

The Lost Colony

TV Pilot

Written By

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**BEGIN TEASE**

**EXT. BARK RALEIGH - NIGHT**

*SUPER: THE ATLANTIC 1584*

The waves crash, hard, on a deck. Thunder CRACKS, wood CREAKS. The sea is angry.

A voice shouts.

SAILOR (O.C.)

Hold on!

Weathered hands hold a rope tied to the mast. Rain beats against the SAILORS' arms. ANOTHER SAILOR grabs hold. The two fight to keep it in place.

Thunder CRACKS again, the rope slips and runs through a wooden pulley. The sail flaps loose in the wind.

Another wave pounds the boat, pushing the deck almost vertical. The TWO SAILORS fall.

Barrels and SAILORS roll to one side. The boat slams back horizontal with force.

The ship sways in the enormous waves.

The clouds part for a moment.

Above the torn and flapping sail, a full moon. Then it's gone again, engulfed in the stormy sky.

The ship slams up against something hard. It's another larger vessel. SAILORS shout from the second boat. A wave pushes the two apart.

SAILOR (O.C.)

There's a leak!

MEN rush toward the hold and hurry down.

OWEN TIER, mid 20's, sits in the corner, stone drunk. He is a hard featured yet ruddy young man. His bruised face suggests the storm is a respite from his normal life.

ALASDAIR TIER, 30's, fights the moving deck to get to Owen. Alasdair is the put together version of his younger brother. He stumbles against some crates as a wave swells.

Alasdair clutches his brother's slumped shoulders.

ALASDAIR

Owen!

No response. Alasdair smacks his brother. This registers, but just barely. Owen takes a swig from a bottle of whiskey, but doesn't open his eyes, or consider moving from his spot.

ALASDAIR

Damnit brother, we are sinking.

Alasdair waits another moment. He tries to pull his brother to safety, but Owen has tied himself to a crate. Alasdair looks at the knots.

Another huge wave rocks the boat.

ALASDAIR

Owen, if you stay here you will drown.

SAILOR (O.C.)

Alasdair, come quick.

Alasdair gives up waiting for a reply. He takes out a knife and cuts the rope that secures Owen to the deck.

The sea swells again. Owen falls from his perch and lands on the deck. He awakens, face against the weathered wood planks.

He sees cargo and crates scattered over the entire deck. His bottle of whiskey is just in front of him. Alasdair lift Owen's dead weight. Owen grabs the bottle.

**EXT. SHIP BRIDGE - NIGHT**

SHADOWED MEN fight the ships wheel. The smaller man grabs the wheel but a wave pushes the boat, the wheel and the man crashing to the left.

They stagger to their feet. Together they grab onto the wheel.

SMALL MAN

Master, it's no use. The  
devil is upon us, sir.

The taller man is QUARTERMASTER BARLOWE, 40. He has a strong face, strong jaw, and thick beard. He smacks the smaller sailor.

BARLOWE

What would the devil want  
with you lot? If he got one  
look at you he'd kick your  
pitiful arse back out of  
hell. Now get down there and  
lower that mast.

**INT. CARGO HOLD - NIGHT**

Owen is up to his knees in water. The hold is dark, a few oil lamps hang from the deck above.

Fruit and bottles float on the water. Bags of grain are soaked. The supplies are completely ruined.

MEN are grouped around the hold, HAMMERING and SHOUTING at each other. Others form a line to bail water up to the deck.

Owen stumbles past them.

FOUR MEN stand near the aft. One holds a lantern, while two others argue with each other. Alasdair is crouched down in front of them.

ALASDAIR

Get another plank.

MAN ONE

That's the last one.

ALASDAIR

Get out there on the deck and  
get another piece of wood  
then.

MAN ONE

It's death out there.

Owen is done with the debate. Drunk and staggering he pushes the men aside and stands above his brother. Owen sees the round hole, and water rushing in.

OWEN

Looks like our food's all destroyed, brother.

ALASDAIR

Food won't matter if we don't make it through the night.

Owen shoves his bottle into his brother's arms.

The men are fixated on Owen. He holds out his hand for a second, in front of the leak.

ALSADIAR

Owen what are you doing?

Owen shoves his ring finger in the hole. Owen sways a bit from drunkenness.

MAN ONE

It worked. The leak stopped.

MAN TWO

Find a round plug. A cork-

The men look around. Alasdair holds up the bottle of whiskey. Smiling at his brother he pulls the cork from the bottle.

ALASDAIR

Looks like your drinking is good for something after all.

Owen smirks. He tries to pull his finger from the hole but he's stuck. His half smile turns to a frown.

He panics and starts to pull hard.

The other men catch on. They shout different directions. PULL, TWIST. Alasdair wraps his arms around his brother and pulls with all his might.

Owen's finger SNAPS as it breaks. He SCREAMS.

They stop pulling.

The men stand tired, confused, and quiet. Water starts to leak back in around his hand.

They all look at each other scared.

Owen pulls out the dirk from his belt. He looks to his brother. Blade in his other hand – he starts cutting.

Alasdair's eyes are wide. He grabs his brother.

ALSADIAR

Stop it, brother!

He and the others try and pull Owen back. They only manage to speed up the action.

With a SNAP they jolt back from the leak.

Owen stands, staggering. The other men look at him with shock.

Owen takes his whiskey bottle back from his brother. He uses it like a mallet and smashes his severed finger tightly into the leak.

ALSADIAR

What have you done, brother?

Owen bites off the cork to his whiskey and spits it away. He takes a long swig.

OWEN

Only what had to be done to  
keep us safe.

The cork floats in front of the amazed men.

OWEN

Wake me when we get to  
America.

**END FLASHBACK**

**EXT. ROANOKE FORT COURTYARD - EVE**

Sir Francis Drake enters a courtyard. To his left is the communal hall. Across the yard continuing to his right are homes of settlers.

They are just a few one room wooden structures. Doors are ajar, and homes in disarray.

Drake watches Owen knock then enter a home across the field. Other Englishmen explore the empty buildings.

Drake peers around at the empty buildings.

A group of black crows sit on top of the hall. One flies to the middle of the grass and turns to face Drake directly. It then flies to a tree on the right side of the courtyard.

Drake's gaze holds on the tree. There is something carved on it.

In the corner of Drakes eye, Owen bursts from the home. He falls on his knees.

OWEN

They're all gone!?

Drake signals to a group of sailors nearby to take care of Owen.

Owen sits in the dirt, back against the home, head hung low. One sailor puts his hand on Owen's shoulder.

Drake heads for the tree. Another SAILOR jogs to his side.

SAILOR

Captain Drake. We checked the homes. Everyone is gone.

DRAKE

By the looks of it, they've been gone for some time now.

SAILOR

That's not all. Everything was left behind as left in a hurry.

They stop walking toward the tree.

SAILOR (CONT')

There is no sign of them  
leaving.

DRAKE

There's one sign.

He stops when the word is visible. Carved into the tree's  
trunk is CROATANS.

Drake wipes his hands over the letters.

SAILOR

What does that mean?

Drake looks behind him where two Englishmen hold MANTEO by  
each arm.

Manteo is confused but stern. His face is almost the same  
as Owen's—just a bit darker.

**CUT TO: BLACK**

**END TEASE**



**ACT 1**

**EXT. CROATAN VILLAGE - 1584 - NIGHT**

*SUPER: 1584 CROATAN TERRITORY, NORTH AMERICA*

A group of young attractive Native Americans is lit by a raging fire. They are sitting on tree stumps circling a large fire. Sand beneath their bare feet.

Some men WHOOP and dance.

Sitting between other YOUNG WOMEN is ALAWA. The most radiant woman here. Her features are all smoother and smaller than the other women. Her face defines balance.

Manteo, younger, fitter, and more handsome watches her. He is wearing only the traditional headband and breechcloth and belt leaving his chest and legs bare.

Then he looks back over his shoulder at two other Indians. These are Rowtag and Chogan. Both are taller and more muscular than Manteo, and just as young.

MANTEO

Rowtag, let me see that.

Manteo points to wineskin looking pouch in Rowtags hands. Chogan looks past Manteo at the beautiful girl.

CHOGAN

Manteo, you can't give her that.

MANTEO

Chogan, this is not your concern.

Manteo ignores his friend and brings the bota bag over to Alawa. He offers her a drink.

She smiles shyly and denies the offer at first. Manteo takes drink, then reluctantly so does she.

Moments later she is sitting talking to Manteo. He smiles and laughs. She doesn't hear his laughter.

She looks at the fire, everything is blurred together. The light, the people, she can't make out the difference. She is hallucinating.

**FLASH TO:**

**BEGIN VISION**

A star filled sky pans down to a dark sea. Hundreds of wooden ships bearing red St. George crosses sail silently.

The shore comes into view.

On the shore are a herd of buffalo running, forming into small crowded groups.

They are turning into Native Americans as they run into the sea, away from the flags.

Manteo's face appears on a light sky. Crows fly behind his head.

An image of Owen fades into the frame. The two heads are separated by worn hatchets.

His face is dirty and he wipes his brow.

Owen, now a silhouette, breaks apart into a murder of crows. They flow over a field. It's spotted with tree stumps and crosses made from sticks.

**BACK TO SCENE**

MANTEO

Alawa!?

Manteo is shaking the beautiful girl by the shoulders.

She blinks hard. Her eyes widen and jaw drops.

ALAWA

I had a vision, Manteo. There is an evil swarm coming here.

**INT. CROATAN GREAT HALL - 1584 - DAY**

Inside the deerskin and birch bark building, a younger Manteo walks into the great hall. His skin is softer

without a scratch or bruise. It's clear now he bears an uncanny resemblance to Owen.

He walks behind NADIE, the female Chieftain, and a GROUP OF YOUNG BRAVES. Nadie, 65, is thin wrinkled, and grey haired. She is wearing an elaborate war skirt, a deerskin ankle length dress.

The great hall is full of similarly dressed Native Americans. They are seated in small groups around a circle.

MEN are pointing and shouting. One man stands from his group and points his hatchet across the debate at another.

NADIE

Manteo, watch what you say  
here. The Croatans are not to  
be trusted.

Rowtag nods at the far side of the room. The three young men watch as the Croatan leader WINCHESE, 38, sits back down. Winchese has dark eyes and striking cheekbones. He's not large, but is the most intimidating man in the room. He wears leggings with his breechcloth and carries two matching hatchets.

Winchese sets his hatches on the ground as he sits. He looks up at Nadie and the three young men behind her.

WINCHESES

At last the Roanoke are here  
to sit with us.

PANNOOWAU

We all came in the name of  
peace, Wincehese.

PANNOOWAU, 55, is the chief of the Secotan Indians. He is the eldest male here, represented by a number of feathers hanging from his headband. He sits on the end of the oval. Behind him the deerskin walls behind him are died red.

Nadie moves gracefully to an open seat.

NADIE

The Croatan girl says she had  
a vision. Our way of life  
being driven away.

She sits. So do the three boys with her.

NADIE (CONT'D)

We must find a way to  
maintain our balance.

Winchese leans in as he speaks.

WINCHESE

And a strong Croatan nation  
gives you that. We have been  
fighting off invaders for  
many seasons. We keep your  
shores safe.

The room fills with murmurs.

WINCHESE (CONT'D)

We fight back invaders from  
the north and south.  
Meanwhile you do nothing.

MANTEO

The vision was from the great  
sea.

WINCHESE

Be quiet whelp. You should  
know your place.

Winchese rises, holding his hatchets. So does Manteo  
followed by Chogan and Rowtag.

NADIE

Son, please!

PANNOOWAU

No blood will be shed here!  
This is a meeting of peace.

Winchese points a hatchet at Manteo. He paces around the  
room toward the Roanokes.

WINCHESE

No man has ever crossed the  
great sea.

PANNOUWAW

Winchese, the boy is right.  
We do not know yet what the  
vision means, but we must be  
prepared.

Winchese flips his hatchet in his hand. Eyeing Manteo.

NADIE

What will it take to bring  
balance between us?

He points his hatchets as he speaks to the crowd.

WINCHESE

We die defending this land.  
The Roanoke sit back on their  
island while we protect their  
sacred island. We want your  
braves to come war with us.  
To die fighting the invaders.

NADIE

I understand Winchese. But we  
will need something in  
return. A ward to guarantee  
our safety from you and your  
braves.

**EXT. NORTH CAROLINA COASTLINE**

The group of Croatans from the great hall stand facing the  
Roanoke. The morning haze has not yet lifted. The sea and  
forest are both covered in a grey fog.

Winchese stands facing Nadie. Pannowau is between them.

PANNOOWAW

It is agreed. Alawa, daughter  
of Winchese, will live among  
the Roanoke. To display the  
peace and good faith between  
the tribes.

Behind Winchese are his men and Alawa. She has a large  
animal skin cloaked over her shoulders. She catches  
Manteo's eye. He is standing by the canoes.

The sight of him triggers something. The light blooms and fills Alawa's eyes.

She squints to focus on a dark object, its Manteo's face, but not quite the same man she just saw. It's bruised and swollen.

Nadie puts a hand on her shoulder and she snaps back to reality.

NADIE

We will protect your daughter  
as well as we protect the  
great vine.

WINCHESE

For your sake, I hope this is  
true.

Winchese turns and walks to his daughter. She fights back a few tears.

ALAWA

Don't send me away father.

Without saying a word, he bends down and kisses her on the forehead. Then he marches back to the woods. His men follow.

Soon only it is only the Young Woman left. Nadie approaches her.

NADIE

Alawa, do not worry child.  
You will be safe with us.

**INT. THE BARK RALEIGH CARGO HOLD - 1584 - DAY**

QUARTERMASTER BARLOWE, 40, descends the creaky stairs. Sailors make way. Barlow removes his cap, wipes the sweat from his brow. His face is strong, but tired. A thick beard and strong jaw.

The hold is a disaster. Crates and boxes are broken everywhere.

A SAILOR in scooping up wet grains into an empty crate.

The ship bumps with a larger wave. The handful of MEN freeze and look at Master Barlowe.

MASTER BARLOWE

Don't worry, men. There's not a storm cloud for miles. Must be wake from the Bark Raleigh.

The MEN return to their work. One sailor approaches.

SAILOR

Master, all our food stores, they are ruined. Or spoiled by now.

MASTER BARLOWE

We'll be ashore soon. Whatever food the Bark Raleigh has left I am sure will be split with us.

Owen stands at the spot where the hole was, now patched over. He holds the hammer in his good hand, and the plank in the other. Owen tries to line the plank up to the repair, but can't manage. The plank drops to the floor.

Barlowe notices. He walks over and takes the plank from Owen.

MASTER BARLOWE

What's your name, son?

OWEN

Owen, sir.

MASTER BARLOWE

Owen, I owe you my thanks. I heard about what you did last during the storm. That must have been a sight to behold.

Barlowe points at Owen's banded hand.

OWEN

If I could find my finger, I'd take it back. But I guess the men have patched over it.

MASTER BARLOWE

Sir Raleigh thanks you. The other vessel sank in the storm last night. You saved his ship, not to mention all of us. I'll be sure you are rewarded when we return home to England.

Owen turns and faces Barlowe.

OWEN

I didn't do it for money, sir.

MASTER BARLOWE

And I don't suppose you'll tell me why?

Owen looks at a stack of whiskey bottles in the corner.

OWEN

To be honest, sir, I had a bit much to drink. I thought we'd all be dead in an hour anyway, so I thought why not.

Barlowe puts the plank up over the plugged hole. He points to Owen's hammer. Owen gives it to him.

MASTER BARLOWE

All the same. Good work, indeed. Your sacrifice saved us.

Barlowe drives the nail into the plank.

He gives Owen a warm confident look. The kind that can ease any soul.

Barlowe turns, tips his head to the other sailors, and makes his way to the stairs.

ANOTHER SAILOR

Captain?

Barlowe stops.



MASTER BARLOWE

I am just a Master, son. I'm not a captain yet.

SAILOR

How long can we go without food?

MASTER BARLOWE

Not to worry men. We can't be far from land now. The rumors are this land spills food and riches. Just work hard, and leave the worrying to me.

**EXT. CROATAN SOUND - DAY**

The Native Americans paddle east across the sound. The sky shifts from blue to purple overhead.

Alawa sits in the middle of a canoe between Chogan and Rowtag. They paddle silently.

She looks to the canoe on her left. Nadie is in the middle wrapped in a deerskin blanket. Manteo is behind her rowing.

The island is just a small line in the distance. Soon the trees come into view.

**INT. CABIN - NIGHT**

Captian Philip Amadas, 41, opens the door to his large berth. Waiting at a small table inside is Elizabeth, 32.

Amadas always looks angry. His dark eyes stand out in contrast to his thin pale face. He looks like a scrap of steel. Elizabeth also has dark hair, but is quite the opposite. She has pale soft skin. Nothing about her is harsh. Everything is smooth, silk.

Elizabeth sits behind a pair of long thin candles. In front of her is a spread of food.

ELIZABETH

Phillip, I waited for you to eat. Please join me. I had Schultzy salvage from the storm. It's not much but I

know you wouldn't eat unless  
I made you.

AMADAS

I have quite a lot on my  
hands right now.

Elizabeth shakes her head and walks to Amadas.

ELIZABETH

My Captain, you need to take  
a moment for yourself. The  
ship isn't sinking. It's just  
us.

She puts her arm around him. He recoils.

AMADAS

I don't have time for this  
silliness.

ELIZABETH

Phillip. I just thought-

AMADAS

No, Elizabeth. You didn't  
think, you never do. I am  
working toward something  
here. This is not just any  
other sea voyage. We are  
settling a new world.

