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QUANTUM LEAP

FREEDOM

SEPTEMBER 3, 1970

Written

by

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QUANTUM LEAP

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CAST

SAM BECKETT/FRANKLIN WHITEHORSE
THE OBSERVER

SHERIFF TAGGART
DEPUTY JOHNSTON
JOSEPH WHITEHORSE
SUZANNE WHITEHORSE
PROPRIETOR
FRANKLIN WHITEHORSE

EXTRAS:

FARMER

SETS

INTERIORS:

JAILHOUSE
ROOM
HALLWAY OF CELLS
CELL
SHERIFF'S OFFICE
TRADING POST
CAVE

EXTERIORS:

JAILHOUSE
PARKING LOT
2-LANE BLACKTOP
HIGHWAY
TRADING POST
BARN
MOUNTAINSIDE
VALLEY FLOOR
CAVE
MOUNTAIN RIDGE
BOULDER FIELD
PROMONTORY

VEHICLES:

PICKUP TRUCK
GM BRONCO

ANIMALS:

3 HORSES
PINTO HORSE

QUANTUM LEAPFREEDOMSEPTEMBER 3, 1970TEASER

FADE IN

1 QUANTUM LEAP TO 1

2 INT. ROOM - NIGHT 2

Sam leaps into the space that 6.35 nanoseconds earlier was occupied by a man of about 25. Before Sam can even blink his eyes to adjust to the harsh light of the room...KA-POW! A fist attached to a huge arm rockets into frame and nearly takes his head off with a shot to the jaw. Sam crashes backwards over a chair and half-scrambles, half-staggers to his feet.

3 SAM'S POV - A LARGE, OUT OF FOCUS MAN 3.

...who is striding towards Sam.

MAN

Lesson number one: it never pays to get smart with me.

The Man, who wears a tie and street clothes, but no jacket, steps closer and cocks back his right hand once again. In the background, we faintly see a second figure grinning and watching.

4 ANGLE ON SAM 4

As the Man throws his punch, Sam, still a little groggy, instinctively blocks it and throws his own right, staggering the Man. The Man starts to come back...and Sam wades in...and for the first time we notice, that there's a Sheriff's star on the Man's belt. This is Sheriff Taggart. Forty-six years old and mean. Sam spins into a wheel kick and rocks Taggart back towards the wall, causing a small table to go crashing out of the way.

TAGGART

Johnston!

CONTINUED

4 CONTINUED

The figure we dimly perceived in the background from Sam's POV shot now leaps forward...it's Deputy Johnston. He raises his gun and brings it down on the back of Sam's head and Sam collapses. For a few seconds, Taggart stands breathing heavily over Sam as Johnston gives him a grin.

JOHNSTON

Almost had you there, Sheriff.

Taggart slowly rotates his head and glares at Johnston; it's clear he hates the fact that someone saw him almost lose. Johnston wilts under Taggart's stare.

TAGGART

'Almost' doesn't count.

And as they reach down to pick Sam up, we....

CUT TO

5 INT. JAIL HALLWAY - NIGHT

5

Taggart and Johnston drag a limp and bloodied Sam down a short row of cells. They open a cell door at the end and toss him on a mattress that lies atop a cheap steel frame. Sitting motionless on the opposite bed is an 85 year old man dressed in worn jeans, boots, an old yellow flannel shirt and a battered Levi's jean jacket. This is Joseph Whitehorse, a full blooded Cheyenne. Taggart looks Joseph straight in the eye.

TAGGART

He slipped.

Joseph waits a beat, then gives an almost imperceptible, sarcastic nod.

JOSEPH

Looks like you slipped, too.

Taggart slams shut the door. Johnston locks it and they leave. As Sam painfully blinks open his eyes, Joseph gets up and wets his handkerchief in the sink.

SAM

Wh-where am I?

Joseph starts to dab away some of the blood from Sam's lip.

CONTINUED

5 CONTINUED

5

JOSEPH

Same place you were twenty minutes ago before you opened your big mouth.

Sam shoots Joseph a glance, but his face is expressionless. He winces at one of Joseph's gruff swipes and pushes away his hand. He sits up on the edge of the bed, tries to stand, but then stops himself, he's still a little dizzy. Joseph makes no move to help him.

SAM

(sarcastic)

Don't bother, I'll do it myself.

With a grunt, he stands up and storks over to the sink and splashes some water on his face, then looks up into a scratched, metal mirror bolted to the brick wall.

6 SAM'S POV - THE FACE OF FRANKLIN WHITEHORSE

6

...a young, American Indian, who is Cheyenne.

7 ANGLE ON SAM

7

As he stares into the mirror.

SAM

(surprised, to himself)

Oh, boy, I'm an Indian.

8 ANGLE ON SAM AND JOSEPH

8

Joseph gives a slow blink.

JOSEPH

Could be worse. You could be a white man, eh?

And as Joseph gives a wheezy chuckle, Sam reacts and we....

FADE OUT

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN

9 INT. JAIL CELL - NIGHT

9

Sam slowly drifts over to the bars of his cell and wraps his hands around them as if to confirm their reality.

SAM (V.O.)

I always knew that one of these days I was going to leap into a bad situation, and now that it had arrived, I hoped it wasn't going to get any worse.

Sam turns and looks back at Joseph and decides to go fishing for some facts.

SAM

I, uh, can't wait to get out of here.

Joseph gives a slight wheeze of agreement as he gets up off his mattress and shuffles to the window and looks out.

JOSEPH

Some people just can't tell the difference between borrowing stealing.

A flash of alarm brightens Sam's face. What the hell did he steal? He joins Joseph at the window and looks in the direction Joseph is staring.

10 SAM'S POV - AN OLD, BANGED-UP PICKUP

10

...that is cream-colored and dappled with rusty primer spots. It slumps in the little parking lot next to the jail.

11 ANGLE ON SAM AND JOSEPH

11

Joseph smiles at a memory.

JOSEPH

I had a pinto like that once. Windwalker. He was a brave pony.

Sam turns away from the window.

CONTINUED

11 CONTINUED

11

SAM
(dismayed)
We stole a truck.

JOSEPH
You borrowed it. I just got in.

SAM
(more dismayed)
We're going to be in jail forever.

JOSEPH
Not me. I intend to die first.

Joseph grins and gives a few triumphant chuckles. Sam nods just to be pleasant. This old guy's sparkplugs are obviously misfiring. Sam rolls his eyes as he turns away.

SAM
(to himself)
Oh, great.

JOSEPH
Come, we must get out.

SAM
We can't escape from here. That'll just make things worse.

JOSEPH
Ehhh? Do you want to spend the next ten years in jail?

Sam doesn't want to do that, but he doesn't want to make things worse, either.

SAM
(sing song, under his breath)
Al-l-l! Al-l-l! What am I supposed to do?

Joseph overhears the last part.

JOSEPH
You're the big city man, you figure it out.

And with a Buddha-like smile, Joseph just sits down on his mattress and waits. On Sam's disbelieving look we....

CUT TO

12 CLOSEUP - JOSEPH - LATER 12

...chanting. His voice rises and falls in the sing song fashion of the Plains Indian.

13 ANGLE ON DOOR TO CELLS 13

...as it opens and Taggart strides to Sam's cell and suddenly stops...the only person in the cell is Joseph, who calmly sits cross-legged on his bed, his blanket draped around his shoulders. Sam's blanket lies neatly folded on the bare mattress on Sam's side of the cell. (Eerie Indian music should begin to play once Joseph stops chanting.)

TAGGART

(beat)

Where's Franklin?

JOSEPH

Gone.

TAGGART

How?

JOSEPH

I turned him into a raven. He flew away.

Joseph makes a flapping motion with one hand towards the barred window. There is something mystical about the moment and the gesture.

TAGGART

So why didn't you go?

JOSEPH

I can only turn into a wolf. I'm too big for the bars.

Taggart glances up at the ceiling of the cell and then under the beds.

14 TAGGART'S POV - THE CEILING AND UNDER THE BEDS 14

...there's nothing.

15 BACK TO SCENE 15

Taggart takes his gun out and cautiously opens the cell door.

CONTINUED

15 CONTINUED

TAGGART
Stay where you are.

Joseph merely nods and starts to chant again. Taggart moves over to Sam's bed and bends down to look under it again. Just as his head gets level with the edge of the mattress, Joseph gives particularly strong emphasis to one word and...WHAM! The cloth side of the mattress flips up as Sam's fist lashes out from inside the mattress. It catches Taggart in the ear and stuns him. His gun and keys go flying. Sam throws up the mattress and we see that it's been hollowed out. He jumps on Taggart and they wrestle around the floor.

TAGGART
Johnston! Johnston!

But Johnston doesn't come and Sam is finally able to throw off Taggart long enough to grab his gun and point it at him.

SAM
Hold it!

Taggart freezes and Sam, without taking his eyes off him, carefully bends down and picks up Taggart's keys with his free hand. He begins to back out of the cell with Joseph.

SAM
Lesson number two....

JOSEPH
(interrupting,
shaking a finger)
Don't mess with Indians.

