

Producer: Neil Canton
Director: Walter Hill

geronimo

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

Geronimo

1 THRU 2 OMMITTED

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...

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, Ma'am?

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

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, soldados.

Low rumbling SOUNDS as many horses approach --

6 CLOSE - DAVIS

He stands, moves to a window.

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 1st LIEUTENANT CHARLES GATEWOOD. Early 30's, tall, correct -- a career man in the frontier army.

GATEWOOD

1st Lieutenant 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 told me 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 1st Lieutenant 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 Lieutenant Charles Gatewood.

GATEWOOD

That's Mexico.

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

GATEWOOD

Geronimo's out there, probably
fighting Mexicans...

DAVIS

How will he 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 - Geronimo's
already 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

Lieutenant?

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, Lieutenant 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

Lieutenant?

Gatewood looks back his way --

DAVIS

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, Lieutenant... 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.

12 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

Lieutenant -- 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 FOUR 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

Second 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. Six 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, 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

Lieutenant, 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.

.4 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 we get
back here with a warrant.

GATEWOOD
Arresting them on what grounds?

HAWKINS
Warrant's gonna specify 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
you...

GATEWOOD

(admonition)

Lieutenant...

HAWKINS

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

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.
I know you got that murderin' son-of-
a-bitch Geronimo -- and even the U.S.
Army is subject to a Federal warrant.
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 --

GATEWOOD

We move. Tonight. Now. We get a big
enough lead, maybe they won't catch
us.

Gatewood stares off at the retreating horsemen.

GATEWOOD

Get the Apaches going, Mr. Davis.

DAVIS

Sir.

- 17 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAWN 17
Three men moving across the great expanse.
- 18 HAWKINS - TOOTHY - ON THE HORIZON LINE - BINOCULAR P.O.V. 18
They have been joined by a third man - YAQUI DAVE...
- 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
Yaqui Dave examining a hoof print...
- TOOTHY
What do you see, Dave?
- DAVE
Eight or Nine of 'em --
- HAWKINS
Ain't Apaches supposed to hide their tracks?
- DAVE
Not if they're on the run.
- Toothy smiles across to Hawkins --
- TOOTHY
We got 'em on the run, Joe.
- He reaches back, take a pull on a whisky jug --
- 21 P.O.V. GLASSES - DUST 21
Three Horsemen crossing an Alkalai flat...

22 CLOSE - GATEWOOD - HILLSIDE

22

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

GATEWOOD

That's Yaqui Dave with them - he's a tracker, used to work for the Army --
(looks at Geronimo)
They serve those warrants, I'll have to give you up...

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

GERONIMO

You have a very good long glass, Gatewood.

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...

23 OPEN COUNTRY BELOW - THE THREE MEN

23

Tracking across the flats...

24 EXT. ROCKY CLIFF SIDE - GATEWOOD

24

Now perched in some boulders overlooking a plateau --
Beyond, the three men draw closer. Geronimo sets up the Tang
sight on his Sharps...

GERONIMO

You have the leader -- shoot him.

He hands the rifle to Gatewood.

GATEWOOD

You know I can't do that -- only thing
I can think to do is scare 'em off.

GERONIMO

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

Gatewood hands the Sharps back --

GATEWOOD

I can't fire on civilians. Maybe you
can shoot close -- miss -- pin 'em
down.

GERONIMO

I do it if you trade me the long
glass --

He takes up the Sharps -- Looks with his glasses.

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

25

The Three Men ride up onto the plateau 400 yards away --
Yaqui Dave at the front.

26 CLOSE - YAQUI DAVE

26

He motions the others 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 others forward...

HAWKINS

What do you think?

YAQUI DAVE

Up there...

(gestures at the cliffs
above)

Looks like maybe they split up.

HAWKINS

(to Toothy)

Pass the jug.

