

An Uncommon Land

by

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FADE IN

INT. OFFICE OF APPROPRIATIONS - DAY

A dusty office with rows of bookshelves. A large oak desk sits next to the open door. Affixed to the door a plaque reads "Office of Appropriations".

SUPER: New York, 1776

From OS, amongst the bookshelves, there is a SCURRYING sound, followed by PANTING and the STOMPING of feet.

The stomping grows louder and then a man comes running around the corner of the bookshelves. He is 40s, portly, and balding, this is THE TRANSLATOR.

His eyes dart zealously side to side as he chases something unseen through the air. He runs up and down the room, knocking over books, crawling on the ground and sending papers flying into the air.

There is a GLINT of bright blue light suspended in the air and The Translator goes after it with fever. Sprinting as fast as he can he dives forward with his arms stretched out past his head. He crashes to the ground, hands clasped firmly in front of him. He opens his hands to reveal...

Nothing.

He calmly gets up, dusts himself off, and walks over to the desk and sits down. On the desk in front of him are a stack of very worn documents.

The Translator picks up the bundle at the top of the pile and removes the string.

The top page has a title in Dutch--it's a manuscript.

In a ledger next to the manuscript, he writes in English "A New Amsterdamer by Peiter Van Der Goes"

As he writes the next word, VO begins.

VAN DER GOES (V.O)
I was born in the town of Breda...

EXT. HAYFIELDS OF BREDA - DAY

YOUNG VAN DER GOES, 11, scrawny--will be referred to as "Young Van" in action lines--walks through the hayfields.

VAN DER GOES (V.O)

Well it was called Breda by its inhabitants, but in fact it was recognized by neither the province of Utrecht nor Gelderland, due to redistricting after the conflict of 1610. So, it really had no official name.

INSERT: a hand drawn, medieval map of the districts of The Netherlands. Breda, a very small oblong bit of land, is highlighted, and the adjacent provinces' borders seem to be almost deliberately drawn around it.

VAN DER GOES (V.O)

The townspeople went to their former Lord of Utrecht to pay their monthly tribute...

INT. MEDIEVAL HALL - DAY

A group of TOWNSPEOPLE, gesture eagerly to a cart full of grain.

The LORD sits behind a retinue of officials. One of them waves off the townspeople's offer.

VAN DER GOES (V.O)

But were told that they were now part of Gelderland. When they went to Gelderland...

INT. MEDIEVAL HALL - DAY

The same TOWNSPEOPLE now tired and somewhat sweaty, gesture to their cart.

VAN DER GOES (V.O)

Wary of offending, fearful of another conflict, were told that they were still under the auspices of Utrecht.

The LORD OF GELDERLAND surrounded by tulips and holding one close to his nose, waves them off, and they leave, dejected.

EXT. HAYFIELD - DAY

Young Van Der Goes and VIELDO, 17, scrawny-strong with stubbly beard, and gypsy garb, cut down hay and bundle it up.

VAN DER GOES (V.O)

So they decided that they would just continue to stockpile their monthly tributes in a silo until the the higher powers sorted out their place in the world. That silo became the largest structure in town, and the townspeople became very proud of it.

EXT. HAYFIELD - DAY

Young Van, Vieldo, both holding shovels, and a few other TOWNSPEOPLE stand in front of a twenty foot tall GRAIN SILO, looking up at it.

VIELDO

Remarkable, isn't it?

They shovel manure from the donkey path that leads to the silo into a pushcart.

YOUNG VAN DER GOES

Oh yeah, I guess. Did you know that in Amsterdam they have a cathedral that is over one hundred feet tall?

VIELDO

No.

(off silo)

I just wish they would give some of it out. I mean there's so much of it.

YOUNG VAN DER GOES

They never will. But, Amsterdam has a market as big as our entire town. It's filled with every type of food from every corner of the earth.

VIELDO

Yeah, but we could never afford it.

An ELDERLY COUPLE of townspeople walk towards them, and shoot Vieldo dirty looks as they pass.

YOUNG VAN DER GOES

It's different there. We could be anything we want. You could be a musician and me, maybe a lawyer.

Vieldo laughs.

VIELDO

A lawyer? You are shoveling shit right now.

Young Van smiles and shovels some manure into the cart.

YOUNG VAN DER GOES

You'll see, my friend.

Two TOWNSMEN, 30s, approach them.

The BURLY TOWNSMAN, stops directly in front of them, looks Vieldo up and down, and then spits at his feet.

The WIRY TOWNSMAN, stops inches from Vieldo's face and shakes his head. Then he gurgles his throat to formulate a mucus projectile. He tries to release it but nothing comes out, because his mouth is too dry. He grabs the canteen around Vieldo's neck. He takes a sip. About to spit and...

Vieldo smacks him in his face.

The villager rubs his throbbing cheek, astonished.

WIRY TOWNSMAN

You little shit.

He lunges at Vieldo and they wrestle--awkwardly. Young Van tries to pull them apart.

EXT. HAYFIELDS OF BREDA - DAY

Young Van, and Vieldo now with a black eye, chop down stalks of grain with scythes and pile them into a cart. Young Van stops, Vieldo continues chopping away.

YOUNG VAN DER GOES
I don't understand why they think
they can treat you like that.

VIELDO
Look at me. I'm different than
them. They hate that.

YOUNG VAN DER GOES
Yeah, but it just doesn't seem
fair.

VIELDO
There is no fair. No right or
wrong. Only what is.

YOUNG VAN DER GOES
There should be rules though.

VIELDO
Not here.

YOUNG VAN DER GOES
Then we should go somewhere that
has them. Someone should be
telling these people how to act.

VIELDO
I like it here.

YOUNG VAN DER GOES
But everyone here is so small and
cruel.

VIELDO
They just want to protect what's
theirs.

YOUNG VAN DER GOES
They're a bunch of stupid
assholes.

VIELDO
True.

EXT. VAN DER GOES HOME - DAWN

Young Van shovels manure into a cart. Another shovel sticks
out of the ground next to him.

EXT. WOODED AREA - DAY

A campsite with a patchwork, canvas tent.

Young Van looks around.

YOUNG VAN DER GOES
Vieldo?

He lifts up the flap of the tent. Inside there's only a blanket and pillow.

EXT. BREDA, TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Young Van walks around looking for Vieldo.

There is SHOUTING coming from down the street.

Young Van runs over and sees the wiry and burly Townsman dragging Vieldo by his arms. A crowd of many other angry townspeople surrounds them.

YOUNG VAN DER GOES
What are you doing?

The Burly Townsman pushes him out of the way.

YOUNG VAN DER GOES
You provoked him! Leave him alone!

WIRY TOWNSMAN
He's a thief the little shit.

He reaches into Vieldo's pocket and pulls out a handful of grain.

WIRY TOWNSMAN
He must address his crimes.

Vieldo and Young Van lock eyes.

They drag him down the street and the crowd follows.

VAN DER GOES (v.o)
They brought Vieldo before Lord Gelderland's magistrates to be held accountable.

INT. GELDERLAND HALL - DAY

The Wiry Townsman, addressing the magistrate's retinue, holds up a bag of grain and gestures to Vieldo, who is bound and gagged.

The magistrate, sitting in front of the lord, waves him off.

VAN DER GOES (v.o)
So they went to Utrecht.

INT. UTRECHT HALL - DAY

The Wiry Townsman, addressing the magistrate and Lord Utrecht's retinue, gestures to bound Veildo, wistfully.

VAN DER GOES (v.o)
But were denied again

Utrecht magistrates wave them off. Lord Utrecht is in the background holding a tulip. He takes a sniff of it. Then he eats one of the petals and grimaces.

EXT. HAYFIELDS - NIGHT

The two townsmen, lit by torches, violently drag Vieldo by his arms down a dirt path.

VAN DER GOES (v.o)
They decided on their own form of
retribution...

BLACK

A WRENCHING sound. The top of the grain silo is lifted up. The two townsmen hoist Vieldo up and drop him down the opening. They look down at him. The silo is filled about half way with grain, so there is ten feet between where Vieldo sits and the opening in the silo.

The Wiry Townsman, leaning over the edge, looking down at Vieldo, spits down on him. Vieldo shields his face. The lid to slams shut.

BLACK

EXT. GRAIN SILO - DAY

The sun is baking. Young Van walks down the path, holding a canteen and a loaf of bread.

The Two Townsmen come down another path and see Young Van walking towards the silo.

BURLY TOWNSMAN

Hey!

He makes a run for the ladder laying next to the silo. The two townsmen chase after him.

One of them catches up to Young Van and grabs him by his collar.

Young Van tries to dart past them, but they stop him with some effort.

The Wiry Townsman takes the canteen and loaf of bread.

WIRY TOWNSMAN

Do you wanna join him in there?

YOUNG VAN DER GOES

Just let me by. He's going to die in there!

BURLY TOWNSMAN

Well, that's what thieves deserve.

WIRY TOWNSMAN

Gypsies as well.

Burly Townsman pushes Young Van to the ground, takes a bite out of the loaf of bread, and then a sip from the canteen. The two of them walk away laughing and go sit guard in front of the silo.

Young Van gets up and walks toward the silo. Exhausted, he sits down in the shadow of it.

The sun's blistering rays glint off the roof of the silo.

VAN DER GOES (V.O)

After a few days in there he died, starved and dehydrated.

EXT. WOODS, GRAVESITE - DAY

Young Van stands with a shovel in front of a small mound of dirt. He places a flower on top of the mound.

EXT. DIRT PATH - DAY

Young Van carries a small bag of belongings as he walks away, down the path, and over the hills.

VAN DER GOES (V.O)
And I left the backlands and their
indecorous ways for good.

EXT. AMSTERDAM - DAY

SUPER: Amsterdam, 1634

Downtown Amsterdam: people bustle throughout the streets, pushing wagons, selling their wares etc. It's a 17th century boomtown.

Port Of Amsterdam: massive ships are relieved of their cargo by deckhands.

Cobbled street lined by townhouses: an aristocrat helps an immaculately dressed woman out of an ornate carriage and on to the sidewalk.

EXT. AMSTERDAM COLLEGE - DAY

Young Van approaches the stone building, and enters.

INT. AMSTERDAM COLLEGE - DAY

Young Van walks down a hallway passing by academic offices. He walks into the "Professor of Law" office.

INT. AMSTERDAM COLLEGE, OFFICE OF LAW - DAY

PROFESSOR COUPERUS, 40s, sits at his desk.

YOUNG VAN DER GOES
Hello meneer.

PROFESSOR COUPERUS
Hello. What can I do for you young man?

YOUNG VAN DER GOES
I would like to inquire about an apprenticeship.

PROFESSOR COUPERUS
In what field?

YOUNG VAN DER GOES
The law.

PROFESSOR COUPERUS
I'm sorry, but it takes years of schooling to master the law. There is no apprenticeship.

YOUNG VAN DER GOES
Oh alright.

Young Van turns to leave.

PROFESSOR COUPERUS
Maybe I could find you something here though. It won't exactly be working directly with the law but at least you're in the building, or close to it.

YOUNG VAN DER GOES
That's fantastic!

PROFESSOR COUPERUS
Come with me.

INT. AMSTERDAM COLLEGE, STABLES - DAY

Professor Couperous brings him out to the stables. A STABLEMAN, 40s, grooms a horse.

PROFESSOR COUPERUS

This is Van Der Goes. He will be
your new stable hand.

The Stableman, nods and hands Young Van a shovel, and points
to a large pile of horse excrement.

Young Van takes the shovel.

MONTAGE:

**Young Van shovels manure as The Professor laughs and drinks
from a flask with The Stableman**

Young Van grooms a horse

**The Professor in his office, yells at a man sitting in front
of him with their back to us. The man storms out of the
office.**

**Young Van sits in the Professor's office. The professor stands
up and shakes Van's hand.**

Young Van files papers in The Professor's office.

**Young Van sits in a classroom and takes notes as The Professor
teaches**

Young Van studies alone in the Law Library

INT. AMSTERDAM COLLEGE, HALL - DAY

It's a quite dull looking place. Dark grey walls, wooden pews,
an altar--all the characteristics of a gloomy church, with
none of the iconography.

PIETER VAN DER GOES, 28, fashionable black doublet,
broadbrimmed hat atop shoulder length hair, and thoughtful
dark brown eyes stands on the pulpit--for the sake of brevity
and clarity he will be henceforth referred to as "Van" in
action lines. He addresses a very small crowd of relatively
disengaged, attendees.

VAN DER GOES

And I said, "But kind sir, that is
the law." And he replied, "What is
the law?"

(MORE)

VAN DER GOES (CONT'D)

I told him "it was decreed 10 years hence by section 4.1 of manifest B, article 8-2 that no man in the ordinance of greater Amsterdam shall fertilize ones property with a concoction of greater than 5 to 1 pure manure and water." And I took the man's silence as an indication of his full understanding and pledge of adherence to the legislation.

Professor Couperus, sitting in the front row rises and scampers up to the pulpit. He turns and addresses the audience.

PROFESSOR COUPERUS

And that was Pieter Van Der Goes and his dissertation on the implementation of law on the common people.

A spattering of applause from the audience.

Van smiles and thanks the crowd.

PROFESSOR COUPERUS

Now, it is my honor to present him with his Master of Laws degree.

He ceremoniously hands Van a document rolled up with a red ribbon.

PROFESSOR COUPERUS

This document will open up doors that you never imagined, wonder, spectacle, and with it you go out into the world and protect the great sanctity of the law.

Another small applause from the crowd.

Van bows to the professor and the audience, looking very pleased with himself. He walks down off of the stage.

Professor Couperous strides up next to him.

PROFESSOR COUPEROUS

The Company Directors would like to see you immediately.

VAN DER GOES
(anxiously)
Very well.

EXT. THE COMPANY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Van approaches the building, a castle like structure, made of great grey slabs of limestone, intimidatingly large and sturdy.

He gets to the doorway and chiseled into the stone arc, is The Company coat of arms: a shield draped in florals, with a beaver on each side.

INT. THE COMPANY HEADQUARTERS, FOYER - DAY

Van enters the open reception room. Professor Couperus enters from a side door.

PROFESSOR COUPEROUS
Mr. Van Der Goes.

VAN DER GOES
Professor? I wasn't aware you worked for the company.

PROFESSOR COUPERUS
Of course. We all do in one capacity or another. Come with me, the directors are expecting you.

He leads Van through large doors into...

INT. DUTCH WEST INDIA COMPANY, MEETING ROOM - DAY

Professor Couperous leads Van to a solitary chair in the middle of the room.

PROFESSOR COUPEROUS
They will be with you shortly.

Van sits in a small chair in a dim, vast hall. Two rows of stone columns outline the open space in the center. An oil painting is affixed to the stone between the top of each column and the ceiling.

Van's pov: an oak table of great length at the back of the room, positioned horizontally.

Van looks confused by the offer.

VAN DER GOES
Meneer Directors, that would be
such an honor.

DIRECTOR 4
Of Amsterdam.

VAN DER GOES
Divine.

DIRECTOR 5
New Amterdam

VAN DER GOES
The New World?

DIRECTOR 6
That's correct.

