

THE HOLY ROAD

THE HOLY ROAD is a self-contained film that also happens to be a true sequel, the continuation of the DANCES WITH WOLVES story that resumes 12 years later...

At the end of *Dances with Wolves*, we felt the imminent approach of the white men, who are now overrunning the country like a plague: hunting buffalo, introducing alcohol, missionaries, settlements, and the holy road (the railroad that gives them access to all of the above). *The Holy Road* takes place after the Civil War, at the time when the government has turned its war machine against the Indians and white "civilization" is expanding westward in an attempt to fulfill Manifest Destiny (the belief in a divinely inspired mission to appropriate land and spread a rather questionable form of democracy and freedom). Needless to say, *The Holy Road* is more relevant today than ever.

The Comanche Indians are showing different forms of resistance to the apocalypse that is befalling them, as embodied by the main indigenous characters:

- **Dances With Wolves**, now a fully integrated Indian, is a Hard Shield, the highest elite of warrior. He takes scalps and he has left behind any traces of his past as a white man. Now that he has a family, including three children, he's primarily concerned about everyday survival.
- **Wind In His Hair** has chosen the path of war and belligerent resistance, carrying out incursions against scattered groups of white soldiers.
- **Kicking Bird** is all for peace and diplomacy: he has learned English and is looking into the possibility of life in the reservations with the aid of Quaker priests.
- **Ten Bears**, the old Comanche leader, is leaving things up to the Great Mystery and thus allowing his warriors to listen to their own hearts and follow their chosen paths; he's taking the spiritual path that allows for openness and different viewpoints.
- **Smiles A Lot**, a young warrior, represents the new generation, the future whose conscience is being formed. His is a coming-of-age story, which incorporates elements of Indian mysticism and a love story amidst tragic events.

ACT 1 - THE SET UP

The story begins with an omen that stirs up the Comanche village: a dead rat is found with a big circle of flesh missing from its belly. This is interpreted as the beginning of the end, which is confirmed by the visit of a Cheyenne leader (Wolf Robe) who tells them that the Cheyenne have chosen to fight against the government's army and defend their land and their people. Where do the Comanches stand? This challenge sends Wind In His Hair to kill more white soldiers, Kicking Bird to council with another tribe (the Kiowas to the north), Dances With Wolves to get provisions for his starving people and family, and Smiles A Lot to seek a mystical vision and become a warrior.

While the great warriors are away looking for solutions to the white menace, the village is left unprotected and is mercilessly attacked by a group of mercenary rangers who kill and scalp anything that moves. When the Leader of rangers is about to execute Dances With Wolves' wife, he realizes that she's a white woman, most probably the legendary Christine Gunther who was abducted by Indians when she was a little girl. Anticipating a handsome reward, the rangers take her and her baby away.

ACT 2 - AS A RESULT OF THE MASSACRE...Lost Valley -

Wind In His Hair, Dances With Wolves, and Smiles A Lot make a big warring party with the Kiowas. The shaman Owl Prophet has given them the advice to let the first contingent of white men pass and attack the second one they encounter. Thus, General Sherman is spared and the Indians carry out the famous corn-wagon attack at Lost Valley, which shows them at the height of their warring power. At the battle, Dances With Wolves kills a wagon driver, puts on his clothes, and will now go into white towns to look for his wife and daughter...

Fort Sill -

In the meantime, Kicking Bird meets General Mackenzie (aka Bad Hand) at Fort Sill, and realizes that no peaceful agreement can be reached. The incompatibility of the two ways of life is painfully evident: What the white men want is for the Indians to give up their way of life, their freedom, and live like caged animals in reservations.

The Alliance -

Back in the village, Kicking Bird joins Wind In His Hair, and along with the Kiowas, Cheyennes and Arapahos, they form a 1000-warrior alliance and go fight against the buffalo hunters. After defeating several groups of hunters, there's a big battle at Adobe Walls, where the Indians confront the new technological advances, such as the far-shooting 50-caliber rifles, and experience severe losses. The 1000 men army is dismembered, and Kicking Bird decides to stop fighting once and for all.

The Rescue -

After many adventures and obstacles in different Western towns, in which we see Dances With Wolves's aversion to readapting as a white man and also the grim consequences of the Civil War, Dances With Wolves rescues his wife and daughter.

ACT 3 - THE FINAL SOLUTION

As a result of the corn-wagon attack at Lost Valley and the big battle at Adobe Walls, President Ulysses Grant appoints General Mackenzie to carry out the final solution against the Indians: they have 30 days to report to a reservation or else they'll be considered hostiles and persecuted to death by Mackenzie. In short, Grant doesn't want to hear about the Indian problem anymore.

Upon receiving this ultimatum, chief Ten Bears and Kicking Bird decide to go to Washington and talk to the President himself. But Wind In His Hair, Smiles A Lot and the other Hard Shields will fight to the end.

Trip to Washington - Ten Bears and Kicking Bird arrive in Washington and now we invert the roles from the original movie... We'll see how the white man lives: as someone who's destroying his ecosystems, who's filling the rivers with feces, who's building cities with no regard for the ecological implications, who's producing an enormous amount of waste (and this is back in 1874), who has no respect for other living creatures (as shown in a surreal visit to a slaughterhouse), etc. When Ten Bears finally meets President Grant, he tells him that he'd rather wander forever in the prairies eating excrement, than have to submit to the way the white man lives or be a part of his destruction of nature. That night, Ten Bears is literally killed by civilization (he dies when he blows out a gas lamp that is bothering him at night), and Kicking Bird takes him back to his village to bury him.

Mackenzie's Advance and Palo Duro - Mackenzie and his army advance against the diehards, led by Wind In His Hair and Dances With Wolves, who has returned with his family. The Indians are on the run, escaping from the army, making their way to Palo Duro Canyon, which has been a last-frontier kind of hideout for the Indians. Aside from being hunted down and facing starvation, they're also facing a harsh winter. Mackenzie's advance is implacable; there are a number of skirmishes on the way there until finally Mackenzie's army traps them at the bottom of the canyon. A fierce battle ensues in which Dances With Wolves is fatally wounded. The realization that the leader of the Indians is a white man has a curious effect on Mackenzie. If anyone could understand why Dances With Wolves did what he did it would be Mackenzie, who's a general of many battles and who learned to see the Indians as equals during the Civil War. In a sudden turn of events, Mackenzie gives the order to let the Indians go, but has their horses killed instead. 1400 ponies are slaughtered at Palo Duro Canyon, and with that, the livelihood of the Comanches was maimed forever. Some time later, the Indians have to surrender at the reservation in Fort Sill. To set an example, Mackenzie wants to imprison the warriors responsible for the corn-wagon attack at Lost Valley. Smiles A Lot volunteers, and is followed by the other young warriors, who can withstand the difficulties of life in prison better than the elders.

Epilogue - Smiles A Lot leaves prison and returns to his people and to his wife and child, who now live in hovels and squalor within the reservation. Smiles A Lot climbs to the top of Medicine Bluff, where he once had a mystical vision and became a warrior, and though he feels like leaping to his death, he instead experiences a breathtaking vision of the great Indian warriors: Ten Bears, Kicking Bird, Wind In His Hair and Dances With Wolves, and realizes that it's upon him and future generations to carry on their legacy and make sure the spirit of the Native Americans lives on...

1 EXT. PRAIRIE NEAR TEN BEARS VILLAGE - DAY

A stiff wind is blowing across a vast grassland. It sweeps loudly over the empty space, dives down a sudden incline and invades a glade, sending a shudder through a stand of cottonwoods and rippling the surface of a narrow stream.

The gust rushes over the form of an old man (TEN BEARS) lying face up on the earth. The power of the breeze has no effect on the close-eyed figure.

He continues to lie close-eyed, his body motionless as a corpse. Even in death-like repose Ten Bears retains a solemn and enduring dignity.

TEN BEARS (V.O.)

That scalp at Wind In His Hair's
... no one likes it ... but what is
to be done?

2 INT. WIND IN HIS HAIR'S LODGE - DAY

Falling from the lodge rafters is an incredibly long, bright red shock of human hair.

It terminates a few feet above the heads of several leading warriors as they pass the time in a loose circle around the tipi's fire pit. They are all members of an elite combat society known as the Hard Shields. Among them is DANCES WITH WOLVES, WIND IN HIS HAIR, and HORNED ANTELOPE.

TEN BEARS (V.O.)

Who is to blame for that scalp
hanging in our village? Not the
Comanche ... the Comanche never
fired first ... that white woman
had a gun that shoots twice.

Wind In His Hair turns his face as he laughs at some remark. The right side is smooth and unblemished but the left side is horribly disfigured. The lids of his missing left eye are sewn shut.

TEN BEARS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

She shot out Wind In His Hair's
eye. He took her scalp and hung it
in his lodge ... that is his right.
He is a warrior...

3 EXT. GLADE NEAR TEN BEARS VILLAGE - DAY

Ten Bears' form has not shifted. His eyes are still closed.

TEN BEARS (V.O.)
 Kicking Bird doesn't go to Wind In
 His Hair's anymore ...

4 EXT. SHIELD STAND AT KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY

A shield stand sits outside a lodge. A round metal disc of metal stamped with the image of a United States President is draped over the shield. A pair of Indian hands lift the medal carefully off the stand.

TEN BEARS (V.O.)
 Kicking Bird is for peace. Anybody
 can see that ... he wears the white
 man's medal wherever he goes ...

Kicking Bird slips the medal, suspended by a rawhide thong, over his neck.

TEN BEARS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 ... always hoping for something
 good to come. A white man's medal
 and one of their women's scalps.
 Neighbors in the same camp! How
 can neighbors like that ever get
 along?

5 EXT. GLADE NEAR TEN BEARS VILLAGE - DAY

Cloud shadows pass over Ten Bears' inert form.

TEN BEARS (V.O.)
 Those white people. They are all around
 us now ... out there beyond the horizon.
 They have never walked this country but
 that red scalp says they will. The metal
 disc says they will. What is to be done?
 (a long sigh)
 A whirlwind might come and carry those
 things beyond the stars. Maybe there is
 a whirlwind big enough to carry all the
 white people there too. I have never
 seen one that big. Maybe there is a song
 that will drive them away. Or a dance.
 There must be something ...

6 INT. WIND IN HIS HAIR'S LODGE - DAY

Rising from Wind In His Hair's circle of warriors is Dances With Wolves. The hair-tips of the white woman's scalp graze his shoulder as he stands and he brushes at them absently as he bids goodbye to his fellow warriors.

TEN BEARS (V.O.)

I wonder what Dances With Wolves
thinks. He is a Hard Shield now
and Hard Shields don't talk much.
They prefer action ...

7 EXT. TEN BEARS VILLAGE/DANCES WITH WOLVES LODGE - DAY

Alone, Dances With Wolves strides across the prairie. Just ahead is his solitary lodge. Outside, STANDS WITH A FIST is loading a pony with provisions, assisted by a boy (SNAKE IN HANDS, age nine) and a girl (ALWAYS WALKING, age seven). A toddler (STAYS QUIET, age two) is watching from the front of the lodge.

TEN BEARS (V.O.)

Stands With A Fist doesn't talk either
but when I listen to her blood it tells
me she is afraid of what might be coming.
I would be afraid if I were her ... or
him ... They are both Comanche ... their
children are Comanche ...yet they are
not...

8 EXT. GLADE NEAR TEN BEARS VILLAGE - DAY

A living shadow passes over Ten Bears as a great Golden Eagle swoops low through the glade, executes a steep climb and lands high in a cottonwood. The old man never moves.

TEN BEARS (V.O.)

Smiles A Lot says my good mare will
have a foal any day ... maybe she's
giving birth at this moment ...

9 EXT. HORSE HERD/TEN BEARS VILLAGE - DAY

In the midst of the huge Comanche horse herd, a good-looking young man in his early twenties, SMILES A LOT, is running a hand over a wobbly-legged, new-born foal.

Smiles A Lot's hands and arms are streaked to the elbows with blood but he is oblivious. He's absorbed with inspecting the baby and is well-pleased with what he sees.

TEN BEARS (V.O.)

That boy is the best with horses
I've ever seen. It's a shame he
has never amounted to more. He
should be a warrior. He should be
a husband. But he is neither.

(MORE)

TEN BEARS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He missed the meeting point on his only raid and it almost cost some men their lives. He still lives in the lodge with his mother and father. He doesn't think of what might happen. He only thinks of horses. Ahhhh ... nothing can be done about that either. People don't change ... I wonder if those are hawks ...

10 EXT. GLADE NEAR TEN BEARS VILLAGE - DAY

Ten Bears' eyes are open. He is staring into the sky.

TEN BEARS (V.O.)

... maybe they are vultures ... trying to decide to come down. If they fly down here I'll wait while they land. I'll listen while they waddle over to me. Then I'll sit up and give them a shock. Ha!

Ten Bears sits up. He looks disheveled and disoriented as he gazes about.

TEN BEARS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The earth feels good today. It's warming up. Nothing is better than the earth ...

He lies back once again and blinks up at the sky.

TEN BEARS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I better get back. Hunting For Something will be bringing my pemmican ... I don't want to miss that ...

With effort, the old man rolls onto his stomach and pushes himself to his knees. He grabs up a staff and rises unsteadily to his feet, one leg at a time.

Groaning inwardly, Ten Bears labors slowly up an incline leading out of the glade.

TEN BEARS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Ahhh ... I should have thrown myself away long ago but I can't. People are still depending on me...

He reaches the top of the rise and pauses to catch his breath, then starts across the prairie with a sudden burst of enthusiasm.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)

I am Ten Bears ... the oldest of us all
... still walking the earth.

11 EXT. PRAIRIE/TEN BEARS VILLAGE - DAY

Another world looms ahead of him; the great and vibrant world of a large Comanche village floating on the open prairie. Lodges, their tipi poles and smoke flaps etched against the sky, are clustered together. A steady drone of human vocalizing fills the air, punctuated by occasional yelps of children at play. The village is at one with the world.

Riders have emerged from the village; they are coming Ten Bears' way.

Ten Bears halts as the riders come up.

It's a hunting party led by Dances With Wolves. He is trailed by other warriors, their wives, and a dozen spare ponies. His two oldest children, Snake In Hands and Always Walking, are riding next to him.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Hello, Grandfather ...

TEN BEARS

Hello ... are you going out to make meat?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Yes, Grandfather ... north ... toward
Kiowa Country ...

Ten Bears gives a rueful shake of his head and waves a long hand at the surrounding prairie.

TEN BEARS

When I was a young man a hunter could
ride in any direction and make meat.

Dances With Wolves nods in silent agreement.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

A dead rat is lying in the village.

TEN BEARS

Huh?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

A circle of flesh around its stomach is
missing ...

Ten Bears is stupefied.

DANCES WITH WOLVES (CONT'D)

No one knows what it means.

TEN BEARS

(starting on)

I'll see about it ...

12 EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

A crowd of men, women and children have formed a circle around an open patch of ground. A dead rat lies on its back in the center of the open ground. A perfect disc of flesh the size of a fifty-cent piece is missing from its belly.

A young warrior (BLUE TURTLE) steps forward and daintily plucks the rat off the ground. Holding its tail between his fingers, he studies the missing flesh, then begins a promenade around the circle holding the rat out for all to see, drawing comments as he passes the onlookers.

MAGPIE WOMAN

A hawk might have dropped it ...

HORNED ANTELOPE

There are no other wounds ...

KICKING BIRD

Nothing makes a circle when it kills ... maybe someone is trying to trick us ...

Blue Turtle stops in front of Ten Bears and everyone falls silent as the old man squints at the rat.

TEN BEARS

(to rat)

Take it to Owl Prophet ... he might understand it.

13 EXT. OWL PROPHET'S LODGE - NIGHT

Most of the village has gathered to sit and stand in the feeble light emanating from OWL PROPHET'S lodge.

Ten Bears is there and Kicking Bird and Wind In His Hair and Smiles A Lot. Also a young girl of fifteen (HUNTING FOR SOMETHING) and her little sister (RED DRESS).

People gaze expectantly through the open door of the lodge. Inside is a large screen of semi-transparent cloth lit by the glow of a fire.

Stands With A Fist sits in the crowd with Stays Quiet. Along with everyone else, her attention is suddenly diverted skyward.

STANDS WITH A FIST'S POV

Against the blackness a pair of shooting stars burn across the heavens.

Just as suddenly, sparks from an unknown source begin to flare and die in front of the lodge entrance.

The prophet emerges in a last shower of sparks. The crowd sucks in its collective breath at the sight of him. We follow one spark as it rises up and becomes a shooting star.

Owl Prophet is tall, heavy set and narrow-eyed. A horned buffalo head sits atop his own. His body, covered from head to toe with amulets of all description, is alive with sound. His voice is deep and raspy and, taken altogether, his presence is one of supreme command.

OWL PROPHET

The Mystery has told me many things
 ... the guns in Mexico ... the
 nervousness of the buffalo ... the
 red-colored scalp coming into camp.
 The Mystery will speak to me
 tonight ...

Owl Prophet disappears into his lodge, leaving all eyes fixed on the blank screen inside.

The audience gasps as the outline of an owl appears behind the screen. For a moment the owl is inert. Then the owl spreads its wings and swivels its head.

A few children shriek in fright and are hustled off into the night by their mothers.

The silhouette of a human head suddenly appears alongside the owl's and, a moment later, the audience is dazzled as the human form begins to speak in a high-pitched gaggle of words no one can understand.

Suddenly the human voice stops. The owl's head swivels several times and the silence is shattered by an ear-splitting screech that causes the crowd to recoil.

The owl launches into rapid, incomprehensible speech which, at its crescendo, is punctuated by another unearthly screech, followed by the disappearance of both silhouettes.

The on-lookers have barely caught their breath before clouds of multi-colored smoke begin to billow from the lodge entrance.

An exhausted human form crawls through the smoke and labors to his feet. It's Owl Prophet, now naked except for a breechcloth.

OWL PROPHET (CONT'D)

I know the mystery of the rat ...
in less than five sleeps friends
from the north will visit our
village ... they will bring with
them a strange story.

14 INT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - DAY

The old man sits against a willow backrest, eating pemmican out of a bowl with his fingers.

His devoted granddaughter (HUNTING FOR SOMETHING), a willowy girl of fifteen, sits at his feet.

TEN BEARS

What would I do without my Hunting For
Something? ...

Hunting For Something blushes.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)

Who comes everyday with something good
for her grandfather to eat?

Smiles A Lot's voice floats in from outside.

SMILES A LOT (O.S.)

Grandfather? ... are you in there?

TEN BEARS

Come in, Smiles A Lot!

Smiles A Lot steps into the lodge with a pronounced air of shyness.

Seeing Hunting For Something makes him more awkward. He sits self-consciously in front of Ten Bears. In a moment of silence he can feel Hunting For Something looking at him but can't bear to turn his eyes in her direction.

SMILES A LOT

Your spotted mare had twins,
grandfather...

TEN BEARS

Twins!

SMILES A LOT

Yes grandfather ... they're both strong
and their mother has plenty of milk.

Smiles A Lot stretches the corner of one eye toward Hunting For Something. She's still gazing at him wide-eyed. He doesn't know what to make of her interest.

TEN BEARS

(to Smiles A Lot)

That's good to hear. But I can't ride
anymore. You take them. Use them to get
a wife. You need a wife.

Smiles A Lot's blood drains out of his face. He's too self-conscious to reply and Hunting For Something's obsessive expression hasn't changed.

SMILES A LOT

I have to go now grandfather ...

He ducks out of the lodge.

15 EXT. TEN BEARS' LODGE -DAY

Hunting For Something emerges from Ten Bears' lodge and her lithe, straight frame strides off through the village.

Smiles A Lot's face peers out from behind Ten Bears' lodge, his eyes fixed on Hunting For Something's receding form.

16 EXT. PATHWAY - MORNING

Smiles A Lot loiters near the path, watching women going to and fro with their daughters and young children.

He spies Hunting For Something and her mother trudging up the path with their loads and his heart leaps. But he's too shy to stay where he is and shrinks back to watch surreptitiously as they pass.

17 EXT. VILLAGE - TWILIGHT

Atop one horse, Smiles A Lot leads half a dozen others through the village.

He passes by a certain lodge and sees Hunting For Something's father (HORNED ANTELOPE) idling outside with several other warriors.

On the other side, at the rear of the lodge, Hunting For Something and her mother are tanning a hide. Suddenly, Hunting For Something turns her head in his direction but Smiles A Lot cannot bear to make eye contact and quickly turns his own head away.

18 INT./EXT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - DAY

It's threatening rain as Smiles A Lot slides tentatively off his pony and pauses in front of Ten Bears' lodge flap.

SMILES A LOT
Grandfather ... ?

TEN BEARS (O.S.)
I'm here ... come in, Smiles A Lot.

Following Smiles A Lot inside, we see his disappointment. An empty bowl of pemmican sits next to the old man, as Ten Bears smokes his pipe in solitude. She's not there.

SMILES A LOT
Hello grandfather ...

TEN BEARS
It's good to see you ... what brings you...

Smiles A Lot can't say and is struggling to make a response when a commotion starts outside. Both men listen to the excitement as an excited voice floats inside.

VOICE (O.S.)
The Cheyenne are coming ... Cheyenne coming in.

19 EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Heralded by the boom of thunder from heavy, low-hanging clouds, a long single-file line of Cheyenne warriors is coming in. Spread out behind them are women, children and travois.

Howling with enthusiasm, young men from Ten Bears' village are galloping around them.

Smiles A Lot sits solemnly on a pony, watching in awe as the procession of warriors passes.

20 EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

In a light, steady rain warriors are filing into an oversized meeting lodge.

When the last of them have gone inside, Smiles A Lot emerges from the shadows and creeps stealthily to the wall of the big lodge. He finds a rent in the hide, about eye level, and peers inside.

21 INT. MEETING LODGE - NIGHT

The meeting lodge is crammed with warriors; Comanche on one side, Cheyenne on the other.

Though all warriors are dressed in their best, the generally taller Cheyenne are more ornate. They look like gods.

Frail but still commanding, Ten Bears has risen to address the visitors. Kicking Bird sits on one side of him, Wind In His Hair on the other. Ten Bears directs his comments to their leader, the magnificent WOLF ROBE, sitting just across the fire.

TEN BEARS (V.O.)

(signing)

... if there is room in your bellies for more meat you are welcome to eat.

WOLF ROBE (V.O.)

(rising and signing)

No. The generosity of the Comanche has made every Cheyenne belly heavy ... some of our people can barely walk.

Affirmative laughter and grunting ripples through the lodge.

TEN BEARS

Why have the Cheyenne come this far south? Is the hunting bad?

WOLF ROBE

The grass is good and the buffalo are plenty but they are acting crazy... like ants scattered from their nests... they act lost.

TEN BEARS

Why is this?

Wolf Robe pauses, as if searching for the right way to put it.

WOLF ROBE

The whites are overrunning our country.

Shock passes through every Comanche.

WOLF ROBE (CONT'D)

White hunters are everywhere in small groups. They have far-shooting guns that can take as many of the buffalo in one day as we can in five or six moons.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

Are you killing these men?

WOLF ROBE

We kill as many as we can but it is hard to ride against the far-shooting guns. When we do kill them white soldiers come out to chase us.

TEN BEARS

Why are they doing this?

WOLF ROBE

They want our country... Earth skinners are building the square lodges that don't move along the Vermillion River... They cut down the trees and stick the wood in the ground and string wires between the wood. They bring the crazy water.

TEN BEARS

The water that burns the throat and makes people wild.

WOLF ROBE

Don't let the crazy water into your village. It makes people sick yet they always want more. It makes people fight... people who are friends.

The Comanches react with stunned disbelief.

Smiles A Lot is still watching, mesmerized.

WOLF ROBE (CONT'D)

Have you heard of the white man's road?

TEN BEARS

What is that?

WOLF ROBE

A road the whites are making through our country. They lay metal ropes side by side and drive them into the earth. A fire wagon travels on the ropes.

(MORE)

WOLF ROBE (CONT'D)

It pulls wagons behind it filled with white people.

The concept is inconceivable to Ten Bears and the Comanches.

TEN BEARS

Have you tried to fight this thing?

WOLF ROBE

When the earth gets green we got up a big war party and went out to fight it ... most of the men here tonight were in that party. We found a white man in black walking the middle of the metal road. He was meatless and had skin like wax. He had a cross of metal in one hand and a white man book in the other. He was yelling at us... People were getting scared. He fell down in the grass. He rolled on the earth. His eyes showed only white. Saliva ran out of his mouth. Some spirit was controlling him. Even the strongest warrior has no power against such things. We rode away, not stopping until we got home.

A silence. The rain is falling harder.

KICKING BIRD

Did anyone find out who this being was?
Was it a white man priest?

WOLF ROBE

That's what our old men think. It might be that the road for the fire wagon is some kind of holy road. People are calling it the white man's holy road. Wolf Robe resumes his seat in front of the fire and, after a few moments of silence, Ten Bears, aided by Kicking Bird and Wind In His Hair, rises once again.

TEN BEARS

We have heard your talk. We pity the Cheyenne for their troubles. What will you do?

WOLF ROBE

We are all warriors and a warrior knows but one thing ... to defend his people and his country.

(MORE)

WOLF ROBE (CONT'D)

It may be that the next time the
snow flies our bones will be
scattered over the earth ... but
none of us are afraid to die.

Smiles A Lot's wide eye is still pasted against the hole in
the hide wall.

TEN BEARS

It is the same with us. We have
fought side by side in the past.
We will do so again if the Cheyenne
want us to. The Comanche fear no
enemy. I will go to my lodge now
and sleep.

22 EXT. MEETING LODGE - NIGHT

The rain is harder than ever as the last of the warriors file
out. When they are gone, Smiles A Lot steps from behind a
nearby tipi. Oblivious to the pouring rain, he watches until
the last of the warriors has disappeared into the night.

23 EXT. VILLAGE - DAWN

In the first light of morning, the sound of a single drum and
the voice of a CRIER break the stillness. Another drum and
Crier join the first.

24 EXT. HORSE HERD - DAWN

Smiles A Lot, bridling the last of a clutch of ponies, hears
the criers but can't make out what they are announcing.

25 EXT. VILLAGE - DAWN

The FIRST CRIER is walking through the village, banging his
drum.

FIRST CRIER

Kicking Bird is taking a party
north to council with the Kiowa,
Touch The Clouds ... Kicking
Bird...

The SECOND CRIER is doing the same as the first

SECOND CRIER

Wind In His Hair is taking a party east
... to fight white soldiers. Who will
fight with him. Wind In His Hair ...

26 INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - DAWN

Stands With A Fist lies in bed listening to the crier.

27 EXT. OWL PROPHET'S LODGE - MORNING

Leading his ponies, Smiles A Lot comes to a halt in front of Owl Prophet's lodge. Stands With A Fist, holding Stays Quiet's hand, notices him as she passes in the background. Bravely, he calls inside.

SMILES A LOT

Owl Prophet ...

Smiles A Lot is about to call again when:

OWL PROPHET (O.S.)

Who stands at my door?

SMILES A LOT

Smiles A Lot ...

A few seconds later the lodge flap flies to one side and the slit-eyed prophet emerges.

OWL PROPHET

What do you want with me?

SMILES A LOT

I want to die a warrior ... I don't know how. I am giving two good ponies ... you can choose from these ... in payment for your advice.

The prophet glances over the ponies.

28 INT. OWL PROPHET'S LODGE - MORNING

Owl Prophet sits cross-legged, his eyes closed.

Smiles A Lot sits across from him, waiting.

Suddenly, the prophet's eyes fly open.

OWL PROPHET

Travel to the country of our brothers the Kiowa. Find the great Medicine Bluff whose face has the claw marks of a bear. Sit atop the bluff for three days and three nights. Do not move. Take nothing into your mouth. Travel the eastern border of our country on your way back.

(MORE)

OWL PROPHET (CONT'D)

If you come upon an enemy kill him with
arrows.

29 EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Painted for war, Wind In His Hair leads his column of
fighters over the prairie.

30 EXT. KIOWA GRASSLAND - DAY

Preoccupied with thought, Kicking Bird leads his delegation
over the grassland.

31 EXT. VILLAGE - AFTERNOON

Smiles A Lot, two extra ponies in tow, rides at a walk
through the thinned-out village. A bow and quiver of arrows
are slung across his back. He starts onto the prairie alone
and, as he grows smaller, a solitary figure steps into the
foreground.

It's Hunting For Something. She watches with a mixture of
longing and trepidation.

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING'S POV

Smiles A Lot and his ponies are now indistinguishable specks
on an ocean of grass.

She turns away and starts briskly back into the village
which, though still populated, is practically deserted when
compared to before.

32 EXT. PRAIRIE - TWILIGHT

A line of riders (RANGERS) emerging onto the prairie from a
stand of trees. They are not Indians. Most of them are
wearing hats.

Heavily-armed, the lead rider stares down at an open bible.
He is a gaunt man and his thin lips silently make the words
he's reading.

LEADER

(whispering)

... and the Lord sayeth ... the
lion lays down with the lamb ...

The leader gazes at the oceanic vista in front of him, his
gray eyes quiet.

33 EXT. KIOWA VILLAGE - MORNING

This village has plenty of activity. In addition to routine work, a handful of Mexican captives are carrying water into the village under close supervision.

34 EXT. PRAIRIE - MORNING

Outside the village two groups, one from the Indian town and one coming in from the prairie, have come together. In the space between them two men on horseback are talking.

One of the men in conversation is Kicking Bird. The other, extraordinarily tall, is the Kiowa leader, TOUCH THE CLOUDS.

TOUCH THE CLOUDS

A holy road ... yes, I've heard of that.

KICKING BIRD

I've been thinking ... it might be good to talk to the whites before we have to fight them. I'm weary of fighting the whites.

TOUCH THE CLOUDS

I have been thinking the same. I saw that warrior called Dances With Wolves. I told him the Kiowa will have to fight the whites pretty soon.

KICKING BIRD

What has happened?

Touch The Clouds sighs and shakes his head.

TOUCH THE CLOUDS

Bring your people into camp ... and I will tell you.

35 EXT. PRAIRIE - TWILIGHT

Another line of riders, a small group, hurrying over the prairie: Dances With Wolves' hunting party, including Gap In The Woods and Hears The Sunrise.

Dances With Wolves canters at the head of the hunting party, his children alongside. From his expression it is clear he is on an urgent, anxious mission.

36 EXT. MEDICINE BLUFF - TWILIGHT

Smiles A Lot is making the climb up the back of the bluff.

He reaches the top and peers over the edge, a drop-off straight down of several hundred feet.

He stares straight ahead at a world of nothingness. Then he steps back a few paces and settles himself cross-legged on the ground to wait for a vision.

In the sky above the face of the bluff first stars are appearing. In the faded light the hazy silhouette of a single figure atop the bluff can be seen ... Smiles A Lot.

37 EXT. CANYON - MORNING

From a high vantage point we can see a line of troops weaving up a dry streambed. As a trio of riders approach the column we see the watching faces of Wind In His Hair and several other warriors loom into view.

A young lieutenant (BRADLEY) flanked by a grizzled sergeant (NORTHCUTT) await the arrival of the riders.

One white SCOUT and two Indians, shaven-headed, top-knotted TONKAWAS, are coming in.

SCOUT

Had 'bout half a dozen of'em in sight lieutenant ... they give us the slip.

BRADLEY

But they're part of that big party?

SCOUT

Yeah ... they're out there.

BRADLEY

At the moment I'm more concerned about water.

SCOUT

We'll strike water in a day or so.

Northcutt looks on skeptically.

BRADLEY

Well ... we'll keep marching ...

(to Scout)

Take up the point.

The scout and his Tonkawas start ahead.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Sergeant, give the order to ...

NORTHCUTT
Beg pardon sir ...

BRADLEY
Yes.

NORTHCUTT
Those Comanches ... I think they're
leading us.
(indicating Scout)
Far as I can tell the only thing
those fellas can do is drink
whiskey.

BRADLEY
The post Commander engaged those
men...

NORTHCUTT
Yes sir ... but that fella that
calls himself Scout couldn't find
silver in a mint.

BRADLEY
Cut it sergeant.

Wind In His Hair whispers as he watches.

WIND IN HIS HAIR
In one more sleep they will be crying for
water.

38 EXT. MEDICINE BLUFF - DAY

Smiles A Lot sits the same as before. His body, rigid and
straight, trembles with exertion. His closed eyes open.
They are dull and exhausted, as if drugged. He closes them
again.

39 INT. TOUCH THE CLOUD'S LODGE - DAY

Kicking Bird and Touch The Clouds are smoking.

TOUCH THE CLOUDS
White Bear wants to ride in and show
ourselves and see what happens.

KICKING BIRD
They might fire.

TOUCH THE CLOUDS

I have been thinking the same. Perhaps
it is a question only the Mystery can
answer.

Kicking Bird is passing the pipe back to Touch The Clouds
when a commotion starts outside.

VOICE (O.S.)

White man on the prairie! ... white
man coming in!

40 EXT. PRAIRIE NEAR KIOWA VILLAGE - DAY

Kicking Bird and Touch The Clouds are riding hard.

THEIR POV

Ahead, a group of howling warriors have clustered around
a lone white man, dressed in black, riding a mule (LAWRIE
TATUM).

A big warrior (WHITE BEAR) rides next to the little white
man and harangues him.

Lawrie Tatum wears the white collar of a man of God.

White Bear slams his bow against the little white man's
head hard enough to knock him off his mule.

Lawrie Tatum hits the ground, his hat flies off. He's
completely bald. The sun reflects off the skin of his
head and the Indians are taken aback.

WHITE BEAR

(stringing an arrow)

I will kill this mouse ...

One of Touch The Clouds' hands is suddenly on White
Bear's arm.

TOUCH THE CLOUDS

Great Warriors do not waste arrows on
mice ...

(indicating Tatum shivering
in the grass)

White Bear doesn't like the intrusion but before he can react
he sees Kicking Bird stride by on foot, approaching the white
man.

Kicking Bird slows to a stop as he nears the white man.

Lawrie Tatum plucks his glasses from the grass and settles them on his nose as he gets to his feet.

Kicking Bird is shocked at how small the white man is.

As the two men regard each other in silence, Tatum notices that Kicking Bird's hands are empty. One of them starts to rise.

KICKING BIRD
(tapping his chest)
I ... I ... Kicking Bird.

Tatum is overjoyed.

TATUM
I ... Lawrie Tatum ... friend ...
friend.

KICKING BIRD
Friend ... hmmm ...
(searching for a word)
Where? ... from?

TATUM
From Washington!

KICKING BIRD
Ahhh ... Washington.

TATUM
I ... Lawrie Tatum. Lawrie Tatum
and Kicking Bird ... friends!

Tatum thrusts out a tiny hand.

At first Kicking Bird is baffled. Slowly, he takes it in his own.

Grinning from ear to ear, Tatum pumps Kicking Bird's hand. The Comanche stares down, astonished that his own hand can be in a white man's.

41 EXT. MEDICINE BLUFF - TWILIGHT

Smiles A Lot sits as before. His eyes are closed, his body stiff.

Avian sounds swell around him and Smiles A Lot opens his eyes. The sounds grow louder and he turns his rigid neck.

42 SMILES A LOT'S POV - DREAM

The slope behind him is blanketed with crows in the thousands. They have blackened the branches of the few trees growing down the incline and every inch of the undulating earth is occupied by the strutting birds.

With a sudden squawk a single bird lifts off from a branch. More follow and soon the great, black mass of crows is lifting into the sky as one.

Smiles A Lot raises his eyes skyward. Directly overhead the great multitude of birds is circling in a gigantic funnel. A moment later, Smiles A Lot is rising too.

He spins slowly in the mass of crows. Everywhere he looks, the birds' eyes are watching him.

With a jolt, Smiles A Lot finds himself back on solid ground. The impact is so strong that he falls back but before he can react he feels himself traveling along the neck of a living being ... a magnificent black horse that is more spirit than animal.

Sitting on the horse's sleek back, he realizes they are poised on the edge of the bluff.

Without warning, they are suddenly traveling downward at other-worldly speed.

The horse stops abruptly at the base of the bluff. He cranes his head mechanically for a look at his rider, then shoots forward at immeasurable speed.

Reaching the edge of the cliff, the horse rears. He starts to climb into the sky and Smiles A Lot starts to slide off his back. He falls slowly earthward.

43 EXT. MEDICINE BLUFF - TWILIGHT

Smiles A Lot is prone, his lips pressed against the earth. He opens his eyes, rolls over and sits up.

Weak and groggy, he realizes the bluff is the same as it was when he first came ... no crows, no black horse.

44 EXT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - TWILIGHT

Stands With A Fist is hugging her returning children as Dances With Wolves stands behind a pony unloading his gear. He eyes his wife with trepidation.

45 INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - TWILIGHT

Exhausted, Snake In Hands and Always Walking are sprawled on their beds. Stays Quiet climbs around on them while their mother tends a cooking pot over the central fire.

Dances With Wolves comes inside. As he drops his gear he still seems hesitant.

His demeanor is not lost on Stands With A Fist.

STANDS WITH A FIST
There was no game?

DANCES WITH WOLVES
We could barely feed ourselves.

Dances With Wolves averts his eyes, as if he doesn't want to talk.

STANDS WITH A FIST
What has happened?

DANCES WITH WOLVES
What?

STANDS WITH A FIST
What has happened?

A silence.

DANCES WITH WOLVES
I saw Touch The Clouds ...

STANDS WITH A FIST
Is he well?

DANCES WITH WOLVES
His mind is stirred up. It is the same
with all the Kiowas.

Stands With A Fist waits for an explanation.

DANCES WITH WOLVES (CONT'D)
White soldiers are coming into the
country of the Kiowa ...

Stands With A Fist doesn't make a sound. She stares at him in shock.

DANCES WITH WOLVES
(CONT'D)

They are making a soldier fort near the great Medicine Bluff. The Kiowas think maybe the whites will want them to live in the small places ... live like whites... or the soldiers will go against them.

A long silence. Stands With A Fist is still in shock but she manages a question.

STANDS WITH A FIST
What will Touch The Clouds do?

DANCES WITH WOLVES
He doesn't know ...

STANDS WITH A FIST
What will we do?

DANCES WITH WOLVES
I don't know.

Another silence.

