

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

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**MAY 23, 1989**  
Final Draft

**INT. FIELD HOSPITAL TENT - DAY**

A black screen.

The sound of a knife cutting through boot leather.

hovering  
Fade in on the waists of two men (THE SURGEONS)  
around a crude operating table.

just  
In the extreme background, TWO STRETCHER BEARERS are  
leaving.

**SURGEON 1 (O.S.)**

Is this the last one?

numb.  
One of the bearers stops and looks back. His face is  
And he nods hollowly.

But we  
the  
We cannot see the patient stretched out on the table.  
do see that the first surgeon has succeeded in getting  
man's boot off.

**SURGEON 2 (O.S.)**

God, what a mess... at least there's  
no gangrene.

**SURGEON 1 (O.S.)**

There will be if it doesn't come  
off.

**SURGEON 2 (O.S.)**

Well I can't see if I can't keep my  
eyes open. Let's coffee up... he  
can wait a few more minutes.

background  
from  
As the TWO SURGEONS duck through a tent flap in the  
we see a mangled foot, torn by shrapnel, it oozes blood  
a cut clear to the bone.

young  
lifts  
LIEUTENANT JOHN J. DUNBAR'S eyes are now open. He's a  
man, his features sharp and handsome. With effort, he  
his head and searches the room.

lying in  
His eyes come to rest on the form of a legless man  
bloodsoaked sheets. He's whimpering like a child.

table.  
crate  
Dunbar comes to a sitting position on the operating  
As his eyes move around the room they come to rest on a  
filled with the boots of men who have lost their legs.

the  
boots.  
A cane travels through space and deftly hooks one of

table.  
makes  
a  
Lieutenant Dunbar brings the boot onto the operating  
He tries to pull it on his mangled foot, but the pain  
him cry out. Deliberately he breaks the cane and sticks  
piece of it between his teeth.

broken  
pulls  
Tears of pain are rolling down his face. A sweat has  
out on his forehead and with great determination he  
the boot on.

**EXT. FIELD HOSPITAL TENT - DAY**

their  
is  
The two weary surgeons sip on steaming mugs of coffee,  
white coats spattered with blood. Their brief respite

interrupted by the sound of a muffled scream.

Together they turn and rush back into the tent.

**INT. FIELD HOSPITAL TENT - DAY**

small

The operating table is empty save the broken cane and a pool of blood. Dunbar is gone.

**LEGEND: ST. DAVID'S FIELD, TENNESSEE - 1862**

**EXT. CIVIL WAR HILL - DAY**

either  
green,

In a natural valley below is a peaceful field. And on side of the field, separated by a hundred yards of are low rock walls.

Several dairy cows are lying dead in the field.

of  
man

A group of MOUNTED UNION OFFICERS, ride onto the crest the hill and look down at the field. The distinguished with a long grey beard is GENERAL TIDE.

**EXT. CONFEDERATE WALL - DAY**

of

Ragged CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS crouch sullenly behind one the walls.

**EXT. UNION WALL - DAY**

equipped

And just behind the other wall are UNION MEN, better perhaps, but just as weary as their enemies.

PEPPER. He  
sight.

We hold on one man, an enlisted soldier, SERGEANT chances to glance behind and squints at a strange

The  
he

A solitary officer is standing a few feet behind him. sun is at his back, giving him a ghostly feel. Eerily takes a step or two forward. He's limping badly.

The sergeant recognizes him. It's Dunbar.

**PEPPER**

Lieutenant... izat you?

unnerves  
Dunbar says nothing. He just stands and stares. It  
the sergeant.

**PEPPER**

What're you doing here lieutenant?

**DUNBAR**

This is where I belong... this is my  
outfit.

The sergeant stares at Dunbar's foot.

**PEPPER**

You went to hospital?

**DUNBAR**

It was no good... what's going on  
here?

dives  
A ping of riflefire flies overhead and the sergeant  
for the wall. He calls over his shoulder.

**PEPPER**

Better come to cover lieutenant...  
those boys are shooters.

Dunbar settles next to the sergeant.

**PEPPER**

What's goin' on here... seems to be  
the question alright... you could  
ask the major but he don't know.  
He's busy tryin' to figger out how  
come the officer's mess run outta  
peach ice cream...

too.  
The sergeant nods at the distant hill and Dunbar looks

**PEPPER**

General's come up to see the show  
but all he knows is there ain't no  
show...

lieutenant  
Now he nods toward the trees behind them and the

hunk

follows. Several union men are clustered around a huge  
of material attached to a gondola.

**PEPPER**

We started a balloon up but they  
shot her down fore she was ten feet  
off the ground... so nobody's made a  
run either way. It's been a stand-  
off all damn day... and now... the  
major, he's lookin' at the general  
and he's thinkin' I better do  
somethin', and you know what that  
means...

answer

the

the

More riflefire comes in and some of the union men  
with a few rounds of their own. The sergeant watches  
confederate line across the field through a crack in  
wall.

looking at

lines.

Lieutenant Dunbar is not watching the enemy. He's  
some horses picketed in the trees behind the union  
There's a nice bay. There's a big roan.

**PEPPER**

They're 'sposed to be beat up just  
like us but everybody knows that  
Tucker's men are tough as cobs. I  
sure don't wanna die out there with  
them cows.

small,

others.

Dunbar is still watching the horses. He's holding on a  
well-muscled buckskin standing a little apart from the

**CISCO.**

horses.

Now he moves away from the wall, heading for the

field,

waving

to

The sergeant squeezes off a shot. Squinting across the  
he sees a rifle with a hat on the tip of its bayonet  
at him disrespectfully. The sergeant rolls on his side  
reload. He keeps on talking to the lieutenant, but the

lieutenant is gone.

**PEPPER**

Some of the boys are sayin' that if we ain't gonna fight we could just settle the whole business with a little high stakes poker. Wouldn't that be a sight... a bunch of fellas sittin' in the middle of this field drawin' cards...

sound  
are  
turns  
buckskinne

The sergeant's chatter is interrupted by a sound... the of hoofbeats rushing in behind him. Men on either side scattering, but there's no time for the sergeant. He turns to the sound and cringes against the wall as the belly of a horse soars over his head.

for

Dunbar and his horse hit the ground with a thud and dig the confederate line.

**EXT. CONFEDERATE LINE - DAY**

headed  
shoulder.

Some of the confederate riflemen can see the wild rider for their lines. A sharpshooter (RAY) calls over his

**RAY**

Tucker!

up

A man in a slouch hat crowned by a jaunty feather looks from an impromptu meeting. TUCKER.

**EXT. CIVIL WAR HILL - DAY**

spectacle  
enemy. He  
into

Like the others, General Tide is absorbed with the of a single horseman riding into the teeth of the holds out his hand and an AIDE slips a pocket telescope his palm. The general sights through his telescope.

**AIDE**

What is it sir?

peers  
Tide lowers the telescope, glances at the aide and  
back down at the field.

**TIDE**

Looks like a suicide.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY**

rising  
Dunbar can see the confederate riflemen now. They're  
up behind the wall to aim and fire.

wheels  
Fifty yards from the enemy line he's still unhit. He  
parallel  
the buckskin into a sharp left turn and they streak  
hard, his  
to the confederate flank. The buckskin is charging  
heels throwing out clumps of dirt.

away.  
The firing is tremendous. The lieutenant's hat is torn  
still  
A slug lifts off one of the officer's epaulettes, but  
no bullet finds him.

**EXT. UNION WALL - DAY**

their  
The entire union line is standing, strangely quiet in  
disbelief.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY**

pulls the  
The lieutenant passes the last of the riflemen and  
horse is  
buckskin up at the far end of the field. The little  
pitching and rearing, ready for another run.

coming  
The lieutenant bows his head in exhaustion, but a sound  
cheer  
across the field brings his head up quickly. A great  
is rolling along the union line.

**EXT. HILL - DAY**

tears  
General Tide is furiously spurring his horse as he

up. down the hill. His aides are trying desperately to keep

**EXT. CONFEDERATE WALL - DAY**

Dunbar There's action along the confederate line. The men  
end passed are desperately trying to reload. Those at the  
pass. are jeering, taunting the lieutenant to take another

doesn't Tucker is moving along the line. The battle ground has  
suddenly taken on a festival atmosphere and Tucker  
like it.

**CONFEDERATE**

Come on you son of a bitch -- you  
won't make it a second time...

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY**

**DUNBAR**

Alright by me.

his Dunbar gazes down along his leg. Blood is pumping from  
wound.

**DUNBAR**

Forgive me Father.

they Again he digs his heels into the buckskin's flanks and  
reload. A fly down the line. The confederates are trying to  
too few are able to get off a hasty shot, but they're all  
late.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY**

approaches Dunbar swerves in a little closer to the wall as he  
standing the other half of the confederate ranks. They're  
ready, like a firing squad.

sharpshooter. Tucker has just reached the side of Ray the

the  
toward  
The lieutenant shuts; his eyes, lets the reins flop on  
buckskin's neck and spreads his arms as they thunder  
the line of riflemen.

down  
itself in  
Ray's finger squeezes the trigger, his keen eye sights  
the barrel of his gun. THUD... a rifle ball buries  
Ray's forehead.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY**

a  
comrades.  
The union trooper who fired the fatal shot gets up from  
kneeling position and scrambles after some of his

**EXT. UNION WALL - DAY**

horse  
over the wall at a dead run.  
With his aides coming behind, General Tide leaps his

thunderous  
scurry  
The entire Union line pours after him, screaming a  
battlecry in unison. Pepper is one of the last to  
over the wall.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY**

chasing  
The union troops have the rebels in full flight,  
them into the woods beyond the field.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY**

is  
there. And  
His  
General  
eyed.  
Suddenly the field is quiet. There is rifle fire in the  
distance but otherwise everything is still. The field  
almost empty. The three dead dairy cows are still  
at one end of the field is a solitary buckskin horse.  
rider lies on the ground, a foot hooked in one stirrup.  
The sound of men's voices is coming near. Suddenly,  
Tide is peering down at him. Dunbar stares back, glassy

**DUNBAR**

Don't take off my foot.

kneels  
General Tide stares down into Dunbar's blank face. He  
next to the lieutenant and bends to whisper in his ear.

**GENERAL TIDE**

You rest easy son... you'll keep  
you're foot. As God is my judge,  
you'll keep it.

The general looks up at one of his aides.

**GENERAL TIDE**

Bring up my ambulance...

**AIDE**

Sir?

**GENERAL TIDE**

Bring up my ambulance. And bring my  
surgeon with it. We've got an officer  
who's worth something lying here.

Tide  
it  
The aide dashes off to do what he's told, as General  
gently removes Dunbar's foot from the stirrup and lays  
carefully on the ground. The image fades out.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

lone  
trip.  
buckskin.  
The image of a boot fades in, pull back to see that a  
rider is coming toward us. He has had a long and dusty  
It's Lieutenant Dunbar. He's still riding the little

**LEGEND - FORT HAYS. KANSAS - 1863**

something  
Dunbar pulls up short. He stares thoughtfully at  
in the distance.

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

The strangeness of this life cannot  
be measured. In trying to produce my  
own death, I was elevated to the  
status of a living hero.

cover  
dreary  
Dunbar starts forward and the camera swings around to his back. In the distance we can see an isolated and military post.

The sky is very blue. The sun is bright. A rough-hewn, unfenced fort is straight ahead.

well-  
center  
There are several miscellaneous stone structures, a stocked stable, barracks, officer's quarters and in the of it all, a headquarters building.

powerfully  
for the  
Lieutenant Dunbar, riding straight and tall on his built buckskin, Cisco, passes into view. He's headed center of the fort.

**INT. FORT HAYS HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

pauses in  
distant  
here  
Silhouetted against the outside, Lieutenant Dunbar the wide doorway of headquarters. We can hear the sounds of work and life coming from the outside but in it's strangely quiet.

at  
from  
only a  
A SERGEANT sits at a desk in the foyer. Across the way, another desk, is an enlisted CLERK. Both men glance their paperwork at the man in the doorway. But it's glance and they go right on shuffling paper.

with  
slick, black hair swings into the foyer. He too has a slackness that echoes the dreariness of this post.

meet at  
his  
The blue-eyed officer, LIEUTENANT ELGIN, and Dunbar the doorway. Dunbar glances down at a scrap of paper in hand.

**DUNBAR**

Where can I find Major... Fambrough?

**ELGIN**

Turn right... all the way to the end  
of the hall.

idle Being roughly the same age and rank these two might  
awhile, but Dunbar is eager. He's already moving.

**FAMBROUGH (O.S.)**

Lt. John J. Dunbar.

**DUNBAR**

Sir?

one is Dunbar stops and turns, peering down the hallway. No  
there.

**INT. FAMBROUGH'S OFFICE - DAY**

MAJOR Sitting behind the desk, holding a set of orders is

**FAMBROUGH.**

**FAMBROUGH**

Lt. John J. Dunbar.

Lt. Dunbar is standing in front of the desk.

**DUNBAR**

Yes sir?

**FAMBROUGH**

Indian fighter, huh?

**DUNBAR**

Excuse me?

**FAMBROUGH**

(indicating paper)

Your orders say you are to be posted  
on the frontier. The frontier is  
Indian country. I quickly deduced  
that you are an Indian fighter.

has sad He arches an eyebrow, challenging the lieutenant. He  
times swollen eyes. He is an army lifer passed over too many

man.  
for promotion and right now does not look like a well

**FAMBROUGH**

I did not ascend to this position by  
being stupid.

**DUNBAR**

No sir.

silence.  
Fambrough returns to the order. Dunbar watches him in

has  
The major's tunic is covered with food stains. Sweat  
broken out all over his head. His grooming is awful.  
His  
hands are trembling slightly. Something is very wrong  
with  
him.

looks  
Now the major sees something on the official paper. He  
moving  
quickly at the lieutenant, then back at the paper,  
his lips but making no sound.

**FAMBROUGH**

It says here you've been decorated.

**DUNBAR**

Yes sir.

**FAMBROUGH**

And they sent you out here to be  
posted?

**DUNBAR**

Actually sir, I'm here at my own  
request... I want to see the frontier.

**FAMBROUGH**

You want to see the frontier?

**DUNBAR**

Yes sir... before it's gone.

The major fixes Dunbar with a sly look.

**FAMBROUGH**

Such a smart lad coming straight to  
me.

the  
Fambrough  
fill

Still sly, Fambrough digs into a side drawer. There is  
distinct clink of glass on glass as he rummages. Now  
has what he wants, a blank official form. He begins to  
it out, writing in a disturbingly childish way.

**FAMBROUGH**

Sir Knight, I am sending you on a  
knight's errand. You will report to  
Captain Cargill at the furthestmost  
outpost of the realm... Fort  
Sedgewick.

and

He looks over his work with a schoolboy's excitement  
affixes his signature with a wild flourish.

**FAMBROUGH**

My personal seal will assure you  
safe passage through many miles of  
wild hostile country.

He folds the order and hands it to Dunbar.

**DUNBAR**

I'm wondering sir, how will I be  
getting there?

**FAMBROUGH**

You think I don't know?

**DUNBAR**

No sir, it's just that I don't know.

**FAMBROUGH**

Hold your tongue.

dusty  
canvas on

The major turns in his chair to stare through a single,  
window. He can see a teamster outside, tying down  
a heavily-loaded wagon.

**FAMBROUGH**

I'm in a generous mood and will grant  
your boon. You see that peasant...  
he calls himself Timmons... he leaves  
this very afternoon for your Fort  
Sedgewick. Ride with him if you

like... he knows the way. That is all.

Dunbar stands and salutes. Fambrough returns it snappily.

The lieutenant starts for the door.

**FAMBROUGH (O.S.)**

Sir Knight...

Dunbar turns around. Fambrough is standing in front of his desk. There's a large, dark splotch on the major's trouser front.

He jams both of his hands into the front of his pants and giggles.

**FAMBROUGH**

I just pissed in my pants... and nobody can do anything about it.

**EXT. FORT HAYS - DAY**

Lieutenant Dunbar skips down the steps, picks up Cisco's reins and starts leading the buckskin along the front of the building. He looks briefly at his orders, stops and turns back towards Fambrough's office.

And there is Fambrough with a full glass of booze in hand, toasting the young lieutenant from the window. A wide grin on his face.

**EXT. FORT HAYS - DAY**

A wagon is pulling slowly away from the lonely headquarters.

**EXT. FORT HAYS - DAY**

The insane face of Major Fambrough peeks around the corner of a building. On his head is a ridiculous, plumed hat.

the  
waving  
hand...  
startled to  
faster.  
and  
menacingly.

Now he looks both ways, as if preparing to cross a busy street. Seeing that the coast is clear, he minces into parade ground in front of headquarters. The plume is in the breeze and the major carries something in each hand... an officer's sword and a revolver. Except for these items, the unfortunate major is naked. As he trots onto the parade ground, Fambrough is find that Elgin is following him. He begins to run Fambrough halts near the center of the parade ground and turns back on the lieutenant and waves his pistol menacingly.

**FAMBROUGH**

Noooo, noooo...

**ELGIN**

It's alright Major.

Fambrough

Now Elgin sees a GRIZZLED SERGEANT approaching from the opposite direction.

**SERGEANT**

Leave him alone lieutenant... he's cracked.

pistol

Fambrough turns on the voice behind him and waves his at the sergeant.

**FAMBROUGH**

Nooo, noooo...

the

But Fambrough finds himself staring at the barrel of sergeant's raised pistol.

**ELGIN**

Don't sergeant.

In a panic Fambrough wheels back on Lieutenant Elgin.

**FAMBROUGH**

Are you deaf fool. I said I'll have  
my crown this instant... this instant!

holds out

Slowly and kindly, Elgin is walking toward him. He  
his hand.

**ELGIN**

Let's have the pistol.

**SERGEANT**

(to Elgin)

Don't do it.

eyes

crybaby.

But the lieutenant keeps his hand held out. Fambrough  
him silently. Then he screws up his face like a

**FAMBROUGH**

The king is dead... long live the  
king.

In one swift motion, Fambrough brings the revolver up,  
swallows the barrel and pulls the trigger.

**EXT. WAGON - DAY**

around

face the

doesn't

race.

absolute

side

spittle.

At the sound of a single shot behind him, Dunbar twists  
on the wagon seat. Seeing nothing, he turns back to  
front and takes stock of the driver, TIMMONS. He  
like what he sees... or smells.

Timmons, is not what would be called a credit to his

If all teamsters were greaseballs he would be their  
ruler. His stink must be incredible. He leans over the  
of the wagon and hocks out a disgusting stream of

of

endless

Afternoon shadows are slanting across the rolling ocean  
prairie. The wagon passes camera, headed towards an  
expanse of prairie.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT**

and The sky is filled with stars. One suddenly catches fire  
shoots across the heavens.

**EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT**

Dunbar sits at the fire watching the star burn out.  
Timmons is bending over the fire. He farts, then turns  
to Dunbar with a smile "good one, huh?".

He spits for good measure and for Dunbar, the moment is broken, but not forgotten.

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

Were it not for my companion I believe  
I would be having the time of my  
life. He is quite possibly the foulest  
person I have ever met.

this Looking over his shoulder at the journal, we see that  
it latest entry is one of many and Dunbar is embellishing  
with a drawing of a star.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

supplies. Dunbar is off the seat riding atop the mountain of  
He is writing in his journal.

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

We have been gone four days now and  
still we have seen no signs of life.  
Only earth and sky.

Dunbar stops his writing.

**DUNBAR**

How far do you make the fort?

**TIMMONS**

Far.

**DUNBAR**

How far?

**TIMMONS**

Forty or fifty miles, maybe... what's

the big hurry on Sedgewick?

**DUNBAR**

It's going to be my post... my home.

**TIMMONS**

You ain't hard to please, I'll say that.

Timmons slows the wagon and stops. He has seen something.

**TIMMONS**

Look yonder.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

tall  
Timmons'  
teamster's

A cluster of bones bleached white, are lying in the grass. Human bones. Dunbar is squatting next to them. head dips into view over his shoulder and the mouth splits into a toothless grin.

**TIMMONS**

Somebody back east is sayin'... "why don't he write?" Stupid bastard.

comes to  
Then,  
can  
below

The teamster spits and starts for the wagon. Dunbar his feet and examines the burnt out remains of a wagon. he finds an arrow in the grassy wheel. Looking off he only guess at the drama here. The sun is sinking fast the great expanse of prairie.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK BLUFF - DAWN**

CARGILL,  
One  
telescope in  
and  
ready

A hatless soldier in a tattered overcoat, CAPTAIN is on the bluff staring morosely through his telescope. hand rubs a sore spot on his jaw. He sticks the his overcoat pocket. He wedges a hand into his mouth wiggles a loose tooth. He gives it a tug but it is not to come out.

overcoat  
it  
feet

The breeze is coming up and Captain Cargill pulls his closed. As he slips his last button through the hole, breaks off, bounces off of his foot and rolls a few down the bluff.

move  
to

Captain Cargill watches the button forlornly, making no to go after it. He raises his head once more and looks the east. Nothing is out there.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK CUT BANK - DAWN**

stops,  
Their  
description.

Cargill is walking along the base of the cut bank. He staring up at a series of holes dug into the bluff. entrance covered with "found" draperies of all He works up the courage to call out.

**CARGILL**

Corporal Guest... Corporal Guest...  
Corporal Guest. Corporal Guest, you  
don't have to talk to me... just  
please come out.

holes  
He  
looking

At last there's some real movement behind one of the and CORPORAL GUEST crawls through one of the curtains. neither salutes nor speaks. He blinks down at Cargill, more like a hobo than a soldier.

**CARGILL**

It's the end... assemble the men in  
front of my quarters.

**EXT. CARGILL'S QUARTERS - DAY**

hut;  
are  
supply

The "MEN" have lined up in front of Cargill's sad, sod pitiful men. Sick, moth-eaten, crushed in spirit. There nine of them. Just behind Cargill is a half-collapsed house and a broken down corral holding two bony horses.

Cargill has a brave face and a broken heart.

**CARGILL**

You hate me... but I feel none of the same for you... you men stayed. You stayed after they took all our horses. You stayed after all the others deserted. You stayed on the promise that the army would resupply us. I've looked for that wagon from Fort Hays just as you have... day after miserable day. All I can say is that I'm proud of you. Get your things men, we're leaving this place. The army... can go to hell.

back The zombie troops have already broken ranks, lurching to their holes and gear like a gang of drunks.

sign Cargill walks out of frame to reveal the broken down that hangs askew above his quarters: "Fort Sedgewick."

**EXT. SEDGEWICK BLUFF - DUSK**

overlooking A solitary WOLF trots along the top of a bluff the river. He has two white socks running up his front legs. An old jagged scar cuts across his muzzle. He's watching the ruins of Fort Sedgewick.

lame The little band of troops, all on foot, with their two horses trailing behind are fading in the distance.

**EXT. WAGON CAMP - DAWN**

curled The wagon is parked in a shallow depression, its team unhitched. Under the wagon the forms of two men lay up in blankets.

a Dunbar is sleeping peacefully, his nose pressed against turns jacket. Now his nostrils begin to twitch. His face against sour and he wakes to find that he's been sleeping

sleeping the stink of Timmons. Flies buzz about the teamster's  
body.  
out Dunbar quickly pulls away from the bad smell. He rolls  
from under the wagon and clambers to his feet.  
going to Lieutenant Dunbar looks out over the prairie. It's  
be a spectacular day.  
Dunbar In the far distance, a column of buzzards is circling.  
wagon. has paused to watch them. He ducks back under the

**DUNBAR**

Timmons... Timmons.

starts to No response from the deep-sleeping driver. Dunbar  
makes move closer to shake him awake but the odor under there  
under him think twice. He snatches up the arrow and probes  
the wagon.

**DUNBAR**

Timmons.

The teamster comes awake with a squeal, he joins Dunbar  
staring up at the circling birds.

**DUNBAR**

Something's out there...

**TIMMONS**

Somethin' dead.

**DUNBAR**

Might have a look.

