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"BORDERLANDS"

Black. We HEAR the HOWL of a FIERCE WIND. It CRESCENDOS.

FADE IN:

At first all WE SEE is WHITE. Slowly, we understand. We are on --

EXT. A ROLLING SCRUB POCKED PLAIN - MISSOURI - DAWN

all but obscured by the brutal storm sweeping snow over its surface.

SUPER: Western Missouri, Hard on the Kansas Border, 1863

Like ghosts TWO RIDERS fade in and out of the swirling white, one on a great Black, the other on a small Paint.

It isn't until the Riders close and stop that we realize the one on the Black is a Woman, KATE. A Colt is stuffed in her belt. A pole wrapped in black cloth is lashed to her saddle.

Kate's face is lined, ruddy, her hands farm rough, but it's her eyes we notice. They burn with a consuming hatred.

Kate's son, LITTLE RILEY, 14, is on the Paint. Baby-faced, half boy/half man, Riley handles the two pistols in his belt as well as anyone twice his age. His hatred is as deep as his Ma's.

They sit their horses, staring at the reason they stopped --

A DEEP LIMESTONE GORGE

yawns open before them. Dark, eerie, thick with twisted trees and brambles it doesn't inspire confidence.

BACK TO SCENE

Missouri accented voices raised against the wind --

LITTLE RILEY

What if he don't want me?

KATE

Then he's a damn fool an' the South's the worse for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kate chucks her Black into the Gorge. Riley swallows his nervousness, follows.

EXT. THE TRAIL - DEEP IN THE LIMESTONE GORGE - EARLY MORNING

There is no wind here. The only SOUNDS are the soft clump of the horses' HOOVES on the snow deep trail and the CREEK of worn tack.

Sheer rock walls tower above Kate and Riley, press them deep into the dark, witching tangles. They draw their patched coats close against their throats and ride on.

With startling suddenness a mounted Vedette, SHAD, charges from a thicket behind them with a REBEL YELL as --

-- a Second Vedette, WES, also YELLING, appears on the trail ahead blocking the way. Shad and Wes are unshaven with long lank hair and clothes full of camp grease.

Riley reaches for his Colt. But Shad's pistol presses against his skull before he can draw.

SHAD

Drop that hand or I'll kill you
graveyard dead, boy.

Riley lets go of his pistol grip.

WES

Well now, y'all must be out for a
mornin' ride in this here fine
weather.

Shad cackles at Wes's wit.

KATE

We come for Colonel Spencer.

Shad and Wes exchange a look.

WES

Yer comin' all right.

SHAD

An' that's fer damn sure.

As Wes takes Kate's reins --

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKEWERED GOBBETS OF BLOODY GOAT

are plopped on a grill over a smoky fire. UNDER --

WE HEAR the BUZZ of a large camp of MEN AWAKENING.

EXT. COOK'S WAGON - GUERRILLAS' CAMP - LIMESTONE GORGE -
MORNING

The Cook, TOMAS, 40s, hacks chunks of dripping goat from one of several carcasses hanging by his rough hewn table. His Son, MANUEL, drops some skewers on the fire, looks up, sees --

INA'LI (CHEROKEE: BLACK FOX)

watching him, framed against the dark sky.

A Mexican/Cherokee "Breed", INA'LI is strongly handsome, smart as a whip, speaks several Native Languages, Spanish and Mission Latin. His quiet strength hides deep pain, and a surprisingly gentle side for such a proficient killer.

The FOLLOWING SCENE is in SPANISH:

MANUEL

It ain't ready.

INA'LI

It's ready.

MANUEL

It's bloody!

(holds up a skewer)

Bloody!

(to himself, too loudly)

Savage.

TOMAS

Manuel!

Tomas hustles over afraid for his son's life. He heaps goat skewers on a tin plate as he fumbles for words.

TOMAS

My son is a fool. Too long at the teat. He is my youngest. His mother wouldn't let go.

(holds out plate)

Please. As much as you want -- with my compliments, Mister Ina'li. And to Mister Teal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ina'li takes the plate, walks away without a word. Tomas lays into Manuel cuffing him repeatedly --

TOMAS

Imbecile. Stupid, stupid, stupid!

Tomas starts off, returns for one more cuff.

TOMAS

Stupid!

END SPANISH

WITH INA'LI

as he walks through a snow covered sea of tents and wickiups.

The Guerrillas he passes are young, hard bit, with long hair, and camp dirty worn clothing. Some are Farm Boys "Sound on the Goose", some are Thieves in it for the plunder, and some are Murderers there just for the pleasure of killing.

In stages of undress, the Guerrillas clean their ears with sticks and dabs of cloth, pizzle, clean pistols, grouse about the weather, tend to horses in the nearby corral.

Those who acknowledge Ina'li do so with a quick nod then look away just as quickly, a little awed, a little afraid.

Ina'li stops at --

EXT. TEAL/INA'LI SITE - GUERRILLAS' CAMP - SAME

The tent Ina'li shares with TEAL is taut, free of snow. The site is clean as are the frozen shirts hanging on a branch. Ina'li taps a shirt.

Staring into a small mirror propped in the Y of a tree limb --

TEAL

Well starched I'd say.

And so we meet WILLIAM BUTLER TEAL who finishes off the last of his beard with an expert flick of his straight razor. He is one of the few Guerrillas who wears his hair short.

Handsome, college educated, Teal's charming and courtly, particularly with the ladies. He kills without compunction or regret. His vulnerability and loneliness are well hidden.

Teal towels off his face, grabs a skewer of goat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEAL

Thank you. You are a prince among men, Ina'li. And one of the few who appreciates properly cooked meat.

(savors a bite, then)

Do you know there are people in India who refuse to eat meat. Imagine. No meat. That would be like life without war. Unnatural.

Ina'li rises, watching a commotion by the Trail Head.

INA'LI

Hindus.

Teal and Ina'li watch --

THE TRAIL HEAD

where Shad and Wes lead Kate and Little Riley into camp.

BACK TO SCENE

Teal stands, wipes his fingers on a towel, shrugs his braces over his shoulders as --

TEAL

Visitors. And on the day before our next adventure. Another of God's little mysteries, Ina'li.

As Teal and Ina'li start off --

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - GUERRILLAS' CAMP - LIMESTONE GORGE - SAME

Shad and Wes stop Kate and Riley.

SHAD

Best geddown now.

They hesitate, wary of the Guerrillas gathering round them.

WES

He ain't gonna tell ya again.

Kate and Riley dismount. The Guerrillas stare at them, silent, cold. They part for Teal and Ina'li. Teal crosses to Kate, touches his hat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEAL

Ma'am...

KATE

You Colonel Spencer?

TEAL

Oh, no, Ma'am. I am a mere mortal.
 (a mocking bow)
 William Butler Teal at your
 service.

KATE

Teal. I heard a you. You, the
 Colonel, that Indian fella there.
 You're killers. That's why we
 come. This here's my son, Riley.
 He wants to kill Yankees.

TEAL

A noble desire.

Some of the men smile at the thought of Little Riley killing
 anything let alone a man.

LITTLE RILEY

Jayhawker sons-a-bitches kilt my
 pa, stole our stock and burned our
 farm. I aim to repay as many as I
 can.

(shyly, re: pistols)

I kin use these pretty good I
 reckon.

Some of the men snicker.

TEAL

My apologies. Some of the boys'
 mamas neglected their manners.

(re: pistols)

I'm sure you use them well.
 They're a fine looking set.

LITTLE RILEY

They's made special for my Pa.

TEAL

May I see them?

Riley's nervous about it, but has no choice. He crosses to
 Teal -- whose amiable expression turns hard, deadly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Teal grabs Riley's nose twists. Hard. Riley tries to club him with a pistol. Teal kicks it out of his hand then chops the boy's other pistol into the dirt.

Kate sees Teal's actions as the test that it is, stifles the impulse to help her son.

Teal drags Riley around by the nose to the HOOTS and WHOOPS of the men.

TEAL

Normally, the Colonel prefers to ride with men, not boys.

Humiliated, eyes tearing --

LITTLE RILEY

I ain't no boy.

TEAL

And normally the Colonel doesn't recruit Yankee spies.

Riley rages through clenched teeth and unbidden tears as Teal drives him to his knees.

LITTLE RILEY

I ain't no spy!

Riley finds a rock and with a supreme effort smashes it onto Teal's foot. Teal screams in pain, let's go.

Riley jumps to his feet, plants a haymaker between Teal's eyes, knocks him flat on his ass. Low, hard --

LITTLE RILEY

I ain't no Yankee. An' I damn sure ain't no spy.

TEAL

And it appears you are not a boy.

Teal holds out his hand. Riley helps him to his feet. Kate's about as proud as a mom gets.

Teal turns, looks at a gorge wall, shakes his head yes to --

TEAL'S POV

GEORGE TALBOT SPENCER, self styled Colonel of the Guerrilla Band, who stands in the mouth of a cave looking down at Teal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Good looking, vain, particularly about his mustache, Spencer fancies himself a Hero of the South, wants nothing more than to settle some old scores.

Spencer nods to Teal, starts back into the cave. UNDER --

TEAL (V.O.)

You have voluntarily signified a
desire to cast your fortunes with
us...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CAVE - GUERRILLAS' CAMP - LIMESTONE GORGE - NIGHT

Pitch black. There is no light save the reddish glow coming from the cave's mouth. UNDER --

TEAL (V.O.)

...By so doing you agree to tear
down, lay waste, despoil and kill
our enemies...

INSIDE THE CAVE - SAME

CAMERA TRAVELS around the fire: PAST Spencer seated in his plundered Louis XIV armchair, PAST Ina'li, PAST proud Kate and the Men watching Teal deliver the Black Oath to Riley.

TEAL (V.O.)

...Mercy belongs to sycophants and
emasculated soldiers. To us it is
repugnant to our obligations.

WE FIND

Teal who stands before Riley reading from a thick leather bound book that looks not unlike a Bible.

TEAL

(studies Riley then)

With this understanding of what
will be required of you are you
willing to proceed?

LITTLE RILEY

Yes. I mean, yessir, yes. I am.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUERRILLAS' CAMP - THE LIMESTONE GORGE - DAWN

CLOSE

A disassembled Navy Colt .44 on a blanket is quickly, expertly put together. UNDER --

TEAL (V.O.)

In the name of God and the Devil...

LITTLE RILEY (V.O.)

In the name of God and the Devil...

CLOSE SHOTS

A pistol chamber is loaded, spun. A shotgun is loaded, snapped shut. Pistols are thrust into belts and holsters, slung over saddles. Arkansas Toothpicks are slipped into boots. UNDER --

TEAL (V.O.)

...and by the powers of light and darkness, good and evil...

LITTLE RILEY (V.O.)

...and by the powers of light and darkness, good and evil..

CUT TO:

ANGLE - THE GUERRILLAS

mount up under low, dark clouds. All wear their Guerrilla Blouses over their shirts. Many have a feather, stars or Confederate emblems attached to their hats.

Spencer wears a Cavalry Saber. UNDER --

LITTLE RILEY (V.O.)

...here under the black arch of heaven I pledge and consecrate my heart, my brain, my body and my limbs...

TEAL/INA'LI SITE

Ina'li leads two Horses up. He wears a shoulder holster and a huge knife, carries a war club. Dried scalps hang from his saddle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's painted his face blue like the Mexican Karankawas. A string of hard, dark brown globs is around his throat: Ears.

Teal ties a knotted crimson silk scarf around his neck, wears a double holster. He slings two pistols over his saddle, shoves two more in his boot scabbards, mounts up. UNDER --

LITTLE RILEY (V.O.)
 ...and I swear by all the powers of
 hell and heaven to devote my life
 to obedience to my superiors...

CUT TO:

ANGLE

Little Riley starts to mount his Paint. Kate stops him, hands him the reins to her Black. He strokes it, mounts up, a little scared, a lot proud in his guerrilla blouse.

Kate almost reaches out to touch him. UNDER --

LITTLE RILEY (V.O.)
 ...I will exert every possible
 means in my power for the
 extermination of Federals,
 Jayhawkers and their abettors...

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON THE ENTIRE GUERRILLA BAND

forming up behind Spencer. They number TWO-HUNDRED. UNDER --

LITTLE RILEY (V.O.)
 ...I will show no mercy...

They start out of camp.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TRAIL - LIMESTONE GORGE - EARLY MORNING

The Guerrillas are a fearsome sight as they PASS BY, camp dirty, lank hair, set faces and stone eyes. UNDER --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LITTLE RILEY (O.S.)
 ...If I do, I pray God and the
 Devil to tear out my heart and
 roast it over flames of sulphur.

CUT TO:

EXT. ENTRANCE - LIMESTONE GORGE - THE PLAIN - EARLY MORNING

Spencer, Teal and Ina'li wait as the Guerrillas emerge from
 the Gorge. It is cold and dark. The sun is absent.

ANGLE

Kate and Riley ride out with the last of the Men. Teal
 beckons the boy to him. Flushed with excitement, Riley lopes
 up. Softly --

TEAL
 How old are you?

LITTLE RILEY
 Fourteen.
 (quickly)
 Fifteen real quick.

TEAL
 You will do nothing unless told to.
 Do you understand?

LITTLE RILEY
 Yessir. Yes I do.

TEAL
 Good. Because if you do not, I
 will make you fourteen permanently.

Riley gets it, pales.

ANGLE

Spencer gallops to the head of the Guerrillas sits his horse,
 speaks to all.

SPENCER
 There is a town, a Kansas town, a
 town of Jayhawkers and Federal
 Sympathizers -- a Kansas town whose
 men burned our Missouri farms and
 killed our Missouri men. A wealthy
 Kansas town full of plunder...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Guerrillas WHOOP, CHEER.

SPENCER

...I say this town shall not stand
another day. I say the men in this
Kansas town be ripped up, their
bowels torn out and fed to the
foulest birds of the air...

MORE CHEERS joined by the high, unnerving REBEL YELL.

SPENCER

...I say their abolitionist souls
be submerged in melted metal and
stiffened by the fumes of hell...

Kate rides up on the Paint, hands the cloth wrapped pole to
Riley who unfurls it. It's --

A LARGE BLACK FLAG

In hand done crimson lettering over the black field:
SPENCER. UNDER -- the GUERRILLAS CHEER.

BACK TO SCENE

The flag snaps in the wind as Riley holds it up. OVER the
CHEERING --

SPENCER

And I say God and the Devil have
made us the instruments of their
destruction!

Spencer spurs his mount, rides off. The Men follow WHOOPING
and CHEERING.

ANGLE

TEAL

God and the Devil. He does cover
his bets.

Teal and Ina'li ride off. Little Riley looks back one last
time at his Ma before WHOOPING and galloping after.

Kate watches Riley go. The pride and fear on her face are as
real as the tears spilling down her cheeks. After a moment,
she spurs the Paint, heads away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE

A single large CROW sits in a tree watching. It's eyes burn red against the dark, unholy sky.

OVER the BARKING of a DOG we --

CUT TO:

EXT. LANGSTON, KANSAS - EARLY MORNING

A picture perfect, prosperous town of 500 souls wakes in the sun sparkled morning. It is cold and clear.

Smoke rises from the chimneys of the neat, well kept houses and businesses. Many are decorated for Christmas.

SUPER: Langston, Kansas

Owners walk to their stores. Women sweep snow off their porches and walkways. A Young Boy and Young Girl play with their dog in their picket fenced yard.

EXT. LUTHER'S HANDSOME HOME - EDGE OF TOWN - SAME

A lot of pride has gone into this house. Behind it are a Woodshed, Small Corral, Stable with three fine Horses.

EXT. BACKYARD - LUTHER'S HOME - SAME

In the Corral, LUTHER MCSHANE finishes saddling a Sorrel that stamps and whinnies, impatient to go. Luther strokes it, whispers. The Sorrel's ears prick up. It nickers, quiets.

Rugged more than handsome, Luther's weathered face is seamed. His eyes carry the ghosts of things better left unsaid. He's a hard man, not one to trifle with nor cross, but he's a fair man, honest, and someone you want on your side in a fight.

Luther crosses to the Woodshed, enters, comes out a second later with his arms full of split oak. He heads for the Back Porch notices --

LUTHER'S POV

A winter ground fog is rolling out of the MARSH at the far edge of the fields bordering Luther's home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

Luther walks to the Back Porch. He's about to enter his home when he stops, struck by what he sees --

THROUGH A WINDOW

GIGGLING, EMILY, Luther's only child, holds her best dress to her breast, pirouettes in front of the Christmas tree for her mother, LYDIA.

BACK TO SCENE - LUTHER'S

love for his family lights his eyes as he watches. He could stand there forever. But there's work to do. He enters --

INT. THE SMALL, HOMEY KITCHEN - LUTHER'S HOME - MORNING

Luther puts some of the split oak by the stove as --

LUTHER

Fog comin' from the marsh again.

LYDIA (O.S.)

Luther...?

He crosses into --

THE WARMLY FURNISHED LIVING/DINING ROOM

The flames from the fire in the fireplace cast a warm glow over the room. LYDIA sits by it. She's a wonderful looking woman, strong, with deep, intelligent eyes.

LUTHER

Should burn off by noon.

As Luther puts the rest of the oak by the fireplace --

LYDIA

It seems the Oatman boy asked Emily to the Christmas Dance.

LUTHER

Oh? I'll get the shotgun.

EMILY

(laughing)

Pa!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She smacks him in the shoulder. EMILY'S a beautiful, strong willed young lady of sixteen. Her determination matches her father's.

