

UPON REFLECTION

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - 14TH STREET - DAY

A tall man marches down the snow-covered sidewalk. MAJOR LEONARD WOODS, 35, is wearing a sky blue greatcoat with a black cape; on his head is a dark blue kepi hat.

SUPER: "New York City, 23 February 1876"

He glances at the window display he's walking past: a mannequin in a fancy gown provides the only color on this street on this gray day.

A horse-drawn carriage rattles by on the street. He glances at it, but his eyes are drawn to the big building across the street: "R. H. Macy Dry Goods."

He continues on to the next display window and is startled when his own face is reflected back at him from the elaborate dressing mirror on the other side of the window. The haggard look on his face makes him avert his gaze.

A brass plaque next to the iron and wood door proclaims this to be "Gleason's Looking Glass Emporium."

INT. GLEASON'S LOOKING GLASS EMPORIUM - DAY

The size of the showroom is difficult to determine because the mirrors crowding the floor, or resting on tables, reflect each other making the room seem huge.

A dapper old gentleman in a three-piece suit with frock coat, MR. GLEASON, seemingly appears out of nowhere and offers Major Woods a nod and a smile.

GLEASON

Welcome to my little shop, -

Gleason sees the three black sleeve braids on Woods' coat.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

- Major.

Woods nods, extends a hand and shakes hands.

WOODS

Leonard Woods. Major, Ninth Regiment.

GLEASON

You walked over from the armory?

Woods nods, walks around, looks at the merchandise.

GLEASON (CONT'D)

How long have you been posted here?

WOODS

Almost three years, sir. But my tour of duty is ending soon.

GLEASON

Indeed?

WOODS

I'm going out to the territories for the new campaign season.

GLEASON

Cavalry?

WOODS

Yes, but I'm a surgeon, not a saber-rattler.

GLEASON

An honor to have you in my emporium. Are you interested in any particular kind of looking glass?

WOODS

It's not a looking glass I'm interested in.

GLEASON

Oh?

WOODS

My assistant, a young man of questionable lineage and dubious character, said you might be able to provide, uh, an implement to alleviate my wife's hysterical paroxysm.

GLEASON

I beg your pardon?

WOODS

Hysterical paroxysm. A medical term for a certain female problem.

GLEASON

What are the symptoms, sir?

Woods grits his teeth before answering.

WOODS

Irritability. Nervousness.
Sleeplessness. Anxiety.

GLEASON

Might I suggest a liquid solution
of bromide salts?

WOODS

Don't you think I've tried that?
I'm a doctor, for God's sake.

GLEASON

Your pardon, major. Are there other
symptoms?

WOODS

Heaviness in the lower abdomen.
Erotic fantasies.

(beat)

Wetness between the legs.

GLEASON

Ah. I think I can help you.

WOMEN'S SUPPLY ROOM

Gleason leads Woods down the long narrow room which features a large profusion of phallic totems made of wood, rubber, iron, glass, bronze, and steel, in a wide variety of sizes and shapes.

Aghast, Woods keeps his eyes averted but he jerks to a stop when he sees something out of the corner of his eye. He stares at a contraption composed of pulleys, gears, a round tank and a gauge. And an extension tipped with rubber.

WOODS

What in blazes is that?

GLEASON

That, sir, is a steam-powered
vibrating intruder. It's still in
the experimental stage. Actually,
it's quite loud and quite hot. I
doubt it'll succeed.

WOODS

I can't present any of these things
to my wife.

GLEASON

Of course not. You're a cavalryman.

They've reached the end of the room. Before them is a heavy red drape. Gleason reaches for a pull cord and yanks on it. The curtain parts to reveal:

THE ROCKING HORSE

The large mahogany horse is exquisitely detailed. Woods runs his hands over it in awe.

WOODS

It's beautiful. But how does this help me -- I mean my wife?

He quickly steps aside as Gleason plops a saddle on the horse. Sprouting from the center of the seat is a dildo. Gleason unscrews the dildo and presents it to Woods, who's too shocked to do anything but stare at it in horror.

GLEASON

"Captain Standish" comes in various sizes and shapes, depending on your wife's needs.

WOODS

Oh, my.... How much?

EXT. LAST STAND HILL - DAY

The small hill top is crowded with soldiers of the 7th Cavalry, many of them dead or dying. Those still standing are firing at the horse-mounted Lakota, Cheyenne and Sioux warriors who surround them. Arrows, spears and lead fly everywhere. The NOISE is overwhelming.

SUPER: "Valley of the Little Bighorn River - 25 June 1876"

MAJOR WOODS & LT. COL. CUSTER

Major Woods is tending to a mortally wounded 36-year-old man with an extravagant mustache. The man's head is resting on a buckskin jacket. His sweaty face is pinched with pain as Woods works on freeing the arrow impaling his chest.

WOODS

Upon reflection, I should have bought her the rocking horse. I could have left her back East, happily riding her wooden pony the live-long day.

Woods flinches as a feather-draped spear buries itself into the ground near him. He ignores the fight raging around him.

WOODS (CONT'D)

But I've always hated spending money on luxuries. So I brought her out here with me, where the keep and housing are free. I actually volunteered for this campaign just to get away from her for a while!

Custer struggles to speak.

CUSTER

I should have brought the Gatling guns.

WOODS

Her unseemly demands have worn me to a frazzle, Colonel Custer. Look at these hands!

He shows the dying man his trembling hands.

WOODS (CONT'D)

Are these the hands of a competent surgeon? No, sir, they are not!

He puts the hands back on the arrow in Custer's chest. Custer gathers his remaining strength to lift his head a little.

CUSTER

Fuck your wife.

WOODS

NO!!

He jerks the arrow out, Custer screams his last breath, and his head falls to the side.

Woods staggers up and stares at the bloody arrow in his hands. Then spasms as an arrow plunges into his stomach.

WOODS (CONT'D)

Ah, hell...

He topples forward and raises a cloud of dust as he plants his face in the dirt.

FADE OUT.