Sam gives Joseph a bemused look as he closes the door and glances back at Taggart.

SAM
Yeah.

He locks the cell door and they start towards the door to the office.

16 SFX: A TOILET FLUSHING AND ANOTHER DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING 16

A few seconds later, the door to the office starts to open.

TAGGART (O.S.)
Johnston, he's got my....

JOHNSTON (O.S.)
You call...(ed)?

CONTINUED

16 CONTINUED

BLAM! Sam kicks as hard as he can and smashes the door back into the poor, unsuspecting Johnston. Johnston bounces off the opposite wall and collapses back through the doorway, out cold. Sam hops over the prostrate Johnston and darts out of sight, but Joseph just stands staring down at him. An agitated Sam reappears a few seconds later and pulls Joseph by the sleeve.

SAM

Come on.

JOSEPH

(as he's dragged
out the door)

Did you ever notice that he looks
like a sheep?

And then they're gone.

17 EXT. JAIL - DAWN

17

As Sam tries to briskly escort Joseph past the jail's parking lot without attracting attention. In the background, we see all the stuffing from Sam's mattress lying where he threw it, underneath the cell's window. Suddenly, a furious Taggart appears at the bars and shouts to any early riser that might hear him.

TAGGART

Stop them! They're escaping! Stop
them!

Joseph unconcernedly totters along the sidewalk as Sam quickly hides Taggart's gun and self-consciously looks around. A few passerby's slow and stare.

SAM

Get in the truck!

He steers Joseph to the pinto-like pickup and tries to nonchalantly open the door. With maddening slowness, Joseph humps into the passenger seat and waits for Sam to jump behind the wheel.

TAGGART

Stop them! They're escaping!

Joseph casually waves to a farmer who's come to town and is now staring at the truck.

JOSEPH

Good morning!

CONTINUED

17 CONTINUED

Sam desperately looks around...and then remembers....

SAM

I gotta go get the keys!

JOSEPH

Aren't any.

SAM

What?!

Joseph gives Sam a puzzled look.

JOSEPH

You stole it, eh? No keys.

SAM

(covering)

Oh. Right.

JOSEPH

Just hotwire it like you did before.

Sam frantically jumps in behind the wheel, looks down around the ignition, spots some loose wires and touches them together. The engine coughs to life and Sam twists the wires tight.

JOSEPH

(a la John Wayne)

Forward, ho-o-o!

Sam throws the truck in gear and they lurch off.

18 INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

18

Johnston sits slumped in a chair, head back, toilet paper stuffed up his nose to stop the bleeding, and a wash cloth filled with ice cubes on his forehead. Taggart is hurriedly throwing on a nylon bomber-style uniform jacket with a star on its breast.

JOHNSTON

(nasally)

I tink my nose id bwoken.

TAGGART

(without looking)

Probably an improvement.

Taggart begins to agitatedly search through the drawers of his desk.

CONTINUED

JOHNSTON

My inshoorwence will covuh dis, wone
it?

TAGGART

(restrained, but
still not looking
up)

Yes, your insurance will cover it.

JOHNSTON

I wonduh iv Lucille will still
liek....

TAGGART

(interrupting)

Stop whining about your nose and get
on the radio! I want those Indians
stopped!

Taggart finds the box of rifle shells he's been looking for and spills it open on his desk as Johnston starts to crab walk his swivel chair over to a radio on the side of the room. Taggart pulls out a ring of keys and unlocks a gun case on the wall. Just as he pulls down an old M-1 rifle, an attractive Indian woman of about 30, dressed in contemporary clothes, walks in the front door. This is Suzanne Whitehorse, Franklin's older sister.

SUZANNE

Excuse me, I'm looking for the
Sheriff.

Taggart begins to load the magazine of the M-1 with
bullets.

TAGGART

You found him.

SUZANNE

I'm Suzanne Whitehorse.
(embarrassed)

I understand you have my...
grandfather and brother here.

TAGGART

Nope.

SUZANNE

I'm sorry?

CONTINUED

18 CONTINUED (2)

TAGGART

They left here about fifteen minutes ago.

SUZANNE

But I thought they were....

TAGGART

They were. They escaped.

SUZANNE

Escaped?! My grandfather's a sick man. He needs to get back to the nursing home.

TAGGART

(on a short fuse)

Your grandfather and brother have stolen a car...twice! Assaulted two sheriff's officers, and escaped from jail. When I find him, the last place he's going to go is the nursing home.

Taggart slams home the clip into the M-1; its ominous sound frightens her a little.

SUZANNE

Sheriff....

(reads Taggart's name plate)

...Taggart, m-my grandfather's getting kind of senile and my brother...he's always been a little...rebellious. I know they really didn't mean any harm.

TAGGART

Tell that to my deputy.

Taggart motions towards Johnston and Suzanne follows his gesture.

19 SUZANNE'S POV - JOHNSTON

19

Who talks into a hand mike with his head still tilted back.

JOHNSTON

...dat's wight, uh pickup. License numburr....

20 BACK ON SUZANNE AND TAGGART

20

Suzanne reacts to the sight of Johnston, but as Taggart makes to head for the door, she instinctively moves to politely block him, but flinches away at his look.

SUZANNE
(summoning her
courage)
Sheriff, I'd like to come with you.

TAGGART
Are you a sworn deputy of the State
of Oklahoma?

SUZANNE
(puzzled)
No....

TAGGART
Then you can't.

Taggart starts to brush past her and Suzanne begins to get angry. She timidly touches his sleeve and he stops.

SUZANNE
(her last card)
Sheriff, I-I can either follow you
in my car, or I can ride with you.
But one way or another, I in-intend
to be there when you find my
grandfather and my brother.

Taggart looks at her and sees the steel in her eyes.

TAGGART
(beat)
Do you have any idea where they
might be headed?

SUZANNE
No. Not really.

TAGGART
Do you know why he decided to bust
out of his nursing home?

SUZANNE
He...he said it was too confining.

Taggart gives a grunt of disgust, hefts the rifle and is out the door before Suzanne can react. He lets it slam in her face as he says....

CONTINUED

20 CONTINUED

20

TAGGART
(disgustedly)
Let's go.

And Suzanne instantly hurries after him.

21 EXT. PICKUP - DAY

21

Sam drives the truck down a two lane state blacktop that's as straight as a bowshot. There's not a car in sight. In the distance, a ridge of mountains curtains the horizon.

22 INT. PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

22

Sam drives as Joseph slouches against the opposite door, breathing heavily, a half smile on his face as he muses at some private thought.

SAM'S VOICE OVER
There's an old Indian expression that says you should never judge a man until you've walked a mile in his mocassins, and I guess that applies to situations, too. But so far, I didn't enjoy being on the run.

23 SAM'S POV - A STATE ROAD SIGN

23

It's one of those metal signs with an outline of the state of Oklahoma on it with a road number inside it.

24 ANGLE ON SAM

24

As he reads the road sign.

SAM
(surprised)
Oklahoma!

JOSEPH
(singing offkey)
'...where the wind comes whistling
down the plain....'

Sam stares at Joseph and can't help but laugh. Joseph smiles back.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED

24

JOSEPH
Pretty good, eh??

SAM
(smiling)
Pretty horrible.

Joseph gives a grunt of amusement. He tries to turn on the truck's radio, but it doesn't work.

JOSEPH
Damn white men can't make a thing.

He shuts it off.

JOSEPH
Except more white men.

Sam smiles and Joseph gives a croak of laughter, but then it turns into a cough...and that becomes a deep, racking set of coughs that shake his whole body. Alarmed, Sam pulls the truck to a stop on the side of the road.

JOSEPH
(between coughs)
Keep...going.

Joseph is coughing so hard his eyes are tearing. He scrabbles out his handkerchief and feebly dabs at them.

SAM
Let me look at you.

Joseph weakly tries to brush away Sam's hands, but Sam is all doctor now. Sam puts his head to Joseph's chest.

SAM
Take a deep breath.

Joseph gasps for breath and does. Sam straightens up, leans Joseph forward and thumps on his back. He doesn't like what he hears.

SAM
(surprised)
You've got emphysema.

Joseph nods as his coughs decrease.

SAM
(urgent)
I've got to get you to a hospital.

CONTINUED

JOSEPH

No! Go on!

Joseph gestures towards the gearshift. Sam slides back behind the wheel and grabs the shift lever.

SAM

I'm not going anywhere, we've got to get you some oxygen.

Joseph slaps Sam's hand on the wheel like a dying trout.

JOSEPH

Take me home.

SAM

You've got some oxygen there?

Joseph nods his head "yes." His coughing is a little less.

SAM

Okay then.

Sam is about to put the truck in gear when....

OBSERVER (O.S.)

There isn't any oxygen there,
Sam....

Sam looks around and Al is standing just outside the driver's window.

OBSERVER

...unless you count what's floating
around free in the atmosphere.

Sam casts a quick glance at Joseph.

SAM

(to Al)

Where's the nearest hospital?

Joseph gestures towards the mountain range.

JOSEPH

No hospital!

OBSERVER

About fifty miles behind you.

Joseph opens the door and starts to slide out of the truck.

CONTINUED

24 CONTINUED (3)

OBSERVER

Sam!

Sam grabs, but is too late.

25 EXT. PICKUP

25

Sam jumps out and runs around and grabs Joseph's arm as he starts to head off towards the mountains. Al follows right behind.

SAM

You can't run away.

JOSEPH

I'm not running away. I have to water the plants. That truck is hard on my kidneys.

SAM

Oh.

He lets go of Joseph and Joseph shuffles towards the privacy of a tree. Sam and Al discreetly turn their backs.

SAM

Al, what's going on here?

Al quickly reads some info from his hand computer.

OBSERVER

(reading)

Let's see...your name is Franklin Whitehorse, you're twenty-five, and you're the grandson of Joseph Whitehorse....

(gestures with cigar)

...eighty-five...or so, his birthdate's kinda hazy...who, by the way, is a full-blooded Cheyenne indian.

Al squints in appreciation at that.

OBSERVER

You haven't seen each other since you were fourteen. That is, until you helped him escape from his nursing home yesterday....

CONTINUED

SAM
...in a stolen truck.

OBSERVER
Yeah. Where your sister Suzanne put
him, until you arrived. You're
in....

SAM
Oklahoma.

OBSERVER
And the year is....

SAM
Nineteen seventy.

Al cocks an eye at Sam.

26 ANGLE ON SAM AND TRUCK

26

As Sam points at the rear of the truck.

SAM
License tag.

Al nods, a little peeved that Sam is one step ahead so far.

OBSERVER
. And the date is....

Al pauses for Sam to leap in and steal his thunder once
again, but Sam doesn't know the date.

OBSERVER
(smiling)
September third. And what Ziggy
thinks you're here for....

SAM
...is to save Joseph's life.

Al nods and then changes it to a shake. He instantly
becomes serious.

OBSERVER
No. You're here to help him die.
And on Sam's stunned reaction we....fade out

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

27 EXT. PICKUP - CONTINUOUS FROM END OF ACT ONE

27

Sam is still stunned from Al's statement.

SAM

Al, I can't let him die, I'm a doctor!

OBSERVER

It's his life, Sam.

SAM

Not to throw away!

Al checks his hand computer remote.

OBSERVER

Ziggy's seventy-eight per cent sure.

SAM

That's not good enough!

OBSERVER

If you don't, he'll spend his last few months in the nursing home, kept alive by machines, confined to a bed, looking like a pin cushion. What kind of life is that?

SAM

At least he'd be alive!

OBSERVER

Maybe just being alive isn't enough.

SAM

There is nothing more important than being alive!

JOSEPH (O.S.)

But a good life deserves a good death, eh??

Sam turns to look at Joseph, who has quietly shuffled up.

OBSERVER

Ask him, Sam. Ask him if he wants to die...and where.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED

Sam takes a deep breath and gently takes hold of Joseph's arms.

SAM

Don't you think it would be better if I took you back to the nursing home? Where you could be with your friends, and family?

JOSEPH

What family? It's just you and Suzanne. And you moved away.

SAM

But what about your friends?

JOSEPH

My friends are here. The sun and the sky. The wind. The earth. Here is where I belong.

SAM

But if I don't take you back, you could have an attack and die.

Joseph looks past Sam and spots something...it's a hawk, floating high overhead.

JOSEPH

(pointing)

My brother the hawk. All it's life it flies where it wants. Fights where it wants. Loves where it wants. Now, when it nears death, do you think it wants to be put in a cage?

SAM

If it could make it live a little longer....

Sam leaves the rest unsaid.

JOSEPH

(pats Sam's cheek)

You have been too long among the white man, nikha.

OBSERVER

(to Sam)

That's Cheyenne for grandson. To you, he's nemshim or grandfather.

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED (2)

27

Joseph climbs back in the truck. Sam looks at Al for help.

SAM

Al, I have to take him back.

OBSERVER

(reads computer)

Sam, if you go back, you're wanted for at least three felonies. Ziggy says you're looking at at least the next decade in jail.

Torn, Sam finally leans in Joseph's window.

SAM

Where do you want to go?

Joseph points at the mountains.

JOSEPH

Home.

OBSERVER

(reads computer)

There's an Indian tribal jurisdiction area just on the other side of those mountains, Sam. If you can get there, the cops can't go in, and you'll be safe.

Sam still hesitates.

OBSERVER

And that'll give you a chance to change Joseph's mind.

SAM

(beat)

All right.

(to Al)

What's the quickest way?

JOSEPH

(overhearing)

All we have to do....

Joseph looks straight into Sam's eyes.

JOSEPH

...is leap....

SFX: Mystical music sting

CONTINUED

27 CONTINUED (3)

27

Sam glances at Al. Can Joseph really see who Sam is? Al shrugs uncomfortably.

JOSEPH
(after a pregnant
beat, finishes
his sentence)
...like a rabbit, and we'll be
there.

A chuckle like pebbles rolling down a dry riverbed escapes from Joseph as Sam and Al exchange another puzzled glance.

OBSERVER
Don't look at me.

With a shake of his head, Sam gives up trying to figure out what's going on and climbs back into the truck.

CUT TO

28 INT. TAGGART'S OFFICIAL CAR - DAY

28

Taggart drives his dusty GM Bronco down a state road as Suzanne perches in the passenger seat. He's on the radio to Johnston.

SUZANNE
Maybe they headed South towards....

TAGGART
(interrupting)
Miss Whitehorse, please. I'll do my
job, and you do yours. Whatever
that is.

SUZANNE
I'm a teacher.

TAGGART
Of what?

SUZANNE
American History.

TAGGART
(contemptuous)
Ha!

The concept of an American Indian teaching American history is ridiculous to him. Suzanne, seeing this, immediately clams up.

CUT TO

- 29 INT. PICKUP - DAY 29
Sam and Joseph are cruising down the highway, parallel to the mountains.
- 30 SAM'S POV - A GAS STATION/TRADING POST 30
That's off the road on the right.
- 31 ANGLE ON JOSEPH 31
Who spots the trading post.
JOSEPH
(excited)
Pull over! Pull over! Pull....
Joseph starts to hack and cough again. Sam, afraid of getting him more agitated and making things worse, immediately starts to pull over.
SAM
Okay! Okay! I'm pulling over.
- 32 EXT. TRADING POST 32
A small store and gas station on the brink of nowhere. Sam pulls the truck to a stop in front. Sam helps Joseph out as his coughing diminishes. He eyes a small beat up pair of welding tanks rusting near the door as they head inside.
- 33 INT. TRADING POST 33
It looks a lot like a general store from a hundred years ago. Stuffed animals everywhere, including a bald eagle. Guns mounted on the walls, some of them antiques. And a sleepy PROPRIETOR lounging behind a counter.
PROPRIETOR
Hey, there.
SAM
Uh, hi.
JOSEPH
(wheezing)
Got any buffalo hides?

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED

PROPRIETOR

(amused)

Just sold our last one. But we got some nice blankets in the back.

Joseph nods, then winks at Sam and happily bustles towards the rear. The Proprietor gives Sam a conspiratorial grin that says "Old folks". Sam awkwardly grins back. Al quietly walks into frame next to him and Sam drifts down an aisle to be out of earshot of the Proprietor.

OBSERVER

You know, I remember some places like this when I was growing up.

Sam suddenly spots some stick candy in jars. He eagerly hurries over.

SAM

(suddenly remembering)

So do I! My dad used to buy me candy like this every time we came to town.

OBSERVER

My favorite was red licorice. I used to get a long piece, then Shirley Mulcahey would start at one end, and I'd be at the other....

SAM

(lost in memory)

I would always get...two sticks of cinnamon....

Sam smiles at the memory.

OBSERVER

...and when we met in the middle it was absolute....

SAM

...And he would always get two sticks of....

Joseph, carrying a couple of colorful blankets folded over one arm, walks up unobserved.

SAM & JOSEPH

...peppermint.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED (2)

33

Sam and Al look at Joseph in surprise. It's another one of those strange, mystical moments.

JOSEPH

Your father loved sweets all his life. That's where you got your taste for 'em, eh, nikha?

Al does some furious punching on his hand computer.

OBSERVER

(reading)

Sam, this is weird. Franklin Whitehorse was twenty-one when his father died, just like....

SAM

(stunned)

Me.

JOSEPH

No, I'm talking to another Indian.

Joseph grabs two pieces of cinnamon and hands one to Sam.

JOSEPH

I always preferred cinnamon.

Al sort of sings the theme to "Twilight Zone" as he and Sam follow Joseph to the counter.

PROPRIETOR

Anything else?

JOSEPH

How about a fat woman and a narrow bed?

Joseph laughs at his own joke and so does the Proprietor.

PROPRIETOR

(ringing it up)

That'll be forty-seven fifty-five.

Joseph looks at Sam and Sam suddenly goes for his wallet.

SAM

Oh.

But then he finds out he doesn't have a wallet...or any money in any of his pockets. As his face falls and the Proprietor gets impatient, Sam suddenly gets a bright idea.

CONTINUED

33 CONTINUED (3)

33

He reaches under his shirt (his shirt tails have been out) and pulls out Taggart's gun. Instantly the Proprietor throws his hands up in the air.

PROPRIETOR

Okay! Okay! Take anything you want!

OBSERVER

Sam! Why don't you go for five felonies while you're at it.

SAM

(to Proprietor)

Oh! No! I'm not going to rob you.

He lays the gun down on the counter, the grip towards the Proprietor.

SAM

I want to trade it for the blankets.

Joseph points to an old lever-action rifle on the wall as the Proprietor lowers his hands.

JOSEPH

And the Winchester.

SAM

Oh, and one more thing.

And on Al and the Proprietor's puzzled reaction we....

CUT TO

34 INT. PICKUP - DAY

34

As it drives along the highway. Joseph sits with the blankets piled in his lap, the Winchester leaning against the dashboard. Between him and Sam is the battered green oxygen tank from the welding kit. Sam steers with one hand as he holds the open end of the oxygen hose from the tank in the other. He unconsciously slips into doctor mode.

SAM

(demonstrating)

Then put the hose to your mouth and take a little breath, but not too much. What you're trying to do is give yourself oxygen without shutting down your CO-2 respiration trigger mechanism.

CONTINUED

JOSEPH

Where you learn this, nikha?

SAM

(covering)

On, uh, TV. On...Marcus Welby.

Joseph gives a grunt of contempt.

JOSEPH

White man's medicine.

He spits out the window and then nonchalantly begins to pull out from his pockets various articles he shoplifted from the store. Three shades of lipstick. A pipe and pouch of tobacco. Some eagle feathers. A sheath knife. And last, but not least, a small transistor radio. Joseph hands the knife to Sam.

JOSEPH

For you.

It's plain, but handsome.

SAM

(amazed at all the
loot)

You stole that.

JOSEPH

Your gun was worth much more than he said. He tried to cheat us.

He pulls out the antenna on the radio, snaps it on, and starts playing with the dial. Finally, he finds the right channel and eagerly brings it closer to his ear. It's a football game.

SAM

But that gun wasn't even....

JOSEPH

Shhh!

ANNOUNCER ON TRANSISTOR RADIO

'...and Oh! he's stopped at the line of scrimmage. That'll leave it Fourth and goal with only....'

SAM

What're you listening to?

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED (2)

JOSEPH
(beaming)
The best damn team in America... the
Redskins!

ANNOUNCER
'...Looks...throws...Touchdown,
Redskins!....'

Joseph turns to Sam.

JOSEPH
I just love it when they beat the
Cowboys.

He gives an infectious laugh of pure delight and Sam can't help but join in.

JOSEPH
Go, Redskins!

SAM
(smiles, shakes
his head)
Go, Redskins!

Joseph starts and Sam joins in in making an Indian war cry. Suddenly, their war cry is interrupted by Taggart's voice coming over the CB radio in the truck.

TAGGART (V.O.)
Hello, Joseph. Hello, Franklin. If
you can hear me, why'n't you come on
in.

Sam looks at Joseph, who's alarmed, but then nods.

TAGGART (V.O.)
(beat)
Hello, Joseph. Hello, Franklin. If
you can....

Sam picks up the hand mike and depresses the talk button.

Note: The following should be intercut between the interior of the pickup and the interior of Taggart's car.

SAM
(winks at Joseph)
I'd like to request "Leavin' on a
jet plane" by Peter, Paul and Mary.

Joseph grins at this.

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED (3)

TAGGART

I'm sure that'll be a big hit in
prison, Franklin.

SAM

You've got to catch us first.

TAGGART

Oh, don't you worry, I will.

Suzanne takes the mike from Taggart.

SUZANNE

Nemshim, it's me, Suzanne.

In the near distance, a train blows it's whistle as it
passes through a crossing ahead of Sam and Joseph.

JOSEPH

(annoyed)

Go away.

SUZANNE

Grandfather, you need to go back to
the nursing home...where we can take
care of you.

JOSEPH

I don't want to be taken care of.

SFX: Train whistles and crossing guards warning clangs

SUZANNE

Franklin, tell him that he has to
come back or he'll die.

SAM

I already told him. He won't
listen. Besides, we can't come
back, we'll go to jail.

Suzanne looks at Taggart...and knows it's the truth.

TAGGART

If you turn yourself in, Franklin,
I'll recommend the judge to go easy
on you. Maybe we can work a deal,
drop some of the charges.

SUZANNE

Nemshim, please! Listen to him!
Come back!

CONTINUED

34 CONTINUED (4)

34

Joseph has become increasingly angry in the past few seconds.

JOSEPH

Have you no pride?! When was the last time a white man kept his word to us?! Don't you know your own history?! How many times has the red man been lied to? How many times were we told we would be left alone...and then forced to move? No! I will not come home and die like some worm in a white man's hut. No no no no no!

Joseph has worked himself up into a coughing fit and is forced to break off. Sam slams down the mike and quickly stops the car and gives him some oxygen. Joseph takes a breath and the pain eases.

JOSEPH

(beat)

Maybe this Marcus Welby is an okay white man.

35 INT. TAGGART'S CAR

35

Taggart hangs up the mike, a satisfied grin in his face.

TAGGART

Did you hear that train in the background? I know exactly where they are.

And with that, he slams his car into a U-turn and peels off.

36 EXT. PICKUP

36

As it cruises down the road parallel to the mountains, which are much nearer now.

37 INT. PICKUP

37

Sam keeps glancing over at Joseph to see how he's doing. Joseph, the oxygen bottle leaning against him, is braiding the last eagle feather into his hair.

38 SAM'S POV - AL

38

Who is ahead of Sam on the side of the road, waving frantically.

39 BACK ON SAM

39

As he slams the truck to a halt and Al runs up to his window. Joseph gives Sam a perplexed look.

OBSERVER

Sam, Taggart's closing in on you!

SAM

It's not my fault! Tell the Department of Roads they should've made the pass through the mountains closer!

Al casts anxious glances down the road behind Sam.

OBSERVER

I'm sure you'll have plenty of time to write them from prison!

Sam suddenly spots something.

SAM

Maybe I won't have to....

40 SAM'S POV - A HORSE.

40

That's grazing near an old, weathered barn that's set back a short distance from the highway.

41 BACK TO SAM

41

Who has a calculating look in his eye. He glances from the horse to the mountains and then back again.

SAM

If only we had an....

Sam suddenly stops.

42 SAM'S POV - A PINTO

42

Walks into sight from behind the barn. It's coloring is exactly like the pickup's.

43 ANGLE ON SAM, JOSEPH AND AL

43

It's another one of those mystical moments.

JOSEPH
(reverentially)
Windwalker.

He turns and looks at Sam. There're almost tears in his eyes.

JOSEPH
We go home together, eh-h-h?

OBSERVER
(points
heavenwards)
I wouldn't argue with the Big Guy,
Sam.

Sam looks at Joseph.

SAM
Think you can make it?

JOSEPH
I can make it. Can you?

And on Sam's bemused face we....

CUT TO

44 CLOSEUP - A PIECE OF PAPER

44

That flutters under the windshield wiper on the pickup. A man's hand comes in and pulls it off.

45 WIDESHOT

45

The pickup is parked on the rear side of the barn away from the road. (Or inside, if we can afford it.) Taggart reads the note aloud, with Suzanne beside him. The puzzled Farmer looks on. Taggart's Bronco is parked next to the pickup (or, in view outside the barn's open doors.)

TAGGART
(reading)
'We will return your horses as soon
as we can. They are in good hands.
P.S. We're not stealing them, we're
only borrowing them.'

CONTINUED

45 CONTINUED

45

Taggart gives a little snort of derision at that. He glances at the mountains, then strides off towards the Bronco.

TAGGART

Come on.

Suzanne quickly follows.

CUT TO

46 EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE

46

Sam and Joseph pick their way on horseback up through the trees and scrub of the lower slope of the mountain. The green oxygen tank is lashed behind Joseph's saddle. Each horse also has the blankets Joseph got at the trading post.

JOSEPH

Whoa....

He reins in his horse.

SAM

You all right?

Joseph nods and dismounts with the pops and creaks of an old man. He pulls a small can of paint out of his rolled up blanket. Sam shakes his head in amazement as he slides out of his saddle.

SAM

Did you leave anything in the store?

JOSEPH

Not if I could help it.

(tosses Sam the
can)

Here. Open it.

Out of habit, Sam shakes the can to stir the paint. Joseph digs into one of his pockets and pulls out the lipsticks he lifted. With a slightly shaky hand, he slowly begins to draw society marks on his cheeks. Sam's horse suddenly gives a neigh of surprise as Al appears and walks right through him.

SAM

Al, what's he doing?

Al taps into his computer.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED

OBSERVER

(reading)

Among the Cheyenne there are certain warrior societies. Each one composed of specially selected men.

SAM

And those are his society marks?

OBSERVER

Exactly. Let's see...there are the Bowstring, the Kit Fox, the Elk...otherwise known as the Hoof Rattlers, and the Dog Soldiers.

SAM

And those are...?

OBSERVER

I think those are...Hoof Rattler marks.

JOSEPH

How's that paint coming?

SAM

Almost ready.

Sam hurriedly pries off the lid with his knife. He walks over and hands the paint to Joseph. Joseph dips a finger in it and draws a series of symbols on his horse: a hollow rectangle and a short line of circles high on its front shoulder, and a cluster of 4 or 5 dots on the rump.

JOSEPH

(as he paints)

When I was in World War I, only the officers had ponies. I never got over how naked they looked without their markings? How could you tell what they'd done? How could you frighten your enemies? It made no sense to me.

Joseph paints two squared-off inverted "U"s (representing a hoof mark) on the shoulder of his horse. He gestures for Sam to dip into the paint.

JOSEPH

Go on. You helped steal the horses, too.

CONTINUED

OBSERVER

That's a hoof mark he's painting, Sam. They did that to show how many horse raids they'd been on or how many horses they'd stolen.

SAM

I thought we only borrowed them.

JOSEPH

(winks)

Well, the horse doesn't know that.

Sam slowly paints two inverted "U"s on his horse, too. Joseph then paints a zig-zag lightning bolt down a rear leg of his horse.

JOSEPH

And a lightning bolt for speed.

Sam copies him. And then Joseph pours a small puddle of paint onto a flat rock, presses his outstretched hand in it, and then makes four or five hand prints on the rear of his horse. Al punches his computer and suddenly goes very solemn.

SAM

(sotto, to Al)

What are the handprints for?

JOSEPH

(overhearing,
solemn)

For men killed in battle.

Sam suddenly looks guilt stricken. Joseph stares at him.

JOSEPH

Go on.

SAM

But I....

Sam doesn't know what Franklin Whitehorse has done.

JOSEPH

(gently)

Go on, nikha, I can see it in your eyes.

Sam and Al are startled, it's another one of those moments. Sam slowly bends down, wets his palm, and puts a handprint on his pony. Joseph just stares at him.

CONTINUED

46 CONTINUED (3)

Sam bends down again and makes another handprint. Joseph gives a little nod and grunt of satisfaction. He puts away the paint and everything else and kicks the rock over down the hill where it won't be easily found.

JOSEPH

Now we're ready.

Sam helps him into his saddle and then mounts up himself.

JOSEPH

Lead on, MacDuff.

SAM

You know Shakespeare?

JOSEPH

(grins)

And the motto of the Green Lantern.

SAM

Amazing.

Al stands a little ways ahead of the horses.

OBSERVER

This way, Sam. Ziggy did a topographical analysis...

(pointing)

...and that's the way you should go.

SAM

(to Joseph)

Well, I guess we better....

KA-POW! The rifle shot knocks Sam out of the saddle and echoes off the walls of the mountain.

OBSERVER

Sam!

JOSEPH

Nikha!

And on Al's horrified look we....

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

47 EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

47

Al kneels by Sam and anxiously looks at him as Joseph slides out of his saddle with the Winchester and flops down next to Sam.

OBSERVER

Sam! Sam, are you okay?! Sam,
where're you hit?!

Sam squints and grimaces in pain.

SAM

It feels like my ribs.

Joseph glances at Sam as he tries to sit up.

JOSEPH

Stay down!

Joseph crawls on his stomach and peeks over a half-sunken boulder.

48 EXT. LARGE PINE TREE - NEAR BASE OF MOUNTAIN - DAY

48

Taggart stands beside the pine as Suzanne shouts at him in disbelief and fury. Slightly below them are two horses from the farmer's barn, tethered to a sapling.

SUZANNE

You didn't even warn them! You have
to do that! You have to!

TAGGART

(nonplussed)
I did. Over the radio.

She tries to drag Taggart's rifle from his hands.

SUZANNE

You shot my brother!

TAGGART

(unconcerned)
He was trying to escape.

CONTINUED

48 CONTINUED

48

He shakes Suzanne off, turns, and heads down to his horse. Suzanne, frantic for her brother, forgets about her horse and starts to scramble up the hill on foot.

SUZANNE
(calling out)
Franklin! Franklin?! Franklin can
you hear me?!!!

PA-KOWWW! A chunk of pine bark flies off the tree just to the left of Taggart's head. He and Suzanne both duck.

49 ANGLE ON JOSEPH

49

Who rubs his eyes and jacks a new shell into the ancient Winchester.

JOSEPH
(to himself)
Damn. Maybe I need glasses
afterall.

TAGGART (O.S.)
(shouting up)
Where'd you get the rifle, Joseph?

JOSEPH
Traded for it!

Note: Intercut the following as desired

SUZANNE
Franklin, are you all right?!

SAM
(slouching up)
Yeah.
(stronger,
shouting)
Yeah, I'm okay!

Sam takes his hand from his side and peeks at his wound. Al gives a whistle of appreciation.

OBSERVER
Your lucky, Sam. It's just a deep
graze.

SAM
(grimacing)
It burns like hell.

CONTINUED

49 CONTINUED

49

Joseph spares Sam a quick grin.

JOSEPH

That's good. Tells you you're
alive.

TAGGART

Joseph, you know you can't out run
me!

Sam rolls to his knees to shout.

SAM

Yes, we can! That's why you shot at
us! You were afraid we were getting
away!

Ka-Ching! A bullet splatters off some rock a couple of
feet from Sam. Sam ducks as Al tries to pull him down, but
his hand goes right through Sam.

OBSERVER

Sam! Never ever stick your head up
when someone's pointing a gun at
you. In Vietnam, we used to call
that a 'career limiting move.'

SAM

I'll try to remember that.

Sam glances at the sky and then at Joseph.

SAM

I think we should get out of here
before it gets too dark to see where
we're going. We don't want him to
trap us here, do we... grandfather.

JOSEPH

Nemshim.

SAM

Nemshim.

Joseph pumps off a couple of more quick shots, then
taunting calls down to Taggart.

JOSEPH

See you on the reservation!

He crawls back and around to the far side of his horse and
Sam does the same. Grabbing the reins, they use the horses
as shields and run up the path and out of sight.

- 50 ANGLE ON TAGGART AND SUZANNE 50
Taggart eases out of hiding and stares up the mountain.
- 51 TAGGART'S POV - SAM AND JOSEPH 51
As they disappear around a bend in the hills.
- 52 BACK ON TAGGART 52
Who rubs his face in frustration.
- TAGGART
Damn.
- He grabs the reins of his horse and starts to mount up.
- 53 EXT. NARROW TRAIL 53
Sam and Joseph ride along a narrow trail.
- 54 EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE 54
Taggart and Suzanne stop at the spot where Sam and Joseph painted their horses.
- 55 EXT. SLIPPERY ROCKS 55
Sam and Joseph lead their horses over some large areas of slippery rock. The horses balk and have to be coaxed.
- 56 EXT. NARROW TRAIL 56
Taggart and Suzanne ride their horses along the narrow trail. Taggart checks the ground for tracks, remounts, and pushes on up hill.
- 57 EXT. SMALL OUTLOOK 57
Sam and Joseph fight their horses up onto the clearing of a small outlook. Two thirds of the way up the mountain, their view of the valley is impressive. Joseph stops his horse and gestures out towards the valley.
- 58 JOSEPH'S POV - THE FLOOR OF THE VALLEY 58
It's vast and sparsely populated...and beautiful.

59 BACK ON JOSEPH

59

He slowly waves his arm in a wide arc, a distant smile on his face.

JOSEPH

Once we were called 'Lords of the Southern Plains.'

(turns to Sam)

From Mexico to Nebraska we used to roam. Before the White man. And now...

(sighs)

ts Now there are fewer of us.

(sadly)

And fewer memories of what we once were.

SAM

(gently)

That's all the more reason for you to stay alive. To fight to stay alive. So you can pass on those memories.

JOSEPH

No one wants to remember them.

(thumps his fist
to his chest)

They have no heart for it.

Joseph looks a little accusingly at Sam.

JOSEPH

They are ashamed at who they are and go off to the cities. They take jobs in factories...or become school teachers.

Sam feels a little guilty even though he's not the real Franklin Whitehorse.

SAM

Maybe they're searching for something. For themselves.

JOSEPH

They don't know who they are because they've forgotten who they are!

Joseph's violent outburst causes him to break into a new coughing fit. He hunches over his saddle and practically falls out of it. Sam jumps off his horse and helps Joseph to the ground. He quickly gives him a little oxygen, but the tank suddenly runs out.

CONTINUED

59 CONTINUED

59

SAM

Al!

But Al's nowhere to be found. Gradually, Joseph's hacking stops. Joseph tries to sit up. But Sam pushes him down.

SAM

Just lie here for a moment.

JOSEPH

We have to...

(gasps)

...keep moving.

SAM

Not today. Another attack like that will kill you, and then you'd never make it to the jurisdiction area.

Joseph gives a feeble shake of his head.

JOSEPH

Got to...

(coughs)

...go.

Sam looks up at the remainder of the mountain. Suddenly, he spots something.

60 SAM'S POV - A CAVE

60

That looks like it's big enough to hold them and the horses.

61 BACK ON SAM

61

He stoops down and takes Joseph's pulse and listens to his breathing.

SAM

It's gonna be dark in about an hour. Do you think you can make it to that cave up there?

Joseph gives a weak nod.

SAM

Okay, here goes.

CONTINUED

61 CONTINUED

61

Sam helps Joseph sit up, then stand. He loops one arm around his neck, gathers the reins of the horses in the other hand, and gingerly starts up the hill.

CUT TO

62 CLOSEUP - A SMALL PAIR OF WORN BINOCULARS

62

As they painstakingly scan the mountain.

63 ANGLE ON TAGGART

63

He disgustedly gives up and puts his binoculars back in their case.

SUZANNE

(gloating)

You can't find them, can you?

TAGGART

(short tempered)

I said you could come along. I didn't say you could talk.

SUZANNE

(mocking him)

Ugh. Me heap humble squaw. Me forgettum position.

Taggart is tempted to smack that smug look right off Suzanne's face, but he restrains himself. Instead, he gets on his horse and rides off as fast as he can. Suzanne scrambles to jump on hers and follow.

CUT TO

64 EXT. CAVE - AFTERNOON

64

Drenched with sweat, Sam and Joseph approach the cave with the horses.

65 INT. CAVE

65

Sam and Joseph stagger in out of the blinding sunlight. The horses shy for a moment, but Sam swats them on the rump and they cloplop into the cave. Sam helps ease Joseph to the ground and Joseph gives a grateful sigh. Suddenly, the horses whinny and Sam turns to see Al stride out of the dark rear of the cave. Sam rushes to meet him.

CONTINUED

65 CONTINUED

He pretends to talk to the horses like he's quieting them as he ties them up.

SAM

(sotto)

Al, am I glad to see you!

OBSERVER

I'm sorry I wasn't here sooner, but Ziggy had some bad French data for lunch and I guess it was too rich for him. He's been acting out of sorts all afternoon.

SAM

Al, I don't know if Joseph's going to make it!

66 JOSEPH'S POV - SAM

66

It looks like Sam's talking to nobody. Or is he possibly talking to the other horse?

67 ANGLE ON SAM AND AL

67

Sam continues his discussion with Al.

OBSERVER

Sam, he has to make it. Otherwise, you don't leap out of here. You leap right into prison, comprende?

SAM

There's got to be another answer! I can't help him die, it goes against everything I've devoted my life to.

OBSERVER

Your life, Sam. Your life.

Sam kicks the ground in frustration. He feels stymied and confused.

JOSEPH

Nikha.

Sam turns and heads back to Joseph. Al follows.

JOSEPH

We need a fire.

CONTINUED

67 CONTINUED

67

SAM

Uh, won't they see the light? Or
the smoke?

JOSEPH

Not if we keep it small and towards
the back.

The strain has gotten to Joseph and his thoughts take a
defeated turn.

JOSEPH

Besides, if they find us, then they
can give me the medical care you
want me to have, eh??

Sam is hurt to see this tough old fighter making sounds
like he's giving up.

OBSERVER

You go get some wood, Sam. I'll
come get you if he needs you.

Sam nods and takes Joseph's hand.

SAM

I'll be right back.

Joseph pulls him close.

JOSEPH

(weakly)

Take the rifle.

SAM

(uncertain)

Sure.

He goes back to the horses and grabs the rifle, looks at
Al, and leaves.

CUT TO

68 CLOSEUP - SAM'S HANDS

68

As they break another twig and add it to a small pyramid of
twigs built over a pile of shavings.

69 ANGLE ON SAM

69

Who dusts off his hands as he finishes laying the kindling. Suddenly, he stops in dismay.

SAM

Matches.

OBSERVER

Sam, don't tell me....

SAM

I don't have any matches.

JOSEPH

(overhearing)

Here. I'll show you an old Indian trick.

Joseph's color seems a little better as he sits cross-legged next to Sam and gestures for Sam to do the same. Al is so intrigued even he sits down cross-legged. When Sam gives Al a surprised glance, Al gives him a defensive look.

OBSERVER

There's no rule that says I have to stand all the time in the imaging room.

Joseph snugs the blanket tighter around his shoulders and then reaches inside his shirt and pulls out a little rawhide thong with a small drawstring medicine bag attached to it.

OBSERVER

Sam, this is great! We're gettin' to watch a bit of authentic Western history!

Joseph half hums/half mumbles to himself as he takes off the bag, holds it in both hands, and waves it around the twig pyramid. His old fingers reach inside the bag and suddenly pull out...an old Zippo lighter.

JOSEPH

Voila!

With a grin, Joseph lights the fire.

SAM

An old Indian trick, eh?

CONTINUED

JOSEPH

Your Dad used to fall for it every time.

At the mention of "Dad", Sam falls quiet.

JOSEPH

You miss him, don't you?

SAM

(truthfully)

Yes. Yes, I do.

JOSEPH

Don't you think you'll ever see him again?

Sam glances at Al, who fiddles with his hand computer.

OBSERVER

Sam, Franklin's father is still dead.

SAM

(to Joseph)

Uh, no, I guess...I don't.

Joseph gives a grunt of understanding.

JOSEPH

No wonder you want me to go on living.

Joseph takes a long twig from the fire and draws an oval with some lines sticking from it in the dirt and a hollow box to the right of it.

JOSEPH

(points at box)

Death...is a doorway.

(points at the oval)

And we...are like the grasshopper. When we die, we shed one skin... and put on another...and leap on to a new life...on the other side of the door.

SAM

But what if there's nothing beyond the door?

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED (2)

69

JOSEPH

(makes a fist)

Then I would fight to hang onto this skin as hard as I could, because it would be all I had.

(beat)

But it's not.

(beat)

All of life is a series of leaps for us grasshoppers, eh?

This is getting pretty close to the bone for Sam and Al.

SAM

(nodding slowly)

I guess you could say so.

JOSEPH

Sometimes we see where we're going...sometimes we don't.

OBSERVER

You can say that again.

JOSEPH

But have you ever leaped...and not at least survived?

SAM

Well...no.

JOSEPH

So next time you leap, just remember that....

OBSERVER

Sam, is he talking to you, or Franklin?!

JOSEPH

(grins)

...and stop trying to make me hold onto my old skin. Okay?

SAM

(beat)

Okay.

Joseph gives a sage nod and then studies the end of his twig.

JOSEPH

Now...if only we had some hotdogs.

CONTINUED

69 CONTINUED (3) 69

And as Sam and Al give a surprised chuckle, we....

CUT TO

70 EXT. CAVE - NIGHT 70

Taggart and Suzanne sneak along the path to the cave. Firelight flickers faintly from within. Muted voices. The last few feet Taggart takes in a rush.

71 INT. CAVE - ANGLE ON TAGGART 71

As he rushes into the mouth of the cave, his rifle at the ready.

TAGGART

Freeze!

72 TAGGART'S POV - THE CAVE 72

Which is empty. No Sam. No Joseph. No horses. Only the fire and Joseph's transistor radio set to an all-talk station.

73 BACK TO TAGGART 73

As Suzanne walks into the cave next to him...and smiles.

SUZANNE

Looks like you're not as stealthy as you think you are.

CUT TO

74 EXT. TWO PINE TREES 74

Sam and Joseph are in the process of slapping Suzanne and Taggart's horses on the rump.

SAM & JOSEPH

Hah! Hah! Hah!

The frightened ponies bolt into the night, crashing through the brush.

75 ANGLE ON TAGGART

75

As he runs back out into the night as he hears the distant sound of the horses running away.

TAGGART

Damn it to hell!

And he's off and running down the hill. Suzanne follows at a more leisurely pace.

76 ANGLE ON SAM AND JOSEPH

76

As Sam helps Joseph into his saddle. Al rushes up to Sam.

OBSERVER

You better get movin', Sam. Taggart
dcn't look too happy.

Sam stiffly swings into his own saddle.

SAM

Well, that ought to slow them down.

Joseph looks back up hill in the direction of the cave and Taggart.

JOSEPH

(shaking his head)

Noisy white man.

Sam gives his pony a kick and he and Joseph move off.

CUT TO

77 EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE - SUNRISE

77

Sam and Joseph make it to the ridgeline and stop. Al stands posed on a rock almost like a statue. Below them, the valley spreads out to infinity.

78 ANGLE ON JOSEPH

78

As he seems to soak up the rays of the rising sun. He pats and strokes the neck of his pinto.

JOSEPH

Feels good, eh, Windwalker?

OBSERVER

I never knew so much emptiness could
look so...so....

CONTINUED

78 CONTINUED

78

SAM

Beautiful.

Joseph and Al nod in agreement.

SAM

How much further do we have to go?

Joseph points down the mountain to a stream that's a fair ways off.

JOSEPH

That river marks the western border of the jurisdiction area.

OBSERVER

And as far as Taggart can go.

Sam stretches in his saddle and settles down again.

SAM

Well, let's do it.

TAGGART (O.S.)

Franklin!

Sam spins around.

79 SAM'S POV - TAGGART

79

Standing two hundred yards behind them in a small clearing with Suzanne. His rifle is pointed right at Sam and Joseph.

80 ANGLE ON SAM

80

He knows what he has to do.

SAM

(to Joseph)

Head for the river! I'll lead him this way! Now!

Joseph kicks Windwalker hard as Sam spurs his horse away from Taggart. KA-POW!...Taggart fires at Sam, but misses. The shot however, sends the ponies into a panic. Joseph's pony skitters over the edge and starts to head down.

81 ANGLE ON SAM AND JOSEPH

81

As their horses panic down the steep slope on diverging paths. Sam and Joseph fight to maintain control, but Joseph's horse suddenly hits a patch of loose rock and stumbles, flinging Joseph off him.

OBSERVER

Sam!

SAM

Joseph!

Joseph rolls down the slope ahead of his pony and comes to a halt with a sudden, terrifying Crack! against a boulder. Sam wrenches his horse to a halt.

SAM

Joseph!

And on Sam's terrified face, we....

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN

82 EXT. BOULDER FIELD - MORNING

82

Sam rides down as rapidly as he can. He gets to Joseph and jumps down from his horse. Al is already there.

JOSEPH

(groaning)

Why'd you let that mule kick me?

Joseph starts to move, but Sam restrains him.

SAM

Don't move! Let me see if you're okay first.

Sam quickly runs his hands over Joseph, checking for broken bones. When he gets to his upper right arm, Joseph yelps.

SAM

Feels like a fracture.

Al casts anxious glances at the ridgeline.

OBSERVER

(urgent)

Sam, I hate to say this, but unless he's also got a broken back, you better be gettin' outta here!

Sam is already stripping off his belt. He grabs a dead branch, breaks it in half over his knee, and uses it as a splint, wrapping it tight with the belt.

CUT TO

83 EXT. BELOW THE FAR SIDE OF THE RIDGE

83

Taggart and Suzanne are clawing their way upwards, pulling their horses behind them.

SUZANNE

Why don't you just let them go?!

TAGGART

You're the one who wanted them caught!

CONTINUED

SUZANNE

So my grandfather could get proper medical care!

TAGGART

And now you don't want him to get it?!

SUZANNE

He's not going to get it if you kill him first!

TAGGART

I didn't tell him to shoot at me!

SUZANNE

You shot at him first!

TAGGART

Because he was escaping!

Suzanne gives a hiss of frustration.

SUZANNE

(withering)

You just don't like Indians, do you?!

Taggart grimly ignores her.

SUZANNE

You're afraid of being shown up by and eighty-five year old man and a twenty-five year old boy, aren't you?

(more insistent)

Aren't you?

She gives a needling tug at his sleeve and...Pow! Taggart gives her a backhanded slap that sends her sliding down the slope a few yards.

TAGGART

(deadly)

Do that again, and I'll shoot you for interfering with a police officer.

Suzanne rubs her split lip as Taggart scrambles towards the crest.

CUT TO

84 EXT. DOWNWARD SLOPE

84

Joseph, his upper arm in a crude splint, sits on his horse as Sam leads Windwalker and his own horse on foot. As they carefully pick their way down the hill, Windwalker suddenly stumbles. The sudden jolt wrenches a gasp of pain from Joseph, which turns into a coughing fit. Sam stops to let him finish.

JOSEPH

(weak)

My father used to tell me tales of being chased by the soldiers during the Plains wars of the 1870's. I used to envy him. Now...

(coughs)

...I'm not so sure.

SAM

It's just a little further.

Sam starts them going again.

JOSEPH

So's New York.

(winces at another jolt)

Oof.

Sam winces in sympathy, he can't stand to see Joseph in pain.

SAM

Nemshim, once we get to the jurisdiction, you've got to let me get you help.

JOSEPH

No!

Sam struggles to find a way to persuade him.

SAM

But there's... so much I don't know. That I can learn from you... that others can learn, too.

JOSEPH

There's only one thing you have to learn: that freedom is the greatest gift we're born with... and the hardest one to hold onto.

(MORE)

CONTINUED

JOSEPH (Cont'd)

(beat)

The world is like a giant spider,
nikha, spinning its web of...

(sarcastic)

'civilization.' Each strand we
could easily break, but if we let
too many wrap around us, suddenly,
you are no longer free, but food for
the spider, eh??

Sam and Al look at Joseph's proud old face. They can't
help but admire his still unbroken spirit.

JOSEPH

(beat)

You know, I read in a newspaper in a
supermarket once about...black
holes. Do you know about black
holes?

Sam is totally caught off guard by this.

SAM

They're, uh, collapsed stars or
something, aren't they?

JOSEPH

(nodding)

They say...they could swallow the
universe. That if you get too
close...they'll suck you right in,
too.

(beat)

Gravity.

(beat)

Maybe we could throw Sheriff Taggart
in one.

He gives a weak laugh.

OBSERVER

Now there's something I'd pay to
see.

SAM

Well, that certainly would solve our
problem.

They move along in silence for a couple of more beats.

CONTINUED

84 CONTINUED (2)

84

JOSEPH

Maybe, though, they're just another doorway. Some people think Heaven's on the other side of a black hole, but I know what's really there.

(beat,
thoughtfully)

Everything. And everyone.
Eventually. For all of time.

(beat)

I'd like to try jumping through one.
Wouldn't you?

OBSERVER

(amazed)

Sam, he's talking about Quantum Leaping! He knows you're not Franklin!

SAM

Maybe one day we'll, uh, be able to do that.

OBSERVER

Yoo hoo, Joseph?! Can you see me?
Can you hear what I'm saying?

Al wigwags his hands at Joseph, but Joseph doesn't react. However, Windwalker does a little.

OBSERVER

(giving up)

Sam, this is weird, very weird.

They pass into some trees and suddenly from above they hear the whinny of a horse. Sam spins around and looks.

85 SAM'S POV - TAGGART

85

Coming over the ridge.

86 BACK ON SAM

86

Dismay registers on his face.

SAM

Taggart.

OBSERVER

Sam, at this rate, you'll never make it.

CONTINUED

86 CONTINUED

Sam makes a quick decision.

SAM

I'm going back to slow him down.
You go on.

Sam slips off his horse and ties the reins to Joseph's saddle. Sam pulls his knife and starts to head uphill.

JOSEPH

(calling after
him)

You aren't going to scalp him, are
you?

SAM

No!

JOSEPH

Too bad. If ever a man deserved
scalping, he does.

And with a disappointed shake of his head, Joseph nudges Windwalker and continues to head downhill. Sam takes his knife and cuts off a pine branch and begins to sweep away the tracks of the two horses, slowly working his way up towards the ridge.

87 ANGLE ON TAGGART AND SUZANNE

87

As they pick their way down the steep slope. Taggart pauses to scan below him with his binoculars.

88 ANGLE ON SAM AND AL

88

Sam is so caught up with sweeping, he doesn't see Taggart begin his search. But Al does.

OBSERVER

Sam, get down!

Sam dives for cover behind a dead log. Al waits until Taggart puts away his binoculars and starts moving again.

OBSERVER

Okay, you can get up.

SAM

Al, this isn't going to work, I'm
going to have to do more to slow him
down.

CONTINUED

88 CONTINUED

88

OBSERVER

Sam, remember... 'Career limiting moves.'

Al gives a serious nod. And with that, Sam begins to stealthily pick his way up the hill like an Indian brave.

89 ANGLE ON TAGGART

89

As he suddenly stops.

90 TAGGART'S POV - THE RIVER

90

That marks the border of the tribal jurisdiction area. It's still a good ways off.

91 ANGLE ON SAM

91

He sprints uphill as silently as he can.

92 ANGLE ON TAGGART

92

Now that he's close, he wants to be ready. He pulls his rifle free and rests it on the horn of his saddle as he urges his horse downhill. Suzanne warily follows.

93 ANGLE ON SAM

93

He ducks under some branches and vaults over a fallen tree, his breathing heavy and hard.

94 ANGLE ON TAGGART

94

He guides his horse through a narrow defile, his eyes scanning for any sign of movement. It is the perfect place for an ambush. But nothing happens.

95 ANGLE ON SAM

95

He sprints onto a field of rock and scrabbles up over it.

96 ANGLE ON TAGGART

96

He works his horse around a switchback. Suddenly....

- 97 TAGGART'S POV - A FLASH OF COLOR 97
It's Joseph, two hundred yards ahead of him through the trees.
- 98 BACK ON TAGGART 98
He reins to a stop and calls out.
TAGGART
Whitehorse!
- 99 ANGLE ON SAM 99
As he puts on an extra burst of speed charging up the hill.
- 100 ANGLE ON JOSEPH 100
Who upon hearing Taggart, tries to goad Windwalker into a faster pace and still hold on with his one good arm.
- 101 ANGLE ON TAGGART AND SUZANNE 101
Taggart throws his rifle to his shoulder as he shouts again.
TAGGART
Whitehorse!
SUZANNE
Nemshim!
She spurs towards Taggart to bump him and spoil his aim, but before she can get there....
- 102 ANGLE ON OBSERVER 102
Al runs into frame just in front of Taggart's horse, causing him to balk just as....
- 103 SAM 103
...does a flying leap off a ledge of rock and tackles Taggart off his horse. Ka-pow! Taggart's shot goes wild as he, Sam and the rifle hit the ground.