VAN DER GOES
I was hoping to find a position
here in the city. Or in Leiden
maybe?

DIRECTOR 11
This is what we have to offer.

VAN DER GOES
Alright, but.

DIRECTOR 9
Is that a yes?

VAN DER GOES
I would really prefer to stay here
in Amsterdam. Maybe I could
perform the job remotely?

DIRECTOR 3
That's not possible.

VAN DER GOES
Then I really must decline.

DIRECTOR 5
Mr. Van Der Goes, it is my
understanding that when you came
to Amsterdam you were penniless
and living on the streets, and
that Professor Couperous saw
promise in you while you cleaned
the stables.

VAN DER GOES
That's correct.

DIRECTOR 5
Then he arranged for The Company
to finance your entire education
of the law, as well as provided
you with lodging during that time.

VAN DER GOES
Most graciously.

DIRECTOR 5
In that case you are under
contract until that sum has been
paid off. This is our offer. If
you do not accept you will be
required to pay the full amount
out of your own purse. Are you
prepared to do that?

VAN DER GOES
I am not.

DIRECTOR 5
In that case...

ALL 19 DIRECTORS
Welcome aboard.

Oh wait, one fiddling with papers, missed his cue.

DIRECTOR 19
Welcome aboard.

Director 3 looks at the director 19 with derision.

Van sit uncomfortably.

The sound of WAVES CRASHING.

EXT. AMSTERDAM DOCKS - DAY

An ocean liner is in the dock. Van and Professor Couperus
stand close by. Couperus inventories cargo being loaded by
dock hands onto the ship.

VAN DER GOES
I was wondering if you could shed
some light onto what my duties
will be in the New World?

PROFESSOR COUPERUS
Well you will be the Schopen.

VAN DER GOES
Yes of course, but what duty does
that entail exactly?

PROFESSOR COUPERUS
The Schopen is responsible for
legislating the rule of law.

VAN DER GOES
Oh Ok. I have experience with
that.

PROFESSOR COUPERUS
But your main purpose is to
protect the company's investment
and validate it for future
investment. They want you to
observe the land, take note, and
report back to them.

VAN DER GOES
I'm not sure I'm really suited for
this.

PROFESSOR COUPERUS
You will do fine, and nobody else
would take the position after the
fates of the previous men to hold
the post. So you are the best
candidate.

VAN DER GOES
And what became of my
predecessors?

PROFESSOR COUPERUS
The first traveled north with a
group of trappers in search of a
trade route...

EXT. RIVER BOAT/ESTUARY - DAY

SCHOPEN 1, 30s, is at the helm of the ship being rowed by many
men, in blistering cold and windy weather. A heavy snow falls
and the water is very rough.

SCHOPEN 1
Come on men! Dig in!

PROFESSOR COUPERUS (V.O.)
When his men had had enough and
wanted to turn back, he refused,
and they mutinied.

One of the men stands up with an oar in hand and smacks
Schopen 1 in the back of the head. He collapses and the rest
of the men stop rowing and dive on top of him.

PROFESSOR COUPERUS (V.O.)
They left him floating, oarless,
on a small lifeboat. He met his
end how anyone would in those
conditions.

EXT. LIFEBOAT/ESTUARY - NIGHT

Schopen 1 sits in the lifeboat, bluefaced, and completely
frozen. The wind and snow whips around him.

EXT. AMSTERDAM DOCK - DAY

VAN DER GOES
My word.

PROFESSOR COUPERUS
The 2nd Schopen arrived in New
Amsterdam and was immediately
killed and scalped by a group of
angry natives.

EXT. PORT OF NEW AMSTERDAM - DAY

The sun is shining and SCHOPEN 2, 40s, descends the ramp from
his ship and onto the dock.

He looks around smiling.

A SCREAMING MOHAWK MAN on horseback comes by and slices his
neck with a hatchet. He then gets off his horse and slices
Schopen 2's scalp off.

EXT. AMSTERDAM DOCKS - DAY

Van swallows with some difficulty.

PROFESSOR COUPERUS
The 3rd Schopen performed his
position adequately.

INT. SCHOPEN 3'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SCHOPEN 3, 30s, writes at his desk.

PROFESSOR COUPERUS (V.O.)
But then was malled by a black
bear whilst on a hunting
expedition in the mountains.

EXT. DEEP FORREST - DAY

SCHOPEN 3 sits on a log smoking a pipe. In the distance there
is a massive GROWL, then from around a rock a CHARGING BLACK
BEAR.

Schopen 3 sees the animal and gets up to run.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Schopen 3 lays in bed with bandages all over his body, smoking
a pipe.

PROFESSOR COUPERUS (V.O.)
He survived the attack.

EXT. AMSTERDAM DOCKS - DAY

PROFESSOR COUPERUS
But, was removed from his position
after a company auditor discovered
some inconsistencies in his
resume.

VAN DER GOES
I see.

PROFESSOR COUPERUS

But it is a fine position in a
marvelous land. You will love it.

He walks away to see to some more cargo being loaded onto the ship.

Van stands on the dock and watches.

EXT. SHIP/ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

Van stands at the helm of the ship. He looks out at a sliver of land by the horizon. He looks majestic and wistful.

The ship rocks slightly, and Van loses his balance but quickly catches himself--once again majestic.

EXT. SHIP/NEAR CITY ISLAND - DAY

The ship moves slowly, very close to the shore, in a tight estuary. Van stands at the front of the ship looking out and writing in his journal.

VAN DER GOES (V.O)

The ocean meets the coastline in such elegant ways in this place, creating many bays, harbors, and all sorts of exquisite ports perfect for the development of robust trade and commerce. The glistening shores are unmatched in their beauty and...

The ship turns slightly with the coastline, and on the shore is a large WHALE CARCASS. A group of men buzz around it like flies. One man rips into the belly of the whale with his bare hands. He looks up and locks eyes with Van, who shudders at the sight of his blood covered face.

EXT. ORANGE PORT - DAY

Van's ship sits in a small port. There is no real infrastructure, just a hastily built dock.

Van descends the ramp and a man with a wagon relieves him of his belongings.

EXT. FORT ORANGE, SURROUNDING AREA - DAY

The fort is a sleepy looking place with only a few buildings protected by a ten foot high wooden fence, with raised platforms at each corner that peak out a few feet above it. The grounds outside the fort are awash with foot traffic. Many people move around performing their daily duties, all connected to the fur trade in one way or another.

Van stands at the gate. It opens, and he walks through.

EXT. FORT ORANGE, COURTYARD - DAY

Van walks through the gate and into the courtyard. It is a large open space with dirt grounds by the fence. Directly in the center of the courtyard is an immaculately white, FOUR STORY HOUSE with a rich, manicured lawn.

Van walks on toward it.

INT. STERCK ESTATE, RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

Van sits in a reception area. He has his briefcase on his lap. He ruffles through some of the papers in his bag, brushing up on some information before his meeting.

A STEWARD, 40s, walks through a pair of grand doors.

STEWARD

Director Sterck will see you now.

Van puts the papers back in his bag, and walks through the doorway.

INT. STERCK ESTATE, OFFICE - DAY

The room is extremely ornate. Most everything is gold-plated. The ceilings are covered wall to wall with a bold oil painting of The Sterck lineage.

A Man, 30s, curled blonde hair, lace shirt ornamented with gold and pearls, and an ostrich feather adorned hat sits motionless on a high stool: this is BALTHASAR STERCK.

STERCK
 (without turning his head)
 Mr. Van Der Goes.

Next to Sterck is a PAINTER, 30s, halfway finished painting an oil portrait of the sitting Sterck.

VAN DER GOES
 Director Sterck, if this is a bad time I could come back.

STERCK
 Oh no please, don't be silly. Sit down.

He directs Van with a very subtle movement of his eyebrow. The painter stops for a moment at this.

Van takes a seat in front of them and reaches into his bag.

STERCK
 Would you care for a drink?

Sterck subtly brings a glass of wine to his lips and takes a sip. The artist stops again and sighs a bit.

VAN DER GOES
 Oh no, thank you. I have brought some documents with me from Amsterdam about some new regulations the Company would like to implement.

STERCK
 Oh please leave those with my secretary, he loves those sorts of things.

As he says this he motions with his hand toward the door. The painter scowls a bit, as Sterck repositions himself.

VAN DER GOES
 Alright. Well I would love to take a look at the current articles you have for rights and regulations within New Amsterdam.

STERCK
 Well we don't have any written articles exactly. But we can deal with that later.

VAN DER GOES
 No written articles?
 (MORE)

VAN DER GOES (CONT'D)

Then I really think it might be best if we handle it as soon as possible.

He pops up out of the chair and grabs his glass of wine. The painter must stop again, and is quite agitated.

STERCK

(to painter)

Alright, that's enough for now.

He strides past Van toward the doorway.

STERCK

Come, I must show you the operation.

EXT. FORT ORANGE, SURROUNDING AREA - DAY

A bustle of activity. Furs are haggled for. Carts with all sorts of goods necessary for the trappers and traders are pushed about.

Sterck and Van walk down the street.

STERCK

This, Mr. Van Der Goes. This, is why you are here. Fort Orange is the central hub of the fur trade in the New World. We make millions here.

VAN DER GOES

I see but I was under the impression I would be in New Amsterdam.

STERCK

Of course of course. But this is why you are here. The fur comes here, then to New Amsterdam then to the rest of the world. The ports of New Amsterdam are exquisite. Absolutely exquisite.

They walk by a MAN CHAINED TO A POLE. A small boy standing nearby throws a rock and just misses the man's head.

VAN DER GOES

What did this man here do?

STERCK

This man? A thief, I'm sure.

VAN DER GOES

And what did he steal?

STERCK

I haven't the slightest idea.

VAN DER GOES

Was he brought to trial?

STERCK

(aggravated)

I'm really not sure. But let me show you something else.

They walk around a corner and see a GRAPE FIELD in the process of being sown.

STERCK

The wine can't get here fast enough from Burgundy. But, I have a private stock. Would you care for that drink now?

VAN DER GOES

I think I should really be getting down the river.

STERCK

Rightly so, another time perhaps. I will have someone take you down river.

EXT. HUDSON RIVER, SMALL RIVER BOAT - DAY

Van sits on the boat in his notebook.

VAN DER GOES (V.O)

The area surrounding New Amsterdam is a quite beautiful place, with healthy forrest, fertile soil, and innumerable varieties of vegetation. It seems an ideal place to establish additional settlements.

He looks on the shore for something. Not sure what. Nothing there.

EXT. NEW AMSTERDAM - DAY

The town is about six square blocks. The streets are dirt and there are one and two story, wood buildings up and down the blocks. There are many people walking about. It's not quite Times Square, but it's not a ghost town either.

Van walks down the center of the street observing his surroundings.

VAN DER GOES (V.O)

New Amsterdam itself is no less breathtaking than the areas to the north. Views of the ocean bound for miles. The harbors are abundant with fish and mollusks, and the woods are teeming with game. It's as if...

WOOSH STUPP!

VAN DER GOES

MY lord.

A WOBBLING ARROW sticks out of a parked carriage right next to him.

He turns around to see a MOHAWK WARRIOR on horseback charging at him, cocking his club, ready to strike.

Van turns and runs down the street, the Mohawk warrior gaining on him, fast.

He is pulled down by a BLUE BLUR, and the Mohawk rider strides by, just missing him.

Van finds himself on the ground leaning against a carriage turned on its side. Van is short of breath, dirty, terrified but safe for the moment.

To his right, a WOMAN, 20s, blonde hair, and a blue flowing dress, peaks over the top of the overturned carriage, checking if the coast is clear.

She reaches out her hand to Van. She has piercing eyes that match the color of her dress, this is GRIET.

GRIET

Come on.

Van takes her hand, and they run around the carriage, staying low the whole time.

As they run they see that a full on, Mohawk raid is in progress: many Mohawk men roam about on horseback and on foot, a couple break through a door and into a building, one knocks a villager to the ground and takes a bundle of pelts from his cart.

Griet grabs Van's hand and pulls him through swinging doors and into a tavern.

INT. GRIET'S TAVERN - DAY

Van crawls behind a table, and peaks out the window.

He turns and sees that there are many patrons there, all casually drinking and talking quietly.

Van cautiously gets to his feet.

VAN DER GOES

Everybody! There is a raid in progress!

All the patrons look up at him and then just go back to sipping their beverages and talking quietly.

Griet, now behind the bar, approaches him.

GRIET

Can I get you a drink?

VAN DER GOES

What? No.

She comes out from the behind the bar

GRIET

Oh, are you looking for something else?

She pulls up her dress slightly.

Van, considering.

VAN DER GOES

No. No. We must get these people to safety. There is a fort on the other side of the town. Come on.

GRIET

Oh it's fine. Sit, have a drink.

She very aggressively grabs Van by his shirt collar and brings him over to a table and sits him down.

She fills the glass in front of him with beer and walks away.

Van looks around anxiously.

HARMEN BOGAERT, 40s, electric eyes, and a worn leather coat comes and sits across from him.

HARMEN

My friend. You must be in from Amsterdam. Have you any word of new shipments of propinol?

Van shakes his head.

HARMEN

Vyonil?

Again, Van shakes his head.

HARMEN

Extract of poppy?

VAN DER GOES

What, no. What is happening? We must get out of here.

He looks out the window as a screaming, Mohawk rider goes by.

HARMEN

That? No. They come, steal some property, destroy some more and then it's over. Don't worry about it. It's only a scare tactic.

VAN DER GOES

Why don't the company security forces do anything to stop it?

Griet overhears as she walks by.

GRIET

They're worthless. All company men are lazy cowards.

Off Griets look: at a far table sit two COMPANY MEN. One is menacing with a thick, muscular neck, he is known as BULLHEAD. The other, is smaller with a sideways glance, he is known as SHIFT. They both have company insignia badges on their shirt sleeves. They drunkenly harass one of the barmaids as she clears their table.

VAN DER GOES

Nevertheless, it must be remedied. Something must be done.

HARMEN

There is nothing to be done with them.

VAN DER GOES

Why not try and parlay with leadership and try to reach some reasonable arrangement?

HARMEN

An arrangement? No, my friend. They are a bunch of savages, monstrous people. Despicable savages the lot of them.

Van looks over Harmen's shoulder at a NATIVE AMERICAN MAN, 30s, in full traditional garb, sitting at a table by himself casually drinking a beer.

Off Van's look

HARMEN

Oh no. Not them. He's a Mohican. They're alright. The ones with the improprieties outside are Mohawks. Used to have an agreement with the Mohicans. They trap, the company buys, and the Mohawks got upset that they weren't getting a slice of the pie, so now they raid the town and the Mohican villages every week or so.

VAN DER GOES

Are you an employee of The Company?

HARMEN

In one way or another. Harmen Bogaert...

Harmen stands and reaches out his muddied paw to shake Van's hand.

HARMEN

...I'm the barber surgeon. Their boys get knicked here and there, and I knick off their legs.

VAN DER GOES

I see, and how do you know so much about these Mohawks?

HARMEN

I have been to their villages to purchase medicines when my stock runs out. They know many herbs and plants which have strong medicinal uses, but they are extremely tiresome to deal with.

VAN DER GOES

Could you take me to their lands?

HARMEN

Absolutely not.

VAN DER GOES

If you take me safely to their lands, I will purchase all of the medicines you seek.

HARMEN

I'm not sure, they are a difficult bunch...You will purchase all the medicines I require?

VAN DER GOES

You have my word.

HARMEN

Then we must go to The Eagle's Nest.

VAN DER GOES

The Eagle's Nest?

HARMEN

Yes.

Van excitedly lifts his glass and finishes his drink. He gets up and begins to exit.

VAN DER GOES

Tomorrow then.

HARMEN

Tomorrow.

Van leaves.

We pan over to the two Company Men. They drink.

INT. GRIET'S TAVERN - LATER

The two Company Men are the only ones left in the bar. They finish their drinks and get up to leave.

BULLHEAD

Hey Griet. Aren't you going to come home with us honey?

GRIET

Not if the Prince himself commanded me to.

The Company Men exit and we follow them.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

The two company men walk along the road. They turn a corner and then they are joined by another group of company men.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The group of Company Men walk along in the dark.

BULLHEAD

Shhh.

The group halts.

A MOHAWK WARRIOR on horse back comes charging out of the woods and some of the company men shudder in fear.

The Mohawk Man rides past them and then turns around at the edge of the clearing and stops.

BULLHEAD

You scared the shit out of us!

Another Mohawk man, 30s, wearing reading glasses, walks out from the woods and stands alongside the Mohawk Warrior, this is KARINASE.

KARINASE

My apologies. Can never be too sure in these woods.

BULLHEAD

You have what we need.

KARINASE
 (in Mohawk)
 Come on.

Mohawk men come out the woods carrying large bundles of pelts and place them at the feet of the Company Men.

Bullhead hands Karinase a purse of money.

KARINASE
 Pleasure.

BULLHEAD
 Yeah.

The company men pick up the pelts and both parties recede into the woods.

EXT. GRIET'S TAVERN - DAWN

Van, with all of his gear, stands waiting to leave.

Harmen comes out of the the tavern. He is hungover. He takes the last sip of a beer.

VAN DER GOES
 As good a time as any for a drink
 Mr. Harmen.

Harmen just waves and puts the glass down. He loads a number of pistols into his bag, and slings a rifle over his shoulder.

VAN DER GOES
 Is there really a need for all
 that weaponry?

HARMEN
 There are many dangers in the
 savage lands.

He goes to give a pistol to Van.

HARMEN
 You should really have one for
 yourself.

Van refuses it.

VAN DER GOES
 No thank you.
 (MORE)

VAN DER GOES (CONT'D)

I believe that the pen is equal or greater in might and effect to the firearm or other traditional weapon of war.

HARMEN

Right.

Van begins to pick up his gear. Out from the tavern comes Griet and TOM FORD, 30s, rugged, with their gear.

VAN DER GOES

Hold on one second. You're not coming miss Griet.

GRIET

I'm afraid I am.

VAN DER GOES

I really don't think this is a good idea. And who is this man?

TOM FORD

Tom Ford. How are you?

VAN DER GOES

An Englishman? This is a mission of diplomacy. What business do an Englishman and a barmaid have for embarking on this journey?

GRIET

We ran out of barley. These people have vast fields of it.

TOM

I have a bundle of pelts and no buyers in town.

VAN DER GOES

That is the business of yours, not of this journey. Now kindly leave us.

TOM

I believe you're going to need some of these pelts to deal with the savages. They don't make any deals without tribute.

Van looks to Harmen.

HARMEN

He's right.

Van picks up his gear.

VAN DER GOES

Alright fine, you may accompany us, but just don't get in our way.

EXT. HUDSON VALLEY - DAY

A small clearing in a dense forrest. Large sycamore branches leave the the area mostly shaded.

Harmen, followed by Griet, Tom, and Van, walk on a deer path. Van has his journal out and writes as he walks. OS there is the faint sound of a tree falling and thudding onto the ground. Harmen stops the group with a wave of his hand and they all look out into the forrest...

They begin to walk again...

VAN DER GOES (V.O.)

The lands to the north of New Amsterdam were no less impressive than the rest of the territory I'd seen. The land is fertile, and plant life was plentiful and diverse. The forrest is lush or maybe rich...

VAN DER GOES

Harmen, would you say that these woods were lush or rich?

Harmen stops the party and looks around. They are in a small clearing encircled by a mass of dense forrest.

HARMEN

I would say that they are cumbersome.

The sound of another falling tree comes from OS; it is slightly louder this time.

VAN DER GOES

Cumbersome? Have we gone askew?

HARMEN

No, we have not gone askew.
(MORE)

HARMEN (CONT'D)

But because of how dense these woods are it makes it very difficult to stay on a straight path.

VAN DER GOES

Dense? No, no, too Archimedean. What about...opulent? Yes, yes.

Harmen walks on again, and the rest follow. Van returns to writing in his journal.

VAN DER GOES (V.O)

The forrest is *opulent* and full of life. If there ever were...

THWACK

A massive AXE smashes into the tree right above Van's head, and he collapses to the ground.

A swarm of THWACKS suddenly fill the surrounding forrest. They come from the axes of DOZENS OF MEN who chop vigorously at the trees with great force and speed.

MAKELA, 28, bearded, muscular, Davy Crockett looking, pulls his axe out from the tree above Van's head, and looks down and notices Van sitting on the ground for the first time.

MAKELA

(booming, heavy Nordic accent)

Wooo boys. Stop(in Finnish).

All the men cease their chopping and look at Makela. They all look similar to him, 20s and 30s, full beards, outdoorsy; they are the FORREST FINS.

MAKELA

Sorry, sir.

He reaches down, and helps Van to his feet.

MAKELA

I didn't see you there.

Van dusts himself off and tries to reclaim some semblance of dignity.

VAN DER GOES

Well you should really take care prior to swinging that.

MAKELA

No doubt. But the trees must be felled.

VAN DER GOES

I suppose.

MAKELA

(smiling)

I thought you were Dutch. What are you lot doing all the way out here?

VAN DER GOES

We are searching for the Eagle's Nest.

MAKELA

The savages?

VAN DER GOES

We wish to parlay with the Mohawks, but have seem to gone askew on our way. Have you any idea where their village is?

MAKELA

We have encountered them many times in the forrest, but we have never been to their villages. They supply their own timber. So we have no need to deal with them.

VAN DER GOES

I understand.

MAKELA

Well, good luck.

(In Finnish)

Lets go boys.

Makela passes by Van's party and the rest of the Forrest Fins follow him.

As soon as they pass they begin pairing off and hacking at trees.

The trees are felled in threes. They drop in a line, one row of three after another in quick succession. The Fins move out of sight, and in their wake there is a linear clearing in the canopy.

Through the clearing, a plateau is revealed. It sits in the sunlight, almost glowing, and it has the unmistakable structure of an EAGLE'S NEST.

The group looks upon it with astonishment.

MAKELA (O.S)

Hey.

Far away, at the edge of the clearing, Makela appears.

MAKELA

Is that it?

He points at the Eagle's Nest.

Van sighs.

EXT. EAGLE'S NEST - DAY

Led by Harmen, the group ascends the slope of the plateau.

VAN DER GOES

Harmen, is it not strange that
this area is not fortified by
sentries or scouts?

HARMEN

They are a proud bunch, and it is
generally thought by them that
nobody is daft enough to approach
them on their lands with malicious
intent. So they believe that
anyone coming to them is either
for trade or tribute.

VAN DER GOES

Interesting.

EXT. EAGLE'S NEST - DAY

On the plateau is a rather large Mohawk village. Fifteen long
houses surround a centrally located larger one. Smoke travels
out of many of the houses.

Van's party approaches the largest longhouse where two Mohawk
guards stand on either side of the entrance.

Karinase, with outstretched arm, strides out of the main long
house to meet Van's party.

KARINWASE

Sirs. Have you business with the
Ostenaco?

VAN DER GOES

We would like to speak with the Ostenaco about establishing some sort of formal agreement as to New Amsterdam and it's surrounding areas.

KARINASE

An agreement regarding what?

VAN DER GOES

Well it is quite clear that some offense has been made by the New Netherlanders against your people. With all the raiding and what not.

KARINASE

Yes, well there has seemed to be some minor discrepancies with the white men recently. We are just merely trying to preserve our share while there's any left.

VAN DER GOES

That's why we have come. To draw up some documents so both parties can get their rightful share.

Karinase smiles.

KARINASE

Come with me.

He turns and goes into the long house, and Van's party follows.

INT. OSTENACO'S LONG HOUSE - DAY

Behind an oak desk, clearly pillaged from the Europeans, sits a young MOHAWK SECRETARY, 20s, male, smiley.

KARINASE

If you would kindly wait here, I will go inform Ostenaco that you would like to speak with him.

He shows them to a blanketed waiting area, and Van and his men take a seat on the ground.

VAN DER GOES

Obliged.

On the far, far, far end of the long house, we can just make out a man sitting behind a large desk. He has a headdress and his clothing is much more ornamented than the other Mohawks, with numerous beads and feathers, this must be OSTENACO.

Karinase begins his long walk to the other end of the long house.

A MUSCULAR MOHAWK MAN, 20s, with a grave scowl walks by Van.

MUSCULAR MOHAWK
(friendly)
How's it going?

Van nods back.

Karinase speaks with Ostenaco very briefly and then turns and walks back towards Van.

It is another very long walk back, half way back he puts a hop in his step.

KARINWASE
Ostenaco is not ready to speak with you. He apologizes, but is busy with other matters at the moment.

VAN DER GOES
OK. If he would just allow me to give him this letter, it spells out all of our terms and proposals.

KARINASE
Very well, I will ask him.

He turns and begins to walk back again.

Van runs up behind him.

VAN DER GOES
Why don't I just walk over there and give it to him myself?

KARINASE
I'm sorry, but no man may approach the Ostenaco without explicit permission from him. Just have a seat, he will be right with you.

VAN DER GOES
Alright, alright.

Van sits back down on the blanket, anxious.

Karinase is still halfway down the longhouse.

Van looks at a young Mohawk girl wrapped up in a blue blanket.

Karinase reaches Ostenaco, who is stern and motionless, and speaks with him briefly, .

Karinase suddenly turns around smiling.

KARINASE
(perfectly audible)
Alright, he will see you now.

Van gets up, and strides across the room.

EXT. MOHAWK LONG HOUSE - DUSK

In between two long houses Van and his party sit by a fire pit. A couple of Mohawk men stack logs in the fire pit, next to which is a SIMPLE WOODEN SPIT.

VAN DER GOES
So, that was a success no? I had a
little hard time following.

HARMEN
It's never over with these people.

VAN DER GOES
So, what now?

HARMEN
You see that?

He looks at the spit by the fire.

VAN DER GOES
Yes, for swine. What of it?

HARMEN
For pelts. We must make our offer.

EXT. MOHAWK LONG HOUSE - NIGHT

A fire blares from the pit, and on the wooden spit there is now a bundle of BEAVER PELTS.

Van and his men sit on the log.

HARMEN

If they take the pelts, it means
the agreement has been secured.

EXT. MOHAWK LONG HOUSE - LATER

Van sits with his head in his hands. Exhausted. Anxious.

Ostenaco, with Karinase trailing, comes out of the longhouse.

Van perks up.

Ostenaco walks over to the bundle of furs. He examines it very
closely, like a jeweler a diamond.

Van approaches them.

VAN DER GOES

Ostenaco. Are they to your liking?

They both ignore Van and turn and walk back into the
longhouse.

Van takes a seat back on the log. He leans back and sees
Harmen around another campfire, speaking with a group of
Mohawk men.

Van puts his head back and begins to drift off.

EXT. LONG HOUSE - NIGHT

Van lays on the ground. His jacket rolled up under his head.
He shivers.

HARMEN

Meneer. Meneer. Wake up.

Van opens his eyes, and Harmen is squatting over him.

VAN DER GOES

What on earth?

HARMEN

Easy friend. You are cold, drink
some of this.

He grabs a mug and hands to to Van.

VAN DER GOES

What is this?

HARMEN

Warm, herbal tea Meneer.

Van sips it, hesitantly. Harmen encourages him to finish it.

Harmen violently shifts his whole body to the side, as if someone had just snuck up on him. His eyes are bugged.

HARMEN

Good, good. Come with me.

VAN DER GOES

To where?

HARMEN

I must show you the state of these people.

Van gets up and follows him out of camp.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MOHAWK CAMP - NIGHT

They enter a small, isolated long house.

INT. INFIRM LONG HOUSE - NIGHT

Inside there are many Mohawk women and children. They all appear sick and are covered in sores and welts.

VAN DER GOES

What affliction has befallen them?

HARMEN

They are a weak group. Merely our presence dilapidates them.

Harmen again violently turns to his side, again, nothing there.

Van begins to look woozy himself.

VAN DER GOES

This tea is quite strong.

HARMEN

It is Polyptis root. Very powerful Mohawk remedy.

VAN DER GOES

Remedy? Remedy for what?

HARMEN
Consciousness.

Harmen moves over to one of the girls who is in a kind of haze.

HARMEN
Come, come here.

Van follows him.

Harmen takes out some more of the root from a small pouch and stirs it in a cup of water. He lifts the cup to the young woman, and she drinks it willingly.

After a few moments she jerks her head to the side as if something had just appeared next to her, much like the motion Harmen did earlier. She violently wriggles out of his arms.

HARMEN
Come and hold her for me.

Van does as he is told, thinking he is helping the girl.

HARMEN
Firmly.

Van obliges him. He looks around, and see that there are many other women and children all in similar states to the one he holds.

HARMEN
Hold her still.

Van looks down, and Harmen has a surgical saw and is halfway through cutting off the young women's leg, halfway up the shin.

VAN DER GOES
My god.

Van looks at the girls face. It is blank. No recognition of the trauma to her limb.

HARMEN
A new anesthetic.

Van looks at the girl and suddenly she begins to scream violently. She is clearly aware of the pain now.

HARMEN
Hold her!

VAN DER GOES

You must stop.

Carmen picks up the pace and saws off the rest of her leg.

The girl's screams grow louder and more visceral with each pass of the blade.

Van jerks to his left and sees something terrifying. He gets up and runs. The girl wails in anguish.

EXT. INFIRM LONG HOUSE - NIGHT

Van comes running out at full speed. He is bug eyed now as well. He holds his head. We can still hear the girl SCREAMING from inside the long house.

Van turns and runs.

EXT. SURROUNDING WOODS - NIGHT

Van runs through the woods. Running into branches and tripping over roots.

He stops and sits next to a tree. He violently turns to his right. He pulls his knees to his chest and rocks back and forth.

EXT. MAIN LONGHOUSE - DAWN

Van, still in a slightly delirious state, walks through the village. He gets to the campfire area and sees that the furs still rest on the spit.

He looks around.

He walks over to Griet and Tom who sleep around the fire. Van nudges them with his foot.

VAN DER GOES

Lets go!

They wake up, bleary eyed.

GRIET

Where's Harmen?

VAN DER GOES

He's gone. Lets go.

They begin to gather their things.

Karinase comes out of the long house, flanked by some very tough looking Mohawk men.

Van picks up his pace.

KARINASE

Mr. Van Der Goes. Would you come with me please.

VAN DER GOES

I see that you have not taken the pelts, so maybe we should just leave and possibly we can reconvene when we have a more satisfactory tribute.

KARINASE

The Ostenaco would like to see you.

Van puts down his things and follows.

INT. LONGHOUSE - DAY

The Ostenaco sits behind his desk. Karinase stands in front of him with even more Mohawk Toughs flanking him.

Van is nervous.

KARINASE

I see your friend has made off into the woods with one of our women.

VAN DER GOES

Yes I can explain that. You see he is a sick man. Demented, really.

The Mohawk Toughs move in a little closer. Van sweats.

VAN DER GOES

It was really just a misunderstanding. I'm sure he will return with her.

KARINASE

No bother.
(MORE)

KARINASE (CONT'D)

I'm just surprised he chose an infirm one. We have plenty of healthy young ladies around here to roll around with.

The Mohawk Toughs laugh at this. Even The Ostenaco smiles a little bit.

Van, relieved.

VAN DER GOES

Alright, yes, yes I'm surprised as well. Now about our deal. I have noticed that our offering still has not been accepted.

KARINASE

Well we have consulted with the Ostenaco, who has consulted with the appropriate spirits and he has determined that this offering is inadequate.

VAN DER GOES

With respect. These are the finest pelts you will find in these lands.

KARINASE

True, but he requires more of you. We want a guarantee that your people will not turn on us and sell us out as soon as it benefits you.

VAN DER GOES

Of course, of course. You have my word.

KARINASE

That is not enough.

Van looks around, thinking.

He rips off the badge of orange on his coat and holds it up.

VAN DER GOES

I present you with seal of the great prince of orange. Together with my blood and the blood of all my noble ancestors to assure you that we are men of our word.

He takes out his letter opener and cuts a gash in his hand and marks the ribbon with it.

He walks over to The Ostenaco and places the bloody seal on his desk.

VAN DER GOES

You can trust in me and you can trust in Holland.

The Ostenaco picks up the ribbon and studies it carefully. He calls over Karinase and whispers something into his ear. Karinase nods and returns to Van.

KARINASE

The Ostenaco appreciates the gesture, but he was really looking for something more in the way of a written document with signatories of the settlement to ensure adherence to our treaty.

Van's bloodied hand reaches into his bag.

VAN DER GOES

Oh, I can write up something right now.

The Ostenaco gets out from behind his desk and walks over to Van to shake his hand. Van is a little confused but elated that it's over.

EXT. LONG HOUSE - DAY

The spit is empty and Mohawk men sit around the fire talking.

VAN DER GOES

So long.

KARINASE

Get that hand cleaned up.

EXT. STREAM BED - DAY

In a small valley, a stream flows; on the outskirts of the valley are the dirt walls of where a larger river once extended to.

Tom peers over the top of the trench into the surrounding woods.

TOM
 (SOTTO)
 Sir. Sir.

He motions for Van to come to him.

Van walks to him.

VAN DER GOES
 What is it?

Griet puts her finger to her mouth. She points over the wall of the trench.

Van slowly peaks his head up over the brim and sees a troop of maybe 15 BRITISH SOLDIERS setting up camp.

He quickly brings his head below the rim and sits with his back against the valley wall.

VAN DER GOES
 This is most distressing.

TOM
 Maybe we can descend the bluff a mile south and then pass them on the beach.

VAN DER GOES
 Yes, maybe--No, we can surprise them if we mount the ravine and catch them off guard. They will have no where to escape.

GRIET
 There are nearly twenty of them.

VAN DER GOES
 Nevertheless.

Van puffs out his chest and courageously jumps over the dirt wall.

GRIET
 Van!

Van walks to them enthusiastically. He reaches into this pocket.

VAN DER GOES
 Excuse me!

The soldiers immediately stand up and grab their weapons.

VAN DER GOES

Excuse me! Who is the commanding officer here?

He pulls out a DOCUMENT from his pocket with an orange seal.

The soldiers look on in amazement, stunned by his bravado.

Van reads from the document.

VAN DER GOES

"All land from the north fork of New Amsterdam to the southernly tip of Delaware...and all unclaimed lands west of there, are those of his great Prince of Orange, and any and all foreign military activity is strictly forbidden." And I believe this constitutes "military activity".

A stately looking BRITISH OFFICER motions for his men to put their guns down and walks over to Van.

BRITISH OFFICER

I'm sorry sir but your papers are no good here. This is the frontier. You must take what is yours, and this is ours.

He pulls out a document of his own and reads from it

BRITISH OFFICER

"All land north of Virginia belongs to the Queen, by the rightful landing and voyage of Mr. Henry Hudson in 1615, as well as all unclaimed land west and south of that point." So it seems there is a double claim on this land my friend.

VAN DER GOES

It seems so. This must be arbitrated and I am confident that the claim of Holland is much stronger than that of the British. What are you doing so far south anyway?

BRITISH OFFICER

We are on our way back to New England, after a voyage to see our new neighbors.

He points through the trees to the edge of the bluff.

Van walks over to the edge of the bluff and sees four large ships anchored in the bay, all flying the Blue and Yellow Swedish flags, and a large fort at the waters edge.

BRITISH OFFICER

It seems your young Holland is caught between the two.

He walks back to his camp.

Griet has made her way to Van's side.

GRIET

Van, we should go.

VAN DER GOES

Rest assured that The Hague will be made aware of this, and I expect you will be hearing from an arbiter shortly on this matter!

Griet pulls his hand and manages to get Van to turn to leave.

EXT. CLEARING IN FORREST - NIGHT

The group of Company Men walk into the clearing. He speaks into the dark woods.

BULLHEAD

Hello.

Karinase walks out of the woods.

Bullhead reaches into his coat pulls out a purse and holds it out in front of him.

BULLHEAD

Here. The first half. We need more this time. Try not to destroy too many of them.

KARINASE

I'm sorry but we must refuse this offering. We have made agreements with Mr. Van Der Goes.

BULLHEAD

Why come all the way out here?

KARINASE

We wanted to remain on good terms
with you in case of future
business relations.

BULLHEAD

Fuck your terms. We have no more
relation.

KARINASE

Very well.

Karinase and his men recede back into the forrest.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF NEW AMSTERDAM - DAY

Van on horseback, trailed by Griet and Tom, rides into town
with his head held high, sporting a triumphant grin.

The few people who are out on the streets pay him no mind.

Van reaches Griet's Tavern and dismounts his steed.

One of Griet's BARMAIDS come out the front door. She helps
Griet carry the sacks of barley.

VAN DER GOES

I have completed a treaty with the
savages. You no longer need to
live in fear.

GRIET

I'm not so sure it was her who was
living in fear.

Van ignores her and walks by with his triumphant grin.

BARMAIN

Oh Meneer, there was a letter for
you. It had a large seal on it.
It's on your desk.

VAN DER GOES

Congratulations from The Company I
expect.

EXT. GRIET'S TAVERN, BREW OPERATION - DAY

A modest brewing operation. A gated yard, with a vat of boiling water and many barrels and other brewing supplies around.

Griet comes out of the tavern. She dumps a bucket of grain into the vat.

Two company men walk down the alleyway. They notice her and approach.

BULLHEAD

Hey, let us get a taste of the fresh batch.

GRIET

Get out of here. Go around front and pay like the rest.

SHIFT

But we're thirsty now.

GRIET

I couldn't care less. Get out of here.

Bullhead goes to grab a barrel of beer. Griet pushes him off of it.

BULLHEAD

Grab her!

SHIFT

Come here lovey.

He grabs her by the hands and subdues her. Bringing her down to the ground behind the cauldron of water.

Bullhead gets the barrel of beer. He opens it and takes large swig.

BULLHEAD

Here.

He hands it off to Shift and he takes ahold of Griet.

BULLHEAD

You know what? I could really go for a taste of something else.

GRIET
Get off of me.

She fights tooth and nail.

INT. VAN 'S OFFICE - DAY

Van sits at his desk.

He hears a muffled YELLING from out his window and stops writing.

EXT. GRIET'S TAVERN, BREW OPERATION - DAY

BULLHEAD
This is for the good of the
company now lovey.

He puts his hand over Griet's mouth and stifles her screams.

INT. VAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Van sits at his desk listening intently. The screaming stops. He considers for a moment and then goes back to writing.

EXT. GRIET'S TAVERN, BREW OPERATION - DAY

Bullhead begins to rip off Griet's clothes as she tries to fight him off by kicking and clawing. She stomps on his toes and he...

BULLHEAD
Oooooo!

But he is able to wrestle his grip back onto her.

The other man drinks greedily from the barrel, lifting it up over his head.

Bullhead finally subdues Griet and has her in a very compromised position, about to complete his desires.

Just then, a SHARP POINT appears right behind his head.

VAN DER GOES

I think you should unhand her,
meneer.

They both stop and look at Van holding the sharpened mixing stick (looks very much like a spear).

Bullhead backs away slowly from Griet.

BULLHEAD

Alright, easy.

Bullhead, gains some confidence.

BULLHEAD

And what are you going to do with
that?

VAN DER GOES

Back away or you shall see.

Both of the Company men now approach them. They are no longer frightened.

VAN DER GOES

I think you should back away.

BULLHEAD

I think were going to take what we
came for.

They approach much closer. Van tenses. The company man is behind them now.

Just then. A LARGE RIFLE comes into view, pointed directly at Bullhead.

TOM

I think that's it guys. Get out of
here.

They take this one seriously. Van and Tom have their weapons pointed at them. The company men put their hands up and back away. Then...

Griet punches Bullhead in the face and breaks his nose.

BULLHEAD

Oh, you little bitch!

Blood streams down his face.

GRIET

Get the fuck out of here.

She pushes Shift and he drops the barrel splattering beer all over his face.

They both leave embarrassed and ashamed. They look back at Van with anger, blood and beer run down their faces respectively.

INT. VAN'S LODGING - DAY

Van is asleep in bed. There is a loud GALLOPING outside that awakes him followed by muffled screams of distress.

He jumps out of bed and begins to dress.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Van exits his lodging and walks down the street. There is a fire in the distance and many villagers rush over with water buckets.

A woman is screaming for help to put out the fire.

Van begins to help put out the fire with a canvas bag. When the fire seems like it is subsiding.

A TANNER, 40s runs up to Van.

TANNER

They took everything meneer.
Cleaned out my store house.

Van walks into the burnt building and he pulls out an ARROW stuck in the door frame.

EXT. EAGLE'S NEST - DAY

Van storms into the village.

VAN DER GOES

Excuse me!

Karinase comes out of the main longhouse to greet him.

KARINASE

Mr. Van De Goes. I wasn't
expecting you so soon.

VAN DER GOES

What is this?

(MORE)

VAN DER GOES (CONT'D)
Were the bylines of our agreement
not clear?

He holds up the arrow.

KARINASE
I'm not sure what you mean?

VAN DER GOES
There was another raid in the
middle of the night. Many bundles
of pelts stolen.

KARINASE
It was not us.

VAN DER GOES
Who else?

KARINASE
Maybe you should look at your own
people.

Van stands and thinks for a moment.

INT. COMPANY HEAD QUARTERS - DAY

The men sit around playing cards. Bullhead sits at a table
drinking.

Van barges in.

BULLHEAD
Meneer Van Der Goes

VAN DER GOES
This is shameful.

BULLHEAD
What's that?

VAN DER GOES
Extorting your own people.

BULLHEAD
I'm not sure I know what you mean.

VAN DER GOES
So you paid off the Mohawks and
then what?

(MORE)

VAN DER GOES (CONT'D)

Sold what they stole back to the villagers at a premium?

BULLHEAD

I don't know about all that. All I know is that we have all the pelts and your people have nothing and since you ruined my business deal we are out money. So now let me tell you what's going to happen. There is going to be a tax on every bundle brought down from Fort Orange and your people will pay that not to the company but directly to us. And if we don't get the money, nobody gets the pelts. Alright?

VAN DER GOES

This will never work. I'm going right to Sterck with this.

BULLHEAD

Good luck.

Van storms out.

INT. STERCK'S ESTATE, GRAPE FIELDS - DAY

Sterck and Van walk through the newly planted rows of grapes.

VAN DER GOES

Director. They are stealing from you.

STERCK

What the men do is none of my concern. As long as our quotas are filled monthly, let them do as they please.

VAN DER GOES

But Director. There must be order here.

STERCK

Enough.

He walks off and delicately looks at a sprouting vine.

INT. VAN'S LODGING - DAY

Van sits at a desk with the letter in front of him.

We see over his shoulder as he begins to read.

VAN DER GOES (V.O)

Dear Mr Van Der Goes. We would like to inform you that we are appointing a new Administrative Director of the province. Director Stuyvesant will arrive shortly after upon you receiving this letter, and all authority in the region will be deferred to him. We expect you, as well as Mr. Sterck, who will remain on as director of trade, will facilitate him in any manner he requires. Best regards, we know you will do what's best for the company. The 19 directors. Mr. Regal, Mr. Reinstart--

Camera goes down to the bottom half of the letter and there are innumerable large and overlapping signatures.

VAN DER GOES (V.O)

(Speed reading)

Mr. Jordan, Mr. Frans,
Mr.msjjndnd, jdjdjddjndndjkd.

At the bottom of the page Van takes a breath. He turns the document over to reveal: one more signature.

EXT. PORT OF NEW AMSTERDAM - DAY

Not much of a port really. Just a few ramps and boathouses around.

Van stands on the dock, a few dock hands stand with him, including Tom. They all look out into the bay at a LARGE CARGO SHIP approaching the dock.

EXT. PORT OF NEW AMSTERDAM - DAY

The large cargo ship has reached the dock, and is being unloaded by deck hands.

TOM
What's with this big production?

VAN DER GOES
This is Pieter Stuyvesant.

No reaction.

VAN DER GOES
The Pieter Stuyvesant.

Still nothing.

VAN DER GOES
He is probably the single greatest administrator in the history of Holland. He pretty much created all the Western trade hubs in the Caribbean.

TOM
Oh, great.

VAN DER GOES
Just hold up that rifle...Get ready men.

Down the ship's ramp walks a MAN, 40s, with a cane, a very pronounced limp, and a tall, beaver skin hat.

VAN DER GOES
Now!

Van's men lift their rifles and let off a few rounds into the air.

Van walks speedily over to the bottom of the ramp to meet the man.

VAN DER GOES
Director Stuyvesant. So pleased to meet you.

He reaches out his hand to greet him.

VAN DER GOES
I am Pieter Van Der Goes. The man of law for New Amsterdam. How was your journey down river?

Stuyvesant shakes his hand.

STUYVESANT
It was fine. This is an uncommonly opulent land.

VAN DER GOES
Yes it is, isn't it.

STUYVESANT
Let us now make it a prosperous
one as well.

And he walks off down the dock.

Van quickly shuffles after him.

A few yards down the dock, Van catches up to Stuyvesant. Right when they are side by side Stuyvesant's clunky, prosthetic leg gets caught on a raised board on the dock and he stumbles forward. He catches himself with his cane.

Van goes to help him stand up straight, and Stuyvesant waves him off.

STUYVESANT
That won't be necessary.

VAN DER GOES
Right.

And with some effort and rearranging of the leg, he is able to stand up and continue walking.

They continue walking down the dock to shore.

STUYVESANT
So where is Director Sterck?

VAN DER GOES
I would imagine at his estate.

STUYVESANT
Then let us go there then. We have
many matters to discuss.

VAN DER GOES
Yes meneer.

Van snaps his fingers and the dock hands grab Stuyvesant's belongings and carry them off the dock.

INT. STERCK'S ESTATE, RECEPTION ROOM - DAY

Van and Stuyvesant wait outside the set of double doors to Sterck's office.

They look at each other and Van nods in a polite, yet anxious manner as if they have been waiting for quite some time.

The double doors swing open.

STERCK
Gentlemen! Please, Come in.

A servant escorts Van and Stuyvesant into the office. On the back wall behind the desk Sterck has hung a large, regal portrait of himself.

VAN DER GOES
Mr. Sterck. This is Mr.
Stuyvesant.

STERCK
Gentlemen please come take a look
at these.

They approach his desk. On the desk is an extremely expensive looking jewelry box.

Sterck opens it slowly. Inside there are three small oblong flower bulbs.

STUYVESANT
Yes?

STERCK
(proudly)
Tulips. Tulips my friends.

Sterck takes a large swig of red wine.

STERCK
I just got them in from Amsterdam.
These are the finest in all of the
lowlands. 5000 guilders each.

STUYVESANT
I don't understand.

STERCK
These are gold my friends. We are
going to develop a tulip
plantation here in New Amsterdam.
It will make us millions.

VAN DER GOES
Mr. Sterck we have matters to
discuss with you if you please.

STERCK
They can wait. Forget about wine,
forget about fur. There are the
new Cavaliers. The new Bourdoexs.

He holds up the bulbs excitingly.

STUYVESANT

Mr. Sterck I know these flowers quite well, and know that they have been attempted to be sown in the new world with no success. The climate is not suited for them.

STERCK

I have a savage farmer that swears he can do it. He can make anything grow.

He takes another huge swig and runs over to Stuyvesant and puts his arm around him.

STERCK

Think of it. Me focusing on production and the two of you managing the riff raff and administrative details in the colony. We could create a true "New" Amsterdam.

VAN DER GOES

Mr. Sterck, please.

STERCK

Alright, just a moment.

He pours himself another glass and offers one to Stuy and Van. Stuyvesant refuses, but Van takes one out of decorum.

STUYVESANT

We must discuss your new position here.

STERCK

New position? It was perfectly understood that I would retain my position of Director. That we would be working together.

STUYVESANT

I'm afraid that is not the case any longer.

STERCK

I think you have made some mistake. This is my rightful land. For my father came on the first voyage from Holland and we have tilled it ever since.

STUYVESANT

Through your mismanagement and debts this is no longer your land. It is the company's property. You can stay on it and till it as you see fit. You will be kept on as an administrative liaison.

Sterck smashes his wine glass on the floor.

STERCK

This is is my land!

STUYVESANT

I'm afraid not anymore. Mr. Van Der Goes will fill you in on the details. Good day gentlemen.

He turns and hobbles out of the large double doors.

Sterck stands fuming mad.

INT. TRANSLATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The Translator sits at his desk writing into a ledger. The clock on the desk strikes 12 and he immediately closes the ledger and moves it to the side.

He opens a bundle of salted meat and potatoes wrapped in parchment and begins to eat.

He stops for a moment and then reaches into a draw in his desk and pulls out a wooden jewelry box. He opens it, and inside there are numerous dead BUTTERFLIES piled on top of one another. He very carefully pulls one out and places it on his desk.

He takes a scalpel and small retractor and begins to dissect the insect's torso, looking for something. He stops after a few moments to take a bite of meat and a sip of beer, and then resumes the search. Then...

He finds something! He puts the scalpel down and with a pair of tweezers pulls something out. Just as he does there is GLINT of light. After the light subsides, there is a small TRANSLUCENT STRINGLIKE SUBSTANCE clasped in the tweezers: it glows bright and ripples.

He takes the translucent string and places it in a small glass vial. He opens another wooden box and places the glowing vial in a row, next to numerous other vials glowing in exactly the same way.

He carefully puts the box in a draw and opens up the ledger and begins to write again.

EXT. NEW AMSTERDAM, MAIN ST. - DAY

Stuyvesant and Van walk down the street. The place is a bit of a pigsty. Drunks left over from the night before sit on the sidewalk.

Griet is at her window and waves at Van. Van smiles, bashfully.

STUYVESANT

This town has potential, but there are many issues. It is a product of manifest wickedness.

VAN DER GOES

How do you mean sir?

STUYVESANT

The common folk have been allowed to run free under the previous Director and they have fallen into their natural tendencies of depravity.

VAN DER GOES

I see.

STUYVESANT

Normally I would not care. I would let them destroy themselves. However, we need this town to function if we want the industry to grow here. You. You Mr. Van Der Goes will be in charge of making this depraved village of fools resemble something that the Company would be proud of.

VAN DER GOES

I feel that we need to get the company men in line before we do establish any sort of stability for the villagers.

STUYVESANT

The men are easy. They only want one thing. I'll take care of them, you just focus on the villagers.

EXT. COMPANY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Stuyvesant sits behind a table with a couple of company men at his side. One of them takes coins out of a COIN CHEST and fills purses with them.

Stuyvesant hands out the purses to the line of company men waiting for their share.

STUYVESANT

Take this, men. You have done well, and The Company rewards you for that.

Bullhead is next in line and his eyes grow large when he sees how much he is getting.

STUYVESANT

Stay with us and you will be rich men by the time you return to Amsterdam.

INT. VAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Van sits at his desk looking down at a blank piece of paper. He writes: The Regulations of New Amsterdam. Article 1.

VAN DER GOES (V.O.)

The boundaries of the municipality of New Amsterdam. The boundaries extend...

EXT. SOUTHERN TIP OF MANAHATTA - DAY

Van stands with surveyor equipment lining out boundaries.

VAN DER GOES (V.O.)

From the the southern most tip of Manahatta to the norther of Meneer Yonkers estate.

INT. GRIET'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Van sits at a table playing MARBLES against a bearded man. A few other tables around them play as well. Van mishits one of the marbles and it rolls off the table onto the floor. Van bends down to pick it up.

At a table next to them a man in the beaver cap SCREAMS and then pulls out a pistol from his coat and fires it directly into his opponents face. The bullet hits the opponent in the ear leaving only a mangled bit of flesh hanging off the side of his head. The opponent screams in anger and pain, and pulls out a rifle from his bag and fires, missing the man, but shattering the glass behind the bar.

VAN DER GOES (V.O)

Article 2. All men must relieve themselves of firearms before entering a public space.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

An INTOXICATED MAN, 30s, stumbles out of Griet's tavern and out into the street. He trips over a raised floorboard and falls to the ground. He struggles to his feet just as a CHICKEN, minding its own business, walks by. The man winds up and kicks the chicken with great force, sending it flying into the air. The chicken squawks loudly as it bounces off of the ground, but lands back on it's feet to live to bop around for another day.

Van stands on the other side of the street watching this man in horror.

The Intoxicated Man opens his fly and begins to urinate right in the middle of the street.

VAN DER GOES (V.O)

Article 3. Public drunkenness...

Van looks to the left of the man urinating and there is a COUPLE engaging in drunken sex in the alley next to the tavern.

SCRATCHING of pen on paper.

VAN DER GOES (V.O)
General public lewdness shall be
prosecuted to the fullest extent
of the law, up to and including
imprisonment.

INT. VAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Van sits by candle light. The document he works on reads
"Article 237".

He sighs, as if a little sad to be finished and then takes the
stack of papers to the left and places them on top of the last
document.

He stamps the top page with a very official looking Company
stamp.

He sighs, fulfilled.

INT. GRIET'S TAVERN - NIGHT

Van drinks a beer at the bar, looking very pleased with
himself.

He finishes it.

VAN DER GOES
Ms. Griet. Another one please.

He throws some money down on the bar.

She brings it over with a touch of derision.

Van takes the drink, raises it, and turns to a BAR PATRON,
surly, 40s, sitting a few seats down.

VAN DER GOES
To the *new* New Amsterdam.

The bar patron looks over at Van for a very brief moment, and
then turns back to the bar without a hint of recognition for
what Van has said.

Van is all smiles, and lifts the drink to his mouth and takes
a large swig.

Griet comes back over.

GRIET

What are you all up in the trees about?

VAN DER GOES

Today is a historic day. I have finished the first piece of legislation for our New Amsterdam.

GRIET

What sort of legislation?

VAN DER GOES

Well, you see legislation is a sort of written law...

GRIET

I know what legislation is. What is the legislation?

VAN DER GOES

It is a comprehensive civil and criminal procedural law for the entire community.

GRIET

Is that right. Don't you think since it involves the citizenry, you know maybe the citizenry should have been involved?

VAN DER GOES

The common people cant, and do not want to be bothered with the intricacies of the law...

Van sees Tom at the end bar. Tom stands in front of his chair stretching his hands up to the ceiling. He takes out a flintlock pistol and places on the bar and takes a seat.

VAN DER GOES

That man has a firearm over there!

GRIET

And?

VAN DER GOES

Article 16. No firearms are permitted in a public establishment.

Van gets up quickly and strides over to Tom.

VAN DER GOES

Excuse me.

He turns to Van, lazily.

TOM

Yes?

VAN DER GOES

What are you doing with that
firearm in here?

TOM

It's my gun. You know why I have
it.

VAN DER GOES

I'm afraid I'm going to have to
confiscate it. There are no
firearms permitted in here.

TOM

Since when?

VAN DER GOES

Earlier this morning.

TOM

Well, you're not taking it.

TOM

Then I'm going to be forced to
arrest you.

Griet comes over.

GRIET

Van how do you expect people to
follow the rules if they don't
even know what the rules are?

VAN DER GOES

Article 2: All persons residing
within the boundaries outlined in
Article 1 are subject to and are
expected to know all laws
pertaining to that area.

GRIET

That is absurd.

VAN DER GOES

Come along sir.

TOM

How about you give me a break this time?

GRIET

Yes, let him go now, and now he knows for next time.

VAN DER GOES

It's time to go.

Van put his hand on Tom's shoulder.

TOM

Get your hands off me.

He rips Van's hand away and pushes him to the ground.

Van looks up in shock.

He slowly gets to his feet and dusts himself off.

VAN DER GOES

This is the law! It is written, and it is meant to be followed!

Van leaves the bar, fuming mad. Griet looks on with sympathy.

INT. STUYVESANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Van sits across from Stuyvesant at his desk.

STUYVESANT

So, How is the law and order coming?

VAN DER GOES

Things are happening. I completed the articles.

STUYVESANT

Good good.

VAN DER GOES

There is an issue with administration of the laws though. These people just do not seem to understand the sanctity of the law.

STUYVESANT

Of course not. They are ship scum.

VAN DER GOES

I have laid out all of the laws in a logical and sound manner, all boundaries have been drawn in a precise and meticulous way, and they still don't follow the rules. I was thinking of setting up a forum to explain the laws to the citizenry.

STUYVESANT

Let me tell you something. Lines drawn on a map, words, logic, these are imaginary. If an imaginary line were sufficient for control than long ago the geometricians would rule the world and the astronomers the sky. Control is only possible through force. You don't explain laws to ship scum, you force it down there throats until they swallow it or choke on it.

VAN DER GOES

I suppose some encouragement might help.

Stuyvesant picks up his pen and begins writing in a ledger. Van sits across from him awkwardly, not ready to leave.

STUYVESANT

Is there anything else Mr. Van der Goes?

VAN DER GOES

Oh, no.

Stuyvesant nods.

Van gets up quickly.

EXT. MAIN STREET NEW AMSTERDAM - DAY

Van walks down the street. He passes the tannery and the blacksmith. He walks up to Griet's tavern and through the window we see: Tom showing the mechanisms of his PISTOL to a HEAVYSET BAR PATRON.

Van begins to fume.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Van walks by very briskly.

He gets to the building that serves as The Company headquarters in New Amsterdam.

INT. COMPANY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The door bursts open and Van comes through. A group of company men sit around playing cards. They all look up as Van comes in.

VAN DER GOES

Men. Come with me please.

They look at each other and then get up and grab their belongings.

INT. GRIET'S TAVERN - DAY

Tom stands at the bar, showing the Bar Patron how to load a bullet into the chamber of the pistol.

TOM

You see how this falls open here
and...

The door to the tavern bursts open. Tom looks over. It's Van.

TOM

Come on.

VAN DER GOES

Article 16. No firearms in public
establishments.

TOM

Get out of here man. What the fuck
are you going to do?

VAN DER GOES

Boys.

The company men dart in behind him. They take the struggling Tom to the ground and relieve him of his firearm. They drag him out of the bar. Van smiles, proudly.

Griet, behind the bar, looks on with disgust.

INT. COMPANY HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Van sits at a desk, writing into a large ledger. There is a small makeshift cell on the other side of the room; it's only prisoner is Tom, who lays down, picking at his fingernails.

The sounds of drinking and card playing can be heard through the open door.

One of the Company men comes in through the doorway.

COMPANY MAN

Meneer, we are going to head out.

TOM

Get me a couple beers will you.

Van looks up from his work. He looks quickly at the prisoner and then back to the company man.

VAN DER GOES

Ok, that's fine. Good work today.

The company man nods his head and exits.

INT. FUR PROCESSING WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A group of company men, including Shift, work at various stations of the process. One man pours a solution onto the beaver skins, and then the next man sears the fur off. Another man burns the excess carcass in a blazing furnace. They all sweat. It is very difficult work.

EXT. FUR PROCESSING WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

All the men exit the warehouse, while another group of men passes by them to start their shift. Bullhead walks off.

EXT. COMPANY MEN LODGING - NIGHT

Shift approaches a very small and rundown wooden shack.

INT. COMPANY MEN LODGING -NIGHT

Shift cooks a one pot meal over a fire. There are many other company men in the cramped shack. Some sit on bunk beds, others sit on buckets and play cards.

Shift brings the pot over to the other men and they all go in for their share. They sit back and eat in silence. All exhausted.

The door bursts open and Bullhead comes through.

BULLHEAD

Lets go men! Director Sterck has a little job for us.

The company men begin to get up reluctantly.

BULLHEAD

Lets go! We haven't got all night!

INT - V.I.C NEW AMSTERDAM - LATER

Van continues scribbling on his pad.

Tom stirs in his cell.

TOM

Meneer, please could I have some water? I'm so thirsty.

Van groans, but gets up and brings him a cup of water.

TOM

Thank you.

Van goes back to sit at his desk.

TOM

Meneer, where are you from?

VAN DER GOES

Please don't bother me...If you must know, I'm from Amsterdam.

TOM

Oh Amsterdam. You must have been well off. I'm from a little town in the lowlands called Utrecht.

VAN DER GOES

Utrecht? I thought you were English.

TOM

I was ten before the English merchant met my widowed mother in the hayfields of Utrecht. He took us to England and I adopted his name. So English or Dutch, who can say? I do miss the fields though.

VAN DER GOES

Is that right?

TOM

Yes, a few more years here and I'll have saved enough to go back there.

Another noise at the door. A YOUNG LABORER, 13, dirty, comes to the door.

YOUNG LABORER

Meneer.

VAN DER GOES

Yes.

YOUNG LABORER

I've come from Director Sterck's estate. A stable was broken into and horses were stolen.

VAN DER GOES

I will look into it in the morning.

YOUNG LABORER

They say it was a couple of Mohawk boys.

VAN DER GOES

I will have to have a sit down with them.

YOUNG MAN

Director Sterck is heading to the village with fifty men.

VAN DER GOES

My lord.

Van begins to gather his things.

EXT. DARK WOODS - NIGHT

Aerial view: a four wide queue of torches snakes through the forrest.

We come down through the line and follow it to the front, where Sterck leads it, wielding a torch and riding a great white horse.

Sterck looks back at his army and then heads onward.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MOHAWK VILLAGE - NIGHT

Two Mohawk boys sit behind a rock. They peer over and see Sterck and his retinue of fifty men coming up the incline.

They quickly get up and run back to the village.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO MOHAWK VILLAGE - NIGHT

The two mohawk boys, Ostenaco, and a few other men stand outside the fortified entrance to village. The gate is open.

Sterck rides up with his men following him. He stops directly in front of the Mohawks.

STERCK

Natives of this village. I am looking for two boys who crossed boundaries and robbed my estate.

The crowd behind them begins to grow with women, children, and elderly people who come to witness the commotion.

OSTENACO

Most of our men are out on a trapping tour. Perhaps we can wait for them to return and then we can have a council meeting to determine if the boys are in fact guilty of what you say. If they are, we will gladly hand them over to you to be tried for their infractions.

Sterck moves closer. He is now directly in front of one of the Mohawk boys.

STERCK

We have no time for that. I am a reasonable man. Just give up the boys, so they can be brought to justice, and no harm will befall any of you or your village.

The young Mohawk boy SPITS directly at Sterck. Sterck, along with his horse, recoils to avoid it.

STERCK

Savages!

Sterck charges the crowd. He smashes an elderly Mohawk man in the face with the butt of his gun.

The fifty seething Company Men behind him follow his cue and begin to wreak havoc in the village.

They are easily able to overcome the few Mohawks that put up a fight.

A group of Sterck's men stream in and grab a young woman. They rip her clothes off; three men envelope her and drag her to the ground.

Another group of men pillage a dwelling. Throwing the inhabitants out onto the dirt and grabbing everything they can.

Finally, the fires begin to start. Many of the dwelling's thatched roofs go up in flames.

Sterck stands in the middle of the village, watching it burn to the ground.

A Young Mohawk Boy, escaping the mayhem, runs in front of Sterck.

Just before he passes him, Sterck grabs him by his arm and violently pulls him toward his chest. He passes him off to one of his men.

They watch the village smolder.

EXT. MOHAWK VILLAGE - NIGHT

Van arrives--too late. He walks around and surveys the wreckage. The village is nearly entirely burnt to the ground.

He walks to the center of the village where the two mohawk boys are tied together, sitting upright back to back.

Van kneels down and sees that they have been badly beaten and shot by a single bullet through the chest.

INT. STUYVESANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Stuyvesant sits at his desk. Van stands at his side like a loyal bodyguard. They both look at the door.

Sterck walks in.

STERCK

Director Stuyvesant. Although you have debased me and stripped me of my title and my lands, I still have many promising endeavors to tend to. So I must insist that you make this quick.

VAN DER GOES

Sit please.

STERCK

In fact there is something I need to speak to you about. The sowing of my tulip plantation has shown great promise.

VAN DER GOES

That is fine, but not why we have brought you here today.

STERCK

Oh very well. Have you any wine?

Stuyvesant motions to a bar cabinet. Sterck gets up and heads over and begins fixing himself a drink.

STERCK

You see, the bulbs have been sown and they are showing some growth. But I am short on hands. I was wondering if you would be interested, considering how promising the venture is, in investing some capital to procure some more laborers to till the fields.

Stuyvesant silently stewes with every word Sterck utters.

VAN DER GOES

For another day.

(MORE)

VAN DER GOES (CONT'D)

We are here to talk to you about the Mohawk village.

Sterck, drink in hand, finds his way back to his seat.

STERCK

Oh that. That was a regrettable business indeed. But, the savages had to pay for their transgressions.

VAN DER GOES

I was informed this morning that the horses were found hidden in the tanner's stable. So it looks like you made the wrong savages pay.

Stuyvesant gets up out of his chair. He quickly gets to Sterck and grabs him by his shirt and pulls him to his feet.

STERCK

Excuse me...

Stuyvesant slaps Sterck across his face extremely hard. Wine spills over his face and he falls to the ground.

STUYVESANT

That village was in direct agreements with The Company. They were partners.

STERCK

They needed to be taught a lesson.

STUYVESANT

And not only did you breach a company contract, but you decided to slaughter children and women, and did not eradicate the fighting force, which means there will be retaliation!

STERCK

The situation was slightly nuanced you see.

Stuyvesant grabs Sterck and begins beating him viciously with cane shots to his back and kicks to his torso.

Sterck WAILS.

Van looks on in shock.

Stuyvesant finally stops. Sterck is on his hands and knees, bleeding and completely disheveled and debased.

STERCK

I will recoup all the profits that may have been relinquished. On my honor.

STUYVESANT

You have no honor to speak of. You will not make another transaction or set foot on this island again. There's a ship waiting for you in the harbor to take you back to Amsterdam.

Stuyvesant begins beating him again. Sterck wails uncontrollably.

Van runs over to separate them.

VAN DER GOES

Director, I think that's enough.

Stuyvesant pushes Van off.

STUYVESANT

(to Van)

Get off of me. There will be no more transgressions! If you can't establish order here, then I will.

Stuyvesant winds up and kicks the whimpering Sterck with one last blow to the head.

Two company men come through the door and drag out his limp body.

Stuyvesant wipes his hands and goes back to sit at his desk.

Van looks on in shock.

INT. VAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Van sits at his desk working on his legislation. Across the room Tom still sits in the cell.

There is a commotion growing outside on the street.

Van perks up and looks at the clock.

He gets up and walks toward the door.

EXT. MAIN ST. - NIGHT

Van walks down the road.

There is a small group of men drinking and playing dice. They are shouting and generally making a lot of noise.

Van walks over to them.

VAN DER GOES
Gentlemen. It is past curfew.

Just then, we hear GALLOPING HORSES coming down the road.

There is a mass of company men on horse back. Maybe thirty men. Stuyvesant is at the helm.

They come in fast, and viciously grab all the men playing dice and round up all the men off the streets. It is methodical and efficient, but aggressive.

EXT. MAIN ST. - DAY

Van walks down the street. There are numerous company men standing as sentries and others patrolling the streets. The streets are quiet.

INT. GRIET'S TAVERN - DAY

Van walks in the door.

The bar is completely empty besides Griet. Van goes and sits at the bar. Griet comes over to him with a beer.

GRIET
Is this what you wanted?

VAN DER GOES
I actually prefer lighter beer,
but this will do fine.

GRIET
This!

Griet reaches over the bar and grabs his face between her hands. She shifts his POV to around the room: nothing but empty chairs.

GRIET

People are terrified. Nobody wants to leave their homes at night. I haven't made a cent in a week.

VAN DER GOES

I see. While Director Stuyvesant's initiatives are a little aggressive, they do seem to be cleaning up the town.

GRIET

Here.

Griet puts down a coin purse on the bar.

VAN DER GOES

What's this?

GRIET

For Tom's bail.

VAN DER GOES

Why would you waste your money on getting him out? I know he's a good customer, but I'm sure others will come around.

GRIET

It's not about that. You can't just throw everybody in jail.

VAN DER GOES

There must be order.

GRIET

This is not order. This is captivity.

EXT. DOWNTOWN NEW AMSTERDAM - DAY

Van walks on the road. Down the road he hears noises and walks toward them.

On a small stage a group of villagers are putting on a rendition of King Lear. A few people stand around watching, a couple of them are company men.

One of the actors holds up a sword. The Company man notices it.

Van watches with intrigue then a BLUEISH GLINT distracts him. When the glint abates a butterfly is in its place.

It flies around and Van chases it with vigor. It goes down a side street and he tracks it...

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Van runs after the insect.

He eventually dives on the ground to try and catch it. He clasps his hands together on the ground. He opens them slowly and inside is the butterfly.

He looks to his left through a small basement window. In the cellar there is a meeting in progress. A group of men stand around a table. Tom addresses the crowd. On the table in front of him are an array of firearms. Suddenly Tom looks directly at Van through the crack in the window.

Van gets scared and looks away.

The cellar door burst open and Tom and a few other men grab Van and throw a bag over his head and drag him into the cellar.

INT. COMPANY HEAD QUARTERS - DAY

Stuyvesant pushes a cabinet across the floor to reveal a trapdoor in the floor.

He lifts the trap door and places the coin chest in the small, square cavity.

There is KNOCK on his door.

COMPANY MAN
Director Stuyvesant.

STUYVESANT
Yes?

COMPANY MAN
May I eneter.

STUYVESANT
One moment.

He closes the trapdoor and slides the cabinet back over it and then opens the door to his office.

The company man enters.

COMPANY MAN
Director.

STUYVESANT
What is it?

COMPANY MAN
Well it's the villagers meneer.
They are doing something...

STUYVESANT
Something what? If it antithetical
to our laws. Stop it.

COMPANY MAN
That's the thing sir, I'm not
exactly sure it is against any
laws.

STUYVESANT
Well what is it? Out with it
already.

COMPANY MAN
They are putting on play.

STUYVESANT
A play? Which one?

COMPANY MAN
I'm not sure. But I believe it's
Shakespearean.

STUYVESANT
English...

COMPANY MAN
And a few of them are carrying
weapons.

STUYVESANT
Shut it down.

COMPANY MAN
Yes director.

STUYVESANT
With force.

The company man exits.

EXT. COMPANY HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A mass of company men armed to the teeth file out and march down the street.

INT. CELLAR - DAY

Van sits in a chair with the bag over his head.
A number of men stand around him.

VAN DER GOES

Excuse me. This is most irregular.
Will someone unsheathe me?

Tom begins the intricate process of loading a 17th century pistol.

VAN DER GOES

You are in violation of numerous
laws here. Weapons possession.
Clandestine assembly. Congregating
with known criminals. Unblind me!

TOM

Your authority does not extend to
here Mr. Van Der Goes.

He finishes loading the weapon and pulls the hammer back.

VAN DER GOES

It most certainly does. Unblind
me!

Tom begins to raise the pistol. Out from the shadows Griet comes, and calmly puts her hand on Tom's, and he lowers the gun, slowly.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The mass of Company Men march down the street. Past where Van and Griet are.

INT. CELLAR - DAY

They all hear the MARCHING outside.

Griet puts her finger to her lips and silences everyone.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Company Man who alerted Stuyvesant, notices something by the cellar. He walks over to it suspiciously.

Another Company man comes up behind him.

COMPANY MAN

Come on. The director didn't command us to inspect the foundations.

They both turn and rejoin the march.

INT. CELLAR - DAY

They listen as the marching subsides down the road.

Griet rips the bag off of Van's head.

Van adjusts his eyes to the candle light.

VAN DER GOES

Finally, you listen to reason...Ms. Griet, what are you doing here?

GRIET

Van, will you please stop speaking.

VAN DER GOES

I will not. This is most irregular. Why are you congregating with these men? Engaging in criminality and conspiring to...

He looks around.

VAN DER GOES

What are you conspiring to?

GRIET

Many of us are discontented with the way in which Director Stuyvesant has been implementing his new authoritative regime.

VAN DER GOES

While I agree that Mr. Stuyvesant's methods are a bit coarse, they do seem to be effective.

GRIET

Effective? Nobody can leave their home without fear of arrest. Business is suffering. There is nothing positive about his methods.

VAN DER GOES

Armed resistance is not the best course of action. There are other ways. We can appeal to him through reason and proposed legislation.

GRIET

It's way to late for that.

VAN DER GOES

Griet. You really can't do this. He has an army of men. He will crush you.

Griet nods to the other men and they begin grabbing their weapons and gear.

GRIET

We'll see about that.

Griet puts the bag back over Van's head.

BLACK.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

The troop of insurgents, led by Griet, walks down the middle of the street. Many of them carry weapons: guns, axes, sticks, and torches.

EXT. MAIN ST. - NIGHT

Two company men on patrol, walk down the center of the street. From around the corner comes Griet, followed by her troop.

PATROLMAN 1

Christ.

Patrolman 1 fires a round at the troop. The round misses them. None of them flinch. They just pick up their pace.

They both turn and run. Patrolman 2 knocks into a poll holding up an awning. He falls to the ground

One of the insurgents sprints after Patrolman 1. He catches up to him and tackles him.

The troop swallows up Patrolman 2 and moves on down the street.

EXT. COMPANY HEADQUARTERS, COURTYARD - NIGHT

The troop turns the corner and heads through the open gates into the courtyard. A few company men stand guard outside the front door, but they are quickly overtaken by the insurgents.

INT. COMPANY HEADQUARTERS, STOREROOM - NIGHT

The insurgents ransack the office, opening cabinets and stealing whatever they can find, be it liquor, silverware, etc.

INT. COMPANY HEADQUARTERS, BALLROOM - NIGHT

A group of Company Men sit in a circle, bound and gagged. One of Griet's men stand watch over them.

Tom opens a door and heads in.

INT. COMPANY HEADQUARTERS, STUYVESANT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Griet has made the office her own. She sits behind Stuyvesant's desk looking at paperwork.

GRIET

Did you stuff your pockets enough?

TOM

They are quite filled. So what's the plan?

GRIET

Dispatch one of our men to deliver
our terms to Mr. Stuyvesant.

She seals an envelope and hands it to him.

INT. STUVESANT'S ESTATE, OFFICE - NIGHT

Stuyvesant sits at his desk. A company man comes in and
nervously delivers him a letter.

Stuyvesant opens it and reads. He looks forward and takes a
sip of whiskey.

INT. CELLAR - NIGHT

Van, still bound and hooded, wriggles around, desperately
trying to get his hands unbound. He gives up.

The hood is ripped off.

Stuyvesant stands in front of him with two company men at his
side.

VAN DER GOES

Director.

STUYVESANT

We have a development that
requires your services.

EXT. COMPANY HEADQUARTERS, COURTYARD - NIGHT

Stuyvesant enters the courtyard with a small army of company
men.

STUYVESANT

We are here to negotiate terms.

Griet stands at a second floor window, overlooking the
courtyard.

GRIET

Where is our man who brought the
terms?

STUYVESANT

He is fine and well at my estate.

(MORE)

STUYVESANT (CONT'D)

Allow me to enter so we can begin negotiations.

GRIET

I think that may be a bad idea.

Stuyvesant gestures to Van to step forward. Van steps forward from the crowd.

VAN DER GOES

Griet. We must end this now. This is most indecorous.

GRIET

You expect us to listen to your little sidekick?

VAN DER GOES

Please. Let me come up. We want the same things.

BEAT

One of the two double doors to the headquarters swings open.

Van looks at Stuyvesant and then walks toward the headquarters.

A Company Man comes up to Stuyvesant.

COMPANY MAN

Why not just bombard the building and pull them all out?

STUYVESANT

That building represents The Company. We must keep our institutions intact.

INT. COMPANY HEADQUARTERS, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Griet and Van walk side by side. Men scramble around to set up siege defensives: they reenforce windows, load weapons, and sandbag doors.

A man walks by, holding an "Anti-siege weapon."

GRIET

Mount that by the north window.

The man nods and continues on.

VAN DER GOES

We must speak about terms.
Director Stuyvesant is not a
patient man.

GRIET

We both know he's storming this
place whether we make terms or
not.

VAN DER GOES

There is a possibility that both
sides come out of this for the
better.

GRIET

And how is that?

VAN DER GOES

Lay down your arms and he will
agree to your terms.

GRIET

We want the curfew dropped,
freedom of movement, and freedom
to conduct business outside of The
Company.

VAN DER GOES

I don't know if he'll agree to all
that.

GRIET

Come here.

She pulls him into an office.

INT. COMPANY HEADQUARTERS, OFFICE - NIGHT

Griet and Van enter. She shuts the door behind them.

GRIET

Listen. Do you know why most of
these people came here? Why I came
here?

VAN DER GOES

To further the prince's domain.

GRIET

No.

(MORE)

GRIET (CONT'D)

They were all controlled in their homelands until they were squished into nothingness. We came here for freedom. To fend for ourselves. Now he is making this place exactly the same as the places we left.

VAN DER GOES

I understand. But I'm not sure Stuyvesant sees things quite the same way.

Griet grabs him by the collar and pulls him close to her face. She plants a huge kiss on his lips.

GRIET

Make it happen.

Van looks at her in shock.

VAN DER GOES

Griet, although I am flattered, this is a business negotiation and I am here in a professional capacity and sensual contact really has no place in that context. So I just have to let you know, as a courtesy, that I will not be taking that bit of sensuality into account while applying my judgement on this matter.

GRIET

Go make it happen.

VAN DER GOES

Right.

Van turns to leave.

EXT. COMPANY HEADQUARTERS, COURTYARD - NIGHT

Stuyvesant and Van stand at the helm of a large force of company men.

VAN DER GOES

They are willing to lay down their arms and vacate the building sir.

STUYVESANT

Terms?

VAN DER GOES

No curfew. Freedom of trade...

STUYVESANT

And?

VAN DER GOES

Immunity for all for this uprising.

BEAT

STUYVESANT

Done.

VAN DER GOES

Are you sure sir?

STUYVESANT

Tell them to come out. They have my word. No one will be harmed or jailed. We just want to end this peacefully.

Van turns and goes into the building.

INT. COMPANY HEADQUARTERS, HALLWAY - NIGHT

Van and Griet stand in the hallway.

VAN DER GOES

He has agreed to the terms.

GRIET

Alright.

EXT. COMPANY HEADQUARTERS, COURTYARD - NIGHT

Griet and her group of men exit the building, tentatively.

She walks up to where Stuyvesant and Van stand. They look at each other for a moment and then Stuyvesant steps to the side and the sea of company men behind him parts as well, leaving a path for Griet and her men.

Griet and her men walk through the parted crowd.

They get close to the end and then the opening closes in with other men. They are surrounded.

VAN DER GOES
Director!

The company men aggressively take Griet and her men into custody, who do not struggle.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

Griet and all of her men sit in jail with their hands tied.

INT. COMPANY HEADQUARTERS, STUVESANT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Stuyvesant walks into his office and looks at the mess Griet and her men left behind. He picks up a COMPANY DIRECTOR PLAQUE with his name on it from the floor, wipes it clean and then puts it back on the desk.

He walks over and moves the cabinet and opens the trapdoor underneath.

He looks inside.

He SLAMS the trap door shut aggressively, and storms out of the room.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

Griet and her men are locked up in the cell. Van sits nearby.

Stuyvesant, trailed by a few company men storms into the room and walks right up to Griet.

STUYVESANT
Where is it?

GRIET
I'm not sure what you're talking about.

Stuyvesant grabs her by the shirt and rips her toward the bars. All of Griet's men stand up to help her, but are dissuaded when the company men pull rifles on them.

VAN DER GOES
Director. Let her go!

STUYVESANT
Where is the chest?

GRIET
I can't remember.

STUYVESANT
Those are company minted coins.
They are of no use to you.

GRIET
It seems they are no use to you
either right now.

Stuyvesant tightens his grip and pulls her a little closer.

VAN DER GOES
Please, Director.

GRIET
Let me and all my men go and maybe
I could recall the location of the
chest.

STUYVESANT
It can't be far. I'm going to find
out where you animals hid it.

He lets go and then storms out. After a minute everyone else
puts down their arms.

EXT. COMPANY HEADQUARTERS, FRONT DOOR - DAY

Van approaches two guards at the doors. He tries to pass
through them, but they block his way.

VAN DER GOES
I must see the Director.

The men do not budge.

VAN DER GOES
Let me through.

GUARD
The Director is not seeing anyone
right now.

Van leaves, aggravated.

INT. JAIL - DAY

Griet stands at the bars of the cell, all of her men behind her. Van stands outside the cell right up against the bars.

VAN DER GOES

Griet, I swear I did not know that the Director was being duplicitous. I would never have condoned that.

TOM (O.S)

Don't listen to him Griet. He's in Stuyvesant's pocket.

VAN DER GOES

Just tell him where the coins are, and maybe we can get you and your men out of here?

GRIET

That gold is our only defense against him right now. If we tell him, we will be right back in here in a day.

VAN DER GOES

Maybe.

GRIET

You gave us your word. We trusted you.

VAN DER GOES

I will get you out of here.

GRIET

It doesn't matter whether we're in here or out there. He will see us the same way. We're property of the company.

VAN DER GOES

I'm going to fix this.

EXT. DUSTY STREET - NIGHT

The hard ground moves past us. We hear very loud RUMBLING and STOMPING. Wood panels of a BARREL roll forward, and a MAN'S BOOTS, walking, can be seen as the barrel is being rolled down a bumpy street.

The apparatus shifts at 90 degree angle and then continues, now with more pace.

EXT. MAIN ST. - DAY

Van walks across the dusty street rolling a barrel in front of him as he goes. He rolls it to the center of the street and then stops.

INT/EXT. JAIL - DAY

Griet, with the rest of the imprisoned men bunched in behind her, jostling for space, watch from a small barred window.

GRIET

What is he doing?

EXT. MAIN ST. - DAY

Van lifts the barrel upright. He awkwardly fumbles himself onto the barrel, he loses his balance for a moment, and when he steadies himself--

VAN DER GOES

(projecting throughout)

People of New Amsterdam.

There are only a few people on the street, one sweeping a store front, one wheeling a wagon filled with pelts and some more company men milling about. They look up at Van, but do not budge.

VAN DER GOES

Please, gather around.

Some of them slowly move closer to him.

VAN DER GOES

I am here on behalf of all of the inhabitants of this new territory. I represent all of you, pro bono of course, in our declaration of provincial recognition. We are henceforth proposing that the territory of New Amsterdam be given official provincial recognition by Amsterdam so that you all no longer have to live in the clutches and unjust imprisonment of The Company. From this moment on you are no longer just a commodity to be dealt by the Company as they see fit! You are an integral part of the great nation of Holland! Now we must all stand up and demand an audience with Director Stuyvesant so that he may petition the Hague to grant us our recognition.

Two company men walk up to Van.

SHIFT

Mr. Van der Goes, would you please come down?

VAN DER GOES

Absolutely not. This is my right as a human being to make declarations in a public forum. I will not be intimidated by you thugs.

SHIFT

Please, Meneer.

VAN DER GOES

No! I will not budge from this podium until I am granted an audience with the Director!

SHIFT

Meneer! Director Stuyvesant would like to see you.

VAN DER GOES

Oh, Ok then.

Van looks over to where Griet and her men look on. They look back at him.

The two company men help Van down off of the barrel.

VAN DER GOES
Thank you, kindly.

EXT. TILLED FIELD - DAY

Van walks up a small incline to the edge of a plowed field to where Stuyvesant sits with his back to us, with an empty chair next to him.

VAN DER GOES
Director, you must free the
villagers and sign these
documents.

STUYVESANT
Come and sit for a moment.

Van hesitates, but then goes and sits next to him.

VAN DER GOES
This is the only way to keep this
place together.

STUYVESANT
Look at all of this.

He points out over the fields, and we can see: the East river flowing in the distance and then even further, the clustering of islands in the Rockaways.

STUYVESANT
It's really a remarkable place,
isn't it?

VAN DER GOES
The most remarkable place I've
ever seen.

STUYVESANT
Quite. This place is the future.
We see it now and pretty soon
everyone else will see it. I just
want to hold on to this place for
myself, my boy, and Holland before
it's taken from us.

VAN DER GOES
These people don't want to take it
from you. They only want to carve
out a little place for themselves
and their family.

(MORE)

VAN DER GOES (CONT'D)

Sir, you must sign these documents
and give this place a chance to
truly thrive.

STUYVESANT

It's not them I'm worried about.

He stands up.

VAN DER GOES

Who then?

STUYVESANT

There is a battalion of Mohawks on
our northern border. They will be
here by tomorrow morning, ready to
deploy retribution for Mr.
Sterck's indiscretions.

VAN DER GOES

So send the company men to cut
them off.

STUYVESANT

Can't spare them. There is also a
company of British soldiers on our
southern border and another of
Swedes not far behind them. We
need you to convince the villagers
to fight with us and head off the
Mohawks.

VAN DER GOES

Why would they ever fight for you?

STUYVESANT

If we make it through tomorrow,
they will all be pardoned and I
will sign your documents and write
to the Prince of Orange myself to
plead for representation.

VAN DER GOES

I can't promise they will trust
you.

STUYVESANT

We have to protect our investment.

INT. COMPANY JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Van comes in the door.

GRIET

That was really something out there on the street.

VAN DER GOES

Well I had to try something.

GRIET

Did it work?

VAN DER GOES

Not exactly.

GRIET

Not surprising.

VAN DER GOES

I have a way to get all of you out of here.

GRIET

And?

VAN DER GOES

He wants you and your men to defend the northern border against the Mohawks.

GRIET

We would never risk our lives for him.

VAN DER GOES

This is not about him. This is about this place and about all of you. If we don't fight, it will be taken from us. We have an opportunity to actually start something here.

GRIET

How can we be sure that he will keep his word?

VAN DER GOES

He's signed the papers.

He pulls some rolled up documents out of his jacket.

VAN DER GOES
Immunity, freedom, and a letter to
the Hague requesting
representation for all inhabitants
of New Amsterdam.

GRIET
I'm assuming he wants the gold
first?

VAN DER GOES
It can be dealt with after.

GRIET
This is real?

VAN DER GOES
It's real.

EXT. DIRT ROAD OUTSIDE TOWN - DAY

Van and Griet, on horseback, lead a group of townspeople along
the road. They are all armed and ready for battle.

On the side of the road there is an UPTURNED CART with some
scattered pelts, and supplies around it. Lying next to the
cart there are three deceased COMPANY MEN, one has arrows
sticking out from his chest.

INT. STUYVESANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Stuyvesant sits at his desk.

Bullhead enters.

BULLHEAD
Director. The Brits have made camp
on our southern doorstep. If we go
now we can take them by surprise.
We have a hundred men ready to
move.

STUYVESANT
Do it.

EXT. BRONX FARM - DAY

Van, Griet, and their men come out from a corn field and reach an unsown plot of land. On the far side of the field there is dense forrest, where smoke rises from campfires. There are also two large rock formations, one on the tree line and one just past the edge of the cornfield.

All the men move to the edge of the open field and begin to line up into battle formations. Van and Griet walk just in front of them.

Van looks at Griet and then walks forward onto the open field.

EXT. FIELD BETWEEN TWO ROCKS - DAY

Van stands in the middle of the field, facing the forrest. Griet and her men stay behind him at the edge of the open field.

VAN DER GOES
(booming throughout)
Gentlemen of the Mohawk
conglomerate, we do not wish to
bestow any violence upon you. We
offer you an olive branch, and
hope to establish a new peace.

BEAT

VAN DER GOES
This could be profitable for all
parties involved, and there will
be no need for more blood to be
shed. Please, I implore you to
come out unarmed so we may
negotiate a deal.

BEAT

A faint WARCRY from one individual comes from the forrest. Then more CRYs mesh with the single one. Soon, a DEAFENING WARCRY comes from the forrest.

From the tree line, a WAVE of MOHAWKS bursts out and runs onto the open field in a full charge.

Arrows begin to fall from the air and stick out of the ground a few yards in front of Van.

Then they fall closer and closer to him, until one rips through the fabric of his pants and sticks in the ground right next to him.

VAN DER GOES

Oh, my.

He turns to run, and as he does, arrows begin falling all around him.

He has to run a hundred yards back to where Griet and her men stand in formation. His run is fumbling and slow, but we get to watch the whole thing as arrows fall all around him and the SCREAMS of the Mohawks get louder and louder.

Behind him the wave of Mohawks has become an OCEAN; at least two hundred of them are very close on his tail.

Van finally reaches Griet. Completely out of breath and terrified, he kneels to the ground.

VAN DER GOES

They...have...rejected...my...proposal.

Griet lifts her rifle and aims at the oncoming Mohawk warriors.

She quickly fires a round. One of the Mohawks falls to the ground mid-stride.

GRIET

Fire!

On her command, all around her rifle fire erupts, as her men open fire.

All of Griet's men charge the oncoming Mohawks. They run right past Van, who is down on one knee, still trying to catch his breath.

He considers for a moment and then begrudgingly picks up a pistol that one of the men had dropped and runs after the men, following them into battle.

EXT. FIELD BETWEEN TWO ROCKS - LATER

On the open field the battle is raging at full force.

A TOWNSMEN and A MOHAWK WARRIOR are locked in a struggle: a standing wrestling match of sorts, each one trying to bring the other to the ground. It's lumbering and awkward, more like a barroom fight than a battle between seasoned warriors.

Eventually the townsman gets the better of his opponent and tumbles him to the ground.

The Mohawk hits his head on the butt of the townsman's gun which lay on the ground behind him, and is knocked unconscious.

The townsman is relieved and exhausted. He huffs and puffs his way over to the Mohawk man. He moves his head over, grabs his rifle, and slowly rises to rejoin the battle.

INT. STUYVESANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Stuyvesant sits at his desk.

Bullhead enters.

BULLHEAD

They're not going to be able to hold us off. They're finished sir.

STUYVESANT

Good.

He nods.

Bullhead exits.

EXT. BATTLE FIELD - DAY

Van is in the middle of the battle field. Just in front of him is a Mohawk man engaged in hand to hand combat with another townsman.

The Mohawk warrior raises his club and is about to strike a punishing blow to the townsman.

Van raises his pistol and aims at the Mohawk man's back, and fires. The shot misses high, but it gets the Mohawk's attention.

The Mohawk warrior turns and puts his sights on Van.

He charges at him, swinging his club ferociously.

Van, shaking with fear, attempts to load his pistol before it's too late.

Before long, the Mohawk warrior is feet away from his target.

Van tries to escape and sidesteps the charging man with a matador move, but the Mohawk warrior catches Van in the leg with his club and we hear the CRACKING of bone.

Van SHRIEKS in pain and winces before falling to the ground.

The Mohawk man back tracks and moves in to complete his kill.

He gets down on one knee to deliver the final blow to Van's head.

Van shields himself with his arms, knowing he is done for. Then he remembers something. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his "description" book. He deftly grabs the QUILL TIP out of the book and strikes the Mohawk man in the shoulder with it. The quill digs into his flesh.

MOHAWK

Ow!

He is hurt, but certainly not incapacitated. The quill sticks out of his arm. Now he's pissed.

He winds up his club to inflict a blow. Van shields his face with his hands.

Just as the final blow is about to hit him, there is a SHOT, and the Mohawk GROANS, drops his club, and falls forward, landing on top of VAN.

Over the top of the Mohawk's body, we can see Griet standing, rifle aimed in firing position.

She rushes over to Van and heaves the body off of him.

VAN DER GOES

Oh God. Thank you so much.

Van winces in pain.

Griet looks at the quill tip sticking out of the Mohawk's shoulder.

GRIET

You got him.

Van gives her a thumbs up.

GRIET

Good job.

She pats him on his leg, and Van winces in pain.

GRIET

Lets get you out of here.

VAN DER GOES

Please do.

She helps him to his feet and begins to walk him off the battle field.

EXT. BATTLE FIELD/SOUTH ROCK FORMATION - DAY

On the far side of the rock formation, where there is relative calm, Griet sits Van down, his back up against the cool limestone.

GRIET

Rest here. You did great.

She turns and heads back out onto the battlefield.

EXT. BATTLE FIELD - DAY

The battle is clearly over. Many bodies lay strewn across the field. There are many more Mohawk dead than townspeople.

Van hobbles out from the rock and limps over to where a group of tired and bloody men and Griet sit and eat from tin cups.

VAN DER GOES

Is the battle completed?

Griet takes a bite of her stew.

GRIET

Yes, Van.

Van looks out over the battle and at all the dead Mohawks.

VAN DER GOES

This is a terrible shame.

The men finish their food and begin to pack up their things. Griet begins to follow suit.

GRIET

It had to be done.

VAN DER GOES

Where are all of you going?

(MORE)

VAN DER GOES (CONT'D)
Shouldn't we rest for a while
before traveling home?

GRIET
We must track the survivors into
the woods.

She points to the quiet forrest across the field.

VAN DER GOES
What? Please no more. Surely
enough blood has been shed. We
should let these people alone.

GRIET
If we don't follow and capture
them, they will just regroup and
attack again.

Griet and her men get up and head toward the tree line.

Van, sullen, gets up and limps after them.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Griet leads her men through the woods.

EXT. MOHAWK VILLAGE, OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Griet, Van, and her men, crouch behind trees and stones. The tops of the LONGHOUSES and SMOKE from fires can be seen not too far off.

EXT. MOHAWK VILLAGE - DAY

Van walks through the inside of the village. He scans the scene: the village is completely decimated, Griet's men walk around freely, smoking and talking.

At the far end of one of the three long houses there is a PILE of MOHAWK bodies. A few Mohawk children sit around them, drawing with their fingers in the dirt.

He stops his gaze and looks on them sullenly.

Suddenly something grabs his attention. He jerks his head to the left and reaches after a GLINT of light in the air a few feet in front of him. He misses.

He moves after it, determined.

EXT. MOHAWK VILLAGE, OUTSKIRTS - DAY

The village is in the foreground and the woods are just up ahead. Van comes out of the village. His eyes dart back and forth, tracking something through the air that we can't see.

Griet stands at the edge of the village, kneeling down and cleaning her rifle. She watches Van from behind; he zigzags with one arm in the air, reaching for something just out of reach.

Van stops for a moment, and then darts forward, moving as fast as he can, considering his limp.

EXT. FORREST, CLEARING - DAY

Van continues his tracking amongst the trees. We are focused close and hard on Van, and as he moves along the density of the forrest around him begins to become more sparse.

Van speeds up and leans down until he dives face first, arms stretched out like he is diving for a ball in the end zone, except his hands face the other way.

He lays on the ground. Arms in front of him and hands cupping something on the ground. He opens his hands, and just as he does there is a glint of light, but nothing else there. He looks disappointed.

He seems to come back to his senses and stands up and dusts himself off.

He realizes his surroundings: a massive man made clearing in the forrest. There are knee high plants covering the ground for hundreds of yards. He is in the middle of a TULIP FIELD.

He bends down to a flower and massages the dirt at its root.

Griet walks up behind him.

VAN DER GOES

They really did discover how to
cultivate it.

He picks one of the flowers and rolls it through his fingers, delicately.

INT. SHABBY LODGING - DAY

It is a very small room off the back of a full home, unfurnished, save a desk and a black hat hung on the wall. Light peaks through holes in an old sheet serving as a curtain. Numerous empty liquor bottles are strewn throughout the room.

A CITIZEN, 30s, rugged, lays in bed. A bit of light hits him on his face and he awakens out of a deep sleep. He sits up, winces in pain, and holds his forehead. He goes for one of the bottles of liquor, and upon inspection realizes that its empty. He takes another breath and stands up.

EXT. SHABBY LODGING - DAY

The front door to the house opens and the citizen walks out, shielding his eyes from the sun. He puts on his hat and begins to walk out into the street.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The citizen walks down the street, which is eerily quiet. There are no company men guarding the streets, and no drunkards passed out anywhere.

He walks up to Griet's tavern and we can hear faint sounds of life through the walls.

He opens the door and heads in.

INT. GRIET'S TAVERN - DAY

The citizen comes through the door to a bar filled with people. It seems the entire town has come to the bar in the middle of the day.

However, they are not disporting, it is a quiet atmosphere. They all sit facing the front of the room in a rather solemn manner. At the front of the room Van, Griet, and a company man sit on bar stools facing the crowd.

The citizen finds a seat in the back of the room. A server comes over and hands him a large cup of beer. He takes a sip and looks relieved. He sits back and looks up to the front of the room.

VAN DER GOES

So as long as the weather holds
there should be no issues
transporting the pelts next month.

Harmen stands up from the crowd.

HARMEN

That is all fine and good but we
wont have anyone to push the carts
if all of our men keep coming down
with pneumonia and we don't have
the supplies to treat them.

A MURMER of agreement comes from the crowd.

VAN DER GOES

Director Stuyvesant has promised
to procure a shipment of medicines
and poppy oil from Amsterdam
within the next week.

Tom stands up from the crowd.

TOM

And how are we supposed to trust
that the Director will do as he
says?

GRIET

Well he has been nothing but
forthright with us up until now.

TOM

Easy for you to say when you're
sitting up there in that high
chair.

VAN

Please Meneer, you chose these
individuals to represent you.
Griet was elected by you and your
fellow citizens.

TOM

Doesn't change the fact that we
need assurances.

GRIET

I can vouch that the Director does
have a ship coming in at the end
of the week. I have seen the
manifests myself, and in addition
to medical supplies there are also
thirty cases of whiskey.

The crowd erupts with applause. Tom sits back down, satisfied.

VAN DER GOES

Alright, so that's settled. We will see you all back next week when we vote on the passage of Article 342, "The Proper Disposal of Animal Waste Within City Limits."

Van looks pleased and closes up his ledger. The crowd MURMURS and gets up. Van turns to Griet and they nod at each other in a very "local government" sort of way.

Van gets his crutches, and begins to hobble away.

A company man approaches Van.

COMPANY MAN

The Director would like to see you.

INT. STUYVESANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Van walks into his office.

Stuyvesant sits at a small card table off to the side of his desk.

STUYVESANT

Hello Van Der Goes. Come here.

Van walks over to the card table.

VAN DER GOES

Hello.

STUYVESANT

Have you ever played this game?

On the table is a board game that looks much like the game "Go" but with iridescent glass pieces rather than black and white ones. All of the pieces sit in a cut out trough on the side of the wooden board. The board is just a black piece of laminated wood, like a large square cutting board.

VAN DER GOES

No, sir I've never seen it.

STUYVESANT

My grandfather showed it to me when I was very young.

(MORE)

STUYVESANT (CONT'D)

I never quite learned how to play
but I used to love the way the
pieces sounded when you dropped
them on the board.

He takes off two large handfuls of the pieces and drops them
on the board. They make a clinking sound. They spread out all
over the board, some fall to the ground. Once they all come to
a rest...

STUYVESANT

What do you see here?

Van looks down at the pieces scattered about the board.

VAN DER GOES

A mess. Chaos.

STUYVESANT

Yes but then...

He takes a piece of chalk and puts it to the board.

STUYVESANT

When you pick out a few of the
pieces and make them mean
something...

He starts connecting some of the pieces by writing with the
chalk on the board between them.

STUYVESANT

There is order and a form emerges.

We can see the outline of a BEAVER on the board.

VAN DER GOES

Yes, but isn't that only the
perception of form?

Stuyvesant looks puzzled.

VAN DER GOES

Here.

Van picks up a piece of chalk.

He moves some of the pieces around and then begins to connect
them with the chalk.

Then he sweeps his arm across the table, putting all of the
pieces back in the trough.

VAN DER GOES
A new form emerges.

On the board we can see that he has used the beaver outline and created a BUTTERFLY outline.

They both look at it for a moment.

STUYVESANT
I have received word from The Hague.

VAN DER GOES
Their decision?

STUYVESANT
They would like me to send a representative from the community to hear the proposal in person.

VAN DER GOES
This is great news.

STUYVESANT
There's a ship leaving tomorrow for Amsterdam, and you're going to be on it.

VAN DER GOES
I will not disappoint.

STUYVESANT
I just hope this is the right decision.

VAN DER GOES
It is.

Van walks up to Stuyvesant and they shake hands.

STUYVESANT
Good luck.

VAN walks out of the office.

EXT. NEW AMSTERDAM DOCK - DAY

Van stands on the dock in front of a large, cargo ship which flies the Company coat of arms. Griet and a few of her men stand on the dock to see him off.

Van walks up to a few of the men.

VAN DER GOES
Alright men. Hold down the fort
while I'm gone.

He shakes their hands, and eventually makes his way down to Griet.

GRIET
So long Meneer Van der Goes.

She puts out her hand, inviting Van to shake it.

VAN DER GOES
I believe I have a debt to settle
with you.

He grabs her by the face and plants a large kiss on her.
Griet, laughing, pushes him off of her.

GRIET
Get out of here.

Van smiles.

VAN DER GOES
I'll see you soon.

Van turns to leave to get on the ship and turns back to everyone.

VAN DER GOES
So long everyone.

He turns back toward the boat, and walks up the ramp.

INT. OFFICE OF APPROPRIATIONS, 1776 - DUSK

The translator sits at his desk writing. He is distracted by a large COMMOTION coming from outside.

He gets up, goes to the window and looks out, concerned.

Sounds can still be heard coming from the street. Yelling, carts being rushed off the roads, etc.

After a moment, he walks back to his desk and sits down. He picks up a pen and begins to write.

VAN DER GOES (V.O.)
 My departure from the new world
 has left me no less marveled than
 when I arrived...

EXT. BOW OF CARGO SHIP, ATLANTIC OCEAN - DUSK

Van stands on the ship looking out into the ocean. He writes in his journal. Behind him we can still see the harbor and some lights from New Amsterdam.

VAN DER GOES (V.O.)
 ...the coastline has numerous
 pristine locations and the
 temperate climate would make the
 surrounding waters ideal for year
 round fishing operations. There
 seem to be wonders around every
 corner in this place. There is
 also a significant culture of
 people developing.

INT. GRIET'S TAVERN - NIGHT

VAN DER GOES (V.O.)
 They have a certain veracity, and
 tender spirit that would be
 exquisite bedrock for the
 foundation of a great new city.
 There are boundless qualities to
 New Amsterdam and the Dutch
 Republic must harness its bounties
 and turn it into the Holland of
 the west.

Van's voice over plays over the next few shots:

In the Company Headquarters, Stuyvesant stands by as Griet moves the cabinet and opens the trap door. The compartment is still empty. She moves her hands around the outline of the bottom of it then pops open the floor board to reveal another secret compartment beneath. She pulls out the the coin chest.

Griet, behind the bar at her tavern, serves a drink to Tom.

Harmen sits at a table, drinking a beer and talking to a Mohican.

****Stuyvesant stands at the large double windows.**

He looks out into the harbor where we can see FOUR MASSIVE BRITISH BATTLE SHIPS. He looks discontented. He turns away from the window, sits down, takes off his prosthetic leg and leans back into the chair.**

EXT. BOW OF SHIP - NIGHT

Van sits by candlelight. He looks out into the ocean. He closes his journal and heads below deck.

INT. OFFICE OF APPROPRIATIONS, 1776 - NIGHT

The Translator sits at his desk. The COMMOTION has grown more intense outside: feet pounding on the stone streets, screaming. He reacts off of a particularly loud and visceral scream from the street and begins to hurriedly gather his things.

He closes Van's journal and places it on top of a PILE OF JOURNALS which all look very similar. He then gathers up the manuscript in front of him, wraps a strap around it, and places it in his shoulder bag.

He takes his bag and moves very quickly out of the office, slamming the door behind him.

We move across the room to the open window. From the window we see outside...

INT/EXT. OFFICE OF APPROPRIATIONS, 1776 - NIGHT

The Translator comes out of the building underneath us and stops in the middle of the street. There is a full scale raid in progress on the streets.

BRITISH SOLDIERS march through the streets and loot store fronts.

The Translator runs across the street and out of view.

From around the corner a mob of British soldiers and sailors come down the street. Many of them hold torches. They burn down almost anything they can see.

One of them comes underneath us into the building.

A BRITISH SOLDIER comes into the office holding a torch. He rummages through the documents and books, not finding anything that he likes, he knocks the pile of journals to the ground.

Rummaging through the desk draws, he comes across the WOODEN JEWELRY BOX. He opens it and we can see some of the bright blue light from around the edges of the box. He looks into the light, transfixed.

He reacts to some shouting coming from the streets below, maybe someone calling his name. He closes the box and begins to leave.

He drops the torch by mistake and then hurriedly exits the office.

The torch falls next to the pile of journals. Right next to Van's. It catches fire. A few more catch fire. Then the table legs begin to catch fire. Then an entire row of shelves holding documents goes up in violent flames. The entire room is engulfed.

We watch it burn for a moment. We can see outside that there are many buildings fully engulfed in flames.

AERIAL VIEW: many building in the city are up in flames. Large battalions of British soldiers fill the streets.

FADE OUT