

Producer: Neil Canton
Director: Walter Hill

geronimo

Revised Screenplay

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A LONE WOLF PRODUCTION
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Note: All italicized dialogue is to be spoken in Apache.

Geronimo

1 DARKNESS

1

utter and complete blackness -- into this -- depth -- shapes
-- the faintest outline of shadow and void.

DAVIS (V.O.)

It is said that in the beginning of
the world there was nothing. No sun,
no moon, no day. But there were all
manner of beasts --

Light -- just the delineation of movement, crawling things,
snapping, growling. Rock-like blackness -- space above.

DAVIS (V.O.)

-- Monsters!

Scaled limbs -- coiled serpentine shapes, snapping rows of
teeth! The glow of flame emanating from below.
A snarling, coiling pit of bestiality now can be seen as
DANCERS wearing scales, teeth, etc. Suddenly they look up.
A shaft of dim blue transfixes the heavens, moon and all.
The monsters writhe ritualistically...

DAVIS (V.O.)

There were two tribes of creatures:
the feathered tribe and the beasts.
The chief of the feathered tribe was
the eagle.

Suddenly, a wildly feathered EAGLE DANCER leaps high into the
air, lands upon a great plain, smooth as steel, reflecting
the bright stars. Wind blows his feathers as he leaps about
to DEEP DRUMS. Finally, he swoops down to sit before a row
of lesser feathered DANCERS who bow to him.

DAVIS (V.O.)

He held council and the feathered
creatures wanted light -- but the
beasts refused.

The beasts; wolves, buffaloes, bears, mountain lions (ALL
APACHE DANCERS) HURL themselves darkly across the eternal
plain.

DAVIS (V.O.)

Even then, there could be no peace --

He starts CHANTING to the DEEPENING CADENCE. All the CREATURES seem to CHANT, a rousing SURREAL SOUND. The beasts join hands and move towards us across the plain. The BIRDS SHRIEK in terror -- only the eagle stands. The beasts now brandish clubs and cudgels, spears, glinty knives, which they wield about in a frenzy of dance --

DAVIS (V.O.)

The feathered creatures could not stand against the beasts. They were prepared to die -- then into all this came -- man.

A SILHOUETTED FORM of MAN LEAPS upon the stage, in his hand -- a bow and arrows. He hands them to the eagle. Now all the feathered dancers are with bows in their grip and the beasts RETREAT and FALL as the feathered dancers pull and fire in slow ritual. The man stands tallest, naked save a loin cloth and quiver of arrows, long hair to his shoulders -- banded around the forehead. The sky begins to turn blue and glows with a fiery orange in the east -- shafts of orange bathe the man dancer. His features are bold and unreal -- CLOSER and CLOSER on him. The essence of the warrior...

DAVIS (V.O.)

Man stood by the eagle -- and defeated the beasts. A man stayed when all others took flight and his name was -- Apache!

2 CLOSER ON THE LEATHERY FACE

2

until it seems like stone, red stone -- illuminated by the new dawn, THE IDEALIZED FACE...

DISSOLVES TO:

3 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

3

A STAGECOACH moves across the empty terrain -- leaving a plume of dust behind.

TITLE: ARIZONA TERRITORY, 1885

DAVIS (V.O.)

My name is Britton Davis. The Geronimo campaign of 1885-1886, against the Apache Indians of the Southwest, was in some respects one of the most remarkable in the history of the American military. It is my task to throw some light upon the causes leading to the outbreak of May 17, 1885, and to describe briefly the baleful results and the extraordinary contest that followed. I am writing this book to correct a great deal of nonsense that has been written about events that I witnessed and men that I knew.

4

EXT. OVERLAND WAY STATION - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

4

In the middle of the desolate expanse -- a low adobe building with a corral. A Mexican boy, who has been peering out at the desert, lets out a cry and three or four VAQUEROS appear and hurriedly swing open the big gate -- There is a clatter as the STAGECOACH comes into view at a good clip.

DAVIS (V.O.)

The summer of my twenty-fifth year I reported for duty in Arizona territory. I had been transferred from Ft. D.A. Russell Wyoming where I had my first experience of garrison life. I was a stranger to the great western desert, and perhaps, in some ways, a stranger to myself. My orders stated that I was to administer a newly set up reservation of Chiricahua Apaches at Turkey Creek. This prospect seemed to me more than a little daunting - But I was too young and too enthusiastic to be frightened. All that would change.

BUCK, the stage driver, yelling at his horses, steers the stagecoach skillfully in through the gate -- pulls the horses to a stop in the station yard --

BUCK

(shouting to the vaqueros)

Be careful of ol' Molly...Take it easy, hold it steady there, girl --

Buck and CURLY, who rides Shotgun, begin to climb down... Men bustling around the horses. BILLY PICKETT, the manager of the station, stands by the coach as a single passenger gets out. SECOND LT. BRITTON DAVIS, U.S.A. --

BILLY

Howdy. Welcome -- always good to see an army fella...

BILLY'S WIFE comes up and joins them --

MRS. PICKETT

We didn't figure on no stagecoach coming through with renegades out there raising all kinds of hell.

BILLY PICKETT

Got orders plenty of times by the soldiers at San Carlos -- told us might be best to get out -- pronto -- but we always held our ground...

Davis' suitcase is tossed down.
It lands with a CRASH in the dust.
Davis stares out at the vast desert.

DAVIS

Nobody here to meet me, Mam?

MRS. PICKETT

Nope. Not a soul. Who you expectin'?

DAVIS

I guess someone from the Third Cavalry...

MRS. PICKETT

Looks like they forgot you was comin'. Or more likely they got some kind of Apache trouble. You come on in, get yourself something to eat --

DAVIS picks up his battered suitcase, heads inside.

5

INT. OVERLAND WAY STATION - DAY

5

DAVIS seated alone at a long table, eating beans and bread.
A stand-up bar across the way --

BILLY

Whisky?

DAVIS

No thank you, sir.

BILLY

Don't have to sir me, son. I ain't no officer.

Pours himself a shot.

BILLY

Looks like you are though --

DAVIS

Yes, sir. Second Lieutenant Britton Davis. At your service.

BILLY

Proud to know ya.

Bottoms up.
Pours another.

BILLY

Where ya from, Lieutenant?

DAVIS

Texas. Near Brownsville.

BILLY

Texas? Well hell, son. I thought you was from back east -- you kinda got that manner --

DAVIS

I've been the last four years in Wyoming, before that at West Point...

A voice from the doorway --

VAQUERO

Senor, soldatos.

Low rumbling SOUNDS as many horses approach --

6

CLOSE - DAVIS

He stands, moves to a window.

6

7 THRU WINDOW - DAVIS' P.O.V. 7

A CAVALRY OFFICER riding into the station yard...along with three APACHE SCOUTS, SGT TURKEY, DUTCHY AND DEAD SHOT.

8 EXT. WINDOW ROCK STATION 8

As Davis comes out through the door --

VOICE
Lieutenant Britton Davis.

DAVIS
Sir!

Looks up and salutes CAPTAIN CHARLES GATEWOOD. Tall, correct -- a career man in the frontier army.

GATEWOOD
Captain Gatewood, Charles B. At your service, Lieutenant.

Salutes in return, then reaches down and shakes hands.

GATEWOOD
General Crook asked me to swing by -- pick you up -- we're on our way South.

DAVIS
Sir.

GATEWOOD
Sergeant Turkey, bring up Mr. Davis' horse. Take care of his suitcase.
(To Davis)
Welcome to the Third Cavalry, Lieutenant. We're bringing in Geronimo -- you've heard of him?

DAVIS
Yes, sir.

GATEWOOD
He's due in a few days. We'll go on down to the border and escort him in --

DAVIS
Sir?

GATEWOOD
Yes?

DAVIS

Bringing in Geronimo? Just you and me?

GATEWOOD

The General said we'd be in the company of one of the most dangerous men on earth -- he figured we didn't need much protection.

Davis scrambles up into the saddle as the scouts deploy --

GATEWOOD

Seventy-five miles to the border, Mr. Davis. You'll have plenty of time to get acquainted with your new mount.

Spurs his horse forward.

Davis hesitates, watching the column for a moment, then rides out into the desert --

9

EXT. OPEN DESERT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

9

The sun -- intense -- noonday -- broiling down across an immense expanse. Into this ride FIVE HORSEMEN and pack mules -- Gatewood, Davis, and the three Apache scouts.

DAVIS (V.O.)

My first impression of Captain Gatewood remains distinct in my memory. His brusqueness was entirely military, balanced by unfailing good manners. He was clearly a man of confidence and experience in the Apache wars. In time I came to realize he was much admired by his peers, much respected by his superiors. Of all the men I was to serve with in the U.S. Cavalry, no one came closer to being a true hero than Captain Charles Gatewood.

GATEWOOD

That's Mexico.

Gatewood is looking at his compass. Then points to infinity --

GATEWOOD

Geronimo's out there, probably fighting Mexicans. Apache have been fighting them for about three hundred years now...

DAVIS

How will Geronimo find us?

GATEWOOD

Easy. He'll spot our cook fire at night. Besides, we're the only ones out here.

Snaps his compass shut.

GATEWOOD

He's the last renegade. All the other bands have come in - He sent his old people, squaws, most of his warriors in to the General a couple of months ago.

Gatewood gets off, starts to unpack mules with the scouts. Davis watches Gatewood for a moment -- then stares out at Mexico. Suddenly, at a distance of more than a mile, an ELDERLY APACHE appears over a sand dune. Davis raises his field glasses, studies the Shaman who begins singing and dancing --

DAVIS

Captain?

GATEWOOD

Chiricahua Shaman... Looks like he's going to be testing his magic.

Raises his glasses.

DAVIS

He's just out here all alone?

GATEWOOD

He's on a vision quest. Pilgrimage. He'll be with us awhile.

Lowers his glasses.

Looks over at the Scouts who stare intently at the Shaman --

GATEWOOD

Apaches believe in their power. It's a kind of magic they carry around inside them.

10

EXT. OPEN DESERT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - NIGHT

10

DAVIS (V.O.)

By personal inclination, Captain Gatewood kept his own counsel, but he met questions from an inexperienced officer with patience and courtesy. What perplexed and fascinated me most, was his sympathy and knowledge of all things pertaining to the Apache. With no indulgence of sentiment or dime novel romanticism, he seemed to feel that the Apache was a part of the land. He knew them better than most whites did, and was prepared to learn more.

They sit around a fire -- the APACHE SCOUTS all stare off as if in a trance. The SHAMAN now sits nearby -- singing.

DAVIS

You don't talk much to them, do you?

GATEWOOD

To an Apache -- stillness is a pleasure -- they're taught that when they're small, it helps someone who may have to hide and wait.

He lets it sink in.

DAVIS

Captain?

Gatewood looks back his way --

DAVIS

How is it that you and the General take Geronimo's word for it? I mean that he's just going to come on in and give himself up?

GATEWOOD

After the General's last Mexican campaign I guess he could see there wasn't any use in holding out... A Chiricahua doesn't give his word much, but he keeps it. Long as you keep yours.

Davis stands, walks to the edge of the firelight -- stares out at the desert.

DAVIS

(softly, to himself)

Geronimo.

11

EXT. OPEN DESERT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

11

Scorching.

A small canvas tent, has been pitched.

GATEWOOD and DAVIS sit on cots in its shade.

The SHAMAN sits in the open, chanting --

DAVIS

What's he singing about now?

GATEWOOD

Trying to locate Geronimo.

DUTCHY and SGT. TURKEY begin to water the animals. DEAD SHOT approaches, squats before the two soldiers.

DEAD SHOT

Geronimo will come. Shaman says three days -- mebbe more --

GATEWOOD

Is he riding a horse or mule?

DEAD SHOT

Caballo -- blanco. A white horse.

Gatewood and Davis look at one another.

GATEWOOD

Five dollars says Geronimo rides in here on a white horse.

DAVIS

You're on, Captain... Question?

GATEWOOD

Yes, Mr. Davis.

DAVIS

These scouts we have with us --
They're... Apache.

GATEWOOD

Yes?

DAVIS

Why would they work for the army?
Fight against their own kind?

GATEWOOD

Money's good. Lot's of different
Apache tribes, they don't much like
each other, most of all Apaches go
where the best fight is. It's a
morality once you understand it...

DAVIS

Is that an advantage?

GATEWOOD

It's how we beat them.

2

EXT. OPEN DESERT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - NIGHT

12

A lantern hangs on the tent pole -- The two soldiers play
checkers. DAVIS jumps GATEWOOD, then looks over at the
SHAMAN --

DAVIS

Now what's he singing about?

GATEWOOD

Best I can tell, the same thing.
Geronimo. Goyakla. He who yawns.

DAVIS

Strange name for a ferocious warrior.

GATEWOOD

The Mexicans named him Geronimo --
I've chased him off and on for ten
years.

DAVIS

Captain -- just curious. Are you a
family man?

GATEWOOD

Married seven years. Two children,
son and daughter. They're all back in
Virginia.

DAVIS

You must miss them.

GATEWOOD

Every hour of every day.

He double jumps Davis.

GATEWOOD

King me.

13

EXT. OPEN DESERT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

13

Again broiling.

The men play cards at a small folding table -- use cartridges
for chips.

DAVIS (V.O.)

Two officers of the United States
Army, three Apache scouts and one
Shaman all waiting for the great
Chiricahua warrior Geronimo. I hardly
knew what preparations to make. His
reputation preceded him. His
brutality, his relentless capacity for
killing, his remorselessness had
already become legend. I confess that
I looked forward to meeting him with
mixed emotions.

It is late afternoon.

DAVIS

Raise you three.

He pushes the bullets out. Dutchy walks over -- squats.
Davis yawns and stretches as Gatewood ponders...

DUTCHY

Chiricahua -- here.

They whirl around and standing silhouetted against the sun
are TEN ARMED AND MOUNTED APACHES -- appearing ghost-like,
covered in fine alkali dust... They have a string of
captured MEXICAN MUSTANGS trailing behind.

GATEWOOD

You owe me five dollars, Mr. Davis.

DAVIS

The Shaman said three days -- They're early.

GATEWOOD

You still owe me five dollars.

GERONIMO rides his white horse forward -- Closes in on Gatewood and Davis...

GERONIMO

Gate-wood.

GATEWOOD

It does my heart good to see the great warrior, Geronimo.

Geronimo eyes Davis.

DAVIS

Lieutenant Britton Davis, Third Cavalry.

Geronimo makes no comment -- turns back to Gatewood.

GATEWOOD

You are now under the protection of the United States Army. We will escort you to General Crook at San Carlos.

GERONIMO

Gate-wood. I know you. Ten years ago -- Victorio almost kill you...

GATEWOOD

I remember.

GERONIMO

Victorio was my friend.

Looks at Davis.

GERONIMO

He killed many White Eye.

He turns around.

GERONIMO

This is Chato, Ulzana, Daklugie,
Mangas... All warriors. Now we go to
Nantan Lupan, Yes?

GATEWOOD

The General waits for you with an open
heart.

Formalities are now completed.

GERONIMO

Good --

He jerks the white stallion forward, joins the other
Apache --

DAVIS

Captain, Sir, for my education, just
what does Nantan Lupan mean?

GATEWOOD

Gray Wolf Chief. The Apache gave the
General that name twenty years ago...

Davis stares across at the waiting Apaches.

DAVIS

They are -- something --

GATEWOOD

Chiricahua are special, even among the
Apache. Coyoteros, Mimbrenos,
Mescaleros, they're all afraid of the
Chiricahua...

14 EXT. BUTTERFIELD WAY STATION - NIGHT

14

A couple of line shacks -- corrals and adobe stage depot.

DAVIS (V.O.)

The second night of our trek to San
Carlos we put up at the Butterfield
station twelve miles above the Gila
river at the base of Dragoon
mountains... It was not to prove a
restful stop over.

In the foreground GERONIMO sleeps seated, leaning his back
against a corral fence. ULZANA sits next to him, rifle
cradled and watching. There is light from the stage depot.

15 INT. BUTTERFIELD WAY STATION - NIGHT 15

A MEXICAN WOMAN cooks. CHATO turns from the window --

CHATO

Two men are coming --

GATEWOOD stands, moves to the window. DAVIS appears behind him --

DAVIS

Any idea who they are?

GATEWOOD

Can't tell, too far off.

CHATO

One fella with white hat, he carries a shotgun.

16 EXT. BUTTERFIELD WAY STATION - NIGHT 16

Gatewood and Davis walk out.

TWO RIDERS enter the little enclave slowly on horseback --
One of the men wears a large white hat -- the other a bowler.

GATEWOOD

What's the problem?

WHITE HAT

You stayin' till morning?

He carries a cut down 10-gauge, shifts it across his elbow...

GATEWOOD

I report only to my commanding officer. State your business --

WHITE HAT

Don't you sass me, blue coat.

He opens his coat -- reveals a badge.