STANDS WITH A FIST
The Cheyenne were here ... the whites are in their country too.

DANCES WITH WOLVES
(leaving)
I must talk to the Hard Shields.

STANDS WITH A FIST
They're gone. Wind In His Hair took them and a lot of young men to find the enemy. Kicking Bird has gone north with a large party to visit Touch The Clouds. The village is nearly empty of men. There's little to eat.

Wearily Dances With Wolves stretches out next to the fire and stares into space.

STANDS WITH A FIST
(CONT'D)
We have to have meat ...

DANCES WITH WOLVES
I'll start west in the morning.

SNAKE IN HANDS (O.S.)

I want to go with Dances With Wolves.

Propped on an elbow, the boy stares at his parents resolutely.

Always Walking sits up, her brows knitted fiercely.

ALWAYS WALKING

I want to go too.

46 EXT. TOUCH THE CLOUD'S VILLAGE - DAY

Villagers are clustered all around Touch The Cloud's lodge, listening for scraps of information.

47 INT. TOUCH THE CLOUD'S LODGE - DAY

Touch The Clouds, Kicking Bird, and Lawrie Tatum are sitting in council. The little white man has a dressing plastered on the spot where White Bear's bow struck his head.

KICKING BIRD

Lawrie Tatum ... help?

TATUM

Help ... yes. I will be your agent
... give food ... clothes ... homes
... if you come in to live ... if
you ... you take white man's road.

Kicking Bird translates what he understands to Touch The Clouds and both look blankly at Tatum.

TATUM (CONT'D)

Lawrie Tatum ... friend.

Kicking Bird pays little attention to the eager agent. He's been rolling something around in his mind.

KICKING BIRD

Train?

TATUM

Train? Yes what about it? Like
train? No like train? You ... go
on train?

Kicking Bird shakes Tatum off and searches for a new tack.

KICKING BIRD

Train ... road ...

TATUM
Yes I understand ... train road.

KICKING BIRD
Holee?

TATUM
Holee?

KICKING BIRD
Holee?

TATUM
Holy? Is that what you mean?

KICKING BIRD
Holy. Train road holy?

TATUM
I don't know what you're asking.

KICKING BIRD
(gesturing expansively)
All white man road ... all white
man road holy?

TATUM
Is the white man's road holy?

KICKING BIRD
(affirmative)
Hmmm.

Tatum thinks. He glances at a bible resting in his lap.

TATUM
(to both)
Yes. I believe it is. The white
man's road is holy.

48 EXT. TEN BEARS' VILLAGE - DAWN

Stands With A Fist and Stays Quiet stand outside their home, watching Dances With Wolves, Snake In Hands, Always Walking, and their party of hunters including GAP IN THE WOODS and HEARS THE SUNRISE going west.

She glances at a pony staked in front of the lodge, as if trying to decide whether or not to follow them.

Stands With A Fist notices another small group of people leaving the village on foot.

STANDS WITH A FIST'S POV

It's Owl Prophet's large family, all of them carrying containers for wild fruit. The prophet himself, looking sour, brings up the rear.

49 INT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - MORNING

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING
(O.S.)

Grandfather? ... Grandfather?

The girl comes inside. She seems distraught to find that Ten Bears is not at home.

50 EXT. POV - DAY

From a distance the tips of lodge poles in Ten Bears' village can be seen.

A pair of heavily-armed white rangers is watching. They scramble back to their waiting horses, mount and gallop off to alert their compatriots.

51 EXT. DRY STREAM BED - DAY

Bradley's exhausted force has halted to dig for water in the dry stream bed.

52 EXT. TREES - DAY

In the cover of a grove of trees the Leader is addressing his eager force of Rangers.

LEADER

You rangers who wish to fortify
yourselves do so now ...

A score of bottles is lifted as the Leader pulls a shiny pistol out of a saddlebag.

LEADER (CONT'D)

(holding up gun)

This I'm offering to the first man
who kills and scalps one of them
Godless scum ... babes without hair
don't count.

A wave of guffaws ripple through the rangers.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Let's check those weapons one more
time ...

(MORE)

LEADER (CONT'D)
 hate to see anybody miss the fun
 'cause his weapon wadn't right.

53 EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

A girl of eleven (RED DRESS) emerges from a lodge at the edge of the prairie and begins to play with a miniature lodge and a pair of dolls. She glances to see her sister Hunting For Something passing by. The girls exchange familiar glances.

54 EXT. STREAM - DAY

His back propped against a cottonwood, Ten Bears dozes next to a stream.

Footsteps approach but he doesn't stir.

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING
 (O.S.)
 Grandfather ... grandfather ...

Ten Bears' eyes flutter open and he gazes up at his granddaughter.

TEN BEARS
 What's the matter?

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING
 I'm scared.

TEN BEARS
 Scared of what?

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING
 I don't know.

55 EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

A faint, distant pounding of earth distracts Red Dress from her solitary play.

A line of riders is coming toward the village.

The girl gets to her feet and squints at the oncoming spectacle. Now she can hear the battle cries of the rangers and, realizing the village is being attacked, sinks back to the ground, burying her face in her arms.

The rangers are in the village, cutting down everything that moves, only pausing to scalp their kills. None of the inhabitants stands a chance.

56 EXT. STREAM - DAY

Ten Bears has struggled to his feet. Gunfire still sounds in the distance.

TEN BEARS

Granddaughter...granddaughter...
wait...

The old man moves quickly, as quickly as his old legs can carry him.

POV

Hunting For Something is disappearing over a little rise, headed in the direction of the village.

57 EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

On the pony Dances With Wolves left for her, Stands With A Fist and Stays Quiet gallop for the open prairie at the back of the village.

Several fleeing villagers on horseback are just ahead of her but just as they reach the prairie a dozen armed rangers, charged with blocking escape, show themselves and open fire.

Stands With A Fist turns her pony sharply, heading off in a different direction.

Several rangers mopping up the village take note of Stands With A Fist and give chase.

The Leader has just finished emptying his revolver on Hunting For Something's father, Horned Antelope. He sees his fellows going after the solitary rider and decides to go after them.

58 EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Stands With A Fist can hear the yelps of her pursuers and when she turns to look, her pony encounters a little ditch. The horse jumps it hesitantly, lands awkwardly and pitches Stands With A Fist and Stays Quiet into space.

Stands With A Fist hits the ground, scoops up her daughter and tries to run but it's too late. The rangers are already circling her like predators.

One of them raises his pistol and Stands With A Fist freezes. She holds her daughter tight and closes her eyes, expecting to be executed.

BEARDED RANGER

Don't you take that shot ... I seen 'em first.

RANGER WITH PISTOL

You got two scalps already ... I ain't got any.

BEARDED RANGER

Don't matter ... I seen 'em ...

During this squabble the Leader arrives. He glances at the woman about to be killed and notices a strange, cherry-colored hue as the sun glints against her hair.

LEADER

Hold up men ...

He studies the woman on the prairie a moment longer, then steps off his horse and walks toward her, gun drawn.

Stands With A Fist sees him coming and, still expecting to be shot, closes her eyes again.

The Leader stops in front of her, reaches out and fingers a strand of her hair.

LEADER (CONT'D)

I think this here's a white woman...

The leader tugs at the bodice of her dress and gazes at the flesh above her breasts.

The Leader pushes one of her sleeves up and gazes at the light skin of Stands With A Fist's forearm.

LEADER (CONT'D)

It is a white woman.

He stares into Stands With A Fist's face, his mind working furiously.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Could be it's Christine Gunther ... are you Christine Gunther?

Stands With A Fist only blinks at him.

LEADER (CONT'D)

Christine?

In shock, Stands With A Fist repeats the word with a whisper.

STANDS WITH A FIST

Christine ...

LEADER

Take your hats off boys. The Maker's with us now. Lost these many years and we found her today. We found the Gunther girl.

Suddenly meek, the rangers stand with bowed heads as sporadic gunfire of continuing slaughter sounds in the distance.

Stands With A Fist breaks down in sobs.

59 EXT. PRAIRIE OUTSIDE OF RAZED VILLAGE - AFTERNOON

The column of rangers, captives in tow, are riding away from what was once a village.

From her hiding place in the grass, Hunting For Something watches them go.

60 EXT. PRAIRIE - AFTERNOON

The face of Dances With Wolves, creased with worry.

DANCES WITH WOLVES' POV

On the horizon wisps of smoke are curling into the air.

The hunting party, Dances With wolves at its head, is moving at a cautious but urgent trot toward the source of the smoke.

61 EXT. VILLAGE - TWILIGHT

The scalped body of the girl Red Dress lies crumpled on the ground as the hunting party approaches. Dances With Wolves is still at its head and the tightly bunched hunters are moving at a walk as they enter the site of the once vital village.

DANCES WITH WOLVES' POV

He focuses on the charred rubble that was once his home.

62 EXT. TEN BEARS VILLAGE - TWILIGHT

Dances With Wolves' little hunting party, still atop their horses, has reached the center of the decimated village. They are all in shock.

DANCES WITH WOLVES' POV

Around them are the still smoldering piles of corpses and material the rangers have left behind.

The zombie-like survivors, some of them clustered in little groups, some wandering in a daze, begin to approach the hunting party with moans and sobs.

Owl Prophet is prone on the ground, his family huddled around him.

Dances With Wolves' eyes roam from one surviving woman to another but nowhere does he see his daughter or his wife.

Hunting For Something walks toward him, her face full of bad news.

63 EXT. TOUCH THE CLOUDS VILLAGE - NIGHT

The village is quiet as Kicking Bird sits alone in the moonlight outside his lodge.

A rustling of another lodge flap attracts his attention.

Lawrie Tatum emerges from his tipi. He's carrying a canteen in one hand and what looks like a small stick in the other.

Kicking Bird watches as Tatum pours water on the stick and is shocked to see the little white man jam the stick into his mouth and pump violently. The white man lifts the canteen to his mouth and a moment later spits whatever was inside onto the ground.

Tantum disappears back into the tipi, leaving Kicking Bird to contemplate the meaning of the strange ritual.

He hears a stirring of voices not far off as a nighttime visitor arrives in the village. Kicking Bird rises to investigate and, in a few seconds, arrives at a clearing in the village where Kiowas are gathering around a Comanche rider on a lathered horse.

Kicking Bird pushes through the little crowd and recognizes Hears The Sunrise, one of Dances With Wolves' fellow hunters.

KICKING BIRD

What has happened?

64 EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT

Wrapped in a blanket, Smiles A Lot sleeps next to a dead fire, his horses tethered a few feet away.

Distant gunfire erupts, bringing him awake. Smiles A Lot gets to his feet and listens as first light begins to dawn in the east.

A moment later he grabs up his bow and arrows, vaults onto a pony and gallops toward the sound of fighting.

65 EXT. DRY STREAM BED - DAWN

All is chaos at Lieutenant Bradley's bivouac.

Wind In His Hair and his warriors are riding back and forth, brazenly firing into the camp.

Amidst the sound of Indian yells, gunfire and general pandemonium, the soldiers' horses are stampeding, wrecking all vestiges of the temporary camp.

Half-dressed soldiers, in complete disarray, are firing at Comanche ghosts as they drive the panicked horses through camp.

Lieutenant Bradley is dashing about in the tumult shouting one order over and over.

BRADLEY

Get the horses! Get the horses!

66 EXT. PRAIRIE - DAWN

The scout and his Tonkawas are galloping away from the fight.

They pull up for a breather and look back the way they came.

In the half-light they can make out a handful of hatless riders pursuing them.

The whir of an arrow sounds and an instant later the missile buries itself in a Tonkawas's abdomen. As he topples off his horse the remaining Tonkawas and the scout turn toward the front.

Stringing another arrow, Smiles A Lot is charging them. The Tonkawas kicks his horse into a gallop while the scout desperately pulls his rifle from its scabbard. As he raises it to his shoulder a second arrow passes through his neck.

Smiles A Lot jumps off his pony and draws his scalping knife as one of the pursuing Comanches (LEFT HAND) rides up.

LEFT HAND

Where did you come from?

SMILES A LOT

The north.

A cry out on the prairie distracts both men.

The other pursuing Comanches have caught the surviving Tonkawa.

Left Hand starts after the scout's black horse.

SMILES A LOT (CONT'D)

That black horse is mine.

Left Hand stops.

SMILES A LOT (CONT'D)

Where is Wind In His Hair?

LEFT HAND

Fighting the white soldiers ...
back there.

Both Comanches are distracted again by a distant whoop. A lone rider is approaching from the west ... another of the hunters who went with Dances With Wolves ... Gap In The Woods.

67 EXT. NEW VILLAGE #2 - DAY

Ten Bears' village sits in a new location at the mouth of a canyon.

Lodges are going up and there is plenty of activity, but it is strangely muted. The hum of action can no longer be heard, nor can the exuberant voices of children at play.

68 EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Dances With Wolves, alone and dejected, is coming in from another fruitless day of searching for his wife and child.

POV

Always Walking and Snake In Hands stand glumly at the edge of the village, watching their father's approach.

69 INT./EXT. ARBOR - DAY

In a little brush arbor, erected next to his lodge, Ten Bears sits alone, smoking his pipe. His old eyes are focused on a lodge across the way.

TEN BEARS' POV

Hunting For Something sits outside the lodge stitching an animal's skin.

A foot or two from her, Smiles A Lot and his little brother RABBIT are playing a dice game.

TEN BEARS (V.O.)

Smiles A Lot's mother and father are dead. All he has left is his little brother. Hunting For Something's mother and father are dead too and I am all that she has left. But now they have each other. Good coming out of bad ... it always happens. What will come next? Who knows? This arbor is a good place ... Kicking Bird and Wind In His Hair and Dances With Wolves ... does it matter what they are thinking? They are making up their minds. When they are ready they will come and talk with me. This shade is good. There's a little breeze to make it just right. Who is coming now ... how I miss my young eyes.

Kicking Bird pauses at the front of the arbor.

Kicking Bird and Ten Bears are passing the pipe back and forth.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)

I am wondering ... this white man's holy road ... how can Comanches take a road they have never traveled?

KICKING BIRD

I don't know Grandfather. Your question is good. But it makes a question come into my mind that might be as good as yours. I think of the buffalo growing more scarce each summer. I think of white soldiers coming into our country. I think of these rangers killing our women and children, burning our lodges ... when I think of these things I wonder what will happen if they continue. You ask how can we walk this holy road, and I wonder ... how can we not?

TEN BEARS

Hmmm ... your question is a good one too.
Will you see this ... Loree Taydum ...
again?

KICKING BIRD

Loree Taydum has already sent word ... he
wants to council ... a big council with
many white men.

TEN BEARS

Who goes with you?

KICKING BIRD

Whoever wants to.

TEN BEARS

Don't take the whole village ... those
rangers might come again.

KICKING BIRD

No Grandfather I won't do that.

70 INT./EXT. ARBOR - LATER

Ten Bears is lying on his side, dozing.

WIND IN HIS HAIR (V.O.)

Grandfather?

TEN BEARS

(sitting up)

I am here.

Wind In His Hair stops inside.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

Can I speak with you Grandfather?

TEN BEARS

I always like to talk with Wind In His
Hair.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

I don't have my pipe.

TEN BEARS

Nor do I. Mine's in the lodge. But Wind
In His Hair's heart is true. Sit down
and tell me what is in it.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

What has happened must be avenged,
Grandfather.

TEN BEARS

It has always been so but I wonder ...
after every fight there seem to be more
white people and less Comanches. Maybe
we should look for ways to walk the peace
road.

A long silence during which Wind In His Hair gazes out at the
village.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

I am different than I used to be,
Grandfather. I'm getting older and
I love peace more. I like to be with the
wife and child I still have left. But I
will always be a warrior, a Hard Shield.
I will be that when I die. There will
never be peace if an enemy can kill us
whenever he likes, can burn our homes and
steal our horses without being punished.
Peace can't be made when one is strong
and the other weak. Both must be strong.
I cannot let the whites kill us until we
are no more. I cannot let them feast on
us and toss our bones to one side. A
warrior cannot do that.

Silence.

TEN BEARS

People think I am wise but I am
not. I do not know which road to
take. All I know is that it makes
my old heart glad to hear Wind In
His Hair's words. When will you
leave?

WIND IN HIS HAIR

The Kiowa under White Bear are
coming. We will make a big party
of the bravest Comanche and Kiowa.
Then we will go.

TEN BEARS

Don't take the whole village.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

No, Grandfather, I won't do that.

71 INT. TEN BEARS LODGE - AFTERNOON

Ten Bears is sitting against his backrest, finishing the last of his pemmican.

Hearing a shuffling, he looks to the open flap of his lodge and sees three sets of legs, one adult, two children.

DANCES WITH WOLVES
Grandfather?

TEN BEARS
Dances With Wolves ... come in.

Dances With Wolves ducks inside, Snake In Hands and Always Walking following, all of their faces grim and unresponsive.

DANCES WITH WOLVES
(to children)
Wait for me outside.

TEN BEARS
That boy Rabbit lives just across
the way ... I'm sure he would like
to do something ...

Obediently but without enthusiasm, the children do as they're told.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)
Sit down ...

DANCES WITH WOLVES
(sitting)
I didn't bring my pipe ...

TEN BEARS
And I have no more tobacco ...
times are hard.

Dances With Wolves sighs. His face looks like it might break apart.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)
Do you sleep?

DANCES WITH WOLVES
Asleep or awake ... it is the same
for me ...

Dances With Wolves looks away self-consciously.

TEN BEARS
 (whispering)
 Dances With Wolves ...

Dances With Wolves lets his stare drift back to the old man.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)
 What will you do?

Ten Bears gazes at his visitor.

DANCES WITH WOLVES
 I don't know Grandfather.

TEN BEARS
 A man cannot live in grief... you
 must do something.

DANCES WITH WOLVES
 What would you do Grandfather?

TEN BEARS
 I always consult my heart. My heart
 tells me. Yours will speak if you
 ask it.

DANCES WITH WOLVES
 But you might disapprove of my
 action Grandfather.

TEN BEARS
 Disapprove?

Silence as the old man smiles slyly and Dances With Wolves
 relaxes a little.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)
 What do I know anyway? What
 does anyone know? Loree Taydum...
 soldier forts...rangers...buffalo
 hunters. Only the Mystery knows
 what is true. Approve, disapprove.
 It matters less every day. Do what
 you must do.

Dances With Wolves is lost in thought.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)
 Did you hear my words?

DANCES WITH WOLVES
 Yes Grandfather, I did.

72 EXT. VILLAGE #2 - DAWN

A long column of aging warriors and their families, Kicking Bird at its head, is leaving the village.

Another column, this one led by the Kiowa warrior White Bear, is entering the village to great fanfare. All of the warriors' bodies are painted red and black, the colors of war and death.

73 EXT. OWL PROPHET'S LODGE - TWILIGHT

All the leading Kiowa and Comanche warriors have assembled in front of Owl Prophet's lodge.

Everyone is startled by the sudden appearance of a Great Horned Owl. With a gathering of its wings the big bird lands on a lodge pole tip of the prophet's tipi. Its head characteristically swivels to and fro as it gazes down at the apprehensive gathering of warriors.

A sudden gust of wind sweeps through the assembly and, as the flap at the entrance of the lodge shimmies in the breeze, the prophet steps out, impressively recovered from the Ranger attack...

