

ROUGH RIDER AND THE DIVINE

"Spring Waltz Under The Falling Cherry Blossom"

Written by Kevin Lamb

kevin.wayne.lamb@gmail.com
Registration #2260226 WGA

FADE IN:

The sky is a wonder to the words. Clouds drift astray.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)

There is a path a man must tread on
this Earth. Trail as hard as a
rock. Strong Enough to split him in
two. That is where good and evil
decides.

TILT DOWN:

EXT./INT. CABIN HEAVENLY MOUNTAIN, NEVADA. DAY

Lower to a Heavenly view from hovering clouds. Lake Tahoe
sends a warm holy glow from the east to the west --
(Crepuscular rays/Twilight) beams streak down on fenced in
cabin in the valley.

GERRIT MAIJERS, 32, a long haired blond Dutch immigrant. Sits
at the square table with his wife ELISABETH, 28, and two
children JOHN, 7, stares out the window excited. ANNEKE, 5,
climbs down ladder from rafter. Knock at the door. John opens
door with a smile. SICKHAND CATAWANEE, 36, a strong native
young Cherokee farmhand stands. Takes hat off puts hat on
John.

ELISABETH (O.S.)

Come in, Mr. Catawanee.

SICKHAND

California ran dry. They been
spooked all the way out here. I
decided to nab one and head back
home in a few days.

Sickhand enters sits to the right of John. Elisabeth walks
over to the pot. Scrapes pot clean. Places it in front of
Sickhand. Gerrit looks up at Elisabeth. Concern.

ELISABETH

You can stay as long as it takes.
Gerrit's luck has been scarce, but
if the game wondered this way,
there may be good reason.

GERRIT

Take your time.

SICKHAND

I am going out. I will return
before nightfall.

GERRIT
 (Cherokee)
 We will meet at the timber.

ELIZABETH
 Mr. Catawanee would you please lead
 us in prayer? John take the hat
 off.

Sickhand folds hands. John stops eating takes hat off. Folds hands. Gerrit Smirks. All fold hands.

SICKHAND
 Thank you Lord for this meal and
 company. This blessing you give has
 giving us a new start here in the
 west.

Heavenly Mountain and small Cabin with fence to table.

SICKHAND (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Let your guidance lead to a prosper
 day and another meal, Amen.

ALL
 Amen.

ANEKKE (O.S.)
 Wawa.

All turn with holy humbleness to Anekke. She sends back blush
 and all pick up utensils and dig in.

EXT. HEAVENLY MOUNTAIN. LUMBER PIT. LATER THAT DAY

Mountain side on the far west peak. Trail leads back to thick
 Pine. Distant view of cabin down below.

Horse with Lumber in the wagon. Birds convey with the nature.
 Dog rests by the wagon. Gerrit splits wood. Tosses in pile.
 Takes a look around, then Grabs another log and chops it.

EXT. CABIN YARD TO STREAM. SAME

Fenced in cabin with stream away from the fence. John and
 Anneke chase each other around the cabin. John helps Anneke
 under the wooden fence. Hold hands and run out in the fields
 towards the wood line. Walk up to the stream. Anneke stands
 at bank. John rolls pants up and walks in.

JOHN
Why did you disrupt the Lord's
prayer?

ANNEKE
We needed a blessing and so I asked
for it.

JOHN
The only blessing we are going to
find is right here in this here
river.

John steadies and observes for a catch.

EXT. SECOND RIDGE. SAME

Sickhand stalks around brush. Crack catches his attention.
Moves out to the open. Modest Buck stands with neck high
Moves out of range. Sickhand stalks until the shot is clear,
then takes aim.

EXT. STREAM TO CABIN. SAME

John grabs fish. Pulls fish up. Looks back to show catch.
Anneke looks across the stream in shock. John turns to a
large wolf. John stands firm with fish in hand. Shot fired.
Echoes across the mountain. Wolf runs off.

John with fish and Anneke run back to the cabin. Twilights
streaks dissipate into the clouds.

EXT. LUMBER PIT. DAY

Gerrit chops wood. Dusk sets in. Mountain mist settles at the
base into the valley. In the far distance down the mountain
lies the small cabin with a wooden fence. Look back, as the
smoke begins it's rise from the cabin. Smiles and goes back
to chop wood. Dog barks. Runs into the wood line. Yipes.
Silence. Presence of shadows whistle and settle. Spooks
Gerrit. Looks around. No dog. Searches around wagon. Wonders
out to a blood trail. Follows trail. Looks down. Sound of
branch crack behind. Looks up. Massive dark silhouette of a
man from behind (Bram Bos).

EXT. RIDGE TO LUMBER PIT. DAY

Sickhand rides with deer on the rump of his horse. Trots down
path. Comes to wagon. Dismounts horse.

Notices unfinished business on the wood. Ax on the ground.
Finds a blood trail to Gerrit's body, face down.

INT. CABIN. NIGHT

Elisabeth lays kettle over the fireplace with a modest smile.
Fish is cooked. JOHN, 6, prays on his bunk in the rafters,
while ANNEKE, 4, dresses her doll.

ELISABETH (O.S.)

Dinner.

Children come down ladder to the table. Mother lays out
dinner. Sits. Stands. Walks outside to the porch. Rings
dinner bell. Looks out to the silent wood line. No sign of
Gerrit. Enters cabin. They sit and fold hands. Knock at the
door.

ELISABETH (CONT'D)

John, open the door for your
father.

John stands and runs to the door. Opens door. Looks up. Smile
turns.

EXT. HEAVENLY MOUNTAIN. DAY

Sickhand studies Gerrit's body, turns to cabin in flames down
the mountain. Jumps on horse rides down to the cabin.

Flames and smoke from cabin. Dismounts, runs inside.
Elisabeth's bloodied face down and dead. Runs to a pause.
Stricken, then looks over to John. Roles him over. Barely
alive. Knife in the gut. Picks John up and takes him out to
the horse. Pulls knife from wound. Drops knife. Rushes off,
as cabin is engulfed in flames.

FADE TO:

INT./EXT. NEVADA PLAINS. DOCS HOUSE. DAY

Isolated ranch home on a small incline that over looks the
plains. Two Horses wrapped.

Sickhand performs light *Tsalgi Cherokee life* dance for hope.
Hand directs to the North, South, East, West, to the Earth
below, raises hand to Sky, then covers the wound below the
Heart, as to stop John's bleeding.

DOC EVENS, 42, walks out to the deck. Wipes bloody hands with
rag. Sickhand stops subtle. Directs attention to Doc.

DOC

He might make it, but I am going to
need your assistance, follow me.

Doc enters house. Sickhand follows. Doc pulls out blood
transfusion materials.

DOC (CONT'D)

Tie this two inches above the
elbow, tight. I am negative. He's
going to need blood, maybe more
than usual, so I hope that dance
worked, because your the only
chance this boy has to live.

SICKHAND

I will give him what he needs.

Doc sticks John, then Sickhand pumps.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)

That night John and Sickhand
Catawabee became blood brothers.

Blood runs from Sickhand to John.

FADE TO:

INT. DOCS HOME. DAY

Two extra horses at troth from the United States Marshal's
office.

Federal Sketcher stands beside John. Turns the sketch. BRAM's
Picture. U.S. Marshal walks in.

U.S. MARSHAL

Is that him? Do not worry, son. I
have men all over the Nevada and
California plains looking for him.
He will turn up. You have my word,
here, this is for you.

Hands John a U.S. Marshal Star.

U.S. MARSHAL (CONT'D)

That star contains as much of a
promise, as the coming of a new
day. We will get him, John Meijers.

Doc stands outside on porch.

DOC
I think it worked.

Sickhand smiles and enters. Sickhand enters room and packs. John struggles to sit up.

JOHN
Where are we going to go?

SICKHAND
California, there we can start new.

Walks over and assist John, who grunts from wound. Carries John. Local Sheriff hammers poster on post, walks away. John covers eyes from light at the doorway.

JOHN
Let me down.

Lowers John, who walks to the wanted poster of the man in description. BRAM BOS Wanted \$1,000. Yanks poster from post and walks to horse. Sickhand pulls him up, as John grunts. Rides away out of town.

EXT. HEAVENLY MOUNTAIN. CABIN RUINS. DAY

Gerrit home burned to the ground. Anekke's doll half burnt. Smoke from thick cabin wood. Sickhand dumps dirt on the mound. Nails Three crosses over the remains.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)
Crosses laid in what was John's
field of life, now three mounds
leave him in the care of a Cherokee
hoping for more that just God would
understand his lonely heart.

John stands with badge in hand. Broken. Sickhand lays hand on John's shoulder. Pulls him in. Cherokee calls.

FADE TO TEN
YEARS LATER:

EXT. CABIN. CALIFORNIA PLAINS. DAY

Open plains with a small cabin centered under grey sky. Sickhand chops wood.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)
 John survived and had remained in
 the hands of a Cherokee gaining the
 right of passage by Sickhand's
 ancestors, yet the scar remained
 deep within John. A beast would
 accumulate within.

John, now 15, carries a pile of logs. Drifts distant.
 Sickhand chops wood. Turns to notice John, who drops wood in
 pile. Throws wood next to him on the ground.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)
 Outside of sparing his life, god
 would remain silent upon the rising
 of chagrin.

Catches John's attention. Dust cloud closes in. John starts
 to stack. Raises head, as to see Angels arrive.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)
 One day the celestial came a
 calling, as so to speak....

(Crepuscular rays/Twilight) streak down on a dust cloud.
 Calvary chases streaks to Cabin in the distance. Both turn
 their attention to the dust. Calvary arrives. MAJOR KING, 34,
 looks at the two desolates. Nods a needy hello, if so to
 speak....

EXT./INT. CLOTHING ISSUE & FIELDING HOUSE. FORT SAM HOUSTON.
 DAY

Field house at the edge of fort. Formation trickles in a
 single column from formation. Man takes issue jacket(used)
 reluctant.

CALVARY RECRUIT
 What am I supposed to do with this?

CORPORAL
 Fill it with medals. Next!

Man slides Pants and jacket across the counter. John now 17,
 sizes them up around the front. Smiles. Sickhand takes his
 issue and pushes John forward.

EXT. AMERICAN/MEXICAN BORDER. MINING TOWN. FIELD. DAY

Calvary and horses settled outside of town. Mexican rebels
 escorted in chains. Calvary men search door to door.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)

There was a stir down south along the Mexican border and men were sent to gather up rebels, who found there way too far into Texas. The Spanish Empire was up to something.

COLONEL LEONARD WOOD, 37, perched on a large brown mare with MAJOR KING, 34. Inspects new group of Calvary Soldiers.

LEONARD WOOD

This was a simple round up. What is the holdup, Major?

MAJOR

Spanish sent a few more rebels than expected. Just rounding them up right now, Colonel.

John opens a door. Mother and family. Smiles, tips hat and closes. John sees silver piece on the road. Picks it up and studies. Spanish Empire with Queen Isabelle on it.

Mexican Rebel walks out fully strapped with cross ammo belt and holstered gun from behind from the shed.

REBEL

Cerdos americanos, creen que me atraparán vivo! Me llevaré a algunos conmigo!

Settles center for a duel with John. Refract: Rebel stands ready to draw. John Turns around. Eyes widen.

Draw catches Sickhand's attention from too far away. Goes to grab his pistol and aligns it, yet too far. Runs towards the showdown.

SICKHAND

John!

Colonel Leonard Wood notices draw from the end of the town.

LEONARD WOOD

What have we here?

Rebel settles for duel. Fifty meters apart. John, frightened then settles. Cranks right foot.

Rebel draws! John draws faster and shoots him center mass. Rebel drops. Sickhand arrives, as Frightened John settles in his arms.

SICKHAND
(Defensive and loving)
Damn you. It's okay boy, I got you.

Colonel Wood impressed.

LEONARD WOOD
I think that answers your question,
Major.

Turns lead and rides away.

FADE TO:

EXT. FORT SAM HOUSTON. TEXAS. DAY

1st United States Volunteer Cavalry align on horses. Fall in a straight battle formation. Athletic whites, African/American (Buffalo Soldiers), Latin/American patriots, John falls in, then Sickhand.

Colonel LEONARD WOOD, 38, rides horse in front of formation. Raises saber. Drops.

LEONARD WOOD
Charge!

Calvary Charge. John leans and tightens down on the horse. Gallop faster.

FADE TO:

EXT. JUNGLE. CUBA. DAY

Spanish soldiers turn and fire rifles. Shot and fall dead. John lowers Colt. 45.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)
They found themselves with the
Infamous Rough Riders fighting the
Spanish Empire in the island of
Cuba.

Gallops over stream with Rough Riders. Raise over jungle.

FADE TO:

EXT. CUBA. LAS GUASIMAS. NIGHT

Jungle opens up with a large field up to a Small Spanish outpost in the distance.

LOWER DOWN FROM
ABOVE:

Rough Riders are camped in the open in the center of the jungle. John and Sickhand in Calvary uniform sit by the fire. Man plays Spanish Guitar before tri-casted pot.

JOHN

Here.

John hands his plate to Sickhand.

SICKHAND

Are you nervous?

JOHN

(confident)

Slightly, yes.

SICKHAND

(Parentally reserved)

Isn't this what you wanted?

JOHN

I suppose. I guess it wasn't what I thought it was. I kind of expected something a little more open. Less muggy.

Stops eating. Sickhand rolls his eyes.

SICKHAND

Like Indians? When this is over we can head back and I will line a few up for you. California was beginning to dry up a little, anyway, If we do make it back. What do you think, John?

John pulls the badge out of his pocket.

SICKHAND (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I hear Pinkerton is looking for good men, or maybe an old Wagon Train. How about we grab a couple pans and go looking for nuggets.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)
 Sickhand rambled on that night, yet
 John's fire had not extinguished
 his unsolved misfortune.

Ponders. Spanish guitar plays to the night under the fire
 sparks under the tri-cast up to the moon.

EXT. SAN JUAN HILL. JULY ONE. EIGHTEEN NINETY-EIGHT. DAY

Rough Riders march with rifles on right shoulder. Come upon a
 large mound to the right of San Juan Hill. Align and halt.

African/American (Blue dressed) 10th Calvary Colonel JACKSON,
 51, perched on a horse in front of his Cavalry formation,
 ready for charge....Raises saber.

Spanish men storm the barricade, ready rifles and aim.
 Silence around the Blockhouse as men ready with rifles wait
 for the attack.

Horses role in with Gatlin guns three hundred meters out.
 Rough Riders set them up. Lead horses away. Load guns. Gunner
 whistles to the far left.

THEODORE ANDERSON BALDWIN, 58, stands beside BLACK JACK
 PERSHING, 38, who lowers his Binoculars.

BALDWIN
 Ready the men.

PERSHING
 Yes, sir.

Pershing whistles to his Calvary leader, Colonel Jackson,
 sits perched beside flag man.

JACKSON
 On my lead, ready....Go!

Buffalo Soldiers charge up to gate. Spanish fire. Men fall
 off horses dead.

Spanish and 10th Calvary in heated battle. 10th Flagman waves
 flag. Scope lowers.

COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT, 39, directs men, who storm up
 hill passed him with saber. Rough Rider shoot and falls
 hundreds pass him up to Kettle Hill. John fires his colt.
 Kills man behind fort. Calvary swarm over stone barricades.
 Spanish Soldiers overwhelmed, but center holds.

Gatlin guns fire in the wood-line clears gate and hits Spanish riflemen in gate tower. Rough Rider jumps barricade and opens gate. American Flagman clears through gate and into blockhouse. Runs inside house.

Spanish soldier notices American Flag wave from tower. Raises rifle. John kneels down aims fires. Spanish Soldier falls dead. Flagman roars and waves flag. Men below cheer a swarm into Blockhouse barricades. Spanish soldier from the fallen attempts to raise pistol and shoot John. Round hits him dead. Rough Riders take the House and celebrate. John looks back. Sickhand holsters Colt, then looks up with a smile of relief. Turns to One hundred and Forty-Four Rough Riders/10th Calvary lay dead. Hundreds lay wounded. Sickhand sends a smile, wipes forehead, then grabs *Bowie Knife* and scalps the man. Woops rise with the smoke of battle.

FADE TO:

EXT. SAN JUAN HILL. LEFT PEAK. DAY

Man prepares photo. American Flag raised. Colonel Roosevelt stands proud center. Men move in for Photo.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)
American men together atop San Juan Hill where they would stand victorious on a war summers day. Black, white and red in color would aligned together for a Picture sent to the archives of America. The news would spread like a wild fire across the country. Legends where made.

