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Geronimo

An American Legend

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Final Draft

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Note: All italicized dialogue is to be spoken in Apache.

Geronimo

EXT. SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS - MEXICO - DAWN

Apaches, SILHOUETTED, some mounted, most on foot -- the majority of them WOMEN and CHILDREN, press across a low hill.

CLOSE - CROOK - SIEBER

BRIG. GEN. GEORGE CROOK lowers his field glasses -- stares at the distant Apache a moment -- Dismounted Troopers in a gully behind -- keeping their profile low to the ground... Crook passes the glasses over to AL SIEBER, Chief of Scouts.

SIEBER

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!

RAGSDALE

Sir!

CROOK

Troopers on the flat! Form a line!

The column comes up out of the wash -- forms a line.

SIEBER

Scouts!

He mounts and rides off -- Crook moves to Capt. Ragsdale's side, Scouts follow with rifles --

CROOK

Captain Ragsdale.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAGSDALE

Sir!

CROOK

Advance carbines.

RAGSDALE

Company! Advance carbines!

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

CROOK

Sound the march.

RAGSDALE

Bugler!

A Trooper raises his BUGLE into the ball of the RISING SUN -
- blows the charge... The column digs out --

APACHES

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

WOMEN - CHILDREN

All running --

MOUNTED APACHE WARRIORS

wheel their mounts to face the charge -- race forward giving
cover to the retreating women and children...

CAVALRY

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

CLOSE - SCOUT APACHES

Rifles held ready as they gallop --

THE APACHE

as the Army bears down -- They are almost at the ridge...
The warriors riding full-tilt without reins -- begin to
FIRE --

CLOSE - SIEBER

FIRING -- reloading at the gallop -- riding ahead on the left flank of the cavalry column --

CLOSE - CAVALRY

A HORSE screams and falls kicking -- A TROOPER is BLASTED from his mount --

EXT. APACHE VILLAGE - MEXICO - EARLY MORNING

Across the open area, an Apache camp -- Many wickiups have been set on FIRE -- The Cavalry rides into camp, rounding up the Apache --

DAVIS (V.O.)

The Chiricahua Apache of the American Southwest were the last of the great tribes to defy the United States government and its effort to impose the reservation system... The Army under the command of Brigadier General George Crook was entrusted with the responsibility of breaking this resistance. His campaign into the Chiricahua strongholds below the Mexican border brought to a conclusion a conflict that had raged through the Southwest for nearly two decades.

OLD NANA - APACHE WOMEN - CHILDREN

all stand surrounded by APACHE SCOUTS and cocked weapons...

Crook walks up to stand next to Chato --

CROOK

(to Chato)

Tell Old Nana and the others we won't hurt them...

All the while Chato translates...

CROOK

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As Chato continues to translate, Crook moves off to his nearby mule --

DAVIS (V.O.)

Only one Chiricahua warrior and his band of renegades held out -- then he sent word that he would give himself up in two months' time. He was called Goyakla, but years before the Mexicans had given him another name -- Geronimo.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - ARIZONA TERRITORY 2 MONTHS LATER - DAY

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

DAVIS (V.O.)

My name is Britton Davis. One month before my twenty-second birthday, I reported for duty in the Arizona Territory. It was my first posting to garrison life -- In looking back it is now clear to me that I was as much a stranger to myself as I was to the great Western desert.

EXT. OVERLAND WAY STATION - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

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... As the stage arrives -- 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. --

DAVIS (V.O.)

The beginning of my life as a frontier soldier was at hand, and no amount of military training could disguise the excitement I felt.

BILLY

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

INT. OVERLAND WAY STATION - DAY

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

BILLY
Whisky?

DAVIS
No thank you, sir.

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

Billy starts moving behind the bar -- pours himself a shot.
A woman in the back takes a laundry basket out --

BILLY
Looks like you are though --

DAVIS
Second Lieutenant Britton Davis. At
your service.

Billy steps up to the table and puts the bottle down.

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 about ya --

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

A voice from the doorway --

VAQUERO
Senor, soldados vienen --

CLOSE - DAVIS

He stands -- moves to a window.

THRU WINDOW - DAVIS' P.O.V.

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

DAVIS

walks from the window to the table and takes off his Kepi, opens the hatbox and puts on a fine new cavalry wide-brim --

EXT. OVERLAND STATION

As Davis comes out through the door -- Looks up and salutes 1st Lieutenant CHARLES GATEWOOD -- a career man in the frontier Army.

DAVIS (V.O.)

My initial impression of 1st Lieutenant Charles Gatewood remains distinct in my memory. His brusqueness was entirely military, balanced by unfailing good manners. In his most matter of fact way, he gave me my first order as an officer of the United States Cavalry. I was to accompany him south. We were going to bring in Geronimo.

Sgt. Chato and the other scouts lead their mounts to the trough. Gatewood gets off his mount.

GATEWOOD

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

Gatewood looks at a map --

DAVIS

Sir?

GATEWOOD

Yes?

DAVIS

Just you and me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GATEWOOD

The General figured that 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 now, would you Mr. Davis?

Gatewood passes by Davis and walks towards the horses.

DAVIS

No, sir.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - HIGH SHOT - DAY

Five riders, ant-like below...

DAVIS (V.O.)

The Lieutenant 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.

EXT. OPEN DESERT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

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.

GATEWOOD

That's the border, Mr. Davis.

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

DAVIS

How will he find us?

GATEWOOD

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

Snaps his compass shut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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, an APACHE appears over a sand dune. Davis raises his field glasses, studies the Medicine Man who is singing and beating a small drum --

DAVIS
(passing the field glasses
to Gatewood)
Lieutenant?

GATEWOOD
Apache Medicine Man...

Pause.

GATEWOOD
Probably on a pilgrimage --

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.

Gatewood walks away with his horse --

EXT. OPEN DESERT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DUSK

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIS (V.O.)

When the Medicine Man joined our camp I was filled with curiosity. By personal inclination, Lieutenant Gatewood kept his own counsel. However, he met questions from an inexperienced officer with patience and courtesy. What fascinated me most was his sympathy and knowledge of all things pertaining to the Apache.

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

INT. TENT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DUSK

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

DAVIS

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

GATEWOOD

To an Apache -- stillness is a pleasure -- they're taught that while 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 -- on a white horse.

DAVIS

Superstitious aren't they?

