

Producer: Neil Canton
Director: Walter Hill

geronimo

	Revised Screenplay		
	by	7/27/93	(Rev. Pink #5)
	Larry Gross	7/27/93	(Rev. Blue #5)
		7/22/93	(Rev. Tan #4)
	Original Screenplay	7/21/93	(Rev. Cherry #4)
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	John Milius	7/16/93	(Rev. Buff #4)
		7/6/93	(Rev. Goldenrod #4)
		6/29/93	(Rev. Green #4)
		6/28/93	(Rev. Yellow #4)
		6/25/93	(Rev. Pink #4)
		6/22/93	(Rev. Blue #4)
		6/20/93	(Rev. Tan #3)
		6/19/93	(Rev. Cherry #3)
		6/17/93	(Rev. Salmon #3)
		6/16/93	(Rev. Buff #3)
		6/13/93	(Rev. Goldenrod #3)
		6/8/93	(Rev. Green #3)
		6/6/93	(Rev. Yellow #3)
		6/2/93	(Rev. Pink #3)
		5/31/93	(Rev. Blue #3)
3/19/93	(Rev. Blue)		
3/22/93	(Rev. Pink)		
3/31/93	(Rev. Yellow)		
4/12/93	(Rev. Green)		
4/23/93	(Rev. Goldenrod)		
4/24/93	(Rev. Buff)		
4/26/93	(Rev. Salmon)		
4/29/93	(Rev. Cherry)		
5/2/93	(Rev. Tan)		
5/6/93	(Rev. Blue #2)		
5/9/93	(Rev. Pink #2)		
5/14/93	(Rev. Yellow #2)		
5/15/93	(Rev. Green #2)		
5/17/93	(Rev. Goldenrod #2)		
5/23/93	(Rev. Buff #2)		
5/25/93	(Rev. Salmon #2)		
5/27/93	(Rev. Cherry #2)		
5/29/93	(Rev. Tan #2)		

Geronimo

1-20 EXT. HIGH DESERT - CHIRICAHUA CAMP - DUSK 1-20 *
FOUR APACHE with CROWNS and PAINTED BODIES perform the *
spirit dance --

SUPER TITLE:

THIS IS THE STORY OF A LEGEND

GERONIMO

21 EXT. OPEN DESERT - MEXICO - DAWN (LOC. MOAB) 21
A long column -- TWO COMPANIES of Sixth Cavalry, led by
Twenty Apache Scouts; a mule pack train trails behind...

22 CLOSE - COLUMN 22
BRIGADIER GENERAL GEORGE CROOK rides alone, far ahead of the
troopers on his big Army Mule -- SHOTGUN across his saddle
weaving gently back and forth... As Crook rides close --

DISSOLVE:

23 EXT. DRY HILLS - MEXICO - EARLY MORNING (LOC. MOAB) 23
Across the open area, an Apache camp -- Many wickiups have
been set on FIRE --

23A APACHE SCOUT 23A
running out of a wickiup with stolen booty -- Another APACHE
SCOUT begins to torch the wickiup -- An OLD CHIRICAHUA MAN
staggers out, waves a PISTOL -- He is SHOT DOWN without
hesitation by CHATO and SGT. TURKEY -- Across the way more
APACHE SCOUTS are dividing up the loot.

24 EXT. BURNING WICKIUPS - APACHE VILLAGE 24
A bewildered APACHE CHILD looking up at the stolid face of
APACHE SCOUT CHATO -- She stares at him and trembles.
CAPTAIN HENTIG walks up -- a career man, about forty-five,
still very West Point...

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

CHATO

They all gone to raid -- This is
Geronimo's camp --

HENTIG

Sir, we've secured the mustangs --
Looks like most of them from ranches
here in Mexico...

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

GENERAL CROOK rides close on his big grey MULE.

CROOK

Is she hurt? Get someone over here --
Get the surgeon.

He gets off his mount -- picks up the Apache child -- she
cries and shakes...

*

CROOK

It'll get better -- I swear -- It'll
get better.

Looks back at the FLAME AND SMOKE rising from the wickiups --

*

25

EXT. HIGH MEADOW - MEXICO - EARLY MORNING (LOC. MOAB)

25

A lone BLACK STALLION runs in circles, tossing his head and
SCREAMING out. AL SIEBER, chief of scouts, approaches one of
the tethered horses -- a saturnine man of fifty, drooping
moustache, dark hair, beginning to go grey...

SIEBER

Some of these are damn fine animals.
(looks out at the stallion)
Looka there, look at him prance.
Geronimo musta stole him off some big
ranchero -- That stallion's got some
real bloodstock in him...

Sieber signals to one of the Apache scouts.

SIEBER

Somebody get a rope around him -- I
don't want him to break a leg.

26

OLD NANA - APACHE WOMEN - CHILDREN

26

*

all stand surrounded by APACHE SCOUTS and cocked weapons...
Across the way the body of an OLD WOMAN who was killed in the
attack --

*

*

CROOK

*

(to Chato)

Tell Old Nana and the others we won't
hurt them. Pick two of the women to
take a message. Get them good horses
and some food --

All the while Chato translates...

*

(CONTINUED)

26

CONTINUED:

26

CROOK

Tell them to go find their men -- We're not going anywhere. We don't want to fight. We are here to bring all of you into a reservation. You tell your men that -- Nantan Lupan only wants peace with the Chiricahua.

As Chato continues to translate, Crook moves off to his nearby mule -- Captain Hentig watches Chato as he rattles on... Sieber moves close --

HENTIG

How can we trust this Chato? He fought against us in the '81 campaign --

SIEBER

I don't trust 'im. The General does.

Crook walks back, leading the mule and now carrying his PARKER 12-GAUGE --

CROOK

You're right, Al. I do trust him. He took an oath --

Pauses, looks off --

CROOK

He's out there.

SIEBER

(nods)

Yessir -- Signs are he's close.

CROOK

I'm going hunting.

Crook takes the mule's traces, moves off across the high meadow --

HENTIG

He's just goin' off alone?

SIEBER

(smile)

Looks like it.

HENTIG

Damn foolish.

SIEBER

Well now -- I'm not too sure about that -- General Crook's got his own way of doin' things, ain't he?

EXT. DRY HILLS - MEXICO - DUSK (LOC. MOAB)

27

CROOK leads the big Army Mule while carrying his Parker. He stops before a steep section of boulders -- lets the reins drop -- cocks the hammers of his gun. Suddenly three or four QUAIL burst out and buzz off into space. Crook stands ready, but doesn't shoot.

Another two birds flush from behind -- going up the slope -- Crook turns, snaps off a QUICK SHOT -- A dead quail rolls down to a flat area below. Crook walks toward it -- reloading. As he leans down to pick it up -- a SHADOW falls across him.

GERONIMO (O.S.)

What if we kill Nantan Lupan -- You are alone.

GERONIMO and several APACHES stand in the rocks directly above him...

CROOK

You can kill me -- but I have soldiers in the valley -- Many soldiers -- And you have few Chiricahua --

Geronimo squats down on the rock -- rests his Winchester.

CROOK

Ten years ago -- all the great Apache chiefs were still alive -- Cochise, Victorio -- Now only you.

Crook sets the Parker across his arm...

GERONIMO

I am not a chief -- never a chief -- just a man -- a warrior.

CROOK

A great warrior -- But your time is over. All the great Apache bands, Mescalero, Coyotero, White Mountain, most of the Chiricahua -- all of them are finished. All of them are no longer fighting -- You surrender -- live on the reservation -- but good land -- Maybe Turkey Creek. The land is good there.

GERONIMO

You promise me Turkey Creek?

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

CROOK

I'm only a warrior -- like yourself --
I give no promises -- but Nantan Lupan
will do his best -- If that is not good
-- Then fight -- I came to fight.

GERONIMO

How did you find us?

CROOK

My Apache Scouts found you. I have
many Apaches that wear blue coats.

GERONIMO

I cannot fight you and my own people --
many of my warriors are tired of the
war trail -- Nantan Lupan, I come to
the line in two moons...

With that he is gone -- almost disappears.
Crook turns slowly, heads back down the hillside --

DISSOLVE:

28

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

28

A STAGECOACH, six mules up, moves across the empty terrain --
leaving a plume of dust behind --

TITLE: ARIZONA TERRITORY

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 events that I
witnessed and men that I knew.

29

EXT. OVERLAND WAY STATION - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

29

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
-- There is a clatter as the STAGECOACH comes into view at a
good clip.

(CONTINUED)

29

CONTINUED:

29

DAVIS (V.O.)

The early summer of my twenty-second year I reported for duty in Arizona Territory. It was my first posting to garrison life after my graduation from West Point. I was both stranger to the great western desert, and perhaps, in some ways, a stranger to myself.

BUCK, the stage driver, yelling at his mules, steers the stagecoach skillfully in through the gate -- pulls the mules 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... Vaqueros bustling around the mules, making a team change -- BILLY PICKETT, the manager of the station, stands by the coach as a single passenger gets out, holding a hatbox. SECOND LT. BRITTON DAVIS, U.S.A. --

BILLY

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

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, sir?

BILLY

Nope. Not a soul. Who you expectin'?

DAVIS

I guess someone from the Sixth Cavalry...

BILLY

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.

30

INT. OVERLAND WAY STATION - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

30

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

(CONTINUED)

30

CONTINUED:

30

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

Born in Texas -- near Brownsville.

BILLY

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

DAVIS

Well...I've been the last four years at West Point...

A voice from the doorway --

VAQUERO

Senor, soldatos.

Low rumbling SOUNDS as horses approach --

31

CLOSE - DAVIS

31

He stands, grabs the hatbox -- moves to a window.

32 THRU WINDOW - DAVIS' P.O.V. (LOC. MOAB) 32

A CAVALRY OFFICER riding into the station yard... Along with three APACHE SCOUTS, CHATO, DUTCHY AND SGT. TURKEY.

32A DAVIS 32A

takes off his Kepi, opens the hatbox and puts on a fine new cavalry wide-brim...

33 EXT. OVERLAND STATION (LOC. MOAB) 33

As Davis comes out through the door -- struggling with his suitcase.

VOICE
Lieutenant Britton Davis.

DAVIS
Sir!

Looks up and salutes 1st LIEUTENANT CHARLES GATEWOOD -- 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 as a matter of convenience -- pick you up -- We're on our way South.

DAVIS
Sir. *

He dismounts -- One of the vaqueros leads Gatewood's horse to water. Sgt. Chato and the other scouts lead their mounts to the trough. *

GATEWOOD
The sorrel being led by Sgt. Chato is yours. We'll have your suitcase sent on to the fort -- Welcome to Arizona Territory, Lieutenant. We're bringing in Geronimo -- *

DAVIS
Yes, sir.

(CONTINUED)

33

CONTINUED:

33

GATEWOOD

He's due in a few days. We'll go on down to the border and escort him back to San Carlos -- Seventy-five miles to the border, Mr. Davis. You'll have plenty of time to get acquainted with your new mount.

DAVIS

Sir?

GATEWOOD

Yes?

DAVIS

Just you and me?

GATEWOOD

The General figured with Geronimo with us we didn't need much protection.

DAVIS

(uncertain)

Yes, sir.

GATEWOOD

A small detachment means we're not threatening the hostiles --

(smile)

You wouldn't want to pose a threat to Geronimo, would you Mr. Davis?

DAVIS

(smile)

No, sir.

34

EXT. OPEN DESERT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY (LOC. LITTLE SAHARA)

34

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

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

DAVIS (V.O.)

My initial 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 the border.

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, we're the only one's out here.

Snaps his compass shut.

Gatewood gets off, starts unpacking mules with the Scouts. Davis watches Gatewood for a moment -- then stares out at Mexico. Suddenly, at a distance of more than half a mile, a YOUNG APACHE appears over a sand dune. Davis raises his field glasses, studies the Medicine Man who is singing and beating a small drum --

DAVIS

Lieutenant?

GATEWOOD

Apache Medicine Man...

Raises his glasses.

DAVIS

He's just out here all alone?

GATEWOOD

Probably on a pilgrimage --

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

Looks over at the Scouts who stare intently at the Medicine Man --

GATEWOOD

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

DAVIS

Sir. Geronimo's just going to come on in and give himself up?

GATEWOOD

That's what he promised... A Chiricahua doesn't give his word much, but he keeps it. Long as you keep yours.

35

EXT. OPEN DESERT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DUSK (LOC. LITTLE SAHARA)

35

A small canvas tent has been pitched. Across the way another tarp on poles has been erected -- the Apache Scouts sit under it playing cards.

A lantern hangs on the tent pole -- The MEDICINE MAN sits at a fire nearby -- chanting.

36

INT. TENT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DUSK

36

The two soldiers play checkers. DAVIS jumps GATEWOOD, then looks out at the MEDICINE MAN -- back to Gatewood --

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 young, it helps someone who may have to hide and wait.

He lets it sink in.

DAVIS

What's he singing about?

GATEWOOD

Trying to locate Geronimo -- He says he'll be here tomorrow -- riding on a white horse.

*

*

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

DAVIS
Superstitious aren't they?

Gatewood smiles, moves a checker --

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

DAVIS
You've got a bet, Lieutenant...

Makes a move on the board -- sneaks a look toward the still
singing Medicine Man.

DAVIS
These scouts we have with us -- They're
Apache. 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...
(calls out to Chato)
Chato, tell Mr. Davis -- how many raids
did you lead against the White-Eyes?

CHATO
Many. Many years I raid across the
border.

Gatewood looks back to Davis --

GATEWOOD
Now Chato's our best scout. And most
loyal. Right, Chato?

Chato stares at Davis -- nods.

7-38 EXT. OPEN DESERT/INT. TENT - ARIZONA TERRITORY (LOC. LITTLE SAHARA) 37-38

Again broiling.

The Officers still playing checkers -- at a small folding table within the open tent --

DAVIS (V.O.)

Two officers of the United States Army,
three Apache scouts and one Medicine
Man all waiting for the great
Chiricahua warrior Geronimo. I confess
that I looked forward to meeting him
with mixed emotions.

It is late afternoon.

DAVIS

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

GATEWOOD

A son and a daughter. They and my wife
are back in Virginia --

DAVIS

You must miss them.

GATEWOOD

Every hour of every day.

He double jumps Davis.

GATEWOOD

King me.

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

CHATO

Chiricahua -- here. Geronimo rides a
white horse --

They whirl around and standing silhouetted against the sun
are FOUR ARMED AND MOUNTED APACHES -- appearing ghost-like,
covered in fine alkali dust...

GATEWOOD

You owe me five dollars, Mr. Davis.

DAVIS

The Medicine Man said three days --
They're early.

Gatewood grabs his military blouse -- begins to pull it on
over his longjohns --

(CONTINUED)

37-38 CONTINUED:

37-38

GATEWOOD

An Officer and a gentleman doesn't
evade his debts, you still owe me five
dollars.

GERONIMO rides his white horse forward as Gatewood and Davis
emerge from the tent -- closes in on Chato who sullenly
stares up at him --

GERONIMO

*I heard you were working for the White-
Eyes. I did not believe it. Now I
know where your heart lies --*

He SPITS -- nudges his horse forward again, approaches
Gatewood and Davis...

GATEWOOD

First Lieutenant Charles Gatewood --
(in Apache)
*It is good to see the great warrior,
Geronimo.*

GERONIMO

*You speak pretty good Apache for a White-
Eye.*

Geronimo eyes Davis.

