

The Hunger
Within

by
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In the beginning, there is rain. Rain falls from the top of the trees to the forest below. There is no animal movement. There is no movement, but the rain.

Without sound, an Indian brave runs past. After a few minutes, something slightly human, but long, skinny and bald runs past in the same direction, so quickly that its features are distorted.

The brave slams his way through the forest. Tree limbs smash across his face and he slips on some moss and goes down.

Lying on the ground still, his breathing heavy and his heart beating at a furious pace, the brave glances around in a panic. Drops of sweat fall down from his forehead to his cheek.

Suddenly, there is a noise from the bushes to his right. He gets to his moccasin-covered feet and runs away from the direction of the rustling. A moment later, the strange, human-shaped thing runs past.

The brave looks backward as he runs for his life through the undergrowth of the forest. The thing following him is never far behind. Occasionally a glimpse of its elbow or long, stringy hair pushed back by the wind off a bald, elongated head can be seen through the leaves and bristles of the forest.

The brave stops and looks around, listening. The forest is quiet behind him at every angle. There is no noise, except for the Indian's heavy breathing. He continues to look around and listen, but hears nothing. He looks up to the sky, perhaps to get his bearing. Seeing nothing, he approaches a nearby tree to touch the moss.

Sharply, he looks up and then takes off into the forest again. It isn't long, however, before the brave runs face first into what was chasing him. Raising his eyes in fear, he mouths one word.

BRAVE
(quietly, almost
breathlessly whispered)
Wendigo.

His world dissolves into blackness.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROANOKE COLONY-- MORNING

The year is 1586. One of the first colonies in America is the colony of Roanoke, which holds roughly 100 men, women and children.

A ship is anchored a hundred feet from the coast. The crew is bringing boxes and goods ashore via the longboats.

Standing at the beginning of the path that leads into Roanoke colony is CAPTAIN STANDISH with a requisition in his hands. He is between 30 and 40 in age, but is slightly weathered.

At his side is his first mate, MR. HENRY, a slightly short and dumpy sailor. As the boxes and crates pass him, Mr. Henry calls out their contents and Captain Standish checks them off his list.

Next to Standish on the opposite side of Mr. Henry is the leader of the Roanoke colony, JOHN HYRCANEOUS. John is a stern-faced man, approximately 50 years old and dressed in simple pilgrim garb.

Two sailors carrying a large crate walk past John and the Captain.

MR. HENRY

Fourteen boxes of biscuits.

CAPTAIN STANDISH

And have you met any of the natives as of yet?

JOHN

There has been only one meeting with a local tribe, the Croatan. We have not seen another tribe since we began.

CAPTAIN STANDISH

And how did you fare last winter, John?

MR. HENRY

One crate of barley.

JOHN

Oh, it was a hard winter, that's certain. We lost seven men, fifteen women, and thirteen children.

CAPTAIN STANDISH

I told you not to allow for the children...

JOHN

Aye.

CAPTAIN STANDISH

And speaking of children, where are the young men of your village? Shouldn't they be assisting my crew as well?

JOHN
That they should...

John looks toward the village.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST -- CONTINUOUS

The sky in the forest is revealed slightly by the gaps of the canopy in the trees. BENJAMIN HARCOURT and JOSHUA YORK are similarly hidden behind a copse of bushes.

Benjamin is a fifteen year old, slightly taller than average youth, with long hair that flows into his mischievous eyes.

Joshua, however, is short and slightly more fragile-looking. Joshua's eyes reveal anything but playfulness as they dart around for danger.

And danger appears trouncing through the woods like a bear in the form of GIDEON BLACK. Gideon is large for a boy his age, which is fifteen. His eyes are mean and small and he is in a rage.

GIDEON
Benjamin Harcourt and Joshua York,
when I find you two, I'll mash your
heads.

Joshua begins to rise and run, but Benjamin quickly restrains him. Benjamin shakes his head and points to the clearing in front of him. Joshua is still wary, but waits.

With the eloquence of a rhino, Gideon bounds in to the clearing. In the middle of the clearing is a thin pile of leaves, which Gideon takes no notice of.

GIDEON (CONT'D)
I seen you come this way and I know
you're here. Why don't you come
out?

Joshua again starts to rise as Benjamin lays a hand on his arm, restraining him.

GIDEON (CONT'D)
You've got it coming, you two. When
I get my hands on you...

Gideon's foot enters the pile of leaves. A vine, hidden by the leaves, is pulled tight around the foot and Gideon is lifted, foot first, into the air. Gideon swings once and smacks into a nearby tree.

GIDEON (CONT'D)

Ow. Benjamin Harcourt, I know this was you.

Gideon, swaying in the air, can see Benjamin and Joshua raise up from the undergrowth and slowly approach.

BENJAMIN

Perhaps the blood will flood into your brain and bring back reason.

JOSHUA

It's just what you deserve.

GIDEON

You just wait till I tell Elder John about this.

BENJAMIN

And we'll have to tell him how you threatened to give us a thrashing three times this week after school.

GIDEON

And I'll give you another if you don't let me down right now.

JOSHUA

Then why should we ever let you down?

BENJAMIN

We should leave him here for the bears.

JOSHUA

Or worse.

Gideon reaches into one of his pockets and removes a hunting knife.

GIDEON

Then I'll let myself down.

Gideon awkwardly begins to saw at the vine holding his feet as Benjamin turns to Joshua.

BENJAMIN

Run!

Benjamin and Joshua run from the clearing and into the growth of the forest. After a moment, Benjamin points to his right and Joshua leaves toward that direction.

Back in the clearing, Gideon reaches the end of the vine and falls heavily to the ground.

He rises slowly to his feet, brushes himself off and heads in the direction that the two took.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROANOKE COLONY -- CONTINUOUS

Two sailors with a barrel a piece pass the Captain, Mr. Henry and John.

MR. HENRY

Two barrels of ale.

JOHN

So, when will you return?

CAPTAIN STANDISH

Well, it's Spring now and the trip to England will take a few months, plus the return trip will take a few months as well. We should return at the beginning of Winter, maybe Fall.

JOHN

Aye. We could use some more men here in the colony.

CAPTAIN STANDISH

You know I would lend you some of mine if I could spare them. But I need all I have for the return trip.

JOHN

Aye.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST -- CONTINUOUS

Gideon has come within fifteen feet of Benjamin as they race through the woods.

