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Sergeants 3

By W.R. Burnett

Indians!

Get Sergeant Boswell.

That's all there is.

The line's gone dead, Sergeant.

White Eagle, sir.

- Hello, Chief.

- Hello.

- They explained the situation?

- Yes, Colonel, but it is not possible.

Well, even though

the message was garbled,

we're almost certain

the word "Indian" was included.

- Isn't that correct, Boswell?

- Yes, sir.

But, Colonel, there are no Sioux

in direction of Medicine Bend

and no Sioux on warpath.

- You're positive?

- Yes, Colonel.

- Boswell.

- Yes, sir?

Find Sergeants Merry, Deal and Barrett.

I want them at once.

Sir, they're off duty, sir.

Well, Sergeant.

Sir, they're in Claymore, sir,

and you know what that means, sir.

- Find them, Boswell.

- Yes, sir!

(MEN LAUGHING AND CHATTERING)

(WOMEN LAUGHING)

WOMAN:

(WOMEN CONTINUE LAUGHING)

Why don't you dance?

I'd rather hear him play!

Dance, boy!

- Come on, play!

- Dance!

(ALL LAUGHING)

Come on, play!

ALL:

Gentlemen, now, I can either play
or I can dance, but I can't...

MAN:

You can play and dance.

- Dance!

- Play!

- Come on! Come on!

- Play!

(ALL CLAMORING)

(ALL LAUGHING)

Hey. Hey!

What's all this bugle playing,
dancing and shooting?

Haul it down, will you?

Who's gonna stop us?

(ALL MURMURING)

You're gonna stop us?

No, he is.

(GROANS)

(PEOPLE LAUGHING)

(SCREAMING)

Oh, no.

(SCREAMING)

Ah!

There they are.

(HORSE NEIGHING)

Sergeant Merry, report to the Colonel!

At once!

Where did you get that big white mule?

Mr. Purdy gave it to me.

He also gave me this trumpet,
which I've been playing
since I was knee high.

- Who is Mr. Purdy?

- He was my master.

He freed me after the war. He said to me,
"Jonah..." That's my name, Jonah.

He said, "Jonah, I'm ruined, so you take
Cephie and that blasted horn and you get.

"You're a free man now." So, I get.

- Who is Cephie?

- This here is Cephie.

That's not her real name.

Her real name is Bucephalus,
but that's too hard to say.

- Where you heading?

- With you.

With us? It's impossible, son.

- **MIKE:**

- Go back where?

I ain't got no home, Sergeant.

I'm just drifting.

But I'm looking for a home, though.

I'm afraid there's no home for you
where we're going.

Well, I've been around animals all my life,
horses and mules.

Couldn't I work around the fort
for my keep?

I don't think we're taking on any help.

Sergeant Mike,

I could play the trumpet for you
when you fellows are feeling low.

Or I could join up.

Why, I sure would like to be a soldier
dressed in pretty blue uniforms,
like you fellows.

Let him come.

- Sure, Mike, why not?

- Come on.

I didn't write the regulations.

It can't be done.

I'm sorry. Come on, get up then.

It's a thing I'll not tolerate.

Do you understand? I will not tolerate it.

You men are sworn to protect the
property of the people of this community.

Not break it up, not smash it up.

Is that clear?

Yes, sir.

Well, you'll pay for it. Down to every
last dime, you will pay for it.

All the glasses, the mirror,
the furniture, everything.

- Boswell?

- Yes, Colonel.

You will tell the owner of the Antler bar to present his claim to the paymaster, who will make the proper deductions from the vouchers of Sergeant Merry, Deal and Barrett.

Yes, sir.

Sir...

You have something to say for yourself, Sergeant Merry?

Yes, sir, I mean, that is...

Well, the buffalo hunters busted up half the place, and they should pay their share.

- Are you arguing with me, Sergeant?

- No, sir.

Let me remind you of what I've already said. You did listen, didn't you?

Oh, yes, sir.

They're citizens and you're soldiers! Or supposed to be.

Yes, Sergeant?

- Nothing, sir.

- Very well.

Now, let's just say that I happen to need you men at the moment.

You know, merely paying for this is not going to settle the matter.

We'll discuss further punishment later.

You know, maybe I should teach you men the value of those stripes by taking them away from you.

- Sergeant Merry.

- Sir.

You will assemble a detail and proceed at once to Medicine Bend.

Telegraph line is out there under very mysterious circumstances.

We received what our telegrapher believes to be a distress call when the line went dead.

You are to investigate the situation and report back to me as soon as possible.

- That'll be all.

- Yes, sir.

You go along with them, Wilson,
and see that they get started.

Yes, sir.

(MEN SHOUTING ORDERS)

Aaron Redhut, Jasper Mullino,
Blue Pigeon.

