

The Fort

by

Jacob Corbo

jacobcorbo@gmail.com

INT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MARK, a tall 15 year old teenager is partying with his friends. They are laughing and joking around. It seems like they have all already had one two many drinks to begin with.

In the background is a TV playing "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly". TOM, one of Mark's friends comes back with a six pack of Coors light.

TOM
(slurring)
Hey Mark, ever have one of these?

MARK
(slurring)
Not yet!

TOM
(slurring)
That's the spirit.

TOM nudges Jake and tosses Mark a beer.

JAKE
(slurring)
Hey, what about me?

TOM
(slurring)
Oh my bad!

TOM, already buzzed out of his head lazily hands Jake a beer, all the boys chug their beer and later:

EXT - HOUSE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

All three boys walk outside onto Tom's driveway and look at his dad's car. It is a beautiful Porsche 911 and all the boys start to touch the car.

JAKE
(slurring)
Hey, we should take it somewhere.

TOM
(slurring)
I don't know I don't think that
mean old man would want me too but.
(burps) who cares.

MARK
(slurring)
I should drive it, I'm the most
sober.

Mark stumbles on his own legs while walking around the car inspecting it.

TOM
(slurring)
Yeah, he is the most sober.

JAKE
(slurring)
Ok Mark, why don't you turn it on
and we can go get ice cream.

MARK
(slurring)
Where are we gonna get ice cream at

Mark looks at his digital Casio watch.

MARK
(slurring)
2:30 in the morning?

JAKE
(slurring)
I don't know we'll figure it out.

MARK
Ok.

Mark opens the door of the car lazily and falls into the Porsche's magnificent cockpit. Jake puts his hand on the passenger seat when:

TOM
(slurring)
Hey. It's my dad's car I should. I
should sit in the front.

JAKE
No I want to.

Tom slaps Jake across the head and sits in the front. Mark turns the key to the ignition and takes the car into reverse off the driveway. They roll back at the incredible speed of 1 mph, and sit in the middle of the road.

MARK
(slurring)
Wait. Where were we going again?

TOM
(slurring)
To get Cheeto puffs.

MARK
(slurring)
Oh yeah yeah yeah that's right.

Mark puts his foot on the clutch to shift the car into 1st gear and suddenly, he sees a red and blue light shining through the window.

MARK
(slurring)
Who's that?

Mark looks at Tom and Tom's eyes turn immediately from glassy and confused to wide and alert but he is still to impaired to do anything.

TOM
(slurring)
Should we go?

MARK
(slurring)
I think theirs some dude with his red and blue headlights. Maybe its nothing.

A police officer, RANDY, a young strong male who has had enough this night approaches the car. He knocks on the window of the car, and the car rolls 3 feet. RANDY pulls out his gun from his holster.

RANDY
Police! Open up!

INT - CAR - NIGHT

MARK
(slurring)
I think this guy is a (burp) police officer.

TOM
(slurring)
What does he want?

MARK
(slurring)
I don't know what the police would want with us.

MARK rolls down the window at a snails pace.

RANDY
Get out of the vehicle. Put your hands where I can see them and don't try anything funny.

Randy has the gun pointed at all three young boys face for a few seconds and then immediately takes the gun away and puts it back in his pocket.

MARK
(slurring)
Hiya officer.

Randy obviously sees that all three boys are drunk beyond comprehension and gets out his breathalizer from on of the

pockets on his vest.

RANDY

Blow please.

Randy gives Mark the breathalyzer first. It takes a few seconds but it reads 0.2. Randy looks aback and scratches his head for a minute.

RANDY

Alright boys, your coming with me.

MARK

What???? Why?

Randy prods them and shoves them all into the back of the police car.

INT - POLICE STATION - MORNING

Mark and his three friends are all sitting on a bench at a police station, there are other teenagers and other people in the police station but are too busy to notice him.

Mark's mother, SARAH, is talking to the police officer in the separate room and she looks very upset.

INT - POLICE OFFICE - MORNING

An officer is sitting on the opposite side of the desk going through some papers with SARAH he has a great white mustache and has a tan uniform, this is OFFICER BROWN.

OFFICER BROWN

(sighs)

I'm sorry Mrs. Hammels, this is your boys third offense here.

OFFICER BROWN thumbs through the papers, and shows Mark getting caught for vandalism and one for him stealing something from a store.

OFFICER BROWN (CONT'D)

I don't want to put a boy his age so young in jail for so long..

SARAH

Oh please! He's just being a boy, is there anything else he can do?

OFFICER BROWN

(sighs)

Well, there was this really avant garde volunteer thing that was going on soon. Just a minute.

OFFICER BROWN picks up his phone, he makes everything he says into the phone clear to SARAH.

OFFICER BROWN

(into phone)

RANDY! Wasn't there a fort or something that was looking for volunteers? Something about a week of work?

OFFICER BROWN nods at SARAH.

OFFICER BROWN

(into phone)

Uh-huh. Yeah something like that. I'm not sure.

OFFICER BROWN looks down and fiddles with his pen.

OFFICER BROWN

(into phone)

I don't know, I'm trying to help out. Dad left when he was young I feel bad and I think he needs some guidance rather than Jailtime.

OFFICER BROWN listens to what RANDY says on the other line and puts down the phone.

OFFICER BROWN

Well, I think that's going to have to do. I don't think he needs to be on probation, plus he's going to be there for a while.

OFFICER BROWN scratches his head.

OFFICER BROWN (CONT'D)

How about he does the full week there and he gets a \$200 fine. If he doesn't do this I will have to take this to real court.

SARAH

Oh thank you Officer Brown! Thank you!

INT - MARK'S HOUSE - NOON

MARK is walking home with his mom and it looks like she is lecturing him as they walk in. Their house is a humble one-story home and is in a decent neighborhood but with no distinguishable features. We can't make out their conversation until they start getting closer to the door.

SARAH

You really outdid yourself this time! I had to make a deal with the Chief of Police to save your ass.

MARK

Gee whiz, thanks mom.

SARAH

The lack of respect, this whole fort thing is going to be good for you. Teach you about hard work.

MARK

Yeah, yeah, ok.

SARAH

I mean it, there not gonna let you off so easy. There gonna make you clean everything spic and span.

MARK

Oh yeah? Well what if I run away the first day?

SARAH

Well, I'm gonna be there to catch you.

MARK

What do you mean your going to be there?

SARAH

I'm not gonna leave you there alone. Its 300 miles away, I'm not gonna drop you off, this isn't some summer camp.

MARK

Sounds like a summer camp to me.

SARAH

Ha! You wish.

INT - MARK'S HOUSE - NOON

SARAH and MARK walk through the door and MARK throws himself on the couch.

MARK

Why do you have to come mom, this is going to be so boring I'm just gonna have to clean some stuff and work at the gift shop or something like that.

SARAH

I want to make sure they put you to work. Also, it looks fun for me did you see the brochure?

SARAH hands him the brochure of the fort. It is of an old fort and on the front it says: "Relive the old west with our living history guides with almost 100% accuracy"

MARK

How on earth does that sound fun?

SARAH

I love the old west history. Now go
and pack your bags were leaving
today.

CUT TO:

EXT - WESTERN ROAD - NOON

A lone car is driving on the highway. The desert air is beating down the car and powerlines are flying by standing like tall statues in the distance. Inside SARAH is driving with a scowl on her face and MARK is looking outside pondering about what his friends are doing.

The car drives off into the distance and a Cowboys At the End of the World title is present over the horizon. Fade everything else to black and a traditional western whip noise is make.

EXT - GAS STATION - DAY

MARK and SARAH stop at a gas station near the fort. It has a genericname but it is not a chain. It looks locally owned and kind of old and seedy.

MARK walks inside and an older man, JOHNSON is at the register looking intensely at the TV. He puts down the remote and greets SARAH as the bell rings on the front door.

JOHNSON

Hi, how you doing?

SARAH walks up to the register and pulls out her wallet. She pulls out a few bills two 10s and 1 twenty.

SARAH

I'd like to fill up at station 6
please.

JOHNSON

Sure thing.

JOHNSON grabs her cash and opens up the cash register. On the TV there is a science show for kids that is talking about viruses and bacterias and the danger of not washing your hands.

He looks at the TV more intensely and changes the channel to the news. On the news, a reporter is talking about war threats coming from china. The reporter says something about sanctions placed on china until further notice and that the US will try to remain uninvolved.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

So what brings you into town?

SARAH

Well, funny story. I was going to volunteer with my son at the fort! It sounded like a great mother-son thing to do.

JOHNSON looks at her concerned and then puts her money into the slots of the cash register.

JOHNSON

I've been there before with my wife, It's a very nice place but its kind of peculiar. How should I put it?

JOHNSON takes a pause and scratches his chin.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

They don't break character ever. It's pretty peculiar. I had to go to the bathroom, and they wouldn't tell me where it was! They said something about, "I don't know what this bathroom you talk about is"

JOHNSON waits for the receipt to print out and looks at SARAH.

JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Yeah very peculiar.

SARAH

Well I'm sure that it is different because were going to actually volunteer there.

JOHNSON

Well have a good time.

JOHNSON waits for the receipt to print out and it gets stuck in the machine. He pulls out the receipt but cuts his hand on the paper and winces.

JOHNSON

Ouch.

JOHNSON hands SARAH the receipt and there is a streak of blood on the end of the receipt.

SARAH

That receipt got you good.

JOHNSON

It's this new paper were supposed to use, more eco friendly or something like that.

MARK goes to the back of the store and is looking for snacks and SARAH and her conversation with the old man fades into

the background. He walks lazily through the store and dolly shot of him grabbing a bag of peanuts.

He hears someone groaning in the next aisle and MARK slowly walks to the end of the aisle. The groaning gets louder and it sounds like someone is in pain.

Close up of MARK'S face as he walks past the end of the aisle, holding a bag of peanuts in his hand. He walks over and to his surprise a employee is lifting a box of hand sanitizer up.

MARK

Need any help?

The employee humiliated, notices MARK watching her struggle with the box.

EMPLOYEE

I'm fine, thanks for asking.

MARK

Are you sure? You sound like your in a lot of pain.

