LEWIS & CLARK
TRIAL BY FIRE

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In 1803, Meriwether Lewis and William Clark set out to explore the newly acquired Louisiana Territory, stretching from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean.

Lewis kept a daily journal full of detailed notes and drawings of all the flora and fauna they encountered. His meticulous record offers a vivid, comprehensive portrait of their heroic journey.

Yet there is a gap in the journals from September 19 to November 11. Historians have speculated about why, but the missing pages have remained a mystery for two centuries.

Until <u>now</u>.

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - NIGHT

Wind whips through a narrow, rocky pass in the BITTERROOT MOUNTAINS. Snowfall swirls with a life of its own.

A TORCH flickers atop a METAL POST, casting menacing shadows along jagged stone walls. We pan down the iron shaft to see-

TWO BRITISH SOLDIERS - their hands CHAINED to one another through a slot in the post. The taller one has a MUSTACHE, while the other is squat and SURLY.

The soldiers shiver in their REDCOAT UNIFORMS. From the cold... or from the fear.

MUSTACHE
Can’t see a bloody thing.

SURLY
Don’t mean it’s not out there.

The wind picks up, HOWLING like an animal in pain. Then-

A WHITE WOLF steps out from the darkness, its yellow eyes wild and hungry. A LOW GROWL builds in its throat.

The soldiers jump to their feet, yelling and kicking snow.

SURLY (CONT’D)
PISS OFF!

The wolf charges and the men brace themselves, but-

The attack never comes.

HEAVY PAWS dig into the snow as the wolf comes to a sudden stop. It WHIMPERS, then turns and flees.

MUSTACHE
What in creation...

SURLY
(smirks)
Your ugly mug scared it off.

Mustache stares past Surly as a PRESENCE floats down into the pass. It’s a RIPPLING DISTURBANCE of air... like a mirage in the snow. The mighty WHOOSH of huge wings beating, and then-

A PAIR OF GIANT CLAW TRACKS settle into the soft powder, as if a colossal, invisible crow has come to rest on the ground.

HIGH IN THE ROCKS ABOVE

SILHOUETTES OF BRITISH SOLDIERS crouch among the rocks, flintlock RIFLES poking out.

They peer down from their elevated position, barely able to see their compatriots through the veil of white flakes.

One of the REDCOATS readies his sword.

REDCOAT
Now?

THE VOICE that replies is cold and fierce.

VOICE (O.S.)
Hold.

DOWN BELOW IN THE PASS

Surly turns to see what has terrified Mustache. He can only make out a FAINT OUTLINE as snowfall settles onto the ridges of a MASSIVE FORM, giving shape to-

A LONG TAIL... IMMENSE WINGS... and right in front of his face, a GIANT SNOUT.

A BLAST OF AIR - a sudden exhale - blows off Surly's hat. The soldiers hold perfectly still, frozen in terror.

SURLY
Don't move.

Mustache nods. Then, Surly MAKES A RUN FOR IT-

But the instant he does, the invisible creature SNAPS forward with impossible speed and DEVOURS HIM WHOLE-

Leaving only AN EMPTY BOOT in the snow.

UP ABOVE

The men hiding in the rocks GASP as Surly vanishes.

VOICE (O.S.)
NOW!

The Redcoat SLICES a rope. AN IRON CAGE, fifty feet on each side, FREEFALLS from suspension above the mountain pass.

DOWN BELOW

Mustache looks at the SEVERED CHAIN that once joined him to his partner. Realizes he can escape. He turns and runs - the chain links CLANG through the slot in the post.

Mustache sprints through the snow, with the transparent beast closing in behind him.

He glances up and sees A WALL OF METAL BARS PLUMMETING DOWN from the sky above. He DIVES forward-

And the cage CRASHES to the ground, inches behind him. He turns around - sees that he's safely on the outside...

And LAUGHS in disbelief at his good fortune.

UP ABOVE

THE MAN WITH THE VOICE steps forward from the shadows to look down at the creature he's caught. This is-

GENERAL PIKE. 50's. A grizzled Brit with the lean build of a lifelong soldier and the icy blue eyes of a predator.

GENERAL PIKE
Told you that would do.

And we meet his right-hand man - surprisingly, not a Redcoat soldier, but a Native American in his thirties.

HAKAN - a fierce warrior wearing a full GRIZZLY BEAR SKIN. Six-inch, razor-sharp CLAWS protrude from his knuckles, a 19th century version of PANTERA CLAWS.

Hakan peers down at the iron cage, skeptical.

HAKAN
It is not done yet.

Pike ignores Hakan, calls out to his men-

GENERAL PIKE
Secure the cage!

The REDCOATS descend from the rocks carrying HEAVY CHAINS.

DOWN BELOW

Mustache stares into the cage. It looks empty. Suddenly-

The cage JOLTS and BOUNCES across the ground as the invisible beast HURLS ITSELF against the iron walls. It SHRIEKS with fury as it realizes it's TRAPPED.

Mustache watches, transfixed. And then-

THE BARS BEND OUTWARD. Pulled apart by a pair of INVISIBLE CLAWS. The metal CREAKS and GROANS as it's ripped asunder.

GENERAL PIKE
Quickly now!

But the men see the cage giving way and HESITATE.

Mustache BACKS AWAY in horror as the beast RIPS OPEN the metal bars. The creature EXPLODES from captivity, a FLURRY of whirling snow. Mustache SCREAMS-

But the sound is quickly cut short, and drops of BRIGHT RED spray across the pristine snow.

UP ABOVE

Pike watches the carnage without a flicker of pity. Only regret at seeing his prey escape.

HAKAN
Now, we do it my way.

The General clenches his jaw and NODS.

With a massive BEATING OF WINGS, the RIPPLING SHAPE launches into the sky. It SWEEPS PAST CAMERA-

And disappears into the night with a PIERCING CRY that echoes across the entire Western Territory.

CUT TO:

LEWIS AND CLARK: TRIAL BY FIRE

FADE IN:

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC - ESTABLISHING

SUPER: WASHINGTON, D.C. 1803

The capital is still under construction, with the White House only a vaguely recognizable shadow of its future self, amid a sprawling expanse of SWAMPLAND.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

A YOUNG OFFICER sits on a wooden bench, tapping his foot nervously while he waits. This is-

CAPTAIN MERIWETHER LEWIS, 29, a precise man with a gleam of optimism in his eye.

Across from him hangs the iconic, stern-faced PORTRAIT of George Washington. The image of the nation's first President seems to stare down at Lewis, judging him.

LEWIS
(to the painting)
What?

Lewis looks down at his own CRISP UNIFORM, notices a SMUDGE on one of his buttons. He licks his finger and SHINES IT...

Then looks back at the painting, and NODS IN THANKS.

A DOOR OPENS, and an ATTENDANT pokes his head out.

ATTENDANT
Captain Lewis? President Jefferson will see you now.

Lewis STANDS, ramrod straight. Takes a DEEP BREATH for courage. And follows the man into-

INT. THE OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Where **PRESIDENT THOMAS JEFFERSON**, 60, stands with his back to Lewis. The aging patriarch's eyes gleam with passion as he stares at a giant MAP OF THE UNITED STATES...

15 STATES. 4 TERRITORIES. And the vast, uncharted WEST. Literally BLANK from the Mississippi to the Pacific.

LEWIS
Afternoon, sir. It is an honor to-

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON
-Look at it all. Eight hundred twenty-eight thousand square miles of land. With the stroke of a pen, I doubled the size of our nation.
(turns to face Lewis)
Yet I have no idea what I bought.

LEWIS
It's beautiful country, sir.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON
It is also perilous. I have sent dozens of hardy men into the interior, and none have returned. But Congress, in their infinite wisdom, are pushing me to open the territory for settlement. Which means I must appoint a governor.

LEWIS
I'm ready, sir. I've waited my whole life for this.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON
(amused)
What makes you think you are being considered for the position?

Lewis is taken aback. He thought he was here for a job interview, but now he's not so sure.

LEWIS
Well, I've served with distinction, and I've spent years among the Natives. I speak many of their languages, and I can establish peaceful relations.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON
What you lack in experience, you certainly make up in imagination.

Jefferson picks up a hand-written DOCUMENT from his desk.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON (CONT'D)
I have here your report, "On the Mythological Beasts of the Indian Peoples." And I am amazed.

LEWIS
Thank you, sir, I-

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON
-What amazes me is that an Army officer has given these legends the slightest bit of credence.
(flips through the report)
The "Feathered Serpent"? The "Thunderbird"? Am I meant to take this seriously?

Lewis deflates... But does his best to plead his case-

LEWIS
I understand your skepticism. But after years in the field, I had to wonder- How could the Cheyenne, the Apache and the Sioux tell stories of the same creature, if they don't speak the same language?

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON
(sarcastic)
Oh, I see. So there are flying carnivorous beasts in our backyard.

LEWIS
I believe so. And if you appoint me governor of the Louisiana Territory, I will eliminate the threat they pose.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON
I do not make political appointments based on folk stories.

LEWIS
What if they're true?

Jefferson figures he has nothing to lose-

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON
If you can bring me proof that these beasts exist, the job is yours. If not, you will publicly retract this outrageous report. And I will accept your resignation.

The President looks at Lewis pointedly. Gulp.

The PRELAPPED SOUND OF THUNDERING HOOVES brings us to-

EXT. HILL COUNTRY - DAY

A PACK OF MUSTANGS races through Appalachian hills.

SUPER: KENTUCKY FRONTIER

The wild horses' mighty hooves CHURN THE GROUND, as if fleeing for their lives.

Behind them, a man rides BAREBACK on a muscular Arabian, controlling his steed with skill and audacity. This is-

WILLIAM CLARK, 31, a hard man with permanent five o'clock shadow, who looks right at home atop a galloping horse.

Clark digs in his heels, closes the gap. Pulls up beside the outermost mare. He reaches out, GRASPS HER MANE...

The filly TURNS AWAY sharply. Clark TUMBLES FROM HIS MOUNT-

But holds onto the filly's mane. His heels DRAG THROUGH THE DIRT. He struggles to stay free from its POUNDING HOOVES.

Clark THROWS HIS LEGS UP and WRESTLES HIMSELF into riding position. He's got her now-

But they're headed straight for A THICKET.

Clark flattens himself against the horse's body. He's ASSAULTED BY BRANCHES as they hurtle through the woods.

The pack emerges out the opposite side of the trees. One, two, three... but where's the fourth?

Finally, she comes BARRELING OUT with Clark still in place - dazed, but holding on tight.

Clark gets the Mustang to slow in the open field. She BUCKS wildly, but he takes a firm grip.

CLARK
Whoa there...

She BUCKS again, with less conviction. Then SNORTS and calms as she accepts Clark as her rider.

He turns his attention to the other wild horses.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Who's next?

EXT. LIBERTYVILLE, KY - DAY

A settler's community on the banks of the Mississippi. A hodgepodge of log cabins spread around a classic main street.

Outside the town STABLES, Clark hands off three MUSTANGS on leather leads to the STABLEMAN. But as he gives them over-

The horses REAR UP and WHINNY. The STABLEMAN frowns.

STABLEMAN
Got no use for a wild animal.

CLARK
C'mon. These're first-rate.

STABLEMAN
Dollar a head's the best I can do.

Clark considers the meager offer - looks back at the three beautiful horses... Then NODS in agreement.

The Stableman hands Clark THREE SILVER DOLLAR COINS, and turns back to the horses - CRACKING A WHIP to subdue them.

CLARK
Go easy on ‘em, now.

STABLEMAN
Can’t tame a horse that ain’t
afraid of ya.

He CRACKS THE WHIP again, driving the horses into a corral.

A pang of guilt flashes across Clark’s face. But this is the way of the world, and he’s not the man to change it.

INT. TAVERN - NIGHT

A rustic watering-hole. The crowd is a motley mix of HOMESTEADERS and FRONTIERSMEN. Drinking, gambling, cursing.

CLARK is at the bar, ALONE except for a handful of empty glasses in front of him. A FUR TRAPPER sidles up beside him, and SIGNALS THE BARTENDER for two whiskeys.

TRAPPER
Evening, Clark.

CLARK
Evenin’.

Then, the Trapper SLUGS HIM in the face. Clark rubs his jaw, shakes it off as though this happens all the time.

The Bartender pours whiskeys for the two men, and they both TAKE THEIR SHOTS. The Trapper PAYS FOR BOTH and walks away.

BARTENDER
How long you gonna keep this up?

CLARK
(shrugs)
How much whiskey ya got?

He hangs his head... and a pair of SHINY BOOTS steps up to the bar beside him.

Clark scans the man from foot to crown. An ANTIQUE DRESS SWORD, shiny buttons, bright insignia... And A FAMILIAR FACE.

CLARK (CONT’D)
Meriwether Lewis.

LEWIS
William Clark. You look like you
could use a drink.

CLARK
Gotta hit me first.
(off Lewis' look)
Don't want any charity.

Lewis looks to the Bartender, who explains-

BARTENDER
Only way he pays his tab. And it lets the guys blow off steam without tearin' up the joint.

Clark squares himself. Ready for a punch.

LEWIS
I am not going to hit you.

CLARK
Heard you'd gone soft. What's it you're doin' now- Army librarian?

LEWIS
I'm a translator. And it's a dangerous job!

CLARK
Right. Killin' the Indians with diction and grammar?
(re: Lewis' sword)
Bet that comes in handy when ya got a letter to open.

Clark taps the decorative dress sword at Lewis' belt, and Lewis TURNS RED. Clark knows how to push his buttons.

LEWIS
While you've been hiding at the bottom of a bottle, I've been on the front lines.

CLARK
Then get on back there. You're holdin' up my customers.

He points to a huge OAF, waiting his turn to punch Clark. Lewis GETS DOWN TO BUSINESS...

LEWIS
The truth is, I've been dispatched on a mission into the West. Danger, adventure, glory. Interested?

CLARK
Been outta uniform six years, but I still speak Army. “Glory” means “gets ya killed.”

LEWIS
Come on, Clark. If we survived the French and the Indians, we can survive anything. You and I fought together, and bled together, and-

CLARK
-As I recall, I’m the one did all the bleedin’.

LEWIS
When you staggered out of the mountains with your chest ripped open- I saved your life.
(leans in)
You owe me.

CLARK
This’s why I don’t take charity.

Lewis decides to try another tack. Makes sure no one is watching, then places a FOLDED PIECE OF PAPER on the bar.

Clark opens it. Looks it over.

CLARK (CONT’D)
This a joke?

Lewis shakes his head. Clark looks down at the page again-

A SKETCH OF A GIANT BIRD - with curiously REPTILIAN features.

LEWIS
I have good intelligence from the Natives. These creatures are real. And with your experience in the wild, I know we can find them.

CLARK
What’s in it for you?

Clark eyes him suspiciously, and Lewis TELLS A BOLDFACED LIE-

LEWIS
The honor of serving the greatest nation on Earth. Westward expansion is our destiny.

CLARK
Thousand and one ways to die out there. Don't get killed chasin' some fairy tale.

LEWIS
I understand. There's no shame in staying home, if you're afraid.

Lewis knows how to push Clark's buttons too.

CLARK
Who ya callin' afraid?

LEWIS
Whom.
(off Clark's look)
It's a direct object, so the question is, "Whom are you calling afraid?" And the answer is... you.

Clark PUNCHES LEWIS. Sends him TUMBLING BACKWARD.

CLARK
Always hate it when ya correct me.

LEWIS
Then quit talking like an idiot.
(climbs to his feet)
The man I used to know wasn't afraid of anything.

CLARK
And you used to know how to throw a punch.

Lewis CLOCKS CLARK. Hard.

LEWIS
It's coming back to me.

Clark shakes it off, and the two men square off. It's on. Lewis PUTS HIS DUKES UP, ready to box-

But Clark simply CHARGES and TACKLES LEWIS onto a table - sending everyone's BEERS CRASHING to the ground.

The PATRONS get up and turn on Lewis and Clark.

One of them TAKES A SWING, but Clark grabs his arm and HURLS HIM - knocking into the OAF who's been waiting to hit Clark.

The OAF comes after Lewis, but Lewis DODGES, strikes back, lands a wicked KIDNEY PUNCH. Lewis can handle himself.

Lewis turns his attention back to Clark, who is a force of nature, TOSSING MEN across the room.

LEWIS CHARGES and SLAMS INTO CLARK AT FULL SPEED-

But Clark is solid as a rock. He wraps his arms around and puts Lewis in a HEADLOCK.

CLARK
If ya want a hug, just say so.

The Oaf recovers and CHARGES at Lewis, who is a sitting duck in Clark's headlock...

Clark makes a quick decision and LIFTS LEWIS into the air. Lewis KICKS, catches the Oaf's chin-

And KNOCKS HIM OUT COLD.

Clark sets Lewis back down, releases him. They size each other up with newfound respect.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Not bad for a translator.

LEWIS
Not bad for a drunk.

Clark smiles. Fair enough. Then-

A SHOTGUN COCKS - and Clark turns to find himself staring down a loaded barrel.

BARTENDER
That's the last time. Now get out.

EXT. TAVERN - MOMENTS LATER

Lewis and Clark swagger out of the bar into the crisp night.

LEWIS
A little rusty, perhaps, but we still make a fine team.

CLARK
Team? Just admit it already.
(off his look)
You need me.

Lewis grits his teeth... But swallows his pride-

LEWIS
It would not be inaccurate to say that... I need your help.

Clark grins with smug satisfaction.

CLARK
If I go, my debt's clear.

LEWIS
You won't regret this.

CUT TO:

CLARK

Now with a WILD BEARD, looking haggard and worse for wear.

CLARK
I completely regret this.

EXT. WESTERN TERRITORY - ESTABLISHING

The epic, blue-sky wilderness of the untamed American West. Pre-settlement, this is still God's country.

SUPER: TWO MONTHS LATER

Lewis and Clark amble across the open plains of present-day Wyoming. Lonely specks in a vast expanse.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

As they come to the edge of a swiftly-running STREAM, Lewis nimbly HOPS across, leaping from stone to stone. He lands softly on the other bank and then spots-

A small, RED-BREASTED WOODPECKER, perched on a low branch.

Lewis kneels down and pulls out his JOURNAL - a beautiful, leather-bound book tied shut with a braided tassel. He flips past pages of meticulous entries to the first blank page, and begins to SKETCH the woodpecker.

Clark TRUDGES across the stream - boots SLOSHING the muck. The splashing STARTLES the woodpecker, and it FLITS AWAY.