WHITE HAT

Federal Marshal Joe Hawkins --
Tombstone -- These Apaches you got
with you are under arrest -- I'm
deputizing you two to hold these
criminals till morning, when the posse
gets here.

GATEWOOD

Arresting them on what grounds?

HAWKINS

Murder of white citizens, horse
thievery, hostile Indianism. That
good enough for you, soldier...?

Hawkins' companion, a TOOTHY COWBOY --

TOOTHY

We wanna do what's right, which is
hang 'em.

GATEWOOD

My orders are to turn these Apaches in
to General Crook.

TOOTHY

We wanna help you boys out and you
give us a hard time...

Davis jumps in --

DAVIS

U.S. Cavalry doesn't need help from
trash like you...

GATEWOOD

(admonition)

Lieutenant...

HAWKINS

I think the problem's we got some blue
coats here, wanna be sweet hearts with
the Apache --

Davis is so enraged by this that he starts to reach for his
revolver when Gatewood restrains him.

GATEWOOD

Keep it holstered, Lieutenant...

Gatewood walks close to Hawkins...

GATEWOOD

I'd ride on if I were you, sir. I
don't think you want to get into a
contest with the U.S. Cavalry.

HAWKINS

I ain't afraid of savages or cavalry
and neither are the people of
Tombstone. We know you got that
murderin' son-of-a-bitch Geronimo --
Justice is gonna be served -- one way
or the other...

Hawkins backs his horse out slowly, keeping his shotgun
leveled -- Hawkins and Toothy go off into the night --
GERONIMO emerges from the darkness...

GERONIMO

Gate-wood.

He moves close.

GERONIMO

We go catch these men -- kill them?

GATEWOOD

No -- that's all we'd need -- We move.
Tonight. Now. Before the others get
here...

Geronimo looks at him.

GERONIMO

I rather go kill these men.

- 17 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAWN 17
The small column moving across the great expanse.
- 18 POSSE - ON THE HORIZON LINE - BINOCULAR P.O.V. 18
TOMBSTONE RANGERS: COWBOYS, GUNFIGHTERS, GAMBLERS, TOWN
BULLIES... They howl and hoot, waving Winchesters, shotguns
and whiskey jugs as they thunder across the sage --
- 19 EXT. DRY HILLS - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY 19
Beginning to rise towards the plateaus, Gatewood, Davis and
the Apache band make their way stealthily past as Geronimo
watches the horizon with his field glasses.
- 20 EXT. DRY RIVER BOTTOM - DESERT - DAY 20
A man examining a hoof print...

He is YAQUI DAVE -- chief of scouts for the Tombstone Rangers
-- The POSSE close behind...

TOOTHY

What do you see, Dave?

DAVE

More of 'em --

HAWKINS

Ain't Apaches supposed to hide their
tracks?

DAVE

Must be on the run.

HAWKINS

(shouts)

They're on the run, boys! We got 'em
on the run! -- Mount up!

They go, gulping whisky, jangling weapons...

21 P.O.V. GLASSES - DUST -- POSSE ON THE MOVE 21

Horsemen crossing an Alkalai flat...

22 CLOSE - GATEWOOD - HILLSIDE 22

He puts his glasses down -- Geronimo sits next to him. Davis
behind.

GATEWOOD

They've caught the trail again -- If
they don't run out of jugs, they'll
catch us.

Geronimo looks at Gatewood's field glasses. Puts his up next
to them to compare.

GERONIMO

You have a very good long glass, Gate-
wood.

Gatewood stares down below -- Knows he must make a decision.

GATEWOOD

Mr. Davis -- as a decoying maneuver
you will continue North, if we don't
rejoin you by sundown -- you will
escort the rest of the group to safety
at San Carlos.

DAVIS

Sir? Not to question your orders --

GATEWOOD

(hard)

Then Mr. Davis, do not question my
orders -- I am making a rear-guard
protective stand hereabouts. With the
aid of Mr. Geronimo.

Turns to Geronimo.

GATEWOOD

Send your men with Mr. Davis --

Geronimo pulls his rifle from a Mexican scabbard.
Shouts in Apache at the others...

13

OPEN COUNTRY BELOW - THE POSSE

23

THUNDERING in front of a great cloud of dust --

24

EXT. ROCKY CLIFF SIDE - GATEWOOD

24

Now perched in some boulders overlooking a plateau --
Beyond, the dust cloud draws closer. Geronimo sets up the
Sharps Tang sight.

GERONIMO

You have the leader --

He hands the rifle to Gatewood. Gatewood looks at him --

GATEWOOD

You know I can't do that -- We have to
scare 'em.

GERONIMO

Best way to scare 'em is to kill 'em.

GATEWOOD

You can shoot close -- miss -- pin 'em
down.

GERONIMO

Maybe I do it if you trade me the long
glass -- You kill 'em if you have to?

GATEWOOD

Yes... If I have to.

He cocks his Springfield Carbine. Looks with his glasses.

25 P.O.V. GLASSES - OPEN COUNTRY BELOW

25

The posse rides up onto the plateau about 400 yards away --
Yaqui Dave at the front.

26 CLOSE - YAQUI DAVE

26

He motions the posse to hold up -- Gets off his horse.
He looks at the ground, starts walking forward... checks the
signs -- a good trail. Ahead the plateau turns into a flat
rock shelf leading to the face of the cliffs --

27 CLOSE - GERONIMO - CLIFF SIDE

27

He cocks the Sharps -- feels the breeze -- adjusts the Tang-
sight.

28 YAQUI DAVE - BELOW

28

now about 150 yards from the cliff -- He motions the posse
forward...

HAWKINS

What do you think?

YAQUI DAVE

Pass the jug.

Handed over -- Dave uncorks it, puts it to his lips --
suddenly the jug SHATTERS into wet mist -- a moment later,
the shot BOOMS...

29 CLOSE - GERONIMO - CLIFF SIDE

29

He smiles and reloads --

GATEWOOD

Good shot.

GERONIMO

(shrugs)

Not so good. I aim for his head.

30 CLOSE -- GATEWOOD

30

He FIRES his Springfield from the flanking rocks --
RICOCHETING SLUGS behind the horses at the posse's rear --
the horses go wild.

31 POSSE - BELOW

31

In utter disarray, men ride or bolt for the edge of the
plateau --

32 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - THE POSSE

32

Regrouping --
Coming down onto the flat, smashing through low brush -- Joe
Hawkins and Yaqui Dave ride close ...

33 THEIR P.O.V. - OPEN COUNTRY - GERONIMO AND GATEWOOD

33

Both now on horseback -- An arroyo cuts jaggedly across the
plain far to their left.

34 HORSEMEN - POSSE

34

Pulling to a halt on a ridge -- JOE HAWKINS hands YAQUI DAVE
a pair of binoculars. TOOTHY and the others lift their
carbines...

35 EXT. VALLEY FLOOR - THEIR P.O.V.

35

Gatewood spurs his gelding. Geronimo follows, his pony
moving into an easy gallop --

36 ON THE RIDGE

36

Yaqui Dave returns the binoculars to Hawkins --

YAQUI DAVE

It's them! We got 'em!

They kick their mounts forward --

- 37 GERONIMO - GATEWOOD 37
Crossing the valley floor toward the arroyo. Make for a large horseshoe bend formed by the wash --
- 38 THE POSSE 38
Closing on the horses. YAQUI DAVE at full gallop, he SNAPS off a shot cavalry style --
- 39 GERONIMO 39
Enters the opening of the horseshoe. Pulls the war pony to a sliding halt. Gatewood GALLOPS straight on past him, races across broken ground toward the apex of the loop --
- 40 THREE POSSE HORSEMEN 40
Move off from the others -- Gallop through clumps of small brush... Toothy and Hawkins start levering SHOTS at the riders in front of them.
- 41 GERONIMO 41
As the riders move into range, he jumps off his mount, steadies the horse, pulls his Sharps up -- sights over the withers, using the pony to steady the barrel -- FIRES three times.
- 42 THE HORSEMEN 42
A mount goes down, a rider is hit -- the others wildly swerve off line...
- 43 GATEWOOD 43
Slows at the edge of the arroyo. Works his horse down the steep slope to the bed of the wash six feet below.
- 44 POSSE HORSEMEN 44
A hundred yards behind them -- Yaqui Dave FIRING from the saddle.

15 GERONIMO

45

His Sharps again ROARS! Then he jumps back onto the war pony, spins his mount, races to the foot of the horseshoe -- BULLETS KICK beside him as he slides his war pony into the wash --

46 TOOTHY

46

Skids his mount to a stop where Gatewood went into the arroyo. Toothy jumps off, runs to the edge. Carbine held ready --

47 ARROYO

47

A narrow stream runs in the center of the wash. Nothing else in sight. The SOUND of hoofbeats can be heard from around the bend. Toothy runs back to his horse --

48 GERONIMO

48

Comes up out of the wash fifty yards away. Races across the flat in front of the dismounting horsemen -- leaning low over the war pony's neck he fires TWO ROUNDS...

49 TOOTHY

49

SCREAMS as a bullet RIPS into his thigh. Other posse members FIRE at the passing horse. Geronimo swerves the pony back down the wash and out of sight --

50 GATEWOOD

50

Halfway around the horseshoe from Geronimo. Pulled up in a brush-filled cranny. Gatewood sights along his carbine, FIRES! A horseman goes down.

51 EDGE OF THE WASH

51

Hawkins and Yaqui Dave pull Toothy out of the line of fire -- Leg bleeding -- they ease him down the wall of the wash --

- 52 GATEWOOD 52
Looks back up over the edge. Sends off two SHOTS at the horsemen trying to flank -- Answered by a volley of GUNFIRE. He pulls back down, out of sight --
- 53 GERONIMO 53
At the rim of the arroyo. Snaps off a SHOT. The slug CREASES HAWKINS as he pulls himself back up into the saddle --
- 54 GATEWOOD 54
Climbing back onto his horse. Spurs it back along the stream --
- 55 THE HORSEMEN - POSSE 55
All are now again concentrated -- But flanked by Geronimo and Gatewood...
- 56 GATEWOOD 56
Appears at one end of the horseshoe. Fires a SHOT --
- 57 GERONIMO 57
At the opposite foot of the loop -- Urges his pony up onto the flat. He and Gatewood now have them in a crossfire --
- 58 THE POSSE 58
Hawkins panicking as bullets tear across the wash --
- HAWKINS
Get out of here!! God dammit!
Get out of here!!
- They scramble their horses, give COVERING FIRE at Geronimo and Gatewood -- Shots going wild as they jolt over the open ground...

59

THE ARROYO

59

Geronimo walks his mount up to Gatewood. The departing horsemen getting small on the horizon --

GATEWOOD

Trade...

He gives Geronimo his glasses -- takes Geronimo's -- Geronimo looks at the embossed name on the case -- CAPT. CHARLES GATEWOOD -- 3RD CAV.

GERONIMO

This is your name?

GATEWOOD

Yes -- a present from my troops.

GERONIMO

You have much money, Gate-wood?

GATEWOOD

No -- little money. The Army pays little money.

Geronimo studies the retreating posse through his new field glasses.

GERONIMO

A long glass is a fine present. They must think you are a good chief, Gate-wood.

GATEWOOD

No, not a chief. Only a soldier.

GERONIMO

(still looking through the glass)

Like me. Only a warrior.

60

EXT. SAN CARLOS - PARADE GROUND - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

60

GATEWOOD and GERONIMO ride into the compound...The REGIMENT is standing at spit and polish attention... LT. GENERAL GEORGE CROOK, in full-dress blue, is straightening his hat as he comes down the veranda from his command post. He's in his mid-fifties, beard and moustache...

DAVIS (V.O.)

Lt. General General George Crook was regarded by many as the finest frontier soldier the United States Army had ever produced. He had pioneered many of the tactics that proved to be successful in pacifying the Apache, he also proved to be, in my opinion, a singular human being.

DAVIS and SIEBER nod to Gatewood, who tips a salute to them... CHATO, ULZANA and the OTHER APACHES stand in front of the Troopers -- watching...

GATEWOOD

General.

CROOK

My compliments, Captain.

Geronimo pulls his Sharps rifle out of its scabbard. Solemnly, with great pomp, he hands the rifle to Crook. Every eye in the compound utterly riveted.

CROOK

Goyakla.

GERONIMO

Hello, Nantan Lupan.

CROOK

It does my heart good to see you, Geronimo. I accept your surrender. I accept the surrender of a great warrior... Let's have some coffee, smoke cigars. We have a lot to talk about.

61 INT. CROOK'S HEADQUARTERS - SAN CARLOS - DAY

61

A large room in a rough-hewn wooden building. GERONIMO sits in a straight-back chair in the middle of the room. He is alone other than a SENTRY posted at the door. The Sentry stands aside as the door opens. CROOK, GATEWOOD and DAVIS enter.

CROOK

I am glad to see Geronimo is a man of his word.

GERONIMO

Geronimo is always man of his word,
Nantan Lupan.

CROOK

Your wish has been granted.
Washington has ordered me to send
you and your band of Chiricahua to
Turkey Creek.

GERONIMO

The land at Turkey Creek is very good.
We keep our rifles for hunting?

CROOK

Yes. For hunting on the reservation
only -- Lieutenant Davis will be in
charge there -- With a small
detachment of soldiers. The Apache
will continue to be under the
protection of the United States Army.

Davis steps forward.

DAVIS

Geronimo. It will be my privilege as
well as my duty.

Geronimo reaches up to his headband --

GERONIMO

I give you this, Davis. An eagle
feather, for long life and strength --
you are young -- I think you are not
married yet -- I think you need to be
very strong when you get married -- I
know about these things. I have many
wives.

DAVIS

Many wives. All at once?

GERONIMO

One wife at a time. Mexicans killed
one, you white-eyes killed three. In
the old days I have many children --
Apaches need to have many children --

CROOK

Mr. Davis is young. Young Apaches,
young white eyes... They are the hope
of the west. Our days are about done.

GERONIMO

Davis.

(nods, smiles)

He's okay. And Gate-wood. You come
and visit me Gate-wood?

GATEWOOD

It would make my heart glad.

CROOK

I hope the wars are over my friend --
I hope the Apache and the White Eye
live in peace -- I hope that Geronimo
keeps his word and stays on the
reservation. Nantan Lupan wants the
Chiricahua to learn to be farmers. It
is their only chance. They must
change. The old days are gone. The
Chiricahua will never again live in
the wild.

Geronimo stares straight ahead.

62

EXT. RESERVATION - TURKEY CREEK - DUSK

62

50 wickiups and a number of government built shacks, loosely
surrounding DAVIS' TENT... We are looking out across a
plateau to a distant horizon. Corn growing in fields.
Fences separating plots of land...

DAVIS (V.O.)

General Crook's notion was for
Geronimo and his people to farm Turkey
Creek and earn a place for themselves
amidst the rush of white settlement.
For myself, I was entirely optimistic
about the experiment, pleased to be a
part of it.

63

EXT. / INT. DAVIS' TENT - TURKEY CREEK - DUSK

63

DAVIS is having his dinner cleared away by a REGIMENTAL COOK.

COOK

More coffee, sir?

Davis shakes his head, then takes his harmonica out and
starts to play, the Cook returns abruptly --

COOK

Beg your pardon sir, Old Nana, he's
standin' outside...

DAVIS

Tell him to come in, tell him he's
welcome.

Davis keeps playing his harmonica. OLD NANA appears...
Davis breaks off...

DAVIS

Good evening Nana. It does me honor,
it does my heart good that a great
chief has come to see me...

Formalities now completed...

OLD NANA

Davis, how many moons have we been at
Turkey Creek?

DAVIS

A little over three months... Are
things well with your people?

OLD NANA

We Apache learn to farm. We do good
at farming. But we are always
hunters. We want to go up in the
mountains -- away from Turkey Creek.
Go hunting. Maybe one week, maybe
two. Then we come back. Be farmers
again.

DAVIS

I'm sorry, Nana. But it is forbidden
for the Apache to leave the
reservation.

OLD NANA

Even for hunting?

DAVIS

Even for hunting. I am sorry. There
are prospectors in the mountains. If
they see an Apache, they might
shoot --

OLD NANA

No problem, Davis. We could kill
them.

DAVIS

No, I'm sorry. It would be a problem. Nantan Lupan says the Chiricahua must stay on the reservation.. No hunting in the mountains -- Hunting only here at Turkey Creek.

OLD NANA

It is very hard to be an Apache and live on a reservation.

DAVIS

You like music?

Holds up the harmonica. Blows a few notes.

64 EXT. APACHE CAMPFIRE - TURKEY CREEK - NIGHT

64

A collection of young APACHE WOMEN sing and dance to a traditional song. They shyly avoid DAVIS' gaze --

OLD NANA

Davis. You like Apache music?

DAVIS

Very much, Old Nana. Apache women have bright voices.

