

# THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

Written by

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## FADE IN

The screen is a microcosm of leaf, crystal drops of precipitation, a stone, emerald green moss. It's a landscape in miniature. We HEAR the forest. Some distant birds. Their sound seems to reverberate as if in a cavern. A piece of sunlight refracts within the drops of water, paints a patch of moss yellow. The whisper of wind is joined by another sound that mixes with it. A distant rustling. It gets closer and louder. It's shallow breathing. It gets ominous. We're interlopers on the floor of the forest and something is coming.

## SUDDENLY: A MOCCASINED FOOT

rockets through the frame scaring us and ...

## EXTREMELY CLOSE: PART OF AN INDIAN FACE

running hard. His head shaved bald except for a scalp-lock. Tattoos. He's twenty-five. He seems tall and muscled. Heavy, even breathing. We'll learn later this man is UNCAS, the last of the Mohicans.

## PROFILE: UNCAS' ARMS

flash as he runs. One carries a flintlock musket. Sweat on the man's skin. A calico shirt is gathered at the waist with a wampum belt of small white beads over a breechcloth. He wears leggings to protect his legs. A long-handled tomahawk is stuffed in his belt.

CUT TO ...

**ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST - MASSIVE WAR CLUB - DAY**

in the hand of another running man. He's heavier, older ...

**CHEST**

A green bear claw is tattooed there. Silver armband. A snake is tattooed over his left eyebrow. Silver rings in his ear. He's forty to forty-five. His head is shaved into a scalp-lock. It says: "Come and lift this from me. Take it, if you can ..." That prospect strikes us as extremely unlikely. This man is

**CHINGACHGOOK.**

The French call him "Le Gros Serpent," the Great Snake, because "he knows the winding ways of men's nature and he can strike a sudden, deathly blow."

**WIDE ANGLE: CHINGACHGOOK**

runs, disturbing no leaves, no branches; making no sound. He's running parallel to Uncas through the cathedral of mature forest. It's heavily canopied. There's very little brush. The girth of the trees is huge. Shafts of light illuminate motes of dust and turn leaves emerald where the sun breaks through. Sometimes there's ferns; rhododendron, sometimes pale grass and outcroppings of rock. These men run the forest streams, over boulders, fallen trees and down into ravines as if they own them. They do.

**CUT TO ...**

**ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST - LONG BLACK HAIR - DAY**

rocketing through trees. His torn buckskin shirt is tied at the waist with a wampum belt holding a tomahawk and a large knife. A long rifle in which is carved the name "Killdeer" is in his right fist. Indian tattooing on his chest. His name is NATHANIEL POE. He's a few years older than Uncas. The French and the French-speaking tribes know him as La Longue Carabine (Long Rifle). Other

frontiersmen in New York colony and the Iroquois and Delaware-speaking tribes

know him as Hawkeye. Sweat stains his shirt. He flashes through the tree

branches disturbing nothing. Making no sound.

**HAWKEYE'S POV: A PIECE OF TAN**

two hundred and fifty yards away, a few square inches buried in the foliage ...

**SUDDENLY HE STOPS**

Killdeer's at his shoulder ...

**HAWKEYE'S THUMB**

cocks the lock holding the piece of flint: click.

**UNCAS**

stops dead, holding out his hand ... no sound.

**CHINGACHGOOK**

slips through young trees and stops, shouldering his smoothbore musket. Is this an ambush?

**HAWKEYE'S POV: RACK FOCUS THROUGH THE GUN SIGHT**

Five feet and fourteen pounds of rifle is elevated a half inch and shifted left, off target. It's a precise, smooth movement. No human quiver.

**KILLDEER'S TRIGGER**

tighter ...

**THE COCK**

holding the flint hits the iron file of the frizzen, shooting sparks into the pan of priming powder which flashes and ...

**TAN**

is a huge elk that leaps at the sound.

**KILLDEER'S MUZZLE**

CRACKS like lightning.

## **AN ELK**

leaps where the .59 caliber round was programmed to intercept him. On the moment of impact ...

## **WIDE**

three men approach the fallen elk and each other. We realize they're hunting together. Hawkeye steps aside for Chingachgook. His massive war club is flat and angles to one side with a stabbing blade. Hawkeye is stepson and stepbrother.

The two younger men treat Chingachgook with an easy deference and affection.

Hawkeye's a dialectic of two cultures. In his coloration and worldliness he's

more the Anglo-Saxon frontiersman. In his independent views and candid manner

and in his combat skills and woodsmanship, he's more native American (Mohican).

As Chingachgook takes out his long knife and they approach the fallen elk ...]

## **CHINGACHGOOK**

(low Mohican; sub-titled)

We're sorry to kill you, Brother.

Forgive us. I do honor to your courage and speed, your strength ...

## **CUT TO ...**

## **EXTERIOR - INTERIOR CAMERON CABIN - JOHN CAMERON - NIGHT**

roasts potatoes on a stick in the stone fireplace next to CAPTAIN JACK WINTHROP,

an American in very worn quasi-military gear. On a rough table in the tiny cabin

ALEXANDRIA, his wife, is kneading bread. Three children climb on their father.

He grabs their wild seven year old son, JAMES, who shrieks laughter and dodges

away. The cabin has two primitive rooms, waxed paper windows, log walls. O.S. a

dog barks. Others pick it up. Cameron & Jack are suddenly alert, reaching for weapons ...

## **CUT TO ...**

## **EXTERIOR CAMERON CABIN, DOORWAY - CAMERON - NIGHT**

appears warily, musket in hand.

**FENCE: CHINGACHGOOK**

**CHINGACHGOOK**

Halloo! John Cameron!

Doorway: Cameron towards the interior ...

**CAMERON**

Alexandria! Set three more places.

(to the fence)

How is Chingachgook, then?

Behind him, emerging from the dark trees are Hawkeye, Uncas,  
cradling flint  
locks, blankets and packs over their shoulders, leading a mule  
laden with skins  
and the elk carcass. Crossing the splitrail fence ...

**CHINGACHGOOK**

The Master of Life is good. Another year pass ...

How is it with you, John?

**CAMERON**

Gettin' along. Yes, it is.

(warm)

Nathaniel.

**HAWKEYE**

Hello John. Cleared another quarter, I see.

**CAMERON**

(shakes hands with Uncas)

Yes, I did.

**JAMES CAMERON**

tears past his father & runs full bore. Just before he's going  
to collide into  
Uncas, he leaps into the air and Uncas snatches him with one  
hand and swings him  
up onto his shoulders. The kid screams with delight and rides  
back towards the  
cabin that way. Alexandria comes to the door.

**CUT TO ...**

**INTERIOR CABIN - CHINGACHGOOK - EVENING (LATER)**

lights & smokes a clay pipe. The scene says: this is a rustic, frontier home and these people have known each other & live in dangerous circumstances.

**ALEXANDRIA**

If Uncas is with you, that means he has not found a woman and started a family yet.

**CHINGACHGOOK**

Your eyes are too sharp, Alexandria Cameron. They see into my heart.

**UNCAS**

Your farm good to you this year, John?

**CAMERON**

It was a good year for corn.

**UNCAS**

Mohawk field we saw was 5 mile long on the river. Chief Joseph Brandt's field.

**CAMERON**

You take much fur?

**HAWKEYE**

That we did. John. But the horricane  
(sic)  
is near trapped out.

**JACK**

Tradin' your skins in Castleton?

**UNCAS**

No, Schylerville. With the Dutch for silver. French & English want to buy with wampum & brandy.

Pause, then ...

**HAWKEYE**

So what is it, Jack? What brings you up here?

**JACK**

A French & Indian army out of Fort Carillon's heading south to war against the English. I'm here to raise this county's militia to aid the British defense.

**HAWKEYE**

Folks here goin' to join in that fight?

**JACK**

We'll see in the morning ...

**CHINGACHGOOK**

Fathers of England & France, both, take more land, furs, than they need. They're cold & full of greed ...

**JACK**

Few'd deny that? Where you headin'?

**HAWKEYE**

Trap over the fall and winter among the Delawares in Can-tuck-ee.

**UNCAS**

So I can find a woman and make Mohican children so our father will leave my brother & me in peace.

Alexandria laughs. So do Hawkeye & Chingachgook.

**JAMES**

A son like me?

Uncas grabs James & suspends him upside down.

**UNCAS**

No. You are too strong. Turn me old too fast!

Hawkeye grabs the kid from Uncas. The kid's laughing & can't stay still.

Chingachgook watches, content, smoking his clay pipe.

**ALEXANDRIA**

That's what he's doin' to his mama ...

She ruffles his hair and lifts the heavy iron pot off the tibbet. Uncas goes to

help her, she shrugs his hand away and carries it to the table herself. The men

gather around. There's pan-baked bread, a dish of salt, and the pot has venison

and yellow cornmeal in a kind of stew. Everyone waits.

**CAMERON**

Dear Father, thank you for rewardin' the fruits of our labor with plenty. Amen.

As they start to eat ...

CUT TO ...

**CAMERON'S CABIN - (DAY)**

**EXTERIOR CAMERON CABIN - MOHAWK BOY & JAMES CAMERON - MORNING**

slam into other kids as they battle through a Lacrosse game. In the background are sixty men, women and children. It's a community gathering held out of doors.

We've entered mid-scene. Captain Jack is standing on a box. Some women and kids mill around some tables and boards laid over barrels. Cooking fires. Smoke.

Most but not all around Captain Jack are men, nine settlers, 3 hunter/trappers, eight Mohawk farmers in mixed European and native clothing. Off to the side are an English Lieutenant on horseback and a ten-man escort from whatever regiment's in Albany. A man named HENRI speaks in French. His son, MARTIN, translates.

**HENRI**

(O.S. in French)

**MARTIN**

(translates)

My father says he was driven out of France by the black robe priests and he would fight them now but he lost his arm and so I will go in his place.

Meanwhile ...

**ONGEWASGONE**

is an unusually large Mohawk in a blue match coat with a little girl holding his hand. He says something to Chingachgook who nods. Hawkeye and Uncas are a little apart in an outer grouping of the men. Ongewasgone is a war chief and wears a white plume and is tattooed. As Martin finishes, he steps forward.

**ONGEWASGONE**

John Cameron, thank you for your hospitality ...  
Twin River Mohawk got no quarrel with Les  
Francais. Trade furs with Les Francais. Now Les  
Francais bring Huron onto Mohawk hunting grounds

...

These people are English, Scots-Irish and Dutch farmers; some French Huguenot "mechanics" (craftsmen). They're in shirt-sleeves and Indian moccasins & leggings. The Mohawks' vast lands and corn agriculture border the settlement. They 've been acculturated for over a hundred years. Some wear European calico hunting shirts. Their heads are shaved to scalping locks and many are tattooed. They've politically and commercially played France & England against each other very adroitly for over a hundred years because of their military power and geographic position. Their relations with working farmers and settlers and their families has been mostly one of co-existence because there's always been more than enough for all. This is a WPA mural of ethnic diversity and plurality of frontier America. The Europeans are former indentured laborers, farmers exiled by economics or religious persecution, frontier hunters and trappers ... working people.

**ONGEWASGONE**

(continues)

Now Mohawk will fight Huron and Les Francais.  
My brothers have asked me to lead them in this war so I speak for the Twin River Council.

The importance of this commitment is apparent to the lieutenant.

**LIEUTENANT**

His Majesty King George II is very grateful for your support.

**IAN**

How far up the valley?

**LIEUTENANT**

To Fort William Henry.

**COLONIAL #1**

... two days from here.

Some don't like this.

**LIEUTENANT**

It should be enough to remind you France is the enemy.

**HAWKEYE**

Your enemy ...

Heads turn to Hawkeye at the periphery of the crowd.

**LIEUTENANT**

What did you say?

**HAWKEYE**

(loud)

I said ... France is your enemy. Not ours.

**LIEUTENANT**

Really? Do you want them to overrun all  
New York colony?

**HAWKEYE**

First place, you started it with the French over  
fur-trapping claims to the head waters of the

Ohio.

(smiles)

Now you're sayin' these people have a fight on  
their hands ...

**LIEUTENANT**

(ignoring Hawkeye)

Will you men help us stop the French?

**HAWKEYE**

... and while they are cooped up in your fort,  
what if the French send war parties to raid  
their homes?

**IAN**

What then, Lieutenant?

**LIEUTENANT**

For your own homes, for king, for country, that's  
why you men ought to join this fight!

**HAWKEYE**

You do what you want with your own scalp.  
Do not be tellin' us what to do  
with ours.

**LIEUTENANT**

(furious; to Hawkeye)

You, sir! You call yourself a loyal subject?

**HAWKEYE**

... No ... Do not call myself much of a subject

at all.

Light laughter.

**COLONIAL #2**

I'll

Nathaniel's right. But if I got to fight, figure  
try and do it fifty miles north of here instead of  
my bean field.

**AD LIBS**

Yes. Yeah. No ...

**CAMERON**

I am stayin' on my farm. And any man who goes,  
his family is welcome to fort-up with us 'til he  
comes back.

**JACK**

to

Boys. My sense of it is enough of us will join-up  
fill the county's levy. But only if General Webb  
accepts a few terms I got in mind ...

**HAWKEYE & UNCAS**

cross through the people. A few men drift off to their women at  
the tables.

It is apparent two-thirds of the men will join. A couple of  
jokes, light banter,  
no hostility.

**AD LIBS**

**(O.S.)**

Webb? what's that, Jack ...?

As they cross through they start removing their shirts and  
weapons.

**IAN**

You boys marchin' with us? What do you say?

**UNCAS**

We had our say, Ian.

They approach the Lacrosse field. Chingachgook stands with  
Cameron in the  
background, watching.

**LACROSSE FIELD**

Uncas joins James. Hawkeye goes on the other side. A couple of young Mohawks and a young blonde farmer shout hallo's and as the bodies crash into each other ...

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR BRITISH ENCAMPMENT, PARADE GROUND - SIX HUNDRED  
62nd REGIMENT OF FOOT - DAY**

in two rows. At each command the crack troops respond en masse. Their hands slap the stocks of their brown bess muskets in unison. These men are drilling in preparation for war. We witness a state-of-the-art, 18th century, precision killing machine.

**REGIMENTAL SGT. MAJOR**

(shouts)  
Shoulder arms!  
(slam)  
Order arms! Handle cartridge!  
(men bite the paper)  
Prime!  
(powder dropped in pan)  
Load! Draw ramrods! Ram cartridge! Return ramrod!  
Make ready!  
(muskets at chest height)  
Pre-sent!  
(muskets shouldered)  
Make ready!  
(muskets returned to chests)  
Pre-sent!  
(muskets returned to shoulder)  
Fire!

Like a single shot, two hundred fifty black powder muskets fire .65 caliber lead shot at chest height in a scythe of death.

**SERGEANT MAJOR**

Prime! Load!

The Dutch roof lines of Albany are in the distance. Nearer, a coach races past.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR ROAD - HORSES GALLOP - DAY**

Six horses, wide with dumb, mute strain. Foam, manes fly, their hooves pound the yellow road into dust. Military outriders are on the three left side horses.

**CUT TO ...**

**INTERIOR COACH - MAJOR DUNCAN HEYWARD - DAY**

sits erectly in the brilliant scarlet coat of the First Royal Regiment of Foot with gold braid, blue-black facing and blue-black breeches, cavalry boots, spurs, a tricorne, white wig (?) and a gorget (large medallion) around his neck. He's 28-30 and tough. He is self-sure, principled reactionary. He believes human society is static & layered into hierarchies of class and they are absolutely impermeable. He opens a simple gold-clasped case & contemplates its contents ...

**HEYWARD'S POV: CASE**

an enameled portrait of a dark-haired young woman.

**HEYWARD**

as a soldier is militarily first-rate in his milieu: the open battlefields of Europe. Right now, however, he is about to enter the forests of North America. He closes his clasp and glances out the window as we enter Albany and as a facade of buildings & people pass.

**CUT TO ...**

**INTERIOR BRITISH HQ, ASSEMBLY ROOM - DOOR - DAY**

Four Grenadiers come to attention as Heyward enters mid-scene.

**JACK**

**(O.S.)**

... if they are not allowed leave to defend their families if the French or Hurons attack the settlements, no colonial militia is goin' to Fort William Henry.

**HEYWARD**

(low)

You, there. Help my man outside with the baggage.

GENERAL JEROME WEBB sees Heyward and nods. Three of Webb's Adjutants are on either side. Three remaining Grenadiers in bearskin-covered mitred caps are at the door. Facing Webb are a half dozen colonial representatives, including Captain Jack Winthrop. Heyward watches Jack ...

**LIEUTENANT**

They will report or be pressed into service!

**LARGE COLONIAL REP**

Any of the boys worth havin' can disappear into forest ... time it takes you to blink. Where's that leave ya, then?

Heyward, preparing to hand over dispatches, is interrupted by the insubordinate tone.

Equally wound tightly is the Lieutenant.

**LIEUTENANT**

They will be found! Arrested ...

**WEBB**

(cuts in)

I cannot imagine his Majesty, in his benevolence, would ever object to his American subjects defending their hearth & home, their women & children, savages, if threatened by the "scourge" of attack from aroused to such excess by our enemy, the ever-perfidious French.

**JACK**

Does that mean they will be granted leave to defend their homes if the settlements are attacked?

**WEBB**

Of course.

Heyward's more amazed by what he's just heard from Webb. These Americans, including Jack, are streaming past him on their way out.

**JACK**

You got yourself a colonial militia, General.

**HEYWARD**

Major Duncan Heyward reporting, Sir!

Webb's pouring gin.

**WEBB**

Duncan. How was your journey?

The door closes. Dispatches are passed. They are now alone except for the General's two Adjutants and a shadowy form waiting patiently in a corner. He's MAGUA. In the dim light, he's motionless. Webb slides a glass across to Heyward.

**HEYWARD**

I didn't experience anything so surprising from Bristol to Albany as what I witnessed here today.

**WEBB**

And what is that?

**HEYWARD**

The Crown "negotiating" the terms of service?

**WEBB**

I know.

(assuming a co-commiserator)

One has to give Americans "reasons" and make agreements to get them to do anything at all. Tiring, isn't it?

(throws up his hands)

But that's the way of it here.

**HEYWARD**

(tight)

I thought British policy is 'Make the World ... England', sir.

A chill. Majors don't upbraid Generals.

**WEBB**

You will take command of the 62nd Regiment of Foot. At Fort William Henry under Colonel Munro. I will march the 33rd to Fort Edward.

**HEYWARD**

Sir! ... Might I enquire if General Webb has heard from Colonel Munro's daughters? I was to rendezvous with them in Albany and escort them to the fort.

**WEBB**

Yes. You may.

(to Magua, after a glance at Heyward)  
You there. What does Munro call you?

(to Heyward)  
The "Scotsman" has sent one of his Indian allies  
to guide you.

**MAGUA**

          rises and slowly walks into the light. He is reserved and over  
six feet tall. His head is  
          shaved into a mohawk. Rings, beads & feathers pierce his ears.  
A blanket is worn as a  
          shawl over his left shoulder exposing his right arm and heavy  
tattooing. A long  
          tomahawk is in the belt of his breechcloth.

**WEBB**

The Scotsman's daughters are at the Poltroon's  
house. A company of the 33rd will accompany  
you and Magua will show you the way.

**HEYWARD**

By your leave, sir.