**TIMMONS**

Might stay clear of whatever did the  
killin'.

team Timmons' mood is different now. He begins to hitch the  
with a new sense of urgency.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

moving  
Cargill's  
presence.

From a high point on the prairie we can see the wagon west. And no more than half a mile away we can see column, moving east. Neither is aware of the other's

horse.  
command. We

Several buzzards are settling on a half-butchered  
It's one of the animals that was with Cargill's  
can hear men singing. The shaky little column from Fort Sedgewick is marching east for Fort Hays.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

grass.

Dunbar is walking through a little valley of tall, rich  
The wagon is nowhere in sight.

He looks back at Cisco who is also wandering by himself searching for prime shoots.

Timmons' wagon comes into view now.

**DUNBAR**

How come we haven't seen any buffalo?

**TIMMONS**

Can't figger the stinkin' buffalo.  
Sometimes you don't see 'em for days,  
sometimes they're thick as curls on  
a whore.

**DUNBAR**

What about Indians?

**TIMMONS**

Goddamn Indians you'd jus' as soon  
not see, lessen the bastards're dead.  
Nothing but thieves and beggars.

Timmons, as usual, laughs at his own imagined wit.

alone.

The wagon disappears over a ridge and again, Dunbar is

grass

In gentle awe, he runs his palm over the top of the  
swirling about his waist.

brings

A meadow lark's mournful call startles him. Dunbar  
his head up at the sound and so does Cisco.

through  
own.

Now there's a sudden lifting of the breeze. It sweeps  
the valley, making the grass roll with a life of its

the  
scans the  
aloneness.

The lark's sad call and the sudden violent movement of  
wind sends a shudder through Lieutenant Dunbar. He  
horizon in all directions, aware all at once of his

in

He flips the reins over Cisco's neck and sticks a foot  
the stirrup.

Dunbar heads for the ridge.

**EXT. BLUFF - DAY**

ground

As Dunbar comes over the hill, he sees the wagon has  
to a stop.

The wagon has paused at the edge of a bluff. Dunbar and  
Timmons are peering into the little valley below

**TIMMONS**

Not what you'd call a going concern.

We

The wagon lurches over the edge of the bluff and down.  
see the pathetic remains of Fort Sedgewick.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY**

wagon

A full view of the deserted fort. Timmons sits on the  
by himself.

**TIMMONS**

Ain't nothin' here lieutenant.

Dunbar appears from Cargill's former quarters.

**TIMMONS (O.S.)**

Everybody's run off... or got kilt.

over to

The lieutenant looks briefly at Timmons, and marches the caved-in supply house. Again he ducks inside.

the

Dunbar emerges from the supply house and stares up at wagon driver.

**DUNBAR**

Alright...lets unload the wagon.

**TIMMONS**

What, and leave it all here?

**DUNBAR**

I'm staying too... we don't know what's happened.

Dunbar moves around to the back of the wagon.

**TIMMONS**

There ain't nothin' here lieutenant.

**DUNBAR**

Not at the moment, no.

**TIMMONS**

So things bein' the way they are we might as well turn around and get started back.

**DUNBAR**

This is my post...

**TIMMONS**

This is my... are you crazy boy?

heel

The lieutenant's eyes have gone absolutely black. The of his hand is dropping lightly on the butt of a long at his hip.

revolver

**DUNBAR**

This is my post! And these are the post's provisions. Now get your ass off that wagon and help me unload.

Timmons leaps down.

**INT. SUPPLY HOUSE - DAY**

The half-caved in supply house bulges with supplies.

**INT. CARGILL'S QUARTERS - DAY**

Cargill's late quarters are also filled with new goods. There's barely enough room to reach the little bunk.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK - DUSK**

Timmons is atop his wagon seat, reins in hand.

**TIMMONS**

Well... I'll let 'em know where you are.

**DUNBAR**

Good.

**TIMMONS**

Good luck lieutenant.

**DUNBAR**

Thank you.

light  
Timmons clucks to his team and the wagon pulls out. The  
on the prairie is fading fast.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK RIVER BANK - DUSK**

the  
The wolf with two socks is patrolling along the edge of  
river.

**INT. QUARTERS - NIGHT**

incredibly  
A lamp turns up, casting a glow over Dunbar's  
cramped quarters.

journal  
He adjusts the lamp and sits back on the bunk, his  
on his lap. He begins an entry.

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

Have arrived to find Fort Sedgewick deserted. Am now waiting for the garrison's return or word from headquarters. Post is in exceedingly poor condition. Have decided to assign myself clean-up duty beginning tomorrow. Supplies abundant. The

country is everything I dreamed it  
would be. There can be no place like  
this on earth.

to Dunbar signs the entry, yawns contentedly and reaches  
turn down the lamp.

it A wolf howls somewhere outside. It's low at first but  
though keeps on building. At its height, the howl sounds as  
it is coming from, something gigantic.

wood Dunbar is still listening after it's gone. He hears  
again. snap in the direction of the river then all is quiet  
its Without hesitating, he slips the big revolver out of  
under holster and cradling it like a teddy bear, slips it  
his blanket.

The light is left blazing.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAWN**

First light over the sad fort.

**INT. QUARTERS - DAWN**

his Dunbar is sleeping quietly. He opens his eyes and rears  
shuts head to get his bearings. Then he flops back down and  
his eyes, hoping for more sleep.

He hears two heavy footfalls in rapid succession.

Quietly, he Dunbar holds his breath staring at the doorway.  
pulls his gun aiming it directly at the doorway.

threshold, Silence. Suddenly, a shadow starts across the  
horse followed quickly by Cisco's big buckskin head. The  
the watches Dunbar a moment, then looks curiously around  
room.

**EXT. CORRAL - DAY**

Dunbar  
the  
leaving

Dressed in pants, old boots, and a threadbare shirt,  
bangs home a nail on the sagging corral gate. He tests  
gate's swing and satisfied with this, he latches it  
Cisco inside.

he

The lieutenant picks up a water bucket and we follow as  
walks the few, quick yards it takes to reach the bank  
overlooking the river.

At  
away to  
bottles, and

When he sees what lies along the slope below, he stops.  
this spot just below the fort, a garbage dump falls  
the stream. Old containers, sacks, rags, trash,  
a thousand other miscellaneous scraps.

down  
bucket.

Dunbar hops over the steep lip of the bank and starts  
the gentle incline, eyeing the trash as he goes. Now he  
reaches the stream and kneels, preparing to dip the

and

He sniffs a bad odor, looks across the stagnant stream  
sees something sticking out of the water.

of an  
everywhere.

It's a cloven hoof. And further out, another. And part  
antler. There are decomposed antelope corpses

**EXT. RIVER - DAY**

through  
bandana.

An antelope skeleton is being pulled from the muck.  
Dunbar is stripped to the waist as he drags the body  
deep water. Covering his face against the stink is a  
His pants are soaked and he's sweating hard.

of

At the stream's edge he heaves the antelope onto a pile  
holding several others. Under the bodies is a huge bed  
trash which he has already collected.

he  
his  
The body he tosses up slips and he has to right it. Now  
wades back into the river and searches the water with  
hands for more.

**EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY**

garbage  
long  
with  
Dunbar fastens the last of the traces to a pile of  
spread out on a sheet of canvas. He picks up a set of  
reins, clucks to Cisco and they start up the steep bank  
the load.

**EXT. RIVER - DAY**

A distinct change has taken place with the water. It's  
running.

**EXT. TRASH PILE - DAY**

Dunbar  
onto  
his  
it  
Oil is pouring out of a jug and onto the great heap.  
empties the last of the oil and throws the empty jug  
the pile. He takes the match he's been holding between  
teeth and flicks it to life with a fingernail. He flips  
onto the heap.

away a  
smoke  
The fire catches immediately and Dunbar has to back  
few steps as the flames send a column of thick, black  
into the air.

bigger...  
To Dunbar's horror, the smoke billows bigger and  
climbing into the sky as a signal for anyone to see.

**DUNBAR**

Damn... damn.

up the  
to  
He stoops for his rifle and we follow as he scrambles  
slope. The lieutenant clammers over the lip and stops  
scan the horizon.

higher  
But we continue, following the black smoke as it towers  
and higher until it is just a wisp.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

one a  
also  
in  
WARRIORS  
Four fantastic faces fill the screen, three together,  
little apart. They are tired, frustrated faces, and  
very fierce. They are painted. Several wear their hair  
spiked roaches, one has brightly-colored eagle feathers  
jutting out of his scalp at all angles. The FOUR  
are naked from the waist up.

The  
stand  
direction  
They are Pawnee, the scariest of all the Plains Tribes.  
man a little apart looks THE TOUGHEST. The four men are  
squatting on their haunches and four scrawny ponies  
behind them. All the men are staring in the same  
from a low rise on the prairie.

smoke  
gullies.  
It's smoke, a column much smaller than Dunbar's. The  
is drifting up from the furthest of a line of rolling

their  
ponies.  
We can see the whole Indian party now: the four men and  
ponies, two injured men on travois and two extra

**DIALECT**  
**(PLEASE NOTE: ALL INDIAN DIALOGUE WILL BE IN NATIVE**  
**AS INDICATED BY TRIBE. SUBTITLES WILL BE USED.)**

**THE TOUGHEST**

Only a white man would make a fire  
for everyone to see.

**1ST PAWNEE**

Maybe there's more than one.

another  
three  
The Toughest turns back to face the others. Without  
word, he jumps on his horse. Another silence as the

warriors consider what to do.

**2ND PAWNEE**

We have no rifles. White men are sure to have rifles.

**3RD PAWNEE**

We should forget this and go home.

and  
and  
The Toughest has listened all the while, growing more more disgusted. He pulls the blanket from his shoulders flings it angrily at his companions.

**TOUGHEST**

Then go. I for one, will not debate the merit of a single line of smoke in my own country.

smoke.  
He starts his pony walking down the rise toward the

**1ST PAWNEE**

(shaking his head)

He will not quit until we are all dead.

two  
The Third Pawnee starts after the Toughest. The other follow.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

the  
bacon  
pan  
We're dropping down through the smoke, right down to supper fire of Timmons the teamster. He's cooking slab in a pan. Risking the heat, he dips a finger into the and sucks off the grease.

second  
knocking  
There's a sudden swish of sound behind him and a split-later, an arrow goes deep into the wagon driver's ass him clear across the fire.

into an  
camped  
Timmons screams like a half-butchered hog and starts odd crippled run. He clears the gully where he's been

and struggles up the incline.

catches  
Another swish and another scream, as another arrow  
him high on the shoulder.

Terrified with pain and fear, Timmons looks back as he  
scrambles up the slope.

only  
Casual  
from  
arrow  
the  
Here comes the Toughest at a lazy gallop. He's riding  
with his legs. His hands are busy with bow and arrows.  
but blink quick, the Toughest snatches another arrow  
the quiver at his waist, strings it and fires. This  
catches Timmons in the gut. He falls squirming against  
slope.

he  
The Toughest is still coming, his face like granite as  
fires arrow after arrow.

reached  
team  
Timmons'  
When  
out  
dirt  
The three warriors who came with the Toughest have  
the wagon. Two of them are slicing away harness on the  
of nice army horses. The third is rifling through  
gear. This man unwittingly picks up Timmons' blanket.  
he gets a whiff of its stink, the warrior flings it far  
on the grass. Then he drops to one knee, scoops up some  
and rubs it between his soiled hands.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

of  
A lone arrow remains in Timmons' dead body, jutting out  
his privates.

scalp  
parting  
Now the Pawnee warriors pass by, heading for home in no  
particular hurry. The Toughest passes by with Timmons'  
hanging from his bow. None of the men give Timmons a  
glance.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK BLUFF - DAY**

dirt. We're close on Dunbar, his face is grimy with sweat and

He's working hard at something.

bluff, We pull back and see that Dunbar is half-way up the  
Cargill's he's been filling up the pockmarks, the holes where  
men once lived.

pauses Exhausted, he stabs the shovel into the fresh earth and  
filled. to look over his work, all of the holes have been

sees His eyes sweep over the prairie across the river. He  
goes something moving, it's the wolf. Dunbar instinctively  
for his rifle.

thoughts. He Before he can bring it up to aim, he has second  
then lowers the gun and watches the wolf a moment longer,  
walks up the hill and disappears into the sky.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK BLUFF - DAY**

same Fingers are playing with a button. It appears to be the  
atop one that came off Captain Cargill's coat. Dunbar stands  
the hill, sighting across the prairie.

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

No sign of Captain Cargill's command.  
I don't know what to do. Communication  
can only take place if I leave and I  
don't want to abandon my post.

dried He sticks a hand in his overcoat, pulls out a piece of  
meat and bites off a hunk.

the Dunbar starts down the hill toward the fort. He watches  
horizon as he goes.

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

Made a short patrol yesterday p.m...  
discovered nothing. Will go further  
tomorrow.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK - DUSK**

stoop  
over  
His long day has drawn to a close. Dunbar sits on the  
of his quarters. His journal open in his lap. The sign  
the doorway has been straightened. Dunbar is staring at  
something.

outline  
One hundred yards away, sitting in the grass is the  
of a wolf.

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

There is a wolf who seems intent on  
the goings on here. He does not seem  
inclined to be a nuisance however  
and aside from Cisco has been my  
only company. He has appeared each  
afternoon for the past two days. He  
has milky white socks on both feet.  
If he comes calling tomorrow I will  
name him Two Socks.

**EXT. SUPPLY HOUSE - DAY**

supply  
stares  
With a grunt Dunbar lugs an army saddle out of the  
house and starts for the door. He slows to a stop and  
down at the saddle as if in a trance. In a moment he is  
tossing the saddle back where he found it.

**EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY**

glances  
Dunbar is leading Cisco to the top of a low hill. He  
over his shoulder and sees that he is being followed.

him.  
The wolf with two socks stops when Dunbar looks back at

regularly  
does  
Dunbar watches him curiously for a moment and continues  
leading Cisco up the hill. But now he's glancing  
over his shoulder and discovers that as he moves, so  
the wolf.

out  
nothing.

Reaching the top of the hill, Dunbar pauses. He pulls the pocket telescope and sweeps the prairie. There is

last  
the

Now Dunbar swings onto Cisco's bare back and with a glance back at the wolf starts down the rise and on to open prairie at an easy canter. We follow for a little distance. Dunbar glances once more over his shoulder.

The wolf is sitting on top of the hill watching. He has decided to come no further.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY**

against  
back  
slung

Considerable time has passed. Dunbar, bundled warmly the chill of an oncoming storm, and Cisco are coming into camp from a hunting foray. A brace of grouse is slung over Cisco's withers.

**INT. QUARTERS - DAY**

broken  
and

It's storming outside. Rain is pouring down, its patter from time to time by spectacular flashes of lightning the boom of thunder.

but  
place.

But inside it's cozy. The quarters are still crowded considerable order has been brought to bear on the

sits

He is just finishing up the grouse and a pile of bones on the table. Open at his side is his journal.

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

Almost a month and no one has come. The longer this condition persists, the less inclined I am to believe that anyone will. Rain has forced me indoors for most of two days. I have begun an awning. The work has ruined my hands, but I am excited about the improvement it will bring to this

place.

room  
tosses  
the  
A great bolt of lightning strikes outside, filling the  
with violent white light. Dunbar walks to the door and  
out a handful of bones. Two Socks scurries to collect  
bones and retreats under the shelter of a nearby tree.

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

It is the loneliest of times... but  
I cannot say that I am unhappy.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

someone is  
This  
hand, however, is red.  
Just as Dunbar did on his trip out with Timmons,  
running a palm over the tips of the tall prairie grass.

side.  
person of  
man.  
A lone Indian is standing in the grass, his pony at his  
side.  
He is a real Indian; tough, wild and free. He is a  
special maturity. He radiates wisdom and is a man of  
responsibility in his community. He is a Sioux medicine  
man.  
He is KICKING BIRD.

**EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY**

pounding  
rises,  
bush.  
bush  
of it  
Dunbar is squatting naked at the edge of the stream,  
the dirt out of his trousers on a little rock ledge. He  
wringing out the pants, and wades across the river.  
On the opposite bank he spreads the pants on a low  
bush.  
Then he looks along the river. For some distance every  
and shrub is draped with the lieutenant's laundry, all  
drying in the sun.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY**

something.  
The spectacular face of Kicking Bird is staring at

the  
The  
He's looking thoughtfully at the "new" Fort Sedgewick;  
tidy grounds, the great awning, the repaired corral.  
beautiful, buckskin standing inside.

**EXT. RIVER - DAY**

along  
skin  
Comfortable with his nakedness, Dunbar is meandering  
the stream in no particular hurry. He's very white. His  
practically sparkles in the sun.

part is  
Dunbar is making his way up the bluff. The steepest  
at the lip and here he drops to all fours.

Dunbar's face comes into view. He freezes.

Someone is creeping under the shade of the awning... an  
aboriginal man.

Dunbar's head pops down behind the bluff.

is  
His  
The lieutenant is down on his naked haunches. His heart  
pounding in his ears. Sweat has broken out on his face.  
mouth is dry as ash.

shirt,  
leggings. A  
single,  
hair.  
a  
He's playing back images in fragments. A deerskin  
strands of hair sewn along each sleeve. Fringed  
dark, faded breechclout. Moccasins with beading. A  
large feather drooping behind a head of shiny, black  
Braids wrapped in fur. A lethal stone club hanging from  
red hand. No eyebrows on a magnificent, primitive face.

legs.  
Dunbar stays in a crouch, trying to think on jellied  
His breathing has quickened. His mouth is open.

A horses' whinny startles him.

Ever so slowly, the lieutenant peers over the bluff.

slowly  
other  
and is  
over the

The aboriginal man is in the corral. He's walking toward Cisco. One hand is held out reassuringly, the other is grasping a rope. He's making gentle, cooing sounds only a step or two from being able to loop his line horse's neck.

**DUNBAR**

You there!

he

Kicking Bird jumps straight into the air. As he lands whirls to meet the voice that startled him.

are

Dunbar is coming. His hands are clenched and his arms swinging stiffly at his sides.

horror.

Kicking Bird has turned to stone at the sight of this

steps.

With a sharp intake of breath, he staggers back a few

fence as

Then he turns and runs, tearing through the corral

quirts

if it were made of twigs. He leaps onto his horse and the pony into full gallop.

his

Dunbar is watching from the yard. His jaw is clenched, hands are still fisted.

The great grassland is empty. Kicking Bird is gone.

**INT. SUPPLY HOUSE - DAY**

stack.

The first of three carbine boxes is lugged off the

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

Suddenly a

The three boxes are stacked on the open prairie.

the

shovelful of dirt flies out of an unseen spot next to crates. Another flying shovelful. And another.

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

Have made first contact with a wild

Indian. One came to the fort and tried to steal my horse. Do not know how many more are in the vicinity but I am taking steps for another visitation. Am burying excess ordnance, lest it fall into enemy hands.

surface of  
ground

The last square of sod is placed carefully on the the earth. Dunbar drives a bleached rib bone into the at an angle just in front of his cache.

Dunbar steps back from his work. The replaced sod is invisible. The guns will not be found.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

bluff.

The lieutenant sits atop Cisco scouting along the Fort Sedgewick lies in the background.

**INT. QUARTERS - DAY**

digging  
wall  
has  
and is

Dunbar's journal lies open on his bunk. We hear a sound in the background. The lieutenant is facing the of his quarters. Using a bayonet as a cutting tool, he carved a window out of the sod. He's nearly finished just tidying up.

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

Have made all the preparations I can think of. I cannot mount an adequate defense but will try to make a big impression when they come. Waiting.

across at  
and

Finished, he retreats to his bunk and sits staring his new window. He glances at the journal by his side has a thought. He picks it up and starts to write.

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

The man I encountered was a magnificent looking fellow.

**EXT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - DAY**

His  
are  
but  
most  
of his  
PRETTY  
man  
ducked

An old Indian man sits in the shade outside his lodge. skin is leathery, his hair grey and wispy but his eyes bright as diamonds. He is TEN BEARS, well past sixty, still strong enough to be the head man. He is, for the part, oblivious to the GRANDCHILD squirming in his lap. He's smoking a long-stemmed pipe, but the main object of interest is an old woman squatting next to him... SHIELD. She's pounding away at something in a bowl. Ten Bears looks up to notice Kicking Bird. The medicine man is passing not far away and Ten Bears' eyes follow him carefully, not glancing away until Kicking Bird has ducked into his lodge.

**TEN BEARS**

Kicking Bird has been keeping to himself these last few days. I do not like to see our medicine man walking so alone.

respond.

The old woman looks up from her pounding but does not

**TEN BEARS**

What does his wife say?

**PRETTY SHIELD**

He is keeping to himself.

bristles.

Ten Bears gives his wife a challenging look and she

**PRETTY SHIELD**

That's what she says.

Ten Bears accepts this. Then he looks down at the bowl.

**TEN BEARS**

Make sure that meat is soft... my teeth hurt.

Bird's

Ten Bears looks once more at the entrance of Kicking lodge.

**INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY**

but

Kicking Bird sits next to the fire playing with his son he is preoccupied with something.

Bears

There is a rustle of movement at the tent flap, and Ten peers in.

**TEN BEARS**

May I come in?

Bird

The little boy races over to the old chief, Kicking makes a move to pull him back, but Ten Bears indicates the boy should stay.

**TEN BEARS**

No, no let him sit with me.

the

There is silence as the two men settle themselves by fire, the little boy content in Ten Bears' lap.

**TEN BEARS**

Our country seems good this summer, but I have not been out to see it.

**KICKING BIRD**

Yes... it is good. The grass is rich. The game is plenty and not running away.

**TEN BEARS**

I am glad to hear it. But the buffalo are late. I always worry about the bellies of our children.

A brief silence.

**KICKING BIRD**

I was thinking of a dance.

**TEN BEARS**

Yes, a dance is always a good idea. It would be good to have a strong

sign.

boy  
Kicking Bird seems suddenly uncomfortable. The little  
leaves.

**KICKING BIRD**

Yes.

**TEN BEARS**

There's a funny thing about signs.  
They are always flying in our faces.  
We know when they are bad or good  
but sometimes they are strange and  
there is no way to understand them.  
Sometimes they make people crazy but  
a smart man will take such a sign  
into himself and let it run around  
for two or three days. If he is still  
confused he will tell somebody. He  
might come to you or to me and tell  
it. A smart man always does that.

without  
Ten Bears picks up the pipe and puffs away, seemingly  
care.

**KICKING BIRD**

I have seen such a sign.

**TEN BEARS**

Oh?

**KICKING BIRD**

I saw a man, a white man.

Ten Bears' eyes get big for a moment. Then he thinks.

**TEN BEARS**

Just one?

**KICKING BIRD**

Just one. He was naked.

Ten Bears thinks some more.

**TEN BEARS**

Are you sure it was a man?

**KICKING BIRD**

I saw his sex.

**TEN BEARS**

Did you speak to him?

**KICKING BIRD**

No.

Ten Bears rubs at his old eyes with both hands.

**TEN BEARS**

We will council on this.

**EXT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - NIGHT**

and  
peeking  
for  
most  
this

A teenaged boy, SMILES A LOT and his two buddies OTTER  
WORM lie prone outside Ten Bears' home. They are  
under the tipi's rolled-up sides. Their eyes are wide,  
inside there's plenty to see and hear. The village's  
influential warriors have squeezed into the lodge for  
big and important meeting

**INT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - NIGHT**

including Ten  
WIND  
fire.  
the

The eldest and most respected men of the band,  
Bears, his pal STONE CALF, an influential warrior named  
IN HIS HAIR, and Kicking Bird are seated around the  
Crowded around them, in a high state of excitement, are  
village's leading warriors. The meeting is in progress.

**KICKING BIRD**

He might be a god or he might be a  
special chief -- that's why we are  
thinking of having a talk with him.

goes

There is a little murmuring around the fire, and it  
silent. Wind In His Hair rises to speak.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

I do not care for this talk about a  
white man. Whatever kind of white  
man he is, he is not Sioux and that  
makes him less. We've camped here

for ten days now and each day our scouts find nothing. One old bull with wolves tearing him apart, nothing more. We need meat -- not talk.

**KICKING BIRD**

You are right, we need meat today and tomorrow. But we must also have meat in ten years.

Kicking Bird pauses here. Everyone is listening attentively.

**KICKING BIRD**

But the whites are coming. Our friends the Shoshone and the Kiowa, even our enemies, agree on this -- the whites are coming. More than can be counted.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

Kicking Bird is always looking ahead and that is good. But when I hear that more whites are coming -- more than can be counted I want to laugh. We took a hundred horses from these people, there was no honor in it. They don't ride well, they don't shoot well, they're dirty. They have no women, no children. They could not even make it through one winter in our country. And these people are said to flourish? I think they will all be dead in ten years.

His There is a surge of enthusiasm in the lodge and Wind In Hair is riding the crest of it.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

I think this white man is probably lost.

This parting shot prompts a good-natured round of laughter.

**KICKING BIRD**

Wind In His Hair has spoken straight, his words are strong and I have heard them. It's true the whites are a poor race and it's hard to understand them. But when I see one white man alone, without fear in our country,

I do not think he is lost. I think he may have medicine. I see someone who might speak for all the white people who are coming. I think this is a person with which treaties might be struck.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

This white man cannot cover our lodges, or string our bows, or feed our children. I will take some good men... there are many here tonight. We will ride to the soldier fort, we will shoot some arrows into this white man. If he truly has medicine he will not be hurt. If he has no medicine he will be dead.

around  
speak.

This is the best idea so far and there is much talk  
the fire. They quiet down as Ten Bears prepares to

**TEN BEARS**

It is easy to become confused by these questions. It is hard to know what to do. No man can tell another how he will be. But I know this... killing a white man is a delicate matter. If you kill one, more are sure to come. We should talk about this some more.

asleep.

He drops his head, closes his eyes and starts to fall  
The meeting is over.

**EXT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - NIGHT**

no

Inside the meeting is breaking up. But Smiles A Lot is  
longer watching. He's lost in thought, as if he has got  
something on his mind.

lodge, he

Now he comes out of it. With a last look into the  
sneaks off into the night.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT**

are

Three boys Otter, Worm and their leader Smiles A Lot,

riding to the fort.

Smiles A Lot stops, just realizing that the other two  
have fallen behind. He rides back to investigate.

**SMILES A LOT**

What's the matter now?

**WORM**

Otter doesn't want to go.

Smiles a Lot trots his pony over to Otter.

**SMILES A LOT**

If we take the horse of a white god  
they will make up songs about us.

**OTTER**

Maybe.

**SMILES A LOT**

They will ask us to go on raids.

**OTTER**

Who gets the white god horse?

**SMILES A LOT**

I do... but we share... you and Worm  
can ride him too. Who can say this  
is not a great plan?

Otter and Worm have blank expressions.

**INT. QUARTERS - NIGHT**

horse Dunbar is snoring. The lantern is turned down low. A  
whinnies loudly and Dunbar arises.

the In the next instant there is a pounding of hooves and  
yelping of Indian boys.

rifle Reeling with sleep, Dunbar is up and moving. He grabs a  
and lurches for the door.

the As he runs through the door he forgets to duck under  
against wooden cross beam. His skull cracks resoundingly

cold. the. overhang and Dunbar slumps onto his back... out

**EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT**

prairie The three boys are shrieking as they race across the  
Smiles A with their prize. Otter has Cisco by a lead line.  
Lot gallops alongside.

**SMILES A LOT**

Let me take him Otter.

**OTTER**

I have him.

He's To Smiles A Lot's amazement, Otter is suddenly gone.  
zooming backward in midair.

puff Otter comes to ground a few yards back, throwing up a  
up, of dust. Cisco has screeched to a halt. Now he rears  
sticks his twisting until the rope is free of Otter. Then he  
the tail in the air and makes tracks in the direction of  
Otter fort. Worm chases after Cisco as Smiles A Lot sees to

**EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT**

down Smiles A Lot pulls his pony up next to Otter and peers  
at the fallen boy.

**SMILES A LOT**

What happened?

**OTTER**

I don't know. My arm doesn't work.

**SMILES A LOT**

You shouldn't have fallen down...  
now we'll get in trouble.

**OTTER**

It was your idea.

**SMILES A LOT**

gallops up  
This squabble is interrupted by Worm's return. He  
and jumps off his pony.

**SMILES A LOT**

handful  
Otter hurt himself.  
Worm shakes his head in frustration. Otter grabs a  
of dirt and flings it at Smiles A Lot and Worm.

**OTTER**

(to Worm)  
You're not hurt... I'm hurt.

**WORM**

I will be when my father finds out,  
his bow will be across my back.

**INT. QUARTERS - DAWN**

rolls to  
forehead.  
He hears movement in the yard and looks out.  
around his  
Cisco is pawing the ground. The Indian line still  
neck.

**EXT. RIVER - DAY**

fort.  
shaving.  
his  
ritual  
stares  
right.  
Dunbar is sitting naked in the shallow river below the  
He has worked up a good lather on his face and is  
The big Navy revolver and his gunbelt are slung over  
shoulder. Dunbar glances at the far bluff.  
Two Socks is sitting quietly, watching the shaving  
below.  
The lieutenant is finishing shaving his moustache. He  
onto the surface of the water trying to get it just  
Once again he glances up at Two Socks.

staring Two Socks' attention has been diverted. He's on guard,  
intently across the river.

Everything Dunbar looks quickly at the bluff nearest the fort.  
is still. He looks back at Two Socks.

The wolf is gone.

Hoofbeats The lieutenant hears something now. Hoofbeats.  
coming in a rush.

He bursts from the water and scrambles up the incline.

**EXT. CORRAL - DAY**

bunched They're streaming past him. FIVE MOUNTED WARRIORS  
ponies. around Cisco: raw, powerful men on painted, feathered  
Wind In His Hair is one of them.

weapons Their faces are streaked with colorful designs, their  
all slung around the shoulders, their nearly naked bodies  
glory of sinew and bone. They are the full and breathtaking  
war.

passes Dunbar is struck dumb. He stands still as the pageant  
in front of him.

that The sight of Dunbar troubles Wind In His Hair, so much  
his he pulls up a hundred yards away. He sits a moment on  
this whirling pony, trying to decide if he should confront  
white god.

his He makes a warrior's choice. Wind In His Hair shouts to  
for fellows to go on and charges down the slope... straight  
Dunbar.

can't  
Dunbar's eyes are fixed on the closing horseman. He  
move.  
Wind In His Hair is coming flat out, his lance  
extended. At  
the last moment he pulls up so hard that the black pony  
skids  
to a sit. The horse is up quickly and hard to manage.  
He  
itches back and forth only a few feet in front of  
Lieutenant  
Dunbar.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

I am Wind In His Hair. Do you not  
see that I am not afraid of you?...  
Do you see?

He  
Dunbar stares expressionlessly into the Sioux's eyes.  
doesn't blink.

after his  
Wind In His Hair suddenly turns his pony and whips  
comrades. A big smile breaks out across his face.  
Dunbar stares after the disappearing horse and rider.  
He  
feels the weight of the gun and lets it drop to the  
ground.

but  
For two or three steps he staggers toward the quarters,  
faint.  
his legs give way and he falls face first in a dead

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

fixed  
Wind In His Hair is riding hard and happy. He really  
that white god. But as he clears the brow of a rise, a  
riderless horse blows past him, running in the opposite  
direction.

lines  
Cisco's running back, to the fort at full speed, the  
of two ropes flying behind him.

warrior  
The big warrior's smile is gone. He wheels his pony and  
charges over the rise, nearly colliding with another

up  
His  
The  
foot.  
ground.  
fort,

who has been in hot pursuit of Cisco. The warrior pulls  
and looks helplessly at Wind In His Hair. But Wind In  
Hair's attention is focused on the rest of his party.  
three remaining warriors who rode with him are all on  
One is bending over a man lying unconscious on the  
The third is limping badly, trying to catch his horse.  
Wind In His Hair glances back in the direction of the  
but the buckskin is already gone.  
He starts down the incline to help his friends.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

double,  
their  
cantering

Wind In His Hair and his friends, two of them riding  
are going slowly home when they see a COURIER coming in  
direction. They rein in waiting for the young man  
toward them.

He speaks directly to Wind In His Hair.

**COURIER**

The party that went against the Pawnee  
is coming in...

Wind In His Hair says nothing.

**COURIER**

There are many hearts on the ground.

**EXT. INDIAN CAMP - DUSK**

of  
members  
dead

Several travois are parked in a clearing. It's a scene  
terrible woe. On the travois are dead bodies. Women  
of several families are grieving as they collect the  
men.

are

Some are shrieking, some are crying softly, and some  
beating themselves.

litter  
She's  
tangled.

One group is just beginning to hoist a body off its  
when a strange looking woman appears in the clearing.  
been running. Her light, cherry-colored hair is

rushes  
other  
her

Her face is creased with pain and disbelief as she  
forward, crying out in Sioux. She pushes through the  
women and tackles the body, taking it to the ground.  
She climbs atop the dead man, cradles his head against  
face and says a single word softly.

name  
louder.

It is his name and she whispers it again.  
Of course there is no answer. With each saying of the  
she is more desperate, her voice growing louder and

heavens  
away.

She arches her back eerily and wails the name to the  
before flinging herself back at the lifeless face.  
At last the other mourners feel compelled to drag her  
The little woman does not go easily.

Her name is STANDS WITH A FIST.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK - NIGHT**

moon.

The lieutenant rides, a silhouette against a harvest

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

I realize now that I have been wrong.  
All this time I have been waiting.  
Waiting for what? For someone to  
find me? For Indians to take my horse?  
To see a buffalo?

**INT. QUARTERS - NIGHT**

his

Lieutenant Dunbar has gotten a beautiful shine out of

of the best boots. He's putting the finishing touches on one toes.

inspect Dunbar places the boot next to its mate and turns to  
lying a dress tunic laid out on the bunk. His open journal is  
brushes at next to it. He picks at little pieces of lint and  
the smudges.

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

Since I arrived at this post I have been walking on eggs. It has become a bad habit and I am sick of it. Tomorrow morning I will ride out to the Indians. I do not know the outcome or the wisdom of this thinking. But I have become a target and a target makes a poor impression. I am through waiting.

**EXT. CORRAL - DAY**

The buckskin's ears are pricked and his eyes are set. Something has his complete attention.

like a The "something" is Lieutenant John Dunbar. He looks  
knee- recruiting poster: full dress uniform, red sash, saber  
the clanking at his side, hair tied in a neat pony tail,  
belt length riding boots. And all of it is gleaming... from  
brass buttons to the gold epaulettes to the army issue  
buckle.

Dunbar The red sash flutters and Cisco shies to one side.  
slaps at the sash, calms his horse and jumps on.

standing We stop with them at the supply house. Old Glory is  
affixed against one of the crumbling walls. The flag has been  
the to a long willow branch. Dunbar sweeps it up and sticks  
staff into one of his boots.

morning  
Two

They start off at a jog, the flag popping in the stiff breeze. Just as they are getting small in the distance, Socks comes into view.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

Watching  
lieutenant  
listens

Lieutenant Dunbar has ridden deep into the prairie. the sky, he takes a drink out of his canteen. The lieutenant hears something, he turns Cisco in that direction. He listens harder. A weird sort of singing. Warily he goes ahead.

**EXT. KNOLL - DAY**

cottonwood.  
is  
The  
Blood

Stands With A Fist is sitting under a solitary cottonwood. Her hands are folded on her lap. A blood-stained knife is held between them. She has ritually slashed her arms. The cuts are not deep -- but all are running with blood. Blood pours from a deep cut in her thigh.

She  
next  
has  
turns.

She lets her song fade to nothing and bows her head. She dabs at a large pool of blood spreading in the ground to her thigh. Suddenly she's alert. Stands With A Fist has heard something too... a strange popping sound. She turns.

feet  
sitting  
uniform

The gleaming buckskin horse is standing thirty or forty feet behind her on the top of the knoll. A white soldier is sitting on the horse. A white soldier with a sword, a bright uniform and a red sash. And most amazing of all, no face.

white,  
hands is

A shift in the breeze has wrapped the popping red, and blue flag around his head. One of the soldier's hands is trying to claw it away from his face.

Dunbar pulls the flag away.

staring at It's an Indian woman alright. But now that she is  
him open-mouthed and afraid, he can see that there is  
something odd about her.

slow Too late for further study. She's risen and has taken a  
step backward from the knoll. She's covered with blood.  
her. Reflexively, he offers a helping hand and calls after

**DUNBAR**

Wait...

faster She's still backing down the hill, her steps a little  
now. He's following her at a walk.

**DUNBAR**

Wait... you're hurt.

run. She's reached the base of the knoll and has begun to  
Dunbar is trotting after her.

**DUNBAR**

Let me help you.

grass. She She's too weak to run and falls face first in the  
starts to crawl.

her Dunbar slips off Cisco and reaches down tentatively for  
But he shoulder. She screams at his touch and he pulls away.  
follows on foot as she crawls.

**DUNBAR**

You're hurt... you need help.

out He takes her again, this time holding her firmly. She  
struggles mightily, twisting onto her back. She lashes  
at his face but he grabs her hands, holding them tight.  
They're nose to nose.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

Don't...

said

He can't believe he heard it and she can't believe she  
it.

back

She spits out a Stream of Sioux curses, throws her head  
and wails like a wolf. Then she passes out.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

cuts on

She's lying in the same spot, still unconscious. The  
her arms have been bandaged up with strips of Old

Glory.

thigh

Modestly, Dunbar lifts her dress to get at the bad  
wound. As he ties it off, the lieutenant notices how  
her skin is. He runs a finger over it. She is very  
he presses an ear to her heart. She's still breathing.

white

still and

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

uniform,

Fist's

Dunbar is on Cisco. His big impression is gone. The  
and his hands and face are smeared with Stands With A  
blood. The girl is slung in front of him.

his

a

His arms are holding her. Her face is pressed against  
chest. They've come a good distance and are approaching  
smokey cloud.

**EXT. PONY HERD - DAY**

splint

a

Smiles A Lot, Worm and Otter (who now sports a crude  
on his arm) are occupying an open space in the midst of  
huge pony herd.

boys

They should be on guard against enemies but the three  
are sitting on the ground, absorbed in a gambling game.

**EXT. PONY HERD - DAY**

horses  
slope.  
Dunbar is skirting the edge of the herd. Leaving the  
behind him, the lieutenant makes his way up a gentle

A powerful vision is upon him.

going  
used  
women,  
eyes.  
Ten Bears' village is rising slowly, like a curtain  
up. The smoke from many fires, the willow poles fanning  
against the sky, the conical houses covered with well-  
hides, the horses along the river, the children, the  
the men. An ancient tableau, fully alive before his

**EXT. VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS - DAY**

village,  
human  
Dunbar has stopped on the slope leading down to the  
taking it all in. No one has seen him. He can hear  
voices drifting up from the camp.

the  
Stands With A Fist coughs lightly against his tunic and  
lieutenant moves Cisco ahead at a walk.

**EXT. VILLAGE - DAY**

along  
of  
woman  
of  
A woman and her children have come out of the breaks  
the river and are marching back to the village when one  
the kids sees him. With an ear-splitting shriek, the  
grabs up her children and runs screaming for the safety  
the village.

to be  
There's pandemonium amongst the lodges. Everyone seems  
running everywhere at once.

first  
up in  
Dunbar pulls Cisco to a halt a hundred yards from the  
of the conical houses and slides off, taking the girl  
his arms.

there  
are  
town.

The people of Ten Bear's village, realizing now that  
is only one white man and that he is carrying someone,  
massing with great curiosity on the outskirts of the

ranks.  
behind.

Warriors, some of them mounted, have taken the front  
The women and children and elderly are standing just

everyone

Initial panic has given way to a steady buzzing as  
jockeys for a better look.

suddenly

Still holding Stands With A Fist in his arms, Dunbar  
stops on a familiar face... Wind In His Hair.

out...

He lifts the girl resting in his arms and holds her  
as in offering.

**DUNBAR**

She's hurt.

are

The Sioux buzz is stronger now. The mounted warriors  
getting excited.

Dunbar  
in

Suddenly, Wind In His Hair breaks ranks and starts for  
at a determined walk. A nasty war club is held tightly  
hand.

Dunbar.  
two.

Dunbar stands his ground.

Wind In His Hair halts only a few steps in front of  
He barks at the intruder as he takes another step or

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

You are not welcome here.

man.

Another step and he is close enough to touch the white

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

Go away from us...

is  
woman  
torn out  
pace

Dunbar doesn't flinch. And Wind In His Hair's harangue definitely part bluster. He's very curious about the in Dunbar's arms and now he peers down at her face. The lieutenant looks down too and in a flash she is of his grasp. Holding her in one strong arm, Wind In His Hair backs a or two and shouts once more at the lieutenant.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

Go away from us... go now.

marches  
Wind  
away on

He raises his club and shakes it at Dunbar. Though he doesn't understand the words, Dunbar gets the message. As he goes for his horse, Wind In His Hair back to his people with Stands With A Fist. There is great commotion as the crowd surges in around In His Hair. With a look of profound disappointment, Dunbar walks Cisco.

**EXT. VILLAGE - DAY**

the  
his  
village  
at  
fight.  
suddenly

Otter, Worm and Smiles A Lot are riding in, drawn by ruckus in the village. They see the white soldier on horse leaving the camp. They see the tumult in the and realize they are in trouble, again. Some of the young, mounted warriors are shouting taunts at the departing soldier, calling for him to come back and fight. They seem set to take out after him when Kicking Bird suddenly appears in front of their ponies.

**KICKING BIRD**

The soldier did not come to fight --  
he is going away and we will let  
him.

men.  
No one is going to argue with one of the band's leading  
away.  
The young warriors shout a few more taunts and turn

in.  
The medicine man glances after the boys who just came  
is  
Each boy, confronted now by an angry father or uncle,  
discipline.  
being jerked off his pony. There's going to be

Kicking Bird looks back at the lieutenant.  
is a  
Dunbar's head is down and his shoulders are slumped. It  
turn.  
sight that makes the wheels in Kicking Bird's head

**INT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - NIGHT**

men  
Another council is in progress. As before, the leading  
warriors  
are seated around Ten Bears' fire while the other  
close  
stand packed in the shadows. Wind In His Hair is seated  
to the elders.

**TEN BEARS**

I am in agreement with Kicking Bird.  
We will go down and talk to the white  
man and find out what kind of white  
man he is.

Wind In His Hair jumps into the conversation.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

If this council decides to talk with  
the man at the soldier fort then it  
will be so. But in my mind it is not  
right that a Sioux chief, a chief as  
great as Ten Bears, goes to ask the  
business of a puny, trespassing white  
man... a white soldier who has only  
a smart horse and a few white man  
clothes.

custom,  
all  
mouth

There are many yeses in response to this. As is his  
Ten Bears lets the outburst subside, seeming unruffled  
the while. Casually, he pops a piece of meat into his  
and begins to chew.

**TEN BEARS**

I will not go... you will go... you  
and Kicking Bird. That is all I have  
to say.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY**

is  
other  
extends

Dunbar is sitting cross-legged in the grass. His mouth  
occupied with chewing. In one hand is a knife, in the  
is a chunk of slab bacon. He saws off a slice and  
it, waiting patiently.

offered  
Socks  
out

The wolf is sitting only a few feet away. He wants the  
meat but cannot bring himself to eat from a human hand.  
Finally, Dunbar flips the bacon into the grass and Two  
pounces on it. He takes his prize toward the river and  
of view.

the

Dunbar starts for his quarters. He stops. The hair on  
back of his neck is standing straight up.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY**

ponies

Six Sioux warriors, THE ESCORT, are sitting atop their  
high on the ridge.

glance

Dunbar buttons his tunic and casts a quick, backward  
at the quarters. A rifle is standing near the door.

bearings

Dunbar decides not to go after it. He straightens his

Wind

and he watches the approaching riders. It's only two --

the

In His Hair and Kicking Bird. The lieutenant bows at

waist.

**DUNBAR**

Welcome...  
(gesturing at them)  
Come... please... sit down.

The two men slide off their ponies. Dunbar throws an unreturned wave to the escort warriors.

There is a moment or two of silence.

**DUNBAR**

Would you like some coffee? Coffee?

There is no response.

**DUNBAR**

I'll get some cups.

Dunbar disappears inside his quarters.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY**

comfortably  
cups.  
expression.

Wind In His Hair and Kicking Bird are sitting under the awning, each holding steaming army-issue cups. They are staring straight ahead with a curious expression.

Dunbar is turning a handle on a machine. It is a coffee grinder.

dramatic  
fresh  
and

The last of the beans goes down and Dunbar pauses for effect. Then he pulls out the drawer containing the grounds and passes it to the medicine man. Kicking Bird and Wind In His Hair both sniff the contents.

of

Dunbar gestures at their still full mugs -- neither one of them has taken a drink.

**DUNBAR**

Is the coffee not good? Too strong maybe? Here...

front

Dunbar reaches for a sack by the fire. Holding it in

of  
of him, Dunbar suggests that Wind In His Hair put some  
its contents into his mug.

could  
Wind In His Hair finally does, but his blank expression  
indicates that he doesn't know what difference this  
make.

Wind In  
face as  
His  
Dunbar takes a lick at his fingers, suggesting that  
His Hair should do the same. A smile creeps over his  
the universal appeal of sugar is taking hold. Wind In  
Hair has licked every bit off each finger.

**DUNBAR**

(to Kicking Bird)

Do you want some?

answer. He  
cup,  
Wind In His Hair doesn't wait for Kicking Bird's  
reaches over and dumps a good amount in Kicking Bird's  
adding some more to his own for good measure.

**DUNBAR**

So what are you guys doing? Looking  
for buffalo?

now on  
Cisco.  
There is no response. Wind In His Hair's attention is  
Cisco.

**DUNBAR**

He's a good one... good horse. My  
horse.

by a  
Hair  
Wind In His Hair's interest borders on rude. Prompted  
light tap on his leg from Kicking Bird, Wind In His  
turns his attention back to Dunbar.

**DUNBAR**

Good horse.

No argument from Wind In His Hair.

**DUNBAR**

My horse. You see any buffalo?

Kicking Bird and Wind In His Hair are baffled.

the

The lieutenant is trying to jam a wadded blanket under  
back of his tunic.

**DUNBAR**

Wait just a bit.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

(to Kicking Bird)

His mind is gone.

Dunbar

attitude,

he

snorts

Kicking Bird doesn't respond. He's still intent on the  
lieutenant. In wedging the blanket under his tunic,  
has become a hunchback. He bends over in a weird  
and with a finger peeking over each side of his head,  
begins a bizarre display of dancing, punctuated with  
and bellows.

**KICKING BIRD**

Buffalo.

**DUNBAR**

(incorrectly in Sioux)

Buffalo?

**KICKING BIRD**

(slowly)

Buffalo.

**DUNBAR**

(getting it right)

Buffalo.

pleased

Kicking Bird nods his assent and Dunbar flashes a  
smile.

**DUNBAR**

Buffalo.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY**

walk

Dunbar is watching Kicking Bird and Wind In His Hair

Each  
withers.  
the

their horses up the ridge to meet the waiting escort.  
horse has a gift of coffee and sugar slung over its  
Occasionally, Wind In His Hair dips a hand into one of  
bags and carefully licks each finger.  
Dunbar waves up at them but there is no response.

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

The sugar didn't figure to last at  
that rate any way. I don't believe  
I'd go too far in saying that a  
foundation for good relations is  
being laid.

**DISSOLVE INTO:**

**EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY**

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

They have come again, as always the  
same two with an escort of six.

and  
bulky on  
them.

Dunbar is standing in the same spot, it is a new day  
Leaving their ever present escort behind, Kicking Bird  
Wind In His Hair ride into the fort.  
Kicking Bird's pony is carrying something large and  
his withers. A buffalo robe. Dunbar walks up to greet  
Kicking Bird returns the welcome and signs to him as he  
speaks.

**KICKING BIRD**

Have you seen any buffalo?

Dunbar can only shake his head no.

Kicking Bird accepts this and dismounts.

Dunbar throws his customary wave but the escort remains  
noncommittal.

**EXT. HILL - DUSK**

against

Dunbar is lying on his buffalo robe, his hand runs

journal. the grain of the thick fur. He begins writing in his

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

I believe I am dealing with Kiowa  
Indians as I have heard that word on  
several occasions.

practicing He rolls on his back, and lays aside the journal,  
the hand signals.

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

I am learning the Kiowa words for  
head, hand, horse, fire, coffee,  
buffalo, hello and goodbye.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY**

haunches It's raining. High on a hill, the Indian escort waits  
stoically, horses heads bowed in the drizzle. On the  
of one of the ponies is a single deer.

Down below, Wind In His Hair and Kicking Bird are still  
mounted and converse with Dunbar using sign talk.

**DUNBAR**

No, I haven't seen any buffalo. Are  
you hungry? I have food... are you  
hungry?

Kicking Dunbar suggests they take some of his supplies but  
three Bird will not stand for this. He waves Dunbar off. The  
wave to men say their goodbyes, and Dunbar as usual throws a  
the six men on the hill.

react Unexpectedly, one of them returns it and the other five  
with surprise.

**ESCORT 1**

He waved.

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

Nothing I have been told about these  
people is correct. They are not  
beggars and thieves. They are not  
the bogeymen they have been made out

to be.

hill, Kicking Bird and Wind In His Hair disappear over the  
followed by their escort.

Lightning bursts far out on the prairie.

**INT. QUARTERS - NIGHT**

He is Dunbar huddles beneath the warmth of his buffalo robe.  
finishing up the second of two drawings. It is a  
portrait of Wind In His Hair, he carefully titles it "The Fierce  
One."

He has already completed a likeness of Kicking Bird and  
underneath it the words "The Quiet One."

**EXT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY**

Fist Several children are playing close-by as Stands With A  
works over a staked-out hide, scraping away the excess  
flesh. Though her arms are lined with scabs her work is  
methodical and unforced. She seems recovered.

**KICKING BIRD (O.S.)**

Stands With A Fist.

She looks up to see the medicine man looming over her.

**KICKING BIRD**

We will talk awhile.

**INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY**

tipi is Except for Kicking Bird and Stands With A Fist, the  
in empty. They are just seating themselves at the firepit  
Kicking the center of the lodge. A brief silence, during which  
Bird studies the girl with the bowed head.

**KICKING BIRD**

Your wounds are healing well?

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

Yes.

**KICKING BIRD**

You are happy here, with my family?

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

I am glad to be here. I am missing my husband.

**KICKING BIRD**

Perhaps you will marry again when the time is right.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

Perhaps.

A Kicking Bird is leading up to something and Stands With Fist fears it. She keeps her head bowed.

**KICKING BIRD**

We have word from many places that the whites are...

She Kicking Bird stops himself, he knows this must be hard. brings her green eyes to bear on the medicine man, waiting to hear more.

**KICKING BIRD**

They are coming into everyone's country. They will soon be in ours I think. This white man who lives at the old soldier fort, the one who calls himself loo ten tant... I have visited him and I believe his heart is a good one. He knows things about the whites which we do not.

He pauses letting this sink in.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

I am afraid of the man at the fort.

**KICKING BIRD**

He is only one man.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

I am afraid that he will tell some whites that I am here. I am afraid that they will try to take me away.

**KICKING BIRD**

Every warrior in camp would fight them if they tried.

defeatist She is not much reassured by this. In the way of a she lowers her eyes once more.

**KICKING BIRD**

I cannot make the white man talk. Loo ten tant does not know Sioux.

Kicking Bird waits. Still she does not raise her head.

**KICKING BIRD**

You have a certain medicine which no other Sioux -- man or woman -- has.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

It has been a long time since I made the talk.

**KICKING BIRD**

I do not ask this for myself... I ask this for all our people.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

It's dead in me.

**KICKING BIRD**

I want you to try and remember the the word.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

I don't know how.

**KICKING BIRD**

You don't want to know.

of the This outburst shocks Stands With A Fist, she runs out lodge.

**EXT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY**

covered looks at Stands With A Fist rushes past BLACK SHAWL, her face with tears. Now Kicking Bird comes out. Black Shawl Kicking Bird, his face is not happy.

**BLACK SHAWL**

Will she make the white words?

**KICKING BIRD**

Perhaps I am asking too much.

**EXT. RIVER - DAY**

Stands With A Fist is tearing through the thick willows growing alongside the river. She's crying her heart out.

**EXT. RIVER - DAY**

The big cry is over, but Stands With A Fist is still sniffling as she emerges on a little patch of beach-next to the river. She sits herself down under a cottonwood and looks hollowly at the surface of the water in front of her.

Somewhere in the distance is the sound of many drums, with a sigh she drops her head.

Then, as if shocked by some unseen force, her eyes spring open. Wide and unblinking, her eyes stare deeply into space.

Someone is calling. The voice is so faint at first that the word can't be heard. But the calling grows and suddenly the word is upon her.

**VOICE**

Christine...

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

A little girl of seven, CHRISTINE, is lying in the grass of a sod roof. Next to her is ten year-old WILLIE. They are planning their wedding and staring up at the sky.

Like many youngsters she's not eager to heed the persistent call of her mother.

**MOTHER (O.S.)**

Christine... where are you?

edge  
child. She  
Reluctantly, the little girl gets up and looks over the  
of the roof to see her mother holding yet another  
seems anxious.

**CHRISTINE**

I'm right here mother...

**MOTHER**

Get inside both of you.

**CHRISTINE**

Why?

**MOTHER**

Just do what I... oh God! Stay where  
you are. Keep down do you hear me?

are  
moving out to meet them.  
FOUR PAWNEE are riding up in the background. TWO MEN

**CHRISTINE**

Who is it Willie?

muzzle-  
loading rifle is by his side. He whispers to her.  
Willie is peeking over the edge of the roof. An old

**WILLIE**

They look like Pawnee... my father  
and your father are talking to them.

talking  
to the four mounted Pawnee warriors.  
Down in the yard, out beyond a rough table set with the  
leavings of a Sunday dinner, two white men on foot are

house  
Pawnee  
an  
end, the two white men turn back to the house.  
It's an argument. As a baby cries somewhere inside the  
the two white men sign the Indians to go away. The  
make no move to go however, and with their patience at

white  
One of the warriors brings his hatchet down and nails a

and  
down

man between the shoulder blades. The injured man grunts  
hops sideways. The other runs for the house but is cut  
by arrows.

Women begin to scream.

fear.

Willie is scooting down the roof, his face white with

**WILLIE**

Run Christine...

**CHRISTINE**

Why?

**WILLIE**

Just run!

the

He gives her a hard shove which sends her rolling down  
roof.

**WILLIE**

Run!

natural  
us. In  
roof,  
then

Christine runs past the point where the roof meets the  
hillside and down into the draw. She's running toward  
the background we can see Willie on the edge of the  
aiming his squirrel gun into the yard. He fires once,  
grasping the gun like a club, he leaps off the roof and  
disappears.

fast as

Christine never looks back. She runs up the draw as  
her skinny young legs can carry her.

**EXT. HOLE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

ground,  
Then,  
cracking

The moon is up. Christine is feebly clawing at the  
trying to pry herself out of a tiny hole. She gives up.  
from the burrow's dark entrance comes the thin,  
voice of a little girl.

**CHRISTINE**

Now I lay me down to sleep. I pray  
the lord my soul to keep. If I die  
before I wake, I pray the lord my  
soul to take.

**EXT. RIVER - DAY**

the  
feet  
Stands With A Fist is still in shock. The drumming in  
village is very loud now. She rises unsteadily to her  
and starts back to camp.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK - NIGHT**

hear a  
The moon is full. As we look down on the fort we can  
new sound coming off the prairie. A light rumbling.

**INT. QUARTERS - NIGHT**

rumbling  
lights the  
Lieutenant Dunbar is asleep in the moonlight. The  
is getting louder. It wakes him. He gropes about,  
lantern and listens to the strange, powerful sound.

from  
Something's in the air. He holds the lantern toward the  
ceiling. Particles of dirt and dust are being shaken  
the roof. It's the earth that's trembling.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK - NIGHT**

bluff  
The  
of  
Dressed in only pants and boots, Dunbar walks along the  
above the river, his lantern held out in front of him.  
sound is tremendous now. Dunbar stops as a great wall  
dust rises before him.

the  
At the same time, he realizes something is alive behind  
wall of dust, he recognizes the sound... the sound of  
thousands of hoofbeats.

darting  
force  
He sees one veer out. And now another. And another,  
briefly from the great cloud of dust. The most powerful

on

on the prairie now seems like the most powerful force  
earth as it thunders by.

The buffalo.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT**

Dunbar and Cisco are running flat out in the moonlight.

**EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - NIGHT**

the far

The village is coming up. A great fire is blazing at  
end. Horse and rider speed past the first lodge.

gallops

trying

word

It's an important mission for the lieutenant. As he  
through the village, he says one word over and over,  
to remember the correct pronunciation. It's the Sioux  
for buffalo.

**EXT. FIRE - NIGHT**

center

dancing.

doesn't

charge

Everyone has gathered around the great blaze. In the  
of the circle close to the fire, the buffalo men are  
Others are dancing too. The music is very loud.

The little buckskin is out of his head with speed. He  
answer the bit when Dunbar first tries to pull him up.  
People scatter in all directions, as Dunbar and Cisco  
into their midst.

sits

stay on

onto his

Dunbar pulls back with all his might, and the buckskin  
down. He's wet from his long ride, and Dunbar can't  
his back. As Cisco rears, he slides off and tumbles  
back.

the

warriors

Angry warriors pile on top of him. Dunbar shouts out  
word for buffalo, yelling it over and over as the

pummel him.

deal the  
dust.  
strength, he

So many men have rushed into the fray that none can

lieutenant a decisive blow. They roll about in the

Just as Dunbar's cries have begun to lose their

feels a sudden lessening of the weight upon him.

His

As the men pile off, Dunbar is left flat on his back.

lip is split and blood is streaming from his nose.

covered

He's looking into a familiar face. The man's head is

Bird.

with the full skin and feathers of an eagle. Kicking

**DUNBAR**

Buffalo...

brings his

Kicking Bird doesn't understand or can't hear. He

face close to Dunbar's.

**DUNBAR**

Buffalo...

(making horns with  
his fingers)

Buffalo.

**KICKING BIRD**

Buffalo?

**DUNBAR**

Yes. Buffalo.

Kicking Bird raises up and yells it out to his people.

**KICKING BIRD**

The buffalo have come.

the

For a fleeting moment there is shocked silence. Then

Sioux explode with excitement.

are

Still dazed, Dunbar is pulled to his feet. The people

surging in around him with yelps of joy.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

tremendous  
side to

A wide stretch of prairie, falling away to nothing.  
The buffalo have left a trail in the form of a  
swath of torn-up ground, several hundred yards from  
side.

column.  
by  
His  
Behind  
is

Indians on horseback move into the picture.  
Most of Ten Bears' camp is moving out in a long, noisy  
Spirits are high. First come the lead scouts, followed  
Ten Bears and his advisors, Kicking Bird and Wind In  
Hair among them. A large body of warriors come next.  
Behind these men are the women, children and elderly. Dunbar  
is riding at the head of the last group.

People  
dried

The attitudes of the people have changed significantly.  
People who catch his eye are openly smiling at the lieutenant.  
An old woman comes alongside and offers him a piece of  
dried meat, patting his hand as he takes it.

Here comes Smiles A Lot, Worm and Otter, all on ponies,  
galloping up beside him. They want to play.

**SMILES A LOT**

Loo ten tant...

lieutenant

He motions for Dunbar to break ranks and while the  
lieutenant is puzzling this out, a chorus of cries comes from the  
column's front.

Three far-ranging scouts are coming in at a run.

**EXT. COLUMN - DAY**

report.  
important

The scouts pull up in front of Ten Bears to make their  
report. There's no way to know what's going on but something  
important is happening.

to the  
shirts  
In  
column

Wind In His Hair suddenly breaks ranks and rides back  
main body of warriors. A dozen warriors strip off their  
and leggings. They're ready in moments. Then, with Wind  
His Hair leading them, the party breaks away from the  
and rides east at a gallop.

The column resumes its southward march.

**EXT. COLUMN - DAY**

The day has grown hot as the column continues its march  
through changing terrain.

monstrous.  
With  
interest.

Dunbar is suffering some. The heat and dust are  
At the moment however, he's most concerned with Stands  
A Fist. She's riding closeby and he watches her with

quickly  
has

It's easier to see now that she was once white.  
Suddenly she looks in his direction. The lieutenant  
tips his hat, but she turns her shy eyes away before he  
finished the motion.

out

Kicking Bird is riding down the line. The medicine man  
gestures Dunbar forward and the lieutenant guides Cisco  
of line.

the

Through her tangled hair, Stands With A Fist watches  
soldier and the medicine man ride up the line.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

flank of

Dunbar and Kicking Bird are riding together at the  
Ten Bears' entourage.

strange  
up

Far in the distance, the lieutenant sees something  
on the prairie... pink bumps are dotting the landscape  
ahead. And black specks are moving about on the bumps.

**EXT. KILLING GROUND - DAY**

of a  
has  
in  
Beneath droves of scavenging black birds lies the body  
buffalo. His hide has been peeled off and his tongue  
been cut out. The rest of his body has been left to rot  
the sun.

through  
five  
stripped  
The column, so noisy and happy before, winds its way  
the killing ground in silence. There must be twenty-  
buffalo like the one we saw close up, all of them  
and rotting.

medicine  
Dunbar  
killing  
Dunbar looks queasy. The lieutenant glances at the  
man riding next to him. Kicking Bird looks sick too.  
looks away. The entire column is stretched along the  
ground, looking.

new  
And  
wagon  
A naked cow, covered with birds, lies on her side. Her  
born calf, doomed to death, cries for his dead mother.  
next to the calf, Dunbar sees something else. He sees  
tracks and the booted footprints of white men.

**EXT. KILLING GROUND - DAY**

deeper  
The column is clear of the killing ground and heading  
into the prairie. They have left everything untouched.

**EXT. TEMPORARY CAMP - DAY**

With A  
Lieutenant  
perhaps  
While Kicking Bird's lodge rises behind her, Stands  
Fist digs out a firepit. She looks up from her work.  
Watching bashfully from several yards away is  
Dunbar. Now that she has seen him he starts forward,  
to try some more talk.

**KICKING BIRD (O.S.)**

Loo ten tant...

just  
gathered  
that  
Dunbar turns to find Kicking Bird sitting on a pony  
behind him. Two dozen mounted BUFFALO SCOUTS are  
around him. Kicking Bird points at Cisco, indicating  
Dunbar should join them.

away  
Tipping his hat to Stands With A Fist, Dunbar hustles  
to his horse.

bothering  
temporary  
hands... the  
Stands With A Fist faces the pit she's digging, not  
to look up as hoofbeats drum their way out of the  
camp. She seems to have lost herself in her own  
hands that are digging out the soft prairie earth.

there  
smiling  
There is crying but when Stands With A Fist looks up  
is just one of Kicking Bird's children standing there  
at her. She goes back to her digging.

**INT. HOLE - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

move.  
The first light streaks through the burrow entrance.  
Christine is exerting herself mightily in an effort to  
But she can't and again she begins to cry.

And a  
foe.  
More sounds from down below in the canyon. Hoofbeats.  
whinny or two. No way to tell whether this is friend or  
But she can't stay in the burrow.

**CHRISTINE**

Help...

She listens. The hoofbeats are gone.

**CHRISTINE**

(louder)

Help me...

(screaming)  
Please... I need to get out.

Someone is coming up the slope.

burrow  
The  
BIRD.

A moment later, hands are clawing at the walls of the  
and she is looking into three, surprised Sioux faces.  
face in the center is recognizable. A YOUNGER KICKING

**EXT. BUFFALO DRAW - DUSK**

base

Two dozen riderless Indian ponies are tethered at the  
of the draw.

**EXT. BUFFALO DRAW - DUSK**

Lieutenant  
reach

With Kicking Bird and the other buffalo scouts,  
Dunbar is sneaking up one side of the draw. They all  
the summit together and peer over.

They are there by the thousands, grazing quietly in the  
twilight. The buffalo.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT**

to  
covered  
big

The buffalo scouts, Dunbar included, are galloping back  
the temporary camp. It looms ahead of them, the hide-  
lodges glowing like candles in the last light of day. A  
fire is blazing in the center of camp.

camp.  
looks

Dunbar hangs back as the other riders go into the noisy  
A special event of some kind is taking place. As he  
this scene over, Dunbar sees something remarkable.

Back in the shadows, behind the fire, is a wagon.

the  
people

Dunbar and Cisco pace back and forth on the fringes of  
camp. The lieutenant searches for any sign of the white

the  
who came in the wagon, but finding none, he focuses on  
dancers moving in a circle around the big fire.

Dunbar's  
people.  
scalp,  
too.  
One of the men waving his lance is Wind In His Hair.  
eyes track up the lance and there he finds the white  
Hanging from Wind In His Hair's lance tip is a fresh  
blonde and wavy. Several of the other men have scalps  
None of the hair is Indian.

fresh  
come  
and  
Dunbar can see into the wagonbed now. A couple of dozen  
buffalo hides are stacked in the wagonbed. It's all  
clear. The white men who killed the buffalo for hides  
tongues have themselves been killed.  
Dunbar slowly retreats into the shadows.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT**

camp  
his  
Cisco has been hobbled nearby, and with the temporary  
glowing on the plains a half-mile away, Dunbar spreads  
blanket on the open plain.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAWN**

A  
shape.  
blanket.  
A huddled body lies covered by the army issue blanket.  
moccasined foot comes into view and prods the blanketed  
Lieutenant Dunbar's waking face pops out of the

but  
downward,  
Standing over him is Wind In His Hair, stripped of all  
his breechclout. The barrel of his rifle is hanging  
swaying in front of the lieutenant's face.

have run  
out.  
It is occurring to the lieutenant that his time may

sights  
recoil.

The warrior swings his rifle into a shooting position,  
after some imaginary game and imitates the rifle's

He stares down at Dunbar with a smile, lifts his rifle  
overhead and barks out a cry of victory.

**EXT. TEMPORARY CAMP - DAY**

ready  
more

The band's best hunters, two dozen of them, are making  
to chase the buffalo. It's the big time, no event is  
important. The villagers -- mostly women, children, and  
elderly -- have gathered around each of the hunters.

Dunbar  
Great  
Right  
Cisco's

The largest audience has gathered around Lieutenant  
and Wind In His Hair. Wind In His Hair's pony is ready.  
bolts of yellow lightning adorn his shoulders and rump.  
now the warrior is drawing the same design along  
rump.

by  
Dunbar

Dunbar reads this correctly as a great honor and stands  
silently. Wind In His Hair is finished. He looks at  
and nods at the paint as if asking for a response.

**DUNBAR**

I wish I knew what to say.

circle

A Sioux voice, using english words, sails out of the  
of watchers.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

Say... thank you.

Startled the men turn to the sound. The other Sioux are  
stunned too.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

(indicating the paint)

His speed... his power... you have.

**DUNBAR**

Thank you.

He takes the warrior's hand in his own and shakes it  
crisply.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

They're  
animals  
others  
He  
his  
It's the first time we've seen the buffalo up close.  
fantastic creatures, powerful, brutish, untameable  
from another age. A great bull turns away from the  
and lifts his purple, horned head to sniff the breeze.  
can detect no sign of trouble and eventually returns to  
browsing.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

out  
motion.  
The hunters are advancing across the prairie, spreading  
in a formation that will encircle part of the herd.  
The lightning bolts on Wind In His Hair's pony are in  
Cisco's bolts are moving too.

what  
to --  
Kicking  
back.  
There's a lump in Dunbar's throat. He knows nothing of  
is expected of him but he's doing it anyway. He glances  
his right at Wind In His Hair and to his left at  
Bird. They're both concentrated on what lies ahead.  
From the corner of his eye, he sees Kicking Bird look  
The lieutenant looks too.

hunters  
them as  
Smiles A  
Lot.  
It's a minor flap. Three or four youngsters, eager to  
distinguish themselves have trailed too close to the  
and are being turned back. Dunbar recognizes one of  
the boy who took charge of Cisco at the village...

front.  
Like Kicking Bird, Dunbar swings his face back to the

the They're close enough now to hear the low bellowing of  
herd.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

leap A strike far up on the horned formation. Their ponies  
forward. The mad dash is on.

lieutenant Dunbar's hat flies off at first spurt and now the  
and his horse are hurling over the prairie. The little  
buckskin seems to know what is expected of him and has  
put every ounce of his muscle to speed. They're burning up  
the ground.

to When Dunbar looks back over his shoulder, he's shocked  
far find that the best buffalo ponies the Sioux's have are  
behind. He and Cisco are on their own.

stampede The herd is in full flight and the sound of their  
running is overwhelming. The buffalo are very fast but Cisco is  
and gaining with every stride. They've formed a great  
wall in front of him and now Dunbar can see their rumps  
tails and flying hooves.

eyes as Dunbar takes a solid grip on his rifle and shuts his  
deafening. if in prayer. The sound of thousands of hooves is

strides Dunbar and Cisco have caught the buffalo. A few more  
and they'll be in.

head Dunbar and Cisco are running with the buffalo. A shaggy  
too moves in and swipes at Cisco, but the little horse is  
quick and too smart. He dodges away, nearly dumping the  
lieutenant in the process.

Dunbar rights himself and fires. It's a wild shot, only  
grazing the buffalo's shoulder. The report of the gun

swirling

instantly scatters the herd and Dunbar pulls up, dust all around him.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

zeroing

Sioux hunters stream past him, every man for himself in on targets.

him.

Dunbar starts to dismount but something he sees stops

of

A hundred yards away a small hunter is after a handful of buffalo who have splintered off from the rest. It's Smiles A Lot, trying to make a kill of his own. As Dunbar watches, the boy's inexperienced horse shies away and bucks, pitching the kid to the ground.

his

A big bull breaks away from the splinter group, lowers head and charges.

from his

Dunbar kicks Cisco into a run, spits a spare bullet mouth and rams it into the chamber.

bull is

Smiles A Lot is picking himself off the ground. The bull is in full charge.

the

Dunbar is riding with his knees. Both hands are holding rifle. He'll never make it to the boy in time. He's got to make the shot. He squeezes the trigger.

big

The bullet plows home, exploding the bull's heart. The buffalo's legs collapse but the momentum of his charge puts him into a skid. He comes to rest only a few yards away from Smiles A Lot.

is

The boy stands as the lieutenant rides up. Smiles A Lot is dazed but he's okay.

one, a few he Dunbar hops off next to the dead buffalo. He's a huge real grandfather and the lieutenant loses himself for a moments in contemplation of this tremendous kill. Now looks back to check the boy.

Smiles A Lot has caught his pony and is racing away from the scene of his humiliation.

The sounds of approaching riders turns Dunbar's attention in a different direction.

The entire village is streaming onto the plains for the butchering.

In His Hair. The riders bearing down on him are being lead by Wind Hair.

broadly, Wind In His Hair jumps off his pony and, smiling slaps Dunbar's back with a good-natured blow of congratulations.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

kneeling finds The buffalo has been split open and Wind In His Hair, at the bull's side, is feeling around in the cavity. He what he's looking for and gives it a jerk.

to idea, It's the liver, still warm and steaming. He offers it Dunbar but the lieutenant, not having the faintest only looks at it blankly.

A sizable crowd has gathered to watch this ritual.

and the what Wind In His Hair sticks the fresh liver in his mouth happily bites off a chunk, letting the juices run from edges of his mouth. Now he figures the lieutenant knows to do, and hands the liver back to him.

of so Dunbar doesn't want to do this, but with the pressure many eyes and so much good will, he has little choice. Tentatively, he bites off a small piece and chews it thoughtfully. It's good.

bite. Encouraged by this good taste, Dunbar takes a man-sized the Shrill Sioux voices rise all around him as they cheer his lieutenant. Dunbar holds the liver triumphantly over head.

**EXT. KILLING GROUND - DAY**

buffalo. Little butchering parties cluster around each fallen

**EXT. TEMPORARY CAMP - NIGHT**

Flame begins to lick at each of the bodies and we match dissolve -- the clusters of people have become groups surrounding fires at the temporary camp.

**EXT. FEASTING FIRE - NIGHT**

feasting on All over camp people are crowding around fires, are fresh meat. Children are playing everywhere, the dogs people having a field day with scraps and the voices of the are happy.

In At a little distance, we see Lieutenant Dunbar and Wind They His Hair excusing themselves from one of the fires. bone start toward us. Wind In His Hair is sucking on a rib celebrating. and seems to show no sign of slowing down his story. Dunbar, following a couple paces behind, is a different sized He's had it. He spreads his hands to indicate an over-belly.

**DUNBAR**

Look I'm full... I can't tell the

story again.

Wind In His Hair doesn't seem to hear. He points at the epaulettes on Dunbar's tunic.

**DUNBAR**

Go ahead.

lieutenant's  
The  
Wind In His Hair reaches out and fingers the gold bars. He fingers a couple of the brass buttons as well. The tunic is something he obviously puts much store in.

**DUNBAR**

(signing)

You want to try... put it on.

He unbuttons the tunic.

**DUNBAR**

Here.

Hair  
tunic.  
those  
He  
He sloughs off the tunic and hands it over. Wind In His Hair slips out of the magnificent bone-pipe breastplate he's wearing and gives it to Dunbar as he wriggles into the tunic. The fit is too tight, the material too scratchy but those things are of little consequence to Wind In His Hair. He loves the tunic.

His  
Hair helps him with the ties. With urging signs he asks the lieutenant to put on the breastplate. Dunbar slips it over his head and Wind In

breastplate  
over the  
looks  
Now it's the lieutenant's turn to be amazed. The as craftsmanship at its finest. He runs his fingers over the ridges of bone now covering him from neck to waist. He looks up at Wind In His Hair.

been  
The warrior nods approvingly, as though a good deal has struck.

**DUNBAR**

This is too much... I can't take  
this...

But for Wind In His Hair it is already a trade.

toward

Wind In His Hair spots the next fireside and veers  
it. Dunbar holds him back.

**DUNBAR**

I can't... No more...

Wind In His Hair grins. He holds up a single finger.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

One more... eat...

**DUNBAR**

I can't, I'm full... very full...

Still holding up the finger, he guides Dunbar into the  
firelight of the next party.

Women

Immediately, men jump up to greet the celebrities.  
begin to saw off more meat.

**EXT. FEASTING FIRE - NIGHT**

faces

As Dunbar gnaws on a rib, he glances at the friendly  
around the fire. His eyes suddenly stop their roving.

the

A BIG WARRIOR is wearing the military hat he lost on  
hunt. It's a little too big. The brim touches the top  
big warrior's ears.

of the

him.

Now the Big Warrior notices that Dunbar is staring at  
Their eyes meet.

**DUNBAR**

That's my hat.

the

At the sound of these words the cheerful talk around  
fire begins to fade.

hat.

Dunbar touches the top of his head and points to his

**DUNBAR**

My hat.

**BIG WARRIOR**

I found it on the prairie. It's mine.

speaks. A silence falls between the two men. wind In His Hair

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

That hat belongs to my friend here.

**BIG WARRIOR**

He left it on the prairie. He didn't want it.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

You can see that he wants it now.

The Big Warrior shakes his head. He won't budge.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

We all know that is a soldier hat. We all know who wears it. If you want to keep it that's alright. But give something for it.

Big Warrior thinks for a moment then abruptly gets to his feet.

beautiful He looks at his waist and unfastens a knife in a worked scabbard. He tosses it across to Dunbar.

looks his trade. The lieutenant examines the trade item a moment. Now he back at the big warrior. A smile breaks slowly across face and Dunbar nods. At last he smiles back. It's a

it And at that, the cheerful voices around the fire are at again.

light Dunbar takes his new knife out and as he watches the flicker off the blade a voice comes into his ear.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

(pointing to his head)

Good trade.

Dunbar looks into his smiling face. He laughs.

**DUNBAR**

Yes, it's good. But, I have to sleep.

He excuses himself and walks away from the light of the  
fire,  
his  
finds himself alone in the shadows, still marveling at  
breastplate.

**EXT. TEMPORARY CAMP - NIGHT**

Wind In His Hair finishes sucking on the rib bone and  
tosses  
walking  
His  
it to a dog that's been trailing him. Kicking Bird is  
toward him. He notices the new tunic and gives wind In  
Hair a dubious look.

**KICKING BIRD**

Where is loo ten tant?

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

I ate him.

Kicking Bird reaches out and feels the strange material  
on  
either side of Wind In His Hair's chest.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

I traded for it.

**KICKING BIRD**

Does it scratch the skin?

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

A little. But do you see how good it  
looks. Everyone says it looks good.  
Everyone.

**EXT. TEMPORARY CAMP - NIGHT**

Dunbar keeps to the shadows as he makes his way through  
camp.  
Now he slows his step.

There's  
feminine.

Light from another fire is spilling into his path.  
music too. And singing. The voices are high and

hearted.

Dunbar peers around a lodge. A group of young women are  
dancing in a clockwise circle. Their steps are light-  
This is dancing purely for the fun of it.

lodge  
tant's"  
along  
as he

One of the young women spots him standing behind the  
and there's a wave of shy giggling as news of "loo ten  
presence is passed along. Embarrassed, Dunbar starts  
the fringe of the fires, nodding politely to the women  
goes.

takes  
Whatever  
insistent

One has more courage than the others. She breaks out,  
his hand and steers him gently into the dance circle.  
resistance he might have is buried by the girl's  
encouragement. She keeps showing him the step and the  
lieutenant tries to pick it up.

Awkward  
order,  
himself.

The movement is simple and the music is mesmerizing.  
at first, Dunbar quickly gets the hang of it. In short  
he's keeping up with the others. And he's enjoying

along  
that  
devil

Soon he has relaxed enough to shut his eyes, carried  
by the eternal sound of the drums. He doesn't notice  
the circle has begun to shrink. There is a touch of the  
in their eyes.

him.  
pleasant  
then all

He bumps into somebody and the woman behind bumps into  
But the girls just laugh and so does Dunbar. It was a  
accident. But quickly there's another accident. And  
their bodies are squeezing against his. The girls are

him murmuring good things to him. Their hands are touching everywhere.

The It's okay with Dunbar. Everybody's having a good time. away drumming suddenly stops however, and the women scatter Bird from the fire, leaving Dunbar suddenly alone. Kicking is standing not far off.

**DUNBAR**

They asked me to dance...

The medicine man says nothing.

**DUNBAR**

I was just dancing...

Finally, The lieutenant does a step or two, trying to explain. that strange half-smile appears on Kicking Bird's face.

**EXT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - NIGHT**

the Stands With A Fist has been watching everything from tipi flap. Now she ducks back inside.

**INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - NIGHT**

Dunbar The fire is still burning in the center of the lodge. is sleeping soundly.

There's It's not a moment later that we hear the soft sounds of mumbling somewhere in the lodge. Then it's quiet.

that mumbling again. And now a woman's giggle.

looks Dunbar stirs, waking and curious, sits up a little and across the fire. There is movement on Kicking Bird's platform.

view The medicine man's head and that of his wife come into shadow. for a second or two before they sink back down into

forceful. The movements and sound that follow become more

They're having sex.

happen  
children,  
Fist's  
Embarrassed, the lieutenant averts his eyes, they  
over the forms of Kicking Bird's deeply sleeping  
the low-burning fire, and settle on Stands With A  
back.

over  
smiling  
Lieutenant Dunbar, the sounds of lovemaking floating  
him, peers again in that direction only to meet the  
eyes of Kicking Bird and his wife.

He  
doesn't  
Embarrassed again, he stares open-eyed at the ceiling.  
looks like a man who knows something is happening but  
know what it is.

move.  
Stands With A Fist's eyes are open too. She doesn't

**EXT. VILLAGE - DAWN**

eastern  
horizon.  
The faintest seam of light is starting to glow on the

**EXT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAWN**

direction.  
His feet leave a trail in the wet grass.  
The camera pans off the tipi to the eastern horizon.  
It's the pony herd. And Dunbar is walking in that

their  
heads and prick their ears at Dunbar's approach.

he  
stops and gives a long whistle.  
Dunbar walks to the edge of this great sea of horses,

pony.  
other.  
herd.  
A figure, previously unseen, sits up on the back of a  
It's Smiles A Lot. He and Dunbar glance blankly at each  
But in a moment, both are distracted by movement in the

who is  
reunited

Horses are being gently eased out of the way by Cisco answering Dunbar's call. A moment later and they are at the edge of the herd.

him  
come  
take

Grasping a hunk of Cisco's mane, Dunbar starts to lead back to the village. The temporary camp is starting to take life. And with Cisco at his side, Dunbar pauses to take in the scene.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK - DUSK**

join  
camp.  
gives a

An escort of six warriors is galloping up the bluff to join the rest of the column as they make their way back to camp. Dunbar looks on, a travois of meat next to him and gives a last wave.

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

To stay any longer would've been useless. We had all the meat we could possibly carry. We had hunted for three days, losing half a dozen ponies and only three men injured. Many times I have felt alone but until this afternoon, I have never felt completely lonely.

**INT. QUARTERS - DAY**

resemblance

The person we see from the waist up bears little resemblance to the Lieutenant Dunbar we've known.

His

His long hair hides his face on his slightly bent head. His skin is not so white anymore, and the great bone-pipe breastplate covers his torso.

action. It  
to

Dunbar starts to write and stops, he repeats this action. It is clear that as Lieutenant Dunbar, he can find nothing to say. He lays the pen down momentarily.

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

Made a long patrol today. There is nothing to report. The truth is I am bored.

paws.  
flour  
Watching  
with

There is the scurry of movement and the scratch of tiny  
His eyes roam to the place in the corner where sacks of  
and hard biscuits and other provisions are stored.  
the sacks more closely, he sees that they are infested  
mice.

the old  
And

Restlessly, he walks to the doorway, gazing out onto  
fort. The awning is beginning to tear at the corner.  
then he spots something.

**EXT. QUARTERS - DAY**

quarters.  
and  
blood  
eyes

A large prairie chicken is lying in front of the  
Dunbar squats next to it. It's neck carries punctures,  
when he dabs a finger on the wounds, he finds that the  
is still wet. The lieutenant rises slowly, his sharp  
sweeping the fort.

He's waiting patiently in his usual spot on the bluff overlooking the river. Two Socks.

friend,  
that

Dunbar smiles and shakes his head. Watching his old  
he picks up the bird and begins to pluck with an ease  
suggests he's had some experience.

**EXT. QUARTERS - NIGHT**

still on  
carcass  
his

Dunbar is gnawing happily at the last of the bird,  
its skewer. After a couple of bites, he slips the  
off the stick and chucks it out to Two Socks. He licks  
fingers and gazes out into the night.

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

Though only two days it seems like a week. I am missing the company of my new friends. I can see all of their faces, but somehow it is not enough. Tomorrow, I will make an unannounced visit. After all, they are my neighbors, what can it hurt?

**EXT. BLUFF - NIGHT**

shadows.  
Two Socks has taken his dinner and retreated to the  
to  
He munches contentedly until a strange sound jolts him  
attention.

the  
At the fort is an odd sight. Dunbar is dancing around  
fire, occasionally singing out an energetic whoop.

of  
Two Socks is caught up in the scene and lets out a howl  
his own. It could be the stone age.

**EXT. BLUFF - NIGHT**

strange  
The silhouettes of three Indians are watching the  
Down  
performance below. One of them is Wind In His Hair.  
below Dunbar continues to dance.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

pretty  
nothing.  
the  
There is nothing for miles.  
Cisco and Dunbar are walking toward us. His boots are  
worn and his striped trousers have faded to almost  
The breastplate shines in the sun. His rifle lies in  
crook of his arm, Indian style.

Dunbar twists around on Cisco and looks back across the prairie. He calls out.

**DUNBAR**

Go home.

then  
Dunbar watches a moment to see if he's done any good,  
turns forward with a sour look.

**DUNBAR**

Damn him.

borders  
Socks is  
Dunbar.  
Dunbar makes his way through a small, grassy valley  
by rolling slopes. He looks across the prairie. Two  
about fifty yards out, trotting parallel to Cisco and

Socks  
Exasperated Dunbar pulls Cisco up and slides off. Two  
sits, waiting and watching.

**EXT. BLUFF - DAY**

is  
within  
stamps a  
Far down in the valley the figure of Lieutenant Dunbar  
striding through the grass. He looks angry. When he's  
a few feet of Two Socks, Dunbar waves his arms and  
foot Two Socks scurries to one side but doesn't go far.

**DUNBAR**

C'mon Two Socks... you can't go...  
so go home.

few  
Dunbar repeats his shooing motion and the wolf hops a  
feet.

**DUNBAR**

Alright then, don't go home. But  
stay... stay right here.

mournful  
is  
for  
Dunbar turns away and as he does a long, low and  
howl swells behind him. He looks back. Two Socks muzzle  
high in the air and one eye is trained on Dunbar hoping  
a good reaction.

Two  
Sock with a roar.  
Like an angry father who's had too much, Dunbar charges

**DUNBAR**

You go home.

The wolf races away this time and Dunbar immediately runs for Cisco, hoping to reach his horse and ditch Two Socks. But he's running long before the wolf comes bouncing alongside. Dunbar weaves out at him, startling Two Socks. He sidles away but as he does the lieutenant reaches out and gives the base of his tail a good hard squeeze. It might as well be a firecracker. Tow Socks gives a yelp and shoots off with his tail tucked. Dunbar laughs out loud. He watches until the wolf has gone a fair distance without sign of slowing down. Then still chuckling to himself, he turns once again and starts for Cisco at a trot. But moments later, something grabs at one of his ankles, the lieutenant's legs tangle and he goes down face first into the grass. Dunbar's lying on his belly. Not knowing what hit him, he rolls onto his side for a closer look. There's Two Socks, sitting in the grass a few feet back. Dunbar sits up cross-legged and smiles at his old friend. Two Socks catches something suddenly, perhaps from a shift in the wind, and starts to slink away. Dunbar peers over the grass up at the bluff. It's Stone Calf, Kicking Bird and Wind In His Hair.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

The Indian entourage is riding slowly toward Lieutenant Dunbar. Stone Calf is at Kicking Bird's side.

**STONE CALF**

You were right about loo ten tant --  
he is a special white man.

Kicking Bird watches Dunbar as he replies.

**KICKING BIRD**

Yes, he is special... he should have  
a real name.

**EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - DAY**

the  
Lieutenant Dunbar's arrival this day is different from  
ones which have gone before.

him,  
friend.  
shake  
Young mounted warriors have ridden out to swarm around  
but they're full of good cheer reserved for a special  
There's much backslapping and a few of them lean in to  
hands as they have seen him do.

their  
friendly.  
look of  
parade  
But some of the men have chosen to remain in front of  
lodges. Their expressionless faces anything but  
None of this is lost on Wind In His Hair. He has the  
a secret service man watching a president, as the  
moves through the village.

**EXT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY**

A  
There's  
Kicking  
with  
between  
gives  
The escorts dismount and so does the lieutenant. Smiles  
Lot suddenly comes forward and grasps Cisco's reins.  
a brief tug of war. But before it gets out of hand,  
Bird is reassuring Dunbar with calm words and a smile,  
the lieutenant watching, the boy takes Cisco's muzzle  
his hands and blows breath into each nostril. He too  
Dunbar a reassuring smile.

gently  
In the next moment, the lieutenant finds himself being  
pushed into Kicking Bird's lodge.

on  
is  
As Kicking Bird is about to duck in behind him, a hand  
his arm stops him. It is Wind In His Hair and his tone  
strong with friendly advice.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

Not everyone thinks it is a good  
idea that he is here.

**KICKING BIRD**

I know.

about.  
Wind In His Hair turns to the people that have gathered

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

Kicking Bird has business with the  
white man. Let him do it.

**INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY**

being  
Kicking Bird's pipe is a beautiful piece of work. It's  
smoked.

to  
something  
Kicking Bird puffs away a few times and hands the pipe  
Dunbar. The lieutenant, aware that the pipe is  
special, handles it with care.

mouth  
of  
He looks to Kicking Bird for guidance as he puts his  
to the tip. The medicine man reassures him with a wave  
the hand and Dunbar begins to puff.

smokes  
Dunbar coughs lightly at the harsh tobacco but he  
well, watching the bowl pulse with life at each puff.

pipe  
He stops now and lowers the pipe. He stares down. The  
seems almost alive as it lays in his hands.

it he  
Dunbar hands the pipe back, and as Kicking Bird takes  
hears the light tinkling of bells.

shadow

Dunbar hears it too. As he looks toward the sound, a  
falls across the arbor's entrance.

**KICKING BIRD**

We were waiting for you.

and

Stands With A Fist ducks through the arbor's entrance  
seats herself between Dunbar and Kicking Bird.

one

her

are

bracelet.

the

Stands With A Fist is wearing a band of bells around  
ankle. She has a pair of simple but pretty moccasins on  
feet. Her dress is old but well-cared for. Animal teeth  
sewn along her bodice. On her wrist is a solid brass  
bracelet. Her hair is tied back loosely with a bret, accenting  
feminine in her face.

not

Her whiteness seems to show more than ever. But it is  
dominant. The Sioux is dominant.

**KICKING BIRD**

(to Dunbar)

Welcome. It is good that you are  
here.

time

Kicking Bird looks to Stands With A Fist. She takes her  
and the words are accented but they are close enough.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

Hullo. You here... good.

with

The words are sweet music to the lieutenant. He replies  
a feeling of great relief.

**DUNBAR**

Thank you... I feel good.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

(to Kicking Bird)

He thanks you. It is good.

**KICKING BIRD**

Ask him why he is at the soldier

fort.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

(to Dunbar)

Uhh... you... come...

waited

Dunbar jumps in. There are things he wants to know, has a long time to know.

**DUNBAR**

Wait... what is your name?

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

Our... names?

**KICKING BIRD**

What does he say?

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

He wants to know how we are called.

**KICKING BIRD**

Ahhh... He's right. I'm sorry.

quite

The medicine man nods agreeably. He smiles at Dunbar, right, introductions should come first.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

He... he... Kick...

**DUNBAR**

Kick?

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

More.

Dunbar

She kicks at the ground with the toe of her moccasin. doesn't get it. She kicks a little harder.

**DUNBAR**

Kicking?

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

Kicking... yes... Kicking... Bird.

**DUNBAR**

(to Kicking Bird)

Kicking Bird...

(to Stands With A

Fist)

What does he... is he a chief?

seconds

Stands With A Fist has the word but it takes a few  
to make it come out of her mouth.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

Hul... hal... ho-lee... holy... holy  
man.

**DUNBAR**

Oh...

(glancing at Kicking  
Bird)

Dunbar

A brief silence. Kicking Bird seems ready to speak but  
is too quick.

**DUNBAR**

(to Stands With A  
Fist)

Your name... you.

She thinks. It's hard. She smiles thinly.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

I don't know.

An idea comes to her. She stands up quickly.

**DUNBAR**

Up? Get up?

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

No.

She repeats the movement again.

**DUNBAR**

Stand.

Her smile is a little wider this time.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

Yes... Stands.

Dunbar starts to speak but she cuts him off.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

More...

(thinking)  
Wiff...  
(quickly)  
With.

She draw something in the dirt. It's an "A".

**DUNBAR**

Stands With A...

Now she makes a fist and holds it close to Dunbar's  
face.

**DUNBAR**

Fist?

She nods.

**DUNBAR**

Stands With A Fist. I'm John... John  
Dunbar.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

John Dunbar.

**DUNBAR**

Yes.

**EXT. VILLAGE - DAY**

Kicking Bird and Dunbar are strolling through camp  
engaged  
in a real conversation, Stands With A Fist is just  
behind  
them.

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

I try to answer all of Kicking Bird's  
questions but I know he is frustrated  
with me. He always wants to know how  
many more white people are coming. I  
tell him that it is impossible for  
me to say. When he persists I tell  
him that the white people will most  
likely pass through this country and  
nothing more.

Kicking Bird and Stands With A Fist are walking away  
from  
Dunbar, who takes a few steps in the opposite direction  
before

glances  
him.  
pausing. Toward the end of the following speech he  
back at them and Stands With A Fist glances back at

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

But I am speaking to him in half-truths. One day there will be too many, but I cannot bring myself to tell him that. I am sure that Stands With A Fist knows.

**INT. DUNBAR'S LODGE - NIGHT**

cleaning  
the big navy revolver.  
His surroundings are completely Indian, Dunbar is

**DUNBAR (V.O.)**

A war party is going against the Pawnee soon and I have asked to go. I sensed that I have made a mistake in doing so but I could not bring myself to take it back. They are my friends and from what little I gather the Pawnee have been very hard on these people. I hope I have not overstepped my bounds.

and  
The lodge flap rustles and in comes Stands With A Fist  
Kicking Bird. Dunbar stands to greet them.

**DUNBAR**

I'm glad to see you... please sit.

Kicking Bird speaks and Stands With A Fist translates.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

(translating)

Kicking Bird wants to know why you want to make war on the Pawnee. They have done nothing to you.

**DUNBAR**

They are Sioux enemies.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

(translating)

Only Sioux warriors will go.

**DUNBAR**

I asked that he would think about my going.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

He has.

**DUNBAR**

Then tell him this. I have been a warrior for longer than many of the young men that will go on this war party. Tell him.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

(translating)

He says that the Sioux way of being a warrior is not the white way. You are not ready.

**DUNBAR**

I know, I understand. But I cannot learn these ways in camp.

She translates this to Kicking Bird. The medicine man hesitates then speaks once more.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

He asks that you watch over his family while he is gone.

unable Dunbar looks to Kicking Bird then to Stands With A Fist to mask his disappointment.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

(on her own)

This thing he asks you... it is a great honor for you.

Kicking Dunbar thinks a moment longer and speaks directly to Bird.

**DUNBAR**

I will be happy to watch over your family.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

(translating)

He thanks Dances With Wolves for coming.

**DUNBAR**

Who is Dances With Wolves?

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

It is the name which everyone is calling you now.

He thinks and remembers the night with Two Socks.

**DUNBAR**

Dances With Wolves... that's right.  
(to Stands With A  
Fist)  
How do you say it?

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

(in Sioux)  
Dances With Wolves.

**DUNBAR**

(in Sioux to Kicking  
Bird)  
Dances With Wolves.

The medicine man smiles.

**EXT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAWN**

husband's  
Black Shawl is hurrying out of the lodge with her  
bow and arrows.

except  
A war party of twenty warriors is mounted and everyone  
sleeping children is out to say goodbye.

horse  
Kicking  
verge of  
Stands With A Fist is helping to load Kicking Bird's  
with last minute preparations. Out of the tipi comes  
Bird's eldest child. He is sleepy but almost on the  
tears as he knows what is happening.

father  
Kicking Bird picks up the boy. What is said is between  
and son. And it is just a look.

speak  
be no  
He hands the child to Stands With A Fist, and pauses to  
with his wife. She comes close to tears but there will

his crying. None from Kicking Bird either. He steps back to horse.

**KICKING BIRD**

(to Stands With A

Fist)

Keep on with the white man talk if it pleases you.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

I like to make the white man talk.

lodge. Dances With Wolves is standing alone in front of his

shakes Wind In His Hair is riding past. He reaches down and

Dances With Wolves' hand. The big warrior smiles.

eyes Dances With Wolves watches the warriors go by, but his

faces of begin to wander. He's looking for someone among the

the women. Who ever it is, he can't find her.

**INT. ARBOR - DAY**

fidgety. Dances With Wolves sits alone in the arbor. He's

been Now he hears a light tinkling of bells, the sounds he's waiting to hear.

Her feet appear in the doorway.

**STANDS WITH A FIST (O.S.)**

Dances With Wolves?

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

I'm here.

**EXT. VILLAGE - DAY**

through Dances with Wolves and Stands With A Fist are walking

other. the village, talking and pointing things out to each

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

(slowly in english)

Grass grows on the prairie.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

(not sure in Sioux)

Fire lives on the prairie.

Stands With A Fist chuckles but politely checks  
herself.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

Wrong.

She smiles and tries again.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

(in english)

That man is a fighter.

He really wants to get one right on the first try. His  
brows  
come together as he concentrates.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Again.

He listens hard.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

That man is a fighter.

Dances With Wolves thinks some more. When he speaks it  
is  
with quiet confidence.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

(in english)

Alright... I have it...

(in Sioux)

That man...

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

Yes...

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Is...

Dances With Wolves' eyes get big. He leans forward for  
emphasis his whole face lit with the joy of having the  
right  
answer.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

A... bone!

Stands With A Fist doubles up and falls onto her side, laughing all the way.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

A bone... right?

back  
that

Stands With A Fist doesn't really hear. She's rocking and forth on the floor of the arbor, laughing so hard her eyes are tearing.

Dances

Her laughter subsides to an occasional chuckle but With Wolves is quiet. He gazes at her face.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

What is the word for beautiful?

gaze.

Stands With A Fist hesitates in her answer, meeting his A little boy pokes his head in.

**LITTLE BOY**

What are you doing here?

to

The moment is broken. Stands With A Fist brings herself respond.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

It is hot. We are sitting in the shade.

trots in  
squirm

This makes so much sense to the little boy that he and flings himself on Stands With a Fist's lap. Then a or two.

**LITTLE BOY**

I'm hungry.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

Alright.

Dances  
Smiles

Stands With A Fist leads the little boy off to a lodge. With Wolves watches her walk away. From out of nowhere, A Lot appears. He's been milling about the arbor

smile. eavesdropping, and looks over to Dunbar with a teasing

**SMILES A LOT**

...a bone.

**INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - NIGHT**

bed, Black Shawl is settling the youngest children in for  
children. Stands With A Fist is playing with the oldest of the  
They're setting up a child's tipi.

**BLACK SHAWL**

How is Dances With Wolves?

Stands With A Fist stares straight ahead as if she were  
wondering the same thing. Which she was.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

What do you mean?

**BLACK SHAWL**

How is he learning?

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

He learns well... he is fast.

Case closed, she goes back to playing and Black Shawl  
continues putting the kids to bed.

did She looks again at Stands With A Fist wondering "what  
you think I meant?"

**EXT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY**

waiting for Dunbar is sitting on Cisco. It's plain he's been  
someone.

lugging Stands With A Fist pulls aside the lodge flap, she's  
a couple water bags.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

You go for water?

His Sioux is perfect, and she smiles.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

Yes.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Let us take you.

**EXT. RIVER TRAIL - DAY**

the  
Stands  
waist.

Cisco makes his way down the river trail, he shies at  
flurry of wings as a covey of quail fly up before them.  
With A Fist tightens her grip around Dances With Wolves

**EXT. RIVER - DAY**

bags.  
eddying

Stands With A Fist draws water into a set of bladder  
Dances With Wolves squats next to her, staring at the  
stream.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

How did you get your name?

the

Stands With A Fist smiles to herself as she fills up  
last of the bags.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

I was not very old when I came to be  
with the people... I was made to  
work.

Dances

She lugs the filled bags onto shore and sits next to  
With Wolves.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

I worked every day... very hard...  
there was a woman who didn't like  
me. She called me bad names...  
sometimes she beat me. One day she  
was calling me these bad names, her  
face in my face, and I hit her. I  
was not very big, but she fell down.  
She fell hard and didn't move. I  
stood over her with my fist and asked  
if any other woman wanted to call me  
bad names...

(laughing at the  
recollection)

No one bothered me after that day.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

I would not think so.

A little silence.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Show me where you hit her.

gently at  
They  
cold.

He taps his jaw. She makes a fist and brushes very the point of his jaw. Dances With Wolves' eyes flutter. roll up in his head and he keels over backward... out

lightly  
revives.

She goes with the joke. Bending over him she slaps at each side of his cheeks, until Dances With Wolves He sits up, rubbing his jaw.

awkwardness  
with  
draws

Neither one acknowledges the joke and, a sudden falls between them. Stands With A Fist fiddles shyly the ties on the water bags while Dances With Wolves lines in the earth with a stick.

question.

Finally he works up the courage to ask a delicate

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Why are you not married?

stops  
quickly

The question comes as a jolt to Stands With A Fist. She her fiddling. A visible stiffness overtakes her. She stands up.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

I must go.

knows  
the  
path.

Dances With Wolves doesn't know what to do. He only that he should not have asked the question. She slings heavy bags over her shoulders and starts back up the

Dances With Wolves jumps to his feet.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

I'm sorry. Let me help...

But the words are delivered to her back. She is already hurrying up the path with her heavy load.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

No.

She  
horses  
kicks violently at the nearest innocent bystander. The  
shy out of the way.

He's left alone at the waters edge, frustrated and  
confused.  
He watches her go for a moment. Then he lets the stick  
drop  
from his hand. He stares at it for a second then gives  
it a  
vicious little kick.

**INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY**

lodge,  
Stands With A Fist is sitting in the middle of the  
she starts when Black Shawl walks in.

**BLACK SHAWL**

You are not talking today?

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

No, I'm not.

Black Shawl gives her a deeper look, then lets it go.

**INT. ARBOR - DUSK**

the  
evening.  
The sun is setting and the village is settling in for

**INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - NIGHT**

stares-  
is  
Lying on his bed, Dances With Wolves looks sleepy as he  
across at the small fire. Even, in his drowsiness, it

certain  
easy to see he's concentrating... in this case on a  
someone.

**INT. ARBOR - DAY**

Again, Dances With Wolves is waiting. This time, not so  
patiently. He gives up and leaves in search of  
something.

**EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - DAY**

half-  
very  
gone  
Dances With Wolves is wandering through the village,  
heartedly looking for Stands With A Fist. The day is  
hot and the village is quiet. Most of the people have  
to shade.

A  
painting a  
He sees Stone Calf sitting in the shade behind a lodge.  
newly made shield hangs from a tripod and he is  
design on it.

**EXT. STONE CALF'S LODGE - DAY**

watching  
Dances With Wolves sits in the shade with Stone Calf,  
the older man paint.

**STONE CALF**

Some of your words are wrong... but  
you are learning fast. That is good.  
What can I tell you today?

has  
Dances With Wolves is a little taken aback. The elder  
read his mind. He decides to speak it.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

I want to know about Stands With A  
Fist.

gives his  
to  
For the first time, Stone Calf leaves his work. He  
visitor a quick and penetrating look. Then he goes back  
his shield.

**STONE CALF**

What is your question?

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

There is no man with her.

Stone Calf considers before he speaks. It is not something he wants to get into.

**STONE CALF**

She is in mourning.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

I do not understand "mourning".

**STONE CALF**

She is crying for someone.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Crying for who?

**STONE CALF**

It is not polite to speak of the dead... But I will tell you... you are new. She cries for her husband. He was killed not long ago.

The blood has gone out of Dances With Wolves' face. He tries to digest this.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

How long will she cry?

**STONE CALF**

It is Kicking Bird's place to say when she is finished.

**INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY**

Stands With A Fist kneels before Black Shawl, the older woman is combing out the tangles in her hair. Black Shawl senses a tension in the girl and gently tries to pry it out of her.

**BLACK SHAWL**

People are talking about you...

Stands With A Fist stiffens a bit.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

What are they saying?

**BLACK SHAWL**

They are proud of the medicine you  
are making with Dances With Wolves.

Stands With A Fist is quiet.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

I have hurt him and I must go talk  
to him.

**BLACK SHAWL**

You can't, he is gone.

- she  
With  
is  
betrayed

Stands With A Fist bolts up, racing to the lodge flap -  
pulls it aside and is stunned by the sight of Dances  
Wolves' abandoned lodge -- Cisco is nowhere to be seen.  
She turns away, tears coming to her eyes. Black Shawl  
beside her watching -- the girl's emotions have  
her.

child  
now."

Black Shawl takes the crying girl into her arms. A  
runs into the lodge but Black Shawl indicates "not

in his

The message is clearly understood, and the child digs  
heels and heads the other way.

**EXT. FORT - DAY**

that

The breeze is up and the remaining shreds of canvas  
were once the awning are flying like tattered flags.

will  
time.

Leading Cisco, Dances With Wolves walks into view. It  
be his last visit to his old home and he is taking his

is

He watches the blowing canvas. The sound of it snapping  
all that can be heard.

in, but  
gives

He steps over to the supply house. He starts to peer  
when he places a hand against the sod, part of the wall  
way.

**INT. QUARTERS - PAY**

still  
is  
smiling at

Part of the old bed has collapsed but some of it is  
strong enough for support and here Dances With Wolves  
sitting as he leafs through his beloved journal.  
He reads a little entry here and there, sometimes  
the memory.

Reaching  
letting

A few blank pages remain at the back of the book.  
these he closes the journal and holds it on his lap,  
his mind run for a moment.

and

Now he notices the old pen and ink. He picks them up  
opens the journal for one last entry.

himself

He writes: "I love Stands With A Fist" and signs  
"Dances With Wolves."

his  
moves

Something is moving outside and Dunbar stops, drawing  
gun out. He drops the book on the bed and carefully  
outside.

**EXT. QUARTERS - DAY**

up  
at

Lying in the sun a few feet away is Two Socks. He looks  
hopefully at Dances With Wolves. The two partners stare  
each other for a moment.

at  
close to

Then Dances With Wolves reaches into a little day pouch  
his side and pulls out a strip of jerky. He squats  
the ground and offers the meat to the wolf.

His  
and  
onto

Two Socks is up now. He takes several tentative steps.  
nose sniffs at the meat and he opens his mouth. Teeth  
fingers touch as the wolf takes the meat delicately.  
Now, in his customary style, he moves away, heading out  
the prairie with his prize.

vaults  
of

Dances With Wolves watches a moment longer. Then he  
onto Cisco's back and they canter off in the direction  
the village.

**EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY**

mind is

Stands With A Fist is wading through the water, her  
far away.

of  
to

In a moment there is a shift in the wind. The rustling  
the trees alerts her to a presence she had not thought  
feel before.

man

Gradually, she raises her eyes to see the figure of a  
moving through the trees... Dances With Wolves.

opens

Stands With A Fist walks slowly out of the water. He  
his arms and she melts into them, letting her head rest  
against his chest.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

I am in mourning.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

I know... Stone Calf told me.

him.

She presses her body full against his, feeling all of

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

No one can know... we must be careful.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Yes.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

We must be careful.

supporting  
willow

She climbs higher into his arms for a moment. Then,  
each other, the lovers move into the cover of the  
breaks along the river.

**EXT. RIVER PATH - DAY**

willows  
Wolves  
holding

The path leading to the river is deserted.  
Suddenly, a couple steps out of the cover of the  
alongside the path. Stands With A Fist and Dances With  
look up and down the path. They start for the village,  
hands.

few  
Dances

As they near the top of the trail their hands part. A  
steps later and someone calls from the bushes startling  
with Wolves.

**SMILES A LOT**

What are you doing?

is

Smiles A Lot, Worm and Otter are sitting pathside. Worm  
holding a sack.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Nothin'.

Smiles A Lot looks to Stands With A Fist.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

Nothin'.

the

Worm opens the sack. A large, wriggling snake lies in  
bottom.

**WORM**

We got a snake.

**OTTER**

We're gonna see if it can swim the  
river. You wanna come?

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Okay.

Stands  
down  
of

The two parties split up and everyone says goodbye to With A Fist. She makes her way up to the village. Dances With Wolves watches her go. Turning back to head to the river, he is greeted by the open hissing mouth of Worm's snake.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Don't do that!

Wolves  
curious,  
Wolves'  
his  
there  
Wolves.

Worm and Otter laugh and race off down the path. Smiles A Lot and Dances With Wolves follow, Dances With a little ahead. Something on his back, something has captured Smiles A Lot's attention. There's a strange coating of fuzz on Dances With back. Something occurs to Smiles A Lot. He stops and turns, eyes going up the trail. Stands With A Fist is walking toward the village, it's on her back too... cattail fuzz. Smiles A Lot laughs and runs to catch Dances With. The boy slaps Dunbar with a knowing pat and a big grin.

**INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - NIGHT**

pipe.  
overhead.  
comes

Dances with Wolves sits at his cozy fire, working on a pipe. He follows a low rumble of thunder as it rolls overhead. Thunder booms again and suddenly Stands With A Fist comes through the lodge flap.

at  
they  
of

Dances With Wolves comes to his feet. They stare across each other. Dances With Wolves walks slowly to her and embrace lightly. Stands With A Fist starts to slip out her dress.

**EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - NIGHT**

four  
dead. All

Indian riders are coming into camp. There are three or four of them. One man is slung over a pony's back. He's of the others are wounded.

**INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - NIGHT**

sex.  
more  
an

Dances With Wolves and Stands With A Fist are having sex. The sounds of their love-making are suddenly joined by more insistent sounds from outside. Urgent yelling. The lovers freeze. Stands With A Fist props herself on an elbow, listening.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

Trouble...

**EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - NIGHT**

scene  
real  
fire

Dances With Wolves hurries through a light rain to the scene of a commotion going on at Ten Bears' lodge. There's a real sense of panic in the air by the time he reaches the fire outside Ten Bears' lodge.

his  
injuries  
skull  
fro,

It's a wild scene. Ten Bears is trying to huddle with his advisors, the wounded men are trying to tend their injuries and the rest of the warriors in camp are holding little skull sessions amidst much shouting. Women are running to and fro, rounding up their children.

way

Dances With Wolves spots Stands With A Fist making her  
toward him. Her eyes are big with terror.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

Pawnee... a big party... thirty or  
forty men.

(indicating wounded)

The Kiowa hunters found them not far  
to the north. The Pawnee are coming  
his way. Soon they will find our  
camp.

him.

Stone Calf is just passing by. Dances With Wolves stops

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Stone Calf... I follow you.

The older man doesn't mince words.

**STONE CALF**

The Pawnee do not come for horses,  
they come for blood... and with many  
men gone, we are few.

Dances With Wolves nods.

**STONE CALF**

Get your weapons and come to my lodge.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

(to Dances With Wolves)

I will go.

behind

She rushes off and Dances With Wolves falls into step

revelation

Stone Calf. He hasn't gone two steps before a  
hits him.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Stone Calf... wait...

The older warrior faces him.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

I have guns... many far-shooting  
guns.

**EXT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - NIGHT**

and  
side,

Amid the pandemonium of the village, Dances With Wolves  
Ten Bears are talking. Stone Calf stands at Ten Bears'  
listening.

**TEN BEARS**

No, the ride is long... the weather  
is bad. We can spare no men.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Guns would make one warrior like  
two.

Stone

The idea intrigues Ten Bears. As he thinks, he looks to  
Calf. But the elder warrior says nothing.

**TEN BEARS**

Take one man and go quickly.

quick  
busy  
resolutely.  
Smiles A  
that he

Dances With Wolves turns away now, hoping to make a  
choice. But in their excitement all the warriors are  
running to and fro. Only one person is standing  
He is staring straight at Dances With Wolves. It is  
Lot, and from the look on his face it's easy to see  
wants to be chosen.

make

Dances With Wolves returns the boy's stare, trying to  
up his mind. He turns to Ten Bears.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

I will take Smiles A Lot.

Dances

Ten Bears looks briefly at Smiles A Lot. He too can see  
resolve in the boy's face. Now he looks once again at  
With Wolves. He nods.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT**

fork

Rain is pouring now. Thunder is still booming. A great  
of lightning illuminates the ruins of the old fort. And  
nearby, it reveals two riders out in the grass.

couple  
rain  
haystack.

Dances With Wolves and Smiles A Lot have brought a  
extra horses with travois, but is is dark and in the  
they've been reduced to looking for a needle in a

covers

Dances With Wolves' face is grim with frustration as it  
the ground at Cisco's feet.

Over  
sound

Smiles A Lot and his pony are walking the soggy ground.  
the tumult of the storm there is the faint but distinct  
of a "snap".

feet.  
over

He's staring curiously at the ground beneath his pony's  
Smiles a Lot jumps off and, going on all fours, he paws  
the ground.

face.  
gropes

His hand grasps something and he holds it up to his  
It's a sliver of bone shattered at one end. Quickly he  
some more and finds the other half. Together they are a  
buffalo rib.

**SMILES A LOT**

(shouting over the  
storm)

Dances With Wolves... Dances With  
Wolves.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT**

is

Frenzied hands claw away mud and sod. Something wooden  
uncovered; the lid of a rifle crate.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAWN**

the

The sky is still full of thunder and lightning but in  
breaking dawn the storm can be seen to be lifting.

finders

The village is just ahead down a long slope as the gun  
come into view.

Wolves A great bolt of lightning hits just as Dances With  
starts down the slope. He sees something.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Wait.

Smiles A Lot stops. Dances With Wolves squints into the  
feeble light. He can see the outline of the village below, but  
upriver the light is still too murky to make anything  
out.

Another bolt of lightning flashes. There they are. A  
long line of horsemen crossing river a mile or so upstream  
from the village. The Pawnee.

**EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - DAWN**

In front of Ten Bears' lodge, Dances With Wolves is  
passing out the last of the rifles. Warriors are grabbing  
handfuls of bullets out of an open ammo box.

Ten Bears is watching this procedure. And while he  
watches, he thinks.

The guns have been passed out and, except for a slight  
murmur among the warriors, it's strangely quiet. The band's  
best fighters are gone and many men don't know what to do  
next. They're looking to Ten Bears for leadership.

But the old man is looking at Dances With Wolves. He  
holds up a hand for quiet.

**TEN BEARS**

Hear us now.

(to Dances With Wolves)

A white soldier with many far-shooting  
guns... how would he fight the Pawnee?

Everyone is waiting.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

I would hide in the village.

Bears  
The warriors send up a chorus of derisive cries but Ten  
angrily quiets them.

**TEN BEARS**

Dances With Wolves has not finished.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

I would let the enemy think we are  
asleep... let him come close. Then  
we would shoot together and run to  
fight them, drive them into the river  
and kill so many that they would  
never trouble us again.

Ten Bears smiles.

**TEN BEARS**

I am of the same mind as Dances With  
Wolves... we should kill so many  
that they never trouble us again.

**EXT. RIVER - DAWN**

edge,  
jerk  
Two of the camp dogs are lapping water at the river's  
behind them lies the quiet village. Suddenly both heads  
up.

**INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAWN**

Smiles  
old  
Dances With Wolves steps into the lodge, followed by  
A Lot. They both have rifles and Dances With Wolves'  
long-barreled revolver is holstered at his waist.  
Before him is a quiet, tense scene.

platform.  
of  
The women are huddled together on a single sleeping  
Kicking Bird's three children nestled between them. Two  
the kids are crying softly.

a  
Black Shawl grips a hatchet and Stands With A Fist has  
rifle. They will both fight. But they are both scared.

glimpse,  
for.

Everyone in the village has a life at stake. In one  
Dances With Wolves understands what he will be fighting

out

He looks once more at the women and children and ducks  
of the lodge.

**EXT. RIVER - DAWN**

bodies  
river  
There is

The feet of the enemy are moving past the dogs, whose  
are still and riddled with arrows. In front of them the  
is full of Pawnee crossing over toward the village.  
no sound.

**EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - DAWN**

and an  
in  
river,  
quiet as

It has stopped raining but the ground is still soaked  
early morning fog is swirling through the camp. Clumped  
groups of five or six, behind the lodges nearest the  
are Sioux warriors with rifles. They're absolutely  
they wait for the enemy.

down

Dances With Wolves looks across a clearing that slopes  
to the breaks fronting the river. Nothing.

men

Wait. A movement. And another. Another. The heads of  
lurking in the fog. He glances at the defenders.

lodges

Most of the warriors are huddled behind the line of  
watching him. Ten Bears raises a hand.

fiercest,

The Pawnee are visible now, a war party at its  
painted and feathered and armed to the teeth.

of

Coming on foot, the first of them have reached the edge  
the clearing. They start into a stealthy trot, more and

more

of them breaking into a run.

Ten A Pawnee war cry goes up and, as the others join in.  
Bears lowers his hand.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAWN**

lodges In ragged formation, the Sioux pour from behind the  
charge. and thirty rifles fire into the vanguard of the Pawnee

the The smoke of many rifles mixes with the ground fog as  
Wolves Sioux run screaming down on the Pawnee. Dances With  
screams too as he runs flat out down the slope.

they A Pawnee warrior suddenly looms out of the smoke and  
crash together violently.

for The two fighters tumble over the ground, each grappling  
is an advantage. The hand to hand fighting all around them  
surreal furious and, shrouded in smoke and fog, it has a  
quality.

holster Dances With Wolves works the Navy revolver from its  
and shoots the Pawnee in the face.

**EXT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAWN**

lodge. A child sticks his head out from under the edge of the  
sight. Momentarily he is jerked back into the lodge out of

**INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAWN**

is Now there's a ripping at the lodge entrance. The flap  
child being torn away. Black Shawl is desperately pulling the  
back from the edge of the lodge.

his Suddenly, there he is... a Pawnee warrior. But now it's

aim,  
explodes

turn to be surprised. He sees Stands with A Fist taking  
and it's too late. She fires the rifle and the Pawnee  
back out of the lodge.

**EXT. VILLAGE - DAWN**

glimpse  
trot,

Through the smoke, Dances With Wolves can just catch a  
of Ten Bears. He is moving through the village at a  
loading his gun.

sights and  
once

He spots a Sioux warrior grappling with a Pawnee,  
shoots the Pawnee point blank. He trots off, reloading  
more.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAWN**

to  
the  
and

Dances With Wolves is bumped from behind and is knocked  
his knees. It's a frantic Pawnee war horse, loose on  
battlefield. Dances With Wolves grabs a hunk of mane  
swings onto his back.

terrible  
river.

He has a real view now. The Pawnee are taking a  
licking. Already they are being beaten back to the

arrows

A turbaned enemy is falling back to the river, firing  
as he goes. Dances With Wolves goes after him.

**EXT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - DAWN**

staggers  
in a

Still clutching his hatchet, a wounded Pawnee half  
toward Ten Bears' lodge. He is bleeding profusely and  
very bad mood. He reaches the closed lodge flap.

**INT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - DAWN**

ready

Pretty Shield stands in front of a group of children,  
to defend them.

and  
through  
his  
already  
Shield  
Stone

The Pawnee is inside now. He has a wild desperate look in a moment his hatchet will be flailing its way these people.

But he never takes a step. Instead he suddenly sinks to knees and we see another arrow join the one that is buried in his back. The warrior keels over and Pretty Shield looks through the open flap to see the grinning face of Calf.

Without hesitation, Pretty Shield snatches a half-burned log from the fire and finishes the Pawnee.

The children watch, their faces a mixture of horror and intrigue.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAWN**

With  
hill  
momentum, the

Coming off the pony like a rodeo bulldogger, Dances With Wolves crashes through the river taking the Pawnee in a headlock.

Somehow they both keep their feet and hurtle down the at a weird run. A small cottonwood stops their Pawnee taking most of the blow.

and  
Shortly, he

Dances With Wolves grabs either side of the man's head starts banging his skull against the tree trunk. notices that the man's eyes are dead.

broken

The Pawnee was impaled on impact by the stub of a branch low on the trunk.

sight and

Dances With Wolves shrinks back from this gruesome staggers toward the village.

**EXT. VILLAGE - DAWN**

for Stone Calf, his bow and arrow at the ready, is looking more enemies to kill.

an Suddenly from the corner of his eye the old man senses his attack. But he is too late. A Pawnee war club crushes skull and the old man collapses.

warrior Now we can see his attacker. It is the fierce Pawnee the who killed Timmons the wagon driver. He glowers down at man's body of Stone Calf and swings his club toward the old head once again.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAWN**

time Dances With Wolves squints toward the village just in white- to see the Toughest take another shot at the prostrate, headed form of Stone Calf.

Dances With Wolves begins to run.

**EXT. VILLAGE - DAWN**

is The Toughest has his knife to Stone Calf's forehead and him in preparing to scalp his victim when something strikes the lower leg.

calf. He He looks down to find a small arrow imbedded in his Lot, looks up to see three boys, Otter, Worm, and Smiles A huddled at the edge of the battlefield.

him. He turns back to finish the job when another arrow hits Enraged he breaks off the arrow, leaps onto a horse and charges the kids.

them. Their faces go ashen as the Toughest bears down on

and

Otter's arrow flies weakly into the air. The boys turn  
run for their lives.

sees

The Toughest would catch them with ease but now, he  
half a dozen howling Sioux warriors angling in to cut  
off. He knows in a glance that the fight has been lost.  
He also knows that he can still escape if he changes  
direction.  
He veers for the river.

him

He

direction.

is

The Sioux are distraught. The Toughest will get away.  
But wait, Dances with Wolves is at full speed now. He  
streaking across the battlefield.

driven

shoulder

Suddenly, the Pawnee himself is hurtling through space,  
there by the full force impact of Dances With Wolves'  
which has caught him rib high.

Wolves

vital

arm.

Both men hit the ground grappling and rolling.

A knife flashes in the Toughest's hand and Dances With  
can only react quick enough to keep the knife from a  
spot. As it is, the blade lays open a huge gash on his

his. He

sadistically.

They square off. The Toughest knows the advantage is  
smiles grimly at Dances With Wolves and grunts

simultaneous

fall,

But the sound from his throat is cut short by the  
arrival of five Sioux arrows. Before the Pawnee can  
six Sioux warriors are on him tearing him to pieces.

**EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY**

that the

Dances With Wolves climbs to his feet and discovers  
battlefield is no longer so. The fighting has stopped.

lay

It's a scene of carnage and joy. The Pawnee attackers  
where they fell.

**SIOUX 1**

I killed this one.

**SIOUX 2**

This one still breathes.

around

The Sioux victors are in high spirits as they hop  
finishing off the wounded and counting coup on the

dead.

streaked

Dances With Wolves looks down at himself. His body is  
with blood, much of it his own. His arm is bleeding  
but he is too repulsed to move forward and too  
retreat into the breaks.

freely

exhausted to

body of

Dances With Wolves now looks up to see the lifeless  
Stone Calf. Ten Bears is hugging him. Pretty Shield  
to kneel beside her mourning husband.

starts

**SIOUX 3 (O.S.)**

Dances With Wolves...

around

Before he knows it, Sioux fighters are moving all  
him, chanting his name. Like ants rolling a pebble up a  
they push him into the middle of the battlefield. In a  
he allows himself to be carried along.

hill,

daze

emerging

When he looks up again he can see women and children  
from the lodges.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES (V.O.)**

It was hard to know how to feel. I  
had never been in a battle like this  
one. This had not been a fight for  
territory or riches or to make men  
free. This battle had no ego. It had  
been fought to preserve the food  
stores that would see us through

winter, to protect the lives of women and children and loved ones only a few feet away. I felt a pride I had never felt before.

of a  
around  
Dances With Wolves looks down and recognizes the face  
man he has just killed. Several warriors are crowding  
him now. Dances With Wolves points at the body.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

I shot this one.

**1ST WARRIOR**

Yes, I saw you shoot him.

**2ND WARRIOR**

You killed that one too.

knot  
continues  
hugging  
As the sun breaks fully through the clouds, the little  
of warriors, Dances With Wolves in their midst,  
its triumphant tour of the battleground. The men are  
and slapping each other on the back.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES (V.O.)**

I had never really known who John Dunbar was. Perhaps because the name itself had no meaning. But as I heard my Sioux name being called over and over, I knew for the first time who I really was.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

its  
riders  
with  
The war party with Kicking Bird and Wind In His Hair at  
head has halted in the middle of nowhere. The Sioux  
are coming toward them at a run. They pull up, excited  
what they have to tell.

start  
The returning war party and the two riders who met them  
ahead at a gallop.

**INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - NIGHT**

away. Black Shawl and Stands With A Fist are clearing things  
The medicine man has hosted a dinner party which is now  
winding down.

several Wind In His Hair is there, Dances With Wolves and  
the men other prominent warriors. It's purely social and all  
are enjoying themselves.

With Dances With Wolves sneaks a look of affection at Stands  
A Fist, and she returns it.

he Then, with more theatricality than is really necessary,  
his stretches his arms and yawns. Wind In His Hair looks at  
friend with surprise.

Dances With Wolves gets to his feet.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

There is gambling tonight... at Horse  
Back's lodge. Horse Back's games are  
always good.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

I am tired... and Horse Back already  
has a good rifle of mine.  
(to Kicking Bird)  
thank you...  
(to all)  
goodnight.

another He slips out. In a few seconds, the men have pick up  
topic to jawbone.

exit, They pay no attention to Stands With A Fist's momentary  
notices. But Black Shawl does, it doesn't bother her, but she

**INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - NIGHT**

under The medicine man's wife is already in bed as he slips  
the covers with a grunt.

**BLACK SHAWL**

How long will Stands With A Fist  
mourn?

Kicking Bird gives his wife an odd look.

**KICKING BIRD**

I don't know.

**BLACK SHAWL**

I hope it will not be too long.

Kicking Bird rises on his elbows.

**KICKING BIRD**

Something has happened? Well what?

**BLACK SHAWL**

She has found love again.

**KICKING BIRD**

With who?

**BLACK SHAWL**

Dances With Wolves.

**KICKING BIRD**

Are you certain of this?

**BLACK SHAWL**

When you see them together you will  
know.

Kicking Bird stares wearily across the floor.

**KICKING BIRD**

What are people saying? They're not  
angry?

**BLACK SHAWL**

No. They like the match. It makes  
sense. They are both white.

**KICKING BIRD**

I suppose I will be the one to say  
something.

A brief silence.

**BLACK SHAWL**

She's your daughter now.

Kicking Bird glances up frustrated with himself.

**BLACK SHAWL**

You can't see everything coming.

**EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - DAY**

Kicking  
of

Stands With A Fist is walking through the village with Bird's youngest child. They're both carrying armloads of firewood.

Here comes Kicking Bird. He's out of breath.

**KICKING BIRD**

Stands With A Fist.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

Yes.

**KICKING BIRD**

You are no longer a widow.

Stands  
announcement.

Kicking Bird turns abruptly and stalks off, leaving With A Fist to ponder the meaning of his curt announcement. A smile gradually works onto her face.

**INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - DAY**

from

Dances With Wolves sits waiting as a voice comes to him from the outside.

steps

Wind In His Hair's face pokes through the entrance. He steps inside, followed by Smiles A Lot.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

There's talk that you want to get married.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

To who?

Wind In His Hair and Smiles A Lot share a smile.

**SMILES A LOT**

To Stands With A Fist.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

That's the one isn't it?

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

She's in mourning.

**SMILES A LOT**

Not today.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

She has been released. Kicking Bird did it.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

He did?

around  
Wind In His Hair isn't really listening. He glances  
the lodge curiously.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

What are you doing?

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Kicking Bird told me to wait.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

You might be waiting a long time.  
Smiles A Lot says he saw Kicking  
Bird riding on the prairie...

Smiles A Lot whispers in the warrior's ear.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

He says he was talking to himself.  
When a medicine man is the last to  
know he can take it pretty hard.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

What do I do?

Wind In His Hair looks around at the sparse furnishing.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

You are pretty poor my friend and a  
Sioux girl is not for free. I don't  
know if you can get married.

lodge.  
A long silence. Dances With Wolves looks around his

Wind In His Hair is right. He really has nothing.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

I have the buckskin...

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

That's too much medicine.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

(to Smiles A Lot)

Do you think the buckskin is too much medicine?

His Smiles A Lot is on the hot seat. He looks to Wind In Hair, but no luck -- he's on his own.

**SMILES A LOT**

For a girl.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

Maybe we can help you... wait here for us.

Wind In His Hair and Smiles A Lot leave.

**EXT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - DAY**

exchange Wind In His Hair and Smiles A Lot are greeted by seven chuckling warriors. They've been listening to the and move off with the two "helpers".

**EXT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - DAY**

which Dances With Wolves is inspecting several new ponies are tied outside his tipi. Now he notices an old couple approaching.

have The old couple leaves a gift along with others that already been brought. The old folks are shy and so is Dances With Wolves. They glance at one another and smile but do not speak.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES (V.O.)**

I thought we had been discreet but apparently we fooled no one.

**EXT. VILLAGE - DUSK**

of  
home.  
Dances With Wolves ties the last of the ponies in front  
Kicking Bird's lodge and starts back toward his own

**DANCES WITH WOLVES (V.O.)**

Wind In His Hair said if the match  
was accepted the ponies would be  
gone in the morning.

standing  
Dances With Wolves looks over his shoulder at the  
ponies then he continues on.

**INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - NIGHT**

slips out  
flap,  
Dances With Wolves tosses and turns in his bed. He  
of the covers and ducks his head through the lodge  
checking again on the ponies.

**EXT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY**

The ponies are gone.

**INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - DAY**

gleams,  
have  
Dances With Wolves' hair is shiny. His breastplate  
the officer's pants have been dusted and his old boots  
something resembling a shine. The groom is ready.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

Turn around...

Dances With Wolves does a three-sixty.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

Pretty good...

something  
A brief silence as Wind In His Hair contemplates  
he wants to say.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

You know, the man she mourned for  
was my best friend.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

I didn't know that.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

He was a good man. It's been hard  
for me. I am not the thinker Kicking  
Bird is. But I think he went away  
from her because you were coming.  
That is how I see it now.

men. The sound of music and people outside distracts both

**EXT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - DAY**

A Kicking Bird is leading the wedding party. Stands With  
a Fist by his side. She glows with the special beauty of  
a bride.

simple Many people are standing about quietly, more like  
peaceful observers than participants. The whole village is as  
as we will ever see it.

Fist Kicking Bird steps forward, his wife and Stands With A  
following in his footsteps.

**KICKING BIRD**

This is a good day for me.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

And for me.

**KICKING BIRD**

Stands With A Fist... if you want  
this man, take his hand in yours.

with Shyly, she holds out a slender, graceful hand. Dances  
Wolves meets it with one of his own.

for The medicine man looks Dances With Wolves in the eyes  
several seconds.

At Dances With Wolves also begins to speak... internally.  
man first the volume of his voice and that of the medicine

begins to are nearly equal, but Kicking Bird's voice quickly  
fade.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES (V.O.)**

I had never been married before. I don't know if all grooms have the same experience. But as Kicking Bird began to speak about what was expected of a Sioux husband, my mind began to swim in a way that shut out everything but her. The tiny details of her costume. The contours of her shape. The light in her eyes. The smallness of her feet. I knew that the love between us would be served.

it The medicine man's voice cuts back in. He's had to say  
twice.

**KICKING BIRD**

Have you heard all that I have said?

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Yes.

**KICKING BIRD**

Good, then take her inside... she is your wife.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Oh... good... thank you... goodbye...

is The newlyweds disappear into their new home. The flap  
against dropped and there it stays. The light begins to change,  
growing darker, the wind comes up, blowing leaves  
the door. In the distance there is thunder.

**EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - DAY**

in The lodge flap is still closed. But now it is covered  
sunshine.

bundled Smiles A Lot, Worm and Otter are just across the way,  
watching now against the chill of oncoming winter. They're

on  
meat

too. Smiles A Lot is standing next to Worm, -- Otter is his haunches. Both are gnawing at a breakfast of dried as they talk nonchalantly.

**WORM**

Dances With Wolves' door is closed  
alot these days.

**SMILES A LOT**

They're trying to make a baby.

The two older boys look down at Otter.

**OTTER**

I know that.

**SMILES A LOT**

You would think they could have made  
a baby by now.

**WORM**

Maybe they're having a hard time.  
Some people have a hard time.

**SMILES A LOT**

I don't think they're having a hard  
time.

**OTTER**

Me neither.

lodge.

A silence as the boys watch smoke curl out of the  
Worm laughs to himself.

**OTTER**

Maybe we should pull the smoke flap  
closed. Then they would come out.

eyes

The boys look at each other for the first time, their  
brightening. What a great idea!

lodge  
another

The two boys are stalking toward Dances With Wolves'  
when they see something that makes them peel off in  
direction.

It's Kicking Bird, coming to call.

**KICKING BIRD**

Dances With Wolves, are you in there?

steps  
In a moment the lodge flap opens and Dances With Wolves  
outside. He's fully dressed but a little disheveled.

**KICKING BIRD**

I am riding today to a far away place.  
It is a place I haven't seen for a  
long time. A sacred place. I would  
like you to come with me.

Dances With Wolves ponders this.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

by  
Kicking Bird and Dances With Wolves are cantering side  
side across the open prairie.

glances  
They pull their horses to a walk and Kicking Bird  
Dances With Wolves' direction.

Dances With Wolves' glances back and smiles.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

It's good to be out.

**KICKING BIRD**

Yes it must be.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

We are trying for a baby.

**KICKING BIRD**

No waiting?

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

No waiting.

The medicine man keeps looking at his protege. There is  
virtually no semblance of Lieutenant Dunbar left.

**KICKING BIRD**

I was just thinking that of all the  
trails in this life, there is one  
that matters more than all the others.  
It is the trail of a true human being.  
I think you are on this trail and it

is good to see.

Dances With Wolves doesn't reply, but he is blushing a little.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

Dances With Wolves and Kicking Bird gallop their horses to the crest of a steep hill and rein to a halt.

Down below, miles distant, is the curving line of a river. But there is a section of river, directly before them, that cannot be seen. It is screened by a mammoth stand of trees, some of them towering a hundred feet or more.

He glances at Dances With Wolves but his companion doesn't see. He's staring in wonder at the great forest before him.

**KICKING BIRD**

It is said that all the animals were born here... that from here they spread over the prairies to feed all the people. Even our enemies say this is a sacred place.

They start toward the river at a walk.

**EXT. BROKEN FOREST - DAY**

The two riders come out of the sunlight and onto a shaded path leading into the forest. They've only gone a few yards when Kicking Bird pulls to a stop. The men sit on their horses in complete silence. Dances With Wolves is still fully entranced.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

It's quiet.

But Kicking Bird does not acknowledge his companion's words. He seems to be concentrating on the quiet. The quiet is wrong and Kicking Bird knows it. He moves forward slowly.

attention  
buzzing  
moment.  
overhead.

Bird  
down

Wolves  
horribly

rot

Wolves  
from

swarming  
Badgers,  
of

flank  
percent

Wolves  
placed

Following behind Kicking Bird, Dances With Wolves' is focused on the tree tops above him. A curious sound has started up and is growing louder by the moment. Perhaps there are bees swarming in the branches overhead.

Now he is distracted by Cisco coming to a stop. Kicking Bird too has stopped. Just ahead the forest opens into an incredible cathedral-like expanse. Sunlight streams down onto the floor in beautiful pools.

But still there is a deathly quiet and Dances With Wolves can see now that this remarkable place has been desecrated.

Trees have been felled everywhere, most of them left to rot for no explicable reason.

At the same time he sees this destruction Dances With Wolves realizes that the strange buzzing sound is not coming overhead but from the forest floor.

The insects are not bees. They are flies and they are swarming over dozens of carcasses strewn over the ground. Badgers, skunks, squirrels and other small animals, nearly all of them killed merely for target practice.

The men and their ponies move on. Deer carcasses are everywhere, many of them horribly mutilated. A choice flank portion is cut away here and there, while ninety-five percent of the bodies have been left to rot.

Heads and legs have been chopped off. Dances With Wolves passes by a spot where several deer heads have been placed

conversation.

nose to nose as if the heads were having a  
Someone's perverted idea of humor.

they  
The  
felled  
hovels.

The men ride through the carnage in a sad daze.  
Now they reach the center of the cathedral and here  
find a few crude leantos, hewn from freshly cut wood.  
people who stayed here had bigger plans for all the  
wood, but lost ambition and settled for these ugly

all,  
shot

A great pile of wild turkeys, perhaps twenty birds in  
sit to one side. They haven't even been plucked. Just  
and left to rot.

in a

Dances With Wolves notices half a dozen liquor bottles  
heap of trash.

man  
Wolves'

He cannot bring himself to look at Kicking Bird. Any  
would be repulsed at these sights, but in Dances With  
case there is a feeling of shame as well.

#### **DANCES WITH WOLVES**

We must wait for these people...

Kicking Bird says nothing for a long time.

#### **KICKING BIRD**

No, they've been gone a week maybe  
more... we will water the horses and  
go home.

He turns his pony away.

#### **EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

great sea

Kicking Bird and Dances With Wolves are alone on a  
of prairie.

roasted,

There's a little fire going. A sage hen is being

of  
thoughts,  
but for some time we hear nothing but the light crackle  
the fire. Each man is preoccupied with his own  
thoughts of the broken forest.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

You have asked me many times about  
the white people... you always ask  
how many more are coming.

Dances With Wolves looks at his friend and mentor.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

There will be a lot my friend...  
more than can be counted.

**KICKING BIRD**

Help me to know how many.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Like the stars.

him  
This is what Kicking Bird wanted to know. And it hits  
like a rock.

Wolves  
wasn't  
Kicking Bird bows his head in thought while Dances With  
raises his. He never wanted to say this, he wishes it  
true.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

It makes me afraid for all the Sioux.

**INT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - DAY**

it  
The old man puffs away at his trusty pipe. Now he lays  
down. Kicking Bird and Dances With Wolves are waiting  
patiently.

**TEN BEARS**

It's hard to know what to do.

into  
rawhide  
slowly.  
The old man gets up, walks to his bedside, reaches up  
the sacred rigging above and takes down a melon-sized  
bundle. He brings this back to the fire and unwraps it

Spanish

Inside is a rusted hunk of metal, the helmet of a conquistador.

**TEN BEARS**

The men who wore this came in the time of my grandfather's grandfather. Eventually, we drove them out. Then the Mexicans came. In my own time the whites came... the Texans. They have been like all the others who find something they want in our country. They take it without asking. I have always been a peaceful man, happy to be in my own country and wanting nothing from the white people. Nothing at all. But I think you are right. I think they will keep coming. When I think of that, I look at this bundle. Our country is all that we want. We will fight to keep it.

He picks up his pipe and puffs deeply.

**TEN BEARS**

Tomorrow morning we will strike the village and go to the winter camp.

**EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - DAY**

The whole camp is being struck. There is activity everywhere.

**INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - DAY**

Stands With A Fist is packing and so is Dances With Wolves. He is putting away the shield that Stone Calf once worked on. She pauses to stroke her husband's leg tenderly.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

You have everything from the soldier fort?

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

No, there is nothing for me there.

Stands with A Fist laughs as she starts out of the lodge.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

That's good.

case,  
But as he tightens the leather thongs on the shield  
Dances With Wolves' face begins to cloud.

**EXT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - DAY**

up  
Dances With Wolves bolts out of the lodge and snatches  
Cisco's reins. He calls urgently to Stands with A Fist.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Stands With A Fist... wait...

**EXT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAY**

minute  
The village is about ready to move, just a few last  
flurries of activity.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

The words in the book are like a  
trail for people to follow. It tells  
everything about my life here. I  
must get it.

**KICKING BIRD**

We cannot wait for you.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

I will catch up.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

the  
Dances With Wolves and Cisco are cantering quickly over  
open prairie.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY**

With  
Old Fort Sedgewick is just beyond the next rise. Dances  
Wolves eases Cisco into a full run.

Wolves  
They fly so quickly over the rise that Dances With  
has no time to react.

with  
There must be forty or fifty of them; talking, walking,  
working and playing. Old Fort Sedgewick is crawling

them. Blue-coated soldiers.

cargo  
men  
screaming

Just in front of him is a deep-bedded wagon carrying a  
of SOLDIERS. They've been out cutting wood. But now the  
in the wagon are scrambling for their rifles and  
out the alarm... "Indians!"

Cisco

Dances With Wolves puts everything he has into pulling  
up.

teen-  
Cisco  
wagon.

The soldiers in the wagon, a collection of pimply-faced  
agers and middle-aged rabble, are aiming their rifles.  
rears high in the air as the volley is fired from the

hard  
thing

Dances With Wolves is pitched off to one side, landing  
on the ground. When he gets his senses back the first  
he sees is Cisco. The buckskin is lying very still.

him,  
in

Oblivious to the shouts of the soldiers racing toward  
Dances With Wolves runs crab-like to his horse's side.  
Cisco's been shot several times, one bullet taking him  
the heart. He's dead.

Dances With Wolves whirls to face the soldiers.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

You killed him...

the  
everything

That's the last thing he says. A rifle stock slams into  
side of his face and as soldiers swarm over him,  
goes black.

**EXT. COLUMN - DAY**

riding  
terribly

Ten Bears village is on the trail. Kicking Bird is  
down the line. He notices Stands With A Fist. She is

distraught.

half-  
In His  
Kicking Bird glances at the sun. The day is more than  
over. He kicks his pony back up the line next to Wind  
Hair.

**KICKING BIRD**

Something has happened... Dances  
With Wolves is not coming.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

He must have trouble.

**KICKING BIRD**

Pick two good men with fast ponies  
and send them back to the soldier  
fort.

**INT. SUPPLY HOUSE - DAY**

ruined  
swollen  
split  
of  
directly in  
crumbled  
Dances With Wolves lies unconscious on the floor of the  
supply house. One side of his face is grotesquely  
from the blow he took. Blood still seeps from a long  
of the skin along his cheek.  
He groans. Voice are playing about his ears, the voices  
white men. He opens his eyes.  
A bearish, bearded SERGEANT BAUER, is squatting  
front of him. Behind the sergeant, peering over the  
walls like visitors at a zoo, are a crowd of ordinary  
soldiers.

**BAUER**

Spivey...

only,  
A pitiful looking man, SPIVEY, who is a soldier by name  
answers up.

**SPIVEY**

Yessir sergeant...

**SERGEANT BAUER**

Tell the major he's wakin' up... and  
move your worthless ass.

Wolves.  
The sergeant's smallish eyes are fixed on Dances With  
sitting  
With some effort he manages to get himself into a  
position against the back wall.

**SERGEANT BAUER**

Got yourself a helluva shiner, didn't  
ya?

crushed  
Dances With Wolves only blinks at him. His cheek is  
and so is his spirit.

Someone calls attention and two officers walk into the  
roofless supply house. One is a MAJOR, one is a young  
With  
the  
lieutenant -- Lieutenant Elgin -- the officer Dances  
Wolves bumped into at Fort Hays. Neither one recognizes  
other.

**MAJOR**

Does he speak english?

**SERGEANT BAUER**

Don't know sir... you speak english?

Talk english?

(kicking at one of  
Dances With Wolves'  
boots)

Talk?

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

I speak english...

Everyone is shocked at the clarity of the words.

**MAJOR**

Who are you?

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Lieutenant John. J. Dunbar. This is  
my post.

**MAJOR**

Why are you dressed like this?

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

I came out from Fort Hays last April.  
But there was no one here.

The major and the lieutenant exchange whispers.

**ELGIN**

You have proof of that?

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

My journal is on the bunk in my  
quarters. My orders are in the  
journal. It will tell you everything.

**ELGIN**

Spivey, you and Edwards were here  
first. Did you find anything... a  
journal.

Spivey shifts uncomfortably.

**SPIVEY**

We didn't see nothin' sir.

**ELGIN**

Where's Edwards?

**SPIVEY**

He's outside. But he didn't see  
nothin' either.

bottom  
Elgin indicates to the major that he will get to the  
of this and walks out the door -- the major follows.

themselves,  
off  
prisoner  
in  
Dances With Wolves lets his head slump forward. The men  
gathered around the supply house murmur among  
commenting on the prisoner. They can't take their eyes  
him. Neither can Sergeant Bauer. He watches the  
from a distance. Then he walks across the floor, squats  
front of him and whispers coarsely in his face.

**SERGEANT BAUER**

You turned Injun, din'cha?

sergeant.  
Dances With Wolves lifts his head and stares at the

**SERGEANT BAUER**

Din'cha?

The major and the lieutenant suddenly reappear.

**ELGIN**

What is your name?

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Dunbar... D.U.N.B.A.R... John.

**ELGIN**

You say you are an officer?

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Did you read my orders?

**ELGIN**

No.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

It was in my journal.

**ELGIN**

There are no orders and there is no journal.

There is a silence as Dances With Wolves takes this in.

Elgin tries again.

**ELGIN**

Why are you out of uniform?

Dances With Wolves takes a long time to answer.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

I have to relieve myself.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY**

walked

Surrounded by guards, Dances With Wolves is being toward a clump of bushes.

it

He glances out at the prairie. Cisco's body lies where fell. Black birds are pecking it.

**GUARD**

Here you... eyes front.

and  
he

A rifle butt bangs him hard between the shoulder blades  
Dances With Wolves attacks. Before anyone else can move  
has taken the offending soldier to the ground and is  
strangling him.

Another rifle butt crashes against his skull and again  
everything goes black.

**INT. SUPPLY HOUSE - DAY**

to  
that  
assembled.

Water drips from Dances With Wolves' head and he comes  
again. As he moves he hears a jangling and discovers  
his hands and feet are in chains. Everyone has

**ELGIN**

Why are you out of uniform?

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

What is the army doing out here?

Sergeant Bauer shoves Dances With Wolves with his gun.

**BAUER**

Lieutenant's askin' the questions  
here.

Elgin quickly steps in.

**ELGIN**

We are charged with apprehending  
hostiles, recovering stolen property  
and retrieving white captives taken  
in hostile raidings.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

There are no hostiles.

**MAJOR**

We will ascertain that for ourselves.  
Now if you guide us to these camps  
and serve as an interpreter, your  
conduct will be reevaluated.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

What conduct?

**MAJOR**

Your status as a traitor might improve should you choose to cooperate with the United States Army.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

(quietly)

There is nothing for you to do out here.

Elgin can see that the major's attitude and inexperience has killed any chance of communication. He makes one last try on his own.

**ELGIN**

Are you willing to cooperate or not?

**MAJOR**

Well, speak up...

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

(lowly in Sioux)

I am Dances With Wolves...

**MAJOR**

What's that?

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

(loudly in Sioux)

I am Dances With Wolves... I have nothing to say to you. You are not worth talking to.

The major is surprised. Elgin is not. The major turns on his heel and walks out. Lieutenant Elgin stares at Dances With Wolves.

**ELGIN**

Sergeant... have a detail take him down to the river... let him clean up his face.

**EXT. RIVER - DAY**

Dances With Wolves kneels by the river, splashing water lightly on his battered face. Half a dozen soldiers are lounging around watching him.

**EXT. BUSHES - DAY**

soldier,  
Dances  
his  
journal.  
not

Trooper Spivey is crapping in the bushes. Another  
CRAPPER, is crapping not far away. Spivey can see  
With Wolves in the distance, still splashing water on  
face.

Now he slips something out of his tunic. It's the  
He opens it and starts to tear out a page, trying hard  
to make noise.

**CRAPPER (O.S.)**

You got paper over there Spivey?

**SPIVEY**

What's it to you?

**CRAPPER**

Well gimme some shitbird.

Spivey thinks.

**SPIVEY**

Can you read?

**CRAPPER**

Naw, I can't read. What the hell do  
you care... you can't either.

Spivey looks down at the stolen journal, thinking.

**SPIVEY**

Alright... hold your horses.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY**

the  
back  
awkwardly

Two Sioux scouts watch from the brow of a slope above  
fort. Having spotted Dances With Wolves, they withdraw.  
We see Dances With Wolves at a distance, being marched  
to his "cell" by the detail of soldiers. He's moving  
in his chains.

**INT. SUPPLY HOUSE - DAY**

Spivey  
Sergeant  
He  
something  
Dances  
Terrified,

Dances With Wolves is half-dozing against the wall when walks in with a plate of army gruel. He's followed by Bauer. Spivey sets the plate in front of the prisoner. admires the breastplate and like a crow eyeing shiny, he thinks to grab for it. Suddenly a pair of manacled hands lock on his wrists. With Wolves face is inches away from Spiveys. Spivey pulls away, kicking over the plate of food as he scrambles to safety across the room.

**SERGEANT BAUER**

Lap it up Injun.

plate  
splashes

Dances With Wolves sticks a toe under the lip of the and flips it over. Most of it hits Spivey, a little on Bauer. Spivey moves to kick the prisoner, but Bauer intercedes with his rifle.

**SERGEANT BAUER**

Go on ahead Injun... You'll just get hungrier is all... but mebbe that don't matter. Word is they're gonna ship you back to Hays. And they'll hang you once you get there.

out

Bauer and Spivey leave him and Dances With Wolves kicks viciously at the spilled plate.

**EXT. TEMPORARY CAMP - DAY**

halted  
jumping  
mounts.

There's a tremendous upheaval. Ten Bears' band has its march. SIX PAINTED WARRIORS all heavily armed are onto their ponies and being handed the lines to spare Wind In His Hair is their leader.

The whole village is up to see them off.

rides

Smiles A Lot, painted and carrying a bow and quiver

the into the midst of the group. Wind In His Hair studies  
resolute boy.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

You will hold our horses... nothing  
more.

Smiles A Lot nods.

party With a great whooping from the villagers, the rescue  
roars out of camp.

**EXT. SEDGEWICK - DAY**

SOLDIERS. The wagon is pulling out with an escort of SEVEN

the Dances With Wolves' spirits are very low as he sits in  
Elgin is bed of the jolting wagon. Spivey is guarding him.  
leading the detail.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY.**

any Dances with Wolves watches a ridge in the distance for  
sign of riders.

**SPIVEY**

I don't see nobody.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

out on Elgin and one of the escort soldiers are scouting far  
the prairie. The lieutenant pauses and looks back at  
coming. wagon. It is far behind in the distance, but still

**EXT. WAGON - DAY**

the Dances With Wolves is dozing as the wagon jolts across  
opens ground. Suddenly a shot rings out. Dances With Wolves  
his eyes.

on the

The wagon driver is aiming his rifle out at something prairie. He fires again.

Two

Dances With Wolves looks over the wagon bed and sees Socks. He's standing still, fifty yards away. Staring old inquisitive way at the wagon.

in his

**SPIVEY**

Lookit the stupid bastard... he ain't even runnin'.

Two shots ring out in rapid succession.

**BAUER**

Don't shoot, I seen 'em first... it's my shot.

missed.

Sergeant Bauer fires his own round. Everyone has Bauer is jamming another cartridge into the chamber.

**DRIVER**

It's my shot goddamit.

with his

Now Spivey decides to get into the act. He rises up rifle aiming.

**SPIVEY**

You dumb sons a bitches.

the

Before he can fire, there's a rattling of chains. And next moment, Spivey's feet are being pulled out from him by Dances With Wolves. His rifle fires harmlessly into space.

under

into

the

falls

Bauer turns from the wagon seat and slams the back of prisoner's head with the gunstock. Dances With Wolves back, letting go of the shaken Spivey. Bauer smiles at Spivey contemptuously.

**BAUER**

He mighta killed you.

rifle  
In the next instant, Spivey gives Dances With Wolves a resounding crack in the sternum with the butt of his and he goes down on his back.

out  
More shots are fired. Dazedly, Dances With Wolves looks and sees Two Socks still running parallel to the wagon. There's another shot and then shouting.

**SOLDIER 1**

I got him...

**SOLDIER 2**

The hell you did...

**SOLDIER 1**

I got him... dead shot boys.

Spivey is still poking Dances With Wolves.

**SPIVEY**

You want more?... get up... get up.

**ELGIN**

Spivey!

Elgin has ridden alongside the wagon.

**ELGIN**

I see you bash the prisoner once more and I'll put those shackles on you...

ring  
Elgin's men are headed up towards Two Socks when shots out.

**ELGIN**

You men! Get back to your places.

but  
of six  
try  
The camera continues over the hill to Two Socks' body, it is no where in sight. Instead the Indian war party is waiting silently in ambush. Frustrated, they will again.

**EXT. RIVERBANK - DAY**

river.  
river

The wagon is making its way steadily down, toward the  
Dances With Wolves watches the line of growth along the  
get closer, his eyes and ears and nose full alert.

With

If they come this will be the place to do it. Dances  
Wolves will make the most of this hope.

than a  
wagon

The wagon moves down a narrow pathway, not much more  
game trail. The lieutenant raises his hand and the  
halts at the river's edge.

other  
ambush.

A soldier rides back and forth in the water on the  
side of the river. He's checking for any signs of  
The soldier starts back to them.

**SOLDIER**

All clear lieutenant...

"all  
all

Elgin starts into the water, followed by the wagon. The  
clear" sign means nothing to Dances With Wolves. He's  
keyed up.

**EXT. RIVER - DAY**

few  
taken.  
in his

Elgin and a soldier are leading the way. They're only a  
yards from the opposite bank when the lieutenant is  
Elgin is completely surprised to find an arrow buried  
chest.

hits  
full  
and

The outrider is about to pull up his gun when an arrow  
him square in the gut. He brings his head up to see the  
force of Wind In His Hair, stringing up another arrow  
taking aim.

Wind In

Just as the outrider is struggling to raise his gun,

heart.

His Hair fires off another arrow deep into the man's  
The impact sends him flying out of the saddle, dead.  
Wind In His Hair comes on, leading five Sioux warriors.

**EXT. WAGON - DAY**

Spivey's  
rifle

Dances With Wolves has looped the shackles around  
neck in a death grip when he sees Bauer leveling his  
at the approaching riders.

sending the  
Bauer  
sends  
the  
pony

Dances With Wolves aims a vicious kick at Bauer,  
rifle flying, and Bauer over the edge of the wagon.  
flounders in the water, fumbling for his pistol. He  
off a round taking one of the on rushing warriors in  
shoulder. The Sioux loses his seat and tumbles off the  
into the water, wounded.

**EXT. WAGON - DAY**

as

Dances With Wolves snaps the loop around Spivey's neck  
hard as he can and bone breaks.

on

Dances With Wolves is beating Spivey furiously with his  
chains. He keeps whacking until the blood is spreading  
the surface of the water.

he is

The frantic driver is about to make a run for it when  
impaled with a Sioux lance.

**EXT. RIVER - DAY**

tail

The two soldiers in the back of the wagon have turned  
and are splashing back across the river.

them

As they scramble up the bank, two Sioux warriors meet  
and cut them down with hatchets.

**EXT. RIVER - DAY**

Bauer  
river  
In the midst of the smoke and confusion of the battle,  
has made his way to the cover of the weeds along the  
bank.

and  
Lot.  
Crashing through the thicket, he comes to a clearing  
there in the shallows, comes face to face with Smiles A  
The boy is standing in the shallows holding the extra  
horses.

white  
into  
hammer  
The boy is so frightened at the sudden sight of this  
soldier that he doesn't move. Bauer sticks his revolver  
Smiles A Lot's face and pulls the trigger. But the  
only clicks. The gun is empty.

and  
all  
Bauer pistol-whips the boy, knocking him to the ground  
grabs for the closest of the horses. But the ponies are  
stirred up now and starting to run down the river.

horse  
on.  
Hair  
Bauer succeeds in grabbing a hunk of mane, but the  
he's gotten hold of is moving too fast for him to get  
But now Bauer hears a bone-chilling whoop. Wind In His  
is coming.

skullcracker  
around.  
His pony plows through the water at full speed. A  
dangles from one hand. The warrior begins to whirl it

step, a  
the  
Terrified, Bauer turns to run. Before he can take a  
hatchet buries itself to the hilt. Smiles A Lot is at  
other end. But Bauer is not through.

his  
Hair  
His hands are around the boy's neck, choking him with  
last seconds of life. A larger than life Wind In His  
draws even and swings his club. Bauer's head explodes,

cannot covering Smiles A Lot in blood -- the sergeant's hands  
be seen.

**EXT. RIVER - DAY**

Hair are Still in chains, Dances With Wolves and Wind In His  
rifles dragging Elgin's body onto shore. Dances With Wolves  
and through the dead man's pockets. He finds a set of keys  
plops down to unlock his shackles.

Lot The wounded Indian warrior is being tended to. Smiles A  
is downstream washing Bauer's blood off.

**EXT. RIVER - DAY**

dead A warrior is stripping down Spivey. He holds up the  
out. man's tunic, but doesn't notice that something plops

out It's the journal. It floats off into the current, well  
forever. of Dances With Wolves field of vision. It is lost

**EXT. RIVER - DAY**

a The journal continues its downstream journey. Suddenly  
the small hand reaches down and scoops it out of the water.  
Smiles A Lot holds the book close to his face amazed at  
sight of words.

**EXT. RIVER - DAY**

Dances The party is mounting. Smiles A Lot rides up next to  
With Wolves.

**SMILES A LOT**

Dances With Wolves... look.

regarding He offers the book. Dances With Wolves takes it,  
the journal.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DUSK**

The rescue party is cantering across the prairie.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

(to Wind In His Hair)

We go South?

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

We will ride South for two days...  
then turn East. No one must follow.

sets  
This doesn't seem to bother Wind In His Hair. But it  
Dances With Wolves to thinking.

**EXT. CANYON TRAIL - DAY**

ridge.  
The sound of a single drum calls attention to eight  
silhouettes on horseback making their way down the  
the  
The entire village begins to rumble with excitement as  
news spreads.

**EXT. CANYON TRAIL - DAY**

Dances  
racing  
The rescue party is walking down the trail single file.  
With Wolves is a few slots back. All the village is  
up the canyon to greet them.

With  
lifts  
Stands With A Fist leads them all. She runs to Dances  
Wolves. She jumps all over her husband and finally he  
her up on his pony.

**INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - DAY**

bed.  
The couple we have come to know are sitting on their

hair.  
is  
people can  
Dances With Wolves is combing Stands With A Fist's  
It's something he is doing with care and affection. She  
loving it as much as he. They are together as two  
be and yet it is a hard time.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

You have nothing to say?

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

What can I tell you?

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

What ever is on your mind.

**STANDS WITH A FIST**

We have decided. You are my husband.  
I am your wife. That is all I know.

sighs.  
and  
Dances With Wolves lays his forehead on her back. He  
Then he pulls away, slips a robe around his shoulders  
walks out of the lodge.  
Sadly, she watches him go.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

to  
surrounded  
men  
We follow a pair of boots walking in the snow. Pan up  
find an ORDERLY bringing coffee to a MAJOR. He is  
by other officers and in front of him a large column of  
is moving toward the snow covered mountains.

The Major tosses the remaining coffee in a fire and he  
prepares to mount.

We pan up with the smoke and the steam.

**EXT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - DAY**

It's cold in the Sioux camp. A warm column of smoke is  
spiraling out of Ten Bears' lodge.

**INT. TEN BEARS' LODGE - DAY**

including  
howling  
goes  
Several men are gathered around Ten Bears' fire,  
Kicking Bird, Wind In His Hair and Dances With Wolves.  
All the men are draped with blankets. The wind is  
outside. The men are engaged in small talk as the pipe

around the circle.

man  
Wolves

The pipe comes around to Dances With Wolves, and the next to him must nudge him to attention. Dances With Wolves takes the pipe and begins to smoke.  
Ten Bears watches him closely.

**TEN BEARS**

(to Dances With Wolves)

Dances With Wolves is quiet these days.

the

He does not reply. He smokes a little more and passes pipe.

**TEN BEARS**

Is his heart bad?

Dances With Wolves glances at the men around the fire.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Killing the soldiers at the river was a good thing. It made me free and my heart was big to see my friends coming to help me. I did not mind killing those men. I was glad to do it.

He searches for the right words.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

But the soldiers hate me now like they hate no other. I am more than an enemy to them, I am a traitor. They will hunt for me. They will not give up. And when they find me they find you and that cannot happen.

Hair

Objections break out all around the fire. Wind In His Hair jumps to his feet and even Kicking Bird is protesting.

**TEN BEARS**

Quiet!... sit down Wind In His Hair. You are hurting an old man's ears with your loud talk.

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

are  
The column of soldiers can be heard but not seen. They  
moving forward, singing the Battle Hymn of The  
Republic.

**INT. DANCES WITH WOLVES' LODGE - DUSK**

cozy  
Stands With A Fist is building up the fire in their  
home. Dances With Wolves works on a long-stemmed pipe  
which  
is in the last stages of completion.

**TEN BEARS (O.S.)**

Dances With Wolves?

the  
Dances With Wolves gets up, opens the flap and admits  
old chief. A few snowflakes cling to his wispy hair.  
He goes straight to the fire and sits.

**TEN BEARS**

Ahh... this is a nice fire... at my  
age a good fire is better than  
anything.

places  
Stands With A Fist brings two small bowls of food,  
else.  
them next to the men and busies herself with something  
eat.  
Though neither one is much interested they begin to

**TEN BEARS**

I wondered how your bad heart was  
doing and though I would come by and  
see for myself. This place doesn't  
look so bad-hearted.

Dances With Wolves smiles.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

No, we are happy.

**TEN BEARS**

But you are leaving anyway?

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

I have talked with Stands With a  
Fist and we will go together.

**TEN BEARS**

Have you told this to Kicking Bird  
or to Wind In His Hair.

again in  
It's anguish for Dances with Wolves to think about his  
friends. He shakes his head "no". Ten Bears thinks  
silence.

**TEN BEARS**

You are the only white man I have  
ever known. I have thought about you  
alot. More than you know.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

That does not surprise me.

**TEN BEARS**

You have always spoken with your  
heart. And like all of us, you are a  
free man and can do anything you  
like. When I look across this fire,  
I do not see a white soldier. I see  
only a Sioux named Dances With Wolves.  
And there is nothing they hate so  
much as a Sioux.

makes  
Ten Bears words always have purpose and as always, he  
his point.

nearly  
He pauses for a moment and notices Dances with Wolves'  
finished pipe.

**TEN BEARS**

You are making a pipe?

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

Yes?

the  
Ten Bears holds out a hand and Dances with Wolves hands  
pipe to him. Ten Bears inspects it briefly.

**TEN BEARS**

This might be a pretty good pipe...  
how does it smoke?

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

I don't know, I haven't tried it

yet.

**TEN BEARS**

Let's smoke it awhile... it is good  
to pass the time this way.

**EXT. WINTER CAMP - DAWN**

Dances  
a  
think.  
stops  
He  
it. The  
sight.

From a little distance, Wind In His Hair is watching  
With Wolves' lodge. His face is full of uncertainty and  
kind of pain we have never seen before. He is in agony.  
He starts forward but after a few yards he stops to  
He turns back but has only gone a few steps when he  
and turns to face Dances With Wolves' lodge once more.  
starts for the tipi again, but he can't go thru with  
proud warrior turns away and walks quickly out of

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

horses  
twelve  
horses,  
we  
and  
removing  
etc.,

The column is moving at a leisurely walk when the  
start to bunch up. They're stopping.  
Everyone waits while far up ahead, a group of ten or  
men examine the ground. White officers sits atop their  
while their scouts scour the ground. They've found a  
significant trail.  
The scouts are Indian, and by their distinctive dress,  
recognize them. They are Pawnee.  
The Pawnee scouts come racing up. Their horses are wet  
have come a good distance. The scouts are very excited.  
The men have dismounted. They prepare for battle,  
any equipment that might rattle -- tin cups, plates,  
tossing the discards into a growing pile.

**INT. KICKING BIRD'S LODGE - DAWN**

pipe  
medicine

Black Shawl watches as Kicking Bird slips a magnificent  
into its buckskin case. Now he looks at her. The  
man too is in a kind of pain we have not seen before.

**EXT. WINTER CAMP - DAWN**

through  
standing in

Carrying the pipe he made, Dances With Wolves walks  
the village. Suddenly he stops. Kicking Bird is  
the middle of the empty avenue.

slow

Like gunfighters, the two men approach each other at a  
and deliberate walk.

parting  
with a

Gradually they realize that each has selected the same  
gift. It's heartbreaking. Kicking Bird tries to cover  
casual question, but it's all fake.

**KICKING BIRD**

You've finished your pipe? How does  
it smoke?

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

I'm told it smokes well.

Bird  
be

Dances With Wolves moves to make the exchange. Kicking  
does the same. From one hand to the other. Men couldn't  
closer.

**KICKING BIRD**

It doesn't seem possible that we  
could come this far.

**DANCES WITH WOLVES**

You were the first man I ever wanted  
to be like. I will not forget you.

Neither can speak. There is only goodbye.

**EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY**

trotting

The column of soldiers is not in a rush, but they're now to make better time.

**EXT. WINTER CAMP - DAY**

Two

Stands With A Fist sits on a pony outside the lodge. pack horses are loaded with their things.

follow

Dances With Wolves swings onto his pony's back and we as they start out of the village. No one is standing in to watch them leave. No one is crying. In fact, people are making the motions of going about their regular work.

rose

are

most

quiet,

But it's all fake too. The whole village is sad and the obvious sign is that there is no sound. In the awful most people avert their eyes as the two pass by.

**EXT. CANYON TRAIL - DAY**

the

have

brings

through

Dances With Wolves and Stands With A Fist have reached head of the trail leading out of the winter camp. They just begun to ascend when a voice, calling from afar, them to a halt. The sound echoes through the canyons, the village.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR (O.S.)**

(calling)

Dances With Wolves...

**EXT. CANYON - DAY**

looks

as

person.

His pony is jacked up and, as always, Wind In His Hair the perfect warrior. But now his face is full of stress he screams out the message he could not deliver in

**WIND IN HIS HAIR**

I am Wind In His Hair...

**EXT. WINTER CAMP - DAY**

Everyone in the camp has stopped to listen.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR (O.S.)**

Can you not see that I am your friend?

**EXT. CANYON TRAIL - DAY**

Dances With Wolves looks ready to crack.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR (O.S.)**

Can you not see that you will always  
be my friend?

fade  
few  
more

Dances With Wolves lets the unhappy echo of these words  
away before he starts his pony again. We follow for a  
yards. Then the call comes a second time. If anything,  
urgent than before.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR (O.S.)**

Dances With Wolves...

as the

Dances With Wolves stops. He drops his head painfully  
sound of his own name booms through his head.

**EXT. CANYON TRAIL - DUSK**

drawn.

Troops are moving through the trees quietly, sabers

**EXT. CANYON RIM - DUSK**

are  
looking

The rest of the troops have moved to the edge. They too  
quiet. Down below, the Pawnee scouts are milling about  
for sign.

arriving on  
canyon  
to  
gone.

The soldiers from the canyon floor are silently  
the scene. The Pawnee look to the lead scout on the  
rim. They have no answer, and the lead scout has none  
give the general at his side. Ten Bears' village is

**EXT. CANYON RIM - DUSK**

drawing  
In  
for  
above  
brilliant, a

Wind In His Hair and several other warriors are just back from unseen vantage points on the canyon rim. Wind His Hair glances back and hesitates, as though waiting for someone. A great, yellow full moon has just appeared the opposite rim of the canyon. The yellow is a great spotlight of golden color.

walking  
his  
spine-

A wolf steps into the light on the opposite rim. He's in the backdrop of the moon. The wolf suddenly arches back, sticks his muzzle in the air and produces a tingling howl. The sound bounces all over the canyon. Dances With Wolves is at the canyon's rim. He listens a long time, fully entranced by the wolf's howl. He is still listening when it is gone. A whisper floats out of the night behind him.

**WIND IN HIS HAIR (O.S.)**

Dances With Wolves...

turns

Dances With Wolves shrinks back from the canyon's rim, and trots off into the darkness, following his friends.

**FADE TO**

**BLACK**

**THE END**