

# THE REVENANT

by

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Based on the novel by

Michael Punke

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Revenge is an act of passion; vengeance of justice.

- Samuel Johnson

Based on a true story

FADE IN:

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Mostly shadows illuminated by a lantern's flame. But we can make out the dusty floor... the bucket of water with a rag hanging over the edge.

We drift across the room... to a bed... an ANSTADT RIFLE standing beside it, a FRESH STAR fully carved in its stock.

As we move up past the rifle, we begin to hear O.S. WHISPERS... we keep rising... to the SHAPE OF A YOUNG BOY shivering violently under blankets...

...and MAN'S HANDS stroking the boy's sweat-soaked hair... trying to comfort him. Then the shadowy face of HUGH GLASS leans into the frame... presses against the little boy's ear.

GLASS  
(whispering)  
Not yet... not yet... not yet.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. UPPER MISSOURI RIVER/1820'S - EVENING

As we FLOAT WITH A LEAF DOWN THE CURRENT... past a FLATBOAT BEACHED ON A SANDBAR... as DISTANT VOICES seem to rise around us...

...because beyond the flatboat are TWENTY-FIVE MEN of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, making camp along the shore... some pitching squares of canvas for makeshift rooftops... others stacking HUNDREDS OF BEAVER PELTS and ANIMAL FURS for hauling... a few Men laughing and singing... a circle of others form a ring around a couple of WRESTLING TRAPPERS, calling out their bets as the Trappers grapple...

...while nearby, several MEN have formed a MAKESHIFT BAND, scratching out a song with fiddles, washboards and harmonicas, as a few Trappers dance along, passing a bottle of whiskey among them.

This camp is full of life because these are some of the first men to ever see this untouched wilderness... men with a whole new world just waiting for them to claim their share.

And one of the dancing Trappers is JOHN FITZGERALD, (30's), solid and thick... a WOLFSKIN CAP flopping on his head as he locks elbows with another TRAPPER, swinging him to the music.

The song ends... the Trappers CHEER... Fitzgerald tosses that fur cap into the air with several others, revealing a STRIP OF OLD SCALPED SCAR running along one side of his head.

And as the caps float back to the earth like snowflakes, CAPTAIN ANDREW HENRY, (20's), appears beyond them... dressed in a buckskin jacket with long fringe... thick belt pulled tightly around his waist with two pistols and a knife hanging from it. He stands out among the others... like an imposter pretending to be a member of some exclusive club.

HENRY

Fitzgerald, you and the rest help  
with the fires.

The excitement fades from Fitzgerald's eyes... replaced with resentment. He watches Henry walk away, then grabs his wolfskin cap from the dirt... throws it over his scarred head, and rolls his eyes to MACE BOONE.

FITZGERALD

Yes sir, Captain.

EXT. CAMP - EVENING

Fitzgerald and Boone gather a few scraps of wood... look over to Henry, pulling off one of his gloves to examine the BLOOD-FILLED BLISTERS lining his palm.

FITZGERALD

Likely got a splinter. Can't  
figure what to do without Mama here  
to pull it out for him.

Boone chuckles... spits in Henry's direction.

BOONE

Need a doc, Captain?

Henry looks up... sees Fitzgerald and Boone grinning at him.

HENRY

Gather more wood.

Fitzgerald waits for Henry to turn, then gives his back an exaggerated salute.

FITZGERALD

(under his breath)  
Shame my Pap was a broken down  
drunk. Else he could've bought me  
a Captain's job too.

Boone snickers. Fitzgerald stomps his boot onto a branch, easily snaps it into two easy-to-carry pieces.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)  
 We got a plan for these fires,  
 Captain, or are we roastin' berries  
 all the way up to Fort Union?

HENRY  
 Glass and the others will be back  
 with some game, Fitzgerald. Just  
 make sure you have the fires ready.

FITZGERALD  
 My supper's in the hands of a injun-  
 lover, a peach-fuzz kid and a half-  
 wit dummy. Hell, my belly feels  
 full already.

Fitzgerald's boot CRACKS another branch... and when it does,  
 we hear the EXPLOSION OF A GUNSHOT.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - EVENING

And a CLOUD OF SMOKE surrounding the LONG BARREL OF AN  
 ANSTADT RIFLE.

The smoke fades, and at the other end of the rifle we see the  
 worn face of HUGH GLASS, (38), one eye still closed, as the  
 other calmly stares down that barrel.

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Shit fire, you got him, Mr. Glass!

Glass lowers the rifle, as JIM BRIDGER, (17), boyish face  
 that looks even younger, races past with PIG GILMORE, (40's),  
 fat and filthy, shuffling right behind.

BRIDGER (CONT'D)  
 Got him square as a barn door.

Bridger and Pig trot through the trees to a fallen ELK. Glass  
 walks after them, graceful in this world... his rifle so  
 comfortable in his hand it's like he was born with it there.

BRIDGER (cont'd)  
 Gonna be a load to haul back to  
 camp.

PIG  
 Have to split it up I reckon.

GLASS  
 Bridger and me'll take the tail,  
 Pig you haul the rest.

And Fitzgerald was right about Pig being a little slow, because he just nods along... pulls out his knife to cut the tail off for Bridger... then stops... catches himself... looks up at them grinning back down.

PIG  
 That's clever, Hugh.

GLASS  
 Worth a try anyways.

But then Glass notices something... his smile fades, as he steps over the elk, his eyes locked on the ground beside it. He runs a finger over the dirt... touches a broken twig.

BRIDGER  
 'Nother close by?

Glass doesn't answer... studies the track... feels the nearby brush... inhales the scent from his hand. Bridger and Pig watch him... exchange a confused glance.

And then in a flash of movement, Glass is racing away.

PIG  
 Hugh?

Glass just keeps running. Pig and Bridger chase after him.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - EVENING

The men building fires... laughing... enjoying themselves. Boone on the outskirts, gathering branches.

CUT TO:

GLASS - TEARING THROUGH THE WOODS...

...dodging trees... leaping over fallen logs... loading his Anstadt as he runs.

BRIDGER AND PIG - CHASING AFTER GLASS...

...but not as gracefully. Bridger trips... slams to the ground... scrambles back to his feet to continue on.

CUT TO:

BOONE - CARRYING AN ARM-LOAD OF WOOD INTO CAMP...

...seeing other men playing cards. He stops along the edge of camp, drops the wood to the ground.

BOONE

No rule says I'm the only one  
that's gotta gather this shit.

The other men don't even notice. Then an ARROW WHIZZES THROUGH THE AIR from behind Boone... THWACK... it hits him in the back of the neck... erupts out the front of his throat.

Boone stands frozen... confused... reaches up and grabs the bloody arrow... finally drops to his knees. And that's when a TRAPPER looks up... sees Boone on his knees, holding that arrow, his mouth open like a dying fish.

And beyond Boone are THIRTY ARIKARA WARRIORS CHARGING THROUGH THE TREES... FEATHERS RISING FROM THE MOHAWKS SPLITTING THEIR SHAVED HEADS... FACES PAINTED FOR BATTLE.

TRAPPER

'REE!

WHOOSH... AN ARROW SAILS INTO THE TRAPPER'S CHEST, sending him flying backward. The camp explodes into chaos... men YELLING... grabbing for weapons... stumbling over each other as they duck behind trees.

HENRY - PULLING THE PISTOLS FROM HIS BELT...

...taking nervous aim at the attacking figures.

The Arikara leader, (ELK'S TONGUE), animal bones braided into his mohawk, a NECKLACE OF HUMAN EARS around his neck, heads the attackers... pouring into camp, arrows flying... knives and hatchets swinging.

And this is a massacre... the Arikara wading through the trappers... stabbing... clubbing... scalping. This once peaceful world is filled with a sickening mix of war cries and screams of death.

HORSES AND MULES break loose of their ties... take off in all directions.

Fitzgerald rises up from behind a log... aims his rifle... BOOM... takes down one of the warriors. He starts reloading as ANOTHER WARRIOR charges him... draws back his knife. Fitzgerald pours the powder, but knows he isn't going to make it in time. The Warrior leaps toward him...

...BOOM... and it's like the Warrior hits an invisible wall... flies back to the ground, very dead. Fitzgerald spins... sees Glass and his Anstadt right behind him.

GLASS  
GET TO THE BOAT!

Fitzgerald takes off... but he's a skilled fighter... flips his rifle around, swings it like a club across a WARRIOR'S head... WHACK... swings again... TAKES OUT ANOTHER WARRIOR... buries his knife into an ATTACKER'S belly.

GLASS (cont'd)  
THE BOAT, CAPTAIN!

Henry shoves a TRAPPER toward the water. An arrow drives into the Trapper's leg... he goes down. Henry lifts him, but several more arrows bury in the man's back... he falls dead.

Bridger and Pig join Glass... splash into the river, SHOOTING back at the attacking Arikara.

A WARRIOR LEAPS FROM THE SHADOWS... tackles Bridger to the shallows... pins him underwater... raises his hatchet high to slam down... just as Glass dives into him, knocking the Warrior off Bridger. Glass and the Warrior wrestle in the surf, until Glass finally overpowers him... stabs his knife deep into the Warrior's stomach.

Bridger kneels in the shallows, frozen in shock.

GLASS (cont'd)  
GO!

Pig drags Bridger to his feet... they swim toward the boat. ARROWS hiss into the water all around them.

Glass pulls his pistol... BAM... shoots an oncoming WARRIOR... spins after the others... joins them as they near the flatboat.

A final TRAPPER charges down the shore after them. SEVERAL WARRIORS pursue him.

TRAPPER

WAIT!

He aims his pistol over his shoulder as he runs... pulls the trigger... CLICK... pulls it again... CLICK. But he's too scared to stop his finger... CLICK... CLICK... CLICK... THUD... as a hatchet buries in his back. He crashes face first into the shallows.

Elk's Tongue straddles the dying man... grabs the Trapper by the hair, and CUTS OFF HIS LEFT EAR, then holds it up to Glass and the others, as he SCREAMS HIS WAR CRY.

Glass and the men shove the flatboat off the sandbar. Arrows dart past them... drive into the wooden boat. They scramble aboard as the current carries them away.

Pig reaches over the side, pulls the frantic WILLIAM ANDERSON up onto the boat. Fitzgerald and Glass grab LONGPOLES... shove them against the river's bottom to pick up speed.

Henry stands on deck, watching as Elk's Tongue yanks a DYING TRAPPER's head back by his hair to peel away his scalp. Henry drops his eyes... can't watch. The TRAPPER'S SCREAM ECHOES OVER HIM.

EXT. MISSOURI RIVER/FLATBOAT - LATER

Quiet and dark... the battle long over. The flatboat floats with the gentle current. The NINE SURVIVING TRAPPERS are scattered around the deck... Glass digging an arrow out of MURPHY's shoulder... Fitzgerald poling on one side with Anderson on the other... STUBBY BILL and Pig standing patrol with their rifles... Bridger doctoring a badly WOUNDED TRAPPER... and Henry standing at the front of the flatboat, staring off blankly.

FITZGERALD

What's the plan, Captain?

Henry's still lost in those screams.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

Captain! What the hell do we do now?

Henry snaps out of his stare... turns to the men... obviously doesn't have an answer.

ANDERSON

We're just floatin' farther from Fort Union.

Henry's eyes instinctively look to Glass.

GLASS

The Missouri's no good. Not if the  
'Ree's running it.

FITZGERALD

So we just float the hell down to  
Mexico or wherever else this  
current takes us?

GLASS

We get safe outta range then track  
another course up on land.

FITZGERALD

Add weeks to the trip.

BRIDGER

Better that than endin' up scalped  
on the side of the river.

FITZGERALD

Shut up, boy, you don't get no say  
in this.

(back to Henry)

And in case you hadn't noticed,  
Captain, we're seventeen men short  
of what we were.

(off the wounded trapper)

Eighteen before long.

HENRY

I understand our situation, Mr.  
Fitzgerald. We do like Glass  
said... put some distance between  
us and the Arikara, then chart a  
course to Fort Union.

FITZGERALD

Like Glass says. Shit, now we're  
trustin' him to stay alive?

PIG

He's the company scout.

FITZGERALD

Scouted us right into a pack a  
'Ree. Maybe his years livin' with  
the Pawnee makes him forget what  
side he's on.

PIG

Looked to be on your side when he  
saved your hide back there.

Fitzgerald throws a deadly glare at Pig.

FITZGERALD

I didn't need savin' by Glass or  
nobody else. We clear on that, you  
simple sonofabitch?

Pig tries to hold Fitzgerald's glare... can't... looks back  
to the passing shores... shoots a quick glance to Glass, who  
gives him a nod... *Thank you*. And that's enough to make Pig  
smile... proud of himself.

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT

A small campfire glows in the night. A DOZEN FRENCH TRAPPERS  
are scattered around the camp, talking... laughing...

...enough that they don't notice the shadows silently  
approaching from the trees around them...

...Elk's Tongue and several of his Arikara warriors.

Finally, one of the Trappers spots Elk's Tongue... freezes in  
mid-sentence... as the others turn to his stare.

But this is no attack... this is a business transaction.  
Elk's Tongue tosses a STACK OF SCALPS at their feet... the  
scalps we saw them take from Glass' company earlier.

TOUSSAINT, (40's), the leader of this bunch, forces a nervous  
smile... throws a glance to his rifle, well out of reach.

TOUSSAINT

(all his dialogue is  
spoken in French)

You had a good hunt.

(off the scalps)

These are all English... Americans?

Elk's Tongue just stares back... doesn't understand.

TOUSSAINT (cont'd)

No French here.

Toussaint taps his own chest... points to the other trappers.

TOUSSAINT (cont'd)

No French. We don't pay for French.

Elk's Tongue shakes his head... says something in Arikara that Toussaint and the rest of us don't understand... not until he holds out his hand.

TOUSSAINT (cont'd)  
 (to a TRAPPER)  
 Pay the savage.  
 (to Elk's Tongue)  
 You want to eat? You want food?

Toussaint pantomimes eating. Elk's Tongue shakes his head.

The Trapper digs out some coins... blankets... liquor... gives them to Elk's Tongue's Warriors.

TOUSSAINT (cont'd)  
 Only kill English and American.  
 This land is for you and us. We  
 work together.

Elk's Tongue points to one of the Frenchmen's HORSES, tied in the trees.

TOUSSAINT (cont'd)  
 (shaking his head)  
 No horses. We need them.

Elk's Tongue points again.

TOUSSAINT (cont'd)  
 I told you last time. They aren't  
 part of the trade.

One of Elk's Tongue's Warriors moves to the horse... begins stroking it... checking its teeth... like a new owner.

TOUSSAINT (cont'd)  
 Tell your man no horse.

But Elk's Tongue isn't telling his man anything.

TOUSSAINT (cont'd)  
 (to a Trapper)  
 Get him away. I don't want that  
 animal's stink on my pony.

As the Trapper moves toward the Warrior...

ELK'S TONGUE  
 (in broken French)  
 It's your smell that covers our  
 land.

...and everyone freezes... because Toussaint and his Men are shocked by Elk's Tongue's use of their language. And Elk's Tongue suddenly seems smarter... more dangerous... especially with the way he's looking at Toussaint right now.

ELK'S TONGUE (cont'd)  
 (still in French)  
 We take your horses.

And Toussaint's pretty smart too... smart enough to see this deal has turned bad... fast... and that he and his Men don't stand a chance against Elk's Tongue's Warriors.

So Toussaint forces a thin smile... motions his Trapper back.

TOUSSAINT  
 Business is business.

The French can only sit there and watch as Elk's Tongue's gang disappears into the night with their horses.

EXT. MISSOURI RIVER/FLATBOAT - NIGHT

ANGLE ON THE BADLY WOUNDED TRAPPER... NOW DEAD...

...as hands push the body over the side of the boat. It splashes into the water... floats downstream.

We PULL BACK... see that the flatboat is beached along the bank of the river. Glass, Bridger and Pig watch the body drift away.

PIG  
 Reckon it's better than lettin' the  
 'Ree find him... take his ears.

Glass nods... turns away.

BRIDGER  
 Thank you... for what you done back  
 there.

GLASS  
 You'd have done the same for me.

BRIDGER  
 (nods... hopeful)  
 Yessir.

Glass, Bridger, and Pig approach the others, all gathered around Henry's map spread out on the ground.

HENRY  
Tryin' to set a course.

Glass runs his finger along a THIN BLUE LINE.

GLASS  
Best course is to hike west to the  
Grand, then follow it up to Fort  
Union.

FITZGERALD  
On foot? It'll be winter before we  
get there.

ANDERSON  
Unless we come across a post...  
trade for some horses.

GLASS  
No posts that far over.

FITZGERALD  
So if we do this, we do every step  
on our own feet.

Henry considers this a beat, then...