LEWIS
It was a new species!

CLARK
Lemme guess. The Lewis Woodpecker.

LEWIS
When you find something new, you can name it.

CLARK
Little peckers are your department. Now put the damn diary away.

LEWIS
It's a journal.

Uh-hunh. Clark adjusts his pack and trudges on.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
It's my duty to keep detailed records of what we find.

CLARK
All we found is blisters, mosquitoes, dysentery, and surprise- no giant birds.

LEWIS
Not yet. But when we do, it will be the greatest discovery since Columbus. This is our chance to go down in the history books! To join the ranks of George Washington, Patrick Henry, Sam Adams, and-

CLARK
-They're all dead.

They come over a rise, and look down on a clearing to see-

A FRONTIER WAGON TRAIN - LYING IN RUINS. Lewis and Clark exchange a worried glance.

EXT. CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER

It looks like the wagons have been STRUCK BY A TORNADO. They're toppled, ripped open, or SMASHED TO PIECES. Supplies are SCATTERED for a hundred yards in every direction...

And there are NO SURVIVORS in sight.

CLARK
God damn Indians...

LEWIS
Impossible. There are only two tribes in these parts. The Shoshone don't attack settlers. And if it was Sioux, these wagons would be shot through with arrows.
(then)
And where are the bodies?

CLARK
Apache raiders coulda come this far. And carried ‘em off as slaves.

Lewis points, and Clark looks up to see A WAGON STUCK HIGH UP IN A TREE. Canopy SHREDDED, DANGLING from the branches.

LEWIS
Did the Apaches do *that*?

A RUSTLE from inside one of the nearby wagons. Lewis and Clark freeze. Listen carefully...

The RUSTLING grows louder. Clark shoulders his rifle.

They look at one another. Lewis hand-signals “looking.” Clark shakes his head - then signals “shooting.”

Lewis sighs, signals “I’ll open the flap.” Clark nods.

They creep toward the wagon. Lewis steps up to the canopy, grabs the cloth, counts off on his fingers - “3... 2... 1...“

He THROWS OPEN the flap-

Clark aims inside, ready to shoot-

And a BEAR CUB looks up from munching on a SACK OF FLOUR, its nose caked white. Adorable.

LEWIS (CONT’D)
Awwww, look at this little guy.

CLARK
Leave him be, nature boy.

LEWIS
Come on, Clark, he’s harmless.

A LOW GROWL from behind them, and they turn to see-

A MOTHER GRIZZLY in the middle of the clearing, STARING right at them. They’re directly between her and the cub.

CLARK
Yeah, but she’s not.

LEWIS
(to the bear, softly)
No need to worry. Me and my friend are going to slowly step away...

Lewis and Clark BACK AWAY from the wagon... But the grizzly STEPS TOWARD THEM. Slowly approaching. GROWLING...

LEWIS (CONT'D)
We mean no harm, we're just-

CLARK
-RAWWWR!

Clark ROARS as loud as he can. Lewis looks at him, wide-eyed.

CLARK (CONT'D)
I'm scarin' her off!

Clark steps toward the grizzly, and SHOOTS HIS RIFLE in the air. A warning shot.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Get outta here!

The bear watches Clark... Then REARS UP ON HER HIND LEGS, and BELLOWS with a ferocity that puts Clark to shame.

LEWIS
It's not working.

The mother bear drops to all fours and CHARGES.

Lewis and Clark FLEE through the wreckage of the WAGON TRAIN, and the mother grizzly SNARLS and GIVES CHASE.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Up here!

Lewis heads for one of the toppled wagons. Scrambles up into the driver's seat and LEAPS - grabs onto the arched beam - tries to pull himself up on top of the wagon.

Clark gets underneath him - pushes him up to safety.

The bear CATCHES UP, and Clark flees-

INSIDE THE WAGON

Where he JUMPS over jumbled possessions, makes his way toward the back as-

RRRRIIPPPP! A bear claw tears through the canvas wall and SWIPES at his head. Clark ducks under it and emerges out the-

BACK OF THE WAGON

Lewis reaches down, offering his hand. Clark GRABS ON, and Lewis starts to pull him up-

But THE BEAR LUNGES - and grabs Clark's pack in her jaws. Stopping Clark in mid-air.

CLARK
Pull!

LEWIS
I'm trying!

The bear CHOMPS DOWN, crushing Clark's pack. Lewis holds on desperately, straining to pull Clark up.

The bear THRASHES ITS HEAD from side to side. Clark hangs on desperately - but he's stuck.

Lewis DRAWS HIS ANTIQUE SWORD, and SLICES THE STRAPS on Clark's pack - cutting him free. The bear TUMBLES BACK, and Lewis PULLS CLARK up to safety.

The bear SHAKES THE PACK in frustration... and LUMBERS AWAY to find her cub.

Lewis deftly WHIRLS his sword, then SHEATHS IT.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Comes in handy for more than opening letters.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

Lewis and Clark sit beside a flickering campfire. Lewis WRITES IN HIS JOURNAL, while Clark sifts through the remains of his MAULED PACK.

CLARK
Darn thing ate my jerky.

LEWIS
We can hunt for more food. It's the whiskey you're upset about.

Clark frowns. True.

CLARK
Don't even got a clean shirt to sleep in.

Clark removes his filthy shirt, revealing-

A WEB OF OLD SCARS, crisscrossing his chest.

Lewis TOSSES a clean shirt to Clark, then LOOKS AWAY. He's seen Clark's SCARS before, but they still make him uneasy.

LEWIS
The way that wagon train was destroyed, it had to be one of the creatures we're looking for. We're getting close now, I can feel it.

CLARK
Me too. Kinda a burning sensation when ya take a piss?

LEWIS
(lost in his thoughts)
Maybe we can even catch it.

CLARK
What if it catches you first?

Lewis CLAPS SHUT his journal, ending the conversation.

LEWIS
Get some sleep.

EXT. CAMP - LATER THAT NIGHT

Clark lies awake in his rucksack, his mind churning. He gives up on sleep, sits up, and notices...

LEWIS' JOURNAL, left out beside the fire.

Clark eyes Lewis, who's rolled over, facing the other way. Then quietly reaches out and picks up the journal.

He flips the pages... and his face DARKENS with resentment.

LEWIS (O.S.)
What do you think you're doing?

Lewis SITS UP in his bedroll - wide awake, and alarmed.

CLARK
Catchin' up on some reading.
(reads aloud)
"Clark is the most disagreeable travel companion I can imagine, finding fault with every plan and dashing every hope..."

He looks up at Lewis - "Got anything to say for yourself?"

Lewis climbs out of his rucksack and steps toward Clark, his fists balled at his side. He leans in...

And turns the page. Points to the rest of the sentence. Clark looks at it and reads aloud-

CLARK (CONT'D)
"But he is as honorable and trustworthy a man as I have ever known, and I am fortunate to count him... as my friend."

Lewis takes the journal from Clark.

LEWIS
Friendship requires trust.

Lewis returns to bed with a huff.

Clark stares into the fire, ashamed.... But a tiny smile tugs at the corner of his mouth. It's good to have a friend.

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

Golden sunlight GLEAMS on the morning dew, as Lewis and Clark trek across wide-open grassland.

A TOWERING MESA rises out of the flat landscape. They skirt along the edge, come around a large boulder-

And discover an ENORMOUS PILE OF BUFFALO SKELETONS. Heaped up at the base of the cliff. Gleaming-white bones, picked clean. BUZZARDS circle ominously overhead...

LEWIS
This is how the plains Indians hunt. They scare the herd off the cliff, and come down to collect their meat.

Clark kneels, picks up a skull.

CLARK
Tricky bastards.

He stares at the bones, lost in memory... Then glances up and sees that LEWIS IS GONE. Where'd he go?

CLARK (CONT'D)
Lewis? Lewis?!

LEWIS (O.S.)
Up here!

Clark looks up to see Lewis CLIMBING UP THE CLIFF.

CLARK
Hell're you doin'?

LEWIS
Exploring!

Clark scans the surroundings for an alternate route. No luck.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Come on, Clark. You can't fly if you're afraid to fall!

Clark steps up to the cliff, and takes a deep breath... Breaking into a cold sweat.

EXT. CLIFF - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Clark is half-way up the cliff, and DRENCHED IN SWEAT. His WHITE KNUCKLES GRIP the rock face with every fiber of his being as he holds on for dear life.

Up above, Lewis pokes his head over the ledge-

LEWIS (O.S.)
You have got to see this!

Clark closes his eyes tightly and CALLS BACK to Lewis - trying to sound perfectly normal.

CLARK
Be right there!

LEWIS
You're as bad at climbing as you are at courting women.

CLARK
Tell that to your sister.

Lewis ignores him and disappears from sight.

Clark takes a breath, focuses on the rock in front of him, and continues the climb, one terrifying handhold at a time.

EXT. MESA - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Clark finally reaches the top. EXHAUSTED. He pulls himself over the ledge and joins Lewis, who is gazing out at...

A STUNNING PANORAMA. The Mesa teems with life. Birds flit through the sky, and wildflowers sway in the breeze.

A HERD OF BUFFALO roam the fields, stretching out impossibly far. The docile beasts number in the thousands, spread across acres and acres of breathtakingly beautiful land.

Clark stops and takes in the view. AWESTRUCK.

CLARK
Moment like this, only one thing comes to mind.
(looks to Lewis)
Steak.

Lewis rolls his eyes as Clark shoulders his rifle.

LEWIS
I'm telling you, Clark, man was not meant to eat meat. The Powhatan are vegetarians, and they often live into their eighties.

CLARK
Rather have one more year of meat than seeds and berries for fifty.

Clark takes aim at A MAJESTIC BUFFALO, ten feet away. The buffalo looks at his gun as if to ask, "Whatcha got there?"

CLARK (CONT'D)
Not sporting if they don't run.
(to the buffalo)
Go on now! Get goin'.

The buffalo ignores him. Clark tightens his finger... But can't bring himself to pull the trigger.

THE WIND PICKS UP. Slowly at first, then rising to a HOWL.

The buffalo take notice and PERK UP. Sensing something.

Three hundred yards away, the prairie grasses begin to ripple like waves, bending low from the wind.

Clark squints into the distance. He sees... A SHIMMER IN THE AIR. A hazy shape.

A SHADOW glides across the ground, with no apparent source. Coming closer. The buffalo start to flee from it-

CLARK (CONT'D)
See that?

Clark points. The SHADOW overtakes the herd, and suddenly-

A BUFFALO IS PULLED UP INTO THE AIR by an unseen force. The animal BLEATS in fearful protest.

INVISIBLE JAWS SNAP SHUT - and the buffalo is GONE. BLOOD AND VISCERA rain down.

LEWIS
Unbelievable!

CLARK
RUN!

The rest of the herd got the message too, and break into a full-fledged STAMPEDE, fleeing across the mesa.

Bison THUNDER past. Lewis and Clark flee, scrambling to stay upright. One false step and they'll be pulverized by hooves.

Clark looks behind him - sees the AIR RIPPLING - closer now.

The buffalo change course like a flock of birds. Clark moves laterally through the herd.

CLARK (CONT'D)
This way!

They follow behind a large cow...

...until it suddenly TUMBLES OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Look out!

He GRABS Lewis, and they STOP SHORT - inches from the precipice. Clark LOOKS DOWN...

...And his VISION SWIMS, as the chasm YAWNS below. He WAVERS on his feet, seized by VERTIGO.

The buffalo RUSH PAST behind them. A thick river of animals, swelling and threatening to push them over the ledge.

LEWIS
Down there!

He points to A SMALL OUTCROPPING jutting out from the face of the cliff, ten feet below. Lewis LEAPS out over the edge-

And LANDS on the outcropping, GRABBING onto a twisted root to steady himself. Looks up-

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Come on, Clark! Jump!

Clark toes the edge... but can't bring himself to do it.

CLARK
I, uh, should maybe tell ya...

LEWIS
Now is not the time! Jump!

Lewis sees Clark's expression and realizes that his friend - who's afraid of almost nothing - is TERRIFIED of heights.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
You can do it! I'll catch you!

He OPENS HIS ARMS, encouraging Clark to leap. Clark CROUCHES DOWN, scoots closer, shallow breaths-

LEWIS (CONT'D)
That's it! Just close your eyes.
Take a deep breath. On three now.
One... Two... Three!

CLARK
I can't...

He turns away from the cliff-

As an EERIE SILENCE descends over the Mesa. The stampede has passed. Only a few stragglers run to catch up with the rest of the herd. Clark breathes... Relieved. But then-

THE RIPPLING FORM lands in front of him. Its immense body flattens a wide expanse of grass.

Clark stares straight ahead. PETRIFIED.

LEWIS (O.S.)
(calls up from below)
Clark?!

A creature BEGINS TO MATERIALIZE. The mirage takes form as a WINGED BEAST. 20 feet tall. Fearsome TALONS. Long SNOUT. White scales covered in shimmering, TRANSLUCENT FEATHERS.

For a white explorer, only one word comes to mind.

<u>DRAGON</u>.

Clark opens his mouth, but words fail him. He's filled with TERROR... and beneath that, a current of AWE.

THE WIND DRAGON considers Clark. SNIFFS HIM. Clark stares into its eyes - and something PASSES BETWEEN THEM. It looks at him with a mixture of curiosity and fascination...

LEWIS POKES HIS HEAD UP over the ledge. Sees the massive creature in a staring contest with Clark. FREEZES.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
My god...

The creature's attention shifts to Lewis - breaking the spell of the moment. It unleashes a HORRIBLE ROAR, baring its MASSIVE, RAZOR-SHARP FANGS.

Clark raises his arms, ready to be devoured. But-

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-CLICK.... A strange sound approaches, which inexplicably causes the dragon to PAUSE.

The beast PANICS, backing away from Clark - searching for the source of the sound. CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-CLICK....

The dragon DE-MATERIALIZES, smoothing back its feathers and RIPPLING into invisibility.

Its wings BEAT THE AIR with hurricane force, flattening the grass and KNOCKING Clark backwards.

The creature LAUNCHES into flight. In a moment, it's nothing but a shadow skimming over the ground.

Clark CATCHES HIS BREATH... What the hell just happened?

Then, he sees his unexpected savior - an INDIAN WOMAN - as she CLIMBS UP over the edge of the cliff.

Her wind-blown hair and almond eyes take Clark's breath away. She's only twenty years old, but carries herself with wisdom and grace.

In one hand, she shakes a STONE CLAPPER to make the CLICKING sound that drove the beast away.

Clark speaks to her loudly - TAPPING his chest and MIMING to communicate across the language barrier.

CLARK
I am Clark. William, I mean. Two first names, but... call me Clark. And you are?

SACAJAWEA
Sacajawea.
(then)
One name is enough.

Clark is taken aback that she speaks English. He gestures for Lewis to introduce himself. But Lewis is flipping out.

LEWIS
I knew it, I knew it, I knew it!

He studies **SACAJAWEA**, her garments a mix of buffalo hides and DRAGON FEATHERS that ripple in the light.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Are these... are you wearing-

CLARK
-That there's Captain Lewis. We're explorers, but we never seen anything like that.

SACAJAWEA
I can tell.

LEWIS
How did you...?

SACAJAWEA
Later. Come with me.

She turns and hurries along the edge of the cliff.

Clark is torn. Drawn to her, but wary of where she might lead them. He looks to Lewis.

LEWIS
(thrilled)
Dragons!

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

Lewis and Clark struggle to keep up with Sacajawea.

CLARK
Listen, Miss Sack-of-whatever, that thing we saw-

LEWIS
The Lewis Draconis!
(off Clark's look)
It's Latin.

CLARK
Draconis Clarkis. I saw it first.

Sacajawea rolls her eyes - "White people."

SACAJAWEA
We have lived with them for generations. It is a Wind Spirit.

CLARK
How'd ya scare it off?

They come to a natural wall of 8-FOOT TALL GRASSES.

SACAJAWEA
Everyone is afraid of something.

And she VANISHES into the swaying grass.

SPYGLASS POV

Through a distorted fish-eye perspective, we watch from afar as Lewis and Clark consider for a moment - then follow Sacajawea into the immense sea of grass.

EXT. NEARBY RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The SPYGLASS is tucked away into the jacket pocket of a tattered REDCOAT UNIFORM, which belongs to-

GENERAL PIKE. The steely-eyed Brit we met in the opening.

Behind him - HAKAN, and a BATTALION OF FORTY REDCOATS.

GENERAL PIKE
This lass will lead us to the Thunder Egg?

HAKAN
She will take us to one who can.

EXT. GRASS MAZE - DAY

Lewis and Clark stumble through tall curtains of grass. Making their way along narrow paths that switch back and forth. They're bewildered. Sacajawea is nowhere in sight.

LEWIS
Which way did she go?

They stop, and realize that within thirty seconds of walking into the maze of tall grasses... THEY'RE COMPLETELY LOST.

SACAJAWEA (O.S.)
I thought you were explorers.

They whirl. Sacajawea eyes them. Impatient.

SACAJAWEA (CONT'D)
Try to keep up.

They follow her deeper into the grasses.

CLARK
So what were ya doin' out there?

SACAJAWEA
I was on a vision quest.

CLARK
Did ya see a vision?

SACAJAWEA
I saw you.

She doesn't bother to explain, but leads them through one final curtain of grasses, and they emerge at the base of...

EXT. THE GRAND TETONS - ESTABLISHING

A massive, craggy mountain range juts up into the heavens. Sacajawea scampers up a rocky path, and we-

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY

Lewis and Clark suck RAGGED BREATHS as they crest a HIGH PEAK. They look down on-

AN INDIAN VILLAGE CARVED INTO THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN. Like Macchu Picchu amid sharp granite spires. It's incredible.

As Sacajawea descends toward the hidden village, Lewis starts to follow, but Clark GRABS HIS ARM.

CLARK
Could be a trick. And we already found what we came for.

LEWIS
I need proof.

Lewis continues ahead with Sacajawea.

Clark GRITS HIS TEETH, knows he won't abandon Lewis. He FOLLOWS them down toward the CLIFF VILLAGE.

EXT. SHOSHONE VILLAGE - DAY

A group of SHOSHONE WARRIORS work on their spears. It's tough but simple labor - sharpening, tying, whittling.

KIVA, an athletic young man with a fierce look in his eye, stands up to test his weapon. Faces a WOODEN TARGET. The rest of the men watch closely.