EMILY

(re: her dress)

Mother says she can add some lace and this will look like one of those fancy store bought dresses.

LUTHER

(To Lydia)

Did I hear Tom Hager got in some dresses from "Eldridge and Ford" in Lawrence?

Emily's eyes widen.

EMILY

Eldridge and Ford?

LYDIA

You know I believe he did.

LUTHER

Might be worth a look then.

Emily leaps into her Dad's arms.

EMILY

Thank you. Oh, thank you.

Luther holds her close for moment, then --

LUTHER

Better run along now. Stalls need swampin' before you do anything.

She gives Luther a kiss on the cheek.

EMILY

Thank you.

She fairly flies away.

LUTHER

Well...

Brimming with love --

LYDIA

Luther McShane...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUTHER

Well...

He fidgets, embarrassed, then starts out with --

LUTHER

Day's a wastin'.

He exits, leaving Lydia smiling.

CUT TO:

EXT. A WIDE SNOWY FIELD - MISSOURI/KANSAS BORDER - MORNING

A UNION CAVALRY Patrol rides along a road through the field.
As THEY PASS, PUSH THROUGH TO --

THE THICK WOOD BORDERING THE FIELD

where a STRONG WIND rushes through the Pine, Oak and Maple rattling the branches. And where, deeper in the trees --

Teal, Ina'li, and Little Riley sit their horses watching the Cavalry pass. Little Riley can't stay still. Finally --

LITTLE RILEY

(sotto voce)

We could kill 'em sure. All a 'em.

Teal's dead-eyed look silences Riley fast.

As soon as the last of the Cavalry has disappeared Ina'li grabs his cantle, turns in his saddle, WHISTLES a BIRD CALL.

ANGLE

The wood fills with the Guerrillas. Teal chucks his horse rides into --

THE SNOWY FIELD

followed by the rest of the Guerrillas who emerge, form a column of four abreast on the move, cross the field.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - LUTHER'S HOME - MORNING

Luther rides out of his yard on the Sorrel, heads for the fields bordering his house. He carries no weapon.

ANGLE

In a Stall, Emily watches him go, mucking fork at her side. As does Lydia from a Kitchen Window.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FIELDS BEHIND LUTHER'S HOME - LANGSTON - SAME

Luther chucks his horse, canters toward the Marsh at the Far Edge of the fields.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARSH OUTSIDE LANGSTON - MORNING

As Luther enters the Fog drenched Marsh a huge flock of CROWS rises from the trees. CAWING LOUDLY they swoop down the wind toward town.

CUT TO:

EXT. STALL - BACKYARD - LUTHER'S HOME - SAME

Emily HEARS the LOUD CAWING and FLAPPING of WINGS, looks up, watches the CROWS rocket low over the yard then wheel away.

A LARGE CROW lands on one of the Corral's Fence Posts where it stares at Emily.

EMILY

Go on, crow, git.

It doesn't budge.

EMILY

Go on, git!

The crow stares at her with its malignant red eyes. Emily charges it, fork leveled.

EMILY

Git, git!

The Crow waits until Emily gets close then flaps lazily away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She watches it go, shivers against the FOG beginning to obscure the yard, draws her coat close.

The FOG wraps around her like a shroud.

CUT TO:

EXT. PASTURE/ROAD NEAR THE KANSAS/MISSOURI BORDER - MORNING

In their cow pasture, a FATHER and his Two Teenaged Boys mend the split rail fenceline that runs along the road.

FATHER
(re: a damaged rail)
This 'un. Cows'll break through
and scatter off.

They HEAR the GUERRILLAS before they see them, stop working, watch the road, concerned.

The Guerrilla's appear four abreast, halt when they see the farmers. As the Father realizes who they are --

FATHER
Bushwhackers. Go to the house and
take care a your Ma. Run!

The Boys take off through the pasture at a dead run. The Father tries for his shotgun which is leaning against the fence about fifty feet away.

ANGLE - THE GUERRILLAS

SPENCER
Mister Teal. Mister Ina'li.

Teal and Ina'li spur their horses after the Father and his Sons. Spencer and the rest of the Guerrillas continue on their way except for Little Riley who waits.

WITH TEAL

as he rides for the Father. He gets to him just as the man reaches his shotgun.

TEAL
I wouldn't.

The Father turns, hands raised in surrender. Teal shoots him through the heart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WITH INA'LI

who gallops for the fence. At the last moment his HORSE LEAPS, clears the top rail with room to spare.

Ahead of him the Boys can't help but look back.

WHAT THE BOYS SEE

SCREAMING a bone chilling WAR CRY, Ina'li thunders for them, swinging his war club above his head.

BACK TO SCENE

Petrified, the Boys freeze. Ina'li rides between them. He crushes One Boy's skull with a forehand blow, then backhands the war club against the Other Boy's head. They're dead before they hit the ground.

Ina'li leaps off his horse, pulls his knife and with a triumphant SCREAM yanks one Boy's head up by his hair. As he starts to scalp the dead Boy --

ANGLE

Teal sits his horse, watches Ina'li. Little Riley rides up.

TEAL

Now that is a nicely chased blade.

Teal turns his horse, heads slowly away WHISTLING "DIXIE". Riley watches Ina'li finish, leans over his Black, vomits.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEA RESERVATION - KANSAS - MORNING

A poor place of Log and Sod Homes with Wattle Roofs. A few Wea Indians dressed in a hodgepodge of Native and White Man's clothing are out gathering firewood. It is cold and clear.

As Luther rides in he's spotted by two little children, ANGATOKA (Pile of Wood) and PECONBEQUA (Woman Striking), playing in the snow. They run to him calling his name.

The FOLLOWING SCENE is in the WEA LANGUAGE:

ANGATOKA & PECONBEQUA

Luther, Luther!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Luther dismounts, ties off the Sorrel, sweeps the Kids into his arms and lifts them off the ground with --

LUTHER
Angatoka! Peconbequa!

He carries them for a few paces, then puts them down.

LUTHER
You're too heavy. You need to stop growing.

PECONBEQUA
We can't stop growing, Luther.

LUTHER
Then you'll have to carry me.

They giggle. Luther starts off, stops --

LUTHER
Oh! I think there's something in my pockets.

The Kids smile widely, clap their hands with excitement and, one on each side of Luther, dig in his pockets as he walks toward the Chief's Hut.

ANNAWABA (Chief), comes out of his Hut before Luther gets there, is clearly pleased to see him.

The Kids pull some colorful paper wrapped sweets from Luther's pockets, compare what they've found as --

ANNAWABA
Luther, my friend.

LUTHER
Annawaba.

They clasp hands. Searching his face --

ANNAWABA
You are troubled.

LUTHER
The Bureau has ordered me to say things that make me sad, Annawaba. And angry.

ANGATOKA & PECONBEQUA
Thank you. Thank you, Luther.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFF the Kids chewing happily --

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK - RIVER CROSSING/MARSH NEAR LANGSTON - MORNING

Led by Spencer, Teal and Ina'li, the Guerrillas appear on the OPPOSITE BANK. They find a GRAVEL BAR, spur their horses ONTO IT.

They COME TOWARD US urging their splashing horses on with SHOUTS and slaps on the rear.

ANGLE

Spencer, Teal, Ina'li and Riley ride out of the water, sit their horses, wait as the rest of the Guerrillas cross the river. Spencer pulls a list of names from his jacket.

SPENCER

These are the men who saw fit to humiliate me when I lived among them.

(hands a list to Teal)

Give them your utmost attention.

Teal studies the list. Indicating the FOGGY MARSH ahead --

SPENCER

Langston is the other side of the marsh.

Spencer spurs his horse, heads for the Marsh followed by his Guerrillas. Riley starts after them, but --

TEAL

Little Riley.

Smiling, Riley heads back to Teal.

LITTLE RILEY

My Pa called me that. His name was Riley too.

TEAL

Did you check to see if water fouled your caps.

LITTLE RILEY

I ain't dumb.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEAL

You want to kill Yankees?

Riley pulls a pistols, checks: Wet. Teal and Ina'li ride off.

LITTLE RILEY

Now ain't that the drippin' shits.

CUT TO:

EXT. MCSHANE HOME - MAIN STREET - LANGSTON - MORNING

Lydia and Emily come out of the house in their homespun finery, head down the town's main street. Emily's cheeks are flushed with excitement. Her eyes sparkle.

EMILY

Do you think Mister Hager might have a blue dress?

LYDIA

He could. Blue is fashionable this year I'm told.

(to a passing man)

Mister Brit.

Brit touches his hat with --

BRIT

Ma'am, Miss.

EMILY

Of course it's nearly next year already.

Even in the GATHERING FOG the street is pretty FULL. Whites, some Native Americans and Mexicans bustle about on errands, business, etc.

EMILY

But if he doesn't have blue, green will do nicely.

(then)

Though it would be nice to have a full dress with enough material to twirl properly, blue or green.

Suppressing a smile --

LYDIA

Missus Mohler, Mister Mohler.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE MOHLERS
 (German Accents)
 Missus McShane. Miss McShane.
 Looks like Bremerhaven.

LYDIA
 It'll burn off by noon.
 (to Emily)
 I'm sure he will have exactly what
 you want.

EMILY
 Oh, Mother, do you think so?

Emily takes her mother's arm, hugs it excitedly as they head
 into HAGER'S GENERAL STORE.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MARSH OUTSIDE LANGSTON - MORNING

Fog turns the Guerrillas into wraiths as they charge through
 the Marsh. We SEE ONLY PARTS of them.

But WE HEAR the SOUNDS they make: The HORSES' SNORTS. The
 JANGLE of SPURS, CREEK of TACK. The GRUNTS of the
 GUERRILLAS. HOOVES SPLASHING, digging in the MUCK.

OVER which WE SEE --

SHOTS

A HORSE'S HEAD. A lathered FLANK. HOOVES SPLASH. A MUD
 SPATTERED Guerrilla's FACE. HOOVES kick MUD. A HORSE'S wild
 globe EYES.

The SOUNDS CRESCENDO, begin to PILE on each other as,
 simultaneously --

MORE SHOTS - FASTER NOW

The IMAGES PILE on the other, gaining in speed and intensity.

The FACES of the GUERRILLAS. The HORSES EYES, HOOVES, FLARED
 NOSTRILS, FOAMING MOUTHS. SPURS dig into sweat streaming
 FLANKS. MUD kicked violently into the AIR.

HANDS draw PISTOLS, SHOTGUNS, RIFLES. INA'LI's two new
 bloody SCALPS. The WILD EYES of both MEN and HORSES.

TEAL. INA'LI. LITTLE RILEY. SPENCER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Just as the IMAGES and SOUNDS PEAK we --

CUT TO:

EXT. THE EDGE OF THE MARSH OUTSIDE LANGSTON - SAME

The Guerrillas burst from the Marsh.

They fan out over the field, a line of mud men and lathered horses steaming in the FOG looking like the wrath of some Old Testament God.

There is a moment of utter silence. Then --

SPENCER

(whispering to himself)

Vengeance is in my heart. Revenge
is hammering in my head.

(reaches for saber)

Blood is in my hand...

SLO-MO (MOS)

Spencer draws his Saber, raises it high above his head. His face contorts in a nightmarish grimace as he levels his saber at the town and screams (which we DO NOT HEAR).

The line of Men and Horses begins to move. Like some disembodied machine, it starts slowly, silently forward.

The FACES of the GUERRILLAS twist violently as --

A HIGH, SHRILL, RAUCOUS SHRIEK bleeds OVER the silence: Two-hundred Men SCREAMING the hair raising REBEL YELL.

The Guerrilla Line GAINS SPEED.

END SLO-MO AND MOS

Now WE HEAR the THUNDER of the eight-hundred HOOVES. Now WE SEE Two-hundred Men and Horses GALLOPING through the Fog toward the gentle town.

EXT. BACK OF THE GRUBSTAKE SALOON - LANGSTON - SAME

The Saloon's Owner, JASPER, and his Wea Helper, MICHIKINQUA (Little Turtle) come out of the Saloon carrying crates full of empty bottles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They drop them on the trash pile, start back, but stop puzzled by a SOUND they can't identify. They look out at the fields behind the saloon.

WHAT THEY SEE

The Guerrillas appear in the fog, disappear, appear again YELLING all the while.

BACK TO SCENE

Stunned, Jasper, backs up.

JASPER

Oh, Lord. Oh, God Almighty.

He stumbles, falls, then scrambles to his feet and runs by the Side of his Saloon for Main Street with --

JASPER

Secesh! God Almighty the Secesh
are comin'! Secesh!

Michikinqua runs for his hobbled Delaware Pony, frees it, jumps on it's back. As he gallops away we --

CUT TO:

INT. HAGER'S GENERAL STORE - SAME

Several Men are waited upon by Two Teenaged Boys but our focus is on --

ANGLE

Lydia and Hager who wait for Emily to appear from the stockroom. Mid-conversation --

HAGER

...and I've heard tell that the
ladies are wearing that very style
in Boston this year.

Just then the door to the stockroom opens and --

EMILY

appears. She's absolutely gorgeous in a gown of deep blue that shows her off to fine advantage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

Lydia takes an involuntary breath and her eyes fill.

EMILY
(nervously)
Don't make me wait...

LYDIA
Oh, Honey.

HAGER
I swear Miss McShane you look like
a heroine from one of those
"Holywell Street Romances".

EMILY
Really, Ma? I look all right?

But before Lydia can answer --

VOICES (O.S.)
(panicked)
Secesh! Bushwhackers! Secesh!

The town's CHURCH BELL starts CLANGING OFF as Hager and Lydia rush to the store's FRONT WINDOW.

WHAT THEY SEE

Guerrillas burst between the buildings ACROSS THE STREET from them and FLOOD MAIN STREET. They shoot at any Man they see.

Shad rides for an ELDERLY MAN standing in front of the Window. He has nowhere to go, backs up. Shad shoots him in the chest, once, twice, then gallops away.

The ELDERLY MAN turns into the window, slides slowly down it, leaving a trail of blood and gore on the glass.

BACK TO SCENE

Lydia and Emily SCREAM in horror. Hager hustles them to the stockroom.

HAGER
In there. You'll be safe. They
didn't kill no women or children in
the Liberty attack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hager shuts the stockroom door behind Lydia and Emily, locks it. Then he grabs a rifle from behind the counter, heads outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. HAGER'S GENERAL STORE - MAIN STREET - LANGSTON - SAME

Hell in a very small place:

The NOISE is horrendous, MEN and WOMEN scream, DOGS BARK, PISTOL and SHOTGUN FIRE ECHOES off the buildings, the CHURCH BELL CLANGS.

Guerrillas appear in and out of the fog shooting at Men, buildings, the sky, spreading terror.

Hager takes aim a mounted Guerrilla, pulls the trigger. The rifle blows apart in his hands. As he crumples, the Guerrilla rides over, shoots him dead.

The CHURCH BELL CLANGS and CLANGS. But not for long.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - LANGSTON - SAME

Face white, the PREACHER pulls the bell rope hard and fast.

The doors burst open. Teal, Ina'li and Riley ride in, steaming, covered in ooze.

When the Preacher sees them --

PREACHER

This is a house of God. Leave.

TEAL

You sure are making a racket. Do you think they can hear that in Fort Marcy?

PREACHER

This is a place of worship. Get out.

Glaring defiantly at Teal he rings the BELL faster.

TEAL

We don't worship the same thing, Preacher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Teal pulls his pistol, shoots the Preacher dead. The BELL slowly STOPS CLANGING.

LITTLE RILEY
(shocked, softly--)
You shot a Preacher.

TEAL
You know the problem with Preachers
Little Riley? They're for the
demise of the strong.

Riley has no idea what that means. Teal rides out with --

TEAL
The meek shall not inherit the
earth I promise you.

Riley follows Teal. After a beat, Ina'li dismounts, crosses to the Preacher, stands over the body. Just as we're sure he's going to scalp him. We MOVE IN on Ina'li's face and --

INA'LI'S FLASHBACK:

EXT. SMALL, POOR SPANISH MISSION - YEARS EARLIER - DAY (MOS)

STYLIZED: A Boy, YOUNG INA'LI, plays in the dirt by the Mission. An elderly Spanish Padre comes out, calls to Ina'li.

Young Ina'li grins, runs into the Padre's arms and is lifted toward the sky -- echoing Luther and the two Wea Children.

OFF Young Ina'li's smiling, dirt-streaked face --

END FLASHBACK

BACK TO SCENE

Ina'li kneels beside the Preacher's body, gently closes the man's eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - LANGSTON - SAME

The CHAOS and NOISE CONTINUE. A Guerrilla appears out of the fog WHOOPING, riding hard, a Union Flag tied to his horse's tail, PASSES --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

a Woman covering her Husband's Body with hers SCREAMS up at a mounted Guerrilla hovering over her.

WOMAN

No, he's already shot. Please.
He's already shot.

The Guerrilla tries to get off a clear shot, but the Woman keeps moving, blocking his aim. Disgusted, the Guerrilla dismounts, pushes his pistol over the Woman's shoulder, shoots her Husband dead. PUSH PAST to --

Another Woman who wanders in shock. She picks up a straw hat by a dead man, carries it to her dead husband, covers his face with it, sits. PULL UP to --

the GRUBSTAKE SALOON where several Guerrillas burst out of the doors, arms full of booze. One of them holds up a bottle. A Guerrilla riding by takes it on the fly.