Webb holds Heyward a moment

**WEBB**

(to Adjutants)  
Explain to the Major we care little about toying  
with colonial militia because we have little to  
fear from the French. They have not the nature  
for war. Their Latinate voluptuousness combines  
with  
          their Gallic laziness and the result is: they  
would  
          rather make love with their faces than fight.

Webb's Adjutants laugh uproariously at his wit. Heyward's  
stiff, perfunctory smile. He's  
          been made the butt of the joke. He does not share Webb's  
derisive view of the French.  
Webb doesn't like Heyward's manner. We don't like Webb. Then:

**WEBB**

(continuing)  
Dismissed.

Heyward stiffly salutes. Webb casually, perfunctorily salutes  
the younger man in  
          return.

**HEYWARD**

(to Magua)  
Dawn. At the encampment. Six a.m. sharp. See  
to it you're there.

Beneath Magua's barely deferential manner we sense intelligence  
& menace. None of these Brits see it. We do.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR POLTROON'S HOUSE - DUNCAN HEYWARD - DAY**

brushed clean, his wig freshly powdered, his tricorne in his  
hand with a crimson sash and  
sword and his cavalry boots, walks through the gate after  
knocking. He enters a small  
courtyard. Suddenly he hears ...

**CORA**

**(O.S.)**

Heyward! Duncan Heyward.

Heyward looks to the side. An inner light turns on. In this  
mode, this is a man we could  
like.

**REVERSE: CORA MUNRO**

enters from the garden. She's vivacious, dark-haired,  
unconventional in that she's  
educated, but with conventional values and attitudes. She hugs  
Duncan to her and  
then pushes him away to look at him.

**HEYWARD**

My God it's good to see you.

He takes her hand in both of his and kisses it. He is open and  
lit up.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR POLTROON'S HOUSE, BACK YARD - CORA & HEYWARD - DAY**

A vegetable plot behind the Poltroon's house is a provincial  
substitute for a formal  
garden setting. Heyward and Cora sit on rough wooden chairs.  
Wind blows. In the  
background a servant hangs laundry. The white sheets billow. A  
table holds a tea  
setting. They're sitting close to each other, talking seriously  
and quietly. Duncan's  
jacket is removed. Time's passed. Long pause. Then:

**CORA**

I'm embarrassed to be so indecisive ... after so long apart and after you've traveled so far ...

**HEYWARD**

And by sea!

**CORA**

You still have an aversion to the water?

**HEYWARD**

Aversion? No. ... "Hatred" ... "Loathing" ...

Cora laughs.

**HEYWARD**

But it was worth it all to end in a garden by your side.

She looks askance at him. Then the banter drops.

**CORA**

(difficult)

Dear Duncan, my affection is as towards a closest friend. Alice and I depend on you and respect you immensely ... I wish they did, but my feelings don't go beyond that. Do you see?

**HEYWARD**

Isn't respect and friendship, a reasonable basis for a man and woman to be joined? And all else may grow in time ...?

**CORA**

Some say that's the way of it.

**HEYWARD**

"Some"?

**CORA**

Cousin Eugenie, my father, but ...

**HEYWARD**

(interrupts)

Cora, in my heart, I know once we're joined, we'll be the happiest couple in England. Let those whom you trust, your father, help settle what's best for you. In view of your indecision, why not rely on their advice and judgment as well as mine?

Cora stares directly at Heyward. Then she looks away. She has no answer. Something subterranean disturbs her about delegating judgment over the fate of her life.

**HEYWARD**

Will you consider that?

**CORA**

(pause; smiles)

Yes. Yes, I will.

She's still unsettled.

**ALICE**

(O.S.)

Duncan!

**REVERSE: ALICE MUNRO**

eighteen years old, white-blond hair, wide blue eyes. She's effervescent and runs to hug him. Heyward is taken aback by her enthusiasm and laughs.

**HEYWARD**

My God, you've grown up.

**ALICE**

We leave in the morning?!

**HEYWARD**

(rises)

Yes, miss.

**ALICE**

I won't sleep tonight. What an adventure! I absolutely cannot wait to return to Portman Square, having laid eyes upon the full-blooded, red men in the wild!

**CORA**

My God, Alice.

**HEYWARD**

(smiles)

It can be dangerous ...

**ALICE**

Nonsense. Papa wouldn't have sent for us if it were dangerous.

Alice takes Hewyard's hand. Cora pours Heyward more tea. The white sheets billow.

**AMBROSE**

(O.S. - barks)  
Atten-shun!

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR BRITISH ARMY HQ - TWENTY BRITISH REGULARS - DAY**

jolt upright as if electrified.

**AMBROSE**

(entering)  
Shoulder arms!

**AMBROSE**

a sergeant major of forty-one is wide and deep and built like a fullback. You do not mess with Sgt. Major Ambrose.

**AMBROSE**

(barks)  
Form two companies of nine ... MARCH!!

**THE MEN**

march in perfect drill into two groups, each three across and three deep.

**MILITARY HQ, ENTRANCE - MAJOR DUNCAN HEYWARD**

steps out. Rigid salutes.

**HEYWARD**

climbs onto his white military charger. It's spirited. Cora & Alice are in riding dresses and veils. The veil doesn't completely cover Alice's golden hair and blue eyes and the flush of her complexion. They're riding two sidesaddled Narragansetts. The tight traveling dress reveals that Cora, two or three years older than Alice, is fuller and more mature. All three ride to the front of the column. The baggage horses and mule are in the gap between the two companies.

**MAGUA**

cradling his musket.

**REAR SHOT: THE COLUMN**

down the path that leads into the wall of forest looks impressive.

**WIDER: THE COLUMN**

marching. Now they look brave but smaller. The forest - with all its mysteries and dangers - now impresses us as a towering dark, sinister, and it's immensity swallows up the living mass which slowly enters its bosom.

**CUT TO ...**

**INTERIOR FOREST**

TRACKING the Redcoats, their faces now filmed with dust, cut with lines of perspiration. They march in perfect formation.

We TRACK PAST the pack horses, the first company, Sgt. Major Ambrose and on to Cora & Alice. Alice seems fatigued. Cora's turned, looking up into the forest canopy, astonished at the deep beauty of the place.

**CORA'S POV: FOREST CANOPY**

of trees is dark, except for spots where leaves are sparse, and there the light is golden. It's the forest of childhood.

In a ravine a buck disappears into a deeper stand of trees.

**CORA**

**(O.S.)**

Alice, did you see that ...?

**CORA'S**

reverie's broken by Heyward entering the frame.

**CORA**

Alice?

Alice rouses from fatigue.

**HEYWARD**

Are you alright?

**ALICE**

Can we rest soon?

**HEYWARD**

Absolutely.

Heyward rides to the front of the column to Magua, who's twenty to thirty yards ahead of everybody else.

**HEYWARD**

You there, Scout!

Magua slowly turns towards Heyward.

**HEYWARD**

(overly articulated)

We must ... stop ... soon. Women are ... tired. You ... understand?

**MAGUA**

(perfect English)

I understand. This is not good place to stop. Two leagues from here. No water 'til then. That where we stop. Better place.

**HEYWARD**

No. Stop in the glade just ahead! When the ladies are rested, we will proceed. Do you understand?

**MAGUA**

(in Huron: English subtitle)

"Magua understand paleface is a dog to his women. When his women want to eat, he lay aside his tomahawk to feed their laziness."

**HEYWARD**

Excuse me. What did you say?

**MAGUA**

Magua say: "Yes. Good idea."

As they begin to stop ...

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR MOUNTAINS & FOREST - WIDE - DAY**

Silently entering on either side of us come Chingachgook, followed by Hawkeye and

Uncas. Even relaxed, they carry themselves with a degree of alertness. They're  
eighteenth century Viet Cong moving through the rain forest.  
The Maxfield  
Parrish/Hudson Valley of tall trees, ravines and streams is idyllic in front of them. All  
three cradle their long guns and move silently on moccasined feet.

**FRONTAL: CHINGACHGOOK**

- in a stream - relaxed but attentive, abruptly stops. The others freeze in their tracks.  
Chingachgook sees and then stoops to examine ...

**ROCK**

under the water in the stream. It's been turned from its bed. Chingachgook finds  
another. Uncas, moving up on his flank, climbs the bank and moves off into the trees,  
searches and then he gestures ... he's found another sign of something.

**CHINGACHGOOK**

has headed off further down the stream and discovers nothing. Rapidly he rejoins Uncas  
and Hawkeye who've become extremely alert. They move up the bank into the forest  
ninety degrees from their previous path.

**TRACKING: HAWKEYE, UNCAS & CHINGACHGOOK**

moving. Fast. Nearly soundless. They hardly disturb a blade of grass. The impression:  
expertise, deadliness and an impression something's wrong.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FOREST, TRAIL - MAGUA - DAY**

on point. The trail cuts the side of a hill. The ground on one side rises into a forest  
acclivity and on the other falls off into a forested ravine. Magua walking towards  
camera.

**CLOSER - MAGUA'S**

slid his tomahawk out from the front of his belt that girdles his waist. He lets the shaft

drop into his hand. He shrugs off his blanket. There is a solidity to his dark, tall figure we didn't see before. Magua turns about face and advances on the column.

TRACK WITH Magua.

Heyward and the Munro girls pass the camera as does Sgt. Major Ambrose, marching in advance of the men. Magua is approaching the soldier on the left in the first row.

We see Magua has caught the Redcoat's eye.

#### **REDCOAT**

is curious, starts to smile. What does the Huron want to say to him? When Magua is

two steps away he caves in the side of the infantryman's head at the temple with the

spike end of his tomahawk and, backhanded, hacks the blade through the side of the

neck of the center man in the first row.

#### **SIMULTANEOUSLY**

thirteen muskets EXPLODE from the wooded rise.

#### **FIVE REDCOATS**

are blown off the path, two others are wounded ...

#### **AMBROSE**

#### **AMBROSE**

Form company! Left face! March!

#### **ALICE**

shrieks. Cora grabs Alice's reins and her own.

#### **HEYWARD**

pulling his fusil (short musket), seeing, firing, reaching for the women ...

#### **CORA'S HORSE**

bucking.

#### **ALICE'S HORSE**

bolting, dodging sideways, spilling Alice to the earth.

#### **AMBROSE**

**AMBROSE**

Company make ready!

The regulars slam into a firing line, stepping over the bodies of their comrades. All thirteen face the incline.

**FORESTED RISE - HURONS**

flash downhill through the trees. Partnered in two-man teams, one loads and prepares and fires while the other advances to the next cover. He, then, prepares and fires covering his partner's advance. Leaping fallen trees and boulders, they're athletic, fast and rapidly closing. Even though the disciplined English regulars are a killing machine, we now see their tactics in the dense forest are grossly inferior to the Hurons' ...

**AMBROSE**

Present!!

**CORA**

covers Alice with her body, holding the reins of their bolting horses.

**HEYWARD**

from horseback aims his horse pistol, FIRES ...

**AN ATTACKING HURON**

leaping at him past Alice & Cora drops.

**MULE**

with baggage crashes off, down the ravine. Another two Redcoats drop. Nine left. Then eight.

**AMBROSE**

**AMBROSE**

Fire!!

A musket volley as eight muskets go off as one shot, sending a lead scythe through leaves. But ...

**REVERSE:**

Hurons were behind cover. Only one was exposed and hit.

**AMBROSE**

(continuing)

Load! Prime!

The English rush to complete the reload. Will they do it in time?

**AMBROSE**

(continuing)

Present! Present!

Suddenly, Hurons - en masse - CRASH down onto the Redcoats line with tomahawks, war clubs and point-blank musket fire.

**ALICE**

on the ground, screaming insanely, covered by Cora who's protecting her little sister, and ...

**HEYWARD'S**

horse shot from beneath him, the animal folding, falling straight to the earth, and ...

**MAGUA**

shoots Ambrose in the chest, and ...

**HEYWARD**

by the Munro daughters spins, swinging his fusil like a ball-bat, upending one Huron and lunges with his bayonet in his left towards another. But this Huron easily slips the thrust and slams Heyward with his rifle butt.

**BRITISH**

dead and dying.

**AMBROSE**

blood gushing from his chest wound, fires his pistol, dropping a Huron; slashes a

second with his sword. Then he's chopped down. Hurons begin scalping the British while four race towards Heyward and the two women.

**HEYWARD & CORA & ALICE**

ready to die. Heyward has only his fusil as a bludgeon. He readies ...

**THREE LOUD SHOTS**

BLOW three of the Hurons sideways, head over heels down the rise.

**REVERSE: THREE MEN**

barely seen, running diagonally across the fall line of the ravine. In parts, we recognize Nathaniel, recharging Killdeer on full run, and Uncas.

**HURON'S**

not sure where the shots came from. Suddenly Chingachgook slams him, head first into the ravine with the war club. He didn't even slow down.

**HURON**

warrior spins. Uncas tomahawks his shoulder. The Huron swings downwards. Uncas ducks beneath the swing and slashes his throat, sending him downhill into CAMERA as ...

**HAWKEYE'S**

momentum and thrown tomahawk spread-eagles one Huron, near a couple of wounded Redcoats who fight on ...

**MAGUA**

calmly sees the odds have changed. His attention becomes focused. He commits a very revealing act seen through the blurred foreground action of struggling bodies. We will remember it. He raises his musket and aims at ...

**CORA MUNRO**

who's unaware she's a target. Why is he singling out a Munro girl to kill?

**HAWKEYE**

sees. Killdeer's at his shoulder ...

**TIME SLOWS: MAGUA**

senses Hawkeye. Moving through liquid, his eyes drift left. The moment is frozen.

Their eyes lock, each to the other's. Then ...

**TIME UNFREEZES**

Magua swings at Hawkeye and FIRES ...

**HAWKEYE**

shifts. The .65 caliber musket ball rockets past his ear and he's already squeezing

Killdeer's trigger as ...

**HAWKEYE'S POV OVER BARREL: SMOKE**

from Magua's musket blast clears. Magua's gone. He almost shape-shifted, it happened

so quickly. It's nearly mystical.

**HAWKEYE**

lowers Killdeer, impressed.

**CORA**

glances back at Hawkeye. She doesn't know why he's looking at her.

**CHINGACHGOOK**

pursues two fleeing Hurons up the incline. Two strides gain him the first man, who he

hamstrings and runs over to pursue the second up the hill ... as ...

**HEYWARD**

in the confused melee, grabs a found musket and aims it at an Indian. We recognize that

he's aiming at Chingachgook pursuing the second Huron up the hill ...

**CORA**

No, Duncan!

Duncan ignores her.

**HEYWARD'S MUSKET**

is jerked from his hands.

**HAWKEYE**

... case your aim is any better'n your judgment.

He's drawn his sword, reflexively. Hawkeye flips the musket around one-handed. It's pointed at Heyward's chest. And Hawkeye FIRES, killing an attacking Huron behind Heyward. As Heyward spins ...

**CHINGACHGOOK'S WAR CLUB**

flashes up the hill. It cleaves the second man's back and bowls him over. Chingachgook retrieves his club as his scalping knife slashes down ...

**UNCAS**

scalps the man he killed. Chingachgook dispatches the Huron he hamstrung.

**WIDE**

Sudden silence. Heyward's motionless. The women are frozen, as terrified of the savages and apparent half-breed rescuers as they were of those who attacked them.

**ALICE**

Cora, holding her, is stunned but functioning. Moments ago both women were clean and demure. Now their riding dresses are torn, mud-stained, blood-spattered and their baggage is gone.

**HEYWARD'S**

crossed to his slaughtered soldiers. Moments ago they were a testament to British military power. Now they're dead meat. Ambrose's body is against a tree. In the B.G. two of the wounded start to rise ...

**ALICE**

**(O.S.)**

Stop it!

Heyward spins.

**UNCAS**

just cut the throat of the second Narraganset. It drops into the brush. Alice attacks him.

**ALICE**

We need them to get out of here!

Uncas gently restrains her. Cora reaches Alice and grabs her away from the "savage".

Heyward runs in to protect the women ...

**HEYWARD**

(to Nathaniel)

... why the bloody hell he do that to the horses?!

Uncas, all business, is now reloading, lifting powder horns, scanning the trees.

**UNCAS**

(matter of fact)

... too easy to track ... they can be heard for miles ... find yourself a musket ...

Cora's surprised by Uncas' easy English. Hawkeye's scanning the forest.

**HAWKEYE**

(to Heyward)

Your wounded should try walkin' back to Albany. They'll never make a passage north.

**HEYWARD**

(breathless)

We were headed ...

**HAWKEYE**

(appropriating a knife)

... Fort William Henry.

**CHINGACHGOOK**

to Hawkeye: let's go ... Then a fast exchange of Delaware. Cora's surprised to see it's Chingachgook's decision. Chingachgook looks at the survivors, gives his assent, starts off.

**HAWKEYE**

... take you as far as the fort.

Hawkeye throws Heyward a musket. Cora & Alice look towards Heyward. He looks at them: the women are totally terrified and do not move.

**HAWKEYE**

If we are goin' to take you, we need to move. Fast ... And the fort is well off our course. So if you all rather wait for the next Huron war party to come by, we'll be on our way.

Heyward quickly decides to go. The women follow. Hawkeye starts off after Uncas and Chingachgook.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FOREST - HAWKEYE - DAY**

moves through the trackless forest. Uncas is far out on the left flank. Cora, Alice & Duncan Heyward follow in Hawkeye's and Chingachgook's steps ...

**HAWKEYE'S FEET**

walking through a creek, stepping in the stream bed instead of on stones. The others follow. Hawkeye looks at Heyward.

**HEYWARD**

conforms. He's ill at ease not being in command, following the lead of some half-Indian frontiersman through a foreign wilderness.]

**HEYWARD**

How far is it, scout?

**HAWKEYE**

Day and a half  
(pause)  
Where did you get ... the guide?

**HEYWARD**

Colonel Munro sent him. He was one of our Mohawk allies.

**HAWKEYE**

He is Huron and nothing else.  
(checking the Munro girls are

not too close)  
Why would he want to murder the girl?

**HEYWARD**

What?!

**HAWKEYE**

Dark haired ...

**HEYWARD**

Miss Cora Munro. He never set eyes on her before today.

**HAWKEYE**

No blood vengeance? No re-proach or insult?

**HEYWARD**

Of course not!  
(pause)  
And how is it you were nearby?

**HAWKEYE**

Came across the war party, tracked 'em.

**HEYWARD**

Then you're assigned to Fort William Henry?

**HAWKEYE**

No.

**HEYWARD**

Fort Edward, then?

**HAWKEYE**

No. Headin' west. To Can-tuck-ee.

**HEYWARD**

I thought all our colonial scouts were in the militia?

Off to the side, Uncas smiles at the idea.

**HAWKEYE**

I ain't your "scout". And I am in no damn militia.

**HEYWARD**

(stops)  
Then you are one of those who would allow England to fight alone while she protects you from France?

**HAWKEYE**

England does not protect me and does not war against France on our account. She uses us to war against France on her own account ... of greed for land and furs.

**CORA'S**

appalled.

**HAWKEYE**

(turns)  
Clear it up any?

**HEYWARD**

(loud)  
I owe you gratitude or I'd call you out!

**HAWKEYE**

(low)  
Do not let gratitude get in the way ...

Cora's hand holds back Heyward's sword arm because suddenly Chingachgook looms over him.

**CHINGACHGOOK**

(to Hawkeye)  
Yengeese no good in woods. Make more noise, I kill him.

Heyward spins. Hawkeye coolly watches Cora. Her attitude is hostile; aligned with Heyward. He turns away. Meanwhile ...

**UNCAS**

stops, alarmed. Something in the air bothers him. Hawkeye smells it, too.

**CHINGACHGOOK**

is already moving out front, low and fast ...

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FOREST, TREE LINE - GREEN BRANCHES - DAY**

After we HOLD, we realize Chingachgook's been there all along. Hawkeye and Uncas join him where the branches meet the ground. Smoke drifts through the trees.

Hawkeye sees and dips his head, then looks again ...

**EXTERIOR CAMERON CABIN - WIDE - DAY**

Burned, smoldering, having fallen in on itself. TRACK LEFT past what was the doorway. A dead child's hand protruding from the ruin. A fragment of a dress. Charred and smoldering wood. John Cameron's body in the wreckage. And then, through the collapsed posts and timbers, Hawkeye, Chingachgook and Uncas have advanced and are seeing what we've just seen; and then Cora and Alice.

**ALICE**

approaches and is frozen in horror. Cora shields her from the sight. Cora is affected but confronts it directly.

**HEYWARD**

(O.S.)

Anything to be done?

**UNCAS**

returns from under one part of the wreckage, ashen, stoic, as they all are. We know the degree of their inner pain.

**UNCAS**

All dead ...

**HAWKEYE**

bends over a moccasin print that Chingachgook's examining. They look at each other grimly. Heyward joins them.

**HEYWARD**

Who were these people?

**HAWKEYE**

(re: print)  
Ottawa!

**HEYWARD**

Excuse me ...

**CHINGACHGOOK**

(to Hawkeye)  
Ottawa.

**UNCAS**

enters, very careful where he places his feet ... Hawkeye gestures to Heyward to stay where he is: on the periphery with the women.

**UNCAS**

Mirrors ... tools ... clothes ... all inside.

**HAWKEYE**

(to Chingachgook)  
Movin' fast, not able to carry much ...  
this was a war party?

Chingachgook nods confirmation and indicates a direction in Mohican. The significance is very ominous to them. We don't know why yet. Chingachgook starts away ...

**HEYWARD**

Let us look after them ...

He starts approaching the bodies.

**CHINGACHGOOK**

Leave them.

Heyward stops. Hawkeye and Uncas follow Chingachgook, leaving the cabin.

**CORA**

(hasn't moved)  
Though they are strangers, they are at least entitled to a Christian burial!

**HAWKEYE**

(shaking his head)  
Let us go, miss.

**CORA**

I will not. I have seen the face of war before, Mr. Poe, but never war made on women and children. And almost as cruel is your indifference.

Hawkeye turns back and rapidly approaches her. She takes a step back, fearful.

**HAWKEYE**

(contained)  
Miss Munro.

(pause)  
They are not strangers ....  
And they stay as they lay ...!

**CORA**

realizes Hawkeye knew these people and is deeply affected. She also realizes for the first time this is a whole new world with dynamics and complexities, behavior and rhythms she doesn't understand. He turns away from her and walks on. She hesitates a moment.

**WIDE ON THE SMALL CLEARING IN FRONT OF THE FARMHOUSE**

as Chingachgook and Hawkeye, extremely alert and cradling their cocked flintlocks, walk to camera, eyes sweeping the forest perimeter; they're followed by Cora, Heyward helping Alice and Uncas as rearguard.

The ruined cabin and the dead dream of a family smolders behind them.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR GLADE - PROFILE: HAWKEYE - NIGHT**

moves through to where the trees seem sparse and are unnaturally white birch and some thin grass grows. The land rises into a mound. Chingachgook and the others avoid stepping on the grass and cross to the other side of it.

**CHINGACHGOOK**

mutters something to Uncas. He nods and disappears amongst the white birch, soundlessly.

**HAWKEYE**

throws Heyward a blanket. Heyward spreads the blanket below the top of the mound and - maintaining silence - he gestures for Cora & Alice to rest there.

**ALICE'S HEAD**

hits the blanket. She curls into a fetal position and she's out. Heyward is nearby on

watch.  
Hawkeye has taken a position two-thirds of the way around the  
crescent shaped  
mound.  
Cora has sought him out.

**HAWKEYE**

doesn't react as Cora enters. He's scanning the trees; not  
looking at her.  
They whisper ...

**CORA**

Why didn't you bury those people?

**HAWKEYE**

Anyone lookin' to pick up our trail, would  
see it as a sign of our passing ...

**CORA**

You knew them.

Hawkeye looks at her and nods.

**CORA**

(stiffly)  
You were acting for our benefit. And I  
apologize. I misunderstood you.

**HAWKEYE**

Well that is to be expected. My father ...

**CORA**

Your "father"?

**HAWKEYE**

Chingachgook. He warned me about  
people like you.

**CORA**

He did?

**HAWKEYE**

Yes. He said ... "do not try to make them  
understand you."

**CORA**

What?!

**HAWKEYE**

Yes. And "do not try to understand them.  
That is because they are a breed apart and

they make no sense ..."

Cora's indignation is cut off because ...

**UNCAS**

moving fast. He gestures back the way he came and it means they're in jeopardy. Uncas disappears around the mound.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR BIRCH FOREST - TREES - NIGHT**

Nothing. Imperceptibly we move closer and start to see shapes blocking out part of the white birch.

**RED-PAINTED FACE**

white eyes. A ruff of red hair stands straight up at the back of the large man's head. Slit and monstrously elongated earlobes are weighted with silver. He's followed by others. Wary, silently, they hunt.

**DEEPER: MORE OTTAWA**

Towards the rear are two French Rangers ("Coureurs des Bois") from Le Regiment de la Sarre. They're bearded, dirty, dressed Indian-style in moccasins, leggings and breechcloths with hooded hunting shirts. There's nothing clumsy about them. They're the 18th century version of Special Forces who've gone indigenous. If they and the Ottawa find our people, it's all over.

**ALICE**

seeing the red-painted Ottawa approach, starts to panic. Her hyperventilating and involuntary small sounds of fear will reveal their position. A hand covers her mouth and silences her struggling. WIDEN. It's Uncas. His other arm is around her, holding her, looking towards the advancing Ottawa.

**HAWKEYE**

on his back, his tomahawk within reach on the ground.

#### **OTTAWA & FRENCH**

are fifty yards away from the crescent mound behind which lie  
our people. Mist  
envelops them ...

#### **CHINGACHGOOK**

His massive arms spread revealing his war club in his left  
fist; his fusil in his right hand.

#### **HAWKEYE**

waiting for the attack. Cora's eyes are anxious, but there's no  
terror there. Nathaniel's  
impressed with her cool. He hands her a pistol. She takes it.  
He listens for the soft drop  
of moccasined feet ...

#### **OTTAWA**

through the grass. Thirty feet away they stop. They're  
motionless. Then their leader  
gestures and they start backing out. The French Rangers  
continue towards the crescent.  
The Ottawa chief takes one's arm and stops him. The French  
Ranger whispers  
something inaudible. The Ottawa chief shakes his head, "Non.  
Pas possible ..."  
And means it. They retreat.

#### **SEPERATE SHOTS: HAWKEYE, UNCAS, CHINGACHGOOK, CORA**

tensely monitor the Ottawa retreat.

#### **UNCAS & ALICE**

He slowly removes his hand from her mouth. She's a little shy,  
then she looks up,  
catches his eyes. Then she averts her face.

#### **CHINGACHGOOK**

sees all of it; doesn't like it.

#### **HAWKEYE**

The Ottawa are gone.

#### **CORA**

(quietly)  
Why did they turn back?

In answer Hawkeye looks behind & above her head.

**CORA**

turns and makes out stilt platforms of skeletons and torn strips of buckskin silhouetted against the night sky in the distance. They have camped on sanctified ground, a burial place.

**CORA & HAWKEYE**

She thinks it would be a mistake to ever underestimate the skill of these men or the danger & complexity of this place. She hands the pistol back to him. Their hands almost touch.

**CORA**

(still pissed off)  
"We're a breed apart and we make no sense" ...?

**HAWKEYE**

(smiles)  
In your particular case, miss, I would make some allowance ...

**CORA**

(sarcastic)  
Thank you so much.

Cora is angry. Hawkeye, staring at the trees, glances at her. She settles, looking at him.  
Her mood changes. Then ...

**CORA**

You called Chingachgook your "father"?  
Where is your real family?

Hawkeye's surprised by her question.

**HAWKEYE**

They buried my ma & pa and my sisters.  
And Chingachgook - who found me with two French trappers - raised me up as his own.

**CORA**

I'm sorry.

**HAWKEYE**

I do not remember them. I was one or two.

**CORA**

How did you learn English?

**HAWKEYE**

My father sent Uncas & I to Reverend Wheelock's school when I was ten. So we would know both worlds ... though we were told only bother learning readin' & arithmetic from yous.

**CORA**

And what were the consequentialities of European culture you didn't bother with?

**HAWKEYE**

The Bible. Monarchy. Many wrong ideas about the government of men. My father's people already know each man is his own nation. And only he can have dominion over himself. Not kings. No man is better than any other man.

**CORA**

In London those radical ideas could land you in Newgate prison.

(changing the subject)

Why were those people living in this defenseless place ...?

**HAWKEYE**

'Cos frontier land's the only land affordable to poor people. So after seven years indentured service in Virginia, they headed out here where they are beholden to none and not livin' by another's leave ... Their name was Cameron. John & Alexandria.

Cora sees the slate grey clouds and, in between, the fields of stars. She looks at Hawkeye; then again up at the night sky.

**HAWKEYE**

(continuing; looking up)

My father's people say ... at the birth of the sun and of his brother, the moon, their mother died ... so the sun gave to the earth her body, from which was to spring all life. And he drew forth from her breast the stars. The stars he threw into the night sky to remind him of her soul.

(the sky)  
So there is the Camerons' monument ...  
my folks', too, I guess.

**CORA'S**

pensive. Hawkeye's watching her. Her reaction is enigmatic.  
After a pause ...

**CORA**

(low)  
You are right, Mr. Poe. We do not  
understand what is happening here.  
And it is not as I imagined it would be,  
thinking of it in Boston and London ...

**HAWKEYE**

Sorry to disappoint you ...

**CORA**

(eyes downcast)  
On the contrary. It is more deeply stirring ...  
to my blood ...  
(then up into his eyes)  
... than any imagining could possibly have  
been ...

She closes her eyes, turns slightly and prepares to sleep.  
Hawkeye is the one left staring  
into the birch forest, a little surprised. Some of his  
assumptions about her were  
wrong ...

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FOREST - WIDE - LATE AFTERNOON**

Deep fog has set in. A hand entering the frame scares the hell  
out of us. It moves a  
branch aside. It's Uncas. Spread to the right is Chingachgook,  
far to the left is  
Hawkeye. They hike up a steep forested slope in the heart of  
the Adirondacks.

**CORA**

Much further?

**HAWKEYE**

Top of this ridge. Fort and Lake George are  
downhill of it.

**ALICE**

Re-energized, her spirits pick up.

**ALICE**

Will we be able to bathe?

Before Cora can answer they hear a deep, rolling roar. Alice is alarmed.

**CORA**

Thunder ... Papa will arrange something.

**UNCAS**

looks over his shoulder, sees something in the far distance, gestures to Hawkeye and Chingachgook.

**HAWKEYE'S POV: DISTANT HILLS**

and the band of red-painted Ottawa and Coureurs des Bois, who have now split into two groups, are still on their trail. Meanwhile, oblivious ...

**HEYWARD**

The men of the regiment will fetch water from the lake, build fires and provide every comfort you desire, Alice ...

**ALICE**

Duncan, you are absolutely gallant. If Cora doesn't marry you, I shall.

**CORA**

Alice!

Heyward laughs. Hawkeye sees them. It bothers us: will these Europeans, including

Cora, shed their frontier experience?

**ALICE**

I can't wait to see Papa ...

**CORA**

And you, Duncan? What are you looking forward to?

**HEYWARD**

Posting to a different continent.

He and Alice laugh. Cora does not.

**CORA**

I think it's very important and exciting.

Heyward looks at her. She's not kidding.

**ANOTHER ANGLE: HEYWARD**

helps Alice. As he does, he stares at Cora's separation and now her proximity to

Hawkeye, who's walking on ahead, is something Heyward doesn't like. His dark

thoughts are distracted by a FLASH of light and more ROLLING THUNDER.

**WIDE FROM THE FRONT - HAWKEYE**

drops and pulls Cora to the ground.

**CORA**

Lightning?

Hawkeye doesn't answer as he, Chingachgook, Uncas and Heyward make their way to the top of the ridge.

**CLOSER ANGLES: CORA & ALICE**

join them and look down upon their expectation of a secure piece of England in the wilderness, a safe harbor, a father's warm welcome.

**THEIR POV: FORT WILLIAM HENRY**

is none of those things. The thunder is the roar of French siege cannon clouded in dense

smoke. The flashes of light are mortar bombs exploding and illumination rockets' red

glare. Fort William Henry is under a massive siege by a French and Huron army.

**UNCAS**

looks over his shoulder.

**HIS POV: OTTAWA**

pursuing them. There's no way back. They're propelled forward.

**DISSOLVE TO ...**

**EXTERIOR BATTLEFIELD, FRENCH BATTERY #1 - CLOSE SHOTS - DUSK**

French cannons roar black smoke and gouts of red flame.

**TRENCH**

dug by sappeurs behind the cover of a huge gambio pushed toward the fort by two poles and fascis on the sides.

**ENGLISH GUN CREW**

searching the night.

**POV: BATTLEFIELD**

is black.

**ENGLISH ROCKETS**

light the battlefield revealing the French trenches.

**ENGLISH GUN CREW**

excited. Colonial militia and Mohawk snipers fire their rifles. The British gun crew scrambles to adjust their 18 pounders.

**FRENCH BATTERY #1**

**FIRES.**

**FRENCH BATTERY #2**

**FIRES.**

**EXTERIOR FORT, WEST BATTERY**

TRACKING. French cannon FIRE rips into the fortifications, exploding wood and earth, shredding the English gun crew with cannister. The English fight stubbornly, but we feel they're outgunned. Meanwhile ...

**WIDE ANGLE FROM THE WATER**

A new artillery duel erupts. The action is to the west side of the fort. On the north, the fire fight is reflected on the black water of Lake George in our foreground. Then a dark shape wiping to the right cuts off those reflections. We see in silhouette the outline of a birch canoe moving silently, barely rippling the mirrored surface of the lake.

**EXTERIOR LAKE GEORGE BANK - DEBRIS**

Behind it, two Canadiens and a Huron alternately snipe at the ramparts.

**LOW & WIDE: SNIPERS**

Behind them is black water. Its surface is broken by the rising mass of Chingachgook,  
followed by Uncas and Hawkeye. Muzzle flashes from the cannon reveal the canoe and  
the forms of the girls further out. Chingachgook's war club is held low. The Huron  
senses and turns and Hawkeye's thrown tomahawk knocks him back. Hawkeye's knife  
flashes in the night. Chingachgook drives the war club up, smashing a Canadien onto  
the debris. The second Canadien jabs bayonet at Uncas, slashing his side. Uncas jerks  
him forward by the musket, folds him over and tomahawks him.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FORT WILLIAM HENRY, NORTH WALL - SALLY-PORT TUNNEL - NIGHT**

Amidst the cannonade roar, ad-libbed shouts from Hawkeye and Heyward convince  
battle begrimed soldiers to open the sally-port. Our people rush in.

**TORCH LIGHT**

the group moves through the long, dank, tunnel. Enlisted men escorting them. Another  
torch from the other direction: CAPTAIN BEAMS is revealed.

**HEYWARD**

I'm Major Duncan Heyward!

**BEAMS**

Captain Jeffrey Beams. We didn't think you'd make it through!

**HEYWARD**

Where's Colonel Munro? His daughters are here, too.

Beams raises his torch, sees the muddied, soaked women. He is shocked that they  
traveled with Heyward.

CUT TO ...

**INTERIOR FORT WILLIAM HENRY, PARADE GROUND - GROUP - NIGHT**

emerges from a sally-port tunnel. It's smokey. NOISE is deafening. The group has traveled through a nightmare, only to arrive in hell.

**HEYWARD WITH BEAMS, CORA & HAWKEYE, ALICE, UNCAS & CHINGACHGOOK**

run diagonally past pyramidal stacks of cannon ball, smoldering beams and shrapnel, wounded men. Just then a mortar is fired and explodes, killing the gun crew. On the ramparts Mohawks and Colonial Militia, sniping at the French. Women huddle in corners next to the sick and dying.

**UNDER RAMPARTS: MILITIA**

**AD LIBS**

(shouts over roar)  
Uncas! Nathaniel ...

**HAWKEYE**

waves. One wounded man, IAN, intercepts Uncas.

**IAN**

Thought you and Nathaniel weren't joinin'-up.

**UNCAS**

(on the run)  
Didn't!

**HAWKEYE**

Dropped in to see how you boys is doin'.

**COLONEL MUNRO**

running from his quarters is shocked to see them.

**ALICE**

(hysterical)  
Papa, Papa!!

**MUNRO**

(enraged)  
Why are you here?!

Cora is stunned. Alice is decimated by her father's anger.  
Munro sees and whips off his  
coat to cover them and takes Alice under his arm. Bombardment  
resumes. Alice clings  
while they race for the cover of his quarters:]

**MUNRO**

(to Heyward; re: Alice & Cora)  
Why did you allow them to come? ... And  
where the bloody hell are my reinforcements!!

They race into the yellow lantern light of Munro's quarters and  
slam and bolt the heavy  
door. Heyward's confused ...

**CUT TO ...**

**INTERIOR MUNRO'S QUARTERS - NIGHT**

**MUNRO**

(embracing his daughters; softer)  
Told you to stay away from this hell hole!  
Why did you disobey me?

**CORA**

When? How?

**MUNRO**

My letter ...

**CORA**

There was none!

**MUNRO**

What?

**CORA**

There was no letter.

**MUNRO**

I sent three men to Webb!

**HEYWARD**

One called Magua arrived.

**CORA**

He delivered no such message.

Munro's stunned.

**MUNRO**

Does Webb not even know we are besieged?

**HEYWARD**

Sir. Webb has no idea. And he certainly does not know to send reinforcements!

Munro has nowhere for his rage to go. Meanwhile, Alice clings to her father. At 45-55, the British Army has been his life. He blindly believes in its institutions, though officers like Webb would disdain his Scots origins. From under his fury:

**MUNRO**

(flat)

What happened to you?

**HEYWARD**

(suddenly tired)

Ambush ... on the George Road. This Magua led us into it.

(pause)

... eighteen killed. It's these men who saved us. They guided us here ...

**MUNRO**

Thank you. How can I reward you?

No answer. Then ...

**HAWKEYE**

Help ourselves to a few horns from your powder stores.

**MUNRO**

What else?

**UNCAS**

Some food.

**MUNRO**

(to Uncas)

I'm indebted to you. And get your side sewn up, young man.

**MUNRO**

sees his exhausted and bloodstained surgeon in the doorway that leads to the next rooms.

**MUNRO**

(bellows)  
Mr. Phelps!

PHELPS' face lights up when he sees Cora Munro.

**PHELPS**

Miss Cora! How are you?

**CORA**

(smiles)  
Fine, Mr. Phelps. Have you cat gut and a suturing needle?  
(for Uncas)  
And we could use some rum, clothes, and a place to wash ...

Cora tries to remove Alice from her father, but she clings to him. Munro holds her tighter. Then he whispers something to her. She nods her head. And Cora takes her.  
They exit.

**MUNRO**

is moved beyond words by his daughters' presence. There's a break, a pause ...

**MUNRO**

(to Heyward over table map)  
What a place for them ...

**HEYWARD**

Might I enquire after the situation, sir, given that I've seen of the French engineering from the ridge above?

**MUNRO**

(perfunctory)  
Logistics are his guns are bigger than mine and he has more of them. They keep our heads down while his sappers make thirty yards of trench a day. His thirteen inch mortars have a two hundred yard range, so when they're close enough, they'll move them in, lob explosive rounds over our walls and pound us to dust.

**HEYWARD**

They look to be three hundred yards out. You have three days.

**MUNRO**

Bloody murderers.

**HAWKEYE**

A man, here, can make a run straight through to Webb.

**MUNRO**

... not enough time to get to Albany and back with reinforcements ...

A Sergeant enters, snaps to attention, says something to Beams, exits.

**HEYWARD**

Webb's not in Albany. He marched the 33rd to Fort Edward two days ago.

**MUNRO**

Webb's at Edward?

**HEYWARD**

Yes, sir.

**MUNRO**

Only twelve miles away! He could be here day after tomorrow.

(to Hawkeye)

Find your man, sir! Captain Beams will give you the message.

Beams nods. Munro turns back to the map. Hawkeye has something else to say.

**HAWKEYE**

John Cameron's cabin. We come upon it last night. Burned out. Everyone murdered. And it was Ottawa. They're allied to the French.

Munro looks at him.

**MUNRO**

Yes, Mr. Poe? So?

**HAWKEYE**

It was a war party. It means they're on the attack up and down the frontier.

Munro turns to look at him for a long beat. Munro doesn't like what his response must be to this news. He turns to Heyward and the map.

**MUNRO**

(cold)  
Thank you.

Hawkeye's dismissed, frozen out.

**HAWKEYE**

Many men here, their homes are in the path.

**MUNRO**

That's all, sir.

Hawkeye is furious. Chingachgook gestures Hawkeye out. He leaves Munro's quarters almost knocking over an entering Adjutant who backs way up to let Chingachgook pass.

**HEYWARD**

Things were done. Nobody was spared ...

**MUNRO**

Terrible feature of war in the Americas.

(beat; a mantra)

Best to keep your sight fixed on our duty.

Our duty is to defeat France. That hangs

on a courier to Webb.

**CUT TO ...**

**INTERIOR MONTCALM'S MARQUEE - CHORAL GROUP - NIGHT**

of three Seneca women and five boys, led by a Jesuit, sing the Te Deum in the Iroquois language. This is a large tent that could sleep twenty. Montcalm's four personal guards are at the entrance as well as COMTE DE LEVIS in dirty lace, a facial wound and a braceful of pistols on a sash. Inside is simple campaign furniture and a six by eight foot battle standard and flag of France.

**MONTCALM**

stands with a huge and fearsome elaborately tattooed and robed Seneca chief in a silk turban ...

**SENECA CHIEF**

(low)

... and the Black Robes of Michilimackinac left us no time to put our cabins in order before telling

rolled us our French father had need of our aid. We  
our blankets and were the first to be here. Yet we  
campfire. are not the first and closest to my father's

The Marquis de Montcalm is forty-five, wears a large wampum  
belt as a sash over his  
waistcoat. He has an acute intellect, an elegant manner. He is  
more aristocratic than  
Munro, but a consummate professional soldier. Over the Seneca's  
shoulder, Montcalm  
sees and nods to ...

**MAGUA**

entering with four Huron braves. This is not the Magua we saw  
on the trail. In his scalp  
lock, now red-stained and cut to a Huron roach, are three black  
plumes. A match-coat  
blanket drapes his left shoulder.

**MONTCALM**

(to Seneca Chief)  
For my children and the children of the true  
faith, my friendship and esteem is boundless ...  
I will give you three oxen for a feast and  
tomorrow  
I, myself, will sing the war song with you in the  
great council house.

The Seneca Chief is satisfied and his people, plus the Jesuit,  
exit. The look on Magua's  
face and the wry expression on Montcalm's allows us to  
understand their relationship is  
based on realpolitik.

**MONTCALM**

Le Renard Subtil, how are things with your  
English friends?

Magua exhales in derision as he brings a chair to face Montcalm  
and sits, European  
style ...

**MONTCALM**

(over his shoulder)  
Louis Antoine, join us.

LOUIS ANTOINE DE BOUGAINVILLE enters. He wears a functional  
melange of

Indian moccasins over white linen breeches and an officer's waistcoat.

**MONTCALM**

Hear what le Subtil has to tell us ...

Bougainville published a book on integral calculus at twenty-five, at twenty-six was a secretary to the French Ambassador in London, in January 1756 at twenty-seven he was elected a member of the British Royal Academy of Science and at age twenty-eight he's aide de camp to the Marquis de Montcalm with the rank of captain. Later in life, he brought "bougainvillea" from Tahiti to Europe to America.

**MAGUA**

English war chief, Webb goes to Fort Edward with 33rd Regiment. He does not know my father's army attacks Fort William Henry.

**BOUGAINVILLE**

But by now Munro knows his couriers didn't get through. He'll send another.

**MAGUA**

The Grey Hair will try.

**BOUGAINVILLE**

Four or five, including two women entered the fort ...

**MAGUA**

The Grey Hair's children were under Magua's knife but escaped. They'll be under it again.

**MONTCALM**

Why do hate the Grey Hair, Magua?

**MAGUA**

When the Grey Hair is dead, Magua will eat his heart. Before he dies Magua will put his children under the knife so the Grey Hair will see his seed is wiped out forever.

Montcalm won't get a direct answer.

**MONTCALM**

My sappeurs are advancing the trenches through the night, now. You may have your opportunity soon.

CUT TO ...

**INTERIOR SURGERY, ENTRANCE - PHELPS - NIGHT**

exhausted, sitting on a low stool, taking a breath.

**HAWKEYE (O.S.)**

She know what she's doin'?

Phelps looks up, then he looks over his shoulder at Cora. She's in a borrowed

launderess dress/blouse ... She looks different. He's a little indignant.

**PHELPS**

First assisted me in Austria when she was fourteen. I would say she does ...

Her apron is stained. Hawkeye sees this may be her first time in the New World, but it's

not her first military campaign. Still angered at Munro's dismissive response, he's nevertheless falling for Cora.

**HAWKEYE**

She does not shy away from much ...

**PHELPS**

(elsewhere)

What's that?

**HAWKEYE**

Nothin'.

Alice Munro has caught Hawkeye's attention. Outside the surgery where a casement

meets a wall, she sits, withdrawn. A catatonic older woman in a fine dress sits next to her.

**PHELPS (O.S.)**

Miss Cora? Gentleman looking for you.

**HAWKEYE**

enters. Cora's sewing up Uncas.

**CORA**

(looks up)

Mr Poe?

**HAWKEYE**

Miss.  
(re: cotton)  
May I?

Cora, curious, nods. Hawkeye cuts some pieces from her ruined and discarded dress that she now uses to bandage Uncas. We don't know why; neither does Cora.

**HAWKEYE**

(to Uncas)  
You 'bout done holdin' hands with Miss Munro?

Uncas laughs, looking from her to Hawkeye. Then he's up and he hurts. Cora starts to tend another wounded man. As they start out, Hawkeye hesitates. Sensing it, Cora turns.

**CORA**

What are you looking at, Mr. Poe?

**HAWKEYE**

Why, I am looking at you, Miss.

Cora measures the directness of Hawkeye's manner. It's not insolent, only unsettling. Feeling foolish; she turns. He leaves.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FRENCH TRENCHES - SAPPEURS & ENGINEERS - NIGHT**

having worked through the night, are still digging the diagonally-advancing trench. We note it's closer than it was.

**EXTERIOR FRENCH TRENCHES - FRENCH PICKETTS**

at their posts guard the sappeurs. Meanwhile ...

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FORT WILLIAM HENRY, WEST SIDE - SALLY-PORT - NIGHT**

opens. Ten Mohawks and Rangers crawl towards the French lines. Meanwhile ...

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FORT WILLIAM HENRY, PARAPET - HAWKEYE & UNCAS - NIGHT**

are low and out of French sight in the northeast battery. Four others are with them, including Captain Jack. Stacked rifles are against the casement. We don't know why.

Each rifle is within reach of Hawkeye's hand. Hawkeye is taking extra care loading

Killdeer. He charges it once, then overloads the powder by a quarter charge.

**UNCAS**

You told him about the raid?

**HAWKEYE**

(nods)

He does not want to hear it.

(pause)

But he is gonna have to.

**JACK**

(to one man)

Get together by the West Battery James & Ian, Sharitarish & William.

Hawkeye uses the fine cotton he took from Cora. Uncas sees it.

**UNCAS**

Tight weave.

**HAWKEYE**

Another forty yards?

Uncas nods. Hawkeye wets it to make a tighter gas seal and rams it home. The tighter fit requires more effort.

**HAWKEYE**

looks below to ground level ...

**A FRONTIERSMAN - COURIER**

Two pistols are holstered in a sash around his chest. He wears no hat and carries no pack. He waits by the sally-port door.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FRENCH TRENCH - THREE PICKETS - NIGHT**

are suddenly tomahawked and knifed by stripped down 42nd Highlanders and Mohawks. Alarm is raised. French and some Huron run to advance. Shots are fired.

The Rangers & Mohawks fall back.

**FRENCH**

emboldened, pursue ...

**TRENCH IN FRONT OF WEST WALL**

suddenly Heyward and three companies of the 62nd regiment of Foot (60 men) are over the top in perfect formation ...

**HEYWARD**

Sergeant! Form three ranks!

**SERGEANT MAJOR**

Sir!

(bellows to troops)

Upon the center, wheel to the left-about!  
March!

(three motions; drums)

Rear ranks, proper distance!

(the rear ranks back up six paces)

Front ranks, take your distance! March!

(everybody moves)

Halt!

(in unison they slam to a stop)

Make ready!

(muskets snap to port arms)

**MOHAWKS & HIGHLANDERS**

dodge right & left of the 62nd's line of fire.

**FRENCH**

are coming forward. Their sergeants trying to stop and form their men in ad-libbed French.

**62ND REGIMENT OF FOOT**

**SERGEANT MAJOR**

(dead cool)

First rank! Second rank! Present arms!  
(muskets shouldered)

**HEYWARD**

Fire!!!

Like one shot, lightening, smoke and .65 caliber death screams  
from the first two ranks  
like a scythe, cutting down ...

**REVERSE: FRENCH**

Fourteen wounded or killed ...

**62ND REGIMENT OF FOOT - HEYWARD**

exposed. He's oblivious to incoming rounds. A piece of hat is  
blown off, epaulet is shot  
off. The man next to him is killed and bloodies Heyward's coat.

**HEYWARD**

Advance, Sergeant Major!

**SERGEANT MAJOR**

Sir!!!

(to soldiers)

Third rank! Twelve paces! Forward march!

Drums. The rear rank walks through the first two ranks, who are  
priming and loading  
in perfect order to their Sergeant Major's commands. As the  
third rank becomes the  
first rank ...

**SERGEANT MAJOR**

Shoulder arms!

(slam)

Present!

(slam)

**HEYWARD**

Fire!!!

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FORT WILLIAM HENRY - COURIER - NIGHT**

sprints for the trees during the diversion of Heyward's sally.

**TWO HURONS**

materialize from nowhere and charge at him ... both are BLOWN  
off their feet by ...

**EXTERIOR FORT WILLIAM HENRY, CASEMENT - UNCAS & HAWKEYE**

now handed already-loaded, primed and cocked rifles while the four men behind them reload the two just fired. Hawkeye gestures ...

**EXTERIOR HILLSIDE - THREE HALF-SAVAGE CANADIENS**

are running down the hill to intercept the courier. One fires ...

**COURIER**

a near miss.

**EXTERIOR FORT WILLIAM HENRY - HAWKEYE**

FIRES. A half second later, Uncas FIRES.

**EXTERIOR HILLSIDE**

One Canadien's falling through the trees as the second one's hit by Uncas' shot.

**HAWKEYE**

reaches out his hand. Killdeer with the heavier load is slapped into it. Hawkeye aims.

Looks away a second and comes back to the sight in deep concentration. The world goes silent ...

**HAWKEYE'S POV: COURIER & CANADIEN**

pursuer are barely visible. Only patches appear momentarily between the trees. They're three hundred yards away: an impossible shot in 1757.

**EXTERIOR FOREST - THE CANADIEN**

will intersect the courier. His arm is back with his tomahawk to throw ...

**EXTERIOR FORT WILLIAM HENRY - HAWKEYE**

judges wind, elevates the long rifle ... and FIRES at us.

**JUMP CUT BACK:**

**TREES**

Hawkeye's heavy round rips through. We HEAR the ball cut air. A few leaves flutter ...

**EXTERIOR FOREST - CANADIEN**

whacked head over heels by the impact.

**COURIER**

looks over his shoulder. He didn't know the Canadien was there.  
He stumbles in the  
half light. Then he runs on ...

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FORT WILLIAM HENRY - WEST SALLY-PORT**

The three companies of the 62nd Regiment of Foot file back into  
the fort in perfect  
order. The sally-port is closed. Three men are wounded. The  
diversion worked  
perfectly.

**HEYWARD**

Sergeant Major!

**SERGEANT MAJOR**

Sir!

**HEYWARD**

Thank you, Sergeant Major. Thank the men.

**SERGEANT MAJOR**

Atten-hut!

**TROOPERS & MILITIA**

have seen no action for three days & nights. Heyward got their  
blood running and won  
their respect. They step aside and nod to him. Heyward keeps  
walking. He is home.

**CUT TO ...**

**INTERIOR MUNRO'S BEDCHAMBER - DOOR - NIGHT**

a knock and Heyward enters.

**CORA & ALICE**

Alice is in her father's bed. Cora is collecting and tearing  
linen into strips for bandaging.

**HEYWARD**

Cora ... I wanted to talk to you, but I'll

come back another time ...

Alice looks at the two of them and rises out of the bed.

**CORA**

Alice ...

**ALICE**

Talk to Duncan, Cora ... I must manage ...  
I cannot be an invalid schoolgirl.

(starts  
for door)

I'll see if Mr. Phelps needs anything ...

She leaves.

**HEYWARD**

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to ...

**CORA**

Her nerves are shattered. She's trying  
to be brave.

There's a lot going on under Cora's surface. We don't know what  
it is, but it's  
disconcerting.

**HEYWARD**

Cora, I adore you and, when we come together,  
we will be the happiest couple in England ...  
I am certain of that. More than ever before.

(softens)

I believe you must trust the judgment of others  
who hold your welfare so close to their hearts ...

**CORA**

Duncan ...

(pause)

Duncan, I promised you an answer. You  
have complimented me with your persistence  
and patience ... But the decision I've come  
to is I'd rather make the gravest of mistakes  
than surrender my own judgment.

Heyward is stunned.

**CORA**

And it's been unfair to you, while I search  
myself for feelings, which, if they were  
there and as strong as they ought to be,  
would've made themselves known long ago ...

(pause)

Take my admiration and friendship, Duncan.  
And please take this as my final answer.  
It must be no.

Heyward' shattered inside.

**HEYWARD**

I see ...

**CORA**

I am sorry, Duncan ...

Heyward nods. He's speechless. He's erect as he leaves the room.

**CLOSE: CORA**

The tension rushes out of her and she shudders and leans against the quarter-timbered walls for support. Then she collects the linen and starts out.

**CUT TO ...**

**INTERIOR FORT, INNER CORRIDOR - CORA**

moving through the corridor past wounded. Two French mortar bombs explode above one of the casements. We hear shrill screams in the distance and ...

**HAWKEYE (O.S.)**

... it was no raidin' party out for pillage. The cabin was attacked by a war party. They are sweeping south down the frontier spreading terror among farms and Mohawk villages 'cos all the men are here.

**IAN (O.S.)**

And my cabin's not thirteen miles south of Cameron's!

Cora, passing the open door to Munro's crowded office, now hesitates.

**CORA'S POV: THE ROOM**

Hawkeye, Captain Jack Winthrop, Ian, seven or eight other militia spokesmen, Munro, Heyward, two adjutants, one lieutenant of Rangers.

**MUNRO**

(to Jack)

I must receive proof more conclusive than Mr. Poe's opinion before I weaken our defenses by allowing militia to withdraw.

**JACK**

Chingachgook's of the same opinion. Taken together, that's gospel. Your fort will stand or fall depending on Webb and reinforcements, not these colonials' presence.

**MUNRO**

I judge military matters, Captain Winthrop, not you.

**HAWKEYE**

That judgment is not more important than their right under agreement with Webb to defend their farms & families ... Major Heyward was at John Cameron's. He saw what it was.

**MUNRO**

(looking to Heyward for confirmation of his point of view)  
What did you see, Major?

Heyward looks around the room. And he catches the doorway ...

**CORA**

beyond the periphery of men, staring at him.

**HEYWARD**

Munro is expecting him to be the good soldier in defense of British military interests.  
At the same time ...

**CORA**

examines him with a cool, level stare.

**HEYWARD**

looks at Munro. More French rounds detonate O.S. What if Webb gets here and they need to launch a counter-attack? They need every man they have. It's his moment of decision ...

**HEYWARD**

(to Munro)  
I saw nothing that would lead me to the

conclusion it was other than a raid by savages bent on thievery.

Jack Winthrop grabs Nathaniel.

**HAWKEYE**

You're a liar!

**CORA'S**

saddened. Heyward's stature has fallen irrevocably in her eyes.

**HEYWARD**

can't help it. He turns to look at Cora ...

**HEYWARD'S POV: DOORWAY**

She's gone.

**HEYWARD**

suffused with an inner sadness, turns to Hawkeye.

**HAWKEYE**

And the blood is on your hands!

Heyward reaches for his sword.

**MUNRO**

(to Heyward)

I'll have none of that!

(to colonials)

Montcalm is a soldier and a gentleman.

Not a butcher.

**HAWKEYE**

Easy for you to suppose. While it is their women and children, not yours, alone in their farms!

**MUNRO**

(exploding)

You forget yourself!

**JACK**

We are not forgettin' Webb's promise!

**MUNRO**

British promises are honored. And the militia will not be released. Because I need more definite proof than this man's word!

**JACK**

Nathaniel's word been good on the frontier a long time before you got here!

**MUNRO**

This interview's over! The militia stays!

**JACK**

(to Munro)

Does the rule of English law no longer govern?  
Has it been replaced by absolutism?

This is very dangerous talk.

**HAWKEYE**

And if English law cannot be trusted, maybe these people would do better makin' a peace with the French!

**HEYWARD**

That is sedition! Treason!

**HAWKEYE**

That is the truth!

**HEYWARD**

(restraining himself)

I ought to have you whipped from this fort!

**HAWKEYE**

Major!

(changes down)

Some day I think you and I are gonna have a serious disagreement.

**MUNRO**

(steel)

Anyone fomenting or advocating leaving Fort William Henry will be hung for sedition. Anyone leaving will be shot for desertion.

(pause)

My decision is final. Get out.

Hawkeye and the others are not intimidated. Their rage smolders. The look on Hawkeye's face says this is not over.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FORT, PARADE GROUND - BONFIRE - NIGHT**

Sparks shower skyward. Impromptu music. Some Celtic proto-bluegrass played on fiddle & drums. It's stirring.

**ANOTHER ANGLE: SOME WOMEN**

laundresses, dance from soldier to soldier - English foot and American Rangers. A few people lit by the firelight are solemn. Most are stirred to lift their morale for a while.

**THEIR FACES**

underlit by the red firelight. They are a disposable people, a diverse plurality stuck in a postage stamp-size fort in an ocean of forest, locked into mortal deadly conflict because of the policies of cold and distant European monarchs.

**A PLACE A LITTLE DISTANT FROM THE FIRE**

We can barely make out the eyes and faces of a number of men behind logs, crates and new wreckage from the day's bombardment.

**HAWKEYE**

(low)  
... got no kin in the settlements. If I did, I'd be long gone.

**IAN**

You didn't think it right to be here in the first place.

**HAWKEYE**

By my light that's how I saw it then and I see it that way now ...

**IAN**

(low)  
But we are under English military authority.

**JACK**

(low)  
I believe if they set aside their law as and when they wish, their law no longer has rightful authority over us. All they have over us is tyranny, then. And I'll stay here no longer. No force on earth will keep me here ... Anyone caught leavin' the fort could be shot. So each man make your own decision ... Those who are goin', be back here in an hour.

**HAWKEYE**

Out the northern sally-port. Strike for the east side of the swamp until you clear the French picket line. Head north over the ridge, then come about southeast and fork left in Little Meadow and you're free of the outpost and skirmishers ...

**A COLONIAL**

(grumbles)

Should've skinned outta this long ago.

**COLONIAL #2**

Got no families, Captain. Figured we'd stay and give 'em a hand even though ...

**HAWKEYE**

(to Colonial #2)

I'll cover them from the top of the casement.

**JACK**

(in amazement)

You're not coming with us?

Hawkeye shakes his head.

**HAWKEYE**

Got a reason to stay.

**JACK**

That reason wear a blue dress and work in the surgery?

Low laughter

**HAWKEYE**

(dry)

It does and it is a better lookin' reason than you, Jack Winthrop.

(more laughs)

Push hard, 'cos you got to clear the French outpost by dawn.

(sticks out his hand and

grasps Winthrop's)

Good luck, Jack.

The men split up ...

**CUT TO ...**

**FIRE - HAWKEYE**

wanders among the dancers and musicians clustered in groups,  
lit by the firelight.

Someone catches his eye and he moves in that direction ...

#### **HAWKEYE'S POV: CORA**

in the shadows, leaning against the wall, searching ... we  
sense she's been looking  
for him. He comes up to her. She turns in surprise.

#### **CLOSER**

Somehow she breathes easier because he's there. She's in a  
white shirt with the sleeves  
rolled up. Hawkeye leads her away from some of the people.

#### **CORA & HAWKEYE**

Hawkeye takes Cora's hand. Cora is awakening to a new spirit, a  
new wind blowing  
through a new land, a new self-determination ... She's drawn to  
this rough yet graceful  
man with his direct manner. Hawkeye settles against a wall. She  
leans next to him.  
Their shoulders touch.

#### **CORA**

To her everything about him seems to be somehow right. She's  
discovered that the  
passions and outrage that move him, move her ... And her  
readiness to give herself to  
what stirs the deepest resonances of her soul is the same as  
his.

#### **HAWKEYE**

looks at her. She's beautiful in the firelight. Cora's eyes  
find his and she folds into his  
arms. His lips find hers and tears stream down her face. She's  
suffused with an elation  
she can't explain. In the night before doomsday a romance is  
born in rebellion amid the  
huddled people in this small stockade ripped from the black  
earth of the forests of a  
wild continent.

#### **CUT TO ...**

#### **INTERIOR BARRACKS - LOW & WIDE - DAY**

door CRASHES inwards. Twelve British sentries storm in. Four bear torches.

**REVERSE: HAWKEYE, UNCAS, CHINGACHGOOK, TWO COLONIALS & SOME MOHAWKS**

are out of the bunks and moving with them with tomahawks, knives, a flintlock ...

**SERGEANT (O.S.)**

You! Halt!

**BRITISH SENTRIES**

their muskets aimed mostly at Hawkeye.

**SERGEANT**

As you were!!

Hawkeye freezes. The others slow down, indecisive ... Hawkeye drops his tomahawk and says something in Mohican to restrain Chingachgook and Uncas. The British in the torchlight with the long muskets and bayonets are an image out of Goya.

**SERGEANT**

Take him!

Hawkeye's spun around and while his hands are bound.

**CHINGACHGOOK**

(Mohican; subtitled)

Why do they make my son prisoner?

**HAWKEYE**

(Mohican; subtitled)

I helped Winthrop and the others leave ... This fight is not yours, father. I love you and my brother. And you should leave this place now and go to Can-tuck-ee ...

**CHINGACHGOOK**

(Mohican; subtitled)

What will they do with my white son?

One of the guards - scared to death by Chingachgook - nervously fingers his musket.

**GUARD**

Get back from him!

**HEYWARD**

enters.

**HAWKEYE**

shrugs in answer to Chingachgook's question.

**HAWKEYE'S**

moved out. As he passes Heyward, his eyes lock on his.

**CUT TO ...**

**INTERIOR MUNRO'S QUARTERS - CORA - DAY**

**CORA**

He saved us! We are alive only because  
of him ...

**WIDEN:**

Heyward, Munro, Cora. We've entered mid-argument. An adjutant  
comes and goes.

Heyward and Munro are sensitive to appearances in front of the  
adjutant. Cora couldn't  
give a damn.

**MUNRO**

The man encouraged the colonials to desert  
in this very room, in my presence. He is  
guilty of sedition and must be tried and hanged  
like any other criminal, regardless of what he  
did for my children.

**CORA**

He knew the consequences. And he stayed.  
Are those the actions of a criminal?  
... Duncan, do something.

**HEYWARD**

He knew the penalty for breaking regulations.  
He ought to pay without sending you to beg.

**CORA**

You know he wouldn't send me ...! You  
misrepresented what you saw and caused  
this.

(frustrated)

I, too, was at that farm. It was as he said ...

**MUNRO**

Not with enough certainty to outweigh British interests in this fort.

**HEYWARD**

And who empowered these provincials to pass judgment upon England's policies in her own colonies? To come and go without so much as a "by your leave."

**CORA**

They do not live their lives "by your leave." ... They hack it out of the wilderness with their own two hands, burying their dead and their children along the way.

**HEYWARD**

(distant)

You are defending him because you've become infatuated with him.

Cora is having her intelligence written off as a hormone attack. She contains her fury.

**CORA**

Duncan, you are a man with a few admirable qualities. But taken as a whole, I was wrong to have thought so highly of you.

Heyward's shot through the heart.

**MUNRO**

But the man is guilty of sedition and subject to military justice and beyond pardon.

**CORA**

"Justice"? If that's "justice" ..., then the sooner French guns blow the English army out of America, the better it will be for these people.

**MUNRO**

You do not know what you are saying!

**CORA**

(explodes)

Yes I do! I know exactly what I am saying. And if it is sedition, then I am guilty of sedition, too!

She exits, leaving them there.

**CUT TO ...**

**INTERIOR FORT, STOCKADE - NIGHT**

Heavy timbered door. A sentry. They stand at attention when Cora passes as opposed to barring her entry.

**INTERIOR CELL - HAWKEYE**

comes to the door, grips the bars with his hands and looks at Cora.

**THROUGH THE BARS TO CORA**

They are silent for a moment, then ...

**HAWKEYE**

Sorry ... can't ask you in.

Cora's pale smile.

**CORA**

They're going to hang you.

(pause; soft)

Why didn't you leave when you had the chance?

**HAWKEYE**

Because what I am interested in is right here ...

**CORA**

What would you have me do?

He touches her hand.

**HAWKEYE**

Webb's reinforcements will arrive or not. If they do not arrive, the fort will fall. If that happens, stay close to your father. The French will protect the officer class among the English.

**CORA**

No. I will find you.

**HAWKEYE**

Do not.

(pause)

Promise me.

Cora drops her forehead to Hawkeye's hands wrapped around the bars. She acquiesces,

nods. Then HEAVY SHELLING commences. Cora & Hawkeye look up.

Mortar

bombs begin striking the fortress. Still dark. The final French bombardment has started.

**CORA**

The whole world's on fire, isn't it?

A pause.

**HAWKEYE**

This part of it sure is ...

Reaching through the bars set in the thick door, their hands clasp each others. On that image ...

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FORT WILLIAM HENRY - VARIOUS CUTS - DAWN (2ND UNIT)**

French cannoneers in Batteries #1 and #2 fire again and again. They work like precision drill teams.

**FRENCH TRENCH**

ending in Battery #3 is complete and surprisingly close to William Henry's walls. Crews reload the squat and massive newly arrived thirteen inch mortars.

**MORTAR ONE**

The flash-hole is primed. The burning fuse is jammed into the bomb. The primer charge is lit off and the crew ducks as the crude iron belches red flame and black smoke into the lightening sky. The second mortar ROARS. Then a THIRD.

**CUT TO ...**

**INTERIOR FORT WILLIAM HENRY - ENGLISH CANNON CREW - NIGHT**

tries to return fire but can't under the heavy French bombardment. The French mortar bomb arcs in and EXPLODES smoke, flame and shrapnel, wiping out most of the

crew. The fortress is under the heaviest attack we've seen. Wounded are in shock or terrorized. Another mortar bomb arcs in and explodes part of a building and casement, starting a fire. Another lands in the grounds. People scatter. It doesn't explode. One soldier dashes to rip out the fuse. As his hand is inches away ... EXPLOSION.

**CUT TO ...**

**INTERIOR STOCKADE - HAWKEYE - DAWN - LATER**

protects Cora through the bars as she half sleeps through the muffled roar. Then the thundering stops. Hawkeye separates himself from her and crosses to the window.

**EXTERIOR FORT, MAIN GATE - HAWKEYES POV: CHEVALIER DE LEVIS**

bows deeply to Major Beams. A French honor guard of five men is behind him. A white scarf is on his sword tip. The fresh destruction of the fort is apparent. Debris smolders.

**INTERIOR FORT - STOCKADE - HAWKEYE**

crosses to an awakened Cora. He touches her face. He's desperate to drill these next words into her brain.

**CORA**

What is it?

**HAWKEYE**

I don't know. Whatever happens you stay with your father. You stay among the officers.

Cora looks up at Hawkeye. We feel forboding. O.S. are heard drums ...

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FRENCH LINES - MUNRO, HEYWARD, BEAMS - DAY**

The drums are from Munro's honor guard. They stop.

**REVERSE: FRENCH SOLDIERS**

Marquis de Montcalm, immaculate, backed by his guard of honor in white, grey and

medium blue with six foot by eight foot regimental colors and the French flag (gold fleur-de-lis on a field of blue).

#### **FACES**

They carried two hundred and forty-five bateaux across a ten mile portage, all their supplies and artillery, and then rowed down the length of Lake George to get here. To them, assaulting this fort is the easy part. The drummers of the honor guard play a tattoo behind them.

#### **INDIAN FACES**

Huron, Ottawa, Osage, Choctaw, Fox ... hear the drum of the honor guard and wait.

They're in war paint. Many tattoos. Split ears. The Osage scalping locks are hennaed red. Canadiens among them are bearded, dirty, half savage ... At their head ...

#### **MAGUA**

in full war paint, with a coterie of Huron warriors, silent, waiting. Drums.

#### **INTERIOR FORT - ENGLISH TROOPS (TABLEAUX)**

grim, silent, watchful.

#### **COLONIAL MILITIA & MOHAWK INDIANS IN WAR PAINT (TABLEAUX)**

watching the parlay from a blown apart battery. Silent.

#### **WIDE: FRENCH & ENGLISH**

and their honor guards. Montcalm steps forward and sweeps his plumed hat to the ground in a courtly bow. Munro bows coldly.

#### **MONTCALM**

Colonel Munro, I have known you as a gallant antagonist. I am happy to make your acquaintance as a friend.

#### **MUNRO**

And I to make yours, Monsieur le Marquis.

#### **MONTCALM**

Please accept my compliments for the strong and skillful defense of your fortress. Under

the command of a lesser man it would have fallen long ago given the superior numbers and material ... mere chance has allowed me to array against you ...

**MUNRO**

Monsieur le Marquis, I am a soldier, not a diplomat. You called this parlay for a reason.

**MONTCALM**

You have already done everything which is necessary for the honor of your Prince. I will forever bear testimony that your resistance has been gallant and was continued as long as there was hope. But now, I beg you to listen to the admonitions of humanity. I beg you to consider my terms for your surrender.

**MUNRO**

However I may apprise such testimony from Monsieur Montcalm, Fort William Henry is strong and stands.

**MONTCALM**

Honor that is freely accorded to courage, may be refused obstinacy ... These hills afford to us every opportunity to reconnoiter your works and I am possibly as well acquainted with your weak condition as you are yourselves.

Is Webb really en route and Montcalm hopes to take the fort by duplicity before British reinforcements arrive?

**MUNRO**

Perhaps the General's glasses can reach to the Hudson and he knows the size and imminence of the army of Webb ...?

Montcalm takes a moment to reply and appears genuinely sympathetic to Munro.

**MONTCALM**

(quietly)

My scouts intercepted this dispatch intended for you.

Munro is puzzled, suspicious.

**MONTCALM**

(to Bougainville)

Read the dispatch.

**HEYWARD & MUNRO]**

**BOUGAINVILLE**

(O.S. - reading)

"Colonel Munro - Fort William Henry. I have no men available to send to your rescue. It is impossible. I advise you to seek terms for surrender. Signed Webb."

Munro is rocked, as if struck by a blow. Bougainville hands Heyward the letter.

**HEYWARD**

(confirming)

This is the signature of Webb.

(to Munro)

And I know the temper of our men. Rather than spend the war in a French prison hulk in Hudson Bay, they'd fight to the end.

**MUNRO**

(to Montcalm)

You have heard your answer, Monsieur le Marquis.

(salutes)

Munro starts off. Montcalm stops him.

**MONTCALM**

Sir.

(challengingly)

I am incapable of mistreating brave men. I beg you not to sign the death warrant of so many until you have listened to my terms.

Munro turns.

**MUNRO**

Such as ...?

**MONTCALM**

My master requires the fort be destroyed. But, for you and your comrades, there is no privilege that will be denied. None of your men will see the inside of a prison barge. They're free to go so long as they return to England and fight no more on this continent, and the civilian militia return to their farms.

**MUNRO**

Their arms?

**MONTCALM**

They may leave the fortress fully armed, but with no ammunition ... Other than that, ask what you wish.

Munro's impressed with Montcalm's generosity.

**MUNRO**

The honors of war?

**MONTCALM**

Granted.

**MUNRO**

My colors?

**MONTCALM**

Carry them to England to your King with pride.

**MUNRO**

Allow me to consult with my officers.

As he turns away something's been disconnected inside Munro that can never get put back together. As the men move away from the French ...

**MUNRO**

I have lived to see two things I never expected. An Englishman afraid to support a friend. And a Frenchman too honest to profit by that advantage.

**HEYWARD**

General Webb can burn in hell. We'll go back and dig our graves behind the ramparts! Our mission is to fight.

**MUNRO**

(flares)

Death and honor are sometimes thought to be the same. Today I have learned that they are not.

Munro looks at the fortress behind him.

**HEYWARD**

Sir!

**MUNRO**

(stops him with his eyes)

The decision is final.

A beat. Then Munro turns toward Montcalm. Their eyes meet across the churned, scarred earth of the battlefield.

**MUNRO**

I am deeply touched by such unusual and unexpected generosity ... The fort is yours under the condition that we be given until dawn to bury our dead, prepare our men and women for their march and turn our wounded over to your surgeon.

**MONTCALM**

Granted, Monsieur.

And Montcalm bows deeply and as he does so ...

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FRENCH LINES - CLOAKED MAN - NIGHT**

passes away from the little city of tents in the direction of the beach and towards

William Henry. He seems to head towards a vantage point from which to observe the fort. As he approaches a sentry:

**SENTRY**

Qui vive?

**MONTCALM**

France.

**SENTRY**

Le mot d'ordre?

**MONTCALM**

La victoire.

**SENTRY**

C'est bien, vous vous promenez bien matin, monsieur!

**MONTCALM**

Il est necessaire d'etre vigilant, mon enfant.

The cloak parts. By the light of the moon the man's face is dimly perceived by us and

the soldier as General Montcalm. The soldier snaps erect as Montcalm continues

walking out beyond the line to a small stand of trees.

**ANOTHER ANGLE: MONTCALM**

The moon is broken into pieces of light on the water and behind Montcalm; from the front of the stand of trees emerges a tall figure.

**MAGUA**

Is the hatchet buried between the English and my French father?

**MONTCALM**

Yes.

**MAGUA**

Not a warrior has a scalp and the white men become friends.

**MONTCALM**

My master owns these lands and your father has been ordered to drive off the English squatters. They have consented to go. So now he calls them enemies no longer.

**MAGUA**

Magua took the hatchet to color it with blood. It is still bright. Only when it is red, then it will be buried.

**MONTCALM**

But so many suns have set since Le Renard struck the war post. Is he not tired?

**MAGUA**

Where is that sun?! It has gone behind the hill. It is dark and cold. It has set on his people, they are fooled and kill all the animals and sell all of their lands to enrich the European masters who are always greedy for more than they need.

(threatening)

And Le Subtil is the son of his tribe. There have been many clouds and many mountains. But now he has come to lead his nation.

**MONTCALM**

That Le Renard has the power to lead his people into the light, I know well.

Magua grabs the hand of the French commander. Imperceptible surprise in Montcalm's

eyes. Magua jams Montcalm's fingers to his chest.

**MAGUA**

Does my father know that?

**MAGUA'S CHEST**

A deep indentation and scar.

**MONTCALM**

That's where a lead bullet has torn you.

**MAGUA**

And this?

Magua turns his naked back to Montcalm and puts Montcalm's hand on his back ... deep ridges of a scar a half inch wide.]

**MONTCALM**

My son has been sadly injured. Who did this?

**MAGUA**

(laughs; sardonic)

Magua slept hard in the English wigwams.

And the sticks left their mark ...

(pause; for real)

Magua's village and lodges were burnt.

Magua's children were killed by the English.

Magua was taken as a slave by the Mohawks who fought for the Grey Hair. Magua's wife believed he was dead and became the wife of another. The Grey Hair was the father of all this.

(pause)

In time Magua became blood-brother to Mohawk to become free. In his heart he always was Huron.

And his heart will be whole again on the day

when the Grey Hair and all his seed are dead!

**MONTCALM**

My son Magua's pain is my pain.

**MAGUA**

Does the chief of the Canadas believe the English will keep the terms?

**MONTCALM**

Munro would. But General Webb will not

send their soldiers across the salt lake.

Having let them go, I fear I will only fight the same men again when I move south.

(pause; shrugs)  
And yet, I cannot break the terms of the  
capitulation and sully the lilies of France ...

Long pause, wheels turn. Then:

**MAGUA**

Many things my French father cannot do,  
Magua can.

Montcalm reacts as if he hadn't thought of that.

**MONTCALM**

As the English march away, our soldiers  
and the Canadiens will be drawn to the  
looting of the fort ... except for a small  
guard ...

Magua abruptly leaves Montcalm.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR WOODS - MAGUA - NIGHT**

walking back to the Huron camp. Reveal a Huron sub-chief has  
been in the woods,  
waiting for Magua. Now he joins him. They walk in silence. Then  
...

**MAGUA**

(in Iroquois; re: Montcalm)  
I wonder at the blindness and pride of the  
white man. He believes only he knows  
how to speak falsely to make other men do  
his bidding.

Magua exhales in derision.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FORT, MAIN GATE - MUNRO - DAY**

at the end of the column, rides out on his horse. Both sides of  
the gate are jammed with  
armed French troops standing at attention. The French colors  
and honor guard are just  
outside the gate along with Bougainville, Chevalier de Levis,  
both on horseback as  
is - at the head - Montcalm.

**CLOSER: MUNRO**

trots past his walking column out the gate. He does not look at the French.

**MONTCALM**

salutes Munro and bows gravely from the saddle.

**CLOSER: MUNRO**

salutes Montcalm.

**MUNRO**

(eyes forward)

Monsieur, the fort is yours.

**MID-COLUMN - ON HEYWARD**

marching with his 33rd Regiment of Foot well beyond the fort. The French troops have thinned out. Repressing shame, his backbone is rigid, his face is straight ahead. The 33rd marches in perfect cadence to the drum. In the B.G. Munro on his horse passes Heyward as he rides towards the front of his column. Heyward does not look at him.

**FRONT OF COLUMN - CORA WITH ALICE**

on the back of a mare. Alice, living through a wide-awake nightmare, is huddled under the arm of her sister. They ride behind the standard bearers. In the B.G. her father is seen approaching and takes his position at their side. Cora looks down the column, shielding her eyes against the sun. We know who she's looking for ... Hawkeye.

**CORA'S POV: THE COLUMN**

The 62nd and 42nd Highlanders including Heyward ... thirty to forty women and a number of children - for safety - in the middle, some frontiersmen, Ongewasgone and many Mohawk, walking wounded. The column is still snaking its way out of the fort. No Hawkeye.

**CORA**

straining to see.

**EXTERIOR FORT - PRISONERS**

being assembled, their hands shackled. Hawkeye is among twelve or thirteen. He stands erect, walking out of the gate. The French are starting to pour in to loot the interior.

Hawkeye looks to his left about twenty paces in front of him and sees ...

#### **UNCAS & CHINGACHGOOK**

on the other side of the column. Chingachgook cradles Killdeer as well as his own

musket. They fall back to walk beside the prisoners on the other side of Hawkeye.

Their eyes connect... We don't expect Hawkeye to stay shackled for the duration.

#### **RANK AND FILE FRENCH**

A few insults. The British soldiers answer. Nobody breaks rank. It's just talk.

#### **EXTERIOR ROAD - HAWKEYE**

His eyes sweep the column snaking its way into the v-shaped valley. The path cuts through the forested hills ahead. He sees ...

#### **HAWKEYE'S DISTANT POV: CORA**

riding near the front where there are no more French soldiers. Only a few scattered and curious Huron and Ottawa. She does not see him.

#### **PROFILE OF COLUMN - HIGH & WIDE**

as it passes left to right below like a long snake through the narrow valley. We're

shooting from inside the dark woods. Lower, in the light, we see a scattering on both

slopes of a couple of hundred Ottawa and Huron. They are in no order, are spread out

and don't constitute a threat. They watch the column.

SLOWLY THE CAMERA ... slides across the shoulders and back of a large man

wearing black plumes in his scalp-lock and other than a breechcloth is almost naked. He is heavily war-painted ...

#### **FRONTAL - MAGUA**

and the left two-thirds of his face is painted red. The right third is painted black. Much silver is in his ears. His tomahawk is in his left hand. His cut-down musket in his right fist. Magua's attention is all focused to one point.

**MAGUA'S LONG & TIGHT POV: MUNRO & CORA & ALICE**

at the head of the column. This is the focus of Magua's attention.

**WIDE FRONTAL: COLUMN, STANDARD BEARERS & MUNROS**

Cora turns again to look for Hawkeye.

**CLOSER: CORA**

doesn't see him, but something else has caught her eye.

**YOUNG HURON**

running toward the column. Just one man. No musket. He's running and whooping like a dog charging from his master's front yard. Why?

**CLOSER**

the Huron arrives at the column, his tomahawk swings into his hand and he brains a British trooper who falls dead. The single Huron never breaks stride. He simply runs off again ...

**CORA**

horrified, holds Alice tighter.

**MUNRO**

has seen it too. And now he sees ...

**62ND REGIMENT OF FOOT**

fixing bayonets. A large sergeant unsheathes a two-handed claymore, facing the Hurons and other Indians ...

**TROOPERS**

of the 33rd present arms. Did they violate the surrender by carrying ammunition? Locks are cocked. There's the answer.

**MUNRO**

Steady! No one fires!

**EXTERIOR FORESTED HILLSIDES - OTHER TRIBES**

are watching what happens.

**HEYWARD**

scanning them.

**HEYWARD**

(to Sergeant Major)

Men are to stay in file, Sergeant Major!

**SERGEANT MAJOR**

Yes sir!

Drums beat the cadence.

**TROOPERS**

step over the fallen soldier. Heads turn, they're on edge ...

**END OF COLUMN - HAWKEYE, UNCAS & CHINGACHGOOK**

watching. They exchange looks. This is not good. Chingachgook  
cocks both Killdeer  
and his own musket.

**HAWKEYE'S POV: FORESTED SLOPES**

Hold. We start to make out details in the shadow. Tree trunks.  
We become accustomed  
to the dimness. Now in the lower light we see deeper in the  
forest.

**CLOSER**

Many Huron and Ottawa are hidden in the shadows. They're moving  
along parallel to  
the column, stalking it. Waiting ...

**ANOTHER BRAVE**

racing down the hill from the opposite flank towards the 62nd.

**TWO SOLDIERS**

look at their sergeant. He nods. They wait until he's within  
ten feet of the column. Both

bayonet the Indian. He's dead.

**EXTERIOR HILLSIDES - HURON & OTTAWA**

saw what happened. But, they hold their ranks.

**MOHAWKS**

among the British are slipping tomahawks into their hands,  
surreptitiously. Some are  
cocking flintlocks.

**MUNRO**

gallops his horse away from Cora and Alice towards the scene of  
the last attack. We  
hear him from the distance ordering ...

**MUNRO**

Do not break ranks! I want these ranks  
to hold ...!

Cora's frightened.

**HAWKEYE'S**

frustrated. He saw Munro leave Cora. He knows events have a  
momentum and it's  
accelerating.

**CHINGACHGOOK & UNCAS**

move next to the sergeant with the shackle keys who looks at  
them curiously as ...

**WOMEN**

with children nervously search the threatening trees, hoping  
against hope these are  
isolated incidents.

**HEYWARD**

draws his sword and is passing orders to his sergeant major,  
scanning the hills ...

**EXTERIOR FORESTED SLOPE - MAGUA**

His eyes see Munro.

**WIDER & LOWER: MAGUA**

raises his musket in his fist and emits a war whoop. WE NOW SEE  
... hundreds have  
been stalking the column, hidden in the trees, maybe thousands.  
Then ...

**WIDE: ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE**

FIRE from the trees crescendos within seconds revealing a  
spontaneous and massive  
ambush of mostly Hurons. They appear from behind every tree and  
it turns to a ROAR  
of musket fire, war whoops and screams as ...

**SOLDIERS & CIVILIANS**

dropping like flies and seemingly thousands of Hurons attack  
down both slopes.

**HAWKEYE**

is being unshackled by Uncas. The sergeant is rising from the  
ground where  
Chingachgook knocked him. Chingachgook throws Hawkeye Killdeer  
and Hawkeye  
shrugs into his pouch and powder horn as he races with Uncas  
for the head of the  
column ...

**EXTERIOR FORESTED SLOPE - MAGUA**

charging down the hill ... with his coterie of twenty Huron  
warriors, heading for the  
area in which he saw Munro.

**CORA & ALICE**

at the head of the disintegrating column. Cora's holding  
Alice's head to her bosom,  
covering her ears as if to protect her from the sounds.

**HEYWARD**

shouting orders.

**SERGEANT MAJOR**

Right - about face! March! First rank present!

**HEYWARD**

Fire!

**REVERSE:**

The volley knocks down fifteen of a horde of attacking Hurons.

**SERGEANT MAJOR**

Prime! Load! Second rank six paces forward!  
Present!

Hurons are twenty yards away and closing.

**HEYWARD**

Fire!

As the line of muskets belch smoke and fire ...

**WIDE: THE HILLS & PATH**

We're shooting into the "v" of the valley with Hurons and other tribes pouring down from both sides. (IMPORTANT: the combined musket fire of Hurons, English and Mohawks generates tremendous clouds of smoke which obscure action, close off views, isolate pockets of combat into surreal tableaux that we'll move in and out of.

**BRITISH TROOPERS**

using their useless muskets as clubs or with fixed bayonets - as the smoke and fog swirls among the men - fighting for their lives ...

**MAGUA**

glides through the scenes, striking and hunting. Some of his coterie of braves near him.  
He sees ...

**BLONDE WOMAN**

hugging the ground in fear. Magua throws her over. It's not Alice Munro. It's a woman protecting her baby. Magua walks on. One of the braves behind Magua raise his tomahawk. On his downswing ...

**HAWKEYE**

running through surreal patches, thinks he glimpses Cora two hundred yards away.

**HAWKEYE**

Cora!

Chingachgook, on Hawkeye's left, slams down two Hurons with his war club.

**CORA & ALICE**

running through the chaos and murder and British troopers and Mohawks locked in struggle with Hurons. Cora's dress is torn. She holds Alice to her. There's a pistol in Cora's hand.

**ONE HURON**

scalping a prone soldier, rips the trophy from his head, turns and faces us.

**CORA**

shoots him in the face.

**EXTREMELY CLOSE: ALICE**

and her eyes take it all in. And her affect starts to flatten. A blankness suffuses her expression and the girl withdraws from this reality into a deep dark cave inside her head.

**HAWKEYE**

locked in combat. He tomahawks one Huron's arm with a slashing downstroke and comes right back into the face of the second with his backswing while his right hand fires Killdeer at ...

**HURON**

six feet from Uncas and about to shoot him in the back.

**HAWKEYE**

free for a moment, spins. He has no idea of direction any more. Everything is death in strange tableaux. Meanwhile:

**MUNRO**

hollering

**MUNRO**

Cora! Alice!

He cuts down a Huron with his sword who is trying to leap at him from the right. An Osage warrior with red scalp-lock leaps on the back of Munro's horse, reaching over to stab down into Munro's neck. The old man's left hand grabs the warrior's knife hand in an iron grip. His right hand pulls his horse pistol and under his upraised arm fires backward, point blank, blowing the Osage off the back of his horse.

**WIDER**

Just then Munro's mount is shot. His horse rears up, throws Munro and falls on him.

**HEYWARD**

shouting orders over the deafening noise.

**HEYWARD**

Second rank fire! Six paces back! Prime!  
Load! Third rank! Present!

A well-oiled, well-drilled fighting machine, but there are fewer of them. They're getting cut off. They close ranks automatically as a man drops. They're retreating in perfect order.

**HURON WARRIOR**

about to strike a downwards blow is pushed aside by Magua.

**CLOSER: MAGUA**

His eyes drop to what's in front of him. The field goes quiet.

**OVER MAGUA'S SHOULDER: MUNRO**

his lower body is trapped under his dead horse. Magua leans in towards him.

**MAGUA**

Grey Hair. I will cut your heart from your living chest in front of your eyes. As you die, know that I will put under the knife your children and wipe your seed from this earth forever ...

Magua pulls his knife and as he leans down towards Munro ...

#### **MOHAWK & HURON**

spin and flail furiously at each other with tomahawks and knives. The Huron goes down  
and then the Mohawk is shot. The Huron who shot him is cut down by a Ranger with  
tomahawk in one hand and bayonet in the other. Two Mohawks and three Rangers  
fighting back to back. They become an island swamped by Huron and Ottawa: amidst  
bodies and ground slippery with blood. As smoke obscures their image.

#### **CORA & ALICE**

in a group of civilian militia. Two of the militiamen are shot down. The third engages a  
Fox warrior. Cora & Alice run.

#### **MUNRO'S FACE**

frozen in agony by shock.

#### **MAGUA**

reaching down and up into something, emerges and jams an object we barely see into  
the air. But his arm and shoulder and half his chest are splashed red with blood.

#### **LONG SHOT: MAGUA**

seen from far away, holding aloft the heart of Munro.

#### **REVERSE: HAWKEYE**

saw him and fights his way to attack when ...

#### **WHITE HORSE**

crazed, CRASHES through men, knocking Hawkeye over ...

#### **CHINGACHGOOK**

protecting Hawkeye, slams his war club into one Huron, breaking his attack, his arm  
and his skull and swings the other way burying the bladed end into the chest of an  
Ottawa who's behind him. Then ...

#### **HAWKEYE'S**

up, looking wildly ...

**CAMERA JAMS INTO CLEARING SMOKE:**

33rd Regiment of Foot and Heyward. They FIRE into our face.

**CLOSER: HEYWARD**

**HEYWARD**

Six paces back! Prime! Load! Rank two,  
present! Rank two, hold!

He grabs a partially loaded musket, the ramrod still in the barrel. They're taking fire.

Men are dying. They're being pushed back.

**AN ABNAKI**

wearing a large cross, attacks Heyward from the side. One-handed, Heyward fires the musket into the man's chest, sending the ramrod through him. Then Heyward's shot in the thigh and a thrown tomahawk hits him in the head and knocks him sideways.

Dazed. Barely able to stand. He uses the musket as a cane and

...

**HEYWARD**

Rank two, six paces back! Rank one,  
present!

Rank two did not retreat six paces. They stand in confusion. Heyward looks to see what's wrong.

**HEYWARD'S POV: THE REMNANTS OF THE 33RD REGIMENT OF FOOT**

are standing in water. They're up against Lake George. Their backs are to the wall. Last stand. Heyward straightens.

**TWO FRENCH OFFICERS**

on horseback try to intercede in the slaughter of five women. One French officer is shot

by a Huron. The other French officer runs through that Huron and shoots the second.

Then his horse is shot out from under him and he goes down ...

**JESUIT**

pleads with an Abnaki to give up a child he's holding by the legs in one hand. He offers his cross. The Abnaki throws the baby to the Jesuit, Pere Roubaud.

#### **UNCAS**

sees a flash of something yellow. So does Hawkeye. They charge into the swirling chaos of attacking bodies. As we lose sight of them ...

#### **ALICE**

on her hands and knees. A massive Ottawa pulls her upright by her hair about to take her life and her scalp. He's struck by a rock in the hands of Cora which barely phases him. He bats her aside and returns to Alice, when suddenly ...

#### **OTTAWA WARRIOR**

is spun, punched and tomahawked into the ground by Hawkeye. Uncas has Alice and Cora ...

#### **TWO RANGERS AND A MOHAWK WARRIOR**

from the earlier group are nearby. They combine with Hawkeye to fight their way out with bayonets and tomahawks.

#### **HAWKEYE, UNCAS, CHINGACHGOOK, TWO RANGERS, A MOHAWK & MUNRO'S DAUGHTERS**

back through the swirling smoke. There seems to be a lull. Then they're hit from the side by musket fire. One of the Rangers is shot, the other wounded. Hurons attack. The Mohawk supports the wounded Ranger.

#### **HAWKEYE**

shields Cora as they back up.

#### **CHINGACHGOOK**

smashing his war club straight down on a Huron, reaches for the man's musket and shoots another. Then he sees ...

#### **SMOKE DRIFTING OVER WATER**

It's glass-smooth. And the bows are barely visible of three or four Huron war canoes.

**THE SHALLOWS - HAWKEYE, CHINGACHGOOK, UNCAS, CORA, ALICE,  
THE RANGER & THE MOHAWK**

back into the water. They're pursued by Ottawa and Hurons as they fight their way to the canoes.

**CORA**

held up by Hawkeye, suddenly screams.

**ANGLE**

something underwater is pulling her down. An Ottawa brave rockets out of the shallows. Before he's erect, Hawkeye slams him back into the water and FIRES.

**WOUNDED RANGER**

has shoved a large birch canoe at them.

**HAWKEYE**

Suddenly, the Mohawk fighting with them is shot and spins to face Hawkeye. His hands rest on Hawkeye's shoulders. Hawkeye looks into his face. Tries to hold him up, tries to rescue him. A frozen moment. Hawkeye's staring into his eyes and the man is staring into Hawkeye's as the light goes out ... Hawkeye lets him slide into the water and float away. He moves Cora and Alice towards the canoe ...

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR LAKE GEORGE - WATER & SWIRLING SMOKE - DAY**

The bottom of the frame is water like glass. Smoke obscures the background. Fingers tendril towards us. Out of the mist we HEAR small splashing and then the high bow of a war canoe defines itself. It's paddled towards us.

**HAWKEYE, CHINGACHGOOK & UNCAS**

Cora's behind Hawkeye. Alice and the wounded Ranger are near Uncas.

**CLOSER: HAWKEYE & CORA**

Cora looks left. Her eyes go wide.

**CORA**

No!

**HAWKEYE**

spins.

**HEYWARD & TWO TROOPERS OF THE 33RD IN A SECOND CANOE**

have emerged from the smoke ten feet from them. Heyward's  
aiming a horse pistol at  
Hawkeye.

**HAWKEYE**

is non-plussed. He doesn't stop paddling.

**HAWKEYE**

You got nothin' better to do today on  
Lake George than shoot me, Major,  
then go ahead ...

Heyward's a hair's breadth from firing. Suddenly they hear the  
boom of muskets and  
rounds come in.

**WIDE**

They're being pursued by three boatloads - and then a fourth  
and fifth - of Huron.

**HEYWARD**

is indifferent to Huron musket balls. Hawkeye hasn't stopped  
paddling and pays  
Heyward no heed.

**CORA**

Stop it!!

Heyward comes to his senses. His head is gashed. A scarf, as a  
tourniquet, is tied  
around his leg. He lowers the gun.

**HEYWARD**

When you fall into British hands again,  
Nathaniel Poe, I will have you hanged.

**HURON CANOES**

paddle hard and deep and the canoes power across the lake.

**HAWKEYE & HEYWARD'S CANOES**

with less paddlers, plus wounded, are slower and will be overtaken.

**HAWKEYE**

looks to Uncas. They both realize the same thing. Hawkeye nods and he, Uncas & Chingachgook begin to paddle furiously. The others match the doubled pace. They're sprinting ahead but the effort is exhausting.

**HURON CANOES**

maintain their steady pace. Three or four Hurons fire.

**HAWKEYE'S CANOE**

Musket balls ricochet on the water's surface. One rips a hole through the bow.

Hawkeye sees one of the Redcoats in Heyward's canoe is giving out ...

**REDCOAT #1**

Can't ... keep it up ...

**HAWKEYE**

Pull!

He renews the attack on the water with the paddle.

**HEYWARD**

(shouts)

How long?

**HAWKEYE**

(shouts)

Only chance we got is ...

(breathless)

... to get more distance on 'em and go to ground!

Heyward digs in. Like firecrackers in the distance, Huron muskets sound. A new hail of musket balls cut the fabric of the canoes. One Redcoat is shot in the back. He falls overboard.

**HAWKEYE**

(shouts)

Pull!!

**HAWKEYE CANOE**

sprints forward.

**CLOSE: HAWKEYE**

looks over his shoulder.

**THE HURON CANOES**

They're pulling away from them.

**HAWKEYE**

Pull ...!

More Huron musket balls hit water nearby.

**REDCOAT**

in Heyward's boat is shot. BUT ... the .65 caliber ball didn't penetrate his skin. The Redcoat - amazed - picks it off the floor of the canoe.

**REDCOAT #2**

Spent.

Distance caught up with eighteenth century ballistics. They're out of smoothbore musket range.

**HAWKEYE CANOE]**

**HAWKEYE**

(to Heyward)

Head for ... for the white water.

**HEYWARD**

Do you hear me, sir!

(exhausted)

If you ever fall ... into British hands ...

(breathes)

What white water?

**HEYWARD & REDCOAT'S POV: LAKE**

divided by a spit of land. The right fork becomes a river with white water rapids.

#### **HAWKEYE CANOE - HAWKEYE**

paddling now, too, as they furiously jam for the white water that will shoot them way ahead of the Hurons.

#### **UNCAS**

leaps off the stern of Hawkeye's canoe and climbs up the stern of Heyward's and takes control. He roughly gestures to the Redcoat and the Major to stop paddling. He and Hawkeye will pilot the two canoes.

#### **EXTERIOR WHITE WATER - WIDE - DAY**

The canoes enter the white water and they're so light, they're jet-propelled.

#### **CANOE POV: EIGHT FOOT WAVE**

and it racing in the same direction they are. They hit it straight on and it shoots over them and they're drenched by two waves coming from the sides.

#### **HAWKEYE & CHINGACHGOOK**

paddle like fiends to get momentum and control.

#### **UNCAS' CANOE**

Same thing. When they crested the wave Uncas hollers at them to "pull" and they do.

As soon as they're through it, Uncas slams the paddle in the water and makes the canoe revolve a hundred and eighty degrees in a vortex so that now it's going through stern-first or the stern becomes the bow, so that Uncas could pilot it a different way through a hazard of ...

#### **EXPOSED ROCKS**

jutting out of the water.

#### **WIDE - BOTH CANOES**

Hawkeye didn't have to turn because Chingachgook, at the bow, uses his paddle to shove the canoe away from jutting rocks. Uncas does the same. Past the jutting rocks,

Uncas swings it back around while ...

**WHITE WATER**

smashes into the camera.

**ALICE & CORA**

as the canoe roller-coasters and water bursts the bow. Then suddenly it's through and the water is miraculously smooth.

**CANOES**

The Ranger, the Redcoats and even Heyward feel the exhilaration of the ride. That's because they think they're home free.

**HAWKEYE**

Here's where it gets tricky ...

Heyward turns to look in front of him. He doesn't know what the hell Hawkeye's talking about.

**HEYWARD'S POV: THE RIVER AHEAD**

looks glass-smooth. Although there is a distant ROAR of sorts. Then Heyward realizes: something's wrong with this picture.

**CLOSER: HEYWARD**

The look on his face starts to change.

**HEYWARD'S POV: TIGHTER**

The glass surface of the river continues to a line then falls off the end of the world. The river just ends ...

**BOTH CANOES: HEYWARD, REDCOATS, THE RANGER**

realize they're heading for the lip of a waterfall. There's a couple of outcroppings of rock in the center at the very edge. We are at Glen Falls.

**HAWKEYE**

Don't move ...

**AERIAL SHOT**

from the other side of the falls. It's a two hundred foot high, death-defying cataract.

The canoes - slightly above us - will go right over.

#### **TWO CANOES**

At the last moment, Hawkeye & Uncas land both on either side of the larger rock outcropping. It is literally at the lip of the falls.

#### **HEYWARD**

grabs a rock to anchor the bow of the canoe. He loses his grip. The canoe rockets for the edge.

#### **UNCAS**

lurches sideways, grabs a tree root. He is the only link of the canoe to earth. The bow, with Heyward, is literally hanging over the edge. Uncas strains and pulls the canoe to the rock. He gestures to Heyward.

#### **HEYWARD**

crawls forward and makes the island. Then the two Redcoats. Finally Uncas. The canoe rockets over the falls. Meanwhile ...

#### **THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND**

Hawkeye has beached his canoe and is camouflaging it with driftwood and brush. As they clamber over the high pieces of broken limestone, we see Hawkeye is slipping into a crevice. He motions to Cora. Uncas carries the wounded Ranger. Heyward helps Alice ...

#### **CUT TO ...**

#### **INTERIOR GLEN FALLS CAVES - FISSURE - TWILIGHT**

The irregular opening of medium blue sky is obscured by the black silhouetted forms of Hawkeye, Cora and then the others entering.

#### **HEYWARD**

Where do we go from here?

#### **HAWKEYE**

We don't.

**HEYWARD**

I don't understand!

**HAWKEYE**

This is it, as far as we can go ... If we're lucky, they'll be figurin' we can't have come this way and must've beached our canoes and headed cross land. If we're very lucky, they'll figure we went over the falls.

**HEYWARD**

Then what?

**HAWKEYE**

Then we take the south rim down the mountain and it's 12 miles cross country to Fort Edward.

**HEYWARD**

And if we're unlucky?

**HAWKEYE**

You will have to forego the pleasure of hangin' me.

**REVERSE: WIDE**

Hawkeye helps Cora; Heyward, the Ranger. Chingachgook carries Alice, down the rockface into a cave. We hear a distant ROAR reverberating off the walls.

**ANOTHER ANGLE: THE WALLS**

are scooped out, bone-like hollows eroded by tumbling water. At an earlier time the formation was part of the falls.

**HAWKEYE & CORA**

reach the irregular floor of the chamber. The ROAR is louder.

**WIDEN TO REVEAL**

a curtain of falling water. They're behind the cataract, probably a third of the way down its height. Light through the water strikes them with a silver luminescence. They're

exhausted. The others join them. They almost have to shout to be heard.

**CHINGACHGOOK**

followed by Uncas, takes stock of their supplies. They check their powder. They have almost none. Uncas shares his with Hawkeye. The Redcoat's cartridge case is soaked, the paper cartridges a soggy mess. Heyward has none. The Ranger has two left. In Mohican, Chingachgook decides some things. Hawkeye and Uncas nod. Heyward approaches Hawkeye.

**HEYWARD**

Any powder?

**HAWKEYE:**

(crossing to Cora)  
Only one or two loads.

**CORA**

is soaked to the bones. Hawkeye strips off his buckskin hunting shirt and wrings it out. Cora turns her back, strips off her white blouse and puts on the faster-drying chamois.

**CORA**

Are we safe?

**HAWKEYE**

Maybe ...

**CORA**

Our father? Did you see my father?

**EXTREME CLOSE UP: HAWKEYE**

The look on his face tells it all

**CORA**

Tell me!

**TWO SHOT**

Hawkeye takes Cora away from the group and turns her by her shoulders and whispers to her. We don't hear what he says. Cora drops to her knees and places her hands over

her eyes and face like a little girl trying to make something bad go away.

**HAWKEYE**

Leads her to a depression, his arm around her shoulders, her face covered and she cries softly into his shoulder.

**EXTREME CLOSE UP: CORA**

says into Hawkeye's ear, after she looks O.S. ...

**CORA**

Say nothing to Alice ...!

Hawkeye nods.

**ALICE**

stands in the chamber not far from the wall of water, fascinated with its shimmer. She's oblivious to all the events and everything going on around her ...

**HEYWARD**

sees Cora & Hawkeye together and turns away.

**GROUP**

Uncas watches Alice. The wounded Ranger has fallen asleep. The Redcoat is exhausted. Hawkeye & Cora against the wall.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR RIVER BANK - RIVER FALLS ARE IN MIST & RED SKY - TWILIGHT**

A landscape with mist rearlit by the red light of the sun that's already behind the mountains. The blues are turning purple and the greens are turning black and the white highlights of the foaming water are going rose. Reflecting the darkening sky, where the surface isn't broken, the water is fast-moving metal ...

SUDDENLY: a shaved head and muscled back stands into the foreground. It moves down the shore away from camera.

He's followed by other Huron warriors. They're two hundred yards away from Glen

Falls island.

**HURON**

looks at the island of rock & trees and tilts his head  
curiously ...

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FOREST ABOVE CANYON & FALLS - GREY WOLF - TWILIGHT**

watches the Hurons below make their way towards the edge of the  
falls.

**OVER HIS SHOULDER: THREE MORE WOLVES**

join him, moving frenetically, uneasily ... The leader of the  
pack looks up & howls as  
his eyes go white reflecting the new moon.

**INTERIOR GLEN FALLS CAVE - HAWKEYE -NIGHT**

hears the distant howl. He's now lit silver blue by the  
moonlight through the falling  
water. Hawkeye knows it means Hurons are out there. He  
exchanges worried glances  
with Uncas & Chingachgook.

**UNCAS**

immediately starts up the right acclivity to one fissure, and  
Chingachgook moves  
carefully to the first fissure. Hawkeye follows.

**HAWKEYE**

His countenance gives way momentarily. All his experience seems  
of no avail. He  
touches the side of Cora's face. Grabs Killdeer and follows  
Chingachgook.

**ALICE**

sensing new danger, slips away on her own.

**CORA**

crosses to the Ranger who's semi-conscious, feverish and  
getting delirious. She can't do  
a thing except hold his hand and think of her father.

**CUT TO ...**

**INTERIOR SOUTH FISSURE - HAWKEYE & CHINGACHGOOK**

below the edge, listen & wait, testing the environment with all their senses ...

**NORTH FISSURE - UNCAS**

against one wall, has his ear cocked, monitoring, facing away from the sky ...

**ALICE**

looks at the sky through the fissure. She sees the starfields and feels silver moonlight  
pull her forward. She starts out onto the island, oblivious, unaware she'll expose them.  
Suddenly ...

**UNCAS**

yanks her down next to him. He pulls her head into his chest, looking out over the  
edge, his tomahawk in front of him, his musket near his right hand. There is no sign she  
was seen.

**UNCAS & ALICE**

He relaxes, looks at her and puts his finger to his lips telling her to be silent.  
Languorously, she lies back, closes her eyes and lays a hand on his shoulder, palm up,  
as if he were a prince in a romantic fantasy. Uncas tries to restrain her.

**ALICE'S**

eyes slowly open. Oblivion disappears. It's replaced with escalating fear. She holds onto  
Uncas with desperation. Her fingers claw his shoulders. She buries her face in his  
chest.

**ALICE**

Uncas ...

Her body shudders. Her terror's total. He tries to restrain and calm her. She won't let  
him. Then her mouth seeks his and in the passion of despair and fear and wanting life,

she holds him between her thighs. And Uncas is confused, but Alice whispers his name and he responds. He loves her in the half-light.

**UNCAS**

his hand buried in her hair irradiated by the moon, then she seems to reach some emotional climax and begins to cry softly, and Uncas stops making love to her and holds her. Then she's flooded with shame. He reaches for her. She jerks away. He reaches for her again and clutches her to him. And she breaks down. Then he turns her face to him, but her expression has completely flattened.

**WIDER ANGLE**

She's not a lover to Uncas now. She's pitiful & stricken and he comforts her.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR RIVER - MAGUA - NIGHT**

beaches a canoe on the bank. He and eight braves ease out. His war paint is fresh: green handprints on his chest and black and green on his face. Black plumes are affixed to his scalp-lock and his shawl is over his left shoulder. The right arm carrying his musket is exposed. Many scalps are tied to his tomahawk. He walks towards us approaching the island, two hundred yards away ...

**CUT TO ...**

**INTERIOR SOUTH FISSURE - HAWKEYE - NIGHT**

checks his powder horn. Nearly empty. He looks at Chingachgook.

**CUT TO ...**

**INTERIOR GLEN FALLS ISLAND, CAVE - CORA - NIGHT**

with the Ranger, looks up. Hawkeye enters. The look on his face. Then hers. They've been discovered. Now they're backed into a hole in the ground with no powder and no way out.

**CUT TO ...**

**INTERIOR GLEN FALLS, CAVE - HAWKEYE & CHINGACHGOOK - NIGHT**

Chingachgook talks to him in Mohican. Momentarily the anger and frustration is seen

on Hawkeye's face. All his experience & craft has been to no avail. He looks at Cora.

Back to Chingachgook. Chingachgook states something terse in Mohican. Hawkeye

agrees. Heyward's confused. He doesn't know what they're talking about. Cora has

understood Chingachgook's intent perfectly.

**CORA**

Yes. Go ahead.

**HEYWARD**

(explodes)

What the bloody hell plan is this?

**HAWKEYE**

(to Cora)

In this there is a chance. If I live, I can try to free you. If we don't go, there is no powder, there's too many of them.

Though my heart would keep me here, in that there is no chance. None. I can do nothing. Do you understand?

**CORA**

Yes. I want you to go.

**HEYWARD**

Coward! Coward back at the fort.

Coward here.

Hawkeye uses discipline not to kill the man.

**CORA**

You try. With all you have. To save yourself. If the worst happens, and only one of us survives, something of the other does, too ...

**CUT TO ...**

**INTERIOR NORTH FISSURE - UNCAS - NIGHT**

Listens. Hears. Then he inches above cover to see ...

**UNCAS' POV: THE RIVER & SIX WAR CANOES**

of Hurons approach to assault the island carrying torches.

**CUT TO ...**

**INTERIOR GLEN FALLS CAVE - CORA & HAWKEYE - NIGHT**

She's holding him. In the rigid language of her body is the struggle to contain her fear.

**HAWKEYE**

(very close)

If they don't kill you, they may take you north up into Canada. A warrior may take you for a wife.

**CORA**

turns aside. Hawkeye insists.

**HAWKEYE**

(continues)

Listen. Submit. You hear me? You're strong. You stay alive. I will find you ... no matter how far, how long it takes ...

**CORA**

(nods, low)

... never doubt what you are doing.

**RANGER**

conscious now, arranges his crushed body to face the direction from which will come the attack as ...

**HEYWARD**

puts Alice, who's entered, behind him as ... Uncas hits the floor of the cave. Now the first glow from Huron torches starts to light the walls. They're coming ...

**CHINGACHGOOK**

has their weapons slung over his back. He says something in Mohican. Uncas spins looks at Alice: her expression's vacant.

**HAWKEYE'S KNIFE**

cuts a lock of Cora's hair. He folds it into his shirt. The orange light from Huron

torches, now closer, plays on the wall behind her. We hear many Huron approach.

**CHINGACHGOOK & UNCAS**

now run out of the cave and throw themselves into the curtain of water. This is their exit.

**HAWKEYE**

engraves her image in his memory one last time and then sprints across the floor towards the water ...

**WHAT HAWKEYE SEES: JAMMING AT THE WATERFALL**

and then through it into ...

**SUBJECTIVE CAMERA: UP**

An awful crushing roar. We explode out the front of a white cataract a third of the way from the top and we fall down away from the world.

**EXTERIOR GLEN FALLS - HAWKEYE - NIGHT**

tumbles down the falls; rolling, tumbling through the white water; then through air; then back into cascading white water again, disappearing ...

**THE RIVER BELOW - UNCAS & CHINGACHGOOK'S**

bodies hit, disappear and don't surface. It looks unsurviveable.

**HAWKEYE'S POV: FALLING**

Sheets of water fall with us. The bottom races towards us at a hundred miles an hour ...  
Just before we hit ...

**CUT TO ...**

**INTERIOR GLEN FALLS, CAVE - FLAMING TORCH - NIGHT**

WIDEN. The cave is filled with Hurons. The Redcoat is dead in the corner. A group of braves moves away from the body of the Ranger.

**HEYWARD'S**

surrounded. The women are behind him. He slashes at one Huron with his sword and is clubbed down by a giant.

#### **MAGUA**

enters. His blanket, like a shawl, over his left shoulder, black plumes in his hair. He's imperturbable.

#### **MAGUA'S HAND**

reaches out and touches Cora's hair. Cora is frozen to the spot. His hand drops away from the hated Munros and as Magua turns to go, he says something low in Huron and the two women are jerked towards the fissures. Heyward is dragged by the arms.

#### **CUT TO ...**

#### **EXTERIOR RIVER - WHITE WATER - NIGHT**

miles from the falls. We see a figure. It's Chingachgook, nearly spent, rolling and tumbling through the fast-moving white water. He submerges, then surfaces again. He appears exhausted by the fall and ride.

#### **CHINGACHGOOK'S POV: WATER**

rocketing at us, battering and drowning us. We glimpse something downstream ...

#### **CHINGACHGOOK**

tries to focus, slammed against rocks, he's striking out towards the right, swimming against the current. He's grabbing for something.

#### **KILLDEER'S MUZZLE**

and leather shoulder-strap. Chingachgook's hand grabs it. The current rushing past tries to steal him from Uncas and Hawkeye, who're also beaten, bloodied, exhausted. They pull the older, larger man from the water and ...

#### **ON THE ROCK**

all three lie there, almost devoid of energy. Then Hawkeye rises, looks at the others.

Chingachgook nods. He's up. Then Uncas, and they're moving off into the calm eddy between the rock they landed on and the shoreline.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FOREST - HURONS - DAY**

move along animal paths.

**CORA & ALICE**

struggle through the branches of trees. No one helps them. When they fall behind, they are pushed forward.

**HEYWARD**

badly beaten, bound, staggers ahead to get behind Magua. Then:

**HEYWARD**

If Magua give women to Yengeese soldiers  
... will receive many gifts.

**MAGUA**

(as if considering)  
Gifts?

**HEYWARD**

Three, four oxen ... much wampum.

**MAGUA**

Wampum?

**HEYWARD**

Yes.

**MAGUA**

Does Yengeese Major have property  
across salt sea?

**HEYWARD**

Yes.

**MAGUA**

Yengeese Major give all property to Magua.  
Magua give Yengeese Major much wampum,  
many gifts, maybe three, four oxen.

Magua looks at Heyward derisively. Does this white man think he's an idiot?

**HEYWARD**

Gold could be arranged.

**MAGUA**

For Munro children?

**HEYWARD**

Yes.

**MAGUA**

How much gold has the master of the  
Yengeese?

**HEYWARD**

The King? The King has mountains of  
gold!

Long pause as if Magua and King George II were seriously  
considering this transaction.

**MAGUA**

Not enough.

Heyward is first realizing with whom he's playing.

**HEYWARD**

What is enough?

**MAGUA**

Heart. Give Magua new heart.

Magua totally disdains the Englishman and walks away from him,  
starting up a steeper  
forested hill.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FOREST - HAWKEYE, UNCAS & CHINGACHGOOK - TWILIGHT**

running cross-country after the Huron column. They leap over  
fallen logs and keep  
going.

**FRONTAL: HAWKEYE**

breathing hard, his lips are drawn back, sweat stains his  
buckskins.

**PROFILE: UNCAS**

runs. Then sees something.

**BENT BRANCH**

where Cora & Alice were struggling up the animal path.

**REAR SHOT**

as they race across a stream away from us after the war party and into the night ...

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FOREST - CORA - NIGHT**

supporting Alice, is dragged forward by a Huron warrior by a woven rawhide thong tied to her neck.

**MAGUA**

is imperturbable.

**HURONS**

move quickly down into a ravine.

**HEYWARD**

is shoved forward.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FOREST - RUNNING FEET - DAY**

Long, loping strides.

**HAWKEYE & UNCAS**

cover ground like long-distance runners. No noise except their hard, even breathing.

They're moving down a clear trail.

**CHINGACHGOOK**

out on the flank. Running hard.

**CLOSER: HAWKEYE**

lips are drawn back, determined, flashing through the hard verticals of the forest, now leaps down an embankment into the soft loam and keeps going.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXT. HURON VILLAGE - ORNATE CHAIR - DAY**

on a rude platform. The entire village is crowded in a large circle. They all wait for someone. They've been waiting a long time. In the perimeter warriors keep Huron at bay for some reason. We see Magua. He stands apart. They wait. Then ...

**ANCIENT SACHEM**

is led to the dais by three women down the main street between the neat rows of birch bark lodges. Many scalps and trophies from the massacre are in evidence. He sits on the raised platform. He looks to be in his nineties. His dark wrinkled face is contrasted by his long white hair. His robe is painted in hieroglyphical representation of combat. He wears numerous silver & gold medals, gifts of French, English and Dutch governors. Most startling is his face. His dark & lined skin is enhanced by delicate lines of tattooing. He looks up to Magua.

**SACHEM**

(in Huron; subtitled)  
The tomahawks of your young men have been very red.

**MAGUA**

(in Huron; subtitled)  
Many of the Yengeese are dead, great Sachem.  
(sound dissolve to English)  
I have brought three of my prisoners, to honor you. Two are the children of Munro. Whose scalp hangs on my lodge pole. And whose heart I cut from his chest.

Now we see Cora on the ground. Defeat & fear are held in place by her determination. Alice looks around, in another place. Heyward's hands are bound between his back with a piece of wood wedged through his elbows.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR DIFFERENT FOREST - WIDE FRONTAL: UNCAS, HAWKEYE & CHINGACHGOOK - DAY**

running. Then Uncas drops and the other two follow.

**WIDE OVER THEIR SHOULDERS: THE HURON "CASTLE"**

seen in the distance through the sparse trees. They have  
dropped at the very periphery  
of the forest where the woods end. (The lay of the land is  
important for action that  
follows: the village is built in a meadow. To the left is a  
cliff face that rises to a rocky  
promontory. On the right is a path that winds up to the  
promontory and beyond, across  
the mountains.)  
Hawkeye sees ...

**HAWKEYE'S POV: THE VILLAGE, CAPTIVES & HURON CROWD**

in the center, outside the largest lodge.

**HAWKEYE**

slams the earth with his fists. They didn't intercept them in  
time. Difficult odds just  
became impossible.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR HURON VILLAGE - MAGUA - DAY**

**MAGUA**

... the earth was pale. Our tomahawks  
were bright. Now they are dull from war.  
And the Huron rich with the trophies of  
honor ... Magua will sell the English  
officer to Les Francais and the reward is  
my gift to you, wise one ... The women -  
children of the white war chief - will burn  
in our fires so all can share in this.

The sachem considers this. Then he looks up and sees something  
beyond Magua.

**MAGUA**

senses the sachem's eye line ...

**HAWKEYE**

unarmed, walking through the Hurons. A young boy rushes at him.  
Hawkeye, at the

last possible second, dodges. Others catch and restrain the boy. The Hurons are astounded a European would simply walk into their camp.

**CORA**

sees him enter, doesn't believe he's there.

**CORA**

Nathaniel!

Hawkeye glances at her, doesn't respond. The situation is a stick of dynamite ready to go off.

**HAWKEYE**

(to Heyward; low)

Translate for me, Major. Into French. Every word ... as I say it.

Magua starts towards Hawkeye, his tomahawk slipping into his hand.

**HAWKEYE**

(to Sachem)

I come to you unarmed and in peace to unstop your ears, wise one. Because the Hurons are misled by the words of the wolf who's never spoken the truth.

Sachem gestures with his hand to Magua. Magua reluctantly stops advancing on

Hawkeye. Heyward's French translation has faded to a murmur. We hear Hawkeye's English.

**HAWKEYE**

Let the children of the dead Colonel Munro go free and take the fire out of the English anger over the murder of their helpless ones.

**MAGUA**

(to Sachem)

Our father, Montcalm, is greater than the Yengeese in the arts of war. The Huron do not fear English anger.

**HAWKEYE**

(to Sachem)

Wise one, the French fathers made peace and swore to their honor not to break the friendship. Magua broke it. It is false that the French would not be friends, still, to

the Huron.

Sachem reacts.

**MAGUA**

(laughs)

It made our French father happy to never have to fight the same Yengeese again. He told me this without telling me this.

Hawkeye realizes this is true.

**HAWKEYE**

So the Huron are the servants of the French? To do what the French are shamed to do?

**MAGUA**

No.

(to Sachem)

Huron serve no one. The French father believes he fooled Magua because he is so proud of his cleverness, he is blind. But it is the Huron path that Magua walks down, not the French one ... Now, Les Francais, also, fear Huron. That is good. When the Huron is strong from their fear, we will make the terms of trade with Les Francais. And we will trade as the white man trades. Take land from the Abnakes; fur from the Osage, Sauk & Fox. And make the Huron great. Over other tribes. No less than the whites, as strong as the whites.

Hawkeye appears to be losing his debate with Magua.

**HAWKEYE**

(to Sachem)

Magua would use the ways of Les Francais and the Yengeese ...

**MAGUA**

(to Sachem)

The red man put down the bow, picked up the fire stick and became the best warrior in the forest. Yes. It is the only way.

**HAWKEYE**

Would the Huron make his Algonquin brothers foolish with brandy and steal his lands to sell them for gold to the white man? Would the Huron have greed for more land than a man can use? Like Francais Black Robes do?

Would Huron kill tribes with disease? Would the Huron fool Seneca into taking all the animals in the forest for beads & brandy? But sell the fur to the white man for gold? ...

(to Sachem)

Those are the ways of Yengeese and Les Francais masters. Are they the ways of Huron men who hunt & work the land? Or of dogs? ... Magua's heart is twisted. He would make himself into what twisted him. A Dog, become Master of Dogs. But are Hurons dogs? ... Magua's way is false. It is like the white sickness. Magua's way will bring only sadness and shame. Is there another way? I don't know.

(pauses)

I am Nathaniel of the Yengeese; Hawkeye, adopted son of Chingachgook, of the Mohican people ... Let the children of the dead Munro go free ... I speak the truth.

Magua starts to rebut. Sachem holds up his hand and stops him. Nobody talks. Sachem whispers to the older men on either side of him.

**MAGUA**

waits for the decision.

**CORA**

looks to Alice, then to Hawkeye.

**HAWKEYE**

exchanges a desperate look with Cora and then senses the Sachem is staring at him from the perspective of nearly a century of laws & judgments. Then ... to every word.

**SACHEM**

The white man comes like a day that has passed. And night enters our future with him ...

(pause)

Our council talks since I was a boy:  
What is the Huron to do?

(pause)

But Magua would lead Huron down paths  
that make us not Hurons.

(the judgment)

Dark girl burn in fire to heal the twisted  
heart of Magua.

Cora, hearing the sentence ... Hawkeye's losing her.

**SACHEM**

(continuing)

Munro daughter with moon in her hair  
must be Magua's wife so Munro's seed  
doesn't die.

Alice is gone, living in some dark recess of her mind.

**SACHEM**

(continuing; dissolves  
back to French)

... and Yengeese officer not go to Les  
Francais, but back to Yengeese so their  
hatred burns less bright. La Longue Carabine,  
go in peace.

People move, start to implement the sentence. Hawkeye's  
panicked. Cora is jerked  
upright. She looks at Hawkeye in terror: Sachem is starting to  
depart.

**HAWKEYE**

No! listen.

(to Heyward)

Tell him I'll trade him! Me for her! Tell him!!

Heyward translates into rapid-fire French.

**HAWKEYE**

(shouts)

I am La Longue Carabine! My death is a  
great honor to the Huron. Take me!

Cora is jerked forward by three Hurons. Magua grabs Alice. Cora  
strikes at Magua. He  
knocks her aside. Chaos & confusion. Meanwhile:

**MAGUA**

(French; subtitled)

This is not the voice of wisdom. I go to  
the Hurons of the Lakes! You are women.  
Send your arrows and guns to the Seneca,  
beg from them venison to eat, corn to grind.  
Slaves, dogs, rabbits, thieves ... I spit on you!

Those Hurons who hear, do so in deadly, boding silence. Magua  
and his fourteen hard  
core braves start out as ...

**SACHEM**

heard Heyward's translation. He looks at Heyward, then looks at  
Hawkeye and he nods  
his head.

**HAWKEYE**

sees this. His eyes go to Cora. They've stopped dragging her  
towards the fire pit.  
Hawkeye steps forward to surrender. Cora is thrown at him. Cora  
looks around wildly.  
Instead of taking Hawkeye, two warriors grab Heyward.

**HEYWARD**

is immediately hamstrung and his legs collapse. He gasps. He's  
caught under the arms  
and dragged forward.

**HAWKEYE**

I said to trade me!

Hawkeye's holding Cora. Heyward struggles to be seen.

**HEYWARD**

... compliments, Mr. Poe.  
(pause)  
Take her and get out.

**CORA**

(standing)  
What are they doing to Duncan?  
Duncan!

He's gone. They start to ease away from the mass of Hurons.

**HAWKEYE**

(low to himself)  
And my compliments to you ...

**CORA**

Alice?

Hawkeye's concentration is on backing out of the Huron mob.  
Will the Sachem's  
judgment be honored? Will some warriors hack down Hawkeye &  
Cora? As they go ...

**CORA**

moves towards her sister. But Hawkeye holds her tightly as they retreat.

**CORA'S POV: ALICE**

with Magua's group crosses the path. He drags Alice behind him like baggage. She regains her feet. Magua is oblivious to her. He's heading towards the plateau.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR FOREST, TREE LINE - CHINGACHGOOK & UNCAS - DAY**

Uncas sees Magua's direction. Uncas touches his father, grabs his musket and races off.

Chingachgook reaches to stop him, but he's too late. Chingachgook's hand in the air ...

**TWO-SHOT: HAWKEYE & CORA**

near the tree line. Hawkeye has eyes only for ...

**HAWKEYE'S POV: HURONS**

moving towards fire pit. One turns to watch Hawkeye & Cora depart. Will he arouse others to attack? Behind him, others are doing something to Heyward and flames leap up.

**CORA'S EYES**

are on Alice, off to the right in the meadow.

**HAWKEYE**

tense. They're almost there.

**CHINGACHGOOK**

holding Killdeer.

**CHINGACHGOOK'S POV: MASSED HURON**

Sky & flames. Suddenly, Heyward's stood upright into the fire, bound to a bracket by his arms. As the flames start devouring him ...

**HAWKEYE & CORA**

close to Chingachgook and the tree line ...

**CHINGACHGOOK**

tosses Hawkeye Killdeer. As fast as he jams it into his shoulder he FIRES.

**HEYWARD**

among the hollering Hurons, is shot dead. It goes unnoticed.

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR PROMONTORY - UNCAS - DAY**

half-way up the rock face. He's approaching an overhang. He climbs with a reckless desperation ...

**EXTERIOR STREAM - HAWKEYE & CHINGACHGOOK**

pound across the (sic) to the meadow towards Magua's path ...

**CORA**

trying to stay with them, scrambles up ...

**EXTERIOR PROMONTORY - UNCAS**

reaches the overhang. It juts away from the face six feet.

**THE CEILING OF THE OVERHANG**

Uncas' hand jams into a crack in the granite, forms a fist and twists, making a wedge.

He swings out, dangling in space by the hand wedged into the rock. His right hand reaches out and up, searching the vertical face for ...

**UNCAS' HAND**

... a rock flake. An indentation. Anything ... His fingers find a diagonal crevice and ...

**UNCAS**

swings out, now hanging by the vertical face above the overhang. His features are distorted with determination. Nothing will stop him. His right hand grabs another rock. His arms snap him up. Then push. He's on the ledge. Moving fast ...

**CUT TO ...**

**EXTERIOR PROMONTORY - HURONS - DAY**

on point are approaching the path above the promontory. Five warriors are ahead of Magua. One behind him drags Alice.

**FIRST**

Huron starts up the narrow path. Suddenly ...

**UNCAS**

slams him off the rock with the butt of his musket.

**WIDE ANGLE**

Two's musket coming up. Uncas swings. FIRES. Before he's fallen, Uncas bayonets Three.

**FOURTH**

FIRES, misses, swings. Uncas slips the swung musket, but it catches his elbow. Uncas' musket falls. Before it hits the ground his tomahawk is out and hacks Four over the edge ...

**MAGUA**

running forward past Five, confronts Uncas head on. It's incredibly fast.

**UNCAS'**

three tomahawk swings are dodged by Magua whose own knife streaks like silver flashes. Uncas, gashed on arms and chest, feints right and slams Magua with an open hand, closes and the men are intertwined steel and muscle ... and Magua throws Uncas.

Going with him and rolling off Uncas, Magua's knife flashes into his armpit. Uncas' right arm is useless. He scrambles up. Next to the expertise of a mature warrior like Magua, Uncas' raw, young determination may not be enough.

**EXTERIOR - MEADOW - CHINGACHGOOK**

freezes.

**EXTERIOR PROMONTORY - UNCAS**

closing, swings. Magua moves inside, stabs Uncas twice, turns him to face the edge, ripping his head left to expose the right underside of his throat.

**CLOSE: MAGUA'S**

knife arm punches forward.

**WIDE: PROMONTORY**

Uncas falls down the face onto to the rocks.

**CHINGACHGOOK**

seeing his boy killed, CRIES out and is charging up the path, Hawkeye following.

**EXTERIOR PROMONTORY - ALICE**

backs to the edge.

**MAGUA**

moves on Alice. His knife is low, about to strike. She stares at him. Her eyes are like pools of deep water, calm, open, almost beatific. It stops Magua ...

**MAGUA**

inexplicably, drops his knife hand. He's riveted by her. About him, there's a glimmer of something else. He wears a human face for this one moment. He reaches out with his other hand to offer her safety. To bring her back from the edge ...

**ALICE**

looks down at Uncas, her lover, dead on the rocks below. She turns to Magua with enigmatic calm. Her eyes seem to see into him. She steps off the edge. She falls to her death next to Uncas ...

**EXTERIOR MEADOW - CORA**

collapses to her knees on the ground and her face falls forward into her hands ...

#### **HURON WARRIORS**

are running down the path to intercept Chingachgook, charging uphill, fueled by a father's rage, and Hawkeye. One Huron aims at the center of Chingachgook's chest ...

#### **HAWKEYE**

FIRES past his father's side. The Huron's blown off the path. Hawkeye races to reload on the run ...

#### **EXTERIOR PROMONTORY - MAGUA**

sees the approach of Chingachgook.

#### **TO CHINGACHGOOK**

Huron warriors are an irrelevance. He slams one aside with his musket.

#### **HAWKEYE FIRES.**

#### **HURON**

with tomahawk, about to blindside Chingachgook, is SHOT DOWN.

#### **MAGUA**

charging Chingachgook.

#### **VERY WIDE**

Two men, like dots, race to collide at the center of the promontory. Now the others fall back... It's one-on-one. Hawkeye slows ...

#### **COMBATANTS**

Magua - confident, pumped up - feints with his left, his tomahawk appearing in his right, sweeping backhand, while his left, magically holding his blade, is jamming up to gut Chingachgook. Chingachgook's dead. Except ...

#### **CHINGACHGOOK**

isn't there. He rolled and, on one knee with his back to Magua, his arm slams rearward.

The massive war club crashes into Magua's back.

**MAGUA**

stunned, turns to hatchet Chingachgook ...

**CHINGACHGOOK**

now up and towering - slams his club right into Magua's assault ... destroying it,

breaking Magua's right arm. And ...

**CHINGACHGOOK**

... with his momentum, spins like a shot-putter and the next blow cripples Magua's left

side and crushes part of his chest.

**ANOTHER BLOW**

destroys Magua's collar and shoulder.

**MAGUA**

amazed. His body is broken and crippled, but he still stands. He looks into the eyes of the last warrior of the Mohicans.

**CHINGACHGOOK**

**UNCAS!!!**

And he spins and swings. The blade side of the war club punches into Magua's chest, caving him in two.

**WIDE**

Magua dies in the dust.

**HAWKEYE**

watching Chingachgook's heaving back. It's over.

**CORA**

alone, kneeling in the meadow. Her eyes downcast ...

**FADE OUT ...**

**FADE IN**

**EXTERIOR - MOUNTAIN TOP - WIDE REAR SHOT - NEXT DAY**

Chingachgook's at the edge, facing the endless rolling forests to the west. A haze of sunlight illuminates silver and lead clouds. Hawkeye is a little apart, watching his father.

**HAWKEYE'S POV: CHINGACHGOOK**

speaks to the sky.

**CHINGACHGOOK**

(Mohican)

Great Spirit and the Maker of all Life ...

**ON HAWKEYE & CHINGACHGOOK**

We HEAR Hawkeye's English translation in VOICE OVER:

**CHINGACHGOOK/  
HAWKEYE (V.O.):**

(in English)

... a warrior goes to you swift and straight as an arrow shot into the sun. Welcome him and let him take his place at the council fire of my people.

(pause)

He is Uncas, my son.

(pause)

Bid them patience and ask death for speed; for they are all there but one - I, Chingachgook - Last of the Mohicans.

Chingachgook's hands drop to his sides. He lets out his breath with a weariness. His eyes seek Hawkeye's. They hold ...

**CORA**

is standing, her back to us, in front of a rock-covered grave with a wooden cross. Next to it is Uncas' burial platform. Cora [says a] silent prayer. Then she pauses, crosses herself. Her emotions are spent. She moves next to Hawkeye. He takes her hand.

**HAWKEYE & CORA]**

**HAWKEYE**

Will you go back to England?

**CORA**

I have nothing to go back for.

Long pause.

**HAWKEYE**

Then will you stay in America?

She turns to face him.

**HAWKEYE**

And will you be my wife?

Pause.

**CORA**

Yes.

They hold each other's eyes. She searches his face.

**CORA**

Where will we go?

**HAWKEYE**

Winter with the Delaware, my father's  
cousins. And in the spring, cross the  
Ohio and look for land to settle with my  
father in a new place called Can-tuck-ee.

They move next to Chingachgook. He senses they're beside him.  
Hawkeye's arm is  
around her shoulders.

**CHINGACHGOOK**

The frontier moves with the sun and pushes  
the red man of the wilderness forests in front  
of it. Until one day there will be nowhere left.  
Then our race will be no more, or be not us ...  
The frontier place is for people like my white  
son and his woman and their children.

**HAWKEYE**

That's my father's sadness talking.

Hawkeye puts a hand on his shoulder.

**CHINGACHGOOK**

No. It is true ... One day ... there will be no  
more frontier. Then men like you will go, too.  
Like the Mohicans.

(pause)

And new people will come. Work. Struggle

to make their light ... One mystery remains.

**HAWKEYE**

What is that?

Cora, listening to Chingachgook, takes Hawkeye's hand.

**CHINGACHGOOK**

Will there be anything left to show the world  
that we ever did exist?

**REAR SHOT**

Cora stands next to her man. Hawkeye puts his arm around his  
father. They stare out  
over the wilderness.

**THE END**