HENRY  
Then that's what we'll have to do.

More GRUMBLING from Fitzgerald and Anderson, as they start  
gathering what's left of the supplies for the journey.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Shadowy figures moving through the trees... not a word  
spoken. And then we see Glass leading the group... eyes  
cutting into the dark... searching for any danger.

Pig's off to one side of Glass... Henry the other, with  
Fitzgerald leading the rest right behind. And they're all  
exhausted... only the fear of what else might be hidden in  
these trees is keeping them awake.

EXT. WOODS/STREAM - LATER

Slivers of moonlight bleed through the canopy of trees...  
shine over Anderson, Stubby Bill and Murphy, as they crouch  
beside the stream, filling their canteens.

Henry and Pig are studying that map. Bridger stands in the  
shadows, keeping watch.

Glass sits at the base of a tree, cleaning his Anstadt rifle... polishing down the TATTERED STAR CARVED INTO THE STOCK.

Fitzgerald takes a gulp from his FLASK... watches Glass with mean, drunk, eyes.

FITZGERALD

You treat that Anstadt sweeter than any woman, Glass.

STUBBY BILL

That's 'cause there ain't no woman that can stop a 'Ree from three hundred feet.

ANDERSON

I knew a particular big-breasted redhead in Boston that might come close.

The others manage a nervous laugh. Glass doesn't react... just keeps working on the Anstadt. Fitzgerald walks to Glass... reaches down, and grabs the barrel of the Anstadt.

FITZGERALD

Lemme see what's so special 'bout that shooter a yours.

Glass holds firm.

GLASS

Workin' on it.

FITZGERALD

Well you can stop workin' on it, and lemme have a look like I said.

Fitzgerald gives another tug, but Glass' grip only grows tighter. His eyes roll up to Fitzgerald... make it clear he isn't giving up his rifle. And they hold that stare just as hard as they're holding Glass' gun.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

You got hired into this outfit, so you work for us. Or did you forget your place?

GLASS

Best I can tell, my place is right where I want it... on the smart end of this rifle.

Fitzgerald realizes the barrel he's holding is aimed his direction, while Glass' hand seems suddenly very close to the trigger. But Fitzgerald's pride won't let him lose this tug of war. Which means this thing's about to turn real ugly.

FITZGERALD

Any of you boys wonder how it is  
them 'Ree got the drop on us...  
when Glass here was supposed to be  
lookin' out for just that?

HENRY

That's enough, Fitzgerald. We need  
to keep movin'.

FITZGERALD

(to Glass)  
Makes me think maybe you're gettin'  
a cut on all them scalps they sell  
to the Frenchies.

Fitzgerald uses his free hand to pull off that fur cap of his... shows off his wide, hairless scar.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

How much did you get for this? Or  
for my wife's?

And that flask of whiskey has just helped give us a glimpse into where some of Fitzgerald's rage comes from.

HENRY

Goddammit, Fitzgerald, I said  
that's enough.

Fitzgerald keeps his grip on the rifle another moment, then shoves the Anstadt barrel back at Glass.

FITZGERALD

To me you ain't no whiter than them  
'Ree.

Fitzgerald spits to the ground a few feet away from Glass. Glass isn't biting... goes back to his rifle. So Fitzgerald walks back to the others... spots Bridger looking at him.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

Whatta you starin' at, boy?

Bridger drops his eyes... locks them on the ground until he's sure Fitzgerald has lost interest. Then he glances back up... sees Glass watching him... just for a moment before he goes back to the Anstadt.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

The group pushing through the darkness... dried leaves crunching under their boots.

Glass and Henry are out front. Henry throws a glance back to Fitzgerald, bringing up the rear with Anderson.

HENRY

Fitzgerald's just testing you.  
Same with me since we left St.  
Louis. Not sure I've passed many  
so far. Especially today's.

(beat)

Maybe I should've had us make camp  
further up river.

GLASS

The tracks I saw... those 'Ree had  
been on us for a while. They'd have  
gone as far north as it took.

Henry nods... hopes that's true.

GLASS (cont'd)

You're a good man, Captain. Soon  
as you realize that, these others  
will too.

Henry likes hearing that... still isn't sure it's true.

HENRY

It's a different world than Boston.  
But my father... he thought this  
would be good for me.

Henry thinks about that a beat, then shakes away the memory.

HENRY (cont'd)

Where are you from originally?

GLASS

Pennsylvania.

HENRY

Long way from home.

A BEAT, then...

GLASS

Stopped bein' a home for me a while  
back.

Henry can sense he shouldn't dig deeper.

HENRY

So you ended up out here with the Pawnee?

GLASS

Not by choice. They grabbed me while I was trappin' the Arkansas. I figured it was to kill me, but turned out they were just curious. Nothin' savage about 'em. I ended up stayin' with 'em a year or so. Till the 'Ree took their land... pushed 'em north.

HENRY

And you've just wandered alone since?

GLASS

Haven't found a place I belong.

Another quiet beat, then...

HENRY

How much experience have you had with the Arikara?

GLASS

Enough to know to stay outta their way. And that once they've got your scent, they're not easy to shake loose.

HENRY

And our chances of makin' it up to Fort Union?

GLASS

A smart man would always put his chips on the 'Ree.

That's not the answer Henry wanted to hear. He peers into the darkness ahead.

EXT. WILDERNESS - MORNING

The sun is just rising up over the horizon.

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY

Thick with trees. Henry leads the men single file through the woods.

STUBBY BILL

Shouldn't we have hit the Grand by now?

HENRY

We'll reach it soon enough. Glass said to keep this course.

FITZGERALD

It's always *Glass said*. So why is it I don't see him 'round nowheres then?

PIG

On account he's up ahead makin' sure it's clear, and you get to keep your ears.

Fitzgerald throws Pig an angry glance.

FITZGERALD

Or he's run off... left us to find our own way.

BRIDGER

Mr. Glass wouldn't do that.

FITZGERALD

You ain't got no idea know what your savage-lovin' Mr. Glass might do. And that's the problem.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Glass moves slowly through the brush, almost gliding... subtle twists and turns to avoid branches and leaves... careful not to leave his scent behind. And his eyes cut through the trees as he moves... digging for any sign of movement.

He spots something at his feet... crouches down, running his finger over the SMALL ANIMAL TRACK in the dirt.

O.S. RUSTLING snaps his head up... to the TREMBLING OF BUSHES... growing harder... whatever's in there is coming toward Glass. He calmly raises his rifle... presses the stock firmly against his shoulder... closes one eye as he takes steady aim down the long barrel...

...to the shapes rumbling out of the brush... TWO BEAR CUBS playfully wrestling.

Glass lowers the Anstadt... looks past the cubs for something else... but the woods are empty. A SUDDEN FEAR FILLS GLASS' EYES...

...he spins... right into the GIANT GRIZZLY SWINGING ITS PAW AT HIM... hitting him across the side of the neck. The animal's razor claws tear into Glass' throat, as the force sends him flying through the air.

Glass sails into a thick tree... the CRACK OF HIS LEG SNAPPING against the trunk. The rifle falls from his hand. The Grizzly lets out a massive ROAR... charges Glass. Glass crawls to the Anstadt... grabs it... has just enough time to tilt the rifle toward the bear... BOOM...

...hits the bear, slowing the animal... but not enough to stop its attack.

CUT TO:

HENRY - HEARING THE BLAST.

HENRY  
UP AHEAD!

Henry takes off at full sprint. The other men follow.

CUT TO:

GLASS - AS THE BEAR LEAPS ON TOP OF HIM...

...tosses Glass aside with a powerful swing. Glass hits the ground with a PAINFUL THUD. He starts CRAWLING AWAY, pulling the KNIFE from his belt as the bear rises up like a giant behind him... swings... tears its claws across Glass's back, shredding deep into his flesh.

Glass is fighting for his life now... flailing with the knife... slicing it across the bear's paw as it whips past him. The wound slows the bear enough for Glass to start crawling again.

But the Grizzly doesn't give Glass the chance... ROARS... is on him in a flash, a BLUR OF CLAWS AND FANGS... tearing across Glass' chest.

Glass drives his knife into the bear again... deep... trying to tear through the layers of flesh to something more vital.

CUT TO:

HENRY - LEADING THE CHARGE THROUGH THE FOREST.

CUT TO:

GLASS AND THE GRIZZLY - FIGHTING THIS EPIC BATTLE...

...locked in a death grip... tumbling along the ground... trading violent blows... Glass' blade versus the Grizzly's claws and fangs... snapping small trees as they roll over them... toward the edge of a steep embankment...

... and ROLL DOWN... spinning over and over... each ROARING AT THE OTHER... Glass pounding the knife into the bear again and again as they fall... neither willing to surrender as they careen down the slope at a dizzying pace, then SLAM TO THE BOTTOM WITH A CRUNCH.

The forest falls still... Glass hidden somewhere beneath the massive animal... both deathly motionless.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Bridger's the first to reach the battleground... sees the TWO FRIGHTENED BEAR CUBS SCURRY AWAY. He follows the bloody ground and crushed underbrush to the top of the slope... looks down to the mass of flesh at the bottom.

BRIDGER

Christ Almighty.

Henry, Pig, and the others reach the edge.

HENRY

Glass!

No answer. And all they can see is the bear, so they scan the trees.

PIG

HUGH!

Still nothing. So Bridger takes off down the slope... losing his balance but rolling back to his feet. He reaches the bear... sees GLASS' MANGLED ARM STICKING OUT FROM BENEATH IT.

BRIDGER

He's down here!

Bridger uses all his strength to push the bear off, as the other men scramble down. But Bridger can't budge the massive carcass... not until Stubby Bill and Pig join in... shove the animal over, revealing the bloody mass that is Hugh Glass...

...his throat is torn wide open... stomach and chest a gruesome design of gashes and cuts. His right leg is twisted in a horrible angle.

Bridger's legs give out... he drops to a knee and vomits.

MURPHY

Oh, Jesus.

STUBBY BILL

He's tore to pieces.

The men stare down at Glass' corpse.

ANDERSON

Least he took that Grizz down with him.

FITZGERALD

Wished he'da done it without firing his rifle. If there wasn't no 'Ree around before, there will be now.

And that's all Pig can stand... he TACKLES FITZGERALD... they roll to the ground. And in a flash Fitzgerald is on top, raining punches down on Pig... turning his face into a bloody mess. Henry and Anderson grab Fitzgerald... drag him off.

HENRY

THAT'S ENOUGH!

Then somehow, GLASS GASPS... this horrible, GUTTURAL MOAN.

STUBBY BILL

Holy Christ.

Henry and Bridger fall to their knees beside Glass. Glass looks up at the men, tries to focus through the blood and pain. His breathing is just a GURGLING WHEEZE... bubbles forming along the deep gashes in his throat with each gasp.

HENRY

Get me some water.

Stubby Bill tosses Henry his canteen. Henry empties it over Glass' throat... his chest. The water hits the wounds and immediately transforms to blood.

BRIDGER

Oh, Jesus... Jesus.

Glass lifts a trembling hand to his throat... feels the gaping wound. His eyes widen in horror. He COUGHS... the air splashes blood up from the open wounds.

HENRY  
 It's okay, Hugh.  
 (pushing Glass' hand away)  
 You're going to be fine.

Henry spins his head away from Glass.

HENRY (cont'd)  
 (whispers)  
 I need some rags before he bleeds  
 out.

Pig whips a shirt from his bag... shreds it.

HENRY (cont'd)  
 And your whiskey.

Pig tosses a bottle to Henry. Henry pours it over the  
 gashes. The BURNING PAIN arches Glass... he CRIES OUT in  
 that same HORRIFIC MOAN.

HENRY (cont'd)  
 Hold him down, Bridger, goddammit.

Bridger throws his weight against Glass' shoulders.

HENRY (cont'd)  
 The rest of you spread out... scout  
 a circle around us. Fitzgerald, you  
 and Anderson take west and north.  
 Murphy and Bill south and east.  
 Watch for anyone that might've  
 heard that shot.

And for the first time, Henry seems like a leader of men...  
 firm... in complete control... just as Glass said he would  
 be. So the men hurry off to their positions.

PIG  
 What about me, Cap?

HENRY  
 Get down here and help me tie off  
 these wounds best we can.

Pig shakily joins Henry in wrapping the wounds. The blood  
 keeps seeping out, soaking the rags.

PIG  
 It won't stop bleedin'.

HENRY

Shut up, Pig.

(to Glass)

We're fixing you up, Hugh.

Glass is like a shredded rag doll... dazed eyes staring up at them as they work on his wounds... wrap the rags around his throat... across his chest and stomach.

Bridger stares down at Glass with tears in his eyes.

BRIDGER

I'm sorry, Mr. Glass. I'm sorry.

Henry glances down to the PUDDLE OF BLOOD spilling out over his knees... oozing out from beneath Glass.

HENRY

Roll him over... easy.

They gently push Glass onto one side, revealing DEEP, JAGGED, GASHES running across the width of Glass' back. Henry stares at the open flesh, ready to panic again... but he doesn't. Instead he looks to Pig.

HENRY (cont'd)

Get me the kit. We need to stitch his back up.

BRIDGER

What about the rest?

HENRY

He's losing more blood back here.

(off the throat)

And I don't know what to do with that yet.

Pig digs out a thick needle and spool of black thread... hands it to Henry. Henry grabs the whiskey bottle.

HENRY (cont'd)

I'm sorry for how this is about to burn, Hugh.

Henry pours the whiskey over Glass' back. And the pain must be excruciating, because Glass lets out a HORRIBLE WAIL.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Fitzgerald and Anderson standing watch together in the trees. Glass' scream erupts through the trees, and they both immediately crouch down to a knee... out of sight to anyone out there that might have heard that.

ANDERSON

They're torturin' the bastard.

FITZGERALD

And riskin' gettin' the rest of us killed in the process. Proper thing would be to end it for him quick.

ANDERSON

'Less he could pull through.

FITZGERALD

You seen what that grizz did to him. Glass'll be dead inside a hour. We all will be if he keeps screamin' like that.

EXT. WOODS - LATER

SERIES OF SHOTS

HENRY, BRIDGER AND PIG WORKING OVER GLASS... Bridger and Pig pressing the skin on Glass' back together as Henry sutures the wound.

HENRY CLEANING GLASS' SHREDDED THROAT.

BRIDGER AND PIG HOLDING GLASS DOWN AS HENRY SNAPS GLASS' LEG BACK IN PLACE... the pain is too much... Glass passes out.

FITZGERALD PEERING BACK THROUGH THE TREES... to Henry doctoring Glass. Fitzgerald shakes his head in anger... turns back to the darkening forest.

EXT. WOODS - EVENING

Glass rests unconscious on the ground. Two branches act as a splint on his leg. A blanket covers his body... the stitches stretch to hold his throat together.

Henry crouches a short distance away from him, rinsing his hands under a canteen. Bridger and Pig stand beside him.

BRIDGER

What now?

HENRY

We wait.  
 (to Pig)  
 Go tell the others we're making  
 camp here for the night.

Pig nods... hustles off. Henry glances back to Glass.

HENRY (cont'd)

Does he have any kin you know of?

BRIDGER

Never mentioned none.

Henry looks beyond Glass... to the bear, sprawled on the ground, its claws and fangs soaked with Glass' blood.

HENRY

Have the men gather wood, but make  
 sure it's dry. We don't want much  
 smoke when we cook that grizzly.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

And what's left of the grizzly... its fur cut away... slabs  
 of flesh butchered from its skeleton.

A fire burns at the center of camp... a chunk of meat roasts  
 above the flame. The men sit around the fire... Murphy  
 reaches up... tears a strip of meat from the roast, tossing  
 it in his mouth. The men are silent... the pall of Glass'  
 attack still hanging over them.

Bridger rises... walks to the Grizzly... crouches down over  
 it, grabbing the animal's enormous paw. It dwarfs his own  
 hand, as he examines the massive claws. Bridger pulls out  
 his knife... stretches the claws out to their full length,  
 and CUTS THEM OFF AT ITS BASE.

FITZGERALD (O.S.)

What makes you think you earned a  
 claw, boy?

Bridger turns with a start... ONE OF THE CLAWS FALLS TO THE  
 DIRT. Bridger sees Fitzgerald standing over him, meat in his  
 hand... his lips shiny with the grease.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

You didn't take that grizz down.

BRIDGER

It ain't for me.

Bridger carries another claw around Fitzgerald... to the sleeping Glass. Pig's already crouched beside him. Bridger lifts Glass' small leather POSSIBLES BAG from beside the Anstadt rifle... drops the claw inside... throws a look back to Fitzgerald.

Pig holds his palm out just above Glass' mouth.

PIG

I can feel some air outta his  
mouth. Maybe Captain sealed up his  
throat proper, huh?

(off Bridger's silence)

Whatta you figure his odds are,  
Jim?