- John Tippy.

- Sir!

Red Eagle. Caleb Iron-Mountain.

Aaron Redhut. Red Eagle.

- Caleb.

- Yes, Sergeant.

Where'd that big white mule come from?

What big white mule, Sergeant?

That big white mule.

Easy now. Easy now.

Let me put this on you.

Now that you're all straightened out,
doesn't that feel good?

He give you that saddle?

- Well, Sergeant...

- He's a very good man
with the mules and horses,
Sergeant, very good.

- And he could use a helper.

- That's right.

All right, okay.

But remember, son, you're a civilian.

You're not part of the military, you got it?

Yes, sir. Yes, Sergeant Mike.

Column of twos.

Halt.

I pick up rider who follow us, Sergeant.

- Who is he?

- Well, he... I...

So, you wouldn't listen?

Listen to what, Sergeant Mike?

I told you this is no place for civilians.

This is an army detail.

Well...

There are so many horses to take care of.

And I can carry water, too.

You better go back. Go on back to the fort.

It's against regulations,
so go on back to the fort.
He don't understand. I'll explain.
Yeah, you do that, Sergeant.
Is Caleb following back there
with a rear guard?
Yes, Sergeant Chip.
All right, you go back there
and stay out of sight.
- But Sergeant Mike said...
- Just stay out of sight.
- Well, what do you make of it?
- I don't know.

CHIP:

- Let's have a look.
- Let's go, baby.
- Corporal Ellis.
- Yes, Sergeant.
Get the horses into the corrals,
leave them saddled.
Jones, post your men on that side!
(MULE BRAYING)
So you made him understand, huh?
- Still with that detail there.
- Still with the detail.
Anything happens to him,
I'm gonna see you get court-martialed.
Let's take a look around.
- Your posting, sentries.
- Outside the town, Sergeant!
Ellis.
You seen any Indians?
- How do you figure this?
- I don't.
- Go get those horses some water.
- All right.
(HORSE NEIGHING)
Who are you?
Psst.
Ask him who he is.
(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
He says he's from the far west,
beyond the mountains. Two moons.

That's 2,000 miles.

He's crazy.

- What have we got here?

- I don't know. No arms, nothing.

Look at those markings on his vest.

Never saw Indians like this before.

Watanka!

MEN:

(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

(MEN RESPONDING

IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

Watanka!

MEN:

Ambush!

(GUNSHOTS)

What took you so long?

(INDIANS SCREAMING)

The Fourth of July.

Get out of there, Jonah.

It's no time to dig holes.

Yes, Sergeant.

(GUN FIRING)

You nitwit, that's dynamite!

Well, it wasn't dynamite

when I brought it in.

Now.

(GUN COCKING)

I'll go across the street

to the barber shop and cover you.

- Hey!

- Larry!

Look out!

Go ahead and throw it, I'm ready.

(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

(GUNSHOTS)

(GUNSHOTS)

(INDIANS SCREAMING)

(SCREAMS)

(GROANS)

(SCREAMS)

Will you stop clowning around

and get up here?

(SCREAMS)

Whoa!

(COUGHING)

(LARRY SIGHS)

Report to the Colonel,
detail coming in with wounded.

Sloppy!

- Boswell.

- Yes, sir?

Have those men
report to my office, immediately.

Yes, sir.

Well, that's it.

- That's what?

- I'm through.

- Through with what?

- The army!

- Oh, sure. Sure.

- Sure. We heard that song before.

Oh, you think I'm joking.

I could have been blown to bits
50 times on that roof.

I'm tired of tempting fate. That's it!

- Don't tell me good old Larry's a coward?

- Now, you know better than that.

Four days I'll be out,
and I'm not gonna re-enlist.

- What do you plan to do?

- Go back east, read law.

I went to college.

Not like you ignorant apes.

Now you hurt me.

MIKE:

I can't picture you in a frock coat
and a stiff collar,
defending a bunch of thieves.

By the way, I'm getting married.

- You're getting married?

- What did he say?

The explosions, you know...

- Getting married?

- That's what he said.

My certificate.

Married.

- Amelia?

- Prettiest girl in town.

Not only the prettiest girl in town,

but her father's an ex-Major,

and he's got a lot of... Smart guy!

Smart enough to be out of the army

in four days and married in five.

Meanwhile, I hope you don't mind

reporting to the Colonel's office.

He's waiting for you.

- Indians who attacked you wear that?

- Yeah.

- And this.

- Colonel!

- The Ghost Dancers.

- Yes.

The Wanag Wacipi are here in our land.

The Ghost Dancers are from the country

beyond the western mountain.

They're followers of a fanatic religion,

a religion of death.