OWL PROPHET

You will meet two parties of whites
in the east. Let the first pass.
Attack the second. Attack the
first and disaster will befall you.
Attack the second and you shall
have victory.

Owl Prophet scans his audience in silence then, without warning, makes the screech of an owl and turns back to his lodge. At the same moment, the owl perched on the lodge pole answers with a screech of its own and takes wing.

74 INT. SMILES A LOT'S LODGE - EVENING

Staring into a shard of mirror, Smiles A Lot carefully applies red paint with a fingertip in a circle around each eye. His face has already been painted black.

Rabbit sits cross-legged a few feet away watching in silence while Hunting For Something works to put the finishing touches on a bow-case and quiver she has fashioned from the hide of a mountain lion.

Finished, Smiles A Lot stands. Hunting For Something takes up the case and quiver and slips the sash over Smiles A Lot's head.

The young warrior settles the new weaponry on his shoulder as Hunting For Something and Rabbit regard him.

RABBIT

If I was an enemy and I saw you ... I
would run away.

A thin smile appears on Smiles A Lot's mouth as a familiar voice calls in from outside.

DANCES WITH WOLVES (O.S.)

Smiles A Lot.

SMILES A LOT

I am here.

To everyone's amazement Dances With Wolves sweeps inside and stands face to face with Smiles A Lot.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

You are dancing tonight?

SMILES A LOT

(in shock)

Yes.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Dance as a Hard Shield ... when we
council you sit with the Hard
Shields.

With that, the great warrior turns and goes out, leaving the three residents open-mouthed and silent.

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING

Are you a Hard Shield now?

SMILES A LOT

I don't know.

75 EXT. VILLAGE #2 - EVENING

Holding a torch aloft, Ten Bears stands next to a great pile of wood in a clearing at the center of the village. He offers the torch to the four directions, then above to the Great Mystery before stooping to ignite the bonfire.

As the flames spread a drum begins to pound out a lonely eternal cadence and in a few moments the first few extraordinarily attired dancers high-step out of the shadows.

76 EXT. VILLAGE #2 - NIGHT

Smiles A Lot stands in the shadows with Dances With Wolves. They watch the men who have already begun to dance as if in a trance, the rhythm of the drum flowing through their blood streams.

Impelled by some invisible power, Dances With Wolves starts forward. Seconds later, Smiles A Lot follows suit.

The conflagration is at its height and the entire village, the Comanches and their Kiowa visitors, have gathered on the perimeter to watch the outpouring of passion from the warriors who have swarmed into the dance circle.

The crescendo of the drumming is rising higher and with it the spirits of the dancing warriors. They attack and kill imaginary enemies with ever-increasing fury, vocalizing their excitement with piercing shrieks and howls.

A half-dozen men are pounding furiously on a single drum.

The warriors in the circle have lost their collective minds. Exhausted, some are managing to stagger out of the circle. Others have pushed themselves to collapse and are being dragged from the circle by family members.

Fully possessed, Dances With Wolves and Smiles A Lot are dancing on.

The drums suddenly stop, but before the dancers can react another group picks up the beat, carrying it even higher and the remaining dancers are carried to an unconscious realm of pure feeling.

Smiles A Lot is dancing with eyes shut. His feet hardly seem to touch the ground. Sounds not words are welling up in his stomach and coming out of his mouth.

Suddenly, the drumming stops. His body moves a few more steps and slowly he opens his eyes.

Only Dances With Wolves and a few others remain in the circle. In the shadows across the ebbing fire he can see Hunting For Something, staring at him. She turns away and disappears into the darkness.

77 INT. SMILES A LOT'S LODGE - NIGHT

Smiles A Lot comes inside and, gazing around the lodge, he can see the head of his brother Rabbit under the robes of one bed and the head of Hunting For Something under the robes of another.

Exhausted, he slips the bow and quiver from over his head, strips off his clothes and slides under the robe of his own bed.

As he lies blinking, a voice floats to him.

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING
(O.S.)

You were the best ...

Smiles A Lot is silent. He hears a rustling of covers and soft footfalls and when he turns his head she is standing over him unclothed.

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING
(CONT'D)

I want to be with you ... always ...

Smiles A Lot still says nothing. He lifts the edge of his sleeping robe, inviting her inside.

78 INT. SMILES A LOT'S LODGE - LATER

Panting, her face beaded with sweat, Hunting For Something rolls onto her back and stares into the space above her head.

In a moment, Smiles A Lot's face looms tentatively over hers.

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING

I think I have one.

SMILES A LOT

How do you know that?

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING

I feel different.

Smiles A Lot thinks.

SMILES A LOT

Maybe we should do it again ... I've heard that some people have to do it a lot to get a baby.

She laughs lightly and pulls his face against hers.

79 EXT. VILLAGE #2 - DAWN

A crier is hurrying through the village, pounding on his little drum.

CRIER

Brave men ... come out of your lodges
now. Brave men ...

80 INT. SMILES A LOT'S LODGE - DAWN

The crier's voice is filling the lodge. Hunting For Something's eyes fly open. She turns her head and finds herself staring into the open-eyed face of Rabbit.

RABBIT

I got lonely ... is this how we will
sleep from now on?

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING

Where is your brother?

RABBIT

He's here.

81 EXT. VILLAGE #2 - MORNING

Smiles A Lot sits atop his walking horse in full war regalia.

Hunting For Something walks alongside.

There is great noise and activity swirling around them as many warriors form up to march on the enemy.

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING

You have to come back ...

Smiles A lot looks down at her, emotionless.

SMILES A LOT

Warriors die sometimes.

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING

I'll pray to the Mystery ... all the time
you're gone.

82 EXT. MEDICINE BLUFF - DAY

A mixed delegation of Comanche and Kiowa, Kicking Bird with his body guards and Touch The Clouds, are passing in front of the great medicine bluff. A few yards ahead is their escort of half a dozen blue-coated soldiers.

There are soldiers ahead. They are nearing Fort Sill.

83 EXT. LOST VALLEY - DAY

A different group is making its way through a desolate valley flanked by hills covered with scrub oak.

Half a dozen mounted soldiers are escorting a single, covered wagon, a military ambulance.

Attached to the military detail but riding off to one side are half a dozen, long-haired, seedy white civilians accompanied by a wagon ... buffalo hunters.

84 EXT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Sitting next to his driver is GENERAL SHERMAN, a sour-looking man with a bad complexion and a stubby cigar between his teeth. Instead of conversing he's grumbling out loud.

SHERMAN

Almost three weeks in this god-forsaken country and every time I turn around some civilian is cryin' and whinin' about Indians ... Indians this, Indians that ... Hell, I haven't seen one Indian the whole time ... see more on the streets of Washington ...

The General leans forward and grumpily scans the flanking hills.

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Goddamned, god-forsaken country ...
(indicating hunters)
goddamned, god-forsaken rabble.

85 EXT. HILLSIDE BEHIND THE TREES - DAY

The combined force of Comanches and Kiowas covers the hillside above the valley floor.

The warriors stand in silence, pinching the nostrils of their ponies lest they whinnie, as the little escort and its wagon pass out of sight below.

86 EXT. TATUM'S HOUSE - DAY

As Kicking Bird and his delegation approach a boxy house, he is surprised to see such a large contingent of soldiers and civilians.

From the throng gathered on the porch a single arm flies up and waves a greeting. It's Lawrie Tatum.

87 EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Wind In His Hair, Dances With Wolves and White Bear sit among their forces on the hillside, watching the valley floor.

WIND IN HIS HAIR'S POV

Two Indian scouts are racing up the valley. They turn abruptly and their horses dig up the hillside.

One of the scouts is BLUE TURTLE. He pulls to a stop in front of Wind In His Hair.

BLUE TURTLE

White men coming now ...

WIND IN HIS HAIR

Soldiers?

BLUE TURTLE

Maybe twenty ... soldiers in front
... corn wagons behind them ...
maybe six ... at the rear a horse
herd... maybe twenty ... only three
maybe four soldiers with the
horses.

88 INT. TENT - DAY

The two delegations, equivalent in numbers, white and Indian, sit facing each other.

A white-bearded white man (HATTON) is speaking.

HATTON

Your reservation will be a
sanctuary ... a place where you can
prepare to take the white man's
road ...

Kicking Bird watches the whites. He notices that Lawrie Tatum is in a row of whites behind the most prominent two: Hatton and a handsome, well-built soldier (GENERAL MACKENZIE), whom they will all come to know as Bad Hand.

HATTON (CONT'D)

The Great Father will provide
rations, clothing, presents for
many years to come, education for
your children, soldiers to keep you
from harm and many agents to help
you. All these things will happen
if you come in and touch the pen.

As a grizzled interpreter begins to translate this in signs an odd sound, a castanet-like clicking of cartilage, intrudes on the silence.

Kicking Bird and his fellows are mesmerized by the sound which is emanating from the mangled digits on one of Mackenzie's hands.

The general's wolfish grey eyes give nothing away. Unblinking, they stare ahead resolutely and the involuntary clicking ceases.

89 EXT. HILLSIDE LOST VALLEY - DAY

Dances With Wolves is applying blue paint to Smiles A Lot's back with a fingertip. The outline of an owl is taking shape.

As he works, Dances With Wolves glances further up the hill.

DANCES WITH WOLVES POV

Hanging around the reserve ponies with half a dozen teenaged warriors are Snake In Hands and Always Walking.

SMILES A LOT

Does it look like an owl?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Of course it looks like an owl ... that's what you wanted me to make.

SMILES A LOT

With an owl on my back I can not die.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Not unless you are foolish.

SMILES A LOT

But a man has to take risks to whip the enemy. Won't you have to take risks to get a scalp today?

Smiles A Lot twists his head and looks questioningly at his friend. Dances With Wolves gazes at him implacably.

Suddenly, both men are distracted by a buzz of excitement rippling up the line of warriors.

90 INT. TENT - DAY

Kicking Bird is rising to speak.

KICKING BIRD

I have heard the talk. It is good to hear and makes me glad I have taken your hands ...

The translator makes the whites aware of this and they respond with agreeable nods. Some of them smile.

KICKING BIRD (CONT'D)

Kicking Bird is but one man with only one voice but I do not think we need what you want to give us. I love my country as a child loves its mother. I love my people as a father loves his son. The Comanche are happy roaming free as we are now. I can see no good reason for me or my people to throw away happiness ...

Kicking Bird pauses as the interpreter begins to translate.

The white delegation is looking on sheepishly. Hatton's big bottom is squirming uncomfortably. Only Mackenzie seems unmoved. The intensity of his focus on Kicking Bird and his peace medal is not lost on the speaker.

KICKING BIRD (CONT'D)

All the killing will stop if the white people will leave us alone. The white people need to stop killing our buffalo...

91 EXT. LOST VALLEY - DAY

Twenty mounted soldiers are coming up the valley. Lumbering behind the escort are six, mule-drawn wagons piled high with buffalo hides. Dawdling in the rear is a handful of soldiers driving a loose bunch of horses.

92 EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

A great line of painted, befeathered, heavily armed warriors is watching the progress of the convoy with intense concentration.

Smiles A Lot sits his pony amongst a group of young warriors.

Wind In His Hair, the body of a hawk fixed to his head, sits his horse amongst the main body of Comanches.

Dances With Wolves waits with the Kiowas, his own pony next to White Bear's.

The warriors crane forward as the squeaks of saddle leather and the creak of wagons float up from the valley floor.

An eagle-bone whistle splits the air and a great whooping back down the line brings Dances With Wolves and White Bear forward on their ponies for a better look down the valley.

DANCES WITH WOLVES POV

The young teenage warriors are charging the loose horses. They draw fire from the herders and all but one of the attackers zig-zag their horses to avoid the bullets.

One rider races straight forward and, amazingly, stands straight up on his speeding pony and begins to wave a blanket which panics the army horses. On the rider's back, outlined in blue, is an owl. Smiles A Lot.

White Bear grunts and jostles Dances With Wolves.

POV

The lead escort is racing past the wagons to give aid to the herders.

93 INT. TENT - DAY

The interpreter is translating a response from Hatton to Kicking Bird.

INTERPRETER

The Great Father decreed several summers ago that no one can hunt buffalo south of the Red River.

KICKING BIRD

Then it must be that the Great Father's promises are no stronger than any other white man's because there are more of these hunters in our country than ever before. What does the Great Father do to stop them ... I have never seen them punished.

Kicking Bird swings his gaze directly to Mackenzie.

Everyone in the tent looks to the quiet, unblinking general.

94 EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

Amidst tumultuous battle cries, Wind In His Hair leads his Comanches down the hill in pursuit of the twenty soldiers.

With White Bear and Dances With Wolves in the lead, the line of Kiowas sweep down on the unprotected wagon train.

95 INT. TENT - DAY

His grey eyes steady, Mackenzie's words are flat and unflappable.

MACKENZIE

My soldiers cannot be everywhere at once.

96 EXT. LOST VALLEY - DAY

Most of the wagons have been overwhelmed. Some of them are trying to escape but are being hotly pursued.

One of the drivers tries to goad speed out of his team. He hears a yelp and twists his head.

DRIVER'S POV

An Indian pony is surging after him, its rider wearing the grim expression of a hungry wolf closing on a rabbit.

Dances With Wolves lifts his heavy stone war club.

97 INT. TENT - DAY

Kicking Bird is speaking directly to Mackenzie, his intensity ignoring the occasional click of cartilage from the placid general's hand.

KICKING BIRD

When a hungry Comanche kills a bony cow in Texas, soldiers saddle their horses. When white hunters kill our buffalo no soldier saddles his horse or blows his trumpet.

This is translated to Mackenzie. His emotionless response is quiet and measured.

MACKENZIE

Tell me when you find them and I will send soldiers to punish them.

KICKING BIRD

The hunters would be gone by the time soldiers come. These men must be stopped before they come into the country.

Mackenzie listens to the translation then answers with a tiny, negative shake of his head.

MACKENZIE

That is not my job ... I am a soldier, not a politician.

Kicking Bird listens impassively.

KICKING BIRD

Our young men will kill as many hunters as they can. So long as these people take the buffalo without asking there will be trouble. That is all I have to say.

98 EXT. LOST VALLEY - DAY

Standing on the ground, Dances With Wolves fixes the last button on the driver's jacket he is now wearing.

He gazes down the front of the tight-fitting jacket that feels so strange. He raises one of his arms, now confined to a sleeve. He tugs at the armpit, wondering if he can coax more room out of the joint.

He rifles through the trouser pockets, discarding bits of paper and a wad of tobacco. He pulls out a some paper money. He studies the money a moment, then pushes it back into the pocket.

Hearing a commotion he turns to the sound.

DANCES WITH WOLVES' POV

Fellow warriors are swarming over the corn wagons. A driver still alive is being driven back to the main group.

High on the hill, he can make out Snake In Hands and Always Walking, watching from the pony herd.

99 INT. TATUM'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

With the sun at his back, Kicking Bird loiters in the doorway leading to the new world of Lawrie Tatum's house.

Windows, rugs, furniture ... all are alien. Especially the images of white people suspended on the wall.

Tatum sits rummaging through a desk at the far end of the house. He finds what he wants.

TATUM
 Kicking Bird ... come ...
 (gesturing)
 come.

Kicking Bird walks across the room with one eye on the floor and one eye on the strangeness around him.

TATUM (CONT'D)
 Here ...

He hands Kicking Bird a small bundle. Hesitantly, the warrior takes it.

TATUM (CONT'D)
 For Ten Bears ... a present ...
 present.

100 EXT. LOST VALLEY - AFTERNOON

Dances With Wolves swings onto a saddled horse fully dressed in white man clothes and boots. A rifle in its scabbard is hanging at his side.

As he starts the pony into a trot he tries the white man hat. It fits but feels so odd that he has to take it off.

As he passes the wagons still crowded with warriors he sees that two white men have been tied upside down on the wheels of a wagon and that small fires are being set just under their heads.

The whites cry out pitifully but Dances With Wolves ignores the scene as he starts his pony up the slope to his waiting children.

CHILDREN'S POV

Snake In Hands and Always Walking watch in horror as their father, clad in white man clothes, rides slowly toward them. He's cutting off great chunks of his long hair as he comes.

101 INT. GUNTHER HOUSE - SUNSET

A man walks down a hallway, stops at door, pulls out a key, slips it quietly into the hole and turns it gently.

102 INT. GUNTHER HOUSE ROOM - SUNSET

Stands With A Fist sits cross-legged in front of a west-facing window, rocking Stays Quiet in her lap.

At the sound of the key she turns back and watches the door until she hears the click of the bolt which locks her in for the night.

It's a routine now and she looks back at the window.

Mother and daughter rock on in silence.

STAYS QUIET

Will my father come?

STANDS WITH A FIST

He'll come, little girl. The sun we are watching is touching your father and brother and sister at this moment.

STAYS QUIET

Will he come tomorrow?

STANDS WITH A FIST

Maybe tomorrow.

103 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A hard-working frontier wife (MRS. GUNTHER) sits up in an old-fashioned bed, her arms folded stubbornly across her chest. A lamp burns on a table next to the bed.

Someone else is in the room, preparing for bed and her eyes follow his every movement.

A skinny, sunken-eyed man, clad in long johns slips under the covers next to Mrs. Gunther. It's the same man who locked Stands With A Fist's door ... (MR. GUNTHER). His wife is not ready to sleep and watches contemptuously as her husband stretches out in bed.

MR. GUNTHER

Oooohhh ... I'm tuckered.

MRS. GUNTHER

We're all tuckered. I'm tired on tired ...

MR. GUNTHER

Hmmmm ...

MRS. GUNTHER

Well?

MR. GUNTHER

What?

MRS. GUNTHER
 You know what ... 'Cousin
 Christine'.

Mr. Gunther's face drops. This is a perpetual subject of talk.

MRS. GUNTHER (CONT'D)
 Reverend Tooley wants us to sit in the back of church. She won't eat except with her hands, she won't take to the word of God, she won't talk English. Somebody has to watch her every minute. Whenever they want to go ... her and that little creature still just squat. They went in the middle of the road again this morning. People're turnin' against us ... what are you gonna do?

Mr. Gunther lies back and stares defeatedly at the ceiling.

MR. GUNTHER
 I don' know Alma ...

Mrs. Gunther sighs disgustedly.

MRS. GUNTHER
 We could get her out of here if we got her married.

MR. GUNTHER
 Who we gonna marry her to?

MRS. GUNTHER
 Only one I could think of would be Axel Strunk.

104 EXT. WOODS LOST VALLEY - DAY

A well-used skinning knife in a human hand.

Snake In Hands sits in stoic despair.

Always Walking looks on with pursed lips.

A hand grabs up a thick strand of Snake In Hand's hair and a moment later the blade of the knife saws through it.

Dances With Wolves bends over his son, sawing off the long hair as Always Walking watches.

The children watch their father descend the wooded slope, moving toward a handful of buildings far below.

105 INT. STORE - DAY

A chunky, florid faced merchant is scribbling his accounting in a dry goods store when the front door opens, bringing his head up.

The male customer begins to peruse the shelves and the merchant goes back to his accounting.

The merchant glances up again. Something about this man is very odd.

The merchant watches a moment longer then drops his pencil, comes around the counter and approaches Dances With Wolves.

MERCHANT

Help you?