OLD NANA'S look grows darker, more remote --

OLD NANA

When you were a boy Davis, the Apache ruled these lands. Today it is the white-eyes. Their weapons are terrible, they are many, they have the power. I am very old. After I am gone, I'm afraid one day there will be no more Apache music...

The song ends -- Davis claps politely.

65 EXT. RESERVATION - TURKEY CREEK - SHOWER - DAY

65

DAVIS is soaping himself, standing within a contraption made of rain barrels, rude wooden ribs, oil cloth, rubber hosing and an ancient shower head.

66 CLOSE - CHATO

66

Seated nearby. He looks off, sees...

67

CHATO'S P.O.V.

67

Riders approach -- AL SIEBER, chief of scouts, and GATEWOOD -
- Followed by several Troopers and Apache scouts. Sieber is
a big, saturnine man of about forty...

DAVIS (V.O.)

I didn't like Al Sieber. Not from the first. I'm happy to say that it wasn't difficult to tell that Capt. Gatewood shared my opinion, though he never spoke against Sieber in my presence. To be fair, Sieber had his virtues. He was respected by the scouts he recruited, he was a tireless campaigner, a crack shot, a survivor of twenty years of Apache Wars. But I think the best thing that can be said about Al Sieber, Chief of Scouts, is that he had the complete trust of General Crook.

Gatewood waves stiffly to Davis --

GATEWOOD

You're out of uniform, Lieutenant.

DAVIS

Happens once a week, whether I need it or not.

SIEBER

How's our friend Geronimo behavin'?

DAVIS

He doesn't do much farming -- but he seems fine. No trouble.

SIEBER

Keep your eye on him. He ain't one to trust.

GATEWOOD

Where do I find him?

DAVIS

Probably in his shack. About this time of day he generally takes a snooze...second one up the hill on your left --

GATEWOOD

Much obliged, Lieutenant.

Gatewood walks his horse away. Sieber looks around at the peaceful settlement.

SIEBER

It's hard to get used to - not being at war with the Chiricahua. As long as I been around these bastards. I never know what they're thinking.

Davis steps out of the shower, begins to dry off with a rough Army towel -- he clearly has little use for Sieber -- doesn't bother disguising it...

DAVIS

I take it you're here on official business, Mr. Sieber?

Sieber spots Chato across the way.
Rides over to him.

SIEBER

Hello, Chato. Just the fella I want to see.

Chato is wary -- Sieber is an old enemy...

SIEBER

Nantan Lupan wants you to join the Army. Wolves with blue coats, scouts to help us fight renegades -- Nantan Lupan says you can be a policeman here at Turkey Creek.

CHATO

There are many Apaches. Why does Nantan Lupan want Chato?

SIEBER

Because there are none like Chiricahua -- none like Chato. You be a sergeant -- wear a blue coat -- stripes on your coat. Army pay.

CHATO

I dunno, Sieber --

SIEBER

You are a warrior, You hunt men. Make your squaw, make your children proud...

CHATO

Mexicans take my wife, my little boy.

SIEBER

Maybe the Army can help get 'em back.

CHATO

The Army would do this?

SIEBER

They could try. All depends on how much you co-operate, don't it, Chato?

68

EXT. GERONIMO'S SHACK - TURKEY CREEK - DAY

68

A small wooden affair -- one room, one window. GERONIMO is seated in a rocking chair on the porch, GATEWOOD rides up, dismounts --

GERONIMO

Gate-wood. You come to visit me.

GATEWOOD

It does my heart good to see Geronimo.

Takes a handful of cigars out of his pocket -- gives them to Geronimo, who selects one, pockets the others.

GATEWOOD

How's the life of a farmer?

GERONIMO

I liked hunting better. All my life I have been a hunter. Now the Army tells Apache it is forbidden to hunt in the mountains.

Geronimo bites the tip of his cheroot.

GERONIMO

Some Apache are good farmers. Others, they miss the old ways.

Gatewood strikes a match, lights Geronimo's cigar.

GERONIMO

I am not a very good farmer, Gate-wood.

Geronimo blows a smoke-ring --

GERONIMO

Maybe I will sing my death song.

GATEWOOD

You're too young for that.

GERONIMO

Maybe. Maybe instead I'll think about women. Maybe I will take another wife. Where is your wife, Gatewood?

GATEWOOD

How do you know I'm married?

GERONIMO

You have the look.

GATEWOOD

She's in Virginia. Two thousand miles from here.

GERONIMO

Too far away. You have children?

GATEWOOD

A son and a daughter.

GERONIMO

You should be with them. A wife and babies need a father. The world is out of balance when they are separated.

GATEWOOD

You're right. It's the life of a soldier...

Geronimo puffs again.

GERONIMO

It was told by a Shaman that many more Apache will die fighting the White-Eye. And in the end we will win. Because we will die free of them. The Shaman says this.

Gatewood now goes back to business - a sharpness in his voice...

GATEWOOD

Which Shaman? I want to talk to him.

GERONIMO

There are many. Some have the power.
Some just talk --

He puffs again..

GERONIMO

Good cigar. You White-Eye make a good
cigar.

69 EXT. TURKEY CREEK - FIRE - NIGHT

69

GERONIMO sits with OLD NANA, DAKLUGIE and ULZANA.
They look off across the encampment to Davis' tent.

70 INT. DAVIS' TENT - TURKEY CREEK - NIGHT

70

GATEWOOD and DAVIS eating --

DAVIS

You and Geronimo seem to get along --

GATEWOOD

I think he trusts me.

DAVIS

Begging your pardon sir, but why?

GATEWOOD

Maybe because I know first hand what
it's like for the U.S. Cavalry to take
and burn your home -- maybe because I
know what it's like to want to fight
the blue coats to the death --

DAVIS

Sir?

GATEWOOD

My two older brothers and my father
fought for the Army of Northern
Virginia. One brother was killed, my
father was wounded... crippled.

Davis pauses uneasily, but then decides to press on.

DAVIS

Why did you come over to our side,
sir?

GATEWOOD

I was about twelve, my father was dying -- He said, 'You're headed for West Point. If you're gonna live, you have to make terms with the winning side.' And that's what General Crook's been trying to tell the Apaches.

Gatewood gives a dry smile.

GATEWOOD

Men have been killing each other since Adam, we can try and put a stop to it, but we shouldn't be surprised if we don't have much luck...

SIEBER enters the tent.

SIEBER

You got a drink, Davis?

DAVIS

There's no whisky on this reservation -- you know that.

SIEBER

Finished my private stash last night. You don't keep somethin' on the side?

DAVIS

Maybe you didn't hear me -- there's no whisky on this reservation.

SIEBER

None for them -- hell, I know that. But you know, a little somethin' on the side for a travelin' White-Eye...

Davis gives him a look.

SIEBER

Christ. Guess the army ain't what it used to be.

DAVIS

I must say I find it extraordinary that the General allows you free access here to recruit without written orders.

SIEBER

You got a problem with the way General Crook runs the Army, I'll be happy to tell him about it.

GATEWOOD

Al, ease back.

SIEBER

(to Davis)

Don't go fallin' in love with these Apache. They're mostly sneaky bastards. Especially that damn Geronimo. He's even got old Crook fooled --

Gatewood cuts in -- hard --

GATEWOOD

-- Al, I said ease back. Both of you.

71

EXT. FIRE - GERONIMO - OLD NANA - DAKLUGIE - ULZANA

71

GERONIMO

Sieber is smart. He hunted me for years.

DAKLUGIE

Can you trust him?

He takes out a cigar.

GERONIMO

I trust him to kill Apaches. He makes Chato a scout.

DAKLUGIE

Why would Chato do that?

GERONIMO

Because he is still a warrior in his heart.. Maybe because the blue coats make him promises.

Geronimo lights a kitchen match and puts it to the end of his cheroot.

GERONIMO

Gatewood gives me good cigars.

He again looks across to Davis' tent -- Davis, Sieber still talking...

ULZANA

I should have killed Sieber. But I never had the chance.

Geronimo hands Ulzana a cigar.

ULZANA

When we harvest our corn, we will have plenty of money. In the old days we could buy cigars, whisky -- rifles.

OLD NANA

You are right. It is the Apache way. I am tired of the white man's road...

Geronimo puffs --

GERONIMO

Last night I looked into my power. I saw Gatewood was my friend but his feet were standing in blood. I asked my power and I saw a trail of dead Apaches and Gatewood and Chato were standing in their blood...

72

INT. GOVERNMENT OFFICE - TUCSON - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

72

DAVIS (V.O.)

To the Army, and especially to General Crook, the worst problems in what was called Indian Management came not from the reservation Indians, but from Washington and the civilian population within the territory.

GENERAL CROOK in full uniform paces before a COMMITTEE OF GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS. Beyond a small gallery of LOCAL CITIZENS. The Official questioning Crook drones along, obviously bored by the proceedings...

OFFICIAL

General, you realize that the conception of reform in the treatment of Indians, particularly the Apache, which you support is not necessarily a popular one. In Washington or here in the territories...

CROOK

I am aware of that.

OFFICIAL

...And that the institution of these new policies must inevitably involve a transfer of authority from the Army to the Department of the Interior.

CROOK

It's a mistake. A very foolish one in my judgement.

OFFICIAL

Could you elaborate, General?

CROOK

The Army is only men -- men who you mostly think of as the low rung of your society -- stuck out in some hell desert for a few dollars a week. But the Apache, he sees us as warriors, the elite of our kind. We know the Apache because we whipped him and he respects that. You give him over to a bunch of goddamned bureaucrats and he knows he's being bought and sold. He knows he's got no future. Hell, I'd fight too if you put me on a reservation, stole my food and sold it for profit, inflicted disease on me and degraded my religion. I know these things -- I've seen them done. That's why I ask you to leave the Apache in the Army's hands. Yes, we've made mistakes, you look for methods without faults. There aren't any.

A CIVILIAN stands in the gallery --

CIVILIAN #1

General, this ain't what we come here to listen to -- we thought you were our great Indian fighter.

Crook walks over to him -- doesn't like the tone in the Civilian's voice...

CROOK

I've fought more indians than you've seen, Mister. But I don't like killing them. I want them to be farmers, useful citizens. You have a problem with that?

Civilian #1 withers under Crook's gaze.

CIVILIAN #2

General, a lot of us livin' here don't understand why we don't start criminal proceedings against Geronimo and his bunch. Instead of gettin' a free ride, they ought to hang.

CIVILIAN #3

We want the damn Apaches out of the way. You saw to it Washington gave 'em Turkey Creek -- that's good land. Oughta be homesteaded out. Christ, you didn't even take their guns away. There's been a lot of money spent -- I hear a million bucks per good Indian. Maybe it's no wonder you and the Army want to keep 'em...

Crook raises a glove to strike the Civilian across the face.
A long stare.
Then Crook walks out of the room.

/3

EXT. / INT. DAVIS' TENT - TURKEY CREEK - DUSK

73

KAY-I-TAH, a sullen looking Chiricahua seated next to a table covered with jugs and bottles filled with a clear liquid. CHATO stands before DAVIS, he now wears the blue coat and red head band of an Army scout. Chato opens one of the bottles, pours some of it out. Behind him are a group of Apaches --

CHATO

Tizwin.

Davis leans close to Kay-I-Tah.

DAVIS

Kay-I-Tah, where did you get this liquor?

No response.

DAVIS

Did you make it? Did you buy it off of some whisky trader?

No response.

CHATO

He won't tell. All the Apaches here,
they got tizwin.

Davis turns back to the other Chiricahua.

DAVIS

Nantan Lupan warned the Apache about
drinking tizwin.

OLD NANA steps forward -- Daklugie at his side.

OLD NANA

We break no treaty -- We kill no one.
We settle this -- He is Chiricahua.

DAVIS

I'll have to report this -- Send him
down to San Carlos.

OLD NANA

This is Apache matter -- You know us -
- You live with us -- eat our corn --
Why do you do this?

DAVIS

Sergeant Chato -- you'll have to find
out where this tizwin is being made or
who they're buying it from.

Chato looks at the others.

He is clearly very uncomfortable with the situation --
Coffee begins to boil in a pot.

Davis looks around -- His pistol lies on his cot at his
side.

Old Nana begins berating him in Apache as Davis concerns
himself with the coffee...

DAVIS

You're drunk, Nana -- You've been
drinking tizwin.

OLD NANA

What do you care if Apache get drunk?
-- He don't hurt nobody -- Why can't
Apache get drunk? Soldiers get drunk.
Soldiers get drunk plenty.

DAVIS

You know what Nantan Lupan said about
tizwin -- Who made this tizwin?

OLD NANA

Maybe our wives make tizwin -- this is
Chiricahua business. Not White-Eye
business.

Stares hard at Davis --

OLD NANA

What you gonna do, take us to jail?
You ain't got no jail.

With that his hand comes out with a long Colt which he FIRES
in the air --

OLD NANA

You ain't got no jail for Apache!

Davis' gun is in his hand -- instantly cocked and leveled --
Old Nana steps back -- Several rifles cock --
The chiefs look around to see Apache scouts -- Chato, Sgt.
Turkey, Dutchy, Peaches -- each with a rifle aimed at them --

DAVIS

I don't want a fight -- You are
supposed to be my friends -- my
brothers.

OLD NANA

I killed men before you were born --
If you are a friend of the Chiricahua
-- How come you trouble me?

He puts his gun away.

DAVIS

Where's Geronimo?

OLD NANA

I don't know -- Maybe drunk. Most
White-Eye want to kill him -- Maybe
you want to kill him too. You bring
soldiers here?

DAVIS

I'm not bringing anybody here and I
don't want to kill anybody -- I can't
put you in jail, but it's illegal to
drink tizwin -- You must obey the
rules.

A moment -- then Old Nana and the others walk away --
Davis raises his cup of coffee.
His hand shakes.

CHATO
They all stirred up.

DAVIS
Where's Geronimo?

CHATO
Maybe he's the one stirrin' 'em up.

Chato moves off, closes the tent flap --

74 EXT. SAN CARLOS - PARADE GROUND - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY 74

Soldiers and Cavalry on drill. Everywhere are old Indians, filthy children, chickens, dogs -- The heat is oppressive.

75 EXT. H.Q. BUILDING - DAY 75

GENERAL CROOK seated at a campaign desk on the wooden porch -
- he has a commanding view of the parade ground --
SGT. MULREY approaches with two soldiers, and two civilians.
GATEWOOD stands on the porch with CAPTAIN CARR... Carr is a
career man, early forties, still very West Point.

CROOK
Captain Carr...

Captain Carr steps out of the line --

CARR
Sir.

CROOK
Take Al Sieber, go on up to Cibecue.
I have reports we have a ghost dancer
there --

CARR
Yes, sir.

CROOK
Take him into custody if you have to -
- I don't want any damn ghost dancer
giving the Apache ideas -- last damn
thing in the world I want...

CARR
(salutes)
Sir!

GATEWOOD

General -- By your request, Mr. Howles
the Government Agent, Mr. Tribollet
our cattle merchant.

Two civilians -- TRIBOLLET is dark and dangerous looking,
like an outlaw. HOWLES is overweight, red-faced -- a drunk.

CROOK

Gentlemen, I've asked to see you...
Howles, you're fired. I've checked
into your record. Audited your books.
You're just another thief. Not even a
clever one --

HOWLES

Now just hold on a second, General.
I'm a civilian with a Federal
appointment. I'll make me a formal
protest...

CROOK

Really? Who to?

HOWLES

Washington.

CROOK

Do that, Mr. Howles. Officer of the
day -- Captain Gatewood...

GATEWOOD

Sir.

CROOK

Have Mr. Howles escorted to the
stockade. Lock the son of a bitch up.

GATEWOOD

Sergeant Mulrey. Proceed with the
General's order.

SGT. MULREY

Sir!

Mulrey steps forward with a quivering salute.

SGT. MULREY

Corporal Benteen. Trooper Rixley --
lend a hand...

TWO SOLDIERS grab Howles --

He SCREAMS in anger as they drag him away...

CROOK

Now it's your turn, Mr. Tribollet.
Been selling whisky to the Apache
lately?

TRIBOLLET

I don't know what you're talking
about. I never sold no whisky to an
Indian in my life.

CROOK

That's not what we hear, Mr.
Tribollet.

TRIBOLLET

I ain't afraid of you, General. I
know you're bluffin'...Just tryin' to
knock me down on the price of my
cattle.

CROOK

I don't need speeches from you,
Tribollet -- I need your beef -- only
we'll weigh them on our scales -- and
on this side of the river before those
steers are filled with water...Back in
the time of Cochise, somebody cheated
the Apache in a business deal --
Cochise would have his eyes beaten out
with stones...

Tribollet turns to leave.

CROOK

Tribollet -- Why would a blind man
need so much money? Think about it --
Captain Gatewood, see to it that Mr.
Tribollet is escorted out of the
compound.

On Gatewood's nod Sgt. Mulrey and several Troopers move away
with Tribollet.

76

EXT. CIBECUE CREEK - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

76

A red cavalry guidon flutters as an Apache Scout -- DEAD SHOT
-- looms into view. Behind him follow THIRTY TROOPERS of the
Third U.S. Cavalry, supported by infantry and a half-dozen
Apache scouts -- CAPTAIN CARR, mounted, at their
head...SIEBER rides at his side --

DAVIS (V.O.)

There was probably nothing that so concentrated the military mind in dealing with the Indians like the phrase 'Ghost Dancer.' It signified religious mania, rebellion against civil authority, delusions of invulnerability to firepower, and an appeal to forces that went beyond the rational... When an occasional religious leader showed up among the tribes preaching the ghost dance standard Army policy was isolation and repression. The fire must be put out.

77 CAVALRY

77

with only the noise of jangling equipment, the troopers fan out to either side... They form a line half encompassing the Indian gathering. The Apache seem to show little alarm at the presence of these armed men. They chant -- turning and directing the chanting at the soldiers.

3 CLOSE -- DANCERS

78

Led by a brightly festooned medicine man, NOCK-AY-DEL-KLINNE, THE DREAMER, whose age is infinite. He looks up and sees the soldiers have now formed a solid skirmish line on the other side of the Creek. A GUN CREW wheels a Gattling Gun into position. The Dreamer keeps chanting, but now the others stop.

79 ROCKS

79

overlooking Cibecue Creek -- artillery is brought up -- guns unlimbered -- loaded -- primed -- pointed at the gathering and the cluster of wickiups.

80 CLOSE -- THE DREAMER

80

He slows his chanting -- his voice drops.

81 CLOSE -- CAPT. CARR

81

He calls out, rides forward into the creek with Sieber and Dead Shot.

CARR

Tell him to stop.

VOICE

He don't understand you.

Carr and Sieber turn and see Geronimo.

SIEBER

You're talkin' to Geronimo, Captain.

Geronimo speaks to The Dreamer, who stops -- stands, waiting...

CARR

What was he doing?

GERONIMO

Trying to raise the dead --

CARR

You believe that?

GERONIMO

Don't hurt to try.

CARR

Is this true? What Sieber says? I'm over here by order of General Crook. Looking into this ghost dancer business --

Sieber doesn't take his eyes off Geronimo.

SIEBER

You're supposed to be at Turkey Creek --

GERONIMO

Turkey Creek is only twenty miles from here. I'm not causin' no trouble.

THE DREAMER

The dead chiefs will not rise because there are too many White-Eyes on the land. The White-Eyes must leave Apache country. They must leave before the corn is ripe.

SIEBER

You think those shirts will stop bullets? What do you need to wear a shirt that'll stop bullets for if you're not looking for trouble?

GERONIMO

We don't want no trouble -- we just want you to go away.

CARR

This dance is a demonstration, hostile to the citizens of the United States - - and this demonstration is unlawfully assembled -- I order its cessation --

He turns and looks at The Dreamer -- who again starts CHANTING and DANCING -- Several others join him.

CARR

Stop him! Arrest him!

Suddenly, more blue shirts and horses are into the creek. They approach The Dreamer -- he continues to dance -- A TROOPER swings a lariat out and ropes him -- The Dreamer's pulled from his feet.

82 CLOSE -- GERONIMO

82

He steps forward -- a young boy, by his side. He pushes the boy back.

GERONIMO

Run from here! Go on!

The boy disappears back into the crowd.

The Dreamer tries to get the rope off -- Sieber pulls his big .44 single-action.

GERONIMO

He's not done nothing -- It's religion! It's religion!

SIEBER

I'll give him some religion!

He BUTT-STROKES The Dreamer back into the creek -- spitting water, he comes up holding a rock...

SIEBER

Watch it!

A TROOPER raises his Carbine -- AN OFFICER draws his colt.
An EXPLOSION resounds off the hills.

SIEBER

Shit! You didn't have to shoot him!
I coulda handled this whole thing!

83 THE DREAMER

83

Now lies face-down in the water -- a PLUME OF RED drifting
away across the ripples -- His hand extends holding the
rock...

CARR

What's he got there? He had a rock!

Geronimo walks into the stream, takes the rock from the dead
man's hand -- Carr wheels his horse around --

CARR

Arrest him! Arrest Geronimo!

Geronimo stares at Dead Shot.

GERONIMO

He killed him -- for this. A piece of
the earth.

He holds the rock -- Dead Shot looks from him back to Carr --
Dead Shot is in a hard place -- doesn't like what happened --

CARR

Shoot him! Damn you! Shoot him!

He cocks his Colt.

GERONIMO

Who's side are you on?

Dead Shot now remembers he's an Apache -- he swings his gun
around -- FIRES his Carbine across his saddle bow, the bullet
RIPPING through Carr's leg... Carr screams and crumples onto
the horse's mane as the animal spins madly in panic.
More SHOTS erupt. Bullets SMACK into the water --
Women SCREAM --
Guns appear from under blankets.
Sieber tries to ride down Geronimo --
Geronimo knocks a Colt from a Scout's hand as he runs
through the water, shoves the pistol right into a Trooper's
face and FIRES, then leaps into the empty saddle -- He

BLASTS Sieber in the collar-bone, knocks him out of the saddle --
People and animals stampeding wildly...

84 A GATTLING GUN

84

opens up tearing through the wickiups across the water --
Geronimo rides into the gun crew SHOOTING his Colt...
He leans down and BLASTS each man point blank -- his horse
gets tangled in the gun limber -- an EXPLOSION erupts across
the river, then another. Geronimo's horse goes down --

85 CLOSE -- GERONIMO

85

looking wide-eyed at the carnage all around him -- An
EXPLOSIVE SHELL tears up the earth -- Blue-shirts form a line
opposite the creek and VOLLEY-FIRE -- a man's head is
shattered. Geronimo knocks a TROOPER off his horse, gallops
away with several other APACHES...

86 EXT. MOUNTAIN COUNTRY - TURKEY CREEK - LT. DAVIS - DAY

86

wearing a hunting shirt, stalking along the bottom of a
mesa -- He stops, makes a GOBBLING SOUND -- a turkey call.
The call is answered far off in the cottonwoods.
He cocks his shotgun...

87 CLOSE -- DAVIS

87

He calls again, but now a distinct GOBBLE in return from up
on the mesa.

Davis starts that way --

Hears a clear GOBBLE down in the cottonwoods -- cuts down
toward that direction. Suddenly a RIFLE SHOT --

A tremendous GOUT OF DUST obscures Davis -- When it clears,
he is gone.

88 CREEK BOTTOM

88

Davis lying flat -- Another geyser of dust ERUPTS nearby --
He crouches tight behind rocks -- By the shot he can tell
that the shooter can no longer see him.
Then all is still...

89

EXT. EDGE OF ENCAMPMENT - TURKEY CREEK - DAY

89

Davis moving through the trees -- He steps out towards his tent. He looks down and sees the entire reservation abandoned -- no horses, dogs, people -- just torched shacks and wickiups.... Many of them still ABLAZE.

Davis turns around to see Chato standing with two other scouts --

DAVIS

Sergeant Chato -- you're still here!

CHATO

We never leave you -- we stay --
Geronimo, he's a bad Apache -- he
caused all this...

DAVIS

Chato, where have they gone -- which
direction?

CHATO

He take them south. Geronimo did
this.

90

INT. GREAT HALL - GOVERNOR'S MILITARY BALL - TUCSON - NIGHT

90

The orchestra plays a waltz -- DANCERS swirl and turn.
A banquet table on a raised platform -- Most of the men in
attendance are UNIFORMED OFFICERS of the Third and Sixth
Regiments. GATEWOOD dances with a local woman. CROOK seated
at the banquet table with the territorial GOVERNOR and other
DIGNITARIES...

91

EXT. GREAT HALL - CITY STREET - TUCSON - NIGHT

91

SIEBER comes riding pell mell up the street. He dismounts
with great pain, clutching his wound. SENTRIES stand at the
doorway as Sieber goes up the steps...

SENTRY ONE

Sir. Only officers and invited guests
allowed...

Sieber pushes the Sentry blocking him out of the way...

2 INT. GREAT HALL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

92

Sieber jostles past some of the elegantly dressed CIVILIANS who note his muddy, blood spattered look --

93 INT. GREAT HALL - GOVERNOR'S MILITARY BALL - NIGHT

93

Sieber arrives at the main ballroom, moves quickly to the banquet table...

SIEBER

Beg your pardon, General...

Gatewood, across the way, sees Sieber -- makes his apology to his dancing partner...

SIEBER

Sorry to step in on 'ya like this,
General...

Gatewood is moving across the dance floor toward the two of them --

SIEBER

We met up with Geronimo at Cibecue
Creek...

CROOK

Where's Carr!

SIEBER

With what's left of his command...the
Ghost Dancer got killed -- Geronimo --
we lost a lot of men...

A WOMAN near Crook, screams. She starts babbling.

WOMAN

My God...Geronimo's on the loose,
he'll kill us all!

Other CIVILIANS are picking up their parasols and other belongings, start to leave the room --
Gatewood arrives, pulls Sieber around...

GATEWOOD

What happened?

SIEBER

Ghost Dancer...Geronimo. Murderin' bastard. He's out, he's jumped. Your damn fault. Shoulda hung him. You always treated him like he was a damn soldier. It's all your fault, Gatewood...

Gatewood KNOCKS SIEBER DOWN. Sieber starts for his pistol. Gatewood pins his hand to the floor with his boot.

CROOK

That's enough, Captain! To your command! Now!

94 DANCE FLOOR

94

An Officer dancing with an attractive Young Woman --
Another officer approaches -- whispers...
The Aide moves on, more dancers being stopped...more
whispers...Officers moving off the dance floor -- the music
stops --
An Officer appears --
A BUGLE SOUNDS --

OFFICER

All officers report to your regiment!

A woman SCREAMS --

A civilian is SHOUTING from within the crowd on the dance
floor --

CIVILIAN

The Apaches are out! The Apaches are
out! Geronimo's loose! Geronimo's
loose! The Apaches are out!

95 CROOK

95

Watching from near the door. He snaps his head at the BAND
LEADER -- the band immediately strikes up a martial
composition. Civilian #1 from the Indian Bureau hearings
appears in front of Crook - SCREAMS - in his face.

CIVILIAN #1

God damn it, General! We told you so!
You shoulda hung Geronimo! You
shoulda hung him!!

Crook shoves the man aside with one sweeping movement, pulls
on his hat, greatcoat and gloves, moves off... Officers

kissing women goodbye -- shaking hands with civilians -- A woman faints -- the band continues playing...

96 EXT. CITY STREET - TUCSON - NIGHT

96

The street is crowded with Troopers, mounted and on foot -- bugles, men shouting, the regiment falling into line... Crook comes out the door, Gatewood appears before him, now in the saddle --

GATEWOOD

Sir!

CROOK

Mr. Gatewood, go south by way of the river. I'll go by way of Window Mountain -- pursue the murdering bastard and every Apache with him.

GATEWOOD

What about the border, sir?

CROOK

You hunt him down, whatever it takes.

GATEWOOD

Sir!

Gatewood wheels his mount -- leads his column away.

DAVIS (V.O.)

And so the Geronimo campaign began. He had jumped the reservation with nearly five hundred Chiricahua. It was to cost the lives of many and alter the fortunes of even more...

97 EXT. BURNT OUT RANCH - OPEN COUNTRY - DAY

97

The wreckage is still smoldering -- Along with five BODIES strewn about. A rancher, his wife, three teen-aged children.

DAVIS (V.O.)

It was on the second day of hard pursuit that we came across Geronimo's trail --

THE ARMY COLUMN assembled against the prairie -- DAVIS, GATEWOOD, and CHATO walk among the bodies.

CHATO

Geronimo. He do this, like old days.
He kill and he don't care. If a
White-Eye lives on old time Apache
land he kills them.

GATEWOOD

Davis, have two troopers ride over to
Huachuca. They can attend to these
bodies. Tell 'em to keep 'em covered
until they turn them over to the civil
authorities. I don't want a lot of
people gawkin' at these corpses.

DAVIS

Sir.

Chato is studying the tracks at the edge of the compound --

GATEWOOD

He'll split his forces. Leave a rear
guard while he strikes out for the
mountains in Mexico.

CHATO

Some go off here -- maybe then they
split again. One day ahead -- They
be hard to catch. Except women. We
catch women.

He points.

CHATO

Geronimo travels too fast --

GATEWOOD

Maybe we can get to the second
group by morning.

He looks off at the flat stretch of terrain --

98

DAVIS AND CHATO

98

They watch several Scouts loading the bodies onto a wagon --

DAVIS

Would you kill a man like that? His
children?

Chato takes a moment, brooding on the question.

CHATO

We do what our enemies do to us...
Each man that dies, the man that kills
him has his power.

Davis stares at him --

CHATO

Geronimo, all Apache leave Turkey
Creek because of Ghost Dancer. But
Geronimo would go anyway, sometime.

DAVIS

Why? He seemed to be at peace.

CHATO

Geronimo is never at peace. His power
has become weak. He is too long at
Turkey Creek, too long away from
fighting.

DAVIS

So Geronimo will want to kill many --

Chato nods.

CHATO

Many.

99

EXT. SILVER MINE - DRAGOON MOUNTAINS - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

99

Several MINERS stand below Geronimo's horse -- warriors
nearby, all with carbines leveled...

GERONIMO

Tell them this land is Apache. This
land has always been Apache --

MINER

You ain't gonna shoot us are you? We
ain't never done nothin' to you...

GERONIMO

Tell them to take off their shirts.

Ulzana does -- The Miners unbutton their shirts.

MINER

It ain't fair. We ain't never done
nothin' to you --

As they complete the task...

GERONIMO

Good shirts -- no blood.

Geronimo levels his Winchester -- FIRES rapidly -- oblivious to the SCREAMS. All the Apaches now FIRING, BLASTING...

100 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAWN 100

Apaches, some mounted, most on foot -- the majority of them WOMEN and CHILDREN, press across an open flat.

101 P.O.V. -- FIELD - GLASSES 101

In the distance a rocky hillside... The APACHE COLUMN strung out, trying to make the ridge, about half a mile away --

102 CLOSE -- GATEWOOD 102

He lowers the old glasses Geronimo traded him. Stares at them a moment -- Dismounted Troopers in a gully behind -- keeping their silhouette low. Gatewood breaks his reverie, turns...

GATEWOOD

Mount 'em up.

The word is passed.

Gatewood, Davis, and the others swing up into the saddle --

DAVIS

Geronimo?

GATEWOOD

He won't be here. This is the rear guard that fights a delaying action. Most of them are women and children. Maybe twenty-five, thirty warriors. So far everything's just the way he wants.

He passes the glasses over to Davis...

CHATO

They guard the squaws --

Davis lowers the glasses, passes them back to Gatewood...

DAVIS

Will they surrender?

GATEWOOD

The bucks will turn and fight. No avoiding it. That should give the women and children time to make it to cover.

DAVIS

Do they know we're here?

GATEWOOD

They know.

Gatewood turns in the saddle.

GATEWOOD

Bugler, sound the charge.

A Corporal raises his BUGLE into the ball of the RISING SUN -
- blows the charge...

103	APACHES	103
	They hear it -- They know what it is --	
104	CLOSE -- FEET	104
	of WOMEN, CHILDREN -- OLD MEN -- All running --	
105	CLOSE -- MOUNTED APACHE WARRIORS	105
	draw Carbines, unlimber ammo belts -- urge the others on.	
106	CAVALRY	106
	Now in full charge -- the dawn flaming across the prairie -- dust billowing -- hats blown back by the wind in their faces.	
107	CLOSE -- CHATO - SCOUT APACHES	107
	rifles held ready -- riding full-tilt without reins.	
108	THE APACHE COLUMN	108
	as the Army bears down on it -- They are almost at the ridge... The warriors wheel their mounts, begin to FIRE --	

- 109 CLOSE -- SOLDIER. 109
- FIRING -- reloading at the gallop -- riding at the side of the cavalry column --
- 110 CLOSE -- APACHES 110
- A HORSE screams and falls kicking -- A WARRIOR is blown from his mount --
- 111 EXT. ROCKS 111
- Most of the women and children have made the ridge -- The warriors urge the stragglers on, firing as fast as they can, standing in the open covering their people -- riding back the Apaches quickly form a skirmish line -- BLASTING their Carbines at the oncoming cavalry...
- 112 GATEWOOD 112
- His horse goes down almost pinning him. He pulls his Carbine from its scabbard, lays it over the dying animal's withers -- Bullets kick up dust all around him -- Horses and men SCREAM -- Gatewood lays out his ammo belt and reloads his pistol --
- 113 APACHES 113
- Shoot another TROOPER from the saddle --
- Many reload, covered with RAPID FIRE from the Apache Winchesters --
- All the while the WOMEN AND CHILDREN continue to run up the ridge and scatter in the rocks --
- 114 DAVIS 114
- FIRING his pistol.