CUT TO:

EXT. GRADY HOME - LANGSTON - SAME

Pistol in hand, Spencer waits as Shad and Wes drag GRADY out. When Grady sees Spencer --

GRADY

Spencer! George I was just doin'
my job. I was Sheriff. It was my
job.

Spencer ignores him, stares at Grady's home.

SPENCER

As I remember, you had a fine
piano, Grady.

GRADY

A concert piano. From German.
Take it.

SPENCER

That's neighborly of you, Grady. I
think I might.

Spencer shoots Grady, who MOANS in pain, heads for the house. Wes finishes off Grady. The three men enter --

INT. PARLOR - GRADY HOME - LANGSTON

Well appointed: Lace, China, Crystal, Silver, Books, Persian Throw Rugs -- and a Baby Grand.

Spencer, Wes and Shad enter. Wes whistles at the opulence, actually takes his hat off, starts to wipe his boots.

SHAD

Put yer damn hat on. This here's a Yankee home.

Wes obeys, chagrined. Spencer crosses to the piano, sits, adjusts the stool.

Shad spots a crystal decanter of brandy.

SHAD

Well, lookee here.

Shad takes a pull, hands it to Wes who does likewise. He WHOOPS, then --

WES

This ain't Forty Rod, 'n that's fer sure.

(slugs back more)

Oh, my goodness gracious.

Spencer starts a CHOPIN NOCTURNE from memory. He PLAYS beautifully.

Shad and Wes sit on a damask couch, plopp their muddy boots up and guzzle brandy. Spencer closes his eyes and PLAYS ON.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - LANGSTON - SAME

The CHOPIN floats over the following:

A Guerrilla rides after a Man running for his life. Half drunk the Guerrilla fires again and again, missing every time. He gives up, drinks instead.

Other Guerrillas walk or ride up and down the street drinking booze, lighting torches and firing the stores and homes. As the FLAMES take hold and the SMOKE begins to RISE --

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER CROSSING/MARSH NEAR LANGSTON - DAY

Michikinqua bursts out of the Marsh, heads away from the River, riding his Pony hard.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE STREET - LANGSTON - SAME

Teal, Ina'li and Little Riley ride down Two Men. Teal shoots One of the Men. The Other Man, JESS, falls to his knees, hands clasped.

JESS

Please. I never done Spencer no harm. I swear.

TEAL

(to Little Riley)
You believe him?

LITTLE RILEY

No, Sir.

TEAL

Then kill him.

White as a sheet, Riley lifts his pistol, aims.

JESS

No, no, for God's sake, Son!

Riley closes his eyes, fires. Misses. A disbelieving beat. Then Teal shoots Jess. Crossing two names off the list --

TEAL

It is a fact that accuracy improves when the eyes are used.

Riley is deeply ashamed.

WITH TEAL, INA'LI AND LITTLE RILEY

as they ride their horses slowly down the Side Street, PASSING a Fancy Open Buggy on the way. They turn onto --

THE MAIN STREET

where the SHOOTING has TAPERED OFF and the looting is in full swing.

A Guerrilla, festooned in ladies jewelry and lace, rides down the street PLAYING a stolen BANJO, SINGING as he goes --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SINGING GUERRILLA

Old Riley Alley gave a ball,
Feds came down and took us all,
Over the ice and over the snow,
Sing-Song Kitty, won't you kiss me
oh!

(and)

Old Riley Alley gave a ball,
Planned to catch Spencer and
Bushwhack all,
But Spence was smart and didn't go-
Sing-Song Kitty, won't you kiss me
oh!

OVER WHICH --

Guerrillas stagger drunkenly out of stores, arms full of shirts, boots, jewelry, anything and everything.

Other Guerrillas ride up and down the street, just as drunk, covered with booty: clothing, ribbons, watches, bolts of cloth, tools. It's bizarre and frightening.

Teal, Ina'li and Little Riley stop in front of Hager's General Store. To Riley, dismounting --

TEAL

You ever had store bought clothes,
Riley?

LITTLE RILEY

Course. This here hat's store
bought.

TEAL

Besides your boots and hat.

LITTLE RILEY

(a bit embarrassed)

No, I reckon not. Ma sewed prit'
near ever'thin'.

They dismount, step over Hager's body, cross into --

INT. HAGER'S GENERAL STORE - SAME

The Two Teenaged Boys, scared stiff, carry shirts, pants, hats, boots, foodstuffs as fast as they can to Three Guerrillas.

The Guerrillas pull on one shirt on top of the other, gorge on Tins of Delicacies, pass a bottle of booze between them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Teal walks by the shelves of clothing, selects a shirt, pants and coat for Little Riley, grinning at the new clothes.

TEAL
Find yourself some new boots.

LITTLE RILEY
Yessir!

Riley heads for the boot rack. Teal stops by the Stockroom Door. To one of the passing Teenaged Boys --

TEAL
What's in there?

TEENAGED BOY
(scared)
Where?

Teal grabs the boy by the scruff of the neck, slams him face first into the door --

TEAL
There.

TEENAGED BOY
Stockroom.

TEAL
Thank you.

Teal let's the Boy go, kicks the Stockroom door open.

WHAT HE SEES

Lydia and Emily hold each other, stare at Teal defiantly.

BACK TO SCENE

Teal is startled for a moment, recovers nicely. Stepping into --

THE STOCKROOM

TEAL
Missus McShane. And Miss McShane.
What an unexpected pleasure.
(to Ina'li)
The McShanes were my neighbors in
Missouri.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEAL (cont'd)

They moved to this wonderful Free State to support abolition.

LYDIA

And to get as far away from the murdering bushwhackers as we could.

Teal nods slightly, then --

TEAL

Where is my friend, Captain McShane? I heard he came home after his enlistment was up. Too much death I heard.

(lightly mocking)

Understandable. A sensitive man, Luther McShane. He's an Indian Agent now isn't he?

LYDIA

Leave us, Mister Teal.

Teal would -- except he's transfixed by Emily. He can't take his eyes off her. After a bit --

TEAL

Forgive me for staring, Miss McShane, but you are truly one of the most beautiful women I have ever laid eyes on. You should be proud, Missus McShane. Emily has become a true Southern Belle.

(to Emily)

You may not remember me.

Riley enters as Teal reaches for Emily's hand to kiss it.

TEAL

William Butler Teal at --

LITTLE RILEY

I found me a feather for my hat.

Emily pulls back in disgust. Teal takes her hand anyway.

TEAL

-- at your service.

LYDIA

Don't you touch her!

JUMP CUTS:

Lydia flies at Teal to shove him away, but --

Riley pulls a pistol and -- with both eyes open -- shoots Lydia. The SOUND of the SHOT is DEAFENING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The round slaps into Lydia's chest, knocks her crazily backwards. She flops brokenly on the floor, dark arterial blood pulsing from the hole in her heart.

END JUMP CUTS

SMOKE from the pistol curls around the room.

There is a dumbfounded silence. No one can quite comprehend what's just happened. Certainly not Riley. SMOKE fills the room.

Emily runs to her Mother with an ANGUISHED CRY, tries to staunch the dark, vital blood with her hands. It's impossible, of course.

Lydia's breathing stops. Her eyes glaze into the dull, milky stare of eternity.

EMILY

No. Ma, no!
 (shaking her)
 Mother. Mother!!

A long, awful beat.

EMILY

(softly)
 You killed her.
 (then, violently)
 You killed my mother!

Emily rushes Riley, smears his face with her bloody hands. Ina'li pulls her off. She wrenches away from him, crumples over her Mother's body, SOBBING.

Teal starts for Little Riley with --

TEAL

Your knife please, Ina'li.

LITTLE RILEY

I thought she was gonna...I
 just...I thought...

Teal grabs Riley by his hair, throws him to his knees. Riley doesn't resist. Barely controlled, trembling with anger --

TEAL

We had an understanding. Ina'li!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ina'li hands his knife to Teal. Teal runs the blade along the front of Riley's hair. A thin rivulet of blood appears. Just as Teal's about to slice off Riley's hair --

SPENCER (O.S.)

We do not dispense justice until
there has been a courts-martial,
William.

Spencer enters, sees Lydia.

TEAL

Justice is mine, George.

SPENCER

We are a military unit.

TEAL

We are a gang of farm boys, thieves
and murderers.

SPENCER

And I will have discipline.
(to Riley)
You did this? You shot this woman?

Utterly miserable --

LITTLE RILEY

I thought she mighta -- I didn't
know what she...

A pause as Spencer takes it all in, then --

SPENCER

The Cavalry from Fort Marcy will be
here soon.

(then)

We will deal with the boy at the
proper time and in the proper
manner.

Spencer exits.

LITTLE RILEY

I thought she wus gonna kill you.

TEAL

(softly)

You should have let her.

Riley has no idea how to respond to that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally, Teal hands the knife back to Ina'li. He looks at Emily for a long moment, then exits followed by Riley and Ina'li.

OFF Emily hugging her Mother's dead body we --

CUT TO:

INT. ANNAWABA'S HUT - WEA RESERVATION - SAME

A small fire throws it's glow over Luther and Annawaba who sit before it. Annawaba holds a yellowed sheaf of papers.

The following is in the WEA LANGUAGE:

ANNAWABA

(re: papers)

My father, Waponkeah, put his mark on this. It gives us this land forever. We moved from Ohio, from Illinois, from Missouri. Now they say we must move again.

A long silence.

ANNAWABA

We are less than one-hundred now, Luther. We cannot fight.

(then)

Do you know this land in Oklahoma?

LUTHER

It is poor, barren, little game.

(then)

Go nowhere.

Luther stands as --

MICHIKINQUA (O.S.)

Attack! Attack!

Luther and Annawaba rush --

EXT. ANNAWABA'S HUT - WEA RESERVATION - SAME

Michikinqua jumps from his Pony.

The following is in the WEA LANGUAGE:

MICHIINQUA

Bushwhackers! They are attacking the village.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUTHER

How many?

MICHIINQUA

Many. Two-hundred, maybe more.

Luther heads for his Sorrel.

ANNAWABA

We will come with you.

Mounting up --

LUTHER

Thank you, my friend. But you must stay away from the white man's war. It brings only death and sorrow.

(then)

I will speak with the Indian Affairs Bureau again.

Luther heads in the direction of Langston where --

a CLOUD of BLACK SMOKE fills the sky. UNDER WE HEAR a badly out of tune rendition of "YANKEE DOODLE DANDY".

MATCH CUT TO:

THE BLACK SMOKE

pouring skyward from Langston's burning buildings. FOLLOW IT DOWN TO --

EXT. MAIN STREET - LANGSTON - DAY

PLAYING a RAGGED "YANKEE DOODLE DANDY" the Banjo Playing Guerrilla has been joined by a Drummer and a Fife Player. They lead a surreal Parade of Guerrillas out of town.

Most of the Guerrillas are drunk, carry as much loot as they possibly can -- including a Wagon loaded with Grady's Baby Grand and Furniture.

The street is FULL of Dead Men. Shocked Women and Children look for husbands and fathers. Other Women, streaked with dirt and blood, cover their dead, SOB, WAIL, stare vacantly.

ANGLE - HAGER'S GENERAL STORE

Teal, Ina'li and Little Riley mount up, join the hideous parade. Teal soon reins in his horse with --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEAL
 Little Riley...
 (Riley stops)
 Do you remember the buggy we
 passed?

LITTLE RILEY
 Yessir.

TEAL
 Do you think you can get it without
 killing any women or children?

Riley nods a chagrined yes.

TEAL
 Bring it to the General Store. And
 wash your face.

LITTLE RILEY
 Yessir.

Riley rides off. Teal and Ina'li ride back to Hager's
 General Store where they dismount, enter.

INT. HAGER'S GENERAL STORE - SAME

Ina'li nods at a pile of fabric, pulls his knife. Teal draws
 his pistol, yanks the cloth back. Hiding under it: The Two
 Teenaged Boys.

TEENAGED BOYS
 (together)
 Please Mister, don't kill us. We
 ain't done nothin'.

TEAL
 There's a buggy outside. Load it
 with everything in here a lady
 fancies, please. And make sure she
 has her oddments.
 (re: Ina'li)
 Then put in coveralls and shirts
 for us.

TEENAGED BOYS
 (together)
 Yessir. Yessir, just don't kill
 us, please.

As the Teenaged Boys scramble off, Teal and Ina'li cross to --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE STOCKROOM

where Teal stands in the doorway, watching. Racked with deep, dry sobs, Emily clings to her Mother's body.

Teal takes off his hat, crouches by Emily. He's gentle, sincere and utterly charming. Perhaps he's even being honest.

TEAL

If I could tell you...If I had the words...

(beat, then)

But even if I did they would be inadequate...

EMILY

(without looking up)

Get out of here.

TEAL

My father was hung by Jayhawkers.
My mother died shortly after. I
have some experience with grieving.

When Emily looks up her face is full of loathing.

EMILY

Don't you dare presume to know what
I am feeling.

TEAL

Grief needs a place where it's
understood. And protected. So it
can heal properly.

A pause, then --

TEAL

If your grief doesn't heal properly
it will destroy you, Miss McShane.
I won't allow that to happen.

(beat)

So I will make certain that it
doesn't happen.

What he's saying dawns on Emily.

EMILY

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEAL

Grief is the strongest bond of all.
We are met in a community of
sorrow, Miss McShane. I understand
you. So I will care for you.
Honorably, of course.

A low, vicious GROWL is Emily's answer. She charges Teal,
flies into him, kicking, biting, spitting.

EMILY

I'd rather die.

Teal tries to hold her arms to her side, but she's too
strong, breaks away, grabs a small spade and smacks Teal over
the head, staggering him.

TEAL

Ina'li!

INA'LI

I will watch.

Dabs at the blood dribbling down his face --

TEAL

(to himself)
"If you prick me, do I not bleed?"
(to Emily)
Shakespeare -- after a fashion.

Infuriated by Teal's insouciance, Emily charges. Teal
sidesteps, takes away the shovel as she flies by. He holds
out a hand --

TEAL

I insist. Honor requires it.

EMILY

I would sooner go to hell.

TEAL

Then we start with a common
direction.

As Emily grabs for Teal's pistol we --

CUT TO:

EXT. HAGER'S GENERAL STORE - LANGSTON - SAME

Little Riley has the Buggy in front. His Black is tied to its rear. The Two Teenaged Boys pile dresses, hats, cloth, lace, ribbons in the back.

BEHIND THEM on the street, the last of the Guerrilla Parade stumbles by.

After a beat or two the Store's Front Door flies open. Teal appears carrying Emily over his shoulder. Her hands are tied behind her. Teal's crimson scarf covers her mouth.

LITTLE RILEY
(to himself)
Oh, Lordy...

TEAL
Tie my horse to the Buggy.

LITTLE RILEY
Yessir.

Riley hops off the Buggy, ties off Teal's horse to its rear as Teal drops Emily onto the Buggy's seat.

TEAL
You are a daughter of the South,
Miss McShane. And a daughter of
the South you shall remain.

Emily gets to her feet, tries to leap. Teal grabs her.

TEAL
You'll enjoy the scenery more if
you struggle less.
(to Riley)
Get up here!

LITTLE RILEY
Yessir.

Riley jumps in next to Emily who tries to kick him off the Buggy.

TEAL
Hold her still. Think of it as
your penance.

Riley holds onto Emily who struggles. Teal cracks the reins. The Buggy falls into line behind the last Guerrilla -- the one with the Union flag attached to his horse's tail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - THE BUGGY

as it heads out of town.

EMILY

stares out the back, a scared sixteen year old girl who doesn't know if she'll ever see Langston or her father again.

OFF her stricken face.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MARSH OUTSIDE LANGSTON - DAY

Luther gallops out of the Marsh, heads for the town -- where the Fog is fast Lifting. AHEAD OF HIM Langston is a blackened ruin.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - LUTHER'S HOME - LANGSTON - DAY

Luther jumps off his horse before it's stopped, runs to the smoldering shell that was his home.

LUTHER
Lydia? Emily?

He tries to get inside, but it's too hot.

LUTHER
Em?? Lydia?? Em, Lydia!!

No response. Luther runs into --

EXT. MAIN STREET - LANGSTON - SAME

He stops, stares.

WHAT HE SEES

The sun streaks through the remains of the fog revealing a street full of dead and dying Men, some in grotesque piles.

Women and Children seem to move in slow motion. A forlorn Child tries to drag his dead father away, but isn't strong enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

Luther walks slowly down the street trying to absorb what his brain won't let him. As he walks --

a blood streaked Riderless Horse gallops at him and --

LUTHER'S FLASHBACK

EXT. SMOKE COVERED BATTLEFIELD - GETTYSBURG - DAY(MOS)

A bleeding Riderless Horse gallops across a field.

Out of the Artillery SMOKE a man in a Union Captain's Uniform appears, walks to the edge of the battlefield.

It's Luther, of course. Covered with the grime and gore of battle he stares at --

THE PILES OF CONFEDERATE DEAD

on the battlefield in front of him.

BACK TO SCENE

Luther stops, fights the Gettysburg images down.

He crosses to a GROUP of WOMEN standing in the middle of the street. One, MISSUS MOHLER, holds a parasol.

LUTHER

Lydia and Emily McShane, have you seen them? Do you know where they are?

MISSUS MOHLER

(German Accent)

We could do nothing, Mister McShane. They came so fast and in such numbers.

LUTHER

Have you seen my wife and daughter, Missus Mohler?

MISSUS MOHLER

They were shopping. Miss McShane was visibly excited. They came without warning.

Another of the women, rocking slightly to and fro --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRISCILLA

(monotone)

They killed your wife and took your daughter with them.

