

FRONTIER HONOR

Based on the real life adventures of Frontiersman Simon Kenton on America's first frontier--Pennsylvania, Kentucky and Ohio.

FADE IN:

Legend: **Virginia, 1771**

EXT. LEACHMAN FARM -- DAY

SIMON KENTON, a handsome, red-haired 16 year old, very strong from farm work and hunting, walks down the rough path to Leachman's farm to borrow the community saw.

He spots WILLIAM LEACHMAN, 18 years old with dark hair and a dark complexion, shorter than Simon's 6'1" frame, but with a tough look about him. From Simon's flitting eyes and uncomfortable look, we can tell that he doesn't particularly want to be there.

Leachman stops what he is doing and turns to look at Simon. A smile comes onto his harsh and rough features. It's not a pretty sight.

LEACHMAN

So, Simon Kenton! If you're looking for Ellen, she's...<BEAT> My wife now!

SIMON

I've come for the saw.

LEACHMAN

I guess you've recovered from the ass whipping I gave you last year.

Simon burns inside, but doesn't say a word.

LEACHMAN (CONT'D)

Ellen's mine, Kenton. Remember that.

Kenton looks longingly at the house. He knows that she's gone from his life forever.

SIMON

I just need the saw.

Leachman picks up the saw and hands it over to Simon. When Simon takes the other end, Leachman doesn't let go of his end.

LEACHMAN

You can have the saw when you admit I'm the better man.

ANGLE ON SIMON

He looks up at Leachman's face, and the anger is building.

SIMON
Like hell I will!

LEACHMAN
Ellen chose me, Kenton. She's in my
bed every night! Last night, she
was on top...

Simon lets go of his end of the saw and SLAPS Leachman across the face. Mostly to stop him from talking that way about Ellen, but also because of the anger in him.

SIMON
Don't you dare talk about her that
way!

ANGLE ON LEACHMAN

He's surprised that Simon hit him. A cruel smile comes onto his lips.

LEACHMAN
Remember the beating I gave you,
Kenton?

Simon, seething, knows something Leachman doesn't know.

SIMON
That was a long time ago.

They face off and Leachman attacks Simon with confidence. After all, just last year he beat Simon to a bloody pulp. But, as Simon said, that was a long time ago. Simon is a year older, a year wiser, much stronger and 40 pounds heavier.

In short, Leachman doesn't stand a chance.

They fight, and Kenton is now the stronger fighter. Sure, Leachman gets a few hits in, but just enough to further enrage Simon.

Simon hits Leachman, hits him harder and harder, taking out all the shame and the frustration of the past year.

Leachman holds up his hands to protect himself, to plead for quarter. Simon is lost in a world of rage, the world gone red with blood lust. He can't stop himself from hitting the man.

Simon hits him. Over and over.

When Simon finally comes to his senses, Leachman is a mess, and Simon is covered with his blood.

Simon sits back on his haunches, looks at Leachman, and raises a bloody fist, still clenched tight.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Who's the better man now?

No answer from Leachman.

No movement, either.

Worried, Simon checks Leachman for signs of life.

There are none.

Simon struggles to keep from panicking.

He looks around the farm. They are alone, though Simon remembers that Leachman said that Ellen was inside.

He looks back at Leachman's lifeless body.

SIMON (CONT'D)
(whispering)
I killed him!

He stands up and stares at his bloody hands.

Simon wipes the blood off onto his pants. He knows that he can't go back--he'll be hanged for murder. He makes his decision.

He heads into the woods, leaving Virginia forever.

Credit roll begins.

EXT. FRONTIER -- DAY

Simon, still wearing his blood stained pants, walks through the trees. He is rubbing dirt and leaves into his pants and shirt to get rid of the blood stains.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA FARM -- EVENING

Simon takes notice of a makeshift sign that says "Lancaster Farm" as he walks past, and he goes straight up to the front door of the prosperous Lancaster farm. His clothes are dirty, but Simon has been able to disguise the blood stains by rubbing his clothes with mud.

He knocks on the front door of the house.

A moment later, GEORGE LANCASTER, a frontier settler, opens the front door.

 SIMON
Hello!
 (MORE)

SIMON (CONT'D)

My name's Simon, Simon Lancaster,
and I'm on my way to the Middle
Ground...

LANCASTER

My name's Lancaster, too! George
Lancaster! Come in, come in. Maybe
we're related somehow...

Simon smiles and walks into the Lancaster farmhouse, a bed
found for the night.

EXT. FRONTIER -- DAY

It's a glorious day, and Simon, armed now with a rifle and
dressed in new clothes from George Lancaster's closet, is
walking through the woods.

EXT. ANOTHER PENNSYLVANIA FARM -- DAY

This farm is even more prosperous, on a fast flowing stream,
and it has a mill connected to it. The sign he passes
announces that this is the Butler Mill.

Simon, taller and older, dressed in better clothes given to
him by some other "relative," walks up to the man, JACOB
BUTLER, standing near the front door.

SIMON

Greetings, Sir! Simon Butler...

Simon puts his hand out to shake Butler's hand. Butler's
face lights up as he takes Simon's proffered hand. Before
he can go any further, Butler cuts him off.

BUTLER

Butler? Why, my name's Butler!
Where you from, son?

SIMON

New York way. I'm on my way to the
frontier.

BUTLER

Well, come inside and break bread
with me, Simon Butler. Who knows,
we could be long lost cousins?

SIMON

There's always that possibility. Is
there any work hereabouts?

BUTLER

I have work in my mill. We'll get
to that after you catch me up on the
news from the East...

They walk inside.

Credit roll ends.

EXT. FRONTIER -- AFTERNOON

It is winter now, and the wilderness is beautiful in the cold and snow.

Simon is walking through the woods again, and now he is older and clad in buckskin. He is also much more muscular and grown up. He is walking with GEORGE STRADER, a newcomer to the frontier, 18 years old and very green.

Simon has a bunch of fur animals in one hand. They have been out checking their trap lines.

It's raining heavily, the raindrops pounding into the snow, and both men are soaked to the skin. They walk around a ridge and into their camp--a shelter built into the side of a hill.

Another man, JOHN YEAGER, older and versed in the way of the frontier, having once been captured by Indians and scalped, is waiting for them. Yeager is in his fifties, and he is weathered and gray, like he has been rode hard and put away wet.

YEAGER

Simon! Just in time for dinner!

Simon throws the fur animals down onto the ground at his feet.

SIMON

I've got to get out of these clothes.
You too, George, or we'll catch our
death.

INT. SHELTER -- LATER

A fire is raging in the makeshift shelter as night has fallen. Simon and Simon are wrapped in furs warming themselves, naked underneath as their clothing hangs near the fire to dry. Yeager is in charge of the cooking. By the firelight we can see that Simon is well muscled, an Adonis of a man.

YEAGER

This is the life, isn't it?

SIMON

As free as can be. Tell me about
the Kan-tuc-kee canelands again.

YEAGER

Came as far as you can see, and game even more plentiful than here. Deer, bear, buffalo. Fertile ground and the most beautiful land I've ever seen.

About halfway through Yeager's words, Simon isn't listening anymore. He's scanning the darkness, all senses aware.

He looks out into the night, and the night looks back.

YEAGER (CONT'D)

I saw it all just before the Injuns attacked, killed my whole party, and took my scalp, thinking I was dead. Never thought I'd come into Injun country again, but...

Simon senses something, and his senses are never wrong.

SIMON

Yeager, hush.

YEAGER

What? Is there something?

Without warning, Simon stands up and rips his fur off, swinging it over his head and throwing it onto the fire, plunging everything into semi-darkness.

As he does, he ROARS

SIMON

RUN! MEET AT THE BEAR TRAP!

Simon grabs his rifle and LEAPS into the darkness, completely naked. As he leaves, an arrow IMBEDS itself into Yeager's chest, and he goes down, grabbing futilely at the shaft.

Strader, shocked into action, throws down his fur and runs for his life.

HOLD on the camp. Nothing but the sounds of Yeager dying.

Then, slowly, three forms come out of the darkness.

Indians.

Warriors.

Painted.

Wild, exciting...

Deadly.

They check the camp, tossing it. Satisfied that no one else is around, the LEADER goes to Yeager to scalp him. He grabs Yeager's head, then sees that the scalp had already been lifted, long ago.

YEAGER

Too late, you bastard!

The Indian Leader says something in his own tongue, slits Yeager's throat, finishing the job the arrow started, and throws Yeager down in frustration.

Yeager finally got the better of the Indians, cheating them of his scalp!

EXT. FRONTIER -- NIGHT

Simon and Strader running through the darkness, completely naked.

EXT. FRONTIER -- MORNING

Simon and Strader walking along the river, Simon alert for anyone following. Strader is freezing, shivering, but Simon won't allow himself to feel the cold.

GEORGE

I say we go back for our clothes!

SIMON

We go back, we're as good as dead!

EXT. FRONTIER -- AFTERNOON

It's snowing and the two men walk through the frigid wilderness.

EXT. FRONTIER -- NIGHT

Simon has built a makeshift fire, and Strader is huddled around it, cooking a small animal. Simon, on the other hand, is a little bit away from the fire, scanning the woods. He won't be caught unawares again.

EXT. FRONTIER -- AFTERNOON

It's the sixth day, and even Simon is beginning to lose control.

Both men are blue with the cold, and their bodies are covered with cuts, welts and bruises. Strader stumbles and falls, and does not get up.

SIMON

George! Get up! We have to make it around this bend!

GEORGE

Leave me be! I'll just lie here!

SIMON

No! You're not going to die in my care!

He grabs Strader and pulls him to his feet, supporting him as they walk.

EXT. RIVERFRONT FRONTIER -- EVENING

Simon is almost carrying Strader now.

He goes around a bend, and mercifully sees a fire, and men around the fire.

White men.

Simon stumbles into the circle of the fire and collapses.

JACOB GREATHOUSE, a mountain of man with a long, greasy beard and a disposition that matches his hygiene perfectly, smiles a huge smile.

Greathouse moves the two closer to the fire.

GREATHOUSE

How long you been out there, boy?

SIMON

Six...days.

Simon then passes out.

GREATHOUSE

Take care of this cub, boys. Don't let him die, he's destined to be one of the great ones, perhaps even greater than me!

EXT. OHIO FRONTIER -- DAY

Legend: **Ohio Frontier, October, 1777**

The blazing beauty of Southern Ohio/Northern Kentucky Autumn.

Sun dappled wilderness. Pristine and undisturbed.

A majestic 20 point buck is drinking water from a fast running stream.

It pulls its head up and stares at the tree line.

Buck POV of the tree line.

Nothing but trees.

At least, that's what the buck sees.

Back on the buck, who drinks again.

Back on the trees while slowly, as if by magic, a MAN disengages from the trees and is REVEALED.

This man is Simon Kenton, now twenty-three years old, 6' 5", 220 lbs of packed muscle, an extraordinarily handsome man with dark red hair and piercing blue eyes. He comes completely clear of the trees, his eyes everywhere, a huge smile on his face.

With Simon is George Strader. Strader moves to follow Simon and makes a noise.

Simon does not take his eyes off the buck. He puts his finger to his lips, and the meaning is clear.

We see the buck over the rifle in Simon's POV. The buck is drinking again, and Simon is about to pull the trigger.

TIGHT on Simon's trigger finger. He slowly applies pressure to the trigger.

TIGHT on Simon's face, as something hits the edge of his consciousness. This is what the settlers on the frontier have come to know as Simon's sixth sense. He is aware of **something**.

Something off to the left.

Simon's rifle POV again as it SWINGS from the buck to the left and centers on an Indian, BLUE JACKET, drawing up and taking aim at the same buck!

Simon has the drop on the Indian, and Simon comes off the sight of the rifle, and both eyes open wide in surprise as he recognizes the man.

SIMON
(whispering)
Blue Jacket!

Blue Jacket is two years older than Simon, twenty-five summers old, 6'1" tall, 200 lbs, his body lean and tanned dark by the sun. He has long black hair and black eyes. His upper body is covered with scars from the many war parties he has led.

Blue Jacket has already risen to War Chief of the Shawnee Nation. He is a warrior feared by whites all along the frontier, and is known for his hatred of whites and his ferocity in battle.

Strader looks where Simon is looking.

STRADER
(harsh whisper)
Holy Jesus! Shoot him!

Simon doesn't shoot, but HOLDS on Blue Jacket.

At that time, Blue Jacket becomes aware of Kenton, and turns towards him, his rifle coming around as well.

STRADER (CONT'D)
Shoot him, damn it! Before the savage
shoots us.

Blue Jacket and Simon hold their rifles pointed at each other for a long time.

Both Blue Jacket and Simon are measuring their enemy, and both have a confident look on their faces.

On Simon's, there is still a trace of the smile that was there when he stepped out of the trees.

No one makes a sound.

Nothing moves.

Finally, Simon's smile broadens.

SIMON
No. There'll be no killing today.

Simon slowly lowers his gun.

Blue Jacket, however, does not.

He keeps his rifle pointed right at Simon. One pull of the trigger, and the frontiersman is dead.

ANGLE ON BLUE JACKET

He is still sighted on Simon.

ANGLE ON SIMON

He is wondering why Blue Jacket hasn't dropped his rifle. He's not scared, however the last vestiges of the smile have disappeared, replaced by a questioning look.

ANGLE ON STRADER

Who is sweating bullets!

He starts to fumble with his rifle, getting ready to pull it up and bring it to bear on Blue Jacket.

ANGLE ON SIMON

Who becomes aware of what Strader is doing.

SIMON (CONT'D)

No.

It's a command, and Strader obeys without question.

At that moment, Blue Jacket turns in one graceful movement and shoots the deer.

It drops.

A one shot kill.

Blue Jacket looks back to where Simon is, to gauge his reaction to the truly great shot.

Simon stares at Blue Jacket, not believing what he has seen.

SIMON (CONT'D)

That was my deer. I was here first.
He should have yielded.

Strader can't believe that Simon did nothing.

STRADER

Why didn't you kill him?

SIMON

This is traditional hunting ground.
We were hunters today.

STRADER

What if he attacks Boonesboro?

SIMON

Then, <BEAT> we'll be enemies.

Simon takes one last look about and sees Blue Jacket climbing the ridge, the deer on his shoulders, the sun burning behind him. A look of genuine concern is on Simon's face--something is definitely not right.

Blue Jacket disappears over the ridge.

INT. BOONESBORO TAVERN -- NIGHT

In the darkness of the tavern, where the men of the frontier lose themselves after a hard day, or a hard month in the frontier wilderness, there is some serious drinking going on. Sitting at the bar are several men, one of them is...

Simon is drinking water, while the other men are drinking hard liquor. Behind him, men are talking about the current state of Indian affairs.

FARMER

My neighbor opens up his door the other morning, and an arrow buries itself in his chest. Dead, right after breakfast, on his own front porch!

FRONTIERSMAN 1

We should attack. If Dunmore had any guts, he'd assemble an army and kill them all. I'd be first one to sign up.

FRONTIERSMAN 2

We're on their land, Jacob. Killing 'em ain't right.

FARMER

It's treaty land, remember, fair and square.

FRONTIERSMAN 1

Since when does either side honor a treaty? I've been on a few hunting parties myself.

FARMER

Hunting what?

FRONTIERSMAN 1

Injuns.

This breaks the group up into separate heated discussions, as they discuss the problems of the Indian situation.

FRONTIERSMAN 1 (CONT'D)

You're gonna let those heathens kill us in our homes? We have to protect our women!

FRONTIERSMAN 2

The Indians have no concept of owning the land. Hell, Harrison will give anything to any Indian that'll sign a treaty, with no regard for who has rights to the land...

FARMER

It isn't even their land! The Ohio country belongs to no tribe. It's hunting ground!

For men who have no claim to the land they inhabit, they certainly have strong opinions.

Another group is off to the side at a rough hewn table. One of the men, the leader of this group of tough surveyors, is

ANDREW JACKSON (who will go on to become President of the United States). He is twenty-three years old, and is about 5'9", a smallish, slight man, and he takes immense pride in being the head of the rough and tumble surveyors.

He is telling stories of his exploits to RACHEL, a blonde haired, beautiful young (twenty years old) woman, a server in the tavern. Rachel, in a dress with a white bodice, knows that Jackson is posturing for her benefit, and she is only half listening.

JACKSON

We were out Ohio way, and we come across the heathen Injun Blue Jacket, see? Except, he's 'fraid of us. He makes to hightail out of there, and we cut him off...

As he talks, a short, thickset man with black hair and black eyes, SIMON GIRTY, thirty three years old, comes in and hurries to the bar, brushing by Jackson and spilling a little of his drink.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

He's a wild one, that Blue Jack...Hey, watch it, boy! Don't you know who I am?

GIRTY

I apologize, sir, even before knowing who you are.

He goes to the bar and orders a whisky, and stands waiting for it.

JACKSON

I will one day be the most powerful man in America! Right now, I'm the most powerful man on the frontier!

A MAN from the crowd, tired of Jackson's bluster, chimes in.

MAN

You're Simon Butler?

There is laughter all around, and that makes Jackson even angrier. His face begins to get red.

JACKSON

Who is this Butler? I've heard all kinds of tall tales about this giant, but I've yet to see him. He means nothing to me, nothing to Andrew Jackson!

Jackson then goes up to Girty and turns him around to face him.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 You soiled my leathers, boy!

Before Girty can say a word, Jackson SLAMS a fist into his face, then motions for his surveyors to hold the much smaller man.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 You need a lesson in civility, and
 I'm just the man to teach it!

We go TIGHT on Simon, who is staring into his drink, shaking his head.

He looks up and we FOLLOW his gaze, where Jackson is preparing to brutalize Girty.

Jackson winds up, ready to hit Girty again, when he hears a voice.

SIMON (O.S.)
 Leave him be.

Jackson stops for a moment, cocking his ear to one side. A small smile forms on his face. Andrew Jackson is a man who likes to fight for fun, and he is looking for some fun this night.

JACKSON
 Who said that?

SIMON
 I did.

Jackson walks over and sees Simon sitting there drinking his water. He stands there, smiling. He reaches out and takes a drink out of Simon's glass, then spits it on the ground.

ANGLE ON THE CROWD

Several of the men in the crowd know that Jackson has just bitten off more than he can chew.

It's only a matter of time.

ANGLE ON KENTON

Who does nothing, for the moment.

BACK TO JACKSON

He doesn't see Simon as a threat, but as a victim like Girty.

JACKSON
 Am I to be scared of a man who drinks
 water in a tavern?
 (MORE)

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Are you a local preacher, or a
tenderfoot, or a woman in disguise?
Tell us all who you are, stranger.

ANGLE ON CROWD

The people have left their benches and tables, and are watching the scene unfold with interest. And, one of the most interested is Rachel, who is watching Simon closely.

MAN

(from behind them
both)

Someone you damn better be scared
of.

JACKSON

Stand up and let's see what you have,
man!

Simon smiles a little and stands up, his full 6'5" frame dwarfing Jackson. When he finishes standing up, and it takes a long time to unfold his hugely muscled frame, Jackson is open mouthed.

ANGLE ON CROWD

Some of the men who know Kenton know what Jackson is in for, and they are smiling in anticipation.

TIGHT ON RACHEL

Her eyes shine as she looks Simon Kenton up and down.

JACKSON AND KENTON AGAIN

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Why, man, you're as big as...

SIMON

Simon Butler, pleased to meet you.