DAVIS

Where's Gatewood?!

SGT. MULREY

He's down!

DAVIS

Dismount! There! Over there! In the gully! Form a skirmish line!

SGT. MULREY

Dismount! Horse holders -- get to it! Move! Move!

115 GULLY

115

The TROOPERS dismount efficiently, but the ACCURATE FIRE from the rocks pins them down.

Davis sees Gatewood -- runs to him.

Bullets RIP UP the dirt nearby -- he dives behind Gatewood's dead horse --

116 MOUNTED APACHE WARRIORS

116

ride off into the distance, FIRING as they go --

CHATO

They go join up with Geronimo.

GATEWOOD

They gave us the women and children...

Troopers are FIRING uselessly after the quickly disappearing Apache horsemen --

GATEWOOD

Cease fire!

SGT. MULREY

Cease fire!

Gatewood looks around -- little groups are tending to the wounded. Davis looks up at the hillside...

DAVIS

What do we do with the ones up there?

GATEWOOD

We have to catch them first. Not going to be much fun chasing them down out of those rocks -- we send 'em back to San Carlos. Keep pushin' for Geronimo...

Five dead horses are on the ground -- A body sprawls lifeless on one of them. Gatewood sees several dead Apaches spread out across the flat... He walks over to an Apache corpse.

GATEWOOD

You know him?

DAVIS

He was at Turkey Creek.

Chato comes over, looks at him.

CHATO

He was a warrior of Old Nana -- Gate-
wood, you are getting blood on your
boots.

A POOL OF BLOOD from the dead man has spread to Gatewood's
feet...

117 EXT. OPEN DESERT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

117

A STAGECOACH stands ominously stark and noiseless in the
middle of the vast desert -- The six-up team has vanished.
The traces are empty.

The CALVARY COLUMN approaches -- GATEWOOD raises his hand,
halting the troop.

GATEWOOD

Sergeant Mulrey, select three
troopers, follow Lieutenant Davis and
me. On the double.

The five ride up to the stagecoach.

Gatewood dismounts.

He opens the stagecoach door... Several passengers dead
inside...

GATEWOOD

Four of 'em. Killed 'em for the
horses.

DAVIS

Sir. Out across the desert --

A dust cloud on the horizon --

Gatewood steps from the coach, sees his men pulling their
rifles out of their covers or unholstering their pistols. He
looks off through a set of field glasses --

GATEWOOD

It's Sieber --

'18 EXT. OPEN DESERT - GATEWOOD - DAVIS

118

Both digging hard, then halting their mounts in a skiddering stop as SIEBER rides up with DUTCHY.

SIEBER

(handing across a dispatch)
General wants to deploy me and Dutchy
to your column. Figgers if any body's
gonna catch Geronimo, it's gonna be
you.

Gatewood reading --

SIEBER

General told me it's time you and me
made it up, Captain. I'm willin'.

Gatewood shows no emotion, keeps reading.

GATEWOOD

How's your wound?

SIEBER

Hurts like hell, but I mend real good.
It ain't slowin' me down none --

GATEWOOD

We just found an overland back there -
- four passengers dead, horses gone.

SIEBER

Geronimo's burned two farms to the
west. He's got plenty of horses,
food, picked up ammunition --

GATEWOOD

The old bastard isn't giving us much
choice...

SIEBER

I figure I'll keep to the west -- Lot
of bucks on raidin' parties, split off
from the main group...

GATEWOOD

Mr. Davis, the column gets twenty --
Tobacco and coffee. See to the
horses. We have bodies to attend to -
- then we push south.

DAVIS

Sir.

The horsemen wheel off --

119 EXT. OPEN DESERT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY 119

SIEBER and DUTCHY riding at a canter.

Suddenly Sieber hauls up and dismounts -- HOOFPRIINTS in the sand...

SIEBER

You ride for the column, bring 'em
back to pick up this trail.

He unboots his Winchester and WHACKS Dutchy's horse across the rump. As Dutchy gallops away Sieber hauls himself back into the saddle --

120 EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAY 120

Sieber now coming at a gallop, following the trail -- slows to check the tracks - then forward again at full speed...

121 EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAY 121

TWO APACHES move at a walk with a string of stolen ponies. The Trailing Apache looks back, hearing the SOUND of Sieber's horse - calls to the Lead Apache -- They jerk the ponies into a gallop --

122 EXT. OPEN DESERT - SIEBER - DAY 122

Whipping his mount with the carbine -- makes a running dismount -- shoulders the rifle and FIRES, BLASTS again --

123 EXT. OPEN DESERT - APACHES - DAY 123

The SECOND SHOT hits the Trailing Apache who goes down -- The Lead Apache wheels, turns to face Sieber -- the string of ponies buck and rear...

124 EXT. OPEN DESERT - SIEBER - DAY 124

He has re-mounted, again galloping forward -- closes to 50 yards when his HORSE IS HIT - he jumps clear as it goes

down twisting end over end, Sieber disappearing in the tangle -- The Apache keeps galloping forward -- still BLASTING - the shots slam into Sieber's dead horse -- The Apache is twenty yards off when Sieber re-appears from behind the dead mount's withers -- Kills the Apache with TWO SHOTS, one to the head, one to the heart.

125 EXT. OPEN DESERT - LATE AFTERNOON

125

Sieber sitting on the rump of his dead horse, cleaning his rifle as Troopers come up at the gallop, Davis leading them.

Davis rides close, gives Sieber a questioning look --

SIEBER

Caught up with two bucks and a string of stolen ponies.

Davis glances to the dead Apache.

SIEBER

The other one's out there --

DAVIS

Sergeant Mulrey, check for signs of a dead hostile --

The Sergeant gallops out -- Sieber stands up, stretches...

SIEBER

When these two bucks don't show up for dinner -- Geronimo's gonna be across that border damn fast...

DAVIS

I heard you could follow a trail as well as any Apache.

SIEBER

I can follow a trail as good as any white man.

At that moment the Sergeant calls out from across the way --

SERGEANT

You hit him clear though the middle!

Davis turns back to Sieber.

DAVIS

Good shooting, Mr. Sieber.

SIEBER

Just doin' my job, Mr. Davis. Like
the old days.

126 EXT. OPEN DESERT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - BIVOUAC - NIGHT

126

Double pickets posted, horses tethered.
GATEWOOD stares into the campfire. SIEBER squats down next
to him.

SIEBER

We cross into Mexico tomorrow?

Gatewood nods.

SIEBER

I want to send some of my scouts back.
I don't trust 'em down south of the
border. Geronimo's got a couple of
'em spooked. They're startin' to
wonder if they're on the wrong side --

GATEWOOD

Request denied. We need every hand we
have.

Sieber stands -- looks down at Gatewood.

SIEBER

I know you don't like me much,
Captain. I guess because I'm a little
rough in my ways -- I ain't the
gentleman type. But at least compared
to you, I'm honest.

GATEWOOD

What's that mean?

SIEBER

Speakin' off the record, Sir, it means
I never trust you southern boys, how
loyal you are to the army.

GATEWOOD

You're way out of line, Sieber -- I
put on a blue coat. I took an oath...

SIEBER

No offense intended, Captain. I just figure you're a real sad case. You don't love who you're fightin' for and you don't hate who you're fightin' against.

Sieber walks away.

DAVIS (V.O.)

We crossed the border the next morning. For six weeks we tracked through Sonora, up into the Sierra Madre. We hunted, we patrolled, we forced marched, sifted reports, rumors, marched again... We found no sign of Geronimo. At times, it seemed we were chasing a spirit more than a man.

127 EXT. DEEP VALLEY - MEXICO - DAY

127

A tiny column of FEDERALE CAVALRY dot the landscape below.

128 EXT. CLIFF SIDE - CLOSE - GERONIMO

128

Watching from high in the rocks. Apache warriors spaced out behind.

ULZANA

Mexicanos.

An Apache signals from across the way. Geronimo moves to him, looks down the other side of an open canyon.

APACHE

White-Eyes.

129 BELOW - THEIR P.O.V.

129

The AMERICAN CAVALRY dismounting, PICKETS taking positions within the rocks...

130 EXT. SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS - MEXICO - DAY

130

DAVIS sitting on a rock with his rifle.
Next to him SIEBER stares upward...

The Scouts are strung out across a rock bluff...
Before them the steepness of the mountains --

All of the Troopers are now weeks unshaven, uniforms
tattered...

SIEBER

He's probably up there watchin' us
right now. I just bet that miserable
sneaky bastard Geronimo is starin'
right down here --

Davis follows Sieber's look up the mountain...

131 AN APACHE SCOUT - SGT. TURKEY

131

bounding over the rocks like a goat.
He climbs up and up...

132 P.O.V. GLASSES

132

Watching Sgt. Turkey as he approaches, then disappears behind
the rocks --

133 GATEWOOD

133

Watching through his battered field glasses.

134 CLOSE -- SIEBER

134

sitting atop a position overlooking a trail --
Dust appears in the distance down the mountain.

GATEWOOD

What do you think? -- Apaches don't
make dust like that.

Sgt. Turkey bounds up towards them.

SIEBER

God damned if I know. Probably
Mexicans. Maybe Federales.

GATEWOOD

Maybe bandits.

Sgt. Turkey stops, not even out of breath.

SGT. TURKEY
Mexicanos, Boss.

SIEBER
Figured -- How many?

SGT. TURKEY
Many Mexicano.

He yells down the line.

SGT. TURKEY
Mexicanos!

GATEWOOD
Soldatos o bandidos?

SIEBER
Don't make no difference. They're all
bandits down here.

SGT. TURKEY
Soldatos.

The rocks come alive with scouts shifting their positions --

GATEWOOD
Sergeant Dutchy!

SIEBER
(to Davis)
Shit -- Nothin' Apaches hate worse
than Mexicans. Hate 'em even worse
than they hate us...

Dutchy runs forward --

GATEWOOD
Sergeant Dutchy -- Take six scouts.
Drop down toward that gully --

SIEBER
Real quick, Dutchy. On the double!

Weapons are COCKED -- ammo belts laid out.
Sixty or more of the FEDERALE CAVALRY gallop into view
raising a large cloud of dust...

135 CAVALRY - P.O.V. GLASSES

Seen from high on the mountain.

136 CLOSE - GERONIMO - HIGH ABOVE

136

Now lying flat on a rock outcropping looking down.
ULZANA is next to him -- The SHARPS and AMMO laid out even
though any shooting would be at least half a mile.
The MEXICAN TROOPERS far below -- dismounting and taking
cover behind rocks opposite the American position.

137 ON THE ROCK BLUFF

137

Gatewood turns to Davis.

GATEWOOD

Mr. Davis. Make our Mexican friends
aware of our peaceful intentions.

DAVIS

Sir!

He stands up, waves. The Federales do not wave back --

SIEBER

God damn greasers, what the hell they
up to?

DAVIS

Americanos! -- Americanos!

A SHOT rings out -- another. Bullets pock the rocks nearby.

SIEBER

Bastards!

He drops -- Davis ducks.

DAVIS

Damn it! -- Americanos Soldatos!
Americanos!

SIEBER

Soldatos Americanos! No fuego!

There is an uneasy silence.

GATEWOOD

Come on, Al.

He walks down the rocks onto those below -- waves a white
handkerchief --
The dust obscures the view of the Mexicans.
Sieber follows a little behind...

GATEWOOD
Soldados, Americanos!

VOICE (O.S.)
Hey, you -- How many with you?

GATEWOOD
We are American soldiers pursuing
hostile Apaches -- Come out and talk.

VOICE (O.S.)
Apaches? You got Apaches?

SIEBER
Come on out here and talk!

A SHOT rings out -- SGT. TURKEY suddenly grabs his face and pitches forward -- Blood spatters from his head onto the rock. Gatewood crouches, can't believe it. Sieber vaults back to his position, but is caught alongside the head by a bullet -- He SCREAMS and drags himself over the rock. Davis dives and rolls to cover.

SIEBER
Shit! They shot my damn ear off!
They shot my damn ear!

MEXICAN OFFICER
Hey, Gringo -- You give us your mules
-- an' we go.

Silence.

MEXICAN OFFICER
You hear me, Gringo?

138 CLOSE -- DAVIS

138

He hears laughter below from the Mexicans --
He signals the Apache scouts to FIRE back from the gully --

139 SCOUTS

139

firing from their positions in the rocks...

140 OTHER SCOUTS

140

with Dutchy leading them have flanked the Mexicans --

141 CLOSE -- DUTCHY

141

He raises his rifle and BLASTS -- The APACHE SCOUTS FIRE as fast as they can -- The bulk of the Federales retreat to their horses where Apache sharpshooters haunt them -- leaving about fifteen dead -- The remaining Federales beat a quick retreat back across the desert --

142 GERONIMO

142

leaning over his rock, shooting at the fleeing Mexicans while Ulzana watches with his glasses -- then sets aside his Sharps...takes the field glasses --

143 GERONIMO'S P.O.V. - THRU GLASSES - GATEWOOD

143

on the rocks below.

144 GERONIMO

144

picks up the Sharps again - levels down at Gatewood. An easy shot.

GERONIMO

Gatewood -- he is smart. He leads them against us.

ULZANA

Kill him!

Geronimo sights again.

145 GATEWOOD - THRU THE GLASSES

145

Standing on a rock, watching the Mexican cavalry retreat. A shot RINGS out, ricochets off the rocks near him -- Gatewood ducks back down out of sight.

146 GERONIMO - ULZANA

146

Geronimo lowers the Sharps.

GERONIMO

My aim was bad.

He and Ulzana go scrambling away, disappear into the rock formations.

147 EXT. ROCK BLUFF - GATEWOOD - LATER

watching dust curling down the mountain.-- SIEBER at his side, holding his ear where the bullet creased him -- blood oozes out between Sieber's fingers -- They look over at something. It is DUTCHY carrying SGT. TURKEY'S body up toward them. They rush over -- Dutchy lays him down on a rock -- his face stained with tears.

GATEWOOD

Sergeant -- can you hear me?

Sgt. Turkey's head is shattered -- Dutchy has wrapped his shirt around one side which is soaking with blood. The bullet has obviously gone through Sgt. Turkey's brain. He looks up at Gatewood, trying to focus.

SIEBER

He can't hear nothin'. Shit! This damn ear hurts...

Sgt. Turkey stares at Gatewood, but he doesn't hear anything. Alive, but consciousness gone --

GATEWOOD

Sergeant?

He looks up at Dutchy -- tears streaming down his impassive face.

SIEBER

Damn -- first time for everything -- I thought they never cried.

GATEWOOD

Shut up, Sieber.

Gatewood walks disgustedly over to Davis.

GATEWOOD

This campaign's finished.

Davis gives him a look --

GATEWOOD

We haven't enough food and ammunition to stick it out in this large a group. I'll stay here with Chato and three men. You take the remainder of the detachment back to San Carlos.

DAVIS

Three men?

GATEWOOD

If I can find him, maybe I can talk him in.

Sieber moves close.

SIEBER

Crook ain't gonna like it.

GATEWOOD

None of us like it, Mr. Sieber. None of us like it.

Sieber moves to a mule, tears a rag out of a pack, holds it to his ear...

SIEBER

You ready to live with this, Captain?

Hard stares --

GATEWOOD

Get moving, Mr. Sieber.

148 EXT. DRY ROLLING HILLS - MEXICO - DUSK

148

Davis is on horseback, in charge of his detachment... Sieber mounted nearby -- Gatewood looks down at them from a hillside.

SIEBER

I hate losing to these bastards.

GATEWOOD

Straight to San Carlos, Mr. Davis. No sidetrips or adventures.

DAVIS

Sir.

Davis salutes Gatewood -- he and the detachment ride off into the desert.

149 EXT. MOUNTAINS - GATEWOOD'S ENCAMPMENT - MEXICO - NIGHT

149

Shadows appear in front of the fire that burns in the center of the encampment. CHATO and GATEWOOD both awaken alertly. GERONIMO stands startingly in the firelight.

GERONIMO

I could kill you all -- it would mean nothing.

Geronimo motions to OLD NANA and some braves who are near him --

GERONIMO

Old Nana wants to go back -- He's too old to raid -- and his women are too slow.

OLD NANA

I am ready for reservation. It will do my heart good to return to Turkey Creek.

GATEWOOD

Geronimo broke his word to Nantan Lupan...

GERONIMO

(fiercely)

Soldier law, White Eye law, it's nothing to me... I am still Geronimo, but who are you, Gate-wood? Does your word belong here? This is Apache land. Now you go. You take Old Nana, the women, I keep the warriors. Now you go --

GATEWOOD

Nantan Lupan wants you to come back, talk --

GERONIMO

What does Gate-wood want?

GATEWOOD

I appeal to you. End this killing. It does no good. It makes no sense. I want you to talk to the General --

GERONIMO

(cuts in)

-- Nantan Lupan wants to talk, tell him to come here. Tell him to come with very few soldiers. Then maybe I will talk.

Geronimo and his braves disappear into the darkness.

150

EXT. CANYON DE LOS EMBUDOS - MEXICO - DAY

150

CROOK riding his mule -- wearing a slouch hat -- suspenders -
- shotgun across his saddle. With him is a small entourage
that includes GATEWOOD, SIEBER, DAVIS, and a CIVILIAN
PHOTOGRAPHER, C.S. FLY. They ride in the shadows of a gulch,
as SILHOUETTED CHIRICAHUA stand and walk along the ridge --

DAVIS (V.O.)

General Crook and a small detachment
came to Mexico -- He agreed to
negotiate terms with Geronimo, but he
intended a hard bargain. For the rest
of Crook's life he never forgave
Geronimo for jumping Turkey Creek. He
maintained his sympathy for the
Apache, continued to fight for better
treatment for them -- but between him
and Geronimo it was now personal...

FLY

Look -- there's more of them!

CROOK

Don't get nervous now, Son.

FLY

They could kill us all -- We
wouldn't have a chance --

CROOK

Why don't you take their picture? --
They'd like that.

151

EXT. TALL GRASS - YUCCAS - DAY

151

GERONIMO and his BAND lined up -- armed with their best
weapons.

GERONIMO

This good?

He clearly likes the idea of having his picture taken.

FLY (O.S.)

Come forward a little.

He does -- Fly with his camera set up in front. He SNAPS --

GERONIMO

You take special picture. Make Apache look very good.

Fly snaps again. POOM!

152 EXT. CANYON DE LOS EMBUDOS - THE COUNCIL - DAY

152

Crook, Gatewood, and OTHERS sit in a dry river bottom surrounded by the Chiricahua. Crook smokes his pipe --

GERONIMO

I never do wrong without a cause. There is one God looking down on us all. We are all children of the one God. God is listening to me. The sun, the darkness, the winds, they are all listening to what we say --

CROOK

I'm not here to listen to religion. You broke your word. You left the reservation. You killed many White-Eye... You come back in, you go to Florida -- or I'll come back with my Army and fight.

GERONIMO

I do not know about Florida.

CROOK

It's far away. Two thousand miles. You will be kept on a special reservation there.

GERONIMO

Nantan Lupan does not understand. The White-Eye try to change the Apache way -

CROOK

- The Apache were doing fine farming corn - the problem was Geronimo -- I knew Cochise. He was a king. A wise ruler of his people. I knew Victorio. A proud leader. And I know Geronimo. He doesn't want to lead or rule or be wise. He only wants to fight.

GERONIMO

I didn't start this trouble. The Army killed the Ghost Dancer --

CROOK

Ghost dancing is illegal. If the Shaman had come in peaceably he'd be alive. There is no excuse for taking up arms against the United States Army. The Army is the best friend the Chiricahua have. You know it. I know it.

GERONIMO

I don't understand - with all this land, why is there no room for the Apache? Why do the white-eyes want all the land?

Crook makes no reply - stares hard at Geronimo.

GERONIMO

How long in Florida?

CROOK

Two years -- with your families. Not a bad deal. There are a lot of white-eyes that want to hang Geronimo for murder.

GERONIMO

Not murder. War. Bad things happen in war. Maybe White Eye should hang for killing the Apache.

CROOK

How many White Eye have you killed since you left Turkey Creek?

GERONIMO

Maybe fifty. Maybe more. How many Apaches did you kill?

CROOK

You killed women and children.

GERONIMO

So did you.

CROOK

We gonna give speeches or are we gonna make a deal?

Geronimo looks down, avoids Crook's eyes.

GERONIMO

Chiricahua come back to Arizona?
After two years?

CROOK

Two years. Washington says two years.
Then you come back to the reservation.

CHIHUAHUA, an old Apache, speaks up..

CHIHUAHUA

I'm comin' home -- You Nantan Lupan
are like father to me --

Crook looks across to Nachite.

NACHITE

The war trail is very hard. I will go
the White-Eye way.

Crook turns to Geronimo, who continues looking down --

GERONIMO

Many of my people want to surrender.
Maybe I will surrender to you -- Maybe
I will go the Jesus road --

CROOK

Good, now you're talking sense.

C.S. Fly ducks under the cover of his camera.

FLY

Could you look up, Geronimo? --
Nachite, move a little closer --
General, this way.

He shoots. POOM!

153 GATEWOOD - DAVIS

153

Standing nearby, watching the proceedings.

DAVIS

The General still wants them to be
farmers.

GATEWOOD

Easier said than done.

DAVIS
Better than killing them.

GATEWOOD
The question is, is it better than
leaving them alone?

154 EXT. CANYON DE LOS EMBUDOS - MEXICO - DUSK

154

The General's party moving out -- accompanied by CHIHUAHUA
and his band plus many Apache women and children.
FLY sits on his horse watching. DAVIS rides up.

DAVIS
You better get moving, Mr. Fly --

FLY
Isn't he gonna take 'em all in? What
about Geronimo?

Looks around at the remaining Apaches --

DAVIS
The General made a deal with him.
Geronimo and the rest, they'll be
along --

155 EXT. CANYON DE LOS EMBUDOS - MEXICO - DUSK

155

CHARLES TRIBOLLET and a companion, LYLE JUTE -- walk a mule
train through the mesquite. Suddenly, Tribollet is grabbed
from behind -- a knife at his throat.
It is GERONIMO.
He gags -- Geronimo slides the blade drawing blood.
MANGAS AND ULZANA appear, move off...

We hear Tribollet's companion SCREAMING hideously.

TRIBOLLET
Don't! -- Please don't kill me.

GERONIMO
Why, Tribollet? -- Why should I let
you live? -- What good are you?

TRIBOLLET
I ain't done nothin' to you -- you
know that -- an' I always been
straight with you...

GERONIMO

You stinking coyote.

He STABS him in the buttocks -- lets him fall writhing on the ground...

TRIBOLLET

You stuck me -- Why? Why'd you stick me?

Geronimo goes to the mules.

GERONIMO

So every time you walk, you have to remember me -- Get up -- You won't die.

He pulls gourds of mescal from the mule packs -- along with cheap whisky.

GERONIMO

Eh, Tribollet? You sell us this whisky, yes? You come here to sell us whisky.

TRIBOLLET

Sure. I come here -- to sell you mescal, whisky. Ain't I your friend? I always been your friend.

156 EXT. CAMPFIRE - CANYON DE LOS EMBUDOS - MEXICO - NIGHT

156

MANGAS, ULZANA and YOUNG APACHES dancing to the drums -- drunk -- out of their minds. GERONIMO sits, also drunk, with his arm around TRIBOLLET -- A COLT REVOLVER in his lap.

GERONIMO

You wouldn't say these things to me 'cause I'm drunk? Eh, Tribollet?

TRIBOLLET

Ain't I always told you the truth?

GERONIMO

You are brave man for a coyote.
Coming out here -- I could kill you.

He picks up the gun -- points it at Tribollet's head.

TRIBOLLET

I'm tellin' ya, they gonna hang you --
Crook's lying to you -- They ain't
gonna let you go to Florida, they're
gonna hang ya.

GERONIMO

How do you know these things? You sure
you ain't drunk?

TRIBOLLET

Ain't I always told you the truth? I
got big friends in Tucson -- know big
medicine in Washington -- they wanna
hang you -- You don't wanna kill me --
I'm your friend -- Ain't I always told
you the truth?

157 EXT. NARROW CANYON - SIERRA MADRES - MEXICO - DAY

157

Stark and white -- blistering heat -- devoid of any
vegetation. CHATO leads GATEWOOD, SIEBER and a small party
of SCOUTS. They look up -- suspended by his foot from the
canyon wall above them is a NAKED MAN. His eyes are gone and
his skin has shriveled back over his teeth. He's been there
at least three days.

SIEBER

Lyle Jute -- He worked for Charlie
Tribollet -- He was probably down here
sellin' whisky. Used to be a horse
thief -- Don't look like the work of
Mexicans...

CHATO

Chiricahua.

GATEWOOD

Geronimo.

CHATO

Geronimo.

They ride on.

158 EXT. HIGH MESA - SIERRA MADRES - MEXICO - DUSK

158

CHATO, on foot, stares off at the desert a thousand feet
below. Beyond the desert another mountain range looms --

CHATO

The trail goes off here. He's down there in the desert. Maybe two days ahead --

He turns back to GATEWOOD, SIEBER, the other SCOUTS. All are mounted.

CHATO

Geronimo gonna be in those mountains tomorrow.

The White-Eyes all ponder this grim news --

SIEBER

(to Chato)

What the hell happened? I thought he was comin' in --

CHATO

He changed his mind. He's a bad Apache.

Sieber looks over at Gatewood.

SIEBER

Captain?

GATEWOOD

Gonna be hell to pay.

Turns his horse, leads them away.

DAVIS (V.O.)

Geronimo remained a renegade. The civilian population of Arizona Territory remained in near panic -- The Army and it's leaders were to be held responsible.

159

EXT. PARADE GROUND - SAN CARLOS - DAWN

159

Sunrise.

A thin, penetrating rain is falling...

One hundred mounted troopers, one hundred infantry soldiers all standing at parade rest --

Water runs in rivulets from the oilskin cape of a MOUNTED TROOPER who stands guard outside the stockade --

DAVIS (V.O.)

The killing of the Ghost Dancer at Cibecue Creek had still one more chapter to be played out. It was not an event which the General, Gatewood, or many others looked upon with any pleasure.

160 INT. STOCKADE - CORRIDOR - DAY

160

Three condemned Apaches are to be hanged. DEAD SHOT and two others from Cibecue Creek. They are escorted from their cells by the OFFICER OF THE DAY, a CHAPLAIN and THREE GUARDS. The Chaplain intones a prayer softly -- There is suddenly a rattling of tin cups and pans on the bars; APACHE PRISONERS in other cells begin SHOUTING, SINGING, as the group passes by --

161 EXT. PARADE GROUND - DAY

161

The area is completely silent. There are three nooses hanging from the gallows. A trap door below...

A big MASTER SERGEANT jerks his head left as the prisoners and their escorts emerge from the stockade.

MASTER SERGEANT

Ten- SHUN!

The line of horsemen snaps to -- the infantry clicks heels...

162 CROOK

162

His face is without expression. Only his eyes moving back and forth as they follow the Apaches being escorted up the gallows --

163 CROOK'S P.O.V.

163

A Corporal steps back from tying the prisoner's feet. -- A braceboard, strapped to each Apache's back is already in place. GATEWOOD, officer of the day, steps forward -- reads aloud...

GATEWOOD

The Chiricahuas known as Dandy Jim and Skip-Hey have been found guilty by the Military court, Department of Arizona of insurrection at Cibecue Creek. The Chiricahua Dead Shot, Sergeant, Apache scouts, Third Cavalry has been found guilty of treason. The sentence of the court for the three prisoners is death by hanging.

The CHAPLAIN steps forward to address the prisoners.

CHAPLAIN

Do any of you have anything to say to me as Chaplain? Are any of you Christians?

Dead Shot begins to chant --

The CHAPLAIN glances around apologetically, sensing that the others are anxious to get on with the job --

164 CROOK

164

His face grows quite still, he gazes unblinkingly ahead. He's seen death many times.

There is a moment of complete silence and then the SOUND of a wooden lever being pulled sharply, followed by the trapdoors opening and the three bodies plummeting downward.

165 GATEWOOD

165

The muscles in his cheek go tight --

166 EXT. PORCH - MILITARY HEADQUARTERS - SAN CARLOS - NIGHT

166

CROOK sits in a big rocking chair -- he reads a document to GATEWOOD.

CROOK

-- thereby I tender my resignation as Commander of this Department. I have served you well in the past, but my judgement has been in error. It shames me to do this after so long and frustrating a struggle. I have obviously made a grievous error in trusting the word of Geronimo that he would surrender. Perhaps others will be more correct or more fortunate. The real tragedy I know you do not understand, but it is to the Apache people. They have lost in me a true friend and they have few -- George Crook -- General United States Army.

Sets the document aside.

CROOK

I was forced to send this to Washington a day ago. They have accepted my resignation with regrets.

GATEWOOD

Nothing to be done, Sir?

CROOK

Nothing...I'm finished. A graceful retirement for the General who couldn't catch Geronimo.

He stands. Moves to the porch rail -- looks out at the silent fort, almost silver in the moonlight.

CROOK

Miles will get my job. Nelson Miles. Pompous bastard...

GATEWOOD

Sir...

CROOK

Yes?

GATEWOOD

It's been my privilege to serve with you, Sir.

CROOK

The Indians are going to have a very hard road, Gatewood. The future's against them unless they change. And if they change, then will they still be Indians? I don't know any answers. None really.

Pulls on his pipe.

CROOK

The day I graduated from West Point a Colonel told me, 'obey your orders, do your duty, love your country, and sleep with every pretty woman that's willing.' Those still seem to be damn good rules to me...He also told me never turn down a free drink.

Crook smiles, slaps Gatewood on the shoulder...

CROOK

It's been my privilege, Captain. Go catch that son of a bitch Geronimo.

GATEWOOD

Sir.

He salutes.

Turns and walks across the parade ground.

167 INT. SQUAD ROOM - SAN CARLOS - TWO MONTHS LATER - DAY

167

A huge room. Overhead fans. Wooden desks, file cabinets. GENERAL MILES is seated, patiently waiting -- feet up on a desk at the rear of the room.

DAVIS (V.O.)

General Nelson Miles. A distinguished fighter in the Civil War, veteran of Fair Oaks, Antietam, Chancellorsville and nearly every major engagement of the Army of the Potomac. On the Western frontier, after the war, he achieved victories against the Cheyenne, Kiowa, Arapaho, drove Sitting Bull and the Sioux into Canada, captured Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces. His reputation in the Army was that of a man ruthless in battle, equally ruthless in self-promotion.

At the opposite end GATEWOOD appears from the porch outside, comes in through the screen door -- salutes.

GATEWOOD
General Miles, sir.

MILES
Captain. Please come over.

Gatewood crosses the large room.

MILES
I've been looking forward to meeting you, Captain. You have a reputation of being an excellent officer.

GATEWOOD
Thank you, sir.

MILES
All the more striking given that you came into this world as a son of the rebellion... I'm going to need your help. I'm going to need all the help I can get.

Miles is a big, florid looking man in his mid-fifties. Curling mustache, always in full dress blues...

MILES
I know you served a long time with General Crook. And I know you held him in great esteem. I'm proud to say I served with General Crook in the great war for the Union. Nobody knows his value both as a man and a soldier better than me.

Pause.

MILES
But a failed policy is a failed policy. My friendship and loyalty for General Crook can't help that. Have I stated the situation accurately, Captain Gatewood?

GATEWOOD
There were difficult circumstances.

MILES

I'm sure. Difficult circumstances that led to failure...I speak bluntly, Captain. You were a part of the failure.

Gatewood makes no reply --

MILES

I intend to institute policy changes -
- Our duty, as I see it, is not to make peace with the Apache. Our first necessity is to crush him militarily.

Pause.

MILES

Major Lawton will lead a special punitive expedition. He has served with me many years. I have great trust in his abilities. A trust I hope you will grow to share with me.

GATEWOOD

Sir.

MILES

You will take your orders in the field from Major Lawton. I expect you to continue to serve him and me as loyally as you did General Crook.

GATEWOOD

Yes, sir. I understand exactly what you want.

168 EXT. PARADE GROUND - SAN CARLOS - DAWN

168

A COMBAT COLUMN of two hundred men, standing to horse, ready to move out. Along the line, the SOUND of Troopers counting off --

169 EXT. H.Q. BLDG. - SAN CARLOS - DAWN

169

as MAJOR LAWTON comes out of his quarters, accepts his horse from an orderly, mounts -- He's very correct, in his mid-forties.

DAVIS

Major Lawton, Sir!

Snaps off a salute.
Returned.

DAVIS
Third Cavalry detail for field
maneuvers, ready, sir!

Lawton turns to the mounted GATEWOOD.

LAWTON
Captain.

GATEWOOD
Sir!

A nod to the Sergeant.

SERGEANT
Prepare to mount...MOUNT!

170 FULL SHOT - PARADE GROUND - SAN CARLOS

170

As A REGIMENTAL MILITARY BAND strikes up, THE COLUMN swings into the saddle, legs slapping leather with a report that can be heard across the entire compound --

GATEWOOD
Detail...By the twos, left --
(His commands are
echoed along the column)
Yo!

The column executes the command, moves to a canter. Wives, soldiers-left-behind, Apaches, civilians, as they watch the column ride out -- move away toward the limitless and eerie expanse of flatness that extends as far as the eye can reach...

171 EXT. OPEN DESERT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

171

The detail proceeds through the blazing heat --

172 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DRY HILLS - MEXICO - DAY

172

Troopers come filing along, cross a wide shallow creek --

DAVIS
Yo! First squad out on picket. Two
and three, hardtack and coffee --

As Davis dismounts --

173 DAVIS' P.O.V. - THE VALLEY

173

PICKETS taking position...

174 INT. OPEN TENT - COMMAND H.Q. - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

174

MAJOR LAWTON points to colored pins stuck in a map...

LAWTON

From the reports that have come in,
several raiding parties have re-
crossed the border at once. They are
converging near here just east of
Bisbee -- probably with tired
mounts --

Sieber smiles to himself --

LAWTON

Something funny, Mr. Sieber? Perhaps
you'd share your joke with us.

SIEBER

Well, sir -- your Apache rides a horse
to death then eats him and steals
another -- A horse is just mobile
food. I've chased Apaches who've made
fifty miles a day on horse and foot --

LAWTON

Fifty miles a day?

SIEBER

Damn right. Sometimes seventy.

LAWTON

I see. Remarkable. No wonder you and
your scouts have failed to find them,
much less defeat them.

SIEBER

(pissed)

Yessir.

Now the others smile -- except Gatewood and Davis.

LAWTON

If the converging Apache are unaware
of our presence in the area...

SIEBER

No chance of that.

LAWTON

If I may proceed without interruption... We will divide our forces into three units, C Company will re-supply our command at Gila Bend, Lt. Croft...

Croft rises --

LT. CROFT

Sir!

LAWTON

You will command C company.

LT. CROFT

Sir.

LAWTON

You should be in Gila Bend by mid-day of the 26th.

CROFT

Sir.

Croft sits.

LAWTON

B company under my command will penetrate the mountains south of here, applying pressure to drive the war parties east. The Gila Bend forces, once re-supplied, will move toward the river -- we should catch Geronimo between our commands -- Captain Gatewood will lead A Company toward the White River --

GATEWOOD

There hasn't been a hostile in that area in years.

LAWTON

A company will be held in reserve. Is that clear, Captain?

GATEWOOD

Yes, sir. Very clear.

Sieber gives Gatewood a look. Obviously troubled.

GATEWOOD

Sir?

LAWTON

Captain.

GATEWOOD

What about the scouts? We have almost none with us. If we divide our command...

LAWTON

We don't intend to use the Apache scouts, Captain. They are suspected of divided loyalties.

GATEWOOD

General's orders?

LAWTON

General's orders.

GATEWOOD

For the record, sir, Apaches don't line up and fight. Concealment and ambush are their tactics. Without Apache scouts our columns will become vulnerable...

LAWTON

(Cuts in hard)

I don't need a lecture on the art of war, Mr. Gatewood. I might add if you would trouble yourself to look through a few books, you might discover that the United States Army has won a number of engagements without the aid of Apache scouts.

GATEWOOD

Sir.

He sits.

Rough, harsh country. High rocks. No vegetation.

DAVIS (V.O.)

Captain Gatewood had to taste the humiliation of being dismissed from the field. Major Lawton and his about to be famous expedition quickly learned about fighting the Apache.

176 GERONIMO

176

looking through a pair of field glasses. Daklugie and Mangas wait at his side. He peers over a rock into what seems infinite space. Below, perhaps five thousand feet -- something moves.

177 P.O.V. -- GLASSES

177

A column of CAVALRY wind up a narrow canyon.

GERONIMO

When did you see them first?

MANGAS

We were close to a deer -- I saw them.

GERONIMO

Did you get the deer?

DAKLUGIE

We let it go.

GERONIMO

So you let my enemies approach and my dinner run away. Go and make sure they pass beneath the big fallen tree --

They move off...

178 CANYON BELOW

178

Very steep. DAVIS looks up as he rounds a rock formation. He sees a flash of light from farther up --

179 CAVALRY SCOUT

179

A TROOPER with long hair -- He uses a SMALL HAND MIRROR to signal down the mountain. He then climbs from rock to rock...

180 MOUNTAIN ABOVE

180

The Chiricahua move with him -- They crouch about 100 yards below. Mangas takes out his old pistol. Daklugie shakes his head. Mangas slips his bow from around his shoulders -- again Daklugie stops him, shakes his head. He motions up the trail and draws his knife --

181 CAVALRY SCOUT

181

He looks below the column: maybe thirty men or more wind their way up, but far below...
The Scout starts up -- sees something on the ground -- he hesitates -- slowly looks up the trail.
There, silhouetted against the sky, stands Mangas.
The Scout reaches for his pistol -- but suddenly opens his mouth -- a hand comes over it and muffles a horrible scream as Daklugie and the Scout fall backwards into the rocks.

182 CLOSE -- MANGAS

182

He runs down the trail -- looks into the little crevice where the two fell and is met by Daklugie -- stained with blood, but holding the hand mirror...

183 THE COLUMN - DEEP CANYON

183

Pass across the steep face of a vertical precipice at the top of which are a jumble of boulders and huge fallen trees.
DAVIS looks up at this natural ambush sight and up the trail. He sees the FLASH OF LIGHT and the familiar form a mere 100 yards off.

184 DAKLUGIE

184

wearing the sombrero and bloodstained peasant shirt of the scout -- He flashes again with the hand mirror...

185 DAVIS

185

looks over to Lawton --

DAVIS

Sir. This might be advisable to show caution in deployment of the column.

LAWTON

What makes you say that Mr. Davis?

Takes out his field glasses, looks up the canyon.

DAVIS

Our pickets aren't far enough ahead to secure perimeters. The Apache scouts always worked in relays --

LAWTON

(curt)

I see no reason not to deploy, Mr. Davis. Bring the column forward --

DAVIS

Column! Forward, ya!

The column advances --

186 GERONIMO

186

looking through his glasses. Next to him is ULZANA...

ULZANA

For you -- the leader.

He hands him the heavy Sharps hunting rifle with aperture tang sight. Geronimo lays the rifle across the rocks and sights carefully, FIRES.

187 APACHES

187

pry the huge boulders loose above which starts a tremendous landslide. Others fire from well-concealed positions --

188 CLOSE -- GERONIMO

188

watching intently with his glasses.

189 THE TRAIL

189

shrouded in dust and falling rock which is soon gone.

The dust settles revealing a few Troopers down, the rest in full retreat.

190

MOUTH OF NARROW CANYON

190

As the Troopers regroup - horses thrashing, rearing, turning in place as the retreat ends.

LAWTON

Form a column! Form a column!
Regroup, damn it! Regroup, the
Troopers, Mr. Davis!

Davis whirls his mount to a stop.

DAVIS

How many down?!

LAWTON

Damn it, regroup! Prepare to charge!

DAVIS

Charge what, God damn it!

LAWTON

The enemy will be on us, form ranks!

DAVIS

Sergeant! Form ranks! By the twos!
(back to Lawton)
Mr. Lawton! By my count we have five
men down!

LAWTON

Tighten up the file! Prepared to
recieve the hostiles!!

DAVIS

Mr. Lawton! The enemy is gone!

Lawton reins in --

DAVIS

Gone!

Lawton stares back up the now empty canyon a moment. He
turns back to Davis.

LAWTON

Mr. Davis, You will report A company
to Captain Gatewood at the White River
encampment. I have no further need of
your services.

DAVIS

Sir.

LAWTON

Bivouac tonight -- Ride at dawn. And let me add you're damn lucky I don't order a court martial.

DAVIS

Sir.

Rides off.

191 EXT. OPEN DESERT - LAWTON EXPEDITION - MEXICO - DAY

191

LT. CROFT leads C Company, as it proceeds across a vast expanse of dunes -- A HUGE WAGON closely guarded by the Cavalry troops -- It plies its way across the desert as a SAND STORM begins to blow -- As Lt. Croft signals the ranks to a halt the SAND catches up to the column, as it rolls across, Troopers cough and cover their eyes. Suddenly out of the desert floor come men -- DUST MEN like ghosts -- rising up from where they were buried on either side of the trail. Each is an APACHE armed with a repeating rifle and pistol. They come up FIRING, aiming carefully at the shadows in the blowing sand. A tremendous ripping BARRAGE -- SOLDIERS torn to pieces by the crossfire. HORSES AND MEN jolted to the earth, SCREAMING --

192 APACHES

192

advance levering their rifles, FIRING carefully at any movement -- Some draw pistols, others knives -- In seconds they are into the column and SCREAMS of men and horses resound...

193 GERONIMO

193

With a Winchester, levering, BLASTING --

194 EXT. BIVOUAC - LAWTON EXPEDITION - MEXICO - NIGHT

194

The tents are dark -- horses are tethered outside. SIEBER at a gallop approaches in the moonlight. He carries a carbine -- Makes a RUNNING DISMOUNT and approaches a tent -- pulls up the flap.

SIEBER

Lawton...

A figure in the tent sits bolt upright on his cot -- pistol in hand.

SIEBER

Lawton. It's Al Sieber -- I found two Apache camped out a night's ride from here. They been with Geronimo, they wanna come in, see their wives, family...

Other movement from outside -- a lantern is lit. Lawton wears trousers, long johns and suspenders -- He gathers up a long double shotgun and cradles it across his arm.

Another man enters the tent -- a young lean lieutenant in Army britches and a fatigue shirt. This is LT. PIERCE.

SIEBER

Lieutenant. We got a couple of renegades wanna come in, wanna quit. Geronimo's boys --

LAWTON

They can tell us about Geronimo, where he's hiding out...

SIEBER

Maybe. They wanna surrender, sir.

LAWTON

We'll get the information, Sieber. You just produce the Apache.

The men leave the tent. Horses are being saddled in the dark.

Now it can be seen that everywhere are armed Troopers - saddling up -- some already on horseback. Lawton and Sieber mount up, the entire group disappears into the night.

195 EXT. HIGH MESA - MEXICO - DAWN

195

A fire burning low, it's smoke going straight up into a million stars. TWO APACHES sit staring into the fire, wrapped up in blankets. Their eyes are down but they flash as they hear the COCKING of a carbine... then another and another. FOOTSTEPS -- suddenly dark MOUNTED FIGURES are all around them.

LAWTON

You know him?

SIEBER

Hesh-Ke. He was at Turkey Creek.

LAWTON

What about the other one?

The Second Apache starts to stand, SMACK!
BUTT-STROKED down by a TROOPER.
HESH-KE struggles to his feet.

HESH-KE

Sieber. Don't kill Hesh-Ke.

He grovels toward Sieber.

LAWTON

Lieutenant.

LT. PIERCE gets down off his horse.

HESH-KE

(to Sieber)

I raid but I come back -- live on
reservation -- no kill white-eye no
more. No warpath for Hesh-Ke -- I
take Jesus road.

PIERCE

Mr. Sieber, do you believe him?

He puts his PISTOL against the Apache's head.

SIEBER

I dunno. Most Apache wouldn't know
the truth if it bit him in the ass.

Lt. Pierce suddenly KICKS Hesh-Ke...

PIERCE

We don't believe you. Where's
Geronimo... Where's he hiding?
Geronimo?

Hesh-Ke stares up at him as Pierce COCKS the revolver.
Suddenly an ARROW strikes Pierce through the neck, kills him
instantly. Sieber whirls and FIRES into the darkness...

ARROWS SLAM into the chest of the Trooper... other Troopers FIRE into the darkness... Hesh-Ke and the other Apache run for cover. Lawton is SHOT from the saddle. Sieber BLASTS again --

Pandemonium as HORSES REAR, ARROWS FLY, SHOTS ARE FIRED -- Lawton regains his feet, wounded high in the chest.

LAWTON

Dismount! Form a line! Dismount!
Form a line!

More Troopers RIDDLED WITH ARROWS. A skimish line is formed -- a VOLLEY FIRED against the invisible enemy. Another VOLLEY. Then all is quiet.

SIEBER

Shit! Shit!

LAWTON

Hold your position! Guns at ready!

All carbines up , level.
Silence...

SIEBER

They're gone.

Disgustedly holsters his pistol.

196

EXT. GERONIMO'S CAMP - SIERRA MADRE - MEXICO - NIGHT

196

Some Apache are celebrating, SINGING next to a fire -- They are interrupted by SCREAMS. Herbal medicine is failing to save a YOUNG APACHE with a stomach wound... As blood seeps into his blanket, he tries to sing his death song. A SQUAW is screaming in fear next to him... A SHAMAN looks on, his face showing impotence and helplessness --

An ANGRY BRAVE watches the Apache die... then steps up, confronts HESH-KE... Two more BRAVES bearing revolvers stand behind him --

ANGRY BRAVE

We lose a good man to rescue cowards.

GERONIMO appears and faces the TWO DESERTER APACHE who stand in front of him, shame-faced.

HESH-KE

The war and the dead Apache go on
forever... it is too hard.

OTHER DESERTER

The White-Eye are too many and have
too many guns.

HESH-KE

You are a great warrior, a great
leader in battle, but how can the war
end? How can we win?

ULZANA

Sieber and the other White-Eyes would
have hung you! Now an Apache dies
because of you!

Hesh-Ke looks at Ulzana.

ULZANA

Hesh-Ke is a coward whose bones should
be broken by rocks.

GERONIMO

Hesh-Ke is brave enough to speak what
is in his heart.

Ulzana suddenly springs on the Second Deserter with a knife,
KILLING HIM INSTANTLY with a slash to the heart. All the
camp stands in alert, shocked at the sudden, savage event...
Ulzana points at Hesh-Ke, addresses Geronimo --

ULZANA

Kill him!

Geronimo stares impassively.

GERONIMO

I give you the worst fate a man can
have. Hesh-Ke will no longer be an
Apache. Cut off the fingers on his
hands -- Leave him in the desert.

He turns away --

197 INT. ARMY HOSPITAL - SAN CARLOS - DAY

197

MILES enters the ward -- sits down next to Major Lawton's
bed. LAWTON'S head and chest wrapped in bandages...

MILES

Major.

LAWTON

Any news?

MILES

What's the doctor say?

LAWTON

Another month. Good as new. Any news, sir?

MILES

More raids. More citizens dead. I've got troopers on every mesa, patrols in every valley, five thousand men looking for less than fifty Apache. And I've got Washington screaming...

Pause.

MILES

I can't get Geronimo to come out and fight. Just one damn ambush after another.

LAWTON

Yes, sir. He only fights on his terms. I'm now an expert on that.

MILES

So you are, Major.

Stands -- moves to the window. Gazes out.

198 EXT. OPEN DESERT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

198

A vast searing landscape -- HELIOGRAPH message being sent from the distant mountains. The OPERATOR sends back a reply, shuts down -- a CORPORAL who has been decoding, finishes writing on a piece of paper. GATEWOOD and DAVIS approach. Behind them, a small camp -- tents, stacked Carbines, cookfires...

GATEWOOD

Corporal.

CORPORAL

Sir.

Hands Gatewood the message -- Gatewood immediately begins to read.

GATEWOOD

Miles wants me to report back to San Carlos.

DAVIS

I'll get 'em saddled up.

Starts away.

GATEWOOD

No. He's sent for me to come alone. You're in charge.

Davis turns back -- doesn't understand.

DAVIS

Sir?

GATEWOOD

Damned if I know, Mr. Davis. Geronimo's back in Mexico, the army's ridin' around in circles, we're stuck in the middle of nowhere, and General Miles wants to talk.

Turns.

GATEWOOD

Corporal.

CORPORAL

Sir.

GATEWOOD

Have my horse mounted, two days' rations.

CORPORAL

Sir.

Gatewood moves away -- on DAVIS' look GO TO:

199

EXT. SAN CARLOS - PARADE GROUND - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

199

The loose encampment has become a large staging area. MILES and GATEWOOD walk along the wooden porchway. Sharply-clad OFFICERS pass and salute. BAND PLAYING, HORSEMEN drill with artillery on the parade ground.

GATEWOOD

He'll still be in Mexico, in the Sierra Madres -- Geronimo can't stand to lose many more warriors -- he can't replace them.

MILES

That's not good enough. The political situation demands results. He'll still be able to send raiding parties across the border -- I can give you twenty scouts, a forty man detail, regular cavalry plus mule pack train --

GATEWOOD

I'd never get close to Geronimo even with ten men, sir.

MILES

How many do you want captain?

GATEWOOD

Two -- I'd like to pick them myself.

MILES

I suppose Lieutenant Davis.

GATEWOOD

I had him in mind, sir.

MILES

Whatever happens, I can't acknowledge this mission. The embarrassment to the army would be too great -- as it is we've got five thousand troops in the Department of Arizona searching for --

GATEWOOD

Thirty-five Apache, sir. I think he'll be down to that in a month. They've got to be close to starvation -- living on rabbits and cactus...

MILES

You have your orders. Talk him in if you can.

GATEWOOD

Two years in Florida?

MILES

Two years in Florida, with their families. When they return to Arizona, each warrior gets forty acres of land, two mules --

GATEWOOD

(salutes)

Sir!

199A EXT. DESERT - THRU WINDOW - SUNSET

199A

The last orange rays of light falling across the Saguaro --

199B GATEWOOD

199B

looking out the window...