Handed over -- Hawkins 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 THRU 57 OMMITTED

58

BELOW - ARROYO - THREE RIDERS

58

Yaqui Dave, Hawkins and Toothy have scrambled down a small arroyo, moving out of the line of fire. Panting, fearful, they stare at the rocky cliff side above... Yaqui Dave turns in the saddle, faces Hawkins.

YAQUI DAVE

I found 'em for ya. Earned my money.
You don't need me to serve your
warrants.

Rides off --

Hawkins and Toothy stare at the cliffs above.

TOOTHY

What'cha think, Joe?

HAWKINS

I think we're goin' home. God damn
Army... I'm gonna write a damn letter
to General Crook.

Hawkins and Toothy ride away.

59

CLIFF SIDE

59

The departing horsemen are visible, growing small on the
horizon below --

GATEWOOD

Trade...

He gives Geronimo his glasses -- takes Geronimo's -- Geronimo
looks at the embossed name on the case -- 1ST LT. CHARLES
GATEWOOD -- 3RD CAV.

GERONIMO

This is your name, Gate-wood?

GATEWOOD

Yes -- a present from my troops.

GERONIMO

You have much money, Gate-wood?

GATEWOOD

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

Geronimo studies the retreating horsemen 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, GERONIMO, DAVIS AND THE OTHERS ride into the compound... The REGIMENT is standing at spit and polish attention... BRIG. 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.)

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.

GATEWOOD

General.

CROOK

My compliments, Lieutenant.

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. SQUAD ROOM - H.Q. BLDG. - SAN CARLOS - DAY

61

A huge room. Overhead fans. Wooden desks, file cabinets. GERONIMO sits in a straight-back chair. 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

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. But 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.

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 with his
daughter, a young Apache woman called ALOTE...
Davis breaks off...

DAVIS

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

Formalities now completed... Old Nana speaks.

ALOTE

Chief Nana asks, how many moons have
we been at Turkey Creek?

DAVIS

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

Alote continues to translate as Old Nana speaks.

ALOTE

My father says 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.

ALOTE

Even for hunting?

DAVIS

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

ALOTE

He says that would be no problem. The Apache 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.

ALOTE

He says it is very hard to be an Apache and live on a reservation.

DAVIS

Yes, I know it is. But Old Nana must understand, Nantan Lupan says the Apache can never again live in the wild.

(smiles at Alote)

You like music?

Holds up the harmonica. Blows a few notes.

54

EXT. APACHE CAMPFIRE - TURKEY CREEK - NIGHT

64

A collection of young APACHE WOMEN sing and dance to a traditional song. ALOTE and OLD NANA stand next to DAVIS -- The young women shyly avoid DAVIS' gaze -- Old Nana speaks haltingly in English.

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 -- he speaks.

ALOTE

He says when you were a boy, the Apache ruled these lands. Today it is the white-eyes. Their weapons are terrible, they are many, they have the power. He is very old. After he is gone, he is afraid one day there will be no more Apache music...

Old Nana moves off --

ALOTE

You are alone here. Why do you not have a wife?

DAVIS

(smile)

That's a good question. I guess I just haven't met the right girl.

ALOTE

You are getting old. If you were Apache you would already be married.

DAVIS

What about you? Where is your husband?

ALOTE

I am the daughter of a chief. My marriage is difficult to arrange. I had a husband. He was killed by the Mexicans two years ago. My husband was the son of a Coyotero chief.

DAVIS

No children?

ALOTE

My daughter was born dead. We were running from the soldiers. It was a very bad time.

DAVIS

Do you like it here? On the reservation?

ALOTE

The men don't like it, but it is better now. There is more food. We can have our family's without always moving because of fighting Mexicans and White-Eyes. My father, Geronimo, Ulzana, they are not happy. But it is better now.

DAVIS

I hope you will be my friend, Alote.

ALOTE

I will be your friend until you hurt my people.

She moves off, Davis turns back and watches the dancers.

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 Lieutenant 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

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 not
together.