GIDEON

Don't think you can get away!

BENJAMIN

I can see the village from here. Save your breath for your legs, Gideon.

GIDEON

You save yours, Harcourt!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROANOKE COLONY -- CONTINUOUS

A frail, older gentleman, the schoolmaster, MR. RIND carries a larger than himself box up the path past the Captain and John.

JOHN

Do watch yourself, Mr. Rind.

MR. RIND

I can watch myself just fine, Mr. Hyrcaneous. If I can watch after the young men of this village, I can certainly watch after myself.

Mr. Rind passes the two men.

CAPTAIN STANDISH

That one's worth three men all by himself.

JOHN

Aye. At least in talk.

At that moment, Benjamin and Gideon tumble out of the undergrowth directly by Mr. Rind. Gideon lunges forward and grasps Benjamin's ankles. Benjamin rolls forward and knocks Mr. Rind off his feet. The box he was carrying flies to the ground and breaks open, releasing its load of seed all over the ground.

Gideon, meanwhile, has not taken stock of his surroundings and continues to paw his way toward and on top of Benjamin. Their wrestling is driven to a halt by the sharp command of John Hyrcaneous.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Stop this instant!

Gideon and Benjamin pause to look up at John.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Benjamin Harcourt and Gideon Black.
Rise to your feet!

Benjamin and Gideon untangle themselves and rise deliberately to their feet. Captain Standish approaches the pair.

CAPTAIN STANDISH

Two boys with so much energy would be better suited to a life at sea.

JOHN

Aye, and I would see them go if it were not for their usefulness here.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

A day in the stocks and few dozen lashes from Mr. Rind should set them straight.

GIDEON

Mr. Hyrcaneous, he...

JOHN

No. No more of your tongue, Mr. Black.

John looks around and spies MALACHI STANLEY approaching with a box on his shoulder. Malachi is a large, tough-looking brute, with a musket looped around his back. He is dressed more like a trapper than one of the colonists.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Mr. Stanley.

MALACHI STANLEY

Yes, sir.

JOHN

Mr. Stanley, please escort these two gentlemen to the stocks.
(pointing to the box)
You can leave that here.

Malachi sets the box on the ground near the Captain.

MALACHI STANLEY

Aye, sir.

He grabs the two boys by the scruff of their clothes.

MALACHI STANLEY (CONT'D)

Come along, boyos.

Mr. Rind, meanwhile, is attempting to push the seeds back into the box.

JOHN

Mr. Rind!

Mr. Rind turns back, slightly confused.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Don't mind the seeds, Mr. Rind.
Mind your two charges instead.

MR. RIND

Yes. Oh yes.

Mr. Rind scurries up the path as John turns back to the Captain.

CAPTAIN STANDISH

Those boys will need to grow up if you plan on surviving another winter.

JOHN

Aye. We'll need to think of some way to convince them to leave their youthful pursuits behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE SCHOOLHOUSE -- LATER

Benjamin and Gideon are locked in stocks with only their heads and hands in sight.

GIDEON

When I get out of here, Harcourt, I'll find a quiet place where the two of us can be alone for a while.

Gideon winces after a whistle and a crack is heard.

BENJAMIN

And when I get out of here, I'm going to build myself another trap.

Benjamin winces as another whistle and crack is heard. Mr. Rind, who is standing behind the boys with a long stick in his hands, rises to his full height, which isn't very impressive.

MR. RIND

Since the two of you have so many plans, maybe we should just keep you here for a while longer. Now leave my ears in peace, while I finish administering your punishment.

From down the main path of the street, between two buildings, Joshua York peers out to witness the public beatings. Slowly, he backs up. When he is successfully in the shade of the two buildings, he turns quickly and stops.

Directly behind him is his sister, CONSTANCE YORK. Constance is seven years old and full of fire. She stands, glaring at Joshua, with her fists on her hips.

CONSTANCE

You should be in those stocks as well, Joshua York.

JOSHUA

You be quiet now, Constance and get back home.

CONSTANCE

Oh, I'll go home and let mama know
what you've been up to.

JOSHUA

You'll keep your mouth closed if you
knew what was good for you.

Constance opens her mouth in surprise.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Now, get out of here. I'll be home
directly.

CONSTANCE

Mama said to be home now.

Joshua looks back to where he was hiding.

JOSHUA

Alright. But you better keep your
tongue still.

Together they leave the alley.

CUT TO:

INT. HARCOURT HOUSE -- NIGHT

Benjamin is lying on the table on his stomach while his
mother, GOODY HARCOURT, dresses his wounds. Goody Harcourt
is in her early thirties, and has her hair tightly wound.

The Harcourt home is really nothing more than a log cabin
with a few sticks of furniture inside. There is only the
main room, with a bed in the corner and a kitchen area in
another.

GOODY HARCOURT

Benjamin, what will God have me do
with you? Isn't it enough that your
Father was taken from us? Must you
add to our difficulties?

BENJAMIN

Mother...

GOODY HARCOURT

None of your tongue, boy. After
these wounds are tended. It's off
to bed with no dinner.

BENJAMIN

But he started it.

GOODY HARCOURT

And God expected you to finish it.

Goody stops her ministrations and kneels down by Benjamin's face.

GOODY HARCOURT (CONT'D)

You know our Lord expects you to turn the other cheek, Benjamin. Then why do you go on sinning against Him?

BENJAMIN

Maybe he doesn't expect us to just sit and bear injustice. Maybe he intends for us to act.

Goody rises to her feet to finish the job on Benjamin's back.

GOODY HARCOURT

And are you the hand of God, Benjamin. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.

BENJAMIN

But God works through His people, doesn't He, Mother?

GOODY HARCOURT

Aye, that He does. Tell me, Benjamin, did God tell you to build a trap in wait for young Gideon Black?

Benjamin answers with silence.

GOODY HARCOURT (CONT'D)

Are you surprised I knew about that? A rope trap, Benjamin! You could have hurt him.

BENJAMIN

It's more than he deserves.

GOODY HARCOURT

And who made you to be God's distributor of justice?

Goody finishes and replaces the shirt on his back.

GOODY HARCOURT (CONT'D)

All done now. You'll feel that for a day or so, but I suspect it's no more than God would have you remember.

BENJAMIN

Yes, ma'am.

Benjamin sits up on the table and fixes his shirt. Finished, he slips down. Goody approaches him and cups his face in her hands.