Gatewood smiles, moves a checker --

GATEWOOD

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

DAVIS

Just because the Medicine Man said it? You've got a bet, Lieutenant...

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIS

Question, these scouts we have with us
-- They're Apache. Why would they
work for the Army? Fight against
their own kind?

GATEWOOD

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...

EXT. OPEN DESERT/INT. TENT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

Again broiling.

The Officers still playing cards, betting bullets -- at a
small folding table within the open tent --

It is late afternoon. Gatewood holding his cards --

DAVIS

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

GATEWOOD

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

DAVIS

You must miss them.

GATEWOOD

Every hour of every day.

Gatewood puts his cards down.

EXT. DESERT - ACROSS THE WAY

The Medicine Man, Chato, Dutchy and Sgt. Turkey see Geronimo,
Ulzana and Mangas appear on top of the dunes on horseback.

EXT. DESERT/INT. TENT

Chato runs up, stands just outside the tent --

CHATO

Goyakla coming. He rides a white
horse.

Gatewood stands buttoning his jacket. Davis stands at the
end of the table, puts his hat on and grabs his gun belt as
he exits.

EXT. DESERT - CAMPSITE - DUNES

Standing silhouetted against the sun are THREE ARMED AND MOUNTED APACHES -- appearing ghost-like...

Gatewood walking out of the tent, Davis follows --

GATEWOOD

You owe me five dollars, Mr. Davis.

GERONIMO rides his white horse forward -- closes in on Chato...

GERONIMO

I heard you were wearing the blue coat. I did not believe it. Now I know your heart.

Geronimo nudges his horse forward again, approaches Gatewood and Davis who walk closer...

GATEWOOD

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

GERONIMO

You speak pretty good Apache.

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.

Pause.

GATEWOOD

Nantan Lupan waits for you with an open heart.

Formalities are now completed. Geronimo jerks the white stallion away, joins the other Apache --

DAVIS

They are -- something --

Davis stares across at Geronimo and his warriors --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GATEWOOD

Chiricahua are special, even among the Apache.

Gatewood walks back to the tent. Davis continues to stare at Geronimo...

EXT. WAY STATION - DAWN

A couple of line shacks -- corrals and adobe stage depot. A SIX UP STAGE pulls away, heads off toward the horizon...

DAVIS (V.O.)

The second night of our trek to San Carlos we put up at the Overland Way Station at the foot of the Dragoon Mountains. The following morning I had my first opportunity to write home, being careful to include in the letter an offhand reference to my participation in the capture of Geronimo.

INT. WAY STATION - DAWN

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 with white hat, carries shotgun.

Gatewood moves to look out the window -- after a moment Gatewood wipes his face with a towel --

INT. WAY STATION - DUSK

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

WHITE HAT

I'm lookin' for the officer in charge --

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

GATEWOOD

Lt. Charles Gatewood. At your service.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHITE HAT

(looks over at Geronimo,
then back to Gatewood)

We heard the Army was 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 we
get back here with a warrant and a
posse --

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

I have orders to turn these Apache in
to General Crook.

Davis jumps in --

DAVIS

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

GATEWOOD

(admonition)

Lieutenant...

HAWKINS

(to Davis)

Don't you sass me, blue coat.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAWKINS

The great Geronimo. Well I 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. After a nervous
moment, Gatewood walks between Geronimo and Hawkins...

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
to get into a contest with the 6th
Cavalry.

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

HAWKINS

Lemme tell you something, soldier --
Even the 6th Cavalry is subject to a
Federal warrant. Justice is gonna be
served -- one way or the other...

Hawkins and Toothy exit --

EXT. WAY STATION - THRU WINDOW - DAWN

Hawkins and Toothy walk from the porch to their horses --
Toothy mounts, takes Hawkins' rifle - Hawkins mounts and
takes his rifle back then they move off at a gallop -- riding
hard into the rising sun...

GATEWOOD - THRU WINDOW

He stares off at the retreating horsemen -- Davis moves to
his side...

GATEWOOD

Get the Apaches going, Mr. Davis.
Now.

DAVIS

Sir!

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

FIFTEEN RIDERS moving across a great expanse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIS (V.O.)

We moved north with all possible speed, but our pack mules prevented us from making good progress... Around four o' clock in the afternoon we caught sight of the Tombstone Posse.

GATEWOOD P.O.V. - THRU GLASSES - OPEN COUNTRY BELOW - THE POSSE

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

DAVIS (V.O.)

Faced with a potential enemy that possessed superior numbers, Lt. Gatewood hit upon an unusual tactic. He divided his forces, sending me ahead with the others while he and Geronimo remained behind. The Lt. had two objectives -- first, to attempt a rear-guard protective action; second, and most important, never to lose sight of Geronimo.

EXT. ROCKY CLIFF SIDE - GATEWOOD

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

GATEWOOD

It's more of a lynch mob than a posse -- But if they serve those warrants I'll have to give you up...

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

GERONIMO

You have a 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?

He takes up the Sharps --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GATEWOOD

I can't let you kill any of those men.

Looks back into the glasses --

P.O.V. GLASSES - OPEN COUNTRY BELOW

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

CLOSE - YAQUI DAVE

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 --

CLOSE - GERONIMO - CLIFF SIDE

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

YAQUI DAVE - BELOW

Now about 150 yards from the cliff -- He motions the others forward...

HAWKINS

What do you see Dave?

YAQUI DAVE

(holding his rifle)

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 me 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...

CLOSE - GERONIMO - CLIFF SIDE

He smiles and reloads --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GATEWOOD
That was a great shot.

GERONIMO
Not so great. I aim for his head.

Now grabs his Winchester as he and Gatewood lever off several more BLASTS --

EXT. OPEN FLAT

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

EXT. CLIFF SIDE

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

Hands across his field glasses -- Geronimo looks at the embossed name on the case -- 1ST LT. CHARLES GATEWOOD -- 6TH CAV.

GERONIMO
This your name, Gate-wood?

GATEWOOD
Yes -- a gift from my Troops.

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

GATEWOOD
Not a chief. Only a soldier.

GERONIMO
Your long glass is better than mine...

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 valuable to the Apache.

Gatewood takes the stone -- moved by the gesture.

GATEWOOD
Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On his faint smile...

CUT TO:

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

GATEWOOD, GERONIMO, DAVIS AND THE OTHERS ride into the compound -- Three companies of cavalry at spit and polish attention... CROOK, straightening his hat as he comes down the veranda from his command post. He is followed by Hentig, Ragsdale, Mulrey and a Guard. Sieber and Dead Shot enter behind Crook to watch what is going on --

DAVIS (V.O.)