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

This is a good cigar. You White-Eyes make good cigars.

69 EXT. TURKEY CREEK - FIRE - NIGHT

69

GERONIMO sits with OLD NANA, MANGAS 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 - MANGAS - ULZANA

71

GERONIMO

Sieber is smart. He hunted me for years.

MANGAS

Can you trust him?

He takes out a cigar.

GERONIMO

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

MANGAS

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 Davis were standing in their blood...

72 OMITTED

73 EXT. / INT. DAVIS' TENT - TURKEY CREEK - DAY

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.

DAVIS (V.O.)

Two weeks later another problem surfaced. The Chiricahua were being asked to make many changes.

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 -- Alote at his side, translates as the chief speaks.

ALOTE

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.

ALOTE

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 as Davis concerns himself with the coffee...

DAVIS

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

ALOTE

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 speaks --

ALOTE

He says this is Chiricahua business.

Not White-Eye business.

All stare hard at Davis -- Old Nana suddenly speaks in English...

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.

ALOTE

He says he killed men before you were born -- If you are a friend of the Chiricahua -- How come you trouble us?

Old Nana puts his gun away.

DAVIS

Where's Geronimo?

ALOTE

My father doesn't know -- Most White-Eye want to kill him -- Maybe you want to kill Geronimo too. Maybe 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. I think you are my friend. You must talk sense to your father and the others.

ALOTE

Don't make me choose between my people and the White-Eyes.

A moment -- then Alote, 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

Gatewood.

GATEWOOD

Sir.

CROOK

I've got a dispatch from Davis.
Chiricahuas restive at Turkey Creek.
Tizwin. He requests a small
detachment as a show of force - Send a
corporal and three troopers --

GATEWOOD

Sir. Request permission to accompany
the detachment.

CROOK

Denied. I don't want it to look too
official. Easy does it, probably all
blow over -- 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

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? To whom?

HOWLES

Washington.

CROOK

Do that, Mr. Howles.

Howles begins shouting --

HOWLES

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

Lieutenant Gatewood, 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. We hear you and a lot of others have been profiteering off the Indians --

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 -- Lieutenant 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.

78

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.

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 looks 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 continues to stare directly at Dead Shot --

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 THRU 89 OMMITTED

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 Civilians, scattered among them UNIFORMED OFFICERS of the Third and Sixth Regiments. DAVIS dances with a local woman. CROOK seated at the banquet table with the territorial GOVERNOR and other DIGNITARIES... Gatewood stands at the punch bowl as Davis dances close --

GATEWOOD

Glad to see your in good form, Mr.
Davis.

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...

92 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...

Davis, 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...

Davis arrives.

DAVIS

What about Turkey Creek?

SIEBER

I swung by there. Gone. They're all gone. Geronimo burned it down --

DAVIS

I left four men --

SIEBER

They're all dead. Apaches shot 'em, burned the bodies --

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, Lieutenant! 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. A Civilian appears in front of Crook - SCREAMS - in his face.

CIVILIAN #1

God damn it, General! 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

This was Apache land -- We do what our enemies do to us... Each man that dies, the man who 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

They hear it -- They know what it is --

104

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 her?

Davis knows her - he looks at the body, suddenly almost numb.

DAVIS

She was at Turkey Creek. Her name was Alote... She was my friend.

As Davis stares Chato comes over, looks at him.

CHATO

She was a daughter of Old Nana -- Gate-wood, Davis, you are getting blood on your boots.

A POOL OF BLOOD from Alote's body 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...

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 --

118 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, Lieutenant. I'm willin'.

Gatewood shows no emotion, keeps reading.

DAVIS

How's your wound, Mr. Sieber?

SIEBER

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

Gatewood sets the dispatch aside.

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 -- I figure
I'll keep trackin' off to the hills --
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, Lieutenant. 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, Lieutenant. 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

135

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

Soldatos, 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

147

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 any longer -- We'll
head back for the border.