Bridger stares down at what's left of Glass.

BRIDGER

Long.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

The fire has burned down to nothing. The men sleep scattered about. Murphy keeps watch just outside of camp.

Glass lies there awake... eyes wide open... a living corpse. And his breathing is just as labored as before... raspy, blood-soaked strains.

Fitzgerald tosses and turns, listening to Glass' gurgling.

FITZGERALD

You ain't doin' him or us no  
favors, Captain, lettin' him suffer  
that way.

Henry's awake, but doesn't answer. He's holding his pistol in his hand, as he stares at Glass... thinking the same thing Fitzgerald just said. But he doesn't move... not yet.

Bridger sits beyond him... attaching the BEAR CLAW TO A THIN LEATHER STRAP... a future necklace.

EXT. CAMP - MORNING

ANGLE ON GLASS...

...awake... staring upward... shivering... beads of sweat covering his face... those same, weak breaths.

CUT TO:

GLASS' POV...

...on the morning sky... the sun pouring in through the treetops... until a SMALL FIGURE steps into the bright sunlight... stands over Glass, and all we can make out is the silhouette.

GLASS...

...blinks... tries to focus on the figure.

GLASS' POV...

...on the silhouette... as it begins to clear... the FACE OF A YOUNG BOY... staring down... scared.

BOY

She's sick again, Pa.

And then we see Glass... the Glass of years ago... looking up from beneath a broken wagon axle. He raises up... sees a farmhouse sitting alone in the middle of a beautiful, wide open Pennsylvania valley.

BOY (cont'd)

Sounds worse this time.

Glass stands... strides toward the house.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Glass' WIFE is on her hands and knees in the corner of the room, COUGHING... hard... like it's taking every ounce of strength she has.

The door opens, and a square of sunlight pours in over her... then Glass' shadow as he enters... moves to her... kneels down... touches her head, and she knocks his hand away.

WIFE

No. Keep back, Hugh... please.

Glass hesitates a moment, then strokes her hair again. His wife turns, and we see her face... deathly pale... a trickle of blood on her lips... she's dying.

Glass pulls her against him... holds her close... squints back into the doorway of sunlight... the small shape moving closer... growing larger... leaning down... reaching toward him... and BECOMING PIG.

PIG  
 Lookin' better, Hugh.

And then we realize we're back in camp... with Glass barely hanging onto life... staring up at Henry, crouching beside Glass... squeezing Glass' hand.

PIG (cont'd)  
 Gonna be fine.

Then we see Bridger kneel on the other side of Glass... press a WET RAG to Glass' head. Henry stands beside him.

Fitzgerald, Anderson, Murphy and Stubby Bill sit huddled a few yards away... watching.

ANDERSON  
 Fever's hit. Won't be long now.

FITZGERALD  
 I seen a bad one drag on days.

ANGLE ON GLASS...

...eyes still open... he can hear every word.

FITZGERALD (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 Insides shut down... flesh starts to spoil and turn. Ain't no way for-

HENRY (O.S.)  
 Quiet, Fitzgerald.

FITZGERALD...

...points a stick at Glass.

FITZGERALD  
 (to Henry)  
 We keep sittin' here watchin' him die, only gives the 'Ree more chance to run up on us.

Henry doesn't answer... just keeps staring down at Glass.

BRIDGER  
 He's burnin', Cap. Water turns to boil as soon as it touches him.

Henry considers this, then...

HENRY

Pig, take Anderson and scout ahead.  
Grand should be just west of here.  
Find us the best route.

Pig nods, grabs his gear. He and Anderson take off. Henry turns... walks over to Fitzgerald and Stubby Bill.

HENRY (cont'd)

(whispers)  
You two can start digging a grave.

Fitzgerald tosses the stick away.

FITZGERALD

Least it's a step in the right  
direction.

EXT. CAMP - LATER

Fitzgerald is covered in dirt and sweat, standing knee deep in Glass' grave. Stubby Bill stands over him.

FITZGERALD

Any coyote digs that deep deserves  
the meal.

He takes Stubby Bill's hand... pulls himself out... spots Pig and Anderson walking back into camp.

ANDERSON

Found it, Cap.

PIG

No more than a mile or so out.  
(for Fitzgerald to hear)  
Right where Glass had us headed.

Henry looks to Bridger, still doctoring Glass.

HENRY

We could build a litter. Haul him  
with us.

ANDERSON

It's rocky and steep goin'.

Henry looks to Pig for an honest answer.

PIG

Marshy on the other side. We could  
try it, but...

FITZGERALD

I signed on as a trapper, not a  
goddamn mule.

BRIDGER

(to Henry)

Shape he's in... I don't see no way  
he'd make bein' drug.

Henry nods, his mind racing for a solution. He turns...  
squints out ahead of them... their trail home. He stares at  
it a long beat, then lowers his hand back to that pistol...  
pulls it from his belt, and turns to Glass.

HENRY

Lay that rag over his eyes, Mr.  
Bridger.

The other men all drop their heads... except for  
Fitzgerald... he's ready to see this end.

BRIDGER

But, Captain.

HENRY

Do it.

PIG

Let's hang on a minute, Cap.

HENRY

(to Bridger)

Now.

Bridger doesn't want to, but follows orders... reaches to  
fold the wet rag down over Glass' wide open eyes. And Glass  
must know what's happening, because his eyes roll up to  
Bridger's... then to the Anstadt resting beside him. His  
lips try to form a word... his fingers dig into the dirt  
beside him... clawing toward that Anstadt...

...toward that stock with the old carved star.

PIG

He wants his rifle.

Henry hesitates a beat, then nods. Bridger grabs the  
Anstadt... rests it in Glass' hand.

PIG (cont'd)

(tears in his eyes)

Here ya are, Hugh.

ANGLE ON GLASS' HAND...

...feeling its way down to the stock... pressing his palm against that worn star carving.

Bridger just watches him, then reaches back out to the rag.

CUT TO:

GLASS' POV - ON BRIDGER...

...the boy looking away as he pulls the rag over our eyes... everything goes black.

HENRY (O.S.)  
Step clear, Mr. Bridger.

A LONG, AGONIZING BEAT in the dark, waiting for that gunshot, then...

BACK TO SCENE

Henry standing over Glass... pistol aimed down. His hand trembles slightly.

Pig turns away... presses his hands over his ears.

Bridger takes a few steps back... stares at Henry.

Henry struggles to steady his aim, until finally it calms... because he's thought of something else. His arm drops to his side.

HENRY (cont'd)  
There's a seventy dollar bonus from the Rocky Mountain Fur Company to the two men that stay with Glass... see this through.

BRIDGER  
I'll stay with him... money or not.

PIG  
Same here.

Fitzgerald snorts a stifled laugh. Bridger shoots him a look, but even Henry knows Fitzgerald is right... Bridger and Pig would never survive this alone.

HENRY  
Is there a third?

Henry looks to the others... they all drop their eyes... not interested.

FITZGERALD

Three won't stand much chance  
against a party of 'Ree, Captain.  
And seventy dollars won't buy me a  
new setta ears.

HENRY

A hundred then.

Still nothing from the others.

BRIDGER

They can have my share too.

FITZGERALD

If Pig feels the same, I'll lag  
back with 'em. I don't mind  
fallin' a day or so behind for  
three hundred dollars.

Pig looks to Bridger, who nods... so Pig nods too.

HENRY

But Glass is to be cared for until.  
Understood?

FITZGERALD

(nods to Bridger)  
I'll let the young doctor do his  
job.

Henry hesitates... doesn't like this, but knows it's the best  
option left.

HENRY

The rest gather your gear.

Bridger reaches down... lifts the rag from Glass' face.  
Their eyes meet... Bridger gives Glass a nod.

EXT. CAMP - LATER

Henry and the others are loaded and ready to leave. Henry  
pulls Bridger aside.

HENRY

As long as necessary. And a proper  
burial when it's time. He's earned  
that.

Bridger nods. Henry turns... leads the men into the trees...  
toward the Grand... toward Fort Union.

EXT. CAMP - DUSK

Bridger and Pig crouch beside Glass, changing his bandages.

Fitzgerald steps in... lifts Glass' Anstadt from beside Glass.

FITZGERALD  
I'll take first watch.

PIG  
You shouldn't use that.

FITZGERALD  
Trust me, Dummy, he ain't gonna be  
needin' it tonight.

Glass is helpless to move... can only watch Fitzgerald disappear into the trees.

Glass' eyes drift back the glowing embers... the light blurs...

...becomes the FAINT FLICKER OF A GLOWING LANTERN... resting in a dusty window. Outside the window there's a fresh grave... we might even be able to make out the name *Elizabeth Glass* on the wooden headstone as we move closer to the window... through that twitching flame...

...and see TWO DARK SHAPES inside... the larger figure sitting beside a bed... the smaller one lying in it. It's Glass and the Boy.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

TIGHT ON A RIFLE... GLASS' ANSTADT... resting across the Boy's lap, as Glass' hands carve a STAR into the fresh stock with a knife. The lantern flame shimmers over them.

The Boy's hands join in... small and frail, as they brush the wood chips away.

BOY (O.S.)  
(tired, weak)  
I like the star.

GLASS (O.S.)  
So everybody'll know it's yours.

Glass' hand digs away more of the design. Some O.S. COUGHING from the Boy. The small hand runs over the carving, almost caressing it. Then it flinches in pain.

GLASS (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 Careful.

A BEAD OF BLOOD forms on the little boy's nicked finger...  
 drops down onto the rifle... runs along the newly carved  
 design before it's finally ABSORBED INTO THE FRESH WOOD.

The two pair of hands continue working on the rifle together.

BOY (O.S.)  
 When can I try it out?

GLASS (O.S.)  
 Soon as you feel up to it.

A long, quiet beat... just the scrape of the blade against  
 wood... the small hands mimicking the movement of the large  
 ones. Then...

BOY (O.S.)  
 Will you look after it for me till  
 then?

Glass' hands stop carving... maybe even tremble... just a  
 bit. And before he can answer...

PIG (V.O.)  
 You're cheatin', Jim!

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Glass lying on the ground... his eyes open... that same  
 labored breathing, as he looks across camp...

...to Bridger and Pig stand across camp, playing a game...  
 flicking stones into a circle of sticks...

...as Fitzgerald leans against a tree, staring hard at  
 Glass... thinking... all just killing time... waiting for  
 Glass to die.

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY

Pig somewhere in the woods, setting up a small snare trap.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Bridger and Pig kneel on each side of Glass, easing some  
 broth into his mouth... cleaning his wounds.

Fitzgerald stands in the shadows, taking a piss. He glances over his shoulder to Bridger and Pig.

FITZGERALD

There ya go, pour some more broth  
down his throat... keep him alive  
another week so we can fall farther  
back. End up walkin' all the way  
to Fort Union on our own. 'Ree  
would love to poach on just three.

Fitzgerald finishes... walks past them... drops to his blanket.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

I promise ya, you'll both look a  
helluva lot worse than Glass when  
they're done with you.

Pig throws a nervous glance to Bridger, who shakes his head... *don't listen to him.*

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY

Anderson stands on a ridge, scouting a course. He waves back to Henry and the others. They follow after him. Behind them, a THIN LINE OF SMOKE rises from the trees.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

A DEAD PACK MULE engulfed in flames. A SCALPED TRAPPER lies in the dirt beside it. He's missing his LEFT EAR.

Beyond the Trapper, several Arikara Warriors dig through canvas sacks, pulling out supplies. Elk's Tongue stands over them, his hands wet with blood.

EXT. WILDERNESS - EVENING

From high above... the sun is sinking over the trees.

EXT. WOODS/RIVER - EVENING

Bridger walks toward the rushing water, carrying empty canteens.

EXT. WOODS - EVENING

Pig pulls a dead raccoon from his snare trap.

EXT. CAMP - EVENING

Fitzgerald sits bored against a tree, eyes locked on Glass as he twists a knife in his hands... flipping it point first into the dirt... grabbing... repeating...

FITZGERALD

When are you gonna die, Glass?

...twist... flip... thwack... and never pulling his eyes off Glass.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

Like you shoulda done days ago?

Fitzgerald sits in silence as if he's waiting for an answer. Finally, he snaps the knife from the dirt, stands, and walks over to Glass... crouches down... studies Glass' red, infected wounds.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

But I'm four days behind Henry's bunch on accounta tendin' to you.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS/RIVER - EVENING

Bridger kneels beside the water, filling the canteens.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Fitzgerald holding that knife tip against Glass' throat. Glass just staring up at him... helpless.

FITZGERALD

Be easier on us all if you'd take that last breath.

The two men hold a stare... that knife just floating above Glass' skin... until Fitzgerald finally pulls it back... grabs a bloodstained rag from beside them... wads it up.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

I could help ya with that if you'd like. Muzzle ya right now... end all this sufferin' quick and easy. Nobody'd ever know you give up.

Fitzgerald moves the rag over Glass' nose and mouth... holds it there, just inches above.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)  
 You just gimme a blink if you want  
 me to do it.

Glass locks his eyes on Fitzgerald's... both men unblinking.

A DROP OF BLOOD hangs from the rag... finally falls... lands on Glass' lips.

Fitzgerald almost smiles, waiting for the inevitable... as Glass stares back, fighting the urge to blink... but there's no chance he wins this battle. And he finally does...

...and Fitzgerald's eyes roll up to make sure they're alone.

Then he STUFFS THAT BLOODY RAG INTO GLASS' MOUTH.

Glass struggles against it, but he can barely move... this is going to end quickly.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)  
 Easy now.

And Fitzgerald is emotionless about this killing... almost like he's putting down a piece of livestock...

...as Glass' struggles weaken... slow... it's almost over...

...until THWACK... the butt of a rifle smacks Fitzgerald across the head... knocks him to the dirt... dazed...

...as Pig drops down beside Glass... tries to hold his rifle on Fitzgerald as he tugs that rag out... helps Glass.

PIG  
 You okay, Hugh?  
 (screaming)  
 JIM! HURRY!

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS/RIVER - EVENING

Bridger still beside it. The water rushing past so loud that's all he can hear.

EXT. CAMP - EVENING

Pig's helping Glass breathe, as Fitzgerald rises behind him.

FITZGERALD  
I was just doin' your job...  
helpin' to clean him up.

PIG  
No. I saw. JIM!

FITZGERALD  
Shut your mouth, Pig.

Fitzgerald moves toward them.

PIG  
Keep away.  
(steadying his rifle)  
I'm gonna tell Jim and Captain what  
you did. They'll hang you.....

But Pig barely has his rifle aimed before FITZGERALD FLINGS HIS KNIFE INTO PIG'S CHEST. He freezes... stunned... the rifle slips from his hands.

FITZGERALD  
I told ya to shut up.

And Fitzgerald is on Pig in a flash... pulling that knife out...

FITZGERALD (cont'd)  
But you stupid sonofabitch wouldn't  
pay mind, would ya?

Glass struggles to reach for Pig... to stop Fitzgerald from murdering his friend... but what's left of his body barely moves.

CUT TO:

GLASS' POV...

...on Fitzgerald with the knife in his blood-soaked hands... finishing Pig off.

FITZGERALD... looks around for Bridger... eye contact with Glass.. his mind racing.

He grabs Pig's arms... drags him out of the camp... hides his body in the brush... hurries back in... slings Pig's rifle and that dead raccoon deep into the trees... kicks dirt over the spilled blood on the ground...

...goes back to Pig's body... kneels down over him. With the knife, he cuts off Pig's ears and a piece of scalp, then hides them in a small hole... covers it with dead leaves.

Then sets his eyes back on Glass... the only witness... staring back. So Fitzgerald starts for him.

BRIDGER (O.S.)  
Breathin' changed?

Fitzgerald spins... sees Bridger entering camp... dropping the canteens. He hesitates a beat, then shakes his head.

FITZGERALD  
Hadn't noticed.

Bridger moves over to Glass... kneels down, and Glass grips Bridger's arm... tries to speak... can barely open his mouth.

BRIDGER  
Easy, Mr. Glass. He's hot as fire.

Bridger pours some water over a rag... rests it across Glass' head.

BRIDGER (cont'd)  
This'll help.  
(to Fitzgerald)  
Where's Pig?

FITZGERALD  
Figured he'd joined up with you.

Bridger shakes his head... scans the forest.

Fitzgerald just slides back down against that tree... starts shaving a stick with that knife that just gutted Pig. He watches Glass and Bridger... deciding his next move.

EXT. CAMP - DUSK

Glass awake... watching Fitzgerald poke at the small fire with a branch. Bridger stands at the edge of camp, squinting out into the darkness.

BRIDGER  
Pig!

FITZGERALD  
Quiet, kid, goddammit. Bring the whole 'Ree tribe on us.

BRIDGER

He shoulda been in by now.