Their medicine man is Watanka,

who says he is the son

of the sun, Watanka.

That's the name that that guy kept yelling.

- That's it.

- That's it, right.

They believe that when all white men

have been killed the buffalo will return,

in millions, like in the old days,

and that everything will be as it once was.

Hey, I used to have an uncle like...

Sergeant Merry,

you'll reassemble a detail

to act as garrison at Medicine Bend.

Let me caution you,

we have no way of knowing when or

where this trouble may break out again.

You're to act as a garrison only, remaining

in constant communication with me.

You'll stay in the town.

There will be no scouting expeditions,

or no sorties, or anything of that kind.

Is that understood?

Yes, sir, understand.

I'll see that Sergeant Deal
and Sergeant Barrett do it, right away.

Not Sergeant Barrett,

his enlistment is almost up.

He'll be replaced by Sergeant Boswell.

Sergeant Boswell?

Port arms. Order arms.

Follow me, by the numbers. Port arms.

One, two.

Order arms. One, two.

Right shoulder. Turn.

I wanna cut.

- You don't trust me?

- No.

Cut.

Thank you.

I'll open with a file.

I'll see your file, and I'll raise you an awl.

Well, I'll call your awl with a hoof-cutter,
and I'll raise you a small file.

- Hi, Lieutenant.

- Thanks, Poppy.

All right, I'll see your raise.

How many do you want?

I don't want any.

- You don't want any?

- No.

- What are we playing?

- Poker.

- What kind of poker?

- Draw poker.

Then you have to draw!

- Have to draw?

- Yeah. Now, how many do you want?

- Give me four.

- Four.

Four. Take two.

Your bet.

I'll open with a pincher.

Fine. I'll see your pincher
and raise you a rasp.

I call your rasp

and raise you a monkey wrench.

I call your monkey wrench

and raise you a hatchet.

I call your hatchet

and raise you a sledgehammer.

I'll see you.

- What do you got?

- Queens.

- How many?

- One.

Beats me.

(OFFICER SHOUTING ORDERS)

One, two, three, four. Order arms.

One, two, three. Port arms.

One, two. Order arms.

Where'd you get this blunderbuss?

Well, Sergeant, I can't exactly say

I found it lying around.

Port arms. One, two.

Order arms. One, two.

Right shoulder, turn. One, two, three, four.

Order arms. One, two, three.

That's pretty good.

Order arms. One, two, three, four.

Dismissed!

What's this?

- Seems like old Cephie's got the pip.

- She's terrible sick, Sergeant Mike.

I'm worried sick about her, myself.

I don't know what to do. She's really sick.

The vet been here, yet?

Yeah. He said maybe it's some weeds

that she ate on the parade ground

and now she's got poison wind,

but that don't seem right

because I remember

she ate a whole field full of weeds once

and never acted like this.

I don't think the vet knows what to do.

- An old Sioux remedy.

- A Sioux remedy?

Herbs, mixed by the dark of the moon

by six medicine men.

Now, that ain't gonna hurt her none, is it?

You know I wouldn't hurt Cephie.
That's all you use? Just that little bit, huh?
No, that's all you need.
You see, this is very strong.
A little bit goes a long way.
(BRAYING)
You feel better now, Cephie?
I think she's all right.
Good girl, Cephie.
Why don't you get yourself a girl
and join in?
That's "Shoemaker's Holiday."
March, march.
Why don't they give them some guns
so they can go through
the Manual of Arms?
When did you ever do any marching,
or anything else?
I got a lot of endorsements in my file.
- You have? For what?
- I don't remember.
Hi, Boswell.
Evening, Boswell.
Thank you very much, Mrs. Parent,
and good night.
- Good night.
- Darling.
Well, Sergeant, now that your party
is off to a good start,
I believe Mrs. Collingwood and I will leave.
- Won't you stay, sir?
- I think you'll have a better time
- if we leave.
- Go ahead and dance. Enjoy yourselves.
- Good night.
- Good night, sir.
Have a good night. Good night.
Good night.
Well, what's the matter with you
two fellas? Couple of wallflowers?
Oh, no, sir.
You see, we've been working too hard
trying to get the detail ready to go.
Well, don't strain yourself, Sergeant.