GOODY HARCOURT

You may become an instrument of the
Lord yet, Benjamin Harcourt. But
you let God choose the time and place
for that. Now, to bed with you.

BENJAMIN

Yes, ma'am.

Benjamin heads toward the bed while Goody heads toward the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. HYRCANEIOUS HOUSE -- LATER

John is seated behind a large oak desk, writing. A solitary candle illuminates his work. Occasionally, he looks up and glances out the window, thinking deliberately. Seeing nothing but old thoughts, he returns to his quill and writing. Beside his papers on the desk sits a large Bible. John pauses. His hand reaches toward the Bible and then stops.

It is at that moment that John's wife cries out in her sleep. Quickly, John gets up and leaves the room to the one beyond, which is the bedroom he shares with his wife and child. A solitary candle illuminates this room as well. JOHN'S WIFE is tossing in her bed. She has a fever as is evident by the sweat on her forehead.

John reaches the bedside and places his hand on her burning forehead. John's wife gasps and goes still. He looks at the bedstand, which contains several bottles of medicine, a single spoon, and a bowl of water with a towel submerged. He picks up the towel, wrings out a little water and gently wipes her forehead.

A sound is heard in his office which startles him. He rises to his feet, looks once at his daughter in her bed and grabs a cane that rests near the door. He lifts the cane and enters his office.

Slowly, he looks around and sees nothing in the shadows of the room. He lowers his cane and strides once again toward his desk, but a stirring from the shadows causes him to twist around.

Gently, an old Native American man, HATUECK, emerges from the shadows. He has feathers woven into his hair and a necklace with several claws and beads.

HATUECK

John Hyrcaneous, my old friend. How
well you look.

John lowers his makeshift club and moves toward his desk.

JOHN

Please knock on the door the next time you want to see me. Your English has improved since we last met.

HATUECK

Ah, I watch and I learn.

JOHN

Yes.

Hatueck steps closer to the desk, which John is now sitting behind.

HATUECK

I bring a gift from my chief, Inhio.

Hatueck reaches into the folds of his clothing and removes a beautifully inlaid war hatchet, which he hands to John with little ceremony. John hefts the gift in his hands and admires it.

JOHN

Very nice. And to what do I owe this singular pleasure?

HATUECK

Inhio desires a peace between our village and yours. He desires more, uh...

JOHN

He desires what we would call closer ties. Aye, and so would we.

John stares at the hatchet intently for a moment. Almost to himself he whispers.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And how would you be at turning young boys into men?

HATUECK

The Croatan have brought many of its young braves to manhood.

JOHN

Aye. I have such a young man who is headstrong and needs to be broken.

HATUECK

Like a stallion.

JOHN

Aye.

John places the hatchet on his desk.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Would the Croatan be willing to take
and train this young man?

HATUECK

It would take many moons.

JOHN

Yes.

HATUECK

To bring peace, we would do this.

JOHN

And do you speak for your Chief in
this matter?

HATUECK

In this, I do speak for my Chief.

JOHN

Aye. He will be ready to travel to
your village in three days.

HATUECK

Thank you, John Hyrcaneous.

JOHN

Thank you as well, Hatueck. You
just solved a portion of my problem.
Oh, and please use the other door on
your way out.

John motions toward a door to the right of his bedroom door.

HATUECK

Of course, John Hyrcaneous. That is
how I came in.

Hatueck exits John's house, while John hefts the hatchet,
turning it slowly in his hands.

CUT TO:

INT. HARCOURT HOUSE -- MORNING

Benjamin is asleep on his bedding as hushed voices come from
outside the cabin. The voices belong to Goody Harcourt and
John Hyrcaneous. They begin to rise as they argue, which
slowly wakes up Benjamin. As he wakes, he can make out some
of the conversation.

GOODY HARCOURT

And why must my Benjamin go, Elder
Hyrcaneous? You know that I have
lost my husband.

JOHN

As have several others, which I have explained, Goody Harcourt. Your son is the most mature of the three and the only one I would trust not to completely disgrace our village with the Croatan.

Benjamin gets up from the bed and slowly inches toward the front door.

GOODY HARCOURT

But...

JOHN

Goody Harcourt, among the other mothers, you are the more able to care for yourself. It will only be for a few months and is desperately needed at this time.

Goody pauses for a moment, pondering.

GOODY HARCOURT

I see and I understand God's will in this.

JOHN

Aye. He will leave in three sun downs.

GOODY HARCOURT

Yes, Elder Hyrcaneous. Thank you.

Benjamin quickly moves away from the front door and sits back on the bed. The front door opens and his mother enters.

BENJAMIN

Mother?

GOODY HARCOURT

The council has decided that you must leave for a season.

BENJAMIN

And if I refuse.

Goody turns away from him.

GOODY HARCOURT

That decision is not up to you.

BENJAMIN

My life is not up to me?

GOODY HARCOURT

Not when it is for the greater good.

Benjamin stands and approaches his mother.

BENJAMIN

Mother, is this about the incident
with Gideon?

He reaches her and she turns to face him.

GOODY HARCOURT

That is a part of it truly. Yet
Elder Hyrcaneous also insists that
ties with the Croatan could be greatly
improved if you were to be with them.
We have so few allies in this area.
The Croatan...

BENJAMIN

Do I have a choice?

GOODY HARCOURT

Does God offer a choice when He bids
us go here or there?

BENJAMIN

John Hyrcaneous is not God.

GOODY HARCOURT

No, son, but he is the one that God
has put in charge over this colony.
He acts as he believes God leads
him.

BENJAMIN

Aye.

CUT TO:

INT. TOWN HALL -- AFTERNOON

There is a group of at least thirty men and women sitting in
wooden chairs in a large open hall. At the front of the
hall, behind a podium stands John Hyrcaneous. Beside him,
dressed for his journey, with a large pack by his feet is
Benjamin. John addresses the crowd.

JOHN

Good people of Roanoke Colony. It
is time to send off one of our own
for a time. It was the council's
decision that young Benjamin Harcourt
should stay with the Croatan for a
summer, learning their ways and
building the trust between the two
of our peoples.

A lady in the crowd raises her hand.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Yes, Goody York?

GOODY YORK, an older woman with slight, hawkish features, rises to her feet.

GOODY YORK

As you know, my Joshua is friends with Benjamin and his friendship will be sorely missed. But I wonder about these heathens. Can they be trusted?