DAVIS

Second Lieutenant Britton Davis, Sixth
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 -- Victorio
almost kill you...

GATEWOOD

I remember.

GERONIMO

Victorio was my friend.

GATEWOOD

(in Apache)

*The General waits for you with an open
heart.*

(CONTINUED)

37-38 CONTINUED:

37-38

Formalities are now completed. Geronimo 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. They gave the General that name after his first campaign against the Apache --

Davis stares across at Geronimo and his warriors --

DAVIS

They are -- something --

GATEWOOD

Chiricahua are special, even among the Apache.

The Medicine Man is singing to Geronimo and the others -- he raises his APACHE BEADED STAFF in salute, turns and walks off alone into the desert --

39 EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAY (LOC. LITTLE SAHARA)

39

NINE RIDERS -- dots on a huge landscape --

40 GATEWOOD

40

sees Chato in the lead, on point -- Geronimo suddenly rides into step next to him. A few moments of silence, then...

GERONIMO

How long you chase me, Gate-wood?

GATEWOOD

Long time. Close to eight years.

GERONIMO

You were not with Nantan Lupan when I said I would come to the line --

GATEWOOD

I was in the Dragoon Mountains -- We had a report you were headed there on a raid.

GERONIMO

You rather kill me than take me in?
Yes?

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED:

40

GATEWOOD

I follow my orders from Nantan Lupan.

GERONIMO

Sometimes I fight your soldiers. Maybe
some of them your friends?

GATEWOOD

Yes. You have killed my friends.

GERONIMO

(smile)

I think you want to kill me,
Gate-wood.

Rides off.

41

EXT. WAY STATION - DUSK (LOC. MOAB)

41

A couple of line shacks -- corrals and adobe stage depot. Dutchy
and Sgt. Turkey stand in front -- A SIX UP STAGE pulls
away, heads off toward the horizon... There is light from within
the stage depot...

*

42

INT. WAY STATION - DUSK (LOC. MOAB)

42

GERONIMO, MANGAS and ULZANA seated, eating -- Davis at a
small table, writing a letter. Gatewood across the way,
shaving.

*

In the rear A MEXICAN WOMAN cooks. CHATO turns from the
window -- moves to Gatewood...

*

CHATO

Two men are coming -- One fella with
white hat, he carries a shotgun.

*

Gatewood looks out at the window -- after a moment he turns
to Davis, then Geronimo -- As they exchange looks...

*

*

42A

EXT. WAY STATION - DUSK (LOC. MOAB)

42A

The two riders dismount, tie up their horses --

3 INT. WAY STATION - DUSK (LOC. MOAB)

43

The TWO RIDERS enter -- One of the men wears a large white hat -- the other a bowler.

WHITE HAT

I'm lookin' for the officer in charge
here -- must be you, huh --

He carries a cut down 10-gauge, shifts it across his elbow as Gatewood moves close, drying his face with a towel.

GATEWOOD

Lt. Charles Gatewood. At your service.

WHITE HAT

(looks over at Geronimo, then
back to Gatewood)

We heard the Army might be travelin'
through with hostiles -- Especially one
hostile in particular.

He opens his coat -- reveals a badge.

WHITE HAT

City Marshal Joe Hawkins -- Tombstone -
- Apache you got with you over there
are under arrest -- I'm deputizing you
two to hold these criminals till
morning, when we get back here with a
warrant and a posse --

Gatewood tosses the towel away, takes his blue tunic from a chair back, begins to button it up.

GATEWOOD

These Apache are in our custody.

HAWKINS

Warrant's gonna specify murder of white
citizens, horse thievery, hostile
Indianism. That good enough for you,
soldier...?

Hawkins' companion, a TOOTHY DEPUTY -- Davis stands moves to Gatewood's shoulder.

TOOTHY

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

GATEWOOD

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

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

Davis jumps in --

DAVIS

The United States Army doesn't need any
help from you...

(CONTINUED)

43

CONTINUED:

43

GATEWOOD
(admonition)
Lieutenant...

HAWKINS
(to Davis)
Don't you sass me, blue coat.

Hawkins next looks hard at Geronimo -- steps in his direction.

HAWKINS
The great Geronimo. Well I don't think you're nothin' but a murderin' red bastard --

Geronimo suddenly rises - levels his pistol at Hawkins with blazing speed. Ulzana and Mangas match his movement, levering and sighting their Winchesters. Gatewood walks close to Hawkins...

HAWKINS
You gonna let him get away with this? You just gonna let 'em level down on a white man?

GATEWOOD
I'd ride on if I were you, sir. You seem to have provoked the hostiles. And I certainly don't think you want any problems with the United States Army.

Hawkins and Toothy break away from Gatewood, move to the door. Hawkins stops, looks back --

HAWKINS
Lemme tell you something, soldier -- Even the U.S. Army is subject to a Federal warrant. Justice is gonna be served -- one way or the other...

Hawkins and Toothy exit -- Hawkins keeping his shotgun leveled --

43A EXT. WAY STATION - THRU WINDOW - DUSK (LOC. MOAB)

43A

Hawkins and Toothy move off at a gallop -- riding hard into the setting sun...

3B

GATEWOOD - THRU GLASS

43B

He stares off at the retreating horsemen.

GATEWOOD

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

(CONTINUED)

43B

CONTINUED:

43B

Davis moves to his side...

GATEWOOD

Get the Apaches going, Mr. Davis. Now.

DAVIS

Sir!

44

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAWN (LOC. MOAB)

44

FIFTEEN RIDERS moving across a great expanse.

44A

GATEWOOD - DAVIS - MOUNTED

44A *

Gatewood looking thru his field glasses - Davis at his side --

GATEWOOD

That Yaqui Dave leading them - he's a tracker, used to work for the Army -- I'm afraid they've caught our trail, Mr. Davis.

*

DAVIS

Yes, sir.

*

GATEWOOD

We'll move to the higher ground -- near the rocks -- We'll be harder to track there...

*

They ride off, revealing --

*

44B

GERONIMO LOOKING OUT WITH HIS FIELD GLASSES

44B *

45

HAWKINS - TOOTHY - ON THE HORIZON LINE - BINOCULAR P.O.V. (LOC. MOAB) 45

Leading the posse -- riding twenty yards ahead, a small, wiry man dressed in buckskins - YAQUI DAVE...

46

EXT. DRY HILLS - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

46

Beginning to rise towards the plateaus, Davis and the Apache band make their way as Gatewood and Geronimo search the horizon with his field glasses.

*

47

EXT. DRY RIVER BOTTOM - POSSE - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

47

Yaqui Dave examining tracks...

*

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, takes a pull on a whisky jug --

8 P.O.V. GLASSES - DUST (LOC. MOAB)

48

The Posse crossing an Alkali flat...

49 CLOSE - GATEWOOD - DISMOUNTED - ROCKY HILLSIDE (LOC. MOAB)

49 *

He puts his glasses down -- Davis standing next to him.

*

GATEWOOD

*

They've still got hold of our trail --

DAVIS

*

Can we out-run them?

GATEWOOD

*

Not with the pack mules.

DAVIS

*

We could abandon the mules --

GATEWOOD

*

An Army officer does not abandon his supply train without a fight --

Gatewood stares out -- knows he must make a decision.

*

GATEWOOD

*

Mr. Davis -- as a decoying maneuver you will continue north with Geronimo and the others. If we don't rejoin you by sundown -- you will escort the group to San Carlos. Chato will show you the way.

DAVIS

*

Sir? Not to question your orders --

GATEWOOD

*

(hard)

Then Mr. Davis, do not question my orders -- I'm making a rear-guard protective stand hereabouts --

Turns to Geronimo.

*

GATEWOOD

*

I want you and your men to go with Mr. Davis -- I'm staying here -- I have to figure out some way to deal with this posse.

GERONIMO

*

I stay with you.

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

GATEWOOD

My orders are to see that you get delivered
to Nantan Lupan.

*

GERONIMO

I stay here. With you.

*

Hard looks between them as we CUT TO:

*

50 GATEWOOD P.O.V. - THRU GLASSES - OPEN COUNTRY BELOW - THE POSSE 50
(LOC. MOAB)

Tracking across the flats...PAN ACROSS TO Chato, Davis,
Ulzana, Mangas, Dutchy, Sgt. Turkey and the pack mules riding
hard across a plateau --

51 EXT. ROCKY CLIFF SIDE - GATEWOOD (LOC. MOAB) 51

Now perched in some boulders overlooking a plateau --
Gatewood puts his glasses down, looks at Geronimo.

GATEWOOD

They serve those warrants I'll have to
give you up... This is more of a lynch
mob than a posse --

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

GERONIMO

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

Geronimo sets up the Tang-sight on his Sharps, his Winchester
also close by...

GERONIMO

I scare them off if you trade me the
long glass --

He takes up the Sharps -- Looks with his glasses -- Gatewood
stares at him...

GATEWOOD

Back in the desert, when you asked me
if I wanted to kill you --

Geronimo looks over.

GATEWOOD

You were right -- I do.

GERONIMO

(smile)

Honest. That is how warriors should
be.

Looks back into the glasses --

GERONIMO

Best way to scare them is to shoot
one --

52 P.O.V. GLASSES - OPEN COUNTRY BELOW (LOC. MOAB) 52

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

53 CLOSE - YAQUI DAVE (LOC. MOAB) 53

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 --

54 CLOSE - GERONIMO - CLIFF SIDE (LOC. MOAB) 54

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

55 YAQUI DAVE - BELOW (LOC. MOAB)

55

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 they split off. Six or
seven of 'em headed off to San Carlos
-- the other two up yonder.

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...

56 CLOSE - GERONIMO - CLIFF SIDE (LOC. MOAB)

56

He smiles and reloads --

GATEWOOD

That was a great shot.

GERONIMO

(shrugs)

Not so great. I aim for his head.

Now grabs the Winchester, he and Gatewood lever off several
more BLASTS --

57 BELOW - ARROYO - POSSE (LOC. MOAB)

57

Yaqui Dave, Hawkins, Toothy and the others scramble 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

My guess is that's Geronimo up there --
I found 'em for ya. Earned my money.
You don't need me to serve your
warrants.

Rides off -- amid more GUNFIRE from the hillside --
Hawkins and Toothy continue to focus on the cliffs above.

(CONTINUED)

57

CONTINUED:

57

TOOTHY

What'cha think, Joe?

BOOM! BOOM! A few more SHOTS come down --

HAWKINS

Ain't no way we can rush 'em. Just get ourselves killed.

BOOM! BOOM!

TOOTHY

Let's chase the other bunch --

BOOM! BOOM! Another posse man is wounded. A horse rears, spooks -- confusion and chaos.

HAWKINS

Let's get the damn hell outta here --
Goddamn Army...

Hawkins and Toothy turn their horses, lead the posse away at a gallop --

58

EXT. CLIFF SIDE (LOC. MOAB)

58

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

GATEWOOD

We'd best catch up with Mr. Davis and the others.

GERONIMO

You don't have to worry. My warriors will protect him.

GATEWOOD

Trade...

He gives Geronimo his glasses -- takes Geronimo's -- Geronimo looks at the embossed name on the case -- 1ST LT. CHARLES GATEWOOD -- 6TH CAV.

GERONIMO

This is your name, Gate-wood?

GATEWOOD

Yes -- a gift from my Troops.

Geronimo studies the retreating horsemen through his new field glasses.

(CONTINUED)

GERONIMO

They must think you are a good chief, Gate-wood.

GATEWOOD

Not a chief. Only a soldier.

GERONIMO

Gate-wood's long glass is much better than Geronimo's...

He pulls a small buckskin pouch from inside his waist band... Pours several brilliant blue chunks of azurite into his hand selects the largest one... Presents it to Gatewood.

GERONIMO

The blue stone is very valuable to the Apache.

(CONTINUED)

58

CONTINUED:

58

A long moment as the men's eyes stay locked... Gatewood accepts the stone.

59 THRU 63 OMITTED

*

64 EXT. SAN CARLOS - PARADE GROUND - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY (LOC. MOAB) 64

GATEWOOD, GERONIMO, DAVIS AND THE OTHERS ride into the compound -- Three companies of cavalry at spit and polish attention... TEN PIECE MILITARY BAND playing -- CROOK, casually dressed, straightening his hat as he comes down the veranda from his command post.

*

To the side, SOLDIERS' WIVES, CHILDREN and some CIVILIANS are crowded on the porch of one of the buildings in the campground.

GATEWOOD

General.

CROOK

My compliments, Lieutenant.

(CONTINUED)

64

CONTINUED:

64

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

GERONIMO

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.

Geronimo and Crook move off toward Crook's office -- Gatewood follows at a discrete distance...

*
*

64A GERONIMO - CROOK

64A

As they pass Al Sieber - Geronimo stops...

SIEBER

Well it's ol' Geronimo -- Good to see you. Ain't it?

Sieber obviously enjoys what he perceives to be Geronimo's humiliation. He chews tobacco, smiles --

CROOK

I think you know my old friend, Al Sieber --

*

Geronimo gives Sieber a hard look - he knows Sieber...

SIEBER

I was always hopin' to catch up with you myself -- Guess I'll never get the chance now, will I?

Crook, Gatewood and Geronimo move on -- Sieber watches after, then spits a fine brown spray.

*

64B OMITTED

*

65 INT. SQUAD ROOM - H.Q. BLDG. - SAN CARLOS - DAY (LOC. STUDIO)

65

A huge room. 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 and GATEWOOD enter. Gatewood stands aside, watching as:

CROOK

You got your coffee -- good. Lt. Gatewood has just reported to me about your trip from the border. Quite a story...

Pause.

CROOK

I am glad to see Geronimo is a man of his word -- Washington has ordered me to detain you here at San Carlos for a short period and then to send you and your band of Chiricahua to Turkey Creek.

GERONIMO

We keep our rifles for hunting?

CROOK

Yes. But hunting on the reservation only -- I'll put one of my officers in charge there --

GERONIMO

Gate-wood.

(CONTINUED)

CROOK

No - I'm sorry but Lt. Gatewood is a company officer -- He has his responsibilities here --

GERONIMO

Then we take Davis. I like Davis.

CROOK

I'm sure Mr. Davis is going to be a fine officer -- but I had somebody more experienced in mind...

GERONIMO

I like Davis.

CROOK

(to Gatewood)

What do you think, Lieutenant?

Gatewood steps forward.

GATEWOOD

I'm sure it will be his privilege as well as his duty.

CROOK

(smile)

Mr. Davis it is -- with a small detachment of soldiers. The Apache will continue to be under the protection of the United States Army.

Geronimo turns, stares at Crook.

CROOK

Mr. Davis is young. Young Apaches, young White-Eyes... They are the hope of the West.

GERONIMO

Davis.

(nods, smiles)

He's okay.

CROOK

I hope the wars are over my friend -- I hope the Apache and the White-Eye live in peace -- Nantan Lupan wants the Chiricahua to learn to be farmers. It is their only chance. They must change. The old days are gone.

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED:

65

Geronimo seems not to have heard, he turns to Gatewood --

GERONIMO

Gate-wood. You come and visit me?

GATEWOOD

Yes. I would like that.

66

EXT. TURKEY CREEK - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

66

At the edge of the encampment -- All the APACHES on the reservation have been called together...

GERONIMO sits among them. DAVIS stands at the front -- a small detachment of MOUNTED TROOPERS and APACHE SCOUTS also in evidence...

DAVIS

Nantan Lupan says...

