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Unconquered

By Charles Bennett

At the forks of the Ohio
stands an American city,
a colossus of steel,
whose mills and furnaces
bring forth bone and sinew
for a nation.
Not so long ago
a lonely outpost
guarded this very spot.
It was called Fort Pitt.
It stood at the edge
of an unknown land,
one of a line of forts
that ran from Virginia
to the Great Lakes,
marking the end of the known
and the beginning
of the unknown.
Civilization was east
of the Allegheny Mountains.
Conquest, opportunity
and death
lay to the west.
All around Fort Pitt
was a vast forest,
always beautiful,
always dangerous.
Men came into it
seeking many things.
Some for wealth,
some for refuge
some for freedom.
But to the Indian,
all men came as invaders.
Wars for survival
between red men and white
threatened to sweep away
these little forts.
Yet men kept coming west.
Some to build
their own fortunes,
even at the price
of Indian wars.
Others to build a nation,

even at the price
of their own lives.
These are the unconquered,
who push ever forward
the frontiers
of man's freedom.
But history sometimes chooses
its heroes and heroines
from strange places.
For one, the hope of freedom
was born at Old Bailey
in London,
in the year 1763.
Prisoner at the bar.
You have been found guilty
of the most heinous crime,
of murder.
It is my duty to pass
upon you the sentence
which the law enjoins.
Abigail Martha Hale,
the sentence of
this court is...
My lord.
Woman, be still.
My lord, hear me.
My brother was ill of fever
when the press-gang
broke in to take him.
I helped him fight to be free.
In that fight,
an impressing officer of
the Royal Navy was killed.
My brother was killed too,
my lord.
The prisoner is here
to receive sentence.
The sentence of this court is
that you be taken from
this place to a lawful prison
and thence to a place
of execution.
And that you there
be hanged by the neck

until you are dead.
And may the Lord
have mercy on your soul.
Come.
One word more,
by the gracious generosity
of Our Sovereign Lord,
King George the Third,
it is in my power
to offer you the King's mercy.
Instead of execution,
you may be transported
to His Majesty's colonies
in North America.
Not to die, my lord?
And to serve
not less than 14 years
as an indentured slave,
to be sold at auction
to the highest bidder.
Slavery in the colonies
or the gallows here.
Speak up, girl,
which is it to be?
Slavery, my lord.
Get the blood
in your cheeks.
You'll fetch a better price
at Norfolk tomorrow.
Mr. Leach, you won't
sell me away from
my husband, will you?
You'll sell according
to your indentures.
Seven year, I'll be free
and get me a bit of land.
And maybe even
a strong wife.
Get along, get along.
Me, I'll get me bought
by a nice rich widow
and marry myself free.
I ain't a rich widow,
but I'm willing.

Ain't you got
a wife already, Tom?
Wife. I'm serving time
for all four of them.
Break your ranks
and save your shanks.
Our land of opportunity.
Jeremy,
how old shall I look
in 14 years?
Fourteen years
older, of course.
Here, here,
have a care there.
Have a care.
Hold onto the slate.
Make fast
to the pin rail.
Ease that on the deck.
And at ease.
Some sort of
chopping instrument.
Stand by your braces.
Let go of the last one.
Jeremy, put it back
before the owner sees you.
The owner
has seen you.
Hand me that tomahawk.
Tomahawk?
I was just remarking
to this young lady...
Convicts should know
the punishment for stealing.
Captain.
Well, he didn't steal it.
No, well, perhaps...
Who are you?
My daughter, sir.
The devoted daughter
of Jeremy John Love.
Jeremy,
I'm not your daughter.
No, not in fact,

but in spirit.
You seem a gentleman
of discernment, sir.
Tell me, can you
always spot the queen?
I believe so.
Excellent, I've heard...
No, no.
Don't go away, my dear.
Jeremy, please.
You show a taste
for entertainment, sir,
entertainment with
a dash of risk.
Well?
Well, sir, observe your queen
is now between two knaves,
thus.
But can you tell me
where the queen is hiding now?
And if I do?
The stake is yours
to name, sir.
A pound.
A pound it is.
Put it up.
Oh, well, I seldom carry
large sums of money upon my...
You have other assets.
Perhaps a kiss
from your daughter-in-spirit.
Jeremy, I won't be...
Keep your hair on,
he can't win.
Man the mizzen
top-sail sheets.
A golden sovereign.
Gallant risk, sir.
Now, sir.
Now, can you tell me
where the queen is hiding?
Yes. Up the sleeve of a cheat
who is about to get 30 lashes.
Thirty?

You wouldn't have a man
of his age whipped.
His age hasn't improved
his honesty or yours.
Slave driver.
Wait.
I'll give you the kiss.
You're not giving it,
I won it.
He's got her
anchored all right.
Another cheat.
I paid you.
You can do better.
Slave driver.
Yes.
Yes, Mr. Garth.
This woman for sale?
Yes, Mr. Garth.
They're all for sale.
Indentured servant?
No, sir. Felon.
Felon?
It ain't deep in her
character, Mr. Garth.
She's good manners,
gentle, sweet.
Fit for all kinds
of housework.
I'll buy her.
I won't be sold to this man.
What's her price?
Mr. Leach,
the judge said public auction.
Hold your tongue.
She's right.
We'll have an auction
right here.
Gentlemen,
would any of you care to bid
against me for his girl?
Not me.
I don't hold much
with slavery.

That red hair
could change a man's mind.
I'm starting at 20.
20 is bid for
Abigail Martha Hale.
Offering 14 years
of servitude.
Let them see your face, girl.
Going once, going twice.
For the third and last time...
And sixpence.
Pardon?
Man, you've an eye
like an eagle.
But I dinnae ken
your way of throwing.
Did you say something, sir?
Yes, I said, "And sixpence."
Lend me your bodkin, Fergus.
It's an Indian knife throw.
Captain Holden has
a reputation for joking.
Make your sale.
Oh, yes, sir.
Yes, sir, Mr. Garth.
Going to Mr. Garth for...
You heard my bid?
Yes, sir,
20 and sixpence.
Would your humor desert you,
Captain Holden, at 50?
50, did you hear that?
What do you know!
50 for this likely
servant maid.
Strong and willing.
Do I hear another bid?
And sixpence.
And sixpence.
50 and sixpence.
Do I hear 55?
Cash on the barrel.
Cash on the barrel.
Try another.

50 and sixpence, I'm bid.

60.

And sixpence.

60 and sixpence...

That's better.

He must be very rich

or very interested.

He hasn't even looked at me.

60 and sixpence

for this rare gem.

Smile, you little scut.

Do I hear another bid?

Yes.

65.

And sixpence.

It's 65 and sixpence.

Hey, Chris,

the game's getting

a wee bit rough.

Here's your coat.

Do I hear 70? You will not

see the likes of this maid

in all His Majesty's colonies.

You seem to want this girl.

The Ohio country

won't be a healthy place

for a white woman

when the Indians get these

toys you're bringing them.

Usual trade goods.

Usual?

What you've got aboard

the brig Minerva

and the ship Paragon?

It might pay you

to mind your own business.

I found that out

from one of your Senecas

on the Catawba Trail.

You met one of

the bad shots.

70.

70.

That one will never learn

to shoot any better.
And sixpence.
I hear 70
and another sixpence.
Have a closer look, gentlemen.
Skin soft as satin.
Cheerful as a meadowlark.
Muskets.
That's guns in there.
They're all new.
Even this ship is loaded
with your usual trade goods.
Indians don't trade
furs for Bibles.
They don't trade
for bond slaves, either.
What are your plans for her?
Field hand
on your plantation?
I apologize
for Mr. Garth, ma'am.
In Virginia we use
dirt to grow tobacco
and bury our dead.
We don't like
your kind of dirt, Mr. Garth.
Watch out.
No, gentlemen, no.
Not on my ship.
You are quite right,
Captain Brooks.
His purse.
Perhaps someday he'll come
west of the Alleghenies.
Dueling code is very different
in the Ohio country.
70 and sixpence is bid,
gentlemen, for this
dainty little package.
Look at her slender form,
the tilt of her head.
You, sir, would you care
to put in a bid, sir?
No, thank you.

I've never had to buy trouble.
Here's my bid,
103.
103. A Turk's ransom.
Jeremy, I'm frightened.
A hundred quid would
frighten the wings
off an angel.
And sixpence.
I'll double that
tomorrow at Norfolk.
Cash on the barrel, Mr. Garth.
Is that yours?
No, mine's in the Captain's
strongbox.
He's right. Cash is the law.
Make the sale.
103 and sixpence,
once, twice.
Sold to Captain Holden
for 103...
And sixpence.
Sorry, Mr. Garth.
Quite a price
for a rose of Old Bailey.
Here's your bonnet.
Have the bill of sale
ready in the morning.
Yes, sir. Yes, sir.
My dear Captain,
allow me to present my ward.
I hope you had
a very pleasant voyage, ma'am.
Well...
Chris...
Chris, a loony man would seem
wise alongside of you.
Why did ye do it?
Garth is bad medicine,
Fergus.
She'll be safer with him
than with your promised
bride tomorrow
when she sees yon red-headed

purchase you just made.
Aye. Diana.
Land ho!
Haul away on the...
Clear tire.
Clear tire.
Your longboat's
making fast, sir.
Does it carry a young lady
armed with a musket?
The ship's agent
brought this aboard, sir.
Thank you.
Oh, will you have my luggage
lowered to the longboat?
Certainly, sir.
From the impatient bride?
No, from John Fraser.
Pittsburgh blacksmith.
Pittsburgh?
Little village in Virginia.
Listen to this.
"Trouble's busting everywhere.
"When you get yours,
if you ain't killed nobody,
"meet me
at the Peakestown Fair."
John must have dipped
his pen in applejack.
He can't have known
you're getting married.
If you'll sign
Mistress Hale's papers, sir.
Whose? Oh.
Have the notary certify these,
then give them to the girl.
Yes, sir. She's on deck.
If he likes sugarplums,
you look just like one.
He's probably married,
with six children.
Stop babbling.
Just get him to buy me
and I'll have you riding

in your own carriage.
Love accomplishes
all things, my dear.
For instance, for luck.
Jeremy, it's a gold piece.
Uh-huh.
King Charles double guinea.
It was given to my mother
by a prince of the blood.
There he is.
Well, go to him. Go to him.
Keep your gold in your fist,
your tongue in your cheek,
and don't be too forward,
and not too backward, either.
Pick up,
you're slacking that line.
Good morning, Captain Holden.
Good morning, Miss...
Well, I'm all ready.
Yes. I see you are.
Bend your bonnets.
Do we go now?
I'm sorry, Miss...
Abby.
Miss Abby.
But I'm not taking you.
You're free.
But didn't you buy me?
Oh, yes, I bought you...
Watch yourself.
Stand clear, you.
And now I've set you free.
You mean really free?
Yes. Leach will
give you your papers.
I'm very grateful,
but I won't accept
my freedom.
You won't?
I owe you 103 and sixpence
and I intend to work for you
until it's paid.
Oh, not for me.

You're much too pretty
to pass the porridge
on my honeymoon.
Your honeymoon? But...
You're married?
I will be within the week.
Goodbye, Abby.
Then why did you buy me?
What?
Why did you buy me?
Oh, to see if sixpence
could poison a snake.
Oh. You bought me
because you don't like him.
Well, here's a lucky piece to
brighten your opinion of me.
It's a King Charles
double guinea.
What did I do with it?
Oh, I see.
I didn't steal it.
I see your hand was
quicker than my eye.
Keep it.
More freight for the longboat.
Aye, aye, sir.
Hold tight.
Take it easy, men.
You've got a passenger on it.
Easy on that cargo sling.
Keep it clear of the shroud.
Chris.
No.
Doesn't look like it to me.
Who's the girl with him?
Don't know. Very pretty.
Flip the toddle.
Clear that gear.
On deck.
Overhaul the cabling.
Batten the hooks down.
Pull the hatch ladder.
Watch your footing
on the gangway.

There's Martha.
There she is.
Goodbye, George.
See you in Jamestown.
Land never looked better.
I'm so glad to be home,
I could walk on air.
Hello, Bone.
I'll sign these later.
Very good, sir.
What'd you bring
from Pittsburgh?
Two wagons of
this kind of stuff.
Injuns ain't hunting.
What's wrong?
Gun trading's been stopped.
Who stopped it?
Indian Commissioner.
He wants you to meet him
at Peakestown.
Looks like the pot's
started to boil.
What's Pontiac say?
Says the Delawares will join
and the Shawnees
and the Chippewas.
He ain't sure
about the Wyandots.
They'll come in when their
powder horns are full.
Steady there, steady.
Back that tray up,
'tis powder.
Hang on.
Take up the slack
in the quarter line.
Get up, Leach,
and let me sign these.
Yes, sir, Mr. Garth.
Wicked waste of money.
By you?
Captain Holden
setting that girl free.

Yes, very wasteful.
How would you like to sell
all your bond slaves
to Mr. Bone, here?
Bond slaves?
I got no use for...
Say, 400?
400?
Well... Why, sold.
All except...
Except no one.
But that girl is free.
You're sailing next week.
Who'd know?
Double-selling a bond slave
is a hanging offense.
Here's a mink for you,
so the rope won't
scratch your neck.
Mr. Leach, Captain Holden said
you'd give me my papers.
Well...
He said that?
Yes, he set me free.
Free? That's carrying
a joke too far.
What is?
First he pretends to buy
the girl, then he pretends
to set her free.
He did buy me.
If he bought a girl
as pretty as you,
he'd never set her free.
Mr. Leach?
I'm sure the gentleman
meant no harm.
But he'd have told me.
He didn't have the courage.
It is rather a grim joke.
You bought me.
No. Bone.
Where're you going?
He'll sell the others

at Peakestown Fair.
You're not for sale.
I won't go with him.
You'll go all right.
I ain't bad company.
Get the furs aboard
and the slaves ashore.
Start west before night.
What's the matter, Jason?
You're not singing.
I guess there ain't
much singing left in me,
Master Chris.
Just thinking.
You're thinking, too, Diana?
Why? Haven't I been talking?
Yes, you've been talking,
but about dogs
and colts and cotton.
About most everything
except us.
Well, the mosquitoes
are glad I'm back anyway.
Oh, I'm glad
you're back, Chris.
So is your brother, Harold.
Poor Hal.
Poor?
Well, we can't
both have you, Diana.
Chris,
when I look into your eyes,
I don't see myself there.
You must be a little blind.
I see horizons,
ranges of uncrossed mountains,
the unknown.
You belong to that, Chris,
the way an eagle
belongs to the sky.
But I'm different.
No, you're not.
Let me tell you
what I see in your eyes.

No.
You won't like the view.
It doesn't go beyond
the walls of Holden Hall.
What are you trying to say?
Something I've been
trying to tell you
in everything but words.
Hal and I are married.
You married Holden Hall
and 20,000 a year.
I married the things
I want, Chris.
Where are we, Jason?
Just passing Blount's Landing,
Master Chris.
Put me ashore.
Chris, come home
and meet your brother.
I don't care to inherit
the brand of Cain.
He set aside 20,000 for you.
I paid 100
for a little thief
aboard ship.
I think you were overpriced.
I was never yours to sell.
I guess you're right.
Your wedding present's
in those trunks.
There's a green dress with
all the fluff to go with it,
designed by Forgel,
Madame Pompadour's
dressmaker.
Just right for you.
Cost 187.
Here are the keys.
You'll find someone
more worthy than I am
to wear them.
Some squaw,
west of the Alleghenies.
Swing those trunks ashore.

Yes, sir, Master Chris.
Oh, Chris,
you'll forget me in no time.
You'll forget that
in no time.
Just pile that stuff
right here.
I'll get a wagon.
Yes, sir, Master Chris.
Take me with you,
Master Chris.
You're not mine to take.
I'll miss you, Jason.
You taught me
most of what I know.
You might have taught me
a little more about women.
Goodbye, old friend.
Now, while balancing
himself on one foot
with nothing between
him and the ground
but this knife-sharp wire,
he will cut in two
a paper tube
held in the mouths
of these fair young damsels.
Don't worry if he misses,
he told me they were
two-faced.
This gentleman...
Hi, there, John Fraser.
Ain't you a long way
from Pittsburgh?
Five days and 150 miles
uphill both ways.
...that far-famed
monster of Madagascar,
the one-horned Boukabekabus.
Two, sir.
Thank you.
With the hide of a bull,
the head of a unicorn,
and the wisdom of a prophet,

he has astonished
the crowned heads of Europe
and now can be seen
for three days only
right here in Peakestown.
Hey, blacksmith,
think you could
hammer shoes on that?
Pittsburgh,
he'd be a house pet.
Cider. Cider.
Fresh, sweet cider.
Hard as a rock.
Cider here.
...hazard and risk
for your education
and recreation.
Neptune's loveliest daughter,
she has the face of a female
and the body of a fish.
She has lured, my friends,
many a brave sea captain
to his destruction.
Now, you with
the spinning wheel there,
don't go away. Come on in.
Come in, folks.
You've never seen
anything like it before.
You'll never see anything
like it again.
Scales on her tail and...
Thank you very much, sir.
Scales on her tail
and seaweed in her hair.
The greatest exhibit
at the Peakestown Fair.
You can't take her home
to your wife, John Fraser.
Chris. Chris Holden.
I've been looking
all over for you.
By gollys, how are you?
Did you expect

to find me in there
with the mermaid?
Aw, shucks. I wasn't...
Pile your loot in the back
and climb aboard.
Say, ain't you
traveling kind of fancy?
What did you bring back,
the London Bridge?
Well, a green dress
for a bride
and women's doodads,
which I expect to swap
for trade goods.
Well, get over.
Yep. I heard about her.
Chris, you wasn't cut out
to marry no Tidewater lady
and just rusticate.
I don't know
what the good Lord was about
when he made a female
out of a perfectly good rib.
We'll tote your doodads
over to Fort Pitt.
Officers' wives will pay
more for them.
That's quite a speech
for you.
But you didn't
bring me out here
just to tell me that.
What's going on?
Trouble, Chris.
You can smell it as far
as a flea can smell a dog.
Keep this covered.
Where did you get this?
Off an Injun that aimed
a mite too high.
The Indian Commissioner
seen it?
Sir William?
No, not yet.

I kept it for you.
Going twice.
Sold to the gent
in the butternut vest for 14.
Pay the notary, mister.
He'll give you your papers.
Put your hat on, lad.
It's your sweat I'm buying,
not your spirit.
You don't have to bow
and scrape to me.
Take this one for 1.
He'll keep the crows
off your field.
All right, come along.
Let's see.
Say, you. Yeah.
I'm looking to buy
a wife for my son.
Oh, wife.
Here, young lady.
A buxom lass from Lancashire.
She can outwork a horse.
Kind and loving as a dove.
Made a little mistake,
that's all.
She'll make your son
a fine, affectionable wife.
What do you say, Son?
Joshua,
what's the matter with you?
Ma, buy me that one.
She ain't for sale.
Get back on the wagon.
Why did you tell me
to stand here and smile?
For bait. Get going.
Now, lady,
what's your bid?
Let me talk
to this girl private.
Look, Abby,
there's Captain Holden
going into the tavern.

Here you are, folks,
this young fella's as strong
as a goat and smart as a fox.
I'd rather look
at the devil himself.
Takes to work
like a duck to water.
What do you say?
Colonel Washington
is here too, Chris.
I thought maybe
you and him might get
the Indian Commissioner to...
What's biting you?
You ain't going to buy
a bond slave, are you?
That girl looks like
one I've already bought.
It is, Captain.
The moment you left,
she came to me.
I use her for drawing crowds.
And I thought
she was only a thief.
Hello, Chris,
Mr. Garth. Mr. Lee.
Colonel Washington.
You said to fetch him, George.
You know
the Indian Commissioner,
Sir William Johnson.
How are you, Captain?
Sir William.
I haven't seen you
since the Indians chased us
off Braddock's Field.
What's the matter?
You look as though they'd
just caught up with you.
Mr. Garth was just
enlightening me on the manners
and morals of bond slaves.
My wife was a bond slave,
you know, Captain Holden.

One of my teachers was
an indentured convict, Chris.
Fine man. Never could
teach me to spell.
Coming?
Yes, sir.
I'll join you inside,
Sir William.
Fourteen.
Only 14 for as handy
a couple as you'll find
this side of Cape Henry.
I don't want both.
I bid 14 for the man.
The woman is yours, mister,
for 6 more.
A woman's no good
in my fields.
Oh, Ben, hold me close.
I'm frightened.
Who'll say 20
for them both? You?
Not me.
You?
Then it's 14 for the man.
Sold to this gentleman here.
Now, what am I bid
for the woman?
Don't sell us apart,
Mr. Bone.
You'd be apart if you was
serving your terms in prison.
Now, what am I bid for this?
Who'll say six for the woman?
It's not human to sell a man
away from his wife, Mr. Bone.
Shut your yap.
Don't buy him alone, sir.
Please.
I don't buy women.
But she's his wife.
Keep quiet.
You never said
they're man and wife, fella.

They're slaves, ain't they?
I'm not breaking up
a family.
The girl's right.
Get down there.
Don't whip her
because of me, Mr. Bone.
Keep out of this.
Don't worry about me, Maggie.
Get on down there.
Take over, Art.
Don't go away, gentlemen.
Don't go away.
Come on,
we can see over the top.
Here's a good,
strong field hand
for your plantation.
Strong of back.
Strong of arm.
What am I bid.
Do I hear 10?
You'll get it now.
Please don't.
Hold your tongue.
You've been asking for this.
It's time to learn
who's your master.
Maybe it is, Bone.
She spiked a sale.
Loose her.
Ain't they
gonna tan her?
They're taking her down.
Fix your dress
in the tent, Abby.
Are you out of your mind?
You said to gentle her.
Flogging collects a crowd.
Chris Holden's here.
Has he seen her?
Yes.
Sell what you can
and get going for Pittsburgh.

He hurt you.
I'm all right.
I'm sorry about this.
Why did you stop him?
I hoped you would
forgive and forget.
Slavery hasn't
taught me forgiveness.
Or gratitude.
I'm grateful
for what you've done.
I can do more.
Would you help me
get away?
Where?
There isn't a town in these
colonies big enough to hide
that red hair of yours.
Some try for the west.
The west?
You've never seen
a doe dragged down
by a wolf pack
or a white woman
when an Indian war party
had done with her.
You don't know
what freedom's worth
until you lose it.
Isn't worth much against
a Shawnee torture stake.
Hanging in England
is quick, Abby.
Is it worse than
14 years of bondage with Bone?
It doesn't have
to be bondage
or Bone.
Hannah.
Mamaultee bring word
from my father.
Well?
Guyasuta say to Garth,
Pontiac at Wolf Creek.

Hannah, look after this girl.
White one. Pretty.
Who are you?
A bond slave.
He no look at you
like bond slave.
His.
Who are you?
His wife.
For years, gentlemen,
I've had the Indians'
friendship.
I sometimes think that
only an Irishman can really
understand the red man.
Now, maybe I'm getting old,
but I still know the signs.
There's a cloud of trouble
coming down over the Ohio
with the sound of
war drums in it.
I've heard them before.
And I know that closing
your ears to them
can cost you your scalp.
What's behind it,
Sir William?
Mr. Carroll,
when old enemies
like the Ottawas,
the Shawnees, and the Senecas
meet together in council,
the thread's off the bobbin.
Perhaps just a meeting
to bury the hatchet.
In somebody's skull.
Do you think there's war
in this, Colonel Washington?
The whole frontier's
a powder keg.
And those two gentlemen
were almost the fuse.
Mr. Mason and Mr. Dixon,
the London astronomers,

have been running a survey
to settle Pennsylvania's
boundary line
and her claim to Pittsburgh
and the Ohio country.
Pittsburgh, gentlemen,
is in Virginia.
You can see for yourselves.
But, Brother Lee,
Pittsburgh is in Pennsylvania
and the whole
Ohio Territory is...
Mine.
Yours, Mr. Garth?
Yes.
I'm no surveyor, gentlemen,
but the Allegheny runs here
and the Monongahela.
Here's Pittsburgh.
Colonel Washington wants
this territory for Virginia.
Mr. Andrews thinks
it's in Pennsylvania.
But I hold deeds to it
from the Indians.
The Indians cannot
deed lands, Mr. Garth.
Not by law.
Whose law?
Pennsylvania's? Virginia's?
The King's law.
The King's law moves
with the King's muskets.
And there are
very few King's muskets
west of the Alleghenies.
There's only bear,
beaver and muskrat,
and they don't need
boundary lines.
Mr. Garth.
The very heavens
need boundary lines.
Mr. Mason and I have

measured the distance
from Earth to Mars.
There are no savages between
Earth and Mars, Mr. Dixon.
There are 10,000 red hot ones
between here and the Ohio.
And it's no place
for surveyors or settlers.
You're there.
I rule it.
You can't rule
part of Pennsylvania.
Nor Virginia.
Nobody rules it until
this survey is completed.
And I regret to inform you
that the Mason and Dixon Line
has been stopped.
Stopped?
When?
How could it be stopped?
Mr. Mason.
Stopped rather thoroughly
at Dunkard's Creek
by a band of
painted aborigines.
It must have been
a hunting party.
Why should Indians
stop a survey?
Why?
To hide the movement
of war parties
across the Ohio trail.
War parties?
The Senecas, the Ottawas,
Delawares, Shawnees...
You mean a general uprising?
Have they powder
and lead?
War parties?
Is that possible,
Sir William?
So possible that we have

forbidden the sale of
firearms to the Indians.

But, Sir William,
no one could bring
those tribes together.
I think there is someone,
Mr. Garth.

Who?

Pontiac.

Pontiac?

The Ottawa chief?

Pontiac's a friend
of the white man.

Which white man?

Those who stay
east of the Alleghenies.

Mr. Garth has just
been in England
trying to get a law passed
prohibiting settlement
west of the Allegheny.

He wants the whole
fur empire to himself.

Settlers will never be safe
west of the mountains.

Why, their homes are there.
Their graves will be there,
unless you call them back.

Mr. Garth.

Those people will never
abandon a settlement
like Pittsburgh.

I'm sorry,

Colonel Washington.

I know you selected
that site yourself,
but after all,
a fort at the end
of the earth,
guarding nothing,
on a couple of
useless rivers.

That triangle of land, sir,
may be the most vital spot

in this country.
Oh, my dear Colonel.
I visited John Fraser's
forge there once.
And saw...
Coal and iron,
that's what he saw.
Pittsburgh's like a hen
sitting on more coal than she
can hatch in a thousand years.
Cook the iron with that coal
and what've you got? Steel.
Why, that town'll sprout
into a city of maybe
four or five thousand folks.
Don't laugh, gentlemen.
John's a good gunsmith
and we may need more guns
than words to build a future.
I've given my opinion.
If you ignore it,
I'll wash my hands clean
of the whole matter.
I hope they stay clean.
Captain Holden.
Mr. Garth knows the Indians.
He ought to.
He's married to Guyasuta's
daughter and is a blood
brother of the Senecas.
Watch your words, man.
Didn't you exchange
blood with Guyasuta?
Yes.
That's why the Senecas
trade with me rather than
with Crawford or Croghan.
My trading posts
would be the first to go up
in the smoke of an Indian war.
Then why did you send
hundreds of muskets
from England?
Thousands of flints,

tons of bar lead
and powder to...
Captain Holden,
what are you suggesting?
Captain Holden is
somewhat bitter toward me
because of a pretty
bond slave aboard ship.
Seems he's lost
his famous luck
with the ladies.
You still haven't
explained the shipments
of arms, Mr. Garth.
Explain them?
I deny them.
Any other information
you'd like?
Yes.
In case of an Indian war,
which side would you be on?
I've killed men
for less than that.
For much less.
Captain Holden, I suggest
that you control yourself
and leave Mr. Garth
to control the Indians.
Control?
No one can control
the Indians, once they've sent
around the red belt of war.
But if you close
the Ohio to settlement,
the war belt will
never be passed.
It has been passed.
What?
When?
That's hard to believe.
How do you know?
John Fraser took this off
an Ottawa near Venango.
Crossed tomahawks.

The war belt.
A war belt!
That otter there
is Pontiac's sign.
On its way to Guyasuta.
Mr. Garth's blood brother.
Colonel Bouquet,
that belt makes it
a matter for the army.
I have no army.
What? Why?
The Black Watch is
just in from the Caribbean,
fever among the men.
Do you expect miracles?
We cannot be ready
for four months.
Four months?
There won't be a live settler
west of the mountains.
Then pull your settlers back.
Or stop the war
before it breaks.
How?
By sending peace belts
to all the chiefs.
Peace belts?
Yes.
Why not, Sir William?
Calling a council.
It's worked before.
Pontiac'd make buzzard bait
out of the man
hat carried them.
No.
No, I believe the peace belts
could get through
if they were carried
by an expert woodsman
such as Captain Holden.
Holden?
It'd be murder, Chris.
Why?
He knows the Indians,

he knows the trails,
and he's a dead shot.
What do you say,
Captain Holden?
I'll take them, Sir William.
That was a brave thing
you just said, Captain.
I'll provide the scouts,
Captain.
I guess I'll provide
my own scouts, Mr. Garth.
Where'll you be?
Wolf Creek with Guyasuta
and Pontiac.
Get back in the wagon.
How soon can you start?
Tonight,
if John Fraser gets me
buckskins and a rifle.
The peace belts
will not be ready
for three days.
How will you go?
By Nemacolin's Path.
I'll take charge
of the pathfinding.
You're not going, John.
Now, Chris,
there's no reason...
Your wife would skin me alive.
You're going to drive
my gear to Pittsburgh.
Captain, your mission
is confidential.
If you run into trouble,
you cannot tell the military
or we'll have this war
on our hands
before we can fight it.
Colonel Bouquet is right.
Action by the military
is the one thing
that would instantly unite
all the tribes behind Pontiac.

You'll be playing
a lone hand, Chris.
You might have use
for this compass.
It's not Boston Common
you'll be crossing.
Indeed, it's not.
Headstones
are the only milestones
on Nemacolin's Path.
I haven't seen a bird
or a wild critter in an hour.
Me, neither.
It don't smell right.
Joe.
Clean through the heart.
He's dead.
I've got the belts.
Come on. Save your scalp.
Dan, grab that branch.
This dang tree
needs pruning.
My powder horn.
My powder horn,
he's seen it.
Well, that's one good Injun.
Ottawa.
What's Ottawas doing
in Seneca country?
Ask Garth.
No time for souvenirs,
come on.
I reckon we shook them off.
You can't ever
shake off an Indian.
I left my wind
about six miles back.
I ought to have
my brain dusted.
With that skull ax?
A few days ago, this tomahawk
was on a ship with Garth.
He didn't waste much time
passing them around.

Garth knew these belts were
going through and he knew
we were carrying them.
That's why Joe Lavat's
back there with
an arrow through him.
You still delivering
peace belts?
We've got another job
to do first, Dan.
Killing Garth, I guess.
I guess.
That's my job, Dan.
We'll split up
and if I don't get
through to Pittsburgh,
the job is yours.
Let's get going.
I'm traveling over
Chestnut Ridge.
I'll cross Turkey Foot
to the Old Braddock Road.
Nothing ever travels
that but ghosts.
Be sure you ain't
one of them.
Thanks.
I'll meet you on Coal Hill
above Fort Pitt before noon.
Before noon.
You want this compass?
No.
I'd get lost.
Well, so long, Captain.
So long, Fur-face.
Dan McCoy
with a compass.
Hang onto your
powder horn this time.
What're you drinking?
Rum.
So am I.
Hey.
Well, don't swallow the cup.

I won't.
Five fingers of rum to drink
to the King's birthday.
Go on and be nice to them.
None of that that trade slop
you feed the savages.
Hey, get that
jug of rum over here.
Ale.
Hey, you're pretty.
Ain't been here long,
have you?
You've been here too long.
What's your name, dearie?
Corn whiskey.
Come here, Corn Whiskey.
Oh, don't. No, please.
I ain't gonna hurt you.
I just want...
Better you spilled blood.
Scrub it up before Bone beats
the daylights out of you.
Come on. Come on or Bone'll
charge you for a bath.
Hey, what about my liquor?
Lap it up
off the floor, Jim.
Jake,
you owe me one for this.
There's plenty more
at the bar.
Why you no run away?
Run away, Hannah? Where?
Where he no find you.
Garth?
He come here tonight
for you.
Spilling that grog will
add a year onto your time.
But I didn't...
Get out there.
Here's your bottle.
Keep out of sight.
Them Indians won't trade

for nothing but gunpowder.
Give it to them.
It's breaking the law.
Give it to them.
And so, gentlemen,
you see a mink skin.
But observe.
The mink skin is
no longer a mink skin.
It has become a silver button.
What's the ruckus?
Well, this aborigine here
claims there were
five little minks.
See for yourself
there are only four.
One, two, three, four.
Why, you worthless,
lard-bellied, thieving...
Trying to start a massacre?
We've got enough trouble.
Some more just
came in the door.
Keep scrubbing.
Get along.
Looking for somebody?
Garth trade here?
Some.
Where is he?
How do I know?
This Ottawa knows.
No, he just come in
from up north.
Northeast,
maybe from Chestnut Ridge.
What of it?
He's a friendly Indian.
He is? Then, why is he wearing
a dead man's powder horn?
He ain't.
Powder horns are easy to get.
Not this one.
Get Mr. Bone a drink.
From over there.

This Indian killed Dan McCoy
to get a leather pouch.
Where is it?
I don't know.
But if you came here looking
for trouble, you've found it.
Keep both hands
on that drink, Mr. Bone.
Where's the pouch?
Is this what
you're looking for?
Shut your...
Bone.
Yes, that's it.
You've certainly come down
in the world.
So has my opinion of you.
Is this Mr. Garth's
hospitality?
You're not going anywhere.
Keep your hands
flat on the bar.
I figured you'd do better
with your freedom.
What freedom?
Freedom to be beaten
with a whip,
to serve and to scrub
and milk, from sunup
to midnight?
Then crawl into
a cornhusk bed too tired
to sleep or even cry?
Why don't you quit?
A slave can't quit.
Slave?
But I set you free.
You never set her free.
No. He bought me and tonight
he's selling me to Garth.
Shut up, you.
Keep both hands
on that drink, Mr. Bone.
Tonight, huh?

Get your things, Abby.
I haven't any things.
You have two feet,
get up on them
and bring the pouch.
I'll break your arms if...
No, you won't.
I bought her and if
she's not free, she's mine.
Get behind me, Abby.
Now start for the door.
Art. Jake.
Coming, boss.
I'll get him.
I'll put a hole
through the first thing
in this room that moves.
Slave stealing means hanging.
You've got the right neck
for it, Mr. Bone. Get your
hand back on that drink.
Garth will be
looking for you.
That's the idea.
That one was for Dan McCoy.
There's another one
here for Joe Lavat
if anybody wants it.
Get that rifle
and get him at gunpoint.
We'll get him, boss.
Where to?
Fraser's forge,
and don't pick my pocket
on the way.
Hello, John.
Chris, what are you
doing here?
You must have been traveling
on a broomstick.
Sit down and let your breath
catch up with you.
I thought you was on a job
for Colonel Washington.

I am.
Well, what happened?
An Ottawa.
What's that?
A lady.
Thank you.
Did you bring her here
to get shod?
Well, she cast a shoe.
John Fraser.
Yeah.
Where's that pressing iron
you were heating for me?
Scalping's too good for you.
Standing there
lollygagging with every Tom...
Land o'mighty, Chris!
Well, Half-Pint.
Let me look at you.
Pretty.
Oh, Chris.
Right in front of
my own husband.
What'd you come here for?
King's birthday ball?
I didn't know he was
having one, but I came
to dance it with you.
You're the biggest liar
ever crossed the Alleghenies,
except my John.
Chris, you're making me dizzy.
Stop prancing
and tell me the truth.
Well, I tell you I came
to trap a skunk.
Appears to me
you trapped a chipmunk.
I beg your pardon,
Mistress Abigail,
I want you to meet
the love of my life,
Mrs. John Fraser.
Your servant, ma'am.

Well, she's nice-mannered.
She's the wench
from the tavern.
Garth'll nail your hide
to the barn door for this.
He owns everything
in that tavern. What'd you
bring her here for?
To give her a bath.
Save us, what next?
What for you want
to give her a bath?
Because she's dirty.
Look at her hair,
look at her clothes,
look at her...
Well, look at her.
She's stolen goods, Chris.
Ain't your place to wash
other people's belongings.
Scrub her clean enough
and even Garth won't know her.
You're just plumb crazy.
Where's that luggage of mine
you brought from Peakestown?
She can't go to the ball
looking like that.
The King's birthday ball? Me?
He is crazy.
I believe you're right.
You're gonna be scrubbed
so clean that you're gonna
look like new.
Not by you, I'm not.
Now your back.
Oh, stop wiggling, child.
I have soap in my mouth.
Well, keep it shut.
Skin's real pink
when you get down to it.
More water.
This ought to fit.
She's about Diana's size.
I won't go to the ball.

You can't drag me around
in your wife's old clothes.
Washing a slave girl
ain't gonna stop
no Injun bust-out.
Washing this one might.
Hey, what's this?
I don't know.
It's nothing for a bachelor.
Where's that water?
Bachelor? He's not a bachelor.
Oh, yes, he is,
and he's gonna stay one.
You didn't get married?
No.
My uniform's
in the other trunk.
Where is it, John?
In here.
He didn't get married.
Lucky escape for
some woman. Stand up.
Chris, the whole frontier's
just ready to bust wide open
and here you are
traipsing around
with a little...
John, did you ever catch
a bear with honey?
Mr. And Mrs. George Carter.
I'll be right back, Carl.
All right, Sara.
Name, please.
Not me. Everybody knows me.
All right, sir.
Howdy, Carl.
I'm ready.
I'm hankering for a dance.
Oh, hello, Sally.
Having a good time?
Oh, Captain Ecuyer.
Every lady in Pittsburgh
is simply perishing
for a dance with you.

My dancing was ended
by an old wound.
In the heart, Captain Ecuyer?
Unfortunately,
a trifle lower.
I left my dancing days in
Switzerland. Captain Steele
dances for me here.
I'll hold you to that, sir.
Look.
That's a vulgar noise,
Captain, but I agree with it.
Captain Christopher Holden,
Mistress Abigail Hale.
Abigail Hale?
Why are they staring so?
You look like Venus
emerging from an emerald sea.
What a heavenly gown.
What an angel in it.
How would I look
in a dress like that, Jim?
You'll never know, Ma.
How do you do?
I know you by reputation,
Captain Holden.
What brings you
to Pittsburgh?
A lady from London, sir.
Mistress Abigail Hale,
Captain Ecuyer,
Commandant of Fort Pitt.
A charming breath of England
to sweeten our wilderness.
My second in command,
Captain Steele.
Captain.
Your servant, ma'am.
I'm sure we've met before.
I think not, Captain,
I've been very
closely guarded.
We crossed the Atlantic
on the same ship. She was

allowed very little freedom.
You're still a riddle to me,
Miss Hale. Perhaps this dance
will help solve it.
I'll solve this one,
Captain.
Outmaneuvered, Captain, huh?
John Fraser, I believe
you're going to faint.
Get me to the punch bowl,
Mother.
Fine feathers certainly
make a difference.
In this case, the bird
improves the feathers.
You're quite a burst
of plumage yourself,
Captain Holden.
You mean birds of a feather?
No, you think I'm a thief.
And you thought
I was a liar.
I've seen that
girl somewhere.
Must have been heaven.
Post number two.

11:
Post number three.

11:
Post number four.

11:
Post number five.

11:
All's well, isn't it?
Too quiet.
You seem to be
watching for something.
Watchfulness isn't
a bad thing, Abby,
when you are at the edge

of the end of the world.
Why? What's there?
Forests and savages.
The end of the present,
the beginning of the future.
The beginning of the future,
Captain Holden?
Chris.
Why did you really come
to Pittsburgh, Chris?
The moonlight is turning
your dress into green fire.
It wasn't to set me free,
as it?
And the stars are
dancing in your eyes.
Did you come through
500 miles of wilderness
to tell me the stars
are dancing in my eyes?
Can you think of
any better reason?
A woman only thinks
what she wants to.
And you want to think
I came to set you free?
Maybe no one has the right
to own anyone else.
Men and women weren't
made to be bought
like yards of cloth.
At the tavern,
you said you owned me.
I do.
But you want to be free,
don't you?
I wonder...
Hey, you're ruining
the ordnance.
I'm not sure I want
to be free of you, Chris.
Why do you say that?
Because you've taken me
out of a horrible nightmare.

Because you've given me
kindness and happiness
and understanding.
Abby, listen to me.
It wasn't kindness
and understanding that
made me bring you here.
No? Why did you bring me?
Because I know
Garth will follow.
Garth?
When he sees you here
like this, he'll try
to take you back,
and then I can do
what I came to
Pittsburgh to do.
Kill him? Is that it?
Yes, that's it.
And I'm the bait, staked out
like a deer to draw a tiger.
That's true, isn't it?
Yes.
And you said the stars
were in my eyes.
They were there.
Because I thought...
Oh, it doesn't matter.
Everything that you've done
for me is because you wanted
to challenge Garth.
You're not a man.
You're a walking loaded rifle
with one bloodthirsty purpose,
to kill Garth.
You haven't blood
in your veins,
you've gunpowder.
Abby, maybe you're right.
But this is more important
than you or me, or both of us.
If Garth doesn't die
within the next few hours,
a lot of men and women

on this frontier will.
You're either
the world's greatest liar
or the world's greatest fool.
You're probably both.
I'm going.
You'll stay
and see it through.
Why should I?
Because I own you.
A few minutes ago
you said nobody
should be owned.
Do you ever mean anything
you say, Captain Holden?
Here's your good-luck piece.
You'll need it
when you meet Mr. Garth.
Miss Hale, I couldn't
find you for our dance.
Yes, I know.
No, this one's mine,
isn't it, Miss Hale?
No, I'm sorry.
Perhaps the next one,
Miss Hale.
Mistress Hale,
you promised
this dance to me.
What's happened to Chris?
Gentlemen, I'm not dancing.
Mrs. Fraser,
may I have this dance?
I'd love to.
Love? With me?
Mistress Hale.
You promised.
There'll be no living
with Baillie after this.
Yeah.
She's madder than
a bucketful of hornets, Chris.
You needn't signal,
Mr. Fraser.

He'll know I'm here.
The bear has come
for the honey.
He's come for your hide.
Then stand away from me,
Half-Pint.
Ladies and gentlemen,
your attention, please.
Mistress Hale,
will you come forward?
They're going to crown you
queen of the ball.
I think not.
May I have your arm, please?
Yes, Captain Ecuyer?
Is this the young lady,
Mr. Garth?
Yes, sir.
My runaway bond slave.
Bond slave?
I knew I'd seen her before.
Mistress Hale from England.
Mistress Hale...
Quiet, quiet, please.
Thank you, Lieutenant.
I'll take this girl.
Lieutenant, you may finish
this dance with Miss Hale.
Well, sir, that's
mighty good of you, but...
This girl is mine.
Captain Ecuyer, Mr. Garth has
three indisputable talents.
He is a liar,
a cheat and a coward.
Captain Holden.
Captain, I bought this girl,
which makes him a liar,
he stole her from me,
which makes him a cheat,
and he won't fight,
which makes him a coward.
By your leave, sir.
Captain Steele,

will you arrange the time
and the place?
Who speaks for you, sir?
John Fraser,
and the sooner the better.
The King's birthday ball is
no place to arrange a duel.
Mr. Garth and I can
step outside and settle
this in a few minutes.
Sunup tomorrow.
The light will be better.
In the meantime,
I'll take my property.
Not by law.
I am the law here.
The question of who owns
this girl will be settled
in my office.
Sergeant, music.
Yes, sir.
Ladles and gentlemen,
continue dancing, please.
Captain Steele, bring
Miss Hale to my office.
Gentlemen.
well,
it might be, so come away.
She scrubs the floors
at Bone's tavern.
She can scrub
the floor at my house
any time she wants.
I wonder
where she got that dress.
Stolen, I reckon.
Did you know this,
Jane Fraser?
Of course I did.
She's a mighty fine girl.
I still say
that dress came from Paris.
Don't you go boiling
over in there, now.

You ain't supposed to
let on to the military
why you're here.
Keep your scalp on, John.
Mine's on tighter than yours.
Captain Holden, you haven't
one scrap of reason
or evidence to support
your claim to this girl.
The law requires
a bill of sale.
I have it.
Norfolk notary.
Sold to Bone. Bone to me.
These papers are in order.
You come brawling
into Mr. Garth's tavern,
killing Indians,
stealing bond slaves
and now you answer
his rightful claim
by hurling challenges
like a bully in a schoolyard.
Captain Holden's been trying
to pick a quarrel with me
ever since we left England.
Why?
I ask permission
not to answer that.
He's a bad loser,
that's all.
His vanity was hurt over this
girl and he's followed me here
to repair it with a bullet.
Is that true?
Did you come here
because of this girl?
Yes, sir.
This woman is yours,
Mr. Garth.
You can take her.
Do you realize
what you have done
to this woman?

Mr. Garth has the legal right
to give her the whipping post,
the pillory,
or the branding iron
if he chooses to use it.

Mr. Garth won't
live to use it.

Good evening, Captain Ecuyer.
Come, Abby.

You'd better
take her out this way.
Captain Holden,
you are under my orders.

If you harm...
I'll send the dress
back to you, Captain Holden.

I'm going after that girl.
No, you are not.

If you try, you'll spend
the next five years
in the fort's dungeon.

And don't look
as though you'd like
to cut my heart out.
It's against regulations.
Shall we join the ladies?

Bone leave for Venango?

Yes, two hours ago.

You know what to do.

Abby. You. Get out.

A little sherry, perhaps.

No.

I once penned an ode
to the wines of Spain.

"Italian wines are rich..."

Abby. Wait.

"The wines of France
are light as air
but the wines of Spain..."

Are you going?

"The wines of Spain..."

Why did you go with Holden?

To be free.

He can't set you free.

He may, when he meets you
at sunup tomorrow.
Tomorrow never comes.
Aren't you going
to fight him?
I don't have to fight for you.
You're mine,
just as my horse or my dogs
or my boots are mine.
I'll serve my time, 14 years,
I'll work faithfully...
Faithfully?
Running away with Holden?
I'm not going to punish you.
But you'll never forget again
who you belong to.
Drums of war sound.
All fort die by white flag
that is red.
Why do the Indians
come to you?
Guyasuta wait for Garth.
You're with them.
Bring the girl.
Take your hands off me.
Stop it. Hannah,
please make them stop.
Make them let me go.
Jeremy.
Jeremy.
You savages.
And you fighting
a duel in the morning.
Why, this might be
your last dance.
Excuse me, ma'am,
I'll go and make my will.
Sorry, sir,
you're not to pass.
Captain Ecuyer.
Where's the Captain?
What's happened?
Don't let those people
in here. This is

the King's birthday ball.
I'm sorry, sir,
this woman's in distress...
Save your children.
Go. Go get your children.
That's Joe Pruitt's missus
from Clapham's.
Clapham's?
That's more than 20 miles.
Poor soul.
Let me help.
Stand back. Give her room.
Clapham's ain't no more.
They're all dead.
What happened?
Injuns, they killed my Joe.
No.
That child is badly hurt.
Get Dr. Boyd.
Yes, sir.
Some brandy for this woman.
Yes, sir.
They crept up in the night.
How many?
More than 100 of them.
They massacred Colonel Clapham
and all his womenfolk
and Jim Mealy
and the Garvice boys.
The murdering devils. Holden.
My babies.
I've got to get my babies.
Tom, come on.
My kids. I left them
with a Seneca squaw.
Well, I was just
visiting here.
May be a long visit.
Attention, everyone.
You will bring your families
into the fort, your livestock
and foodstuffs.
Major Trent, as the settlers
come in, form them

into militia companies.

Yes, sir.

Captain Steele,
put the entire garrison under
arms at their posts of alarm.

Yes, sir.

Mr. Hutchins.

Yes, sir.

Run up the signal torch
on the gate staff.

Yes, sir.

Mr. Baillie.

Yes, sir.

One squad to stand
by the drawbridge.

It remains down
till all the settlers are in.

Yes, sir.

Sir, order to load
the powder magazine.

Captain Holden.

Yes, sir.

Since you are anxious
to leave, take 20 men
and level the town.

Dismantle what you can
and burn the rest.

Yes, sir.

And leave nothing standing
to give cover to the savages.

Take Fraser.

Yes, sir.

Captain Holden.

Be sure you come back.

Yes, sir.

You can't burn my place,
Holden. It took me two years
to build that store.

It'll take you all eternity
to grow a new scalp.

Where to first, Chris?

Bone's tavern.

Watch your torches.

Move that log out of the way!

Search this place, men.
Stroud,
stand watch by the door.
Go to Black Watch's
until ordered.
Abby. Abby.
Search back there.
Keep you eyes peeled, now.
Abby.
Everywhere.
Sergeant, pile up
everything in this room
that will burn.
Yes, sir.
Not in the middle,
against the counter...
Captain Holden.
Captain Holden.
Captain Holden.
Hey, Chris, come here.
Yes, sir.
Bring those chairs over here
and throw them on.
Yes, sir.
Throw those bundles over.
Where's Abby?
They've taken her,
Hannah and the Indians,
to Guyasuta's camp.
Hurry up, before
those redsticks get here.
Guyasuta?
Yes.
Get me some dried meat
and a powder horn.
Lend me your rifle
and powder horn, John.
Chris, you can't go after her.
You wouldn't stand a chance.
You've seen what they do
to white women.
Where are your bullets?
Ecuyer ordered you
to burn this town.

They'll burn her.
And you spitted
right alongside her.
Chris, you're the goldarndest,
contrariest fool I ever
did see. I'm going with you.
You're staying here
and carrying out
Ecuyer's orders.
Here you are, Captain.
The dried meat
and powder horn.
What am I going to tell
Ecuyer about you?
You tell him I'll report
to him in heaven,
if we both get there.
Good luck, sir.
All clear upstairs.
All right,
put the torch to it.
Let her go.
Let it all come down.
Fire in the stable.
Yes, sir.
Throw a torch
under the stairwell.
Here, strike the Ottawas
under Pontiac.
Fort Detroit.
Here, the Mingos
of Chief Skarat.
Fort Niagara.
Here, the Wyandots
of Chief Takee.
Fort Sandusky.
Here, the Senecas
under you, Genowah.
Fort Venango.
And here you, Guyasuta,
with Delawares, Shawnees
and Senecas.
Fort Pitt.
Ecuyer is a shrewd,

strong warrior.
Sioto has made medicine.
Fort Pitt will die.
All these forts must die.
By white flag
that is red.
We know, all chief know.
Is the white girl safe?
Hannah, you will
stay here with her.
I go to Fort Pitt.
My daughter your woman.
She go with you.
As my brother wishes.
But the white girl stays here.
Protect her.
What are they going to do?
Before white one come,
Garth see only this one.
I've tried to tell you
that he...
This one love Garth,
very big love.
He doesn't mean
anything to me.
He mean much to me.
Soon white one, no more.
This one go with husband.
Hannah.
I've heard what they do
to white women.
I'm not very brave.
Will you ask them please
to let it be quick?
Never quick.
Chris.
Chris, go back! Go back!
Maybe I've come to
the wrong village.
I was looking
for great warriors,
the Seneca.
Chris, you can't save me.
We are Seneca.

These?

These are not the Senecas
I know. I was there
when they stopped Braddock.
These...

These are just squaws
painted like men,
only fit to torture women.
Chris, they'll kill you.
Keep your tongue
between your teeth.
Who calls himself Chief
among these woman fighters?

I am Guyasuta.

You think we are women?

I am unarmed.

You forget your own laws.

Tell these squaws

I come in peace.

You come in peace,

go in peace.

That's better.

Untie her.

Why you come?

I bring belts of peace

from Sir William.

Red belt of war has passed.

White man's forts
will burn. All die.

White woman burn.

Some may die,

but more will come,

always more.

White man's medicine

is strong, nothing can

stop them.

Sioto medicine stop them.

Can Sioto match

his medicine against mine?

Sioto can make

rains come, winds blow.

Sioto can speak to the dead.

With my medicine

I can take this woman,

even this worthless squaw
and vanish as I came,
and Sioto and all your
braves can never find us.
You speak big words.
Stand back.
This magic is strong.
It obeys only me.
Watch this little arrow.
It is magic.
Little arrow point to
that tree and nowhere else.
Now, you feathered vulture,
you make it point
somewhere else.
Here, take it.
If it obeys you,
the girl dies
and I die with her.
But if it does not obey Sioto,
I will take the girl
and you cannot follow
until the arrow turns.
Is it a bargain?
It is bargain.
Make arrow point.
Looks like the little
arrow only hears
the white man's tongue.
Point at fire.
Little arrow, do not listen
to Sioto's medicine.
Point at fire.
Looks like you're
not doing so well.
Oh, Chris.
Sioto say not magic.
Arrow point all time at tree.
It points where I tell it to.
It will point at you.
Chris, you can't.
You know it won't.
Squaw talk.
Arm yourself, Guyasuta.

This is the medicine of death.
Give him a knife,
the tomahawk.
Not this one,
one of the new steel ones
of Garth's, a gun.
Now,
little arrow,
point to the chief
of the Seneca.
Take it.
Tell Sioto to make it
turn from you if he can.
Turn, arrow.
Point at white man.
The little arrow points
only at you, Guyasuta.
Release the squaw.
Take her. Take her.
Guyasuta is once again
a great chief.
No. No. Help.
Let her go. Let go.
Get out of here. Go on, go on.
Get away. Get away.
Get away. Go on. Get away.
Get out of here.
Don't fall. Keep your nerve.
I haven't much left.
Don't let them know it,
we're not out of here yet.
Guyasuta, if your men follow
before that arrow moves
it will go right
through your heart.
Keep going. Keep going.
Now get.
It's dawn. They'll be
hunting us by daylight.
What can we do?
Die more comfortably.
Follow me.
Push those two adrift
and get in the other one.

Where to?
Kingdom come.
Look, Chris, they're coming.
Save your breath
for paddling.
We're gaining.
Current's faster.
There are rapids ahead.
There's worse behind.
Hand me your paddle
and move back here.
Chris, the waterfall.
Untie my sash.
Put the sash around my neck
and tie it under your arms.
We're going over.
Hang onto me and pray.
Hold tight. Here we go.
Oh, Chris.
Wolves.
There, my little nimrod,
is your wolf.
Well, he had wolves
for ancestors.
Hello, boy.
Hello, boy, hello, boy.
You all alone?
Where's your family?
They had to get out
in a hurry. Look here.
"Injuns Riz.
Me and missus gone
to Venango.
"You better get there too
if you can read this.
Ben Salter."
We'd better get inside
for the night.
What is it?
Clothes.
I wonder if Mrs. Salter
would mind.
Well, I'm borrowing
Mr. Salter's shirt

whether he minds or not.

Hey.

What's the matter?

Food. Beans.

Just like coming home.

Chris?

Yes.

What happened

to the little dog?

Out chasing varmints, I guess.

We'll take him along with us

to Ben Salter and his wife

at Venango.

I wonder why

they didn't take him.

"Benjamin Salter, his Bible."

I was thinking

the Salters must have

been very happy here.

Why?

It feels like it, doesn't it?

I guess so.

Back in London, I used to

want to be a grand lady

with carriages and mansions.

Maybe you will someday.

No.

Now I just want

what the Salters have. This.

Was she very pretty?

Hmm?

Who?

The girl you bought

the green dress for.

Oh, Diana.

I guess so.

Why didn't you marry her?

She liked someone else better.

Better than you?

She must have been crazy.

Good night, Chris.

Good night, Abby.

Hey, aren't you a little

bit old to be playing

with dolls, young fellow?
Hey, what's the matter?
What's troubling you, huh?
What do you got?
What do you got
out there, a bear?
Well, all right,
let's go get him.
Come on.
Say, you're bright-eyed
and bushy-tailed this morning.
Hey, what's the matter?
What...
Chris? Chris?
Go back in the house, Abby.
Why? What are you doing?
Digging.
Look, good fit. Nice color.
What's this?
A doll.
The Salters won't be
coming back, Abby.
They never left.
What do you mean?
Why is the dog...
Don't look.
No one has a chance
in this wilderness.
Nobody can fight it.
It'll always be wilderness.
The savages will burn
and torture and kill
until they get it back.
Abby, get a couple of
those sticks and tie them
together for a cross.
People like the Salters
can never be stopped, Abby.
The Indians can kill them
and run them off,
but more will keep coming.
The Salters are
the New World, unconquered.
Unconquerable

because they're
strong and free,
because they have
faith in themselves,
and in God.
Here, tie it together
with this.
Chris. I need shoeing again.
Venango is
just around the bend.
It is? Let's look.
Let's patch
the moccasin first.
You mean Venango's goodbye.
Maybe.
You know, they can
make a lot of trouble
for runaway slaves.
Maybe we'd better
call you Mrs. Holden.
Mrs. Holden?
Just for Venango, of course.
Of course. Just for Venango.
But then you may get
to like the sound of it.
Might even want it for keeps.
Here.
Are you asking me
to marry you?
Yes.
Try it on.
Because you're sorry for me.
I'm only sorry that it took
to long to find you.
Hey, what are you
crying about?
It's just that I'm so
full of happiness it's...
It's overflowing.
What is it?
What are you looking at?
Vultures.
They had surrendered.
It's horrible.

What's that?
Pop, you're alive.
No, I ain't.
For three days,
I been a-dying here,
and you don't come along
until I'm dead.
You've got lots of life, Pop.
Abby, get that
canteen of water.
Don't get me no water.
I ain't that dead.
Prop me up.
I'm busted clean through.
How'd the Indians get in?
They walked in.
Chief Genowah,
that mangy polecat.
Three times he comes
to the fort with his
white flag and his promises.
"Surrender," says he,
"and you'll all go free."
When the grub run out,
everybody started yelping
to run up the white flag.
I warned them,
but nobody'd listen.
So they run up
that danged white rag.
And all the folks went out,
and them redsticks come
a- hooting and a-shooting
and massacred
every last one of them
under that white flag.
For three days,
I've been trying not to die
till some dang fool
like you comes along,
to warn Fort Pitt.
Fort Pitt.
You got long legs,
get them a-going.

You can get down
the river at night
in a canoe.
Chris?
We're going east.
No, we're not.
That was just a dream
we dreamed together
for a little while.
We're going east.
There are 600 lives
at Fort Pitt.
And Garth is one of them.
You're his, Abby.
If we go back,
you go back to him.
We have no choice.
Of course, you ain't.
Get back to Fort Pitt.
Show them this flag.
Tell them what the redsticks
is up to.
"Go free," they says.
"Take your people
and your cattle.
"All we want is
our hunting ground."
That's what he says,
"Take your people
and your cattle.
"All we want is
our hunting..."
"Go free.
"Take your people
and your cattle.
"All we want is
our hunting ground."
It's signed
with Guyasuta's totem.
We're in a bad way, sir.
We've had no word yet
from Colonel Bouquet's
relief column.
Are you suggesting

we surrender?
Put your weight on that.
I don't think
much of our chances.
Then stop thinking.
Heat an iron, Dr. Boyd.
This arrow may have
been poisoned.
Tell Guyasuta
this is our home
and we will defend
this ground till the last
warrior lies under it.
I'll send my wife
with your message,
Captain Ecuyer,
but after two months
of siege, you've only
a few days' provisions.
I just told you...
Get out, get out,
both of you.
You'll kill this man.
Captain Steele,
you are in command.
Yes, sir.
What's going on here? At ease.
What are you doing
with that rope?
We're raising a ghost.
I hope it's a scout
from Bouquet.
Oh, Chris, where in blazes
did you come from?
I'm sure glad
to see you breathing.
Go down
and give Abby a boost.
Sure.
We didn't expect
you'd come this way again,
Captain Holden.
I have a report
for Captain Ecuyer, sir.

Captain Ecuyer is wounded.
I am in command.
There's been treachery
at Fort Venango, sir.
Treachery?
That's a strange
word from you.
You were under orders
to burn the town of Pittsburgh
and report back
to Captain Ecuyer,
were you not?
Yes, sir.
John, let her stand
on your shoulders.
You're under arrest
for desertion
in the face of the enemy.
But, sir...
Mr. Hutchins, disarm him.
That elusive little bond slave
will be held
as a material witness
until the court martial.
I don't believe
this cock-and-bull story
that Venango surrendered.
Bone here got through.
He says the fort still stands.
Captain Holden is
obviously trying to protect
himself and this girl.
The Mohawk Trail to Albany
and Boston is what they were
headed for,
and the Indians
drove them back.
That's probably Indian blood
on this flag.
No, gentlemen,
you need more proof
than the word of a deserter.
We came back to save
your fool necks.

Because there's a Judas here
who won't stop until this flag
flies over this fort
and you're all dead
beneath it.

Captain Holden
is out of order.

Attacking Mr. Garth
will not alter the record.
Return to your seat.

Proceed.

Was the accused headed for
the Mohawk Trail and Boston?
What difference does it make?

You're all going
to pay a terrible price
for not believing us.

Confine yourself
to the question.

Was he trying to escape
with you to Boston?

I won't answer that.

You must answer.

She needn't.

We were heading
for the Mohawk Trail
to Albany and Boston.

I submit to the court
the prisoner has
admitted desertion.

Upon consideration
of the matter before it,
this court finds the accused
guilty of desertion
in the face of the enemy.

In accordance
with the articles of war,
prisoner will be stripped
of his military rank
and held in confinement
until the firing party will
execute the sentence of death.

Remove the prisoner.

The runaway bond slave

will be returned to her
lawful master, Mr. Garth.
Go back to the women's
quarters.
You bring white one.
You tried to burn her
at the stake.
Your tongue is forked.
I'm through with you.
The firelight's very becoming
to that red hair, Abby.
I really should thank Holden
for saving you for me,
if the firing squad
gives me time.
No.
For me, or for you?
For me.
I don't want you to die.
I want you to live.
You can't force me to live
any more than you can
force me to love.
You belong to me.
You don't want me
as a slave.
No, I want you to come to me
of your own free will.
I'll come to you
of my own free will.
Abby.
Nothing for nothing's
given here.
What do you want?
A word from you
can open doors.
Sentries can be missing,
a guard looking the other way.
You want Chris Holden's life.
Let him go tonight.
Give him his chance to live,
and I'll be here.
That stubborn fool would
rather die in the morning

than leave without you.
He'll go.
It'll be just you and me,
alone?
I promise.
Chris. Chris.
Abby. How did you...
I've been saying goodbye
to you over and over again
for hours.
Seeing you doesn't
make it any easier.
Here.
How did you...
You can get away through
the sally port tunnel.
Did someone push
the sentry in the river?
Time's running out.
Where's the guard?
You still have friends.
No, this way.
Isn't that door locked?
It will open.
John Fraser?
Find the relief column.
Tell Colonel Bouquet
how desperate things are here.
No sentry
at the sally port either.
Fraser must have bribed
the whole garrison, or did he?
Don't question me, Chris,
just go.
Are you going with me?
I'm staying here.
Fraser didn't open
these doors, Abby.
Get the relief here, Chris.
Don't let Fort Pitt
become another Venango.
You opened them.
You and I died together
back there at Venango.

There'll be a mug of rum
for every hole in his carcass.
You'll need a keg, Mr. Garth.
These men are possum hunters.
Watch the moat
by the sally port
tunnel there.
Something moving.
I'll send your keg of rum
to the barracks.
Abby?
This one, wife.
You'll go back
to your father.
The one you tried
to kill will be my wife.
White one love Holden man.
Holden is dead.
Not dead.
He was shot
crossing the moat.
No.
This one.
Hannah.
Holden man bring white chief,
many, many soldier.
Little fool,
why did you do it?
This one wife.
Fire attack on the...
Bucket brigade!
Bucket brigade!
How many men?
Get that roof wet!
Come on. Come on.
Start some this way.
The south barrack's on fire.
Steady there, steady.
Gotta keep moving.
You gotta keep
these buckets moving.
Get down.
Here you are.
Hold on to it.

Water wouldn't do you no harm.
Get this fire out.
Hey, Ma, look.
Injuns coming up
on that ledge.
You get in the house.
Oh, Ma.
Run along when you're told.
Kill him, Jeremy. Kill him.
Load with chain shot.
Here.
Throw a bunch at them.
Throw it, Jeremy. Throw it!
They can't wait,
Colonel Bouquet.
Fort Pitt can't
last three days.
I won't leave
my wounded here,
and I can't advance a yard
till the artillery comes up.
But you can't throw away
the 600 lives in Fort Pitt.
Chris.
Captain, I have lost a quarter
of my men here at Bushy Run.
Do the Indians
know that, sir?
I pray they don't.
If we can make them think...
Think what, Chris?
Send this dispatch
back to Legonnier.
Yes, sir.
Colonel, can you
give me 100 men?
A hundred?
I can spare 20.
Those men out there.
What?
Give me those men, Colonel,
and some wagons.
Are you mad, Chris?
Those men are dead.

And your drums and pipers,
and 10 of your Black Watch.
It can't be done,
but go ahead
and try it.
Whatever is left of us
won't be far behind you.
You are hungry.
Steady.
No powder for gun.
Put white flag on pole.
Take your people,
go back safe over mountain.
Guyasuta, you can save
your breath to run from
Colonel Bouquet's soldiers.
Ain't that
an army musket?
Yeah, a Brown Bess.
Ain't one of ours.
The 42nd.
The Kilties.
It's their flag,
the Black Watch.
Where'd they get it?
It's the 42nd for sure.
Do you suppose they...
Quiet.
'Tis a Highland
bonnet all right.
Where do you
suppose they got it?
From the Highlanders.
No mistaking that coat.
I tell you it's a trick.
Bouquet soldier dead.
Chris.
Don't believe
the lying varmints.
I come no more.
White flag not on pole
when time stick burn there,
all die.
Mama.

Hush, dear.
We'll hold our fire
exactly six minutes.
That means attack.
Post what additional
men you have
on the higher bastion.
This birch bark
will burn fast.
Detail dismissed.
Captain Ecuyer should
make this decision.
He's a sick man.
You'd better decide
for yourself or they'll
decide for you.
Where's the relief
they promised us?
I say surrender
and hoist this flag.
You're yellow, Bone.
We gotta keep on fighting,
and anybody that don't
think so, pick up that rag.
Why, you.
Mr. Fraser, give me that flag.
Captain Steele.
Hey.
Don't let them
hoist this flag.
Hear them war drums?
They'll stop in a minute,
then hang onto your hair.
And hang on tight.
Over there,
Grant and his Highlanders
were massacred and scalped.
And over there,
Braddock's whole command
was massacred.
But we're stronger.
Now Bouquet is wiped out
at Bushy Run.
Will you make

Fort Pitt the next?
He's right.
The Indians know
and all these people know,
that your last chance
died with the massacred
relief column.
We can't fight
with sticks.
What do you say,
Captain Steele?
I ain't aiming to surrender.
We got no chance.
There's the kids
to think of.
My wife and me
aim to fight it out.
With what, broom sticks?
Quiet. Quiet.
As a soldier, I'd fight.
But as a man responsible
for the lives of
these women and children,
I feel compelled
to accept the enemy's terms.
Captain, no. Don't raise it.
I saw the white flag
at Venango
stained with the blood of
people like these
who believed the Indians.
I'll vouch for the Indians.
I saw it, Captain.
Raise this flag
at the gate staff.
There's plenty of us
who'd rather fight, sir.
And I'm one of them.
Proceed, Mr. Hutchins.
Oh, we'll regret this.
Clark, we'll inform
Captain Ecuyer
in his sick room.
Yes, sir.

Give up now,
what chance have we got?
We give up,
all them massacred folks
died for nothing.
If my Joe was alive, he'd say,
"Keep fighting."
You hoist that flag
and I'll shoot it down.
With what? An empty rifle?
Get it up, sonny,
before we lose our scalps.
I'll have no truck
with surrendering.
You ain't got three kids,
Jane Fraser. Get it up.
Garth vouches for the Indians.
Your last chance.
The time's up.
Do you hear?
The drums have stopped.
That's the signal.
Get that flag up, quick.
Wait, young man.
Hold that flag.
It may be the wind.
It may be my wishing,
but it sounds like
the pipes of heaven itself.
I don't hear nothing.
Get it up.
Get it up or we'll all be
hearing the pipes of heaven.
No, listen, you big ox.
Listen.
It is. It is.
Chris got through.
There they are.
I can see them.
How many do you see?
It's them.
It's the pipes of the 42nd.
That's Bouquet's column.
Bouquet.

Tear up that white flag.
How many be there, Pa?
I don't know.
Ain't had time to
count them yet.
That's the first time
I've enjoyed the sound
of a bagpipe.
I want to see them.
Come on, take him.
Try not to look
as scared as I feel.
They cannot see
the hair standing up
beneath me bonnet.
Chris. They're running.
They're running.
Run, you varmints, run.
So Bouquet was
wiped out, was he?
Look at them Indians run.
Get to the stable
and saddle up three horses.
Three?
I'm taking Abby.
And stock up
three saddlebags. Move.
See them, Mr. Garth,
ain't it grand?
If I had me a wife,
I'd raise hallelujah.
I'll marry you.
Something's wrong
with that column.
Looks awfully
good to me, sir.
We'll head south
into Cherokee country
and build back from there.
We can go down the Mon side
and hug the bank.
Hurry up
with that bridge, soldier.
Glory be,

you're a grand sight.
Chris. Chris, the stables.
Get to the stables.
Look at them.
Why are they so still,
Jeremy?
The gentlemen are dead.
We'll mount in here.
Hey.
They've stopped yelling.
Give her a hand up.
Chris.
Get over there, Bone.
That's far enough.
Stand clear, Abby.
She's coming with me.
Where you're going,
you're going alone.
Let him have it, Bone.
Bone won't shoot me.
I won't, huh?
No.
Abby, stand over there.
Because I'm the only one
between you and
the hangman's rope
for double-selling a slave.
Fergus out there
doesn't know
you acted for Garth.
I do.
But you won't be talking.
Bone, turn your back
and get your hands up
on that ladder.
All right, Holden.
I'm not fool enough
to try to beat you
on the draw.
You win.
You can take my gun.
I know you wouldn't
shoot a man in the back.
Look out, Chris.

You are a better man
than you are a soldier,
Holden.
You have earned a firing squad
for deserting this fort.
And our gratitude
for helping save it.
When Colonel Bouquet arrives,
the frontier can start moving
west again.
Move with it.
Captain Ecuyer.
What?
Would you... Could you...
Oh, yes, yes, of course.
Who stands for you?
Here, put it on.
Hold hands.
I pronounce you man and wife
until you find a minister.
Marriage frees you
from slavery, Mrs. Holden.
It won't do
the same for you, sir.
You're sweet.
East or west, Abby?
Make it west.
And don't get caught
by the Indians again.
Yes, sir.
Or anybody else. Stay free.
Yes, sir.
And close that door.