Other voices in the crowd echo hers. To quiet them down, John bangs on the podium with the heel of his hand.

JOHN

Please. We will have quiet.

The crowd quiets and Goody York regains her seat.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Now, we have been through this before. The Croatan have shown us nothing but hospitality since we arrived. Would we receive such a welcome from the beasts in the wilderness or possible drought or famine?

GOODY YORK

Aye. But what of the stories?

JOHN

The stories do not concern the Croatan. The stories I have heard concern some mythical beasts eight feet tall and as thin as Hiram Wilson.

John gestures to a particularly skinny gentleman seated in the front row. This gains some laughs from the crowd.

JOHN (CONT'D)

There are no Croatan that I have ever seen that would bear that resemblance.

GOODY YORK

Still...

JOHN

Still, there are very real dangers we are subject to this far away from England. We need all the friends we can muster. Therefore, young Harcourt will be our liaison with the Croatan.

Malachi Stanley, standing in he back alone, raises his hand.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Yes, Mr. Stanley?

MALACHI STANLEY

But why send the boy? Wouldn't a man of the village be a better choice for this mission?

JOHN

We have need of every able-bodied man for the planting of the crops and the building that needs to be accomplished. No, the boy is the right choice.

John turns back to the assembly.

JOHN (CONT'D)

If there are no further concerns, then this meeting is concluded.

The people begin to file out of the meeting hall. Benjamin's mother, Goody Harcourt, and Joshua York remain behind. John leads Benjamin out the back door of the meeting hall. Goody Harcourt and Joshua follow.

Upon exiting the meeting hall, the wall of the forest waits but twenty feet from the door. John prepares Benjamin for his journey.

JOHN (CONT'D)

The journey is not difficult, Young Harcourt.

BENJAMIN

Aye, but how will I know if I stray from the path? I have never visited the Croatan before.

JOHN

The Croatan have promised to send a scout to lead you part way to their encampment. He will meet you ten miles from here. If you head North, you will come upon a glade of evergreen. He will meet you at the edge of that glade.

Benjamin glances back toward his mother and Joshua. John catches the look.

JOHN (CONT'D)

It's early. You still have time to say goodbye to your Mother and friend.

BENJAMIN

Thank you, sir.

Benjamin rushes back to his mother, who encloses him in her embrace.

GOODY HARCOURT

It will not be long, my son.

BENJAMIN

I know, Mother. If you are in need, ask Joshua for assistance.

JOSHUA

Aye. I will take care of her. It will be as if I had two mothers until Benjamin returns.

GOODY HARCOURT

Truly, you are good boys.

She separates herself from Benjamin long enough for one, last look and then steps away.

GOODY HARCOURT (CONT'D)

Bring yourself back to me whole, my dear Benjamin.

BENJAMIN

Yes, ma'am.

Goody Harcourt steps back, looks longingly at her son and then retreats, without looking back. Benjamin turns to Joshua.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Now, don't allow Gideon to bully you, Joshua.

JOSHUA

He won't get the best of me, Benjamin.

BENJAMIN

If you find yourself alone, just run. You're not as strong as he is, but you are fast.

JOSHUA

Aye. Faster than that old sluggard any day.

Benjamin ruffles Joshua's hair.

BENJAMIN

Aye. You'll be a fine man someday, Joshua York.

JOSHUA

As will you, Benjamin Harcourt.

John clears his throat.

JOHN

The day wears on, young Harcourt.

BENJAMIN

Aye. Fare well, Joshua.

JOSHUA

Fare well, Benjamin.

Joshua turns and follows after Goody Harcourt. Benjamin shoulders his pack and turns to John.

JOHN

If you get lost, Benjamin, check the moss on the trees. It always grows...

BENJAMIN

On the north side, aye.

JOHN

I believe we have made the right choice, young Harcourt. Please do nothing to disgrace the Roanoke colony.

BENJAMIN

I will not, Elder Hyrcaneous.

Benjamin turns, shoulders his bag, and enters the woods. For a time, the going is steady. Benjamin looks up into sky and sees nothing but blue sky shrouded by the leaves of the trees in the glade. He moves on.

Some time later, Benjamin looks up again and notices the sun is centered in the sky. He pauses to wipe the sweat from his forehead and hears footsteps somewhere behind him. He glances around quickly but cannot see anyone near. He shoulders his pack and continues on.

After a few dozen steps, he again hears what he believes are footsteps. He stops and the footsteps continue for a few additional steps. He looks around, alarm growing.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Hello? Is anyone there?

There is no answer from the surrounding growth.

Joshua skirts over the fallen log, up and over the gully. As he continues to look around, he notices a cave with a fallen log in front of it. From out of the forest growth to his right sprints a buck, headed directly toward the cave opening.

When the buck reaches the mouth of the cave, the top of the cave mouth suddenly drops onto the buck, severing it in half. The half that is on the outside of the cave is sucked into the cave as well.

Benjamin has seen enough and sprints away. As he runs in a panic, he constantly looks behind him, but nothing is following him. Then, without warning, he breaks through the brush into a clearing.

He looks back to the forest, which now appears dark and forbidding. Somewhat relieved, he walks forward a few feet more into the clearing and looks around. Slowly, he lowers his pack from his back and sits by it, on the ground, so he can see back toward the forest where he came and the brush ahead of him as well. Time wears on. Benjamin falls asleep.

An incredibly loud scream wakes Benjamin from his nap. He leaps to his feet, brandishing his hunting knife. However, he sees nothing in the forest behind, the clearing, or the forest ahead.

He glances in the sky and sees a hawk circling. The hawk circles again and then heads for the clearing. It heads to the forest on the far side of the clearing from where Benjamin exited. A young Indian scout steps out of the forest and the hawk lands on his protected left forearm. The Indian, MATCHOBIN, stares at Benjamin. Benjamin stares back.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Hello?

Matchobin stares a moment longer, then tosses the hawk into the sky, turns, and heads into the forest. Benjamin hurriedly grabs his pack and runs after him.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Wait!

Benjamin enters the forest after Matchobin. He looks around, but can see no trace of the Indian. Quickly, he runs onward.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Where are you?

Very soon it is evident that he is lost. He glances around in a panic and the trees start to look the same. He takes a few hesitant steps forward.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Hey!

Hearing nothing, Benjamin backs up a few feet until his back hits a tree. Quickly, from behind the tree, an arm whips out and grasps Benjamin around the shoulders. A knife is pressed to his throat.

Slowly, Matchobin's head emerges from behind the tree. His lips move toward the right ear of Benjamin, who is sweating profusely. Matchobin speaks in his native tongue, Algonquin, which can be read through subtitles.

MATCHOBIN

(in Algonquin)

You move like a buffalo full with child. You cannot track. You cannot move silently.

BENJAMIN

I don't know...

The knife is pressed harder against Benjamin's neck.

MATCHOBIN

(in Algonquin)

Silence. I do not know why my father agreed for you to stay with us, but I make only one request. Stay out of my way.

Matchobin pulls his knife away and steps out from behind the tree. Benjamin slowly rubs the life back into his neck, warily eyeing Little Cloud. Matchobin sheaves his hunting knife and turns away from Benjamin. He walks a few feet then stops and turns his head back.

MATCHOBIN (CONT'D)

(in English)

Come.

Benjamin shoulders his pack, which had fallen by his feet and, while still rubbing his neck, slowly follows Little Matchobin.

BENJAMIN

What was that all about?

Matchobin, without looking back, yells back toward Benjamin.

MATCHOBIN

(in English)

Come!

BENJAMIN

All right! Slow down!

Matchobin continues to walk on.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROATAN VILLAGE -- EVENING

Croatan village is filled with many native Americans slowly walking from mud hut to mud hut or toward a bonfire on the

edge of the village. A mother and her two children walk past a warrior who is sharpening a spear with a stone head.

The forest edge is only fifty feet from the edge of the village. Out of the forest steps Matchobin. As he takes a few steps toward the village, Benjamin also steps out of the forest, looking damp, tired, and worn out. Matchobin takes no notice of Benjamin and quickly disappears into the village.

Benjamin, realizing that he is on his own, slows his pace and glances around for any sign of help. As he walks, he notices an old lady, outside her mud hut, scraping the skin off a rabbit. He also walks past several laughing warriors surrounding a small fire, who pauses to stare intently at Benjamin. He increases his pace, rounding a mud hut and runs directly into an older Indian, knocking the man over.

BENJAMIN

I am sorry. Please allow me to help you.

The older Indian slowly rises to his feet, ignoring Benjamin's hand of support, letting loose a long litany of curses that Benjamin cannot understand. While Benjamin stands in complete confusion, Hatueck appears at his side.

HATUECK

He brings curses down on the ancestors that would sire such a clumsy youth.

Hatueck whispers some words in Algonquin, the Croatan's native tongue. The older man nods, looks disdainfully at Benjamin, then moves on.

BENJAMIN

Hatueck, it is good to see you again. I am relieved to find someone I can actually speak to.

HATUECK

You must learn our language if you are to survive in this village for long.

BENJAMIN

Aye.

HATUECK

What?

BENJAMIN

Yes.

HATUECK

For now, I must bring you to our Chief.

Hatueck starts walking through the mazes of mud huts. In the distance comes the sounds of a commotion. A crowd of villagers line the main pathway through the village. Hatueck and Benjamin reach the line of villagers and are unable to pass. Benjamin cranes his neck to see.

Down the middle of the pathway are two warriors holding poles that are attached to a wooden collar surrounding the neck of the man in the middle. The man in the middle is also dressed like an Indian Brave, but he has a large sack over his head. The head beneath the sack, strangely enough, is moving and contorting.

A third warrior walks in front of the trio, knocking the hands of the villagers away. When a village child does not get completely out of the middle pathway, the warrior in front roughly pushes the child back into the crowd.

Benjamin steps back from the crowd to inquire of Hatueck.

BENJAMIN

What is happening?

HATUECK

It is Wendigo?

BENJAMIN

Wendigo?

HATUECK

There is nothing in your language to equal such evil. The brave was Kituaten two moons ago. Now the brave is no more. It is only Wendigo.

BENJAMIN

I do not understand.

Hatueck moves down another alley between the mud huts.

HATUECK

Come.

Benjamin follows after Hatueck through the back streets of the village.

HATUECK (CONT'D)

For many moons, the Wendigo have been an evil to my people. They steal our joy and give evil in return. They are always hungry, never full.

BENJAMIN

Always hungry, never full.

HATUECK

Yes.

BENJAMIN

But...

The round a mud hut and come upon a larger mud hut at the end of the main pathway. In the open tent flap stands a wizened Indian, CHIEF INHIO, covered in many furs. Matchobin stands beside him. Directly in front of the Chief stand the two men who are restraining the Wendigo with the poles attached to its collar.

Chief Inhio is pronouncing something to the Wendigo in a loud, authoritative voice, speaking in Algonquin. When he is finished, the crowd grows silent. From beneath the sack, the Wendigo begins to speak in Algonquin, in a very low demonic voice.

Chief Inhio grows angry and shouts something back at the Wendigo, which has begun to laugh. The Chief points to the bonfire, which sits several feet behind his mud hut. The two warriors slowly direct the laughing Wendigo toward the bonfire.

Benjamin turns to Hatueck and whispers.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

I do not understand.

HATUECK

They are going to kill the Wendigo.

BENJAMIN

How will they do that?

HATUECK

They will remove the head, then burn the body.

Hatueck and Benjamin approach the Chief, who is still standing at the mouth of his hut and watching the trio as they walk to the bonfire. Matchobin is still standing next to him.

As Hatueck and Benjamin approach, Inhio turns his attention to them. He smiles as he recognizes Hatueck.

CHIEF INHIO

(in Algonquin)

Ah, Hatueck. And who do you have with you?

HATUECK

(in Algonquin)

This is Benjamin Harcourt, sent from Roanoke.

CHIEF INHIO

(slowly, in English)

Benjamin Harcourt.

Benjamin bows slowly.

CHIEF INHIO (CONT'D)

(in Algonquin)

No, no. We have no use for that.
We all have the same father.

HATUECK

(in English)

Chief Big Water does not receive
your welcome.

CHIEF INHIO

(in Algonquin)

Your training as a brave begins when
the sun rises.

Matchobin steps forward.

MATCHOBIN

(in Algonquin)

No, Father. Is it not enough that
we must be forced to have this son
of white man in our village? Must
he dishonor our ways as well?

Inhio turns sharply toward his son.

CHIEF INHIO

(in Algonquin)

Peace, Matchobin! Know your place,
my son.