He quick-hops and HURLS THE WEAPON-

But it harmlessly BOUNCES OFF the target.

CHIEF TANEO, 50's, stands. He has the physique of a great warrior, but a weathered face suggesting lifetimes of wisdom.

[Note: Dialogue in Shoshone will be *in italics* and subtitled]

He picks up the failed spear, examines it. Shakes his head.

CHIEF TANEO
The wood you chose is green and young. It bends too easily.
(bends the spear)
If you want a firm spear that will penetrate your target, you need...
(grabs his crotch)
Old wood.

The Shoshone Men LAUGH. We see a twinkle in Chief Taneo's eye, an unexpected humor and lightness.

Kiva TURNS RED... Then stares past the chief, suddenly transfixed. Chief Taneo turns to find-

SACAJAWEA, standing at the top of a flight of stairs built directly into the rock. Chief Taneo SMILES.

CHIEF TANEO (CONT'D)
Daughter. Home at last.

Behind her, LEWIS AND CLARK step into view. Chief Taneo's smile falls.

Shoshone warriors LEAP INTO ACTION - quickly surrounding the explorers, SPEARS AND ARROWS trained on them.

SACAJAWEA
Wait! These men are my guests.

KIVA
White men are wild dogs! We should kill them now!

The Warriors READY THEIR SPEARS and look to Chief Taneo, awaiting his command. But to their surprise, Lewis speaks-

LEWIS
(in fluent Shoshone)
We come in peace.

Chief Taneo looks at Lewis. Surprised.

CHIEF TANEO
You speak our language?

LEWIS
(to Kiva)
Well enough, for a dog.
(then addresses Taneo)
I serve as a translator for the Great Father in the East. I have much respect for your people.

SACAJAWEA
I saw them in my vision.

Chief Taneo considers this. Impressed, but still wary.

CHIEF TANEO
Hold them until the ceremony.
(to Sacajawea)
Make certain they are purified.

Clark GLARES at Sacajawea as he and Lewis are dragged away.

EXT. CEREMONY SPACE - NIGHT

A NATURAL AMPITHEATER forms the nucleus of the village, with dwellings radiating out in every direction. The chamber is a semi-circle, with the flat edge formed by a STEEP CLIFF that drops down into a dark CREVASSE.

LEWIS AND CLARK stand next to A BONFIRE. Hands BOUND.

LEWIS
Don't worry, Clark. We'll get out of this.

CLARK
Oh yeah? And *whom* do ya think is gonna save us?

LEWIS
Who, in that case. And the girl will, once she tells her vision.

CLARK
Don't wanna trust our lives to some pretty girl.

LEWIS
So you think she's pretty.

Clark frowns. Lewis looks him over, noticing-

LEWIS (CONT'D)
And you shaved, didn't you?
(then)
Everywhere?

A DRUMBEAT strikes up, and a solemn silence falls over the crowd. The Shoshone turn to face a darkened entrance.

The drums fall silent. A hushed moment of anticipation...

Chief Taneo EMERGES, in FULL TRIBAL REGALIA. Buffalo pants, a massive headdress of glistening DRAGON FEATHERS, and a leather belt, from which hang two ceremonial daggers.

The Chief stands before the tribe and DRAWS THE TWO KNIVES in one fluid motion, holding them high.

They gleam in the firelight, sharp and white, like two-foot-long teeth. Which is exactly what they are. DRAGON TEETH.

CHIEF TANEO
Behold, the Windblades.

The whole Tribe answers in unison, like a liturgy-

THE TRIBE
Gifts of the Wind Spirit.

CHIEF TANEO
With these weapons, Okina banished the Thunderbird from our lands. Today we carry them still, and protect its secret with our lives.

THE TRIBE
Guardians of generations to come.

Clark looks to Lewis - “What are they saying?”

LEWIS
It’s a rite of passage for the girl. A sacred weapon....

CHIEF TANEO
The time now comes to pass this responsibility to a new generation.
(less formal)
Of course, it came sooner than I expected. But I could not ask for a better daughter. Sacajawea, come forward.

All eyes turn back to the darkened entrance... and SACAJAWEA EMERGES. A vision in leather and feathers. Cleaned-up, she’s even more stunning, and Clark’s jaw drops at her beauty.

The whole tribe watches Sacajawea approach her father.

CHIEF TANEO (CONT'D)
Your mother carried this until her death. She watches over as I pass it to you.

He presents one of the dragon-tooth weapons to his daughter. Sacajawea stares at it - frightened by the responsibility that it conveys. She hesitates a moment too long...

Then ACCEPTS THE WINDBLADE, and sheaths it at her side. Chief Taneo notices her uncertainty, but presses on.

CHIEF TANEO (CONT'D)
Now that your vision quest is over, tell us what you have seen.

Sacajawea stands before the crowd. A hundred eyes watching. She takes a deep breath, summoning her courage.

SACAJAWEA
In my vision, the Wind Spirits carried me into the clouds. And what I saw... is not easy to say.
(deep breath)
I saw-

BAM! A gunshot interrupts her speech.

The Shoshone look around for the source of the noise, as-

PIKE'S TROOPS launch a surprise attack.

Rifles emerge from covered positions in the rocks, turning the cliff dwelling's natural shape against the tribe. The Shoshone are sitting ducks.

BAM BAM BAM BAM! Thirty rifle shots in rapid succession. Several WARRIORS fall to the ground - DEAD.

CHAOS ERUPTS. The Shoshone warriors SCRAMBLE for weapons while the women run for cover, shepherding their children.

Redcoat soldiers POUR OVER the edge of the cliff - reaching the top of the sheer face with CLIMBING ROPES. They draw their swords and ATTACK THE VILLAGE.

Chief Taneo pulls Sacajawea close-

CHIEF TANEO
Hide yourself.

SACAJAWEA
I will not leave you!

CHIEF TANEO
One of us must live.

Reluctantly - she RUNS FOR COVER while Chief Taneo DRAWS HIS WINDBLADE and prepares to fight.

LEWIS AND CLARK

Take the chaos as their opportunity to RUN FOR IT.

CLARK
There!

He leads the way into a TUNNEL in the rock. They duck down a dark corridor, before coming to-

A DEAD END - a storeroom full of baskets and dried food.

TWO REDCOATS

See Lewis and Clark disappear into the tunnel.

REDCOAT
That way!

He and his partner GIVE CHASE. Their boots THUNDER down the stone passageway in pursuit, and they emerge into-

AN EMPTY STOREROOM

The Redcoats look around for the Americans. Bewildered.

Lewis and Clark are BEHIND THEM, pressed against the wall by the entrance. In unison, they ATTACK - using the ropes that bind their hands to strangle the Redcoats.

REDCOATS
Gahhhh!

Lewis drags his Redcoat to the ground. The man fumbles with his rifle, trying to swing the BAYONET end around.

Clark's Redcoat is a MASSIVE BRUTE. He SLAMS Clark back against the wall, but Clark holds on tight.

As Lewis and Clark each struggle with a soldier-

LEWIS
Are these guys English? They look English.

Clark yells at the Redcoat he's strangling.

CLARK
Hey! He asked you a question!

The Redcoat GARGLES against the rope... then heaves himself backward and SLAMS Clark against the wall again.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Mine don't talk much.

Clark looks down at Lewis' Redcoat, his bayonet WAVING AROUND WILDLY. Clark times his move...

Then PUSHES OFF THE WALL WITH HIS LEGS, propelling the Brute forward, and IMPALING HIM on the other Redcoat's bayonet.

The other Redcoat is stunned, having accidentally murdered his companion. He REACHES FOR HIS SWORD-

But Clark grabs the Brute's rifle and turns it on him-

CUT TO:

EXT. CEREMONY SPACE - NIGHT

BA-BAM! A rifle ERUPTS in a cloud of smoke, and another Shoshone warrior FALLS.

The Redcoats are MASSACRING the Indians. But the Shoshone warriors are putting up a valiant fight.

A Redcoat raises his rifle. Chief Taneo GRABS the barrel, turns it aside just as the gun FIRES.

Chief Taneo buries his Windblade in the Redcoat's chest. But before he can pull it out to move on-

A CLUB SMASHES Chief Taneo's head. He COLLAPSES TO HIS KNEES, leaving the Windblade in his enemy's chest.

The Chief turns to see who hit him, catches sight of-

HAKAN - who pulls Chief Taneo's Windblade out of the Redcoat soldier and wipes it clean.

HAKAN
(admiring the blade)
The fang of the Feathered Serpent.

LEWIS AND CLARK

Descend a flight of stone stairs, and run into-

Sacajawea. Hiding at the edge of the chamber, peering over a low outcropping. She TENSES - then waves them to join her.

They duck down beside her, watching as the Redcoats finish subduing the Shoshone. Clark's eyes narrow on-

HAKAN

As he puts the Windblade to Chief Taneo's throat.

The few Shoshone who are still fighting see that their leader is about to be killed and they STAND DOWN.

The Redcoats RELOAD THEIR RIFLES and train them on the Shoshone. The whole tribe is held hostage.

Pike approaches Chief Taneo.

GENERAL PIKE
Do not regard me as your foe. We have both been wronged by the Americans. Their day of reckoning is nigh. But we must work together.

Taneo stares at Pike blankly.

GENERAL PIKE (CONT'D)
Show me to the Thunder Egg. With its power, I shall bring America to her knees. But your people may be spared. The decision is yours.

Still nothing. Pike realizes Taneo hasn't understood a word he said. Turns to Hakan.

GENERAL PIKE (CONT'D)
Tell him.

HAKAN
I am Iroquois. Not Shoshone.
(off Pike's look)
I said I would bring you to him. And I did.

Pike calls out to the crowd of tense Shoshone-

GENERAL PIKE
Any of you simpletons speak the Queen's English?

The Indians look at one another. No answer.

GENERAL PIKE (CONT'D)
Very well.

Pike draws his PISTOL, and takes aim at Taneo's head.

Seeing his chief threatened directly - Kiva CHARGES at Pike.

KIVA
Yahhhh!

Hakan intercepts Kiva, deflects the young brave's spear, and-

PLUNGES HIS GRIZZLY BEAR CLAWS into Kiva's belly.

CLARK

FLINCHES as he watches the fatal blow. One hand instinctively touches his torso, the CLAW SCARS that we saw earlier...

CLARK
It's him.

LEWIS
You mean...?

Clark NODS and continues to eyeball Hakan - LOST IN MEMORY - frozen as he relives some horrible past trauma in his mind.

HAKAN

Watches the life drain out of Kiva's eyes.

HAKAN
Not so brave now.

He HURLS Kiva off the cliff. The young warrior's SCREAMS echo through the canyon as he vanishes into the abyss.

GENERAL PIKE
(to the crowd)
You have to the count of three to provide a translator... One!

SACAJAWEA

Starts to stand, but Lewis puts out a hand. STOPS HER.

SACAJAWEA
My father needs me.

LEWIS
Your people need you.

GENERAL PIKE (O.S.)
Two!

Lewis pulls out his JOURNAL, presses it into Clark's hands.

LEWIS
Whatever happens, get this back to the President.

CLARK
No, Lewis. Don't get killed over some redskins.

GENERAL PIKE

COCKS the hammer on his pistol.

GENERAL PIKE
Three!

LEWIS (O.S.)
WAIT!

Everyone turns to see - LEWIS. Emerging from behind the rock. HANDS RAISED.

Pike stares at him, puzzled. An American?

GENERAL PIKE
Who the bloody hell are you?

LEWIS
Captain Lewis. American envoy to the Shoshone. I speak their tongue.

Pike's Redcoats GRAB LEWIS. Drag him to their leader.

GENERAL PIKE
Fancy that. The colonies got off their arses and ventured west.
(then)
Tell this old buffer that he shall bring me to the Thunder Egg, or else watch his people die.

LEWIS
(to Taneo, in Shoshone)
He wishes you take him to the Egg of Thunder. Or he kills you.

Chief Taneo looks at Lewis, then Pike. Weighs his options... Then NODS HIS AGREEMENT.

CLARK AND SACAJAWEA

Watch Lewis translate between Pike and Chief Taneo. Clark reaches for a weapon...

SACAJAWEA
Try to save him now, and you will both die.

Clark considers this, as-

CHIEF TANEO

Rises to his feet and addresses his people.

CHIEF TANEO
I have traded myself for your safety. If the whites would destroy themselves with the power of the Thunder Egg, we will not stop them. But our time in this place is finished. You must find a new home.

Pike looks to Lewis - “What is he saying?”

LEWIS
He commands his people not to come after him.

Pike nods. Good. Addresses his men-

GENERAL PIKE
Move out! And bring this Yankee bastard with us.

The Redcoats DESCEND THE WAY THEY CAME - repelling down the sheer cliff face on CLIMBING ROPES. Lewis and Chief Taneo are TIED UP and brought along.

Clark runs to the edge of the cliff and peers over the edge. As he watches, the Redcoats make their way down to a pair of large wooden KEELBOATS waiting in the river below.

Clark searches for a way to go after them... But they’re already GONE - sailing down the river and into the night.

SACAJAWEA

Comes out from behind the rock and walks through the devastation of her village. Looking down at the countless dead Shoshone, the grieving family members SOBBING over them.

She KNEELS beside a body and PRAYS over it silently. She CLOSES THE DEAD MAN’S EYES, and looks up to see-

CLARK - leaving the village.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - MOMENTS LATER

Clark makes his way down the steep slope, trying to find a path down to the RIVER in the darkness.

SACAJAWEA (O.S.)
Wrong way.

He glances back and sees Sacajawea following him. Ignores her and continues...

CLARK
I'm goin' after 'em.

SACAJAWEA
Then you can come with me.

CLARK
Your place is here.

She knows he's right. But the last thing she wants is to accept responsibility for her entire tribe.

SACAJAWEA
As long as my father lives, he is our leader. And I know where they will take him.

CLARK
Oh yeah?

SACAJAWEA
The Cave of Okina. Where the Thunder Egg is hidden.
(off his look)
The egg is the last of the Thunderbirds- ancient creatures that once laid waste to this land. If it is allowed to hatch, the age of man will come to an end.

Clark considers this. Looks down toward the river.

CLARK
I just wanna get my friend back.

SACAJAWEA
I will see that you do.

CLARK
Haven't had the best luck with Indian guides.

SACAJAWEA
We are bound by the will of the ancestors. I saw it in my vision.

CLARK
Don’t put much stock in dreams.

SACAJAWEA
You don’t have to.

Clark looks away from her. Grits his teeth.

EXT. GRAND TETONS - SUNRISE

Clark and Sacajawea CREST a mountain peak, and Sacajawea surveys the geography ahead-

THE SNAKE RIVER winds south, then west across modern-day Idaho. Two KEELBOATS with white sails glide downstream.

SACAJAWEA
They are ahead of us, on the river. We must travel through the forest.

She points down to a thickly wooded valley.

SACAJAWEA (CONT’D)
Quietly.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Dense canopy. Thin shafts of light pierce the near-darkness.

Sacajawea BLAZES A TRAIL. Clark looks around, baffled. The forest is EXACTLY THE SAME in every direction.

CLARK
Sura ya know where we’re headed?

SACAJAWEA
My father showed me. Long ago.

The memory CATCHES IN HER THROAT as she holds in her feelings.

CLARK
It ain’t your fault-

SACAJAWEA
-Shhhh!
(softer)
The spirits are listening.

CLARK
(tenses up)
Spirits, huh? Kinda like that giant monster we saw?

SACAJAWEA
That was a Wind Spirit. Every living thing draws its power from one of the elements.

THWUNK! Clark's foot PLUNGES into a hole in the ground, and he sinks down to his knee.

CLARK
Ow! God damn it!

SACAJAWEA
You must be Earth.

CLARK
'Cause I'm strong as a rock?

SACAJAWEA
You are dense, and stubborn.

Clark PULLS HIS FOOT FREE, and a low RUMBLE begins... somewhere deep in the ground.

A MOLE pops its head out of the hole. LOOKS AROUND, sniffing.

The RUMBLE gets louder and the ground begins to VIBRATE.

The MOLE SCAMPERS out of its hole. And then, dozens of MOLES start POPPING UP, fleeing from the ground beneath their feet.

CLARK
Earthquake?

SACAJAWEA
Earth Spirit.

Up ahead, A HUGE HOLE STARTS FORMING IN THE EARTH, a spinning vortex of dirt and rocks-

CLARK
What the...?

A MONSTROUS CREATURE claws its way out of the hole. Like the one from the mesa, it's recognizable as a DRAGON, with a reptilian body and a pair of wings.

But this one is half as big, and twice as scary - like a cross between a SLUG and a giant MOLE. We'll call it a MOLE DRAGON. SLIME drips from its fleshy, wrinkled body.

They STARE at it, horrified...

And then Clark BRINGS UP HIS RIFLE. Takes aim-

SACAJAWEA
No!

She tries to stop him. Too late. As he FIRES, she KNOCKS the barrel of his rifle, sending his shot wide.

The Mole Dragon whips its head in Clark's direction. SENSING. Zeroes in. And lets out a bellowing ROAR.

They FLEE - SCRAMBLING over fallen logs, DUCKING under forest branches, as the beast LAUNCHES AFTER THEM.

Sacajawea SLIDES DOWN a mossy embankment, and Clark follows - TUMBLING through the brush.

He climbs to his feet - but realizes he's LOST SOMETHING. He glances back - sees Lewis' JOURNAL halfway up the embankment.

SACAJAWEA (CONT'D)
Hurry!

Clark GOES BACK for the journal, clambering up, just as-

The MOLE DRAGON appears at the top of the ridge. SNARLS.

Clark SNAGS THE JOURNAL. He sprints to join Sacajawea, glances back, as-

The Mole Dragon GAINS ON THEM. Viscous DROOL frothing from its mouth. Opens its jaws-

CLICK. WHOOSH!

THE WORLD TURNS UPSIDE DOWN as a giant NET TRAP triggers. A web of rope closes in and HOISTS THEM UP INTO THE AIR.

CLARK AND SACAJAWEA
Aahhhh!

Clark finds himself squeezed against the bottom of the net, with Sacajawea on top of him. Their limbs entangle AWKWARDLY... but it's also a little bit SEXY.

The Mole Dragon STOPS. Where did its prey vanish to? It listens carefully. Flicking out its slick black tongue.

As the net SWAYS high in the trees, Clark's VISION SWIMS, and the ground seems to move even further away. PANIC grips him.

CLARK
Oh God...