- Night.
- Good night.
"Oh, no, sir.
You see, we've been working too hard
"trying to get the detail ready..."
Why, you dirty...
What do you say we go
and put a good word in for old Larry?
Yeah, for old...
- Beautiful party, Miss Amelia.
- Oh, thank you.
Lovely party, Miss Amelia.
Why don't you two join in?
Well, thank you,
but we've got a great deal on our minds.
You know, about the expedition
that's coming up and all those things.
Well, you sure are lucky, Larry.
This is gonna be a rough one.
- Yes.
- Worse than the last one?
- By all means, yes.
- (GASPS) Larry told me all about that.
My, you two should be
very grateful to Larry
for having saved your life so many times.
(LARRY CLEARS THROAT)
- Oh, we are. We are.
- We certainly are.
But, you know, Miss Amelia,
I think he's absolutely right.
He should get out of this.
After all, he's an educated man
who can look forward to better things.
I mean, he's not at all like Chip and I,
you know?
We're used to constant fighting
and hardships.
And it's beginning to tell a little bit
on old Larry, don't you think so?
Mike, I'm so glad to hear you say that.
And you're so right, isn't he, Larry?
Well, dear? Isn't he?
He's probably thinking about that cozy

little home you're going to have.
Fireplace.
Maybe a little kitty-cat on the rug.

CHIP:

And a smoking jacket.
Peace and solid comfort, right?
Mortgage.
Don't pay him any mind, he's just jesting.
You know, Larry, it's a wonderful thing
having understanding friends like this.
Excuse me.

Sergeant.

- Nice party, eh, Boswell?

- Yes, very nice party.

You see, Mike and me,
we've been meaning to talk to you.

Talk to me?

- Sure. You see, you're staff and...

- We're horse barn.

And, you know,
we don't get a chance to see each other.
And I figure since we're gonna
be comrades, you know, together...
That's very nice of you, gentlemen.
But it's true. It's true, Sergeant.
We wanna be one big happy family.

- That's the way we want it.

- Well, I'm...

- I'm glad you bear me no ill will.

- No!

I was merely doing my duty
as a soldier, you know.

- As we all must do.

- True, Sergeant, true.

Hey, Chip,
did you tell him about our secret?
You see, a few of the fellas,
we got together, we chipped in,
and we took up a collection. We, sort of,
got some fine drinking whiskey.

- That's against regulations.

- Sergeant!

Well...

- On a night like this...
- Right this way. Come on, Sergeant.
Bar.
- Water, Sergeant?
- No, thank you.
Eh?
I always use a little tonic, myself,
so I'll just take a little pinch of it.
There we are.
To the expedition, gentlemen.
To its success and its return.
- We could be busted for this, you know?
- Oh, Sarge.
(PEOPLE CLAPPING)
Excellent whiskey! Excellent!
I don't wish to seem forward but...
May I?
Oh, why, sure you may, Sarge.
Comradeship. Good fellowship.
It's wonderful to have in the army.
It's good for morale of the men.
- Don't you think so, Sergeant?
- I'm glad we've finally become friends.
I'm not a bad fella, really. Just dedicated.
Dedicated.
To dedication!
That's the best whiskey I have ever tasted.
Well...
See, you know, we know
you're a dedicated sergeant and
in the Colonel's confidence.
Well, the reason we didn't get together,
you're staff,
and I guess we sort of resented it.
I hope that's at an end.
Okay. Little more tonic.
Sergeant,
let us not be selfish with the tonic.
Why, certainly.
Thank you, Sergeant.
Men,
I am staff, and you are horse barn.
However,
when we meet the enemy, I assure you...

Oh, yes. Here's the book.

Now, Larry,

you stay right there and stand still.

Oh.

Here, girls.

Let's pretend these are your bouquets.

One for you.

(CLEARING THROAT)

One for you, one for you.

Now, stand up straight and look beautiful.

And then... Oh, no, you're the Colonel.

Here. Here, dear.

- Now, stand up straight and smile.

- Yes, Mama.

Now come on down, darling.

- And take the Colonel's left arm.

- Yes, Mama.

That's right. Now...

Music!

(HERE COMES THE BRIDE

PLAYING ON PIANO)

(HUMMING)

- Oh, and there's Sergeant...

- I'm the best man.

That's right, you're the best man.

- There's the minister.

- I'm the preacher Wallingham.

(ALL LAUGHING)

Jenny, let's have no levity.

Oh, Mama,

Jenny was only having a little fun.

- Oh, please don't start crying.

- Amelia, naturally your mother's upset.

- Larry, dear, I'm awfully sorry.

- Oh, Larry.

He understands me better

than my own daughter.

(ALL CLAMORING)

(MRS. PARENT CRYING)

Wait a minute, please don't...

Report for duty?

What happened to Boswell?

Sergeant Boswell came down with a...

He had a gastric attack.

Gastric attack?

Sorry, ma'am

but he's got to report at once.

Larry? What is it? What does it mean?

It means my two wonderful friends,
my pals, can't seem to get along
without me.

You're gonna have to go
on the expedition?

- That's right.

- Oh, Larry.

I knew they'd figure a way.

- Do you mean Mike and Chip did this?

- Nobody else.

Well, Larry, that's outrageous!

Well, dear, can't you do something
about it? Talk to someone.

- Talk to the Colonel.

- That wouldn't do any...

Maybe it would.

Amelia,

would you mind being in a town,
alone, with 36 men?

No, Larry. Not if you're there.

I'll be there.

Amelia! Amelia!

Whoa!

- Thank you, Private Danvers.

- My pleasure, Miss Parent.

Larry.

Oh, Larry!

- I'm so glad to see you.

- I thought the days would never go by.

- Ain't that cute?

- It's sickening.

Howdy, ma'am.

Welcome to Medicine Bend.

Thank you. Sure good to get here.

It was a rough ride.

Yeah, the boys fixed you up
a real nice place.

(CLEARS THROAT)

- All to yourself.

- They did?

- Well, thank you, Mike, Chip.

- You're welcome.

Well, it's right over here.

- How long is she gonna stay?

- Overnight.

Gonna be a long night.

You just gonna stand around
and let her take him away like that?

- In here?

- Nicest place in town for you.

- Combs, mirror.

- Lovely. Just lovely.

Look.

Hot water.

Bathtub.

And we hung the drapes.

Oh, Jonah, he picked the wildflowers.

Oh, Larry.

Oh, Larry.

- Amelia, Amelia, what's the matter?

- Nothing. It's just so sweet.

(DOG BARKING)

Larry, aren't you off duty yet?

Two minutes and 15 seconds.

- Sergeant Chip.

- One hand of blackjack.

No, no, no, no.

I've been looking all over for you.

Caleb and I got something important
to tell you.

- Go ahead, Caleb, tell him about it.

- It's about the Wanag Wacipi.

- The what?

- The Ghost Dancers.

Ghost Dancers?

(DOOR CLOSES)

12:

- All right, so you're off duty.

- Off my last duty.

Pretty soon I'll be back east.

Nice clean office, no Indians, no dust.

No danger.

- Oh, Mike...

- Yeah?

I don't quite know how to say this,
after all we've been through together.
Go ahead and say it.

You're a louse!

Mike!

- Hey, Mike.

- Get out of here, I've got work to do.
Work? Wait till you hear what I
gotta tell you, you'll forget about work.

You know what I'm gonna do?

I'm gonna make a hero out of you,

a hero out of me

and a hero out of good old Larry.

What are you talking about?

What's the biggest danger

this country is in right now?

- I don't know.

- Ghost Dancers!

- Ghost Dancers?

- Yeah.

And I know

where their medicine man hangs out.

Huh?

- You know what?

- I know where they hang out.

So, you and me and good old Larry,

we jump on our horses,

we ride out there and we creep in,

we grab them.

No more Ghost Dancers. No leaders.

No chain of command. No medicine man.

No Ghost Dancers. How about that?

See, I knew you'd be interested, Mike.

Now, look, when we get this guy,

we bring him back here, right?

And we put him under heavy guard.

You send a courier to the fort,

to the good old Colonel.

He'll come back here, get him.

And we'll get every medal in the book.

You and me and good old Larry.

Smart?

You can do better than that, Chip.

What are you drinking tonight?

Come on, Mike, I'm serious.

Where's your patriotism?

- Patriotism?

- Yeah.

Where did you get this cock-and-bull...

- You had help.

- Yeah, Jonah.

- Jonah?

- And Caleb.

- Caleb?

- Yeah, they're friends.

And Caleb is half Sioux.

And he's got a lot of cousins

up in the north country, you know?

They hunt and fish and trap

and do everything. And one of his cousins

was telling Caleb that

he saw all these guys

up in the high places, you know?

With the lights going and the yelling

and screaming. That's how he found out.

- And you believed it?

- Sure, I believed it.

- You believe this stupid, idiotic rumor?

- Sure, I do.

You mean, we just go, and we grab them,

and we bring them back,

and we get the medals?

Do you remember what the Colonel said

before we left the fort?

- What did he say?

- He said, "This is to be a garrison only."

No fights, no sorties and no exceptions.

Mike, this is an emergency!

Look, go to bed.

Sleep it off and forget about it.

That's an order.

- It's an order?

- That's an order!

You may out-rank me a little bit

with all these here little fancy doo-dads,

but you're still nothing

but a lousy non-com.

- I'm in command.
- Well, don't give me that command stuff.
You listen to me, Mike. If you don't do
anything about this, I'm going to,
and there's nothing you can do to stop me.

- I can put you in jail!

- Jail?

- In jail!

- For what?

Insubordination.

- You really mean it, don't you?

- I mean it!

- Insubordination?

- Insubordination!

Okay.

You wanna be insubordination?

Let's make it good. Come on.

Get up. Come on. Come on.