The following afternoon we arrived at the military base of operations at San Carlos, Arizona Territory. This afforded me my first glimpse of General Crook, who the Apache called Nantan Lupan -- Grey Wolf Chief... Our arrival was laid out with great military ceremony, the surrender of Geronimo was no small event.

To the side, SOLDIERS' WIVES, CHILDREN and some CIVILIANS are crowded on the porch of one of the buildings in the campground. Sieber and Dead Shot move away from the porch --

GATEWOOD

(salutes)

General.

CROOK

(salutes)

My compliments, Lieutenant.

Mangas, Davis, Dutchy, Chato and Ulzana are on horses - watching. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

GERONIMO - CROOK

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

You know my 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. Gatewood steps up to Al Sieber.

GATEWOOD

Mr. Sieber.

SIEBER

Lieutenant.

Gatewood follows Crook -- Sieber watches --

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

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

I see you got your coffee -- Lt. Gatewood has just reported to me about your trip from the border. It's quite a story...

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 rifles for hunting?

CROOK

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

GERONIMO

Gate-wood.

CROOK

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

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

You come visit me, Gatewood?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GATEWOOD

Yes. I would like that.

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.

EXT. TURKEY CREEK - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

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

DAVIS stands at the front --

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...

OLD NANA

*What is this? Why worry if Apaches
get drunk, too?*

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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD NANA

*Why do all of us have to pay if a few
Apaches cause trouble?*

SGT. TURKEY

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

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.

EXT RESERVATION - TURKEY CREEK - DAY

Gatewood and Sieber ride up to the collection of wickiups,
accompanied by a full compliment of Apache Scouts.

DAVIS (V.O.)

Six weeks after I took up residence at
Turkey Creek, Lt. Gatewood and Al
Sieber came to visit. Sieber, as
Chief of Scouts, was in charge of
recruiting Apache for the Army...

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

SIEBER

Hello there, 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 -- 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
of you...

MANGAS

Mexicans take my wife, my little boy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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?

MANGAS

(turning away)

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...

EXT. TURKEY CREEK - GATEWOOD - DAY

As he rides thru the wickiups and remadas on the way to Geronimo --

DAVIS (V.O.)

The Federal Government had forced over 500 Chiricahua to take up residence within Turkey Creek's narrow borders...corn was the main crop -- but the land was not fertile enough for them to be self-sufficient. The Chiricahua had become dependent upon monthly allotments of government supplies for their well being.

A WOMAN tosses out a bowl of dirty water - An OLD MAN waves -- Many Apache stand silently, almost sullen as he passes by...

EXT. GERONIMO'S WICKIUP - TURKEY CREEK - DAY

GERONIMO is seated -- GATEWOOD arrives, hands him some cigars...

GERONIMO

Gate-wood, you come to visit me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GATEWOOD

It does my heart good to see Geronimo.
How is the life of a farmer?

GERONIMO

Some Apache are good farmers. Some
miss the old way. I am not a very
good farmer, Gate-wood.

FLASH CUT: GERONIMO SEES HIS POWER, HAS A VISION - IMAGES OF WAR

BACK TO REALITY:

As Geronimo lights his cigar --

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. But we will win in the end
because we will die free of them.

GATEWOOD

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

No response.

GATEWOOD

Which Medicine Man? I'd like talk to
him -- I'll see what he has to say --

GERONIMO

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

Geronimo puffs again on his cigar --

INT. DAVIS' TENT - TURKEY CREEK - SUNSET

GATEWOOD and DAVIS eating --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GATEWOOD

He's a warrior. Every bit born in battle. Fighting for a lost cause. I'm familiar with the type --

Pause.

GATEWOOD

My two older brothers and my father served in the Army of Northern Virginia. My older brother was killed, my father was wounded...crippled. After the war he took me aside and said, "You carry the new flag". Sent me to the Academy. First in my family north of the Mason-Dixon line. So like our friend, I know what its like to hate the blue coat.

EXT. CAMP FIRE - TURKEY CREEK - GERONIMO - MANGAS - NANA - NIGHT

OLD NANA

Before the White-Eye came we had a good life. Maybe this Dreamer at Cibecue can help us. The White-Eye do not understand the way of the Apache.

MANGAS

There is a Medicine Man at Cibecue called The Dreamer. He says the dead chiefs will rise. He says the Apache are the true keepers of the land.

GERONIMO

I will go to him. I want to hear his words. Today while Gatewood talked to me, I looked into my power. I saw a white horse running. I saw signs of war.

EXT. CIBECUE CREEK - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIS (V.O.)

Nothing so concentrated the bureaucratic mind in dealing with the Indians as rumors of a troublesome Medicine Man. When an occasional religious leader showed up among the tribes preaching doctrines perceived to be dangerous, standard government policy was to have the Army deal with it immediately.

CAVALRY

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

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 and the women and children stop and stare at the soldiers -- a few run to wickiups, emerge with carbines...

CLOSE -- THE DREAMER

He slows his chanting -- his voice drops.

CLOSE - CAPTAIN HENTIG

He calls out, leans forward in the saddle --

HENTIG

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

Hentig, Sieber and Dead Shot spur their horses into the creek -- After splashing across the horsemen stop, still in the water, before The Dreamer...

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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hentig looks across at the line of Apaches behind The Dreamer -- He doesn't like the look of the situation --

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 --

HENTIG

Stop that! Stop him! Arrest him!

A TROOPER swings a lariat out and ropes him -- The Dreamer is pulled from his feet and into the water --
The Dreamer splashes about -- tries to get the rope off --
Pistols are out -- Sieber pulls his big .44 single-action --
BUTT-STROKES The Dreamer back into the creek -- spitting water, he comes up holding a rock...

HENTIG

Watch it!

A TROOPER raises his pistol -- BLASTS!

SIEBER

You didn't have to shoot him! I could
have handled this myself!

THE DREAMER

now lies face up on the edge of the bank -- a PLUME OF RED drifting away across the ripples -- His hand extends holding the rock... The rock rolls out of his hand.

HENTIG

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

Geronimo appears from the crowd of Apache --

GERONIMO

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

Hentig wheels his horse around --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HENTIG

Arrest him! Arrest Geronimo!