The Mole Dragon PERKS UP, hearing his voice, and then TURNS ITS HEAD UPWARD, realizing where they've gone.

The Mole Dragon ROARS and LEAPS UP at them. Clark PULLS everything he can move up, as the creature SNAPS ITS JAWS-

And a FLECK OF SLIMY DROOL lands on his face.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Yuchhhh...

SACAJAWEA
Be still!
(then, whispers)
Earth Spirits cannot see. They only attack if they hear you.

Clark CLAMS UP. Holding his breath.

Down below, the Mole Dragon shuffles in an angry circle. Cocks its head... listening for them.

From higher up in the branches, an UNSEEN VOICE calls down-

VOICE (O.S.)
Quite a beauty, isn't she?

Clark cranes his neck to see a formidable 60-year-old frontiersman, with a wild beard and a fuzzy COONSKIN CAP. This is **DANIEL BOONE** - a man who believes in his own legend.

BOONE (CONT'D)
But her people skills leave something to be desired.

Boone TURNS A WINCH, RAISING the net up and out of danger.

CLARK
Who're you?

BOONE
The name's Daniel Boone. And this is my good friend Randal.

Clark looks around... but there's NO ONE THERE. Weird.

CLARK
Well... it's an honor, Mr. Boone. Grew up hearin' stories about ya.

BOONE
Only the good ones are true. What brings ya to these parts?

CLARK
(thinks quickly)
Trappers, mapping fur routes. Mappers... And trappers.

Boone examines Sacajawea. Noting her DRAGON-SKIN garments.

BOONE
And what's she here for?

SACAJAWEA
So he does not get lost.

CLARK
(going with it)
She's my guide.

BOONE
And she led ya into this forest? Hope ya get your money back.

CLARK
Mind lettin' us out of this net?

BOONE
Fur man, ya say?
(glances upward)
Look like a fur man to you, Randal?

Boone listens, then nods-

BOONE (CONT'D)
Good point.

Boone RELEASES THE WINCH and the net PLUNGES DOWNWARD.

CLARK AND SACAJAWEA
Aaahhhhh!

Boone CRANKS THE WINCH, stopping them in mid-air.

BOONE
Third Rule of Boone's Wilderness Survival Guide: Wherever ya go, know the flora and fauna!

The noise has alerted the Mole Dragon, and it LEAPS UP, mouth lined with ROWS OF JAGGED TEETH.

They SWING side to side, barely avoiding the dragon's JAWS.

BOONE (CONT'D)
What trapper wears U.S. Army boots? You here to take me in?

CLARK
No! Didn't even know ya were alive!

The Mole Dragon SHRIEKS. LEAPS again. MISSES BY INCHES.

BOONE
Then tell me what you're really after. Or else...

He turns the winch, slowly LOWERING THE NET...

CLARK
Redcoats!

Boone squints at them. Suspicious. Then breaks into a GRIN.

BOONE
Well, why didn't you say so?

Boone RAISES THEM UP to safety once again.

BOONE (CONT'D)
Rule Number One: Know your friends from your enemies.

Boone opens the net, letting our heroes spill out into the hollow of a tree beside him.

BOONE (CONT'D)
Had other game in mind. But I trust you'll be better conversation.

Below them, the Mole Dragon tears up massive swathes of soil - its wings adapted for digging, not flying. As it disappears into the ground, its TAIL OPENS LIKE A FAN. Spikes dig into the earth and pull shut the hole behind it.

Boone climbs higher up the tree, beckoning.

BOONE (CONT'D)
Me and Randal take the high road.

He points upward, and they see-

A man-made network of ROPE BRIDGES and PLANKS, linking one tree to the next. The ELEVATED WALKWAY winds up toward the canopy as it stretches DEEPER into the forest...

BOONE (CONT'D)
Not sayin' it's safe. Just safer than gettin' your nuts bit off.

EXT. ELEVATED WALKWAY - DAY

Clark and Sacajawea follow Boone across a rope bridge to where it dead ends into a thick tree trunk. On the opposite side, the next bridge continues the path, five feet up.

Boone climbs ahead. Clark pulls himself up, and pauses to offer a hand to Sacajawea.

CLARK
Need a hand?

She JUMPS UP, grabs a branch, and swings herself onto the path in front of him. Clearly doesn't need his help.

She turns and struts ahead. Clark watches her go. Hot damn.

CUT TO:

EXT. SNAKE RIVER - DAY

AN OAR SPLASHES down into the river, as PIKE'S KEELBOATS navigate upstream. Their sails HANG SLACK, and Redcoats ROW AGGRESSIVELY to propel the boats forward.

Lewis and Chief Taneo sit near the stern of one Keelboat, their hands BOUND.

Lewis quietly slides HIS SWORD up in its scabbard, exposing a few inches of the BLADE. He RUBS HIS BONDS against the sharp edge, and the thick rope starts to FRAY, when-

SHINK! His sword is suddenly DRAWN FROM ITS SHEATH, and Lewis looks up to see PIKE. Studying the antique blade.

PIKE
Beautiful inlay. Nicely balanced. Alas, a charming anachronism in the age of gunpowder.

LEWIS
No less impractical than a pair of bear claws.

Lewis nods toward HAKAN, who stands at the fore of the other Keelboat, looking out across the water.

GENERAL PIKE
Even Hakan is not above the changing times.
(MORE)

GENERAL PIKE (CONT'D)
He offers his services in exchange for guns. But a new era of war is upon us.

Lewis cocks his head. Instead of explaining, Pike asks-

GENERAL PIKE (CONT'D)
Are you familiar with the story of Hannibal?

LEWIS
I prefer not to dwell on the past.

GENERAL PIKE
Since you're a captive audience, let me educate you. He was a general from Carthage, whose life's mission was to defeat the Roman empire. He marched his army through the Alps, and met the Romans at Cannae- where his troops were outnumbered 2 to 1. The Romans charged. And Hannibal's cavalry took the field. Cavalry unlike any that had been seen before.
(pauses for effect)
Elephants. Hannibal had marched 37 war elephants over the mountains, and charged them into the field, using their tusks as spears while archers fired from their backs. The legions were crushed, and Hannibal became the first general to bring Rome to her knees. All because he knew that nature could provide weapons deadlier than any steel.

Pike TOSSES LEWIS' SWORD OVERBOARD. Lewis watches sadly as his beloved cutlass sinks into the river.

PIKE
Soon, I will take control of a creature that makes an elephant look like a house cat. And the tide of history will wash your young country back into the sea.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOONE'S TREE-LODGE - DAY

Clark and Sacajawea follow Boone through the treetops.

BOONE
See, I'm a hunter at heart. Spent my life chasin' bigger and bigger game. Soon's I saw one of them lizards, knew I'd found my calling. Set up shop out here-

He points ahead, where the walkway dead ends into...

A GIANT TREEHOUSE, supported between two massive trunks. It blends in perfectly, like an organic extension of the trees themselves. Clark marvels at the ingenious structure.

CLARK
Not bad.

INT. BOONE'S TREE-LODGE - DAY

Boone holds open a TRAPDOOR in the floor, letting them into-

His home. A tree fort on steroids. It's a world unto itself, full of TRUNKS, CARGO NETS, TRAPS, ROPES, lots of GUNS...

And BIG-GAME TROPHIES on the walls. A buffalo head. A 12-point buck. Even a BEAR.

BOONE
Y'all must be starving. I'll fix up some grub.

Boone starts PREPARING DINNER - pulling out dried meats, a wheel of cheese. Clark covets the food, but-

CLARK
Mighty kind, Mr. Boone, but we oughta be on our way.

BOONE
Nonsense. You need to rest if you're goin' after Pike.

Boone drops the name "Pike" casually - but clearly hoping to pique their interest. It works.

CLARK
Pike?

BOONE
Oh, sure. Ya mentioned Brits, an' I'm pretty sure he's the only Redcoat General in these parts.

SACAJAWEA
Who is this man, "Pike?"

CLARK
He was a Loyalist who fought for England in our Revolution. Got himself killed at Bunker Hill.

Boone serves up some vittles and the travelers dig in.

BOONE
That was Pike Senior- the daddy of the fella you run across. His son fought alongside him, and watched his old man die in battle.

CLARK
(that's strange)
Been twenty years since the war.

BOONE
The rest of the Brits sailed home, of course, but Pike refused to surrender. He's been livin' out here for decades, plotting his revenge against "the colonies." Kills any Yank he comes across.

CLARK
So why hasn't he killed you?

BOONE
Me an' Randal stay out of his way. With a whole army of mercenaries on his side, ain't much of a fair fight. But you two, plus my expertise... might stand a chance.
(testing)
Especially if you know where the Thunder Egg is hidden.

This sets off a warning bell with Sacajawea. Boone clocks her reaction-

BOONE (CONT'D)
So you do know where it is.

SACAJAWEA
We should go.

BOONE
Help yourself! But go walkin' in the dark and you're liable to wind up in a lizard belly.

Sacajawea and Clark share a look. Boone's right - they don't have much choice.

INT. BOONE'S TREE-LODGE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Clark SLEEPS SOUNDLY in a bunk built into the wall of the tree-fort. His first bed in months.

A finger POKES his chest, and he GRUMBLES. Another POKE, and he wakes with a START.

SACAJAWEA stands over him - beautifully silhouetted by moonlight. He gets the wrong idea and scoots over, inviting her to join him in the bunk...

CLARK
Are ya cold?

SACAJAWEA
(whispers fiercely)
We must go before he wakes.

She points to BOONE, who is SNORING SOUNDLY in his bunk.

Clark NODS. Right, of course.

Clark slips out of bed and retrieves his rifle. He OPENS the trapdoor in the floor-

CREEEEEAK.... Shit. Clark tenses. Looks at Boone.

Silence. Did they wake him?

Clark swiftly pulls the door all the way open, eliciting another noisy CREAK.

Boone still doesn't stir. They hold their breath... And then-

BOONE SNORES again. Phew.

They slip out through the trapdoor.

CLOSE ON

Boone, in bed... His EYES WIDE OPEN. Listening.

As soon as the trapdoor SHUTS, he pulls back the blanket and gets out of bed.

EXT. ELEVATED WALKWAY - DAWN

Clark and Sacajawea travel along Boone's walkway. Sacajawea pauses. They stop and LISTEN. Running water GURGLES nearby...

SACAJAWEA
The cave is near. We can get there on foot.

They start CLIMBING DOWN the tree. As Clark looks down, HIS VISION SWIMS. Vertigo. He clutches onto a branch...

Above him, Sacajawea grows impatient. She tries to PASS HIM. Hops down to a lower branch on the opposite side of the tree-

But it SNAPS beneath her weight. She FALLS-

And CLARK CATCHES HER, pulling her in close. A near-miss.

SACAJAWEA (CONT'D)
Sorry... I fell.

CLARK
It's okay.

She hangs onto him for dear life - their lips inches apart. An electric moment passes between them.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Just don't do it again.

She LOOKS AWAY and breaks the spell, scrambling down to the branches below.

Clark EXHALES DEEPLY. That was intense.

EXT. SNAKE RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

Clark follows Sacajawea along the edge of the Snake River - a clear, fast-flowing current.

She leads Clark to a stone outcropping that conceals a small, dark CAVE. Sacajawea ducks under the outcropping, and in the half-light, Clark startles as he comes face to face with-

THE MOUTH OF A MASSIVE DRAGON. Carved into the stone.

A granite sculpture resembling the Wind Dragon they met on the Mesa. Judging by the moss growing between its teeth, it's been here for centuries.

CLARK
(glances around)
So where's this "Thunder Egg?"

Sacajawea approaches the stone-carved dragon head. Its TEETH are bared in a menacing SNARL...

But one of the fangs is MISSING.

SACAJAWEA
Inside.

Sacajawea draws her Windblade, and SLIDES IT INTO THE GAP OF THE MISSING TOOTH. It LOCKS into place...

And they hear a deep GRINDING of stone on stone. A pulley WHIRS, gears TURN... and THE STONE DRAGON MOUTH OPENS WIDE.

Down its “throat,” a LONG TUNNEL disappears into darkness.

Sacajawea pulls TORCHES from the wall. LIGHTS THEM.

UP IN THE TREES

BOONE is hidden among the leaves, WATCHING THEM disappear into the cave. Interesting.

The hunter begins CLIMBING DOWN, but catches A GLIMPSE OF MOVEMENT through the trees. He takes cover, and watches as-

PIKE’S KEELBOATS come around a bend in the river, swarming with Redcoats.

INT. CAVES - TUNNELS - MOMENTS LATER

Clark and Sacajawea sidestep dripping stalactites.

CLARK
Your people dug these tunnels?

SACAJAWEA
No. They did.

She points to the wall, where Clark sees a PICTOGRAPH of a MOLE DRAGON. His SKIN CRAWLS as they continue deeper...

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - AT THE SAME TIME

Pike and Chief Taneo look at the dragon-mouth entrance to the cave, hanging open. A flicker of worry crosses Chief Taneo’s face. He speaks to Lewis, in Shoshone-

CHIEF TANEO
Sacajawea is already inside.

LEWIS
Then Clark is with her.

HAKAN
(suspicious)
It should not be open.

Pike looks to Lewis for an explanation.

LEWIS
Chief Taneo says the cave recognizes him as the Guardian.

Pike isn't convinced. Points to his men-

GENERAL PIKE
You two, stand guard.

The rest of the Redcoat party heads down into the cave.

INT. CAVES - OKINA'S GATE - MOMENTS LATER

Sacajawea and Clark hit a DEAD END. She raises her torch and the firelight reveals a large FLAT STONE, perfectly cut to the size of the cave. A GATE.

The slab is divided into A GRID OF SQUARES, and each square contains a SINGLE HIEROGLYPH. Various pictorial shapes - a BUFFALO in one, A BONE in another, a SUN, and other symbols.

Clark approaches the wall. He reaches out to touch the intricately carved surface-

SACAJAWEA
Careful.

She points upward. The stone ceiling above them is covered in JAGGED STONE SPIKES... Ready to drop.

Clark BACKS AWAY, out of the range of the spikes.

CLARK
Been down here before?

SACAJAWEA
No one has, for generations. This is Okina's gate.

She waves Clark closer, but he doesn't budge.

CLARK
Who's this "Okina" fella?

SACAJAWEA
A warrior. Like you.

Sacajawea approaches the wall, scanning the grid of GLYPHS. She finds one of a MAN WITH A SPEAR. Reaches out and PRESSES ON IT - and the stone SLIDES BACK INTO THE WALL.

Deep in the stonework, a GEAR TURNS. A LOCK SLIDES. Cool.

SACAJAWEA (CONT'D)
In the age of the Thunderbird, he was the first man to ride the wind.

She touches a WIND SYMBOL. Another CLICK.

SACAJAWEA (CONT'D)
He took Kiawa as his bride...
(a glyph of a woman)
But the day of the wedding, their village was attacked by a Thunderbird.

Another GLYPH, this one in the shape of a monstrous DRAGON.

SACAJAWEA (CONT'D)
Okina was wounded, and Kiawa was carried off into their nest in the mountains.
(a glyph of a mountain)
Okina tracked them back to their nest, and killed the beasts in their sleep. But he could not bring himself to murder an unborn child.
The Thunder Egg.

She touches a final glyph of an EGG, and the stone slides back. Gears GRIND, and the GATE RISES UP...

While the SPIKES descend slowly. It's a counterweight.

SACAJAWEA (CONT'D)
He hid it deep in these caves. Until a new warrior would come to ride the wind and defend the land.

Sacajawea steps through, then looks back at Clark.

SACAJAWEA (CONT'D)
Are you ready?

Clark eyes the spikes - doesn't have much time. He makes a run for it and DIVES THROUGH THE GATE just as-

The stone slab SLAMS down behind him.

He brushes himself off. She gives him a look - "Not bad."

Clark nods, and LEADS THE WAY deeper into the caves.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

Two Redcoats stand guard outside the cave. A CHUBBY one tells a story to his LANKY partner.

CHUBBY
... three sheets to the wind, with some Cherokee squaw, and he jolly well says “The General owns my rifle, but he don’t own my-

LANKY
-You hear that?

Chubby doesn’t like being interrupted, but he pauses to listen. LEAVES CRACKLE under approaching footsteps.

They RAISE THEIR RIFLES as BOONE emerges from the treeline.

CHUBBY
Who goes there?

BOONE
Afternoon, gentlemen! I’m Daniel Boone, frontiersman extraordinaire.

Boone DOFFS HIS COONSKIN CAP and BOWS.

CHUBBY
State your business!

BOONE
The winter’ll be mighty cold, and I’ve got furs for sale. Have a look at this beautiful coonskin cap.

He brings it closer, showing it to the men.

BOONE (CONT’D)
The craftsmanship is all my own. Look at the detail.

Chubby leans in to examine the RACCOON FACE on the hat and-

BAM! A gunshot from INSIDE BOONE’S HAT. Chubby drops, a bullet-hole between his eyes.

Lanky goes for his rifle. Boone fluidly PULLS THE PISTOL from inside his cap, swings it, and CRACKS Lanky on the skull. Knocking the guard out cold.

Boone looks down at the Brits and shakes his head at how easy that was. He pats his COONSKIN HAT and speaks directly to it-

BOONE (CONT’D)
Nice work, Randal.

RANDAL IS THE HAT. Boone heads for the cave... but pauses, looking back at the two soldiers IN UNIFORM.

INT. CAVES - NARROW PASSAGEWAY - DAY

Clark army-crawls through a low tunnel with Sacajawea behind him. Up ahead, a faint GLEAM OF LIGHT leads them to-

INT. CAVES - THE NEST - CONTINUOUS

A cathedral-sized chamber full of BIOLUMINESCENT MOLE DRAGON EGGS. Hundreds, packed together tightly. Their BLUISH-GREEN GLOW suffuses the nest.

CLARK
This what I think it is?

SACAJAWEA
These eggs belong to the Earth Spirits. The egg of the Thunderbird is hidden among theirs.

Clark surveys the wide expanse.

CLARK
Ever heard the phrase “needle in a haystack?”

INT. CAVES - OKINA’S GATE - DAY

Pike TOUCHES THE GLYPHS on the gate, as Lewis translates the story from Taneo.

LEWIS
He chased them back to the Mountain of Fire...

Pike presses the MOUNTAIN GLYPH and it SLIDES INTO PLACE.

As they come to the final piece of the story, Chief Taneo hesitates. Calculating. He looks up at the SPIKES above them and makes a decision.

He speaks to Lewis in Shoshone, and Lewis translates-

LEWIS (CONT’D)
... then Okina destroyed the Fire Spirts with water from the river.

Pike reaches for a WATER GLYPH, when-

HAKAN GRABS HIS WRIST. Stopping his hand.

HAKAN
That is not the way the story ends.
(to Taneo)
You are old. Your memory fails you.

Hakan moves Pike's hand over to THE EGG. Pike considers... Decides to believe Hakan.

He presses the EGG GLYPH, and the gate mechanism TURNS.

BOONE

PEERS around a corner of the cave, watching secretly, as the OKINA GATE BEGINS TO RISE and the spikes DESCEND.

He's wearing a REDCOAT UNIFORM. It's a little tight.

Pike's men file through the gate, and Boone HUSTLES DOWN THE CORRIDOR, joining the end of the line.

Amid the commotion of hurrying through the gate, none of the Redcoats notices Boone. He keeps his head low, blending in.

GENERAL PIKE
All accounted for?

REDCOATS
(in unison)
Aye.

HAKAN
No guns.

Pike evil-eyes him. "You dare give orders to my men?"

HAKAN (CONT'D)
The Earth Spirits hunt during the day. But fire a gun, and they will return home. Hungry.

Pike draws his sword. Deliberately. A threat?

Then, the general gives the order-

GENERAL PIKE
Draw your steel. No shots.

INT. CAVES - NEST - DAY

Clark and Sacajawea search the nest. They've covered every inch, and are getting exhausted.

CLARK
Your ancestors sure took their time hidin' it.

Clark takes a break and SITS DOWN at the edge of the chamber.

SACAJAWEA
The cave was made so only the worthy will find the Thunder Egg.
(doubting herself)
And I am unable to find it.

Clark pulls out Lewis' JOURNAL, flips through it idly.

CLARK
Lewis woulda found it by now. He's good at puzzles.

He PAUSES on a random page. Stares at it. Sacajawea notices, gives him a quizzical look.

CLARK (CONT'D)
(reads aloud)
"Months of searching have not yielded a single clue. But I must keep hope, for I know that night is always darkest before the dawn."

She shrugs. Clark squints, an IDEA forming in his mind. Then-

He GRINDS HIS TORCH INTO the ground, putting out the flame.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Yours too.

She considers for a moment, then EXTINGUISHES HER TORCH, plunging the cave into PITCH BLACK...

Except for the blue-green glow of the BIOLUMINESCENT EGGS.

In the near-darkness, GLOWING LICHEN are now visible on the cave walls. Nature's version of a black-light poster.

As their eyes adjust, PATTERNS EMERGE, etched into the lichen. An ancient pictograph of LOOPS and SWIRLS, forming the shape of a GIANT EYE...

At the center of the pupil, a SMOOTH ROUND STONE is covered in glowing lichen.

Etched into the stone - a symbol of A MAN WITH A SPEAR, with a glowing SUN above him. Clark studies the glyph.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Warrior?

SACAJAWEA
A worthy warrior.

CLARK PRESSES THE STONE, and it easily SLIDES BACK through the wall... and CLICKS against a trigger. Silence, then-

A deep GRINDING OF GEARS under the floor, and a STONE PEDESTAL RISES UP. Its curved surface cups THE THUNDER EGG. The legendary dragon egg is three feet high, and its dark surface GLEAMS like polished obsidian.

Sacajawea places her hands on the egg reverently.

CLARK
Hundreds of years, and it hasn't hatched? Maybe it's just a rock.

SACAJAWEA
A Thunder Egg can only hatch where it was created. At *Shakona Kai*.

CLARK
What's that?

GENERAL PIKE (O.S.)
The Mountain of Fire.

They TURN to see PIKE AND HIS MEN enter the chamber. Redcoats fan out along the ledge. Getting an elevated position.

GENERAL PIKE (CONT'D)
And it will be my pleasure to take it there.

Clark DRAWS HIS RIFLE... but with Redcoats on all sides, he's not sure where to aim.

Chief Taneo and Lewis are forced along by Hakan. Lewis is glad to see that his friend has come to his rescue - but Clark and Sacajawea are hopelessly outnumbered.

LEWIS
Easy, Clark.

GENERAL PIKE
(to Clark)
I'll venture that your friend is the brains of the operation.

CLARK
He sure is. But I'm the brawn.

Clark SWITCHES HIS GRIP on the rifle - wielding it like a CLUB and threatening to SMASH the Thunder Egg.

CLARK (CONT'D)
And if you hurt him- all the king's men won't be able to put this thing back together again.

GENERAL PIKE
No need to be rash.

SACAJAWEA
Let my father go.

GENERAL PIKE
We can sort this so we all leave better off. Give me the egg, and I'll return them. Agreed?

Clark looks at Sacajawea. She nods.

Clark slings his rifle onto his back, and PICKS UP THE EGG. Carries it toward the center of the chamber.

Hakan marches Taneo through the crowd of Redcoats, the Windblade pressed into the chief's back.

One of the Redcoats GRABS LEWIS by the collar, and we see that IT'S BOONE.

BOONE
(bad British accent)
Come along, mate.

Hakan and Clark approach one another - Clark with the Thunder Egg, Hakan leading Chief Taneo.

As Hakan sees Clark, his eyes DAWN WITH RECOGNITION.

HAKAN
Captain William Clark.

CLARK
Not in the Army anymore.

HAKAN
Yes. It must be difficult to be a captain when all your men are dead.

Clark SEETHES. Hakan turns his attention to Sacajawea, looks her up and down-

HAKAN (CONT'D)
A beautiful woman should not travel with such a careless man.

SACAJAWEA
Will you find me beautiful when my knife is in your belly?

Clark looks to Lewis - and realizes that the Redcoat holding him is BOONE. Boone WINKS.

HAKAN
(re: the egg)
Lay it on the ground.

CLARK
Let them go first.

They eye one another suspiciously. Hakan presses the Windblade into Taneo's flesh.

The Chief looks at the egg... then turns to Lewis.

CHIEF TANEO
Lana mehi optum lakani.

This takes Lewis by surprise. He turns to Clark-

LEWIS
He wants you to destroy the egg.

Clark looks at Hakan-

CLARK
How bad do ya want it?

Then, Clark HEAVES the egg high into the air. The whole room HOLDS THEIR BREATH... all eyes fixed on the Thunder Egg as it ARCS through the air-

And CRASHES to the ground. But the dark shell BOUNCES on the stone floor. It rolls to a stop... UNDAMAGED.

HAKAN
It seems the Thunder Egg cannot be destroyed so easily. But he can.

Hakan PLUNGES THE WINDBLADE into Chief Taneo's chest.

SACAJAWEA
NO!

She rushes to her father.

Hakan turns and RUNS FOR THE THUNDER EGG.

Clark watches Chief Taneo COLLAPSE - then RAISES HIS RIFLE - takes aim at Hakan.

Hakan reaches the egg, picks it up, just as-

Clark FIRES - but his shot RICOCHETS harmlessly off the Thunder Egg. It's bulletproof.

But, the musket shot ECHOES THROUGH THE CAVERN.

BOOM... Boom... boom...

The Redcoats look around nervously as the echo subsides. Hoping that it went unnoticed by the Mole Dragons.

Silence. Perhaps it did. Then... A low RUMBLING in the walls. Vibrations getting CLOSER...

And the rocky wall BURSTS OPEN. AN AWFUL SHRIEK, as-

A MOLE DRAGON CRASHES INTO THE CHAMBER. Followed by ANOTHER, and ANOTHER, as Mole Dragons SWARM THE NEST.

GENERAL PIKE
GET THE EGG!

Redcoats abandon their positions on the ledge and JUMP DOWN into the nest.

One BRAVE REDCOAT stands his ground and tries to sword-fight a Mole Dragon as it rushes in. He SWIPES at it uselessly-

And it LEAPS - pins him to the ground - RIPS INTO HIM.

LEWIS

Stares at the Mole Dragons. Terrified. Then his instincts kick in. He takes the opportunity, and-

DECKS BOONE - not realizing that-

BOONE
I'm on your side!

Lewis looks at the old man - then to Clark. Clark NODS.

CLARK
You just sucker-punched Daniel Boone.

Lewis GAPES at Boone. Starstruck.

LEWIS
Oh my God. I'm a huge fan.

HAKAN

RUNS with the egg, but a Mole Dragon LEAPS into his path. SNAPS at him. He turns and cuts the other way-

But the beast flicks its tail through the air. A set of deadly BARBS splay out from the end.

Hakan DIVES to the ground, and FUMBLES the Thunder Egg.

It ROLLS away... right towards another Mole Dragon. The creature whirls, BARES ITS FANGS... and Hakan FLEES.

LEWIS AND CLARK

Dodge through the nest, and pass a Mole Dragon FEASTING ON A REDCOAT. Lewis stares at it in horror-

LEWIS
What is that thing?

CLARK
I call it the Lewis Draconis.

The Mole Dragon WHIPS ITS HEAD IN THEIR DIRECTION.

CLARK (CONT'D)
And it's not a vegetarian.

They run for the Thunder Egg. Clark bends to pick it up as-

A REDCOAT descends on them. Lewis steps up to meet the assailant. They DUEL, trading SWORD ATTACKS.

LEWIS
Look out!

Clark turns and sees A REDCOAT CHARGING, SWORD RAISED HIGH-

BOOM. A rifle shot DROPS THE REDCOAT mid-step. Clark looks back to see who fired. It was BOONE.

BOONE
They make it so easy, with them bright red jackets.

Boone peels off his own RED COAT, and tosses it to Clark.

BOONE (CONT'D)
Throw that egg in here.

Clark WRAPS THE EGG in the coat, and hoists it over his shoulder. Then picks up the fallen soldier's SWORD.

SACAJAWEA

Kneels beside Chief Taneo as he lies dying on the ground. The Windblade stuck in his chest. BLOOD SEEPS OUT of the wound.

SACAJAWEA
Here. Lean on me.

She tries to lift him, but Chief Taneo shakes his head.

CHIEF TANEO
You must destroy the Thunder Egg.

SACAJAWEA
I do not know how.

CHIEF TANEO
The Thunderbird must live again...
before it can die forever.
(grabs the Windblade)
Take this. It is yours now.

He slowly PULLS THE WINDBLADE FREE... and hands it to her, as the life drains out of him.

SACAJAWEA
No... please, no...

AND HE'S GONE.

TEARS WELL in Sacajawea's eyes.

A REDCOAT RACES TOWARDS HER, and her grief gives way to RAGE.

The Redcoat SLICES at her with his sword.

Sacajawea DODGES and COUNTERS - SLASHING the Windblade downward. The Redcoat brings up his sword to block, but-

THE WINDBLADE SHEARS STRAIGHT THROUGH THE SWORD and SKIMS the Redcoat's shoulder - drawing blood.

The Redcoat looks at his broken weapon - then TURNS AND RUNS.

CLARK (O.S.)
C'mon!

Clark carries the Thunder Egg, slung over his shoulder. He beckons Sacajawea to join them.

She takes one last look at her father's body, then follows.

GENERAL PIKE

Scrambles to a covered position on the ledge, out of the chaotic melee below. Tries to give orders-

GENERAL PIKE
Form up! Hold your ranks!

But it's no use. His men are out of earshot, fleeing back through the tunnels... Or getting eaten where they stand.

He SCANS the nest, and spots our heroes as they ESCAPE INTO-

THE TUNNELS

Sacajawea follows Lewis, Clark, and Boone down a dirt burrow. The shrieks of Mole Dragons FADING behind them.

Her cheeks are wet with TEARS. Her vision BLURRED. In her frantic state, she STUMBLES to the ground. Skins her knee.

Lewis, Clark, and Boone keep going - unaware that Sacajawea has stopped. Their footsteps echoing ahead. She starts to climb to her feet, when she hears, behind her...

THE CLICKING of talons as a Mole Dragon rounds the corner. Drooling. Out for blood.

Sacajawea freezes, as Lewis, Clark, and Boone disappear down the passageway.

She opens her mouth to call for help, but stops herself. Knowing it will attack the moment she screams.

The Mole Dragon approaches her slowly. Deliberately. Waiting for her to move.

She holds her breath, as the sickening creature closes in. Then carefully RISES TO HER FEET...

But her father's WINDBLADE falls from her belt, and CLATTERS to the ground. At the sudden sound-

The Mole Dragon ROARS.... and CHARGES.

Sacajawea grabs the Windblade and RACES DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

The Mole Dragon closes the distance. Incredibly fast.

Clark turns back to see Sacajawea and the Mole Dragon BARRELING TOWARD HIM.

SACAJAWEA
Run!

Instead, Clark RAISES HIS SWORD AND CHARGES STRAIGHT AT HER.

CLARK
DOWN!

Sacajawea follows his command and SLIDES TO THE GROUND-

As Clark LEAPS OVER HER and SLASHES at the creature. But the blade harmlessly BOUNCES OFF the creature's leathery hide.

The Mole Dragon rears back on its hind legs and WHIPS ITS SPIKED TAIL in a deadly arc.

Clark drops his sword and DIVES FOR SACAJAWEA - shielding her body with his. The Mole Dragon's tail RAKES ACROSS HIS BACK as they roll out of the way.

He grimaces in agony. Scrambles to his feet. Looks for his sword - and makes eye contact with Sacajawea.

The Mole Dragon RECOVERS. SHRIEKS. Crouches to attack...

Sacajawea TOSSES THE WINDBLADE TO CLARK, as-

The Mole Dragon LUNGES-

And in one fluid motion, Clark CATCHES THE WINDBLADE, SPINS, SWINGS, and CUTS ITS FUCKING HEAD OFF.

Thick, black DRAGON BLOOD ERUPTS from the beast's neck, SPRAYING all over Clark, and SIZZLING into his wound.

The body of the beast collapses to the ground.

Lewis and Boone come RUNNING BACK to find a headless dragon on the ground, and Clark - DRENCHED IN DRAGON BLOOD. Epic.

Clark holds the Windblade up toward Lewis-

CLARK (CONT'D)
Now *that* is a sword.

Then Clark WOBBLES, suddenly unsteady on his feet. Sacajawea STEADIES HIM. Look at his back.

SACAJAWEA
Do not let it-

Too late. The dragon's blood mingles freely with Clark's, SIZZLING into the gashes on his back.

SACAJAWEA (CONT'D)
We have little time.

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

Clark STAGGERS OUT of the cave with Sacajawea.

She PULLS HER WINDBLADE from the stone jaws at the entrance. As she removes the key, the TUNNEL CLOSES behind them.

In the bright light of day, Lewis gets a good look at Clark. His face is pale and sweaty, his eyes have trouble focusing.

SACAJAWEA
His blood is poisoned.

LEWIS
Will he live?

SACAJAWEA
I know where he can be healed. But we must hurry.

CLARK
(on the verge of collapse)
Go ahead. I'll catch up.

SACAJAWEA
I have seen enough death today.

She leads them to the edge of the Snake River. Boone brings up the rear, lugging the Thunder Egg. They stop and look at the two KEELBOATS moored on the shore.

BOONE
Three of us can't steer a ship that size.

SACAJAWEA
Come with us, or go on your way.

Boone shrugs his shoulders and steps back toward the forest-

BUT THE WINDBLADE STOPS HIM IN HIS TRACKS. Sacajawea holds the weapon in front of Boone's face.

SACAJAWEA (CONT'D)
The Thunder Egg stays with me.

BOONE
Whatever you say, sweetheart.

LEWIS
We can bring it back to Washington. The President will be eager to see it, and I promise it will be safe.

SACAJAWEA
No. It must be destroyed. I will take the egg to *Shakona Kai*. And when it hatches, I will kill the creature that lives inside.

She CLIMBS UP onto one of the Keelboats, and looks down at Lewis and Boone - “Are you in?”

CUT TO:

A MOUND OF LOOSE DIRT piled up on the forest floor - the covered remnant of a Mole Dragon hole. Stillness. Then...

The dirt STIRS. And BEAR CLAWS pierce the topsoil, as-

EXT. WOODS - DAY

HAKAN DIGS HIS WAY TO THE SURFACE. He SPITS dust, fills his lungs with the fresh air, and opens his eyes to see-

A RIFLE BARREL. Aimed squarely at his forehead. And at the other end of it, PIKE - flanked by the surviving Redcoats. Those who remain are bloody, filthy, and very angry.

GENERAL PIKE
So glad you found your way.

HAKAN
(looks at the guns)
This is how you repay me? I have kept my word.

GENERAL PIKE
You promised the egg! And now, it’s lost. As are half of my men.

HAKAN
A small price, for the Thunderbird.

GENERAL PIKE
Codswallop! It has fallen into the hands of our enemies.

HAKAN
No man can resist its power. I know where the Americans will take it.

GENERAL PIKE
(snarls)
Then by all means, lead the way. I’ll be right behind you.

CUT TO:

EXT. SNAKE RIVER - DAY

The KEELBOAT glides along the river. Lewis STEERS the ship.

Sacajawea sits with Clark, CLEANING HIS WOUND. A web of BLACK VEINS stretches out from the nasty cuts, reaching across his back and spreading to his limbs.

CLARK
So hot... Wanna go for a swim?

Clark tries to crawl over the side.

SACAJAWEA
Not now.

She gently pulls him back, but he violently SHOVES HER AWAY. Suddenly wild-eyed and delirious.

CLARK
God damn savages!

Sacajawea is shocked... and hurt. She pulls away.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Fall back! We're surrounded!

LEWIS
Settle down, Clark.
(to Sacajawea)
He doesn't mean any harm.

SACAJAWEA
His words come from deep within.

Lewis nods, wants to avoid the subject. But he can feel Sacajawea's eyes boring into him. He relents-

LEWIS
I met Clark when we served in the French-Indian War. Ugly conflict- tribes flipping sides every five minutes. But the whole time, the Iroquois stayed with us. Our battalion had a guide who came to us with information on the French position. We took him at his word.

Sacajawea looks away, knows where this is going.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
My unit was supposed to hold the line, while Clark's men came up the Enderby Pass.
(MORE)

LEWIS (CONT'D)
They marched right into a trap. Every last one was killed. Our Iroquois guide almost got Clark too. When I found him, he was nearly cut in half. But alive. That Indian disappeared into the forest, and we never saw him again... Until your village.

SACAJAWEA
Hakan.

LEWIS
Clark doesn't trust easily. Especially your people.

SACAJAWEA
Hakan is not one of my people.

LEWIS
I know, but...

Lewis shrugs, an apology of sorts. Sacajawea turns away.

The boat DIPS and LURCHES in the water, as they head into-

THE RAPIDS

The keelboat navigates A CHURNING, WHITEWATER CHUTE. The river flows fast, and SHARP ROCKS jut up out of the water.

The boat CRACKS against a boulder, LEANS perilously to the side. A huge SPLASH washes over the vessel.

BOONE
This boat's not made for rapids.

SACAJAWEA
It is the only way.

While they argue, the boat PICKS UP SPEED in the quickening current. Lewis steers between the SHARP ROCKS.

BOONE
Take us to shore!

SACAJAWEA
If you do, your friend will die.

BOONE
If you don't, we'll all die!

Lewis is caught in the middle, like a child watching his parents argue while he HOLDS THE WHEEL.

BOONE (CONT'D)
You know what Shoshone means, don'tcha?

LEWIS
"Snake people."

The boat SMACKS against a boulder. The hull GROANING from the force of impact. Lewis STEADIES HIMSELF, holds the wheel...

BOONE
Exactly. You're followin' a snake woman.

A flash of doubt crosses Lewis' mind. He looks ahead-

And sees A STEEP DROP-OFF, half a mile downstream, where the river empties into a MASSIVE WATERFALL. He looks to Sacajawea-

SACAJAWEA
Your friend will ride the wind.

BOONE
Forget about her. Hell, forget me! Save your damn self.

Lewis weighs his options... and his sense of self-preservation kicks in. He TACKS toward shore, and the boat LEANS. But as it turns-

CRACK! The Keelboat SMASHES into a huge POINTED BOULDER with a sickening CRUNCH.

The impact THROWS them all forward, SPRAWLING onto the deck.

As Lewis climbs to his feet, he sees the Keelboat is STOPPED in the middle of the river, IMPALED ON THE BOULDER.

The current BATTERS them on all sides. Water SURGES through the deck with a GURGLE. Their boat is taking on water. Fast.

As the deck floods, Clark struggles to keep his head above water. Lewis and Sacajawea PULL HIM UP.

Boone leans over the edge of the boat, surveys the foamy whitewater below.

BOONE (CONT'D)
Rule Six: Know when to jump ship.

Boone prepares to DIVE INTO THE WATER, but he's stopped by-

CRAC-CRA-CR-CRACK! The sound of WOOD SPLITTING, as the GREY BOULDER surges up through the deck.

But this is no ordinary boulder. It's smooth and silver and keeps rising - LIFTING THE KEELBOAT UP INTO THE AIR.

Lewis looks down over the edge of the shattered hull and sees a GIANT YELLOW EYE, dotted with a BLUE PUPIL. It blinks.

The boat is impaled on the horned head of a LEVIATHAN DRAGON.

LEWIS
Holy...

Sacajawea leans over the edge, marveling at the giant eye.

SACAJAWEA
Unktehila. The Water Spirit. It is good luck to see one.

THE RIVER DRAGON whips its snout back and forth, bucking vigorously to try and dislodge the keelboat from its horn.

Lewis, Boone, and Sacajawea hang on for dear life as Clark is tossed like a rag doll.

The dragon stops shaking its head, giving them a moment's respite. Boone glares at Sacajawea.

BOONE
Good luck, ya said?

LEWIS
It saved us from the waterfall.

They're JOLTED INTO MOTION, and the keelboat takes off downriver... straight for the falls.

BOONE
Sure about that?

The ship remains attached to the horn on the creature's head. As it picks up speed, the SAIL WHIPS fiercely, and the mast GROANS from the force against it.

LEWIS
Look out!

They take cover as the mast is RIPPED OFF THE DECK and catapults past, splashing into the water behind them.

The River Dragon races on, faster and faster. CLOSING THE GAP. Twenty yards. Ten.

LEWIS (CONT'D)
Hold on.

The sound of the falls rises to a DEAFENING ROAR as they BARREL TOWARD THE EDGE. And then-

The River Dragon LEAPS OUT OVER THE WATERFALL.

For the first time we see its entire body - an undulating, serpentine form, like an 80-foot eel covered in gleaming cerulean scales. Bony spines run the length of its back.

The beast ROOOOOAARS as it shoots off the waterfall, dragging the Keelboat speared on its nose out over-

EXT. LAKE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

An expanse of brilliant blue water. The Keelboat SOARS as the River Dragon SPREADS ITS WING-LIKE FINS, gliding like a flying fish to slow its descent.

A moment of stillness affords a view of the scenic landscape, and it feels as if they might take off toward the horizon...

Then, the horned serpent folds its fins and DIVES.

Inside the plummeting boat, our heroes BRACE FOR IMPACT. The dragon SPLASHES DOWN into the lake, dragging the ship-

UNDERWATER

The shattered keelboat comes free of the horn and scatters its passengers. Amid the tumbling chaos of churning bubbles, the crew tries to orient themselves and SWIM FOR-

THE SURFACE

Sacajawea comes up beside Lewis as he GASPS FOR BREATH. Boone makes it up too. Looks around for the Thunder Egg, but it’s nowhere in sight.

Sacajawea scans the surface... NO CLARK.

UNDERWATER

Clark sinks. He FLAILS, tries to swim, but he’s too weak.

He looks up at the shimmering surface, as the bright sun recedes from view and he descends into darkness. Then-

A HUMAN FORM swims across the light above him. A whirl of lithe arms and legs, PLUNGING down through the water.

It’s SACAJAWEA. She propels herself rapidly down, down, down. Swimming through the WRECKAGE and SUPPLIES from the ship. Pushing past thick planks and wooden BARRELS.

Finally - she finds CLARK. Grabs him under the arms, and starts to swim up, but-

A GIANT SHAPE emerges through the darkness of the water. The River Dragon writhes towards them - CHOMPING at the wreckage. Devouring a BARREL of dried fish, and a RACK of salted ham. Searching for live prey...

Sacajawea DRAGS CLARK through the water, and takes cover behind a piece of the ship's HULL. She holds on to the edge of the wood, pressing their bodies against it, and peeks over the edge, watching as-

The River Dragon's undulating body GLIDES PAST. The effect on Clark is oddly calming. He's transfixed by its shimmering beauty. Once the creature passes-

Sacajawea holds onto Clark and KICKS HARD for the surface.

EXT. LAKE SHORE - DAY

Lewis rushes into the shallows as Sacajawea DRAGS CLARK ASHORE. From the bank, Boone stares out at the pristine lake.

A BURST OF BUBBLES, and the Thunder Egg BOBS TO THE SURFACE, not far from shore. Buoyant, like a volcanic rock.

Boone wades out to retrieve the Thunder Egg.

SACAJAWEA
(to Lewis)
Stay here. I must care for him.

She indicates CLARK, who looks to be on death's doorstep.

SACAJAWEA (CONT'D)
He is between the two worlds.

His eyelids FLUTTER as he loses consciousness, and we...

FADE OUT/IN TO:

EXT. HOT SPRINGS - DAY

THICK CLOUDS OF STEAM rise off the surface of a natural bubbling HOT SPRINGS, nestled high in the mountains.

As Clark twitches awake, he feels an ITCH on his back, and reaches to scratch it-

SACAJAWEA (O.S.)
It needs time to heal.

He turns to find her standing in the hot springs, head and shoulders above the surface, the rest concealed underwater.

SACAJAWEA (CONT'D)
The Waters of Kiawa have strong medicine.

He stares at her - then realizes with a start that HE'S COMPLETELY NAKED. He slips deeper in the water...

CLARK
Where's my clothes?

SACAJAWEA
Do white men usually wear their clothes in the water?
(a sly smile)
You have nothing to hide.

That wakes him up.

CLARK
Guess I'm used to bathin' alone.

SACAJAWEA
You talked in your sleep.
(off his look)
Something about "savages".

CLARK
(sincere)
Sorry. It was... a bad dream.

SACAJAWEA
Dreams can trap us in the past. Or they can show us the future.

CLARK
Your vision... What'd you see?

SACAJAWEA
A Wind Spirit carried me into the clouds, and told me a great storm would destroy my village. Then, the Earth Spirits dragged me into the dirt, and showed me the graves of my people. The ancestors told me I could do nothing to stop this- but they showed me a man who could.

She stops, uncertain. Clark senses there's more to tell. Sacajawea looks away, points to a nearby mountain.

SACAJAWEA (CONT'D)
See those cliffs? This is where Okina first rode the Wind Spirit.

CLARK
How'd he catch it?

SACAJAWEA
He trusted the wind.

CLARK
Musta been quite a guy.

SACAJAWEA
They say the blood of the spirits ran through his veins.
(comes closer)
And now, it runs in you. You killed an Earth Spirit, and saved my life.

CLARK
Didn't think about it much.

SACAJAWEA
I know.
(then)
I have a gift for you.

She offers him her father's WINDBLADE. Clark's eyes widen.

CLARK
You sure?

SACAJAWEA
I trust my vision.

He takes it from her, marveling at the beauty of the blade.

CLARK
So what happens next, in this vision of yours?

Sacajawea hesitates. Doesn't want to talk about it.

SACAJAWEA
I am not sure how to say...

So instead of telling him the rest, she KISSES HIM.

Clark's EYES GO WIDE - a moment of shock, before instinct kicks in and he KISSES HER BACK, deeply, passionately. As blankets of steam envelop them, we-

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE SHORE - DAY

Lewis sits in front of the Thunder Egg, looking dejected. He tosses pebbles against its dark surface.

He hears FOOTSTEPS and looks up to see Boone approaching.

BOONE
Mind if I join ya?

Lewis doesn't say anything and Boone sits down beside him. Finally, Lewis breaks the silence-

LEWIS
If I bring this egg to Washington, I'll finally be taken seriously. The President will make me governor of this entire territory.
(tosses a rock)
So why do I feel so terrible?

BOONE
Ya know, when I was your age, I wanted to be the greatest trapper on Earth. Made my name, and more money than I could spend in a lifetime. But there came a day when I'da traded it all for one true friend. That's when I met Randal.

He takes off his COONSKIN CAP - offering it to Lewis.

BOONE (CONT'D)
His mama got caught in a trap. So I took him home and raised him up, and he was at my side for twenty years. Day he died, I couldn't bear to let him go.

Lewis LOOKS AT THE CAP with newfound understanding, while Boone STANDS UP. Gazes into the distance thoughtfully.

BOONE (CONT'D)
A man's nothin' without a friend.

LEWIS
Thanks Mr. Boone. I'll remember that.

BOONE
Remember this too.

THWOK! Boone conks Lewis on the back of the head with the butt of his rifle.

Lewis drops to the ground, unconscious.

BOONE (CONT'D)
Number One Rule of Wilderness Survival: know your friends from your enemies.

CUT TO:

HAKAN - SHARPENING his bear claws, as he sits at the top of a-

EXT. ROCKY CLIFF - DAY

Hakan waits for the British soldiers to catch up, as they slowly ASCEND THE CLIFF with ropes and spikes.

Pike PULLS HIMSELF OVER THE EDGE. Winded from the climb.

GENERAL PIKE
It had better not be much further.

HAKAN
I could be there by sunset. With your men, I cannot say.

Hakan glances over the edge of the cliff. Most of the Redcoats are nearing the top, proceeding slowly. But there's a SLOWPOKE, still halfway down.

HAKAN (CONT'D)
They may need some encouragement.

Pike understands. NODS. Hakan SLICES THROUGH SLOWPOKE'S ROPE with his claws, sending the man SCREAMING down into the abyss. The other Redcoats watch him with alarm.

GENERAL PIKE
Hurry along, lads!

The Redcoats see Hakan's CLAWS hovering over their ropes... And they SPEED UP, climbing like their lives depend on it.

EXT. LAKE SHORE - DAY

Clark and Sacajawea make their way down from the hot springs.

They're in high spirits, talking and flirting as Clark marvels at the WINDBLADE. Slicing it through the air like a kid with a new toy. He catches Sacajawea watching him.

CLARK
What?

SACAJAWEA
I have not seen you so happy.

CLARK
Well, yeah. It's a great knife.

SACAJAWEA
Is it... only because of the knife?

CLARK
No, I guess not.
(then)
The bath was good too.

Sacajawea ROLLS HER EYES at his teasing and tries to hide her smile. But the moment doesn't last long. As they reach the lake, they find-

The shore is deserted. No sign of Boone or Lewis except a SMOLDERING CAMPFIRE. Eerie silence. They creep toward the campfire, weapons ready...

And find LEWIS. Face down in the dirt. Motionless.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Oh no...

He runs to Lewis. Kneels. Turns him over-

CLARK (CONT'D)
Lewis? Lewis!

Lewis SNAPS AWAKE - a huge WELT swelling over his eye. He sits up, looks around for the egg... but it's GONE.

LEWIS
Boone.

Clark turns away. Furious. But Sacajawea takes responsibility-

SACAJAWEA
I never should have let it out of my sight.

She searches the grass... Finds a BOOTPRINT in the mud.

SACAJAWEA (CONT'D)
He went west. Not long ago.
(realizes)
He will hatch it for himself.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - NIGHT

Boone hurries up a narrow pass in the Bitterroot Mountains- leaving behind the plains of Idaho and entering the rocky landscape of eastern Oregon.

The Thunder Egg is slung over his shoulder, and he GRUNTS with the exertion of hauling it across the barren landscape.

ON THE RIDGE ABOVE

A WHITE WOLF stalks him silently, peering down at him in the pass below. It GROWLS, and runs down through the rocks...

DOWN BELOW

Boone trudges through the dark pass, unaware of the wolf.

BOONE
Come on, Randal. Miles to go before we sleep.

He cocks his head as though Randal is talking to him.

BOONE (CONT'D)
I'm sure you two will get on fine.
(listens, then)
Of course you'll still be my favorite.

Fierce winds WHIP Boone. He squints into the darkness ahead and sees a METAL POST stuck in the ground, trailing a SEVERED CHAIN... and nearby, the MANGLED REMAINS OF AN IRON CAGE.

Boone stops. Stares at the ominous sight.

Behind him, the WHITE WOLF emerges from the mist. Creeping slowly toward Boone, its paws silent on the stone...

But Boone is OBLIVIOUS. Puzzling over the twisted metal bars.

BOONE (CONT'D)
The hell happened here...

The wolf CHARGES-

Boone turns - sees it CLOSING IN on him. He STUMBLES BACK, and FUMBLES FOR HIS GUN, but it's too close. It LEAPS-

BAM! A GUNSHOT echoes through the pass...

And the wolf falls to the ground. DEAD. Boone stares at the creature. Baffled.

GENERAL PIKE (O.S.)
How quickly the hunter becomes the prey.

A figure emerges through the mist... PIKE. Shit. Boone backs up, but runs right into-

HAKAN. Who quickly SNATCHES AWAY his rifle.

As more REDCOATS emerge, Boone finds himself SURROUNDED.

GENERAL PIKE (CONT'D)
Isn't that so, Mr. Boone?

BOONE
Now just a dang minute. You an' me- we both want the same thing.

GENERAL PIKE
And what, pray tell, might that be?

BOONE
A dragon.

GENERAL PIKE
A dragon is only a means to an end. The end of the United States.
(then)
Now, if I believed that you had your heart set on watching Washington burn, perhaps we would be allies. But you are a wild man. Your place is here, in the wild.

He makes a sweeping gesture to the vast landscape.

GENERAL PIKE (CONT'D)
And this is where you shall remain.

Hakan PLUNGES HIS BEAR CLAWS into Boone's back. Boone EXHALES IN PAIN. Drops the Thunder Egg and FALLS TO HIS KNEES.

GENERAL PIKE (CONT'D)
Rest well.

Pike's men RETRIEVE THE THUNDER EGG, and march onward-

Leaving Boone slumped against a rock, as A DUSTING OF SNOW starts to fall. We hold on Boone, BLEEDING OUT, and-

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS - MORNING

Boone hasn't moved an inch in hours, while the snow has piled up on the ground around him.

The sunrise gleams on pristine white powder, with a bright red RIVER OF BLOOD running through it.

A pair of MOCCASINS step into frame, followed by TWO PAIRS OF BOOTS. Sacajawea and Lewis and Clark survey the scene.

CLARK
Guess Pike had him figured better than we did.

They stare at the fallen frontiersman in silence. Suddenly-

Boone HACKS AND COUGHS. Spits up blood. He's alive. Barely. Lewis kneels beside him, and Boone pulls him close-

BOONE
Randal...

Boone feebly removes his COONSKIN CAP and offers it to Lewis.

LEWIS
I'll take good care of him.

BOONE
(smiles weakly)
You'll be a fine guv'nor.

Boone WHEEZES his last breath... and EXPIRES.

Lewis closes his eyes in a silent moment of respect. Then-

CLARK
What'd he mean, "governor?"

LEWIS
(coming clean)
I need to be honest with you, Clark. My motive in coming out here was not entirely selfless.

Clark shakes his head bitterly.

CLARK
Shoulda known. Every shot you fired in the Army was aimed at gettin' promoted.

LEWIS
This can be good for both of us. I'll make you my chief of staff. We can work together!

CLARK
Do I look like a damn politician?

LEWIS
Better that than a punching bag. I would've said anything to get you out of that bar.
(inspiring)
It's not too late to be a hero. We can still catch them.

CLARK
Chasin' an army up a mountain pass, with an Indian guide? Feels awful familiar. And in case ya don't remember, it didn't end well.

LEWIS
I saved your life that day.

CLARK
For what? So I could watch you collect medals while I got shipped home? Rather you'd left me to die.

LEWIS
I wouldn't abandon a friend.

CLARK
Friendship requires trust.

He turns away, but Sacajawea intercepts him.

SACAJAWEA
You can stop them. I have seen it.

CLARK
Yeah? What'd ya see, exactly?

All eyes on Sacajawea. She looks away.

SACAJAWEA
I saw you climbing these mountains. Standing at the top of the world.

CLARK
Don't lie to me.

SACAJAWEA
(reluctantly)
Then you fell through the clouds.

CLARK
... And?

SACAJAWEA
I awoke.

Clark realizes Sacajawea doesn't know how her vision ends.

CLARK
Ya want me to keep going because of a dream... where I die?

SACAJAWEA
You can ride the wind.

CLARK
I'm sick of chasin' Indian stories.

Clark turns and walks back the way they came. Alone.

EXT. MOUNTAIN OF FIRE - DAY

Pike leads his men into a BARREN WASTELAND of black rock. A lifeless valley nestled deep within the Bitterroots.

A MENACING VOLCANIC SPIRE rises sharply from the valley floor, with a hazy dark cloud clinging to its peak. In case we haven't guessed yet, this is-

HAKAN
Shakona Kai.

PIKE
And where do we hatch the egg?

Hakan points to a stream of MOLTEN LAVA seeping from the side of the mountain.

HAKAN
In the river of fire.

EXT. BITTERROOT MOUNTAINS - DAY

Clark hikes along a mountain ridge. To either side, STEEP CLIFFS open downward to rocky death.

He takes a drink from his canteen. As he puts it back, he FEELS SOMETHING in his pack. Reaches inside, and pulls out-

LEWIS' LEATHER-BOUND JOURNAL. He stares at it - a reminder from his old friend. A rebuke.

CLARK
The world's better off without ya.

Clark HURLS THE JOURNAL OFF THE CLIFF, and it PLUMMETS INTO THE ABYSS. A flicker of regret instantly crosses his face...

But he SHRUGS IT OFF. Continues on his way.

The wind WHISTLES ominously. He keeps his head down, watching the rocky ground, one step after another. Suddenly-

THWUMP! The journal FALLS OUT OF THE SKY and LANDS RIGHT AT HIS FEET. What in hell? He picks it up, looks around...

Behind him, we see A RIPPLING SHAPE flit across the sky and DISAPPEAR into the clouds.

Clark tries again. He short-hops and CHUCKS THE JOURNAL into the void. Watches it drop through the air...

And the rippling shape SWOOPS out of the clouds, SNAGS the journal in mid-air. Clark watches the invisible creature fly up above him... and the journal DROPS OUT OF THE SKY - again.

This time - Clark CATCHES IT. Shakes his head in disbelief. He just PLAYED FETCH with a dragon.

CLARK (CONT'D)
C'mon out!

Careful what you wish for. A Wind Dragon MATERIALIZES on the ridge in front of Clark. The creature he saw on the Mesa.

It stares at Clark. Sizing him up... But not attacking.

Clark slowly RAISES HIS RIFLE-

And the dragon EXHALES - blowing out a GUST OF WIND that knocks him OFF HIS FEET.

He falls on his back and the rifle FLIES out of his hand. Clatters across the rocks.

The dragon leaps into the air, catches the wind - coming down right at him. Clark covers his head, ready to be devoured-

But it LANDS on the ground in front of him. Even closer.

Clark looks into its eyes - inky-black pupils ringed by a deep blue iris. The creature COCKS ITS HEAD, as if saying - "What are you gonna do now?"

Clark sees his gun a few feet away. He scrambles to his feet, runs for the rifle-

And the dragon BLOWS A GUST OF WIND AGAINST HIS BACK. The rifle TUMBLES OFF THE CLIFF.

Clark DIVES for the gun-

And the wind carries Clark right to the edge. He digs in his heels, struggling to find purchase in the dirt...

STOPS himself at the edge... And then-

LOOKS DOWN, as the rifle DISAPPEARS into the clouds below. VERTIGO seizes Clark. He wavers...

Then finds his balance. Regains a measure of confidence.

He turns around... and finds himself face-to-face with the Wind Spirit. He draws the WINDBLADE - brandishing it.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Whadda ya want from me?!

The dragon steps forward. Undeterred by Clark's weapon. Crowding him toward the precipice...

Clark looks behind him, peering over the edge.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Uh-unh. No.

He turns back - but the dragon is GONE.

He looks out over the ledge again - and down below, a RIPPLE slices through the air. Directly beneath him.

CLARK (CONT'D)
I can't.

The RIPPLE cuts through the air again. Dancing over the clouds. An invitation...

Clark backs away from the edge. Looks at the jagged mountain peaks around him, the layer of clouds below. Just as Sacajawea dreamed... but now the choice is up to him.

CLARK (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Can't fly if you're afraid to fall.

HE CLOSES HIS EYES.... TAKES A DEEP BREATH...

CLARK (CONT'D)
One... Two... Three-

Clark RUNS for it with his eyes still closed-

TRIPS on a rock just shy of the cliff-

BANGS his knee, SLIDES to the edge-

And awkwardly TUMBLES OVER.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Aaggghhhh!

Clark PLUMMETS THROUGH THE AIR. Impossibly fast.

The air HOWLS IN HIS EARS as he is enveloped in thick clouds. Losing all sense of up or down in the grey mist.

He BREAKS THROUGH the bottom of the cloud layer - and the rocky ground below HURTLES UP AT HIM.

His face is a mask of terror. His worst fear coming true.

Clark DROPS LIKE A STONE...

And a familiar RIPPLE cuts through the air, DIVING PARALLEL TO CLARK-

Clark closes his eyes as his certain death approaches...

The RIPPLE SWOOPS IN below him. Pulls out of the dive-

And suddenly... Vertical movement gives way to horizontal, and Clark isn't falling anymore...

HE'S FLYING.

EXT. MOUNTAIN OF FIRE - DAY

Pike and his men follow the river of lava to the base of the volcano, where it collects in a POOL OF BUBBLING MAGMA.

GENERAL PIKE
You are certain this will work?

Hakan nods.

GENERAL PIKE (CONT'D)
Your life depends on it.

Pike's men carry the Thunder Egg to the edge of the LAVA POOL and ROLL IT IN. It sinks partially into the lava. Pike looks skeptical... As nothing seems to happen.

He DRAWS HIS SWORD, turning to Hakan....

HAKAN
Patience.

Then - the BLACK SURFACE of the egg starts to change. Webs of light DANCE across it. A wave of DEEP RED pulses from within.

GENERAL PIKE
Beautiful.

Hakan SENSES MOVEMENT in the distance. He looks toward the edge of the valley, SCANNING the rocks...

HAKAN
We are not alone.

Pike nods. Splits his men into two groups-

GENERAL PIKE
You lot, prepare the chains. The rest, with Hakan. Bring them alive.
(looks at the egg)
Our new friend will be hungry.

ACROSS THE VALLEY

Lewis and Sacajawea sneak around the edge of the valley, trying to get as close as possible.

Lewis peeks out over the top of a large boulder, and brings out his SPYGLASS. Peers through the lens-

SPYGLASS POV

On Pike and his men, gathered around the lava pool.

The Redcoats POUND SPIKES into the rock, securing a pair of HEAVY CHAINS deep in the stone.

SACAJAWEA (O.S.)
How many?

LEWIS (O.S.)
Not as many as I thought.

SACAJAWEA

Tenses. Looks around.

SACAJAWEA
Hakan?

LEWIS
I don’t see him. Maybe-

SACAJAWEA
Shhh!

Her intensity startles Lewis, and he lowers his glass. Sacajawea surveys the rocks around them. Listens.

They press against the base of a boulder. Directly overhead - a RIFLE pokes out over a ledge. Sacajawea scoots under it...

Then GRABS the barrel of the rifle and YANKS HARD. The Redcoat on the other end TOPPLES OVER the ledge.

REDCOATS
Ahhh!

He THUDS to the ground. Sacajawea SPINS THE RIFLE and BAYONETS HIM.

Redcoats POKE OUT from covered positions all around them-

SACAJAWEA
DOWN!

She and Lewis SCRAMBLE FOR COVER behind a large boulder as RIFLE SHOTS ring out and DING into the stone.

Lewis peers out. Sees a Redcoat reloading in an exposed position. He steadies his aim on the rock...

And FIRES. Dropping his target. Retreating for cover.

LEWIS
If the rest make it that easy, we might stand a chance.

Lewis quickly RELOADS, while Sacajawea DRAWS HER WINDBLADE.

Lewis PEERS OUT again, searching for a new target. But the Redcoats have taken cover.

Behind Lewis and Sacajawea, a shadowy FIGURE drops down from an outcropping. Moving with absolute silence.

Sacajawea SENSES SOMETHING. Turns-

As Hakan RUSHES IN - charging with his BEAR CLAWS raised-

She BLOCKS WITH THE WINDBLADE. They square off.

Lewis BRINGS HIS RIFLE ABOUT - searching for a clean shot... But he’s TACKLED FROM BEHIND by a bum-rush of REDCOATS.

SACAJAWEA AND HAKAN

Attack and retreat. Two skilled warriors, TESTING each other.

HAKAN
I would hate to scar such a face.

She ATTACKS, and he DODGES aside. Toying with her.

HAKAN (CONT'D)
Come with me. We can leave this place together.

SACAJAWEA
Only one of us will walk away.

Sacajawea SLASHES again. Hakan blocks, parries, and SLICES THROUGH her cloak.

HAKAN
The age of the white man ends this day. We do not need to kill each other for them.

RAGE BURNS in Sacajawea's eyes, and she SPINS closer, SLASHING and STABBING with newfound ferocity.

SACAJAWEA
This is not for them.

She KICKS HIS LEGS out from under him. Dropping him to the ground. He rolls to his feet, but she LUNGES forward, PINNING HIM to a boulder. She presses her Windblade to his throat-

SACAJAWEA (CONT'D)
This is for my father.

BAM! A shot interrupts her kill. She glances back to see-

A PACK OF REDCOAT SOLDIERS, with rifles leveled at her. One holds Lewis captive with a sword to his throat.

REDCOAT
General Pike requests your presence.

EXT. LAVA POOL - DAY

The Redcoats MARCH Lewis and Sacajawea across the Valley. Hakan carries Sacajawea's WINDBLADE.

As Lewis and Sacajawea come to the edge of the lava pool, Pike's men CLAP THEM IN IRONS - securing their hands with heavy SHACKLES that have been driven into the rock.

Pike stares at the Thunder Egg, MESMERIZED. Its surface has turned almost completely red, like a glowing ember. CRACKS spread across the surface.

GENERAL PIKE
I'm glad you could witness our historic moment. The Thunderbird has not been seen in centuries.

SACAJAWEA
For good reason.

GENERAL PIKE
Man's relationship with nature has evolved. No longer are we helpless victims of fate. We are masters of our own destiny.

SACAJAWEA
Why do you think you can control it when others have failed?

GENERAL PIKE
By comparing your people with my own. We revolutionized agriculture and warfare while you were picking berries and chasing herds. Your people cower in a hidden valley, while mine sailed the ocean and brought Empire to this wild land.

LEWIS
Remind me- how did that work out for you?

GENERAL PIKE
The colonies have gone through a tumultuous adolescence. But once discipline is brought to bear, order will be restored.
(then)
I'm sorry you'll miss it. But our young friend here is bound to be hungry. And I find the best approach to taming a beast is a combination of stick and carrot.

He comes close to Sacajawea, touching her face.

EXT. FLYING OVER THE MOUNTAINS - DAY

From above - we see Clark ZIPPING over the landscape, ground BLURRING PAST beneath him, with no visible means of support-

Except the HAZY RIPPLE of the dragon's silhouette, gliding over the Earth. Clark presses flat against the shimmery surface. It's like a glass-bottomed boat in the sky.

Clark's fingers DIG IN... and the Wind Dragon MATERIALIZES beneath him. Feathers glimmering. It's beautiful.

Clark army-crawls forward, and grabs the creature's shoulders-

Which causes it to PULL UP, rising into a climb. Incredible.

Clark PUSHES DOWN, ever so slightly... and the dragon DIVES.

Clark levels out... And finds that they're headed for a tall cliff face. Clark pulls back with one hand, and the dragon BANKS LEFT. Skims the edge of the cliff.

CLARK
Whoa there...

Close call. But he's getting the hang of it. He flies up above the peaks...

And heads for the SMOLDERING VOLCANO in the distance.

CUT TO:

THE THUNDER EGG - which has now turned almost BLINDING WHITE. Its surface VIBRATES.

GENERAL PIKE (PRELAP)
Ready the shackles!

EXT. LAVA POOL - SAME TIME

The Redcoats reluctantly MOVE CLOSER to the lava pool. SHACKLES ready. Sacajawea and Lewis watch in awe as-

CRACK! A hole opens at the top of the egg. Orange MAGMA spills out instead of yolk...

And a BLACK CLAW emerges. Talons dig into the stony surface of the Thunder Egg. Another CLAW follows... and the two TEAR THE EGG in half down the middle. Revealing-

A BABY THUNDERBIRD - like nothing we've seen before. Though only three feet tall, it's TERRIFYING. OBSIDIAN SCALES glisten as it shakes off a coating of lava.

The newborn dragon unfurls webbed, bat-like wings, and opens its BRIGHT RED EYES on the world. HUNGRY.

GENERAL PIKE
Seize her!

The Redcoats RUSH IN, while the newborn creature is still getting its bearings. It SQUAWKS at them, puzzled - SNAPS at one of the Redcoats, causing him to jump back in terror-

But the distraction gives the Redcoats on the other side enough time to SHACKLE ITS FOOT... Then RETREAT to safety.

GENERAL PIKE (CONT'D)
Nicely done, blokes.
(then, to Hakan)
You will have all the firepower you ever wanted.

HAKAN
Yes, I will.

Pike approaches the dragon whelp. Slowly. The small creature backs away, attempts to MAKE ITS FIRST FLIGHT-

But the chain STOPS IT SHORT. Holds it in place. The baby dragon tries to SNAP AT PIKE, but can't reach.

GENERAL PIKE
I've waited a long time for this moment. As soon as you are grown, we will change the world.

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-CLICK... The creature's throat emits a low sound... Just like Sacajawea used to scare off the Wind Spirit. Pike listens. Curious.

The baby dragon opens its mouth - revealing a flickering SPARK inside its throat. The source of the CLICKING. Then-

It BELCHES FLAME. An eruption of fire shoots out at Pike, knocking him back and SINGEING his uniform.

GENERAL PIKE (CONT'D)
(grins)
A trick like that deserves a tasty reward.

He comes back to Sacajawea and Lewis.

LEWIS
Take me first.

Pike considers, but shakes his head.

GENERAL PIKE
I'm not worried about you.
(turns to his men)
Feed her to the dragon.

The Redcoats all look at one another. No one is interested in going close to the creature. Pike points to two of them.

GENERAL PIKE (CONT'D)
Now!

Two Redcoats UNCHAIN Sacajawea and MARCH HER toward the dragon. The creature SNAPS ITS JAWS in excitement.

Suddenly - the sound of BEATING WINGS approaches. Everyone searches for the source - but can't see anything.

Lewis scans the horizon... then turns to Pike.

LEWIS
Here comes the cavalry.

A RIPPLING BLUR OF MOTION COMES OUT OF THE SKY-

One of the Redcoats guarding Sacajawea SCREAMS-

And then - he's GONE.

Sacajawea looks at her other Redcoat guard - who is stunned. She takes the opportunity to HEADBUTT him in the face, dropping him to the ground. Runs for cover.

GENERAL PIKE
Shoot her!

Redcoat soldiers raise their rifles and TAKE AIM. Fingers tighten on triggers-

But a RIPPLING SHAPE lands on the ground, between the firing squad and Sacajawea. As it touches down, it MATERIALIZES-

A WIND SPIRIT, with CLARK on its shoulders.

The Redcoats hesitate...

GENERAL PIKE (CONT'D)
FIRE!

They do - but the HAIL OF BULLETS harmlessly bounce off the creature's scales.

SACAJAWEA

Stares at the Wind Dragon that just saved her. And the explorer riding it.

CLARK
Need a hand?

She SPRINTS, then PARKOUR-STYLE CLIMBS up between two boulders, and LEAPS - landing beside him on the dragon's back. Hot damn. Clearly, she still doesn't need his help.

Clark pulls back on the dragon's shoulders, and they LAUNCH INTO THE SKY.

The baby Thunderbird watches its first meal DISAPPEAR... And SHRIEKS WITH UNGODLY FURY. The scream ECHOES through the entire Valley.

A moment of stillness. Then...

A RUMBLE. The ground shakes. Tremors ripple outward across the Valley - a sudden shockwave that STAGGERS the Redcoats.

THE MOUNTAIN SHIFTS. Massive boulders TUMBLE from the peak.

GENERAL PIKE

DUCKS FOR COVER as giant rocks CRASH DOWN the face of the volcano. He watches Clark and his dragon SOAR high above the valley. Reddens with rage. Turns to Hakan-

GENERAL PIKE
How is he managing that?

Hakan just stares as the AVALANCHE continues. Pike gets in Hakan's face.

GENERAL PIKE (CONT'D)
And what are we to do about it?!

HAKAN
(strangely peaceful)
Do not worry. She is awake now.

Pike looks back at the volcano. The avalanche is escalating... And the entire mountain is MOVING. Swaying back and forth, shaking off a layer of black rock, revealing-

Glimpses of OBSIDIAN SCALES underneath. Pike looks at the shape of the Mountain, almost like a sleeping creature curled in on itself, and he realizes-

THE MOUNTAIN IS A GIANT THUNDERBIRD.

A MOTHER awakened after centuries of sleep, by the cries of her newborn baby... and she's VERY, VERY ANGRY.

Hakan stares at the Thunderbird as it sloughs off a mountain of stone, revealing itself in all its terrible glory-

A BLACK DRAGON, 200 yards from snout to tail, with FIRE in its throat and MOLTEN LAVA coursing through its veins.

GENERAL PIKE
You knew all along.

HAKAN
When the whites came, we gave them food and shelter. They took all that we had, and left us with nothing but sickness and death. Now, I am the last of my tribe. What use do I have for your guns?

Pike looks at the COLOSSAL BEAST unfurling itself in front of him. His eyes WIDEN.

HAKAN (CONT'D)
You want America to burn? It will.

GENERAL PIKE
But how can I control it?

And for the first time... Hakan LAUGHS. Then-

Hakan turns to the adult Thunderbird... and insanely RUNS RIGHT AT IT. He SPRINTS up onto the creature's tail-

And begins to CLIMB - dodging away from the falling rocks.

GENERAL PIKE (CONT'D)
Cheeky bugger.

CLARK AND SACAJAWEA

Watch from the sky as the volcano transforms into the Thunderbird, SHAKING OFF its covering of stone.

CLARK
We gotta get Lewis.

LEWIS

Chained to a rock, watches the Redcoats FLEE.

GENERAL PIKE
Fall back in line!

No luck. Pike shakes his head. Has to handle it himself.

Pike takes up a firing position on the boulder and scans the sky, looking for Clark and Sacajawea...

And sees them COMING AROUND the edge of the mountain. Right back toward him and Lewis.

GENERAL PIKE (CONT'D)
How nice of your friend to join us.

Pike GETS A BEAD ON CLARK... It's a clear shot. Too far, but Clark is coming RIGHT TOWARD HIM.

Lewis realizes Clark is flying right into Pike's firing path. He searches the ground for a weapon. Rocks, dirt... and one of the SLEDGEHAMMERS that nailed his chains into the ground.

Lewis GRABS THE SLEDGEHAMMER - runs toward the Baby Thunderbird. Skirts past it toward the SPIKE, where the beast's chains have been driven into the rock.

Lewis SLAMS THE SLEDGEHAMMER down onto the nail - a glancing blow that KNOCKS IT OUT - and FREES the baby dragon.

GENERAL PIKE

CLOSES ONE EYE, sighting Clark down the barrel...

But he's interrupted by a horrible SCREECH. He looks up to find the baby Thunderbird, five feet away-

No longer restrained by its chain. The creature FLAPS, testing out its wings.

GENERAL PIKE
Down boy.

Pike tries to bring the rifle up - TOO LATE. The creature TACKLES HIM to the ground and DIGS IN.

Pike SCREAMS - and is devoured by the newborn creature he spent years trying to bring into the world.

HAKAN

Races up the back of the MOTHER THUNDERBIRD - dodging falling rocks, clambering over dark scales.

A line of JAGGED STONES protrudes from the creature's spine. LAVA DRIPS from its body, and FLAME flickers in the gaps.

The Thunderbird rises to its feet and surveys the Valley. It sees its baby, devouring Pike...

And between them-

LEWIS

Who looks up at the colossal, fearsome creature. GULPS.

He takes the Sledgehammer, and rushes back to the NAIL that secures his own SHACKLE to the ground. SLAMS IT.

The Thunderbird lumbers closer.

Lewis SLAMS THE HAMMER down again - FREES HIMSELF.

But the Thunderbird is right on top of him.

It OPENS ITS MOUTH WIDE, and down its dark throat, Lewis sees a flickering pit of FLAME.

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK-CLICK...

Lewis freezes. Ready to die.

But Clark's Wind Dragon SWOOPS IN and snags Lewis with its claws. Just as-

The Thunderbird BREATHES FIRE. A massive flamethrower column of orange and red shoots out, TORCHING THE VALLEY FLOOR.

The Baby Dragon is SWALLOWED UP IN FIRE, while Lewis is whisked into the air.

The Thunderbird raises its head - BELLOWS FLAME at the fleeing Wind Dragon...

And the fire OVERTAKES it - BURNING its feathers, and SINGEING its passengers - but they're flying top-speed, and ESCAPE the full force of its BLAST.

The Thunderbird BELLOWS IN RAGE at watching its prey escape... Then turns to its BABY-

Who is just fine, and actually SHAKES WITH PLEASURE at being engulfed in the fireball.

LEWIS

Soars over the landscape, held in the talons of the Wind Dragon. He looks up at CLARK, riding on its shoulders.

LEWIS
How'd you catch it?

CLARK
It caught me.

HAKAN

CLIMBS to the top of the Thunderbird's back - safe from its deadly attentions.

The Thunderbird LEAPS UP and LAUNCHES into flight. Its massive wings kick up a GIANT SANDSTORM.

As it tilts upward, the ground shifts under Hakan. He SLIDES down its scales. CATCHES HIMSELF on one of the spines on its back as it levels out. BRACES.

He finds a secure position, riding on its back. Readies his BOW, and scans the sky for...

CLARK

Looks back to see the Thunderbird CHASING THEM.

CLARK
I was hopin' the wings were just for show.

The Wind Dragon RUFFLES ITS FEATHERS, attempting to hide itself. It FLICKERS, but doesn't disappear. Its scorched feathers can no longer turn invisible.

They flee to the west as the THUNDERBIRD GAINS on them.

LEWIS
Help me up!

CLARK
(shakes his head)
One of us has to make it home.

Clark leans forward, diving toward the Earth. As they skim over the rocky terrain-

The Wind Dragon RELEASES LEWIS. He ROLLS into the dirt, and Clark keeps flying. Turns back to Sacajawea.

CLARK (CONT'D)
You're next.

SACAJAWEA
You need me here.
(off Clark's look)
So you don't get lost.

Alright then. They come around a large MOUNTAIN PEAK - and the THUNDERBIRD is upon them. It ROARS and BELLOWS FLAME.

Clark PULLS UP, narrowly escapes the huge FIREBALL. Banks right, and dives lower.

The Thunderbird CHASES. SCREECHING in rage.

Clark flies low, weaving through the Bitterroot Mountains.

The Wind Dragon nimbly flits through the air, hugging close to each mountain face, turning on a dime...

While the Thunderbird CRASHES THROUGH every mountain. Losing ground on every turn, but quickly gaining it with incredible speed. It's like a rhino chasing a cat... Through the sky.

They reach an open expanse, and the Thunderbird catches up - gaining on them - and EXHALES FLAME. Clark DIVES the Wind Dragon down, narrowly escaping incineration.

SACAJAWEA (CONT'D)
Get behind it!

Clark NODS, flies toward a narrow VOLCANIC SPIRE.

CLARK
Hang on!

He makes a TIGHT TURN - banking perpendicular to the ground as he SKIMS close to the spire.

The Thunderbird chases them around the spire, but they end up BEHIND IT, in its blind spot.

The Thunderbird BELLOWS in rage. Flies up higher to get a better vantage point...

While Clark stays behind it. Out of its sight and blast range. A moment of safety, until-

WHIZZZT! An arrow ZIPS past, narrowly missing them both.

HAKAN. Perched on the Thunderbird's back, with his bow. Nocking another arrow and taking aim.

CLARK (CONT'D)
That guy.

Hakan steadies, finds a perfect shot on Clark, and LOOSES.

Clark BARREL ROLLS the Wind Dragon and dodges. Levels out and pulls closer to the Thunderbird.

He moves aside and puts Sacajawea's hands on the Wind Dragon's shoulders, letting her "steer."

SACAJAWEA
What are you doing?

CLARK
Gettin' your knife back.

Clark LEAPS off the Wind Dragon, and ROLLS onto-

THE BACK OF THE THUNDERBIRD

His exposed skin SIZZLES where he touches the Thunderbird's stony scales. It's SCORCHING HOT.

CLARK
Gahhh!

Hakan DRAWS AN ARROW. Nocks and TAKES AIM-

Sacajawea sees Hakan about to shoot Clark, and she FLIES THE WIND DRAGON into the Thunderbird's view. It sees the smaller dragon and COMES AFTER IT-

Causing Hakan to SLIP. His shot GOES WIDE. Hakan and Clark SLIDE DOWN the dragon's back, and Hakan LOSES HIS BOW.

The Thunderbird LEVELS OUT. Clark and Hakan gain their feet.

We all like a good fight on a moving train. Well, let's try one on the back of a dragon.

Clark draws his Windblade. Hakan draws his too.

HAKAN
I killed you ten years ago.

CLARK
It didn't take.

Clark CHARGES and ATTACKS. Hakan BLOCKS with his own blade and SLASHES with the bear claws.

HAKAN
You do not seem to learn.

They duel viciously. SPARKS FLY as the Windblades collide.

CLARK
Been told I'm stubborn.

Hakan presses the attack. Clark BLOCKS. Dodges, circling around the rocky spikes of the Thunderbird's spine.

Hakan TACKLES Clark - PINS HIM. Clark GRABS HIS WRISTS - stopping the bear claws, holding Hakan back...

But Hakan has the advantage. He presses his weight, and the claws sink lower. Descending on Clark's face.

HAKAN
There is a look a man gets when he is about to die.

Clark is trapped. The claws inches from his eyes.

Clark ROLLS SIDEWAYS - still holding onto Hakan. The two men TUMBLE off the edge of the Thunderbird's back-

And PLUMMET through the sky.

Hakan is STARTLED - loses his advantage - LASHES OUT with his claws. Clark HOLDS HIM CLOSE, staying out of harm's way.

He WRESTLES with Hakan as they drop from the sky, getting position... and BURIES THE WINDBLADE in Hakan's chest.

PANIC crosses Hakan's face. Clark stares into his eyes.

CLARK
You're right.

Clark grabs both Windblades and KICKS HIMSELF FREE, pushing away from Hakan's dead body-

And Clark FREEFALLS toward the ground below.

SACAJAWEA

Speeds upward into the sky, ahead of the Thunderbird. It BREATHES FIRE-

And she pulls even harder into the climb, turning it into a LOOP - and DIVING back toward the Earth.

As she passes its body, she scans its back. No Clark.

She DIVES toward the Earth - and sees Clark FALLING through the sky. She ZOOMS down to catch up with him - then LEVELS OUT, so the Wind Dragon gracefully CATCHES HIM on its back.

He catches his breath... Crawls up to take the "reins."

CLARK
Sorry. I fell.

SACAJAWEA
Don't do it again.

Clark steers the Wind Dragon into a BANK OF CLOUDS. They're swallowed in a grey void, unable to see anything...

Then break through the top of the clouds. For a brief, tranquil moment, they can see forever...

The Bitterroot mountains behind them, to the east... And out to the west, an infinite expanse of blue.

THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

The Thunderbird BURSTS through the clouds. SCREAMING IN RAGE.

As Clark looks at the waters of the Pacific, he GETS AN IDEA. Looks back at Sacajawea-

CLARK
Wanna go for a swim?

She understands what he means. NODS. Here we go...

Clark DIVES for the ocean.

The Thunderbird chases. GAINING ON THEM as they hurtle toward the surface of the ocean.

The Wind Dragon BRISTLES with displeasure at their suicidal course. Clark PATS ITS NECK.

They pass the rocky cliffs of the Pacific Northwest, arcing over the waves, speeding toward the water. The Wind Dragon FOLDS ITS WINGS, sheltering its passengers...

The Thunderbird is RIGHT BEHIND THEM - following them all the way, just a few feet behind, as they PLUNGE DOWN-

UNDERWATER

The dragon BREACHES THE SURFACE, diving through dark waters.

Sacajawea and Clark hold their breath and hang on tight, as they sink into the depths-

And still, the THUNDERBIRD CHASES, diving after them, its MASSIVE JAWS OUTSTRETCHED - following them all the way down.

But as the Thunderbird DIVES into the cold ocean, the FLAME that flickered in its throat is quickly extinguished.

As its SCORCHING body slices through the water, an eruption of STEAM BUBBLES follows its descent. Like a RED-HOT SWORD cooled in a bucket of cold water.

Its MOLTEN SCALES begin to HARDEN in the icy sea. A look of ALARM crosses the Thunderbird’s face, as it sinks to-

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

The Wind Dragon TOUCHES DOWN IN THE SAND, and Clark and Sacajawea FLOAT free from their perch on its back.

In the murky depths, they glance up to see-

The JAWS OF THE THUNDERBIRD, descending right on top of them. They hold each other and prepare to be devoured...

But the Thunderbird CRASHES into the sandy bottom AROUND them. Snout above, jaws below, HUGE TEETH on either side...

But its mouth NEVER SNAPS SHUT... And we see that-

THE THUNDERBIRD HAS TURNED TO STONE.

The fires of its heart extinguished. Its magma-hot body cooled into SOLID VOLCANIC ROCK.

The frozen-solid beast teeters on the point of its snout... then TOPPLES on its side, kicking up a massive CLOUD OF SAND.

It’s an incredible moment... But there’s no time to celebrate. Because they’re still 100 meters deep.

Sacajawea and Clark frantically SWIM toward the surface... Impossibly far away. They’ll never make it-

But the Wind Dragon SWIMS UP between them, using its WINGS like massive fins. They GRAB HOLD of it and CATCH A RIDE. They SPEED toward the surface, holding on tight...

But don’t have enough air in their lungs. Clark TURNS BLUE.

Sacajawea grabs his face... Puts her mouth over his-

And EXHALES INTO HIS MOUTH. The burst of oxygen visibly revives him. He looks at her-

Then EXHALES BACK into her mouth. And they make it to the surface, lips locked, PASSING AIR back and forth to get every last drop of oxygen, until they break through to-

THE SURFACE

Sajacawea and Clark GASP for air.

He swims closer to her... She wraps her legs around his waist under the surface... And they KISS amid the waves.

CUT TO:

EXT. BITERROOT MOUNTAINS - DAY

Lewis CLIMBS UP to the top of a high peak, where he can survey the entire range. He pulls out his trusty SPYGLASS and raises it to his eye.

SPYGLASS POV

Lewis SCANS THE HORIZON, searching for any sign of his friends. Nothing.

CLARK (O.S.)
Ya wanna see the ocean?

Lewis lowers the spyglass and turns to see Clark and Sacajawea, perched on the back of the Wind Dragon.

EXT. AMERICA - DAY

WE SOAR across the landscape, low to the ground, zooming over WAVES CRASHING against the Pacific coast, turning east...

FLITTING THROUGH THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, between snow-capped peaks, opening out into...

The wind-blown grass of the CENTRAL PLAINS, before we meet...

The MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI, dip close enough to see the reeds along the banks, veer off into...

The HILLS OF THE APPALACHIAN RANGE, where a PACK OF WILD MUSTANGS run free, and pull back to reveal-

Lewis, Clark, and Sacajawea riding the Wind Dragon. On the horizon up ahead, they see-

The SHINING DOME of the Capitol, as they fly toward the-

INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY

Jefferson sits with his feet PROPPED UP on his desk, while his ATTENDANT reads to him from a list of names.

ATTENDANT
James Madison?

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON
(shakes his head)
We need a strong man to govern the territory. Madison is too old.

ATTENDANT
Andrew Jackson?

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON
Too drunk.

The Attendant STARES PAST Jefferson. Awestruck.

ATTENDANT
Meriwether Lewis.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON
Too dead.

LEWIS (O.S.)
Not yet, sir.

Jefferson turns to find LEWIS standing behind him, having just stepped in through the DOOR that opens onto the BALCONY.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON
Lewis! What are you doing here?

LEWIS
I promised you a detailed record.
And I'm not one to disappoint.

Lewis hands Jefferson the JOURNAL - already open to a SKETCH OF THE WIND DRAGON. Jefferson looks at it, skeptical.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON
A theatrical entrance and some fine pen work, to be sure. But I'll believe it when I see it.

LEWIS
I brought someone to verify my story.

Lewis BECKONS him through the door, and Jefferson follows him out onto-

EXT. WHITE HOUSE BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

The balcony, where CLARK is waiting. Jefferson sizes up the rugged frontiersman.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON
And who do I have the pleasure of meeting here?

CLARK
Whom. Whom do ya have the pleasure of meeting.

The President is taken aback at having his grammar corrected.

Lewis SMILES, then makes the introduction.

LEWIS
That is William Clark.

CLARK
Nice to meet ya, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON
(shakes his hand)
Charmed, Mr. Clark.

CLARK
Heard you're lookin' for a new governor. Won't find a better man than Captain Lewis.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON
What makes you say that?

CLARK
Well, he's not the most agreeable travel companion.
(looks at Lewis)
But he's honorable and trustworthy. And I'm fortunate to count him as my friend.

LEWIS
If you want a hug, just say so.

The two men EMBRACE and CLAP each other on the back. Jefferson watches the genial moment skeptically.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON
This is all very touching. But it hardly constitutes proof.

CLARK
I'm not much with words anyhow, so- oughta be on my way.

LEWIS
Will you be alright?

CLARK
Believe I will.

And with that, Clark LEAPS OFF THE BALCONY. Jefferson STARTLES, rushes to the edge in horror, as-

The WIND DRAGON RISES UP from below, with Clark and Sacajawea ON ITS SHOULDERS.

Sacajawea smiles at Lewis knowingly-

SACAJAWEA
Our paths will cross again.

She wraps her arms around Clark's waist, as the Wind Dragon LAUNCHES INTO THE AIR.

Jefferson watches - DUMBSTRUCK - as the creature TAKES FLIGHT. It soars away, RIPPLING INTO INVISIBILITY.

LEWIS
So do I have the job?

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON
If I can trust you to be discreet.

Jefferson flips through the pages of the journal-

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON (CONT'D)
The truth of these creatures cannot be allowed to surface. Or all my plans for westward expansion will be for nothing.

Jefferson GRABS the entire section that includes dragons - and RIPS OUT THE PAGES.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON (CONT'D)
I'll hang onto these. The rest of the story is yours to tell.

He returns the torn book. Lewis stares at what remains of his journal, unsure.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON (CONT'D)
Congratulations, Governor Lewis!
(claps him on the back)
Welcome to politics.

Jefferson heads back into his office, but pauses at the door.

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON (CONT'D)
No more surprises, alright?

LEWIS
You have my word, sir.

As the President goes inside, Lewis gazes out toward his destiny in the West, and we-

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - DAY

A bedraggled Redcoat soldier - the lone SURVIVOR of Pike's army - ambles through the dense Pacific Northwest forest.

He forages for food, searching the shrubbery, and finds a single, ripe BLACKBERRY. He PLUCKS it from a vine, POPS it in his mouth, and closes his eyes, savoring. Mmmmm...

THWUMP. THWUMP. THWUMP. His reverie is disturbed by the familiar sound of beating WINGS. The Survivor looks around in terror, searches for the source as-

The baby THUNDERBIRD swoops down from above.

The Redcoat turns and RUNS - sprinting blindly through the trees - branches tearing at his clothes. He looks back over his shoulder, sees the Thunderbird GAINING ON HIM-

And runs straight OFF A LEDGE, dropping into a SHALLOW PIT, and SPLASHING DOWN in the muck below.

The baby Thunderbird DESCENDS on him from the treetops, its open mouth revealing the SPARK inside its throat.

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK... The Survivor shields his face with his arm, but before the flame erupts-

A MASSIVE, HAIRY FIST SNATCHES THE DRAGON OUT OF THE AIR. Grabbing its entire body, yanking it out of frame.

We hear the CRUNCH of the dragon's body as it's DEVOURED WHOLE... and a low, guttural RUMBLE of satisfaction.

MMMmmm...

The Survivor opens his eyes, just as the creature DISAPPEARS INTO THE TREES. Its giant body SWAYS the Redwoods, and each footfall TREMORS the Earth as it lumbers off into the forest.

The Survivor stares after it, eyes bulging out of his skull. What was that?

We PULL BACK to see that the pit he fell into is a COLOSSAL FOOTPRINT - twenty feet across, half-man, half-ape...

Left by a very, very BIG FOOT.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END