FITZGERALD

Dummy don't know front from back  
half the time. You shouldn'ta let  
him wander out alone.

BRIDGER

He was just checkin' his snares.

Bridger walks deeper into the trees... just past that brush  
where Fitzgerald hid Pig's body.

Fitzgerald watches... regrips that branch... and we notice  
it's been shaved to a JAGGED POINT.

But Bridger just turns back...

BRIDGER (cont'd)

Did you go out to look for him?

FITZGERALD

(off Glass)

Already got my hands full nurse-  
maidin' one. No time for another.

Bridger scans the forest again, then slides down to the  
ground next to Glass... rocks back and forth... nervous for  
his friend.

Fitzgerald's eyes drift to Glass... the men hold a look.

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT

From high above the trees. The world is silent... peaceful.

CUT TO:

BLACK...

...the sound of FRENZIED BREATHING.

FITZGERALD (V.O.)

(panicked whisper)

Bridger! Get your ass up!

Dim light fills the frame... then we see FITZGERALD'S FACE  
right in front of us.

FITZGERALD (CONT'D)

'Ree.

BRIDGER - SCRAMBLES UP FROM THE TREE HE WAS LEANING...

...wipes the sleep from his eyes.

BRIDGER

What?

FITZGERALD

Keep quiet. There's twenty of 'em at least. Down at the creak, but comin' this way.

BRIDGER

Oh, shit. Whatta we do?

FITZGERALD

We run. Now.

BRIDGER

Where's Pig?

FITZGERALD

Not our worry no more.

BRIDGER

We gotta find him.

FITZGERALD

If he ain't already gutted and scalped, he'll find us.

Fitzgerald gathers his bag, starts throwing in food and supplies. Bridger is scared out of his mind... does the same... grabs for his rifle, standing near Glass.

Bridger freezes... in his panic, he'd forgotten all about Glass. And now the wounded man's eyes stare up at him... understanding perfectly what's happening.

BRIDGER

What about Mr. Glass?

FITZGERALD

He's on his own, same as you and me.

BRIDGER

I can't leave him.

FITZGERALD

Then I'm talkin' to a dead man.

Bridger's frozen... doesn't know what to do. So Fitzgerald suddenly GRABS GLASS BY THE ANKLES... starts dragging him across the ground. Glass GROANS IN PAIN.

BRIDGER

Wait!

But Fitzgerald isn't waiting... he pulls Glass to that grave he dug, and ROLLS GLASS' BODY INSIDE.

Glass hits the bottom with a painful THUD.

FITZGERALD

Now we done what was asked of us.

(hard to Bridger)

Move.

Bridger stares at the open grave a moment, then fear sends him running after Fitzgerald...

...as Glass lies there INSIDE HIS OWN GRAVE.

CUT TO:

GLASS' POV - OUT OF THE GRAVE... TIGHT AND CLAUSTROPHOBIC... JUST THE NIGHT SKY ABOVE... AND THE SOUND OF HIS PAINFUL BREATHS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - MORNING

Cold and grey. Fitzgerald crouches beside a small fire, warming his hands. WHISPS OF SMOKE rise into the sky.

FITZGERALD

We ran the better part of the night. Had to gain some ground on Henry and the others.

BRIDGER

Pig won't know to catch us.

FITZGERALD

He'll have to.

Bridger sits at the base of a tree... his mind replaying the desertion of Glass over and over. He notices the smoke.

BRIDGER

Best douse that smoke before them  
'Ree spot it.

FITZGERALD

We put enough distance between us  
and them. And it's too damn cold  
to go without one.

BRIDGER

All we know, they hoofed it through  
the night same as us.

FITZGERALD

A dozen 'Ree can't make the time us  
two did.

Bridger looks back to the trees.

BRIDGER

We shouldn't a left him back there.

Fitzgerald doesn't respond. And then Bridger considers  
something, stares at Fitzgerald a beat, before...

BRIDGER (cont'd)

It was twenty earlier.

FITZGERALD

What?

BRIDGER

When you woke me... you said you'd  
spotted twenty 'Ree.

FITZGERALD

A dozen... twenty. I was a little  
too spooked to count feathers.  
Hell, one 'Ree was too many.

Fitzgerald empties his canteen over the fire, killing the  
flames. Bridger stares at the water pouring out.

BRIDGER

What was you even doin' down at the  
creak in the middle of the night?

(beat)

I'd already brought plenty a water.

Fitzgerald doesn't answer. Bridger tightens his grip on his  
rifle... slowly rises.

BRIDGER (cont'd)

Answer me.

FITZGERALD

Don't start questionin' me on  
 accounta you feelin' guilty 'bout  
 leavin' your half-breed buddy  
 behind.

Bridger musters up all the courage he can... aims his rifle  
 at Fitzgerald.

BRIDGER

ANSWER ME OR I BLOW YOUR DAMN HEAD  
 OFF!

Fitzgerald stares back at Bridger and his rifle... eyes  
 taking in everything... a snake sizing up its prey. Then  
 Fitzgerald stands... takes a step toward the boy.

FITZGERALD

What're you askin'? Why it was you  
 turned your back on Glass? Let him  
 die to save your own sorry skin?  
 (beat)  
 'Cause you was scared shitless,  
 that's why.

BRIDGER

The 'Ree... did you see 'em?  
 (off Fitzgerald's silence)  
 DID YOU SEE 'EM?

FITZGERALD

(moving closer)  
 Not a one.

Bridger CRIES OUT... starts to pull the trigger, when  
 Fitzgerald's hand flashes out, grabbing the barrel, and  
 shoving the butt back into Bridger's face... THWACK.

The force of the blow knocks Bridger back to the ground, but  
 Fitzgerald holds his grip on the rifle barrel... flips it  
 around to aim it at the boy. Blood drips down Bridger's head  
 as he stares up at his rifle pointed down.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

I just needed to spur you on. Pig  
 was lost, and Glass was dead either  
 way. There weren't no point in us  
 waitin' around to die too.

Fitzgerald lines the barrel up at Bridger's head... his  
 FINGER TIGHTENS ON THE TRIGGER.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

So that there is the answer to your question.

And Fitzgerald PULLS THE TRIGGER... AND BRIDGER SQUEEZES HIS EYES SHUT IN FEAR... THEN CLICK. Bridger opens his eyes... sees Fitzgerald grinning down at him.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

And the next time you aim to kill somebody, boy, best remember your gun won't fire without a flint.

Fitzgerald tosses the rifle back at Bridger, and turns away. Bridger's face flushes with rage and humiliation... he charges Fitzgerald from behind... tackles him to the ground... starts pounding Fitzgerald with punches.

But it's only a moment before Fitzgerald is in control... HEAD-BUTTING Bridger off of him... tossing him away, then KICKING BRIDGER IN THE STOMACH... AGAIN. He grabs his knife... is ready to finish Bridger off...

...but Fitzgerald is smart enough to know that out here, two are safer than one... even when one is just a kid. He starts walking away.

BRIDGER

I'm goin' back for him.

FITZGERALD

Far as we ran, you couldn't find Glass nor your dummy with dogs and a map. And I don't believe you want to. 'Cause after leavin' him to die, I doubt he'd be too happy to see you now.

Fitzgerald digs at the dirt with the knife... covers the fire's remains.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

And just so we're clear. If you try to backtrack without me knowin', or ever get so guilty you feel the need to tell somebody.

Fitzgerald looks at Bridger... hard... evil.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

I'll have no choice but to gut you from nuts to nose.

Fitzgerald stares his point home, then shoves the blade into his belt, and stands.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)  
Now let's go.

Bridger wipes the blood from his face, then throws one last glance behind him before following Fitzgerald.

EXT. CAMP - MORNING

Empty and quiet... no sign of life... until GLASS' HAND RISES BETWEEN THE LOOSE BRANCHES. His fingers dig into the earth, pulling himself up from the hole... a dead man climbing out of his own grave.

He rolls out to the ground... arches in pain when his back hits the cold, hard surface.

Glass lies there shivering, regaining what little strength he has, then rolls over... glances around the camp... his eyes settle on the blanket.

He starts dragging himself again with that one good arm... six inches at a time... across the dirt... finally makes it to the blanket... wraps it around him.

Glass rests there in the center of camp... unable to move... his eyes scanning the surroundings... no food... no water... and he's wide open in this clearing... an easy target for any predator. So he grabs his Possibles bag and GUNPOWDER HORN, and drags himself toward the cover of brush.

And every movement takes all the will Glass has... a push with his good leg followed by a pull with his healthy arm... inch by inch... foot by foot... sweat pouring down his face as he finally reaches the cover of the trees... continues on... dragging himself across the forest floor in a desperate, hopeless crawl for survival.

But finally it's too much for Glass... the fever and pain overwhelm him. He collapses... falls unconscious.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT

From high above the forest... the tree tops sway in the breeze.

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY

Glass dragging himself again... his hands are torn and bloody from clawing his weight.

He stops... unwraps his small, leather Possibles bag... dumps it to the ground, revealing its contents... flints, a straight razor, his map, and a LEATHER NECKLACE WITH THE SIX-INCH BEAR CLAW attached. Glass grabs the razor... cuts SEVERAL THIN STRIPS FROM THE BLANKET, and wraps them around his hands.

He shoves the rest back in the bag, and does the only thing he can do... start crawling again... push with his healthy leg... pull with his good arm.

EXT. WILDERNESS - LATER

Glass dragging himself up a steep slope... over rocks... the jagged edges catching the wounds... tearing the primitive stitching. The gashes rip wider... blood oozes down, leaving a crimson trail dripping down the rock behind him.

And we TIGHTEN ON THE BLOOD UNTIL IT BECOMES DARK AS NIGHT.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

BACK WHERE WE FIRST OPENED... shadows illuminated by that lantern's flame. The dusty floor... the bucket of water with a rag hanging over the edge... the Anstadt Rifle leaning beside the bed... that FRESH STAR COMPLETED IN ITS STOCK.

Then we see Glass... more clearly this time... holding his Son in his arms... leaning close... his face pressed to his Son's ear.

GLASS  
(whispering)  
Not yet... not yet... not yet.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT

And Glass lying beneath a cluster of brush... shivering... bleeding... conscious but delirious... staring up at the sky... WHISPERING THOSE WORDS HIS WOUNDS WON'T LET HIM SAY... over and over... as a TEAR SLIPS FROM THE CORNER OF HIS EYE.

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY

Glass pulling himself along the ground... stopping because he hears something... RUSHING WATER.

Glass digs his fingers into the ground with new energy... pulls himself toward the sound... up over a ridge... and there it is at the bottom of the ridge...

...THE GRAND RIVER... WATER. Glass crawls down toward it.

EXT. GRAND RIVER - DAY

Glass at the river's edge, cupping handfuls of water and rubbing it over his parched lips... withstanding the pain to gulp it down.

Glass cups more water to his mouth, but with each drink, he feels the water leak from a hole in his throat... run down his neck. He leans out over the surface to check his reflection... sees the swollen, stitched-together, throat. He fights off the urge to vomit... pulls the razor from the leather bag, and cuts more strips of blanket, soaking them in the river, then cleaning his wounds.

He runs a finger up to his shredded throat... around the open, wet hole. He cups another handful of water to his mouth... strains to swallow, then feels the liquid GURGLE OUT OF THE HOLE.

Glass shoves the cloth against the wound... tries to press the flesh together... no good. He dumps out his Possibles bag... stares at the meager contents. He picks up one of the flints... looks to the powderhorn.

EXT. GRAND RIVER - LATER

ANGLE ON A SMALL CLUMP OF DRIED GRASS...

...as Glass SPARKS one of the flints... ignites the grass. As the fire grows, Glass pours a handful of GUNPOWDER from the horn, and RUBS IT ALL OVER THE HOLE IN HIS THROAT.

He lifts several small blades of burning grass... a miniature torch. And only then do we realize what he's about to do... because he stares at the flame a beat, then raises it toward his gunpowder-covered throat.

The flame nears the black powder, and LEAPS OFF THE GRASS, igniting the powder, and SETTING GLASS'S NECK ON FIRE.

Glass falls back to the ground in agony... TRIES TO SCREAM, but his burning, shredded vocal chords won't allow him.

The gunpowder sizzles and burns... the flame spreads... Glass' flesh sears... melts... and the pain is too much for Glass... he passes out.

The smoke from his neck rises up into the blue sky... fades...

...and then the clouds begin to drift... fast... too fast... racing across the sky...

...as we GLIDE BACK DOWN TO...

GLASS - at the water's edge, drinking... touching his charred, melted throat... no leaks. He slurps back more, then opens his Possibles bag... pulls out the GRIZZLY CLAW NECKLACE... stares at it a beat, then slips it over his head.

He drags out a WORN MAP... spreads it on the ground, then throws a glance around him... fingers the point on the blue line... a rough guess of his location.

ANGLE ON THE MAP...

...Fort Union at the top... far north. Other smaller outposts south... but not nearly as far away.

Glass gazes north up the Grand, as if he can see Fitzgerald and Bridger just ahead of him. Then he looks back down to his reflection in the water... battered and scarred. He touches his leg... all but worthless for now... his one good arm. It's clear he's not ready to take revenge on anyone.

So Glass shoves the map back into the bag... ties it around his arm with the powderhorn and blanket, then grabs a THICK, FALLEN LOG, and labors it into the river.

Glass crawls in behind it... deeper, until the current grows strong enough to carry the weight of his mangled body downstream. Glass drapes his healthy arm over the log, and starts floating... letting the river do the work.

EXT. GRAND RIVER - DAY

Winding through the open prairie. Glass hangs onto the log... floats with the gentle current... past a HERD OF ELK grazing along the riverbank. The animals don't even notice Glass.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Elk's Tongue stands over Glass' empty grave... several Warriors watch him study the scene... the rags crisp with dried blood... the scattered remains of supplies. Then Elk's Tongue notices a SINGLE BEAR CLAW resting in the dirt. He picks it up.

EXT. GRAND RIVER - NIGHT

Dark... the moon hidden behind clouds. A heavy mist hangs over the river. Glass is draped across the log, eyes closed... letting the slow current carry him south. But then his eyes open... because he hears something... a LOW RUMBLE.

Glass looks to the river banks... too foggy to see anything clearly. The RUMBLE GROWS LOUDER. He peers ahead... too dark to see much... just ANOTHER SPLINTERED LOG floating in front of him, its one jagged branch rising up in the air.

But then THE LOG VANISHES. Glass squints through the fog, scanning the surface. But it's gone... the water's empty... that LOW RUMBLE GROWS EVEN LOUDER.

Glass looks to the water beside him... a BRANCH GLIDES PAST AT A HIGHER SPEED. And now Glass knows what's coming, but it's too late... because the world suddenly turns upside down, as Glass tumbles over the edge of a TWENTY FOOT WATERFALL.

He spirals downward... crashes into the rushing current. He's washed forward with the suddenly violent rapids. They pull him under the surface, then toss him GASPING back out.

The river carries him blindly through the mist... tossing... turning... SLAMMING HIM INTO A HUGE BOULDER... CRACK... he spins off, swept away headfirst... the foaming water sucking him down the rocky gauntlet.

He tumbles over more boulders... his Possibles bag snaps loose... Glass makes a grab for it, but is suddenly flipped down another set of falls.

The Possibles Bag is lost in the raging river.

Glass sinks beneath the surface, then floats back up, as the rapids calm... spit Glass to the gentle shallows. His body drifts face-down toward shore.

And just when we're sure Glass has to finally be dead, his arm reaches up from the water... his hand clamps onto the muddy bank, and drags his body out of the river.

Glass collapses unconscious to the ground, his body shrouded in that mist.

EXT. GRAND RIVER - DAY

TIGHT ON THE LEFT SIDE OF GLASS' FACE... the right still pressed into the muddy bank. The sun beats down... then SHADOWS APPEAR... BOUNCE ACROSS HIM... something is standing over Glass.

And then a VULTURE'S HEAD DROPS INTO FRAME...

...latches its beak onto Glass' cheek... tugs at it... stretches it. Glass' eyes pop open... we PULL BACK to see THREE VULTURES surrounding Glass' body, pecking and clawing at his battered wounds.

Glass swings his good arm, knocking one of the vultures away. He tries to cry out, but only that PRIMITIVE HISS ERUPTS from his throat.

The vultures dance away from his flailing... aren't willing to give up their meal so easily... dart in for quick attacks on his flesh.

Glass grasps a branch... swings at the birds, beating them back. The vultures give up the battle... fly away.

Glass crumbles back to the ground... squints up into the sun... the SILHOUETTES OF THE VULTURES CIRCLING ABOVE HIM... waiting for him to die.

Glass glances to a ridge just a few hundred yards away.

At the base of the ridge, a GIANT BOULDER has broken free, creating a partial cave. Glass starts crawling toward it.