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,
Lieutenant?

Hard stares -- Gatewood turns to Davis.

GATEWOOD
Mr. Davis.

DAVIS
Sir.

GATEWOOD
We'll start at dawn.

Gatewood moves off. Davis looks after...

- 148 EXT. MOUNTAINS - BIVOUAC - MEXICO - DAWN 148
- The Cavalry packing up, saddling horses, putting out cook fires, preparing to move.
- 148A CAVALRY PRIVATE - ON PICKET - DAWN 148A
- He looks back at the camp site, looks down at an Arroyo below.
- 148B HIS P.O.V. 148B
- One mounted Apache, three warriors and a woman on foot. All calmly waiting --
- 148C CAVALRY PRIVATE 148C
- He spins and rows his horse back toward the encampment.
- .49 ARROYO - MORNING 149
- The small group of Apache - OLD NANA, MANGAS, WARRIORS. Old Nana holds a carbine butted to his thigh, eagle feathers attached to the barrel. GATEWOOD, DAVIS, SIEBER and a small detachment ride up hard --
- Mangas motions to OLD NANA and the braves near him --
- MANGAS
- This is Nana - He wants to speak to the White-Eye. He is a chief of many Chiricahua.
- As Old Nana begins to talk, almost chanting, Mangas translates...
- MANGAS
- Old Nana wants to go back -- He's too old to raid -- and his women are too slow. He is ready for the reservation. He mourns his daughter who is dead. It will do his heart good to return to Turkey Creek.

GATEWOOD

Geronimo broke his word to Nantan
Lupan...

Mangas continues to translate.

MANGAS

Soldier law, White Eye law, it's
nothing to the Apache... He says,
does your word belong here? This is
Apache land.

GATEWOOD

Nantan Lupan wants him to come back,
talk --

Old Nana again speaks...

MANGAS

-- He says if Nantan Lupan wants to
talk, tell him to come here. Tell him
to come with very few soldiers. Then
maybe Geronimo will talk. Old Nana is
a great chief and he will make
Geronimo talk.

Old Nana and the others turn their horses away.

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, OLD NANA, 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, Washington wants you to 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.

OLD NANA speaks up...

OLD NANA

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

Crook looks across to Nachite.

NACHITE

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

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 nods.

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 OLD NANA 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, DAVIS, 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, DAVIS, SIEBER, the other SCOUTS.
All are mounted.

CHATO

Geronimo gonna be in those mountains
tomorrow.

The White-Eyes all ponder this grim news --

DAVIS

(to Chato)

What happened? I thought he was
coming in --

CHATO

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

Sieber looks over at Gatewood.

SIEBER

Lieutenant?

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 THRU 165 OMMITTED

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...

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, Lieutenant. Go
catch that son of a bitch Geronimo.

GATEWOOD

Sir.

He salutes.

Turns and walks across the parade ground.

167

INT. SQUAD ROOM - H.Q. BLDG. - SAN CARLOS - DAY

167

Two months later... BRIG. GENERAL MILES is seated, patiently
waiting -- feet up on a desk at the rear of the room.

DAVIS (V.O.)

Brig. 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

Lieutenant. Please come over.

Gatewood crosses the large room.

MILES

I've been looking forward to meeting you, Lieutenant. 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 I.

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, Lieutenant Gatewood?

GATEWOOD

There were difficult circumstances.

MILES

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

Gatewood makes no reply --

MILES

I intend to institute policy changes - Washington expects me to have this whole thing cleaned up in ten to twelve weeks. They're sending an additional five thousand troops.

Pause.

MILES

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

DAVIS

Captain Lawton, sir!

Snaps off a salute.
Returned.

DAVIS

Third Cavalry detail for field maneuvers, ready, sir!

Lawton turns to the mounted GATEWOOD.

LAWTON

Lieutenant.

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

CAPTAIN 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 -- 1st Lieutenant Gatewood will lead A Company toward the White River --

Gatewood rises.

GATEWOOD

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

LAWTON

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

GATEWOOD

Yes, sir. Very clear.

Sieber gives Gatewood a look as he returns to his chair -- obviously troubled. Davis rises...

DAVIS

Sir?

LAWTON

Lieutenant.

DAVIS

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, Lieutenant. They are suspected of divided loyalties.

DAVIS

General's orders?

LAWTON
General's orders.

Davis sits, Gatewood stands.

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.

175 EXT. MOUNTAINS - MEXICO - DAY

175

Rough, harsh country. High rocks. No vegetation.

DAVIS (V.O.)
1st Lieutenant Gatewood had to taste the humiliation of being dismissed from the field. Captain Lawton and his about to be famous expedition quickly learned about fighting the Apache.

176 GERONIMO

176

looking through a pair of field glasses. Ulzana 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?

ULZANA

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

GERONIMO

Did you get the deer?

MANGAS

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

Ulzana and Mangas -- Ulzana 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 Ulzana 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 Ulzana -- 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 ULZANA

184

wearing the bloodstained uniform of the scout -- He flashes again with the hand mirror...

185 DAVIS

185

looks over to Lawton --

DAVIS

Sir. It 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. Mangas appears next to him...

MANGAS

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 them, 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! Prepare to receive 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 Lieutenant 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 THRU 196 OMITTED

197 INT. ARMY HOSPITAL - SAN CARLOS - DAY

197

MILES enters the ward -- sits down next to Lt. Croft's bed. CROFT'S head and chest wrapped in bandages...

MILES

Lieutenant.

CROFT

Any news?

MILES

What's the doctor say?

CROFT

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

MILES

More raids. More citizens dead.
Lawton's marching up and down the
territory, can't find a damn thing...
I've got troopers on every mesa,
patrols in every valley, thousands of
men, a quarter of the entire United
States Army 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.

CROFT

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

MILES

So you are, Lieutenant.

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

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 - H. Q. BLDG. - DAY

199

The loose encampment has become a large staging area. MILES
and GATEWOOD stand on the wooden porchway. HORSEMEN drill
with artillery on the parade ground beyond.

MILES

You know why I've brought you here,
Gatewood.

GATEWOOD

I suspect Geronimo, sir.

MILES

People tell me you two are friendly.
Can you find him? Talk him in?

GATEWOOD

I can try. 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 Lieutenant?

GATEWOOD

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

MILES

I suppose Lieutenant Davis.

GATEWOOD

I had him in mind, sir. And Al Sieber, he and Chato. I need them to scout.

MILES

I was given to understand you and Sieber don't get along.

GATEWOOD

He's a good tracker. Good in a fight if it comes to that.

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...
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 THRU 199C OMITTED

200 EXT. OPEN DESERT - MEXICO - DAY

200

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

DAVIS (V.O.)

As we 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

201

As they plod forward -- Sieber and Chato up ahead, riding
point...

GATEWOOD

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

DAVIS

Lieutenant?

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.

201A EXT. DEEP CANYON - MEXICO - DAY

201A

Sun silhouettes the rim of the canyon. The grotesque shapes have been formed by a billion years of wind and sand. The rocks appear to be prehistoric giants --skeletal -- burnished a fiery red.

A series of serrated rocky ledges guard the entrance.

Gatewood walks his horse thru the entrance. Chato leads the pack animals. Davis trails.

The NEIGHING of a horse alerts them.

From around a bend Sieber comes riding hard toward the others, slides to a stop near Gatewood.

SIEBER

Six Mexicans. Next bend. Headed this way.

GATEWOOD

Any cover ahead?

SIEBER

Rocky ledge. Maybe twenty feet high.

GATEWOOD

Clear field of fire?

(Sieber nods)

Both sides of canyon?