Jackson takes a swing at Simon, and the big man doesn't waste any time. He blocks the swing and hits Jackson, knocking him out cold and flat on the floor with one punch, then ratchets his gun up and levels it at the other surveyors.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I'll kill the next man who lays a
hand on him.

Simon never fights for fun, finding no joy in violence. The surveyors with Jackson, their eyes scared and flitting everywhere at once, let Girty go right away, lest they feel his wrath.

Rachel watches appreciatively. She likes the way this giant handles himself, and everyone around him. A man in control.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Take this garbage out, and teach him some manners. <BEAT> Oh, and tell him to quit telling tales about Blue Jacket. If he ran into that warrior, he'd answer to the devil himself next!

They nod and gather up their boss, hustling him out of the bar.

As they leave, Girty comes up and stands next to Simon. He puts out his hand.

GIRTY

Thanks. Can you really walk on water like they say?

Simon looks sharply at Girty, surprised at the comment. A slow smile spreads on his face as he shakes Girty's hand.

SIMON

Don't listen to such foolishness.

GIRTY

You're a honest to goodness frontier legend, Mr. Butler. My name's Girty, Simon Girty, Mr. Butler.

SIMON

Good name, Simon. Use it with me, instead of "Mister," OK?

GIRTY

OK, Simon. Simon.
(he likes the idea of
calling Simon Butler
by his first name)
How can I repay you?

SIMON

You can buy me another drink. Mine's been sullied.

Girty laughs and motions to the bartender to give him a new drink. As he does, another MAN comes up to Kenton.

This Man extends his hand towards Simon.

MAN

I just want to shake your hand. You saved my brother and his wife from Injuns. They owe everything to you, Mr. Butler.

SIMON

Now that's an exaggeration, but I'm glad to know you.

MAN

This here's Simon Butler, saved my family and more. Put whatever Mr. Butler wants on my tab!

The entire tavern salutes Simon, including Rachel, and he is uncomfortable in the limelight.

INT. SHAWNEE MEETING HOUSE -- NIGHT

The meeting house, made of rough hewn logs, dark, lit by a blazing fire in the center, is filled with Shawnee Indians of all shapes and sizes.

Blue Jacket, war chief of the Shawnees is featured prominently, as are CHIKSIKA, a strongly muscled young warrior, and his 10 year old brother, TECUMSEH. It is Tecumseh's first war council, and he is doing little but listening and concentrating on what is said.

Chiksika is talking to the assembled Indians.

CHIKSIKA

My father, the great War Chief Pucksinwah, told me before he died in my arms after the battle at Point Pleasant never to make peace with the Long Knives. They are coming into our country, and eating our lands. Soon, they will devour our way of life, and use the bones of our ancestors to pick their teeth.

A roar from the assembled warriors rises to the ceiling of the huge meeting house.

CHIKSIKA (CONT'D)

We should attack now, while the whites are weak. If we wait until more whites come, we will be destroyed.

More cries from the warriors, war cries that fill the room and echo from the walls. Chiksika sits down, confident that he spoke well.

An older Indian chief, CORNSTALK (Hokolesqua), stands now and puts his hands out for quiet.

CORNSTALK

Chiksika has much reason to hate the Long Knives.

(MORE)

CORNSTALK (CONT'D)

Without them, his father and my friend would still walk the fields with us. The fire for vengeance burns in my heart as well, my brothers. As chief, I yearn for nothing more than to sink my tomahawk into the war post, but I cannot, for I have given my word, as have many of you here, that we will remain at peace.

Cries and sounds of derision fill the air, many of them questioning the old chief's courage. His eyes narrow, and the power of indignation fill his words.

CORNSTALK (CONT'D)

Do not think that I, Cornstalk, say this out of cowardice. I fear, but I fear for the future of our people. If we go to war, it is the beginning of our end.

ANGLE ON BLUE JACKET.

By the set of his jaw, and the intensity with which he is concentrating, we can tell that he does not agree.

CORNSTALK (CONT'D)

The white man is like a worm, which when cut in half does not die, but becomes two. For every white man we kill, four take his place. And, the whites have strong warriors, some as gifted as our own warriors. Men like Boone and the giant, he whose gun is never empty, Butler. We must not fight them now.

AGAIN ON BLUE JACKET.

His anger is rising.

CORNSTALK (CONT'D)

Perhaps we can live in peace with them.

Blue Jacket can take it no more. He stands up and addresses the congregation. Pointedly, he fingers a scar on his chest.

BLUE JACKET

This is my memory. It tells me we can never live in peace with the white man.

The assembled warriors like this kind of talk. Their eyes are shining in anticipation of battling the **Shemanese**, which means the Long Knives.

BLUE JACKET (CONT'D)

When I think the killing or the
insults will not happen again, it
tells me I am a fool.

ANGLE ON CORNSTALK.

Blue Jacket is against him, but he has no anger towards Blue Jacket. Cornstalk agrees with all he says, and respects his passion. Cornstalk, however, has a diplomat's spirit, and he wants to safeguard the future of his people.

BLUE JACKET (CONT'D)

I have seen Butler, and he is just a man. He sheds blood and it is red, just like our warriors. I say that if our game is hunted, their horses and livestock die. If they cut down the fields and the trees, we do the same to their cabins and their towns. Only then will the whites know we will fight back, and they will think before they move across the mighty Ohio!

He pauses for a moment, then looks at the warriors in the audience.

BLUE JACKET (CONT'D)

I say, if our people are killed, whites must die. It is the only way!

He fingers the scar again.

BLUE JACKET (CONT'D)

My memory tells me this!

The warriors in the tent sound their approval, and Blue Jacket sits back down, proud that he has spoken his piece and been so well received. Chiksika claps him on the shoulder, and Tecumseh looks at him with pride and a little touch of awe.

The Indians are starting down a new path, a path from which there can be no return.

EXT. OHIO FRONTIER -- MORNING

It is a glorious morning. The sun is up and strong, already burning off the light mist hovering over the virgin frontier. The trees are thick here, and through them come Simon Kenton and Simon Girty, carrying their flintlocks, knives and tomahawks.

GIRTY

You have to admire the Shawnee way
of life. I do.

SIMON

There is a difference between a culture and the things that men do. I count six warriors, eh?

Simon is scanning the ground, following a trail.

GIRTY

Looks right. What do you think is happening?

SIMON

Given the sign we've seen all around, I'd say it's a war party, going after the outlying cabins. Reprisal, maybe, for attacks on the Indians. They never seem to get the people who are doing the killing, though.

Girty gets his bearings and looks around him.

GIRTY

McClellan's cabin is over that rise.

Like smoke, without a sound, Simon and Girty vanish into the trees, heading for the cabin.

EXT. MCCLELLAN'S CABIN -- LATER

The cabin, a rustic, rough hewn building, is quiet. Smoke rises peacefully from the chimney.

Everything looks normal. From their vantage point, nothing's out of place.

Simon and Girty come to the edge of the clearing and watch the cabin carefully.

Girty motions for them to approach the cabin.

GIRTY

Let's go. I saw Mrs. McClellan in Boonesboro when we left. I haven't seen Abe McClellan for a while.

Kenton puts a hand on Girty's arm, stopping him.

SIMON

They've been here.

He points at a broken twig, at the ground, at the grass near the cabin.

GIRTY

Nothing's wrong, Simon.

Simon puts a finger on his lips, and indicates with sign language that he wants Girty to go around one way, while he goes around the other.

ANGLE ON SIMON

He rounds the corner of the house, and sees

SIMON'S POV of the door standing ajar.

SIMON

Oh, no.

In the doorway, lies a body.

A body without a scalp, the red, raw skull shining through the dark hair on both sides of the ragged cut.

Abe McClellan.

Sitting in front of the house is a figure, slumped over, his head in his hands, dressed like a Shawnee Indian. Simon points his rifle at him.

On the other side of the house, Girty comes across another McClellan, face down in a pool of his own blood. His scalp is missing too. McClellan's 16 year old son is dead a little away from him.

Girty sees the same figure as Simon, and trains his gun on it.

Simon sees Girty sighting on the same figure, and motions for Girty to cover him.

Simon leaves the woods and approaches the figure.

There is no movement from the figure.

Simon comes on.

Girty keeps his rifle trained on the figure, but keeps his eyes open for any movement in the woods.

Nothing.

Simon gets next to the figure, and pokes him with the tip of his rifle.

Nothing.

Simon takes the tip of his rifle and flips the hat off the figure.

It's McClellan's brother.

A white man, his mouth stuffed with a rag to stop him from crying out.

Dead.

Simon pulls off the Shawnee blanket to reveal a completely naked McClellan, and steps back, amazed at the amount of blood on the ground under his body.

TIGHT ON SIMON

The blood is a trigger for him, and stares at it for a long moment. This is what he is fighting against, protecting the settlers from the violence of the frontier.

Simon snaps out of his reverie and waves to Girty to come forward, and bends down to inspect what the situation is.

The Indians had sharpened a wooden spike and sat McClellan up on it, the weight of his body driving the wooden spike up into his body through his rectum.

The amount of blood on the ground testifies that McClellan was still alive when the ordeal started. Simon closes his eyes and shakes his head to clear it.

Instead of concentrating on the dead, Simon chooses to focus on the living.

SIMON (CONT'D)

They had two little girls.

They check the house, and quickly come out. The children are nowhere to be found.

GIRTY

They've taken them.

SIMON

Adoption?

GIRTY

Probably. <BEAT> What happens to them depends on the needs of the tribe. If someone has lost a son or a daughter, they'll adopt. If not...

SIMON

That man was still alive when they put him on that stake. Very admirable. Noble, really.

Girty looks long and hard at Simon. He chooses his words carefully.

GIRTY

You and I have been close these past 6 months. No one knows me better than you do. I have no stomach for torture, but the white man has done this and worse.

He motions to the dead lying around him.

GIRTY (CONT'D)

The Indians are fighting for their lives, and their land. They are willing to fight and die for it.

SIMON

No Indians died here today.

GIRTY

If white men are going to stay here, they have to be willing to die for it too.

Simon looks at Girty, sadness in his face. It's such a waste of precious life.

SIMON

Senseless. These people never harmed anyone. They only wanted to farm the land.

GIRTY

Land that does not belong to them.

SIMON

They were white, so they were the enemy. I have a feeling this...

He scans the corpses, savaged and broken. He indicates the poor man on the stake.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Is only the beginning.

EXT. OHIO FRONTIER -- DAY

Simon is at the front of a group of soldiers, settlers and frontiersmen as they walk along the Ohio River. They are out for blood, and they are tracking the Indians responsible for the massacre at McClellan's cabin.

Behind Simon is a Army Colonel from the East, LEWIS, who knows nothing about fighting the Indians.

LEWIS

You just find them, Butler. Me and my men will do the rest.

SIMON

I'll find them, Sergeant. We'll see what you and your men will do. Fought many Indians?

LEWIS

I'm a Colonel. We've fought the British, and they are more than a match for a bunch of savages, I should think.

ANGLE ON SIMON

He looks at Lewis dubiously.

SIMON

Thinkin' like that is gonna get you far in these parts.

LEWIS

Are you being insubordinate, Butler?

SIMON

Don't believe so.

LEWIS

You forgot to say, "sir."

SIMON

No, I didn't forget.

Simon leads them along a creek into the interior of the Ohio frontier.

They cross a clearing, staying close to the wooded edge so they make less of a target.

They ford a small stream, the sun shining through the trees in beams.

Simon brings them out onto a clearing with a spectacular view of the valley and the hills beyond. Simon stops for a moment, studying the trail.

LEWIS

What the hell are you doing, Butler?

SIMON

Taking stock.

LEWIS

Keep moving, or I might start thinking you're not looking near hard enough.

Simon knows the man is a fool, and ignores him. He starts off again, the men trailing behind him.

Finally, they come up on a path between two hills. It's the perfect place for an ambush, and the trail was amazingly easy to read. It led the whole pack right up to this path.

Simon doesn't like this one bit.

He stops and holds up his hand.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

Even I can see the trail, Butler.
Let's go!

SIMON

Not so fast, Admiral. I have a bad feeling. It's an ambush.

LEWIS

I have men here dying to spill some Injun blood. We tracked them this far...

SIMON

Another reason I'm worried.

Simon holds up his hand to stop Colonel Lewis from saying anything else, and listens to the wind.

To the ordinary ear, nothing.

To Simon, volumes.

Simon scans the faces of the soldiers and men clustered around him. They and the settlers are covered with sweat, breathing heavily. There are only a handful of frontiersmen, not enough to fight a full war party of Shawnee.

If they got into a battle, they'd be overmatched anyway. They are not a war party, nor are they ready to meet one.

SIMON (CONT'D)

We turn around. Now.

The entire company starts to grumble again, this time more vocally.

LEWIS

You don't make that decision. I do.

SIMON

The Indians who murdered the McClellans have joined a larger party, and they are waiting in ambush for us. We're outnumbered.

LEWIS

How do you know that?

Simon doesn't like to be questioned, and he moves a little closer to the Colonel. Lewis is oblivious.

LEWIS (CONT'D)

How did you get to be a scout with such a broad yellow streak? I order you to lead us down that trail.

ANGLE ON SIMON

He's bristling at the word "order." This doesn't sit well with him.

SIMON

You can't order me to do anything, Lieutenant.

ANGLE ON THE OTHER MEN IN THE GROUP.

Some side with Lewis.

BACK ON SIMON

SIMON (CONT'D)

I'm here to help you, and now the best way to help yourself is to listen to me, because **I know**. Any man who goes down that trail goes to his death, because he's out of my protection.

ANGLE ON OTHER MEN.

The majority of the men in the group side with Simon.

Simon turns to go, and slowly, Lewis, knowing that they are all dead without Simon Kenton, motions for everyone to follow him.

He takes them a different way than the way they came, and they thread their way up a ridge. The going is tough, but Simon presses on.

They come out into a clearing on the ridge. Simon goes to the edge and looks down.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL

An overhead shot of the hilly country, with the trail winding through the hills. About one quarter of a mile into the hills is a war party of Indians, some 50 or 60 strong.

On the top of the ridges.

Simon was right.

To follow that path into the hills would have resulted in a massacre.

ANGLE ON SIMON AND LEWIS

Lewis sees the Indians, and sees that Simon was right.

LEWIS
Shawnee war party?

Simon nods.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
I count fifty warriors.

SIMON
That you can see.

Lewis looks at Simon for a long moment, then finally drops his eyes.

SIMON (CONT'D)
Apology accepted. We'll fight when we have a chance of winning.

He turns from the ridge and guides them down into the forest.

EXT. OHIO FRONTIER -- LATER

They are walking through the forest, Simon in the lead. He scans the area around them, then goes up to one of the men, ABRAHAM MERIWHETHER. He whispers with him for a moment, then turns to Lewis.

SIMON
Meriwether here will take you back to Boonesboro. I'll follow directly.

LEWIS
(suspiciously)
What are you up to, Butler?

Simon doesn't answer, but disappears into the trees. Lewis is bewildered for a moment, but there is nothing for him to do but press on.

Meriwether takes the point and leads them towards Boonesboro.

EXT. OHIO FRONTIER -- NIGHT

Simon is walking through the forest with only the light of the moon to guide him. This is all the light he needs, as he moves through the trees without making a sound. He is at home on the frontier as the bear and the wolf.

He is scanning around him constantly, his senses alive and incredibly aware.

As he moves on, he slows down and becomes more cautious. He has found his prey, and the CAMERA TRACKS WITH SIMON as he moves up and stops, instantly motionless.

The CAMERA CONTINUES MOVING AND COMES AROUND TO THE REAR OF SIMON, REVEALING AN INDIAN CAMP.

It's the camp of the Indians that were lying in ambush for Simon and the rescue party.

Simon squats down, examining the camp. We PAN with Simon's eyes as he studies the temporary wigawah of the camp, examining each one and dismissing it.

He stops at one particular wigawah. There is something about this one.

Is it the guard at the entrance to the shelter?

Is it the presence of so many people at the front?

That's part of it, but the real tell tale sign is the SHOCK OF BRIGHT BLONDE HAIR just visible through a crack in the wigawah's walls.

Simon has found the McClellan girls!

Simon instantly gets up and moves around the camp, positioning himself directly across from the wigawah where the girls are.

Simon makes himself comfortable and sits back to wait.

His eyes never close, his face never betrays fatigue or weariness, even though he has to be incredibly tired. His intense concentration is locked on the wigawah and the Indian camp.

The guard at the door of the wigawah YAWNS once and then sits down in front of the structure.

Simon still watches.

The figures inside are silent.

Simon watching.

The camp is silent.

Simon is still alert.

Everyone is asleep.

Everyone, that is, except for Simon.

Who is still wide awake and focused intently on the Indian camp.

INSERT SHOT: a cloud moves over the Moon.

Back on Simon's position.

Simon is not there.

EXT. INDIAN CAMP -- LATER

Simon is moving cautiously through the silent Indian camp. He has his rifle and his tomahawk out and ready, but he's not there to kill.

He's there to stop the killing.

INT. INDIAN WIGAWAH -- CONTINUOUS

The two little McClellan GIRLS are wide eyed with fear. Everyone around them is fast asleep, but the girls cannot sleep.

They are also not making a sound.

Behind them, the side of the wigawah lifts from the ground, and Simon is REVEALED.

The girls don't see him, and he doesn't want to startle them, make them cry out.

He quickly throws his hands over their mouths, stifling any cry, and pulls them quickly and without any noise OUT OF THE WIGAWAH!

The flap of the wigawah falls back into place.

The Indians sleep on.

EXT. INDIAN CAMP -- CONTINUOUS

Simon has the two girls in his arms, and they have their arms thrown around his strong neck as he walks quickly and noiselessly through the Indian camp.

Before anyone in the camp knows it, Simon Kenton and the McClellan Girls are gone.

EXT. BOONESBORO -- MORNING

A somber mood is over Boonesboro as Lewis and the men he assembled whine and gripe (ad libs) over the lost opportunity to fight the Indians. Lewis and DANIEL BOONE, tall, strong and in his early 40s, are standing near the gate talking, while the other residents of Boonesboro chew the fat behind them.

The forest is shrouded in a thick fog.

FRONTIERSMAN 1

I was itchy to draw a bead on them
Injuns!

LEWIS

I must say that I doubt your man
Butler's enthusiasm. He didn't seem
to be eager to spill Indian blood.

BOONE

He's not eager to spill any blood,
Indian or white. Where I come from,
that's an admirable quality.

LEWIS

You trust that man?

BOONE

Like my own son.

SIMON (O.S.)

Hello there!

The men around the Boonesboro gate, startled by the voice,
bring up their rifles, pointing at the fog in front of them.

There is a tense moment, silence all around. Fingers are on
triggers as they wait for whoever or whatever it is to clear
the fog.

Through the thick fog walks Simon, still carrying the
McClellan Girls.

A great SHOUT of JOY comes from the assembled people of
Boonesboro as they lower their rifles and run out across the
clearing to Simon.

MRS. MCCLELLAN is at the front of the group, hurrying to the
last of her family still alive. She takes her Girls from
Simon.

MRS. MCCLELLAN

Bless you, Simon Butler. Bless you!

She kisses Simon on both cheeks, then hugs and kisses her
babies.

ANGLE ON BOONE AND LEWIS

As they watch. Boone is smiling widely, proud of his friend,
while Lewis has a sheepish look on his face. Again, Simon
has proved him wrong.