ELIZABETH

I came here to start a new  
life with you in America.

AMADAS

What good will your silly  
fantasy be if we are to die  
at sea, or worse of a mutiny.

She turns her back. Hurt. She walks back to the table.

ELIZABETH

Why did you bring me here,  
Phillip?

Amadas storms forward. He slams his fists down on the small  
table.

The candle falls over, lying on the table, still burning.

His face turns from steel to fire.

AMADAS

What exactly do you think  
will be different here,  
Elizabeth? You think because  
we are in a new land no one  
will remember I am a captain  
of the ship and you are a  
mistress of low birth?

Elizabeth scoots back to the safety of the corner.

Amadas loses his composure. He slams his palm on flat of  
the side of the boat next to her head.

AMADAS

Don't bother me with such  
trite matters as food again.

He picks up the plate fruit and bread. He sniffs it, then  
drops it on the floor.

He leaves. The door latches.

Elizabeth sniffs back her tears. Then she gathers up the  
scraps of food.

**EXT. THE SHIP BRIDGE - NIGHT**

CAPTAIN AMADAS peers out to the dark sea.

His face grimaces and teeth clench.

AMADAS

Where the hell are we?  
Someone find Fernando. I want  
to know where in this bloody  
ocean we are.

SAILOR

Sir?

AMADAS

Fernando, bring him now.

SAILOR

Aye.

The sun crests over the horizon behind the boat. The ship floats between the dark of the west and the light of the east.

Amadas grabs the wheel of the ship.

FERNANDO (O.S.)

You requested my presence  
captain?

The captain turns and he is faced with a dark skinned Spaniard. FERNANDO, 55, is the only grey hair on the trip. His back curls down toward the deck, and he clutches several scrolls.

AMADAS

Where the hell are we  
Fernando? We should have  
found the coast days ago.

FERNANDO

I am afraid we have strayed  
from our course. We were  
supposed to be in warmer  
waters. We must have gone  
north.

AMADAS

I don't care where we were  
supposed to be, I want to  
know where we are.

Fernando lays out a crude map of the American coastline. Everything is in Spanish.

Amadas is appalled.

AMADAS

Damn you, Spaniards, even  
their words are an assault on  
my eyes. Couldn't we get a  
proper King's English map?

FERNANDO

No Englishman has ventured  
out this far to make a map.

Fernando turns to the map. A line dissects the blue ocean.  
It's labelled the Bark Raleigh. Fernando draws a circle  
near the coast of what is the southern end of Florida.

FERNANDO

We were supposed to be here.

AMADAS

Where are we now?

FERNANDO

Before the storm I think we  
were here.

Fernando points to a spot off course.

FERNANDO (CONT'D)

But now, well I have never  
experience such winds. I  
can't say for sure. It could  
be a while before we find  
land.

SHOUTING erupts from the front of the boat.

A GROUP carries a man from the cargo hold and throws him  
down on the lattice of the deck. SHOUTS are hurled at the  
man.

PETEY, 39, torn and tattered hits the deck with no motor  
control. He is surrounded by the ragged trousers and boots  
of many angry sailors.

Expensive black leather boots approach him. He looks up to  
see Amadas standing over him.

AMADAS

What did this man do?

SAILOR

He was eating the last of the  
fruits. Everything else  
spilled during the storm.

AMADAS

Everything?

SAILORS

Except for a crate of apples.

The sailor nudges Petey with his boot.

SAILOR (CONT'D)

But Petey, here, already put a dent into those.

Amadas turns to the SAILOR.

AMADAS

Why did you bring him to me?

SAILOR

What do you want to do with him captain? The rules of the sea says-

AMADAS

I damn well know the rules of the sea. I just don't know why this man is still on my ship.

Petey is horrified.

PETEY

But Captain I was only ...

Amadas turn his back. He walks way.

AMADAS

Make sure to tie a rope to him. Maybe we'll catch ourselves a sea monster for supper.

Amadas walks up the stairs.

Someone grabs Petey. Another sailor grabs the rope.

Amadas picks up the crate of left over apple. He takes a bite of one as he walks off.

Petey SCREAMS, but is bound within moments. The crew carries him to the back of the deck. Amadas doesn't turn to watch. He looks from his map to the horizon.

Barlowe emerges on to the deck. He stops the horde of men carrying Petey.

BARLOWE

Wait, wait. What is going on here?

Barlowe looks up to the bridge.

AMADAS

Ah, master Barlowe. Nice of you to wake up at such an early hour.

Amadas motions to the men to throw Petey overboard.

AMADAS

You can go back to bed. We spotted land.

The crew hoists Petey overhead and drops him into the wake of the ship. The rope unfurls as the boat moves ahead. CRACK. The line snaps tight.

**EXT. OUTER BANKS FOREST - DAY**

The long green tree line slopes slowly to a tan sand line, then into blue of the bay. From the trees emerge Manteo and Alawa. She is gorgeous in this light. There is clearly chemistry.

Manteo walks backwards facing Alawa. They reach the sand. Alawa stops and picks up a flat stone from the sand.

ALAWA

Look, Manteo. See how smooth it is.

Manteo holds her hand in his. The smooth stone is jet black.

ALAWA

You know how it got this way?

MANTEO

The Great Spirit must have  
made it that way?

ALAWA

Maybe, but maybe it has sat  
here, in this sand for a long  
time. The waves washing over  
it. Polishing it. Into  
something special.

MANTEO

Is that how the Great Spirit  
made your skin smooth?

Manteo steps closer to Alawa and puts his hand on her  
cheek. She rests her hand in his palm.

Then her expression changes from excitement to wonder.

MANTEO

Alawa, what is it?

Even confused she is beautiful.

ALAWA

I don't know-

Manteo turns and now is also amazed. The two stare out, at  
the water, the land on the other side of the bay, and two  
wooden ships sailing in the distance.

The ships are small on the horizon, but clearly large  
objects. Alawa and Manteo stand amazed.

Chogan and Rowtag exit the woods close behind. The ships  
are headed their direction.

CHOGAN

Are those giant fish?

ROWTAG

Fish swim in the water not on  
top. It is a beast.

Birds take off from the trees fleeing the area.

MANTEO

The birds flee.



ALAWA  
It's starting already.

MANTEO  
You're vision?

Manteo turns to Alawa. She nods.

MANTEO  
We better tell mother, hurry.

**END ACT 1**

**ACT 2**

**EXT. ROANOKE BEACH - EVENING**

A small wooden vessel is beached on the sand. Men pile out of it.

Two ships are anchored in the bay, other small boats row toward the beach.

MASTER BARLOWE (O.S)

Aye men, let's make camp  
while we have the light.

The next boat close to the shore has a few SAILORS and TWO MEN dressed far better than the others. The first woman is MISS ELIZABETH, Amadas's mistress. She is equal parts elegance and stern. The other woman is ALICE her maid.

AMADAS

Do you smell that?

ELIZABETH

Smell what?

AMADAS

The sweet smell of the sea.  
It means the earth is  
fertile, a land of abundance.

ELIZABETH

The air is... balmy. Why is  
it so balmy? I preferred the  
ship.

AMADAS

Nonsense. Our fortune lies in  
this place. Not aboard an old  
ship.

SAILORS jump into the shallow surf. The team drags Amadas's small boat to the beach.

Master Barlowe wades out to Amadas and puts a big boot up on the boat.

MASTER BARLOWE

Hold on sailors! Captain  
Amadas, we agreed you would

spend the night aboard the  
Bark.

AMADAS

No, Barlowe. I have had my  
fill of sea. I shall see to  
it that my feet are firmly on  
the soil tonight.

MASTER BARLOWE

Aye, but wouldn't you be more  
comfortable on the ship until  
we make a proper camp?

ELIZABETH

Yes, Philip, we should go  
back to the boat

MASTER BARLOWE

*(Interrupting)* Ship

AMADAS

No. I intend to spend the  
night on land where I can  
oversee the camp myself.

Amadas stands and extends his hand to Elizabeth

MASTER BARLOWE

Captain, I am only doing my  
job, keeping you and the men  
safe.

ELIZABETH

From what?

MASTER BARLOWE

The Beasts. The Natives. The  
Dark.

Elizabeth grabs Sir Amadas's by the arm.

ELIZABETH

Philip, Listen to Master  
Barlowe. I want go back to  
the ship. It's not safe.

AMADAS

That's enough.

Amadas steps from the boat knee deep in the water. Getting his trousers wet angers him as much as the debate.

AMADAS

I am the captain of this expedition.

Moving close to Barlowe.

AMADAS (CONT'D)

You forget, you are only a quartermaster. I am the the one in charge here. I intend to lead the first expedition of the new world.

Amadas plots past Barlowe.

AMADAS (CONT'D)

Captain, do bring Miss Elizabeth ashore.

