated, it is to take a perverse delight in degrading herself before the citizens of Jamestown -- dancing and chanting, behaving in unpredictable and outrageous ways.

She watches the scavenger dogs slink through the alleys and feels a special affinity with them -- with all things low and revolting, all things scorned and abused.

She sees the Indians trading with the white men. The sight of the simple, carefree life that she forever has relinquished fills her with an indescribable dismay.

139 POCAHONTAS IN THE RAIN

Rolfe watches her as she walks in the rain. She looks up at the sky with a smile and closes her eyes, enjoying the gentle pelting of the raindrops while the English hurry by covering their heads. She dances.

He sees in her a glimmer of the natural girl whom we first met; wounded now, though still quite young. Mustering his courage, he steps out into her path.

ROLFE

I would like to spend the afternoon
with you. How do I ask?

POCAHONTAS

(aloof)

You just did.

She makes no effort to drive him away, nor to carry the
conversation further.

140 EXT. PATH THROUGH THE WOODS

Pocahontas and Rolfe are on a path through the woods. The
sight of her, so beautiful and so deeply wounded, stirs
Rolfe to the quick.

ROLFE

What are you going to do? You can't
let yourself rot away.

POCAHONTAS

What do you mean?

ROLFE

You seem like someone who loves her
freedom -- who could never be caught.
Caught, you know, like a bird in a
cage.

POCAHONTAS

I don't know why you call it that. If
I like my cage, why need it trouble
you?

Two little girls rush up and beg her breathlessly not to
leave, otherwise they will be sent back to England.
Pocahontas promises them that with new friends like these,
she would not consider it. She and Rolfe continue on their
walk.

POCAHONTAS

You love people, and they don't love
you back. You tell them the truth,
and they tell you lies. I don't know
why I am surprised. I couldn't make
him love me. I couldn't make him
sorry when he wasn't with me. Don't
remind me that I ever spoke this way.
I wouldn't like to remember it.

But she finds it impossible to stem the flood that is
rising in her.

POCAHONTAS

I can't abide myself. I lived for him. All day long I waited for him like a dog. I obeyed him, smiled at him, put on things to please him, then took them off if I thought they wouldn't.

(Rolfe seems to wince)

And all the time he didn't want me. I can't bear it! And I deserve it all! I thought only of myself -- while my family suffered, while my brother died!

Rolfe looks around, wondering if they can be overheard.

POCAHONTAS

I will tear him from me, tear my chest down to the bone, until the shame is gone. Until I tear it out!

She has been feeling strong. Now, suddenly, she feels very weak.

POCAHONTAS

Oh, Mr. Rolfe, if I cry, you'll put your hand over my mouth, won't you -- and hold me tight? Hold me, Mr. Rolfe. Hold me with all your strength.

Rolfe rocks her gently in his arms.

140B EXT. JAMES RIVER

Gently, guiltily, Ben whispers to Pocahontas that Smith is dead. We do not see the moment when she understands what he is saying, only the aftermath, as she rubs dust on her face and body, then plunges fully clothed into the river, as though to calm her grief.

140C EXT. TUNDRA (NEWFOUNDLAND) - WIND, A CREAKING MAST

Smith's shadow advances over the ground. Searching and seeking are written in his face, with eternal failure to find. His travels bring him at last to the bleak, windswept tundra of Newfoundland. There is not a tree in sight, no murmuring stream or leaf to speak with his soul. The natives here (Inuit, or Eskimos) gaze at him coldly, with eyes like stones, as though he were a man who could not be trusted or reckoned with. The bribe of gaudy beads he holds out to them they turn their backs on, and he casts it aside as something worthless after all, into the stiff, dead grass.

140D EXT. DRY RIVERBED

Smith stands in a dry riverbed. A STRANGER looks at him skeptically as, off camera, we hear:

SMITH (O.S.)
I must keep looking.

141 JAMESTOWN GROWS - MONTAGE

A legend reads: "Four Years Later". The colony has prospered, its peace with Powhatan assured by Pocahontas' presence at the fort. New arrivals come in from England every few weeks. They fell the forests and lay out their fields. The houses more and more resemble the Tudor cottages of England. Rolfe writes in his journal, a portion of which plays over these scenes.

ROLFE (O.S.)
"In time her spirits improved. She came to believe there must be a reason for all that had come to pass. Things do not happen by accident. She would go wherever life should lead her. She would not languish in sorrow. The sun, the grass and the stars -- they all were perfect and content. Why should she not be the same? Her transformation was remarkable, a great satisfaction to all who knew and cared about her."

Rolfe gives Pocahontas books from his library. She learns to read and to speak properly. She studies geography, history and literature. She flourishes under his tutelage. Mary has joined the household as a serving maid.

142 AMBUSH, POWHATAN MOVES OUT, VILLAGE ON FIRE

The colonists skirmish with the Indians, until Powhatan, defenseless against their superior arms, decides to abandon the Tidewater and push west, by canoe and caravan, into the territory of enemy tribes. The longhouses are bundled up, the stores unearthened and sealed in clay pots, the villages burned to the ground.

Pocahontas sees, in the distance, the black columns of smoke. She stands and wonders how much more destruction she will witness. Tears rise up behind her eyes.

143 TIGHT ON POWHATAN

His face set like a flint, Powhatan bids farewell to his ancestral home.