EMPLOYEE

I'm fine.

Mark takes a good look at her and notices something odd about her lips. They have a blue hue to them and look more veiny than normal lips. He dismisses it, and walks through the aisle and grabs a can of pringles with his other hand.

SARAH

Mark? Where'd you go?

FADE TO:

EXT - FORT PARKING LOT - DAY

MARK and SARAH arrive to the parking lot of the fort. They can't make out the Fort from the parking lot but they see a long trail leading outward. MARK is eating his peanuts quietly and SARAH has her hands pressed firm on the wheel.

MARK gets out of the car and pops open the trunk, grabbing his suitcase of clothes and other necessities like tooth brushes and such.

SARAH takes one more deep breath in and then gets out of the car. SARAH walks to the back of the car and grabs her suitcase.

MARK walks on the long gravel trail towards the fort and SARAH follows behind him.

EXT - FORT DOORS - DAY

MARK and SARAH reach the fort, an ominous two story structure that stands looking like it was made over a hundred years ago. The walls are made from old adobe and are chipping from their age. The front door of the fort is rotting away and is propped open.

MARK and SARAH walk through the front door and someone startles them from behind. It is a young man around the age of 20 and has cool slicked back hair, this is MR. LUCIOUS.

MR. LUCIOUS

Hiya! Sorry I startled you there.

SARAH stumbles for words to come out of her mouth. MARK stands scared not able to speak.

SARAH

Oh no trouble, we came here for. WE were going to participate in the volunteer program.

MR. LUCIOUS

Well, that's dandy! Follow me.

INT - FORT MAIN AREA - DAY

Mr. Lucious guides them through the doors and is holding some wood in his hands. MR. LUCIOUS'S voice over is heard while from MARK'S perspective we can see the fort.

MR. LUCIOUS (V.O)

We appreciate having you two volunteers. A lot of work goes into this place.

The fort is lined with dirt and gravel on its floor and no concrete is present. On the other side is a staircase that leads to its second story, also made of ancient wood.

MR. LUCIOUS (V.O)

How old's your boy?

SARAH (V.O)

Oh he's 16, I'm a teacher and I get the summers off so I thought that doing some volunteer work would be a great way to spend some time with my son.

MR. LUCIOUS (V.O)

Ah I see. We had a young volunteer around his age before.

Inside the fort is a well in the center and rooms that line the top and the bottom. Most of the rooms have there doors closed, doors similar to the front.

SARAH (V.O)

Oh really?

MARK looks to his right and sees women watching him from a room on the side. This is the DINING HALL. The moment he starts to look at them, they start to look away and go back to their work.

MR. LUCIOUS (V.O)

Ah, yes. Something happened and we had to discipline him. Now he doesn't volunteer.

SARAH (V.O)

Oh what happened?

MR. LUCIOUS walks to one side of the fort and shows MARK and SARAH into the door. This is the MAIN OFFICE.

MR. LUCIOUS

Oh never mind that I'm sure you two won't be much trouble! Here's, Mr. Rutherford he runs the fort.

INT - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Inside, MR. RUTHERFORD sits at a large desk scattered with papers and ink. He is fat, older man with greying hair. He is wearing a period outfit with a blue vest and has tiny spectacles around his eyes.

MR. LUCIOUS knocks on the door and MR. RUTHERFORD looks up. He pulls down his glasses and motions SARAH and MARK to sit down at the chairs in front of his desk.

MR. RUTHERFORD

How do you do?

SARAH

Hi. We're doing great, we're here to volunteer-

MR. RUTHERFORD

I asked the boy.

SARAH taken aback stops talking and MARK shuffles in his seat.

MARK

I'm doing fine. We were going to do the volunteer program.

MR. RUTHERFORD fiddles with his beard and stares at MARK for a moment then he picks up a piece of paper.

MR. RUTHERFORD

So I heard. You know anything about what we do here?

MARK

Not entirely.

MR. RUTHERFORD

We do a serious reenactment, and we try to recapture the essence of the old west. The time when this old fort was made.

MR. RUTHERFORD knocks on his desk.

MR. RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

When we have visitors, we like to immerse them in what it would have been like to be in these times from the way that we talk to the way that we dress.

MARK

Yes, sir.

MR. RUTHERFORD

We had a volunteer around your age. He caused a lot of trouble, your not gonna cause us any trouble here now are you?

MARK

Um. No, sir.

MR. RUTHERFORD

That's what I want to hear. Now, mother.

SARAH perks up and looks back at MR. RUTHERFORD.

MR. RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

I'm glad that you have chosen here to be here. We will provide you with period clothing and we will give you period jobs. First, we have to have you sign some paperwork.

SARAH

Oh, yes of course.

MR. RUTHERFORD

This was going to be for one week, am I correct?

SARAH

Yes.

MR. RUTHERFORD fumbles through his desk and hands her a sheet of paper.

MR. RUTHERFORD

Also if you didn't know we have a strict policy on keeping period accuracy so using cellphones and other personal electronics is banned.

SARAH signs the sheet of paper but doesn't read the fine lines, she just wants to teach her son a lesson. Even though this seems pretty weird and stern, this will shape Mark into a man.

INT - CLOSET - DAY

MARK, SARAH, and MR.RUTHERFORD in the back of the office which is a closet. Their is period outfits and they are picking out outfits to wear.

MR. RUTHERFORD

We'll pick you out 4 outfits, and you can wear these throughout the work but wearing your own clothes you brought isn't allowed.

MR. RUTHERFORD gives them a stern look and SARAH blushes looking at their suitcases by the front desk.

MARK

What do we wear to sleep?

MR. RUTHERFORD

(chuckles)

Just wear your clothes that you wear throughout the day!

SARAH lightens up realizing that Mr. Rutherford isn't completely stern and has a lighter side. She is still concerned about the clothes issue but has calmed down a little.

INT - BATHROOM - DAY

There is a modern bathroom at the fort. It has a fully furnished toilet and looks pretty immaculate considering that it is out in the middle of nowhere and no janitors in sight. It has a window that is barely scratched from graffiti and has 3 stalls going downwards.

Mark is sitting inside one of the stalls looking at his phone. On the floor is his period outfits that he was going to change in. He is scrolling through his phone and tries to get service. There is a big no service icon on his phone but he still tries to call Tom. No luck.

INT - HALLWAY - DAY

Mark walks into the hallway between Mr. Rutherfords Office, the closet of clothes and the bathroom. Sarah is waiting for him looking at his outfit.

SARAH

You look so cute!

She grabs his cheek but Mark is largely unaffected and his ears start to turn a rosy shade. He walks away towards the center of the fort and Sarah goes into the next bathroom.

EXT - FORT MAIN AREA - DAY

Mark walks out into the fort and leans on one of the posts supporting the second story. Mr. Lucious is walking towards him but Mark stands gazing at the fort and all its intricacies.

There are people tending to a fire near the front, carefully putting log after each log. One man in the distance is an old, fat, short Mexican. He is walking drunkily from one of the rooms and walks up the stairs.

MR. LUCIOUS

I like the outfit you got their partner!

MARK

What are you talking about?

MR. LUCIOUS

Your outfit their! Fits well.

MARK

No, when you said partner.

MR. LUCIOUS

Mr. Rutherford asked me to look over you this week. I'm gonna be your boss and your going to apprentice me.

MARK

I thought I was going to work with Mr. Rutherford.

MR. LUCIOUS

No, he's too busy taking care of everything at the fort.

SARAH walks out of the office wearing a period piece and Mr. Rutherford following behind her.

SARAH

I get to work with the other ladies, and I sleep their. Did they assign you with someone Mark?

MARK

(bashfully)

Yea, I'm going to work with Mr. Lucious doing something or another.

SARAH

You don't know what your going to do yet?

MR. LUCIOUS

He's going to help me in the blacksmith shop. I'm a blacksmith.

SARAH

That'll be a great skill for you in the real world Mark.

EXT - FORT MAIN AREA - AFTERNOON

Mark walks along with Mr. Lucious into the blacksmithing room.

INT - BLACKSMITH ROOM - AFTERNOON

The blacksmithing room is large and filled with ancient steel tools. In the back of the room is a furnace filled to the brim with hot charcoal and red embers. Next to it, is a hardened anvil that has the evident beatings of use.

Mr. Lucious pulls out a large steel rod from a corner of the room littered with them.

MR. LUCIOUS

I think to start, were going to make some horseshoes. Their pretty easy to make, and it's very useful.

MARK

Ok.

Mark puts his hands in his pockets as Mr. Lucious puts the rod in the fire. Mr. Lucious gazes into the fire and turns the rod slowly.

He pulls out the rod and aggressively hits the rod into shape on the anvil, the large clinging starts to deafen Mark's hearing and POV of MARK watching Mr. Lucious hammer.

Mark's mouth starts to drop as everything in his world has gone upside down. After a while Mr. Lucious stops and turns to Mark.

MR. LUCIOUS

Want to give it a shot?

INT - FORT DINING HALL - SUNDOWN

MARK is sitting in the dining hall with Mr. Lucious, Mr. Rutherford, and 3 other men. The dining hall is large with enough room for around 7 or eight people. The dining hall leads to the kitchen but we can't see it from Mark's perspective.

Mr. Rutherford is telling a story about how when him and one of the other guys went camping it and it went wrong. He is laughing heartily and Mr. Lucious and one of the other guys joins in.

This is Mr. West. He is younger than Mr. Rutherford but not by that much, they both look like they have been through hell and back together.

Out of the kitchen, 3 maids walk with holding plates in their hands.

MR. RUTHERFORD

About time!

MR. WEST

Ha!

The gentleman laugh and the maids bring them their meals and set them down carefully down on the table. One maid brings Mr. Rutherford his meal, putting his plate carefully down on the table. She gets up to leave, but Mr. Rutherford grabs her wrist. She flinches and her face starts to turn a pale white.

MR. RUTHERFORD

Can I have a fork?

The maid nods hastily and leaves back into the kitchen. Mark watches this and a meal is placed over his shoulders and he barely realizes until he can start smelling the odor that is coming off of it.

Mark is looking at his feet akward and unsure of this situation and suddenly hears his last name.

MR. RUTHERFORD

I'd like to take a moment to thank Mr. Hammels for being here.

Mark looks up and nods to the rest of the gentleman sitting at the table.

MR. LUCIOUS

(inbetween bites of food)

I thought he did very well for his first day. I was teaching him about how to make horseshoes, and he even got to try it himself.

Mr. Lucious pauses to take a large gulp of the beer that is infront of him.

MR. LUCIOUS (CONT'D)

I think tommorow, he will be able to make a horseshoe all by himself.

Mr. West looks impressed at this and nods towards mark.

MR. WEST

Very good, lad. I work in the trading post, maybe I could have someone of your diligence and intelligence work with me for a change.

Mr. West nudges the man next to him. He is a tall ominous looking man, the mustache he has is black and he strokes it frequently. This is MR. THORNTON. MR. THORNTON doesn't say anything but starts to chuckle a bit, it looks like he is intensely thinking about something.

MR. RUTHERFORD

Well already, I think Mark is doing a lot better than that John fellow.

All of the other men tilt their glasses up.

MR. WEST

Amen!

MR. LUCIOUS

Amen!

MARK

Who was this John?

MR. LUCIOUS

He had to be disciplined.

MR. WEST

Say Mr Rutherford, weren't you just in the middle of telling that story about the Antelope jerky?

MR. RUTHERFORD

Ah yes! The Antelope jerky, we hadn't eaten all day and we were on our horses headed towards Durango.

Mr. Rutherford trails off on his stor and Mark begrudgingly starts to eat his beef and listens to the tall tales at the table.

MARK

So Mr. Lucious what's the plan for tommorow?

Mr. Lucious is unresponsive and is still listening to Mr. Rutherford's story then glances back at Mark.

MR. LUCIOUS

Well Mr. Rutherford was saying that we have to move some boxes out of the trade store that were cluttering everything up. But other than that I think Mr. West over

(MORE)

MR. LUCIOUS (cont'd)
there is gonna need more help than
me.

Mr. Rutherford finished his tale and then everyone in the
table starts to listen into Mr. Lucious and Mark's
conversation.

MR. THORNTON
Where are you from, I'm sorry was
it Mark?

MARK
I'm from centennial.

MR. WEST
I'm sorry where?

MARK
Oh it's a suburb of Denver

MR. THORNTON
it's good to see that Denver has
become a prosperous town.

MR. RUTHERFORD
Ah yes that reminds me of a time--

Mr. Rutherford trails off and fade to--

INT - ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Rutherford guides Mark into his room which he will be
sharing with Mr. Thornton and Mr. Lucious. The room is pretty
much empty except for a fire place on the side of the wall
and a few buffalo robes. There is a small window that's shut
next by the door.

MR. RUTHERFORD
-And this will be where your
staying Mr. Hammels

MARK
But where do I even sleep?

MR. RUTHERFORD
Ah yes, there are some buffaloe
robes in a corner and you can use
those as a mat to sleep on.

MR. RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)
You're lucky this night no one in
this here cabin has nightwatch for
tonight.

INT - ROOM - DAY

Mark is still sleeping inside of the buffalo robe on the
floor. Mr. West approaches Mark and nudges to wake him up.

MR. WEST

Hey! Hey! Wake up, boy!

Mark startled, wakes up from the buffalo robe stumbling to find his glasses and walks out of the room.

MARK

Wh-what time is it?

MR.WEST

Late enough, 8 o'clock. Were missing out on valuable work time. Mr. Rutherford made breakfast an hour ago but it's still warm.

It is a cold and grey morning, we can barely see anything due to the smoke from the fire and the fog. Mark walks over to the campfire which is lit and sees Mr. Rutherford standing by it.

MARK

Hey Mr. Rutherford

MR.RUTHERFORD

You gave us quite the scare there Mr. Hammels! I thought the indians had gotten you in your sleep(chuckles)

Mr. Rutherford, stirs the pot of beans sizzling in the pan over the fire. He uses an old spoon and scoops a small amount into a bowl and hands it to Mark.

MR RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

I don't want you to starve now!(handing MARK the plate and a fork)

MARK sits and eats by MR. RUTHERFORD. Everyone else is starting to get to work. We see Mr. Lucious walk into the blacksmith room and later here the clangs of metal being worked with. MR. THORNTON looks around suspiciously and walks into the trading post.

MR. RUTHERFORD

I'm going to have you help Mr. Thornton in the trading post today.

MARK

Oh. Ok.

MR. RUTHERFORD

He might look intimidating at first, but trust me he's someone to know.

MARK puts his bowl down and walks into the TRADING POST.

INT - TRADING POST - MORNING

Inside the trading post there is a large counter dividing the items in the store from the area of trade. There are pelts, rifles, and other random objects hanging and on shelves behind the counter.

On the counter is a large book that has records of everything bought and sold in the last few weeks. Mr. Thornton is standing by the counter menacingly looking ahead.

MARK

Hey.

MR. THORNTON

Hello, boy.

MARK

So, what work do I have to do here?

MR. THORNTON

We should wait for Mr. West to come in first, he has a whole system of things he wants to do.

Mr. Thornton fiddles with his hands and reaches for something in his pocket. He pulls out a small knife and picks something in his dark yellow teeth. He puts the knife down and notices Mark watching him.

MR. THORNTON

Why don't you go sweep or something.

Mark looks around and can't find a broom. He goes to the edge of the store and moves around barrels and other things when MR. THORNTON calls him.

MR. THORNTON

Here.

MR. THORNTON grabs out a broom from under the counter and hands it to MARK. MARK grabs the broom but then MR. WEST walks into the store.

MR. WEST

Alright, gentleman. Lots of things we need to have done today.

Mr. West pulls out a worn journal and starts flipping through the pages. Mr. West fiddles with his pocket and pulls out a small pair of glasses and puts them on. He finds 7/15/23 and starts reading off the list.

MR. WEST

Ok, ok. Mr. Thornton, I need for you to take inventory of the store. I think we have rats again.

Mr. Thornton smiles and then walks behind the shelves holding items. Mr. West looks through the journal and finds his tasks assigned for Mark.

MR. WEST

Mr. Hammels, I need you to help me sweep the floor and also to move these boxes of goods.

MARK

When do we get the boxes.

MR. WEST

We're getting a shipment that's coming in from Missouri, at around-

MR. WEST looks at his watch gazingly and taps it.

MR. WEST (CONT'D)

Around half past 3. Now, get to work. When the shipment comes, I'll call you and you'll know what to do.

MARK takes the broom and starts sweeping.

FADE TO:

INT - TRADING POST - NOON

MARK is cleaning out the store moving things around and wiping things down with rags. Mark stops for a minute and takes out his phone. No service. Mark continues to sweep when:

Mr. West bursts out of the hidden room behind the shelves and starts on a jog out of the door.

MR. WEST

The shipments are here! The shipments are here!

MARK

Ok, do you need my help.

MR. WEST

Of course I do boy, what are you thinking?!

Mark follows behind Mr. West into:

EXT - FORT MAIN AREA - AFTERNOON

Mark rolls his eyes but then sees the shipment. A caravan of wagons, horses and people all follow behind. On the sides of the wagons say Missouri Shipping Company, and their is around 2 or 3 of them filled to the brim with wooden crates.

Mark is suprised that their are actually people that came with this large quantity of boxes and stands paralyzed.

MR. WEST

What are you doing boy? Come help me with these boxes.

Mr. West starts talking to one of the men in the caravan. He is young and short. It looks like they are getting in an argument but MARK can't really make out what their saying. Mr. West throws his hands up and the other man crosses his arms and spits on the ground.

Mr. West goes back into the store hurredly and starts dragging a large box.

MR. WEST

Help me with this box, Mr. Hammels.

MARK walks over and helps Mr. West with the box, it feels like it is over 60ibs and they slowly drag it towards the man by the caravan.

MR. WEST

Is this enough for your fanciness?

The man from the caravan looks at it and opens the box, he nods his head and puts it in the back of one of the wagons. He makes a motion with his fingers and 4 other young men start carrying boxes from the wagons into the store.

MR. WEST

Go on, now! I'll be in my study.

Mark walks over to the wagon and starts to grab boxes, they weight atleast 30ibs each, Mark walkinmg carefully and slowly to the trading post.

He sets one down loudly on the counter and

SMASH TO:

EXT - FORT CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Mark, Mr. West, Mr. Rutherford, and Mr. Garfield a tall older man around the age of Mr. Rutherford sit around a campfire. They are eating corn and are Mr. Rutherford is telling tall tales.

MR. RUTHERFORD

Mr. Hammels have you met the indians yet?

MARK

No, sir.

MR. RUTHERFORD

You have to be careful with those ones!(chuckles)

Mr. Rutherford nudges Mr. Garfield and Mr. Garfield laughs with him.

MR. RUTHERFORD

A few years back, Mr. Garfield and I were on our horses to go to silverton and to trade with the villagers their.

Mr. Rutherford motions his hands in a big circle.

MR RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

But we were stopped by a nasty corral of indians. They told us to get off of our horses!

EXT - FIELD - NOON (FLASHBACK)

Mr. Rutherford and Mr. Garfield get off their horses and look at the indians. Two tall and strong indians, Chief One eye an older man who is blind in one eye and, Swift Arrow a young man who looks intimidating.

Swift Arrow and Chief One eye both cock their bows and arrows at Mr. Rutherford and Mr. Garfield and they both get off of their horses.

MR. RUTHERFORD

Now we don't mean you any trouble, we were just passing here to go to Silverton.

Chief One Eye and Swift Arrow continue to cock their bows at them and are silent. Swift Arrow walks with his horse to their horses and looks into their bags. Inside of it is lead and money, lots of it.

MR. RUTHERFORD

Do you speak english?(in sioux)

Chief One Eye looks at him and Swift Arrow returns to Chief One Eye with their bag.

MR. GARFIELD

English man! Do you speak it!

Chief One Eye glares at him and speaks very quietly.

CHIEF ONE EYE

We learned a little from the white men who took our children and murdered our wives.

These indians mean business and Mr. Rutherford and Mr. Garfield exchange worried looks. Swift Arrow cocks his bow and arrow at them again aiming for a head shot. Then Chief One Eye makes a signal to Swift Arrow.

Swift Arrow grabs Mr. Rutherford and Mr. Garfield and ties them together with the horses lead. Chief Arrow gives them one last sympathetic look and they gallop off into the distance.

Mr. Rutherford and Mr. Garfield scream for help and try to break free from their chains. Mr Garfield reaches into his pocket with his exposed hand and finds a small but sharp knife used for cutting apples and letters.

MR. GARFIELD

We're getting out of here Johnny!

FADE TO:

EXT - EDGES OF SILVERTON - NOON

Mr. Rutherford and Mr. Garfield are at the edges of Silverton when they hear galloping from the side. They see a swarm of natives coming from the sides and from the front.

CUT TO:

EXT - FORT CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Mr. Rutherford is shaking from his story and Mr. Garfield is just laughing along.

MR. GARFIELD

They let us go but it was the worst day of my life.

MR. RUTHERFORD

That's why Mr. Hammels never actually trust a Sioux.

INT - ROOM - NIGHT

Mark is sleeping in his buffalo robe when someone walks into the room at 1 am and starts to nudge him awake.

MARK

Wh-what the hell?

MR. LUCIOUS

Mr. Hammels, its time for your night watch.

MARK

What? Ok. Let me just get my glasses. You have any water?

EXT - ROOM - NIGHT

Mark is standing with Mr. Lucious and hands him a pocket watch, a rifle, and a bag filled with gunpowder.

MR. LUCIOUS

If you see anything, holler and if it doesn't run away shoot!

Mark nods.

MR. LUCIOUS

You know how to fire one of these?

MARK

No.

MR. LUCIOUS

Damn. I should've taught you by now. Well, all you do is take that sack of gunpowder and fill the barrel. Then, place a bullet and shove it down with your ramming rod. Then your finally golden to shoot it just cock and pull the trigger.

MR. LUCIOUS (CONT'D)

There shouldn't be any trouble but if there is, you know what to do. Wake me up at 4. Good luck.

EXT - FORT SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Mr. Lucious pats Mark on the back and shows him off. Mr. Lucious walks into the room and goes to sleep. Mark walks to the old creaky staircase and walks up to the second story. Mark listens to his footsteps carefully and plays different games with his footsteps. He makes footsteps that sound like a military march, then he stops and jumps from one area to the next. After all, Mark is still a child. In the distance a large and loud train passes.

EXT - FIRST FLOOR - NIGHT

He walks down the stairs to the first floor and then he proceeds to march around the first floor. Right by the fire pit their are a few logs and he tosses them to a fire pit downstairs. Mark walks towards the office at the end of the fort. He listens to his footsteps and quietly cracks the door to the office open.

INT - MAIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Mark suspiciously enters the office and looks around inside. Their is nothing of real interest except for a few scattered books and papers.

Mark looks carefully at one of the papers and its torn on the bottom only revealing the top and a few words, the thing that catches his eye is the date. It says 7/28/23. Had he really been here for 2 weeks? He looks concerned and scratches his head, he really forgot about the days, each day kind of blurred together. No this can't be right, Mark

starts counting on his fingers the amount of days and only gets to 5.

He examines the paper more and it says, Urgent all parks and recreational areas are cancelled due to...

Mark tries to make out the last few words but its torn. He folds up the paper and puts it in his pocket. He then looks at another paper that says, Practice the 6 save a life. He doesn't take the time to read it but he also folds it and puts it in his pocket.

Mark walks out of the office and into

EXT - OFFICE DOOR - NIGHT

Mark closes the office door carefully, trying to create as little noise as possible.

EXT - STAIRS - NIGHT

He marches up the stairs slowly and pretending to be a soldier. Mark walks slowly and then trots up the stairs. Mark stops for a second and admires the other rooms and areas of the fort. Maybe it wasn't so bad that he was going to be here for a week, sure the people are weird but atleast it's something to do.

Mark then hear's footsteps that aren't his. Startled, Mark stands still and the footsteps get louder. He slowly looks behind him and Jose, a short Mexican man who appears very drunk pushes Mark out of the way and walk to a corner of the fort in a barrak and falls asleep.

Mark walks to the opposing barracks and sees ahead of him lights. They are big ominous flashing lights overhead towards the town. His eyes focus ahead and he sees that the lights are actually apart of an indian encampment.

Mark smiles for a little feeling reassured. Mark takes his phone out of his pocket, dead.

INT - TRADING ROOM - EVENING

Mark is in the trading room helping Mr. Thornton and Mr. West with the inventory.

MARK

How come we never actually sell anything, but we keep getting all these boxes of inventory? I feel like were loosing money.

MR. WEST

Well that's a good question! But we haven't had a rendezvous and a while and that usually brings a lot of customers.

MARK

A rendezvous? What is that?

MR. WEST

It's when people from all around, people from durango, kansas city, all them come here to trade. We usually don't have to much company around this time of the year but the rendezvous isn't until next week.

MARK

Oh, ok.

Mr. Thornton walks from the back and pulls out a box of lead.

MR. THORNTON

Mr. Hammels, have I shown you the practicalities of lead?

MARK

No, you have not.

Mr. Thornton pulls out a piece of lead from the box, a long flat cylindrical object. Mr. Thornton holds it in his hand and looks at it.

MR. THORNTON

You see if you were ever trapped out with nothing but a piece of lead you can use it for lots of different uses.

Mr. Thornton holds the piece of lead, and jesterly uses it like a sword.

MR. THORNTON (CONT'D)

But heres probably the best, Especially for traders like us. Mr. West, can I have a hammer?

Mr. West reaches underneath the counter and pulls out a hammer and hands it to Mr. Thornton. Mr. Thornton aggressively hammers the piece of lead until he gets a smaller circle. Then he hammers the circle until it is a flat piece.

MR. THORNTON (CONT'D)

If you're ever in a bind, the pen is deadlier than the sword.

Mr. Thornton shows mark the tiny piece of lead. He finds a piece of paper on the counter and shows mark that it works just as a pencil. It is a little akwardly shaped but it works nonetheless.

MR. THORNTON (CONT'D)

Here, you try.

Mark grabs the tiny piece of lead and tries to write with it. He puts the piece of lead in his pocket and then looks at Mr. West happily.

Mr. Lucious walks in and goes to the front of the counter. He pulls out a spanish dollar and hands it to Mr. West.

MR. LUCIOUS

I need some tobacco plugs.

Mr. West reaches under the counter and pulls out scissors, he then reaches above the counter and cuts off a string of plug tobacco. Mr. West smells it and then hands it to Mr. Lucious.

MARK

I thought we weren't going to sell anything until the rendezvous or something like that.

MR. WEST

Mr. Lucious is like family, Anyways it's been a long day, you want to grab a bottle of rum and play 99?

MR. LUCIOUS

That sounds like a grand idea, what do you think Mark?

MARK

Alright but I don't know how to play poker.

MR. THORNTON

I love playing poker with people who don't know how to play poker!

INT - GAMBLING ROOM - EVENING

The room is a musky and dirty area, old and aged throwup is on the floor fading slowly from the dirt. This room looks more aged than the others, even though it was probably the first one built. The door to the side leads towards the second floor of the fort.

On one side of the room, there is a countertop stacked with different kinds of alcoholic beverages: large bottles of rum, medium bottles of whiskey, and bourbon.

All the men, Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Thornton, Mr. West, Mark, and Mr. Lucious are sitting by the centerpiece, a large table made from oak and are playing poker. On the table are empty beer glasses, foam lining the bottoms and are all positioned neatly next by the mens cards.

Five cards are placed down on the table and 3 are face up. One is a 2, 2 kings, and finally a 6. Mr. West, the dealer flips the last card and it's another 2.

MR. RUTHERFORD

Ha! I called that!

Mr. Thornton glares uneasily and plays down his cards. He has 2 twos in his hand, 4 with the hands in the river.

MR. THORNTON

Top that!

Mr. Rutherford plays down his cards and he has 2 kings. Mr. Rutherford grabs the chips from the center of the table and rakes them towards his side.

MR. RUTHERFORD

(laughing)

It must be tough missing first by this much.

Mr. Rutherford holds up his fingers in a small comparison. Mr. Rutherford appears to have around 50 chips on his side and the rest of the group appears to be less fortunate. Mr. Rutherford even has small slips of paper on his side.

Mr. Rutherford grabs the small slip of paper which all say: IOU - MARK and he unfolds one of them to jeer at Mark.

Mr. West walks over to the counter slowly and reaches over to pull out a bottle of rum that was behind a glass box. He walks over to the table back with the rum and shot glasses in his hands and all the men cheer.

Mr. West downs a shot, and then starts to pour shots to the rest of the men in the circle. He pours Mark a shot aswell and Mark clinks with him and downs one. Mark face cringes to the alchohol, apparent that he is a virgin to the harder alchohols and the rest of the men cheer.

Mr. Rutherford is starting to turn red from the alchohol that he has consumed and his forehead has become more and more noticeable sweaty.

MR. RUTHERFORD

(slurring)

Someone deal something. Someone deal I'm ready to bet.

Mr. West shuffles the cards, and then starts the dealing process again. He passes three cards to each player slowly, then puts 3 flipped cards into the river.

MR. WEST

Gentleman, the anti is 3.

Mark groans again and pulls out a piece of paper. Mr. Rutherford tosses 3 chips easily and walks over to the

counter for another beer. Mr. Thornton and Mr. Lucious all put their anti's in.

Mark looks at his cards and they're high, two aces. Mr. Rutherford continually raises the bid by atleast 2 for each round. Each time each man puts in their bids to keep up with Mr. Rutherford. The dealer, Mr. West, flips the last card on the river. It is an ace of clubs.

Mr. Rutherford places down his cards, he has 2 aces. Mark looks at his cards and him and Mr. Rutherford both have the ace of diamonds. It takes a second for Mark to realize it, but then it is to late. Slo-mo of Mark placing down his aces and all the other men stop their laughter and look at what happened.

Mark is too drunk to realize what happened and grabs all the chips from the pool happily.

MR RUTHERFORD

Mark! Where on god's earth did you get that card!

All the men turn and look at Mark, him still not realizing what just happened. The men look back at Mr. Rutherford and are angry.

MR.WEST

You old bastard!

MR. RUTHERFORD

What are you talking about?

MR. LUCIOUS

You're cheating! You don't deserve any of those chips.

Mr. Lucious reaches in to grab Mr. Rutherford's chips from him but Mr. Rutherford slaps him across the face.

MR. RUTHERFORD

What the hell are you doing?

MR. THORNTON

Mark didn't have another deck!

MR. WEST

This bastard has an extra deck!

MR RUTHERFORD

I did no such thing!

MR RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)

And- (burp) If you call me a bastard one more time.

The whole fight is in slomotion and starts with Mr. Rutherford reaching drunkily for Mr. West's face but painfully falls onto the table instead. The chips and the

cards shake because of his weight. Mark starts to notice what is going on through his glazed eyes.

Mr. West has a flash of anger in his eyes and punches Mr. Rutherford square in the face and has instant regret. Mr. Rutherford looks back down onto the table and starts to get up. He reaches over and smashes Mr. West's face with one of his beer bottles.

Mr. Lucious grabs Mr. Rutherford's hair to pull him back, but Mr. Rutherford is in a drunken rage. He punches Mr. Lucious back in the face and Mr. West gets up to continue the fight. Mr. Thornton waiting for an opportunity to strike, hits Mr. Rutherford between the eyes, trying to protect Mr. West.

Mr. Lucious, engaged in combat tries to pull Mr. West back, but instead gets elbowed right in the face. Forcing Mr. Lucious to continue fighting and punch Mr. West back.

Mr. West swings at Mr. Rutherford and smacks him in the temple, Mr. Rutherford gets the men off him and continues to give a beat down to Mr. West.

Mark is watching drunkily and walks over to the counter during the fight. Mark takes out one of the beers from behind the counter and opens it up, still stumbling. Mark stumbles out of the gambling room, the drunken brawl continuing behind him.

EXT - STAIRS - NIGHT

Mark walks down the stairs and sees something odd in the bottom of the stairs. Mark spots a man holding a sickle staring off into the distance. He looks very old with sagging skin and large wrinkles but he doesn't move.

Mark tries to get a good look at him, but he is too drunk to really care. One of his hands the man has a large ring and his outfit looks very expensive but fits the period clothing almost too well.

MARK
(slurring)
Heya mister!

The man looks at Mark intensely, making eye contact and not for a second looking away. He moves and goes up the stairs and Mark walks into the DINING HALL.

INT - DINING HALL - NIGHT

SARAH is dusting one of the counters with a small duster. She hears something in the distance that sounds like footsteps but more erratic. SARAH continues to try and clean the counters and not pay attention.

One of the other maids comes out of the KITCHEN, TRISHA. She is around 60 and she notices SARAH looking out the door

trying to make out what the commotion is. TRISHA steps back into the KITCHEN and gets back to her work.

In through the door MARK stumbles in barely able to walk. For a second SARAH can't make anything out unusual about him, but then sees mark with bruises on his face and throwup on his shirt.

SARAH
MARK! FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!

MARK
Wh-wh-(burps)-whats the matter?

SARAH
(Screaming)
What's the matter? My god mark!
You've really outdone yourself
here. Really.

Sarah takes the feather duster from her hand and starts to beat Mark. Mark regresses, and curls up to the floor screaming in pain. Sarah stumbles around and finds a rolling pin conveniently placed on one of the counters. Sarah takes the rolling pin and starts to beat Mark.

MARK
Mommy! Mommy!

Sarah beats him on the side and we hear loud impact noises from the rolling pin. She slaps his face and kicks his legs in. She has completely lost control and Mark continues to cry and whimper like a child.

She doesn't stop until another maid walks in to see what is going on.

TRISHA
Sarah! My god what are you doing!

Trisha pulls Sarah off Mark who is red and on the ground from Sarah's beatings. Sarah is covered in snot and tears and runs back into the kitchen covering her eyes.

TRISHA
Sarah! What is going on?

Trisha kneels down to Mark who is trembling with fear. He just wants to go home and get out of here.

TRISHA
What happened Mr. Hammels?

MARK
(whimpering)
Don't call me that! My names Mark!
GOD!

TRISHA

Mark, what what happened?

MARK

I just came down and she started beating me. I had some rum to drink with Mr. Rutherford but -sniffle- I didn't think about it

TRISHA

I don't know why your mother is so upset. I'll go talk to her

MARK

W-w-wait!

TRISHA

Yes dear?

MARK

The- Mr. Rutherford and the other men are fighting we need to do something!

TRISHA

Don't worry about that. Just clean yourself up and go to bed.

INT - ROOM - DAY

Mark wakes up the next day with a ringing sound in his head, he looks around and tries to reach for his glasses. He finds them in a far corner of the room, walks over and puts them on.

Next to him we see Mr. West and Mr. Lucious both who are unconscious still. Mark looks at the pocketwatch that Mr. Lucious gave to him and it says 9 am.

Mark walks over to Mr. Lucious and taps him on the shoulder. Instead of Waking up, Mr. Lucious rolls over without making a sound. Mark taps him again, and he starts to kick and punch in the air. It's like he's still fighting someone, and then he opens his eyes.

MR. LUCIOUS

Wh-what time is it?

MARK

We need to make the most of the day, it's already 9am.

Mr. Lucious stands up, nods, and then rubs his bloodshot eyes. He goes over to Mr. West and gives him a friendly kick to the side. Mr. West quickly wakes up and brushes himself off.

Mark smells something cooking from outside the room, Mark walks over to the MAIN AREA where a campfire is flaming up,

Mr. Rutherford cooking something over the fire gazing into the distance.

MR. RUTHERFORD

Good to see you finally woke up Mark.

MARK

Gee, thanks.

MR. RUTHERFORD

Here, take some coffee.

Mr. Rutherford hands Mark a small tin cup that is filled with coffee grounds and bitter black coffee. Mark sips it slowly repulsed by its taste but grateful nonetheless.

MARK

So what happened after all that last night?

MR. RUTHERFORD

Eh, bygones. Doesn't matter.

Mark is confused but nods his head. Mark sits down by the campfire and eats some of the food that Mr. Rutherford prepared - scrambled eggs and corn bread toast.

Mr. Rutherford hands some food to Mr. Lucious as he comes and then to Mr. West. They all sit on the logs by the fire and eat.

MR. RUTHERFORD

Mark, Did I ever tell you about the last volunteer that we had here?

MARK

No. You've mentioned him and how big of a deal he was.

MR. RUTHERFORD

Well he was something alright. We had to lock him in the barracks for 4 days, boy that really got him into shape.

Mr. Rutherford takes a big bite out of his toast.

EXT - TRAIL - DAY

Mark and Mr. Lucious are walking on the trail towards the indian encampment. They have two horses with them and a satchel full of goods.

MARK

Where are we going?

MR. LUCIOUS

Mr. Rutherford wanted you to work at the Cherokee camp. The Cherokee's speak in sign, let me show you.

Mr. Lucious shows Mark strange finger symbols to Mark.

MR. LUCIOUS

This is how they say bird

Mr. Lucious puts his thumbs together and flaps them like a bird.

MR. LUCIOUS

And this is how they say I want to eat.

Mr Lucious put his hands together and motions inward towards his mouth. They continue on horseback to the camp.

EXT - CHEROKEE ENCAMPMENT - EVENING

Mr. Lucious stops his horse and gets off walking towards the camp with the horses following behind him. Mark follows his lead and walks with him towards Chief Still Water, a young chief who looks very serious.

CHIEF STILL WATER

A pleasure to see you Lucious, is this the boy, Mr. Hammels?

MR. LUCIOUS

Yes sir!

CHIEF STILL WATER

I am grateful for his presence.

MR. LUCIOUS

Mr. Hammels, this is Chief Still Water.

Chief Still water makes a fist and puts it to his chest, Lucious copies him and then leads his horse back to the fort.

MARK

Wait, you're not staying here with me?

MR. LUCIOUS

Mr. Rutherford said just for you to work here. I'm sorry I have to keep things running at the fort.

MARK

Like what? C'mon you can't just leave me here! I didn't do nothing wrong!

MR. LUCIOUS

Sorry just following my orders.

Mr. Lucious kicks his horse gently on the side and then his horse picks up speed as he rushes towards the fort far into the distance.

Mark watches him leave, Lucious getting faster and faster into the distance. Mark has a look of betrayal on his face.

MARK

(quietly)

You bastard!

MARK

(louder)

YOU BASTARD!

Mark turns around and sees Chief Still Water standing waiting for Mark to continue to work.

CHIEF STILL WATER

Welcome. I am forever grateful you have come here. Please tie your horse near the camp.

Mark follows Chief Still Water deep into the camp. In it are only Cherokee and they all range from different ages and sizes. They have a small fire in the center of their camp which is surrounded by tipis.

CHIEF STILL WATER

My people here we only speak in Cherokee. I will teach you if you let me, but for now sign should suffice.

CHIEF STILL WATER (CONT'D)

Here, your tipi. Made from the skin of the great buffalo.

Chief Still Water points to a fallen over yellow tarp with a stick in the middle. Mark just looks at him and Chief Still Water's response is just pointing to the fallen over tipi.

Mark ties up his horse to a tree near him and Chief Still Water helps him to set up his tipi. It is difficult to mark but Chief Still Water's great wisdom makes it easier.

Once they set up the Tipi, Chief still water makes a hand signal to him.

CHIEF STILL WATER

That means good work! Here, take this.

Chief Still Water hands Mark a little bag and in its contents is beef jerky. Mark eats some of it and it is hard as a rock.

CHIEF STILL WATER
Tommorow, we trade.

EXT - INDIAN CAMP - DAY

Mark wakes up and gets out of his tipi. Outside Chief Still Water is standing by the creek. He looks off into the distance and is smoking a pipe.

CHIEF STILL WATER
It's beautiful isn't it?

MARK
The Creek?

CHIEF STILL WATER
Yes, but also how everything works together. Look at those fish. Without them, we wouldn't be able to live.

Mark gazes and sees the fish that he is talking about they are swimming slowly.

CHIEF STILL WATER (CONT'D)
Everything works together in this world.

Chief Still water makes a big motion with his hands. Then he empties out the ash in his pipe into the fire pit.

MARK
Where are we going to trade?

CHIEF STILL WATER
10 miles south of here. We're meeting Chief One Eye of the Sioux.

MARK
Oh I've heard of him.

CHIEF STILL WATER
He is well known in these parts.

Mark and Chief Still Water hop on their horses and are accompanied by Running Foot. On the back of their horses they have buffalo robes and also intricate jewelry made from beads.

EXT - FIELD - DAY

The possy leaves on their horses south.

Later - Chief Still Water gets off of his horse and stops. Mark follows suit.

MARK
Why'd we stop?

Chief Still Water points to the distance. Mark can't see anything but in the distance he hears horses.

MARK

What's going on?

Chief Still Water makes a fist with his hand and pushes outwards. Running Foot cocks his bow and arrow. The noise of horses diminishes and Chief Still Water gets back on his horse.

CHIEF STILL WATER

Close call.

They continue on horseback south on the Arkansas River. Eventually they see a camp in the distance. There are tipis and a campfire is going. There are more natives sitting around the campfire and native children are playing games amongst themselves.

The trio reach the camp and Running Foot gets off first. Out of one of the tipis Chief One Eye walks out and greets Chief Still Water. Swift Arrow comes from tending the fire and stands behind Chief One eye.

CHIEF ONE EYE

A pleasure to see you Chief One Eye

CHIEF STILL WATER

As to you.

Chief Still Water takes a first and brings it to his chest. Chief One Eye does the same.

CHIEF STILL WATER

I have brought goods for you.

CHIEF ONE EYE

I see, and in return you want guns.

Chief Still Water nods and Chief One Eye motions to Swift Arrow and Swift Arrow runs into one of the Tipis. He comes out with 4 rifles.

CHIEF STILL WATER

(cherokee)

Running Foot!

RUNNING FOOT

(cherokee)

Yes, chief.

CHIEF STILL WATER

(cherokee)

We need to be careful with these people. Have your bow ready

Running Foot nods.

Chief Still Water motions to Mark and Mark confusedly gets off of his horse. He starts to grab the robes and starts handing them to Chief One Eye.

CHIEF STILL WATER

Wait.

CHIEF ONE EYE

What's the problem.

CHIEF STILL WATER

Let me take a look at the rifles.

Chief One Eye hesitates but hands one of the rifles to Chief Still Water. Chief One Eye examines the rifle and looks at the end of it.

In the distance the native children are playing a game of tag. One of the little kids puts his hand to look like a pistol and pretend shoots the other kid he is playing with. The other kid falls over and pretends to be dead.

The two native children laugh and continue to run around the encampment.

Chief Still Water grabs a ball of amunition from his satchel. Mark looks at Running Foot who is taking out an arrow. Running foot examines the arrow and holds it effortlessly in his hand.

Chief Still Water examines the bullet with all of its imperfections and puts it inside of the rifle. He pulls out the ramming rod and shoves the bullet inside of the rifle.

CHIEF STILL WATER

(to Chief One Eye)

Do you mind?

CHIEF ONE EYE

Go ahead.

Running Foot puts the arrow back into his quiver. Chief Still Water takes the rifle and cocks it. He aims at the western environment.

Pow! He shoots the gun in the distance.

Mark's horse makes a neighing noise.

CHIEF STILL WATER

It looks good! Thank you Chief One Eye. Give them the pelts!

Mark and Running Foot grab the rest of the pelts and robes and give them to Chief One Eye.

EXT - FIELD - EVENING

Mark, Running Foot, and Chief One Eye are on their horses back towards their camp. They all have rifles strapped on to their backs.

EXT - INDIAN CAMP - SUNDOWN

They arrive at the camp and set the rifles down in Chief Still Water's tipi.

CHIEF STILL WATER

And now for a feast!

Mark sits down on a deer hide by the fire. On the fire, they are cooking bison. Chief Still Water carefully takes out a piece of bison meat and hands it to Mark.

Mark takes a bite out of it and is grateful.

MARK

I thought you were gonna shoot Chief One Eye back their!

CHIEF STILL WATER

Never. I have much respect for him.

MARK

I know but it looked like-

CHIEF STILL WATER

Everything works together. I just wanted to make sure he wasn't trying to rip us off. He is known for that.

MARK

Mr. Rutherford had talked about him.

CHIEF STILL WATER

Ah. I'm sure he told his unfortunate story.

MARK

Yeah he said that he tied him and Mr. Garfield up, that he had left him to die.

Chief Still Water pauses for a second and makes a scowl on his face. He grabs his pipe and loads it with tobacco. He lights it with a stick from the campfire. He takes a few draws and then continues.

CHIEF STILL WATER

That's not true.

MARK

What do you mean?

CHIEF STILL WATER

He gave them a warning. Mr. Rutherford had stolen hides from their tribe.

CHIEF STILL WATER (CONT'D)

(sighs)

After they stole their hides-

EXT - FIELD - NOON

Mr. Rutherford and Mr. Garfield on their horses are running from the Sioux camp. They hear gunshots in the distance but are far from them.

EXT - FIELD - NIGHT

Mr. Rutherford and Mr. Garfield set up a small camp and are eating hard tack and beef jerky.

In the distance they hear horses. Mr. Rutherford reaches for his pistol on his horse, but before he can he hears the cocking of 10 rifles.

He looks up and him and Mr. Garfield are surrounded by the Sioux.

CHIEF ONE EYE

Give us one reason why we shouldn't kill you right now.

MR. RUTHERFORD

It's just a misunderstanding.

Swift Arrow gets off of his horse and grabs the buffalo robes. He starts to put them on his own horses.

Chief One Eye looks disgusted at the two white men. He takes their leads and ties their hands together. Then he grabs the knives out of Mr. Garfield and Mr. Rutherford's pockets.

Chief One Eye admires Mr. Rutherford's knife. It looks like it is made out of brass and the curves on it look like a forest from abstract shapes. Their fire reflects off the metal from it.

CHIEF ONE EYE

I should kill you. That would teach you white men a lesson. But if I did, I would be just as bad as you.

CHIEF ONE EYE (CONT'D)

If I catch you anywhere near the Sioux territory again, you will never wake again.

Chief One Eye grabs the knife and makes a gash on the side of Mr. Rutherford's cheek and he starts to bleed. Chief One Eye grabs the knife and throws it in the distance.

EXT - INDIAN CAMP - DAY

Mark wakes up from his tipi and sits by the fire. He starts thinking about his home for the first time in a while. How long has he been here?

He pulls out his phone. Dead. He holds the power button and it still can't turn on. Enraged he grabs it and throws it on the ground. The screen shatters and he hears a loud crack noise.

Instant regret. But he's still angry and grabs his phone off the ground, looks at the shattered screen and he sees his reflection. He's growing stubble and his eyes are dark and grey. His period outfit is stained and he's covered in dirt.

MARK

Make-believe! Make-believe! What the fuck is going on?! I haven't taken a bath in like 3 weeks.

Mark chucks his phone as far as he can into the distance and we hear a loud plop noise as it falls into a nearby creek.

Chief Still Water comes out of his tipi and sees the enraged Mark.

MARK

Chief Still Water!

CHIEF STILL WATER

(sighs)

I have bad news.

MARK

What are you talking about?

Mark is caught off guard and completely forgets that he's been trapped at this western reenactment for weeks.

CHIEF STILL WATER

Your mother. Something happened.

MARK

What? How do you know this?

CHIEF STILL WATER

Mr. West stopped by last night while you were sleeping. He came to deliver the message himself but he didn't want to wake you.

MARK

What happened to my mom?

CHIEF STILL WATER

She came down with an illness. She has coughing demons.

MARK

I need to see her.

CHIEF STILL WATER

They said for you to stay here until she gets better. They just wanted to let you know.

Mark grabs Chief Still Water by his vest and the rest of the tribe stops what they are doing and look at Mark.

MARK

What?! What the fuck is really going on? I need to see her now!

Mark runs out of the camp and gets on his horse. He kicks the horse gently on the side and sprints towards the fort. Chief Still Water watches him leave with horror on his face.

EXT - FORT ENTRANCE - MORNING

Mark approaches the front of the fort and standing in front of the door is Mr. Lucious. Mr. Lucious is standing with one foot to the door and has a hat tipped over his head.

MR. LUCIOUS

Mr. Hammels.

Mr. Lucious tips his hat and coolly looks at Mark. Mark is freaking out and grabs Mr. Lucious by the shoulders. He needs to see his mother.

MARK

Lucious! What the fuck is going on?

MR. LUCIOUS

Woah! Slow down there partner! What are you talking about there?

MARK

My mom! My mother! She's sick, I need to see her. To see how bad she is!

Mr. Lucious takes the pipe out of his mouth.

MR. LUCIOUS

Well, she's with Mr. Rutherford right now and Mr. Rutherford told me not to let anyone in.

Mark clenches his teeth with anger. He is heavily breathing and looks like he wants to kill Mr. Lucious.

MARK

What? What are you talking about?

MR. LUCIOUS

Like I said.

MARK

And you can't let me see her?

Mr. Lucious shrugs his shoulders.

EXT - BENT'S FORT MAIN AREA - DAYTIME

Mark is sitting down by the fire. He is watching the smoke rise from the embers and sits quietly.

EXT - CAMPFIRE - DAYTIME

Wide shot of Mark sitting down by the fire and Mr. Rutherford comes from his room and starts to yell at him.

It looks like Mr. Rutherford has won and throws something at mark. Mark looks like he is crying and wipes his face. He doesn't move and Mr. Rutherford walks away. Mark weeps in his hands and Mr. Rutherford comes back from his room.

Mr. Rutherford is holding a bucket and pours it all over Mark, extinguishing some of the fire. He then indignantly yells at Mark again and points towards the blacksmith room.

EXT - CAMPFIRE - DAYTIME

CU of Mark. Mark is wiping the tears from his eyes.

MARK

I just want to see her! Just let me see my mom.

MR. RUTHERFORD

Fine! But you're not gonna eat for 3 days.

INT - ROOM - AFTERNOON

Sarah is laying down a bed and looks extremely pale and her hair has gotten more greasy over the days. Mark walks through the door and Mr. Rutherford follows behind him.

MARK

Mom!

Sarah is on the bed and can barely tremble his name. Something looks off about her lips, they have a blue veiny look.

MARK

What what happened?

SARAH

I... I.. Just have a flu or something.

MARK

What? How can you even say that?

SARAH

Yeah I'll feel better in a few days.

Sarah coughs a little. She looks like she is going to faint. She drops something from her hand. Mark looks down and its a rosary. Mark picks it up and hands it back to his mom.

MARK

Mom, you dropped this.

SARAH

Oh. Oh yeah.

MARK

Why can't we just leave this?

SARAH

But your probation

MARK

It's fine. We can just leave! I mean look at you! I don't care about my probation I can take the punishment.

SARAH

No! I won't have any of that. We're going to finish this. Just. Just bring me some aspirin.

MARK

(to Mr. Rutherford)

Do we have any aspirin?

Mark looks like he is about to cry again when he looks at Mr. Rutherford. Mr. Rutherford is hesitant but leaves to go the shop.

MR. RUTHERFORD

I can look in the shop.

Mark hugs his mom for what feels like an eternity. Mr. Rutherford comes back with aspirin tablets.

MR. RUTHERFORD

We were able to find some old aspirin. It's not great, but it should help.

Mr. Rutherford gives it to Sarah and Sarah swallows the tablets slowly.

INT - FORT DINING HALL - SUNDOWN

Mr. Rutherford, Mr. Lucious, Mr. West, and Mr. Silverthorn are all sitting down eating dinner. They are laughing up a storm talking about stories from their past.

Mark is standing by the doorway and looks hungry. He places his ear to the door and can only hear jolly laughter. After a while, he starts to imagine what food would taste like. He sits down by the door.

Mark hears the door open but it's too late. Mr. Rutherford walks out of the door and sees Mark sitting down by the door.

MR. RUTHERFORD
What are you doing boy?

MARK
I'm just taking a break.

Mr. Rutherford grabs him by his shirt collar.

MR. RUTHERFORD
I told you to clean the barracks.

MARK
They are! They are!

MR. RUTHERFORD
I can't believe your shit.

Mr. Rutherford snarls at Mark and spits on the ground.

MR RUTHERFORD (CONT'D)
I tell you to do one thing and then
you do the complete opposite. I
can't believe this.

Mr. Rutherford puts him down.

MR. RUTHERFORD
Alright. Let's see it.

Wide shot of Mr. Rutherford and Mark walking to the barracks. Mr. Rutherford helps mark open up the door and they walk in.

EXT - BARRACKS - NIGHT

Mr. Rutherford looks and sees that the barracks aren't cleaned and slaps Mark straight across the face.

MR. RUTHERFORD
That's another day.

INT - ROOM - NIGHT

Mark wakes up in the middle of the night. He walks out of the room and walks towards the front door. He slowly steps towards the door when he hears a rifle cock behind him.

MR. WEST
Where'd you think your going?

Mark looks behind him and sees Mr. West. He stops in his tracks and his hands start to shake.

MARK

Uhh. Mr. Rutherford told me that I was next for nightwatch.

Mr. West holds the rifle steady and is still aimed at Mark.

MR. WEST

It's 2 am. I started my shift two hours ago.

MARK

Fine. I was going to leave.

Mr. West puts the rifle down and aims it down.

MR. WEST

Now why shouldn't I tell Mr. Rutherford?

Mark's face turns completely pale and gets down on his knees.

MARK

He'll kill me! Please just forget this happened. It was stupid.

MR. WEST

Hunger drives a man to do anything.

Mr. West sighs.

MR. WEST

Tomorrow I'll tell them to feed you. This has gone on long enough. But if I ever catch you trying to sneak out again, you're going to regret it.

Mark walks cautiously back into the room trying to avoid eye contact..

EXT - CAMPFIRE - DAYTIME

Mr. Rutherford is sitting by the fire cooking bacon and eggs. Mark looks from his room and Mr. Rutherford signals him over. Mark hesitantly walks over to Mr. Rutherford.

Mr. Rutherford feeds Mark and Mark eats it slowly while standing up. Mark finishes his food and then Mr. Rutherford looks up at him.

MR. RUTHERFORD

You're on nightwatch tonight.

FADE TO:

EXT - UPPER FLOOR - NIGHTTIME

MONTAGE:

Mark is patrolling around at night. He walks around the camp slowly, making sure that each footstep is perfectly aligned. It seems like he is playing a game with his feet.

In the distance coyotes howl. He looks off into the distance and moonlit coyotes run across the river.

He walks downstairs and goes into the main office. Inside, there is some coffee and biscuits. He doesn't question how they got there and starts to munch on them. Hard as a rock. The coffee has grounds in it and he can barely swallow it.

Bored with this, he grabs the biscuit and throws it on the ground. Crushing it with his foot disintegrating it into crumbs.

In the back of the main camp is a key to the infirmary and Mark eyes it. He walks over and picks it up admiring it closely. He slips it into his pocket and has a small smile on his face.

He walks around the camp and adds more firewood to the ongoing fire.

Mark walks up the stairs for a second time and sees someone or something on top of the barracks.

Mark continues to walk towards the figure and it becomes the silhouette of a Native. Mark, terrified, raises his lantern and the figure's true form is revealed to him.

CU of a Native hysterically laughing. He has his back turned to Mark and has a full headdress on. He looks like he is around 40 or 50 and has greying hair peaking out from the red and yellow feathers.

He slowly turns his head around to reveal that half of his face is a sunken-in skull. He continues to laugh hysterically while Mark's face is paralyzed in shock.

INT - ROOM - DAY

Mark wakes up from his room to see no Indians and instead Mr. Licious waking him up. Mark feels in his pocket and feels the indentation of a key and is immediately relieved.

EXT - INFIRMARY - DAY

Mark is outside of the infirmary fiddling with the key and walks in. SARAH is pale except for her lips and looks like she is on the brink of death.

Mark walks right up to her and places his hand on her forehead. It's extremely hot.

MARK

Mom?

SARAH

(long pause)

Mark! You shouldn't be here.

MARK

Mom I came to see you!

SARAH

Mr. Mr. Rutherford said he was going to take me to the indians.

MARK

For what fucking reason?!

SARAH

They have better medicine than we do. They know how to treat illness.

Mark looks at her lip and it is covered in this blue veiny like color.

MARK

Mom! You need real medicine! I'm gonna take you to town.

SARAH

I'm too - weak. Just stay here. The indians will take care of me and I will feel better, I promise.

INT - ROOM AFTERNOON

Mark walks back into his room after a long day of work and paces around the room. He hear's Mr. Lucious coming back into the room and he just stares at him, waiting for something to happen. Mr. Rutherford then walks into the room.

MR.RUTHERFORD

Where's the key Mark?

MARK

What are you talking about?

Mr. Rutherford slaps Mark across the face making a large sound of impact.

MR. RUTHERFORD

Boy, don't you play stupid with me.

MARK

I still don't know what your talking about.

Mr. Rutherford slaps Mark straight across the face again.

MR. RUTHERFORD
I'm giving you one more chance.

MARK
What are you talking about?

MR. RUTHERFORD
The key Mark! I know. The infirmary key!

MARK
You must have lost it or something.

MR. RUTHERFORD
Alright! Fine! Have it your way!

Mr. Rutherford reaches into Mark's front pocket and pulls out the key that is labeled infirmary. Mr. Rutherford grabs Mark and starts pulling him into the barracks. Mr. Lucious has an I-told-you-so smile but EXITS.

MARK
But I gave you the key back!

MR. RUTHERFORD
No you didn't! You weren't honest with me.

MARK
Where are you taking me anyways!

EXT - BARRACKS - DAYTIME

Mr. Rutherford doesn't say anything and puts him inside the barracks. Mark resists and tries to push past him but Mr. Rutherford grabs his hands and tries to keep him from squirming.

Mr. Rutherford slams the door on the barracks, using another piece of wood to secure it. We hear Mark's attempt's to break the door down and also his screams to let him out. He continues to try and bust the door down but gets bored pretty quickly and gives up his attempts.

INT - BARRACKS - DAYTIME

There is not too much light inside the Barracks except for a small window on the top.

Mark looks at it vicously but with no real hope.

MONTAGE:

Mark paces back and forth.

MARK
One.. Two.. Three.. Four... Five..

Mark reaches the other end of the barracks and then starts to walk back.

MARK

One... Two... Three... Four...
Five..

Mark does 10 pushups.

Mark looks around and he sees something in a corner by the back. It's a dull metal object. He walks over and examines what it is, it looks like a sickle. He picks it up and holds it dearingly.

Evil thoughts cloud his mind and his heart starts to race. He continues his routine. Five steps to one end.

MARK

One.. Two.. Three.. Four... Five..

Then he walks back to the other end. His breaths get heavier and his steps get more and more erratic.

MARK

One.. Two.. Three.. Four... Five...

Mark goes into the corner and puts the sickle down.

INT - BARRACKS - NIGHT

Mark hears footsteps coming towards the barracks. The door opens to the barracks and Mr. Lucious tosses him a bowl of potatoes and gruel. Mark walks over to it and inspects it, he is walking slowly and on all fours.

MARK

Thanks.

Mark slowly takes it back and picks up the bowl of gruel. He starts to slowly eat it and then -

INT - BARRACKS - DAY

A Large leak of light caused by the sun starts to creep through the cracks of the shoddy wooden roof. Mark walks back to the corner of the room and picks up the sickle. He stares at it admirably, and starts pretending to whack stuff with it.

He puts it down and walks from edge of the barrack to the other.

MARK

One... Two... Three.. Four...

Mark hears footsteps again, they get very loud. He walks back into the corner of the room and picks up the sickle. The footsteps stop for a moment and Mark clenches onto the sickle in the shadows of the room.

Mr. Rutherford opens the door of the barracks. CU of Mr. Rutherford examining the room. He looks inside and there is not a soul inside of the room.

MR. RUTHERFORD

Mark? Where have you gotten yourself into?

No response. Mark clenches onto the sickle and Mr. Rutherford turns around and is starting to close the door of the barracks, when Mark jumps out from behind a bale of hay surprising Mr. Rutherford.

Mark screams and slams the edge of sickle into Mr. Rutherford's side, Mr. Rutherford is paralyzed by what just happened and blood starts to seep out of the massive gash. Mr. Rutherford gives Mark a deadly look and shows him his teeth in an effort to show aggression. His teeth look pale white and his mouth looks covered in blood.

Mr. Rutherford tries to muster a scream but is in too much pain. Mr. Rutherford heaves a few times and blood continues to pour out of his gash. He grabs onto Mark's foot to stop him from leaving, but Mark retracts the sickle out of Mr. Rutherford's ribcage and chops his hand off.

Mr. Rutherford's hand starts to bleed and Mr. Rutherford passes out as Mark runs away from the fort. Mark starts to notice that people are watching his deed.

Mr. Lucious watches him as he runs through the entrance of the fort off into the wilderness and he aims his rifle but he is too late.

Mark continues to run and scream until he is far enough away in an empty:

EXT - FIELD - DAY

He is running towards the town, a 20 mile journey. He hears gunshots in the distance and hears birds and peacocks screaming.

His hands are covered in blood and after a while he can no longer see the town. His run becomes a slow jog and then a walk. He looks behind him and it seems like no one is following him.

He continues to walk towards the town, trying to wipe his hands from the blood but is pretty unsuccessful. The dirty red color is embedded into his fingernails and sprayed across his hands in a grotesque pattern. He takes off his hat and throws it on the ground as it starts to get extremely hot.

He has no water or food and his walk is becoming slower as the warm summer sun raises overhead.

In the distance Mark can make out faint shapes of a town, small buildings and big lumps that he can't make out. It is completely silent in this field and the only thing we can hear is Marks footsteps.

EXT - TOWN - AFTERNOON

The sun is starting to set and Mark seems like he is very hungry. He walks into the town and it feels like a ghost town. A lone tumbleweed passes on the road and Mark walks through the desolate streets.

He reaches a:

EXT - SUPERMARKET - AFTERNOON

Supermarket that is of a chain and walks in. Inside, there is no one and it seems like every item is off the shelves.

MARK
(frightened)
Hello?

No response. Mark walks through the supermarket and sees that there is spoiled vegetables scattered around, and cans that are cut open.

He continues to walk through the desolate supermarket and sees empty rows of toilet paper. He walks past the desolate isles of hand sanitizer and sees someone laying on the ground right next by the isle of food. Its a young man around the age of 30 but has his face pointed towards the ground.

MARK
Hello? Are you ok?

No response. He rolls him over and his lips have a blue veiny color. His eyes are rolled back and Mark feels under his nose and feels no breathe. Mark covers his mouth and starts to look bright green, he throws up right next by the body.

He walks past it and then sees three more dead bodies by the isles of food. He covers his mouth and walks towards the big pharmacy sign.

INT - PHARMACY - AFTERNOON

He jumps over the blood streaked barrier to find empty shelves. There is a pharmacy tech with dried blood from his head and Mark sees a big safe labeled "Schedule Controlled Perscriptions time lock"

The case is completely open and empty the only thing remaining is tiny blood pools from a tragedy we know nothing of.

He walks through to the office of the pharmacy, and in it there is mounds of papers and facial masks. On the far corner of the desk there is a pill bottle that is open on its side spilling 10 or so pills on the paper.

Mark picks up the bottle and on its side states: "Vancomycin 500mg." Mark turns it around and on the side it says "Antibiotic, for use for severe bacterial infections. Mark scratches his head but figures that whatever his mom has can't be normal. He shove the bottle into his pocket.

Mark turns around and behind the pharmacy desk is a disturbing painting. Mark walks out of the pharmacy walking over the dead body carefully to avoid his blood.

EXT - ROAD - SUNDOWN

Mark walks out of the supermarket and into the desolate town. Interestingly enough, there are no cars on the road completely empty except for the grass starting to build up inbetween the cracks in the sidewalk.

Some dead bodies litter the street but there isn't a crazy amount. Only a few by the bus stops and some by the entrance of buildings. Across the street, he sees an old bar "The shady platoons" It has a neon sign that is of an old pirate moving his mouth up and down but it is off and cracked.

INT - BAR - SUNDOWN

Inside the bar he tries to turn on and off the lights and they work. On the ground there are a few bodies blood rushing from either their mouths or from their pants. All of them are faced directly towards the ground except for one that looks like it is looking out of a window. Longing for something in the distance but can't quite make it out.

He turns on the large TV in the front of the bar and it shows nothing but a blue screen. Maybe there is some sign of human life, Mark looks through the bar to try to find a remote.

He walks behind the counter which is littered with dirty plates and kitchen ware. Underneath the register is an old looking remote but to his dismay, nothing on the TV is showing except for static.

INT - BAR HOUSE - NIGHT

Mark walks up to the house of the bar, which conveniently left there doors open. It is a normal house but is vacant. Mark walks through the house and sees a massacre on the bed, probably the bar owners.

Their bodies are completely covered in the red substance, seeing untold horrors. On the sheets lies, pools of blood in small areas. Mark looks down at the bottom of the bed to see the second victim, the remains of a women screaming in agony blood spattered onto the floor.

Mark looks away and tries to keep himself from vomiting but he can't help but run into the kitchen and throw up in the sink.

Mark opens the refridgerator and to his suprise there is still left over food. He starts to eat as much as he can, TV dinners, chips, popcorn, and he helps himself to a can of lite beer.

Mark looks through the pantry and finds gallons of water, small snacks. He grabs a few water bottles and carries them with him.

In the corner of the room is a alarm with a radio on it, one so that in the morning it wakes you up with your favorite station. Mark turns it on and fiddles with the knobs on it. Static. Mark sleeps by the hiss of the radio.

EXT - TOWN - DAY

Mark is walking from the town back towards the fort in the far distance. But before he can, he spies a radio station and a tower on the top of a small mountain in the distance.

He takes a deep breath and then starts to walk into it's direction. Maybe he will find something of use up their, or figure out what the hell is going on.

EXT - MOUNTAIN - DAY

Mark climbs up the mountain as quick as he can but stops to drink some water along the way. As he does, he admires the small but desolate town.

MARK

The whole world looks different
with the lights off.

EXT - RADIO STATION - DAY

Mark tries to open the door to the radio station but it is locked. Wide shot of him looking around for something in the bushes and on the ground. He takes a while, but then he finds a large rock, and hurls it at the window. The window shatters into a million pieces.

He then inserts his hand through the shattered window and unlocks the door from the inside.

INT - RADIO STATION - DAY

The radio station is completely empty. But the floor is flooded with water up to Mark's ankles. There is a few boxes with levers and dials but nothing is working and he can hear the hiss of the unoccupied air waves.

Mark fiddles with the knobs on the main radio and tries to speak through the small black microphone connected to the main radio box.

MARK

Hello? SOS. Can anyone hear me?

No response. Mark continues to go through this and finds a manual in one of the shelves.

He reads through the manual and is able to properly set up the radio. First he has to actually plug it in, and set up the radio to actually transmit. Mark tries again.

MARK

Hello? Can anyone hear me?

Mark hears more static and while he is changing the station back and forth he hears a high pitched noise and then the radio goes silent.

Mark looks around the radio station and on the water there is a water soaked note that reads:

If you can hear this message,

Please stay ----- home

Bacterial ----- blood

God -----

Help --

Mark turns around and heads back to the fort.

EXT - WIDE SHOT OF INDIAN ENCAMPMENT - DAYTIME

Mark looks like a mirage as he is walking from the far distance to the indian camp. The summer heat bounces off of him and looks like it waves over him.

EXT - INDIAN CAMP - DAY

Mark walks into the native camp and there are about 10 ten indians walking hurriedly around the camp. They are rushing in out of different ti-pis bringing herbs and pots and pans.

Mark spots Chief Still Water sitting on a log by the campfire by the lake. He is smoking his pipe and looks like he hasn't a care in the world.

MARK

Chief Still Water!

Chief Still Water doesn't say anything and Mark sits next by him on the log.

MARK

There. There all gone.

CHIEF STILL WATER

(sighs)

I didn't want you to find out. It was better to live here, in this time, not a care in the world.

MARK

Where's my mom?

Chief Still Water takes a long drag on his pipe. He blows tiny O's from his pipe. Chief Still Water tries to avoid eye contact with Mark. He rummages through his pocket and pulls out a small piece of paper, he hands it to Mark but he doesn't look at it.

MARK

Chief Still Water! Where's my mom!

Chief Still Water takes a long drag on his pipe and then looks down.

CHIEF STILL WATER

In the ti-pi in the front.

Mark walks from the log hurriedly not taking his sight from Chief Still Water. Mark walks towards the front of the camp and then spies the Ti-Pi and walks through.

INT - MAIN TI-PI - DAY

He walks inside the tent and covers his mouth.

Sarah is on the bed, her lips completely blue and she is drooling blue. Mark walks up to her and remembers the corpses he had seen in town. He feels underneath her nose and there is no pulse.

Mark pulls out the piece of paper that Chief Still Water gave him.

MARK (V.O)

I'm sorry Mark, I didn't want you to find out.

Mark is struck with grief and starts to cry.

MARK

(yelling)

Mom!!

Mark crumples the piece of paper in his hand and tears fall down his face.

EXT - MAIN TI-PI - DAY

He walks outside of the main ti-pi slowly dragging his dead mother in exasperated screams slowly towards a field. CLOSE UP of Marks face as he turns around, we notice that his lips have started to get a blue veiny color and he turns his head

to see:

Mr. Silverton, Trisha, Mr. West, Mr. Lucious all standing in a line ominously fog below their feet, waiting for Mark to come back.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END