Luther struggles to comprehend what was just said as --

MISSUS MOHLER

Missus McShane was excited too, though she was much more reserved than Miss McShane -- which is appropriate for a well-bred woman don't you think so ladies?

Missus Mohler begins to cry softly.

PRISCILLA

(matter-of-factly)

My husband and I were having breakfast at Miss Norris's place, bacon. He went home for his shotgun when he saw them, but...

Silence. Finally, softly --

LUTHER

They killed my wife and took my daughter?

The Women guide Missus Mohler away leaving --

LUTHER alone in the street with a sound only he can hear: a heart caving in.

CUT TO:

EXT. A HUGE OAK TREE, GRAVEYARD HILL - LANGSTON - SUNSET

Framed against the wide red sunset, Luther packs the last of the earth on Lydia's grave. He leans his shovel against the Oak, takes off his hat. A pause, then --

LUTHER

I got no words, Lydia.

Luther picks up the shovel and starts home, a solitary figure against the merciless hills.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODSHED, BACKYARD - LUTHER'S HOME - NIGHT

Dirt comes flying out the shed's open door, lands on a jumble of split oak logs.

INSIDE THE WOODSHED

Lighted by a lantern, working furiously, Luther digs a hole on the spot where the oak pile used to be, strikes something.

He lifts a chest out of the hole, opens it, takes out his Union Uniform and saber. Then he lifts out a twine bound bundle of oil cloth, unties the twine, folds back the cloth.

INSIDE THE CLOTH

are a disassembled Navy Colt .44 and holster; a Sharps rifle and scabbard, a Bowie knife, a Field Telescope, and two disassembled French made Lamats with double saddle holsters.

ANGLE

Luther stares straight ahead as he quickly assembles the Colt without once looking at what he's doing.

He straps the holster on, cross draw fashion. The light in his eyes is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - LANGSTON - NIGHT

Lighted by the embers from the dying buildings, Luther rides slowly down the gutted street, passes the Church, one of the few buildings still standing.

He stops, returns to the Church, dismounts, enters --

INT. THE CHURCH - LANGSTON - SAME

Luther walks over the bloodstains where the Preacher died, stops in front of the Altar, takes off his hat. He stands silently, waiting. Finally --

LUTHER

You don't have the words either, do you?

He puts his hat back on, exits.

EXT. THE CHURCH - LANGSTON - SAME

Luther crosses to a nearby building, grabs a burning piece of wood, carries it to the Church -- and tosses it inside.

He eases his Sorrel's nervousness about the fire, mounts up then watches as the flames quickly take hold, soar. The heat from the fire creates an updraft and --

The Church's BELL begins to RING, slowly, faintly, unmistakably.

Accompanied by the TOLLING of the Church BELL, Luther rides into perilous night.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CAVE - GUERRILLAS' CAMP - THE GORGE - NIGHT

Very upset, Spencer paces by the fire. Little Riley watches him, scared about his impending courts-martial.

Emily is bound and gagged in the Louis XIV chair, half scared, fully pissed. Her dress is dirty, still streaked with her mother's blood.

Teal leans against a wall, tying a knot in his crimson scarf. When he finishes --

TEAL
(to Riley)
Did I kill both those men by that
buggy?

LITTLE RILEY
Yessir. I, uh...

Teal ties another knot in the scarf. Finally --

SPENCER
Women are not allowed to stay in
camp.

TEAL
A wise policy.

SPENCER
What do you intend with her?

TEAL
Marriage.

Emily tries to SCREAM through her gag. Spencer chuckles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCER

Forgive me.

(then)

Then you are determined to keep
her?

Ina'li enters with a plate of "rare" goat, crosses to Emily,
starts removing her gag. His blue paint is gone.

TEAL

"Til death do us part".

SPENCER

Knowing Luther McShane that may be
your only realistic option.

EMILY

He'll kill you!

TEAL

Your father is through with
killing, Miss McShane.

EMILY

(not as confidently)

He will kill you.

INA'LI

Eat, Miss.

Emily looks at the meat.

EMILY

I don't eat raw meat. I'm not a
savage.

INA'LI

(in SPANISH)

You have the manners of one.

Teal grins at Ina'li.

TEAL

I will take my share of the
liberated Yankee funds, George.
And though I hate to deprive you of
the pomp of a courts-martial,
Little Riley goes with me.

LITTLE RILEY

Me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEAL

You will pay your debt to Miss
McShane.

SPENCER

You are of great value to the
South, William. Please reconsider.

TEAL

Ewing will turn Missouri into a
wasteland until he finds you. I
won't spend my days hiding.

SPENCER

Nor will I.

TEAL

Go to the Marais de Cygnes. The
forests there will neutralize large
units.

He holds out his hand to Emily.

TEAL

Charlotte?

Emily looks at him like he's crazy.

TEAL

It's a fine Southern name.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUERRILLA'S CAMP - THE LIMESTONE GORGE - NIGHT

Teal drives the Buggy with Emily, gagged and bound,
sandwiched between himself and Little Riley. Ina'li rides
beside them.

They weave between dying campfires littered with Guerrillas
sleeping off their benders. Teal stops at the Trail Head.

TEAL

If you promise not to make a
commotion I'll remove the scarf.

Emily glares straight ahead.

TEAL

I recommend it.

Teal snaps the reins. After a bit, Emily nudges him, shakes
her head yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEAL

Do I have your word as a Southern
lady?

A beat. She nods slightly. Teal removes the gag.

EMILY

My name is Emily.

OFF Teal's faint smile as he snaps the reins --

CUT TO:

EXT. ENTRANCE - THE LIMESTONE GORGE - THE PLAIN - MORNING

Luther rides up, stops, sits his horse studying the gorge
ahead of him. He checks his Lamats, chucks his Sorrel on.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE TRAIL - LIMESTONE GORGE - MORNING

Hidden in the tangles, Wes sits his horse, dozes -- until he
HEARS the Sorrel's HOOFBEATS. He starts awake just in time
to see the horse disappear around a bend in the trail.

Wes spurs his horse after the Sorrel. As soon as he gets
around the bend, he reins in:

The Sorrel has been stopped by Shad who's on the trail ahead
of it. It rears, kicks, whinnies as it struggles for a way
past him.

Wes stiffens.

LUTHER (O.C.)

Do you know what a Lamat is?

Luther presses his Lamat into the small of Wes's back.

WES

I do.

LUTHER

Good. Drop your pistols and get
down. Both a you.

Shad looks as if he might draw.

WES

Do it, Shad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They drop their pistols, dismount.

SHAD

You're Luther McShane ain't you?
Colonel Spencer said you wus
comin'. If I wus you --

LUTHER

Take off them boots.

WES

I ain't taking no --

Luther whips his Lamat across Wes's face.

WES

Ow, damnit! Shit!
(to Shad)
He broke my damn nose.

LUTHER

Boots.

Luther cocks the Lamat.

SHAD

Okay, McShane, okay.

As Wes and Shad remove their boots --

CUT TO:

EXT. COOK'S WAGON - GUERRILLA'S CAMP - THE GORGE - MORNING

The camp is quiet. Most of the Guerrillas are still passed out or just beginning to stir.

Tomas and Manuel tend to a large pot of beans, slabs of bacon, coffee and bread over the fire. Tomas notices something off, and --

TOMAS

(in SPANISH)
Keep your mouth shut, Manuel.

ANGLE

Luther rides into camp, heads for the cook fire, preceded by Wes and Shad who walk/hop as quickly as they can to the fire.

LUTHER

Coffee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMAS
Manuel, Coffee!

Manuel pours coffee.

SHAD
Can we put our boots on? My feet
like to fallin' off.

Luther nods yes. Manuel brings him a tin cup of coffee.
Luther points to Wes and Shad.

MANUEL
Si, si!

Manuel fills a second cup, hands coffee to Wes and Shad.

LUTHER
Ring the bell.

TOMAS
Senor?

WES
(gesturing)
The bell. Ring the damn bell!

TOMAS
Ah, bell! Si, Bell!

Tomas runs to an angle iron hanging from a nearby tree,
CLANGS an iron bar around it.

LUTHER
Louder!

Tomas doesn't understand. Moving to show him --

WES
Louder. Louder you bean eating
bastard!

Wes CLANGS the angle iron. Tomas grabs it from him, eager to
stay on Luther's good side.

TOMAS
Si, Si.

Tomas' CLANGS are loud enough to wake the dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE

The camp grumbles awake. Guerrillas stumble from their tents and wickiups to see what the noise is all about.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Spencer walks out of his cave, buttoning up his uniform jacket, sees who it is. He stares at Luther for a long moment, and --

AT THE COOK'S WAGON

Luther stares back. Guerrillas surround him. They're armed.

DIGGER

You're pretty damn dumb ain't you,
comin' here like you wus a army.

WES

Those are Lamats he's holdin'.

DIGGER

I see what he's holdin'. An' I see
he ain't stupid 'nuff to use 'em
when he's jus one.

Luther drops the hammer on one of the shotgun's barrels. The blast knocks Digger about ten feet backwards.

LUTHER

Any a you others see the same thing
he did?

THE GUERRILLAS

as they decide whether to draw.

SPENCER (O.C.)

Don't anyone be foolish.

Spencer walks though the Guerrillas to Luther.

BACK TO SCENE

LUTHER

Where's my daughter?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPENCER
(re: Digger)
Get him out of here.

Two Guerrillas haul Digger's body away by his boots.

LUTHER
I ain't one to ask twice, Spencer.

SPENCER
Will Teal took her with him last night in a buggy. She's not been harmed. And you can rest assured she won't be.

LUTHER
Where'd the son-of-a-bitch go?

SPENCER
I don't know. My guess would be West. There is certainly nothing for him in any other direction.
(then)
I do apologize, Luther. We don't kill women and children. Nor do we abduct them.

A pause as Luther decides if Spencer is telling the truth.

LUTHER
Get these men back to their tents.

SPENCER
(to all)
We have a debt with Captain McShane. He is not to be harmed.
(to Luther)
No one will lift a hand.

Luther starts off.

SPENCER
Luther.

Luther reins in.

SPENCER
Goodbye.

LUTHER
We ain't done, Spencer.

SPENCER
No, I suppose not.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Luther rides slowly out of camp. No one makes a move. Hell, no one breathes.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - BURNT ZONE - MISSOURI/KANSAS BORDER - MORNING

Teal with the reins, Emily stuffed between him and Little Riley. Ina'li rides beside the buggy.

AHEAD of them is a Large Family with a wagon full of their meager possessions. And AHEAD of the Large Family are Two more Families, both walking, carrying what few things they have.

TEAL

I suggest you say nothing.

EMILY

Or what then? You'll kill me?

TEAL

Oh, no Ma'am. I'll kill them.

And Emily knows it's true. They pass the Families, Refugees, all of whom look dazed, lost.

LITTLE RILEY

Where 'bouts they all headed?
Ain't nothin' west but red savages.

Teal doesn't answer, clearly concerned about the Refugees. After a bit he stops the buggy.

WHAT TEAL SEES

Black Smoke rises from the forest. Just visible through the trees ahead are a Burning Barn and Several Union Soldiers who are herding the Barn's Owners away.

BACK TO SCENE

TEAL

Ewing.

LITTLE RILEY

He that Kansas Blue Belly General?

TEAL

Have you ever cut hair, Miss
McShane?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

No.

TEAL

Then I humbly suggest it's time to learn.

EMILY

(low, hard)

I will learn what I choose to learn, Sir.

OFF Emily's fierce determination --

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING IN THE WOODS - MISSOURI/KANSAS BORDER - MORNING

Little Riley sits on a stump a piece of cloth from Hager's General Store draped over his torso. Emily stands nervously by him.

Ina'li unhitches the horse from the buggy, takes it and the other horses to a nearby stream to water them.

Teal finishes shaving, towels off. He wipes his razor off, crosses to Emily with it.

TEAL

Cut it short please, Miss McShane.

EMILY

I will not cut it at all.

TEAL

Ordinarily I'd agree with your position. But I must insist. This is a matter of life or death.

Emily laughs at Teal derisively. For a brief second a cold anger flashes across Teal's face, but he recovers quickly. But Emily has noted it, stores it for future use.

TEAL

One of the things Bushwhackers are known for is their long hair. If you don't cut Little Riley's hair the Yankees will kill him, Charlotte.

Teal holds out the razor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEAL
Please...

EMILY
...Emily.

TEAL
Please, Emily.

And with that small victory, Emily takes the razor.

LITTLE RILEY
Ain't you gonna show her how?

TEAL
(to Emily)
Just grab a handful and lop it off.

Riley jumps up.

LITTLE RILEY
She ain't cuttin' nothin'.

TEAL
Do you want to look like a
Bushwhacker or do you want to live?

LITTLE RILEY
She'll cut me sure.

TEAL
Will you cut him?

EMILY
Not very much.

TEAL
(to Riley)
You see? Sit.

Riley sits. Emily takes a deep breath, grabs a small bunch of Riley's hair, gently cuts a bit off. Gaining confidence with each cut she works faster, cuts more hair off each time.

LITTLE RILEY
Ma'am, I been wantin'... I been
tryin' to figure a way...I didn't
mean no harm to your --

Emily yanks Riley's head back, lays the razor under his nose.

EMILY
Another word, Sir, and I will
remove your nose.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY (cont'd)

I will not have my family sullied
by you speaking their names.

Emily grabs a huge hunk of his hair, lops it off, drops it in Riley's lap.

ANGLE

Teal grins, returns to his task: Laying out dresses from Hager's General Store on the buggy. After a bit, he selects a drab dress of indefinite color, holds it up.

TEAL

Put this on when you're finished
please, Miss McShane.

EMILY

That is the ugliest dress I have
ever laid eyes on.

TEAL

And that is exactly the point.
Please put it on.

(then)

Did you put your homespuns in your
possibles, Little Riley?

LITTLE RILEY

I did.

TEAL

Good. Put them on.

Teal pulls two sets of coveralls and two work shirts from the buggy. He crosses to Riley, takes the boy's jaw and turns his head this way and that, examining the haircut.

TEAL

A fine haircut, Miss McShane. I do
believe you'll cut mine when it's
time. Thank you.

Teal takes his razor from Emily, heads for Ina'li with the clothes.

If Emily's pleased by Teal's praise you wouldn't know it --
except for the tiniest of smiles in her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. THICK WOOD NEAR CLEARING - LATER

Emily finishes buttoning up the dress Teal selected for her, is about to head back to the clearing, but stops. She steps quietly forward, peers through the trees.

WHAT SHE SEES

Teal and Little Riley are ripping holes in the buggy and rubbing mud into it to make it look like the property of a poor farmer.

Teal's in coveralls, Riley in his homespuns. Both wear work boots and farmer's hats.

BACK TO SCENE

Emily makes up her mind, turns to run and --

smacks up against Ina'li who's dressed like a farm hand. As she backs away, scared --

INA'LI
Time for leaving, Miss.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - BURNT ZONE - MISSOURI/KANSAS BORDER - DAY

The sky is now almost completely black with Smoke from burning homes, barns and outbuildings.

In coveralls, Teal drives the buggy onto the road. Emily sits beside him in the drab dress. Ina'li and Little Riley ride behind, both dressed like farm hands.

They join an ever increasing line of Refugees, Families recently evicted from their homes by Union Soldiers.

A Troop of Union Cavalry riding against the flow, comes TOWARD THEM. Covered in dirt and grime they are tough, hard men whose faces are etched with their profession, death.

As the Troop's Lieutenant, COE, rail thin, wispy moustache passes by, a Young Man in the line of Refugees spits. It lands by Coe's horse.

Coe unsheathes his saber, wheels about, drives the flat of his saber into the Young Man's head. He crumples, poleaxed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN THE BUGGY

Emily gasps.

TEAL

Did you think the Union treated
civilians well, Miss McShane?

Shocked, Emily doesn't answer.

ANGLE

Coe sheathes his saber, rides away without looking back. As the buggy passes the Young Man, Emily can't help but look.

WHAT SHE SEES

The Young Man's in seizure. He rolls and kicks in the dirt. His Father, HIRAM, and Mother, AGNES, kneel by him, trying to hold him still.

HIRAM

Easy, boy, easy...

AGNES

They broke his head, Hiram. They
broke his head.

BACK TO SCENE

Dazed Refugees step around the boy and his parents, afraid to help.

OFF Emily dealing with her shattering preconceptions WE HEAR
The DEEP CRACK of a FIFTY CAL and --

CUT TO:

Smoke curls from the barrel of Luther's blocked up Sharps.

EXT. TRAIL NEAR STREAM - MISSOURI/KANSAS BORDER - DAY

Luther's Sorrel is hobbled, waters in a nearby stream.

Luther stands above his Sharps which is blocked in a pile of rocks. He lifts his small field telescope, stares at something a couple hundred yards away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A TELESCOPE MATTE

of the juncture of an old fence post and cross rail. On the fence post below the rail is a large hole: Luther's shot.

BACK TO SCENE

Luther adjusts the sight on the Sharps, stares at the target, makes another adjustment. He squeezes off a shot. Again we HEAR the DEEP CRACK of a FIFTY.

ANGLE

The fence post and cross rail disintegrate in a shower of wood fragments -- followed immediately by a panicked BRAYING.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A DONKEY bolts from behind a jumble of rocks and brush beyond the fence post. It charges in LUTHER'S DIRECTION as WE HEAR a THICK LIVERPOOL ACCENT --

GREENIE (O.C.)