144 EXT. HENRICO TOBACCO FIELDS - ROLFE - PANTOMIME

Rolfe cultivates his extensive tobacco fields. Pocahontas gives him valuable advice, showing him (in pantomime) how to nip off the seed buds so as to concentrate nourishment in the leaves, how properly to fallow the land, planting beans at the foot of the corn so they can climb up the stalks while replenishing the soil, etc.

Helpers work at the curing racks, setting the tobacco out to dry in the sun, then packing it into hogsheads for shipment back to England. A sacrament to the Indians, tobacco has become the foundation of Jamestown's economy, its only significant export. Rolfe makes up a pipe.

145 ANGLES ON POCAHONTAS

Wobblehead amuses Pocahontas with his antics as she wanders along the country lanes.

She is a legend to the English, who bring her gifts and leave them at her doorstep. She opens the gifts -- strange hats, religious paraphernalia, dolls, balloons, pins. She tries on a hat. The taint and burden of her madness falls away. Gradually she grows more English in her ways, though at dawn she swims in the river still, and still the elders spy on her as she does.

146 EXT. JAMES RIVER - ABOARD THE MOVING BOAT - LATER

Rolfe has brought Pocahontas out boating on the James. Her unhappiness is no longer so acute, and his kindness has grown upon her. Has she begun to see in him a reincarnation of her lost lover? Though not as handsome or dashing as Smith, Rolfe is an immensely attractive man. Still, you can tell from her distracted manner that she does not regard him with anything like the feeling she once had for Smith.

ROLFE

Suppose I asked you to marry me? What would you say?

POCAHONTAS

Are you asking me?

(he nods)

Where would we live?

ROLFE

Here. England, if you wish. Perhaps that would be best. You could forget your life in this place.

POCAHONTAS

I couldn't live in England, Mr. Rolfe.

ROLFE

Say yes.

POCAHONTAS

Listen to you. Always giving orders!

Something has changed in her. She has nowhere to turn, and she desperately wants to make her peace with the world, to live with a semblance of decency again, free of scandal, of uncertainty and insolent looks.

POCAHONTAS

(stalling)

You don't know how it is.

ROLFE

I do. I know what you are going to tell me, in any case. I know the rumors -- that some might be true.

She nods. She feels an odd desire to humiliate herself in his eyes, so that he can entertain no illusion about her.

ROLFE

That's all dead and gone.

POCAHONTAS

I wish I'd met you first. But all the wishing in the world won't make it different.

(deflecting him)

Have you thought about the looks you would receive? They talk about us enough already, even now. You would feel as though your every thought was known to them. You're so proud, Mr. Rolfe. You couldn't bear it.

ROLFE

I would bear it proudly.

POCAHONTAS

There are things you don't know and could not guess. I would be obliged to tell you all.

ROLFE

I know what I have to. I know that I love you.

POCAHONTAS

(with difficulty)

You see, I despise him, but I don't know what I would do if he were to come up from the dead. It is better to face the truth than to hurt you as well. You see, I am weak -- too weak to rely on. You should have the sense to know it, as much as I would like you to forget it.

ROLFE

I dream about you. I would give up everything. My friends, my land. Everything.

Her candor stirs his chivalry. He reaches out to take her hand.

ROLFE

Why do you shrink from me?

POCAHONTAS

I wasn't thinking.

ROLFE

Tell me...

POCAHONTAS

You know I do not like to talk about myself. I'm not going to let you make me.

ROLFE

Won't you say yes?

She looks at him for a moment.

POCAHONTAS

All right. If you like.

ROLFE

Don't you *want* to?

POCAHONTAS

There's nobody else I would marry...

She bursts into tears.

ROLFE

This isn't what I expected. Why are you crying, Rebecca?

POCAHONTAS

I'm sorry.

ROLFE

Why are you crying?

POCAHONTAS

I guess because...I must be happy. I never like to cry. It gives me a headache. But...I said I will marry you. I will not love you, but I will marry you.

Rolfe considers this remark for a moment.

ROLFE

When shall I make the announcement?

She looks at him, astonished by his kindness and devotion. Though she does not love him, she admires him a great deal. She trusts him. He is strong and sane. She does not know what else to hope for.

ROLFE

You do not love me now. Someday you will. Or I shall seek to deserve that you should.

147 INT. JAMESTOWN COUNCIL HOUSE

Rolfe discusses his marriage plans with the elders of Jamestown. Newport presides. In an improvised way, the elders discuss their objections to the idea -- precedent, whether they can allow a precedent for miscegenation, etc. Finally, Newport intervenes; a man of cold logic.

NEWPORT

You are not ignorant of the heavy displeasure which Almighty God conceived against the sons of Levi and Israel for marriage of strange wives.

ROLFE

No.

NEWPORT

Would you do anything necessary to bring this about?

ROLFE

Yes.

NEWPORT

Would you write out a petition, explaining as the wealthiest planter in Virginia the benefit this would offer to the colony? Could you state your hope that it might be the beginning of the great work of converting the Naturals, that this idea came to you in no way from carnal affections but for the good of the plantation, for the glory of God and your own soul, with the purpose of saving an unbelieving creature, moving an unregenerate to regeneration. And would you add to this that the Lord should condemn you at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts will be known, if this be not your true intent. Would you do that?

(Rolfe nods)

Then surely you do love her. Write.

148 INT. POCAHONTAS' ROOM

Mary helps Pocahontas get ready for the wedding.

