

THE LONELY PONDEROSA

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MISSOURI PLAINS - DAY

An Apache encampment lies in ash.

Union soldiers walk a line of bloodied, tied-up Apache warriors through a crowd of native women and children.

An eager private jams his rifle into the back of a tied up warrior and kicks him to the ground as he stumbles.

Sergeant ANDREW ALLEN (35), drags the Apache war chief, FALLING LEAVES (40s), into the middle of the encampment.

Soldiers force each of the warriors onto their knees.

A native woman comforts Falling Leaves' chubby, older son. She grasps at his second, younger son standing defiant in front.

A deep cut highlights the younger boy's upper lip.

EYES

move toward the chief whose face sits beaten to a pulp. Falling Leaves extends his arm up to Allen, pleading.

The commanding officer twists the arm mercilessly before hammering him in the face twice.

ALLEN

(to the crowd)

We came in peace, you fools.

Allen takes out his knife and scalps him. He grabs the chief by the jaw.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

If only you poor souls knew civility.

Allen violently spits on the slightly moving native. He grabs his hat, dusts it, and walks away.

Two soldiers pick up the chief. They toss him in with the rest of the tied-up warriors, and set fire to the group.

The younger son cries out in horror.

INT. WHITE KILLER'S TEPEE - EARLY MORNING

WHITE KILLER (25) wakes suddenly, his forehead glistening with a light sweat.

He pulls on the hand he has snatched and looks toward its owner.

LITTLE BEAR (8), a young Sioux with a shaved head and with clothes that hang off him loosely, trembles with wide eyes.

White Killer releases the boy.

Furs and hides cover a sleeping native couple and their infant son.

NOTE: DIALOGUE SPOKEN IN SIOUX, WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES.

LITTLE BEAR
Low Dog told me to get you.

White Killer slowly wakes his body up.

WHITE KILLER
Why?

LITTLE BEAR
Chippewa chiefs are here.

White Killer looks up.

WHITE KILLER
Chippewa?

The boy nods.

WHITE KILLER (CONT'D)
You sure?

LITTLE BEAR
Yes.

White Killer moves his infant son toward his mother.

Little Bear goes for White Killer's spear. He gets smacked.

WHITE KILLER
Get.

The boy exits.

White Killer rubs the ragged scar on his upper lip. He grabs his spear and exits.

EXT. SIOUX ENCAMPMENT - EARLY MORNING

Frozen dew drops in the camp slowly melt from the warming sunrise. Tepees scatter around.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Sioux Encampment - 1855"

Little Bear extends his hand to White Killer, who smacks it away. He skips ahead to keep pace -- his breath coming out like plumes of smoke from a chimney.

Little Bear tries to hold White Killer's hand again, but gets denied. He tries a third time. White Killer accepts.

The two walk hand in hand, until they reach one of the largest tepees in camp.

The boy scampers off. He pulls out a made-up small knife, as he cradles a dead log -- slashing and stabbing at it.

A smile slowly curls up onto the boy's lips.

BEAR DANCE (50s) a kooky old Sioux warrior throws up leaves in the distance for his giant friend, LADY. Lady is a 900 pound adult female grizzly bear.

White Killer watches the two play cheerfully in the foggy, morning dew before he enters the War Chief's Tepee.

INT. WAR CHIEF'S TEPEE - EARLY MORNING

A small, smokeless fire burns in the middle of the tepee as White Killer enters.

Two rival tribes, Chippewa and Sioux, circle around it, but sit on opposite sides from one another.

SMOKE TALKER (70), the small-framed Sioux war chief, sits squarely in the middle of the Sioux side. He exhales a drag from his piece pipe.

SMOKE TALKER
My son, join us. Please.

Smoke Talker, looking stoned, meticulously moves the pipe from one hand to the other, then passes it to the APACHE to his right.

LOW DOG (24), who takes up a large amount of room besides his adopted father, lazily grabs the pipe as he eyes a Chippewa.

Smoke Talker pats the open spot to his left.

SMOKE TALKER (CONT'D)

Sit. We have been waiting.

White Killer stares down the same Chippewa as his brother.

BLACK SMILES (29), the Chippewa war chief, sits with long black hair, black paint on his eyes, and black teeth.

He clenches his jaw at White Killer, then smiles.

White Killer tightens his grip on his spear before leaning it against the rack.

Neither brother looks away from Black Smiles.

SMOKE TALKER (CONT'D)

Come. Sit.

Smoke Talker pats the spot again and smiles. White Killer plops down next to his adopted father and receives the pipe from Low Dog.

He takes quick, multiple puffs before passing it around.

With a lazy hand, Smoke Talker signals for the

BATTLE BOARD

Thirty brown pebbles mark the Sioux encampment up north. Ten white pebbles beside them on the board.

Twenty black, smooth pebbles mark the Chippewa camp. Twenty white pebbles beside them.

SMOKE TALKER (CONT'D)

White man no longer send small quantities.

Smoke Talker passes the pipe to SOOT FOOT (50), the elder Chippewa chief who is also covered in black war paint.

SOOT FOOT

White settlers have set up camp five miles west of us.

White Killer breaks his gaze from Black Smiles.

SOOT FOOT (CONT'D)

Our scouts estimate over 200 white soldiers accompanied them.

WHITE KILLER

Why is that of our concern?

SMOKE TALKER

There are two places that are of importance. The river--

Smoke Talker places a RED ROCK near the Chippewa camp.

SMOKE TALKER (CONT'D)

And the hill.

He places a RED ROCK near the Sioux camp.

SMOKE TALKER (CONT'D)

The keys to the west. Devastation if the white man gets both.

SOOT FOOT

It appears we, as current enemies, must agree to put aside our differences for the time being.

LOW DOG

For the time being.

The third Chippewa chief, ASKOOK (70s), nods once.

SMOKE TALKER

There are 200 Chippewa warriors. Combine that with 300 Sioux an--

BLACK SMILES

Plus two Apache.

Black Smiles nods his head to the two brothers.

SMOKE TALKER

Yes, yes. 300 Sioux, plus two Apache and together we outnumber the white.

Soot Foot passes the pipe to Black Smiles.

WHITE KILLER

Shoeless River is heavily fortified, but the majority of it are men, women, children.

SOOT FOOT

White men, women, and children.

LOW DOG

Why does that matter?

BLACK SMILES

Was anybody talking to you, fat man?

The two tribes tense up.

WHITE KILLER

Careful, Chippewa.

Smoke Talker pats White Killer's hand gently.

SMOKE TALKER

My sons, the Chippewa rode into our camp unarmed and unguarded. Until they deem themselves unworthy of our trust, they shall not be touched.

The two brothers continue to stare down the Chippewa.

WHITE KILLER

Yes, father.

LOW DOG

Yes, father.

SMOKE TALKER

The Chippewa will receive 50 spears and 50 bows from our side.

WHITE KILLER

Will we be able to mount an efficient attack, father?

SMOKE TALKER

Shoeless River is of importance.

Smoke Talker places ten small brown pebbles next to the twenty small black pebbles.

SMOKE TALKER (CONT'D)

The white men need both the Lonely Ponderosa and the river.

LOW DOG

Is it advisable to put our faith in such virtuous ruffians?

Black Smiles lets out a wild, animal-like laugh.

Soot Foot gives his son a death glare.

SMOKE TALKER

I fear we may only be delaying the inevitable, but I will give the Chippewa all the men they need to assure victory.

Black Smiles brings his tiny, HOOK-HANDLED KNIFE up to his own throat. Low Dog sits unflinchingly.

SOOT FOOT

We both face the same fate, Apache. Sioux, Chippewa, Apache. It does not matter. They want us all dead. The only reason--

WHITE KILLER

Some more than others.

SOOT FOOT

The only reason I don't smile as you burn, is that after you are dead, the Chippewa are next.

Smoke Talker lets out a long puff.

SMOKE TALKER

Well spoken.

SOOT FOOT

The Chippewa will attack the river tonight.

SMOKE TALKER

And the Sioux will attack the Ponderosa early morning.

SOOT FOOT

We shall hold up on our side.

LOW DOG

As shall we.

SMOKE TALKER

Then, it is settled.

ASKOOK

Not quite, father.

Askook motions for Black Smiles.

The Chippewa heads outside for a brief moment. The smoke fills the tepee as the natives sit idly around. Glances exchange solidly and briefly.

Black Smiles carries something wrapped in multiple blankets and places it on the table.

SOOT FOOT

This was picked up by a Chippewa
two days ago.

Black Smiles uncovers the body of a DEAD DEER -- its head missing.

The three men grimace at the smell.

LOW DOG

Rotted.

Black Smiles opens up the inside showing all black.

WHITE KILLER

I don't understand.

SOOT FOOT

Neither do we.

SMOKE TALKER

This is unsettling. Let me dwell on
it, my brothers.

Soot Foot stands up and gives the pipe back to White Killer.
The Chippewa head toward the exit.

SOOT FOOT

Look it over. We can discuss it
another time.

BLACK SMILES

Father. Apaches.

NOTE: END OF SUBTITLES.

EXT. BASE HEADQUARTERS 38TH NORTH CAROLINA CALVARY - DAY

Men shuffle around, getting their evening assignments done before bed. YELLING and LAUGHING ring throughout the hillside.

A couple of soldiers pound nails into wooden trenches.

On the very top of the Lonely Ponderosa, TWO DEAD SIOUX hang in shackles by their ankles -- their bodies whipped.

Blood slowly dribbles onto the ground, flicking up dust.

INT. BASE HEADQUARTERS 38TH NORTH CAROLINA CALVARY - DAY

Five Union soldiers sit around a large map of the surrounding area.

First Sergeant OLIVER HART, (20s), bursts in with his baby face and clean cut of hair.

Everybody stops and watches Hart as he sits and fixes his coat.

He coughs into his hand uncomfortably.

One man sits at the head of the make-shift wooden table, our scalping sergeant ten years prior -- Colonel ANDREW ALLEN.

Allen takes a sip of whiskey, holding it in, causing the long, hard lines on his face to become more pronounced.

First Lt. LINCOLN DANIELS (40s) limps over and places a report in front of Hart.

DANIELS

As I was sayin', Sioux appear to be alliancing themselves with a neighboring war tribe, the Chippewa here in the southwest.

He points on the map.

DANIELS (CONT'D)

Scout reports think the number is low, around 200. To the north--

Daniels moves up on the map.

DANIELS (CONT'D)

The Sioux could be anywhere from 200 to 500 strong. We might--

Allen, who is looking down at the report with spectacles on, holds up his hand to silence the first lieutenant.

ALLEN

How many troops can we give the 43rd?

Second Lt. CLEON ALISTAR RYAN (50s), sitting and with a permanent scowl on his face, stands.

He takes out the dip in his lip that looks almost as big as his gray-speckled mustache.

RYAN

Say we give 'em four troops of calvary, and a battery of artillery. Absolute max. Don't wanna be fighting in front and behind come winter.

He spits the remaining tobacco bits into a tin can.

RYAN (CONT'D)

We send 'em reinforcements now, they extinguish the problem and get back here before the Sioux can launch an efficient attack.

Allen looks over to Daniels for his thoughts. The First Lieutenant nods in agreement.

DANIELS

The sooner we send our troops out, the sooner they come back. It may--

HART

No, that's too many. The Sioux will attack before winter.

Everybody stops immediately, eyes on Hart.

HART (CONT'D)

Their strength is in their horses, in their agility. They will attack before winter to counter our strength in numbers.

He leans forward in his seat towards the colonel.

HART (CONT'D)

If their strength is gone with the horses, they will need our strength in numbers gone in winter. They won't wait until winter.

RYAN

We have horses, too, boy.

HART

It is not the same.

RYAN

Listen to me, ya goddamn pipsqueak. Speaking out of turn like a mouse finding cheese. Go get your fuckin' cheese over in Charleston, you piece of--

DANIELS

Sir, we send reinforcements out now, they'll be back in one months time. Our threat-

HART

What if the Sioux numbers lean more towards 500? What if they strike next week?

RYAN

What if them goddam injuns learn how to fly?

A good chuckle rings throughout the room.

HART

Sir, we shouldn't depart with soldiers and supplies that--

Ryan throws a mean scowl to Hart.

RYAN

And what would a fuckin' yank know of running an army? A squadron ain't the same as a troo--

ALLEN

That's enough. Ryan, give word that four troops and a battery of artillery are heading down with Daniels.

Allen gathers up some papers and begins walking out.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

First Sergeant, you're with me.

HART

Yes, sir.

Hart eyes Ryan before exiting.

EXT. 38TH NORTH CAROLINA CALVARY ENCAMPMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rows of cannons sit dug into the hillside. Twenty feet down, soldiers work on trenches, followed by another set of trenches twenty feet past that.

The two officers walk across the encampment in silence.

They stop after passing an idle tent. The busy-ness of the rest of the encampment makes it stand out. It's much larger than the others.

A tall, lonely ponderosa tree lingers on top of the hill next to it.

Allen places his palm on the tree.

ALLEN

There's rumor that the southern states are talking of a secession.

HART

They've been saying that for years, sir.

The two look west, as four soldiers work on a latrine below them.

ALLEN

True, but for us it means the president wanted this savage mess gone yesterday.

Allen turns back to Hart, pulling out a large hand rolled cigar.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Which means we need more inventive ways of doing things for the United States Military.

HART

United States Military, sir?

DR. LOUIS (30s) dramatically steps out of the tent wearing a nice shirt and vest, with cape and bowtie to match. An odd piece of cloth wraps around his head covering his nose and twirl of a mustache.

A bloody apron with handprints hangs around his waist.

DR. LOUIS

(slight French accent)

I know the precise timing of a perfect introduction when I hear one.

The eccentric doctor casually rips off his nose covering, bows, and then dunks his hands into a trough nearby.

TIMOTHY (12) a short, black, scrawny child with deep circles under his eyes quickly hands the doctor a towel.

DR. LOUIS (CONT'D)

Thank you, Timothy. Dump the water and retrieve a fresh pail, s'il vous plaît.

TIMOTHY

Yes, doctor.

RAVEN (15) a taller, leaner, black teenager, with deeper circles under his eyes, saunters out of the tent with a clipboard. A more confident, in-command look accompanies him.

DR. LOUIS

And more copper wire laid in the bottom, as well.

Timothy immediately begins uncorking the bottom of the trough.

DR. LOUIS (CONT'D)

Raven! Oh, you're right here. Make sure the delivery of the blankets are passed to every man on site.

RAVEN

Yes, doctor.

Raven begins bellowing orders for the soldiers down below to come grab boxes within the tent.

Dr. Louis dramatically bows again before extending his arm out to Hart, who accepts hesitantly.

DR. LOUIS

Dr. Jura Louis. French chemist, microbiologist, and extravagant entrepreneur of European fashion.

HART

First Sergeant Oliver Hart of the 38th North Carolina Calvary.

Allen strikes a match for his cigar.

ALLEN

Dr. Louis hails to us from France. The President wanted to use his talents while on his sabbatical. Isn't that right, Doctor?

DR. LOUIS

Most precisely. The President and I are old *amis*. He had issues here in America, and as his friend, I told him I'd be happy to oblige.

HART

Issues?

DR. LOUIS

Many issues that are, in reality, tied to one main issue.

HART

And the main issue being...

DR. LOUIS

So concise with his reasoning. Education.

HART

Education. But this is war.

ALLEN

Peace keeping, First Sergeant.

DR. LOUIS

Medicine, war, education, religion, culture, CIVILIZATION. All tied together. You see, young sergeant, the main issue with America is the education of the populace. Or lack thereof. Or should I say the incorrect implementation of the current education.

Hart looks to Allen.

DR. LOUIS (CONT'D)

You see all of those soldiers jump at Raven's commands. A black child ordering around a bunch of white brusky men.

ALLEN

Burly, doctor.

DR. LOUIS

The reason is the tone of his commands. He owns that air of power before him because he has earned it.

(MORE)

DR. LOUIS (CONT'D)

He has replicated that tone of authority over and over again in these soldiers' minds that they wouldn't dare question his orders. Or they might, but Raven would soon put his destruction upon their path.

Dr. Louis smiles wide.

DR. LOUIS (CONT'D)

Come. You might want to leave the cigar behind, Colonel.

The three men walk

INTO THE TENT

Dead and diseased bodies line the middle. Blankets, water buckets, large wooden microscopes, and makeshift syringes line the exterior.

Dr. Louis grabs the funky looking nose coverings at the entrance and hands them to Allen and Hart.

DR. LOUIS (CONT'D)

Please. S'il vous plaît.

Hart hesitantly follows Allen on how to put it on.

DR. LOUIS (CONT'D)

A new invention of mine. One that will change the course of medicine for all life in the growing future.

Hart touches one of the syringes. Dr. Louis quickly stops him.

DR. LOUIS (CONT'D)

Best keep all hands to oneself in here.

The doctor gives him an unusually long stare into his eyes.

DR. LOUIS (CONT'D)

Now, the growing problem in the growing American civilization is that of education. The democrats in the south have one of the most brutal forms, but very effective. The north has very liberal forms, but doesn't align with a growing democracy that the president wishes to cultivate.

HART

Democracy, sir? Our country was set up as a Republic in order to curtail democracies and their corruption.

DR. LOUIS

You are missing my point, young First Sergeant. We are going to be implementing the correct education. The problem with war is that the human populace rarely wants to kill one another. Following orders is questioned, especially in the lower ranks. This must be dramatically overhauled. No questioning. Good soldiers.

Dr. Louis, holding a small pin, gestures for Hart's hand.

DR. LOUIS (CONT'D)

May I?

Hart hesitantly gives his hand to the doctor, who pricks his finger, capturing the blood on a large glass slide.

DR. LOUIS (CONT'D)

This implementation of good soldier creation must be applied to every form of civilization, from military to medicine to religion to culture to EDUCATION. The state must be the ultimate authority. Total hierarchy.

Dr. Louis places the slide on a microscope and zooms in.

DR. LOUIS (CONT'D)

Now, tell me what you see.

Hart looks into the microscope and sees his red blood cells moving around.

HART

My blood?

DR. LOUIS

Blood cells. Blood is made of tinier bits called cells. They comprise the entirety of every living thing of this world. Focus attention on the way the cells move.

The doctor removes the slide and adds a drop of black liquid.

DR. LOUIS (CONT'D)

Now. Look again.

Hart looks once more. The black drop quickly begins to attach itself to every cell aggressively.

HART

The black is attacking the cells.

DR. LOUIS

Good. Good. Most precisely. Notice how it isn't completely destroying the cells. Only attaching.

HART

I don't understand.

Dr. Louis admires his creation with love.

DR. LOUIS

This black liquid I have named Interitus. Soon every being in this country will line up to take this. Our system of control. For the greater good and his light which cometh.

ALLEN

For the greater good.

HART

No one will want this in them. It's... unnatural.

DR. LOUIS

Natural leads to chaos. For a new order to emerge, our job is to speed along that chaos.

Hart takes a half-step back questioningly.

HART

Controlled chaos.

Allen places his hand on Hart's shoulder.

ALLEN

Planned destruction, young First Sergeant.

DR. LOUIS

And out of the ashes, comes a new order. That will be all, gentlemen.

Dr. Louis goes back to his microscope.

DR. LOUIS (CONT'D)

This will be our last meeting together, First Sergeant Oliver Hart. I am off to Virginia to begin my educational journey in the southern states. Within 100 years, everything you know will be turned on its head. I bid you a healthy journey. You will not see me again.

Dr. Louis looks up and gives an encouraging wide smile.

Hart exits.

DR. LOUIS (CONT'D)

And Allen?

ALLEN

Yes, doctor.

DR. LOUIS

Keep an eye on that one. I sense hesitancy. Make sure he stands under.

ALLEN

Yes, doctor.

Dr. Louis holds up a glass slide to the light.

EXT. LONELY PONDEROSA - SUNSET

Hart watches the sun set on the soldiers below. Allen stops behind him and takes out his cigar once more.

HART

Sir, we shouldn't be--

ALLEN

Life is a funny thing, First Sergeant. There is so much killing in the history of our world, so much hatred, just so some people can live with a little peace. It's ironic.

(MORE)

ALLEN (CONT'D)

It makes me wonder at times whether or not all this bloodshed and violence are real or if it's just created in my mind.

He stares at Hart.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Whether I've just gone crazy and my mind is playing this intricate game of chess between myself and myself.

Allen cuts the burnt out end of his cigar.

Hart watches him.

A long uncomfortable beat.

HART

Sir, say we are wrong at guessing this time of where our enemy plans to attack. Say we die and our world as we know it ends. How do you think the future world will remember us?

Allen looks towards the sun.

ALLEN

If we die, and our encampment burns to the ground, the future world will remember that we fought even after death.

He lights the cigar once more.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

That to get rich and luxurious lands, the United States sold her soul to the devil and took down half the world with her. That we--

Gestures to himself and Hart.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

--destroyed what's left of human innocence, just for a little greed.

Allen takes a great puff and smiles.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

What are the 38th North Carolina Calvary regulations during briefings?

Hart stifles a sigh.

HART

Ask permission to speak. Stand when speaking. Don't interrupt others.

ALLEN

Civility, my young first sergeant. The basis of civilization.

HART

Will that be all, sir?

ALLEN

You're dismissed.

Hart begins moving his way back up the ridge to where they came from.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

And son, we all drink whiskey. Hell, I think I drank enough whiskey to fill those tiny elf boots of yours last night. But when you are an officer in the Union Army, there are three things you are never late to. Ever.

The old colonel lists them off with his fingers.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Church, fishing, and morning briefings. One night I woke up piss drunk with my pants missing, gun missing, shirt missing. All I had was my hat, my boots, and this pretty smile. I stumbled my naked ass a few miles to make sure I wasn't late. My commanding officer, while obviously intimidated by my naked physique, didn't talk to me for the next week. But I had his respect.

Allen comes unusually close to the young first sergeant. His height menacingly towering over.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

Never come late to my briefings again or I'll knock those pearly whites back into your goddamn throat. Got it?

HART
Yes, colonel.

Allen gives him a friendly pat on the arm.

ALLEN
Ausgezeichnet.

Hart looks bewildered before exiting.

Allen looks out into the wild over his soldiers. He grabs a handful of dirt, letting it slide through his fingers, smoking his cigar.

EXT. SHOELESS RIVER ENCAMPMENT - TREE FORT - NIGHT

Three scouts in a TREE FORT sit in darkness at the edge of the Shoeless River Base. The base lies enclosed by four sturdy, wooden walls.

The population of soldiers and settlers sleep soundly as the moon shines right through a thick layer of clouds.

JIMMIE TATE (30s), a balding southern racist, pulls out a pipe and lights up.

JUSTIN LONG (15), a 6'5" runaway with a huge head, sits leaning over the railing, wide-eyed and alert.

He notices Tate smoking.

JUSTIN
Lieutenant says no fire.

TATE
He also says no drinkin'.

The third scout, DEVON MORROW (30s), another private, coughs as he inhales some whiskey from his flask.

Justin ignores them. He gets a boot to his back from Tate.

JUSTIN
Knock it off, Tate!

TATE
What you gonna do, baby? Wha- what you gonna do? What you gonna do?

Devon puts his hat over his face and falls asleep.

Tate kicks the rookie's chair again.

JUSTIN
Curse off, Tate.

TATE
Shut up, you homosexual. I'm a
knock those stupid, bloody teeth
out and gonna make you suck mah
dick.

JUSTIN
Go find Jesus, old man.

Justin flips him off and scurries down the open hatch leading
to the ground.

TATE
What is that your tiny little wee
wee? See, I knew he was one of them
homosexuals, Devon.

JUSTIN
Blasted drunk. Can't teach you any
new words.

Tate jumps up at the boy, who rushes down the ladder.

TATE
What you say? Huh? Huh?
(to Devon)
One of them days, I'm gonna squash
that little ant.

DEVON
Leave the kid alone, Tate.

CLOUDS cover up the moon.

Tate hocks a loogie down the hole.

JUSTIN (O.S.)
What in the God's Almighty, Tate?

ON THE GROUND

A huge WAR AXE hits Justin in the back -- the impact knocks
the scream out of him.

Tate looks to Devon.

TATE
You hear that?

Tate lifts the hatch back up.

TATE (CONT'D)

Rook? Rook?

Tate squints down as the moon uncovers again.

TATE (CONT'D)

Think this a test? Last time, I got pissin' boots in my asshole.

DEVON

He's messing with you again, man.

Devon heads back asleep.

TATE

(yelled whisper)

Jussin? Jussin?

Tate slowly reaches down for the first rung. As he climbs down, he searches the area for Justin.

He skips the last few rungs and drops to the ground, using his hand to keep his balance.

Tate stares into the empty, black space.

TATE (CONT'D)

Rook? Jussin?

Black Smiles, calm and steady, lights a small torch.

BLACK SMILES

(In Chippewa, Subtitled)

Boo.

Chippewa appear around him, motionless.

Tate stumbles backwards and runs.

A Chippewa notches an arrow and points it at Tate. Black Smiles holds the bow down.

BLACK SMILES (CONT'D)

(In Chippewa, Subtitled)

No.

(to Tate)

Run little rabbit.

Muffled SCREAMS litter throughout the forest.

Tate stumbles and coughs his way through the dark, as other tree forts around him light up with fire.

His heavy weight causes him to fall to the ground hard.

ALARM BELLS

sit in the space between the tree forts and the wooden walls of the base -- one sits 100 feet away from Tate.

Dead bodies litter around it. Arrows sticking out of each one.

Tate fearfully scrambles across the ground on all fours and rolls down into the brush. He piles leaves and debris onto himself.

A long line of Chippewa warriors trot through the woods.

EXT. SHOELESS RIVER ENCAMPMENT - TREE FORT - SAMETIME

Justin lies on the ground with his back bone sticking out of his skin.

He looks up, his 15 year old baby face shining in the moonlight, as Black Smiles walks around directly in front of the boy.

JUSTIN

Pl-please. Please.

Black Smiles strokes Justin's face. He pulls out his hook-handled knife and smiles his wicked smile.

He places the knife to Justin's face.

BLACK SMILES

(In Chippewa, Subtitled)

Quiet, I am trying to kill your friends.

Black Smiles slowly stabs Justin in the throat, then violently three more times after.

He wipes the knife off on the young boy and places it in his backside and grabs his spear.

In the tree fort, Devon stares down at the Chippewa war chief.

Black Smiles receives a torch and looks up.

Devon cowers back.

EXT. SHOELESS RIVER ENCAMPMENT - TREE FORT - NIGHT

Black Smiles follows the rest of the Chippewa warriors walking towards the Shoeless River Base. The light from the tree fort fire shines on them from behind.

Under the leaves, Tate holds his breath as Chippewa pass him row by row.

EXT. SHOELESS RIVER ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Near the wooden walls, native warriors climb into the encampment in droves.

Archers perch on top. Spearman climb all the way over and crouch run through the base.

The spearmen dump vast quantities of oil along the outside walls of the buildings.

AKANDO (30s), a Chippewa archer, points to a closed-off section.

Two ZOMBIE soldiers stand chained to the fence.

AKANDO

What is that?

He passes a torch down to HAKAN (20s).

HAKAN

Don't know. Drunks?

AKANDO

Maybe.

The two shrug it off.

EXT. SHOELESS RIVER ENCAMPMENT - SAME TIME

Black Smiles and a Chippewa archer reach one of the alarm bells.

Black Smiles places his hand on its smooth surface.

BLACK SMILES

The gate.

The archer nods and heads toward the main gate.

Black Smiles grabs the rope and RINGS the bell continuously for ten seconds. The ringing stops.

SILENCE as fires start spreading.

The Chippewa watch soldiers scramble out into the open -- a large number march out unaware.

Arrows fly. Soldiers drop. SCREAMS echo throughout. The main gate flies open.

Black Smiles walks into the battle.

EXT. SHOELESS RIVER ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Fires litter throughout the trees. Under the leaves, Tate lies as still as possible. He hears the carnage taking place.

Tate gets up and sees the massive fire enveloping the camp.

TATE
(under his breath)
My God...

He sneaks his way through the gate and watches his fellow Union soldiers get massacred.

He makes his way behind a building that hasn't been destroyed -- unable to move -- and cries as the massacre dies down.

Tate watches Black Smiles walk through the camp.

One by one, the Chippewa war chief cleans up the wounded soldiers with his spear, gutting them in the chest and neck.

A SCARED WOMAN and two children slink around a building adjacent to Tate. They notice him and try to get his help.

SCARED WOMAN
(mouthing)
Please. Please.

Tate shoos them.

The woman wraps the two children in her arms, tears rolling down her face.

SCARED WOMAN (CONT'D)
Help us, please!

Tate, with tears himself, gathers his composure -- his pistol cocked and loaded.

Slowly, but surely, Tate crawls in their direction. He makes it halfway.

Stops.

Two Chippewa spearmen come from the other side and slaughter the woman and two kids.

Tate turns back and scrambles over the wall, falling hard. He runs as the two spearmen follow.

Black Smiles notices the two spearmen. He climbs the wall to watch the chase.

TATE

Dammit, dammit, dammit!

Tate blindly shoots one warrior in the head and the other in the foot while running.

He reaches the river and jumps in. Clothes drenched, he pulls himself into a little boat and madly begins rowing.

With his breath hard and coming out like smoke, Tate looks back at the encampment crying.

Black Smiles, with his arms hanging over the wall like a little kid, watches the balding man row.

He smiles.

BLACK SMILES

(In Chippewa, Subtitled)

Little rabbit.

Black Smiles jumps down. He sees the woman crawling away. He stabs her in the back of the neck in one quick movement.

Black Smiles walks past a dead soldier that has fog covered eyes.

The soldier's hand slightly twitches.

Black Smiles walks away. More Chippewa accompany him.

The soldier reawakens -- the zombie hand grabs a handful of dirt.

EXT. ROWBOAT - SAMETIME

Tate's HEAVY BREATHING fills the air. He stares in disbelief as the encampment burns.

INT. BROTHEL TENT 38TH CALVARY ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

Hart's HEAVY BREATHING fills the tent. He sits at the base of a lush bed. Whiskey and lanterns lay about.

He pushes his hands through his brown hair and looks back at the girl next to him.

MAGASKAWEE (MAGGIE) MOONCHASER (31), half-Sioux prostitute, lies naked on the bed with a cigarette in one hand and a bottle of whiskey in the other.

Hart reluctantly smiles at her and leans back as Maggie takes a long pull from the bottle.

She hands it over to the young sergeant.

Hart grabs it and runs the top of the bottle up her bare leg.

MAGGIE

Haven't had enough yet? Sure people think there was a great big buffalo in here with all your moaning.

HART

I don't think it's possible for any man to have enough of you. You could turn the weakest men into rulers.

Hart's hand now runs up her leg. Maggie holds the cigarette in her mouth and smiles wildly as she closes her eyes.

MAGGIE

If that were true, soldier, then half the west would be ruling the world. I don't know much. But I know fucking, I know drinking, and I know smoking. And I know how to treat a man.

She grabs the bottle and pours whiskey into his mouth.

HART

Yes, you do, darlin'.

MAGGIE

But after the fucking, after the drinking, and after the smoking, I can also talk some sense into a cowboy.

Hart starts kissing her legs.

HART

Sweet pea, I am a northern gentleman. I'm no cowboy.

Maggie frowns at him and grabs his hair.

MAGGIE

Soldier, do you ride horses?

Hart continues kissing her body.

HART

Yes, ma'am.

MAGGIE

Do you carry a six shooter?

Hart keeps on kissing. Maggie takes a big sip from the bottle and spills whiskey down her breasts.

HART

Yes, ma'am.

MAGGIE

Do you fuck with your boots on?

Hart stops the kissing and looks down to his feet. He sees boots and looks back up at Maggie.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Then you're a fucking cowboy. So shut the fuck up and let me talk some heavenly advice into you.

Hart stops kissing her and looks up.

HART

When you are done, may I proceed?

Maggie winks at him.

Hart sits up onto his elbows and pushes Maggie's legs wide apart.

MAGGIE

Tell the madam what's ailin' you, so I can fix it.

HART

Nothing's ailin' me.

MAGGIE

There's a vulnerability in you tonight, cowboy.

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

You're a pressure cooker. A steam engine about to blow.

Hart grabs the bottle from her and sits crosslegged.

HART

Well, ma'am. I'm at a crossroads. I have seen nothing but victory since taking over the North Carolina 38th battalion cavalry.

MAGGIE

That's not a problem.

HART

I love what I do. I love the smell of the battlefield after a fight. I love the bullets, the dirt, the goddamn blood pumping viciously through my veins. I love it.

Maggie smokes her cigarette. She closes her legs.

MAGGIE

Don't we all.

HART

When you're in the heat of it, everything seems to fall in line perfectly. Like that shot, that punch, that kick, that run. All form perfectly as if I'm running through motions predestined for me. Like I was predestined to kill.

MAGGIE

That's a bold statement.

HART

It's like I'm going through the motions. Like we're in a play and it's all scripted. The outcome has been determined. You just know what's going to happen. This otherworldly play has led me here.

Maggie opens her shirt exposing her bare breast.

MAGGIE

Here?

Hart smiles.

HART

Here to Missouri. And I was brought here for one reason. To kill natives.

MAGGIE

I'm native.

HART

I know. That, my native beauty, is my fucking problem. My predestined motions are no longer moving as predestined. I'm no longer in a good flow where everything falls into orderly fashion. As I see it, I have no solution.

MAGGIE

Sure you do.

Maggie grabs him with both hands.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Just don't die. You got a big heart, kid. If you win enough battles, the army will have you making all the decisions some day. Then, the war will end. The dyin' will end.

Hart takes a pull, then pushes her legs apart again.

HART

Madam, the dyin' will never end.

Maggie places his hat on the head rummaging between her legs.

EXT. SIOUX ENCAMPMENT - SUNRISE

The morning dew slowly melts across the busy camp. Smoke trickles throughout.

Some of the native kids mock TALL BIRD (30s), the biggest fucking Indian in the camp. They circle around him, flapping their arms.

With his massive war axe on his back, Tall Bird gets up all monster like and runs after them.

The children flee in delight.

The rest of the Sioux warriors pack up their horses.

INT. WHITE KILLER'S TEEPEE - SAME TIME

An infant lies awake under furs and blankets. White Killer sits beside the baby.

WHITE KILLER

I know you don't understand the words coming out of my mouth. I know you don't understand what I am about to do -- what I must do. But hopefully, one day, you will. My aim is for your future. What my father did in his life altered my trajectory and I never wished to do the same. But here I am before you, asking you to forgive me.

The infant grabs hold of White Killer's finger.

WHITE KILLER (CONT'D)

Often, we become what we fear. I fear that we will never have free choices. Our choices are already laid out before our feet. There is no deviating from the path. There is only following the path. I am hoping my path today changes yours, my young son. I hope it changes everything.

White Killer places his hand on his son's head.

EXT. SIOUX ENCAMPMENT - SUNRISE

Sioux warriors pack up their horses. Low Dog moves lazily and slow.

White Killer walks out and immerses himself into the job, opposite of his brother -- quick and serious.

LITTLE DOVE (8), overly-dramatic-for-her-age, races out of a teepee and lunges into Low Dog's arms.

Tears roll down her cheeks.

LOW DOG

When I am gone, you listen to auntie and do anything she asks.

He wipes away her tears.

LOW DOG (CONT'D)

Understand?

LITTLE DOVE

Yes, father.

Low Dog kisses his daughter and climbs onto his horse.

Little Dove runs over and stands behind her aunt, White Killer's wife, BUTTERFLY (20s).

Butterfly holds the one month old baby boy in one arm and a rifle in the other. She offers her husband the pistol, but he refuses.

White Killer jumps onto his horse.

BUTTERFLY

I will not let you leave without a pistol.

WHITE KILLER

Ah, but that is why I am bringing Low Dog. To keep me safe.

LOW DOG

All this time I thought I was bringing you with me, little brother.

Low Dog gives Butterfly a wink.

LOW DOG (CONT'D)

I guess I can look after a scrawny kid for a little while. If the spirits be merciful.

A long line of Sioux spearmen ride past the brothers.

WHITE KILLER

We will meet at Winter's Thumb before the snow begins to fall.

White Killer leans down and kisses his wife.

LOW DOG

You shouldn't worry so much, Butterfly. I am Low Dog, Apache warrior, the true arrow killer, leader of the Sioux--

LADY, the gigantic GRIZZLY BEAR from before, lunges out from behind one of the tepees, startling the horse. Low Dog flies headfirst into the ground.

The bear puts the older Apache's head in his massive jaws. Low Dog pushes the bear away.

LOW DOG (CONT'D)
Get off of me, Lady!

Low Dog wipes his face. Everyone riding by laughs.

WHITE KILLER
The mighty Low Dog defeats another
monster.

BEAR DANCE (50s), very short with a bald head and ponytail,
rides forward laughing with his crooked teeth.

BEAR DANCE
Lady! Don't eat Low Dog. Yet.

LOW DOG
Bear Dance, you horse thieving
bastard. Control that beast of
yours or I'll put her down!

Low Dog snaps his fingers.

LOW DOG (CONT'D)
She could rip all of our faces off
in a blink.

White Killer rolls his eyes as Bear Dance climbs down.

BEAR DANCE
She isn't a beast. She is a lady.
Lady!

Lady the bear gallops to Bear Dance's side. He tosses her
some jerky.

WHITE KILLER
Yeah, shut your donkey mouth, Low
Dog. Never insult Lady!

Low Dog stands up and dusts himself off, cursing under his
breath. He points his knife at his brother threateningly.

BEAR DANCE
You know I have no control over her
humor, Apache.

Bear Dance cuddles Lady's head.

WHITE KILLER
Come on, you big donkey. Glory lies
ahead.

White Killer points his spear to the rising sun.

The two stare at each other.

WHITE KILLER (CONT'D)
I will see you on the hill.

Low Dog nods in acknowledgement.

LOW DOG
I will see you in the stars.

Fifty Sioux spearmen march towards the east side of the ridge full of Union soldiers.

White Killer rides last.

EXT. EAST SIDE OF THE LONELY PONDEROSA - CONTINUOUS

The fifty spearmen on horses line up to the east of the ridge. In the distance, the lonely ponderosa tree sits squarely in the middle of the hill.

White Killer gallops slowly in front of his men.

WHITE KILLER
(softly and determined)
These white men are greedy. These
white men are dangerous. These
white men will die. As shall we.
Stay small, stay fast.

The spearmen murmur the saying back.

White Killer notices Bear Dance at the very end and speeds up to him.

WHITE KILLER (CONT'D)
Bear Dance, what are you doing
here?

BEAR DANCE
I was given orders to assist you in
battle.

WHITE KILLER
That is kind, but unneeded. You do
not belong here. Go back to Father.
That is more important.

BEAR DANCE
I cannot. Orders.

WHITE KILLER

I am serious, Bear Dance. Go back.
 (to Lady)
 Lady, go!

Lady looks up at Bear Dance, then at White Killer.

WHITE KILLER (CONT'D)

What reason is there for you to be
 here, crazy man? There is none--

BEAR DANCE

It does not matter the reason.
 When Smoke Talker wants us to go,
 we go.

White Killer intimidatingly rides around Bear Dance, who just looks off towards the hill.

BEAR DANCE (CONT'D)

I have delivered my message,
 Apache. Now, the bear and I must
 find our adventure on the
 battlefield.

Bear Dance raises his spear. White Killer swats it away.

BEAR DANCE (CONT'D)

Anything you want me to do in
 particular?

WHITE KILLER

Bring the bear. And your tomahawk.

White Killer rides off.

BEAR DANCE

So be it.

Bear Dance's eyes harden.

EXT. SHOELESS RIVER ENCAMPMENT - EARLY MORNING

The encampment lies in ashes. Buildings lay toppled.

Lieutenant Daniels limps among the few dead bodies. The four troops of soldiers linger around. The artillery hangs back outside the wall.

Tate, sitting in the back of a wagon, drinks with his new crew. He laughs, looks up and then quickly down as Daniels walks past.

He makes a vague attempt to get out of the wagon.

DANIELS

Tate, sit your stinkin' ass down.
Shut up. And leave the whiskey by
your boot.

Tate glances at his boot, then at Daniels.

TATE

Ain't drinking. Ain't got no
whiskey.

Daniels backhands him and grabs him by the jaw.

DANIELS

I said shut your ugly, Yankee-
kissing mouth up until I call on
you. Understand?

Daniels continues his walk toward the few dead bodies.

Tate takes a swig as soon as he leaves.

A private with a very long red mustache meets the first
lieutenant near the middle of the camp.

DANIELS (CONT'D)

How many?

PRIVATE WITH MUSTACHE

Only three, sir.

DANIELS

Tate! Someone bring him up here.

PRIVATE WITH A MUSTACHE

Yes, sir.

The men next to Tate cower away, isolating themselves from
him.

Two soldiers grab Tate and carry him arm in arm. He
struggles.

DANIELS

Where are all the bodies, Tate?

TATE

They were here, I swear. Sir, the
camp was overrun. Them injuns had
the surprise. Everybody was dead.
Please, I ain't done nothin--

Daniels takes his hat and swats the fat man.

DANIELS

Shut. Up.

Tears swell up in Tate's eyes.

DANIELS (CONT'D)

Let me get this straight--

Daniels regains his friendly composure.

DANIELS (CONT'D)

You came to us, yelling and screaming, sayin' dead bodies everywhere. Everywhere! What's the count?

PRIVATE WITH MUSTACHE

Three, sir.

DANIELS

With only three dead bodies found. I always enjoy a good hangin' in the mornin'. What about you, private?

PRIVATE WITH MUSTACHE

Oh absolutely, sir.

With panic brewing on his face, Tate looks at the two men before him.

DANIELS

Listen here, Tate. You better speak up and speak up quick and tell me what in God's hell happened here, you fuckin' shit breath?

TATE

I don't know, maybe the natives took 'em all away. Used 'em for stew, I don't know. I just had to get out of here, lieutenant.

DANIELS

Used them for stew?

TATE

I don't know what they done. Sir, I have a bad feelin' around here. This ain't right around here--

DANIELS

I'm going to stick my fuckin' boot
so far up your ass, boy.

TATE

Sir, I think we oughta leave. I don
know if--

DANIELS

Leave?

TATE

Yeah, somethin' ain't right. There
were bodies--

Daniels swats him with his hat again.

DANIELS

Leave where, Tate?

Swats him again.

DANIELS (CONT'D)

We have over three

(swat)

hundred

(swat)

good

(swat)

Christian souls missing that might
need a proper burial. And you want
to leave? Leave.

Daniels receives a canteen from the private.

TATE

Please, sir, let me tell what
happened. It all just happened so
fast and--

DANIELS

Are you drunk, Tate?

Daniels pats his brow with a handkerchief.

TATE

I am a teensy bit drunk, but I know
what I saw!

Daniels motions for the soldiers to string him up.

TATE (CONT'D)

Please, sir, I don wanna hang! I
don wanna hang!

THE MANGLED GATE

swings open. Five soldiers bring Black Smiles out of the forest in chains. He carries a beaten face.

They throw him to the feet of Daniels -- all have their rifles drawn on him.

Black Smiles grimaces a bloody smile.

DANIELS

What's this?

PISSED SOLDIER

Found him sprinting fast through the forest. He saw us and hightailed it up a tree. Moves like a ghost, sir.

DANIELS

Where are the other four?

PISSED SOLDIER

He killed 'em.

Daniels sucks in his bottom lip in anger.

DANIELS

You're telling me you lost four men to one dirty, stinkin' injun?

PISSED SOLDIER

You should have seen this one move, sir. He--

DANIELS

Na, na, na, na, na, no. Not another word, soldier.

Black Smiles stares at the ground. Daniels kicks dust at him.

Black Smiles looks up.

DANIELS (CONT'D)

Where are all the bodies?

Black Smiles licks his lips and smiles.

DANIELS (CONT'D)

Where are all the-- you know what? Forget it. Tate!

The soldiers release Tate and kick him to Daniels.

DANIELS (CONT'D)

Take him. This man sticks you to
like rice on a chinamen. Got it?

TATE

Where should I take him?

Daniels grabs Tate by the shirt and throws him over to the
native.

Tate spits out dust and pulls his pistol out. The soldiers
LAUGH at the two beaten down men.

TATE (CONT'D)

Get up, you dumb nate.

The pissed soldier kicks the Chippewa war chief forward.

PISSED SOLDIER

He should be careful, lieutenant.

DANIELS

What did I just say--

Daniels seizes a shovel from a nearby soldier.

PISSED SOLDIER

What? What'd I sa--

Daniels hits the man over and over into a bloody mess.

Soldiers stand in awe. Black Smiles smirks and spits out
blood.

Daniels wipes his hair out of his face and looks up at Tate.

Tate grabs Black Smiles like a bat out of hell and walks him
back to the wagon through the crowd of soldiers.

EXT. SHOELESS RIVER ENCAMPMENT - SAMETIME

Soldiers disperse, giving Tate and Black Smiles all of the
room they need -- nobody looks in their direction.

When the two reach the wagon, Black Smiles throws an elbow
into Tate's jaw.

The native jumps into the back and grabs Tate's whiskey.

TATE

Hey! Hey, boy. That's my drink.

Soldiers back away. Tate cocks his six shooter.

TATE (CONT'D)

Now, now, Don't be dirtying it up
with those fuckin' injun germs.
Just hand it over!

Black Smiles holds the bottle over the edge.

TATE (CONT'D)

Hey, now. D-don't do anything rash.
Okay. Okay. Take a fuckin' drink,
dirty nate. Just don't be droppin'
it over no edge.

Black Smiles takes a long drink.

He takes another swig, spits it into Tate's face and hits him
in the head -- glass flies everywhere.

Black Smiles full on drop kicks the dazed Tate, then scampers
up onto a horse and begins riding.

Soldiers open fire, but miss.

A long beat filled with the sound of boots, as Daniels
marches over, his fist clenched tightly around a rifle.

DANIELS

God dammit, Tate. I knew I should
have fuckin' shot you when I first
saw you last night.

He throws a rifle into Tate's chest.

DANIELS (CONT'D)

Go fuckin' get him. Do not come
back until you do. Understand?

TATE

Ye-yes, sir.

Daniels puts a knife to Tate's throat.

DANIELS

No, Tate, you either bring me that
Indian scalp or bring me your own.

A commotion begins on the far side of camp. Shots RING
throughout the camp.

DANIELS (CONT'D)

I guess this is just my lucky day.
What in God's Mary and Joseph is
going on?

Tate's tears are almost full blown. He stands in place.

DANIELS (CONT'D)

Tate, I swear to god--

Daniels smacks the back of his own hand.

Tate climbs on the horse and begins trotting away crying. He looks back to see Daniels yelling orders.

Tate rides away past the fences. More GUNFIRE.

At a distance, Tate stares at a group of undead people running towards the soldiers -- the attackers take multiple shots each to go down.

He hesitates.

He pulls his horse away and begins chasing Black Smiles again.

Distant GUNFIRE.

INT. BROTHEL TENT 38TH CALVARY ENCAMPMENT - MORNING

Hart, with his boots and pants on, sleeps with Maggie snuggled up to him.

They sleep as distant CANNONS start going off one by one.

A turn alarm SOUNDS, followed immediately by an eruption of LOUD CANNON FIRE.

Hart jumps up and grabs his guns and shirt.

EXT. 38TH NORTH CAROLINA CALVARY ENCAMPMENT - CONTINUOUS

Hart walks out of the tent into chaos. Soldiers sprint to his left. Others deconstruct cannon platforms and begin moving them to the west side of the ridge.

The cannons already on that side FIRE constantly.

Hart looks to the west and sees hundreds of Sioux warriors with bows and some with rifles charge head on.

Hart reaches the first firing cannon and taps the head of the artillery officer, pointing at a group of Sioux.

HART
 (shouting)
 Drop it two point five. Slight
 right four point five.

The soldiers nod and begin making adjustments.

He signals the cannon next to them, waving his right hand in front of his face up and down.

HART (CONT'D)
 (Points down)
 Drop!
 (Holds up two fingers)
 Two!

The soldiers nod their heads in acknowledgement.

Hart jumps out of the bunker.

He grabs a runner going the opposite direction and drags him in his direction.

HART (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 Where is Colonel Allen?

SCARED RUNNER
 What?

HART
 (shouting)
 Allen? Colonel Allen?

The runner shakes his head. Hart pushes him along.

He jumps down the vertical hole trench that connects the three horizontal rows.

He reaches the

SECOND TRENCH

A rifleman runs towards the west. Hart grabs him.

HART (CONT'D)
 Tell Lt. Ryan, the first defense
 holds. Go! Get outta here!

Natives on horses break through the north on the far end of the trenches.

HART (CONT'D)
 Smith! With me!

ZACHARIAH SMITH (27), a private first class Mormon that only carries his bible, stands a head taller than most allowing his blonde head to stick out even further.

Smith runs up to Hart, who grabs two soldiers on a gatling gun.

HART (CONT'D)
Resituate!

Hart points towards the natives in the trenches that had just broken through.

The soldiers acknowledge. They deconstruct the gun and begin setting up towards the overrun line.

Hart watches natives led by Low Dog overrun the south side.

HART (CONT'D)
Smith! 1st and 2nd fix bayonets!

Smith heads south, running behind the men.

SMITH
Fix bayonets! Fix bayonets! South side! South side!

Soldiers fix bayonets and jump into the hole trench that connects the rows.

Hart helps two riflemen aim.

HART
Target the ones with rifles.

Native after native on horses fall.

Hart notices one of the riflemen misses intentionally.

The First Sergeant hurries back to the gatling gun.

HART (CONT'D)
Why the fuck aren't you firing?

Hart fixes his own bayonet.

GATLING GUNNER
Our men are down there!

HART
What did you say?

GATLING GUNNER
Our men are down there, sir!

HART
Fire that fucking gun, private!

GATLING GUNNER
Yes, First Sergeant.

Bullets fly into a crowd of Sioux and soldiers.

A scared runner flies out of the hole from up above toward the First Sergeant.

SCARED RUNNER
First Sergeant!

HART
Where is Colonel Allen?

SCARED RUNNER
South side, sir!

Hart starts in that direction.

HART
(under his breath)
Got fuckin' dammit.

SCARED RUNNER
Sir! Sir!

HART
What!

SCARED RUNNER
T--the, the--

HART
Spit it out, soldier!

SCARED RUNNER
East side scouts didn't check in!

HART
What?

SCARED RUNNER
The scouts on the east side--

The runner gets drowned out by CANNON fire.

Hart turns to the East, the direction opposite of where everyone is fighting.

HART
Smith!

Hart grabs Smith out of the trench and drags him.

HART (CONT'D)
Squads two and four to the south!
Now!

He lets him go.

The scared runner stays with Hart as he ascends back up to the top of the hill.

HART (CONT'D)
Tell Lt. Ryan, first defense
fallen. Second Defense holds! Go!
Gatling gunners! With me!

GATLING GUNNER
First Sergeant?

HART
With me! Now!

Hart climbs up

THE TUNNEL

He jumps out of the trench. A Sioux spearmen rides down on him.

Hart gets thrown off his feet, but drills the native in the chest with his bayonet -- his rifle decimates under the weight of the horse.

Hart stumbles and looks over the east side of the ridge.

The fifty Sioux spearmen led by White Killer flank the Union soldiers from behind under the cover of the rising sun.

Spearmen ride right through the brothel camp. Woman after woman, whore after whore get speared.

A Sioux rides down on Hart twenty feet away.

HART (CONT'D)
Gunner!

Hart draws his calvary sword. Gatling gunners far behind.

EXT. LEANING PINES FOREST - DAY

Smoke Talker and two Sioux chiefs sit on top of horses in the thick forest. They watch the battle unfold on the hilltop.

Sunlight barely shines through.

Twenty Sioux protectors, which includes the main protectors Tall Bird and Quiet Arrows, surround them.

BLUE BIRD (60s), a mean, bald war chief missing his front teeth, laughs hysterically about what he sees on the hill.

BLUE BIRD

Extraordinary. I almost lost faith
in you, old man. Extraordinary.

Smoke Talker puffs on his pipe and looks over at BRAVE TOM (50s), the annoying henchmen to Blue Bird.

BRAVE TOM

Yes, yes, very, very good old
friend.

They watch a white soldier on the hill scream as he gets shot by his own cannon.

Blue Bird laughs to where he almost falls off his horse.

QUIET ARROWS (30), a Sioux mute who had her tongue cut out by a white settler, stands next to the kneeling Tall Bird. She is still just a tad bit shorter than him.

She looks to Smoke Talker.

SMOKE TALKER

We must leave.

Blue Bird wipes away his tears.

BLUE BIRD

What? Nonsense. You must lay off
the pipe, old man. The battle is
ours.

SMOKE TALKER

The battle is ours, but their
retreat is here. Quiet Arrows.

Quiet Arrows nods and sprints off. The protectors follow.

TALL BIRD

And what of me, father?

Smoke Talker grabs Tall Bird's giant hand.

SMOKE TALKER

You are with me, my friend.

Smoke Talker turns around and rides into the forest.

BLUE BIRD
 Crazy, old man. Yes, come Tall
 Bird, you are with us.
 (under his breath)
 Miss the whole battle.

They follow behind their leader.

Blue Bird mocks Tall Bird by flapping his arms like a big
 bird.

He COOS.

BLUE BIRD (CONT'D)
 Tall Bird.

Blue Bird laughs, then Brave Tom laughs. Brave Tom mocks Tall
 Bird, too.

BRAVE TOM
 Yes, yes. Come, come, Tall Bird.

Tall Bird Takes one final look at the battle field and walks
 behind his elders.

EXT. 38TH NORTH CAROLINA CALVARY ENCAMPMENT - DAY

Bodies lie broken and mangled with arrows everywhere. The
 Union army condenses, mounting one last defense before they
 retreat into the forest.

Bear Dance meets up with Low Dog on top of the hill. He
 chucks his tomahawk at an oncoming soldier on a horse.

Low Dog deals a heavy strike on a soldier's neck and
 shoulder.

LOW DOG
 What are you doing here, you crazy
 Sioux?

Low Dog pulls out his axe and begins laughing his thunderous
 war cry laugh.

Bear Dance strikes another soldier with his two long knives.

BEAR DANCE
 I go where I am needed on the
 battlefield.

Low Dog bellows another great big laugh.

LOW DOG
Insulting!

Low Dog searches the hill for his little brother and finds him. He sees Colonel Allen and his men surround the younger Apache and pick apart his group.

Low Dog sprints towards his brother.

BEAR DANCE
Lady! Protect!

Lady the Bear looks up from munching on a face. Bear Dance points at White Killer.

BEAR DANCE (CONT'D)
Protect!

She sprints full speed across the hilltop, her power oozes from her after every lunge. She swipes at a soldier who gets too close and kills him without breaking stride.

EXT. 38TH NORTH CAROLINA CALVARY ENCAMPMENT - SAME TIME

Allen and his soldiers overrun the Sioux spearmen. White Killer finds a stomach with his spear, but makes little difference.

Lady lunges into the chaos -- swiping and throwing soldiers left and right, stopping the Union attack dead in its tracks.

The very few spearmen left defend for their lives.

Lady jumps onto a soldier -- her jaws surround his face -- but knocks over White Killer in the process.

Allen raises his calvary sword for the Apache, but Low Dog drills him in the stomach with his war axe at the last second.

White Killer takes his spear and shoves it into the Colonel's neck.

Close to the forest, in one of the

TRENCHES

Hart looks on and sees his commanding officer fall. He grabs soldiers and pulls them to him.

HART
Reform! Condense!

The few remaining soldiers enter the trench.

HART (CONT'D)
Squads Two and Six. North face!

The two squads realign.

HART (CONT'D)
Four and Five, you are now with
three. Squad Three, South side!

Hart bends down.

HART (CONT'D)
Gentlemen, we have lost the hill.
We are the last line of defense. We
need to reach the edge line.

SCARED RIFLEMEN
We don't have that much ammo, sir.

HART
I know, soldier, however we must
prevail.

Hart nods his head to a soldier who begins pumping out the
RETREAT SIGNAL on a bugle.

The rest of the soldiers pack together. The natives reform on
the hillside. The two sides eye each other from afar.

BUGLE PLAYER
There's a soldier in the grass
with a bullet up his ass.

RETREATING SOLDIERS
Take it out, take it out!

BUGLE PLAYER
Like a good girl scout.

Two and Six squads take out a few natives in the direction of
their retreat.

BUGLE PLAYER (CONT'D)
There's a soldier in the bush
with a bullet in the tush.

RETREATING SOLDIERS
Take it out, take it out!

BUGLE PLAYER
Like a good girl scout.

The soldiers fire at any of the natives that get too close to the south side. They make their slow descent towards the forest packed together.

LOW DOG
 (In Sioux, Subtitled)
 I must admit. I may have respect
 for these white men.

White Killer and Bear Dance nod in agreement.

The first retreating soldiers enter the forest and set up cover. The remaining men enter.

Hart enters the forest last and looks back at the natives unflinchingly.

LOW DOG (CONT'D)
 That's one tough motherfucker.

White Killer and Bear Dance nod in agreement.

INT. LEANING PINES FOREST - DAY

The compacted forest makes it hard for the sunlight to pierce through. Hart and the last 35 remaining soldiers sneak about.

They stop and form a circle. Hart brings out his compass.

SMITH
 What's up, first sergeant?

Hart begins drawing in the dirt.

HART
 We are here. Rendezvous point is
 three miles northeast of our
 position, here.

SMITH
 Well, let's get moving.

HART
 Something doesn't feel right.

SMITH
 I'd say it'd probably have to do
 with us being here, first sergeant.

HART
 No.

Hart back to the hill.

HART (CONT'D)

Did it feel more like they were
corralling us into this little
corner?

SMITH

Who's they?

HART

On the hill.

SMITH

I don't know.

Hart looks ahead into the trees.

SMITH (CONT'D)

What do you suggest we do? First
Sergeant?

HART

Corporal.

CORPORAL CHARLES (23), wearing a bandage around his head,
crouches over.

CORPORAL CHARLES

Yes, first sergeant?

HART

Take Two and Three and head north
by northeast two clicks. I'll take
Six west and meet you here, right
before rendezvous.

CORPORAL CHARLES

Yes, first sergeant.

HART

And Corporal. Silence, please. Eyes
up.

CORPORAL CHARLES

Yes, first sergeant.

Hart rubs dirt in between his hands, knocking off the blood.

SMITH

What about me, first sergeant?

HART

You're with me, Smith.
(yelled whisper)
Six, on me!

Hart crouch runs through the brush left.

Corporal Charles, with Two and Three squads, go right.

EXT. LEANING PINES FOREST - TO THE NORTH - DAY

Quiet Arrows, up in a pine, puts something that she has been chewing on into the bark -- her bow resting in her hands. All of her fellow protectors sit in trees beside her.

Charles, with Two and Three squads, creeps through the brush below.

Quiet Arrows notches her first arrow, two more arrows in the same hand.

The protectors beside her do the same.

EXT. LEANING PINES FOREST - TO THE WEST - SAME TIME

The three chiefs rest on a fallen tree.

Tall Bird stands listening in front of them -- his huge war axe slung across his back.

TALL BIRD

Too quiet. Father, we should not be here. We should move.

BLUE BIRD

Calm down, you big ape. The battle is ours.

TALL BIRD

We should at least have the rest of the protectors accompany us.

SMOKE TALKER

The rest of the protectors have a job to do.

BLUE BIRD

Yeah, calm down, you big dumb bird. That's why we have you. You are too big to lose.

TALL BIRD

We should run, Father.

SMOKE TALKER

My friend. I have watched our people run from the Chippewa.

(MORE)

SMOKE TALKER (CONT'D)

I have watched them run from the white. Our ancestors have always led us to survival, but I fear we will continue to run. This is precisely the reason I have moved the rest of the Sioux to Winter's Thumb.

TALL BIRD

But, father, I--

SMOKE TALKER

If the Sioux die, no stories will be told of our brave warriors. No stories of our battles. No stories of our hunts. No one will talk of our Apache sons.

Smoke Talker places his hand on his giant friend.

SMOKE TALKER (CONT'D)

I have never feared the white man, my dearest friend. I have only feared the unknown. When death comes to take me, let me go along. For the stories of me have already been spoken. And tonight, our ancestors have shown me only death.

BLUE BIRD

Will you stop it, old man? You are going to start pissing me off.

A branch SNAPS up ahead. Tall Bird grabs his huge war axe.

Tall Bird crouches before them, staring at the trees.

TALL BIRD

Quiet. They are here.

Hart, with Squad Six, creeps around unaware of the native men fifteen feet away.

Tall Bird stands at the ready.

A soldier walks right in front of Tall Bird, nearly running into him.

The soldier pisses himself. He lunges at Tall Bird with his bayonet stabbing the giant man in the shoulder.

Tall Bird slugs the smaller man down into the ground and pulls the bayonet out.

Union soldiers come running.

EXT. LEANING PINES FOREST - TO THE NORTH - SAME TIME

Quiet Arrows unleashes her first three arrows in quick succession, hitting soldier after soldier. The rest of the Sioux do the same.

The Union soldiers SCREAM in pain.

Some soldiers fire back, but shoot aimlessly.

The massacre begins.

EXT. LEANING PINES FOREST - TO THE WEST - DAY

Tall Bird pounds members of Squad Six out of the way.

Blue Bird and Brave Tom pull out their knives, but soon coward back. They ditch out and run.

BLUE BIRD

Forget this!

Soldiers follow and shoot down the two elder chiefs as they ride off. Their rifles empty of ammo.

THE FALLEN TREE

A soldier unloads his pistol into Tall Bird, who falters to the ground.

Bleeding from the mouth, he stands back up and begins wailing on the soldiers.

A private jumps on top of Smoke Talker behind him. Smoke Talker throws him off his frail body.

TALL BIRD

No! No!

Tall Bird tries frantically to reach his chief, but another soldier comes up and stabs Smoke Talker in the gut.

Tall Bird ROARS as Smoke Talker drops to the ground, putting fear into the remaining soldiers.

EXT. LEANING PINES FOREST - TO THE NORTH - SAME TIME

Quiet Arrows finishes off some of the wounded men on the ground.

She hears Tall Bird's screams and sprints towards her chief.

EXT. LEANING PINES FOREST - TO THE WEST - SAME TIME

Tall Bird, shot, stabbed, and bloody, goes on a frenzy -- his rage kills soldiers left and right.

Smoke Talker watches his friend stave off a large amount of men.

The old man slowly passes, with images of flowers blooming, water running, forces moving.

HART

Bring him down! Down!

Hart finally comes into fight and jumps onto the big man, his knife sliding into the neck.

Tall Bird falters and goes to one knee -- Hart holding the knife in place. The large Indian grabs Hart by the throat.

The two struggle.

Soldiers come up and stab the Sioux in the side. Tall Bird finally falters, landing squarely on top of Hart.

Quiet Arrows fires three quick shots eliminating three soldiers on either side of Hart. More arrows fly from behind her.

The Union soldiers quickly surrender.

A rifle comes from behind and hits Hart in the head.

EXT. 38TH NORTH CAROLINA CALVARY ENCAMPMENT - SUNSET

Twenty-one Union soldiers sit bleeding and wounded in the mud chained up together with Hart and Smith out front.

SMITH

I find it a little ironic that
we're chained up to our own wagon
using our own chains.

HART

Is that what you find ironic,
Smith?

Two natives drag Ryan and shackle him up two men away from Hart. A bloody bandage covers both of his eyes.

The two natives walk away.

HART (CONT'D)
Hey, this man is badly wounded!

The two natives turn, but continue walking.

HART (CONT'D)
He needs help!

RYAN
What are you goin' on about,
Charleston?

HART
Sir, I didn't know if you had made
it or not.

Ryan rolls over and spits thick blood out of his mouth.

RYAN
What are ya feelin' sorry for me
now? That ain't like you. I'm
flattered, but I prefer this big-
breasted whore that I found in
Casper, Wyoming. Hopefully, she
ain't doing no other willies til I
get there.

HART
Sir, what are we going to do?

RYAN
I'm going to lay here and die,
soldier.

HART
No, seriously, sir, I need orders.

RYAN
Boy, both of my eyes were gouged
out by an injun on a horse. What
are you askin' me for?

HART
Because-- because I don't know what
to do.

RYAN
You've always known. You're just
tryin' to distance yerself from the
responsibility of making the tough
decisions. You want my input, so in
case shit goes down hill.

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

You have an escape goat, but you can't have it.

Hart stays silent.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Don't sweat it, kid. I obviously can no longer lead, so it's up to you. My advice?

HART

Yes, lieutenant.

RYAN

Be weary o' the power. Power corrupts men that have even the best intentions at heart. That's another parta our human nature, I guess. The men would have never listened to me, anyway.

HART

I still don't know what I am doing, sir.

RYAN

It doesn't matter, Charleston. Nobody really knows what they're doin'. It doesn't matter if you try and do some sort of darin' escape plan or if you decide to go into the hornet's nest and get executed. We all hold the same fate.

Hart heeds Ryan's words and watches the Sioux pick apart all the supplies scattered about, but not on any of the dead.

SMITH

Why aren't they grabbing supplies off the bodies?

HART

The Sioux leave the dead where they lie.

SMITH

Seems a little silly.

HART

What you gonna do?

Hart stares out across the forest onto the hill.

EXT. 38TH NORTH CAROLINA CALVARY ENCAMPMENT - SUNSET

White Killer walks through the dense, shade covered forest with Low Dog right behind him.

The two brothers pass the defeated Union soldiers chained up to a wagon, with Hart at the front.

Sioux warriors stand when they see White Killer.

SMITH
Must be important.

HART
Must be.

Hart and White Killer catch eyes.

EXT. LEANING PINES FOREST - SAME TIME

Seven dead Union soldiers surround the two dead natives.

Quiet Arrows sits beside the dead chief. White Killer kneels next to Quiet Arrows.

Bear Dance sits and leans on his spear, with Lady curled up at his feet.

BEAR DANCE
Snow.

WHITE KILLER
What are you on about now, crazy man?

BEAR DANCE
Tonight. Snow.

Bear Dance sticks his tongue out. Low Dog hands his brother some water.

LOW DOG
One impressive defeat.

WHITE KILLER
No defeat.

White Killer puts his arm on Quiet Arrows.

LOW DOG
Quiet Arrows, you don't have to be here.

Quiet Arrows stays put, then nods her head at White Killer.

WHITE KILLER
How many survived?

BEAR DANCE
Sixty-six Sioux. Plus two Apache.

WHITE KILLER
How many wounded?

BEAR DANCE
Twenty-three of the sixty-six
wounded. I had them wash so I can
inspect them later.

WHITE KILLER
And the white man?

BEAR DANCE
Twenty-one white souls.

LOW DOG
I find it really uncomfortable when
you speak of them like that.

BEAR DANCE
The truth can sometimes be
uncomforting.

Low Dog mean mugs Bear Dance, who just smiles in return.

WHITE KILLER
You two should get a tepee. Settle
your squabbles there.

The air gets a little colder. The wind gets a little
stronger.

Quiet Arrows gets up and heads through the brush.

BEAR DANCE
The men are getting ancy.

WHITE KILLER
What should we do?

BEAR DANCE
That is the wrong question, Apache.

LOW DOG
What is the right question?

WHITE KILLER

What are we going to do?

BEAR DANCE

That is just a rewording of the previous question.

WHITE KILLER

What is the plan of attack?

BEAR DANCE

Better.

Bear Dance gives no further answer.

LOW DOG

So? What is the plan of attack?

BEAR DANCE

How should I know? It is not me who they look towards.

Low Dog, Bear Dance, and Lady all turn to look at White Killer.

WHITE KILLER

What is that supposed to mean?

LOW DOG

Come on, brother. Everyone already knows it.

Low Dog gets up. He shakes hands with the closest Sioux and they share a laugh.

White Killer looks to Bear Dance, who plays with Lady's head. Bear Dance gives him a wink.

WHITE KILLER

But, I am no Sioux.

BEAR DANCE

What you were born as in the past, does not matter. It does not define you. What matters is who you are now. What matters is who you are in the present and in the present, in the now, you are Sioux. Right down to the bone.

WHITE KILLER

What about you?

BEAR DANCE

Me? I am a bear. Bears cannot be chief, otherwise Lady here would have already eaten all your faces.

WHITE KILLER

What about my brother?

BEAR DANCE

Him? He is too Apache.

Bear Dance gives a huge grin.

A beat, as White Killer looks upon Smoke Talker.

WHITE KILLER

Any word from the Chippewa?

BEAR DANCE

None.

WHITE KILLER

They should have already reported back by now.

BEAR DANCE

They are a precarious bunch.

WHITE KILLER

So, what should we do?

Bear Dance sighs and looks right at White Killer.

BEAR DANCE

That is for you to decide and no one else.

White Killer stares at his old friend.

He stands and walks toward the Sioux warriors, who watch him intently.

ALL EYES stare at the young Apache.

WHITE KILLER

Brothers. Let us go home.

The native men cheer enthusiastically.

EXT. 38TH NORTH CAROLINA CALVARY ENCAMPMENT - SUNSET

Black Smiles reaches the far south side of the hill -- blood heavily crusted on his face. Dead bodies litter the battlefield in front of him.

He falls to the ground. The horse finally collapses as well.

In the distance, Black smiles sees the Sioux warriors on the move.

BLACK SMILES
Crazy Sioux.

He looks back and sees Tate riding hard. He smiles to himself.

Black Smiles grabs a canteen of water and dumps it all over his head and wipes away the blood.

He crawls over to the horse and comforts her head. The Chippewa pours water into her mouth.

Black Smiles starts running.

Snow begins to fall.

EXT. LEANING PINES FOREST - SAME TIME

Only dead bodies litter the woods. Nothing moves. Smoke Talker lies with his fog covered eyes open.

IMAGES of the undead cross through his mind. The flowers he saw before his death die. Teeth bite through flesh. Snow and parkas mix.

Small twitches of the dead Smoke Talker's eyes move.

EXT. LEANING PINES FOREST - NIGHT

Black Smiles bends down and sees the dead giant, Tall Bird. His eyes fogged over.

BLACK SMILES
Crazy Sioux.

He tracks the marks left by Smoke Talker.

He takes out his hook-handled knife and looks around. He sees Tate stop and get off his horse in the distance.

BLACK SMILES (CONT'D)

Firm.

Black Smiles starts tracking towards the Broken Pine Trail.

Snow falls harder.

EXT. BROKEN PINE TRAIL - NIGHT

White Killer, Low Dog, Bear Dance and Lady ride in front of the long line of men. The rest of the Sioux follow, with the twenty-one prisoners chained up in between.

The snow comes down harder and harder, forcing the Sioux to go slower.

LOW DOG

With decisions like these, I don't know if you will last very long as chief, baby brother.

WHITE KILLER

It's my first day!

LOW DOG

(mocking)

We should go to our winter camp and be with our women and children.

Bear Dance looks up laughing with his horrible teeth.

WHITE KILLER

Shut it, brother. You are full of the most air. Your name should be the wind that never ends. That is what hearing you speak is.

Snow pounds their faces.

EXT. BROKEN PINE TRAIL - SAME TIME

Ryan gets dragged dead alongside Hart and Smith. He leaves a bloody smeared path. Quiet Arrows rides past the Union soldiers.

The long line comes to a halt.

CHAINED UP SOLDIER

Well, I'll be damned. We got ourselves a nice, little injun cunt. Wouldn't mind bendin' you over the water barrel.

Quiet Arrows eyes the man.

CHAINED UP SOLDIER (CONT'D)
C'mon, pretty lady. Pull down that
bandana of yours. Let me see what
I'm gonna fuck.

Quiet Arrows pulls down her bandana.

CHAINED UP SOLDIER (CONT'D)
Well, I'll be. I think I'm in love,
first sergeant. My oh my you gotta
pretty face.

HART
Private.

CHAINED UP SOLDIER
What, first sergeant? You of all
people should know where I'm comin'
from. Just bein' friendly is all--

Quiet Arrow shows him her cut out tongue.

The chained up soldier's jaw drops.

Quiet Arrow pulls an arrow out of her boot and launches it
into the soldier's cheek. He SCREAMS and bleeds.

Quiet Arrows lights up a torch and rides ahead.

HART
God dammit. Smith, I need a hand.

The snow pours down on them all. The soldier screams bloody
murder as Smith and Hart wrap him up.

The snow picks up.

HART (CONT'D)
We are exposed. We gotta find
shelter from this snow.

SMITH
What do you suggest we do, first
sergeant?

Hart begins picking his chains with a bent nail from one of
the wagons.

HART
Working on it. Wrap him up.

The soldiers huddle together.

EXT. BROKEN PINE TRAIL - NIGHT

The snow comes down harder on the warriors.

WHITE KILLER

Brother, do you think we should
head back?

LOW DOG

I can't see anything. I'm not sure
where we are.

BEAR DANCE

If we head back, we will have to
wait until the snow melts. Could be
a week. Could take months.

LOW DOG

Let's push forward. We have to be
near the river. We can set up camp
there.

WHITE KILLER

Quiet Arrows?

Quiet Arrows nods.

EXT. BROKEN PINE TRAIL - SAME TIME

Black Smiles sees the Sioux riders fifty feet in front of
him. He starts packing his way through the snow.

Soft SCREAMS.

Black Smiles scales up one of the pines.

Zombies stroll right underneath. They pass him in silence.

EXT. BROKEN PINE TRAIL - SAME TIME

White Killer looks off into the snow up ahead. QUIET
SHOUTING. His horse grows uncomfortable.

The long line of warriors continue their ride into the snow.

END OF THE LINE

the last Sioux in the group wipes snow from his eyes.

A zombie rips him off of his horse.

The next Sioux in line looks being as the horse walks sideways. He holds his hand to his face to peer through toward the muffled SCREAM.

Zombies rip him from his horse.

His SCREAM is heard by the next Sioux. He too turns, but is grabbed by a zombie.

SCREAMS ring out, barely audible over the snowfall.

Zombies attack the Sioux from behind.

EXT. BROKEN PINE TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

Hart works vigorously on his chains.

He stops.

HART

Did you here that?

SIOUX WITH A LONG SINGLE BRAID (29) gives Hart a quick glance and then looks back to the snowy forest.

HART (CONT'D)

You! Unchain me. Unchain me.

The Sioux keeps his eyes fixed on the snow in front of him.

A louder SCREAM. Zombies attack from all directions.

EXT. BROKEN PINE TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

White Killer and Low Dog turn their horses in unison.

WHITE KILLER

What now?

Low Dog shakes his head. White Killer gives his brother a look.

Low Dog gallops back, quickly followed by Bear Dance and Quiet Arrows.

In front of White Killer -- who now sits alone in front -- a zombie stands menacingly.

EXT. BROKEN PINE TRAIL - SAME TIME

Zombies attack Sioux left and right. Screams and rifles bellow out.

A spearmen stabs one zombie in the stomach and then a second zombie in the neck. He waits for the others.

The two zombies he thought he killed grab him.

Hart grabs a scrambling Sioux running towards the back.

HART

Give me a weapon! Give me a weapon!

The Sioux pushes him off. Hart watches another rider come past.

HART (CONT'D)

A weapon! A weapon!

Hart gets tossed to the ground by the incoming Sioux rider. On his knees, Hart attacks his chains with the nail.

He keeps dropping the nail -- his fingers frozen.

The Union soldiers pull each other in opposite directions. More and more zombies take them apart.

Hart pulls back on his chain.

HART (CONT'D)

Hold em, Smith! I almost got it.

Zombie Ryan takes a very slow first movement. Hart and Smith see him reawaken.

Hart frantically works on his chains. Smith backs away.

SMITH

Um-- First Sergeant!

Zombie Ryan gets up.

He attacks and lands directly on top of Smith. Smith uses his chains to keep Ryan from biting him.

HART

Almost got it, Smith!

White Killer rides to the front. He sees Hart break free.

The Apache pulls a Colt .45 out from his back, reverses it, and hands it to Hart.

Hart nods, grabs the gun and points it at zombie Ryan.

White Killer keeps riding.

Ryan looks to Hart.

HART (CONT'D)

I always liked you, lieutenant.

He shoots zombie Ryan in the head.

Behind Hart, the Sioux group gets attacked.

Sioux with a Single Braid fires four arrows with his bow in a row successively from afar, hitting zombie after zombie.

Hart and Smith move beside him. Smith works on his chains now.

HART (CONT'D)

In the head.

Sioux with a Single Braid gives him a weird look.

Hart points to his head.

HART (CONT'D)

You have to shoot them in the head.

Sioux with a Single Braid takes aim and shoots a zombie in the head. He looks at Hart. They both acknowledge the information with a respectful nod.

Sioux with a Single Braid jumps onto his horse. He unleashes with accuracy and speed.

While riding, he shoots from one side, reloads, and shoots another zombie from a different, more difficult angle.

Hart, with panic seeping onto his face, spots a RIFLE next to a dead Sioux. He sprints to it.

As he grabs the rifle, the dead Sioux sits up and stares directly at Hart with fog-covered eyes. Hart startles and drops the Colt .45 on the ground.

He double takes toward the undead Sioux. A growl regurgitates out from its already torn out throat.

SMITH

First Sergeant?

Hart hurriedly backs away, falling on his ass, as the zombie Sioux stands and charges.

Hart fumbles with the rifle in that fleeting moment, but finally gets his finger on the trigger.

CLICK.

HART

Oh, fuck.

The zombie barrels down on top of Hart, piercing itself with the bayonet. It slashes its arms towards Hart's face, barely out of reach, but inching itself closer.

HART (CONT'D)

Smith! Little help!

An arrow goes through the zombie's head. It lays still, falling all of the way through the bayonet -- finally resting on top of Hart.

Hart looks up and sees Sioux with a Single Braid and gives a nod.

The Sioux savior resumes his target practice of shooting zombies, but gets caught from behind.

Zombies rip him off his horse.

HART (CONT'D)

No!

Sioux with a Single Braid stabs the undead in the head with his knife and a lone arrow. He grabs his bow and quickly shoots at approaching zombies, falling backwards.

Zombies overwhelm him.

Hart watches as his savior gets torn to pieces.

HART (CONT'D)

Smith, the group!

A group of chained up soldiers move some of the chained up zombies over an embankment.

THE TUG OF WAR BEGINS

The soldiers try desperately to stay up, while at the same time not get bitten.

They hysterically try to keep their footing. The chain finally pulls Smith off his feet.

Hart grabs the .45 and then grabs at Smith's chain to no avail.

Two zombies appear from Smith's left. Hart shoots both.
More zombies converge on the Union soldiers.

SMITH
First Sergeant!

The chained men start falling, one by one, under the weight.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Shoot it!

Hart shoots his last two bullets to break Smith's chain.

Hart and Smith look down at the pile of men and zombies below.

SMITH (CONT'D)
(astonished to himself)
Can't believe that worked.

Hart grabs the rifle and thrusts it into Smith's arms.

SMITH (CONT'D)
What the hell is going on, first
sergeant?

The two men watch the Sioux take apart the zombie group attacking them.

HART
No idea, private. We need supplies.
C'mon.

White Killer leads from inside on his horse. His brother laughs on the ground next to his warriors.

Bear Dance jumps off his horse and runs over, grabbing a

TOMAHAWK

from a dead zombie skull. He hits zombie after zombie in the face with it.

Hart and Smith sprint off in the opposite direction towards a wagon filled with weapons, ammo, and supplies.

Hart grabs his calvary sword and a box of ammo.

SMITH
Woah, this is what we need.

A zombie with an arrow through his hand runs directly into them -- his other arm completely missing.

The zombie grabs Smith. The arrow tip goes right into his eye.

Smith shoves him off in agony.

Hart's calvary sword pierces right through its mouth.

HART

Smith, stop moving! Stop moving.

Hart grabs the private by his jaw and quickly bandages the eye.

HART (CONT'D)

Get up! Get up, Smith! We gotta go!

Hart and Smith run across the snow-filled forest. They collide with Tate.

Tate and Hart aim pistols at one another.

The Sioux, with two Apaches, finish off the major zombie attack and give a loud victorious yell.

EXT. BROKEN PINE TRAIL - NIGHT

The Sioux finish off the few remaining undead and round up their wounded warriors.

White Killer looks down at the pile of Union soldiers that lay dead, chained up on top of each other. One zombie struggles to get past the bodies on top.

Low Dog walks up behind him.

WHITE KILLER

We should have just let them go.

LOW DOG

They would have attacked us if we did.

WHITE KILLER

We don't know that.

White Killer pulls out a six shooter and puts a bullet in the one zombie soldier's head.

WHITE KILLER (CONT'D)

How many remain?

LOW DOG

All of our previous wounded were
killed. 18 have survived total.
Four of those wounded.

Bear Dance lies on a wood panel, bleeding and unconscious.

LOW DOG (CONT'D)

Three of our--

White Killer looks to his brother. Low Dog stands frozen --
his spear in his hand.

LOW DOG (CONT'D)

Chippewa.

White Killer looks down the trail and sees Black Smiles.

The Chippewa chief spears all of the dead Sioux in the head.

The two Apache brothers rush over to stop him.

WHITE KILLER

What the hell are you doing,
Chippewa?

Black Smiles looks up and comes to his surroundings.

BLACK SMILES

I have to finish them, Apache!

LOW DOG

Sioux do no touch the dead.

Sioux warriors back the two Apache brothers.

BLACK SMILES

I am no Sioux and neither are you!

Black Smiles kicks him off and frantically stabs another dead
Sioux in the head.

White Killer grabs him. Low Dog helps restrain him.

WHITE KILLER

You have no right!

BLACK SMILES

The dead come back to life!

The native warriors all stop in place, as if coming to terms
with the fact of the things they've recently experienced.

WHITE KILLER

How?

Black Smiles shoves him away.

BLACK SMILES

I do not know. But stabbing them in the head takes them down.

WHITE KILLER

What happened at the river, Black Smiles?

LOW DOG

Black Smiles? What happened at the river?

BLACK SMILES

Everyone died.

He stabs another.

The rest of the Sioux step up to him angrily, torches in hand, but Black Smiles goes wide-eyed looking past the group.

A newly-turned zombie Sioux rises behind the survivors.

One by one the Sioux turn and see their new zombie battle -- the men they lost in the previous fight.

White Killer pushes a Sioux to the side and stabs a zombie in the stomach.

The rest of the group quickly succumb to the undead.

LOW DOG

Brother, we must run!

White Killer and Low Dog grab the wood panel with Bear Dance on top and pull him through the snow.

The remaining group runs up the trail into the snowfall, but quickly separate into different directions.

The Sioux survivors get picked off one by one.

LOW DOG (CONT'D)

Let's go, Chippewa!

Black Smiles takes up behind them, piercing anything that gets close. He quickly gets left behind in the snow flurry.

White Killer looks behind, but loses sight of the Chippewa. An army of zombies trudge through right behind them.

LOW DOG (CONT'D)
Pull, you little boy!

WHITE KILLER
I am pulling, donkey!

LADY BEAR

runs and tackles zombies in the distance. She tosses them off like rag dolls. Ten zombies jump on her.

Low Dog, White Killer, and Bear Dance continue running. Black Smiles is nowhere to be seen.

The native men veer off the trail and find themselves running in one large circle.

A cabin looms in the distance.

INT. ABANDONED TRAPPER'S CABIN - NIGHT

Moonlight seeps into the darkness. A small stove sits directly in the middle, with stairs on the left.

Black Smiles sits in a chair, a rifle across his lap.

The three native men enter the old, dark cabin completely oblivious to Black Smiles.

WHITE KILLER
Fire.

Low Dog quickly gathers supplies and heads to the stove.

White Killer drags Bear Dance to the corner by the stairs and tends to the badly wounded and unconscious man.

Low Dog stops and stands. He looks to the door.

White Killer notices his brother and does the same.

Boards CREAK outside.

Low Dog crosses the room and moves toward the shadows. He pulls out a long knife. White Killer drags Bear Dance deeper into the corner, then heads to the opposite side.

Tate, Smith, and Hart WHISPER outside on the mangled porch.

The soldiers burst into the cabin to escape the storm -- Tate pushed in first.

TATE
I can't see shit.

The dark and motionless room gets covered with flurries of snow as it scatters across the dust-filled room.

HART
Move Tate.

TATE
I can't see shit.

HART
Get the fuck out of the way.

Smith and Hart enter the cabin, cold and tired. Hart closes the door.

Darkness.

Smith bumps into Tate.

TATE
Watch it! Don't be rubbing up on me, gay boy.

SMITH
Accident, my friend. As a Mormon, we refrain from homosexual tendencies.

TATE
Homie what?

HART
Both of you shut up. Tate, matches. And Tate, please find a fuckin' weapon.

Tate lights a match, which gives a tiny bit of light to the one, rather large-roomed cabin.

He slowly maneuvers his way into the kitchen. Tate picks up a lantern.

TATE
Lucky fuckin' day.

He lights up the shitty lantern. In the cupboard sits a sawed off shotgun, an old stick of dynamite, and a bottle of whiskey.

TATE (CONT'D)
Lucky fuckin' day! Woo!

Tate scampers back in with the gun in one hand and the whiskey in the other.

TATE (CONT'D)

Got me a gun! Got me some hooch!
Got me some injuns to kill--

Bear Dance MOANS in the corner.

The three Union soldiers go still. The whiskey drops, but manages to stay upright.

Tate points his newly found weapon into the dark corner.

White Killer emerges out of the shadows towards Tate. Tate fires the gun.

CLICK.

TATE (CONT'D)

Fuck me.

With his spear, White Killer knocks Tate's gun away and kicks him square in the chest.

Tate drops to the floor hard -- coughing up blood.

Hart pulls out his pistol and aims it at the younger Apache, but gets knocked over by Low Dog.

After shoving Hart down, Low Dog takes his long knife and swings it at Smith.

THUD

The knife gets lodged into a hanging, wooden beam. Low Dog stomps on Smith's knee.

SMITH

Lord Almighty!

Hart aims his rifle and bayonet on Low Dog. White Killer lunges, his spear slicing Hart's cheek.

Hart knocks the spear to the side and tackles White Killer to the floor.

HART

Tate!

Low Dog punches Smith in the side of the neck. He falters to one knee. Low Dog stomps on Smith's leg again and punches him in the face.

The blonde man falls to the ground.

Tate starts to get up, but Low Dog jumps on top of him, pulling out a smaller knife.

Tate lodges his .22 pistol into Low Dog's neck.

White Killer scrambles across the floor and grabs his bow. He shoots an arrow at Smith and hits the only thing he's carrying: a bible.

SMITH

Hey, okay, okay.

White Killer notches a second arrow.

Hart puts his two pistols on the brothers.

Low Dog sticks his knife onto Tate's throat. Tate sticks his pistol into Low Dog's throat.

Everybody stays still.

TATE

A fuckin' Mexican standoff with a buncha fuckin' injuns. What do we do here, Yank?

HART

Just don't do anything brash, Tate.

Bear Dance MOANS in the dark corner. Hart switches one pistol towards him, causing White Killer to move his arrow onto Hart.

Hart takes one pistol off of Low Dog and points it back at White Killer.

HART (CONT'D)

I wouldn't do that if I were you.

TATE

I'm a kill this fuckin' prairie nigger, Yankee. Just tell me when!

HART

Tate, just give me a fuckin' second here.

Tate starts hyperventilating.

TATE

I gotta do somethin', Yankee!

HART
You are not helping the situation,
you inbred!

Black Smiles lights up another much more efficient lantern, which lights up the entire room, and emerges out of the shadows.

His rifle points straight at Hart.

BLACK SMILES
(In Chippewa, Subtitled)
Good morning, beautiful.

All, except Low Dog, look at the Chippewa in the chair.

HART
Okay. Okay. I'm going to lower my
weapon now.

TATE
What the fuck are you fuckin'
doin', First Sergeant?

HART
Private, lower your weapon.

TATE
Fuck no.

HART
Private.

Tate grimaces and lets go of Low Dog. He looks away like a child and stops pointing the pistol at the older Apache.

Low Dog, who continues to look at Tate, grabs it and stands up, putting his knee onto Tate's chest and his hand onto Tate's face.

TATE
Fuck you, Injun.

Low Dog grabs Hart's Colt .45 and sticks it into his backside.

TATE (CONT'D)
Fuckin' dumb shit, you Yankee.

Hart drops the second gun.

Low Dog picks it up and walks across Tate to grab the arrow in the bible that Smith still holds.

His one good eye on the floor, Smith caresses his newly-holed bible.

Low Dog places the Colt .45 and the .22 Smith and Weston next to the fire stove. He keeps the sawed off and begins to meticulously clean it.

Low Dog picks up Bear Dance and drags him toward the stairs -- right in between White Killer and Black Smiles.

INT. ABANDONDED TRAPPER'S CABIN - NIGHT

Tate, Smith, and Hart huddle together around the wooden stove. The fire burns bright and warm.

Low Dog, Black Smiles, and White Killer huddle together on the opposite side next to the stairs.

Bear Dance MOANS softly on the ground before them.

Tate holds a mean expression as he stares at Low Dog, a rifle and bayonet across his lap. The old stick of dynamite that he found in the cupboard in one hand.

Low Dog ignores the room as he cleans up the sawed off.

TATE

Maybe we should just kill them.

Hart, bent at the knees, carries his sword across his lap. The Colt .45 sticking out of his backside.

HART

I don't see the benefit. Many hands make light work.

Smith sits leaning against the wall, reading from his bible.

SMITH

I don't know if that expression works here.

HART

Nonsense.

Black Smiles sits back against the wall staring back at the soldiers with his hair in his face.

His hand grips his spear.

TATE

We wouldn't have to deal with them slaughtering us in our sleep.

(MORE)

TATE (CONT'D)

That's a pretty freakin' good
benefit for me.

White Killer glances at the soldiers, his bow in one hand and
three arrows in the other.

SMITH

A good night's sleep does sound
awful appealing.

HART

We're scattered, bloody, bandaged,
low on supplies, weapons. It's no
longer us versus them. It's us
(gestures to everyone
inside.)
versus them.
(gestures outside)
Plus, they decided to give us some
of our weapons back.

TATE

Bunkin' up with a fuckin' nate? I
should probably just kill you, too,
Yank. Nobody likes you and your
Harvard education. Suck a fuckin'
dick education.

Tate spits on the floor again.

HART

I guess. If you seem to be fixing
to die.

TATE

What you say to me, boy?

SMITH

Y'all need some religion.

TATE

I got a fuckin' dick suckin',
Harvard edumacated, oh-look-at-me
commanding officer and a fuckin'
blonde dumb-shit Mormon in a room
full of fuckin' redskins. I ain't
fixin' to die just yet.

HART

Keep running the mouth, you just
might.

TATE

Hart, how many guns we got?

HART

Three.

TATE

And how many guns they got?

HART

Two.

TATE

Zactly. Hell, that sawed off is fuckin' worthless, too.

Bear Dance slowly rolls over.

HART

They don't need guns, Tate. The two closest to the stairs are Apache. He'd probably hit us with all three arrows before we ever got a shot off.

White Killer and Low Dog glance over at the sound of Apache.

TATE

I'll kill that one with the bow first, then the fat fuckin' belly with the knife next. Apache my ass. They can lick my goddamn asshole. Then, I'ma take that fat-bellied pig's knife and scalp that prairie nigger in black. And if you two ain't gonna help me, I'ma shoot you, too.

HART

Grade A plan, Tate.

TATE

Another one of your unneeded edumacated opinions again, First Sergeant.

HART

How do you know they don't speak English?

Tate laughs.

TATE

English, my ass. A fuckin' nate? Nah, you best put down that book, boy, and learn the truth of the world.

Low Dog continues staring at Tate.

TATE (CONT'D)
Y'all speakin' dat anglish. Now
that's a fuckin' joke.

Tate laughs to himself again.

The three conscious natives look over.

Low Dog re-cocks the sawed off and looks up.

LOW DOG
Of course we speak English.

WHITE KILLER
It's only you Americans who are
ignorant enough to disregard other
people's culture.

White Killer scoffs towards the other side of the room.

WHITE KILLER (CONT'D)
We are human beings just like
yourselves. We have feelings and
everything.

SMITH
Do you guys hear that buzzing? What
is that buzzing?

Tate laughs hard.

TATE
That's good, Zachy. Maybe I will
join that religion of yours after
all. Feelings? Boo-frickin-hoo. I
hurt your feelings.

BLACK SMILES
(In Chippewa, Subtitled)
Now, I remember you. Little Rabbit.

White Killer looks over at Black Smiles carrying an evil
grin.

TATE
First Sergeant, it appears we've
got ourselves a couple injun women.
Hurt feelins my ass.

WHITE KILLER
Hurt feelings lead to resentment.

LOW DOG
Which leads to anger.

BLACK SMILES
(In Chippewa, Subtitled)
Which leads to revenge.

The two Apaches look at Black Smiles, who just smiles.

TATE
What's the plan, Hart?

HART
We make for Fort Conrad once the
storm lets up.

Tate nods and takes a swig of whiskey and places the bottle on his leg, still looking at Low Dog.

TATE
Ah. Nothing like a warm fire coming
in from the snow. Mormon.

Tate offers it to Smith. He looks at it and shakes his head, and goes back to reading.

SMITH
No, thank you, Tate. As a Mormon, I
must abstain from all vices.

TATE
Whiskey ain't a vice, you dumb
shit. It's medicine.

Zachariah does not turn to respond.

TATE (CONT'D)
More for me, gay boy. Yank? I don't
normally share a drink with the
enemy, but seein' as we have
survived two massacres together, I
may be willin' to part with some of
this.

Tate offers the bottle.

HART
We're on the same team, Tate.

TATE
Yeah.

Without looking at Tate or acknowledging his compliment, he grabs the bottle and takes a deep, throat burning chug.

TATE (CONT'D)

Hair on the balls as me papi used to say.

Tate smacks his lips.

WHITE KILLER

You fight us, why? For our land?

TATE

You women still yappin'?

ZACHARIAH SMITH

Seriously, y'all, what is that buzzing?

LOW DOG

What's his deal?

TATE

He's a Mormon.

LOW DOG

What does that mean?

Hart takes another chug.

HART

Mormons don't believe Indians are real. They don't believe you truly exist.

WHITE KILLER

And that means what?

TATE

They believe you was just put on this land to get it ready for em. That right, Zachy?

SMITH

Well, I do not know what all the commotion is about, but yes, I am Mormon. I believe that all Indians were put here by God, for God to punish those poor demons with the Devil inside their soul, and prepare this land for us. Then, I can just move right in, and take my reward from God for being a good Mormon.

TATE

A-fuckin'-men.

LOW DOG

So, he doesn't see us? Right now?

SMITH

I didn't even see one Indian today.
Never have and never will if I am
lucky.

TATE

What about now, Zachariah?

SMITH

I didn't see any Indians. They are
not real. They were put here by
God, to get the land ready for me,
my wives, and all of the Mormons.
God sees them. I do not. I am not
God.

TATE

I wish I had that same ability.

The three Indians converse with each other in Sioux and
laugh.

TATE (CONT'D)

Hey, hey, hey! Anglish,
motherfuckers. No conspirin'.

WHITE KILLER

So, it's not that you hate us, you
just don't see us?

TATE

Oh no, we fucking hate you
assholes.

WHITE KILLER

Why? You all seem to hate what's
different from you? It's ironic
because you three are vastly
different from one another. None of
you can agree on anything. The only
thing you can maybe agree on is
that you want to kill all Indians
first. Except for that guy, who
doesn't even see us.

Bear Dance looks over at White Killer.

BEAR DANCE

(In Sioux, Subtitled)

You are always there when I am in
danger, Lady.

Black Smiles and White Killer exchange glances.

BLACK SMILES
(In Sioux, Subtitled)
Delirious.

SILENCE

Tate takes another drink. Black Smiles now stares at Tate.

BLACK SMILES (CONT'D)
(In Chippewa, Subtitled)
I'm glad we get to see each other
again, my friend. They are coming.

HART
You are the Chippewa they call
Black Smiles?

Black Smiles flashes his crazy smile again.

BLACK SMILES
Yes, pale man.

HART
A warrior.

BLACK SMILES
I am Black Smiles. I am the
greatest killing Chippewa in this
world and the next.

TATE
Chippewa my asshole. I can see why
they call you Black Smiles. Why
they call you White Killer?

A beat.

LOW DOG
Because he kills whites.

TATE
All these stupid fuckin' names.
Fuckin' stupid as shit. Black
Smiles, White Killer--

Low Dog drags his chair towards Tate.

TATE (CONT'D)
--the lonely ponderosa ridge. Like
what in the hell is that. A bet a
prairie nigger such as yourself
came up with that bullshit--

Low Dog sits right in front of Tate.

TATE (CONT'D)
--Injun ass name.

The two stare each other down.

WHITE KILLER
That's not our name. That's a white name.

TATE
Bull fuckin' shit. That has Injun written all over it.

WHITE KILLER
Do you remember seeing that huge tree in the middle of your camp? You know, on top of the ridge?

Tate takes a swig.

WHITE KILLER (CONT'D)
That is a ponderosa. Latin for ponderous, heavy, clumsy by weight, tedious, important, full of meaning.

TATE
Your point?

BLACK SMILES
The name fits, fat man.

TATE
It doesn't matter. As soon as you fuckin' dirty redskins stop resistin' and start behavin' wiff some civility, that name will be changed to somethin' more fitting.

Tate takes a swig, then spits some chew onto the floor.

WHITE KILLER
We do not fear death. We fear life beneath your boot. Our people will always fight back.

TATE
A bunch of stubborn fools.

Tate lifts up his cheek and lets out a fart.

SILENCE

LOW DOG

You talk much because you are
scared.

Tate cradles the gun in his lap.

TATE

Do I look scared, Injun?

BLACK SMILES

(In Chippewa, Subtitled)

Like a fat, scared little rabbit
about to go into a nice, hearty
stew.

Low Dog lets out a loud and hearty laugh. Tate flinches.
White Killer and Black Smiles join in. Hart chuckles a little
bit, too.

BLACK SMILES (CONT'D)

(In Chippewa, Subtitled)

Little Rabbit.

TATE

Just you wait, you filth.

Smith gets up and walks toward the boarded up window. He
looks out into the cold, frozen, snow storm.

Black Smiles eyes him under his hair.

FOOTSTEPS come from the roof. Hart looks up.

WHITE KILLER

Fire.

Hart douses the fire. Only the two lanterns are now lit.
Black Smiles blends into the shadows.

Low Dog and Tate continue their staring contest.

Hart pulls out his pistol, and heads up the old, rickety
stairs.

White Killer follows.

TATE

Get away from there, mormon.

SMITH

I am not afraid. The Lord says unto
thee, do not fear the power of
darkness--

Hart walks in front of White Killer as they ascend to the top of the stairs. Everything in darkness.

Low Dog continues his staring contest with Tate.

SMITH (CONT'D)
 --for I am in thee. And if men come
 unto me, I will show unto them
 their weakness--

Hart lights a match, his pistol out in front of him. White Killer falling in behind him with his bow.

SMITH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 --I give unto men weakness that
 they may be humble; and my grace is
 sufficient for all men that humble
 themselves before me; for if they
 humble themselves before me, and
 have faith in me, then with will I
 make weak things become strong unto
 them--

Low Dog stares at the nervous Tate. More footsteps up above.

Hart walks the long length of the upstairs hallway -- his match fades out.

SMITH (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 --The spirit and the body shall be
 reunited again in its perfect form.

FOOTSTEPS on the roof.

Hart lights up another match and turns the corner.

SMITH (CONT'D)
 For I am God.

Zombies GROWL on the mangled porch. An eye peeks through the window.

SMITH (CONT'D)
 For I am our Father.

Smith's eye widens. The zombie grabs him through the boards.

UPSTAIRS

A zombie jumps on top of Hart. Multiple shots ring out.

DOWNSTAIRS

Tate breaks from the staring contest.

LOW DOG

You lose.

Low Dog shoots Tate square in the chest with the sawed off.

The dynamite rolls across the floor.

Zombies break in and quickly overwhelm the room.

Low Dog and Black Smiles take on the bunch and push them back successfully.

INT. ABANDONDED TRAPPER'S CABIN - UPSTAIRS - SAME TIME

White Killer drags Hart, who bleeds from his side across the hallway.

SCREAMS and GROWLS below.

White Killer drags him into an adjacent room.

Lit by the moonlight, the zombie Smoke Talker stands hunched eating a forearm.

White Killer drops to his knees. He grabs the pistol from Hart and hesitates.

WHITE KILLER

I--

He breaks down, then regains his composure.

He shoots Smoke Talker in the head.

More zombies are heard running on the roof. White Killer quickly slams the door and throws a bookcase in front of it.

The Apache picks Hart up and throws him through a window onto the top of the porch, as the zombies break through.

White Killer follows through the window.

EXT. ABANDONDED TRAPPER'S CABIN - SAME TIME

White Killer lands with a THUD and watches Low Dog burst through the door below, tackling a zombie off the porch.

More zombies start going for Low Dog.

Smith now comes out from below and makes a feeble attempt defending himself.

White Killer rolls Hart off the balcony onto the snow ground below, right next to his brother.

Low Dog, struggling with a zombie, looks over at Hart. White Killer lands beside him.

White Killer helps with the incoming zombies.

WHITE KILLER
Brother, we must run!

White Killer drags Hart.

LOW DOG
You should have just left him, you
crazy Sioux.

WHITE KILLER
I am Sioux! I am Apache! You are
donkey!

Smith, somehow unharmed runs in the opposite direction into the darkness.

LOW DOG
Chippewa!

Low Dog heads back towards the cabin.

INSIDE

Zombie Bear Dance stands.

He rushes Black Smiles from behind and takes a chunk out of his neck. Black Smiles throws him off.

Bear Dance GROWLS. Black Smiles stabs him with his spear. Blood pours out of the Chippewa's neck profusely.

Black Smiles drops to one knee, smiling.

BLACK SMILES
(In Chippewa, Subtitled)
God damn fucking Sioux.

He picks up the old stick of dynamite and lights it. Standing up as high as he can go and gives a loud Native war cry.

Zombies charge.

Black Smiles sees Low Dog heading toward the doorway and smiles.

BOOM

The dynamite decimates the old, wooden cabin and blows Low Dog off his feet.

Low Dog struggles as he gets up.

HIGH PITCHED RINGING in his ears.

He stumbles over to his brother and the injured first sergeant.

EXT. LONELY PONDEROSA TRAIL - NIGHT

Low Dog plows ahead and then behind of the cold, dark trail. He kills any zombie within reach, as his little brother helps drag the beat up Hart.

Hart keeps collapsing. Blood spills from his side. White Killer stops and hands him his two pistols.

Hart shoots aimlessly.

CLICK. CLICK.

Both guns empty.

Low Dog comes back and protects the two from behind. Slashing and stabbing zombie after zombie.

More zombies come.

White Killer and Hart reach the edge of a fifty-foot

WATERFALL

White Killer looks down.

WHITE KILLER
Brother, what should we--

Low Dog tackles them both over the cliff into the ice cold water below.

Zombies follow suit.

EXT. COLD RIVER - NIGHT

Water rushes all around as Hart comes to. A hand pulls him toward the surface.

He sees the bright moon. He sees the millions of stars. He sees White Killer's face. He hears YELLING and SCREAMING.

White Killer pulls Hart to the edge and strips him naked. He begins massaging Hart's chest vigorously.

Hart coughs and freezes.

He sees Low Dog emerge out of the water -- Zombies splashing down on both sides of him.

Low Dog fends off the zombies in the water, shirtless.

More zombies fall from the waterfall in the distance.

HART
(croaks)
Loawhh--

White Killer leaves Hart and runs into the water.

The two brothers attack the undead.

A zombie soldier sneaks by the Apaches toward the delirious Hart, who lies on the ground defenseless and on the verge of hypothermia.

White Killer stabs it before he gets too close.

Hart blacks out as he sees zombies surround Low Dog.

EXT. COLD RIVER - DAY

The snowy clouds block any warmth from the sun. A stringless bow hardens next to the fire. Finished arrows lay beside it.

Hart sits up covered in furs. Quick, violent visions plague him. Flowers quickly dying. Bees turning into maggots. Laughter turning into screams.

He shakes it off. He sees White Killer on the other side of the fire creating a weaved fish trap.

Low Dog stands in the ice water with a ten-foot, three-pronged spear.

Hart looks around at the new camp. A lean-to juts out from the snow.

HART
You guys did all this?

White Killer nods.

HART (CONT'D)
How long was I out?

WHITE KILLER

Day.

Hart cringes as he gets another zombie flashback. White Killer eyes him, but returns to the fish trap.

HART

You think he's cold?

White Killer looks at his brother and then returns to his trap.

WHITE KILLER

My brother is fat like a baby seal.

Hart looks at a pile of mushrooms stacked in a pile.

HART

These are cubensis.

WHITE KILLER

I do not know that word.

HART

They are highly hallucinogenic.

White Killer stares at him.

HART (CONT'D)

It makes you see things.

WHITE KILLER

Have you ever taken before?

HART

No.

WHITE KILLER

You don't see things. You feel things. You feel connected to the whole world. And in the end, you see clarity. You feel through.

Hart watches Low Dog stab a huge fish. The fat Apache cheers.

HART

Why take them?

WHITE KILLER

It's what the Sioux do when we need to dwell on something.

HART

Neither of you are Sioux.

White Killer looks up.

HART (CONT'D)
You're Apache. Right?

White Killer stares at him.

HART (CONT'D)
Not all us white men can be ignorant.

WHITE KILLER
All white men are ignorant. But so can us brown men too.

White Killer smiles jokingly.

HART
So, why are two Apache leading the Sioux?

WHITE KILLER
When my brother and I were little, thirty-four white soldiers came into our camp. A band of Chippewa had just massacred a group of settlers twelve and a half miles away. Chippewa. They scalped the settlers. Pulled their teeth. Raped the women. Slaughtered the children. Babies were laid upon spears. Babies not even a year old. Every single eye was plucked loose. Horrible atrocities.

White Killer doesn't deviate from his task building with his hands.

WHITE KILLER (CONT'D)
Granted these soldiers just wanted revenge for the gruesome deaths of these settlers, but they rounded us up. Apache, not Chippewa. They beat my father to a pulp, raped my mother over and over again. Multiple men at once. They burned everyone alive after they scalped my father.

Hart looks at White Killer, who goes back to his trap again.

Hart says nothing.

WHITE KILLER (CONT'D)

Our aunt was holding us as they started grabbing the Apache children. They shot her in the head. She wasn't even looking at them. She was looking at me. Her blood splattered across my cheeks. Pieces of brain and skull and teeth stuck to my face. I can vaguely remember the taste of it. Such a strange thing to experience as a child. My brother took a knife and stabbed that soldier. We ran and ran and ran and got lost in the woods. It wasn't until the evening until some Sioux found us.

Squints at Hart.

WHITE KILLER (CONT'D)

All of that because a greedy, foreign culture mistook our tribe for another's. The Chippewa and the Apache are two completely different nations, but in the eyes of Americans, they are one and the same.

Regains composure.

WHITE KILLER (CONT'D)

Now, if that isn't the definition of ignorance, I don't know what is.

HART

I-- I am truly sorry. I don't know what to say.

WHITE KILLER

It is not you, first sergeant Oliver Hart of the 38th North Carolina Calvary. It is me. This is why I am called White Killer. I must kill this ignorance and it lives inside your people. And probably my people. Who knows for certain.

Hart pulls the furs around him tighter -- a sheen of sweat glistens on his forehead.

WHITE KILLER (CONT'D)
 Tomorrow, we head to our winter
 camp. And when you are ready, you
 may leave.

HART
 We started this.

WHITE KILLER
 We started what?

HART
 The runners. The dead. We started
 them. We created them. It's a-- a
 disease. A germ. A tiny little
 thing in our bodies.

White Killer scoffs at him.

WHITE KILLER
 Nonsense.

HART
 I'm serious.

WHITE KILLER
 Our bodies were perfected to
 overcome for every scenario. Every
 environment. Some little thing
 inside of us? Our bodies will
 efficiently push it out.

Hart struggles against his budding fever.

WHITE KILLER (CONT'D)
 That heat your body is creating. Is
 pushing it out. Creating sweat.
 Your body is expunging? Right word.

HART
 Expunging is the right word. No,
 what I say is the truth.

WHITE KILLER
 Say you speak this truth. How?

HART
 I do not know. I do know that the
 germ is already in us. If we die,
 whether from the dead runners or
 from old age, we turn.

Hart unwraps his arm and shows a bite mark.

HART (CONT'D)

And that the bites will kill you.
They infect. Then, kill you. And
when you are dead, you turn.

WHITE KILLER

What are you saying?

HART

You must kill me.

He puts the gun in White Killer's hand and puts the barrel to his own forehead.

WHITE KILLER

Bullshit.

Low Dog comes up the bank, carrying an armful of fish and a big grin. He drops the fish next to the fire and puts on a huge fur coat.

His smile disappears.

LOW DOG

What have I missed, you crazies?

WHITE KILLER

(In Sioux, Subtitled)

He wants us to kill him.

Low Dog laughs and begins gathering more wood.

LOW DOG

(In Sioux, Subtitled)

What a weird guy.

Hart lays back down, with his arms over his head. The bandaged, broken leg keeping him immobile.

WHITE KILLER

(In Sioux, Subtitled)

He is serious, brother. He wants us
to--

White Killer looks up and sees his brother kneeled down, staring into the woods. Frozen.

Something moves in the distance.

White Killer kneels next to his brother. Hart scoots over.

All three look in the same direction.

Low Dog whispers something to his fellow Apache.

HART
What did he say?

WHITE KILLER
There is evil. In the woods.

White Killer looks at his brother. Low Dog finally looks away and at his brother. Their eyes meet.

Low Dog grabs a heavy spear, while White Killer grabs the bow.

White Killer gives Hart his holstered pistols.

HART
What's going on?

Low Dog whispers something again and scampers over a few feet. He stops.

Movement in front of him.

HART (CONT'D)
What's going on?

WHITE KILLER
We are being hunted.

HART
By who?

WHITE KILLER
By what.

Low Dog whispers something in Apache.

HART
What did he say?

WHITE KILLER
He said we cannot fight.

HART
Can't fight?

WHITE KILLER
Can't fight. Lose.

HART
So, you run?

Low Dog whispers something again and heads off towards the fire.

WHITE KILLER

We cannot run. We are already dead.
We stay with you.

Low Dog scampers over to the other side of the lean-to. Hart grabs White Killer.

HART

I'm already fuckin' dead. I am. My men are dead. The woman I loved is dead. Leave me and run. Please.

WHITE KILLER

It is a bear.

Hart's eyes widen.

WHITE KILLER (CONT'D)

We cannot kill it for it is already dead. We are already dead. We cannot outrun.

HART

The head. We have to shoot it in the head.

White Killer looks at his brother, who looks into the forest.

HART (CONT'D)

Bring it to me. Then, run. Forget about me. Bring the bear to me, then run.

White Killer looks to leave. Hart grabs his arm.

HART (CONT'D)

I'm already fuckin' dead. I'm already dead.

White Killer looks to his brother again. Low Dog scampers off into the cold forest.

White Killer grabs Hart by the back of his shirt and drags him to a tree.

He gives him his guns.

The white Union soldier and the Apache warrior look at each other.

Hart breaks eye contact and looks down at the large and small pistol laying in his hands.

HART (CONT'D)

I just want to let you know that--

White Killer takes off into the opposite direction of his brother.

HART (CONT'D)

--I--

Hart looks up at the dark snow-filled forest. Alone.

EXT. COLD FOREST - SAME TIME

White Killer runs through the dark, snowy forest. He stops and waits. He sees Low Dog sprinting on the other side.

White Killer launches three arrows successively in a row into darkness. Lady the Bear lets out her loud roar.

White Killer takes off.

He hears the bear behind him, trudging fast. Lady lets out another roar as Low Dog comes sprinting.

The two brothers zoom past the tree where Hart sits.

EXT. COLD RIVER - SAME TIME

Hart crawls around the tree. The visions of the undead are strong.

He grasps and rubs his eyes. He checks the ammo of one gun. He points randomly, his breath coming out like smoke.

Hart slowly moves his body around -- more visions.

Maggie now stands in front of him. Tears fill his eyes.

HART

Magaskawee.

Lady Bear lunges toward him from where the vision of Maggie had been.

At the last second, Hart unloads both pistols. Lady finishes him off.

EXT. COLD RIVER - SAME TIME

Low Dog stops and looks back toward the rapid gunfire. He crouches.

LOW DOG
I count ten.

WHITE KILLER
Same.

The two brothers look at each other.

WHITE KILLER (CONT'D)
What if he did it?

LOW DOG
Impossible.

WHITE KILLER
Impossible was the dead walking.

LOW DOG
We should go back.

WHITE KILLER
If he did it, he will die. If he
didn't, we will die.

Low Dog rubs his face.

LOW DOG
Do you think the white man was
telling the truth about the bites?

WHITE KILLER
What do you mean?

Low Dog rolls back his furs and reveals bite marks on his arm and shoulder.

White Killer looks stunned.

WHITE KILLER (CONT'D)
You dumb old donkey.

Low Dog goes still.

White Killer notices and stops.

LOW DOG
She is here.

Low Dog catches his brother's eyes.

LOW DOG (CONT'D)
Run, brother.

WHITE KILLER
You cannot leave me! I am staying!

Low Dog grabs his brother and throws him.

White Killer tries to fight back. Low Dog throws him again, finally showing his brother who the older sibling really is.

White Killer stands defiant. Low Dog throws him again.

LOW DOG
Go!

Low Dog grabs his spear and heads in the other direction.

White Killer crouches, watching his brother run away. He turns.

The older Apache sprinting, comes to a halt. Lady runs around him. He only catches glimpses.

Lady jumps out of the brush. Low Dog lunges with all his might and pierces Lady as she falls on him.

White Killer sprints through the forest. Anxiety filling his lungs. Each breath becoming harder to pull in.

EXT. WINTER'S THUMB - DAY

Small snow flurries drop upon the motionless Winter Sioux camp as White Killer rides through. He reaches a tepee and jumps off his horse, pulling out his tomahawk.

Butterfly walks out of the tepee with their son in one hand, and a rifle in the other. Little Dove appears behind them

White Killer pauses before them. They embrace each other.

An overwhelming vulnerability encompasses the young Native man, as tears roll down White Killer's cheeks.

CUT TO BLACK:

CREDITS

FADE IN:

INT. WHITE KILLER'S TEPEE - NIGHT

White Killer wakes up and moves his infant son next to his naked wife.

He stokes the fire and grabs a heavy fur coat. He looks back at his family.

White Killer walks out.

EXT. WHITE KILLER'S TEPEE - CONTINUOUS

The winter Sioux camp lies motionless, except for the slow, billowing smoke coming from the tepees.

Heavy snow lies at White Killer's feet. The stars shine bright from above.

White Killer looks off into the distance, huddling up in his fur coat.

He pulls out his tomahawk and sticks it into some wood and then pulls out Smoke Talker's pipe.

He begins taking quick, multiple puffs. He stands there smoking, watching.

A SOUND in the snow draws his attention.

A figure appears out in the darkness. The figure slowly moves closer. White Killer still does not recognize who it is.

The figure walks within twenty feet. White Killer's eyes open wide as he sees his brother.

The zombie Apache GROWLS and sprints toward White Killer. White Killer grabs his tomahawk and turns back to his tepee.

Camera pans out to hundreds of zombies surrounding the camp.

CUT TO BLACK: