

EXT. WOODS - COLONIST TERRITORY - SAME TIME

Samuel stalks through the woods, the fog clearing up as more sunlight sneaks through the treetops. A twig SNAPS.

He jolts his rifle up, surveying his surroundings. No sign of life. He continues forward.

MOMENTS LATER

He descends down a small ravine, a small stream at the bottom of it. He scans the area. Still nothing. He sets down his rifle, leaning over into the stream staring into it.

He sighs as he looks at his dirty and scarred face looking back at him. He scoops up some water, running his face in his hands. He exhales, letting the water revitalize him.

He looks back down to see...his father's stern and cold reflection staring back at him. He jumps back scrambling away, uncertain of what he saw.

A twig SNAPS. He looks up scanning the area frantically. Nothing. He reaches for his rifle when SNAP. He shoots up looking for the source of the sound.

He hops the stream heading towards the sound.

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Kana'ti stumbles back, his eyes swelling with tears, not believing what they see...the corpse of a Native American.

The body rotten and pungent, covered in dried blood and dark wounds. It stands tied to the tree, propped up like a mannequin holding a stick as a rifle.

He gathers himself, unsheathing his tomahawk. He approaches the body, grimacing from the smell. He chops away at the binding, trying to free his fallen brother.

EXT. WOODS - COLONIST TERRITORY - SAME TIME

Samuel creeps through the woods, following the sound of rustling leaves. He stays low, his eyes vigilant.

The movement stops. All is quiet. Samuel stops and listens. Still nothing. Samuel sighs and turns back when in the distance a Deer stands frozen like a statue, petrified.

Samuel freezes, tensing every muscle in his body. He shoots his down at his rifle and back to the deer. He takes a quiet breath as he slowly raises the rifle, taking aim.

The deer remains unmoved. Samuel takes a few deep breaths, steadying his aim.

He stares the deer down in his sights, his finger squeezing the trigger.

INT. WOODS - COLONIST TERRITORY - SAME TIME

Kana'ti GRUNTS with every strike, chopping away the bindings. He pauses, bracing against the tree, catching his breath.

He closes his eyes, taking deep breaths, slowing down his breathing. He straightens up opening his eyes.

He winds back for another strike when he catches a figure in his peripheral vision. He turns, squinting his eyes to make out the figure.

His eyes grow wide...It's another Native American corpse, strung to a tree just like the first. He takes a few steps toward it to get a better look when...

He sees another Native American corpse just like the first one even further back.

Kana'ti scans his surroundings...another corpse, and another corpse, and another. It's a graveyard of his people, strung up to ward off other Natives who try to strike.

Gunshots and explosions ring in Kana'ti's head. War cries and yells bringing back traumatic memories. Kana'ti closes his eyes, trying to block out the memories when...

BANG!

Kana'ti snaps his head north, further into the colonist territory. That gunshot was real. He sheaths his tomahawk, grabbing his bow and arrow, heading toward the sound.

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Dark clouds roll in, the sky turning black and abysmal.

The smoke fumes out of the barrel of Samuel's rifle. He lowers his gun, the deer bleeding out on the ground. He grins, crossing to the deer.

MOMENTS LATER

Samuel tends to the deer, binding its legs with rope. He hears a twig SNAP in the distance.

He looks over his shoulder, scanning the area. Nothing. He turns back to the deer when he HEARS an arrow being drawn against a bow.

SAMUEL

Kana'ti.

A distance THUNDER CLAP echoes over the woods. Samuel turns to face with Kana'ti aiming an arrow at him.

KANA'TI

Samuel.

SAMUEL

You're trespassing.

KANA'TI

I'm trespassing?

Samuel sighs, recomposing himself.

SAMUEL

We had an agreement.

KANA'TI

We were friends. Things change.

Samuel cuts his eyes away.

SAMUEL

That doesn't change anything. You can't be here. If my people see you here they'll-

KANA'TI

(interrupting)

Display my corpse on a tree?

THUNDER CLAPS. Rain pours down, the boys instantly drenched in rain and silence.

Samuel turns away.

SAMUEL

Go home Kana'ti.

KANA'TI

Home? I have no home. Home was this land. Taken. Home was my tribe. Slaughtered.

Samuel stands, unable to move. He closes his eyes, the rain lightly beating his face.

KANA'TI (CONT'D)  
Home was you...betrayed.

Samuel turns and advances toward him.

SAMUEL  
I did not-

Kana'ti tightens his grip on the bow, raising it higher. Samuel stops in his tracks.

The two glare at each other through the heavy rain. Both of their chests expanding widely, their breathing quickening. Angst and frustration filling the air.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)  
If you're going to aim that at me,  
you better use it.

KANA'TI  
I needed you. My father needed you.

SAMUEL  
I had no choice.

KANA'TI  
Every MAN has a choice.

SAMUEL  
Not when you have a father like I  
do. One that makes every decision  
for you, and every decision he's  
made has cost me everything...it  
even cost me my mo-

A twig SNAPS. They both turn toward the noise, squinting through the rain to see...Mato. He aims an arrow at Samuel. Kana'ti lowers his bow at the sight of this.

THUNDER CLAPS. Lightning illuminating the dark, black skies.

KANA'TI  
I told you to go home.

MATO  
What're you doing with him? He's  
one of them.

Samuel raises his hands, stepping toward Mato.

SAMUEL

I assure you, I'm-

Mato tightens his grip on the bow and takes a step forward, Samuel freezes.

KANA'TI

We don't execute people.

MATO

Did you see what he did to our people? He needs to pay. It's what father would've done. It's what men do.

KANA'TI

It's what THEIR men do. That is not us. It was not father.

Mato stares at Samuel, never taking his eyes off him. THUNDER CLAPS. Lightning streaking across the sky.

MATO

Either you kill him, or I will.

Kana'ti stares at someone, no longer his brother, but a young man filled with rage. Kana'ti looks over to Samuel. Samuel nods.

Kana'ti stares down at his bow and arrow. Rain drips from his face as he tries to shift through his thoughts.

He takes a deep breath, and raises his bow, drawing his arrow at Samuel. He stares him down in his sights.

Samuel closes his eyes, preparing himself. Mato glances at his brother through the corner of his eye, waiting.

Kana'ti blinks, shaking his head, trying to see through the rain. He takes a few deep breaths...1...2...3...and he lowers his bow.

Mato looks at him in disbelief.

MATO (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I won't miss this time, brother.

Mato draws the arrow back. Samuel's eyes still closed, HEARS the tension of the bow...he winces bracing himself.

The arrow releases...a GRUNT echoes through the rain upon the arrows impact.