ANGLE ON SIMON

In the middle of the group, as they heap praise and adoration
on him.

He is smiling broadly, though still embarrassed by all the attention.

EXT. OHIO RIVERBANK -- AFTERNOON

A party is going on, right on the banks of the mighty Ohio River.

A group of white SETTLERS, led by Jacob Greathouse, are drinking and carrying on with a group of INDIANS, among them a very pregnant SQUAW, sister of the great Indian Chief Logan.

A fire is roaring in the center of the group, and everyone is into their cups. The Settlers are pretending to drink heavily, encouraging the Indians to down mug after mug of the strong ale.

The Indians are already drunk, and Greathouse leads them over to the side of the gathering and tacks up a piece of cloth onto the trunk of a tree. On the cloth is drawn a circle in charcoal.

As he speaks, he mimes the actions so that they understand.

GREATHOUSE

Let's see...who can hit the circle.
A friendly little contest.

He motions to the Indians, who take turns firing at the circle.

The first Indian, very drunk, misses the target completely.

Greathouse laughs, enjoying the spectacle.

The second we see also misses, and almost falls down from the recoil of the rifle.

The third fares no better, just barely clipping a corner of the target. Almost all the Indians have taken their turn at target practice, all with the same results.

GREATHOUSE (CONT'D)

Are none of you Indians good shots?

The pregnant Squaw's HUSBAND, who had not been drinking, picks up his rifle confidently. He takes aim and shoots...

Piercing the target right in the center.

He turns with a smile on his lips to Greathouse, ready to claim whatever prize is his, only to see that Greathouse is no longer next to him.

In fact, Greathouse is about 15 feet away.

Standing with a line of white settlers, their guns raised.

The smile dies on his lips.

GREATHOUSE (CONT'D)

Take aim!

The Indians, their guns useless because they have already fired at the target, go for their knives and their tomahawks.

GREATHOUSE (CONT'D)

Fire!

The rifles bark, and the Indians go down, killed in cold blood.

A slaughter.

Greathouse, a huge smile on his face, picks through the wreckage, checking to make sure that everyone is dead.

He stops at the pregnant Squaw's body.

She's still alive!

Greathouse motions to his men. They grab her and string her up in a tree, her feet dangling six inches off the ground.

Greathouse strips her of her tunic, then turns slightly away, as if he is going to leave.

Instead, he reaches under his shoulder and frees his tomahawk from its sheath, bringing it around in a huge arc, SLICING it through the Squaw's distended stomach, spilling its contents on to the ground in front of her.

We FOLLOW the now bloody tomahawk as it finishes its arc.

EXT. INDIAN CAMP -- NIGHT

Another tomahawk, this one belonging to Chief Logan, is raised to the sky.

At CHIEF LOGAN'S feet lays the bloody, crumpled body of his sister, covered now by a fur.

Pain and suffering are on Chief Logan's face.

Tears have dried on his skin.

The time for mourning is over.

It is now time for revenge.

CHIEF LOGAN

The peace with the whites is over.
My tomahawk will not be grounded
until 10 whites have died for every
one Indian who has fallen here!

The WARRIORS with Chief Logan all raise their tomahawks, their WAR CRIES filling the air!

The frontier will never be the same.

EXT. OHIO FRONTIER -- MORNING

Simon and two other FRONTIERSMEN are walking along a creek, scouting the area. They come onto a beautiful vista, and Simon pauses for a moment to survey the beauty.

When he comes out of his reverie, the other men are gone. He surveys the ground, and quickly spots which way they went. He sets off on the trail after them.

He comes up on them, and they have their rifles up and trained on something. Simon takes up position behind them, then looks through the trees to find their target.

ANGLE ON THREE YOUNG SHAWNEE BRAVES, NOT MORE THAN 12 YEARS OLD!

They are playing in a meadow, peacefully having fun.

TIGHT ON SIMON

Who can't believe what the others are about to do.

One of the Frontiersmen is smiling as he gets ready to fire.

Simon puts his hand on the man's shoulder.

SIMON

You got trouble with your eyes, Jake?
Those are youngsters. Leave 'em be.

Jake doesn't lower his rifle, but instead keeps it trained on the young men, who are oblivious to the danger.

JAKE

Them's Injuns. What difference does it make if I kill them now, or kill them later? A dead Injun is a good Injun.

ANGLE ON YOUNG INDIAN BOYS

They are still playing, unaware that their lives are hanging in the balance.

TIGHT ON SIMON

SIMON

Do not shoot.

Jake turns his head to look at Simon, thinking that Simon is pulling his leg.

Simon couldn't be more serious.

JAKE

You don't have to watch, Injun lover.

He turns around and gets a bead on them again. Before he can shoot, however, Simon YANKS the man's gun from his hands.

SIMON

I warned you. Now, you answer to me!

Jake takes a swing at Simon, but before his blow can land, Simon SLAMS Jake in the face with his fist, and then attacks in earnest.

Jake, like William Leachman, has no chance. Simon is quickly hitting him everywhere, the bloodlust red and blotting everything else out.

ANGLE ON YOUNG INDIAN BOYS

They have heard the ruckus, and take off through the woods on the other side of the meadow. They are safe.

ANGLE ON JAKE AND SIMON

Simon is still brutalizing Jake. Jake has long stopped trying to fight, now he is just trying to stay alive. The other Frontiersman is pulling at Simon, trying to get him off Jake.

He finally does, and Simon paces off to the side, while the Frontiersman ministers to Jake, whose face is bloody and battered.

FRONTIERSMAN 1

You could have killed him!

SIMON

I warned him...He should have listened...I warned him.

Simon stares off into the woods, the rage gone, as the Frontiersman tries to get Jake to his feet.

EXT. OHIO RIVER -- DAY

A boatload of settlers is coming down the mighty Ohio River.

The Settlers are the greenest of the green, straight from the East. They've never been on the frontier, and they are way out of their league.

The head of the expedition is EBINEEZER ZANE, and with him is his WIFE and FAMILY, and many of their FRIENDS and NEIGHBORS from the East. They are coming to the frontier for a better life.

The day is beautiful, sun blazing, and they have yet to see a single Indian.

This is the start of the life they have been dreaming about.

Then, on the tranquil and quiet North side of the river, from the thick trees on the edge of the water, BURSTS a white MAN onto the soft sand of the bank!

Screaming!

MAN

Help! Help! I'm a white man! I
escaped from Injuns! HELP ME!

Zane looks at his wife, and the men on the boat.

ZANE

We have to help him!

They manuever the raft to the side of the river, heading for the beach where the man is standing. The man is nervous, motioning for them to hurry up.

MAN

Hurry! Hurry! I'm finally free of
them! Damn savages!

The raft comes up on land, and the Man comes toward the raft to get on when...

An arrow BURIES itself to the feathers in his back just as he gets on board.

MAN (CONT'D)

(dying)
I'm sorry. They forced me...

The Man collapses in Zane's arms, and immediately the beachhead is filled with Indians, shooting rifles and bows, brandishing tomahawks.

The whites on the raft don't stand a chance.

It's a slaughter.

A massacre.

No one is spared.

EXT. OHIO FRONTIER -- DAY

Simon Kenton and Simon Girty are walking together in the wilderness. Simon stops every so often to make "tomahawk improvements."

This is how Simon claims land, and he is claiming the best land he can find.

No one else is brave enough to come this far away from Boonesboro, into hostile territory.

SIMON

This land is ours for the claimin'.
Just make your mark.

GIRTY

That's OK, Simon. You claim it, and
I'll come live on it with ya.

SIMON

Sounds good.

He carves a letter "K" into the tree, claiming it.

GIRTY

Why do you use a 'K'?

Kenton stops for a moment, then says...

SIMON

No reason. People know it's my mark,
that's all.

Girty and Simon continue on through this beautiful frontier.

EXT. OHIO FRONTIER -- NIGHT

Underneath a patchwork of bright stars, Simon and Girty are sitting in front of a small fire. The fire can't be too large, or it will attract the wrong kind of attention.

Girty watches Simon for a little while, then pulls out his hunting knife, slapping it blade side into his palm.

Simon watches him with amusement.

SIMON

You plan on doing something with
that knife?

Girty nods. He seems a little nervous, like he's not sure what to do.

GIRTY

I've been thinking, Simon. You're
like a brother to me, and I trust
you completely.

Simon nods but doesn't say anything.

GIRTY (CONT'D)

I want us to pledge blood brothers
to always protect each other, you
watch my back, I'll watch yours.

Simon looks at Girty for a long moment. He reaches out and takes the knife from Girty's hand. He looks at Girty while he DRAGS the knife across his right wrist.

It's got to hurt, but Simon doesn't even wince.

Girty smiles and does the same to his wrist, though he's not quite the stoic that Simon is. It hurts, and you can see it on his face.

They grasp forearms, pressing their wrists together, their blood mingling.

GIRTY (CONT'D)

Blood brothers. Forever. We'll
always protect each other.

SIMON

Blood brothers.

They hold that position for a moment, then they release. Girty is very satisfied, content. Happy.

GIRTY

No matter what happens, we'll always
help each other, no matter which
side we're on.

SIMON

Which side?

Simon looks at Girty quizzically. Girty takes a breath and then confesses to Simon. Once he starts, it's like the floodgates are open--he has to tell somebody!

GIRTY

I'm leaving, Simon! I can't fight
for the whites anymore. I'm joining
up with the Indians. They're on the
side of right in this war.

SIMON

You're a Colonial, Simon.

GIRTY

Five years ago we were all British,
remember?

SIMON

You're going to join Hamilton, the
Hair Buyer?

GIRTY

I'm joining the Indians, Simon. You could come with me.

Simon ponders that for a moment, then shakes his head no.

SIMON

My place is here. The settlers need me.

Girty nods and stares into the fire.

GIRTY

You think I'm wrong?

SIMON

No. It's right for you. You've always felt this way.

Girty smiles, at peace with himself and his decision.

Simon is staring into the fire, debating with himself.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Before you leave, I have to tell you something no one else knows.

Girty looks at him, giving Simon time to speak. He takes it, thinking, then finally starts.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I killed a man in Virginny, and came to the frontier. My real name is Simon Kenton.

He shakes his head at the memory.

SIMON (CONT'D)

It was a long time ago, and I'm not proud of what I did.

GIRTY

Simon, you're the best man I've ever met.

He really means this.

GIRTY (CONT'D)

Your secret is safe with me.

They look at each other for a long time. Finally, Simon stands up and Girty joins him.

GIRTY (CONT'D)

Friends forever.

SIMON

Brothers forever. If we ever meet
on the battlefield, you will be safe
from my rifle.

GIRTY

And you from my tomahawk.

They shake hands one more time, then Girty grabs his gear
and goes out into the night. From this point on, Simon Girty
is no longer a white man.

Simon watches him go into the night, a little sad, but he
knows that his friend, his blood brother, will be going home.

EXT. BOONESBORO -- NIGHT

Boone is standing at a table, Simon Kenton on the other side.
He is staring at Simon, affection in his eyes. He sees Simon
as a younger version of himself. His trademark coon hat is
on the table next to him.

BOONE

If they're going to attack Boonesboro,
we'll have to pull the livestock in,
and shut down farming.

SIMON

They'll attack, all right. Anyone
going outside has to be completely
protected.

BOONE

You'll lead the guard.

It's not a question, really. It's a statement.

SIMON

You bet, Dan'l. My men and I'll
make sure our people are safe. We'll
still have to do some hunting. We've
only got stores for...Three or four
days.

BOONE

They're out there now?

SIMON

No doubt.

Boone looks through on of the windows towards the forest.

EXT. INDIAN CAMP -- LATER

The Indians are indeed out there, camped within three miles
of Boonesboro. Blue Jacket and Chiksika are sitting around
a low fire.

BLUE JACKET

We move against them tomorrow morning.
We'll draw them out, and then we'll
cut them down.

CHIKSIKA

The man who brings down Butler will
be a hero.

BLUE JACKET

Dream of victory, Chiksika. Not of
Butler or heroes.

Chiksika nods and stares into the fire.

EXT. BOONESBORO -- MORNING

The gates of Boonesboro open.

Boonesboro is a small place, really. A log fence surrounding
not much more than two acres of land. It is in a beautiful
spot, however, and would be a great place to live if fear
was not everywhere for these settlers.

Simon and two MEN take up guard positions at the gate. Two
other Men head out into the clearing to gather up firewood.

They aren't too happy about it, and they grumble as they
head out. They know how dangerous this detail is.

When they get out into the middle of the clearing, about 60
yards from the fort, SHOTS ring out, killing one of them
immediately.

The Man falls to the ground in a heap, a hole in his forehead.

The other immediately drops his burden and rushes for the
gate.

Six Indians run out from the forest ringing the station and
close on the man. The LEADER of this small pack, a heavily
muscled, war painted Warrior, kills the other MAN with his
tomahawk, then pulls his knife.

Simon and two other guards immediately give chase as the
Indians do not head back for the spot where they emerged
from the woods, but sprint for the opposite side.

There in the middle of the clearing, war cries ringing out
all around him, the Leader proceeds to scalp the man he just
shot.

Kenton shoots on the run, killing the Leader just as he raises
the bloody scalp over his head. The Leader drops, the scalp
still in his hand.

INT. BOONESBORO -- CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON BOONE

He's completely taken by surprise by this attack.

BOONE

Let's go!

EXT. BOONESBORO -- CONTINUOUS

Boone and ten other men rush out to help Kenton and his men. They spring over the cleared land.

As soon as they are away from the fort, a horde of warriors rush into the clearing, cutting Boone and his men off from the fort.

Boone and his men stop, realizing a little too late that they have been tricked.

BOONE

Damn it!

Kenton sees that Boone is cut off, and he heads back to where they are forming a protective circle, reloading as he runs.

A Warrior takes aim at Boone, but before he can shoot, Kenton shoots him, then reloads again. Still running.

Another Indian, SHEQUONUR, shoots Boone in the ankle.

Boone drops, holding his leg, the bones splintered.

Shequonur comes towards Boone, his tomahawk raised for the killing stroke.

Kenton sees this and fires, shattering Shequonur's spine and killing him.

BOONE (CONT'D)

Simon! Leave me be! My leg's broke!
Get the others back in!

Without replying, Kenton picks Boone up as if he were a baby and runs with him to the fort.

The majority of the other Indians have already scattered because of cover fire coming from the fort.

Two Warriors, however, are between Simon and the fort, cutting off his path.

Simon can't bring his gun to bear with Boone in his arms.

However, Simon doesn't stop running.

If anything, he speeds up.

The Indians can't believe this crazy giant as he comes closer. They are armed with tomahawks and knives, and they are ready to end Simon's life.

Simon comes within a few feet and LAUNCHES Boone into the air, SLAMMING him into the two Indians, knocking them both down and Boone out!

In one smooth move, he pulls out his own tomahawk and buries it into one of the Warrior's head, and crushes the ribs of the other with a powerful dropkick.

ANGLE ON BLUE JACKET AND CHIKSIIKA, WATCHING FROM THE WOODS.

They are shocked and very impressed by Simon's fighting. He fights more like an Indian than most Indians.

ANGLE ON SIMON

He picks Boone back up and hustles into Boonesboro, the gates closing behind him.

ANGLE ON INDIANS

They cannot believe what happened. Simon almost singlehandedly repelled their attack.

There is something special about this giant warrior.

TIGHT ON BLUE JACKET

BLUE JACKET

Corn Stalk was right. Butler is a warrior to be reckoned with.

The Indians, Blue Jacket included, disappear into the woods.

EXT. BOONESBORO -- NIGHT

It's the middle of the night on the frontier.

Everyone is asleep inside Boonesboro.

Even the horses in the fenced area right outside the Boonesboro gate are asleep.

GEORGE CLARKE, a mousy, thirtyish man with brown hair, on watch over the horses is ASLEEP, so there is no way he could see the three Indian WARRIORS who have come up silently.

They are there to steal the horses, but they watch Clarke. If he wakes up, he dies.

Luckily for him, he continues to sleep while the Indians move around the horses, soothing them, stopping them from making sounds.

They lead the horses, all with distinctive Boonesboro brands on them, out past the sleeping Clarke, each Warrior taking two horses with them.

They leave, and Clarke dreams on.

INT. BOONESBORO SLEEPING QUARTERS -- MORNING

Dawn.

Complete darkness.

Stillness.

A barely audible KNOCK intrudes.

No response.

Another KNOCK. This one a little LOUDER. The door CREAKS open a little bit, and a ray of light intrudes.

VOICE (O.S.)

Simon?

Simon is standing right next to him, naked from the waist up.

He's wide awake at the drop of a hat, ready for action.

SIMON

Yeah.

ALEX MONTGOMERY, a rugged faced, long haired blonde frontiersman, and a man Simon likes very much, jumps, startled.

MONTGOMERY

Holy Jesus! You sleepin'?

SIMON

Not anymore.

MONTGOMERY

They got the horses.

SIMON

How many?

MONTGOMERY

Six. What should we do?

SIMON

Get ready to ride.

Simon grabs his shirt and puts it on.

EXT. BOONESBORO -- LATER

Simon comes BURSTING out of the gate and JUMPS onto his horse, ready to start the trek. On horses next to him are Montgomery, and Clarke, someone Simon does not recognize.

Simon looks at Clarke, then turns to Montgomery.

SIMON

Who's this?

MONTGOMERY

Last name's Clarke. He says he's a tracker.

Simon appraises Clarke. Judging from his clothes and his manner, which say "greenhorn" to him, Simon doesn't think so.

SIMON

You related to George Rogers Clark?

Clarke shakes his head and starts to talk. Simon puts up his hand.

SIMON (CONT'D)

If I need something from you, I'll ask.

He rides off, the other two following.

EXT. OHIO FRONTIER -- LATER

The three men are riding after the Indians who stole the horses. Simon is expertly scanning the ground and the trail. Simon stops his horse and looks carefully at one particular spot.

SIMON

They have maybe five hours on us.

Clarke interrupts, a frantic look on his face.

CLARKE

I was on watch when the Indians took the horses. It was less than an hour ago.

Simon turns to look at Clarke. He doesn't say anything for a moment, then looks at Montgomery.

He then looks back at Clarke, hard, and the man won't meet Simon's eyes.

SIMON

That right? You say one hour, the tracks here say five. Let's see if I can figure this puzzle out. You were supposed to be on watch, but you fell asleep, didn't ya? You wake up and try to cover yerself. Close?

Clarke sputters for a moment, ready to lie again, but then turns away, in the direction the Indians went.

CLARKE

Damn savages!

Simon smiles ruefully at Alex Montgomery.

SIMON

This is why I told him not to talk.

EXT. OHIO FRONTIER -- LATER

The three men ford a stream together. Halfway across, Clarke TOPPLES OVER into the water!

Simon and Montgomery share a laugh as Clarke tries to swim. He can't, and he's flailing around like crazy, trying to get to the bank of the stream.

Simon takes his mount closer to where Clarke is struggling. He grabs the man by the arm and pulls him half out of the water.

SIMON

Stand up, tracker! It's only three feet deep!

Clarke, surprised, puts his feet under him and stands up in the water that only comes up to his waist.

Simon and Montgomery smile at his plight.

EXT. OHIO WOODS -- NIGHT

It's a cold frontier night, the sky clear.

TIGHT ON CLARKE, who is so cold his teeth are chattering.

CLARKE

I've never been so damn cold!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL MONTGOMERY, who is a little warmer, though certainly not comfortable. He is keeping watch.

MONTGOMERY

Quiet, man! Go to sleep!

CLARKE

I can't.

MONTGOMERY

Stop complaining!

PULL BACK FURTHER TO REVEAL SIMON KENTON, who is seated over a small fire, his blanket making a kind of tent over him. No fire nor smoke is visible, and Simon is extremely warm and fast asleep.

EXT. OHIO FRONTIER -- MORNING

Simon is checking his flintlock for dampness while the other two are gathering up the blankets and provisions from their camp.

SIMON

We'll find those horses today. Do what I say and everything will be fine.

CLARKE

And if you make a mistake?

Simon and Montgomery exchange looks.

SIMON

We'll all lose some hair.

ANGLE ON CLARKE.

This worries Clarke. He is obviously scared of Indians, something not lost on Simon and Montgomery.

Simon gets on his horse and rides off.

EXT. OHIO FRONTIER -- LATER

The three men are riding along, and Montgomery motions to Simon, inclining his head towards Clarke. He wants to have some fun with the greenhorn.

MONTGOMERY

Hey, Simon. What do the Indians do to whites they capture? Kill 'em quick?

ANGLE ON CLARKE

His ears prick up at this.

ON SIMON

He turns to Montgomery, avoiding looking at Clarke.

SIMON

Heck no! First, they have to run a gauntlet.

Clarke's curiosity gets the better of him.

CLARKE

A gauntlet?

SIMON

Yep. You gotta run through two lines of Indians, and the Indians beat the pulp out of you each step of the way.

MONTGOMERY

Then what?

SIMON

Then, torture. They do it to give you a chance to show your bravery.

Clarke's eyes go wide open.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I've seen men with their skin flayed off, and they were alive for the whole thing.

MONTGOMERY

What about the stake?

SIMON

Most captives are burned at the stake, after being tortured. The fire's really low, so it takes a long time, and usually your legs are totally black before you're in danger of dying.

Clarke shudders, cold in the hot sun.

SIMON (CONT'D)

No, sir. If I'm captured, I'd do something to make 'em kill me afore I let 'em start in on me.

MONTGOMERY

How about you, Clarke?

Clarke looks over at them both and grimaces. His face shows deep hopelessness and wretched fear.

CLARKE

Why don't you just kill me now?

Simon and Montgomery share a laugh as they ride away.

MONTGOMERY

(under his breath, to
Simon)

Don't think I haven't considered
it...

They go down an incline and start across a rushing stream.

EXT. OHIO FRONTIER -- AFTERNOON

In the waning light of the day, Simon, Montgomery and Clarke are on their bellies, crawling up the side of a ridge. As they come to the top of the ridge, a small Indian village is revealed.

The village is full of commotion, with warriors moving back and forth, squaws cooking, children playing.

CLARKE

My God! It's a city! The lair of
the beast!

Simon looks at him, surprised at his comment.

SIMON

Temporary camp.

Simon spots the stolen horses off to one side of the encampment.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Here we go, boys. As soon as they
settle down for dinner, we get our
horses back.

CLARKE

You're going to take all their horses,
right?

SIMON

No, that'd be stealing. We'll take
back what's ours.

CLARKE

You scared of the Indians?

Simon looks at Clarke for a long BEAT, then glances over at Montgomery.

SIMON

Any smart man is. <BEAT> Tell you
what, you want all the horses, you
take all the horses. Alex and I
will be your lookouts.

Clarke swallows hard at this. He glances at the Indian camp, then back at Simon.

CLARKE
 (his voice very unsure)
 I'm just a tracker...

Simon and Montgomery share a look.

SIMON
 I saw that right off.

CLARKE
 Not an Indian fighter. You get the
 horses, I'll stay right here.

Simon smiles a thin smile, then looks at the Indian camp.

SIMON
 Can you find your way back to
 Boonesboro, tracker?

CLARKE
 I think so.

SIMON
 Go to Boonesboro and tell them what
 you see here. A temporary Indian
 camp with about a hundred warriors.

Clarke just sits there, not moving. A strange, uncertain,
 far away look on his face.

SIMON (CONT'D)
 The Indians are here, not between
 you and Boonesboro. I need you to
 report to Boone.

Clarke still doesn't move, but instead looks down at his
 hands. Simon looks up at the sky.

SIMON (CONT'D)
 Go south until you hit the stream we
 crossed, then head east. Don't worry
 about covering your trail--the Indians
 will be after us, not you. With
 luck, you'll be there by this time
 tomorrow. We'll be right behind
 you. Now, go!

They watch him go, then go back to observing the Indian camp.

EXT. TEMPORARY INDIAN CAMP -- NIGHT

Full night has fallen.

The camp is settling down for the night, and the majority of
 the warriors and their squaws are nowhere to be seen.

Simon and Montgomery sneak down under cover of darkness to the makeshift corral where the horses are.

They go in and find the six horses that were stolen from them, locating them by the brands.

They band them together, Simon with three and Montgomery with three, and start to move them out.

As they sneak out of the corral, one of the horses WHINNIES.

Simon freezes, hoping that's all there will be.

Unfortunately, the whinny catches on, and soon all the horses are WHINNYING.

And, now dogs are BARKING.

The Indians are stirring. They know something is wrong.

Simon acts quickly.

He knocks down the corral fence and FIRES his gun, STAMPEDING the horses.

It's madness.

The RUSH of HOOVES, the DUST in the air, the violent huge bodies HURTLING through the night.

Through it all, Simon and Montgomery, with three horses each, escape.

The stampeding horses head in one direction, and Simon and Montgomery head in the other.

They make their way through the wilderness in the dark. They know they are being tracked by the Indians, but they have no other choice.

Simon does all he can to elude the trackers, from walking in stream beds to covering their tracks to backtracking and doubling back, but he knows all the while that the Indians are great trackers.

And if they pick up the trail, they'll follow them to hell and back.

EXT. OHIO RIVER -- MORNING

As the morning sun is coming over the trees, Simon and Montgomery arrive at the banks of the Ohio River. They've ridden all night, and are definitely the worse for it.

The Ohio River is so rough that the horses don't want to cross.

Simon tries to get his steed to go into the water, and it will, but the three horses that he is pulling behind him balk. They whinny and paw the ground, scared to go into the rushing water.

SIMON

We'll have to go upstream, try to find a calmer place.

They walk the horses along the Ohio, and Simon starts to get the "feeling" that they are being watched.

That the Indians have tracked them here.

Simon looks around at the ridges overlooking the Ohio.

Nothing.

No Indians.

No scouts.

Nothing moving.

Simon knows that they are there, though.

Simon hands the lead lines of his horses to Montgomery and heads for the ridge line.

MONTGOMERY

Where you going?

SIMON

I gotta make sure we're safe.

MONTGOMERY

Hurry back!

Simon waves his hand in the air and gallops off.

EXT. OHIO RIVER RIDGE -- LATER

Simon is in position at the top of the ridge, watching the trail they came down on. Their tracks are pretty visible, and Simon grimaces as he looks closely at the ground.

He scans the trail, and there are no Indians to be seen.

Yet.

Just then, he spots five Shawnee warriors on horseback following them. The leader, BONAHA, is a magnificent physical specimen. He is about six feet tall, heavily muscled and painted in wild war colors. He is scanning the trail.

He knows where the "horse thieves" went.

ANGLE ON SIMON

There's only one thing to do.

Get the drop on the Indians.

Take one out, then drop another in the confusion, making it seem like an ambush.

Use the diversion to cross the Ohio and get back to Boonesboro.

He shifts to get a steadier position, and brings his flintlock into position.

He takes aim. It's an easy shot.

He fires.

A puff of smoke rises from his gun, and there is an audible POP, but no ball smashes into Bonah.

SIMON

Damn!

MISFIRE!

ANGLE ON INDIANS

They snap their heads in Simon's direction.

He's been seen!

The Shawnee are galloping down the trail towards him!

Simon jumps down off the ridge and runs straight into a thicket of thorns, the five Shawnee Warriors in hot pursuit.

SIMON (CONT'D)

ALEX! CROSS THE OHIO! NOW!

Simon runs hard, dodging obstacles and diving over logs and trees.

They are expert Warriors, and they outflank Simon in quick order.

Simon BURSTS through a stand of trees, and comes face to face with three Shawnee Warriors. Ready to fight, he is caught from behind by Bonah, who knees him in the back.

Simon drops to the ground from the blow and is immediately surrounded by all five Indians.

Simon can do nothing but submit.

Bonah and the others take out rawhide strips and start to bind Simon's hands and feet.

As Simon is being bound, he sees Montgomery on the ridge line!

ANGLE ON MONTGOMERY

He has spotted Simon, and he brings his rifle up for a shot.

ANGLE ON SIMON

To save his friend's life, Simon quickly turns to the opposite side of the ridge, completely across from where Montgomery stands with his rifle, and screams:

SIMON (CONT'D)

Don't shoot, Alex! Run! Get away!

The Shawnee warriors look where Simon is yelling, giving Montgomery the opportunity to leave without being captured.

ANGLE ON MONTGOMERY

He's not going anywhere.

Instead of running and surviving, Alex Montgomery fires at the Indians holding Simon.

His bullet misses Bonah, instead SLAMMING into the tree next to Bonah's head.

The Indians turn to where the shot originated, and Montgomery is spotted.

Now Montgomery runs, and Bonah sends the other Warriors after him. Bonah doesn't join them, but stays with Simon, keeping his own rifle pointed straight at Simon, the barrel not more than a foot from his chest.

They sit like this, Simon staring at Bonah's dead eyes, thinking that these might be his last moments on earth.

Simon is determined to show no fear.

Finally, the silence is broken by a shot, and Simon prays silently that it was from Montgomery's gun, but Bonah's face says otherwise.

Bonah grunts, nodding in approval. He finally lowers the gun and smiles a big smile.

As he does, the other Warriors come back, carrying the scalp of Montgomery, the long blonde hair instantly recognizable!

Simon's shoulders drop. Montgomery's gone!

They grab Simon and harshly bind him to the tree, then back away, staring at their captive.

Surprisingly, none of them recognize Simon as Butler, the Indians' greatest enemy.

Bonah takes Montgomery's scalp from one of the Warriors and comes forward and squats in front of Simon.

He slaps the bloody, fleshy part against Simon's face, chanting

BONAH

Horse thief! Horse thief! Horse thief!

Bonah tires of this, and motions to the Warriors. They strip Simon of his clothes, and then force him spread-eagled onto the ground and stake him out.

Simon is very uncomfortable, but it's only now just starting. Remember the stories he and Montgomery told Clarke? They were only exaggerating a little.

The Indians throw dirt all over him, into his face and eyes. They then spit on him, and grab switches off the trees and beat him with them.

Soon, his body is a mass of cuts and blood.

They still aren't done.

They take turns urinating on Simon.

Simon bears it all with a stoic face, trying to keep himself from vomiting. His only hope to get through this alive is to not show any pain, any emotion at all, and take his first opportunity to escape.

He knows, once they find out who he is, he's dead for sure.

EXT. OHIO FRONTIER -- LATER

It is getting along toward dark, and Bonah and his fellow Warriors have settled down to eat. They are almost done, when Bonah walks over with a piece of fatty meat in his hand.

He kneels down next to Simon, studying him.

He takes the meat and SHOVES it into Simon's mouth.

It's all Simon can do to keep from suffocating while he chews the meat. Even under these circumstances, the meat is delicious. Simon eats every bit, knowing that he has to conserve every ounce of energy he has for his escape attempt.

Just as he finishes chewing, another group of Indians arrives at Bonah's temporary camp. Bonah offhandedly motions towards Simon, his prisoner. One of the Warriors comes closer to Simon, smiling at Bonah's good fortune, and looking forward to the execution of the horse thief.

The smile dies on his lips as the Warrior recognizes Simon.

ANGLE ON SIMON

It'll only get worse for Simon from this point on, Simon knows. His "celebrity" with the Indians will lessen his chance at escape, too.

ANGLE ON WARRIOR

The Warrior, really excited now, turns to Bonah and the others.

WARRIOR

Butler! Butler!

They all come running over, staring at the giant who they now know is the fiercest enemy of their tribe.

Bonah puffs up his chest. After all, he is the Warrior that captured Butler.

Several of the Warriors kick and hit Simon, to boost their own manhood and confidence. They bark at him in Shawnee, and even though Simon only speaks a few words of the language, the intent is clear.

He is at their mercy.

He ignores them, staring straight up to the sky.

Bonah, now knowing who Simon is, wants to take extra special care that he does not get away. He fashions a rawhide thong and slips it over Simon's head and around his neck, pulling it tight.

The effect is such that Simon cannot move his head much.

His arms and legs are immobilized, and now so is his head.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK OVERHEAD, UNTIL SIMON'S FULL, STAKED OUT BODY FILLS THE SCREEN.

DISSOLVE TO NIGHT TIME, SIMON IN THE EXACT SAME POSITION.

In stoic agony.

Certainly, his position is less than comfortable.

Something else is bothering, eating at him.

Literally.

Simon strains his head, which is covered with sweat, to look down at his tortured and bruised body.

ANGLE ON SIMON'S LEGS

They are covered with ants, flies, mosquitoes and bees!

Unmolested, they are tearing into the feast that is the flesh of Simon Kenton.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OHIO FRONTIER -- NIGHT

It is the dead of night.

Everyone is asleep.

Everyone, that is, but Simon Kenton.

Who is now freezing.

It's Autumn, and Simon is completely naked.

He is shivering, and his teeth are chattering.

It's the longest night of Simon's life, and he knows that it only gets worse from here.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OHIO FRONTIER -- MORNING

It's dawn, and the Indians are up.

Bonah and the Warriors get Simon up, being very careful with the big man. They don't want to lose the prize of their lifetime. They roughly tie Simon's hands behind his back.

Simon gets up stiffly, his arms and legs almost completely without feeling. He stumbles and almost falls when he does gain his feet, and the Indians hold him up.

Bonah pours a gourd filled with water into Simon's mouth, and Simon drinks it all in one long swallow.

He finishes, his lungs heaving as he breathes in the air of the morning.

He's still alive, and that means there is still hope, and the possibility for escape.

BONAH

We go to my village. No escape!

Simon stares at Bonah, and nods his head.

BONAH (CONT'D)

You try escape. You die.

Simon gets a half smile on his face.

SIMON

When I do escape, you'll never catch me. I promise.

Simon says it friendly, nodding his head as if he were assuring Bonah that he wouldn't dare escape, emphasizing the word "promise."

Bonah doesn't understand and looks at the other Warriors, and none of them understand.

EXT. FIRST SHAWNEE VILLAGE -- DAY

Simon is dragged into the first Shawnee village in the harsh, brutal light of morning. Simon is covered with bruises, welts and an assortment of cuts, but he is still an awesome sight to behold.

He towers over the assembled Indians.

And there are a lot of Indians. Every Shawnee within riding distance has shown up at this village to see Butler run the gauntlet.

The gauntlet is both test and torture: two lines of Indians of all ages, armed with sticks, switches and even clubs. The women and children are the first part of the gauntlet, while the warriors make up the end of the line.

All Simon has to do is run the quarter mile to the lodge and he'll be safe.

That quarter mile, however, could mean his death.

Simon is roughly forced into position at the start of the gauntlet by Bonah, and a signal is given to the Indians.

They are ready.

ANGLE ON SIMON

He is as ready as he ever will be. The lodge seems impossibly far away, the Indians on either side of the line bloodthirsty and chomping at the bit.

Simon takes a deep breath and steels himself for the incredible pain that is sure to come when...

SLAM!

Bonah brings a huge stick down across Simon's back, almost cracking his spine! The blow sends him pitching into the first Indians at the beginning of the gauntlet.

They get in a few hits before Simon recovers.

When he does recover, Simon runs like the wind.

His plan: run as quickly as he can through the gauntlet, thereby minimizing the damage.

At the beginning, his plan is working.

THE CAMERA TRACKS WITH SIMON AS HE RUNS.

The children and squaws are flailing wildly with their switches and sticks, but they aren't connecting very often. Simon is too fast for them.

When Simon gets to the Warriors, however, it's a different story. They've been through many of these before, and they know most of the tricks.

They time it right, and their blows SLAM into Simon's body.

He's dodging and varying his speed, making some of them miss.

But some of them hit, hard.

And take their toll.

Still, Simon is stronger and more athletic than anyone they have ever seen, and he's got a chance to make it to the lodge. If he does, the rules say, they cannot touch him anymore.

He's within 30 feet of the lodge and he puts on a fresh burst of speed.

20 feet now and closing.

He's going to make it!

Then a club comes from one side and SLAMS into Simon's legs and he goes down to one knee. He struggles to get back up, but his momentum and speed are lost.

He's an easy target, and before he can get back up and start running again another club THWACKS heavily into the back of Simon's skull.

And Simon pitches forward, unconscious.

Immediately, the warriors gather around Simon, and the beating continues, brutal and unforgiving.

To offer mercy or to stop completely would be disrespectful to their giant enemy.

And they are nothing if not very respectful.

Bonah finally steps in and stops the beating, taking Simon by the shoulders and picking him up with the aid of several other warriors. They move him down the gauntlet line in the direction of some wigawah structures.

Instead of putting him in the structures to recuperate, however, Bonah positions him again at the beginning of the gauntlet line, which has now reassembled.

Simon is going to be forced to run the gauntlet again!

They throw some water on Simon's face, and Bonah gleefully SLAPS Simon back awake.

Simon comes to groggily and shakes his head to clear it. He looks up at the gauntlet line again, and his eyes get a steely determination.

These Indians will not see him yield.

He will show no pain.

Bonah strikes him again across the back, signalling the start of the gauntlet.

Simon takes off, and again he gets through the squaws and the children with little damage.

But, once he hits the warriors, he's too sapped to evade and the lion's share of the blows rain down on him.

He does not cry out in pain, there are no grimaces, no screams.

Simon is stoic in his suffering and he eventually succumbs, again unconscious.

Again he is struck from all sides as he lies face down in the dirt, 50 feet from the lodge. It might as well be a hundred miles.

The brutal beating continues as we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHAWNEE WIGAWAH -- NIGHT

A low fire burns in the center of the large wigawah.

Simon Kenton lies face down on top of a soft fur.

He's either asleep or unconscious.

His back is covered with ugly looking welts, cuts and bruises.

A MOAN escapes Simon's tortured lips.

A sound he would never have made if he was conscious.

There is another figure in the wigawah.

An Indian woman.

SUWANTEE.

A striking Indian maiden, jet black hair and a strongly muscular, but still very feminine body.

In the firelight, she is incredibly beautiful.

She reaches into the jar she is carrying.

She takes some of the healing salve in her hand and gently begins to spread it on Simon's injured back.

Another MOAN.

Suwantee checks Simon's face, holding her gaze on him longer than she needs to.

Her eyes drop, but not before something...

Admiration? Attraction?

Shows in her dark eyes.

EXT. SHAWNEE MEETING HOUSE -- NIGHT

A meeting is in progress inside.

INT. SHAWNEE MEETING HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The meeting house is packed with Shawnee warriors. The firelight flickers and exposes their fierce faces.

The subject is Kenton, and they all have strong opinions.

BONAH

Butler is the Shawnee's greatest warrior. I captured him, I say he should die!

A ROAR erupts from the group. Executing Simon Kenton is a popular opinion.