Barlowe whistles and several of the men wade into the shallow water to get the luggage.

Barlowe reaches a hand out to Elizabeth.

They share a look, then a smile.

**EXT. ROANOKE BEACH - DAY**

The long beach is lined with SAILORS. Owen looks up at the hot son, then he resumes dragging a crate trough the sand.

He struggles to get a good grip.

Alasdair comes from behind and picks up the other end of the crate

ALASDAIR

Here, let me help you.

OWEN

I don't need your help.

ALASDAIR

You aren't doing such a good  
job by yourself, Owen.

Owen pulls away from his brother.

OWEN

I'll manage. Besides, all  
your little sheep need their  
Shepard. Not me.

Owen points to the other SAILORS, all eyeing Owen.

Owen tugs on the crate. It falls over. Spoiled food spills  
out.

OWEN

We can't eat this, we'll all  
get sick.

The two look at the rotten food.

ALASDAIR

Maybe if we cook it.

OWEN

What's the use? I came here  
to die, Alasdair. The sooner  
the better.

Owen picks up a rotten apple and throws it into the sea.

Sailors behind them notice the food and make their way  
over.

SAILOR

Hey, what are you doing with  
that food!

Alasadair turns the crate upright and starts to put the  
food back into the crate.

ALASDAIR

Owen, Just try and be a part  
of the crew. It's the only  
way we will all make it back  
home safe.

Owen stands over his brother.

OWEN

I'm never going back to  
England, brother. There is  
nothing left for me but  
graves and chains.

Owen resumes dragging the crate, alone. Alasdair watches  
his brother struggle away.

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

Rowtag, Chogan, Manteo and Alawa run fast through the  
trees.

The young men are fit, agile, weaving through the dense  
forest. They jump over fallen logs. Barefoot, then hop over  
large boulders.

Rowtag slows for a moment when their village is in sight.  
Wigwams made from wood, larger communal structures, all  
line a clearing.

A few OTHER INDIANS haul firewood to the village in the  
distance.

Small children play a game with older women nearby  
watching.

Chogan passes Rowtag. The break is over, and all continue  
the sprint.

**EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT**

Many of small fires string along the beach. There are  
several dozen men and a few women who made the voyage.

Alasdair is pulling bread from a crate labeled food. It's  
the last thing in the crate.

He shuts the crate and Owen grabs the wrist holding the  
bread.

OWEN

Are you sure this is the best  
use of our last bread?

ALASDAIR

Serving the men is why we  
come.

OWEN

Some of the men don't want to waste what small supplies we have left.

Owen and Alasdair look at the men gathering around the large fire. They are taking seats in a circle around the space.

ALASDAIR

Owen, I can't imagine a better way to tend to the men and honor the Lord of English than by breaking bread together. They will see the grace the lord brings.

**EXT. CAMPIRE - MOMENTS LATER**

Many of the sailors are around the largest fire. A black space protected by a tight circle of light.

At least 20 of them are gathering here. Men sit on cargo boxes or in the sand.

A SAILOR plucks at his fiddle, but the CRACKLE of the fire is the only sound heard.

Alasdair is rationing bread to each sailor. Some in the distance point and argue.

He bends down at the first MAN'S tired, dark face, and tears a piece off. Alasdair speaks something, but only the FIRE CRACKLING is the only sound.

Master Barlowe works the pyre. The flames are small now, but growing steadily. Master Barlowe shows no interest in Alasdair's meal.

He watches his brother serve the men. Owen walks off alone. Drinking.

An OLDER SAILOR leans close to Alasdair's ear and says something desperate.

His lips are weathered and torn like leather.

Whatever is said makes Alasdair look to Owen.

Owen slugs his whiskey. Holding an accusatory stare.

Alasdair puts both his hands on the old man's shoulders. He hangs his head and chants something.

Owen continues into blackness, chased by a river of stars above.

Alasdair resumes serving the bread. Next in the circle are Elizabeth and Amadas.

Elizabeth opens her hands.

After she takes a bite of the bread, she looks to the fire and see Barlowe staring at her. The look lingers.

She stands. Camptain Amadas has his eyes closed in prayer. She puts her hand on his back for a second then strides away.

Barlowe watches her stroll. His eyes follow the sway of her hips. Then his feet instinctively follow her.

**INT. WIGWAM - NIGHT**

Manteo enters the small birch bark wigwam. The ground is dirt, but a few animal skins are around to sit on. A small warm light from the fire flickers. He stands in front of a Nadie. She is wearing a sleeveless deerskin dress. Less formal than the war skirt.

MANTEO

Mother,

NADIE

Sit Manteo.

MANTEO

We saw something at the beach.

NADIE

Sit son.

MANTEO

I saw an omen.

NADIE

Don't be naïve, son.



MANTEO

Mother, it was Alawa's  
vision. The giant beasts from  
the sea.

Nadie stands from her crouched seat. Other Native Americans  
are in the tent. They are quite.

Nadie approaches Manteo. She puts her hand on her son's  
shoulder.

NADIE

Son, you were also a part of  
the vision. You are to lead  
our nations against the  
oncoming.

Nadie turns to her fire. She pulls a long feather from her  
headscarf and tosses it into the flame.

It burns fast with a bright flash.

She sighs and lifts her head. Still facing away from Manteo

NADIE

You will go to Winchese.  
Bring him back here. We need  
his help.

**END ACT 2**

**ACT 3**

**EXT. ROANOKE INDIAN WIGWAM - MORNING**

Alawa is awake early. Native Americans sleep covered in various hides all around her. She carefully puts her moccasins on and readies to leave.

Chogan notices her sneaking out. He nudges Rowtag.

ROWTAG

Alawa, what are you doing?

She just holds a finger to her lips. She waves her hand and urges them to follow.

Outside, smoke from the wigwams drifts up into the grey sky. Alawa tiptoes through the village. A few paces behind her are Chogan and Rowtag.

**EXT. ROANOKE FOREST - MORNING**

Alawa walks along a shaded trail. The forest is dark with only splashes of light peaking in.

Chogan and Rowtag are a few steps behind her.

CHOGAN

What are we doing out here this early?

ALAWA

We are going to find the beasts.

Chogan stops, worried. Rowtag passes him.

ROWTAG

C'mon Chogan, if Alawa isn't scared of them.

CHOGAN

Maybe she should be.

Alawa stops at the end of the trail where the forest opens out onto the beach. She crouches down. Then the boys are beside her.

ALAWA

There!

Pointing to the sea.

ALAWA

They are standing still out  
on the water?

CHOGAN

What is that?

Chogan points to a cluster of objects on the beach surrounded by a fire. One of the dark spots moves. Then rises up. It's the Englishmen.

**EXT. SETTLEMENT CAMPSITE - MORNING**

The embers of the fire glow red in the cool morning light. Sunlight spreads across the beach.

The men stir underneath their blankets.

Master Barlowe is up. He looks out at the rising sun over the ocean. The Bark Raleigh dwarfs the Dorothy on the horizon.

MASTER BARLOWE

Amadas, a moment please.

Amadas is sipping from a steaming tin. He is sitting on a stump by his kettle and the other sleeping men. Master Barlowe looks up at Raleigh.

MASTER BARLOWE

We need to deal with feeding  
the men. They haven't eaten  
since the storm.

AMADAS

Jesus Barlowe, give me a  
minute to drink my tea. I  
thought you were some kind of  
proper Englishmen.

Barlowe's gaze narrows.

MASTER BARLOWE

Captain, we have a lot of  
hungry sailors to attend to,  
and no food.

Amadas stands from his stump. He stretches and surveys the  
men walking around him.

AMADAS

Barlowe, I'd like you to  
organize a team to go to the  
Bark Raleigh and bring  
supplies. Rope, the crates,  
whatever food can be  
salvaged. Anything we can use  
to make camp.

More of the sailors have woken up now. They are walking  
around the camp behind Barlowe.

MASTER BARLOWE

And about feeding the men?

SAILOR

Aye cap. I haven't eaten in  
two days already.

Amadas pulls a bright green apple out of his pocket. He  
takes a crisp bite.

MASTER BARLOWE

If we waste too much time  
we'll have a much bigger  
problem on our hands.

AMADAS

You mean my hands.

MASTER BARLOWE

When we have forty angry  
sailors, the problem will be  
all of ours.

AMADAS

You are focused on things of  
such little importance. There

are bigger priorities than  
food.

Amadas tosses the apple into the dying fire. A small crowd  
has formed around Barlowe and Amadas.

AMADAS

I wouldn't expect many of the  
men to understand what we  
came here to do, but you are  
Raleigh's agent, Master  
Barlowe. You should start  
acting like it. Now set their  
minds to work, and they will  
forget about their hunger.

Elizabeth and Alice push their way through the rough men.

ELIZABETH

Philip, dear. I cannot spend  
another night on that sand.  
It's so unbecoming.