104 ANGLE ON OBSERVER

104

Al jumps up and down, trying to scare Taggart's horse.

OBSERVER

Giddyap! Hah! Get out of here!

The horse, terrified, bolts down hill.

105 ANGLE ON SAM AND TAGGART

105

Who are having a real slugfest. Though Sam is ten years younger, Taggart is a good thirty pounds heavier and his fists hit like fleshy bricks.

SUZANNE

Stop it! Stop it, both of you!

But no one is going to stop in this fight until the other one is dead or can't move. Taggart tries to reach his rifle, but Sam tackles him and they roll away. Taggart kicks him off and charges, head down, and drives Sam back into the rock face. Taggart's learned his lesson from before and he keeps as close to Sam as possible to avoid any wheel kicks or other karate blows. They kick, bite, scratch and gouge their way across the ground, but slowly, Taggart gets the upper hand. He knees Sam in the stomach, doubling him over, then snaps him back with an uppercut that started in Hell. Sam flips backwards and Taggart, instead of following up, runs for his rifle.

106 ANGLE ON RIFLE

106

As Taggart snatches it up. He's about to shoot Sam when...
Ka-pow! A bullet whines past his head.

JOSEPH (O.S.)

(Cheyenne war
shout)

Yip yip yip yai yip!

107 ANGLE ON TAGGART

107

As he spins around.

108 TAGGART'S POV - JOSEPH

108

Charging back up the hill on Windwalker. Guiding Windwalker mostly with his knees, he fires another shot from the ancient Winchester. Ka-Pow!

109 ANGLE ON SAM AND OBSERVER

109

Sam is still too dazed to really do anything.

OBSERVER

Sam! Sam! Get up!

110 ANGLE ON TAGGART

110

Who flinches, but doesn't duck from Joseph's shots. Pow!
Pow! Pow!

111 ANGLE ON JOSEPH

111

As he seems to run into an invisible wall and is knocked
off his horse backwards.

112 ANGLE ON SAM, OBSERVER AND SUZANNE

112

Sam staggers to his feet just in time to see Joseph take
the hit.

SAM

No-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!!!

SUZANNE

Nemshim!!!

Before Taggart can turn completely around, Sam slams into
him. Once again, they fight for their lives. Taggart
staggers Sam with a crushing left hook, but Sam burrows in,
locks him in a bear hug, and does a leg sweep. Together,
the two of them roll down the hill, crashing through the
brush. Suzanne and Al run after them. Sam and Taggart
continue to thrash for a few moments longer, but then Sam
gets the upper hand. Pow! Pow! Pow! His fists crack
into Taggart's face. Taggart stumbles over backwards as
Sam tumbles to his knees, straddling him. Sam is on the
point of savagery...of blind, mindless rage...he pulls out
his heavy sheath knife and grabs Taggart by the hair. For
a moment...he looks like a wild, savage Indian about to
scalp a settler. Taggart squeezes shut his eyes in horror.

OBSERVER

Sam! Don't! Sam! You got him!
Sammm!

Al's voice pulls Sam back from the precipice of insanity.
His eyes grow focused...and then with infinite slowness, he
bends down cuts off a tuft of Taggart's hair...then throws
the knife away and kicks himself free. Both men lie there
gasping for a minute. Sam wipes the blood from his lip.

CONTINUED

112 CONTINUED

112

SAM

All he wanted to do was die in peace! To die the way he wanted to! Don't you understand that?

Sam levers himself to his feet.

SAM

He didn't want to die inside a building, surrounded by people he didn't know! Or hooked up to machines! He wanted to die surrounded by his friends! By the sky! By the wind! By the open spaces he grew up with! They were his family. They were his friends. He wanted to die with dignity. But you couldn't possibly understand that, because you're not really alive. You're just food for the spider.

And on that, Sam stumbles off down the hill, followed by Al and Suzanne.

113 ANGLE ON JOSEPH

113

Who lies motionless on the ground, his eyes staring blankly at the sky, a bloody patch on his yellow shirt. Windwalker grazes uneasily nearby. Sam and Suzanne skitter down to his side. As Sam bends down to look at him, Joseph blinks.

JOSEPH

(weakly)

Did you scalp him?

SUZANNE

Nemshim!

SAM

No, but I gave him a haircut.

(to Suzanne)

Get me some water.

She rushes to get some from her horse. Sam quickly tears open Joseph's shirt, then stops. There's nothing he can do.

OBSERVER

What d'you say, Sam?

CONTINUED

113 CONTINUED

But Sam doesn't have to say anything. Al frowns and turns away.

JOSEPH

In the movies...
(coughs, touches
pouch around his
neck)
...it would've hit my lighter and
I'd be okay.

SAM

Maybe next time.

Joseph gives a weak smile as Suzanne reappears with a little canteen. Joseph sips a little. He wrinkles his face.

JOSEPH

There is nothing worse...than warm
water.

Suzanne smiles through her tears. He limply gestures for her to lean closer. She wraps both her hands around one of his as she bends over.

JOSEPH

You like football?

SUZANNE

(puzzled)
I, uh, don't really watch it that
much, grandfather.

JOSEPH

You should...
(coughs)
...cause the Redskins are the best
damn team in America.

SUZANNE

(crying)
Yes, grandfather.

Joseph lovingly pats her face with one wavering hand.

JOSEPH

You teach that in your American
History class, eh??

SUZANNE

(crying)
Yes, grandfather.

CONTINUED

113 CONTINUED (2)

113

JOSEPH
(to Sam)
What time is it?

Sam hasn't a clue. Al punches the keys on his computer.

OBSERVER
It's twelve after eleven.

SAM
Just after eleven.

Joseph wrinkles his brows at that and squints up at the sky.

JOSEPH
Looks like rain.

Everyone looks up and exchanges glances...it's a cloudless blue sky. And they instantly know that Joseph's vision is going. And so is he. He feebly squeezes Sam's hand.

JOSEPH
Did we make it?

This is tearing Sam apart. Suddenly, a determined look comes in his eyes.

SAM
Not yet.
Sam kneels and slips his arms under Joseph.

SAM
Hold on, nemshim.

Sam struggles to his feet and begins to stagger down the hill. Suzanne and Al follow.

TAGGART (O.S.)
Whitehorse! Whitehorse!

But Sam is stopping for no one.

114 ANGLE ON SAM

114

As he carries Joseph towards the stream. Al runs ahead, picking out the easiest way.

OBSERVER
This way, Sam. Watch your step.
This way. Come on.

CONTINUED

114 CONTINUED

Joseph cocks his head at Al's voice.

JOSEPH

(weakly)

I'm coming.

Tears begin to run down Sam's cheeks.

JOSEPH

(to Sam)

Why are you crying, nikha?

SAM

I...I don't know.

JOSEPH

(his mind
wandering)

Do you like the Redskins?

SAM

(through his
tears)

Best damn team in America.

Sam struggles to keep carrying Joseph.

OBSERVER

Come on, Sam, only a few more yards!

JOSEPH

(weak)

A few more yards.

115 ANGLE ACROSS RIVER

115

Sam slogs into it, nearly stumbles, and Suzanne helps him recover.

JOSEPH

Don't cry, Nikha, you're a good boy.
I'll tell your father when I see
him.

SAM

Just a little further, Nemshim.
Just a little further.

The tears run even harder from Sam's eyes as he fights across the current. And then he's made it, he staggers onto the opposite shore and collapses to his knees.

CONTINUED

115 CONTINUED

115

SAM
We made it, Nemshim, we made it.
We're here!

But Joseph has passed through the doorway. As Suzanne breaks down, Sam turns his tear streaked face to Al. Camera pulls up and out.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO

116 EXT. PROMONTORY

116

That overlooks a huge, beautiful expanse of the Plains. A traditional Cheyenne burial scaffold has been erected. Joseph's body lies wrapped in the trading post blankets, tied with the reins from the bridles of the horses, his feet pointing East towards the rising sun. A long pole is lashed against the scaffold, Joseph's eagle feathers flying free on a thong. The Winchester and other articles of Joseph's beside his body. Sam, Al and Suzanne stand in respectfully silence beside it. Tears run afresh down Sam's and Suzanne's cheeks. Even Al has to wipe his eyes. Sam hugs Suzanne tight.

SUZANNE
(the tiniest of
smiles)
Go Redskins.

SAM
(barely audible)
Go Redskins.

We hold on the faces of Sam, Al and Suzanne as they're illuminated by the rising sun, and the familiar blue light surrounds Sam and he....

QUANTUM LEAPS

FADE OUT

END OF ACT FOUR