149 INT. JAMESTOWN CHURCH

The citizens of Jamestown celebrate the first union of Indian and white man in the New World. Bells ring out.

150 EXT. ROLFE HOUSEHOLD - SERIES OF ANGLES

Rolfe and Pocahontas choose the site where they will build their house -- beyond the fort, on a bank overlooking the river.

ROLFE

We can burn the weeds off here and make a garden.

They wedge the earth open with a digging stick, to find the best topsoil.

Gradually they settle into a life of quiet domestic joy. Pocahontas milks the cattle and leads them to their stalls. She bakes bread in the oven and watches her husband with a growing devotion; he has saved her from doom.

From time to time Indians approach the house to trade with her husband. Covered with soot and sweat, she looks longingly at them, who spend their days as the birds of the air and lilies of the field. She will never again play in the river or run carefree through the scented forests.

151 INFANT

Gentle hands daub a newborn infant with sprigs of moss.

152 INT. ROLFE HOUSE

Pocahontas has just given birth to a son. Rolfe is overjoyed. But when Mary holds the child out to his mother, Pocahontas hesitates to accept it, as though she doubted it were her own. Then her natural feelings assume their reign, as she takes it warmly up into her arms.

ROLFE

Dear child! Thomas! May we call him that?

153 EXT. JAMES RIVER

Pocahontas sits with Mary on the bank of the James. She looks out across the fields she roamed as a girl, to the stiff ranks of poplar and virgin pine. She remembers the nights when the aurora borealis shimmered above them. The air rings with the cries of children.

MARY

You seem happy.

POCAHONTAS

I might be. I am about to be. Do you ever know? I speak with my mother again. I speak with the clouds. I thought it would never be. I have a family now.

Pocahontas jumps and skips as she plays with her lovely child, who now is two years old. Then suddenly she stops, as though she had noticed how happy she was feeling and felt guilty about it. But it is so wonderful to feel a part of life again, to feel it flowing in her veins. Yes! She turns to Rolfe and smiles.

154 VISION OF SMITH

That night Pocahontas dreams of her own mother, a lordly woman who summons up the ghost of Captain Smith. Smith has something in his hand, a little book, which her mother insists she take from him. She studies the books, but she can make no sense of it. When she looks up, Smith is beckoning her. Where?

155 EXT. WALLS OF JAMESTOWN FORT

Another day, as she is walking alone by the walls of the fort, she hears some voices on the other side talking about a man who could only be Smith. She stops. She puts her ear to the rough-hewn palisade.

VOICES (O.S.)

He got booted out of Newfoundland.
Set himself up a notch too high. Low-
born man! Knocked him from his
perch!...He could make you laugh,
though. He could make you laugh.

The trees sway back and forth above her head. A darkness closes around her heart. At a convenient moment she approaches one of the men who has been speaking.

POCAHONTAS

Captain Smith is still alive?
(the man nods)
You saw him?

MAN

Yes.

She turns and walks away. Her face is white with shock.

156 INT. ROLFE HOUSE

Rolfe leans down to kiss Pocahontas, but she eludes him.

POCAHONTAS

I cannot do that.

ROLFE

Why not?

POCAHONTAS

It would mean something I do not feel.

ROLFE

What has come over you?

POCAHONTAS

I am married to -- him.

ROLFE

(after reacting to this)
Married? You don't know the meaning
of the word exactly.

POCAHONTAS

But I am.

ROLFE

You've been so happy.

POCAHONTAS

Did I say I had been? My heart is like a stone.

Rolfe suffers this remark dumbly. He reaches out to take her hand.

POCAHONTAS

I mustn't do this, John Rolfe. I cannot kiss you as before. Why do you tempt me?

She walks into the kitchen, closing the door behind her.

ROLFE

Don't go.

Mad with jealousy, Rolfe jerks the door off its hinges.

POCAHONTAS

You ought not to have done that. It is not becoming of you. Please go away. Will you?

ROLFE

I merely wish to say that it is monstrous you should feel this way.

POCAHONTAS

Yes, I know. It is wicked of me. I am sorry. But it is not I altogether who am to blame.

ROLFE

Who is, then?

POCAHONTAS

Mr. Rolfe, would you mind my living away from you?

ROLFE

Away from me? What was the meaning of our marrying, then?

POCAHONTAS

I thought I could do nothing else. I gave you my promise. Then, as time went on, I regretted I had and wished I could find a way to break it off. I thought of the scandal it would cause -- this frightened me.

(MORE)

POCAHONTAS (cont'd)

I, of all people, ought not to have cared what people said. But I was a coward -- and I didn't want to hurt you. Now I see it would have been better to have injured your feelings then, than to marry you and injure them all my life after. Will you let me go away?

(pause)

Mr. Rolfe, why should we let the world choose our plan of life for us? What is the use of thinking of laws, any laws, if they make you miserable when you know you are committing no wrong?

ROLFE

From my point of view, you are committing a wrong in not liking me.

POCAHONTAS

I *do* like you! But I didn't see it would be -- so much more than that. For a man and a woman to live together, when one feels as I do, is not right. There. I have said it!

She winces inwardly to see the pain that she is causing him. But he is patient and kind. He overlooks insult and injury. He does not stand on his rights, nor keep a record of wrongs. His is a love that never gives up.

POCAHONTAS

There's a house in the heart. A little house. I can't help it that he came to mine.

ROLFE

You can.

POCAHONTAS

How? See my hand?

It flutters like a leaf. She is faithful to her grief. To think -- she had almost abandoned it!

POCAHONTAS

I'm that way all through. Don't leave me. See me through this. I don't say it's right. Why can't we agree to free each other? We made the pact. At night, when we could not see. Surely we can cancel it. Then we might be friends and meet without pain to either one of us. Be my friend, Mr. Rolfe.

(MORE)

POCAHONTAS (cont'd)

(pause)

Oh, don't you see? We shall both be dead in a few years. Then what will it matter to anybody that you set me free for a little while? Why can't we seem fools to the world? I know I am wrong. I always am. I guess you just can't say that you will love someone forever.

ROLFE

You mean, by living away from me, to live by yourself?

POCAHONTAS

If you insist. I know you mean my good. I will go away and never trouble you again. But...if you will not let me go my way, will you let me live here separately? I would not ask if I were not forced to. Be kind, though I have not been kind to you!

Again, he reaches out to take her hand.

POCAHONTAS

You mustn't, Mr. Rolfe.

ROLFE

Mustn't what?

POCAHONTAS

Love me. You are to like me. That is all. If you want to leave me altogether, I understand. Or say one thing and do another. I understand.

(pointing to the window)

Go, look at the sun. See what it says.

Rolfe looks out the window in silence. The sparrows fuss under the eave.

156B INT. THOMAS' BEDROOM - LATER

Pocahontas looks down at her child, asleep in his bed. Poor, helpless thing -- why should he suffer? A tide of love surges up in her chest, her throat.

157 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Rolfe answers a knock at his bedroom door. Pocahontas stands before him in her nightgown.

POCAHONTAS

I have changed my mind. If you want to love me, you are free to. I will never tell you again that you mustn't. Will you forgive me for my cruelty?

ROLFE

What has happened to you?
(she shakes her head)
You are out of your senses.

POCAHONTAS

I can't endure your saying that. I am here, am I not? Don't turn me away.

He reaches out to her, but she shrinks away; she cannot help it.

ROLFE

Why did you do that?

POCAHONTAS

I wasn't thinking. I'm sorry.

The ticking of a clock is loud in the enclosure of the little room.

ROLFE

I have had some surprising news. We have been invited to England. Or rather, you have.

POCAHONTAS

By whom?

ROLFE

By the King and Queen. There will be a royal audience in your honor.
(she looks puzzled)
You are known to them all. But that is not why I think that you should go.

POCAHONTAS

Why, then?

ROLFE

To see Mr. Smith. To see if you still love him.

She sits down in a corner and puts her face in her hands.

158 EXT. JAMESTOWN DOCKS

The hawsers are cast free as Pocahontas, Rolfe and their son Thomas board a ship bound for England. Mary has come along to help with the child. Newport, too, is a passenger.

Wobblehead watches the ship move down the James River toward the Atlantic breakers.

159 EXT. SHIP, HIGH SEAS

Pocahontas is astonished to discover that Opechancanough is a fellow passenger. The great chief is disguised as a common Indian.

POCAHONTAS

Uncle!

Opechancanough indicates to her that she must keep his identity a secret. Nonetheless, she greets him with the proper formalities.

POCAHONTAS

The daughter of Powhatan greets her mighty uncle. She begs him speak to her, so that she may remember the honor all of her days.

OPECHANCANOUGH

(cold, aloof)

Opechancanough, who has won fifteen feathers in battle against the enemies of his people, greets the daughter of the Emperor and orders her to rise that he might see her face.

POCAHONTAS

Why have you come?

OPECHANCANOUGH

Your father sent me. I am to place a notch in these sticks for each white person I come upon.

He shows her a sheaf of sticks he carries with him.

OPECHANCANOUGH

Yes -- and to see this "God" they speak so much about.

With a skeptical air, he bows to her and walks off, though from the way in which he watches her hereafter,

we suspect that her father has sent him along in part to look after her as well.

Other Indians swim behind the boat, pulled along by a trailing rope. Even in the middle of the Atlantic they cannot resist the attraction of the cold, wild water.

160 SIGHTS OF ENGLAND - HOLLAND (BRUGES) AND QUEBEC

Pocahontas gazes in wonder on the sights of the Old World as they ride up the Thames. How she once dreamed of this hour! The ship glides past the Isle of Dogs and turns into the pool of London. The Tower, William the Conqueror's great fortress, rises from the blue mists at the water's edge. Still farther up stands London Bridge, bristling with the heads of recently executed felons. Domes and temples, avenues and theaters lie open to the fields and sky. Bells are ringing far away.

161 EXT. LONDON DOCKS

Half the city's population seems to have turned out for Pocahontas' arrival. She sees her uncle is taking note of all her silks and finery. Opechancanough himself is bare except for his deerskin apron and splashes of paint.

She walks down the gangplank, searching the faces of her welcomers for someone who is not there.

The crowds marvel at her beauty, blow kisses and throw flowers in her path. She is a dove of peace, the living proof that the heart's great wilderness can be tamed, the infidel brought to Christ. She is the very flesh and promise of the American soil, an Earth Mother as surely as ancient Demeter.

162 EXT. LONDON STREETS - SERIES OF ANGLES

Hand in hand with her child, she walks like a somnambulist through the crowds of the curious. The clanging of the carts and coaches at first alarms her but soon is a source of great delight. She has never before seen horse or wheel.