SAILOR

I ain't working till I get  
something in my belly.

Barlowe steps closer to Amadas and speaks in almost a  
whisper.

MASTER BARLOWE

If you let the men hunt, I  
will see to it personally  
that you and your misses have  
a proper camp built buy the  
night.

Amadas's displeasure is clear on his face. He eyes the worn  
sailors.

AMADAS

There it is, Barlowe.  
Compromise is what sets us  
apart from them. We'll let  
them hunt today.

The men look at each other relieved and excited.

AMADAS (CONT'D)

But I want half of you to stay here and begin to work on our encampment. We will build a few hundred feet in from this camp, just over on that hill. Come tomorrow we start to explore this land. We are here to find a fortune, and I want time to enjoy it.

**EXT. ROANOKE CAMPSITE - LATER**

The large line of men are in front of the ammunition crates. A grizzly man with missing teeth hands a group of sailors an arquebus.

Another group of sailors walk to the woods in the background.

Owen he steps up to the sailor in charge of passing out supplies. The grizzly man smirks.

OLD MAN

You got a group, lad?

OWEN

I'll hunt alone.

OLD MAN

We only have a few arquebuses. I can't waste one on you. You probably can't shoot it straight with that hand.

Alasdair steps beside his brother.

ALASDAIR

It's fine. I'll be doing the shooting.

Alasdair grabs the large ornate gun from the old man.

**EXT. THRESHOLD OF WOODS - DAY**

Owen and Alasdair step into the dense tree line. Owen looks around the trees as their eyes adjust to the shade.

At first all they can make out is black shadows next to the white spots of sky. After a moment the shadows clear into trees with dark green leaves.

Owen bends down. He finds a broken twig and examines it. A trail. He looks for prints, but only sees earth.

ALASDAIR

Find something?

Owen notices a track leading to his spot. He turns to see if it continues. It doesn't. He looks up to the trees.

OWEN

I don't think so, not yet.

Owen looks at the leaves in his hand.

OWEN

Why did you bring me here with you?

ALASDAIR

What are you talking about, Owen?

OWEN

This place, this new land? Why did you bring me here?

ALASDAIR

I thought it would be good for you Owen. A way to put the past, behind us.

Owen stands.

OWEN

Bullshit, Alasdair. You brought me here because you wanted to come here. And you couldn't leave me back home.

ALASDAIR

I want to serve the Lord,  
Owen. The new world will need  
guidance as much as you do.

OWEN

You want to be the hero Al.  
You can lie to the other men,  
but not me.

ALASDAIR

This is bigger than both of  
us. Something important  
starts here.

He points the gun further into the woods.

ALASDAIR

Let's head west. That way.

**EXT. TREETOPS - DAY**

Rowtag lays flat on a large tree branch high above the  
forest ground. The trees are thick and cover almost the  
entire sky.

He watches the Englishmen walk past deeper into the forest.

Rowtag gracefully swings down from his perch and climbs  
down the tree.

Next to him Alawa descends a nearby tree. So does Chogan.

They crouch in the green shadow of the forest.

CHOGAN

Rowtag, they are headed for-

ROWTAG

I know. We have to stop them.

ALAWA

What is it?

CHOGAN

We can't let them find the  
Great Vine.



**EXT. THE GREAT VINE - LATER**

Alasdair and Owen walk out of the woods into a small clearing.

In front of them is a large tangle of root like vines. A twisted throne of wood and leaves. Smaller vines reach above and form a canopy letting only slivers of light crack through. This is the Great Vine.

It is majestic.

ALASDAIR

Amazing.

OWEN

What is this place?

Owen reaches up and plucks a grape from the vine.

A twig cracks. An elk emerges from the woods. Light splashes on its antlers as it grazes.

Owen turns to his brother, one finger pressed tightly to his lips, eyes wide.

**EXT. OTHER SIDE OF THE CLEARING - CONTINUOUS**

Chogan, Alawa, and Rowtag stop in the woods. Rowtag sees the elk and is about to approach it.

Manteo grabs his arm and pulls him back.

He points across the clearing. A light shines off the metal part of the gun.

He squints and makes out the Englishmen.

ALAWA

This is the Great Vine?

CHOGAN

Yes.

ALAWA

And who are they?

CHOGAN

I have no idea.

ALAWA

Why are they so pale?

ROWTAG

Maybe they are spirits? We  
have to stop them, Chogan.  
They should not be here.

A loud BOOOM rings out. It's shocking. Alawa screams. The  
birds all fly away.

**EXT. ROANOKE SOUND - SAME TIME**

A loud BOOM rings from the gun in the distance. Manteo  
stops rowing his canoe.

He floats on the calm sea water and looks back at the  
island.

From a single spot in the woods a large flock of birds  
scatters from the thunderous sound.

**EXT. BACK TO THE GREAT VINE**

A cloud of white smoke rises through the canopy of the Great  
Vine. The haze clears and Alasdair stares down the barrel  
of the arquebus. The elk is slumped over but not fallen.

Owen grabs Alasdair's shoulder.

OWEN

Great shot.

Alasdair lowers the ornate firearm.

ALASDAIR

He's wounded, not quite a  
kill yet.

OWEN

He's close.

Owen pulls the dirk out from his belt. It still has the  
blood stain from his finger on it.

The elk is stunned, but struggles to move.

Owen moves toward the animal. The elk notices and staggers  
off to the woods.

Alasdair grins ear to ear and follows his brother.

**EXT. OTHER SIDE OF CLEARING IN WOODS**

The Native American's are shocked. They are crouched down hands covering their ears.

Alawa looks up the others.

ALAWA  
What was that?

Rowtag is rubbing his ears.

ROWTAG  
I have no idea.

The branches near them break. The elk crashes to the ground at their feet. He is heaving, blood pouring from his shoulder and trickling from his nose.

Chogan, Alawa, and Rowtag stand stunned. They stare at the sad beast. The elk breathes heavy.

Pollen floats and shimmers in the dense air.

CHOGAN  
He's hurt?

ALAWA  
How?

The elk struggles. It tries to stand again, but is too weak. It collapses with a SNORT.

ALAWA  
Do something, he's dying.

The elk breathes fast and heavy. Its jet black eyes look up at the terrified Native Americans.

Chogan squats next to the beast. He lays a hand on its heaving chest.

The sounds of YELLING come from the clearing. Chogan snaps his head up.

Owen enters the thick woods from the clearing. The elk is at his feet. So is Chogan.

CHOGAN  
                  *(in Algonquian)*  
                  What evil have you done?

Rowtag steps forward close to Owen. Chogan rises.

Owen is equal parts surprised and scared. He grips his dirk.

                  CHOGAN  
                  *(in Algonquian)*  
                  He is an evil ghost.

                  ALAWA  
                  *(in Algonquian)*  
                  He can't be evil, he looks  
                  Manteo. He is the one from my  
                  vision.

Alawa parts Chogan and Rowtag. She steps forward to Owen.

Alawa reaches a hand to Owens face. Owen touches her hand on his cheek.

Her dark thick finger pulls back slightly when she touches his pale cheek.

                  ALAWA  
                  *(in Algonquian)*  
                  Who are you?

The sun breaks through the trees and lands on the back of Alawa's hair. She glows.

Owen's face changes from confusion to smitten.

                  OWEN  
                  Are you an Angel?

She rubs her palm hand over his defined jawline.

Owen raises his hand toward her face. She sees the missing finger then looks at Owen in the eyes. He stops before he touches her.

For a moment Alawa forgets about Rowtag and Chogan behind her with uncertain looks. She forgets about the elk at their feet. She only sees this man in front of her, who looks like Manteo, but is so pale.

Alasdair stands behind Owen. He raises firearm aimed on the Native American girl.

Owen turns toward the sound. At the same time Alasdair pulls the flintlock.

THSSST BOOOM!

**END ACT 3**

**ACT 4**

**EXT. CROATAN VILLAGE - DAY**

Manteo pulls his canoe onto the shore. On the hill above him are three braves waiting. Manteo ties the canoe to a nearby tree.

He follows the Croatans, two in front of him and one behind.

WOMEN sit in a group plucking feathers from a dead turkey. A MAN sharpens a stone arrow.

The braves lead Manteo to a small wigwam. The birch bark is painted red. One of the men enters the wigwam, the other two hold Manteo outside. A crowd of the Croatans gathers.

A moment later the brave emerges with Winchese.

WINCHESE

Why have you come here?

MANTEO

We need your help?

Manteo notices the braves close in on him.

WINCHESE

Maybe I should take you, the way she took my daughter.

MANTEO

Alawa's vision, its coming true. Some terrible beasts have come to the island.

Winchese stands and rushes to Manteo.

WINCHESE

This is not something to joke about boy. Is my daughter in trouble?

MANTEO

We all are. Monsters have come to the island.

**EXT. ROANOKE SETTLEMENT - DAY**

The ENGLISH work in the heat organizing their camp. Men carry crates from the shore.