Oh, Bloody Hell. Reggie! Damnit!
I've apples! Apples, Reggie!

The Donkey CRASHES OFF, disappears. But that's not what Luther's watching.

Running for him, tripping, getting up and swearing a blue streak is DONALD WORTHMAN-GREENE: "GREENIE"

GREENIE

You bloody ass'd ignoramus! Are you crazy? What in hell's firey shit you shooting at you simple ass'd white man?!

Greenie is a handsome African Brit with a healthy dose of smarts leavened by a strong pragmatic streak.

He sometimes speaks in a rush of words (often of his own making) even when he's not pissed -- which he is now, and which makes him all but unintelligible.

GREENIE

How many Donkeys you think I got?
Oh, it's Greenie! He got a whole herd a donkeys. Let's kill one.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREENIE (cont'd)

Hell's bells lets kill two and eat
a third! And just for good
measure...

Greenie stops talking as --

BACK TO SCENE

Luther draws his Colt. Playing contrite --

GREENIE

No need, Sir, no need. I ain't
armed. I have no guns or nothing
harmful.

Playing the part -- and lying his ass off ==

GREENIE

I am a "House Nigger", Sir. We are
bred for our peaceful demeanor. I
am the result of generations of
peacefulness.

(to himself)

Even if I got no damned donkey.

(pissed all over again)

Hell, shoot me all you damned well
please: I ain't going back to that
slave beating bastard until I get
Reggie back!

A pause.

LUTHER

Do you speak English?

For a brief moment Greenie looks like he's going to lay into
Luther again. Instead he breaks into a BELLY LAUGH, a deep,
rich, wonderful sound. Finally --

GREENIE

Ain't you never heard the King's
English?

LUTHER

Not if that's what you been
yappin'.

Luther holsters his Colt. Greenie looks closely at him.

GREENIE

(rhetorically)

You ain't no runaway slave hunter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUTHER

No.

Luther takes his Sharps to his Sorrel, pulls a rod, patch and oil from his mochila. He sits and cleans the rifle as --

GREENIE

Well, if you ain't no runaway slave hunter what you doin' shootin' at me and my donkey for?

LUTHER

I wasn't.

GREENIE

Well, if you ain't shooting at Reggie and you ain't shooting at me, what in bloody hell was you doing?

Luther doesn't answer.

GREENIE

You're a real wordy one ain't you?
(then)
You a Yankee? Cause I never met no Southern son-of-a-bitch so schooled in as you.

Luther sheathes the Sharps, puts the cleaning gear back in his mochila bags, then unhobbles his Sorrel as --

GREENIE

I am Donald Worthman-Greene. Me mum thinks that's who I am last name wise. She was a lady of many "friends" so she don't really know. Most call me Greenie.

Luther doesn't respond.

GREENIE

Well, I'll just track my donkey down now. Hell, all good trackers was born in Liverpool. Everyone knows that.

Greenie starts off, stops. Stalling --

GREENIE

This wouldn't be the free state of Kansas would it?

Mounting up --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUTHER
Missouri. Kansas ain't far off.

GREENIE
And I'd be closer if I had a donkey
to ride wouldn't I?

Luther starts off.

LUTHER
You would.

Calling after Luther --

GREENIE
Mister, you wouldn't care to put
right what you put wrong would you?
I could use the help.

Luther rides for a bit, stops, sighs. OFF Greenie's wide
grin we --

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - MISSOURI/KANSAS BORDER - DAY

WITH LUTHER AND GREENIE

Luther tracks the large swath Reggie cut through the brush in
its panicked run. Greenie sits the Sorrel behind Luther.
Mid-conversation --

GREENIE
...the cook hit me so I hit him
back, which is my right, but the
son-of-a-bitch lands in the
bleedin' pot. So who gets the
stick for queering the stew? Me,
Greenie!

A lie about how he became a slave --

GREENIE
The Captain throws me in irons and
sells me right off the bleedin'
boat when we dock in New Orleans.
Me, Greenie, able seaman, free born
citizen of the British Empire.

A pause. They ride for a bit until --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREENIE

You wouldn't happen to be in
possession of any of the blessed
weed, nicotina, per chance?

Luther takes a small Indian tobacco pouch from his jacket,
hands it to Greenie.

GREENIE

Oh, bless you, my good man, bless
you.

Greenie concentrates on rolling a cigarette while Luther
follows the donkey's track.

After a bit Luther breaks out of the wood and into --

THE BACKYARD OF A BURNED OUT HOME - SAME

Luther reins the Sorrel in.

ANGLE

The backyard is littered with dead chickens, pigs, horses and
a milk cow. The home and outbuildings are blackened hulks.
Clothing, broken furniture and household items are strewn
about the yard.

The road with its column of Refugees is VISIBLE down the
drive to the house.

GREENIE

Did you lose him?

Greenie licks the cigarette, looks up, pales.

GREENIE

What in hell's this?

LUTHER

A bad die up.

GREENIE

Damn but I hope my donkey ain't in
the dying part.

(hoping against hope)

They wouldn't shoot a donkey.

Greenie dismounts, walks around the yard looking for Reggie.
Luther sits his horse, waits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREENIE

They been shot. All of 'em. All the animals here been shot. Why? Take 'em for food. Don't shoot 'em!

LUTHER

Not the point.

GREENIE

Killing animals for no good reason has a point?

LUTHER

Retaliation for a raid.

GREENIE

It must've been quite a raid for this.

LUTHER

It was.

Something in Luther's tone makes Greenie look at --

CLOSE LUTHER

LUTHER'S FLASHBACK

EXT. HAGER'S GENERAL STORE - MAIN STREET - LANGSTON - MORNING

Flames engulf the store. The front door is kicked open. Luther walks out carrying the limp body of his dead wife. He stands there surrounded by the flames, like some avenging angel at the gates of hell.

CLOSE LUTHER

and the tears running down his stone face.

GREENIE (O.C.)

Were you there?

BACK TO SCENE

Greenie's dawning awareness of Luther's deep pain is evident.

GREENIE

You were there, weren't you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUTHER
(gruffly)
You comin'?

Luther holds out a hand, swings Greenie up behind him. They ride BY US heading for the "Refugee Road" AHEAD.

GREENIE
Most people have names. Even if
they don't know the last one.

LUTHER
(beat, then)
Luther. Luther McShane.

OFF THEIR BACKS as they turn onto the "Refugee Road" --

GREENIE (V.O.)
(tasting it)
Luther McShane...
(then)
I am well pleased to meet you,
Luther McShane.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - BURNT ZONE - MISSOURI/KANSAS BORDER - AFTERNOON

Teal snaps the reins with a YELL, heads the buggy away from the "Refugee Road" and onto the --

ENTRANCE, A WELL TRAVELED TRAIL

heading due West -- which alarms Emily.

EMILY
(coldly)
Where are you going, Mister Teal?

TEAL
We are going to the land of
opportunity, Miss McShane, the
great unfettered West. The Santa
Fe Trail to be exact.

Little Riley WHOOPS with delight.

LITTLE RILEY
West!
(to Ina'li)
Ain't that dancin'? West! We
headin' to Santa Fe, Sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEAL

We are. Unless, of course,
something more appealing shows
itself.

LITTLE RILEY

Yessir, like a Yankee bank.

Even Ina'li has to smile at that.

Emily fights her panic. She knows the farther away she gets,
the harder it'll be for Luther to find her. After they've
traveled a bit --

EMILY

You must stop.

TEAL

I *must*, Miss McShane?

EMILY

There are certain things which
differentiate men from women,
Mister Teal. Surely someone as
sophisticated as you can understand
that.

Teal doesn't blush, but he comes close.

TEAL

My apologies, Ma'am. Of course
we'll stop.

Reining in the buggy --

TEAL

The boys at the store loaded
everything a lady might require.

EMILY

I certainly hope so.

TEAL

(to himself)
As do I.

Emily jumps down, starts digging through the things in the
buggy's back, stops with --

EMILY

(to Riley)
Don't you have anything more
interesting to look at?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LITTLE RILEY

I wus --

TEAL

Have you no manners, Sir?!

LITTLE RILEY

Yessir, I wus jus...

He tails off. Emily grabs some rags, hides them, heads past Teal for the woods with --

EMILY

I shall need a different dress,
Mister Teal. Perhaps you might
pick one out?

TEAL

(surprised)

It'd be my pleasure, Ma'am.

INA'LI

Leave your shoes, Miss.

EMILY

I beg your pardon!

TEAL

Do I have your word as a Southern
lady that you will not attempt to
run off?

EMILY

Mister Teal, if you do not let...
(feigned exasperation)
Yes, you have my word...as a
Southern lady.

She runs into the woods.

EMILY

Something with a little style this
time please.

Teal touches his hat, begins laying out the dresses again --
with enthusiasm.

LITTLE RILEY

I wus just tryin' to figure what
y'all wus talkin' 'bout.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Teal just shakes his head. Ina'li sits his horse, watching where Emily has gone, concerned.

CUT TO:

EXT. THICK WOODS - SAME

Emily hangs her dress over some bushes shielding her from Teal's view. Then, in her petticoats, she takes off for the "Refugee Road".

WITH EMILY

as she scrambles pell-mell through the forest. Eyes wild, breath coming in ragged gasps, she stumbles, continues, falls, gets up. She rips her petticoats, scrapes herself drawing blood, but never stops moving.

She crashes through the brambles and onto --

THE ROAD - BURNT ZONE - MISSOURI/KANSAS BORDER - DAY

Dirty, sweaty, bleeding, out of breath Emily runs to Two of the Refugees, COLBY and SUSAN, dignified, well dressed and well spoken.

EMILY

Help me, please. I need help!

COLBY

Do you see someone who doesn't, need help Miss?

SUSAN

You get some clothes on, young lady.

EMILY

No, you don't understand, I --

Panicked, Emily doesn't wait for more words, runs through the tiring Refugees.

EMILY

Please help me. Please, I was kidnapped and they'll come after me.

As she runs, a large, greasy Man with filthy hair and bad teeth, CHARLIE, grabs Emily's arm, yanks her to him. His Two Companions are as ill-kempt as he is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE

Whoa, now, where you goin' all
bothered like that?

The Refugees straggle around them.

EMILY

Please help me. Please. I was
kidnapped by two men and an Indian.

CHARLIE

Now why'd they wanna go and do such
to a pretty little thing like you?

Charlie's Companions SNICKER.

EMILY

Bushwhackers. They attacked
Langston and killed my --

She shuts up, but it's too late. Charlie's piggish eyes
gleam with a bad light.

CHARLIE

You know what I think we got us
here, boys? I think we got us a
Yankee come to make us feel better
for gettin' throw'd out a our camp.

BILLY

An' damned if she ain't already
half undressed.

CHARLIE

Hell, Billy, they all dresses like
this.

Charlie throws Emily over his shoulder like she was a sack of
flour.

WITH EMILY, CHARLIE & COMPANIONS

Emily SCREAMS, kicks, YELLS for help but it does no good.
Charlie loves it. He and his Companions run her into --

THE WOODS

where Charlie throws her on the ground, begins unbuttoning
his greasy trousers as --

CHARLIE

Hold her down now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Emily SCREAMS, fights like a banshee, biting, kicking.

BILLY

Whoeeee this 'uns a wildcat,
Charlie. She gone be fun.

Charlie drops his pants, steps over Emily with --

CHARLIE

Time this Yankee learned how comes
we's special down heah.

Just as Charlie starts to lower himself onto Emily he stiffens, disbelief on his face. A beat. He claws at his back where --

Ina'li's huge blade is embedded up to its hilt. Charlie topples like a felled Sequoia.

ANGLE

Sitting their horses, Ina'li, Teal and Little Riley are far from happy. Their weapons are in their hands.

TEAL

Help the lady to her feet.

The Two Men quickly help Emily up with --

BILLY

We'us just havin' some fun, Mister.
She's a Yankee is all, an' --

Teal shoots Billy dead. The Other Man starts running.

TEAL

Little Riley.

Riley squeezes off a SHOT, knocks the Other Man down. BLUBBERING, he gets to his hands and knees, crawls away.

Riley rides to the Other Man, who tries to ward off the shot with his hands.

OTHER MAN

I'm already dead, Mister.

LITTLE RILEY

Yessir, you are.

Riley shoots him. Without a qualm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE

Teal dismounts walks to Emily who's shaking, a low KEENING escaping unbidden from her lips, but refusing to cry in front of Teal -- who covers her with his coat, holds her close.

She doesn't pull away.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS, WELL TRAVELED TRAIL - KANSAS - LATE AFTERNOON

The buggy is off to the side. Its horse has been unhooked. Working fast, Teal and Little Riley load everything they can from Hager's General Store onto the horse.

TEAL

(to Emily, OFF)

Miss McShane, someone is bound to take an interest in three dead bodies, even subhumans. It would be appreciated if you would kindly move fast.

LITTLE RILEY

I don't feel so good, killin' Southern boys.

TEAL

They weren't fit to be Southern.

Cinching the load --

TEAL

Death is the one thing that keeps order in the world, Riley. You were doing God's work.

Riley ain't so sure about that.

Emily walks from the woods followed by Ina'li. Pale, still badly shaken, her scrapes and bruises aren't hidden by the new dress she wears -- though she sure looks good in it.

Little Riley and Ina'li mount up. Teal walks to Ina'li.

TEAL

(coldly)

Ma'am.

Teal lifts Emily behind Ina'li. Then he mounts up, spurs his horse with a YELL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Teal, leading the newly made pack horse, Ina'li/Emily, and Little Riley ride off --

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - BURNT ZONE - MISSOURI/KANSAS BORDER - LATE AFTERNOON

A blackened wasteland: Falling ash and soot now cover the road, woods and the now thick, straggly mass of Refugees.

Household items, unnecessary clothing, even stocks of foodstuffs too heavy to carry have been discarded on and alongside the road.

Burning homes and barns are visible.

Luther sits his Sorrel, walking it by HENRY. Greenie dozes behind him.

HENRY

Yessir, it was a buggy, full too. I took a notice since most weren't allowed nothin' to speak of. Four of 'em, they was, a man, a Indian, boy an' girl. An' they was movin' fast.

LUTHER

When?

HENRY

Mornin', mebbe seven or so.

Touches his hat with --

LUTHER

Obliged.

Luther spurs his Sorrel forward, keeps his eyes on the road searching for buggy tracks.

WE HEAR a BRAYING OFF. Greenie jolts awake.

GREENIE

Reggie!

(to Luther)

Stop! That's Reggie! Damn, Luther, you passed him.

Greenie slides off the Sorrel with --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREENIE
And me, your best friend.

Luther shoots Greenie a look: Best friend?

WITH GREENIE AS

he runs back down the column of Refugees.

GREENIE
Reggie! Reggie?

Greenie wades into the Refugees, pushing past one after another with --

GREENIE
S'cuse me, s'cuse me...Reggie,
Reggie! S'cuse me.

WE HEAR yet another BRAY OFF. Greenie spots Reggie in a clearing on the far side of the mass.

GREENIE
Donkey!

Greenie dodges through Refugees to --

EXT. CLEARING BY ROAD - BURNT ZONE - SAME

Greenie bursts from the ragged "column".

GREENIE
Reggie!

And there he is, hobbled, cropping. But more importantly, Reggie's been rigged with a crude travois. ON IT is the unconscious Young Man Lt. Coe stove up with his saber.

Agnes and Hiram are by their son's side unwrapping the head bandage to clean it, wetting his lips with water.

Smiling widely, Greenie lopes up to Reggie, gives him a hug.

GREENIE
(softly)
It is good to see you again,
donkey.

Greenie sees Agnes and Hiram staring at him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREENIE

This is my donkey. He run off.
 (off their skepticism)
 His name is Reggie. He run off.
 (then, re: young man)
 What happened to the boy?

AGNES

A Blue Belly Lieutenant stove in
 his skull. He never done no harm
 to no one his whole life.

LUTHER (O.C.)

A Union Officer done that?

Luther walks up leading his Sorrel.

HIRAM

Yessir. My boy here spit and it
 landed by the Yankee's horse. We
 was tendin' to him an' this donkey
 come by.

AGNES

And thank the good Lord for it too
 or we'd never get him to a doctor.
 He's too hurt to carry much.

GREENIE

Well, this is my donkey. He run
 off and this man can speak to it.

HIRAM

Is this your nigger?

LUTHER

He's his own man. What he's sayin'
 is true. It's his donkey.

A pause. Hiram and Agnes are upset, but --

AGNES

Best unhook him then, Hiram. We
 got no money to buy him off'n you,
 Mister. Blue Bellies saw to that.

GREENIE

I thank you, Ma'am. Me and this
 beast have been through some times.

As Hiram starts to unhook Reggie Greenie crosses to Luther.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREENIE
(muttering)
Damn it all to hell and back again.

LUTHER
I'll be on my way then.

GREENIE
Go! Leave! Damnation, why ain't things never simple?

LUTHER
Simple enough. The donkey's yours.

GREENIE
It is...mostly.

LUTHER
Never heard of owning most of a donkey, Greenie.

GREENIE
Oh, hell! I stole him off of that slave beating bastard Samuel Witherspoon when I run. And I stole this coat too. It was his favorite, so I stole it.
(defiantly)
And I truly enjoyed stealing it.

LUTHER
Damn it, why'd'nt you say so?

GREENIE
'Cause you'd a left me without another thought about it -- and with no donkey! Tell me not!

No response.

GREENIE
Damn! Why'd they have a hurt boy who needs carrying?
(then)
I give them Reggie and then what, a runaway slave in the middle of a bunch of Southern fire eaters? Hey, a nigger. Here boy, carry this, fetch that.

Luther doesn't reply.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREENIE

What am I asking you for? You talk every third church day. Go. Leave. I'm tired a talking for two as it is.

Greenie walks over to Hiram and Agnes.

GREENIE

The donkey's yours. His name's Reggie. He likes crab apples. I've one or two.

Greenie digs in his pockets as --

HIRAM

We ain't got money for him, Mister.

GREENIE

Did I say I wanted money? What's a matter with you folks? Is money and killing all you know?

(then)

Excuse me. I apologize. This... this is...

AGNES

Well, we do appreciate it, Mister. We surely do.

HIRAM

Yessir, we do. We surely do. You're a right fine nigger. An' prob'ly saved our boy's life.

Greenie walks to Reggie, mutters in his ear, feeds him a dried crab apple. As Reggie nuzzles him tears begin to roll down Greenie's cheeks.

Luther watches. When Greenie notices Luther --

GREENIE

Ain't you never seen no one talk to an animal? Go on. You want to leave, get out of here. Go.

LUTHER

Thought you might be headed my way.

Greenie is taken aback for a moment, then --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREENIE

I might be. I just might be. And
you don't mind a "right fine
nigger" for company.

As Luther holds out his hand to swing Greenie up we --

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA FE TRAIL - KANSAS PLAINS - EVENING

Riding fast, Teal and Company burst out of a woodline and
onto the vast Kansas plains. Teal rides up alongside Ina'li
and Emily.

TEAL

(ice cold)

You gave me your word.

EMILY

Indeed I did -- as a Southern lady.

TEAL

You broke it. You are dishonest,
Miss McShane. That is a grave
character flaw.

EMILY

Indirection is not dishonesty,
Mister Teal. But it *is* one of the
tools of a Southern lady. I expect
you should know that.

Emily YELLS, slaps Ina'li's horse on the flanks. It takes
off.

TEAL

(to himself)

"A touch. A palpable touch."

He YELLS, spurs his horse. As Teal and his Companions ride
the long red sun down we --

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - BURNT ZONE - MISSOURI/KANSAS BORDER - EVENING

Moving fast, Greenie behind him, Luther rides by and through
the now formless mass of Refugees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREENIE

When I said I might be headed your way I assumed we'd discuss which way that might be.

LUTHER

West.

GREENIE

Ah, West. Any West or is there a specific West?

We HEAR FEMALE SCREAMS and angry MALE COMMANDS OFF. Luther reins in as --

LUTHER

Some men took my daughter. I mean to get her back. West is the only way they can go without gettin' killed.

(then)

Soon's I get you a horse you can go your way.

(then, indicating --)

I'm headed over.

GREENIE

Sound like your daughter?

LUTHER

No, but I'd just as soon be certain. Stay here. I'll be by.

GREENIE

I'd just as soon ride along if it's all right with you.

LUTHER

You ever use a Colt?

GREENIE

A time or two.

Luther hands Greenie his Colt.

LUTHER

If need be.

Greenie checks it out like a pro -- which is noted by Luther, who then chucks the Sorrel for the COMMOTION OFF.

CUT TO:

EXT. A FARM HOME - KANSAS BORDER - SAME

Several dirty, war hardened Union Enlisted Men, EM, SCREAM at a Mother, HILDA, and her Daughter, SUSAN, 16, precocious, who are trying to load a Two-Horse Buckboard with belongings from their home. Two more Horses are tied to the Buckboard.

ENLISTED MEN
(enjoying this)
Move, Rebs, move, move. Move your
Reb Asses.

A SERGEANT, closes his pocket watch, crosses quickly to Hilda's elderly Father, GUS, who's coming out the front door loaded with foodstuffs.

He throws Gus down the steps, sending the foodstuff flying with --

SERGEANT
No more, old man. Five minutes is
gone.

GUS
(In DUTCH)
Pigs! You're all pigs!

A DUTCH ACCENT --

HILDA
Don't you hurt him!

GUS
(in DUTCH)
Don't, Hilda. It will go worse for
us.

SERGEANT
Git'n that buckboard and git out
here, Reb. All a ya's!

Susan grabs her Mother. A MISSOURI ACCENT --

SUSAN
Come on, Mama. Please...

Hilda shakes her daughter off.

HILDA
Father, take Susan. I'm going
nowhere until my husband and boys
are back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SERGEANT

(snorts)

Waitin' ain't gonna do no good.

(then)

Corporal!

The Corporal fires a torch, heaves it through the home's door.

HILDA

What do you mean, no good? What do you mean by that?!

(concern rising)

Where are my husband and sons?

Susan suspects what's going on, begins to cry.

SUSAN

Mama we need to go or, or --

GUS

(in DUTCH)

Come, Susan. Come with me.

LUTHER (O.C.)

Where are the men?

Luther and Greenie ride up. Luther's hand is on a Lamat and Greenie's is on the Colt's grip.

SERGEANT

Who in hell are you?

HILDA

They took them to help with a wagon they said was stuck in some gumbo soil.

LUTHER

Greenie, get the women in the wagon and wait on the road with it.

SERGEANT

You gone be in a heap a trouble, with the Lieutenant, Mister. An' he ain't one treats trouble kindly.

Greenie dismounts, gets the women headed for the wagon with --

GREENIE

Do as he says, Ma'am. Luther will get your men back for you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUTHER
 (to Sergeant)
 If one a them women is even
 touched, I'll kill everyone a you
 sons-a-bitches.

Luther spurs his Sorrel, gallops off.

SERGEANT
 (to himself)
 If you come back.

Gus and the Women can't take their eyes off their burning
 home while Greenie, AD LIBBING, herds them for the wagon.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOME'S BACKYARD - SAME

Lined up at the edge of the yard, backs to us, are Hilda's
 husband, PETER, and her TWO young SONS, 14 & 15. Three Union
 EM are behind them, rifles in hand. LT Coe sits his horse,
 reads a Bible. He looks up and --

COE
 At my command.

The EM raise their rifles. Peter takes his shaking young
 sons' hands. A SHOTGUN BLAST OFF.

ANGLE

Luther rides up fast, ready to fire another blast from one of
 the Lamats in his hands.

LUTHER
 Tell your men to stand down.

Coe jerks around, hand moving for his Colt, stops when he
 sees Luther. A soft VIRGINIA ACCENT --

COE
 Well I'll be damned, Luther
 McShane. And I was just reading
 Job. Have you switched sides
 again, Captain? Or are you atoning
 for your sins against the Rebs?

LUTHER
 Tell 'em.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COE

You'd shoot a Union soldier,
Captain?

LUTHER

Not your boys. But you I'll put
through, Coe. You and all your
like.

Luther cocks a Lamat. Trying to cover his nervousness --

COE

At ease. This man isn't known as
the steadiest of hands.

Coe's men lower their rifles.

LUTHER

(re: the rifles)

On the ground, Boys. And the Colt,
Coe. And the one in your boot.

The EM and Coe drop their weapons on the ground.

COE

Shall we tell these Rebs how you
came by those Confederate Officer's
Lamats you've got?

LUTHER

(to Peter & sons)

You fellas go on now. Your
family's waitin'. Tell the man
who's with 'em, move on and don't
stop. I'll be along shortly.

A DUTCH ACCENT --

PETER

Yes, Sir. Come on, boys.

Peter takes his son's hands. They exit at a dead run.

COE

You just committed treason,
McShane.

LUTHER

Way I look at it, you got there
first, Coe. Ain't nothin' in the
regulations about murdering
civilians.

Grinning through the obvious lie --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COE
They're Rebel spies.

LUTHER
And you're just following orders.
(to the EM)
You boys keep your distance from
the rifles.

Luther starts off, but --

COE
They say you dumped the blanket at
Gettysburg, McShane. They say all
the tales about you being a hero
aren't true, that you're nothing
but a coward.

Luther wheels about. He sheathes his Lamat, rides up to Coe.

LUTHER
Get off your horse.

COE
You are asking a fellow officer to
dismount?

LUTHER
Ain't askin'.

Luther knocks Coe off his horse with one punch.

LUTHER
You the one stove in that boy's
skull, Coe? Yeah, you're a brave
man, ain't you?

One of the EM starts for a rifle. Luther fires a shotgun
blast over the EM's head. To the EM --

LUTHER
Mind what I told you, Son.

Luther takes the reins to Coe's horse.

COE
That is U.S. Government property.

LUTHER
You ain't fit for any damn thing
that says U.S., Coe.

Luther looks the EM away from the rifles, starts off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he rides away, Coe watches Luther go, deep hatred in his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - KANSAS BORDERLINE - EVENING

Under a purple sky, the Buckboard CLATTERS, careens over the road; Greenie with the reins, Hilda beside him, Gus, Susan, and One of the Boys in the rear. Peter and the Second Boy ride alongside it.

After a bit, Greenie pulls up the reins.

GREENIE

Whoa! Whoa now!

As the Buckboard stops, Peter rides up. Heavy DUTCH ACCENT --

PETER

Your friend said to not stop.

GREENIE

Which is why I'm stopping.
(off Peter's puzzlement)
He's my friend.

SUSAN

(re: accent)
Where you from, Mister?

HILDA

Susan! It is not your business!

GREENIE

It's all right, Ma'am.
(to Susan)
Liverpool, England. Home to the
biggest wharf rats in Christendom.
(confidentially)
They ain't bad with mustard.

SUSAN

Ugh!

GREENIE

We'll stay a minute.
(then)
Loosen the cinches on these horses,
Boys. Let 'em blow while we're
stopped.

The Boys jump down, do so. To pass the time --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREENIE

Where are you heading?

PETER

(DUTCH ACCENT)

We have not had time to talk about it.

(then)

Hilda, I have a cousin who works at a stage coach station. We can go there.

Hilda nods. Silence. The time slows by. Fear grows as the night deepens, lots of glances. When the tension peaks --

GREENIE

You folks better go your way.

HILDA

We will wait.

GREENIE

No. Take care of your family. Please.

Hilda nods. Greenie gets down. Hilda slides over, takes the reins, but --

LUTHER (O.C.)

You stop for a reason?

GREENIE

Yeah, your sluggish as -- behind. You think you could be a little quicker next time you take on the Union Army?

Smiles all around as Luther rides up trailing Coe's horse.

PETER

We are in your debt, Sir. Both of you. We are proud to make your acquaintance.

GUS

(in DUTCH)

Yes, thank you. Thank you.

Luther acknowledges with a nod. Greenie touches his hat.

LUTHER

The Lieutenant wants you to have his horse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREENIE

Huh?

LUTHER

Said you deserved better'n Mister
Lincoln's forty acres and a mule.

GREENIE

A horse?

LUTHER

Last I looked she fit the
description.

GREENIE

A horse...

(then)

Son-of-a-bitch, a horse! Sorry.
Sorry, ladies.

LUTHER

Better see if it fits.

Greenie takes the reins and mounts gently, tentatively, like
he thinks the horse will disappear.

GREENIE

(softly)

Damn.

(then)

Damn, Luther, this is the best
fitting horse I ever sat.

(to put worry aside)

I don't suppose the Lieutenant'll
be along so I can thank him?

Luther actually smiles...well, sort of.

LUTHER

Not right away.

GREENIE

A smile! You can speak to it,
ladies and gents. Luther McShane
smiled. And Donald Worthman-Greene
has a horse. So what we waitin'
on, let's ride!

Greenie WHOOPS.

GREENIE

Son-of-a-bitch! Greenie's got a
horse!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He charges off on his horse, disappears into the night with --

GREENIE
Sorry, ladies!

OFF the GIGGLES of Susan and the Boys --

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - SANTA FE TRAIL - NIGHT

Teal, Ina'li and Little Riley sit around the fire where Riley has beans and rabbits cooking. Teal and Ina'li clean their weapons.

The horses are hobbled nearby, their gentle CROPPING and the CRACKLING of the FIRE the only sounds.

LITTLE RILEY
Ain't you gonna knot yer scarf?

TEAL
I count humans, Riley, not beasts.

A beat or two, then --

LITTLE RILEY
You think Miss McShane's Pa'll come for us?

TEAL
Oh, yes, yes indeed. He will come.

PUSH PAST Teal's pleasure re: McShane to --

EMILY

who stands off by herself, staring off.

WHAT SHE SEES

The wide violet sky throws long shadows over the deeper violet of the mountains far over the rolling, forever Plain.

BACK TO SCENE

Emily takes a deep, appreciative breath, lets her hair down -- for the first time -- crosses to the fire where Riley piles very rare rabbit on tin plates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

I owe you all a debt of thanks.
And I apologize for not saying so
sooner.

TEAL

Our pleasure, Miss McShane. But I
do have a request.

EMILY

Sir?

TEAL

If you choose to exercise a
Southern ladies right to
indirection. Perhaps next time you
could do so in a less exciting
fashion.

And for the first time since her kidnapping, a small smile
plays over Emily's lips.

Teal hands her a plate of bloody rabbit.

TEAL

Charlotte.

(off her look)

A name to go with the prerogative
of indirection.

EMILY

My name is Emily, Sir. And it
shall remain so.

She holds her plate, watching as the others dig into the
rabbit. She tries a small delicate taste. Then another.

As Emily digs into the rabbit with increasing gusto, we --

CUT TO:

EXT. LUTHER'S CAMPSITE - KANSAS BORDER - NIGHT

Peter and his sons unhook the Buckboard team, lead them to
the other horses who are hobbled and cropping. Hilda, Susan
and Gus cook beans and biscuits.

Luther and Greenie unsaddle their horses. Greenie coos,
whispers to his. After a bit --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUTHER

You appear to know your way around
a Colt pretty good.

GREENIE

For a house nigger.

LUTHER

Don't recall sayin' that.

GREENIE

This is some horse. Think I'll
turn over the blanket though.
(re: U.S. Cavalry emblem)
That U.S. makes for questions that
could lead to misunderstandings.

A pause then --

GREENIE

I wasn't sold off the ship in New
Orleans. Captain threw me off for
fighting with the cook. The only
work I found was with the Free
Black Militia.

(beat)

We hunted runaway slaves.

(then)

I ain't proud about what I done so
I lied.

LUTHER

We all done things we ain't proud
about.

Luther's words suggest a deep ring of truth.

GREENIE

The Militia Headman didn't care for
me not a bit. Bastard sold me to
that slave beating son-of-a-bitch
Samuel Witherspoon. I run off when
Jayhawkers attacked his farm.
Stole Reggie and this coat.

Greenie pulls a sheet of paper from a pocket inside the coat,
hands it to Luther. Luther looks. It's --

A RUNAWAY SLAVE BROADSIDE

300 DOLLARS REWARD for the apprehension of the following
Negro man and lodging him in any jail so that I can get him
again: DONALD WORTHMAN-GREENE, who calls himself GREENIE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

Luther hands the broadside back to Greenie.

GREENIE

I keep it to remind me.

LUTHER

Seems a hard thing to forget.

GREENIE

The Headman who sold me's black.
He couldn't stop laughing when he
did it. I intend to find him.
Then I intend to kill him.

LUTHER

Sounds like we both got some
killin' to do.

As the men look at each other with a deepening understanding.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA FE TRAIL - KANSAS PLAINS - DAWN

Teal & pack horse, Ina'li/Emily and Little Riley thunder INTO VIEW. Exhilarated by the clear brisk dawn, they ride the sun up, their faces alive with morning and the endless plains.

ANGLE

The sun rises behind, lighting them, and the plains, with fire, and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WELL TRAVELED TRAIL - KANSAS - DAWN

Luther and Greenie ride lead. Behind them, Hilda drives the Buckboard, One Son beside her, Second Son in the rear. Peter and Susan ride alongside.

After a little, Susan rides up by Luther. He and Greenie nod greetings.

LUTHER

Miss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUSAN

Father told me what you did. It was very brave.

Luther touches his hat, uneasy with the praise.

SUSAN

You're a Yankee.

LUTHER

I s'pose.

SUSAN

Why did you do it?

LUTHER

Don't know. Could be I need to sleep at night.

SUSAN

Well, I thank you.

They ride for a bit then --

SUSAN

Ma says I look young for my age. I'm sixteen though.

Luther doesn't see it coming, but Greenie does.

GREENIE

(grins and --)

I think I'll ride on ahead.

SUSAN

I expect sixteen seems young to you.

LUTHER

No.

SUSAN

(too innocently)

My mother got married at sixteen. A lot of women do. Younger too.

Luther finally gets it. And it makes him very uncomfortable.

LUTHER

I s'pose they do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUSAN

They do. My mother says when my
Father first saw her he was afraid
to talk to her because he's older.
He's a quiet type. So she spoke to
him.

Susan hits Luther with a smile. He tries a smile in return.
It doesn't work. They ride in an uncomfortable silence til --

Greenie gallops up, worry on his face.

GREENIE

Better come with me, Luther.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS BY WELL TRAVELED TRAIL - KANSAS - MORNING

Luther holds the torn, blood spattered petticoats Emily wore
on her escape attempt. Greenie checks the abandoned buggy.

CLOSE LUTHER

He holds the petticoats up, smells them. Memories flood in.
His eyes fill.

GREENIE (O.C.)

Nothin' in the buggy.

BACK TO SCENE

Greenie walks up, tries to help --

GREENIE

This don't mean she was...
(instead of "raped")
...hurt.

Luther balls up the petticoats with a frightening ferocity.

WITH LUTHER AND GREENIE

as they cross quickly back to the trail and their horses.
Luther stuffs the petticoats into his mochila.