Dances With Wolves turns his head so slowly and his gaze is so penetrating that the merchant is taken aback. He is further disarmed by the deliberate, disconnected diction of the stranger's speech.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Need ... clothes.

MERCHANT

Clothes ... yes ... uh ... clothes for you?

Dances With Wolves has not taken his eyes off the increasingly uncomfortable merchant.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Boy ... and girl.

MERCHANT

A boy and a girl ... how old?

Dances With Wolves thinks. He raises a hand even with his ribs.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Boy ... here ...
(lowering his hand)
Girl ... like this.

106 EXT. GUNTHER HOUSE - DAY

A strange trio is seated in silence on the front porch. Stands With A Fist and Stays Quiet sit side by side on a long bench.

A few feet further down sits AXEL STRUNK, a severely retarded man in his thirties. Axel's hair is an unruly thatch of yellow, his shirt is misbuttoned and his heavy, well-used boots are on the wrong feet. His great paws resting on his thighs, Axel rocks slightly as he stares open-mouthed at nothing.

107 INT. GUNTHER HOUSE - DAY

Mrs. Gunther along with a couple of her children are spying through a window as Mr. Gunther drifts into the scene.

MR. GUNTHER
Anything happen?

MRS. GUNTHER
(staring out)
Oh, they haven't even hardly moved.

108 EXT. GUNTHER HOUSE - DAY

One of Axel's hands is rubbing a bulging pocket. A clicking sound of glass comes from inside the pocket.

He glances down the porch and sees Stays Quiet staring at the sound coming from his pocket.

Smiling, Axel rises, shuffles down the porch, stops in front of Stays Quiet and reaches into his pocket. He pulls out a beautiful marble and holds it between his fingers so that Stays Quiet can have a good look.

Suddenly struck with an idea, Axel turns and sees a bare patch of ground just below the porch. He shuffles down a short flight of steps, sinks to his knees and starts smoothing the surface of the dirt with the edge of a beefy hand.

Curious, Stays Quiet walks to the head of the stairs and watches.

Satisfied with the surface, Axel digs into his pocket, pulls out a handful of marbles and dribbles them into the playing area. He selects a shooter, nestles it between his thumb and forefinger and hunkers down for a shot.

A second thought turns his gaze to Stays Quiet. With a beckoning wave he motions her down the steps.

Stays Quiet looks to her mother. Axel swings his gaze that way too, his face full of uncomprehending expectation.

Stands With A Fist nods and Stays Quiet starts down the steps.

109 INT. STORE - DAY

Trembling slightly, the merchant is trying to wrap Dances With Wolves' packet. Impatient, he does a sloppy job. But he doesn't care. He wants only for the stranger with the unflinching predatory look to leave.

MERCHANT

Ah ... let's say ... three dollars.

Dances With Wolves pulls a single bill out of his pocket and lays it on the counter, never taking his eyes off the merchant.

The merchant looks helplessly at the money.

MERCHANT (CONT'D)

More ... please?

Dances With Wolves places another bill on the counter and lifts his wolfish, lethal eyes once again to the merchant.

MERCHANT (CONT'D)

Mister ... where are you from?

A silence.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Far ... away ...

It's too much for the merchant. He shrinks back, terrified.

MERCHANT

Take it ... nothing ... you owe me
nothing ...

Dances With Wolves places a hand on the packet.

110 EXT. GUNTHER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Axel and Stays Quiet kneel together outside the circle of marbles. The big man tenderly places the shooter between Stays Quiet's thumb and forefinger.

Concentrating, Stays Quiet lets fly with the shooter. It strikes a marble, knocking it out of the circle.

Axel claps his hands and Stays Quiet yelps with joy. Axel hugs her shoulder with one of his massive hands.

Stands With A Fist smiles for the first time in a long time.

She lifts a hand to shade her forehead and, as Axel and Stays Quiet continue their play, stares wistfully toward the sun, now starting to sink in the west.

111 EXT. TEN BEARS VILLAGE #2 - AFTERNOON

In the aftermath of the wagon train raid, the hum of activity in the village gives the impression that it is once again a place of high, good spirits.

112 INT. TEN BEARS LODGE - AFTERNOON

Kicking Bird and Ten Bears are alone.

TEN BEARS

How can we give up our country? How can the whites expect this?

KICKING BIRD

I don't think your question matters to the whites. If we don't give them our country they mean to take it.

TEN BEARS

But they will have to kill every Comanche to do that.

KICKING BIRD

The whites have enough bullets and enough soldiers to kill every Comanche a hundred times.

Ten Bears cannot grasp such a concept.

TEN BEARS

Have you seen that many bullets and soldiers?

KICKING BIRD

No.

TEN BEARS

How can you know for certain they have this power?

KICKING BIRD
Bad Hand's eyes told me so.

Silence.

TEN BEARS
We must council on this tonight ...
(seeing the parcel from
Lawrie Tatum)
What's that?

KICKING BIRD
A present for you ... from Lawrie
Tatum.

Kicking bird opens the case, pulls out a pair of spectacles,
unfolds them and hands the wire and glass apparatus to Ten
Bears.

KICKING BIRD (CONT'D)
You put them on your face.

TEN BEARS
(alarmed)
What for?

KICKING BIRD
I told him your eyes were old. He
says these will make them new.

Ten Bears turns the glasses gingerly in his hands, wondering
how to put them on.

113 EXT. TEN BEARS LODGE - AFTERNOON

Glasses in place, Ten Bears is scanning the village.

TEN BEARS' POV

A Comanche teenager is idling on a pony at the far end of the
village.

Ten Bears pulls off the spectacles and eyes the glass orbs.

TEN BEARS
How did Sun Boy get in here?

KICKING BIRD
Wait ...

He helps Ten Bears reset the glasses on his face.

KICKING BIRD (CONT'D)

Look there ...

TEN BEARS

Otter Belt, leading three horses.

KICKING BIRD

And over here ...

TEN BEARS

Bird Woman, shaking out a robe ...

Again he removes the glasses and stares down at them in wonder.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)

This is a good trick ... but how do they get people inside these discs? And how do they know what the people I see look like?

KICKING BIRD

They don't. Put them on again.

Ten Bears complies. He can't keep from swiveling his head in all directions, taking in sights unseen for a long time.

KICKING BIRD (CONT'D)

Everything you see is here in camp...

Ten Bears begins to tilt the glasses up and down, checking what he can see against what he can't.

KICKING BIRD (CONT'D)

Looking through the discs makes your eyes new ...

TEN BEARS

(staring out)

You are right ... my eyes are new!

He turns to Kicking Bird and smiles.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)

I'm going to keep this thing.

He starts scanning again.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)

You better hire a crier. We have to council.

KICKING BIRD
Yes Grandfather.

114 INT. COUNCIL LODGE - NIGHT

Ten Bears is seated at the fire, looking up through his glasses.

The lodge is crowded with warriors and the tension is at a flashpoint as Wind In His Hair speaks.

WIND IN HIS HAIR
If Bad Hand and his soldiers come
into our country uninvited their
blood will cover the earth.

Cheers.

KICKING BIRD
I do not think all whites are
bad... not all of them should be
killed.

Shouts of derision from Wind In His Hair's backers.

KICKING BIRD (CONT'D)
The one called Lawrie Tatum ... his
heart is good. He wants to help
us... give us food ... give ...

WIND IN HIS HAIR
Help us! Put a Comanche in a pen
and the Comanche will die! What do
you say to that, brother?

A silence. All eyes are on Kicking Bird.

KICKING BIRD
I agree ...
(to Wind In His Hair)
How would you die, my brother?

WIND IN HIS HAIR
Like any man ... as a warrior.

KICKING BIRD
What of your wife, your children?
How should they die? Fatherless?
Starving? Helpless?

WIND IN HIS HAIR
In a pen?

KICKING BIRD

I do not want my children to die. I
want them to grow.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

On white man biscuits that soften
the teeth and make them fall out?
I want my children to grow on
buffalo!

Cheers.

WIND IN HIS HAIR (CONT'D)

Comanche warriors defend their
country. What does Kicking bird
do? He takes the puny hands of the
enemy while his relations fight and
die. You are dirty with white men.
You talk like a woman ... like a
coward!

The two men rush each other but in the split-second before
they meet, Smiles A Lot is between them.

SMILES A LOT

No fighting ... no fighting ... Not in
our Grandfather's presence. Do not
bring disgrace on him.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

Forgive me, Grandfather, but the air in
this lodge has grown stale ... I wish you
good night.

The great warrior sweeps out of the lodge followed by his
Hard Shields and many others. Smiles A Lot remains standing
for a few moments before he too goes.

After spending long seconds in mortified silence, Kicking
Bird starts out, his supporters trailing behind.

115 EXT. KICKING BIRD'S PRIVATE LODGE - NIGHT

Kicking Bird sits alone and disconsolate at the back of his
lodge.

He lifts his face to the night sky.

KICKING BIRD

Great Mystery ...

Kicking Bird drops his head to his drawn-up knees, then looks
skyward again.

KICKING BIRD (CONT'D)
Great Mystery ... where is my heart?

Dejected, Kicking Bird sends his gaze to the set of hands folded atop his knees. He can see a big vein pulsing with life on one of the hands.

Kicking Bird lifts his head and, as he thinks, sparks of life return to him.

He gets smartly to his feet and marches into the darkness.

116 EXT. VILLAGE #2 - DAWN

Beating his hand drum, a CRIER moves through the village.

CRIER

A war for the buffalo ... a war for
the buffalo ... Kicking Bird is
calling all brave men ... runners
have gone to the Kiowa, the
Cheyenne, the Arapaho. A war for
the buffalo. All brave men,
Kicking Bird is calling you.

117 EXT. TOWN - DAY

A rough, frontier town of scattered buildings with a single dirt track for a street. Few people live here and traffic is light.

The trio of Dances With Wolves and his children is riding through town.

SNAKE IN HANDS

I hate these clothes ...

Dances With Wolves is too focused to turn back to his son.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Snake In Hands ... be quiet ...

SNAKE IN HANDS

My skin hurts.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

No talking!

They ride on in silence and Dances With Wolves is aware that a handful of pedestrians have paused to look back the way he came.

Curious, Dances With Wolves looks over his shoulder. Always Walking is back down the road. Holding her horse's reins, she is squatting in the middle of the dirt track. A few passerby are watching spellbound.

With a sigh of exasperation, Dances With Wolves turns his own horse and trots back to get his daughter.

He waits until she is finished, then mumbles at her to get mounted. As she climbs into the saddle, Dances With Wolves happens to glance in the direction of an adjacent building.

DANCES WITH WOLVES' POV

The austere, bloodless faces of white people fill the windows.

Dances With Wolves' eyes travel slowly toward the sky.

DANCES WITH WOLVES' POV

His eyes travel to the building's peak. Planted there is a hand-hewn cross.

119 EXT. PLAINS - DAY

The prairie is as open and limitless as the day it was created.

There is movement at one end of the enormous landscape ... a great legion of men on horseback. It is an army of warriors, one thousand strong, sweeping slowly over the plains.

Scouts are galloping to and fro along the line.

120 EXT. CANYON - DAY

The army of warriors comes to a halt at the edge of a large canyon.

KICKING BIRD'S POV

Peering down into the canyon, Kicking Bird is horrified to see the canyon floor littered with the bodies of skinless buffalo.

Lifting his eyes, he sees the opposite rim. Beyond it, scattered over the endless prairie, are more bodies.

121 EXT. PRAIRIE DEAD BUFFALO CANYON - DAY

A boggling panorama of death blankets the prairie for as far as the eye can see.

The buffalo have been slaughtered in uncountable numbers, their corpses attended by masses of carrion-eating animals. Coyotes, skunks, badgers, ground squirrels, even mountain lions swarm around the bodies.

The warrior army moves through the devastation at a somber walk. Hardened men cover their noses against the stench, others cry out with spontaneous expressions of grief.

As the army passes each corpse, feeding birds, thick as flies, lift into the sky, only to land on another, more distant corpse to resume feeding.

The buffalo lie nearly intact, missing only their hides and tongues.

122 EXT. PRAIRIE - TWILIGHT

The Indian army has passed through the killing ground and the warriors are slipping from their ponies.

In a state of shock, they go to ground, singly and in small groups.

123 EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT

Hundreds of small fires flicker over the warriors' bivouac.

A single warrior begins a lament and soon the night is filled with the plaintive death songs of more and more men.

124 EXT. GUNTHER HOUSE - DAY

A large vegetable garden is growing adjacent to the Gunther home. Three people are tending it.

Axel Strunk is on hands and knees, pulling weeds. Stays Quiet stands behind him, a burlap bag slung over her shoulder. Each weed Axel pulls is handed back to Stays Quiet who stuffs it in her bag.

125 EXT. GUNTHER GARDEN - DAY

Stands With A Fist is wielding a hoe. She pauses a moment to regard Axel and his assistant. As she watches, something else catches her eye.

A man followed by a child is riding along a road fronting the garden. Stands With A Fist's heart skips a beat as the man pauses and looks their way. He doffs his hat in silent greeting. It's not Dances With Wolves and Stands With A Fist follows the pair wistfully as they continue down the road. Then she goes back to her hoeing.

126 EXT. BUFFALO CAMP - TWILIGHT

The day's work is done and the dozen hunters, skinners and cooks are relaxing in their squalid camp.

One of the hunters tightens a girth on his horse and climbs into the saddle. Slung under his chin is a dirty strip of cloth which meets in a knot at the top of his head. A raging toothache is driving him from camp. The young man rides away.

As the hunters lounge about camp, a strange sound, faint at first but growing stronger every second, alerts them all.

It's the thunder of hooves on the earth and, by the time it reaches a crescendo, there is nothing any of them can do.

They hear a great human howling and a split-second later the camp is engulfed by a tidal wave of warriors surging over the rise. In a single moment of horror the hunters realize they are all about to die.

127 EXT. PRAIRIE - TWILIGHT

The man with the toothache pulls up at the sound of gunfire in the distance behind him.

Hearing the faint sounds of human voices he pulls a long, field glass from his gear and sights through it.

HUNTER'S POV

Hundreds of warriors are mobbing the camp which used to be his.

The hunter turns and kicks his horse into a run.

128 EXT. BUFFALO CAMP #2 - NIGHT

Another camp is startled by the sudden arrival of the man with a toothache on his lathered horse.

SORE-TOOTHED HUNTER

There's more Indians than you ever
seen ... pack up ... get out ... go
for the Walls ... they're an hour
behind me ... maybe less.

The men in camp fly into action as the hunter with the toothache gallops out of camp.

129 EXT. FRONTIER TOWN - DAY

Dances With Wolves, Snake In Hands and Always Walking ride up the main street of a large settlement. Curiously, the place is nearly deserted.

Dances With Wolves looks ahead.

DANCES WITH WOLVES' POV

Far down the main avenue a big crowd has gathered.

130 EXT. FRONTIER TOWN GALLOWS - DAY

The crowd of a hundred men, women, and children are waiting for someone to be hung. It's a festive atmosphere. People are buzzing animatedly as salesman work the throng, offering everything from tiny American flags to baked treats.

Dances With Wolves, Snake In Hands and Always Walking, still atop their horses, have drawn up to watch at the back fringe of the audience.

The breeze is building toward a wind and Dances With Wolves holds his hat with one hand as he watches the action at the gallows.

A black man has surmounted the stairs and stands on the platform, surrounded by his executioners.

An official grasping a piece of paper between his hands begins to read out loud but only snatches of what he says can be heard.

People in the audience struggle with their hats and bonnets and parasols as the wind rises, sending bits and pieces of refuse flying into the air.

The mounts of Dances With Wolves and the children are growing skittish.

The black man, hooded and noosed, stands still as one official nods to another and the trap is released.

The black man plummets downward, his neck snaps.

Amidst the scattering crowd, the horses of Dances With Wolves and the children begin to pitch and rear.

Refuse swirls tornadically about him as Dances With Wolves tries to control his panicked horse. A broad sheet of airborne newspaper wraps itself around the animal's face and just as Dances With Wolves plucks it away the wind dies.

Absently, Dances With Wolves glances at the paper and is stunned at what he sees. He brings the news sheet close to his face.

DANCES WITH WOLVES' POV

It's a drawing but the likenesses are unmistakable. Stands With A Fist is staring out at him. On her lap is Stays Quiet.

131 EXT. CONSTABLE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Dances With Wolves and his children have tied their horses and are standing in front of the town constable's office.

Not knowing what to do, Dances With Wolves knocks on the door.

In a moment it opens. A puzzled deputy stares blankly at the trio.

DEPUTY

What?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I want to see the constable.

DEPUTY

Wait here.

The deputy approaches a desk behind which sits the CONSTABLE. At present his feet are propped on a desk. A great wad of tobacco bulges from his cheek and his eyes are riveted on an issue of the Police Gazette.

DEPUTY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

There's a fella outside with two kids says he wants to see the constable.

The constable glances at the deputy, then in the direction of the door, then back at the deputy.

DEPUTY (CONT'D)

He knocked at the door.

The Constable's investigative instincts are fully aroused. He closes his magazine and places it carefully in a drawer containing a sizeable collection of Police Gazettes.

Then the Constable nods at the deputy and watches as he opens the door off screen and admits the suspicious visitors.

CONSTABLE

What can I do for you today?

Dances With Wolves stands over the Constable's desk, meeting the lawman's look with his implacable, unsettling Comanche gaze.

The Constable checks the children. They are still as mutes and, despite their clothes, have a wild aura.

Dances With Wolves pulls the newsprint from a pocket, spreads it on the Constable's desk and presses a fingertip on Stands With A Fist's face.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I am looking for her ... the white captive.

The Constable stares at the picture.

CONSTABLE

Christine Gunther ... what do you want with her?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I want to find ... Christine Gunther.

CONSTABLE

Uh-huh ... And who are you?

A six shooter surrounded by several cartridges lies on the edge of the Constable's desk. Dances With Wolves notices them as he makes up a response.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Bullet ... Gunther.

CONSTABLE

Bullet? That's your name?

Dances With Wolves is unblinkingly steady.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Yes.

ALWAYS WALKING'S POV

Out on the floor a large scorpion is cruising toward her.

Without a word Always Walking steps forward, grabs the Constable's six-shooter off the desk, walks to the vicinity of the big scorpion, squats and, using the gun as a club, pounds the scorpion to mush.

During this distraction Dances With Wolves shifts position, sending one hand under his jacket to a spot on his waistband where a knife is hidden. His fingers grip the handle and pull the knife out of the waistband.

The Constable, more curious than ever, returns to Dances With Wolves.

Always Walking peers at the butt of the gun and, seeing debris, scrapes it off on the floor. Then she retraces her steps, politely replaces the gun, and resumes her place next to her brother.

CONSTABLE

Well who are you then? ... her brother?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Yes.

CONSTABLE

Where you from?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

The east.

CONSTABLE

And where would that be?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Tennessee ...

CONSTABLE

You're a long way from home.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Very, far ...

CONSTABLE

'Scuse me a moment.

Drawing his Deputy to one side, the Constable whispers conspiratorially.

CONSTABLE (CONT'D)

This man's deranged ...

DEPUTY

Kids are too.

Both men glance at their visitors.

CONSTABLE / DEPUTY POV

The trio, standing perfectly still, are staring back at them.