In a field, men clear a small area.

Barlowe stands in the tall grass watching. He wipes the sweat from his brow with a wrinkled white handkerchief.

Elizabeth carries her dress in one arm and an umbrella in another as she walks up to Barlowe. Alice follows her with a tea tray.

ELIZABETH

Care for some tea, Master  
Barlowe?

BARLOWE

Thank you.

Barlowe silently sips his tea.

BARLOWE

This is strong? What is it?

ALICE

I found these leaves growing  
by our camp.

Alice holds out a hand full of tobacco leaves. Barlowe examines one, gives it a sniff.

He takes another sip. He grimaces from the taste but then nods in approval.

A HUNTING GROUP EMERGES from the woods.

The three turn.

The hunters are empty handed and worn.

ELIZABETH

Do you think we'll eat  
tonight?

BARLOWE

For you husbands sake I hope  
so.

Barlowe takes another sip of the tea.

BARLOWE

I like this. These leaves  
taste bitter, but certainly  
helps with the hunger.

Barlowe hands the cup back to Alice. When she grabs the cup  
he holds her hands.

Elizabeth notices the touch.

BARLOWE (CONT'D)

Take this around to the men  
and see if anyone else would  
like some.

**EXT. SETTLEMENT WORK SITE - DAY**

Amadas walks onto the worksite. Piles of brush and lumber  
are scattered around.

There is a sound of laughter. All the WORKERS are seated to  
the side drinking tea. He watches.

Alice is hunched over them pouring the brew. She smiles as  
she moves from one man to the next.

ALICE

Master Barlowe thinks the tea  
will help with your hunger...

Amadas marches closer.

AMADAS

The site doesn't look built  
to me.

A WORKER

Sir, we are too hungry to  
work at such a pace.

The captain's face turns to steel.

Amadas strides to the closest worker. He smacks the tea cup  
from the man's hand. He kicks the man over into the dirt  
and stands over him.



The man on his back puts his hands up ready for a beating.  
ANOTHER MAN stands.

AMADAS  
Who told you you could stop  
working?

He kicks the worker.

AMADAS  
Hunt, build, or die. You  
pick.

He kicks the man again.

AMADAS  
Get off your ass. Tea time is  
over. I want a proper camp by  
the time it's dark.

The men put down their tea cups. They grab their shovels  
and axes.

Amadas faces Alice as the men move past them back to the  
field. The gaze is uncomfortable.

After a moment Alice collects the cups.

One cup is left on the table. Amadas suspiciously picks it  
up and takes a sip.

He strokes his greasy goatee then looks around to make sure  
no one is around.

AMADAS  
Girl, you forgot one of the  
cups.

Holding it up for Alice to see. Then he sits at the table  
and motions for Alice to come to him.

AMADAS  
Don't be shy gal. I won't  
bite.

**INT. SETTLEMENT CABIN - DAY**

Several men work finishing a small cabin. It's dark, light  
only by a beam of light stabbing in from the door. The room

is filled with mismatched walls and support structures. It is impressively built entirely of tree branches.

Master Barlowe ties down a thatched roof into place.

He ties the makeshift roof to the makeshift house frame.

BARLOWE

Well done. This should suffice for the captain for the time being.

Barlowe pats the nearest sailor on the back.

BARLOWE

If we are lucky tomorrow he'll let us build him an outhouse. Try and get some rest.

SAILOR

I can't keep working without any food. My arms barely work as it is.

BARLOWE

Drink more of Alice's tea. I find it invigorating.

SAILOR

Any word on the hunting parties yet?

BARLOWE

Don't worry, boyos. No one's caught anything yet, but we will soon. This land is ripe with game to hunt if the stories are true.

SAILOR

And if they aren't true?

BARLOWE

Then we had better learn to fish.

Elizabeth walks into the cabin. The Sailors all stiffen up and leave.

Barlowe stays.

She examines the thatched roof and the mismatched wood walls while the sailors clear out.

After the last man leave she turns to Barlowe.

ELIZABETH

So this is to be our cabin.

BARLOWE

I'm sure Amadas won't be satisfied so easily. But it's the best we can do in one day.

She steps close to Master Barlowe.

BARLOWE

We can't do this. It's folly for us both.

ELIZABETH

That man is never satisfied. But you, you're a man I know how to please.

She wraps him in for a kiss.

He pulls her away.

BARLOWE

Careful, lass. Don't be so quick to presume you know what I want.

He walks to the door of the cabin.

BARLOWE (CONT'D)

Enjoy the accommodations Miss. I hope they are adequate for now.

**EXT. WOODS - DUSK**

Panic.

Hands push and press a bloody abdomen. Blood seeps out.

The forest ground moves faster under the bloody body parts.

Rowtag struggles but runs through the woods with Alawa in his arms. She looks up at his face.

He stumbles over a root and falls to the ground.

ALAWA

Ahh!

Rowtag squeezes and tries to pull her up. Alawa is limp and falls back down.

CHOGAN

Rowtag, stop.

ROWTAG

We need to get him to Nadie.

CHOGAN

Let me see her. I can help.

Chogan bends down next to Rowtag. He pulls Alawa's hands from her stomach.

Blood pools out.

He tears a strip from her dress, sops up the blood, and then covers the wound in mud and leaves.

ROWTAG

Chogan, you can't-

CHOGAN

her life is more important  
than her dress.

He pauses and whispers some words over the covered wound.

He tears another piece of dress and wraps her stomach. He cinches a tight not.

Alawa winces a moment then relaxes.

Chogan turns to Rowtag.

CHOGAN

Now we must move fast.

The larger man picks up Alawa. They run again.

**EXT. SETTLEMENT FIELD - DUSK**

SIX Sailors dig in a field on the edge of the camp. The sun is approaching the tree line behind them.

Captain Amadas watches the men dig. One of them collapses. The others stop and rush to his side.

AMADAS

Get back to work! Or those holes will be filled with your bodies.

SAILOR

But Cap, we can't work no more.

Fury. He marches over to the men. He pulls the sword from his belt and points it at the man who spoke.

AMADAS

Get that man on his feet and back to work.

SAILOR

Aye.

Amadas sheaths his steel. The men pull up their tired friend.

A moment later they are digging and a shovel hits something hard.

The Sailor taps the ground with the tip a few more times. CLANK CLANK CLANK.

SAILOR

Cap, we found something.

Moments later all the sailors' dirty hands pull a long wooden crate out of the hole onto the dirt.

One wedges his shovel into the crates' lid and pries it open. The old nails splinter the fragile wood on their way out.

Behind the crate the men all gasp, Amadas stares inside. At first he smirks, then looks concerned.

AMADAS

Better get Barlowe.

**EXT. SETTLEMENT FIELD - DUSK**

Barlow followed by more sailors, Elizabeth, and Alice all approach the crate.

When Barlowe reaches it, he kneels down and removes his cap.

Elizabeth screams and nearly faints.

Barlowe bent over a crate holding a dead body, one that looks exactly like him. Only the dead man's hair is darker and curlier.

The man's leather skin is darker than Barlowe's his nose is slightly larger, more Roman.

He is stripped nearly naked aside from a breechcloth. The man bares a large tattoo on his chest. It reads CONSTANTINO.

Barlowe touches the man's beard. Then his chest. Everyone else waits to see what Barlowe will say.

It's eerily quiet.

The slice breaks when Alice screams.

ALICE

A devil!

Barlowe looks up and Alice is pointing out to the woods. Barlowe stands quickly.

A giant elk is silhouetted at the edge of the woods, watching the Englishmen.

He is a stoic beast. He breathes deep. The warm wind from his large nostril's creates clouds of steam.

SAILOR

A fire breathing devil!?

For the first time, Amadas looks worried.

ELIZABETH  
What is this place?

**EXT. THE GREAT VINE - DUSK**

Alasdair kneels a few yards in front of the throne like vine. The elk is on the grass in front of him.

The setting sun turns the canopy above purple and orange. It creates a halo around Alasadiar.

Alasdair is field dressing the elk. Owen paces behind him.

OWEN  
We should have gone after them.

ALASDAIR  
We need to clean this fast, brother.

Alasdair pulls on the intestines. Bloods spills past his rolled up sleeves onto his shoulders.

OWEN  
We should have helped her.

ALASDAIR  
We know we have hungry men back at the camp counting on us. I came here to serve them. Now please-

OWEN  
You might have killed her!

Alasdair puts his knife into the ground and stands. His hands are covered in blood.

He stops his brothers pacing, hands on Owens shoulders.

Owen too now covered in the animal's blood.

ALASDAIR  
You don't know that. And we don't know how many others

like her are out there. It  
won't be long before they  
come looking for us.

This gets Owen's attention.

ALASDIAR (CONT'D)  
So we need to work fast. And  
get back.

Alasdair kneels back down to the elk.

ALSADIAR (CONT'D)  
Find something to bind the  
beast's legs together.

**END ACT 4**



**ACT 5**

**EXT. CROATAN SHORE - EVENING**

Manteo unties his canoe and steps into the shallow water. His island is a small spot on the other side of the large bay.

A hand grabs the back of his canoe stopping his progress.

WINCHESE

You will be traveling with  
us.

Winchese points to his men loading into their canoes.

**EXT. ROANOKE SOUND - EVENING**

The sky turns from amber to purple behind the black tree line.

Manteo sits behind a large Croatan. The man's paddle dips into the dark black water.

They row southeast toward the island. Soon the large ships on the horizon are visible.

The Croatans all stop their rowing.

Three canoes of men stand still on the water, bobbing in the tide.

MANTEO

Those are the beasts.

WINCHESE

You Roanoke are too easily  
scared. Those beasts seem  
harmless enough to me.

**INT. TENT AT SETTLEMENT CAMP - EVENING**

A small tent sits on the edge of the settlement. A makeshift table is set with tea. Alice stacks empty tin cups on the table.

Sailors walk away from the tent and Master Barlowe enters. He tips his cap to them.

Alice picks up the stack of dishes from the table.

Elizabeth is seated at the table fanning herself with an ornate paper fan.

Barlowe approaches the table. He doesn't sit, just stands in front of Elizabeth. A confident smile on his face.

Elizabeth looks away still fanning.

ELIZABETH

Alice, dear, Master Barlowe and I have to discuss some important business. Why don't you go see if you can find any more of those tea leaves?

Alice sets down the dishes.

ALICE

Of course, Miss.

Barlowe walks around to the table and passes Alice as she leaves the tent. Barlowe doesn't look up, his gaze is fixed on Elizabeth.

Alice looks back as Barlowe sits down next to Elizabeth. She watches long enough to see Barlowe grab Elizabeth's slender ribs in his large hand.

He pulls Elizabeth toward him. Alice leaves the tent.

ELIZABETH

Did you have a change of heart?

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Owen and Alasdair walk through the woods. They have the elk upside down tied to a long stick.

Owens stops.

OWEN

Alasdair, did you hear that?

A CRACK comes from the woods.

Their heads whip around the trees. They don't see anything.

Another CRACK.

ALASDAIR  
We have to keep moving.

**EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - EVENING**

Another group of hunters emerges from the woods empty handed. Amadas stands on the edge of the camp and watch. The old Grizzly Man is next to him.

AMADAS  
So much time wasted on a  
silly hunt.

GRIZZLY MAN  
The men need to eat, sir. The  
settlement will be short  
lived unless we can find a  
source for food.

AMADAS  
Is that the last group un-  
accounted for?

GRIZZLY MAN  
Almost, Owen and Alasdair  
Tier are still out there. But  
I can't imagine they will  
have any better results.

A loud mass of shouts gets louder from the camp. In a moment Amadas is surrounded by angry settlers.

**INT. ROANOKE WIGWAM - NIGHT**

Chogan and Rowtag lay Alawa down on a bear skin.

Nadie kneels to her side. Several Roanoke women behind Nadie are shocked and whisper to each other.

Nadie wipes the hair from Alawa's face, revealing her beautifully strong cheekbones.

NADIE  
What happened?

ROWTAG

I don't know. One moment she was touching a ghost, and the next she was bleeding from her side.

She gives Rowtag a confused stare then shifts focus to Chogan.

CHOGAN

There were evil spirits. One was Manteo, only pale and missing a finger. They did this to Alawa with magic and fire.

Alawa screams and thrusts forward

Chogan removes the bandage and shows Nadie the wound.

CHOGAN (CONT'D)

He put a hole in her side.

NADIE

Evil magic from an evil spirit.

ALAWA

MANTEO!

She reaches out her hand.

Her fingers spread wide, high above her body and those working her wounds.

Alawa's eyes open. There are stars, past her fingers, past the opening in the top of the wigwam, past the dark sky.

CHOGAN

What is she doing?

She stands and looks to the other women.

NADIE (CONT'D)

Bring me the fruit of the Great Vine.

ONE WOMAN pours red liquid from a large pitcher into a smaller cup. She hands the cup to Nadie.

Nadie prays over the contents. Then she holds it to Alawa's lips.

NADIE (CONT'D)  
Drink young one. This will  
ease the pain.

Alawa sits straight up.

ALAWA  
They are coming! They will  
change us all.

NADIE  
Who? Who is coming?

ALAWA  
The ghosts, from my vision.

Winchese enters followed by two of his braves. He stands stoic and strong. When he looks around and sees Alawa on the ground his demeanor cracks.

WINCHESE  
What have you done to my  
daughter!

The braves at his side restrain him.

NADIE  
Invaders have come to the  
island.

WINCHESE  
Who, who did this to my  
daughter?

Manteo enters the wigwam.

Chogan and Rowtag freeze. Alawa screams at the sight of him.

ALAWA  
Ghosts like him. They are  
headed here.

MANTEO  
Alawa?

**EXT. THE SETTLEMENT - NIGHT**

The angry men are circling tight around Amadas.

SAILOR

It's nightfall and we ain't  
had a bite to eat in 2 days!

Elizabeth runs toward the crowd. Barlowe is a few steps behind her.

She pushes her way through the mass of men. She is pawing at them but she is shoved to the ground.

Barlowe picks her up and moves her away from the crowd. He dusts her off.

ANOTHER SAILOR

Let's take the ships and head  
back to England!

Barlowe looks past her to something he sees in the woods. This time shadowy figures emerge from the tree line.

MASTER BARLOWE

Oye men, get ready your arms.

The angry sailors look at Barlowe confused.

MASTER BARLOWE

Something is approaching from  
the woods! Get your bloody  
guns to the ready!

At this, the men move.

Their boots kick up sand as they run to their tents. The SAILORS grab their guns.

Elizabeth runs to the Captain's side.

The men duck behind stacks of crates.

One MAN loads a pellet into the barrel of his arquebus. Then he shoulders the large weapon.

MASTER BARLOWE

Halt there men. Or we will be  
forced to fire.

The figures in the distance stop.

OWEN

Aye Master, we'll wait here,  
but-

MASTER BARLOWE

Owen?

OWEN (FAR AWAY)

But you'll miss out of the  
beast we've killed.

The men CHEER, they can't help themselves. A few even fire  
off rounds.

MASTER BARLOWE

Calm men, calm.

The shadows turn into the faces of Alasdair followed by  
Owen carrying the elk.

Alasdair and Owen smile as they carry their kill through  
the crowd. Everyone cheers and pats them on the back.

Amadas gets out in front of the crowd. He puts his hands on  
both brothers.

AMADAS

Great work.

OWEN

My brother is quite the shot.

OTHERS set get to work setting up wooden stands over the  
fire.

When Owen and Alasdair lower their kill on the supports,  
making a giant rotisserie spit. The crowd erupts.

They all hug and grab at the brothers.

Owen even nods his head at his brother before returning the  
waiting handshakes.

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**

The floor of the forest is covered in leaves. Tanned bare  
feet press hard into the mud and leaves.

The calf muscles tense as the legs lean back while being pulled forward.

Manteo is dragged by Winchese's braves. They each have an arm and drag him down the dark path.

Manteo throws his weight back and flexes his lean muscles. He locks his jaw and bares his clenched teeth.

They drag him to a small clearing at the end of the path. A GROUP is at a fire; men, women and children.

In the center is a large gnarled vine, a small section of the great vine from the woods.

A brave kicks Manteo's knee. Manteo falls onto a twisted section of knots in front of an altar-like stump they have carved.

Through the crowd of people watching, Nadie emerges. She has spiral war paint all over her arms.

The group forms a circle.

Nadie takes a torch and leans in close to the Manteo's face. Still a dead ringer for Owen.

MANTEO

Mother, it wasn't me. You sent me to Winchese. I brought him back to us..

NADIE

The truth is clouded. But this much is clear. Alawa had a vision. The ghosts have come to destroy our land, our way of life.

She holds her hand up to the moon, and then bends a finger back.

NADIE (CONT)

The Great Spirit sent the ghost who carries your face to us. The Great Spirit wants us to make you like him.

She grabs Manteo's face.



NADIE (CONT'D)

Manteo, you and the ghost are connected. You must become him, to protect our people.

The large men force Manteo's hand onto the stump.

He pulls back and struggles. Nadie grabs Manteo's wrist.

She looks him in the eye, and pulls out a sharpened stone. Manteo's eyes widen.

The fire behind Nadie barely lights the large group gathered.

Nadie bends below sight with the sharp stone. Manteo struggles, and then falls.

When it's done only the bloody stone lay in the middle of the spiral carved in the stump next to a severed finger.

He collapses on the ground.

Women help him to his feet. Nadie approaches and runs his bloody fingers over Manteo's face leaving three red stripes.

**EXT. ROANOKE SETTLEMENT 1589 - DAY**

*SUPER: ROANOKE SETTLEMENT 1589*

Owen sits sits in middle of the courtyard grass. Framed by the main hall behind him. Head down, he picks the grass.

The air is calm and silent. Then THUDS and GROANS of a man being beat are heard.

After a pause a door SLAMS.

Owen looks up to the house in front of him. Sir Francis Drake steps towards him.

Drakes wipes the blood off his hands with a rag. He walks up to Owen.

DRAKE

I hate the humidity of this land. No wonder those savages hardly wear any clothes. The

heat is unbearable. A man can hardly be productive for minutes before being soaked to the bone with sweat.

He takes off his hat and wipes his brow. The blood from his sleeve leaves a stain on his forehead.

DRAKE

I can't imagine the heat we will encounter as we head south. Did you ever get used to such humidity?

Drake now fans himself with his hat.

DRAKE

Owen.

No response.

DRAKE

Owen, I need you to go talk to Manteo.

Still nothing.

DRAKE

Owen, I can't get him to say anything useful. His people did something to your family, our Englishmen. We have to find them.

OWEN

Why do you care? You didn't have any family here.

DRAKE

Trust me Owen, I want to leave this god forsaken place as soon as we can. But we can't possibly go back and tell the queen her colony is lost. We have got to find them.

Owen throws down the blades of grass he had been thumbing. He storms past Drake to the house.

**INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

The home is dark and full of cobwebs. The floor is covered in a layer of dust.

Owen's foot leaves prints as he walks past heaps of furnishings in disarray.

Owen stops at a wood chair with a Native American tied to it. Owen is face to face with Manteo. Other than darker skin and bruises they could be twins.

He looks into the man's swollen bruised face.

OWEN

Manteo, tell me. Do you know where they went?

MANTEO

How have you forgotten us?

OWEN

I need to find them, Manteo. My family is missing.

MANTEO

We should have never left them here alone.

OWEN

What choice did we have? Now tell me, how do we find Winchese?

MANTEO

You'll never find him, Owen.

Owen pulls the dirk from his belt with his bad hand.

Quickly he glances out the small high window. A few Englishmen are far away. No one is close.

Owen moves quickly close to Manteo. He grabs Manteo's bound wrists.

He speaks into Manteo's ear.

OWEN

Don't forget, she's mine.

Owen cuts Manteo's ropes. They look at each other for a second.

OWEN

Go fast.

**END ACT 5**

**BEGIN TAG**

**EXT. LONDON SHIPYARD - MORNING**

*SUPER 1583 LONDON ENGLAND*

The shipyard is busy with people. A large ship is on the shipway surrounded by wooden platforms. Men hammer repairs to the large ship.

Dock workers load a large ship with cargo. Teams carry crates on board.

A YOUNG SAILOR carries a large scroll and slaps it down on to a crate. He unrolls a worn map. It's the same map Amadas has later on board *The Bark Raleigh*.

Sir Francis Drake is on the other side of the crate talking to crew.

DRAKE

Make sure we bring extra blankets to trade with the Natives. The crates and space can be used to bring back whatever gold we find.

YOUNG SAILOR

Captain Drake.

Drake turns, notices the young man, and then dismisses his crew.

DRAKE

That's all for now. Once we have our charter I want to be ready to set sail immediately. We can't let anyone beat us to the fountain.

Drake walks over to the young man and eyes the map before.

DRAKE

You found the map, lad.

YOUNG SAILOR

Yes, only

DRAKE

Only what?

YOUNG SAILOR

It's in Spanish.

DRAKE

This is of little use to me then, isn't' it? How much did you pay?

YOUNG SAILOR

Twenty shillings, sir.

DRAKE

My god! We could have gotten a new sail for twenty shillings.

YOUNG SAILOR

I'm sorry sir. It's the only one I could find of the New World.

DRAKE

Keep looking. Don't spend more than 10.

Drake reaches into his pockets to pick out pieces of silver.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

I have to find some English fool to take this off our hounds.

**INT. HALLWAY OF PALACE - DAY**

Sir Francis Drake sits on a velvet bench in an extremely long hallway. The hallway is hung with several paintings. Large stained glass let colored light fill the space.

Drake is very formally dressed with perfectly polished black boots.

He carries a few legal documents and the map scroll.

TWO GUARDS flank the dark brown inlayed door.

The hinges CREEK and the door GROANS. The giant wood door moves revealing another ornately dressed man. It's SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, 30, is frail and has jet black hair specked with grey showing his youth mixed with ambition. Raleigh also dresses formally but with the metal breast plate of a conquistador.

Drake stands.

DRAKE

A bit dressed up for a meeting, wouldn't you say, Sir Raleigh?

RALEIGH

The queen has just approved my charter to explore the New World.

DRAKE

The new world is a long journey. You don't want to get lost along the way.

RALEIGH

I have matters to attend to here, but my agent will represent me and find my fortune.

DRAKE

You may want to hire an experienced captain. Someone who knows what an expedition would need. Someone who has experienced the perils of the sea.

Drake gently pulls on the steel plate of Raleigh.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

Someone who knows how to handle themselves should they encounter real Spaniards.

Drake lets go of the plate and walks to the door.

DRAKE

Now, if you'll excuse me. I need to speak to the queen about my charter to the West Indies.

RALEIGH

You're just a pirate Drake. A privateer.

Drake stops and turns back.

RALEIGH (CONT'D)

I am setting my sights much higher. The new world has much more to offer.

DRAKE

If only there were a man qualified to lead an expedition there. I fear I will be the only one brave enough to venture so far from home.

Drake fingers the map under his arm.

DRAKE

Where did you say you were headed?

**END OF SHOW**

**EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN 1589 - DAY**

A large ship bobs up and down in the dark blue ocean. Waves lap against the hull. The ship crests a swell then smashes down.

A tall SAILOR hugs the mast and stares at the grey horizon. Mist sprays him. A thin line of land comes into view.

OWEN

Land ho!

CHEERS and YELLS erupt.

The sailor turns, this is OWEN TEIR, 26. He doesn't smile.



He puts his fingers in the corner of his mouth to make a loud whistle. His hands are dirty and calloused from the ropes. He is also missing his left ring finger. THREEET!

Sailors below toss a rope up.

He quickly ties a knot around the mast and swings down. He is clearly an experienced seaman.

His boots CRACK down on the deck.

A MAN puts a hand on his shoulder. This is SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. 35, older and groomed better than everyone else. He is tall and confident.

DRAKE

Quiet down men, the Spanish fort is just ahead.

Owen turns to face Drake. His eyes say it all

OWEN

Spanish or natives?

DRAKE

It doesn't matter, Owen. Anyone that gets between me and that gold is as good as dead.

DRAKE

Okay Sailors, you know the routine by now. We hit the fort at night. Kill the Spaniards: Capture the Natives.

Drake motions to a captive Native American on board. His name is MANTEO. From a distance he looks very similar to Owen.

**EXT. SAN AUGUSTINE 1589 - NIGHT**

TWO SAILORS run from a burning fort. Flames shoot from the Spanish clay towers. They carry gold inlay chest. More SAILORS run past.

A loud gunshot BOOMS. The palm tree next to the men splinters. The sailors fly to the side. The chest crashes

in the tall blades as Spanish Doubloons spill onto the ground. Right in front of an alligator. The gator open's his jaws with a HISS.

Owen picks up one wounded SAILOR.

OWEN  
Move your asses!

SAILOR  
What about Drake's gold?

Owen looks back to the fort. Spanish pour out. Some of them on fire, others ready their arquebus muskets.

OWEN  
Better to leave with our  
lives.

Owen pulls up the other Sailor to his feet.

**EXT. ROANOKE ISLAND - DAY**

Black boots step into wet sand. Drake stands tall and watches the MEN loading out. They pull their boats onto the flat grey beach. Anchored in the background are four large ships.

MORE MEN pile out. The only sound other than the boots and boats are the distant sounds of birds.

Manteo is pulled out of a boat. He is a young man, 26, all sinew and lean muscle. He bears many bruises and scars

He hits the sand and buries his face in the ground, kissing it. Two SAILORS lift him by the arms and carry him past Drake.

**EXT. ENTRANCE TO ROANOKE FORT - EVE**

A large group of ENGLISHMEN approach a dark fort. The fort is just a small group of structures surrounded by a rugged fence of mismatched tree branches.

The large line of men are hauling barrels, food, and supplies.

Owen walks alongside Sir Francis Drake. Both notice the sun dipping behind the horizon of trees. They are anxious.

The group stops a few feet from the gate. Drake points to the worn Union Jack. The tattered flag barely flaps in the breeze.

The fort is a pitiful thing, the timbers all dead and rotten.

DRAKE

By the look of it, they  
abandoned your home.

Owen's face fills with shock.

His hands loosen and drop a satchel. It lands in the dirt as he runs to the gate.