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# September Dawn

By Christopher Cain

First, state your name, age,  
and the present condition of your health,  
and whether in your condition  
you could travel to attend in person  
to Beaver, the court now sitting there.  
I am Brigham Young. I am in my 75th year.  
It would be a great risk  
to both my health and life  
for me to travel to Beaver at this time.  
Because I am, and have been for some time,  
an invalid.

Second, what office,  
either ecclesiastical, civil or military,  
did you hold in the year 1857?

I was Governor of the Territory,  
ex-officio Superintendent to Indian Affairs,  
and President of the Church of Jesus Christ  
of Latter-day Saints,  
in the year 1857.

The last time I was here,  
I was six months old.

They say you don't remember things  
at that age, but I remember feelings.  
I remember the feel of wooden wagon  
wheels bouncing over the rocky ground.  
I remember the feel of horse hooves  
as they pounded across the meadow.  
I remember the feelings of love  
that flowed through everyone  
on that wagon train.  
It felt special.

Two different worlds met on this spot,  
one of love, the other of hate.

- What is it?

- Riders. Looks like six of them.

Let's go see who we have.

Greetings.

I'm Captain Alexander Fancher,  
and this is Captain John Baker.

Perhaps you could tell us,  
are we close to the supply station?

There is no supply station.

We were told there was a supply station  
near here.

No supply station. Best if you keep going.  
We need supplies,  
which we will happily pay for,  
and a resting spot where we can graze  
and water our livestock.

We have nothing to sell.

We passed rich fields being cultivated  
all across this territory,

- yet you say you have nothing to sell us.

- That's right.

We don't have enough supplies  
to get us to California.

Is there a problem, Alexander?

- Seems they don't like strangers.

- Just making sure that you do not stop here.

We're willing to pay top dollar.

- Money is the root of all evil.

- What about charity and mercy?

Our livestock need to graze and water.

Our people need rest.

You should have thought about that before.

Name's General Jacob Samuelson,

and these are my sons, Jonathan and Micah.

Folks around here call me the Bishop  
or the General.

I'm the Bishop of the Church,  
the General of the local militia,  
and the Mayor all rolled into one.

I'm Captain Alexander Fancher,  
one of the leaders of this wagon train.

This is Captain Baker, Nancy Dunlap.

Well, these people here are telling us  
to move along.

We were hoping to buy provisions  
and water and graze our livestock.

We don't come begging.

We're willing to pay.

Not an unreasonable request.

We need to show some Christian charity  
here, now don't we?

Thank goodness.

The men here sometimes get a little excited.

We've had many problems with emigrants  
using this trail.

I'm sorry to hear that.  
So you understand,  
we need to check you out  
before we decide whether  
to help you or not.  
Of course. We have nothing to hide.  
You stay here.  
My sons and I will look things over.  
That's a fine animal you're on, sir.  
This is One Eyed Blaze.  
He's my pride and joy.  
- Must be worth a pretty penny.  
- Two thousand, that's no lie.  
Now, what fool would pay so much  
for a horse?  
A breeding or a gaming man, sir.  
You interested in horses, son?  
We have the best horses  
west of the Mississippi with us.  
Well, there's nothing here  
that looks menacing.  
You all seem to be good Christian men  
and women.  
Thank you, Bishop.  
Does this mean you'll let us stay here  
and rest awhile?  
First, let me ask where you people are from.  
Most of us are from Arkansas,  
some of us are from Missouri.  
Missouri?  
Our people need rest, Bishop.  
We'll pay double  
with American Gold Eagles.  
No, of course not.  
- One should not pay for what God provides.  
- Thank you.  
My men will direct you to a place  
not very far from here  
where you can camp  
for no more than two weeks.  
You'll be safe from the hostile Indians there.  
- Thank you. Thank you very much, Bishop.  
- Good day.  
Did you see those horses?

Weren't they something?

I've never seen horses like that before.

Two thousand dollars for a horse!

A man could have a mansion  
with that kind of money!

Those horses are going to be used  
for gambling. Gambling is a sin.

Some of them come from Missouri  
and Arkansas.

I want you to keep an eye on the emigrants.

We need to find out more about them.

- We will.

- Yes, Father.

I want to know every detail.

There's no telling what could be important.

"The woman shall not wear  
that which pertaineth unto a man.

"All that do so are abomination  
unto the Lord thy God."

Put the horses and wagon away.

Dinner is in exactly one hour. Don't be late.

Micah, I expect you and your new wives  
to be on time. No excuses.

- Yes, sir.

- You spend too much time with them.

The Prophet recommends that every man  
should have at least three wives.

Maybe you should take another one.

What are you smiling at?

- You don't even have a single wife yet.

- He's particular.

Too particular if you ask me.

Here, let me take her.

Emily, you've been a godsend  
since my Jenny died.

Well, you know,

we've all got to help one another, Robert.

You know, the baby needs a mother.

Let us give thanks to the Lord.

We thank you for the food we eat,

the shelter that keeps us dry,

the clothes that keep us warm.

Thank you for this beautiful place

for us to rest,

and for the animals to feed and drink.  
We thank you for delivering  
the Gentiles into our hands.  
Bless the Bishop and his family  
for allowing us to stay.  
Surely these people are cursed  
beyond hope of redemption.  
Thank you for showing  
the light of Christian charity  
to those who doubted our motives  
for staying in this glorious place.  
Cursed are the Gentile dogs  
who allow abominations  
like that woman in pants who carries a gun.  
Curse all the people from Missouri  
who drove us from our land  
...in Jesus' name.  
May these children of Satan go to hell!  
Amen.

"As he rode along, he wondered what  
he would do if he came face to face.

"He had a lot of things..."

A word with you, Captain Fancher?

In private, if you please.

- How long do you plan to stay here?

- The Bishop has allowed us two weeks.

Two weeks?

We need that time for our people to rest,  
the animals to get their bellies full,  
their strength back.

I have a bad feeling about this place.

It isn't safe. And I think

we should move on as soon as possible.

The Bishop himself said we'd be safe here.

I know, but I don't like it.

I have children that depend upon me.

As do I.

I can't help it.

Since Lorenzo got sick,

I just worry all the time.

My children have only me to depend upon.

Nancy, you're not alone. You've got  
an entire wagon train here with you.

Now, the Bishop seems to have

an understanding with the Indians, and...

Well, I believe we're safe here.

It's not the Indians I worry about.

How long will you be gone, Father?

Two days. Jonathan, you're the eldest.

You'll be responsible.

Yes, sir.

Are you sure you don't want me  
to go with you?

I'm sure.

Would you like me to do as you suggested  
and check up on the emigrants?

You're awfully eager  
to follow my suggestions.

I'd like to get another look at the horses.

Are you sure that's all you want to  
get a look at?

Watch them closely.

I want to know what they're up to.

What would you like me to do?

You watch your brother.

- What are you doing?

- Watching you.

- Good morning, sir.

- Morning.

- You're the Bishop's son.

- Yes, sir, I'm Jonathan.

- Beautiful day.

- Yes, sir. Sure.

- Are you out for a morning ride, are you?

- No, sir.

The truth is,

I was admiring your horses yesterday,  
and I was hoping to get a closer look  
at them, if that's okay by you.

Well, let's ride on down  
and get you that closer look.

I'm always proud to show off our horses.

- You like horses, do you?

- Yes, sir.

It seems I have a way with them.

- These are all mares?

- Brood mares.

Most of them are due in the spring.

When we get to California,  
we should have a fine crop of babies.  
- I've never seen horses like this before.  
- And you probably never will.  
These horses are Kentucky's finest.  
We plan to start horse racing  
when we get to California.  
Give those miners something to do  
besides drinking and whoring.  
Why is that horse tied away  
from the others?  
He's mean, unmanageable,  
doesn't like anybody.  
I heard he was kept in a stall  
for a whole year and never let out  
while his owners tried to decide  
what to do with him.  
- Are you planning on racing him?  
- No, no, he's unridable.  
Then why do you keep him?  
For breeding.  
He'll make a great sire, one day.  
He's got the finest bloodlines,  
and he runs like the wind.  
I'm telling you,  
I swear my brother knows  
how to talk to horses.  
Very impressive.  
Ma'am. Begging your pardon.  
That was quite impressive, Mr. Samuelson.  
- Jonathan. My name is Jonathan.  
- Emily. I'm Emily.  
I saw you on the first day.  
I was riding in my father's carriage.  
I remember.  
And I'm Micah. Mr. Talkative's brother.  
Nice to meet you, Micah.  
- So, do all animals like you?  
- Most, I guess.  
Perhaps you'd like to try and ride him?  
He's magnificent.  
Captain Fancher, why don't you let  
Jonathan try to ride him?  
I would say that's Jonathan's decision.

I'll warn you though,  
he's thrown every rider that's tried.  
- Mr. Samuelson?  
- Jonathan. Please, call me Jonathan.  
- Jonathan.  
- I'll need a corral.  
A one without corners  
so he won't feel confined.  
I think we can provide that.  
Come back tomorrow in the morning,  
you can have a go at him.  
We are earnestly seeking to expose  
the vicious principles of Joseph Smith  
and those who practice  
the same abominations and whoredoms.  
Joseph Smith has ordered us  
to destroy everything.  
He is the voice of God.  
Burn the papers. Burn the papers.  
Burn everything.  
We will trample down our enemies  
and make it one gore of blood from  
the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic Ocean.  
I will be to this generation  
a second Mohammed,  
whose motto in treating for peace  
was "The Al-Qur'an or the sword."  
So shall it eventually be with us,  
Joseph Smith or the sword!  
Burn. Let their lies burn.  
Why does Joseph Smith need protection?  
You're supposed to be a general, or a king?  
- I heard you got 40 wives.  
- King Smith!  
I told you that Joseph Smith meant trouble.  
It's probably those Missourians.  
They hate him.  
There must be 100 people down there.  
We gotta get back downstairs. You stay put.  
We will never leave you or forsake you.  
Brother Hyrum!  
Joseph Smith is dead!  
Joseph Smith is dead!  
Here he comes.

- Mr. Samuelson, good morning.  
- Good morning, Captain Fancher.  
- What have you done to him?  
- He's ready to go if you are.  
Now, I'll hold him while you mount.  
You let me know when you're ready,  
I'll pull that blindfold.  
That won't be necessary.  
Okay.  
It's okay. It's okay.  
It's okay. Steady. Easy boy. It's okay.  
Okay.  
Here you go, pal. It's okay. It's okay.  
Good boy, good boy. That's it. Come on.  
You listen to me now.  
Now, you're listening to me now.  
Come on, good boy. That's it. Come on.  
We're gonna be a good team.  
I think that boy does speak horse.  
Good boy. Good boy.  
Good boy.  
Good boy.  
Good morning, Jonathan.  
Here we go. I'm gonna get up on you now.  
Good boy.  
That's it, good boy.  
Okay, you ready? Here we go.  
It's okay. We're still partners.  
Okay. Here we go.  
Good boy.  
Good boy. There you go.  
Hey, we're buddies.  
Joseph Smith himself ordered  
a company of Danites  
to put right physically  
that which is not right,  
and to cleanse the Church  
of very great evils.  
I have no wife whom I love so well  
that I would not put a javelin  
through her heart for lying with my brother,  
and I would do so with clean hands.  
There are sins that men commit  
for which they cannot attain forgiveness

in this world,  
or in that which is to come.  
And if their eyes were open  
to their true condition,  
they would be perfectly willing  
to have their blood spilt upon the ground  
to atone for their sins.  
If there is a person here  
that has committed a sin  
that he knows will deprive him of that  
exaltation which he desires,  
and he cannot attain to it  
without the shedding of his blood  
to atone for that sin,  
and be saved and exalted with the gods,  
they would say,  
"Shed my blood that I may be saved  
"and exalted with the gods!"  
You've done wonders with him.  
Good boy. No, he does most of the work.  
I just hang on.  
You two look like  
you've been together forever.  
You have a beautiful baby.  
Thank you, but she isn't mine.  
Her mother died at childbirth.  
So, I'm just helping the other women  
and Robert take care of her.  
And she's doing a wonderful job of it.  
I couldn't survive without her.  
Can you believe what Jonathan has been  
able to do with the stallion?  
It's impressive.  
But I'd like to see what happens when  
you take him outside  
the confines of this little corral.  
President Buchanan has sent  
thousands of troops  
which are on their way here  
to kill all the Indians and all the Mormons.  
- It's outrageous.  
- Outrageous.  
President Buchanan means  
to remove me as Governor

and give the kingdom to the Mericats.  
I will try to take care of number one,  
and if it is wicked for me  
to try to preserve myself,  
I shall persist in it,  
for I am intending to take care of myself.  
Hell cannot remove me.

- Amen.

- Amen.

- I am still your Governor.

- Glory to God!

I will still rule this people until God himself  
permits another to take my place.

Hallelujah!

I'm declaring martial law.

We will not be run out.

This time, we will stand and fight.

I am the voice of God,  
and anyone who doesn't like it  
will be hewn down.

God has revealed to me  
that I have the right and the power  
to call down curses on anyone  
who tries to invade our lands.

- Therefore, I curse the Gentiles.

- Amen.

You like him?

He's a beautiful horse.

With the right handling,  
he'll be a great horse.

I'm glad you think so,  
because he's yours to keep.

I can't accept such a gift.

Boy, that horse belongs to you.

He was yours the moment you laid eyes  
on each other.

And it wouldn't be fair for me to stop  
love at first sight, now would it?

Thank you, sir. You're very generous.

No more generous than your father  
has been to us.

Thank you, sir.

- Thank you very much.

- You're most welcome.

I don't know how to accept such a fine gift.  
Well, I think, as the Captain said,  
I think he was yours the moment  
you laid eyes on each other.  
Love at first sight.  
Do you believe in that?  
I don't know.  
It happened to my parents.  
My mother always likes to say it was  
God's plan for their lives,  
that it was their destiny to be together.  
Do you believe in destiny?  
You're different. I mean,  
I've never met anyone like you before.  
You haven't?  
A lot of people say it's because  
I'm a pastor's daughter,  
which... I really don't like it.  
It makes me feel like a misfit.  
I've never really been around  
Gentiles before.  
Gentiles? What do you mean by that?  
You're not Jewish.  
It's just what we call you people.  
You people?  
What do you mean by you people?  
It's just a manner of speaking.  
You know, different parts of the country  
have different ways of saying things.  
You know?  
I suppose, Biblically speaking,  
you're correct.  
But then that would make you a Gentile, too.  
Actually, I like that you're different  
from the other girls around here.  
How am I different?  
Well,  
for a start, you're the prettiest girl  
I've ever seen.  
Well, I like that.  
And you speak your mind.  
You're not afraid to tell people  
what you think.  
Why is that different? A lot of the women

around here speak their mind.

I mean, look at Nancy.

She's much more outspoken than I am.

You mean the woman who wears the pants  
and carries the gun?

- Yes.

- My father thinks she's an abomination.

Does he?

He's not different from  
the rest of the men around here.

And I don't see other women in the  
wagon train wearing pants or carrying guns.

I mean, so what do they think about her?

It's a free country.

She can do what she pleases.

Why would your father care about  
something like that?

What difference does it make to him?

It's just the way he is.

A lot of things bother him.

"Why look at the mote in your brother's eye  
when there is a beam in yours?"

- What?

- Jesus said that in Matthew.

It sounds as though your father is always  
looking for the motes

in other people's eyes.

He's the Bishop. I mean, it's his job.

He has to keep people in line.

What does your father do?

My father says,

"Judge not, lest ye be judged."

Jesus said that, too.

How does he keep control?

How does he punish the sinners?

He doesn't punish sinners.

Their sins are between them and God.

Will I see you again?

Even if the sun doesn't rise.

A wagon train from Missouri and Arkansas  
is camped at the Mountain Meadows.

They have 500 head of prize beef,

a choice herd of Kentucky racehorses,

Kentucky muzzleloaders,

a large stockpile of ammunition  
and a well-guarded wagon  
with a trunk that is said to be full of gold.  
I hear some of them are Missouri wildcats  
who brag about killing Joseph Smith  
and carry the very gun that killed him.  
They say that they will join the army  
and kill Brigham Young, all the apostles,  
and every damned Mormon man,  
woman and child.

They have no pass  
to go through our country.  
No man has the right to go through  
our lands without a pass.  
They could be killed as common enemies.  
The Paiutes and the brethren  
must stick together  
for the Mericats plan to kill us all.  
We have led the Mericats  
to the Mountain Meadows.  
It's the perfect place for an ambush  
and a siege.

A crown of celestial glory and eternal joy  
is the reward of those who are faithful  
and willingly obey.

We are gathered here to build up  
the kingdom of God.

It exalts God that he has planted this people  
in a place that's not desired by the wicked.  
Until this moment,

I have protected emigrants  
who have passed through this territory,  
but now...

Now I will loose the Indians upon them!

And if any miserable scoundrel  
comes here to our Zion, cut his throat.

We take a solemn oath to never discuss this,  
even among ourselves,  
and promise to keep the whole matter secret  
from every human being.

- Amen.

- Amen.

"Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous.

"Praise is comely for the upright.

Praise the Lord with heart."

You should be careful, Emily.

These people are different.

I find him interesting.

I know.

- Where are you going?

- To the river to bathe.

- Is that safe?

- Safer then one more day with the smell.

Good night.

Emily.

No good will come of this.

Seems like a lot of people

have opinions about things

which are none of their business, Robert.

We're leaving in a week

and your heart will still be here.

Well, maybe I will stay with my heart.

And be one of his many wives?

At least you'll have help with the dishes.

Easy, boy. What is it? What are you seeing?

Something out there?

- What are you doing here?

- Spying on you.

Boy, can he run!

I've got Father's best horse here

and he can't even keep up.

Promise me you'll let him

sire some stock for me.

Why are you spying on me?

Well, Father is a little worried about you.

He thinks you're getting a little too friendly  
with the Gentiles.

And what do you think?

- You need a wife.

- I'm getting tired of hearing that.

Let me tell you, there's nothing like  
a soft body to cuddle up with at night.

I don't want to hear about that.

- You like that Gentile girl?

- Why?

She sure is pretty. You think she'll convert?

- Maybe I will.

- Now you're just being stupid.

You're the man.  
She's the one who needs to convert.  
Micah, do you love your wives?  
I don't know. I mean, what's love?  
Maybe men don't fall in love,  
only women do.  
- You ever thought about that?  
- No.  
You need a wife.  
- Here you go.  
- Where are you going?  
Home, to bed, with my wives.  
Well, be careful  
you don't go falling in love, okay?  
It's okay. At least I'm married.  
Oh, you want me to put your horse away  
for you?  
No, I'll do it.  
I want to talk to father when he gets home.  
Fine-looking horse.  
Yes, he is, Father.  
Where did he come from?  
He was a gift to me.  
Who would give you such a fine gift  
and why?  
Well, the truth is,  
no one else could go near him.  
So they gave him to me.  
He'll make a great sire.  
He'll definitely improve  
the quality of our stock.  
- Yes.  
- What's happening with the emigrants?  
When do they plan to move out?  
I think they plan to stay the two weeks  
that you gave them.  
Have they said anything about  
the Prophet's murder?  
I don't think they even know  
who Joseph Smith was.  
Have you heard them talk about joining  
Buchanan's army, running us out of here?  
All they want to do is go to California.  
I think you've got them figured wrong.

They mean no harm.  
Some of them are from Missouri.  
Can't trust anyone from Missouri.  
That's like saying every Mormon  
is perfect and can do no wrong.  
You're not getting attached  
to the emigrants, are you?  
What do you mean?  
I notice those emigrant girls  
had an eye for you.  
I've been thinking,  
the Taylor girl is awful pretty.  
- It's time you took a wife.  
- I don't want one right now.  
Gwen Taylor is sweet on Donald.  
I'm the Bishop around here.  
You can have any girl you want as a wife.  
I'm not interested in her, Father.  
I don't want someone to marry me  
just because you're the Bishop.  
Why not?  
You have your mother's looks, my position.  
Any girl would be proud to be sealed to you.  
She was beautiful.  
At least, that's how I remember her.  
Is that how you remember her?  
She was considered the most beautiful  
woman in these parts.  
What happened to my mother?  
After all these years, what does it matter?  
It matters to me.  
The Apostle took her away.  
I want to know why.  
He had a revelation that she was  
supposed to be his wife.  
And you believed him?  
She already had a family and a husband.  
She was sealed to you in the Church.  
As the Apostle Heber says,  
"Learn to do as you are told.  
"If you are told by your leaders  
to do a thing, do it.  
"It's none of your business  
whether it be right or wrong."

It's wrong to take a mother  
from her children,  
a wife from her husband.  
No one can do that.  
There are many things  
that we don't understand,  
because we don't have  
direct revelations from God.  
You didn't even argue with him, did you?  
He was one of the Apostles.  
I had no right to argue with him.  
She knew.  
She saw through the lie  
and came back for us.  
- Jonathan.  
- She was willing to die for us.  
You were there.  
What are you talking about?  
You were there when she died.  
You don't understand. I loved her.  
When I die, her secret name  
will be the first name I'll call.  
I will make her celestial goddess  
of my planet.  
You loved her but you let the Apostle  
take her away and kill her.  
I had no choice.  
You're responsible for her death!  
Jonathan! Jonathan! Stop!  
Stop, Jonathan! You'll kill him!  
- Just like he killed my mother!  
- He didn't kill her!  
- He was there!  
- He didn't kill her!  
- I saw him there.  
- He didn't kill her.  
The Danites killed her  
and the Apostle made him watch.  
My mother said he cried for months.  
I would die for the woman I loved  
before I saw her murdered.  
Get up!  
Get up.  
What for?

You're going to the temple  
for your endowments.

But...

I haven't taken the test.

How can I get a recommend?

I'm the Bishop.

I decide what you do and when you do it.

You're temple-worthy, and you're going to  
the temple whether you like it or not.

Your brothers will escort you.

Don't argue, Jonathan. Just do it.

Everyone who passes through  
their endowment in the Temple  
are placed under the most sacred obligation  
to avenge the blood of the Prophet  
whenever an opportunity arises.

You must teach your children  
to do the same.

The entire Mormon people are sworn and  
avowed enemies of the American nation.  
The blood of Christ will never wipe that out.

Your own blood must atone for it,  
and the judgments of the Almighty  
will come, sooner or later,  
and every man or woman will have to atone  
for breaking their covenant.

"We and each of us covenant and promise  
"that we will not reveal  
any of the secrets of this,  
"the second token of Aaronic priesthood  
"with its accompanying name,  
sign or penalty.

"Should we do so,  
we agree to have our breasts cut open  
"and our hearts and vitals  
torn out from our bodies  
"and given to the birds of the air  
and the beasts of the field."

Hold me. Don't ever let me go.

I won't, I promise.

I didn't think you were coming.

I will always come back for you.

Nothing, nobody will ever keep  
anything between us.

I have never met anyone like you.  
I've never met anyone like you.  
I've loved you since the first moment  
I saw your beautiful face.  
We don't even know each other.  
Do you think it can happen so fast?  
Love at first sight.  
It's only a matter of minutes,  
or maybe seconds.  
- And it lasts forever.  
- Forever.  
Jonathan, does your father have more  
than one wife?  
Yes. He has 18.  
Eighteen? How can a man  
have so many wives?  
Well, the Prophet, Brigham Young,  
he has 27.  
Well, how many wives will you have?  
Well, if I married someone like you,  
why would I want to marry anybody else?  
Captain Fancher! Oh, dear God, no.  
God, no!  
- We found her in the river.  
- Captain Fancher!  
Oh, God.  
Don't let the children see this.  
What happened?  
We don't know.  
We found her floating in the river.  
- What were you doing down at the river?  
- I just went there to bathe.  
And what were you doing there?  
Emily, you need to be  
with Nancy's children now.  
- But...  
- Emily, they're alone now.  
- Where are you going?  
- To help...  
I don't think that's a good idea  
right now, son.  
You're not one of us. You don't belong here.  
Best be on your way.  
Let us take care of our own.

I'm sorry.

I'm very sorry.

In these perilous times, it's important  
to remember God's commandment  
to love even those who hate us.

"Thou hast commanded us  
to keep thy precepts diligently.

"O that my ways were directed  
to keep thy statutes!"

"Thou hast rebuked  
the proud that are cursed,  
"which do err from thy commandments."

"I've chosen the way of truth."

Jonathan.

Jonathan, wake up.

You're still here.

I couldn't leave.

We're leaving soon.

And Captain Fancher wants us gone  
by first light.

First light?

Yes.

Nancy's death has made us all very nervous.

Then I'm going with you.

- To California?

- Yes, to California.

You would leave everything  
and just come with me to California?

Yes.

Because I love you  
and I want you to marry me.

You do?

I would give up my life for you.

This is my pledge to marry you.

And this represents  
my commitment to leave.

She's beautiful.

She was my mother.

She would have loved you.

I have to get back before they miss me.

I'll slip out early

and I'll be back by first light.

- All right.

- I promise.

I've asked for this special meeting  
of the Saints  
because we're about to embark  
on one of our greatest missions.  
Not even your closest wives must know.  
You all agree to a vow of secrecy?

- Yes.

- Yes.

The Gentiles have once again  
invaded our land.

I had a vision.

- I had a vision.

- What's going on?

Where were you?

The Prophet Joseph Smith  
came to me last night and he said,  
"How long will you let the Gentiles  
continue to drive us away?"

And I couldn't answer him.

I couldn't answer him.

Then Joseph Smith whispered that God  
has decreed these Gentiles are cursed.

And that they will murder  
every Mormon man, woman and child.

- Never! Never!

- Wait!

- Stop it!

- Wait, let me speak!

Mormon Saints,  
do you remember the Mormon War?

Yes!

They ran us out of Missouri!  
Are we going to wait for them to burn  
our houses and slaughter us again?

No! No! No!

- These Gentiles must die!

- Yes! Die!

It's not true! It's not true!

I've been among them.

Upon your order, I've spied on them.

I didn't see or hear anything  
to support what you're saying.

Have you forgotten your pledge  
to obey the Prophet and the Apostles

without question?

The Prophet and his Apostles sent word  
that they were each given  
the same revelation from God.

Joseph Smith said,

"As Aaron was chosen by Jehovah  
to speak for Jehovah to Israel,  
"so Jehovah created me, Joseph Smith,  
to be your God on Earth."

Hallelujah!

"The Apostles were chosen  
to be my mouth."

Hallelujah!

To question the Prophet and the Apostles  
is to question Jehovah himself!

- Hallelujah!

- Hallelujah!

We, we have been honored  
above all other men  
to be the chosen instruments of death  
in carrying out this merciful deed.  
It is our sacred duty!  
Through their deaths,  
these Gentiles will obtain eternal salvation.

We are to consider their deaths  
a virtuous act of grace and mercy.  
Brethren, we have a duty to perform.  
It is a duty we owe to God  
and to our Church.

The orders of those in authority  
are that all the emigrants must die.

Amen! Amen!

Our leaders speak with inspired tongues,  
and their orders come  
from the God of Heaven.

We have no right to question  
what they have commanded us to do.

It is our duty to obey.

And what of the laws of our land?  
Do we disobey the laws of our country?  
Whether we like it or not,  
we're still part of the United States.

How dare you question  
the voice of the Heavenly Father?

I do not question the Heavenly Father,  
I question what the Prophet  
and the Apostles think they heard.  
Is it not possible  
that Satan has deceived us all?  
The Prophet and the Apostles  
never make mistakes!  
They're called  
by the Heavenly Father himself!  
Although you are my son,  
I warn you, beware.  
Lest Joseph Smith and Jehovah demand  
your blood as atonement for your sins.  
- You know the penalties for disobedience.  
- Amen!  
The Prophet decrees  
a crown of celestial glory for all  
who are faithful and willingly obey.  
Hallelujah!  
- Blood atonement!  
- Blood atonement!  
Blood atonement! Blood atonement!  
Blood atonement!  
Blood atonement! Blood atonement!  
Blood atonement!  
- Have you all gone mad?  
- Blood atonement!  
Traitor! Arrest him! Arrest him!  
Tie him up!  
Make sure he can't warn the emigrants!  
For the love of God!  
We praise you, Joseph Smith,  
and vow to avenge your blood  
and the blood of all the other Saints  
murdered by these wicked people!  
Blood atonement! Blood atonement!  
Blood atonement!  
Father, please.  
You can't do this.  
Try to understand.  
Before Joseph Smith picked me off  
the streets, I had no future.  
He changed all that, made me a bishop.  
I have more than I ever dreamed of,

money, respect, beautiful wives.  
I owe everything to him.  
He believed in me before anyone else did.  
Do you understand how much  
that meant to me?  
For the first time, I understood  
that I had it in me  
to become a god someday.  
I was no longer a failure.  
There is greatness in me.  
And so you choose  
to kill innocent women and children?  
They're not innocent.  
Yes, they are, Father.  
Like lambs to the slaughter.  
They murdered Mormon children  
in Missouri.  
God demands their blood spill  
on the earth to atone for sins  
that can never be wiped away  
by Christ's blood.  
We're saving their eternal lives,  
giving them a chance  
to get into one of the heavens.  
And you really believe that?  
How can you all blindly honor and obey  
as a god on earth  
a man who went to school for two months?  
Brigham Young is an uneducated madman.  
Please.  
No, please!  
So you think he's God on Earth?  
Well, if he is, let him hear me now!  
He's a crazy tyrant!  
God will bless you  
for building up his kingdom in the last days.  
God will bless you.  
God will bless you  
for building up his kingdom in the last days.  
God will bless you  
for building up his kingdom in the last days.  
God will bless you  
for building up his kingdom in the last days.  
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for building up his kingdom.  
God will bless you.  
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for building up his kingdom in the last days.  
God will bless you  
for building up his kingdom in the last days.  
God will bless you.  
God will bless you  
for building up his kingdom in the last days.  
God will bless you  
for building up his kingdom.  
God will bless you.  
Indians!  
It's Indians!  
Come on, let's go!  
Ready arms!  
Draw those knives!  
Help!  
Help them load!  
Powder!  
Rob, behind you!  
Now, get over there. Get out!  
No!

Now, now!  
Look out!  
We're out of ammo!  
Get down, now!  
Stay down!  
- He said he'd come back.  
- Who?  
Jonathan. He said he'd come back.  
I'm sure he tried.  
Maybe he can't get through.  
He asked...  
He asked me to marry him.  
And he said he wanted to come  
with me to California.  
So we exchanged  
our most precious possession.  
I gave him my cross. Are you angry?  
I could never be angry with you,  
no matter what.  
If we get out of this, will you marry us?  
I would be proud to marry you.  
It has always been my dream to do so.  
Pray for him.  
I love him so much.  
I volunteered to ride  
to the Mormons for help.  
It would give me great peace of mind  
if you would look after my daughter  
while I'm gone.  
Isn't there anyone else?  
You should be here with your baby  
at a time like this.  
I'm the best rider we got.  
We have the best chance if I am riding.  
I will look after her  
as though she were my own.  
Return safely, Robert.  
Let's go.  
It's been four days.  
I don't know how long we can hold out.  
Our food's low, we have no water.  
They know we'll die without water.  
All they have to do is wait.  
Our ammunition is almost gone.

Captain Baker is dead. I'm the only leader,  
and, God help me, I don't know what to do.

We can pray.

We can all pray together.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

"He maketh me to lie down

in green pastures.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters.

"He restoreth my soul.

"He leadeth me in the paths of  
righteousness for his name's sake.

"Yea, though I walk through  
the valley of the shadow of death,

"I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.

"Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

"Thou preparest a table before me  
in the presence of mine enemies.

"Thou anointest my head with oil,  
my cup runneth over.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall  
follow me all the days of my life,

"and I will dwell in the house  
of the Lord forever."

- Amen.

- Amen.

These are your orders  
from President Haight.

It has been sent by the Council at Cedar City  
and it has been approved  
by all highest authorities.

Sir?

I cannot do this.

President Haight has counseled  
with Colonel Dame  
and has orders from him to put  
all of the emigrants out of the way.

None who are old enough to talk  
are to be spared.

Brethren.

The entire camp are cut-throats,  
robbers and assassins.

They are a part of the people  
who drove the Saints from Missouri,  
and who helped shed the blood

of our prophets, Joseph and Hyrum.

It is our orders from all in authority  
to get the emigrants from their stronghold.  
Brother Lee, the brethren in the priesthood  
are united in this.

It would not go well with you  
to oppose them.

Let us pray on this matter again.

Brethren, I have the evidence  
of God's approval of our mission.  
It is God's will that we carry out  
our instructions to the letter.

Amen.

Micah? Thank God.

Micah!

Micah!

Micah!

Jonathan. Jonathan. Help me.

Get me out of here. I can't help you in here.

- I can't do it anymore.

- Do what?

Oh, my God, what's happening?

Micah, what's happening?

The Indians and the wagon train.

It's awful. It's awful.

I can't make any sense of it.

Micah, you tell me

what's happening at the wagon train,  
or so help me, I will cut your throat!

Yes, of course. Blood atonement.

You, too?

I thought you were the innocent one.

Tell me, please.

We attacked. It's started.

- Get me out of here. Please.

- It's too late.

It's too late. It's started. It's too late for me.

It's too late for everybody.

- It's started. It's too late.

- Micah!

Micah!

Micah!

Use this on the chain, and free yourself.

And when you get free, Jonathan,

you run as far and as fast as you can.  
Do not come back and do not look back.  
Save yourself from this while you still can.  
No, I have to go to her. I have to.  
There'll be nothing left to go to, Jonathan.  
You run. Run.  
Micah.  
Goodbye, my brother.  
No.  
No, Micah, don't.  
I'm going to follow the brethren  
and do my duty to the Mormon god,  
Brigham Young.  
Micah. Micah! Micah!  
- I didn't see it.  
- What?  
I didn't see the sun rise.  
They're coming! Get ready!  
Hold your fire!  
Thank God. It's the Mormons!  
I'm John D. Lee,  
Indian Commissioner for this district.  
We've got the Indians under control.  
Come with us, and you'll be safe.  
Thank God. They've been at us for days.  
I don't think  
we could have lasted much longer.  
Most of the Indians trust us. We have  
an agreement worked out with them.  
But we must move quickly before  
the dissenters convince the others  
to attack again.  
Don't worry, we've dealt with them before.  
What should we do?  
We must take all the weapons, all your guns,  
and put them in one of the wagons.  
Why should we give up our guns?  
We have to give the appearance of peace.  
No weapons.  
I don't like us giving up our guns.  
We'd be defenseless.  
Sir, we know these savages.  
They know that we are a militia.  
We have to convince them

that you are in our custody.

Giving up our weapons  
doesn't make much sense.

Nothing we have to do in order to  
appease the Indians makes much sense, sir.

Trust me.

Don't worry,

we will transport you to Cedar City in safety.

Once there, you will be cared for  
until the opportunity comes for you  
to be taken to California.

I don't know about the others,  
but I've got a bad feeling about this.

We're out of water.

We're almost out of food,  
and the guns will do us no good  
without ammunition.

All right.

Put all children, eight years old  
and younger, into the other wagon.

- I'm not giving you my child.

- Neither am I.

Do you want to save your babies?

Then put them into that wagon.

There'll be armed guards all around.

Your babies will be protected better  
than your gold.

- Take good care of him, Reverend.

- I will.

Please comfort her, Reverend.

She's so afraid.

I will take care of them all  
as if they were my own Emily.

- Take care of them, will you?

- I will.

This is loving our neighbor as ourselves.

If he needs help, help him.

If he wishes salvation,

and it is necessary to spill his blood  
upon the ground in order that he be saved,  
spill it.

Will you love

your brothers and sisters likewise,  
when they have committed a sin

that cannot be atoned for  
without the shedding of their blood?  
Will you love that man or woman  
well enough to shed their blood?  
That is what Jesus Christ meant.  
He never told a man or woman  
to love their enemies in their wickedness.  
He never intended any such thing.  
I could refer you to plenty of instances  
where men have been righteously slain  
in order to atone for their sins.  
Oh, my God.  
No.  
Halt!  
Wait.  
Mormons! Do your duty!  
- Have mercy!  
- I do this out of duty.  
May God forgive you.  
Oh, Lord, my God, receive their spirits.  
We were not to spill  
the blood of the innocent!  
I shot her before I realized she had a baby.  
Micah! Micah! Enough.  
The boy's dead.  
- Are you sure?  
- Go, do your duty for Jehovah.  
Micah?  
Micah?  
Follow the brethren. Do my duty.  
Micah.  
Micah, where's Jonathan?  
Jonathan.  
He's free.  
He's innocent.  
Micah.  
Why are you here?  
You shouldn't be here.  
I told you to stay out of this!  
- I told you to leave!  
- Jonathan!  
- Micah, give me the gun.  
- No.  
No, I cannot do that!

- I have to do my duty!  
- Micah, you can't do this.  
You'll be cursed.  
I'm already cursed!  
Please, Jonathan,  
shoot me.  
Please. I can't live like this.  
Put me out of my misery, please.  
Please...  
I can't.  
- Help me atone for my sins.  
- You're my brother.  
I love you.  
Jonathan, if you do this for me,  
I'll be saved.  
Please put me out of my misery.  
- Kill me before I kill her!  
- No! Micah!  
Thank you.  
I'm free now.  
No!  
Jonathan? Jonathan?  
Jonathan?  
Please.  
Jonathan.  
You came back.  
Nothing or no one could ever keep us apart.  
We're going to California together,  
remember?  
California.  
Jonathan.  
Yes?  
I don't... I don't think  
I'm going to make it to California.  
You can't die. I won't let you die!  
I don't think I'm gonna make it.  
You have to make it.  
If you die, I die.  
- You can't.  
- Don't die.  
I have nothing left but you.  
If you die, I have nothing.  
We saved each other  
that cold September dawn.

Sixteen children survived,  
too young to remember, too young to tell.  
They were taken to Mormon families  
to be raised.

It was a year and a half before  
the United States Army tracked them down  
and returned them to their relatives.  
The story of hate will eventually die.  
The story of love will last forever.

When did you first hear  
of the attack and destruction  
of this Arkansas company  
at Mountain Meadows in September 1857?

I did not learn anything  
of the attack or destruction  
of the Arkansas company  
until some time after it occurred,  
and then only by floating rumor.

Did John D. Lee report to you  
at any time after this massacre  
what had been done  
at the massacre and if so,  
what did you reply to him  
in reference thereto?

Within some two or three months  
after the massacre,  
he called at my office and had much to say  
with regard to the Indians,  
their being stirred up to anger  
and threatening the settlement  
of the whites.

He then commenced  
giving an account of the massacre.  
I told him to stop. I did not wish my feelings  
harrowed up by a recital of details.

Did you, on the 10th of September 1857,  
receive a communication  
from Isaac C. Haight,  
or any other person of Cedar City,  
concerning a company of emigrants  
called the Arkansas company?

I did, from Isaac C. Haight  
or John D. Lee,  
who was a farmer for the Indians.

- And have you that communication?

- I have not.

I have made diligent search for it,  
but I cannot find it.

Did you answer that communication?

I did, to Isaac C. Haight, who was  
then acting President at Cedar City.

Will you state the substance  
of your letter to him?

Yes, it was to allow

this company of emigrants

- and all companies of emigrants...

- Ready.

... to pass through the country unmolested.

Aim.

And to allay the angry feelings

of the Indians as much as possible.

Fire.