199C INT. OFFICER'S BARRACKS - SUNSET

199C

Gatewood turns away from the window, sits at a small desk -- begins writing by the light of an oil burning lamp.
As he writes:

GATEWOOD (V.O.)

My dear Emily, tomorrow I begin an expedition into Mexico that I feel sure will bring me face to face once again with Gerinimo. I don't want you to feel unnecessary distress but honesty forces me to say that this may be the last time I am able to write to you. Where I am going, the risks will be very high. I have volunteered for this duty because it is expected of me, but in truth I despise myself for doing so. In my heart I wish nothing more than to return home to Virginia and be with my family. As you know, dear Emily, you are the one person in my life I have ever been able to confide in, confide things that I can tell no one else. I leave at dawn tomorrow and I am afraid... Deeply afraid that I will never see you or our children again.

200 EXT. OPEN DESERT - MEXICO - DAY

200

Three tiny figures on a vast horizon.
Two pack mules trail behind...

DAVIS (V.O.)

As Gatewood and I crossed the desert and into Mexico, I still longed for that world of just and righteous action that had led me to become a soldier. But now I began to see it was gone forever. Where was heroism now? The grinding glare of sun overhead seemed to have driven it and every other noble human quality from the world.

201 CLOSE - GATEWOOD - DAVIS - CHATO

201

As they plod forward --

GATEWOOD

I figure we'll make that next range of hills by sundown...

DAVIS

Captain?

Gatewood turns -- his face, like Davis', cracked, blistered...

DAVIS

You ever think about why we're out here -- what the hell we're doin'? I mean the whole thing. The Army, the Indians, the country --

GATEWOOD

I'm a soldier. I chose it. I chose the life -- good, bad, and the difficult --

DAVIS

Right. Do your duty, follow orders. I chose it too. But I'm gettin' at what's behind it -- the Indians were here, we come, we push 'em out, hunt 'em down if they fight back --

GATEWOOD

You mean who's right. Them or us?

They plod along in silence for a moment.

GATEWOOD

I don't know who's right. Only God
knows that.

202

EXT. SMALL TOWN - SONORA - MEXICO - DAY

202

DAVIS (V.O.)

After a month of futile search across
the Sierra Madres we got word that
Geronimo was in the mountains above
Fronteras...

A sleepy little village -- Off to the side under a grass-
shaded veranda, DAVIS and GATEWOOD are seated --
Davis has his feet up on a barbecue pit where a goat is
roasting.

A VAQUERO stands at the doorway looking filthy.
Both Davis and Gatewood are filthy too -- wearing Mexican
shirts and boots -- old Army trousers. CHATO sits in the
corner with the thousand mile gaze -- The Vaquero just looks
at them. He wears a long serape -- a straw hat -- It is hard
to see his face.

GATEWOOD

Puedo ayudarle, señor?

VAQUERO

Usted es Señor Gatewood?
(in perfect English)
I'm Diego Redondo.

GATEWOOD

Habla? You speak American?

REDONDO

I am an American. At least I was --

Redondo pulls his hat back. His face is darkened, he has a
long mustache, but he is plainly American. As Redondo sits
down -- Davis reaches out a cigar.

DAVIS

Puro?

Redondo takes it --

REDONDO

I've been here more'n twenty years --
I was in the War -- I was a
Confederate Officer --

GATEWOOD

So was my father --

REDONDO

After the war I went to Texas, got
into a little scrape with the law -
come down here, got a new name, new
start, wife, family... But in my
heart, well hell, I'm still a Tennessee
man.

GATEWOOD

You know why we're here?

REDONDO

Everyone knows why you're here.

Pause.

REDONDO

My wife and her sisters -- They trade
with Apache women -- come down from
the mountains. They've done it for
years --

Davis puts a twenty-dollar gold piece on the table.

REDONDO

A few days ago a small band of
Chiricahua arrived -- led by a
renegade.

Redondo hesitates -- Davis puts another coin down.

REDONDO

Geronimo...

Three more coins go down -- Redondo drinks his tequila.

GATEWOOD

Where?

REDONDO

A trail. Straight up Montana
Avviripe. It is very difficult - a
hard climb...

GATEWOOD

Why don't the Federales go up this trail? They want Geronimo as much as we do.

REDONDO

Impossible. No military unit can go in strength up this mountain. They would be ambushed, slaughtered... You will see.

GATEWOOD

No other way?

REDONDO

(shakes his head)

Vaya con Dios.

203 EXT. MT. AVVIRIPE - MEXICO - DAY

203

Towering overhead. A jagged, saw-toothed verticle wall leading into a high distant range --

204 EXT. MT. AVVIRIPE - REVERSE ANGLE - MEXICO - DAY

204

A narrow path bordering on a deep gorge that stretches thousands of feet below. Gatewood, Davis and Chato appear, working their way upward, leading two burros.

205 EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - MEXICO - DAY

205

Gatewood, Davis and Chato pause to catch their breath, gazing upward...

DAVIS

No way we're going to sneak up on them.

GATEWOOD

I figure they probably saw us hours ago --

Chato stares at the trail ahead - it gets narrower, steeper.

CHATO

Gate-wood. No more animals. They can't go higher.

GATEWOOD

From here on, Chato and I better go alone -- You take the burros back down.

DAVIS

You giving me a choice?

GATEWOOD

It's an order, Lieutenant.

He takes Davis' hand.

GATEWOOD

Adios, compadre -- If we don't come back -- start a war.

DAVIS

Good luck, sir -- Amigo.

He turns the burros back -- Gatewood and Chato go on alone.

206 EXT. HIGH MOUNTAIN PASS - MEXICO - DAY

206

The trails dropping off thousands of feet -- Gatewood and Chato ascend even higher -- A white flag tied to Gatewood's rifle --

207 EXT. ROCK PLATEAU - HIGH MOUNTAINS - DAY

207

Gatewood struggles to get up to a small terrace -- He takes Chato's hand, is pulled over a rock formation, stumbles to his feet -- They look upward -- around -- surrounding them are the HOSTILE APACHES -- stark against the sky. GERONIMO stands foremost.

GERONIMO

Gate-wood.

He points his rifle at Chato.

GERONIMO

Why did you bring him? He is a traitor to his people.

GATEWOOD

He thinks you are.

Geronimo lines up the sights...

ULZANA

*He is a brave man to come here.
Enough Chiricahua are dead.*

After a long moment Geronimo lowers the rifle -- looks to Gatewood.

GERONIMO

I knew you would come, Gate-wood.

GATEWOOD

I come here to speak for General Miles -- General Miles says he will send you to Florida -- your people will be with their families again. In time the General wants you to come back to Arizona -- He will give you forty acres of land -- two mules.

GERONIMO

Have they taught you to lie, Gate-wood?

GATEWOOD

I don't lie.

GERONIMO

You trust General Miles?

GATEWOOD

Who knows the heart of another?

GERONIMO

I know your heart.

Gatewood moves closer to Geronimo

GATEWOOD

I can only tell you what General Miles said -- You come in with me --or die if it takes fifty years to hunt you down.

Chato steps forward --

CHATO

You stay on the war trail -- all the Chiricahua will die. You must be awake at night and if a rock rolls down the mountain or a stick breaks, you will be running -- You even eat your food running. You have no friends in world.

GATEWOOD

I'm a soldier. And a soldier does his
duty. But I thank you. What you say
-- it makes my heart glad.

A long, sad moment between them.

GERONIMO

I never liked any White Eye -- other
than you.

He looks around -- at the other Apache, Chato -- back to
Gatewood.

GERONIMO

Gate-wood, this is the second time in
my life I have surrendered to the
White Eye -- Maybe the last. I am
getting old.

He walks away.

208

EXT. MOUNTAIN PLATEAU - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

208

Ranks of cavalry and infantry -- A long line of HORSE
SOLDIERS -- twenty-three APACHE WARRIORS are facing them --
in the open -- but as always the little band is proud and
defiant looking. Armed to the teeth and mounted -- GEN.
MILES comes forward before this massive show of force.

MILES

Geronimo -- The past is gone. You are
going to Florida...

GERONIMO looks at Miles for a moment -- then hands him his
pistol and Bowie knife...

MILES

Florida for two years. You and the
Apache must make a new life --

GERONIMO

Wherever you take us, we will go and
do what you say.

An army wagon is pulled up -- he and Miles climb aboard.
Geronimo looks off at the surrounding desert and mountains...

GERONIMO

When I was young, the White-Eye came and wanted the land of my people. When the soldiers burned our villages, we moved to the mountains. When they took our food, we ate cactus. When they killed our children, we had more. We killed all the White-Eye that we could. We said we would never surrender -- We starved and we killed, but we never surrendered. Now...

He turns to Miles --

GERONIMO

...do with me what you please. Once I moved about like the wind. Now I surrender to you and that is all.

The wagon pulls away...

The massive Cavalry escort follows --

209

ACROSS THE WAY - GATEWOOD - DAVIS - SIEBER

209

Three figures remain behind in the dust --

SIEBER

Hard to damn believe. I didn't figure the old bastard would ever give up again. Thought he'd fight it out to the end.

Sieber walks off... Gatewood and Davis watch the Apaches being led off across the desert.

DAVIS

It's over, Captain. Geronimo, the Apaches, I guess the whole history of the west except being a farmer.

Pause.

DAVIS

And it's over for me. I've resigned my commission.

Gatewood turns, stares at him.

DAVIS

I don't have what it takes to be a career man. You've got it, but I don't. A lot of ways I envy you. But I found out I got something inside me that says I got to push on. I'm going down to Mexico, do some engineering... But when I'm old, I'll be able to tell people I saw all this. Hell, maybe I'll even write a book about it.

210 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY

210

The Chiricahua and the military escort becoming small on the horizon.

211 CLOSE - GATEWOOD

211

He stares off, knowing that this is the last time he will ever see Geronimo.

212 EXT. MAIN STREET - HOLBROOK - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

212

The entire APACHE POPULATION from San Carlos is being herded down the narrow street of adobe shelters and wooden buildings -- ARMED CAVALRY are everywhere in great numbers. Chiricahua, Mescaleros, Membrenos, Coyoteros, White Mountain, Warm Springs, Jicarillos; all tribes. Women, children, men, all being shuttled along --

213 EXT. NARROW STREET - HOLBROOK - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

213

CHATO stands looking very unhappy at the spectacle before him -- CARBINE hefted across his shoulder. TWO TROOPERS ride close, stare down at him.

FIRST TROOPER

Sgt. Chato?

Chato looks up at the two men looming over --

OTHER TROOPER

Gimme that gun, Apache.

He takes it from CHATO -- he doesn't understand.

OTHER TROOPER

Get in line.

CHATO

I'm good Apache. I'm Sergeant Chato -
- a Scout.

FIRST TROOPER

Shut the hell up and get in line -- or
I'll show you a good Apache!

OTHER TROOPER

Get going!

CHATO is shoved, forced into the line by the horsemen.
Out of the crowd, GATEWOOD suddenly rides close --

GATEWOOD

Troopers! What the hell do you think
you're doing?! That man is a scout in
the U.S. Army!

TROOPER

General's orders, sir. Ain't no more
scouts. They're all goin' to Florida.
Every damn one of 'em.

Gatewood's face a frozen mask as the two troopers push Chato
away.

Everywhere are WOMEN crying because their families are broken up.
They plead with SOLDIERS, who turn a deaf ear.
A SOLDIER comes through the CROWD with a MASTIFF DOG on a
chain. GUARDS with shotguns are everywhere.

214

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - HOLBROOK, ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

214

Chaotic movement of soldiers and Indians. Tents have been
set up -- the Army has clearly taken over the town.
Campaign desks have been set up in the open -- bureaucrats,
Army functionaries, adjutants doing business. GATEWOOD rides
through the mess, dismounts near the command tent.

VOICE

You don't look real happy, Captain.

Gatewood turns, sees Sieber standing at one of the campaign
desks, signing some documents.

SIEBER

Well, one thing you don't have to worry about. You ain't gonna have to deal with me any more -- Army's payin' me out. Ain't you heard? No more scouts. No more Apache wars. She's all over. You better look to your own job.

GATEWOOD

I'm goin' in to see the General. He lied to me.

SIEBER

He lied to you and he fired me...Well, shit, guess I'll have to go out and make a livin'.

GATEWOOD

You know they're sending your scouts to Florida along with the renegades. What do you think about that, Al?

Sieber smiles.

SIEBER

I'm gonna disappoint you, Gatewood. I think it stinks all to hell.

Gatewood turns and heads for the Command Tent.

215 INT. COMMAND TENT - HOLBROOK - DAY

215

Miles sits behind his campaign desk, signing papers. Gatewood comes in, obviously in the heat of anger.

MILES

Sit down Captain, have a drink.

GATEWOOD

No thank you, sir.

MILES

I gather you're angry at me.

GATEWOOD

You're a liar, sir. I thought the U.S. Army kept its word. I thought maybe we were the only ones left who did. What's going on out there is a disgrace.

MILES

Are you through?

GATEWOOD

No. I want to say that if we weren't both wearing the uniform, I'd take you out and skin you alive.

MILES

That's quite enough, Captain.

He gets up, moves close to Gatewood.

MILES

I don't know if I'm talking to an officer in the United States Cavalry or just a dangerously simple-minded man. Yes, I lied to Geronimo. You and Crook told him the truth and what did it win you? You're more worried about keeping your word to a savage than you are of fulfilling your duty to the citizens of this country. We won, Captain. That's what matters. That's what our leaders and the people who vote them in care about.

GATEWOOD

Do you know your bible, General?
'What profiteth a man if he gains the whole world and loses his soul.'

Miles opens a drawer - pulls out a bottle and pours himself a drink.

MILES

I'll cut you new orders tomorrow, Captain Gatewood. I'm sending you to Montana. A nice quiet post where nothing ever happens. You'll find the winters quite stimulating.

GATEWOOD

Sir.

Salutes and walks out.

EXT. TEXAS PLAINS - DAY

A TRAIN chugging across an empty sea of grass --
Long trail of black smoke, dissolving into a dark sky.

INT. TRAIN - CATTLE CAR - OPEN COUNTRY - DAY

217

GERONIMO sitting in the crowded box car, trying to look out the slats of the locked door. Next to him sits DAKLUGIE. ARMED TROOPERS stand nearby -- Geronimo looks off -- sees something... CHATO across the way; knees up, head down... Geronimo rises, moves across the car -- sits down next to Chato.

GERONIMO

Let me sit here with you. I want to tell you that I no longer hate you. It's not like the old days -- There are so few Chiricahua left -- they should not hate each other.

Geronimo offers a cigar -- Chato looks at him and takes it.

GERONIMO

General Miles lied to us just to catch us. You think Gatewood lied?

CHATO

No -- he never lied. All the other White Eyes lied. They made me a scout. They gave me a blue coat. I worked for them, I was their friend. But I was a fool. You were a fool to surrender. We should have fought the White Eyes to the death...

Chato lowers his head again -- Geronimo touches his shoulder...

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY

218

The train pulls into the far distance, becoming small on the horizon line...

DAVIS (V.O.)

And that was about it. Ten years after Geronimo's surrender Capt. Charles B. Gatewood was killed at Ft. McKinney, Wyoming. He was trying to put out a fire when the powder magazine blew up. His wife and their two children were given a pension of seventeen dollars a month... Geronimo lived for another twenty-five years as a prisoner of war. They never let him return to his home despite their promises.

219 INT. HUGE TENT - ST. LOUIS - DAY

219

A long line of patrons stretches back forever -- A grand INDIAN EXPOSITION at an extravaganza celebrating progress and modernity -- An enormous sign proclaiming, "SEE GERONIMO -- SCOURGE OF THE SOUTHWEST" -- "APACHE TERROR"

TITLE -- ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR - 1904

A VERY OLD GERONIMO, wearing a dark suit and Bowler hat, sits before a wickiup in the "Apache village" -- He signs an occasional autograph -- A MANAGER sits at a booth collecting money...

MANAGER

Get your quarter in your hand -- Don't stop too long in front of him, Ma'am. Look at those eyes -- You, Son keep away -- Don't get too close!

WOMAN

How much for an autograph?

MANAGER

Five dollars, ma'm. Another ten we take your picture standing next to him.

WOMAN

He's not cheap.

MANAGER

That's right, ma'm. But then he's the one and only Geronimo.

The woman's ESCORT leans close to Geronimo --

ESCORT
What'cha think, Chief?

No response -- the Escort now makes the familiar hand to mouth WAR-CRY...

ESCORT
Ah, wa, wa, wa, wa.

No response -- CAMERA PUSHES CLOSE on Geronimo's face...

ESCORT (V.O.)
What's a matter, chief. You don't
wanna talk?

GERONIMO
I am never a chief -- only a warrior.

His face DISSOLVES TO:

220 A BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH

220

The classic western image of Geronimo holding a rifle across his chest, he stares defiantly back at the CAMERA and into our eyes -- his anger a window into his soul...

ROLL CREDITS.