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Captain John Smith and Pocahontas

By Aubrey Wisberg

So you are the Capt. John Smith...
who some termed
the worst rogue in our kingdom...
and others, the boldest adventurer.
To being Capt. John Smith,
I plead guilty, Your Majesty.
And guilty also
to having tried to serve my king...
and the Colony of Virginia
to the best of my ability.
We have heard strange
and conflicting tales...
both of Capt. John Smith and Virginia.
That is why we have brought you into
our presence when we heard of your return.
So that we might hear the account
from your own lips.
Master Saunders, you will take this down,
not missing a word.
Take your ease, Captain,
if it will give your words an easier flow.
Thank you, Your Majesty.
Sire, my story would have its beginning
in Jamestown.
It is spring of the year 1607.
Here, on the fever-ridden banks
of the James River...
a few tents and crude lean-tos
marked the beginning...
of the first permanent settlement
in the New World.
All's well.
But at the moment,
it did not look very permanent.
The bulk of the settlers...
disillusioned when they discovered Virginia
had more hardships than gold to offer...
were already making plans
to abandon the settlement.
Do you all wish to die of fever in a
plague-ridden swamp, like Capt. Gosnold?
I say, forget this
poverty-stricken mound of mud.
We've got three good ships

anchored in the river.
And to the south lies the Spanish Main,
and all the wealth of the Indies.
- That has the smell of piracy.
- Piracy, say you?
Did they call Drake a pirate?
Hawkins a pirate?
Not when they came sailing home
laden with Spanish gold, they didn't.
What about Smith?
He'll have something to say about this.
Capt. John Smith.
That high and mighty gentleman
has done his last objecting.
At this moment, as you well know...
he's aboard the Goodspeed in chains,
by my orders.
And there he stays
to await his trial for mutiny.
No man's worked harder
to establish this colony.
It was not fair to set chains upon him.
"Conserve the food. Till the land.
"Clear the forest. "
That's Capt. John Smith for you.
It's a fair program of common sense.
Common sense be hanged.
And I mean Capt. Smith to hang
one of these near days.
We didn't come out of England
to be grubbers of the soil...
and make friends with the Indians.
- Agree with me, Davis?
- Aye.
- It was gold we came for.
- Aye, and it's worth saying twice.
Gold. Snatch gold out of this wilderness
and back to London, rich as lords.
Be that as it may, but you had no authority
to imprison John Smith.
Mind you, Mr. Rolfe. Understand one thing.
From today, I command this expedition.
It goes where I order it, when I order it.
And if any man objects, there's more than

one set of chains aboard the Goodspeed.
But hanging held slight appeal for me.
I had torn my blanket to shreds,
and pretending to hang...
waited for opportunity to knock.
It did.
Bo'sun! Bo'sun of the watch!
The prisoner's hung himself.
But I was determined
not to leave Jamestown...
at the mercy of a few selfish men.
Turkey gobbles.
But since when do birds cry out in the night
as if they had human throats?
Something was prowling in the woods
between me and Jamestown.
And I would have wagered my scalp...
that the only feathers they had
were stuck in their hair.
Quiet.
Capt. Smith.
Indians, going to attack.
No, you fool.
Arouse the men silently.
We'll forget that for the present,
Wingfield. The Indians are about to attack.
Indians. What tale is this?
- And how did you get off that ship?
- Keep your voice down.
They wait for daylight...
but you're like to bring them before
if they think we've been warned.
Good. We'll teach them a lesson
they won't forget.
The lesson is like to be taught us,
since they outnumber us five-to-one.
And are fair aching to slit our throats
'cause of your treatment of them...
and abuse of their women.
- What's to be done, John?
- Get this sot on his feet.
Out with the light.
Now spread the word to the others.
Indians are about to attack.

Then take up defensive positions
behind the shelters.
And get word to the ship for help.
Move quickly,
or you'll never see the rise of the new sun.
We tried to get a message
through to the ships.
But each attempt was ended by the arrow
of a silent watchman.
Outnumbering us, they would be swarming
over before we could make our guns tell.
All we could do was wait.
Wait tensely.
Guns ready.
Out beyond the little band of settlers,
the war drums pounded our doom.
I think I heard something
in the brush over there.
No. You'll give away our position.
Walk, man. Don't stand and sweat.
The fool.
Now.
- They're quitting.
- Just keep sheltered and load.
We're not getting off this easy.
How you got off that ship,
I have no way of telling, yet...
but there's not room for two men
giving orders here.
So if you've a mind to settle the matter
here and now, I'll...
Look there!
They mean to burn us out into the open.
I'll form a water party
down by the river, Captain.
No. There's better work
than trying to empty the river. Rolfe.
- Get to the ship. You'll have
to swim for it. - Yes, Captain.
- Have them man the cannons.
- At what target?
The settlement. They are to fire our site
on ball and grapeshot.
One thing more.

Give me a signal shot of powder
Then cut loose with all you can cram
into the muzzles.
You'll kill us all.
Save the Indians the trouble.
Not if we labor fast. Go on, man.
And the rest of you, a ditch below
the river bank, and dig as you hope to live.
Follow me.
Don't listen to the loudmouth cockerel, lad.
It'll be your death.
He who does not dig, gets no shelter.
- Come on.
- Lads, listen to me.
He gives orders as if he'd been chartered
by the King himself.
We'll see for how long.
If John Rolfe could reach the ships
in time to give the message...
we still had a chance.
But at this moment, the odds were long
against Jamestown surviving.
The signal. Take cover.
John.
- It was an able piece of work, John Rolfe.
- The sight of you and the men lifts a load.
- I was afraid the work too well done.
- At least half our company is safe.
It's small enough.
Great credit lying in a hole
when there's fighting afoot.
I have memory of you
at the very bottom of the hole.
Come, lads.
There's work aplenty for all.
- How go the tally, John?
- Not so good, Captain.
We were short enough before the attack.
And now, between Indians
and the ship's cannon...
most of what we did have is gone.
Now here's a list I made:
Of dried fish, 200 pounds, of salt...
By whose orders

do you assume this authority?
By whose order do you question it?
I'm a gentleman,
born to a higher rank than any here.
That is of concern only to you
and your mother, not me.
It's a matter I also intend to settle
between us, here and now.
Men.
I suggest we put this matter to a vote.
I have a candidate.
He saved our skins.
And he'd be a man who would tweak
the devil's own tail, if need be.
- Capt. John Smith!
- Aye!
You fools, this job calls for a gentleman,
not an adventurer.
As for me, I look into a man's heart.
Not whether he was born
between silken sheets.
Capt. Smith has my hand.
- Aye, and mine.
- With mine added to the number.
You're daft, all of you.
Mr. Wingfield's quality born.
He'll lead you well.
True words, every one of them.
What say you, Captain?
I can tell you better
when the votes are counted, Charlie.
All right, then let's put it to a vote.
Who speaks up for Mr. Wingfield?
- I do.
- And me.
Now, who speaks up for Capt. John Smith?
- Hurray!
- Capt. John Smith!
Have you more to say, Mr. Wingfield?
Aye, at my own time and choice.
My thanks to you, friends.
But I warn you fair,
it is no life of ease I promise.
You will not be picking up those golden

nuggets you dreamed of in England...
as gladsome Indian maids
sing lullabies of love in your ears.
No.
You will scratch for food and tighten
your belt as you dodge Indian arrows.
Well, enough talk. To work.
And the first to test your muscles,
a stockade for protection.
Come on, lads, to work.
John. Have a word with you?
Aye. Might as well.
I can't build this stockade by myself.
Have you worked out the rations?
The matter is even worse than I thought.
It'll have to be half-rations for all.
I doubt if even such a measure as that
will see us into the winter.
Then half-rations it'll be,
and quarter-rations if needful.
Perhaps wrinkled bellies
will move some of these gentlemen...
to hunt and scratch for their victuals.
Face it, Captain. Their hearts aren't in it.
These so-called gentlemen of quality
expect their inferiors to feed them.
Ten minutes after you announce half-rations
they'll all be Wingfield's men.
Piling out to the ships
to abandon the colony.
Then we must see to it they have no choice
in the matter.
By what means?
You'll discover in the morning.
In the meantime,
keep your inventory of the food to yourself.
Aye.
Capt. Smith!
Mr. Wingfield! Everybody up!
The ships, they're not there! Get up!
The ships! They're gone!
The ships are gone!
They've abandoned us.
- The ships, they're gone.

- Mutiny.

'Tis none of any.

- Look for yourself, they're gone.

- Aye, gone, by my order.

Those ships were our only hope.

And now he's doomed us to starve...

if the Indians don't save us the suffering
with their arrows.

- It'll mean our end.

- They were our only road to safety.

And as long as you had that thought
to depend on...

you had no thought

of depending upon yourselves.

Well, now you must,

if you mean to stay alive...

until the ship returns before winter
with new supplies.

And just what do we do

if the Indians swoop down upon us again?

We don't have ship's cannon to protect us.

I'm going to make our peace

with their great chief, Powhatan.

That old heathen has sworn the death
of every man here.

We can't spare men for a dangerous
expedition into the wilderness.

It would leave us at the mercy
of the first attack.

I take no fighters.

I ask only two volunteers.

Hark the wind he blows.

And who'd be daft enough...

to go with him to have his head planted
on an Indian stake?

Me!

My father said I'd live to be hung.

So why should I fear an Indian arrow?

- Good lad, Charles.

- I'm with you, Captain.

I'm beginning to think I'll find the red
man's company less a stink in my nostrils...
than some closer I could name.

Well, as you went along with this boaster

as he lived...
go with him as he dies.
And good riddance to all three of you.
Prepare yourselves, lads. We leave at once.
It's cursed hot, Captain.
There's a smell of water in the air.
It's the taste that interests me more.
There's no point in wandering aimlessly
through wilderness.
What do you suggest? As for me,
one tree looks much like the other.
I'm afraid we've missed our goal, John.
All right, here's my plan.
There must be a trail in the forest
leading toward the village.
Fleming, you scout to the south,
John will go west...
and I'll head up river.
- We'll meet back here at sunset. Agreed?
- Agreed.
One of us should have some luck.
Now take care you see the Indians
before they see you.
Never fear, good friend,
I'll be watching this scalp.
I had heard that the fishing was good
in Virginia waters...
but who would have expected fish
such as these.
The question was, how to angle for them?
But my mermaids were shy.
The worst of it is, they vanished
before I could gain from them a clue...
as to where Powhatan's village lay.
Now the question was...
how do you bait a hook
for a frightened mermaid?
Every hunter knows that it's easier
to trap wild game than chase it.
I decided to see what curiosity would do.
I knew I could count on feminine curiosity.
Now don't look so frightened.
I'm not going to hurt you.
You, Englishman?

Please let Pocahontas go.
So your name is Pocahontas.
Wouldn't Pocahontas like pretty beads?
No.
Please let me go.
All girls like pretty beads.
Now don't be so frightened.
Do I look as if I would hurt Pocahontas?
No.
So you're the daughter
of the chief of the Paspaheghans.
My father is chief of all tribes
from blue waters to great mountains.
He would be very angry
if you did not let me go.
Where does your father live?
Up river.
Now will you let me go?
I never met a girl
who was so anxious to get rid of me.
Now wouldn't Pocahontas like to see
pretty mirror?
You look into it, see pretty...
I thought this wild thing most lovely.
But I must confess, I never imagined...
that a chance meeting
with an Indian princess...
would not only change the entire course
of my life...
but would also decide
the history of Virginia.
- Which way?
- Up river.
- What's wrong?
- Same thing that scared yon crow.
- I see nothing unusual.
- The best reason to be watchful.
Don't shoot.
That Indian seems to know nothing
of armor.
That's taking a long chance, Captain.
He might aim at your face.
Get up. We mean you no harm.
Looks like he thinks

you're something kind of special, Captain.
It is to our interest
to have him continue to think that way.
Get up.
You Paspaheghan?
Paspaheghan. Nantaquas.
We come with friendship to visit Powhatan.
Powhatan does not like white skins.
But on white skins that are gods,
he will smile.
You are in no danger.
These white skins are spies who have crept
into our country to steal and to kill.
Their medicine is bad.
Devils of mischief, who would ravish
our women and defile our houses.
They kill with their breath,
as well as their weapons.
So that the flesh of our peoples turn into
biting sores and waste away from the bones.
All white skins are serpents
with forked tongue and poisoned fang.
Opechanco has spoken.
These white skins are gods.
To injure them will bring misfortune
to Powhatan and his people.
Arrows will not pierce their bodies...
but fall like dead leaves
blown by winter winds.
So the pale skin is a god
who has much magic.
Our friends need not fear.
There was a pale skin here
many moons before you came.
Raleigh, he was called. We met many times.
Great Chief, we come bearing gifts in peace.
Powhatan knows the gifts
the pale skins bring to his people.
The sickness which changes the skin
to evil scale.
The sickness which eats away the flesh
and the lungs.
And with these gifts, comes treachery...
and words spoken with a forked tongue.

Nantaquas saw what we can do
against our enemies...
if we wish to call on our magic.
Nantaquas has not seen as many pale skins
as Powhatan.
He does not know
that they wear a metal skin...
above their own.
Now I have stripped you of your magic.
It'll make a good cooking pot for my women.
The rogue means to kill you.
It is plain he has no love for me.
And the next one will tell.
You have the heart of the eagle.
You have earned the right to die,
but not by the death of slow fire.
What does he mean?
Just that we each die quickly,
instead of being tortured.
You will die by the hand of Opechanco.
He is my first warrior.
I give you that honor.
By combat?
Opechanco cannot meet you in combat
except in battle.
Why not here, now?
If you were a member of the tribe,
you could look forward to that.
For him to refuse would be a disgrace.
And the one who conquered
could decide the fate of the other.
But you are a prisoner.
Opechanco is your executioner.
Release him.
I beg Powhatan,
listen to his daughter's words.
Opechanco's tongue is a stranger to truth.
This white skin and his friends
are not our enemies.
They wish to live with us as our brothers.
If you send them
to the land of the shadow...
the Great Spirit will turn his face
away from our people.

Pocahontas begs mercy from Powhatan.
Pocahontas asks him
to give her this man's life.
White skins have cast magic
on Powhatan's daughter.
Her tongue speaks,
but her ears are deaf to her words.
Why does Opechanco have such poison
in his heart for the white skins?
What injury have they done him
or to his house?
Fine words from one
who has yet to get his first scalp.
They are not for a warrior's ears.
Warrior's ears? Slaughterer's ears!
I have not given permission for bloodshed
between brothers of the tribe.
Powhatan, you see how the spilling of blood
leads to bloodshed.
This man has done no wrong
to visit Powhatan in peace.
Only if his arm be raised to strike,
should Powhatan strike in turn.
If Pocahontas asks for this man's life,
does she remember the law of the tribe?
Pocahontas knows.
Let the white skin's life be spared.
Do you suppose they mean to make him
a member of the tribe?
Well, if they do, why exclude us?
What do you think, John?
Does it help my appearance?
Well, it's a sight any Londoner
would gladly pay six pence to see.
Remember this if you ever have to
make a living back there.
What does it all mean?
You like Indian wedding dress?
- Wedding?
- You marry with Pocahontas.
Is that why you saved my life?
When Powhatan give Pocahontas your life,
she must marry you.
- That is our law.

- Do you want to marry me?
The Great Spirit does not like killing.
Indian kill white man,
white man kill Indian...
not good.
So, it's to keep the peace.
Yes.
She marries you to keep the peace
between the white man and the Indian.
John, it's a heathenish union.
It will guarantee a bond of friendship
with the Indians...
and a sufficiency of food
for the settlement.
And it'll mean we'll be able to live
and trade in peace with them.
It may well be
that on the shoulders of that Indian girl...
will rest the whole future of Virginia.
My daughter, Pocahontas,
has claimed your life.
By the law of that tribe,
that life is yours.
I am grateful to her.
I do not smile upon this marriage.
But my daughter Pocahontas tells me
it will make her heart blossom.
I want her to be happy.
I'm grateful to you also, Powhatan.
I do not say I can love the white skin...
but there is no reason
why we should not live together in peace.
If the white skin will only realize
the earth and all it bears...
does not belong only to them.
We came in peace
with friendship in our hearts...
for our brothers of the forest.
Then let Pocahontas be the evidence
of the friendship we bear for each other.
It's sacrilege for John Smith
to do this thing.
Mayhap, my friend.
But it'll be most pleasant of a cold night.

- Gold, men. I found gold.

- Gold?

- It's a fortune.

- A fortune? It's 50 fortunes.

And it lies just beneath the surface
of the earth for the taking.

- Gold without measure.

- How did you find it?

I was digging for some roots to eat.

It seems strangely light for gold.

It's flake of the mineral,
with but little weight until melted down.

Then we're like to be the richest men
ever to return to England.

Only if we do not lose our heads
and keep our own counsel.

- How do you mean?

- By terms of contract...

the Council of London made
with this colony...

all gold and precious metals
belong to the company.

We're powerless. We all signed it.

When the King granted this colony
to the company...

it was with the provision
that if no permanent settlement was made...

Virginia would revert to the crown.

And if a new company were to...

They would come into all the land
and all the gold.

Exactly.

- A neat plan if it succeeds.

- We'll make it succeed.

Now, keep hold of your tongues,
and help me do all within power...

to drive these men to abandon Virginia.
Indians!

Led by Capt. John Smith, himself!

Smith's back and he's brought a parcel
of Indians with him. Couple of women, too.

I had hoped we'd seen the last of him.

Harken, lads.

I've made treaty with the

great chief of the naturals, Powhatan.
He pledges us his friendship.
And to bind his promise, has given me
his daughter, Pocahontas, to wed.
How much food those naturals
gonna supply us, Captain?
They're going to supply us more than food.
They're going to show us
how we can help ourselves.
That is far more to our interest.
Hurry up, Captain.
These fish are six days
from their natural home...
and don't care who knows it.
Pocahontas told you what to do.
- And this is the way you wish it?
- Yes. Put fish in every hole.
You heard the lady, a fish in every hole
with each kernel of corn planted.
Strangest custom I ever saw.
Mayhap, but it will give the seed
nourishment to grow.
Every hole now.
And see the others are
equal conscientious about it...
I charge you, or they'll hear from me.
You, men.
My fist to the jaw of anyone of you
that doesn't bury a piece of fish...
with every kernel planted.
You got that straight?
All right, now get to it.
Here, I fix you food. You must eat.
Why do you bring firewood here?
This is not the camp.
To serve as a signal when the ships return.
Otherwise, in these strange waters
they might run aground.
And we would never see England again.
England?
- You do not go to England.
- Why not?
It is home.
Would you leave Pocahontas behind?

So that is what's troubling you.
Don't worry,
I'm not expecting the ships till fall.
But then you leave her behind?
Come now, Pocahontas,
nobody is talking about leaving you.
Now I know.
Women.
What's bothering
the queer little creature now?
You know perfectly well.
Yes, I suppose I do.
But I can't let her fall in love with me.
I a roving adventurer.
She an Indian princess.
What would life be for her?
A few months of happiness,
then a lifetime of regrets.
It sounds a bit cruel.
Sometimes cruelty is the kindest in the end.
One of us ought to get back on post
before Capt. Smith decides to make a round.
Nah, he's tucked in comfortable
with his Indian maid.
What do we have to walk post for now,
anyway?
Ain't all these naturals our friends now?
Help!
What mischief brings you here
like a prowling dog?
Powhatan's people are our friends.
I can tell you what brought him here,
Captain. Gun stealing.
These naturals would give their left eye
for a gun.
Well, put him under lock and key.
We'll decide what to do with him
in the morning.
Now back to your posts and beds.
There is no friend to Jamestown,
I'm thinking.
Crazy for guns, is he?
Opechanco.
I am your friend.

You understand, Opechanco?
I am your friend.
Listen to me, Opechanco. Listen carefully.
Guns.
Not just one gun, many.
Many guns for Opechanco and his warriors.
- You heard naught during the night?
- Not a sound.
You can't hear these Indians sneaking
about. They're as soft-footed as cats.
And this Opechanco, he did not get free
by himself. He had help.
Sneaky friends who have been given
the run of this place.
No Indian helped Opechanco.
We don't expect you to admit it.
White skin lies
who says Indian helped Opechanco.
Don't call me a liar,
you stinking, red rascal, or I'll...
Nantaquas has the right to defend himself.
One of these days will sorely prove
what this coddling of Indians will cost.
It would be to the safety of every man here
to kick this heathen out of the settlement.
- I will be the judge of that.
- Judge?
When there's a pretty Indian wench there...
to sway that judgment
in her husband's bedroom?
John, bad news.
More?
More than just the escape
of an Indian prisoner.
- What is it?
- Robbery.
Two dozen guns
with powder and ball to match...
gone from the storeroom during the night.
Like I said, Indian work,
as you'll soon discover to your cost.
Hello.
Here, give me that.
This is no work for a lady.

All Indian girls do.
Do not white-skin woman pound maize
in London?
I'm afraid they've never even seen it there.
What is it like, London?
- Like big Indian village?
- No, much, much bigger.
- Many people?
- Yes, many, many people.
Would like to see.
Capt. Smith will take you there
someday, perhaps.
Would like to meet
big white-skin chief, big king chief.
Well, some day you might even do that.
I'd like to be a great lady...
and wear fine clothes,
like picture in book you show me.
You're a great lady now.
Greater than most I know of in London,
who think themselves so.
Pocahontas, great lady now?
Yes, Pocahontas, now.
Why great lady now?
Because of what you think and do.
Because of your kindness to people
who are not of yours.
People who would have starved
if not for you.
People who would have been killed
had it not been for you.
People you still serve so nobly
and unselfishly.
Why?
Forest big.
Room for all to live in peace.
Indians and white skin...
all children of Great Spirit.
Pocahontas believe heart made for love.
Pocahontas believe Great Spirit
want it that way.
Indians and white skin forget sometimes.
Pocahontas never forget.
Yes, Pocahontas. So never doubt

for a moment that you're anything but...
a great lady.

But a man's heart has a stronger pull
than his logic.

Every time I saw her with Rolfe...
my jealousy rose.

John, give her back that pestle.

- Well, it's quite heavy, I just thought...

- Give it back to her.

What's wrong in helping her...

It's a bad example for the other Indians
in the stockade.

They consider this woman's work. Any man
who does it is no better than a woman.

They must not get that impression.

It could prove dangerous.

Pocahontas, she's your wife.

You don't include her with the others?

I told you to give that pestle back to her.

Well, it's muscle-aching work, John.

I don't mind helping Pocahontas.

If the other Indians consider me
any less a man for it...

I promise you, I won't be offended.

- Do as I say.

- My husband is right.

Woman's work.

For my people to see white skin do it
would bring scorn to their eyes.

I spoke hastily, lad. I am sorry.

My nerves are a trifle wracked.

The Indians are restless.

I try to keep them content...

but our own men make it hard for me
by their treatment of them.

We are few. They are many.

I should have thought.

It can't be easy for you.

They hold us in wonder and awe.

If once we lose their respect,

if they begin to scorn us...

You bear me no grudge for my insult?

My hand on it. The fault was mine.

- Get away all right?

- No trouble at all.
- Guns and powder?
- And ball.
- Where's the Indian?
- At the hut waiting with his friends.

All right, bring those casks and follow me.

- That's the last one.
- Good.

Powder and shot.

And when you've used that up,
you can make your own.

Here, I'll show you how best to use these.

Well, Macklin.

- Gold.
- Aye, gold.

You found gold, and you be keeping
the secret from the settlement?

You've got a long nose, Macklin,
for another's business.

Them Indians I saw coming out of here
with the guns...

they got them from you.

You've been trading with the Indians.

Guns stole last night from the stockade.

I'm going to tell Capt. John Smith.

- The fool.
- This is a hanging matter.

Only if we can't convince everybody that
this bloody work was done by Indian hands.
Indian?

Perhaps it was destiny that impelled you
to throw that knife, Turnbull.

Make the lads back at the settlement
think it was done by Indians...

and it will ferment a brew likely to shatter
Jamestown to its very foundations.

How can we make them believe
it was the Indians that did it?

A slight chore I mean for you
to arrange, Davis.

Now give heed.

Come in.

The men are celebrating your wedding,
Pocahontas. They miss the bride.

My husband,
does he miss Pocahontas also?
Why, of course.
Then why doesn't he come
and tell her this himself?
He sent me to get you.
A warrior of my people
does not send another to bring his bride.
When you understand the ways of the
English better, you will not be angry.
Capt. Smith doesn't mean to hurt you.
Who speaks of hurt
during a wedding celebration?
- We miss you around the rum cask, lad.
- I came to bring Pocahontas.
Does one have to come
for the chief celebrant?
She should be there, taking honor
and doing it to her guests.
Come along, my lass.
Come along.
Does my husband invite Pocahontas,
or does he order?
- Since you have to be brought, 'tis
an order. - Pocahontas is not a slave.
She is daughter of Powhatan,
and a princess of her people.
I'll tell the men you'll be right along.
I have told you to show yourself
to my friends.
I will not be made small in their eyes
by the whims of an Indian maid.
If you think of me only as an Indian maid...
I cannot make you look small
in the eyes of your men no matter what I do.
Now stop trading words with me,
and do as I command.
Pocahontas does not understand that word
in the mouth of her enemies.
She understands it even less
on the lips of her husband.
The first quality of a wife is obedience.
Don't they know that in Powhatan's village?
In my father's village,

they know that a wife gives obedience...
because her husband
never commands it of her.
That is part of her love for him.
Given freely because never asked.
This attitude may go well in the forest,
but it has no place in Jamestown.
And the sooner you learn this lesson,
the shorter the journey to becoming a lady.

- Where are you going?

- Back to my people.

Pocahontas knows now you do not love her.

You have turned your face away from her
ever since the night of marriage.

Pocahontas gives you back your life

Powhatan gave her.

Pocahontas knows now
she acted like a child.

I had never meant to fall in love
with Pocahontas...

but it happened.

I would no longer struggle against it.

This is your knife.

You all saw where it was
when we brought Macklin's body in...
from the forest where we found it.

Stuck in that wound in his back
which killed him.

- My brother did not kill him.

- Nobody's talking to you.

- Let your brother speak for himself.

- He's got mighty little to say.

It is my knife, yes...

but it was stolen from me.

You say it was stolen.

Why did you kill Macklin?

Mr. Wingfield, I suggest we wait on this
till Capt. Smith gets back from fishing.

I'll thank you to look after
your own affairs, Mr. Rolfe.

Why did you kill Macklin?

What had he done to you?

My brother is innocent. He has spoken.

Yes, he has spoken. One lie after another.

There's one way to get the truth out of these savages, that's to beat it out of them.
Yes. Come on. Get him out of here.
I advise you to tell us the truth.
On whose order is this man being lashed?
They say he killed Macklin. It's a lie.
They beat him to make him tell a lie.
There's the body. Here's the knife
that was found stuck in his back.
- Found? Who found it?
- Me and Turnbull, that's who.
We found the body
lying across the forest trail.
The Indian admits the knife is his.
Someone stole it from Nantaquas.
- You can believe that if you want to.
- And I will.
This is a folly you'll regret, John Smith.
Aye. A folly of your making, Wingfield.
Our prosperity and our very lives
depend upon...
the goodwill of the Indians,
and you've done your best to destroy it.
A great folly to be sadly regretted.
Is there no work for idle hands here
or in the fields?
- It's a balmy evening.
- Aye.
Something to be relished
after a London winter.
Yep.
Even that doesn't ease my concern.
You scratch at your worries
like a dog at his fleas.
What is it now?
What is it not always? Food.
It seems to me the Virginia Company
in London has forgot us.
No, there will be a ship in time.
But the honorable gentlemen mean us
to be self-supporting.
For that purpose we must have tools,
trade goods, and much else.
I'm afraid someone will have to go

to London to stir them up.
I've been thinking about it.
Will you take Pocahontas with you?
London is no place for an Indian maid.
It is cold, bleak.
She's a child of the sun.
- Virginia's her whole life.
- What will you do then?
Send another in my place.
- But who can be as well-suited?
- Yourself.
I? Leave Jamestown?
There's less to hold you.
I cannot leave my wife.
Cannot leave an Indian maid?
She's a breathing symbol
of this colony's life.
Without her, it would collapse
like a house of cards...
overrun by Indians, wasted by starvation.
- Are those your only reasons?
- No.
No.
Pocahontas has become dear.
In leaving her,
I'd be leaving the best part of my life.
No one would have thought
when we met her in the forest that day...
she would have become so dear...
to everyone of us.
Least of all...
John Smith.
- Good night, John.
- Good night.
I didn't mean to awaken you.
Have you seen Nantaquas this evening?
I took him his supper before I went to bed.
- How is he?
- He does not speak.
You do not believe he killed Macklin, John?
No. Why should he?
Macklin was a harmless fool.
I believe Wingfield killed Macklin...
and put blame on Nantaquas.

That is a suspicion I will not quarrel with.
But without proof...
Sometimes I wonder if...
the settlement is worth
all the torment it costs.
But this I do know...
that without you,
it would prove more than I could bear.
Do you love Pocahontas, John?
With the love that is a symbol of faith
and a pledge of hope.
Aye, I love you.
The love of John Smith
for an Indian princess.
- Beg your pardon, Captain,
but the Indians... - More trouble?
Well, it depends on how you interpret it.
They've gone.
- Gone?
- They must have sneaked out at night.
I checked with the sentry,
and he didn't hear a thing.
- That's a bad sign. Call general assembly.
- Aye-aye, Captain.
Nantaquas and the rest of the Indians
have left the stockade during the night.
See for yourselves.
The Indians are gone,
deserted during the night.
And they did not leave in friendship.
What it means, I do not know.
But I can't say I like the look of it.
Good riddance, I say.
It is no riddance, but a promise to return
tomahawk in hand, most likely.
There will be a 24-hour watch.
Double sentries, strengthen the gate,
see to your weapons.
No man to step foot beyond the walls.
Prepare water buckets in case of
fire arrow attack. See to it.
And I would take it kindly
that if anything should happen to me...
you'd set yourself to look after Pocahontas.

You have my word on it, John.

War drums.

Opechanco.

- It's near the hour agreed upon.

- Yeah.

We can trust this savage? You made it plain to him that we are to be spared?

We can rely upon him?

It's only through us he can hope to get more powder when the ships come in.

The drums have stopped.

It means they're ready to attack.

Keep your eyes wide, lads.

It's Turnbull! Dead.

You can't blame the Indians.

The fool exposed himself.

Anyway, it means more gold for us.

Let's get out of here

before a stray arrow finds us.

Nantaquas.

Look beyond the fire and count

the number of Powhatan's warriors...

you have sent to the Great Spirit because

you have drunk of the poison of the serpent.

Nantaquas has eaten of the white skin's

food, and now he fawns on them as a dog.

Powhatan will summon Opechanco

to the council fires when he hears...

the grieving of the women

in the empty houses.

And I will be Opechanco's chief accuser.

Pocahontas promises John Smith's knife

will drink deep in the heart of Opechanco.

And Pocahontas will laugh as she sees

vultures gorging themselves on his flesh.

Bring her back.

There's something stirring out there.

- It's Pocahontas.

- There's an Indian chasing her.

Open the gate!

Where have you come from?

I thought you were safe in the cabin.

I heard Opechanco's war drums.

I went to find Nantaquas.

Nantaquas told Opechanco
that Powhatan was friends to white skins.
Opechanco killed Nantaquas when
Nantaquas turned his back on Opechanco.
Then Opechanco has signed
his own death warrant...
when Powhatan learns of this.
It's too late to do us any good.
We can't hold out much longer.
Mayhap Nantaquas has served us as well
in death as he wished to do in life.
It is part of the tribe's law
that a blood brother has the right...
to avenge another's death.
And I am blood brother to Nantaquas.
- Isn't that right?
- You became son to Powhatan...
and blood brother to Nantaquas
when you married Pocahontas.
Send up two fire arrows together,
the signal of challenge.
The challenge is accepted.
Wait. Is John right?
Will Opechanco meet him
without treachery?
It is our law. Opechanco's own men
would kill him if he does not obey it.
John!
Take a look, lads!
Gather round, everybody!
What's that you have?
We found it, Captain,
about a mile down the river.
And there's a good dozen we left behind.
We were fishing, and loaded this
on our dugout, and brought it up.
- It's full of golden dust.
- Gold?
Aye. Virginia's full of this,
but it's not gold.
I've seen these kind of flakes before
in my travels.
It's what the Spanishers call fool's gold
and completely worthless.

How could you be sure?
It's gold when you look at it.
It's as much gold as most
of the will-o' -the-wisps men chase.
You don't have to take my word for it.
Send a cask to a London goldsmith,
and let him confirm what I'm telling you.
You say you found this cask
where you left others?
Aye.
The gold is worthless but it's plain someone
among us is meant to cheat the rest.
Do you know anything of this,
Mr. Wingfield?
I? Nothing. It's as strange to me as any.
I'd like to put a knife
into the man who did this.
We'll have to find him first.
Take this cask to my cabin.
Aye, sir.
You see, I told you so. Smith has been
hiding the gold from us, the cheat.
I knew it. All this talk about fool's gold
was but to serve one purpose.
To seize it for himself.
Look at it. Look how it glitters.
How can it be anything but gold?
But how are we going to get it out of here?
Simple enough. When they change
the guard at the gate...
it shouldn't be too difficult
to sneak it through into the woods.
And then it's all ours
to divide between the two of us.
Just the two of us.
Why, half of this is enough
to live like a rich man in London.
True, my friend, true.
But the whole of it
would make a man much richer.
The powder hut!
And you say he's been like this
for over a week?
Yes, Doctor, we did all we could for him,

but until you arrived with the ship...
there was no one here
with any knowledge of medicine.
He does not eat. His talk is wild.
There's no point in holding out false hopes,
Mr. Rolfe.
The burns alone are enough
to have killed any ordinary man.
How he survived until now
is a miracle of vitality.
He must live. I can save him.
I'm afraid that lies beyond human power.
There must be something we can do.
I have only one suggestion.
Get him aboard ship and out of this swamp.
The doctor said you wished to see me.
The ship sails on the tide.
They take me to England,
because they despair of my life.
It means, lad, that you will have to remain
in Jamestown to hold things together.
John, you give me a trust
I can't promise to live up to...
unless you leave Pocahontas here
to help me.
I have given enough of myself
to Jamestown.
She belongs to me alone now.
She goes with me.
Then you sign Jamestown's death warrant...
destroy everything
you've risked so much to build.
Pocahontas has kept the colony together
up to now.
She's kept it alive.
If it cannot do the same
for itself hereafter...
it deserves whatever fate
lies in store for it.
Jamestown has drained her strength.
I will not let it feed on her heart.
Go ashore. Get your belongings.
We sail within the hour.
But Pocahontas had made her decision.

Her heart sailed with me...
but she knew she was the bond of peace
between her people and Jamestown.
Without her the settlement would vanish
like a forgotten dream.
I wonder if it was right to let him sail alone.
- Are you sure that's what
he really wanted? - Yes.
Deep in her heart, Pocahontas knows.
He loved you, truly.
John also loved England.
He loved his king.
He loved Jamestown.
He also loved Pocahontas.
Now they're taking him back to England
to die.
And I know
that John would want Pocahontas...
to stay here and take care of his people.
I know he would want me
to help keep the peace between...
the white skins and the Indians.
Pocahontas knows
he really wants it this way.
You're a wise lady, Pocahontas...
as well as a great one.
To sacrifice your happiness
for a man's dream.
I love John Smith.
That is the story, Your Majesty.
Not my story, but the story of Jamestown.
And the story of the beautiful
and great Indian princess, Pocahontas.
Your king thanks you, Captain.
It is plain we owe you a debt
we have failed to discharge...
for the service you have rendered
crown and country.
Name your reward.
A post in my army? Governor of Virginia?
Sire, I could never return there.
Then you know that John Rolfe
and the Princess Pocahontas...
Are wed?

Yes, Your Majesty, I've heard.
Pocahontas thought me dead.
John Rolfe,
who I knew long had loved her...
has given her his name and protection
in the colony.
- He will be good to her.
- And you, what will you do?
Seek newer horizons, Your Majesty,
and fresh adventures.
It is the breath of my life.
I have Your Majesty's leave to depart?
With our good wishes, Captain.
And the hope that Virginia
will be as well served by others.
And here it stands
in London today.
A country's grateful tribute
to an Indian girl.
"A great lady.
"A princess of her people."