Dead Shot looks from Geronimo back to Hentig -- Dead Shot is in a hard place -- doesn't like what happened -- Geronimo stares directly at Dead Shot --

GERONIMO

Where is your heart?

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 -- Dead shot is hit on the head by a trooper with a gun. More SHOTS erupt. Bullets SMACK into the water -- Women SCREAM -- Guns appear from under blankets. Geronimo grabs a Colt from a TROOPER'S hand as he runs and gets behind the Trooper and shoves the pistol into the same TROOPER'S face and FIRES, then leaps into the the trooper's empty saddle Sieber tries to ride down Geronimo -- A Trooper on a horse fires. Sieber rides out chasing Apaches -- He turns to shoot twice -- An Apache turns and BLASTS Sieber in the collar-bone, knocks him off his mount -- People and animals stampeding wildly... Sieber crawls to the bank all wet.

TROOPERS - EMERGE FROM THE CREEK.

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

CLOSE - GERONIMO

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:

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

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 --

INT. CORRIDOR - CLOSE - POLISHED BOOTS - NIGHT

TILT UP TO A MILITARY COURIER who jostles past some of the elegantly dressed CIVILIANS who note his hurried, insistent manner -- He stops and looks out for Gen. Crook.

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

CROOK is surrounded by CIVILIANS, standing near the punch bowl -- talking chiefly to an ATTRACTIVE 40 YEAR OLD WOMAN -- As the Courier arrives --

COURIER

General Crook, telegram sir!

Crook tears open the dispatch -- begins to read...

Crook sets the dispatch aside -- He turns to the awaiting Courier, still holding the telegram --

CROOK

(to the Courier)

Get a staff officer to me --

(looks across the room, sees

Capt. Ragsdale)

Capt. Ragsdale -- now...

The Courier approaches Ragsdale -- They look at Crook. The Courier exits -- Ragsdale moves toward Crook -- 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. 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.

Hold on Crook's face and:

EXT. HIGH DESERT - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIS (V.O.)

Geronimo had quickly divided his forces into small bands -- each headed for Mexico. By the day after Cibecue, Crook had five columns in the field... The Geronimo campaign had begun.

GATEWOOD is at the head of the column which moves at an easy walk, Davis beside him --

Mulrey rides out of the column --

SGT. MULREY

(shouting)

On the point! Circle back!

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

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

EXT. HIGH DESERT - NEARBY RIDGE - RIGHT FLANK

FIFTEEN APACHE WARRIORS on horseback -- walk their horses parallel to the column -- The Bronco Apaches are about 300 yards off --

GATEWOOD - COLUMN

DAVIS

Sir!

GATEWOOD

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

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

The Bronco Apaches still walking their horses --

GATEWOOD - DAVIS - COLUMN

Davis turns in the saddle --

DAVIS

Beg pardon, sir. Do we attack?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GATEWOOD
Hold the column steady...
(turns)
Sergeant!

SGT.
Steady in the rank! Steady!

Down the line --

VOICES
Steady in the rank! Steady in the
rank!

APACHE - ON THE RIDGE

A YOUNG BRONCO APACHE peels off from the group, rides down
the embankment --

GATEWOOD - DAVIS - COLUMN

Gatewood raises his arm.

GATEWOOD
Sergeant!

SGT.
Column halt!

Gatewood turns to Davis --

GATEWOOD
Whatever happens - the Apache will
take off. Don't let the column pursue
at speed. Whenever you can, choose
your ground to fight on --

Davis nods -- Gatewood suddenly gallops toward the Apache --
leaving Davis at the head of the column.

THE BRONCO APACHE - AHEAD OF THE COLUMN

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

BRONCO APACHE
*Come here! I'm not afraid of you
White-Eyes! I said, come here!*

Chato moves up to Davis --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAVIS

Chato -- What the hell is going on?

CHATO

Raiding party, split off from Goyakla
-- Apache challenge Gatewood come out
and fight. Wants to show off his
power for other Chiricahua.

GATEWOOD - BRONCO APACHE

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

GATEWOOD

stands, raises his horse -- Gatewood mounting Cavalry style -- circles as Davis and the column gallop up --

The Apache group on the ridge above gallop away and disappears from sight -- Gatewood turns his look back to the fallen Bronco Apache --

GATEWOOD

Chato.

Chato rides close.

GATEWOOD

Is there anything that should be done?

CHATO

A blessing.

Chato dismounts and kneels next to the body -- sprinkles some sand...

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

Geronimo, Ulzana, Mangas and the other Apaches ride up on a ridge. Indians on horses with rifles raid the camp and walk some miners up the hill to Geronimo.

DAVIS (V.O.)

Geronimo's band had diverted to the east, into the copper mining country of the low hills. His tactics were -- resupply at the expense of the civilians who had settled on Chiricahua land.

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

GERONIMO

This is Apache land. This has always been Apache land --

MINER

We ain't never done nothin' to you...
It ain't right...

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

UNAFRAID

Stop crying, 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...

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 -- The Apache ride down the hill leaving the Unafraid Miner and Geronimo.

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 --

EXT. PARADE GROUND - FORT GRANT - DAWN

Sunrise.

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

TROOPERS -- IN RANK AND FILE

Faces without expression.

Eyes moving as they follow the Apaches being escorted up the gallows --

GALLOWS

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.

DEAD SHOT

Nantan Lupan -- I give you my hat -- Maybe you will think of my wife and baby.

Dandy Jim calls out --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANDY JIM

Don't trust the White-Eye. With them there is no right way. I am not afraid of their preacher. The One God will welcome me.

The Sergeant puts the hood and noose on Dandy Jim, then goes to Skip-Hey and does the same -- The CHAPLAIN glances around apologetically, sensing that the others are anxious to get on with the job -- The Sergeant moves to the lever and puts his hand on it awaiting the order --

CROOK

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

EXT. OPEN DESERT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

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 rides out followed by Davis.

EXT. STAGECOACH

Gatewood dismounts, followed by Davis -- Gatewood opens the stagecoach door... Several passengers dead inside... He walks back to Davis.

GATEWOOD

Three of them dead. Driver should be nearby.

DAVIS

They didn't have to kill them to get the horses --

GATEWOOD

No they didn't.

Gatewood walks back to his horse -- Davis stands for a solemn moment and looks to the coach...

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - GATEWOOD - DAVIS

The Column advances to meet three Apache Scouts riding in the opposite direction --

CHATO

Nantan Sieber.