As he speaks, SGT. TURKEY translates --

DAVIS

...there must be no leaving the reservation for even a few hours without permission. There must be no drinking of whisky or Tizwin. Any violation of these rules will be punishable by confinement in an Army prison stockade.

OLD NANA rises, speaks...

SGT. TURKEY

He wants to know why these rules?
Why are we being punished? What you care if Apache drink? Soldiers drink. Why do you treat us like children?

*

DAVIS

Nantan Lupan says if Apaches drink, Apaches fight, Apaches get in trouble. Bad for everyone. Bad for Apaches, bad for soldiers, bad for all White Eyes.

Old Nana speaks again --

SGT. TURKEY

He wants to know why, if some Apaches do bad things, all are punished...

(CONTINUED)

66

CONTINUED:

66

DAVIS

That will not happen -- All Apaches should not be punished for the mistakes of a few. If we can determine those responsible, only they will be punished. Nantan Lupan is fair -- he keeps his word.

67

GERONIMO

67

*

Listening... Impassive -- No trace of emotion --

68 THRU 75 OMITTED

*

76

EXT. RESERVATION - TURKEY CREEK - SHOWER - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

76

50 wickiups loosely surrounding DAVIS' TENT -- looking out across a wide plateau to a distant horizon. Corn growing in fields. DAVIS is soaping himself, standing in a make-shift shower --

77

CLOSE - MANGAS

77

Seated nearby. He looks off, sees...

78

MANGAS' P.O.V.

78

Riders approach -- AL SIEBER and GATEWOOD -- Followed by several Troopers and Apache scouts...

GATEWOOD

You're out of uniform, Lieutenant.

DAVIS

Happens once a week, whether I need it or not. Good to see you, sir.

GATEWOOD

Compliment returned, Mr. Davis. How've you been for the last few weeks?

DAVIS

Not a lot of cavalry charges out here, sir. I get to watch the Chiricahuas grow corn. Leaves me plenty of time to catch up on my reading.

SIEBER

How's our friend Geronimo behavin'?

(CONTINUED)

78

CONTINUED:

78

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 at his wickiup -- He's at the far end, past the remada --

Gatewood gives Davis a wave -- walks his horse away...

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 --

DAVIS

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

SIEBER

You hear anything about a Medicine Man causin' trouble --

DAVIS

No. Not a word. Is that why you are here?

Sieber ignores Davis, spots Mangas across the way -- rides over to him.

SIEBER

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

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

SIEBER

I want you to join the Army. Wolves with blue coats, scouts to help us fight renegades --

(CONTINUED)

78

CONTINUED:

78

Smiles.

SIEBER

You'll be a sergeant -- wear a blue coat -- stripes on your coat. Army pay.

MANGAS

I dunno, Sieber --

SIEBER

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

MANGAS

Mexicans take my wife, my little boy.

SIEBER

Maybe the Army can help get 'em back.

MANGAS

The Army would do this?

SIEBER

They could try. All depends on how much you cooperate, don't it, Mangas?

A moment.

MANGAS

I think maybe I stay here...

SIEBER

Guess you ain't quite ready. If I was askin' you out on a raidin' party, I expect you'd be a lot more willin'...

Rides off...

78A EXT. TURKEY CREEK - GATEWOOD - DAY

78A *

As he rides thru the wickiups and remadas on the way to Geronimo. Children run around his horse, shouting and playing -- A WOMAN tosses out a bowl of dirty water -- An OLD MAN waves -- Many Apache stand silently, almost sullen as he passes by...

79

EXT. GERONIMO'S WICKIUP - TURKEY CREEK - DAY

79

GERONIMO is seated -- GATEWOOD rides up, dismounts --

GERONIMO

Gate-wood. You come to visit me.

GATEWOOD

It does my heart good to see Geronimo.

As Geronimo stands, Gatewood 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 bites the tip of his cheroot.

GERONIMO

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

Gatewood strikes a match, lights Geronimo's cigar.

GERONIMO

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

GATEWOOD

Some of my family were farmers, some were soldiers. The farmers were much happier -- They ate better --

Gatewood holds up the blue stone --

GATEWOOD

I think I should send the blue stone to my wife --

GERONIMO

You have babies? The blue stone will make them strong.

GATEWOOD

Two children -- They and my wife are a long way from here...more than a thousand miles.

GERONIMO

You should be with your family. A wife and babies need to be near the father.

GATEWOOD

Now that the war's over, I'll have that chance.

(CONTINUED)

79

CONTINUED:

79

GERONIMO

I was born near here. Beyond those mountains... My mother rolled me on the ground in the four directions. It is our way, so the child will be connected to the land.

GATEWOOD

I came here to visit my friend -- but there are questions I have to ask -- There are rumors a Medicine Man is speaking against the White-Eyes. That he is calling for a return to the war trail --

GERONIMO

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

GATEWOOD

The only way an Apache can be free is to die?

GATEWOOD

Which Medicine Man? I should talk to him -- I should find out what he is saying --

GERONIMO

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

GATEWOOD

I wonder if the Medicine Man had any babies --

Geronimo puffs again on his cigar --

80 OMITTED

81 EXT. TURKEY CREEK - FIRE - SUNSET (LOC. STUDIO)

81.

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

82 EXT. TURKEY CREEK - DAVIS' TENT - GERONIMO'S P.O.V.-
SUNSET (LOC. MOAB)

82

Davis' tent, illuminated by lantern -- two figures visible within...

83

INT. DAVIS' TENT - TURKEY CREEK - SUNSET (LOC. STUDIO)

83

GATEWOOD and DAVIS eating --

GATEWOOD

No signs of anything untoward? No
Apaches restive? Especially the
leaders -- Old Nana, Mangas, any of the
elders?

DAVIS

No, sir, not that I've noticed.

GATEWOOD

Geronimo as much as put me on warning
today. Maybe he was just talking about
himself --

DAVIS

He won't speak to me -- stays off to
himself. You're the only White-Eye
that seems to draw him out -- I think
he trusts you.

GATEWOOD

I doubt that. He's a warrior. Every
bit born in battle.

DAVIS

I think maybe he trusts you because you
know first hand what it's like for the
U.S. Army to take and burn your home --
I've taken the liberty of asking a few
questions about you, sir...

GATEWOOD

(smiles)

It seems you have.

DAVIS

Your father fought for the Confederacy
-- I expect he was he a proud man?

GATEWOOD

Very.

DAVIS

Why did you come over to our side?

(CONTINUED)

83

CONTINUED:

83

GATEWOOD

My two older brothers and my father served in the Army of Northern Virginia. One brother was killed, my father was wounded...crippled. After the war he took me aside and said, "You carry the new flag". Sent me off to the Academy. First in my family north of the Mason-Dixon line.

SIEBER enters the tent, grabs a campaign chair --

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.

(to Gatewood)

How's your friend, Geronimo?

GATEWOOD

He doesn't like being a farmer...

SIEBER

He say anything about the Medicine Man?

GATEWOOD

He said some have the power, some
don't.

SIEBER

What the hell does that mean?

(CONTINUED)

83

CONTINUED:

83

GATEWOOD

Means he didn't want to talk about it.

SIEBER

Something's goin' on -- I can smell it.

84 EXT. FIRE - GERONIMO - OLD NANA - MANGAS - ULZANA - NIGHT (LOC. STUDIO) 84

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.

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

(CONTINUED)

84

CONTINUED:

84

MANGAS

Sieber has caused us trouble for many years - someone should have gotten rid of him long ago.

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

GERONIMO

It will happen - maybe a rock will fall on him - but Gatewood, he's all right - he doesn't lie and he gives me good smokes.

OLD NANA

Long ago before the White people came it was good. We lived in a good way. We had many friends. There was food everywhere and we didn't have to be afraid to go get it. But now we have to stay here while the White people cut down trees and dig in the earth and shoot everything that lives - every wild animal.

ULZANA

Even here we must do as they say but White people do what they want to do. Bad people walk around but good people cannot. You can't hunt - you can't make tutbai - you can't complain. If you do, they arrest you - they take you away. Some people never come back.

Geronimo puffs --

GERONIMO

Last night I looked into my power. I saw a trail of dead Apaches and Blue Coats were standing in their blood... Nantan Lupan was standing in blood.

85 EXT. SAN CARLOS - PARADE GROUND - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY (LOC. MOAB)85

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

EXT. H.Q. BUILDING - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

86

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 one civilian.
CAPTAIN HENTIG stands on the porch.

*

CROOK

Captain Hentig...

Captain Hentig steps out of the line --

HENTIG

Sir.

CROOK

Take Al Sieber, go on up to Cibecue. I
have more reports about a Medicine Man
causing trouble --

(CONTINUED)

86

CONTINUED:

86

HENTIG

Yes, sir.

CROOK

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

HENTIG

(salutes)

Sir!

Crook looks at the Apache Scouts across the way --

CROOK

Dead Shot --

An Apache wearing a battered WHITE TOP HAT steps forward.

DEAD SHOT

Nantan Lupan --

CROOK

You're from Cibecue -- You lead the scouts
-- How long have you worked for me Dead
Shot?

DEAD SHOT

Seven years.

CROOK

And you love that hat almost as much as you
love me.

(CONTINUED)

DEAD SHOT

I love my wife and baby. Then I love
Nantan Lupan. Then I love my hat.

CROOK

That's a good answer --

Crook looks across the way - A man stands waiting...

CROOK

Mr. Howles -- I've ordered you here
because I wanted to speak to you
personally...

HOWLES is a civilian -- overweight, red-faced -- a drunk. He
steps forward, doesn't look too happy - seems to know
something is up.

CROOK

Howles, you're fired. I've checked
into your record. Audited your books.
You're just another thief. Not even a
clever one -- Back in the time of
Cochise, somebody cheated the Apache in
a business deal -- he'd have his eyes
beaten out with stones... Think about
it, Mr. Howles -- Why would a blind
man need so much money?

HOWLES

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

(CONTINUED)

86

CONTINUED:

86

CROOK

Really? To whom?

HOWLES

Washington. You're like everybody else, General. You can be replaced.

CROOK

Do that, Mr. Howles. Until it happens I'll deal with the Apache my way.

Howles begins shouting --

HOWLES

You saw to it they got Turkey Creek -- that's good land! Oughta be homesteaded out. Christ, you didn't even take their guns away --

A moment.

CROOK

I wonder what the Apache have done to deserve men like you...

Looks over at the Aid-de-camp --

CROOK

Mr. Howard, see to it that Mr. Howles is escorted out of the compound.

On Howard's nod Sgt. Mulrey and several Troopers move away with Howles.

87

EXT. CIBECUE CREEK - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

87

A red cavalry guidon flutters as an Apache Scout -- DEAD SHOT -- looms into view. Behind him follow THIRTY TROOPERS of the Sixth U.S. Cavalry, a HALF-DOZEN APACHE SCOUTS -- CAPTAIN HENTIG, mounted, at their head... SIEBER rides at his side -

88

CAVALRY

88

The Troopers approach the creek -- the column fans out to either side... The EIGHTY APACHE gathered across the way turn and direct the chanting at the soldiers.

AT THE EDGE OF CREEK - ACROSS THE WAY

89

NOCK-AY-DEL-KLINNE, THE DREAMER. Brightly festooned, he looks up and sees the soldiers have now formed a solid skirmish line on the other side... The Dreamer keeps chanting -- the other Apaches stop and stare at the soldiers -- a few run to wickiups, emerge with carbines...

CLOSE - THE DREAMER

90

He slows his chanting -- his voice drops.

CLOSE - CAPTAIN HENTIG

91

He calls out, leans forward in the saddle --

HENTIG

I'm here by order of General Crook --
Nantan Lupan.

VOICE

He don't understand you.

Hentig and Sieber see Geronimo as he steps out of the group of Apaches --

SIEBER

You're lookin' at Geronimo, Captain.

Hentig, Sieber and Dead Shot spur their horses into the creek -- Geronimo is now next to The Dreamer, who stands, waiting... After splashing across the horsemen stop, still in the water, before The Dreamer and Geronimo...

HENTIG

What was he doing?

GERONIMO

Trying to raise the dead --

Sieber doesn't take his eyes off Geronimo.

SIEBER

You're on the wrong reservation -- you
ain't supposed to leave Turkey
Creek --

Geronimo walks down toward the water --

GERONIMO

Turkey Creek only thirty miles from
here. I'm not causin' no trouble. I
come here for religion.

(CONTINUED)

SIEBER

General hears about you jumpin' the reservation -- I figure you're gonna get some stockade time. We just better take you in, put you in a big metal cage --

The Dreamer cries out, moves to the water's edge --

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. I pray that this will happen --

HENTIG

What's he saying?

GERONIMO

We don't want no trouble -- We just want you to go away. I want to talk to Nantan Lupan... Maybe he will understand --

SIEBER

Well ain't that too bad. The General's gone down to Tucson -- I doubt he needs you bargin' in --

Hentig looks across at the line of Apaches behind The Dreamer -- Many of them with rifles... Guns appear from under the blankets -- Hentig doesn't like the look of the situation --

HENTIG

I want those guns put away. You are allowed firearms for hunting only! Put those rifles away! Now!

Hentig makes a signal -- five troopers break out of the line, splash across the water -- come to a halt near Hentig, Sieber, and Dead Shot --

HENTIG

This dance is a demonstration, hostile to the citizens of the United States -- you are unlawfully assembled -- I order you to stop this instant --

He looks straight at The Dreamer -- who again starts CHANTING and DANCING --

(CONTINUED)

91

CONTINUED:

91

HENTIG

Stop that! Stop him! Arrest him!

The Dreamer continues to dance --

A TROOPER swings a lariat out and ropes him -- The Dreamer is pulled from his feet and into the water --

92

CLOSE - GERONIMO

92

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

GERONIMO

He's not done nothing -- We're not
bothering no one, you leave here, leave
us alone.

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

HENTIG

Watch it!

A TROOPER raises his carbine -- BLASTS!

SIEBER

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

93

THE DREAMER

93

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

HENTIG

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

Geronimo walks into the stream, takes the rock from the dead
man's hand -- Geronimo looks at Dead Shot.

GERONIMO

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

Hentig wheels his horse around --

HENTIG

Arrest him! Arrest Geronimo!

Geronimo holds the rock -- Dead Shot looks from him back to
Hentig -- Dead Shot is in a hard place -- doesn't like what
happened -- Geronimo continues to stare directly at
Dead Shot --

GERONIMO

Who's side are you on?

(CONTINUED)

93

CONTINUED:

93

Dead Shot now remembers he's an Apache -- He swings his gun around -- FIRES his pistol, the bullet RIPPING through Hentig's head... The cavalry column on the far shore charges across the creek --
More SHOTS erupt. Bullets SMACK into the water --
Women SCREAM --
Sieber tries to ride down Geronimo --
Geronimo knocks a Colt from a TROOPER'S hand as he runs through the water, shoves the pistol into ANOTHER TROOPER'S face and FIRES, then leaps into the empty saddle -- An Apache turns and BLASTS Sieber in the collar-bone, knocks him off his mount --
People and animals stampeding wildly...

94

TROOPERS - EMERGE FROM THE CREEK

94

open up -- their shots and mounts tearing through the wickiups -- APACHE MEN and WOMEN BLASTING at them with rifles -- children run...