(Sieber nods again)

Gatewood rides forward to a Jutting Red Rock. He looks thru his field glasses to the next straightaway --

201B GATEWOOD'S P.O.V. - THRU GLASSES

201B

The canyon is much wider here. A floor of soft red sand. SIX MEXICANS ride casually ahead. Bearded faces, conical hats, gleaming bandoliers crossed over their chests --

201C GATEWOOD

201C

As he lowers his glasses, Davis rides close --

DAVIS

Maybe they're friendly --

Sieber walks his horse next to Davis, looks off...

SIEBER

The leader will come ahead -- alone -- act friendly, start talkin'. If it's trouble, they'll still talk friendly but they'll fan out -- If the leader takes off his hat --(demonstrates) -- real polite -- sweeps it back to cover his gun -- Let go with everything you got --

GATEWOOD

Mr. Davis, I want to keep a hole card.

Gatewood indicates for Davis to take the right ledge.

GATEWOOD

Up there for cover fire if necessary. Don't show yourself.

DAVIS

Sir.

Davis dismounts, pulls his Springfield from the scabbard and heads for the rock face - Sieber takes his mount's traces then he and Gatewood head toward the bend.

201D DAVIS

201D

Climbs a rocky path to left of the canyon -- He looks down.

201E THE SIX MEN

201E

They approach, unaware of visitors.

201F GATEWOOD - SIEBER - CHATO

201F

Sieber takes a pistol from its holster, goes to half-cock, holds it hidden against the back of his thigh.

Gatewood lays his carbine along the mane of his horse, barrel hidden behind his horse's neck. He opens the holster flap at his left side, slips his pistol in and out a few times to make sure it moves freely.

Chato pulls his Winchester from its scabbard, butts it against his thigh.

The Three Men ride forward, move around the bend.

201G DAVIS

201G

He cocks his carbine, looks down. A fine sweat glistens on his face.

201H THE SIX MEN

201H

The LEAD RIDER sees THE THREE appear. He calls a warning in Spanish. The other five men bunch around, whisper.

201I GATEWOOD

201I

He stops in apparent surprise. Sieber reins in his horse, moves out from the pack animals a few paces.

201J THE SIX MEN

201J

They ride forward in single file.

201K DAVIS

201K

relieved at the single file.

201L THE SIX MEN

201L

They fan out and advance now abreast... The Leader smiles. His white teeth are dazzling in the craggy bearded face. His left hand sweeps his sombrero from his matted head. The hat is brought down in a wide gesture of courtesy -- He holds the hat on his left side. He does NOT cover his gun.

201M DAVIS

201M

This hat-gesture is not exactly as Sieber described it. Perhaps it means friendship.

201N GATEWOOD - SIEBER - CHATO

201N

They wait -- expectant...

The Mexican Leader's voice is a disarming purr --

LEADER

Buenos Dias, amigos.

GATEWOOD

Buenos Dias.

LEADER

(in English)

Hey, soldier, you get lost?

GATEWOOD

Just looking for a place to camp.

LEADER

What you got in those packs, soldier?
Lots of food, huh?

The Leader bursts into laughter. The others laugh good-naturedly. At the same time they spread apart, edging their horses into a semi-circle.

LEADER

Hey, soldier, you know it's dangerous
aroun' here?

GATEWOOD

That so?

LEADER

Sure. Many banditos hide in the
mountains. Very bad hombres. Steal
from anybody, 'specially Gringos.

GATEWOOD

In that case, we'll keep right on
moving.

Gatewood moves horse slightly away from Sieber -- The Leader looks over at Chato.

LEADER

I tell you what, soldier -- You keep
moving, but you leave Apache behind.
You leave Apache with us.

SIEBER

You like Apache, Amigo?

LEADER

Apache scalp bring us 200 pesos. We
like Apache very much.

GATEWOOD

You chase Geronimo? Yes?

LEADER

Geronimo is not here. He go south
near Fronteras... Now you leave this
one with us. Okay, soldier?

The Leader moves his hat -- NOT to his head, but
across the saddle to cover his right hand gun.

Sieber FIRES! The Leader falls, his shot gone wild --
Before Sieber's shot can echo -- Gatewood FIRES his carbine,
jacks, FIRES again.

2010	CHATO	2010
	Fires his carbine!	
201P	DAVIS	201P
	Fires his carbine!	
201Q	THE LEADER	201Q
	Aims at Gatewood from the ground --	
201R	GATEWOOD	201R
	Fires his carbine at The Leader.	
201S	THE LEADER	201S
	His SECOND SHOT also gone wild as he dies -- In these few seconds, Three Men have been killed, three others run off, two of them wounded --	
201T	GATEWOOD	201T
	looks back at Sieber and Chato, then to Davis as he scrambles down from his rocky perch.	
	GATEWOOD	
	Fronteras.	
202	EXT. FRONTERAS - SONORA - MEXICO - DAY	202
	A sleepy little village -- Off to the side under a grass- shaded veranda, DAVIS, SIEBER 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. Davis, Gatewood and Sieber are filthy too -- They've been weeks on the trail. CHATO sits in the corner with the	

thousand mile gaze -- The Vaquero 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 --

SIEBER

You two oughta get along just fine.

He drinks up, is ignored by the others.

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...

SIEBER

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. OPEN COUNTRY - BASE OF MT. AVVIRIPE - MEXICO - DAY

203

GATEWOOD and DAVIS mounted, THREE PACK BURROS trailing them -
- SIEBER and CHATO are up ahead, conferring with several
MEXICAN PEONS -- Davis and Gatewood stare at the mountains
looming above them. Mt. Avviripe is towering overhead. A
jagged, saw-toothed verticle wall leading into a high distant
range -- Sieber breaks off with the peons, rides back to
Gatewood and Davis.

SIEBER

They say the trail starts yonder. You
just follow her straight up - leave
the horses behind. You go on foot
with the burros.

Gatewood continues staring at the mountain.

GATEWOOD

They say he's up there?

SIEBER

These peons don't volunteer much. But
they don't want to go any further.

GATEWOOD

Pay them off. We'll go on without
them.

SIEBER

You'll go on without me as well
Lieutenant. I work for the Army but
I'm not in it. I ain't goin' up
there. That's a suicide run pure and
simple. You can get ambushed every
step of the way, never have a
chance --

DAVIS

I didn't figure you'd show the yellow,
Sieber.

SIEBER

You want to get off your horse and say
that again? I fought enough Apache I
don't have to take any smart talk from
a shave-tail.

GATEWOOD

You can apologize, Mr. Davis. That's
an order.

DAVIS
(reluctant)
My apologies, Mr. Sieber.

GATEWOOD
You might be right, Mr. Sieber -- but
we're going up. You may not be in the
Army; but we are... Ride on back to
the border. Our compliments to the
General.

SIEBER
I wish you both luck. You're gonna
need it.

As he rides off Gatewood and Davis dismount --

204 EXT. MT. AVVIRIPE - 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 three burros.

204A EXT. CLIFF SIDE - MT. AVVARIPE - MEXICO - DAY

204A

The trail narrows - Chato, Gatewood, Davis walking with
difficulty, half-crawling hand-over-hand... Behind the
burros are BRAYING - the trail is treacherous, twisting
upward...
Suddenly the trailing burro slips, falls over the side,
tumbles downward, twisting as it plummets a thousand feet to
the canyon below.

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 yet narrower,
steeper.

CHATO

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

GATEWOOD

From here on, Chato and I better go
alone -- Someone has to stay with the
animals.

DAVIS

You giving me a choice?

GATEWOOD

No I'm not. It's an order,
Lieutenant. The supplies could be the
difference in what we have to offer
Geronimo. Tobacco, food, whisky. I'm
sorry. I know it's hard to come this
far, then stop...

He takes Davis' hand.

GATEWOOD

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

DAVIS

Good luck, sir -- Amigo.

He stands by the burros -- 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

I could kill you, it would mean
nothing.

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...

GATEWOOD

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.

All eyes on Chato.

CHATO

I get plenty to eat, I go wherever I want -- talk to good people. I get all my sleep.

Geronimo looks around at the faces of his men -- Daklugie, Mangas, Ulzana -- twenty more warriors -- the mountains, the sky...

GERONIMO

The Mexicans gave me this name -- and as long as I been Geronimo, I never been free. Maybe a man, a warrior -- maybe he ain't supposed to be free.

Pause.

GERONIMO

When I was young I took a wife. We lived in these mountains. We have our family. When I was gone, the Mexican soldiers came and killed her. They killed her and my two little girls. Killed them because we are Apache.

Pause.

GERONIMO

I remember when I found their bodies. I stood until much time had passed, not knowing what I would do -- I had no weapon, but I did not want to fight. I did not pray, I did not do anything. I had no purpose left... After a year had passed I decided to get revenge. Always since then I get revenge. But no matter how many I kill, I could not bring back my family.

Back to Gatewood...

GERONIMO

Stay with me, Gate-wood -- Stay here --
- Ride with me -- I know you, Gate-
wood -- For you there is the Apache --
nothing else.

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.

Gatewood and Davis beside him - they watch the Apaches being
led off across the desert.

GATEWOOD

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

Pause.

GATEWOOD

And it's over for me. I've been re-
assigned by the General. Fort
Funston, San Francisco. I leave at
dawn.

Davis turns, stares at him.

GATEWOOD

No good byes, Mr. Davis, but I'll pour
you a shot of whisky tonight from my
private supply.

(to Sieber)

I'll even pour one for you, Al.

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. TENT CITY - OPEN DESERT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

212

The entire CHIRICAHUA POPULATION from San Carlos is being herded toward the awaiting train on a lonely rail line -- ARMED CAVALRY are everywhere in great numbers. Women, children, men, all being shuttled along --

213 EXT. TENT CITY - 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, DAVIS suddenly rides close --

DAVIS

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.

Davis' 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. TENT CITY - NEAR COMMAND TENT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

214

Chaotic movement of soldiers and Indians.
Campaign desks have been set up in the open -- bureaucrats,
Army functionaries, adjutants doing business. DAVIS rides
through the mess, dismounts near the command tent.

VOICE

You don't look real happy, Lieutenant.

Davis 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.

DAVIS

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

SIEBER

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

DAVIS

You know they're sending your scouts to Florida along with the renegades?

Sieber smiles.

SIEBER

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

Davis turns and heads for the Command Tent.

215 INT. COMMAND TENT - HOLBROOK - DAY

215

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

MILES

Sit down Lieutenant, have a drink.

DAVIS

No thank you, sir.

Davis gathers himself --

DAVIS

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?

DAVIS

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, Lieutenant.

He gets up, moves close to Davis.

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, Lieutenant. That's what matters. That's what our leaders and the people who vote them in care about.

DAVIS

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

You ever talk to me like this again I'll court martial you -- I hate an idealist. There's always something messy about them. But I understand that a lot of people are born that way... I'll give you some advice, son. Get out of the army. You're not cut out for it.

DAVIS

Sir. You have my resignation.

Salutes and walks out.

216 EXT. TEXAS PLAINS - DAY

216

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

217 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 MANGAS.
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...

GERONIMO

I was never a chief, only a warrior... I always thought no gun, no bullets would ever kill me. It was my power. Now I will die in bed... like a woman.

Chato lowers his head again -- Geronimo touches his shoulder...

218 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY

218

The train pulls into the far distance, becoming small on the horizon line...

DAVIS (V.O.)

Two years after Geronimo's surrender Lt. 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 in Florida and Oklahoma. Despite their promises they never let him return home.

ROLL CREDITS.