Gatewood rides toward Sieber with Davis, Sgt. Mulrey, Chato and Roundtree --

DAVIS (V.O.)

Al Sieber had had his wound from Cibecue cauterized with a hot poker and was back in the saddle the following day. All told, he had suffered seventeen gunshot and arrow wounds in his many years of fighting Apache...

EXT. DESERT - REVERSE ANGLE - GATEWOOD - DAVIS - DAY

Digging hard with two troopers -- halting their mounts in a skidding stop as SIEBER rides up with DUTCHY.

SIEBER

(handing across a dispatch case)

General wants to deploy me and Dutchy to your column.

Gatewood reading --

DAVIS

How's the wound, Mr. Sieber?

SIEBER

Which one, Hell -- I got one here, here, here -- I mend real good. Ain't slowin' me down none --

GATEWOOD

A few days ago we came across an Overland -- four dead, horses gone...

SIEBER

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GATEWOOD

Mr. Davis, you and Sgt. Mulrey, stick with Mr. Sieber -- see that he finds his way back to the column by sundown.

DAVIS

Sir.

Sieber rides out, followed by Dutchy, Davis and Sgt. Mulrey -- Gatewood turns to ride back to the column followed by Chato -- The horsemen wheel off --

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

SIEBER and DUTCHY riding at a canter...

Davis and Sgt. Mulrey a length back -- Suddenly Sieber hauls up and dismounts -- HOOFPRIENTS in the sand...

SIEBER

Raidin' party's damn close.

(to Mulrey)

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

As Mulrey gallops away, Sieber hauls himself back into the saddle --

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY

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

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY

THREE YOUNG APACHE WARRIORS with a string of stolen ponies. The Trailing Apache looks back, hearing the SOUND of Sieber's horse -- They jerk the ponies into a gallop -- The Third Apache splits off with four of the mustangs --

SIEBER - DAVIS - DUTCHY

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

SIEBER

Take him! Take him!

Davis and Sgt. Dutchy move off to pursue the Third Apache... Sieber proceeds after the two remaining Apaches --

THIRD APACHE

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

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - SIEBER - DAY

makes a running dismount -- levers his Winchester and FIRES, BLASTS again --

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - APACHES - DAY

The SECOND SHOT hits the Trailing Apache who goes down -- The Lead Apache wheels, turns to face Sieber --

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - SIEBER - DAY

He has re-mounted, again galloping forward -- closes to 50 yards when his HORSE IS HIT, goes down twisting end over end, Sieber disappearing in the rising dust -- The Apache keeps galloping forward -- still BLASTING - Sieber crawls behind his dead horse...

SIEBER

now with his big .44 revolver -- levels down -- kills the Apache with TWO SHOTS, one to the head, one to the heart.

EXT. OPEN DESERT - LATE AFTERNOON

Sieber sitting on his dead horse as Gatewood's column arrives --

DAVIS (V.O.)

The hostile Apache that Dutchy and I had been pursuing had gotten away. Needless to say, at the time I was humiliated. But much later I decided the incident had come out for the best. I'm quite content to go to my grave knowing that I've never killed an Apache.

GATEWOOD

Everything all right, Mr. Sieber?

Gets off his horse, walks close...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIEBER

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

GATEWOOD

Sergeant Mulrey, check for signs of dead hostiles --

The Sergeant gallops out -- Sieber moves to Gatewood.

SIEBER

I guess 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 --

GATEWOOD

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

SIEBER

Well I guess 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.

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. 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GATEWOOD

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

SIEBER

Well, maybe you could, Lieutenant.

Sieber walks off --

EXT. CAMPFIRE - BIVOUAC - MEXICO - DUSK

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

DAVIS (V.O.)

Though I never managed to become a close friend of Al Sieber, in the next few weeks of campaigning I did learn to get along with him. Only a fool would fail to profit from his vast experience. I think in his own way he was as taken by the Apache as was Lt. Gatewood.

INT. DAVIS' TENT - MEXICO - DUSK

Sieber and Davis eat rabbit stew --

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 --

Pause.

SIEBER

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 --

SIEBER

You heard right -- but there's only one of me and a thousand square miles of Apache country -- General Crook figured that out. Takes an Apache to catch an Apache. White-Eyes can't catch 'em alone -- no sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Leans forward, looks hard at Davis.

SIEBER

You ever 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 -- no sir. They got lots of ways to kill you. One of their favorites is strip you, tie you upside down to a wagon wheel. They pour pitch on you, light you on fire...

Clicks his tongue.

EXT. DESERT - CANYON - MEXICO - DAY

A dusty, ragtag TROOP OF TWENTY RURALES fighting for their lives in a narrow canyon as they are ambushed.

CLOSE - A soldier now riddled with multiple arrows...

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

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

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

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

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 - Geronimo BLASTING --

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

Geronimo leads a band of Apaches, women and children over the dunes. The sun a HUGE ORANGE BALL over the flat sandy dunes -- GUARDS posted... Geronimo approaches Old Nana -- who watches his arrival -- Geronimo gets off his horse, walks close --

GERONIMO

*I know you are angry about this war.
The White-Eye...gave me no choice. I
ask your blessing.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD NANA

*You ask my blessing after this thing
is done.*

GERONIMO

(angry)

What I did is right.

OLD NANA

*Now we are fighting Mexicans and
White-Eye. The reservation is bad,
but at least we can stay alive.*

GERONIMO

*We have been fighting Mexicans for
years and the White-Eye will never
catch us.*

OLD NANA

*Many Apache will die. I must send for
Nantan Lupan. We will talk with him.
I ask that you do this.*

Geronimo stares off...

EXT. CANYON DE LOS EMBUDOS - MEXICO - DAY

SILHOUETTED CHIRICAHUA stand along the canyon's ridge --

DAVIS (V.O.)

General Crook and a small detachment
of Apache Scouts came across the
border into the Canyon de los Embudos
-- Crook had agreed to negotiate terms
but he intended a hard bargain. For
the rest of his life he never forgave
Geronimo for jumping Turkey Creek.
Crook maintained his sympathy for the
Apache, but between he and Geronimo
all trust had vanished...

EXT. CANYON DE LOS EMBUDOS - THE COUNCIL - DAY

CROOK, OLD NANA, MANGAS, ULZANA and OTHERS sit in a dry river
bottom surrounded by the Chiricahua. Crook whittles --
Geronimo seated across on a rock --

GERONIMO

*I never do wrong without a cause.
There is one God looking down on us
all. We are all children of one God.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CROOK

I didn't come 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 just 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 and I know it.

GERONIMO

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

Crook takes his hat off wipes his head -- 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 many White-Eyes who would like to see Geronimo hanged for murder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERONIMO

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

CROOK

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

GERONIMO

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

CROOK

You killed women and children.

GERONIMO

So did you.

CROOK

We gonna give speeches or make a deal?

Geronimo looks down, avoids Crook's eyes --

OLD NANA

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

Geronimo stands, walks past Old Nana -- 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.

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...

EXT. CANYON DE LOS EMBUDOS - C.S. FLY - DAY

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

DAVIS (V.O.)

C.S. Fly, a photographer from Tombstone, had requested permission to accompany General Crook to Mexico and record the negotiations. Much to everyone's surprise Crook agreed. Even more surprising, Geronimo and the other Chiricahua also agreed. In some mysterious way they seemed to understand these pictures would make them immortal. They remain the only known photographs ever taken of the American Indian as an enemy in the field.

C.S. FLY

Come forward a little.

Geronimo does -- C.S. FLY with his camera set up in front. He SNAPS -- changes glass plates and takes off lens cap.

(Note: Reproduce in Black and White - Famous photos of Geronimo and the Chiricahua at Embudos)

EXT. MOUNTAINS - APACHE CAMP - MEXICO - DAWN

Wickiups scattered across the parched soil -- A CROWN DANCE in progress -- OLD NANA sits in front of one - MANGAS at his side. GERONIMO approaches, sits --

MANGAS

Old Nana and his people...will return to Turkey Creek. Many of his people are too old to fight.

GERONIMO

(to Old Nana)

Nantan Lupan will make you a prisoner.

OLD NANA

We have to trust him. There is no other way. I said he was my brother.

GERONIMO

Go if you must. I have made my decision. I will not surrender to the White-Eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MANGAS

*I will stay with you and fight. But
now we will be very few.*

On Geronimo's look GO TO:

EXT. OPEN DESERT - MEXICO - DAY

A 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 --

GERONIMO

With a Winchester, levering, BLASTING --

EXT. PARADE GROUND - SAN CARLOS - DUSK

As the band plays Troopers parade their mounts.

INT.SQUAD ROOM - MILITARY HEADQUARTERS - SAN CARLOS - DUSK

GEN. CROOK sits at his desk 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pause.

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 --

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

Settlers, prospectors, 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.

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.

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 --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIEBER

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

CROOK

Take care, Al.

SIEBER

Yessir.

Sieber turns and walks out --

EXT. PARADE GROUND - SAN CARLOS - DAWN

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

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

A REGIMENTAL BAND FANFARE as BRIG. GENERAL MILES comes out of his quarters -- He's very correct, in his mid-fifties... He walks across the yard followed by two color sergeants.

DAVIS (V.O.)

General Miles brought with him an entirely new staff of line officers. Lt. Gatewood, myself and many others had to taste the humiliation of being dismissed from the field.

The General stops to face the troops.

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 this 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.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Miles turns calls to the mounted OFFICER OF THE DAY --

MILES

Captain!

FULL SHOT - PARADE GROUND - SAN CARLOS

As the REGIMENTAL MILITARY BAND again strikes up, THE COLUMN swings into the saddle, legs slapping leather -- The troopers file out in front of General Miles --

GEN. MILES, WIVES, SOLDIERS-LEFT-BEHIND, APACHES, CIVILIANS, as they watch the column on parade --

EXT. BUILDING - GATEWOOD - DAVIS

Gatewood watches from the porch as the column passes -- Davis and Chato are also standing on a porch across the way --

EXT. HIGH DESERT - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

A column proceeds through the blazing heat along the top of a distant butte --

DAVIS (V.O.)

As he had promised, General Miles sent troops forward without the Apache Scouts. For the next five months they relentlessly searched but the results were predictable -- Geronimo and his tiny band of Chiricahua had vanished deep into the mountains of Mexico... It seemed they were chasing a spirit more than a man

INT. SQUAD ROOM - SAN CARLOS - NIGHT

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

Lieutenant, I doubt you're enjoying your current assignment. Nothing personal. I understand you're a fine officer. You know why I've called you here, Gatewood?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GATEWOOD

No sir.

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 stay there until Geronimo is captured or killed -- that is a harsh penalty that he's brought on his own people...

Pause.

MILES

I hear that you and Geronimo are friendly.

GATEWOOD

(wary)

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

MILES

I need you to speak freely with me. Can you find Geronimo? Talk to him?

GATEWOOD

I thought so once. There's 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 I've got a net of observation points and five thousand troops stretched from here to Sonora searching for...

GATEWOOD

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

MILES

Thirty-five starving Apache.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GATEWOOD

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

MILES

The present political situation demands results. I want you to find Geronimo and make him this proposal.

Miles hands Gatewood a piece of paper. Gatewood reads.

MILES

I have the authority to hunt this 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 hundred man detail, regular cavalry, a mule pack train --

Gatewood continues to read --

GATEWOOD

One hundred men won't do.

MILES

How many do you want?

Still reading --

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. Any negotiations with Geronimo are to be strictly confidential... Is that understood?

GATEWOOD

Two years in Florida?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MILES

Two years in Florida, with their families. 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

You just 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...
(Gatewood turns back)
You have your orders.

He turns down the lamp.

EXT. HIGH DESERT - MEXICO - DAY

Four riders and their pack mules moving slowly far below...

DAVIS (V.O.)

Lt. Gatewood chose the Apache Scout Chato to accompany him, as well as myself and Al Sieber, who had grown bored with his retirement... After four weeks of attempting to track Geronimo through the deserts of Sonora, we came across a burning Indian village. What we found there was unspeakable.

EXT. HIGH COUNTRY - YAQUI VILLAGE - SONORA - DAY

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

SIEBER

Two dead women in there. 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. And fifty for those kids --

DAVIS

Jesus.

SIEBER

Sons of bitches. They 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 --

He spits.

GATEWOOD - CHATO

Gatewood rides through -- Chato kneeling over the body of a DEAD WOMAN...

GATEWOOD

Who are these people?

CHATO

They are Yaqui not Apache --

Chato stands --

CHATO

The dying Yaqui told me five White-Eye and a Comanche... They attacked before dawn.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 --

Pause.

CHATO

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

Gatewood gets off his horse --

GATEWOOD

You and Sieber -- I want you to track these bounty hunters.
(in Apache)
From my heart --

EXT. ROCK PLATEAU - HIGH MOUNTAINS - MEXICO - DUSK

An Apache stands on the ledge with a rifle guarding the camp below. Geronimo walks quietly through his Sierra Madre campground of TWENTY WICKIUPS...looking past what's left of his ragtag band -- He moves under a TATTERED REMADA -- squats beside a YOUNG CHIRICAHUA who shivers under a thread-bare blanket. An Apache Woman kneels next to the Young Chiricahua, looks up to Geronimo.

APACHE WOMAN

Geronimo is here.

YOUNG CHIRICAHUA

You want me to ride? I'm ready --

GERONIMO

You need more rest... The woman have gathered medicine.

YOUNG CHIRICAHUA

Do we leave at dawn?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERONIMO

Don't worry. We will not fight tomorrow. Sleep.

Geronimo gets up, the Young Chiricahua closes his eyes -- Geronimo walks through the camp, goes to the edge of the plateau...

FLASH CUT -- GERONIMO SEES HIS POWER - IMAGE OF A TRAIN --

GERONIMO

I have just seen my power. An Iron Horse comes over the desert. I have seen a vision. An Iron Horse for the Apache. I have seen my power.

EXT. MEXICAN VILLAGE - SONORA - DAY

A quiet place of fifteen adobe buildings, white in the mid-day sun. Carts, a few horses, burros etc. A small cantina at the center. The heat is so intense that there is very little pedestrian traffic at this time of day --

INT. CANTINA - ALCOVE - E.C.U. - HANDS

The weathered hands rolling a cigarette --

VOICE

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

TILT UP TO:

A seated VAQUERO who wears a long serape -- a straw hat -- It is hard to see his face, but he is clearly American -- Gatewood and Davis look at him across a small table -- The Cantina is 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.

VAQUERO

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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.

CHATO - SIEBER - BAR

They watch as SIX MEN enter the main room. 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 and one of the Anglos walk to the bar. They stand on either side of Chato.

SCHOONOVER

Senorita copas.

WAITRESS

Si senior.

AT TABLE - GATEWOOD - DAVIS

Gatewood sees the six men arrive -- realizes who they are --

SIEBER

stands at the bar - drinking. He watches the remaining four move to a table and signal for drinks -- The Waitress takes a bottle and glasses to the table, then moves off to the kitchen.

SIEBER

Buenos dias -- didn't expect to see 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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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 ourselves a livin' --

The others smile --

SCHOONOVER

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

SIEBER

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

SCHOONOVER

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

Schoonover takes a shot and leans to talk to one of his men -
- They look up to Chato, as Sieber turns away --
Schoonover stands to look at Chato --

SCHOONOVER

(to Chato)

Apache?

Chato nods.

SCHOONOVER

Why don't you sit down here, while we have us a drink. We'll take real good care of you...

One of Schoonover's men - the Comanche - walks over to Chato from across the room -- shoves a pistol into Chato's side. He leads Chato across to Schoonover's table, sits --

GATEWOOD - DAVIS

watching -- they stand up from their table --

GATEWOOD

Mr. Davis...

Gatewood indicates the kitchen opposite --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GATEWOOD
Cover my back. Anything happens.
Fire and keep firing.

DAVIS
Sir.

SCHOONOVER'S TABLE

As Gatewood walks close -- passes Sieber --

GATEWOOD
Al...

SIEBER
It's them.

Gatewood moves between Schoonover's table and the door to
the Cantina -- Sieber takes a drink --

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 --

GATEWOOD
Ten days ago we came across a Yaqui
village -- Most of the Indians
slaughtered.

SCHOONOVER
We come across the same thing awhile
back -- This here's a crazy country --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GATEWOOD

One hundred dollars buys that scout
back.

Gatewood tosses the bag of gold coins onto the table.
Schoonover pockets the money --

SCHOONOVER

Nice doin' business with you, Mr.
Gatewood. But I changed my mind.

SIEBER

You rotten son of a bitch!

BOUNTY MAN AT BAR

Amigo...

The Bounty Man's hand is near his pistol. Sieber has five
armed men in front of him -- another on his flank...

SCHOONOVER

Move it, Dixie boy --

THE CANTINA

Gatewood begins to move away -- SUDDENLY draws and FIRES --
Schoonover falls backward, with a hole in his chest -- A long
moment of silence -- then it all breaks loose -- Sieber and the
others begin BLASTING -- Sieber takes out the man at the bar,
turns and continues BLASTING at the men at the table -- Gatewood
FIRING -- Chato JAMS his KNIFE into the Comanche -- 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 --

THE DEAD BOUNTY MEN

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.

SIEBER

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

DAVIS

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gatewood now appears over Davis' shoulder --

SIEBER

Hell, I've been gun shot, arrow-shot
seventeen times -- 20 years chasin' old
Geronimo -- I'd love nothin' better than
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, never
did. So I'm gonna catch me a little
sleep here for a minute or two...
Rotten sons of bitches.

As he dies...

EXT. MT. AVVIRIPE - MEXICO - DAY

A huge mountain towering overhead --

EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - MEXICO - DAY

Chato pauses to catch his breath, gazing upward... Chato
staring at the trail ahead - it gets yet narrower, steeper --
Chato climbs ahead thru the rocks and turns back to Gatewood.

CHATO

Gate-wood. No more burros. Can't go
higher.

Gatewood turns to Davis --

GATEWOOD

Chato and I are goin' on alone from
here.

DAVIS

Sir. Are you giving me a choice?

GATEWOOD

That's an order, Lieutenant -- I know
it's hard to come this far, then
stop... I'm sorry -- but somebody has
got to go back and tell the truth.

Gatewood takes off his gloves. He takes Davis' hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GATEWOOD

Britton, you're a fine, officer. Stay noble.

(they shake hands)

We're trying to make a country here, and it's hard.

Gatewood pulls out his rifle from the burro's pack and turns to follow Chato.

EXT. HIGH MOUNTAIN PASS - MEXICO - DAY

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

EXT. ROCK PLATEAU - HIGH MOUNTAINS - DAY

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

MANGAS

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

Gatewood crosses in front of Chato to protect him.

GATEWOOD

He thinks you are.

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

They are dead because the White-Eye killed them.

Geronimo appears from behind several warriors -- looks to Gatewood. Chato moves away --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERONIMO

Enough!

Gatewood staggers to his feet --

GERONIMO

Have they taught you to lie Gate-wood?

Gatewood points to the few warriors in the camp.

GATEWOOD

I don't lie -- The truth is...General Miles will hunt you for fifty years -- He has already sent your families to Florida which is far, far away. Look around, see how few warriors you have left --

GERONIMO

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

GATEWOOD

Just a man like you. I want to go home, I want to see my family.

He tears off his CROSS and shows it to Geronimo.

GATEWOOD

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

GERONIMO

Yusen is not here with us on the mountain. Tell me what is in your heart.

GATEWOOD

(simply)

The war is over --

He puts the cross Geronimo's hand.

GATEWOOD

I offer this because it has power for me -- Our fight must end here.

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GERONIMO

When I was young I took a wife. We lived in these mountains. We have our family. The Mexican soldiers came and they killed her. They killed her and my two little girls. They 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 to 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.

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

GERONIMO

Yusen, the Apache God is a God of peace -- I give you blue stone -- you give me this -- It will be peace.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PLATEAU - ARIZONA TERRITORY - DAY

A long line of HORSE SOLDIERS -- FIFTEEN APACHE WARRIORS, ELEVEN WOMEN AND SIX CHILDREN are being herded by them -- as always the little band of Chiricahua are proud and defiant looking -- GEN. MILES leads the column --

DAVIS (V.O.)

On Sept. 4, 1886, Geronimo and thirty four Chiricahua men, women and children surrendered to General Nelson Miles. As he handed over his weapons Geronimo simply said, "once I moved about like the wind, now I surrender and that is all." He refused any further conversation with the General.

ACROSS THE WAY - GATEWOOD

Gatewood watches the Apaches being led off across the desert. A CHORUS sings...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHORUS

Gently Lord. O gently lead us.
Thro this lovely vale of tears.
And O Lord in mercy give us.
Thy rich grace in all our fears.

In the hour of pain and anguish.
In the hour when death draws near.
Suffer not our hearts to languish.
Suffer not our souls to fear.
When this mortal life is ended.
Bid us in thine arms to rest.
Till by angel bands attended.
We awake among the blest.

CLOSE - DAVIS

sees Gatewood, watches a moment, then turns and joins the column --

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY

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

CLOSE - GERONIMO

He turns, sees:

CLOSE - GATEWOOD

stares off, knowing that this is the last time he will ever see Geronimo -- As the column departs he is left there alone --

DAVIS (V.O.)

After arranging Geronimo's final surrender, Lieutenant Gatewood was immediately transferred to a remote garrison in northern Wyoming. His continued presence would have been an embarrassing reminder that the United States Army had failed to defeat a band of 35 Apache. Instead of being rewarded with a medal for his heroic efforts, Lt. Charles Gatewood was sentenced to obscurity...

EXT. PARADE GROUND - SAN CARLOS - MORNING

All the APACHE SCOUTS have been assembled. They stand correctly in line, carbines on their shoulders...

Davis watches the troopers and scouts from the porch --

H.Q. BLDG. - AN OFFICER

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.

OFFICER

Sir, formation at ready!

SGT. MAJOR

Attention!

HORSE TROOPER

Prepare to mount!

The SCOUTS snap to --

SGT. MAJOR

Present arms!

HORSE TROOPER

Mount!

The horse soldiers mount their horses --
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 inside the Headquarters building -- Troopers start collecting weapons from the Indians --

RANK OF APACHE SCOUTS - CHATO

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

CHATO

I'm good Apache. This is not right.

A Trooper tears the rifle from Chato's hand.

CHATO

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

Hold on Chato as the troopers pass by collecting guns...

EXT. PARADE GROUND - SAN CARLOS - DAY

Wagons loaded with Chiricahua, guarded by mounted troopers, head out the main gate...

DAVIS (V.O.)

Later that afternoon Geronimo, his band of renegades and all the Chiricahua that had served the Army so faithfully were loaded into wagons and transported to the railhead at Holbrook. There, they were to begin their journey to Florida and imprisonment.

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

Davis 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

It's about Mr. Gatewood.

Glenville walks into the General's office, Davis stands and waits. Glenville re-appears, opens the door to Miles' inner office --

INT. MILES OFFICE - SAN CARLOS - DAY

Miles looks up from his desk -- he's going through some dossiers...

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

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.

Miles stares at him for a moment, then stands --

MILES

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

Pause.

DAVIS

I don't think Mr. Gatewood would want me to be any part of this, sir.

MILES

I hate an idealist. There's always something messy about them.

DAVIS

Sir. I'm ashamed. And you have my resignation.

Davis exits through the outer office, stops, looks back and then walks out the door --

DAVIS (V.O.)

To the disappointment of family and friends I had ended my military career... Over the years the events surrounding the Geronimo Campaign continued to haunt me. I carry the memory of those days; days of bravery and cruelty, of heroism and deceit...and I am still faced with an undeniable truth -- a way of life that endured a thousand years was gone. This desert...this land that we look out on would never be the same...

EXT. OPEN DESERT - DAY

A TRAIN chugging across an empty alkali flat... A long trail of black smoke, dissolving into a dark sky.

INT. TRAIN - CATTLE CAR - OPEN COUNTRY - DAY

Geronimo sits in the crowded car, light strobing through the slats of the locked door. Next to him sits Mangas -- Chato across the way, knees up...

CHATO

(to Geronimo)

*You were right to fight the White-Eye.
Everything they said to me was a lie.*

MANGAS

*You helped them... I will hate you
forever.*

Geronimo looks at both of them, then to Chato --

GERONIMO

*There are so few us left... We should
not hate each other.*

He sees a YOUNG APACHE WOMAN holding A SMALL CHILD. The woman looks ravaged.

GERONIMO

*She has the coughing sickness. She
will die soon. Maybe the baby, too.*

Pause.

GERONIMO

*No one knows why the one God let the
White-Eyes take our land. Why did
there have to be so many of them? Why
did they have so many guns, so many
horses? For many years the One God
made me a warrior. No gun, no bullets,
could ever kill me. That was my
power... Now my time is over. Now,
maybe the time of our people is over.*

Geronimo lowers his head.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY

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

DAVIS (V.O.)

Geronimo lived for another twenty-two years as a prisoner of war. Despite its promise, the Federal Government never let him return home.

END.