95

CLOSE - GERONIMO

95

looking wide-eyed at the carnage all around him -- jumps his horse over the rock fence, gallops away with several other APACHES... SIEBER drags himself out of the water -- aims at Geronimo -- BLASTS -- His shot kills ANOTHER APACHE who has ridden into the line of fire... ON HIS DISAPPOINTED FACE --

*
*
*

CUT TO:

96

INT. GREAT HALL - GOVERNOR'S MILITARY BALL - TUCSON -
NIGHT (LOC.STUDIO)

96

A FIVE PIECE ORCHESTRA plays a PROMENADE -- DANCERS bow and turn. A banquet table on a raised platform -- most of the men in attendance are CIVILIANS, scattered among them UNIFORMED OFFICERS --

*
*
*

97 OMITTED

*

98 INT. CORRIDOR - CLOSE - POLISHED BOOTS - NIGHT (LOC. STUDIO) 98 *

TILT UP TO A MILITARY COURIER who jostles past some of the
elegantly dressed CIVILIANS who note his hurried, insistent
manner -- *

99 INT. GREAT HALL - GOVERNOR'S MILITARY BALL - NIGHT (LOC. STUDIO) 99 *

THE COURIER arrives at the main ballroom, moves quickly to
the banquet table... CROOK is surrounded by CIVILIANS,
standing near the punch bowl -- talking chiefly to an
ATTRACTIVE 40 YEAR OLD WOMAN -- Crook tears open the dispatch
-- begins to read. *

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN
Not bad news, General? *

Crook sets the dispatch aside -- *

CROOK
Nothing you should worry about.
(to the Courier)
Get a staff officer to me --
(looks across the room, sees
Capt. Ragsdale)
Capt. Ragsdale -- now...
(to the woman)
You'll excuse me -- I'm afraid
something's come up that I have to
attend to -- *

Crook steps away as Ragsdale arrives -- They move along the
edge of the dance floor -- DANCERS continue to move by and
around them. *

CROOK
(sotto voce)
Geronimo's jumped Turkey Creek -- The
Apaches are out. It all blew up at
Cibecue. *

(CONTINUED)

99

CONTINUED:

99

RAGSDALE

Davis?

CROOK

He's at San Carlos -- Hentig's dead.
 Sieber's wounded. Seven troopers dead.
 Medicine Man dead. Fourteen Apache
 dead or wounded. Whole damn thing a
 shambles. Geronimo's taken half the
 reservation with him. Men, women and
 children --

Crook looks across the floor -- Dancers swirling.

CROOK

Spread the word. All officers to their
 commands.

Ragsdale moves away -- Crook stands there a moment. A great
 sadness mixing with fury...

100-101 DANCE FLOOR

100-101

Ragsdale speaks to ANOTHER OFFICER, they begin passing the
 word to SEVERAL OFFICERS -- LINE OFFICERS moving off the dance
 floor -- A SLOW MURMUR building among the civilians -- WOMEN
 whisper, MEN in animated conversation...

102-103 INT. GREAT HALL - CROOK

102-103

watching the dance continue from near the door -- As a
 CORPORAL helps, he pulls on his hat, greatcoat and
 gloves... The dance, now in great disarray, CIVILIANS
 speaking with agitation -- The ORCHESTRA strikes up a
 MARTIAL AIR -- OFFICERS now kissing women goodbye -- shaking
 hands with civilians -- Hold on Crook's face and:

DISSOLVE:

103A EXT. HIGH DESERT - MEETING PLACE - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAWN

103A

The sun a HUGE ORANGE BALL over the flat sandy dunes --
 Horses being brought into camp -- GUARDS posted...

103B EXT. CAMP - UNDER HANGING ROCK - DAY

103B

Geronimo and OLD NANA speak --

(CONTINUED)

103B CONTINUED:

103B

GERONIMO

The White-Eyes gave me no choice -- I tried to do the right thing -- I ask your blessing.

OLD NANA

You ask my blessing after the thing is done, you are impetuous -- you are too old to behave like a child.

GERONIMO

(angry)

I did the right thing.

OLD NANA

Maybe there was another way. I hate the White-Eyes. But they have many guns and we are few. We must get into the blue mountains...

GERONIMO

I have split our people into many groups -- The White-Eye will never catch us.

OLD NANA

They will catch some. The young men are agitated -- Many will die.

Geronimo stares off...

GERONIMO

A long time ago, I was just an Apache who lived with his family in the desert... Then the Mexicans gave me this name Geronimo -- and as long as I have it, I've never been free...

He walks away --

104 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

104

A long CAVALRY COLUMN -- a complement of APACHE SCOUTS -- mule pack train in the rear... Chato looking off, suddenly he and SGT. TURKEY SPUR their horses away across the desert.

A REFLECTION from the distance -- Apache Scouts flashing their knives, directing them off the sunlight to give a signal...

(CONTINUED)

104

CONTINUED:

104

GATEWOOD

Gallop the column, Mr. Davis.

He SPURS OFF after Chato -- Davis watches for a moment -- then...

DAVIS

Column at a gallop! Ho!

Davis signals to the column -- all gallop off after Gatewood.

105

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

105

CHATO and two more APACHE SCOUTS stand near TWO DEAD MEN, TWO DEAD MULES. The men have been hacked to shreds, the mules, butchered for meat. Gatewood still on horseback as Davis and the column ride up --

GATEWOOD

Couple of prospectors. The warriors tied them up, then the Apache women cut 'em to ribbons with their knives, one slash at a time --

Davis is ashen.

GATEWOOD

Ordinarily they'd just kill 'em -- unless it gets personal. They must've found scalps.

He turns to Chato --

GATEWOOD

How long ago?

A few words between Chato and Sgt. Turkey in Apache.

CHATO

Two days, maybe three. Goyakla -- he break his people into many parts. Maybe he do this, maybe others.

Gatewood notes the look on Davis' face --

GATEWOOD

You're in charge of the burial. Have the scouts dig a common shallow grave -
- There may be identification on the bodies or in the packs --

As Davis dismounts, Gatewood moves back to the column -- gets it moving -- Davis turns to Chato -- As the column passes by --

DAVIS

Did you kill men like this?

CHATO

Many times White-Eyes do these things to Apache. Kill our women, kill our children.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

Davis stares at him.

CHATO

Geronimo, other Apache leave Turkey Creek because of Medicine Man. But Geronimo would go anyway -- He is too long away from fighting -- He is bad for his people. He is bad Apache.

105A THRU 105C OMITTED

*

106 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAWN

106

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

107 P.O.V. - FIELD - GLASSES

107

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

108 CLOSE - CROOK - SIEBER

108

Crook lowers the glasses -- stares at the distant Apache a moment -- Dismounted Troopers in a gully behind -- keeping their silhouette low.

CROOK

Geronimo?

(CONTINUED)

108

CONTINUED:

108

Crook passes the glasses over to Sieber...

SIEBER

He won't be here. This is the rear guard. They'll fight a delaying action -- twenty-five, thirty warriors -- maybe a hundred women and children.

Sieber lowers the glasses, passes them back to Crook...

CROOK

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

SIEBER

One thing's for damn sure -- they already know we're here.

Crook looks down the gully --

CROOK

Captain Ragsdale!

CAPT. RAGSDALE

Sir.

CROOK

Troopers on the flat! Form a line!

CAPT. RAGSDALE

Sir!

The column comes up out of the wash -- forms a line. Crook and Sieber mount up --

CROOK

Al, scouts to the left flank.

SIEBER

Yessir.

He rides off -- Crook moves to Capt. Ragsdale's side.

CROOK

Mr. Ragsdale.

CAPT. RAGSDALE

Sir.

(CONTINUED)

108

CONTINUED:

108

CROOK
Advance carbines.

*

CAPT. RAGSDALE
Company! Advance carbines!

*

Rifles come out down the line. Crook draws his pistol --

*

CROOK
Sound the march.

*

CAPT. RAGSDALE
Bugler!

*

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

109

APACHES

109

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

109A

CLOSE - FEET

109A

of WOMEN, CHILDREN -- OLD MEN -- All running --

109B

CLOSE - MOUNTED APACHE WARRIORS

109B

draw carbines, unlimber ammo belts -- urge the others on.

109C

CAVALRY

109C

Now in full charge -- the dawn flaming across the prairie --
dust billowing -- hats blown back by the wind in their faces.

109D

CLOSE - SCOUT APACHES

109D

Rifles held ready -- riding full-tilt without reins.

- 109E THE APACHE COLUMN 109E
as the Army bears down on it -- They are almost at the
ridge... The warriors wheel their mounts, begin to FIRE --
- 109F CLOSE - SIEBER 109F *
FIRING -- reloading at the gallop -- riding ahead on the *
left flank of the cavalry column --
- 109G CLOSE - APACHES 109G
A HORSE screams and falls kicking -- A WARRIOR is BLASTED
from his mount --
- 109H EXT. ROCKS 109H
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...
- 109I SIEBER 109I
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 --
Sieber lays out his ammo belt and reloads his pistol --
- 109J APACHES 109J
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 --
- 109K CROOK - ON THE MULE 109K
FIRING his pistol -- CAPT. RAGSDALE rides close by...

(CONTINUED)

*

109K CONTINUED:

109K

CROOK

Captain! Halt the column! Form a
skirmish line!

CAPT. RAGSDALE

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

As the line forms -- running dismounts...scattered gunfire --

CROOK

Where's Sieber!?

CAPT. RAGSDALE

He's down!

109L ON THE FLAT

109L *

The TROOPERS dismount efficiently --
Crook sees Sieber -- rides to him.
Bullets RIP UP the dirt nearby -- He dismounts and dives
behind Sieber's dead horse --

CROOK

God damn it, Al. Either you or your
horse is always getting shot.

SIEBER

You know me, General. Never had much
luck --

109M MOUNTED APACHE WARRIORS

109M

ride off into the distance, FIRING as they go --
Troopers still FIRING uselessly after the quickly disappearing
Apache horsemen --

CROOK

Cease fire.

CAPT. RAGSDALE

Cease fire!

SIEBER

They're gone -- We ain't gonna catch
'em again.

DUTCHY

They go join up with Geronimo.

(CONTINUED)

109M

CONTINUED:

109M

Crook looks around -- little groups are tending to the wounded. Sieber gazes up at the hillside...

SIEBER

What do we do with the ones up there?

CROOK

It's mostly women and children --

Looks off --

(CONTINUED)

109M

CONTINUED:

109M

CROOK

Not going to be much fun chasing them
down off that butte -- We'll take 'em
back to San Carlos --

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

CROOK

You know her?

DUTCHY looks at the body --

DUTCHY

Her name was Tsal Aile-e -- 'Cradle
Maker'...

SIEBER

Watch it, General -- you're gettin'
blood on your boots.

A POOL OF BLOOD from the body has spread to Crook's feet...

110

EXT. SILVER MINE - DRAGON MOUNTAINS - ARIZONA TERRITORY
- DAY (LOC. MOAB)

110

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...

One miner steps forward, gruff and UNAFRAID, while the others
do as they're told.

UNAFRAID

Don't cry, damn it! He's gonna kill
you anyway --

(turns to Geronimo)

We make things outta this country.
There was nothin' here before us and
there'd never be nothin' if we left it
to you...

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

Long stare from Geronimo --

UNAFRAID

You red son of a bitch. You can kill us.
But you're never gonna whip us -- I ain't
never gonna crawl -- not to you or any other
God damn Indian --

Geronimo levels his Winchester and BLASTS -- He continues
FIRING rapidly, oblivious to the screams. All the Apaches
are now FIRING, BLASTING. After a moment only the Unafraid
Miner is left standing, numb from the sudden carnage, but
unhurt. All the other miners are dead --

Geronimo wheels on his horse, comes near the Unafraid Miner,
looks him in the face.

GERONIMO

You're a fool -- but at least you are
brave. Get off Apache land or next
time I will kill you.

Turns and rides off --

DISSOLVE:

110A THRU 110D OMITTED

110E EXT. HIGH DESERT - DAY

110E

A huge panoramic view, the column ant-like below --

110F EXT. HIGH DESERT - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

110F

Rolling slopes and hills make it impossible to see to the
horizon line -- GATEWOOD has his map case on pommel,
positioning himself by checking map points against ground
marks -- He is at the head of the column which moves at an
easy walk, Davis beside him --

(CONTINUED)

110F CONTINUED:

110F

GATEWOOD

Sgt. Mulrey, skirmishers on the Point.
Circle them back off the trail -- The
Apache are out there -- close by...

SGT. MULREY

Sir!

Mulrey rides out of the column --

SGT. MULREY

(shouting)

On the point! Circle back!

110G GATEWOOD'S P.O.V. - THE POINT

110G

The THREE RIDERS on Point turn their mounts, move back...

110H THRU 110J OMITTED

10K EXT. HIGH DESERT - NEARBY RIDGE - RIGHT FLANK 110K

Fifteen Apache Warriors on horseback, they appear, walk their horses parallel to the column -- The Bronco Apaches are about 100 yards off -- *

110L GATEWOOD - COLUMN 110L

DAVIS *

Sir!

GATEWOOD *

I see them, Mr. Davis. Steady in the rank.
Go slow. *

110M EXT. HIGH DESERT - NEARBY RIDGE - GATEWOOD'S P.O.V. 110M *

The Fifteen Apache Warriors walking their horses parallel to the column -- *

110N GATEWOOD - DAVIS - COLUMN 110N

Davis turns in the saddle --

DAVIS *

Begging your pardon, sir. Do we attack?

GATEWOOD *

Just hold the column steady...
(turns)
Sergeant!

MULREY

Steady in the rank! Steady!

Down the line --

(VOICES)

Steady in the rank! Steady in the rank!

Gatewood checks the Apache group on the parallel mogul -- ,

GATEWOOD ,

(to Davis)

My guess is some young Apache warrior is going to come out --

1100 APACHE - ON THE RIGHT MOGUL BANK

1100 *

A YOUNG BRONCO APACHE peels off from the group, rides down the embankment -- comes to a halt fifty yards ahead of the column.

110P GATEWOOD - DAVIS - COLUMN

110P

GATEWOOD

He's looking for me...

Gatewood raises his arm.

GATEWOOD

Sergeant!

MULREY

Column halt!

110Q THE BRONCO APACHE - AHEAD OF THE COLUMN

110Q

He prances his war pony up and down, calls out, chants -- his face with a yellow stripe marked for war...

110R GATEWOOD - DAVIS - COLUMN

110R

Gatewood turns to Davis --

GATEWOOD

Whatever happens - the Apache above us will take off. Don't let the column pursue at speed. It could be an ambush. Whenever you can, choose your ground to fight on --

Gatewood suddenly gallops forward leaving Davis, Chato and Mulrey at the head of the column.

DAVIS

Chato -- What the hell is going on?

CHATO

Raiding party, split off from Geronimo -- This Apache challenge Gatewood come out and fight. Shows off his power for other Apache. He is very young.

110S GATEWOOD - BRONCO APACHE

110S

They halt thirty yards from one another. The Young Apache continues to chant, suddenly pulls a BIG DRAGOON PISTOL, charges at Gatewood. Gatewood doesn't respond. Holds his cavalry brown steady -- The Bronco Apache begins to BLAST at Gatewood --

*
*

Gatewood still at a dead calm stop -- then in one continuous movement he lays his horse down -- pulls his Winchester from its scabbard -- FIRES as the Young Apache looms over -- The Bronco Apache is unhorsed, falls dead. His mount regains its feet, bewildered, trots off --

*
*
*

110T GATEWOOD

110T

standing, looking at the moguls as the Apache group gallops away and disappears from sight -- He turns his look to the fallen Young Apache --

*
*

Davis and the column gallop up, Davis dismounts --

DAVIS
You all right, sir?