John and Sickhand squeeze in for photo. Flash.

EXT. CALIFORNIA. DAY

Time lapse of clouds role over the California plains. Old Cherokee cabin.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)
He knew there would be something calling ahead, something of a homecoming.

Traces future sceneries to Heavenly Mountain.

EXT./INT. UNITED STATES MARSHALS OFFICE. SAN FRANCISCO.
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWO. DAY

San Francisco bay (Crepuscular rays/Twilight) streak beam
down on the water, lead out to the West.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)
After the war, John and Sickhand
would return to California and take
up with the United States Marshals.

John and Sickhand ride down street. Mules attached. Dismount.
Walk up to Marshals post. John looks at Sickhand. Sickhand
remains outside. John enters. Knocks on door.

FEDERAL MARSHAL JAXSON (O.S.)
Come in.

John enters. Federal Marshal EZEKIEL JAXSON, 54, stands with
Custer's demeanor. Stares him down. Opens his folder.

JOHN
John Maijers, reporting as ordered,
sir.

FEDERAL MARSHAL JAXSON
So you are the famous Rough Rider.
I do not see anything. Nothing
special that's for sure. Why do you
want to be a U.S. Federal Marshal?

JOHN
I was raised under the hand of
good, surviving the evils of man.
Being fortunate by will to see her
done.

Marshal pulls Star from desk. Pauses for an answer.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Justice, Sir.

Marshal throws badge to John.

FEDERAL MARSHAL JAXSON
(Turns the attitude)
I have heard nothing but great
things and beings your references
go as far as the top.
(MORE)

FEDERAL MARSHAL JAXSON (CONT'D)

We don't get men like you out here these days, they all want to hang around Washington and play it safe, so there must be something burning in that purdy little warrior heart of yours, which landed you standing before me.

(Ponders)

Oh well, lets find out. I have assigned you to Pacheco. There you will find my criminal investigator Doctor Benedictus Roberts. An unorthodox man who has been wrapped up in multiple unsolved cases. Not much progress since my last Marshal was killed trying to solve them, but maybe you can give him a hand and find out who killed the poor bastard. That was the last case. You get it.

JOHN

I will do my best, sir.

FEDERAL MARSHAL JAXSON

You better, because the last man didn't, Now go.

JOHN

My partner. He is in the file, sir.

FEDERAL MARSHAL JAXSON

The Cherokee. Is he good?

JOHN

One of a kind. Came across the plains with my family before they died. He raised me since.

FEDERAL MARSHAL JAXSON

That is all I have. You need another Tin?

JOHN

No, sir.

FEDERAL MARSHAL JAXSON

If you lose one, then send two. Don't let me down. Take this satchel with you. Tell Roberts it just came in. Good luck, Marshal John Maijers.

Shake hands.

JOHN
Thank you, sir.

Sickhand sits with thumbs in belt. Tips hat to ladies as they pass by. John exits. Walks to horse. Sickhand follows. Attaches satchel to Saddle.

SICKHAND
Where?

JOHN
Pacheco.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)
John Maijers returned home to the west, an old forgotten place of sorrow, but now attached to a Tin Star. It seemed fitting of such a man. I guess he needed to make good something he could not make right many painful ages ago, as a child.

They mount horses and ride off.

FADE TO:

EXT. TRADE POST. CALIFORNIA. DAY

John stands at the teller and counts cash. Men escort mules to the back. Sickhand hands Shovel to the cashier. Cashier returns two dollars.

SICKHAND
Pacheco, What do you think we will find there?

John hands a hand full of dollars and a Marshals badge to Sickhand.

JOHN
Hopefully the man who killed the last Marshal. We better get going.

SICKHAND
Sounds like a nice place.

Sickhand puts on the Star.

JOHN
As good as any.

SICKHAND
I am never going to get rid of you.

JOHN
Your stuck old man.

SICKHAND
We better be going. By my reckoning
it will take at least three days to
get there.

Sickhand saddles up. John pulls out the old badge and looks down at it. Smiles from internal memory of his family's happiness. Pins it on. Ride out of the city.

EXT. PACHECO, CALIFORNIA. DAY

John and Sickhand ride into an old mining town mixed with turn of the century progress. Open up for steam car that drives down the middle of the dusty road. Look back. Smile.

SICKHAND
It does not look like much action
goes through here.

JOHN
If there is, we'll find it. There
she is.

Ride up to Marshals post, next to the Post office. Post man leans back on a chair. Smokes pipe.

POSTMAN
Good evening, Marshal.

Postman takes a double look at Sickhand. Enter post. Lays satchel on the counter.

JOHN
Hello?

MR. ROBERTS (O.S.)
In the back.

Investigator BENEDICTUS ROBERTS, 35, an earnest brown curly haired doctor with round spectacles who pieces skeleton together in the back. Studies evidence. Maps and clothes. Old skeleton laid out on table in the back room.

MR. ROBERTS (CONT'D)
How may I help you?

JOHN
I man John Maijers and this is my
partner Sickhand Catawanee, we have
been assigned to Pacheco.

Mr. Roberts pieces femur back together.

MR. ROBERTS
(Skeleton)
You sure did fall nasty, friend.
Unfortunate for you nobody was
there to find you.

Roberts walks over to Sickhand. Pulls his right hand up.

MR. ROBERTS (CONT'D)
I am Doctor Benedictus Roberts,
Investigator. I don't see anything.

Sickhand pulls his hand away.

SICKHAND
(Uncomfortable)
An old wound.

MR. ROBERTS
Well you are just in time. I have
three cases pending and one too far
out to even report.

JOHN
Let's get started.

Roberts goes to the map. Both follow. Mr. Roberts directs his
finger on the map. Red dots across the map. Finger on the
closest red dot.

MR. ROBERTS
My last Marshal went out to get
some information on a case, but was
said to have been breaking up and
altercation between two men when
out of no where some Yellow bastard
came out and cut his throat clean.
Now, I would like to head out to
the railroads, but it's better with
company of men like yourselves.
There we can get started. We will
head out tomorrow and god willing
find a lead or even the killer
himself. I am hungry, you hungry?
Let's go to grab a bite.

INT. TAVERN. NIGHT

Music on Edison standard phonograph plays classical music.
High end Westerners dine. Lights with red lamp shades hang in
Paris style restaurant.

Men seated by window. Mr. Roberts stabs into a bloody garlic buttered steak.

MR. ROBERTS

I see many things others do not. I have an eye for it. That is what the future needs. Times are a changing. Not too long ago there where savages across these lands, now progress is settling in and people welcome the new century. The Marshals have changed too. The last Marshal did it the old way. His way. Look where it got him. I myself believe in collecting as much credible evidence, as I can so the verdict stands true. No more going in alone or shooting up towns and taverns leaving collateral damage. A man must make civilize this world with a more scholarly approach. What about you, Marshal? Are you a man of the old way or progress?

JOHN

I try to accommodate the situation with appropriate force to see the job done.

MR. ROBERTS

Another one. Well let us try to get along and make this relationship rewarding. Your Indian may fall you behind, but I see hope in the future and it is fitting to see a man like him with the law.

SICKHAND

Thank you. Your insight and hospitality is more than welcomed, Mr. Bobby.

JOHN

I say we head out to Holt. Talk to some people at the tavern. Reopen this case.

SICKHAND

Maybe we will find that progress you been discussing and hope to run across civilized men of a new century, who will accommodate our needs.

MR. ROBERTS

I look forward to our Union,
Cheers.

All raise and cheer.

EXT. PLAINS. DAY

Sun rises from the east. Morning blend from the rising sun.
John, Sickhand and Mr. Roberts ride out.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)

There was a mutual liking between
the boys and Mr. Roberts. The new
Marshals carried a sense of
security that allowed Benedictus to
extend his hunch, while John and
Sickhand enjoyed the company of
intellect. They all knew there
cause and how big a obligation
California was to the future of the
west. Three lawmen seeking justice
by mystery. A trail of murders that
would send them far and wide.

FADE TO:

EXT. PLAINS. DAY

They ride upon four Yokut Native American across the range.
All stop. Yokut slowly reaches for hidden rifle. Un-holstered
stand off.

YOKUT

(Mariposa)

Who Are you? Why do you ride with
white sickness?

SICKHAND

(Mariposa)

I am Sickhand Catawanee of the
Cherokee Nation and United States
Marshal Services.

(English)

These are my Colleagues.

Shows badge. Yokut stunned. Look at each other. Yokut takes
hand off hidden rifle.

YOKUT

We are looking for game.

SICKHAND

(Mariposa)

Being astray will lead you men to trouble. It will bring a negative effect down on your reservation. Go back. Be patient.

(English)

One day we will win in the good way, Brother.

Mr. Roberts nods with respect and humility. Yokut turn around. Ride off.

MR. ROBERTS

What was that about?

JOHN

The boys ran astray. Sometimes they wonder into angered trouble with frustration. Take it out on the first people they see. The good way?

SICKHAND

That is why you still have hair on top of your head, young white man. Fortunately we got to them early.

Ride off.

INT. TAVERN. HOLT, CALIFORNIA. NIGHT

Ride into town. Men dismount.

JOHN

Stay.

John enters festive tavern. Girls ride the late Niners to their last dollar. Walks to the bar. Bartender turned away, spits shines a glass. Notices Star on John's chest through mirror.

JOHN (CONT'D)

One glass of whiskey.

BARTENDER

Three pieces in gold. No matter the potency of whiskey the next two will determine whether you leave satisfied. Information doesn't come cheap around here, Humor me.

Looks up with a thought.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Marshal.

JOHN

There was a killing a time back here. Federal Marshal Winthrop. Can you let me in on that evening?

BARTENDER

Yes, I remember. Went asking around about some murders along the trail. That night a man rolled into town. Took the bar, Big Man.

JOHN

Say again?

BARTENDER

Bought the house. I was all right with that yellow or not, yet they began raising something fierce. Locals did not like it. It filled yellow real fast. Big man ran off. I was not arguing. There was a commotion. Caught the attention of the Marshal across the way, maybe your Marshal. He came in and attempted to settle them down, but they where not having it. He laid more gold than a man could tell.

John slides another gold piece across the bar.

JOHN

Tell.

Bartender slides Gold piece into his pocket.

BARTENDER

He should have just stayed out of it do you understand. I am not the law, Marshal. If men arrive with strength and gold in this town it is best to stay out of it and leave men to their business. These are rare times accompanied by unique persons. Your Marshal's asked too many questions. They wasn't going to have it. Law, or not.

JOHN

Can you give me a description?

BARTENDER

Yellow, led by a big white man with a fountain of gold, but he left early. It was some little fellow, yellow, very bold, or professional if I might add. Cut him clean across the neck. They left that night. No telling where. Our Sheriff here don't mix it up with Posse especially one with little regard for the law. They went out looking, but I have not heard anything since. Do not need them returning over questions. That is the way it ends here, Marshal.

JOHN

Yellow?

John takes a shot. Walks away.

BARTENDER

Try Camp Richardson, Marshal.

Exits tavern. Dawns hat.

MR. ROBERTS

Well?

JOHN

Tomorrow we head out to the railroad.

Walk across the road to the Hotel.

EXT. RAILROAD. DAY

Men mend track. Hammer spikes. Foreman SMITH, 45, a stalky dirty well dressed man steps out of tent. Young Chinese girls in the tent pull tent close. Notices John and Company ride towards him. Hands pipe to the Railroad guard. Guard stands vigilant. Foreman motions him down. Man sits.

SMITH

Hello, Marshal. What brings?

John dismounts. Sickhand and Mr. Roberts ride over to the Chinese camp.

JOHN

Looking for a man, maybe you can assist me?

SMITH

Well, that depends. What was the crime?

JOHN

Murder of a United States Marshal.

SMITH

Murder?

Notices Sickhand walk over to Chinese Foreman. Conversation.

SMITH (CONT'D)

And suspect he maybe yellow in nature?

JOHN

By witness, yes.

SMITH

Follow me, Marshal.

Marshal follows Smith to the Chinese camp. Sickhand bows and walks to John.

SMITH (CONT'D)

These men are one hundred percent accounted for. If I would suspect any of murder, especially the law, then I would delay the rope and let my dynamite claim justice. I would never allow unruliness to disrupt the line. These men you see have no retreat and would never believe in killing a white man out here. I own these men and I assure you if they were guilty, then he would not be residing in this camp, not alive anyway. He did not come from here, but there have been rumors out there, not here. I do not fix on darkness, just progress if you know what I mean?

MR. ROBERTS

Our man didn't come from here?

SMITH

Maybe you are looking at the wrong color, Marshal.

MR. ROBERTS

He was of yellow in nature, sir.

SMITH
But not my Yellow.

JOHN
Let's go.

MR. ROBERTS
These are the only ones within a hundred miles. White, red, or yellow, God damn it, Gentlemen. I need to close this damn thing in order to move on to a bigger issue concerning. Something big, damn it.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)
It did not add up. They where running out along a cold trail, but decided to push further and that is where we met. Like most men of the law, they just knew and so he found the voice of this unique crossing, if so to speak.

Mr. Roberts saddles his horse. Rides off. Both follow.

FADE TO:

INT. ELDORADO. SHERIFF STATION. NIGHT

Sheriff EARL JOHNSTON, 64, pours a cup for Mr. Roberts. Sits in chair.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON
I sent my deputy out near Grizzly Flats, so I am bound to this chair until his return. I do recall hearing about savages years ago, but we all just assumed it had resonated from the old Indian wars years earlier, vengeance. We let the Army handle it. It's been quiet up here for the past few years. You look familiar. Where did you say you were from, Marshal?

JOHN
Heavenly Mountain.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON
Now you are a Marshal posted at Pacheco. When my Deputy returns we can head back to the area of concern.

(MORE)

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Camp Richardson is just some old mining town and bad memories of missed chances and lost women, but if you feel it in your senses that there is something up there, then I will head on up there with you.

FADE TO:

EXT. SHERIFF STATION. OUTSIDE ELDORADO. DAY

Sheriff's Deputy rides into town. Sheriff exits station. Marshal follows. Mr. Roberts exits from hotel across the street. Dawns suspenders. John stands from deck chair. Sickhand falls in behind.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY

Morning Sheriff. Sorry I am late. I had a run in with some trappers, they ran into a scuffle with the locals, seems a couple of there men came up missing. Tried to look around to find any probabilities or better yet, petitioners running astray.

JOHN

Anything?

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY

A few accounts. Nothing really.

Tips hat.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY (CONT'D)

Marshal.

Dismounts. Grabs ladle drinks. Splashes face from Barrel.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON

Any yellow in nature?

Wipes face.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY

None Sheriff, just old timer's hearsay who have not time for the law.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON

Marshal here requests our assistance for an investigation.
(MORE)

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (CONT'D)

Seems a yellow group accompanied by
a big red haired white men have
found trouble, maybe murdered a
Marshal a while back.

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY

Murder? I'll be...Waite, remember
the Mckinley murders over in
Sheridan, many years back? I do
recall the little Girl stating
about a white man, big fellow, like
a bear she said. Killed her whole
family. The party killed a whole
Chinese mining colony to get to
him, but lost the trail. They
tracked him up to Canada, but lost
it and when they attempted to
return the trail ate them right up.
Not one survivor. A whimsical
anomaly they say, but that was
years ago, Sheriff. Why now?

Mr. Roberts eyes widen.

MR. ROBERTS

Let's go.

FADE TO:

EXT SHERIDAN. FOREST. DAY

Horses ride to ruins of Mckinley settlement.

MR. ROBERTS

This is it. There were no
witnesses, but I find conflict when
nothing seems to turn up. No
evidence of any kind.

Mr. Roberts jumps down. Walks around. Studies ruins. Kneels
down and pulls old Japanese Fox Skinner from the dirt.
Brushes off the blade. Kanji engraved. Kyushu.

MR. ROBERTS (CONT'D)

That was them.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON

What are you implying, Mr Roberts?

MR. ROBERTS

These boys have been at it for a
long time. The Army had no idea.
Just blame savages.

(MORE)

MR. ROBERTS (CONT'D)

These are no savages and they are
not Chinese, Sheriff. These are
killers of a different kind.

John walks over Mr. Robert's shoulder. Notices blade. Back
peddles to horse. Jumps on horse. Gallops off.

SICKHAND

Stay.

Sickhand follows John.

FADE TO:

EXT. MAIJER CABIN RUINS. HEAVENLY MOUNTAIN, NEVADA. NIGHT

John rides in. Dismounts hesitantly.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)

John Maijers ran off, like he had
seen a ghost, or worse.

Ruins dusted away. Looks around. Finds doll. Walks to field.
Pulls old blade from the ground. Brushes it off. Kanji,
Kyushu. Sickhand walks behind.

JOHN

It's him.

FADE TO:

EXT. CALIFORNIA PLAIN. DAY

Mr. Roberts rides bewildered. Sheriff rides ahead. Down into
a shallow stream.

MR. ROBERTS

Where did they run off too? It
would have been a courtesy to
inform us where they went.

Mr. Roberts searches for food pouch.

MR. ROBERTS (CONT'D)

I have not eaten in some. Where are
you at?

Looks up. Sheriff turned around, stares him dead serious.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON

When I tell you to go, you get that
damn horse going.

Mr. Roberts confused.

MR. ROBERTS

What?

Turns. Large Grizzly ready to charge him, Growls.

MR. ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Oh good Lord, Okay.

Mr. Roberts grabs his lead tight. Sheriff slowly pulls his rifle. Cocks it back.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON

Go!

Mr. Roberts whips lead. Grizzly charges. Sheriff fires. Hits Grizzly in the side. Grizzly smacks Mr. Robert's horse Dead. Sheriff fires. Grizzly swings. Knocks Sheriff off his horse. Grizzly stands and approaches Mr. Roberts. Mr. Roberts tries to shoot him with his pistol. Winces and turns head. Blast from over the river bank hits Grizzly. Stuns Grizzly.

John and Sickhand storm over the bank fire multiple shots at a high Gallup towards the Grizzly. Rifles drawn. Fire. Hits Grizzly. Attempts to turn and run. Falls over dead. Both jump off horse.

SICKHAND

You men, okay?

MR. ROBERTS

That damn bear was going to eat me.

JOHN

Probably was, You okay?

MR. ROBERTS

No, yeah, no. It was going to eat me.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON

Looks like you might have broken that arm. Lets get that slinged, till we get you in.

John pulls Mr. Roberts to his feet. Helps sling his arm. Strip dead horse. Lay Robert's supplies on their horses.

JOHN

We road up to Heavenly looks like these man have been at it for a long time.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON
What makes you think that?

John hands blade to Mr. Roberts.

MR. ROBERTS
(Bewildered)
Hey, I found a blade like that?

TRAPPER (O.S.)
Hey there, Sheriff!

Sheriff turns his attention to trappers who walk over the bank.

TRAPPER (CONT'D)
You going to claim that game?

SHERIFF JOHNSTON
It is all yours. Get on, Mr. Roberts.

Extends hand.

MR. ROBERTS
What? I can not ride.

SICKHAND
You can stay here and talk progress
if you like?

Trapper kneels down and guts bear. Trapper II assists. Mr. Roberts extends good arm. Sickhand pulls him up. Ride away.

EXT. CALIFORNIA VALLEY. DAY

Sheriff Johnston rides in front.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON
I am taking you to a man. An old
outlaw. Did his time and settled,
but if there is a man who knows
what is out there it will be him.

INT. CALIFORNIA. FOUR OPEN CORNERS PLAIN. CABIN. DAY

JULES ELDRIDGE, 72, gazes in dark memory in front of the fireplace. Knock.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON
Jules, Jules Eldridge, it is
Sheriff Earl Johnston from
Elderado.

JULES
Come in.

Sheriff enters. Closes door behind. Stands at entrance. Jules
grabs kettle from fire place notices the Marshals on the
porch. Walks over and places pot on table.

JULES (CONT'D)
What brings you all the way out
here, chasing the devil out of
Jesus, Sheriff?

SHERIFF JOHNSTON
Looking for a man.

JULES
What kind of man?

JOHN
Massive in stature, fire red hair.
Murderer. Fugitive. May not ride
alone, with the yellow. Killed a
few families awhile back. He is
killing again, Jules.

Jules stops pouring coffee. Sits pot down. Settles for
repentance.

FADE TO:

EXT. CABIN PORCH. NIGHT

Sheriff Johnston leans against pole. Mr. Roberts sits on
porch in sling. John returns from trow. Jules in rocking
chair. Rubs the shackle scars on his wrist.

Jules
I means to thank you Sheriff for
your condonation. Your word will
always hold height with me.

Jules studies the men and their badges, then ask for
permission to the fresh half dug ground on the right. Shovel
stabbed for finally.

JULES (CONT'D)
Seeing three U.S. Marshals it is
Bram *Blood* Bos you are after.

Jules looks at John. Eyes widen with insight as John turns away.

JULES (CONT'D)

It was in my heyday of rebellion.
Must have been about twenty plus
years ago, I reckon.

Jules rocks in a pace like when a man reads revelations for the first time.

JULES (V.O.)

I was hiding out with some local savages in the mountains. Our scout came riding in shouting. Spooked them something. Talking about Fire from the shadows. Ran off, they all ran, I stayed. I wasn't afraid of no man, not until that night. You could feel his mark coming down upon you. He slid in that night, alone, but he wasn't if that sounds right. Voices like wraiths stirred the camp. I had my hand on the gun all night, until it left. In this world a man must take a side, never letting go of the handle. Fear I suppose, fear of the devil.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON

A few good lawmen by God's hand
would do.

JULES

It don't, Sheriff.

Jules stops rocking, while shaken hand slides to the ghost of his holster. Tremblin hand resettles on the arm chair. Calms.

JULES (CONT'D)

God lives up there. We live down here with men like him. When it comes to killing, Hell could not have made a man more perfect. The law does not make men like that these days. If this is the man you look for? Know one thing. Death knew this man well. He plays with the shadows and they protect him.

Mr. Roberts eyes wonder around the sky and out into the open plains for shadows. John pulls old Poster of Bram. Hands it over to Jules.

JULES (CONT'D)
That's him, alright....It is best
to let him go and the beast die
off, but if you are going after
this man understand one thing. Bram
Bos will take more than one can
heed. Those are the rules,
Sheriff....

Turns the other way for a true confession to dirt at the side
of the porch.

JULES (CONT'D)
That is all I have.

Jules and John stare down, eye to eye.

FADE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE ELDERADO. DAY

Sun rises on the men atop horses. Sheriff saddled across from
John and company. Elderado in the distance.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON
Well, it's been a ride. If you ever
find this man. Send me the report.
I would like to keep it for my
archives, Gentleman.

Sheriff tips his hat. Men tip it back. Sheriff turns lead and
rides to the distant town of Elderado. John and men ride
back.

FADE TO:

INT. PACHECO. POST. NIGHT

Office lit. John and Sickhand sit at desk. Mr. Roberts
studies map with lantern/w sling. Hangs lantern. Follows
trail on map.

MR. ROBERTS
That old outlaw sure did make my
neck hairs stand up. Fire and the
shadows?
(Recollects)
If he was not from the railroad,
then where did he go?

Sickhand studies Kyushu blade. John pours a glass of whiskey. Slides it to Sickhand. Walks over grabs his satchel and drops boxes of ammunition in satchel. Sickhand takes a shot.

SICKHAND

Nomadic Asians do not exist out here. If he where to take a step out of line, then it would better him to carry a shovel in hand to accommodate the man who puts him under. These boys ran in numbers. They covered there tracks well. Kyushu. I read about men like these, Clans. Not from China though. Chinese would not bring in a white man. History tells they came from a feudal period that lasted for a thousand years. Murderers in the night.

MR. ROBERTS

Why murder and what would they profit to bring in a white man?

SICKHAND

Kokumajutsu, Dark magic requires dark acts. Each event strengthening the clan. That is where the shadows come from. This man was brought in by pact, a bloody one. Every time he goes to work the clan gains power, darkness.

MR. ROBERTS

They have been at it for awhile, so I suppose they are as hard to find, as ghosts if your theory serves correct.

(Exuberant)

Let's find him.

Heads to his files. Shuffles. Grabs old file. Walks to map.

MR. ROBERTS (CONT'D)

I came across a pattern. My predecessor had developed a hunch and according to his records it began ten years ago, or maybe longer.

Points at the map.

MR. ROBERTS (CONT'D)

A settlement had been raided here.
The whole family murdered in cold
blood. Home burnt to the ground.
Two more settlements that same
year. Down the line. Then poof,
disappeared. Not a trace of outlaws
or Indians, just death. Upon my
continuative investigation I
searched back to the north twenty
years earlier. Here, same pattern.

John plays with Colt Single Action Army .45. Checks chamber.
Lifts head. Holsters Colt. Serious. Mr. Roberts points to
Sheridan Forest settlement.

MR. ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Here are families with kin. All
murdered all along this trail. In
my line of work, patterns mean more
than savage.

Winks to Sickhand.

MR. ROBERTS (CONT'D)

Touche, Mr. Catawanee. Let us just
say this was a collective of one
evil, say you will. Twenty years
ago the law would not dared to
allow a hunch like this to scare
newcomers on their way to the west.
They would just ride off kill a
bunch of Indians and say the path
is clear, but let us just say this
where connected to that Clan and
not to a bunch of Redskins.

John places finger over Mr. Roberts shoulder. Mr. Roberts
steps away. Slides his finger from Multiple red dots
(Buchanan, Eldorado, Sheridan to Heavenly mountain.

JOHN

It was no savages. It was him.

MR. ROBERTS (O.S.)

You sure? How would one no without
evidence of some kind?

John turns and lifts his shirt. Scar from KYUSHU blade.

SICKHAND

Where are they going?

MR. ROBERTS (O.S.)
North most likely. The safest
probability is for the boarder,
even south.

John slides his finger west to San Fransisco.

EXT. OUTSIDE YUBA. NIGHT

Deputy Marshal from Yuba walks horse along open path. Voices and whispers surround him. Horse spooked. Whispers drift over the peak. Silence. He jumps on his horse. Rides to the Valley peak. Looks out, then takes binoculars and scans. Back peddles to horse. Rides back to Yuba.

INT. HEAVENLY MOUNTAIN. NIGHT

Fire builds before Elisabeth's face. Beaten. Dress torn.

ELISABETH
John, run!

BRAM BOS, 25, hand grabs Elisabeth's hair back. John stands and charges. Strikes Bram. Bram back hands him over the flames.

Bram cuts Elisabeth's throat. Walks over to John. Straddles him. Thrusts.

ACT II

INT./EXT. SAN FRANCISCO. DAY

John sits up in his bed. Sweat around the neck. Stands and splashes water over his face. Looks up to wanted add. Door opens.

DEPUTY JACKSON

The Deputy Sheriff just tapped in from Yuba. He seen what looked like a men on horse along the plains. Taunted him something, like then let him go. They are headed this way, but where to we don't know, Marshal.

JOHN

You sure?

DEPUTY JACKSON

That is what the Tele reads.

John slides his suspenders over. Splashes face in the sink. Looks up at mirror.

JOHN

I know your coming.

Grabs his jacket and pulls his belt/w Colt. Exits out the door.

Sickhand rocks on porch. Hat tilted. John walks out. Straps belt. Pauses. John puts on gun belt.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Sick Hand tips his hat up. Smiles.

INT./EXT. CHINATOWN. CORNER OF STOCKTON AND GRANT. DAY

Chinese pianist plays in saloon.

U.S. Marshal and San Francisco County Sheriff's men hidden in a Chinatown alley with Cage wagon and horses.

Sheriff deputy JACKSON, 28, stands around with binoculars. Streets busy. No group. Steps out to street corner and climbs the poll. Scans. No One.

SICKHAND

Anything?

DEPUTY JACKSON

Nothing!

John stands in an alley with two deputy's, Sickhand.

MARSHAL I

You think that Deputy Sheriff was seeing things?

SF SHERIFF

They are not here to hide out.

JOHN

Let's go.

EXT. PORT OF SAN FRANCISCO. SAME

Ships are busy in the First Harbor. Crowded with oldcomers, disgruntled out'goers and passionate newcomers. United States Marshals ride down into Harbor. Dismount.

Marshal and deputies fall in behind. John walks to the fourth pier. Looks left, then right.

JOHN

Spread out.

Men spread out.

INT. HARBOR MASTER'S OFFICE. SAME

Mr. Roberts heads over to the Harbor Master's office.

HARBOR FOREMAN

May I help you, sir?

MR. ROBERTS

I need the Harbor manifest, hurry.

Mr. Roberts shows his star.

HARBOR FOREMAN

Yes, Marshal.

Mr. Roberts runs his fingers down the list.

MR. ROBERTS

How many ships are there?

HARBOR FOREMAN

Two hundred and thirty five, but it changes every hour.

MR. ROBERTS

What about Asian Vessels? Nip,
Saipan, IndoChina?

HARBOR FOREMAN

Docks one through eleven.

Marshals spread out along the crowded Harbor. Piers one to ten align down Five sections by Tens. Marshal spread out.

John searches down Pier five.

Sickhand walks up a ramp.

SICKHAND

United States Marshal. May I board
this vessel?

CHINESE CAPTAIN

Yes, Marshal.

Boards a Vessel.

Marshal I searches around. Notices a Steamship. Asian men hustle. Anchor raises.

Deputy Jackson walks down Pier Eight with old warehouse. Notices Bram enter a large taxidermy warehouse. Jaws, Hooks and knives dry at the entrance. Leather covered Asian pottery aligned along the an old bloody bench. Hesitant. Enters. Walks around under the hell of sea sickened trophies that dangle as he brushes by with caution. Sound. Pulls pistol.

DEPUTY JACKSON

I have you.

Nothing around crates. Turns to be Guttled.

Mr. Roberts studies Dock files, as he walks and notices John across the Harbor. Bram's torso passes behind. Turns.

Marshal I takes Pier ten. Walks to ship. Men make way as he walks to ramp.

NOBU

May I help you, sir.

MARSHAL I

I am looking for a Mountain of a
man with a beard. Red like fire.
Have you seen him?

NOBU

This is a Sovereign trading vessel headed to the Sea of Japan. It would not be wise to harbor Gaijin in order to make good sale. You would better near the east end of the harbor where there are plenty of white men. Maybe there you may find him. I am sorry I can not help you, sir.

Japanese ship blows horn. John turns to the sound of the horn. John searches at the end of the pier.

Marshal I searches around. Looks over to see a Chinese vessel. Kneels down. Searches under and around. Stands. Bram's shadow stands behind. Turns. Bram smashes Marshal to the ground with club. Runs for ship.

John notices man run and ship depart. Sickhand across the harbor points Marshal bludgeoned on pier ten from the Vessel. John begins to pick up to a run from Pier Nine. On back of the bridge. Japanese Steamship breaks away from harbor. Stops. Silhouette jumps across the sun into Ship. John adjust hat and raises hand to the sun. Hand slowly drops. Bram stands at the back deck. Steamship gains distance. Eye to eye.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL MARSHAL STATION. SAN FRANCISCO. DAY

John enters station with Sickhand from behind. Jaxson drifts through files.

FEDERAL MARSHAL JAXSON

Get in here!

Both enter.

FEDERAL MARSHAL JAXSON (CONT'D)

I read the report. I see you have found yourselves a fight. Just a few months on assignment, good god. Before I send you back, I must allow you to state your case.

JOHN

I seen him with my own eyes. Same man, same method. How many murders, we are not sure of. He seems to find his way back to the bay.

FEDERAL MARSHAL JAXSON
And what is your take?

SICKHAND
We almost had him at the harbor.
Let me go after him, sir.

FEDERAL MARSHAL JAXSON
And he is associated with the man
who killed Marshal Winthrop.

JOHN
And many others, Yes, sir. He made
a name for himself taking contracts
on China men, who failed to pay
their debts back home. He took a
liking to killing and went after
unsuspecting family settlements,
including mine. We believe he was
brought in by the local Smugglers
in a region called Kyushu, mutual
protection I assure you.

FEDERAL MARSHAL JAXSON
Kyushu?

SICKHAND
Japan.

FEDERAL MARSHAL JAXSON
A ghost of mystery that my dear Mr.
Roberts had many years reported and
now you have discovered a pattern
that has led you men to a ship
headed to the Sea of Japan to
apprehend this, Dutchman Bram Bos.

JOHN
That's affirmative, sir.

FEDERAL MARSHAL JAXSON
I have two dead Deputies in this
matter not to include unsolved
cases that might be headed to the
Far east. I want this son of a
bitch. If this all adds up? What
conclusion may one find in the
juncture?

JOHN
Commission us a trading ship to
find this man and bring him back.
We will tuck our badges. We find
him and return.

FEDERAL MARSHAL JAXSON
Trade? How much rope will it take,
Marshal?

JOHN
Enough to bring him to justice.

FEDERAL MARSHAL JAXSON
Maybe you have the right man, maybe
you don't. Only time will tell,
time many innocent people of this
great state do not have.

(Ponders)
I will contact Washington. If and
when I say it is a go, then I will
allow you and your men a voyage
surreptitiously into this Kyushu
and bring this murdering bastard to
justice. You better be right. Are
you right?

JOHN
Yes, sir.

Jaxson ponders out the window over the San Fransisco Bay.

FADE TO:

EXT. PORT OF SAN FRANCISCO. DAY

Merchant Ship BELL sits docked at the pier. Men assist with
Marshal and Sickhand's Horse. Marshal stands at the Ramp. Two
young stiffs walk up release their horses to the help.
Report.

Handsome slender blonde Deputy Marshal, KRISTON MAXWELL, 25,
hands papers, Deputy Marshal MICHAEL PATTERSON, 26, a stout
muscular Brown haired cowboy also hands papers to John.

MAXWELL
I am Deputy Maxwell, Texas.

PATTERSON
I am Deputy Patterson, Kansas. We
are assigned to this case an to
assist you in anyway possible,
Marshal.

JOHN
How old are you?

PATTERSON
Twenty Seven.

MAXWELL
Twenty Six, sir.

Sickhand sniffs bullshit.

SICKHAND
Twin Dollys.

Patterson turns and smirks. Maxwell walks over and sizes Sickhand up. Drama....Seriousness breaks. All shake hands.

PATTERSON
Been with the United States Marshals one year. Now my partner and I look forward to working with you, John Maijers. You too, Marshal Catawabee.

JOHN
This one must be handled carefully. We are traders that is it. We get our man and get back. Well, get on board this is going to be a long ride.

Boys go and assist with the horses. Mr. Roberts walks up with five heavy suit cases and assistant. Drops them. Jaxson follows.

MR. ROBERTS
Well, I say this just may be a splendid adventure.

Mr. Roberts drags his cases up ramp. Drops a few on the way. John surveys around. Turns to see Jaxson, who hands him a satchel. John inspects inside. Cash. Bonds. Papers.

FEDERAL MARSHAL JAXSON
I have telegraphed our friends in Tokyo. On board you will find a holy man by the name of Isaac Sutton. He oversees finances and progress for several godly missions over there. He will link you up with your contact. They have set up a nice little place for you. They know we are coming, but I thought it would be the wiser to keep the case hush. You are there to oversee sensitive Winthrop trade back to San Fransisco, that is all.

Reads paper from satchel.

JOHN
Winthrop?

FEDERAL MARSHAL JAXSON
John, when you get there try not to stir things up. These are very delicate people that need not get offended. Get your man and get back here, you understand?

JOHN
Yes, sir.

Sickhand whistles from the deck.

SICKHAND
Horses are in.

FEDERAL MARSHAL JAXSON
Take care, now. Good luck.

Shake hands. John walks up the ramp.

FEDERAL MARSHAL JAXSON (CONT'D)
John, get that son of a bitch.

John tips his hat and boards the Boat. Merchant ship blows horn. Drifts out of San Francisco Bay.

FADE TO:

EXT. MERCHANT SHIP. DAY

Sun sends a glow that shines over the Blue Pacific Ocean. John sits on the deck beside Sickhand who sharpens his knife.

Mr. Roberts kneels over bucket. Pukes. Lifts head, then pukes again.

Maxwell and Patterson leaned back with feet up on a crate. Flick cards in a barrel. Lower feet to a shadow.

Shadow turns to Reverend missionary ISAAC SUTTON, 54, a holy aristocrat with a delightful smile. Walks by stops and turns.

ISAAC
Good afternoon Gentlemen, from what I gather and been informed you must be Mr. Maijers. You are overseeing the Winthrop shipments I hear. Sorry for my rudeness. I am Mr. Isaac Sutton of the holy missions of California.
(MORE)

ISAAC (CONT'D)

I myself am overlooking a shipment also. It is humble yet necessary in the eyes of god. There is a mission in Hakata bay. I have many missions along my route, yet I find kind to the people there for they contain a certain discipline, which is suitable for conversion to the cross. The mission I speak has been telegraphed and aware of you and your colleagues arrival. There you will find Pastor Lang and his wife who handle god's affairs. They will set you up with a translator. The hospitality is very welcoming.

JOHN

Very much appreciated, Mr. Sutton

ISAAC

Well I must head to lunch. Please feel free to conversation. It is a long journey and good conversation is most welcome. Good day, Gentlemen.

Tips finger to his hat. Walks away.

MAXWELL

Nice man.

JOHN

Be sure not to reveal any word of the case to no one. Unique this strategy may be, It is best they know very little unless needed.

PATTERSON

We've been briefed, sir.

Flicks card into barrel.

INT. MERCHANT DINNER HALL. NIGHT

John and company are seated around a table. Isaac walks over. Captain's crew seats are at the far end. Captain bows and sits.

ISAAC

Good evening, gentlemen. Mind if I?

JOHN

Feel free, Mr. Sutton.

Isaac sits. All begin to eat.

MAXWELL

There is not a lot of information
in my book about this place. Mostly
Tokyo, and a place called Kyoto.

ISAAC

Oh on the contrary my friend.
Hakata Bay holds dear to the heart
of Japan and maybe the world. Many
centuries ago the great conqueror
Kublai Kahn set out to conquer
Japan with thousands of ships. It
was said that a great storm came
from the Heavens and swept the
invaders away. One of the greatest
victories in Japan's history. They
call it, Divine Wind. A great
Heavenly spirit set to protect
Hakata Bay from the evils of the
other world.

MAXWELL

I like that.

ISAAC

I would also like to ask you
gentlemen to refrain from western
manner. I will be of any assistance
to you if you need it?

John raises glass. All follow.

JOHN

To the divine.

ISAAC

The divine.

All toast. Ship drifts under the moon light to Japan.

INT. HEAVENLY MOUNTAIN. CABIN. NIGHT

John sits alone. Sickhand hat on table. Eats. Knock at the
door. John stands and opens door. Bram Bos at the door.

BRAM BOS

Hello, boy.

EXT. HAKATA BAY. DAY

Merchant Ship drifts into grand Hakata Bay. (Crepuscular rays/Twilight) streak down on the harbor in the distance. Clouds drop and drift across the mountains back end. John and Sickhand watch out to the mountains.

SICKHAND

You think he is out there?

JOHN

I feel him. He is there somewhere.

SICKHAND

Not alone. These clans have drifted in and out of history for centuries. Known to masters of illusion, deception and murder. Assassins of Empires. Now we come for one of theirs. White man, or not this maybe harder than you think.

ISAAC (O.S.)

Look at her. Is she not beautiful?

Isaac walks over beside them. Taps his cane.

JOHN

Yes, sir she is.

ISAAC

When we dock? Stay close I will introduce you to the Pastor. He and his mission will get you settled. This land is uncompromising and unconquered. Mastered only by the divine himself.

Ship blows horn. Steam blows out the funnel into Hakata. Isaac walks away with sickhand. John pulls KYUSHU Blade and studies it with the mountainous scenery behind the bay.

FADE TO:

EXT. HARBOR. SPRING. DAY

Harbor labor help unload goods and horses. John takes his first step in Japan. Looks over to Large stone TORII at the base of the dock. Wonders at the beauty and chaos of men busy on the Harbor. Vessels return from fishing. Cherry Blossoms not yet bloomed. Kids play on the Dock. John smiles.

ISAAC

Mr. Maijers! Mr. Maijers, over here.

John turns to see Isaac next to a Short Aristocratically dressed man, Pastor LANG, 66, with long hat and cane. John walks over and approaches. Slightly to his left is son, ADRIAN LANG, 34, a tall slender brown haired half-breed with a sense of western outlaw formal dress. Pistol belt with Japanese .26 holstered.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Pastor Lang, this is John Maijers of Winthrop Trading. Mr. Maijers this is Pastor Lang, keeper of the mission and his son, Adrian.

John shakes hands.

PASTOR LANG

It is a pleasure, sir. I hope you enjoy our accommodations I have set up for you. I am sure they will fit your needs.

ADRIAN

I was told you brought an Indian with you?

JOHN

Native, yes, he is my assistant in trade. We have been together for a long time.

ADRIAN

How intriguing? I hope he is?

JOHN

Domesticated.

ADRIAN

Civilized.

PASTOR LANG

Over here.

Lang motions behind John.

JOHN

He is as civilised, as any man I assure you.

PASTOR LANG

Mr. Maijers, this is my Daughter
Isabelle. She will help you in your
interpretation.

John turns around to see ISABELLE LANG, 22, a marvel of
Aristocratic perfection. Dawns a Fashion Flat Top Fedoras Hat
with feather. Her brown hair in a bun with mix of Japan and
the west shines with the blush smile, as she extends her hand
to John. John disarmed by beauty, takes his Rough Rider hat
off. Hesitantly takes her hand.

ISABELLE

How do you do, sir?

JOHN

How do you do?

ISABELLE

Isabelle.

JOHN

Ma'am, it is a pleasure.

Kisses her hand.

ISAAC

Isabelle, this is John Maijers, he
is the man I tele'd about. Would
you be of assistance to this fine
man and help him get situated?

ADRIAN

Mr. Maijers here was raised by
savages.

JOHN

Cherokee.

ADRIAN

I had my men empty out an old
stable house. There you can rest
and store your things. I hope it
accommodates.

PASTOR LANG

Well, Mr. Majors if there is
anything you need just ask?

JOHN

Gentlemen.

Tips hat.

PASTOR LANG

Isabelle, take care of this fine gentleman.

ISABELLE

Yes, Father. Come with me, Mr. Maijers.

Isabelle walks. Turns with a smile. John Captivated. Follows. Sickhand assist with the horses. Looks to see John with Isabelle. Smiles.

EXT. DIRT ROAD. DAY

Isabelle walks alongside John.

ISABELLE

We have not had much visitors lately. Mr. Sutton arrives on Asian merchant ships, but Gaijin tend to find their way up north in Tokyo for better reason. These waters have always belonged to Japan and white men are very scarce. The temper down here isn't open like Tokyo. It can be kinda rough for Gaijin.

JOHN

Greeting of the day seems to break rough waters.

ISABELLE

When you want to say Hello, You say Konnichiwa. Konbanwa means Good evening.

JOHN

Good-bye?

ISABELLE

Sayonara. Japanese is read in opposite, but in time with an open heart and mind, it will come along. My father said you run trade? You speak a second language?

JOHN

Just Spanish and old Cherokee.

ISABELLE

Did you learn it in school?

JOHN

Cuba.

JOHN (CONT'D)

And old Cherokee.

ISABELLE

Is it true?

JOHN

Ma'am?

ISABELLE

You were raised by a Cherokee.

JOHN

Since I was a boy.

ISABELLE

I read many stories about them,
American Indians. It resembles
familiar to this land and its past.
I will be sure to have Miss Maasa
find more learning for better
company. What happened may I ask?

JOHN

My family died when I was a child.

Isabelle grabs him still. Face to face.

ISABELLE

I apologize, Mr. Maijers. I hope I
did not offend you.

John smiles and extends arm.

JOHN

Do you mind?

Isabelle smiles and extend her hand, then wraps her arm
around his. They walk over bowed bridge and under spiritual
Torii. Japanese villagers smile as they cross. Kids play at
the end of the Torii and tease Isabelle. Slightly brushes
them away.

ISABELLE

Trade is abundant we are kind to
open heart for it is good for
business, yet I am bound to the
mission, but if there is anything I
can do, please request. Thank you,
Mr. Maijers.

John studies the scenery. Old manageable place with a stable, and small fenced in yard to walk the horses along the back. Above to the far right a Church with a cross. To its right across the road a grand estate surrounded by a manicured garden stands above Hakata bay. Arrived at Shed and Stable. Turns to Isabelle with a smile.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Here is where you stay. I hope you find it to your comfort?

JOHN

Looks as good as any.

ISABELLE

(Hesitant)

My father would like you to accompany us for dinner, if that is okay with you?

JOHN

It would be a great pleasure, Isabelle.

ISABELLE

(Excited)

Tonight, I will send someone to retrieve you. Please dress appropriate. My father prefers formal dress, as this dinner will tend to many local officials. It helps keep an open door with the local community.

JOHN

Yes, Ms. Lang.

Both find hard to break company.

ISABELLE

Thank you.

JOHN

Thank you.

ISABELLE

You have a splendid day, John Maijers.

JOHN

It's been a pleasure.

Extends her hand.

ISABELLE
(Sweet adamant)
Isabelle.

Kisses her hand. Isabelle walks up the road to the Lang Estate.

INT. MARSHALS HOSTEL. NIGHT

John adjust tie in front of the mirror, but just cannot seem to get it. Men unpack. Patterson pulls rifle from crate.

JOHN
Badges and rifles. Keep them tucked. Feed the horses. Mr. Roberts and I are going to head up to dinner. You guys stick around and stay close.

MR. ROBERTS
Tomorrow we will overlook the Winthrop shipment at the dock yard. There we can take turns around town and see what we can find.

Sickhand stands in front of John and ties his Bow tie.

SICKHAND
I watched you from afar, this morning and it warms me to observe your lucency of spirit, but try to keep it tucked away, until we find our man, okay? Good luck.

Sickhand pats John on the shoulder. Door knocks.

MR. ROBERTS
How do I look?

MAXWELL
Like a daisy.

John opens door.

JAPANESE ESCORT
Mr. Maijers?

Escort walks to carriage open door. Mr. Roberts exits and enters carriage. John dawns hat. Tips it to the boys. Exits.

EXT./INT. LANG'S ESTATE. NIGHT

John stands around table Isaac. Mr. Roberts seated left near the head of the table. Formal awaits. Japanese man of well stature, Inspector, HACHIRO KIMURA, 44, stands across. *Aristocratically elected* formal Japanese men to include Mr. OKAMATO, 58, who stand around at attention. No Langs.

Butler opens the door. Pastor Lang enters, followed by Japanese wife, HANA LANG, 57, enters and sits beside Mr. Roberts, then Adrian who sits on the other side next to Mr. Roberts. Men bow to their entry. All begin to sit. Stop. Stands again. Straightens tight to the entrance of Isabelle dressed in formal brilliant dinner Pre-spring dress. Room captivated. She smiles. Sits next to John.

JOHN
(Whispers)
Ms. Lang.

ISABELLE
Good evening, Mr. Maijers

Pastor sits. All bow and sit.

PASTOR LANG
Thank you fine gentlemen. Thank you
for attending.

ISAAC
Mr. Maijers, could you lead us in
prayer?

John surprised. Folds hands.

JOHN
Thank you dear lord for this meal
in good company. We hope it serves
you well to see such fine people
come together to break barriers and
bread. In good name we pray, Amen.

ALL
Amen.

ISABELLE
Wawa.

John lifts head. Disarmed.

HANA (O.S.)
Isabelle.

Kimura stares at him with a smile of discovery.

PASTOR LANG
Gentlemen. Let's eat.

Butlers open trays. Duck center, raw fish cut and laid out down the sides under sliced cabbage. Men pluck from the trays.

PASTOR LANG (CONT'D)
I would like to apologize for my late arrival. I hope I did not offend any one. Tonight we have an honored guest from San Fransisco. He and his men will be overseers of the Winthrop shipments. Mr. Maijers?

John stands.

JOHN
Thank you, sir.

PASTOR LANG
This here is my dear wife Hana. She has been at my side since I took over the mission and the family shipping business. The man to my right is Mr. Okamoto from Asian trade. He also accommodates the west when it occasionally arrives.

ADRIAN
The east is usually Tokyo's business.

Adrian eyes his disapproval to Mr. Okamoto.

PASTOR LANG (O.S.)
Adrian. Mr. Okamoto will assist you if any problems arise with your Shipment.

Mr. Okamoto passes a firm reassurance to his colleagues.

PASTOR LANG (CONT'D)
(Strained)
We are all a little strained due to the tension from the Russian Czar that has put a heavy baring on the Empire of Japan and I hope things will settle in good time. You all have met my daughter Isabelle of course. Across from you is Inspector Haru Kimura.
(MORE)

PASTOR LANG (CONT'D)

He just arrived from Tokyo six months ago and helps with Harbor inspections. He is also Teacher in the art of Judo under the famous Professor Kano Jigoro in Tokyo.

KIMURA

The Kodokan.

ADRIAN

(Japanese)

Mr. Kimura do you believe in bringing back the old ways of Bushido banned many ages ago by our beloved Emperor?