Dances With Wolves' fingers tighten around his knife's handle.

CONSTABLE

This fella's out for somebody's
blood ... watch him.

On returning to their visitors the Constable stands behind his desk and the Deputy takes up a stand-by position to one side.

CONSTABLE (CONT'D)

Have you lost someone?

A long silence. Dances With Wolves' instincts tell him to play along.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Yes.

CONSTABLE

Did you lose your wife?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Yes.

CONSTABLE

To the Comanches?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Yes.

The Constable nods, satisfied with himself.

CONSTABLE

Your name isn't Bullet, is it?

A silence as Dances With Wolves thinks.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

No.

CONSTABLE

And you want to find Christine
Gunther?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Yes ... I want to find her.

The Constable thinks a moment. Then he walks around the desk and faces Dances With Wolves.

He lifts a hand and places it lightly on his visitor's shoulder.

The knife under Dances With Wolves' jacket is readied for action as the Constable looks into the eyes of the stranger.

CONSTABLE

I don't know your name and you
don't have to tell me. I can't
know how you feel but I want you to
understand I'm real, real sorry for
all your trouble.

Dances With Wolves blinks at him uncomprehendingly.

CONSTABLE (CONT'D)

You get your children now 'cause
I'm gonna need you to leave town.
I'll ride along with you.

The Constable starts for the door. When he glances back the three visitors have not moved.

CONSTABLE (CONT'D)

Come on friend ... let's go ...

Dances With Wolves stares at him. He relaxes his hold on the knife.

132 EXT. FORK IN ROAD OUTSIDE OF TOWN - TWILIGHT

The four riders stop at a fork in the road.

CONSTABLE

(indicating one fork)
You folks take your business that
way.

Dances With Wolves seems uncertain. The Constable moves closer to him.

CONSTABLE (CONT'D)

Lemme tell you somethin' mister.
 Whatever happened to you I wouldn't
 wish on a dog but the way you're
 goin' isn't gonna help. Far as
 Christine Gunther's concerned you
 better give that up. I'm sending
 word to the law in Jacksboro to
 look out for a man traveling with
 two kids. You go down there,
 you'll find nothin' but trouble.
 You get movin' now. Good luck to
 you.

Dances With Wolves starts his horse down the track indicated
 by the Constable, and the children follow.

Snake In Hands and Always Walking bring their horses even
 with their father's.

SNAKE IN HANDS

What did that white man say?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

He's confused ... he thinks we want
 to find your mother and hurt her.

The children's mouths hang open in shock.

ALWAYS WALKING

Why does he think that?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I don't know.

A silence.

SNAKE IN HANDS

Are all white people confused?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Maybe.

SNAKE IN HANDS

Is that what makes them dangerous?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I don't know white people
 anymore... but I think the answer
 to your question is yes.

ALWAYS WALKING

Do you know where our mother is
now?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

She's in a place called Jacksboro.

ALWAYS WALKING

Are we going there?

DANCES WITH WOLVES

As soon as we meet someone who can
tell us the way.

133 EXT. ADOBE WALLS - DAWN

In the midst of the plains sits a conglomeration of crude buildings ... the center of the buffalo trade ... Adobe Walls. The largest of the buildings is a two story 'hotel'.

134 INT. ADOBE WALLS HOTEL - DAWN

The crude hotel is filled with buffalo hunters ... about thirty, long-haired, rough hewn men. A single woman, also armed, moves among them. They have taken refuge here, anticipating an attack. The Sore-toothed Hunter is among them.

The front door is secured with a heavy bar as the hunters wait nearly silent in the gloom of first light, their huge, long-barreled buffalo guns at the ready. Some of them are still sliding huge, heavy fifty caliber shells into the chambers of their rifles.

A curious, vibrating sound, nearly imperceptible at first, filters into the hotel. The sound builds and in moments it is clear that the sound is that of thousands of hooves, pounding toward Adobe Walls.

135 EXT. PRAIRIE - DAWN

The thousand warriors are coming at a full run, a magnificent tidal wave of men and horses sweeping toward a single objective.

Kicking Bird, Wind In His Hair, Touch The Clouds, White Bear, Smiles A Lot, and Blue Turtle are in the center of the awesome charge and, as they close on their target, the air is filled with the battle cries of a thousand voices.

136 INT. ADOBE WALLS HOTEL - DAWN

Every buffalo gun is leveled at the oncoming warriors.

137 EXT. PLAINS - DAWN

The first volley of fire from the hunters is delivered with a ferocity that seems to explode the hotel.

A few men are knocked from their horses, some of their ponies crash to earth but the tsunami of fighting men surges on.

A hundred yards from the 'Walls' half of the Indian force peels off to begin the classic circling of the enemy.

The remainder races on until they reach the hotel. All is chaos as warriors in the hundreds, some on foot, some on horseback, swarm the face of the hotel.

A great mass of men, including Kicking Bird and Wind In His Hair, throw themselves against the entrance, hoping sheer weight will smash it in.

138 INT. ADOBE WALLS HOTEL - MORNING

The smoke from the thirty big guns has completely inundated the interior. The hunters move about like ghosts in the acrid, stifling smoke. They continue to fire furiously.

139 EXT. ADOBE WALLS HOTEL - MORNING

The door to the hotel has held and some warriors have broken away. They beat at the walls of the hotel in futile desperation with their war clubs. A few, overcome with frustration, claw and pound at the facade with their bare hands.

Wind In His Hair jams the muzzle of a repeating rifle into one of the firing holes and sends round after round into the hotel.

140 INT. ADOBE WALLS HOTEL - MORNING

Two buffalo hunters go down from Wind In His hair's fire.

Two more level their rifles at the firing hole and blast away.

141 EXT. ADOBE WALLS HOTEL - MORNING

A fragment of the fire from inside rips through Wind In His Hair's shoulder, knocking him to the ground. Though his shoulder is bleeding profusely, Wind In His Hair jumps up and fires through the hole again.

Warriors outside continue to go down, the big caliber guns blowing huge holes in their bodies.

Kicking Bird watches half a dozen men go down under the guns. He's worried.

He shifts his view to the howling men circling the 'Walls'. Too many of them are going down.

One man from the circle veers too close and a blast knocks him from his pony.

Kicking Bird watches as the wounded man manages to sit up.

Smiles A Lot sees the same thing, jumps on a pony and races to his aid, arriving at the same time as another man with the same idea. Lifting the wounded man between them, the two warriors start to carry him off the battlefield. They haven't gone far before Smiles A Lot's helper is struck with a blast that tears off an arm where it meets the shoulder.

Kicking Bird has seen enough. They cannot take these losses. He grabs a pony, jumps on, and begins to blow the shrill signal for withdrawal from an eagle bone whistle.

Every man for himself, the warriors begin to fall back, first in a trickle, then a flood.

Wind In His Hair is one of the last to leave, pulled away by fellow warriors.

142 EXT. PLAINS - MORNING

Kicking Bird is galloping up a slope out of range of Adobe Walls.

A single tree grows on top of the ridge and Kicking Bird pulls up a few yards away.

The dead and wounded are being laid on the ground all around him and Kicking Bird's bitterness is profound.

143 INT. ADOBE WALLS HOTEL - MORNING

Most of the hunters are exhausted from battle but several are clustered around a single man with waist-length hair kneeling in front of rifle hole. BILLY DIXON.

One of the bystanders is peering through the hole as Billy sights down the barrel of his huge gun.

BYSTANDERS POV

The Comanches on the ridge are distant, fuzzy silhouettes.

BYSTANDER
You can't hit anybody from here.

BILLY
(sighting)
Hell I can't.

144 EXT. RIDGE - MORNING

Kicking Bird pushes his pony next to Owl Prophet's.

KICKING BIRD
(snapping)
Your power is false.

OWL PROPHET
My power comes from the Mystery.

145 INT. ADOBE WALLS HOTEL - MORNING

Billy is still sighting down the barrel, trying to find the perfect spot.

BYSTANDER
If you hit one I'll give you ...

BILLY
Shut your piehole ...

146 EXT. RIDGE - MORNING

Wind In His Hair and his pony wedge themselves between Kicking Bird and Owl Prophet.

WIND IN HIS HAIR
Look at our dead! Who will take their places? You said we would kill all the white men. Show me one scalp!

OWL PROPHET
Some Cheyenne killed a skunk ... I heard that.

WIND IN HIS HAIR
Your power is useless. You are useless ...
(roaring)
You should be thrown away!

As Wind In His Hair raises his quirt to strike Owl Prophet, he is interrupted by the distant roar of a buffalo gun.

The high whining shriek of Billy Dixon's bullet is all that can be heard. It slams into the single tree on the ridge and tumbles slowly through space in a ricochet.

The bullet strikes Owl Prophet in the chest, the force of impact sending him backward over his pony.

Owl Prophet lies flat on his back. His eyes flutter and open.

OWL PROPHET'S POV

His fellow warriors are staring down at him in astonishment. As Owl Prophet runs his hands over his chest, disbelieving that he is alive, the warriors above him turn away.

All the warriors are gazing back at Adobe Walls.

TOUCH THE CLOUDS

No rifle shoots this far ... maybe they have a gun that can shoot from yesterday.

WHITE BEAR

They have something that can shoot around objects!

Silence as the warriors contemplate the implications of such a thing. For the first time we see a look of defeat on Wind In His Hair's face.

Finally, Kicking Bird speaks, almost to himself.

KICKING BIRD

I'm going home.

147 EXT. PRAIRIE NEAR ADOBE WALLS - AFTERNOON

The great war party is in pieces large and small on the great plains as the dispirited warriors make their way home.

148 EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE JACKSBORO - MORNING

Dances With Wolves, Snake In Hands and Always Walking are passing a few, outlying shacks on their way into Jacksboro.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Do as I say and remember ... no talking.

SNAKE IN HANDS

But you talk all the time father ...

ALWAYS WALKING

All we ever do is talk ... let's find
mother and the baby and go home ...

A pair of riders, traveling at a canter, have just rounded a curve in the road and are coming toward them.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

No more!

As the horsemen draw closer, Dances With Wolves sees the glint of a metal star on one of the rider's shirts. The man with the star is the leader of the rangers.

He leans down and pulls his rifle half-way out of its scabbard.

The man with the star stares suspiciously at Dances With Wolves as he comes on, but at the last moment he raises a pair of fingers and taps the brim of his hat.

Dances With Wolves returns the gesture with a lifting of his own hand, then listens with increasing relief as hoofbeats fade down the road behind him. He moves forward with a new sense of urgency.

149 EXT. JACKSBORO - MORNING

Like most other frontier towns, Jacksboro is a squalid, gloomy place with few signs of life.

The riders reach a desolate intersection. Dances With Wolves glances up a side track.

DANCES WITH WOLVES' POV

A hulking man, a child, and a woman are plodding up the middle of the road.

Dances With Wolves squints at the receding trio with the dawning realization that his quest is over.

150 EXT. ROAD - MORNING

A sharp cry brings Stands With A Fist's head up. She turns to the sound.

STANDS WITH A FIST'S POV

A rider in white man clothes is flying toward her, barking the high-pitched whoops of a Comanche.

All at once she realizes what's happening.

She scoops up Stays Quiet and staggers back down the road toward the oncoming rider.

As Dances With Wolves closes on his wife and child, he leans down and extends his arm.

His arm meets hers and a moment later mother and child are swinging up behind him.

In mid-air Stands With A Fist loses her grip on Stays Quiet and the child crashes onto the road.

Axel Strunk has been too confused to move but when he sees Stays Quiet crying in a heap on the roadbed he lumbers instinctively to her aid.

A clatter of hooves sounds behind him but before he can react, the moron is sent sprawling by the impact of a horse.

Axel regains his senses in time to see Snake In Hands lifting his baby sister up behind him. He watches helplessly as the riders gallop out of sight.

Axel rolls to a sitting position. Alone in the road he moans pitifully and begins to sob.

151 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

The White House as it was in 1874.

(Mackenzie's stumps click occasionally over the following:)

MACKENZIE (O.S.)

... hostiles in the fight were
estimated at around a thousand ...
the buffalo men suffered two dead
and one wounded. Indian casualties
were estimated at a hundred or
more...

152 INT. WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

The bearded PRESIDENT (ULYSSES GRANT) is leaning back in his chair, listening.

The room is literally filled with cigar smoke.

Mackenzie, Sherman, and the high-ranking SHERIDAN, sit in a semi-circle, facing the President. Aides sit behind Sherman and Sheridan.

MACKENZIE

The fight at Adobe Walls was the largest but certainly not the only one. It's reached the point of open warfare, sir.

The President does not like what he's hearing. In a long silence he looks to Sherman, Sheridan, and back to Sherman.

PRESIDENT

Is it the army's opinion that my peace policy is a failure?

Tough as he is, Sherman hates to respond.

SHERMAN

It is, sir.

The President stares into space. He rises from his chair.

PRESIDENT

Well ... come up with an alternative and we'll schedule another meeting.

SHERMAN

We have an alternative, sir.

Slowly, the President sits back down.

PRESIDENT

Let's hear it.

SHERIDAN

It's quite simple, sir. An ultimatum would be delivered to all the bands, giving them thirty days to report to the reservation and enroll. Once the thirty day period has elapsed, those remaining out will be considered hostile and subject to punishment ... in this way an olive branch would be offered and incorrigibles would be warned.

The President thinks. He starts to re-light his cigar.

PRESIDENT

(to Mackenzie)

How soon would you be able to mobilize for a campaign?

MACKENZIE

Less than two weeks, sir.

As the President puffs Sheridan leans forward.

SHERIDAN

If I might just add, sir ...

PRESIDENT

Yes ...

SHERIDAN

As the ultimatum is delivered ...
might it not be wise to invite a
delegation of their leaders to
visit Washington? The timing might
prove advantageous.

PRESIDENT

(nodding)

Excellent idea ... let's get some
of those people out here.

153 EXT. WHITE HOUSE - MORNING

Leaving, Sheridan and Mackenzie walk together down a long
porchfront.

SHERIDAN

... half the congressional wives
bitch constantly about the
'slaughter of the buffalo'. To
hell with buffalo! Those hunters
are saving the army time, trouble
and money. No buffalo, no Indians,
no problem. It's that simple.

MACKENZIE

Then we may not need a campaign.

SHERIDAN

Oh, there'll be some diehards ...
that's who you'll be going after.

He pulls the stub of a cigar from his mouth and flicks it
onto the lawn.

154 INT. COUNCIL LODGE - NIGHT

The men of Ten Bears' village are meeting in a great crowd
for the last time.

The wails of mourning women outside provide a backdrop as Ten
Bears addresses his people.

TEN BEARS

The whites have told us that we must travel their holy road or we must fight. I have never told anyone what they must do. You are all free men. The Great Father in Washington wants to meet me and take my hand. I have sent word that I will go. Kicking Bird has said the same. I have often wondered how white people can live in this world and I want to see it... This journey will be my last. When I return I will leave this beautiful earth I have been walking so long and cross the stars. I have traveled the full circle of life. My life has been good. My heart is good. That is all I have to say.

Kicking Bird rises to help Ten Bears back down. He remains standing.

KICKING BIRD

I was not afraid to fight. I was not afraid to die ... but Kicking Bird is finished with fighting. It is useless. More fighting will only make more dying...

Kicking Bird pauses. The only sound is the wailing of women in the camp outside.

KICKING BIRD (CONT'D)

... more weeping. Soon there will be nothing for my wives and children to eat. I want them to live more than I want to fight. I will go where the white man asks and take his pen in my hand and touch it to the paper that promises to make no more war. I ask no man to follow me.

(to Wind In His Hair)

I have no rancor toward any man who disagrees with me. My heart is good.

Kicking Bird is tempted to say more but all he can do is gaze at the faces of his brethren for a few seconds before sitting down.

A long silence.

Wind In His Hair gets to his feet. There is no excitement about him ... only resolve.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

(laying a fist against his chest)

There is no bitterness in Wind In His Hair's heart ...

(to Kicking Bird)

Our minds may choose different paths ...

(to all)

but some part of every heart will always be as one ... all my life I have been a warrior and I will not die as anything else. The whites have taken much from me ... my brothers ... my wives ... my children. Now they want to take the earth upon which I walk. Maybe they will kill me now. I will not take their hands. I will keep my pony's tail tied up for war.

Abject silence.

WIND IN HIS HAIR (CONT'D)

Good night, my brothers ...

Quietly, Wind In His Hair makes his way through the lodge but before he reaches the flap, everyone else is rising too.

Silence as the meeting breaks up and the warriors file out.

155 INT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - NIGHT

The old man lies asleep next to the fire, his spectacles enveloped in one of his hands.

A scratching at his lodge flap.

Ten Bears doesn't stir. The lodge flap rustles and someone pads inside.

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING

(V.O.)

Grandfather ...?

Ten Bears opens his eyes.

TEN BEARS

Hunting For Something.

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING

Are you going to that Washington?

TEN BEARS

Yes.

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING

Aren't you afraid they will kill you?

TEN BEARS

(laughing)

I'm to be a guest. Even the whites don't kill their guests. I've never heard of that.

Hunting For Something smiles wanly. Then she thinks.

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING

I don't want you to cross the stars Grandfather. I want you to stay with us.

TEN BEARS

We will all be together someday.

Hunting For Something does not look reassured.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)

You love the Mystery?

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING

Yes.

TEN BEARS

I have always loved the Mystery. I've tried to stay close to it all my life but the closest a person can get is at birth and death. My mother said I came out easily. I think I will go out of this life the same way ...

(conspiratorial)

I'm looking forward to it!

Hunting For Something smiles at his enthusiasm.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)

Is that grandchild of mine kicking yet?

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING

A little. It kicks hard. It must be a boy.

TEN BEARS

Probably a girl.

They both laugh.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)

Is Smiles A Lot going to take the white man's holy road?

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING

He's going to stay out.

TEN BEARS

I thought that's what he would do. Stay together ... you never know when you might need each other.

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING

We will Grandfather.

Her eyes are welling with tears.

TEN BEARS

Come and lie next to me awhile ...

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING

(starting to cry)

Oh Grandfather ...

156 EXT. PRAIRIE - MORNING

Under threatening skies a large contingent, led by Kicking Bird, is leaving the village.

Too old to ride, Ten Bears bounces along on a travois.

TEN BEARS' POV

Wind In His Hair, the hostiles, and their families have massed at the edge of the village to watch their friends and neighbors and relatives march away to a new life.

Ten Bears watches a while longer and, though it's doubtful anyone left behind can see it, raises a hand in farewell.

157 INT. WIND IN HIS HAIR'S LODGE - DAY

Heavy rain pounds against the walls of his lodge as Wind In His Hair addresses the assembled warriors, among them Smiles A Lot and Blue Turtle.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

The whites will be coming to fight us now. From now on, all of you, and all who join us, will fight as Hard Shields ...

A sudden jostling of the lodge flap as a trio of soaked, wide-eyed women poke their heads into the lodge.

ALARMED WOMAN
White people ... white people
outside camp!

158 EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Wind In His Hair gallops through the pouring rain, Smiles A Lot and his other warriors behind him.

Ahead of him is a quartet of riders.

Suddenly, Wind In his Hair pulls up, his pony skidding to a stop in the ooze. The warriors behind him follow suit.

WIND IN HIS HAIR'S POV

Peering through the sheets of rain, Wind In His Hair is puzzled to see that the white people are not moving. They're standing still in the deluge.

Cautiously, Wind In His Hair moves his pony forward at a walk, squinting through the rain. Smiles A Lot follows him.

As he draws closer he can make out the features under the hat brim of the foremost rider and a moment later he recognizes a pair of unmistakable eyes. Dances With Wolves.

159 INT. TRAIN CAR - DAY

A special passenger car carries a few white officials, including Lawrie Tatum, but the rest of the passengers are men of the plains, incongruous in their befeathered heads, fringed shirts and moccasins.

Ten Bears and Kicking Bird sit side by side. The old man, his head jiggling on the seat, is asleep.

160 EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The locomotive rounds a curve and starts into a tunnel.

161 INT. TRAIN - DAY

In pitch blackness the car is filled with the terrified shrieks of Indian men.

162 EXT. TRAIN - DAY

The locomotive emerges from the tunnel.

163 INT. TRAIN - DAY

Ten Bears is awake now. He calmly peers back at the tunnel which they passed through.

Now he glances at Kicking Bird, wide-eyed and breathing hard.

TEN BEARS

The Holy Road goes through mountains.

Still shook up, Kicking Bird can only nod as Ten Bears casually adjusts the spectacles on his nose.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)

How much farther is it to Washington?

KICKING BIRD

Lawrie Tatum says one more sleep.

TEN BEARS

Will we go through any more mountains?

The thought of such a thing terrifies Kicking Bird.

KICKING BIRD

I don't know.

They rock together in silence.

TEN BEARS

I hope the food is better in Washington. The whites make so much magic yet they can't make good meat. It's stringy and full of grease.

Kicking Bird grunts affirmatively.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)

It goes right through my bowels.

KICKING BIRD

Mine too.

164 INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - NIGHT

Rain beats against the walls of the lodge as Dances With Wolves and Stands With A Fist sit side by side in front of their fire, their children sleeping peacefully behind them.

The white man clothes are gone and they look once again like a Comanche couple.

A long silence as they stare mutely at the little flames of the fire.

At last Stands With A Fist tips her head in his direction and finds a place to nestle in the crook of his shoulder.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Are you tired?

STANDS WITH A FIST

Yes.

A brief silence.

STANDS WITH A FIST

(CONT'D)

We will be running everyday now.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

Yes ... the scouts say many white soldiers are ready to come into the country.

Another silence.

STANDS WITH A FIST

I worry about the children.

Dances With Wolves sighs despairingly.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I worry about them too.

Silence. Stands With a Fist is close to tears.

STANDS WITH A FIST

Why must this happen? Why can't they leave us alone?

Silence. Dances With Wolves wraps an arm around his wife's shoulder.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I don't know.

165 INT. MACKENZIE'S QUARTERS - DAWN

Rain pounds the roof as Mackenzie lies in bed, the murky first light of day beginning to fill the room.

The General is on his back, the open eyes of his unblemished face blinking at the ceiling.

His demeanor is more like that of a hospital patient than an active field commander and he sits up in obvious pain.

As if removing a dressing, he delicately pushes aside the bed covers and bit by bit, swings his legs to the floor.

The General is naked and his body, in stunning contrast to his face is terribly mutilated. As he sits on the edge of the bed, summoning the courage to stand, we can see angry masses of scar tissue on his chest, shoulder and both knees.

Wincing, Mackenzie stands and, with a few, painful steps, arrives at a side table.

Taking up a vial, he shakes out a pill. As an army bugle sounds assembly through the rain. Mackenzie drops the pill back into its vial.

166 EXT. PARADE GROUND - MORNING

His pain fully masked, Mackenzie, surrounded by other officers, strides evenly through the rain.

Ahead, orderlies are holding horses for Mackenzie and his officers.

A long line of troops stand beside their animals, waiting in the rain. They fill every side of the enormous parade ground.

Mackenzie and his officers mount.

The order is given for the troops to mount and hundreds of men climb into their saddles at once.

167 EXT. TRAIN STATION TRACKS - DAY

A train pulls into the station and stops. In moments the Indian delegation is alighting into a new world and a sea of white, agape faces.

168 INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

Winding noiselessly through the great waiting room filled with white on-lookers are Ten Bears, Kicking Bird, Wolf Robe, Touch The Clouds, and the rest of the small delegation.

A pair of huge bronze doors open and the delegation emerges from the station.

They step onto a huge landing from which long, wide steps descend to the street below and a line of open carriages waiting at the curb.

Two lines of uniformed police flank the great stairway, serving as a barrier between the visitors from another world and the huge crowd of curious citizens.

The delegation pause spontaneously to study an inconceivable view. The panoramic sprawl of Washington, D.C. is spread out before them.

Kicking Bird shifts his attention to the steps, then looks to Lawrie Tatum, standing by his side.

KICKING BIRD
(indicating steps)
What is this?

TATUM
Steps ... for walking!

KICKING BIRD
(to Ten Bears)
We walk down these ledges
Grandfather.

Kicking Bird takes the old man's arm and together they start down the steps, followed by the delegation.

169 INT. BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

The delegation and several white men, including Lawrie Tatum, are crowded into a bathroom of the time.

The Indians watch curiously as a white official prattles.

WHITE OFFICIAL
When bathing is finished ...

The Indians lean forward for a view.

WHITE OFFICIAL (CONT'D)
Pull the stopper, let the water
drain ... that's all there is to
it.

The drain begins its curious sucking sound and the Indians shrink back in confused horror.

KICKING BIRD
Something's in that hole.

TEN BEARS
 Sounds like a water monster.

170 INT. BATHROOM - TWILIGHT

The bathroom is empty and the only sound is that of a wall clock ticking in another room.

Several Indian knives are jammed blade first in the bathtub drain.

171 INT. SITTING ROOM - TWILIGHT

Empty and silent.

172 INT. BEDROOM - TWILIGHT

Empty and quiet.

A black maid is turning down the bed. Finished, she moves to the bedroom window.

Traveling to the bedroom window.

POV EXT. GARDEN

In the garden behind the hotel the delegation has gathered in a circle around an open fire next to a goldfish pond. They are passing a pipe around as curious whites in small clusters look on.

173 INT./EXT. PRAIRIE NEAR PALO DURO CANYON - DAY

A column of soldiers on the move, Mackenzie at its head.

An officer (CAPTAIN BORMAN) trots along the line and pulls up next to Mackenzie.

BORMAN
 Should I give the order to fall out
 and rest sir?

MACKENZIE
 What for?

BORMAN
 Regular rest sir.

MACKENZIE
 Is the enemy resting Captain?

BORMAN

No sir. They appear to be running
sir.

Mackenzie says nothing. He keeps his eyes front and Captain Borman turns back along the lines.

As he leaves, Mackenzie's expression changes from stolidity to overwhelming pain.

Reluctantly, he reaches into his blouse and pulls out a vial of pills. He starts to unscrew the cap but thinks better of it and returns the vial to his blouse.

174 INT. WATER CLOSET - MORNING

Ten Bears stands alone in the water closet.

His silent gaze travels from the toilet up the pull chain to the reservoir high above.

Tentatively, he fingers the pull chain, then gives it a tug.

Mystified, he watches the water rush out of the toilet and disappears, destination unknown.

175 EXT. CITY STREET MANHOLE - MORNING

An INTERPRETER, CITY OFFICIAL, and Ten Bears stand next to a manhole on an exclusive residential street. Two burly workmen stand by as the official talks and gestures. He points to the houses and indicates that something travels from them to the point where they are now standing.

OFFICIAL

(to workmen)

Alright gentlemen.

The workmen pry the manhole cover from the surface of the street and slide it to one side.

Ten Bears leans over the hole. His nose wrinkles at the stink. He can hear a flow below. He says a few words.

INTERPRETER

Is it a river?

OFFICIAL

Exactly! We have made a river to
carry away the waste from our
bodies.

After this is translated Ten Bears asks another question.

INTERPRETER

Where does it flow?

OFFICIAL

Ha! ... I will show you.

176 EXT. POTOMAC RIVER SEWAGE FACILITY CAGE - DAY

The empty carriage is parked next to a large cage of fencing. Ten Bears and his escorts are inside, perched above the river.

Ten Bears stares at four large pipes, their open mouths pouring raw sewage into the river.

Ten Bears gazes out at the river and asks a question.

INTERPRETER

Is this river a river of feces too?

OFFICIAL

No ... the river only carries it away.

Ten Bears listens to the translation and asks another question.

INTERPRETER

Where does it go?

OFFICIAL

To the ocean.

Ten Bears thinks.

TEN BEARS

What will happen when the great waters fill with feces?

The Interpreter translates for the Official who chuckles at the question.

OFFICIAL

That won't happen Mr. Ten Bears ... the ocean cannot be filled.

Ten Bears listens to the translation but is not moved to say more. He watches skeptically as the river flows toward the sea.

177 EXT. PRAIRIE NEAR PALO DURO CANYON - DAY

Under dark skies a long column of hostiles trek across the prairie.

178 EXT. COLUMN - DAY

Thunder is rumbling as a brigade of children, including Snake In Hands, Always Walking, and Rabbit, work at the back of the column.

Each child is sweeping the ground with a leaf-covered branch. The column is covering its tracks as it moves.

Large drops of rain begin to plop in the dust at their feet and the children instinctively raise their eyes to the sky.

The rain begins to fall harder and the children abandon their now unneeded brooms.

We follow as they catch up with their weary mothers just ahead, struggling to keep pace, shepherding their small children, dragging their travois and shouldering heavy loads. Every family is straining.

Traveling in a loose arrowhead are the warriors. A large number of them are wounded from the attack on Adobe Walls. Only thirty or forty fighting warriors are in good shape.

At the very head of the column are Wind In His Hair, Dances With Wolves, White Bear, Smiles A Lot, and Owl Prophet.

They halt in the steadily falling rain.

A pair of scouts are coming in.

Blue Turtle and the other scout pulls up at the head of the column.

BLUE TURTLE

(pointing)

Soldiers with wagons ... coming
from the east.

179 EXT. PRAIRIE WHISTLING SQUAW - DAY

As the rain continues the leading warriors sit on open ground in a hastily called council. They ignore the rain as Wind In His Hair draws on a patch of open ground with a stick.

WIND IN HIS HAIR
 Soldiers coming here ... and here
 ... here ... here ... here ...
 soldiers with wagons coming here.

Everyone stares at the converging lines of enemy.

DANCES WITH WOLVES
 We should attack the wagons.

They look to him for an explanation.

DANCES WITH WOLVES (CONT'D)
 (using stick)
 These wagons have food and bullets
 for all soldiers.
 (waving stick)
 No wagons ... no soldiers.

Wind In His Hair thinks.

WIND IN HIS HAIR
 (to Blue Turtle)
 Did you see any far-shooting guns?

Blue Turtle shakes his head negatively.

180 INT. BUILDING - DAY

A society ball is underway. The creme of Washington is dancing and visiting as an ensemble plays.

The Indian delegation is clustered together, watching in various states of awe.

181 EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Ten Bears drifts to a balcony rail and gazes out over the city. Kicking Bird arrives at his side.

TEN BEARS
 Get that man who makes words ...

KICKING BIRD
 Yes Grandfather.

Alone, Ten bears continues to stare at the skyline and in a few moments is joined by the Interpreter and a GRAY-HAIRED OFFICER.

TEN BEARS
 (waving his hand)
 The people in these lodges ... do
 they all eat meat?

The Interpreter nods.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)
 But no one hunts ... I have seen no
 game being brought in. How does
 the white man make meat?

182 EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

In a light drizzle, a long convoy of military wagons snakes
 its way across the prairie.

A random check of drivers, soldiers and scouts shows that
 each one has paused to listen to the odd sound of approaching
 thunder.

A line of hostiles, perhaps sixty men, a third of them
 wounded, has begun its charge. Wind In His Hair and White
 Bear are particularly distinct in trailing war bonnets of
 eagle feathers. Dances With Wolves is riding between them.

183 EXT. WAGON TRAIN - DAY

The wagon train is forming up in defensive positions.

Already soldiers have begun to fire at their on-coming
 attackers.

Wary of taking casualties, the Comanches and their fellow
 fighters veer off in two lines which soon encircle the enemy.

184 INT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE - DAY

In gloomy, half-light Ten Bears climbs a long set of metal
 stairs. The screams of animals are now mixed with the
 occasional shouts of men and the clank of heavy machinery.

Reaching a landing, Ten Bears moves toward his two escorts
 lounging at a railing on a catwalk.

Ten Bears grasps the rail and peers over.

TEN BEARS' POV

Far below, bathed in dim, yellow light is the nightmarish
 tableau of the killing floor.

Men are moving around robotically, their white uniforms splashed with red. They're wielding knives and axes, chopping, gutting and dismembering animals.

Immediately beneath him two men with knives await the arrival of their next victim, now sliding down a long chute.

The pig skids across the floor and into the arms of its killers. Suddenly, the animal works itself free and starts across the slick, bloody floor.

The two killers tackle it and stab furiously with their knives.

Ten Bears glances at the two white men standing next to him. They're amused by the difficulties down below.

In disbelief, Ten Bears peers over the railing once more.

185 EXT. PRAIRIE WHISTLING SQUAW - DAY

Smiles A Lot is galloping parallel to the enemy.

At a full run he passes under his black horse's neck and back to a sitting position, all the while drawing fire from the white men behind the wagons.

He pulls up and, with the cheers of his fellow warriors filling the air, charges back the way he came. Now he bounces on and off the ground on either side of his racing pony, regaining his seat each time.

The cries of his fellows are even louder as he pulls up again. The encouragement overwhelms him as the black pony dances in place, bullets still singing overhead.

Smiles A Lot turns his pony to face the enemy and, all at once, they leap forward and charge the wagons.

They drive straight for the circled enemy and go airborne as they reach the wagons.

Landing in the midst of the enemy, Smiles A Lot and his horse take a few strides, jump out of the circle and streak onto the prairie unhit.

Pulling up, they turn once more to the enemy and, carried by the deafening screams of hundreds of warriors, charge again.

As before, horse and rider leap the wagons, gallop through the enemy and jump out again.

Unscathed, they dig up an incline to the spot where Wind In His Hair, Dances With Wolves, White Bear and the main body of warriors await them.

Before Smiles A Lot reaches the warriors, Wind In His Hair, White Bear and Dances With Wolves are riding up and down the line.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

(screaming)

We will ride over the enemy ... we
will ride over him again and again
until he is destroyed!!!

Wind In His Hair pulls up at the center of the line, barely able to hold his anxious pony.

WIND IN HIS HAIR

Brave men to the front!!

They leap forward and the line of warriors follows.

186 EXT. WAGON TRAIN - DAY

The Sore-Toothed Hunter is lying on his belly, sighting down his buffalo gun.

HUNTER'S POV

He's taking a bead on Wind In His Hair but as he squeezes the trigger another warrior veers in front of Wind In His Hair and takes the bullet.

187 EXT. PRAIRIE WHISTLING SQUAW - DAY

Fire from the wagon train blunts part of the charge but many warriors, including Wind In His Hair and Dances With Wolves, breach the white defenses.

Inside the fortifications they fight on the run, trying to inflict as much damage as possible as they pass through.

188 EXT. WAGON - DAY

The Sore-Toothed Hunter under the wagon has swivelled about, leveling his rifle once again.

HUNTER'S POV

Suddenly, the form of Wind In His Hair comes clear. The rifle is aimed at his lower back and the shooter squeezes off a round.

The slug buries itself in Wind In His Hair's back and as he slumps forward Dances With Wolves catches him up and manages to pull his injured friend over the withers of his own pony.

Dances With Wolves fights his way clear and starts onto the open prairie.

When he is out of rifle range, he leaps down and lowers Wind In His Hair to the earth.

As dozens of other warriors gather round, he rolls the great warrior onto his back.

There's a gaping hole in Wind In His Hair's abdomen and a moment later Dances With Wolves realizes his friend is dead.

With an unearthly cry of pain and grief Dances With Wolves sinks to his knees.

189 INT. D.C. HOTEL - NIGHT

Ten Bears sits cross-legged on his bed. A feet away Kicking Bird sits cross-legged in an easy chair.

KICKING BIRD

They don't use all of the animal?

TEN BEARS

Maybe half. They throw the rest away.

KICKING BIRD

You saw this?

TEN BEARS

Yes ... they didn't say any prayers, either.

KICKING BIRD

No prayers?

TEN BEARS

No. One of the animals was attacked by those white men ... like it was an enemy.

Kicking Bird is in shock. He thinks.

KICKING BIRD

The white men must have been insane.

TEN BEARS

I'm certain of that. There's no understanding this white man's holy road. I would not be surprised to see Comanches in those animal pens.

KICKING BIRD

The white people do not eat the flesh of other people, Grandfather.

TEN BEARS

How can that be known? The river of excrement was not known. The place of making meat was not known.

A silence falls between them, the void filled by the persistent tick-tock of the wall clock.

Ten Bears eyes the machine contemptuously.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)

Those awful machines are everywhere... telling the white people what to do. They should be destroyed.

(to Kicking Bird)

How can a man be a man when he enslaves himself to a circle of glass and metal?

Kicking Bird says nothing.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)

I don't care to know any more about the whites. I want to go home.

KICKING BIRD

We are meeting the Great White Father tomorrow.

TEN BEARS

I will sit with the Great White Father and hear his words. Then I will go home.

190 EXT. PRAIRIE - MORNING

From a distance we can see two columns of soldiers moving toward convergence.

Captain Bradley is trotting at the head of his column as they hurry ahead to merge with Mackenzie.

191 EXT. PRAIRIE - LATER

Children are driving the pony herd at the head of the Indian column.

Women are struggling to keep up with the children driving the pony herd. They all have the aura of marathon runners about to give out. They have begun to jettison cooking pots and lodge poles in their desperate flight.

Everyone is ragged and desperate. No one has eaten lately.

Spread out, the warriors, including Dances With Wolves, Blue Turtle, White Bear, Owl Prophet and Smiles A Lot are doing their best to lead the flight.

Looming ahead of them is a great caprock barrier, a long, mountainous ridge.

192 INT. WHITE HOUSE DINING ROOM - DAY

The Indian delegation is seated at one end of a long table in a dining room. To their delight, the Indians are feasting on Buffalo tongue.

At the other end sit the whites.

Numerous black waiters are pouring coffee and clearing dishes.

At one end of the long table sits the President surrounded by his staff.

Facing him from the other end is Ten Bears. He's dumping a handful of sugar into his coffee.

193 EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Mackenzie, Bradley and Borman have paused at the head of what is now a unified column.

BRADLEY

The ones I skirmished with have joined them sir.

MACKENZIE

We've got them all then.

BORMAN

Sir...

MACKENZIE'S POV

A great bank of clouds has appeared at the crest of the caprock and is spilling over it like fog.

BRADLEY

Temperature's dropping fast, sir.

MACKENZIE

I can feel that ...

194 INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The President, a translator mumbling at his side, is listening to one of a long round of speeches.

Wolf Robe concludes his talk and resumes his seat.

PRESIDENT

All I ask is that my red children behave themselves. I will never abandon them so long as this is done.

The interpreter begins the translation.

195 EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

The light of the sun has been extinguished by a tremendous ice storm now enveloping Mackenzie and his forces.

As visibility shrinks and sleet stings his face, Mackenzie who is greatly agitated at the untimely delay, snaps at Bradley.

MACKENZIE

Godammit... give the order to dismount!

196 EXT. CAPROCK - DAY

In almost zero visibility the last of the warriors labor up a treacherous path leading to the top of the caprock.

197 INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

Kicking Bird is just sitting down.

PRESIDENT

(to Kicking Bird)

Thank you ... I will remember your concerns.

The translator passes these remarks on to Kicking Bird.

Silence as the President's gaze falls on Ten Bears, still sitting at the far end of the table.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

The oldest of you has not spoken.
I would like to know what is on his
mind ...

Ten Bears responds by pushing himself up from his chair. Throughout his speech the translator whispers his words into the President's ear.

TEN BEARS

You made us an invitation to come
to Washington and we accepted. You
have taken our hands and made us
peresents and seen to our needs and
no harm has come to us ...

Hearing this, the President and his cohorts nod agreeably.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)

We never invited the white man into
our country but he came anyway ...
looking for blood. Comanches did
not fire the first shots ... the
first shots came from white man
guns.

The President leans forward, his eyes riveted on Ten Bears.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)

Why the white man wants our country I do
not know. I do not know why he wants to
kill everything in it and make it poor.
When the Comanche resists, the white man
says he is misbehaving and must be
punished. We have never tried to take
over your country. All that we have ever
asked is to be left alone. You will not
grant that wish. Instead, you want us to
give up everything we love and come to
live in a small space and wear your
clothes and eat your food and pray to
your god. You want us to take what you
call 'the holy road'. I will not do
that.

The President has not moved a muscle but those around him are shifting in their seats.

TEN BEARS (CONT'D)

I was born upon the prairie where the wind blows free and there is nothing to break the light of the sun. I was born where there were no enclosures and everything draws a free breath. I want to die there. I would rather wander the prairie eating dung than live on a white man reservation.

Ten Bears lowers himself back into his chair.

Several seconds of profound silence.

The President nods as if he understands.

PRESIDENT

There is a poet among you ...

(to Ten Bears)

His speech is beautiful ... Thank you for sharing it ...

(rising)

And thank you for coming to my home today. I wish you all a swift, safe journey home.

198 EXT. PALO DURO CANYON TEMPORARY VILLAGE #3 - TWILIGHT

Descending a steep trail, the Indian hold-outs are just reaching the canyon floor.

They are exhausted but relieved at finally reaching a place of safety.

Dances With Wolves is boosting Stands With A Fist on a pony and Smiles A Lot is doing the same with the pregnant Hunting For Something.

Dances With Wolves smiles relievedly at his young friend and he smiles back.

Ahead of them, spread over the canyon floor, are the camps of many different bands.

199 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

In the dim light of gas lamps, Ten Bears shifts under the covers of his bed.

The old man rolls onto his back, opens his eyes and looks toward the door.

TEN BEARS' POV

The fuzzy light of twin lamps mounted on either side of the door.

Ten Bears unfolds the spectacles in his hand and puts them on his face.

TEN BEARS' POV

The light from the lamps is clear now. Perhaps that is what's keeping him awake.

Ten Bears peers over the side of his bed. Kicking Bird is asleep on the floor, his nose pressed against the planking.

The old man gazes once again at the annoying lamps.

Wearily, he pushes back the covers, swings his feet onto the floor and trudges over to the lamps.

Ignoring the turn-off valve, he blows out the flame of one, then the other.

The sound of Ten Bears returning to bed is gradually supplanted by the faint hiss of escaping gas.

200 INT. MACKENZIE'S TENT ON PRAIRIE AT THE CAPROCK - NIGHT

The tiny flame in a kerosene lamp is suddenly turned up and Mackenzie's sleepless face appears in the light.

MACKENZIE

What?

CAPTAIN BRADLEY

Sir, the scouts just came in ...
we've found them, sir.

MACKENZIE

Assemble the men ...

201 EXT. CANYON - DAWN

The outline of an enormous canyon has begun to show.

In near darkness Mackenzie is leading his troops single file along the treacherous trail leading to the great canyon yawning below.

202 INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE TEMP VILLAGE #3 -
MORNING

Everyone is asleep.

A strange sound in the distance, like a muffled explosion.
Both Dances With Wolves and Stands With A Fist sit up in bed.

They listen through a long silence.

He listens a while longer and starts to settle back into bed.

Stands With A Fist continues to listen and, moments later, a
volley of shots goes off.

Stands With A Fist yelps in horror as Dances With Wolves
snatches up his weapons and scrambles outside.

203 EXT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - MORNING

He grabs up his pony's lead and swings onto its back as
Stands With A Fist and her two girls rush out of the lodge.

The fire further down the canyon is growing steady.

DANCES WITH WOLVES
Where is Snake In Hands?

STANDS WITH A FIST
With the ponies!

DANCES WITH WOLVES
Run! ... run now!

Stands With A Fist starts to run up the canyon as Dances With
Wolves gallops down it.

204 EXT. VILLAGE PALO DURO CANYON BATTLE - DAWN

Dances With Wolves passes a tide of escaping women and
children as he races toward the heavy firing at the front of
the village.

Many warriors have already scrambled up the canyon's side and
are returning the soldiers' fire.

At the front of the village mounted Comanche warriors in a
ragged line are doing their best to hold back Mackenzie's
force which is advancing inexorably on foot and on horseback.

Soldiers are everywhere and the Indian resistors are giving
ground.

Dances With Wolves is firing as his pony spins under him.

DANCES WITH WOLVES' POV

Captain Bradley suddenly comes clear in the tremendous smoke of the firing. Dances With Wolves fires. Bradley goes limp and tumbles from his horse. Dances With Wolves hesitates, staring at the body of the man he might have been.

A bugle blows and the soldiers charge forward, forcing the warriors to give even more ground.

As his fellow fighters fall back, Dances With Wolves turns his pony but as he does this, he hears his name called.

BLUE TURTLE
Dances With Wolves!

He turns back and sees that the young warrior's pony has been shot from under him and soldiers are closing fast.

Dances With Wolves kicks his pony forward and is just reaching down for Blue Turtle when a bullet slams into his chest.

He slumps forward but manages to hang on as Blue Turtle jumps up behind him. Running his arms around Dances With Wolves' waist, Blue Turtle kicks the pony forward.

205 EXT. VILLAGE PALO DURO CANYON - MORNING

Blue Turtle is just clearing the village when he is joined by Smiles A Lot.

Together, they ride next to the canyon wall and when they find a way up, dismount and start to carry their wounded comrade up the steep path.

206 EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

A lone buckboard travels slowly over an immense span of prairie.

207 EXT. BUCKBOARD - DAY

Kicking Bird sits alone on the driver's seat of the buckboard.

Bouncing in the bed of the wagon is a simple coffin.

208 EXT. PALO DURO CANYON - MORNING

SMILES A LOT and BLUE TURTLE with DANCES WITH WOLVES' body are half-way to the top when they pause to look back into the canyon.

POV

Lodges are being set afire as the white soldiers sweep through the make-shift village.

Hearing a gurgling sound, the two men turn back to their wounded companion.

A bloody foam has appeared at the corner of Dances With Wolves' mouth. The strange sound is coming from the hole in his chest. He's been shot through the lungs and, eyes glazing over, he looks up at his saviors.

DANCES WITH WOLVES

I am Dances With Wolves.

The two warriors lift him up but have only carried him a few paces when they halt again. Dances With Wolves is dead.

209 EXT. PRAIRIE NEAR VILLAGE #1 - DAY

The buckboard is following a stream.

KICKING BIRD'S POV

Ahead is an inviting stand of cottonwoods.

210 EXT. PALO DURO CANYON - MORNING

Dances With Wolves' body has been hidden in a crevice. Blue Turtle and Smiles A Lot are piling on the last rocks that seal his tomb.

Finished, they climb toward the canyon's rim.

211 EXT. PALO DURO CANYON FLOOR - MORNING

From the canyon floor Captain Borman watches as Smiles A Lot and Blue Turtle climb for the canyon rim.

POV

Borman's stare falls on Dances With Wolve's burial crevice.

Borman is consulting with Mackenzie as occasional sniper fire from warriors retreating up the canyon wall sounds around them.

Mackenzie glances around. The fighting is all but over.

MACKENZIE

Lead the way, Captain.

212 EXT. PALO DURO CANYON (BURIAL CREVICE) - MORNING

Stones have been pulled away, revealing the face of Dances With Wolves in his crypt. In death his face is paler than ever.

Mackenzie gazes in at the dead man, his face expressionless.

The general pulls back, straightens up and looks back down the canyon. Gunfire has wound down to almost nothing.

MACKENZIE

Well, let's take ourselves out of here. No sense in wasting ammunition on people who can't fight.

BORMAN

What about this white man, sir?

Mackenzie takes a last look at the white man in the crevice.

MACKENZIE

That's no white man ... seal him back up.

213 EXT. GLADE NEAR RAZED VILLAGE #1 - DAY

The empty buckboard is still parked in a glade surrounded by cottonwoods.

Kicking Bird stands in the middle of the glade. The sky is crystal, the sun is vibrant, and the breeze is making music in the leaves of the trees surrounding the glade.

214 EXT. PRAIRIE OUTSIDE PALO DURO CANYON - MORNING

Survivors of the attack are scattered over the prairie beyond the canyon's rim.

Hunting For Something is sitting dazedly with Stands With A Fist and her two girls as Smiles A Lot comes up.

SMILES A LOT
 (to Hunting For Something)
 The baby?

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING
 The baby's not hurt

STANDS WITH A FIST
 Have you seen Dances With Wolves?

Smiles A Lot says nothing.

STANDS WITH A FIST
 (CONT'D)
 Have you seen him?

SMILES A LOT
 He is dead.

For a split-second, Stands With A Fist can't move.

STANDS WITH A FIST
 Have you seen Snake In Hands? He
 was with the ponies.

SMILES A LOT
 No.

A flurry of shouts well up around them and when the little group looks in the direction of the commotion they see a boy driving a dozen ponies in front of him.

Snake In Hands sees them and rides over. The boy is exhausted and his face is streaked with blood from a scalp wound but he is alright.

SNAKE IN HANDS
 The soldiers got the pony herd ...
 they ran off with them.

215 EXT. GLADE/BUCKBOARD NEAR RAZED VILLAGE #1 - DAY

The coffin is leaning vertically on the wagon's tailgate as Kicking Bird pries the last nails of its lid with his knife.

He lets the lid fall away.

Impeccable, the body of Ten Bears lies inside.

As he runs his eyes along the corpse, Kicking Bird notices something strange.

One of Ten Bears' hands is locked in death around the wire-rimmed spectacles.

Without thinking, Kicking Bird begins to work the out of place object from the death grip.

But something does occur to Kicking Bird. He gazes at the serene face of Ten Bears for a moment, then tucks the glasses back into his hand.

216 EXT. PRAIRIE NEAR HORSE RING CANYON - AFTERNOON

Mackenzie's troops have formed a gigantic, moving square. Inside the square are hundreds of Comanche horses.

Mackenzie and his officers are riding at the head of the moving square as a scout overtakes them.

SCOUT

Sir ... there's about thirty warriors trailing us.

MACKENZIE

(to officer)

How much further is that canyon?

CAPTAIN BORMAN

About a mile sir.

217 EXT. HORSE RING CANYON - AFTERNOON

The Indian ponies mill nervously in a canyon from which there is no escape.

Armed soldiers, each with a crate of cartridges at his feet, ring the captive horses.

218 EXT. GLADE NEAR RAZED VILLAGE #1 - DAY

Kicking Bird ties the last of a piece of colored fabric on the burial scaffold upon which Ten Bears' blanket-shrouded corpse now rests.

The breeze is up and shadows are falling in the beautiful glade as Kicking Bird steps back, digs into a pouch and tosses a pinch of tobacco into the air.

Without warning, there is a rush of wings and a pair of golden eagles swoop past, clearing his head by inches.

The eagles glide across the glade, start into a steep climb and land in the uppermost branches of a cottonwood.

Kicking Bird watches the eagles, then takes the picture-perfect clearing in with a three hundred and sixty-degree pan, inevitably bringing his gaze to rest on the alien image of the white man wagon parked at the mouth of the glade.

Kicking Bird glances at the burial scaffold, then back at the wagon.

A panic builds inside Kicking Bird. Suddenly dizzy, he sinks unsteadily to his knees and buries his face in his hands.

219 EXT. CANYON OVERLOOKING HORSE RING CANYON - TWILIGHT

Smiles A Lot, Snake In Hands at his side, creeps toward the canyon rim with two dozen other warriors as heavy firing suddenly starts just ahead.

Smiles A Lot reaches the canyon rim and peers over.

SMILES A LOT'S POV

Smoke from the soldiers' rifles fills the canyon as they fire into the terrified body of horses, pitching and screaming as they die.

The shooters in a series of shots.

Some of the soldiers are grim-faced as they fire into the mass of screaming horses. Some are trying to brush away the tears filling their eyes. One soldier drops his rifle and staggers away traumatized.

The black racer who served SMILES A LOT so well goes down with the others.

Snake In Hands has begun to cry and Smiles A Lot pulls him along as they withdraw from the canyon rim.

220 EXT. MEDICINE BLUFF - DAY

A party of warriors, conveyed by soldiers, is riding toward the open prairie.

221 EXT. PRAIRIE FORT SILL - DAY

Surrounded by an escort of soldiers, Kicking Bird and Touch The Clouds ride at the head of a dozen warriors. The soldiers suddenly stop as the Indian party rides on.

POV

Waiting ahead are the remains of Ten Bears' people.

White Bear, Blue Turtle, Owl Prophet and Smiles A Lot are in the front ranks of the uniformly grim and tattered warriors. Blue Turtle holds a limb to which a grimy flag of white fabric is attached.

Amidst the ranks of women and children behind them, there is crying; the women in fear, the children for want of food. Everyone is starving. They look pitiful.

222 EXT. FORT SILL - DAY

Soldiers watch from both sides as the defeated ride into the post.

223 EXT. PROCESSION - DAY

Deep in the center of the beaten people rides Stands With A Fist and her three children, blankets over their heads.

224 EXT. ARMORY - TWILIGHT

Warriors are lined up in front of the armory, each man dumping his personal weapons on an ever-growing pile. Mackenzie, amidst a covey of officers, is watching.

Smiles A Lot lifts his magnificent quiver and bow case off his shoulders and drops it on the pile.

There are only two more warriors in line.

The last is Kicking Bird. He is unarmed and Mackenzie is surprised to see him there.

Deliberately, Kicking Bird slips the peace medal over his head and, eyes on Mackenzie, begins lowering it to the weapons pile.

Still staring at Mackenzie, Kicking Bird stops. He glides a few steps to the general and offers the precious symbol.

Expressionlessly, Mackenzie takes it.

225 EXT. PARADE GROUND - MORNING

A long line of warriors is standing on the parade ground.

Kicking Bird and Mackenzie are in a heated exchange.

KICKING BIRD
Families must go too ...

MACKENZIE

I cannot tell you if they will or they won't.

KICKING BIRD

Families must go.

The two men stare each other down. Kicking Bird's resolve is unshakable.

MACKENZIE

Alright ... they can take their families.

The line of warriors is listening.

INTERPRETER (O.S.)

All those who attacked the wagon train on the great salt prairie step forward now.

No one moves.

Mackenzie is frustrated.

MACKENZIE

Captain Borman ... take the first twenty-five men in line.

KICKING BIRD

No ... old men not go to prison.

MACKENZIE

Captain Borman ...

KICKING BIRD

No!

A silence.

KICKING BIRD (CONT'D)

Kicking Bird pick.

226 EXT. PARADE GROUND - LATER

Kicking Bird is reaching the end of the line. He picks another young man and the warrior steps forward. Two dozen warriors have already been separated out of the ranks of the warriors.

As Kicking Bird moves down the line Smiles A Lot anticipates him. The young warrior steps forward without being asked.

Further down, Blue Turtle emulates his friend.

Mackenzie stands by with Captain Borman watching Kicking Bird. Now he scans the perimeters of the parade ground and the young elms planted there. They look wilted.

MACKENZIE

When's the last time these trees
got water Captain...?

BORMAN

I've had every available man
working on the infirmary sir.

MACKENZIE

I want these elms standing a
hundred years after I'm dead. Get
some water on them.

BORMAN

Yes sir.

DISSOLVE TO:

227 EXT. PARADE GROUND - MORNING (2 YEARS LATER)

The elms have not reached full growth but they're taller now.

A wagon filled with water barrels stands at one edge of the parade ground as a detail of soldiers struggle with the heavy barrels to get water on the trees.

A line of buckboards filled with Indians and escorted by mounted soldiers is passing by.

228 EXT. COMANCHE CAMP - MORNING

The line of buckboards comes to a halt in a clearing. Sprawling around the clearing is the haphazard Comanche camp.

Some of the homes are wood frame huts, some are slovenly tipis covered with army-issue canvas.

The common denominator of the camp is its tawdriness. Refuse is scattered everywhere. Half-starved dogs bark and snarl at the new arrivals and the people coming to meet the wagons are dirty.

229 EXT. BUCKBOARDS - MORNING

Smiles A Lot alights from a buckboard. His hair is in braids and his head is covered with a broad-brimmed hat. He wears a white man's shirt, pants and vest. On his feet are moccasins.

Slung over his shoulder is a small sack containing his worldly belongings.

Smiles A Lot scans the people who are coming forward.

SMILES A LOT'S POV

Hunting For Something and Rabbit are among the welcomers. They're both wearing white clothes.

Hunting For Something looks impoverished but her beauty is intact. Clutching her hand is a two year-old child.

Conceding no emotion, Smiles A Lot walks toward the trio. He halts in front of them and gently swings his bag to the ground.

Hunting For Something's eyes are filling with tears. The toddler, faced with a stranger, hides behind his mother.

Tears are running down Hunting For Something's face.

HUNTING FOR SOMETHING

This is your son.

She tries to move the child forward but he won't budge. She looks at Smiles A Lot helplessly.

Smiles A Lot allows himself a little grin as he regards the boy. Then he steps forward and envelopes his wife.

As they embrace, Rabbit also hugs them.

230 EXT. MEDICINE BLUFF - SUNSET

Smiles A Lot is climbing the back of the bluff.

Smiles A Lot halts at the edge of the bluff, in the same place he had his vision of the black horse.

He doffs his hat and takes in the view.

POV

Fort Sill sprawls nearby and dotting the country before him, on the slopes of hills, along the stream and across the prairie, are the hovels of his people.

Impulsively, Smiles A Lot sails his hat into space.

Deliberately, he peels off his shirt and slips out of his trousers, tossing the garments to one side.

He steps to the very brink of the cliff and looks down. The drop is dizzying. Slowly, Smiles A Lot lifts both arms skyward and closes his eyes.

Now he opens them. He turns to look at the sinking sun.

POV

Dark specks are moving on the surface of the dying sun.

Smiles A Lot squints in concentration.

POV

The ghosts of buffalo and warriors, including Dances With Wolves, Wind In His Hair and Ten Bear's are riding across the sun, ghosts at the height of their power.

Smiles A Lot watches a moment longer. Then he smiles a thin smile.