GATEWOOD
I'm fine, Mr. Davis.

Davis moves to the body.

DAVIS
He's dead.

Continues looking down...

DAVIS
I knew him at Turkey Creek. He's only about seventeen -- younger than I am.

GATEWOOD
Let's get the column moving, Mr. Davis, were back to tracking.

DAVIS
Sir.

111-113EXT. PARADE GROUND - SAN CARLOS - DAWN (LOC. MOAB)

111-113

Sunrise.

One hundred MOUNTED TROOPERS, one hundred INFANTRY SOLDIERS all standing at parade rest -- A MOUNTED CORPORAL stands guard outside the stockade --

(CONTINUED)

111-113CONTINUED:

111-113

DAVIS (V.O.)

While the pursuit of Geronimo continued, the killing of the Medicine Man called The Dreamer at Cibecue Creek had still one more chapter to be played out. It was not an event which General Crook, or many others looked upon with any pleasure.

The area is completely silent. There are three nooses hanging from a gallows. A trap door below... A big FIRST SERGEANT jerks his head left as the prisoners and their escorts emerge from the stockade.

FIRST SERGEANT

Ten-SHUN!

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

114 TROOPERS -- IN RANK AND FILE

114

Faces without expression.
Eyes moving as they follow the Apaches being escorted up the gallows --

115 GALLOWS

115

A Corporal steps back from tying the prisoner's feet -- Crook steps forward -- reads aloud...

CROOK

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

The CHAPLAIN steps forward to address the prisoners.

CHAPLAIN

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

Dead Shot takes off his WHITE HAT. Hands it to Crook.

(CONTINUED)

115

CONTINUED:

115

DEAD SHOT

Nantan Lupan -- I give you my hat -- It
will remind you of my wife and baby.

Dandy Jim calls out --

DANDY JIM

*Listen, my relatives. Don't trust the
White-Eyes. With them there is no right
way. To you White-Eyes, I am not afraid of
your preacher. The Lifegiver will welcome
me.*

*

Dead Shot's WIFE in the crowd below -- she cries, screams,
tries to get to him -- pulls out a knife but is restrained by
the troopers... The CHAPLAIN glances around apologetically, sensing
that the others are anxious to get on with the job --

*

16 CROOK 116

His face grows quite still, he gazes unblinkingly ahead.
He's seen death many times.
There is a moment of complete silence and then the SOUND of a wooden lever being pulled sharply, followed by the trapdoors opening and the three bodies plummeting downward.

117 EXT. OPEN DESERT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY (LOC. MOAB) 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 CAVALRY 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 to get the
horses.

DAVIS

Sir...

A dust cloud on the horizon --
Gatewood steps from the coach, sees his Troopers pulling
carbines out of their scabbards. He looks off through his
field glasses --

GATEWOOD

It's Sieber --

118 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - GATEWOOD - DAVIS (LOC. MOAB) 118

Both digging hard along with Sgt.'s Mulrey and Roundtree,
then halting their mounts in a skidding stop as SIEBER
rides up with DUTCHY.

SIEBER

(handing across a dispatch)
General wants to deploy me and Dutchy to
your column.

Gatewood reading --

(CONTINUED)

18

CONTINUED:

118

SIEBER

Old Crook wants you and me to make it up,
Lieutenant. I'm willin'.

Gatewood shows no emotion, keeps reading.

DAVIS

How's the wound, Mr. Sieber?

SIEBER

I mend real good. It ain't slowin' me down
none --

Gatewood sets the dispatch aside.

SIEBER

General figgers anybody's gonna catch
Geronimo, it's gonna be you.

GATEWOOD

We just came across an Overland -- four
passengers dead, horses gone.

SIEBER

He's burned two spreads to the west --
got plenty of horses, food, picked up
ammunition -- I figure I'll keep
trackin' off to the hills --

GATEWOOD

Mr. Davis, Sgt. Mulrey, stick with Mr.
Sieber -- see that he finds his way
back to the column by sundown. Sgt.
Roundtree, the column gets twenty --
tobacco and coffee. See to the horses.
We have bodies to attend
to --

DAVIS

Sir.

The horsemen wheel off --

119

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

119

SIEBER and DUTCHY riding at a canter. Davis and Sgt. Mulrey
a length back -- Suddenly Sieber hauls up and dismounts --
HOOFPRIINTS in the sand...

(CONTINUED)

119

CONTINUED:

119

SIEBER

Raidin' party's close.

(to Mulrey)

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

(to Davis)

With your permission, Lieutenant.

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

120 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

120

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

121 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

121

THREE YOUNG APACHE WARRIORS 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 -- The Third Apache splits off with four of the mustangs --

122 SIEBER - DAVIS - DUTCHY

122

Pounding along - Sieber sees the THIRD APACHE move off from the others...

SIEBER

Take him!

Davis and Sgt. Dutchy move off to pursue the Third Apache - Now widely separated from the Two Apaches with the string of ponies.

123 THIRD APACHE

123

Looking back, sees Davis and Sgt. Dutchy gaining on him -- he abandons the four mustangs -- heads off for the horizon line at full gallop --

124 DAVIS - DUTCHY

124

Riding hard, but the length between them and the Third Apache is growing -- Suddenly Davis reins up, Dutchy stops in his wake -- Davis unboots his Springfield, jumps down off his mount. Dutchy does the same.

Davis levels his carbine across his horse's back using the saddle as a rest -- the THIRD APACHE now a small dot in the distance... Davis hesitates --

DUTCHY

Use long gun.

He hands Davis a Sharps - Davis tosses his carbine back to Dutchy, lines up with the Sharps. It's clear he will only have time for one good shot --

BOOM!

Davis fires, the ECHO RESOUNDING across the flat dry landscape.

Dutchy and Davis stare off at the distance... Dutchy shakes his head --

DUTCHY

You miss.

125 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - SIEBER - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

125

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

126 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - APACHES - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

126

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...

127 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - SIEBER - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

127

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.

28

EXT. OPEN DESERT - LATE AFTERNOON (LOC. MOAB)

128

Sieber sitting on the rump of his dead horse, cleaning his rifle as Troopers come up an easy trot, Gatewood leading them.

Gatewood rides close, gives Sieber a questioning look --

GATEWOOD

Everything all right, Mr. Sieber?

SIEBER

Caught up with three bucks and a string of stolen ponies. I gave one to Mr. Davis -- seems he got away.

Stands, looks down at his dead mount...

SIEBER

Second God damn horse I had shot out from under me this week. Never did have much luck --

Gatewood glances at Davis mounted across the way, then to the dead Apache...

SIEBER

The other one's out there --

GATEWOOD

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...

Pause.

SIEBER

We cross into Mexico tomorrow?

GATEWOOD

That's right, Mr. Sieber.

SIEBER

We oughta send some of the 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 --

(CONTINUED)

128

CONTINUED:

128

GATEWOOD

I don't think so, Mr. Sieber -- We need every scout we have.

SIEBER

You weren't there when Dead Shot and the rest of them turned on us at Cibecue --

GATEWOOD

If I'd been at Cibecue they wouldn't have turned. Whole thing wouldn't have happened.

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

MULREY

He's here! You got him clean!

A tense moment --

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

No offense intended, Mr. Gatewood. Speakin' off the record, sir. 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.

*

GATEWOOD

Maybe I could learn to hate with the proper vigor from you, Mr. Sieber.

SIEBER

Maybe you could, Lieutenant.

Sieber walks off -- Gatewood watches...

*

*

*

129

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - MEXICO - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

129

Gatewood's column crossing a vast expanse...

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, checked rumors, marched again... We found no sign of Geronimo. At times, it seemed we were chasing a spirit more than a man.

130

EXT. CAMPFIRE - BIVOUAC - MEXICO - DUSK (LOC. MOAB)

130 *

All quiet...campfires. Troopers eating...

DAVIS (V.O.)

I never exactly became friends with Al Sieber but I did learn to get along with him. He was a man of vast experience, only a fool wouldn't try to profit from it -- He just loved talking about the Apaches. I think in his own way he was as taken by them as was Lt. Gatewood.

131

EXT. DAVIS' TENT - MEXICO - DUSK (LOC. STUDIO)

131 *

Looking out on the desert -- Sieber eats, Davis sits beside him.

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 --

DAVIS

Fifty miles a day?

SIEBER

Damn right. Sometimes seventy. Hell, they can live on cactus. Go 48 hours without water -- One week of that'll kill your average trooper.

DAVIS

I hear you can track as good as any Apache --

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

131

SIEBER

You heard right -- but there's only one of me and a thousand square miles of Apache country -- that's what General Crook figured out. Takes an Apache to catch an Apache. White-Eyes can't catch 'em alone. Comes to a fight, most times we win -- we got more guns. But we can't find 'em. Only way an Apache band of renegades is gonna get found is by Apache Scouts or pure luck -- it's as simple as that.

Leans forward, looks hard at Davis.

SIEBER

You get in a fight with the Apache, things go bad -- you save the last bullet for yourself. You don't want to get taken alive. They got lots of ways to kill you. One of their favorites is strip you, then tie you upside down to a wagon wheel. They pour pitch on you, light you on fire... How do you figure that would feel, Mr. Davis?

132 THRU 153 OMITTED

154 EXT. VAST LANDSCAPE - MEXICO - DAY

154

A huge arid horizon, pre-historic buttes, mesas...

155 EXT. SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS - MEXICO - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

155

The AMERICAN CAVALRY dismounting, taking ten for tobacco, water -- PICKETS taking positions within the rocks...

156, 157 OMITTED

158 EXT. SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS - MEXICO - DAY

158

DAVIS sitting on a rock with his carbine. Next to him SIEBER stares upward... The APACHE SCOUTS are stringing out across a rock bluff...before them the steepness of the mountains --

(CONTINUED)

158

CONTINUED:

158

DAVIS

You think the Apache are close,
Mr. Sieber?

SIEBER

Hell, I don't think old Geronimo's in a
hundred miles of here --

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

159

NEARBY ROCK FORMATION - APACHE SCOUT - SGT. TURKEY

159

bounding over the rocks like a goat - climbs up and
up...stops looks out -- sees a CLOUD OF DUST on the horizon
-- The dust consolidates -- MEN ON HORSEBACK...Sgt. Turkey
starts back to the main group --

160

P.O.V. GLASSES

160

watching SGT. TURKEY approaching, he appears and disappears
behind rocks -- The view shifts to out on the horizon -- The
men on horseback have disappeared into a depression in the
land -- The DUST CLOUD still visible...

161

CLOSE - GATEWOOD

161

watching through the battered field glasses he exchanged
with Geronimo --

62

CLOSE - SIEBER

162

moves near Gatewood -- The DUST CLOUD in the distance now visible to the naked eye...

GATEWOOD

Apaches don't make dust like that.

SIEBER

Lots of horses -- maybe Federales -- maybe bandits --

GATEWOOD

Sgt. Mulrey!

MULREY

Sir!

GATEWOOD

Horses detailed behind those rocks -- form lines...

(points)

Take cover in the formation there...

MULREY

Sir!

GATEWOOD

Mr. Davis!

Davis appears.

GATEWOOD

Move to the right flank. Keep order in the line. I don't want some damn fool firing a shot unless an order is given.

DAVIS

Sir!

Davis trots off to his new position as Sgt. Turkey arrives, not even out of breath --

SGT. TURKEY

Mexicanos --

SIEBER

Figured -- How many?

(CONTINUED)

162

CONTINUED:

162

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 -- Whole country's
nothin' but thieves.

SGT. TURKEY

Soldatos. Hay mucho soldados -- Mas
or menos cuarenta..

The rocks are now alive with horses, Scouts and Troopers
moving into position --

GATEWOOD

Sergeant Dutchy!

SIEBER

(to Sgt. Turkey)

Nothin' Apaches hate worse than
Mexicans. Even hate 'em worse than
they hate us -- Ain't that right, Sgt.?

No response from Sgt. Turkey.

(CONTINUED)

162

CONTINUED:

162

Dutchy runs forward --

GATEWOOD

Sergeant Dutchy -- Take six scouts move
toward that point -- along the ledge --
(points)
There...

SIEBER

Real quick, Dutchy. On the double!

They move off as Weapons are COCKED -- AMMO BELTS laid out...

*
*

163

FEDERALE CAVALRY - P.O.V. GATEWOOD GLASSES

163

Seen from the rocks -- They take a defensive position in the
rocks below...

*

164 OMITTED

165

ON A ROCK BLUFF - GATEWOOD

165

Gatewood, Sieber and Sgt. Turkey take a position with a
commanding view --

*
*
*

SIEBER

These bastards mess with us -- we'll
send 'em packin'...

*

GATEWOOD

Mr. Sieber, I am trying to prevent an
international incident, not provoke one.

*

He calls out to Davis.

GATEWOOD

Mr. Davis.

DAVIS

Sir!

GATEWOOD

Make our Mexican friends aware of our
peaceful intentions.

DAVIS

Sir!

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

(CONTINUED)

65

CONTINUED:

165

SIEBER

Goddamn Mexicans, what the hell they up
to?

DAVIS

Americanos! -- Americanos!

166 OMITTED

167 ROCKS BELOW - FEDERALES

167

A SHOT rings out -- Another... Bullets pock the rocks
nearby as Davis ducks back...

*

SIEBER

Bastards! What the damn hell they
doin'!?

(CONTINUED)

167 CONTINUED:

167

He drops down -- All goes quiet from the Federales below --

*

DAVIS

Damn it! -- Americanos Soldatos!
Americanos!

All quiet -- no response.

*

SIEBER

Soldatos Americanos! No fuego!

All quiet -- no response.

*

GATEWOOD

Sgt. Mulrey!

*

MULREY

Sir!

*

GATEWOOD

Move to the right flank. See if
you can get a good look at them --
I want as accurate count as possible
of their number --

*

MULREY

Sir!

*

He moves off...

*

167A MULREY - NOW OUT OF GATEWOOD'S SIGHT

167A *

scrambles from rock to rock, trying to move into better position.
He is suddenly BLASTED thru the middle, shot by
the Federales below --

*

167B DAVIS

167B

scrambles up to the dead Mulrey -- looks off in Gatewood's
direction...

*

DAVIS

Mulrey's down! He's down!

167BA GATEWOOD

167BA

to the troops below --

GATEWOOD

Commence firing!

(CONTINUED)

167C HILLSIDE - MEXICO

167C

The FIREFIGHT begins -- VOLLEYS are exchanged. Sieber and Gatewood each getting off a few rounds.

SIEBER

First time I ever heard of that the Mexican Army put up a fight --

GATEWOOD

Damn fools probably think we're invading Mexico. We're showin' them some firepower --

The BLASTING continues at a hot rate of exchange --

GATEWOOD

Now they'll maybe want to talk --

(looks out)

Troopers, cease fire!

(to Davis)

Mr. Davis -- see that all firing ceases in the ranks.

Gatewood ties a WHITE HANDKERCHIEF to his Springfield -- runs along the rocks for better position -- Sieber follows a little behind... BULLETS CHIP the rocks along their path --

168 THRU 170 OMITTED

171 GATEWOOD

171

A shot RINGS out, ricochets off the rocks near him - Gatewood ducks back down out of sight. All gunfire has now CEASED from the American Troopers --

172, 173 OMITTED

174 EXT. ROCKS - HILLSIDE

174

Gatewood stands clear of a HUGE BOULDER - waves the rifle...

GATEWOOD

Soldatos, Americanos!

(CONTINUED)

174

CONTINUED:

174

The gunfire from below ceases --

VOICE (O.S.)

Usted, cuantos hombres en su compania?

GATEWOOD

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

Gatewood steps forward, as does Sgt. Turkey to his right.

VOICE (O.S.)

Apaches? Tiene Apaches?

Sieber now steps out.

SIEBER

Come on out here and talk!

A Mexican Officer appears below --

MEXICAN OFFICER

Come out and lay down your guns. You are
in violation of Mexican sovereignty.

GATEWOOD

We are looking for Geronimo! Geronimo!

MEXICAN OFFICER

Did you not hear me, Senor? Do as I say or
face the consequences!

SIEBER

(to Gatewood)

God damn Mexicans -- You ain't gonna give
up our guns are ya?

GATEWOOD

(quietly)

Mr. Sieber, an officer of the United
States Army does not surrender his arms
while facing a hostile force --

(back to the Federales)

We are members of the United States
Army, looking for Geronimo. We want to
talk --

(CONTINUED)

174

CONTINUED:

174

Suddenly ANOTHER VOLLEY OF SHOTS from below -- SGT. TURKEY grabs his face and pitches forward -- Blood spatters from his head onto the rock. Gatewood crouches back behind his rock, can't believe it. Sieber vaults back to his safe position, but is caught alongside the head by ANOTHER BULLET -- He SCREAMS and drags himself over the rock. Chato has scrambled close --

SIEBER

Shit! They shot my damn ear! They
shot my ear!

From the rocks below:

MEXICAN OFFICER

I demand that you surrender your arms!
Do you understand? Surrender your
arms! Then we will talk!

(CONTINUED)

174

CONTINUED:

174

MORE SHOTS ring out --

GATEWOOD

*

Chato -- it's time to win this fight -
move to the scouts on the flank - fire
at will --

(to the troopers nearby)

Resume firing!

Another FUSILLADE begins from the American Troopers --

175

CLOSE - CHATO

175

*

scrambling over the rock formation - bullets SMACK around
him -- he signals the Apache scouts to FIRE back from the
high rocks --

176

APACHE SCOUTS

176

*

FIRING from their positions in the rocks...

177

FARTHER ON THE RIGHT FLANK - MORE APACHE SCOUTS

177

*

with Chato and Dutchy leading them -- they have now flanked the
Mexicans --

177A

ROCKS BELOW

177A

The Federales BLASTING away -- holding their own...

178

CLOSE - DUTCHY

178

He raises his rifle and BLASTS -- The APACHE SCOUTS FIRE as fast as
they can -- The bulk of the Federales are now caught
in a WITHERING CROSS-FIRE -- They begin to retreat to their
horses -- leaving SEVEN DEAD -- The now mounted Federales gallop in
further retreat back across the desert --

179

EXT. ROCK BLUFF - GATEWOOD

179

watching dust curling away across the plain -- SIEBER at his
side, holding his ear where the bullet creased him -- Blood oozes out
between Sieber's fingers --

(CONTINUED)

SIEBER

Run, you sons of bitches --

DUTCHY appears carrying SGT. TURKEY'S body toward them --
lays him down on a rock -- his face stained with tears.
Gatewood kneels close --

*

*

GATEWOOD

Sergeant -- can you hear me?

Sgt. Turkey's head is shattered -- Dutchy has wrapped his
shirt around one side which is soaked with blood.
The bullet has obviously gone through Sgt. Turkey's brain --he looks
up at Gatewood, still alive, trying to focus...but
clearly the wound is mortal.

*

(CONTINUED)

SIEBER

He can't hear nothin'. Shit! This
damn ear hurts... I never have no kind
of luck --

Sgt. Turkey stares at Gatewood -- all consciousness gone --

GATEWOOD

Sergeant?

Tears streaming down Dutchy's face.

DUTCHY

He is my cousin. He is my family --

SIEBER

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

GATEWOOD

Be quiet, Mr. Sieber.

Gatewood stands, walks over to Davis.

GATEWOOD

Tell me about Sgt. Mulrey --

DAVIS

It was a clean wound -- killed him
instantly I think...

A moment --

GATEWOOD

We'll head back for the border come
morning.

Sieber moves close.

SIEBER

Crook ain't gonna like it. Us comin'
back empty handed.

GATEWOOD

None of us like it, Mr. Sieber. But we
don't have enough provisions to stick
it out any longer.

Sieber takes a bandana out of his pocket, holds it to his
ear... Gatewood turns to Davis.

(CONTINUED)

179 CONTINUED:

179

GATEWOOD

Mr. Davis.

DAVIS

Sir.

GATEWOOD

We travel at dawn.

Gatewood moves off. Davis and Sieber look after...

180 EXT. DRY HILLS - MEXICO - DUSK (LOC. MOAB)

180

The entire troop stands in attendance -- many in tears. COMPANY BIVOUAC a half mile beyond. At the gravesight Al Sieber and two troopers sing a hymn. Gatewood holds a BIBLE. As the song finishes --

*

GATEWOOD

These men found a shallow grave in a foreign land. There won't be any flowers -- their families will never find this place to visit -- pay their respects... The only laurels they can have are those that you might win for them. We're here at the ragged end of everything -- very few care about the cavalry, so we have to care for each other.

Gatewood looks at the faces of the men for a beat --

GATEWOOD

We know their bravery - Thomas Mulrey formerly of the Army of Virginia, Sgt. Turkey of the White Mountain Apache whose brethren called him (INSERT NAME) -- These men earned the esteem of their comrades in arms.

Pauses, looks down at the graves.

(CONTINUED)

180

CONTINUED:

180

GATEWOOD

I could read any number of passages
from the Bible that might be deemed
appropriate...

(hesitates, this is difficult)

But I just want to say the first prayer
I learned from my mother -- "Gentle
Jesus, meek and mild; Look upon this
little child; Pity his simplicity --
Suffer him to come to thee. Amen.

Gatewood walks away --

181

GATEWOOD

181

The Apache Scouts FIRE A BLAST into the air as a tribute to
their fallen comrade in arms -- He moves to Davis...

GATEWOOD

Mr. Davis. Post double pickets a half
mile in each direction. You take the
first duty --

DAVIS

You get to bury quite a few men in the
cavalry --

GATEWOOD

Men have been killing each other since
Adam -- To die for an idea can be noble
-- but it would be a lot more noble if
men died for ideas that were true.

Gatewood walks slowly away. Mulrey and Sgt. Turkey's deaths
have obviously deeply affected him -- SIEBER and the TWO TROOPERS
raggedly sing a SECOND HYMN -- as their VOICES carry off toward the
horizon...

*
*
*

82

EXT. MOUNTAINS - APACHE CAMP - MEXICO - DAWN (LOC. MOAB)

182

Wickiups scattered across the parched soil -- OLD NANA sits in front of one - MANGAS at his side. GERONIMO approaches, sits -- Old Nana is SINGING --

MANGAS

Old Nana wants to go back -- He's becoming too old to raid -- He is ready for the reservation. He misses his family --

GERONIMO

(to Old Nana)

This is foolish talk. Nantan Lupan will make you a prisoner.

Old Nana stops his song, speaks...

OLD NANA

I will send word to Nantan Lupan -- tell him to come here. I will tell him to come with very few soldiers. Then Geronimo will talk.

GERONIMO

I don't want to talk. I have nothing to say to the White-Eyes.

MANGAS

Old Nana is a great leader -- You must respect his wishes.

On Geronimo's look GO TO:

183 THRU 186 OMITTED

187

EXT. CANYON DE LOS EMBUDOS - MEXICO - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

187

CROOK riding his mule -- With him EIGHT APACHE SCOUTS,
DUTCHY, SIEBER and a CIVILIAN PHOTOGRAPHER, C.S. FLY. They
ride in the shadows of a gulch, as SILHOUETTED CHIRICAHUA
stand and walk along the ridge --

*

187A

CLOSE - GERONIMO

187A

He watches as Crook and column ride closer...

187B CLOSE - CROOK - SIEBER

187B

They ride at the head of the COLUMN --

CROOK

(to Sieber)

What do you think, Al?

SIEBER

You know damn well what I think,
General. We win the wars - Geronimo
wins the peace. Makes promises he
don't intend to keep.

Crook looks off at the surrounding Apache warriors --

*

188 EXT. CANYON DE LOS EMBUDOS - TALL GRASS - YUCCAS - DAY (LOC. MOAB) 188

GERONIMO and his BAND lined up -- armed with their best
weapons. He clearly likes the idea of having his picture
taken.

C.S. FLY (O.S.)

Come forward a little.

Geronimo does -- C.S. FLY with his camera set up in front.
He SNAPS -- POOM!

(Note: Reproduce in Black and White - Two famous photos of
Geronimo)

189, 190 OMITTED

191 EXT. CANYON DE LOS EMBUDOS - THE COUNCIL - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

191

CROOK, OLD NANA, OTHERS sit in a dry river bottom surrounded
by the Chiricahua. Crook smokes his pipe --

(CONTINUED)

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.

CROOK

I'm not here to listen to religion.
You broke your word. You left Turkey
Creek. You killed many White-Eye...
You come back, then Washington wants
you to go to Florida -- You do it or
I'll come back with my Army and fight.

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 Dreamer --

CROOK

He was calling for war -- If the Medicine
Man 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?

(CONTINUED)

191

CONTINUED:

191

Crook makes no reply - stares hard at Geronimo.

GERONIMO

How long in Florida?

CROOK

Maybe two years -- with your families.
I think I can get that. 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.
OLD NANA speaks up...

OLD NANA

We gain nothing by fighting. We can
live on the reservation. I go there.
You, Nantan Lupan, are like a father to
me.

Crook turns back to Geronimo, who continues avoiding his
gaze --

GERONIMO

Many of my people want to surrender.
Maybe I will surrender to you --

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

191 CONTINUED:

191

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 thorns. When
they killed our children, we had more.
We killed all the White-Eye that we
could. We said we would never give up
our land, never surrender -- We
starved and we killed, but in our
heart we never surrendered...

192 CHATO

192 *

Standing nearby, watching as C.S. FLY photographs the group -
- Sieber steps close --

*

SIEBER

I wonder how many times in my life I
get to see old Geronimo surrender?

193 THRU 196 OMITTED

*

197

EXT. NARROW CANYON - SIERRA MADRES - MEXICO - DAY (LOC. MOAB) 197

Stark and white -- blistering heat -- devoid of any vegetation.

DAVIS (V.O.)

Upon his return, General Crook sent Lieutenant Gatewood with Al Sieber and a small column into Mexico to escort Geronimo back to San Carlos. When the Lieutenant got to the Canyon de Los Embudos there was no sign of Goyakla or the remaining Chiricahua hostiles -- Gatewood began tracking through the nearby hills -- He didn't have to look far to pick up the trail.

CHATO leads GATEWOOD, DAVIS, SIEBER and a small party of SCOUTS. They look up -- suspended by his feet from the canyon wall above them is a MAN. He's been there at least three days.

SIEBER

Buzzards picked his eyes out -- looks like old Charlie Tribollet -- He was probably down here sellin' whisky.

(smile)

Sure don't look like the work of Mexicans, does it?

CHATO

Chiricahua.

GATEWOOD

Geronimo.

They ride on.

198

EXT. HIGH MESA - SIERRA MADRES - MEXICO - DUSK (LOC. MOAB)

198

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

CHATO

The trail go 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 change his mind. He's a bad Apache.

Sieber and Gatewood exchange looks.

GATEWOOD

Say it, Mr. Sieber. You were right.

SIEBER

I ain't one to rub it in, Lieutenant -- but it's gonna be hell to pay... That son of a bitch Geronimo's took advantage of the General's better nature...

Sieber spits another fine spray of amber fluid --

(CONTINUED)

98

CONTINUED:

198

Gatewood stares at the desert. A long uncomfortable moment --

DAVIS

Sir. We'd best report Geronimo's flight to General Crook -- the closest heliograph sentry is at Burning Rock --

GATEWOOD

Lead the way, Mr. Davis.

Davis turns his horse, leads the others away -- Gatewood continues to stare out at the desert.

198A EXT. PARADE GROUND - SAN CARLOS - DUSK

198A

The COLORS come down as the BUGLER finishes 'retreat' --
DAVIS ends his salute, then looks toward the H.Q. Building,
several LIGHTS ON within...

*

*

199-200 INT. SQUAD ROOM - MILITARY HEADQUARTERS - SAN CARLOS -
DUSK (LOC. STUDIO)

199-200*

GEN. CROOK sits in a big rocking chair at the end of the room -- he reads a document to AL SIEBER.

*

*

CROOK

-- thereby I tender my resignation as Commander of this Department. I have served you well in the past, but my judgement has been called into question. Without doubt I 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 -- Brigadier 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. General Nelson Miles will replace me --

(CONTINUED)

99-200CONTINUED:

199-200

SIEBER

Nothin' to be done, General?

CROOK

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

He stands. Moves near the window -- looks out at the darkening parade ground --

CROOK

Al?

Turns looks at Sieber --

CROOK

You ever think about why we're out here -- what the hell we're doing? I mean the whole thing -- The Indians were here, we arrive, we push them out, hunt them down if they fight back --

SIEBER

Hell, General. That's the whole history of the country -- Far as the Apache goes, they took the land from the Navajo and Comanche. And before that they took it from the scorpions and rattlesnakes and any other belly crawlin' creature that God threw down here -- Ain't right or wrong -- just the way it is --

CROOK

Settlers, prospectors, the land speculators -- they don't admit it but the truth is they all want the Indians dead. They see the Army as their weapon -- but the Army that fights the Apache is really the best hope of keepin' them alive... Only the Army can protect them.

SIEBER

I fought 'em a long time. I figure if I was an Apache I'd be standin' right next to Geronimo shooting at the blue coats -- But God made me who I am -- Between them or us, I figure it's us.

(CONTINUED)

99-200CONTINUED:

199-200

CROOK

Yeah, but damn it, Al. Is this the only way we could win?

SIEBER

I don't have the answer to that one, General -- I'm just a hired hand.

CROOK

The Apache are going to have a hard road, Al. The future's against them unless they change...and if they do change, then would they still be Apache? I don't have any answers either --

Pause.

SIEBER

This General Miles, coming in, I hear he's a politician, lowest form of soldier there is --

CROOK

Maybe -- But it's a hell of a lot better than just being a politician...

Sieber reaches out and extends a hand -- Crook offers his and they shake...

SIEBER

Just wanted to say it, General -- I didn't always agree with you, but you always had my respect -- while you was in charge, the Army was a proper piece of work --

Puts on his hat --

SIEBER

I'm quittin' this damn fool job. Gonna go on down to Tombstone an' get drunk.

CROOK

Take care, Al. And you're right about General Miles. He's a pompous bastard.

Sieber turns and walks out -- Crook watches...

01 EXT. PARADE GROUND - SAN CARLOS - DAWN (LOC. MOAB)

201 *

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

202 EXT. H.Q. BLDG. - SAN CARLOS - DAWN (LOC. MOAB)

202

A REGIMENTAL BAND FANFARE as BRIG. GENERAL MILES comes out of his quarters -- He's very correct, in his late-forties...

*

OFFICER OF THE DAY

General Miles, sir!

Snaps off a salute.
Returned.