Put them up. Come on.

Come on, I'm not afraid of you. Come on.

Come on! Put them up. Come on.

Come on.

Put them up. Come on. Come on.

(SIGHING)

- Personal matter?

- Drunk.

Lock him up.

Hey, Jonah, come here.

You got to get me out of here.

We'll go up

and get the Ghost Dancers ourselves,

and when we do, I'll out-rank him.

Then will the Colonel let me enlist?

Sure he will, sure he will.

But you got to get me out of here.

- (WHISPERING) I got an idea.

- Okay.

(DOOR OPENING)

What're you doing here, Jonah?

- Just visiting, bye.

- Bye.

- Hi, Ellis.

- Hello, Sarge.

- Hi, Page.

- Hi, Sarge.

Come here. Come on, I want to talk to you.

Come here.

How long before next payday?

About two weeks.

- So?

- Two weeks, huh?

Well, aren't you guys getting a little short?

We've heard all about you, Sarge.

We've got strict orders about you, Sarge.

- I just want to help you out a little.

- We've heard all about you, Sarge.

- We've been warned about you, Sarge.

- No, all you have to do is...

- Just...

- Bye.

Why, you dirty stinking rats!

Jonah!

What are you doing with that mule?

Cephie and I, we're gonna get you out of here. Now, you just back off.

- Wait a minute.

- Back off, Sergeant Chip.

We going to get you out, now you back off.

- Jonah...

- I said back off.

Come on. Come on, Cephie.

Come on, now.

(BANGING)

That's it, Cephie, give a good one.

Get up there, higher now!

Come on back here.

Nice one, Cephie. Let's get harder now.

Got to get the Sergeant Chip out of there.

Yahoo!

Cephie, come on!

(BRAYING)

Easy! Easy!

Will you watch it?

The whole building's going to come down.

Doing the best I can, Sarge.

Easy!

(CEPHIE BRAYING)

(SHOUTING)

You'll be out of there in a minute.

Well, watch it! Hold it!

Look out, look out!

Oh! Oh!

Sergeant Chip! Sergeant Chip?

Sergeant Chip?

Sergeant... Sergeant... Sergeant Chip?

Over here.

Sergeant Chip, Caleb's got the gun,
and the horses, your gun belt,
food and water and everything
and two horses in the draw.

Come on, we got to get out of here.

Will you come on?

- The jail fell down?

- That's right, Mike.

He's telling the truth, Chip is gone.

Why, that drunk!

- Do we pursue him?

- Bring him back?

No, forget about it. If he's looking for the
Ghost Dancers, maybe he'll find them.

They'll know what to do with him.

Okay, on your way.

You too, civilian.

That's it. Hold it.

Here.

- Jonah.

- Yeah?

(EXHALES)

Oh, yeah.

Well, how much farther we got to go?

This is the real end of nothing.

Soldiers never come

this far along the river.

Only, maybe, a few white trappers.

- Unknown country.

- It sure is.

In the old days, many hunting

Sioux lived along the river.

There is a high place

where the Sioux worshipped.

- Well, that's what we're looking for, right?

- We'll find it.

- Right?

- Right.

What are we hanging around here for?

Let's get out.

Come on, Cephie.

We got to cross this thing?

Trappers and Sioux use it.

Is this thing safe?

It's been here 125 years.

Jonah, you stay here with the horses.

Caleb and I will cross over and take a look.

- But Sergeant Chip...

- What is it?

Well, you remember what you said,
that maybe the Colonel will let me enlist.

He won't let me do nothing if
you leave me here with the horses.

Well, Caleb knows the way.

Now, what's the matter with you?

You want to get us lost?

Well, I know the way, too. Caleb told me.

And besides, you promised me.

What could I have promised you?

I didn't know what we were getting into.

Now that sure is going
to mess everything up.

Caleb, you think we could
find the way okay?

Yes, Sergeant.

Just follow the trail, you can't miss it.

- All right, you're elected. Come on.

- Thanks, Sergeant.

I'm right behind you, Sarge.

Bridge seems all right.

Sergeant Chip!

Sergeant Chip!

- Sergeant Chip!

- I'm right here. Help me up.

Will you get her off of that bridge?

Down, horse. Cephie! Cephie!

Get back! Get her back!

You're swinging it more than she is.

Hold it!

JONAH:

CHIP:

JONAH:

Not that way.

(JONAH PANTING)

Cephie. Cephie, wait. Do you love me?

Get off that bridge!

(CEPHIE BRAYING)

Get back! Get back!

I got a new idea.

Talk to her. That's nice.

Talk to her. That's nice. She'll go. That's it.

Oh, Lord.

When I get back, I'm going to kill her!

I'm going to kill her!

- You can't, Sergeant.

- What do you mean I can't?

Because, well, if it wasn't for Cephie,
you'd still be in jail.

Yeah.

That old knot-head. Come on.

(EXHALES)

This must be it, huh?

JONAH:

that Caleb was talking about.

Come on now,

let's go right along the ledge here.

Attaboy.

That's the cave.

What's in it?

I can't rightly see from here.

(JINGLING)

What's that? What was that?

What's happening?

Sounds like crickets.

Come on, let's go in the cave. Come on.

It's empty.

Caleb was right.

Sergeant Chip.

How come when the skin came off,
the band didn't?

(JINGLING CONTINUES)

If those are crickets,
they got wooden legs.
There don't seem to be no
Ghost Dancers around here.
So, why don't we leave?
Come on.

(CHANTING)

(DRUM BEATING)

(ALL CHANTING)

(MAN HOOTS)

By the august face of this
image of our lord, Watanka,
I tell you, the day is coming.
Listen to me with ears of the cunning fox,
all of you.

The day is coming.

There will be peace
and good hunting for us all.

The white-tailed deer
will return to the prairie.

The buffalo will come back
from the north in their millions,
as in the days of our fathers.

All this is promised by
our master Watanka,
lord of heaven and earth,
whose bright face greets us at sunrise.

Kill!

It will be a golden day,
a red day.

Golden with the promise of
our future happiness...

Kill!

...red with the blood of those enemy
intruders, the whites.

But this great day, this promised day of
Watanka will not come of itself.

The whites must be killed
by our own hands.

Kill!

The streams of this hallowed land
must run red with their alien blood!

ALL:

ALL:

(CHANTING)

We got to find a way out of here.

The Colonel's got to know.

Kill!

All right, in the name of the
President of the United States of America,
Ulysses S. Grant,
you are all under arrest. Come on!

MAN:

- Sergeant Merry!

- We found them, Sergeant Mike.

- Found who?

- The Ghost Dancers.

Just where Caleb said they'd be,
up on the high place.

Wait a minute, start again.

We found the Ghost Dancers
that Caleb told us about.

They're up on the high place.

Where's Sergeant Deal?

- They got him.

- Who got him?

The Ghost Dancers. They got him there,
and there's a whole bunch of them.

I'll tell you something.

The only reason I got out
was because of this here, and the mask.

They're going to kill him, Sergeant.

We'd better get moving, Mike,
so we can get him out of there.

You'll do nothing, you're a civilian.

Can you find your way back there again?

- Yes, Sergeant Mike.

- Get two horses ready.

Yes, sir.

- And get out of those silly clothes.

- Yes, Sergeant.

Mike, you taking a detail?

Detail?

The Colonel would throw the book at me.

Well, I'm going with you.
You trying to crawl back in the army,
Sergeant? We don't need you.
This has got nothing to do with the army,
and I'm not going to re-enlist.

(CLEARS THROAT)

Well,
if you really want to help your friend Chip,
just sign that.

You're crazy.

I'm not signing anything,
except this marriage certificate.
Then you don't go. We can't have any
meddling civilians hanging around.
The army cannot be responsible
for you getting your hair lifted.

(WHISTLING)

I'll fill the rest in later.
Come on, soldier, get your stuff.
What is it, Larry? What's wrong?
Well, Chip's in trouble.

I got to help Mike find him.

What kind of trouble?

Indian trouble.

Real live Indians?

Of course, real live Indians.

What are you driving at?

Nothing. Just thinking about
Sergeant Boswell's gastric attack.

- What has Sergeant Boswell's gastric...

- In a word, trickery.

Trickery?

Oh, Larry, can't you see
they're doing it again?

All right, so even if it were true,
and I don't believe
for one single minute that it is,
there're an awful lot of other
soldiers here that can take care of it.
They don't need you.

Amelia, this may be hard for you
to understand, but Chip is my friend.

- Your what?

- My friend!

I know it's hard for you to understand.
Yes, it's hard for me to understand
after all the things he's done to you.
Well, what am I?
Don't I count? Don't my feelings matter
after coming all the way out here?
Amelia, I know it's very hard and I...
If you would just listen.
No, I won't listen. You listen to me, Larry.
My folks didn't want me
to come all the way out here.
In fact, my mother was very angry.
And if something happens, and we
don't get started back this morning...
Well, if you have to go looking for Chip...
Larry, if you go after Chip,
then that's the end for us.
- That's the kind of a man you want.
- What do you mean?
Someone who'll run out on his
friends when they're in trouble?
Friends? And what makes you
so sure about the trouble?
Amelia, you don't want a man,
you want a mouse, and I'm not...
You're so right!
- Then it's settled.
- Yes.
- Larry.
- Yes?
Be careful.
- Oh, please take care of yourself.
- I will.
I will.