Matchobin bows his head and retreats inside the mud hut.

HATUECK

Chief Inhio say your training as a
brave begins on the rising of the
sun.

Suddenly the demonic voice of the Wendigo rises in a scream
by the bonfire, forcing Benjamin, Hatueck, and the Chief to
turn toward the sound.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. ROANOKE COLONY -- MORNING

Joshua is outside his cabin with a musket in his hands, slowly
oiling the barrel as he sits on a log. His mother, Goody
York, slams open the door and cups her hands over her mouth.

GOODY YORK

Joshua! Joshua York!

Joshua, who is seated ten feet away from her, looks up in surprise.

JOSHUA

Mother?

Goody York is taken aback for a moment, then shakes her head and approaches her son.

GOODY YORK

Joshua, your sister said you had left earlier this morning.

JOSHUA

Aye. I left to check on Benjamin's mother.

GOODY YORK

And is she surviving without her son?

JOSHUA

Yes.

GOODY YORK

Good. Then take care of our family. We are in need of meat.

JOSHUA

Yes, Mother.

Joshua firmly grabs his musket and takes off from the cabin, slipping into the woods.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST -- LATER

Deep in the woods, Joshua sights on a deer that is grazing. He is behind a large log, on one knee. The deer remains oblivious. Joshua wipes the sweat from his eyes and re-aims. His knee suddenly slips and crunches a branch. The deer looks up, directly at Joshua. Joshua's eyes widen.

The deer looks off to the right and then back at Joshua. Joshua raises his musket again, aiming at the deer, but the deer shoots off farther into the woods. Joshua grabs his musket and races off after the deer.

The deer gallops off between the trees and makes a startling leap over a gully. Joshua, following the deer, arrives at the gully and comes up short. He looks to the right and the left and sees a tree that has fallen over the gully. Quickly, he scurries on the tree over the gully.

Rising to the top of the gully, Joshua looks around for the deer.

After a scan of the forest, Joshua finally sees the deer, roughly fifty feet in front of a cave, the cave that Benjamin had seen previously.

Joshua's eyes narrow in concentration. Slowly, he moves the musket up to sight on the deer again. The deer turns slowly toward the cave and begins running toward it at full speed. At five feet in front of the cave, the deer leaps into the cave, disappearing as soon as it hits the blackness of the cave.

Joshua stands up and looks around, growing slightly suspicious. He peers at the cave, as if expecting the deer to re-emerge at any moment. When the deer still refuses to show, Joshua walks warily toward the cave. He arrives at the cave entrance and looks around the sides. Seeing nothing, he squints into the interior of the cave.

With his musket pointing in front of him, Joshua York slowly enters the cave. For a moment, there is silence. Then the silence is interrupted by a scream of abject terror from within the cave. Again silence reigns.

Time passes.

The forest is silent, as if expecting something. No animals move and there is no wind. But footsteps can be heard from within the cave. They grow louder and Joshua emerges from the cave. The musket is held loosely, with the barrel pointing to the ground.

There is nothing to indicate a change in Joshua, except for a vacant stare and a slight smile that is playing across his lips. He slowly looks around, as if he is drunk.

As he looks toward the gully and the way back toward Roanoke, the smile gradually broadens and his eyes glaze over with total blackness, like the eyes of a shark. Soon, there is only the soul-less black of the eyes as he strides back toward the colony.

CUT TO:

EXT. CROATAN VILLAGE -- MORNING

Benjamin exits a mud hut and stretches his arms above his head while he yawns. He scratches his back and looks around, suddenly noticing Hatueck sitting cross-legged on the ground a few feet from the hut.

BENJAMIN

Where is everyone? I thought I was going to begin my training today?

Hatueck is smoking a long pipe. He blows out a puff of smoke and considers it for a moment before speaking.

HATUECK

You have slept a long time. The
braves have departed many hours past.

BENJAMIN

Where did they go?

HATUECK

Today they hunt.

BENJAMIN

Can I join them? Where are they?

Hatueck rises to his feet and begins to walk through the
mazes of mud huts with Benjamin following.

HATUECK

Today you will begin your training.
You must master speaking before you
can hunt.

Hatueck stops abruptly at another mud hut that has a fur
covering the opening. He grabs the side, creating an opening
for Benjamin to walk through.

HATUECK (CONT'D)

Today you train with the fishwife.

Benjamin looks at Hatueck quizzically and then passes
underneath his arm and into the hut.

His eyes quickly adjust to the gloom of the hut. He first
notices that the floor is virtually littered with objects,
from cups to hatchets to clothes.

There is an empty spot on the floor, which Benjamin sits in.
Suddenly, the mound in front of Benjamin begins to shake and
FISHWIFE sits up.

Fishwife is a large and very unattractive Croatan, with a
ring in her nose and a chain that links the ring in her nose
to another ring in her ear. Her hair is like damp seaweed
and her teeth are blackened in more than one place.

She bends over and picks up a cup in one hand, while her
other hand caresses a spoon that still lays on the ground.
Hefting the cup, she shoves it toward Benjamin, demanding.

BENJAMIN

Bowl?

Fishwife again thrusts the cup into his face.

FISHWIFE

Munaguen.

Benjamin tries again, slightly slower.

BENJAMIN

Bowl.

With lightning fast speed, Fishwife lets fly the spoon and cracks Benjamin on the knee cap.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Ow!

FISHWIFE

Munaguen!

BENJAMIN

Okay, okay. Munaguen. I get it.

Fishwife, holds the cup up in the air again and looks quizzically at Benjamin.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Munaguen.

Fishwife nods and places the cup down on the dirt floor. Her hand grabs a rabbit pelt and thrusts it at Benjamin.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Munaguen?

Fishwife lets fly with another whack to the knee.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Ow! What? How can I know it if you don't tell me?

Fishwife nods again and holds the rabbit aloft.

FISHWIFE

Waboose.

Benjamin points to the rabbit.

BENJAMIN

Waboose.

Quickly, he then points to the cup on the floor.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Munaguen.

Fishwife nods again, pleased. Outside the hut, Hatueck sits cross-legged on the ground, smoking his long pipe and smiling slightly.

The sun quickly moves from a position in the center of the sky to its setting. Hatueck sits in front of the hut still. Benjamin exits the hut, rubbing his knees. He stretches his arms and then notices Hatueck.

BENJAMIN (CONT'D)

Kwey kwey.

HATUECK

(in English)

Hello. So, the fishwife is teaching you well. Soon you will speak our tongue better than your own.

Benjamin sits down beside Hatueck.

BENJAMIN

Hatueck?

HATUECK

Yes.

BENJAMIN

What is a wendigo?

HATUECK

Always hungry but never full.

BENJAMIN

Yes, but where did wendigo come from?

HATUECK

Croatan say that wendigo are the spirits of three brothers who challenged the Creator. For their pride, they were struck down and reduced to spirits, to roam forever without bodies, but able to inhabit the bodies of those here.

BENJAMIN

What do they eat and why is it never enough?

HATUECK

While in human form, their pride was never satisfied. It consumed them. So, in death, the Creator destroyed their bodies but could not destroy the hunger of their pride.

BENJAMIN

What do they consume now?

HATUECK

Now they consume us.

CUT TO:

INT. YORK HOUSE -- NIGHT

Constance York sits on her bed, playing with her doll made from strips of cloth. The house is sparsely furnished, with two beds and a table next to Constance's bed. A candle on the table throws her shadow against the far wall.

Suddenly, the door to the cabin flies open and smacks against the wall. Constance looks up, startled.

In the doorway stands Joshua. He is disheveled, but his eyes are his own, for the moment. He stands for a moment, looking at the floor.

CONSTANCE
Joshua, close the door! You're
letting in the chill!

Slowly, Joshua crosses the threshold, grabs the door and shuts it. He stands silently by the door with a slight smile on his face.

Constance is back playing with her doll until she realizes that Joshua has not moved. She looks up at him.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
Where were you? You have been gone
since this morning.

Joshua does not answer, but stands by the door smiling slightly, distractedly.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
Joshua, why are you standing there?
What's happened?

He looks up at her and his eyes seem to clear for a moment.

JOSHUA
There was a deer...

Constance stands up from the bed.

CONSTANCE
You caught a deer. Mama will be so
happy.

Joshua shakes his head.

JOSHUA
No. It ran.

CONSTANCE
Oh.

Constance turns back toward the bed to pick up her doll. Behind her, Joshua's glassy-eyed smile returns to his face.

JOSHUA

Where is mother?

Constance does not turn around, but continues to face the bed.

CONSTANCE

Oh, she is with Mr. Lancet, the smithy. She says that we have need of some new forks and knives. Our old ones have become...

She turns around and stops once she sees the strange smile of Joshua's lips.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

What is it?

JOSHUA

It is so cold outside and I'm so hungry.

CONSTANCE

Well, you should have done something besides chase after deer all afternoon long. You could have captured a whole brace of squirrel in that time.

JOSHUA

I'm not hungry for squirrel.

As he stares at her, his smile becomes slightly larger.

CONSTANCE

Why are you looking at me like that? Joshua?

Joshua turns around.

JOSHUA

It is...Constance, you know nothing of the pain, the hunger. It eats at me until there is nothing left.

CONSTANCE

What are you talking about, Joshua?

Joshua turns back to her quickly, his eyes are once again fully black, shark-like. Constance pulls back, shocked.

JOSHUA

There is only hunger, Constance. Only hunger and nothing else remains.

Slowly he walks toward her. Constance looks around and doesn't see an escape as Joshua walks slowly toward her.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Have you ever been in the desert without water or been without sleep for many nights? Have you ever been so tired but been unable to rest? That is the hunger in me. It just goes on and on.

On the wall opposite Constance's bed, the shadows play out the rest of the scene as Joshua's shadow grabs Constance's shadow by the arms. She flays around, knocking the table and candle, distorting the shadows slightly, making them longer once, then fatter.

Joshua's shadow picks the Constance shadow up several feet from the floor. One of Constance's shadow feet kick out, striking the shadow table and knocking the shadow candle to the ground, extinguishing it.

In the darkness, there is biting and crunching and chewing.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROANOKE COLONY -- MOMENTS LATER

Goody York is at the door to the smithy's house. A slight amount of smoke pours out the corners of the door around Goody York.

MR. LANCET stands just inside the building, wearing a blacksmith's apron. Black stains mark his forehead and stand out among the sweat. He wipes at his forehead once as he talks with Goody York.

MR. LANCET

Aye, Goody York, but don't expect the majesty's best. I can only give you what I have. You should be eating with wooden instruments...

GOODY YORK

Don't presume to tell me what type of instruments I need in my household and I will not presume to inform you on how to mend a horse's thrown shoe.

MR. LANCET

Aye, Mrs. York.

GOODY YORK

Good night to you, Mr. Lancet.

MR. LANCET

Aye, Mrs. York.

Mr. Lancet turns away as Goody York closes the door and begins to walk down the main path of the village.

She notices the light of a pipe coming from the front stoop of a nearby house. She moves in closer for a look.

Malachi Stanley moves out of the shadows and into the light with the light of the pipe hanging from his mouth leading the way. He pulls the pipe from his mouth and raises it in greeting.

MALACHI STANLEY
Evening, Goody York.

GOODY YORK
That, Malachi Stanley, is a terrible, god-forsaken habit.

MALACHI STANLEY
Aye. God still loves me even though, Goody York.

GOODY YORK
I don't see why He should.

MALACHI STANLEY
Has your Joshua returned yet?

Goody's face softens a bit at the mention of her son.

GOODY YORK
Oh, he'll probably be asleep in his bed by the time I get back.

MALACHI STANLEY
And there'll be a brace of rabbits on the table for lunch tomorrow.

GOODY YORK
Aye. Good night, Mr. Stanley.

Malachi places the pipe back firmly between his teeth.

MALACHI STANLEY
Good night, Mrs. York.

Malachi moves back into the shadows as Goody York moves farther down the path. Once, she catches sight of the full moon and gazes up at it. She stops for a moment to admire it and then moves on.

Finally, she arrives at her cabin, which is completely dark. Trying to be quiet, she slowly opens the door to the cabin which lets in just enough light for Goody York to see Joshua at the table, eating, with his back toward her.

Goody York looks over at the bed, but cannot make out if Constance is in it, asleep. She whispers, not wanting to wake up Constance.

GOODY YORK
 Joshua, so you're home. Is Constance
 sleeping?

Joshua pauses at the sound of her voice. He responds in
 deadpan.

JOSHUA
 Yes, she is asleep.