OFFICER OF THE DAY

Sixth Cavalry detail for field
maneuvers, ready, sir!

Miles turns to the mounted troopers before him -- The Sixth Cavalry's finest...

*

MILES

I'm honored to be here with you men of the Sixth Cavalry -- honored to be here by order of the President of the United States. We are charged with bringing in the renegade Apache Geronimo. We will accomplish our task. We will succeed. But we are abandoning certain practices of the past. Over reliance on Apache Scouts -- Men of divided loyalties... I will keep troops in the field until he is fully subjugated, fully pacified. There will be no compromise with the honor of our nation, there will be no compromise with the honor of the United States Army.

He salutes.

As the BAND begins to play -- Miles turns to the mounted
OFFICER OF THE DAY --

MILES

Lieutenant.

OFFICER

Sir!

A nod to the Sergeant.

SERGEANT

Prepare to mount... MOUNT!

03

FULL SHOT - PARADE GROUND - SAN CARLOS (LOC. MOAB)

203

As the REGIMENTAL MILITARY BAND again strikes up, THE COLUMN swings into the saddle, legs slapping leather --

OFFICER

Detail... By the twos, left --

(His commands are
echoed along the column)

Column, forward!

GEN. MILES, WIVES, SOLDIERS-LEFT-BEHIND, APACHES, CIVILIANS, as they watch the column canter out -- move away toward the limitless and eerie expanse of flatness that extends as far as the eye can reach...

203A EXT. FRONT H.Q. BUILDING - GATEWOOD - DAVIS

203A

They salute as the column passes -- two men left alone as the dust curls around them.

204 OMITTED

205 EXT. VAST DESERT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

205

The detail proceeds through the blazing heat --

DISSOLVE:

205A, 206 OMITTED

*

206A EXT. DESERT - CANYON - MEXICO - DAY

206A

A dusty, ragtag TROOP OF TWENTY FEDERALES cross a shallow creek -- several on foot leading their horses...

Three bound YOUNG APACHE WOMEN are shoved forward, their clothes tattered, ripped -- faces beaten, bruised... TWO DEAD APACHES trussed over mules. The men killed for bounty, the women on their way to slavery. A GUARD stands over the women as the Federales come to a halt. As the OFFICER dismounts -- looks off...

Dry hills beyond -- O.S. a SHOUT: All heads turn -- THWACK!

The Guard now has a arrow - straight through the neck.

FEDERALE

Apache! Geronimo! Apache!

Pandemonium as an ambush begins --

207 THRU 223

CLOSE - The Guard now riddled with multiple arrows...

CLOSE - Apaches appear from behind the rocks, raise their repeating Winchesters and FIRE...

(CONTINUED)

207-223CONTINUED:

207-223 *

CLOSE - Federales scramble, some for their horses, some for their rifles...

CLOSE - Federales being cut down in a withering cross fire.

CLOSE - Apaches dropping down out of the rocks, swarm over a Federale, knives flashing...

CLOSE - An Apache using a WAR CLUB, two Federales fall.

CLOSE - A wounded Federale attempts to crawl to cover...

CLOSE - The Officer SCREAMS as his rearing horse is shot out from under him -- He tries to fire his pistol, is BLASTED off his feet.

CLOSE - Another Federale becomes a human porcupine as he is he is hit by thirty arrows at the same instant --

CLOSE - The Apache women, fearful at the surrounding carnage -- then a sudden silence... All gunfire ceases -- the only sounds are wounded Federales crying out for mercy...

CLOSE - CAMERA PANS among the wounded and dead scattered across the strip of land -- The groaning and crying continues as:

CLOSE - moccasins moving across the parched earth, CAMERA MOVES up to a silver studded holster, a hand pulls a .45 -- The unseen Apache begins killing the wounded Federales as they continue to scream for mercy --

VOICES

Geronimo! Geronimo! Geronimo!

CLOSE - Federales, they are executed one by one. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! the big .45 roars --

CLOSE - The .45 goes back into the holster, the hand now pulling a HUGE BOWIE KNIFE from a beaded scabbard.

CLOSE - Apache Women as the bowie knife cuts their bindings...

CLOSE - Federale bodies lying without movement --

APACHE WOMAN

Goyakla! Goyakla!

CLOSE - An Apache Woman looks up at the unseen GERONIMO --

DISSOLVE:

224 EXT. HIGH DESERT - DAY

224

A COVERED WAGON with six-up rolls by on the countryside below as MANGAS sights along a huge boulder. Geronimo, Ulzana, and others watching from behind... BLAM! Mangas fires, the team driver topples from the box in the distance. Geronimo leads the band off in instant pursuit of the wagon --

DISSOLVE:

225 EXT. OPEN DESERT - MEXICO - DAY (LOC. LITTLE SAHARA)

225 *

A YOUNG LIEUTENANT leads a column of twenty troopers across a vast expanse of dunes -- Eight pack mules in the rear as the group plies its way across the desert. A SAND STORM begins to blow -- As the Lieutenant 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 --

226 APACHES

226

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...

227 GERONIMO

227

With a Winchester, levering, BLASTING --

DISSOLVE:

228 EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAY

228

The Apaches walk their horses against a vast, arid horizon --

228A CLOSE - GERONIMO - MANGAS

228A

leading the group --

228B CLOSE - APACHES

228B

Tired, drawn faces -- some wounded -- all of them weary.

APACHE

(bitter)

The White-Eyes are crazy. We kill many
-- still they come. Why don't they
leave us alone?

*

228C FARTHER BACK

228C

One of the wounded Apache falls off his horse. The band
comes to a stop -- One of the YOUNGER WARRIORS jumps off his
pony and tries to attend to him. Geronimo rides close -- The downed
Apache is mortally wounded --

MANGAS

Can he stay on his horse until we get
back to the camp?

*

YOUNG APACHE

It's too late.

*

The Wounded Apache is trying to get to his feet but has no
strength... He slumps backward, dead --

MANGAS

We can't go on like this. Attacking --
Running, hiding -- We will all die.

ULZANA

You speak like a coward --

GERONIMO

He speaks from his heart. He is no
coward.

YOUNG APACHE

I want to be with my family. The
reservation was a bad place, but it was
better than this --

GERONIMO

Do you want to go to a fort and
surrender -- see how long you live? Do
you think they will tell us we will be
forgiven? If we die, we die
free --

29 OMITTED

230 INT. SQUAD ROOM - SAN CARLOS - NIGHT (LOC. STUDIO)

230

Gatewood walks down the central aisle in the seemingly dark, empty room. At the far end a MATCH is struck, Gen. Miles lights a GAS LAMP. In the almost eerie light Miles stares over at Gatewood...

MILES

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

GATEWOOD

No sir. But I expect it's got
something to do with Geronimo.

MILES

Tomorrow a policy change will be
announced. As punishment for
Geronimo's resistance, all Chiricahua
currently living on reservation land
are to be rounded up and sent to
Florida -- They will be kept there at
the very least until Geronimo is
captured or killed -- it's is a harsh
penalty but he's brought it down on his
own people...

Pause.

MILES

But that's not why I wanted to see you
-- People tell me you and Geronimo are
friendly.

GATEWOOD

(wary)

Sir. Any relationship I have with him
would not compromise my effectiveness
in the field.

MILES

You are an officer in the United States
Army, and I would not do you the
indignity of questioning your loyalty.
But I need you to speak freely with me.
Can you find him? Talk to him?

(CONTINUED)

230

CONTINUED:

230

GATEWOOD

I thought so once. I've got no way to be sure now --

MILES

Signs are he's starving or pretty close to it -- living on rabbits and cactus. I know because right now I've got five thousand troops stretched from here to Sonora searching for...

GATEWOOD

Thirty-five Apache, sir. That's what I think he'll be down to in a month.

MILES

Thirty-five starving Apache.

GATEWOOD

Begging the General's pardon but why not just leave Geronimo to the Mexicans. He can't continue raiding across the border -- he can't afford to lose any more warriors. He can't replace them.

MILES

Not good enough -- The political situation demands results. You've got to find him -- and make him this proposal.

Miles hands Gatewood a piece of paper. Gatewood reads.

MILES

I have the authority to hunt down the son of a bitch all the way to South America if I have to, but I want this nonsense to end. I can give you all the scouts you need, a forty man detail, regular cavalry plus a mule pack train --

Gatewood continues to read --

GATEWOOD

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

MILES

How many do you want?

Still reading --

(CONTINUED)

230

CONTINUED:

230

GATEWOOD

Three - I'd like to pick them myself.

Gatewood looks up from the document --

MILES

Whatever happens, Lieutenant, this conversation you and I are having never took place. And any negotiations that take place with Geronimo must be secret... Is that understood?

GATEWOOD

Two years in Florida?

MILES

Two years in Florida, with their families. After that, when they return to the reservation here in Arizona Territory, each warrior gets forty acres of land, two mules --

Pause.

GATEWOOD

Sir, I don't think you or the government intend to keep this promise.

MILES

I'm ordering you to offer it. None of the rest is your concern.

GATEWOOD

Do you know your scripture, sir? "What does it profit a man to gain the whole world, if he loses his soul."

MILES

(ice)

Lieutenant...you have your orders.

He turns down the lamp.

230A THRU 231 OMITTED

232

EXT. PARADE GROUND - THRU WINDOW - SUNSET (LOC. MOAB)

232

The last orange rays of light falling across San Carlos --
MILITARY BAND playing across the way.

232A GATEWOOD (LOC. STUDIO)

232A

looking out the window...

*

232B INT. SQUAD ROOM - SUNSET (LOC. STUDIO)

232B *

Gatewood turns away from the window, sits at a small desk in the deserted room -- begins writing by the light of an oil burning lamp.

*

*

As he writes:

GATEWOOD (V.O.)

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

233

EXT. OPEN DESERT - MEXICO - DAY

233

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. The grinding glare of sun
overhead seemed to have driven it and every
other noble human quality from the world.

233A EXT. HIGH COUNTRY - MEXICO - DAY

233A *

An Indian village burning, smoldering in the distance --
Gatewood and Davis approach.

DAVIS (V.O.)

Sieber and Chato scouted ahead -- One
hundred and fifty miles into the
Sierra Madre, we came across a burning
village --

233B, 233C OMITTED

*

33D EXT. HIGH GROUND - YAQUI VILLAGE - DAY

233D

Devastated. Burnt Wickiups. BODIES strewn about the clearing. Smoldering fires... A DEAD MAN tied upright to a post -- scalped.

Gatewood rides through -- Davis dismounts, horrified, moves off -- Chato kneeling over the body of a DEAD WOMAN as Gatewood approaches --

GATEWOOD

Who are they?

CHATO

They are Yaqui. Not Apaches --

Chato stands --

GATEWOOD

Yaquis --

(to Chato)

Why?

CHATO

White man. At dawn. They attacked when they were sleeping --

(points off)

They come out of the rising sun.

Sieber backs out of a smoldering but still intact wickiup -- He turns around to find a stool, bends over to pick it up. He sees a dead Apache nearby and kneels to touch it. He stands and looks to see Davis rounding the corner with his horse and the mules. Davis stares at the bodies. A scrawny dog runs by -- Davis looks to Sieber...

SIEBER

Two dead in here. Two kids -- scalped 'em all. All four of them.

Davis is bewildered, horrified.

SIEBER

Bounty hunters. Government down here pays two hundred pesos a head for the men. One hundred for the women. Fifty for those kids --

DAVIS

Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

233D CONTINUED:

233D

SIEBER

Sons of bitches. Kill any Indian - then
claim they're Apache...

Sieber looks off --

SIEBER

I don't see how any fella can sink that
low. Must be Texans -- lowest form of
white man there is --

233E GATEWOOD - CHATO

233E

Chato points off to the horizon --

CHATO

Most of the men got away. They are up in
the hills. They come back in one day,
maybe two. They come back for their
families.

Gatewood stares at the devastation --

CHATO

They build big fire, burn the bodies.
Then go join with other Yaqui tribe.
Maybe they find new wives --

Gatewood gets off his horse --

GATEWOOD

You and Sieber -- I want you to track these
bounty hunters.

CHATO

They go off that way -- to the hills --
After they hunt Yaqui men they head for
Soyopas - get their money.

Gatewood steps up close to Chato --

GATEWOOD

I promise you Chato - we're going to catch
the men that did this thing.

(struggling with his words)

This terrible thing. This act of
barbarism. I promise you.

(in Apache)

From my heart --

(CONTINUED)

233E CONTINUED:

233E

FADE TO BLACK:

DAVIS (V.O.)

We moved deeper into Mexico. Sieber and Chato tracked the six men who had murdered the Yaquis for close to a week before they lost the trail on hard ground. Another few days of questioning locals about six men, gringos, one wearing a black hat with a hawk's feather in the band -- all to no avail -- Reluctantly Lt. Gatewood returned to looking for Geronimo -- checking out leads through towns and villages, sifting through hearsay and rumor that sometimes had Geronimo in six different places at once. It seemed as if we were chasing a spirit more than a man. Sieber and Chato kept us moving south. Lt. Gatewood allowed them their course and we arrived at the town of Fronteras --

FADE IN:

234 INT. CANTINA - FRONTERAS - MEXICO - DAY

234

Dark. Dirt floor. Dilapidated walls. Small wooden tables, simple wood bar -- Not a place for entertainment -- a place to get drunk -- to forget about the heat. GATEWOOD, SIEBER, CHATO and DAVIS enter -- move to the bar.

GATEWOOD

Mirando por un hombre -- Diego Redondo.

The Bartender looks across the room to an alcove.

GATEWOOD

Mr. Davis.

He and Davis move off to the alcove. Sieber and Chato remain at the bar --

*
*

235 INT. CANTINA - ALCOVE

235

A seated Vaquero wears a long serape -- a straw hat -- It is hard to see his face.

VAQUERO

Usted es Senor Gatewood?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

235

GATEWOOD

Habla? You speak American?

The Vaquero leans close as Gatewood and Davis seat themselves...

VAQUERO

I'm an American. At least I was --

The Vaquero pulls his hat back. His face is darkened, he has a long mustache, but he is plainly American. Davis hands across a small bag --

DAVIS

Tobacco?

The Vaquero takes it --

VAQUERO

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

The Vaquero pours another Tequila, downs it --

VAQUERO

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

Gatewood puts a twenty-dollar gold piece on the table. The Vaquero hesitates -- Gatewood puts another coin down --

*

VAQUERO

A few days back some Chiricahua showed up near here --

Three more coins go down --

*

GATEWOOD

Where?

VAQUERO

Straight up Montana Avviripe --

Finishes his Tequila.

236

CHATO - SIEBER - BAR

236 *

They watch as SIX MEN enter the main room, seat themselves at a small table -- order drinks. One of the men, THE LEADER, wears a BLACK HAT with a HAWK FEATHER in the band -- Another is AN INDIAN - The others Anglo, a low, rough crew -- The Indian walks to the bar, takes a bottle --

236A

AT TABLE - GATEWOOD - DAVIS

236A *

Gatewood now wants to get his business over with the Vaquero as soon as possible.

GATEWOOD

Thank you, Senor. It's been a pleasure talking to you.

VAQUERO

Vaya con Dios.

The Vaquero stands - moves off --

237

SIEBER

237 *

As the Vaquero passes by he glances at Chato -- calls over to the table of men.

SIEBER

Buenos dias -- didn't expect to run into many Americans down here -- Where you fellas from?