JONAH:

we almost lost Sergeant Chip.

MIKE:

JONAH:

- **MIKE:**

- Or down.

LARRY:

MIKE:

This is it, Sergeant.

MIKE:

your hole.

- This is the cave you talked about?

- Yes.

- You're going in there?

- Certainly.

- How do you know there's no one in there?

- I don't know.

- You're going in anyway?

- You got any better ideas? Come on.

(CHIP SHOUTS)

(GRUNTS)

(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

Great Gods have smiled on us
this day, Son.

Yes, Father.

Untie him.

He will never be untied now.

We asked him questions,

he would not answer,

so we leave him here to rot.

No food, no water,

till great buzzards come.

He's a cute kid, Mike.

So is his son.

(SHOUTS IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

I ask you question, you tell.

Where is Colonel and his troops?

They're at the fort.

I give you one more chance.

Where is Colonel and his troops?

- At the fort.

- Are you ready to answer?

(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

- Are you ready to answer?

- Wait, wait.

Well?

I don't know what the Colonel's plans are,

but...

He's got a piece of paper in his pocket.

It's got some information on it.

Right under that button.

Traitor.

Dirty rotten traitor.

You say, tell, you say.

You had it upside down.

(SCREAMING)

No chance, soldier.

Even with this, no chance.

Release my people.

Quickly!

(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

Now, get your people down the trail.

No, Father, no. Let him kill me.

Get them down the trail,

or I'll cut his throat.

Let him kill me!

Have you out of here in a minute,

Sergeant Chip.

Get down the trail.

The bugle's right where you left it.

Come on.

All will die.

- Did you bring any food, any water?

- No.

Any liquor?

You ain't much good, are you?

Oh, what I wouldn't give for a big plate

of corned beef, a nice tall beer

with a big, thick head on it,

about 2 inches thick.

Like yours.

Larry, at least you won't have to be

worrying about practicing law

and wearing those high, thick collars

and defending those thieves.

Oh, he forgot about that already.

Gave it up.

Welcome back, Larry!

If I don't get something to eat soon,

I'm going to look like one of them skulls.

If we don't figure a way on

how to get down from here,
you won't need any food,
because you're gonna have
no place to put it.
How about we eat that Indian?

MAN:

(SHOUTING IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
All come, all.
The big white man and all the long knives.
They come straight down the valley.
Already I see the totem on its pole.
White and red stripes.
He means the flag.
Watanka, my honored father,
son of the sun god, planned it so.
All will come, all will die.
We are hundreds and we lie in wait.
Beyond the ridge to the north.
Beyond the ridge to the south,
where the rocks narrow.
The long knives will come
straight down the valley.
Where the valley narrows, all will die.

MIKE:

You give your word to your warriors
to move,
we kill your son
and throw him down to you.
Don't listen, Father. Don't listen.
The sun god, our lord, will take
me to his heart. Give the order.
No!
I'm warning you, Chief, we kill him.
Don't listen, Father!
Give the order, give the order!
No!
(SCREAMING)
(SHOUTING ORDERS)
(SHOUTING IN FOREIGN LANGUAGE)
- Sergeant Chip.
- Yeah.
I'm a soldier now, ain't I?

(SCREAMS)

MIKE:

(SPEAKING FOREIGN LANGUAGE)

Now, you watch your comrades die.

(PLAYING)

Deploy! Deploy!

(HORSE NEIGHING)

OFFICER:

(SCREAMING)

(GROANING)

- Wait.

- Larry.

Larry!

The knife.

(GROANING)

You all right? Let me see.

- He's all right. He's all right.

- Yeah, I'm fine. Yeah, yeah.

(HORSES APPROACHING)

(GUNSHOTS)

(BUGLE BLOWING)

General orders, number 89.

On June 23, 1873, this command engaged a numerically superior hostile Indian tribe and emerged victorious.

This victory was made possible by the extraordinary heroism and devotion to duty of Sergeants Michael Merry, Charles Deal and Lawrence Barrett of this command, and a civilian by the name of Jonah Williams, now Private,

(BRAYING)

Who will report to the 10th Cavalry.

These men, who through their daring and valiant action

were able to warn this command of an ambush

and thereby turn a possible annihilation into a victory.

For their conspicuous gallantry, undaunted courage and fortitude

they have this date been recommended
to the Secretary of War
to receive a certificate of merit.

- Hey!

- Oh, Larry, you don't understand this.

Let's show him what we really think
about his re-enlistment papers.

- You mean that?

- Yup.

- I don't know what to say.

- It's all right.

Look after yourself.

- Sergeant Boswell.

- Yes.

Arrest that man. He's a deserter.