She gazes in wonder at the riders. To her they seem a part of the horse itself, a single being with their mount. She sees a flag streaming in the breeze. She sees a great clock too, but seems to remember when Smith spoke to her of such things in the woods. Her husband does not guess her thoughts. Opechancanough shares her amazement. The crowds applaud her wherever she goes.

What fascinates her most is window glass. She presses her fingers against the leaded panes of a baker's shop and smiles at the people inside. Life abounds with wonders. They pass a candlemaker's stall.

POCAHONTAS

Do you eat these?

ROLFE

They are candles. You light the ends.

She looks away, embarrassed by her mistake. London's squalor, the open sewers and fetid lanes, make their impression on her, too. She studies a group of young adventurers, reminiscent in their own way of Smith. She glances at Rolfe, sees that he has been watching her and looks guiltily away. Does he guess what she is thinking?

163 EXT. HEACHAM HALL

A coach passes through the gates of Heacham Hall, the country estate where they have taken up residence. Pocahontas alights, bows gracefully to a footman and looks about her in amazement and delight. A fountain stands before the entrance. The noise of water rushing through it dissolves into the sound of applause.

164 INT. WHITEHALL PALACE

To a fanfare of trumpets and timpani, Pocahontas steps down the main aisle of Whitehall Palace as she is presented to Their Majesties James and Anne, the KING and QUEEN of England. Her coal-dark eyes and noble bearing send tremors through the court.

Mary looks on from the gallery: at last her unfortunate mistress is receiving the respect she deserves. Opechancanough is on hand, too, in his Pamunkey war dress. Pocahontas bows to the King. Rolfe listens as the Court Laureate reads a composition in her praise. Thomas listens, too.

LAUREATE

"The Princess of Virginia, Empress of the New World, Savior of the Mission Imperial. Through you we leave behind the past and go forth into a newer, mightier world, of fresh wonders ever. Through you we shall walk in unknown ways, pierce deep mines and fell the forests, look on peaks gigantic and find the springs of great rivers. You radiate redundant joy and grace on all around you.

(MORE)

LAUREATE (cont'd)

You warm us with the fullness of your heart. You inspire us with your courtesy. You unloose our tongues. The walls of our habitual reserve vanish and leave us at large."

KING JAMES

(interrupting)

Does he bore you?

POCAHONTAS

No, King. I adore flattery -- however dishonest.

KING JAMES

Admirable directness! Tell me, how large is your father's realm?

POCAHONTAS

Bigger than England, Spain and France put together.

KING JAMES

Ah, but how strong would you say it is?

POCAHONTAS

Strong enough that they would fight the English army without the slightest fear. Though it would never occur to them to cross the seas and attack people who to them had done no harm.

KING JAMES

We had been led to believe they were barbarians.

POCAHONTAS

Even the poorest of the people is never in want. They have no beggars. None who is abandoned or cast out. All are brothers, sisters.

She speaks without reserve. Even Opechancanough takes note.

POCAHONTAS

They know what true nobility is.

KING JAMES

And how does it seem to them?

POCAHONTAS

It has contempt for safety and ease. It perceives that virtue is enough.

(MORE)

POCAHONTAS (cont'd)

It stands by itself and does not try weakly to reconcile itself to the world. The strong, the presumptuous, learn there is a resistance on whom both impudence and terror are wasted.

The King steps forward, bows and kisses her hand. This is someone from beyond his realm. Murmurs of surprise run through the court. The Queen thinks she might have discovered a new friend in her Virginia counterpart.

QUEEN ANNE

Come afterwards to my apartments.

165 JONSON'S CHRISTMAS MASQUE

Pocahontas and the court watch Jonson's Twelfth Night masque, a pantomime of Greek gods and dancing children set to music by Orlando Gibbons. Pocahontas marvels at the unreal world of the stage.

166 EXT. WHITEHALL PALACE - OPECHANCANOUGH

Pocahontas runs into Opechancanough on the lawn outside the palace.

POCAHONTAS

You're still here! I hope you will not be discouraged, uncle. Like you, I cannot forgive them, but I must live among them. My life is here.

(pause)

I hesitate to ask you this, but I wish that you would carry a message to my father. Tell him that he should forgive himself for treating me with indulgence -- we all are weak from time to time -- and that I love him very much.

(after a pause)

Love can make us weak as well as strong.

Opechancanough nods. He seems to want to say something more. She waits a moment, then bows gracefully to him and starts off. When she has gone some distance, Opechancanough hails her.

OPECHANCANOUGH

Farewell, my niece!

She turns around, deeply stirred by this hint of his restored affection.

POCAHONTAS
Farewell, great uncle!

He bows to her and leaves.

167 EXT. HEACHEM GROUNDS - ROLFE WITH NEWPORT

Rolfe talks with Newport.

NEWPORT
You mustn't let her play upon your feelings in this way. I would speak more candidly, were she not your wife.

ROLFE
She is not. She is his, except in name and law. She would never have married me had she known that he were still alive. There is no use in keeping her chained to me if she does not belong to me. I must set her free. I have reason to believe she would welcome my taking such a step as the greatest charity to her. And though she sympathizes with me, as a husband she cannot abide me.

NEWPORT
Such a step might ruin your prospects in Virginia.