The Leader looks up and smiles. He's in his 40's -- goes by the name of HENRY SCHOONOVER -- White teeth dazzling under the dark moustache...

SCHOONOVER

Texas. I keep a house in Brewster county --

SIEBER

Awful far from home, ain't ya?

SCHOONOVER

We just come down here to try to make a livin' --

The others smile --

SCHOONOVER

How 'bout you, friend? Seems you got a real curious nature -- You the law?

(CONTINUED)

237 CONTINUED: 237

SIEBER

Me? Hell, no -- Huntin' that sonovabitch
Geronimo -- thought maybe you all might'a
come across something that'd help me out.

SCHOONOVER

Sorry, amigo. We ain't seen nothing --

SCHOONOVER

(to Chato)

You Apache?

Chato nods.

SCHOONOVER

Mighty purdy head of hair -- you sit
down here, while we have us a drink.
We'll take real good care of you...

One of Schoonover's men shoves a pistol thrust into Chato's
side. He moves across to Schoonover's table, sits --

238 GATEWOOD - DAVIS

238 *

watching --

GATEWOOD

Mr. Davis...

Gatewood indicates the kitchen opposite --

GATEWOOD

(hurried but calm)

Over there for cover -- If any of them
take off their hats, cover their gun
hands -- don't wait for me, just start
firing.

Gatewood starts across the room --

239 SCHOONOVER'S TABLE

239 *

As Gatewood walks close -- passes Sieber --

GATEWOOD

Al...

SIEBER

It's them.

Gatewood moves between Schoonover's table and the door to the
Cantina --

(CONTINUED)

SIEBER

That Apache's with us.

SCHOONOVER

Don't look like it to me.

GATEWOOD

He's a sergeant of scouts, United States Army.

SCHOONOVER

Who the hell are you?

GATEWOOD

Lt. Charles Gatewood. Sixth Cavalry.

SCHOONOVER

You boys are out of uniform --

(looks back to Chato)

Maybe he ought to wear one -- Somebody down here might take that scalp of his -- make themselves a little money -- But I can tell ya, you oughta be extra careful aroun' here -- lots of banditos up in them mountains. Real bad hombres --

GATEWOOD

Ten days ago we came across a Yaqui village -- Most of the Indians were dead. Slaughtered.

Schoonover removes his hat -- puts it on the table in front of him --

SCHOONOVER

We ran into same type of thing awhile back -- This here's a crazy country --

GATEWOOD

One hundred dollars buys our friend back.

SCHOONOVER

Let's see the money.

Gatewood tosses the bag of gold coins onto the table. Schoonover nods - Chato stands, moves to Gatewood.

SCHOONOVER

Nice doin' business with you, Mr. Gatewood. But I still admire this Apache's head of hair --

(CONTINUED)

239

CONTINUED:

239

Gatewood moves between Chato and Schoonover --

GATEWOOD

We made a deal.

A moment -- Then Gatewood begins to move away -- turns his back on Schoonover -- Schoonover again grabs his hat, now starts to cover his gun hand --

SCHOONOVER

Yessir -- he's got a mighty purdy head of hair --

As Schoonover's PISTOL appears from beneath his hat, Gatewood SUDDENLY spins and FIRES -- Schoonover falls backward, with his own SHOT gone wild -- A long moment of silence -- then it all breaks loose -- Sieber and the others begin BLASTING -- Sieber continues BLASTING -- Gatewood FIRING -- Chato JAMS his KNIFE into one of the bounty men - kills him -- The room now awash in GUNFIRE, SMOKE and BLOOD. One of the BOUNTY MEN runs for the kitchen -- Davis downs him with TWO SHOTS, his Colt bucking in his hand -- After several DEAFENING MOMENTS - all goes quiet. The six bounty men are dead. Sieber is down -- Davis bends over to help him -- comes away with a hand soaked with BLOOD. Gatewood standing behind, almost catatonic -- stares blankly ahead -- Davis looks at his hand then back to Sieber. Gatewood leans close --

SIEBER

God damn. Never thought I get killed tryin' to help an Apache...

DAVIS

We got 'em all, Mr. Sieber. We got 'em all.

SIEBER

Hell, I've been gun shot, arrow-shot seventeen times -- Been 20 years chasin' old Geronimo -- I'd love nothin' better that bein' there at the finish...

GATEWOOD

You don't have to account yourself to me, Al -- You're a brave man.

SIEBER

(smile)

Never did have no kind of luck.

(CONTINUED)

239

CONTINUED:

239

As he dies, CLOSE ON DAVIS...

DAVIS (V.O.)

We buried Al Sieber the next morning.
An hour later we traded the mules for
burros -- and started up Mt. Avviripe.

240 THRU 255A OMITTED

256 EXT. MT. AVVIRIPE - MEXICO - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

256

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.

257 EXT. CLIFF SIDE - MT. AVVIRIPE - MEXICO - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

257

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 --
PLUMMETS a thousand feet to the canyon below...

258 EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - MEXICO - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

258

Gatewood, Davis and Chato pause to catch their breath, gazing
upward... Chato staring at the trail ahead - it gets yet narrower,
steeper --

CHATO

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

(CONTINUED)

258

CONTINUED:

258

Gatewood turns to Davis --

GATEWOOD

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

DAVIS

Sir. Are you giving me a choice?

GATEWOOD

It's an order, Lieutenant -- I know it's hard to come this far, then stop... I'm sorry -- but now it's between Geronimo and me. No point in you getting killed for nothing.

He takes Davis' hand. They shake --

DAVIS

Good luck, sir --

Davis stands by the burros -- Gatewood and Chato start on -- then Gatewood looks back over his shoulder...

GATEWOOD

If we don't come back -- write to my wife. Tell her...we're trying to make a country and it's hard. Tell her I love her. Tell her I love my children.

Turns and goes.

259

EXT. HIGH MOUNTAIN PASS - MEXICO - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

259

The trails dropping off thousands of feet -- Gatewood and Chato ascend even higher -- A WHITE HANDKERCHIEF tied to Gatewood's rifle -- Gatewood has tossed his shirt aside in the struggle upward -- his filthy longjohns TORN AND DIRTY --a SMALL CROSS visible around his neck...

260

EXT. ROCK PLATEAU - HIGH MOUNTAINS - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

260

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 HOSTILE APACHES -- stark against the sky. MANGAS stands foremost -- He points his rifle at Chato.

(CONTINUED)

260

CONTINUED:

260

MANGAS

Why did you bring him? He is an enemy
to his people.

GATEWOOD

He thinks you are.

(CONTINUED)

260

CONTINUED:

260

Mangas lines up the sights on Chato...

GATEWOOD

He is a brave man to come here, enough
Chiricahua are dead.

Ulzana steps forward, SMASHES Gatewood across the face with
his rifle butt. *

ULZANA

Enough Chiricahua are dead because the
White-Eyes killed them. *

MANGAS

My family. All of them are dead.

Geronimo appears from behind several warriors -- looks to
Gatewood.

GERONIMO

Enough!

Moves close to Gatewood.

GERONIMO

I knew you would come, Gate-wood.

Gatewood, bleeding, staggers to his feet.

GATEWOOD

I bring an offer from the new White-Eye
chief, General Miles -- to stop the
killing.

GERONIMO

The White-Eye chiefs make many offers.
Still the Apache are driven from their
land. Have they taught you to lie
Gate-wood? *

Gatewood points to the few warriors in the camp. ,

GATEWOOD

Look and see how few warriors you have
left -- General Miles will hunt you if
it takes fifty years -- He has already
sent your families to Florida. ,

GERONIMO

If I kill White-Eyes forever -- I am
still Geronimo, an Apache -- who are
you Gatewood?... *

(CONTINUED)

260

CONTINUED:

260

GATEWOOD

I'm just a warrior, just a man like
you. We can die here, or we can live.
Either way the war must end.

He tears off his CROSS and shows it to Geronimo.

GATEWOOD

My God is a God of peace. Of life not
death. What does your God say?

GERONIMO

The Apache God is a God of peace --
(muses on the cross)
Tell me what is in your heart.

GATEWOOD

(simply)

The war is over --

He puts the cross in his Geronimo's hand.

GATEWOOD

I offer this because it has power for
me -- Our fight must end here. Now
tell me what is in your heart --

Geronimo looks around at the faces of his men -- the
mountains, the sky...

GERONIMO

When I was young I took a wife. We
lived in these mountains. We have our
family. 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, my power showed me how to
get revenge. Always since then I get
revenge. But no matter how many I
kill, I could not bring back my family.

(CONTINUED)

260

CONTINUED:

260

Geronimo pauses for a moment, looks to the cross, then back to Gatewood.

GERONIMO

I give you blue stone -- you give me
this -- It will be peace.

He walks away, reveals the mountains and desert below -- a vast horizon --

261

EXT. MOUNTAIN PLATEAU - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY (LOC. MOAB)

261

A long line of FORTY HORSE SOLDIERS -- FIFTEEN APACHE WARRIORS, ELEVEN WOMEN AND SIX CHILDREN are facing them -- as always the little band is proud and defiant looking -- GEN. MILES comes forward... GERONIMO looks at Miles for a moment -- then hands him his pistol and Bowie knife... The MILITARY BAND is playing "Hail Columbia".

*

*

MILES

Geronimo -- I accept your surrender.
Florida for two years. You and the
Apache must make a new life --

An ARMY WAGON is pulled up -- he and Miles climb aboard.
Geronimo looks off at the surrounding desert and mountains -
- then back 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 as the massive Cavalry escort follows --

262

ACROSS THE WAY - GATEWOOD

262

Gatewood watches the Apaches being led off across the desert.

- 263 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY 263
- The Chiricahua and the military escort becoming small on the horizon...
- 264 CLOSE - GERONIMO 264
- He turns, sees:
- 265 CLOSE - GATEWOOD 265
- stares off, knowing that this is the last time he will ever see Geronimo -- As the column departs he is left there alone -- *
- 265A CLOSE - DAVIS 265A *
- sees Gatewood, watches a moment, then turns and joins the column --
- 266 EXT. PARADE GROUND - SAN CARLOS - ARIZONA - DAY 266
- All the APACHE SCOUTS have been assembled. They stand correctly in line, carbines on their shoulders...
- DAVIS (V.O.)
- Geronimo was held for several weeks at San Carlos -- Lieutenant Gatewood had been transferred to Wyoming. The Army, unable to defeat Geronimo by traditional means, chose to overlook his efforts. Instead of being rewarded with a medal, Charles Gatewood was sentenced to obscurity.
- 267 A METAL CAGE - ACROSS THE WAY 267
- Geronimo being held alone inside this crude jail -- He watches as:

68

H.Q. BLDG. - AN OFFICER

268

appears on the Headquarters' porch -- walks down toward the fifty assembled scouts. As he does so, MOUNTED CAVALRY deploys at the back and to the sides of the standing Apache Soldiers.

SGT. MAJOR

Attention!

The SCOUTS snap to --

SGT. MAJOR

Present arms!

This done, TROOPERS move down the line collecting carbines. THE OFFICER begins to read from an official document --

OFFICER

By order of the office of the President of the United States, all Chiricahua Scouts are under arrest and will be transported to Fort Marion Prison, Saint Augustine Florida with the outlaw Apaches led by Goyakla known as Geronimo. The Apache Scouts from the White Mountain, Coyotero and Mescalero tribes are to return at once to their reservations. They will remain within these boundaries unless given express permission to travel. Their duties for the United States Army are at an end. We thank them for their service.

The Officer wheels, heads back to the Headquarters building --

269

RANK OF APACHE SCOUTS - CHATO

269

TWO TROOPERS in front of him -- he doesn't understand.

TROOPER

Gimme that rifle, Sergeant --

CHATO

I'm good Apache. This is not right.

The Trooper tears the rifle from Chato's hand.

TROOPER

Shut the hell up and stay in line.

(CONTINUED)

269

CONTINUED:

269

CHATO

I'm a good Apache. I'm Sgt. Chato -- a scout --

TROOPER

Maybe you wanta talk to the President, huh Chato?

270

THE CAGE - ACROSS THE WAY

270 *

Geronimo watching --

271

EXT. PARADE GROUND - SAN CARLOS - THRU WINDOW - DAVIS' P.O.V.- DAY 271 *

Many CHIRICAHUA APACHE in Army wagons -- ARMED TROOPERS guard them as the wagons head off through the arch -- toward the horizon line...

DAVIS (V.O.)

The following day Geronimo, his band of renegades and all the Chiricahua that had served in the Army were loaded into wagons and transported from San Carlos to Holbrook, Arizona, where they were to be put on a military train to Florida.

272

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

272 *

Davis turns from the window - walks to the desk of an Aid-de-camp.

DAVIS

Mr. Glenville. I'd like to see the General.

GLENVILLE

(bored, going through papers)
On what business?

DAVIS

I'd like to tell him he's a son of a bitch.

GLENVILLE

Really?

(CONTINUED)

272

CONTINUED:

272

DAVIS

Yes, sir.

Glenville stands, opens the door to Miles' inner office --

273

INT. MILES OFFICE - SAN CARLOS - DAY

273 *

Miles looks up from his desk -- he's going through some dossiers...

GLENVILLE

Mr. Davis, sir.

MILES

Yes?

Davis steps past Glenville, gathers himself...

DAVIS

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

That's quite enough, Lieutenant.

Takes off his glasses --

MILES

I don't know if I'm talking to an officer in the United States Army or just a dangerously simple-minded man. 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. That's what matters. It's over Lieutenant, Geronimo, the Apaches. Over. I suppose the whole history of the west except being a farmer.

Glasses back on -- Miles takes a pen - begins writing, back to business...

(CONTINUED)

273

CONTINUED:

273

MILES

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.

274

EXT. TEXAS PLAINS - DAY

274 *

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

275

INT. TRAIN - CATTLE CAR - OPEN COUNTRY - DAY

275 *

Geronimo sits in the crowded car, light strobing through the slats of the locked door. Next to him sits Mangas. ARMED TROOPERS stands nearby -- Chato across the way, knees up...

CHATO

(to Geronimo)

*You were right to fight them.
Everything they promised me was a lie.*

MANGAS

*You helped them -- I will despise you
until you die.*

Geronimo looks at both of them, then to Chato --

GERONIMO

*There are few Chiricahua left. They
should not hate each other --*

He sees a YOUNG APACHE WOMAN holding A SMALL CHILD. The woman looks ravaged, begins coughing.

GERONIMO

*She has the coughing sickness. She
will die soon. Maybe the baby, too.*

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

275

GERONIMO

No one knows why the one God let the White-Eyes come here and take what was ours. Why did there have to be so many of them? Why did they have so many guns and so many soldiers and so many horses? For awhile the one God made me a warrior. No gun, no bullets, would ever kill me. That was my power. But now I will die in a prison.

Mangas looks across at Geronimo, lowers his head again. Geronimo looks off thru the slats at the country passing by --

276 EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY

276

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 seriously injured at Ft. McKinney, Wyoming. He was trying to put out a fire when the powder magazine blew up. He died soon after -- His wife and their two children were given a pension of seventeen dollars a month... Geronimo lived for another twenty-two years as a prisoner of war in Florida, Alabama and Oklahoma. Despite their promises Washington never let him return home. In 1913, the 261 Chiricahua survivors were given the choice of remaining in Oklahoma or relocating to the Mescalero Apache Reservation in New Mexico...

SUPER TITLE:

HOC SIGNO VINCES - BY THESE MEANS WE CONQUERED THEM...

END.