Goody York steps inside, still keeping the door open enough
 to let in a little light.

GOODY YORK
 How can you see what you're eating?
 Why didn't you keep the candle lit?

JOSHUA
 I don't need to see to eat. Close
 the door.

Goody York closes the door. A small amount of light from a
 nearby window lights up half of her face as she moves closer
 to Joshua.

GOODY YORK
 I was worried. Oh! What's on the
 floor?

JOSHUA
 Just blood.

GOODY YORK
 You will clean it up in the morning.
 So you caught something, eh? Took
 you all day.

JOSHUA
 Yes.

Goody York bumps into something in the dark.

GOODY YORK
 Ow! Joshua, light a candle.

JOSHUA
 No.

GOODY YORK
 What? You will light a candle right
 now, Joshua York.

Goody York reaches Joshua and rests a hand on his shoulder.

JOSHUA
 Mother, have you ever ate and ate
 and never been full?

GOODY YORK

What are you talking about?

JOSHUA

Have you ever had so much of something
and not been able to slake your thirst
for it?

GOODY YORK

Why are you talking nonsense, boy?
Now, light a candle for your mother.

JOSHUA

But I'm so hungry and so very, very
cold inside. The candle will do
nothing to lift this chill.

Goody York lifts her hands from her son's shoulders.

JOSHUA (CONT'D)

I have eaten and eaten, but the
emptiness remains. I thought maybe
Constance...

Goody York looks toward the bed, startled.

GOODY YORK

Constance! What about Constance?

JOSHUA

She couldn't help me. The emptiness
remains. I need your help, mother.

Goody York eyes the rag doll lying on the table next to
Joshua. It is soaked in blood.

GOODY YORK

What have you done?

Joshua stands and turns toward his mother. The light catches
his shark-like eyes and his razor sharp teeth.

JOSHUA

It is not about what I have done,
but what moves me to do more.

In the darkness, Goody York cries out but is quickly silenced
by a loud, ripping noise. Darkness envelopes every bit of
light.

FADE OUT:

EXT. CROATAN VILLAGE -- DAY

Benjamin is walking through the village, weaving in between
the mud huts. He turns the corner around one hut and almost
walks into Matchobin.

MATCHOBIN
 (in Algonquin)
 Move Aside!

BENJAMIN
 I'm sorry? Can you speak slower
 please?

Matchobin attempts to move around Benjamin.

MATCHOBIN
 (in Algonquin)
 I have no time for this.

Benjamin grabs his arm to stop.

BENJAMIN
 I said...

Suddenly, Matchobin whips out a fist that strikes Benjamin square on the nose, knocking his head back slightly. Benjamin looks dazed a moment before allowing his anger to take control.

Benjamin jumps on Matchobin, grabbing him by the waist and propelling him backwards. Matchobin rains down hits to Benjamin's back as he is driven backwards toward a hut. They reach the mud hut and fall right through the side and into the middle of the hut.

They fall right over the bed of Tinoweh. Tinoweh is a very attractive Croatan, about the same age as Benjamin and Matchobin. As she was in bed asleep, she is dressed in a body length fur only.

As soon as the boys crash through her tent and over her, she begins yelling curses at them in Algonquin. The boys spend little time paying attention to her, however, because they are too busy fighting on the ground by her bed.

Tinoweh, seeing that her cursing is having no effect, runs to the tent flap of her hut and holds it open, letting in the light. Benjamin, noticing the light, looks up and sees Running Doe. His mouth opens in obvious admiration for her appearance and Matchobin takes the opportunity to let fly a punch to the side of his face.

Tinoweh yells loudly in Algonquin as the boys continue their fray. In moments, two older men show up at the hut in response. With quick pointing motions from Tinoweh, the men rush in the hut and separate the boys. Matchobin starts shouting at the men.

MATCHOBIN
 (in Algonquin)
 Let me be! I am the Chief's son,
 let me down now!

Benjamin is mostly quiet now, in the grips of the much stronger brave. The two men walk the boys out of the mud hut as Tinoweh looks on, her hands on her hips in the universal language of disapproval. Benjamin takes the time to run his eyes over her features as they pass. He attempts to smile at her, while she shouts at him and Matchobin.

TINOWEH

(in Algonquin)

Look at this mess! Who will mend my hut? What are you staring at like stunned coyote?

The round a corner and Benjamin loses sight of the glorious visage of Tinoweh. Immediately rounding the corner, Benjamin looks forward to realize that he, as well as Matchobin and the two braves who brought them, are in the presence of Chief Inhio and Hatueck. They are not pleased.

Matchobin steps away from the man who was holding him and points at Benjamin.

MATCHOBIN

(in Algonquin)

Father, this buffalo-headed white man...

Chief Inhio holds up a hand, which immediately silences Matchobin.

Benjamin steps away from the man who was leading him and steps toward the Chief and Hatueck. Both Benjamin and Matchobin begin to press their case at once.

BENJAMIN

(in English)

He attacked me outside the hut, when I just walking. He has been trying to fight me since I first saw him.

MATCHOBIN

(in Algonquin)

This white man is no different than all the others. They believe they own the earth and sky.

Chief Inhio holds up his hands between the two.

CHIEF INHIO

(in Algonquin)

Enough!

For a moment, silence reigns. Chief starts to talk and is interrupted by Benjamin and Matchobin again.

MATCHOBIN

(in Algonquin)

I demand that this boy be taken back to his village. He soils our land and ruins everything he touches. He should not...

BENJAMIN

(in English)

I have come here as a guest and I am treated rudely. This boy attacks me for no reason other than some self importance...

Chief Inhio motions to the two braves, who pick up the two boys and clamp hands over their mouths. He waits a moment before talking.

CHIEF INHIO

(in Algonquin)

You have brought an ill spirit into this village with your fighting. It is enough. From now on, you will be tied together until you can learn to live together in peace.

Chief Inhio motions and the two braves drop their hands from the mouths of the boys. Benjamin looks to Hatueck for a translation.

HATUECK

(in English)

Chief says that you will be tied together until you can learn to live in peace.

BENJAMIN

(in English)

Tied together?

MATCHOBIN

(in Algonquin)

But Father, the hunt...

Chief Inhio raise a finger to silence his son.

CHIEF INHIO

(in Algonquin)

There will be no hunt until you both can hunt.

Matchobin looks angrily at the object of his pain as the Chief turns and leaves.

CUT TO: