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The Mark 666 & the New World Order

By Unknown

Come, spirit.
Help us sing the story of our land.
You are our mother...
we, your field of corn.
We rise...
from out of the soul of you.
Dear mother...
you fill the land with your beauty.
You reach to the end of the world.
How shall I seek you?
Show me your face...
you, the great river
that never runs dry.
Let him go.
You said to hang him, sir.
Now remember, Smith,
you've cometo these shores in chains.
You're under a cloud
which will darken considerably if I hear
anymore of your mutinous remarks.
Is that understood?
Captain Newport, sir,
we found oysters.
They're as thick as my hands.
They're the size of stones, sir,
and there's fish everywhere.
They're flapping against your legs.
- We're gonna live like kings.
- All these months at sea...
I'm weary of looking further.
This place will serve.
We have deep water to the shore,
we can see up and down the river.
Our enemies will have
no advantage of surprise.
Bring the anchors and midsails to shore,
in case some homesick person
decides to slip away with them.
We must be careful not
to offend the naturals.
If our crops fail,
we shall be obliged to trade with them.
Once we're established here,
we may go up the river

and seek a route
to the other sea.
The savages often visit us kindly...
timid, like a herd of curious deer.
Tonight we shall sleep aboard our ships,
everyone in full armor. In the morning,
we will chop down every tree
within half a mile of the moorage
and use the straightest limbs
to erect a line of watchtowers
and to build our fort.
When we have done that,
we set our wheat and barley,
put up houses and lay in firewood.
Slackers will be whipped at
the site of their transgression.

- Sir.

- Yes, Emery?

When might we, uh, be going out to...
poke about, sir?

We are not here to pillage and raid.
We are here to establish a colony.
How many lands behind me?
Gold will do you no good.
Not six months from now, when
the snow has begun to fly.
How many seas?
What blows and dangers?
Fortune ever my friend.
Five kegs is gone since we
landed. Somebody stole 'em.
Rain's gotten to this, and worms here.

- Brand him.

- And here.

Cut off his ears.
Captured these two, sir,
talking to the men,
spying.
Hey, you!
He stole me hatchet!
We've lost the favor of the naturals.
Had we not sighted land the day we did,
I would have turned back.
We have eaten the majority of our stores,

our best men are sick with fever,
the rest will soon breed mutiny.
We might as well be shipwrecked!

Now...

the naturals tell me, uh,
of a city up the river
and of a mighty king who lives there.

I propose we send an envoy to this king
to see whether he can be persuaded
to trade with us.

Meanwhile, I shall, uh, return to England
for fresh supplies.

I'll not be back until spring.

Radcliffe here will be in command.

As to who will approach
the savage king, I needn't tell you
it will be a hazardous mission.

Captain Smith is the only
professional soldier among us.

Smith, sir? What are... what are...

what are his qualifications?

Those you lack.

I should very dearly like to know one thing.

What is to prevent this friend of the hangman
from making league with the
naturals and turning upon us...

only under the extremity of
torture, I should like to assume...

or indeed instructing
them in the conduct of war
and English strategies,
if I may make so bold?

His-his-his right to the title of captaincy
is dubious at best. The
low-born son of a farmer
cannot be expected
to behave with a gentleman's
sense of propriety.

Perhaps you'd like to go, Wingfield.

Smith, you have an opportunity
to repair your reputation.

I expect you to welcome it.

Who are you

whom I so faintly hear?

Who urge me ever on?
You have the makings of a leader, Smith.
Can one rely on you?
What voice is this that speaks within me...
guides me towards the best?
Where?
Always the star was guiding me...
leading me...
drawing me on...
to the fabled land.
There life shall begin.
A world equal to our hopes.
A land where one might
wash one's soul pure...
rise to one's true stature.
We shall make a new start.
A fresh beginning.
Here the blessings of the earth
are bestowed upon all.
None need grow poor.
Here there is good ground for all
and no cost but one's labor.
We shall build a true commonwealth,
hard work and self-reliance our virtues.
We shall have no landlords
to rack us with high rents
or extort the fruit of our labor.
No man shall stand above any other,
but all live under the same law.
Captain, we haven't the
draft to go any further.
Put in.
None shall eat up carelessly
what his friends got worthily
or steal away that which
virtue has stored up.
Men shall not make
each other their spoil.
Let's go back, sir, gather a larger party.
We're lost.
There the naturals go!
Let him go!
Tide's run out, Captain.
Bottom's dragging on the mud, sir.

Keep your matchlock lit.
Fire a shot if you see anything.
The sun.
And the moon as well.
It shows you how the sun chases the
night continually around the world.
Ohh-hh.
The sky? No.
From England, a land to the east.
Leave?
There won't be any leaving till the spring.
The boats won't be back till then.
We have...
articles that might interest you.
Gunpowder.
At the moment I was to die,
she threw herself upon me.
- Sky.
- Sky.
- Sun.
- Sun.
Water.
Wind.
Wind. Wind.
Wind.
- Eyes.
- Eyes.
Lips.
Lips.
Ear.
All the children of the king were beautiful,
but she, the youngest, was so exceedingly so
that the sun himself,
though he saw her often,
was surprised whenever she
came out into his presence.
Her father had a dozen wives,
but she was his favorite.
She exceeded the rest not
only in feature and proportion,
but in wit and spirit too.
All loved her.
Moon.
They are gentle,

loving,
faithful,
lacking in all guile and trickery.
The words denoting lying,
deceit, greed,
envy, slander and forgiveness
have never been heard.
They have no jealousy,
no sense of possession.
Real,
what I thought a dream.
I am not guarded.
No.
- Smoke. Fire.
- Smoke. Fire.
They trust me as a brother.
- Heat. Heat.
- Heat. Heat.
I, who was a pirate,
who lived to steal what I could...
I am a free man now.
All that they have is given me.
I don't know.
I don't know.
Saved a child from drowning.
Never had it struck me so forcefully before
that I have the power to grant
life and health to others.
Lawless.
I was a dead man.
Now I live.
You, my light.
My America.
Love.
Shall we deny it when it visits us?
Shall we not take what we are given?
There is only this.
All else is unreal.
Mother...
where do you live?
In the sky?
The clouds?
The sea?
Give me a sign.

We rise.
We rise.
Afraid of myself.
A god, he seems to me.
What else is life
but being near you?
Do they suspect?
Oh, to be given to you...
you to me.
I will be faithful to you.
True.
Two no more.
One.
One.
I am.
I am.
The king announced that I was free.
He was sending me back
and on the understanding
that when spring came
we were to go back to where we came from.
His chiefs had advised him to kill me.
I had gained a knowledge of their arms,
their strong places.
But his daughter assured
him I was a good man.
I should tell people that though
the naturals lived in peace,
they yet were strong and
would not suffer their land
to be taken away.
There was no sea beyond the mountains,
only a land stretching away forever
in great meadows.
A land which had no end.
Captain Smith.
You're back.
The savages will have to stop here, Captain.
Where have you been?
- It's like seeing a ghost.
- Where have you been?
Yeah, you look like you've
come back from the dead.
What's happened here?

Where's Captain Radcliffe?

- No word. Gone.
- Shut your mouth!
- You shoulda never trusted him.
- People say he went over to England.
- We're starving.
- Did you bring food?
- I brought food.
- Someone got killed. Just fell over.

Four months of stealing and
stealing and stealing and stealing.

- Look at him. Bastard.
- Get up!

Gambling.

- They bowl while the houses fall down.
- Gambling.
- Look at the church. We don't even...
- All the sickness that's been
- coming in from the marsh.
- Who's taking care of you?
- No one.
- That's all it is,
- just dying and sickness and all that.
- Hey, I saw a body
- in the mud.
- You're a liar!
- I saw a leg in the bed.
- You are a liar!
- Four people died last night...
- Why was the leg in the bed?
- ... and they're eating 'em.
- Why was the leg in the bed?

Thieves! Jackals! Lash their feet!

You're looking rather well, Smith.

Been enjoying yourself, have you?

Been enjoying yourself mightily,

I expect.

You were sent to relieve our situation,
not to pleasure yourself.

We here have suffered.

I'll ignore the stories which
bring officials only disrepute.

No speeches, Smith. Things are different now.

We can't allow cheek.

Allow cheek, and we shall have chaos.
I wear the medal now. I am President,
and you have been stripped of your captaincy.
Are you qualified to pass judgment on me?
Well, that really needn't
concern us at the moment.
'Tis a pity you were not here
at the time of your trial to defend yourself.
I presume you were too afraid,
too guilty to return.

- My trial?

- Yes.

You were indicted upon a chapter in Leviticus
and tried during the
period of your desertion.

Our law is speedy here.

Been keeping all the good
food for himself, Smith.

Giving us rotten corn.

You, sir, have no other eyes and ears
than those which grow on Smith's head here.

He does nothing but tend his
own pot, his spit and oven.

I have shared all. I have
kept nothing for myself.

- Nothing!

- His name is not even Wingfield.

It's Woodson.

Woodson is the name.

Left England under a cloud of disgrace.

Seize them. Seize them!

Any man impeding the punishment
of these rogues will be dealt with harshly.

Here.

There's no sense in waiting
for a trial. This is mutiny.

I dispatch you herewith
in the name of the king.

Dead as an herring. Serves him right.

I can ratify what Mr. Argall said.

Were we in England I should
be ashamed to let my servant

- keep company with such fellows.

- You never had a servant.

You were a servant. I ate a single chicken,
and that when I were ill.

Small here has eaten six,
a number of which he could
not be troubled to cook.

- I say Captain Smith should lead us.

- Aye.

Tell her.

Tell her what?

"I love you,
but I cannot love you"?

It was a dream.

Now I am awake.

Look who wandered in.

What should we do with him?

Nothing.

He's mad,
harmless.

It's yours.

Take it home.

It's a dud.

On the Swiss step, withdraw! March!

- St. George! St... St. George!

- **Man:**

- March!

- St. George! St. George!

St. George, St. George, St. George!

Don't push and shove now. Watch it!

- March!

- St. George, St... St. George.

- March!

- St. George!

I let her love me.

I made her love me.

And what was your disagreement about?

He said today is the 15th of October.

I said the 17th.

I must.

You were fighting

about the day of the year?

Damnation is like this.

Didn't I tell you to dig a new
well farther from the shore?

Why hasn't this been done?

Every man will stop what he's doing right now
and start digging the well! Those of you
that can't carry the dirt in buckets
shall carry it with your own hands!
He that will not work shall not eat!
The labors of honest and industrious men
shall not be consumed to
maintain the idleness of a few!
The country is to them a misery,
a death,
a hell.

Mind yourself, mate.

While they starve, they dig for gold.

There is no talk,

no hope, no work but this.

If there's so much gold, why
don't the naturals have any?

You're chasing a dream.

You 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 throw
and fetch some wood to dress it.

Bad water.

Sturgeon gone.

- ... the waste cities...

- Mutterings.

they shall live in them.

They shall plant vineyards

- and drink the wine.

- In that day...

- Love good and hate evil!

- I will raise up the tent of David...

and close up the breaches of his tent.

Take away from me the noise of your music
and your songs, so I will not hear

- the melody of thy harp.

- The Lord has given the command,

and He will smash them...

large house into pieces

and the small house into bits!

Somebody should shoot Small there.
He hasn't got a ghost of a chance,
and he'll contaminate us all.
He used Wortham's spoon...
now Wortham's gone,
my friend.
Have we got to wait till all is dead?
Sir, Ackley's dead.
Somebody ate his hands.
Went out in the height of style, anyhow.
Such tranquility,
you'd think he could speak.
I shall miss him.
I think we all shall.
We're 38 now.
To go back up that river.
To love her in the wild.
What holds you here?
What are your intentions towards her?
Towards them?
There's nothing in the
river. The river's empty.
We wanna go back to England. Please, can we?
Please can we go back to England, please?
- Where's Captain Newport?
- Gone for sure. There's nothing to eat.
Captain Newport will be back shortly.
- Does he have food?
- He'd better.
- When will we go back to England?
- We're starving.
When will we go... they're
eating all the dead.
Do you believe in ghosts, Captain?
People don't care about
the Indians no more.
What's all this?
Don't put yourself in danger.
You don't have to do anything else...
for us.
Why have you not come to me?
I know, my love.
Don't trust me.
You don't know who I am.

Remember.

Thank you. God be with you.

- God bless. May Almighty God bless you.

- May God be with you.

Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Thank you kindly.

Who are you

whom I love?

She...

brass touched her hair.

- Where are you going?

- Crabs in a bucket...

- Where you would not dare to follow.

- scuttling over each other.

Don't you think you should take more men?

They can come if they choose.

I will see if we can

trade with another tribe.

Sail, sail on.

Be careful, sir.

What else is life but living there?

Steal her love.

She lay in peace,

gazed at the sky...

motionless.

Afraid of what I most desire,

a fool I was.

Cannot walk two paths at once...

- Leave her free.

- ... ride two horses.

Can't deceive the God.

Cling to the God.

As long as you do, you have a claim on life.

She, unbound.

The source of all evil.

It excuses vulgarity,

makes wrong right, base noble.

There's something I

know when I'm with you

that I forget when I'm away.

Tell me, my love,

did you wish for me to come

back and live with you again?

True.

Shut your eyes.
Is this the man I loved...
- There.
- ... so long?
A ghost.
Come.
Where are you, my love?
Free.
What do I fear?
Can love lie?
You.
We can't go into the forest.
Could I show you England?
No, it is too far.
If I can be with you...
that is all.
The river leads back there.
It leads onward too.
Deeper.
Into the wild.
Start over.
Exchange this false life for a true one.
Give up the name of Smith.
What are you doing here?
I beg your pardon, sir. You were
gone longer than we expected.
Appears I've wandered off myself a bit.
Things go badly?
No ties.
Space enough at last
to break free.
Can I lead them off some other way?
What about the soil, Captain?
- Is it as good as we thought?
- Like her...
- Not really.
- ... always alone.
In fact, I've rarely seen such a pesthole.
Look about you. Everything's swamp,
with water standing in lakes and
pools, so the ground gives way
- beneath your feet.
- Let the dead bury the dead.
I suspect there's more puddles than dry land,

each producing more mosquitoes in their
slime than there are beads in a nunnery,
and each mosquito as hungry as a priest.
None but a savage could inhabit the place.

Or west of here,
towards the mountains, or south,
now that is something else.

- We can sail on...
- Come...
- seek a passage to the Indies.
- my love.

It flows.

- Where?
- Life.
- Are you true?
- Me... in your soul.

Life.

Am I a deceiver?

My mouth is dry.

My body trembles.

- How false I am.
- My skin burns.

Trust.

I have two minds.

Wait, should I tell Father?

What was I?

What am I now?

Oh Mother,

what have I done?

Love has unbound my limbs.

This love is like pain.

I am,

I shall be,

yours.

Come away.

You must tell me why.

They can't hear. I've sent them away.

He sees you mean to stay.

They're coming.

Make peace with him.

He won't accept peace.

Why would he?

- Come away.
- And where would we live?

In the woods?
On a treetop?
A hole in the ground?
You have to come with me...
into the fort. Your people
will know you came here.
They'll find out soon enough.
Go! On the double, gentlemen!
God save the king!
- Port your pikes!
- God save the king!
- Port your pikes!
- God save the king!
Charge!
And on the Swiss step, gentlemen...
- march!
- St. George,
St. George, St. George!
- Prepare to stand!
- St. George, St. George!
- Stand!
- St. George, St. George!
Musketeers advance!
Fire!
Hold the ground! Hold together, men!
- You're like a herd of deer!
- What are you waiting for?
How can you own land?!
This earth was made for
such that shall improve it
and knows how to live!
They have no sound,
sir, but I couldn't...
Fire on him!
What are you waiting for? Fire on him!
You heathen bastards!
Please don't. Please. Please.
Seeds of sulfur!
Sons of fire! Devils in the mouth of hell!
Please don't. Please don't. Please don't.
Retreat! Fall back!
Lord,
turn not away Thy face.
You desire not the death of a sinner.

I have gone away from You.
I have not harkened to Your voice.
Let us not be brought to nothing.
- Gather reinforcements!
- They're climbing up the wall!
Hold tight!
Must go back. Must go back.
The water is poisoned.
They put a dead dog in the well.
We can't go out to look for fish or game.
How long can we last?
Starvation does fearful things to men.
Mad dogs, I hate your hearts!
I'm not entirely sure I shall
have the use of this hand again.
Whose esteem I value as the
carcasses of unburied men.
There's something you're not telling
us, and I've got a right to know.
- You fiends!
- Yes, I deserve your contempt.
What was they shouting at
you? What had you done to them?
"We don't know where you were. "
There's something you're not telling us.
Like a wasp
in a bottle...
trapped.
To give light to them...
Deliver us from evil.
...that sit in darkness.
Deal not with us after our sins.
Of all Thy people I have become
as it were a monster unto many.
Cast me not away.
Make me a clean heart.
Tell him.
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 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.
You're certain she's the one you saw?
With these eyes. I spoke
to the king directly.
And what does this rogue
propose to sell her for?
Well, I was getting to that.
His most favorite thing is combs.
But in this case, he seems to
have his heart set on a kettle.
You know, a copper kettle, like
my mother had for making stew.
What use he means to make of
the instrument I cannot say.
Well?
We don't take hostages.
King James would not approve.
- You'd rather see us annihilated?
- She's done enough for us.
She risked a beating in of
her own brains to save mine.
Come, Argall, threaten me!
Had she not fed us, you would have starved.
Then I'd know I was gonna
live for 1,000 years.
She's been the instrument to
preserve this colony from disaster.
We'll not return her kindness
by making her a captive.
She and her lot are on the
verge of killing us all.
I expect there will be scarce a handful alive
when the boats return, if they ever do.
You told us yourself that her
father regards her as no one else.
Or do you have private reasons
for that attitude of yours?
Return to your post.
The penalty for disobeying an
order of the president is hanging.
You're breaking the laws.
This is mutiny.
Me breaking the laws.

I have information Smith here
is planning to marry the wench
and make himself King of Virginia.
You're no longer in command, Smitty.
I shall wear the medal now.
You've been derelict in
your duties to the king.
You've betrayed these citizens of Jamestown.
I therefore pronounce you unworthy
of being a member of this colony.
You are no longer in command, Smitty!
Oh oh oh,
high and mighty lord and ruler.
No! No!
We must have order, huh?
We can't have everyone running around
giving themselves airs and graces,
'cause then... then we
would have chaos! Huh?
- Scream.
- Come near.
- Getting the strokes.
- Come near me.
You say... you say, "Friend,
friend, dear friend... "
- You touch me now.
- "I pray to the gods
for your good health for the
rest of my life. I will. "
No man shows me disrespect.
In all things...
may I stand by you.
Put him to hard labor.
Send him to the forest to hew
fresh timbers for the walls.
Set him by the heels
each night when he's done,
that through the long watches
he might reflect on his transgressions.
he might reflect on his transgressions.
Look behind you!
Must go back. Must go back.
And you are a futile, barking dog!
Oh Mother,

has he sent this ship for me?
Conscience is nuisance...
a fly,
a barking dog.
If you don't believe you have one,
what trouble can it be to you?
Mother,
you are my strength...
or I have none.
Throw us your forward line!
The president.
Yes, I neglected to tell you.
The captain's no longer occupying that post.
He will be able to explain the reasons
better than I.
It's the princess.
This will be your house, my lady.
Reverend Whitaker, the one what lived here,
well, he is... he's dead and gone now, so...
The ships returned,
firing their cannons,
causing the naturals to sue for peace.
They said they were going to fetch you.
I was against it.
I didn't want to harm you.
And now there's disaster all around us.
We should have stopped
before it was too late.
What is right?
Give.
Wrong? Who is this man?
Now...
all is perfect.
Let me be lost.
True.
You flow through me...
like a river.
Come.
Follow me.
O Lord, thank you.
Captain.
Very well.
Leave us alone.
You wish to bring charges against this man?

Are you sure?

Well, fine then, Argall,
enough of your quarrels. Be off.

I have news for you.

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

I remember when you had sight and ambition.

Shall you not press on?

Shall you be a discoverer of passages
which you yourself refuse to explore
beyond the threshold that is?

King has great hopes for you.

Plans.

Plans.

Um, she's to take care of you now.

Uh, my name's Mary.

And yours, I believe is...

Oh no, um, she says that's
not her name anymore.

She hasn't got a name.

Oh, how unfortunate.

Well, we shall have to give you one!

Here.

Rub with the towel.

I will find joy
in all I see.

- Where am I going?

- Mother.

Fast.

Just little steps.

- So fast.

- I want my love.

Ohh-hh.

I go to him,
the river of living water,
to meet him.

Where does it come from?

Where is it going?

Why do they want gold?

Can't they make it?

- Do they eat it?

- We shall lose
not only our lives and our land,
but our eternal birthright.
Look beyond these gates.
Eden lies about us still.
We have escaped the Old
World and its bondage.
Let us make a new beginning
and create a fresh example for humanity.
We are the pioneers of the world,
the advance guard sent on through
the wilderness to break a new path.
And our youth is our strength,
and our inexperience our wisdom.
God has given us
a promised land, a great inheritance.
Woe betide if ever we turn our back on him.
Let us prepare a land
where a man may rise to his true stature,
a land of the future,
a new kingdom of the spirit.
Remember what this country was...
Am I as you like?
His eyes.
You knew me as I was
long ago.
I have never truly been the man
I seemed to you to be.
What does he say?
Come, let's sit by the river.
Mean?
I can't sleep till I see you again.
Look up.
You have no evil.
I belong to you.
He knows.
Where am I?
Wait two months...
then tell her I am dead.
Drowned.
Like that.
He's left you, Princess.
He told you a pack of lies.
Forget about him.

I, uh, have some terrible news.
Captain Smith is dead.
He drowned in the crossing.
He loved you very much.
I am mad.
Where is your love now?
Where is our child?
You have gone away
with my life.
Killed the god in me.
Does the sun see this?
On the bed of fate we lie.
Make an end of you...
question you.
I mourn.
I grieve.
Take my hand, Father.
Aye, aye, I think she might.
Scorned.
Cast out. Cut off.
A dog.
Come, death.
Take me.
Set me free.
Let me be what I was.
We'll have a good old time here.
When first I saw her,
she was regarded as someone finished,
broken, lost.
She seemed barely to notice
the others about her.
Um, I would like to spend
the afternoon with you.
How do I ask?
A nature like yours
can turn trouble into good.
All this sorrow
will give you strength
and point you on a higher way.
Think of a tree,
how it grows around its wounds.
If a branch breaks off, it don't stop
but keeps reaching towards the light.
We must meet misfortune boldly

and not suffer it to frighten us.
We must act the play out,
and live our troubles down, my lady.
April, May,
and June, July, August.
What is a day?
- A day?
- An hour?
An hour is 60 minutes.
Why does the earth have colors?
Many passions have I endured.
Daily, hourly.
Even in my sleep.
Awaking me to astonishment.
This love has become...
such a labyrinth
that I no longer know...
Were you sad...
...how to wind myself out from it.
...to lose your wife and daughter?
Name this person.
Rebecca.
Rebecca, I baptize thee
in the name of the Father and the Son
and the Holy Ghost. Amen.
She has accepted my invitation
- to work in the fields.
- For Rebecca.
She'll be missed.
She understands the culture of tobacco.
She's a good lass.
The people were sorry at her going.
Hours pass,
she speaks not a word.
Who are you?
What do you dream of?
We're like grass.
Are you kind?
She weaves all things together.
I touched her long ago...
without knowing her name.
All sings to her.
Suppose I asked you to marry me.
What would you say?

Are you asking me?

Where would we live?

Here.

England, if you wish.

Perhaps that would

be best. We could...

well, you could forget

your life in this place.

Why do you shrink from me?

Won't you say yes?

If you like.

This isn't what I expected,

Rebecca.

I'm sorry.

Why are you crying?

I suppose...

I must be happy.

You do not love me now.

Someday you will.

You are not ignorant of the heavy displeasure

which almighty God conceived

against the souls of Levi and Israel

for marrying strange wives.

No.

Would you do anything

necessary to bring this about?

Yes.

Would you write a petition

explaining, as the wealthiest

planter in Virginia the benefit...

The governor requires of me a letter...

- ... this would offer the colony?

... stating acceptable reasons

- for our union.

- Could you state your hope

that this might be the

beginning of the great work

of converting the naturals;

that this idea came to you

in no way through any carnal affection,

but for the good of the plantation,

for the honor of your country

and your own soul?

Humiliated.

In service of saving the
non-believing creature...
And yet it does not touch me.
If this be not your true
intent, would you do that?

Yes.

Then surely
you do love her, Mr. Rolfe.

Write.

I require and charge you
as you will answer on the
dreadful day of judgment
when the secrets of all hearts are disclosed,
that if you know any impediment
why you should not be
lawfully joined together in matrimony,
you will confess it.

Mother,

why can I not feel as I should?

Must?

Once false,

I must not be again.

Take out the thorn.

He is like a tree.

He shelters me.

I lie in his shade.

Can I ignore my heart?

What is from you

and what is not?

Great Sun, I offer you thanks.

You give life to the trees

and the hills...

to the streams of water...

to all.

Mother...

your love

is before my eyes.

Show me your way.

Teach me your path.

Give me a humble heart.

We've had some surprising news.

We've been invited to England...

by the king and queen.

There will be a royal audience in your honor.

You're known to them all.
...gave him up to pirates
when his ship was stopped.
Five years!
All them ships went off to Newfoundland.
- Yes.
- Who would have guessed?
He poked around the north, then he went home.
Captain Smith.
Yeah, he could make you laugh.
Things are different now.
Hmm. They've sent him back to London.
What a shame. They say he's
done much for this place.
Captain Smith is alive?
You saw him?
I cannot do that.
Why not?
It would mean something I do not feel.
What's come over you?
I'm married...
to him.
He lives.
I heard it by the fort.
He's still alive.
"Married"?
You don't know the meaning
of the word exactly.
But I am.
Sweet wife...
love made the bond.
Love can break it too.
There is that in her
I shall not know.
Oh, proper lady!
Buy black!
Buy black! Best you've ever seen!
Bread! Every last one fresher than other.
A small one, sir?
Ripe cherries! Ripe!
- Blimey!
- Give us some!
- Henry! - Henry!
- I saw his gob, me mate.

Hey.

Easy, girl. Easy, steady there.

Step aside, I say!

"... Whilst towering in the azure sky

They celebrate this happy day.

Let rolling streams their gladness show

With gentle murmurs whilst they play

And in their wild meanders flow

Rejoicing in this blessed day.

Kind health descends on downy wings,

Angels conduct her on the way.

The New World's Princess new life brings

And swells our joys upon this day. "

Mother,

stay near me.

Sweet wife...

do you care for me still?

I cannot be to you

what I am not.

She would never have married me

had she known that he were alive.

She bound herself to me in ignorance,

and I will not...

I will not let her be encumbered

by a tie which she despises

and entered to her mischief.

I will do nothing against her will.

I think you still love the man

and that you will not be at peace

until you see him.

In my vanity, I thought...

I could make you love me,

and one cannot do that,

or should not.

You have walked... blindly...

into a situation that you did not anticipate.

I will not rob you

of your self-respect.

You are the man I thought you were.

And more.

Did I make a mistake in coming here?

I would have come before,

except I've been away from the capital.

Perhaps I'm out of order

speaking with you this way,
but I've thought of you often.
So after I left, it went well for you.
I heard the king and queen received you.
Everybody says you were a great favorite.
They all speak of you. One
hears them in the streets.
"Her Ladyship. " Who would have guessed it?
You knew
I had promise, didn't you?
Yes.
Did you find your Indies, John?
You shall.
I may have sailed past them.
I thought it was a dream...
what we knew in the forest.
It's the only truth.
It seems as if I were speaking
to you for the first time.
Could we not go home?
As soon as possible.
My husband.
Thomas. Where are you?
Mother,
now I know where you live.
"13th of April, 1616."
- Mother. Mother.
- "Dear son,
I write this so that someday in the future
you might understand a circumstance
which shall be but a far memory to you.
Your dear mother, Rebecca,
fell ill in our outward passage
at Gravesend.
She gently reminded me that all must die.
"Tis enough," she said,
that you, our child, should live. "