As he and Greenie mount up, the Buckboard arrives with Peter
and Susan riding alongside. Already heading away --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUTHER

You'll reach the Santa Fe trail soon. Head west.

SUSAN

Where're you going?

But Luther is already on his way.

SUSAN

Where's he going?

GREENIE

To find his daughter. She was taken by some men.

Susan's hand flies to her mouth.

SUSAN

Oh!

(then)

Tell him I'm sorry. For his daughter...and for being foolish.

GREENIE

No need, Miss.

(then)

Stick to the trail. You find a caravan to join.

Greenie touches his hat, heads off to a CHORUS of THANK YOUS in ENGLISH and DUTCH.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA FE TRAIL - KANSAS PLAINS - MORNING

Teal & Company ride hard for the sun. The snowy grasslands are giving way to hills and ridges with juniper, scrub oak and cholla here and there.

EXT. PURGATOIRE RIVER - SANTA FE TRAIL - COLORADO - DAY

Teal & Company water their horses -- and themselves. Emily mounts Little Riley's Black.

EMILY

You ride with Ina'li for a piece.

LITTLE RILEY

That's my horse, Ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks to Teal for support.

TEAL
(shrugs)
Penance.

LITTLE RILEY
How long this damn penance gonna
last?

TEAL
Until the lady forgives you.

Little Riley kicks dust.

TEAL
Ride with me, Sir.

Emily chucks the Black on. As Teal extends a hand to Little Riley to swing him up --

CUT TO:

EXT. QUESTA STAGE STATION - SANTA FE TRAIL - NEW MEXICO
BORDER - EVENING

The hills are steeper here; the juniper and cholla are much thicker and mixed with an occasional struggling dwarf pine.

Teal/Little Riley, Ina'li/pack horse, and Emily ride to the crest of a ridge, stop. Covered with dust, flushed with wind and sun, they sit their horses stare down at --

WHAT THEY SEE

A ramshackle log and sod Stage Station/Grog Shop squats beside the trail with a withered pine or two for company.

To the rear are Several Outbuildings and a Large Corral with twenty or so horses in it.

BACK TO SCENE

TEAL
What is your pleasure, Miss
McShane?

She knows he's referring to a horse, but --

EMILY
A warm bath and a bed, Sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEAL

I'm afraid you will have to wait until Santa Fe for amenities. I was speaking of horses.

EMILY

In that case, one which is fast enough to leave you in my dust.

She spurs the Black on with a YELL. Watching her race off --

LITTLE RILEY

(admiringly, rhetorically)
She got some way, don't she.

TEAL

She does that; indeed she does.

OFF Teal, wondering if he's bitten off a bit too much --

CUT TO:

EXT. WELL, QUESTA STAGE STATION - SANTA FE TRAIL - SAME

Teal and Ina'li, in the Corral, check out the horses.

By the well, Emily washes the trail off with a cloth and a pail of water. Little Riley, bothered by something, sits close by cleaning his pistols.

The STATION KEEPER, in worn, greasy hides, grunts a bucket up from the well.

STATION KEEPER

Stew you won't soon be fit to forgit an' beans cookin'. Nickel a head includes clean plates an' fork.

He carries the bucket to the trough where our group's horses are watering as is a Delaware Pony.

Rough, RAUCOUS, MALE LAUGHTER comes from the Grog Shop. It upsets Emily. After a bit --

LITTLE RILEY

Don't mean no disrespect, Ma'am, but you ever gonna allow me ta set right what I done wrong?

Emily shoots Riley a look that would freeze hell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The door to the Grog Shop rips open. A Native American Woman dives out, jumps to her feet clutching ripped clothing to her half naked body.

Emily jumps to her feet, eyes wide.

Two Burly MOUNTAIN MEN, both naked from the waist up, lunge drunkenly after the Native American Woman.

Laughing, they stumble, flail about, finally tackle the Woman -- who looks at Emily, eyes pleading for help.

CLOSE EMILY

INTERCUT QUICK CUTS OF

The Mountain Men's slobbering attack on the Woman with --

EQUALLY QUICK JUMP CUTS OF

the near rape of Emily.

BACK TO SCENE

The Mountain Men haul/slap the Woman back to the Grog Shop. As they exit, one of the men, ZEB, winks lewdly at Emily.

Forcing control of her rage, Emily lays a layer of sweetness on as the Station Keeper returns with his empty bucket.

EMILY

Who are those men, Sir?

STATION KEEPER

Oh, they's jus trappers havin' some fun. Too much Forty Rod's all. Bought the whole damn crock!

LITTLE RILEY

Why they call it Forty Rod?

STATION KEEPER

Forty rod 'bout all's you git 'fore droppin'.

The Keeper CHUCKLE about that one, then --

STATION KEEPER

Don't fret, Miss. Jus' a squaw come to trade's all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Keeper touches his sweat-rimmed hat, heads for the Corral.

LITTLE RILEY
You all right, Ma'am?

She takes a deep breathe, smiles sweetly.

EMILY
I am, thank you.

Crossing to Little Riley --

EMILY
And I do apologize. I have not given you a proper chance.

LITTLE RILEY
I'd be much obliged, Ma'am. I ain't --

EMILY
(cutting him off)
Those are a fine pair of pistols.

LITTLE RILEY
They's my Pa's. Made special for him for huntin' down some Jayhawk -- some desperados.

EMILY
May I see one?

LITTLE RILEY
Yes, Ma'am.
(handing her a pistol)
Ever shoot a Colt?

EMILY
My Father taught me with his.

As if to punctuate her knowledge, Emily checks the load, snaps the gate shut. A beat. Her face turns avenging cold. She cocks the pistol, starts for the Grog Shop.

LITTLE RILEY
Ma'am?...Ma'am!

Riley runs after her.

LITTLE RILEY
Ma'am, I'd like my pistol back now.

Without looking at him --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

Riley, do not give me an excuse to
kill you here and now.

Emily's tone and expression stop Riley cold.

LITTLE RILEY

Damn -- Oh, damn! Oh, shit.

He runs for the Corral.

LITTLE RILEY

Mister Teal!

(to himself as he runs)

Oh, shit, shit, shit...

As Emily nears the door to the Grog Shop --

CUT TO:

INT. GROG SHOP - SAME

Dim, lighted only by the falling sun seeping through the
chinks in the logs. Packed dirt, a rough table with a crock
pot of 40 Rod, a couple of equally rough stools.

Zeb holds the Woman down while his Companion flails about on
top. Trying to talk through his GUFFAWS --

ZEB

Damn, Big K, you small!

(convulsed with laughter)

You so damn drunk yer pizzle's all
shrunk up no bigger'n a wart.

The door files open: Emily stands there, red sun streaming
fire around her (echoing Luther with Lydia).

Zeb and Big K squint, shield their eyes from the sunlight.

EMILY

Get away from her.

ZEB

Shiiiiit, it's girl! Come on, girl.

Plenty a me for all.

That convulses Zeb once more -- until Emily shoots him. The
round slaps Zeb against the wall. He slumps against the
wall, blood flowing from a hole in his dirt-matted chest.

ZEB

Damn if she ain't kilt me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His eyes roll, up, glaze.

EMILY

Get away. I don't want to get your
blood on her.

Big K jumps up, tries to pull his pants. His best shot at
mercy --

BIG K

Ma'am, she jus a squaw.

Emily shoots him, knocks him onto the table. GURGLING he
tries to roll off, but --

Emily caps two into K's body, killing him. Then she walks to
Zeb, puts the last two into his already dead body.

CUT TO:

EXT. GROG SHOP - SAME

Pistols clutched, Teal, Ina'li and Little Riley fairly fly
up, burst into --

CUT TO:

INT. GROG SHOP - SAME

CLOSE

Dying light from the open door floods Emily and the Woman who
hold each other, sobbing...Emily for the first time since her
mother's murder.

ANGLE

Teal, Ina'li and Little Riley stand stock still, disbelief,
and more than a little wonder, on their faces.

The Station Keeper barges in, looks, then --

STATION KEEPER

Oh, sum bitch. Oh, this ain't
good. This ain't good t'all.

TEAL

And why is that, Sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STATION KEEPER

That'n right there, Zeb? He's some kinda cousins with a Deputy over to Cimarron.

TEAL

Well I can't imagine a reason why the Deputy would learn about this -- tragedy, can you?

STATION KEEPER

(lying badly)

Oh, no, Sir. No reason for him to know t'all. Fact is, men like Zeb perish in the mountains like as not.

A pause. Teal doesn't believe one syllable. He pulls his pistol. The Station Keeper makes a move for the door, but --

Ina'li and his knife are there.

ANGLE

We HEAR the station keeper GRUNT, then HEAR his dead body HIT the DIRT FLOOR. Finally --

TEAL

Well, you certainly are your father's child, Miss McShane. As for the current worth of your lineage...

Emily looks up, face seared with scorn --

EMILY

Get out of here.

Teal doesn't move. Emily cocks Little Riley's Colt. Teal steps over the Station Keeper's body, stops by the door.

TEAL

I heard six shots.

Teal leaves with Ina'li.

LITTLE RILEY

Please, Ma'am.

Little Riley holds out his hand. Emily gives him the pistol, exits, leaving --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Emily and the Native American Woman in the darkening shadows, clutching each other in their awful knowledge of their world.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA FE TRAIL - KANSAS PLAINS - DAWN

The land is flat, treeless, unending. The prairie grasses that will grow green come Spring are brown stubble peaking from under the patchy snow.

Luther and Greenie ride for the horizon and the rose streaked dawn.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARKANSAS RIVER - SANTA FE TRAIL - KANSAS/COLORADO BORDER - EVENING

Luther and Greenie walk their horses down a hill to a small, shallow branch of the Arkansas. After a bit --

GREENIE

Does this kidnapping son-of-a-bitch we're trailing have a name?

LUTHER

I'm trailin' him, Greenie. You needn't be a part.

GREENIE

I ain't doing much.

A beat as Luther considers, then --

LUTHER

His name's Teal.

GREENIE

Teal. What's he do?

LUTHER

He kills people.

GREENIE

Shit, I knew that. He's white ain't he?

Luther cracks an almost smile. Greenie says nothing, but nods, pleased. They dismount at the river, water their horses as --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GREENIE

He got a reason for all the
killing?

They kneel, scoop water for themselves, mount up. As they
ford the River.

LUTHER

Teal was a neighbor -- and friend.
He once told me if he'd cared for
life, he'd a lost it long ago; but
wantin' to lose it he can't throw
it away.

GREENIE

That's a helluva sad reason to kill
people.

LUTHER

His quarrel ain't with people.

GREENIE

A judge would disagree.
(then)
Who with then?

LUTHER

God.

GREENIE

He picked a worthy adversary.

LUTHER

Maybe that's the point.

GREENIE

Me mum used to say, boxing with God
is for fools.

LUTHER

Maybe...

They reach the other side of the river, ride to the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUESTA STAGE STATION - SANTA FE TRAIL - NEW MEXICO
BORDER - MORNING

Luther and Greenie ride to the crest of the same ridge Teal
and Company did, sit their horses, stare down at --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHAT THEY SEE

Questa Station is a fire blackened ruin -- except for the Out-buildings which are intact. The stock is there and hasn't been harmed.

A Group of 30 or so Men mill about, poke through the remains. The Group's leader, "COLONEL" DICE, questions the Native American Woman (whom Emily saved from being raped). Her Delaware Pony is by her, cropping.

BACK TO SCENE

Luther and Greenie ride to the Station, hold up a hand in greeting as the Men see them coming -- and to show they're not holding a weapon.

They dismount, tie their horses at the trough, look over the situation. Dice ambles up with --

DICE
Mornin'. Colonel Tom Dice. You boys joinin' up?

GREENIE
Joining what?

DICE
Savages kilt three men an' burned 'em. We're gonna show 'em a lesson. Godless bastards.

LUTHER
That what the woman says, Indians did it?

DICE
She don't say nothin'. Caught her ridin' to her camp. Said nothin' then an' nothin' since.

LUTHER
Mind if I have a word with her?

DICE
Hell, you kin do any damn thing you want with her.
(walking away)
Bastards got no sense moral-wise fer nothin'.

Luther heads over to the Woman.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WITH GREENIE

as he crosses to the burned out Station, enters it. He says nothing to the other Men, just looks, pokes around.

He passes the pot of stew, a sack of flour, kicks through a pile of rubble, unearths a half melted shotgun, picks up an empty cash box.

He's seen enough, walks out of the Station.

ANGLE

Greenie crosses to Luther -- whose back is to us. As Greenie closes, Luther touches his hat, turns away from the Native American Woman.

Greenie is startled: Luther looks utterly stricken. As they cross to Dice --

GREENIE

Food's been left, shotgun, stock
wasn't stole...

LUTHER

(to Dice)

Indians didn't do this, Dice. The
Woman says it was white folks.

Dice's face turns cold.

DICE

It was savages.

GREENIE

Indians would have taken the stock,
food and guns, Gov. The only thing
that was taken is what was in the
cash box. If there was anything in
it. Which we don't know, do we?

DICE

Tell you boys a little secret.
Indians round here been lookin' to
war on us. So we're gonna war on
'em first to keep 'em from warin'
on us. A preventive you might say.

(then)

Savages killed three Americans boys
here an' burned 'em to cover their
tracks. Don't need to know more.

(then)

You boys have a good ride now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He walks off.

GREENIE

Now that is a subtle man. What'd you want to do?

LUTHER

No point'n stayin' less we want to die.

As they cross to their horses and mount up.

GREENIE

They'll kill that girl, Luther.

LUTHER

She wants to stay and try to get to her tribe before they do.

(then)

Stupid bastards. The Indians'll draw 'em in and kill 'em one by one.

As they ride off --

GREENIE

Who do you think killed those men?

LUTHER

My daughter.

OFF Greenie's shock --

CUT TO:

EXT. RIDGE - SANTA FE TRAIL - NEW MEXICO PLAINS - EVENING

Teal, trailing the pack horse, and Company make their way up a ridge around rock, cholla, aloe, juniper They're covered in trail dirt, tired, hungry...and somber.

Emily rides up beside Teal. Killing the rapists isn't wearing lightly with her. Needing reassurance --

EMILY

Your comment about my parentage was not called for.

(needing reassurance)

And those men deserved to die.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEAL

Oh, I agree. However had you just called them off the Indian woman we could have taken care of the problem away from the Station.

Emily knows he's right, won't give him the satisfaction, huffs off. After a bit, more concern --

LITTLE RILEY

What if they don't blame it on the In'juns, Mister Teal?

TEAL

Then they will come after us.

Little Riley starts giggling and --

LITTLE RILEY

Now that's ripe: They comin' after us for Langston, three dead bastards in Missouri an' three more dead bastards at the Station.

TEAL

They'll blame it on the Indians. It's what they want to do.

They reach the top of the rise, stop, sit their horses, looking down at --

WHAT THEY SEE

Against a darkening sky, the lights of Santa Fe flare on, cast a glow from the buildings windows.

BACK TO SCENE

The relief of all is palpable.

TEAL

That is what I believe I can safely call a welcome sight.

(and)

And if I'm not mistaken, a hot meal, soft bed --

(to Emily)

and a bath await.

Riley WHOOPS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LITTLE RILEY

An' damn if I ain't for that -- and
a whiskey!

He gallops off. Emily, Ina'li and Teal follow suit.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. FRANCIS CHURCH - SANTA FE - NIGHT

Teal and Company ride past the crenellated towers of the
adobe church which has been decorated for Christmas.

EXT. ST. FRANCIS - SANTA FE - NIGHT

As they head up San Francisco Street for the square, PULL UP
to --

the church towers where a large CROW sits, watching, it's
eyes fire.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAZA - SANTA FE - SAME

They ride past the Caravan Wagons parked on the perimeter,
head for the Plaza's only two-story building: The Hotel
Coronado.

LITTLE RILEY

Horses're completely wearied out.
I'll git 'em to the stable.

TEAL

I'll care for the horses. You help
Miss McShane.

LITTLE RILEY

Yessir.
(then, excited --)
This is some big damn city. How
long we stayin'?

TEAL

Until Luther comes.

That stops Riley's excitement cold. They stop by the Hotel
which is decorated for Christmas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY
 (re: decorations)
 Christmas.
 (wistfully)
 Do you suppose they have a
 Christmas Dance here?

TEAL
 If you want a Christmas Dance,
 Charlotte, you shall have one.

Emily is about to reply to the name, decides against it,
 dismounts.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - HOTEL CORONADO - SAME

Small, but well appointed. A staircase sweeps to the second
 floor. MAGIDA, stands behind a small counter. A trim,
 energetic Sephardic Jew, he wears a yamulke -- which he
 immediately takes off when he sees Emily enter.

With a fairly light JEWISH ACCENT --

MAGIDA
 Yes, Ma'am. Welcome to the Hotel
 Coronado. And how may I help you
 this evening?

EMILY
 A room please. I'd like a room.

MAGIDA
 Yes. Well, I have a fine room on
 the second floor overlooking the
 plaza.
 (then)
 Are you, uh, traveling alone,
 Ma'am. We don't often have single
 ladies here.

EMILY
 Sir!

MAGIDA
 Yes. But you see our reputation
 requires --

LITTLE RILEY (O.C.)
 She ain't alone. An' she wants a
 hot bath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Little Riley enters carrying a load of Emily's things from the pack horse. Magida isn't impressed.

MAGIDA

A bath at this hour is out of the question, young man.

Entering, also carrying Emily's things --

INA'LI

The lady wants a hot bath. And a hot meal. In her room.

After one look at Ina'li --

MAGIDA

Yes, Sir. It will be my pleasure. A hot bath and a hot meal.

OFF his attempt at a smile --

CUT TO:

INT. EMILY'S ROOM - HOTEL CORONADO - LATER

Like the lobby, small, but well appointed. The bathtub is surrounded by a curtain. A KNOCK at the door.

EMILY (O.C.)

Yes?

MAGIDA

Dinner, Ma'am.

Emily steps from behind the curtain wrapped in a towel, crosses to the door. As he opens the door --

EMILY

Turn around please.

Magida turns around immediately when he catches a brief glimpse of Emily and towel.

MAGIDA

Oh, yes, Ma'am. My apologies.

Backing into the room with tray in hand --

MAGIDA

(a big deal)

Fried steak, potatoes, beans, corn tortillas and hot coffee from the Texas Saloon, Ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He puts the tray on a small table with a flourish.

MAGIDA

Mister Teal registered. What a refined man he is, a true southern gentlemen.

EMILY

Oh, yes. He's a legend.

MAGIDA

I expect he is, yes.
 (then, exiting --)
 It's a pleasure to have you with us, Miss McShane. Please let me know if you require anything.

Emily closes the door behind Magida.

EMILY

Thank you.

Emily takes a bite of food, revels in it, then, munching, crosses to the window, draws the curtain back a bit, looks out.

WHAT SHE SEES

Teal, freshly dressed, crosses the street heading for the Texas Saloon across the Plaza. He cuts a striking figure.

BACK TO SCENE

Emily watches him go, toweling off slowly, drifting with a young woman's possibilities.

CUT TO:

EXT. SANTA FE TRAIL - NEW MEXICO PLAINS - DAY

Luther and Greenie ride hard against a troubled sky. Their faces are dark, set.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIDGE - SANTA FE TRAIL - NEW MEXICO PLAINS - EVENING

They walk their horses up the same ridge where Teal & Company were. Luther is troubled. Greenie doesn't press. Finally --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUTHER

Do most girls think sixteen is proper marryin' age, Greenie?

GREENIE

Where I come from they get married at five if it'll get 'em out a Liverpool.

LUTHER

He was my neighbor. My friend. I suppose that's why he hates me so much now...or maybe why I hate him.

GREENIE

(then, to comfort --)
She ain't with him because she wants to be, Luther.

They reach the top of the ridge.

WHAT THEY SEE

Santa Fe sits darkly under a black sky.

BACK TO SCENE

Luther looks over at Greenie. In response --

GREENIE

Don't look at me like that, I'm ready! Ready as rain! Greenie is set to make Teal's life a living hell on earth. He is the fire from the Heavens; the sword of God's retribution, his pestilence and his scourge!

(then softly --)
I'm ready, Luther. How do you want to do this?

LUTHER

Fast.

They head down the ridge, disappear in darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL CORONADO - SANTA FE - NIGHT

Christmas Eve Revelers of all types and colors, most in their holiday finery, crowd the square. Even the saddle tramps seem gussied up.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CORONADO - SAME

Magida is behind the counter. To a nicely attired Couple exiting --

MAGIDA

Have a wonderful evening, folks.

(quickly)

And Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas!

He sees Teal, dressed to the nines, coming down the staircase.

MAGIDA

Ah, Mister Teal, good evening, Sir.
Merry Christmas.

TEAL

Thank you, Mister Magida.

MAGIDA

I don't celebrate it myself, of course. But I am full of the spirit nonetheless. It's quite infectious, you know.

Magida notices Teal checking his pocket watch.

MAGIDA

Miss McShane mentioned she was dining with you this evening. If I may say so, she seemed quite excited at the prospect.

EMILY (O.C.)

The prospect of a good meal is always exciting...

(teasing)

no matter the company.

MAGIDA

Yes, Ma'am, of course.

Magida looks up, stops talking, his breath taken away by --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

who is utterly stunning as she descends the staircase.

BACK TO SCENE

As soon as Teal regains his breath --

TEAL

You are, you are exceptional, Miss
McShane. I would be honored if you
would take my arm.

Emily curtsies slightly, takes Teal's arm. As they start
out, we --

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. FRANCIS CHURCH - SANTA FE - NIGHT

Luther and Greenie ride by the side of the church to --

THE FRONT OF THE CHURCH

where a figure stands before the Great Doors. He turns,
stares down upon them: It's Ina'li, of course.

Luther and Greenie pass. Ina'li enters --

CUT TO:

INT. ST. FRANCIS CHURCH - SANTA FE - SAME

Scores of candles throw a gorgeous warmth over the adobe
walls and rough pews. Strewn with candles, draped in white

with a large bronze cross hanging over it, the altar is
simple, but very powerful.

CHANTING softly (IN CHEROKEE), Ina'li walks past Several
praying People in the pews to the altar where he opens his
arms wide, in a salute, and CONTINUES to CHANT.

A YOUNG Spanish PADRE watches him wide-eyed, unsure what to
do -- so he does nothing.

He finishes his soft CHANT, takes a small leather pouch from
around his neck and pours a little powder (a ground seed
mixture) from it into his palm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He blows the powder over the altar then kneels. As he crosses himself we --

CUT TO:

EXT. TEXAS SALOON - PLAZA - SANTA FE - NIGHT

The square is clogged with People. And all seem to be smiling. A Crowd waits in front of the Saloon for room to open up inside.

INT. TEXAS SALOON - SAME

PACKED with NOISY PATRONS, all having a great time. There's a waxed bar, linen covered dining tables, and a gleaming dance floor. Lanterns and candles turn everything into gold.

Waiters and Bartenders hover. Good booze and food are in abundance. A TRIO, Fiddle, Squeezebox and Piano, PLAY "OLD KENTUCKY HOME" to the side of the dance floor.

Teal, Emily and Little Riley are at a table at the edge of the dance floor. The remains of a great meal are on the table.

Riley looks terrific in his Hager's General Store finest. He pushes back from the table with --

LITTLE RILEY

Now that was a meal I won't soon be fit to ferget.

He BELCHES loudly, completely unconcerned. Teal winks at Emily who hides a smile behind a hand.

LITTLE RILEY

Sure some fancy folk. Ina'li don' know what he's missin'.

TEAL

He knows, Riley. He spends Christmas Eve remembering the Padre who raised him.

(then)

And speaking of Christmas, may I have a dance, Ma'am?

EMILY

You mock me, Sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEAL

Oh, no, I honor you. Excuse me please.

Teal rises, crosses to the Trio.

EMILY

He is going to embarrass me, isn't he?

LITTLE RILEY

Oh, no, Ma'am. He'd rather die. I don' knows I ever seen a man so taken, Ma'am. I swear, he'd not embarrass you for the world.

Emily is clearly pleased. After a bit --

EMILY

I...I know it was a mistake, Riley.

LITTLE RILEY

(eyes filling)
Thank you, Ma'am. I...

Teal walks back to the table.

TEAL

A Christmas...
(pauses)
Polka.

He grins, pulls the Fiddler's fiddle from behind his back with a flourish, begins to PLAY a LIVELY POLKA.

As Teal PLAYS he starts to dance. He's light on his feet, incredibly graceful. And quite charming.

The Saloon quiets first, then Someone begins to CLAP, then Another JOINS. And ANOTHER.

A tipsy Couple crosses onto the dance floor, twirls, and soon several Couples are dancing and the joint is rockin'.

Teal CONTINUES to PLAY as he returns the fiddle to the Fiddler who takes up the POLKA -- and is joined by the Squeezebox and the Piano.

ANGLE

Emily and Little Riley are all smiles as Teal returns to the table. Holding out a hand --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEAL

May I have the honor...

EMILY

It would be my pleasure.

Emily and Teal cross onto the swirling dance floor, stand looking at each other for a moment.

Teal holds out his hands and within seconds they are twirling through a kaleidoscope of SOUND, movement and color.

And laughing.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL CORONADO - SANTA FE - NIGHT

Greenie waits by the horses who've been tethered to a hitching post down from the hotel. Luther walks out.

LUTHER

She's in the saloon with Teal.

He and Greenie start for the Saloon. Trail dirty, carrying weapons, he and Greenie are out of place. People avoid them as they cross the Plaza.

ANGLE

Coming up a Side Street is the Christmas Eve Posada. In his gold and white vestments the Saint Francis BISHOP, Spanish, leads the procession of Men, Women and Children, many of whom are in white.

All hold illuminarios in their hands. Gorgeous, ethereal, the procession seems to float into the plaza.

GREENIE

Do you want to wait til they pass?

LUTHER

I want my daughter back.

They head for the saloon, drawing stares and guarded comments.

CUT TO:

INT. TEXAS SALOON - SAME

The dance floor is FULL of smiling COUPLES. At it's center sparkle Teal and Emily, clearly taken with each other. As the TRIO's POLKA peaks --

EMILY

stops stock still, shock then joy crossing her face.

WHAT SHE SEES

Her Dad stands on the edge of the dance floor, his seamed face full

ANGLE

Emily looks at Teal for a long beat then bolts from the dance floor.

TEAL

Miss McShane, what -- ?

Confused, Teal starts after her, stops when he sees --

LUTHER

who stares back at him. Until Emily flies into his arms.

ANGLE

EMILY

Daddy. Oh, Daddy.

LUTHER

Em.

The light in Luther's eyes is back. He wants to hold her forever, but --

LUTHER

We need to move fast, Honey.

Arm around Emily, Luther moves her quickly for the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE

Seething, Teal starts after him, stops when a Colt is pressed into his back.

GREENIE

I suggest you reconsider your options. Let's sit and discuss it.

Greenie moves Teal through the dancers and back to his table - - which is absent Little Riley -- sits him down.

TEAL

I won't go easy on you for this.

GREENIE

That's a relief. There's been far too much joy in my life.

Little Riley rushes up behind Greenie and clubs him over the head with a bottle. Greenie slumps onto the table. Teal grabs him by the hair and drives his face into the table twice, knocking him cold.

People SCREAM, recoil in horror at the unexpected violence. The MUSIC STOPS.

TEAL

Luther.

LITTLE RILEY

I saw the son-of-a-bitch.

As Teal and Little Riley head for the door --

TEAL

Get Ina'li.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAZA - SAME

Luther and Emily dodge through the Posada, now fully in the square, heading fast for the Hotel Coronado.

LUTHER

Who killed Ma?

Taking his arm as they walk --

EMILY

Daddy, please, let's go. Please. No more killing. Let's just go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Luther doesn't respond. Emily stops, grabs both of Luther's hands.

EMILY

Please, Daddy. No more dyin'. I
can't...I just --

Her eyes well with tears.

LUTHER

All right, Em.
(then)
But you gotta move fast, Honey.
They ain't gonna wait. Get the
things you need and get back here.

EMILY

I love you, Daddy.

She runs into the hotel. Luther goes for the horses.

ANGLE

Teal struggles through the Crowd.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Running through the Posada, Little Riley and Ina'li charge up
San Francisco Street.

THE HITCHING POST

Luther unties his Sorrel and Greenie's horse, mounts up,
heads back to the hotel. He gets to the front, when --

TEAL (O.C.)

Luther!

Teal's about ten feet away, his face twisted with hate.
Ina'li and Little Riley run up.

Seeing the three of them is too much for Luther. All his
pain and anger boil over.

With an utterly terrifying calm --

LUTHER

Which one a you killed my wife?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LITTLE RILEY

(blurts)

It was a mistake, Mister. She --

Luther draws a Lamat. BEHIND HIM, Emily rushes out of the hotel.

EMILY

Daddy, no!

LITTLE RILEY

I ain't armed --

Luther fires. Little Riley cartwheels backwards, flops on the ground, broken.

Silence.

Then Emily SCREAMS, runs to Little Riley where she's joined by Ina'li and Teal. People from the Posada hold illuminarios over his bleeding body.

LITTLE RILEY

I ain't never been baptized...an'
I'm feelin' the lack of it.

INA'LI

Don't talk, Son. Don't talk.

Emily, Ina'li and a few Men and Women from the procession lift Little Riley and start for the church. As his daughter walks away --

LUTHER

Emily!

Emily turns back, looks at her father with a coldness that sears his soul. She turns away and for the church.

TEAL

He was unarmed!

LUTHER

So was my wife. And so was
Langston.

Luther sheathes his Lamat, dismounts. The two men advance on each other. They stop a few paces apart, eyes sparking with a fury far beyond reason.

TEAL

So.

They fly into each other with a vengeance. Luther knocks Teal down, jumps on top, driving his heavy fists into him.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST. FRANCIS CHURCH - SAME

Light floods from the open Great Doors and over the Bishop who stands at the top of the steps as the Procession with its illuminarios passes him and into the church.

Emily, Ina'li and the Others carry Little Riley up the steps until --

BISHOP
(IN SPANISH)
Get away from my church.

INA'LI
(SPANISH)
This church belongs to God.

BISHOP
What do savages know of God?

EMILY
Get out of our way.

Ina'li holds up a hand staying Emily.

INA'LI
(IN LATIN)
Name those Jesus turned away,
Father. This boy wants to be
baptized and I am going to do as he
wishes.

BISHOP
(LATIN)
You have no authority to baptize.

Emily is nearly crazy with the waiting.

INA'LI
(LATIN)
I have as much as John the Baptist
did.

The Bishop stands aside. Emily, Ina'li and the Other carry Little Riley into the church.

THE PLAZA

where Teal rolls out from under Luther's assault, gets to his feet. Battered, bloody, breath coming in ragged gasps, the two men circle each other looking for an opening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TEAL

Did your daughter mention that I am
going to marry her, Luther?

A crazed growl rips from Luther's throat as he charges. Teal sidesteps, catches Luther with a haymaker.

INSIDE THE CHURCH

Emily, Ina'li and the Others are joined by Members of the Congregation as they carry Little Riley up the aisle and lay him before the altar. To the Young Padre --

INA'LI

(SPANISH)

I need Holy Water.

The Young Padre doesn't move. In ENGLISH --

BISHOP

Bring him the Holy Water.

The Young Padre hurries off. To Emily --

INA'LI

Undo his shirt.

Emily hesitates.

LITTLE RILEY

It's okay, Ma'am. I took a bath.

EMILY

Hush.

As she unbuttons Little Riley's shirt --

THE PLAZA

where Teal summons all the strength he has left to pummel Luther into the ground. Exhausted, he stands over Luther.

TEAL

And you are going to give the bride
away.

THE CHURCH

Ina'li stands over Little Riley a bowl of Holy Water in his hands. Riley's chest is bare. His wound is over his right lung. It bubbles and froths.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ina'li speaks in LATIN. His words are ECHOED by the Bishop (in LATIN).

INA'LI

(IN LATIN)

Riley I baptize thee in the name of
the Father, the Son, and the Holy
Ghost.

Ina'li kneels, dips a finger in the Holy Water draws a cross on Little Riley's forehead. Then he uses the Holy Water to cleanse the wound.

The Young Padre is shocked, but the Bishop holds up a hand.

CHANTING softly in CHEROKEE now, Ina'li takes out his leather pouch, pours some of the powder into his palm, adds Holy Water to make a paste which he applies to the wound. The bubbling stops almost immediately.

THE PLAZA

Swaying, barely able to stand, Teal looks down on Luther as he tries to get up. He can't.

LUTHER

Go ahead. Finish it.

TEAL

Oh, no, Luther. No. Killing you
would ruin the fun of having you
come after me.

Teal crosses to Luther's Sorrel with --

TEAL

You don't mind if I borrow your
horse do you? Walking is somewhat
of a chore at the moment.

Teal mounts up and rides off, trailing Greenie's horse. Luther struggles to his hands and knees, weaves to his feet.

The Plaza is mostly empty now the revelers driven away by the violence.

THE CHURCH

Little Riley is on his stomach. CHANTING, Ina'li applies the poultice of Holy Water and powder to the exit wound in Riley's back. The bleeding stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

To the Bishop, in SPANISH, re: the altar --

INA'LI
I need the cloth.

The Bishop hesitates, but nods yes. Ina'li takes the linen.

INA'LI
You must sit up now.

Emily helps Little Riley sit. Ina'li binds his chest tightly with the cloth. As he finishes --

TEAL (O.C.)
Charlotte!

INA'LI
Time to go, Riley.

EMILY
He can't --

Struggling to stand.

LITTLE RILEY
Yes he can. 'Cause I sure in hell
ain't stayin' here.

Emily and Ina'li help Little Riley to his feet. To the Bishop --

LITTLE RILEY
Obliged.

They start down the aisle.

EXT. ST. FRANCIS CHURCH - SANTA FE - SAME

Teal waits with all the horses in tow. He smiles through his bruises when he sees Emily, Ina'li and Little Riley emerge from the church.

LITTLE RILEY
Didn't think you was gonna leave
without me did ya?

TEAL
No, Son. No I didn't.

As they start down the steps for Teal --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE PLAZA

Empty. Except for Luther who staggers and stumbles to San Francisco Street where --

HE SEES

Emily, Teal, Ina'li and Little Riley on their horses. They start off.

LUTHER

A broken cry --

LUTHER

EMILY!

ANGLE

As Teal, Ina'li and Little Riley disappear into the night, Emily hears Luther's cry, rides back a bit and --

EMILY

My name is Charlotte!

And she's gone.

LUTHER

stands alone in the empty plaza, a man who has lost everything.

For now.

We PULL UP, UP, AND UP, until Luther is just a small figure dwarfed by the night.

FADE TO BLACK.