And if it's possible, he looks even closer to death now than when he started this journey.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

No more than ten feet deep, but enough to hide from predators. Glass slides as far back in the recess as he can... collapses against the rock wall.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Glass gathers loose sticks and grass into a small pile... begins sparking rocks together to build a fire.

INT. CAVE - LATER

The fire burns beside Glass, as he TEARS A SINGLE THREAD of cloth from the tattered blanket, then feeds it through a tiny hole in a JAGGED, NEEDLE-SIZED SLIVER OF SHARPENED ROCK... a man-made needle and thread.

Glass goes to work on the open wounds of his chest... piercing his skin with the rock... wincing with pain as he tugs the thread through the fresh hole in his skin... pierces the other side of the wound, then pulls the flesh tightly together... before repeating the excruciating process all over again... pierce... pull... pierce... tighten.

EXT. GRAND RIVER - NIGHT

The moon's glow reflects off the water.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

ANGLE ON GLASS' HAND...

...holding a small sharp stone, and SCRATCHING LETTERS INTO THE CAVE'S ROCK WALL.

WE PAN DOWN TO THE GROUND... still listening to the SCRATCHING OF THE ROCK as we glide across the dirt... reach the fire... its flame warm and strong.

We TIGHTEN ON THE FIRE, until WE'RE INSIDE IT... and then WE PULL BACK...

...and we see the fire has long died away... just black ash. The O.S. SCRATCHING has silenced. We glide back across the cave floor... to Glass unconscious on the ground. And above him on the wall, we see what he had been scratching...

*"Robbed and left to die by Fitzgerald. Killed Pig to. If find him kill for Hugh Glass"*

We hold on those words a beat, then...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAWN

Still dark and misty. Bridger asleep beneath a thick cover of trees. An O.S. GUNSHOT springs his eyes open... then ANOTHER SHOT... and ANOTHER.

Bridger looks around... sees Fitzgerald's gear... but no Fitzgerald. Bridger scrambles to his feet.

EXT. SMALL CAMP - MORNING

TWO INDIAN PONIES prance anxiously... pull at the ropes that secure them to trees.

And then we see why they're jumpy... Fitzgerald's standing over the bodies of TWO DEAD CROW INDIANS... gathering their weapons. He looks up... sees Bridger standing in the mist... staring at the scene... shocked.

FITZGERALD

They'da done the same if they'd found us first.

Bridger doesn't respond... just watches Fitzgerald pull his knife... crouch over one of the bodies.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

Gather the horses. We might even survive to Union now.

Then Fitzgerald moves the blade toward the Crow's head... pulls the long black hair back.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

(to the dead body)  
Be grateful I kilt you first.

EXT. GRAND RIVER - DAY

DROPS OF RAIN dot the surface. THUNDER RUMBLES... the rain grows heavier.

EXT. CAVE - NIGHT

Rain pouring... gullies of water run down the ridge, spewing over the mouth of the cave. But inside, Glass doesn't stir... lying there just as we last saw him.

EXT. GRAND RIVER - DAY

Rain coming down in buckets. The river's swollen and flooded... raging.

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Clouds drift across the moon... the storm has ended.

INT. CAVE - DAY

TIGHT ON GLASS' FACE... eyes closed. He looks dead.

BOY'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Not yet. Not yet.

Glass' eyes suddenly spring open.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Glass crawls out of the crevice... shields his eyes from the sun, as he takes in the scene.

The river has sunk back to normal, leaving the banks battered and muddy. The water is thick and brown with all the flooded earth it pulled up.

Glass uses all his strength to rise up to his knees, then higher... onto his healthy leg. He braces himself against a tree. He's still crooked and hunched over, but for the first time since the Grizzly attack, he looks more like a man than an animal. He bends down... picks up a BROKEN TREE BRANCH.

EXT. GRAND RIVER - DAY

Glass limps along the bank... beside the brown water stirred up from the flood. He moves along the washed-out area, searching for food... grabs some plants... tears them from the ground to chew on the roots.

He continues on... spots a DEAD SNAPPING TURTLE drowned in the flood, frozen on its back. Glass kneels down to pick up the turtle... sniffs it. As he does, he spots something across the river... a DEER, staring back at him.

Glass slowly raises his IMAGINARY RIFLE... takes careful aim at the deer... pulls the trigger. If only he had his Anstadt.

But then the deer's head snaps... to something beyond Glass. Glass follows the animal's eyes... turns to the ridge... and sees FIVE ARIKARA WARRIORS STANDING AT GLASS' CAVE.

Glass drops flat to the ground behind a tree uprooted in the flood. He looks back across the river... THE DEER IS GONE.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Elk's Tongue stands at the wall, staring at the words Glass etched into the rock. He picks up a piece of shredded cloth... sniffs it, then says something to the Warriors.

EXT. GRAND RIVER - DAY

Glass inches his head up over the tree... to Elk's Tongue, now outside the cave... studying the tracks.

Glass' eyes jump to the soft dirt along the river... HIS FOOTPRINTS... an obvious trail leading right to him. He throws a glance around... nowhere to run even if he could. So he starts backing into the river on his stomach... feet-first... dragging a small branch over the tracks around him, wiping them away as he moves. And his eyes are locked on the Arikara... watching to see if they spot him.

But they haven't yet, and Glass keeps sliding backward... five feet off shore... only three feet deep in the murky water and sludge. But if he goes any further, the current will catch him... pull him into the next set of violent rapids... and make him a clear target.

The Arikara follow the tracks down from the cave.

Glass sinks neck-deep into the water... the Arikara keep coming... near the river. So Glass drops beneath the surface.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER -

And Glass' eyes spread wide... searching the muddy water. He grabs a LARGE ROCK... rolls onto his back, and places the rock on his stomach, its weight holding him firmly to the river bottom.

EXT. GRAND RIVER - DAY

ANGLE ON THE ARIKARA WARRIORS... following Glass' tracks to the edge of the river... looking out over the brown river.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER -

Glass pressing his head back against the bottom... staring up through the cloudy water... to the FIVE SHADOWS STANDING ONLY A FEW FEET AWAY.

EXT. GRAND RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Elk's Tongue and the others... unknowingly standing just above Glass... looking back to the tracks... scanning the water. But the surface is empty, and the river's too thick with mud to see anything below.

But they keep looking... and we're waiting for Glass to explode from the river, gasping for air. But he doesn't... and they keep scanning for what seems an eternity, until finally, Elk's Tongue turns... the Warriors follow him back toward the cave.

Behind them, Glass' face inches to the surface... pulls in some oxygen... watches as they fade into the trees.

Then Glass rolls the rock away... starts moving deeper into the river... fighting the current to grab rocks and boulders... pulling himself to the other side.

EXT. PRAIRIE - EVENING

Glass limps slowly across the rolling prairie. He's weak... starving... isn't going to make it much further. He drops to his hands and knees.

And then he feels something... the ground almost trembling under his hands. He watches his hands quiver with vibration. A RUMBLE BUILDS. Glass strains to hear... looks to the crest of a hill... labors up the gentle slope toward the sound.

EXT. PRAIRIE/HILL - EVENING

Glass reaches the crest... looks over the other side to a HERD OF BUFFALO THUNDERING ACROSS THE PRAIRIE.

An incredible site... hundreds of massive creatures... their hooves tearing up the earth, leaving a cloud of dust behind them.

Behind the herd, a PACK OF WOLVES FIGHT OVER A FALLEN BUFFALO.

Glass lies in the high grass, watching the wolves SNARL AND SNAP over the remains. And he eyes that buffalo... the closest he's been to food in days.

He scans the ground for a weapon... nothing. And then his eyes settle on some DEAD SAGE BRUSH. He grabs them, along with some sticks... rocks... pulls them into a pile.

EXT. PLAINS - NIGHT

The five wolves rest around the downed buffalo, their snouts bloody from the meal. Suddenly, one of the wolves' heads snaps up... bares its teeth... SNARLS.

And then we see what the wolf is growling at... Glass... limping out of the shadows toward the animals, holding a BURNING SAGE BUSH IN EACH HAND... like giant FLAMING HANDS clawing in the night.

The wolves jump to their feet, unsure of what's approaching. They growl at Glass. But Glass keeps coming... doing his best to YELL... more like GROWL back at the wolves. He swings the flaming brush, tossing glowing sparks through the air.

The wolves spread out, instinctively surrounding Glass. But Glass singles out each one... charges, waving the flames... driving each wolf back.

Four of the wolves back away, but the leader holds its ground... even moves toward Glass... only a few feet away... SNARLING... bloody jaws ready to attack, but still not sure what its up against.

Glass shakes the flames at the wolf... it SNAPS AT GLASS' ARM. Glass swings the other... slams the fiery plant across the wolf's head.

The wolf YELPS... leaps back... starts to run away, but turns back... makes another charge at Glass. But Glass is ready... throws the flaming ball of sage at the wolf, then clubs it with the other. The animal's fur begins to burn.

The frightened wolf has had enough... rolls on the ground, then spins to join the rest of its pack. They run a safe distance, then stop... keeping a watch on Glass.

Glass drags the burning sage bushes along the ground, igniting the grass and brush... creating a foot-high flaming wall between him and the wolves.

He stretches the flame into a circle, a fiery ring surrounds the fallen buffalo.

The wolves have seen enough... turn... race away from the flames.

As the grass around him burns, Glass drops the sage plants... attacks the buffalo remains, tearing away bloody chunks of flesh from the carcass, and shoving them into his mouth... a starving animal that's finally found food.

EXT. PRAIRIE - NIGHT

From high above the prairie... Glass and the buffalo at the center of that glowing ring of fire.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

The wind's gusting... bending the high golden grass over on its side. Glass moves slowly across, pulling his collar up to shield his face from the cold winds. He spots something in the distant sky ahead... a THIN LINE OF BLACK SMOKE. Glass picks up his pace... hope spurring him on.

EXT. BURNED ARIKARA VILLAGE - DAY

The charred, skeletal remains of a tribe's village... just black posts where tee-pees once stood... a half-burned log lodge still smokes, sending that black line into the sky.

Glass limps through the graveyard of structures... all signs of life in this village long gone. He searches a basket... pulls out a BLANKET... wraps it around his shoulders.

INT. LODGE - DAY

Glass steps into the smoky warmth of the lodge... black and empty. He slides down to the floor... unwraps strips of roasted buffalo from what's left of his blanket. He starts to take a bite, when SOMETHING DARTS PAST THE DOORWAY TO THE BACK ROOM. The O.S. SHUFFLING OF FEET.

Glass freezes... he isn't alone. He rises... grabs a splintered post like a spear... eases toward the doorway... raises the post to swing...

...and sees the SMALL PUPPY standing in the back room. The dog takes off around a crumbled wall. Glass follows it.

## INT. LODGE/BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Glass limps across the room... turns the corner of the crumbled wall... and sees the dog slide to a stop beside an ANCIENT ARIKARA WOMAN, huddled in the corner, her bony arms outstretched in front of her in weak defense. And her eyes are SOLID WHITE... the old woman is blind. She CRIES OUT A CHANT over and over... her death chant, as she waits for this stranger to kill her.

Glass stands frozen... confused. He tries to speak, but his throat still won't let him. He crouches down in front of the old woman... reaches for her hand, but she flails him away. He grabs her again... gently... just holds it until she calms... studying the woman... her hollow face all skin and bones... she's obviously dying.

He pulls the strip of buffalo meat from his pocket... pushes it into the woman's hand. She immediately jerks it to her mouth... and that's when Glass sees the WOMAN HAS NO TEETH... she can't eat.

Glass turns to an old pot tipped over on the floor.

## EXT. BURNED ARIKARA VILLAGE - DAY

Glass carries the pot toward a nearby stream. The dog scurries out behind him... follows Glass to the water.

## INT. LODGE/BACK ROOM - DAY

The pot boils over burning logs. Glass dips a cup in, pulling out a warm broth. He carries it to the woman, still sitting in the corner... takes her hand, placing the cup in it for her. She gulps the liquid back.

Glass goes back to refill the cup. The old woman MUMBLES SOMETHING we can't understand... over and over, as Glass brings the cup back to her. He tries to ease it into her hand, but the woman pushes it away... slides her hand up Glass' arm to his face... patting it... MUMBLING THOSE SAME WORDS... thanking Glass.

## EXT. BURNED ARIKARA VILLAGE - EVENING

Glass carries several blankets toward the lodge. The puppy trails behind him, biting at one of the corners... hanging on as Glass pulls him across the dirt.

INT. LODGE - EVENING

Glass enters the back room with the blankets... stops when he sees the old woman slumped over to the floor, her white eyes frozen open in a lifeless stare... the cup of broth spilled beside her.

The dog scampers over... starts licking up the wet remains of the broth.

EXT. BURNED ARIKARA VILLAGE - NIGHT

Glass has stacked several burned posts into a crude pyre at the edge of the village. The woman lies atop the pyre, covered in the blankets he gathered for her.

EXT. DISTANT RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

THREE INDIANS sit on horseback, watching Glass walk away from the pyre.

EXT. BURNED ARIKARA VILLAGE - NIGHT

As Glass and the dog walk across the village... something else appears beyond them...

...THOSE THREE INDIANS GALLOPING TOWARD THE VILLAGE... FAST.

Glass hears them... turns... knows it's too late to run, so he just stands there. The dog's seen enough... darts away.

Glass watches the Indians ride into the village... their braided hair and dress is different than the Arikara we've seen earlier, because these are SIOUX WARRIORS, and Glass knows it.

The Sioux surround Glass on horseback... stare down at him. The lead warrior (SPOTTED HORSE), (30's), poised and strong, points to the pyre... says something to Glass.

Glass tries to answer... can't... touches his scarred throat. Spotted Horse slides gracefully off his horse. The other two warriors, (THREE FEATHERS and RUNNING FOX) do the same... close in on Glass.

Glass stands firm. Spotted Horse questions Glass again. And again, Glass touches his throat... holds his jacket out from his sides... no weapons. Spotted Horse studies Glass hard... spots Glass' necklace... the grizzly claw hanging from it. He examines the enormous claw, then nods to Glass' stitching and scars.

## SPOTTED HORSE

Griz-lee.

Glass hears the familiar word... nods. Three Feathers SNIFFS GLASS... says something to Spotted Horse.

Spotted Horse walks around Glass... spots the BLOOD STAINS along the back of Glass' shirt. Spotted Horse pulls out his knife.

Glass is confused... holds up his hand, as he takes a step back. But Three Feathers and Running Fox grab Glass... secure him, as Spotted Horse raises the knife.

Glass GROWLS A PLEA... but Spotted Horse slices the knife down Glass' back... just cutting open his shirt...

...and revealing a MASS OF WHITE WORMS... MAGGOTS... COVERING GLASS' BACK.

The three warriors exchange glances... they've obviously never seen anything like this. Glass sees their reaction... tries to pull away, but Spotted Horse SLAMS THE BUTT OF HIS KNIFE against Glass' head.

Glass drops to his knees... crumbles unconscious to the dirt.

Spotted Horse says something to the others... they drag Glass toward the horses... throw him over the back of Three Feather's horse, then ride out of the village.

EXT. SIOUX VILLAGE - NIGHT

Dozens of glowing campfires dot the prairie, along with a sea of tee-pees, their willow poles fanning against the night sky. Animal hides and painted designs decorate the various tee-pees and lodges. SIOUX CHILDREN laugh and play about the village... freeze when they hear Spotted Horse and the other riders splash across the stream.

The warriors ride into the village, Glass' body still tossed over the back of Three Feather's horse. The children race to them.

ANGLE ON GLASS... regaining consciousness... eyes blinking... trying to focus.

CUT TO:

GLASS' POV - FROM THE BACK OF THE HORSE...

...to the children's eager faces swarming around him.

Spotted Horse - YELLING SOMETHING at the children... they back away from Glass... fall into line behind the riders.

Sioux MEN and WOMEN watch as the procession moves past... to a tee-pee set away from the rest... its hide walls decorated with wild lightning bolts and buffalo and vaguely human figures circling the sun.

An OLD MEDICINE MAN, gnarled and leathery, a DEAD RAVEN tied in his long hair, his naked chest painted with red and black stripes, steps out of the tee-pee. He eyes Glass, as Three Feathers and Running Fox carry him inside.

Suddenly, the Medicine Man begins CHANTING.

CUT TO:

**A FLURRY OF IMAGES ACCOMPANIED BY THE MEDICINE MAN'S V.O. CHANTING...**

LEATHER STRAPS SNAPPING AROUND GLASS' WRISTS AND ANKLES... stretched tight.

Glass, naked, on his stomach at the center of the tee-pee, his arms and legs outstretched, secured to wooden stakes in the ground. The infected wounds exposed.

The Medicine Man... CHANTING... waving burning sticks in the air.

A THICK LIQUID BOILING IN A POT... the Medicine Man's twisted hand reaching a gourd container in... filling it with the steaming mixture.

The liquid POURING OVER GLASS' BACK.

GLASS' FACE... arched to the sky... twisted in horrible pain. He SCREAMS THAT HORRIBLE GROWLING CRY.

**MORE IMAGES... even faster... the CHANTING more frantic...**

A SIOUX WOMAN,(WAKI), staring down.

HANDS pouring HOT OIL over Glass' wounds.

The Medicine Man dancing... chanting... shaking sticks lined with RATTLESNAKE TAILS.

The moonlight shining through the tee-pee, illuminating the images of the buffalo and dancing shapes.

The LITTLE BOY, (Glass' Son), standing over Glass... just watching him.

Waki gently pouring fluid into Glass' mouth.

The Medicine Man holding the SEVERED HEAD OF A SNAKE...  
lightly sinking the fangs around the wounds on Glass' throat.

GLASS' EYES... wide open... rolling up white into his head.

**AND THE CHANTING STOPS... the world goes dark.**

EXT. YELLOWSTONE RIVER - DAY

Cutting through the open prairie. Snow-covered peaks touch  
the sky in the distance.

Fitzgerald and Bridger dressed in furs... ride the two horses  
bareback across the prairie. They rise up a steep slope...  
reach the top, and spot the cluster of log buildings inside a  
massive thirty-foot tall wooden fence. Fort Union.

Bridger smiles... relieved.

FITZGERALD  
'Bout goddamn time.

Fitzgerald gives Bridger a stern gaze.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)  
And we're understood on  
everything... Glass' dyin' in his  
sleep... us buryin' him like was  
agreed.

Bridger doesn't respond. Fitzgerald doesn't like that.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)  
You're as guilty as me in leavin'  
him. Don't you forget that. You  
got a future up here. No sense  
tossin' it away when he was as good  
as dead already. Shit, all we did  
was skip the funeral.

Bridger digs his heels into the horse... rides on.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)  
I won't take well to givin' up that  
two-hundred on accounta you gettin'  
weak-kneed.

Bridger keeps riding away. Fitzgerald follows behind.

INT. FORT UNION - DAY

Like a small town surrounded by a log wall. The main TRADING POST BUILDING is busy... TRAPPERS, SIOUX, all with things to trade. But most of the life is in the FORT UNION SALOON next door... crowded with customers downstairs, and just as busy in the whores' rooms upstairs.

A small village of tents rests off to the side of the buildings, holding the overflow of traffic.

INT. ROCKY MOUNTAIN FUR COMPANY OFFICE - DAY

Henry sits at his desk. Fitzgerald and Bridger stand across from him. The others... Anderson, Murphy, and Stubby Bill crowd the room behind them.

FITZGERALD

We figure Pig musta wandered too far... got turned around or jumped by some 'Ree. Me and the kid hunted for him.

Fitzgerald looks to Bridger for confirmation. Bridger manages a slight nod.

HENRY

What about Glass?

FITZGERALD

I won't pretend to been his friend, but I respect any man that fights the way he done.

HENRY

And the grave?

FITZGERALD

We had those extra days so we went deeper... covered it in rocks. To keep the scavengers off him.

HENRY

Any sign of hostiles?

FITZGERALD

Not a one.

The words are like a punch in the gut to Bridger. He can't take the pain... opens his mouth to speak, but Fitzgerald beats him to it.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)  
 Truth is, I was worried 'bout 'Ree,  
 and ready to get movin', but  
 Bridger here argued to stay and  
 make a cross for the grave.

Bridger's head snaps to Fitzgerald... don't make this worse.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)  
 So that's what we did.

Stubby Bill reaches up... gives Bridger a pat on the back.  
 But to Bridger, it feels like a red-hot blade.

HENRY  
 Glad to hear you pulled your  
 weight, Mr. Bridger. I knew you  
 would.

FITZGERALD  
 More than his share, Captain.

And now Fitzgerald has snared Bridger into his lie. Bridger  
 drops his eyes to his feet.

HENRY  
 Speaking of shares.

Henry turns to a SAFE resting against the wall. Fitzgerald  
 watches as Henry spins the dial... locks in the combination,  
 then pulls the latch. The safe door swings open...

...revealing STACKS OF CASH.

Fitzgerald's eyes lock on all that money. Henry pulls out a  
 handful... starts counting them out onto the desk.

HENRY (cont'd)  
 Am I to assume the agreed  
 arrangement didn't change?

FITZGERALD  
 Fortunate for me, it did not.

HENRY  
 Well thank you both for your  
 courage and honor.

Fitzgerald swipes up his pile of bills. Henry drops a couple  
 bills in front of Bridger.

HENRY (cont'd)  
 You're owed something for what you  
 did.

Bridger stares down at the bills a beat, then turns... leaves them there as he pushes his way out of the office. Henry looks to Fitzgerald.

FITZGERALD

He's beat hisself up most of the trip... wishin' he'da done more.

HENRY

Sounds like there was no more to be done.

FITZGERALD

That's what I been tellin' him.

INT. FORT UNION/BUNKHOUSE - DAY

Empty, except for Bridger curled up on his cot, sobbing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TEE-PEE - DAY

Glass sleeps under a buffalo hide. His eyes flicker open.

CUT TO:

GLASS' POV - ON THE BUFFALO AND DANCING FIGURE DESIGNS SHADOWED THROUGH THE TEE-PEE.

GLASS - His hand reaching up to his throat. It looks much better than we last saw.

He stiffly raises himself up... remembers his back... struggles to reach behind him... scarred but clean.

He looks beside him... sees SIOUX PANTS AND SHIRT resting on the ground... waiting for him.

EXT. TEE-PEE - DAY

ANGLE ON GLASS... dressed... pushing his way out through the flap of the tee-pee... limping out into the midday sun, and shielding his eyes. He looks like a man that hasn't seen the light of day for weeks.

Glass adjusts to the brightness... stares in wonder at the scene. And then we see what Glass is looking at, and understand his reaction...

the entire village is blanketed in snow. The Sioux VILLAGERS move about, wearing heavy skins and furs.

A WOMEN'S O.S. VOICE turns Glass...

...to WAKI, the woman from the images, walking toward him, bundled in fur. She says something else we can't understand... points to Glass' feet. Glass looks down... to his BARE FEET BURIED DEEP IN THE SNOW. He hadn't noticed.

And then Waki smiles... a sweet, pretty smile. She takes his hand... leads him back into the tee-pee.

INT. TEE-PEE - CONTINUOUS

Glass and Waki enter. She pulls a pair of moccasins from a basket... hands them to Glass. He slips them on, then presses his fingers against his throat... almost trying to hold it all inside to make it work, then...

GLASS  
(scratching and rough)  
Thank you.

Waki doesn't understand... just hands him his BEAR CLAW NECKLACE. Glass nods in thanks, then achingly lifts his arms up to slip it over his head.

GLASS (cont'd)  
How long have I been here?

Waki just stares back... no idea what Glass said.

GLASS (cont'd)  
You're Sioux. I only know a bit a Pawnee.

Glass stumbles through a sentence of Pawnee. Waki shakes her head... throws a jumble of Sioux back at him.

GLASS (cont'd)  
The snow... my healin'.  
(points to himself)  
Me.  
(points to the ground)  
Here. How long?

Waki shakes her head again. Glass leads her outside.

EXT. SIOUX VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Glass points to the sun overhead, then raises both hands, fingers outstretched.

GLASS  
How many suns? Ten?

Waki studies Glass... the sun... begins to understand. She nods... SAYS A WORD... holds up all ten of her fingers.

GLASS (cont'd)  
Ten suns?

Then Waki closes her hands into fists... opens them again.

GLASS (cont'd)  
Christ.

Glass glances around... for the first time, notices Sioux MEN and WOMEN staring at him. Children freeze in the middle of their play... all eyes locked on Glass. TWO SMALL BOYS, (NEW MOON and LITTLE ONE), repeat the same TWO WORDS...

Children freeze in the middle of their play... all eyes locked on Glass. TWO SMALL BOYS repeat the same TWO WORDS to each other...

BOYS  
Mato Wicasa.

...over and over.

Glass stares back, unsure. Then...

SPOTTED HORSE (O.S.)  
Griz-lee Man.

Glass turns... sees Spotted Horse stepping out of a tee-pee.

SPOTTED HORSE (cont'd)  
(points to Glass' scars)  
What they call you.

Glass nods... smiles. The children smile and laugh now too... repeat the words LOUDER.

SPOTTED HORSE (cont'd)  
Is a strong name.

GLASS  
You speak English.

SPOTTED HORSE  
Need words trade with whites.

GLASS  
Well I'm grateful for you bringing  
me here... havin' them care for me.  
(off Spotted Horse's nod)  
Now if you could point me which way  
it is you do your tradin'... with  
the whites.

SPOTTED HORSE  
Whites. Bra-zo.

GLASS  
Fort Brazeau?

Spotted Horse points into the distance.

GLASS (cont'd)  
South of here?  
(points opposite way)  
I need to be north. Fort Union.  
Do you know Fort Union?

SPOTTED HORSE  
(nods)  
Yoon-yun.

GLASS  
How far?

SPOTTED HORSE  
Many days ride.

Glass considers this.

GLASS  
I could trade you for a horse.  
Come back with furs... blankets.

Spotted Horse shakes his head... starts walking... motions  
for Glass to follow.

SPOTTED HORSE  
We eat first.

Glass follows after him. The children sneak in behind,  
giggling as they tail Glass across camp.

Glass glances back... New Moon and Little One duck behind a  
tee-pee... wait for him to continue before they scoot back  
out after him.

INT. CHIEF'S LODGE - NIGHT

Glass, Spotted Horse, Three Feathers, Running Fox and OTHER WARRIORS sit around a fire, eating with CHIEF RED HAWK, the Medicine Man, and several other TRIBAL ELDERS.

GLASS

The man killed my friend. Stole my rifle.

The Sioux don't understand. Glass reaches over, taking Spotted Horse's plate.

GLASS (cont'd)

They took. They took...

Glass aims an imaginary rifle.

GLASS (cont'd)

...my rifle. My gear.

Now Spotted Horse understands... translates for the others.

GLASS (cont'd)

Left me to die. So I mean to find 'em both. Get my rifle back.

Spotted Horse translates again. Red Hawk nods, studying Glass.

Red Hawk SAYS SOMETHING to Glass... motions to the BEAR CLAW NECKLACE. Glass looks to Spotted Horse.

SPOTTED HORSE

Red Hawk ask who kill griz-lee.

Glass touches his chest. Red Hawk nods, impressed. Glass points to the JAGGED SCARS running up Red Hawk's neck to a MISSING RIGHT EAR.

GLASS

Grizzly?

Red Hawk smiles... shakes his head.

RED HAWK

Arikara.

That word, Glass understands. Red Hawk rambles a long sentence in Sioux... motions at Glass. The others LAUGH.

## SPOTTED HORSE

He say Arikara take right ear of  
Sioux. Left ear of whites. Now  
will take both from Mato Wicasa.

Glass glances to the Sioux clothes he's wearing... nods and  
smiles along with the others. They continue their meal.

## EXT. SIOUX VILLAGE - NIGHT

The village is silent.

## INT. TEE-PEE - NIGHT

Glass rests on the buffalo rug, staring up at the designs  
painted above him.

## EXT. SIOUX VILLAGE - MORNING

Busy with activity. Spotted Horse walks to Glass' tee-pee...  
enters.

## INT. TEE-PEE - CONTINUOUS

Spotted Horse stands inside the empty tee-pee... sees GLASS'  
GRIZZLY CLAW NECKLACE resting on the buffalo hide.

## EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Open, snow-dusted prairie for as far as the eye can see. And  
the speck that is Hugh Glass, alone at the center... walking  
north.

## EXT. FORT UNION - DAY

But you can barely tell if it's day or night through the  
blizzard. Fitzgerald, Anderson, Bridger, Murphy and Stubby  
Joe trudge through the storm in their snowshoes... finally  
reach the bunkhouse.

## INT. BUNKHOUSE - EVENING

Anderson shoves the door closed against the wind... latches  
it. The men look worn and battered... wind-burnt faces,  
icicles in their beards.

ANDERSON

I just about had my fill of this cold as hell place.

FITZGERALD

I keep tellin' ya there's plenty a money to be made in warmer climates.

MURPHY

We're contracted for twelve months. Henry puts us where he pleases.

FITZGERALD

While he squats his ass on his toasty warm stove. Whatta you reckon he'd do if he showed up one day and found this place empty? Sure wouldn't come after us. Not til spring at least.

BRIDGER

We gave him our word... to honor a promise. That counts for somethin'. To some folks anyway.

It's clear Bridger is talking straight to Fitzgerald. And Fitzgerald throws Bridger a glare... wants to throw more, but Bridger's returning the stare... hard... so Fitzgerald decides he'd better not push it.

FITZGERALD

You hadn't lived long enough to preach to me, boy. Come to me after life's spit in your face... took away all you ever had. Then I'll let you cry honor from your pulpit.

The bunkhouse goes silent. Fitzgerald turns his look on the others.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

What about the rest of ya?

The others trade glances... no takers.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

Rather keep slavin' it for Henry, huh? Least we should push to up our pay.

Still nothing.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)  
Jesus. Not much backbone in this  
bunk.

STUBBY BILL  
No stoppin' you from goin', Fitz.

That's a challenge. And Fitzgerald never backs down from one of those. He grabs his gloves... starts strapping his snowshoes back on.

FITZGERALD  
It'll only be on my interests I  
argue for.

Fitzgerald walks out... leaves the door wide open for the cold wind to pour over the others. Anderson scurries over, shoving it closed.

INT. ROCKY MOUNTAIN FUR COMPANY OFFICE - DAY

Fitzgerald enters... sees Henry working at his desk.

FITZGERALD  
I need to talk to you, Captain.

HENRY  
(without looking up)  
What is it this time, Fitzgerald?

But Fitzgerald doesn't answer... not right off, because he just spotted the SAFE DOOR CRACKED OPEN behind Henry... STACKS OF MONEY visible inside.

Henry looks up at Fitzgerald... snapping Fitzgerald's focus back.

FITZGERALD  
Wanted to ask about my contract.

Henry stands up... carries the papers to the door.

HENRY  
Can this wait? I've got business  
to tend to.

FITZGERALD  
Yes sir, Captain.

Henry walks out... as Fitzgerald's eyes drift back to that safe.

EXT. WILDERNESS - EVENING

Glass crouches beside a stream, cupping handfuls of water to his lips. He HEARS O.S. MOVEMENT... looks up...

...to Spotted Horse just across the stream... sitting on his horse, holding a spear, and wearing Glass' Grizzly Claw Necklace. And he's leading a PAINT MARE behind him, loaded with a BEAR HIDE COAT.

SPOTTED HORSE  
Need horse ride to Yoon-yun.

EXT. WILDERNESS/CAMP - NIGHT

Tucked under the rooftop of trees. Glass and Spotted Horse are crouched beside a fire-bed... no flames... no smoke... just warmth. Glass is wearing the Bear Hide.

Spotted Horse pulls off his own BEADED CHESTPLATE... holds it out to Glass.

GLASS  
You've already done plenty for me.

SPOTTED HORSE  
Bring luck in hunt.

Glass nods... takes the chestplate, slipping it on.

GLASS  
Thank you.

SPOTTED HORSE  
Spend life hunting enemy. Enemy win.

GLASS  
It will be over soon.

Glass and Spotted Horse hold a look. Then Spotted Horse looks to the Grizzly Claw.

SPOTTED HORSE  
Was big griz-lee?

GLASS  
Yes.

Spotted Horse smiles. And that's when the ARROW BURSTS THROUGH THE FRONT OF HIS CHEST...

...and Glass looks up... sees SEVERAL DARK SHAPES RUSHING THROUGH THE TREES TOWARD THEM.

Spotted Horse reaches for Glass... crumbles over, just as there's an O.S. SNAP BEHIND GLASS.

Glass spins in time to see an ARIKARA WARRIOR SWINGING A HATCHET.

Glass dives, scooping up Spotted Horse's spear... driving it into the air, shoving it through the Warrior's stomach.

The dark woods suddenly ERUPT IN WAR CRIES... Arikara appear from all sides.

Glass tears the knife from Spotted Horse's sheath... scrambles up... races toward the Paint Mare as ARROWS PIERCE THE AIR ALL AROUND HIM.

Glass swings up onto the Paint Mare... spots ELK'S TONGUE leading the charge... the necklace of ears hanging around his neck. And Elk's Tongue's eyes are locked on Glass... almost like he remembers him.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Glass hanging onto the paint mare, as she gallops through the trees... the animal's nostrils spread wide, pulling in all the oxygen it can.

Glass glances back... sees SHAPES BEHIND HIM... HORSES... ridden by Elk's Tongue and a DOZEN OTHER WARRIORS.

Glass digs his heels into the horse, squeezing every ounce of speed from her legs... pushing her toward the clearing up ahead... throwing another glance back... then looking in front of him, and realizing it isn't a clearing at all...

...it's the edge of the world.

The paint mare explodes from the trees, then runs out of ground... because she's just galloped off the side of a cliff.

The horse sails downward toward a thick forest of trees, its legs flailing for something to stand on.

Glass grips the horse's mane, hanging on for what seems an endless fall.

The mare SLAMS LEG-FIRST INTO THE TREE-TOPS with Glass still on her back. The Paint Mare SQUEALS as she smashes through the snow-covered trees, carrying Glass with her.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

And the horse comes crashing through the branches... the massive limbs slowing her fall... snapping off as her body hits and twists... tosses Glass away.

Glass sails through the air... hits a slope, and tumbles down into a stream of icy water...

...sinks below the surface a moment... long enough that we're sure he has to be dead... until he rises from the water... drags himself up to the snowy ground... collapses... shivering... staring up through the trees...

...to Elk's Tongue and his Warriors peering down from the top of the cliff... with no way to get to Glass. Finally, they turn... disappear.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Glass moves shivering through the trees... his body soaked... clothes beginning to ice over... body convulsing from the cold...

...when he finds the DEAD PAINT MARE twisted on the forest floor.

Glass grabs the loose blanket from the snow... shakily wraps it around himself. But it's worthless in this frigid night air. Glass is going to freeze to death.

He stares at the dead horse a beat, then pulls the knife back, and SLAMS IT INTO THE HORSE'S STOMACH... begins slicing the mare's belly open. His hands shake so much he can barely control the knife.

Blood and organs spill out, staining the snow. Steam rises from the remains. Glass keeps on cutting... turning his head from the smell, as he pulls out whatever doesn't ooze out on its own... emptying the carcass.

Glass peels off his wet furs, then does what we didn't think was possible... he begins crawling feet-first into the horse's hollow belly... holding its ribs up so he can slip inside... curling up... SQUISHING IN... deeper... deeper... until only his head remains outside of the horse.

Glass wraps the blanket around his face and head... doing everything he can to survive.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - MORNING

The dead horse... its fur white and icy... Glass' blanket-wrapped head still protruding from the seam in its stomach. And nothing's moving... the whole world looks frozen stiff...

...until Glass' head shifts... the CRACKING OF FROZEN FLESH, as he lifts the upper half of the mare's belly. It's like a cocoon tearing open. He rolls out of the carcass, hitting the ground, and squinting up into the warmth of the sun.

The horse's blood covers his clothes. He slides the frozen fur back over himself, then gazes up at the sun for direction... starts walking. Alone... in the middle of nowhere... again.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY

From high above... the small shape of Glass making his way across the snowy ground... heading toward TWO DISTANT SHACKS.

EXT. FORT TALBOT - DAY

A makeshift town on the banks of the Missouri. Two ramshackle structures... the General Store and a tattered livery stable.

INT. FORT TALBOT/GENERAL STORE - DAY

More like a saloon that sells a few supplies. A gang of TRAPPERS drink and play cards. A RUNTY MAN stands behind the counter, watching them...

...until the door blows open, and in steps Glass. The men stop what they're doing... watch him limp silently to the wood stove... pants stained with the mare's blood... ice frozen in his beard.

TRAPPER #1 SNORTS A LAUGH. The Runty Man eyes the SIOUX CHESTPLATE, as Glass warms his hands... his face. Finally...

GLASS

I need a horse.

RUNTY MAN

I don't serve injuns or those  
that's partial to injuns.

GLASS

(struggling to make his  
frozen lips move)  
I'm Hugh Glass of...

RUNTY MAN

I don't serve injuns or those  
that's partial to injuns.

Glass stares at the Runty Man a beat, then...

GLASS

...of the Rocky Mountain Fur  
Company on my way to Fort Union.

RUNTY MAN

I don't care if you was with Lewis  
and Clark headed for the new world.  
I've lost too many folks to them  
savages.

(off the chestplate)

A fella wears that is too native  
friendly for my taste.

GLASS

All I need is a horse and enough  
supplies to get me...

TRAPPER

Ice musta froze up his ears, 'cause  
he ain't listenin' to you, Cees.

GLASS

...to get me to Fort Union. I can  
sign a draft made good by Captain  
Henry.

The Runty Man just stares at Glass... grins a TOOTHLESS GRIN.

RUNTY MAN

You're a stubborn one, ain't ya? I  
tell ya what... what I will do is  
let you trade me that fancy injun  
jewelry for a warm glass of piss.

TRAPPER #2

I can give him some fresh.

FAT TRAPPER

Best get on your way, friend.

Glass stares back at the men for a long beat, then...

GLASS  
I'm Hugh Glass of the Rocky  
Mountain Fur Company, and all I  
need is...

RUNTY MAN  
(to the trappers)  
Do you believe this shit?

Trapper #1 and Trapper #2 pull the SKINNING KNIVES from their  
belts... start toward Glass.

TRAPPER #1  
He don't wanna make the trade, what  
say we just cut it off him?

FAT TRAPPER  
Hell, I warned ya.

GLASS  
All I need...

And that's when Trapper #1 grabs for Glass and the  
chestplate, but in a flash of movement that catches them all  
off-guard, Glass has his own knife pulled and JAMMED UNDER  
TRAPPER #1's CHIN. Everyone freezes.

GLASS (cont'd)  
...is a horse and enough supplies  
to get me to Fort Union.

Then Glass slides Trapper #1's PISTOL from his belt... aims  
it at the other men.

GLASS (cont'd)  
And this shooter here. All made  
good by Captain Henry and The Rocky  
Mountain Fur Company.

EXT. FORT TALBOT - DAY

The snow pours down on the Runty Man and the trappers, as  
they stand outside, rifles aimed into the distance.

RUNTY MAN  
Shoot him, goddammit!

TRAPPER #2  
I can't get a clear look.

RUNTY MAN  
Shoot 'em both!

The Runty Man snatches one of the rifles... BOOM... fires a wild shot past the riders.

CUT TO:

GLASS - GALLOPING AWAY ON HORSEBACK...

...with Trapper #1 sitting backward on the horse behind him. Glass has the pistol jammed into his ribs, and keeps glancing back to the men growing smaller behind him.

Finally, Glass shoves the man off the back of the horse. Trapper #1 tumbles into the snow.

The RUMBLE OF DISTANT GUNSHOTS... too far away to reach Glass, who just keeps racing north.

CUT TO:

THE RUNTY MAN - WATCHING GLASS ESCAPE.

RUNTY MAN  
Get after the bastard!

The trappers exchange glances... don't move.

TRAPPER #2  
It's cold as hell, Cees.

FAT TRAPPER  
And he did say to put it all on the Rocky Mountain tab.

The Runty Man glares at the trappers.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - EVENING

Glass riding the horse at a trot through the snow.

EXT. FORT UNION - NIGHT

Thick with fog, and silent as death. The moon fights its way through the mist, sending an eerie glow over the fort.

EXT. FORT UNION/BLOCKHOUSE - NIGHT

Stubby Bill sits dozing in a chair, his rifle across his lap. O.S. CRUNCHING... getting louder... loud enough to nudge Stubby Bill awake.

He sits up... peers over the wall, but can't see anything in the fog... just hears the CRUNCHING MOVING CLOSER... FOOTSTEPS IN THE CRISP SNOW.

CUT TO:

STUBBY BILL'S POV...

...on the blanket of fog hanging in the air... that same CRUNCHING, as a SHADOW APPEARS... growing clearer... a FIGURE walking... leading a horse behind him... appearing out of the mist like a ghost... GLASS.

STUBBY BILL - STARES DOWN IN SHOCK...

...sure his eyes are betraying him. But then Glass looks straight up at Stubby Bill, and there's no doubt.

STUBBY BILL  
Jesus Christ.

INT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

Dark and quiet... just snoring rattling the silence. Suddenly the door kicks open... SLAMS into the wall... and there's GLASS' SILHOUETTE FILLING THE DOORWAY, HOLDING THAT STOLEN PISTOL AT HIS SIDE.

GROANS from the awakened men... hands moving through the dark for oil lamps... turning them bright... until the room's fully lit... and they all see Glass standing there... eyes floating across the room, searching for a target.

The men just stare back at him, like they're all part of the same dream.

Except for Bridger, who's propped up in his cot like he's been waiting all night... waiting every night... for Glass to appear in that doorway.

BRIDGER  
I'm sorry.

The other men just watch in silence, not sure what the hell's going on.

Glass holds his stare on Bridger's face... a face that's haunted him... kept him alive.

GLASS

You took everything I had... left  
me to die.

Glass walks toward Bridger... each step of his feet on the wood floor is like the thud of an executioner's drum.

MUMBLING from the other men, as they watch this ghost reach Bridger... stand over him.

BRIDGER

I was scared of dyin'.  
(beat)  
But every day since, I've wished I  
had.

GLASS

There wasn't no 'Ree that night,  
was there?

A long beat, then...

BRIDGER

No.

Glass flinches... almost like he didn't want that to be true.

BRIDGER (cont'd)

But I didn't know that til later.  
I swear to God I didn't.

Bridger's face suddenly looks very young... just a boy's... a scared boy... not the face Glass had pictured in his mind for so long. And suddenly Glass seems almost ashamed... sad even.

GLASS

He killed Pig.

BRIDGER

Huh?

GLASS

Fitzgerald. I watched him. Now  
where is he?

HENRY (O.S.)

Deserted two days ago.

Henry's hustling in the door with Stubby Bill, still throwing on his coat after Stubby Bill awakened him.

HENRY (cont'd)  
 Along with about a thousand dollars  
 of company money.

Glass doesn't even look back to Henry.

GLASS  
 My rifle?

HENRY  
 Took it too.

Glass considers that a moment, then walks out.

BRIDGER  
 Wait. Please!

But Glass is gone, with Henry following... leaving Bridger  
 alone with all those eyes burning into him.

The men step into their boots and furs... file out after  
 Glass and Henry... leave Bridger alone in the bunkhouse.

INT. ROCKY MOUNTAIN FUR COMPANY OFFICE - NIGHT

Glass sits by the warmth of the stove, sipping coffee.  
 Henry's behind he desk, with the other men scattered around.

GLASS  
 Spent the night inside that mare,  
 then hiked over to Fort Talbot.

STUBBY BILL  
 Christ almighty.

GLASS  
 And you may hear from the fella  
 there about a stoled horse and  
 supplies charged to you.

HENRY  
 We'll take care of it. You should  
 go settle in.

MURPHY  
 There's a couple fair whores next  
 door that'll ease the miles on ya,  
 scars or not.

Stubby Bill gives Murphy an elbow.

ANDERSON  
 Jesus, Murph.

MURPHY

I just meant I'd go roust one of  
'em for him if he wanted.

GLASS

(shakes his head)  
But I wouldn't mind the use of her  
bed.

HENRY

(to Murphy)  
Go clear out a room. The rest head  
on back to bunk.

Murphy hustles out. The others move toward the door, each  
stopping to shake Glass' hand, or give him a pat on the back,  
until it's only Glass and Henry.

HENRY (cont'd)

What do I do about Bridger?

GLASS

Fitzgerald woke us both with a  
story about 'Ree comin' into camp.  
Any of us woulda done the same.

HENRY

Not lied about your condition.

GLASS

I doubt Fitzgerald gave him much  
choice. I'll find him and deal  
with that.

A beat of silence, until...

HENRY

Can I talk you outta what you're  
planning to do?

Glass doesn't answer... just stands, placing the coffee cup  
on the table.

GLASS

Thank you for what you done for  
me... stitchin' me back together...  
tryin' to give me a chance.

HENRY

I'm offerin' you another right  
now... to stay here... let this  
thing go. We'll send some others  
out after Fitzgerald.

GLASS

(beat)

There was nothin' strong in me for  
not dyin' those first days. I was  
ready for you to pull the  
trigger... even hopin' for it.  
Been wantin' it as long as I can  
remember.

(shakes his head)

But now... I can't let him have  
what he took from me... it's all I  
got left of...

Emotion won't let Glass finish. He turns toward the door.

GLASS (cont'd)

I appreciate the coffee.

Glass walks out. Henry just sits there.

EXT. FORT UNION - DAY

Glass, Anderson, and Murphy stand by Glass' horse, as he ties  
off his supplies.

MURPHY

Fitzgerald said he was goin' to  
look for some elk... never showed  
back up. I figured he mighta fell  
in, but then the next mornin'  
Bridger seen the canoe was missin'.

ANDERSON

And the Captain found the money  
gone. Pieces all fit for it to be  
Fitzgerald.

GLASS

I'll start off makin' my way down  
river.

Glass pulls the cinch tight around the horse... turns... sees  
Bridger standing across the grounds... watching him. And  
then Bridger approaches.

MURPHY

You want me to run him off?

Glass shakes his head... finishes with the saddle. Bridger  
reaches them... waits for Glass to turn, then...

BRIDGER

Every day I think about what I done to you. And every day I wanted to tell the others the truth, but I was afraid of what they'd think of me. Then I'd look at Fitzgerald and want to kill him but was afraid to try... because I'm a coward.

(beat)

I'm coward and wish he hadn't been lyin about the Ree that night. I wish they had come and kilt us both.

Glass considers Bridger's words.

GLASS

You're not a coward, Bridger, you're a boy. No older than mine should be. And you put yourself at risk to stay back and look after me. There's nothin' coward about that.

Glass extends his hand to Bridger. Bridger stares at it a moment, still too ashamed to take it. But finally he does.

BRIDGER

I wanna come with you. To find Fitzgerald. Pig was my friend too.

GLASS

(shakes his head)

This ain't a job for you.

Glass swings up into the saddle... sees Henry on horseback, trotting toward them.

GLASS (cont'd)

I don't need help with this.

HENRY

I know you don't. But Pig was my responsibility. If Fitzgerald murdered him, Rocky Mountain Fur wants him too.

Glass stares at Henry a beat... knows what's going on, and also knows he can't do anything about it. So he just pulls his horse around... heads for the river. Henry nods to the others, then follows after Glass.

Bridger takes a few steps after them... like he might even follow on foot.

ANDERSON

C'mon, Jim, let's go eat somethin'.

Anderson gives Bridger a pat on the back... a sign that all will be fine between them. They turn... walk back toward the bunkhouse.

EXT. FORT TALBOT/GENERAL STORE - DAY

The Runty Man behind the counter. A few of the same Trappers drinking... playing cards. Just another day at Fort Talbot.

The door swings open, and a FUR-COVERED FIGURE enters.

RUNTY MAN

We ain't got no food to spare,  
friend, if that's what you're  
lookin' for.

The figure pulls back his furs, and we see it's Fitzgerald... cold and miserable.

FITZGERALD

Then what the hell have ya got?

RUNTY MAN

Whiskey and blankets mostly.  
Weather's held back deliveries.

Fitzgerald throws a glance to the Trappers.

FITZGERALD

Gimme a few of each then. Goddamn  
ice shredded my boat to shit. Been  
walkin' for two days.

The Runty Man hands Fitzgerald some bottles. Fitzgerald pops one... gulps some down.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

How much for one of them horses out  
there?

RUNTY MAN

Horses ain't cheap this time a  
year.

FITZGERALD

Whatever the price, Rocky Mountain  
Fur Company's good for it.

And those words stop everything. The Trappers all turn from their game. The Runty Man glares at Fitzgerald.

RUNTY MAN

You're the second son of a bitch  
come in here makin' that claim.  
And the first one left a bad taste.

FITZGERALD

I don't know nothin' about that.  
Just that I need a horse.

RUNTY MAN

So did this other fella... to head  
up to Union. So he stole one...  
along with Lange's pistola.

Trapper #1 nods to Fitzgerald... this doesn't look good.

FITZGERALD

Fine then, I'll pay cash for the  
horse. How much?

RUNTY MAN

How 'bout you pay for your friend's  
too.

TRAPPER #1

And my shooter.

FITZGERALD

Wasn't my friend.

TRAPPER #1

Then from where I sit, you don't  
got no friends at all.

The other Trappers glare at Fitzgerald. The Runty Man just  
grins that toothless smile of his. Fitzgerald's in a bind,  
and he knows it.

FITZGERALD

Yeah, okay. I'll collect from him.  
How much?

RUNTY MAN

How 'bout we say eighty...  
(sees Fitzgerald doesn't  
argue)  
...five.

Fitzgerald starts digging into his pocket.

FITZGERALD

You boys are leavin' me with  
nothin'. Better be a helluva  
horse.

RUNTY MAN  
Pick of the litter.

The Runty Man snatches the cash.

RUNTY MAN (cont'd)  
And when you see that scarred-up  
bastard, you tell him he'd best not  
show up here again.

Fitzgerald freezes... not sure he heard correctly.

FITZGERALD  
When I see who?

RUNTY MAN  
The son of a bitch that robbed me.  
Hugh Glass he called hisself. You  
tell him that.

And Fitzgerald looks like he just saw a ghost... or at least  
heard his name.

FITZGERALD  
You're a goddamn liar.

RUNTY MAN  
(suddenly pissed)  
How's that, mister?

FITZGERALD  
Ain't no way Glass come through  
here.

RUNTY MAN  
Then it was some other scarred-up  
son of a bitch claimed to be him.

TRAPPER #1  
Right before he drug me off on  
Cees' gelding.

Fitzgerald is confused... nervous... maybe even scared.

RUNTY MAN  
What makes you so sure it weren't  
him?

As Fitzgerald turns for the door...

FITZGERALD  
'Cause I killed him.

EXT. FORT TALBOT - DAY

Fitzgerald sits on the horse, staring back over the ground... his LINE OF TRACKS LEADING THROUGH THE SNOW. Glass will track him... that is a fact.

So Fitzgerald spins... takes off. Glass will have to catch him first.

EXT. WILDERNESS - DAY

Open country. No cover to hide anywhere. Fitzgerald is off his horse... leading it up an icy slope.

And then DISTANT GUNSHOTS... SCREAMS... echoing around him.

Fitzgerald peers back into the distance... no way to see where it's coming from, but those SCREAMS are definitely real.

And for the first time, Fitzgerald looks truly frightened... as if those screams have haunted him for years.

His eyes dance around... he spins... searching for an attacker... but he's all alone.

So he hurries up the slope... swings onto the horse, and digs his heels into the horse's ribs... gallops over the snow.

EXT. MISSOURI RIVER - DAY

Thick ice along the edges, tapering to a narrow stream of flowing water at the very center. Glass and Henry ride along the snow-covered bank.

HENRY

Hugh.

Henry points. Glass follows his finger along the river... to a CANOE resting on the bank ahead. They dismount... examine the canoe... the letters "RMFC" painted on the side.

HENRY (cont'd)

That's it.

Glass runs his mittened hand along the gashes in the wood.

GLASS

Ice tore it up.

Glass looks to the FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW, leading deep into the trees. He glances up to the sky... clear and blue.

GLASS (cont'd)  
If the snow holds off, we'll have a  
good trail.

HENRY  
What's out that direction? Talbot?

GLASS  
And the Missouri. Doubt he'd risk  
the river with the 'Ree. Likely  
grab a horse, and cross over  
high... take his chances goin' east  
against the weather. When'd you  
say he skipped out?

HENRY  
Three days ago now.

GLASS  
We best pick up our pace.

They climb back onto their horses... trot into the trees.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRY - DAY

Glass and Henry gallop across, their path dead on  
Fitzgerald's tracks.

EXT. FORT TALBOT - DAY

At least what was Fort Talbot... now just charred,  
smoldering, wooden skeletons... burned to the ground.

And the scalped, one-eared corpses of the Runty Man and  
Trappers are strung up on posts like gruesome scarecrows... a  
few brave birds pecking at the flesh.

Glass and Henry sit on their horses, looking at the scene...  
the tracks heading south.

HENRY  
The 'Ree'll find him. Let them do  
the job, Hugh.

Glass just turns his horse... starts along the tracks. And  
he's moving fast.

HENRY (cont'd)  
Hugh!

But Glass doesn't slow. He has to get to Fitzgerald before  
Elk's Tongue. Henry takes off after him.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Dark and quiet. Fitzgerald sleeps on the ground. A shadow glides across him... hovers over his face. Fitzgerald's eyes blink open.

CUT TO:

FITZGERALD'S POV...

...on GLASS STANDING OVER HIM... his scarred face calm and deadly... raising a knife to drive down.

FITZGERALD

No... please.

But Glass still swings the blade.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

And Fitzgerald awakening from his nightmare... looking around the empty forest. No Glass.

Fitzgerald's face is drawn... exhausted... like Glass is torturing him... won't let him sleep. So he stands... starts gathering his gear.

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Fitzgerald on his horse... riding through the snow. But now he's riding the opposite direction... following his own tracks back the way he came.

He's going to find Glass before Glass finds him.

EXT. WILDERNESS/CAMP - NIGHT

Glass builds a fire-bed... dragging the dirt over the fire and rocks... spreading a blanket over the warm ground. Henry's under a blanket, watching him.

HENRY

You told me once you knew enough to keep away from the 'Ree.

GLASS

I do.

HENRY  
 Doesn't seem like it.  
 (beat)  
 What if we find Fitzgerald... and I  
 ask you not to do this?

Glass settles onto the warm earth.

GLASS  
 Don't ask me.

EXT. WILDERNESS/CAMP - LATER

ANGLE ON HENRY...

...asleep under the blanket. O.S. RUSTLING sends his eyes  
 flashing open. He raises up... rifle ready.

He glances at Glass, who puts a finger over his lips.

HENRY  
 (whispers)  
 'Ree?

Glass doesn't answer... just keeps searching the brush.

Henry's groggy eyes dart around the night... spots MOVEMENT  
 IN THE BRUSH.

HENRY (cont'd)  
 There!

GLASS  
 Wait!

But it's too late... Henry fires... BOOM... the shot explodes  
 through the night...

...and the DEER leaps away.

Henry looks to Glass... shakes his head... sorry.

HENRY  
 So much for stayin' quiet.

GLASS  
 We needed to pick up some time  
 anyways.

Glass stands... starts packing up his horse.

EXT. WILDERNESS/CLEARING - NIGHT

Glass and Henry riding across a meadow. Glass stops... tilts his head back to sniff the air.

HENRY

Whatta ya got?

GLASS

Smoke.

Glass pulls some snow from his horse's mane... tosses it in the air, and watches it blow to the side.

Glass turns his horse toward the breeze... squints out into the night.

GLASS (cont'd)

No more than mile out that way.

(pulls his rifle)

I'll head in from the west... you take the east.

HENRY

What if it's 'Ree?

GLASS

Then we leave 'em be... meet back up here.

Henry nods... Glass takes off at a trot. Henry veers the other direction... splitting up across the snow.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Splinters of moonlight shoot through the pines. Glass on horseback, walking through the trees... appearing and disappearing.

He spots something in the distance... the slightest of glows. Glass eases off his horse... wraps the reins around a branch.

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Henry's already off his horse... leading it through the trees... searching as he walks.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Glass moves silently through the darkness... rifle poised to aim and fire... just like the first time we saw him, perfectly comfortable in this world.

His eyes shine in the darkness, drifting back and forth... picking up everything.

He reaches the glow... the remains of a campfire. The slightest bit of dying smoke rises into the air. Glass crouches down, studying the surround ground... HOOOF-PRINTS blended in with the other tracks.

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Henry's horse is making too much noise with each step. He stops walking... wraps the reins around a tree... walks back around the horse...

...AND THERE'S FITZGERALD STARING AT HIM... Glass' Anstadt aimed and ready to fire.

FITZGERALD

Didn't figure an important man like yourself to be away from your stove on a night as cold as this, Captain. You lost?

Henry just stares back at Fitzgerald and that rifle. His eyes drift to his own rifle, still strapped onto his saddle.

HENRY

I'm here to save your life.

FITZGERALD

Is that right? Well I done told you boys... I don't need savin' by nobody.

Henry knows he's only got one chance... he makes a grab for the rifle.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Glass running his fingers across the tracks. Suddenly an O.S. GUNSHOT EXPLODES IN THE DISTANCE. Glass spins to it... races back through the trees toward his horse.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Glass at full gallop through the woods... veering between trees... ducking branches.

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT

Glass charges from the forest... spots Henry's horse standing in the trees... tears through the snow toward it... leaps off the still-moving animal in a fluid slide... hits the ground with his rifle ready...

...and sees HENRY'S BODY face-up in the snow.

Glass drops to a knee... scans the darkness, as he slides over to Henry...

...and we see he's a bloody mess... a GUNSHOT WOUND in his chest leaking out onto the snow... HIS HEAD SCALPED... LEFT EAR SLICED OFF.

GLASS

You shouldn't a come.

As Glass looks at Henry, he notices something... takes Henry by the chin, and tilts his head. And HENRY'S RIGHT EAR HAS BEEN CUT OFF AS WELL.

SPOTTED HORSE (V.O.)

He say Arikara take right ear of Sioux. Left ear of whites.

Glass looks up from Henry's corpse... squints out into the forest.

EXT. WILDERNESS/CLEARING - NIGHT

Glass on horseback, leading Henry's horse behind him across the snow-covered meadow. Henry's fur-covered body is draped over the saddle.

EXT. FROZEN RIVER - NIGHT

A thick layer of ice covers the narrow river, thinning just a bit at the center. Glass kneels near the middle, chopping at the thick ice to get to the water beneath. He makes a hole... dips his canteen down into it, glancing around into the darkness.

Then Glass turns... stares up a slope into the dark forest beyond... like he knows what's waiting for him there.

He walks to the horses, tied in the trees at the base of the slope... Henry still laying across the saddle of his horse in his bloody furs.

Glass SNAPS A BRANCH FROM A FALLEN TREE... looks back up that slope.

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT

OUR POV FROM DEEP IN THE FOREST...

...watching from a low angle in the shadowy brush, as Glass appears up over the distant slope... riding through the trees, with Henry draped over the horse behind.

The forest is quiet... just the CRACKING of crusty snow and branches under the horses' hooves.

Then BOOM... as the ANSTADT BARREL WE HADN'T SEEN BESIDE US FLASHES IN THE NIGHT...

...and Glass tumbles off his horse.

The horses prance around nervously, then settle... and then FITZGERALD RISES FROM THE BRUSH BESIDE US... eases toward the horses, reloading the Anstadt as he moves.

He reaches Glass, face down in the snow... his furs covering him.

And Fitzgerald has that rifle aimed, ready for Glass to suddenly roll over firing...

...but Glass doesn't move. Fitzgerald nudges him with his boot, then rolls him over...

...and instead of Glass, we see HENRY'S LIFELESS FACE HIDDEN BENEATH THE FURS... and that BROKEN BRANCH sticking up along his back.

ANGLE FROM BEHIND HENRY'S HORSE...

...on the REST OF THE BRANCH RIGGED TO GLASS' SADDLE to hold Henry upright...

...and then what we thought was Henry flung over the second horse... MOVING... the bloody fur-covered arm lifting a rifle... the head rising up... it's GLASS... taking aim...

...as Fitzgerald realizes what's happened... spins with the Anstadt...

...to Glass laying across the horse... rifle dead set on Fitzgerald... BOOM... BOOM... both rifles explode...

...Fitzgerald goes flying backward into the brush.

Fitzgerald's wild shot hits Henry's horse, sending it rearing up, tossing Glass to the ground.

But Glass is on his feet in a flash... reloading as he charges into the brush...

...but FITZGERALD IS GONE.

Until the flash of movement behind Glass... he turns... as the butt of the Anstadt whips through the air... WHACK... clubs him across the head, sending him tumbling down the slope to the frozen river.

Fitzgerald swings the Anstadt back over his BLOODY SHOULDER, snatches up his knife, and charges down the slope to finish Glass off.

EXT. FROZEN RIVER - NIGHT

Glass lies on the ice, barely conscious. Blood oozes down his head... over his eyes. He wipes it away to see Fitzgerald barreling down toward him.

Fitzgerald dives in attack, but Glass kicks up his leg, sending Fitzgerald flying over... SLAMMING into the frozen river, his head CRACKING THE ICE.

Glass rips the knife from his belt... moves after Fitzgerald, his feet slipping and sliding under him.

Fitzgerald rises to his feet... the men charge like two wild animals... crash into each other... knives flailing.

They roll along the ice, blades glistening... slicing through furs... across flesh... this battle is just as violent as Glass' bout with that Grizzly.

Fitzgerald thrusts his knife down... plants it through the back of Glass' hand, pinning it to the ice. Glass CRIES OUT... drops his own knife to pull Fitzgerald's out.

As he does, Fitzgerald kicks Glass in the face, sending him sailing back... sliding to the center of the river.

The thin ice around him splinters... cracks. Glass looks up... sees Fitzgerald stalking toward him, HOLDING BOTH KNIVES now. Glass is trapped...

...until he pounds his elbow down on the weakened ice... it begins to give... he pounds it again... Fitzgerald speeds up to get to Glass in time... raises one of the knives... just as Glass shatters the ice... drops beneath the surface.

Fitzgerald rushes after him, but the ice cracks under his feet, forcing him back.

CUT TO:

UNDERWATER...

...and Glass just below the ice, floating with the current. His fingers search for a hole, but there's nothing.

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

FITZGERALD...

...making his way down the river, peering through the ice, searching for Glass. He spots something... stops... leans close to make out the shape... it's GLASS' FEET.

Then suddenly, GLASS' FIST EXPLODES THROUGH THE ICE AT FITZGERALD'S FEET... grab Fitzgerald's leg, pulling him down.

Fitzgerald crashes to the ice... it splinters around him... gives away, and he sinks into the icy water... but the ANSTADT STRAPPED AROUND HIM CATCHES ON THE ICE... holds him against the current.

Glass drags himself from the water... stands... stares down at Fitzgerald trapped in the hole... his face looking up at Glass through the ice. Glass lifts one of the fallen knives... stands over Fitzgerald.

FITZGERALD  
(through the water and  
ice)  
Help me!  
(off Glass' stare)  
Glass... please!

Glass hesitates a beat, staring at him, just as he did with Bridger that night in the bunkhouse. And then Glass leans down... grabs the Anstadt to pull Fitzgerald up.

Except Glass SLICES THE BLADE ACROSS THE STRAP OF THE ANSTADT...

...sends Fitzgerald floating away under the ice, as Glass holds on to the Anstadt.

CUT TO:

FITZGERALD...

...careening under the surface... pounding at the ice as he drifts, until his swinging slows... stops... his dead body drifts away.

EXT. FROZEN RIVER - NIGHT

Glass stands on the ice, blood dripping down his face, holding his Anstadt. He begins to tremble... not from the cold, but from finally reaching the end of this journey. He looks at the rifle, and his eyes begin to fill with tears.

Then a NOISE from across the river...

...and Glass looks up... sees ELK'S TONGUE standing on the opposite side of the river, staring back at Glass.

And Jesus, we thought Glass might make it through this... but then shapes appear on each side of Elk's Tongue... a DOZEN ARIKARA WARRIORS... all ready for a massacre.

Glass and Elk's Tongue exchange a long stare, until finally Glass SCREAMS OUT.

GLASS

I am Mato Wicasa! I have killed  
whites and I have killed Arikara  
and I have killed grizzly! AND I  
WILL KILL YOU!

Elk's Tongue doesn't move... just stares back at Glass... soaked in blood and water. Then Glass CRIES OUT at the warriors again.

GLASS (cont'd)

COME ON!

But the Arikara don't attack... don't move at all... until Elk's Tongue finally just gives Glass the SLIGHTEST OF NODS, then turns... they disappear back into the trees.

Glass watches the Arikara fade into the night. He looks down to that Anstadt in his hand... the CARVED STAR... he allows the faintest of smiles...

...then Glass' legs weaken... he drops to his knees on the ice. He looks down... spots the MATTED BLOOD on his furs... isn't sure whose blood it is. Then he pulls the furs back from his stomach... reveals the LARGE CRIMSON STAIN SPREADING OVER HIS SHIRT.

It's Glass' blood, and there's a lot of it.

Glass eases back, until he's just sitting there on the icy river, staring across into the trees.

The world seems suddenly peaceful... like Glass has it all to himself... until O.S. FOOTSTEPS CRUNCHING in the forest behind Glass. He doesn't turn toward it.

CUT TO:

POV FROM THE WOODS BEHIND GLASS...

...slowly moving through the trees... easing toward Glass, still on the river.

GLASS - Sitting there with his rifle... hearing the FOOTSTEPS, but he's too weak to move... too weak to fight anymore.

The FOOTSTEPS ARE CLOSE... RIGHT ON US... a FIGURE'S SHADOW moves over Glass. Glass just keeps staring straight ahead.

And then the Figure sits down beside Glass, and we see it's a BOY... THE BOY FROM THE BED... GLASS' SON.

Glass looks at the Boy... smiles.

The Boy returns the smile, then reaches down... runs his small hand over the rifle.

ANGLE ON THE ANSTADT...

...and the small hand running its finger along the outline of that carved-out star. And then Glass' hand dropping into the frame... taking the small hand, and holding it.

CUT TO:

POV FROM ACROSS THE RIVER...

...on Glass sitting alone on the ice, holding that rifle.

FADE OUT.