

MATHIAS

Written by

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ALL ITALICISED DIALOGUE IN MI'KMAQ WITH SUBTITLES.

FADE IN:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD, DAY.

A hot summer day. Vast expansive open country. A huge battle RAGES.

Thick dust and smoke rises. Panicking SOLDIERS in blue and yellow open MASS MUSKETRY. An artillery BARRAGE kills many.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: THE BATTLE OF POLTAVA, UKRAINE 27th JUNE 1709.

SCREAMS resound. Massed DEAD litter the landscape.

Many soldiers break and run. SCREAMING massed CAVALRY in green and red chase slashing and killing.

A terrified SOLDIER runs with a yellow and blue Swedish flag. Cavalry give chase.

A CAVALRYMAN bears down sabre raised. The sabre slashes. The SCREAMING soldier falls.

Another CAVALRYMAN grabs the standard. Horse rearing, he thrusts it victoriously into the air as...

EXT. HILL ABOVE BATTLEFIELD, MOMENTS LATER.

...seven mounted MEN in green and red peer through telescopes. Large black wigs lifted, all jubilantly CHEER!

An opulently dressed MAN in the centre smiles. Another MAN SHOUTS.

MAN
Long live Peter Alexeyevich, Czar
of Russia and Europe!!!

All CHEER.

EXT. TREE LINED AVENUE, DAY.

A summer's day. Seven RIDERS canter along an avenue. An opulent Baroque castle looms ahead. Black smoke billows from a chimney.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: RYDZYNA CASTLE, POLAND, ONE WEEK LATER.

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD, SOME MOMENTS LATER.

A cobble stoned courtyard. Seven statues adorn it. The riders suddenly halt. Five wear dirty blue and yellow. Horses WHINNY.

MATHIAS. Seemingly mid 40's. Exceptionally tall. Statuesque. Handsome.

Thick shoulder length greying black hair. Long greying handlebar moustache.

Exceptionally piercing blue eyes. Seven purple marks stain his cheek.

JOSEPH. Seemingly early 20's. Exceptionally tall. Statuesque. Handsome.

Shoulder length thick black hair. Scruffy stubble. Exceptionally piercing blue eyes.

Both wear dirty blue and red uniforms. Tricorne hats. Long sabres hang beside them. DEEP RESONANT VOICES.

JOSEPH

What will you say, father?

Mathias dismounts. He glances at Joseph.

MATHIAS

That he rides his swiftest steed
and travels light?

Joseph wryly smirks. He dismounts. Mathias looks at the soldiers.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)

Wait here!

Both stride quickly...

INT. BANQUETING HALL, MOMENTS LATER.

...into an opulent banqueting hall. Seven SERVANTS rush around packing and carrying.

An inferno ROARS in a large fireplace. Servants frantically burn papers. Mathias' eyebrow rises at Joseph.

MATHIAS

A wager that news has already
befallen him.

Mathias strides onwards. Joseph casually detours to the fireplace. He pulls out a long clay pipe.

He snatches paper from a shocked servant. He lights the pipe. Mathias stops. An irritated scowl.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)

Joseph?!

Joseph PUFFS out smoke. A savouring smile. A taunting glance at Mathias. Both stride out into a large beautiful garden as...

EXT. CASTLE GARDEN, MOMENTS LATER.

...beneath a large white banner sits KING STANISLAUS. Early 30's. Curled moustache. Blue and red uniform. Wig thrown to the floor, he SIGHS.

Seven SOLDIERS in blue and yellow stand sentinel. Mathias and Joseph approach. The soldiers STAMP to attention.

Tricorne hats lifted, both bow. Joseph PUFFS on his pipe. Stanislaus shrugs.

KING STANISLAUS

And what news, pray? What would I
now be king of, Mathias Kucharski?

Mathias glances irritably at Joseph. A patronising grin at Stanislaus.

MATHIAS

Poland, your Highness.

KING STANISLAUS

Aha! Poland! I, Stanislaus, king of
the Poles! Now wondering has my
piss pot been packed in that yonder
cart?!

He sits back dejectedly in his chair.

KING STANISLAUS (CONT'D)

How far away are the Russians?

Mathias shrugs.

MATHIAS

Three days...maybe, Sire.

Stanislaus nods.

KING STANISLAUS
What news of the Swedes and King
Charles?

Joseph PUFFS nonchalantly. Smoke rises.

JOSEPH
The Swedes march to Siberia in
chains. A calamity, Sire...but King
Charles escaped.

KING STANISLAUS
Well...how the mighty fall. A
lesson truly learnt, Joseph. Trust
my kingdom to another and see it
fall through my fingers...like
dust.

Wriggling his fingers, he stands. A disdainful glance at his
bodyguard.

KING STANISLAUS (CONT'D)
I will leave very soon, or I too
will be enjoying a fine stroll to
Siberia.

He walks slowly to the hall door. Mathias and Joseph follow.

KING STANISLAUS (CONT'D)
A vagabond I must become. Heralds
have been sent to all and sundry
for asylum.

A nervous pause.

KING STANISLAUS (CONT'D)
You will both accompany me...will
you not?

Both bow patronisingly.

JOSEPH
To the grave, Sire.

MATHIAS
To the grave, Sire.

Stanislaus smiles.

KING STANISLAUS
Excellent! We leave within the
hour.

INT. THE HALL OF MIRRORS, PALACE OF VERSAILLES, DAY.

A long opulent room. Tall statues. Intricate painted ceilings. Lavish golden arches. Extravagant Baroque mirrors abound.

All three stand waiting dirty and dishevelled.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: THE PALACE OF VERSAILLES, FRANCE. ONE MONTH LATER.

Seven lavishly dressed MEN walk in. All form a line. A HERALD steps forward. FRENCH ACCENTS.

HERALD
His most Excellent 'ighness King
Louis the Fourteenth...of France!

KING LOUIS swans in. All bow. Early 70's. Dressed to the nines. Vibrant makeup. Huge black wig.

KING LOUIS
My dear, dear Stanislaus...'ow
wonderful it is, to see you again!

Exuberant hugging and kissing. He shields his nose with his fan.

KING LOUIS (CONT'D)
I pray it will be ever more
wonderful still...once you 'ave all
had a bath.

Mathias and Joseph sheepishly SNIFF themselves.

KING STANISLAUS
It has been a hard few weeks, has
it not...gentlemen?

Mathias and Joseph bow. Louis backs away. Wafting his fan, he scowls.

KING LOUIS
Er, quite. A wash and new clothes,
forthwith.

He CLICKS his fingers.

KING LOUIS (CONT'D)
'eat three baths, and fetch my
tailor to clothe these men,
immediately!

Three men scurry out. Louis smiles patronisingly at Stanislaus.

KING LOUIS (CONT'D)
So...you request asylum?

KING STANISLAUS
I would be most grateful, Louis.

KING LOUIS
Indeed...however, I would not be able to offer you a kingdom, but maybe a small...province?

A frown. He strokes his chin with his fan.

KING LOUIS (CONT'D)
'ow would Zweibrucken sit with you? Charles rules it, does he not?

KING STANISLAUS
Would I have much of a choice?

KING LOUIS
Non, unless you would return to Sweden, or maybe...Poland?

Stanislaus SIGHS resignedly.

KING LOUIS (CONT'D)
Very good! Settled! I am sure you will win them over with your...charm and sophistication. Anyway...

A mischievous grin at Mathias and Joseph.

KING LOUIS (CONT'D)
...Mathias and Joseph Kucharski. Your names march before you as always.

Sweeping bows.

MATHIAS
Honoured, your Highness.

JOSEPH
Honoured, your Highness.

KING LOUIS
Stanislaus? I presume you will no longer be needing the services of these fine...gentlemen?

KING STANISLAUS
I would not be so sure.

KING LOUIS

Oh come now, my dear Stanislaus!
'ow much further can you be from
Peter Alexeyevich?

KING STANISLAUS

They are both rather...special,
Louis.

KING LOUIS

Oh yes indeed, Stanislaus! Indeed
they are, and far more worthy of
my...substantially greater
coin...than yours.

He glances at Mathias and Joseph. Fanning himself, he smiles.

KING LOUIS (CONT'D)

Anyway gentlemen...I 'ave a
proposition for you, if of course
Stanislaus will agree?

A cursory glance at Stanislaus. He sullenly nods.

KING LOUIS (CONT'D)

Good. It appears we are 'aving a
little trouble in Acadia, and not
just from the British.

Mathias and Joseph frown.

MATHIAS

America?

JOSEPH

America?

KING LOUIS

Yes, a troublesome land with
a...reasonable future methinks. We
'ave a...fractious relationship
with a certain tribe there.

He pauses. A grin.

KING LOUIS (CONT'D)

They call them...Yeux Bleus.

Another pause. Mathias' eyebrow rises. Louis winks. A broad
smile.

KING LOUIS (CONT'D)

Yes...yes indeed. Maybe if you
would go and explore...diplomacy
for me?

He rubs his finger and thumb together. Smarmy bows.

MATHIAS
To the grave, Sire!

JOSEPH
To the grave, Sire!

KING LOUIS
Splendid, gentlemen! With all 'aste
for Port Acadia!

EXT. SEAPORT, DAY.

A BUSTLING seaport. Sailing ships large and small abound.
Horse drawn carts come and go.

Joseph and Mathias board an impressive warship. BAGGAGE
CARRIERS follow up the gangplank.

Seven OFFICERS in navy blue and red huddle. Mathias and
Joseph approach.

CAPTAIN AUBERT. Mid 50's. Tall. Black wig and tricorne hat.
They bow. Captain Aubert faces them.

MATHIAS
Colonel Mathias Kucharski.

JOSEPH
Captain Joseph Kucharski.

Mathias hands him a letter. He reads it. Looking them up and
down, he bows.

AUBERT
Captain Aubert. Welcome aboard
Intrepide, gentlemen. A letter from
King Louis himself, by God!
Obviously a cargo of great value!

His officers LAUGH. Mathias and Joseph grin and bow again.

AUBERT (CONT'D)
I presume you are both seasoned
mariners?

Both confidently nod.

EXT. FRENCH WARSHIP DECK, DAY.

Rough seas. The ship tosses and turns. Mathias and Joseph
LOUDLY VOMIT over the side. Captain Aubert gleefully
approaches.

AUBERT

Fear not my friends, but a few more
days!

Both LOUDLY VOMIT again. He SLAPS them hard on their backs.

INT. SAILOR'S QUARTERS, NIGHT.

Silent darkness. Gently rolling, the ship CREAKS. Joseph and Mathias sleep soundly on the floor. Other SAILORS sleep in hammocks.

A LOW HUM grows. Seven white glowing ANGELS manifest. Their eyes glow purple. LOUD WHISPERING rises.

A SAILOR awakens. He gapes terrified and crosses himself. The angels glow brighter as...

EXT. FRENCH WARSHIP DECK, MOMENTS LATER.

...more manifest on deck. The SHIP'S WATCH gapes terrified. St. Elmo's Fire glows on the masts as...

INT. SAILOR'S QUARTERS, MOMENTS LATER.

...a blinding light shines. The LOW HUM grows. The sailor WHIMPERS. The WHISPERING grows.

Joseph and Mathias sit bolt upright. Their eyes shine purple. Their faces contort unnaturally. Inhuman SNARLS.

The sailor SHRIEKS. A bright flash. Silent darkness returns.

Gently rolling, the ship CREAKS. Mathias and Joseph sleep soundly on the floor. Other sailors sleep in hammocks.

The sailor looks around frightened and bewildered.

EXT. FRENCH WARSHIP DECK, DAY.

A sunny day. The ship scuds along on a strong BREEZE. The crew BUSTLES.

Joseph lazes on the cabin roof smoking his pipe. Mathias approaches Aubert. He smiles.

MATHIAS

A fine day, Captain. How long
before landfall?

AUBERT
I daresay...tomorrow. The Royal
Navy may sally out of Boston, but
we will be unlucky if...

A LOUD SHOUT. Both look up. The SHIP'S WATCH points out to
sea.

SHIP'S WATCH
Sails!!! So' west!!!

Aubert whips out a telescope. He peers out. A distant large
warship scuds in full sail. He looks harder.

The Royal Navy White Ensign proudly flaps.

AUBERT
Shit! An English Man 'o War! Beat
to Quarters!!!!

DRUMS ROLL AND BEAT. The SHOUTING crew mobilise.

AUBERT (CONT'D)
Colonel, get below! Shelter in my
cabin.

Joseph leaps down next to Mathias.

JOSEPH
Trouble afoot, father?

Mathias nods.

MATHIAS
Yes, quickly...in here!

Both rush through a cabin door as...

EXT. ROYAL NAVY WARSHIP DECK, MOMENTS LATER.

...a ROYAL NAVY CAPTAIN peers through his telescope.

Mid 50's. Royal Navy blue and white. Large black wig and
tricorne hat. OFFICERS surround him. He gleefully smiles.

ROYAL NAVY CAPTAIN
And I want this Frenchie for
myself...and good Queen Anne of
course!!!

All LAUGH. DRUMS ROLL AND BEAT. The SHOUTING CREW mobilise.
He peers through his telescope again as...

INT. BRITISH GUN DECK, MOMENTS LATER.

...LOUD CHAOS reigns. Cannons loaded, gun ports open.

EXT. FRENCH WARSHIP DECK, MOMENTS LATER.

SHOUTING and DRUMS. The British warship closes in. Aubert draws his cutlass.

AUBERT
All starboard guns!!! Prepare to
fire!!!

INT. FRENCH GUN DECK, MOMENTS LATER.

LOUD CHAOS. Guns frantically loaded, gun ports open as...

EXT. WARSHIPS, MOMENTS LATER.

...the ships close broadside. FLASH BOOM. Smoke billows as...

EXT. FRENCH WARSHIP DECK, MOMENTS LATER.

...cannonballs CRASH. Timbers SHATTER. Sails RIP. Ropes SNAP. Wounded men SCREAM.

More cannonballs CRASH. Aubert SCREAMS. He falls heavily to the deck.

The battered ships pass. Mathias and Joseph rush onto deck. Carnage greets them.

Aubert struggles up vomiting blood. He collapses. Mathias kneels over him.

He tears open his bloodsoaked tunic. His mutilated chest bleeds.

Mathias lays hands on him. His eyes close as he massages. He throws shrapnel on the deck as...

EXT. HEALING SEQUENCE, MOMENTS LATER.

...a white flash. Aubert awakes. Silence. White heavenly light. A LOW HUM resonates.

He looks up. A glowing figure kneels over him. Shining purple eyes stare down.

LOUD WHISPERING. Seven identical figures stand above him. They reach out to him as...

EXT. FRENCH WARSHIP DECK, MOMENTS LATER.

...a white flash. BATTLE returns. Mathias opens his shining purple eyes. Fade to blue. Fade to normal.

Aubert GASPS. He violently COUGHS. Mathias lifts him with inhuman strength. He carries him to his cabin.

Other wounded sailors GASP. Joseph leaps unnaturally from one sailor to another. Mathias glares at him.

MATHIAS
Joseph!!! The officers!!! Leave the
sailors!!!

Looking up, Joseph nods. He leaps to a wounded OFFICER as...

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN, MOMENTS LATER.

...Mathias lays Aubert down on the table.

MATHIAS
Captain!! Your ship needs
you...now!! On your feet!!!

Aubert nods bewildered. He struggles up. Grabbing his collar, Mathias pulls him to his feet.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
It will pass, Captain! You are
alive!!

Mathias lets go. Aubert gathers himself. O.S BATTLE RAGES.

AUBERT
Yes...yes.

He staggers through the door as...

EXT. FRENCH WARSHIP DECK, MOMENTS LATER.

...CHAOS reigns on deck. Mathias follows him.

AUBERT
Damage report now!!! Dampen all
fires!!!

A SAILOR points frantically.

SAILOR
It comes around again!!!

All look. The burning British warship approaches.

AUBERT
Prepare to repel boarders!!!

Crew prepare as...

EXT. ROYAL NAVY WARSHIP DECK, MOMENTS LATER.

...CHAOS reigns on the British ship. Smoke billows. The Captain scowls at flames licking through the deck. A singed OFFICER rushes up.

OFFICER
Captain, sir...the magazine is
afame!! We cannot dampen it!!

ROYAL NAVY CAPTAIN
Damn it to hell!!! Prepare
boarders!!!

Redcoat ROYAL MARINES frantically muster. Sailors draw cutlasses. Some load flintlock pistols as...

EXT. FRENCH WARSHIP DECK, MOMENTS LATER.

Greycoat FRENCH MARINES frantically muster. Sailors draw cutlasses. Some load flintlock pistols. Aubert peers through his telescope.

AUBERT
By God, an inferno!! We will both
burn at this rate!!

He CLACKS his telescope shut as...

EXT. WARSHIPS, MOMENTS LATER.

...both ships sail broadside. FLASH BOOM. Smoke billows as...

EXT. FRENCH WARSHIP DECK, MOMENTS LATER.

...cannon balls CRASH. Timbers SHATTER. Sails RIP. Ropes SNAP. Wounded men SCREAM. Mathias and Joseph tend to them.

French Marines VOLLEY FIRE through the tumult. The burning British warship turns sharply away as...

EXT. ROYAL NAVY WARSHIP DECK, MOMENTS LATER.

...a hellish inferno rages. SCREAMING men burn. The dying British Captain looks up from his deck.

Blood oozes from his mouth. Flames burn rapidly towards him as..

EXT. FRENCH WARSHIP DECK, MOMENTS LATER.

...the French CHEER. The British warship burns fiercely. It slows to a stop. Mathias and Joseph watch.

It EXPLODES. Burning debris and bodies fly high into the air. CHEERING stops. Stunned silence.

Shocked French sailors cross themselves. Charred bodies float away into oblivion.

INT. CAPTAIN'S CABIN, LATER THAT DAY/DUSK.

Evening dinner. Silver plate glints in candlelight and the setting sun.

Aubert, Joseph and Mathias sit in tense silence. O.S HAMMERING resounds around the ship.

Aubert plays with his food. He wipes his mouth with a serviette.

AUBERT

I know not what happened today, but
I believe it correct to offer
thanks for my life...and for my
crew.

An awkward glance.

MATHIAS

Thank you, Captain.

Aubert weakly smiles.

AUBERT

We dock in Port Acadia tomorrow. I
pray you will be glad to see dry
land again?

Mathias and Joseph weakly smile.

MATHIAS

Methinks we make poor sailors.

Aubert grins.

AUBERT
Yes, I am most aggrieved to
say...that you do.

He pauses.

AUBERT (CONT'D)
It pains me that you have caused
some disquiet amongst my crew. For
such reason I will...insist you
billet in my cabin, tonight.

MATHIAS
Unnecessary, Captain. We are...

Aubert THUMPS the table. Both flinch. Aubert facepalms. His
hands tremble. Silence.

AUBERT
I insist...Colonel.

Mathias nods. Aubert composes himself.

MATHIAS
Of course, Captain.

A glance at Joseph.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
Though we have no wish to deny you
your bed...as you need rest more
than we.

Aubert shakes his head.

AUBERT
Trouble yourself not, gentlemen. I
will savour the night air.

A forced grin. Mathias nods. Aubert suddenly stands.

AUBERT (CONT'D)
And now, I shall retire.

He bows.

AUBERT (CONT'D)
Good night, gentlemen.

He leaves. Both stand and bow.

MATHIAS
Good night.

JOSEPH
Good night.

The door SLAMS shut. The lock CLACKS. Candlelit silence.

EXT. FRENCH WARSHIP DECK, DAWN.

A sunny early morning. A wide river gently flows flanked by thick trees and hilly country. Other ships sail up and down.

An elevated earth and stone fortress dominates the landscape. Joseph and Mathias stand admiring. Aubert saunters up.

AUBERT
Welcome to Port Acadia, gentlemen.

MATHIAS
Impressive, to say the least.

AUBERT
Bad ale.

He grimaces and saunters away.

EXT. SEAPORT, LATER THAT DAY.

A BUSTLING seaport. Timber buildings abound. Ship CREWS SHOUT as do MARKET TRADERS and FUR TRAPPERS.

Shackled AFRICAN SLAVES trudge sullenly along the quayside.

Goods load and unload from ships of all sizes. Many horse drawn carts come and go.

EXT. FRENCH WARSHIP DECK, MOMENTS LATER.

A BOATSWAIN'S WHISTLE. Seven officers stand to attention. Mathias and Joseph approach.

Aubert awaits them. Removing his hat, he bows.

AUBERT
Farewell, gentlemen...I trust your stay here will be a happy one.

They bow.

MATHIAS
Thank you, Captain.

JOSEPH
Thank you, Captain.

They glance around. The crew stare. Some cross themselves. Some turn away.

Both grin. Some crew struggle down the gangplank with their luggage. Joseph politely bows.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
Thank you, for your...hospitality,
Captain Aubert.

He leaps high in the air with unnatural strength. He lands gracefully on the quayside.

Glowing blue eyes look up. He smiles.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
Hurry, father! I smell bad ale!!!

Shocked GASPS. Many crew cross themselves. Mathias rolls his eyes. He bows.

MATHIAS
Forgive him, Captain...young and
foolish.

A wry smile. He leaps high in the air. He lands gracefully on the quayside beside Joseph.

Glowing blue eyes look up. He bows.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
Farewell, Captain Aubert! It
was...a pleasure!

EXT. SEAPORT, SOME TIME LATER.

A BUSTLING CROWD. Both push their way through. An elegant horse drawn carriage awaits before them.

SOULIER watches them. Late 20's. A handsome native Mi'kmaq. Green French greatcoat.

Long black hair under his tricorne hat. A fine sabre hangs from his waist. Seven Mi'kmaq HENCHMEN flank him.

A bored officer stands beside the carriage. Seven CAVALRY TROOPERS in grey and blue stand sentinel.

CAPTAIN DURAND. Early 20's. Tall dark and handsome. Pale blue eyes. Thick shoulder length hair beneath his tricorne hat.

Both approach him and bow.

MATHIAS
Colonel and Captain Kucharski. I
believe we are expected?

Durand jumps startled to attention. A STRONG FRENCH CANADIAN
ACCENT.

DURAND
Captain Durand. Compagnie Frances
de le Marine...at your service.

Hat lifted, he bows.

MATHIAS
Thank you, Captain.

He hands Durand the letter. He reads it. Looking up, he nods.
He gestures to the carriage.

INT. INSIDE CARRIAGE (TRAVELLING), A LITTLE LATER.

A cramped carriage BUMPS along.

DURAND
King Louis' letter arrived seven
days ago. I daresay that Governor
Coulvain will be very pleased you
are here.

Joseph PUFFS nonchalantly on a pipe. Mathias stares out the
window. Seven gibbeted corpses pass him by.

DURAND (CONT'D)
The Yeux Bleus will attack any
traffic heading into Quebec,
civilian or military. They are
costing...money.

Mathias looks at him.

MATHIAS
Whereas the other tribes do not?

Durand shakes his head.

DURAND
The other tribes fear them also.
They believe they are spirits, from
a far older time...

A dismissive shrug.

DURAND (CONT'D)
...they believe what they like.

EXT. FORT PARADE GROUND, MOMENTS LATER.

Carriage and cavalry pass through a gate onto a large parade ground.

The GARRISON STAMPS to attention. Grey and blue uniforms.
Standards FLAP in a gentle BREEZE.

The carriage halts. Durand dismounts. He holds open the door.
Mathias and Joseph step out. They frown.

MATHIAS
Hmm...as if we are King Louis
himself?

Durand smiles.

DURAND
As I said, Colonel...Governor
Coulvain is most pleased to see
you.

COULVAIN stands with seven OFFICERS. Mid 50's. Tall.
Overweight. An extravagant fop in fine uniform. A thick black
wig. An eager smile.

COULVAIN
Gentlemen, welcome...welcome!
Colonel Jean Robert de Coulvain.

He bows. Mathias and Joseph do likewise.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)
I trust your voyage was a good one?

MATHIAS
Eventful, Governor...with thanks to
the Royal Navy.

COULVAIN
Ah yes, they have been somewhat
busy of late. Anyway, come...we
have refreshments!

He gestures to a fine brick building. They walk away. He
turns.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)
Durand...dismiss the men, will you?

Durand bows.

DURAND

Yes, sir.

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, MOMENTS LATER.

Seven young WOMEN GIGGLE mischievously on the battlements.

LADY ALICE. The Governor's wife. Mid 20's. Aristocratic.
Blond hair. Blue eyes. Fine clothes.

She carefully aims a flintlock pistol. She SHOOTs. A pot on a
post SHATTERS. All CLAP. A friend eagerly nudges her.

They look down at Joseph and Mathias. Joseph looks up and
smiles. Catching Alice's eye, all eagerly WHISPER.

INT. WOOD PANELLED ROOM, MOMENTS LATER.

A dark wood panelled room. Exquisite furniture and paintings
abound.

All sit at a large dining table. Joseph puffs on his pipe.
Smoke rises.

An African servant brings in coffee. Coulvain eagerly rubs
his hands.

COULVAIN

Ah, good coffee! A rare commodity
here I fear. Has to be drunk
sparingly, but as this is a special
occasion.

He waves the servant dismissively away. Joseph and Mathias
frown unimpressed.

MATHIAS

Captain Durand was kind enough to
provide some...background,
Governor.

COULVAIN

Good...a fine young lad is Durand.
Naive though, bless his soul. His
predecessor Rimbert got chopped by
the Yeux Bleus. Sugar?

He gestures to a large silver bowl. Mathias and Joseph
decline.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)
 Good, sugar is hellish expensive
 here...

Heapfuls of sugar go in. He STIRS.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)
 ...in fact, everything here but
 your own shit is hellish expensive.
 Landward traders are few, most come
 by sea...if they can evade the
 British out of Boston.

JOSEPH
 A small garrison, Governor?

Coulvain shrugs. A SLURP of coffee.

COULVAIN
 Well, yes...seventy souls.
 Sufficient for peace but alas...not
 for war. The New Englanders vex us,
 but the local savages are for the
 most part...passive. They are no
 friends of the Iroquai.

MATHIAS
 The Yeux Bleus, you mean?

COULVAIN
 No...the Mi'kmaq, but damn those
 Yeux Bleus! Vexing in extremis!
 They block the lucrative passage to
 the north west. They just seem to
 keep coming back, whereas my
 men...do not.

Another SLURP.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)
 Ahhh...all the way from the
 Ottomans you know, drink up!

They sip. He leans back in his chair. A provocative grin.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)
 So, you believe you may tame the
 Yeux Bleus? Succeed where I have
 failed?

MATHIAS
 King Louis believes so, hence our
 presence now before you.

Coulvain raises his cup.

COULVAIN
Of course! His Majesty states you
are his...personal ambassadors.

We are?

JOSEPH

We are?

Coulvain unfolds a letter. Eyes narrowing, he studies it.

COULVAIN
Um...your reputation goes back
many, many years...you have the
diplomatic skills I apparently
lack...so on...so forth.

He looks up.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)
In ten days, three hundred and
fifty more troops arrive from
France. Events in Boston vex his
serene Highness greatly...

He grins.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)
...and he is delighted, as I am, to
make the Yeux Bleus...your problem.

MATHIAS
Good...as I insist on meeting them
as soon as possible.

COULVAIN
Keen I see! Then tomorrow you will
accompany Durand. You will become
acquainted with them...then.

Coffee necked, he stands.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)
Well, time marches ever onwards.
Durand will show you your quarters.
Dinner at seven. Until then.

He bows. Both stand as he leaves the room.

INT. DINING ROOM, LATER THAT NIGHT.

A large dining table. Silver plate flickers in orange candlelight.

OFFICERS sit drinking and LAUGHING. Fine uniforms and big wigs abound. Mathias and Joseph sit awkwardly next to Durand.

Alice threads her arm through Coulvain's. She casts a flirty glance at Joseph.

He meets the glance. A polite nod. A hint of a knowing smile. Coulvain kisses her lovingly on the cheek. She fakes a smile.

COULVAIN

Durand, break out the cards, man! I wish to win my damned wager back.

All LAUGH. Mathias and Joseph sip their wine.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)

And...as we have our Polish guests this evening, I feel obliged to ask them to join? Everyone in agreement say aye!

ALL

Aye!!

Both force a smile. Another flirty glance at Joseph.

ALICE

Pray tell, what games do you play in Poland?

He grins mischievously.

JOSEPH

Well, we have a few, my lady.

Mathias scowls at him.

COULVAIN

Ah! I presumed that you would, and that a great many involve strong vodka?!

All LAUGH.

JOSEPH

Most certainly, sir.

Mathias WHISPERS in Joseph's ear.

MATHIAS

Pray remember the company that we keep, Joseph.

A sly smile. A nod.

JOSEPH
One of the more popular, my lady
is...Dupa Biskupa.

Mathias facepalms. Alice smiles.

ALICE
How intriguing! Polish is such a
delightful language. Pray tell
Monsieur, what does that mean?

Mathias glares threateningly at Joseph.

JOSEPH
Madame, it means Bishop's Arse.

GASPS. LAUGHTER. Alice winks at Joseph. Mathias squirms.

COULVAIN
I will wager not they play such a
game in the Vatican! But then
again, maybe they do!

More LAUGHTER. Mathias interjects.

MATHIAS
I regret to say, that is all the
card games we possess.

Joseph feigns surprise.

JOSEPH
But father! You forget the finest
game of all!

Mathias frowns.

MATHIAS
I do?

Encouraging LAUGHTER.

ALICE
Keep us not in suspense, Monsieur!

JOSEPH
Father?

Mathias gapes.

MATHIAS
Me?! No!

All LAUGH. Joseph gleefully smiles.

JOSEPH

We also have a card game we
call...chuj

Mathias facepalms again.

COULVAIN

Out with it, man! What is it?!

JOSEPH

I defer...to my father.

A cheeky wink. Mathias SIGHS.

MATHIAS

Penis. A card game called...penis.

All GASP. A pregnant pause. Hysterical LAUGHTER. Joseph PATS
Mathias on the back.

INT. CORRIDOR, LATER THAT NIGHT.

A dark candlelit corridor. A door opens. Mathias and Joseph
carry out an unconscious Durand.

MATHIAS

To his bed, methinks.

Joseph nods. Mathias effortlessly fireman lifts him. Coulvain
falls drunkenly out the door behind them.

COULVAIN

By God! Never drink with a Pole!

He struggles up.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)

Get him to bed, I want him out by
dawn!

He falls again.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)

Damn it to hell! Alice?! Alice?!

He falls unconscious. Out stumbles Alice GIGGLING.

ALICE

My poor, poor drunken husband.

She tries to stand. She falls flat on her backside. Drunken
LAUGHTER. Joseph rushes over to her. Glaring, Mathias GROWLS.

MATHIAS
Joseph, what are you doing?!

JOSEPH
Forgive me, Father. A lady in need.

A sly grin. He effortlessly picks her up.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
Please allow me to put you
somewhere more...comfortable.

A fake GASP.

ALICE
Oh! Monsieur Joseph, I must
protest!

JOSEPH
Of course, Lady Alice, I will put
you down at once!

ALICE
Oh...do not be so rash!

He winks at Mathias. He rolls his eyes as he walks away.
Joseph carries Alice back through the door as...

INT. DINING ROOM, MOMENTS LATER.

...officers lie SNORING on the table. Joseph lays her down on
a couch.

JOSEPH
I pray you will find this more
comfortable, Lady Alice.

A flirty smile. She WHISPERS.

ALICE
Hmm...much more comfortable should
you stay a while, Monsieur. Life is
so boring here.

She strokes his face. Smiling, he WHISPERS.

JOSEPH
Alas, we would have an audience.

She GIGGLES.

ALICE
They sleep soundly, and I swear I
will be as quiet...as a mouse.

JOSEPH
I would wager not.

A knowing grin. He stands.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
My day begins early tomorrow. Good
night, my Lady.

A bow. He turns and leaves. Alice longingly smiles as...

INT. BEDROOM, MOMENTS LATER.

...Joseph walks into a bedroom. Mathias pulls a blanket over
a SNORING Durand. He frowns.

MATHIAS
I presume you put the good lady
safely to bed?

A cocky shrug.

JOSEPH
I did indeed, father. She was most
grateful for my intervention.

Mathias scowls.

MATHIAS
I have no doubt...but show more
wisdom.

Joseph spitefully smirks and walks out the room.

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, LATER THAT NIGHT.

A clear moonlit night. Mathias and Joseph stand on the
battlements. A dense black forest looms in the far distance.

Breath mists before them. The coming dawn glows on the
horizon. They close their eyes.

JOSEPH
There is...something.

Joseph puffs on his pipe. Smoke rises.

MATHIAS

Hmm...you sense it as well?

Joseph nods. Both open glowing blue eyes. They GASP. Blue eyes shine purple.

Glowing angels manifest around them. O.S restless horses WHINNY and SNORT as...

EXT. FOREST, MOMENTS LATER.

...in a forbidding dense black forest, an exceptionally tall HOODED FIGURE stands alone in the moonlight.

Fort Acadia sits silhouetted in the distant dawn light. Blue eyes shine within the hood. An inhuman SNARL. Breath mists before them.

EXT. FORT PARADE GROUND. DAWN THE NEXT DAY.

Dawn. CAVALRY TROOPERS busily ready themselves. Durand laboriously checks his saddle.

Mathias and Joseph stride out from the stables in army grey and blue. Both approach Durand.

MATHIAS

Good day, Captain! What a fine morning it is!

Durand turns. He projectile VOMITS across the courtyard. Mathias and Joseph jump back. Durand GROANS.

DURAND

My deepest apologies, Colonel.

A reassuring pat on the back.

MATHIAS

Fear not, Durand...we have all been there at some point. Have you breakfasted?

He shakes his head. Joseph searches Durand's saddle. He finds a canteen. A sly grin.

JOSEPH

I have some bread and fresh pork dripping...if you so wish?

He reaches into his own saddlebag. He pulls out a small bowl. Durand projectile VOMITS again.

Mathias frowns. He snatches the canteen from Joseph.

MATHIAS
Drink, Durand...get plenty in you,
man. It will soon pass.

Durand drinks deeply.

EXT. FOREST TRACK, LATER THAT DAY.

A dense black forest. BIRDSONG. A muddy overgrown track.

Twenty one cavalry troopers TROT slowly in column. Durand leads. Mathias and Joseph flank him.

All scan nervously around.

DURAND
They are known to strike suddenly,
without warning...in the blink of
an eye.

Mathias and Joseph nod.

MATHIAS
May I suggest a tighter formation,
Durand? We are too loose to repel
an ambush.

Embarrassed, Durand nods.

DURAND
Yes...of course.

Durand looks behind.

DURAND (CONT'D)
Sergeant Berger?! Close up, tighten
the column. Guard our flanks.

SERGEANT BERGER
Yes, sir!

All tighten up. Mathias and Joseph scowl. Blue eyes glow.
Quiet inhuman SNARLS. BIRDSONG stops. Silence.

Agitated horses WHINNY. Troopers nervously pat them. Mathias
WHISPERS.

MATHIAS
Durand, ready your men...now.
Quietly...and calmly.

Durand stares nervously at Mathias.

DURAND
Your eyes.

Durand's BREATHING quickens. The horses worsen. Troopers struggle. The column halts. All bunch nervously.

MATHIAS
Calmly, Sergeant...calm.

Sergeant Berger nervously nods. Numerous shadowy figures flit within the trees.

Mathias and Joseph's eyes glow purple. They SNARL louder.

The shadowy figures halt. Massed blue eyes glow from the trees. Frightened troopers draw flintlock pistols.

With lightening speed, many hooded YEUX BLEUS leap SNARLING from the trees. SCREAMING horses rear up.

DURAND
Fire!!!

Troopers YELL. Some fall heavily to the ground. Mathias and Joseph SNARL.

Flintlocks SHOOT. Some Yeux Bleus fall. Mathias and Joseph rear up and SHOOT.

Fallen troopers SCREAM. Yeux Bleus savagely attack with tomahawks and knives.

Durand SHOOTS. His SCREAMING horse rears up. He falls to the ground.

Mathias and Joseph leap inhumanly from their horses. Both draw flintlock and sword mid air.

They land gracefully. Their glowing purple eyes widen. Both savagely ROAR. Their faces inhumanly contort.

They SHOOT. Two Yeux Bleus drop. Many Yeux Bleus attack them. Swords SLASH.

Severed Yeux Bleus heads roll. Glowing blue eyes fade to deathly black.

Durand SHOOTS a Yeux Bleus in the head. It drops. Durand glances wide eyed at Mathias and Joseph's struggle.

He frantically reloads. A Yeux Bleus leaps at him. Flintlock dropped, he draws sword. He slashes desperately.

Outfought, he's held down. Frantic struggle. He rips down the hood.

A beautiful young NATIVE WOMAN'S blue eyes glow murderously down. DURAND'S EYES GLOW DIMLY BLUE.

Shocked, she hesitates. Suddenly GASPING, she struggles. Her knife raised, Durand grabs it.

Recovering, she rips her hand away. She savagely stabs him as he SCREAMS.

Fighting stops. A Mexican standoff. Joseph and Mathias stand back to back. Blood drenched swords rise ready.

Confused Yeux Bleus cast fleeting glances. Their headless dead litter the battlefield.

Some back slowly away. Others stand their ground.

YEUX BLEUS
Withdraw!!!

They flee with inhuman speed. Silence. Joseph and Mathias pause.

Wounded CRY. Joseph and Mathias run to them. Mathias kneels beside Durand. GASPING, Durand falls unconscious.

Mathias rips open his blood soaked tunic. He lays hands on Durand as...

EXT. HEALING SEQUENCE, MOMENTS LATER.

...a white flash. Durand awakes. Silence. White heavenly light. A LOW HUM resonates.

He looks up. A glowing figure kneels over him. Glowing purple eyes stare down. Mathias stares into DURAND'S GLOWING BLUE EYES as...

EXT. FOREST TRACK, MOMENTS LATER.

...a white flash. Durand inhumanly ROARS. An invisible force throws Mathias through the air. He lands heavily.

He looks up shocked. Durand COUGHS violently. LOUD COUGHING rises en masse. Mathias leaps back beside Durand.

MATHIAS
Durand, Durand...calm, calm. Breath
deeply, all is well.

BREATHING heavily, Durand nods.

EXT. FOREST TRACK, LATER THAT DAY.

Dark forest. BIRDSONG. The cavalry traipse along. Mathias and Joseph keep watch. BIRDSONG stops. Silence.

Within the trees shadows flit. Mathias and Joseph's eyes glow. Gripping sword hilts, the cavalry scan anxiously around.

Fort Acadia looms in the distance. Some troopers gallop away. Joseph glares.

JOSEPH

No!!! Wait!!!

Shadows flit. Panic strikes. More troopers gallop as...

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, MOMENTS LATER.

...from the battlements, Coulvain and seven officers squint. He peers through his telescope.

COULVAIN

Ah good, here they come! Infantry
prepare!!! Open the gates on my
order!!!

EXT. FORT PARADE GROUND, MOMENTS LATER.

Soldiers quickly muster. Two lines form before the gate. They wait as...

EXT. OPEN GROUND NEAR FORT, MOMENTS LATER.

...the troopers gallop on. SNARLING Yeux Bleus chase with lightning speed.

DURAND

Faster!!!!

All gallop into open ground. The Yeux Bleus gain. Two Yeux Bleus SMASH two troopers to the ground.

The SHRIEKING troopers land heavily. Mathias and Joseph leap from their horses.

Both grab the Yeux Bleus and throw them YELLING far into the trees.

Mathias and Joseph fireman lift the troopers over their shoulders and run.

Other Yeux Bleus attack. Troopers ride for their lives as...

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, MOMENTS LATER.

...SNAPPING his telescope shut, Coulvain sips his coffee. He gestures to the gate.

COULVAIN
Open the gates!!! Infantry
advance!!!

EXT. OUTSIDE FORT GATE, MOMENTS LATER.

The gates swing open. Infantry rush out. DRUMS BEAT. Orderly ranks formed, they quick march ahead as...

EXT. APPROACH TO FORT, MOMENTS LATER.

...all troopers race towards them. Yeux Bleus chase but hold back. The infantry approach.

OFFICER
Halt!!!

The infantry halt.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Volley fire!!! Present!!!

The infantry take aim. Troopers race past. Durand's horse stumbles. He tumbles to the ground.

Mathias and Joseph halt. They drop the troopers to the ground.

Mathias and Joseph draw swords. The Yeux Bleus suddenly halt.

Blues eyes glowing, the Yeux Bleus stand defiant. Another Mexican standoff.

OFFICER (CONT'D)
Soldiers of France!!! Fi...

Mathias leaps in front of them. He ROARS.

MATHIAS
No!!!!!!

The soldiers wildly VOLLEY FIRE. Musket balls riddle him. He drops heavily to his knees.

He grips his bleeding body. He glares at the Yeux Bleus. Purple eyes closing, he quietly GROWLS.

Musket balls drop beneath him. He calmly stands. Purple eyes fading, he casually throws a musket ball at the Yeux Bleus' feet.

OFFICER (O.S.)

Reload!!!

The infantry frantically reload. Mathias and Yeux Bleus stare each other out.

The Yeux Bleus nod. All suddenly vanish. Silence.

Mathias SIGHS. Joseph helps Durand to his feet. O.S CLAPPING breaks the silence. All look up as...

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, MOMENTS LATER.

...lifting his coffee, Coulvain raises a toast.

COULVAIN

Bravo!!! Bravo!!! Well done!!!

Another long sip.

INT. FORT INFIRMARY, LATER THAT DAY.

A small primitive infirmary. Durand and the troopers sit sullenly silent.

SURGEON PERRIER. Early 60's. Short. Thin. Examination finished, he closes a trooper's tunic.

He peers over his glasses at Mathias and Joseph in the shadows.

SURGEON PERRIER

Hmm...all seem surprisingly well. A good meal and a nap will top it...

He frowns at the troopers.

SURGEON PERRIER (CONT'D)

...but no liquor!

GRUMBLING. Perrier looks puzzled.

SURGEON PERRIER (CONT'D)
They just fell from their horses,
you say?

MATHIAS
Just fell from their horses,
Surgeon Perrier.

Joseph nods. Perrier SNIFFS.

SURGEON PERRIER
Hmm...very well. All discharged.
Off you go...shoo!

He waves them dismissively away. Coulvain walks in coffee in hand. All wearily stand to attention.

COULVAIN
So, none the worse for your
encounter I see, Durand?

Durand sullenly shakes his head.

DURAND
No, Governor...no.

COULVAIN
Very good! Maybe they were just...
very gentle with you.

He LAUGHS. Coffee necked, he turns to Mathias and Joseph.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)
And I hope your first acquaintance
with the Yeux Bleus was in no way,
a disappointment?

Wry grins.

MATHIAS
Not even in the slightest,
Governor. We learned much.

COULVAIN
What preference? A meeting or war?

MATHIAS
I know not, Governor...the decision
is not mine to make.

COULVAIN
Tomorrow, the Sagamaws grace us
with their presence. Do you fear an
attack?

Mathias shakes his head.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)
Good! We can all look forward to
the meeting then!

He SLAPS Durand hard on the back. He COUGHS.

INT. SMALL CHURCH, LATER THAT NIGHT.

A small dimly candlelit chapel. Serene silence. Durand kneels before a modest altar. Seven other troopers kneel beside him.

FATHER GALOIS gives Communion. An elderly Catholic priest.

FATHER GALOIS
Body of Christ.

Communion received, Durand crosses himself. He returns to a pew. Mathias sits unnoticed beside him.

MATHIAS
Durand, I felt your spirit. Very
strong...exceptionally so.

Durand looks startled at Mathias. He looks to the floor. A nod. Mathias nods.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
From your mother's descent?

DURAND
My great grandmother.

Durand moves his hair away from his neck. Seven faint marks stain the hair line. Mathias grins.

MATHIAS
It dilutes more, from the mother's
descent...but it never leaves you.
What of your father?

DURAND
She was raped...repeatedly. They
shot her first, then...before she
could heal herself.

Mathias closes his eyes. He grimaces.

MATHIAS
My deepest apologies, Durand.

DURAND

That shame has never left us. The
Yeux Bleus rejected her...so I have
no descent, and I want none of it.

MATHIAS

What do you me...

Durand storms out. Mathias stands watching him go. The
troopers nervously stare. Eyes down, Mathias walks slowly
out.

EXT. APPROACH TO FORT, THE NEXT DAY.

A sunny day. Numerous mounted NATIVE AMERICANS approach Fort
Acadia.

MADOGONOUIT leads them. Early 70's. Long white hair. Tall.
Slim. Athletic. Wrinkled brown skin. Mi'kmaq native dress.

Seven WARRIORS flank him. Some in native dress, others not.

Behind, Soulier leads his seven WARRIORS. All in fine
greatcoats and tricorne hats.

Durand awaits flanked by cavalry. Madogonouit halts. Hat
lifted, Durand graciously bows.

DURAND

Welcome, Grand Chief Madogonouit.

A gracious bow returns. A hint of a warm smile.

MADOGONOUIT

Thank you, Lieutenant...

He pauses.

MADOGONOUIT (CONT'D)

...my apologies, Captain...Durand.

Durand bows again.

MADOGONOUIT (CONT'D)

It pleases me much, to see your
promotion.

DURAND

Thank you, sir...though I regret
the loss of Captain Rimbert.

MADOGONOUIT

I...do not.

Durand nods.

DURAND

No...I presumed as much. I will be
honoured to escort you in, sir.

Durand and the cavalry lead the way. All follow.

INT. LARGE MEETING ROOM, LATER THAT DAY.

A large room. A large table. Seven TRIBAL LEADERS sit in
tense silence. Coulvain studies paperwork with Father Galois.

Mathias, Joseph, Durand and seven OFFICERS stand in line
behind them. Formal uniforms and big wigs abound. Durand
WHISPERS to Mathias.

DURAND

Sagamaws of the local Mi'kmaq
tribes...the leaders.

JOSEPH

Hmm...and not a Yeux Bleus among
them?

Durand shakes his head.

DURAND

No...there never is, and there
never has been.

Madogonouit catches Mathias' eye. He nods a greeting. Mathias
nods politely back. He leans to Durand.

MATHIAS

And he?

DURAND

Madogonouit, the Grand Chief. He is
more...pragmatic. The younger ones
are more...less so.

MATHIAS

But they follow him?

DURAND

Yes...and no. He favours the
French, others...do not.

Mathias nods. Coffee necked, Coulvain stands. A graceful bow.

COULVAIN

Gentlemen...welcome again. I trust
your journey was a pleasant one?

Stony silence. He sits with a SIGH.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)

Very well. We have drawn up the
furs treaty, for you to sign. I am
sure you will find it...most
lucrative.

A fake grin. He pauses. Silence.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)

Also...a treaty to formalise our
alliance against the British and
the New Englanders.

Soulier stands.

SOULIER

Again...why should we agree such
treaties, Governor Coulvain? When
the men of New England would pay
more?

He looks for support. Sagamaws GRUMBLE. A sly smile.

SOULIER (CONT'D)

And why should we ally with
men...who dress like squaws?

Loud LAUGHTER. Soulier sits. The officers scowl. Coulvain
stands smiling.

COULVAIN

Soulier, why would you find my
officers so comely? Is this yet
another of your dark secrets?

A sly grin. LAUGHTER. Soulier nonchalantly shrugs.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)

I can assure you, Soulier, that
none here, will act like squaws
when it comes to war...or sedition,
rebellion...agent provocateurs.

A menacing grin. Silence. Soulier frowns.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)

The gallows and wheel have
been...quiet of late, have they
not? Let us hope they remain so.

Soulier scowls.

SOULIER

It is regretful, sir...that you
suggest that I may be such an
agent?

COULVAIN

Oh, I do beg your pardon, sir! Of
course, I utterly reject His Royal
Highness King Louis' agents in
Boston, who see you there
with...some frequency. Legitimate
business I am sure. What else could
it be?

A sly smile. Soulier squirms.

SOULIER

My business there is quite
legitimate...your spies are liars!

COULVAIN

Soulier...dear Soulier, do calm
yourself. The agents only report
your presence there, not the
substance...of your meetings at the
Town House.

SOULIER

You're jesting with me sir, and I
resent it!

Another sly grin.

COULVAIN

Perhaps more discretion...is
advised, Monsieur. Lest the good
people gathered here...would
believe you are whoring yourself to
others...who dress like squaws.

A spiteful smile. Soulier leaps to his feet.

SOULIER

How dare you insult me!

His sword draws. Loud CHAOS. Sagamaws leap to their feet.

Mathias, Durand and Joseph draw swords. They shield Coulvain.
Madogonouit BELLOWS.

MADOGONOUIT
Silence!!!

Sudden silence. Soulier stands defiant.

MADOGONOUIT (CONT'D)
*Soulier, sheath your sword, for you
are a young fool!!*

Soulier glares.

SOULIER
*First an apology, Madogonouit...or
my honour restored!!*

MADOGONOUIT
*You will get neither! Now sit among
wiser men, or leave this room!!*

Tense silence. Soulier storms out.

INT. DINING ROOM, LATER THAT NIGHT.

A lavish candlelit dinner. Guests sit MURMURING at a large
table. A SMALL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA plays gentle BAROQUE MUSIC.

Joseph and Mathias sip wine. Durand stifles a YAWN. Big wigs
and makeup abound.

The Sagamaws reluctantly eat. All cast disdainful glances.

Coulvain LAUGHS. Alice LAUGHS politely beside him. Fan
fluttering, she glances at Joseph.

Joseph spots her. He winks. Suppressing a smile, she bites
her lip.

INT. BALLROOM, A LITTLE LATER.

A fast dance. The orchestra PLAYS with gusto. Officers and
wives CLAP as they circle the dance floor.

Alice spins around. She stops. Joseph stands before her. A
bow. He takes her hand and they dance.

ALICE
*Are your Polish dances as energetic
as this one, Monsieur?*

A wicked smile.

JOSEPH
Much more so, my Lady Alice...so
much faster and harder.

A suggestive wink. She LAUGHS.

ALICE
So you may dance me out of Fort
Acadia back to Paris that much
faster!

His shining smile broadens. They dance onwards. She glides to
another officer.

Mathias replaces her. Surprised, Joseph frowns.

JOSEPH
Oh...methinks you are far uglier,
Father.

Mathias glares.

MATHIAS
A word, if you would indulge me?

He escorts Joseph to the door as...

INT. CORRIDOR, MOMENTS LATER.

...Mathias closes the door behind him. A dimly candlelit
corridor. Joseph stands waiting. All eyes dimly glow.

MATHIAS
I would hope, with lessons from
your...prior mishaps learnt, that
you would refrain from whoring
yourself with the Lady Alice?

JOSEPH
Such mistakes that you have made
far more of, may I remind you,
father?

A sarcastic smile. Mathias' eyes glow brighter.

MATHIAS
Pray tell, what you believe would
occur, should the Governor find you
making a strumpet of his wife?

JOSEPH
I have no intention of...

Mathias rudely interrupts.

MATHIAS
Doing anything quite...so foolish?

A pause. A mischievous grin.

JOSEPH
Ever allowing Governor Coulvain the
knowledge...

The grin fades. His eyes glow a little brighter.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
...like such knowledge of your own
whoring...that cost my mother her
life, father.

His eyes narrow. Mathias angrily scowls. He shoves Joseph violently against the door.

Joseph stumbles. Standing, he sarcastically bows. Mathias strides through the door. Joseph follows as...

INT. BALLROOM, MOMENTS LATER.

...energetic dancing continues. Joseph strides towards Alice. Mathias frowns.

He takes her in hand. They dance LAUGHING around the room. A sly glance at Mathias, Joseph grins.

EXT. GARDEN, LATER THAT NIGHT.

A cosy candlelit garden. Alice fawns over Joseph on a secluded seat. They playfully share smoking his pipe.

Coulvain drunkenly LAUGHS with his officers. He suddenly VOMITS. Mathias backs disdainfully away. The Sagamaws scowl.

Mathias watches Joseph and Alice flirting. His eyes dimly glow. Madogonouit spots him and calmly approaches.

MADOGONOUIT
Your eyes, they shine. Yeux Bleus,
are you not?

A surprised polite smile. Mathias bows.

MATHIAS

You have me at a disadvantage, sir.

Madogonuit grins.

MADOGONUIT

Come now, Colonel. Your shroud of secrecy may lift before me.

Mathias pauses.

MATHIAS

Why do you ask?

MADOGONUIT

The Yeux Bleus are...unsettled. I have never seen them so.

MATHIAS

And how do you know?

MADOGONUIT

They thought they are alone. Are you their enemy?

MATHIAS

It would appear they have many enemies.

MADOGONUIT

Enemies they fear not, yes... because they will always be more powerful than they, but you?

MATHIAS

I pray...that I am not. I wish to meet them...in peace.

Madogonuit smiles.

MADOGONUIT

And they ask to meet you, Colonel Mathias...

He glances at Joseph.

MADOGONUIT (CONT'D)

... but not your son. Take Captain Durand...for they ask also for him.

An encouraging smile. Mathias turns. Joseph and Alice flirt before him. He frowns.

MADOGONOUIT (CONT'D)
It will need a wise head on old
shoulders...not a foolish one on
young.

Mathias nods.

EXT. OPEN SEA, DAY/DAWN.

Dawn. Fog hangs out to sea. Ship sails break through into the morning sun.

A fleet of warships emerge. French white ensigns FLAP cheerfully on the masts as...

EXT. SEAPORT, MOMENTS LATER.

...the port BUSTLES excitedly. Warships dock. Gangplanks lower onto the quayside. Massed INFANTRY in grey and blue disembark.

Column formed, they STAMP to attention. DRUMS BEAT. FIFES PLAY. All march away to CHEERING CROWDS.

Soulier and his warriors frown. They turn and leave as...

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, MOMENTS LATER.

...on the battlements, Coulvain peers through his telescope. Mathias and Joseph watch beside him.

COULVAIN
Oh, God...please no!

He shakes his head as...

EXT. APPROACH TO FORT, MOMENTS LATER.

...RAMEAU proudly leads the column. Early 50's. Tall. Thin. An arrogant stride. In fine grey and blue. An extravagant wig and tricorne hat adorns as...

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, MOMENTS LATER.

...Coulvain CLACKS his telescope shut. A SIGH.

COULVAIN

Well, gentlemen...you will now meet
a man I detest, an oaf and
braggart. Colonel Michel Rameau.

He gestures despairingly.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)

Who in hell put him at the head of
this army?!

EXT. FORT PARADE GROUND, MOMENTS LATER.

A crowded parade ground. The new arrivals STAMP to attention.

Rameau and his OFFICERS walk forward. Coulvain and his
officers wait. Rameau bows as does Coulvain.

RAMEAU

My dearest...dearest Coulvain. A
pleasure to see you again.

A forced smile.

COULVAIN

The feeling is...mutual, my dear
Rameau...mutual.

A wry smile.

RAMEAU

Yes, quite. His excellency King
Louis thought it...very necessary
to send me here with this...

He gestures.

RAMEAU (CONT'D)

...magnificent force behind me, as
he believes you most...desperately,
need my help.

A sly grin.

COULVAIN

I am honoured that his serene
Highness has such a high regard for
my command, that he feels it worthy
to reinforce it.

A patronising nod.

RAMEAU

Hmm. We did have an...energetic encounter with the British a few days ago. A naval squadron but we saw them off. I doubt they will trouble you now that I...

He gestures again.

RAMEAU (CONT'D)

...we...have arrived to assure Port Acadia's...safety.

A condescending smile. Coulvain SNIFFS.

COULVAIN

Not that Port Acadia was unsafe to begin with, my dear Rameau...

He gestures behind him.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)

...and indeed, I have my own men sent to me personally by King Louis himself.

RAMEAU

Oh yes, Coulvain. Two...fine men I am sure?

A dismissive look. Mathias and Joseph bow.

MATHIAS

Colonel Mathias Kucharski.

JOSEPH

Captain Joseph Kucharski.

RAMEAU

Oh...two for the price of one I daresay! A fellow Colonel, by God! Albeit obviously...foreigners.

A dismissive wave.

RAMEAU (CONT'D)

Anyway, Coulvain, enough of this trifling. I propose billeting some of my men in here, some in the port...amongst the people. Military protection and to keep...order. Would you be in agreement?

Coulvain shrugs.

COULVAIN

Sensible, Rameau...though maybe
your men in here, will resent your
men out there...whoring and
wenching their nights away? I keep
a tight, moral order in here.

He frowns.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)

Your officers will liaise and defer
to my own, who will then defer...to
me.

RAMEAU

Naturally, dearest
Coulvain...naturally.

A patronising smile. Another sweeping bow.

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, LATER THAT DAY.

Durand stands huddled with some officers. Infantry erect
tents below. Mathias approaches Durand.

MATHIAS

Durand...a moment please?

Interrupted, Durand grins at the officers.

DURAND

Excuse me, gentlemen.

Both walk away.

MATHIAS

Durand, I intend meeting with the
Yeux Bleus tomorrow morning, and I
wish you to accompany me.

Durand frowns.

DURAND

Is that wise, Colonel?

Mathias grins.

MATHIAS

Wisdom has never abounded in my
family, Durand...but will you join
me regardless?

Durand hesitates.

DURAND
Of course, Colonel.

Mathias smiles.

MATHIAS
Very good...at first light.

EXT. FORT STABLES, THE FOLLOWING DAWN.

A silent murky dawn. Mathias saddles his horse. Durand leads a horse out the stable. He slings a musket over his shoulder.

He pulls out two flintlocks. Checked and ready, he hangs them on his belt. Mathias grins.

Durand checks his sword.

MATHIAS
I pray, Durand...that we should
have no need, of the entire armoury
of Port Acadia for this journey.

Durand smirks.

DURAND
I pray also, Colonel...for I have
died once, and wish never to again.

Mathias smiles. Out of the shadows steps Joseph.

JOSEPH
Good morning, father...where would
you be going at such a frightful
hour of the morning?

Startled, Mathias pauses.

MATHIAS
I am returning to the Yeux Bleus.

Joseph frowns.

JOSEPH
Oh...pray tell when I would have
been informed of this?

MATHIAS
You would not...as they ask only
for myself.

Joseph glances at Durand.

JOSEPH

And yet you take Durand...a poor second, surely?

Mathias shakes his head.

MATHIAS

No. You have your duties here, Joseph...

Mathias and Durand mount up.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)

...and I will report to you immediately upon our return. Good day.

They trot away. Frowning, Joseph watches.

EXT. FOREST TRACK, LATER THAT MORNING.

A dark forbidding forest. BIRDSONG. Leaves RUSTLE. Mathias rides relaxed. Durand rides tense.

MATHIAS

Tell me about your grandmother.

Durand shrugs.

DURAND

What to tell? She was normal.

Mathias hesitates.

MATHIAS

Explain...normal.

DURAND

Well, I cannot recall her leaping skywards...or chasing horses. I remember her blue eyes.

MATHIAS

She rejected it also?

DURAND

Yes...vehemently.

MATHIAS

It would be stronger in her. Did she have the seven scars?

A dismissive shrug.

DURAND
I have no interest. I reject it
utterly.

MATHIAS
But it has an interest in you,
Durand...and you, it will never
reject.

Durand irritably scowls.

DURAND
But it already has, has it not?
He kicks his horse into a canter.

INT. TAVERN, DAY.

A BUSTLING smokey tavern. Soldiers and civilians come and go.
DRUNKEN LAUGHTER.

Alice stands at the bar. Two tankards THUD down before her.
She eagerly sips from one.

She walks away with them. A figure blocks her. She flinches
with shock.

ALICE
Monsieur Soulier!
A sly leer. He bows.

SOULIER
My Lady Alice...what a pleasant
surprise. Governor Coulvain has let
you off his leash I see?
She backs nervously away. Soulier's warriors flank him.

SOULIER (CONT'D)
Drink with me...for old times?
She shakes her head. A fake smile. A shadowy figure sits in
the b.g. Smoke rises. Dimly glowing blue eyes watch.

ALICE
A kind offer, sir...but I must
decline. What would my hus...
Soulier interrupts. A sly grin. He takes a tankard from her.

SOULIER

He will say...nothing, for he would
never know. Need I insist?

She frowns. Her hand instinctively reaches into her dress.
Joseph quietly sidles beside her. A sly grin.

JOSEPH

Monsieur Soulier? What
indeed...need you insist upon, sir?

Soulier scowls. His warriors close around him.

SOULIER

The company of Lady Alice, sir.
Certainly not yours.

JOSEPH

She has declined your...pleasure,
sir.

Soulier sneers. His warriors threaten.

SOULIER

I will pursue my insistence...sir.

Two warriors shove Joseph back. He smiles. Blue eyes glow
purple. A loud ROAR.

He grabs a warrior. He throws him SCREAMING out the tavern
window. He throws another CRASHING through the door. CHAOS
erupts.

Alarmed SOLDIERS stand and SHOUT. The warriors draw swords.
Soulier stops them.

SOULIER (CONT'D)

Enough! Out!

All melt into the crowd. Alice looks bewildered. Joseph
grins.

JOSEPH

Methinks we should beat a hasty
retreat?

The soldiers approach.

SOLDIER

My Lady? Are you alright?

She LAUGHS reassuringly.

ALICE

Oh yes, do not trouble yourself. I
am in very...good hands.

A flirty glance at Joseph.

EXT. FOREST TRACK, DAY.

A peaceful forest. BIRDSONG. The horses agitate and WHINNY.
Blue eyes glowing, Mathias quietly SNARLS.

Both pat their horses. They quieten. Durand rests his hand
nervously on a flintlock.

They continue on. BIRDSONG stops. Flitting shadows catch
their eyes.

A distant lone hooded figure calmly approaches them. They
stop. Durand calmly CLICKS his flintlocks.

MATHIAS

Calm yourself...we would now be
dead, if they so wished it.

The hooded figure nears. Mathias' eyes grow purple. Durand
grows agitated. His blue eyes dimly glow.

He vigorously shakes his head. Blue eyes glow within the
approaching hood. The figure stops.

NUNA lowers her hood. Seemingly early 20's. Stunning Native
American. Long black hair. Exceptionally tall.

Durand panics. His SCREAMING horse rears up. Whipping out
both flintlocks, he aims.

Nuna's eyes glow brighter. She SNARLS. Shadows flit in the
trees. Mathias flusters.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)

Durand! No! Wait...wait! Calm
yourself, man!

He hesitates. Nuna fearlessly awaits. He blinks and SIGHS.

He slowly lowers the flintlocks. She rests her hands on her
tomahawk and knife. Her eyes dim. A SOFT VOICE.

NUNA

I am Nuna, daughter of Achak, son
of Ahanu, son of Keme.

Mathias bows.

MATHIAS
Colonel Mathias Ignacy
Kucharski...and we have come
because we were asked.

NUNA
Yes, you were.

Her eyes narrow at Durand. He stares defiantly back. She walks nonchalantly away.

Mathias and Durand remain still. Turning, she gestures impatiently.

NUNA (CONT'D)
Follow me then!

Mathias smiles. Both kick into a walk.

EXT. WOODLAND, LATER THAT DAY.

Both ride slowly. Nuna walks alongside Mathias. Durand rests his hand on a flintlock.

NUNA
Your voice, it is different. You do
not sound like the French.

MATHIAS
I am Polish.

She frowns.

NUNA
Polish? Are they coming here too?

Mathias grins.

MATHIAS
Some may come, for new horizons and
new beginnings.

NUNA
Are they all like you?

He shakes his head.

MATHIAS
No...there were more, but long ago.

NUNA
Where is the foolish one?

A wry grin.

MATHIAS

My son...remains at Port Acadia.

She grins mischievously.

NUNA

He is the son of his father, who is
now only older and...maybe a little
less foolish.

Mathias smiles wistfully. She leaps beside Durand. Startled,
Durand's WHINNYING horse steps back.

She stares intensely at him. Durand tenses.

NUNA (CONT'D)

Would you really...have shot me?

DURAND

As readily as you...would have
butchered me.

Nuna wickedly smiles. She bounds away with unnatural speed.
She halts in the distance.

Numerous blue eyes glow in the trees. Mathias and Durand's
eyes glow.

Their horses agitate. Six HOODED FIGURES walk calmly from the
trees. Blue eyes glow.

Durand tenses. Mathias remains calm. The figures stop. Hands
rest on tomahawks and knives.

A Yeux Bleus walks forward and pulls down their hood.

ACHAK. Seemingly mid 40's. Exceptionally tall Native
American. Long black hair.

MATHIAS

You asked for us to come.

Achak scowls.

ACHAK

Askuwheteau asked for you...not I.

MATHIAS

Very well...we will meet with
Askuwheteau.

ACHAK

Once you are blindfolded.

He holds up strips of cloth. Mathias and Durand hesitate.
Mathias nods.

EXT. LARGE WOODLAND CLEARING, SOME TIME LATER.

Both ride blindfolded. The Yeux Bleus lead their horses. All approach a large open clearing. Durand SIGHS irritably.

DURAND

How much further?

Nuna leaps beside them. She whips off the blindfolds. Mathias and Durand look out in awe.

A deep hollow. A mass of tipis fans out into the distance. Wood smoke forms a low mist above.

A vast henge sits elevated in the centre. Totems of wood and stone tower skywards. A wide deep ditch circles them.

A small glowing orb alternating white yellow red and black levitates above the henge.

NUNA

Adnan.

EXT. ADNAN, SOME MOMENTS LATER.

Dense clusters of Tipis. Wood smoke sinks slowly to the ground. Tense silence.

Six Yeux Bleus escort. Mathias and Durand look around. Blue eyes glow in dark tipi doorways.

YEUX BLEUS young and old step out and stare. Some SNARL as they pass.

Durand grows agitated. His eyes dimly glow. Vigorously shaking his head, he quietly SNARLS.

The largest tipi looms ahead. Nuna suddenly bounds forward. She stops at the entrance.

The tipi opens. ASKUWHETEAU calmly steps out. Native American. Seemingly 100. Exceptionally tall. Long white hair. Glowing blue eyes.

A pause. He smiles. A SOFT CALM VOICE.

ASKUWHETEAU
Mathias Ignacy Kucharski, and
Absalon Durand.

Durand frowns.

DURAND
How does he know my name?

MATHIAS
I know not.

He frowns at Durand.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
Absalon?

Durand awkwardly smiles.

DURAND
My mother's...idea.

Mathias nods. Both bow.

MATHIAS
You have us at a disadvantage, sir.

ASKUWHETEAU
I am Askuwheteau.

INT. SWEAT LODGE, LATER THAT DAY.

A dark smokey sweat lodge. Skins and tapestries hang. A central fire burns. Six large fire stones glow.

Askuwheteau sits on an ancient wooden chair. He PUFFS on a long clay pipe.

Nuna and Achak sit beside him. Mathias and Durand sit sweating before them.

ASKUWHETEAU
How old are you?

MATHIAS
Two hundred and nine.

DURAND
Twenty one.

Askuwheteau smirks. He scoops water from a bucket.

ASKUWHETEAU
Youngsters.

He pours it on the six stones. Steam HISSES upwards. He throws on some sand. Mathias and Durand swig from opulent silver goblets.

ASKUWHETEAU (CONT'D)
Viking ale...for special occasions.
Sadly, for all his strengths, Leif
could never brew a good mead.

He grins.

ASKUWHETEAU (CONT'D)
We have nothing Polish...yet.

Mathias smiles. He pulls out a small leather bottle from his tunic. He pulls the cork.

MATHIAS
For good health...from Krakow.

Askuwheteau takes it. Tasting it, he COUGHS. Grimacing, he hands it back.

ASKUWHETEAU
Good health must abound in Krakow?

Mathias CHUCKLES. Askuwheteau stares wistfully at Durand.

ASKUWHETEAU (CONT'D)
You have her eyes...Absalon.

Durand frowns.

DURAND
You may have them back, if you so
wish?

Askuwheteau wistfully smiles. He pauses.

ASKUWHETEAU
Your great grandmother. Her spirit
was strong...defiant and pure.

Mathias glances at Durand. He scowls.

DURAND
And yet...you cast her out like
shit? Left to her shame.

Askuwheteau SIGHS. He nods.

ASKUWHETEAU

She rejected us, Absalon...and hid herself, for she was not of our tribe, but of Glooscap.

DURAND

That is not, what I was told.

ASKUWHETEAU

Then you have been told...mistakenly.

Durand glares. His blue eyes dimly glow.

DURAND

You state she is also a liar?

Askuwheteau pauses. A long suffering SIGH.

ASKUWHETEAU

No...I state, that she strove to shield you...from us...

Another wistful grin.

ASKUWHETEAU (CONT'D)

...and from Malsumis.

Mathias frowns.

MATHIAS

Malsumis?

Askuwheteau glances at Mathias. He puffs on his pipe as...

EXT. MAGICAL MOUNTAINOUS LANDSCAPE, DUSK.

...threatening black clouds billow. Vast alpine mountains tower above the horizon. Dusk falls behind them.

ASKEWHETEAU (V.O.)

Glooscap...the first, the most powerful. Malsumis was his sister. It was the final day...

DEAFENING THUNDER. Blinding lightening flashes. Torrential rain lashes down. Orange black clouds envelope the mountains.

Savage apocalyptic BATTLE RAGES below them. Six monstrous CYCLOPS glowing sword fight six monstrous MINOTAURS.

ANUBIS strides forth from the clouds. A giant human wolf. Glowing red eyes. A vast red eyed human-animal hybrid army follows.

MALSUMIS marches out from the clouds. A monstrous female Yeux Bleus. Her face contorts with rage.

Six giant KUKWES escort her. Muscular hairy giants. Human torsos. Bear's heads. Glowing blue eyes. Baskets on their backs.

They draw glowing swords. A vast hybrid army accompanies them.

Vast hordes of frightened prehistoric HUMANS cower behind flimsy shield walls.

All HYBRIDS charge maniacally towards them. Anubis and Malsumis DEAFENINGLY ROAR.

Hordes of SNARLING Yeux Bleus stride forth from the shield walls. Glowing white swords held high, they stand firm.

GLOOSCAP strides majestically before them all. Identical twin of Malsumis. Sword ready, he stops.

Malsumis' army approaches. The armies CLASH. Savage BATTLE. Humans fight hybrids.

Kukwes throw SCREAMING humans into their baskets. Glooscap and Malsumis fight. Desperate carnage.

A huge blinding white light bursts above the mountains. All armies shield their eyes. A LOW RESONANT HUM rises.

Vast hordes of white glowing purple eyed angels fly out. Their faces contort with rage. All attack the giants.

Chaos. Giants tumble onto humans and hybrids. Survivors flee in terror. Angels swoop around terrified humans. Yeux Bleus shield them.

The earth violently QUAKES. Huge geysers BURST up from the ground. Humans and hybrids wash away.

A titanic Biblical tsunami pours over the distant mountains. Giant rocks and icebergs CRASH together.

Humans and Yeux Bleus gape in terror. The tsunami ROARS towards them. All break and run.

EXT. BARREN LANDSCAPE, DAWN/DAY.

The dawn sun rises. Orange light bathes a scoured rocky landscape. A vast torrent of icy water ROARS.

Distant hordes of angels circle around a bright light. A LOW HUM RESONATES.

ASKEWHETEAU (V.O.)
 ...so Malsumis was banished...after
 the judgement of Talbadak, but He
 allowed Glooscap to stay...for the
 new dawn of man.

Glooscap stands beside the torrent. Tears flow down his cheeks. A Yeux Bleus WOMAN sidles up to comfort him.

Seven giant angels land gracefully beside them. One steps nearer to Glooscap. It lays a hand on the back of his neck.

The angel smiles. Hand removed, seven purple scars glow. Glooscap's eyes glow blue to purple.

A ruined henge lies strewn behind them all. The angels turn to face it.

ASKUWHETEAU
 The gate was to be eternally
 guarded...until the coming of the
 final judgement...

Six giant Kukwes stand within it. Malsumis stands scowling between them. The angels SNARL at her. She SNARLS back.

A white flash and all are gone. Silence. Seven other YEUX BLEUS lift the totems upright as...

INT. SWEAT LODGE, MOMENTS LATER.

...Mathias subconsciously touches his seven scars. Durand touches his neck scars.

Askuwheteau grins wistfully at them. He puffs on the pipe and hands it to Mathias.

ASKUWHETEAU
 Both of you...then we will be
 ready.

MATHIAS
 For what?

ASKUWHETEAU

Malsumis.

Askuwheteau nervously grins. Mathias pensively takes it. He PUFFS.

Unimpressed, he hands it to Durand. He stares disdainfully. Taking it, he PUFFS. A LOW HUM rises. Blue eyes glow as...

EXT. MAGICAL HENGE, MOMENTS LATER.

...with a white flash, all sit in a gleaming henge. Twenty one intricately carved totems tower skywards beyond sight.

A small glowing orb alternating white yellow red and black levitates high above. Beneath the orb mist shrouded figures stand.

Beyond the henge, seven vast shining golden mountains rise. Seven torrents of silver flow down them.

White bodies and blue eyes shine. All stand. Overwhelmed, Durand falters.

He falls WHIMPERING to his knees. Nuna kneels gently beside him.

NUNA

Absalon, stand...and stand tall.

She takes his hands and pulls him to his feet. He looks around. Mathias sidles beside him.

MATHIAS

Durand...stay beside me.

He frowns at Nuna. She backs away. Askuwheteau takes Mathias' and Durand's arm.

ASKUWHETEAU

Come.

All walk to the figures. The mist thins revealing Malsumis. She towers above all with gleaming blue eyes.

Six giant Kukwes stand guard beside her. Long swords hang from their waists.

The Yeux Bleus kneel reverentially. Durand stares agog. Mathias frowns at the Kukwes. Malsumis smiles at Durand.

She holds out her hands and steps forward. A GENTLE VOICE.

MALSUMIS

*Absalon...strong and handsome, like
my brother of old. Bow to me.*

She smiles. He frowns. Alarmed, he steps back.

DURAND

No!! I want none of this!!

She takes his hands. He whips them defiantly away. Mathias steps calmly between them.

MATHIAS

Wait!

SNARLING viciously, she picks him up. She throws him effortlessly through the air.

He lands heavily. Malsumis grabs Durand's hands again. A blinding blue light envelopes them.

He SCREAMS. A bright flash. Durand falls back. Malsumis stands grinning above him.

He leaps to his feet. His enraged face contorts. His eyes shine purple. A deafening ROAR. A DEEP INHUMAN VOICE.

DURAND

I want none of this!!!

He shoves her violently away. She flies back and lands heavily. Mathias leaps beside him. He embraces him.

MATHIAS

Durand! Calm yourself!

Durand pushes him away. The Kukwes draw swords and leap ROARING towards him. The Yeux Bleus leap between them.

Durand grows monstrous. He swipes Mathias and the Yeux Bleus away with his arm. All land heavily.

A Kukwes attacks. Its sword lunging, Durand grabs it. He grabs the Kukwes' face.

A flash. It falls SCREAMING to the ground. The others close in. Nuna lands between them. She frantically grabs his arms.

NUNA

Absalon!!! Stop!!!

She ROARS fiercely at the Kukwes. They hesitate. Mathias grabs Durand. Everyone leaps out the henge as...

INT. SWEAT LODGE, MOMENTS LATER.

...with a white flash, all collapse on the floor. Firelight flickers in the darkness. Silence.

Mathias scrambles frantically to his feet. Nuna and Achak do likewise.

Durand WEEPS curled up on the floor. Nuna rushes over and hugs him.

Askuwheteau stands. His blue eyes shine with awe.

ASKUWHETEAU
I have never seen such
strength...nor fury.

Mathias kneels over Durand. He frowns at Askuwheteau.

MATHIAS
I trust you will show more caution
next time?

EXT. ADNAN, THE NEXT DAWN/DAY.

A misty gloomy dawn. Madogonouit and six MI'KMAQ ride slowly towards the Tipi.

Mathias quietly mounts up. Durand sits sullenly in his saddle. Tense silence.

Askuwheteau stands sullenly watching. Madogonouit halts. He glances at Durand.

MADOGONOUIT
I assume all...is well?

Askuwheteau nods. Nuna and Achak approach.

ASKUWHETEAU
*All is well, Madogonouit. Do not
trouble yourself.*

Mathias looks at Madogonouit.

MATHIAS
Take us home, Madogonouit.

Madogonouit nods. Nuna hands Mathias and Durand the blindfolds. Durand scowls.

She smiles reassuringly. He sullenly blindfolds himself. She speaks QUIETLY.

NUNA
You will...dream, but do not be
afraid. Please return...please.

Durand shrugs. She looks at Madogonouit.

NUNA (CONT'D)
*Remove them when you reach the
White Pine.*

He nods. Two Mi'kmaq take their reins and lead them silently
away. Askuwheteau approaches Mathias.

ASKUWHETEAU
See that he eats, and rests.

EXT. FOREST TRACK, LATER THAT DAY.

A sunny forest. BIRDSONG. Madogonouit rides alongside Mathias
and Durand. Durand dozes. Madogonouit speaks QUIETLY to
Mathias.

MADOGONOUIT
The Yeux Bleus fear Malsumis.
Talbadak honoured them to guard
her...but she was cunning. There
was a rebellion...

Mathias interrupts.

MATHIAS
And Glooscap left?

Madogonouit nods.

MADOGONOUIT
And took the honour with him into
the wilderness. The Yeux Bleus
dearly wish one day...that it will
return.

He looks away.

MADOGONOUIT (CONT'D)
Stop here.

A giant ancient White Pine tree towers before them. All stop.
Both remove the blindfolds.

MADOGONOUIT (CONT'D)
Captain Durand knows the way from
here. Farewell.

The Mi'kmaq canter away. Both rub their eyes. BIRDSONG stops. Flitting in the trees catches their eye.

Nuna steps out and pulls down her hood. She hands Durand a flower and smiles. He frowns.

NUNA
Embrace your power...your M'teouin,
Absalon.

She flits away. BIRDSONG resumes.

EXT. WOODLAND TRACK, LATER.

Both ride wearily along. Durand glances at Mathias.

DURAND
What will you say?

Mathias shrugs.

MATHIAS
I will say nothing. What will you
do?

DURAND
I will do nothing.

MATHIAS
You should meet them again.

Durand vehemently shakes his head. Mathias frowns.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
I sense your power is so much
stronger even now. You may struggle
to contain it.

He vehemently shakes his head again. Mathias frowns.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
Show wisdom, Absalon...unlike my
son!

Mathias SIGHS. Two tethered horses catch his eye. His eyes narrow. Joseph and Alice kiss passionately up against a tree.

Mathias scowls. His purple eyes shine. An inhuman SNARL.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
Wait here!!!

He gallops headlong. Durand looks on bewildered. He chases Mathias as...

EXT. WOODLAND CLEARING, MOMENTS LATER.

...Joseph and Alice kiss. Mathias bears down. He thrusts his boot into Joseph's face.

He YELPS and falls heavily. Alice falls on her butt with a GASP.

Joseph scrambles on the ground. Mathias leaps off and draws his sword. An unnatural ROAR.

MATHIAS

On your feet, you shit!!!

Joseph leaps up and frantically buttons his trousers. He thrusts his hand out.

JOSEPH

Wait!!!

Mathias slashes Joseph's face. He SCREAMS. Alice SCREAMS. Joseph stumbles to the ground.

He grasps his bleeding face. Alice scrambles up. Durand leaps off his horse and runs to shield her.

Joseph's wound heals. He savagely ROARS. His purple eyes shine. Sword drawn, he spitefully sneers.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Have I disappointed, father?!! As much as you disappointed your wife?!!

He lunges. Mathias parries. He SMACKS Joseph's face with his sword hilt. Joseph stumbles away. Mathias SNARLS.

MATHIAS

Then learn from my mistakes and repeat them not...Joseph!!!

He glares at Alice.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)

Whores and wenches bring rack and ruin!!!

Her indignant mouth drops. Durand restrains her. She YELLS back.

ALICE
How dare you, sir!!! I am no whore
nor...

His face unnaturally contorts.

MATHIAS
Enough!!!

She GASPS! Fear turns to anger. She struggles furiously.

ALICE
Get off me!!!

She stamps Durand's shin. He YELPS and falls to the ground.
She grabs a fallen tree branch and storms forward.

Joseph lunges. Mathias parries. He lunges again. Mathias
parries.

Mathias oblivious, Alice storms up. She SMASHES the branch
across his head. He stumbles.

Joseph runs him through to the hilt. Mathias GASPS. Joseph
yanks out the sword.

Mathias drops to his knees clutching his bleeding stomach.
Alice GASPS. Shocked hands to mouth.

Joseph paces side to side. Mathias crouches. He suddenly
leaps to his feet.

He lunges at Joseph. Joseph parries. Fence and riposte. Fence
and riposte. Joseph struggles.

Mathias slashes. Chest slashed, Joseph YELPS. Mathias
attacks. Joseph falters.

Mathias runs him through. Joseph falls GROANING to his knees.
Alice SCREAMS. She leaps before Mathias and violently shoves
him.

He stumbles back. She draws a hidden flintlock into his face.
A murderous glare.

ALICE (CONT'D)
And I say...enough!!!

He walks disdainfully away. She keeps the flintlock trained
on him.

Joseph grasps the sword in his chest. Mathias glowers at
Durand.

MATHIAS

See that he safely returns, once
the whore...has done with him!!

He leaps on his horse and gallops away. Alice kneels beside Joseph. He slowly withdraws the sword.

She steps back bewildered. Durand appears beside her.

ALICE

What are you?!

An exhausted GRUNT. Sword dropped, he lays hands on the bloodsoaked wound. His shining eyes look up.

JOSEPH

What am I? In trouble, my dear
Alice...that is what I am.

All blood fades away. Kneeling beside him, she helps him to his feet.

EXT. SEAPORT STREET, LATER THAT DAY.

A BUSTLING street. Mathias gallops hard. TOWNSPEOPLE dive out the way as...

EXT. FORT PARADE GROUND, MOMENTS LATER.

...galloping through the gate, he halts. Horse WHINNYING, it rears up.

Mathias holds his head in his hands. A deafening supernatural ROAR! Soldiers flinch fearfully.

He leaps off and marches the horse to the stables. Onlookers watch and WHISPER.

INT. BEER CELLAR, A LITTLE LATER.

A dark cellar packed with wooden kegs. Pouring ale into a tankard, Mathias GULPS fast.

He pours another. Coulvain casually saunters in.

COULVAIN

I assume the meeting with the Yeux
Bleus did not go quite as planned?
What of young Durand?

Mathias closes his eyes. Tankard necked, he pours another.

MATHIAS

The meeting went...well, Governor
Coulvain.

He hands him the tankard. Surprised, he takes it.

COULVAIN

Oh! I was half expecting to ride to
your rescue!

A wry smile. Mathias slowly shakes his head.

MATHIAS

Fear not. Such a mission would
be...an unnecessary waste of your
men and material.

Coulvain necks his ale.

COULVAIN

Ahhh...good! Pray tell, have you
seen my wife on your travels? Been
gone much of the day.

An awkward pause. Mathias shakes his head.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)

Oh...how strange, not like her.
Must be perusing the market.

A nonchalant shrug. He walks out the door. Mathias throws the
tankard at the wall. He storms out as...

EXT. FORT PARADE GROUND, MOMENTS LATER.

...before him, Coulvain tenderly helps Alice from her horse.
He kisses her.

Coulvain escorts her away. They CHAT happily. She casts a
murderous glance at Mathias as they pass.

Durand leads his horse away. He spots Mathias and looks
awkwardly to the ground.

In canters Joseph. He halts. Staring coldly at Mathias, he
pauses.

Mathias returns the stare. Eyes dimly glow. Joseph blinks
first.

He disdainfully lobs Mathias' sword on the ground before him.
Turning his horse, he trots away.

EXT. GEORGIAN TOWNSCAPE, DAY.

A BUSTLING urban townscape. Georgian brick and wooden houses abound as do market stalls and TRADERS.

A hooded figure struggles through the throng. BRITISH REDCOATS mingle with CIVILIANS and SAILORS.

The figure approaches an imposing wooden building. The Union Jack FLAPS cheerfully above. Seven British Redcoats stand sentry.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE: THE TOWN HOUSE, BOSTON, NEW ENGLAND.

INT. OFFICE ROOM, MOMENTS LATER.

A large wood panelled boardroom. Opulent furniture abounds. Queen Anne's portrait hangs above a fireplace.

Well dressed AFRICAN SERVANTS stand poised at the door.

Soulier sits at a large oak table. Two REDCOATS flank him. General ROBERTSON saunters inquisitively in.

Mid 50's. Tall English aristocrat. Ornately embroidered army redcoat. An opulently large black wig.

JOHN WILLIAMS accompanies him. Early 40's. A tall New Englander. Dark bluecoat. Shorter black wig.

Both look Soulier up and down. A patronising smile. A REFINED ENGLISH ACCENT.

ROBERTSON
Mister...Soulier?

Soulier abruptly stands. Both sit as Soulier sycophantically bows.

SOULIER
General Robertson, my humblest
gratitude for your gracious
audience.

ROBERTSON
Tea?

Soulier bows.

SOULIER
No milk, Monsieur.

Robertson's fingers CLICK. A servant rushes out.

Soulier puts a letter on the table. He pushes it to Robertson. He cautiously picks it up.

Robertson reads. He glances up at Soulier. He hands the letter to John Williams. He reads it. A dismissive SNIFF, he gestures.

ROBERTSON

Look, do sit down...you are blocking my light.

Soulier abruptly sits.

ROBERTSON (CONT'D)

So, these be the names of your compatriots...who would assist our expedition to Port Acadia?

Soulier nods. John Williams frowns. AN ARCHAIC NEW ENGLAND ACCENT.

JOHN WILLIAMS

Methinks I would prefer to see...a greater number of souls named in this letter, Mister Soulier.

A nervous pause.

SOULIER

Far better to have a good few, than many bad, Monsieur Williams.

ROBERTSON

Indeed. So...in effect, you are saying the majority will oppose us, Mr Soulier?

Soulier fidgets.

SOULIER

Just the elders. Those who refuse to see the benefits of...Queen Anne's coin...General.

A nervous smile. Robertson grins wryly. John Williams drops the letter on the table. A disdainful SNIFF.

JOHN WILLIAMS

I must presume, that you will be unable to substantially swell my militia...with your own?

A nervous pause.

SOULIER
Quality, Monsieur
Williams...quality. The quality of
knowing the Dauphin and where you
will not...run aground.

A smile.

INT. BEDROOM, NIGHT.

A dark bedroom. Flickering candlelight. Gently GASPING, Alice bites her lip.

Joseph kisses her neck. She tenderly strokes seven purple marks on his back.

A long quiet CREAK. The door slowly opens. Coulvain watches in flickering silence.

His tears glint. The door THUDS against the wall. Startled, Joseph looks up. Swinging round, he faces Coulvain.

Sword drawn, Coulvain lunges. Joseph leaps out of bed. Coulvain lunges again. Alice SCREAMS.

Joseph grabs his sword. Coulvain lunges. Joseph parries. Coulvain slashes.

Joseph ROARS. A bloody slash scars his face. Alice SCREAMS.

Purple eyes shine. He punches Coulvain. Coulvain falls against the wall. Joseph heals himself. Alice jumps between them.

ALICE
Please stop!!! Wait!!!

Coulvain recovers. He pulls Alice away. She stumbles.

He lunges again. Joseph parries and ripostes. Coulvain struggles.

Mathias bursts in. He drags Coulvain away. Alice SCREAMS.

Durand and SOLDIERS burst in. Flintlocks aim at Joseph. Sword dropped, he raises his hands.

EXT. FORT PARADE GROUND, THE NEXT DAY/DAWN.

A cold misty morning. Joseph and Mathias stand together in fine clothes. Joseph PUFFS on his pipe. Mathias SIGHS.

MATHIAS

Try not...to allow your stupidity
to kill him.

Joseph shrugs. Coulvain and an OFFICER stand waiting in the distance.

Seven soldiers stand guard. Perrier stands ready with his medical bag.

Durand stands central. Walking to Coulvain, he bows. Presenting a pistol case, he opens it.

Coulvain takes a flintlock. Durand bows. He walks to Joseph and Mathias.

Bowing, he presents Joseph. He takes the flintlock. Case closed, Durand marches solemnly to the centre.

DURAND

The gentlemen will approach one
another and halt!!

Joseph glances at Mathias. A wry grin.

JOSEPH

Hold my pipe.

He hands it over. Both duelists walk. They stop face to face. Coulvain hatefully glares. Joseph stares impassively.

DURAND

On my command, the gentlemen will
walk ten paces, turn and fire!

He glances at both men.

DURAND (CONT'D)

Commence!

Both walk apart.

DURAND (CONT'D)

One...two...three...four...five...s
ix...seven...

Coulvain suddenly turns and SHOOTs. A bullet WHIZZES past Joseph's ear. Mathias flinches.

Joseph glances at him. He calmly continues on. Ten paces done, he turns.

Coulvain looks on with dread. Joseph takes aim. Coulvain feigns defiance. A long pause. Joseph SHOOTs.

Coulvain falls heavily to the ground. O.S a woman SCREAMS.

Flintlock dropped, Joseph leaps to Coulvain. Mathias leaps with him sword and flintlock drawn. Perrier rushes over.

GASPING, Coulvain spurts blood. Joseph kneels over him and rips open his tunic.

Soldiers run towards them. Mathias leaps before them. He takes aim and ROARS.

MATHIAS

No further!!!

Soldiers and Perrier fearfully back off. Joseph lays hand on the bullet wound. His eyes close as...

EXT. HEALING SEQUENCE, MOMENTS LATER.

...with a white flash, Coulvain awakes. Silence. White heavenly light. A LOW HUM RESONATES. Joseph kneels over him. Purple eyes shine.

Seven spirits stare down. They reach out as...

EXT. PARADE GROUND, MOMENTS LATER.

...with a white flash, Coulvain GASPS. Joseph throws the bullet away. Coulvain violently COUGHS.

Joseph backs away. Alice falls to her knees SOBBING over Coulvain.

Coulvain gapes aghast at Joseph. His COUGHING eases.

COULVAIN

Arrest him...now!!!

Muskets point. Soldiers nervously approach Joseph and Mathias. Mathias angrily ROARS! Durand rushes forward.

DURAND

Colonel!! Please yield!!

Mathias backs down. Nervous soldiers march Joseph away.

INT. JAIL CELL, LATER THAT DAY.

A dark dank jail cell. A shaft of light shines through a small window. Joseph sits tightly bound and chained in a corner.

THUNK. The door CREAKS open. Light floods in. Joseph squints up as Mathias walks in. Durand follows. They pause.

DURAND
Five minutes, Colonel. Governor
Coulvain will be counting, I can
assure you.

Mathias nods.

MATHIAS
I doubt that not.

Durand leaves. The door CLUNKS shut. Darkness. Mathias stares wearily at Joseph.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
So...here we are.

Joseph shrugs nonchalantly.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
Coulvain will have you executed for
adultery...tomorrow morning.

Joseph calmly nods.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
As he considers us of...noble
stature, instead of the noose, it
will be...beheading with the sword.

Joseph smirks.

JOSEPH
I am honoured, and of course a
marginally quicker death.

Mathias scowls. Eyes glow.

MATHIAS
I feel minded...to allow it! Less
jesting for your stupidity! I feel
urged to give my attention to the
Yeux Bleus...since they well
deserve it, as you do not!

Joseph shrugs. A spiteful sneer. Eyes glow.

JOSEPH
Do so...as your attention means
nought to me.

THUNK. The door CREAKS open. Light floods in again. Hood shrouded, Alice creeps sheepishly in. Durand follows.

DURAND

Five minutes more.

The door CLUNKS shut. She lowers her hood. Daylight catches bloodshot eyes and a beaten face. Mathias coldly stares.

MATHIAS

Your husband has poured his wrath
upon you I see, Lady Alice.

Sullenly ignoring him, she sits beside Joseph.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)

As he will soon pour out his wrath
upon my son, also. As you have
witnessed, we have the gift of
healing. However, beheading
is...problematic.

Joseph smirks. He surreptitiously takes her hand.

JOSEPH

A minor problem, would you say,
father?

Mathias glares.

MATHIAS

A problem not, had you both kept
your loins in check...would you
say?!

Alice spitefully grins.

ALICE

Doubtless your loins have been kept
in check...many, many years,
Colonel!

Joseph LAUGHS. Mathias frowns. Alice SIGHS.

ALICE (CONT'D)

I will plead with my husband...he
may relent once again.

Mathias casts a dismissive look. Alice looks guiltily away.

MATHIAS

So...daresay, we must now hatch a
plot?

He KNOCKS the door. THUNK. The door CREAKS open. Durand pops his head around.

INT. JAIL CELL, LATER THAT NIGHT.

Pitch black darkness. Joseph lies dozing on the floor. THUNK. CREAK. Flickering candlelight. Two SOLDIERS walk in.

One lays down a food bowl. Another watches. Joseph squeezes his chain. SNAP.

Purple eyes shine. He ROARS to his feet. Soldiers overpowered, he leaps into...

INT. CORRIDOR, MOMENTS LATER.

...a narrow candlelit corridor. A shocked SENTRY SHOOTS.

Joseph ducks. The SCREAMING sentry CHARGES bayonet fixed. Rolling his eyes, Joseph waits.

Durand steps sneakily out of a door. He lifts his foot. The charging soldier topples headlong down the corridor.

He falls against Joseph. He throws him airborne into the cell. Door SLAMMED, Joseph leaps down the corridor.

PATTING Durand on the shoulder, he races away as...

EXT. FORT PARADE GROUND, MOMENTS LATER.

...Joseph leaps across the parade ground. Alerted sentries SHOUT. Muskets SHOOT.

Bullets WHIZZ around him. He dives headlong into the stables as...

INT. STABLES, MOMENTS LATER.

...frightened horses SCREAM. He jumps to his feet. All horses suddenly calm.

SNORTING happily, they approach him. Stroking the nose of his chosen, he leaps on. They race forward as...

EXT. FORT PARADE GROUND, MOMENTS LATER.

...bursting out the stable door, he gallops away. YELLING soldiers dive out the way.

Muskets SHOOT. Bullets WHIZZ. Many soldiers charge towards him. Spinning his horse, he races away as...

EXT. FORT GATE, MOMENTS LATER.

...before the fort gate, three SENTRIES watch the commotion. Two hooded figures creep up behind them.

A sentry falls. Another drops to the ground. The third sentry spins around.

Mathias savagely SNARLS. His purple eyes shine as his face contorts.

The sentry SHRIEKS. He suddenly drops. Club in hand, Alice yanks her hood down. She gleefully smiles. Mathias nods.

Both rush to the gate. Alice grabs the bolt. She struggles.

Mathias shoves her roughly aside. He RIPS the bolt off the door. Kicking it violently open, he turns.

MATHIAS

Joseph!!!!

He frantically gestures to the gate. Joseph kicks his horse and charges for freedom. Bullets THUD into him. He approaches.

ALICE

Joseph!!!!

She throws him a satchel. Catching it, he gallops away through the gate.

EXT. FOREST TRACK, THE NEXT DAWN/DAY.

A sunny dawn. Black forest. BIRDSONG. Joseph rides slowly scanning around him.

BIRDSONG stops. His blue eyes glow as he quietly SNARLS. Eyes shine within the trees. He halts.

A hooded figure walks out. Nuna pulls down her hood. Joseph gracefully bows.

JOSEPH

Good day, madam...I am Joseph
Okrez...

A tomahawk BOUNCES off his head. He falls heavily to the ground.

INT. KITCHEN, DAY/DAWN.

A large kitchen. Joints hang from meat hooks. Pale sunlight glints off pots and pans adorning shelves and worktops.

A large trestle table. Coulvain eats breakfast. Wigless, he scratches his balding head. Mathias sits glumly opposite him. Coulvain sips coffee.

COULVAIN

I must presume, sir...that your
son's escape, has your hands all
over it?

Silence.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)

Your silence...is most deafening,
sir.

MATHIAS

My son, is young...

Coulvain calmly interrupts.

COULVAIN

...and an adulterous shit.

Mathias pauses.

MATHIAS

Yes...but still, my son he is...who
does not deserve to die for such
an...error of judgment.

Coulvain SLAMS the table. Mathias flinches.

COULVAIN

He has made my beautiful wife...a
filthy slutting harlot, sir!!!

His hands quiver. Tears flow down his cheeks. An angry sneer.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)

Methinks the sword is too good for
him! The breaking wheel awaits his
return!

Mathias scowls.

MATHIAS

May I remind you, Governor...on
whose authority we are here?

Coulvain sneers.

COULVAIN
And would his Majesty be pleased
with his ambassadors?!

MATHIAS
More pleased than with their
deaths.

His eyes dimly glow. They narrow.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
And needless said...that we heed
the laws of man as we choose
through honour, not
through...compulsion, Governor
Coulvain.

Coulvain looks Mathias in the eye.

COULVAIN
Is that a threat, sir? From His
Majesty's ambassador?

MATHIAS
Truth...Governor. The truth.

Coulvain blinks. Mathias' eyes dim.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
That said, I deeply regret the
actions of my son in this matter.
Sadly, the turning back of the
clock is not within
our...abilities.

A wistful grin. A long SIGH.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
And would you not surely agree,
that Fort Acadia faces far greater
problems...than these?

Coulvain grins spitefully.

COULVAIN
Fear not, Colonel...one far greater
problem will very soon be resolved.

Mathias frowns. Coulvain sips coffee.

MATHIAS
How so?

O.S a distant woman SCREAMS. Coulvain pulls out a pocket watch. He smiles. Mathias looks alarmed.

COULVAIN

Ah...on time! Despite being an arrogant, back stabbing shit, one thing I can always praise Rameau on is his...punctuality.

MATHIAS

What is he doing?!

Coulvain gestures to the door.

COULVAIN

Go and see for yourself, Colonel...the main gate if you should please.

Mathias strides out as Coulvain sullenly sips his coffee.

EXT. FOREST TRACK, DAY.

Joseph lies gagged and bound. The Yeux Bleus surround him. He struggles.

Nuna and Achak root through his satchel. They eat his food. Nuna throws a sausage to Askewheteau.

Catching it, he bites it. He nods his approval.

ASKUWHETEAU

I have always had a fondness for French sausage...

He bites again.

ASKUWHETEAU (CONT'D)

...and in this one, there is dried fruit. Mmmm, very good!

Another bite.

ASKUWHETEAU (CONT'D)

We will untie you very shortly, and you will return immediately to Port Acadia...Joseph Okrezja Kucharski.

Another bite.

EXT. FORT GATE, DAY.

A JEERING CROWD. Gate closed, it suddenly swings open. Beyond, Alice stands SOBBING.

Beside her stands Rameau and seven soldiers. Durand stands by the gate. He shamefully avoids eye contact.

He stands aside. Rameau strides arrogantly on. Soldiers manhandle her through the gate.

They throw her to the ground. She YELPS. Rameau gestures the soldiers to return.

The gate SLAMS shut as she crawls SOBBING away. The JEERING crowd throw rubbish. Mathias leaps down between them from the battlements.

He lands gracefully. Purple eyes shining he ROARS. The crowd SCREAMS in terror.

Picking Alice up, he races away with unnatural speed.

EXT. HOUSE DOOR, TOWN STREET, LATER THAT NIGHT.

A quiet dark street. Mathias and Alice stand before a lamp lit door. He KNOCKS. He pulls out a purse as she rubs her eyes.

The door opens. An elderly NATIVE AMERICAN LANDLADY peers out. He grins reassuringly.

MATHIAS
Good evening, madam...a room,
please?

Looking him up and down, she nods. Door opening, both walk into a...

INT. GUEST HOUSE ROOM, MOMENTS LATER.

...small dimly lit parlour. A fire CRACKLES in a modest cooking range.

Mathias drops coins into the landlady's hand. She frowns at them. He grins.

MATHIAS
For my...companion only. I will be
staying elsewhere, madam.

She shrugs.

LANDLADY

Very well, Monsieur. Breakfast
only...afterwards you must feed
yourself, mademoiselle.

Alice wearily nods. O.S FOOTSTEPS STOMP slowly downstairs.
They stop.

A door CREAKS open. Joseph walks sheepishly in. Mathias
frowns with surprise.

MATHIAS

What are you doing here?!

Joseph shrugs. Alice's eyes joyfully widen.

JOSEPH

It appears, that I have nowhere
else to go, father.

Mathias looks at the landlady. She holds her hand out.

LANDLADY

He healed my cat...but I still have
to feed her, Monsieur.

MIAOW. A cat scurries to Joseph. He picks it up. Smile
beaming, he strokes it.

JOSEPH

Hello, puss.

The cat PURRS. Alice gleefully joins in the cat stroking. A
weary SIGH. Mathias opens his purse once again.

INT. SMALL CHURCH, NIGHT.

Darkness. Orange candlelight flickers. Durand kneels before
the alter. Trembling, he looks up.

His eyes glow purple. He tightly closes them as he rubs his
neck. Vigorously shaking his head, he PUNCHES the floor.

DURAND

No! No! No!

A unnatural SNARL. A LOW HUM resonates. Seven glowing angels
manifest. Their purple eyes shine. LOUD WHISPERING rises.

Father Galois enters. He stops. Crossing himself, he covers
his mouth.

FATHER GALOIS

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall
not want...he leadeth me into...

Durand leaps to his feet. Spinning around, he ROARS at
Galois.

His eyes alternate blue and purple. The church fills with
light. The WHISPERING loudens.

Galois shields himself. He YELLS with fright as...

EXT. PORT STREET, MOMENTS LATER.

...in the street, Mathias GASPS. A LOW HUM resonates. Seven
angels manifest around him. His purple eyes shine as...

INT. BEDROOM, MOMENTS LATER.

...in a dingy bedroom, Joseph and Alice sleep cuddled. Seven
angels manifest. A LOW HUM resonates.

Joseph sits up. His purple eyes shine. He SNARLS. Alice GASPS
as he leaps out of bed.

He peers out the window. Glowing angels hover over Fort
Acadia in the distance.

The LOW HUM loudens as...

INT. CHURCH, MOMENTS LATER.

...with a white flash, Durand drops to the floor. Silence.
Darkness. Flickering orange candlelight. Galois rushes to
him.

Dropping to his knees, he examines him.

FATHER GALOIS

Captain?! Captain?! Absalon?!

Durand awakes. He leaps to his feet. Galois falls on his
back. Back to normal, Durand glares.

DURAND

Leave me alone!

He storms out as Galois crosses himself.

EXT. OPEN WATER, DAWN.

A serene sunny dawn. A thick fog bank hovers over the water. SEABIRDS CRY.

A mast cuts slowly through. A large white sail catches the morning sun.

Many more follow. SHIP BELLS RING. Five large warships burst through the fog as...

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, MOMENTS LATER.

...leaning against their muskets, French SENTRIES doze. A sentry squints out to the distance.

Rubbing his eyes, he frowns. He approaches the wall edge as...

EXT. OPEN WATER, MOMENTS LATER.

...the warships sail out in line. Large Royal Navy White Ensigns unfurl as...

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, MOMENTS LATER.

...the sentry crosses himself. He gapes at the others.

SENTRY
Alarm!!! Alarm!!! Alarm!!!!

All awake with a start. They look around bewildered as he frantically points.

SENTRY (CONT'D)
Alarm!!!

All look out over the battlements as...

EXT. BRITISH WARSHIP DECK, MOMENTS LATER.

...on a large warship deck, DRUMS ROLL AND BEAT. CREW rush to and fro.

Seven REDCOAT OFFICERS gather. General Robertson peers through his telescope. He CLACKS it shut.

ROBERTSON
Surprise is total, gentlemen! Order
the Chester and Falmouth forward!
Make ready the transports!

A FLAGMAN signals as...

EXT. BRITISH WARSHIPS, MOMENTS LATER.

...ship broadside gunports open. FLASH BOOM. Thick smoke
billows skywards as...

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, MOMENTS LATER.

...SHOUTING French soldiers run to and fro. Durand races up
the steps donning his coat.

He stops. He gapes at multiple flashes out to sea. He GASPS.

DURAND
Shit!

WHOOSH. BOOM. Cannonballs SMASH the fort walls. Earth and
debris flies high into the air.

French soldiers YELL. WHOOSH. BOOM. Durand and others hit the
deck as...

INT. KITCHEN, MOMENTS LATER.

...hungover, Coulvain sullenly sips his coffee. BOOM. The
kitchen QUAKES.

He falls from his chair. Pots and pans CLATTER to the floor.
He scrambles to his feet.

BOOM. The kitchen QUAKES again. He scurries frantically out
the kitchen as...

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, MOMENTS LATER.

...wounded French soldiers SCREAM. Carnage. Durand struggles
dazed to his feet.

He stumbles again. Two hands lift him effortlessly to his
feet.

MATHIAS
Durand!!! Durand!!!

Durand wearily nods.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
Help me with these men!!! Come on
man, hurry!!!

Mathias kneels beside a wounded soldier. He rips open his bloody tunic. He reaches out to Durand.

Durand hesitates. Unwilling, he steps back. Lunging, Mathias grabs his arms.

He yanks him down. He thrusts Durand's hands onto the soldier's bleeding chest.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
Heal him, Absalon!!! Heal him!!!
Save this man's life!!!

Durand resists. Mathias holds tight.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
Do it, man!!! Do it now!!!

Durand's eyes glow as...

INT. BEDROOM, MOMENTS LATER.

...Joseph flings open window shutters. He quickly dresses. British warships flash in the distance.

Alice frantically gathers her clothes.

ALICE
Joseph, what the devil is
happening?!

He swings round.

JOSEPH
The British! Get dressed...now!

She leaps out of bed. BOOM. The room QUAKES. Windows SHATTER. Joseph drops to the floor. Alice SCREAMS.

A bloody mess, he leaps to his feet. Embracing himself, he closes his eyes.

Blood fades away. He grabs Alice. Both race out the room. Flames lick through the floor as...

EXT. FORT PARADE GROUND, MOMENTS LATER.

...on the parade ground LOUD CHAOS reigns. DRUMS BEAT.
Panicking French soldiers rush around.

Wooden barrels break. Soldiers fill gunpowder flasks. Rameau perfects his wig. Glowering, he points his cane.

RAMEAU

You men!!! Smarten yourselves up or
I'll have you all flogged!!!

All brush their uniforms. Hats corrected. Belts tightened
as...

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, MOMENTS LATER.

...running up the steps, Coulvain corrects his wig.
Battlements reached, he stops.

Healed soldiers GASP and COUGH. Mathias kneels over a
soldier. He looks up.

WHOOSH. BOOM. Coulvain ducks. He runs to Mathias.

MATHIAS

Governor!!! Command the
batteries!!! Myself and Durand will
care for the wounded!!!

A bewildered nod.

COULVAIN

Yes, yes...very well.

He hesitates. Carnage rages before him. A deep BREATH. He
whips out his telescope.

He peers out. He crosses himself and draws his sword.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)

You men!!! To the guns...now!!!

Seven large cannons sit on the battlements. Hesitant soldiers
stare at them.

They kick into action. DRUMS ROLL AND BEAT. Cannons are made
ready as...

EXT. THICK FOREST, MOMENTS LATER.

...in thick dense woodland, O.S distant LOUD THUNDER RUMBLES. Nuna gathers up firewood. She frowns towards it.

She looks at Achak nearby. O.S more THUNDER RUMBLES. He frowns towards it.

Firewood dropped, Nuna races away. Achak follows. O.S more THUNDER RUMBLES as...

EXT. SEAPORT STREET, MOMENTS LATER.

...chaos reigns. Rubble lies strewn. Houses burn. SCREAMING WOMEN and CHILDREN scramble from ruins.

Joseph and Alice rush into the street. WHOOSH. BOOM. Debris erupts skyward. Both hit the deck.

Joseph spots numerous ARMED MEN in the distance. He frowns.

Madogonouit leads the MI'KMAQ MILITIA down the street towards them as...

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, MOMENTS LATER.

...DRUMS BEAT. Coulvain stands sword raised. Cannons and soldiers stand ready to fire.

COULVAIN
Have a care!!! Volley...Fire!!!

His sword SWOOPS. Cannons BOOM as...

EXT. BRITISH WARSHIPS, MOMENTS LATER.

...the British warships manoeuvre. WHOOSH. Fountains of water erupt.

A cannonball SMASHES into a warship. Smoke and flames billow skyward as...

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, MOMENTS LATER.

...French soldiers CHEER.

COULVAIN
Good!!! Now do it again!!!

Coulvain peers through his telescope as...

EXT. BRITISH WARSHIP DECK, MOMENTS LATER.

...Robertson peers through his. The stricken warship burns in the distance.

ROBERTSON
Damn and blast it!!!

He turns to his FLAGMAN.

ROBERTSON (CONT'D)
Signal the bombships!!! Signal the
Marines!!!

The FLAGMAN signals as...

EXT. BRITISH WARSHIPS, MOMENTS LATER.

...the warships FLASH BOOM. Seven smaller ships sail from the fog.

Massed redcoat ROYAL MARINES crouch in some. Bluecoat NEW ENGLANDERS crouch in others. John Williams checks his musket.

Warpainted IROQUOIS MILITIA crouch in others. Soulier spins a tomahawk in his hand as...

EXT. BEACH/LANDING GROUND, SOME MOMENTS LATER.

...the ships land. Soulier and Iroquois jump out and race away. Marines and New Englanders quickly form up.

Battle standards rise. All march away to DRUMS and FIFES as...

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, MOMENTS LATER.

...cannons BOOM. Coulvain peers through his telescope.

He spots the enemy troops in the distance. A SIGH. Telescope clacked shut, he rushes away as...

EXT. FORT PARADE GROUND, MOMENTS LATER.

...French troops muster on the parade ground. Rameau supervises. Coulvain breathlessly approaches him.

COULVAIN
Rameau!! The British land to the
south!! Deploy to meet them!!

Rameau grins sarcastically.

RAMEAU

By all means, my dear Coulvain. I assume you will remain in the safety of your fort?

COULVAIN

If you mean that I will try and sink their damn ships, then yes! Take young Durand as your second!

Rameau frowns indignantly.

RAMEAU

I insist I take my own!

COULVAIN

I saw your own...lose his legs...my dear Rameau!! Take Durand and get the hell on with it, man!!!

Rameau scowls as...

EXT. SEAPORT STREET, MOMENTS LATER.

...Madogonuit and Mi'kmaq approach Joseph and Alice. Joseph warily stands.

WHOOSH. BOOM. All hit the deck. Debris falls. Madogonuit scowls.

MADOGONUIT

I assume you are here only to escort Coulvain's wife to safety?

Joseph nonchalantly shrugs. Alice sheepishly smiles.

JOSEPH

Naturally.

A wry grin. Madogonuit points at CIVILIAN WOMEN and CHILDREN.

MADOGONUIT

Then you will escort them away...also.

He gestures to his warriors. They toss a flintlock and tomahawk at Joseph's feet.

MADOGONUIT (CONT'D)

Iroquois have landed...hurry.

He gathers the weapons. Alice frowns indignantly.

ALICE
Where are mine?!

Two flintlocks land at her feet. She eagerly picks them up. Madogonouit and Mi'kmaq rush away. Joseph turns to Alice.

JOSEPH
You know this place better than
I...lead the way.

WHOOSH. BOOM. Both duck. Women and children SCREAM. She rushes up to them.

ALICE
Right, follow us down Rue du
Calvados, then Rue du Henri out of
town!! Yes?!

All frantically nod. Alice frowns at Joseph.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Just follow me!!

All rush past Joseph. He shrugs and follows as...

INT. INFIRMARY, MOMENTS LATER.

...the infirmary QUAKES. Casualties MOAN. Surgeon Perrier wipes his bloody hands on his tunic.

Mathias and Durand lay bloody hands on casualties. Mathias looks up at him.

Durand's face unnaturally contorts. He trembles as he quietly SNARLS. The casualty violently convulses.

Mathias frowns. He grabs Durand's hand. Durand looks up.

His eyes alternate blue and purple. They fade to normal. Mathias shakes his head.

MATHIAS
Enough...Absalon. Too much.

The casualty's convulsions cease. Durand's BREATHING quickens. Rameau swans in.

RAMEAU
Captain Durand?! I require your
presence...immediately!!

Mathias looks up. He glances at Durand.

MATHIAS
Yes, go...now.

Durand sullenly nods. He walks away with Rameau as...

EXT. FORT PARADE GROUND, MOMENTS LATER.

...French infantry line up. Bayonets fix. All STAMP to attention.

Rameau stands proudly before them. Durand stands beside him. Two flintlocks hang from his belt. He checks his musket.

Rameau casts him a disparaging glance.

RAMEAU
Pray you keep your nerve, Durand. I hang those who do not.

DURAND
Then I must pray you will not live long enough, Colonel.

Rameau smirks.

RAMEAU
Young pup.

The gates fly open before them.

RAMEAU (CONT'D)
Shoulder arms!!!!

All shoulder muskets. He glances at Durand. A wink.

RAMEAU (CONT'D)
Good luck.

He stares ahead.

RAMEAU (CONT'D)
Forward...march!!!!

SNARE DRUMS ROLL. Banners rise. All march out to DRUMS and FIFES as...

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, MOMENTS LATER.

...WHOOSH. BOOM. French troops turn cannons. DRUMS BEAT. Gunners stand ready. Coulvain raises his sword.

COULVAIN
Have a care!!! Fire!!!

Cannons BOOM as...

EXT. ROYAL MARINES/NEW ENGLANDERS, MOMENTS LATER.

...Marines and New Englanders march on. WHOOSH. BOOM.

Many SCREAM and drop. Troops stumble over casualties. The column disintegrates. John Williams faces them.

JOHN WILLIAMS
Reform!!! Keep moving!!!

Troops regroup. All march on ahead as...

EXT. SEAPORT STREETS, MOMENTS LATER.

...seaport ruins burn. Joseph and Alice lead civilians. Alice runs on ahead.

Way clear, she waves them on. All scurry across a ruined street as...

EXT. SEAPORT, MOMENTS LATER.

...seven shipwrecks burn in the seaport. Soulier and Iroquois sprint over shattered buildings.

They crouch. Soulier spots civilians scurrying away in the distance. He grins. All sprint after them as...

EXT. AMBUSH (SEAPORT STREET), MOMENTS LATER.

...Madogonouit and Mi'kmaq ambush and SHOOT. Some Iroquois drop. Soulier and others hit the deck.

Mi'kmaq frantically reload. Soulier and Iroquois RETURN FIRE.

Some Mi'kmaq drop. All drop muskets. Both sides draw tomahawks and knives and charge.

Savage skirmishing. Tomahawks hack. Knives slash and stab. Soulier faces Madogonouit as...

EXT. SEAPORT STREET, MOMENTS LATER.

...spotting the skirmish, Joseph GROWLS. Tomahawk drawn, he sprints away. Alice looks on bewildered.

ALICE
What are you doing?!!

He stops and turns.

JOSEPH
Get them away, now!!

She spots the skirmish.

ALICE
Oh!! Everyone run...this way!!

All run as...

EXT. AMBUSH (SEAPORT STREET), MOMENTS LATER.

...Soulrier's tomahawk hacks. Madogonouit's tomahawk parries. Wounded SCREAM.

Madogonouit hacks. Soulrier parries. Madogonouit stumbles. Soulrier knocks him down. Tomahawk raised, he savagely beats him.

Joseph grabs Soulrier and throws him at the Iroquai. All fall in a heap.

Purple eyes shine as Joseph savagely ROARS. Soulrier and Iroquois freeze with fright.

An Iroquois attacks. Joseph SNAPS his neck. Soulrier and the others flee. Some Mi'kmaq chase.

Joseph kneels beside Madogonouit. Frantic Mi'kmaq warriors join him. He lays hands on Madogonouit's battered head.

His eyes close as...

EXT. HEALING SEQUENCE, MOMENTS LATER.

...with a white flash, Madogonouit awakes. Bright heavenly light. Silence. A LOW HUM resonates. He looks up at Joseph.

Seven purple eyed figures reach out as...

EXT. AMBUSH (SEAPORT STREET), MOMENTS LATER.

...with a white flash, Madogonouit violently COUGHS. He gapes up at Joseph's shining eyes.

Confused Mi'kmaq warriors threaten Joseph. He backs submissively away as Madogonouit sits up.

Joseph steps forward and pulls him up. Madogonouit looks him in the eye. A pause. He grins.

MADOGONOUIT

Time presses.

Joseph nods. All sprint away as...

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY, MOMENTS LATER.

...Marines and New Englanders approach the port. Warships flash in the b.g as...

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, MOMENTS LATER.

...WHOOSH. BOOM. French troops hit the deck. They leap to their feet. All ready cannons as Coulvain's sword rises.

COULVAIN

Have a care!!! Fire!!!

His sword SWOOPS. CANNONS BOOM as...

EXT. BOMBSHIPS, MOMENTS LATER.

...British warships FLASH BOOM. Fountains erupt skywards. Two new warships sail from the fog. They stop and drop anchor as...

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, MOMENTS LATER.

...Coulvain studies them through his telescope. He furiously STAMPS his foot.

COULVAIN

Shit!!! Bombships!!!

He CLACKS his telescope shut as...

EXT. BOMBSHIP DECK, MOMENTS LATER.

...on a BUSTLING bombship deck, CREW swarm around a huge mortar pointing skywards.

A jib crane lowers a huge mortar ball. A young NAVAL OFFICER supervises. Mortar loaded, all back away.

NAVAL OFFICER
Have a care!!!! Fire!!!!

All cower. FLASH BOOM. The ship QUAKES. Thick smoke erupts skywards as...

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, MOMENTS LATER.

...Coulvain calmly SIGHS. He watches two mortar balls rise high towards them.

COULVAIN
Everyone...duck!!!!

He hits the deck. WHOOSH! YELLING soldiers hit the deck as...

EXT. RUINS (SEAPORT STREET), MOMENTS LATER.

...in the b.g, a THUNDEROUS BOOM resonates. Joseph and Madogonouit look up. Joseph's horrified eyes widen.

JOSEPH
Father!

Two huge mushroom clouds erupt from Fort Acadia as...

INT. INFIRMARY, MOMENTS LATER.

...the crowded infirmary violently QUAKES. Debris falls. Mathias shields a casualty on the floor.

Surgeon Perrier stumbles. O.S SCREAMING rises outside.

SURGEON PERRIER
Clear the tables, quickly!!

He struggles to his feet as...

EXT. SEAPORT STREET, MOMENTS LATER.

...to DRUMS and FIFES, French troops march into town. Some frightened CIVILIANS scramble away.

WHOOSH. BOOM. Some troops SCREAM and drop. Rameau flinches. Durand glances nervously at him.

Royal Marines march towards them in the near distance.

RAMEAU
Halt!!!!

Troops halt. MUSIC stops. Marines do likewise.

RAMEAU (CONT'D)
Soldiers of France!!!!
Attention!!!!

All STAMP to attention. DRUMS ROLL.

RAMEAU (CONT'D)
Prime and load!!!!

Frantic musket loading. Marines do likewise but slower.

RAMEAU (CONT'D)
Make ready!!!!

French cock muskets. Marines lag behind.

RAMEAU (CONT'D)
Volley fire!!!! Pre...sent arms!!!!

Front ranks kneel. French muskets aim. Marines frantically catch up.

RAMEAU (CONT'D)
Fire!!!!

Muskets BOOM! Smoke billows. Many Marines drop.

RAMEAU (CONT'D)
Reload!!!!

All frantically reload. Marines recover. A gleeful glance at Durand.

RAMEAU (CONT'D)
Good training does it,
Durand...good training!!

Marines VOLLEY FIRE. Bullets RIDDLE the French. Rameau drops.

Blood splatters Durand. He gapes at Rameau's bloody corpse. A moments hesitation. He takes command.

DURAND
Ranks!!!! Advance!!!!

DRUMS BEAT. French march over SCREAMING WOUNDED. Marines do likewise. Durand levels his musket. Blue eyes faintly glow.

DURAND (CONT'D)
Soldiers of France!!!! Charge!!!!

The SCREAMING French charge. Marines do likewise as...

EXT. FORT PARADE GROUND, MOMENTS LATER.

...Fort Acadia burns. Many casualties lie SCREAMING. Medics carry others away.

Mathias lays hands on a casualty. His glowing eyes glare at the medics.

MATHIAS
Get them to the Infirmary, now!!!!

Eyes closing, he focuses as...

EXT. TOWN EDGE/WOODED COUNTRY, MOMENTS LATER.

...Alice and civilians scurry into peaceful woodland. BIRDSONG. O.S BATTLE rages in the b.g.

ALICE
We can await here.

All sit to rest. Alice scans nervously around. Mothers cuddle CRYING children.

Iroquois burst from the trees. Frightened women SCREAM. Alice aims and SHOOTS. An Iroquois drops. Others hit the deck.

Soulier limps badly forward. Alice points her other trembling flintlock. She glares murderously.

The Iroquois rush forward. Soulier glares at them.

SOULIER
Wait!!!

They halt. Soulier spitefully smiles. Alice feigns calm.

SOULIER (CONT'D)
My dearest Alice, such a chilly
welcome! Without your
usual...comeliness.

ALICE
Leave us, Monsieur Soulier...and I
will speak well of you with my
husband.

He LAUGHS.

SOULIER
If he still lives!! And indeed
forgives you for yet another...
dalliance!

His eyes narrow.

SOULIER (CONT'D)
Hmm...you will fetch a high price
at market.

Defiant tears stream down her cheeks.

ALICE
Remember you are a gentleman.

He grins and gestures to the Iroquois. They stride forward
and grab SCREAMING civilians.

Alice SHOOTS. Soulier jerks violently back.

BIRDSONG stops. Shadows flit. Iroquois suddenly drop.
SCREAMING women shield their children.

Soulier recovers. He grabs Alice. She SCREAMS. He SLAPS her
to the ground.

A shadow flits. Soulier SLAMS against a tree. He struggles
dazed to his feet.

He quick draws a flintlock. Nuna appears before him. Her blue
eyes shine. He SHOOTS. She shudders with a ROAR.

She quick draws his sword. It SLASHES with inhuman speed. His
headless corpse drops to the ground.

Civilians cower. Alice struggles up. The Yeux Bleus stand
sentinel around them. Nuna holds her bleeding stomach as she
closes her eyes.

Joseph and Mi'kmaq burst through bushes. They stop muskets
raised. Dropping a bullet, Nuna GROWLS as...

EXT. SEAPORT STREET, MOMENTS LATER.

...brutal combat RAGES. Bayonets. Swords. Musket butts. Fists. Boots.

A Marine thrusts. Durand parries. Musket butt to the face, the Marine drops. Durand savagely bayonets him.

He quick draws a flintlock and SHOOTs. He draws his sword.

DURAND

They falter!!!! Charge!!!!

The SCREAMING French charge again. Marines and New Englanders fall back.

John Williams drops his musket. Sword drawn, he faces Durand. They fence.

Durand inhumanly SNARLS as his purple eyes shine. John Williams reels in terror.

Durand leaps forward and runs him through. Sword yanked out, John Williams slumps to the ground as...

EXT. BOMBSHIP DECK, MOMENTS LATER.

...another mortar ball loads. The crew back away.

NAVAL OFFICER

Have a care!!!! Fire!!!!

All cower. FLASH BOOM. The ship QUAKES. Thick smoke erupts skywards as...

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, MOMENTS LATER.

...Fort Acadia lies ruined. Casualties MOAN. Some cannons lie shattered. Soldiers wearily reload the remainder.

COULVAIN

Fire!!!!

Cannons BOOM. Coulvain peers at the British warships as...

EXT. BRITISH WARSHIP DECK, MOMENTS LATER.

...Robertson peers through his telescope. Mushroom clouds erupt from Fort Acadia.

Fewer fountains erupt beside the ships. Robertson peers at the seaport. Marines and French fight it out.

ROBERTSON
Gentlemen, methinks Acadia's guns
are spent! Order the fleet nearer
the shore.

He turns to his officers.

ROBERTSON (CONT'D)
Send in the reinforcements...and I
shall accompany them.

He CLACKS his telescope shut as...

INT. INFIRMARY, MOMENTS LATER.

...Surgeon Perrier bandages a casualty. Shrouded dead lie all around. The healed trudge to the door.

Mathias wearily sets to healing another. The officer rushes in. Perrier frowns as they converse.

Mathias nods. The officer turns and leaves. Mathias looks sheepishly at Perrier. A quick bow, he leaves. Perrier frowns as...

EXT. FORT BATTLEMENTS, MOMENTS LATER.

...Mathias sprints up the steps. He stops. Coulvain sits dejectedly before the shattered cannons.

Mathias walks calmly towards him. Coulvain grins resignedly.

COULVAIN
Enemy reinforcements land as we
speak. I fear, Colonel...that our
struggle nears its end.

Mathias sits beside him.

MATHIAS
What news of Durand?

Coulvain wearily shrugs.

COULVAIN
None, but Durand is a good lad, he
acquits himself well...I am sure of
it.

MATHIAS

As I am also.

COULVAIN

Take any walking wounded and join
Rameau. Should Rameau have fallen,
you have command.

Mathias nods. He stands. Coulvain looks up.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)

I await the inevitable. Good luck.

A sad grin. Mathias jogs away.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)

Wait!!

Mathias turns.

COULVAIN (CONT'D)

Should you find Alice...I entrust
her to your care.

Mathias bows. He jogs away as...

EXT. WOODED COUNTRY, MOMENTS LATER.

...in a tense Mexican standoff, Joseph, Mi'kmaq and Yeux
Bleus stand ready. O.S BATTLE rages in the b.g.

Alice and civilians huddle. Nuna scowls.

NUNA

Where is your father?

Joseph shrugs.

JOSEPH

Healing, killing...I know not.

NUNA

Who will be victorious?

MADOGONUIT

They decide as we speak.

JOSEPH

Will you shelter the women?

ACHAK

They are not our problem.

Joseph frowns. Madogonouit scowls angrily.

MADOGONOUIT
You would see them butchered?!
Where is Askuwheteau?!

ACHAK
Let them butcher their own...if
they so wish!

MADOGONOUIT
Askuwheteau would wish they live!!

ACHAK
But Malsumis would not!!

The civilians CRY. Nuna SIGHS.

NUNA
Adnan will shelter them...until
their victory is decided. Then they
must leave.

Achak angrily scowls.

ACHAK
We have no business with this!!
Malsumis will be enraged!!

Nuna ROARS!

NUNA
So be it! I am taking them to
Adnan!!! Stop me if you dare!!!

Achak backs down. She turns to everyone else.

NUNA (CONT'D)
Follow us...all of you!

The civilians slowly stand as...

EXT. BEACH (TROOPSHIPS), MOMENTS LATER.

...the troopships land. Numerous Marines disembark. Royal Artillerymen in dark blue lift cannons ashore.

Robertson steps gracefully off. He smartens his wig and raises his telescope. His officers follow.

The warships approach. Broadships pointing inland, they halt. Telescope CLACKED shut, Robertson smiles as...

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY/WOODLAND, MOMENTS LATER.

...BATTLE RAGES. Marines and Americans chaotically retreat through fields and trees. Port Acadia burns in the b.g.

Durand beheads a Marine. The headless corpse drops. Durand looks around.

Marines and Americans join the approaching reinforcements as...

EXT. ADNAN, MOMENTS LATER.

...in tense silence, the Yeux Bleus lead all into Adnan. Joseph and Mi'kmaq nervously keep watch.

Blue eyes shine from tipis. O.S SNARLS. The large tipi looms before them. Askuwheteau steps out. All stop.

Madogonouit, Nuna and Joseph approach.

MADOGONOUIT

*Askuwheteau...we request merciful
asylum for the women and children.*

ACHAK

*I would refuse, for what would
Malsumis do?!*

Nuna scowls at him. Askuwheteau glances at the O.S distant BATTLE.

NUNA

*I would accept...for what would
Glooscap do?!*

ACHAK

*Does Glooscap live within the
totems?!*

Askuwheteau glances at the civilians.

ASKUWHETEAU

*Enough!! Glooscap would shield
them...so will we!!*

EXT. FORT PARADE GROUND, MOMENTS LATER.

Fort Acadia lies shattered. Flames CRACKLE. Smoke billows. Troops in bloodsoaked tunics STAMP to attention.

Mathias stands before them. He looks up at the battlements. Coulvain silently watches. Mathias rests his sword against his shoulder.

MATHIAS

On the double!!! Quick...march!!!

The battered gate opens. All rush out in column as...

EXT. FRENCH (OPEN COUNTRY/WOODLAND), MOMENTS LATER.

...the French frantically form lines. Durand loads a musket as Marines approach.

DURAND

Company will left wheel!!! Withdraw
to the woods!!!

The French retreat to woods behind them as...

EXT. ROYAL MARINES (OPEN COUNTRY/WOODLAND), MOMENTS LATER.

...Marines and Americans frantically form lines. Royal Artillery prepares. Robertson turns to an OFFICER beside him.

ROBERTSON

Signal the ships to commence fire!!

The Flagman signals the warships in the b.g as...

EXT. WARSHIPS, MOMENTS LATER.

...their broadsides FLASH BOOM. Smoke erupts skywards as...

EXT. FRENCH (OPEN COUNTRY/WOODLAND), MOMENTS LATER.

...WHOOSH. BOOM. Many SCREAMING French troops drop. Durand stumbles as...

EXT. ADNAN, MOMENTS LATER.

...WHOOSH. BOOM. Cannonballs SMASH Adnan. All hit the deck. Shattered tipis fly skywards. Yeux Bleus SCREAM.

Chaos. All scramble to their feet. Askuwhteau gapes aghast at the henge as...

EXT. FRENCH (OPEN COUNTRY/WOODLAND), MOMENTS LATER.

...French casualties SCREAM. Durand leaps to his feet. Marines and Americans advance to BEATING DRUMS.

French troops frantically reform and reload as...

EXT. WARSHIPS, MOMENTS LATER.

...warship broadsides FLASH BOOM. Smoke erupts skywards as...

EXT. FRENCH (OPEN COUNTRY/WOODLAND), MOMENTS LATER.

...WHOOSH. BOOM. More French drop. DRUMS BEAT. The line holds. Muskets take aim.

DURAND

Fire!!!!

Muskets BOOM! Smoke rises as...

EXT. ROYAL MARINES (OPEN COUNTRY/WOODLAND), MOMENTS LATER.

...wounded Marines SCREAM. The advance stumbles. Robertson raises his sword.

ROBERTSON

March on!!! March on!!! We have
them!!!

DRUMS BEAT. Marines regroup and march on as...

EXT. ADNAN, MOMENTS LATER.

...panicking Yeux Bleus rush around. Shattered tipis burn.

Joseph lays hands on a fallen Yeux Bleus. Alice herds CRYING civilians away. Madogonouit and Mi'kmaq help Yeux Bleus casualties.

WHOOSH. BOOM. Cannonballs SMASH the henge. AskuwhetEAU hits the deck. He looks up aghast.

Totems topple and fall. The orb suddenly glows blue. Joseph's eyes glow purple.

He ROARS. Yeux Bleus do likewise en masse as...

EXT. FRENCH (OPEN COUNTRY/WOODLAND), MOMENTS LATER.

...BATTLE RAGES. Durand ROARS. His eyes glow purple as he drops heavily to ground. He convulses as his face contorts.

Mathias kneels over him. He grabs Durand as...

EXT. ADNAN, MOMENTS LATER.

...the ground QUAKES in Adnan. More totems tumble. Askuwheteau rushes into Adnan.

ASKUWHETEAU

Get away!!! Into the trees!!!

Nuna and all Yeux Bleus stare aghast. WHOOSH. BOOM. More cannonballs SMASH. The orb grows larger.

Joseph and Alice watch bewildered. Some Yeux Bleus break and run. Joseph glares at Madogonouit.

JOSEPH

What is this?!!

Madogonouit shakes his head as...

EXT. FRENCH (OPEN COUNTRY/WOODLAND), MOMENTS LATER.

...BATTLE RAGES. French soldiers drop. French MUSKETS BOOM. Mathias lifts up Durand. He shakes him.

MATHIAS

Absalon?!!! Absalon?!!!

Durand shoves Mathias violently away. Durand's face distorts. His purple eyes inhumanly widen.

He falls crouching in a ball to his knees as...

EXT. ADNAN, MOMENTS LATER.

...Adnan burns. The ground QUAKES. The blue orb shines brighter. All hide in the trees.

Nuna and Yeux Bleus guard Alice and civilians. Joseph crouches with Madogonouit and Mi'kmaq.

WHOOSH. BOOM. All duck. The henge collapses. The orb drops to the ground. A blinding unearthly white flash erupts as...

EXT. FRENCH (OPEN COUNTRY/WOODLAND), MOMENTS LATER.

...Mathias takes command. Durand crouches quivering beside him. Muskets aim. Mathias' sword SWOOPS.

MATHIAS

Fire!!!!

Muskets BOOM. Smoke billows. Some Marines drop in the distance.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)

Reload!!!!

Frantic reloading. An unearthly light illuminates the woods behind them. Mathias turns around as...

EXT. ROYAL MARINES (OPEN COUNTRY/WOODLAND), MOMENTS LATER.

...Marine muskets BOOM. Smoke billows. Robertson peers through his telescope.

Light illuminates the woods behind the French.

ROBERTSON

What in God's name...is that?

Telescope down, he frowns as...

EXT. ADNAN, MOMENTS LATER.

...blinding white light envelopes Adnan. Joseph shields his eyes. The QUAKING worsens. Mist swirls out from the light.

Six towering Kukwes stride clear. Glowing swords draw. Blue eyes glow. Furious ROARS reverberate around the landscape.

Malsumis strides out between them. Her blue eyes glow. She stops. A deafening ROAR.

Joseph and Madogonouit gape in awe. Nuna and Yeux Bleus watch aghast. Alice and civilians SCREAM in terror.

Some Yeux Bleus panic and run. Askuwhteau runs to Malsumis. He falls to his knees. Submissive hands rise.

Malsumis glares angrily at him. She gestures to a Kukwes. Its sword rises and beheads Askuwhteau. Nuna SCREAMS in horror.

Tears stream down her cheeks. Her face contorts with rage. She furiously ROARS.

WHOOSH. BOOM. The Kukwes stride ominously forward as...

EXT. FRENCH (OPEN COUNTRY/WOODLAND), MOMENTS LATER.

...oblivious French troops reload. Mathias gapes aghast at the looming Kukwes.

MATHIAS
Soldiers of France!!!! About
turn!!!!

All lift muskets and about turn. Wide eyed terror grips them. The Kukwes ROAR.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)
Make ready!!!!

The Kukwes charge. Troops panic. WILD MUSKETS BOOM. Glowing swords slash.

Beheaded troops drop. Others SCREAM terrified. Mathias ROARS. He leaps on a Kukwes' head as...

EXT. ROYAL MARINES (OPEN COUNTRY/WOODLAND), MOMENTS LATER.

...Robertson peers through his telescope. He drops it in shock.

ROBERTSON
Good...God! Witchcraft!

He looks frantically around. He gestures.

ROBERTSON (CONT'D)
Push forward all guns!!!

Artillerymen heave guns forward as...

EXT. FRENCH (OPEN COUNTRY/WOODLAND), MOMENTS LATER.

...chaos reigns. French soldiers panic and break. Kukwes ROAR and slash.

Mathias stabs the Kukwes' head. It ROARS in pain. It grabs Mathias and throws him against a tree. He falls heavily to the ground.

He struggles dazed to his feet. Joseph, Nuna, and the Yeux Bleus attack the others.

Kukwes distracted, Mathias leaps away as...

EXT. ROYAL MARINES (OPEN COUNTRY/WOODLAND), MOMENTS LATER.

...frightened Marines and Americans watch the chaos before them. Artillerymen frantically load cannons.

ROBERTSON
Front ranks!!!! Kneel!!!!

Front ranks kneel as...

EXT. FRENCH/ROYAL MARINES, MOMENTS LATER.

...Mathias bounds up beside the British. Sword raised, he ROARS.

MATHIAS
Soldiers of France!!!! To me!!!!

French survivors race towards him. They regroup beside the Marines. All frantically reload.

Joseph repeatedly stabs a tormented Kukwes. It throws him at Nuna fighting another Kukwes.

The Kukwes stumbles. Joseph and Nuna fall to the ground. The Kukwes stride onwards. Nuna looks desperately up. She ROARS.

NUNA
Absalon!!!!

Marines and French aim muskets.

ROBERTSON
Fire!!!!

MATHIAS
Fire!!!!

MASSED MUSKETS BOOM. Bullets RIDDLE the Kukwes. DEAFENING ROARS.

They fall to their knees. Achak's RIDDLED body drops to the ground.

The Kukwes laboriously stand. Achak attempts self healing. A Kukwes stamps on him. He SCREAMS.

CANNONS BOOM. Cannonballs SMASH into three Kukwes. DEAFENING ROARS.

They drop heavily to the ground. Three others charge forward. Joseph and Nuna chase as...

EXT. WARSHIPS, MOMENTS LATER.

...ship broadside CANNONS FLASH BOOM. Smoke erupts skywards as...

EXT. ADAN, MOMENTS LATER.

WHOOSH. BOOM. The henge implodes in a blinding flash. Alice and Madogonouit cower. Malsumis furiously ROARS as...

EXT. FRENCH/ROYAL MARINES, MOMENTS LATER.

...Durand suddenly stands. His body glows white as his purple eyes glow.

He grows monstrosly tall. A deafening ROAR. He strides towards the Kukwes.

Muskets BOOM. Bullet riddled Kukwes drunkenly stagger. They press forward. Wounded Kukwes struggle to their feet.

MATHIAS	ROBERTSON
Reload!!!!	Reload!!!!

Frantic reloading. Durand strides through the ranks. Mathias and soldiers gape with shock.

Yeux Bleus gape in awe. Nuna LAUGHS triumphantly.

Durand grabs a Kukwes' head. It SCREAMS. The Kukwes drops dead to the ground.

He grabs another. They wrestle. The Kukwes punches him. Durand picks it up and slams it to the ground.

The ground violently QUAKES. Other Kukwes back fearfully away. Nuna, Joseph and Yeux Bleus attack them.

Durand fiercely ROARS at Malsumis. She ROARS fiercely back.

O.S MASSED MUSKETS BOOM. Bullets RIDDLE Durand. He ROARS unharmed at the soldiers. They fearfully cower.

Durand strides towards Malsumis as...

EXT. ADNAN, MOMENTS LATER.

...Malsumis leaps ROARING towards him. They CLASH. The earth QUAKES.

A blinding white light bursts above the henge. A RESONANT HUM grows. Hordes of glowing purple eyed angels swoop out.

Alice's fearful eyes widen. She looks at the civilians.

ALICE

Run to the soldiers!!!!

They sprint for the soldiers. A Kukwes lunges for them. Civilians SCREAM. Alice picks up a fallen musket.

She SHOOTS the Kukwes in the foot. It ROARS with pain. Madogonuit and Militia SHOOT the Kukwes.

Angels swoop over them. Terrified children SCREAM. Madogonuit and the Militia pick them up. All run as...

EXT. FRENCH/ROYAL MARINES, MOMENTS LATER.

...muskets BOOM. Angels swoop over the soldiers. All cower.

The angels swoop back towards Adnan. They swoop over cowering Yeux Bleus as...

EXT. ADNAN, MOMENTS LATER.

...bullets RIDDLE Joseph and Nuna. Both fall from the Kukwes to the ground.

Both GROAN with exhausted pain. Durand and Malsumis fight. Angels swoop over them as...

EXT. FRENCH/ROYAL MARINES, MOMENTS LATER.

...Mathias' gapes in horror. He sprints away from the soldiers as...

EXT. ADNAN, MOMENTS LATER.

...Joseph struggles to his knees. He vainly attempts self healing. He slumps to the ground. Nuna crawls away SOBBING.

Durand and Malsumis battle before her. She looks at Joseph.

Her glowing eyes pale. She grows drowsy. Three shining angels land gracefully beside her. WHISPERING rises.

One lifts her gently to her feet. Smiling, it lays hands on her shoulders. Her eyes turn purple. Her angelic body shines.

She smiles as the angel carries her away into the light.

Joseph's glowing eyes pale. He grows drowsy. An angel approaches him. Mathias leaps between them.

He ROARS furiously at the angel. It hesitates. Mathias shields Joseph. He lays hands on him and closes his eyes.

Joseph GASPS. His purple eyes brighten. He violently COUGHS. Mathias kneels upright. Bullets RIDDLE him. He slumps down.

Joseph leaps up beside Mathias. A forehead bullet hole bleeds. Mathias' glowing eyes pale. Joseph panics.

JOSEPH
Father?!!! Father?!!!

He glares pleadingly at the angels.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
Help!!! Help me!!!!

They stand passive. Joseph grasps Mathias' head. His eyes close. An angel stands over them. WHISPERING rises.

Mathias looks wearily up. He faintly smiles at Joseph. Mathias slowly shakes his head.

Glowing tears stream down Joseph's cheeks. He frantically shakes his head.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)
No!! No!!

The angels surround Mathias. They carry him gently away as Joseph SOBS on his knees. Angels carry off other Yeux Bleus into the light.

Durand and angels overpower Malsumis. The EARTHQUAKE worsens. The blinding light shines brighter still. The LOW HUM grows louder as...

EXT. FRENCH/ROYAL MARINES, MOMENTS LATER.

...Robertson shields his eyes against the light. All troops do likewise. Some cross themselves. Some grab rosary beads.

Alice, Mi'kmaq and civilians huddle. All watch in awe.

The light suddenly shrinks. A pause. THUD. The light vanishes. Silence.

EXT. ADNAN, MOMENTS LATER.

Adnan and the henge have gone. The large ditch remains.
BIRDSONG. A gentle BREEZE as...

EXT. FRENCH/ROYAL MARINES, MOMENTS LATER.

...all soldiers watch stunned. Robertson stands speechless.
He looks blankly around.

He snaps out. He turns to his officers. A polite COUGH.

ROBERTSON
Can you...respectfully disarm, the
Frenchies...please?

The officers vacantly nod.

EXT. APPROACH TO FORT, SOME TIME LATER.

Royal Marines march to DRUMS and FIFES. Disarmed French
prisoners march sullenly with them. Robertson proudly leads
them.

Warships dock in the smouldering port in the b.g. as...

EXT. FORT PARADE GROUND, MOMENTS LATER.

...Coulvain and Surgeon Perrier sullenly smarten up on the
parade ground.

Smoke rises. Medics tend to wounded. White sheets shroud the
dead.

O.S DRUMS and FIFES approach. Coulvain and Perrier pass
nervous glances. They stand wearily to attention.

Robertson swans in. All troops follow. All stop. Silence.

Robertson and his officers stride forward. Coulvain and
Perrier nonchalantly wait. Robertson and his officers bow.

Coulvain and Perrier return the bow. Robertson frowns. A
pause. His eyes narrow.

ROBERTSON
Jonnie? Good God...surely not?!

His eyes widen with shock. Coulvain's eyes narrow. They widen
with shock. He covers his mouth.

COULVAIN
Jeremiah?! Jeremiah Robertson?!

ROBERTSON
Jonnie!! My dear...dear old
friend!! How the devil are you?!!

Coulvain gestures to Fort Acadia and shrugs. Robertson throws open his arms. Coulvain does likewise. LAUGHING, they hug like old friends.

COULVAIN
Better days I have seen!

ROBERTSON
Yes...yes, I daresay! It must
be...thirty years since Sasbach?!

COULVAIN
Thirty five, Jeremiah...thirty
five!

He slips his arm through Coulvain's. Oblivious to all around, they walk away.

ROBERTSON
Yes! We hammered the Imperials, did
we not?!

COULVAIN
We did indeed...though methinks
youth was on our side then!

Robertson eagerly nods. He stops and turns.

ROBERTSON
Er...Lieutenant Jenkins?! See to
the wounded will you?! Set sentries
around the prisoners and...whatnot!

A dismissive wave. Both walk on. Perrier and the British officers watch bewildered. Glancing at each other, all shrug.

EXT. APPROACH TO FORT, THE NEXT DAY.

An honour guard of Marines lines the approach to Fort Acadia. The shattered gate CREAKS open.

French troops march out to DRUMS and FIFES. Coulvain marches proudly before them. Horse drawn wagons of wounded follow.

Marines STAMP to attention. The French stop. Silence.

Robertson steps beside Coulvain. Coulvain turns to look at Fort Acadia for the last time.

Tears well up. His lips tremble. His helpless SOBBING breaks the silence.

Robertson puts a comforting arm around his shoulder. A pause. He proudly straightens.

ROBERTSON
Soldiers of France!!!!
Attention!!!!

French troops STAMP to attention. He slips his arm through Coulvain's.

ROBERTSON (CONT'D)
Quick...march!!!!

DRUMS ROLL. All march onwards to DRUMS and FIFES as...

EXT. SEAPORT, MOMENTS LATER.

...the port BUSTLES. Warships await. Civilians clear rubble and debris. More REDCOATS disembark. Royal Marines keep watch.

French troops orderly embark onto the warships as...

EXT. RUINS (SEAPORT STREET), MOMENTS LATER.

...Madogonouit and Mi'kmaq watch surreptitiously from a ruined house. Glancing beside him, Madogonouit gestures.

A hooded figure sidles up. Smoke rises from a pipe. Piercing blue eyes dimly glow.

Joseph peers out at the warships. Another hooded figure sidles beside him.

Alice peers out at the warships. Madogonouit smiles reassuringly.

MADOGONOUIT
It would appear Governor Coulvain
boards the Chester...

He points.

MADOGONOUIT (CONT'D)
Maybe you should both board the...
Taunton...over there.

Joseph wistfully smiles. He respectfully bows.

JOSEPH
Thank you. Farewell...Madogonouit.

Alice smiles. Both walk surreptitiously into the BUSTLING throng. Madogonouit wistfully smiles.

Madogonouit and Mi'kmaq walk quietly away.

FADE TO:

EXT. ADNAN, DAY.

Beautiful sunny woodland. Vibrant flowers bloom where the henge once stood. A gentle BREEZE. Leaves RUSTLE.

Exuberant BIRDSONG echoes all around. A squirrel scampers up a tree.

The gentle BREEZE suddenly stops. RUSTLING leaves suddenly settle. BIRDSONG stops. The squirrel freezes. Silence.

Quiet WHISPERING.

FADE OUT.

THE END