ROLFE
If so, no one must tell her.
(Newport starts to interrupt)
No, I don't want your opinion on this. My giving her up can do her no possible harm, and it will open up a chance of happiness for her, which she has never dreamt of hitherto.

168 INT. HEACHAM ROOMS - ROLFE AND POCAHONTAS

Rolfe has opened his heart to his wife.

POCAHONTAS
But I am prepared to stay.

ROLFE
I would be wrong to hold you back. I was a fool. In my vanity I thought I could make you love me. You cannot do that, or shouldn't. In any case, you have walked blindly into a situation you did not anticipate.

(MORE)

ROLFE (cont'd)

I must help you, whether you ask it or not. I will not rob you of your self-respect.

Rolfe's sense that he is doing his duty by a woman at his mercy almost overpowers his grief at giving her up.

ROLFE

I am a bachelor by nature. Being without a wife will not really be so irksome as it might be to other men, especially those who might have been married longer. I have my fields.

POCAHONTAS

What of our child?

ROLFE

He can come to you in the spring, and then back to me in the fall.

POCAHONTAS

Don't you worry what people will say?

ROLFE

What happens in England does not concern me. Back in Virginia the matter is too old for scandal.

POCAHONTAS

I shall write you.

ROLFE

No. I think we should be separate. You need give me no information about your plans or movements.

POCAHONTAS

You don't seem very sorry at the idea of my going.

ROLFE

(infinitely sorry)

No. Perhaps not.

POCAHONTAS

This is hard, John -- for me to say -- but I know it is the best course. I know for certain that you will be better off without me. I should add that I like you very much for how you have behaved. It is a strange thing that, as soon as I begin to regard you not as my husband but as a friend, I like you very much.

(MORE)

POCAHONTAS (cont'd)

I won't be so careless as to say I love you, but I will always remember you --

(choking up)

-- as a very good friend.

ROLFE

I will see you again before I sail -- so I will not say goodbye.

169 EXT. HEACHAM HALL - MUSIC

Captain Smith approaches Heacham Hall. He is seven years older. To judge by his wardrobe, he has not fared well in the world.

SMITH

Is this the Rolfe estate?

GARDENER

Yes, sir.

170 INT. POCAHONTAS' BEDROOM

Mary announces Smith's arrival.

MARY

It's him! I seen him!

POCAHONTAS

Who?

MARY

Captain Smith! Good as my word, ma'am. Most presuming, appearing in this manner, without forwarding a customary note of warning. You'd be within your rights, and certainly within the proprieties, to send him away without an explanation!

POCAHONTAS

Indeed! Perhaps I should.

MARY

(hoping she won't)
What shall I say?

POCAHONTAS

That you told me. That I thanked you for telling me.

Mary leaves, giddy with excitement; once again she may resume her role in the drama. Pocahontas is pale with emotion.

She gives him a mysterious pat on the cheek, as though she wished to get his hopes up -- to seduce him a little, so that she might turn cold and aloof again, and punish him for his presumption.

POCAHONTAS

I had forgotten how forward you are.

She strides haughtily across the lawn, condescending and cold. She has made herself what he wanted. A grand lady! Now let him watch her.

SMITH

Giving yourself airs, eh? Who's this man you're married to?

POCAHONTAS

He owns the largest plantation in Virginia. If you must know.

SMITH

You look well, Princess. I'm not joking. You look damn well when you're properly dressed...So after I left it -- went well for you.

POCAHONTAS

Yes!

SMITH

I heard the King and Queen received you. Everybody reports you were a great favorite. They all speak of you. One hears them in the streets. Her Ladyship! Who'd have guessed it?

He looks deep into her eyes, then quickly takes her hand and holds it like a trapped bird.

POCAHONTAS

I cannot do this.

But when he kisses her cheeks and her lips, her will melts away. Tongues of fire shoot through her veins, and for a moment she returns the kiss. But with the parting of her lips she lets him go. The spell is broken; her love has died, passed off like a dream. He gazes ardently at her.

POCAHONTAS

Are you about to tell me a secret? I hate secrets. Whenever anyone asks me if I would like to hear one, I say no. I have not once regretted it.

SMITH

I was born in a tanner's shed. Never had a thing. No property, no rank, no chance of getting hold of anything except with my own hands. I couldn't afford the luxury of being a gentleman. You think I liked being what I was? I saw a chance to change it. I can't be blamed for wanting to. Nobody respects a poor man. I put my not getting on in life down to them persistently sending me off to fight their wars for them. I always felt I would break through -- the next day, the next hour -- that something grand was waiting for me -- a destiny all my own -- above the common one. Believing it has carried me through thick and thin.

As he talks she looks at him and wonders at how crestfallen he seems, he who used to have the assurance of a man who had never known defeat. She wanted him brought low, but this is more than she can bear. What does it mean that he once loved her and she loved him? Where did it all go?

He no longer is the person she yearned for. She seems, in fact, to have forgotten who that person was. The figure who stands before her now is common as clay -- the last representative of her extinct, betrayed freedom.

SMITH

You knew that I had promise, didn't you?

POCAHONTAS

Oh yes! Did you find your Indies, John?

He looks off at the horizon. Where did he wander from the path?

SMITH

After I left Virginia, I got the idea of going south, to Venezuela and the Guyanas, east of Pizarro's lands. I had heard of a city there. But they withdrew the funds as I was about to sail. So I went to New England. Mapped it. Then the honest citizens went over. I was fool enough not to insist upon a contract in advance. They're making the world in their own likeness, clear to the Pole.

(MORE)

SMITH (cont'd)

There is nowhere they are not. I had no idea my life would be spent in the company of thieves; of those, especially, who steal with a pen. I dreamed of something else: great voyages of discovery, the land opening before me, new republics without a history, magic, new races, a new world to shame the old. The Indies -- they were like a mirage for me.

(intercut: his shadow
moving over the ground,
high walls, the St.
Lawrence River winding
into the west, etc.)

I always thought they were around the next bend -- the next thing, then the next -- Newfoundland, St. Rupert's Island. Every time I told myself, "Have faith. Wait. They are coming." I covered the whole world. Hard as I searched, I never found what I was looking for. After a while I gave up striving. Maybe I should have gone farther north. That's where all the excitement is now. Perhaps there is no passage. Perhaps it was a dream. In some respects I've been a failure. And yet I saw -- with you I knew. You were my America, or there is none at all.

He is conscious of looking as though he had fallen on hard times. While her husband enjoys the fruits of her Virginia patrimony, he, for all his prodigies of exploration and adventuring, cannot lay claim to so much as a foot of land in the New World. He is alone, bereft of hearth and home.

It embarrasses him that she should find him at such a pass. Her gaze reaches into him like a ray of sunlight into a forest. She alone knew the secret promise of his existence. And seeing her, he knows that promise is nearly gone; he is nothing more than what he now seems.

SMITH

May I speak with you this way?

POCAHONTAS

Of course.

SMITH

I wonder.

POCAHONTAS

Your worldly failure, if you insist upon considering it that, is to your credit rather than your blame. You should remember that the best people are those who do themselves no worldly good. Every successful man is more or less a selfish one.

He looks around. The lawn and woods buzz with spring's ventriloquisms. The bees are drowsy with nectar.

POCAHONTAS

John?

SMITH

I forgot what I was going to say.

POCAHONTAS

It must have been a lie!

They smile. There is a peace between them. She has let him go.

SMITH

I suppose a person of your commendable nature cannot be sad for long.

She lets this illusion stand.

POCAHONTAS

No. You know that we were very happy once. Because that is the only thing I could not bear -- if you had forgotten.

He sees what a noble being he allowed to escape him. Before he can return to his senses they have said goodbye.

172 SMITH'S POVS - MUSIC

Smith watches her go off. The Indies music comes softly in, and now it occurs to him that if he has not found his dream, perhaps he was looking for it in the wrong place -- in the outer kingdom of riches and glory, when all the while it lay within, in the love and the pain he shared with this woman.

Was *she* the wondrous destiny that lay in store for him? Was she his Indies? Did he sail past them, mistaking where they lay or never believing they could be found, or worse yet -- a lover of thresholds -- afraid to set foot there?

And even as this thought comes over him, with extraordinary force, he knows that it will pass, that he will again take up the illusions of his daily life. The blinding insight will seem a creature of this present hour; a passing fancy.

173 EXT. HEACHAM HALL - LATER

Rolfe arrives home. Pocahontas comes out to greet him. She carries on almost as though nothing had ever come between them.

POCAHONTAS

John, I have a desire to see Virginia again. I don't know how long it's been since I saw a blue sky or swam in the river -- and the people are so very nice, but my jaws ache from smiling, and -- couldn't we go home?

ROLFE

As soon as possible.

POCAHONTAS

Before you say that, I should tell you that Captain Smith paid me a visit. I received him, and I let him hold my hand -- a long while. I don't know whether you think it wrong.

ROLFE

(distracted)

Oh, did you? What did you do that for?

POCAHONTAS

I am not sure. He wanted to, and I let him.

She is surprised that he does not scold her.

POCAHONTAS

Furthermore, I kissed him and let him kiss me!

ROLFE

The old story.

POCAHONTAS

I didn't know we were going to until we did.

ROLFE

May I ask how many times this occurred?

POCAHONTAS

Thomas! Come closer. I was in the house, and the movers took a big trunk away, and I found this in a chink of the wall. A map!

His eyes light up as she unravels the old scroll. The blood of two races flows in the boy.

THOMAS

What does it say?

POCAHONTAS

Give me time! Can we talk here? No -- the maids are so nosey! Close the door. We mustn't tell anybody else! You won't, will you? I won't either. It's signed by a Spanish lord. Stamped with his seal! He says that if we follow it precisely, we will come to a stone man holding a great fish, with a waterfall coming from its mouth.

175 EXT. GROUNDS - SERIES OF ANGLES

They rush around the grounds, from one place to another, following the directions to the treasure.

POCAHONTAS

Wait, wait! Now it says that we should bow three times to each other.

They bow to each other, as specified, and hurry off to the next clue, until at length they come to a huge mossy statue of a cherub holding a fish. A fountain bubbles from the fish's mouth.

THOMAS

Mother!

He gapes at the mysterious figure. Then he looks at her and realizes she has been leading him on, and he begins to chase her. They laugh and cavort wildly.

POCAHONTAS (O.S.)

Reach in there!

Thomas walks carefully to flower pot at a corner of the field, puts his hand inside and draws out a glass frog.

POCAHONTAS

(whispering)

What is it?

POCAHONTAS

A good many. I don't remember. And I called him my dear friend. He spoke of some things of the past, and it overcame me.

(pause)

You don't seem very upset.

ROLFE

Perhaps I feel numb.

POCAHONTAS

(puzzled)

You didn't know that he was coming, did you?

ROLFE

What you suggest is beneath the conduct of a gentleman.

POCAHONTAS

I loved a dream. Will you have me back? Will you forgive me for neglecting you? Can you forget?

(he nods)

Now I know what true love is! Now I am home.

Eyes bent in repentance, she takes his hand and presses it against her cheek. It is the first time we have seen them touch each other. Their child, watching from afar, senses his parents' joy. It seems to him they are united at last.

173B THOMAS' POVS ON POCAHONTAS AND ROLFE

Thomas watches, undetected, as his mother and father go hand in hand about the grounds, happily observing those commonplace scenes of life that perhaps meant little enough to them before but which now suddenly have a power to convey all the meaning and glory of love's new world: a dog chasing doves, a tree bowing its head, the wind on a pond.

At last, to his astonished joy, they kiss. With a fine sense of discretion, the child hurries away. His heart beats in his throat.

174 EXT. HEACHAM HALL - DUSK

Later the same day, or week, young Thomas looks up with a start. His mother rushes in with a parchment scroll she has found, unable to restrain her excitement.

She takes a moment to compose herself, to savor the last moments of her innocence. Will she know him? Will she be able to speak with him?

171 EXT. HEACHAM LAWN

She goes out the front door onto the lawn, and there he stands -- her first love! Smith looks up. She is radiant in her silks and finery, utterly transformed from the wood nymph he knew. She has achieved culture, station, refinement, wealth, become the sophisticated soul he thought she could never be, while he has grown more animal. She lets him look at her. She trembles under his gaze.

SMITH

Did I make a mistake in coming here?

POCAHONTAS

That is for you to decide. But I don't see how you could think it so soon.

SMITH

I would have come before except that I've been away from the capital. Business, you know. Small excuse, considering that I owe you my life.

POCAHONTAS

Don't trouble yourself on that account.

SMITH

Perhaps I'm out of bounds speaking this way, but I've thought of you often. I was a fool not to have bound my fate with yours. I might be a happy man now. A prosperous one, in any case.

POCAHONTAS

Is that so?

She will not give him anything. He will have to beg her.

SMITH

I would not lie to you. No more than I would cheat at cards. Be good for once and don't make a scene. I confess that I am more, or less, than a gentleman. You once gave me the benefit of the doubt.

POCAHONTAS

I never told you that I did.

POCAHONTAS

Be strong, my husband. This must happen to us all. What does it matter if I come a little before or after? I'm going to see my father and my mother, and as she whispered to me, so shall I to you. See if you can hear me. I will use the wind for a tongue.

178 EXT. GRAVESEND DOCK, COTTAGE WINDOW, BACKYARD, ETC.

The curtains whisper over the sash as Pocahontas' spirit makes its departure. Her effects are put away. The fisherman's daughter shakes out the pillows that she slept on.

ROLFE (O.S.)

"She said that she would be in our breath and in the ground beneath our feet, bearing us up. She refused all sympathy, saying it was enough that you, her child --
(over scenes of America)
-- should live."

Rolfe boards a ship. Opechancanough, his face painted with ashes, follows him up the gangplank.

179 SHIP DEPARTING GRAVESEND AS SEEN FROM DOCK

At the Gravesend dock, sailors and fishermen go about their tasks -- mending nets, caulking the seams.

As the end credits begin to roll, the ship with its great white sails is already in the offing -- Virginia-bound!

180 ABOARD THE SHIP - THE BOY

Thomas looks out over the waves.

181 EXT. VIRGINIA WOODS

The New World pines sway back and forth in ecstasy, forever awaiting the determined sailor.

THE END

He brings her the frog, cupping it with both hands, as though it were a great jewel.

POCAHONTAS

Oh, Thomas! You said you wouldn't tell anybody. It will be our secret.

She looks at him and remembers when she, too, shone in this way and all the world about her. She misses her daily salute to the rising sun, the times when she found a bird's nest or vaulted up a tree, the shock of the cold water as she plunged into the river -- all those little moments of her life that no one else can remember or will ever know about.

The wind comes up through the trees. Suddenly, to her son's delight, she performs a cartwheel in her English dress. Rolfe looks on from afar, well pleased.

The story could end here, with a legend describing what happened to the characters, or else it might continue with these next, concluding scenes:

176 EXT. GRAVESEND COTTAGE - A FEW WEEKS LATER

On their way back to America, the Rolfes have stopped in Gravesend, the last port for sea-bound vessels.

ROLFE (O.S.)

"13 April 1616 --

Dear Son, I write this so that you might have it someday in the future. Your dear mother, Rebecca, fell ill in our outward passage, at Gravesend, a small fishing town at the mouth of the Thames, where the river flows out into the sea."

Opechancanough bursts out of a cottage, screaming in a wild Pamunkey way. The citizens look at him as though he were a madman.

177 INT. COTTAGE BEDROOM

Thomas Rolfe peers at his mother through a crack in a bedroom door. The young lady attending him, a fisherman's daughter, inspects the glass frog.

YOUNG LADY

She gave you this? Very expensive. Remember her, dearie!

Tears stream down Rolfe's face. Pocahontas lies in bed, surrounded by a radiance of white linen.