



Scripts.com

Dances with Wolves

By Michael Blake

INT. FIELD HOSPITAL TENT - DAY

A black screen.

The sound of a knife cutting through boot leather.

Fade in on the waists of two men (THE SURGEONS) hovering around a crude operating table.

In the extreme background, TWO STRETCHER BEARERS are just leaving.

SURGEON 1 (O.S.)

Is this the last one?

One of the bearers stops and looks back. His face is numb. And he nods hollowly.

We cannot see the patient stretched out on the table. But we do see that the first surgeon has succeeded in getting the man's boot off.

SURGEON 2 (O.S.)

God, what a mess... at least there's no gangrene.

SURGEON 1 (O.S.)

There will be if it doesn't come off.

SURGEON 2 (O.S.)

Well I can't see if I can't keep my eyes open. Let's coffee up... he can wait a few more minutes.

background

As the TWO SURGEONS duck through a tent flap in the

we see a mangled foot, torn by shrapnel, it oozes blood from a cut clear to the bone.

LIEUTENANT JOHN J. DUNBAR'S eyes are now open. He's a young man, his features sharp and handsome. With effort, he lifts his head and searches the room.

His eyes come to rest on the form of a legless man lying in bloodsoaked sheets. He's whimpering like a child.

Dunbar comes to a sitting position on the operating table.

crate

As his eyes move around the room they come to rest on a

filled with the boots of men who have lost their legs.

A cane travels through space and deftly hooks one of the boots.

Lieutenant Dunbar brings the boot onto the operating table.

He tries to pull it on his mangled foot, but the pain makes him cry out. Deliberately he breaks the cane and sticks a

piece of it between his teeth.

Tears of pain are rolling down his face. A sweat has broken out on his forehead and with great determination he pulls the boot on.

EXT. FIELD HOSPITAL TENT - DAY

The two weary surgeons sip on steaming mugs of coffee, their

white coats spattered with blood. Their brief respite is interrupted by the sound of a muffled scream.

Together they turn and rush back into the tent.

INT. FIELD HOSPITAL TENT - DAY

The operating table is empty save the broken cane and a

small

pool of blood. Dunbar is gone.

LEGEND: ST. DAVID'S FIELD, TENNESSEE - 1862

EXT. CIVIL WAR HILL - DAY

In a natural valley below is a peaceful field. And on

either

side of the field, seperated by a hundred yards of green, are low rock walls.

Several dairy cows are lying dead in the field.

A group of MOUNTED UNION OFFICERS, ride onto the crest of the hill and look down at the field. The distinguished man with a long grey beard is GENERAL TIDE.

EXT. CONFEDERATE WALL - DAY

Ragged CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS crouch sullenly behind one of the walls.

EXT. UNION WALL - DAY

And just behind the other wall are UNION MEN, better

equipped

perhaps, but just as weary as their enemies.

We hold on one man, an enlisted soldier, SERGEANT PEPPER. He

chances to glance behind and squints at a strange sight.

A solitary officer is standing a few feet behind him. The sun is at his back, giving him a ghostly feel. Eerily he takes a step or two forward. He's limping badly.

The sergeant recognizes him. It's Dunbar.

PEPPER

Lieutenant... izat you?

Dunbar says nothing. He just stands and stares. It unnerves the sergeant.

PEPPER

What're you doing here lieutenant?

DUNBAR

This is where I belong... this is my outfit.

The sergeant stares at Dunbar's foot.

PEPPER

You went to hospital?

DUNBAR

It was no good... what's going on here?

A ping of rifle fire flies overhead and the sergeant dives for the wall. He calls over his shoulder.

PEPPER

Better come to cover lieutenant... those boys are shooters.

Dunbar settles next to the sergeant.

PEPPER

What's goin' on here... seems to be the question alright... you could ask the major but he don't know. He's busy tryin' to figger out how come the officer's mess run outta peach ice cream...

The sergeant nods at the distant hill and Dunbar looks too.

PEPPER

General's come up to see the show but all he knows is there ain't no show...

Now he nods toward the trees behind them and the lieutenant follows. Several union men are clustered around a huge hunk of material attached to a gondola.

PEPPER

We started a balloon up but they shot her down fore she was ten feet off the ground... so nobody's made a run either way. It's been a stand-off all damn day... and now... the major, he's lookin' at the general and he's thinkin' I better do somethin', and you know what that means...

More rifle fire comes in and some of the union men answer with a few rounds of their own. The sergeant watches the confederate line across the field through a crack in the wall.

Lieutenant Dunbar is not watching the enemy. He's looking at some horses picketed in the trees behind the union lines. There's a nice bay. There's a big roan.

PEPPER

They're 'sposed to be beat up just like us but everybody knows that Tucker's men are tough as cobs. I sure don't wanna die out there with them cows.

Dunbar is still watching the horses. He's holding on a small, well-muscled buckskin standing a little apart from the others.

CISCO.

Now he moves away from the wall, heading for the horses. The sergeant squeezes off a shot. Squinting across the field,

he sees a rifle with a hat on the tip of its bayonet waving at him disrespectfully. The sergeant rolls on his side to reload. He keeps on talking to the lieutenant, but the lieutenant is gone.

PEPPER

Some of the boys are sayin' that if we ain't gonna fight we could just settle the whole business with a little high stakes poker. Wouldn't that be a sight... a bunch of fellas sittin' in the middle of this field drawin' cards...

The sergeant's chatter is interrupted by a sound... the sound of hoofbeats rushing in behind him. Men on either side are scattering, but there's no time for the sergeant. He turns to the sound and cringes against the wall as the buckskinned

belly of a horse soars over his head.

Dunbar and his horse hit the ground with a thud and dig for the confederate line.

EXT. CONFEDERATE LINE - DAY

Some of the confederate riflemen can see the wild rider headed for their lines. A sharpshooter (RAY) calls over his shoulder.

RAY

Tucker!

A man in a slouch hat crowned by a jaunty feather looks up from an impromptu meeting. TUCKER.

EXT. CIVIL WAR HILL - DAY

Like the others, General Tide is absorbed with the spectacle of a single horseman riding into the teeth of the enemy. He holds out his hand and an AIDE slips a pocket telescope into his palm. The general sights through his telescope.

AIDE

What is it sir?

Tide lowers the telescope, glances at the aide and peers back down at the field.

TIDE

Looks like a suicide.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Dunbar can see the confederate riflemen now. They're rising up behind the wall to aim and fire.

Fifty yards from the enemy line he's still unhit. He wheels the buckskin into a sharp left turn and they streak parallel to the confederate flank. The buckskin is charging hard, his

heels throwing out clumps of dirt.

The firing is tremendous. The lieutenant's hat is torn away.

A slug lifts off one of the officer's epaulettes, but still no bullet finds him.

EXT. UNION WALL - DAY

The entire union line is standing, strangely quiet in their disbelief.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

The lieutenant passes the last of the riflemen and pulls the buckskin up at the far end of the field. The little horse is pitching and rearing, ready for another run.

The lieutenant bows his head in exhaustion, but a sound

coming

across the field brings his head up quickly. A great cheer is rolling along the union line.

EXT. HILL - DAY

General Tide is furiously spurring his horse as he tears down the hill. His aides are trying desperately to keep up.

EXT. CONFEDERATE WALL - DAY

There's action along the confederate line. The men Dunbar passed are desperately trying to reload. Those at the end are jeering, taunting the lieutenant to take another pass. Tucker is moving along the line. The battle ground has suddenly taken on a festival atmosphere and Tucker doesn't like it.

CONFEDERATE

Come on you son of a bitch -- you won't make it a second time...

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

DUNBAR

Alright by me.

Dunbar gazes down along his leg. Blood is pumping from his wound.

DUNBAR

Forgive me Father.

Again he digs his heels into the buckskin's flanks and they fly down the line. The confederates are trying to reload. A few are able to get off a hasty shot, but they're all too late.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Dunbar swerves in a little closer to the wall as he

approaches

the other half of the confederate ranks. They're standing ready, like a firing squad.

Tucker has just reached the side of Ray the sharpshooter. The lieutenant shuts his eyes, lets the reins flop on the buckskin's neck and spreads his arms as they thunder toward the line of riflemen.

Ray's finger squeezes the trigger, his keen eye sights down the barrel of his gun. THUD... a rifle ball buries itself in

Ray's forehead.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

The union trooper who fired the fatal shot gets up from a kneeling position and scrambles after some of his comrades.

EXT. UNION WALL - DAY

With his aides coming behind, General Tide leaps his horse over the wall at a dead run.

The entire Union line pours after him, screaming a

thunderous

battlecry in unison. Pepper is one of the last to scurry over the wall.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

The union troops have the rebels in full flight, chasing them into the woods beyond the field.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Suddenly the field is quiet. There is rifle fire in the distance but otherwise everything is still. The field is almost empty. The three dead dairy cows are still there. And

at one end of the field is a solitary buckskin horse. His rider lies on the ground, a foot hooked in one stirrup. The sound of men's voices is coming near. Suddenly, General Tide is peering down at him. Dunbar stares back, glassy

eyed.

DUNBAR

Don't take off my foot.

General Tide stares down into Dunbar's blank face. He kneels next to the lieutenant and bends to whisper in his ear.

GENERAL TIDE

You rest easy son... you'll keep
you're foot. As God is my judge,
you'll keep it.

The general looks up at one of his aides.

GENERAL TIDE

Bring up my ambulance...

AIDE

Sir?

GENERAL TIDE

Bring up my ambulance. And bring my
surgeon with it. We've got an officer
who's worth something lying here.

The aide dashes off to do what he's told, as General Tide gently removes Dunbar's foot from the stirrup and lays it carefully on the ground. The image fades out.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

The image of a boot fades in, pull back to see that a lone rider is coming toward us. He has had a long and dusty trip.

It's Lieutenant Dunbar. He's still riding the little

buckskin.

LEGEND - FORT HAYS. KANSAS - 1863

Dunbar pulls up short. He stares thoughtfully at something

in the distance.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

The strangeness of this life cannot be measured. In trying to produce my own death, I was elevated to the status of a living hero.

Dunbar starts forward and the camera swings around to cover his back. In the distance we can see an isolated and dreary military post.

The sky is very blue. The sun is bright. A rough-hewn, unfenced fort is straight ahead.

There are several miscellaneous stone structures, a well-stocked stable, barracks, officer's quarters and in the

center

of it all, a headquarters building.

Lieutenant Dunbar, riding straight and tall on his

powerfully

built buckskin, Cisco, passes into view. He's headed for the

center of the fort.

INT. FORT HAYS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Silhouetted against the outside, Lieutenant Dunbar pauses in

the wide doorway of headquarters. We can hear the distant sounds of work and life coming from the outside but in here it's strangely quiet.

A SERGEANT sits at a desk in the foyer. Across the way, at another desk, is an enlisted CLERK. Both men glance from their paperwork at the man in the doorway. But it's only a glance and they go right on shuffling paper.

Footfalls sound in a hallway and a blue-eyed officer with slick, black hair swings into the foyer. He too has a slackness that echoes the dreariness of this post.

The blue-eyed officer, LIEUTENANT ELGIN, and Dunbar meet at the doorway. Dunbar glances down at a scrap of paper in his hand.

DUNBAR

Where can I find Major... Fambrough?

ELGIN

Turn right... all the way to the end of the hall.

Being roughly the same age and rank these two might idle awhile, but Dunbar is eager. He's already moving.

FAMBROUGH (O.S.)

Lt. John J. Dunbar.

DUNBAR

Sir?

Dunbar stops and turns, peering down the hallway. No one is there.

INT. FAMBROUGH'S OFFICE - DAY

Sitting behind the desk, holding a set of orders is MAJOR FAMBROUGH.

FAMBROUGH

Lt. John J. Dunbar.

Lt. Dunbar is standing in front of the desk.

DUNBAR

Yes sir?

FAMBROUGH

Indian fighter, huh?

DUNBAR

Excuse me?

FAMBROUGH

(indicating paper)

Your orders say you are to be posted on the frontier. The frontier is Indian country. I quickly deduced that you are an Indian fighter.

He arches an eyebrow, challenging the lieutenant. He has sad swollen eyes. He is an army lifer passed over too many times for promotion and right now does not look like a well man.

FAMBROUGH

I did not ascend to this position by being stupid.

DUNBAR

No sir.

Fambrough returns to the order. Dunbar watches him in silence.

The major's tunic is covered with food stains. Sweat has broken out all over his head. His grooming is awful. His hands are trembling slightly. Something is very wrong with him.

Now the major sees something on the official paper. He looks quickly at the lieutenant, then back at the paper, moving his lips but making no sound.

FAMBROUGH

It says here you've been decorated.

DUNBAR

Yes sir.

FAMBROUGH

And they sent you out here to be posted?

DUNBAR

Actually sir, I'm here at my own request... I want to see the frontier.

FAMBROUGH

You want to see the frontier?

DUNBAR

Yes sir... before it's gone.

The major fixes Dunbar with a sly look.

FAMBROUGH

Such a smart lad coming straight to me.

Still sly, Fambrough digs into a side drawer. There is the distinct clink of glass on glass as he rummages. Now

Fambrough

has what he wants, a blank official form. He begins to fill it out, writing in a disturbingly childish way.

FAMBROUGH

Sir Knight, I am sending you on a knight's errand. You will report to Captain Cargill at the furthest outpost of the realm... Fort Sedgewick.

He looks over his work with a schoolboy's excitement and affixes his signature with a wild flourish.

FAMBROUGH

My personal seal will assure you safe passage through many miles of wild hostile country.

He folds the order and hands it to Dunbar.

DUNBAR

I'm wondering sir, how will I be getting there?

FAMBROUGH

You think I don't know?

DUNBAR

No sir, it's just that I don't know.

FAMBROUGH

Hold your tongue.

dusty

The major turns in his chair to stare through a single, window. He can see a teamster outside, tying down canvas on a heavily-loaded wagon.

FAMBROUGH

I'm in a generous mood and will grant your boon. You see that peasant... he calls himself Timmons... he leaves this very afternoon for your Fort Sedgewick. Ride with him if you like... he knows the way. That is all.

Dunbar stands and salutes. Fambrough returns it snappily. The lieutenant starts for the door.

FAMBROUGH (O.S.)

Sir Knight...

Dunbar turns around. Fambrough is standing in front of his desk. There's a large, dark splotch on the major's trouser front.

He jams both of his hands into the front of his pants and giggles.

FAMBROUGH

I just pissed in my pants... and nobody can do anything about it.

EXT. FORT HAYS - DAY

Lieutenant Dunbar skips down the steps, picks up Cisco's reins and starts leading the buckskin along the front of the

building. He looks briefly at his orders, stops and turns back towards Fambrough's office.

And there is Fambrough with a full glass of booze in hand, toasting the young lieutenant from the window. A wide grin on his face.

EXT. FORT HAYS - DAY

A wagon is pulling slowly away from the lonely headquarters.

EXT. FORT HAYS - DAY

The insane face of Major Fambrough peeks around the corner of a building. On his head is a ridiculous, plumed hat. Now he looks both ways, as if preparing to cross a busy street. Seeing that the coast is clear, he minces into the parade ground in front of headquarters. The plume is waving in the breeze and the major carries something in each

hand...

an officer's sword and a revolver.

Except for these items, the unfortunate major is naked.
As he trots onto the parade ground, Fambrough is startled to

find that Elgin is following him. He begins to run faster.
Fambrough halts near the center of the parade ground and
turns back on the lieutenant and waves his pistol

menacingly.

FAMBROUGH

Noooo, noooo...

ELGIN

It's alright Major.

Now Elgin sees a GRIZZLED SERGEANT approaching Fambrough
from the opposite direction.

SERGEANT

Leave him alone lieutenant... he's
cracked.

Fambrough turns on the voice behind him and waves his pistol
at the sergeant.

FAMBROUGH

Nooo, nooo...

But Fambrough finds himself staring at the barrel of the
sergeant's raised pistol.

ELGIN

Don't sergeant.

In a panic Fambrough wheels back on Lieutenant Elgin.

FAMBROUGH

Are you deaf fool. I said I'll have
my crown this instant... this instant!

Slowly and kindly, Elgin is walking toward him. He holds out
his hand.

ELGIN

Let's have the pistol.

SERGEANT

(to Elgin)

Don't do it.

But the lieutenant keeps his hand held out. Fambrough eyes
him silently. Then he screws up his face like a crybaby.

FAMBROUGH

The king is dead... long live the
king.

In one swift motion, Fambrough brings the revolver up,
swallows the barrel and pulls the trigger.

EXT. WAGON - DAY

At the sound of a single shot behind him, Dunbar twists
around
on the wagon seat. Seeing nothing, he turns back to face the

front and takes stock of the driver, TIMMONS. He doesn't
like what he sees... or smells.

Timmons, is not what would be called a credit to his race.
If all teamsters were greaseballs he would be their absolute

ruler. His stink must be incredible. He leans over the side
of the wagon and hocks out a disgusting stream of spittle.
Afternoon shadows are slanting across the rolling ocean of
prairie. The wagon passes camera, headed towards an endless
expanse of prairie.

EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT

The sky is filled with stars. One suddenly catches fire and
shoots across the heavens.

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Dunbar sits at the fire watching the star burn out.

Timmons is bending over the fire. He farts, then turns to
Dunbar with a smile "good one, huh?".

He spits for good measure and for Dunbar, the moment is
broken, but not forgotten.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

Were it not for my companion I believe
I would be having the time of my
life. He is quite possibly the foulest
person I have ever met.

Looking over his shoulder at the journal, we see that this
latest entry is one of many and Dunbar is embellishing it
with a drawing of a star.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Dunbar is off the seat riding atop the mountain of supplies.

He is writing in his journal.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

We have been gone four days now and
still we have seen no signs of life.
Only earth and sky.

Dunbar stops his writing.

DUNBAR

How far do you make the fort?

TIMMONS

Far.

DUNBAR

How far?

TIMMONS

Forty or fifty miles, maybe... what's the big hurry on Sedgewick?

DUNBAR

It's going to be my post... my home.

TIMMONS

You ain't hard to please, I'll say that.

Timmons slows the wagon and stops. He has seen something.

TIMMONS

Look yonder.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

A cluster of bones bleached white, are lying in the tall grass. Human bones. Dunbar is squatting next to them.

Timmons'

head dips into view over his shoulder and the teamster's mouth splits into a toothless grin.

TIMMONS

Somebody back east is sayin'... "why don't he write?" Stupid bastard.

The teamster spits and starts for the wagon. Dunbar comes to his feet and examines the burnt out remains of a wagon.

Then,

he finds an arrow in the grassy wheel. Looking off he can only guess at the drama here. The sun is sinking fast below the great expanse of prairie.

EXT. SEDGEWICK BLUFF - DAWN

A hatless soldier in a tattered overcoat, CAPTAIN CARGILL, is on the bluff staring morosely through his telescope. One hand rubs a sore spot on his jaw. He sticks the telescope in

his overcoat pocket. He wedges a hand into his mouth and wiggles a loose tooth. He gives it a tug but it is not ready

to come out.

The breeze is coming up and Captain Cargill pulls his

overcoat

closed. As he slips his last button through the hole, it breaks off, bounces off of his foot and rolls a few feet down the bluff.

Captain Cargill watches the button forlornly, making no move to go after it. He raises his head once more and looks to the east. Nothing is out there.

EXT. SEDGEWICK CUT BANK - DAWN

Cargill is walking along the base of the cut bank. He stops, staring up at a series of holes dug into the bluff. Their entrance covered with "found" draperies of all description. He works up the courage to call out.

CARGILL

Corporal Guest... Corporal Guest...
Corporal Guest. Corporal Guest, you
don't have to talk to me... just
please come out.

At last there's some real movement behind one of the holes and CORPORAL GUEST crawls through one of the curtains. He neither salutes nor speaks. He blinks down at Cargill,

looking

more like a hobo than a soldier.

CARGILL

It's the end... assemble the men in
front of my quarters.

EXT. CARGILL'S QUARTERS - DAY

The "MEN" have lined up in front of Cargill's sad, sod hut; pitiful men. Sick, moth-eaten, crushed in spirit. There are nine of them. Just behind Cargill is a half-collapsed supply

house and a broken down corral holding two bony horses. Cargill has a brave face and a broken heart.

CARGILL

You hate me... but I feel none of
the same for you... you men stayed.
You stayed after they took all our
horses. You stayed after all the
others deserted. You stayed on the
promise that the army would resupply
us. I've looked for that wagon from
Fort Hays just as you have... day
after miserable day. All I can say
is that I'm proud of you. Get your
things men, we're leaving this place.
The army... can go to hell.

The zombie troops have already broken ranks, lurching back

to their holes and gear like a gang of drunks.
Cargill walks out of frame to reveal the broken down sign
that hangs askew above his quarters: "Fort Sedgewick."

EXT. SEDGEWICK BLUFF - DUSK

A solitary WOLF trots along the top of a bluff overlooking
the river. He has two white socks running up his front legs.

An old jagged scar cuts across his muzzle. He's watching the
ruins of Fort Sedgewick.

The little band of troops, all on foot, with their two lame
horses trailing behind are fading in the distance.

EXT. WAGON CAMP - DAWN

The wagon is parked in a shallow depression, its team
unhitched. Under the wagon the forms of two men lay curled
up in blankets.

Dunbar is sleeping peacefully, his nose pressed against a
jacket. Now his nostrils begin to twitch. His face turns
sour and he wakes to find that he's been sleeping against
the stink of Timmons. Flies buzz about the teamster's

sleeping

body.

Dunbar quickly pulls away from the bad smell. He rolls out
from under the wagon and clambers to his feet.

Lieutenant Dunbar looks out over the prairie. It's going to
be a spectacular day.

In the far distance, a column of buzzards is circling.

Dunbar

has paused to watch them. He ducks back under the wagon.

DUNBAR

Timmons... Timmons.

No response from the deep-sleeping driver. Dunbar starts to
move closer to shake him awake but the odor under there

makes

him think twice. He snatches up the arrow and probes under
the wagon.

DUNBAR

Timmons.

The teamster comes awake with a squeal, he joins Dunbar
staring up at the circling birds.

DUNBAR

Something's out there...

TIMMONS

Somethin' dead.

DUNBAR

Might have a look.

TIMMONS

Might stay clear of whatever did the
killin'.

Timmons' mood is different now. He begins to hitch the team
with a new sense of urgency.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

From a high point on the prairie we can see the wagon moving
west. And no more than half a mile away we can see Cargill's
column, moving east. Neither is aware of the other's

presence.

Several buzzards are settling on a half-butchered horse.
It's one of the animals that was with Cargill's command. We
can hear men singing. The shaky little column from Fort
Sedgewick is marching east for Fort Hays.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Dunbar is walking through a little valley of tall, rich
grass.

The wagon is nowhere in sight.

He looks back at Cisco who is also wandering by himself
searching for prime shoots.

Timmons' wagon comes into view now.

DUNBAR

How come we haven't seen any buffalo?

TIMMONS

Can't figger the stinkin' buffalo.
Sometimes you don't see 'em for days,
sometimes they're thick as curls on
a whore.

DUNBAR

What about Indians?

TIMMONS

Goddamn Indians you'd jus' as soon
not see, lessen the bastards're dead.
Nothing but thieves and beggars.

Timmons, as usual, laughs at his own imagined wit.

The wagon disappears over a ridge and again, Dunbar is
alone.

In gentle awe, he runs his palm over the top of the grass
swirling about his waist.

A meadow lark's mournful call startles him. Dunbar brings

his head up at the sound and so does Cisco.
Now there's a sudden lifting of the breeze. It sweeps
through
the valley, making the grass roll with a life of its own.
The lark's sad call and the sudden violent movement of the
wind sends a shudder through Lieutenant Dunbar. He scans the
horizon in all directions, aware all at once of his
aloneness.

He flips the reins over Cisco's neck and sticks a foot in
the stirrup.

Dunbar heads for the ridge.

EXT. BLUFF - DAY

As Dunbar comes over the hill, he sees the wagon has ground
to a stop.

The wagon has paused at the edge of a bluff. Dunbar and
Timmons are peering into the little valley below

TIMMONS

Not what you'd call a going concern.

The wagon lurches over the edge of the bluff and down. We
see the pathetic remains of Fort Sedgewick.

EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY

A full view of the deserted fort. Timmons sits on the wagon
by himself.

TIMMONS

Ain't nothin' here lieutenant.

Dunbar appears from Cargill's former quarters.

TIMMONS (O.S.)

Everybody's run off... or got kilt.

The lieutenant looks briefly at Timmons, and marches over to

the caved-in supply house. Again he ducks inside.

Dunbar emerges from the supply house and stares up at the
wagon driver.

DUNBAR

Alright...lets unload the wagon.

TIMMONS

What, and leave it all here?

DUNBAR

I'm staying too... we don't know
what's happened.

Dunbar moves around to the back of the wagon.

TIMMONS

There ain't nothin' here lieutenant.

DUNBAR

Not at the moment, no.

TIMMONS

So things bein' the way they are we
might as well turn around and get
started back.

DUNBAR

This is my post...

TIMMONS

This is my... are you crazy boy?

The lieutenant's eyes have gone absolutely black. The heel
of his hand is dropping lightly on the butt of a long

revolver

at his hip.

DUNBAR

This is my post! And these are the
post's provisions. Now get your ass
off that wagon and help me unload.

Timmons leaps down.

INT. SUPPLY HOUSE - DAY

The half-caved in supply house bulges with supplies.

INT. CARGILL'S QUARTERS - DAY

Cargill's late quarters are also filled with new goods.
There's barely enough room to reach the little bunk.

EXT. SEDGEWICK - DUSK

Timmons is atop his wagon seat, reins in hand.

TIMMONS

Well... I'll let 'em know where you
are.

DUNBAR

Good.

TIMMONS

Good luck lieutenant.

DUNBAR

Thank you.

Timmons clucks to his team and the wagon pulls out. The

light

on the prairie is fading fast.

EXT. SEDGEWICK RIVER BANK - DUSK

The wolf with two socks is patrolling along the edge of the
river.

INT. QUARTERS - NIGHT

A lamp turns up, casting a glow over Dunbar's incredibly
cramped quarters.

He adjusts the lamp and sits back on the bunk, his journal on his lap. He begins an entry.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

Have arrived to find Fort Sedgewick deserted. Am now waiting for the garrison's return or word from headquarters. Post is in exceedingly poor condition. Have decided to assign myself clean-up duty beginning tomorrow. Supplies abundant. The country is everything I dreamed it would be. There can be no place like this on earth.

Dunbar signs the entry, yawns contentedly and reaches to turn down the lamp.

A wolf howls somewhere outside. It's low at first but it keeps on building. At its height, the howl sounds as though it is coming from, something gigantic.

Dunbar is still listening after it's gone. He hears wood snap in the direction of the river then all is quiet again. Without hesitating, he slips the big revolver out of its holster and cradling it like a teddy bear, slips it under his blanket.

The light is left blazing.

EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAWN

First light over the sad fort.

INT. QUARTERS - DAWN

Dunbar is sleeping quietly. He opens his eyes and rears his head to get his bearings. Then he flops back down and shuts his eyes, hoping for more sleep.

He hears two heavy footfalls in rapid succession.

Dunbar holds his breath staring at the doorway. Quietly, he pulls his gun aiming it directly at the doorway.

Silence. Suddenly, a shadow starts across the threshold, followed quickly by Cisco's big buckskin head. The horse watches Dunbar a moment, then looks curiously around the room.

EXT. CORRAL - DAY

Dressed in pants, old boots, and a threadbare shirt, Dunbar bangs home a nail on the sagging corral gate. He tests the gate's swing and satisfied with this, he latches it leaving Cisco inside.

The lieutenant picks up a water bucket and we follow as he walks the few, quick yards it takes to reach the bank

overlooking the river.

When he sees what lies along the slope below, he stops. At this spot just below the fort, a garbage dump falls away to the stream. Old containers, sacks, rags, trash, bottles, and

a thousand other miscellaneous scraps.

Dunbar hops over the steep lip of the bank and starts down the gentle incline, eyeing the trash as he goes. Now he reaches the stream and kneels, preparing to dip the bucket. He sniffs a bad odor, looks across the stagnant stream and sees something sticking out of the water.

It's a cloven hoof. And further out, another. And part of an

antler. There are decomposed antelope corpses everywhere.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

An antelope skeleton is being pulled from the muck.

Dunbar is stripped to the waist as he drags the body through

deep water. Covering his face against the stink is a

bandana.

His pants are soaked and he's sweating hard.

At the stream's edge he heaves the antelope onto a pile holding several others. Under the bodies is a huge bed of trash which he has already collected.

The body he tosses up slips and he has to right it. Now he wades back into the river and searches the water with his hands for more.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

Dunbar fastens the last of the traces to a pile of garbage spread out on a sheet of canvas. He picks up a set of long reins, clucks to Cisco and they start up the steep bank with

the load.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

A distinct change has taken place with the water. It's running.

EXT. TRASH PILE - DAY

Oil is pouring out of a jug and onto the great heap. Dunbar empties the last of the oil and throws the empty jug onto the pile. He takes the match he's been holding between his teeth and flicks it to life with a fingernail. He flips it onto the heap.

The fire catches immediately and Dunbar has to back away a few steps as the flames send a column of thick, black smoke

into the air.

To Dunbar's horror, the smoke billows bigger and bigger... climbing into the sky as a signal for anyone to see.

DUNBAR

Damn... damn.

He stoops for his rifle and we follow as he scrambles up the

slope. The lieutenant clammers over the lip and stops to scan the horizon.

But we continue, following the black smoke as it towers

higher

and higher until it is just a wisp.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Four fantastic faces fill the screen, three together, one a little apart. They are tired, frustrated faces, and also very fierce. They are painted. Several wear their hair in spiked roaches, one has brightly-colored eagle feathers jutting out of his scalp at all angles. The FOUR WARRIORS are naked from the waist up.

They are Pawnee, the scariest of all the Plains Tribes. The man a little apart looks THE TOUGHEST. The four men are squatting on their haunches and four scrawny ponies stand behind them. All the men are staring in the same direction from a low rise on the prairie.

It's smoke, a column much smaller than Dunbar's. The smoke is drifting up from the furthest of a line of rolling

gullies.

We can see the whole Indian party now: the four men and

their

ponies, two injured men on travois and two extra ponies.

(PLEASE NOTE: ALL INDIAN DIALOGUE WILL BE IN NATIVE DIALECT AS INDICATED BY TRIBE. SUBTITLES WILL BE USED.)

THE TOUGHEST

Only a white man would make a fire for everyone to see.

1ST PAWNEE

Maybe there's more than one.

The Toughest turns back to face the others. Without another word, he jumps on his horse. Another silence as the three warriors consider what to do.

2ND PAWNEE

We have no rifles. White men are sure to have rifles.

3RD PAWNEE

We should forget this and go home.
The Toughest has listened all the while, growing more and more disgusted. He pulls the blanket from his shoulders and flings it angrily at his companions.

TOUGHEST

Then go. I for one, will not debate
the merit of a single line of smoke
in my own country.

He starts his pony walking down the rise toward the smoke.

1ST PAWNEE

(shaking his head)

He will not quit until we are all
dead.

The Third Pawnee starts after the Toughest. The other two follow.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

We're dropping down through the smoke, right down to the supper fire of Timmons the teamster. He's cooking slab bacon

in a pan. Risking the heat, he dips a finger into the pan and sucks off the grease.

There's a sudden swish of sound behind him and a

split-second

later, an arrow goes deep into the wagon driver's ass

knocking

him clear across the fire.

Timmons screams like a half-butchered hog and starts into an

odd crippled run. He clears the gully where he's been camped

and struggles up the incline.

Another swish and another scream, as another arrow catches him high on the shoulder.

Terrified with pain and fear, Timmons looks back as he scrambles up the slope.

Here comes the Toughest at a lazy gallop. He's riding only with his legs. His hands are busy with bow and arrows.

Casual

but blink quick, the Toughest snatches another arrow from the quiver at his waist, strings it and fires. This arrow catches Timmons in the gut. He falls squirming against the slope.

The Toughest is still coming, his face like granite as he fires arrow after arrow.

The three warriors who came with the Toughest have reached the wagon. Two of them are slicing away harness on the team of nice army horses. The third is rifling through Timmons' gear. This man unwittingly picks up Timmons' blanket. When he gets a whiff of its stink, the warrior flings it far out on the grass. Then he drops to one knee, scoops up some dirt

and rubs it between his soiled hands.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

A lone arrow remains in Timmons' dead body, jutting out of his privates.

Now the Pawnee warriors pass by, heading for home in no particular hurry. The Toughest passes by with Timmons' scalp

hanging from his bow. None of the men give Timmons a parting

glance.

EXT. SEDGEWICK BLUFF - DAY

We're close on Dunbar, his face is grimy with sweat and dirt.

He's working hard at something.

We pull back and see that Dunbar is half-way up the bluff, he's been filling up the pockmarks, the holes where

Cargill's

men once lived.

Exhausted, he stabs the shovel into the fresh earth and

pauses

to look over his work, all of the holes have been filled. His eyes sweep over the prairie across the river. He sees something moving, it's the wolf. Dunbar instinctively goes for his rifle.

Before he can bring it up to aim, he has second thoughts. He

lowers the gun and watches the wolf a moment longer, then walks up the hill and disappears into the sky.

EXT. SEDGEWICK BLUFF - DAY

Fingers are playing with a button. It appears to be the same

one that came off Captain Cargill's coat. Dunbar stands atop

the hill, sighting across the prairie.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

No sign of Captain Cargill's command.

I don't know what to do. Communication

can only take place if I leave and I
don't want to abandon my post.

He sticks a hand in his overcoat, pulls out a piece of dried
meat and bites off a hunk.

Dunbar starts down the hill toward the fort. He watches the
horizon as he goes.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

Made a short patrol yesterday p.m...
discovered nothing. Will go further
tomorrow.

EXT. SEDGEWICK - DUSK

His long day has drawn to a close. Dunbar sits on the stoop
of his quarters. His journal open in his lap. The sign over
the doorway has been straightened. Dunbar is staring at
something.

One hundred yards away, sitting in the grass is the outline
of a wolf.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

There is a wolf who seems intent on
the goings on here. He does not seem
inclined to be a nuisance however
and aside from Cisco has been my
only company. He has appeared each
afternoon for the past two days. He
has milky white socks on both feet.
If he comes calling tomorrow I will
name him Two Socks.

EXT. SUPPLY HOUSE - DAY

With a grunt Dunbar lugs an army saddle out of the supply
house and starts for the door. He slows to a stop and stares

down at the saddle as if in a trance. In a moment he is
tossing the saddle back where he found it.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Dunbar is leading Cisco to the top of a low hill. He glances

over his shoulder and sees that he is being followed.

The wolf with two socks stops when Dunbar looks back at him.
Dunbar watches him curiously for a moment and continues
leading Cisco up the hill. But now he's glancing regularly
over his shoulder and discovers that as he moves, so does
the wolf.

Reaching the top of the hill, Dunbar pauses. He pulls out

the pocket telescope and sweeps the prairie. There is nothing.

Now Dunbar swings onto Cisco's bare back and with a last glance back at the wolf starts down the rise and on to the open prairie at an easy canter. We follow for a little distance. Dunbar glances once more over his shoulder. The wolf is sitting on top of the hill watching. He has decided to come no further.

EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY

Considerable time has passed. Dunbar, bundled warmly against the chill of an oncoming storm, and Cisco are coming back into camp from a hunting foray. A brace of grouse is slung over Cisco's withers.

INT. QUARTERS - DAY

It's storming outside. Rain is pouring down, its patter

broken

from time to time by spectacular flashes of lightning and the boom of thunder.

But inside it's cozy. The quarters are still crowded but considerable order has been brought to bear on the place. He is just finishing up the grouse and a pile of bones sits on the table. Open at his side is his journal.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

Almost a month and no one has come. The longer this condition persists, the less inclined I am to believe that anyone will. Rain has forced me indoors for most of two days. I have begun an awning. The work has ruined my hands, but I am excited about the improvement it will bring to this place.

A great bolt of lightning strikes outside, filling the room with violent white light. Dunbar walks to the door and

tosses

out a handful of bones. Two Socks scurries to collect the bones and retreats under the shelter of a nearby tree.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

It is the loneliest of times... but I cannot say that I am unhappy.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Just as Dunbar did on his trip out with Timmons, someone is running a palm over the tips of the tall prairie grass. This

hand, however, is red.

A lone Indian is standing in the grass, his pony at his side.

He is a real Indian; tough, wild and free. He is a person of special maturity. He radiates wisdom and is a man of responsibility in his community. He is a Sioux medicine man.

He is KICKING BIRD.

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

Dunbar is squatting naked at the edge of the stream, pounding

the dirt out of his trousers on a little rock ledge. He rises,

wringing out the pants, and wades across the river.

On the opposite bank he spreads the pants on a low bush.

Then he looks along the river. For some distance every bush and shrub is draped with the lieutenant's laundry, all of it

drying in the sun.

EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY

The spectacular face of Kicking Bird is staring at something.

He's looking thoughtfully at the "new" Fort Sedgewick; the tidy grounds, the great awning, the repaired corral. The beautiful, buckskin standing inside.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Comfortable with his nakedness, Dunbar is meandering along the stream in no particular hurry. He's very white. His skin

practically sparkles in the sun.

Dunbar is making his way up the bluff. The steepest part is at the lip and here he drops to all fours.

Dunbar's face comes into view. He freezes.

Someone is creeping under the shade of the awning... an aboriginal man.

Dunbar's head pops down behind the bluff.

The lieutenant is down on his naked haunches. His heart is pounding in his ears. Sweat has broken out on his face. His mouth is dry as ash.

He's playing back images in fragments. A deerskin shirt, strands of hair sewn along each sleeve. Fringed leggins. A dark, faded breechclout. Moccasins with beading. A single,

large feather drooping behind a head of shiny, black hair. Braids wrapped in fur. A lethal stone club hanging from a red hand. No eyebrows on a magnificent, primitive face. Dunbar stays in a crouch, trying to think on jellied legs. His breathing has quickened. His mouth is open. A horses' whinny startles him. Ever so slowly, the lieutenant peers over the bluff. The aboriginal man is in the corral. He's walking slowly toward Cisco. One hand is held out reassuringly, the other is grasping a rope. He's making gentle, cooing sounds and is only a step or two from being able to loop his line over the horse's neck.

DUNBAR

You there!

Kicking Bird jumps straight into the air. As he lands he whirls to meet the voice that startled him. Dunbar is coming. His hands are clenched and his arms are swinging stiffly at his sides. Kicking Bird has turned to stone at the sight of this

horror.

With a sharp intake of breath, he staggers back a few steps. Then he turns and runs, tearing through the corral fence as if it were made of twigs. He leaps onto his horse and quierts

the pony into full gallop.

Dunbar is watching from the yard. His jaw is clenched, his hands are still fisted.

The great grassland is empty. Kicking Bird is gone.

INT. SUPPLY HOUSE - DAY

The first of three carbine boxes is lugged off the stack.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

The three boxes are stacked on the open prairie. Suddenly a shovelful of dirt flies out of an unseen spot next to the crates. Another flying shovelful. And another.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

Have made first contact with a wild Indian. One came to the fort and tried to steal my horse. Do not know how many more are in the vicinity but I am taking steps for another visitation. Am burying excess

ordnance, lest it fall into enemy hands.

The last square of sod is placed carefully on the surface of the earth. Dunbar drives a bleached rib bone into the ground at an angle just in front of his cache.

Dunbar steps back from his work. The replaced sod is invisible. The guns will not be found.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

The lieutenant sits atop Cisco scouting along the bluff. Fort Sedgewick lies in the background.

INT. QUARTERS - DAY

Dunbar's journal lies open on his bunk. We hear a digging sound in the background. The lieutenant is facing the wall of his quarters. Using a bayonet as a cutting tool, he has carved a window out of the sod. He's nearly finished and is just tidying up.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

Have made all the preparations I can think of. I cannot mount an adequate defense but will try to make a big impression when they come. Waiting.

Finished, he retreats to his bunk and sits staring across at his new window. He glances at the journal by his side and has a thought. He picks it up and starts to write.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

The man I encountered was a magnificent looking fellow.

EXT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - DAY

An old Indian man sits in the shade outside his lodge. His skin is leathery, his hair grey and wispy but his eyes are bright as diamonds. He is TEN BEARS, well past sixty, but still strong enough to be the head man. He is, for the most part, oblivious to the GRANDCHILD squirming in his lap. He's smoking a long-stemmed pipe, but the main object of his

interest is an old woman squatting next to him... PRETTY SHIELD. She's pounding away at something in a bowl.

Ten Bears looks up to notice Kicking Bird. The medicine man is passing not far away and Ten Bears' eyes follow him carefully, not glancing away until Kicking Bird has ducked into his lodge.

TEN BEARS

Kicking Bird has been keeping to himself these last few days. I do not like to see our medicine man walking so alone.

The old woman looks up from her pounding but does not respond.

TEN BEARS

What does his wife say?

PRETTY SHIELD

He is keeping to himself.

Ten Bears gives his wife a challenging look and she bristles.

PRETTY SHIELD

That's what she says.

Ten Bears accepts this. Then he looks down at the bowl.

TEN BEARS

Make sure that meat is soft... my teeth hurt.

Ten Bears looks once more at the entrance of Kicking Bird's lodge.

INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY

Kicking Bird sits next to the fire playing with his son but he is preoccupied with something.

There is a rustle of movement at the tent flap, and Ten Bears peers in.

TEN BEARS

May I come in?

The little boy races over to the old chief, Kicking Bird makes a move to pull him back, but Ten Bears indicates the boy should stay.

TEN BEARS

No, no let him sit with me.

There is silence as the two men settle themselves by the fire, the little boy content in Ten Bears' lap.

TEN BEARS

Our country seems good this summer, but I have not been out to see it.

KICKING BIRD

Yes... it is good. The grass is rich. The game is plenty and not running away.

TEN BEARS

I am glad to hear it. But the buffalo
are late. I always worry about the
bellies of our children.

A brief silence.

KICKING BIRD

I was thinking of a dance.

TEN BEARS

Yes, a dance is always a good idea.
It would be good to have a strong
sign.

Kicking Bird seems suddenly uncomfortable. The little boy
leaves.

KICKING BIRD

Yes.

TEN BEARS

There's a funny thing about signs.
They are always flying in our faces.
We know when they are bad or good
but sometimes they are strange and
there is no way to understand them.
Sometimes they make people crazy but
a smart man will take such a sign
into himself and let it run around
for two or three days. If he is still
confused he will tell somebody. He
might come to you or to me and tell
it. A smart man always does that.

Ten Bears picks up the pipe and puffs away, seemingly
without
care.

KICKING BIRD

I have seen such a sign.

TEN BEARS

Oh?

KICKING BIRD

I saw a man, a white man.

Ten Bears' eyes get big for a moment. Then he thinks.

TEN BEARS

Just one?

KICKING BIRD

Just one. He was naked.

Ten Bears thinks some more.

TEN BEARS

Are you sure it was a man?

KICKING BIRD

I saw his sex.

TEN BEARS

Did you speak to him?

KICKING BIRD

No.

Ten Bears rubs at his old eyes with both hands.

TEN BEARS

We will council on this.

EXT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - NIGHT

A teenaged boy, SMILES A LOT and his two buddies OTTER and WORM lie prone outside Ten Bears' home. They are peeking under the tipi's rolled-up sides. Their eyes are wide, for inside there's plenty to see and hear. The village's most influential warriors have squeezed into the lodge for this big and important meeting

INT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - NIGHT

The eldest and most respected men of the band, including Ten Bears, his pal STONE CALF, an influential warrior named WIND

IN HIS HAIR, and Kicking Bird are seated around the fire. Crowded around them, in a high state of excitement, are the village's leading warriors. The meeting is in progress.

KICKING BIRD

He might be a god or he might be a special chief -- that's why we are thinking of having a talk with him.

There is a little murmuring around the fire, and it goes silent. Wind In His Hair rises to speak.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

I do not care for this talk about a white man. Whatever kind of white man he is, he is not Sioux and that makes him less. We've camped here for ten days now and each day our scouts find nothing. One old bull with wolves tearing him apart, nothing more. We need meat -- not talk.

KICKING BIRD

You are right, we need meat today and tomorrow. But we must also have meat in ten years.

Kicking Bird pauses here. Everyone is listening attentively.

KICKING BIRD

But the whites are coming. Our friends the Shoshone and the Kiowa, even our enemies, agree on this -- the whites are coming. More than can be counted.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

Kicking Bird is always looking ahead and that is good. But when I hear that more whites are coming -- more than can be counted I want to laugh. We took a hundred horses from these people, there was no honor in it. They don't ride well, they don't shoot well, they're dirty. They have no women, no children. They could not even make it through one winter in our country. And these people are said to flourish? I think they will all be dead in ten years.

There is a surge of enthusiasm in the lodge and Wind In His Hair is riding the crest of it.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

I think this white man is probably lost.

This parting shot prompts a good-natured round of laughter.

KICKING BIRD

Wind In His Hair has spoken straight, his words are strong and I have heard them. It's true the whites are a poor race and it's hard to understand them. But when I see one white man alone, without fear in our country, I do not think he is lost. I think he may have medicine. I see someone who might speak for all the white people who are coming. I think this is a person with which treaties might be struck.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

This white man cannot cover our lodges, or string our bows, or feed our children. I will take some good men... there are many here tonight. We will ride to the soldier fort, we

will shoot some arrows into this white man. If he truly has medicine he will not be hurt. If he has no medicine he will be dead.

This is the best idea so far and there is much talk around the fire. They quiet down as Ten Bears prepares to speak.

TEN BEARS

It is easy to become confused by these questions. It is hard to know what to do. No man can tell another how he will be. But I know this... killing a white man is a delicate matter. If you kill one, more are sure to come. We should talk about this some more.

He drops his head, closes his eyes and starts to fall asleep.

The meeting is over.

EXT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - NIGHT

Inside the meeting is breaking up. But Smiles A Lot is no longer watching. He's lost in thought, as if he has got something on his mind.

Now he comes out of it. With a last look into the lodge, he sneaks off into the night.

EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT

Three boys Otter, Worm and their leader Smiles A Lot, are riding to the fort.

Smiles A Lot stops, just realizing that the other two have fallen behind. He rides back to investigate.

SMILES A LOT

What's the matter now?

WORM

Otter doesn't want to go.

Smiles a Lot trots his pony over to Otter.

SMILES A LOT

If we take the horse of a white god they will make up songs about us.

OTTER

Maybe.

SMILES A LOT

They will ask us to go on raids.

OTTER

Who gets the white god horse?

SMILES A LOT

I do... but we share... you and Worm
can ride him too. Who can say this
is not a great plan?

Otter and Worm have blank expressions.

INT. QUARTERS - NIGHT

Dunbar is snoring. The lantern is turned down low. A horse
whinnies loudly and Dunbar arises.

In the next instant there is a pounding of hooves and the
yelping of Indian boys.

Reeling with sleep, Dunbar is up and moving. He grabs a

rifle

and lurches for the door.

As he runs through the door he forgets to duck under the
wooden cross beam. His skull cracks resoundingly against
the overhang and Dunbar slumps onto his back... out cold.

EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT

The three boys are shrieking as they race across the prairie

with their prize. Otter has Cisco by a lead line. Smiles A
Lot gallops alongside.

SMILES A LOT

Let me take him Otter.

OTTER

I have him.

To Smiles A Lot's amazement, Otter is suddenly gone. He's
zooming backward in midair.

Otter comes to ground a few yards back, throwing up a puff
of dust. Cisco has screeched to a halt. Now he rears up,
twisting until the rope is free of Otter. Then he sticks his

tail in the air and makes tracks in the direction of the
fort. Worm chases after Cisco as Smiles A Lot sees to Otter

EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT

Smiles A Lot pulls his pony up next to Otter and peers down
at the fallen boy.

SMILES A LOT

What happened?

OTTER

I don't know. My arm doesn't work.

SMILES A LOT

You shouldn't have fallen down...
now we'll get in trouble.

OTTER

It was your idea.

SMILES A LOT

My idea was only to take the horse.
This squabble is interrupted by Worm's return. He gallops up
and jumps off his pony.

SMILES A LOT

Otter hurt himself.
Worm shakes his head in frustration. Otter grabs a handful
of dirt and flings it at Smiles A Lot and Worm.

OTTER

(to Worm)

You're not hurt... I'm hurt.

WORM

I will be when my father finds out,
his bow will be across my back.

INT. QUARTERS - DAWN

It's growing light and Dunbar is just coming to. He rolls to
one side and touches the egg that has risen on his forehead.

He hears movement in the yard and looks out.
Cisco is pawing the ground. The Indian line still around his
neck.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Dunbar is sitting naked in the shallow river below the fort.

He has worked up a good lather on his face and is shaving.
The big Navy revolver and his gunbelt are slung over his
shoulder. Dunbar glances at the far bluff.
Two Socks is sitting quietly, watching the shaving ritual
below.

The lieutenant is finishing shaving his moustache. He stares
onto the surface of the water trying to get it just right.
Once again he glances up at Two Socks.

Two Socks' attention has been diverted. He's on guard,

staring

intently across the river.

Dunbar looks quickly at the bluff nearest the fort.

Everything

is still. He looks back at Two Socks.

The wolf is gone.

The lieutenant hears something now. Hoofbeats. Hoofbeats

coming in a rush.

He bursts from the water and scrambles up the incline.

EXT. CORRAL - DAY

They're streaming past him. FIVE MOUNTED WARRIORS bunched around Cisco: raw, powerful men on painted, feathered ponies.

Wind In His Hair is one of them.

Their faces are streaked with colorful designs, their weapons

slung around the shoulders, their nearly naked bodies all sinew and bone. They are the full and breathtaking glory of war.

Dunbar is struck dumb. He stands still as the pageant passes in front of him.

The sight of Dunbar troubles Wind In His Hair, so much that he pulls up a hundred yards away. He sits a moment on his whirling pony, trying to decide if he should confront this white god.

He makes a warrior's choice. Wind In His Hair shouts to his fellows to go on and charges down the slope... straight for Dunbar.

Dunbar's eyes are fixed on the closing horseman. He can't move.

Wind In His Hair is coming flat out, his lance extended. At the last moment he pulls up so hard that the black pony skids

to a sit. The horse is up quickly and hard to manage. He pitches back and forth only a few feet in front of

Lieutenant

Dunbar.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

I am Wind In His Hair. Do you not see that I am not afraid of you?...

Do you see?

Dunbar stares expressionlessly into the Sioux's eyes. He doesn't blink.

Wind In His Hair suddenly turns his pony and whips after his comrades. A big smile breaks out across his face.

Dunbar stares after the disappearing horse and rider. He feels the weight of the gun and lets it drop to the ground. For two or three steps he staggers toward the quarters, but his legs give way and he falls face first in a dead faint.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Wind In His Hair is riding hard and happy. He really fixed that white god. But as he clears the brow of a rise, a riderless horse blows past him, running in the opposite direction.

Cisco's running back, to the fort at full speed, the lines of two ropes flying behind him.

The big warrior's smile is gone. He wheels his pony and charges over the rise, nearly colliding with another warrior

who has been in hot pursuit of Cisco. The warrior pulls up and looks helplessly at Wind In His Hair. But Wind In His Hair's attention is focused on the rest of his party. The three remaining warriors who rode with him are all on foot. One is bending over a man lying unconscious on the ground. The third is limping badly, trying to catch his horse. Wind In His Hair glances back in the direction of the fort, but the buckskin is already gone.

He starts down the incline to help his friends.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Wind In His Hair and his friends, two of them riding double,

are going slowly home when they see a COURIER coming in

their

direction. They rein in waiting for the young man cantering toward them.

He speaks directly to Wind In His Hair.

COURIER

The party that went against the Pawnee
is coming in...

Wind In His Hair says nothing.

COURIER

There are many hearts on the ground.

EXT. INDIAN CAMP - DUSK

Several travois are parked in a clearing. It's a scene of terrible woe. On the travois are dead bodies. Women members of several families are grieving as they collect the dead men.

Some are shrieking, some are crying softly, and some are beating themselves.

One group is just beginning to hoist a body off its litter when a strange looking woman appears in the clearing. She's been running. Her light, cherry-colored hair is tangled. Her face is creased with pain and disbelief as she rushes

forward, crying out in Sioux. She pushes through the other women and tackles the body, taking it to the ground. She climbs atop the dead man, cradles his head against her face and says a single word softly. It is his name and she whispers it again. Of course there is no answer. With each saying of the name she is more desperate, her voice growing louder and louder. She arches her back eerily and wails the name to the heavens before flinging herself back at the lifeless face. At last the other mourners feel compelled to drag her away. The little woman does not go easily. Her name is STANDS WITH A FIST.

EXT. SEDGEWICK - NIGHT

The lieutenant rides, a silhouette against a harvest moon.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

I realize now that I have been wrong.
All this time I have been waiting.
Waiting for what? For someone to
find me? For Indians to take my horse?
To see a buffalo?

INT. QUARTERS - NIGHT

Lieutenant Dunbar has gotten a beautiful shine out of his best boots. He's putting the finishing touches on one of the toes.

Dunbar places the boot next to its mate and turns to inspect a dress tunic laid out on the bunk. His open journal is lying next to it. He picks at little pieces of lint and brushes at the smudges.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

Since I arrived at this post I have been walking on eggs. It has become a bad habit and I am sick of it. Tomorrow morning I will ride out to the Indians. I do not know the outcome or the wisdom of this thinking. But I have become a target and a target makes a poor impression. I am through waiting.

EXT. CORRAL - DAY

The buckskin's ears are pricked and his eyes are set. Something has his complete attention.

The "something" is Lieutenant John Dunbar. He looks like a recruiting poster: full dress uniform, red sash, saber clanking at his side, hair tied in a neat pony tail, knee-length riding boots. And all of it is gleaming... from the brass buttons to the gold epaulettes to the army issue belt buckle.

The red sash flutters and Cisco shies to one side. Dunbar slaps at the sash, calms his horse and jumps on.

We stop with them at the supply house. Old Glory is standing

against one of the crumbling walls. The flag has been

affixed

to a long willow branch. Dunbar sweeps it up and sticks the staff into one of his boots.

They start off at a jog, the flag popping in the stiff

morning

breeze. Just as they are getting small in the distance, Two Socks comes into view.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Lieutenant Dunbar has ridden deep into the prairie. Watching

the sky, he takes a drink out of his canteen. The lieutenant

hears something, he turns Cisco in that direction. He

listens

harder. A weird sort of singing. Warily he goes ahead.

EXT. KNOLL - DAY

Stands With A Fist is sitting under a solitary cottonwood. Her hands are folded on her lap. A blood-stained knife is held between them. She has ritually slashed her arms. The cuts are not deep -- but all are running with blood. Blood pours from a deep cut in her thigh.

She lets her song fade to nothing and bows her head. She dabs at a large pool of blood spreading in the ground next to her thigh. Suddenly she's alert. Stands With A Fist has heard something too... a strange popping sound. She turns. The gleaming buckskin horse is standing thirty or forty feet

behind her on the top of the knoll. A white soldier is

sitting

on the horse. A white soldier with a sword, a bright uniform

and a red sash. And most amazing of all, no face.
A shift in the breeze has wrapped the popping red, white,
and blue flag around his head. One of the soldier's hands is
trying to claw it away from his face.

Dunbar pulls the flag away.

It's an Indian woman alright. But now that she is staring at

him open-mouthed and afraid, he can see that there is
something odd about her.

Too late for further study. She's risen and has taken a slow

step backward from the knoll. She's covered with blood.

Reflexively, he offers a helping hand and calls after her.

DUNBAR

Wait...

She's still backing down the hill, her steps a little faster

now. He's following her at a walk.

DUNBAR

Wait... you're hurt.

She's reached the base of the knoll and has begun to run.

Dunbar is trotting after her.

DUNBAR

Let me help you.

She's too weak to run and falls face first in the grass. She

starts to crawl.

Dunbar slips off Cisco and reaches down tentatively for her
shoulder. She screams at his touch and he pulls away. But he

follows on foot as she crawls.

DUNBAR

You're hurt... you need help.

He takes her again, this time holding her firmly. She
struggles mightily, twisting onto her back. She lashes out
at his face but he grabs her hands, holding them tight.

They're nose to nose.

STANDS WITH A FIST

Don't...

He can't believe he heard it and she can't believe she said
it.

She spits out a Stream of Sioux curses, throws her head back

and wails like a wolf. Then she passes out.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

She's lying in the same spot, still unconscious. The cuts on

her arms have been bandaged up with strips of Old Glory.

Modestly, Dunbar lifts her dress to get at the bad thigh wound. As he ties it off, the lieutenant notices how white her skin is. He runs a finger over it. She is very still and

he presses an ear to her heart. She's still breathing.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Dunbar is on Cisco. His big impression is gone. The uniform,

and his hands and face are smeared with Stands With A Fist's

blood. The girl is slung in front of him.

His arms are holding her. Her face is pressed against his chest. They've come a good distance and are approaching a smokey cloud.

EXT. PONY HERD - DAY

Smiles A Lot, Worm and Otter (who now sports a crude splint on his arm) are occupying an open space in the midst of a huge pony herd.

They should be on guard against enemies but the three boys are sitting on the ground, absorbed in a gambling game.

EXT. PONY HERD - DAY

Dunbar is skirting the edge of the herd. Leaving the horses behind him, the lieutenant makes his way up a gentle slope. A powerful vision is upon him.

Ten Bears' village is rising slowly, like a curtain going up. The smoke from many fires, the willow poles fanning against the sky, the conical houses covered with well-used hides, the horses along the river, the children, the women, the men. An ancient tableau, fully alive before his eyes.

EXT. VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Dunbar has stopped on the slope leading down to the village,

taking it all in. No one has seen him. He can hear human voices drifting up from the camp.

Stands With A Fist coughs lightly against his tunic and the lieutenant moves Cisco ahead at a walk.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

A woman and her children have come out of the breaks along the river and are marching back to the village when one of

the kids sees him. With an ear-splitting shriek, the woman grabs up her children and runs screaming for the safety of the village.

There's pandemonium amongst the lodges. Everyone seems to be running everywhere at once.

Dunbar pulls Cisco to a halt a hundred yards from the first of the conical houses and slides off, taking the girl up in his arms.

The people of Ten Bear's village, realizing now that there is only one white man and that he is carrying someone, are massing with great curiosity on the outskirts of the town. Warriors, some of them mounted, have taken the front ranks. The women and children and elderly are standing just behind. Initial panic has given way to a steady buzzing as everyone jockeys for a better look.

Still holding Stands With A Fist in his arms, Dunbar

suddenly

stops on a familiar face... Wind In His Hair.

He lifts the girl resting in his arms and holds her out... as in offering.

DUNBAR

She's hurt.

The Sioux buzz is stronger now. The mounted warriors are getting excited.

Suddenly, Wind In His Hair breaks ranks and starts for

Dunbar

at a determined walk. A nasty war club is held tightly in hand.

Dunbar stands his ground.

Wind In His Hair halts only a few steps in front of Dunbar.

He barks at the intruder as he takes another step or two.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

You are not welcome here.

Another step and he is close enough to touch the white man.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

Go away from us...

Dunbar doesn't flinch. And Wind In His Hair's harangue is definitely part bluster. He's very curious about the woman in Dunbar's arms and now he peers down at her face.

The lieutenant looks down too and in a flash she is torn out

of his grasp.

Holding her in one strong arm, Wind In His Hair backs a pace

or two and shouts once more at the lieutenant.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

Go away from us... go now.

He raises his club and shakes it at Dunbar.

Though he doesn't understand the words, Dunbar gets the message. As he goes for his horse, Wind In His Hair marches back to his people with Stands With A Fist.

There is great commotion as the crowd surges in around Wind In His Hair.

With a look of profound disappointment, Dunbar walks away on

Cisco.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Otter, Worm and Smiles A Lot are riding in, drawn by the ruckus in the village. They see the white soldier on his horse leaving the camp. They see the tumult in the village and realize they are in trouble, again.

Some of the young, mounted warriors are shouting taunts at the departing soldier, calling for him to come back and

fight.

They seem set to take out after him when Kicking Bird

suddenly

appears in front of their ponies.

KICKING BIRD

The soldier did not come to fight --
he is going away and we will let
him.

No one is going to argue with one of the band's leading men.

The young warriors shout a few more taunts and turn away. The medicine man glances after the boys who just came in. Each boy, confronted now by an angry father or uncle, is being jerked off his pony. There's going to be discipline. Kicking Bird looks back at the lieutenant.

Dunbar's head is down and his shoulders are slumped. It is a

sight that makes the wheels in Kicking Bird's head turn.

INT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - NIGHT

Another council is in progress. As before, the leading men are seated around Ten Bears' fire while the other warriors stand packed in the shadows. Wind In His Hair is seated

close

to the elders.

TEN BEARS

I am in agreement with Kicking Bird.
We will go down and talk to the white
man and find out what kind of white
man he is.

Wind In His Hair jumps into the conversation.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

If this council decides to talk with
the man at the soldier fort then it
will be so. But in my mind it is not
right that a Sioux chief, a chief as
great as Ten Bears, goes to ask the
business of a puny, trespassing white
man... a white soldier who has only
a smart horse and a few white man
clothes.

There are many yeses in response to this. As is his custom,
Ten Bears lets the outburst subside, seeming unruffled all
the while. Casually, he pops a piece of meat into his mouth
and begins to chew.

TEN BEARS

I will not go... you will go... you
and Kicking Bird. That is all I have
to say.

EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY

Dunbar is sitting cross-legged in the grass. His mouth is
occupied with chewing. In one hand is a knife, in the other
is a chunk of slab bacon. He saws off a slice and extends
it, waiting patiently.

The wolf is sitting only a few feet away. He wants the
offered

meat but cannot bring himself to eat from a human hand.
Finally, Dunbar flips the bacon into the grass and Two Socks

pounces on it. He takes his prize toward the river and out
of view.

Dunbar starts for his quarters. He stops. The hair on the
back of his neck is standing straight up.

EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY

Six Sioux warriors, THE ESCORT, are sitting atop their
ponies

high on the ridge.

Dunbar buttons his tunic and casts a quick, backward glance
at the quarters. A rifle is standing near the door.

bearings

Dunbar decides not to go after it. He straightens his
and he watches the approaching riders. It's only two -- Wind
In His Hair and Kicking Bird. The lieutenant bows at the
waist.

DUNBAR

Welcome...

(gesturing at them)

Come... please... sit down.

The two men slide off their ponies. Dunbar throws an
unreturned wave to the escort warriors.
There is a moment or two of silence.

DUNBAR

Would you like some coffee? Coffee?

There is no response.

DUNBAR

I'll get some cups.

Dunbar disappears inside his quarters.

EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY

Wind In His Hair and Kicking Bird are sitting comfortably
under the awning, each holding steaming army-issue cups.
They are staring straight ahead with a curious expression.
Dunbar is turning a handle on a machine. It is a coffee
grinder.

The last of the beans goes down and Dunbar pauses for

dramatic

effect. Then he pulls out the drawer containing the fresh
grounds and passes it to the medicine man. Kicking Bird and
Wind In His Hair both sniff the contents.
Dunbar gestures at their still full mugs -- neither one of
them has taken a drink.

DUNBAR

Is the coffee not good? Too strong
maybe? Here...

Dunbar reaches for a sack by the fire. Holding it in front
of him, Dunbar suggests that Wind In His Hair put some of
its contents into his mug.

Wind In His Hair finally does, but his blank expression
indicates that he doesn't know what difference this could
make.

Dunbar takes a lick at his fingers, suggesting that Wind In
His Hair should do the same. A smile creeps over his face as

the universal appeal of sugar is taking hold. Wind In His Hair has licked every bit off each finger.

DUNBAR

(to Kicking Bird)

Do you want some?

Wind In His Hair doesn't wait for Kicking Bird's answer. He reaches over and dumps a good amount in Kicking Bird's cup, adding some more to his own for good measure.

DUNBAR

So what are you guys doing? Looking for buffalo?

There is no response. Wind In His Hair's attention is now on Cisco.

DUNBAR

He's a good one... good horse. My horse.

Wind In His Hair's interest borders on rude. Prompted by a light tap on his leg from Kicking Bird, Wind In His Hair turns his attention back to Dunbar.

DUNBAR

Good horse.

No argument from Wind In His Hair.

DUNBAR

My horse. You see any buffalo?

Kicking Bird and Wind In His Hair are baffled.

The lieutenant is trying to jam a wadded blanket under the back of his tunic.

DUNBAR

Wait just a bit.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

(to Kicking Bird)

His mind is gone.

Kicking Bird doesn't respond. He's still intent on the lieutenant. In wedging the blanket under his tunic, Dunbar has become a hunchback. He bends over in a weird attitude, and with a finger peeking over each side of his head, he begins a bizarre display of dancing, punctuated with snorts and bellows.

KICKING BIRD

Buffalo.

DUNBAR

(incorrectly in Sioux)

Buffalo?

KICKING BIRD

(slowly)

Buffalo.

DUNBAR

(getting it right)

Buffalo.

Kicking Bird nods his assent and Dunbar flashes a pleased smile.

DUNBAR

Buffalo.

EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY

Dunbar is watching Kicking Bird and Wind In His Hair walk their horses up the ridge to meet the waiting escort. Each horse has a gift of coffee and sugar slung over its withers.

Occasionally, Wind In His Hair dips a hand into one of the bags and carefully licks each finger.

Dunbar waves up at them but there is no response.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

The sugar didn't figure to last at that rate any way. I don't believe I'd go too far in saying that a foundation for good relations is being laid.

DISSOLVE INTO:

EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY

DUNBAR (V.O.)

They have come again, as always the same two with an escort of six.

Dunbar is standing in the same spot, it is a new day

Leaving their ever present escort behind, Kicking Bird and Wind In His Hair ride into the fort.

Kicking Bird's pony is carrying something large and bulky on

his withers. A buffalo robe. Dunbar walks up to greet them.

Kicking Bird returns the welcome and signs to him as he speaks.

KICKING BIRD

Have you seen any buffalo?

Dunbar can only shake his head no.

Kicking Bird accepts this and dismounts.

Dunbar throws his customary wave but the escort remains noncommittal.

EXT. HILL - DUSK

Dunbar is lying on his buffalo robe, his hand runs against the grain of the thick fur. He begins writing in his journal.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

I believe I am dealing with Kiowa Indians as I have heard that word on several occasions.

He rolls on his back, and lays aside the journal, practicing the hand signals.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

I am learning the Kiowa words for head, hand, horse, fire, coffee, buffalo, hello and goodbye.

EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY

It's raining. High on a hill, the Indian escort waits stoically, horses heads bowed in the drizzle. On the

haunches

of one of the ponies is a single deer.

Down below, Wind In His Hair and Kicking Bird are still mounted and converse with Dunbar using sign talk.

DUNBAR

No, I haven't seen any buffalo. Are you hungry? I have food... are you hungry?

Dunbar suggests they take some of his supplies but Kicking Bird will not stand for this. He waves Dunbar off. The three

men say their goodbyes, and Dunbar as usual throws a wave to

the six men on the hill.

Unexpectedly, one of them returns it and the other five

react

with surprise.

ESCORT 1

He waved.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

Nothing I have been told about these people is correct. They are not beggars and thieves. They are not the bogeymen they have been made out to be.

Kicking Bird and Wind In His Hair disappear over the hill, followed by their escort.

Lightning bursts far out on the prairie.

INT. QUARTERS - NIGHT

Dunbar huddles beneath the warmth of his buffalo robe. He is finishing up the second of two drawings. It is a portrait of

Wind In His Hair, he carefully titles it "The Fierce One." He has already completed a likeness of Kicking Bird and underneath it the words "The Quiet One."

EXT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY

Several children are playing close-by as Stands With A Fist works over a staked-out hide, scraping away the excess

flesh.

Though her arms are lined with scabs her work is methodical and unforced. She seems recovered.

KICKING BIRD (O.S.)

Stands With A Fist.

She looks up to see the medicine man looming over her.

KICKING BIRD

We will talk awhile.

INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY

Except for Kicking Bird and Stands With A Fist, the tipi is empty. They are just seating themselves at the firepit in the center of the lodge. A brief silence, during which

Kicking

Bird studies the girl with the bowed head.

KICKING BIRD

Your wounds are healing well?

STANDS WITH A FIST

Yes.

KICKING BIRD

You are happy here, with my family?

STANDS WITH A FIST

I am glad to be here. I am missing my husband.

KICKING BIRD

Perhaps you will marry again when the time is right.

STANDS WITH A FIST

Perhaps.

Kicking Bird is leading up to something and Stands With A Fist fears it. She keeps her head bowed.

KICKING BIRD

We have word from many places that

the whites are...

Kicking Bird stops himself, he knows this must be hard. She brings her green eyes to bear on the medicine man, waiting to hear more.

KICKING BIRD

They are coming into everyone's country. They will soon be in ours I think. This white man who lives at the old soldier fort, the one who calls himself loo ten tant... I have visited him and I believe his heart is a good one. He knows things about the whites which we do not.

He pauses letting this sink in.

STANDS WITH A FIST

I am afraid of the man at the fort.

KICKING BIRD

He is only one man.

STANDS WITH A FIST

I am afraid that he will tell some whites that I am here. I am afraid that they will try to take me away.

KICKING BIRD

Every warrior in camp would fight them if they tried.

She is not much reassured by this. In the way of a defeatist

she lowers her eyes once more.

KICKING BIRD

I cannot make the white man talk.
Loo ten tant does not know Sioux.

Kicking Bird waits. Still she does not raise her head.

KICKING BIRD

You have a certain medicine which no other Sioux -- man or woman -- has.

STANDS WITH A FIST

It has been a long time since I made the talk.

KICKING BIRD

I do not ask this for myself... I ask this for all our people.

STANDS WITH A FIST

It's dead in me.

KICKING BIRD

I want you to try and remember the
the word.

STANDS WITH A FIST

I don't know how.

KICKING BIRD

You don't want to know.

This outburst shocks Stands With A Fist, she runs out of the
lodge.

EXT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY

Stands With A Fist rushes past BLACK SHAWL, her face covered
with tears. Now Kicking Bird comes out. Black Shawl looks at
Kicking Bird, his face is not happy.

BLACK SHAWL

Will she make the white words?

KICKING BIRD

Perhaps I am asking too much.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Stands With A Fist is tearing through the thick willows
growing alongside the river. She's crying her heart out.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

The big cry is over, but Stands With A Fist is still

sniffling

as she emerges on a little patch of beach-next to the river.

She sits herself down under a cottonwood and looks hollowly
at the surface of the water in front of her.

Somewhere in the distance is the sound of many drums, with a
sigh she drops her head.

Then, as if shocked by some unseen force, her eyes spring
open. Wide and unblinking, her eyes stare deeply into space.
Someone is calling. The voice is so faint at first that the
word can't be heard. But the calling grows and suddenly the
word is upon her.

VOICE

Christine...

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A little girl of seven, CHRISTINE, is lying in the grass of
a sod roof. Next to her is ten year-old WILLIE. They are
planning their wedding and staring up at the sky.
Like many youngsters she's not eager to heed the persistent

call of her mother.

MOTHER (O.S.)

Christine... where are you?

Reluctantly, the little girl gets up and looks over the edge of the roof to see her mother holding yet another child. She seems anxious.

CHRISTINE

I'm right here mother...

MOTHER

Get inside both of you.

CHRISTINE

Why?

MOTHER

Just do what I... oh God! Stay where you are. Keep down do you hear me?

FOUR PAWNEE are riding up in the background. TWO MEN are moving out to meet them.

CHRISTINE

Who is it Willie?

Willie is peeking over the edge of the roof. An old muzzle-loading rifle is by his side. He whispers to her.

WILLIE

They look like Pawnee... my father and your father are talking to them.

Down in the yard, out beyond a rough table set with the leavings of a Sunday dinner, two white men on foot are

talking

to the four mounted Pawnee warriors.

It's an argument. As a baby cries somewhere inside the house

the two white men sign the Indians to go away. The Pawnee make no move to go however, and with their patience at an end, the two white men turn back to the house.

One of the warriors brings his hatchet down and nails a

white

man between the shoulder blades. The injured man grunts and hops sideways. The other runs for the house but is cut down by arrows.

Women begin to scream.

Willie is scooting down the roof, his face white with fear.

WILLIE

Run Christine...

CHRISTINE

Why?

WILLIE

Just run!

He gives her a hard shove which sends her rolling down the roof.

WILLIE

Run!

Christine runs past the point where the roof meets the hillside and down into the draw. She's running toward us. In

natural

the background we can see Willie on the edge of the roof, aiming his squirrel gun into the yard. He fires once, then grasping the gun like a club, he leaps off the roof and disappears.

Christine never looks back. She runs up the draw as fast as her skinny young legs can carry her.

EXT. HOLE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The moon is up. Christine is feebly clawing at the ground, trying to pry herself out of a tiny hole. She gives up.

Then,

from the burrow's dark entrance comes the thin, cracking voice of a little girl.

CHRISTINE

Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray
the lord my soul to keep. If I die
before I wake, I pray the lord my
soul to take.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Stands With A Fist is still in shock. The drumming in the village is very loud now. She rises unsteadily to her feet and starts back to camp.

EXT. SEDGEWICK - NIGHT

The moon is full. As we look down on the fort we can hear a new sound coming off the prairie. A light rumbling.

INT. QUARTERS - NIGHT

Lieutenant Dunbar is asleep in the moonlight. The rumbling is getting louder. It wakes him. He gropes about, lights the

lantern and listens to the strange, powerful sound.

Something's in the air. He holds the lantern toward the ceiling. Particles of dirt and dust are being shaken from the roof. It's the earth that's trembling.

EXT. SEDGEWICK - NIGHT

Dressed in only pants and boots, Dunbar walks along the bluff

above the river, his lantern held out in front of him. The sound is tremendous now. Dunbar stops as a great wall of dust rises before him.

At the same time, he realizes something is alive behind the wall of dust, he recognizes the sound... the sound of thousands of hoofbeats.

He sees one veer out. And now another. And another, darting briefly from the great cloud of dust. The most powerful

force on the prairie now seems like the most powerful force on earth as it thunders by.

The buffalo.

EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT

Dunbar and Cisco are running flat out in the moonlight.

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - NIGHT

The village is coming up. A great fire is blazing at the far

end. Horse and rider speed past the first lodge.

It's an important mission for the lieutenant. As he gallops through the village, he says one word over and over, trying to remember the correct pronunciation. It's the Sioux word for buffalo.

EXT. FIRE - NIGHT

Everyone has gathered around the great blaze. In the center of the circle close to the fire, the buffalo men are

dancing.

Others are dancing too. The music is very loud.

The little buckskin is out of his head with speed. He

doesn't

answer the bit when Dunbar first tries to pull him up.

People scatter in all directions, as Dunbar and Cisco charge

into their midst.

Dunbar pulls back with all his might, and the buckskin sits down. He's wet from his long ride, and Dunbar can't stay on his back. As Cisco rears, he slides off and tumbles onto his

back.

Angry warriors pile on top of him. Dunbar shouts out the word for buffalo, yelling it over and over as the warriors pummel him.

So many men have rushed into the fray that none can deal the lieutenant a decisive blow. They roll about in the dust. Just as Dunbar's cries have begun to lose their strength, he feels a sudden lessening of the weight upon him. As the men pile off, Dunbar is left flat on his back. His lip is split and blood is streaming from his nose. He's looking into a familiar face. The man's head is covered with the full skin and feathers of an eagle. Kicking Bird.

DUNBAR

Buffalo...

Kicking Bird doesn't understand or can't hear. He brings his face close to Dunbar's.

DUNBAR

Buffalo...

(making horns with
his fingers)

Buffalo.

KICKING BIRD

Buffalo?

DUNBAR

Yes. Buffalo.

Kicking Bird raises up and yells it out to his people.

KICKING BIRD

The buffalo have come.

For a fleeting moment there is shocked silence. Then the Sioux explode with excitement.

Still dazed, Dunbar is pulled to his feet. The people are surging in around him with yelps of joy.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

A wide stretch of prairie, falling away to nothing.

The buffalo have left a trail in the form of a tremendous swath of torn-up ground, several hundred yards from side to side.

Indians on horseback move into the picture.

Most of Ten Bears' camp is moving out in a long, noisy

column.

Spirits are high. First come the lead scouts, followed by Ten Bears and his advisors, Kicking Bird and Wind In His Hair among them. A large body of warriors come next. Behind these men are the women, children and elderly. Dunbar is

riding at the head of the last group.

The attitudes of the people have changed significantly.

People

who catch his eye are openly smiling at the lieutenant.

An old woman comes alongside and offers him a piece of dried

meat, patting his hand as he takes it.

Here comes Smiles A Lot, Worm and Otter, all on ponies, galloping up beside him. They want to play.

SMILES A LOT

Loo ten tant...

He motions for Dunbar to break ranks and while the

lieutenant

is puzzling this out, a chorus of cries comes from the column's front.

Three far-ranging scouts are coming in at a run.

EXT. COLUMN - DAY

report.

The scouts pull up in front of Ten Bears to make their

important

There's no way to know what's going on but something

is happening.

Wind In His Hair suddenly breaks ranks and rides back to the

shirts

main body of warriors. A dozen warriors strip off their

and leggings. They're ready in moments. Then, with Wind In His Hair leading them, the party breaks away from the column

and rides east at a gallop.

The column resumes its southward march.

EXT. COLUMN - DAY

The day has grown hot as the column continues its march through changing terrain.

Dunbar is suffering some. The heat and dust are monstrous.

At the moment however, he's most concerned with Stands With A Fist. She's riding closeby and he watches her with

interest.

It's easier to see now that she was once white.

Suddenly she looks in his direction. The lieutenant quickly tips his hat, but she turns her shy eyes away before he has finished the motion.

Kicking Bird is riding down the line. The medicine man gestures Dunbar forward and the lieutenant guides Cisco out

of line.

Through her tangled hair, Stands With A Fist watches the soldier and the medicine man ride up the line.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Dunbar and Kicking Bird are riding together at the flank of Ten Bears' entourage.

Far in the distance, the lieutenant sees something strange on the prairie... pink bumps are dotting the landscape up ahead. And black specks are moving about on the bumps.

EXT. KILLING GROUND - DAY

Beneath droves of scavenging black birds lies the body of a buffalo. His hide has been peeled off and his tongue has been cut out. The rest of his body has been left to rot in the sun.

The column, so noisy and happy before, winds its way through

the killing ground in silence. There must be twenty-five buffalo like the one we saw close up, all of them stripped and rotting.

Dunbar looks queasy. The lieutenant glances at the medicine man riding next to him. Kicking Bird looks sick too. Dunbar looks away. The entire column is stretched along the killing

ground, looking.

A naked cow, covered with birds, lies on her side. Her new born calf, doomed to death, cries for his dead mother. And next to the calf, Dunbar sees something else. He sees wagon tracks and the booted footprints of white men.

EXT. KILLING GROUND - DAY

The column is clear of the killing ground and heading deeper

into the prairie. They have left everything untouched.

EXT. TEMPORARY CAMP - DAY

While Kicking Bird's lodge rises behind her, Stands With A Fist digs out a firepit. She looks up from her work.

Watching bashfully from several yards away is Lieutenant Dunbar. Now that she has seen him he starts forward, perhaps

to try some more talk.

KICKING BIRD (O.S.)

Loo ten tant...

Dunbar turns to find Kicking Bird sitting on a pony just behind him. Two dozen mounted BUFFALO SCOUTS are gathered around him. Kicking Bird points at Cisco, indicating that

Dunbar should join them.

Tipping his hat to Stands With A Fist, Dunbar hustles away to his horse.

Stands With A Fist faces the pit she's digging, not

bothering

to look up as hoofbeats drum their way out of the temporary camp. She seems to have lost herself in her own hands... the

hands that are digging out the soft prairie earth.

There is crying but when Stands With A Fist looks up there is just one of Kicking Bird's children standing there

smiling

at her. She goes back to her digging.

INT. HOLE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The first light streaks through the burrow entrance.

Christine is exerting herself mightily in an effort to move.

But she can't and again she begins to cry.

More sounds from down below in the canyon. Hoofbeats. And a whinny or two. No way to tell whether this is friend or foe.

But she can't stay in the burrow.

CHRISTINE

Help...

She listens. The hoofbeats are gone.

CHRISTINE

(louder)

Help me...

(screaming)

Please... I need to get out.

Someone is coming up the slope.

A moment later, hands are clawing at the walls of the burrow

and she is looking into three, surprised Sioux faces. The face in the center is recognizable. A YOUNGER KICKING BIRD.

EXT. BUFFALO DRAW - DUSK

Two dozen riderless Indian ponies are tethered at the base of the draw.

EXT. BUFFALO DRAW - DUSK

With Kicking Bird and the other buffalo scouts, Lieutenant Dunbar is sneaking up one side of the draw. They all reach the summit together and peer over.

They are there by the thousands, grazing quietly in the twilight. The buffalo.

EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT

The buffalo scouts, Dunbar included, are galloping back to the temporary camp. It looms ahead of them, the hide-covered

lodges glowing like candles in the last light of day. A big fire is blazing in the center of camp.

Dunbar hangs back as the other riders go into the noisy camp.

A special event of some kind is taking place. As he looks this scene over, Dunbar sees something remarkable.

Back in the shadows, behind the fire, is a wagon.

Dunbar and Cisco pace back and forth on the fringes of the camp. The lieutenant searches for any sign of the white

people

who came in the wagon, but finding none, he focuses on the dancers moving in a circle around the big fire.

One of the men waving his lance is Wind In His Hair.

Dunbar's

eyes track up the lance and there he finds the white people.

Hanging from Wind In His Hair's lance tip is a fresh scalp, blonde and wavy. Several of the other men have scalps too. None of the hair is Indian.

Dunbar can see into the wagonbed now. A couple of dozen fresh

buffalo hides are stacked in the wagonbed. It's all come clear. The white men who killed the buffalo for hides and tongues have themselves been killed.

Dunbar slowly retreats into the shadows.

EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT

Cisco has been hobbled nearby, and with the temporary camp glowing on the plains a half-mile away, Dunbar spreads his blanket on the open plain.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAWN

A huddled body lies covered by the army issue blanket. A moccasined foot comes into view and prods the blanketed shape.

Lieutenant Dunbar's waking face pops out of the blanket. Standing over him is Wind In His Hair, stripped of all but his breechclout. The barrel of his rifle is hanging

downward,

swaying in front of the lieutenant's face.

It is occurring to the lieutenant that his time may have run

out.

sights The warrior swings his rifle into a shooting position,

after some imaginary game and imitates the rifle's recoil. He stares down at Dunbar with a smile, lifts his rifle overhead and barks out a cry of victory.

EXT. TEMPORARY CAMP - DAY

The band's best hunters, two dozen of them, are making ready to chase the buffalo. It's the big time, no event is more important. The villagers -- mostly women, children, and elderly -- have gathered around each of the hunters. The largest audience has gathered around Lieutenant Dunbar and Wind In His Hair. Wind In His Hair's pony is ready.

Great

bolts of yellow lightning adorn his shoulders and rump.

Right

now the warrior is drawing the same design along Cisco's rump.

Dunbar reads this correctly as a great honor and stands by silently. Wind In His Hair is finished. He looks at Dunbar and nods at the paint as if asking for a response.

DUNBAR

I wish I knew what to say.

A Sioux voice, using english words, sails out of the circle of watchers.

STANDS WITH A FIST

Say... thank you.

Startled the men turn to the sound. The other Sioux are stunned too.

STANDS WITH A FIST

(indicating the paint)

His speed... his power... you have.

DUNBAR

Thank you.

crisply. He takes the warrior's hand in his own and shakes it

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

It's the first time we've seen the buffalo up close. They're fantastic creatures, powerful, brutish, untameable animals from another age. A great bull turns away from the others and lifts his purple, horned head to sniff the breeze. He can detect no sign of trouble and eventually returns to his

browsing.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

The hunters are advancing across the prairie, spreading out in a formation that will encircle part of the herd.

The lightning bolts on Wind In His Hair's pony are in motion.

Cisco's bolts are moving too.

There's a lump in Dunbar's throat. He knows nothing of what is expected of him but he's doing it anyway. He glances to

--

his right at Wind In His Hair and to his left at Kicking Bird. They're both concentrated on what lies ahead.

From the corner of his eye, he sees Kicking Bird look back. The lieutenant looks too.

It's a minor flap. Three or four youngsters, eager to distinguish themselves have trailed too close to the hunters

and are being turned back. Dunbar recognizes one of them as the boy who took charge of Cisco at the village... Smiles A Lot.

Like Kicking Bird, Dunbar swings his face back to the front.

They're close enough now to hear the low bellowing of the herd.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

A strike far up on the horned formation. Their ponies leap forward. The mad dash is on.

Dunbar's hat flies off at first spurt and now the lieutenant

and his horse are hurling over the prairie. The little buckskin seems to know what is expected of him and has put every ounce of his muscle to speed. They're burning up the ground.

When Dunbar looks back over his shoulder, he's shocked to find that the best buffalo ponies the Sioux's have are far behind. He and Cisco are on their own.

The herd is in full flight and the sound of their stampede is overwhelming. The buffalo are very fast but Cisco is gaining with every stride. They've formed a great running wall in front of him and now Dunbar can see their rumps and tails and flying hooves.

Dunbar takes a solid grip on his rifle and shuts his eyes as

if in prayer. The sound of thousands of hooves is deafening.

Dunbar and Cisco have caught the buffalo. A few more strides and they'll be in.

Dunbar and Cisco are running with the buffalo. A shaggy head moves in and swipes at Cisco, but the little horse is too quick and too smart. He dodges away, nearly dumping the lieutenant in the process.

Dunbar rights himself and fires. It's a wild shot, only grazing the buffalo's shoulder. The report of the gun instantly scatters the herd and Dunbar pulls up, dust

swirling

all around him.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Sioux hunters stream past him, every man for himself zeroing in on targets.

Dunbar starts to dismount but something he sees stops him. A hundred yards away a small hunter is after a handful of buffalo who have splintered off from the rest. It's Smiles A

Lot, trying to make a kill of his own. As Dunbar watches, the boy's inexperienced horse shies away and bucks, pitching the kid to the ground.

A big bull breaks away from the splinter group, lowers his head and charges.

Dunbar kicks Cisco into a run, spits a spare bullet from his mouth and rams it into the chamber.

Smiles A Lot is picking himself off the ground. The bull is in full charge.

Dunbar is riding with his knees. Both hands are holding the rifle. He'll never make it to the boy in time. He's got to make the shot. He squeezes the trigger.

The bullet plows home, exploding the bull's heart. The big buffalo's legs collapse but the momentum of his charge puts him into a skid. He comes to rest only a few yards away from

Smiles A Lot.

The boy stands as the lieutenant rides up. Smiles A Lot is dazed but he's okay.

Dunbar hops off next to the dead buffalo. He's a huge one, a

real grandfather and the lieutenant loses himself for a few moments in contemplation of this tremendous kill. Now he looks back to check the boy.

Smiles A Lot has caught his pony and is racing away from the scene of his humiliation.

The sounds of approaching riders turns Dunbar's attention in a different direction.

The entire village is streaming onto the plains for the butchering.

The riders bearing down on him are being lead by Wind In His Hair.

Wind In His Hair jumps off his pony and, smiling broadly, slaps Dunbar's back with a good-natured blow of congratulations.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

kneeling

The buffalo has been split open and Wind In His Hair,

finds

at the bull's side, is feeling around in the cavity. He

what he's looking for and gives it a jerk.

It's the liver, still warm and steaming. He offers it to Dunbar but the lieutenant, not having the faintest idea, only looks at it blankly.

A sizable crowd has gathered to watch this ritual.

Wind In His Hair sticks the fresh liver in his mouth and happily bites off a chunk, letting the juices run from the edges of his mouth. Now he figures the lieutenant knows what

to do, and hands the liver back to him.

Dunbar doesn't want to do this, but with the pressure of so many eyes and so much good will, he has little choice.

Tentatively, he bites off a small piece and chews it thoughtfully. It's good.

bite.

Encouraged by this good taste, Dunbar takes a man-sized

Shrill Sioux voices rise all around him as they cheer the lieutenant. Dunbar holds the liver triumphantly over his head.

EXT. KILLING GROUND - DAY

buffalo.

Little butchering parties cluster around each fallen

EXT. TEMPORARY CAMP - NIGHT

Flame begins to lick at each of the bodies and we match dissolve -- the clusters of people have become groups surrounding fires at the temporary camp.

EXT. FEASTING FIRE - NIGHT

All over camp people are crowding around fires, feasting on fresh meat. Children are playing everywhere, the dogs are having a field day with scraps and the voices of the people are happy.

At a little distance, we see Lieutenant Dunbar and Wind In His Hair excusing themselves from one of the fires. They start toward us. Wind In His Hair is sucking on a rib bone and seems to show no sign of slowing down his celebrating. Dunbar, following a couple paces behind, is a different

story.

He's had it. He spreads his hands to indicate an over-sized belly.

DUNBAR

Look I'm full... I can't tell the story again.

Wind In His Hair doesn't seem to hear. He points at the epaulettes on Dunbar's tunic.

DUNBAR

Go ahead.

Wind In His Hair reaches out and fingers the gold

lieutenant's

bars. He fingers a couple of the brass buttons as well. The tunic is something he obviously puts much store in.

DUNBAR

(signing)

You want to try... put it on.

He unbuttons the tunic.

DUNBAR

Here.

He sloughs off the tunic and hands it over. Wind In His Hair

slips out of the magnificent bone-pipe breastplate he's wearing and gives it to Dunbar as he wriggles into the

tunic.

The fit is too tight, the material too scratchy but those things are of little consequence to Wind In His Hair. He loves the tunic.

With urging signs he asks the lieutenant to put on the breastplate. Dunbar slips it over his head and Wind In His

Hair helps him with the ties.
Now it's the lieutenant's turn to be amazed. The breastplate
as craftsmanship at its finest. He runs his fingers over the
ridges of bone now covering him from neck to waist. He looks
up at Wind In His Hair.
The warrior nods approvingly, as though a good deal has been
struck.

DUNBAR

This is too much... I can't take
this...

But for Wind In His Hair it is already a trade.
Wind In His Hair spots the next fireside and veers toward
it. Dunbar holds him back.

DUNBAR

I can't... No more...

Wind In His Hair grins. He holds up a single finger.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

One more... eat...

DUNBAR

I can't, I'm full... very full...

Still holding up the finger, he guides Dunbar into the
firelight of the next party.

Immediately, men jump up to greet the celebrities. Women
begin to saw off more meat.

EXT. FEASTING FIRE - NIGHT

As Dunbar gnaws on a rib, he glances at the friendly faces
around the fire. His eyes suddenly stop their roving.

A BIG WARRIOR is wearing the military hat he lost on the
hunt. It's a little too big. The brim touches the top of the

big warrior's ears.

Now the Big Warrior notices that Dunbar is staring at him.
Their eyes meet.

DUNBAR

That's my hat.

At the sound of these words the cheerful talk around the
fire begins to fade.

Dunbar touches the top of his head and points to his hat.

DUNBAR

My hat.

BIG WARRIOR

I found it on the prairie. It's mine.

A silence falls between the two men. wind In His Hair speaks.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

That hat belongs to my friend here.

BIG WARRIOR

He left it on the prairie. He didn't want it.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

You can see that he wants it now.

The Big Warrior shakes his head. He won't budge.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

We all know that is a soldier hat.

We all know who wears it. If you

want to keep it that's alright. But give something for it.

The other men around the fire murmur their assent. The Big Warrior thinks for a moment then abruptly gets to his feet. He looks at his waist and unfastens a knife in a beautiful worked scabbard. He tosses it across to Dunbar.

The lieutenant examines the trade item a moment. Now he looks

back at the big warrior. A smile breaks slowly across his face and Dunbar nods. At last he smiles back. It's a trade. And at that, the cheerful voices around the fire are at it again.

Dunbar takes his new knife out and as he watches the light flicker off the blade a voice comes into his ear.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

(pointing to his head)

Good trade.

Dunbar looks into his smiling face. He laughs.

DUNBAR

Yes, it's good. But, I have to sleep.

He excuses himself and walks away from the light of the fire,

finds himself alone in the shadows, still marveling at his breastplate.

EXT. TEMPORARY CAMP - NIGHT

Wind In His Hair finishes sucking on the rib bone and tosses

it to a dog that's been trailing him. Kicking Bird is walking

toward him. He notices the new tunic and gives Wind In His Hair a dubious look.

KICKING BIRD

Where is loo ten tant?

WIND IN HIS HAIR

I ate him.

Kicking Bird reaches out and feels the strange material on either side of Wind In His Hair's chest.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

I traded for it.

KICKING BIRD

Does it scratch the skin?

WIND IN HIS HAIR

A little. But do you see how good it looks. Everyone says it looks good.

Everyone.

EXT. TEMPORARY CAMP - NIGHT

Dunbar keeps to the shadows as he makes his way through camp.

Now he slows his step.

Light from another fire is spilling into his path. There's music too. And singing. The voices are high and feminine. Dunbar peers around a lodge. A group of young women are dancing in a clockwise circle. Their steps are light-hearted.

This is dancing purely for the fun of it.

One of the young women spots him standing behind the lodge and there's a wave of shy giggling as news of "loo ten tant's"

presence is passed along. Embarrassed, Dunbar starts along the fringe of the fires, nodding politely to the women as he

goes.

One has more courage than the others. She breaks out, takes his hand and steers him gently into the dance circle. Whatever

resistance he might have is buried by the girl's insistent encouragement. She keeps showing him the step and the lieutenant tries to pick it up.

The movement is simple and the music is mesmerizing. Awkward

at first, Dunbar quickly gets the hang of it. In short order,

he's keeping up with the others. And he's enjoying himself.

Soon he has relaxed enough to shut his eyes, carried along by the eternal sound of the drums. He doesn't notice that the circle has begun to shrink. There is a touch of the

devil

in their eyes.

He bumps into somebody and the woman behind bumps into him. But the girls just laugh and so does Dunbar. It was a

pleasant

accident. But quickly there's another accident. And then all

their bodies are squeezing against his. The girls are murmuring good things to him. Their hands are touching him everywhere.

It's okay with Dunbar. Everybody's having a good time. The drumming suddenly stops however, and the women scatter away from the fire, leaving Dunbar suddenly alone. Kicking Bird is standing not far off.

DUNBAR

They asked me to dance...

The medicine man says nothing.

DUNBAR

I was just dancing...

The lieutenant does a step or two, trying to explain.

Finally,

that strange half-smile appears on Kicking Bird's face.

EXT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - NIGHT

Stands With A Fist has been watching everything from the tipi flap. Now she ducks back inside.

INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - NIGHT

The fire is still burning in the center of the lodge. Dunbar

is sleeping soundly.

It's not a moment later that we hear the soft sounds of mumbling somewhere in the lodge. Then it's quiet. There's that mumbling again. And now a woman's giggle.

Dunbar stirs, waking and curious, sits up a little and looks

across the fire. There is movement on Kicking Bird's

platform.

The medicine man's head and that of his wife come into view for a second or two before they sink back down into shadow. The movements and sound that follow become more forceful. They're having sex.

Embarrassed, the lieutenant averts his eyes, they happen

over the forms of Kicking Bird's deeply sleeping children, the low-burning fire, and settle on Stands With A Fist's back.

Lieutenant Dunbar, the sounds of lovemaking floating over him, peers again in that direction only to meet the smiling eyes of Kicking Bird and his wife.

Embarrassed again, he stares open-eyed at the ceiling. He looks like a man who knows something is happening but

doesn't

know what it is.

Stands With A Fist's eyes are open too. She doesn't move.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAWN

The faintest seam of light is starting to glow on the

eastern

horizon.

EXT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAWN

The camera pans off the tipi to the eastern horizon.

It's the pony herd. And Dunbar is walking in that direction.

His feet leave a trail in the wet grass.

First one, then two, then whole groups of ponies lift their heads and prick their ears at Dunbar's approach.

Dunbar walks to the edge of this great sea of horses, he stops and gives a long whistle.

A figure, previously unseen, sits up on the back of a pony.

It's Smiles A Lot. He and Dunbar glance blankly at each

other.

But in a moment, both are distracted by movement in the

herd.

Horses are being gently eased out of the way by Cisco who is

answering Dunbar's call. A moment later and they are

reunited

at the edge of the herd.

Grasping a hunk of Cisco's mane, Dunbar starts to lead him back to the village. The temporary camp is starting to come to life. And with Cisco at his side, Dunbar pauses to take in the scene.

EXT. SEDGEWICK - DUSK

An escort of six warriors is galloping up the bluff to join the rest of the column as they make their way back to camp.

Dunbar looks on, a travois of meat next to him and gives a last wave.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

To stay any longer would've been useless. We had all the meat we could possibly carry. We had hunted for three days, losing half a dozen ponies and only three men injured. Many times I have felt alone but until this afternoon, I have never felt completely lonely.

INT. QUARTERS - DAY

The person we see from the waist up bears little resemblance

to the Lieutenant Dunbar we've known.

His long hair hides his face on his slightly bent head. His skin is not so white anymore, and the great bone-pipe breastplate covers his torso.

Dunbar starts to write and stops, he repeats this action. It

is clear that as Lieutenant Dunbar, he can find nothing to say. He lays the pen down momentarily.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

Made a long patrol today. There is nothing to report. The truth is I am bored.

There is the scurry of movement and the scratch of tiny

paws.

His eyes roam to the place in the corner where sacks of

flour

and hard biscuits and other provisions are stored. Watching the sacks more closely, he sees that they are infested with mice.

Restlessly, he walks to the doorway, gazing out onto the old

fort. The awning is beginning to tear at the corner. And then he spots something.

EXT. QUARTERS - DAY

A large prairie chicken is lying in front of the quarters. Dunbar squats next to it. It's neck carries punctures, and when he dabs a finger on the wounds, he finds that the blood

is still wet. The lieutenant rises slowly, his sharp eyes sweeping the fort.

He's waiting patiently in his usual spot on the bluff overlooking the river. Two Socks.

Dunbar smiles and shakes his head. Watching his old friend,

he picks up the bird and begins to pluck with an ease that suggests he's had some experience.

EXT. QUARTERS - NIGHT

Dunbar is gnawing happily at the last of the bird, still on its skewer. After a couple of bites, he slips the carcass off the stick and chucks it out to Two Socks. He licks his fingers and gazes out into the night.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

Though only two days it seems like a week. I am missing the company of my new friends. I can see all of their faces, but somehow it is not enough. Tomorrow, I will make an unannounced visit. After all, they are my neighbors, what can it hurt?

EXT. BLUFF - NIGHT

Two Socks has taken his dinner and retreated to the shadows.

He munches contentedly until a strange sound jolts him to attention.

At the fort is an odd sight. Dunbar is dancing around the fire, occasionally singing out an energetic whoop. Two Socks is caught up in the scene and lets out a howl of his own. It could be the stone age.

EXT. BLUFF - NIGHT

The silhouettes of three Indians are watching the strange performance below. One of them is Wind In His Hair. Down below Dunbar continues to dance.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

There is nothing for miles.

Cisco and Dunbar are walking toward us. His boots are pretty

worn and his striped trousers have faded to almost nothing. The breastplate shines in the sun. His rifle lies in the crook of his arm, Indian style.

Dunbar twists around on Cisco and looks back across the prairie. He calls out.

DUNBAR

Go home.

Dunbar watches a moment to see if he's done any good, then turns forward with a sour look.

DUNBAR

Damn him.

Dunbar makes his way through a small, grassy valley borders

by rolling slopes. He looks across the prairie. Two Socks is about fifty yards out, trotting parallel to Cisco and Dunbar.

Exasperated Dunbar pulls Cisco up and slides off. Two Socks sits, waiting and watching.

EXT. BLUFF - DAY

Far down in the valley the figure of Lieutenant Dunbar is striding through the grass. He looks angry. When he's within a few feet of Two Socks, Dunbar waves his arms and stamps a foot. Two Socks scurries to one side but doesn't go far.

DUNBAR

C'mon Two Socks... you can't go...
so go home.

Dunbar repeats his shooing motion and the wolf hops a few feet.

DUNBAR

Alright then, don't go home. But
stay... stay right here.

Dunbar turns away and as he does a long, low and mournful howl swells behind him. He looks back. Two Socks muzzle is high in the air and one eye is trained on Dunbar hoping for a good reaction.

Like an angry father who's had too much, Dunbar charges Two Sock with a roar.

DUNBAR

You go home.

The wolf races away this time and Dunbar immediately runs for Cisco, hoping to reach his horse and ditch Two Socks. But he's running long before the wolf comes bouncing alongside. Dunbar weaves out at him, startling Two Socks. He

sidles away but as he does the lieutenant reaches out and gives the base of his tail a good hard squeeze.

It might as well be a firecracker. Two Socks gives a yelp and shoots off with his tail tucked. Dunbar laughs out loud.

He watches until the wolf has gone a fair distance without sign of slowing down.

Then still chuckling to himself, he turns once again and starts for Cisco at a trot. But moments later, something grabs at one of his ankles, the lieutenant's legs tangle and

he goes down face first into the grass.

Dunbar's lying on his belly. Not knowing what hit him, he rolls onto his side for a closer look. There's Two Socks, sitting in the grass a few feet back. Dunbar sits up cross-legged and smiles at his old friend.

Two Socks catches something suddenly, perhaps from a shift in the wind, and starts to slink away. Dunbar peers over the

grass up at the bluff. It's Stone Calf, Kicking Bird and Wind In His Hair.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

The Indian entourage is riding slowly toward Lieutenant Dunbar. Stone Calf is at Kicking Bird's side.

STONE CALF

You were right about loo ten tant --
he is a special white man.

Kicking Bird watches Dunbar as he replies.

KICKING BIRD

Yes, he is special... he should have
a real name.

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - DAY

Lieutenant Dunbar's arrival this day is different from the ones which have gone before.

Young mounted warriors have ridden out to swarm around him, but they're full of good cheer reserved for a special

friend.

There's much backslapping and a few of them lean in to shake

hands as they have seen him do.

But some of the men have chosen to remain in front of their lodges. Their expressionless faces anything but friendly.

None of this is lost on Wind In His Hair. He has the look of

a secret service man watching a president, as the parade moves through the village.

EXT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY

The escorts dismount and so does the lieutenant. Smiles A Lot suddenly comes forward and grasps Cisco's reins. There's

a brief tug of war. But before it gets out of hand, Kicking Bird is reassuring Dunbar with calm words and a smile, with the lieutenant watching, the boy takes Cisco's muzzle

between

his hands and blows breath into each nostril. He too gives

Dunbar a reassuring smile.

In the next moment, the lieutenant finds himself being
gently

pushed into Kicking Bird's lodge.

As Kicking Bird is about to duck in behind him, a hand on his arm stops him. It is Wind In His Hair and his tone is strong with friendly advice.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

Not everyone thinks it is a good
idea that he is here.

KICKING BIRD

I know.

Wind In His Hair turns to the people that have gathered
about.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

Kicking Bird has business with the
white man. Let him do it.

INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY

Kicking Bird's pipe is a beautiful piece of work. It's being
smoked.

Kicking Bird puffs away a few times and hands the pipe to Dunbar. The lieutenant, aware that the pipe is something special, handles it with care.

He looks to Kicking Bird for guidance as he puts his mouth to the tip. The medicine man reassures him with a wave of the hand and Dunbar begins to puff.

Dunbar coughs lightly at the harsh tobacco but he smokes well, watching the bowl pulse with life at each puff.

He stops now and lowers the pipe. He stares down. The pipe seems almost alive as it lays in his hands.

Dunbar hands the pipe back, and as Kicking Bird takes it he hears the light tinkling of bells.

Dunbar hears it too. As he looks toward the sound, a shadow falls across the arbor's entrance.

KICKING BIRD

We were waiting for you.

Stands With A Fist ducks through the arbor's entrance and seats herself between Dunbar and Kicking Bird.

Stands With A Fist is wearing a band of bells around one ankle. She has a pair of simple but pretty moccasins on her feet. Her dress is old but well-cared for. Animal teeth are sewn along her bodice. On her wrist is a solid brass

bracelet.

Her hair is tied back loosely with a brette, accenting the feminine in her face.

Her whiteness seems to show more than ever. But it is not dominant. The Sioux is dominant.

KICKING BIRD

(to Dunbar)

Welcome. It is good that you are here.

Kicking Bird looks to Stands With A Fist. She takes her time and the words are accented but they are close enough.

STANDS WITH A FIST

Hullo. You here... good.

The words are sweet music to the lieutenant. He replies with a feeling of great relief.

DUNBAR

Thank you... I feel good.

STANDS WITH A FIST

(to Kicking Bird)

He thanks you. It is good.

KICKING BIRD

Ask him why he is at the soldier fort.

STANDS WITH A FIST

(to Dunbar)

Uhh... you... come...

Dunbar jumps in. There are things he wants to know, has waited a long time to know.

DUNBAR

Wait... what is your name?

STANDS WITH A FIST

Our... names?

KICKING BIRD

What does he say?

STANDS WITH A FIST

He wants to know how we are called.

KICKING BIRD

Ahhh... He's right. I'm sorry.

The medicine man nods agreeably. He smiles at Dunbar, quite right, introductions should come first.

STANDS WITH A FIST

He... he... Kick...

DUNBAR

Kick?

STANDS WITH A FIST

More.

She kicks at the ground with the toe of her moccasin. Dunbar doesn't get it. She kicks a little harder.

DUNBAR

Kicking?

STANDS WITH A FIST

Kicking... yes... Kicking... Bird.

DUNBAR

(to Kicking Bird)

Kicking Bird...

(to Stands With A
Fist)

What does he... is he a chief?

Stands With A Fist has the word but it takes a few seconds to make it come out of her mouth.

STANDS WITH A FIST

Hul... hal... ho-lee... holy... holy
man.

DUNBAR

Oh...

(glancing at Kicking
Bird)

A brief silence. Kicking Bird seems ready to speak but
Dunbar is too quick.

DUNBAR

(to Stands With A
Fist)

Your name... you.

She thinks. It's hard. She smiles thinly.

STANDS WITH A FIST

I don't know.

An idea comes to her. She stands up quickly.

DUNBAR

Up? Get up?

STANDS WITH A FIST

No.

She repeats the movement again.

DUNBAR

Stand.

Her smile is a little wider this time.

STANDS WITH A FIST

Yes... Stands.

Dunbar starts to speak but she cuts him off.

STANDS WITH A FIST

More...

(thinking)

Wiff...

(quickly)

With.

She draw something in the dirt. It's an "A".

DUNBAR

Stands With A...

Now she makes a fist and holds it close to Dunbar's face.

DUNBAR

Fist?

She nods.

DUNBAR

Stands With A Fist. I'm John... John

Dunbar.

STANDS WITH A FIST

John Dunbar.

DUNBAR

Yes.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Kicking Bird and Dunbar are strolling through camp engaged in a real conversation, Stands With A Fist is just behind them.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

I try to answer all of Kicking Bird's questions but I know he is frustrated with me. He always wants to know how many more white people are coming. I tell him that it is impossible for me to say. When he persists I tell him that the white people will most likely pass through this country and nothing more.

Kicking Bird and Stands With A Fist are walking away from Dunbar, who takes a few steps in the opposite direction

before

pausing. Toward the end of the following speech he glances back at them and Stands With A Fist glances back at him.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

But I am speaking to him in half-truths. One day there will be too many, but I cannot bring myself to tell him that. I am sure that Stands With A Fist knows.

INT. DUNBAR'S LODGE - NIGHT

His surroundings are completely Indian, Dunbar is cleaning the big navy revolver.

DUNBAR (V.O.)

A war party is going against the Pawnee soon and I have asked to go. I sensed that I have made a mistake in doing so but I could not bring myself to take it back. They are my friends and from what little I gather the Pawnee have been very hard on these people. I hope I have not overstepped my bounds.

The lodge flap rustles and in comes Stands With A Fist and Kicking Bird. Dunbar stands to greet them.

DUNBAR

I'm glad to see you... please sit.

Kicking Bird speaks and Stands With A Fist translates.

STANDS WITH A FIST

(translating)

Kicking Bird wants to know why you want to make war on the Pawnee. They have done nothing to you.

DUNBAR

They are Sioux enemies.

STANDS WITH A FIST

(translating)

Only Sioux warriors will go.

DUNBAR

I asked that he would think about my going.

STANDS WITH A FIST

He has.

DUNBAR

Then tell him this. I have been a warrior for longer than many of the young men that will go on this war party. Tell him.

STANDS WITH A FIST

(translating)

He says that the Sioux way of being a warrior is not the white way. You are not ready.

DUNBAR

I know, I understand. But I cannot learn these ways in camp.

She translates this to Kicking Bird. The medicine man hesitates then speaks once more.

STANDS WITH A FIST

He asks that you watch over his family while he is gone.

Dunbar looks to Kicking Bird then to Stands With A Fist

unable

to mask his disappointment.

STANDS WITH A FIST

(on her own)

This thing he asks you... it is a great honor for you.

Dunbar thinks a moment longer and speaks directly to Kicking

Bird.

DUNBAR

I will be happy to watch over your family.

STANDS WITH A FIST

(translating)

He thanks Dances With Wolves for coming.

DUNBAR

Who is Dances With Wolves?

STANDS WITH A FIST

It is the name which everyone is calling you now.

He thinks and remembers the night with Two Socks.

DUNBAR

Dances With Wolves... that's right.

(to Stands With A
Fist)

How do you say it?

STANDS WITH A FIST

(in Sioux)

Dances With Wolves.

DUNBAR

(in Sioux to Kicking
Bird)

Dances With Wolves.

The medicine man smiles.

EXT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAWN

Black Shawl is hurrying out of the lodge with her husband's
bow and arrows.

A war party of twenty warriors is mounted and everyone

except

sleeping children is out to say goodbye.

Stands With A Fist is helping to load Kicking Bird's horse
with last minute preparations. Out of the tipi comes Kicking

Bird's eldest child. He is sleepy but almost on the verge of

tears as he knows what is happening.

Kicking Bird picks up the boy. What is said is between

father

and son. And it is just a look.

He hands the child to Stands With A Fist, and pauses to

speak

with his wife. She comes close to tears but there will be no

crying. None from Kicking Bird either. He steps back to his
horse.

KICKING BIRD

(to Stands With A
Fist)

Keep on with the white man talk if
it pleases you.

STANDS WITH A FIST

I like to make the white man talk.

Dances With Wolves is standing alone in front of his lodge.
Wind In His Hair is riding past. He reaches down and shakes
Dances With Wolves' hand. The big warrior smiles.

Dances With Wolves watches the warriors go by, but his eyes
begin to wander. He's looking for someone among the faces of

the women. Who ever it is, he can't find her.

INT. ARBOR - DAY

Dances With Wolves sits alone in the arbor. He's fidgety.

Now he hears a light tinkling of bells, the sounds he's been

waiting to hear.

Her feet appear in the doorway.

STANDS WITH A FIST (O.S.)

Dances With Wolves?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I'm here.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

Dances with Wolves and Stands With A Fist are walking
through

the village, talking and pointing things out to each other.

STANDS WITH A FIST

(slowly in english)

Grass grows on the prairie.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

(not sure in Sioux)

Fire lives on the prairie.

Stands With A Fist chuckles but politely checks herself.

STANDS WITH A FIST

Wrong.

She smiles and tries again.

STANDS WITH A FIST

(in english)

That man is a fighter.

He really wants to get one right on the first try. His brows
come together as he concentrates.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Again.

He listens hard.

STANDS WITH A FIST

That man is a fighter.

Dances With Wolves thinks some more. When he speaks it is
with quiet confidence.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

(in english)

Alright... I have it...

(in Sioux)

That man...

STANDS WITH A FIST

Yes...

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Is...

Dances With Wolves' eyes get big. He leans forward for
emphasis his whole face lit with the joy of having the right

answer.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

A... bone!

Stands With A Fist doubles up and falls onto her side, laughing all the way.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

A bone... right?

Stands With A Fist doesn't really hear. She's rocking back and forth on the floor of the arbor, laughing so hard that her eyes are tearing.

Her laughter subsides to an occasional chuckle but Dances With Wolves is quiet. He gazes at her face.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

What is the word for beautiful?

Stands With A Fist hesitates in her answer, meeting his gaze.

A little boy pokes his head in.

LITTLE BOY

What are you doing here?

The moment is broken. Stands With A Fist brings herself to respond.

STANDS WITH A FIST

It is hot. We are sitting in the shade.

This makes so much sense to the little boy that he trots in and flings himself on Stands With a Fist's lap. Then a squirm

or two.

LITTLE BOY

I'm hungry.

STANDS WITH A FIST

Alright.

Stands With A Fist leads the little boy off to a lodge.

Dances

With Wolves watches her walk away. From out of nowhere,

Smiles

A Lot appears. He's been milling about the arbor eavesdropping, and looks over to Dunbar with a teasing

smile.

SMILES A LOT

...a bone.

INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - NIGHT

Black Shawl is settling the youngest children in for bed, Stands With A Fist is playing with the oldest of the

children.

They're setting up a child's tipi.

BLACK SHAWL

How is Dances With Wolves?

Stands With A Fist stares straight ahead as if she were wondering the same thing. Which she was.

STANDS WITH A FIST

What do you mean?

BLACK SHAWL

How is he learning?

STANDS WITH A FIST

He learns well... he is fast.

Case closed, she goes back to playing and Black Shawl continues putting the kids to bed.

She looks again at Stands With A Fist wondering "what did you think I meant?"

EXT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY

Dunbar is sitting on Cisco. It's plain he's been waiting for someone.

Stands With A Fist pulls aside the lodge flap, she's lugging a couple water bags.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

You go for water?

His Sioux is perfect, and she smiles.

STANDS WITH A FIST

Yes.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Let us take you.

EXT. RIVER TRAIL - DAY

Cisco makes his way down the river trail, he shies at the flurry of wings as a covey of quail fly up before them.

Stands

With A Fist tightens her grip around Dances With Wolves

waist.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Stands With A Fist draws water into a set of bladder bags. Dances With Wolves squats next to her, staring at the

eddy

stream.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

How did you get your name?

Stands With A Fist smiles to herself as she fills up the

last of the bags.

STANDS WITH A FIST

I was not very old when I came to be
with the people... I was made to
work.

She lugs the filled bags onto shore and sits next to Dances
With Wolves.

STANDS WITH A FIST

I worked every day... very hard...
there was a woman who didn't like
me. She called me bad names...
sometimes she beat me. One day she
was calling me these bad names, her
face in my face, and I hit her. I
was not very big, but she fell down.
She fell hard and didn't move. I
stood over her with my fist and asked
if any other woman wanted to call me
bad names...

(laughing at the
recollection)

No one bothered me after that day.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I would not think so.

A little silence.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Show me where you hit her.

He taps his jaw. She makes a fist and brushes very gently at
the point of his jaw. Dances With Wolves' eyes flutter. They
roll up in his head and he keels over backward... out cold.
She goes with the joke. Bending over him she slaps lightly
at each side of his cheeks, until Dances With Wolves
revives.

He sits up, rubbing his jaw.

Neither one acknowledges the joke and, a sudden awkwardness
falls between them. Stands With A Fist fiddles shyly with
the ties on the water bags while Dances With Wolves draws
lines in the earth with a stick.

Finally he works up the courage to ask a delicate question.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Why are you not married?

The question comes as a jolt to Stands With A Fist. She

stops

her fiddling. A visible stiffness overtakes her. She quickly stands up.

STANDS WITH A FIST

I must go.

Dances With Wolves doesn't know what to do. He only knows that he should not have asked the question. She slings the heavy bags over her shoulders and starts back up the path. Dances With Wolves jumps to his feet.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I'm sorry. Let me help...

But the words are delivered to her back. She is already hurrying up the path with her heavy load.

STANDS WITH A FIST

No.

Five ponies have wondered into the middle of the path. She kicks violently at the nearest innocent bystander. The

horses

shy out of the way.

He's left alone at the waters edge, frustrated and confused.

He watches her go for a moment. Then he lets the stick drop from his hand. He stares at it for a second then gives it a vicious little kick.

INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY

Stands With A Fist is sitting in the middle of the lodge, she starts when Black Shawl walks in.

BLACK SHAWL

You are not talking today?

STANDS WITH A FIST

No, I'm not.

Black Shawl gives her a deeper look, then lets it go.

INT. ARBOR - DUSK

The sun is setting and the village is settling in for the evening.

INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - NIGHT

Lying on his bed, Dances With Wolves looks sleepy as he

stares-

across at the small fire. Even, in his drowsiness, it is easy to see he's concentrating... in this case on a certain someone.

INT. ARBOR - DAY

Again, Dances With Wolves is waiting. This time, not so

patiently. He gives up and leaves in search of something.

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - DAY

Dances With Wolves is wandering through the village, half-heartedly looking for Stands With A Fist. The day is very hot and the village is quiet. Most of the people have gone to shade.

He sees Stone Calf sitting in the shade behind a lodge. A newly made shield hangs from a tripod and he is painting a design on it.

EXT. STONE CALF'S LODGE - DAY

Dances With Wolves sits in the shade with Stone Calf,

watching

the older man paint.

STONE CALF

Some of your words are wrong... but
you are learning fast. That is good.

What can I tell you today?

Dances With Wolves is a little taken aback. The elder has read his mind. He decides to speak it.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I want to know about Stands With A
Fist.

For the first time, Stone Calf leaves his work. He gives his visitor a quick and penetrating look. Then he goes back to his shield.

STONE CALF

What is your question?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

There is no man with her.

Stone Calf considers before he speaks. It is not something he wants to get into.

STONE CALF

She is in mourning.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I do not understand "mourning".

STONE CALF

She is crying for someone.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Crying for who?

STONE CALF

It is not polite to speak of the
dead... But I will tell you... you
are new. She cries for her husband.

He was killed not long ago.
The blood has gone out of Dances With Wolves' face. He tries
to digest this.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

How long will she cry?

STONE CALF

It is Kicking Bird's place to say
when she is finished.

INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY

Stands With A Fist kneels before Black Shawl, the older

woman

is combing out the tangles in her hair. Black Shawl senses a
tension in the girl and gently tries to pry it out of her.

BLACK SHAWL

People are talking about you...

Stands With A Fist stiffens a bit.

STANDS WITH A FIST

What are they saying?

BLACK SHAWL

They are proud of the medicine you
are making with Dances With Wolves.

Stands With A Fist is quiet.

STANDS WITH A FIST

I have hurt him and I must go talk
to him.

BLACK SHAWL

You can't, he is gone.

Stands With A Fist bolts up, racing to the lodge flap -- she

pulls it aside and is stunned by the sight of Dances With
Wolves' abandoned lodge -- Cisco is nowhere to be seen.
She turns away, tears coming to her eyes. Black Shawl is
beside her watching -- the girl's emotions have betrayed
her.

Black Shawl takes the crying girl into her arms. A child
runs into the lodge but Black Shawl indicates "not now."
The message is clearly understood, and the child digs in his

heels and heads the other way.

EXT. FORT - DAY

The breeze is up and the remaining shreds of canvas that
were once the awning are flying like tattered flags.

Leading Cisco, Dances With Wolves walks into view. It will be his last visit to his old home and he is taking his time. He watches the blowing canvas. The sound of it snapping is all that can be heard.

He steps over to the supply house. He starts to peer in, but when he places a hand against the sod, part of the wall

gives

way.

INT. QUARTERS - DAY

Part of the old bed has collapsed but some of it is still strong enough for support and here Dances With Wolves is sitting as he leafs through his beloved journal.

He reads a little entry here and there, sometimes smiling at the memory.

A few blank pages remain at the back of the book. Reaching these he closes the journal and holds it on his lap, letting

his mind run for a moment.

Now he notices the old pen and ink. He picks them up and opens the journal for one last entry.

He writes: "I love Stands With A Fist" and signs himself "Dances With Wolves."

Something is moving outside and Dunbar stops, drawing his gun out. He drops the book on the bed and carefully moves outside.

EXT. QUARTERS - DAY

Lying in the sun a few feet away is Two Socks. He looks up hopefully at Dances With Wolves. The two partners stare at each other for a moment.

Then Dances With Wolves reaches into a little day pouch at his side and pulls out a strip of jerky. He squats close to the ground and offers the meat to the wolf.

Two Socks is up now. He takes several tentative steps. His nose sniffs at the meat and he opens his mouth. Teeth and fingers touch as the wolf takes the meat delicately.

Now, in his customary style, he moves away, heading out onto

the prairie with his prize.

Dances With Wolves watches a moment longer. Then he vaults onto Cisco's back and they canter off in the direction of the village.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY

Stands With A Fist is wading through the water, her mind is far away.

In a moment there is a shift in the wind. The rustling of the trees alerts her to a presence she had not thought to feel before.

Gradually, she raises her eyes to see the figure of a man moving through the trees... Dances With Wolves.

Stands With A Fist walks slowly out of the water. He opens his arms and she melts into them, letting her head rest against his chest.

STANDS WITH A FIST

I am in mourning.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I know... Stone Calf told me.

She presses her body full against his, feeling all of him.

STANDS WITH A FIST

No one can know... we must be careful.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Yes.

STANDS WITH A FIST

We must be careful.

She climbs higher into his arms for a moment. Then,

supporting

each other, the lovers move into the cover of the willow breaks along the river.

EXT. RIVER PATH - DAY

The path leading to the river is deserted.

Suddenly, a couple steps out of the cover of the willows alongside the path. Stands With A Fist and Dances With

Wolves

look up and down the path. They start for the village,

holding

hands.

As they near the top of the trail their hands part. A few steps later and someone calls from the bushes startling

Dances

with Wolves.

SMILES A LOT

What are you doing?

Smiles A Lot, Worm and Otter are sitting pathside. Worm is holding a sack.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Nothin'.

Smiles A Lot looks to Stands With A Fist.

STANDS WITH A FIST

Nothin'.

Worm opens the sack. A large, wriggling snake lies in the bottom.

WORM

We got a snake.

OTTER

We're gonna see if it can swim the river. You wanna come?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Okay.

The two parties split up and everyone says goodbye to Stands

With A Fist. She makes her way up to the village.

Dances With Wolves watches her go. Turning back to head down

to the river, he is greeted by the open hissing mouth of Worm's snake.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Don't do that!

Worm and Otter laugh and race off down the path.

Smiles A Lot and Dances With Wolves follow, Dances With

Wolves

a little ahead. Something on his back, something curious, has captured Smiles A Lot's attention.

There's a strange coating of fuzz on Dances With Wolves' back.

Something occurs to Smiles A Lot. He stops and turns, his eyes going up the trail.

Stands With A Fist is walking toward the village, it's there

on her back too... cattail fuzz.

Smiles A Lot laughs and runs to catch Dances With Wolves.

The boy slaps Dunbar with a knowing pat and a big grin.

INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - NIGHT

Dances with Wolves sits at his cozy fire, working on a pipe.

He follows a low rumble of thunder as it rolls overhead.

Thunder booms again and suddenly Stands With A Fist comes through the lodge flap.

Dances With Wolves comes to his feet. They stare across at each other. Dances With Wolves walks slowly to her and they embrace lightly. Stands With A Fist starts to slip out of her dress.

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - NIGHT

Indian riders are coming into camp. There are three or four of them. One man is slung over a pony's back. He's dead. All of the others are wounded.

INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - NIGHT

Dances With Wolves and Stands With A Fist are having sex. The sounds of their love-making are suddenly joined by more insistent sounds from outside. Urgent yelling. The lovers freeze. Stands With A Fist props herself on an elbow, listening.

STANDS WITH A FIST

Trouble...

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - NIGHT

Dances With Wolves hurries through a light rain to the scene of a commotion going on at Ten Bears' lodge. There's a real sense of panic in the air by the time he reaches the fire outside Ten Bears' lodge. It's a wild scene. Ten Bears is trying to huddle with his advisors, the wounded men are trying to tend their injuries and the rest of the warriors in camp are holding little

skull

sessions amidst much shouting. Women are running to and fro, rounding up their children. Dances With Wolves spots Stands With A Fist making her way toward him. Her eyes are big with terror.

STANDS WITH A FIST

Pawnee... a big party... thirty or forty men.

(indicating wounded)

The Kiowa hunters found them not far to the north. The Pawnee are coming his way. Soon they will find our camp.

Stone Calf is just passing by. Dances With Wolves stops him.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Stone Calf... I follow you.

The older man doesn't mince words.

STONE CALF

The Pawnee do not come for horses, they come for blood... and with many men gone, we are few.

Dances With Wolves nods.

STONE CALF

Get your weapons and come to my lodge.

STANDS WITH A FIST

(to Dances With Wolves)

I will go.

She rushes off and Dances With Wolves falls into step behind

Stone Calf. He hasn't gone two steps before a revelation hits him.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Stone Calf... wait...

The older warrior faces him.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I have guns... many far-shooting
guns.

EXT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - NIGHT

Amid the pandemonium of the village, Dances With Wolves and Ten Bears are talking. Stone Calf stands at Ten Bears' side, listening.

TEN BEARS

No, the ride is long... the weather
is bad. We can spare no men.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Guns would make one warrior like
two.

The idea intrigues Ten Bears. As he thinks, he looks to

Stone

Calf. But the elder warrior says nothing.

TEN BEARS

Take one man and go quickly.

Dances With Wolves turns away now, hoping to make a quick choice. But in their excitement all the warriors are busy running to and fro. Only one person is standing resolutely. He is staring straight at Dances With Wolves. It is Smiles A

Lot, and from the look on his face it's easy to see that he wants to be chosen.

Dances With Wolves returns the boy's stare, trying to make up his mind. He turns to Ten Bears.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I will take Smiles A Lot.

Ten Bears looks briefly at Smiles A Lot. He too can see

resolve in the boy's face. Now he looks once again at Dances

With Wolves. He nods.

EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT

Rain is pouring now. Thunder is still booming. A great fork of lightning illuminates the ruins of the old fort. And nearby, it reveals two riders out in the grass.

Dances With Wolves and Smiles A Lot have brought a couple extra horses with travois, but it is dark and in the rain they've been reduced to looking for a needle in a haystack. Dances With Wolves' face is grim with frustration as it

covers

the ground at Cisco's feet.

Smiles A Lot and his pony are walking the soggy ground. Over

the tumult of the storm there is the faint but distinct

sound

of a "snap".

He's staring curiously at the ground beneath his pony's

feet.

Smiles a Lot jumps off and, going on all fours, he paws over

the ground.

His hand grasps something and he holds it up to his face.

It's a sliver of bone shattered at one end. Quickly he

gropes

some more and finds the other half. Together they are a buffalo rib.

SMILES A LOT

(shouting over the
storm)

Dances With Wolves... Dances With
Wolves.

EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT

Frenzied hands claw away mud and sod. Something wooden is uncovered; the lid of a rifle crate.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAWN

The sky is still full of thunder and lightning but in the breaking dawn the storm can be seen to be lifting.

The village is just ahead down a long slope as the gun

finders

come into view.

A great bolt of lightning hits just as Dances With Wolves starts down the slope. He sees something.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Wait.

Smiles A Lot stops. Dances With Wolves squints into the feeble

light. He can see the outline of the village below, but upriver the light is still too murky to make anything out. Another bolt of lightning flashes. There they are. A long line of horsemen crossing river a mile or so upstream from the village. The Pawnee.

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - DAWN

In front of Ten Bears' lodge, Dances With Wolves is passing out the last of the rifles. Warriors are grabbing handfuls of bullets out of an open ammo box.

Ten Bears is watching this procedure. And while he watches, he thinks.

The guns have been passed out and, except for a slight murmur

among the warriors, it's strangely quiet. The band's best fighters are gone and many men don't know what to do next. They're looking to Ten Bears for leadership. But the old man is looking at Dances With Wolves. He holds up a hand for quiet.

TEN BEARS

Hear us now.

(to Dances With Wolves)

A white soldier with many far-shooting guns... how would he fight the Pawnee?

Everyone is waiting.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I would hide in the village.

The warriors send up a chorus of derisive cries but Ten Bears angrily quiets them.

TEN BEARS

Dances With Wolves has not finished.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I would let the enemy think we are asleep... let him come close. Then we would shoot together and run to fight them, drive them into the river and kill so many that they would never trouble us again.

Ten Bears smiles.

TEN BEARS

I am of the same mind as Dances With
Wolves... we should kill so many
that they never trouble us again.

EXT. RIVER - DAWN

Two of the camp dogs are lapping water at the river's edge,
behind them lies the quiet village. Suddenly both heads jerk
up.

INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAWN

Dances With Wolves steps into the lodge, followed by Smiles
A Lot. They both have rifles and Dances With Wolves' old
long-barreled revolver is holstered at his waist.

Before him is a quiet, tense scene.

The women are huddled together on a single sleeping
platform.

Kicking Bird's three children nestled between them. Two of
the kids are crying softly.

Black Shawl grips a hatchet and Stands With A Fist has a
rifle. They will both fight. But they are both scared.
Everyone in the village has a life at stake. In one glimpse,

Dances With Wolves understands what he will be fighting for.
He looks once more at the women and children and ducks out
of the lodge.

EXT. RIVER - DAWN

The feet of the enemy are moving past the dogs, whose bodies
are still and riddled with arrows. In front of them the
river
is full of Pawnee crossing over toward the village. There is
no sound.

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - DAWN

It has stopped raining but the ground is still soaked and an
early morning fog is swirling through the camp. Clumped in
groups of five or six, behind the lodges nearest the river,
are Sioux warriors with rifles. They're absolutely quiet as
they wait for the enemy.

Dances With Wolves looks across a clearing that slopes down
to the breaks fronting the river. Nothing.

Wait. A movement. And another. Another. The heads of men
lurking in the fog. He glances at the defenders.

Most of the warriors are huddled behind the line of lodges

watching him. Ten Bears raises a hand.

The Pawnee are visible now, a war party at its fiercest, painted and feathered and armed to the teeth.

Coming on foot, the first of them have reached the edge of the clearing. They start into a stealthy trot, more and more

of them breaking into a run.

A Pawnee war cry goes up and, as the others join in. Ten Bears lowers his hand.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAWN

In ragged formation, the Sioux pour from behind the lodges and thirty rifles fire into the vanguard of the Pawnee

charge.

The smoke of many rifles mixes with the ground fog as the Sioux run screaming down on the Pawnee. Dances With Wolves screams too as he runs flat out down the slope.

A Pawnee warrior suddenly looms out of the smoke and they crash together violently.

The two fighters tumble over the ground, each grappling for an advantage. The hand to hand fighting all around them is furious and, shrouded in smoke and fog, it has a surreal quality.

Dances With Wolves works the Navy revolver from its holster and shoots the Pawnee in the face.

EXT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAWN

A child sticks his head out from under the edge of the

lodge.

Momentarily he is jerked back into the lodge out of sight.

INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAWN

Now there's a ripping at the lodge entrance. The flap is being torn away. Black Shawl is desperately pulling the

child

back from the edge of the lodge.

Suddenly, there he is... a Pawnee warrior. But now it's his turn to be surprised. He sees Stands with A Fist taking aim,

and it's too late. She fires the rifle and the Pawnee

explodes

back out of the lodge.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAWN

Through the smoke, Dances With Wolves can just catch a

glimpse

of Ten Bears. He is moving through the village at a trot, loading his gun.

He spots a Sioux warrior grappling with a Pawnee, sights and shoots the Pawnee point blank. He trots off, reloading once more.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAWN

Dances With Wolves is bumped from behind and is knocked to his knees. It's a frantic Pawnee war horse, loose on the battlefield. Dances With Wolves grabs a hunk of mane and swings onto his back.

He has a real view now. The Pawnee are taking a terrible licking. Already they are being beaten back to the river. A turbaned enemy is falling back to the river, firing arrows

as he goes. Dances With Wolves goes after him.

EXT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - DAWN

Still clutching his hatchet, a wounded Pawnee half staggers toward Ten Bears' lodge. He is bleeding profusely and in a very bad mood. He reaches the closed lodge flap.

INT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - DAWN

Pretty Shield stands in front of a group of children, ready to defend them.

The Pawnee is inside now. He has a wild desperate look and in a moment his hatchet will be flailing its way through these people.

But he never takes a step. Instead he suddenly sinks to his knees and we see another arrow join the one that is already buried in his back. The warrior keels over and Pretty Shield

looks through the open flap to see the grinning face of

Stone

Calf.

Without hesitation, Pretty Shield snatches a half-burned log

from the fire and finishes the Pawnee.

The children watch, their faces a mixture of horror and intrigue.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAWN

Coming off the pony like a rodeo bulldogger, Dances With Wolves crashes through the river taking the Pawnee in a headlock.

Somehow they both keep their feet and hurtle down the hill at a weird run. A small cottonwood stops their momentum, the

Pawnee taking most of the blow.

Dances With Wolves grabs either side of the man's head and starts banging his skull against the tree trunk. Shortly, he

notices that the man's eyes are dead.

The Pawnee was impaled on impact by the stub of a broken branch low on the trunk.

Dances With Wolves shrinks back from this gruesome sight and

staggers toward the village.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAWN

Stone Calf, his bow and arrow at the ready, is looking for more enemies to kill.

Suddenly from the corner of his eye the old man senses an attack. But he is too late. A Pawnee war club crushes his skull and the old man collapses.

Now we can see his attacker. It is the fierce Pawnee warrior

who killed Timmons the wagon driver. He glowers down at the body of Stone Calf and swings his club toward the old man's head once again.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAWN

Dances With Wolves squints toward the village just in time to see the Toughest take another shot at the prostrate,

white-

headed form of Stone Calf.

Dances With Wolves begins to run.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAWN

The Toughest has his knife to Stone Calf's forehead and is preparing to scalp his victim when something strikes him in the lower leg.

He looks down to find a small arrow imbedded in his calf. He

looks up to see three boys, Otter, Worm, and Smiles A Lot, huddled at the edge of the battlefield.

He turns back to finish the job when another arrow hits him.

Enraged he breaks off the arrow, leaps onto a horse and charges the kids.

Their faces go ashen as the Toughest bears down on them. Otter's arrow flies weakly into the air. The boys turn and run for their lives.

The Toughest would catch them with ease but now, he sees half a dozen howling Sioux warriors angling in to cut him off. He knows in a glance that the fight has been lost. He

also knows that he can still escape if he changes direction.

He veers for the river.

The Sioux are distraught. The Toughest will get away.

But wait, Dances with Wolves is at full speed now. He is streaking across the battlefield.

Suddenly, the Pawnee himself is hurtling through space,

driven

there by the full force impact of Dances With Wolves'

shoulder

which has caught him rib high.

Both men hit the ground grappling and rolling.

A knife flashes in the Toughest's hand and Dances With

Wolves

can only react quick enough to keep the knife from a vital spot. As it is, the blade lays open a huge gash on his arm. They square off. The Toughest knows the advantage is his. He

smiles grimly at Dances With Wolves and grunts sadistically.

But the sound from his throat is cut short by the

simultaneous

arrival of five Sioux arrows. Before the Pawnee can fall, six Sioux warriors are on him tearing him to pieces.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

Dances With Wolves climbs to his feet and discovers that the

battlefield is no longer so. The fighting has stopped.

It's a scene of carnage and joy. The Pawnee attackers lay where they fell.

SIOUX 1

I killed this one.

SIOUX 2

This one still breathes.

The Sioux victors are in high spirits as they hop around finishing off the wounded and counting coup on the dead.

Dances With Wolves looks down at himself. His body is

streaked

with blood, much of it his own. His arm is bleeding freely but he is too repulsed to move forward and too exhausted to retreat into the breaks.

Dances With Wolves now looks up to see the lifeless body of Stone Calf. Ten Bears is hugging him. Pretty Shield starts to kneel beside her mourning husband.

SIOUX 3 (O.S.)

Dances With Wolves...

Before he knows it, Sioux fighters are moving all around him, chanting his name. Like ants rolling a pebble up a

hill,

they push him into the middle of the battlefield. In a daze he allows himself to be carried along.

When he looks up again he can see women and children

emerging

from the lodges.

DANCES WITH WOLVES (V.O.)

It was hard to know how to feel. I had never been in a battle like this one. This had not been a fight for territory or riches or to make men free. This battle had no ego. It had been fought to preserve the food stores that would see us through winter, to protect the lives of women and children and loved ones only a few feet away. I felt a pride I had never felt before.

Dances With Wolves looks down and recognizes the face of a man he has just killed. Several warriors are crowding around

him now. Dances With Wolves points at the body.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I shot this one.

1ST WARRIOR

Yes, I saw you shoot him.

2ND WARRIOR

You killed that one too.

As the sun breaks fully through the clouds, the little knot of warriors, Dances With Wolves in their midst, continues its triumphant tour of the battleground. The men are hugging

and slapping each other on the back.

DANCES WITH WOLVES (V.O.)

I had never really known who John Dunbar was. Perhaps because the name itself had no meaning. But as I heard my Sioux name being called over and over, I knew for the first time who I really was.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

The war party with Kicking Bird and Wind In His Hair at its head has halted in the middle of nowhere. The Sioux riders are coming toward them at a run. They pull up, excited with what they have to tell.

The returning war party and the two riders who met them

start

ahead at a gallop.

INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - NIGHT

Black Shawl and Stands With A Fist are clearing things away.

The medicine man has hosted a dinner party which is now winding down.

Wind In His Hair is there, Dances With Wolves and several other prominent warriors. It's purely social and all the men

are enjoying themselves.

Dances With Wolves sneaks a look of affection at Stands With

A Fist, and she returns it.

Then, with more theatricality than is really necessary, he stretches his arms and yawns. Wind In His Hair looks at his friend with surprise.

Dances With Wolves gets to his feet.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

There is gambling tonight... at Horse Back's lodge. Horse Back's games are always good.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I am tired... and Horse Back already has a good rifle of mine.

(to Kicking Bird)

thank you...

(to all)

goodnight.

He slips out. In a few seconds, the men have pick up another

topic to jawbone.

They pay no attention to Stands With A Fist's momentary

exit,

But Black Shawl does, it doesn't bother her, but she

notices.

INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - NIGHT

The medicine man's wife is already in bed as he slips under the covers with a grunt.

BLACK SHAWL

How long will Stands With A Fist
mourn?

Kicking Bird gives his wife an odd look.

KICKING BIRD

I don't know.

BLACK SHAWL

I hope it will not be too long.

Kicking Bird rises on his elbows.

KICKING BIRD

Something has happened? Well what?

BLACK SHAWL

She has found love again.

KICKING BIRD

With who?

BLACK SHAWL

Dances With Wolves.

KICKING BIRD

Are you certain of this?

BLACK SHAWL

When you see them together you will
know.

Kicking Bird stares wearily across the floor.

KICKING BIRD

What are people saying? They're not
angry?

BLACK SHAWL

No. They like the match. It makes
sense. They are both white.

KICKING BIRD

I suppose I will be the one to say
something.

A brief silence.

BLACK SHAWL

She's your daughter now.

Kicking Bird glances up frustrated with himself.

BLACK SHAWL

You can't see everything coming.

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - DAY

Stands With A Fist is walking through the village with

Kicking

Bird's youngest child. They're both carrying armloads of
firewood.

Here comes Kicking Bird. He's out of breath.

KICKING BIRD

Stands With A Fist.

STANDS WITH A FIST

Yes.

KICKING BIRD

You are no longer a widow.

Kicking Bird turns abruptly and stalks off, leaving Stands With A Fist to ponder the meaning of his curt announcement. A smile gradually works onto her face.

INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - DAY

Dances With Wolves sits waiting as a voice comes to him from the outside.

Wind In His Hair's face pokes through the entrance. He steps inside, followed by Smiles A Lot.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

There's talk that you want to get married.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

To who?

Wind In His Hair and Smiles A Lot share a smile.

SMILES A LOT

To Stands With A Fist.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

That's the one isn't it?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

She's in mourning.

SMILES A LOT

Not today.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

She has been released. Kicking Bird did it.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

He did?

Wind In His Hair isn't really listening. He glances around the lodge curiously.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

What are you doing?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Kicking Bird told me to wait.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

You might be waiting a long time. Smiles A Lot says he saw Kicking

Bird riding on the prairie...
Smiles A Lot whispers in the warrior's ear.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

He says he was talking to himself.
When a medicine man is the last to
know he can take it pretty hard.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

What do I do?

Wind In His Hair looks around at the sparse furnishing.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

You are pretty poor my friend and a
Sioux girl is not for free. I don't
know if you can get married.

A long silence. Dances With Wolves looks around his lodge.
Wind In His Hair is right. He really has nothing.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I have the buckskin...

WIND IN HIS HAIR

That's too much medicine.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

(to Smiles A Lot)

Do you think the buckskin is too
much medicine?

Smiles A Lot is on the hot seat. He looks to Wind In His
Hair, but no luck -- he's on his own.

SMILES A LOT

For a girl.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

Maybe we can help you... wait here
for us.

Wind In His Hair and Smiles A Lot leave.

EXT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - DAY

Wind In His Hair and Smiles A Lot are greeted by seven
chuckling warriors. They've been listening to the exchange
and move off with the two "helpers".

EXT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - DAY

Dances With Wolves is inspecting several new ponies which
are tied outside his tipi. Now he notices an old couple
approaching.

The old couple leaves a gift along with others that have
already been brought. The old folks are shy and so is Dances

With Wolves. They glance at one another and smile but do not

speak.

DANCES WITH WOLVES (V.O.)

I thought we had been discreet but
apparently we fooled no one.

EXT. VILLAGE - DUSK

Dances With Wolves ties the last of the ponies in front of
Kicking Bird's lodge and starts back toward his own home.

DANCES WITH WOLVES (V.O.)

Wind In His Hair said if the match
was accepted the ponies would be
gone in the morning.

Dances With Wolves looks over his shoulder at the standing
ponies then he continues on.

INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - NIGHT

Dances With Wolves tosses and turns in his bed. He slips out

of the covers and ducks his head through the lodge flap,
checking again on the ponies.

EXT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY

The ponies are gone.

INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - DAY

Dances With Wolves' hair is shiny. His breastplate gleams,
the officer's pants have been dusted and his old boots have
something resembling a shine. The groom is ready.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

Turn around...

Dances With Wolves does a three-sixty.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

Pretty good...

A brief silence as Wind In His Hair contemplates something
he wants to say.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

You know, the man she mourned for
was my best friend.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I didn't know that.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

He was a good man. It's been hard
for me. I am not the thinker Kicking
Bird is. But I think he went away
from her because you were coming.
That is how I see it now.

The sound of music and people outside distracts both men.

EXT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - DAY

Kicking Bird is leading the wedding party. Stands With A Fist by his side. She glows with the special beauty of a bride.

Many people are standing about quietly, more like simple observers than participants. The whole village is as

peaceful

as we will ever see it.

Kicking Bird steps forward, his wife and Stands With A Fist following in his footsteps.

KICKING BIRD

This is a good day for me.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

And for me.

KICKING BIRD

Stands With A Fist... if you want
this man, take his hand in yours.

Shyly, she holds out a slender, graceful hand. Dances with Wolves meets it with one of his own.

The medicine man looks Dances With Wolves in the eyes for several seconds.

Dances With Wolves also begins to speak... internally. At first the volume of his voice and that of the medicine man are nearly equal, but Kicking Bird's voice quickly begins to

fade.

DANCES WITH WOLVES (V.O.)

I had never been married before. I don't know if all grooms have the same experience. But as Kicking Bird began to speak about what was expected of a Sioux husband, my mind began to swim in a way that shut out everything but her. The tiny details of her costume. The contours of her shape. The light in her eyes. The smallness of her feet. I knew that the love between us would be served.

The medicine man's voice cuts back in. He's had to say it twice.

KICKING BIRD

Have you heard all that I have said?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Yes.

KICKING BIRD

Good, then take her inside... she is
your wife.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Oh... good... thank you... goodbye...

The newlyweds disappear into their new home. The flap is
dropped and there it stays. The light begins to change,
growing darker, the wind comes up, blowing leaves against
the door. In the distance there is thunder.

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - DAY

The lodge flap is still closed. But now it is covered in
sunshine.

Smiles A Lot, Worm and Otter are just across the way,

bundled

now against the chill of oncoming winter. They're watching
too. Smiles A Lot is standing next to Worm, -- Otter is on
his haunches. Both are gnawing at a breakfast of dried meat
as they talk nonchalantly.

WORM

Dances With Wolves' door is closed
alot these days.

SMILES A LOT

They're trying to make a baby.

The two older boys look down at Otter.

OTTER

I know that.

SMILES A LOT

You would think they could have made
a baby by now.

WORM

Maybe they're having a hard time.
Some people have a hard time.

SMILES A LOT

I don't think they're having a hard
time.

OTTER

Me neither.

A silence as the boys watch smoke curl out of the lodge.
Worm laughs to himself.

OTTER

Maybe we should pull the smoke flap
closed. Then they would come out.

The boys look at each other for the first time, their eyes
brightening. What a great idea!

The two boys are stalking toward Dances With Wolves' lodge

when they see something that makes them peel off in another direction.

It's Kicking Bird, coming to call.

KICKING BIRD

Dances With Wolves, are you in there?

In a moment the lodge flap opens and Dances With Wolves

steps

outside. He's fully dressed but a little disheveled.

KICKING BIRD

I am riding today to a far away place.

It is a place I haven't seen for a long time. A sacred place. I would like you to come with me.

Dances With Wolves ponders this.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Kicking Bird and Dances With Wolves are cantering side by side across the open prairie.

They pull their horses to a walk and Kicking Bird glances Dances With Wolves' direction.

Dances With Wolves' glances back and smiles.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

It's good to be out.

KICKING BIRD

Yes it must be.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

We are trying for a baby.

KICKING BIRD

No waiting?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

No waiting.

The medicine man keeps looking at his protege. There is virtually no semblance of Lieutenant Dunbar left.

KICKING BIRD

I was just thinking that of all the trails in this life, there is one that matters more than all the others. It is the trail of a true human being. I think you are on this trail and it is good to see.

Dances With Wolves doesn't reply, but he is blushing a little.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Dances With Wolves and Kicking Bird gallop their horses to the crest of a steep hill and rein to a halt.

Down below, miles distant, is the curving line of a river. But there is a section of river, directly before them, that cannot be seen. It is screened by a mammoth stand of trees, some of them towering a hundred feet or more. He glances at Dances With Wolves but his companion doesn't see. He's staring in wonder at the great forest before him.

KICKING BIRD

It is said that all the animals were born here... that from here they spread over the prairies to feed all the people. Even our enemies say this is a sacred place.

They start toward the river at a walk.

EXT. BROKEN FOREST - DAY

The two riders come out of the sunlight and onto a shaded path leading into the forest. They've only gone a few yards when Kicking Bird pulls to a stop. The men sit on their

horses

in complete silence. Dances With Wolves is still fully entranced.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

It's quiet.

But Kicking Bird does not acknowledge his companion's words.

He seems to be concentrating on the quiet. The quiet is

wrong

and Kicking Bird knows it. He moves forward slowly.

Following behind Kicking Bird, Dances With Wolves' attention

is focused on the tree tops above him. A curious buzzing sound has started up and is growing louder by the moment. Perhaps there are bees swarming in the branches overhead. Now he is distracted by Cisco coming to a stop. Kicking Bird

too has stopped. Just ahead the forest opens into an incredible cathedral-like expanse. Sunlight streams down onto the floor in beautiful pools.

But still there is a deathly quiet and Dances With Wolves can see now that this remarkable place has been horribly desecrated.

Trees have been felled everywhere, most of them left to rot for no explicable reason.

At the same time he sees this destruction Dances With Wolves

realizes that the strange buzzing sound is not coming from overhead but from the forest floor.

The insects are not bees. They are flies and they are swarming

over dozens of carcasses strewn over the ground. Badgers, skunks, squirrels and other small animals, nearly all of them killed merely for target practice.

The men and their ponies move on. Deer carcasses are everywhere, many of them horribly mutilated. A choice flank portion is cut away here and there, while ninety-five percent

of the bodies have been left to rot.

Heads and legs have been chopped off. Dances With Wolves passes by a spot where several deer heads have been placed nose to nose as if the heads were having a conversation. Someone's perverted idea of humor.

The men ride through the carnage in a sad daze.

Now they reach the center of the cathedral and here they find a few crude leantos, hewn from freshly cut wood. The people who stayed here had bigger plans for all the felled wood, but lost ambition and settled for these ugly hovels. A great pile of wild turkeys, perhaps twenty birds in all, sit to one side. They haven't even been plucked. Just shot and left to rot.

Dances With Wolves notices half a dozen liquor bottles in a heap of trash.

He cannot bring himself to look at Kicking Bird. Any man would be repulsed at these sights, but in Dances With

Wolves'

case there is a feeling of shame as well.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

We must wait for these people...

Kicking Bird says nothing for a long time.

KICKING BIRD

No, they've been gone a week maybe more... we will water the horses and go home.

He turns his pony away.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Kicking Bird and Dances With Wolves are alone on a great sea of prairie.

There's a little fire going. A sage hen is being roasted, but for some time we hear nothing but the light crackle of

the fire. Each man is preoccupied with his own thoughts, thoughts of the broken forest.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

You have asked me many times about the white people... you always ask how many more are coming.

Dances With Wolves looks at his friend and mentor.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

There will be a lot my friend... more than can be counted.

KICKING BIRD

Help me to know how many.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Like the stars.

This is what Kicking Bird wanted to know. And it hits him like a rock.

Kicking Bird bows his head in thought while Dances With

Wolves

raises his. He never wanted to say this, he wishes it wasn't true.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

It makes me afraid for all the Sioux.

INT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - DAY

The old man puffs away at his trusty pipe. Now he lays it down. Kicking Bird and Dances With Wolves are waiting patiently.

TEN BEARS

It's hard to know what to do.

The old man gets up, walks to his bedside, reaches up into the sacred rigging above and takes down a melon-sized rawhide

bundle. He brings this back to the fire and unwraps it

slowly.

Inside is a rusted hunk of metal, the helmet of a Spanish conquistador.

TEN BEARS

The men who wore this came in the time of my grandfather's grandfather. Eventually, we drove them out. Then the Mexicans came. In my own time the whites came... the Texans. They have been like all the others who find something they want in our

country. They take it without asking.
I have always been a peaceful man,
happy to be in my own country and
wanting nothing from the white people.
Nothing at all. But I think you are
right. I think they will keep coming.
When I think of that, I look at this
bundle. Our country is all that we
want. We will fight to keep it.

He picks up his pipe and puffs deeply.

TEN BEARS

Tomorrow morning we will strike the
village and go to the winter camp.

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - DAY

The whole camp is being struck. There is activity
everywhere.

INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - DAY

Stands With A Fist is packing and so is Dances With Wolves.
He is putting away the shield that Stone Calf once worked
on. She pauses to stroke her husband's leg tenderly.

STANDS WITH A FIST

You have everything from the soldier
fort?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

No, there is nothing for me there.

Stands with A Fist laughs as she starts out of the lodge.

STANDS WITH A FIST

That's good.

But as he tightens the leather thongs on the shield case,
Dances With Wolves' face begins to cloud.

EXT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - DAY

Dances With Wolves bolts out of the lodge and snatches up
Cisco's reins. He calls urgently to Stands with A Fist.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Stands With A Fist... wait...

EXT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY

The village is about ready to move, just a few last minute
flurries of activity.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

The words in the book are like a
trail for people to follow. It tells
everything about my life here. I
must get it.

KICKING BIRD

We cannot wait for you.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I will catch up.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Dances With Wolves and Cisco are cantering quickly over the open prairie.

EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY

Old Fort Sedgewick is just beyond the next rise. Dances With

Wolves eases Cisco into a full run.

They fly so quickly over the rise that Dances With Wolves has no time to react.

There must be forty or fifty of them; talking, walking, working and playing. Old Fort Sedgewick is crawling with them. Blue-coated soldiers.

Just in front of him is a deep-bedded wagon carrying a cargo

of SOLDIERS. They've been out cutting wood. But now the men in the wagon are scrambling for their rifles and screaming out the alarm... "Indians!"

Dances With Wolves puts everything he has into pulling Cisco

up.

The soldiers in the wagon, a collection of pimply-faced

teen-

agers and middle-aged rabble, are aiming their rifles. Cisco

rears high in the air as the volley is fired from the wagon.

Dances With Wolves is pitched off to one side, landing hard on the ground. When he gets his senses back the first thing he sees is Cisco. The buckskin is lying very still.

Oblivious to the shouts of the soldiers racing toward him, Dances With Wolves runs crab-like to his horse's side.

Cisco's been shot several times, one bullet taking him in the heart. He's dead.

Dances With Wolves whirls to face the soldiers.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

You killed him...

That's the last thing he says. A rifle stock slams into the side of his face and as soldiers swarm over him, everything goes black.

EXT. COLUMN - DAY

Ten Bears village is on the trail. Kicking Bird is riding down the line. He notices Stands With A Fist. She is

terribly

distraught.

Kicking Bird glances at the sun. The day is more than half-over. He kicks his pony back up the line next to Wind In His

Hair.

KICKING BIRD

Something has happened... Dances
With Wolves is not coming.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

He must have trouble.

KICKING BIRD

Pick two good men with fast ponies
and send them back to the soldier
fort.

INT. SUPPLY HOUSE - DAY

Dances With Wolves lies unconscious on the floor of the

ruined

supply house. One side of his face is grotesquely swollen from the blow he took. Blood still seeps from a long split of the skin along his cheek.

He groans. Voice are playing about his ears, the voices of white men. He opens his eyes.

A bearish, bearded SERGEANT BAUER, is squatting directly in front of him. Behind the sergeant, peering over the crumbled

walls like visitors at a zoo, are a crowd of ordinary soldiers.

BAUER

Spivey...

A pitiful looking man, SPIVEY, who is a soldier by name

only,

answers up.

SPIVEY

Yessir sergeant...

SERGEANT BAUER

Tell the major he's wakin' up... and
move your worthless ass.

The sergeant's smallish eyes are fixed on Dances With

Wolves.

With some effort he manages to get himself into a sitting position against the back wall.

SERGEANT BAUER

Got yourself a helluva shiner, didn't

ya?

Dances With Wolves only blinks at him. His cheek is crushed and so is his spirit.

Someone calls attention and two officers walk into the roofless supply house. One is a MAJOR, one is a young lieutenant -- Lieutenant Elgin -- the officer Dances With Wolves bumped into at Fort Hays. Neither one recognizes the other.

MAJOR

Does he speak english?

SERGEANT BAUER

Don't know sir... you speak english?

Talk english?

(kicking at one of
Dances With Wolves'
boots)

Talk?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I speak english...

Everyone is shocked at the clarity of the words.

MAJOR

Who are you?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Lieutenant John. J. Dunbar. This is my post.

MAJOR

Why are you dressed like this?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I came out from Fort Hays last April. But there was no one here.

The major and the lieutenant exchange whispers.

ELGIN

You have proof of that?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

My journal is on the bunk in my quarters. My orders are in the journal. It will tell you everything.

ELGIN

Spivey, you and Edwards were here first. Did you find anything... a journal.

Spivey shifts uncomfortably.

SPIVEY

We didn't see nothin' sir.

ELGIN

Where's Edwards?

SPIVEY

He's outside. But he didn't see
nothin' either.

Elgin indicates to the major that he will get to the bottom
of this and walks out the door -- the major follows.

Dances With Wolves lets his head slump forward. The men
gathered around the supply house murmur among themselves,
commenting on the prisoner. They can't take their eyes off
him. Neither can Sergeant Bauer. He watches the prisoner
from a distance. Then he walks across the floor, squats in
front of him and whispers coarsely in his face.

SERGEANT BAUER

You turned Injun, din'cha?

Dances With Wolves lifts his head and stares at the
sergeant.

SERGEANT BAUER

Din'cha?

The major and the lieutenant suddenly reappear.

ELGIN

What is your name?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Dunbar... D.U.N.B.A.R... John.

ELGIN

You say you are an officer?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Did you read my orders?

ELGIN

No.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

It was in my journal.

ELGIN

There are no orders and there is no
journal.

There is a silence as Dances With Wolves takes this in.
Elgin tries again.

ELGIN

Why are you out of uniform?

Dances With Wolves takes a long time to answer.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I have to relieve myself.

EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY

Surrounded by guards, Dances With Wolves is being walked

toward a clump of bushes.

He glances out at the prairie. Cisco's body lies where it fell. Black birds are pecking it.

GUARD

Here you... eyes front.

A rifle butt bangs him hard between the shoulder blades and Dances With Wolves attacks. Before anyone else can move he has taken the offending soldier to the ground and is strangling him.

Another rifle butt crashes against his skull and again everything goes black.

INT. SUPPLY HOUSE - DAY

Water drips from Dances With Wolves' head and he comes to again. As he moves he hears a jangling and discovers that his hands and feet are in chains. Everyone has assembled.

ELGIN

Why are you out of uniform?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

What is the army doing out here?

Sergeant Bauer shoves Dances With Wolves with his gun.

BAUER

Lieutenant's askin' the questions here.

Elgin quickly steps in.

ELGIN

We are charged with apprehending hostiles, recovering stolen property and retrieving white captives taken in hostile raidings.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

There are no hostiles.

MAJOR

We will ascertain that for ourselves. Now if you guide us to these camps and serve as an interpreter, your conduct will be reevaluated.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

What conduct?

MAJOR

Your status as a traitor might improve should you choose to cooperate with the United States Army.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

(quietly)

There is nothing for you to do out here.

Elgin can see that the major's attitude and inexperience has killed any chance of communication. He makes one last try on his own.

ELGIN

Are you willing to cooperate or not?

MAJOR

Well, speak up...

DANCES WITH WOLVES

(lowly in Sioux)

I am Dances With Wolves...

MAJOR

What's that?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

(loudly in Sioux)

I am Dances With Wolves... I have nothing to say to you. You are not worth talking to.

The major is surprised. Elgin is not. The major turns on his heel and walks out. Lieutenant Elgin stares at Dances With Wolves.

ELGIN

Sergeant... have a detail take him down to the river... let him clean up his face.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Dances With Wolves kneels by the river, splashing water lightly on his battered face. Half a dozen soldiers are lounging around watching him.

EXT. BUSHES - DAY

Trooper Spivey is crapping in the bushes. Another soldier, CRAPPER, is crapping not far away. Spivey can see Dances With Wolves in the distance, still splashing water on his face.

Now he slips something out of his tunic. It's the journal. He opens it and starts to tear out a page, trying hard not to make noise.

CRAPPER (O.S.)

You got paper over there Spivey?

SPIVEY

What's it to you?

CRAPPER

Well gimme some shitbird.

Spivey thinks.

SPIVEY

Can you read?

CRAPPER

Naw, I can't read. What the hell do you care... you can't either.

Spivey looks down at the stolen journal, thinking.

SPIVEY

Alright... hold your horses.

EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY

Two Sioux scouts watch from the brow of a slope above the fort. Having spotted Dances With Wolves, they withdraw. We see Dances With Wolves at a distance, being marched back to his "cell" by the detail of soldiers. He's moving

awkwardly

in his chains.

INT. SUPPLY HOUSE - DAY

Dances With Wolves is half-dozing against the wall when

Spivey

walks in with a plate of army gruel. He's followed by

Sergeant

Bauer. Spivey sets the plate in front of the prisoner. He admires the breastplate and like a crow eyeing something shiny, he thinks to grab for it.

Suddenly a pair of manacled hands lock on his wrists. Dances

With Wolves face is inches away from Spiveys. Terrified, Spivey pulls away, kicking over the plate of food as he scrambles to safety across the room.

SERGEANT BAUER

Lap it up Injun.

Dances With Wolves sticks a toe under the lip of the plate and flips it over. Most of it hits Spivey, a little splashes

on Bauer. Spivey moves to kick the prisoner, but Bauer intercedes with his rifle.

SERGEANT BAUER

Go on ahead Injun... You'll just get hungrier is all... but mebbe that don't matter. Word is they're gonna ship you back to Hays. And they'll

hang you once you get there.

Bauer and Spivey leave him and Dances With Wolves kicks out viciously at the spilled plate.

EXT. TEMPORARY CAMP - DAY

There's a tremendous upheaval. Ten Bears' band has halted its march. SIX PAINTED WARRIORS all heavily armed are

jumping

onto their ponies and being handed the lines to spare

mounts.

Wind In His Hair is their leader.

The whole village is up to see them off.

Smiles A Lot, painted and carrying a bow and quiver rides into the midst of the group. Wind In His Hair studies the resolute boy.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

You will hold our horses... nothing more.

Smiles A Lot nods.

With a great whooping from the villagers, the rescue party roars out of camp.

EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY

The wagon is pulling out with an escort of SEVEN SOLDIERS. Dances With Wolves' spirits are very low as he sits in the bed of the jolting wagon. Spivey is guarding him. Elgin is leading the detail.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY.

Dances with Wolves watches a ridge in the distance for any sign of riders.

SPIVEY

I don't see nobody.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Elgin and one of the escort soldiers are scouting far out on

the prairie. The lieutenant pauses and looks back at the wagon. It is far behind in the distance, but still coming.

EXT. WAGON - DAY

Dances With Wolves is dozing as the wagon jolts across the ground. Suddenly a shot rings out. Dances With Wolves opens his eyes.

The wagon driver is aiming his rifle out at something on the

prairie. He fires again.

Dances With Wolves looks over the wagon bed and sees Two Socks. He's standing still, fifty yards away. Staring in his

old inquisitive way at the wagon.

SPIVEY

Lookit the stupid bastard... he ain't even runnin'.

Two shots ring out in rapid succession.

BAUER

Don't shoot, I seen 'em first... it's my shot.

Sergeant Bauer fires his own round. Everyone has missed. Bauer is jamming another cartridge into the chamber.

DRIVER

It's my shot goddamit.

Now Spivey decides to get into the act. He rises up with his rifle aiming.

SPIVEY

You dumb sons a bitches.

Before he can fire, there's a rattling of chains. And the next moment, Spivey's feet are being pulled out from under him by Dances With Wolves. His rifle fires harmlessly into space.

Bauer turns from the wagon seat and slams the back of the prisoner's head with the gunstock. Dances With Wolves falls back, letting go of the shaken Spivey. Bauer smiles at Spivey contemptuously.

BAUER

He mighta killed you.

In the next instant, Spivey gives Dances With Wolves a resounding crack in the sternum with the butt of his rifle and he goes down on his back.

More shots are fired. Dazedly, Dances With Wolves looks out and sees Two Socks still running parallel to the wagon. There's another shot and then shouting.

SOLDIER 1

I got him...

SOLDIER 2

The hell you did...

SOLDIER 1

I got him... dead shot boys.

Spivey is still poking Dances With Wolves.

SPIVEY

You want more?... get up... get up.

ELGIN

Spivey!

Elgin has ridden alongside the wagon.

ELGIN

I see you bash the prisoner once
more and I'll put those shackles on
you...

Elgin's men are headed up towards Two Socks when shots ring
out.

ELGIN

You men! Get back to your places.

The camera continues over the hill to Two Socks' body, but
it is no where in sight. Instead the Indian war party of six
is waiting silently in ambush. Frustrated, they will try
again.

EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY

The wagon is making its way steadily down, toward the river.

Dances With Wolves watches the line of growth along the

river

get closer, his eyes and ears and nose full alert.

If they come this will be the place to do it. Dances With
Wolves will make the most of this hope.

The wagon moves down a narrow pathway, not much more than a
game trail. The lieutenant raises his hand and the wagon
halts at the river's edge.

A soldier rides back and forth in the water on the other
side of the river. He's checking for any signs of ambush.
The soldier starts back to them.

SOLDIER

All clear lieutenant...

Elgin starts into the water, followed by the wagon. The "all
clear" sign means nothing to Dances With Wolves. He's all
keyed up.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Elgin and a soldier are leading the way. They're only a few
yards from the opposite bank when the lieutenant is taken.
Elgin is completely surprised to find an arrow buried in his
chest.

The outrider is about to pull up his gun when an arrow hits
him square in the gut. He brings his head up to see the full

force of Wind In His Hair, stringing up another arrow and taking aim.

Just as the outrider is struggling to raise his gun, Wind In

His Hair fires off another arrow deep into the man's heart. The impact sends him flying out of the saddle, dead.

Wind In His Hair comes on, leading five Sioux warriors.

EXT. WAGON - DAY

Dances With Wolves has looped the shackles around Spivey's neck in a death grip when he sees Bauer leveling his rifle at the approaching riders.

Dances With Wolves aims a vicious kick at Bauer, sending the

rifle flying, and Bauer over the edge of the wagon. Bauer flounders in the water, fumbling for his pistol. He sends off a round taking one of the on rushing warriors in the shoulder. The Sioux loses his seat and tumbles off the pony

into the water, wounded.

EXT. WAGON - DAY

Dances With Wolves snaps the loop around Spivey's neck as hard as he can and bone breaks.

Dances With Wolves is beating Spivey furiously with his chains. He keeps whacking until the blood is spreading on the surface of the water.

The frantic driver is about to make a run for it when he is impaled with a Sioux lance.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

The two soldiers in the back of the wagon have turned tail and are splashing back across the river.

As they scramble up the bank, two Sioux warriors meet them and cut them down with hatchets.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

In the midst of the smoke and confusion of the battle, Bauer

has made his way to the cover of the weeds along the river bank.

Crashing through the thicket, he comes to a clearing and there in the shallows, comes face to face with Smiles A Lot.

The boy is standing in the shallows holding the extra

horses.

The boy is so frightened at the sudden sight of this white soldier that he doesn't move. Bauer sticks his revolver into

Smiles A Lot's face and pulls the trigger. But the hammer only clicks. The gun is empty.

Bauer pistol-whips the boy, knocking him to the ground and grabs for the closest of the horses. But the ponies are all stirred up now and starting to run down the river.

Bauer succeeds in grabbing a hunk of mane, but the horse he's gotten hold of is moving too fast for him to get on. But now Bauer hears a bone-chilling whoop. Wind In His Hair is coming.

His pony plows through the water at full speed. A

skullcracker

dangles from one hand. The warrior begins to whirl it

around.

Terrified, Bauer turns to run. Before he can take a step, a hatchet buries itself to the hilt. Smiles A Lot is at the other end. But Bauer is not through.

His hands are around the boy's neck, choking him with his last seconds of life. A larger than life Wind In His Hair draws even and swings his club. Bauer's head explodes, covering Smiles A Lot in blood -- the sergeant's hands

cannot

be seen.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Still in chains, Dances With Wolves and Wind In His Hair are

dragging Elgin's body onto shore. Dances With Wolves rifles through the dead man's pockets. He finds a set of keys and plops down to unlock his shackles.

The wounded Indian warrior is being tended to. Smiles A Lot is downstream washing Bauer's blood off.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

A warrior is stripping down Spivey. He holds up the dead man's tunic, but doesn't notice that something plops out. It's the journal. It floats off into the current, well out of Dances With Wolves field of vision. It is lost forever.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

The journal continues its downstream journey. Suddenly a small hand reaches down and scoops it out of the water. Smiles A Lot holds the book close to his face amazed at the sight of words.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

The party is mounting. Smiles A Lot rides up next to Dances With Wolves.

SMILES A LOT

Dances With Wolves... look.

He offers the book. Dances With Wolves takes it, regarding the journal.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DUSK

The rescue party is cantering across the prairie.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

(to Wind In His Hair)

We go South?

WIND IN HIS HAIR

We will ride South for two days...

then turn East. No one must follow.

This doesn't seem to bother Wind In His Hair. But it sets Dances With Wolves to thinking.

EXT. CANYON TRAIL - DAY

The sound of a single drum calls attention to eight silhouettes on horseback making their way down the ridge. The entire village begins to rumble with excitement as the news spreads.

EXT. CANYON TRAIL - DAY

The rescue party is walking down the trail single file.

Dances

With Wolves is a few slots back. All the village is racing up the canyon to greet them.

Stands With A Fist leads them all. She runs to Dances With Wolves. She jumps all over her husband and finally he lifts her up on his pony.

INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - DAY

The couple we have come to know are sitting on their bed. Dances With Wolves is combing Stands With A Fist's hair. It's something he is doing with care and affection. She is loving it as much as he. They are together as two people can be and yet it is a hard time.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

You have nothing to say?

STANDS WITH A FIST

What can I tell you?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

What ever is on your mind.

STANDS WITH A FIST

We have decided. You are my husband.

I am your wife. That is all I know.

Dances With Wolves lays his forehead on her back. He sighs.

Then he pulls away, slips a robe around his shoulders and walks out of the lodge.

Sadly, she watches him go.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

We follow a pair of boots walking in the snow. Pan up to find an ORDERLY bringing coffee to a MAJOR. He is surrounded

by other officers and in front of him a large column of men is moving toward the snow covered mountains.

The Major tosses the remaining coffee in a fire and he prepares to mount.

We pan up with the smoke and the steam.

EXT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - DAY

It's cold in the Sioux camp. A warm column of smoke is spiraling out of Ten Bears' lodge.

INT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - DAY

Several men are gathered around Ten Bears' fire, including Kicking Bird, Wind In His Hair and Dances With Wolves.

All the men are draped with blankets. The wind is howling outside. The men are engaged in small talk as the pipe goes around the circle.

The pipe comes around to Dances With Wolves, and the man next to him must nudge him to attention. Dances With Wolves takes the pipe and begins to smoke.

Ten Bears watches him closely.

TEN BEARS

(to Dances With Wolves)

Dances With Wolves is quiet these days.

He does not reply. He smokes a little more and passes the pipe.

TEN BEARS

Is his heart bad?

Dances With Wolves glances at the men around the fire.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Killing the soldiers at the river was a good thing. It made me free and my heart was big to see my friends coming to help me. I did not mind killing those men. I was glad to do it.

He searches for the right words.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

But the soldiers hate me now like

they hate no other. I am more than
an enemy to them, I am a traitor.
They will hunt for me. They will not
give up. And when they find me they
find you and that cannot happen.

Objections break out all around the fire. Wind In His Hair
jumps to his feet and even Kicking Bird is protesting.

TEN BEARS

Quiet!... sit down Wind In His Hair.
You are hurting an old man's ears
with your loud talk.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The column of soldiers can be heard but not seen. They are
moving forward, singing the Battle Hymn of The Republic.

INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - DUSK

Stands With A Fist is building up the fire in their cozy
home. Dances With Wolves works on a long-stemmed pipe which
is in the last stages of completion.

TEN BEARS (O.S.)

Dances With Wolves?

Dances With Wolves gets up, opens the flap and admits the
old chief. A few snowflakes cling to his wispy hair.
He goes straight to the fire and sits.

TEN BEARS

Ahh... this is a nice fire... at my
age a good fire is better than
anything.

Stands With A Fist brings two small bowls of food, places
them next to the men and busies herself with something else.

Though neither one is much interested they begin to eat.

TEN BEARS

I wondered how your bad heart was
doing and though I would come by and
see for myself. This place doesn't
look so bad-hearted.

Dances With Wolves smiles.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

No, we are happy.

TEN BEARS

But you are leaving anyway?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I have talked with Stands With a
Fist and we will go together.

TEN BEARS

Have you told this to Kicking Bird
or to Wind In His Hair.

It's anguish for Dances with Wolves to think about his friends. He shakes his head "no". Ten Bears thinks again in silence.

TEN BEARS

You are the only white man I have
ever known. I have thought about you
alot. More than you know.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

That does not surprise me.

TEN BEARS

You have always spoken with your
heart. And like all of us, you are a
free man and can do anything you
like. When I look across this fire,
I do not see a white soldier. I see
only a Sioux named Dances With Wolves.
And there is nothing they hate so
much as a Sioux.

Ten Bears words always have purpose and as always, he makes his point.

He pauses for a moment and notices Dances with Wolves'

nearly

finished pipe.

TEN BEARS

You are making a pipe?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Yes?

Ten Bears holds out a hand and Dances with Wolves hands the pipe to him. Ten Bears inspects it briefly.

TEN BEARS

This might be a pretty good pipe...
how does it smoke?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I don't know, I haven't tried it
yet.

TEN BEARS

Let's smoke it awhile... it is good
to pass the time this way.

EXT. WINTER CAMP - DAWN

From a little distance, Wind In His Hair is watching Dances With Wolves' lodge. His face is full of uncertainty and a

kind of pain we have never seen before. He is in agony. He starts forward but after a few yards he stops to think. He turns back but has only gone a few steps when he stops and turns to face Dances With Wolves' lodge once more. He starts for the tipi again, but he can't go thru with it. The

proud warrior turns away and walks quickly out of sight.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

The column is moving at a leisurely walk when the horses start to bunch up. They're stopping.

Everyone waits while far up ahead, a group of ten or twelve men examine the ground. White officers sits atop their

horses,

while their scouts scour the ground. They've found a significant trail.

The scouts are Indian, and by their distinctive dress, we recognize them. They are Pawnee.

The Pawnee scouts come racing up. Their horses are wet and have come a good distance. The scouts are very excited.

The men have dismounted. They prepare for battle, removing any equipment that might rattle -- tin cups, plates, etc., tossing the discards into a growing pile.

INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAWN

Black Shawl watches as Kicking Bird slips a magnificent pipe

into its buckskin case. Now he looks at her. The medicine man too is in a kind of pain we have not seen before.

EXT. WINTER CAMP - DAWN

Carrying the pipe he made, Dances With Wolves walks through the village. Suddenly he stops. Kicking Bird is standing in the middle of the empty avenue.

Like gunfighters, the two men approach each other at a slow and deliberate walk.

Gradually they realize that each has selected the same

parting

gift. It's heartbreaking. Kicking Bird tries to cover with a

casual question, but it's all fake.

KICKING BIRD

You've finished your pipe? How does it smoke?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I'm told it smokes well.

Dances With Wolves moves to make the exchange. Kicking Bird

does the same. From one hand to the other. Men couldn't be closer.

KICKING BIRD

It doesn't seem possible that we could come this far.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

You were the first man I ever wanted to be like. I will not forget you.

Neither can speak. There is only goodbye.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

The column of soldiers is not in a rush, but they're

trotting

now to make better time.

EXT. WINTER CAMP - DAY

Stands With A Fist sits on a pony outside the lodge. Two pack horses are loaded with their things.

Dances With Wolves swings onto his pony's back and we follow

as they start out of the village. No one is standing in rose

to watch them leave. No one is crying. In fact, people are making the motions of going about their regular work.

But it's all fake too. The whole village is sad and the most

obvious sign is that there is no sound. In the awful quiet, most people avert their eyes as the two pass by.

EXT. CANYON TRAIL - DAY

Dances With Wolves and Stands With A Fist have reached the head of the trail leading out of the winter camp. They have just begun to ascend when a voice, calling from afar, brings

them to a halt. The sound echoes through the canyons,

through

the village.

WIND IN HIS HAIR (O.S.)

(calling)

Dances With Wolves...

EXT. CANYON - DAY

His pony is jacked up and, as always, Wind In His Hair looks

the perfect warrior. But now his face is full of stress as he screams out the message he could not deliver in person.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

I am Wind In His Hair...

EXT. WINTER CAMP - DAY

Everyone in the camp has stopped to listen.

WIND IN HIS HAIR (O.S.)

Can you not see that I am your friend?

EXT. CANYON TRAIL - DAY

Dances With Wolves looks ready to crack.

WIND IN HIS HAIR (O.S.)

Can you not see that you will always
be my friend?

Dances With Wolves lets the unhappy echo of these words fade

away before he starts his pony again. We follow for a few
yards. Then the call comes a second time. If anything, more
urgent than before.

WIND IN HIS HAIR (O.S.)

Dances With Wolves...

Dances With Wolves stops. He drops his head painfully as the

sound of his own name booms through his head.

EXT. CANYON TRAIL - DUSK

Troops are moving through the trees quietly, sabers drawn.

EXT. CANYON RIM - DUSK

The rest of the troops have moved to the edge. They too are
quiet. Down below, the Pawnee scouts are milling about

looking

for sign.

The soldiers from the canyon floor are silently arriving on
the scene. The Pawnee look to the lead scout on the canyon
rim. They have no answer, and the lead scout has none to
give the general at his side. Ten Bears' village is gone.

EXT. CANYON RIM - DUSK

Wind In His Hair and several other warriors are just drawing

back from unseen vantage points on the canyon rim. Wind In
His Hair glances back and hesitates, as though waiting for
someone. A great, yellow full moon has just appeared above
the opposite rim of the canyon. The yellow is brilliant, a
great spotlight of golden color.

A wolf steps into the light on the opposite rim. He's

walking

in the backdrop of the moon. The wolf suddenly arches his
back, sticks his muzzle in the air and produces a spine-
tingling howl. The sound bounces all over the canyon.

Dances With Wolves is at the canyon's rim. He listens a long

time, fully entranced by the wolf's howl. He is still listening when it is gone. A whisper floats out of the night behind him.

WIND IN HIS HAIR (O.S.)

Dances With Wolves...

Dances With Wolves shrinks back from the canyon's rim, turns and trots off into the darkness, following his friends.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END