Bonah motions with his hand, and through the doorway to the meeting house walk two Warriors, bringing with them Simon Kenton, his hands tied behind him and a loop around his neck.

BONAH (CONT'D)

He has run the gauntlet, now he should be burned at the stake!

Another ROAR.

Kenton is brought to a central pole and his neck loop is affixed to the pole.

It's time for Simon Kenton's Shawnee "trial."

BLACKFISH, a major chief of the Shawnees, calls for order and approaches Simon, looking closely at him.

Simon looks back at him, unfazed.

Simon is not intimidated by the Shawnees. They would not bring him into the meeting house to kill him. They are up to something else, and he is keeping his wits about him.

BLACKFISH

You are Butler. You are guilty of stealing horses of the Shawnee.

Simon looks at him and is astonished. This is what this is about? They're going to punish him for stealing horses?

SIMON

I'm here because of the horses?!? I took back horses the Shawnee stole from the whites.

BLACKFISH

It is wrong to steal horses from the Shawnee!

SIMON

If that is so, then it's as wrong for you to steal them from the settlers!

This last catches Blackfish off guard. He wasn't expecting this, and doesn't really have an answer prepared.

BLACKFISH

You know it is wrong to kill our buffalo?

Simon looks at Blackfish for a moment, then shakes his head.

SIMON

No, I did not know this.

BLACKFISH

You have cows, the buffalo is our cow, yet your warriors come and kill the buffalo and don't even take the meat!

The warriors in the lodge take up the indignant cry. The lodge fills with the sound.

Simon looks around, seeing their anger and frustration.

SIMON

Then you have no right to kill the
white man's cows!

This quiets the assemblage. They are looking to Blackfish to get the better of the frontiersman.

Blackfish doesn't quite know what to do. Simon has so far had an answer for everything that he has said.

He takes out his staff and HITS Simon, viciously, on his shoulders, taking out the collective Shawnee anger and frustration on the prisoner bound at the post before him.

The Shawnee warriors cry with pleasure at the sight.

BLACKFISH

I say that Butler be declared
cutthotha and burned at the stake
tomorrow!

The crowd is all for this, but one of the principal chiefs, MOLUNTHA, stands up and asks for quiet.

Reluctantly, the warriors quiet down and listen to the chief.

MOLUNTHA

I want Butler's blood like all of
you. But he is too important an
enemy. His execution must be shared
by the Indian nation. Paint his
flesh black, then take him to the
principal towns, where he will run
gauntlets for our people. After
that, he will be burned at the stake!

The crowd goes crazy, screaming and yelling their approval!

It is the right plan for everyone...everyone, that is, except Simon Kenton.

He had been hoping for adoption like they had done with Daniel Boone. He is far too important an enemy for that, however, and he is going to die.

Bonah and his warriors begin to apply the black paint to his skin, to symbolize that he has been condemned to die, while the crowd yells and screams, their faces barbaric and horrible in the firelight.

Simon's eyes are blank. He won't show his desperation and despair.

As they slather the black paint on, symbolizing his upcoming execution, Simon realizes that what he has to do is stay alert.

Alert for the opportunity, any opportunity, to escape.

INT. SHAWNEE WIGAWAH -- NIGHT

ANGLE ON SIMON'S BACK.

It's almost healed.

Simon is asleep, and there is no pain.

Suwantee is there, and she prepares to care for him again.

Before she can, however, Simon turns and sits up, holding her arm tenderly.

SIMON

Thank you.

Suwantee is embarrassed.

SUWANTEE

I do what I must, to prepare you...

Simon puts a finger to her lips.

SIMON

Thank you.

He replaces his finger with his own lips, and they hold a hot passionate kiss for a long BEAT.

Suwantee breaks it off, coming up for air.

SUWANTEE

No! You are cutthotha, condemned.
You are the great enemy of the
Shawnee, Butler!

Simon smiles a little bit at that.

SIMON

You feel what I feel?

After a long BEAT she nods.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Then how can it be wrong?

They fall into another embrace. Before he can kiss her again, she says...

SUWANTEE

They will kill you, after the
gauntlets.

Simon stares into her eyes, then smiles.

SIMON

I am not an easy man to kill.

They gently lay on the floor and begin their lovemaking, as
we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHAWNEE VILLAGE -- DAY

Simon is strung up outside of a wigawah, his hands tied behind
his head, making movement very painful.

The CHILDREN of the village are playing around Simon, taunting
him, hitting him with switches. It's not really hurting
Simon, but it's incredibly annoying.

One child is not joining the others, but merely watching
from a little distance away.

This child is Tecumseh.

Tecumseh is only ten years old, but he is wise beyond his
years. He does not agree with what the children are doing.
He doesn't agree with torture or torment.

One of the children stands close to Simon and motions to the
others to watch him. He fusses with his clothing, taking
his penis out to urinate on the prisoner.

Before he can do it, however, Simon lashes out with a kick,
stretching his muscles to the point of agony, to the boy's
stomach, sending him pitching end over end into the dust.

The other boys cry out angrily, but Tecumseh smiles a huge
smile, glad that the giant captive Butler has won this small
battle.

The boy runs away and Simon notices Tecumseh smiling. He
motions with his head to come closer.

Tecumseh starts towards Simon when a WARRIOR comes running
down towards Kenton, rage in his eyes.

WARRIOR

You kick my son! I will kick you
until you spit blood!

He starts to viciously kick Simon in the side, over and over.
Simon doesn't say a word, doesn't utter a sound, even though
the pain must be overwhelming.

Suddenly, from behind the Warrior, comes Tecumseh's voice.

TECUMSEH (O.S.)

Stop!

It is a command.

It takes the Warrior by surprise, and he does stop kicking Simon.

The Warrior turns and sees Tecumseh, and he smiles. He is about to turn back to Simon when Tecumseh speaks.

TECUMSEH (CONT'D)

You disgrace yourself when you torture a prisoner. Can you not see this?

The Warrior, bewildered, speaks to Tecumseh like a parent teaching a child.

WARRIOR

He is the enemy, Tecumseh. He is not one of us.

TECUMSEH

That does not matter.

WARRIOR

He is a white man, like the white men that killed your father!

TECUMSEH

He is a white man, not the white man who killed Pecksinwah. You are a brave warrior, doing a cowardly thing.

The Warrior stares at Tecumseh for a moment, then turns to look at Simon.

WARRIOR

You leave my son alone!

He KICKS Simon one more time for good measure, then storms away. Simon watches him go, and then turns to speak to Tecumseh, but the boy is gone!

Instead, Blue Jacket is standing there!

SIMON

Who was that boy?

BLUE JACKET

Tecumseh. He does not agree with the torture.

SIMON

I can see his point.

BLUE JACKET

It is a tradition. The warriors honor the prisoner by allowing him to show his bravery.

SIMON

You don't join in the torture.

BLUE JACKET

Tecumseh is wise beyond his years.

SIMON

Your English is very good.

BLUE JACKET

I had good teachers. But I came to despise them.

Simon doesn't really have a reply for this. He looks at Blue Jacket, who is watching where Tecumseh went.

BLUE JACKET (CONT'D)

Tecumseh will one day be the leader of the Shawnee tribe, and will unite the Indians against the whites. Mark my words.

The pride in Blue Jacket is apparent, and then he too walks away.

As soon as Blue Jacket is gone, a BLACK MAN, named CAESAR, comes up to Simon, staring at him.

CAESAR

So, you're Simon Butler?

Simon looks at Caesar expectantly. Could this be a friendly face?

Caesar KICKS Simon in the side, viciously.

CAESAR (CONT'D)

You are the great enemy of the Shawnee!

He comes closer to Simon.

CAESAR (CONT'D)

You're in deep trouble, Mr. Butler. They'll be killing you!

SIMON

Who are you?

Caesar straightens up and KICKS Simon again, this time hitting the dirt, not Simon. Simon reacts anyway, playing along.

CAESAR

(loud)

I am Caesar!

(softer, to Simon)

I escaped from the South, and joined
with the Shawnee.

SIMON

Will they adopt me?

Caesar comes closer to Simon.

CAESAR

No chance, Mr. Butler. You are too
great an enemy.

SIMON

They adopted Daniel Boone.

CAESAR

And he escaped, bringing shame to
the tribe. No, they're going to
show you off, then kill you, sure as
my name is Caesar. I'll do what I
can to help you, though.

SIMON

What about Boonesboro? When are
they going after it?

CAESAR

When you're...dead.

SIMON

Thanks, Caesar.

Several warriors start in their direction, and Caesar stands
up and starts yelling at the top of his voice!

CAESAR

I'll dance on your grave when you
are dead! All enemies of the Shawnee
will die!

He gives Simon one more KICK for good measure, this one
landing because the Warriors are so close, and then walks
away, leaving Simon alone.

Or as alone as can be when you're staked out in the middle
of a Shawnee village.

EXT. SHAWNEE VILLAGE -- DAY

Another gauntlet line, this one longer than the last one.
Simon gazes down it, and he knows that if he is going to
escape, he has to do it now.

While he is still reasonably healthy.

Bonah is poised at the front of the gauntlet, ready to strike Simon with his staff.

Simon doesn't give him the chance.

He takes off, sprinting down the center of the gauntlet, catching the Indians by surprise!

He's past nearly fifty of the Indians before they know what's happening, and once they do know, and prepare for him, Kenton veers to one side, heading directly for one Indian woman!

She ducks and Simon SPRINGS over her and towards freedom!

The Indians are frozen, shocked by what Simon has done.

Simon is sprinting for freedom, and he is already 200 yards away.

TIGHT ON BONAHA!

He SCREAMS for the warriors to follow Simon.

ON SIMON

Who is running like the wind, the feeling of freedom giving his legs life. His speed increases.

Over Simon's shoulder, we can see the entire village mobilized for the recapture of Simon Kenton.

They have no chance.

Simon scrambles up a hill and onto the prairie. He doesn't have any shoes on, and his feet are already bleeding, but Simon doesn't mind.

He's free!

The CAMERA TRACKS with Simon as he runs, then SPEEDS AHEAD, REVEALING the ground ahead.

A huge GAP in the ground is ahead. It's probably thirty feet across and easily fifteen feet deep!

Simon doesn't even slow up.

He runs full speed right at the gap, then LAUNCHES himself into space, grabbing onto the branch of a tree next to gap and CATAPULTING himself across the divide.

He lands easily on the other side and continues running, a smile on his face now.

He has a lead that is about a mile and growing.

He continues to run.

Simon runs along a rise, the sun behind, silhouetting him.

In the distance, the Indians run after him.

Enraged and helpless.

Especially Bonah.

Simon doesn't even bother with a look behind him. He knows he is far ahead of them, and he has to put as much distance between himself and his pursuers.

He comes up to a forested area and heads into the thick of it, certain he will be able to lose them in the winding trails within the trees.

He plunges into the forest, and heads down the heavily wooded trail, dodging boulders and errant branches.

His breathing is coming heavily now, the previous gauntlets have taken their toll. He won't let himself slow down, however, and he goes farther into the forest.

He jumps into a fast moving stream, intent on covering up his trail and keeping Bonah and the others from finding him.

ANGLE ON BONAHA

He is at the head of the pursuing Indians, and they have lost sight of Simon Kenton.

Bonah screams an Indian curse and rushes forward, tracking the white giant's tracks in the dirt.

ANGLE ON SIMON

Simon hits a section of the forest with a ravine, and Simon immediately jumps into the ravine. The running is smoother here, and he picks up speed.

He heads towards a sharp bend in the ravine, and he is beginning to recognize parts of this forest.

If he can get through this section, he should be able to find his way back to Boonesboro with little trouble.

Freedom is just around the corner!

He takes the corner at almost full speed and then SLIDES to a stop, stunned at the vision before him.

It's Blue Jacket and a small war party, coming back from a scouting trip!

He's run right into the war chief of the Shawnees!

ANGLE ON BLUE JACKET

Surprised, but he recovers quickly and flicks his tomahawk out of its sheath. With a war cry on his lips, Blue Jacket digs his heels into his horse to charge forward.

Simon immediately turns around and hightails it away from Blue Jacket.

Simon knows that he's at a severe disadvantage. Blue Jacket and the others are mounted, and he's on foot.

He tries to even the odds a little by climbing up the bank of the ravine and out into the forest proper.

Blue Jacket responds by leading his horse up the hill as well. It CRASHES through the underbrush in hot pursuit.

Simon has a slight lead, but Blue Jacket's huge horse is eating up the distance.

And Simon is exhausted.

Simon BURSTS out of the forest and into a clearing. He dashes for the other side, Blue Jacket in hot pursuit.

For a moment, it looks like he might make it.

But Blue Jacket's horse is fast.

Much faster than Simon.

The gap between them is now gone, and Blue Jacket leans tight against his steed's straining neck, his tomahawk at the ready.

Blue Jacket is alongside Simon now, and he raises his tomahawk, the business end, the blade, towards Simon.

But, just before he swings the weapon...

TIGHT ON TOMAHAWK

Blue Jacket flips the blade edge around, the blunt edge now towards Simon.

ON BLUE JACKET AND SIMON

Blue Jacket swings the tomahawk and catches Simon clean in the back of the head, punching a hole in his skull and sending Simon into a heap on the ground.

Unconscious.

DISSOLVES TO:

INT. SHAWNEE WIGAWAH -- NIGHT

Simon lies in the firelight, still knocked out. His head is bandaged, and, once again, he is a captive of the Shawnee.

EXT. FRONTIER -- DAY

Simon is walking at the head of a long column of Shawnee warriors.

He is on parade through the Shawnee world. They are taking him from village to village, to show off their capture to the entire Shawnee people.

Bonah, the warrior who captured Simon, is riding with him, a "leash" of sorts attached to Simon's neck.

It's a sad spectacle, but Bonah is in his element. Simon Kenton is his trophy.

INT. SHAWNEE WIGAWAH -- NIGHT

Simon, his body bruised and battered, is lying with Suwantee. His wounds are bandaged, and he is as at peace as a man in so much pain can be.

Suwantee is in Simon's arms.

SUWANTEE

Tomorrow, after the ninth and last gauntlet, you will be burned at the stake.

SIMON

Yes. Will you watch?

SUWANTEE

No. It is too horrible.

SIMON

It is the Shawnee way.

Suwantee buries her head into Simon's chest.

SUWANTEE

It is not my way.

He holds her for a moment, then pulls her chin up and kisses her face.

SIMON

I have one more gauntlet to run.
Promise me you will watch.

Suwantee shakes her head. She can't bear to watch it.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I want you to watch. Please. For me.

She looks into his eyes for a long moment, then nods her head sadly.

They embrace.

EXT. SHAWNEE MAIN VILLAGE -- DAY

Simon is poised at the front of the longest gauntlet line he has ever seen.

The Warriors are poised to do him harm, and are looking forward to this, Simon's ninth and last gauntlet. After this gauntlet, he will be burned at the stake.

Simon looks around at the people standing nearby. Off to one side stands Suwantee, Blue Jacket is on the other side, not partaking in the gauntlet.

Tecumseh, the boy who would be king, is sitting on a slight hill, his knees up at his chest, held tightly by his arms, watching it all.

Simon turns to look at Bonah, who is behind him with his stick, as usual, up and ready to slam Simon's back as signal to start the gauntlet.

Simon stares at him for a long moment, and Bonah slowly lowers his weapon.

Simon Kenton will decide when **this** gauntlet begins.

Simon starts, but he does not run.

He does not jog.

He walks!

ANGLE ON BLUE JACKET

No one had ever walked through a gauntlet before!

ANGLE ON SIMON

Seemingly unaware of the sticks and switches and clubs that hit him from every angle, Simon walks calmly through the gauntlet line. The blows come fast and hard, but Simon doesn't even flinch.

ANGLE ON SUWANTEE

Pride fills her face as tears flow silently down her cheeks. Now she knows why Simon wanted her to watch.

ANGLE ON SIMON

He continues through the gauntlet. The majority of the Warriors are stunned by the bravery of Butler, and they do not strike, but simply watch him go by.

What was a torturous trip for Simon has become a procession of pride and honor.

ANGLE ON TECUMSEH

A smile is on Tecumseh's face, and he is impressed by the white giant.

TECUMSEH

Even a white man can teach the Shawnee
pride and honor...

ANGLE ON GAUNTLET

Simon continues on through the end of the gauntlet, none of the Indians daring to attack now.

Simon is proud as he finishes the gauntlet and turns to face the assembled warriors.

ANGLE ON BLUE JACKET

Blue Jacket turns to the warrior nearest him.

BLUE JACKET

Butler is truly a special Warrior.

TIGHT ON SIMON

He lives in the moment, because he knows he is about to die.

EXT. SHAWNEE MAIN VILLAGE -- LATER

TIGHT ON SIMON

He is tied to a stake in the center of the town.

A host of Indian women are arranging firewood around him for optimal effect.

They are preparing to set Simon on fire.

The firewood is arranged, and the Indians gather to watch their giant captive die.

Blue Jacket and Tecumseh are not in the immediate circle, but are watching from a distance. They don't agree with this practice, but they have to go along.

Wondering how Butler will die intrigues them.

Will he die screaming?

The head Indian Chief, Moluntha, takes a burning torch and touches it to the prepared firewood at the outside of the circle. The wood leaps into flames and Simon knows that it won't be long before his legs turn black and he will want them to kill him.

The Indians raise a cheer as the fire licks the sky.

Then, suddenly, the heavens open up, the rain pouring down. The storm brings torrential rains and...

The rain puts out the fire!

Simon, drenched with rain and happy for the reprieve, smiles grimly, knowing that as soon as the rain stops, he'll be back in this same position.

The rain continues unabated, and the Indians mumble and groan, disappointed that they won't have their execution.

MOLUNTHA

We will execute Butler tomorrow.
Today is not a good day for him to
die--the heavens have spoken.

Simon is cut loose from the stake and herded back to his wigawah.

INT. SHAWNEE MEETING HOUSE -- NIGHT

TIGHT ON COUNCIL FIRE.

A stick is put into the fire, and the CAMERA follows the burning ember as it goes from fire to pipe.

A pipe being smoked by Moluntha.

A council is being held, and the topic of discussion is Simon Kenton.

The group is split dramatically on the issue of Simon's execution--Blue Jacket's group and Moluntha's group.

MOLUNTHA

This council stands by the decision
made several moons ago. Butler is
to die at the stake.

Blue Jacket chooses his words carefully. He is a man of action, but he can be persuasive when he feels strongly about something.

BLUE JACKET

Butler is a powerful man.
(MORE)

BLUE JACKET (CONT'D)

He has proven himself to be with honor and strong in spirit. He would be an asset to the tribe.

Moluntha's mind is closed.

MOLUNTHA

He is our greatest enemy.

An opening.

BLUE JACKET

Boone was also an enemy, and he was adopted.

The look on Moluntha's face tells everyone that this is a sore subject.

MOLUNTHA

And he escaped, and remains an enemy.

Blue Jacket smiles slightly.

BLUE JACKET

Butler has felt my tomahawk. He will not escape again.

MOLUNTHA

I am for his execution tomorrow.

BLUE JACKET

You said it yourself--the heavens spoke today. The Gods do not want Butler to die.

MOLUNTHA

Then they will have to speak again, tomorrow.

Blue Jacket, though disagreeing with the decision, stoically accepts it.

He knows better than to fight a losing battle.

Simon Kenton will surely die tomorrow.

INT. SHAWNEE WIGAWAH -- NIGHT

Simon Kenton is lying with Suwantee, the firelight dancing on the hide sides of the simple structure.

Suwantee is asleep in his arms, but Simon is wide awake.

He's staring out the top of the wigawah, watching the smoke rush through the opening and into the star filled sky.

He's not scared of dying, he's scared of not having lived well enough.

EXT. SHAWNEE MAIN VILLAGE -- MORNING

THE CLOUDLESS SKY FILLS THE SCREEN.

There will be no rain today.

Simon is tied to the stake again, the new firewood arranged around him, ready to be lit. Simon is staring off into the distance, looking at the beauty of the land.

ANGLE ON BLUE JACKET

He is standing with Tecumseh.

Blue Jacket looks up at the sun, squinting from the brightness.

BLUE JACKET
Moneto is silent today.

Moluntha takes up the firebrand again, and looks over at Blue Jacket, almost expecting a protest of some kind.

Blue Jacket nods his head.

Moluntha, satisfied, starts to lay the flaming torch against the prepared wood when...

Simon Girty rides into the village!

GIRTY
Stop! Stop!

Girty, dressed like an Indian, speeds up to where Simon is tied to the stake and JUMPS off his horse. He looks at Simon.

GIRTY (CONT'D)
Sorry, Simon. I got here as soon as I could.

He runs up to Moluntha and stands before him.

MOLUNTHA
You cannot stop this!

Girty nods and then gestures behind him, and just coming into the village is a line of British soldiers.

GIRTY
Your English brothers would like to speak with you.

ANGLE ON BLUE JACKET

He's looking up at the heavens and smiling.

ANGLE ON MOLUNTHA

His stoic face is impossible to read.

The British OFFICER, CAPTAIN DANIELS, rides up to where Moluntha is standing. He dismounts and smartly salutes Moluntha.

DANIELS

I come with instructions from General Hamilton himself.

MOLUNTHA

And what is it that General Hamilton wishes?

Daniels turns and points at Simon.

DANIELS

He wants you to give Simon Butler to us as a prisoner. He is worth more to the British alive than dead.

Moluntha takes a BEAT and then motions towards the sky.

MOLUNTHA

He is worth more to the Shawnees as smoke in the sky.

DANIELS

We ask this as your brothers, and we offer payment to your tribe as compensation.

He motions to one of his AIDES, who comes up with a chest filled with gold and many other gifts.

Moluntha takes a look at the cache, then looks over at Simon, the Shawnee's great enemy.

And there is no disappointment in his eyes.

Is it possible that even Moluntha didn't want to see the giant frontiersman die? Could the offer from the British be an excuse to do what he wanted to do all along--let Simon go?

MOLUNTHA

(still staring at Simon)

As you wish.

Girty smiles and runs over to Simon and cuts him loose. Simon can't believe his good fortune, and a huge smile lights up his face.

SIMON

Thanks, <BEAT> brother.

Girty nods and cuts the remainder of the ropes loose and then leads Simon across the wood to a horse. Simon doesn't go straight to the horse, however. He goes up to where Moluntha is standing and stops in front of him.

Saying nothing.

Staring at Moluntha.

Moluntha stares back.

Finally, Simon speaks. To the entire village.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I am not a horse thief. You all know this! And I am not now and have never been an enemy of the Shawnee. I am a white man, and I protect those who need help. Please, do not force me to fight the Shawnee.

He locks eyes with Blue Jacket.

SIMON (CONT'D)

If we meet in battle, my rifle and tomahawk will speak for me.

Blue Jacket stares back.

Simon walks back to his horse and as he goes, he sees Suwantee. His eyes soften immediately, and his face is sad.

Simon knows that he will never see her again.

Suwantee knows the same.

And the tears begin.

She turns away and runs back to her wigawah.

Simon watches her go for a moment, knowing that even though his life was saved, a part of him died today.

He climbs onto his horse, takes one last look around the place that could easily have been his killing ground, then looks at Captain Daniels. He nods. It's more of a command than an indication that he is ready.

The column moves away, taking Simon Kenton to safety.

EXT. OHIO FRONTIER -- LATER

They are riding through the frontier, and Simon is enjoying the freedom to ride through the forest again.

Simon Girty rides up next to him.

GIRTY

None the worse for wear?

SIMON

I'm getting healthier by the minute.

Girty's face is serious.

GIRTY

They treat you OK? I know the Shawnee can be tough on a prisoner, especially one as famous as you.

SIMON

They had their chance to kill me.<BEAT> They will not get another.

Simon looks at the beautiful countryside and smiles.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I'm thinking of claiming this land and building a house here. It's so beautiful.

Girty smiles and shakes his head. He then looks up at the head of the column, where Captain Daniels leads them along the path.

GIRTY

Captain Daniels here has orders to take you to Detroit, where you'll be an English prisoner.

SIMON

I'll be back in Boonesboro before the new moon.

Girty smiles, he knows that escape to his Ohio Frontier is on Simon's mind, and he'll do anything he can to help him.

GIRTY

The Shawnees need time to put together a force and move against Boonesboro. Use the time at Detroit to heal, to get your body stronger. When you're ready, let me know.

SIMON

You'll be the first, don't worry. Oh, and Simon?

Girty turns in his saddle and looks at Simon.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Thanks.

GIRTY

Just repaying my debt to you, Simon.
I owe you more...

They shake hands while still riding through the forest.
Girty starts to ride off, then stops and turns around.

GIRTY (CONT'D)

Did the Shawnees tell you the news?

SIMON

What?

GIRTY

Chief Logan has started attacking
settlements. The slaughter of his
sister put him on the path of war.

SIMON

Who killed his sister?

Girty's face fills with rage and hate, this is one of the
reasons he left the Colonials.

GIRTY

Jacob Greathouse.

He rides off.

EXT. FORT DETROIT -- DAY

Fort Detroit is a small wooden fort, complete with spiked
logs on the top of the walls.

Simon Kenton is in the long column as it rides through the
front gate.

INT. FORT DETROIT -- CONTINUOUS

The inhabitants of Fort Detroit, not more than 50 people
altogether, line up to watch the column come in. They are
anxious to see the huge frontiersman that everyone on the
frontier talks about.

It's not unlike a gauntlet, but this time they're not hitting
Simon!

Simon looks at the faces of the people as he passes them.
They are hard faces, dirty and streaked with the pain and
hardship of carving out a life in the frontier.

They are the kind of people Simon has been helping since he came to the frontier.

Even though this is a British outpost, one the Americans have been desperately trying to force the British out of, Kenton feels at home.

He urges his horse to follow Girty as they continue down the "receiving line." He spots a tall, beautiful WOMAN, named RACHEL EDGAR, with corn silk blonde hair and deep blue eyes, at the end of the line. She watches Simon with awe and respect on her face--she recognizes him from the tavern almost a year ago--and he is captivated by her beauty.

Girty comes back to where Simon has slowed and takes his friend by the sleeve.

GIRTY

There'll be plenty of time for that later, Simon. Now, you have to see the doctor.

He motions Simon to follow him over to the makeshift hospital inside Fort Detroit.

INT. FORT DETROIT HOSPITAL -- LATER

Simon is sitting on the edge of a bed in the room that has been modified to be the Fort's hospital. His shirt is off, and the scars and bruises of his captivity with the Shawnee stand out starkly.

MCGREGOR (O.S.)

Amazing!

CAPTAIN DONALD MCGREGOR, the Fort's acting physician, walks over to where Simon is sitting. McGregor is about 50 years old, slightly portly, with long, graying hair, gathered into a ponytail at the back of his head.

MCGREGOR (CONT'D)

It's just bloody amazing that you aren't dead! After all you've been through...

Girty shakes his head at Simon.

GIRTY

He's real stubborn, Doc.

McGregor examines Simon, checking out the bones and the bruises, the scars and contusions.

MCGREGOR

My Lord, man! What did they do to you? These wounds are incredible!

He is probing and poking, thoroughly enjoying himself.

Simon smiles.

SIMON

It wasn't all bad, Captain.

MCGREGOR

Your wounds are healing reasonably well...

McGregor fingers Simon's skull, and finds the area where Blue Jacket's tomahawk punched a hole in Simon's head.

MCGREGOR (CONT'D)

Good lord, man!

SIMON

I had a run in with Blue Jacket, and he left me with a souvenir.

McGregor examines his scalp and throws up his hands, exasperated.

MCGREGOR

You have a hole in your head...

GIRTY

You don't have to tell me twice.

McGregor shoots Girty a look that tells him to be quiet.

MCGREGOR

The hole is at least a quarter of an inch deep.

He holds his fingers apart a quarter of an inch.

MCGREGOR (CONT'D)

How you are walking around is nothing short of a miracle!

He stares at Simon in awe, making Simon decidedly uncomfortable.

SIMON

At least I still have my scalp. Are we done here, Doc?

McGregor is jolted out of his reverie by Simon's words.

MCGREGOR

Almost, almost. I have to clean the wounds. It won't be pleasant.

SIMON
 (to Girty)
 Anything is better than his yapping!

The door opens and in walks GENERAL HENRY HAMILTON, the Hair Buyer!

Simon looks up and sees Hamilton enter. Hamilton is about six feet tall, and thin. He's a little haggard from his campaigns against the Colonials.

He walks into the middle of the room and sees Simon sitting on the bed. Even banged up, he's quite a specimen of a man with his shirt off, and Simon stands up out of deference to Hamilton's position.

He towers over Hamilton.

Hamilton is impressed by Simon's physicality, and by the stories he has heard of his prowess.

HAMILTON
 I'm General Henry Hamilton.

Simon salutes General Hamilton.

SIMON
 Simon Butler.

Hamilton returns his salute, then extends his hand.

HAMILTON
 Even though these are barbarous times,
 we can still show some civility.

Simon takes his hand and shakes it with a strong grip.

SIMON
 Thank you for bringing me here.

HAMILTON
 Mr. Girty here convinced me it was
 the right thing to do. I don't
 condone the torture of captives.

SIMON
 You just buy their scalps?

Girty passes a hand over his eyes. He should have known that Simon would pull no punches.

Hamilton, however, smiles.

HAMILTON
 You've heard of me as the Hair Buyer,
 have you?

(MORE)

HAMILTON (CONT'D)

I have heard that Simon Butler is a devil that eats Indian children. I see no tail nor any fire and brimstone, but then who really knows?

Simon smiles a little, warming up to this English General.

SIMON

I see your point, General.

HAMILTON

Now, to the particulars of your captivity. We are in the heart of Indian territory, Butler. Many have tried to escape, none have succeeded. If you aren't captured and killed by the Indians, and we get you back, you will be executed. Am I understood?

SIMON

Perfectly, Sir.

HAMILTON

You have free rein of the post, and I'd like you to help Mr. Girty here as hunter and trapper, if that would be agreeable.

Simon looks at Girty and smiles.

SIMON

We might be able to get along.

HAMILTON

Good. Welcome to Fort Detroit. It is my hope it begins to feel like home.

SIMON

The Ohio Frontier is my home, General.

HAMILTON

Not any more.

He salutes, and Simon, Girty, and McGregor salute him back. He leaves, and Simon sits back down.

SIMON

Looks like I have some time on my hands to heal...

He says this, but both he and Girty know that there is no way that he'll stay in Detroit for the rest of the conflict.

EXT. FORT DETROIT -- DAY

Simon, dressed in clean clothes for the first time in weeks, is walking through Fort Detroit. The joy of just walking around astounds him. He smiles wide, and just as he does, he sees Rachel Edgar and walks right up to her.

SIMON

My name is Simon Butler.

Rachel is surprised by his forwardness, smiling and blushing.

RACHEL

You waste no time with formalities, do you, Mr. Butler?

SIMON

I have recently been made very aware of the transitory nature of life, Miss Edgar. I have no time to waste.

RACHEL

Yes, I saw you a year ago, when you met Andrew Jackson. I've heard of your experiences with the savages, Mr. Butler.

SIMON

Let me correct you, if I may, in two areas. First, you were misinformed. I was not a captive of savages, rather, the Indians had me. And two, please call me Simon.

Rachel smiles, warming to this huge frontiersman.

RACHEL

You are a British prisoner now, are you not, Mr. Butler? An enemy of the crown? And I am now a married woman.

SIMON

Would you share a walk with a lowly prisoner? Within the confines of the Fort, of course. I assure you, you are in no danger.

Rachel looks around, contemplating an excuse, then decides to go with him.

RACHEL

Yes, I would enjoy that.

She pauses for a BEAT, then looks at Simon with a mischievous smile.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Simon.

They walk off together, her hand in his arm. As they walk, other residents of Fort Detroit sit up and take notice.

Simon and Rachel are oblivious, however, enjoying each other's company.

EXT. FORT DETROIT FRONTIER -- DAY

TIGHT ON SIMON

He's got his flintlock sighted on game, and he is standing stock still, the rifle POINTED STRAIGHT AT THE CAMERA.

He waits for a moment, then pulls the trigger, the FLASH of the gunpowder bright in the day darkness of the forest.

ANGLE ON DEER

It drops from Simon's shot!

Simon runs up to the deer and hefts it onto his one shoulder. Girty joins him, and admires the deer.

GIRTY

Not bad for a long tailed devil!

Simon smiles at him, and takes off for the fort at a run.

GIRTY (CONT'D)

You're not trying to escape, are you?

Simon smiles back over his shoulder.

SIMON

I have a little time left!

Girty smiles at his reply. He knows, and so does everyone else in the fort, that as soon as Simon is healed, no one is going to be able to stop him.

Girty wouldn't stop him, anyway. He'd do anything for Simon Butler, his best friend in the entire world.

He snaps himself out of his reverie and takes off after Simon.

INT. FORT DETROIT -- LATER

Simon and Girty walk through the gates of Fort Detroit together, the deer still over Simon's shoulder. Girty is without any game, and he hears it from the people in the fort.

FORT DETROIT MAN

Empty handed again, Girty? Is Simon the only one who can hunt in this fort?

FORT DETROIT MAN 2

We've never eaten better! Thanks, Mr. Butler.

FORT DETROIT WOMAN

Have you lost your touch, Girty?

FORT DETROIT WOMAN 2

I can tell you he hasn't lost his touch!

They all laugh at this, and Simon and Girty walk into the fort proper. Rachel is standing there, negotiating with one of the merchants of the fort, and she loses her train of thought as Simon walks by.

Simon returns her gaze, and time slows down as they are drawn into each other.

FORT DETROIT WOMAN

She seems to be touched, by one of the Simons! And a married woman!

INT. FORT DETROIT -- NIGHT

Simon's quarters.

He's not under arrest. There are no bars on the windows, no chains on the bed.

The CAMERA PANS ACROSS THE ROOM, showing that there is nothing that says Simon Kenton about this room. Simon is living here, but he is only existing. It is a room of a man ready to leave at any moment. He is living a life without attachment.

At least that's the way the room looks, until the CAMERA GETS TO THE BED.

AND REVEALS SIMON LYING WITH RACHEL EDGAR.

They have just made love, and are holding each other.

RACHEL

You could stay here...with me.

SIMON

This is not my home, and there is your husband to consider.

RACHEL

My marriage is one of convenience only... <BEAT> You could make it your home. You are a hero to these people.

SIMON

As soon as I am at full strength, Rachel, I am leaving for Boonesboro. It will be under attack soon. You need to know this. I will not deceive you.

RACHEL

If you escape, they will track you down and kill you.

Simon smiles at the irony of white men tracking him.

SIMON

And you think they will succeed?

He kisses her on the forehead.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Nothing will keep me from the Ohio frontier. It is the most beautiful land on the face of the earth.

Simon is smitten with the Ohio land, and it is apparent on Rachel's face that she knows that she cannot compete. She is, however, grateful for the time she is able to spend with the giant frontiersman.

She closes her eyes and holds Simon closer.

RACHEL

Tell me more about Ohio, Simon.

Simon returns her hug, and talks.

SIMON

Where should I begin? The land is gently rolling, perfect for farming and building forts, towns and homes. Game is everywhere in abundance, and the weather is good most of the year...

AS HE CONTINUES TO TALK, WE FADE TO:

EXT. FORT DETROIT -- DAY

Simon is walking down the street of Fort Detroit when the gates open and a contingent of Shawnee warriors, led by Moluntha and Blue Jacket, come through them.

Simon stops and watches them.

Are they here for him?

He watches as they walk into the fort.

Blue Jacket stares back at him, his face completely without emotion.

Moluntha and Blue Jacket lead their warriors to the meeting house, and following the warriors are several braves, including Tecumseh and Caesar. As the Warriors go inside, the others stand outside in the open area of the fort.

Tecumseh acknowledges him with a nod of his head. Simon nods back.

Girty is suddenly beside Simon.

GIRTY

Nothing to worry about, Simon.
They're here for a parlay with General Hamilton. They'll be gone by evening. I think they wanted to make sure you were still here.

SIMON

I'm here, for the moment.

Girty walks away, and Simon walks in the other direction. Suddenly, the fort seems way too confining.

EXT. FORT DETROIT LOOK OUT -- MOMENTS LATER

Simon climbs up onto the lookout of the fort wall and stares off at the treeline.

He stands this way for a few moments.

CAESAR (O.S.)

Mr. Butler, I'm glad to see you alive.

Simon turns and sees Caesar standing off to the side, half hidden behind a wooden structure. It wouldn't be good to be seen by the other Shawnee talking with Simon.

SIMON

Caesar! How are you?

CAESAR

I'm fine. The Shawnee are moving against Boonesboro, Mr. Butler.

SIMON

When?

CAESAR

Warriors are arriving every day.
I'd say soon.

SIMON

Is this party, Blue Jacket and
Moluntha, going back to Chillicothe
from here?

CAESAR

Yeah.

SIMON

I've got a little time, then. Thanks,
Caesar, I won't forget what you did.

CAESAR

You bet, Mr. Butler.

He slips away and joins the Indians waiting outside the council room, while Simon stays up on the lookout. The treeline seems closer than ever.

EXT. FORT DETROIT -- MORNING

Simon is in the fort's common area chopping wood, his shirt off in the bright sunshine. He's sweating, and he's completely healed.

His muscles gleam in the sunlight, and the spectacle is captivating many of the women in the Fort, not the least of which is Rachel Edgar.

Captain Daniels, a man that Simon has become friends with, walks over to where Simon is working.

SIMON

Morning, Captain. What do you know?

DANIELS

Not much, if you ask my men. You
seem to be in good shape, Simon.

SIMON

Never better.

Daniels looks around the Fort, making sure that no one is listening.

DANIELS

We've been seeing some Indian movement
around the Fort. If a man were to
escape, it would be madness to head
immediately South, he'd run smack
into the Shawnee.

Simon looks at Daniels for a moment, then begins cleaning the blade of the axe he has in his hands.

SIMON

I know what you mean, I had the misfortune to run into the Shawnee myself.

DANIELS

Be much smarter to go North and East a while, then head South.

Simon doesn't look up for a moment, then looks into Daniels' eyes with a smile.

SIMON

If a man were to escape...

DANIELS

Which is definitely illegal.

SIMON

A moot point, really.

DANIELS

Exactly my meaning. Good day to you, Simon.

SIMON

Good day, Captain Daniels.

Captain Daniels continues on, and Simon goes back to his work.

INT. FORT DETROIT -- NIGHT

Simon is just finishing dressing for the wilderness, and Rachel is standing in the middle of the room, keeping a brave face. She can't stand to see him go, but she knows that she cannot keep him.

Simon Girty knocks once on the door and comes into the room.

GIRTY

You ready?

Simon looks at Rachel for a moment, then nods to Girty.

GIRTY (CONT'D)

Time's a wasting! No one will be anxious to come after you, but Hamilton will insist on a party, led by me, going out in the morning. I'll track you the opposite way.

SIMON

I appreciate it.

Another KNOCK comes at the door, and in walks JOHN EDGAR, Rachel's husband. He has a box in his hands. John looks at Rachel, not the least bit surprised to see her in Simon's room.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Mr. Edgar.

EDGAR

Simon.

There is an awkward moment, as Simon wonders if he should explain what is going on. Instead, Edgar holds out the box to Simon.

EDGAR (CONT'D)

I have a couple of pair of moccasins
I can't use. Maybe you can get rid
of them for me?

Simon smiles at John Edgar, feeling real empathy for him.

SIMON

I just might.

EDGAR

God's speed, Simon.

He looks at Rachel for a moment, a sad smile on his lips, then exits the room.

Simon watches him go, then looks over at Rachel. He knows that leaving is the right thing to do, regardless of Boonesboro's plight.

RACHEL

Take care of yourself, Simon.

He holds her in his arms for a long moment, then kisses her on the forehead, each cheek, then deeply on the mouth.

Then, Simon grabs his rifle and they head out the door, leaving her behind in the room.

She watches the door for a moment, then takes a deep breath.

EXT. FORT DETROIT -- NIGHT

Simon and Girty are standing on the lookout of the Fort. They are both looking out at the tree line, about 100 yards away.

SIMON

Where's the watch?

GIRTY

You're looking at it.

Simon smiles, thankful for his friend's aid.

GIRTY (CONT'D)

Get going, Simon. I'll wait until first light to raise the alarm. See, I'm asleep right now.

SIMON

We'll see each other again...

GIRTY

Not unless we're in a battle. I'm the worst kind of man to the colonials, the white man who chose to fight with the Indians. They have no love for me.

SIMON

No man talks ill of you in my presence.

Girty holds out his hand, and Simon grasps it, then pulls Girty into an embrace.

GIRTY

Safe travels. Keep your hair, Simon Kenton.

SIMON

That's my plan.

Simon moves to the edge of the Fort wall, and without hesitation VAULTS over the wall and drops the 20 feet to the ground.

Simon lands easily and starts for the woods at a jog.

Simon Girty watches his best friend in the world vanish forever.

At another position on the ledge, Rachel Edgar watches the only man she's ever loved run out of her life.

Simon reaches the tree line and turns once to wave back towards the Fort.

Then he's gone.

EXT. FRONTIER -- NIGHT

Simon is moving fast through the woods. He is running lightly and easily, never stumbling or tripping as he runs down a path lit only by the moon light.

He is also traveling silently, all his senses aware for the prospect of danger.

EXT. FRONTIER -- MORNING

It's first dawn, and Simon is still running.

He is not exhausted. After all the gauntlets he ran, it's a pleasure to run free.

He stops at a fast running stream and drinks heartily, his hands cupped under his chin. He's like a deer, drinking, but still very aware of everything around him.

He finishes drinking and moves further along the trail.

EXT. CREEK -- LATER

Simon is up high on a large tree that has fallen and formed a bridge over the creek.

He looks out over the frontier, his hands on his hips.

Everything is quiet.

He pauses for a moment, enjoying the view, drinking in the beauty of the frontier he loves so much.

He crosses the tree bridge and lands easily on the other side.

EXT. HILL COUNTRY -- AFTERNOON

Empty shot of rolling hills.

Nothing is moving inside the frame.

The CAMERA SLOWLY TRACKS IN until it is tight on one part of one of the hills.

There, in a protected cave, sleeps Simon.

He's sleeping in the afternoon, so he can continue to move at night.

EXT. FRONTIER -- NIGHT

Simon is running down another path, then he slows and examines the ground.

He quickly moves off the path and into the woods, and continues on silently.

He creeps up onto an Indian encampment. It's a small group, eight (8) WARRIORS, a scout group by the looks of it.

They are sitting around a smokeless campfire, eating, smoking and talking.

It's a kind of camaraderie that Simon has only known with Girty, and he enjoys watching it for a moment.

He doesn't even consider raising his rifle and attacking--it would only serve to alert them to his presence. He can't afford that.

After watching for a moment more, he moves cautiously around the encampment and heads off into the night.

They never knew he was there.

EXT. FRONTIER -- MORNING

Simon is standing at the edge of a stream, washing his face and hands, rinsing his chest and arms. He doesn't have the time or the lookout to take a real bath.

As he cleans himself, he keeps an eye on the forest on the other side of the stream.

He takes a few more drinks, then heads into the forest.

As he moves along, he sees something.

It's an overcast day, and Simon is hurrying to get home. His eyes are scanning the ground, and he is also surveying the sky.

He spots the vultures in the sky, circling, occasionally dipping through the trees.

Simon picks up the pace, heading for the spot.

EXT. FRONTIER CLEARING -- LATER

Simon is on the edge of the clearing, and he is absolutely silent and still, surveying the site.

And the damage.

There in the middle of a clearing are two figures. Simon can just make them out. Incongruously, they seem to be covered in hair.

After a moment, Simon goes into the clearing and walks right up to the figures.

As Simon gets closer, the hair appears to move.

Then, when he is close enough, he realizes...

It's not hair.

The bodies are covered in flies!

Simon uses his rifle to shoo the flies away, revealing two human beings.

One man and one woman, their heads slack and bent down almost to their chests in death. Their hair hangs over their faces.

They've been slaughtered.

Simon has seen dead bodies before, so instead of concentrating on the dead, he looks around the clearing for signs of the killers, and there is plenty of evidence of Indians. They did not try to hide the fact that they did this.

In fact, Simon spots an Indian tomahawk, its blade still red with blood. He picks it up and looks at the ornamentation on the shaft.

SIMON

Chief Logan!

Simon, shocked to recognize the weapon, then takes a closer look at the two figures, especially the man.

The man died a horrible death.

His skin is almost completely off his body, and his stomach has been cut open and his intestine ripped out.

One end of the intestine had been tied to the trunk of a small tree, and then wound around the tree.

The Indians forced the man to walk around the tree, pulling his own intestine out of his body, while he was still alive!

Simon takes his rifle and slips the butt of it under the man's chin, and lifts his head up.

It's Jacob Greathouse.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Greathouse!

He studies the man's face, frozen in a mask of hate and pain, for a moment, then lets the face drop. He checks the woman and sees that she was Greathouse's wife.

SIMON (CONT'D)

A death for a death. Chief Logan got his justice, I guess.

Simon busies himself placing branches and wood around the two dead bodies. Not wasting any time, Simon starts a fire and lets it take the kindling around the bodies.

He backs off as the fire takes their bodies, engulfing them.

Simon watches for a few moments, then takes off into the woods at a run. This fire will be seen for miles.

He gets into the woods and turns around to look at the sky.

The smoke is rising into the sky, dark grey.

EXT. FRONTIER -- MORNING

Another column of smoke.

It is early morning, and Simon is up on a ridge overlooking the Ohio River, and he knows that the column of smoke is from some greenhorn's fire.

Simon shakes his head and heads for the camp.

EXT. RIVERSIDE CAMP -- LATER

SIMON'S POV OF CAMP.

A group of settlers are on the river bank. They are talking loudly in front of a raging fire. They are oblivious to the danger they are in.

One of the Settlers is tending a coffee pot that is hanging from a hook over the fire.

This cooking fire is what is sending up the smoke, alerting everyone for miles, including Simon.

Including Indians.

Simon lifts his rifle and takes aim.

He pulls the trigger, and SHOOTs the hook the coffee pot is hanging on! The pot drops off the hook and into the raging fire.

MAN

Injuns!

The camp goes into a frenzy, as the men try to get ready for an attack.

One man tries to grab his rifle, and SMASHES himself in the forehead with it. He is out cold!

ANGLE ON SIMON

He's watching with amusement.

The women are screaming.

The men are confused and scared to death. They have their rifles up and pointed at any spot along the woods.

Simon smiles and steps out of the woods and into the clearing.
 The rifles immediately come around and point at Simon.
 Simon holds up his hand and smiles.

SIMON

Hold your fire! I'm a friend!

One of the men has his rifle pointed right at Simon.

MAN

Friend, my ass! You shot at our
 party! I should shoot you where you
 stand! Stop right there!

Simon continues to walk forward, a slight smile on his face.

MAN (CONT'D)

I am warning you, now. One more
 step and I pull the trigger!

Simon does not stop. He walks right up to the man, and now
 there is panic in his eyes. He doesn't know whether to shoot
 or run for his life!

SIMON

You need to remove the plunger before
 you shoot anything.

He grabs the gun from the man and shows him that the plunger,
 used to ram the ball and wadding into the chamber, is still
 in the barrel.

The man, embarrassed and angry, takes a SWING at Simon.

Simon shrugs it off easily, and PUSHES the man down to the
 ground.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Have a seat!
 (addressing the entire
 camp)
 My name is Simon Butler.

REACTION SHOTS OF THE CAMP.

They know who Simon Butler is.

They know he is not an enemy.

And they know they are in good hands now.

ANGLE ON MAN ON THE GROUND.

He feels even more foolish now.

SIMON (CONT'D)

If I was an Indian, you'd all be dead! I tracked the smoke from your fire for miles. You might as well hang up a sign that says, "Kill us all and scalp us too!"

The Man is back up on his feet, and he approaches Simon with his hand out in friendship.

MAN

I'm sorry, Mr. Butler. I didn't know who you were. Would you join us for breakfast?

Simon takes the man's hand in his own huge hand and shakes his heartily.

SIMON

After I show you how to make a smokeless fire. Welcome to the frontier!

EXT. RIVERSIDE CAMP -- LATER

The fire is now under control, not throwing off any smoke. The coffee pot is hanging once again from a hook over the fire, and though it is charred on one side, it is none the worse for wear.

Simon is sitting with the settlers, eating breakfast. They are enjoying the huge frontiersman's company immensely.

Simon looks hard at one SETTLER in the group. He looks awfully familiar.

MAN

I thought you was captured by the Injuns.

SIMON

Not anymore. Where y'all from?

There are choruses of different places: New York, North Carolina, New England, and a couple of Virginias.

The Settler Simon thinks he recognizes also says Virginia. Simon singles him out, talking directly to him.

SIMON (CONT'D)

That right? Whereabouts in Virginia?

The Settler speaks up without hesitation.

SETTLER

Fauquier County.

Simon stares at the man. Fauquier County, Virginia is where Simon was born and raised!

Could this be the moment he is discovered for who he is? A murderer?

Simon knows he should just leave it alone, excuse himself and leave, but he has to ask this man questions, find out as much as he can. He has an opportunity to find out about his mother and father, and his brothers. He can't stop himself from going on.

SIMON

Wasn't there a killing 'round those parts seven or eight years ago?

A look of pain appears for a moment on the Settler's face.

SETTLER

Yeah. It was a nasty business.

SIMON

What was the name of the family?

SETTLER

Kenton.

SIMON

That's right! Whatever happened to the Kenton boy?

SETTLER

Simon? They never found the body. So, they couldn't charge Leachman.

CLOSE ON KENTON.

He dismisses the Settler, thinking he is confused.

SIMON

Charge Leachman? No, you've got it wrong. Leachman was the one killed.

SETTLER

No, Mr. Butler. I saw Leachman just before I left Virginny.

Simon is amazed!

SIMON

William Leachman is alive? Are you sure?

SETTLER

I think I should know.

(MORE)

SETTLER (CONT'D)

Simon Kenton was my kin, and we were never able to bring that coward bastard Leachman to justice.

Simon is stopped cold by the mention of being "kin."

SIMON

What is your name, sir?

SETTLER

John Kenton.

Simon is stunned. John Kenton is his brother!

SIMON

John! It's me, Simon! Simon Kenton!
Your brother!

The Settler, doubtful, looks hard at the face of the frontiersman, and he knows it's true!

They embrace--after all these years, they have found each other.

SETTLER

Praise be to God! After all these years! We thought you were dead!

SIMON

I'm so happy to see you, John!

SETTLER

Simon Butler is my brother, Simon Kenton!

SIMON

From now on, I'll never use the name Butler again!

The brothers still holding each other, start at each other with questions about the last eight years, the words rushing together in joy and excitement.

EXT. CHILLICOTHE -- NIGHT

A huge fire is roaring in the center of this massive Indian town, the center of the Shawnee nation.

The Shawnees, Warriors and their families, are assembled around this council fire. Blue Jacket stands before them, their War Chief.

BLUE JACKET

We attack the whites where they live,
to drive them from our land.

A ROAR of appreciation and agreement rises up from the assembled Indians.

They have had enough. They are ready for the fight.

BLUE JACKET (CONT'D)

For too long we have been counseled to be patient, told that the whites are too many to fight. We can no longer stand by while the whites shatter every treaty, hunt our game and kill our Warriors.

He raises his tomahawk into the sky, and it is lit by the flames of the fire.

BLUE JACKET (CONT'D)

The time has come to fight!

The other Warriors raise their tomahawks too, and join in the chant that Blue Jacket starts.

EXT. KENTUCKY FRONTIER-- DAY

A sun dappled day, the light streaking through the trees overhead. Upon a trail, Daniel Boone is walking through the woods. He comes upon a small spring and waterfall, and pauses to take a drink.

It's a calm morning, and Boone finds nothing suspicious as he dips his head towards the clear, rushing water.

Still, he doesn't drink, but continues to scan the forest all around him.

SIMON (O.S.)

Never could surprise you, could I, Dan'l?

Boone whirls around and there stands Simon.

BOONE

You just did!

They embrace heartily, with much back slapping and joy.

BOONE (CONT'D)

The greatest enemy of the Shawnee, still alive and with a scalp! How do you feel?

SIMON

Never better! I'm glad to be back!

BOONE

You have to tell me everything.

(MORE)

BOONE (CONT'D)

We only got rumours. I heard about that traitor Simon Girty. I see him on the trail...

Simon cuts him off there.

SIMON

Hold on! Girty is a honorable man, and he saved my life.

BOONE

He joined up with the Injuns, to fight us!

SIMON

I owe him my life, Dan'l.

Boone, poised to continue ranting and raving, sees the seriousness in Simon's face, and stops. He holds for a BEAT.

BOONE

Good enough for me. Let's get back to Boonesboro! I see a feast happening tonight!

He starts walking down the path towards Boonesboro, but Simon stops him.

SIMON

The Shawnee are coming for the settlements and Boonesboro! That's why I hurried back.

BOONE

Really? I thought you missed me!

SIMON

They'll be coming on the trace already. We should get a force together and cut them off.

BOONE

I'll get in touch with George Rogers Clark, and send runners to the settlements. We'll get them back into the stations. You'll command the scouts?

SIMON

Certainly.

They go off down the trail at a loping run, back towards Boonesboro.

EXT. FRONTIER SETTLEMENT -- NIGHT

Indians are running everywhere, guns and tomahawks at the ready.

A frontier cabin bursts into flames.

The flames are lighting up the night.

A WAR PAINTED INDIAN turns TOWARDS THE CAMERA, a look of rage on his face as he screams

INDIAN

Where are they?!?!

The settlers are nowhere to be found, so after destroying every sign that the whites were there, the Indians move on.

A child's makeshift doll, obviously a white doll, is thrown onto the fire and bursts into flames.

INT. BOONESBORO -- NIGHT

TIGHT ON FIRE.

This is not a burning cabin, however, or the flames from torture at the stake.

It is the flames from a cooking fire, and we PULL BACK TO REVEAL Boonesboro, where the settlers have gathered for protection from the Indians.

Simon and Boone are walking through the people, and we catch a glimpse of what life is like within the frontier post.

People are hungry, dirty and tired.

Entire families huddle together, their dirty faces revealed by the fire light.

This is the harsh reality of frontier life, and the fact that it touches Simon is reflected in his face as they walk.

SIMON

How long have they been here?

BOONE

They started coming here when Logan attacked the settlements, and some of them never left.

SIMON

We'll get their homes back, Dan'l.
I promise you that.

They continue walking and Simon sees a hand drawn sign that proclaims:

"Trade Scalps for Money: \$130 for the first 10 scalps, \$117 for the second 10. Right ear MUST be attached for identification. Federal Troops are exempt."

Simon shakes his head.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Are we hair buyers now too?

They continue to walk through the overburdened station.

BOONE

We leave tomorrow morning. Get some sleep, Simon. I need you to scout ahead as the army moves.

Simon nods and heads for his quarters, one last look at what Boonesboro has become.

EXT. FRONTIER -- MORNING

The army is on the move.

It is made up of "regulars," who are trained soldiers and the elite of this force; scouts who are frontiersmen commanded by Simon Kenton; militia members who are unruly and disrespectful of command; and volunteers, the wildest card of them all.

The volunteers have been known to desert as soon as the going gets tough, and go back to the whorehouses and taverns from which they were recruited.

As the army moves through the frontier, George Rogers Clark is determined to attack every Indian town they encounter and burn it to the ground.

This is the "scorched earth" strategy of warfare.

The army comes upon a deserted Indian village in the distance. GENERAL GEORGE ROGERS CLARK calls his commanders to them and gives them the order...

CLARK

Burn it to the ground, and all the crops too!

Simon watches them go then approaches the General.

SIMON

Why burn their villages?

Simon knows the answer, but he asks the question anyway.

CLARK

To have the Indians understand the penalty of choosing the wrong side in this war.

Simon contemplates this for a moment, then

SIMON

Won't that make them depend even more on the British, not to mention even more determined to fight us?

Clark doesn't have time to ponder what he has done, he just wants to see the villages burned to the ground.

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE -- LATER

The Indian cabins, huts and wigawahs are blazing, and the soldiers are running through what is left of the village, setting everything aflame.

They are also looting anything and everything left behind by the Indians. The volunteers, especially, are searching for anything of value, from Indian arrows to a discarded piece of clothing.

Corn piles are set ablaze.

The crops themselves are set on fire, and soon the fields all around the village are smoking ruins.

This village is gone, and who knows if it will ever return.

One of the Commanders calls out to the men running through the village

COMMANDER

Anyone seen Lewis and Fitzgerald?

There's no answer from the men.

The Commander shrugs and continues searching through the village.

EXT. FRONTIER -- LATER

The army is on the move again, complete with a supply train, horses, wagons and cows.

The Commander from the scene before is riding next to General Clark.

CLARK

They're gone, Commander. Make an announcement that from this point on, deserters will be shot on sight. That should curb this problem.

COMMANDER

Yes, sir.

The Commander spurs his horse and rides up to the front of the column.

EXT. FRONTIER -- DAY

Simon is out in front of the army, scouting, glad to be free of the oppression of the army and in the wilderness.

He is ever vigilant to the sights and sounds of the frontier.

He starts to see Indian sign, and comes to a halt right before a clearing.

He looks into the clearing and sees a post.

An Indian post.

A proclamation.

A warning.

On top of the post are two severed heads.

Of two soldiers.

Simon Kenton just found Lewis and Fitzgerald.

Scrawled in English on the post is the legend:

"This is the Road to Hell."

EXT. FRONTIER -- EVENING

The makeshift army, led by Clark and Daniel Boone, is encamped on a ridge, protected by a ring of trees.

The men are itching to engage the enemy, impatient at the waiting.

Simon comes through the trees, surprising the front line soldiers, and walks up to Clark and Boone.

SIMON

They're over that ridge yonder.

CLARK

Can we take them by surprise?

Simon looks around at the army, the cooking fires, the noisy men walking all around. Simon allows himself a small, rueful smile.

SIMON

Not a chance. They knew we were here before you gave the order to stop.

CLARK

How many?

SIMON

It looks like the whole Shawnee nation.

Clark ponders this, and Simon watches him closely. As he looks at the rag tag army assembled, Simon knows what the man is thinking.

SIMON (CONT'D)

We have to engage them, George. We don't stop them here, they're into the settlements.

Clark pauses for a moment, thinking. Finally, he nods his head.

CLARK

Pass the word. We attack at first light.

Simon leaves immediately to tell the men.

EXT. FRONTIER BATTLEFIELD -- MORNING

The Indians are painting themselves, readying for battle.

Knives are sharpened.

Arrows are checked, feathers straightened.

Prayers are said.

Blue Jacket pulls on his trademark tunic and turns to the assembled Warriors.

BLUE JACKET

The fate of the Shawnee nation is in our hands. For our sons and daughters, and their sons and daughters, let our fighting be fierce. Let us show our enemy no mercy.

The resolve of the Warriors to do this is evident in their solemn faces and their upraised weapons, jabbing into the dawn sky.

EXT. FRONTIER CAMP -- LATER

Simon is preparing for battle.

He checks his gun, the powder, his ammunition.

Simon sharpens his knife.

He pulls on his jacket and straps on his weapons.

Simon Kenton is ready for battle.

EXT. BATTLEGROUND -- MORNING

The Indians are moving through the trees.

The Colonials are moving towards them.

Blue Jacket is leading his Warriors.

Simon Kenton is at the head of the Colonials.

The first skirmish breaks out on the flanks.

Gunfire all around.

Smoke fills the air.

More gunfire.

Now the battle is truly and fully joined.

There is a mixture of gunfire and hand to hand combat.

Glimpses of Mayhem

An INDIAN swings a war club--an ugly, barbaric thing, a round stone fastened onto a piece of wood shaped like a leaping animal.

The war club SMASHES into a Colonial's head, smashing it and killing him.

Simon Kenton dodges an attacking WARRIOR, then SLAMS him with his tomahawk.

Blue Jacket JUMPS into the air, grabbing a Colonial soldier by the neck, landing behind him. He drags his knife across the man's neck, bright red blood flowing down across the man's chest.

Blue Jacket finishes him off, scalps him, wipes his knife on the man's coat, and continues into the battle.

A young COLONIAL, still a boy really, not more than 15 years old, is standing on the edge of the battle, terrified by everything. He can't bring himself to fight, to shoot, to move even.

An INDIAN WARRIOR sees him and runs towards him, his tomahawk up.

The boy still doesn't move.

The Indian smiles and swings his weapon in a killing arc.

The boy watches the blade, transfixed. His death is rushing to meet him.

Out of nowhere comes Simon, blocking the strike and killing the Indian.

He turns to the boy.

SIMON

You are under my protection, boy!
Now, fight!

The boy, emboldened by Simon's confidence in him, checks his gun and goes off into battle.

SIMON (CONT'D)

What kind of war makes boys fight?

Simon doesn't have much time for this reverie, as the battle continues to rage all around him.

Simon engages an Indian, and before Simon can put him down, the Warrior turns and runs.

Simon immediately gives chase.

The Indian runs like the wind.

But Simon is faster.

The Indian rounds a boulder and dives into the brush.

Simon rounds the boulder at full speed and comes face to face with...

Another Indian with rifle up and aimed right at Simon's chest!

The Indian has Simon dead in his sights.

Simon has nowhere to go.

The Indian pulls the trigger.

Simon knows that this means his death. He braces himself.

Misfire!

All that happens is that a puff of smoke rises from the Indian's rifle.

Immediately, Simon throws his knife and it buries itself to the hilt in the man's chest!

Simon then goes to the brush nearby and DRAGS the Indian he chased out, then HURLS him against the boulder, knocking him out cold.

ANGLE ON BLUE JACKET

He is a devil of a fighter. He whirls through the battlefield, engaging the enemy and dispatching them quickly. No one stands a chance against Blue Jacket.

He faces off with a young Colonial SOLDIER. The Soldier attacks, but is outmanned. Blue Jacket disarms him and then prepares for the killing blow.

The Soldier's eyes go wide not in fear but in recognition! He knows Blue Jacket!

CHARLEY

Duke! Wait! It's me, Duke! Your brother, Charley!

Blue Jacket looks at the man closely, and it is indeed his brother Charley. Blue Jacket hasn't seen him for years, since Charley was 12.

He doesn't, however, show Charley that he recognizes him.

He doesn't hug him and protect him.

Instead, Blue Jacket kills him like he would any other white man on the battlefield, and then scalps Charley.

Blue Jacket raises the scalp into the air and whoops a long war cry, then stashes the scalp in the bag he carries at his belt, and continues fighting.

ANGLE ON COLONIAL

Aiming his rifle at a group of Indians who are advancing to battle.

The Colonial FIRES.

The rifle ball WHISTLES through the air and SLAMS into one of the Indians, knocking him down to the ground, dead.

The other Indians WHOOP and HOLLER, and run towards the Colonial who fired. He takes off at a run, and three more Colonials step up and FIRE, taking out the other three Indians.

The Colonials immediately begin the grisly business of scalping the Indians. They hold aloft the dripping scalps, huge smiles on their faces.

ANGLE ON SMOKE

The battlefield is full of rifle smoke.

Through the smoke, in SLOW MOTION, runs Chiksika, his face and body painted bold, ferocious colors. He runs straight into the Colonials who just scalped the Indians, and they are taken completely by surprise.

They cannot use their rifles, so Chiksika wades through them, striking with his tomahawk and knife.

When they are all down and out, Chiksika disappears again into the smoke.

ANGLE ON CREEK

A lone Indian is walking along the creek bed. The battle is almost over, and smoke wreathes the entire battleground. As the Indian comes closer, we see that it is Bonah!

He wades through the water of the creek, stepping over dead bodies as he moves through the battleground.

From the opposite direction comes Simon, checking the area for Colonials still alive.

He sees the Indian coming towards him. He recognizes Bonah at the same moment that Bonah recognizes him.

BONAH

Once again you will be my prisoner,
Butler!

Simon's face is calm and confident.

SIMON

Never again.

Bonah smiles and gets into a ready position for the fight. Simon stands the way he is, relaxed and always ready for action.

Bonah charges him, a war cry on his lips.

Simon doesn't move.

Bonah comes closer, ready to use his own tomahawk and knife. Killing Simon Kenton would be his ultimate achievement and be told around campfires for generations to come.

But Simon has other ideas.

Bonah swings his tomahawk in a wide arc, readying his knife for the opening he expects to come.

Simon blocks the tomahawk and attacks immediately, not giving Bonah any open area to attack.

Simon uses his rifle as a staff, hitting Bonah high and low, low and high. Bonah doesn't know what to do, where to block, how to stop the frontier giant.

He is outclassed, and he knows it.

Bonah desperately searches for a way out, a way to stop the certain death he sees in Simon's eyes.

There is no way out, however. Simon won't permit it.

Simon hits Bonah one last time with the stock of his rifle across the face, then spins the Indian Warrior and grabs him under the chin from behind, exposing his throat.

Simon's knife is already out of its sheath and raised above his head.

Bonah struggles, but he is almost out on his feet.

Simon is ready for the killing stroke, and brings it down.

At the last moment, echoing when Blue Jacket spared his life, Simon turns his knife around and SLAMS Bonah in the back of the head with the shaft, knocking him out.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Never again will Simon Kenton be a
prisoner of any man!

He lets Bonah slip to the ground unconscious, then continues through the battlefield.

EXT. BATTLEGROUND -- LATER

The battle is over.

Neither side has won, neither side has lost.

Both sides have casualties, and dead bodies are strewn among the trees and undergrowth of the battleground.

There will be no rejoicing this night.

Both sides will claim they were victorious, but the only victor was the specter of Death.

Simon Kenton knows this as he picks his way through the battleground, shaking his head at the carnage and the waste.

Colonials are laying where they fell, their skulls exposed by the scalper's blade.

He spots two Colonials bent over a fallen Indian. Simon comes closer and sees that they are scalping the Warrior!

One Man has the Indian by the shoulders, while the other is desperately trying to cut off the Warrior's scalp.

Simon walks to the two Men and stands behind them, imposing and dominating.

SIMON

Let the man be.

COLONIAL

This is no man...

He turns around to see Simon standing there, and his words die in his throat.

They drop the body of the Indian right away, then run off out of the battlefield.

Simon looks at the fallen Indian and shakes his head. He kneels down, reaches out and closes the Warrior's eyes.

SIMON

There are evil men on both sides.

ANGLE ON FOREST

From the edge of the trees, Blue Jacket stands and watches Simon Kenton.

EXT. INDIAN CAMP -- NIGHT

The Indian camp is filled with Warriors. Fires are blazing, and Warriors are sitting around them, reliving their exploits on the field, and mourning the loss of friends and family.

Into the middle of the Indian camp are herded a dozen Colonials, beaten and bloody, but still alive.

The Indians have prisoners.

EXT. COLONIAL CAMP -- -- LATER

There is no celebrating in the Colonial camp either, but there is plenty of drinking and telling of stories around the campfires.

In the center of the camp is a fenced in area, and inside are Indians captured in the battle.

The Colonials have prisoners too.

EXT. INDIAN CAMP -- LATER

Two MEAN SPIRITED INDIANS are pushing their way through the camp, armed with knives and tomahawks. They are heading to the area where the Colonial Prisoners are being held.

They want to take their fury for the whites out on the Prisoners.

It's a tradition for the Indians, and they want to be a part of it.

They arrive at the Prisoner holding area, only to find Blue Jacket standing in front of it.

BLUE JACKET

Go back and sleep.

INDIAN

Out of our way. It's our right.

BLUE JACKET

No longer is it your right to mistreat other human beings.

INDIAN

They are Long Knives.

BLUE JACKET

Leave. Now.

They consider action, but Blue Jacket is, after all, the war chief of the Shawnees. They grumble and walk away.

The Colonial Prisoners don't know exactly what just occurred, but they understood the murderous intent of the Indians, and the protection of Blue Jacket.

EXT. COLONIAL CAMP -- LATER

Simon is standing guard over the Indian prisoners.

A group of SOLDIERS, ragged and exhausted, are faced off with him. The point of contention: the prisoners.

SOLDIER 1

They're Injuns, for God's sake! Let us have them!

Simon shakes his head, steadfast in his determination that no Indian prisoner will be hurt.

The Soldiers look at each other. No man in his right mind would cross Simon Kenton. They bluster a little, but they move off.

Leaving Simon standing guard on the Indian prisoners.

EXT. RIDGE OVERLOOKING RIVER -- MORNING

Blue Jacket is up on the ridge, the entire Ohio River Valley stretching out in front of him. He is alone with the world as his witness.

He is kneeling in front of a small fire he has built on the ridge. It almost seems like Blue Jacket is praying, but that's impossible.

Or is it?

Blue Jacket, his face and upper body still streaked with war paint, blood and dirt from the battle the day before, takes the scalp of his brother out of the bag at his waist and looks at it for a long moment.

EXT. VAN SWEARIGAN FARM -- DAY **FLASHBACK**

Marmaduke Van Swearigan (Blue Jacket as a youngster) and his brother, Charley, are playing around their farm. Running, cavorting. They are pretending to be Indians. Marmaduke is 17, wearing a blue tunic over his already muscular upper body, while Charley is only 12.

Marmaduke shoots his arrow and kills a squirrel. His adoring brother runs up to it and starts to field dress it. Marmaduke looks on, proud of his brother.

A rustle in the woods, and Marmaduke and Charley come face to face with THREE SHAWNEE WARRIORS. This is the moment that Marmaduke has been waiting for, to be taken by the Shawnees and adopted into the tribe.

However, the Warriors are preparing to kill him and his brother.

Marmaduke steps forward and speaks in the halting Shawnee he has been practicing for years.

BLUE JACKET

Him, no kill! Take me!

They advance on Charley, whose eyes are filled with fear.

BLUE JACKET (CONT'D)

No! Not him! Take me! Do not kill my brother!

The Warriors look at him, impressed by his boldness.

WARRIOR

What are you called?

There is a pause, and Marmaduke fingers his tunic, then speaks the Shawnee name with which he has already christened himself.

BLUE JACKET

Blue Jacket.

The Warriors look at each other and accept him. They start off, motioning for Blue Jacket to follow. They are leaving Charley unharmed.

Marmaduke turns to his brother.

BLUE JACKET (CONT'D)

I've got to go with them, Charley.
They're Shawnee warriors. You're
gonna be OK, I promise.

Charley starts to cry, and Marmaduke tries to stop him.

BLUE JACKET (CONT'D)

Don't cry, brother. Go home and
tell Ma and Pa that I went with them.
Don't send nobody after me. I might
see you again, but I might not. I
love you, Charley.

The brothers hug, and then Marmaduke joins the Shawnee Warriors, and they disappear into the forest, leaving Charley standing by himself, tears streaming down his face.

EXT. RIDGE OVERLOOKING RIVER -- LATER

Blue Jacket offered himself instead of his brother, saving his life.

Only to take it himself yesterday.

He holds the scalp up to the sky, then sets it on fire.

Blue Jacket is burning the last connection to his past.

A single tear streams from his eye, cutting through the war paint and blood on his face.

The scalp flames and smoke rises to the sky.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK AND UP INTO THE SKY, SHOWING BLUE JACKET ALONE ON THE TOP OF THE RIDGE.

Alone with his thoughts, his memories, and the ashes of his brother's scalp.

EXT. FRONTIER CLEARING -- MORNING

Contrasted to the smoke and blood of the day before, this dawn is beautiful and peaceful. On any other day, this clearing would be a place of peace.

Not today, however.

Tension is hanging thick over the clearing, the prospect of violence and battle quite near.

At one edge of the clearing stands a group of Colonials, with Indian prisoners in their midst.

At the other edge of the clear are the Indians, with their own prisoners.

The prisoner exchange after the battle.

Simon leads the Colonial contingent.

Blue Jacket leads the Indians.

Simon walks forward towards the middle of the clearing, alone, vulnerable.

Blue Jacket holds for a moment, then walks forward as well.

Bonah, his head bandaged and obviously in pain, moves to go along, but Blue Jacket motions for him to stay.

The two men move towards each other.

ANGLE ON COLONIALS

Their rifles are ready. At any sign of treachery, they will open fire to protect Simon.

ANGLE ON INDIANS

They have come to expect deceit and trickery from the whites, and they are ready too.

ANGLE ON KENTON AND BLUE JACKET

They both come to a stop in the center of the clearing.

Squared off.

This is a tense moment, harkening back to the beginning of the film when Simon had Blue Jacket in his rifle sights.

Simon and Blue Jacket hold their stare for a long moment.

What might be a small smile appears on Blue Jacket's face.

BLUE JACKET

You fight like a Shawnee warrior.

It's the highest compliment that Blue Jacket could pay to a white man, and Simon knows it.

Simon allows himself a small smile as well. Simon nods his head in respect for Blue Jacket.

SIMON

A man's legacy is defined by the
greatness of his enemies.

Blue Jacket looks hard at Simon, then extends his hand to
Simon.

BLUE JACKET

In another time, we could have been
friends.

Simon grasps it hard, and the two men share a peaceful gesture
of friendship in the midst of an all out frontier war.

SIMON

Let's get this exchange done. I
pledge that my men will not attack,
but they will defend themselves.

BLUE JACKET

They will have no need.

Simon motions for his men to release the Indian prisoners.
They do so, grudgingly, thinking that the Indians won't keep
their part of the deal.

As soon as they are headed across the clearing, Blue Jacket
motions to his Warriors. They release the white prisoners,
and they hurry back to their own side of the clearing. They
exchange the prisoners.

ANGLE ON INDIANS

They celebrate the safe arrival of the prisoners, and there
is hugging and back slapping as friends and families are
united.

ANGLE ON COLONIALS

Like the Indians, they rejoice in the safety of their
comrades. Wives embrace their husbands, and brothers clap
each others backs.

ANGLE ON SIMON AND BLUE JACKET

They are watching the reaction on both sides of the clearing.

BLUE JACKET (CONT'D)

Joy is three times greater after
tragedy.

SIMON

Next time, let's do without the
tragedy.

Blue Jacket nods at Kenton, and they both turn to their
respective sides and walk back.

The exchange and the peace that engendered it is over.

War will soon be rejoined.

EXT. FRONTIER SETTLEMENT -- MORNING

Simon stands with civilization behind him, and the wilderness in front.

Boone is behind him, as is the burgeoning frontier settlement in front of Boonesboro station.

Now that the immediate threat of the Indians is gone, the air is filled with the sound pounding, hammering, woodwork is being performed, as more homes go up on the frontier.

Simon is not looking at the settlement, however. His gaze is directed out towards the untamed wilderness, the frontier that has become his life.

BOONE

You going somewhere, Simon?

SIMON

I'm going home.

Boone is puzzled.

BOONE

Home?

Simon points North toward Ohio.

SIMON

The Ohio country will be my home,
forever.

ANGLE ON SIMON

Simon Kenton is on the edge of the new frontier, poised to change the face of this land forever.

Fade Out.

Text Before the End Credit Crawl

After this battle, Simon Kenton returned home to Virginia to see his mother and father, and the rest of his family, who all thought he was dead. He eventually moved them out to the frontier, giving them land and houses in which to live.

Kenton was made a Major by General "Mad" Anthony Wayne in 1793, and put in charge of the scouting operations for his army.

Simon kept his promise and settled right in the area where he had been held captive and had run the gauntlets, the

Southern Ohio area around Chillicothe (now Old Town, OH, just south of Yellow Springs, OH, home of Antioch University).

Kenton was made a Brigadier General of the militia in 1805.

In one of the pivotal battles against the British and the Indians in 1813, Kenton was invited to accompany the army of General William Henry Harrison (who would eventually become President) as a special advisor.

On this battlefield, Tecumseh (who had stripped himself of all his finery and other identifying marks, knowing that he was going to die) was killed.

Simon Kenton was the only one who knew Tecumseh, and he was called onto the battlefield on October 5, 1813 to examine the Indian dead (of whom there were some 300 or more), in order to identify Tecumseh and verify that he was really dead. Simon took his time, examining all the bodies closely.

When he finally did find Tecumseh, Kenton knew that the men around him would mutilate the body for souvenirs. So, he wrongly identified another Indian as Tecumseh, and the men set to work on that body, leaving Tecumseh alone. They took all the silver jewelry, the clothes, and even cut off pieces of the body to make bags and razor straps. One man sliced off the buttocks, others cut into the cheeks.

Kenton hated what they were doing, and turned to Tecumseh's dead body and whispered: "There have been cowards here."

Simon Kenton died on April 29, 1836, at the age of 81 years, 26 days.

Kenton's last words were, "I have fought the last battle, and it has been the hardest of them all."

There is a Bronze Statue to Simon (by artist Mike Majors) and a large grave monument (right near his original grave) in Urbana, OH.

Ohio Route 68, which passes right by where Simon ran his Chillicothe gauntlet, is being renamed the Simon Kenton Memorial Highway.