KIMURA

(Japanese)

I believe in preserving the way of our ancestors.

HANA LANG

A way that brought this great nation almost to ruin and into a great civil conflict.

KIMURA

(Zen)

Yes, Mrs. Lang.

PASTOR LANG

Mr. Roberts, what is your take on the good lord?

MR. ROBERTS

Well I have not met him, so I suppose if when I do I will see.

ISAAC

Mr. Roberts, is a scientist.

PASTOR LANG

A skeptic. Well I sure you Mr. Roberts the good lord is not a skeptic of yourself. I insist you all attend my services, while you are here.

MR. ROBERTS

Well, Mr. Lang?

PASTOR LANG

I insist.

HANA LANG

(Subtle flirtacious)

I believe it would manner him in time. I assure you will enjoy it, Mr. Roberts.

MR. ROBERTS

(Humility blushed)

Yes, Mrs. Lang.

John smiles at Mr. Roberts's reluctance.

KIMURA

Mr. Maijers, you look familiar. Have I seen your face before? In a picture or a book?

JOHN

I had my picture taken in Cuba.

KIMURA

After the victory at San Juan Hill in the isles of Cuba. Made it in the national archives among many testimonies. Is that what you were referring to, Mr. Lang? Now I remember the picture. You stood beside the President himself.

HANA LANG

Theodore Roosevelt.

KIMURA

Rough Riders. What brought you into the trade business, Mr. Maijers?

JOHN

(Hesitant)

International shipping and trade makes good profit in San Francisco.

Pulls Fox Skinner from jacket. Hands it to Kimura.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I also wanted to head over the mountains and return a gift given to me a long time ago by a man in trade. He left it with me and I have been meaning to return it. I was informed he stays back in the mountains with a Clan.

KIMURA

Clan you say? I see. Kyushu blade,
Fox.

Pastor Lang is alarmed by the word fox. Adrian suspicious.

JOHN

Do you know where I could find this
clan? I would like to return it and
thank him for his visit.

Pastor Lang disturbed.

KIMURA

There are many clans in the
mountains. It is hard to say how
far out there he could be.

ADRIAN

It would not be wise to go it
alone, be careful, you would most
likely find trouble or nothing at
all. This is not California, Mr.
Maijers.

JOHN

Yes, Sir.

ISABELLE

What is a Rough Rider?

JOHN

A group of Calvarymen who got
together to fight a war.

ADRIAN

And what did Spain have to say
about it?

KIMURA

Mr. Lang was a soldier, Ms.
Isabelle.

ISABELLE

You went to war?

KIMURA

Captain Maijers road with the elite
first Calvary volunteers. They
where made famous for their victory
at San Juan Hill in Cuba, led by
the infamous Colonel Teddy
Roosevelt.

Isabelle wipes her lips. Intrigued.

HANA LANG
The President of the United States.

ISABELLE
Rough Rider.

Blushes and pats dinner clothe on her lips. Hides smile.

FADE TO:

INT. CIGAR ROOM. NIGHT

Isabelle seated. Lifts piano lid. Men sit around with brandy and cigars. Isabelle performs *Chopin's Spring Waltz*. Haunts the room. John is brought in with every key. Pastor sits back proud. Men around drink their brandy. Mesmerized. Isabelle stops. Stands bows. All Clap.

FADE TO:

EXT ROAD. NIGHT

Full moon shines over the mountainside. Sends a splash of divinity across Hakata Bay.

Isaac and Pastor Lang watch from the front deck of the estate. Adrian sits on the porch swing. Drinks brandy. Two silhouettes walk down the road.

ISAAC
Splendid evening, do you agree? Mr. Maijers, he carries himself well do you not agree?

PASTOR LANG
Very unconditional for the trading business. He seemed a little out of place.

ISAAC
Being storied from battle may leave him estray in company such as ours, yet his recommendations come from very high, Washington. Do you think he will find kind to the mission?

PASTOR LANG
I am sure Mr. Sutton, with a little persuasion all men will find their way through the gate's to heaven.

ADRIAN

I think he found something more kind than a chapel.

PASTOR LANG

Be a gentleman, Adrian. It is not cordial to judge you barely know. Adrian here lost some investments in the Philippines do to the Spanish/American war. The profit has recovered, as you can see my son still has not.

John is accompanied by Isabelle. Walk down road.

ISABELLE

(Exuberance)

I was born in Japan. My father wishes I stay. He tells me that the growth of the new country is harsh and dangerous. He was almost killed by Indians crossing over to the west. It is calm here. Safe to raise a family. Pure in heart and capture.

(Romantic Hunt)

Like the Cherokee say, Wawa?

JOHN

Ms. Isabelle, you know Cherokee?

ISABELLE

How long is your stay?

JOHN

As long as it takes to finish my job.

ISABELLE

If you had a chance, would you find it in your interest to settle?

John stops.

JOHN

If I had a chance, I would return to San Fransisco. That is where I am needed.

ISABELLE

I hope time may change your mind.

JOHN

Good night, Ma'am.

Isabelle looks up to the overgrown refuted overlook at the left of the estate. Extends hand. John kisses hand.

ISABELLE

Good evening, Mr. Maijers.

Isabelle walks back up the steep road. John walks around the corner. Kimura stands in the shadow.

KIMURA (O.S.)

Tread carefully, Mr. Maijers. Even
I do not understand what lies here,
or even out there, over them
mountains.

John walks back to the Shed.

Large shadow stalks across the ridge. Below lies the Harbor with the Lang estate centered next to the Chapel.

EXT./INT. WAREHOUSE. HAKATA BAY. DAY

Harbor busy in labor. Local Japanese men unload new ship. Old ships depart. Pastor Lang walks. Stops. Human rail rides by. Steps over tracks. Greets fellow Japanese Harbor Foreman. Adrian works the wench on the crane. Lowers bundles down on wagon. Men untie rope. Adrian whistles. Whips lead. Horses ride off.

INT. MEADA OFFICE. DAY

Superintendent of Hakata/Fukuoka City Bay, AKINORI MEADA, 58, sits at desk. Knock. Japanese Language.

MEADA

Come in.

Kimura enters, bows, then extends report in hand. Meada stands and takes report, Bows, then takes a seat. Both sit.

KIMURA

Here is my report on my Harbor
assessment. One question,
Superintendent. May I?

MEADA

Proceed.

KIMURA

The association keeps the Harbor
clean, although I have witnessed a
similar union in Tokyo.

(MORE)

KIMURA (CONT'D)

If unrestricted it can lead to an issue.

Stops writing. Looks up.

MEADA

How was your dinner, Inspector?

KIMURA

He is not of usual poise, Sir.

MEADA

What do you mean?

KIMURA

This man unlike many Gaijin who arrive are traders and sailors by nature. This one's unique, manifest destiny, yet tends to be more driven and coarse. He was a Rough Rider. The ones from the island of Cuba.

MEADA

Rough Rider?

Meada laughs. Kimura laughs in.

MEADA (CONT'D)

Upon your duty as Harbor Inspector I will also give you an additional responsibility. See to it that things go smooth for our American friends.

KIMURA

Excuse me, Sir?

MEADA

Keep them close.

KIMURA

Yes, Sir.

Meada stands. Kimura bows. Meada bows. Kimura recovers and exits. Meada picks up folder. Opens reads. Concern. Guilt. Places folder in left drawer.

FADE TO:

INT./EXT. SHED. STABLE. FENCED YARD. DAY

Horses restless. Patterson grabs Horse lead. Horse unstable.

PATTERSON

I think she is a little timid of these parts.

JOHN

Take her out in the yard. Let her walk it off.

Patterson takes horse to the humble yard.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Well, what do think?

SICKHAND

Looks like your thinking a little harder than I am. Be careful for the little null under the nose smells caution.

Maxwell shovels shit from horse stall.

MAXWELL

I don't smell nothing.

JOHN

When you look around you one would assume a discomfort for outsiders. I do not know, something seems inviting.

PATTERSON (O.S.)

Look out!

John and Sickhand run to the yard. Horse bucks around. Patterson in the corner yard laid back with his hand raised in defense.

JOHN

Calm now, girl.

John settles horse. Hands back to Patterson. Walks to corner and sits on fence. Brushes hands. Turns.

Isabelle shaken by the commotion. John sends a warm smile. Isabelle nods and walks away with ladies. Adrian across the bay watches. John smiles then unstraps the cargo and rides to the warehouse. Adrian looks over to Pastor Lang. Langs smiles. Adrian goes back to work.

Maxwell inventories, as Paterson guides horse into stable. John lowers cargo into wagon.

Sickhand brushes horse. Watches through stable vent.

Adrian roughs with local who is short turns his attention.
Concern. Walks to the dock. John and company stack and
inventory. Sickhand wraps rope.

SICKHAND

Mighty odd. My observation leads
to a certain enterprise and it
looks like the Pastor's son runs
it.

Maxwell fills bucket. John takes bucket out of stable.

JOHN

Well let's not observe too much. We
have a job to do. Let us not
disturb the Harbor for now.

MR. ROBERTS

It would be a lesser man to find
himself in this kind of fitting.

MAXWELL

What are you saying we should have
been Doctors?

MR. ROBERTS

I am not saying I do not have the
hands for it, just it would be
better to be seated on higher
ground.

Mr. Roberts takes his hat off.

ISABELLE (V.O.)

Mr. Maijers?

John turns around. Takes hat off. Walks to yard. Isabelle
stands with formal Japanese women (Ladies).

ISABELLE

Do you Waltz?

JOHN

Excuse me, Ma'am?

ISABELLE

Do you Waltz, Mr. Maijers?

JOHN

Yes.

ISABELLE

My father would like to invite you to our Spring Formal. It would be our honor if you could join us?

JOHN

I will sure to be there, Ms. Lang and I look forward to it.

Ladies giggle. Isabelle blushes.

ISABELLE

Good day, Gentlemen.

Bows with umbrella. Walks away. John and men go back to unload wagon. Maxwell inventories.

MAXWELL

I have not read these many pages in a awhile. Let's see. Crates thirty five go here. Thirty six and the rest stay.

Kimura approaches.

KIMURA

Hello Gentlemen.

JOHN

Good evening, Inspector. Men, this is Inspector Kimura the man I was telling you about. Inspector this is Sickhand Catawantee, Max, Pat, Doc Roberts we call him Mr. Roberts for a level ensemble. Does anybody know how to Waltz?

KIMURA

(Confused to the question)
Konnichiwa, Gentlemen.

MR ROBERTS

This is our first venture as business partners, so don't mind the fresh smell.

KIMURA

Why do they call you Sickhand?

SICKHAND

Too many scalps.

KIMURA

I would like to invite you to dinner and a drink, if it is okay with you?

MR. ROBERTS

I would be delighted, Inspector.

JOHN

I am sure we could all use a drink.

KIMURA

My man will be by to pick you up. You have a splendid day.

MAXWELL

You too, Inspector.

JOHN

Good day, Inspector.

PATTERSON

Well look at that. Been here a day and now free drinks.

Kimura bows and walks away.

JOHN (O.S.)

Mr. Kimura.

Kimura turns.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Our horses have been stabled up for sometime. There A little cooped up. Any place they can stretch there legs.

Kimura smiles.

KIMURA

I will see you tonight, Gentlemen?

FADE TO:

INT. IZAKAYA. NIGHT

Kimura leads men to Izakaya. All wait for hostess. She leads them to low table. All sit. Patterson looks around Uncomfortable invite.

PATTERSON

Why do they gander at us in such a way?

KIMURA

Your pattern is unfamiliar to our way.

MAXWELL

I am an honest man. Why would someone reject one's character?

KIMURA

Let us settle the house.

(Japanese)

Maiden, a bottle of Sake, please and a plate edamame.

MAIDEN

Yes, Kimura Sensei.

Rushes in the back.

Patterson lays sideways. Maxwell leans against the wall. Sickhand pours sake for four. Men drink and laugh through the night. Mr. Roberts takes a drink of Sake. Does settle well.

MR. ROBERTS

I need air.

Mr. Roberts stands and exits.

SICKHAND

Where did you learn English, Inspector?

KIMURA

Keio. My father was an inspector at Tokyo harbor. He sent me to follow in his footsteps. It is the wiser to know what and who are coming into your country. It starts with a conversation. I always wanted to see America after I graduated, yet I was assigned in Tokyo Harbor by my father's request. After his death I requested a reassignment.

SICKHAND

The Harbor Enforcement Authority.

KIMURA

A group of men hired by local officials to keep the harbor?

SICKHAND

Honest?

KIMURA

(Stern)

Japanese.

(Wisdom)

You go asking around the wrong questions, then you may find yourself out of work. We do our best to control the demand. It is best to take caution. Harbors seem to be a good place to start.

SICKHAND

Do you know anything about the Clans?

KIMURA

There are many clans in Japan. Like most societies we also have a dark side, although it is believed they went the way of the Samurai many ages ago after our restoration period.

SICKHAND

How many?

KIMURA

(Guilt)

All died, but thee forsaken. Redemption lies in heart and when you find him....

Kimura staggers hand for Compai up to Sickhand (Stricken), who raise glass.

SICKHAND

Who?

John takes shot and taps the cup on the table to break conversation.

JOHN

One more question, Inspector. How about them horses?

Maxwell and Patterson open eyes. Kimura raises glass, smiles with his word of a promise.

FADE TO:

EXT. FIELD. DAY

La Buona Cavalieres Americana!

Large ten acre green field with wooden fence around. Kimura opens gate. Sickhand rides in and turns. Men ride in. Locals scurry to the gates to watch. Men and women broken from norm turn. Isaac walks up with a smile and curiosity.

SICKHAND

Let us give them a show.

Whips lead and woops into the field. Kimura closes gate. John Opens up. Turns and rides faster across the field. Looks over. The locals run to the fence.

Child breaks into the fence line. Sickhand pulls rope from saddle Lasso's child across the field. Gently ropes Child in. Mr. Roberts performs equestrian at the high end. Locals cheer.

Meada walks out of his office. Wonders to the commotion. John and Sickhand ride opposite direction. Suicide run. Veer off. Spurs spin. Meada walks curiously down path to field.

MAXWELL

Amateurs.

PATTERSON

You ready?

Young Marshals whip leads and take off. Trick ride. Children climb fence. Amazed. The perform to a climax of dangerous stunts.

Mr. Roberts *Spins* horse around, then *Bows* to Isaac and the ladies. Isaac and the ladies bow back. Children clap. John turns lead to Isabelle. Crowd Cheers all around, as the gate is opened by Kimura. Men ride out.

Meada stands beside Kimura.

MEADA

(Japanese)

So Cowboys do exist.

KIMURA

(Japanese)

Yes they do, Sir.

Meada pats Kimura on the back. Walks off with a smile.

EXT./INT. BEHIND ESTATE. LANG SHED. SAME

Isaac walks along. Looks out to the harbor beach below. Mr. Roberts dances with John in lessons of Waltz, laughs. Smiles and tips hat at persons who manicure the Lang Estate. Notices shed door open. Curious. Mumashi slithers. Isaac steps back. Brushes it away with his cain.

Enters shed. Small Philippine Blue, Chinese Imperial Green, Black Russian mud and California red Clay pottery with leather strapped cover align the shelf. Isaac walks to shelf. Reaches to touch Red pot.

ADRIAN (O.S.)

Mr. Sutton.

Isaac startled, pulls hand away. Pastor Lang stands with cane.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

It is not wise to wonder around.
Things tend to come up missing
around here.

ISAAC

No mind. I have a meeting with your
father. Is he in?

ADRIAN

Come.

EXT. HAKATA BEACH. DAY

Mr. Roberts walk along the bay. Bends over to collect seashell. Inspects it. John tosses rock as he wades his feet in the water.

MR. ROBERTS

What do you think, John Maijers?
Winds from Heaven?

JOHN

As good as any.

MR. ROBERTS

Look as the sun watches over the
bay, vigilant. Protected by a
harbinger for what may be to come.
In such a wise progress I did not
see, nor understand. Why so far I
can only assume one day to
understand.

JOHN
A dance awaits.

MR. ROBERTS
Tread softly, Rough Rider as
fortuitous as this welcome may be,
there always lies a dilemma. It
would be wise to stare oneself
straight.

JOHN
Focus.

MR. ROBERTS
Now you are beginning to think like
the world. I have big plans for us,
John Maijers.

Mr. Roberts runs up and puts his arm around John. They walk
back to the shed.

Isabelle watches John on the beach, Yearns. Cherry Blossoms
swell to stretch her container. Hana steps beside.

FADE TO:

INT. BALLROOM. NIGHT

The Waltz

Men align across from the women. John gazes across. Band
Prepares. Isabelle positions ready. Mr. Roberts stands across
from Hana. Pastor Lang stands at the side with cane. Waltz
music begins. Men close in. Take a hand and spin. John
passionately rubs cheek softly against Isabelle's cheek, as
they spin. Drifts to Hana. Adrian suspicious eyes is guided
by Johns movement across the floor. Isabelle looks back.
Desire. Spins with partner. Floor waltz to a near perfect
circle. John Come to Isabelle again. The strength of desire
and rhythm catch the rooms attention. Stop. John Bows, then
kisses Isabelle's hand. Crowd cheers.

FADE TO:

INT./EXT. BALLROOM. NIGHT

Men and women stand around. Enjoy drinks and ordervs. Waiter
walks by with Caviar. John is reluctant.

PASTOR LANG
Try it, Mr. Maijers.

Waiter prepares a cracker and caviar. Hands it to Pastor Lang.

PASTOR LANG (CONT'D)
Siberian Sturgeon. It is the finest caviar in Japan, I assure you. I send a case to the Emperor every year. It ensures that my shipment arrivals remain on time and undisturbed.

ADRIAN
Do you carry, Mr. Maijers?

JOHN
No, it is bad for business, although I do have one. I find it rude to carry aggression in such company.

Adrian wraps his jacket around his 26.

ADRIAN
When you get to know these lands you know to be up on a man, even though we look scuttled and cultured. Men will be men.

PASTOR LANG
Adrian runs the Harbor Enforcement Association. I requested many times he follow me down the path, yet he is a business man and he tends on mother's side.

ADRIAN
It ensures everybody a fare cut.

Adrian exposes his .26 Pistol with hand on his hip. Isabelle arrives in between. Embarrassed.

ISABELLE
You think you can take him?

JOHN
Ma'am?

ISABELLE
In a draw, do you think you can take him?

JOHN
I have no reason for such a thing.

ISABELLE

My brother finds in his nature to size men up, for advantage. It keeps the Bay under his boot. There are better ways. My apologies, Mr. Maijers. Would you like to take a walk? Excuse me, Gentlemen.

ADRIAN

There she goes, chasing outsiders.

ISABELLE

Pardon my brother, he is a touch curious of all newcomers.

Walk out to the Deck. Isabelle leads him to the left away. Breaks away and runs to the Garden on the slight peak to the left of the estate. John come to the open area of the flower of the Garden. The trees break and make panoramic view of the stars that twinkle to Puccini and the calm Hakata Bay below.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

What do you think?

JOHN

Ma'am?

ISABELLE

Isabelle. I had the gardener cut away a view. I guess it would serve a night like this. You are not like other men. I guess it is because you come from California, Well....

John pulls her in and catches the next word with his lips. Passionately kiss again under the moon. Water on the Bay trickles in peace and harmony. Isabelle breaks away.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

(Pants for breath)

John?

JOHN

I had to finish the dance.

HANA (O.S.)

Isabelle.

Isabelle slides away. John takes it in with a smile. Follows Isabelle inside.

FADE TO:

EXT./INT. WAREHOUSE. DAY

Large aggressive dark clouds approach the Harbor from the entry of Hakata Bay.

John observes from the Harbor from second story office. Sickhand wraps rope. Throws into a pile.

JOHN

We have a storm coming in. I say
after the storm we go out there and
survey the trail.

Points to the high peak mountain by the bay.

SICKHAND

That storm will hold us up. This
place sees more wet days than dry.
In the mean time?

JOHN

I will ask around, maybe, maybe the
local Inspector can give us a hand.

SICKHAND

Be careful he may or may not agree
with our way, or our orders.

JOHN

He is new, so that makes him as
curious as I am. It would be in
both our interest to dig this guy
out of here.

SICKHAND

What about us?

JOHN

Keep'er up. You look like your
doing a good job.

Sickhand smiles. Throws rope in the pile.

Thick green brush is tapped by drops of rain. Thunder roars
in from the harbor. Thick rain pours down the bay. Waves
become immense. Men struggle with tie downs.

EXT. LANG ESTATE. DECK. DAY

Storm crackles out in the distance of the Bay. Suns swallowed
up.

Isabelle is being fitted. MAASA, 56, pins and measures for Summer Dress.

MAASA
(Japanese)
Hold still.

ISABELLE
It is beautiful isn't it, Maasa?

MAASA
It is one of many your mother
intends for this summer. This
texture is genuine silk your
brother acquired on his last trip
from Hong Kong. Very rare, Ms.
Isabelle.

Sound from the deck.

ISABELLE
Did you hear that?

MAASA
It is probably from the storm, Ms.
Isabelle. Let me go and see.

ISABELLE
Let me.

Isabelle steps of the stool. To the deck. Opens the screen door. Rose lies on the mat. Isabelle picks it up. Smells smiles. Enters home.

Storm trickles in. Locals rush to cover and put away things the Market.

EXT. / INT. KIMURA'S SCHOOL. DAY

Rain falls on Hakata.

John walks up the hill passed fleeing teen students in white Judogi's, who rush home in the rain. John walks along the deck to across the Garden to an open door. Kimura with white Judogi with black belt gives instruction. Student lock in Rendori. Throw one another. Kimura notices John. Motions him to wait at entrance. John kneels with one knee. Watches.

FADE TO:

EXT. / INT. KIMURA'S SCHOOL. DAY

Student in formation bow. Kimura releases them with a bow.

KIMURA

Kaiko sa reta.

Students trickle out the door. John waits. Last student exits. John begins to enter.

KIMURA (CONT'D)

Wait, there are two things you must learn before entering my school. One, take your boots off.

John takes boots off.

KIMURA (CONT'D)

Two, bow to the man on the wall.

John enters and looks to the Picture on the wall.

JOHN

May I ask who he is?

Kano Jigoro. Kimura walks to closet. Begins to sweep mats.

KIMURA

Many years ago an American Commodore would send influence to my country and end the way of a lineage that maintained order of enlightened peace for over a thousand years. Men of the old anterior. Samurai spurred a rebellion, but in time the Samurai were defeated, so the hierarchy of Japan could establish itself formidable as a modern industrial power to the world. All things Bushido were hidden, or abandoned until restored the way of order passed down by a controlled system of combat. It had reawoken our Divinity by my master. His name is Kano Jigaro.

John Bows with humility.

KIMURA (CONT'D)

What may I help you with, Mr. Maijers?

JOHN

I would like to go up in those mountains and look around.

KIMURA

These mountains are vast. That trail goes deep and dark, which may lead you into a slight unfamiliar predicament, Mr. Maijers.

Kimura hands a broom to John. Takes one for himself. Walks to edge of classroom sweeps down. John follows.

JOHN

I am familiar with mountains, Mr. Kimura.

KIMURA

Not these, but most important they are not familiar with you. Some villages back there are good and some are not. Not all clans are of liking to Gaijin, especially one who wonders into their land unwanted. Meiji, nor Bushido mean shit to them, just those mountains.

JOHN

That is why I am here. I come to ask for your guidance.

KIMURA

What do you expect to find over those mountains, your Friend?

JOHN

Inspector.

KIMURA

Follow my lead.

Kimura brushes straight across like a monk aligns pebbles. John follows.

JOHN

I know he is back there.
I feel it.

KIMURA

Something tells me he is not your friend.

JOHN

Inspector, I have not been honest with you. Long ago, I was stricken by a man who laid me alone, so to speak. I am this way by him.

Kimura stops sweeping the Tatame. John stops.

KIMURA

In the corner you will find a uniform suitable for this conversation. Keep going, Marshal.

John dons a JudoGi uniform. Kimura assists. Kimura walks to his shelf and grabs a White belt. John raises arms.

JOHN

He is a killer. Many innocent lie in the ground by his hand. We followed him here. My apologies for the charade, but I know he is up there. It would be rude of me to go it alone.

Kimura double wraps belt tucks lefts side granny knots, then pulls tight.

KIMURA

I already know. I received a telegraph awhile back from my colleagues in Tokyo.

Kimura walks to the center of Dojo/School. Kneels.

KIMURA (CONT'D)

This man evaded the law for a long time and for good reason. He was brought in by a clan and they now protect him.

JOHN

So, let's go get him.

KIMURA

Beware, John....That is not how you catch a fox, come.

John walks over to Kimura. Kneels.

KIMURA (CONT'D)

Do you feel the rain fall? Stand.

John stands.

KIMURA (CONT'D)
 Feel the rain, Fall.

Rain falls down around the school. John closes his eyes.
 Falls. Smacks the ground. Painful. Stands. Wipes his pain
 off. John falls hard. Recovers frustrated.

KIMURA (CONT'D)
 Like a blossom drifting from the
 Cherry Tree. Elegant and soft.
 Again.

JOHN
 What does this have to do with a
 Fox?

KIMURA
 Again.

John falls. Reluctantly stands.

KIMURA (CONT'D)
 If you want me to help you, then
 you must do as I say, Again.

JOHN
 How long do I have to do this?

KIMURA
 As long as it rains, Again.

Rain drops align with the thud from John.

INT. SHED. NIGHT

John walks in stiff with pain.

MAXWELL
 Where have you been?

KIMURA
 With the inspector.

SICKHAND
 You didn't tell him did you?

PATTERSON
 Looks like he did.

JOHN
 He was already informed. He agreed
 to help us, but until the whether
 and ground is in favor.
 (MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

In the mean time we are only to
discuss our plans in the evening at
the school.

PATTERSON

Where and why the school?

John grunts in pain as he lays in bed, then laughs.

JOHN

Settle in men we are going to be
here awhile.

INT./EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE. SCHOOL. NIGHT

Rain pours harder.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)

Day and night it rained like days
of the bible, as they waited.
Inspector Kimura gave them sacred
lessons of combat banished many
years before, now being passed down
to lawmen from the west. It somehow
restored a tradition both could
kindly understand.

Marshals align in White JudoGi's with white belts and fall
across the tatame two at a time. John falls with elegant soft
technique. Slaps hand on the mat.

FADE TO:

INT. CHAPEL. DAY

All gathered. Feet pound on the floor. John and Mr. Roberts
stand in the back. John glows. Isabelle looks back.
Attracted.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)

Isabelle grew a liking to John.

Hana pulls Isabelle's chin forward to the altar. Isabelle
Turns her head to the window. Rain stops. Sun breaks through
the clouds.

EXT. HORSE TRAIL. DAY

Sun shines as clouds pass. In the distance another storm
approaches.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)

And so with innocence and time,
John grew a dependence to Ms.
Isabelle. Tenderness would grow
like the rare red flowers bred from
the rain.

John and Isabelle ride up a open trail aligned with flowers of bloom. Horses strut down trail in love sinc to: The Barcarolle from the opera Silvano (1895) by Pietro Mascagni. Dismount at the Shrine. John assist Isabelle. Holds the umbrella over Isabelle. They talk and laugh. Children play around before the Torii into the shrine. John and Isabelle cross under. Look up with a smile of humility.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)

The days would pass with the
forthcoming of spring. Isabelle
would introduce her hopes and
wonders for the world she knew and
wished to come, while John's heart
would mend by her soft spirit,
something God and he only knew.

Pass a beautiful Cherry Blossom Garden into a Shinto shrine.

Isabelle stands at the view of the Bay. John slides with umbrella by the view and the Garden. They watch the Clouds release, as a bit of Heavenly sun falls down upon them. Clouds cover to grey. Rain drops down on the half bloomed Cherry Blossoms. Lovers return to horses and ride back down path.

INT. SHED. NIGHT

Adrian watches Marshals busy at the harbor. Enters shed quietly. Looks around. Climbing rope. Lifts blanket. Opens crate. Notices Colt .45. Opens wallet. Marshal Badge. Takes badge and credentials.

EXT. LANG ESTATE. NIGHT

Isabelle is restless. Writes in Diary. Dear John, How did I find you? Scribbles. Exits room.

Steps out on the deck. Frustrated. Isabelle looks from afar. Light from Kimura's School inside shows men in silhouette Judo Rendori. Hana exits with tea.

ISABELLE

What are they doing over there?

HANA LANG

Nonsense. It was forbidden, now
child's play only to make them feel
stronger, as a man. They should
have kept it under the floor boards
where it died long ago.

Pastor Lang watches with discontent from the window. Adrian
walks up to Pastor Lang and whispers in his ear. Exits.
Isabelle enters.

PASTOR LANG

It seems Mr. Maijers may not be
honest about his business.

ADRIAN

He is trouble, Isabelle.

PASTOR LANG

Restrain from Mr. Maijers,
Isabelle.

ISABELLE

Father?

PASTOR LANG

That is all, Isabelle.

Isabelle walks away.

INT. DOJO. NIGHT

Men are seated around Kimura.

KIMURA

The process is gradual, but in time
the pain will be replaced with
course.

Maxwell raises hand.

MAXWELL

We have a gift for you, Kimura-
Sensei.

Sickhand nods okay. Maxwell walks over to leather satchel and
pulls out an Oak Box. Walks over to Kimura and bows. Kimura
stands and takes the box. Sits. Opens to a Shinny Artillery
Model Colt .45.

KIMURA

I am humbled.

All stand. Kimura bows. Men bow back.

EXT./INT. SHED. DAY

Mist drifts along the high ridges of the mountainside.

MAXWELL

I think I am getting the hang of it. I used to get bucked off the saddle now I feel I can be thrown a thousand times and feel no hurt. Did I just say that?

MR. ROBERTS

My mom told me about this kind of thing from the Indians way when her granddad used say, that little man come right running up to you. You better shoot him, cause he knows a fight. Take your scalp right off, huh Sickhand?

SICKHAND

It was the way he would look in your eyes and tell a man he was wrong, then just turn his ass around and take it.

Maxwell slide over and lifts his pad, then crate. No Badge.

PATTERSON

Not to be offended, I thought all Indians were bad, until we road out west. They just walked by tired and hungry. I could feel their pain. Later on, I would sit in church, while the preacher would ramble on about sanctity and all. I think of all the good things I did, or make better, for everyone even....

SICKHAND

Divinity.

Patterson observes out the window.

PATTERSON

Looks like she is clearing up.

MAXWELL (O.S.)

Hey you guys seen my badge?

SICKHAND

Check your saddle.

Maxwell looks under his bunk.

John stands out on the back deck. Restless. Looks up in the distance. Lang Estate. No sign of Isabelle.

Men lay around. Rub pain. Knock at the door. Maxwell opens door. Kimura. All stop and bow.

MAXWELL

Come in, Inspector.

Maxwell exits around him.

KIMURA

The weather is clear, yet the trail
lays soft. We will wait a few days
then head out. There is a path that
heads across the ridge line, but it
would not be able to hold your
horses. Those mountains are
unstable and could come down on you
at anytime.

Kimura smiles and exits. Sun finally breaks through the thick
grey clouds over the Bay. Kimura smiles.

FADE TO:

EXT. RIDGE LINE TRAIL. DAY

Sickhand, John and Mr. Roberts ride up trail, led by a quiet
Kimura. Sun breaks down on the forest. Wildlife abundant.

JOHN

What do you think?

SICKHAND

The focal point of this trail is to
our man.

JOHN

What are you suggesting?

SICKHAND

Although she and you fit, it would
be wise to look around you. This
situation just isn't going to find
love from a stranger.

JOHN

I am just passing time.

SICKHAND

When a man looks into a beautiful
women's eyes time stops, makes a
man tender.

JOHN

I am not trying to settle.

SICKHAND

I just don't want to see you get
hurt, Son.

MR. ROBERTS

You can always take her with you.

Both look at Mr. Roberts. They come to a Torii, Trail ends.
Wild forest in front.

MR. ROBERTS (CONT'D)

I am sure the inspector being the
Law would like to see this guy dug
out of here.

All turn around except John. Gazes into the dark forest.
Shift of black and white ghostly silhouettes to the peak.
Barely.

KIMURA

Not all things look what they seem.
Come, John.

John amazed by the ghostly perception, then to Kimura. Kimura
smiles.

KIMURA (CONT'D)

I think everyone is right and wrong
on this one....Let's go.

INT. POLICE. MEADA CONFERENCE OFFICE. DAY

Kimura walks down hall. Receives scorn from colleagues.
Stands at door. Waits uncomfortable. Door opens Hakata
elected aristocrats exit. Okamoto exits. Pauses.

OKAMOTO

This is not Tokyo, Inspector. The
Marshals must go.

Okamoto walks on. Kimura enters. Meada stands with bad news.

INT./EXT. STABLE. NIGHT

John and Mr. Roberts shovel hay. Horses eat.

Mr. Roberts
I say when we get back to San
Francisco I pull some things
together and we set up there.

JOHN
What do you mean?

MR. ROBERTS
John Maijers, I have been at it for
some time, the minor details and
such. I know one when I see him. If
we are able to crack this case I
want to see you on higher ground.
God knows this world can use it.

JOHN
I am not one to sit in a chair and
claim higher ground.

MR. ROBERTS
Well I hope with little time it
might come to light. Mr. Kimura.

John turns around. Kimura stands at the door.

MR. ROBERTS (CONT'D)
I see. I am going to head out for
the night. Maybe get some rest,
Gentlemen.

Mr. Roberts exits.

JOHN
What brings you, Mr. Kimura.

KIMURA
I have been instructed by my
Superintendent to relay a message.

John stops and lays Pitch fork to the side.

KIMURA (CONT'D)
The pastor has demanded you
restrain from Lady Isabelle. It
seems you and I have falling out of
favor. I am sorry, Mr. Maijers. If
it helps I will guide you as, far
as I can. We will see this man to
justice, then please go.

John brakes away to stall window and reluctantly nods in agreement. Kimura exits. John heart broken.

FADE TO:

EXT. SHED DECK. NIGHT

John stands by the distant light of Isabelle's room. Takes hat off. Looks to the stars.

Isabelle's fingers settle on the Piano keys to a storm on the bay. *Pietro Mascagni's Cavalleria rusticana: Intermezzo* with defiant love, as the rain pours.

FADE TO:

INT./EXT. HAKATA BEACH. DAY

Settled rain. Trickled down. John awakens with whiskey bottle. Heart[]q ache sets in. Sun rises from the shed. Exits.

Sun rises over bay with a touch of Orange and morning blue. Boat on the Harbor beach. John heads to boat. Pushes it out.

ISABELLE (O.S.)
Mr. Maijers. Mr. Maijers. John!

John stops boat. Isabelle in dress/w umbrella walks in water to boat.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
May I?

Climbs in.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
Go.

John pushes out, then jumps in and begins to row out into the bay towards a secluded island in the distance.

FADE TO:

EXT. BOAT. DAY

Boat drifts out in the distance from the Bay. Streaks align with the splash of sunlight. Isabelle sits with umbrella, while John rows.

ISABELLE
What was it like?

JOHN
Sorry?

John pauses rowing.

ISABELLE

War?

John rows with a ponder.

JOHN

It is a place where men go crazy
and try to justify after.

ISABELLE

Where you afraid?

JOHN

A man can build himself strong
before battle, pride, fear
sometimes regret, but it all comes
catches up with him later. Can
bring a man to his knees when it is
all over.

ISABELLE

What is California like?

JOHN

I always took it for granted until
I left, then I just couldn't wait
to get back. The open plains, feral
mountains and the wide eyes of
settlers as they ride upon with
excited spirit, golden in nature,
settling their hearts with such
beauty, like you.

Isabelle lowers head. Blushes. Desperately looks up.

ISABELLE

I would like to see it.

John stops rowing. Boat drifts. Come upon a beach on an
deserted tropical island with a high peak in the center.
Jumps out and drags boat to shore.

Assists Isabelle. She lays umbrella in the boat and runs
across the beach. John follows. Catches her. He reaches to
kiss her. She runs ashore. Hand catches and turns her around.
She wraps around as they spin and fall softly to the sand.
Kiss.

Spring Waltz under the Falling Cherry Blossoms, as they fall
softly to the sand. Secluded island trees and naked passion
on the beach between two lovers from afar.

John pulls down Isabelle's side shoulder sleeve. Kisses her Neck. She arches with passion. Isabelle and John make love.

John and Isabelle stand together in passionate harmony, turn towards the bay.

EXT. HAKATA BAY. BEACH. DAY

Sun sets on the harbor. John jumps out of boat. Drags boat to shore. Helps Isabelle out. She jumps down. Gravity brings them close. Love builds. They kiss passionately.

Isabelle hurries back and slides around the back deck. Adrian and two men with rope, backpacks and rifles trek up the hill from the back of the estate. Isabelle walks to the front. Met by Hana. Quiet anger. Isabelle enters estate. Hana follows.

Isaac walks along the back. Sees light in the shed. Pastor Langs looks down on him. Disconcertingly smiles. Turns and walks in the house. Isaac walks along.

INT. SHED. NIGHT

John enters. Men busy, pack for trip through mountains.

MR. ROBERTS
Where have you been?

JOHN
Out.

MAXWELL
Uh huh....

MR. ROBERTS
The inspector came by. The trail is good. We head out in the morning.

Sickhand looks up with a serious demeanor.

SICKHAND
Your pastor friend went around looking for you. He didn't look very pleased. His boy was talking to some men. Looks like they came from over those mountains. We ride with caution tomorrow.

John heads over to the post telegraph shed. Looks up. Pastor Lang converses with a large local dock hand in Black Kimono. Looks over. Returns home. Man in Black Kimono nods across the harbor to Yakuza dock men. Walks away.

Kimura walks to his school. Notice of shutdown. Letter from Superintendant. See me immediately.

EXT/INT. MEADA OFFICE. NIGHT

Kimura enters Police Headquarters. Kimura enters Office. Stands at attention. In Japanese.

KIMURA

Reporting as requested, sir.

MEADA

I have complaints of you going out of your way to harbor U.S. Marshals for an American investigation.

KIMURA

I only mean to help them find a fugitive and send him back to America to be tried for his crimes.

MEADA

They are way out of their legal domain and mean to create an international issue by undermining my authority. You have also violated the law by training Gaijin in an art already under scrutiny by the Damiyo. It is forbidden.

KIMURA

Sir, I must apologize for my action. It was my intent to act by the law of Japan and accommodate our friends from the west to shut down the trail in those mountains. It's dishonesty has made sick the very passage to the Japanese way of life, yet from my report that has stated to create displacement of morality, which is so vital to our way.

MEADA

Our way is to insure outsiders do not gain power over us enough to render us weak to include their corrupt outside influence.

KIMURA

The corruption is up there in those mountains.

MEADA

Yes, out there.

KIMURA

The Harbor Authority Association?

Meada turns his back. Lump in throat. Swallows.

MEADA

Yakuza. Inspector Kimura, I have no other option than to place you under house arrest and see that your friends from America do not return from their trip. That will send a message to the west that we are off limits and any further actions will result in the same consequence. Deliver your arms.

Kimura bows. Lays pistol on MEADA's desk.

MEADA (CONT'D)

Take him. Escort Inspector Kimura home.

EXT. ESTATE. NIGHT

Sergeants grab Kimura and escort him home.

INT./EXT. SHED. NIGHT

Shadow comes quietly around the back. Startles horses. John awakens. Grabs Colt. Slides out quietly. Comes from behind. Isabelle startled.

ISABELLE

(Frightened)

John.

They embrace.

JOHN

What are you doing here?

ISABELLE

I came to warn you. There is a trap up there. They aim to hurt you and send you home.

(MORE)

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

My brother is hot headed but he only means to protect his family and that authority. Please stay, get on that ship tomorrow. This world has been spinning and turning since you arrived. Before you came this was all I had, John. I could not bare the thought of being without you.

They kiss.

JOHN

Isabelle, I must tell you

ISABELLE

John.

JOHN

I am a U.S. Federal Marshal. I tracked a man to this place in order to serve justice. I'm no damn trader. I must go up there and get him.

ISABELLE

My brother is up there.

JOHN

I will bring him back. I will make it all right. When I return you and me, will be on that ship. I will settle and we will be from a higher ground, I promise.

Kiss. Isabelle walks away uneasy and addled.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Isabelle?

She runs into his arms.

ISABELLE

Yes, yes. I love you, John.

They kiss.

EXT. ADRIAN'S CAMP. NIGHT

Adrian sits with men. Man stirs pot. Adrian looks up on the hill. Massive black silhouette moves away. Invite.

Adrian timid stands and follows. Comes near top. Luminescence of the moon shifts. Shadows close in. Luminescence of the moon shifts shadows away. Bram faces forward.

BRAM (V.O.)
(Japanese)
You brought in lawmen from
California. Are they coming?

ADRIAN
(Fear in Obedient
Japanese)
Yes, but I mean to hurt them and
scare them off for good. One
especially. He took a liking to my
sister. Got too close. I will send
you another carrier to assure our
hand.

Adrian notices dark shadow on the hill.

BRAM (O.S.)
He did now didn't he? Put him
under.

ADRIAN
I can not do that. I just mean to
rough them away.

BRAM
I own you. Put them in the ground,
or I will burn down that pretty
life you got on that hill,
including that sister. Have my way
I like.

Adrian looks around. No Bram. Settles.

BRAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
See it done.

Adrian worried and conflicted.

FADE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN BASE. DAY

Marshals pack the gear. Put rifles in the sleeves. John looks around. No Kimura.

JOHN
Where the hell is he?

MAXWELL

Ready, sir.

John looks with impatience around the path. Mounts horse. Men ride off.

FADE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE. DAY

John and men align up a path to the mountain.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)

They went up alone. The Inspector didn't show and they knew without him it would be more dangerous. The earth would rumble an unwelcome, as they climbed unfamiliar territory. Unstable, as the devil would allow. Ready to come down on them at anytime.

Men ride under the tall bamboo. Earth grinds underneath. Unstable ground. Horses uneasy.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PEAK. THIRD RIDGE LINE. DAY

Men dismount. Make camp. Sickhand takes rifle and Patterson to the peak. Look out harbor behind. Sun begins to settle over the bay.

SICKHAND

We'll pull shifts. What ever is out there it don't want us to settle here. Go get some rest. Tell the men.

Maxwell makes a fire. Tri-cast over the fire. Pot hangs. Stirs beans in the pan. Men hunker in.

EXT. LANG ESTATE. NIGHT

Isabelle stands on the deck. Wishes. Hana steps out behind.

HANA LANG

Why do you fancy such a man?

ISABELLE

Mother do you love father?

HANA LANG

Why ask such a question?

ISABELLE

We never asked about our association, yet if you would look around you can see a scale drop in an unwanted favor. I just turned my head. All I ask of you is to understand, please?

HANA LANG

It has built our lives. You do not understand the business of men.

ISABELLE

Yet, I am ashamed of it.

INT. KIMURA. HOME. DAY

Kimura lays wife's hand back to her side. Steps out of bed. Walks to den. Lifts two floor boards. Takes thick bamboo container. Pulls Kimura family Kitana from container. Slides Kitana from Sheaf. Lowers head in defeat. Slides it back. Puts it away.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE. CAMP. DAY

Sun shows a slight orange in the east. Maxwell pulls guard. Roles a cigarette. Men asleep around camp.

Japanese men with rifles slide up the mountain from the back. Maxwell turns walks, then turns to see a man creep up. Aligns and fires rifle. John grabs his rifle. Sickhand rolls and ducks out with Rifle

JOHN

Mr. Roberts, stay with the horses.

Roberts ducks by the horse. Grabs handle. Patterson. Grabs his rifle. Men climb stand and shoot. Maxwell hits them.

MAXWELL

Hurry the hell up!

Patterson arrives. Lays behind the tree. Prone. Man stands to shoot. Struck down. Man runs with rifle around the back end for an ambush.

Sickhand intercepts with a knife. Lays man down soft. Motions John to the four men and the one ducked down in the back.

Man looks up. No shot. Stands behind tree for a better aim. Struck in the chest. Gets second man's attention. He turns. Shot by Sickhand. Sickhand hits the third. Fourth runs over. Patterson runs down. Tackles him. John stands over the man in the back.

Mr. Roberts settles back with the horses, both hands on pistol. Hucked down. Maxwell rushes down. Slides sideways.

MAXWELL (CONT'D)

Got'em.

Goes to horse for resupply. Bram steps out. Front kicks Mr. Roberts down. Grabs Maxwell. Maxwell tries to toss him over his shoulder. Bram lays on him. Pulls blade from boot. Stabs Maxwell.

Shot fired into his arm. Mr. Roberts stands and backs up as Bram stands and pursues him. Mr. Roberts back peddles and falls as the shadow overwhelms him with fear.

John steps over on a mound. Adrian position is compromised, so he stands.

ADRIAN

I never told my father who you really where.

Flicks badge at John. Badge lands in front of John.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

This is not America, Marshal. Why did you come here?

Slides hand by his 26.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Now I am forced by hand.

JOHN

I didn't come here for you, Adrian?

ADRIAN

You have no idea, do you?

Adrian slowly reaches for his 26. Flicks open holster.

JOHN

No.

Adrian attempts to draw. John fires a round in his chest. Adrian falls forward dead. John re-holsters with regret.

Men return to the camp. Maxwell is face down. Mr. Roberts leans away on a tree down the hill. John runs over to Maxwell. Roles Maxwell over. Moans.

JOHN (CONT'D)
 You are still alive. Mr. Roberts,
 get me the kit on my horse, hurry.
 Mr. Roberts?

John looks over. Sickhand is kneeled in front of Mr. Roberts. Mr. Roberts sits with eyes open and throat cut. John walks over. Patterson steps behind.

PATTERSON
 Good lord.

Sickhand slides his hand down. Closes Mr. Roberts eyes.

EXT. HAKATA BAY. DAY

Bay is dead. No motion. Ships bare. Harbor slightly empty. Sun slides down over the bay.

Horses return with wrapped bodies on their rumps. Men with stars dressed arrive. Patterson assist Adrian's body off the horse. Places Adrian on wagon. Walks with wagon.

INT. LANG ESTATE. DAY

Isabelle brushes hair. Gallops arrive. Hana Cries out. Isabelle, startled rushes to the back deck. Opens slowly. Adrian lies dead. Pastor Lang in shock. Hana cries over her dead son.

EXT. SHED. DAY

Meada stands furious as John rides in. Motions his men to the shed. John dismounts horse.

Sickhand takes Mr. Roberts body to the back. Patterson takes Maxwell into the shed. Police surround the shed. Meada approaches with piece of paper. Police escort.

MEADA
 Mr. Maijers, you and your men are
 under arrest and shall remain
 confined to your quarters under
 guard until further orders. Your
 badges please.

JOHN
What do you got back there, Sir? I
know he lies with them.

MEADA
Badges, Marshal.

JOHN
He killed my family.

Meada and guards stricken, yet stand confirmed. Sickhand
gathers badges. Hands to John. John bows. Hands badges to
Meada. Meada walks away. Police stand guard.

Maxwell moans as Doctor shows him up.

PATTERSON
What now?

Police stand armed.

FADE TO:

EXT./INT. SHED. DAY

Calls from Sickhand send an echo on the bay. He dances proud
around the body of Mr. Roberts.

John lies in his bunk. Frustrated. Rushes out of bed.

PATTERSON
Were are you going?

JOHN
For a drink. Stay here.

John exits. Policeman steps in front of John. John walks
around. Turns.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Stay here, I'll be back.

Pats him on the shoulder. Policeman look to Sergeant.
Sergeant nods okay. Sickhand lays star on inspector's chest.
Follows John.

INT. IZAKAYA. DAY

Enter Izakaya. Few stragglers look, then go about their
business. John and Sickhand sit. Rain begins pour outside.

From the deck of Lang who exits with whiskey. Walks out to the edge of the deck. Harbor Enforcement Association men stand around. Nods them to go. Men head towards Izakaya.

EXT. KIMURA HOME. SAME

Kimura stands outside. Notices Harbor Enforcement Association men gather, as they quietly move towards the Izakaya. Weapons in hands.

INT. IZAKAYA. DAY

John pours sake. Takes shot.

SICKHAND
He is still up there.

JOHN
Yeah, I know.

SICKHAND
He killed Roberts.

JOHN
I know.

Yakuza enters. Whispers in the Managers ear. Manager scoots patrons away. Only John and Sickhand remain.

SICKHAND
What is the call?

John pours another shot.

JOHN
You going to drink that, or just
sit there and deliberate over shit
I already know.

Yakuza enter with knives and clubs. Sickhand takes a shot. Smiles.

SICKHAND
What about them?

John looks up roles his eyes. Brawl. Yakuza run down hill. Enter Izakaya. Izakaya filled with men/w deadly objects. John and Sickhand become over whelmed.

Kimura enters. Whizzer Throws man on table. Men fall back. Man attempts to strike him with a Blade. Kimura pulls Kitana. Cut down. Men scatter out.

Kimura stands vigilant with Kitana in hand. Flips and taps blood from Kitana, Holsters. John and Sickhand recover.

SICKHAND (CONT'D)
Where have you been?

Sergeant arrives with police.

KIMURA
Go, I will handle this.

Thunder roles over the Mountain.

INT./EXT. SHED. NIGHT

Mist scrapes across the mountain ridge under the full moon. Light thunder from dark clouds and white light of an storm from the bay.

John awakens to crackle of thunder. Rain drops sorrow. Exits shed. Steps down stairs from into alley to dark silhouette in the road.

ISABELLE (O.S.)
You did it.

JOHN
Isabelle?

ISABELLE
It was you, wasn't it?

Isabelle approaches vigilant stalks forward with 26 pistol and intent. Strut turns to a rush with pistol to his forehead. John lowers the pistol.

ISABELLE (CONT'D)
Be done. You should have died up there with him.

Click. Isabelle collapses. Cries. John assists. Recovers.

JOHN
Isabelle.

Tries to hold Isabelle. Breaks away. Walks away.

ISABELLE
No.

Throws 26 away.

INT. SCHOOL. DEN. NIGHT

Rain pounds on the deck. Pours from spout of the school. School dojo room empty. Kimura takes telegraph reads. Taps ink from the jar. Writes in Kanji:

KIMURA (V.O.)

Sir,

Months ago I received a telegraph from my colleagues in Tokyo. Lawmen from San Fransisco where headed here to find a fugitive wanted for mass murder across the California plain. I inherited the right of disclosure to the interests of the safety in my domain. I chose silence, as to witness what threat this case or the future may bring. I saw no threat in the Gaijin and took them in as my own. What I did not see was the quiet concern laid upon this great land. We pride ourselves in the divine and wish to maintain it through pure and spiritual nature. It has become threatened by the very spell that time and time again weakened us throughout antiquity and so I mean to see this case through resolve. I shall assist these Rough Riders to find this man and bring justice. I retain responsibility through absolution by my actions of any wrong doing I may cause. Signed. Hachiro Kimura, Head inspector, Hakata Bay.

Kimura puts both letters in an envelope. Stands and exits.

INT. ISABELLE'S ROOM. NIGHT

Isabelle lies on bed. Cries and Lays beside bed next to lamp. Hand reaches for lamp switch.

EXT. SHED. NIGHT

John stands out in the rain. In the upper distance is the light to the lang Estate (Isabelle's room). Light goes out. John lowers head. Takes off hat. Walks away.

DELAY DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT./INT. BAY. DAY

Meada walks to his deck. No Guards at the shed. Walks in office. Opens folder reads. Rushes out.

Maxwell asleep. Japanese Doctor checks vitals. Meada enters shed and looks around. Exits.

INT. LANG ESTATE. POTTERY SHED. DAY

Dusk. Pastor Lang pours a drink of whiskey. Sounds of pottery crash and break in shed. Exits. Enters shed. Isaac stands on a chair. Pottery broken. Red pot in front of him.

PASTOR LANG
Mr. Sutton, what are you doing?

ISAAC
We give you the things you need to spread the word of God. Is that not enough? We give our lives to better this bloody forsaken world. To reach men and women and lift them above the hell brought down upon them. Until now I did not understand it.

PASTOR LANG
You must too understand this way of life. Not all can commit. The conversion takes time for change. I only mean to remedy their hunger and in time release them to salvation.

Isaac grabs red pot and throws it against the wall. Green Fried Shit explodes and sticks to the wall. Exits.

ISAAC
You call this salvation. We killed their spirit. We killed them.

PASTOR LANG
Why did you bring him here?

ISAAC
I didn't.

FADE TO:

INT. HAKATA. LANG ESTATE. BACK DECK. DAY

Close in gradual: Isabelle stares into the dusk Mountains.

EXT. HAKATA. MOUNTAIN. FIRST RIDGE. DAY

Sun rises. Mist drifts across the mountain ridge. Sickhand tightens cinch, then checks breeching. Slides Rifle in the Gabbard, Turns. John slides U.S. Remington Arms Model 1903A4 Bolt Action with scope in scabbard. Both jump up horse. Wait along the path. Patterson lays supplies on the rump. Walks horse the men. Turns to the sound of trot. Kimura rides up. Kitana strapped, Colt .45 holstered.

All men are saddled and ready. John whips lead. Ride up the mountain.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)
Men, now outlaws seeking justice.
John knew he was up there and this
reunion was a long time coming.

Men trail up the mountain.

EXT. FOURTH RIDGE. BEHIND THE PEAK. NIGHT

Dusk. Horses settled. Patterson asleep. John settles in. Lays back and tilts his hat over his eyes. Kimura looks around.

KIMURA
This is as far, as the horses go.
Tomorrow it is all on foot. I will
take first watch.

Slides out. Sickhand gets settled in beside John.

SICKHAND
I have raised you since you where a
boy. I never seen you broke up like
this. I don't like to see you hurt,
John. It wasn't the badge that
killed that Lang boy. I suppose it
was an old calamity that seems to
find its way on both ends. Each man
claiming the better, not knowing,
or seeing it until the damage has
already been consummated. The star
was inherited by it and so where
we, son. I'm just sorry your heart
had to find it's way in between.
Sorry, Son.

JOHN
 (Choked up)
 Me too.

John dips his hat to hide the pain.

EXT. SIXTH RIDGE. DAY

Horses leads wrapped to a branch. Men shake Patterson's hand.

PATTERSON
 I seems the devil these days has
 more aces in his hand than we do.
 If we do not find him out there? It
 will be harder to dig him out
 another day. Go get him, Boys.

Men move up mountain. John turns around. Patterson tips his hat.

Sickhand attaches rope to tree. Throws it down. Kimura and John climb. They pull their way to the top. The next ridge is twice as high. Men exhausted. John drops to his knees.

KIMURA
 We set camp here.

FADE TO:

EXT. SIXTH RIDGE. NIGHT

Yakuza arrives with White trail pony. Shadows whisper around him. His head turns with the evil that comes down. Looks forward. Man in black steps out.

YAKUZA/W WHITE HORSE
 The Lang boy is dead.

BRAM (O.S.)
 The Marshals??

YAKUZA/W WHITE HORSE
 They have been place under guard.
 The Inspector is under house
 arrest, yet they are defiant.

BRAM (O.S.)
 Say again?

YAKUZA/W WHITE HORSE
 They have been found unaccounted
 for?

(MORE)

YAKUZA/W WHITE HORSE (CONT'D)

They may be headed headed this way, with the Inspector from Tokyo. There is pressure from the Bay.

BRAM (O.S.)

Declare.

YAKUZA/W WHITE HORSE

Business has been capsized by recent events. They ask a delay, until this settles from your past external reproach. It seems it has caught up with you. The trail is jeopardized. They request a renegotiation.

Shadow Bram turns from the fern.

BRAM (O.S.)

Judas!

Luminescence of the moon shifts. Shadow streaks in. Clan man in black appears in front and wipes blade across his neck. Yakuza drops. Pony startled.

BRAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Take that horse. We move back.

(To the shadows in the forest)

Finish them.

Bram exposes from the shadows. Walks away. Shadows (Men in Black/no headdress) follow. Four stay. Blend In with the forest.

EXT. SIXTH RIDGE. NIGHT

Kimura awakens. Slaps Sickhand on the chest. John startled sits up. Sickhand brings him down. Wind stirs up, then settles. Crack in the bush. Men look to one another and slide out.

Sickhand moves to the light on the peak. Two steps send him on one knee.

SICKHAND

(Cherokee)

Show me.

One foot slides out from a tree brings Sickhand's knife, Another brings his hatchet. Both step out with blades. Sickhand slides right, cuts, then left stick and cuts. Both drop.

John slides behind a tree. Sounds send him around with guns drawn. Man steps from behind. Slice. Kimura wipes off blade and taps.

John startled by the supernatural, then turns. No Kimura.

KIMURA (V.O.)
(Unvoiced)
Move out.

John transcendently shocked. Recovers wide eyed, then moves up hill. Sun rises over eighth ridge.

EXT. EIGHTH RIDGE. DAY

John struggles in the thick dirt. Rope thrown down. John grabs rope wraps around tree. Tosses down. Kimura grabs rope John pulls Kimura up.

Reach the peak. Ridge lines layered, as far as the eye can see. Sickhand grabs John to the ground.

SICKHAND
You see them?

KIMURA
Four, two midway on North and south
ends. Two at the peak.

John pulls Binoculars. Scans. Two men in Tan leather pants and Brown Buffalo split toe moccasins/w rifles and Black Ceremonial Samurai Hat. Patrol the peak with rifles. Two more on each side midway up the mountain.

SICKHAND
We are not getting in there unless
they go without notice.

KIMURA
Follow me.

All slide out.

EXT. TENTH RIDGE. PEAK. DAY

Top man on the left walks over. Looks down. Man looks up. Patrols to the right. Crack in brush. Walks over curious. Looks down. No Guard. Sickhand comes out from between brush. Strikes him in the head with hatchet. Man on south end notices Sickhand. Raises rifle. Kimura cuts his throat. Kimura ducks away.

EXT. ELEVENTH RIDGE. DAY

John arrives drained. Sickhand slides over the peak for a look.

SICKHAND

Come and see.

John slide up. Dawns binoculars.

JOHN

I see.

Trail white pony at the base. Four lightly built smoke huts with Fox furs at the edge of eleventh ridge. Staggered midway up steep bamboo filled mountain across the steep valley. Ceders align the rest of the way to the top of the high peak.

SICKHAND (O.S.)

The left.

Remington Scans. Japanese/Dutch albino squats on hill. On guard with rifle. Poppy stirs in the pot. Clay pottery aligned. Village smokes by separate kettles up the village with a small white trail pony/lead wrapped around thorn tree at the bottom path. Tattooed Yakuza women bath from bucket and ladle beside huts. Pale skinny man hits pipe. Passes to another man. All have rifles at arms length.

Sickhand counts rounds behind mound. John slides back. Lays on his back. Checks Colt. Stuffs Carbine with rounds.

SICKHAND (CONT'D)

Thirty in the village.

John charges two more. Scoffs. Cocks it. Sickhand stares desponded.

SICKHAND (CONT'D)

You calling me a liar? Look, son we
slide in and catch them by
surprise.

They move down the right side along the thick brush. Settle in. John pulls Binoculars. Scans the village.

Men on guard have rifles. Two pistoleers with ammo belts around their torso at the main hut.

Bram stands around pot inside main hut. Stirs Fox stew. Looks up with a sense.

JOHN

How are we going to get in there
and find him.

SICKHAND

There is only one way of getting in
there. You ready?

Both amp up, then look to Kimura. Bewildered, then
settles....

KIMURA

When I get to the crown, start
shooting.

Kimura slides out and disappears.

Sickhand aims rifle at the first man on guard. John scans
with binoculars.

Bram's hand reaches in a crate. Grabs three sticks of
dynamite.

Whistle from atop readies the Men.

Kimura slides up behind lead guard, turned. Breaks neck.
Softly lays him down. Crawls around and pulls Kitana. Guard
II turns. Kimura strikes him down. Man sees Kimura. Pulls
pistol. Shot hits man in the chest. Sickhand recoils rifle.

Two men close in on Kimura with pistols. Blast flips second.
John recoils. Kimura dodges second. Cuts him down. Pumps one,
then another.

SICKHAND

Here we go.

Sickhand stands and rushes down hill. Slides Behind tree.
Readies Rifle. Fires.

John scans Village men who grab rifles. Swarm down on
Sickhand and Kimura. Fires, as Men fall dead.

Clansmen close in dangerous. Sickhand fires. Man falls.
Kimura attempts left behind tree. Man commit around. Cuts man
from behind.

John runs to Kimura and Sickhand. Notices Bram run out of
main hut for the peak. John makes a B-line for Bram. Guns
down men, as they make an attempt to fire at him. Drops
rifle. Takes two colts from holsters. Shoots man down, then
pulls Maxwell's pistol. Shoots another. Ducks behind tree at
the bottom. Turns and watches Bram escape. Runs for the peak.

Clansmen attempt to shoot Kimura. He grabs pistol from fallen guard. Roles behind tree. Shoots Guard. John makes a B line for the peak.

Clansmen close in on Kimura. Rush down hill. Kimura ducks behind tree. Man rushes down with pistol. Sickhand shoots man. Drops rifle. Grabs Knife and hatchet. Cuts man to his knees. Cuts the his throat. Both men recover and rush the shed.

John Closes in on Bram. Bram notices and lights a stick. Throws it. John dives right. Blast throws dirt on top of him. John recovers. Rushes towards Bram. Lights another stick throws it close. John runs left. Blast bring a massive rumble. From the top.

Dozens of Clansmen rush down Kimura and Sickhand. Both doubled up with guard's pistol. Greatly out numbered. Run to the left. Fire pistols. Sickhand fires pistol. Shot in the high shoulder. Through and through. Kimura grabs him. Huddle out of ammo.

John rushes in from the left. Closes in on Bram who reaches near the top left end of the peak. Lights the third stick. John tackles Bram. John sees stick hit the ground into a spilt in the earth. Explosion sends Bram and John up and into a tree.

Men close in on Sickhand and Kimura, while both grab blades and ready. Step out for one last fight and look up. Earth rumbles and begins to break. Massive ground displacement begins to slide down the mountain.

Bram shakes it off and runs for the open peak. John slides with the Earth. Runs to the left. Drops Colt. Jumps, Grabs a Bamboo tree. Hangs as the Massive Avalanche rumbles down towards the Village.

Kimura and Sickhand see the wall of death swallow up everything in it's path. Clansmen and sheds swallowed up. Both rush to the left end. Sickhand dives and pushes Kimura away from the fallen earth. Village destroyed.

John climbs up and runs to the open peak. Hakata Bay below. Bram and John circle. Bram charges John. John wheels him over. Mounts Bram. Bram roles him over. Grabs blade from John's belt. John Locks his arm in a figure four. Breaks Blade away. Bram picks John up and slams him. John stands.

BRAM

I remember you.

John punches Bram two times hard. Bram spits blood, then back hands John off his feet. Bram pulls blade.

John grabs Brams hand. Bram punches him bloody. Kicks him forward. Blade flies out of bram's hand. John stands, as Bram closes in. John Throws Bram over his shoulder.

They role around over blade. John, thrust, then stands and collapses on his backside. Looks out at the Bay.(Crepuscular rays/Twilight) streaks through the clouds over the water in the bay, as Bram looks down. Kushyu Blade in his gut. Spits blood.

Kimura and sickhand arrive. Bram slowly drifts and falls back dead. John stands and staggers away. Sickhand takes Kushyu blade from Bram's gut and scalps him. Woops as the dances.

FADE TO:

EXT. HARBOR. DOCK. DAY

Meada stands at his window. Oversees departure. Pastor Stand at his deck. High and mighty. Looks down on the departure with guilty pride.

Dock hands load horses. Bay is active.

John Isaac and Sickhand stand around. Kimura shakes their hands. Hands back badges.

KIMURA

Thank you.

JOHN

Thanks Inspector for everything.
Maybe we will see each other again?

KIMURA

Maybe I will come and see you.

SICKHAND

It would be our honor.

All bow. Patterson Helps Maxwell up the ramp. Maxwell looks back.

MAXWELL

Marshal!

All turn, yet John slightly reluctant with heartache, turns around.

Isabelle stands at the end of the dock with umbrella and silk Summer dress before the TORII at the base of the dock.

Isabelle's broken heart and regret with an overwhelming sense of love breaks to a stern smile goodbye.

John's pins on badge. Isabelle looks with resolution, yet slight regret. John swallows a lump of heartache. Isabelle lifts chin with pride. Nods, then walks across man rail down the road and over bridge. Bare, but one old Monk sits at the end. Crosses under Torii. Monk looks up with sadness.

John tips hat. *Pan 65.* Turns and follows Sickhand, Isaac and Martial's up ramp. Kimura walks down dock. Stands by Police. Raise to overview of Harbor. Steam blows.

Ship drifts out the Bay. Nobu stands with his men furious as they part.

Sickhand sends a loud and proud call for victory. Nobu looks to the dock. Kimura and police await.

SHERIFF JOHNSTON (V.O.)

Isaac Sutton would cut off means to the mission. Years later an angry mob would ransack the mission, killing the Pastor. Ms. Lang would take Isabelle and settle in Tokyo where she would find a suitor, an industrial aristocrat of some kind, yet, Isabelle and John knew that their love was true by the evidence of this archive.

Ship drifts out of bay into setting sun.

FADE OUT: